

FIRST DAY

by

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FADE IN

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

People weave in and out on their way to work. Many pass by a typical office building, while some queue up to enter.

VIOLET (early 20s, fresh out of trade school and filled with a sense of wonder) wearing a nice business skirt, blouse, jacket, and heels, stops in front of the office building double checking its address on her phone.

Satisfied she looks admiring up at the building, takes a deep breath, and enters with a smile.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY

Violet hurries to catch an open elevator.

The elevator is mostly full, but they squeeze together to make room for her.

She smiles as she fits herself in.

ELEVATOR

Inside the crowded elevator people in the back call out their destination floor numbers to the one closest to the button panel.

RIDER #1
Five please.

The button is punched.

RIDER #2
Ten please.

The button lights as it is selected.

VIOLET
Oh, seven please.

Behind Violet, the others give each other quick glances. The person working the panel hovers his finger above the button a moment before cautiously pressing it.

Violet bristles her shoulders in excitement.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
It's my first day. I'm so excited.

The people on both side of her return forced smiles.

Violet continues watching the elevator floor indicator.

SEVENTH FLOOR ELEVATOR STATION

BING. The doors open. Violet is the only one to exit.

The remaining passengers rubberneck to watch her walk away down the hall. The doors close.

RECEPTION DESK

Violet approaches the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST stops TYPING and puts their hands down in their lap under the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

VIOLET

Hi. I'm starting today and--

The Receptionist's welcoming smile drops.

RECEPTIONIST

The agency couldn't find you anything else?

VIOLET

Um... no. I guess everyone has to start somewhere.

RECEPTIONIST

Indeed.

Violet turns to take in the architecture.

The Receptionist picks up a clipboard with her handcuffed hands and checks a list. She puts the clipboard back down.

Violet returns her attention to the Receptionist just as her hands disappear under the desk again.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You'll be in work area "B," down two doors on the right.

Violet smiles and bristles her shoulders excitedly as she heads off.

The Receptionist resumes typing.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Violet slowly spins down the hallway taking in everything.

She stops outside the indicated door.

As a COWORKER exits she tries to get their attention but they pick up speed and move away. They are not mean, or rude, but they seem to not want to help her.

WORK ROOM B

Several rows and columns of desks are arranged in a typical grid. Most are occupied with busy workers. Violet wanders into their midst.

She spots a desk with a paper name plate. It also has a small fruit and nut basket with a pink bow. Aw.

Moving to the desk she sets her purse down and beams to her coworkers. None pay any attention to her.

Sitting she moves the basket to a corner and turns ON the computer. As it starts up she checks the drawers which are empty.

Finally MALE COWORKER #1 (a tad overweight), approaches her desk.

Violet flashes him a big greeting smile.

VIOLET

Hi.

She gets a nervous smile in answer to her greeting.

MALE COWORKER #1

Hi, um, a bit of advice, don't--

MR. GAGLIER (O.S.)

(In a booming voice from
the hallway

And where is our new employee?

Male Coworker #1 nervously shuffles the papers in his hands, and quickly walks away.

Violet watches him go before turning her attention to the doorway.

GAGLIER (middle aged) in a tidy business suit steps into the doorway.

A woman who was about to go out the door suddenly pivots a right angle and goes elsewhere in the office.

Gaglier smiles warmly across the office. Everyone tries to not notice.

Seeing Violet he stretches out his arms as if greeting a family member he hasn't seen in ages.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
There she is...

Violet, half smiling, glances left and right. She then gives Mr. Gaglier a big awkward smile.

Gaglier walks over toward Violet's desk.

FEMALE COWORKER #1 in a neighboring desk suddenly vacates her seat, picking up a stack of papers from her desk at random, and hurries to the copy machine in the corner of the room.

Hurriedly she slaps sheet after sheet of paper onto the glass without orienting it or even removing the previous sheet.

Everyone else in the office room becomes nervously busy.

