

WORKHORSE

by

[insert writer here]

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A towering office building in the heart of a frantic city.

INT. BOARDROOM

BUSINESSMEN surround a rectangular glass table. They appear exhausted and disheveled. Some lay their heads on the table and sleep while others struggle to stay awake.

MR. SIZEMORE (50s) enters. His eyes are bloodshot and his hair is askew. His expensive business suit is unkempt. He stumbles across the room and sits at the head of the table.

SIZEMORE

Gentlemen, I have to say in all my years of heading this company, this is by far the sorriest looking boardroom I've ever seen. Can't say I look much better though. I think we can all agree the next time we hold a business meeting, we should probably skip Happy Hour the night before.

The boardroom groans in favor. A businessman throws a hand over his mouth and vomits into it. He excuses himself. Vomit drips on the carpet as he exits.

SIZEMORE

Now I know none of you want to be here right now but the fact is Viagra's still fucking us in the ass as far as sales are concerned. We need to put our heads together and figure a way to get our product fucking more people in the ass. The sooner that happens, the sooner Viagra takes it up the ass.

A businessman snores loudly as he naps in his chair.

SIZEMORE

Sorry, gentlemen. The motivational speaker's not returning my phone calls. What we need is some coffee. One of

the interns can run down to the shop.
Someone broke the machine again.

BUSINESSMAN (O.S.)
It wasn't my fault this time-

SIZEMORE
We'll talk about it later, Bob.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE

A cramped, cluttered office.

HOWARD (34) a squirrelly bespectacled man with sweat on his forehead types frantically away at his computer.

SETH (18) enters. His business-casual attire contrasts his long hair and gum-chewing.

SETH
Working hard or hardly working, Howard?

HOWARD
What do you want, Seth?

SETH
I need you to go and get some coffee
for the bosses upstairs.

HOWARD
Can't you do it yourself? What are they
paying you for?

SETH
Am I really asking so much here?

HOWARD
I'm three days behind on this proposal.
You're the intern. Why are you always
asking me to do your work for you?

SETH
Because you can't resist my charm.

HOWARD
I've got enough stress in my life.
Coffee's not worth another aneurysm.

SETH

Dude, you've got some major sand in your vagina.

HOWARD

Why do you do this to me, Seth? I was nice to you during orientation, wasn't I? What made me the number one candidate to be your workhorse?

SETH

It's okay, Howard. I'm just saying. You might want to get it checked out. I don't recommend douching. It kills the natural bacteria. That makes the snatch double the target for all kinds of VD—

HOWARD

If I get the coffee, do you promise to leave me alone?

SETH

Sure thing, chief.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Howard stands in front of the counter. A pizza-faced EMPLOYEE (20s) stares vacantly back at him.

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry sir. We don't have that flavor. Would you like regular?

HOWARD

I think you misunderstood. Grande's the size, not the flavor.

EMPLOYEE

Oh, grande. That's Spanish for big.

HOWARD

It's actually a medium.

EMPLOYEE

Really? So it's not Spanish for big?

HOWARD

Nevermind. Could you just get the coffee, please. I'm kind of in a rush.

Behind the counter, the employee fills several cups of coffee and places them in a cardboard tray. As he places the lids on each cup, he sneezes into one of them. He returns to the counter with the tainted coffee lidless.

EMPLOYEE

Sorry sir. We're out of lids.

Howard grabs the tray and hastens for the exit. Coffee splashes his face. He freezes and shudders in discomfort.

INT. BOARDROOM

All eyes are on a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN (30s). Unlike the rest of the boardroom, he appears refreshed and alert. His business suit is freshly ironed.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

What's wrong, gentlemen? This place is deader than Don Imus' career.

SIZEMORE

We can't all be morning people. Any more brilliant ideas?

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

You know how Viagra's got this pill that lasts all weekend? Well, what if we had a pill that lasted all week? You know, like antibiotics. We could set the price as high as we wanted and we'd still have a massive consumer base. Not even a Scientologist could resist. We could call it Priapus after the Greek God of Fertility. Intellectuals'll eat it up.

