

CONGRATULATIONS - Draft 1
An original screenplay

Shukra Natasha Gant

Shukra Natasha Gant

Shukrananda@gmail.com

INT. OFFICE - EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON

Applause. A celebration is in progress. Charming, quirky GILLY (30ish) is giving a speech. Oddball colleagues sip prosecco. An elongated coworker suspiciously sniffs her cake.

GILLY

I'll just finish by saying that there were many incredibly deserving candidates who applied for this position and I so look forward to working more closely with you...

Deathstare from her rival Derek (nicknamed) DARKLORD.

GILLY (CONT'D)

... All. Um, So lets raise our glasses! To infinity and beyond!.... Oh! And the cake's not vegan sorry.

Several people spit into napkins. As colleagues disperse her 'office buds' Geeky (yet HOT) JACK Spratt and emotional roly POLLY overcompensate with thumbs up and 'whoops' of encouragement. JACK and GILLY both blush when their eyes meet.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - LATER

Alone, GILLY slices into whats left of her enormous 'Congratulations!' cake.

GILLY

Get the Job. Neutralise the Baddy.
Tell the Guy how you feel. Do NOT
quote fucking buzz lightyear EVER..

Polly bursts in.

EMOTIONAL ROLY POLY

We're ALL GOING TO DIEEEEEEE

INT. OFFICE MAIN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Chaos in full swing. The end of the world news blares in the background. Throughout the office, People running, screaming, crying, snorting lines of cocaine, meditating. Two men disrobe each other passionately on a desk as their wives and kids stare out of framed photographs. Once friendly co workers fight to get down the stairs or into the overcrowded lifts. The cake sniffer binges under her desk. 'DARKLORD', gawks into space. GILLY clicks her fingers infront of his face.

GILLY (Panicking)
 What the hell did you put in
 that cake Polly? Oh God. I'm
 tripping. The whole office is
 tripping. Stay calm, go home.
 Deny everything. Where's Jack?
 JACK?!

GILLY searches for Jack and attempts to manouvre Polly to the stairs. Polly clings to the banister. GILLY shuffles her into the lift instead, handbags swinging.

INT. LIFT - CONT

As the lift doors close she spots JACK. Too late. Like a flash a fist stabs through preventing the doors from closing. 'DARK LORD' robotically enters the lift. The doors closes. POLY jibbers, (artistic licence) and takes a selfie. The three descend in Palpable tension. SUDDENLY, Dark Lord explodes in rage. Gilly puts a hand on his shoulder to calm him.

DARK LORD
 Don't touch me you fucking Whore!

He is Posessed. The doors open and he shoves Polly (I'm a little teapot) out of the lift. Gilly unsuccessfully struggles to free herself, she is pinned and pummelled. The doors close and Dark Lord hits the emergency 'stop'. With one hand crushing her windpipe, his free hand moves invasively over her body...

DARK LORD (CONT'D)
 I was thinking how I would like
 to spend my final hour. Who and
 what I would I do if I could get
 away with murder.....

She kicks him in the balls, he recoils. Suddenly, a tremor.. the power goes out. There is pitch black darkness and the sounds of struggle. Then, a seemingly endless silence. The Lights come back on. Blood is splattered on the lift wall.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - LATER

JACK, checks his R2D2 watch. 1 min until worlds end. The lift doors open. DARK LORD lies dead, a musical cake slicer embeded in his throbbing bloody neck. 'Congratulations!'

POLLY crawls across the lobby and meows.

GILLY (Exhausted)
 Jack... I'm having a really bad
 trip!.. I think.

A rapid Darkness descends as if from day to night as GILLY tearfully leaps from the carnage and into his arms.

JACK
I love you Gill.

Jack kisses Gilly expertly and passionately. She is totally stunned.

GILLY (Wide Eyed)
Wow.... Best. Trip. EVER!

They smile. His watch beeps. IMPACT.