

FDMAT 108 - Week 5

By Three Kids in a Closet

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1 INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Seven people sit around a conference table. Tail end of the meeting. The woman at the head of the table, the boss, speaks.

BOSS

All right. I think we've got a good direction. Good work, everyone.

People get up to leave, as does the boss. Craig (the intern), still seated, gathers his papers. The boss stops before leaving the room and turns to Craig.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Craig, could you compile a report on that data? I'll need it on my desk by the end of the day. Thanks.

The boss exits, leaving Craig smiling and nodding after her. Craig takes a deep breath. As he rises from his chair...

IMAGE-TO-IMAGE

2 INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE

Craig drops into his cubicle chair. He drops the papers from the meeting on top of his keyboard. He stares dumbfounded at them for a moment, then fans them out messily across the keyboard. He stares dumbfounded some more.

TIME CUT

Craig attempts Microsoft Word. He tries drawing a table. He fails. After a few tries, it looks fine on the screen, but when he tries to print, a text box reads, "Printing 1 of 42 pages." He's like,

CRAIG

42!????????????????

CUT TO

3 INT. OFFICE - PRINTER

Craig stares as page after page prints. One of them shows only half of the graph. Another is a page full of binary.

CUT TO

4 INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE

We join Craig already in progress, cross-legged on the floor, armed with scissors and packing tape, surrounded by incomprehensible papers. He cuts and tapes together something that almost resembles a page of tables and titles.

CUT TO

5 INT. OFFICE - NEIGHBORING CUBICLE

The YOUNG MAN in the next cubicle over works on an Excel spreadsheet. A chopped-up fragment of paper slides in from under the barrier, a hollow remnant of what once was, now empty and void of purpose. The young man stares at it for a long moment, confused. Someone bangs against the wall. He picks up the paper fragment.

CUT TO

6 INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE

Craig sits at his desk attempting to draw a pie chart on graphing paper. It looks more like a Pac-Man. He picks it up, examines it for a second, looks at the computer, and smashes the paper against the monitor as if trying to transfer his drawing to the computer.

Beat.

Exasperated, he crumples up the paper and tosses it behind him.

TIME CUT

Craig taps some keys. On the screen, we see Google opened, with "BAR GRAPH?????????" typed into the search bar. The question marks continue to appear as we hear furious taps on the keyboard.

TIME CUT

Craig reclines zombie-like in his chair. Faint moaning.

Young man pokes his head into the cubicle.

YOUNG MAN
How's that report coming?

Craig jumps, startled and kind of embarrassed. He sits up hastily.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

Um, ya...

He fumbles around with the papers on the desk, trying to hide the disaster area he's created.

CRAIG

Yeah, it's...

(winces)

Do you know how to make a bar graph?

YOUNG MAN

(smiles indulgently)

Have you used Excel before?

CRAIG

I was trying to use Word,
(gesturing to the papers and scraps)
but the printer... 42...

YOUNG MAN

(chuckling)

Why don't I show you how to make a graph in Excel.

CRAIG

(sighs in relief)

That would be great.

FADE TO BLACK