Gaglier takes the freshly vacated chair and wheels it over to the side of Violet's desk and sits on it backwards.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
Hello Violet, Tye Gaglier.

He looks at the fruit-basket.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
Oh, may I have one?

VIOLET
Why shu--

Mr. Gaglier doesn't wait for a reply before picking a couple grapes from the fruit basket.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
--sure. Take what you like.

MR. GAGLIER
(popping nuts and chewing)
How do you like it here so far?

She shrugs and smiles.

VIOLET

Very nice, but I just got here and haven't done anything yet.

MR. GAGLIER

That's nice...

His mind seems to shift gears.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)

Let's go to my office for a little orientation.

Office workers pause giving her worried glances as she exits.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Gaglier leads Violet down the hall to a door at the end with his name on it. He opens the door and shows her in.

GAGLIER'S OFFICE

Gaglier's office is a typical office managers work space. A well padded chair is behind the desk and a spartan one in front but off to the side and angled to face the center of the desk.

Gaglier motions her past him to the chair.

Violet sits carefully tucking her skirt in around her legs, and then shifting her back to sit up very straight.

While she is busy primping herself she doesn't notice that Gaglier is locking the office door.

Gaglier rounds the desk and takes his own seat. He reaches down and opens a lower desk drawer, but sits back up without taking anything from it.

MR. GAGLIER

(in presentation tone)

Our most valued asset in our company is trust...

Violet nods thoughtfully.

Balancing one object upon another on his desk, he takes something from out of the open drawer, then gets up and rounds his desk to stand behind her. In his hand is are handcuffs. He bends down and reaches for her wrist.

At his touch Violet reflexively pulls her hand back from his grasp. She has a surprised and questioning look, but part of her polite smile still lingers.

VIOLET
What are you doing?

MR. GAGLIER
This is a test of trust. You do
need to trust your boss, don't you?

VIOLET
Well, yes, but...

MR. GAGLIER
Some companies do the "trust fall"
thing. Here, we've put extensive
cutting edge research into
developing our own little tests.

Violet, reluctantly gives in to him handcuff her wrists
together behind the chair.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
(in presentational tone)
You see Violet, trust is our most
valuable asset...

While speaking Gaglier kneels down in front of Violet with
another pair of handcuffs.

Violet tightly squeezes her knees together as he cuffs her
ankles together.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
This is just to keep you from
escaping my little lecture. I know
its boring, but understanding our
company's assets are vital.

VIOLET
Ah,... Mr. Gaglier, I'm rather
uncomfortable with this...

He fans his face.

MR. GAGLIER
I know, it sometimes gets warm in
here. Like now. Here, let me fix
that.

Reaching forward, he unbuttons her top blouse button.

Violet's mouth drops open in shock.

VIOLET

Ah...

MR. GAGLIER

There, that should do it.

He returns to his chair on the other side of the desk.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)

Orientations are always boring. But
I try to make mine more
interesting. You know, to get and
hold the new person's attention.

He clenches and shakes his fist in demonstration.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? Oh yes, trust is
our --

VIOLET

"...most valuable asset.

MR. GAGLIER

Exactly! I can see you've done this
before.

He reaches down into the drawer and takes out something in a
sealed, off the store rack, type package. PRYING it open, a
ballgag BOUNCES on to the top of the desk.

Violet looks at the ballgag wide eyed.

VIOLET

Um...

Gaglier takes the ball-gag approaches her.

Violet leans back in her chair away from him, clenching her
mouth shut.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Hmm!

MR. GAGLIER

(In a slow friendly tone.)
Now,... what's... our... most...
vaaalluable... assseeeet?

Violet glances back and forth between the gag and Gaglier.

VIOLET
(tight lipped)
Trust?

MR. GAGLIER
Exactly.

She gives into his expectant stare and opens her mouth.
He wedges ball into her mouth and fastens the buckle.
He indicates the package.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
See, its brand new. Completely
hygienic. You have nothing to worry
about, because of "trust."

