CORPORATE

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COLD OPEN

INT. JAKE AND MATT'S OFFICE - FLOOR 47 - MORNING

MATT (late 20s, disheveled hair, pale, wearing a wrinkled sports coat) mindlessly types an email in his cramped, windowless office. He clicks send, and his stomach gurgles. There's a dying plant in a pot on the desk. Matt pours some coffee in it from his mug to water it.

KATE (30s, friendly in a sociopathic way, perfectly tailored black pencil skirt and jacket) pops into the doorway.

KATE
(looking at her phone)
Hey Matt, just got your email with the report, thanks so much for sending. Question: did you happen to CC John on that email?

MATT
Yes, I believe I did.

KATE
Oh that's interesting because I'm looking at the email right now… and you didn't.

MATT
Oh, uh...

JOHN (30s, Kate's male analogue) pops into the room behind Kate, holding his phone.

JOHN
You BCC'd me.

MATT
Oh, OK. You still got the email though, right?

KATE
Matt I know you're relatively new here so I just want to make sure you understand the email protocol. You always CC both John and I on all work emails. If you BCC John then I can't check to see if you CC'd him. Does that make sense?

MATT
Got it. I made a mistake.

JOHN
Great. Question: Why did you make that mistake?

The fluorescent lights suddenly feel brighter and hotter. Matt starts to perspire.

MATT
Um, well, I guess I'm just a little tired.

KATE
Uh huh. Why are you tired?

MATT
I have anxiety that often keeps me up at night.

KATE
Where does this anxiety come from?

MATT
I don't understand what--

JOHN
Matt, often times simple mistakes are symptomatic of deeper problems.

KATE
As your supervisors and mentors, your performance reflects on us. If you look bad, we look bad.

JOHN
So help us help you help us. Where does this anxiety come from?

MATT
OK, well I sometimes feel like this can be kind of a confrontational work environment.

JOHN
But Hampton DeVille encourages aggressive confrontational criticism.

John gestures out into the hallway to a placard titled "Hampton DeVille's Leadership Principles." The first principle is "We encourage aggressive confrontational criticism!" Next to the principle on the placard is a photo of two bosses shouting at an employee (mirroring Matt, John, and Kate almost exactly).

KATE
Why don't you like confrontation? Defend your position.

MATT
Oh no, no. I think confrontation is a good thing. It's just sometimes confrontation makes me anxious and hurts my job performance and damages my personal well-being.

JOHN
If you can't manage your emotions, what makes you think you're qualified to manage people at this company?

Matt's face looks vacant and he sort of goes into a trance.

MATT
Honestly I don't know. I never really saw myself here. After college I did Teach For America because I wanted to help people, but then one of the students stabbed me and the school was pretty dirty and I just realized I wasn't cut out for helping people. So I moved back in with my parents, which I'm pretty sure led to them getting divorced and then I worked a series of jobs that led me to here - where I'm just a cog in a soulless corporate machine and I'm not helping anyone but myself. Basically I've become the opposite of everything I always wanted to be.

We snap back into reality -- John and Kate are both checking their phones.

KATE
OK well next time just be sure to CC John instead of BCC him. Simple mistake, but it's important to follow protocol.

JAKE (white, early 30s, deep-set eyes) comes strolling into the office and sits down at his desk. His shirt is untucked.

JOHN
Jake, question: Why do you think it's okay to come into work with your shirt untucked?

JAKE
Because life is meaningless and nothing we do matters.

KATE
OK great. Have a nice day you two.

END COLD OPEN

ACT 1

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING - MONTAGE

Automated bedroom curtains part revealing a gorgeous view of a city skyline.

We hear the voice of Broadcast News Network (BNN) anchor, KAREN JAMES.

KAREN (V.O.)
Hampton DeVille has emerged as one of the largest, most profitable corporations in the world.

A hand reaches out to shut off an alarm clock bearing the brand name: HAMPTON DEVILLE

Sunlight spreads laterally across the room as a pair of feet slip into slippers with the initials C and D.

