

# TEMP SERVICE

The Calling - Pilot:v1:d4

BY

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COLD OPEN

INT. INTELICALL - JANITOR'S CLOSET - WHO KNOWS WHEN?

There is darkness, save for a crack of light peeking beneath a presumably locked door. BILLY, a mid-20s every man is unconscious, bound, gagged and covered in yellow Post-it notes. Somewhere in the dim light looms his abductor.

As our hero gradually comes to - lullaby sleepy time music fills the air and a voice...

ABDUCTOR (O.S.)  
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Be very quiet.  
They are listening.

BILLY thrashes around and lets out a muffled shriek as his chair falls.

The sound of a chain-pull and the room is filled with light. An enormous and creepy old JANITOR is there.

BILLY  
Feffy fun fear fiz ffeffin frezzay!

A giant hand surrounds BILLY'S throat, lifting him and his chair upright.

JANITOR  
If I take off your gag, do you  
promise to be quiet?

BILLY nods agreement and the JANITOR removes the gag.

BILLY  
(Yelling)  
Everyone at this company is fraking  
crazy -

The JANITOR'S hand returns to BILLY's mouth.

JANITOR  
You seem really excited. Maybe we  
should put the gag back.

He uncovers BILLY's mouth, waiting for a response.

BILLY  
(Whispering)  
Okay. Okay. Look. Please, I'll do  
anything you want. Please don't  
kill me. I don't want to die.

JANITOR

You saw what happened to your  
friend. You're next.

BILLY

Just untie me. Let me go...  
I'll leave and never come back.

JANITOR

I will untie you. But if you want  
to live. You have to fight.

BILLY

Man, I really needed this job.

JANITOR

So... I am thinking gasoline.  
Maybe five gallons?

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES - SCI-FI TECHNO INSTRUMENTAL OF 'MAD WORLD'

FADE IN:

ACT 1

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - EVENING

A barely legible, mostly melted company badge for Inatech CORP with large, bold print reads , 'BILLY STILLY' and 'Contractor' beneath it. BILLY enters his nondescript, grey studio apartment in charred clothes leaving a trail of smoke. There are papers, books and manuscripts strewn about while his black and white cat, CHECKERS sits on a faded pillow and couldn't care less.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The shower is turned on and Billy steps in. He shouts. It's cold. Cinders and ash float above his head.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Billy flops down on a well-worn couch/bed. He clicks the remote.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now we return to Meat World's  
bi-annual 36-hour wiener roast.

FADE TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Billy snores as other meat-themed programs play.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

An angry older woman with an ornate hammer is nailing an envelope to the door. After three forceful blows, she turns and -

ANGRY WOMAN

(Alarmed)

Wait! What are you doing? Get that thing away from me! Ahh!!

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - MORNING

Nothing but darkness and a low, ominous hum.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome. I trust you are comfortable.

A light flickers and blinks before receding into darkness.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

Just relax now. Everything is going to be fine. Ah look, you're waking up. Atta boy.

FLASH - Popcorn plaster ceiling.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

Don't worry, Billy, everything has been taken care of. You don't even have to eat breakfast this morning because -

FLASH - Close-up of a terrifying puppet.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

You're in hell!

BILLY is awake and screaming. The terrifying sock puppet is on the hand of GUNTHER, BILLY'S forty-something eccentric billionaire neighbor. The puppet hands BILLY the envelope from the door - an eviction notice.

GUNTHER

Good Morning sir.

BILLY

(Still upset)

Not cool, Gunther. NOT cool.

GUNTHER

(Speaking through the puppet)

Forget to pay your rent again? Ever think about getting an assistant?

BILLY

Stop! Stop doing that! Where the hell did you find that thing?

GUNTHER

Mangalese sock puppet. It's used to ward off evil spirits. I've ordered a thousand. Seems like a good investment.

BILLY reads the eviction notice.

BILLY

'This is your third and final notice' I'm dead.

(To GUNTHER)

How did you get in here?

GUNTHER

The door was open.

BILLY

Thank you. The door was not open.

GUNTHER

Open or closed, when life closes one door, another one opens. Let's get some tea.

CUT TO:

INT. GUNTHER'S APARTMENT - A LARGE ROOM - LATER

BILLY and GUNTHER sip tea in a vast, ornate and eclectic environment. How is this the same building? Harp music emanates from somewhere.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Your true bliss comes from within. Billy, how many times have we talked about this?

BILLY

(Frustrated)

My bliss doesn't pay the rent.

GUNTHER

If you want to write, why do you stay so focused on money? Take a walkabout. See the world!

BILLY

Because... money, Gunther.

GUNTHER

Have you considered the Andes  
Mountains?

BILLY gives him a blank stare. GUNTHER hands BILLY a travel brochure.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

They are truly breathtaking. I'm  
sure a few months there could help  
you gain focus, Billy.

BILLY

(Referring to the brochure)  
Where do you get these? I can't  
travel halfway around the world.  
I'm about to be homeless, Gunther.

GUNTHER

That's some stinkin' thinkin'.

What you're missing is love. You need to get out, travel...  
live.

BILLY

Well, right now it feels like I'm  
never getting out of Kreshmin.

GUNTHER

No, no, no. Your chi is way off.  
Tantrics, Billy. Companionship. You  
can do this.

BILLY

Well, women don't usually like to  
date the homeless, so -

GUNTHER

Time to get you focused.

GUNTHER rings a small gong. BILLY flinches.

GUNTHER begins to make out with his diversely sexy and mostly  
naked collection of house guests who appear to come from  
nowhere. GUNTHER doesn't seem to notice as BILLY goes pale  
and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - LATER

A red-faced BILLY checks his messages.

## CATHY VOICE MAIL

BEEEP - Good Morning Billings  
Tilly. This is Cathy Harris from  
T.S.C.S.R.I. Recruiting Services  
calling with today's available  
opportunity. As this is a time-  
sensitive position please return my  
call as soon as you receive this  
message. To confirm please speak  
the word , 'confirm'

CHECKERS, falling from the sky, lands on BILLY'S head  
scratching his head and face.

BILLY

(Shrieking)

CheckAAAZZZZZZ!!!!  
FRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAXXXXXXX

CATHY VOICE MAIL

Beeeeeep - Thank you. Your response  
was 'CheckAAAZZZZZZ!!!!  
FRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAXXXXXXX' I look  
forward to hearing from you at your  
earliest convenience.

BILLY returns the call to CATHY.

CATHY'S ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Thank you for calling T.S.C.S.R.I.  
Recruiting Services, this is Cathy.

BILLY

Hi Cath -

CATHY'S ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Please press 1 to speak with Cathy.

BILLY presses 1.

CATHY (O.S.)

Thank you for calling T.S.C.S.R.I.  
Recruiting Services, this is Cathy.

BILLY

Hi Cathy. Billy Stilly returning  
your call.

CATHY (O.S.)

Please hold.

Hold music plays beneath a recorded voice extolling the  
benefits of working with T.S.C.S.R.I. - none of which are  
relevant to being a human.

T.S.C.S.R.I., non-toxic atmosphere and stable walking surfaces are provided for each professional placement.

CATHY(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thank you for calling T.S.C.S.R.I.  
Recruiting Services, This is Cathy.

BILLY

Hello Cathy, you just put me on  
hold, this is Billy Stilly  
returning your call.

CATHY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, we don't have a Billy  
Stilly in our system. Is this the  
first time you've called  
T.S.C.S.R.I.?

BILLY

Oh come on, Cathy. I have been  
working with you for 6 years now,  
and every time I call we have the  
same conversation.

CATHY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, could you please say  
your name again?

BILLY

Billy St-

CATHY (O.S.)

EMID please.

BILLY

(Sighs)

JAY, ALPHA, BETA, X-RAY, 1, 5, 5,  
6, 4, 3, 6, 7, 1

CATHY (O.S.)

Good morning Mr. Tillings your  
assignment is Intelicall INC. 6666  
Delvin way, Quadrant 12. Expected  
arrival time is -

An automated, robotic-sounding voice cuts in.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

WEDNESDAY AT 9:45AM.

CATHY (O.S.)

The current time is 10:18 AM,  
Mr. Tilly; you will be docked for  
late arrival. Also note -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
 Your pay receipt will reflect a  
 significant increase for this  
 assignment.

BILLY hangs up the phone and rushes to dress and run out the door. As he heads out, he catches his reflection in a mirror...

BILLY  
 You can do this. You will keep this  
 job. You deserve a good job.

He looks down and sees a stain. Checkers has peed on his shirt.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 FRAAAACKKK\*\*\*\*\*

CUT TO:

EXT. KRESHMIN - ON THE WAY TO WORK - LATER

Bus. Subway. Pedicab. Wall of stairs. Billy's journey to work is a montage of treachery and desperation. Kreshmin is full of Billy-like people. A lovely flower is crushed.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - SECURITY - LATER

The office is drowning in worn out leadership phrases. 'Keep your head down and your shoes on straight!', etc) There is something very wrong with the permanent workers at Intelicall. They have very orange tans, giant white teeth and a lack of basic volume control. Very fake happiness. After being thoroughly examined both inside and out by building security, BILLY meets GREG, a 30-something bespectacled, doughy new hire with a silly accent. GREG starts in the middle of a conversation they hadn't even begun.

