

OFFICE CHAIRS

Written by

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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 butthole, and  
visualize yourself as a chair.

Don closes his eyes and clenches HARD.

DON  
Uggh. 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!!!!