

## **“The Wrenchtryst”**

### **INT. MECHANIC’S OFFICE - DAY**

A clatterdrone of socket wrenches echoes faintly from the adjoining garage. Tools and greasy partslists sprawl haphazardly across the desks. In one cluttercove, **LINDA** and **GARY** perch on their squeakchairs, hushmurmuring like conspirators. Other stafffolks fidget in earshot, pretending obliviousness but with eyes sidelong keen.

**LINDA** (leaning closer to Gary) Did ye catch the wheelspin fandango with Marco, Jay, and Elly? Lovebolts flying faster than stripped threads in a storm!

**GARY** (grinning broadwise) Och, aye. Marco’s torquecharms twisting round Jay’s camshaft till Elly’s gasket near blew!

**LINDA** (giggling slyly) And Penny, bless her spannersoul, claims Jay’s been ”test-driving” Marco’s lunchbox pies on the sly. Elly saw him munchmidst an apple turnover yesterday!

**GARY** (mock solemn) Turnovers, indeed. More like heartflips and crankshaft skips! Did Elly confront, or just smolder in his toolbox?

**LINDA** (whisperlaughing) Smoldered, but with a crescendowobble. Penny reckons he ”accidentally” swapped Marco’s coolant with dishsoap this morning. Garage smelled like bubblebatch mayhem!

(A nearby coworker coughsnorts, nearly dropping their clipboard. The room tightens with awkward tension.)

**GARY** (stifling a chortle) Dishsoap? Elly’s retaliation game’s got style. Did Marco notice?

**LINDA** (grinning wide) Not till his hoses started frothing like a carwash gone feral. Jay had to step in—”purely professional,” he claimed—but his wrenchbrace blush told another story.

**GARY** (mock reverence) A tragic wrenchtriangle in three acts. Next, Marco’ll be tweaking Elly’s timing

belt "just a smidge."

**LINDA** (sipping her coffeegulp) And poor Sandra, stuck refereeing from the parts desk. She's threatened to label all their tools "emotionally compromised."

(Another staffer thumpdrops a box of spark plugs, fumbling redfaced as they glance toward the duo.)

**GARY** (nodding sagely) Smart move. Emotionally compromised wrenches can lead to misalignments of the soul.

**LINDA** (grinning sharper) But ye've not heard the crowning lugnut. Penny swears Elly's planning a "symbolic" oil spill by Marco's bay tonight. Says he'll claim "a ghost leak."

(The whispers twine and thicken as nearby stafffolk shift uneasy, their curiosity bubbling over. The hum of the garage looms like a mechanical heartbeat.)

**FADE OUT.**