

H.R.

by

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COLD OPEN

INT. JANE'S CAR, B.S. PARKING LOT - MORNING

JANE SACKS, 40s, perennially exhausted, pulls into her parking spot. She comes to a stop and watches her coffee mug roll down the front of her car. Coffee covers her windshield.

JANE

...There's my coffee.

INT. B.S. PLASTIC FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Jane moves through Bixel & Schienboch Plastics Plant with an unusual pleasantness on her face. BILLY, 28, sexy forklift driver, catches her--

FORKLIFT BILLY

Hey Jane. You matched with me on "Bumble" last night.

JANE

Oh no, must have been a different Jane.

FORKLIFT BILLY

Pretty sure it was you. Your pic is you and your kid? You're "a New Jersey professional looking for someone to 'make Love' with?"

JANE

(correcting him)

What? No it says "live laugh love" with. It's a popular—Damn it!

Jane scurries away as EFFIE, 30s, factory worker with an over-bedazzled rhinestone work shirt, comes after her--

EFFIE

Jane, why is it I can't wear my designs to work no more??

JANE

Because, Effie. You melt.

EFFIE

That was 1 time and now I use a less flammable glue.

JANE

I love your shirts. If it were up to me, we'd all be wearing them.

EFFIE

...It is up to you.

JANE

Right...Let me get back to you.

Jane makes a break and hurries into--

INT. FACTORY BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane fiddles with what she assumes is a commercial coffee machine. BRUCE, maintenance guy, 40s, handsome with a sweet demeanor, enters--

JANE

Morning Bruce!

BRUCE

You're in a good mood. You find a way to stop the raccoons from getting in the trash?

JANE

Better. Our new CEO starts today.

BRUCE

You aren't nervous about some new guy coming in and taking over?

JANE

Are you kidding? I'm thrilled. Running this place without a CEO has been exhausting. But now after 6 months of 12 hour days and one divorce later, Jane's getting her life back!

(gushing)

I'm finally gonna take a vacation. And repaint my office. I'm gonna stop eating muffins for breakfast. They're literally just tiny cakes.

BRUCE

That's true.

JANE

Today's a good day, Bruce. Nothing can get me down.

BRUCE

That's good because we've got a problem. Some cats are trapped in the walls of the building.

JANE

...What?

BRUCE

I guess one of them crawled in to give birth and got stuck. Now there's a chorus of meows coming through the walls of the sales floor. It's bummin' everyone out.

Jane LOOKS at Bruce unable to comprehend this.

JANE

This is real? This is an actual thing?

BRUCE

I'm afraid so.

JANE

Well, what are my options?

BRUCE

Bust a bunch of holes in the walls. Try to dig 'em out.

JANE

...What are my other options?

BRUCE

I don't know. But if those cats start multiplying we could find ourselves in real trouble. This place could easily become 60% cat.

JANE

Easily?

BRUCE

Cats are very promiscuous. They think every other cat is sexy.

JANE

Sorry, but no. I need things under control today. I also need a coffee and to not start sweating. I only brought one shirt.

Jane continues to struggle with the aluminum canister--

BRUCE

What are you doing with that
conveyor drum?

JANE

This isn't a coffee machine?
(then)
Not gonna stress. Today is my day.

BRUCE

Also, the night-time janitors want
time and a half.

JANE

What?! Bruce, come on!

BRUCE

The plant is being left too messy.
Last night Marco slipped on a Hot
Pocket and now they have demands.
(showing her)
They wrote them on a KFC bag.

JANE

Well, here are my demands—Finish
the day with no drama so I can go
home, eat chips and find that
elusive work/life balance every
other woman seems to have...

Jane starts throwing out everything around her. Including a
small platter of CIDER and DONUTS on the counter--

JANE (CONT'D)

And why do I have to save the
cats? I'm supposed to drop
everything for some slutty cat?!
WELL SORRY, BUT SOMETIMES YOU
GOTTA BE THE BAD GUY! NOT EVERYONE
SURVIVES! GET OVER IT! TODAY IS MY
DAY!

Jane emerges to see FACTORY WORKERS looking shocked/saddened
that their going away party for TERRY, 40s, with a BALD HEAD/
PALE FACE, is in the trash. A SIGN on the wall that says:
"GOOD LUCK, TERRY! KICK CANCER'S ASS!"

