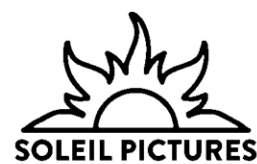


DEEP DIVE SHORT

Written by

Christopher Perez and Andrew Conklin

Contact@soleilpictures.com
779-703-3447, 850-830-5214



INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Salva (43) slouches in his dimly lit, retro-style cubicle that has barely enough room to pace around in. The walls are white with orange accents and adorned by a digital clock, the desk is white and placed in the back left corner which is where Salva resides. The desk is adorned by a rotary phone, an old computer, a framed office party picture, and an orange swivel chair. Salva is working tirelessly as the light from the monitor reflects off his glasses. Suddenly the phone rings. The lights dimly flicker, Salva rolls over and he picks it up.

JAMES (O.S.)
Don't Hang Up.

SALVA
James?

JAMES (O.S.)
BERK is out to get us.

A beat.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Check yourself, it's the coffee.

Salva stunned sets the phone down on speaker, and lurks at his desk with a blank stare, what is he talking about? He quickly stands and peeks outside before returning to his desk he glares at his red coffee mug.

SALVA
James? Are you ok?

JAMES (O.S.)
LISTEN. We're on the same goddamn
team, in this prison together.

The monitor screen flickers blue from his lack of activity, Salva strikes an idea. He grasps the computer turns it off and screeches it towards him pulling the cord out of the wall with it. He stares. Hesitantly he sticks his hand out towards the computer hoping to pop the case off. However it's not so simple, the case does not budge.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Deep down you know it too.

SALVA
What are you talking about? We do
good things here James.

JAMES (O.S.)

I thought so too. (laughs) Isn't it
strange how perfect everything is
here...

Salva begins to walk around his cubicle concerned, realizing what James just said. Everything truly is perfect, everything but a handle at his desk cabinet. He walks up to it and begins tugging at it trying to break it off. He then tugs too hard and the PICTURE FRAME falls off along with the handle. Glass shattered he picks it up and stares for a second, seeing his coworkers all smiling he wonders if they could ever betray him. He brushes it off and walks back to the computer.

Taking his newfound tool he starts using the handle as a pry bar at first with care and control, but as every struggling second goes by his approach changes. The clock's ticking grows louder. James's voice grows louder. And Salva's patience runs thin. He starts getting more violent with his methods.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They laugh at us and still expect
us to play along. It's time we
fight back.

He does everything he can to try and jam the handle into the cracks of the case, the thick plastic bends and moans but he still can't quite get it. The clock seemingly ticks louder. He's had it, one last time he sticks the handle into a fault in the case and uses both of his hands to conjure up as much force and leverage as possible.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(more agitated)

So what'll it be Salva? Will you
join me, or will you let them stuff
you with pills like a lab rat?
You'll die in the same chair I've
seen you in for the past three
years.

The computer bursts open and the cover drops to the ground. He takes a breath, drops the handle, and begins digging through the grotesque mess of computer parts and wires. He finds the loot he was looking for - some thick black cables. Then a pause, what did James just say? 3 years..? He glances at the phone. He sticks them into his mouth and rips the sheathing off that once protected the shiny copper from oxidizing.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is that what you want? There are
more lives at stake than just ours,
your inaction will have
consequences.

Salva stares in disbelief with the cables in hand. Is he really about to do this? The music grows louder along with James's shouting. The clock now matching his heartbeat ticks at an increased tempo, and the monitor buzzing turns into a high-pitched ring. He immerses the exposed copper wires into the coffee and it begins to fizz... Silence.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Prove everyone wrong and be the
intrepid hero from your dreams.
Show them you aren't the pushover
they think you are and take action!

Salva realizes James wasn't lying and his coffee really is spiked.

As soon as the result sets in Salva swipes the mug off the table in frustration, and it shatters on the ground.

The coffee moves slowly spreading and getting absorbed into the carpeted floors. The silence is loud nothing but Salva's breathing remains, he's interrupted. James hangs up.

END