

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Close-up of K - their eyes peering from the tops of their sockets. Close-up of a WALL CLOCK - its second hand SLO-MO ticking toward the "12" - the minute hand just about to hit the "2" (10 past). The hands hit their mark. Return to normal speed. Wide shot of K rising from their chair, tilting their head toward the Employee Break Chart.

K
(to the chart)
I've got your back, Tango.

K moves toward the door as L strides in and heads directly to the refrigerator.

K (CONT'D)
10 minutes past 11. Hmm, I --

L
Stick a sock in it, K. I don't play.

L turns and squares off at K. K eyes L up and down quickly. Starts to exit.

K
I think that's a great time to take a break.

L
And you better not have touched my yogurt.

K
(their voice receding)
I'm lactose intolerant!

L turns, opens the refrigerator, its door now hiding them from... H who appears at the entrance to the Break Room, looks up at the clock on the wall, then down at their wrist watch. Shakes their arm down and the watch back to their wrist in frustration.

H
Dang Casio lost 44 seconds!

H steps into the room. Sees the refrigerator door open. Moves toward it purposefully.

H (CONT'D)
Hello! Anyone remember a little thing called an oil embargo?

L closes the refrigerator door, yogurt in hand, turns toward H confused.

H (CONT'D)

L. Oh. Hello. It's you. In person. In the flesh. That's a weird expression. Of course you're in the flesh. If you weren't you'd be dead. Or at least in a lot of pain. What's happening to my mouth?

L

It's speaking. That's the start of your problems.

L looks at H who seems locked in a weird toothy grin.

L (CONT'D)

Though apparently not all of them.

H

I could, you know, come back when it's a better time for you. Like, I don't know, when you're not here.

L's eyes flash to the Employee Break Chart and then back to H.

L

No. It's fine. This new Break Chart has everyone acting insane.

L looks back - same goofy expression on H's face.

L (CONT'D)

Some more than others.

L takes a seat, opens the yogurt while pulling out a cellphone. H still stands where they landed at the start of the scene. H watches L stare and swipe at the phone for a long beat. Finally -

H

May I have a doughnut?

L jumps.

L

Jesus!

H

(looking perplexed)
May I have a doughnut, Jesus?

L
Oh my god - eat whatever you want!
Just... do it... over there.

H moves toward the boxes of doughnuts.

H
(whispering)
Okay. Sorry. You were concentrating. I'll
just take a doughnut. Preferably of the
non-crunchy variety.

Something on the phone catches L's attention who sits up
straighter.

H (CONT'D)
I think this one is jelly. That seems a
safe bet.

L
H?

H
I wasn't talking!

L
Have you ever heard of Anger Aging?

H
I don't much keep up with the popular
music scene. But if you ever need to hear
a simply glorious rendition of Mahler's
1st symphony --

L
They say that people who are angry all
the time age faster. That's bullshit!

H
Gosh, you don't look a day over 40.

L
That's because I'm 35 you moron!

H
And who says you have anger issues?

H smiles that same weird toothy smile - this time though
his teeth are covered in raspberry jelly.