KAREN (V.O.)
Under the leadership of their CEO Christian DeVille, they have become market leaders in everything from home appliances to pharmaceuticals to industrial weaponry.

Ingredients are tossed into a Hampton DeVille brand blender bearing the logo (a stylized “HD”):

Fruit, vegetables, soy milk, a dozen different prescription pills, a bit of scotch...

A finger presses blend. A mouth chugs the smoothie and lets out a satisfied sigh.

KAREN (V.O.)
But now, they are attempting to muscle their way into the hyper-competitive tech industry.

From behind, we see a man striking a Hampton DeVille punching bag using advanced martial arts techniques.

The newscast plays on a Hampton DeVille TV on the wall.

KAREN
Today marks the launch of the Obelisk: Hampton DeVille's touchscreen tablet, which boasts a screen eight-times the size of an iPad. Christian DeVille calls it a "paradigm shifter."

INSERT ON SCREEN: A handsome businessman with salt and pepper hair holds the Obelisk above his head (like Moses holding up the 10 commandments) on the cover of Inside Trader magazine.

The martial artist turns to the TV to admire his onscreen likeness. This is CHRISTIAN DEVILLE.

KAREN (CONT'D)
But the launch may be in jeopardy after an offensive tweet was sent out from Hampton DeVille's twitter account earlier today.

Christian's pride turns to anger as a tweet appears on tv.

KAREN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
As Hurricane Latisha continues to devastate the Gulf Coast, Hampton DeVille tweeted: *"Was your house #blownaway by #HurricaneLatisha? Pick up the #Obelisk to stay up to date on hurricane news. You'll be #blownaway by the size!"* In response to the insensitive tweet, the internet is calling for a boycott of the Obelisk.

OMINOUS MUSIC starts to build.

Christian grabs a samurai sword from his rack of workout equipment. He removes it from its sheath which reads: Hampton DeVille.

He leaps into the air and masterfully cuts the punching bag to the ground and plunges his sword into its center. As he walks away he grabs a bottle of Hampton DeVille scotch and takes a swig.

The punching bag lies dead on the floor in the shape of an Obelisk.

GRAPHIC MATCH:

EXT. ESTAB. HAMPTON DEVILLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An obelisk-shaped black skyscraper stands out against a vibrant blue sky. A logo at the top reads: HAMPTON DEVILLE

GRAPHIC MATCH:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FLOOR 90 - CONTINUOUS

An obelisk-shaped chocolate eclair lies on a pastry plate.

The OMINOUS MUSIC crescendos and abruptly CUTS OUT as the eclair is snatched off the plate.

KATE
Yum! I love eclairs.

Kate, John, and other executives take pastries and bagels from the platter on the conference table. They are all commenting on how delicious the pastries are.

Matt and Jake sit around the periphery of the room, watching.

MATT
Do you think we’re going to get to eat anything today?

JAKE
Don’t count on it. There’s an unspoken food hierarchy here. Higher up executives get first pick, then junior executives, and then us -- junior executives in training.

MATT
A 500 billion dollar corporation and they never have enough bagels for everyone.

On the wall next to Matt and Jake is a placard listing another one of “Hampton DeVille’s Leadership Principles”: STAY HUNGRY. There’s a photo of two employees who look like emaciated versions of Matt and Jake, trying to reach a carrot dangling above them.

JAKE
Why didn’t you eat breakfast before work?

MATT
I didn't have time -- I hit snooze 15 times, which is a new record I'm actually kind of proud of. Did you eat breakfast?

JAKE
No. I'm trying to watch my figure. I want to have a hot body because I'm tired of developing my personality.

John takes a giant bite out of a bagel.

JOHN
Oh my God, these are so good. I'm gonna take two.

John takes another bagel.

KATE
Aggressive. Confident. I like that you're not afraid to take what you want.

John and Kate lock eyes flirtatiously as they take large bites out of their eclair and bagel. We see close-ups of cream cheese and cream filling spilling out of the sides of their mouths.

MATT
Dammit. There's only two bagels left.

Jake looks at his phone.

JAKE
Whoa, have you seen this tweet the company sent out? The internet is freaking out about it.

