

Just Going to Work

written by

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INT. CITY APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

A man with pale complexion, JOE, is sprawled out on a bed. Face down in a pillow, left arm and large white blanket dangling off the side.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Joe lifts his dangling arm up and slams his fist down on the top of the digital alarm clock with all of his strength. The clock is silent but now partially crushed.

JOE (V.O.)  
Dang it, that's the fifth one this week!

Joe tosses the destroyed alarm clock in a bin with four others just like it.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I wonder if everyone else has this problem when they wake up. I mean, how else are you supposed to get the thing to shut up?

Joe sits up, moves to the edge of the bed, and jumps off.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ah well, could be having bigger problems I guess.

Joe grabs a watch off the top of his dresser, puts it on his wrist, and walks towards a door on the opposite side of the room. As he walks, a long-haired silhouette is made visible, peering in from the window behind him.

INT. CITY APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Joe looks at his watch. It displays "6:05" on the screen.

Joe looks at himself in the mirror. A light blue dress shirt is tucked into his black dress pants. A tie hangs around his neck, not yet assembled.

JOE (V.O.)  
Big speech at work today. Gotta look good!

Joe holds each end of the tie in his hands. He scratches his head.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oddly enough, I've never worn a tie  
to work before. But I guess today's  
a pretty big occasion.

INT. CITY APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Joe stands in front of the mirror with his tie tied around  
his neck in a jumbled mess.

JOE (V.O.)  
You know what, screw the tie!

Joe yanks the tie off and throws it in the sink.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm sure they won't mind me wearing  
my regular business casual.

Joe looks at his watch again. The screen displays "6:43".

Joe shrugs and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. CITY APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Joe grabs a tin container of Altoids and tosses a handful in  
his mouth.

JOE (V.O.)  
Can't waste any time brushing my  
teeth, of course!

Joe grabs a black leather briefcase and heads toward the  
door.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I prepared this last night, so it  
should have everything I need in  
it. Maybe I should double-check  
just in case I forgot something?

Joe opens the door and steps through.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No! Never once in all my time  
working here have I forgotten  
anything! What are the odds I'd  
forget anything important on a day  
like this? I've gotta oooooze  
confidence regardless.

Joe closes the door behind him.

CLOSE, on top of Joe's dresser there is a cell phone, a small notepad, and three black pens.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Joe steps out from the entrance to the apartment building. He takes a deep breath.

JOE  
Good morning, New York!

Joe walks down the sidewalk alongside other rushing New Yorkers.

JOE (V.O.)  
Huh, walking isn't as fun as I remembered it. Maybe I should check my phone.

Joe reaches for his right pant pocket, but he stops himself.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No, I'm on my phone enough these days. Maybe if I spent less time looking down I would notice more interesting things around me. There's probably so much to the world that I'm missing out on.

Joe looks up and sees a tiger crossing the street, two naked boys shooting at each other with water guns, a trapeze artist swinging from building to building, and a 7/11 employee juggling Holy Bibles.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Huh, same old same old I guess.

A short feminine silhouette is visible peeking out from the side of the apartment building behind Joe as he walks away.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Joe continues walking along the bustling sidewalk. He looks down at his watch, which displays "6:55".

JOE (V.O.)  
I still have over an hour until work. I hope something interesting happens soon! Texting my buddy is sounding more and more appealing. Maybe I-

His thoughts are interrupted by a break in silence and the voice of a young woman behind his ear.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Hey there, care to point me in the direction of the closest Starbuck's? I'm new to the city.

JOE (V.O.)

Okay Joe, remain calm. You're a social butterfly. I know women with seductive voices like hers make you real nervous, but it's fine. We gotta ooze confidence now. Today's a big day.

Joe turns around to see the source of the voice and sees JESSICA, a beautiful young woman with blonde hair, a red form-fitting dress, and the height of an Amazon warrior.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jesus, has there ever been a more perfectly-crafted woman in history? She is perfect.

Joe slaps himself.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Snap out of it Joey. You're a social butterfly. Now fly.

JOE

Evening, Madam. What's your name? What brings you to New York at this time of day? Are you a democrat or a republican? Thoughts on the election?

JESSICA

I'm Jessica. If you could just point me to the closest Starbuck's that would be great! I just moved here recently.

JOE

Right, right. Starbuck's, huh? I heard they make good burgers there.

Joe pats Jessica on the back.

