

OFFICE CHAIRS

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INT. OFFICE SPACE - DAY

DON sits bored in his cube. He mindlessly scrolls through Reddit when he stops on an ad for "Rancid Giraffe Porn". Don looks around, when-

STEVE (O.S.)

Don? Hey, has anyone seen Don?

Don DIVES into a nearby cubicle, curling in fetal position. Steve's legs pass inches from Don's nose.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Well if anyone sees him, please let him know I need him for his review.

Don lets out a sigh.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Pssst.

Don looks around confused.

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

Pssst.

DON

Liam?

BLAKE

No.

DON

(less enthused)

Chris?

BLAKE

No. It's Blake.

DON

Hemsworth?

BLAKE

No! Up here.

Don looks up at a swivel chair with a face on it.

DON

Blake?

BLAKE

Yeah.

DON
Why're you a chair?

BLAKE
The question is, why aren't you one?

DON
I haven't seen you since orientation. Everyone thought you got canned.
(whispers)
There are rumors.

BLAKE
They can't fire you if they can't find you.

DON
So now you're a chair?

BLAKE
When you want something as bad I want to avoid doing any kind of labor for pay, you'll find a way.
(then)
That or you transform into an anthropomorphic chair.

DON
Losing me, Blake.

BLAKE
Just like you, I was done. Done working a meaningless job. Done taking orders. Done watching rancid koala porn to fill the days.

DON
Koalas?

BLAKE
I- I just wanted to feel something.

DON
I know. I'm a giraffe guy, myself.

BLAKE
Smart. Long neck, less mess.

DON
What websi-- we'll talk. We'll talk.

A leg swings by and interrupts them. Someone sits on Blake, but doesn't notice the living chair or kneeling Don. Blake is has a face of focus, pure dedication.

DON (CONT'D)
So how do I do this?

BLAKE
Do what?

DON
Find the corpse of JonBenét Ramsey.
No- turn into a chair.

BLAKE
Okay, first you need to go near a chair.

Don looks both ways and crab walks back over to his cube.

DON
Done.

BLAKE
Then, you just have to close your eyes, clench your buttohole, and visualize yourself as a chair.

Don closes his eyes and clenches HARD.

DON
Ughh. Ughhhh. Ughhhh.
(then)
I can't do it! I'm gonna get a hernia again.

BLAKE
I believe in you, Don. I-

Blake's occupant swivels over and hits the corner of a desk. The chair's arm pops out and hits the carpet.

DON
Blake!

BLAKE
Oh my God... I'm bleeding out.

DON
We need to get you he-

BLAKE
No, there's no time. Remember what I taught you.

Don closes his eyes again, clenches, HARDER, and- and! His face is now on the back of a chair.

DON

Blake. Blake, I'm a chair.

BLAKE

I knew I could believe in you.

(strained)

I- I didn't even get to teach you Chair-nese.

DON

It's okay. I have everything I need to survive corporate America.

Blake closes his eyes and dies.

DON (CONT'D)

(solemn)

He's gone now.

Just then, Steve roams over and sits on Don. He swivels over to the desktop.

STEVE

Is that rancid giraffe porn?

DON

(whispers)

There's less mess! C'mon!

Steve looks around to who said that, but notices how uncomfortable the chair is. Steve then hops on and off Don. The latter is in immense pain.

STEVE

Jesus, these suck.

As he gets up, Steve notices the fallen arm rest and sad-looking, life-less vessel of a chair.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ugh, that's it. We're getting new chairs first thing tomorrow morning.

DON

No!!!!