GREG  
 ...as you probably know I was  
 second runner up on the hit reality  
 show To catch a Beef 12. They loved  
 the way I cried. Here's your badge.

BILLY  
 Have we met? I'm Billy.

BILLY extends his hand but Greg pulls back both of his.

GREG

You can't be this late again. Let me show you around.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - TRAINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GREG leads BILLY to an adjacent tech room filled with small screens. New hires face their own screens and wear 1970's-looking headphones. This is orientation. The screens display live video feed of various workstations, the break room and even the toilets which are very tiny - hardly enough for one person - but glistening and look completely unused. The videos seem to know the workers and address them directly. One screen even displays BILLY in this room, watching the people of Intelicall watching their video screens. How is this happening? Video of the break room shows orange-tanned EMPLOYEES consuming metallic-looking pastries which appear to glow unnaturally.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Working for Intelicall can be a wonderfully challenging experience. We have devised custom solutions for every possible hurdle. Snacks are available at every kuffee® break. Snacks!

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MOMENTS LATER

GREG seats BILLY as three managers approach to greet them. EVAN, KELVIN and MELVIN sport those bronzer tans and enormous smiles. EVAN shakes hands violently with Billy and then removes the glove he is wearing and disposes of it.

EVAN

Hi Willy,  
(to Greg)  
Did he get the Memo?

GREG recites the mantra.

GREG

(to BILLY)  
No outside work.

EVAN  
 (Beaming)  
 Keep your head down and your shoes  
 on straight.

BILLY  
 Hi, have we met? I'm Billy.

BILLY extends his hand but no one accepts it. Or notices.

KELVIN  
 (Pats MELVIN on the back)  
 Be sure he gets the Teamwork flyer.

MELVIN  
 (Pats KELVIN on the back  
 and hands BILLY a flyer.)  
 This is really one of the greatest  
 flyers I have ever seen.

EVAN  
 Agreed.

KELVIN  
 Welcome to -

He prompts BILLY by gesturing to the company name and logo on  
 one of the screens.

BILLY  
 Intelicall?

KELVIN  
 Great. GREAT! See, Greg, I don't  
 know why you were so worried! He's  
 gonna fit in just fine.

All three MANAGERS laugh. A little too much.

MELVIN  
 (To KELVIN and EVAN)  
 Okay people, We've got a hard lunch  
 at 12. Let's skedaddle.

EVAN  
 Great meeting you, Billings. You'll  
 fit in fine if you keep your head  
 down  
 (pointing to a sign)  
 and your shoes on straight.

KELVIN, MELVIN and EVAN leave GREG and BILLY behind. LINDA a  
 mid-twenties-something person walks by, making uncomfortable  
 eye contact with BILLY.

GREG  
That's Linda. Don't get distracted.  
Sit.

BILLY does.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Questions?

BILLY  
Uh, what do I do?

GREG  
You answer calls.

BILLY  
Between calls?

GREG  
We wait for the next call. Follow  
the prompts.

GREG presses a button on a nearby console.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Be ready. Your training begins now.  
After lunch, your work begins.

GREG returns to his own cubicle as BILLY'S settles in.

CUT TO:

ACT 2

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY'S system phone rings, he answers.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
Welcome to Intelicall - BILLINGS  
TILLY. At Intellical, your job is  
to negate financial disbursements  
for the Terminal Client User or  
T.C.U. The following is a series of  
preparatory engagements. They have  
been devised to maximize your level  
of negation. Standby for a sample  
call. You will be monitored. The  
following is an average T.C.U.  
interaction.

BILLY hears an artificial phone ringing sound and then -

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

(Sobbing)

... Oh God, Why have you done this  
to me?

Screen Prompt - Greeting: 'Hi, my name is Your Associate. I  
am authorized to make your life better. '

BILLY

(Following his prompts)

Hi, my name is Your Associate. I am  
authorized to -

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

(Sobbing)

... Please can you help me. My son  
is dying and I have been on hold  
for 3 hours.

Screen Prompt - Engage: 'What is your client code please, and  
how may I help you today?'

BILLY

What is your client code please,  
and how may I help you today?

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

I've already given that code at  
least six times. I want to speak to  
a person. Please... a person!

BILLY

I'm so sorry. I am happy to help. I  
am a person -

The SYSTEM voice cuts in with a BEEP -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

This phrase is not protocol.  
'Person' is not an authorized  
response. Please continue.

The sample call restarts.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

(Sobbing)

... Please can you help me. My son  
is dying and I have been on hold  
for 3 hours.

Screen Prompt - Diffuse: What is your client code please, and  
how may I help you today?

BILLY

(Still reading his script)  
What is your client code please,  
and how may I help you today?

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

You bastard, I need help. Real,  
honest help. My son is Eric - he  
has a name - and he's only 5 years  
old. He is going to die unless we  
get new medication. Now.

BILLY

(Under his breath)  
Oh my god.

The SYSTEM voice again cuts in with a BEEP -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please maintain protocol. 'My god'  
is not an authorized response.  
Terminal Client User has invoked  
death. The word 'die' has been  
recognized. Please follow your  
prompts: Divert. Call resumes in 3,  
2, -

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

(a child cries in the  
background)

Don't you even care? Why doesn't  
anyone care?

Screen Prompt - Divert: 'I understand. I will transfer you to  
my team Leader.'

BILLY

(Already deflated)  
I understand. I will transfer you  
to my team leader.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS (O.S.)

Please, no! Can't you just help -

Screen Prompt - Disengage: ', 'You are now being transferred.  
Thank you for your call.'

BILLY

You are now being transferred.  
Thank you for your call.

The call ends and the SYSTEM voice returns with a BEEP -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
Your test call is now complete.  
Please view your Prompts for  
further instructions. Welcome to  
Intelicall. Enjoy your kuffee®.

Screen Prompt: Enjoy some of our delicious kuffee®.

BILLY looks to GREG at a nearby cubicle. GREG is mid-call.

GREG  
Well, we all have to go sometime,  
maa'm. I'm sure your mother would  
have been very happy about your new  
policy if she had lived. No. No,  
your children are not covered.

GREG sees BILLY but waves him away - toward the break room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY gets kuffee®. It is very, very goopy. He attempts to  
make eye contact and interact with the strangely tanned  
employees.

BILLY  
Hi, have we met? My name is Billy.

An employee looks directly at BILLY and, unblinking, walks  
away.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MOMENTS LATER

As BILLY returns to his desk, he passes by manager MELVIN who  
is laughing and points to him.

MELVIN  
(Laughing)  
A 'person' Oh, man. That... that is  
rich.

Other employees ignore BILLY completely and continue to speak  
to each other in entirely incoherent dialogue. Even when  
BILLY gets near, he can't understand a word.

BILLY returns to his desk. There is a Post-it note attached  
to his display: 'Look in your drawer.'

BILLY takes a sip of the brown and goopy kuffee® and shrugs. It has no flavor. At all.

He opens his drawer to see another Post-it which reads: 'Don't drink the kuffee®!'

BILLY Spits out his kuffee®.

ACT 3

INT. INTELICALL - BOARDROOM - THURSDAY

BILLY meets ROBERT E. CORNISH - CEO at the biweekly SKRUNGE. ROBERT is an understated version of his underlings. His tan looks authentic and during moments of his speech he seems almost human. He immediately takes a liking to BILLY and calls him 'go-getter' and 'tiger'. BILLY and GREG are definitely on point.

ROBERT

I would like to say thanks and give a hearty welcome to each and every one of you for being here today at Intelicall Incorporated. As I look around at your sparkling faces, I see myself a millennia ago and think the stars of tomorrow are looking brighter every day. If it isn't too much to ask, I would like our three newest go-getters to introduce themselves, and tell us why they wanted to be tigers of team Intelicall.

GREG raises his hand and steps forward.

GREG

Hey! I'm Greg.

Group responds en masse. An unenthusiastic drone: Hello Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yeah! Happy to be here! Uh, many of you probably know I had success on television. But already, I am finding more passion here because - I'm not sure if you realize - but reality TV

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
...isn't actually real.

He stops whispering, winks and offers his TV close-up catchphrase as a sparkle star effect waves across the every employee's screen.

GREG (CONT'D)  
'Blammo!' Am I right? Ha ha, okay.  
Thanks for this exciting  
opportunity.

ROBERT  
(He snaps instead of claps)  
Yes. Yes. On point.

LINDA tentatively steps forward, then gets her bearings.

LINDA  
Hi... um. Hello, I'm Linda.

The group answers: 'Hello Linda.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Oh, hi. So, I guess I thought I was really happy in my old life and with my job but, when it didn't work out, I felt like I had really failed. So now, I'm totally ready to discover a better me. (she glances at the company motto line posted in the room and continues) I'm ready... to 'keep my head down and my shoes on straight!' Thanks.

ROBERT  
(snapping not clapping)  
That's right, you! Way to tiger-up for the team.

LINDA steps back and all eyes turn to BILLY. He offers a small grin and a salute but doesn't step forward.

BILLY  
I'm... Billy.