JOE (CONT'D)

Haha, just a bit of humor to spice up the conversation. I kid, I kid.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Of course I know what Starbuck's is. Good stuff! This is a pretty good conversation we're having, right? Charming.

JESSICA

Haha yes, very funny. Now where is it, did you say?

JOE (V.O.)

Dang, she thinks I'm that funny? I'm better than I thought!

JOE

If you like my jokes, here's another one of my finest: A guy walks into a convenience store and grabs some candy. He goes up to the cashier and asks, "How much for these Skittles?" The cashier scratches his head, looks at the candy, and says, "Those aren't Skittles, those are M&M's, and that'll be \$1.50." The cashier and the guy have a good laugh about it and the guy goes and gets Skittles instead. End joke. Wanna go get some pizza, Jessica?

Jessica has a blank look on her face.

JESSICA

Amazing. But all I really want to get right now is Starbuck's.

JOE

Sure, we can do that, too! I have time.

Jessica facepalms but Joe doesn't seem to notice.

JESSICA

Look, I'd rather just go on my own. Do you want my number or something? Then will you just tell me where the Starbuck's is?

Joe's eyes light up.

JOE (V.O.)

She'll give me her number? Wow, I knew I had good jokes but this is insane. She's way out of my league. Don't blow it now, Joey.

JOE

Yeah, of course. Let me just get my phone and you can put it in.

Joe reaches into his right pocket. Nothing.

JOE (V.O.)

Wow, did I really leave my phone at home? At a time like this? Oh, no worries, luckily I keep a notepad in my left pocket at all times!

Joe reaches into his left pocket. Nothing.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Crap! Really? Wait, I always keep a pen in my back pocket. I can just write it on my arm!

Joe checks both of his back pockets. Nothing.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Kind of weird that I conveniently forgot to bring every possible thing that would help me in this situation.

JOE

Uh... Yeah, just tell me the number and I'll remember it.

JESSICA

Are you sure?

JOE

Yeah. Fire.

JESSICA

Okay then. It's 856-555-3746

JOE

Okay, seems simple enough.

JESSICA

Now can you just tell me where the closest Starbuck's is?

Joe points in a vague direction and walks off.

EXT. OTHER NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

JOE (V.O.)  
 Wow, I can't believe we hit it off  
 so well! She gave me her number  
 after just one conversation!

Joe continues walking in the same direction, toward his destination.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 856-555-3746. 856-555-3746. 856-  
 555-3746

EXT. OTHER NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Joe continues to examine the buildings to the right of him as he walks and recites the phone number in his head.

JOE (V.O.)  
 I probably should have went home  
 right after I got the number. I  
 wasn't far from home at that point.  
 And now I am. Hopefully I'll have  
 time when I get to work.

One store's white sign catches Joe's attention. It reads "THE STATIONERY STORE: Having trouble remembering something? Write it down!"

JOE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Wow, just what I need! Another  
 useless store in New York City!

JOE (V.O.)  
 Whose bright idea was it to make a  
 store just for stationery?

Joe continues walking.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 856-555-3746. I'm so bored.

EXT. ELECTRONIC STORE - DAY

Joe looks in the window where there is a TV playing a commercial.

SALESMAN ON TV  
 Have you ever thought, "Man, my car  
 sucks! I need a new one ASAP!"?  
 (MORE)

## SALESMAN ON TV (CONT'D)

Well then you've come to the right place! Come on down to Big Baby's Car Place and get a car for as cheap as \$250,000! Call 1-800-242-2229 or 1-800-BIG-BABY for all the details!

Joe turns away from the TV and continues walking.

## JOE (V.O.)

Well that was a big waste of time. Now let's see... what was it again? 856. 555. 3-7. 4-7? No, 4-6! 856-555-3746. Still got it.

## EXT. OTHER NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Joe continues walking. He glances at his watch.

## JOE (V.O.)

Only a half hour til I have to be at work. I know it's not far though. But I am so bored. Next time I gotta bring my phone for sure. 856-555-3746.

Ahead of him he sees a group of white men huddled around in glasses, all wearing dress shirts just like his. The group is blocking off the whole sidewalk. Upon closer inspection, Joe sees something in each of their hands. Calculators.

Joe's eyes become narrow and his face grows more serious.

## JOE

Mathematicians.

## JOE (V.O.)

They travel in herds, spouting off numbers, trying to convert anyone who remotely resembles them. Now is not the time.

