

Steven Myerschmidt Bites the Big One (2nd draft)

By

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INT. STEVEN MYERSCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is large and oak paneled, featuring a wall-sized window. The furniture is old but solid and classic in design.

STEVEN MYERSCHMIDT (42) sits in his office chair and drums his fingers on his desk. He bites his lip and adjusts his tie.

NARRATOR (V.O)

This is Steven Myerschmidt.

Steven spins in his chair to face the large office window over-looking a marsh, and beyond that, fields of wheat.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

ALAN RUMKIN (40) stands on a makeshift riser in front of a small crowd consisting of factory workers, secretaries, and engineers. They carry homemade picket signs, many with phrases scrawled across a solar panel.

ALAN RUMKIN

What do we want?!

Alan looks at the crowd expectantly.

INT. STEVEN MYERSCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

LOUD MUFFLED CHANTING can be heard from below.

NARRATOR (V.O)

This is not a good day for Steven Myerschmidt.

Steven spins to face his desk again. He looks into the camera and shakes his head in agreement with the Narrator.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Alan Rumkin stands on the makeshift riser in front of the small crowd.

ALAN RUMKIN

What do we want?

The crowd shifts uncomfortably, some looking at their shoes, looking at the sky, or scratching their chins. A WIRY WOMAN in a sensible plaid suit jacket and skirt raises her arm slowly.

WIRY WOMAN
A safer work environment?

There is general nodding of heads and murmurs of agreement.
A FACTORY WORKER cups his hands around his mouth.

FACTORY WORKER
Better pay!

The crowd responds with more head nodding and murmured approval. Another SECRETARY steps forward.

SECRETARY
Environmentally sound business practices!

MAN'S VOICE
The right to wear jeans on Fridays!

The murmuring becomes louder as the crowd seems to draw nearer to Alan Rumkin.

ALAN RUMKIN
And when do we want it?

The crowd responds in staggered succession.

CROWD
NOW!

INT. STEVEN MYERSCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

Steven sits looking at a memo on his desk, which reads:

ALERT: SAFETY MEMO. PLEASE BE ADVISED...

He brushes the memo away and continues to tap his fingers on the desk. Then, realizing this, he stops. He adjusts his perfectly straight tie once more.

NARRATOR (V.O)
Steven Myerschmidt has worked for the Maynor and Stent Solar Panel Manufacturing Company for 10 years.

INSERT: a photograph of Steven shaking hands with a CEO in front of the "MAYNOR AND STENT SOLAR PANEL MANUFACTURING" sign. ZOOM in to see a look of excitement on Steven's face and a look of mild distaste on the CEO's.

NARRATOR (V.O)
 He married Wendy Johnson straight
 out of college.

INSERT: a wedding photo of Steven and WENDY. PAN down to see
 a baby bump.

NARRATOR (V.O)
 And he is a member of the Lickety
 Splits bowling team at his local
 Pin Heads Bowling Alley.

INSERT: a photograph of Steven in a bowling alley with his
 arms raised in victory.

CHEERING and the CRASH of bowling pins is heard OFF-SCREEN.

ZOOM in to see only one of the pins has been knocked down.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Steven steeples his fingers and rests his chin on them. The
 SOUNDS OF THE WORKERS is getting LOUDER. Steven goes to the
 window and looks down to the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

A small man carrying a cardboard box makes his way through
 the crowd towards Alan Rumkin. He begins to pull something
 out of the box. From his office window Steven looks down on
 the crowd.

NARRATOR (V.O)
 Oh dear, thought Steven
 Myerschmidt. Someone has found a
 megaphone.

Steven puts his hand to his temple, clearly agitated. The
 megaphone SQUEALS as it is turned on. Steven winces at the
 sound. Alan Rumkin lifts it to his mouth and turns his
 attention to Steven's window.

ALAN RUMKIN
 Attention, bourgeoisie pigs of the
 autocratic ruling board of Maynor
 and Stent Solar Panel Manufacturers
 Ltd. We, the proletariat, have
 decided, as it is within our right
 as union workers to do, to declare
 a cease-work!

CHEERS from the crowd. Alan Rumkin SHUSHES them before
 continuing.

ALAN RUMKIN

We will not work again until our demands have been met by the fascist snakes that run this company!

Through the window, Steven sighs deeply. The megaphone SQUEALS as it is turned off.

INT. STEVEN MYERSCHMIDT'S OFFICE - DAY

Steven turns from the window and stands in front of his desk.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Steven deeply regretted suggesting "Animal Farm" for the company's book club that month.

INSERT: A photograph of a MALE WORKER reading "Animal Farm"

Steven sighs deeply, nodding his head again.