The group speaks but it is more muddled this time: ',Hello Billy.', 'Hello, William.' 'Hello, Willy', etc.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I am a temp, so I was sent here by T.S.C.S.R.I. And I also write.

The group gives him an odd look.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
When I'm not working, I mean.

They exhale, looking relieved.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I hope to be a successful part of  
the team.

Silence.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Thank you?

ROBERT steps forward.

ROBERT (SNAPPING INSTEAD OF CLAPPING)  
We all have to start somewhere. I  
want to take this moment to thank  
you all for your efforts this week -  
especially with that recent wave of  
flood and arson claims out of the  
mid-west. I will clasp my hands as  
if in prayer (he does so). I thank  
you.

He moves beside a (previously unseen) table full of his newly  
published books.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
And so, as I gesture to this table,  
I also remind you to purchase a  
copy of my new novel, 'Pillars of  
SKRUNGE', now available on Polar  
Bear Press. Perhaps it will offer  
you some relief during these tense  
and turbulent times.

ROBERT pauses for effect. He raises his eyebrows and the  
group applauds.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Too kind. No reading at your desk.

The group chuckles and nods in agreement.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
What are our words?

ENTIRE GROUP  
Keep your head down and your shoes  
straight!

ROBERT  
What is better than salvation?

ENTIRE GROUP  
Negation.

ROBERT  
Outstanding. Now get out there and  
take them to the mat!

ROBERT 'roars' like a children's cartoon character and the group begins to disperse, applauding themselves and each other. BILLY sees LINDA heading into the break room and follows her lead.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY and LINDA make eye contact, exchange smiles and chat at the vending machines.

LINDA takes a bite of a blue doughnut, appearing to really enjoy it. She offers BILLY a piece and smiles through her blue doughnut teeth.

BILLY  
(Stomach turned)  
I'm good. Thanks.

LINDA  
You know, I never really liked  
vending machine pastries before I  
got here. Now I can't seem to get  
enough.

A beat.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
So, 'person'. What do you do? For  
fun. Other than answer phones, I  
mean.

BILLY  
Some people call me Billy. Yeah, I  
also do some writing when I have  
the time.

LINDA  
Oh, that's right. You said. So,  
that's cool. What kind of writing  
do you do, Mr. 'people call me  
Billy'?

BILLY chuckles nervously at her playfulness.

BILLY

Um. I've been working on this manuscript about penguins, which kind of grows to reach -

BILLY is interrupted as the break room music swells over his reply - he tries to yell over it, but still can't be heard. A MID-LEVEL EMPLOYEE, dressed better than most, steps between them. The EMPLOYEE is quite attractive and gets LINDA's attention. BILLY'S hopeful demeanor fades.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - MAIN HALL - FRIDAY MORNING

Employees emerge from the elevator banks and move past security, like suited cattle. A blank-faced SECURITY OFFICER turns to various passers-by and raises his arm as if to wave hello - but with no particular recognition of anyone. It's as if he's on a morose parade float. A recorded monotone voice - on loop - reverberates throughout the halls.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Good morning - all. The weather is - good. Today is - payday. Enjoy your - kuffee®.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - PAY BAY - LATER

BILLY is next in line to receive his paycheck. Everyone is weirdly silent as footfalls and coughs reverberate as if in an indoor swimming pool. As BILLY awaits his turn, he becomes increasingly uncomfortable so he turns to smile at the EMPLOYEE behind him. The EMPLOYEE returns his eye contact, blinks, but does not engage. BILLY steps up to the bay.

BILLY

Hello. Good morning.

The CLERK looks at him but says nothing, the same reaction he got from the EMPLOYEE. BILLY takes a few steps back and tries it again.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hello.

Nothing.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Hello. Good morning.

CLERK  
Hello. Please present your E.I.D.

BILLY displays his badge. The CLERK looks to it, then back at BILLY. After a long pause, the CLERK begins efficiently punching numbers into a panel. A very old-sounding printer kicks in as the CLERK, machine-like, rubber stamps some documents, turns, rips a page from the unseen printer and slides the paycheck into an envelope, handing it to BILLY. Finally, the CLERK looks right at BILLY, making intense eye contact, and speaks.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Next employee. Next, please.

BILLY peers into the envelope. It's much more than he expected.

BILLY  
Um. Are you sure? This amount is really high.

The CLERK, unfazed, presses a button and a voice BOOMS.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello. BILLINGS TILLY. Your hard work and team spirit has been recognized. Intelicall payment has been dispensed. Please disconnect.

In the same manner, the CLERK repeats:

CLERK  
Next employee. Next, please.

Billy steps away from the window. He is shocked. This is more than he has ever received.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - THE DOOR - EVENING

BILLY stands inside his open door while his landlord, HANNAH, stands in the hall.

HANNAH  
You can stay as long as you keep this up. What are you doing, selling somebody's organs?

BILLY

(Snorts)

No, Ms. Hannah I got a new gig at a call center.

HANNAH

Well, remember, a healthy human kidney is worth at least 4 thousand on the open market.

BILLY

I'll try not to forget.

HANNAH

Are you some kind of vegetarian?

BILLY

When it comes to organ meats, yes.

HANNAH

Don't get fresh.

HANNAH begins to walk away and BILLY calls after her.

BILLY

Anything else, Ms. Hannah?

HANNAH

Yeah, keep it down in there. Some of us are trying to relax.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GUNTHER sits on BILLY's couch. The apartment is CLEAN without an item of clothing to be seen. BILLY is in shock. CHECKERS doesn't care.

BILLY

Gunther. What the hell happened?

GUNTHER

Pants, shirts and socks are in the top drawer. The sports jacket wouldn't fit, so I threw it out.

BILLY

How did you get in here?

GUNTHER

I used your key.

BILLY  
My key? How? How did you get my  
key?

GUNTHER  
I made a copy. You clearly needed  
my help.

BILLY  
Clearly.

GUNTHER  
Enough of this. You need a good  
night out.

BILLY  
Clearly.

GUNTHER  
Get changed, Beverly. We leave in  
one hour.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAUFFEURED CAR - LATER

GUNTHER takes BILLY out to get him drunk/high in celebration  
of his first week on the job.

GUNTHER  
You didn't change.

BILLY  
Into what? You threw away my sport  
coat.

GUNTHER  
No matter.

The silent, futuristic car is moving way too fast. It enters  
a hidden tunnel and suddenly GUNTHER is sipping champagne.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)  
(To the driver)  
Here.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AT DARKOS - THE ENTRANCE - LATER

For GUNTHER, this is the standard nightlife in Kreshmin.  
BILLY is completely out of his element - if he ever had one.

Through an elaborate series of mazes, they finally arrive at this place it seems no one could ever find. Only the prettiest people are here. No one pays BILLY any attention unless GUNTHER refers directly to him.

BRIOCHE, a close-talking, effusive and unblinking host, approaches.

BRIOCHE

WELCOME MR. GUNTHER AND MR. GUNTHER'S FRIEND!!!

GUNTHER  
(to BRIOCHE)  
Hear! Hear!

BRIOCHE  
I am so pleased to find you.

GUNTHER  
Charming to the last, as always.

BRIOCHE  
Is this your 'person' of interest?

GUNTHER  
Tonight, my good man, Billy, is the Honorary Person of interest. Yes.

BRIOCHE  
(To Billy)  
What delights you?

BILLY  
Wh- what?

GUNTHER  
(To BILLY)  
Drinks, Billy!

BILLY  
Oh, just water. And maybe some dinner rolls.

BRIOCHE  
(Snapping his fingers twice  
in the air)  
Champagne!

Seemingly out of nowhere, a pair of stunning women and a dashing young man join their table.

They bring a bottle of champagne - one of them hands BILLY a glass and begins pouring. BILLY is unnerved. The evening is already becoming dizzying.

BILLY  
Uh, no. Just -

GUNTHER  
Live it up, Billy!

BILLY  
(Leaning into GUNTHER)  
Gunther, I can't afford any of  
this.

BRIOCHE  
(to Billy, and much too  
loud)  
Your money is no good here,  
Monsieur Billings! You are our  
guest.

The bacchanal ensues. They feast and drink and drink, after too much of everything, BILLY is feeling very queasy. He notices some of the beautiful people holding back each other's hair and delicately vomiting into brass urns - vomms. He tries to join their ballet, but misses his golden vase entirely and vomits on his clothes. He doesn't fit in at all. After a wave of GUNTHER's hand, BRIOCHE appears with exact duplicates of BILLY's clothes - clean, but still disheveled like BILLY always appears. GUNTHER enjoys BILLY's awkwardness as the evening begins winding down.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - DAY

BILLY, reading from his prompts, fields a call.

BILLY  
Hi, this is Your Associate. I am  
authorized to make your life even  
better. How may I help you today?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)  
Hello. Uh... my wife has been very  
ill - it was pneumonia, but she's  
getting better, thank the lord.  
Unfortunately, she'll never get her  
lost wages back. Uh...

(Sighing heavily)  
(MORE)

MALE CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look, we have three young daughters. I'm a stay-at-home dad and - we're not gonna make it to the end of the month. Can you? I really need some help?