SIZEMORE

That is the worst idea I've ever heard. Priapus? You ever heard of Priapism? That's a permanent erection. Robert Downey Jr. couldn't fit enough coke up his nose to deflate this balloon

animal. You know what happens to people with Priapism? They take them to the E.R. and stick their urethra with a catheter. You ever had your love muscle so rock solid, it hurts then had a tube shoved in your forth eye?

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
You mean like Tom Sizemore?

SIZEMORE
No, not like Tom Sizemore.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
I'm pretty sure that was Tom Sizemore—

SIZEMORE
The point is when people think of our product, I want them to think making love down by the fire, not pissing in a plastic bag. Let's move on. I'd like to hear someone else's ideas for a change.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
Come on, gentlemen. You think this is hard? You should try writing a fifteen page screenplay in one week.

All businessmen look directly at the camera.

A MOVER hangs a painting on the wall.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
That was weird. Everyone turned their heads at the same time.

SIZEMORE
That's it. If that coffee isn't here soon, someone's getting fired.

INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE

Seth sits at a desk and plays computer Solitaire.

Howard appears in the gap with the coffee tray. Seth grabs the tainted coffee cup, takes a gulp, and spits it back.

SETH
Dude, that coffee sucks!

HOWARD
What are you doing? That's Mr.
Sizemore's!

SETH
Fuck him. That guy's a walking pap
smear off a diseased crotch.

HOWARD
Easy for you to say. You're not
delivering his coffee.

SETH
I would've done the same thing.

HOWARD
What do you want, Seth?

SETH
Let's do lunch?

Howard sighs and stalks off.

INT. BOARDROOM

Howard enters with the coffee tray.

SIZEMORE
It's about time. Bring that dinosaur
fuel over here, sport.

Howard obliges.

SIZEMORE
How's school? You ready for finals?

HOWARD
I'm thirty-four, sir.

Sizemore grabs the tainted coffee cup.

SIZEMORE
I'm telling you, gentlemen. These kids
tickle me pinker than a cheerleader's-

Sizemore swigs the coffee, swishes it around, and spews it into his hand. He catches Seth's bubble gum in his palm and squeezes it in his fist. It oozes out between his fingers.

SIZEMORE

That's not the kind of pink I like. Be at my office after lunch. I don't have time to do this now.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

INT. DINING HALL

Howard and Seth sit in a crowded dining hall. A MOTHER (30s) stands beside their table with her hands over her SON'S (5) ears with a look of shock on her face. They exit.

Seth reaches across the table with a fork, picks food off Howard's plate, and shovels it in his mouth nonchalantly.

SETH

Did you have to say it in front of the kid?

HOWARD

This is all your fault, Seth!

SETH

You're overreacting, dude. People get fired all the time.

HOWARD

You don't understand. Do you have any idea what my wife is going to do to me?

SETH

Like I haven't heard that one before. What's the worst that could happen?

INT. LIVING ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A typical suburban home living room.

HOWARD'S WIFE (30s) sits on a couch. She is dressed head to toe in designer clothes. Howard sits next to her.

HOWARD

Honey, I lost my job.

HOWARD'S WIFE

What?

With astonishing strength, Howard's wife slaps him across the face. Blood and spittle fly from his nose and mouth.

She grabs Howard by his shirt collar and hurls him across the room. He crashes through a glass cabinet. Ornamental plates fall and break on his head.

Howard's wife grabs a cat by its tail, spins it in the air like a helicopter, and hurls it at Howard. It latches onto his face and yowls as it scratches him.

Howard's wife leaps on top of him and stomps up and down his back with high heels as she screams insults at him.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Try this instead.

The entire scene rewinds onscreen back to Howard and his wife sitting on the couch.

HOWARD

Honey, I lost my job.

HOWARD'S WIFE

No, you didn't. You're supposed to make money and provide for us. Tomorrow, you're going to march right back to that office and do just that.