JANE

Good luck, Terry.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. HR FLOOR, BS CORPORATE - LATER

A group of unenthusiastic/hungover individuals sit around in roller chairs, not working. This is our H.R. TEAM.

MIKE, 30s, wrinkled everything, stands at a dry-erase board labeled "UNSOLVED MYSTERIES" with photo evidence of sandwiches and location maps like a crime scene web.

MIKE

Let's review. We've got a sandwich snatcher in the midst. 11 sandos in 2 weeks and never hits the same fridge twice. As of today we have zero leads. This is without a doubt, an Unsolved Mystery...

(then)

TANYA, THAT'S YOU! COME ON!

TANYA, over it, hits a key on her computer and a few bars of 1987's "Unsolved Mysteries" EERIE THEME SONG plays--

MIKE (CONT'D)

We've done this so many times.
Know your cue.

TANYA

This could be a false alarm. Like when we found all those pantyhose and thought someone was robbing B.S. but it was just Jane giving up on Spanx?

MIKE

No, this is real.

TANYA

How do you know?

MIKE

Because I need it to be.

GENE, 40s, brown suit, eating an Activia yogurt, pipes in--

GENE

Only a real Dirt McGirt would eat another person's sandwich...My money's on the guy in IT with the long pinky nail.

New hire ALEX, 20s, clean, self-assured millennial approaches. The group cringes with her presence.

ALEX
Morning. What's everyone doing?

EVERYONE
(INAUDIBLE MUMBLING)

ALEX
Did anyone look at last week's task list yet?
(SILENCE)
Also, I checked the HR voicemail. There's over a thousand unheard messages. One is from someone trapped in the stairwell. Should I do something?
(SILENCE)
Okay. I'll go check the stairwell.

Alex leaves. Mike re-opens his eyes--

MIKE
Is she gone?

INT. HR BREAK ROOM, CORPORATE TOWER - THAT MOMENT

Jane is now on the HR floor, still searching for coffee. She tinkers with a coffee machine as RUTH, 40s, fiery, mobilized by a rascal scooter, pulls up behind her.

RUTH
Morning Jane. That coffee machine is broken.

JANE
Then why is it still here? What are we, hoarders?

Jane THROWS OUT the broken coffee machine. Ruth, A HOARDER, TAKES IT OUT OF THE TRASH and puts it in her scooter basket. Jane already has her head in the disgusting/crammed fridge, looking for something caffeinated.

RUTH
Jane, we really should discuss widening the hallways for better handi-capable access. I've found 5 corridors that don't meet wheelchair/scooter code.

JANE
That's why we have ramps.

RUTH

Handi ramps are loud and rickety. Everyone can hear me coming. And you know I prefer to be stealth.

JANE

Well, I'm sorry but that isn't a priority today. Mainly because no one here is handicapped. Not even you. You just have scoliosis.

RUTH

"Just"??

JANE

Sorry. I meant, you can walk...If you want...Sometimes.

Ruth scoots away, pissed. Jane finds a coke covered in ranch dressing. She considers drinking it...No. Gross.

INT. HR FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Jane approaches the HR Crew for the morning rundown. Mike flips the "Unsolved Mysteries" board around to the CALENDAR SIDE, before she can see--

JANE

Alright everyone. What's going on?

MIKE

Tom Ericsson is telling the women in sales they look "firm." Is that harassment? He's Scandinavian. I feel like they give weird compliments.

JANE

I don't know. Who'd he say it to?

MIKE

Linda Schlotz.

TANYA

She is not firm.

JANE

Well, what's on the list?

Tanya pulls out a thick stack of print outs and reads--

TANYA

Frumpy. Fugly. 'Fine' said with attitude, Fancy--

JANE

Why "fancy"?

GENE

Hey. Don't call me "fancy."

JANE

Okay. Add "firm" to the list. And if he compliments anyone else I'll fire him myself.

(then)

...But don't fire him. He's really good and we need him.

TANYA

The IT copy machine keeps jamming. They're requesting a new one.

JANE

No. It's not in the budget. You can grab a jar of coconut oil and grease that puppy's insides. It'll buy us another month.

TANYA

But then I have to talk to them.

JANE

(motivational)

Come on guys, let's see some enthusiasm. Hundreds of people rely on us every day. Let's be problem solvers. Let's show this job means something. Let's show we care.

RUTH

(scooting in)

Someone clogged the toilet again. And it wasn't me.

Jane gives up. Alex annoyingly RAISES HER HAND.