Matt reads the tweet off Jake's phone.

MATT
You'll be #blownaway by the size...
Jesus Christ.

Christian barges through the conference room door, yelling.

CHRISTIAN
WHY THE FUCK IS EVERYONE EATING BAGELS WHILE WE'RE BEING CRUCIFIED ON THE INTERNET?!

He dramatically flings the tray of remaining bagels off the table and onto the floor.

Matt gasps.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
SPIT OUT THOSE BAGELS! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

Without hesitation, the executives spit chunks of bagels into napkins and handkerchiefs.

Matt notices an undamaged bagel lying on the floor.

MATT
(whispering)
That one over there is still good. I'm gonna grab it after the meeting.

JAKE
(whispering)
Yeah, but there's no cream cheese.

MATT
(whispering)
Look -- the wall over there.

A glob of cream cheese slowly drips down a wall.

Christian begins pacing around the room with his hands behind his back.

CHRISTIAN
(starts calmly and rises in anger)
Everyone look to your left. Now look to your right. 100% of those people are ruining my fucking day. I invested millions into developing the Obelisk and now its success is being threatened by a fucking tweet? Fuck you.

Matt and Jake talk quietly, watching Christian.

JAKE
I wish I could be more like Christian.

MATT
Why? He acts like a complete psychopath and no one stands up to him.

JAKE
Exactly. He fought his way to the top, and now he gets to treat people like his personal service dogs. That's how the corporate ladder works.

An Executive is texting and not paying attention. Christian knocks the phone out of her hand.

CHRISTIAN
Pick that up!

The executive frantically fetches.

MATT
If I ever get to the top, I'll at least make sure everyone gets a bagel.

JAKE
Don't worry -- you'll be corrupted by power. That's part of growing up.

As Christian walks back to the front of the room, his loafer squashes the one remaining bagel.

Matt gasps and whispers "no," like he just saw his buddy gunned down in the Vietnam War.

CHRISTIAN
So, how bad is this?

KATE
We ran the numbers and more people are outraged about the tweet than they are about the hurricane.

JOHN
Comparatively, people like the hurricane more than they like the tweet.

CHRISTIAN
We've got to distract people from this tweet. What are our options? Can we start a different hurricane? Have we finished building that hurricane machine?

KATE
Sir, I think I speak for everyone when I say we thought you were joking when you told us to do that.

CHRISTIAN
I would never joke about hurricanes. That's what got us into this mess.

Matt and Jake whisper.

MATT
Does it ever bother you that the corporation we work for is like, evil?

JAKE
Every corporation is evil. At least they give us health benefits.

MATT
Wait you get health benefits?

Christian turns on a glass panel TV.

ANGLE ON TV

Karen interviews ELLEN who stands in the middle of a hurricane. Rain and wind whip around her.

KAREN
Ellen, it looks pretty dangerous there. Can you give us any sense of how people in the path of this hurricane are feeling right now?

ELLEN
(shouting over wind)
Karen, people here are really upset about Hampton DeVille's tweet. It's all anyone is talking about.

The wind rips a roof off of a house in the background and we hear a scream.

BACK ON CONFERENCE ROOM

CHRISTIAN
Son of a bitch. Get me an interview on BNN later today. I want to set the record straight.

KATE
Sir... they're making you into a meme on the internet.

Kate holds up an Obelisk.

Onscreen is the previously seen magazine cover of Christian holding the Obelisk with the caption, *"MAKES WORLD'S BIGGEST IPAD. HAS WORLD'S SMALLEST PENIS."*

Superimposed on the Obelisk is a reflection of Christian's angry face.

CHRISTIAN
(to himself)
We'll see who has a small penis once I have my hurricane machine.
(to Kate and John)
YOU TWO NEED TO FIND OUT WHO WROTE THAT TWEET AND FIRE THEM!

JOHN
We're on top of it, sir.

KATE
We will handle it personally.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - FLOOR 90 - MORNING

John and Kate walk and talk with Jake and Matt.

KATE
You two need to find out who wrote that tweet and fire them.

JAKE
I thought you guys said you would do it.

