

SCRIPT TITLE

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**ACT ONE**

FADE IN

EXT. LARGE, MULTISTORY OFFICE BUILDING, MONDAY - DAY

A young man walks towards the front doors, hesitating momentarily and looking up at the building before walking through the rotating doors.

INT. OFFICE ENTRYWAY & RECEPTIONS - DAY

The young man nods hello to the front desk attendant, walks past her to the left and presses the elevator "Up" button. He steps to the side to let three people off the elevator before getting on it himself and pressing the "Floor 3" button.

INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM - DAY

The young man turns right out of the elevator, then turns right again, walking down a hallway with 3 office doors on his right and 6 rows of cubicles on his left. He stops at and walks into the middle office. A man sitting at the desk in the office looks up from computer screen

LANGSTON

Rian! Hey, buddy, it's good to see you again! Glad we could snag you before a competitor could.

LANGSTON rises from his seat, stretching his hand out to shake RIAN's. Rian half-jog-half-walks to meet Langston's handshake.

RIAN

Hey, thank you! I've been looking for somewhere I can finally put my Master's to use.

LANGSTON

Perfect, let's get you situated and figured out real quick, follow me.

Langston walks around his desk and through his office door, gesturing Rian to follow him. They both turn right out of the office, walking away from the elevators.

LANGSTON (CONT'D)

So, obviously you know where my office is, we've got a couple more office here for my assistant and for an HR rep, and you can find the rest of your coworkers somewhere on the floor usually.

The two turn left at the end of the hall, following the wall until they get to the last cubicle in the row on their left. The cubicle is empty save for a computer and a small folder on the desk. On the opposite side of the neighboring cubicle is a wall of floor-to-ceiling windows, with a view of the town from the third story.

LANGSTON (CONT'D)

Well, this is you. It's a bit far from the bathrooms, but eh, you're young. Here's some documents I need input to the proper spreadsheets by Friday, and if you have any questions feel free to find me or ask some of the others if you can't.

RIAN

Awesome! I'll get right on it, thanks.

Rian puts his bag on the floor of his cubicle, boots up the computer, and opens the folder Langston handed him. He looks through the documents as a muffled conversation happens behind him between Langston and Rian's cubicle neighbor, CHUCK. Rian starts Excel on his computer and lays the paperwork out on his desk as Chuck pokes his head over their shared wall.

CHUCK

Hey, you're the new guy right?

Rian turns around in his chair, startled.

RIAN

Uh, yeah, hi I'm--

CHUCK

Yeah yeah that's great, so I've been coasting around here pretty nicely and haven't had to do jack shit around here on the clock for a few months. And then you show up.

Chuck rests his arms on top of the cubicle wall, holding a manilla folder in one hand.

CHUCK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

After the boss man finished talking to you he slapped this report on my desk and asked me to get everything put in my the end of the day. The way I see it, this is your fault so you're gonna help me.

Chuck tosses a manilla folder over the wall, and it lands messily on Rian's desk, papers falling out of it onto the floor.

RIAN

Oh, uh, sure I guess.

CHUCK

Great, great... Consider this your practice run.

Chuck's head disappears from over the wall, and Rian turns back to his computer. Rian shakes a look of confusion off his face, shrugs, and picks the scattered papers up off the floor.

INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM, LATER - EVENING

Rian's desk is a mess of paper, some his own and some Chuck's. The only people remaining in the office are Chuck and Rian at their cubicles, Langston in his office, and a few coworkers milling about the office, getting ready to leave for the night. Chuck peeks over the wall again.

CHUCK

So, how's it all going? All practiced up?

RIAN

Yeah, I think I'm just about finished with your paperwork, just have to adjust some formatting, unless you want to? I can send it over.

Chuck laughs to himself.

CHUCK

Uh, no I don't need any floormats or whatever you said, you can call it good. I'm gonna head out for the night, can't work too hard y'know?

