

EMPLOYMENT

Written by

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INT. DECKER SIMONS CALL CENTER FLOOR - EVENING 1

MIKE KLEIN sits at his desk on the third floor of the credit union Decker Simons' four floor headquarters in South Melbourne.

Strapped to his phone by a headset, on the edge of falling out of his chair, Mike is bored. He occasionally glances over at the TEAM LEADER, dutifully manning the corner desk, watching the call displays on the wall and the handful of other CALL TAKERS scattered between empty desks.

The team leader stands, passing Mike as he heads for the men's room. Mike tracks his exit, a call dropping in through the headset with a long BEEP just as the team leader disappears from view.

Mike drops his headset in the top drawer of his desk, then closes it, yanking open his Crumpler bag to palm a lighter and torpedo-like smokeless brass pipe, smashing hold on his phone.

Mike exits via the STAIRWELL DOOR.

INT. DECKER SIMONS LOBBY - EVENING 1

JONATHAN SIMONS and his ASSISTANT stand at the empty concierge desk, the assistant reading from her phone while Jon looks outside, nervously wringing his hands.

A dark sedan pulls into the driveway outside.

JONATHAN

Here we go.

INT. DECKER SIMONS LIFT - EVENING 1

Three GERMAN BUSINESSMEN and their female INTERPRETER stand with Jon and the assistant in a lift that accommodates them all, but barely.

Struggling for conversation, Jon looks to the interpreter.

JONATHAN

Please let them know how honoured
we are to have them at Decker
Simons.

She only nods, politely, saying nothing.

Over an uncomfortably long period, Jonathan kind of frowns, eventually shaking it off. They exit on the fourth floor.

EXT. ROOFTOP SMOKING AREA - EVENING 1

Mike exits the stairwell on the rooftop, jamming the fire door open. He produces the lighter and pipe, about to light it when he hears movement from the stairs. He pockets the pipe, looking around for somewhere out of sight.

INT. DECKER SIMONS CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 1

The party, all seated now, looks at projected charts on a screen that drops down across the room's large window.

As Jon clicks through them, the screen and window behind it seem to shake, a repetitive thumping sound.

The Germans whisper to each other, all gesturing and glancing at the window.

JONATHAN

Hold it a second, Janet.

The assistant pauses the presentation on her laptop.

Jon gets up, clicking a remote to retract the projector screen.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM BALCONY - EVENING 1

The camera follows Mike as he climbs the railing on the smoking deck, lowering himself onto the balcony beneath.

Unseen by Mike, as he drops down onto the conference room's sectioned off balcony, its blind-like projector screen slowly rolling up behind him--Simons, his assistant, and the Germans stare out at him, all clearly confused by his presence there.

INT. DECKER SIMONS CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 1

A new round of surprised muttering from the Germans, as Simons turns back to the assistant.

JONATHAN

(to interpreter)

It's okay. It's just the window cleaner.

She smiles and nods again while the Germans continue muttering to each other.

Jon grows frustrated, waiting for her to interpret.

JONATHAN
 Sorry, are you actually the
 interpreter for the Mumford Group?

INTERPRETER
 Oui.

JONATHAN
 I--hang on, *they're* German. You're
 French?

INTERPRETER
 Ohhh, no no. Nein.

Jonathan frowns, slightly unsure.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM BALCONY - EVENING 1

Still soaking up the city views, oblivious to his captive audience, Mike puts the pipe to his lips and tries to light it, shielding it against the wind.

INT. DECKER SIMONS CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 1

Jonathan hands out a prospectus package to the Germans.

JONATHAN
 As you can see here, it wouldn't
 even be a question of breaking
 even. We're projecting profits
 beyond what we saw in Q1, and you
 could expect to see returns by Q4.

He stops, looking at the Interpreter, waiting.

She smiles politely, before turning to the others. They all look at her also. She points at the prospectus material on the table.

INTERPRETER
 (German)
 This man invites you to view the
 material he has prepared here.

The Germans look down at the documents in unison, then up at Jon, slowly nodding.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM BALCONY - EVENING 1

The wind extinguishes the lighter once more, so as Mike sparks it again, he turns into the window, shielding it.

The tip of the brass pipe taps against the window, unnoticed by Mike.

INT. DECKER SIMONS CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 1

The Germans all look up again at Mike, tapping against the glass, lighter sparking.