JOHN
Telling you to do it is doing it.

KATE
You should be excited about this! We want to use you as our tools in this situation.

JOHN
Yeah, think of yourself as tools.

KATE
Yeah, you guys are tools.

JOHN
And, if a tool doesn't do its job, we fire it and buy a new tool.

KATE
And we do not want to go to Home Depot.

JOHN
We hate it there. One time I made eye contact with a day laborer.

MATT
Can we at least get breakfast first? The cream cheese on the wall wasn't very filling.

KATE
We all had to learn how to survive eating cream cheese off a wall.

JOHN
If you want to succeed at this company you need to be hungry. More than hungry -- anorexic.

John pats Matt on the stomach as he and Kate walk off.

KATE
Phew. Glad that's off our plate.

JOHN
Wanna do an early lunch?

KATE
Yeah I'm starving.

Matt and Jake continue down the hallway towards the elevator.

MATT
I don't know if I can fire someone. I hate confrontation. When I met my brother-in-law, he thought my name was Mark and I never corrected him. So now I just don't go to Thanksgiving anymore.

JAKE
Dude, you don't get it - this is big. Getting to fire someone is like when a mafia don sends you on your first hit. It means we're in.

Matt and Jake enter an elevator.

MATT
What if we don’t do it?

JAKE
Then we get whacked.

MATT
I think if I was in the mafia, I would be the guy who just stayed home and made spaghetti.

JAKE
This is the first time in five years of working here that I’ve been given any kind of power and I’m going to abuse it for all it’s worth.

The elevator doors close with a DING.

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

INT. SOCIAL MEDIA OFFICE - FLOOR 32 - MORNING

Matt and Jake get off the elevator on a floor labeled SOCIAL MEDIA DEPARTMENT.

JAKE
Can I tell you something else? The idea of firing someone kind of turns me on.

MATT
Your sexuality is a mystery to me.

JAKE
Me too. I don't understand the porn I'm into these days.

MATT
Jake, please don't tell me what porn you watch.

JAKE
Tentacle porn.

MATT
Oh yeah yeah, I used to watch that.

They approach a reception desk where PAIGE (late 20s, glasses, self-obsessed) texts on her phone, surrounded by a dozen framed selfies.

MATT (CONT'D)
But honestly, nowadays my ideal porn would just be all of my ex-girlfriends saying sorry to me at the same time.

JAKE
That already exists. It's called apology bukkake.
(turns to Paige)
Hi, we're looking for the person who controls the Hampton DeVille twitter accounts.

PAIGE
Well, our resident social media *"guru"* is Baron. He's in cubicle 378. Is this about that tweet? Are you going to fire him?

JAKE
I am. He’s just gonna watch.

Jake motions to Matt who stands meekly behind him. Paige looks excited and turned on.

INT. SOCIAL MEDIA OFFICE - FLOOR 32 - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: Forlorn opera music

Matt and Jake walk down an endless aisle of cubicles, peering inside each one.

MATT
Look at these people. Is everyone at this company clinically depressed?

-a jittery woman robotically takes repeated sips of coffee

-a guy has his forehead down on his desk

JAKE
Everyone here is hanging by a thread. They could snap at any moment.

-a man sits on a yoga ball doing kegels, repeatedly clenching his butt, which we see close up

MATT
They were all children once. Happy, innocent children. And now look at them. How did this happen?

-a guy with black marks on his nostrils sniffs a Sharpie

-a woman plays online poker

-an old man looks at a website of lingerie models

JAKE
They’re all just trying to fill the void.

MATT
The void?

JAKE
You know, the emptiness that exists inside all of us.

Matt spots a chubby guy eating a giant slice of cake in his cubicle. Matt gets wide eyed. His stomach gurgles. He puts his hand on it.

MATT
Oh right, of course. The void.

The opera music reaches a climax as we follow a bite of cake into the black void of the chubby guy's mouth.

GRAPHIC MATCH:

INT. BARON'S CUBICLE - FLOOR 32 - MOMENTS LATER

We pull out of the circular, black Hampton DeVille brand headphones of BARON (mid 20s, cool but intense). The opera music continues to play in his headphones.

