

CUBICLE

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

KEVIN (34) sits in his cubicle, staring blankly at a computer screen that contains several unintelligible charts and spreadsheets. His eyes are glazed over. Around him, the office buzzes with activity. People lean over other cubicle walls and, with large smiles, hand each other unlabeled manila file folders. The other office employees all seem to be the same - happy, productive, dressed in business casual pastels and neutrals. Debbie (30s) wears glasses, an easy hairstyle, and several cardigans. Bob (60s) is thin and his clothes seem too big for him. Shonda (45) is a jovial woman who wears large glass-bead jewelry.

DEBBIE

Here you go, Shonda-rooni.

SHONDA

Thanks, Debbie-riffic.

Shonda turns to her right and hands the file Debbie just gave her to another man.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

Boberino, it's for you!

Shonda disappears below a cubicle wall.

BOB

Oh thanks! Pete, here ya go!

Bob hands the same file to someone off-screen. He turns back to the air where Shonda was.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, and Shon--

When she hears her name, Shonda reappears above the cubicle wall again.

SHONDA

Ya, B?

BOB

Get you that email soon!

SHONDA

Oh, no worries, Bobo!

BOB
You know me.

SHONDA
I know you!

Bob and Shonda laugh in unison. Their laughter ends at the exact same time and they disappear behind their cubicle walls at the exact same time. Kevin has not taken any notice of this entire, bizarre interaction. Debbie appears over her cubicle wall again, with another manila folder.

DEBBIE
Here you go, Shony-shon!

Shonda pops up and takes the folder.

SHONDA
Thanks, Deb-deb! Here ya go, Kev-o!

There's a pause. Kevin doesn't move, still staring vacantly into his computer. The pause stretches out. Bob appears from over his cubicle wall. The camera moves out. We see other heads of people we don't know pop up all over the office. Still, Kevin doesn't move.

SHONDA (CONT'D)
Kev?

No one looks at Kevin, still seated in his cubicle. Everyone is looking up and around. The movement, noise, and sound of the office has come to a complete stop. Someone by a Xerox machine is letting new Xerox copies fly into the air.

DEBBIE
Is he on vacation?

BOB
He doesn't get vacation.

SHONDA
Working hard or hardly working?

BOB
Love that one!

DEBBIE
Maybe he's in the bathroom?

Shonda looks around once more and this time, yells.

SHONDA
(Yelling)
Kev-o?

Kevin doesn't say anything to Shonda. He just gets up from his cubicle, apparently unnoticed by his coworkers, grabs his bag, and leaves the office.

DEBBIE
Maybe he's sick.

SHONDA
He doesn't get to be sick.

BOB
I'll take that, Shonda-rooni.

SHONDA
Such a lifesaver, Boberino.

BOB
You know me!

SHONDA
I know you!

Shonda hands the file to Bob, who hands it over to someone else. From our far away position, we watch the manila folder being handed round and round and round as Kevin leaves the office, unnoticed.

ACT ONE

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin room in his apartment is incredibly small. His bed sits in his closet, clothes hanging inches above his pillows. There is very little floor space around the bed. Shove between the bed and the wall is a bookcase filled with books that can't be reached unless you pull the bed a bit out from the wall. The walls are covered in posters (framed) of drawings and Etsy-style city maps. A small window, not able to be accessed by a normal-sized man, which Kevin is, sits on the far wall from the bed. The vibe is bleak fairytale ala Babe: Pig in the City. Kevin steps into the room and turns on the light, which bathes the space in an off-putting fluorescence. He leans down, plugs something into an over-burdened outlet. The room is washed in less intense light from several strings of fairy lights. He turns the light off.

He puts his backpack down on the ground, and falls facedown on the bed with a groan. He's not wearing shoes.

DANA (O.S.)

Kevin?

Dana's voice comes in as clear as if she were standing in the room, but she's not. Kevin groans.

KEVIN

Ughhhh.

DANA (O.S.)

Great! Coming in!

We hear a bunch of noises off screen - doors closing, furniture moving, etc. The door opens and Dana smiles down on Kevin. Dana (24) is a stylish girl wearing overalls. Her entire look screams art and wealth. Kevin rolls over onto his back and stares at her.

KEVIN

Dana.

