

OFFICE SPACE  
(WORKING TITLE)

by

Mike Judge

FIRST REVISION  
DECEMBER 9, 1997

FADE IN

INT. A WOMAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

ANGLE ON a bed. There are two people in it. FREDDIE NUNEZ, a mexican-american in his thirties -- sort of a younger, better-looking version of Cheech Marin, and ANNE who is still asleep. (We'll find out more about her later.)

Freddie is very carefully and slowly trying to sneak out of bed without waking Anne up. (This was clearly a one-night stand.) He looks like he's about to make it safely out of the bed when his foot gets twisted in the sheets and he trips, falling on the floor.

Anne stirs a little but then goes back to sleep -- a close call. Freddie grabs his shoes and clothes off the floor and starts sneaking towards the door. He stops and looks at a PICTURE OF ANNE AND HER BOYFRIEND. Freddie's expression tells us he recognizes the guy -- an expression that says, "Well I'll be damned."

Freddie manages to get most of his clothes on and is about to leave, but then he gets an idea. He goes over to the kitchen and looks through the cupboards. He finds some RICE CRISPIES. He carefully pours them into a bowl, keeping an eye on Anne and being as quiet as possible. He gets some milk from the refrigerator and pours it on the Rice Crispies. Suddenly they start to SNAP, CRACKLE AND POP LOUDLY.

Anne starts to wake up and rub her eyes. Freddie runs for the door, taking the bowl of Rice Crispies with him.

Music plays and CREDITS ROLL over the following OPENING MONTAGE:

EXT. VAST CORPORATE OFFICE PARK - MORNING

We see a huge traffic jam on an expressway that winds through an endless corporate office park. It could be just about anywhere in the middle of America -- one and two-story shiny new buildings, -- mostly built in the early eighties, with small bits of landscaping. There are parking lots, Bennaginni, TGIFriday's, Chili's, etc. -- as far as the eye can see.

We TRUCK IN on a Toyota Corolla, one of many in this endless traffic jam.

Inside is PETER GIBBONS, our hero -- twenty-six, fairly normal-looking. We recognize him from the picture in Anne's apartment. He is driving to work -- five feet at a time.

In a CLOSE UP we see his foot go back and forth from the gas pedal to the break every five seconds or so. On Peter's expression, we see that this is slow torture for him. He looks to the side of the road and sees an OLD MAN with a walker and oxygen tubes shuffling along, actually making better time than he is. The old man passes peter.

Peter looks over at the next lane. Traffic seems to be moving a lot quicker. He keeps looking over, wondering if he should switch. His lane is still barely moving. He finally decides to be brave and switch lanes. The second he changes his old lane starts moving rapidly and his new lane stops.

PETER

(Banging the steering wheel) Shit!  
Why did I do that?

Peter looks over at the sidewalk and sees the old man is now a block ahead of him. Peter looks back over at the lane he was in, which is still moving. He looks back at the old man, now way ahead of him. He switches lanes. Once again, the lane he switched to suddenly stops and the lane he was in starts moving.

PETER

(Pounding on the wheel) Dammit!!!

ANGLE ON: ANOTHER CAR IN THE TRAFFIC JAM -- a Honda.

Inside the car we see MICHAEL BOLTON. No, not the famous singer, just a guy who happens to have the same name by an unfortunate coincidence.

Michael Bolton is twenty-six and looks like a young republican. He has glasses, brown hair parted on the side, shirt and tie. He is listening to a gangsta' rap song ("Scarface -- "The Diary") with his stereo cranked. He sings along, knows all the words.

MICHAEL

(Rapping along to himself with the CD)

...A tiskit, A tasket, A nigga' got  
his ass kicked, A cop put a gun to  
his face, Closed casket...

EXT. A BUS STOP IN THE SAME AREA - MORNING

MILTON sits waiting for the bus with a few other people. He wears a shirt and tie. Everyone else at the bus stop looks blue-collar. Milton looks at his watch and looks around worried and mumbling to himself. (He's based on my animated character -- We'll find out more about him later.)

EXT. NYCOR INC. - MORNING

Just another building in the corporate office park. It's modern with shiny tinted glass like all the others with minimal landscape. There's a sign about four feet high in front with Nykor's corporate logo on it. Underneath the logo it says, "Systems Division". The sign is surrounded by a small planter.

ANGLE ON THE PARKING LOT.

We see a fairly new Porsche 911 pull into a space marked with a sign, "RESERVED FOR BILL LUMBERGH, DIVISION CHAIRMAN". BILL LUMBERGH gets out of the car. He's forty-five, an aging yippie still sporting the suspenders-and-yellow-tie look of the eighties. He carefully places one of those cardboard dashboard protectors in the front windshield. He shuts the door, steps back and checks out his car for a beat, and then heads inside. His license plate reads, "MYPRSHE".

THE NEXT SPACE OVER

We see DOM PORTWOOD pull up into his space reserved for "Division V.P.". He drives a Mazda RX-7. He's a chunky guy who looks like he could be Rush Limbaugh's younger brother. He gets out, opens the trunk and pulls out a canvas car cover which he carefully drapes over his car to protect the paint job. We see a bumper sticker that says, "You toucha my car, I breaka you face."

ANGLE ON ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT

Peter pulls up in his Toyota Corolla. He can't find a space and has to park next to a divider. He drags himself out of the car and goes into the building, looking miserable.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR / PETER'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits down in his cubicle. He looks straight ahead.

PETER'S POV.

The cubicle wall in front of him.

The cubicle wall to the left. It looks exactly the same.

The cubicle wall to the right. Also looks the same.

POV as Peter looks at his watch -- 9:15 Monday.

Peter stares down at his desk. Next to his computer is a picture of himself and Anne, that we recognize from before. Peter looks at the picture for a beat, then sinks into his chair and shuts his eyes -- not ready to deal with anything.

From the next cubicle, we hear NINA. She answers the phone the same way over and over again about every five to ten seconds -- like Chinese water torture. She speaks deliberately fast, hitting her consonants hard. She thinks it makes her sound professional.

NINA

Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking... Just a moment... Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking...

This continues in the background. Peter reaches in his desk and pulls out some earplugs and puts them in. We now hear Peter's perspective -- The same annoying voice, just muffled a bit.

NINA (Muffled)

Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking... Just a moment... Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking...

Bill Lumbergh (We'll call him "Lumbergh") walks up to Peter's cubicle. He's the king of passive-aggressive. (Note: Whenever we see Lumbergh he always has his Nycoff coffee mug in one hand -- always.) Peter takes out the earplugs. Lumbergh casually reprimands him.

LUMBERGH

Hello Peter, what's happening? Ah, we have sort of a problem? Yeah, you apparently didn't put one of the new cover sheets on your T.P.S. reports?...

PETER

Yeah, I forgot. Sorry.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, you see we're putting the cover sheets on all T.P.S. reports now before they go out. (Feigning curiosity) Ah, did you see the memo about this?

PETER

Yeah, I got the memo. I just forgot and they're not shipping until

5

tomorrow anyway, so it's no problem... .

LUMBERGH

Yeah, if you could just go ahead and make sure you do that from now on, that would be terrific. Oh and, I'll go ahead and make sure you get another copy of that memo. Mmkmay? Buh-bye Peter.

Lumbergh leaves.

PETER

I've got the memo right here. I just forgot...

Lumbergh doesn't hear. He's off to another cubicle. Nina's voice continues in the background.

NINA (O.S.)

Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking... (On and on)

Peter lets out a SOFFERING SIGH. He tries to start working, but there is another distraction: The voice of PAUL HARVEY coming from a radio in the next cubicle. (Paul Harvey is that annoying radio news guy that takes long pauses in weird places. Old people seem to find it charming.)

This is also like Chinese water torture. Peter tries to concentrate but Paul Harvey's irritating pauses are driving him crazy.

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

New tartar control formula crest...  
Four out of five... (long pause)

PETER

(Anticipating the next word, to himself)  
Dentists... .

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

...dentists recommend Crest for fighting... (long pause)

PETER

Cavities... Come on!..

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)

...cavities... Page two... .

Peter can't take it anymore. He gets up and walks over to the next cubicle.

ANGLE ON MILTON'S CUBICLE.

Milton is listening to Paul Harvey. He has only a few possessions in his cubicle, his diploma from DeVry (a two year technical school most commonly known by it's ads on the inside of match book covers), a poster of the F-18, a city bus schedule, etc. Peter enters.

PETER

Hey Milton, would you mind turning that down a little?

MILTON

Mmm, well I was told that I could listen to the radio at a reasonable volume, and mmm, I told Bill that if Sandra's going to listen to her Walkman while she's filing, I should be allowed to...

PETER

All right Milton,...

MILTON

...mmm, and according to company regulations, I can listen from nine to eleven at a reasonable volume, so until I'm told different...

PETER

Okay! Okay Milton! Forget it.  
Just,...forgot it. Jeez.

Peter returns to his cubicle.

Dom Portwood walks in. He's another midmanagement weasel (The guy who looks like he could be Rush Limbaugh's younger brother.) Dom clasps his hands together with a smart-alec smirk.

DOM

Hi Peter, what's happening. We need to talk about your T.P.S. reports.

PETER (irritated)

I know. Bill already told me -- I forgot to put the new cover sheet on. Sorry.

DOM (fake concern)

Yeah, did you get that memo?

PETER

Yes, I got the memo. I just forgot.  
It's really no big deal. They're  
not going out until tomorrow.

DOM

Ah yeah, it's just that we're  
putting the new cover sheets on all  
the TPS reports before they go out,  
now. So if you could go ahead and  
try to remember to do that from now  
on that would be great. All right?

Dom gives Peter a hearty pat on the back like a father would  
give an eight-year-old, and walks away before Peter can  
respond.

Peter's phone rings. He answers. In the background, the  
annoying sounds of Nina's voice, "Corporate Accounts  
Payable...", and Paul Harvey continue. Peter shuts one ear -  
trying to block it out. It all builds to a crescendo..

PETER

Peter Gibbons.... Yes, I know, I  
just forgot... Yes... (About to lose  
it) You see, the problem isn't that  
I don't have the memo. The problem  
is that I forgot. And it's not  
really a problem anyway because  
they aren't shipping until tomorrow  
and it's just a matter of putting  
one piece of paper on top of some  
other pieces of paper!... (Through  
clenched teeth) Yes I have the  
MEMO! GOOD BYE!

Peter finally loses it and slams down the phone.

EXT. NYCOR - DAY

Peter bursts out the door as if he's escaping a burning  
building. He stands outside for a beat -- looking around,  
trying to cool off. He looks off to the side and sees a  
couple of lonely SMOKERS standing around an ashtray staring  
at him.

INT. NYCOR/ ANOTHER SET OF CUBICLES - DAY

This cubicle is shared by SAMIR and MICHAEL HOLTON.

On Michael's wall we see a Navy Seals poster (Not from the  
movie, a real Navy Seals poster), various Soldier of Fortune  
type stuff, and a picture of Snoop Doggy Dogg.

8

Samir is an Iranian in his late twenties. He is hovering over a LASER PRINTER. It starts to print out a page, makes a beep and then stops. It's all he can do to keep himself from hitting it. He speaks with an Iranian accent.

SAMIR

Aaaaaagh!!! No, not again!!!

Samir motions like he's going to hit the printer, then stops himself.

SAMIR

I am going to kill theee Goddamn thing! Why does it say "paper jam" when THERE IS NO PAPER JAM!!! One of these days, I swear to God I will kick theee piece of sheet out the window!

MICHAEL BOLTON

You and me both. You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to find the asshole who designed it, tie him to a chair and just slap him for about two hours.

SAMIR

Yes. Because it is very poorly designed! (To the printer) Piece of sheet!

Samir takes the top off the printer and starts trying to fix it.

A female TEMP walks in handing out memos.

TEMP

Samir... (Struggling to pronounce) Na-i-n... al-jah...?

SAMIR

(Correct pronunciation) Naiminejad.

TEMP

(Handing him the memo) Sorry.  
(Reading the next one) Michael...  
Bolton?

MICHAEL

That's me.

TEMP

Wow, is that your real name?

MICHAEL

(Like he's answered it a million times) Yeah.

She hands him the memo.

TENP

Are you related to that singer guy?

MICHAEL

No. Just a coincidence.

Michael takes the memo. The temp leaves.

SAMIR

No one in this country can ever pronounce my name right. It's not that hard -- Na-i-ni-ne-jad.

MICHAEL

At least your name isn't Michael Bolton.

SAMIR

There's nothing wrong with that name.

MICHAEL

There was nothing wrong with it, until I was about twelve years old and that no-singing asshole became famous and started winning Grammies.

SAMIR

Why don't you just go by "Mike" instead of Michael?

MICHAEL

No way! Why should I change? He's the one who sucks.

Samir looks at the memo.

SAMIR

Staff meeting today? I wonder what that's about.

Peter enters the cubicle.

PETER

Hey, you guys wanna go to TGIF's for coffee?

SAMIR

I can't. I have to get this printer  
to work.

MICHAEL

I really shouldn't go either.

PETER

Come on. I think that girl is  
working today.

MICHAEL

You mean the girl with the nice... .

PETER

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Oh all right.

INT. TGIF'S - DAY

Peter Michael and Samir sit at a table.

PETER

... Boy I'm tellin' ya, it won't be  
long now. And when it finally does  
happen, it's gonna be over  
something really small, like at a  
Burger King or something. It'll be  
like, "Would you like some fries  
with that?" AAAAGHHH!!!! (machine  
gun noises with mouth.)

Peter gestures and makes noises like he's shooting up a  
Burger King. A WAITER walks up behind him. He wears a  
referee shirt, and has the manner of someone who has been  
through intensive training on how to be a "fun" waiter.

WAITER

-(Politely laughs at Peter's gun  
noises) Hah hah, so gentlemen, can  
I get you something to drink?  
Something cold? (Switches to a look  
of genuine interest) Is it hot  
outside?

Peter looks confused.

PETER

Huh?... We just want coffee.

The waiter takes the order and leaves.

PETER

(Despairing) Oh man, I just knew  
that asshole Lumbergh is gonna make  
me come in on Saturday. I can tell.

MICHAEL

You're worried about Saturday? It's  
only Monday for God'sakes.

SAMIR

Yes. Besides, what do you care?  
You'll get paid overtime.

PETER

You don't understand Samir. I'd pay  
them to not have to come in on  
Saturday. You know, sometimes I  
think about just walking out of  
that building, getting into my car  
and leaving. I mean for good -- no  
two weeks notice, no resignation,  
nothing -- just leaving and never  
coming back.

MICHAEL

So why don't you?

Pause.

PETER

'Cause I'm a pussy. I guess that's  
why I'm working at Nycor in the  
first place.

MICHAEL

Well, I work at Nycor and I don't  
consider myself a pussy.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL, looking very much like a pussy as he pours  
his fifth bag of sugar in his coffee.

SAMIR

Yes, I don't consider myself a  
pussy either.

MICHAEL

(Still pouring sugar) I'll tell you  
though, they really ought to be  
careful how they treat their  
software people. They don't  
understand -- If I got pissed off  
enough, I could program a virus

that would rip that place off big time. In fact I have written one, just to show it can be done. They just don't get it...

Peter looks at the two of them for a beat then sees something.

PETER

(Noticing) Hey check it out. There she is.

ANGLE ON JENNIFER, a waitress. She's blonde, all-American corn-fed girl -- not the type that would make it as a model, but sexy in a girl-next-door kind of way. The guys check her out for a beat.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I see what you mean. So that's your dream woman huh?

PETER

(Checking her out) Oooh yeah.

Jennifer walks back past their table. They watch her in silent appreciation.

MICHAEL

Hey, me and Samir are getting another poker game together this Friday night. You wanna come?

PETER

I can't. I'm going to this Hypnotherapist with Anne.

MICHAEL

(Disapproving) A Hypnotherapist? Why would you do something like that?

