

**After Hours**

Screenplay by  
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INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SUITE 522 - LATE AFTERNOON

POV from an upper floor window, looking down onto a parking lot. Nearly empty.

A car arrives and parks in a space.

A UNIFORMED DRIVER steps out of the vehicle, removing a large floral arrangement from the backseat.

Balancing a clipboard and the arrangement in his arms, he locks the doors.

He surveys the area around him, finally glancing up...to look directly at us.

REVERSE ANGLE on a young male janitor in his twenties. He stands at the window looking down. Eyes expressionless to the point of being creepy.

This is ANDY.

Only able to pause in that moment, he looks around. Continues moving along with his push cart and trash can on wheels. His demeanor is wary.

The office is virtually silent.

He moves slowly between cubicles, emptying wastepaper baskets. He disposes of Styrofoam coffee cups and other trash left behind on desks.

His concentration level on these mundane tasks is unnerving. Robotic and mechanical.

He makes almost no noise.

A low TELEPHONE CONVERSATION can barely be heard. His slow method of cleaning indicates he is trying to listen but not look obvious.

EXT. CHLOE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

SHOT feels somewhat voyeur.

CHLOE, a twenty-something young blonde, can be seen in a desk chair holding a phone to her ear. She is fresh faced. Vibrant.

Her windowed office is small. Professional yet personalized. A beanie baby sits on top of her computer.

CHLOE  
 (into phone)  
 Thank you!...No, thank you so  
 much...

She looks outside her door, eyes briefly scanning the room.  
 Looks somewhat uncomfortable, but dismisses it.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
 I'm sure I can't find the words to  
 adequately convey how pleased I -  
 well, all of us are - you've  
 decided to pursue investment  
 relations -

She cuts herself short to listen. We shift inside

#### CHLOE'S OFFICE

...where papers lay on the surface of her desk, which she  
 gathers together and straightens.

CHLOE  
 (into phone)  
 It's really quite an honor for us.

She places the sheaf on top of a tray.

#### IN THE MAIN SUITE

Andy is still at work cleaning desks. As he inches closer  
 toward Chloe, the low conversation increases somewhat in  
 clarity.

From inside a cubicle, he lifts his head to discreetly look  
 over the low wall in the direction of her office.

Chloe's door is still open. Her view is unobstructed, but  
 her attention is not toward him.

He lowers his head back down to focus on an otherwise clean  
 desk surface. He takes a cloth and begins wiping it slowly.

While initially focused, his eyes drift away.

#### CHLOE'S OFFICE

She's still on the phone.

CHLOE  
 (into phone)  
 I'm thinking I can't wait to tell  
 my boss. I mean, he's really  
 excited about this opportunity...  
 Right...to work more closely with  
 your firm...We've been in talks  
 regarding mergers...

Her attention shifts down to several PHOTOS on her desk. All of them her and her boyfriend Owen posed in various places.

A small smile plays across her lips.

She is about to pick one up, instead looking up with a feeling of sudden uneasiness.

Outside her office, Andy's head is over the same cubicle wall as before.

IN THE MAIN SUITE

Their eyes awkwardly connect. Andy's are unflinching. Expressionless as before.

Chloe looks briefly uncomfortable, but masks by shooting him a quick half smile. She averts her eyes.

CHLOE'S OFFICE

She's still uncomfortable.

Her eyes drift back onto her photographs, which again manage to soften her expression. She almost looks completely at ease.

CHLOE  
 (into phone)  
 I'll definitely let him know first  
 thing tomorrow morning... You'll  
 likely receive a call from him as  
 well...

She turns to look outside her window. The parking lot is near empty as before.

The delivery car is gone.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
 Thank you so very much for the  
 call. I'm sure we'll be speaking  
 again quite a bit in the  
 future...Thank you so much.

She smiles and replaces the phone.

Chloe opens a bottom desk drawer to retrieve her purse from inside. She rises to collect her coat which hangs from the back of her chair and turns toward the door.

Andy has materialized in her doorway.

He's carrying the large floral arrangement and is staring at her. She is startled.

He speaks completely in monotone. Every question sounds like a statement.

ANDY

Hey. Special delivery.

Chloe's hand is to her chest.

CHLOE

(exhaling)

Oh my God, Andy...

ANDY

Did I scare you?

CHLOE

Oh! No, no, not at all.