Behind Baron, Jake and Matt peer into the cubicle.

JAKE
(to Matt)
Watch this. I'm gonna take this guy out.

Jake sneaks up behind Baron and pulls his headphones off.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey Baron, listen up!

Baron sighs and turns around in his chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We know you wrote that tweet. You're a bad employee and even worse person and an even bigger loser. You're only job is to tweet but you still managed to ruin the reputation of this entire company. So guess what. You're fired.

Matt watches uncomfortably in the background.

Baron is eerily calm. He doesn't really react, just looks Jake up and down.

BARON
What's your name?

JAKE
Jake Levinson.

Baron turns around and starts typing at his computer.

BARON
You know what's cool about the internet? It keeps a record of pretty much everything you ever say or do. For example, I just found this video of the punk band you sang for in college.

JAKE
Oh no.

On Baron's computer is a music video titled "Don't Trust the Government" (a la Rage Against the Machine). A younger, anti-establishment version of Jake with dreadlocks burns a dollar bill and raps.

YOUNGER JAKE
Don't get a job, fight the government!

Baron turns to Matt.

BARON
And what's your name?

MATT
I'm not going to tell you because I never figured out how to deactivate my LiveJournal from high school.

Baron stands up and towers over Jake and Matt. The punk song continues to build in the background.

BARON
Listen up you spineless yuppies. I fucking own the internet. You remember the Egyptian revolution in 2011? I started that shit -- with a single hashtag. I can't point out Egypt on a map but I toppled a dictatorship that ruled the country for decades -- because I was bored. So don't come over here and pretend like you're in control of me. I am a social. Media. Guru. And you will bow down before me.

Jake and Matt cower. Baron abruptly switches back to his calm demeanor.

BARON (CONT'D)
Also, I didn't tweet it. It was Richard.

Baron points to a cubicle where the chubby guy we saw earlier sensually eats yet another slice of cake. This is RICHARD (30s, a human squirrel).

INT. RICHARD'S CUBICLE - FLOOR 32 - DAY

Matt and Jake walk up to Richard. There's a glob of frosting on his beard.

MATT
Hi Richard, I'm Matt and this is Jake. We're junior executives in training.

RICHARD
Whoa, executives! That's cool.

JAKE
Yes, it is. So Richard, we understand you're in charge of the Hampton Deville Twitter account.

RICHARD
Yep, I get paid to tweet all day. My job is awesome.

A glob of frosting falls off Richard's beard and onto his shirt.

MATT
So then you tweeted the #blownaway tweet?

RICHARD
Yeah! Seems like people are upset about it, but I think it's clever. Cuz, you know, a bunch of people got "blown away" by Hurricane Latisha and I tweeted "blown away" by the size. It's a pun! People just don't get it!

MATT
No, I think people got it.

Richard sets down his plate and opens a desk drawer.

JAKE
Speaking of getting it, you might want to bite down on that fork because what I'm about to say is gonna hurt.

Richard pulls out yet another slice of cake.

MATT
Hold on, I'm sorry -- where are you getting all this cake?

RICHARD
(glint in his eye)
You guys want to see something cool?

Richard spins around and pulls up a spreadsheet on his computer. Jake shoots Matt a look.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I don't know if you guys are interested, but I keep track of every cake party in the building. Today's a big one. Nineteen cakes. We can hit them all, but we gotta move fast.

Richard spins back around.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You guys hungry?

Matt and Jake look at each other.

MUSIC CUE: "Deceptacon" by Le Tigre

CAKE PARTY MONTAGE

In the style of an intense drug-fueled party montage, Richard leads Matt and Jake to various cake parties. It's stylized -- dipping in and out of slo-mo.

RICHARD
First we'll hit Bill Peterson's 53rd birthday: Floor 67... then Tina's baby shower: Floor 84... then Ron's successful gastric bypass surgery: Floor 11...

-We see decorated cakes for each celebration being sliced.

-Matt, Jake, and Richard shove entire slices of cake into their mouths. Matt is relieved and joyful that he finally got to eat.