Billy reads his prompts - boilerplate lines with no reference to the individual caller's needs. Bewildered and saddened at the lack of empathy in them, he tries to play the part.

Prompt: Diffuse. 'That does sound like a challenge. How is the weather in your neck of the woods?'

BILLY

That does sound like a challenge. How is the weather in your neck of the woods?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

What?

(beat)

The weather is fine. Our water and electric will be shut off anytime now so I've stocked as many cans of soup, dry goods and bottles of water as I could. We've just run out of options.

Prompt: Redirect. 'Okay, then. How can I help today?'

BILLY begins to go off-script.

BILLY

I understand. How can I help you today?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Well. My claim number is 3457RRRNN345YUHJ9017THUN23 and if you could look at it and maybe...

BILLY types in the claim number to do a search,

SEARCH UNAVAILABLE

BILLY

Of course. I'd be happy to see what I could -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please maintain protocol. 'I'd be happy' is not an authorized response.

Prompt: Deny. 'Unfortunately, we cannot recommend your claim for approval at this time. How else may I help?'

BILLY, frustrated, wants to help somehow.

BILLY

Umm, Just a moment, please.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please maintain protocol. Just a moment' is not an authorized response. Terminal Client User has issued an invalid request. The phrase 'please help' has been recognized. Please follow your prompts: Call resuming in 3-2-.

Prompt: Return Compliment. 'It's my pleasure. Good-bye.'

BILLY

Yes, of course. My pleasure.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please maintain protocol. 'Yes' is not an authorized response.

BILLY

You know what? I am going to transfer you to my manager and I'm sure they'll be able to do something.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Oh, my gosh, I'd really, really appreciate anything you can do. Thank you. Really.

Prompt: Disengage. 'Thank you for choosing Intelicall. Goodbye'.

BILLY

Thanks for choosing Intelicall. Transferring you now.

SYSTEM READOUT: Terminal Client User call-transfer initiated.

BILLY throws off his headset, exhales and rubs his eyes. A sound, like a whooping tornado siren, begins blaring. The scene resembles a 1950's nuclear drill and BILLY, following the other employees, moves to get beneath his desk.

The three managers, MELVIN, KELVIN and EVAN approach BILLY. They are not pleased. They address him while he crouches under the desk.

KELVIN  
Straighten up.

BILLY  
Hello.

EVAN  
What are you doing?

MELVIN  
We do not crouch at Intelicall.

KELVIN  
Come out of there, Mr. Tillings.

BILLY  
(gesturing around him)  
The sirens?

MELVIN  
Please step into our office.

All three stand back and wait for BILLY, who doesn't budge. Simultaneously, they smirk and extend an arm in the direction of the office as if to say, 'after you'.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - OFFICE BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY sits at an unreasonably long table. All three managers sit at the other end. He seems so far away that it would appear impossible to be heard without shouting. EVAN begins to speak but we can't hear it. Neither can BILLY and he leans in to hear. He squints. MELVIN and KELVIN whisper something to EVAN and all three look in judgment of BILLY. Finally, EVAN presses a button on an office intercom machine and speaks again.

EVAN  
(Through a strangled  
intercom voice)  
It appears as though we may have  
some obstacles ahead.

KELVIN  
(Through a strangled  
intercom voice)  
I wouldn't call them obstacles.  
Challenges, perhaps.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
 Affirmations are not protocol.  
 Clients needs must be attended.  
 Claims are not to be processed.

MELVIN  
 (Through a strangled  
 intercom voice)  
 I mean we are all on the same team  
 here. Billings?

EVAN  
 (Through a strangled  
 intercom voice)  
 What we need is your help.

KELVIN  
 (Through a strangled  
 intercom voice)  
 What we are saying here is that,  
 together, we can overcome these  
 challenges.

BILLY says nothing. He looks quite confused.

MELVIN  
 (Through a strangled  
 intercom voice)  
 Can't we, Mr. Tilly?

BILLY starts to speak, but is interrupted when the managers  
 loop back into the exact same speech. This time, they forget  
 to turn on the intercom and we can barely hear them.

EVAN  
 It appears as though we may have  
 some obstacles ahead.

KELVIN  
 I wouldn't call them obstacles.  
 Challenges, perhaps.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
 Affirmations are not protocol.  
 Clients needs must be attended.  
 Claims are not to be processed.

MELVIN  
 I mean we are all on the same team  
 here. Billings?

EVAN  
 What we need is your help.

This time, BILLY doesn't miss a beat. He leans in and presses his intercom button to reply.

On a small screen before BILLY, a message appears.

Prompt: Return Compliment. 'You can count on me.'

BILLY  
You can count on me, sirs.

KELVIN  
On point, tiger!

BILLY nods and waits. The managers grin and nod but nothing comes.

BILLY  
Will that be all?

Manager MELVIN leans into his intercom and speaks.

MELVIN  
(Through a strangled  
intercom voice)  
Right! Off you go.

BILLY gets up to leave and the managers move to meet him at the door.

EVAN  
Onward and upward!

BILLY  
Keep my head down and my

MELVIN, KELVIN, EVAN and BILLY

Shoes on straight!

As BILLY exits, the bosses laugh. Their enthusiasm is obscene.

KELVIN puts his hand on the doorknob but doesn't yet open it. EVAN stands there smiling and MELVIN puts on a white glove and reaches to shake BILLY's hand. BILLY takes it and MELVIN moves in close. Too close. A decidedly darker, but subtle, tone.

MELVIN  
I think we understand one another.

EVAN  
I think we do.

MELVIN

Profit makes the man, Mr. Tilly.  
Adhere. Head down. Follow your  
prompts.

BILLY

Got it.

EVAN

Good, tiger. Prompt followers don't  
go to 'The Gathering', that saves  
both time and money, Mr. Billings.  
Adhere and negate.

KELVIN

(Opening the door for  
BILLY)  
We'll be alright.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - LATER

BILLY stares at a luminescent blue donut. Is it throbbing?  
Could anything in this room possibly be edible? The break  
room is gleaming. Spotless. Two employees sit nearby, looking  
at each other as if in conversation, but say nothing. There  
is a cup of goopy kuffee® in front of one and in front of the  
other is a spilled cup - they are making no attempt to clean  
it. The microwave 'dings', a third employee removes its  
steaming contents and begins eating with only their hands.

BILLY is watching, riveted and horrified.

LINDA appears out of nowhere.

LINDA

Hey there. Billy, right?

BILLY

(BILLY is surprised she got  
his name right)  
No, it's- oh. Yes. Billy. Hi,  
Linda.

LINDA

How are those shoes facing?

BILLY

Still straight.

LINDA

Well, don't let them intimidate you. They're no Robert. He is really the one to fear.

BILLY

Thanks. You know anything about a 'Gathering '? They said something about it.

LINDA

Already? That was fast. It's some kind of manager's team-building weekend. Corporate ladder-climbing b.s. - so I guess you're a good bullshitter.

BILLY

(BILLY enjoys her teasing)  
Guess so. How about you?

LINDA

Nah. I prefer a more direct approach.

BILLY

(getting it)  
How about lunch then? Tomorrow?

LINDA

How about dinner? At 7.

BILLY

If there are no blue donuts involved, then dinner it is.

LINDA

Weirdo. So, you accept?

BILLY

(still enjoying it)  
Uh, hold on. I believe I asked you - and I am not weird.

LINDA

(chomping into a doughnut)  
Yes you are, because these are amazing.

(she licks her fingers as  
BILLY doubts her  
sincerity)

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Really. You don't know what you're  
missing.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - EVENING

Week 2 - BILLY is fielding calls. Though he finds it painful and dehumanizing, he is getting better at following his prompts. He is mid-conversation.

BILLY  
- yes. I do understand your  
frustration. I still need your  
client code in order to assist you.

CALLER  
It doesn't matter. I am going to  
die anyway. I feel so alone and all  
I want is for someone to know who I  
am.

Screen Prompt - Disengage: 'In order to assist you, I am  
going to need your client code.'

BILLY  
In order to assist you, I am going  
to need your client code.

CALLER  
You can't 'assist' me. You can't  
because you are powerless - just  
like me.

BILLY is disarmed.

BILLY  
I, want to help you.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
This phrase is not protocol. 'Help  
you' is not an authorized response.  
Please follow your prompts.

Screen Prompt - Disengage: 'Have I met all your needs  
today?'

Reluctantly, BILLY tries to press on.

BILLY  
Have I met all your needs today?

CALLER  
No. You have not.

BILLY  
I'm unable to help you further  
without your client information.

CALLER  
It doesn't matter. I want to help  
you.

BILLY  
What?

CALLER  
It must feel terrible to be unable  
to care about people. How does it  
feel to hear people suffering and  
know that you can do nothing.

BILLY  
(BILLY's heart is beating  
fast. He gulps. Can  
anyone else hear this? He  
tries to slow down.)  
I'm going to need your client code.  
Please.

CALLER  
Goodbye.

BILLY  
No. Hello?  
(Nothing)  
Hello?

SYSTEM SOUND: Results Positive.

Salt on a wound. BILLY stands and throws his headset down,  
upset at what he is becoming. He tries to shake it off and  
heads toward the break room - but runs directly into GREG who  
appears more orange than usual.