PETER

(Bummed-out) Anne wants me to...

As Peter continues to talk he's only half aware that he's still watching Jennifer a few tables over.

PETER

... I don't know, things haven't been so great between us lately. And she thinks this hypnotherapist might... (Distracted by Jennifer) Damn. Look at her...

ANGLE ON: Jennifer -- looking particularly good as she takes an order. Peter's eyes are glued to her.

SAMIR

"If you're so obsessed with this girl, why don't you just ask her out?"

PETER

I don't know... To her I'm just another asshole customer. Besides, I'm still going out with Anne.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah.

PETER

(Still looking at Jennifer) You know, I've never gone out with a girl like her.

MICHAEL

What do you mean, "A girl like her"? You don't even know her.

PETER

Well, I know she's probably not like any of these girls we meet in our profession.

MICHAEL

We don't meet girls our profession.

PETER

Yeah really. Maybe I should've been a cook or something... (Can't keep his eyes off her) She seems so perfect... Wow... Anyway, what was I saying?

SAMIR

You were talking about Anne...

PETER

Oh yeah... (back to earth) Anne. You know sometimes I get this feeling she might be cheating on me.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know what you mean.

PETER

(Pissed off) What's that supposed to mean?

MICHAEL

Nothing! Settle down man... Look, why don't you come play poker with us Friday and just tell Anne you're not into hypnosis.

PETER

No, I better not. Sometimes it's easier to just go along with her on something like this than to argue. Besides, I was thinking maybe this guy could hypnotize me into liking my job, or at least he could hypnotize me into not remembering the nine hours I have to spend there every day. I mean, he did help Anne lose weight.

MICHAEL

She's anorexic Peter.

PETER

Yeah, I know. This guy's really good.

MICHAEL

Well maybe we'll play Thursday, but I don't think a hypnotherapist is ever going to solve your problems. Hey, speaking of problems, what's this I hear about you having some problem with your T.P.S. reports?

Peter shakes his head and sighs with defeat.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

Peter, Samir and Michael walk back to Nyco. In the distance they see TOM SMYKOWSKI walking frantically towards them holding a piece of paper. Tom's about fifty-six and looks like he's been a nervous wreck for the last thirty years.

SAMIR

Is that Smykowski? What's he doing?

MICHAEL

Probably spreading doom and gloom like usual.

Tom walks up to them.

TOM

I've been looking all over for you guys. Have you seen this?! (Waving the paper) I knew it. I knew it!

MICHAEL

What?

TOM

We're all screwed, that's what. They're gonna downsize Wycor and lay off as many as fifty people from this branch alone. I just found out. They're bringing in a consultant. (Waving the memo) That's what this staff meeting's about.

Tom starts pacing nervously, following them back.

TOM

I know how these things work. It happened at Unitrode last year. You have to go in and do an interview with this consultant and he decides how valuable you are to the company.

MICHAEL

Look, no offense Tom, but you come around about once a week and tell us all we're gonna lose our jobs...

TOM

Well this time it's for real. Believe me. Ask anybody. Jim Dwyer got laid off today.

They start to believe him.

MICHAEL

What?

SAMIR

Jim Dwyer?!

PETER

(Terrified) Oh God, what if I lose my job?!

MICHAEL

You hate your job.

PETER

I know but I don't think I could handle being unemployed right now.

TOM

Tell me about it. Just the thought of having to go to the state unemployment office and stand in line with all those scumbags... It's just awful. And anytime you fill out any kind of form, like at the doctor's office, you have to put "none" where it says employer. Then the receptionist gives you that look like you're stinking up the place...

MICHAEL

Okay Tom, Jeez...

They arrive at the front door of Mycor.

TOM

(Serious) Well gentlemen, two weeks from this Friday, half of us will be out of jobs... Hey can I use your printer? I gotta update my resume.

SANIR

If you can get it to work. It's screwed up again.

TOM

(Declaring) That printer is a Goddamn piece of shit!

#### INT. NYCOR/MEETING AREA - DAY

It's a big open area with all the employees gathered around. Some peer over cubicle walls. Among them we see Freddie Nunez. Lumbergh is running the meeting. Standing next to Lumbergh is what appears to be the CONSULTANT, looking as though he's waiting to be introduced. Lumbergh drones on about time sheets.

LUMBERGH

So from now on, we're gonna go ahead and have you fill out a separate time sheet for each job order, instead of putting them in separate columns like we did the week before last. Now if you've worked on two different jobs in the same day for more than three days

in a row, then you should go ahead and talk to Sandy and get one of the old time sheets with the four separate columns. Are there any questions?...

ANGLE ON employees -- not really listening, waiting in anticipacion for him to introduce the consultant.

LUMBERG

OK then. Ah, I'd like to go ahead and welcome a new member to our team here. This is Bob Slydell... Yeah, Bob's gonna be sort of ah,... helping us out a little here. Yeah, he'll just sort of be asking some questions, maybe seeing if there's some ways we could maybe, you know, make our lives a little easier. Make things run a little more smoothly around here...Yeah,...any questions?

ANGLE ON employees.. Everybody is silent, looking sick...

INT. AREA SURROUNDING PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Meeting is over. The group has dispersed. People walk by stiffly -- uptightness and anger in the air. Tom passes Peter.

TOM

We're all screwed.

Peter walks into his cubicle, sits down and sees FIVE COPIES OF THE MEMO ABOUT THE T.P.S. REPORTS sitting on his desk.

EXT. JOGGING TRAIL AROUND A CITY PARK - EVENING

Anne is "power-walking" intensely -- way into it -- while Peter slowly jogs beside her, occasionally breaking into a walk so that they end up averaging the same speed. Although they cover the same amount of distance in the same amount of time, Anne is expending about ten times the energy as Peter, who doesn't look into this at all. Anne wears all the latest in power-walking attire, while Peter wears cheap gym shorts, generic sneakers and a t-shirt that says, "Nycor Systems Division". Anne talks with the same over-achieving spirit that she power-walks with.

ANNE

...So I'm sure they'll make me project leader next month. They'd

be foolish not to. I mean who else have they got?

Peter is barely paying attention.

PETER

Yeah...

ANNE

...Tisha has horrible work habits, she's not goal-oriented, and Brian -- forget it. He's just not the caliber person for Project Leader and they know it. So I don't see any reason why I wouldn't get it. I mean I am gonna get it. I'm sure of it...

PETER

Yeah...

As Peter looks off into the distance something catches his eye. It's a BLUE-GREEN HONDA CIVIC -- early nineties model. As it gets closer we see JENNIFER is driving. Peter pauses for a moment to check her out, falling behind Anne.

ANNE

Come on Peter...

Peter catches back up with Anne.

ANNE

Anyway, it's just a matter of time. So I heard about the layoffs at Nycor. What a drag.

PETER

Yeah...

ANNE

I would really hate to see you lose your job right now. The job market is pretty bad. You just have to make sure you do a good interview.

PETER

Yeah...

ANNE

The same thing happened to us at Unitrode a couple of years ago. When you do your interview, the trick is to make it sound like the

place would fall apart if you weren't there. Just talk about how irresponsible other people are -- it always works.

PETER

Yeah... Maybe it would be good for me to get laid off though...

She's not listening. They reach the parking lot. Anne immediately starts doing "warm-down" stretching exercises.

PETER

So do you want to come over tonight?

ANNE

No, I probably shouldn't.

It's the answer Peter expected. He looks around for a beat.

PETER

Is there something wrong?

ANNE

(Still doing stretching) What do you mean?

PETER

I don't know. We haven't ah, been together much in a while so I was just kind of wondering.

ANNE

Peter! I cannot believe you're worried about sex at a time like this when your job is in jeopardy.

PETER

It's not the sex even. I was just wondering if there was something...

ANNE

Look Peter, stop worrying. You really need to focus on your job for the next couple weeks. And don't just sit around watching TV all night either, or hanging out with that loser neighbor of yours. You've got to work on a new resume. And don't forget about this Friday. I think Dr. Swanson is really going to help you out a lot with your problems. Especially with this

interview and everything going on  
at Nyccr. (Cheery) So stop  
worrying. Okay?

She kisses him and heads for her car.

ANNE  
See you Friday.

PETER  
Yeah...all right.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Peter walks in and flops down on his couch, exhausted. We see that he is alone in this studio apartment. Through the wall, we hear someone talking to Peter.

LAWRENCE  
(O.S. Yelling through the wall)  
Hey Peter! Turn to channel nine --  
quick! Check out this chick!

PETER  
(Yelling back through wall)  
Dammit Lawrence, can't you at least  
pretend we can't hear each other  
through the walls??

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
Oh, sorry man -- is Anne over there  
or something?

PETER  
No, but just.... Look, if you're  
gonna talk to me just come over.

Peter turns on the TV. He switches to CHANNEL NINE. We see what Lawrence was talking about -- a woman demonstrating self exams for breast cancer.

PETER  
(Reacting to TV) Oh Jeep...

ANGLE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE APARTMENT.

We see LAWRENCE walk out of his apartment and into Peter's which is right next door. Lawrence is a forty-one year old construction worker with a mustache -- like Sam Elliot but a little goofier.

BACK INSIDE PETER'S APARTMENT

Lawrence walks in.

LAWRENCE

(Re TV) Doesn't she look like Ange?

PETER

A little bit I guess.

LAWRENCE

She hasn't been over in a while.  
You guys still going out?

PETER

Yeah. I guess. I don't know,  
sometimes I get this feeling she  
might be cheating on me.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, I get that feeling too.

PETER

Shit... What do you mean by that?

LAWRENCE

I don't know... I just got that  
feeling looking at her, like she's  
that type of chick that would  
just... (realizing) Oh, I'm sorry  
man. Never mind.

Peter just shakes his head -- defeated.

LAWRENCE

Who knows? Maybe she's not cheating  
on you. What do I know... Sorry  
man.

PETER

Ah, don't worry about it. I just  
had a rough day.

LAWRENCE

I hear ya man. I gotta get up at  
six in the morning all this week  
and drive up to Lae Galindas. I'm  
doing dry-wall on a new McDonalds.

Lawrence sits down on the couch, makes himself comfortable.

PETER

Do you like your job Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

Oh yeah. Construction's great. I mean, it pays good, decent hours, got a pretty good pension comin'...

PETER

Yeah, I think you make more money than I do as a programmer actually, and your job's less stressful.

LAWRENCE

Yep. But you know what I like about it? You build something, then it's done, and then you move on to something else. And you can drive past it and say, (Pointing with his beer) "I built that". You know what I mean?

PETER

Yeah. You know, that doesn't sound too bad. I mean, you don't have to put up a front all day like I do. You can be yourself, say whatever you want, check out the chicks, work outdoors sometimes...

LAWRENCE

(Hearty -- raising his beer in agreement)  
Fuckin' A!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter is in bed trying to sleep, tossing and turning. He keeps hearing Nina's annoying voice in his head, over and over.

NINA (V.O. In his head)

...Corporate accounts Payable. Nina speaking...Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina speaking...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYCOR / PETER'S CUBICLE - MORNING

Peter sits at his desk as NINA'S REAL VOICE continues.

NINA (O.S.)

...Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina Speaking...

Peter buries his head in his hands.

INT. MILTON'S CUBICLE - LATER

Milton is on the phone.

MILTON

...and I don't care if they lay me off either cuz I told Bill if they make me move my desk one more time I'm quittin'. And I told Dom too because they've made me move four times this year already, and I used to be over by the window...

In an AERIAL SHOT, we PAN OVER to the next cubicle, revealing that Milton is on the phone with Peter.

MILTON

...and then they switched from Swingline to Boston staplers, and so, I kept my Swingline stapler because they don't bind up as much, and I also kept all the Swingline staples from the supply cabinet too,...so if they make me give 'em back, I'll just, I'll,... I could set the building on fire.

PETER

Okay Milton. Sounds great. See ya.

Peter hangs up, shaking his head.

DOWN THE HALL, next to the cubicles, we see Lumbergh walking along with Bob Slydell (the consultant). Lumbergh is pointing to various cubicles and WHISPERING to Bob, causing paranoia. They stop just outside Milton's cubicle and start TALKING UNDER THEIR BREATH to each other. We can only make out a few words as we hear from Milton's POV.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, he's probably...  
(whisper)...don't really  
need,... (whisper)... hasn't been  
working out, (whisper)...stapler..

ANGLE ON MILTON. Looking paranoid and worried.

LUMBERGH

(No longer whispering) OK, sounds  
great Bob. I'll see ya in a few.

Lumbergh walks into Milton's cubicle.

LUMBERGH

Hi Milton, what's happening. Ah, I'm gonna have to ask you to go ahead and move your desk again.

MILTON  
(Mumbling protests) Mmm, but, well...

LUMBERGH  
Yeah, so if you could just go ahead and get it as far back against that wall as possible, that would be great. That way we'll have room for some of these boxes and things we need to put in here. And ah,... (noticing something) Oh, there it is...

ANGLE ON MILTON, looking worried and angry as Lumbergh leans over to take the stapler. It's an uncomfortable moment.

LUMBERGH  
Here, let me just go ahead and get that from you. (leans back up)  
Great.... So if you could just go ahead and get to that as soon as possible that would be terrific.  
Monkey? Thanks a bunch Milton. Buh-bye.

Lumbergh leaves. Milton mumbles on.

MILTON  
Well mm... okay, but I.... I'm gonna set the building on fire.

INT. PETER'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lumbergh walks in with Bob.

LUMBERGH  
Hello Peter. Ah, we came by here yesterday around ten o'clock and you weren't here? Yeah, I was just sort of wondering where you were...

PETER  
Hm, I must have been in the bathroom or something.

LUMBERGH  
Hm... Yeah,... actually I went to the bathroom after I came by here and I didn't see you in there.

PETER

Well, ... I must have been in one of the stalls.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, ... hum. Well if you could just go ahead and let us know if you're going to be gone for any length of time that would be great. Things are gonna be getting kinda tight around here. Mmkmay?

Lumbergh and Bob walk off whispering. Peter looks down at his watch -- 11:00AM, TUESDAY. He sinks into his chair, buries his head in his hands.

BEGIN MONTAGE -- things getting worse at Nycoor:

A speech from Lumbergh drones on over the montage in VOICE OVER as a HUGE BANNER is hung from the ceiling Right above Peter's cubicle, that reads: "IS THIS GOOD FOR THE COMPANY?"

LUMBERGH (V.O.)

...So you should ask yourself with every decision you make, "Is this good for the company?", ... "Am I helping with the company's strategic vision?" ...

This corporate babble continues over shots various employees interviewed by Bob and Lumbergh, and then packing up their desks and being escorted out of the building by security.

In Michael and Samir's cubicle, Michael is "flipping off" the printer with all his might -- with both hands.

PETER'S WATCH: 11:00am WEDNESDAY. Lumbergh's V.O. continues.

LUMBERGH (V.O.)

... In order to remain competitive we must future-proof the company in terms of processes, technologies...

In Samir and Michael's cubicle, TOM YELLS and shakes his fists in frustration at the printer. He finally hits it, not nearly as hard as he'd like to. He looks up in embarrassment to see that Bob Slydell and Lumbergh are watching him.

We see more people clearing out their desks and being escorted out of the building.

ON PETER'S WATCH: 11:00am THURSDAY.

ANGLE ON PETER -- about to lose it. Lumbergh's voice fades into Nina and Paul Harvey. It builds to a crescendo as Peter cowers under the "Is this good for the company?" banner.

NINA (O.S.)  
Corporate Accounts Payable. Nina  
speaking...

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)  
...Fourteen thousand Spanish coins.  
discovered yesterday (pause) ... in  
a shipwreck off the coast of...  
(long pause) ... Spain.

Peter can't take it anymore. He storms out of the cubicle.

EXT. NYCOR - DAY

Peter burst through the doors like before. He stands outside for a beat, trying to clear out his head.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Michael is messing with the printer, while Samir works at his desk. Peter enters.

