

Another Day at the Office

by

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FADE IN

INT - UNDERGROUND BUNKER CONTROL ROOM

Flickering lights illuminate buttons on a giant control board straight out of the 60s. CAMERA DOLLIES across the control board and stops on CPL. ANGUS MCMURRAY (40s). He SNORES to the rhythm of the control board lights.

Drool trails from the corner of his mouth, creeping toward a button cavity.

INT - BUNKER KITCHEN

LT. PERCY FITZGERALD III (30s) puts the finishing touches on polishing a fork. Percy smiles like a proud father then places the fork in a drawer.

Percy reaches into a cabinet and grabs a can of non-descript, government-issue coffee. He takes a BIG WHIFF of the grounds, then gags to himself.

PERCY
(under his breath)
Robusta beans. Savages.

He opens the coffee maker, finding moldy grounds in the filter. SPLASHING comes from the carafe. Percy takes a closer look, revealing a mouse swimming in old coffee. He GASPS.

PERCY
(trailing as he leaves
the room)
Pig! Pig! Pig!

BACK TO ANGUS

Angus continues to snore as Percy barges in. Drool edges closer to the control board.

PERCY
Swine incarnate! My great
grandfather didn't stain the
volcanic shores of Iwo Jima with
his heroic blood just to protect
the freedoms of a diseased, inbred
walrus like you. Hello?

Percy snaps his fingers. Angus doesn't react. Snoring continues. Drool still flows.

PERCY
Sergeant McMurray!

Drool meets the circuit board below the panel. It SIZZLES, SPARKS and POPS. Angus JUMPS awake amidst a cloud of smoke.

ANGUS
(in a daze)
Contact! Suppressing fire!

Percy grabs a nearby fire extinguisher and aims it at the sparking keyboard. He squeezes the lever, but nothing happens. He looks closer at the extinguisher.

INSERT - FIRE EXTINGUISHER LABEL

Sticker reads "EXP DATE: 1976"

BACK TO SCENE

Small flames jet from the control board. A klaxon SCREAMS and red hazard lights spin. Massive fire doors SLAM DOWN and seal the room. Percy cowers into a corner.

PERCY

This is it. This is it. This is how
I go. This is it.

Angus searches around the room. He eyes his moth eaten jacket on his chair. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a half-eaten package of powdered sugar mini donuts.

ANGUS

Mellow out, Fitz. I am an excellent
problem solver.

Angus MASHES the donuts into the control board. It suffocates the fire. The klaxon silences as the fire doors retreat.

Percy holds his knees and rocks back and forth.

ANGUS

Never underestimate the power of
powdered sugar, Fitz.

Percy snaps out of his panic.

PERCY

My name is Lieutenant Percival
Fitzgerald the third, Sergeant.

ANGUS

(interrupting)

You're right. Lieutenant Fitz.
You're welcome, by the way.

PERCY

For what?

ANGUS

I remembered what Auntie Rose told me about putting out fires. "If the bastard don't take kindly to water, choke 'em out with flour." Powdered sugar is kind of like flour, so I figured, what the hell.

PERCY

That's for a grease fire, you ape,
not your rabid mouth juice.

ANGUS

I think you might be a little
uptight, Fitz Lieutenant.

PERCY

What type of paint chips did you
feast on as a child?

ANGUS

Paint chips are overrated. I'm just
saying I think you should just
relax maybe a little, teensy bit.

PERCY

Relax? Relax??? How can I relax
when we sleep a hundred feet...

Percy walks towards another door. A sign above reads
"MISSILE BAY".

PERCY

...from that.

He opens to the door.

INT - MISSILE BAY

Inside is a Titan II ICBM, a nuclear missile.

BACK TO ANGUS

ANGUS

Buddy. Enter your mind palace. This
is the 21st century. We don't need
to flex that big old thing anymore.
We've got drones, baby.

PERCY

We are in charge of a very
important tool necessary to
preserve the peace. You never know
when Putin or China or god forbid
North Korea...

Angus puts his finger on Percy's mouth.

ANGUS

Flexers flexing just because they
can't flex a boner. That thing
doesn't even have a warhead.

PERCY

What?

ANGUS

It's a glorified museum piece we're babysitting. If China can see the silo on their satellites then maybe they think twice about getting sassy.

PERCY

This is just a decoy?

ANGUS

We're not here to be heroes. We're here because we pissed off a certain Colonel and he can't legally host a "Most Dangerous Game" party with us as his guests of honor.

Percy sinks into a nearby chair, knowing the weight of his situation.

PERCY

I thought this meant I was forgiven. That I was trusted.

Angus puts his hands on Percy's shoulders.

ANGUS

You corrected the Colonel's grammar during a speech. There's no going back from that.

PERCY

He needed to know! It's not "less MREs contain MSG now than they did in the 90s," it's "fewer". My life is over, isn't it.

ANGUS

It's not completely over. You've got me.

Percy grins ironically.

ANGUS

Look. There's a little river about a half click from here where I hear the trout is chef's kiss. One of these days, I'll sneak us out and we'll go fishing. Doesn't that sound nice?

PERCY

It sounds like a court martial.

ANGUS

Well, for now, how about a nice cup of java? I'm buying.

Angus leaves the room towards the kitchen.

ANGUS (O.S.)

How about that. There's a mouse in the coffee.

PERCY

My kingdom for a firing squad.

QUICK CUT: DOT MATRIX PRINTER

A paper feed spouts out data with the signature robotic sound. Percy gets up and retrieves the printed page.

INSERT - MESSAGE

DEFCON 2. Engage LAUNCH SEQUENCE VITAMIN K immediately. Stand by for further instructions. Radio silence.

BACK TO PERCY

Percy's eyes pace as he reads the message.

PERCY

Sergeant! Orders incoming. Vitamin K.

CUT TO ANGUS IN THE KITCHEN

Angus dumps the mouse out of the carafe into the sink. He gives him a quick wash with the faucet. The mouse scurries.

ANGUS

Vitamin K? Ah. Don't sweat it bud. That's micromanagement.

PERCY (O.S.)

What?

ANGUS

They're making sure we're not asleep at the wheel. See the flashing red button that says "CONFIRM"?

BACK TO PERCY

Percy eyes the console. He sees the button. It's caked in powdered donut residue.

PERCY

Unfortunately, yes.

ANGUS (O.S.)

Push it twice and we're right as rain.

PERCY takes out a handkerchief from his front pocket. He pushes the button twice. It sparks.

The klaxon SCREAMS. Fire doors slam. Red lights flash.

PERCY

Your damn donut solution didn't work.

A dusty CRT monitor screen comes to life. Percy grabs his handkerchief and wipes it clean.

CU COMPUTER SCREEN

A message types on screen: COMMAND PROTOCOL CRM-114 INITIATED. TARGET CONFIRMED. LAUNCH SEQUENCE ACTIVATED.

PERCY

Oh. K.

BACK TO ANGUS

Angus whistles to himself while scooping heaping piles of coffee grounds into the brewer filter. Hearing the alarms, he stops.

ANGUS

I'll be your hero again, Fitz.

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CONTROL ROOM

Angus walks up to the fire door. On the adjacent wall is an intercom box. He pushes the button.

ANGUS

No need to panic, Fitz. Just redeploy Operation Donut Smash.

PERCY (V.O.)

SHUT UP! We've got a real problem here.

ANGUS

I told you, Vitamin K is malarkey...

PERCY (V.O.)

CRM-114 has been initiated.

Angus' laughs.

ANGUS

Fitz. Even if this were a real launch, that code was last relevant when LBJ was dancing with Brezhnev.

BACK TO PERCY

Another computer screen lights up. A digitized map of the world appears. The image zooms in towards Europe. A red dot lights up on western Russia.

On screen a prompt reads "TARGET: MOSCOW".

PERCY
Seems real enough to me.

ANGUS (V.O.)
Remember? We're shooting blanks
over here. It's all good, baby.

Percy nods in agreement and inhales deeply, exhales deeply.

ANGUS (V.O.)
Hang tight. I'm gonna hot wire this
door.

A phone on the console RINGS. Percy looks at it curiously
for a moment, then picks it up.

PERCY
Lieutenant Fitzgerald speaking.

On the other end screams the grizzled voice of COL. ANSALDO.

COL. ANSALDO (V.O.)
What in god's green hell are you
monkeys doing over there?