Jonathan slowly turns also.

They all watch in silence as Mike holds flame to the pipe for a good thirty seconds, blinded by the light, focused on keeping it lit.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM BALCONY - EVENING 1

When Mike takes his thumb off the lighter, his own reflection in the tinted window is suddenly replaced by Jonathan Simons, glaring back at him.

Mike squints, holding his hand up above his eyes to look in at Simons and the other businessmen, still holding the long tube in.

Mike leans back a bit as Simons thumps the glass with his palm.

JONATHAN

Hey--

INT. DECKER SIMONS CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING 1

The Germans begin to stand while Jon is preoccupied with Mike at the window.

JONATHAN

--*dickhead*, pack up your desk.

MIKE

(distant sounding)
What?

JONATHAN

(shouts)
Pack up your fucking desk, Mike
Klein from technical fucking
support!

ASSISTANT

Mr. Simons?

Jon turns to see his investors leaving, dashing back across the room to head them off.

JONATHAN

Oh no, it's okay, we don't like that guy. He doesn't work here now.

(to interpreter)

Ah, please tell them, we no like him. We no let him keepy stay here.

Again, the interpreter just nods and smiles, ushering the men out of the room.

JONATHAN

You're not... guys. Come on. This is like, we're better than this.

The stereotype, a cultural misunderstanding... ruining a--

(screams)

--half million *deal!*

Jon storms back to the window, slamming his fist against it, while Mike just watches on, forwning, still a bit confused and/or high.

After a long moment, Mike exhales a thick plume of smoke.

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

INT. SHARE HOUSE - EVENING 1

STEVE and ROY sit on the couch watching TV.

Keys are heard rattling outside, dropped, inserted in the lock, dropped again, then successfully used to open the door. Mike enters.

STEVE

Yo.

MIKE

Hey what's up?

Mike puts his bag down and joins them on the second couch.

ROY

Steve got a job.

Steve looks at Roy.

STEVE

It's not a job, it's an interview.

Roy rolls over, facing away from them, grunting weirdly. Mike looks at him a moment.

MIKE

What are you doing?

ROY

Trying to fart, it would have been perfect timing.

STEVE

You sound like you hurt yourself.

ROY

I might have shit my pants. (yawns)
Will see how it turns out when I...
(quiet) wake up.

MIKE

What's the interview for?

STEVE

That job right near your office.

MIKE

Yeah?

STEVE

This will be a sweet setup. We can carpool, have lunch at that pub across the street every day.

MIKE

Oh yeah right well here's the thing dude, I don't work at Decker Simons anymore.

STEVE

Lol.

MIKE

No I'm serious. I was... like very fired.

STEVE

When?

MIKE

Just now. By the CEO. Jonathan Simons. I think he liked my style but just couldn't be the cool boss in front of his investors or something, so he yelled at me a bit and said, you know GTFO.

ROY
What did you do?

MIKE
I caused what some would term 'an
unfortunate cultural interchange'.
Like right out of a shitty sitcom.

STEVE
Well fuck, so much for working near
my best friend potentially.

MIKE
Whoa... hang on, what? Potentially?
I thought Roy was your best friend.

STEVE
Roy shits his pants trying to fart
on me then sleeps in it. You just
graduated.

MIKE
Look it's fine, I'm sure I'll find
something new in town.

STEVE
You're on my CV as a referee. Your
work number.

MIKE
Wait! What? ...is a referee? I
thought that was a cricketing term?

ROY
(eyes closed)
Umpire is for cricket, referee for
basketball.

MIKE
They should do a movie called the
Roman Umpire, where it's just a guy
from Italy who talks a lot with his
hands, and he judges distances and
things. I could see it as a Nick
Giannopoulos vehicle.

STEVE
You already told us this, when we
went to that Italian restaurant.
Remember the place with the nice,
upset Italian family?

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

They said if the kitchen staff can hear your offensive accents from the back alley, you might be affecting the other customers' dining experience?

ROY

Yeah, they said Nick Theophilis is *Greek*, too.

MIKE

I know, I'm just saying, this is a pretty solid screenplay idea, I could get maybe thirty, forty pages out of that concept alone. And Giannopoulos *could* pass for Italian.

STEVE

He's fucking Greek dude there's a difference. Greek people defended a beach with only *three hundred* guys versus a whole army. I saw it in a movie.

Roy twists his head back toward them a bit, curious.