PETER  
Hey, you guys wanna go to TGIF's?

MICHAEL  
Are you crazy?! Bob might see us!

SAMIR  
Yes. You should not even be here.

Tom enters pacing around, nervous as hell.

TOM  
Christ! They just laid off three  
people in Logistics! They're  
dropping like flies and my  
interview's next! And have you  
seen this? (Waving around a memo.)  
Another staff meeting this morning.  
What the hell's that about?!

ANGLE ON the printer. A piece of paper comes out with gibberish on it. Michael looks at the error display.

MICHAEL

"P-C Load Letter"? What the fuck does that mean?! (Shaking his fist, about to hit the printer) You son of a bitch...

Peter grabs the paper and yanks it out. We hear the sounds of GEARS AND STEP MOTORS GRINDING.

INT. NYCOR/MEETING AREA - DAY

Everyone is gathered again for a staff meeting. Lumbergh drones on. Next to him stands Bob Slydell, and next to Bob is a NEW GUY. Employees look worried.

LUMBERGH

...So from now on, -only use the new time sheets if you've worked on two or more job codes in one day and need the extra columns to fit it all in -- Otherwise, use the old time sheets and keep everything on the same column. This should make things easier...

ANGLE ON Samir, next to Peter and Tom. They WHISPER.

SAMIR

(RE: New Guy) Who the hell is that?

TOM

I got a pretty good idea...

ON LUMBERGH

LUMBERGH

...So I think this new system will really help out. Oh, and remember - tomorrow is Hawaiian shirt day if you want to wear a Hawaiian shirt and jeans. Okay? Any questions?

No-one is paying attention--- They just want to know who the new guy is.

LUMBERGH

Okay. I'd like to welcome another new member to our team here. Yeah, it turns out that Bob Slydell has ended up having to do ah,... a little more work than we had anticipated, so we brought in another consultant to sort of work with him to ah,... sort of help us out here. His name is also Bob. Bob

Porter. Welcome aboard Bob. So, ah,  
any questions?

ANGLE ON the employees -- looking sick.

INT. NYCOR/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bob Slydell and Bob Porter are interviewing Tom Smykowski.

BOB SLYDELL

So you take the specifications from  
the customer and give them to the  
engineers?

TOM

Yes, that's right..

BOB PORTER

Why couldn't the customer just give  
them directly to the engineers?

TOM

(Indignant) I'll tell you why,  
because engineers aren't good at  
dealing with customers. They're not  
good at dealing with humans in  
general.

BOB SLYDELL

So do you physically take the specs  
from the customers?

TOM

Well, no. My secretary does that,  
or they're faxed.

BOB SLYDELL

Do you physically bring them to the  
engineers?

TOM

Well...no. I mean sometimes...

BOB PORTER

What exactly do you do again?

TOM

Look I already told you, I deal  
with the goddamn customers so that  
the engineers don't have to!  
(getting pissed) I have people  
skills. I'm good at dealing with  
people! Can't you understand that?!

What the hell is wrong with you people??!

Tom suddenly realizes he's blowing it. He has a moment of clarity.

TOM  
I'm gonna get laid off aren't I?

The Bobs fidget and look at their papers -- not giving an answer.

INT. MICHAEL BOLTON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Peter, Samir, Michael and Tom are playing poker. Tom folds.

TOM  
I better quit. I gotta save my money for when I'm unemployed.

The other guys set down their cards, taking a break.

TOM  
You know, there are people in this world that don't have to work -- don't have to put up with all this shit -- like that guy who invented the Pet Rock. See, that's what you have to do, you have to use your mind and come up with some really great idea like that and you can make millions.

MICHAEL  
You think the Pet Rock was a really great idea?

TOM  
Sure it was. The guy made millions.  
(Modest) Ya know, I had an idea like that once -- a long time ago...? Yeah...

PETER  
Really? What was it?

TOM  
Oh, it was nothing. Just an idea... I think it was pretty good though.

SAMIR  
Come on Tom.

TOM

On all right. (With a modest chuckle) It was a "Jump-to-conclusions mat".

MICHAEL  
(Baffled) A what?

TOM  
A "Jump-to-conclusions mat". You see, it would be this mat that you would put on the floor and it would have different "conclusions" written on it that you could "jump" to.

The guys just stare at him.

TOM  
... You know, you would stand on a mark and actually jump to a conclusion. It's like a play on words. Get it?... Sort of a joke gift -- like the pet rock.

There's a long silence.

MICHAEL  
(Solemn) That is the worst idea I have ever heard in my life Tom.

SAMIR  
Yes.. It is horrible.. this idea..

TOM  
You guys just don't get it. If you saw one, I bet you would change your mind. That's why I've thought about building a prototype.

SAMIR  
Do not build this prototype Tom.  
Stop this talk! It is very bad.

Tom stands.

TOM  
Well anyway, I thought it was a good idea. (Looks at watch) I gotta get outta here. See you guys tomorrow... (muttering) if I still have a job.

Tom leaves.

SAMIR

People in America always talk about making a million dollars with some hair-brain scheme or winning the lottery. They don't realize that this is the one country where you actually have a chance of making a million by investing wisely in something like real-estate -- but not these stupid ideas. (Shaking his head) "Jump-to-conclusions mat?"

PETER

You know, my guidance counselor in high school used to ask us to think of what we'd do if we had millions of dollars and didn't have to get a job, and whatever that was, she'd tell us that's what we should try to do as a career. Like if someone said they'd sit around and fix up old cars, she'd tell them to become an auto-mechanic...

SAMIR

So what did you say?

PETER

I never could think of an answer to that question. I guess that's why I'm working at Nycor.

MICHAEL

No, you're working at Nycor because that question is bullshit to begin with. If everyone listened to her, there would be no janitors, because no one would clean shit up if they had a million dollars! Besides, look at me -- would I be a programmer at Nycor if I had a million dollars? Hell no, but I like my job. I mean, it's okay.

SAMIR

You know what I would do if I had a million dollars? I would diversify and invest half of it in low-risk mutual funds and then take the other half...

MICHAEL

You're completely missing the point Samir. The point is... (Doesn't have the energy)...oh forget it.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lawrence is over watching TV and drinking a beer with Peter. He's sunk way into the couch.

LAWRENCE

Damn... That Lassie is one smart dog.

Peter looks at Lawrence for a beat, sizing him up.

PETER

Hey Lawrence. What would you do if you had a million dollars?

LAWRENCE

I'll tell you what I'd do:

Lawrence takes a sip of beer then looks at Peter -- very serious.

LAWRENCE

Two chicks at the same time man.

PETER

That's it? If you had a million dollars you'd have sex with two women at the same time?

LAWRENCE

Damn right. I've always wanted to do that man. And I bet if I was a millionaire, I could hook that up 'cuz chicks dig dudes with money.

PETER

Not all chicks.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, but the type of chicks who would double up on a dude like me do.

PETER

You might have a point.

LAWRENCE

How about you? What would you do?

PETER

Well, I mean besides two chicks at the same time, I've never really been able to figure out an answer to that question. And then today when I was sitting there stuck in traffic, I started looking around at all those miserable people and it finally occurred to me for the first time what I would do if I had a million dollars.

LAWRENCE

What's that?

PETER

(Emphatic) Nothing.

LAWRENCE

Nothing huh?

PETER

That's right. I would do absolutely nothing. I would just sit on my ass all day and relax. You see, I've always tried to think of what I would do if I had a million dollars, but all I could come up with were things I wouldn't do -- like sitting in a traffic jam, going to staff meetings, listening to Lumbergh -- I wouldn't do any of that. That's when I realized I would do nothing. Then I thought, why wait? I don't need a million dollars. Why not just do nothing now.

LAWRENCE

Go for it dude. (Raising his beer)  
You only live once.

INT. TGIP'S -- DAY

Peter, Michael, Samir and Tom sit at a table looking miserable as they eat lunch. Samir and Michael wear Hawaiian shirts. Tom is looking through the want-ads.

PETER

(Looking at his watch -- hopeful)  
Lumbergh still hasn't asked me to come in tomorrow. Maybe he's not going to. If I can just avoid him for another three hours, leave

early and unplug my answering machine, I'll be home free.

The same overly-cheerful "fun" waiter from before comes to their table.

WAITER

(Cheerful) Hey guys! How 'bout some fajitas and some Long Island Iced Teas?!

The guys just sort of shake their heads and mumble "Nah".

MICHAEL

Just bring us another pitcher.

WAITER

Okay, great!

The waiter leaves.

PETER

We always get stuck with this guy. How come they never put us in her section?

ANGLE ON JENNIFER; waiting on a table across the room.

The waiter brings another pitcher.

PETER

You guys ever wonder what would happen if you just stopped going to work -- just stopped doing everything, just sort of dropped out?

MICHAEL

You'd be a street person.

PETER

Not necessarily. I mean, think about it. If I were to just stop going to work -- just stay home and do nothing, it would take a couple of months until I ran out of money and then I could live off my credit cards for probably another four months. Then it takes at least six months to evict someone, and at least another two months before they come and physically remove me from my apartment. I could last over a year.

MICHAEL

Yeah, then you'd be a street person.

PETER

Yeah, but by then I'd have had over a year to figure out some way to make a bunch of money so I could keep doing nothing.

TOM

You'll never do that Peter. You don't have the balls. Neither do I. Let's face it, jobs like ours -- engineers, programmers -- are for guys with a lot of brains and no balls.

SAMIR

I don't believe you people.

MICHAEL

Hey, don't group me with these guys.

SAMIR

I'm just saying, Americans in general don't realize how good they have it here. This really is the land of opportunity. There are people who go into little boats and risk death to come here for the dream of working some lousy construction job. And you complain about having to sit in a cubicle writing software? You've got a great job Peter. If you came from where I came from, you would feel damn lucky to have your job.

PETER

Well, all I know is I'm from right here and I hate my job.

INT. NYCOR/PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Peter is sits up from his desk and peers over his cubicle on the lookout for Lumbergh. The coast is clear. He looks at his watch. It's 4:50 PM FRIDAY.

Peter goes to log off on his computer, saving his work first. He clicks on something. ON THE SCREEN we see the

HOURGLASS ICON and hear sounds of the hard drive. Peter taps his fingers waiting nervously for it to finish. Peter peers over the cubicle wall again and sees

LUMBERGH -- coming around a corner headed for Peter's cubicle.

PETER  
(Under his breath) Shit!

Peter looks back at the computer screen. The hourglass icon still there as the hard disc toils away.

PETER  
(Under his breath) Come on... Come on!

It seems to be taking forever. We see Lumbergh taking his time, looking around as he approaches Peter's cubicle. The race is on.

ANGLE ON The hourglass icon.

ANGLE ON Lumbergh -- getting closer.

ON PETER, sweating it out. He shakes his hands in frustration at the computer, as if it might help somehow.

PETER  
(Under his breath) Come on!...  
Please...

ON LUMBERGH. He stops at and starts talking to someone. It looks like Peter might make it.

ON THE SCREEN. The screen finally goes black and the C prompt comes up. Peter turns off the computer, grabs his brief case and is about stand up and make his escape. He turns and sees LUMBERGH standing in the cubicle entry.

LUMBERGH  
Hi Peter, what's happening. Ah, I'm gonna need you to go ahead and come in tomorrow.

ANGLE ON PETER, trying to control his rage.

LUMBERGH  
So if you could just make sure you're here around nine, that would be great, mmkay?

Lumbergh starts to leave then stops.

**LUMBERGH**

Oh, I almost forgot. I'm also going to need you to go ahead and come in on Sunday too. 'kay? We ah, lost some people this week and we really need to sort of catch up. Thanks!

Lumbergh leaves.

ANGLE ON PETER'S FACE - about to faint from anger. Nina is answering the phone in the background. Peter finally snaps and goes off on her.

**PETER**

(Through clenched teeth)  
Please, for the love of God, could you, just once, answer the phone differently?! At least put the accent somewhere else -- like "Corporate ac-counts payable" or say, "This is Nina" instead of "Nina speaking"! I would really appreciate it! Thank you!!

Peter storms off..

On Nina's baffled expression we CUT TO:

EXT. DR. SWANSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Establishing shot. It's a small one-story building that looks like it could be a suburban dentist office. A small sign says, "DR. SWANSON, OCCUPATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY AND HYPNOTHERAPY." (Or something)

INT. DR. SWANSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter and Anne sit in chairs along with another couple, about the same age as Peter and Anne. It's a group-therapy type situation. They are in a small semicircle around DR. SWANSON, an extremely overweight, unhealthy-looking, middle-aged psychologist. Peter is "opening up".

**PETER**

...and I was sitting in my cubicle this morning and I thought -- this is as good as it's ever going to get. I'm probably gonna spend the next forty years of my life at a job like this. In fact, ever since I started working, every single day of my life has been worse than the day before it. So that means that

every single day you see me, it's  
the worse day of my life..

DR. SWANSON  
So what about today? Is today is  
the worse day of your life?

PETER  
Yep.

DR. SWANSON  
Wow, that's messed up. (Catching  
himself) I'm sorry. Go on.

PETER  
So I was hoping that maybe you  
could sort of zonk me out so that  
I'm not aware that I'm even at work  
-- like I come home and I think  
I've been fishing all day or  
something.

DR. SWANSON  
Well, that's not really what I do  
Peter. (Looking over his notes)  
What this sounds like to me, is a  
typical mid-life crisis...

ANNE  
But he's only twenty-six.

DR. SWANSON  
Yes that is a little young, but  
nowadays mid-life crises have been  
known to happen as early as  
nineteen. In fact, some  
psychologists actually consider  
that normal since our bodies begin  
to deteriorate at that age.

Anne and the other couple share an unpleasant look.

DR. SWANSON  
Anyway, the good news is I think I  
can help you...

Dr. Swanson gets up and dims the lights. Then pulls his  
chair close to Peter's.

DR. SWANSON  
Peter, I want you to do something  
for me here. I want you to relax. I  
want you to relax every muscle in

your body beginning with your toes  
and finger tips...

Dr. Swanson's speech begins to take on a hypnotic tone. He looks deep into Peter's eyes.

DR. SWANSON

...Now relax your legs. Your eye lids are becoming very heavy as you slip deeper and deeper into a state of complete relaxation -- (low and breathy) deeper and deeper, way down... You feel yourself becoming very, very relaxed as you fall deeper and deeper into sleep -- way down...

ANGLE ON Peter. His eyes are shut. It's working. (Hypnotic SFX.)

DR. SWANSON

...All your cares and concerns are disappearing as you become more relaxed. (Under his breath) Way down. You don't care about anything.

ANGLE ON Dr. Swanson. Something is wrong with him. He starts sweating like crazy.

DR. SWANSON

When I count backwards from three and snap my fingers, all your worries, cares and inhibitions will be gone. And you will remain in this stage until I snap my fingers again. Three...

His voice starts shaking as he counts backwards. He puts his left hand on his chest. He looks sick, but keeps counting.

DR. SWANSON

...Two, ....(cough) deeper and deeper....(cough) ....and one.  
(Snaps his fingers).

Dr. Swanson falls off the chair, stumbles a little and then collapses, clutching his chest. He's cut cold.

Anne and the other couple start freaking out. Anne listens for a pulse. The guy starts pumping on his chest, etc.

ANNE/OTHER COUPLE

Oh my God! / Are you OK?! / Can you  
hear me?! / Someone call 911!!!

ANGLE ON PETER just sitting there. He looks relaxed and unconcerned -- left in the hypnotic state by Dr. Swanson.

INT. ANNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Anne drives everyone home. Anne and the other couple all look a little freaked out. Peter still has the same relaxed look on his face.

ANNE

That was so weird. I've never seen anyone die before. It really makes you think about stuff. You know, like what we're doing with our lives and stuff.

They stop at a light. Peter just gets out and starts walking away. Anne gets out and yells after him.

