

Jessup

by Mark Lyons

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FADE IN:

INT. SIMPLOT'S OFFICE - DAY

JESSUP BAUMGARTNER, 20's, maneuvers and remaneuvers himself in a tiny uncomfortable chair while he stares at an abandoned, cushioned chair on the other side of the desk.

He's alone in the office.

A plaque on the desk reads 'Dr. R.J. Simplot'

Jessup's eyes move from the comfy chair that he's not sitting in to an open can of Sprite on the desk.

He notices an unusually large amount of spittle on the open rim of the can and curls his lip in silent disgust.

Finally, the office door opens and RONALD J. SIMPLOT, 40's, hastily walks in and takes the comfortable chair.

Jessup watches him wipe his wet hands on the knees of his trousers.

SIMPLOT

Sorry for making you wait, Jessup.
Pop runs straight through me
anymore.

JESSUP

Pop?

Simplot points out the can on the desk.

SIMPLOT

Soda.

Jessup looks back again at the can and the huge amount of spittle on the lip.

JESSUP

It's Sprite. Just call it Sprite.
You don't have to use weird midwest
terms anymore.

Simplot smiles.

SIMPLOT

I'll call it what I want. Thank
you.

Jessup shrugs.

Simplot picks up a little tape-recorder off his desk and hits the record button.

SIMPLOT

So, Jessup, Mr. Lawson seems to
think you have some problems with
authority.

JESSUP
I don't, Ronald.

SIMPLOT
You can call me Dr. Simplot.

JESSUP
You can call me Mr. Baumgartner.

Simplot stares at him.

SIMPLOT
So, Mr. Lawson thinks you have some problems with authority.

JESSUP
I don't have problems. They have problems. I'm just trying to tell them how to be better.

SIMPLOT
It's not your job to make your supervisors better. It's your job to make the company better by doing the tasks you're assigned.

JESSUP
If I had better supervisors, it'd make my tasks more important and in the long run, it'd make the company better.

Simplot takes a deep breath and tries to find a better way to explain it.

He takes a big long sip of the Sprite on his desk.

As he pulls his lips away, a new huge puddle of spit gathers at the lip of the can. A strand even hangs from Simplot's lip before it falls and clings to the side of the can.

Jessup has to close his eyes for a second to get the image out of his head.

JESSUP
Maybe I need a break.

SIMPLOT
A break?

JESSUP
One of those psychological breaks. You know, where you still get paid?

SIMPLOT
You only get half your pay and you have to be under duress. You haven't even been on the job a year yet.

JESSUP

I'm a young kid in a huge company.
I'm going through a lot of stress
and I feel it's starting to make me
unstable.

SIMPLOT

I'm not giving you a psychological
break.

Jessup takes a deep breath.

SIMPLOT

Look. Evidently you do a good job.
Probably a great job. Anybody else
who would've had an outburst like
yours, they would've been gone in
not even a heartbeat.

JESSUP

It wasn't an outburst. I told
Jenkins what he was doing wrong.

SIMPLOT

Mr. Jenkins is a superior to you,
and you screamed he was a shithead
imbecile.

JESSUP

That's what was wrong with him.

Simplot just stares at Jessup for a moment.

SIMPLOT

Look, Jessup. Somebody high in the
company likes you enough to send
you to me. You're a young kid.
You can go far in the company. But
if you can't start controlling your
tantrums, nobody'll want you.
Nobody wants to be around that.

JESSUP

Tantrums?

SIMPLOT

Yes, tantrums. You're a great
worker, but you have to grow up and
realize... All you are is a whiny
brat.

Jessup takes a moment to wonder if he heard him right.

JESSUP

I'm here for counseling. You're supposed to be motivational. Calling me childhood taunts isn't going to help me. You do just as shitty a job as Jenkins does. Is that why you only have a practice out of your home?

SIMPLOT

I'm not affected by your words, Jessup. You mean utter shit to me. I know what kind of job I do.

Jessup sits quiet, but the anger might slowly be building in his eyes.

SIMPLOT

Usually, I do coddle workers that need a little bit of help with their ethic. But why bother with you? I know it's not going to help. You know it's not going to help. You're too far above it, right?

Jessup just stares.

SIMPLOT

I'm just telling you like it is. You're a crybaby. You're a crybaby in every sense of the word.

Jessup's lip begins to quiver.

SIMPLOT

I can see it in you. You were the kid that your mom was too embarrassed that she could never take you anywhere because of how spastic you are.

Simplot smiles because he knows he's getting to him.

SIMPLOT

The kid who, whenever I walked into a store, I could hear you screaming three aisles over. And when I walked by and looked down that aisle, your mom was hiding her eyes in embarrassment because of you.

JESSUP

I never cried in the store because I always got what I want. I made sure of it. The first time my mom said no to me, she learned her lesson.

Simplot listens.

JESSUP

I ran up to my room, opened the window and started to scream out I was being hurt and to call for help.

Simplot gives a disgusted chort.

JESSUP

As soon as I heard the sirens, I started slamming my face and bruising it up for when the police got there.

Jessup gives an evil smile.

JESSUP

When my mom finished her punishment and finally got custody back of me, I had no problem whatsoever getting what I wanted from her.

Jessup leans forward over the desk to Simplot.

JESSUP

It scares me to this day knowing how easy it is to get what I want.

Simplot shakes his head.

