

HR F

Written by

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INT. FACTORY FLOOR - 8 AM

RICHARD, a young, overly dressed temp-HR-worker, dons a hard hat. As TIM, a sexy middle aged fox searches for something.

RICHARD (DIRECT TO CAMERA)

I'm not sure we have time for a tour of the entire floor, but rest assured we all work very hard here to keep all of our little capitalistic consumers fed!

TIM

Who is this we you speak of? You work up there.

PAN TO: HR OFFICE ELEVATED FAR ABOVE, AND FAR AWAY.

TIM (CONT'D)

And give me back my hat.

RICHARD

Can I swap it for the shoes?
Kidding. Very demanding, Jim.
(direct, eyebrow raises)
I like that.

TIM

It's Tim.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - SOME MINUTES LATER

Richard walks through his temp-door, labeled 'HR FRANK'. As the door shuts, 'RANK' falls off.

Inside, Richard listens at an open window to workers below.

JOE

(looking at Tim's phone)
Wow. A brand new BMW.

TIM

How can you afford that?

MIKE

It's easy!

Richard slams the window, rushes to perch at a flattering angle on his temp-desk, knocking a bunch of shit over.

RICHARD (DIRECT)
 Being a temp-to-hire really has its
 perks on such an exciting job.

Richard spins in chair. Balances pencil on face. Performs big
 comfy couch floor exercises. Scoots forward as fast as
 possible whilst waddling. Puts self in time out.

RICHARD (DIRECT) (CONT'D)
 And it's great because no one
 really knows what HR does... do
 you?

BIG BOSS DADDY walks in. Richard hides many lotion bottles.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Dang, you don't know how to knock?
 I could've been--stamping letters
 or something. Would've gotten...
 ink everywhere. Just busting into
 my office like that!

BIG BOSS DADDY
 This isn't your office.

RICHARD
 You're so funny.

BIG BOSS DADDY
 (referencing door name)
 Richard.

RICHARD (DIRECT)
 Imma have to sleep with this man.
 (to BBD)
 See, the door did us a favor. It's
 making room for something new.

BIG BOSS DADDY
 He'll be back in five weeks.

RICHARD
 --five weeks. But why rush back
 since we're having such a good
 time, right?

BIG BOSS DADDY
 About that.

RICHARD (DIRECT)
 See how he's flirting with me?

BIG BOSS DADDY
You're at the end of your trial two weeks.

RICHARD
I can count!

BIG BOSS DADDY
As such, we're going to review your performance on that later today.

RICHARD
You can just do it now.
(direct)
Or me.
(to BBD)
Whatever's your preference!

BIG BOSS DADDY
Like I said, later today. With the board. It's nothing to worry about, just... protocol.

Big Boss Daddy leaves, door remains open.

RICHARD (DIRECT)
See, they're going to offer me the job full time. Bye Franklin! Omg, I cannot believe you let me go all of this time without a snack! My poor blood sugar.

Clock on wall reads 10AM. Richard closes the door, and 'F' falls off.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING RIGHT ON

TINA, a never impressed drag-secretary, in too short of a skirt, is picking up the fallen 'RANK' letters. Richard hands her the 'F', waves, and steps over her.

TINA
Fucking asshole.

RICHARD
What was that, Tina?

TINA
Just waving.

The two have a non-passive, just aggressive waving battle.

TINA (CONT'D)

Don't you have work to do, fucker?

RICHARD

There she is. I thought I heard you say something like that. And no, fucker. It's feeding time.

TINA

Surprised you could hear me through that thick ear hair of yours.

RICHARD

Aw, you tried it but we both know I go get a wax every Thursday from 2-5, considering you have to schedule it for me. And that I'm essentially a walking slip hazard. But it is nice seeing you back in your natural habitat... you know, down on your knees.

TINA

(unable to get up)
Oh, ha ha ha. Whore jokes are always funny.

RICHARD (DIRECT)

(walking away)
They are actually.

TINA

Takes a whore to know--

At the end of the hall, a glass door closes behind Richard. Through its pane, Tina continues to rant, low to the ground, failing to lift without exposing her downstairs.

EXT. PARKING DECK - SIMULTANEOUS

Richard hops into the back of an old Chevy Impala. Tim, disgruntled, sits in the back seat.