GREG  
Hey, there. Slow your roll, tiger!

BILLY  
Sorry.

GREG  
I guess you've heard the good news.  
Team Leader!

BILLY

What?

GREG

That's right. Congratulations to me! Yours truly won the nomination.

(Whispering)

I'm going to The Gathering this weekend.

BILLY

Oh? Well, that's good news, then?

GREG

(GREG's enthusiasm is becoming troublingly familiar - like the three managers.)

That's right, buddy boy. Play em loud and fast and you could end up just like ol' Greggy.

BILLY

(Actually concerned)

You feeling okay, Greg?

GREG

Are you kidding? Never better. Complexion is clear and eyes on the prize!

(GREG leans in close)

Do you think my teeth are getting whiter? Is that even a thing?

(He punches BILLY on the arm)

I'm just joshing ya! Okay, I don't have time to stand around here and jaw.

GREG heads out toward the break room.

GREG (CONT'D)

(He yells out)

Don't you worry, kuffee®, Greg is on the way!

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A creepy janitor is cleaning up a lot of blood and body matter.

After a few moments, BILLY walks in, but the place still looks like a crime scene. Bewildered and horrified, BILLY, covers his mouth and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MOMENTS LATER

Visibly shaken, BILLY returns to his desk to find another Post-it note reading: 'You're going to die.' He takes the note and adds it to the others he has received. Irritated, he moves to slam the drawer but stops himself when he thinks about all the eyes which must be on him.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUES RESTAURANT AT THE MALL - TABLE - EVENING

BILLY is waiting. LINDA Arrives.

BILLY  
Hey. You made it.

LINDA  
Here I am.

BILLY  
I never even knew about this place.

LINDA  
It's no big deal. I usually go to RED's.

BILLY  
Oh, yeah... sometimes I go there for Metro Mondays.

BILLY AND LINDA  
(together)  
Whoop, whoop!

LINDA  
(laughs)  
So ridiculous.

BILLY  
Yeah, right?

LINDA  
Ready to order?

BILLY  
Are you?

LINDA  
Indubitably.

LINDA grins at him and then let's out a yell, startling BILLY.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Whew! So good to get out of work.

LINDA, responding to BILLY's reaction.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Annnnd, clearly, you need to relax.

BILLY  
Clearly.

A SERVER approaches and LINDA doesn't even look up.

LINDA  
(To the SERVER)  
We'll take two beers, a monster pretzel and some spicy mustard, please.

The SERVER nods and steps away.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
(To BILLY)  
Good?

BILLY  
Good.

He likes her assertiveness. She playfully teases him.

LINDA  
So, Mister Mysterious, tell me. Who is the real Billy?

BILLY  
I don't know what you mean.

LINDA  
Well, other than working at a nondescript office building and sporting a fashion sense that says 'please, don't mind me' - I don't really know a thing about you, do I?

LINDA grins. Waits. Then -

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'll start. I... used to work at Polar Bear Publishing. And I used to have pink hair. I also have two degrees.

BILLY

Wow.

LINDA

One of those things isn't true.

The SERVER drops off their beers.

BILLY

No pink hair?

LINDA

Bingo. Your turn.

BILLY

Umm...I was at Inatech.

LINDA

Hot.

BILLY

What?

LINDA

Hot I said. Didn't it 'mysteriously ' burn down?

BILLY

Oh, right. Yes, it did. Some money went missing and then - poof - up in flames.

LINDA

So it was you. I knew you had a dark side.

BILLY

Oh yeah. Yes, I am a daring and successful arsonist who recently decided to sacrifice his soul to Intelicall instead.

LINDA

No soul, maybe, but... think of all there is to gain.

BILLY

True. Sickening, blue luminescent pastries and a chance at getting a better tan.

LINDA

A much better tan.

BILLY

Mmm. Considerably better. So... why did you leave Polar Bear and how can I get published?

LINDA

Ah, there it is. The starving writer wants to sleep his way to a book deal.

BILLY is mortified.

BILLY

Oh my god. That, I - I didn't mean -

LINDA

Keep your shoes on straight, writer Billy. I'm kidding.

BILLY fidgets and takes a long swig of his beer.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I left Polar Bear because I wanted control over my own destiny.

BILLY

You? Wanting control? Nah.

LINDA

I know that sounds corny. I just thought a call center might be an easier place to get ahead. Team Leader, Manager, Executive - that sort of thing. Freedom. Get out of Kreshmin and see the world.

BILLY

You couldn't get that in publishing?

LINDA

Sort of. I knew a few people who got ahead, but that kind of placement was out of my range.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)  
 Worse - there was a quiet  
 desperation in the place. No  
 mission. No dreams.

BILLY  
 Dreams? Right.

LINDA  
 Yeah. Dreams. And with no dreams...  
 you're dead.

She wants a go-getter. BILLY seems deflated.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MORNING

BILLY is mid-conversation with a frustrated caller.

CALLER  
 ...Give me a break. We're still  
 sleeping in our truck over here!  
 You guys ever gonna process our  
 claim? It's been almost a month.

Screen Prompt - Divert: 'Placing you on a brief hold. '

BILLY  
 Placing you on a brief hold.

CALLER  
 No wait - !

BILLY presses a button marked 'MUSIC' and sits there doing  
 nothing - waiting as the caller listens to the 'hold music'.  
 BILLY glances about the room, taking notice of the absolutely  
 miserable-looking EMPLOYEES in the nearby cubicles. He  
 resumes the call.

Screen Prompt - Sign Off: 'Thank you for holding. There are  
 no available updates at this time. I have noted your claim. '

BILLY  
 Thank you for holding. There are no  
 available updates at this time. I  
 have noted your claim.

CALLER  
 No updates?? I need to talk to your  
 manager. Now!

Screen Prompt - Disconnect: 'Thank you for calling  
 Intelicall. '

BILLY  
Thank you for calling Intelicall.

BILLY disconnects the call and before he can feel dejected, EVAN appears out of nowhere.

EVAN  
Hey there tiger! Primo points on that one. Living out of a truck? Really?? I mean, who talks like that?

BILLY  
Oh. Well, thank you sir. I'm not ready -

EVAN cuts him off and leans in close. Confiding.

EVAN  
Listen, bud, some of the good guyz are heading over to fridayz for blue winger night. Are you gonna come with? Hmm? This is a 'yes' moment, Tillings.

BILLY's screen buzzes.

Screen Prompt - Confirm: 'Yes sir, I am there. '

Bewildered, BILLY responds questioningly.

BILLY  
Umm. Yes sir, I am there?

EVAN  
You're damn right you are! Mmm! This is gonna be fantastic, bud. I can taste 'em already!

EVAN backs away and calls out -

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Tillings! Don't be late.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - ELEVATOR - LATER

BILLY, LINDA, GREG and two new EMPLOYEES face away from us - toward the closed doors. Horrible muzic© plays. It's like fingernails on a chalkboard and one employee actually plugs their ears.

BILLY

I don't know. He just invited me.

LINDA

A night out with the big guns, huh?  
Good for you, Billy. You must -

LINDA reaches up and snatches a wire from the ceiling. The muzic© stops.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Must be doing something right.

BILLY

Well, just following my prompts for  
a change.

ELEVATOR BING - The doors open and LINDA and the two newbies exit.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please enjoy a delicious cup of,  
hot kuffee©

The doors close. GREG and BILLY remain. For a moment, they stand in awkward elevator silence and BILLY offers GREG a grin.

GREG

Bro. Don't wanna burst your newbie  
bubble.

BILLY

What's up?

GREG

Everyone's invited, tiger. See ya  
there.

ELEVATOR BING - The doors open and GREG pushes past BILLY.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please enjoy a delicious, baked Big  
Blue©.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MIDDAY

BILLY is fielding more calls.

CALLER

Thank you so much for your help  
today. Finally - someone helpful.

Screen Prompt - Affirmation: 'Happy to be of service. '

BILLY

Happy to be of service.

Screen Prompt - Endorsement: 'By the way, do you like  
kuffee®? '

BILLY (CONT'D)

Oh. By the way, do you like  
kuffee®?

CALLER

Oh, yes. I enjoy the melon butter  
krumble®.

Screen Prompt - Divert: 'Gonna place you on a brief hold.'

BILLY

I'm gonna place you on a brief  
hold.

CALLER

Oh! Well, I do love that mus - !

BILLY presses the button marked 'MUSIC', as MELVIN appears  
out of nowhere. Billy winces.

MELVIN

Need your help, Mr. Tourney. Gonna  
be a late night for you, I'm  
afraid, but we need it! Thanks for  
being a top team player.

BILLY

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

MELVIN

No fridaZ for you, it seems. Need  
you on the home front to keep up  
that good fight. Gotta do your bit,  
you know?

BILLY

Uh, yes sir. You can count on me.

MELVIN

Yes I can.

MELVIN smiles and pokes BILLY on the nose with a gloved hand. It's really awkward.

BILLY resumes his call while MELVIN walks away.

Screen Prompt - Resume: 'Thank you for holding.'

BILLY  
Thank you for holding.

CALLER  
Well. Hello there. I am glad you came back.

