

DREAM JOB

Written by

Farch Carbone

FADE IN.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Elevator doors part to reveal TYLER GEIGER, 28, handsome and determined. He brushes the shoulder of his perfectly tailored grey suit before stepping out, poised to conquer the day.

Tyler paces by a giant white wall with a green logo that reads "**TIOLI: TAKE IT OR LEAF IT.**"

He stops at a centralized secretary desk where, JEAN, 60, and welcoming, flashes a wide pearly white smile.

TYLER

Wish me luck today, Jean.

JEAN

Good luck to-day, Jean.

Tyler smirks, pets a tiny potted TREE manicured to look like a COW on her desk and carries on.

Jean holds her smile a bit too long before she FLICKERS with a holographic glitch.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Tyler keeps on through the ultra-modern Tioli workspace - one spacious office after another - not a cubicle in sight.

He passes various CO-WORKERS, all of whom could probably rack up a million Instagram followers on looks alone. They each stand in the doorways of their luxurious offices and peer at Tyler as he strolls by.

Some NOD. Some scowl. A make-up caked WOMAN rolls her eyes. One obnoxiously buff DOUCHE sports a shit-eating grin that makes Tyler uneasy.

Finally he reaches a door with a digital nameplate that reads **TYLER GEIGER, R&D**, and enters.

INT. TYLER'S OFFICE - LATER

Stripped from the pages of Architectural Digest - Ultra modern and clean. A classy mahogany desk. A deluxe leather chair, and a massive window boasting an incredible city view.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and retrieves a TABLET that he folds open and places on his desk right next to a tiny TREE manicured to look like a CHICKEN. He removes his jacket and places it on his leather chair.

He walks over to a giant window and stares into the gorgeous day. His light blue dress shirt nearly camouflages him into the morning sky.

He focuses on a MASSIVE SKYSCRAPER in the distance, so tall it gets lost in the clouds.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

So, am I gonna have to call you  
"Sir," or can I still call ya  
"Dickhead?"

Tyler turns to see, CARL, 30, fit, black and care free holding a FOOTBALL. He quickly tosses it to Tyler.

CARL

Gonna miss having ya around, kid.  
Just do me a favor and remember us  
little people when they George  
Jefferson you on up.

TYLER

I don't even know what means.

Carl is taken aback. He just shakes his head.

CARL

Toss the non-pigskin and hit me  
with today's bullet points. S'go!

Tyler throws a pass to Carl. Carl tosses it back.

TYLER

Quicker production of all plant-  
based proteins.

Tyler guns the ball back at Carl. He barely catches it.

CARL

Bam!

Carl tosses it back. Tyler snags it.

TYLER

Full line of deli meats ready to  
roll out worldwide!

He fires it harder. Carl catches, shakes his hand in pain.

CARL  
Feed the masses!

He tosses it back.

TYLER  
More grams of protein per ounce!

Tyler, fired up, nearly knocks Carl over with the pass.

CARL  
And the pièce de résistance?!

He flicks the ball back to Tyler.

TYLER  
Oh, you mean the new and improved  
taste?!

CARL  
Man of the year, twenty twenty nine  
right here! I don't even like this  
crap and I'm starvin!

Tyler spikes the football, and does a STANDING BACKFLIP!

CARL (CONT'D)  
Whoa, relax. You got this... but  
change that shirt, it's too flashy.

Tyler grabs the fabric of his dress shirt incredulously.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, You gotta be perfect.  
We only get one shot to move up.

We move in close on Carl's face as he loses his spirt.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Don't blow it like I did, or this  
is the best you're gonna get.

Cut back to Tyler now wearing a clean WHITE SHIRT. He models it, looking like a lone cloud on the sky backdrop. Carl nods.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Sky's the limit, kid.

Tyler turns his attention back to the skyscraper.

CARL (CONT'D)

Now, I can sit here and pump you up  
til the impossible cows come home,  
but I've been holding in a mean  
Trump all morning. Go get em.

TYLER

Thanks. ... Remember to shake the--

Tyler turns, but Carl is nowhere to be found.

TYLER (CONT'D)

--handle.

Tyler takes a deep breath and turns back to the window.

His tablet BEEPS as a hologram of Jean illuminates from it.

JEAN HOLOGRAM

Ms. Beverly will see you know.

INT. BOARD ROOM - LATER

Double doors swing up to reveal a massive boardroom table -  
at least 40 seats, none of which are occupied. Only one  
person is in the room - Ms. Beverly, 50 and as corporate as  
they come. She seemingly springs to life as Tyler enters.

MS. BEVERLY

Ah, Mr. Geiger. Have a seat.

Tyler sits in the nearest chair. Ms. Beverly sits on the  
opposite side of the table, keeping a healthy distance. Tyler  
peers around the room, inquisitively.

TYLER

Am I early?

MS. BEVERLY

I know you've prepared a thorough  
presentation.

TYLER

I really believe it's a game  
changer for the company.

MS. BEVERLY

And I believe you believe that,  
but... there's no easy way to tell  
you this, the position's been  
filled.

The news hits Tyler like a ton of bricks.

TYLER

How is that possible? I was told that I would have first--

MS. BEVERLY

I'm aware, but the decision came directly from the top.

Ms. Beverly points out the window to the skyscraper.

Gutted, Tyler zones out on the skyscraper as Ms. Beverly's continued bad news goes mute. She talks with no sound for a few moments until some words catch Tyler's attention again.

MS. BEVERLY (CONT'D)

--we're lucky they're still letting us work here. You know what the job market is like? It's a nightmare!

TYLER

I'm lost... Why is this happening?

MS. BEVERLY

Plant based meats are old news. We're losing the market to insect protein! People are eating bugs! I have to cut a bunch of our senior staffers by the end of the day. How do you think that makes me feel?

TYLER

They can't do that!

MS. BEVERLY

They can. They did.

Tyler slumps in his chair, defeated. Ms. Beverly sympathizes.

MS. BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Take the rest of the day off.

This rocks Tyler upright. He seems genuinely scared to leave.

TYLER

I have nowhere to go.

MS. BEVERLY

You need a break. Go have some fun. Play that "Cataclysm expansion pack" my son won't shut up about.

TYLER

You guys never upgraded my gear. I can't even afford it! I'll stay.

MS. BEVERLY  
Unfortunately this decision comes  
from the top as well.

She takes out her tablet and swipes a box that says "TYLER GEIGER" with her finger. Tyler disappears.

Ms. Beverly taps her TEMPLE twice, and disappears.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (?)

The sounds of a RUNNING TOILET BOWL and distant SIRENS permeate through a pod-like domicile dressed up as the filthiest living room and kitchen combo you've ever seen.

A ransacked sofa sits against the wall propped up by a stack of cardboard TIOLI boxes.

At the small window stands a shaggy man wearing a dirty bathrobe with an Oculus style VR HEADSET covering his face.

He TEARS it off his head and spikes it to the ground revealing Tyler, completely unkempt, an oval BRUISE where the mask was suctioned to his skull.

His office view has now been replaced by a grey-green polluted sky dystopia. He peers out the window, fighting tears as we see a blurry shot of the monolithic skyscraper from earlier, looking much more menacing and ominous.

Tyler plops down on the couch right next to Carl - who is at least **65 years old** - yet wears more modern style VR EYEGLASSES that show his eyes open under some kind of trance.

Tyler studies him in sadness and reaches to shake him awake before pulling his hand back and thinking better of it.

TYLER  
... good luck today, Carl.

Tyler reaches into one of the cardboard boxes and retrieves a wrapped "FAUX-GIE." He unwraps the sandwich and takes a disgusted bite as we--

FADE OUT.