DANA

You don't have plans for the weekend, right?

KEVIN

That's an assumption.

DANA

Well, I mean, c'mon.

Kevin sits up halfway and then falls back down again.

KEVIN

No, I don't have any plans.

There's a pause. Dana decides to dive in.

DANA

Do you, like, ever?

KEVIN

Ever what?

DANA

Have plans? Like, hang out with friends? Do *anything*?

KEVIN

(emotionlessly)

You're really getting on my nerves.

DANA

We've lived together for, like, six months and I've never seen you do anything fun.

KEVIN

Fun is what you make it.

DANA

You're staring at the ceiling.

KEVIN

Did you want to ask me a favor?

DANA

Well, yeah. But I thought maybe I'd give you some valuable advice first.

KEVIN

It really feels more like insults than advice.

DANA

Maybe, but you should do something this weekend.

KEVIN

If I do something this weekend, I assume I won't have time for the favor you're about to ask, Dana.

DANA

You can water my plants and still have time to, like, go on a Tinder date or whatever.

KEVIN

I can water your plants.

DANA

Thanks. I'm going away, but just til Tuesday.

KEVIN

Where you going?

Dana hesitates.

DANA

My dad's opening the house in the Hamptons. For the summer. Y'know.

KEVIN

Sure.

The vibe is awkward. Dana looks down at Kevin and Kevin looks up at Dana. Neither is sure what to say.

DANA

I was going to ask Trib, but he has some... thing this weekend.

KEVIN

Yeah, he and his boyfriend are running a composting workshop.

DANA

They're so active. I'm not active.

KEVIN

Weren't you just telling me how active you are compared to me?

DANA

I meant politically. Like, I should get active, politically. You know, like, climate change. Or whatever.

KEVIN

Uh-huh.

DANA

I care about stuff.

KEVIN
Care too much about my stuff.

DANA
Kevin.

KEVIN
Dana.

DANA
Kevin! Remember that weekend you
got into crochet? Great weekend.

KEVIN
How many plants do you have now?

DANA
Like, a lot. I'll leave a list.

KEVIN
Cool, thanks.

Dana looks around Kevin's sad room and at Kevin's sad face.

DANA
You're sure that you're OK?

KEVIN
Yeah. Sure. Just work stuff.

DANA
What do you do, again?

KEVIN
Office stuff.

DANA
...Right.

KEVIN
I barely know what I do.

DANA
Ha. Capitalism, right?

KEVIN
Right.

Beat. They stare at one another.

DANA
OK. Well, I'll catch you later.
Consider buying crochet needles or
whatever you use to crochet.

KEVIN

OK, Dana.

DANA

Thanks for the plants.

Kevin rolls over onto his face again.

KEVIN

(muffled)

No problem.

Dana closes the door and, after a moment, Kevin rolls over again, onto his back. Kevin looks at the ceiling.

The lights in the room go out. We hear an off-screen shout and more movement. Kevin doesn't move from his position.

DANA (O.S.)

Sorry! Forgot I can't turn my
straightener on when using the
microwave!

Kevin doesn't move.

KEVIN

(shouting)

No worries!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We know that it is a new day because Kevin is wearing a different outfit. But, beyond that, everything appears to be the same. Nothing has changed. Everyone is engaging in the same useless transfer of manila folders. Kevin approaches his cubicle and discovers... it is gone. There is a totally blank space where his cubicle used to be. He goes to Shonda's cube.

KEVIN

Shonda?

SHONDA

Oh! You're here. We thought you
were dead.

KEVIN

Nope. Here. But... where's my
cubicle?

SHONDA

Your... cubicle?

KEVIN
Yeah, it's gone.

SHONDA
That can't be true.

Kevin gestures to the empty space next to Shonda's cubicle.

KEVIN
I promise - it's gone.

Shonda doesn't look over. She frowns as she looks at an unintelligible printed-out spreadsheet.

SHONDA
I wish that people would learn how
to fill out Form 5.

KEVIN
My cubicle is gone.

Shonda looks up, surprised that Kevin is still there.

SHONDA
Well, if you don't like your
cubicle, you should talk to the
office manager.

KEVIN
We have an office manager?

Bob stands up over his cubicle. He's laughing. Shonda laughs.
Debbie stands up, laughing.