ANNE

Peter get back here! What the hell are you doing?!

PETER

I'm walking.

ANNE

(Angry) WHY?!

Peter answers her in a very casual, matter-of-fact way, without turning around.

PETER

Because I want to.

ANNE

Get back here right now!

Peter keeps on walking, not looking back. Anne storms back to the car and drives off.

ANNE

Asshole!

PETER

(To himself as he walks) I don't care... I don't care...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

On the ALARM CLOCK, we see it turn 8:00 AM. The alarm goes off. His hand goes to hit the snooze button, but then continues past it and unplugs the clock.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. The phone rings. The answering machine picks up. It's Lumbergh.

LUMBERGH (V.O.)

Yeah hi, it's Bill Lumbergh. It's about ten o'clock. Yeah, just ah, wondering where you are. Yeat, you know, if you could just sort of get here as soon as possible, that would be great... Ah Bob Slydell, the consultant, is here with me and we just need to go over a few things. Thanks a bunch. Buh-bye.

Peter continues to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO LATER.

The phone rings again. It's Anne, pissed off.

ANNE (V.O.)

Peter I can't believe you embarrassed me like that last night. Where the hell are you? I just called over at the office. They're looking all over for you. Call me.

Another call comes in. It's Lumbergh again.

LUMBERGH (V.O.)

Yeah, Hi it's Bill Lumbergh again. I just wanted to make sure you knew that we did start at the ah, usual time this morning. Yeah, it isn't a half-day or anything like that. I wasn't sure if you knew that or not. So if you could just go ahead and get here as soon as possible, that would be terrific.

Peter sleeps through it all.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. Peter finally wakes up, looking very relaxed. He looks at the answering machine. The readout shows TWELVE

MESSAGES. He starts scrolling through them. They're all from Lumbergh.

MACHINE (LUMBERGH - V.O.)

Yeah, It's me again. I was away from my desk for a minute. Just checking in case you called while I was gone... (Beep - next message) ...Hi Peter, it's Lumbergh. I... (Beep) ... Yeah, J... (Beep) ... Hello Peter... (Beep) ...

Peter shuts off the machine and flops down on the bed.

The PHONE RINGS. Peter answers.

PETER

Hello...

ANNE (V.O.)

You wanna tell me what the hell is going on?

PETER

What do you mean? (looks outside) What time is it anyway?

ANNE (V.O.)

It's three-thirty. Why the hell aren't you at work?

PETER

(Relaxed) Oh. I didn't feel like going...

ANNE (V.O.)

(Disgusted) You "didn't feel like going"? Peter, what has gotten into you? First you embarrass me in front of my friends...

Peter takes the phone away from his ear and looks at it as Anne continues.

ANNE (V.O.)

...you just walk out of the car and leave me there, then you blow off work at a critical time. You can't just be irresponsible like that...

Peter hangs up the phone and flops down on the couch. The phone rings again almost immediately. He lets the machine get it.

NINA (V.O.)

(Furious) Listen asshole, nobody hangs up on me! We're through... Ch, and one more thing -- I'VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOU!!! (Click)

Peter doesn't seem to care. He stays sprawled out on the couch, looking relaxed.

BEGIN A BRIEF MONTAGE of Peter doing nothing (a "montage", if you will):

Peter sitting on the balcony of his apartment doing nothing.

Peter walking aimlessly down a suburban street, doing nothing. The world actually looks like an agreeable place.

Peter sits on a park bench doing nothing.

Later, Peter is still on the park bench. A COP comes by and asks him to move it along.

Peter comes back home. There are fifteen new messages on his machine. He flops down on his bed and goes to sleep.

INT. NYCOR/NINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nina is on the phone.

NINA

Corporate accounts payable, can you hold please? (resumes call on other line)... So anyway, first he's been like, totally screwing up his T.P.S. reports, then he like totally didn't show up on Saturday and here it is eleven o'clock Monday and he's not even here...

No, he didn't call or anything, and Friday he just started yelling at me for no reason!

Nina notices something out the window. She stands.

NINA

Oh my God. It's him.

NINA'S POV. It's Peter getting out of his car. He's unshaven and his shirt isn't tucked in.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Peter starts to walk towards the building then stops, contemplating the situation. He looks up at the building for a moment -- not a very enticing sight. He looks around for a few seconds still trying to decide whether to go into work or not. He finally makes up his mind, goes back to the car and leaves.

INT. NINA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Nina sees this and looks scared. She's still on the phone.

NINA

Oh my God. Tisha, he's totally freaked out!

Freddie Nunez walks by. He has a kind of cool strut whenever he walks around the office, looking around -- as if he's slyly checking the place out. He winks and smiles at Nina as he walks past her.

INT. NYCOR/MILTON'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Milton's desk is now crammed way into the corner and there are boxes and junk stacked everywhere. Freddie Nunez comes walking up, bobbing his head.

FREDDIE

(Looking around) Hey Milton my man. Have you seen that new chick in Logistics? (Makes the 'big tits' gesture with his hands) Ooooh La Vey!

MILTON

Well, umm I...

FREDDIE

Hey, have you heard about my man Peter over there? (Gestures to Peter's empty cubicle) They say he's "disgruntled" -- you know what I mean? Don't worry though Holmes, I got your back. And they ain't gonna fire me either. I'm in Personnel. We never get laid off, heh heh.

Freddie leans into Milton and lowers his voice.

FREDDIE

(down to business) Hey Milton I need you to cover for me again. I transferred my calls here. I'm going to lunch with Maria. (full of

Innuendo) heh heh you know what I mean? So if Sharon calls, tell her I'm at lunch with Bob.

MILTON

Mmm, well, I would prefer not to lie and...

FREDDIE

But if Anne calls, just tell her I'm home sick or something. But if Jenny calls before Sharon, just make something up...

MILTON

But, . . .

FREDDIE

Thanks my man. Later on!

Freddie leaves, ignoring Milton's protests.

SNT. T.G.I.FRIDAY'S - DAY

Peter walks in. He spots Jennifer and walks over to her.

PETER

Hi there. My name's Peter.

JENNIFER

Hi. I'm Jennifer. Can I help you?

PETER

Yeah, I was wondering what you were doing for lunch.

JENNIFER

Well our special is a blackened chicken with a tangy...

PETER

No, no... I meant what you were doing for lunch. I'm asking if you wanted to have lunch with me.

JENNIFER

Um, can you hold on just a minute?

PETER

Sure.

Jennifer gets some food from the counter and brings it to a table. Peter stands there waiting.

Jennifer comes back.

JENNIFER

So, are you serious?

PETER

Yeah..

JENNIFER

Well, it's kind of weird you know.  
I mean, I don't even know you or  
anything.

PETER

Yeah, I guess so. I tell you what  
I'll do. I'll go across the street  
there to Bennagin's and get a  
table. If you feel like it, you can  
come over and join me -- no big  
deal. If you don't, that's cool  
too. The decision is yours. Okay?

JENNIFER

Um, okay.

Peter leaves. Jennifer watches him, not quite sure what to think.

INT. BENNAGIN'S - DAY

Peter is sitting at a table by himself eating. Jennifer walks up.

JENNIFER

Hi.

PETER

Hello. Have a seat. You want some  
fries? Here, help yourself.

Jennifer sits down.

JENNIFER

What was your name again?

PETER

Peter.

JENNIFER

Oh, well I'm Jennifer.

PETER

Yeah, I saw your name tag before.

There's an awkward moment.

PETER

So, do you come here a lot?

JENNIFER

No, never actually. It's too much like being at work.

PETER

(Looking around) Yeah, I guess it looks almost exactly like T.G.I.Fridays, doesn't it?

JENNIFER

Actually it's pretty different. They have wallpaper here. And I don't like those shirts the waitresses have to wear. I mean I don't like our referee shirts either; but look at these things.

ANGLE ON a waitress wearing one of the Bennigin's golf shirts.

JENNIFER

You know what else I can't stand are those Bennagin's commercials.

PETER

Oh yeah, those ones where that girl says, "No sticks-in-the-mud. Only fun people allowed at Bennagin's!" Yuck! Come to think of it, this place makes me sick. T.G.I.F's is a much better restaurant.

JENNIFER

No, it sucks too.

PETER

Well, I was just trying to be nice actually, but you're right.

JENNIFER

You know, I see you in T.G.'s all the time.

PETER

You've noticed me?

JENNIFER

Well, yeah. I notice all the regulars. You've been coming in there for over a year -- never said a word to me. Why did you decide to ask me out today?

PETER

Well, actually my girlfriend broke up with me and...

JENNIFER

(Sarcastic) Oh great! Your girlfriend breaks up with you so you go and ask out the first girl you see. Thanks a lot.

PETER

No no. It's not like that at all, I swear. You're not the first girl I saw. She broke up with two days ago. I've seen a lot of girls between now and then and you're the first one I asked out. (Off her dissatisfied look) Besides, it's not like that. You see, I'm sort of going through some changes.

JENNIFER

Oh... So where do you work?

PETER

Nycor.

JENNIFER

What do you do there?

PETER

Well our branch of the company does mostly software microcode for microprocessor controlled systems, mostly oscillators and...

JENNIFER

I'm sorry but I have no idea what you're talking about. What do you do? Like when you come in to work in the morning, what do you do?

PETER

Hmm. Well I uh, sit at a desk... You see, I work in corporate accounts payable, so I test software... Look, it doesn't really

matter. I don't like my job so I  
don't think I'm gonna go anymore.

JENNIFER

(laughs) You're just not going to  
go? You can't just stop going. Can  
you?

PETER

I don't know. I don't want to go so  
I'm not going to.

JENNIFER

So you're quitting in other words?

PETER

No not really. I'm just going to  
stop going.

JENNIFER

So when did you decide all this?

PETER

Oh, about an hour ago.

JENNIFER

(Amused) Are you going to get  
another job?

PETER

I don't think I would like another  
job either.

JENNIFER

(Playful) Well what are you going  
to do for money? How are you going  
to pay the bills?

PETER

I don't really like paying bills. I  
don't think I'm going to do that  
either.

JENNIFER

(Laughs) Well what do you want to  
do?

PETER

Well, if you really want to know...

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter and Jennifer in bed -- post-sex.

JENNIFER

I hope you don't think I'm a slut or anything. I've never done that before, I mean I've done that before, but just not with someone I just met.

PETER

Neither have I. I've always wanted to though... (Catching himself) I mean with you.

JENNIFER

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

PETER

No I'm serious. I mean, what I mean is, I've been checking you out -- I mean I've sort of had my eye on you for a long time. I don't wanna creep you out or anything, but I really have.

JENNIFER

(Becoming flattered, but trying not to show it) Really?

PETER

Yeah. You can ask my friend Michael. We talk about you all the time.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? Which one is he?

PETER

He's got brown hair, glasses and -- he's not your type though.

JENNIFER

(Looking at the clock) Oh no, I've gotta get back to work.

PETER

So do you want to get together later for dinner?

JENNIFER

I don't know. This is all kind of strange. I just met you and now you want to go out twice in one day. I mean you're sort of a weird guy Peter and you, ... Oh all right, I'll have dinner with you, I guess.

INT. NYCOR/METING ROOM - DAY

Michael enters the room to begin his interview with the Bobs.

BOB SLYDELL

Hello, I'm Bob Slydell and this is my associate, Bob Porter.

MICHAEL

Hi.

They shake hands and sit.

BOB SLYDELL

So you're, ... (Looking at sheet)  
Michael Bolton huh?

MICHAEL

Yes.

BOB SLYDELL

You any relation to the singer?

MICHAEL

No, it's just a coincidence.

BOB SLYDELL

Boy, I sure do like his music.  
Especially that "When a Man Loves a Woman" song.

The other Bob nods in agreement.

BOB PORTER

(To Michael) You must love his music, huh?

MICHAEL

Um, ... (Considers it then decides to lie) Yeah he's pretty good I guess.

BOB PORTER

What's your favorite song of his?

MICHAEL

Oh, I don't know... I guess I sort of like 'em all...

BOB SLYDELL

I'll bet you do, being that you have the same name as him... Well anyway, we better get down to business here Michael.

MICHAEL

Um, ... You can just call me Mike.

INT. NYCOR/MILTON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Milton is sitting at his desk. The phone rings. He looks nervously at the phone before answering.

MILTON

Nycor Systems. May I help you?

ANNE (V.O.)

Freddie Griego please.

MILTON

Um, he's at lunch...

ANNE (V.O.)

(Angry) At lunch?! With who?!

MILTON

Um, well... Who may I say is calling?

ANNE (V.O.)

(Irate) "Who may I say is calling"???? Who the hell are you? This is Anne! I'm the woman he was supposed to meet for lunch! WHERE THE HELL IS HE?!!!

Anne is out of her mind with anger. Milton struggles to remember which scenario...

MILTON

Um, well... He's um... He's at lunch with Bob...

Bob Slydell enters the cubicle.

MILTON

...I mean not Bob... Um, some person... I have to go now.

ANNE (V.O.)

Listen you little fucking worm! ARE YOU LYING TO ME!!!! WHO'S HE WITH?

Milton hangs up the phone.

BOB  
Hello, ah Milton Waddams is it?

MILTON  
Yes.

BOB  
Yeah, I can't seem to find your name on the employee roster here.  
Are you new?

MILTON  
Um, no. I've been working here for fifteen years... um and I didn't ever receive a ten-year watch, and I was told...

Bob ignores him as he looks at the roster.

BOB  
(Puzzled) Huh. That's odd. Do you receive a pay check?

MILTON  
Well, um sometimes, but I...

From the other cubicle we hear NINA YELLING.

NINA (O.S.)  
Oh my God! HE'S BACK!!!

INT. NYCOR / NINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nina is on the phone, looking out the window.

ANGLE ON Nina's BOW: Peter in the parking lot getting out of his car. He takes out "The Club", which looks a little like a gun from a distance, and starts to put it on.

NINA  
He's gone postal! I'm out of here!

Nina hangs up the phone and runs..

INT. NYCOR / ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks in. He's met by Michael, who looks around nervously as he follows Peter.

MICHAEL

(Hushed) Peter, what the hell's going on man? People thought you were gonna come in here and start shooting.

PETER

I think I'm in love.

MICHAEL

In love? Peter, you're about to lose your job. Where have you been? What happened to you Saturday? What the hell were you doing?

PETER

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. It was great.

MICHAEL

Well, I hope you have a better story than that for Lumbergh.

Michael realizes Peter's not headed towards his cubicle.

MICHAEL

Hey, where are you going?

PETER

To my interview with the Bobs.

MICHAEL

Look, Peter. Take my advice, postpone it. Tell 'em you've been sick -- make something up. You're in deep shit..

PETER

No way. I feel great. This is the best day of my life.

MICHAEL

What's gotten in to you anyway? Did that hypnotherapist give you a lobotomy or what?

PETER

No. Actually, he died.

They stop outside the door to the conference room.

MICHAEL

He died?

PETER

Yeah. It was really weird Michael. One minute he was looking right into my eyes telling me to relax and let go of all my worries and then the next minute he's gone -- gone from this world. He had a heart attack or something. Then something clicked in my head. I don't know if it was the hypnosis or just seeing someone die, but I realized that we don't have much time on this earth and there's no reason to be miserable. Just look at this place, look at all these people. No one gets it...

MICHAEL

(Interrupting) Keep your voice down! You sound like some kind of Gen-X coffee-house dick. Look, if you want my advice don't go in there now! Tell Lumbergh you've been really sick and buy some time until you can come up with a better story.

PETER

Thanks, but I'm actually looking forward to this. In fact, it's the only reason I came here today.

Peter heads into the conference room. Michael walks off.

MICHAEL

I hope you know what you're doing.

INT. INSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter sits down and shakes hands with the Bobs.

BOB SLYDELL

Hello Peter. Have you met Bob Porter?

PETER

Hi, how are you..

BOB PORTER

(Stiff)Hello.