BILLY  
Of course.

Screen Prompt - Disengage: 'Have I met all your needs today?'

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Have I met all your needs today?

CALLER  
Well, there is just one thing if you don't mind. What is your name?

BILLY  
Of course. My name is Billy.

The SYSTEM voice cuts in with a BEEP -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)  
This phrase is not protocol. 'My name is' is not an authorized response.

BILLY reaches for a sip of his kuffee®. He's almost getting used to it and the mindlessness of following his prompts.

CALLER  
Billy. I want you to listen to me very carefully. I can see everything now. It's all so beautiful, Billy. So clear.  
(beat)

There is an audible click on the line and then - a very loud bang. A gunshot. BILLY jumps from his chair throwing off his headphones.

As after an explosion, other sounds are muffled and covered by an awful, high-pitched whine.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY is flushed, sweating and breathless. He paces - trying to regain composure. His heart is pounding - loud enough that we can hear it.

BILLY

(Muttering to himself) Oh, my god.  
My god.

The SYSTEM voice cuts in with a BEEP -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Please maintain protocol. 'My god'  
is not an authorized response.  
Employee BILLINGS TILLY, please  
report to the boardroom.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY sits at the end of the very long table looking ill.  
ROBERT, KELVIN, MELVIN and EVAN sit beside him.

The managers are unresponsive until the SYSTEM SOUND chimes.

KELVIN

My dear Mr. Blatherings. It has  
come to my attention -

EVAN

There seems to be a situation -

MELVIN

It's a good thing you have us, Mr.  
Berrings.

ROBERT

And you don't look at all well.

BILLY

Sir, I don't know what happened.  
One minute I was negating and the  
next - I don't know what happened.

EVAN

Alright Kelvin!

MELVIN

Tell him what he's won!

KELVIN

Yes, you've done us proud, tiger!

Jovial game show music swells as -

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Employee BILLINGS TILLY has negated  
354 claims. BILLINGS TILLY has  
achieved 1 permanent assurance.

MELVIN

Level up!

KELVIN

Atta boy!

EVAN

Gonna have to get ya tanning soon,  
Mr. Powtersby.

ROBERT

We're all very impressed around  
here, I can tell you.

An unseen crowd continues to applaud as the managers  
celebrate, slapping each other on the back and violently  
shaking each other's hands while ignoring BILLY.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EVENING

BILLY stands outside his apartment door searching for his key  
- deflated and exhausted. Hearing the noise, HANNAH opens her  
door.

HANNAH

Lock yourself out again, Billy?

BILLY

No, Ms. Hannah.

HANNAH

Feeling alright?

BILLY

I'm sorry... Can we talk later?

HANNAH

Wild Yam. Get some Wild Yam and  
maybe some star anise?

BILLY  
Please, Ms. Hannah.

HANNAH pushes him aside and touches three points on the old and ornate doorknob. The door opens.

HANNAH  
I know you are almost paid up, but  
if you die the rental agreement is  
invalidated.

BILLY quickly steps past her and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - EVENING

BILLY looks around. His apartment seems smaller than usual. There is a very exotic meal sitting on the small table with a note that reads "Free your mind, and the rest will follow -G"

BILLY  
So, he's quoting pop songs now?

HANNAH (O.S.)  
INVALIDATED!!!

BILLY  
Holy hell.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - BILLY'S ROOM - MORNING

BILLY is awakened by the sound of bagpipes. Loud bagpipes. Is there any other kind? He sits up in bed with a jolt. It's GUNTHER.

BILLY  
What the frak, Gunther??

GUNTHER  
(Stopping for a moment)  
You're welcome!

GUNTHER resumes his playing and BILLY slams himself back down, pulling a pillow over his head. After a few moments, the music stops. GUNTHER clears his throat and BILLY pulls himself back up.

BILLY  
Really?

GUNTHER  
Good morning.

BILLY  
How do you get in here?

GUNTHER  
Your door was open.

BILLY  
No. It wasn't.

GUNTHER  
You invited me. Last night,  
remember?

BILLY  
Gunther.

GUNTHER  
Billy.

BILLY  
I can't do this.

GUNTHER  
Coffee?

BILLY  
Coffee. Yes.

GUNTHER  
Great.

GUNTHER heads to the kitchen to put on the coffee.

BILLY  
Always coffee.

BILLY notices he is still wearing yesterday's clothes.  
GUNTHER calls out from the next room.

GUNTHER (O.S.)  
You coming or not?

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

BILLY sits with his coffee cup as GUNTHER strolls about the room.

GUNTHER

You really cut out early the other night, Billy. Missed all the fun.

BILLY

Right, well, I still appreciate it. Sorry I overindulged.

BILLY takes a sip of his real coffee and - after the week of Intelicall beverages - is mystified by it.

GUNTHER

Missed the meal and everything.

BILLY

(Referring to his coffee)  
What the hell?

GUNTHER

What's the matter?

BILLY

Is this my coffee?

GUNTHER

Yes. Something wrong?

BILLY has another sip and is still amazed.

BILLY

No.

GUNTHER

Good. You hear what I said?

BILLY

Yes, I'm sorry I missed the meal. Hope I didn't waste too much food? Did I order a lot? I don't really remember to be honest.

GUNTHER

You put on quite a show so the evening wasn't a total loss.

BILLY

Oh, god. I don't want to think about it.

GUNTHER

I mean it! It was a fun time, my friend. The hosts liked you, the girls liked you. For a memorable night out, twenty k ain't bad.

BILLY was still sipping coffee and nearly chokes on it.

BILLY

What? What are you talking about,  
20K? Twenty grand?? Gunther!

GUNTHER

It was nothing. Worth every cent.

BILLY

I can't even process what you're  
saying.

GUNTHER

It was nothing. I said don't worry  
about it.

One more sip and he can't stand it anymore.

BILLY

Holy shit this coffee is amazing.

GUNTHER

I've got something else for you,  
actually.

BILLY

I really appreciate that but I  
don't know how many more  
celebrations my liver can handle.

GUNTHER

There will be time for that later.  
No, this is quite different. I  
called my friends at Koala Books.  
They will agree to another meeting  
if...

BILLY begins shaking his head but GUNTHER continues.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

...if you will clean up your  
manuscript to include the new  
ending. You know they liked the  
original idea, but they need to see  
the ending actually in place.

BILLY

They told me they liked it the last  
time - and that never went  
anywhere.

GUNTHER

They told you they liked it and you never gave them the ending. You never followed up. That's what happened.

BILLY

Gunther -

GUNTHER

There is still time to make this right with them, Billy. You have to take what you want in this world. I know you want this meeting.

BILLY

I do.

GUNTHER

And I know you want to thank me for it.

BILLY

Of course. Thank you.

GUNTHER

You're welcome. So, what do you say?

BILLY

Okay, I'll work on it.

GUNTHER

Great. That was easy. More coffee?

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

BILLY is bent low over the stainless steel counter and squinting suspiciously at a glowing blue muffin. GREG walks in.

GREG

Hold your applause, Stillings. No need for congratulations but you can bring me a muffin. I will accept of the muffins.

BILLY brings the muffin to GREG.

BILLY

Celebrating something?

GREG  
You got that right. New digs!

BILLY  
What do you mean? You're moving?

GREG  
Moving desks. Just got the word.

BILLY  
Hey! Good for you, then. Glad I  
could reward you with a muffin.

GREG  
Me, too - I deserve it. Least you  
could do.

BILLY  
Almost literally.

GREG  
Big day! Better move. Gotta gather  
up my things and go.

GREG takes a big bite out of his muffin.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Damn these are good.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MID-MORNING

BILLY sits at his desk, retouching the end of his manuscript.  
GREG walks up, carrying an open box of his things.

GREG  
Hey there, tiger. Workin' hard or  
hardly working?

BILLY scrambles to hide his writing but it's too late.

BILLY  
Oh, hey. Umm... just - jotting down  
a few notes about my calls.

GREG  
Yeah? Because you aren't using the  
digital log. Why would you need all  
that extra paper? Accounting is  
gonna have your ass.

BILLY

No, it's scrap paper. Just makes it easier to sort my thoughts. No big deal.

GREG

Actually, it is a big deal. You can't be doing outside work at your desk, man. You can't. You can't.

BILLY

Okay. I wasn't on a call or anything.

GREG

Doesn't matter. You know that.

BILLY

I get it, Greg, I'll stop using paper. Thanks for the reminder.

GREG

You got it. I gotta go.

BILLY

Okay.

GREG glances down at BILLY's desk and shakes his head disapprovingly. Then to BILLY -

GREG

Okay.

GREG leaves as LINDA walks up. They keep their voices down.

LINDA

Hey. What was that about?

BILLY

I was sneaking in some writing time between calls but he wasn't having any of it. Back to staring at my hands, then.

LINDA

Come with me. I wanna grab a doughnut before we start.

BILLY and LINDA head to the break room.

BILLY

You and those doughnuts. Why haven't you turned blue yet?

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINDA

Because these blues keep my blues away. Screw Greg. They can't own you between calls, Billy. The lines don't even open for ten minutes and who cares what Greg thinks?

BILLY

I know, but he's going to be the new team leader.