She looks at the flowers. He discreetly notes her photographs, but concentrates upon her.

CHLOE (cont'd)

Are those for me?

ANDY

Of course. Why wouldn't they be?

She tries to smile. Not working very well.

CHLOE

I...don't know. Can I ask where they're from?

Tense silence. Uncomfortable as hell.

ANDY

They're from me.

He quickly enters her office. Roughly sets the arrangement down on her otherwise neat desk, deliberately knocking over photographs and other desk trinkets.

Andy smashes her frames to pieces by jumping on them. He's a madman.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Is here alright?

Chloe's mouth hangs open, her eyes wide. Fearful. She's on the verge of tears.

ANDY (cont'd)  
I wished you would throw them away.

CHLOE  
(fearfully)  
Andy...

ANDY  
(accusatory)  
No, you are supposed to throw them away. Chloe, I - I am helping you.

CHLOE  
But An...

She trails off as tears start to fall unabashedly. He leans forward and starts to speak, ready to lash out verbally at her...

Instead he restrains himself by closing his mouth. Stands back upright.

ANDY  
I'm helping you.

FADE OUT:

OPENING TITLE: "AFTER HOURS"

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Andy stands in plain clothes. He's across the parking lot. Not yet on the job.

He fixates on Chloe, standing some distance away from him. Cars temporarily block his view before moving on.

She's on her break. Stretching, walking around in no particular direction... Unaware of Andy's presence.

She takes out her cell phone.

Dials in a number and lifts the phone to her ear.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Silence. This color scheme is more surreal. Deeper in saturation.

POV from the driver's perspective. The road.

SARAH, an (almost) modestly dressed young woman in her twenties, can be seen sitting in the passenger seat. She's attractive.

Looks as though she's been dragged along for the ride.

She stares out the window, looking silently annoyed. Her elbow rests on the door handle ledge, her hand against her head.

She shoots us a dirty look.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Andy presses his finger to his ear.

The RINGING of Chloe's phone is amplified as through headphones.

A youthful though professional sounding male voice answers shortly thereafter.

OWEN (O.S.)  
Morgan Chase. This is Owen.

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
Hey, honey. How are you?

INT. SARAH'S CAR - SAME TIME

Parked in a lot outside an apartment building.

Sarah, now more provocatively dressed, sits in the driver's seat. Yet again looks like she'd rather be elsewhere.

She's uncomfortable. Shifting her head.

No one outside. No cars presently pulling into the lot.

OWEN (V.O.)  
(relaxes, exhales)  
Hey... I'm fine. How are you?

CHLOE (V.O.)  
Happy now. I just wanted to -

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

On Chloe. Still across the parking lot.

OWEN (O.S.)  
Where are you? Are you at work  
right now?

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
Just on a break. I mean, I wanted  
to call - Is it a bad time?

OWEN (O.S.)  
No... No, I was just getting ready  
to leave -

CHLOE  
I wanted to call and wish you good  
luck on your interview. Tell you  
I'm really excited for you, Owen!

OWEN (O.S.)  
Oh, hey...wow...

CHLOE  
Aren't you excited..? No...you're  
probably more nervous. Do you  
think you're more nervous?

OWEN (O.S.)  
Yeah... Yeah, I -

CHLOE  
(starts to laugh)  
Or do you think you're equally as  
nervous as you are excited?  
(then)  
I mean if you get this...

OWEN (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
I know. I know. Chloe, I don't  
think I know what I feel. Not yet  
exactly...

The conversation drops out. Can no longer be overheard.

Chloe can be seen covering her free ear. Her back turns to Andy, still deep into her phone conversation.

Andy's finger is lowered from his ear. He's surrounded by outdoor silence....the low DRONE of light midday traffic...

The occasional car passing through the parking lot.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - SAME TIME

Sarah stares out the side window. Looks in a bored daze.

She grabs a photo carelessly off the front seat, takes a brief glance and tosses it back.

She continues staring out the window.

The DISCARDED PHOTOGRAPH is of Chloe and Owen.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Silence. Colors surreal and saturated as before.

From the driver's perspective. Sarah's in the passenger seat as before, staring out the window. Elbow on the door handle ledge.

She shoots us her dirty look. Sounds somewhat far away.

SARAH  
This is bullshit.

In her perspective. Andy drives.

He doesn't respond.

