

EVERYONE GETS LEI'D IN HELL

Written by

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(Excerpt for website)

(EXCERPT OF) EVERYONE GETS LEI'D IN HELL

FADE IN:

INT. WORK OFFICE - CUBICLE AREA - DAY

GEOFFREY WALSH (49), unassuming office type, pervading weight behind his eyes from lack of sleep, sits at his office desk.

On his computer screen is a confirmation email with a photo of a model laying her head on a pillow, eyes closed with a giant smile. It reads...

"Your sweet dream pillow has been delivered to:

*Geoffrey Walsh
423 Blue Jay Lane
Huntington Beach, CA 90742*

*Thank you for shopping at **The Voracious Sleeper**, home to all your sweet dreams and memory foam needs!"*

A message pops up on the screen requesting him in Mr. O'Rourke's office.

OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Geoffrey walks down the office hall. Each person he passes smiles awkwardly from their cubicle until he passes two younger co-workers that seem to be snickering about him. He comes to the Boss's office. Takes a deep breath and opens door.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

JERRY O'ROURKE (44), Geoffrey's boss, amiable, sincere and soft, stands looking out the window and greets him warmly.

JERRY THE BOSS

Geoffrey! So glad this worked out.
Sit down, sit down.

Geoffrey sits down and tightens his tie. He seems to grind his neck along his tie as he waits for his boss to speak.

Jerry stares out the window.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 That little pinch of blue. (beat)
 How much of the country sees that
 little pinch of blue from their
 office?

Geoffrey goes to speak but Jerry cuts him off, with nervous
 chatter.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 Thirsty?

Geoffrey shakes his head no. Jerry hands him a cup of water
 anyway.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 Try it.

Geoffrey takes a sip.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 Can you guess? (Beat) If you
 guessed cucumber you're right.

Geoffrey is blank.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 Or was that the watermelon?

Jerry takes the cup and sips it. He can't tell. He hands the
 cup back to Geoffrey.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 It's just water, right?? No. But
 also yes.
 (paces to window again)
 Taking necessity and making it fun.
 That's the point, right?

Geoffrey smells the water.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 (staring out window)
 I don't know when capitalism became
 pejorative.
 (under his breath to
 himself)
 Little pinch of blue.

GEOFFREY
 (beat) God's way of determining who
 is smart and who is poor.

JERRY THE BOSS
 (smiles and nods out
 window)
 The tide is rising.

GEOFFREY
 (beat) I'm sorry, was there
 something--

JERRY THE BOSS
 So, we are letting you go.

Geoffrey stares blankly, confused.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 This is a family. I hope you feel
 that. And families stick it out. We
 bicker, we yell, we swear each
 other out of the estate... but
 unless you're dying in my arms--

Jerry stops himself and looks at Geoffrey, apologetically.
 Geoffrey stares at him, an uncertain emotion building.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 Family is like water. It ebbs, it
 flows. And like the energy of a
 wave, no matter what it moves
 through, it--

Jerry leans back and peaks at a manual labeled '*Surfing
 Through Management*' that is laying on his desk, then
 continues...

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 --remains.

GEOFFREY
 Was there something I've done to--

JERRY THE BOSS
 It's just cutbacks, Geoffrey. It's
 got nothing to do with half the
 people that will be let go today.

Geoffrey is quiet. His eyes rest on a corner of the room
 where a glass case holds a **collection of rifles**.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)
 (leaning in and talking in
 a hushed voice)
 Maybe this is good. Clearly, you
 still aren't sleeping.
 (MORE)

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(Beat) Jeff--does Charlotte call you Jeff?

GEOFFREY

No.

JERRY

Hmm. (beat) You never took any time off after--

GEOFFREY

(clearly avoiding)
The Voracious Sleeper.

JERRY THE BOSS

I'm sorry--

GEOFFREY

Memory foam--I'm still surprised I spent as much as I did--it is called 'The Sweet Dream'... the pillow.

JERRY THE BOSS

(beat) You know, JJ hasn't slept well since--

GEOFFREY

(quickly interrupting)
I'll have to refinance to cover the darn thing. (beat) It's memory foam.

Jerry realizes the futility in what he is trying to talk about and retracts.

JERRY THE BOSS

It's an open door, Geoffrey.
Family.

GEOFFREY

(beat) I guess nothing really has to change.

JERRY THE BOSS

Never.

(Takes a defiant breath)
Why don't you take the long weekend to let this settle. No need to ruin any holiday plans you had with Charlotte.

Geoffrey's hand begins to shake and the water he is holding starts to spill out of the cup. He doesn't notice but Jerry does.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Buddy.

Geoffrey stops shaking but looks up at Jerry with tears welling in his eyes.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)

A wave.

Jerry mimes a wave with his hands.

JERRY THE BOSS (CONT'D)

A wave is just energy shifting its position through water. Atoms and ions, frantic, racing to shore, to the end. But water... is calm. It--

GEOFFREY

(with Jerry)

-remains.

Jerry smiles. Proud of his own guidance.

Geoffrey fumbles...

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

God's plan is--

JERRY THE BOSS

(interrupting)

Water.

Jerry makes the motion of a wave with his hands once more.

Geoffrey forces a smile.

GEOFFREY

I do have a date tonight.

Jerry smiles widely, though he is fighting back tears.

JERRY THE BOSS

Mother Ocean.