OFFICE SPACE
(WORKING TITLE)

by

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FADE IN

INT. A WOMAN’S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

ANGLE ON a bed. There are two people in it, FREDDIE MUNIZ, 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 tangled 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;
Bennigan’s, 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 didn’t 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’s listening to a gangsta’ rap song (Scorcese's "The Driver") with his stereo cranked. He sings along, knows all the words.

MICHAEL
(Rapping along to himself with the CD)

...A tickit, a tasket, a niggas’ 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. MYCOR 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 Mycor'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 yuppie 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 steps inside. His license plate reads, "MYFRESH".

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. MYCOR / PETER'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

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

PETER'S POV.

The cubicle wall is 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 Ann that we recognize from before. Peter looks at the picture for a beat, then sinks into his chair and slits 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 kind of passive-aggressive. [Note: Whenever we see Lumbergh he always has his Nycor 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
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. Mm-kay? Bye, 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 SUCKING 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]
Cavities...

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.
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 its ads on the inside of matchbook 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...forget it. Jeez.

Peter returns to his cubicle.

Dom Portwood walks in. He's another mid-management 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.

Doh

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 clinched 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 BOLTON.

On Michael's wall we see a Navy Seals poster (Not from the movies, a real Navy Seals poster). Various Soldier of Fortune type stuff, and a picture of Snoop Doggy Dogg.
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
Aaaaaaagh!!! No, not again!!!

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

SAMIR
I am going to kill these 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 these 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 it, handing out memos.

TEMP
Samir... Struggling to pronounce name, Alija?

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.

TEMP

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?" AAAAAAHHH!!! (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
(Deepaing) Oh man, I just know
that asshole Lumbeugh is gonna make
me come in on Saturday. I can tell.

MICHAEL
You're worried about Saturday? It's
only Monday for God's 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
puddy 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
(Buried-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 those 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.

PETE
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.

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

MICHAEL
Well maybe we'll play Thursday, but I don't think a hypnotist 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 Myco. In the distance they see Tom Smykowksi 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 Smykowksi? 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 know it. I knew it.

MICHAEL

What?

TOM

We're all screwed, that's what. They're gonna downsize mycor 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 Nycor.

**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?...

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

LOMBERG

OK then. Ah, I'd like to go ahead and welcome a new member to our team here. This is Bob Sylvest... 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?

ANGLÉ 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.

EXIT. 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 spending 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 Mycor. 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 Unithode 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 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 Mycor. (Cheery) So stop worrying. Okay?
She kisses him and heads for her car.

ANNE
See you Friday.

PETE
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 quickly! Check out this chick!

PETE
(Yelling back through wall)
Damn 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?

PETE
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.

PETE
(Reacting to TV) Oh Jesus...

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 PETE'S APARTMENT

Lawrence walks in.
LAWRENCE

Re TV) Doesn't she look like Anne?

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

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

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**

Yeah. 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. NYC OR / 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 Don too because they've made me move four times this year already, and I need 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 hold 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. Makay? Thanks a bunch Milton. Buh-bye.

Lumbergh leaves. Milton mumbles on.

MILTON
Well mm... okay, but I... I'm gonna get 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
Hmm, I must have been in the bathroom or something.

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

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. Maybe?

Lumbergh and Bob walk off whispering. Peter looks down at
his watch -- 11:30AM, TUESDAY. He sinks into his chair,
buries his head in his hands.

BEGIN MONTAGE -- things getting worse at Mycor:

A speech form 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.

PETE'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 PETE'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 bursts 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? (Hanging 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 STEPS MOTOR'S GRINDING.

INT. NYCOE/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. M.A.S.OR/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 Boys fidget and look at their papers -- you 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.
(Moderate) Ya know, I had an idea
like that once. -- a long time
ago... Yup.

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
(Serious) 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. IE 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 Nycom.

MICHAEL
No, you're working at Nycom 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 Nycom 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... Semir. The point is... (Doesn't have the energy)... ok 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 hussie 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. But 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.

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, I'll

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
Tees?!

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. MYCOR/PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY
Peter 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 disk 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, okay?