INT. HALLWAY - WITHOUT SKIPPING A BEAT

Tina watches on as Richard straddles Tim. Car bounces.

TINA

--clout ass looking, no good for nothing temp.

The Impala is hydraulically lifting, its horn honking a mile a minute.

TINA (CONT'D)

With your wannabe Jessica Stewart ass. Told them to do a background check on you, but no. No one wants to listen to Tina. Near graduate in Forensic Science. But what do I know? Me and my IQ of Khloe Kardashian and Mariska Hargitay.

Richard loudly comes to a crescendo. Which is heard around the factory. Richard pushes Tim out of the car, pants separately, as he walks towards a still floor-bound Tina.

TIM

(holding up pants)

These are yours. I can't fit into them!

Richard enters the hall, again.

TINA

--oh yeah? And how was your snack break?

RICHARD

Satisfying. How was your little manic episode in here?

TINA

Longer winded than your two pump whatever the fuck.

RICHARD

Whatever the fuck is correct. Because I am getting fucked. And that's two more pumps than you'll ever get sweetie.

TINA

I don't need to go out and get fucked. I'm getting fucked by this corporate hell hole enough every day.

RICHARD

Sad. Just so sad. Why don't you show some respect and fuck your way to the top like a normal secretary?

TINA

Oh yeah? Is that what you're doing?

RICHARD

Duh.

TINA

Not duh.

RICHARD

Totally duh.

TINA

Duh-ummy. How are you planning on doing that, when you're sleeping with the hourly factory workers?

RICHARD

Ever heard of a Union??

TINA

You're gonna sleep with--

RICHARD

That's right, Tina. There's strength in numbers.

TINA

You're gonna blow your back out.

RICHARD

And yet you're the life alert reject who can't get off the floor. Just sad. Do you need help up?

TINA

Yeah.

RICHARD

What was that? Yes?

TINA

I SAID YES GOT DAMN IT.

Tina tries to pull Richard down in his attempt to help. Midway the hall, Big Boss Daddy walks out of his office, sees this tussle, and walks immediately back inside.

RICHARD

Fucking psycho. Hope you stay down there, Lord Farquard looking idiot... OK, enough. We are women in business. Seriously. Let me help you up. Don't try anything.

TINA

I won't. Thank you.

RICHARD
Psych! Sad little bitch.

Richard meanders off. Tina with an epiphany, begins to slowly drag herself towards BBD door. Richard is stopped just outside his temp-door by JOE, a young and overly energetic man that is blocking the entrance.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

Joe remains silent, blinking wildly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Something in your eye? I'm not a nurse.

JOE
I read that that would attract a mate.

RICHARD
I wouldn't know. Look, I am sure I'm flattered, but I don't know who you are. Do you even work here.

JOE
I'm in love with you.

RICHARD
Get in line.

JOE
Mike's in your office.

RICHARD
Head of the union, Mike. Or mustard stain Mike?

JOE
Head of--

Richard pushes Joe out of the way and closes door. Door handle falls off. Joe stares through it.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE

MIKE, a buttoned up, well dressed man waits in a slightly off balanced chair, to take no prisoners.

RICHARD

You know usually I don't allow for this sort of thing inside the office, but for you I'm going to make an exception.

MIKE

Did I need to make an appointment?

Richard throws the remaining items off of his temp-desk.

RICHARD

Don't play coy, Roy. Mike? You heard what everybody's getting into and you just had to have some for yourself. Sh. There's no shame in this gayme.

Richard begins unbuttoning.

MIKE

I'll get right to it. I came here to ask you one simple question, why should the Union back you as HR. But I have all the answers I need. This was very... enlightening.

RICHARD (DIRECT)

FUCK. Turn it around.
(to Mike, heart
accelerated, buttoning)
You're married right?

MIKE

Yes. And he wouldn't respect whatever this is attempting to be.

RICHARD

Not attempting... What is he a politician? A lobbyist?

MIKE

Teacher.

RICHARD

Private school?

MIKE

Public school.

RICHARD

I can respect that.
(heart calms, laser focus)
What I can't respect is thievery.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I know what you've been up to. Worked your way up to being ring leader, and you have this little ego thing going on. I like that. Ballsy. But now you're getting cocky. Must be pretty lucrative stealing off the floor. You clean the ledger well, always selling parts within that variable range of "missing" and "defunct", where no one's gonna notice. Not at first. But what will trip you up is your spending. First, the not so obvious. Your shoes. No marks. Odd for a full-time manager on the factory floor, don't ya think? Which lead me to Google, what can only be the scuff-less Jordans.