He turns into the parking lot of a coffee shop and parks. His eyes scan the lot before settling on a fixed spot.

SARAH (cont'd)  
Why are we even here?

Andy is silent. He removes his keys from the ignition and opens the door.

ANDY  
He comes here every morning.

He climbs out. Shuts the door.

SARAH  
And what the hell do I care?

She climbs out of the car. Has to catch up to him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS (COLORIZATION)

SARAH  
That is creepy, you get me?  
I think maybe you're gay and just  
not out yet.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Chloe ends her call. Walks inside the building. Andy tries to follow her retreating form by craning his neck.

Without her presence, the area feels strangely forlorn.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING (COLORIZATION)

Sarah enters first. Andy follows, trying to look discreet. This place is relatively busy. Standard morning rush.

They both look around. Sarah's unsure of who for.

SARAH  
Come on, who is this guy so I can  
go home?

He looks at her coldly. She's calling more attention to herself than he would like...

Andy's eyes come to rest on a young athletic man in button down long-sleeved shirt and slacks. This is OWEN.

He carries a newspaper under his arm and scans the shelf of mugs and other coffee related accessories.

He picks up a car mug and inspects it. Puts it back.

ANDY  
He does that at least twice a week.  
He never actually buys anything.  
He only reads The Observer.

Sarah looks at him as though he's lost his mind.

Owen sees the rather lengthy line move forward. He politely allows a woman to step in front of him and stands behind her. She smiles her gratitude, looks forward at the menu.

Andy looks at Sarah without expression. It still somehow manages to distinctly say "This is what I'm talking about".

Sarah looks elsewhere in disgust. She's impatient.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

ON SARAH

Who thinks she sees a car entering the lot.

She cranes her neck... The driver is an OLD MAN.

She settles back against the seat, dismayed.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING (COLORIZATION)

Sarah turns her head to look at us.

SARAH

So do you want me to get in line or  
what?

ON ANDY

Who says nothing.

He walks over to an empty table on the farthest side of the room and sits down. He could blend into the furniture.

Sarah's expression conveys she can't believe they're in any way associated with one another.

She turns her head and watches Owen. Her eyes soften after several moments.

Unmistakably looks like she's showing real interest...

Sarah shifts her eyes back every so often toward Andy. Masks her expression.

She finally approaches the line, standing behind Owen.

She waits another moment and begins shifting back and forth, attempting to see something in front of him.

He finally notices and smiles, stepping to the side.

OWEN

Sorry.

SARAH

(smiles)

No, I just wanted to see the cold case. It's what I get for being so short.

He chuckles lightly.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Andy takes a cell phone from his pocket and speed dials a number.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Sarah comes out of a stoned looking daze by the sound of her phone RINGING. She looks down at the phone.

Immediately looks disgusted. But sighs and answers.

SARAH

(into phone)

What.

(silence, then)

Hello??

ANDY (V.O.)

(finally speaks...)

Sarah.

SARAH

Why are you calling me?

ANDY (V.O.)

I want to know where you are.

SARAH

What do you mean where I am? Where do you think I am? When are you paying me?

ANDY (V.O.)

You're not in.

She can't believe he's just said this.

SARAH

Andy, a man is a man. I don't care how innocent and perfect, they all pee the same way. Have I already stated my feelings on the situation?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ANDY

(into phone)

I've still got an hour's Swedish massage I don't care to use.

SARAH (V.O.)

I think you're just lucky he's not totally fat and ugly. You're a loser, Andy.

(then)

How do you even know he's coming home? I've been waiting...goddamn thirty minutes now.

ANDY

He'll be there. I can tell you what he orders every morning for coffee.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING (COLORIZATION)

ACROSS THE ROOM

Andy can discreetly see the two engaged in conversation.

Still somehow expressionless, his eyes impart the slightest hint of disgust. Sarah's only confirming what he already thinks.

IN LINE

Sarah's looking at the bread and bagel case. She is otherwise good natured, still offhandedly flirtatious.

SARAH

I like the bagels... Yeah, the bagels are good. Have you ever had one?

OWEN

No. But you know, they do sound really good.

SARAH

Those or probably the scones... I  
don't know, maybe the bran muffins.

They reach the front of the line. He hesitates and briefly smiles at her. Approaches the register.

He orders a small mocha cappuccino with cinnamon. He pays and steps aside, not far from the register, where she approaches. He's awaiting his drink.

