

STUPID FUCKING DUMBASS IDIOT

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LOGLINE: When the elevator breaks, a stressed-out businesswoman is forced to spend time with her annoying coworker.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

REBECCA (20s), ruthless girlboss, speed walks through the hallway of a quiet corporate high-rise. The click of her polished black heels echo with every step. She talks intensely into her phone.

REBECCA

Hey, so I'm gonna have to take a rain check on dinner--

(pause)

I know this is the second time but I'm swamped. Quarterly reports due by five, corporate memos by seven, not to mention the presentation that I haven't even *started*--

(pause)

Ugh, I can't talk right. I'll call you later. Bye, Dad.

She angrily hangs up the phone as she arrives at the elevators. She presses the 'UP' button. DING. The doors open.

JOEY (20s), a rambling idiot, stands alone in the elevator. Rebecca steps inside...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

She rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

(to herself)
Jesus Christ.

Joey's face lights up when he sees her. He smiles, a little too hard.

JOEY

Rebecca! What's cookin mama? I haven't seen you since we worked on that project last quarter. How's your life? I been pretty busy myself, ya know, on that grind, makin' that coin, et cetera, et cetera. But what about you? I heard you broke up with your boyfriend. That sucks. I heard it was bad too. Like really bad. Very messy. And you cried about it, a lot. Ya know Janice, from accounting?

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

She said she saw you crying in the bathroom one day during lunch break. You told her it was just allergies but she didn't believe you--

REBECCA

Floor 30.

JOEY

And then I told her "It's pollen season, so maybe it really was just allergies". But then she said that you deleted all your pictures with him on Instagram and that's when I was like "Daaaaaaaamn. Okay. I guess they really *did* break up".

Rebecca scoffs and hits the button herself. The elevator ascends.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Anyways, how're you? It's been too long. I mean we spent so much time together when we worked on that proposal. Man, those were the days. We'd sit next to each other during meetings and I'd whisper jokes into your ear, then you'd kick me under the table and say "Shut the fuck up you stupid fucking dumbass idiot". And even though you'd try to hide it I could still see that little smirk every time I made a joke--

REBECCA

Joey--

JOEY

This new team I've been working with, I just don't click with them, not nearly as much as I did with you. They're just so *serious* all the time. It's always "Joey, stay focused. Joey, don't touch that. Joey, you can't address our boss as 'homie' in a formal email". Like calm down, guys. It's not like I do that every time. I reserve it for special occasions. I'm not psycho--

REBECCA

Oh my god, Joey--

JOEY

And they keep telling me that I can't write our reports in Comic Sans. They said its "unprofessional" and "makes the company look bad".

Joey flashes an email, written in Comic Sans. It reads:

JOEY (EMAIL) (CONT'D)

What's poppin' homie? Love what you did with the reports. Looks dope. Anyways, about that raise?

JOEY (CONT'D)

That's a totally normal email, right? My co-workers keep telling me I'm gonna get myself fired but look at me, c'mon, who would fire this adorable little face--

REBECCA

Joey!

He freezes. Rebecca turns to face him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Joey, I am being so sincere when I say this. You are the most annoying person I have ever met in my entire life.

The elevator climbs towards the 30th floor. 26... 27...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Working on that proposal with you was hell. And I hope that I never have to work with you, or even see, you ever again.

28... 29...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Have a nice life.

Just before the 30th floor, there's a sudden **CRASH** as the elevator jerks to a halt. Rebecca screams. The lights go out. The elevator doesn't move.

JOEY

Well, this is awkward.

TITLE CARD: ONE HOUR LATER

Joey lays on the floor. He bounces a small PINK BALL against the elevator doors again, and again, and again, and again.

Rebecca sits with her head leaning against the wall. She stares blankly at the ceiling.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Ya know maybe we could--

REBECCA

No.

JOEY

But if we tried to--

REBECCA

Stop.

JOEY

I'm just saying if we--

REBECCA

Joey.

Tense silence.

JOEY

Maybe if you just listen to me--

REBECCA

God, Joey! Can you stop being a--

REBECCA (CONT'D)

JOEY

Stupid fucking dumbass idiot? Stupid fucking dumbass idiot?

Rebecca lets out a frustrated sigh. Joey smirks.

TITLE CARD: ONE MORE HOUR LATER

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce--

REBECCA

If you bounce that ball one more
fucking time I'm gonna rip your
face off and staple it to your ass.