BOB SLYDELL

What we've been doing here Peter is trying to get a feel for how people are spending their time at work. So why don't you start by taking us through a typical work day.

PETER

(Nonchalant) Okay. Well, usually I come in about fifteen minutes late. I come in through the side door so Lumbeorgh won't see me. Then I just sort of space out for about an hour.

BOB PORTER

Space out?

PETER

Yeah. You know, just stare at the paper so it looks like I'm working. I just zone out. Actually, I do that after lunch too. In fact, I'd say I really only do about two or three hours of real work a week.

Bob & Bob look at each other.

BOB SLYDELL

Tell us more...

DISSOLVE TO:

IWT. MYCOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The interview has turned into some kind of therapy session. The Bobs are intrigued.

PETER

...It's not that I'm lazy or anything, it's that I just don't care.

BOB PORTER

You don't care?

PETER

I guess the real problem is motivation. If I work my ass off, stay late every night and Mycor ends up shipping a few more units, I don't make a dime more. That's why I don't really care about the company. The only thing that

motivates me is Lumbergh bothering me. And I guess, the fear of losing my job, but that'll only make a person work hard enough to not get fired.

BOB SLYDELL

What if you were offered stock options in the company?

PETER

That would help I guess.

INT. NYCOR / HALLWAY LEADING TO ENTRANCE -- DAY

Peter is walking out. He passes Lumbergh. Lumbergh stops, expecting this to be a big confrontation.

LUMBERGH

So, Peter. What's happening. Ah, . . .

Peter pats Lumbergh on the back and walks right past him.

PETER

How ya doin'?

Peter continues right out the door, leaving Lumbergh standing there -- not sure what to think.

BEGIN LOVY-DOVY MONTAGE (Isaac Hayes' "Hung up on my Baby" plays):

Peter picks up Jennifer from work. They drive across the street and eat at Bennagin's again.

Peter does the same stuff he was doing in the earlier montage (montage), but now with Jennifer. At Peter's apartment, they watch Kung Fu, vegging out eating popcorn.

We see a quick shot of Lumbergh coming by Peter's empty cubicle, looking around for him.

Peter and Jennifer go to Circuit City and buy a bigger screen TV. Watch more Kung Fu, etc. (More to come)

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Bob's are meeting with Lumbergh and Dom Portwood (Limbaugh-looking guy). There are several files in front of them.

BOB SLYDELL

...Okay, so that's three more people we can lose, and then there's... (Reading the name off a file) Tom Smykowski. He's useless. We can easily lose him.

DOM  
Sounds good to me.

Bob tosses Tom's file and grabs another file.

BOB SLYDELL  
Now, this Milton Waddams?

LUMBERGH  
Yes, in Accounts Receivable.

BOB SLYDELL  
Yes. We were not able to find any record of him actually being a current employee here.

Lumbergh and Dom look puzzled.

BOB PORTER  
I looked into it, and apparently what happened is that he was laid off five years ago, and no one ever told him. But, through some kind of computer glitch in the payroll department he still gets a paycheck.

BOB SLYDELL  
We went ahead and fixed the glitch.

LUMBERGH  
Great.

DOM  
So Milton has been let go?

BOB SLYDELL  
Well, the glitch has been taken care of. He won't be getting anymore paychecks so I assume things will work themselves out.

BOB PORTER  
Yes, it's always better to avoid a confrontation whenever possible. The problem is solved from your end.

BOB SLYDELL

Yes. Now, I'd like to talk about Peter Gibbons. We feel that Peter is the type of straight-shooter that this company needs in upper management.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, ah I'm going to have to sort of disagree with you there. He's really been flaky lately, and I just don't think he's the caliber person we would want for upper management. He's also been having some problems with his T.P.S. reports.

The Bobs look at each other.

BOB PORTER

We feel that the problem isn't with Peter, it's that you haven't challenged him enough to really get him motivated. We feel that if he was given a job with more responsibility he could be a great asset to the company.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, well I'm just not sure about that right now.

Bob Slydell pulls out a pen to make notes.

BOB SLYDELL

Let me ask you Bill, about how much time a week do you spend dealing with all these time-sheet procedures?

ANGLE ON Lumbergh -- looking slightly nervous.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter and Jennifer are eating take-out food and watching "Kung Fu" on a huge TV. They're way into it. It's one of the flash-back scenes.

ON THE TV.

KANE

...But master, these feelings -- I don't understand them.

MASTER

Nor do I weedhopper. But aren't they beautiful?

The flashback begins to dissolve away.

JENNIFER

(Heavy) Wow.

PETER

Yeah. This is one of my favorite episodes. Later he kicks the shit out of that fat redneck too. The guitar player in this is Jose Feliciano, but I could never figure out who that sax player is. He looks familiar.

JENNIFER

It's Grover Washington.

Peter is blown away.

PETER

Whoa. That's who it is! How did you know?

JENNIFER

My dad had all his albums. Grover Washington's great.

Peter looks at her for a beat. He can't believe how cool she is.

PETER

I've been wondering who that was for years.

They continue eating.

JENNIFER

So I broke up with my old boyfriend today.

Peter stops chewing for a second to figure this out.

PETER

If he was your old boyfriend, wouldn't that mean you were already broken up with him?

JENNIFER

Yeah, I broke up with him today.

PETER  
Yeah but if you...

Peter is interrupted by Lawrence through the wall.

LAWRENCE  
(O.S. through the wall)  
Hey Peter check out channel nine!

PETER  
(Yelling through wall) I have  
company Lawrence!

LAWRENCE (Through wall)  
Oh... Hey Anne!

Jennifer gives Peter a look.

PETER  
It's not Anne.

LAWRENCE  
Whoa!

We hear Lawrence come out of his apartment.

PETER  
(To Jennifer) So does that mean  
that we're officially going out  
now?

JENNIFER  
I don't know. What do you think?

Lawrence knocks on the door.

PETER  
(Irritated) Come in Lawrence.

Lawrence comes in and sees Jennifer.

LAWRENCE  
Hi, how ya doin'. I'm Lawrence...  
Hey you look familiar. Didn't you  
used to work over there at  
Confetti's on Industrial Boulevard?

JENNIFER  
Yeah I did.

LAWRENCE  
Fuckin' A. We used to come in there  
after work all the time. I was  
doing doin' dry-wall on that

Bennagin's they built across the street.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? I think they're gonna tear it down now and build a Chili's.

LAWRENCE

I know. I'm hopin' we get that contract next man.

They all look at each other for a beat.

LAWRENCE

So are you guys goin' out or what?

PETER/ANNE

(Stumbling) Um, /Sort of, I mean/Yeah, I guess/Yeah/Yeah.

LAWRENCE

(Raising his beer) All right!

Pause.

PETER

Hey Lawrence, you think you could get me a job in construction?

LAWRENCE

Are you serious? You really wanna work construction?

PETER

I don't know, maybe. I've been thinking about it. It's like you said -- you build something, it's done, then you move on. I like that.

LAWRENCE

Hmm. What do you want to do? Finish carpentry, dry-wall, foundations?

PETER

I don't know. Anything.

LAWRENCE

Well usually you have to start out as a grunt. The problem is you just don't look like a blue-collar guy. If I was a foreman and you walked on a site asking for a job, I'd

think you were doing some kind of psychology experiment or some shit.

PETER  
Maybe if I lifted weights or something.

LAWRENCE  
Nah, you'd just look like a real muscular wussay.

PETER  
Yeah, you're probably right.

LAWRENCE  
Well I'll let you guys get back to it. It was real nice meeting you Jennifer. (Aside to Jennifer) I'm glad he broke up with that Anne chick. She was kind of a bitch. Later.

Lawrence leaves.

JENNIFER  
He seems pretty funny.

PETER  
Yeah, Lawrence is great.

JENNIFER  
So are you gonna really not go to work anymore?

PETER  
Well I've been thinking about it, and I guess I'm going to need money to keep up this new lifestyle. So until I can figure out some other way to make a lot of money, I might just go in part time. Maybe it won't be so bad if I just make a few changes.

JENNIFER  
Sounds good to me.

she lies back against him putting her head on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of Peter's new "lifestyle":

Peter drives leisurely in to work in the middle of the day when there's no traffic. At Nyco, he drives across the grass and parks with half his car in Lumbergh's space. He opens door carelessly, DENTING PORTWOOD'S CAR.

He enters his cubicle. We hear Nina and Paul Harvey's voice. Peter takes out a boom box, sets it on his desk, and cranks, "Damn it Feels Good to be a Gangsta" by the Getto Boyz -- drowning them out with the obscene lyrics. The music continues over the montage.

Peter starts to make his cubicle bigger -- moving a divider.

NINA

(Yelling above the music) What are you doing?!

PETER

I'm just gonna go ahead and make a few changes around here.

In his cubicle, Peter throws away a stack of T.P.S. cover sheets, then fills out his time sheet, creating a new box that says, "Part-time with benefits". He checks the box.

Lumbergh comes back from lunch and can't fit into his parking space. He parks in the handicapped space.

Peter, Jennifer and Lawrence are out fishing -- living the good life, drinking beer, etc. Peter hooks a ten-pound bass.

Back at Nyco, we see Lumbergh's car being towed. The hook puts a big dent in his fender, mangling the "NYPRSH" license plate.

Peter comes in again mid-day, wearing shorts and a t-shirt with a wicked sunburn. People watch in horror as he casually takes down the "Is this good for the company?" banner, folds it up and tosses it in the dumpster.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR/PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Peter sits at his desk playing "Tetris" like a zombie (Tetris is a computer game). Lumbergh walks in -- for the big confrontation.

LUMBERGH

So ah Peter; are you going to go ahead and have those T.P.S. reports to us this afternoon?

Peter barely even looks at Lumbergh, just keeps playing Tetris.

PETER

Mah.

Lumbergh takes a deep breath.

LUMBERGH

Yeah... So ah, I guess we should probably go ahead and have a talk...

PETER

Not right now Lumbergh. I'm kind of busy. In fact, I'm gonna have to ask you to go ahead and come back later. I gotta go meet with the Bobs now.

LUMBERGH

Ah, I wasn't aware of a meeting with them...

PETER

Yeah. They called me at home. In fact I'm late. See ya.

Peter leaves. Lumbergh walks over to Milton's cubicle

INT. NYCOR / MILTON'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Milton's desk is crammed even further in the corner and there are even more boxes than before. Lumbergh walks in.

LUMBERGH

Hi Milton, what's happening.

MILTON

Um, I didn't receive a paycheck this week and I was told...

LUMBERGH

Ah yeah, you'll have to talk to Payroll about that.

MILTON

Mm, but I did and they said...

LUMBERGH

Milt, we're going to need to go ahead and move you downstairs into Storage B. We, ah, have some new people coming in and we need all

the space we can get. So if you could just go ahead and pack up your stuff and move it down there that would be terrific. Mmkmay?

MILTON

Well, mm, I was told...

LUMBERGH

Great. Thanks a bunch Milton. And if you could get to that as soon as possible that would be terrific.

MILTON

But, my stapler...

Lumbergh walks off.

MILTON

(Muttering to himself) Well, mm... Okay, but I... I could set the transformer room on fire... mm because they don't have a smoke detector in there... And there's a lot of oil in the cores...

INT. NYCOR / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter talks with the Bobs.

BOB PORTER

...So we are aware that you haven't been coming in to the office lately, and that you might be entertaining other offers...

BOB SLYDELL

Which is understandable given the circumstances here at Nycor. But here's what we'd like to talk to you about: If you were interested in a group leader position, we could get rid of these guys...

(Looking at notes) Samir...

(Horrible mispronunciation)

Nagahiminhejad and this Michael Bolton guy and get some entry level graduates for much less. You could have as many as four people working under you...

BOB PORTER

This would be a big promotion.

PETER

Would you have to get rid of  
Michael and Samir?

BOB SLYDELL

Oh believe me, you would much  
rather have entry-level programmers  
working for you. They're less  
difficult, and cheaper which makes  
stock options worth more when we  
downsize and sell the company.

PETER

Hmm... So would I be making more  
money?

BOB SLYDELL

Well, I suppose we could talk about  
that, but the point is there would  
be people under you.

BOB PORTER

Oh yes, absolutely. (Enticing) Several  
people. We're serious about this.

PETER

Well, I'll sure think about it...

INT. NYCOR/ PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Peter comes back to his desk. He looks over and sees Milton  
packing his stuff. He's about to ask what he's doing when  
Tom walks in.

TOM

(Oddly cheerful) Peter. How are  
you?

PETER

Alright.

TOM

Great! That's great. Say, could I  
have about five minutes of your  
time?

PETER

Well actually....

TOM

Just five minutes.

PETER

I guess.

TOM

Great.

Tom pulls out some pamphlets.

TOM

Let me ask you a question Peter. Do you like bargains?

PETER

(Pause) Tom, are you selling Anyway?

TOM

Now Peter just hear me out here...

PETER

Oh man, this is sad.

TOM

You know, you'll never be a success without an open mind. It's been proven...

PETER

Tom look, the last thing I need to do right now is buy a bunch of useless cleaning products.

TOM

Well what about selling chem?

PETER

What are you doing this for anyway? You don't even know if you've been laid off yet.

Tom loses his salesperson demeanor. He sits down.

TOM

I have been laid off. They told me last week. This is my last day.

PETER

I'm sorry TOM...

TOM

(Choked up) I don't know what I'm gonna do Peter. I'm fifty-six. I don't have enough money to retire. In fact, I live pay check to pay check as it is.

PETER  
You'll find something.

TOM  
There aren't any jobs out there Peter, and even if there were, there are twenty young guys they would hire for a sales engineer position before they'd hire me.

Peter shakes his head -- not sure what to say.

TOM  
You know, I've always done what I was told. In highschool, they said engineering and science was where the jobs were. So I worked hard, got good grades, went to college and got an engineering degree. I did everything I was supposed to do. And look at me now, headed for the unemployment line... You know what really pisses me off though?

PETER  
(Humoring him) What's that Tom.

TOM  
There was this guy in my high school named Jeff Cafferty, used to push me around and kick my ass all the time. He never studied. All he ever did was party, get laid and beat up guys like me for no reason. But I didn't let it bother me because I always knew, when we grew up I'd be makin' a lot of money and this guy wouldn't be able to find a good job... Well you know what that guy does now? He's a goddamn plumber. Makes more money than I do -- sixty thousand a year -- and as long as people keep shitting, he'll always have a job.

PETER  
You can't look at it that way Tom. Besides, being a plumber sucks. That guy's probably really unhappy.

TOM  
I sure hope so.

A security guy enters the cubicle. He's fat with short-long hair cut and a mustache.

SECURITY GUARD  
Excuse me. Are you Mr. Tom Smykowski?

TOM  
Yes.

SECURITY GUARD  
Could you come with me please?

TOM  
Okay, I'll be there in a minute.

SECURITY GUARD  
(Taking a step towards Tom)  
Right now please.

This pisses Peter off..

PETER  
Hey take it easy! This guy's worked here twenty years...

TOM  
Forget it Peter. It's okay.

Tom gets up.

SECURITY GUARD  
Just doing my job sir.

TOM  
(Muttering) Wish I had a job to do...

As they walk off, we hear Tom talking to the security guard...

TOM  
Can I ask you something?.. Do you like bargains?

EXT. NYCOR - DAY

Peter is walking out to his car. He stops for a beat, turns and looks at the building, contemplating his decision.

INT. TOM SMYKOWSKI'S HOUSE - DAY

The interior of a typical suburban tract home.

Tom is sitting by himself at the table drinking whiskey. He looks drunk and dangerous -- like he's been up all night on a binge. He grabs a piece of paper and starts writing a note.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Tom enters the garage from the house with the note in one hand and his car keys in the other. He makes sure all the doors in the garage are shut then gets into the car and sets the note down on the seat. He hangs his head down for a beat, then starts the engine. He then opens all the car windows (electric), reclines the seat and shuts his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE BACK IN

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - LATER

TOM'S wife, LAURA parks her car on the street and walks up to the house. She's about Tom's age, a typical middle-aged housewife.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Laura looks around.