Sarah orders the same without cinnamon. Owen acknowledges this and smiles, turning his head back to the counter.

They both stand waiting. Both drinks arrive simultaneously.

Taking her drink, Sarah anticipates him making a move.

There is a moment between them... But he doesn't.

He does, however, stand there with her a little too long. She looks suddenly uncomfortable.

Gives him one last quick smile and stops at the counter nearby for sugar packets and a coffee stir.

His eyes are upon her, which she is conscious of. Just as quickly he is settling down at an empty table with his drink and newspaper.

She watches Owen for several more moments.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Still on the phone with Andy.

Sarah takes another glance at the photo left on her front seat.

SARAH

(into phone)

Why are you so set on this girl  
anyway? She isn't even that -

ANDY (V.O.)

(interrupts)

Look, this isn't that difficult for  
you. You've said it yourself. Men  
cheat. Men are dogs. Men suck.

ANDY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I'm helping her.

She shakes her head.

SARAH  
You're sick and delusional. You  
were dropped on your head as a  
child.

ANDY (V.O.)  
I'm helping her, Sarah. I'm  
helping her see this. So she's  
better off.

SARAH  
One of us is adopted.

A car pulls into the parking lot. Sarah is quiet. Watches  
it park.

Sarah hangs up on Andy, eyes trained on the car. The driver  
emerges...

Owen. Dressed in the same shirt and slacks.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING (COLORIZATION)

Sarah finally turns her head away from Owen. She looks back  
at Andy's table.

Andy's gone. She's pissed.

Storms

OUTSIDE THE COFFEE SHOP

to where Andy sits in the driver's seat of his car, staring  
ahead blankly.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - MORNING (COLORIZATION)

Silence. He doesn't look at Sarah as she approaches the car.

She's saying something that cannot be heard through the  
window. Bangs on the passenger side glass with one hand, her  
coffee in the other.

He auto unlocks the doors. She opens her side. Leans in the  
car. He doesn't look at her.

SARAH  
And what the fuck is this? I could  
have had that guy's number! You  
could've had your proof!

He doesn't respond.

SARAH (cont'd)  
What'd you drag me out here for?

A few moments pass. He slowly turns his head toward her.  
His eyes are stony.

ANDY  
I don't know.

He does.

She climbs into the car and slams the door. He starts the  
car, nonplussed. Reverses. They drive away.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Her shoulders are now slumped. She looks like she's having  
second thoughts.

Instead, she holds up her phone discreetly to the windshield.  
It's equipped with a high resolution digital camera.

ON THE CAMERA SCREEN: He walks out of frame. Inside the  
building.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Andy. Looks dejected.

ANDY  
(to himself aloud)  
I just want her to be happy.

He waits. Dials another phone number.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

From a distance, Owen can be seen approaching his mailbox.

He pulls out the contents and continues walking away slowly,  
leafing through.

Sarah watches him. As she follows behind, she looks around.  
Walks tentatively.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Andy. He looks a tad nervous.

ANDY

(into phone)

Yes...yes, I think a big  
basket...with all kinds of  
flowers...Maybe every kind you  
have?...Or just some of  
them...Please, I really need this  
to be special.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

SERIES OF CUTS

Owen rounds several corners. Walks up and down hallways.  
Sarah follows all along the way, looking around her like she  
too might have someone following her.

Feels like they've been walking forever. The expression on  
her face questions how big the apartment building really is.

Owen walks through the halls unaware. Sarah trails several  
feet behind, looking around as she steps gingerly.

ANDY (V.O.)

Can I maybe include a card?...I  
think I'd like the card to say,  
"You're so beautiful, Chloe. I  
watch you every single day. You're  
all I think about...You always make  
me smile every time I see you..."

Owen starts up a flight of stairs.

Sarah slowly ensues. Trips and falls flat on the third step  
up.

ANDY (V.O.) (cont'd)

"...You're the radiant, ever  
luminous sunshine of my day, the  
crescent moon and twinkling stars  
of my night sky. You're the  
calming surf in my ocean. I want  
to make you happy. I want you to  
know you can trust me forever and  
ever..."

Looking up at him, she tries to look away before he catches  
her eye. She can't help but hold her shin in pain.

Owen turns around.

SARAH  
 (under breath)  
 Oh God... Ow...