RIAN

Sure, yeah, goodnight.

Chuck picks his briefcase up and leaves his cubicle, disappearing from Rian's view around the corner. Rian finishes typing, closes his computer, and packs his bag up before walking to Langston's office.

Langston looks up from his computer, but continues to type and glance occasionally.

LANGSTON

Hey, Rian, how was day one? I hope everything went well for you?

RIAN

Hey, thanks, yeah it went alright. I just had a question about the guy in the cubicle next to me?

LANGSTON

Oh, Chuck? Great guy. Been here longer than I have!

RIAN

Well, he gave me a file full of his reports today and had me input them for him instead of doing it himself. I wasn't able to get any of my own stuff done today.

LANGSTON

Oh don't worry about that. Think of it this way: Chuck let you familiarize myself with our systems with his work so you wouldn't take a hit on your own documents. Besides, you have 'til Friday for your stuff anyway.

Rian takes a moment to think, justifying it in his head.

RIAN

I guess you're right when you look at it that way. It did give me a good idea of y'all's systems and layouts.

LANGSTON

Exactly! Don't worry about it Rian, Last person who had your cubicle had some words about him as well but I assure you he's harmless. Now you have a good night and don't think too hard about this place until tomorrow at 9, yeah?

RIAN

Yeah. Goodnight sir.

Langston waves Rian away as Rian leaves the office, shutting the door and making his way to the elevators.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM, WEDNESDAY - AFTERNOON

The office is bustling with employees, working at their cubicles and bringing folders to and from the offices. Chuck sits at his own cubicle, occasionally glancing over the walls, searching for someone. Rian turns the corner and walks towards his and Chuck's cubicle, staring at the wall opposite the cubicles. Quickly passing Chuck, Rian throws his now-finished lunch container in the garbage. As soon as Rian sits down, Chuck peeks his head over the wall.

CHUCK

Well, look who finally shows up again. Long lunch, eh?

Rian sighs before replying, not even turning around.

RIAN

Yeah, had a personal matter to take care of on the phone. But now I would really like to work on my spreadsheet so--

CHUCK

Yeah no I get that, I understand, but first, if you could help me out with mine quick and then you'll have the rest of the day to worry about your stuff.

Rian pauses for a moment before standing up and dragging his feet over to Chuck's desk. Chuck has various files opened messily on his desk. Rian picks up one of the documents and starts scanning it.

RIAN

Alright, open the spreadsheet with all the transactions in it.

CHUCK

Right. What's that?

Rian looks at Chuck, disbelief spreading across his face.

RIAN

It's the dot xls file right there?

CHUCK

The what? What the hell is a dot excelliss?

RIAN  
 Wait, seriously? It's the  
 spreadsheet. It's right there. I'm  
 looking at it.

A moment of silence as Chuck stares at his desktop screen.

CHUCK  
 I see some mountains.

RIAN  
 Yes, that's your desktop  
 background. See the icon labelled  
 'Transactions' on the right side  
 there? Click that.

Chuck moves the mouse slowly around the screen. Rian stands and watches the cursor move in circles around the edge of the screen. Rian touches his finger to the screen, pointing directly at the icon and Chuck finally finds it and clicks it, opening a spreadsheet.

RIAN (CONT'D)  
 Whoa whoa whoa, where is  
 everything?

Rian grabs the mouse from Chuck, clicking various boxes in the spreadsheet until he clicks the Box A1, which expands and reveals a long string of months and numbers with no spacing between them.

RIAN (CONT'D)  
 Wait, everything is in the first  
 box?

CHUCK  
 Look, I was told to type data in so  
 I typed data in.

RIAN  
 I don't even recognize this data,  
 when is it from...?

A moment of silence as Rian looks at the lower corner of Chuck's screen. Rian's face drops into a look of shock.

RIAN (CONT'D)  
 Last saved FOUR YEARS AGO?

