

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

DAN AND SHEILA, ARE WORKING LATE AT SENDUGREETINGS.COM, AN ONLINE GREETING CARD COMPANY. THEY'RE CLEARLY EXHAUSTED.

SHEILA

I don't know, Dan. I don't think there is a way to make cancer funny.

DAN

Phil said if we don't come up with a humorous e-card about the "Big C", we're out.

SHEILA

First of all, Phil's nineteen. What does he know? Second of all, we work at an online greeting card company. In this case, out would be up.

DAN

Agreed. But times are tough out there. If you're not a one-percenter, you're screwed. And you've got to hand it to Phil, starting his own company right out of high school...

SHEILA

Oh, please. I want to slap Phil. Phil is one of the lucky idiots of the world. He makes a lot of money having smart people who need transitional jobs write crass e-mail messages that clutter up people's inboxes and then get sent straight to the trash.

DAN

My Down syndrome card almost went viral.

SHEILA

Those words shouldn't be together in a sentence, Dan.

DAN

I know.

DAN AND SHEILA SHARE A MOMENT OF HOPELESS DESPAIR. THEN...

SHEILA

Take off your clothes.

DAN

Uh... what?

SHEILA

You heard me. Strip.

DAN

I'm sorry. Did I miss something? Like a transition?

SHEILA

No. Just get naked.

DAN

Is this some weird way of clearing writer's block? Are you going to make fun of my privates?

SHEILA MOVES TOWARD DAN, SEDUCTIVELY.

SHEILA

I was thinking just the opposite.

DAN

Well, the opposite of mock is...
praise.

SHEILA

That's right.

DAN

You are going to... praise my
privates?

SHEILA

That's my intention.

DAN IS CLOSE TO HYPERVENTILATING.

DAN

What is... happening? Sheila, what's
happening? Why is this happening?

SHEILA STARTS TO REMOVE DAN'S TIE AND
UNBUTTON HIS SHIRT.

SHEILA

This job is hopelessly dull, Dan. And
frankly, too embarrassing for me to
tell anyone I know I even have it.
Phil's a pimple. The only saving grace
I see is for you and me to have...
dirty... after hours... office sex.

DAN

Oh. Of course. I see that too, now. I should have seen it sooner.

SHEILA

You should be naked.

DAN

I should be nah-nay, nay...

SHEILA

It's hot that you're awkward about it. Say something else stupid.

SHE KISSES HIS NECK.

DAN

Something else?

SHEILA

Talk, idiot!

DAN

My middle name is Andreas.

SHEILA

Keep going.

HER HANDS ARE ROVING.

DAN

I... have a barnacle collection.

SHEILA

Are they filthy?

DAN

No, I rinsed them off with bleach.

SHEILA

Seriously?

DAN

Oh! When I found them, they were filthy. They were very, very filthy. They were so goddamn dirty they were a biohazard. They were triple X barnacles. What were they doing out there on the beach with kids around?

SHEILA

Alright, Dan. That's enough. You're tasty. Has anyone ever told you that?

HE MIGHT EXPLODE. DEFINITELY DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

DAN

I have a cat.

SHEILA

There's something about a nerdy, introverted writer that makes me want to... spank you.

DAN

And I, you, Sheila.

SHEILA

I'm going to break you down until you cry uncle. Do you understand that?

DAN

My cat's name is Admiral Whiskerpuss.

SHEILA

If we do this, I won't respect you in the morning.

DAN

I don't respect myself now.

SHEILA

God, I love weak men.

DAN

Tell me if I do anything you don't like.

SHEILA PULLS DAN ONTO THE DESK AND RAVAGES HIM.