ROY

Avatar?

MIKE

This seems like a good time to start writing the novel I've been thinking about.

STEVE

The dog who knows binary code.

MIKE

He doesn't just *know* binary code, he thinks in it. The whole thing is written from the dog's perspective.

Steve frowns.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - MORNING 2

Steve drives a Toyota Camry to his job interview, distracting himself by dicking around with the radio, following signs to the highway onramp.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONRAMP - MORNING 2

As Steve reaches the front of the merging lane, the car in front of him barely squeezes into the long line of cars that are literally bumper to bumper, almost touching, jamming both highway lanes.

Wide from high and far back, we watch the Camry begin to angle in, then veer away, multiple times, as every slowly passing car goes out of its way to lock him out of the merge.

The Camry slows to a halt, the cars behind it slowing then stopping also. One driver leans on his horn.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - MORNING

Steve looks in his rearview, throwing up his hands. He tries to pull into traffic again but is once again locked out.

STEVE

What... come on. Hey. Hey man.
Shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONRAMP - MORNING

The Camry moves forward into the emergency stopping lane, the traffic behind him all merging seamlessly while he continues forward at a jogger's pace, indicator on, completely cockblocked out of the lane by every other driver.

We hold on this for a long time, a deep field shot from the rear vantage point, the Camry slowly fading into the distance, its blinking indicator the only thing visible.

EXT. HIGHWAY OFFRAMP - MORNING 2

Steve's Camry continues at the same pace, kilometers up the road, still trying to angle into traffic before reaching the beginning of the off ramp, its indicator switching from right to left.

As the Camry pulls out onto the off ramp, speeding up, it's cut off by a honking truck.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - MORNING 2

Steve slams on the brakes.

STEVE
(screams)
Fuck!

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MORNING 2

Steve stands at an unmanned reception desk, nervously watching the wall clock, looking only mildly disheveled.

His POV of the clock, one minute after nine.

He paces the small room, looking over at the locked door leading to the company's back office.

When he looks up at the clock again, it's six after nine.

CLAIRE--obviously the receptionist by the way she runs in and slides into the chair behind the desk before looking at the door to the offices, down at her keyboard, and up at Steve as she logs in--offers only raised eyebrows as a form of inquiry.

STEVE
Hi, I'm here for an interview.
Steve Watts?

CLAIRE
(cold)
Okay.

She types a moment.

CLAIRE
No, we don't have a Steve here I'm afraid.

STEVE
I'm Steve.

Claire just looks at him.

STEVE
I think the guy I'm supposed to see is called Dave.

CLAIRE
Okay.

She types again, slower than before.

CLAIRE
I don't have Dave.

STEVE
Maybe David?

CLAIRE
Okay.

More typing, then she pulls on a headset and dials.

CLAIRE
Hi, Dave? There's a guy here for
you? (pause) I don't know. A guy.
(to Steve) What was your name
again?

She takes off the headset.

STEVE
Steve.

CLAIRE
He'll be out in a minute.

STEVE
Can you tell him you were late? I
don't want him to think I just got
here, because my interview was at
nine.

CLAIRE
(standing)
Okay.

She goes through the locked door, letting it close behind
her.

Steve watches it for a moment before DAVE appears, a balding
man of fiftyish with an expensive suit spread thin across his
ample girth.

Dave clicks his fingers, pointing at Steve.

DAVE
Steven.

STEVE
Hi.

DAVE
Late on your first day. Okay. I
guess we'll see how that goes. Come
on.

Dave disappears back through the door, letting it close before Steve can lunge for it. He tries the handle, finding it predictably locked.

Steve has a brief panic attack, almost knocking, hesitating, then knocking.

Claire opens the door, avoiding Steve's gaze as she passes him.

Steve catches it before it closes this time, going through.

DAVE (O.C.)
(annoyed)
What are you doing, Steve?

INT. SHARE HOUSE - MORNING 2

In MIKE'S ROOM, Mike slowly awakens to the sound of hard banging on the front door, rolling out of bed, walking into the hall.

At the front door, Roy stands with his blanket draped over his shoulder, watching the front door as it's repeatedly hit from the outside.

MIKE
What's happening?

ROY
Someone at the door.

MIKE
Why don't you answer it?

Roy shrugs.

ROY
I don't have a good reason.

Mike opens the door, revealing NUTZ.