He takes a felt tip marker from his shirt pocket.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
And to make sure that it doesn't
get mixed up with any one else's...

He holds her chin with one hand and with the other. The pen
SQUEAKS as he writes her name on the ball in her mouth.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
And its now all yours, a perk you
might "say." (pause) Or not.

He CHUCKLES at his own joke.

Violet is frozen, with a look of a doe caught in car
headlights.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
Now I don't have to worry about
being interrupted again.

Gaglier begins pacing.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
Where was I? Oh yes. Trust is our
most valuable ass --

He is interpreted by a light KNOCKING at his office door.

Violet's head whips around to look at the door. She seems
torn between wanting to be rescued verses being caught in a
humiliating position.

He rolls his eyes in exasperation.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
 How am I to get any work done?
 (to Violet)
 Excuse me. Stay right there.

With the same business smile Gaglier goes to the door, unlocks, and opens it only inches.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
 What is it Rose?
 (sing song)
 I'm giving an orien-Tation to a new
 employee-EE-ee.

ROSE, a middle aged woman tries to see into the office past Mr. Gaglier.

ROSE
 Yes, sir, but, sir...

Rose tries to peak in.

ROSE (CONT'D)
 The board wants this report right
 away. I'll,... I'll just put it on
 your desk.

Gaglier keeps her from getting or seeing past him.

MR. GAGLIER
 No, no, that's okay. Just give it
 to me.

He takes the folder.

Rose still tries to see in.

ROSE
 Oh,... and you have a ten o'clock
 at,.... ah,... um,... nine-thirty.

MR. GAGLIER
 Oh, drats, that's in only five
 minutes.

Rose tries to say something more, but Gaglier cuts her off and closes the office door on her.

Gaglier turns back to Violet.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
 Always busy here at the company.
 So, so, busy. So, so, so, so busy.

He walks back over to violet as she nervously fidgets in her bindings while intently watching him.

MR. GAGLIER (CONT'D)
Well, I hoped you enjoyed our
little talk about our most valuable
asset.

Violet nods earnestly.

VIOLET
(gagged)
Uh, huh.

MR. GAGLIER
Great.

Gaglier unlocks and removes her cuffs, but leaves the gag buckled in.

Taking her by the arm, he hastens her to the door. Opening it, he nearly shoves her out and closes it.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Violet, startled, freezes in an awkward stance, her knees close together and her feet pointed inward.

Office workers glance her direction, then as quickly look away, going about their business.

Violet huddles against the door. Quickly she unfastens the buckle and pulls the ball out of her mouth.

Wiping the corners of her mouth with her fingers she then re-buttons her blouse.

Hiding the gag as best she can in her hands and behind her back, she unsteadily makes her way back toward her desk, trying as best to look as if all is normal.

WORK ROOM B

Back at her desk she opens the bottom desk drawer, throws the gag into it where it bounces out and onto the floor.

VIOLET
(angrily to herself)
Oooo!

She starts paging through the company directory on her desk.

Male Coworker #1 passes her desk.

She stops him.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
The VP of this company's a woman,
right?

Male Coworker #1 NODS his head.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Well, I'm going to tell her all
about Mr. Gaglier!

The frightened Male Coworker #1 shakes his head so vigorously
his jowls wobble.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Here she is, Vice President Ms.
Strappado.

She looks at the frightened Male Coworker #1 with a righteous
grin.

Violet picks up the phone to dial.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I'm calling her right now.

MS. STRAPPADO
No need for that.

MALE COWORKER #1
Speak of the...

Male Coworker #1 hurries away.

Ms. Strappado (40s, strict beyond words) stands inside the
doorway, prim business suit looks like it could cut metal.

MS. STRAPPADO
So you are the new girl. Come with
me up to my office and I'll show
you the ropes as to how we run a
very tight ship here.

Violet is mortified.

END