LINDA

That's why he's moving desks.

BILLY

Right.

LINDA

Well, la di da. Figures. He's such a suck up. Ugh. Guess I better clean up my station if he's gonna be the new sheriff in town.

BILLY

Listen, this morning I was hearing some whispers about this weekend's Gathering Seminar. Something about a list?

LINDA

Oh, yeah, the invite list. You're on it.

BILLY

What are you talking about?

LINDA

You, and that new guy, Kern - the one with the unibrow and the desk near the janitor closet - you're both on the list.

LINDA walks to an organized bulletin board on the wall and points to the list.

LINDA (CONT'D)

It's posted right here, weirdo. You didn't see it?

BILLY

No, I didn't see it. Have you been to it?

LINDA

Of course not.

(Teasing)

You think I'd still give you the time of day if I'd already been to The Gathering? C'mon, buddy. Greg was at the gathering last week, so maybe they're fast-tracking you to new desk-ville. Too bad. I was kinda getting used to us being neighbors.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - AFTERNOON

BILLY is happily making changes to the end of his manuscript - trying to keep his work hidden. His phone rings.

BILLY

Hi, my name is Your Associate. I am authorized to -

GUNTHER

Hi. I need a new walk-in fridge and I'm hoping my policy covers that.

BILLY

A new walk-in - Never mind. May I have your Client User Number, please?

GUNTHER

My number is 6R606SEM6A-RYS.

BILLY

Hold on. Those aren't - anything.

GUNTHER is audibly giggling now.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Is everything alright?

GUNTHER

Dammit. I can't take it anymore. How's the day, Billy?

BILLY

Gunther?? I can't - How did you get this number?

BILLY covers his mouth, glances around the cubicles, trying to regain his composure.

GUNTHER

You know you shouldn't be writing  
at your desk.

BILLY

You - you can't call me here. How  
did you call me here? I have to let  
you go.

GUNTHER

I won't keep you long. I can see  
why you like her.

BILLY

I have to go.

GUNTHER

Just tell me how the new ending is  
coming.

BILLY

It's coming. I'm almost there,  
actually. Goodbye, Gunther.

GUNTHER

Spoke to my publisher. The meeting  
is yours when you want it. Knock it  
out. Try doing it on your coffee  
breaks.

BILLY

Will do.

GUNTHER

But stay away from that coffee.

GUNTHER hangs up with a click.

SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Thank you. Your Training Sequence  
is Complete' Calls will resume in  
3, 2 -

BILLY, now wide-eyed, looks at his empty kuffee® mug then  
heads toward the break room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLE PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY, kuffee® cup in hand, passes GREG'S desk. Something is  
seriously wrong with GREG. To say the least.

He has glowing blue liquid dripping from his fingernails. Blood is pouring from every face hole.

BILLY jumps back, obviously horrified. He drops his 'Tiger' emblazoned kuffee® cup which shatters on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - LATER

BILLY is back at his desk with LINDA. Behind them, the janitorial services, Greywater, are here serving as EMS workers. They clean the scene and prep GREG's body. Only the recent employees are horrified while everyone else is nonplussed. GREG is soon carted away on a stretcher while a few employees sniff and sob.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The employees are gathered. ROBERT speaks. Someone is dishing up fluorescent cake that reads "Congrats" in cursive lettering.

ROBERT

I am standing here and speaking to you with my voice slightly raised - suggesting an important announcement. This is another momentous day at Intelicall and we are all doing very important work. Greg has been selected as your newest team leader and everyone is incredibly excited about that. Yes! Blah, blah! More inspirational phrases. More calls. More more.

There is a smattering of applause from the other room. It ends. ROBERT nods and smiles and sips his kuffee®. It sounds like he is on a public radio microphone. Weird.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Let's get calling!

ROBERT smiles, then walks straight out of the room.

NEW HIRE #1 raises his kuffee® mug for a toast.

NEW HIRE #1

Here's to another fabulous day through the scary door!

NEW HIRE #2 takes a huge bite of blue cake. It reads "rats".

NEW HIRE #2  
I think I'm going to be sick.

LINDA  
More cake?

Employees begin to file out into the break room. Leaving LINDA, BILLY and a few stragglers.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
(To Billy)  
You good?

BILLY  
No. What the hell is going on? No one is reacting at all. Greg is dead!

LINDA looks around uncomfortably. There is no need for a scene.

LINDA  
We don't know that yet. They are obviously taking care of it so we'll have to wait and see.

BILLY  
No. How could anyone take care of it? He was covered in blood, Linda.

LINDA  
I know that, Billy. They would clearly not be so casual if he had just died.

BILLY  
How. How do we know that?

LINDA  
What are you even talking about? How would we know anything. That's why they have doctors.

BILLY  
Those weren't doctors. They were janitors with a stretcher.

LINDA  
No.

BILLY  
They had mops and a stretcher.

LINDA

Billy. Stop. I'm sure he'll be fine.

BILLY

Oh, you're sure.

LINDA

What is the matter with you?

BILLY

With me? What is the matter with me? Let's see, a guy just had fluids gushing out of his face, no one blinks - and there is something wrong with me??

LINDA

Okay. You just need to get yourself calmed down. We all have to get back to work.

BILLY

Really? How can you be calm?

LINDA

Really. I'm going back to work.

LINDA smashes her half eaten, fluorescent cake into BILLY's hands and heads back to her desk.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - LATER

BILLY is back at his desk. He is just wrapping up a call when manager KELVIN appears.

BILLY

Yes. Your follow-up is scheduled for three weeks from today. And thank you for calling Intelicall.

SYSTEM disconnect sound as BILLY disconnects the call.

KELVIN

Keep at 'em, Tiger! A little birdie told me you were in need of a new mug.

KELVIN holds out a shiny new coffee mug emblazoned with a tiger riding a surfboard. Not a cartoon tiger, either.

BILLY  
I'm okay. Thank you.

KELVIN stands there grinning until BILLY takes the mug.

KELVIN  
You're welcome!

BILLY  
Great. It'll come in handy.

KELVIN  
It's good for both hot and cold  
drinks, too. That's what's great.

BILLY  
Right.

KELVIN  
Great!

BILLY's phone rings.

KELVIN (CONT'D)  
Do your thing.

BILLY answers.

BILLY  
Hi, my name is Your Associate. I am  
authorized to make your life even  
better.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT - SOFA - EVENING

TV screen shows a full view of slowly sweating smoked meats  
and then - sad BILLY and CHECKERS on the sofa watching the  
Fine Smoked Meats channel.

CUT TO:

INT. GUNTER'S PAD - ENORMOUS BED - EVENING

GUNTER is relaxing with his orgy while flipping channels. The  
channels appear to be showing our main cast of characters in  
their home life. He even flips through a program that, very  
disturbingly, must be the very show you are currently  
watching.

He finally settles on the Intelicall CEO sitting in his office, motionless, over a time-lapse of several hours as music plays.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLES - MORNING

BILLY is back at his desk, staring at his screen. Fidgeting. Something is on his mind. He snaps-to when GREG slaps him on the back. Hard.

GREG  
Slugger! Working hard or hardly  
working hard or working hard?

BILLY  
It's umm... Greg. How - how are  
you?

GREG  
Never better.

BILLY  
But you... We thought you were... I  
saw you -

GREG  
What? Oh, yesterday? Just a little  
indigestion, man. You know how that  
can be.

BILLY  
No. I mean, yes, but that's not  
normal indigestion, Greg.

GREG  
Don't worry yourself, arrow. You're  
on that fast-track. Saw you on the  
short list for The Gathering.

BILLY  
Right. The Gathering. This weekend.  
Greg, are you sure you -

GREG reaches out to take BILLY's shoulder.

GREG  
The Gathering. It'll change your  
life.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - PRINT ROOM - MIDDAY

There are half-a-dozen chest-high printers in this room and literally nothing else. They make a horrid white noise whirring as BILLY waits for his print order to complete. He is leaning face-first into yet another blank wall. After a moment, he taps his head lightly into it then, out of the corner of his eye, sees LINDA enter.

She faces away from us and BILLY as she works at a printer. BILLY stands behind her and leans in over the noise.

BILLY

Hey. I don't know if you know this, but... Greg is back. Like, he's here.

LINDA

Great. What did I tell you?

BILLY

No, Linda - he's acting like nothing happened at all. Actually, he looks like nothing happened at all.

LINDA

Well, then he's fine.

BILLY

No, he can't be 'fine'.

LINDA

It's all good.

BILLY

Did you talk to him? What did he say?

LINDA

Greg is a real go-getter, you know that.

BILLY

What? Linda, we saw him yesterday - covered in blood. They took him out of here practically in a body bag. This is not an everyday thing.

LINDA

But he's back. And he's fine, you just said so.

BILLY

No, I said he looked fine. It wasn't like this happened months ago.

She turns to face him. LINDA is transformed. She now has glorious, chalky teeth and sports the company tan. BILLY looks like he has seen a ghost.

LINDA

Then what's the problem, Mr. Stillings?

BILLY

What did you say?

LINDA

We all have to do our part. You just have to keep your head down.