NUTZ
Fucking hell. What took you so long? My prostate and colon are playing tennis with a spikey popcorn-infused log of shit right now. Can you blokes get my stuff?

Nutz gestures at his suitcase, duffel bag and oversized art folio scattered on the front deck, then shoulders his way inside, walking funny, almost as if on eggshells.

Mike, still half asleep, looks at Roy.

MIKE
Do we... *know* this gentleman?

ROY
I don't. Do you?

NUTZ
(off camera)
Where's the shitter anyway, boys?

INT. HELPDESK - MORNING 2

Steve sits at a clean desk with his PC at the login prompt. The five other seats around him sit unoccupied, until KIM, an older Korean man, enters the helpdesk room and takes a seat to his right without so much as acknowledging Steve.

Kim logs into his own PC.

After a while longer, they're joined by CLIVE--a huge, loud, child of a man. Sitting down at the desk to Steve's left, Clive offers him a meaty, sweaty-looking hand.

CLIVE
You must be Steven.

STEVE
Hi. Steve.

CLIVE
I'm Clive, mate. Clive and Steve, what a pair we are. We should have a moustache growing contest. I'll post for donations on the company intranet, and we can use the cash to buy World of Warcraft items.

Steve looks at him for a long time--the big, enthusiastic grin.

STEVE
I don't know which thing to respond to.

CLIVE
Did Dave give you a login yet?

STEVE
No, not yet.

CLIVE

I'll ask him about it when he's back from meetings.

STEVE

Okay. Anything I should do until then? Do we have some doco I can read? To be honest I thought I was here for an interview, he just told me to sit down and then left. Do I... *work* here now?

CLIVE

Docos? Mate, if you like that sort of stuff I've got *terrabytes* of it on my portable drive. Have you seen that BBC thing about magnets?

STEVE

No, like, documentation. Helpdesk processes.

Now it's Clive who stares.

STEVE

Do you guys use ITIL?

CLIVE

What do you mean?

STEVE

The IT industry best practise framework.

CLIVE

I don't know but let me ask you this...

STEVE

Go on.

CLIVE

Who do you think is the best UFC fighter?

STEVE

(pause)

I don't know, to be honest. They're all pretty good at fighting.

CLIVE

What kind of car do you drive?

STEVE
Toyota Camry.

CLIVE
No offense but that's a piece of
shit car.

STEVE
None taken.

CLIVE
I drive a Nissan Skyline GTR,
nineteen ninety six. Vintage, mate.

Steve returns his attention to the login prompt, then Kim,
and finally back to Clive, leaning slightly toward him.

STEVE
(quietly)
What's his name?

Clive leans in too, making it uncomfortable with his ever
present huge, stupid grin, matching Steve's stage whisper.

CLIVE
Kim. He does the support for our
In'Chon office.

STEVE
English?

CLIVE
Oh sorry. Our Seoul office.

STEVE
No, I mean, does he *speak* Enlgish?

CLIVE
Not a word.

Steve leans back a bit, gaining some space.

STEVE
Oh, well that's a relief. He didn't
say anything when he came in. I
thought he was just being a dick.

Steve gives Kim a little smile, met with only a steely
facade.

CLIVE
Oh, he's a dick alright.

STEVE
How do you know?

CLIVE
I can just tell it about them.

STEVE
"Them"?

CLIVE
Starcraft players.

STEVE
Right.

Steve's phone rings in his pocket, relief evident as he steps out of the room to answer it.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - MORNING 2

In the KITCHEN, Mike talks on the house phone.

MIKE
Hey Steve, did you tell a guy from the *internet relay chat* that he could come and stay here? (pause) He says his name is Nutz, with a Z at the end. If that rings a bell? (pause, to Roy) Steve doesn't know him either. Maybe Ryan invited him.

ROY
That asshole.

MIKE
(shakes head)
Fucking Ryan.

Mike hangs up the phone.

Off screen, the toilet flushes, then Nutz appears immediately, walking to the kitchen sink, as if about to wash his hands, instead only spitting in it.

NUTZ
That's better. I think I clogged your toilet though. Does the shit, and all the shitty toilet paper, normally float up over the seat, then spill on the floor when you flush it?

MIKE

No. That never happens to *us*, Nutz.