ALEX

I've been getting a lot of calls about the cats in walls?

TANYA

(rolling her chair away from the wall)

Uhhhhh, what?

ALEX

People are really unhappy.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

But this could be a good PR opportunity...If we save them.

GENE

We could make a cat calendar? With the cats wearing tiny top hats?

TANYA

Then what do we do with them?

RUTH

(adamant)

I'll do it. I'll take all the cats.

JANE

No! It's our new CEO's first day. We're not busting up company walls to make a CAT CALENDAR.

MIKE

I had a cat once. He got cat AIDS.

JANE

(worried)

Are cats really promiscuous?

GENE

Oh yeah. Every cat thinks every other cat is sexy.

JANE

Come on. That's a thing?

MIKE

Butterscotch screwed his way right into the ground. It was sad. But he went out doing what he loved: getting some...pussy.

Mike raises his hand, searching for a HIGH FIVE from someone.

ALEX

I'll say we're figuring it out.

Alex walks back to her desk. Which for now, is the table in the tiny HR boardroom.

JANE

This is bad, but who was that?

RUTH

Alex? She started last week.

JANE
Well, who hired her?

RUTH
You did.

It's clear Jane doesn't remember this.

MIKE
Just a warning, she's the worst.

TANYA
Yeah. She's always sending articles on stuff like workplace depression.

JANE
That's her job.

TANYA
She only sends them to me.

MIKE
She just seems really comfortable with herself and I don't like it. Plus she over uses the phrase "Good for you," which everyone knows means "Go fuck yourself".

The HR Team NODS in agreement.

JANE
We can deal with this when I'm back from my break. For now start arranging a welcome mixer for this new CEO, *while I* am acknowledged for keeping this place afloat, productive and accident free for the last 6 months.

TANYA
There's actually been a ton of accidents.

MIKE
Yeah. We just don't report them unless they file Workman's Comp.

Jane looks extremely disturbed by this news, but moves on...

INT. ELEVATOR, B.S. CORPORATE - DAY

Jane steps into the elevator, rehearsing her speech--

JANE

(feigning modesty)

Thank you. It has been hard. The grueling hours, the budget cuts. Driving my kid to school every morning while my Ex is at a 'Sandals' in Punta Cana with some 29yr old he met at Applebees--

A COUGH. Jane realizes she's in the elevator with A MAN.

MAN

I'd leave out that last part.

INT. LOBBY, CEO'S FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jane finds a Chemex of coffee in the waiting area. She pours a cup. It's hot but she chugs it anyway. In the next room, she overhears MEN LAUGHING. Jane peeks her head into...

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jane finds SAM BRAMSON, 50s, barefoot and in professional cycling gear, LAUGHING with A SWEET LOOKING MAN, BILL, 50s.

JANE

Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

SAM

No please. Come in. I was just terminating Bill here.

Bill's face FALLS FLAT. This news comes as a surprise to him.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Bill)

Thanks for everything. Please leave your mug in the sink.

Jane looks at her mug of coffee, terrified. As Bill LEAVES--

JANE

(quietly to Bill)

I'll call you about raffle night.

SAM

I see you've found my young beans! I fly them in from Peru. You're supposed to add butter, or the high caffeine levels may cause you to convulse. Please, have a seat.

Jane glances around Sam's office, which is something out of Silicon Valley. PHOTOS of Sam and Angela Merkel in a curling match, Sam running through a war-torn country with a refugee child in his arms, A DART BOARD with Elon Musk's face on it.

JANE
(nervous)
You got rid of those Venetian
blinds. Smart.

Not wanting to sit where Bill sat, Jane opts for what looks like a crescent standing stool. Once in it, she realizes it is not a chair. But it's too late...

JANE (CONT'D)
I just wanted to say it is such a relief having you here. Between running HR and handling operations it's been hectic. Though, not to toot my own horn but, we did manage to get by with minimal accidents on the job.

SAM
(reading a report)
That's strange. I see here there's been quite a few accidents.

JANE
Hmm? Oh I meant minimal accidents reported. Which is kinda it's own victory. If you think about it.

Jane is trying to stay positive but she's awkwardly tilted forward at a 45 degree angle...

SAM
Jane, you do a fine job running HR for this factory.

JANE
Well, thank you, I--

SAM
Which would be good if I wanted to remain a plastics factory. But I don't. I want to advance. And I need you to advance with me.

JANE
Uh huh.