Joe walks up to the front of the crowd of mathematicians.

## JOE

856-555-3746.

He braces for impact and power walks right toward the center of the crowd.

## MATHEMATICIAN #1

24 times 76 is 1,824 you ignoramus!

MATHEMATICIAN #2

X is 37 because 89 squared over 287  
is only half of 55!

JOE (V.O.)

That last one didn't even sound  
accurate.

Joe continues to power through.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just gotta remember the number.

Joe attempts to drown out the conflicting numbers by yelling  
over them.

JOE

856-555-3746! 856-555-3746!

A mathematician pokes him on the shoulder as he is  
maneuvering through the crowd.

MATHEMATICIAN #3

Would you like to join us, sir? You  
seem to have a thing for numbers as  
well!

Joe pushes him away.

JOE

No, thank you very much.

MATHEMATICIAN #4

Pythagoras is my god!

Joe finally makes his way to the end of the crowd and gets  
out as fast as he can.

JOE

Thank God. 856-555-3746.

EXT. WELLS FARGO ADVISORS - DAY

Joe walks up and sees the bright yellow font sprawled across  
the front of the professional-looking building.

JOE (V.O.)

I'm here at last! Time to knock out  
this speech. But first-

INT. WELLS FARGO ADVISORS - DAY

Joe walks up to the courtesy desk, directly across from the front door.

An Asian female receptionist with long brown hair and a dark dress, MEGAN, sits behind the smooth circular desk.

JOE

Hey Megan, how's it hangin'? You're looking nice today.

Joe stands right against the desk and rests his right arm on top of it, his hand flat on the surface.

JOE (V.O.)

856-555-3746.

Her eyes widen and a smile forms on her face.

MEGAN

Um... Hey, Joe. Wow. Thanks! Do you realize this is the first time you've spoken one word to me since you started working here six months ago?

JOE

Well jeez Megan, I'm sorry. But really I just wanted to ask you if I could borrow a piece of paper and a-

MEGAN

You know, I've always admired you Joe. You come in to work every day with the same cheery attitude and you are always so kind to everyone here. I always thought you didn't notice me but maybe I was wrong.

JOE

Um...

Joe looks down at his watch. The screen displays "7:55"

JOE (V.O.)

Dang. Five minutes til show time.

MEGAN

Maybe I should have been the one to speak up first. I've always had feelings for you without even getting to talk to you.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I may not know you personally but from my observations I see an amazing, selfless person that works his ass off here 50 hours a week. I couldn't believe it when you said to your buddies in the break room the other day, "I'm on a 120 week streak of not being touched by a woman. It's kind of sad, but I try to wear it like a badge of honor. Helps me cope with the constant feeling of loneliness. Haha."

Joe scratches his head and looks at his watch again.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well I don't think that's alright.

Megan extends her arm, moving her hand close to Joe's on the desk.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I can break that streak for you.

She winks.

JOE (V.O.)

What kind of alternate universe am I living in right now?!

Joe pulls his hand back slightly.

JOE

Wow Megan, I don't know what to say.

MEGAN

Just speak from the heart. Say what you wanted to say to me when you came through that door just now.

Joe scratches his head.

JOE (V.O.)

Feels like forever since this conversation started... what did I want to say to her?

Beat.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Aha! 856-555-3746.

Joe snaps his fingers and grins from ear to ear.

JOE

That's it! I was wondering if I  
could borrow a piece of paper and a  
pen from you so I can write down  
the number of this beautiful woman  
I met earlier today!

Megan's smile widens noticeably.

MEGAN

(softly)

All according to plan...

JOE

What was that?

MEGAN

Nothing!

She eagerly grabs a pen, rips off a post-it note from a stack  
on the desk, and extends them toward Joe.

JOE

Hey, thank you, Megan!

Joe clicks the pen and writes the first numbers.

JOE (V.O.)

856.

JOE

But hey, chin up pal, I'll keep you  
in mind if my date with Jessica  
falls through.

Megan looks at Joe with her left eyebrow raised.

MEGAN

Jessica, eh? I'm sure she's a real  
catch.

Joe ignores Megan's comment and continues writing.

JOE (V.O.)

555.

The sound of a clock chimes throughout the building.

Joe looks at his watch.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Crap! 8:00 already!

Joe quickly writes down the last four digits and turns around to-

Thud.

