MAGIC MOUSE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

TIM, mid-20s, a quiet desk lacky in a grey tie, grabs the last coffee pod and pops it into the Keurig machine. He shrinks a bit when he sees -

THE BOSS, 40s, a thinks-he’s-cool tough guy, sauntering into the room.

Tim turns to throw away the used coffee pod. The Boss grabs Tim’s coffee and takes a gulp.

    THE BOSS
    This one’s on you, big guy.

The boss raises the mug towards Tim and leaves the room.

Tim watches the boss walk past his desk, knocking over a family picture. The frame CRACKS.

    TIM
    Great.

Tim checks, but there is no more coffee.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Tim carries a glass of water to his desk. It’s very messy, with lots of papers and knickknacks. An INBOX is nearly empty. The OUTBOX is full. A calendar shows that it’s Friday.

Tim picks up the broken picture frame.

DANNY, mid 20s, Tim’s chubby sidekick in thick glasses, wheels his chair to the cubicle.

    DANNY
    Dude, what a jerk.

The boss stops to admire his self portrait on the wall.

    TIM
    Yeah. I’ll show him. One day.

Tim grabs a document from the INBOX.
DANNY
Is that another customer intake form? Can’t they just scan them instead of having us enter them manually?

TIM
If they did we would be out of a job.

Danny wheels back to his cubicle.

A MAIL BOY enters the office with a cart full of packages. He stops near Tim and Danny’s desks. He looks through a list on his clipboard.

MAIL BOY
Tim? Danny?

He reaches for two packages from his cart and hands them a package each. He pushes the cart out of the room.

TIM
I didn’t order anything.

DANNY
Whatever. I’ll open it Monday.

Danny prints out a report.

TIM
I’m almost done. Wait for me?

DANNY
Sure.

Tim hits save.

The boss SLAMS a large pile of reports in Tim’s inbox. Then SLAMS another into Danny’s.

THE BOSS
I need these done today.

Tim and Danny look at the office clock. It’s 4:55pm.

THE BOSS (CONT’D)
Before you leave.

Tim’s takes the top document from the stack.

THE BOSS (CONT’D)
While you are at it, clean up these desks. They’re a mess.

The boss goes back to his office. Danny snatches a form.
DANNY
Dude. Not cool.

Tim eyes the package on his desk. He opens it.

Inside, a computer mouse. Tim connects it to his PC.

He nudges the mouse. The cursor LEAVES THE BORDER OF THE COMPUTER MONITOR and floats in mid-air.

Tim moves the mouse. The cursor moves around in the real world. This catches Danny’s attention.

DANNY (CONT’D)
Whoa. How did you do that?

TIM
I don’t know...

Tim uses the mouse to select the broken picture frame on his desk. With a click, the frame is fixed.

Tim checks the packaging. The box reads: “Magic Mouse: Making Your Life A Little Easier.”

TIM (CONT’D)
(to Danny)
Hey, what did you get?

Danny rapidly opens his package. It contains a whiteboard eraser. He waves it around. Nothing interesting happens.

DANNY
Mine doesn’t do anything. Why doesn’t it do anything?

Tim uses the mouse to click on the yellow sticky notes on his cubicle wall. He drags them around.

DANNY (CONT’D)
Dude.

TIM
Hey, check this out.

Tim clicks on Danny’s shirt then selects a color from the computer screen. Danny’s shirt changes to this color.

DANNY
Yeah! Do something else!

Tim selects Danny. He presses the DELETE key. Danny DISAPPEARS. His clothes fall to the ground in a pile.
TIM
Danny?

Tim panics, not sure what to do.
The boss walks past Tim’s desk.

THE BOSS
Where did he go? What’s his name? The
dumb one?

TIM
Bathroom.

THE BOSS
Well, neither of you better leave before
this work is done or you may as well not
come back Monday.

Tim nods, trying not to panic. The boss leaves.

Tim picks up the clothes from the floor and places them
on Danny’s chair.

Tim opens the recycle bin. In the window on the computer,
Danny waves. Tim clicks “restore.”

Danny reappears on his desk chair, naked, his clothes on
his lap.

DANNY
Dude.

Tim breaths a sigh of relief. Danny puts his clothes back
on.

Tim looks up and sees the smug grin on the boss’s
portrait hanging on the wall.

He opens an image editing program. He uses the mouse to
give the picture a moustache and devil horns. On the
plaque below the picture, he replaces the words “The CEO”
with “The JERK”.

An “Employee of the Month” portrait on the wall shows a
toothy smiled employee. Tim drags a picture of himself
into the computer frame.

DANNY (CONT’D)

Look out!
The boss walks across the corridor. He is on the phone, coffee in hand. Tim and Danny scramble to look busy.

The boss stops with his back towards his edited portrait. The boss turns. Tim drags the frame out of his view.

The boss turns to face the other direction. Tim drags the frame the opposite way.

THE BOSS
(on the phone)
Of course those reports will be done tonight. I’m handling them personally -

The boss slaps the large stack of forms still in Danny’s inbox.

Tim uses the mouse to highlight the bottom of the coffee cup in the boss’s hand. A menu appears. He selects ‘Cut’.

The bottom part of the cup vanishes. The coffee inside spills all over the boss.

THE BOSS (CONT’D)
What the-? I’ll call you right back.

He hangs up the phone.

THE BOSS (CONT’D)
(to Tim)
Clean this up, will you? I’ll see you Monday, big guy.

The boss leaves.

DANNY
Ooo, that was awesome!

Danny attempts to get his eraser to do something again.

DANNY (CONT’D)
It’s not fair.

Tim eyes the large stack of work in his inbox. He drags it to his computer. He right-clicks on these documents and presses “Process.”

The computer BEEPS. A message on the screen reads: “Processing Complete.”

DANNY (CONT’D)
Hey. Do mine!
Danny reaches to take the mouse out of Tim’s hand. He drags his work to the computer.

        TIM
        Stop. It’s mine.

The two fight over the mouse. The CURSOR FREEZES. The real world PIXELATES.

        TIM (CONT’D)
        Great. You broke it.

        DANNY
        I didn’t-- Wait. Hold on.

Danny takes his eraser. He ERASES the pixels in the air.

        TIM
        Okay, let’s get out of here.

He hits “Process” on Danny’s computer and with a BEEP, that work is done.

They both print their final report.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

The boss, talking on his phone, climbs into his car.

        THE BOSS
        Oh, I’m sure I’ll be here all night getting those reports done. I--

Tim SLAMS his report on the windshield. Danny stands behind him. The boss rolls down his window.

        TIM
        See you Monday, big guy!

Tim and Danny walk off.

        FADE OUT