Jane slowly tips forward. She catches herself on Sam's desk.

SAM
I'm creating a new environment here at B.S. One that promotes creativity and innovation. I'm taking B.S. into the future.

JANE

But we're just a blue collar plastic plant.

SAM

Not any more. Not with this.

Sam opens a panel revealing a 3D mockup of SPACESHIP.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm taking B.S. to the moon. Literally. We're going to start manufacturing spaceship parts. I also want to get into hearing aids for babies, to watch them hear for the first time...

He mimics the wondrous face of a baby hearing for the first time. Then, firmly--

SAM

But space first.

JANE

Spaceships? The most complicated mold we've ever made was an electronic keychain dog. And we didn't even nail that.

SAM

Well, in order to be great one must step out of their comfort zone. That's why I'm here in New Jersey.

JANE

This all sounds super exciting but I'm supposed to be leaving for my first break in 3 years? And if you don't use the days, they go away--

SAM

I see. You were planning on running out the door? Hightailing it to some ubiquitous New Jersey chain restaurant and treating yourself to some Bud Light *Limeritas*? Thinking up saucy things to write in the "about me" section of your dating profile?

JANE

No...That's a different Jane.

SAM

Now isn't the time for Limeritas.
Now is the time for a frothy mug
of innovation. I need you to get
people on board, to pass the
torch...

Sam sees A FACTORY WORKER on a catwalk outside his window--

SAM (CONT'D)

...and to do something about these
men up here. I don't like them
this close.

JANE

Okay. Sure.

SAM

If we're going to make it to the
moon I need people excited to be
here. They need to feel like B.S.
is their home. Like I'm their
family.

JANE

Well, my family is more of a, sulk
and berate each other all night,
then act like nothing happened 45
minutes later when "Diners, Drive
Ins and Dives" comes on. But I
trust them WAY more than those
weird families who don't fight...

(then, realizing)

But I agree. Happy employees are
our number one priority. In fact,
we've arranged a welcome mixer for
you later. With some wine. The
kind that doesn't come in a box.

SAM

(looking at the factory)

This is a meaty bunch. Let's make
it a BBQ. Plus I recently
purchased a pair of cowboy boots
in Peru and I need somewhere
festive to wear them.

JANE

(panicking)

A BBQ? By 5PM? Sure. Sounds easy.

The caffeine KICKS IN. Sweat stains form under Jane's arms--

SAM

Let's see how this BBQ goes. If morale is as high as you say it is, then I'll have no problem discussing your break.

Before Jane can speak, Sam puts a glob of butter in her coffee.

SAM (CONT'D)

Here. So you'll stop sweating. Also, for next time, that is not a chair.

JANE

I figured. Thank you.

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Looking defeated, Jane steps off the elevator and spots Bruce at the other end of the hall.

JANE

Bruce, do it. Save the cats.

Jane painfully throws her buttered coffee in the trash.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWOINT. HR FLOOR - LATER

A nervous Jane storms back into the HR hub--

JANE
Okay everyone, listen up--

MIKE
What's wrong?

JANE
Nothing. Why?

MIKE
Whenever you get upset your
fingers curl up into claws like
you're Gilbert Grape.

TANYA
And you grab anything made outta
cheese.

Jane looks down to see her hands are in NERVOUS CLAWS and she's clutching CHEESE CUBES. She tries to sound calm...

JANE
Our first aid kits need to be
updated. Also our new CEO is an
insane person who wants to turn us
into bootleg NASA. Okay, so, let's
get on those first aid kits?

RUTH
Did you ask about the hallways?

Jane stares at Ruth, miserably.

MIKE
I don't understand. We were bought
by a German company. Shouldn't
this guy be a human clock?

JANE
Apparently he's very passionate
about space exploration and baby
hearing aids. Also, we need to
turn that 'welcome mixer' into a
BBQ by 5PM.

Shocked, a piece of burrito falls out of Tanya's mouth.

GENE

There's some old quiche in the fridge? I've been nibbling on 'em. They're still good. A little wet.

JANE

NO OLD QUICHE. This BBQ needs to be nice. If people aren't happy Sam won't let me pull back my hours. And I need to. Last week my son asked for money to buy a trench coat.

GENE

Like, what kind?

MIKE

Like the long black kind?

JANE

Does it matter?

EVERYONE

No. It's doesn't./That's bad.

Jane suddenly gets depressed. Reality is hitting her.

JANE

This was supposed to be the year I found time for ME. I wanted to finally watch 'Breaking Bad' and figure out what's going on with my eyebrows. I was gonna only eat dark chocolate. And get in shape. Even if it meant working out at my desk--

Jane demonstrates weird ab moves, isolating her rib cage.

MIKE

Eww. Stop that.

JANE

I need my life back! THIS BBQ NEEDS TO BE GOOD! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

TANYA

Jane, you're sweating.

JANE

I know. I tried natural deodorant but that crystal doesn't do shit.

MIKE

You should take Alex's shirt.

JANE

I'm not taking Alex's shirt.

ALEX

Yeah. Plus she's bigger than me.

A BEAT.

JANE

Alex, give me your shirt.

(then)

Ruth, go bring some donuts to Terry in the factory. And be nice. Chat with them a bit?

RUTH

There's no time for chit chat when there's injustice to fight.

JANE

Just keep it light? Please?

Ruth scoots off with the fire of a thousand suns.

JANE

Everyone else, get to work on the BBQ. I have to go save these damn cats.

Alex raises her hand AGAIN--

ALEX

If I had a problem with you taking my shirt, who would I speak to?

Everyone considers this...

MIKE

That's actually a good question. Who do we complain to?

JANE

We're H.R. We don't complain to anyone. We just go home and drink entire bottles of wine.

ALEX

(serious)

Yeah right. Only alcoholics can drink entire bottles of wine.

Jane's face drops. Fuck this girl. Alex walks away.

TANYA
Told you. She's terrible.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Ruth, heading to the factory, arrives at the narrow corridor. An act of defiance, Ruth CHOOSES NOT to take the ramp and instead forges the narrow corridor. She is STUCK immediately.

RUTH
(crossing her arms)
See!
(then, to a PASSERBY)
BBQ later today. 5PM.

INT. SALES FLOOR, 7th FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

Jane checks on the sales floor where Bruce and his MEN are setting up. Jane looks ridiculous in Alex's too-tight shirt.

JANE
Bruce, listen, keep the holes small and to a minimum. Sorry to be harsh but I'm trying to appear concerned while really keeping costs down.

BRUCE
I'm not threatened by your power, Jane. In a way, you remind me of these cats: Strong, smart and trapped in a position you don't deserve to be in.

JANE
Except they're having more sex.

BRUCE
That can be changed.

Suddenly extremely uncomfortable, Jane NERVOUS LAUGHS.

JANE
(word vomit)
Really? It can? How's that? What?!

Embarrassed, Jane abruptly turns to address the SALES FLOOR. She CRINGES with each hole Bruce knocks, but forces a SMILE--

JANE
Team, we're doing everything we can to get those cats outta there. We will stop at nothing (cringe) to save them— THAT'S A BIG HOLE!

BRUCE (O.S.)

Sorry.

SALES FLOOR GUY

What took you guys so long??

OBVIOUS SLACKER

(playing a video game)

Yeah, I can't do my work.

SALES FLOOR CAT LADY

They're on their last legs!

JANE

Well, good thing they've got 9 lives, right?

No one finds her joke funny. Then--

JANE

We are going to save the cats.
Then shoot a calendar. With all
the cats wearing tiny hats.

INT. HR FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

The HR crew rolls around on roller chairs, clearly not working on the BBQ.

MIKE

What if we use this BBQ as our opportunity to catch the sandwich snatcher? Nothing will boost morale more than bringing this jerk to justice...Plus, we can shoot an episode of "Sandwich Court." I use a pickle as a gavel.

GENE

(pointing to the board)

9 of the 11 sandwiches stolen were tuna. All we need to do is set up tuna salad at the BBQ and who ever goes for it is our guy.

TANYA

Or just gross and deserving of public mockery.

Alex walks over wearing an XXL "Team Building '09" t-shirt.

ALEX

Sorry, what's the plan?

EVERYONE
(INAUDIBLE MUMBLING)

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

Jane finds the FACTORY FLOOR in chaos over the soda machines being removed. WORKERS cry over the machines like coffins--

JANE
Oh no, WHAT NOW?!

EFFIE
Jane, I need a soda! I've got a headache!

JANE
If you have a headache, you need water.

EFFIE
No, I have my morning soda, then my lunchtime soda, then my midday soda, then my drive-home soda. That's how it goes away.

Jane looks horrified by this. She turns to address the floor--

JANE
Good news everyone! There is a B.S. appreciation BBQ later today! Because you all deserve to have some fun...Especially you, Terry.

Terry does not seem impressed.

FACTORY WORKER
Is this gonna be like last time when only corporate got to use the inside bathrooms and we had to use porto-potties?

JANE
No. Everyone can go to the bathroom wherever they want.

Jane immediately regrets phrasing it this way. Sam, still barefoot, finds Jane on the factory floor--

SAM
Jane, who runs conveyor 6B?

JANE
That's Sandy Thomas. He's great.

SAM

Fire him immediately. 40% of his molds are flawed. I wouldn't want to ride in a spaceship built by this careless man.

We see conveyor 6B is smoking. So are the WORKERS around it.

EFFIE

Excuse me, sir?! Why'd you pull our soda machines?!

SAM

Because I'm investing in your health. Soda is one of the worst things you can put in your body.

EFFIE

I disagree! I once ate a bag of laundry tokens so my ex-friend Monica would stop stealing them. Those messed me up! Soda's never wronged me like that!

SAM

Don't be afraid of change, tiny loud woman. Change equates growth. It took over 3 years for me to mentor this young homeless man into the millionaire media mogul we know today as Ryan Seacrest...

Sam shows Jane/Effie a PHOTO of him and a YOUNG HOBO RYAN SEACREST on his phone--

SAM

...I saw Ryan as more than just a dirty faced hobo eating trash behind a Jiffy Lube, and I see B.S. as more than just a plastic plant.

EFFIE

So, we're your new hobo?

SAM

Exactly.
(to Jane)
Let's check on my BBQ!

Jane follows Sam pass WORKERS breaking open the soda machines and ripping out sodas like looters.

INT. LOBBY - THAT MOMENT

Ruth is STILL STUCK. PEOPLE now climb over her to get by.

RUTH

It's fine. I'm proving a point.

Ruth GETS UP and WALKS over to the water fountain nearby. She takes a sip of water, then sits back down on her scooter.

EXT. QUAD - A MOMENT LATER

Jane and Sam come outside to find the HR Crew standing around a massive TRAY OF TUNA SALAD. Nothing else is prepared. Tanya plays with walkie-talkies. Gene's face is painted camouflage.

JANE

What is that? A mound of tuna?

MIKE

It's for the sandwich sting. It's the "To Catch a Predator" of sandwiches.

JANE

Where's the grill? Why is Gene's face painted like that?

GENE

You can see me? Shoot.

MIKE

We still have plenty of time to--
(looking at watch)
Well, actually, not a lot of time.

SAM

I don't understand. I asked for a festive BBQ to wear my Peruvian cowboy boots to. I even planned on wearing a denim shirt, for a true Gaucho feel.

JANE

Yes, we will get this sorted. Tanya, doesn't your cousin sell fireworks? Can you call him?

TANYA

He's in jail.

SAM

Jane, do you know if just one screw on an orbital shuttle is faulty, the entire orbital shuttle is faulty?

JANE

...Yes. I know that about orbital shuttles.

SAM

Well right now, you're that screw. How are we supposed to make it to the moon if you can't plan a BBQ?
(then)
You know, maybe you should go ahead and take that break...

JANE

It's just that, right now seems like a strange time to greenlight that?

SAM

...It'll give me time to decide whether or not you have a future here.

Sam heads inside. Jane stands there, stunned by what just happened. The HR Team looks nervous/pensive.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. QUAD - LATER

Jane and the HR Crew stand around, still shocked--

JANE

Is he firing me??

MIKE

It didn't sound like he was definitely firing you. It just sounded, you know, probable.

JANE

I didn't want to lose my job, I just wanted a life. I can't get fired! What else would I do? Become a secret shopper? I like shopping but I can't keep a secret! Plus my son needs glasses that cost more than a Mexican timeshare. He's gonna look like Rick Moranis for the rest of his life and there isn't a damn thing I can do about it except smile and pretend he looks normal!

Jane storm inside, deeply distraught.

TANYA

Nice job, Alex.

ALEX

Huh?

MIKE

Guys, we can't lose Jane. She's great. Gene, remember she let you off the hook when you fired the wrong people because you didn't know last names come first on the company directory?

Gene SMILES/smacks his head re: his epic blunder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tanya, she knows you take home all the toilet paper.

Tanya NODS.

TANYA

She didn't even get mad when you became addicted to online gambling and lived in your cube for 3 months. And you stunk.

MIKE

It's true. She was chill. Firm.

GENE

You're right. We need to turn this around. We need to save Jane.

MIKE

How do we do it?

Everyone TURNS/LOOKS at Alex, still in the XXL t-shirt.

INT. SALES FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Jane stops by to find HOLES EVERYWHERE. CAT MEOWS are somehow deafening now. WORKERS are covering their ears.

JANE

Why is it so loud?!!

BRUCE

I think one of the cats crawled into an air duct.

JANE

Have we found any?

BRUCE

No. They're in pretty deep.

SALES EMPLOYEE

(crying)

Make it stop!!!

JANE

Maybe we should stop before the damage is irreparable?

Not hearing, Bruce busts another hole. The wall crumbles.

BRUCE

What was that?

JANE

Nothing.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

Thoroughly defeated, Jane sits at her desk sad-eating cheese sticks and listening to Elton John's "SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT." She fights tears as she sings--

JANE

(with the lyrics)

*"You're a butterflyy, and
butterflies are free to flyyy, Fly
awayyy, high awayyy, bye bye.
OooOO Oooo Oooooo."*

Jane reads what employees have written about her— *"Jane always looks like something bad is happening...At holiday parties she eats all the shrimp...Jane once hid from me in a bathroom stall, but I still saw her feet."*

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER: SANDY THOMAS, 50s, from conveyer 6B is now sitting in front of Jane. He looks exhausted.

JANE

Sandy, we've noticed your molds are mostly rejects.

SANDY

I haven't really been on the ball lately. I've been sorta distracted with my wife being sick.

JANE

Well, I'm sorry but we hold ourselves to a high level--

Jane stops herself. She takes a BREATH and continues like a real human. Not a robot.

JANE (CONT'D)

How's your wife doing?

SANDY

Not good. I'm up with her at night, then I doze off when I get here. I should have taken time off when Maria almost lost her hand.

JANE

I'm sorry. We have to let you go.

Sandy NODS. He understands.

JANE (CONT'D)

This way I can make sure that your severance is larger than 2 weeks.

SANDY

You're a good gal, Jane.

Sandy HUGS her. Jane is so touched/emotional from the day she starts crying in his arms. Sandy awkwardly holds her.

SANDY

Jane? Are you okay?

JANE

It's just hard, you know?

SANDY

I know. I just got fired.

Jane gets emotional in his embrace...

JANE

It's like, we're all just doing the best we can. And sometimes you do good and sometimes you do not so good, but you still tried really hard. And every night you're responsible for putting dinner on the table because your ex is off rehearsing with his UB40 cover band for some bullshit gig at Joe's Crab Shack, and it doesn't really leave a lot of time for you, ya know?

Jane steps back to see a confused/terrified Sandy.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry. That was a lot.

INT. HALLWAY, SALES FLOOR - LATER

Jane heads towards the Sales Floor. The HR Crew catches her--

MIKE

Jane, I realize now focusing on catching Sandwich Snatcher instead of the BBQ was a misstep and I'm sorry. But we took care of everything. You'll be fine.

JANE

I don't know. I think this may be the end of the road for me.

TANYA

Don't talk like that. We love you.

Tanya is crying into a solo cup. Her lips are stained red.

JANE
Are you drinking wine?

TANYA
...No...
(then)
I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A PARTY?

JANE
It doesn't matter. Once Sam finds out I've destroyed an entire floor of this building *looking for cats* he won't deem me fit to feed myself, let alone run H.R. He's going to throw me in the trash like a coupon mailer for brandless shoes.

MIKE
No he won't. The sales floor isn't even that bad. Look--

The group turns the corner into...

INT. SALES FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

COMPLETE AND UTTER DESTRUCTION of the sales floor. No walls exist anymore. SALES EMPLOYEES sit at their desks covered in dry wall. (*If this goes to series, the Sales Floor will remain like this because there's no funds to fix it.*) A letdown Bruce turns to Jane and SHAKES his head: "No Cats."

JANE
You were right, Bruce. I am like these cats...I'm doomed.

Then, losing her mind, Jane starts crawling into one of the holes in the wall. The H.R. Crew tries to pull her out--

JANE (CONT'D)
Just let me go! Let me crawl in here and die with these cats! This was supposed to be my day!

Just as they pull her out, Jane spots an EMPLOYEE hurry down the stairs with a plate PILED HIGH WITH TUNA SALAD—

JANE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute...

MIKE
It's Sandwich Snatcher!

INT. ACCOUNTING FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Jane and the Crew follow him to the accounting floor, BENEATH SALES, where he is shoving tuna salad in a hole in the wall--

MIKE

Hey man, awkward timing since you're stuffing tuna into a wall, but have you been stealing sandos?

SANDWICH SNATCHER

Yes. You're all monsters. THESE POOR CATS ARE STARVING!!

JANE

Wait, he's feeding the cats?
(realizing)
...He's feeding the cats!!!

Jane grabs a sledge hammer and with all her might, BUSTS A HOLE IN THE WALL. She reaches in and pulls out several KITTENS. The CROWD GOES CRAZY. Jane has saved the day.

EXT. THE QUAD - LATER

Jane and the Crew head outside to find a frantic Alex putting the final touches on the BBQ— Which is not a BBQ, just a bunch of Italian "family style" dine-out aluminum tins.

JANE

What is all this?

ALEX

There was no time to set up a BBQ. So I ordered a bunch of baked ziti.

JANE

At least there's soda.

MIKE

Today was a close call, guys...

Jane SMILES, assuming he is referring to her.

MIKE

We almost didn't catch the sandwich snatcher. But I'm glad we did.

Sam INTERRUPTS. He approaches sternly/adamantly. He also looks out of place in a full denim outfit and cowboy boots--

SAM

Jane. We have some things to discuss. Like what did you do to the sales floor?

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

And why are those men peeing in
the bushes?

Sam points to SEVERAL FACTORY WORKERS peeing in the bushes.

JANE

Sorry, they misunderstood me. And
I didn't know a litter of cats
were living in the walls of the
building. But hey, some women have
babies on the toilet so, you can't
pick your surprises.

Suddenly Bruce runs outside carrying the feeble MOMMA CAT.
She's covered in drywall--

BRUCE

We found the momma! She needs
help!

SAM

Give her to me.

Like a hero, Sam steps in and nurses the momma cat back to
life with some creamers from the coffee station--

SAM

There you go, girl. You're okay.

Sam looks up to see everyone at B.S. APPLAUDING HIM. As Jane
begins walking away, he stops her--

SAM

Jane, wait. This world, it
confuses me. Today I saw a man eat
16 donuts in 3 minutes. His body
just absorbed them.

JANE

Yeah. That's Roy.

SAM

I don't know these people. You
seem to speak their language.
(looking around)
And, everyone seems rather
pleased.

Jane and Sam look around at the happy/smiling B.S. EMPLOYEES.

JANE

We like the simple things here,
Sam. Soda and kittens.

SAM

I need you, Jane. I can't manage this place without you.

JANE

Of course. I'm happy to stay.

SAM

Also, we're going to need to fix that sales floor tomorrow so, I can't let you take any time off.

Jane's FACE. Sam is swallowed up by the CROWD with fanfare.

BRUCE

I'm glad you and those cats made it out of that wall.

JANE

Thanks Bruce. Me too.

BRUCE

By any chance, are you on 'Bumble'?

JANE

...No. Different Jane.

Bruce SMILES/WINKS as he walks away.

TANYA

Was Bruce just flirting with you?

JANE

I don't know. Do you still have that wine?

TANYA

No. I got rid of it.
(then)
Here.

JANE

Thanks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Heading to her car, Jane spots Alex sitting by herself. She looks distraught and is still wearing the giant XXL t-shirt.

JANE

Hey Alex. Thanks for the shirt.

ALEX

I'm sorry about the BBQ.

JANE

Hey, you did the best you could.
You'll see. Some days you just
can't finish all the work...but
you CAN finish an entire bottle of
wine. So don't beat yourself up.

Jane SMILES, thinking they are having a moment. Then,

ALEX

Oh. You got sauce on my shirt.

JANE

Sorry. I'll get it cleaned.

Jane heads to her car. Fucking Alex.

EXT. JANE'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Jane arrives to find 3 CRATES FILLED WITH CATS.

JANE

Oh gross.

INT. JANES'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Pulling out of her parking spot, she forgets she put her wine
on the roof. RED WINE pours down the front of her windshield.

JANE

...There's my wine.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

It's late. Everyone is gone. RUTH IS STILL STUCK. Suddenly the
lights are shut off...

RUTH (O.C.)

Hello? Hello?!...Hey!!

Ruth sits in the dark.

END OF PILOT