

GRUMP OLD GEEKS

by

SIDDFINCH

10 REM THIS IS MY PROGRAM

Copyright 2007

siddfinch
siddfinch@manboobs.com

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM

A modern living room where three friends, HELLER, SIDDFINCH, and SLYMER, are sitting around drinking. The coffee table is littered with beer bottles. An empty bottle of Jim Beam sits on the table surrounded by cell phones and pagers.

Camera moves towards a clock sitting on the mantle, the clock reads 8:37.

Camera pans to the couch where the three are sitting, computer magazines and books are clustered around the floor.

SIDDFINCH

(exasperated)

Who schedules seven hours of conference calls on a Friday. I am going to have to start wearing diapers at work.

HELLER

Dude, you work from HOME! Just take the phone into the bathroom

SIDDFINCH

I had to stop that. Lost too many phones in the toilet and a laptop in the tub.

SLYMER

How did you lose a laptop in the tub?

SIDDFINCH

Well, it had been a rather stressful, busy 14 hours. So, while finishing up a root cause analysis call, I couldn't stand my smell any more. So I took a bath

Camera pans to Heller, who spits his beer.

HELLER

You take baths?

Camera snap pans to Slymer, who tips his beer bottle towards Siddfinch.

SLYMER
(Laughing)
Farting in the tub while on a
conference call.

Camera pans back to group.

VODAK (O.S.)
That is more than a little fucked
up.

Heller raises his hand, shaking it to get attention

HELLER
No, fucked up was my self
review. Who in their right mind?

SLYMER
What the hell do you know about
right minds.

HELLER (CONT'D)
Takes these seriously! What are
they trying to do? Take a
personality survey to compare when
they are hiring our out sourced
replacements?

Heller pauses to take a drink.

HELLER
I found myself overworked and
vastly overpaid.

DISSOLVE TO:

COMPUTER SCREEN

A computer screen is shown with a text conversation between
Heller, Siddfinch, Slymer, and Vodak. A clock indicates it
is working hours.

SLYMER (O.S.)
You work? We work?! I thought we
just got paid to help waste oxygen
and contribute to global warming.

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

SIDDFINCH
No, I am just eye candy.

CLOSE UP OF SIDDFINCH'S FACE

Camera span pans to Siddfinch and shakes.

BACK TO SCENE

SLYMER
What the hell happened to the days
when we actually spent time
WORKING?

VODAK (O.S.)
What I do isn't work, more like
torture with meager wages.

SLYMER (CONT'D)
Admining servers, programming and
generally be productive and
busy. What the hell caused it all
to go away and be replaced with
busy work. Simple time consumption
is now called productivity. I
spend more time in teleconferences,
that I have nothing to do with,
where a computer might be
needed. Hell, everything needs a
computer these days, just give me
the specs!

SIDDFINCH
We are aging the best years of our
lives trying to see if we can force
a phone to grow out of or attach to
our ears. Non-productive Darwinism
if you ask me.

HELLER
Losing time better spend working
and actually doing something
useful.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Several still shots of porn sites.

BACK TO SCENE

VODAK (O.S.)
Losing drinking time!

EXT. GREAT LAKES BREWERY.

Several still shows of the GLB and GLB beer bottles.

BACK TO SCENE

HELLER (CONT'D)
I don't mind working, but let me DO
something. Not waste away trying
to see if I can sit at my desk, on
the phone, watching paint grow!

VODAK (O.S.)
Paint grow?

SLYMER
(Towards O.S.)
He is on a roll, don't bug him.

SIDDFINCH
Trained, like dogs, to jump like
stink on shit.

VODAK (O.S.)
Jump like stink on shit? I need
more shots, this is getting
confusing.

Camera pans to Slymer shaking his head and then back to the scene.

SIDDFINCH (CONT'D)
When a pager goes off or a cell
phone rings.

SLYMER
(Angered)
Oh no. No. No you didn't!

Camera span pans to the cell phones and pages. A ring is heard. Then another. Then another. Then, finally, another. Hands grab the phones.

SIDDFINCH (O.S.)
Hello.

SLYMER (O.S.)
Hello.

HELLER (O.S.)
Yes.

VODAK (O.S.)
What.

SLYMER (O.S.)
Umm .. Huh? Wait. The
Sun? What. Oh no. Wait.

HELLER (O.S.)
No! Perhaps. Wait.

SIDDFINCH (O.S.)
Python? I am tired of this snakes
in the data center! Hold on for a
second.

VODAK (O.S.)
Hold your horses.

Four sets of hands start to grab and pass phones
around. The Benny Hill theme music is played while the
phones are passed back and forth.

SLYMER'S FACE

A framed shot of Slymer's face. He is holding the cell
phone.

SLYMER
Sorry, somebody grabbed the wrong
phone. Yes. That server is
currently unaccessible. Just like
for the past four years, every
Friday we have to stop the database
to do a complete backup. FOUR
YEARS.

HELLER'S FACE

A framed shot of Heller's face with the cell phone. He sips his beer.

HELLER

No. The data link is down so, well yes, you can't get to the data. The data isn't lost. Call networking to fix the data link.

SIDDFINCH'S FACE

A framed shot of Siddfinch's face. Once again, the camera shakes.

SIDDFINCH

Wait! I can barely understand you. Is this a change or a problem? Hold on.

Siddfinch removes the phone from his ear and hits his head on the wall.

SIDDFINCH

You have to follow procedure. Calling a random admin out of the blue will not get your problem fix. How long did it take you to find out my name and call me. Well, add that to how much time you have wasted. Please. Follow procedure. Thank you, call again.

BACK TO SCENE

Heller, Siddfinch, and Slymer all sit back down and grab their beers.

VODAK (O.S.)

You'll have to call sales. I understand you THINK it is an emergency, but you have to call them.

Heller walks off screen. He comes back with three beer bottles and one can of Budweiser.

SIDDFINCH
Groan. Shit.

HELLER
NEVER do that again!

Slymer takes the can from Heller. Heller and Slymer look at each other and nod.

SLYMER
You know that you have to do!

While Heller and Slymer look on, Siddfinch reluctantly grabs the can of beer. Opening the can, he chugs the entire beer.

VODAK (O.S.)
Never. Ever anger the off-hour
support gods by mentioning them.

Camera span pans to Siddfinch as he stands up. He runs off screen. He takes a swing at the camera as he passes it.

Camera pans back to the phones and they start to go off again.

Camera pans to Heller and Slymer who give a disgusted look towards the camera.

HELLER AND SLYMER
Vodak, you ASS!

SIDDFINCH (O.S.)
(Muffled)
Oh hell!

BLANK SCREEN

A blank screen dissolves into a message.

Budweiser.

Punishment from the Off-Hours Support Gods

Phones go off again.

ALL
SHIT!

FADE OUT: