

New Management

by
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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL BOARDROOM - DAY

A clock ticks past 8:57. Three men sit around a long table.

DARYL (29, combed hair, studious) adjusts a box of bagels at a ninety degree angle towards the empty seat at the head of the table.

RICK (38, overweight, crew cut) sits beside him, slouching low in his chair, his gut pouring over the top of the table as he watches Daryl finicking with the box.

On the other side of the table, CHAD (21, longish messy hair) is asleep with his forehead flat on the table.

DARYL
This is exciting.

Daryl adjusts a customized pen and pad of paper in front of him.

Rick furrows his brow and thinks for a moment.

RICK
Why?

DARYL
We should all be excited. It's not every day that we get a new manager.

RICK
We are the single smallest department in the company.

DARYL
That doesn't mean we aren't an important cog in the machine. After all, they gave us our own suggestion box.

RICK
That thing has been empty for weeks.

DARYL
They have an intern that checks them every morning.

Chad speaks up.

CHAD

How do you know that?

DARYL

Because I'm here promptly at eight forty-five every morning. An easy twenty minutes before Lou used to come in.

RICK

I don't understand how Lou got fired in the first place.

DARYL

Lou was not management material. It was only a matter of time. Right, Chad?

Chad lifts his head up and squints at Daryl.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Right. Chad, how is my Facebook access coming along, by the way?

Chad drops his forehead back down on the desk.

DARYL

As the I.T. representative it's your responsibility. I would really appreciate your working with me on this?

Chad speaks while his face is smushed against the table.

CHAD

Totally, man.

RICK

Well, I guess when you gotta go, you gotta go. I just don't know who is gonna replace him. Probably an outside hire.

DARYL

I think they're considering Linda.

RICK

Who's Linda?

DARYL

The redhead in sales, she's a firecracker, or maybe Troy in marketing.

RICK

Troy in marketing would have no interest in this job.

CHAD

Where's Lou?

DARYL

Lou is long gone Chad, there's a new ship Captain and he's about to walk right through that door.

The tiny department collectively looks to the semi-shiny silver doorknob of the boardroom door.

Daryl adjusts the bagel box one final time and looks at the clock. It's 8:59 and the second hand is ticking. Rick sucks in his gut a little and Chad sits up straight, wiping his bangs from his eyes.

The second hand passes 12. Daryl whispers to the group.

DARYL

It's setting a poor example to be late for the first meeting, I don't know if this is going to work out.

The doorknob turns and a man walks through with a stack of files and a small box.

Daryl's face turns pale and he puts his palms flat on the table. The man puts his things down and pulls out his chair.

Chad's eyes brighten.

CHAD

Lou, wassup?

Rick smiles.

RICK

Good to see you, Lou.

LOU (41, very large, glasses and a deep voice) sits down.

Daryl squeaks out a greeting.

DARYL

Lou, what a surprise.

Lou glances at Daryl and then back down to his papers.

LOU

It must be a surprise since you were expecting a new manager today.

RICK

Yeah, we heard you were on the outs.

LOU

I was, but they couldn't afford Linda from sales and Troy from marketing had no interest in the position. After that, they realized how much my severance would be and decided against the whole idea.

RICK

Well, screw 'em then, I'm glad you're staying.

LOU

Actually, the company wants to take this as a re-hiring. I'm back on.

Lou stands and puts his hand out to Chad.

LOU

Chad, I'm Lou, your new manager.

Chad wakes up with a jolt and sees the hand in his face.

CHAD

Lou, hey, I'm going to need Friday off.

Lou ignores him and they shake hands.

Lou shakes hands with Rick and then sticks his hand in Daryl's face. Daryl puts out a limp hand and Rick shakes it hardily.

RICK

So, let's get back to work then.

LOU

The execs insists that we meet, Rick. There have been many, many complaints about me from within the department.

Daryl shifts in his seat. He doodles a sad face on his pad of paper that has his name across the top in colourful writing.

LOU (CONT'D)

They're all on file. Straight from the suggestion box.

CHAD

I never used it.

RICK

Daryl and I were just saying how dumb that thing was. Huh?

Rick nudges Daryl right in the ribs and spoils his doodle.

Daryl looks Lou straight in the face.

DARYL

I've never used it.

Lou stares at him, his face turning deep red.

LOU

They're anonymous. But, thanks to the box, there are going to be some changes around here. Some pointless changes.

Chad is fast asleep. Lou takes out a paper from his file.

LOU

Here's one: Lou is relentlessly under-qualified to deal with clients, customers, staff and colleagues.

Rick looks at Lou with his mouth agape.

RICK

That's a terrible thing to say. Who would put that in there?

Rick angrily bangs the table with his hand. Daryl bolts away from him in his chair, keeping his eyes on Rick's large hand.