Richard swivels computer around, revealing \$1500+ shoe-site.

MIKE

They were a gift. For my anniversary.

RICHARD

Then there's the lies. Even if he could afford that on a teacher's salary, in the middle of summer. Your anniversary was six months ago, but you got those shoes last week. And I know what you're gonna say but they weren't on back order. See? Delivers in 2-5 business days. But its just shoes. Then today, you brag about a new car. Hmm those are two big purchases in a week. Sure, everybody needs a car. But it was such an easy purchase. People smell that. Bragging. How long do you think you have before they vote your cocky ass out of being leader? Or before they start catching you stealing? See Frank was an idiot. Kept his head in the ledger. Clocked in, clocked out. But I don't clock out. I--
(flips through blinds)
--see all. So can I count on your vote?

MIKE

I hate you.

RICHARD

And yet you and the whole Union are gonna back me. Unless you want us both out of a job.

MIKE

(exiting)

Damnit. Yes.

RICHARD

And I expect fifteen percent from your next cut.

MIKE (O.S.)

Fuck you.

RICHARD

You should've when you had the chance. Would've been cheaper for you. What do you want Joe?

Joe enters on one knee and extends his hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Get up before you embarrass both of us.

JOE

(as pushed out the door)

How did you know he was stealing?

RICHARD

A hunch.

(direct)

I had no fucking clue. I made all that shit up. I watch a lot of Sherlock. Man's got Cum in his name, mm. My kind of show.

Intercom blares rustily around the factory.

BIG BOSS DADDY (O.S.)

Could Richard please make your way to my office?

Factory uproars in a choral OOOOOH.

INT. BIG BOSS DADDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BBD's mouth is pressed directly against the microphone. A set of distinguishable nails hold down the talk button.

BIG BOSS DADDY
It's time for your review.

Factory gets louder with its OOOOOH's.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - ANXIOUS SECONDS INTO THE OOH'S

Richard hurls open the window.

RICHARD
(yelling below)
Shut up! Everybody just shut the fuck up. This is a completely standard review. All I ask is that you each remember what I did for you. And with you. And to you. Usually individually. But sometimes in a group effort. Lorne, you have the adrenaline of an Energizer bunny. And I could keep up. Sam, you were always full of surprises. Remember that time you tried to do a helicopter and hit your head so hard you had a concussion? No. Well I'm reminding you now. Titan, what can I say about Titan? Words cannot express just how--

BIG BOSS DADDY (O.S.)
Now. Before my lunch break.

RICHARD
(stomach rumbles)
Mm... Tim. I'm sorry. But I just lost the babies.

Tim dramatically falls to his knees. Joe comforts and lifts.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(direct, shutting window)
This is gonna go well for me.
Right?

INT. HALLWAY - NERVOUS SECONDS LATER

As Richard anxiously approaches Big Boss Daddy's office door, the light flickers out above. When it is back on, Tina stands, holding the door open.

RICHARD

How kind. You know, I think if this goes well in here, we could grow to be really good friends.

TINA

(rubbing smeared lipstick)
Little late for that.

RICHARD

No, I'm serious. We could do lunch--sometimes--and I could even bring you those pickled egg sandwiches that you so love to eat.

TINA

I'm allergic to eggs.

RICHARD

Then why the fuck do you always smell like them? Anyway, nice to see off your knees... for once.

INT. BIG BOSS DADDY'S OFFICE - THE TIME IS UNKNOWN

A panel of six judges sit in front of Richard: Mike, Tim, Joe, Big Boss Daddy, Tina and the Janitor. All are seated very far away, in this warehouse of a room, each enshrined in a witnessing light.

JANITOR

I'm just here to clean up any messes you may so happen to make.

RICHARD

I'm perfectly at ease.

JANITOR

Really? That looks like the face of a man that's about to throw up.

BIG BOSS DADDY

We have reviewed your performance over the last two weeks, and--

RICHARD

Wait. Don't I get a chance to plea my case? Before you do this. I won't bore you with what a great job I've done. Or how beloved I am here.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I won't suck up and tell you just how much this company means to me and to all the consumers across this satire of a nation. But I will say this, I don't want to be a temp-to-hire anymore! I want to be to-tally-hired! Please, please, please, please. HIRE ME! Choose me!