HOWARD

But I got fired.

HOWARD'S WIFE

If you don't go back to work tomorrow, I'll go there myself and have a word with your boss. How's that sound?

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howard sits in his office and types at his computer. Mr. Sizemore appears in the doorway.

SIZEMORE
What the hell are you doing here?

INT. LIVING ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howard and his wife sit on the couch.

HOWARD'S WIFE
If you don't go, I will.

INT. COURTROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howard stands on the defendant's side of the courtroom across from Mr. Sizemore.

JUDGE (O.S.)
I hereby declare you are not to enter within three hundred feet of either Mr. Sizemore or his office.

INT. LIVING ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howard and his wife on the couch.

HOWARD'S WIFE
You're going to march right into that judge's office and overturn that sentence.

INT. PRISON CELL (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Howard stands behind bars in prison garb. A CELLMATE so tall, his head is offscreen, comes up behind him, places a hand on his shoulder and rubs it affectionately.

END SEQUENCE.

INT. DINING HALL

Howard and Seth sit at the table.

HOWARD
Let's see. If I can clean out my desk by four, I think I'll be able to beat the rush hour traffic to the bridge. That'll give me just enough time to commit suicide.

SETH

Do you think you could give me a ride
home first?

INT. SIZEMORE'S OFFICE

A massive office with walls covered in plaques and framed family photos.

Mr. Sizemore sits at a meticulously organized desk and chews on Seth's gum. A knock at the door causes him to spit the gum into his hand and slap his palm flat on the desk.

Howard enters.

SIZEMORE

Have a seat.

Howard takes a seat across from Mr. Sizemore.

SIZEMORE

That was an awful stupid stunt you pulled today, sport. Nobody's ever done anything like that to me before. But I've been thinking. I can be a real ballbuster sometimes but this is the first time I've ever busted balls that knew how to bust back. Let's see what else you've got. Tell me what you don't like about me.

HOWARD

Well, sir, for starters, I've been working here for more than ten years now and you don't even know who I am. I've worked overtime, weekends, you name it, and not once I have I been offered a raise, promotion, not even a little recognition. I think I deserve some just for keep my mouth shut all these years. To be perfectly honest, sir, I shouldn't have to take shit from a boss who looks like he's got a prostate the size of a baseball when his company is only the number three supplier of penis pills, especially when that boss is about to fire me.

SIZEMORE

What's your name, sport?

HOWARD

Howard.

SIZEMORE

You've some big balls, Howard. I want those balls because they're exactly the kind of balls I need on my board of directors. What do you say, sport? From now on, you'll report directly to me.

HOWARD

You mean it, sir?

SIZEMORE

Please, Howard. I need your balls.

Mr. Sizemore attempts to lift his hand. It is stuck to the desk. He extends his other hand. Howard grabs it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A car drives down the city street.

INT. CAR

Howard drives. Seth sits shotgun.

HOWARD

I figured if I was going to get fired and drive my car off a bridge, I might as well get some things off my chest first.

SETH

So you tell him to go fuck himself and he gives you a promotion?

HOWARD

I guess people just respect someone who stands up for themselves. You know, I actually think I learned something today. I don't have to put up with anyone who treats me like I'm less than a human being, especially my wife.

SETH

Finally, you get it! Why do you think I've been such a dickhole to you this whole time? I figured if you were going to stand up to anyone, it'd be me but it sounds like you did yourself one better.

Howard opens his mouth to speak.

SETH

Don't mention it, dude.

HOWARD

You know, if I'm not letting anyone push me around anymore, why am I driving you home? You're half an hour out of my way.

Howard slams on the breaks. Seth's head flies forward and strikes the dashboard.

HOWARD

Seatbelts.

EXT. CITY STREET

Seth steps out of Howard's car before it drives away.

SETH

You've learned well, young grasshopper.

Seth reaches into his pocket and brings a cell phone to his ear.

SETH

Mom, I'm going to need a ride home.

FADE OUT.

THE END