SIMPLOT

I can't imagine how hard it is for all these mothers having to keep little shits like you happy just to avoid a bitch crybaby tantrum everytime you don't get your way.

Jessup only gives a sadistic smile.

Simplot takes the last sip of Sprite and leaves the biggest puddle of spittle yet on the can.

SIMPLOT

The thing is, brats like you were only an occasional occurrence back in the day. Now, kids these days, shits like you are becoming the norm.

Jessup's lip begins to quiver.

SIMPLOT

Look it. I can see the bitch in you now wanting to come out and start whining. Let me see it.

Jessup, instead, turns the anger off like a switch.

He just stares Simplot in the eyes, regular.

Finally, almost cheerful, Jessup stands and nods his head.

JESSUP

Thank you. I needed that.

Simplot just furrows an eyebrow at him.

JESSUP

I have to go to the bathroom. Can you excuse me?

Simplot looks away and nods whatever.

Jessup turns and walks out of the office door.

Simplot watches him leave, an evil smile pursing his lips. He knows he got to him.

INT. SIMPLOT'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jessup walks in and immediately closes the door behind him.

He's agitated and stares at himself in the mirror.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the toilet seat.

The lid is open, and Jessup stares at miscellaneous urine drops all over the seat. He can't suppress his smile.

R.J. Simplot is not an aimer.

Jessup can't pass up the chance.

He kneels down in front of the toilet seat and examines the missed sprays of urine closer.

Jessup takes a deep breath and, calmly, he rubs his face and hair against the wet, dirty toilet seat.

INT. SIMPLOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessup walks in the doorway and stands in front of the desk.

Simplot notices Jessup is sweating.

SIMPLOT

Are you all right?

Jessup is still calm and collected.

JESSUP

I'm fine.

SIMPLOT

You sure?

Jessup nods.

SIMPLOT
Why are you sweating?

JESSUP
I'm not.

SIMPLOT
What's all over your face?

JESSUP
Your urine.

SIMPLOT
What?

Jessup reaches across and picks the Sprite can up off of the desk.

He holds it out so Simplot can see the absurd amount of spittle on the can.

JESSUP
You're a disgusting drinker.

Jessup puts his lips to the lip of the can, making sure to spread Simplot's spittle all over his lips.

He's calm when he does it, systematic, making sure to keep the spit on the outside of his mouth and jaw.

SIMPLOT
What are you doing?

Finally, Jessup pulls the pop can away and tosses it calmly into the nearby receptacle.

JESSUP
You're an even more disgusting
pisser.

SIMPLOT
You want to tell me what this is
about, Jessup?

JESSUP
I need the form to fill out so I
can turn it in to Mr. Lawson.

Simplot furrows his brows.

SIMPLOT
What form?

JESSUP
My medical leave of absence. My
psychological break.

Jessup shrugs.

JESSUP

Just six months'll be good. I don't need a whole year. And the half-pay'll do. I know the full pay isn't doled out too often.

Jessup gives a confident wink to Simplot.

JESSUP

We don't want to raise any eyebrows, do we?

SIMPLOT

I told you that's not happening. Just because you rub pop and claim to have urine all over your face isn't grounds for a psychological break.

JESSUP

It's not pop. I rubbed your spit all over my mouth and chin. And the piss you left all over the toilet seat, I smeared my face in it.

Simplot shakes his head, not understanding.

SIMPLOT

Why?

Jessup holds his cell phone up.

JESSUP

For the police. After you kissed me, and I resisted, you over-powered me, dragged me and held my throat over the toilet. Then you pissed all over my face.

Simplot has to laugh.

SIMPLOT

Jessup. You can't afford to be this stupid.

Simplot reaches out and picks up the tiny tape recorder on his desk.

SIMPLOT

You watched me pick it up and start recording.

Jessup looks at the recorder.

JESSUP

Play it for me.

Simplot laughs and hits the the stop button. It stops recording.

He presses rewind and then hits play. Nothing.

Simplot stops and ejects the tape out of the recorder. There's no cassette in it.

JESSUP

It's under your ass.

Simplot, confused, reaches under his buttocks and picks the tiny cassette up off the chair.

JESSUP

You took a real long time pissing.
I get bored very easily. You
should've figured that out about
me.

Simplot gets angry now.

SIMPLOT

You arrogant dick. You really
think the police will believe you
over me?

Jessup placates him and stares up, pretending he has to think of the answer.

JESSUP

In my experience with my track
record, yeah. And with your fluids
all over my face, do you really
want to take that chance?

Jessup motions around the room.

JESSUP

It seems like you got a nice thing
going here. You really want to
lose it over a brat like me?

Simplot thinks about the situation.

JESSUP

I know with every moment that you
don't find me that paperwork,
you're not going to have any kind
of decision in this at all.

Jessup motions to his phone again.

JESSUP

You better take what I give you.

Simplot's now the angry one.

SIMPLOT

You're a little shit, you know
that?

Jessup nods, calm.

JESSUP

Just like you are. The only
difference is I'm a lot meaner than
you.

Jessup puts a finger over the keypad of the phone. He looks
Simplot in the eyes.

Simplot just stares at Jessup. Inside, he's biting his
cheeks hard.

He's still trying to make his decision.

JESSUP

So tell me...

Jessup smiles and holds his phone up.

CUT TO BLACK

JESSUP (O.S.)

Am I pressing any buttons?