

# OFFICE SHOWDOWN

(A scene for 2 actors)

by

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

SID sits in a large desk chair, his back to the door. Tie off, top button undone, he laughs into his desk phone.

SID

You don't have to tell me. I work with the woman. No, no. of course not. But you and I both know what your company needs and it's not a woman's touch.

(Laughs)

WELL, obviously I can't make you come with me, but I also can't stop -

The receiver goes dead. MADDIE'S finger lifts away from the phone.

SID starts to spin his chair around but a firm grip holds it fast. MADDIE leans in beside him.

MADDIE

I just *know* --

SID's outraged, about to explode.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

-- That wasn't important.

SID thinks twice, not certain what she overheard. He plays it off.

SID

No, no. Not even business. I'm off. Done for the day.

MADDIE

That's good. Wouldn't want to think we were overworking you. Driving you away.

SID'S hand falls on an exposed file, which he nonchalantly tries to slip into a drawer.

MADDIE deliberately places a hand on the edge of the desk, preventing him from closing the drawer all the way.

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SID

Uh, listen, Maddie, I know that,  
before, we've um...

Her tone shifts quickly.

MADDIE

We've what, Sid? "Been through a  
lot?" "Had our ups and downs?"

He's confused, but thinks he's got an idea what's going  
on.

He's wrong.

SID

Maddie, look, we had a good thing.  
A *great* thing, but --

She leans in, seductively.

MADDIE

What's the matter? Don't want to  
show me what's...in your drawers.

Her hand darts in, grabbing files. One leg keeping his  
chair at a distance, she scans them.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Anthologene, Debu-tan, Playville.

SID

Those are --

MADDIE

-- Not your accounts, I know.  
They're mine. It's all mine. My  
company.

SID

Am I fired?

MADDIE

So you can poach everyone you  
planned to?

(she laughs)

No-oo. You will stay. You'll be a  
good boy. Smile and nod.

He starts to object, but think better of it. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

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MADDIE (CONT'D)

There. Just like that. I need you to keep wearing a brave face for our clients, to keep them here and keep them happy. I'll make it easy for you. Picture a cafe, your wife and I chatting over drinks. Picture your marriage, your house, your car, all gone. Just hold onto that image. Let it be your guide. In the meantime I'll assign you an apprentice who you will train in your accounts. Introduce them to the clients, make them look good, so that, one by one, discreetly and amicably, they can take your place. Use any story you like about your departure; mid-life crisis, caring for a sick aunt, whatever helps you keep the illusion of your pride. The point is you leave without me destroying you. I'd think carefully on the alternative. Have a good night, Sid.