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. Okay? 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 accounts 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
HYMNOTHERAPY." (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
Now, that's messed up. (Catching
himself) I'm sorry. Go on.

PETER
So I was hoping that maybe you
could sort of zone 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
Pete. (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
thirteen. 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 dimes 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
sex.)**

**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 state 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 out 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!!

ANGEL 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 stumps 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.

DISOLVE 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. Yeah, you know, if you could just sort of get here as soon as possible, that would be great... Ah Rob 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.

DISOLVE TO LATER.

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

ANNIE (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.

DISOLVE 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, I... (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.
MINA (V.O.)
(Furious) Listen asshole, nobody
hangs up on me! We're through...
Oh, 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. NYGCO/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.I.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. MYCOR/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) Cocoo La Vey!

MILTON

Well, mm. I...

FREDDIE

Hey, have you heard about my man Peter over there? (Gestures to Peter's empty cubicle) They say he's "dishonored" -- you know what I mean? Don't worry though, Holmo, 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

(Grown 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

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

FREDIE

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, . . . mmm . . .

FREDIE

Thanks my man. Later on!

Freddie leaves, ignoring Milton's protests.

INT. 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 Bennigan's golf shirts.

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

PETER
Oh yeah, those ones where that girl says, "No sticks-in-the-mud. Only fun people allowed at Bennigan's!" Much! 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

Mycor.

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.

JEFF

(leaves) 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.

JEFF

So you're quitting in other words?

PETER

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

JEFF

So when did you decide all this?

PETER

Oh, about an hour ago.

JEFF

(Amused) Are you going to get another job?

PETER

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

JEFF

(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.

JEFF

(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. MYCOM/MEETING 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

Oh... (Coniders 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 him all...

BOB SYLDELL
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 Greigo 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 Syldeell enters the cubicle.

MILTON
...I mean sort of Bob... Um, some person... I have to go now.

ANNE {V.O.}
Listen you little fucking worm! ARE YOU LYING TO ME?!! WHO'S ME WITH?!

Milton hangs up the phone.

BOB
Hello, ah Milton Maddams 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... and I didn't even receive a ten-year watch, and I was told...

BOB ignores him as he looks at the roster.

(Confused)

BOB
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. MFCOR / NINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nina is on the phone, looking out the window.

ANGLE ON NINA'S BACK. 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. MFCOR / ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

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

(Mushed) 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 Dunbergh.

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 dink. 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 Lumbergh 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 SYLDELL
Tell us more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 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 tired.

BOB SLYDELL
What if you were offered stock options in the company?

PETER
That would help - 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 LUVY-DUVY MONTAGE (Isaac Hayes' "Hung up on my Baby" plays)

Peter picks up Jennifer from work. They drive across the street and eat at Bemagin'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 (Lumbergh-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 weekhopper. 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

(Over 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 well on that
Bennigan'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 week.

They all look at each other for a beat.

LAWRENCE
So are you guys goin' out or what?

PETER/ANNE
(Stumbling) Um, 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:
Amm. 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 wuss.

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, Lester.

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 Geto Boys — 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, “Farm-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 “MYERSHE” license plate.

Peter comes in again mid-day, wearing shorts and a t-shirt with a wicked suntan. 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. NYCO/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

Meh.

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. MYCOR / MILTON'S CUBICLE - CONTINUES

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. Okay?

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 get the
transformer room on fire... mm
because they don't have a smoke
derector 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 SLYDELI
Which is understandable, given the
circumstances here at Nyco. 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) Hmm...
(terrible mispronunciation)
Magahaminhejed and his 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**

(Skeptical) Tom, are you selling Amway?

**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 them?

**PETER**

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

Tom losses 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 high school, 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 moustache.

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. NYC - 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

TON'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

Ruh? (Cough)

Tom suddenly comes to, realizing the situation. We see Tom grab the note and crumple 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 lurching 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. NYCC/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter sits down with the Boss.

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 - RIGHT

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

MICHAEL
Damn it! I can't believe it. Me and Saul 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 Don, Lumbergh, Bob ... all -- none of 'em are as smart as we are. In fact, Lumbergh'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 Mycer, 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's 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.