LAURA

Tom?...

She hears the sound of Tom's car idling.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Laura opens the door, starts coughing -- gagging on the fumes.

LAURA

(Cough) What on earth are you doing?!

ANGLE ON Tom -- startled awake, coughing.

TOM

Huh? (Cough)

Tom suddenly comes to, realizing the situation. We see Tom GRAB THE NOTE AND CRUMBLE IT UP. He does his best to compose himself and cover up -- too embarrassed to admit what he was just trying to do.

TOM

Oh, I was just ah... (Cough) having trouble with the shifter here. It's jammed...

Tom starts messing with the column shift.

TOM

I can't seem to (cough) get it into Drive... (cough) I mean Reverse.

LAURA

Well for Godsakes Tom, open the garage door. You could suffocate in here.

Laura hits the garage door button, opening it.

TOM

Oh yeah, thanks. I forgot about that.

LAURA

Where are you going anyway?

TOM

Oh, ah... just going to the store. I'll be right back.

Tom backs the car out of the garage towards the street.

TOM

(Yelling back to Laura) It seems to be working now.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET, we see a PICK-UP TRUCK barreling down the road at ninety miles an hour.

INSIDE THE TRUCK, we see a DRUNKEN RED-NECK

Tom backs halfway into the street and sees the truck coming. He frantically tries to put the shifter back into Drive, but it's stuck (probably because he was fiddling with it before).

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET. The truck is getting closer.

ON TOM'S HORRIFIED EXPRESSION, desperately trying to get the shift into forward -- FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE.

ON THE TRUCK, barreling down the road. The drunk not paying any attention.

In a SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS we see Tom desperately trying to get the car into Drive as the truck gets closer.

Tom finally gets the shifter to move and floors it, but in a CLOSE UP we see it has accidentally LANDED IN REVERSE.

Tom looks up expecting to go forward as the car goes lunging backward out into the street.

In an AERIAL SHOT we see the truck SLAM INTO TOM'S CAR AT FULL SPEED. Both cars go spinning and rolling all over the street -- landing upside down.

INT. NYCOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter sits down with the Bobo.

PETER

Well, I've thought about it quite a bit and I've decided to accept the group leader position.

BOB SLYDELL

Great. We'll get a few things straightened out and get you started some time next week then.

PETER

So ah, ... when do you think you're going to tell Michael and Samir that they ah, ...

BOB PORTER

It's always better to fire people on a Friday. It's been shown statistically that there's less chance of an incident.

Bob Slydell nods in agreement.

EXT. MICHAEL BOLTON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Peter pulls up and gets out of his car.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Peter is sitting on the couch. Michael hands him a beer and sits down.

MICHAEL

Samir's running late. He's gonna meet us over there.

PETER

You know Michael, I've been thinking maybe it's time to start thinking about our future.

MICHAEL

Our future? No offense, but speak for yourself there. I'm not the one who's been flaking out. Look Peter, I know you had this religious experience or whatever the hell that was but you've gotta snap out of it and start getting your shit together or you're gonna get canned.

Pause.

PETER

Remember that software virus that you told me about? You said it could rip off the company for a lot of money?

MICHAEL

Yeah. What about it?

PETER

Why haven't you ever used it?

MICHAEL

Well, for one thing it's illegal. I only wrote it to prove a point really. It wouldn't be worth the risk. I've got a good job.

PETER

What if you didn't have a good job?

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

PETER

Let's go get a drink Michael.

INT. CONFETTI'S - NIGHT

Peter and Michael at the bar. Michael is really pissed off.

MICHAEL

Dammit! I can't believe it. Me and Samir are the best programmers they've got. I could think of fifty people they should've laid off

before us. And you! You haven't even been showing up and you still have a job!

PETER

Actually they promoted me.

MICHAEL

(Furious) WHAT?!

PETER

Look, that's what I'm trying to tell you. The whole place is messed up. It's all wrong. It's an unfair, cruel, heartless company. Let's teach 'em a lesson.

Michael just shakes his head in disbelief.

PETER

That software works right?

MICHAEL

Of course it works. I wrote it. That's not the point. The point is, I'm not gonna do anything illegal.

PETER

Come on. You're such a hypocrite. You listen to all that gangsta rap, but you're afraid to commit a little crime. And this isn't even a real crime.

MICHAEL

Look I couldn't do it even if I wanted to because I don't know anyone high-up enough to get the access codes.

PETER

You do now! I'm junior v.p.

MICHAEL

What..(realizing) You're junior v.p.? Shit!... Look, even with the access codes, and even if I wanted to, I'm not sure I'd know how to install it. I don't know that credit union software well enough.

PETER

Yeah, but Samir does.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Samir and Michael sit at the table.

PETER

...So every time there's a bank transaction where interest is computed -- and there are thousands a day -- the computer ends up with these fractions of a cent which it usually rounds off. But what this does is it takes those little remainders on every transaction and puts them into an account -- our account.

SAMIR

But that's not much money is it?

PETER

Each time it happens it's small -- fractions of a penny. But, it happens thousands of times a day. So over a year or two it could add up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. That's the beauty of it -- it happens too slowly for anyone to notice.

MICHAEL

But what he's not telling you is that this is illegal. In fact a guy tried something like this ten years ago and got busted.

SAMIR

(Irritated) Why are you guys telling me this? I need to leave now. I must get my resume ready...

PETER

Get your resume ready for what? Another job where they can fire you for no reason, after years of dedicated hard work?

SAMIR

Yes. That is right. If I'm lucky.

PETER

Look, I don't know about you guys, but I'm tired of being pushed around. I'm tired of always being the guy with no balls -- always on

the receiving end of all this shit. Those guys like Dom, Lumbergh, Bob Slydell -- none of 'em are as smart as we are. In fact, Lumberg's an idiot. So why do they make more money than we do? How come they all have good jobs and we're always worried about getting laid off? You wanna know why? Because we let 'em push us around. We let these guys take advantage of us. And if you keep putting up with it day after day, year after year, you'll wake up one morning and you'll be Tom Smykowski -- fifty-six years old, miserable, and still at Nycor, or even worse, out of a job after twenty years of loyal service. Is that what you want?

SAMIR

Look, I don't like getting pushed around either, but I don't know about this. You're talking about something that's illegal. I respect the law here.

PETER

Listen Samir. Back in your old country, what would happen if you got caught doing something like this? They'd cut your hands off or some shit right? But here the worse that could happen is they'd throw you in one of those minimum security white-collar prisons for a few months. It's like a damn resort in there. You can even get laid now. They let you have conjugal visits.

MICHAEL

Shit. I'm a free man and I haven't had a conjugal visit in three months!

PETER

See? That's the beautiful thing about this country. Look at Michael Milken. He stole way more than we're planning to, he got caught and he's a free man today having the time of his life. Man, I don't

know why I didn't think of this before.

MICHAEL

You know, this thing is pretty fail-safe actually. The only reason that other guy got caught is that he bragged about it a lot.

SAMIR

I don't know, it just seems crazy. I mean if we did get caught...

PETER

First of all we're not going to get caught, but more importantly you've got to stop thinking that way -- both of you. You know why you guys got fired and I got promoted? You wanna know why? Because I finally showed someone I had balls. Don't ask me where I got 'em, but I finally had the cajones to show those assholes that I wasn't afraid of 'em -- I didn't care if they fired me. That's why they promoted me. But then I thought, why stop there? I'd still be working for Mycor and putting up with the same shit. If it's not Lumbergh it'd be some other asshole. You see. Sometimes you just have to say "I don't care". I don't care what anybody thinks. I don't care if I get fired. I don't care if I get caught and go to jail. I don't care. I'm gonna do what I want to do. (Pause). So what do you think? Are you guys in?

MICHAEL

It would be nice to get some payback. We didn't deserve to get the ax.... All right. I'll do it if Samir will.

Samir is quiet, still thinking about it.

PETER

Listen Samir. You always talk about this being the land of opportunity? Well this is the ultimate opportunity. It doesn't get any better than this. You've got two

options here -- the unemployment  
line or early retirement.  
Tomorrow's your last day at Nycor.  
What's it gonna be?

ON SAMIR, as he considers it for a long beat.

SAMIR  
I have one question.

PETER  
Yeah?

SAMIR  
In these prisons, do you really get  
conjugal visits?

PETER  
Yep.

SAMIR  
Do they have tennis courts?

PETER  
They sure do.

SAMIR  
Okay, I'll do it.

PETER  
Wooh! All right!

Peter's festive vibe doesn't catch on. Michael and Samir  
just stare at him.

MICHAEL  
Okay Peter, as soon as you're done  
there, maybe we should discuss the  
plan.

PETER  
Sorry. Okay, it works like a  
computer virus, so all we have to  
do is load it anywhere in the  
credit union mainframe and it'll do  
the rest. Right?

MICHAEL  
Right.

PETER  
Okay, you guys get me the software  
and I'll handle the rest. But  
before I start, we have to all

swear to God (Looking at Samir)...or Allah, that no one else ever knows about this -- no girlfriends, no family members, no one!

SAMIR  
Of course not.

MICHAEL  
Agreed.

Through the walls we hear Lawrence's voice.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
Don't worry man, I won't tell anyone either.

MICHAEL  
(Shaking his head) Shit.

Samir shakes his head. Peter reassures them.

PETER  
Don't worry. We can trust him.  
Okay, here's how I see it all going down...

INT. OFFICE/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ice Cube's "Down For Whatever", a chilling gangsta-rap classic, plays over a montage as they pull off their "crime".

Note: This montage should have the feel of a major heist being pulled off when they're basically just copying a disk.

CLOSE UP: Michael's hand. In SLOW MOTION we see it move to the mouse and click twice. Huge sound effects as his finger hits the mouse.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN we see that he is copying a file to the A: drive.

ANGLE ON hallway. Peter walks towards Michael's cubicle in SLOW MOTION. He checks his watch and looks around.

CLOSE UP of Michael's hand taking the disk out of the A: drive. He hands it to Samir.

ANGLE ON hallway as Peter gets closer.

We follow Peter as he enters the cubicle, still in slow motion. In a CLOSE UP we see Samir hand Peter the disk.

Then, speaking in SLOW MOTION:

SAMIR

Hey, how's it goin'?

PETER

Pretty good.

CUT TO: Peter's cubicle. We see him put the disk in.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, we see him load the file to the C:  
drive.

END MONTAGE

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE

Samir and Michael are seated. Peter enters.

PETER

(Speaking in code) The eagle has  
landed.

They all look around at each other for a moment.

MICHAEL

Well, that was easy.

PETER

Yeah, I guess it was.

Freddie walks into the cubicle behind Peter.

FREDDIE

Hey ese.

PETER

(Startled) Huh? Oh hey Freddie.

FREDDIE

Hey, have you guys heard about Tom  
Smykowski?

MICHAEL

What, that he got laid off?

FREDDIE

No man. Check it out -- Last week,  
the guy's backing out of his  
driveway and he gets slammed big  
time by a drunk driver in a pick-  
up...

PETER  
Is he all right?

FREDDIE  
Sort of. He broke both his wrists, his legs and some ribs, but check this out -- He's gonna get a huge settlement out of this, like seven figures. He gets out of the hospital tomorrow and he's gonna have a barbecue this weekend to celebrate. We're all invited. I'm gonna bring that new chick from Logistics. (Cinching a gesture). Hah hah.

INT. PETER'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Michael, Samir and Peter are driving.

MICHAEL  
Wow... Our last day at Nycor.

SAMIR  
I can't believe they had security escort us out of there -- like we're going to steal something.

PETER  
I stole something.

MICHAEL  
Oh yeah. I guess we all did.

PETER  
No, I'm talking about something else. Man those security guys are stupid.

SAMIR  
What did you steal?

PETER  
Just call it a going away present.

Peter gives them a sly smile. Off Peter's expression we CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - EVENING

We hold on the empty field for a moment. Then the LASER PRINTER from Michael and Samir's cubicle comes flying into frame and hits the ground.

Michael, Samir and Peter all run into frame and start CIRCLE-KICKING THE PRINTER with all their might.

Louie Armstrong's "All That Meat and no Potatoes" plays over a BRIEF MONTAGE of the three guys destroying the printer.

In a series of shots from various angles they kick, hit and throw rocks at it, yelling victoriously -- letting out years of pent up aggression.

At one point we CUT TO the sky. We see the printer fly into frame where it is met head-on by a BASEBALL BAT, shattering it into pieces.

The three guys continue to joyously thrash the printer until it has been reduced to splinters.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Michael, Samir and Jennifer are celebrating, drinking beer and dancing to some loud music -- maybe some more "G-Shiz". They're having a great time -- gettin' down to the righteous grooves.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter walks Samir and Michael down to Michael's car.

PETER

Don't worry Samir. Everything will be just fine. Man this is exciting.

SAMIR

(Slightly Worried) I don't know...

PETER

Quit worrying. We're completely covered. We'll check the account balance on Monday to see if it's working. It can't lose. I'll see you guys Sunday at Tom's barbecue.

Samir and Michael say good-bye and leave. Peter goes back up to the apartment.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter comes back in and sits.

JENNIFER

So are you ever going to tell me what it is we're celebrating?

PETER

(Nervous) Oh, I can't really tell you... I mean, nothing really...

Jennifer looks at Peter as he fumbles...

CUT TO:

Peter and Jennifer on the couch - a little later. Peter is telling her every detail.

PETER

...because when they're computing interest, they end up with these fractions of a penny, which they always round off, but what this does is always rounds it down and leaves the remainder in our account...

JENNIFER

So you're stealing?

PETER

No, you don't understand. You see, it's just fractions of a penny here and there, but over a period of time, it adds up to a lot.

JENNIFER

Okay. So you get a lot of money right?

PETER

Right.

JENNIFER

And it's not yours.

PETER

Well it will be.

JENNIFER

So how is that not stealing?

PETER

Well I guess it's stealing,... but it's really small amounts. I mean, you'd take a penny out of that little tray at Seven-Eleven right?

JENNIFER

Yeah.

PETER

Well this is even less than that.  
It's just a matter of doing it  
thousands and thousands of times  
over a period of time so that it  
adds up to a lot of money. What's  
wrong with that?

JENNIFER

I don't know. What if you get  
caught?

PETER

First of all we won't get caught,  
but even if we do, the absolute  
worse that can happen is you get a  
few months in a minimum security  
white-collar prison. Have you seen  
these places on Twenty-Twenty? You  
even get conjugal visits now.

JENNIFER

How often?

PETER

I think it's like once a month or  
something.

JENNIFER

Once a month?

Peter realizes for the first time that it's a long time  
between visits.

PETER

Look, I'm not gonna get caught so  
don't worry about it.

JENNIFER

All right... So Samir and Michael  
are in on this too?

PETER

Yeah.

JENNIFER

Hmm...

PETER

What?

JENNIFER

I don't know. I'm just kind of  
surprised. I guess they just don't

seem like the type of guys that would do something like that.

PETER

Yeah, well they did. it's so they're the type of guys. I'm doing them a huge favor you know. Look, don't worry about it, okay? Everything will be fine. Just forget that I ever told you about this.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

The barbecue is in full swing. We PAN past several guests, mostly employees of Mycor to:

Tom is an electric wheelchair with all kinds of casts and steel rods, etc. (maybe even tubes coming out of his nose). He's in a great mood -- wheeling around greeting everyone and smiling for the first time. He sees Michael and Samir.

TOM

Michael! Samir! How ya doin'? I'd like you to meet my Lawyar, Rob Newhouse. Rob, Michael and Samir.

They shake hands. Tom wheels over to Peter, who is standing with Jennifer and some other people.

TOM

Peter! How are you? Glad you could make it.