NUTZ

Probably need to call a plumber in.
Do you have a second toilet? I
found half a Powerade on the bus
that had something like bubble tea
at the bottom, and it hasn't sat
well... (pats stomach, looking
down) Ah dammit, got toilet runoff
all over my shoes. (squelching
sounds as he steps) Where's your
tea-towel, gents?

Mike and Roy just stare at his shitty shoes.

A KNOCK at the door, Mike goes to answer.

EXT. SHARE HOUSE - MORNING 2

A UNI STUDENT looking kid stands waiting at the share house
front door.

Mike answers, looking him up and down, waiting for him to
speak.

UNI STUDENT

(hesitant)

Is he here?

MIKE

Is who here?

The student frowns, as if weighing up the question as a test.

UNI STUDENT

The oracle.

Now Mike frowns.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - MORNING 2

Mike and the uni student return to the kitchen, where Nutz is
using the dish brush and a chux to scrub the shitty toilet
paper off his shoes, while Roy types an email on his phone.

MIKE

(to student)

This guy?

UNI STUDENT

Oracle!

Nutz looks over his shoulder at the kid.

NUTZ

(nonchalant)

Yo. What have you got for me?

The kid unpockets a baggie full of home made capsules and smaller baggies with powder.

NUTZ

Alright, let's go out back.

Mike and Roy watch through the kitchen window while Nutz and the student go to the back yard, sitting at the coffee-stained and cigarette-burned plastic table and chairs.

The kid empties his pockets of more drugs.

ROY

Dude what is happening here?

MIKE

I don't know.

A sleepy RYAN enters, walking to the fridge.

RYAN

Hey guys. You know I'm working late shift tonight, right? Can you keep it down?

Ryan sips orange juice directly from the bottle, putting the lid back on without twisting it, then placing it back in the fridge door.

RYAN

I need like another three hours sleep. Sorry.

MIKE

Hey Ryan did you tell that fat piece of shit sitting on our outdoor setting he could sleep here?

Ryan peers through the rear window, shrugging.

RYAN

No, but I'm paying less rent if he stays on our couch.

Ryan leaves, slamming his bedroom door.

ROY
Fucking Ryan.

MIKE
Fuck him.

EXT. SHARE HOUSE BACK YARD - MORNING 2

Mike and Roy join Nutz and the student in the back yard, watching Nutz swallow huge handfuls of hand-stuffed capsules.

MIKE
Hey Nutz, what are you doing exactly, man?

Nutz goes to speak but puts up a finger, taking big gulps of water to swallow the pills the rest of the way.

UNI STUDENT
You feed him psychedelic drugs and he tells your future.

ROY
What drugs?

UNI STUDENT
Any you have on you, pretty much?

He looks to Nutz for confirmation, who nods through uncomfortable looking hard swallows, thumping his own chest to get it all down.

NUTZ
(breathless)
Yep. I can prognosticate on pretty much any combination of hard drugs, as long as some of them make you trip. Not Iboga, though. I won't make that mistake twice.

MIKE
Isn't that the African plant that knocks you out for forty-eight hours while you piss, *shit* and vomit the bed?

NUTZ
Yes, except I did not know that at the time. So for one thing, I never prepared a bed.

(MORE)

NUTZ (CONT'D)

I took it at the office of a gentleman who also was *not* prepared for the overall effects--before, *and* after--both logistical, *and* careerwise--that the ensuing two day period had on both of us.

ROY

Wait, you're like, well known for this or something? It's a business you do?

NUTZ

Sure, I have bookings through the next few months.

MIKE

So you can afford to pay us *rent*?

NUTZ

Of course. I wouldn't crash on your couch without paying my fair share.

Mike and Roy exchange a glance.

MIKE

Okay, fuck it. I guess you can stay. A couple of people in this house should probably have employment.

NUTZ

The LSD is kicking in already. (to student) Your name is Will, right?

UNI STUDENT

No, Yorgen.

NUTZ

Yorgen? Seriously?

Yorgen nods.

NUTZ

Wow. Ok.

Nutz closes his eyes.

NUTZ

You're going to fail your economics class and fuck up your relationship with... Cathy?

Mike and Roy's gaze swings to Yorgen.

UNI STUDENT
Holy shit. That's amazing!

The student stands, nodding to Mike and Roy with a smile before leaving.

ROY
So this guy is psychic now, or he's like one of those detective shows with the expert who perceives tiny details?

Roy watches Nutz meditate there, his confusion growing.

