

KENDRA
you? What makes you think anything about your miserable little
me is worth reading about?

DEAN
/ Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet
tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet -

KENDRA
The last thing the world needs is another memoir of a drunk white guy wasting his twenties
away in New York - I'M GOING TO STARBUCKS!

(KENDRA grabs her purse and leaves.
LORIN comes over.)

LORIN
Are you guys kidding me right now?!

DEAN
Do you need to borrow a pair of headphones?

LORIN
I have my own headphones and I can still hear you! I can still hear you over my sixty
dollar noise cancelling headphones, because you are making more than noise, okay?!

DEAN
Sorry.

ANI
How is the profile going?

LORIN
It looks like we're over the hard part.

DEAN
Don't take your morning nap just yet. Kendra just psyched Kara out with a bunch of notes
that she's probably going to incorporate -

LORIN
WHAT?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

DEAN
I wish. Ask Ani.

LORIN
Where did she go? I'm going to kick her in the throat!

DEAN
Starbucks.

LORIN
WHAT?!?

(LORIN suddenly starts sobbing softly. Beat,
as he cries.)

ANI
(getting up going to comfort him,)
Lorin?

DEAN
Are you okay?

LORIN
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm just so tired.

ANI
You've been up all night.

LORIN
No. Not just that. I'm fucking just tired of this job. I just turned 37, you guys, and I'm still a factchecker.

ANI
But you just got promoted -

DEAN
Yeah -You're the head factchecker.

LORIN
That is still a factchecker! In fact, it's worse because you're the fucking mother of all factcheckers. You have to stay here the whole fucking night factchecking the fact checkers and after like six hours of factchecking factcheckers factchecking all these sloppy fucking facts the writers could actually give a shit about, you just want to claw your eyes off and bleed out through your skull holes! You're just like, What does it even matter if this is true or not? It's all a fucking story in a fucking magazine! No one reads magazines for the truth! People just want something to read on the elliptical at the gym or to line their fucking canary cages with - I don't fucking know! And all that work just winds up in the trash by Friday.

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