MATT
This is the best thing I've ever tasted.

-Series of photos of Richard, Matt, and Jake posing with people at various parties, having an increasingly good time.

RICHARD
I know we work for a big corporation, but it's not that bad. The people here are great. It feels like a family. And we get health benefits.

MATT
Wait, you get health benefits?

-Richard leaves cake smudges on the various elevator buttons he pushes as the elevator zooms up and down the skyscraper.

-Matt and Jake talk, their mouths full of cake:

MATT (CONT'D)
Richard is great. This company would be better if more people were like him.

-They watch as Richard kisses a woman at her 62nd birthday party. He pulls away and shouts "Happy fucking birthday!"

JAKE
He's just filling his void with sugar. He clearly has an eating disorder.

MATT
It's amazing to me that you're able to remain pessimistic even when you're eating cake.

JAKE
(mouth full of cake)
I have a gift.

RICHARD
Let's do shots!

-Richard sets up three shot glasses, fills them with chocolate syrup and the three of them do shots.

-Richard tries to juggle cookies. His tie is wrapped around his head. He drops the cookies and falls to the floor laughing.

JAKE
So where are we going next?

RICHARD
Next, we're going to the bathroom to throw up to make room for more cake.

Richard enters a restroom. The song comes to an abrupt halt.

INT. OFFICE PARTY - FLOOR 61

Jake sits slumped over a desk chair as Matt dabs his forehead with a moist rag.

JAKE
God I feel like garbage. I can't party the way I used to.

John and Kate walk up to Matt and Jake.

KATE
Matt. Jake. The fact that you're sitting around covered in cake frosting must mean you've already fired the person responsible for the tweet.

JOHN
So who was it? Who's the piece of meat we're going to hurl into the social media lion's den?

MATT
Well we've got some great news! We found the guy who wrote the tweet, and... he's a great guy! We totally lectured him about how it was bad that he tweeted that, and he now he knows not to do that again. He's really great at his job -- total pro.

Richard returns from the bathroom.

RICHARD
Let me tell you something, the best thing about cake is that it tastes just as good coming back up. Ah, I should tweet that!

Richard grabs another slice of cake off a tray that's passing by. He notices Kate and John.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Hi! I'm Richard.

JOHN
Hey, Richard. We're executives and -

RICHARD
Whoa, more executives! Cool!

JOHN
Yes, it is cool. Question: Did you write the blown away tweet?

RICHARD
Yep. That was me.

KATE
Okay, great. You're fired. Report to HR immediately.

RICHARD
What?

JOHN
This is company property.

John takes the cake from Richard and takes a bite and relishes it.

KATE
(to Matt and Jake)
And you two, question: How could you do this to us?

JOHN
(hurt)
We *used* you as our *tools*, and this is how you repay us?

KATE
We'll deal with you later. In the meantime, I'd suggest you start working on your resumes.

Kate and John walk off.

KATE (CONT'D)
Phew. Glad that's over. I hate confrontation.

JOHN
You did great. Wanna get an early dinner?

KATE
Yeah I'm starving.

Back on Matt and Jake.

JAKE
Well, that's it. We're dead.

RICHARD
So you guys knew I was going to get fired and still used me to get cake.

MATT
It's not like that. If it were up to us, you could keep your job.

RICHARD
But it's not up to you is it? You guys are just tools.

JAKE
Exactly! We're tools.

RICHARD
Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

Everyone at the party stares at Richard, still holding slices of cake.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
None of you care about me! You're all corporate drones! Fuck Hampton DeVille! Fuck Twitter! And fuck birthdays!

Richard storms off. A woman holding a slice of cake with a lit candle starts crying.

MATT
I hope Richard's okay. Seems like he kinda snapped.

JAKE
How can you think about other people at a time like this?

OMINOUS MUSIC starts to build.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - FLOOR 61 - CONTINUOUS

Richard walks into the elevator. He's tweeting something.

He hits a red button labeled ROOF next to a disclaimer reading AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. He leaves behind a smudge of cake frosting.