Mike walks after Yorgen.

MIKE
One second.

EXT. SHARE HOUSE FRONT YARD - MORNING 2

Yorgen leaves via the front door with a pleasant, contented smile.

Mike jogs after him.

MIKE
(yells)
Hey wait up!

Jorgen turns back to Mike, waiting while he catches up.

MIKE
What he said back there, was any of it accurate?

UNI STUDENT
Yeah man, of course! It's the motherfricking Oracle!

MIKE
So you're an Economics student?

UNI STUDENT
(enthusiastic)
No I'm in high school! But I'm certainly *considering* Economics. I mean I am *now* anyway.

MIKE
And your girlfriend? Cathy?

Yorgen taps Mike on the arm with the back of his hand.

UNI STUDENT
(more enthusiastic)
Right? Dude! I'm gonna have sex!
With a girl named *Cathy*!

Yorgen leaves with a nod, leaving Mike alone with his creeping doubt.

EXT. SHARE HOUSE BACK YARD - MORNING 2

Mike returns to where Nutz sits at the table, Roy now sitting opposite where the uni student had his fortune told.

Nutz is swaying in the flimsy plastic chair, eyes rolling back in his head.

ROY
Okay, do me now.

NUTZ
You're going to be a real piece of shit.

ROY
(disappointed)
Aw.

Roy stands again, joining Mike.

MIKE
Hey ah, Nutz, can we get our rent in advance, dude? We want to go out tonight.

Nutz springs to his feet, hand in pocket.

NUTZ
Of course!

Nutz takes Mike's wrist and empties half a handful of the pills the uni student provided, then does the same for Roy.

Nutz sits back down on the plastic chair, then falls face-first through the plastic table, destroying both pieces of furniture on his trip to the dirt, as Mike and Roy take a cautious step backward. Nutz passes out, face down.

Mike looks down at the pills in his hand.

MIKE
Fuck.

ROY
(mouth full)
What?

Pull out to reveal Roy choking down his entire allocation of mystery pills.

INT. HELPDESK - AFTERNOON 2

Steve sits at his desk with the screen still on a login prompt, alternating between reading the paper manual for Microsoft Windows 95, and watching Clive wolf down a meatball sandwich at his desk.

Steve watches disgusted as Clive licks his fingers, throwing the sauce-dripping wrapper in the recycle bin between them.

Steve breathes half a sigh of relief before Clive reaches somewhere off camera to bring back a huge, steaming laksa.

STEVE
Oh for...

Clive looks up.

CLIVE
You want some mate?

STEVE
I'm good.

CLIVE
You need to go get some lunch?

STEVE
(unsure)
I don't know, I still haven't spoken to Dave. I don't have any idea what he wants me to do.

Clive nods, shovelling laksa into his mouth at the same time.

Dave bursts in through the door, red with panic.

DAVE
What is going on, guys? The whole network is flapping!

Dave stands between them, looking down at them both.

DAVE

Alright, you're eating a laksa. Steve, do me a favour and bring up our monitoring suite real quick. This will be a good test of your ability to handle a major outage. I don't know who has dropped the ball in this room today but it's very serious, guys!

Steve pauses as if to say something in his own defense, then just points at the screen.

STEVE

Ah, sorry. I need a login.

Dave leans in past him, lifting the keyboard, tapping a post-it with 'swatts' and 'Welcome1\$' written on it.

DAVE

Mate, are you joshing with me? Now's not a good time.

Again, Steve hesitates only slightly, logging in.

As the desktop loads, Dave leans in again, squinting at the items there.

DAVE

You haven't installed the network tools yet?

STEVE

I haven't, sorry.

Dave sighs, turning to Clive.

DAVE

Alright Clive-o, you might need to pull Steven's ass out of the fire on this one my friend.

Steve stifles a confused frown while Clive unlocks his machine.

As we slowly withdraw from the scene, out through the door, Dave throws a glance at Steve, shaking his head slightly.

DAVE

Going to need to do a bit better than this, mate. Look at Clive here. Hasn't even finished his laksa. Take a good long look at this bloke. He's your new mentor.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
And I'm your sensei now. (to Kim)
Sorry mate. (to Steve) Your--ah,
General.

Dave begins pacing, returning to the open door.

DAVE
Who fucking left this open?

He slams it shut.

TITLE CARD: EMPLOYMENT