

Cast of Characters

Andrew Miller: A jaded desk jockey. (Male, 28)

December Snow: Andrew's radical co-worker. (Female, 25)

Rick Burton: Manager of the IT branch of Burton Oil Company. Andrew and December's boss. (Male, 32)

Joshua "Josh" Lopez: An old college friend of Andrew's. (Male, 28)

Reed: A barista at the local starbucks. (Unspecified gender, 16)

Mary Miller: Andrew's mom. (Female, 50)

Scene

The city of Bakersfield, California.

Time

October, 2013.

Scene 1

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

SETTING: Cubicles are lined up in rows, each desk with its own nameplate. There is a busy road outside the window. The office is clouded with a drab, dead atmosphere as two employees finish off their 9-5s.

AT RISE: ANDREW MILLER is sitting at a cluttered cubicle, staring intently at a chunky, outdated-looking computer as he types. DECEMBER SNOW leans back in her computer chair.

DECEMBER: Yawnnnnn...

*She stretches dramatically.*

DECEMBER: Almost free.

ANDREW, annoyed: Some of us are trying to work, December.

DECEMBER: It's 5 p.m. Technically, we're off the clock. Everyone else already left.

ANDREW: We still have work. Rick trusts us to get this done.

*DECEMBER continues to lean back until her chair is close to toppling.*

DECEMBER: Pft. Rick can eat my-

*The door opens. DECEMBER's chair falls back down onto its wheels. She looks like she's been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.*

DECEMBER: -fudgy chocolate chunk brownies that I'm bringing for lunch tomorrow. Delicious.

*ANDREW rolls his eyes.*

RICK: Hey there, Andy. Do you think you could put these into the system for me?

*A towering stack of papers thuds against ANDREW's desk. DECEMBER gapes.*

ANDREW: Sure thing.

*RICK puts two thumbs up.*

RICK: I knew I could count on you, Andy- looks like you're on track for 5th employee of the month in a row.

*RICK gestures towards the wall, where several photos of ANDREW are lined up, labeled according to their months. He gives one final thumbs up and leaves.*

ANDREW: Hm. Would've been more if I hadn't called in sick in May. Or taken those vacation days...

DECEMBER, appalled: Are you really gonna let him walk all over you like that, dude? You should demand overtime! Or, better yet, you should throw in the towel.

ANDREW: Hah. Not everyone is ready to quit on a moment's notice like you. My job is actually *important* to me.

DECEMBER: Uh-huh. I couldn't tell. It's not like you're the only one who works on Christmas. It's not like you're the only one whose desk doesn't have a single photo on it. I mean, Mike's lock screen is him with his wife and kid. Your lock screen is a bar graph of Burton Oil's sales profits by year! Who even does that?

ANDREW, obviously hurt but pretending that he isn't: *Well*, don't go crying if I get promoted and you don't. I'll just be making my way up until I'm- I'm the CEO of this place. Alright? I'll work for my keep. And- AND I'll drive myself

to work like the American that I am, thank you. I know *your* generation doesn't get that.

*He gets up and storms off to the door.*

DECEMBER: Wha- We're both millennials, *ANDREW!* AND THERE'S NO REASON NOT TO TAKE THE BUS TO WORK! BAKERSFIELD HAS EXCELLENT PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION! IT'S CHEAPER THAN GAS-

*DECEMBER cuts herself off with a huff as the door slams shut.*

DECEMBER, turning back to her desk: Waste of my energy.

*The door opens again. ANDREW peeks through timidly.*

ANDREW: Uh, if Rick comes back, I'm taking a bathroom break. I *am* going to finish the- I don't want to- okay bye.

*The door closes again. DECEMBER scoffs.*

DECEMBER, muttering: Damn capitalists..

BLACKOUT

END SCENE

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Scene 2

INT./EXT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

SETTING: The stage is split between the interior of the Starbucks and the road that runs along it. Inside are a few tables for 2, but only one seat is occupied.

