

EXT. CORNER OFFICE -- NIGHT

Bam. Door opens. Exiting office with box. Now in a state of advancing melancholy, slightly unhinged. Many of the other agents now try not to watch the exit.

JERI/JERRY

Well, don't worry! I'm not going to do what you think I'm going to do, which is FLIP OUT! But let me just say, as I ease out of the office I helped build -- sorry, but it's a fact -- -- that there is such a thing as manners. A way of treating people...

Notices the fish tank nearby. Attempts to be profound.

These fish have manners! They have manners. In fact. They're coming with me! I'm starting a new company, and the fish will come with me and... you can call me sentimental.

Begins dipping into the tank, grabbing the one exotic fish that failed to escape. It's a fire-tailed Peruvian beauty. Grabs a baggie from an assistant's desk, shakes out some crumbs, and dumps the fish inside.

it's okay... it's okay...
But if anybody else wants to come with me, this moment will be the ground floor of something real and fun and inspiring and true in this godforsaken business and we will do it together! Who's coming with me besides... "Flipper" here? Anybody going with me?

Silence, someone coughs, as agents and office personnel look On with equal parts pity and embarrassment.

We
will see you all again. Sleep
tight!
Let's see
how they do without us.