LOU

No, no, I'm glad it was brought to my attention. Daryl, since your desk is directly across from mine and you are within ear shot of my conversations with clients, customers, staff and colleagues, we have decided to promote you.

Daryl slowly makes a move to start writing down notes.

DARYL
Interesting.

LOU (CONT'D)
I will be receiving all my calls through Daryl. Daryl will serve his regular position, but, in addition, he'll serve as a great filter for me. Or customer service rep, if you will.

Daryl shakes his head.

DARYL
That sounds like a secretarial position --

LOU
Congratulations Daryl, you have now moved from operations manager to senior operations manager.

Lou claps a bit and Rick catches on, but the applause is brief.

Daryl blushes and starts his note taking.

Lou grabs another sheet from his folder.

LOU
Here's another one: Lou wears his Superbowl T-shirt on Fridays and I do not believe that violence should be worshipped. This is regarding dress code.

RICK
What the heck?

LOU
That's an easy fix. Work attire will now consist of black pants and a white shirt in the summer -- black pants and a black shirt in the winter.

Lou reaches into his small box and takes out three plastic bags. He throws one to Chad, a bag containing four white shirts. He tosses another bag of white shirts to Rick. He passes the third bag to Daryl. It's full of black dress shirts.

LOU
Unfortunately, we only have two
bags of white shirts available. The
rest are on order.

DARYL
It's 80 degrees out there.

LOU
And your desk is right under the
window.

DARYL
I'll bring a white shirt from home.

LOU
Shirts from home, like my Superbowl
twenty shirt that I got in 1986,
the one and only game I went to
with my late son, when the Bears
beat the Pats, are not permitted.

Lou takes a deep breath, his eyes well up but he clears his
throat and keeps it together.

RICK
I hate uniforms. Are these are
executive decisions?

LOU
I had my input as well.

Lou stares at Daryl.

LOU
I have been running this department
for the last eleven years, after
all.

Daryl smiles weakly.

DARYL
I think that these fixes sound
interesting, let's keep listening.

Daryl puts his red, glitter pen up to his lips and shushes
Rick.

LOU (CONT'D)
Also, all personal items, mugs,
pictures, buttons and toys will be
cleared from the desks.

RICK

I can't even have a picture of my wife up?

LOU (CONT'D)

In the Office Depot catalogue there are three staplers to choose from. Please select the stapler that best represents you as a person.

RICK

This is crazy.

LOU

Yes, but naturally, one day Chad'll pin up a cartoon, or maybe you'll forget to wash your white shirts and maybe I'll look the other way.

Lou folds up the piece of paper and puts it back in the folder and look to Daryl.

LOU (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't see everyone everyday. Except you. And you'll be in charge of clearing off desks and checking for uniforms.

DARYL

I think my responsibilities could be better delegated to -

Lou grabs another paper from his folder and looks down to it.

LOU

The last one for now: Lou is constantly losing company possessions and materials then asking me to borrow my pens and then never returning them.

Chad wakes up. Rick can't believe his ears. Everyone is shocked. The room is still and silent.

Daryl clutches his flashy pen in his hand, his name written in gold cursive on the side

RICK

Daryl?

CHAD

Jesus Christ.

RICK

I am going to take responsibility for this one. I do often lose my pen around the office, once, maybe even twice every few weeks.

CHAD

You've never asked me for a pen.

RICK

You've never asked me for anything.

LOU

Daryl will also be spearheading this initiative under my supervision. He will be gathering all of the office's pens to be stored in a locker to which only he has the key.

Lou pulls a key out of his pocket and slides it to Daryl.

LOU (CONT'D)

All the pens will be serialized by Daryl and he will draw up two forms. One form you will submit to him to receive a pen, the other will be kept in storage with the pens to keep track of transactions.

RICK

Are you serious?

LOU

Yes, I do think that after Daryl is bullied and mocked and his car is keyed in the parking lot that he may begin another system, or become more lenient. Also, if Daryl's keyboard happens to have tomato soup spilled all over it one morning, then who's to say we can't have more freedom with the pens.

Lou grabs a bagel and tears into it.

LOU

Maybe after weeks of non-stop phone calls in the hot sun, wrestling with Rick over his pictures and pen duty, Daryl may even be so kind as to write a suggestion to the executives that the new rules be forgotten. Which brings me to my last point.

RICK

There's more?

CHAD

I won't remember these.

DARYL

I think I've heard enough. Corporate will be hearing about this --

LOU

I've decided the suggestion box is unnecessary.

Lou passes a piece of paper to each person and begins to unbutton his shirt.

LOU

This memo from head office confirms that all suggestions will go through me from now on.

DARYL

This is outrageous.

LOU

If there's any complaints or suggestions, please submit them in writing to my secretary for my review. Good day gentlemen.

Lou opens his shirt to expose his Superbowl T-shirt, snatches the box of bagels under his arm and walks out the door.

FADE TO BLACK.