CHUCK  
 Oh yeah, I remember that! Yeah,  
 that was right after Courtney left.  
 (MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
Super sweet girl, more than happy  
to help me out with my work. Not  
sure why she left...

RIAN  
Alright, just- just move over for a  
bit and let me get this data  
properly put in.

CHUCK  
Sounds good, let me grab us some  
water.

Rian sits at Chuck's desk and begins typing data into the  
spreadsheets as Chuck leaves to get a drink from the water  
cooler.

#### MONTAGE

-Chuck chats with someone at the water cooler while holding  
two cups of water, one for himself and one for Rian.

-Rian crumples up a stack of old documents that have been on  
Chuck's desk for years.

-Chuck walks to the office closer to the elevators, chatting  
up Langston's assistant about the weather.

-Rian runs from Chuck's desk to his own to send an email to  
Chuck containing this week's data.

-Chuck talks with Langston in his office, laughing about last  
night's ridiculous basketball game ending. Chuck finishes his  
cup of water.

-Rian tosses a sheet of paper on the floor and hits the  
'Backspace' button repeatedly

-Focusing on the date at the top of the discarded sheet of  
paper shows it's from the year prior.

-Chuck walks back to the cooler to throw away his water cup,  
then drinks Rian's water cup and tosses it as well.

-Rian rubs his eyes and puts his head on Chuck's desk.

#### END OF MONTAGE

#### INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM, LATER - EVENING

Chuck walks past the windows, streetlights glowing faintly as  
the sun disappears fully under the horizon.

Most of the cubicles in the office are empty. Chuck finally reaches his own desk and shakes Rian's shoulder.

CHUCK

HEY, buddy, it's quittin' time. Did you finish all that stuff?

Rian jolts upright, a line of drool connecting the corner of his mouth to a paper on the desk.

RIAN

Huh? Oh, yeah, right, uh, yeah, you should be good for tomorrow. I didn't get any of my own shit done today though so I would really appreciate it if you could get your own done.

Chuck laughs dismissively.

CHUCK

Yeah, sure buddy. Have a good night!

Chuck grabs his briefcase from off the floor and leaves Rian alone at the desk. Rian sighs, gets up from Chuck's desk and grabs his bag from his own cubicle before heading towards the elevators. Langston pokes his head out of his office and stops Rian.

LANGSTON

Hey Rian, I hope you've been enjoying it here, I'm glad to see you and Chuck palling it up. I did want to let you know that I'm a little concerned, not seeing much come from your end but I'm sure it's just those first week jitters. As long as I get those documents by Friday end of day, I think we'll be peachy around here. Alright I'll catch ya tomorrow.

Langston quickly shuts his office door, cutting off Rian from responding. Rian turns and continues to the elevators.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM, FRIDAY - DAWN

Rian is already sitting at his cubicle, typing rapidly on his computer. Other employees slowly enter via the elevators, grabbing drinks from the water cooler and sitting at their desks. Langston enters and makes a lap of the office, greeting everyone before going into his office and shutting the door.

INT. OFFICE ENTRYWAY & RECEPTIONS, LATER - NOON

Chuck greets the front desk attendant, striking up a quick conversation.

MADDY  
Morning Chuck!

CHUCK  
Well, not quite morning anymore  
Maddy. Running a bit late today.

MADDY  
Oh, I guess you're right. Well, I  
saw Rian come in super early today,  
maybe he knew and wanted to make up  
for it.

Chuck chuckles.

CHUCK  
Yeah, that sounds like him. Y'know,  
you two would be cute together.

Maddy blushes and giggles.

MADDY  
Oh stop, you say that about every  
new guy here. You have a good day  
today, okay Chuck?

CHUCK  
I certainly will. Have a good one  
Maddy!

Chuck leaves the front desk and makes his way to the elevators, whistling a cheery tune.

