

They staple in silence for a second. Jane and Clara look at each other.

CLARA
I know that's really lame.

JANE
So it's Phil?

CLARA
(sighs)
No, it's not Phil. It's the both of us.
I don't know. It just... happened.

JANE
So why don't you change it? All you have to do is stir things up and have one great, sexy, exciting night again.

CLARA
I guess. Maybe.

JANE
Not maybe. Tonight.

CLARA
Nah. Tonight's no good.

JANE
Why not? Seriously think about it.
What's really gonna be more important tonight than that?

Clara takes this in. Jane's right.

INT. CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

Checking his watch, Phil shakes his head as he rushes through the large bullpen of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. In the pits all around him, BUYERS and SELLERS scream out their orders.

INT. MR. RIVERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

In a dark wood office with STUFFED ANIMAL HEADS lining the walls, a young, smartly dressed man in his 20's, GEORGE, quietly goes through a binder with MR. RIVERS, 60, at the older man's desk. As Phil bursts in they both look over.

PHIL
I'm sorry I'm late. The construction on the highways is insane these days!

MR. RIVERS

Don't worry about it, Phil. It's fine.
Catch your breath.

George gives Mr. Rivers an ornate, pal-sy handshake, then heads out with the binder, nodding at Phil. Phil nods back warily, then takes out his binder, ready to launch into his report.

MR. RIVERS (CONT'D)

Uh, Phil. Listen, before we start...
I've been thinking... this next quarter
we need to venture into open tundra.
Start really ripping the meat.

PHIL

(beat, trying to decipher)
Uh. OK. You mean... take the fund in a
more high risk direction?

MR. RIVERS

Yeah. That's what I said.

PHIL

Sure. OK, fine. I can work up some
higher risk options and come back
tomorrow.

MR. RIVERS

(clears throat)
OK. The thing is Phil, tomorrow I want
George to give me his thoughts on where
we need to be hunting too.

PHIL

Oh.

MR. RIVERS

It's nothing personal.

PHIL

(beat)
So let me get this straight. You're
telling me that tomorrow I'm going to
have to interview for the job I already
have? Against George?

MR. RIVERS

I wouldn't put it like that. I just need
our pack leader to be more like... like a
momma kangaroo. Ya get me?

PHIL

Kinda.

(beat)
Actually, no. Not really at all.

MR. RIVERS

The blind baby kangaroo opens its mouth and knows its momma's teat is just always there, ready to suckle. But at the same time, momma kangaroo's still a wild, dangerous creature.

PHIL

Sorry. Still not totally getting you.

MR. RIVERS

I've had a wife and a family. Three of them. It's hard to stay the fastest cheetah when you need to mind the pack, Phil. George lives in the city, doesn't have a family to worry about. He can rip the meat.

PHIL

Listen, Mr. Rivers. I don't need to... I was ripping big bloody hunks of meat and eating them like tartare when George was still... in the jungle!

MR. RIVERS

(beat)

What does that mean?

PHIL

I can't be demoted, Mr. Rivers. I just can't.

MR. RIVERS

Listen, nothing's set. It's just I gotta say that lately your leadership on this has felt a little... well... tame.

PHIL

(getting up)

That's all you needed to say, Mr. Rivers! I'll see you tomorrow.

Determined, Phil marches out of Mr. River's office.

EXT. SCHOOL

Clara talks on her cellphone as she picks up Ollie from school.

CLARA

So it's OK if we drop him off at 7? Our reservation's at 7:45.

She passes another MOTHER desperately searching for a Kleenex for her BOY with snot dripping from his nose.