

CORPORATE ROMANTIC

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After developing romantic feelings for his boss, a lovesick salesman goes to extreme measures to get himself fired in order to ask her out on a date.

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**SMASH CUT TO: MONDAY**

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - DAY

The year is 1995. CRAIG (22, competent yet simultaneously aloof) sits quietly at his desk filling out mundane sales reports on his boxy computer. He works with glazed eyes.

His boss, LARA (30, friendly and professional), walks out of her office. Craig's attention immediately shifts to her. As she walks his way, he straightens the wrinkles on his white collard shirt.

LARA

Hey, Craig. How was your weekend?

CRAIG

(lying)

It was great. I did so much cool stuff. Just the best time. How about you?

LARA

Oh, it was alright. Boring honestly. I haven't been getting out much since my husband left. I've just been watching the trial mostly. Anyway, I better get back to work. Glad you're doing well.

Lara walks off into the hallway. Craig reclines in his chair, letting out an powerful huff. His dreams are being realized. HANNIBAL (25, one might call him the "personality hire") sits at an adjoining desk next to Craig.

CRAIG

Hannibal. Oh my God. Did you hear that?

Hannibal looks up from his work.

HANNIBAL

Yeah. Her weekends sound like a drag.

CRAIG

No, not that. Her husband. Her husband left her!

HANNIBAL

That sucks. I wish I could leave my husband.

CRAIG  
You're not married.

HANNIBAL  
Yeah, but I live with my brother,  
so it's similar.

CRAIG  
This is my chance. I've got to ask  
her out. Hell, she probably wants  
me to. Why else would she tell me  
her husband left her?

HANNIBAL  
Are you even allowed to ask her  
out? You're her underling. You  
can't ask out your boss.

Craig contemplates his dilemma for a moment, but not long.

CRAIG  
Sometimes, Hannibal, you've got to  
put it all on the line for love.  
I'll forfeit my employment for this  
opportunity. When you spot a double  
rainbow you don't let it go to  
waste.

HANNIBAL  
So you're gonna quit your job just  
to score a date with your boss?

A look of divine inspiration covers Craig's face.

CRAIG  
No, my friend. Nobody respects a  
quitter, especially in the game of  
romance. I've got to get myself  
fired.

Hannibal gives an approving smile.

HANNIBAL  
Nice. How are you gonna do that?

**SMASH CUT TO: TUESDAY**

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - DAY

Craig approaches his desk wearing a muscle shirt, cargo shorts, flip flops, and a bright pink headband, a far cry from his traditional button up and tie. He sits down and looks to Hannibal.

CRAIG  
Did you bring them?

Hannibal reaches under his desk and reveals two five pound dumbbells.

HANNIBAL  
These were the best I could find.  
Turns out, my brother is more of a  
cardio guy.

CRAIG  
This will work. Plus, once I do ask  
her out, she'll remember how good I  
looked doing this.

Lara walks out of her office. Craig starts cranking out bicep curls. Lara walks in his direction.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(winded)  
1,105...1,106. Hey, boss.

LARA  
Craig, you can't workout at your  
desk. There are other ways to avoid  
carpal tunnel.

Craig puts the weights down.

CRAIG  
Sorry, I'm just really passionate  
about my healthy body.

Lara walks on, letting it go.

HANNIBAL  
Why didn't you keep going? Aren't  
you trying to get fired?

CRAIG  
The key thing is I don't want to  
upset her. I want her to  
reluctantly fire me. I want her to  
basically be like "you're fired but  
it's too bad because you're such a  
great worker." It's a fine line.

**SMASH CUT TO: WEDNESDAY**

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - DAY

Craig sports a comfortable bath robe over a t-shirt that reads "OJ DIDN'T DO IT." He is on the phone with a client, his feet propped up on his desk revealing fuzzy slippers.

CRAIG

Mr. Robinson, I hope you don't take offense to me saying this, but you have the voice of a chain smoking gravel beast. I can barely understand you...Grrggg. Grrrggg. That's all I hear. I feel like Charlie Brown talking to an adult. So what's it gonna be? You wanna buy some stocks? ...Oh you will? Okay, fine.

