Title: PRIME TIME

Written by: Saikishor Rasala

ACT ONE

INT. CREDENCE GLOBAL SOLUTIONS - FIFTH FLOOR - OFFICE - NIGHT

It's 9:25 P.M. The office is dim but alive — computer screens glow like islands in the dark.

The low whir of the central AC mixes with the faint tapping of a distant keyboard.

Some desks are empty, others cluttered with coffee cups and half-eaten snacks.

The ARTIVA PROGRAMMING TEAM gathers near the PRIME meeting room.

Manager PRADEEP leads — upright posture, laptop bag over one shoulder.

His team — junior software engineers, software engineers, DAG members — shuffle in,

some rubbing tired eyes, others sipping the last of their tea.

JUNIOR ENGINEER

(quiet, to colleague)

Didn't think we'd still be here this late.

SOFTWARE ENGINEER

Yeah... but Artiva training's not something you skip.

They reach the PRIME meeting room. Through the glass walls:

The BACK OFFICE TEAM is already in session — twice their number,

papers spread out, voices overlapping.

At the head, BACK OFFICE MANAGER SANTOSH speaks quickly, gesturing at a chart.

Pradeep opens the door just enough to be heard.

PRADEEP

(polite but firm)

Santosh — we've got this room booked from 9:30 to 10:30.

SANTOSH

I know. But we started late — Punithan's meeting went over.

We still have critical points to cover.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PRIME MEETING ROOM - EARLIER - EVENING

A clock ticks loudly.

SENIOR MANAGER PUNITHAN sits with his team - a deep technical discussion.

Scheduled from 6:30 to 7:30, it creeps into overtime.

The BACK OFFICE TEAM waits outside, leaning on walls, checking watches,

the murmur of impatient whispers.

Finally, at 7:45, they're let in – already behind schedule.

BACK TO PRESENT:

PRADEEP

My team's training isn't optional either.

Payment arrangement workflow's not something we guess.

SANTOSH

And neither is ours.

A tense pause. The hum of the AC seems louder.

ACT TWO

Pradeep takes a step back, pulling out his phone. His thumb hovers for a moment before he dials MANAGEMENT.

PRADEEP

(into phone)

Hi, PRIME's occupied. Which meeting room's available now?

A faint voice on the other end. Pradeep listens.

PRADEEP

ORIN? First floor? Okay, book it. We'll head down.

He hangs up, turns to his team.

PRADEEP

Change of plan - ORIN's free. First floor.

Let's go.

There's a small chorus of groans.

Everyone knows the PCI zone rules - no books, no pens, no laptops, no mobiles.

Only Pradeep will have a laptop.

INT. CREDENCE GLOBAL SOLUTIONS - LIFT - NIGHT

They squeeze in. The metallic doors close with a dull thud.

A soft mechanical hum and the occasional *ding* mark each slow stop.

DAG TEAM MEMBER

(half-joking)

At this speed, we could've taken the stairs.

JUNIOR ENGINEER

And be frozen solid before we get there.

They chuckle. The fatigue softens for a moment.

The lift doors open to the FIRST FLOOR.

The PCI zone feels different - colder, quieter.

Badge scanners beep, cameras blink red, security glass gleams.

The air smells faintly sterile, like freshly cleaned metal.

ACT THREE

INT. ORIN MEETING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

The door swings open.

A rush of cold air hits them - sharper than upstairs.

The central AC hums like a steady engine.

The room's lighting is bright, almost clinical.

Every sound - footsteps, chair squeaks - echoes more here.

The ORIN room is smaller than PRIME.

Minimal furniture, spotless walls.

A faint chemical-clean scent hangs in the air.

The team sits. Hands empty.

Pradeep places his laptop on the table - the only one

allowed.

The soft click of the latch echoes in the quiet.

PRADEEP

Alright, payment arrangement workflow in Artiva.

No slides, no papers - just your attention.

He begins. The blue glow of the screen lights his face, casting long shadows on the white wall behind him.

The team leans forward, eyes fixed.

The earlier tension fades into quiet concentration.

Outside, the world is still; inside, only the hum of AC and the cadence of Pradeep's voice guide the hour.

CLOSE ON:

A faint cloud of breath from one of the engineers in the cold air,

drifting upward and fading into nothing.

FADE OUT.