

In the back seat sits OLIVER (30s). He's loosened his tie, smelling faintly of bourbon from the retirement party, leaning aggressively far forward between the two front seats.

JACOB

Accounting won't be the same without Frank. He was the backbone of that department.

OLIVER

(Dismissively)

Frank should've retired ten years ago. The guy was dead weight, Jacob. Just like half the people on your team. You gotta stop treating the office like a charity.

Jacob swallows hard, his jaw tightening, but he keeps his voice level.

JACOB

They're good people, Oliver. They work hard.

OLIVER

(condescending)

Hard work keeps you in a cubicle. Strategic thinking gets you the VP chair. Don't worry, buddy, now that I'm running things, I'll show you how to trim the fat.

Grace's head turns sharply toward the back seat. She feels every micro insult aimed at her husband.

GRACE

(defensive)

Jacob doesn't need a lesson in management, Oliver. He carried the entire Henderson account on his back. Everyone in leadership knows who actually did the work.

Oliver caught off guard by her sharpness, but quickly recovers with a arrogant grin. He leans forward.

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OLIVER

Oh, I know he did. And I appreciate him setting the table for me. A good manager knows how to utilize his resources.

Jacob glances at Grace, silently pleading with his eyes for her to let it go.

JACOB

It's business.

OLIVER

Exactly. Anyway, Violet wanted to come tonight to celebrate my victory, but she was just too exhausted to deal with the corporate crowd. Can't blame her. It's a lot of pressure being at the top.

Grace forcing her hands to relax in her lap. She protects her composure.

GRACE

Success shouldn't make a person isolate themselves.

OLIVER

It's not isolation, Grace. You have to be careful who you spend your time with when you're moving up.

Oliver looks between the two of them judging.

OLIVER

You guys still content living in this quiet little suburban bubble? No urge to take a real risk?

JACOB

We like our life, Oliver. We have a plan.

GRACE

Everything happens in its proper time. When the environment is right. And we don't leave our future to chance.

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Oliver leans back into his seat, crossing his arms with an arrogant shrug.

OLIVER

Just don't wait too long to make your
next move. Believe me, once you miss
your window, the world passes you by.

Grace's fist clenches around her purse strap.

Oliver's phone suddenly BUZZES in his hand. He checks the screen.

OLIVER

Speak of the devil. Violet's checking
up on me.

He begins typing a text quickly.