He walks back down the stairs in concern. Is taken by startled surprise.

ANDY  
 (into phone)  
 "...until the end of time, I  
 promise I will never let you down.  
 I will always be there. Love into  
 eternity, Andy."

OWEN  
 Hey...

They have a moment of tense recognition. Their eyes meet. His lips part unexpectedly.

Sarah can only look at him more out of embarrassment than anything. She drops her eyes.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Andy still looks nervous. His eyes are flying in all different directions.

ANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Do you think you got everything?  
 You know, I tried to speak as  
 clearly...  
 (then)  
 Well could I maybe...could I maybe  
 put a second card then? Or, or -  
 can I write on the back? Please?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Owen looks around, suddenly nervous and uneasy. He wants to help Sarah, but he's not sure how to go about it. He's still in a state of surprise.

She finally extends her arm for him to pull her to her feet.

He looks at her, the slightest hint of fear in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dreamlike in atmosphere. Somewhat blurry in tone. Moving in slow motion.

Owen carries Sarah down an empty hall in his arms. He walks stiffly. His eyes are focused ahead, almost in a hypnotic state.

Sarah's head is against his shoulder. Her eyes are open. Reflective. Almost guilt-ridden.

She looks up at him and back down to the floor. Waits several moments.

She exhales softly, which emerges as a whisper. Leans in close to his neck and inhales. Intoxicated, she closes her eyes.

SERIES OF CUTS

She brushes her lips across the skin of his neck. Presses a finger to his lips.

Dots his neck with slow kisses. Traces the tips of her fingers along his collar.

Unbuttons the buttons near the top of his shirt.

END CUTS

Closing his own eyes, Owen comes to a stop in the hall.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK

OWEN (V.O.)  
(exhales)  
Sarah...this is bad.

She sounds guilty. Mirrors his exhalation.

SARAH (V.O.)  
I know.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SUPPLY CLOSET - LATER

IN DARKNESS.

Andy opens the closet door, allowing in light. He's on the job. Dressed for work.

Obtains supplies for his cart like a surgeon would tools to operate: very intricately. Cleaning fluids, rolls of towels, trash bags. He's ridiculously calm.

A few people pass him by, chatting with one another. He regards them discreetly.

His phone BEEPS. He waits for their voices to fade and reaches slowly into his pocket.

A TEXT MESSAGE reads: YOU'VE GOT MAIL, ASSHOLE. MONEY...ETC. NOW.

He finishes supplying his cart. His expression changes slightly. He flinches. Appears nervous again.

Exiting the closet with the cart, he pushes the door closed.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY

Andy cautiously watches the windows as he moves along. He occasionally looks to see where he is going, but his main focus is outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE OF EVENTS

INT. GLASS SKYSCRAPER BUILDING - PENTHOUSE FLOOR - DAY

The view from which is amazing.

Owen strides confidently down the hall of a lavishly decorated office suite, looking the epitome of success in his double breasted suit and tie.

He's impeccable. A regular GQ man. He carries an attaché case.

He enters a

CORNER OFFICE

Strides forward to shake the hand of a prominent looking BUSINESSMAN, who rises from a large swivel chair and steps out from behind a massive glass desk.

The office is enormous. Bookcases...sofa...the works.

The two men exchange pleasantries.

Owen is gestured to sit in a chair before the desk. The businessman retakes his seat.

He leans forward and clasps his hands expectantly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SUITE 522 - SAME TIME

Looking both ways, Andy lets himself discreetly into a locked office. The push cart is nowhere to be seen.

He closes the door behind him.

THE OFFICE

is similar in size to Chloe's. Personal items decorate this office, but its occupant is gone for the day.

The overhead lights are off. The window serves as his light source.

Andy takes a seat behind the desk. Rolls his legs under and turns on the computer.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CORNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

Owen opens his attaché case on the desk in front of him. He removes several files he places very efficiently in front of the businessman.

The businessman in turn removes a pair of glasses from his coat pocket, which he puts on. Proceeds to read through some of the papers being presented him.

Owen is asked a question we cannot hear. He answers accordingly.

The businessman nods and continues reading through.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy's fingers fly across the keyboard. Hand clicks the mouse like a trigger.

ON SCREEN

A web page loads. His e-mail provider's main page.

He quickly types in his name and password.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CORNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

Owen is seated stiffly, professionally.