Joe walks right into a tall, muscular, red-bearded man in a three-piece suit. His name tag reads, "WELLS FARGO - CHUCK: JOE'S BOSS"

JOE

H-hey boss, I was just coming to see you!

Chuck grabs the post-it note and pen from Joe's hands. He crumples up the post-it note and throws it in the trash along with the pen.

CHUCK

That pen's coming out of YOUR paycheck, Joseph!

JOE (V.O.)

Jeez, don't you think that's just a little irrational? There's nothing wrong with the pen. Whatever, probably costs like five cents anyways. I'll come back for the note in the trash later.

Chuck quickly grabs the post-it note from the trash can and puts it through the paper shredder next to it. The grating noise of the shredder fills the room.

CHUCK

Yeah, it's totally irrational! But seeing as my job title is "JOE'S BOSS", I don't think there's much you can do about it.

Chuck grabs Joe by the collar and drags him towards the door labeled "EMPLOYEES ONLY."

JOE (V.O.)

H-how did he respond to my comment when I didn't say it out loud?!

Joe slaps himself across the face.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't be stupid Joe, you must have said it out loud without noticing.

Chuck turns his head towards Joe.

CHUCK

Speaking of irrational, that was a \$100 pen, by the way! Now let that one sink in.

JOE

\$100 for a clicky pen?!

INT. WELLS FARGO EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Chuck leads Joe into the room, still holding him by the collar of his dress shirt. He sits Joe down on a chair.

Joe pans his eyes across the room.

JOE (V.O.)

856-555-3746.

JOE

Nobody's in the break room? At this time of day?

Chuck kneels down and looks him in the eyes.

CHUCK

No, Joe, they're all in the conference room waiting for your big speech. A lot of execs and bigwigs are there too, so there's a lot riding on this. You know that, right? A lot of people are counting on you here. Just get in there and knock 'em dead, kiddo.

Chuck stands up and ushers Joe towards the door to the hallway.

INT. WELLS FARGO HALLWAY - DAY

Joe walks in front of Chuck as he pushes him along past several glass walls, offices, and communal areas. No people in sight.

JOE (V.O.)

856-555-3746.

INT. WELLS FARGO HALLWAY - DAY

Joe and Chuck approach a door at the very end of the hallway. Chuck points at it.

JOE (V.O.)  
856-555-3746.

CHUCK  
Here we are.

Joe glances at his watch and looks up. He does a double take on the watch. The screen displays "8:15".

JOE  
8:15 already? Where did all of that  
time go?!

Chuck shrugs and gestures towards the door. Joe walks towards the door and stops. His eyes widen.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shoot.

CHUCK  
Well? What the hell's wrong with  
you? Go ahead, we're already late.

Joe turns around and looks at Chuck.

JOE  
I can't remember for the life of me  
what I'm supposed to be talking  
about.

Chuck's eyebrows scrunch together. They spread apart again and a smile forms on his face. He smacks Joe on the back and laughs.

CHUCK  
Hoho, you always were a real  
jokester Joey. Now go in there and  
talk your ass off!

In one quick motion, Chuck opens the door and pushes Joe in.

INT. WELLS FARGO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joe looks around the room and sees all of his co-workers around the room. The room seems to stretch for 50 feet with nothing in it but a podium and a microphone on an elevated platform and a white board on one end of the room.

JOE (V.O.)  
Wow. Really building the pressure.

Joe looks down and walks slowly towards the podium on the opposite side of the room.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I really have no idea what I'm  
supposed to talk about. Just gotta  
block all of these people out so I  
don't get overwhelmed.

Joe continues walking.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Damn, this really is like 50 feet.  
This feels like the longest walk of  
my life. I just know everyone is  
looking at me too.

The people near the podium make a clearing. Joe sprints the  
final length of the room and jumps behind the podium. Joe  
reaches to adjust his tie before remembering that he doesn't  
have one on.

The room is eerily quiet.

Joe taps the microphone. The sound reverberates throughout  
the room.

JOE  
Please, please. Feel free to talk  
amongst yourselves.

The room remains silent.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, great. No, that's fine too.

Joe looks around the room from his vantage point.

JOE (V.O.)  
There's like 40 people here. Never  
really realized it till now I  
guess...

Joe stops in his thoughts and his mouth hangs open. His  
attention is suddenly drawn to a bright red dress and a  
beautiful face in the back of the room.