BOB
We're an office. Of course there's
a manager.

KEVIN
Where do they sit?

DEBBIE
Kev-o, you're too funny.

Debbie sits down. Bob, shaking his head, sits down. Shonda
stands up with a manila folder.

SHONDA
Pete?

Pete stands up to take the folder from Shonda. Kevin,
realizing that no one is going to speak to him, puts his
backpack over his shoulder and walks off, deeper into the
office.

Kevin walks through completely undifferentiated hallways. He walks right. He walks left. He walks up. He walks down. He walks left again. He ends up back where he started.

Kevin walks back to the hole where his cubicle used to be. Debbie is standing up, holding a folder.

DEBBIE
You're back!

KEVIN
Um, yup. I can't find the office manager.

Debbie smiles indulgently and shakes her head.

DEBBIE
Kev-o! You should really pay more attention. Didn't you take any notes during orientation?

KEVIN
I didn't have an orientation.

The office grinds to a stop again. Shonda, Bob, and Debbie all stand up over their cubicle walls to look at him.

SHONDA
No orientation?

BOB
(concerned)
How is that possible?

Kevin's surprised by how much this has upset everyone.

KEVIN
I started as a temp.

DEBBIE
Oh no.

Shonda, Bob, and Debbie look at one another. Shonda smiles and claps her hands.

SHONDA
Coffee break!

The work around the office begins again. Shonda, Bob, and Debbie grab Kevin by his shoulders and arms and surround him as they walk to the break room.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The break room is a small room with one exit, no door, and no windows. There is a vending machine from an unknown company (Respi) that shines especially bright. There is also a coffee machine, a refrigerator in a color that is so off-white it may be but is not actually yellow, and a laminate table with a bright-orange top and bright orange chairs. The cabinets are also orange. The laminate floor (not the fake wood kind) is scuffed and worn. Debbie separates from the group and checks the hallway. Shonda makes three cups of coffee. She places one in front of Kevin, who is ushered to a seat by Bob. She hands one to Bob as he sits down.

DEBBIE

I'll be in the hall.

Shonda smiles as Debbie disappears. Bob smiles.

BOB

You don't *have* to be crazy to work here...

SHONDA

But it helps!

The two laugh together for a minute. Kevin takes a sip of the coffee. It is too hot.

KEVIN

Um, so.

SHONDA

Oh right. You were a temp.

BOB

No orientation.

KEVIN

Where'd Debbie go?

SHONDA

Don't worry about that. Listen, Kevin, the thing about this place--

Debbie reenters the room. She gives a thumbs up. Bob's whole body relaxes. Debbie sits down, taking Kevin's cup of coffee from in front of him. In unison, everyone moves their chairs forward. Kevin leans away.

KEVIN

Why so close?

SHONDA
We need to talk.

BOB
(whispering)
None of us know what we're doing.

KEVIN
Well, me neither. That's how work works, right?

SHONDA
No. No. This is different. This whole place is different. I don't know what they're doing here. But... it isn't good.

BOB
It's bad.

DEBBIE
It's terrifying.

BOB
So, we keep some rules.

KEVIN
They tell you all this in orientation?

Shonda and Bob look at one another, frustrated.

BOB
Not in orientation. But definitely in *ori-en-ta-tion*.

SHONDA
Right. We should have caught this.

DEBBIE
But they caught you, instead.

KEVIN
They caught me?

BOB
Yeah! They took away your cubicle. That means, they want you to come looking for them.

SHONDA
They'll eat you alive.

KEVIN
Literally?

SHONDA
Well, not metaphorically.

DEBBIE
The major rule is: don't ask questions.

KEVIN
But I want a new cubicle.

DEBBIE
Uh-huh.

SHONDA
You'll get your cubicle back.

BOB
But it is important to not ask questions.

KEVIN
What?

SHONDA
Kid. When you get to the office manager, remember not to ask any questions.

BOB
If you ask any questions --

DEBBIE
Even, say, "Can I get a new cubicle?"

BOB
Exactly. Anything. Don't ask anything. If you do, you'll be in huge trouble.

SHONDA
Huge, huge trouble. This place, it isn't the same. As other places. Something's...