Joey stops.

JOEY

Sorry.

A pause... He bounces the ball one more time.

REBECCA

Fuck!

JOEY

Sorry!

Joey feigns indifference but can't hide a frown as he puts the ball into his pocket.

REBECCA

Who even gave you that ball in the first place? I swear to God I'm gonna kill them.

JOEY

Well, good luck with that cause they're already dead.

Rebecca's face drops.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Hah. Sorry, that was blunt. This ball was actually my dad's before he passed away and--

He hesitates, staring at the ball. Bittersweet.

JOEY (CONT'D)

It's stupid, but I like to keep it around. Makes me feel like he's still here.

REBECCA

Oh my god. I didn't know--

JOEY

It's okay. I didn't tell anyone.

REBECCA

Why not?

JOEY

I don't know.

(pause)

I guess I'm always this happy guy around the office. It felt wrong to share something sad about my life. I didn't wanna bum anyone out.

REBECCA

H-how did he die?

JOEY

Wolves. Got eaten by a whole pack
of 'em.

REBECCA

(horrified)

Oh my god--

JOEY

Kidding! Kidding! Joke! That was
totally a joke.

Rebecca sighs with relief.

JOEY (CONT'D)

The real story is much less
interesting. He had a heart attack.

(pause)

It wasn't a shock though. He worked
all the time, I mean 24/ 7. Hell,
even when they found him he was
slumped over his desk.

(sigh)

That kinda stress really fucks you
up.

Rebecca's eyes go wide. She stares straight ahead,
contemplating. Finally, she looks over at Joey, silently
tossing the ball back and forth to himself. She sighs.

REBECCA

Hey, I didn't mean what I said
earlier, by the way.

JOEY

About stapling my face to my ass?

REBECCA

No. About working with you. I
didn't hate it.

(pause)

It was actually kinda fun. You make
work not feel like... work.

He smiles.

JOEY

You mean it?

REBECCA

I do.

They both smile. Beat.

JOEY

And I'm sorry that you're boyfriend dumped you. That's lame. He's an asshole.

REBECCA

Hah. Thanks. I appreciate it.

JOEY

I mean I don't know the guy but c'mon, look at you. You're smart and caring and kinda scary, but like in a good way.

REBECCA

Joey--

JOEY

All I'm saying is that any guy would be lucky to have you. And if he couldn't see that then he's a... stupid fucking dumbass idiot.

Rebecca looks away but can't hide a smile. Silence.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Let me try something.

Joey leaps to his feet and approaches the panel of buttons.

REBECCA

We tried that. It's not gonna work--

He **THROWS** the plastic ball against the panel, hard. Rebecca screams and ducks as the ball ping-pongs against the walls.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Joey, what the hell?!

Joey dodges the flying ball as he speaks.

JOEY

Sorry. I thought if I pulled a sneak attack on the elevator, ya know, catch it with its guard down then, it might work.

He sheepishly picks up the ball.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I guess that was dumb.

REBECCA

Yeah, it was.

Momentary silence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 I mean if you're gonna pull a sneak
 attack you have to at least SAY
 "sneak attack"--

JOEY
 SNEAK ATTACK!!

Joey CHUCKS the ball at the panel, again. It bounces against the walls when -- SUDDENLY, the elevator jerks upwards and begins to ascend. Rebecca's jaw drops.

The elevator stops. DING! Floor 30. The doors open.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 (beaming)
 Oh my god, it worked!
 (pause)
 I guess we do make a good team.

REBECCA
 I guess we do.

They smile at each other. Rebecca stands up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Well, I don't know about you but
 I'm gonna get the fuck off this
 elevator.

JOEY
 I actually have a few more floors
 to go.

REBECCA
 Hah. Fair enough. Well--

She steps out of the elevator.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 I'll see you around, Joey.

The doors close. The elevator ascends while Joey stands by himself, smiling. A few moments pass before suddenly, Joey's phone buzzes. It's an email from Rebecca that reads:

REBECCA (EMAIL) (CONT'D)
 Hey. It was nice seeing you. I look
 forward to working with you soon :)

It's written in Comic Sans. Joey stares at his phone, a small smile forming on his lips.

SUDDENLY, **CRASH!** The elevator stops. Again.

JOEY
God fucking dammit!

CUT TO BLACK.