JOE  
Jessica!

In a delayed reaction, Joe covers the microphone with his  
hand.

Shocked faces turn towards Jessica in the back and Jessica  
awkwardly waves to everyone as she avoids eye contact.

JOE (V.O.)  
I said that out loud. Well, shoot.  
How could this get any worse?

JOE  
856-555-3746!

JOE (V.O.)  
Shit, what the hell. It's like my  
inner monologue's on the fritz or  
something.

Jessica awkwardly looks down to avoid eye contact again.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Wait, why is she even here? Did she  
come just to see me?

Joe's eyes hone in on Jessica across the room. Not on her boob but on the name tag which just happens to be on her left boob. It reads, "WELLS FARGO - JESSICA - I'M A BIGWIG"

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Huh, how about that.

The faces of his co-workers, some confused and some annoyed, all turn back towards him.

Joe taps his fingers on the podium.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Where to go from here? I'll just  
spitball, I guess.

JOE  
I've learned a lot from working  
here at the glorious corporation  
that is Wells Fargo. Great food,  
great people, you name it. I've  
learned a lot about the industry  
and everyone involved.

Joe yanks the microphone off of its stand and walks in front of the podium with it.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I tell you, I still remember my  
first day on the job here. It  
wasn't great, but it wasn't awful.  
Not many particularly interesting  
things happened that day, and then  
I went home.

Joe walks forward more, closer to his co-workers.

JOE (CONT'D)

I went home and I slept that night,  
but you know what?

JOE (V.O.)

Pause for dramatic effect...

JOE

I woke up and went back to work  
again the next day. Pretty daring  
thing to do. And if there's one  
thing that Chuck, my beautiful boss  
taught me, it's that this job is  
all about the money.

Half of the employees in the room are looking at their  
phones. Some are falling asleep.

INT. WELLS FARGO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joe is walking back and forth between each side of the room  
as he talks.

JOE

It's always been about the money  
for me, because this job makes damn  
good money. If I didn't have this  
job though, I'd probably just get a  
different one. That's the circle of  
life to me.

Joe walks further forward in the room.

JOE (CONT'D)

I just want you all to know that I  
love you. But I'll always love  
Jessica more. Because she taught me  
a valuable lesson.

Joe runs back to the podium and puts the microphone back in  
the stand.

JOE (CONT'D)

Jessica taught me a valuable  
lesson. That even a guy like me  
could have a chance with a woman  
like her if he believes in himself  
enough. Thank you.

Joe bows to his audience of co-workers and runs towards  
Jessica. He stops halfway when he notices someone on the  
right side of the room.

Mathematician #4 sits upright and stares at Joe, seemingly the only person in the room still paying attention.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You work here? Since when?

Mathematician #4 continues staring.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What's your name, anyway?

Joe looks at his name tag. It reads: "MATHEMATICIAN".

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, of course. Should have expected that at this point.

Joe runs to Jessica, whom still stands in the same corner of the room. He holds both of her hands and looks her in the eyes.

Beat.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Well, Jessica? Do you have anything to say?

JESSICA  
I've always had feelings for you, I told you that.

She hugs him.

JOE  
We only just met today though. What do you mean?

JESSICA  
Well yeah, you could say that.

Joe scratches his head.

CLOSE, Jessica grabs the bottom of her jaw and peels her face off, revealing a different face underneath.

Joe's jaw drops to the floor.

JOE  
Megan?!

MEGAN  
It was me all along, silly!

Joe's eyes widen. He is motionless. Silence fills the room.

Mathematician #4 bounces excitedly.

MATHEMATICIAN #4  
Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

Megan strips off the red dress, revealing her dark dress in its place.

MEGAN  
I've had my eyes on you since day one! But you never noticed me. So I dressed up as that hot chick and followed you around for the last few days!

JOE  
That's really weird. You went way too far and manipulated me into thinking you were someone you weren't.

Megan looks down and frowns.

JOE (CONT'D)  
But hey, if it means I don't have to remember that damn phone number anymore, I think I can get on board.

Joe embraces her and laughs. Mathematician #4 and Chuck join in on the embrace. They all grin from ear to ear.

All of the other workers' eyes remain glued to their phones.

Joe looks at the remnants of Jessica's face and frowns.

JOE (CONT'D)  
856-555-3746.

JOE (V.O.)  
I miss Jessica.