PETER

Hey Tom. How are you?

Peter goes to shake hands, but realizes both Tom's hands are in casts.

TOM

I'm doin' great.

PETER

Tom I'd like you to meet my girlfriend. This is Jennifer.

Tom nods. It's the best he can do.

TOM

Forgive me for not getting up. Hah hah... Peter, come over here a minute. I want to show you something.

Peter excuses himself and follows Tom into the house. They stop in the den.

TOM  
So what do you think?

PETER  
About what?

TOM  
Down there. On the floor.

Peter looks down and sees the "Jump-to-Conclusions Mat". It's basically a big plastic mat with the word "Jump" painted on one end behind a line and then several "Conclusions" on the other side -- like "No" "Yes" "Probably" -- like you would have in an eight-ball.

TOM  
It's a prototype. My wife and I are going to try to market it. What do you think?

PETER  
(Trying to be polite) Well, it's ah, pretty good Tom... You know I heard about your big settlement. Congratulations. You deserve it.

TOM  
Thanks Peter. You know I'm glad you're here, because I wanted to talk to you. I know you've been getting pretty depressed lately about your job and everything. And I want you to know that I know how you feel. I used to be the same way...

PETER  
Really?

TOM  
Sure. Maybe I didn't whine as much, but I bet I hated my job even more than you. And I've been doing it for over thirty years.

PETER  
Wow.

TOM

I just wanted to tell you not to do anything crazy. Things aren't always as bad as they seem. Find yourself a good woman, like the one you got out there, settle down -- life can be okay. Just remember; if you hang in there long enough good things can happen in this world. I mean look at me.

ANGLE ON TOM -- in his wheelchair with his entire body in various casts and tractions, smiling.

PETER

Thanks Tom.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - DAY

Toni's Lawyer, Michael and Samir are talking.

LAWYER

Conjugal visits? No, not that I know of. Minimum security prison is no picnic. I have a client in there. He says the trick is to kick someone's ass the first day or become someone's bitch, then you'll be alright. Why do you ask anyway?

ANGLE ON Samir and Michael looking uneasy.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - DAY

Peter comes outside. He runs into DREW who is standing, drinking a beer. DREW looks like a twenty-year old blonde fraternity guy - a little on the pudgy side.

DREW

Hello Peter.

PETER

Hi Drew.

DREW

That's something about ol' Smykowski huh? Lucky bastard...

Drew notices Jennifer standing over by the barbecue grill. She's talking to Samir and Michael.

DREW

Hey isn't that the chick that works over at TGIF's?

PETER

Yeah.

DREW

Who's she here with?

PETER

With me.

DREW

All right Peter! (Given like friendly advice) Hey, make sure you wear a rubber duda.

Peter tries to control his anger.

PETER

Why's that Drew?

DREW

Are you kidding? She gets around man.

PETER

(Still trying to control his anger)  
Like with who?

DREW

Ah let's see...

Drew looks down and pushes his glasses up in a gesture that says, "Where do I begin."

DREW

Ah,... (Counting on his fingers)  
Well, Lumbergh fucked her... let's see, who else... Ah...

As Drew tries to think of someone else, Peter mutters to himself.

PETER

Lumbergh?

On Peter's hurt and angry expression we CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

Peter is driving Jennifer home. He looks straight ahead, holding in all his anger, saying nothing.

JENNIFER

Boy, Samir and Michael seem kind of freaked-out. I don't know Peter... Guys like that -- I see 'em in TGIF'S all the time and they just seem like the type that wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they weren't working at a place like Mycor... I know you were trying to do them a favor with that computer scam, but Maybe it wasn't such a good idea for them...

PETER

Yeah? Well, maybe it wasn't such a good idea for you to FUCK LUMBERGH!

JENNIFER

What?! What are you...?  
(Remembering) Oh yeah, Lumbergh.

PETER

Aaagh! Oh my God! How could you...Oh... I can't even... Lumbergh!!!

JENNIFER

What's your problem Peter? Do you know him or something?

PETER

Do I know him? Yeah I know him. He's my boss. He's a fat disgusting pig!

JENNIFER

He's not that fat.

PETER

(Flustered) He's not that...? Yes he is! He's an asshole!

JENNIFER

So what?

PETER

So why did you sleep with him?

JENNIFER

Look, that's none of your business. It was a long time ago. I don't ask who you've slept with before we were going out and I don't care. I thought it didn't matter.

PETER

Yeah, but Lumberg? How could you?  
That guy's made my life miserable.

JENNIFER

Yeah? So what do you want me to do  
about it? I didn't even know you  
back then.

PETER

You should've told me you slept  
around with so many guys -- guys I  
work with!

JENNIFER

I didn't "sleep around". Besides it  
was a long time ago and it was just  
one night.

PETER

Just one night? That's supposed to  
make it better? That makes it  
worse!

JENNIFER

Listen to you! Who do you think you  
are? How dare you judge me! You're  
no angel. You're a Goddamn wannabe-  
criminal!!!

PETER

Yeah but I never slept with  
Lumbergh!

JENNIFER

All right that does it. I've had  
about enough of this. You have no  
right to do this to me. Let me out.  
Now!

PETER

Fine.

Peter pulls the car over. Jennifer gets out.

JENNIFER

Call me when you've grown up! No.  
You know what? I take that back!  
Don't ever call me again. We're  
through!

Jennifer slams the door with all her might and storms off.

## INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter's in bed. He can't sleep. He's tossing and turning, seeing the scene of Drew saying "Lumbergh fucked her" play over and over again in his mind. We see this vision dissolved over Peter as he tosses and turns...

DREW

(Pushing his glasses up each time it replays)... Hell, Lumbergh fucked her.... Hell, Lumbergh fucked her.... Hell Lumbergh fucked her...etc.

We DISSOLVE over this occasional images of Lumbergh on top of a woman (Jennifer), as seen from her POV (We don't actually see her). He's naked, making DISGUSTING SEX-FACES, his big body whaling away -- like a bad porno movie. It's almost as if he's screwing Peter. We also DISSOLVE in occasional images of Lumbergh hasseling Peter about the T.P.S. Reports.

This torture continues as Peter tosses and turns through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Peter wakes up, bummed out. It's been a rough night.

## EXT. BANK/ATM MACHINE - MORNING

Peter walks up to the ATM, puts his card in and enters his code.

CLOSE ON the screen. He hits "BALANCE INQUIRY".

On Peter. He looks around whistling, waiting for the printout.

CLOSE ON printout coming out! We see: ACCOUNT BALANCE \$305,326.13

ANGLE ON Peter's horrified expression.

PETER

Holy shit...!

## INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives, in a state of complete shock.

PETER

Oh shit... Oh no... Oh shit... Oh  
no... Oh no... No... Shit... Oh  
shit... Shit!

EXT. PAYPHONE AT A GAS STATION - DAY

Peter calls Michael. We hear the ring.

PETER  
...Oh shit...

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Hello.

PETER  
Michael we gotta talk. We got a  
huge problem.. Shit!

MICHAEL  
What? What?!

PETER  
Not here. Not on the phone..

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives. Michael and Samir freak out.

MICHAEL  
Oh no!... Shit... Oh no... Oh  
shit...

SAMIR  
Sheet... Sheet... (Gets frustrated  
by his lack of cuss-word-knowledge  
and starts cussing in Iranian.)

PETER  
(Rhythymical) Shit. Shit. Son-of-a-  
bitch! Shit! Shit! Son of a bitch!

MICHAEL  
Shit! What happened?!

PETER  
You tell me! It's your software.  
Nykor is damn sure gonna notice  
three-hundred thousand dollars  
missing over two days Michael! This  
was supposed to take two years!

MICHAEL  
Just calm down. We gotta think.  
They probably won't know it's gone

for another three or four days. Then maybe another two or three days to figure out that it's not just some accounting glitch. So worse case, we probably have at least five days to do something about this.

PETER  
Five days?! What happened Michael?  
I thought you said this thing worked!

MICHAEL  
Well, technically it did work...

PETER  
NO IT DIDN'T!

MICHAEL  
Okay, okay... I must have put a decimal in the wrong place or something. Shit. That's the way I was in school too. I'd always do some brilliant problem solving and then screw up some mundane detail.

PETER  
This isn't a mundane detail Michael!

MICHAEL  
Hey, don't get pissed at me. This was all your idea asshole!

PETER  
(Trying to get a grip) Okay look, let's not get pissed off at each other right now. Let's just stay calm and try to figure this thing out. Don't panic. The first thing we gotta do is close that account before it gets any bigger.

INT. NYCDR / MEETING AREA - DAY

Most of the staff is crowded into the area around a Birthday cake with about forty-two lit candles. Lumbergh walks in, led by Nina.

STAFF  
Surprise!

LUMBERGH

(Acting surprised like he does every year) Oh no! You guys...

The employees sing Happy Birthday. It's a very stiff crowd. Everyone is in they're own world, just going through the motions of singing Happy Birthday like they do every couple of weeks or so -- A completely superficial exercise.

As they sing, we PAN across the crowd. We see MILTON in the group, working his way toward the cake. They finish singing. Amidst applause and benign chatter, Lumbergh blows out the candles.

Nina starts cutting the cake. She kisses Lumbergh's ass shamelessly -- saying how young he looks, etc.

Pieces of cake are being passed around. Milton is handed one. He grabs the fork like he's going to start eating. Nina chastises him.

NINA

Now Milton! Don't be greedy. Pass it along. Let's make sure everyone gets a piece.

MILTON

Well, um okay but last time I didn't receive a piece and I... well okay...

Milton keeps passing pieces of cake along as they get handed to him. Finally he looks down and sees that there is NO CAKE LEFT.

We PAN Milton's POV and see that everyone else has a piece. They all eat their cake and chat as Milton stands alone with no cake.

INT: NYCOR / STORAGE B / MILTON'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Milton sits all alone at an old metal desk, crammed way into the corner of a dark dingy storage room -- his new office. It's crazy down here. Milton is on the phone, looking more on edge than ever.

MILTON

Well, Lumbergh borrowed it but he never brought it back, and now he says he doesn't know where it is. So as far as I'm concerned it was stolen. And it was the last Swingline stapler...so I'm gonna look in his office and if it's not there...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
I'm sorry sir, but this doesn't  
sound like a Police matter.

MILTON  
And I haven't received a paycheck  
either so if I don't get paid this  
week, mmm... that's the last  
straw...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
(Like she's talking to a crazy  
person) Okay. Well like I say, this  
really isn't a police matter. So  
why don't you just discuss it with  
your employer, okay?

MILTON  
Well I'm gonna set the building...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Have a nice day sir.

She hangs up.

ANGLE ON the entry to the storage room.

Lumbergh walks by finishing his cake. He doesn't walk in, as  
if not wanting to dirty himself by stepping in the room.  
Milton's desk is all the way on the other side of the room.

LUMBERGH  
(Forgot Milton was down here) Oh,  
hello Milton.

There's a beat of silence as Lumbergh looks around at the  
messy storage room, getting an idea...

LUMBERGH  
(Enthusiastic) Say Milton, you know what would be great? Since you're  
down here, why don't you go ahead take all these loose printouts and  
stack 'em over there against the  
wall. In fact, it would be really  
great if you could just sort of  
straighten up this whole area.

MILTON  
Mm, well that's not really my job,  
and I... I didn't get my check this  
week...

Dom Portwood comes from down the hall.

DOM (O.S. -- Urgent)

Oh, there you are Bill. We need you upstairs right away. We've got a big problem. There's some kind of major accounting glitch -- a lot of money missing.

Lumbergh tosses his paper plate in the trash and hurries off with Dom, leaving Milton alone in the storage room.

HOLD on the doorway for a beat: A dumb-locking JANITOR with a short-long haircut comes by the doorway taking out the trash. He's listening a classic rock station on a Walkman, cranked very loudly so we hear it a little.

JANITOR

(Singing along quietly with radio)

Carry on my wayward son...

He doesn't notice Milton and SHUTS OFF THE LIGHTS.

MILTON

Um, excuse me...?

The Janitor doesn't hear Milton, his Walkman is too loud.

JANITOR

(Singing with walkman)...There'll  
be peace when you are do-o-o-  
one...Don't you cry no more...

The Janitor exits, leaving Milton alone in the dark.

MILTON

Well, um okay but,...that's the  
last straw...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Michael and Samir sit around a table desperately trying to figure out a plan. There's an ENVELOPE on the table.

SAMIR

Is there any way to just give the  
money back?

PETER

No way. You can't just write the company a check for three-hundred-thousand after they figured out they were missing that exact

amount. They'd figure it out in a second.

SAMIR

Well, we gotta get it back somehow, or do something!

MICHAEL

Maybe we could launder the money.

PETER

Yeah, that's a great idea. How do you do that?

MICHAEL

I don't know. I was hoping you knew. I don't even know what it means. I just hear about it on TV. I think coke dealers do it.

PETER

Do we know any coke dealers?

MICHAEL

My cousin's a coke head. (Reality setting in) Oh man! We suck at crime. We're in deep shit.

SAMIR

Yes. We are in very very deep shit.

Peter gets up and starts pacing around.

PETER

There is one thing we could do.

SAMIR/MICHAEL

What?

PETER

We could take the money and go to Mexico.

SAMIR

No.

MICHAEL

Why not Samir? It's all right there in Traveler's Checks...

PETER

Yeah, and if we spent it all down there I bet it would be a lot harder to crack. We could come back in a few years after it all settles.

SAMIR

A few years?!(Adamant) NO! No way! My family spent their life savings -- money they had saved for years in Iran -- so that I could come here, get an education and get citizenship in this country -- the United States of America -- not Mexico! We stay here! I'M not going to betray my family.

MICHAEL

Well maybe you should've thought about that before you decided to take up a life of crime.

Samir stands up like he's going to start something with Michael.

SAMIR

This was not my idea asshole! You guys talked me into it!

MICHAEL

On yeah. Right.

Peter stands up and gets in-between them.

PETER

Hey! Come on you guys. Stop. Samir's right. We can't leave. Everyone we know is here. We don't even speak Spanish.

Samir and Michael sit down.

PETER

What we gotta do now is stay calm and think. We're three intelligent people here. We should be able to think of something.

MICHAEL

Well, we've got all night...

DISSOLVE TO: LATER.

Michael is standing looking in a dictionary.

MICHAEL

Let's see....Here it is. (Reading) Launder. To wash...No...(Skimming) clean up...Oh here we go -- "To conceal the source of money, as by channeling it through an intermediary." Hmp...

SAMIR

That doesn't really help us Michael.

PETER

God I can't believe what a bunch of nerds we are, looking up money laundering in the damn dictionary.

MICHAEL

Well I haven't heard any bright ideas out of you yet.

Pause.

PETER

I know, I can't concentrate... ever since I found out that Jennifer had sex with Lumbergh.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah.. You didn't know that? It was a couple of years ago, right before he moved to Atlanta.

PETER

Atlanta?... You mean Ron Lumbergh over at Unitrode? The young guy?

Peter is secretly relieved.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Who did you think I meant? Bill?

PETER

(Covering) Oh, no. I was just ah,... (pause) ... Ron Lumbergh and Bill Lumbergh aren't related are they?

The DOORBELL RINGS. Samir jumps.

SAMIR

(Startled) Who's that??

PETER

Settle down man. It's probably just  
Lawrence!

Peter goes and opens the door. It's a black man, STEVE, in his twenties. He delivers a fast sales pitch that he's memorized.

STEVE

Good evening sir. My name is Steve. I come from a rough area. I used to be addicted to crack, but now I'm off and I'm trying to stay clean. I believe that hard work will help me stay clean, and make a better life for myself. That's why I'm selling magazine subscriptions and I was hoping you could help me out -- help keep me off the streets...

Peter interrupts, shaking his head.

PETER

No. No look, I'm sorry but we're really busy right now and...

Michael comes up behind Peter.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute. You used to be addicted to crack?

