

Jellybeans

Two jelly bean developers sit in their offices above the jelly bean factory. Maeve looks out the office window into the factory; Bill Wilhoite types on his computer.

Maeve

What do you think the new flavor should be, Bill?

Bill Wilhoite

As long as it's not cola, whatever is fine with me. Whatever you want.

Maeve

Why can't it be cola?

Bill Wilhoite

I hate cola.

Maeve

The cola-flavored jelly bean was my last project.

Bill Wilhoite

Oh...

Bill looks up from his computer.

Maeve

You knew that, Bill.

Bill Wilhoite

Shit. I'm sorry, Maeve. I did know that.

Maeve

Why didn't you like my cola jelly bean?

He stands and goes over to her at the window.

Bill Wilhoite

Don't get upset! I didn't say I didn't like your jelly bean.

Maeve

You did! You just sat there, right over there, and said you didn't like it!

Bill Wilhoite

Maeve...

Maeve

Actually, if we rewind the tape, I believe we'd hear you say that you hated it.

Bill Wilhoite

I didn't say that...

Maeve

Yes! Yes, you did, Bill Wilhoite! And I want an apology!

Bill Wilhoite

I think I did apologize... I said... Jesus... I didn't say that I hated... It just wasn't my favorite thing.

Maeve

Huh. That's not anywhere near an apology.

Bill Wilhoite

Well... I didn't... I just...

Maeve

You know what, Bill Wilhoite? I hated the strawberry smoothie flavor.

She walks back to her desk and sits down. She stares vehemently at her computer.

Bill Wilhoite

What?

Maeve (*lightly*)

Hmm?

Bill Wilhoite

You hated my "Smooth Strawbs"?

Maeve

Oh. Yes. Yes, I did hate it, and its stupid name, too. It was sweet and sickening and it made my niece get a cavity.

Bill Wilhoite

Maeve!

Maeve

It did! She got a cavity! Because of you and your stupid "Smooth Strawbs" flavor! People don't get cavities from cola-flavored beans, Bill.

She slams her hand down hard on her stapler. Bill stares at her. Beat.

Bill Wilhoite

I hate it when you sing Karaoke.

Maeve stands. They face each other.

Maeve

What did you say?

Bill Wilhoite

I hate it when every goddamn year at every goddamn office party, you get up there and you sing your goddamn Roberta Flack and you kill me softly with your goddamn song.

Maeve

Bill!

Bill Wilhoite

I hate it, Maeve! I hate it, and I hate it some more!

Maeve

Well, if we're getting real... Are we getting real?

Bill Wilhoite

I believe we are getting a little real, yes!

Maeve

Fine! I hate your farts!

Bill Wilhoite

What?

Maeve

Every day you fart it up in here, in this little bitty office, and every day you think the smell isn't noticeable. BUT GUESS THE FUCK WHAT, BILL WILHOITE! I SMELL YOUR FARTS! AND I HATE YOUR FARTS!

Maeve pushes her chair and knocks it over.

Bill Wilhoite

Well, I'll stop farting if you stop drinking WITH THE LOUDEST SWALLOWERS IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! What's in your water bottle, Maeve? Marbles?! You stupid... marble drinking... LOUD SWALLOWER!

Bill pushes and knocks over his chair.

Maeve

OH! I'm a loud swallower?

Maeve hits both hands on her desk. Bill copies on his line.

Bill Wilhoite

Yes! You're a loud swallower, and you are never nice to my wife when she's here.

Maeve makes a guttural laughing sound. Both are gripping their desks for dear life.

Bill Wilhoite

DON'T YOU LAUGH AT ME!

Maeve

I'M NEVER NICE TO YOUR WIFE?! I'M NEVER NICE?! YOU KNOW WHY, BILL? YOU KNOW EFFING WHY? BECAUSE YOUR WIFE IS A COMPLETE MORON WHO MAKES HORRIFIC MACARONI SALAD WITH BLACK OLIVES!

Bill Wilhoite

SHE KNOWS I LIKE BLACK OLIVES!

Maeve

NO, YOU DON'T! YOU HATE BLACK OLIVES! YOU PUT UP WITH BLACK OLIVES BECAUSE SHE MAKES YOU! ALSO! BLACK OLIVES! GIVE! YOU! GAS!

Bill Wilhoite

WELL, FINE, BUT YOU STILL NEED TO BE NICER TO MY WIFE!

Maeve

YEAH! WELL, FUCK YOU, WILLIAM JACOB WILHOITE!

Bill Wilhoite

FUCK YOU, MAEVE ESTHER HARK!

Maeve

I TOLD YOU TO NEVER CALL ME BY MY FULL NAME!

Bill Wilhoite

YOU CALLED ME BY MINE!

Maeve

SHUT UP!

Bill Wilhoite

YOU SHUT UP!

Maeve

YOU SHUT UP!

Bill Wilhoite

NO! YOU!

Maeve suddenly throws her stress ball from her desk at Bill. It hits Bill bluntly in the face. Bill picks up his stack of post-it notes and throws it at her. They hit her square in the chest. Suddenly, they both start throwing office products at each other all at once. Maeve even goes over to the cabinets on one side and opens up boxes of jelly beans to throw at Bill. Bill begins catching the boxes, opening them, and throwing individual jelly beans at Maeve. Finally, Maeve begins chasing Bill around the room, screaming and throwing things at him. They both end up on the floor, wrestling. After a moment of wrestling, they kiss each other passionately. They pull away and face front.

Maeve

Shit.

Bill Wilhoite

Shit.

They look at each other, then away again.

Maeve

Shit.

Blackout.