Debbie shudders. Bob goes to the door and checks the hallway again. Shonda puts her hand on Kevin's.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

We don't know what's going on here.
But we know: you don't ask
questions.

BOB

Pete used to have interests, you
know. Pete used to love fly
fishing. He went up there--

SHONDA

With a question!

BOB

And he came back telling me that he
never planned on never fishing
again.

KEVIN

What?

BOB

You got to get your cubicle back.
Or things might get worse.

SHONDA

Yeah, you best go now. Not later.

DEBBIE

I'll take you halfway to the office
manager, but just remember: don't
ask questions.

KEVIN

Um, OK.

Debbie, Bob, and Shonda look at one another. They know Kevin
isn't taking them seriously. Shonda shakes her head.

BOB

I'd listen to us.

KEVIN

Sure, Bob. I'm listening. I just
want a chair again.

BOB

Good luck, Kev-o.

Debbie leads a confused Kevin out of the break room.

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Debbie leads Kevin down an impossibly dark hallway. There are very few lights in the ceiling and they don't appear to be working all the way. Debbie holds a glow-in-the-dark compass as she navigates the hallways.

DEBBIE
I'll get you to the elevator.

KEVIN
Has the office always been like
this? This... weird?

Debbie stops and turns to face him.

DEBBIE
Of course it has.

KEVIN
I never noticed.

DEBBIE
We all just thought you were crazy.

KEVIN
I thought you guys were crazy.

Debbie winks.

DEBBIE
Not crazy, just cautious.

Debbie thinks for a moment.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Oh. Damn. We didn't tell you about
the name thing. (beat) Do you know
about the name thing?

KEVIN
Name... thing?

DEBBIE
Yeah, Kev-o. It's best not to use
your real name here.

KEVIN
What are you talking about?

Debbie sighs.

DEBBIE
I wish I knew. I just know, when
you're here, it's best to keep your
secrets.

KEVIN
Um, what secrets?

Debbie begins to walk again.

DEBBIE
You know... your name. Your
thoughts. Your favorite color.

KEVIN
My favorite color's green.

Debbie turns around, furious.

DEBBIE
This is exactly the kind of
information you want to keep to
yourself! (beat) Y'know, my name
isn't even Debbie.

KEVIN
What?

DEBBIE
My name isn't Debbie.

KEVIN
What is it?

DEBBIE
As if I'd tell you! Kev-o, pay
attention!

Debbie and Kevin reach the elevator. Debbie presses the "up"
button. She turns towards Kevin and hands him the compass.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
You might need this. Just remember:
no questions! Keep your secrets.
Good luck. It's weird up there.

KEVIN
Weirder than here?

DEBBIE

This is the most normal part of the building. I won't be here when you get back. *If you get back.*

Debbie shoves Kevin into the elevator and waves good-bye as the door close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

If I get back?

Kevin looks around the elevator. There are only two buttons, labeled "B" and "A." "A" is lit up. Outside of these buttons there is just gleaming metal. Jaunty music plays out of a speaker. The elevator zooms upwards.

ELEVATOR ANNOUNCER

HR would like to remind you to stop attempting to meet with them. Also, Taco Tuesday is moving to Wednesday. And next week is our annual sack race. Sacks are not provided. Please bring your own.

The jaunty music resumes and, after a moment, the doors open. To reveal:

INT. FLOOR A - DUSK

Time has passed, it appears. Floor A has enormous windows, and the sun is going down as Kevin exits the elevator. The office is filled with luxury surfaces—chrome and lucite chairs, leather throw pillows, marble floors. The workers on this level are nicer dressed and more business than casual in tones of gray and beige and white and black. The space is anchored by a large desk at which three receptionists sit. The three receptionists are 30, beautiful, and taller than Kevin.

RECEPTIONIST 1

Can I help you?

KEVIN

Yes, you can. Can I--

A beat. Kevin, realizing he was about to ask a question, stands stock still. All three receptionists look at him and smile. The smile is not friendly. Kevin clears his throat.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Um - actually. I meant. Let me try
again. I need to speak to the
office manager. Please.

The receptionist stands up. She is incredibly tall.

RECEPTIONIST 1
Right this way.