There is a large THUD and Steven spins to see an uncooked hamburger stuck to the bottom half of his otherwise spotless window. The hamburger starts to slide unceremoniously down the window and eventually becomes unstuck as it falls to the ground below.

Steven turns from the window, and adjusts his tie once more.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Steven knew he would have to go down there. Regardless of the curry stain on his tie that he was so agitatedly adjusting.

Steven looks down at his tie in shock. He finds the small curry stain and attempts unsuccessfully to rub it out. He gives up, straightens his tie, and leaves the office.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Steven exits the building and makes his way to the makeshift riser. He stands on it, as Alan Rumkin is in the midst of the crowd now, riling them up. The crowd JEERS when they see Steven.

WOMAN'S VOICE

The company is too right wing!

MAN'S VOICE

No! You're too left-wing!

MALE WORKER

We want wings!

WE SEE: A photograph of the male worker reading "Animal Farm" PAN down to reveal a "Coles Notes for Animal Farm" book highlighted and underlined greatly.

Steven waves his hands, trying to hush the crowd. Alan Rumkin turns on the megaphone again with a loud SQUEAL, even though he is only meters away from Steven.

ALAN RUMKIN

Puppet!

VOICES IN THE CROWD

Crook! Snake! Puppet!

Steven waves them away once more. He coughs and clears his throat.

NARRATOR (V.O)

And Steven began to speak.

Steven looks skyward, mildly concerned, and a bit miffed at being cut off. He looks back down and opens his mouth to speak. We see, but do not hear Steven giving a rousing speech.

NARRATOR (V.O)

He told them that their complaints were being noted and that the company would be informed immediately of their malcontent.

Steven seems to be the only one who can hear the narrator and cannot hear his own voice. The crowd looks at Steven expectantly as Steven pauses to look around for the narrator.

NARRATOR (V.O)

He urged them to think through their actions. To think of the good that this company has done.

PATRIOTIC MUSIC PLAYS. Steven continues to give his speech with gusto.

NARRATOR (V.O)

The tree planting, the Africa fund, the other generic charity.

The members of the crowd look at each other, puzzled. Steven pauses, looking out at the crowd expectantly.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Steven Myerschmidt was lying. He said it anyways. If he could convince these people that the company was a safe haven and that the world was a bleak and dismal place without the corporations, then perhaps he would keep his bonus.

The PATRIOTIC MUSIC ENDS. MABEL (50) a doughy woman with tan ample arms, shakes a sign saying: CHANGE COMES FROM WITH IN atop a crude drawing of a CEO's innards being skewered by a claw.

MABEL

Lies!

NARRATOR (V.O)

Mabel was quite accurate.

Mable's outburst seems to snap the mob out of their daze. Steven sighs. Alan Rumkin, still wielding the megaphone comes to the front of the crowd as Steven steps down from the riser.

ALAN RUMKIN

You capitalist swine! Come play in the muck of the lower class like the bourgeoisie pig that you are!

A man waves a solar panel in the air. Others follow suit.

MAN'S VOICE

We want more than a 10% cut!

OTHER MAN'S VOICE

We're tired of your guff!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Vive Le Quebec Libre!

A solar panel flies through the air towards Steven. FREEZEFRAME the moment before Steven gets hit in the head.

NARRATOR

And that is when the first solar panel was thrown. Directly at Steven Myerschmidt's right temple.

UNFREEZEFRAME. The solar panel hits Steven in the head and he falls to the ground. He stares up from the concrete as people step over his body waving signs and lighters, CHANTING IN VICTORY.

NARRATOR

Steven Myerschmidt's last thoughts as he lay dying on the hot asphalt were not of his life achievements.

INSERT: a photograph of Steven shaking hands with a CEO in front of the "Maynor and Stent Solar Panel Manufacturing Company" sign.

NARRATOR

Nor his unfinished bucket list.

INSERT: a photograph of Steven climbing a mountain and smiling proudly.

NARRATOR

Nor even of his doting wife.

INSERT: a photograph of Wendy gardening.

Steven continues to lay on the ground as blood pours out of his head. The workers begin to set their strike signs on fire and wave them overhead. They begin tossing solar panels willy-nilly.

NARRATOR

No, Steven Myerschmidt's last thoughts were about the memo he had received regarding the chemical they used as a sealant for the solar panels.

INSERT: The safety memo from Steven's desk. Some choice words pop out of the memo. It reads: ALERT: SAFETY MEMO. PLEASE BE ADVISED... HIGHLY TOXIC... IMMEDIATE RECALL...

Steven lies on the ground blinking slowly. The sound around him is MUFFLED.

NARRATOR

He wondered if it really was as flammable as the engineering department said it was, and if flammable and inflammable really meant the same thing.

Steven closes his eyes. We hear a large EXPLOSION.

CUT TO BLACK