The ominous music crescendos as the doors close on Richard's psychotic stare.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. BREAK ROOM - FLOOR 47 - DAY

Matt holds a cardboard Hampton DeVille box as Jake tosses coffee mugs, packets of artificial sweetener, and other office paraphernalia into the box.

MATT
Maybe getting fired is a blessing in disguise. Maybe it will force me to figure out my life's true purpose.

JAKE
Cut the hippy shit. We have to steal as much as we can before they bring down the hammer. Help me with this TV.

Jake pulls at a flatscreen TV, trying to rip it off the wall. Onscreen, Christian is being interviewed on BNN.

MATT
Wait a second. Let's watch this.

ANGLE ON: TV

INT. NEWS STUDIO / INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Karen sits at the news desk interviewing Christian, who is showing off the Obelisk.

CHRISTIAN
...it's going to revolutionize the way people touch a screen--

KAREN
Mr. DeVille, please put down the Obelisk. There's an internet campaign to boycott all Hampton DeVille products unless you apologize for the tweet. Will you apologize?

CHRISTIAN
No, I will not apologize. I refuse to negotiate with the internet. That tweet was the act of a rogue employee. I would instead like to say that I love hurricane victims---

KAREN
Christian, I'm going to have to interrupt you as we have a breaking tweet.

An over-the-top graphics package slams in with "BREAKING TWEET" written in a dramatic font. At the end, a tweet appears onscreen.

KAREN (CONT'D)
A new tweet has just been issued from the Hampton DeVille account reading… *"My name is Richard. I wrote the #blownaway tweet, got fired, and now I'm going to kill myself, by being #blownaway off of a building."*

Christian looks offscreen and sees a crowd of nervous executives gathered on the balcony.

He rips off his mic and rushes outside to see Richard standing on the edge of the roof.

CHRISTIAN
Goddamnit.

BACK ON MATT AND JAKE.

MATT
Oh my God. Richard's going to kill himself!

Jake stands on a table, unscrewing a light bulb from the ceiling fixture.

JAKE
Well, if he wants to end his life, that's his choice and I respect his decision. Life's a prison.

Jake tosses the light bulb which bounces off of Matt's chest like a backboard and falls into the box.

MATT
We have to help him.

JAKE
See, that’s why I love you. You think the world is a beautiful place. But you’re wrong. It’s Lord of the Flies, and God is the Devil. Also, we don’t even have the power to do anything. Now grab that Keurig.

Matt picks up the Keurig coffee maker on the counter, but then changes his mind and sets it back down.

MATT
No. I have an idea...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FLOOR 90 - AFTERNOON

The camera dramatically moves across the conference table and lands on Christian.

CHRISTIAN
OK, so what are our options? Can we push him?

KATE
We ran the numbers and people on the internet like Richard more than they hate the tweet.

JOHN
But comparatively, people like the hurricane more than they like Richard.

KATE
Sir, the internet is like a toddler with a handgun. It doesn't know what it wants, and it's extremely dangerous.

Christian stares into an Obelisk. His hands shake. His face is underlit with white light.

CHRISTIAN
(to the Obelisk)
All right internet, you son of a bitch. Just tell me what you want from me!

INT. BARON'S CUBICLE - FLOOR 32

Matt and Jake stand behind Baron who sits at his computer.

JAKE
Thanks for agreeing to help us, Baron.

BARON
I'm not doing this for you assholes. I'm doing this for Richard. Because he gives me cake. So really I'm doing it for me.

MATT
Okay, so here's what I think you should tweet---

BARON
Stop. You wouldn't tell Shakespeare how to write a sonnet, and you don't tell an internet guru how to get a hashtag trending. Step back.

Matt and Jake step back. Baron puts on his headphones and goes to work.

MUSIC CUE: Operatic music

MONTAGE

-Baron snags a picture off Facebook of Richard holding a big sandwich.

-Baron replaces the sandwich with a cute kitten.

-A photoshop timelapse of Baron morphing Richard into a thin, attractive hunk who bears no resemblance to Richard.

-Baron's hands move across the keyboard like a concert pianist.

JAKE
It's beautiful...

