

Episode 5 - Craig Learns Excel

By Three Kids in a Closet

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INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seven people sit around a conference table. Craig adjusts his tie, looking confident. Tail end of the meeting. The boss, a woman seated at the head of the table, closest to Craig, speaks.

BOSS

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

People get up to leave.

BOSS (CONT'D)

(to Craig)

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

CRAIG

(calmly but screaming on the inside)

Sure, I'll get right on that.

As he rises from his chair...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S CUBICLE

Craig falls into his cubicle chair. His cubicle is warm and friendly (Craigish). There's a TICKING SOLAR DAISY. He drops the papers from the meeting on top of his keyboard. He stares at them for a moment, then fans them out messily. One paper slides off his desk and out of view. The SOLAR DAISY ticks.

INT. OFFICE - NEIGHBORING CUBICLE

The dull guy in the next cubicle over clicks around on the Internet while he chows on a bag of cool ranch-flavored corn chips. Mid-chow, a single sheet of paper slides into his cubicle from underneath the barrier. He looks at it for a moment. He picks up the paper and makes the first two folds of a paper airplane.

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S CUBICLE

Craig's attempt at Microsoft Word: There's a table. It's bad. He prints. A text box reads, "Printing 1 of 42 pages." He's like,

CRAIG  
42!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A paper airplane hits him in the head.

INT. OFFICE - PRINTER

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

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S CUBICLE

2-SECOND SHOT: Craig cross-legged on the floor surrounded by incomprehensible papers. He unrolls an unnecessarily long strip of packing tape with a *scheeeeeeew* (that sound packing tape makes).

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY

TRASH CAN and RECYCLING BIN in hallway. Dull guy exits his cubicle to throw away chip bag. He stops when a smooshed wad of paper flies out of Craig's cubicle, hits the wall, and plops into the trash can.

Beat.

A cascade of smooshed paper wads pours from Craig's cubicle. All of them make it into the trash can.

Beat.

Dull guy picks up one of the wads and drops it in the recycling bin. He reaches for another.

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S CUBICLE

INTERSPERSE SHOTS--

2-SECOND SHOT: Craig in Google: "BAR GRAPH!!!!!!!!!!!!" typed into the search bar. The question marks continue. Furious key taps.

2-SECOND SHOT: Craig attempts to draw a pie chart on graph paper. It looks more like a Pac-Man.

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2-SECOND SHOT: Standing across the cubicle, Craig scoops jiggling Jell-O into his mouth. Stares hatefully at the computer.

2-SECOND SHOT: Craig picks up his Pac-Man pie chart, looks at the computer, smashes the paper against the monitor as if trying to transfer his drawing to the computer.

2-SECOND SHOT: Craig reclines zombie-like in his chair. Faint moaning.

Craig scoots up to his computer calmly but screaming on the inside. He takes a deep breath and clicks the Start menu. Blue screen of death.

Craig sits in shock, staring. The SOLAR DAISY ticks.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY/CRAIG'S CUBICLE

YONG MAN, a well-put-together young man with a professional air about him, drops an empty plastic cup in the recycling bin, which is now full of smooshed-up wads of paper. He notices Craig in his state of not-goodness.

YONG MAN  
(hesitantly)  
Hey, you're the new intern, right?  
Need help?

Craig's head pops up from his desk. He stares. Contemplates all the socially accepted ways of responding (oh, I'm fine; no, no, I'm good; etc.) and he's like,

CRAIG  
Yes, please. I just need to make a graph.

YONG MAN  
(smiling indulgently)  
Have you tried Excel?

Craig gestures vaguely at his computer, which emits faint wafts of smoke.

Yong Man considers the dilapidated computer.

YONG MAN  
Maybe I should show you on mine.

Craig follows Yong Man as they exit the cubicle.

Beat.

Dull guy pokes his head out of his cubicle.

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Dull guy's hand grabs the plastic cup out of the recycling bin and drops it into the previously empty trash can.

FADE TO BLACK