BILLY'S stack of papers go flying as he runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLE PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A determined BILLY approaches GREG'S desk. GREG rises before BILLY even gets there and is somehow thinner, cleaner and more tan - the perfect sales-smith.

GREG

What did you want to talk about, Mr. Dillow? Let's hear it.

BILLY

Greg?

GREG

Questions about your big weekend? Happy to help. I do hope you aren't still writing during office hours, tiger.

BILLY has changed his mind.

BILLY

No. No questions.

GREG

I'm here for you, buddy boy.

BILLY

Yeah, I know it. Lookin' good,  
Greg.

GREG

Feelin' good, Billy. You? You don't  
look so hot.

BILLY

You know what, Greg. I'm not  
feeling so well. Excuse me.

BILLY hurries to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILLY leans over the sink, splashing water onto his face.  
Short of breath, heart pounding, his face streaked with  
water, he stares at his reflection until -

A scuffle, a blow, a thud.

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. INTELICALL - JANITOR'S CLOSET - WHO KNOWS WHEN?

There is darkness, save for a crack of light peeking beneath  
a presumably locked door. BILLY is unconscious, bound, gagged  
and covered in yellow Post-it notes. Somewhere in the dim  
light looms his abductor.

As our hero gradually comes to - lullaby sleepy time music  
fills the air and a voice...

ABDUCTOR (O.S.)

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Be very quiet.  
They are listening.

BILLY thrashes around and lets out a muffled shriek as his  
chair falls.

The sound of a chain-pull and the room is filled with light.  
The enormous and creepy old JANITOR is there.

BILLY

Feffy fun fear fiz ffeffin frezzay!

A giant hand surrounds BILLY'S throat lifting him and his  
chair upright.

JANITOR  
If I take off your gag do you  
promise to be quiet?

A red-faced BILLY frantically nods in agreement and the  
JANITOR removes the gag.

BILLY  
(Yelling)  
Everyone at this company is fraking  
craz....

The JANITOR'S hand covers BILLY'S mouth.

JANITOR  
That's what I've been trying to  
tell you.

He again uncovers BILLY'S mouth.

BILLY  
(Whispering)  
So... you're the psycho who's been  
leaving me all those notes?

JANITOR  
You seem really excited. Maybe we  
should put the gag back.

BILLY  
Okay, okay. Look. Please, I will do  
anything you want. Please don't...  
kill me. I don't want to die.

JANITOR  
I'm not going to kill you. What  
would I do without you? We have a  
lot of work to do.

BILLY  
Ookay this is a sex thing. Um, we  
can do that. But, you know, I am  
really gross right now, so... maybe  
I could take a shower. We could get  
a drink. You know? Get to know each  
other.

JANITOR  
Mr. Stilly, please. I think you  
misunderstand -

BILLY  
Wait, what did you say? H-how do  
you know my name?

JANITOR

Oh, sir. I know a lot of things. But one thing I don't - is why you are still here. Everyone who gets hired becomes one of them after a week. Why are you so special?

BILLY

That's just insane. Do you, do you know how crazy that sounds right now?

JANITOR

People come in here. One moment they're alive, the next minute (snaps) they die. Then comes the orange skin, forever.

BILLY

No. No, people would notice.

JANITOR

You saw what happened to your friend. You're next.

BILLY

Okay, just hold on. If you untie me and just... let me go. I can leave and never come back. Okay?

JANITOR

There is no leaving. They're never gonna let you go. You know their secrets.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - CUBICLE PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The phones have stopped ringing. The entire office staff is standing in silence and facing the Janitor's closet. Every word BILLY says can be heard. The MANAGERS exchange slow looks to one another.

JANITOR (O.S.)

I will untie you. But if you want to live. We have to fight.

BILLY (O.S.)

They have me on the list for 'The Gathering'. Maybe that's when it happens.

JANITOR (O.S.)  
I have watched for months as  
hundreds have been taken.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - JANITOR'S CLOSET - SECONDS LATER

JANITOR (CONT'D.)  
We cannot let them get you.

BILLY  
I really needed this job.

JANITOR  
It can be hard out there for a  
'person' such as yourself.

BILLY  
Well, then what's the plan? I have  
to get out of here and get out  
before all that's left of me is a  
pile of orange skin and a chalky  
smile.

JANITOR  
So... I am thinking gasoline. Maybe  
five gallons? Do you have any  
weapons?

CUT TO:

ACT 4

EXT. INTELICALL - BACK ENTRANCE - MORNING

BILLY is carrying a gas can in one hand and a hockey stick in the other. He is dressed in some sort of protective padding and helmet. He stands in the shadows near the building's entrance, awaiting the JANITOR'S arrival.

GUNTHER appears from nowhere holding a cocktail.

BILLY  
GUNTHER!!! What are you doing here?

GUNTHER  
Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss  
this for the world.

BILLY

Okay. Well, did you at least bring some weapons?

GUNTHER

Weapons? No, I don't really have - uhhh...

GUNTHER has an ornate battle ax in his hand.

BILLY

Wait, what is that?

GUNTHER

Oh, this? I guess this could also be used as a weapon.

The herd of orange workers arrive in an orderly fashion.

The JANITOR is not here. Suddenly, security guards grab BILLY. GUNTHER barely reacts.

GUNTER

You can't just grab someone. People have rights, you know.

As they drag BILLY away kicking and screaming GUNTHER attempts to follow. In one movement SECURITY OFFICER 1 blocks him.

SECURITY OFFICER 1

Sorry. Employees only!

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - HALLWAY - LATER

With a 'ding', the elevator doors open. The guards are carrying BILLY toward ROBERT'S office. They pass other employees and again, no one seems to notice. The JANITOR is mopping the floor and is now tan and white-toothed. He smiles at BILLY.

BILLY explodes away from the SECURITY detail in one last-ditch move for freedom. He makes his way toward the stairwell but a SECURITY OFFICER cuts him off and shoves him into the break room. In the scuffle, BILLY knocks a NEW HIRE into a display of blue pastries and they come crashing down. The previously clean room is now filled with slippery blue madness. In slow motion, blue luminescent cake, muffins and doughnuts go flying as people and equipment slide on the icing-filled floor.

Streams of kuffee® are airborne and someone smears a blue-iced muffin across BILLY's face. It is a blue fight-ballet and ends as abruptly as it began.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELICALL - ROBERT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The SECURITY OFFICERS plant BILLY into a large chair. He is covered in office supplies, kuffee® and blue frosting. The OFFICERS and BILLY are panting with exhaustion. An inspirational flyer reading 'Hang in There' is stuck to BILLY'S shirt.

ROBERT

I gotta tell ya, tiger. My hide is pretty chafed.

BILLY

Sir?

ROBERT

Look at yourself. You're a mess.

BILLY

I can, I can explain. I'm so sorry.

ROBERT

You have the numbers. You have the voice. A real talent. You have been here a week - but we can't figure out what the hell is going on.

BILLY

It's nothing. It's the Janitor. The old guy. He's the problem. You see, it's all - all because he thinks -

ROBERT

Calm down, Tillingsworth. We've spoken with him and he's on point. The fact remains that you are not with us and I'm starting to get the impression that you don't like it here.

BILLY

I see. Well sir, this job is really important to me and... and the truth is, uh...

ROBERT

The truth, Mr. Blingsby?

BILLY

Yes, sir. The truth - is that...  
I'm afraid.

ROBERT

Right. I'm also afraid. I am afraid  
we are going to have to let you go.

BILLY is stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTELICALL - BACK ENTRANCE - MORNING

With a thunderclap, BILLY has been tossed out into the rain.  
He has lost another job.

A moment, and the steel door creaks open behind him,  
startling BILLY who is now drenched and streaked with blue  
mess. A SECURITY OFFICER hands billy a small, clam-shell  
package emblazoned with the Intelicall logo. It looks like a  
restaurant to-go container. BILLY takes it and the OFFICER,  
returns to the door, pulling it shut. Hard. BILLY blinks,  
looking back out into the rain, then opens the package. It is  
a half-eaten, blue-luminescent muffin. It melts.

CUT TO:

ACT 5

INT. INTELICALL - OFFICE AUDITORIUM - SOME OTHER THURSDAY

LINDA stands at a podium before a crowd of EMPLOYEES and  
MANAGERS. She is exceptionally orange-tanned and white-  
toothed.

LINDA

This is where I give a prepared  
speech and no one is surprised  
because I'm held in high regard and  
I am already standing up. I look  
into the crowd and remind you of  
the challenges we have overcome -  
together - then I tease about what  
still lies ahead. This. Is. Where I  
gather my thoughts. It's moderately  
uplifting but we are also reminded  
of our own frailty so there is an  
undercurrent of urgency.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

I raise my voice slightly and my cadence suggests a question, but soon, I'm quiet again.

And you know you should applaud.

The GROUP applauds. A smattering.

It is here that I make this emphatic gesture with my right hand and suggest I can ignore my note cards because this is just between us. We pretend we are glad to be sharing this moment and I nod, knowingly. Catchphrases and slogans. False promises and finally, empty gestures about this moment being - somehow - some kind of honor.

She grins and the GROUP applauds again. Not too much. It all seems disturbingly sincere.

BLACKOUT