

CLIMATE CHANG-ED
(PROOF OF CONCEPT)

Written by

Alan J. Field

Contact@alanjfieldbooks.com

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - OFFICE - DAY

The DING of elevator doors opening. Wingtip shoes pound the carpeted floor. HUFFS and PUFFS from the shoe wearer.

INSERT: On a wall, a sign reads: "B.S.I. DOCUMENT REVIEW CORP. - ONE DOCUMENT AT A TIME, ALL DAY LONG."

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A modern antiseptic corporate office with a Faux-wood desk that had all the style sucked out of it.

CYRUS PUGH (60), a kooky but sharply-dressed Brit (think Stephen Merchant), reclines. The Manhattan skyline shines through the window behind him.

KIM DEARING (30), sits with legs crossed facing Pugh. Her sharp wit keen observation skills would be the envy of every Bond girl.

PUGH

Thanks to you, Big Oil's public relations action plan will get the merger approved through Congress.

KIM

I couldn't have done this without your guidance, Mr. Pugh. So... the people don't need to know about the wind farm's high carbon count?

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The pinstriped arm of the wingtip walker pins a BULGING LEGAL FOLDER under an armpit.

PUGH (V.O.)

The people don't care. They're too steeped in despair busy living their miserable lives to notice.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Kim and Pugh laugh.

KIM

Mr. Pugh, I have to ask, what sort of wind power generation would cause such a high carbon count?

PUGH

Not your concern. Just do your job,
and C-R-P shell corp will handle
all the rest.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Our wing-tipper, the pudgy and lovable MAX BRICKER (35), has
anything but love on his mind as he closes in on the office
door ahead.

PUGH (V.O.)

I'll set up a meeting for you to
have The Chief sign off on our
little non-disturbance waiver.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Max barges in, breathless.

KIM

I look forward to meeting--

MAX

Mr. Pugh! There's something you
need to know about Kim.

Kim turns to Pugh and rolls her eyes.

PUGH

What's the meaning of this,
Bricker? If you want to speak with
me, make an appointment. Oh, how
does 'never' sound?

Pugh and Kim share a laugh.

MAX

Sir, Kim's not who she says she is!

PUGH

I beg your pardon?

KIM

Max, wait! You don't know what
you're doing.

(to Pugh)

He doesn't know what he's doing.

MAX

Yeah I do. You've been stealing--

KIM

--hearts my entire life!

(to Pugh)

We just broke up and he's still upset over the fact that I told him I wanted to focus on my career, but when you promoted me, he couldn't handle it.

MAX

But, I was the one who broke up with y--!

KIM

I'm afraid he still needs to learn when 'no', means 'no'.

MAX

I do too know when to say 'no'! Uh... I mean--that has *nothing* to do with--Mr. Pugh, Big Oil's been hiding its fracking operations in plain sight!

PUGH

Bricker... what the devil are you talking about?

Max grabs documents from his folder.

MAX

And this is what *she's* been--

Kim stands and rips the papers out of Max's hands.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey!

KIM

I'll handle this, Sir.

PUGH

Bricker, what are you on about?

Kim stares directly at Max, blocking Pugh's view of him.

KIM

I had just explained to Max earlier that he needs to remember that the parent document always dictates the privilege call for each individual document within each document family grouping.

Max isn't getting it and won't let it go.

MAX

B-but, the parent document doesn't always dictate the privilege calls of the other documents working under her, especially if the parent *isn't trustworthy*.

KIM

(shaking head slowly)
Uh-uh. The parent document sets the tone for all the child documents in the same grouping.
(turns to Pugh)
Isn't that right, Sir?

PUGH

Uhm--yes, quite. Now could you two--

KIM

(sternly back to Max)
And the parent is where she is because she *earned* it, and therefore the child documents need to fall in line.

MAX

Oh yeah? W-well if all the children working for her knew what the underhanded parent was *really* up to, they'd be SCARED SHITLESS!

PUGH

Bricker, you are mental.

KIM

(to Pugh)
So sorry you had to see this.

PUGH

Well... then you two carry on somewhere else *not* here.

Kim starts nudging Max out the door, but Max pulls out one incriminating photo from his jacket and waves it at Pugh.

MAX

But THIS is what she's been doing behind your back!

KIM

N-n-no!

It's a full color photo of Kim in a sidewalk cafe passing file folders to a sunglasses-clad man in a sharp suit.

PUGH

Then who are you working for, Ms. Dearing, or is that not your real name?

Pugh's expression instantly grows dark as he eyes Kim, frozen in place.

INSERT: His finger presses a button under his desk.

PUGH (CONT'D)

Bricker, I must confess. All this time, I have misjudged you completely.

MAX

Yes, Sir. Uh, thank you, Sir.

PUGH

You're a *bigger idiot* than I ever could have imagined!

MAX

W-what??

PUGH

Because I *am* the client!

Max eyes Pugh's nameplate "CYRUS REMINGTON PUGH". Gulps.

MAX

YOU'RE C-R-P Corp!?

PUGH

(licking his chops)
I believe your dim-bulbed boyfriend just blew your cover.

Corporate goons, MUSTACHE and SKINHEAD barge in.

KIM

MAX, DUCK!

He does.

Before Mustache and Skinhead can draw their pistols, Kim flies into action like a corporate Black Widow disarming the Goons with a kick, a wrist-lock and a backhand to the face.

Improvising, Max heaves the oversized legal folder at Pugh's face, knocking him backward off his chair.

Skinhead tries to grab his gun on the carpet, but Kim JABS her pen through his hand. Skinhead SCREAMS.

KIM (CONT'D)
Consider that my resignation
letter.

Kim grabs Max's hand and pulls him out of the office leaving Mustache and Skinhead groaning on the carpet.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kim runs ahead as a breathless Max tries to keep up.

MAX
Who were those guys? While we're at
it, who are you?

KIM
F-B-I, collecting evidence on the
Paiute project.

MAX
Are you kidding me? That's what
I've been doing.

KIM
(clearing throat)
We call that 'parallel tracking'
over at the Bureau.

MAX
Good to know we're on the same
team.

KIM
No, I'm part of a team. You are not
part of a team.

Kim and a breathless Max race down the hallway as they pass

CUBICLE FARM DOORWAY

Max stops, then turns into the doorway. The sign above it reads, "DOCUMENT REVIEW CUBICLE FARM. NO TALKING ALLOWED, EVER."

KIM (CONT'D)
What are you doing!?

MAX
What I've always wanted to do.

He pushes the glass door open and leans over the threshold.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey, everybody, the project's over!
 MR. PUGH SAID WE CAN CLOCK OUT NOW!

An O.S. groundswell of CHEERS from inside the room.

Then Kim has a lightbulb moment, nudges Max aside and also leans over the doorway.

KIM
 And he promised to pay us all
 DOUBLE OVERTIME on our last
 paycheck as a BONUS!

Louder O.S. CHEERS, WHOOPS and CLAPS from the drone attorney army as Max takes a bow before Kim yanks him away toward the elevator bank to avoid an imminent stampede.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK

Max dives for the elevator button to press it and the elevator doors part. They run inside as Kim presses the LOBBY button. We see Max and Kim stand side by side.

MAX
 I can't believe you lied to me...
 the whole time.

KIM
 Forget that for now. We've got to
 get to that Utah wind farm and get
 the evidence we need to sink the
 Big Oil merger before tomorrow's
 press conference.

MAX
 What evidence!?

KIM
 To find The Chief so we can save
 the planet from global warming,
 silly!

MAX
 Does this mean we've made up?

The DOUBLE DING of the elevator doors as they close--on Kim's eye roll as we

CUT TO BLACK.