TINA

Sad.

BIG BOSS DADDY

And why do you think we should do that?

TINA

No. No, sir. We already agreed. Let's just vote.

RICHARD

Mike!

MIKE

I think you've said it all.

Panic ensues, the room spins and then. Click.

RICHARD

Form 202. Tina, did you sign form 202?

TINA

What is that? What are you talking about?

RICHARD

And what about you, sir?

BIG BOSS DADDY

I--

RICHARD

So, each of you have entered into a workplace relationship, despite the need to sign form 202 before any work place relationship transpires.

BIG BOSS DADDY

We're not in a relationship.

RICHARD

Or, addendum B, 'relations'. Given that it is company policy you don't really have the excuse of 'not knowing.' But in case that would be what you'd say, two people can't enter this job that are relational. Which means, one of you will have to go. You know if you want whatever you're labeling this tragedy to continue. But it's still a gray area considering you performed it on company grounds. Which is also a little--No judgement.

JANITOR

Are we sitting where you two--

Everyone slides away from the relational pair.

BIG BOSS DADDY

There's no way you could tell all of that.

RICHARD

Me? Oh, please. I know when two people have been fucking. Tina hasn't been this nice in--well I've only known her two weeks--but decades.

TINA

I'm 19!

Poppers fly out of Tina's bra and roll onto the floor. Everyone slowly begins to clap.

TIM

By George, he did it!

TINA

Wait a minute. WAIT A GAYD DAMN MINUTE. You've slept with half the work force. 64 people. And where is your paper work? Where is it?

RICHARD

Funny you should ask. I had a feeling you would. Considering you're a sniveling little bitch.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Richard waits for a large PDF document to upload, at desk.
OOOOH's trickle in from the factory below. The hands of each
worker waves through the air, signing form after form of 202.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Though I am employed by the temp
agency and am not employed by this
company, I still did my due
diligence. The proof is in your
email box. Go ahead and check it.

INT. BIG BOSS DADDY'S OFFICE - PRESENT TIME

Everyone checks their phones.

MIKE

Anyone getting cell reception?

TIM

Use the Wifi.

JANITOR

We have Wifi?

RICHARD

See. I may do things a little
unorthodox. But none of you can
disagree that I don't make for a
good HR person. Agree--Please,
don't even try to retort. None of
you even know what HR IS?

(direct)

No seriously, what is it?

(to Judges)

Clearly, or you wouldn't be so in
need of sensitivity training and to
be informed of the very forms your
own company requires from you. No
one is more hard-working, well, at
the very least no one is more
observant than me. Mike!

MIKE

He sees basically everything.

TINA

That's not a good reason to hire--

Phone rings. Big Daddy answers it, with an unchanging face.
Nods and hangs up.

BIG BOSS DADDY
We have reached a verdict.

Massive, gaping pause.

RICHARD
Spit it the fuck out already.

Everyone yells at BBD for his inability to read the room.

BIG BOSS DADDY
You're hired.

RICHARD
YES!!!

JOE
I love you, Richard!

TINA
How? Why?!

BIG BOSS DADDY
Because Frank is dead.

RICHARD
(unable to contain smile)
Oh... no... That's--awful.

BIG BOSS DADDY
Please get out of here, before I
regret this decision any further
than I already do.

RICHARD
Absolutely. You won't be
disappointed in me, sir. Mike. Joe,
Janitor, that bitch, and tiny Tim.

JANITOR
I have a name.

RICHARD
Yippee!

BIG BOSS DADDY
PLEASE. Don't say anything else.

RICHARD
Just one more thing. It's actually
pretty important. I expect your
completed 202 forms on my desk by
the end of the day.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You know what, I'm feeling
generous, make it by the morning.

EVERYONE

PLEASE GO!

Richard clicks his heels, with joy-filled expression. Forming a conga line which is joined by all the very form 202 factory workers.

INT. HALLWAY, JUST OUTSIDE OF OLD FRANK'S OFFICE - SOME DAYS
LATER

Lettering now reads 'HR RICHARD'. Tina runs by and scrapes off the second 'R'. Keeps walking. Runs back and rips off 'ARD'.