Politely watching his interviewer read through some of the many documents Owen has placed on his desk.

The businessman doesn't notice, but Owen is fidgeting. Playing with his hands and fingernails, trying not to appear to.

We see his right heel ever so discreetly tapping up and down.

If he could, he'd probably be chewing his nails all the way down.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

The home page of Andy's e-mail box loads. Notifying him of three new inbox messages. 79 spam filtered as junk.

He clicks on the inbox. Has to wait another few moments for the page to load.

ON SCREEN

HIGHLIGHTED LINKS. Two junk mail newsletter ads for online dating services. A letter from Sarah.

The subject line of which says - "Hello??"

Andy clicks on the Sarah letter, his brows furrowing.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CORNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

The businessman indicates several places on Owen's files, which Owen stands up to observe. His own brows are also furrowed.

The businessman speaks. Every word he utters has Owen hooked like a fish.

Owen nods repeatedly, ever so often looking up at him with a serious expression of consideration.

The businessman proceeds to cross out several lines typed on the page.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

ON SCREEN

Sarah's message reads:

"T - This is my last attempt. What the hell has happened? Where are you? Listen, I think you should call Mom when you get this because she's freaking out, okay? She's freaking out, and you're the main cause of it. So quit being a selfish little bastard. - S."

The e-mail is dated two weeks before the current desk calendar date. He (and we) note the discrepancies in date.

He looks temporarily at a loss. We hear him speak.

ANDY

Where's my attachment?

He continues clicking.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CORNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

ON THE BUSINESSMAN'S MOVING MOUTH.

A million things easily coming out of it.

REVERSE ANGLE on Owen. Trying to follow everything being said. Nodding accordingly.

He really has no clue. The businessman slowly becomes audible.

BUSINESSMAN

Basically, we'd like to extend you an offer to join our firm. You can start as soon as you'd like.

He smiles.

Owen looks stunned. His mouth drops open.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy's freaking out. Getting upset.

ANDY

Where's my attachment? Where's my attachment??

He clicks further.

He's in the spam folder clicking everything. Misleading subject titles. Porn materializes all over the screen.

Spam, spam and more spam.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

A floral delivery vehicle pulls into the parking lot. Parks.

A (different) UNIFORMED DRIVER steps out of vehicle. He retrieves a large floral arrangement from the backseat.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

ON SCREEN

Andy has gone through the majority of his spam. Male enhancement pills. Breast enhancement pills.

He's more than clearly distraught.

Andy hears voices outside the door. He freezes. His eyes shoot to the door in fear.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

The driver looks up at the building looming in front of him.

Does not appear to see anyone.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MAIN LOBBY - SAME TIME

The driver walks through the building and into an elevator another person exits, holding the doors for him to enter.

The doors close in front of the arrangement. The driver barely able to be seen.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy still frozen in fear.

Outside the door, employees can be heard leaving for the day. Saying their good-byes.

They pass. Are soon gone.

Andy slams his elbows on the desk, covering his face with his hands. He shakes his head.

INT. HALLWAY - 5TH FLOOR - SAME TIME

The driver exits the elevator. Checks his clipboard.

Turns and begins walking down the hall, searching for door numbers.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy scrolls through text messages. Halfheartedly.

Every one reads either: "WHAT THE HELL?", "WHERE ARE YOU?", or "PLEASE PICK UP".

INT. PENTHOUSE - CORNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

Owen's smiling brightly as he rises to his feet. He leans across the glass desk. Firmly shakes the hand of the businessman.

Picking up his attaché case and shoving his previously organized files back inside, Owen shuts the lid.

He walks toward the door. He lifts his hand in a small wave and lets himself out.

OUTSIDE THE PENTHOUSE SUITE

He excitedly punches in a number on his cell phone.

INT. SUITE 522 - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Andy's head. Down on the desk.

A moment later, he turns to look out the window.

FADE OUT.

MONTAGE ENDS

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Andy with a stony expression. Eyes unmoving. Pushing his trash cart with nowhere to go but in a straight line.

He pushes the cart over angrily. Races to the main door of Chloe's business suite and unlocks the door.

Lets himself into the

## MAIN SUITE

Where the overhead lights are all turned off. Office doors locked.

Andy races to Chloe's door. Unlocks it.

## CHLOE'S OFFICE

He sits down in her chair and spins around precariously. Kicks his feet up on her desk.