The receptionist leads Kevin down an office-lined hallway. Each office has windows towards the hallway. Before Kevin passes each one, blinds go down. One person peeks into the hall to look at Kevin. The mystery person shuts the door before Kevin can look back. Finally, the receptionist stops in front of a door that reads "Office Manager, Office 2." She opens the door. Kevin turns to thank her, but she's already far away down the hall.

INT. OFFICE MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office manager's office is beach-themed. Above the desk is mounted a surfboard that reads "DEVIN." The standard desk is festooned with green crepe paper. The desk is littered with shells. Devin has a lamp shaped like a mermaid. Devin (43), himself, wears a Hawaiian shirt. He has long blonde hair that is sparse on top.

DEVIN
Kevin?

Kevin freezes at a question about his name. A beat. He nods.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm Devin. Sit down.

Kevin does, sitting across from the desk in a very short beach chair. Devin leans over the desk to see him.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Happy to see you.

KEVIN
I need a new cubicle.

DEVIN
What happened to your old cubicle?

KEVIN
I came in this morning, and it
wasn't there. My cubicle was gone.

Devin leans back in his chair.

DEVIN
I wonder how that happened. I
wonder who did that.

KEVIN
Are you sure it wasn't--

Devin leans over to look Kevin in the eye.

DEVIN
Did you have a question?

KEVIN
No.

DEVIN
Good.

Kevin looks at Devin for a second. Devin sits back again.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
I don't know what you heard, about
this place. But whatever it is,
it's probably true.

KEVIN
Oh.

DEVIN
Yeah. Anyway, cubicle.

Devin leans forward and opens a drawer full of paper forms.
He takes one out, looks at it, and hands it to Kevin.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Give this to Shonda. She can fill
it out. You'll have a new cubicle
by the end of the week.

Kevin sits for a second, thinking about this. Devin smiles.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Any questions?

KEVIN
No...

DEVIN
Exactly. Well, thanks for coming
by, Kevin.

KEVIN
Uh-huh.

A beat. Devin gestures towards the door. Kevin gets the hint and leaves. He wanders through the hallway without a chaperone, makes his way back to the elevator. The receptionists wave to him in unison as the elevator departs.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin arrives back to the hole where his cubicle used to be. In the space is an envelope that reads "Open Me." Kevin grabs it, and leaves the office.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin enters a wood-paneled bar. The bar is small and dark and filled with booths and a long counter. Debbie waves from one of the booths where she sits with Shonda and Bob. Debbie scoots over to make room for Kevin. Bob has a beer in front of him, Shonda a cup of something pink, and Debbie tea. They all look significantly different. Shonda no longer wears her chunky jewelry. Debbie looks younger, in more casual clothes, and Bob wears a crew-neck t-shirt under a mechanic shirt with cigarettes in the pocket.

DEBBIE

Got the cubicle back?

Kevin reaches into his bag and pulls out the from that Devin gave him.

KEVIN

Not exactly. The guy--

Shonda grabs the piece of paper.

SHONDA

Guy?

KEVIN

Devin?

Shonda reads over the paper furiously. She nods.

SHONDA

Ah, OK.

Shonda folds the paper.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

You're off the hook, Kevin.

KEVIN

What do you mean? Do I get my
cubicle back?

Shonda shrugs.

SHONDA

You might. But, either way, this
message wasn't about you. Wasn't
even for you.

KEVIN

Well, who was it for?

Shonda hands the paper to Bob, who opens and reads it.

DEBBIE

For us.

KEVIN

What did you guys do?

DEBBIE

We give the orientation. Plus, we
have a couple of plants in Furton.

KEVIN

Furton? Where's that?

SHONDA

An hour west. They had that big
fire last year. Pretty suspicious.

Kevin is getting increasingly frustrated.

BOB

(to Shonda)

You don't think they know about
Furton, do you?

DEBBIE

No way. Devin would send more than
a message if they knew about
Furton.

SHONDA

Either way, they're onto us.

Kevin slams his hand on the table as he stands up.

KEVIN

I am going to get up and get a
beer.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And when I come back you will stop
talking in riddles. (beat) Please.

No one says anything. Kevin hesitates, as if waiting for an
answer, and then leaves.

DEBBIE

I think he'll be a good addition.

SHONDA

He's just what we've been looking
for, I can tell.

BOB

Eh.

SHONDA

You need to learn to listen to us.

