

Unnamed garbage

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

In the center of a room, DUDE, your average employee, and MAN, your average employer, sit at a table. They work at World of Toasters, a company that connect buyers and sellers in the toaster market. MAN shuffles papers on the table. Despite his accusatory tone, he speaks rather dryly.

MAN

Do you know why I called you
into work today?

DUDE

No.

MAN

(looking at paper)
You sold a batch of five hundred
model XL-32's to Fastbreakers
International for sixty-five
dollars apiece.

DUDE

A little pricey?

MAN

Pricey? You know how much
BagelMart pays us for this
model?

DUDE

I'm sorry. I usually sell in the
Sizzlers product line.

MAN

On that subject, your
transactions with Ireland's
Worst Chefs have led to a
shortage of Sizzlers and a 4.7%
decrease in net profits.

MAN leans in towards DUDE and reveals a photo of a toaster.

MAN (CONT'D)

Dude, do you know a damn thing
about the toaster market?

DUDE

I do have a bachelor's in
Toasterology.

MAN
(unimpressed)
Oh please.

DUDE goes into a monologue of his own.

DUDE
I am unsatisfied.

MAN
(disregarding)
I would also like to discuss
your reasoning for hooking up
Breadhead Cafe with The Toasters
Corporation.

DUDE gets up and begins walking to the corner of the room.

DUDE
I was promised a little
creativity with this one. I
can't live in a world plagued by
day after excruciating day of
gray shot-reverse-shot madness.

DUDE adjusts some knobs on a large board of settings known
as "The Film Board". The scene goes from a bland gray to
more warm and vibrant lighting. MAN doesn't appear to
notice.

MAN
Dude, you have linked a family
business with a mega major
manufacturing plant.

DUDE
I know, I thought it