STEVE

Yes sir. But not anymore. I'm trying to...

MICHAEL

Did you ever sell Crack?

STEVE

Um...well yes, but you see that's all behind me now and I'm trying to make something of myself and do something positive...

MICHAEL

Could you come inside for a minute?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter, Michael, Samir and Steve are all sitting around the table.

STEVE

Look man, I already told you, I don't know anything about money laundering. I don't do any of that anymore. I'm trying to go straight.

PETER

Yeah but, if you could just hook us up with the right people...

MICHAEL

Yeah, just give us the name of one drug dealer and I could network and find someone who could help us; I have great networking skills.

STEVE

All right look, I better be honest with you guys. All that stuff I said about being a crack-head and selling crack? I made it up. It helps me sell magazines. I've never smoked crack -- never even seen any... I'm actually an unemployed engineer.

PETER

You're an engineer?!

STEVE

Yep. I got laid off from Unitrode when they downsized last year.

SAMIR

(Despairing) Things must be rough when engineers are selling subscriptions door to door.

STEVE

Well, actually to tell you the truth, I make more money doing this than I ever did at Unitrode.

PETER

Now, Really?

STEVE

Yep.

MICHAEL

So if you worked at Unitrode you must know Brett Higgens and Jim Dwyer.

STEVE

Oh yeah. I know them.

PETER

(Realizing) Say, ah... You're not gonna tell anyone about what we told you are you? I mean since we know some of the same people and all...

STEVE

(Thinking) Hmmm... Well I guess that depends. How many magazine subscriptions did you say you wanted?

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Peter shuts the door and walks back into the apartment.

PETER

Shit! What am I gonna do with twenty subscriptions to "Vibe"?

Peter sits down. They all look defeated.

MICHAEL

We never should've done this. What were we thinking? Crime is hard man... You know what I can't figure out? How is it that all these stupid neanderthal mafia guys can be so good at crime and smart guys like us suck so badly at it?

SAMIR

We're new to it though. If we had more experience...

MICHAEL

You know what I think? I think we're screwed. There's enough evidence and security cam footage all over that building to link us to this. Even if we did know how to launder money, I wouldn't want to. What we've done is bad enough. If we got caught laundering money they wouldn't send us to a white-collar resort prison. We'd go to a Federal take-it-up-the-butt prison.

SAMIR

I don't want to go to any prison.  
(Freaking out) Why did I do this?  
I've never done anything wrong in  
my life.

Samir gets up and starts pacing.

SAMIR

You say there's all this evidence --  
why the hell didn't you think of  
that before?!

PETER

Because Samir, we thought it was  
going to happen over two years not  
two days. If it took two years it  
wouldn't have mattered -- no one  
would've noticed.

SAMIR

(To Michael) I thought you said  
this damn thing worked! How could  
you make such a mistake?

Michael gets in Samir's face.

MICHAEL

Hey listen, you didn't have to go  
along with this.

Peter gets between them, breaking it up.

PETER

Come on! Quit fighting you guys.

SAMIR

He's right. (To Peter) You're the  
one we should be pissed off at.  
None of this would've happened if  
you hadn't talked us into this.

Peter doesn't say anything. He knows Samir's right.

SAMIR

You took advantage of us. We  
weren't thinking clearly because  
you had just told us we were losing  
our jobs. Now look at us. We're  
worried about going to prison. I  
probably could've gotten another  
job too. It might have been in

Toledo, but it would be better than jail.

PETER

Don't worry. I'll think of something.

Samir grabs his jacket.

SAMIR

I'm going home now.

MICHAEL

Me too.

Samir and Michael head for the door. Samir turns around before leaving.

SAMIR

You are a very bad person Peter.

They leave.

Peter sits there alone in his apartment, contemplating it all. After a while,

PETER

(Yelling through wall)  
Hey Lawrence! You awake?

LAWRENCE

(O.S. Through the wall) Yeah?

PETER

You wanna come over?

LAWRENCE

(O.S.) No thanks man... I don't want you fucking up my life too.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter lies in bed awake. He picks up the phone and dials. We hear Jennifer's answering machine pick up.

JENNIFER'S VOICE

If it's Jennifer. Leave a message.  
Thanks. (Beep)

Peter almost leaves a message, but hangs up. He looks at the clock. It's after midnight.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter tosses and turns. In a DREAM SEQUENCE we see a PRISON YARD. We PAN past several hard-core scary-looking prisoners lifting weights, fighting, etc., to SAMIR AND MICHAEL sitting on a bench in the middle of all this -- trembling, looking wimpy and terrified. Michael is nervously tearing open several bags of sugar and putting them in his coffee. Peter wakes up, disturbed. He turns on the TV.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter watches Kung Fu. It's another flashback with Kane and Qui Chan. (It goes something like this...)

ON THE TV:

KANE

But Master, why do you help this man? He has stolen from our Temple many times.

MASTER

Weedhopper, when he walks through the meadow, do the birds stop singing?

KANE

No master.

MASTER

Does the creek deny him water?

KANE

No master.

MASTER

Does the sun refuse to light his path?

KANE

No Master.

MASTER

If Nature in all her splendor and glory does not scorn him, but embraces him, then who am I to deny him a blanket and a bowl of rice?

ON PETER. This heavy message hits home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Peter sits at the table writing a note. He finishes and puts it in an envelope with the Traveler's Checks. He gets up and leaves.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter drives along the same expressway he takes to work everyday -- only now it's empty and quiet. He drives past Nyco. It looks a little less harsh at night, lit softly by the landscape lights.

He drives up to TGIF'S.

EXT. TGIF'S - CONTINUOUS

It's closed. There are only a few cars in the parking lot. Among them is JENNIFER'S BLUE-GREEN HONDA CIVIC. Peter parks close by and waits.

After a moment, he sees Jennifer come out to her car. He walks up to her.

PETER

Hi...

JENNIFER

Hey.

It's an awkward moment. Peter tries to fill it.

PETER

So uh, you're working nights now?

Jennifer is still being a little cold to him.

JENNIFER

Yeah. I was getting tired of the lunch crowd. So what are you doing here?

PETER

Oh, I was just uh, driving and I saw your car and... (Admitting) I came here to see you Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Okay.

PETER

I might be going away for a while -- to jail. You were right -- that computer scam was a bad idea. We totally botched it. I won't go into the details but we'll probably get

caught so I decided I'm going to take the blame for it. Michael and Samir shouldn't have to. It was all my idea. I'm going to leave a confession note and the money under Lumbergh's door.

JENNIFER

Sounds like the right thing to do.

PETER

Jennifer, I want to apologize. I had no right to get so pissed off at you about Lumbergh. I'm really sorry. Lumbergh isn't my problem. I'm my problem. I don't know what's wrong with me Jennifer. I don't know why I can't just go to work everyday, appreciate what I have and be happy like I'm supposed to - like everyone else.

JENNIFER

You're not like everyone else Peter.

PETER

You know, when I was a kid and I'd imagine myself as an adult, I always saw myself working in an office somewhere, living in an apartment -- it seemed great, like I'd be happy. Then when I finally got there I was miserable. But I've been thinking about it a lot, and even though I may never be happy with my job, I think that if I was with you I could be happy. I know I could. It wouldn't matter what kind of lousy job I had if I knew I could come home to you every night. I know I've been a real asshole, but if you'll take me back I'll promise to...

JENNIFER

Oh Peter...

She hugs him. They get all emotional and shit.

JENNIFER

...you're such a weirdo.

PETER

Yeah I know...

Peter pulls himself together.

PETER

Well I guess I better go and get this over with. If I have to go to prison, will you come visit me?

JENNIFER

(Playful) Maybe.

PETER

Conjugal?

JENNIFER

Don't push your luck.

INT. NYCOR / ENTRANCE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter signs in at the front desk and shows his employee I.D. to the security guard.

INT. NYCOR / CUBICLES - NIGHT

Peter walks in with the envelope in his hand and looks around at all the cubicles. He's never seen the place at night. It looks a lot different. It seems oddly quiet and peaceful.

He walks up to Lumbergh's door. In front of the door to one side, is Lumbergh's secretary's desk with an L-shaped cubicle wall around it. Peter looks down at the envelope in his hand for a beat, then he looks at Lumbergh's door -- contemplating the impact of what he's about to do.

Peter looks around at Lumbergh's secretary's cubicle walls. He sees several "Cathy" comic strips pinned up, then he sees a poster. It has a picture of a sunset on a mountain peak and says, "No goal is too high if we climb with care and confidence."

Peter shakes his head and looks back at Lumbergh's door. He takes a deep breath and then slides the envelope under the door -- leaving his fate in the hands of Bill Lumbergh.

He stands there for a moment. Then he leans back down, looks under the door and starts frantically reaching under the crack trying to retrieve the envelope. He finally collects himself, stands back up and walks away.

FADE OUT.

FADE BACK IN.

EXT. NYCOR - MORNING

Establishing shot. Very early -- not that many cars there yet.

INT. NYCOR / PAYROLL DEPARTMENT - MORNING

It's just another group of cubicles somewhere in the building. Milton is talking to a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry but I don't even see your name on the payroll here. I'm not showing it on the employee roster either. There's nothing I can do. You'll have to talk to Mr. Lumbergh about it.

MILTON

...But mm, I spoke to him yesterday and he said to come here and I...

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, I can't help you.

INT. NYCOR / LUMBERGH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lumbergh's secretary is at her desk. Milton walks up.

LUMBERGH'S SECRETARY

Hi, Mr. Lumbergh is not in yet. Can I help you?

MILTON

(Flustered) Well first of all, he took my Swingline stapler and he never brought it back, and then I didn't receive my paycheck and then they made me move my desk and now there's garbage on it and I...

LUMBERGH'S SECRETARY

Oh hub, well why don't you have a seat and Mr. Lumbergh should be here in a moment. I'll be right back.

MILTON

Well, okay but I'm gonna...

Lumbergh's secretary leaves.

MILTON

(Mumbling to himself) I'm just gonna take my stapler back.

Milton gets up and opens the door to Lumbergh's office.

MILTON

I know the stapler's in here... mm and it's mine...

Milton walks over the envelope on the floor and starts going through Lumbergh's things looking for his stapler.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter wakes up, collects himself and gets out of bed.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter comes out of his apartment, goes next door and knocks on Lawrence's door.

LAWRENCE (C.S.)

Yeah?

PETER

It's me, Peter.

Lawrence comes to the door.

LAWRENCE

Hey man.

PETER

Hey. So uh, I might be going away for a while...

LAWRENCE

Yeah, I know. I heard you guys last night. That's a bummer.

PETER

Yeah. Well, I guess I'm gonna go face the music now. If I don't see you for a while, take care.

LAWRENCE

You betcha. See ya.

Peter walks away. Lawrence starts to go back inside then calls out to Peter.

LAWRENCE

Hey Peter.

PETER  
(Stops and turns) Yeah?

LAWRENCE  
Don't drop the soap.

PETER  
Okay, Lawrence.

Peter shakes his head and walks off.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MORNING

Peter drives through the same corporate office park as in the beginning. There's a lot going through his mind as he looks around at all the people stuck in traffic. Then he hears something - SIRENS. He wonders if they're coming for him.

We hear the sirens getting closer. Peter looks in his rear view mirror and sees three FIRE TRUCKS trying to get though the traffic.

He slows down. He looks ahead and, in the distance, sees BILLOWING SMOKE.

PETER  
Huh?

The fire trucks pass him and turn right at the next corner. Peter speeds up and also turns right at the corner -- looking to see where the smoke is coming from.

As he gets closer he starts to suspect where the smoke is coming from.

PETER  
(To himself) No way.

Peter turns another corner and sees:

NYCOR GOING UP IN FLAMES.

It's a RAGING INFERNAL. A crowd has gathered.

PETER  
Oh my God!

Peter pulls up as close as he can and gets out of the car. Samir and Michael come running up to him.

MICHAEL

Holy Shit Peter! I didn't think you were gonna torch the place! What's wrong with you?!

PETER  
What? I didn't do this!

Peter pushes through the crowd towards the front.

We see the fire trucks doing their best to control the blaze. Peter gets up to the front.

We PAN Peter's POV, seeing most of the Mycor employees watching as the building burns. Back behind the crowd we see:

MILTON.

He mumbles and fidgets, trying to get a better view.

MILTON  
Mm, excuse me. I can't see... mm I was here first...

ANGLE ON PETER.

PETER  
(To himself) Milton?

We see Milton walk off behind the crowd, muttering -- fading into the distance as we

FADE TO BLACK

FADE BACK IN TO:

CLOSE-UP OF BURNED RUBBLE. A SHOVEL comes into frame scooping it up and revealing a burnt-but-recognizable SWINGLINE STAPLER.

WE PULL OUT to reveal LAWRENCE in his construction outfit. He leans down, picks up the stapler and is about to toss it in the wheelbarrow.

WE PULL OUT further to reveal PETER, also in CONSTRUCTION CLOTHES -- hard hat and all -- also shoveling away. He has a mustache now. Peter sees the stapler.

PETER  
Wait a minute. Don't throw that away. Let me see it.

Lawrence hands the stapler to Peter.

LAWRENCE

It's pretty toasted dude. I don't think you could use it.

Peter looks at it for a beat.

PETER

I think I know someone that might want this.

Peter puts the stapler in his pocket and starts shoveling again.

PETER

Hey, thanks for getting me this job Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

No problem. You know you're starting to look a little like a blue-collar grunt. I think the mustache helps.

We hear a car honk HONK off screen.

We see Michael and Samir pull up to the curb in Michael's Honda. Peter puts down his shovel and walks over to them.

MICHAEL

Hey man, wanna go to lunch?

PETER

No thanks. I brought mine in a pale. Besides, Jennifer might come by. She's working the lunch shift again.

MICHAEL

So you guys are back together again?

PETER

Yeah.

SAMIR

So how do you like your new job?

PETER

Not bad. Not too bad at all.

MICHAEL

It looks like Nycor is going to stall all the layoffs until they

build this place back up again.  
They're gonna let us keep our jobs.

SAMIR  
Yeah, so take your time.

MICHAEL  
You know you could probably still  
get your job back.

PETER  
No Thanks. I'm doing okay here.

Michael looks around and leans in a little closer to Peter.

MICHAEL  
So you think we're gonna be okay?

PETER  
Yeah, I think this fire pretty much  
wiped out any evidence we might've  
left. We probably would've heard  
something by now if they were on to  
us.

MICHAEL  
I wonder if that money burned up  
with it. That would be kind of a  
shame.

PETER  
Well I don't think Lumbergh took  
it. I heard he called in sick that  
day. Who knows.

SAMIR  
So you're sure you don't want to  
come back to Nyco?

PETER  
Yeah. That's one thing I'm pretty  
sure of.

MICHAEL  
All right. Stay in touch.

SAMIR  
See you later.

PETER  
Bye.

Samir and Michael drive off.

Peter walks back to where Lawrence is and picks up his shovel.

PETER

You know this isn't so bad --  
makin' bucks, gettin' some  
exercise, workin' outside, gettin'  
a tan.

LAWRENCE

Fuckin' A!

PETER

Fuckin' A.

We PULL OUT to a wide aerial shot, showing the whole lot that was once Nyco. We see a bulldozer knock over the old Nyco sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL RESORT BEACH IN MEXICO -- DAY

It's a high-dollar resort with white sand and beautiful clear turquoise water..

We PAN across the beach past several umbrellas, up to MILTON, sitting under an umbrella in a reclining chair. A WAITER comes up and brings him a tropical drink.

MILTON

Mm, well, I asked for a Mai-Tai and they brought a Pina Colada. And then I asked for no salt on my Margarita and it had salt on it...

WAITER

Lo siento mucho Señor.

The waiter leaves.

MILTON

...so if this happens again, I won't leave a tip and I... I could have this entire resort shut down... and...

As Milton continues to mutter we

FADE OUT.