OVERACHIEVERS\_DRFT\_1

Written by

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## INT. CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

WILLIAM, overworked and stressed, is preoccupied with the ludicrously tall stack of papers on his desk, when EMILE \* happens to walk past ... EMILE (stopping) William? What are you still doing here? Everybody's heading down to \* the bar to celebrate Lisa's divorce \* \* going through. William doesn't turn around ... \* WILLIAM Yeah, no, I'm not going, I got waaay too much stuff to do. \* \* (gestures to pile) Tell Lisa I said congrats. \* \* Emile watches William scribbling away, working oh-so-hard... \* EMILE Oh. I see. You're in one of your "I have to be ultra successful so daddy will love me" moods again. \* \* \* WILLIAM I'm not in a mood. The things that I have to do everyday if I want \* \* succeed are not a "mood." \* EMILE You're right. Taco Tuesday is a mood. Drunken karaoke on a workday \* \* is a mood. Breaking your back for your dad's approval...not so much. \* \* WILLIAM (scoffs) \* \* Yeah. Right. And you don't seek other people's approval? \* EMILE \* Absolutely! Starting with my own. Look how stressed you are, William! You're clearly living your life for your dad when you need to be living your life for you. \* WILLIAM (scoffs) You've been here longer than me! And no offense, I don't want to get stuck here with only divorces to \* \* \* look forward to. \* EMILE First off, ouch. Second, I am not \* stuck. \*

(MORE)

EMILE (CONT'D) I love my job and I'm ridiculously amazing at it but the day it pisses me off more than I enjoy it, I'm outta here. That's the kind of attitude you need to have.

## WILLIAM

Easy for	you to say. You have no
ideā the	amount of pressure I'm
under. I	can't fail.

EMILE Look, if I cared about what <u>my</u> dad or anybody else thought, I wouldn't be half as fabulous as I am now.

WILLIAM

So you're saying I should stop trying so hard and just be happy being mediocre? No can do. Maybe next time?

He turns back to his work.

EMILE Look around, William. I'm not the one who's stuck. Hope you change your mind...

Emile leaves. William looks at the stack on his desk and sighs: Emile's right but he just can't give up now.

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