

INT. SMALL HALLWAY

A FLOURESCENT LIGHT FLICKERS casting an ETHERAL BLUE HUE on FOAM CEILING TILES, tracking down to...

A DOOR OPENS washing the hallway with a BRIGHT WHITE light.

The door way frames a WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE.

As the door closes, the WHITE LIGHT DIMS, and a WOMAN comes into FOCUS revealing REBECCA FORRESTAL, 29, red headed amazonian dressed to the nines, wearing 3 inch heals that only makes her look 7 feet tall.

Forrestal's RIGHT HAND SECURES a very important BACK PACK hanging from her right shoulder.

A MAN'S HAND gives her a folder. The hand belongs to DHANA "DANA" TRIKHA, 26, male, British and Indian decent, the inks barely dry on his Princeton MBA.

Forrestal opens folder and examines it's contents.

DANA

Ms. Forrestal, please follow me.

They begin their trek down the hallway. Forrestal continues reading THAT folder, never looking up.

FORRESTAL

Just call me Forrestal - that "Miss" shit is for baseball and european hot chocolate. How much time do we have?

Dana looks at his shiny new watch.

DANA

Then Forrestal, we have 9 minutes and 53 seconds.

Forrestal picks up the pace. Dana adjusts to keep up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Forrestal and Dana enter a conference room. Forrestal is still nose down in that folder and holding onto that back pack.

A PACK OF NERDS sit around a conference table with their heads in their laptops open to spreadsheets, computer code, facebook, porn.

Forrestal and Dana maneuver their way around sterile office furniture toward the open door on the other side of the room.

FORRESTAL
Spaced-Out, huh?

DANA
Yeah, market tested through the
roof with Geeks...

Dana high fives SPREADSHEET NERD.

DANA
And Stoners.

INT. SLIGHTLY LARGER HALLWAY

Forrestal - nose in THAT folder; hand on THAT back pack.

Dana - trying to keep up.

FORRESTAL
Is this your biggest event, Kid?

DANA
By far. Last one was the hot
pretzel locator app launch at CES.

FORRESTAL
These are the moments that I live
for - where the rubber meets the
road - GAME DAY. Where the tigers
are separated from the pussies, and
no one likes pussies.

DANA
Well...

A black cat dashes across their path, chased by...

FORRESTAL
(reading from THAT
folder)
Donkeys?

A donkey clops past them, chased by...

FORRESTAL
(still reading)
What the fuck? And Strippers?

A scantily clad young latino woman wearing a CARMINE MARANDA fruit hat narrowly misses Forrestal, but not even that can make the very focused Forrestal look up from THAT folder.

FORRESTAL

This is Oakland, not Tijuana.

DANA

Burrito is spanish for donkey, and they are not strippers, they are, um... Booth Babes.

Carmine gives Dana a flirty smile.

FORRESTAL

That's got Zucker's DNA all over it, he's big into pervy sight gags.

Dana smiles shaking his head with agreement, but...

DANA

This one is actually this company's new CEO's idea. Evidentially, she's very much into the outrageous spectacle.

A LOW RIDER car with dark tinted windows jumps up and down like low riders will, blocking the hallway.

FORRESTAL

What's an Oxford grad with a Harvard MBA doing in a job like this?

Without missing a beat, Forrestal just squeezes to walk around the jumping car.

Dana stops with surprise then squeezes by the car too.

FORRESTAL

I googled you, Kid.

The low rider's driver's side window rolls down releasing a shit-ton smoke into the hallway, a MONKEY ESCAPES and start to follow...

DANA

It's Princeton...

Up ahead, nervous PARAMEDICS do chest compressions on a LIFELESS VICTIM sprawled across a medical gurney.

DANA

And that's not the least bit
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

creepy.

Dana takes notice as they pass the medical emergency, but Forrestal is too busy with THAT folder.

DANA (CONT'D)

Should we call someone?

FORRESTAL

Nah, something this big, someone is bound to die.

INT. SUPERSIZED UTILITY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dana and Forrestal enter the cavernous utility corridor. The monkey chases behind them.

FAINT SOUNDS OF A MARCHING BAND

FORRESTAL

Let me guess. You are gay and this is what you saw gay people do on...
(fake British accent) American "tele".

MARCH BAND START TO SWELL.

DANA

I'm not gay - not that there's anything wrong with that.

From a higher view, Dana, Forrestal and the monkey are playing hallway chicken with the Stanford marching band.

DANA

(yelling over band)
IT'S A MEANS TO AN END!

The Marching band now drowns out all sound and THEY ARE FUCKING PLAYING SNOOP DOGG'S "NUTHIN' BUT A G THANG"! WHOOP! WHOOP!

The band parts, moving past Dana, Forrestal and the monkey.

We can't hear Dana and Forrestal's conversation, but Forrestal has finally stop moving, her nose is out of THAT folder, she's eye to eye with Dana, wagging her well manicured finger in his scared, little face.

Dana responds by shaking his head "NO" while pantomiming a tiger.

The monkey just looks up at them like he want to be acknowledged, loved, but all he real wants is a big fat, yellow banana.

Forrestal starts walking again, faster, with anger and purpose. The Monkey decides it's safer to surf the heads of the oncoming band, but Dana is having the hardest time catching up with Forrestal as he fights his way through...

THE BAND'S DRUM SECTION, then...

A GROUP OF CHEERLEADERS, then...

A HOCKEY TEAM in full uniform gear, ice skates and all, then...

5 REFEREES, then...

A HERD OF DONKEY with their HANDLERS, then...

20 CARMINE MARANDAS - the Monkey stops on one of the Carmine's fruit hats, then...

ALL CLEAR.

Just as Dana reaches Forrestal, the world goes...

SLOW MOTION. Forrestal starts to go down. Her left high heels slides on a banana peel. Dana tries to catch her, but...

It's too late, she fall flat on her face.

A Carmine screams bloody murder, shaking, twisting, jerking. The Monkey holds on for dear life with one hand while the other hand shoves a peeled banana into its mouth.

Forrestal sits up, nursing her left ankle.

Dana looks up and down the now empty corridor, unsure what to do.

Forrestal tosses him the back pack.

FORRESTAL

Okay. Your in the game, Kid.

Dana just stares at her.

FORRESTAL

You don't have to be a tiger. Just don't be a pussy.

Dana stares.

Forrestal looks at her watch.

FORRESTAL (CONT'D)
3 minutes and 23 seconds.

Dana stares.

FORRESTAL (CONT'D)
GO! DAMN IT!

Dana wakes up.

DANA
Fuck. Me.