

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A pile of folders are dumped into an "IN BOX". PULL BACK to find SIMON, an ordinary guy, business attire, sitting in cubicle. His arrogant BOSS hovers above his desk with a coffee mug that reads: "I'll Decide".

BOSS
Going to need all those on my desk by eleven.

SIMON
Ah, sure thing. I'll get right on these for you. These...
(re: folder)
...really awesome cost reports.

BOSS
Thanks, Steve.

SIMON
It's Simon, sir. *

BOSS
(couldn't give a shit)
Okey Dokey.

His BOSS struts off and chats up an attractive female co-worker, MERCEDES.

As Simon adjusts the NAME PLACARD on his desk which clearly reads: SIMON GARRETT... Another CO-WORKER haphazardly drops more folders on top of it.

OLDER EMPLOYEE
(over his shoulder)
You're a popular man, Steve.

SIMON
(calls after him)
It's Simon. And I've been working here two years!

RONALD, Simon's cubicle mate, motions to "simmer down".

RONALD
Geez. You're freaking everyone out, Steve.

SIMON
My name is Simon!

Simon is tapped on the shoulder by a DELIVERY GUY. *

DELIVERY GUY *

Simon *Garrett*? *

SIMON *

Yeah. *

DELIVERY GUY *

Sign here. *

The Delivery Guy pushes a clipboard at him to sign. Simon notices that he seems antsy, as if eager to get rid of this package. Simon signs and the Geek hands him a SMALL BOX. Simon notices that there is NO ADDRESS on it. *

SIMON *

Who's it from? *

But when he turns, the Geek is gone. Simon sighs and pries open the box. On top, a CARD with a message reads: *

TAG... YOU'RE IT *

Confused, he tosses it in the trash. Then pulls an OBJECT from the box -- Jet black with no seams or imperfections. A clean, perfect CUBE. *

Simon rotates THE CUBE in awe, taking in his reflection on the shiny outer shell. Simon tries to TWIST it open. Nothing. He holds it up to his ear and shakes it. He gives it a little sniff, and, when he's sure no one is looking... a little lick. Simon looks up-- *

MERCEDES stands at the WATER COOLER, staring at him. *

SIMON (CONT'D) *

(covering badly) *

South Beach Diet. Very deep into it. *

Simon quickly sets it down and plays it cool. Mercedes shoots him a strange look and walks off. He blew it. *

DING! An incoming e-mail chimes. *

Simon checks it. There's no subject heading, it simply reads: "PICK UP YOUR PHONE". *

SIMON (CONT'D) *

Huh? *

The phone RINGS. Simon looks at the phone and then back *

Because you are the only one who can do
it.

CLICK. The line goes DEAD. Is this for real?! *

Simon rummages the trash and finds the MESSAGE. Then
grabs the Cube and weighs it in the palm of his hand... *

He takes a deep breath and drops OUT OF FRAME. *

INT. OFFICE - SAME *

Slouched low, Simon slinks across the office, under
several people's DESKS. *

He crawls past an open office. A CO-WORKER doubles
takes. *

Just as Simon clears a row of cubicles... THE MEN round
the corner, heading toward his empty station. *

He spies the 'EXIT' and makes for it! *

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY *

Simon exits the building and takes off briskly walking,
trying not to draw attention to himself. *

He glances over his shoulder, but TRIPS. THE CUBE
Bobbles around in his hands before he regains control. *

A huge sigh of relief. But when he looks up -- THE MEN
have followed him outside. *

SIMON *

Oh, great! *

Simon breaks into a sprint. Startled pedestrians move
out of his way, as THE MEN move in pursuit. *

Simon ducks into an... *

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY *

Simon takes behind a DUMPSTER, waiting for the men to
pass him by. Suddenly, his phone RINGS, startling him. *

SIMON *

(answers, hushed) *

I can't talk. I'm kind of in the middle
Of something. *

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

I bet you are.

SIMON

You!

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

Me. You do realize you are going the
wrong way?

SIMON

I am?!

Simon scans the street. He clutches THE CUBE tightly.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you're going to tell me
what this thing is, are you?

(no answer, smirks)

Yeah, I didn't think so. Better go.

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

Indeed. And Simon...

SIMON

Yes?

THE WOMAN

Nice tie.

Simon takes off. But immediately spots TWO MORE MEN!
They see him too.

He rounds a corner, ascends some steps, then HOPS THE
RAILING.

THE WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now make a left at the next corner.

Simon, distracted, makes a RIGHT TURN instead, nearly
barreling into THE MEN FROM THE OFFICE!

THE WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Your other left.

Before he can catch his breath, he is off again.

SIMON *
 (flustered) *
 How do you know this stuff?! *

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY *

Simon sprints up an outdoor stairwell. He loses the *
 connection, shakes the phone. *

SIMON *
 No, no, no. Crap! *

Simon pockets the phone as he reaches the top floor. *

As THE MEN make their way up the stairwell behind him... *
 Simon slips into a CLOSING ELEVATOR. *

As THE MEN near the top, WE SEE Simon descending past *
 them in a glass elevator. He burst out at street level. *

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY *

Simon charges down the street. There is no one behind *
 him. But he is running full speed. Exhilarated. *

He is completely out of breath, yet couldn't be smiling *
 wider... Simon is loving this! He exits frame. *

CLOSE ON: DOORBELL *

DING DONG. A finger pushes the button. *

EXT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY *

Simon studies THE OBJECT in his hand, then grins. He *
 sets The Cube down on the doormat and leaves. WE LINGER *
 on THE OBJECT until... The door opens. *

As a PHONE RINGS in the background we... *

CUT TO BLACK. *

FADE IN: *

INT. OFFICE - DAY *

Simon, arms overflowing with folders, walks into his *
 Boss's office and dumps them everywhere. *

SIMON *

I quit, Gerald. *

BOSS *

It's Gary. *

SIMON *

(couldn't give a shit) *

Okey Dokey. *

Simon loosens his tie and strides out of the office... *

...past a group of CO-WORKERS who stare in amazement. *

Mercedes swoons: *

FEMALE EMPLOYEE *

Wow, Steve is such a bad ass. *

CUT TO BLACK: *