BOB

We'll see.

ACT THREE

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, grumpy, scoots back into the booth, beer in hand.

KEVIN

OK. Let's start from the beginning. I have been working here for four months. The entire four months, I have never heard anything from you besides (mocking) "OK, Debbie-bebbie-bebster" and now you're telling me that management is so mad at you they are sending covert messages.

Shonda looks at him for a second, thinking.

SHONDA

Pretty much.

DEBBIE

Yeah, that's a good summary.

KEVIN

No, it isn't. What's. Going. On!

Bob takes a slug of beer.

BOB

Things were different. I've been working at this place for, um, forty years? Thirty? Who knows. But, the company's been acquired time and time again.

DEBBIE

I've been working here for three years. And acquisition sucks. But it sucked in a normal way.

BOB

Yeah, they'd cut our benefits or make us all wear ties or whatever. But last year, this new company comes in.

SHONDA

Really mysterious. We had never heard of them.

(MORE)

SHONDA (CONT'D)

They redid the building around us.
And, things got weird.

BOB

Plus, we found out they had opened
up an office in Furton. And when
they did -- weird stuff started
happening there.

SHONDA

Yeah, that big fire.

BOB

People disappearing...

DEBBIE

Weird-ass shit. And it happened
here too. Any time someone went to
talk to management -- went
upstairs? They came back different.

BOB

Yeah. Pete! He went upstairs and
came down a different man. He's
neat, used to be sloppy.

DEBBIE

And he's got a real fancy car now.

BOB

Things just became weirder around
the office. No water cooler
chatter. No birthday cakes. Nada.

SHONDA

But then I bumped into Debbie at my
niece's house. And we started
chatting. And we realized we had
both seen odd happenings.

KEVIN

Like, odd how?

DEBBIE

Didn't you listen? We saw people
disappearing!

KEVIN

I thought you said they just came
back weird.

DEBBIE

Those who came back! Some of 'em
went upstairs and never came back.

KEVIN

So you're saying that this multi-billion dollar company that appears to do nothing is stealing... humans?

DEBBIE

Well, we're not totally sure, but our friends in Furton said that when this place comes in? Things get worse.

BOB

Way worse. Buck - he's a Furton guy - said half his family got upstairs'd.

KEVIN

Upstairs'd?

BOB

Well, we're not sure what else to call it. Pod people'd? They got pod people'd.

SHONDA

And we don't want that happening here. So, there's only one solution: We need to bring this place down.

BOB

We need to destroy it from the inside out.

KEVIN

How?

SHONDA

Well, first, we're going to need more than four people. So, right now, we're just trying to find people.

DEBBIE

Yeah, people who get it. People who haven't really been upstairs a lot.

BOB

Pete used to go by his middle name - Ian. He didn't even *like* the name Pete. But then--

DEBBIE
Upstairs.

SHONDA
Yeah, something's happening. Same
as Furton. I can feel it.

KEVIN
Yeah, this whole place sucks.

DEBBIE
But does it have to?

Kevin thinks about this for a moment.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kevin walks into the apartment. The lights are off, and the apartment is lit by the lights from the streets outside. Kevin hangs up his keys and coat on a rack near the door. He drops his bag by the couch and lays down on the couch. He turns on the TV. As the opening strains of a Shark Tank-type show begin to play, a door opens. Trib (32), a thin tattooed man wearing a crystal necklace, peeks his head out the door. (Trib is pronounced like "rib.")

TRIB
Kevin?

KEVIN
Trib, I didn't know you were home.

TRIB
Yeah, Evan and I don't head out to
the workshop til tomorrow.

KEVIN
Ah. Gotcha.

Trib enters the living room and sits down next to Kevin. He glares at the TV.

TRIB
Ugh, this shit.

KEVIN
Just background noise.

Kevin turns the TV to the main menu again, but does not turn it off. He leans back.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Dude, I had such a weird day.

TRIB

Oh, tell me about it. Everyone at work was out of pocket.

KEVIN

There's absolutely no way that your day was weirder than mine.

Kevin sits up and faces Trib.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

When I got to work, my cubicle was gone. Just -- gone. And apparently, my co-workers are part of some underground guerilla group. And I had to take an elevator to, basically, the moon to talk to the office manager.