AT RISE: ANDREW is glancing around surreptitiously while he sips at his drink—a pumpkin spice latte. He has very deep dark circles, and looks like a bit of a madman.

*ANDREW startles and attempts to hide his drink in his coat as JOSHUA LOPEZ walks in. After realizing that JOSH is paying no attention to him, he sighs and returns to his latte. JOSH walks over to the counter.*

JOSH: Hm. Where's the barista?

*He glances around and his face lights up as he notices ANDREW, the only other person there.*

JOSH: Is that you, Andy? Long time no see, bro!

*ANDREW glances from JOSH to his drink, then back to JOSH. He squints in confusion before his eyes widen with recognition.*

ANDREW: Oh! Hey... Ja-Josh. Sure has been, um.

*ANDREW tips his drink back, finishing it in a hurry. He gets up from his seat.*

ANDREW: Well, I've got to get going—

JOSH: Dude, hold on! We haven't caught up in forever. What have you been up to?

ANDREW: Oh, y'know. Work... *Business.*

JOSH: Really? I mean, I guess you have always been the busy type. Always got your nose to the grindstone.

ANDREW, awkwardly: Mhm. Um... What about you?

*JOSH perks up.*

JOSH, smiling: You remember Melissa?

ANDREW: From college?

JOSH: Yep. Well, last year...

*JOSH raises a hand to show a ring on his finger.*

ANDREW: Oh, wow.

JOSH: Wait, hold on.

*JOSH digs his phone out of his pocket and turns it on to reveal a photo of him and MELISSA. There is a baby cradled in her arms.*

ANDREW: I... We really haven't caught up in a while, huh?

*He pauses.*

ANDREW: ...Is that your lock screen?

JOSH: Yeah. Why?

ANDREW: Hm. Nothing.

JOSH: ...Okay. Well, we should totally hang out sometime, dude. I miss playing CoD with you and Caleb- it really isn't the same without you.

ANDREW, voice wobbly: Uh-huh, yeah.

JOSH: What about Saturday?

ANDREW, snapping out of his sadness: No, um, sorry. I have. A dentist appointment. Very important. I really do have to go now, by the way. So.

*ANDREW shrugs.*

JOSH: Aw, well... Shoot me a message, or somethin'. See ya, man.

*ANDREW nods and makes a bee-line for the door. His shoulders go slack after it closes behind him. He checks his phone as he blinks away tears.*

ANDREW: Ugh. I'm going to be late.

*ANDREW lets out a sigh as he starts across the road to the office. Suddenly, he is illuminated by bright white headlights.*

ANDREW: Wha-

*ANDREW freezes. His eyes are wide as a bus barrels towards him. Its tires screech wildly on the ice.*

***CRASH!***

BLACKOUT

END SCENE

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Scene 3

INT. OFFICE - ???

SETTING: The office is empty and the lights are out. The nameplates are blank, and the picture frames are void of those that should occupy them. Even the sound of cars passing is notably absent. The view outside is impossibly white.

AT RISE: ANDREW blinks to find himself at his computer. He lifts his hands from his keyboard and spins in his chair to survey his surroundings, unusually calm.

ANDREW: Hello?

*ANDREW stands from his chair and wanders over to the wall, where the employee of the month photos are still hanging. February and May are absent.*

*Every other photo is there- all of him. He pulls the most recent one from the wall and stares.*

ANDREW: Strange.

*ANDREW turns back to his cubicle to see DECEMBER standing in front of it.*

ANDREW: ...Where am I, December?

DECEMBER, shrugging: Where we all go, eventually- no further comment.

ANDREW: Is this heaven? Is it... hell?

DECEMBER: Why you asking me, dude? I'm an atheist. Not exactly my area of expertise.

ANDREW: I dunno. No one else is here.

*He looks around again, then shimmies past DECEMBER to sit back down at his desk. He presses the power button, but the computer doesn't turn on.*

ANDREW, looking under the desk: Huh. It's plugged in.

*ANDREW wiggles the mouse around and hits a few keys to no avail.*

ANDREW: I'll have to tell Rick. I think it needs to be replaced.