PERCY
Sir. Sorry sir. We had a bit of an
incident with the control board and
donuts...

COL. ANSALDO (V.O.)
Goddammit you worthless, gutless
slime and shitcake sandwich. You're
about to shoot off my missile. Shut
it down. NOW!

PERCY
Sir, all is well, it's just faulty
wiring. Besides, our missile
doesn't even have a warhead. We're
shooting blanks over here. Sir.

COL. ANSALDO (V.O.)
Are you correcting me again,
Fitzgerald?

PERCY
Sir, no sir. It's just...

COL. ANSALDO (V.O.)
There is a very real and very
active a fifteen megaton
thermonuclear warhead on that
rocket, so you had better end it
right the fuck now or I will...

Percy hangs up the phone, his eyes wide with horror. He pushes the intercom button.

PERCY
Sergeant. The colonel called.

CUT TO ANGUS

Angus jams a screwdriver into the fire door maintenance panel. He pulls out colored wires as sparks fly.

ANGUS
I bet he was a delight. Don't worry, I'm almost in.

PERCY (V.O.)
He informed me that the missile is very much real...

Angus fuses two wires together. The fire door launches up.

INT - CONTROL ROOM

Angus walks into the room.

PERCY
... and packed with fifteen megatons of oh god, we're going to start World War III!

ANGUS
(hesitant)
Bullshit.

A massive ROAR shakes the room. Angus walks towards the Silo Door and opens it.

INT - MISSILE BAY

The ROARING of a rocket engine deafens the scene. An intense orange glow erupts along seismic tremors. Angus shuts the door.

BACK TO ANGUS

ANGUS
We're going to start World War III.

Angus SCREAMS. Percy SCREAMS with him.

PERCY
This is all your fault.

ANGUS
This is all my fault. Why do I have to drool?

Angus walks towards a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue and takes a big swig. He collapses onto

the floor.

PERCY

C'mon, you can fix this Sergeant.
You always fix things. Do you have
anymore donuts?

ANGUS

The donut solution was a lie.

PERCY

Help me stop this!

ANGUS

I am death, destroyer of worlds.
The antichrist. Satan. All wrapped
up in a bucket of lard they call a
human being.

Percy slaps Angus.

PERCY

Get a hold of yourself, Sergeant. I
need you to think. How do we shut
down a sixty year old nuclear
missile control panel?

Percy slaps Angus again.

ANGUS

Owie. I dunno, man. Unplug it?

Angus takes another swig of scotch and cries. Percy looks
around the control panel. Nothing.

He gets on his knees and looks underneath. Candy wrappers,
soda cans and powdered sugar residue abound. Percy cringes.

ZOOM SHOT

A POWER OUTLET WITH A GIANT BLACK PLUG.

Percy reaches for it. The room shakes violently. The glow
of rocket fire creeps into the room. His arms can't quite
reach...

CUT TO COMPUTER SCREEN

A countdown begins. 10. 9. 8...

BACK TO PERCY

His outstretched fingers, covered in junk food residue,
reach the plug. He pulls it out. The control board and
screens go black. The engines power down. All is quiet.

Angus and Percy shout and cheer.

ANGUS

Fitz. You goddamn legend, you.

Angus smooches Percy on the cheek.

PERCY

Nuclear war prevented with a
standard three-pronged plug.

ANGUS

(laughing hysterically)
Government penny pinching am I
right? They didn't even install
emergency backup power. Cheapos.

PERCY

I'll drink to that.

Percy grabs the scotch and takes a big swig. He gags from
the burn.

POWER SURGES BACK ON.

CUT TO: CONTROL BOARD

THE CONTROL BOARD LIGHTS UP. THE ENGINES RUMBLE. THE
COUNTDOWN CONTINUES. 7. 6. 5...

Angus and Percy walk towards the Missile Bay entrance and
open the door.

INT - MISSILE BAY

The missile launches upward as flames and white exhaust fill
the room. Then, all is silent. Angus and Percy stare upward,
mouths wide open.

PERCY

You never told me how you ended up
here.

ANGUS

The colonel's daughter is a very
lovely lady. Great hair. She was
very nice to me.

The control room phone RINGS in the background. Percy and
Angus look towards it.

PERCY

I think today is a good day to go
fishing.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END