

EMERY MONOLOGUE
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EMERY

Emery grilled steaks. And they were pretty tasty.

(beat)

I thought about Bell and Lanfield and the way they clammed up after Henkin let slide about the promotion and the Caprice. Never saw the color drain out of somebody's faces so fast. As for me, well, Henkin's promotion didn't affect me...I'm not in the same department. I'm one of the new guys, but my foot's on the ladder, you know? On the ladder. When the company's looking for somebody to promote, some bright young fellow, I'll be that bright young fellow. I've had a sense of what's going on: they're shuffling around the guys who've been around awhile, you know, the same old faces at the same old meetings getting the old shell game treatment. I get it, I get why they do it. It makes them competitive, wary. I'm prepared for this sort of thing, down the line. So what do I care which of them gets a promotion? Doesn't affect me, at least not immediately, but it's good to know, it's good to know *who's* getting promoted, and why. But I know something they don't know. It's not a promotion. Think about it. It's a little more money for a little less shit to do, a different office on a different side of the building so you think you're getting a whole new view. I saw my father go through it, but he came out on top. So there can be payoff. I've seen it and I expect it and I want it and I'm *ready* for it.

(beat)

And my wife gave me a blow job without me asking, so it's a pretty good day all told, what with the weather and all.