INT. 3RD FLOOR CUBE FARM - AFTERNOON

Chuck leaves the elevator and turns right, waving to Langston through one of the small windows beside the doorframe. He continues down the hall, turning left and walking to his desk. He sets his briefcase on the ground, looking around at the mess of papers and folders on his desk and on the floor. Chuck peeks over the wall, looking at Rian.

CHUCK

Hey buddy, heard you came in early today.

Silence for a brief moment as Rian tenses up and turns around to face Chuck.

RIAN

Yeah.

CHUCK

Good to see someone so excited to be here every day, it's refreshing.

Rian pinches the bridge of his nose and exhales deeply before replying as calmly as he can make himself.

RIAN

No, Chuck, that's not it. That wasn't why I came in early today, it won't be why I come in early on Monday, and it won't be why I'm probably here on weekends. I was here early, Chuck, because of you. I haven't had time to do any of my own work because you keep asking for help.

CHUCK

Oh, well, I'm just trying to help you get a feel for this place, you know? Fresh outta college, new blood in a new place, lots of responsibilities. For example, my cubicle over here is an absolute mess. Papers everywhere, empty folders, it's terrible.

RIAN

Yeah, I know it's terrible BECAUSE YOU'VE HAD ME OVER THERE FOR TWO DAYS DOING YOUR FUCKING WORK!

Rian stands up from his desk, slowly moving towards Chuck's cubicle as he speaks.

RIAN (CONT'D)

The papers on the floor? Weeks, months, YEARS out of date. The papers on the desk? Those are the few pieces of current information I could find in your drawers. WHY WERE THEY IN THE DRAWERS? All those empty folders were empty when I fucking found them, so you can explain that one, Chuck.

The entire office falls to a hush as Rian finishes his rant. Chuck stares at Rian, unamused.

CHUCK

I think it's only fair if you clean up your mess, Rian.

RIAN

(mocking)

Oh, it's **only fair** everybody!

Rian stands from his chair, throwing his hands up in the air with an exasperated groan. He walks towards the wall away from the cubicles before turning around and sticking his index finger in Chuck's face.

RIAN (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU CHUCK!

Langston jogs up to the two of them, placing himself between the pair.

LANGSTON

Whoa, whoa, what the hell is going on you two?

CHUCK

I come in to get some work done, and Rian fucking explodes on me! Look at my cubicle, this is how I walked in on it, and this is certainly not how I left it last night.

RIAN

YOU WEREN'T HERE LAST NIGHT, YOU LEFT AT 4!

LANGSTON

Rian, Rian, calm down. Chuck told me on the way out yesterday that you offered to help him finish his stuff since he had an emergency at home. Is this really the state you left his cubicle in last night?

Rian, seething, takes a moment to collect himself before he begins.

RIAN

Look, all week he's been--

LANGSTON

None of those words were a yes or a no. Is this how you left his cubicle last night?

Langston stares down Rian, not budging. Rian grows more sheepish and nervous with each passing second.

RIAN

...Yes.

LANGSTON

Alright, thank you. Now, the way I see it, I'm pulling you off of one of my oldest guys here, you're not getting any of your work done, I'm gonna have to let you go Rian. I hope you find something out there, but I need you to pack up and go.

Rian's face drops, shocked, as Langston gives Chuck a look. Rian starts loading his bag up with his personal belongings.

CHUCK

Well, it was a pleasure working with you. If you need a reference...

RIAN

Find the nearest dick and choke on it, Chuck.

Rian grabs his crotch and taunts Chuck. He picks up his bag and storms off towards the elevators. Langston moves into Rian's cubicle and collects the papers and files from on top of the desk.

LANGSTON

Well, guess I'll finish these for him...

Langston walks off with Rian's paperwork. Chuck sits in his chair, rolling over a pile of old papers. He puts his feet up on the desk, hands on his head, and closes his eyes, sighing with relief.

CHUCK  
That's more like it.

FADE OUT

**END OF SKETCH**