

INT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE

STERLING CASHMAN, late 40s CEO, sits at his office looking at his laptop.

STERLING
What the fuck? Why won't you work?!

MICHAEL MARKS, the wiry 20-something network administrator, enters.

MICHAEL
Mr. Cashman?

Sterling is both relieved to see Michael and pissed off because it took him so long to show up.

STERLING
Hey, Marcus! Glad you could carve time out of your schedule to help out the man who signs your checks!

MICHAEL
It's Michael.

STERLING
What?

MICHAEL
Nothing... what's wrong?

STERLING
It's your job to tell me that. I already shift, alt, controlled the fuck outta that thing and I can't get my Powerpoint project to open.
(stands up)
I have a plane to catch in two hours and I need that fucking project to be functioning by the time I hit Pittsburgh.

Michael moves toward the computer.

MICHAEL
Can I sit?

STERLING
I dunno, Marcus, can you? Of course... fucking sit.

MICHAEL
Michael.

Michael sits down and inspects. He considers. He hits a few keys. He leans back.

STERLING

What are you doing? Fix it!

MICHAEL

I am. I see the problem. I'm downloading a patch.

Sterling paces. Michael hits a few keys every so often.

STERLING

This looks like a pretty easy breezy job you have there. How much are we paying you?

MICHAEL

Not nearly enough.

Sterling can't believe the sack on this computer nerd.

STERLING

I'm sorry. Maybe I heard wrong, can you repeat yourself?

Michael doesn't look at Sterling as he speaks. In fact, he's engrossed in his the computer. He types as he relays facts.

MICHAEL

The average network administrator makes twelve percent more than I do. The ones at the top end are outpacing me by more than thirty three percent. You don't pay me enough.

STERLING

I gotta say I admire the balls on you, son. Never would've thought you had that in you.

MICHAEL

Had you taken even the time to learn my name you might've known that I have balls.

(looks at Sterling)

Sir.

STERLING

I know your name, it's Marcus.

MICHAEL

No. I've corrected you twice since I've been in the room, but your ears function about as well as your dick.

Sterling falls silent momentarily.

STERLING

What the fuck did you just say?

MICHAEL

I know you haven't been able to get your newest trophy wife pregnant and that she wants nothing more in the world than to hear the pitter patter of little Sterlings and Trishas in the house. But you can't give that to her.

(finishes up typing)

Because your dick doesn't work.

STERLING

Get up, whatever the fuck your name is and get the fuck out of my office. You're fired. I don't know how you know what you know, but your time here is done. Get the fuck out!

MICHAEL

Gladly! I actually don't even work here anymore.

(stands)

Yesterday was my last day, but I dropped by to say goodbye to Phyllis; she was out yesterday.

STERLING

I don't fucking care. Just leave, asshole.

MICHAEL

Yep. I, Michael... that's my name, Michael, had to let Phyllis know that I just made a ton of money after selling my new search algorithm to the highest bidder; Microsoft.

Sterling moves toward him.

STERLING

I don't give a flying fuck. And since you're not an employee, I just might kick your ass. You didn't even fix my fucking computer.

MICHAEL

Oh, yes I did.

Michael leans into Sterling's computer and hits a button. A tiny snippet of a Justin Beiber song plays and repeats.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It won't ever open your Powerpoint presentation. Never!

Michael starts to back out of the office as Sterling looks down at his computer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Have fun in Pittsburgh! Buh bye!

Michael exits quickly.

Sterling looks at and listens to his computer. He yells.

STERLING

Fuck!

He taps a few keys. Nothing. He closes the lid on his computer which stops the song. He pulls out his cell phone.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Phyllis... I need another IT guy in here.

(he pauses)

Please?

He hangs up.

END SCENE