-Matt and Jake look at each other and share a moment, like they're watching a beautiful sunset.

-Baron adds #SaveRichard to the photo and sends the tweet.

BARON
It's in the internet's hands now.

EXT. BALCONY - FLOOR 90 - DAY

John and Kate stand on the balcony talking to Richard through a megaphone.

KATE
Richard, question: why are you doing this?

RICHARD
(screaming and crying)
Because I don't have any friends so I go to birthday parties of people I don't know and binge eat to fill the bottomless void of loneliness inside of me!

JOHN
Ok great. That makes sense.

Matt and Jake run up to Kate and John with an Obelisk and a cake.

JAKE
We have a plan. Let us talk to Richard.

MATT
Give us the chance to prove that we can be your tools.

Kate and John look at each other. John nods.

KATE
That would actually be really helpful.

JOHN
When he jumps, we'll just pin the blame on you.

John hands Matt the megaphone. Matt and Jake look at each other. This is their moment. They pass the megaphone back and forth as they talk.

MATT
Richard, don't do this!

JAKE
Yeah Richard don't jump or whatever!

RICHARD
I don’t want to talk to you. I want to kill myself.

JAKE
Richard, we all want to kill ourselves!

We pan around to see everyone nodding, agreeing with Jake.

MATT
But you can’t because people on the internet care about you. The top trending hashtag on twitter right now is #SaveRichard!

RICHARD
Really?

Jake holds up the Obelisk and we see tweets supporting #SaveRichard.

JAKE
It’s actually second under #UnlikelyCoffeeMugSayings.

Subtle inspirational music plays as Matt takes a step forward and begins another inspirational speech.

MATT
All across the world, millions of faceless, nameless strangers who will forget about you tomorrow want you to live. They care about you! Also, we have cake!

Matt holds up a cake.

RICHARD
What kind of cake?

JAKE
RICHARD SHUT UP AND COME DOWN!

RICHARD
OK, I’m coming down!

JAKE
Holy shit. Someone finally listened to me.

Richard steps down off the roof onto the balcony. Everyone cheers. Richard trips and falls face first into the cake that Jake is holding.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FLOOR 90 - LATER

Christian has his arm around Richard, whose face is covered in cake. Christian talks to the news camera.

CHRISTIAN
...and then I personally stepped in and saved one of our most valued employees, Richard, who I'm happy to welcome back to the Hampton DeVille family. And as a gesture of sympathy to the victims of Hurricane Latisha, whom we love dearly, we will be offering 10% off the Obelisk to anyone who can prove that their home was destroyed in the hurricane.

Matt and Jake look on. Kate and John walk up.

KATE
Good news. We just got word that this controversy increased brand awareness and boosted sales of the Obelisk by 23%, so great job.

JOHN
We're not going to fire you. Yet.

Kate and John walk off. Matt and Jake watch Richard eating yet another slice of cake.

JAKE
Well, Matt you did it. You saved Richard.

MATT
I didn't save him. All I did was tell Baron to do it.

JAKE
Matt, telling Baron to do it *was* doing it.

MATT
Oh my God... You're right.

Matt smiles to himself as he watches Christian shake Richard's hand for the cameras. John and Kate are in the background trying to get into the publicity photos. Christian leans over to Kate and John and whispers.

CHRISTIAN
Wait about a week for this all to blow over and then fire Richard again. I don’t want that little cake-faced idiot working here.

Kate and John nod.

Back on Matt and Jake looking proud.

MATT
We saved Richard.

END OF ACT III

TAG

INT. MATT AND JAKE'S OFFICE - FLOOR 47 - DAY

Matt watches an apology bukkake video on his computer. We hear sexually-charged female voices through his headphones.

FEMALE VOICES (O.S.)
I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Matt... it was my fault we broke up...

Matt's into it.

Meanwhile, Jake watches tentacle porn on his computer. We hear weird gross sci-fi tentacle sex sounds through his headphones.

Jake feels nothing.

We hear all of it at once as Jake and Matt takes sips of coffee sitting on opposite sides of their shared desk.

FADE OUT. *