Sweeps his arm down the length of her desk. Sends her desk trinkets and photographs down to the floor.

He jumps on top of her desk. Kicks files. Trays. Papers fly everywhere.

He jumps down. Begins jumping on the pictures repeatedly.

## INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Andy with his push cart. Same expression.

The delivery driver looks visibly relieved to see him.

## DRIVER

Hey... How's it going, man? You think you could help me? I've been walking these hallways backwards and forwards.

Andy stares at him.

## DRIVER (cont'd)

Numbers around here don't seem to go in order. I'm looking for 522?

No response. Driver begins to look somewhat impatient.

## DRIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yeah, you know where that is?

Lengthy uncomfortable silence. Andy stares a hole through the driver. Doesn't speak. The driver becomes visibly upset.

He opens his mouth to speak. Andy cuts him off.

## ANDY

Yeah. I'm just going there now.

DRIVER

Oh. Oh. Great... Come on then.

He takes a few steps forward, but Andy doesn't move. The driver waits expectantly.

Shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Yeah, what's the hold up?

ANDY

You can't go in.

DRIVER

Listen, man, I'm almost off the clock. I gotta have the car back. It's rush hour. Can we cut the bullshit?

ANDY

It's after hours. I don't have authoritative permission to let anyone in the offices. Can you possibly come back tomorrow?

DRIVER

(angrily)

No, I can't come back tomorrow. I'm here now. Is anyone in? Anyone at all?

He attempts to check his clipboard. Cannot carry the flowers and check his board simultaneously.

DRIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Look, the name is...Christine, Chandra -

ANDY

Chloe. Barnes. Chloe Barnes.

DRIVER

She in?

ANDY

She works late pretty consistently.

DRIVER

Great. Solves my problem.

He strides forward a few steps.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
Let's go then. I really gotta get  
on the road.

ANDY  
I can't let you in.

DRIVER  
(pissed off)  
Listen, asshole, you trying to keep  
me from doing my job or your own?

Andy is silent.

ANDY  
I can deliver them for you.

The driver exhales loudly.

DRIVER  
Well, why didn't you just say that  
to begin with?! Me standing  
here...

He fumbles with his clipboard.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
Can ya just sign so I can get the  
hell outta here? I don't care  
where.

Andy signs his sheet calmly and slowly hands the driver back  
his clipboard. The driver grabs it and thrusts the large  
floral arrangement at Andy.

The driver shoots him a dirty look before heading back toward  
the elevators. Consults his clipboard.

DRIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You got a name, kid? I can't read  
the chicken scratch.

ANDY  
No.

He stands where he is. Nearly blocked completely by flowers.

The driver mumbles curses as he leaves.

With the driver safely out of sight, Andy abandons his cart.  
Walks the short distance behind him to the door marked 522.

It is an effort, but he manages to turn the unlocked doorknob.

INT. SUITE 522 - MAIN SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

No one present. Virtually silent.

Andy moves rather tentatively. He can see Chloe's office. She's in her chair. On a phone call.

Her door is open at the end of a long row of cubicles.

CHLOE

(into phone)

Well, at the present time we have roughly five hundred commercial accounts, twelve hundred individual...And we're on Profit's list this month...Yes...the fifty fastest growing businesses of 2004...Right, so you can see we're quickly becoming a major force to contend with...

Andy walks a straight line between a row of cubicles.

CHLOE'S OFFICE

She takes a photograph of her and Owen into her hand while she speaks.

CHLOE (cont'd)

(into phone)

I'm sure I can't find the words to convey how pleased - well, all of us are - you've decided to pursue investment relations with our company -

IN THE MAIN SUITE

Andy walks faster, dropping the flowers and rushing into

CHLOE'S OFFICE

Tearing the photo from her shocked hands. The phone drops from her shoulder.

ANDY

(screaming)

He's an asshole! An asshole!!

## CHLOE'S OFFICE

She looks up, still holding the phone. She has no photo in her hand.

Andy stands in the doorway. Carrying the flowers. Her mouth drops open, which she closes again just as quickly.

Gestures for him to wait a moment.

CHLOE  
 (into phone)  
 I'll let my boss know first thing.  
 I'm definitely sure he'll be  
 thrilled...No...no your timing's  
 actually pretty good. Seems I'm in  
 late pretty regularly...Oh, I know.  
 (then)  
 Thank you so much for the call.