*DECEMBER doesn't respond.*

ANDREW: December?

*He turns to see a sad expression on her face. She says nothing.*

ANDREW, unsettled: ...Why am I here, December?

DECEMBER: You know why, Andrew.

ANDREW: I... Oh.



DECEMBER: This is where you wanted to be. This is what you chose. Your childhood home, a close second. Your college dorm, third.

ANDREW: I didn't *mean* to do it.

DECEMBER: I know, Andrew. I know you weren't planning for this. You wanted to "get to a good financial place," then you'd choose to live. But we can't just choose when to live, because we don't know when it won't be an option anymore.

ANDREW: But... I thought that was what I was *supposed* to do.

DECEMBER: No one said it was. No one said it wasn't. You aren't *supposed* to do anything. Obligation is a social construct.

ANDREW, sarcastically: Hah. You really sound like my December now.

*DECEMBER rolls her eyes.*

DECEMBER: You jest, but... You know you messed up, man. And you only get one shot.

ANDREW: Well, it's not my fault that I didn't know the rules. It isn't *fair*. I didn't *know*.

DECEMBER, sharply: Quit trying to fool yourself. You knew, you know, whatever the *hell*. It's all over now. You worked your whole life away, and now you've gone and worked yourself to death. Congrats.

*ANDREW's eyes are mournful. He slumps, and his gaze falls to the carpeted floor. He seems to have accepted his fate. DECEMBER sighs.*

DECEMBER, awkwardly: Well. See ya, dude. Or not. I don't really know.

ANDREW, weakly, still staring at the ground: You're leaving?

*Silence. ANDREW looks up to find himself alone once again. He wipes his tears away as he turns back to his computer and pushes aside the keyboard. He lays against the desk, arms pillowed under his head. His eyes close. He sleeps.*

FADE OUT

SCENE 4

INT. HOSPITAL - ???

SETTING: A hospital room- empty except for a hospital bed and IV stand. A woman sits on a chair next to the bed.

AT RISE: ANDREW jerks out of his sleep, breathing rapidly. He is wearing a hospital gown.

MARY MILLER looks over at him with surprise, face clearly teary.

MARY: Andy! Oh-

*ANDREW's mother wraps him up in a hug. He's limp in her arms, and appears to be in a state of shock.*

ANDREW: Mom? I... What happened?

MARY: A bus hit you on your way to work- thankfully, a nice young woman that was on the bus called for an ambulance. She said that she was a friend of yours?

ANDREW, hoarsely: December...

MARY: So you *do* know her? Wait, December- I think she called your phone earlier.

ANDREW: Huh?

*MARY passes ANDREW's phone to him. He turns it on.*

ANDREW: 13 missed calls??

*ANDREW opens his messages app. MARY leans in to read the most recent text.*

MARY: "don't die on me you dumb..."

*MARY chuckles.*

MARY: ...B-word. What an interesting friend you have.

*ANDREW snorts.*

ANDREW: Believe me, "friend" is a stretch...

MARY: Doesn't seem like it. She seems to care quite a bit, even if you are a dumb...

ANDREW: I'm fine. No need for 13 missed calls- I'll tell her that.

*ANDREW sends the message. He immediately gets a reply back.*

MARY: She seems to disagree. She does have a point, you know- you did get hit by an "F-ing" bus... and you were out for a couple of days. It's almost the weekend.

*ANDREW's eyes go wide.*

ANDREW: Wha- DAYS? Wait, almost the weekend?... That's...

MARY: I already told your boss what happened- plus, you don't need to worry about missing work. You were hit by a bus.

ANDREW: No, that's not- Well, that's not my top priority.

MARY: Oh. Really?

*ANDREW rolls his eyes and nods. He types a message on his phone, then deletes it, then types it again. Finally, he exhales and presses send.*

MARY: Huh? "Is Saturday still okay?" You making plans? Why now?

*Andrew shrugs, a faint smile on his face.*

ANDREW: Why not now?

BLACKOUT

THE END