

WORK FRIEND

Jorja Hudson

INT. OFFICE

LIGHTS UP ON TWO MEN packing their bags after a long work week.

CLIVE
Long week, eh?

DAVE
Yeah.

CLIVE
Looking forward to the weekend?

DAVE
Yeah!

CLIVE
Hey... um, I was just wondering, if you're not up to anything immediately... do you wanna grab a quick beer or something?

Very long silence as Dave stares at Clive.

DAVE
Clive... you're just a work friend.

Beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You don't exist to me past 6pm. You're not a part of my actual life. I, like, never think about you outside of these office walls.

Clive is visibly saddened.

CLIVE
Really?

DAVE
Yeah, Clive. I have... a family... a house... In fact, I can't even remember right now what else you have going on. Are you married?

Clive sets his bag down on the table. He thinks for a little while.

CLIVE

No. I just assumed... because we did that big project together last quarter. Remember? You said I was a "great guy" to work with. Plus, we go to lunch together every day?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE

Yeah, sure. But - and I need to make this very clear - all of that ends at 6 o'clock every day.

CLIVE

Well, not for me. I lie awake thinking about the projected growth of the company - and of our friendship.

Dave has been texting for the duration of this last speech.

DAVE

Clive, this job just isn't that big of a deal to me. Y'know? It's just a work job.

CLIVE

What?

DAVE

Y'know, it's a paycheck. I got way bigger stuff going on.

CLIVE

Like what?

DAVE

You know, I got my family. I actually got a whole other business on the side.

CLIVE

I had no idea. I just have this.

Dave puts his hand on Clive's shoulder.

DAVE

I know. Maybe that's the problem.

Dave turns to leave.

CLIVE

Please, wait!

Dave turns back.

DAVE

Clive - I'm about to walk to that elevator and ride that elevator out of the building. Someone could reference your name and I wouldn't have a CLUE who they're talking about. What I'm saying is, in less than three minutes you will be dead to me for the next 48 hours.

Dave smiles and waves bye. He leaves.

Clive wipes a tear from his eye.

A janitor with a broom walks in, whistling.

JANITOR

Mr. Heigel! Are you working late tonight? Want to hang out?

CLIVE

God, no! Pedro, you're just a work janitor.

BLACKOUT.