She replaces the receiver. Looks up at Andy, now shocked. He looks at her somewhat in fear.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
 Oh, my God! Are those mine?

Andy is monotone. As per usual.

ANDY  
 Hey. Special delivery.

CHLOE  
 Did these just come right now?  
 Like right this second? Oh my God,  
 they're huge!

He stands at her door. Chloe waits. Gestures him inside, smiling.

He is visibly a basket of nerves.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
 Honey, come in! I don't bite,  
 honestly!

He enters her office slowly as requested. She begins clearing space on her desk.

He notes the photographs.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Let me make some room for you to  
set those down... God, I wish I had  
a vase!

He watches her a moment. Speaks.

ANDY  
I signed for them.

CHLOE  
That's so sweet of you! Thank you  
so much.

ANDY  
(falters)  
I wanted to bring them...to you.

She smiles and stands up. Waits for him to set the flowers  
down. He doesn't.

He stands there staring at her. She masks her discomfort  
quite well.

CHLOE  
Hey, those look really heavy. Why  
don't you set them down? Give your  
arms a rest.

He does as is told. Watches her the entire time.

She gushes over the flowers some more, while digging  
delicately for the card.

CHLOE (cont'd)  
Ooh... I'll definitely have to  
remember to bring a vase tomorrow.  
These are so beautiful.

Silence. And then...after a swallow...

ANDY  
(almost inaudibly)  
They're...from me.

He has trouble with the words. He can't look at her anymore.  
She looks up in question.

CHLOE  
I'm sorry, Travis, did you say  
something?

He is silent. Tense moments.

ANDY

Andy.

Chloe slowly looks confused. He tries to remain monotone. Almost chokes out the words.

ANDY (cont'd)

You called me Travis. And my name is Andy.

She processes this. Her features grow pensive, a mixture of both confusion and concern.

She doesn't comprehend. Plays along anyway.

CHLOE

(lightly)

Oh... oh, of course. My mind must be gone today.

She looks afraid to continue speaking further. Drops her eyes.

ANDY

The flowers....the flowers are from me.

She looks up again. He smiles as best he can...which isn't much. It doesn't do anything to cheer her back up.

While she still looks confused, Chloe's eyes soften a bit.

CHLOE

Wow. Thank you -

ANDY

(finishes)

Andy.

She nods slightly. Locates the card.

ON THE CARD

"Let's pop a cork. Great news! Call me. - O."

She smiles brightly. Her smile diminishes slowly upon looking at Andy.

Andy tries to speak with as much emotion as he can possibly muster. Her expression has encouraged him somewhat.

Tries to speak with emotion. He is wringing his fingers.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Do - do you like it? I - I mean, I  
know it's kind of long... It's how  
I feel, you know?

Chloe eyes him. Now sadly.

CHLOE  
(softly)  
I know.

Andy fidgets uncontrollably.

ANDY  
I - I wish I had more to say.  
Something better. I wish I could  
say the right things...so you could  
see. I wish I could say them to  
you.

CHLOE  
I know...Andy.

ANDY  
Chloe -

He can't speak. He stares down at the floor. For what feels  
like an eternity.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Chloe, I...I love you.

She is startled. Her eyes widen.

He looks at her. Clearly at his most vulnerable. Almost  
ready to cry.

ANDY (cont'd)  
I really do. I think about you all  
the time, what you're doing...  
Where you are when you aren't here.  
(then)  
Is that okay?

She is quiet. Uncomfortable. Tears well up in his eyes.  
Tries to keep himself from sniffing.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Do you...think it's okay, Chloe?

On the spot, she cannot speak. She wants to, but tears form  
in her own eyes.

She nods, slowly at first. Quickly increasing in speed.  
He looks at her photos. She and Owen smiling. Silence.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Chloe, I think I should go away for  
awhile.

A tear escapes her eye. He sees this.

ANDY (cont'd)  
(choking)  
I might have...to go away for  
awhile.

He slowly backs toward the door.

ANDY (cont'd)  
I think I might have to go away,  
Chloe.

Andy turns around and leaves quickly. Every so often he  
looks back at her.

From his perspective, she looks numb. Her eyes don't blink.  
She stands still.

IN THE MAIN SUITE

Slowly moving backwards. She grows further and further away  
from us.

FADE OUT: