

INT. CORPORATE WALLSTREET OFFICE - DAY

ROGER, the head boss, wears a suit and stands with CRAIG THE INTERN, an awkward college student.

ROGER

Well Intern, you've made it to the final day of summer.

CRAIG

My name's Craig.

ROGER

Okay intern. Now, I'm sure you're wondering, what's next?

CRAIG

I was kinda hoping to maybe get a job here...

ROGER

Ah, well your contract clearly stipulated you'd be here for 3 months and no more. Or did you not read your contract?

CRAIG

(unconvincingly)
Uh... yeah, of course.

ROGER

Now, the truth is, we'd love to keep you on, but you have to understand, the stock market demands we make... *sacrifices*... to keep the company afloat.

CRAIG

(disappointed)
Oh, sure... I guess it's nice you're throwing a BBQ for me though.

Craig nods toward TWO MEN in suits firing up a BBQ grill. The screen reads "Goodbye Intern!"

ROGER

I'm glad you see it that way, not all our interns are as understanding.

CRAIG

Yeah, it's nice. I love BBQ. But... where's the meat?

ROGER

(laughs)

That's a good one. It's humor like that that always makes me wish we could keep you around. Now do you think, are you more of a dry rub or a sweet sauce kind of guy?

CRAIG

I like both.

Roger pulls out spices and BBQ sauce.

ROGER

Perfect. Boys, let's do half and half.

Roger opens the spices and starts shaking it onto Craig.

CRAIG

Wait, what are you doing?

ROGER

Well it's no good if we put it on after...

Craig shakes off the spices.

CRAIG

After what?

ROGER

After we cook the meat.

Craig stares at him and licks his lips.

CRAIG

(realizing)

This is why you asked what my body fat percentage was at my interview?

ROGER

Yes.

CRAIG

Shit.

Craig tries to make a break for it, but the two other men hold him down and tie his hands in front of him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?

ROGER

Yikes, don't add "good listener" to your CV. I told you, we have to make sacrifices, for the stock market.

CRAIG

Surely there's another way. They don't mean it literally...

ROGER

I wish. But remember the crash of '08? We didn't get an intern that year and look what happened.

CRAIG

But, my dad, he got me this job! He doesn't want this.

Craig's dad enters wearing an apron that reads "DAD: The real grill master"

CRAIG'S DAD

Son, I always knew you'd make me proud.

Craig's dad rips craig's pants off him and starts rubbing BBQ sauce onto his legs.

CRAIG

Is that the apron I got you for father's day last year?!

CRAIG'S DAD

Couldn't think of a better day to wear it.

(pause)

Okay boys, he's looking seasoned enough, let's get him on the grill.

The men pick Craig up.

CRAIG

No! Stop. I don't consent to this!

The put him on the grill.

ROGER

But you did. When you signed the contract.

CRAIG

I didn't read that, it was 86 pages!

CRAIG DAD'S

Reading never was your strong suit.
He always got C's in English.

ROGER

He's gonna start screaming soon,
let's gag him or the marketing
agency upstairs is going to want to
crash the party like last year.

The men laugh. One of the men produces a gag and moves toward
Craig.

CRAIG

No! No! This can't be legal.

ROGER

All perfectly legal and by the
books, just ask our lawyer.

Roger points to THE LAWYER, a women wearing a suit, who is
currently tucking a lobster bib in to her shirt and licking
her lips.

THE LAWYER

(shrugs)

You signed the contract.