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - LATER

Craig is on the phone with another client.

CRAIG

Now Ms. Clark, let me ask you this. Are you a piece of shit? No, I'm asking. Because if you are we can be in business, but I only work with disgusting pieces of shit.  
(disappointed)  
...That's you? Excellent. Feel free to leave a complaint.

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - EVEN LATER

Craig is on the phone with another client.

CRAIG

If the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit. Damn right. On a similar note, sir, who's your favorite dead celebrity or relative? ...Your father? I win, mine's Jesus.  
...Yes, that counts as a celebrity.

Lara walks past his desk wearing casual clothing.

LARA

Great idea with the casual attire, Craig.  
(re: his shirt)  
And that's right, he absolutely did not!

Obviously, this is not what he wanted to hear. He hangs up the phone.

**SMASH CUT TO: THURSDAY**

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - DAY

Craig wears dark robes with a dark hood covering his face. There is a red pentagram drawn into his desk surrounded by red candles. Hannibal observes with fear in his eyes. Lara approaches his desk.

CRAIG

*Surge et mecum exulta... reuocare  
regnum tuum--*

LARA

What are you doing?

CRAIG

Summoning Satan.

LARA

(frustrated)

Could you please refrain from using company property to do so? Thank you.

She walks away. Craig is dumbfounded he still works here.

HANNIBAL

You can't get fired for religious practices, everyone knows that... There's one more thing you could try. It will take courage.

**SMASH CUT TO: FRIDAY**

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Craig walks in wearing nothing but speedo bottoms and a fur coat. He lugs in a giant boombox speaker with him.

CRAIG

Everyone! I have an announcement to make! And yes, it's a political statement!

He clicks play on the speaker and a song that sounds very similar to NWA's 'Fuck Tha Police' fills the room.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
FUCK THA POLICE! Yeah! I'm gonna  
sing the whole song. I'm not  
skipping ANYTHING!

Lara walks out of her office and turns off the music.

LARA  
Craig. May I see you in my office?

She steps back insider her office. Craig smiles from ear to ear and grabs a bouquet of plastic flowers from his desk drawer.

CRAIG  
I wonder what this could be about?

INT. LARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lara sits behind her desk across from Craig who sits in one of two chairs.

LARA  
Craig, I just got off the phone  
with corporate and they told me  
some interesting news about your  
sales calls.

Craig almost shakes with anticipation, flowers in hand.

LARA (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure what you're doing...  
but your sales have skyrocketed.

CRAIG  
They have? Recently?

LARA  
YES! So much so that corporate  
wants to promote you effective  
immediately. You'll be transferred  
to our corporate offices.

CRAIG  
NO! Are you serious?

LARA  
Of course I'm serious. Whatever  
changes you have made recently have  
really been working.

Craig exhales tiredly. He stands up.

CRAIG

First of all, I accept the position. But honestly... this whole week I have been trying to get fired. Fired to ask you out. Fired because I love you.

He extends the flowers out to her. Lara is appalled.

LARA

Craig, I don't know what to say. I'm married. And this position makes you a corporate executive.

CRAIG

It's okay! Your husband left you! Remember? And who wouldn't wanna date an executive, right!? If it's easier, I could just fire you.

Craig projects a stupid salesman smile. Lara is shocked.

INT. OFFICE - CRAIG'S DESK - DAY

Craig's desk is completely clean, he's packed all his belongings into a little box.

CRAIG

Turns out he was just on vacation. Visiting his mother in Florida.

HANNIBAL

Damn, trifling husbands. Was it at least a reluctant firing?

CRAIG

Nope. Actually because I was promoted that technically made me Lara's superior, which meant me asking her out was an abuse of power. Fired on the spot. It's nice to know the company takes this stuff seriously though. But you know what, I'm not gonna feel sorry for taking a gamble on love. If losing this job leads me to my soulmate down the road, so be it.

Craig walks out of the office with a smile on his face.

HANNIBAL

There goes my hero.