MICHAELE

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 a**holes 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 Nycor and putting up with the same shit. If it's not Lumbergh it'd be some other a**hole. 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?

MICHAELE

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 unemployed line or early retirement. Tomorrow's your last day at Mycor. 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
Yup.

SAMIR
Do they have tennis courts?

PETER
They sure do.

SAMIR
Okay, I'll do it.

PETER
Wow! 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 Aah, 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. MYCOR/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. Hard sound effects as his finger hits the mouse.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN we see that he is copying a file on 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. MYCOR/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
(Scurried) Hiya! 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?

FRIDGE.
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. (Cunnilingus gesture)

Heh heh.

INT. PETER'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Michael, Samir and Peter are driving.

MICHAEL
Now... 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-Shit". They're having a great time -- gettin' down to the righteous groove.

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 us 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 worst 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
Now 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
Hum...

PETER
What?

JENNIFER
I don't know. I'm just kind of surprised. I guess they just don't
Peter, they did it 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 Nyco 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 lawyer, 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. Nah nah... 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 traction, smiling.

PETER

Thanks Tom.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - DAY

Tom'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 dudah.

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
herself.

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 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 Nyco... 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
Aagh! On 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 Lumbergh? 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
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 stomps 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
(Focusing 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 porn movie. It's almost as if he's screwing Peter. We also DISSOLVE in occasional images of Lumbergh hassling 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, burned out. It's been a rough night.

EXIT. 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.

**PETE**

...Oh shit....

**MICHAEL (V.O.)**

Hello.

**PETE**

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

**MICHAEL**

What? What?!

**PETE**

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.)

**PETE**


**MICHAEL**

Shit! What happened?!

**PETE**

You tell me! It's your software. Nycom 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. NYCOR / 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
The employees sing Happy Birthday. It's a very stiff crowd. Everyone is in their 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 FOV and see that everyone else has a piece. They all eat their cake and chat as Milton stands alone with no cake.

INT. MYCOR / STORAGE B / MILTON'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Milton sits all alone at an old, metal desk, cramped way into the corner of a dark, dingy storage room -- his new office. It's creepy 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, mm... 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 be 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 and 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 down the hall.

\[ \text{DOH (O.S. -- Urgent)} \]

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.

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

\[ \text{JANITOR} \]

\[ \text{(Singing along quietly with radio)} \]

Carry on my wayward son...

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

\[ \text{MILTON} \]

Um, excuse me...?

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

\[ \text{JANITOR} \]

\[ \text{(Singing with Walkman) There'll be peace when you are do-o-o-one... Don't you cry no more...} \]

The Janitor exits, leaving Milton alone in the dark.

\[ \text{MILTON} \]

Well, we 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.

\[ \text{SAMIR} \]

Is there any way to just give the money back?

\[ \text{PETER} \]

No way. You can't just write the company a check for three-hundred-some 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.

PETE
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 heard about it on TV. I think coke dealers do it.

PETE
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.

PETE
There is one thing we could do.

SAMIR/PETE
What?

PETE
We could take the money and go to Mexico.

SAMIR
No.

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

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

SAMIR
A few years? (Admiring) 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
Oh 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." Hum...

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
Wow. 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) Hmm... 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, nerdish, thin guys can be so good at crime and smart guys like us suck so badly at it?

SAMIA
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 get 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.
(P winning 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
cour 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**

(G.B. Through the wall) Yeah?

**Peter**

You wanna come over?

**Lawrence**

(G.B.) 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**

Hi 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
Was The Hopper, 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 NYC. 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 ah, 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 ah, 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. It's 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 everyday. 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. MYCOR / ENTRANCE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter signs in at the front desk and shows his employee I.D. to the security guard.

INT. MYCOR / 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 on the 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 wait, 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 huh, 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... ain't 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 ah, 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 through the traffic.

He slows down. He looks ahead and, in the distance, sees BILLOWING SMOKE.

PETER
Ahh?

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 NYC in GOING UP IN FLAMES.

It's a RAGING INFERNO. 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

Mr. excuse me. I can't see...um 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 BURNT 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 horn, 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 Nycor?

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 Nycoz. We see a bulldozer knock over the old Nycoz 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
Me, 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 Senor.

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.