TRIB

That's always how I imagined offices would be.

KEVIN

I'm serious.

TRIB

So am I?

KEVIN

Well, apparently, they want me to join this... group of theirs.

TRIB

Oh, man. That's great. You need some friends.

KEVIN

They're not friends. They're co-workers.

TRIB

Co-workers can be friends. Jesse used to work with me at that Shrek interactive experience.

KEVIN

I can't believe you worked at a Shrek interactive experience.

TRIB

Me neither but the world is weird.

KEVIN

Do you think things need to suck this much?

TRIB

Speak for yourself. Evan and I are in love, I'm teaching people about composting, and I am picking up art again. My life is going fine.

KEVIN

Oh. Yeah.

TRIB

Yeah. Like I said, you need friends. You need *something*.

KEVIN

I guess...

TRIB

I get it. Life's not what you expected. I worked at the Shrek interactive experience, but you can't just sleep through it.

KEVIN

Are you sure?

TRIB

90%. Anyway, I should get to bed.

KEVIN

Night, Trib.

Trib goes back to his room. Kevin drags his backpack to his room and shuts the door.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Kevin arrives to the office to find that he still doesn't have a cubicle. But, there is a chair. On the chair is another note. Opening it, it just reads: Lunch. Cafe. Kevin tucks it in his bag and sits down.

PETE

Kevin?

Kevin stands up. Debbie stands up too and gives him a wink.

PETE (CONT'D)

Debbie?

DEBBIE
Did you call me, Pete?

Pete looks at the file in his hand, for a second. Did he call Debbie?

PETE
No, this is for Kevin.

KEVIN
Right here.

Kevin takes the file. Kevin hands it to Debbie.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Debbie!

Debbie smiles and takes the file, passing it to the person to her right. Pete is still looking over the cubicle wall, a confused look on his face.

PETE
That wasn't for Debbie.

KEVIN
Pretty sure it was, Pete.

PETE
No... no... it was for someone else.

KEVIN
Maybe take the rest of the day off, Pete.

Kevin sits down in his chair. He opens his backpack, retrieves a book, and waits for lunch. Occasionally, he reaches his hand above his head and hands a file folder over. Pete is still standing there, confused.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Shonda, Bob, Debbie, and Kevin sit together at a table. They are all eating sandwiches, and laughing. Bob's finishing a story.

BOB
And that's the day I ate museli!

DEBBIE
I love your stories, Bob.

Bob smiles and takes a bite of his sandwich. Debbie turns to Kevin.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
OK, so Kevin what's your deal?

SHONDA
Yeah! Tell us about yourself.

Kevin is suddenly uncomfortable. He takes a sip of water.

KEVIN
Um, OK. Well, I live with my best friend and some random 24 year old. Um, I work here. Sometimes I watch TV.

Shonda, Debbie, and Bob are unimpressed.

BOB
That's it?

KEVIN
Uh. Yeah. I guess that's it.

BOB
You don't have anything else? What did you used to want?

Kevin thinks for a minute.

KEVIN
Um. I don't know. I guess I just wanted to hang out with my friends. But then they all kind of drifted away, except for Trib, so now I just... I just work.

Kevin clams up, realizing he's said too much.

DEBBIE
Well, I wouldn't worry about it.

KEVIN
I'm not *worried* about it.

DEBBIE
Good, I wouldn't be.

A beat. Kevin decides that he is going to be vulnerable.

KEVIN

Um, well. I am worried. About my life, I mean. I just go to work, hate it, come home, and... sit.

SHONDA

You're with us now so I promise you: that'll change.

DEBBIE

Yeah, your life is about to change.

BOB

Or not.

DEBBIE

Bob!

KEVIN

I think it's already changed, maybe?

Shonda smiles at him, and pats his arm.

SHONDA

You bet it has.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin sits at his empty cubicle in his chair. People pass by him, not even noticing him. He looks up and sees a guy at the Xerox machine who is absolutely glaring at him. Kevin waves. The guy is surprised. The guy waves back.

The guy walks up to Kevin and they begin to talk. We can't hear them.

Shonda and Debbie peer around cubicle walls to smile at one another. Bob stands up and hands Shonda \$5. Shonda hands a card to Kevin. Kevin hands a card to the guy. Fade to black.