

CRUMPLE, SHOOT, SCORE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - PHILLIP'S CUBICLE - DAY

Stale. Silence, aside from the noise of papers and keyboards. PHILLIP, 34, a nerdy office employee, robotically writes on papers, stamps them, then types on his computer. Over and over-- writes, stamps, types, writes, stamps, types.

Phillip, unchanged, zones out. His will fades.

SCRATCH!

He snaps back. At a snail's pace, he peers down to the form in his hands. The corner has a tiny rip.

He pulls his head in to inspect the scratch. His beady eyes glare at the tear.

PHILLIP (V.O.)

What did you do? Idiot. This is why
you're a failure. Perfect record,
gone. Gone! No more mistakes.
Employee of the month-- ruined.

Philip clenches the paper, it crumples. He checks back in at the sound of the paper. He sighs.

A beat.

Phillip reaches for the trash can, it's too far. He strains himself but to no avail. He gives up.

He tosses the paper toward the can. It banks off the cubicle wall into the bin.

A smile cracks on his face. He covers it but it breaks through, stronger, louder, better.

Skittish, Phillip crumples another form and tosses it, again it lands into the can. He snickers like a donkey.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip shoots up and surveys the sea of cubicles. Everyone works in unison. No one even acknowledges his presence.

CARLOS, 48, a gruff man and Phillip's boss, looks over at him, confusion is written all over his face.

CARLOS

Huh?

He gestures "What are you doing?". Phillip fakes a yawn and stretches.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

Carlos slowly leans back into his work. He stares at Phillip the entire way down.

INT. OFFICE - PHILLIP'S CUBICLE - DAY

Phillip grasps his chest. Heavy breaths. His heart beats a mile a minute.

PHILLIP (V.O.)

Oh my god, oh my lord, oh my, oh my
oh my-- what is this, this surge,
and ephemeral moment. Holy shi--

In a total trance. He darts up and sets up a fan.

Fingers snap in his face. JANICE, early 30s, a tall woman who goes with the wind, as well as, Phillip's co-worker.

JANICE

Hey, hey! You there Travis?

PHILLIP

Huh-- wait who?

Janice shoves a folder of forms into Phillip's face.

JANICE

Carlos said you seemed "sleepy" and
"all done" so here's some more w-46
and I-18s.

Phillip stands with the chord of the fan in his hand. The fan is set up on a pile of books facing the can.

PHILLIP

Oh...yeah, I'll get to that,
thanks.

Janice eyes the fan, the crumpled papers, and the bin.

JANICE

You're up to something, aren't you?

PHILLIP

What no. No. Definitely not, I mean
what could I be doing. I just work.

Janice raises an eyebrow. She shrugs and walks off.

JANICE
(sing-song)
Okay. I got my eye on you Petey.

PHILLIP
It's Phillip. And could you
actually ask Carlos real quickly if
he wants these formatted in 548
Look or 997 Setup?

JANICE
Sure, sure, Jeffery.

Phillip's voice trails. He plops down into his chair. Phillip searches his cubicle.

PHILLIP (V.O.)
Fan, Stapler, ruler, paperclip,
rubber band.

He rubs his hands together.

JAMES, 50s, a tired father of two, though that doesn't stop him from cracking jokes, leans on the cubicle wall.

JAMES
Hey man, we've been watching you on
break. You want a lil help?

He gestures to a group of employees. They grin.

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - DAY

Janice enters. Carlos doesn't acknowledge her existence.

CARLOS
Janice.

JANICE
Hey boss. Gotta ask you a quick
question. Those forms for Phil, you
want them in 548 Look or 997 Setup?

Carlos stops typing. He sits back in his chair.

CARLOS
(trails)
Hmmm... well 548 provides a simple
yet detailed design, but 997 allows
for a chic look with an expectedly
satisfying briefing...
(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I may have to call the boss about this. Ah, but his meeting.

Carlos checks the time, he dials the phone. It rings, Janice is losing her patients.

OPERATOR

Please hold.

He still thinks while on hold. Janice is unhappy. She is going to be there a while.

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - LATER

Carlos has fallen asleep while on hold. Janice left a note on his face.

It reads: *"Will be back later big thinker, on break."*

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A masterful trick shot has been set up around the cubicle and office. All sorts of objects:

-Fans galore.

-Mouse Traps.

-Office supplies.

-A basketball hoop.

-The trash bin.

Phillip is all set up to shoot.

JAMES

Go for it!

EMPLOYEE

Yeah, yeah hit it!

Phillip shoots. The ball perfectly flicks around the office. Until a fan blows it directly towards Janice who is back from break. She slaps the ball out of the air.

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd watches in horror as it flies into Carlos's office, knocking his bell and flying back out.

Carlos wakes up and looks to Phillip. The crowd scrams. He seethes with anger.

CARLOS

Phillip!

He shoots up and storms out the door.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He barrels towards Phillip and stands over him.

CARLOS

What the hell do you think your doing? You just messing around all day? And to make matters worse getting others doing your bidding. I could never imagine you ignoring wor--

The paper ball hits Carlos in the back of the head. It falls to the ground.

Carlos is frozen, he shakes with anger. The employees brace for the fire of insults to come.

The ball sits still on the ground. A hand reaches down, it's hesitant then commits to pick up the ball. It's Phillip, he reaches his hand out holding the ball to Carlos.

PHILLIP

Ya know, you seem a little stressed. But I think I know what may help.

Carlos hesitates.

CARLOS

No no... I couldn't possibly--

PHILLIP

C'mon. One shot.

He takes the ball and shoots it. The ball lands in the bin. Carlos is brought back to his childhood.

INT. CARLOS'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - PAST

A young Carlos scribbles drawings in his notebook, rips the papers out, and tosses them into a full trash can.

INT. OFFICE - PRESENT

A tear forms in Carlos's eye, he laughs. The employees come out from their bunkers excited.

PHILLIP
You to Janice.

JANICE
Huh?

Montage:

-Employees set different elements around the cubicles.

-Janice helps James.

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - DAY

-Phillip and Carlos work with mini trampolines to make the shot bounce around Carlos's office.

End Montage.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Two balls are made, Carlos and Phillip both shoot their respective balls. They zoom through the track and flick off mousetraps, roll on walls, bounce off each other, and blow on fans. Through the Basketball hoop and into the bin.

Everyone cheers. Party poppers and confetti explode.

Phillip and Carlos shake hands.

CARLOS
Let's hear it for Phillip.

PHILLIP
Please, please, it was all you.

An elevator dings. A man in a sleek suit steps out, it's THE BOSS, 50s, Carlos's boss.

THE BOSS
I got your call, I was in my meeting still I'm sorry for delaying all your questions. Also, I know we don't usually give a tie but guess who won employees of--

He notices the office is a complete mess of complex objects around the room. Everyone freezes.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(weak)

--the month.

He holds a framed picture of Carlos and Phillip.

CUT TO BLACK.