

JACK IN THE BOX

Written by

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Based on the Web Series "No Good Deed."

by Julie Anne Wight

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ACT ONE

INT. APPEL SUPPORT CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

ROY sits in his cubicle in the middle of a busy office. He has a phone over his ear and types on a computer keyboard.

MR. STODGEMAN
(fearful)
Get that clown away from me!

Roy jumps at attention and looks over the cubicle panels. MR. STODGEMAN stands at the receptionist's desk.

DONALD
You have to go!

DONALD pushes a sandwich delivery CLOWN out the door.

MR. STODGEMAN
(angrily)
What does a guy need to do to get a sandwich around here!

Mr. Stodgeman grabs a Dark Roast cup of coffee from the desk and pours six packets of sugar inside the container. He takes a GULP.

MR. STODGEMAN (CONT'D)
Hmm. Needs more sugar.

Mr. Stodgeman takes a big bite of a sausage and biscuit sandwich. Grease drips from the sandwich down his hands and wets his shirt sleeves.

Roy approaches Donald and Mr. Stodgeman.

ROY
You want Jack in the Box Mr. Stodgeman?

Donald steps in front of Mr. Stodgeman

DONALD.
Not now Roy.

ROY
No, really, no worries. I'll go and get it.

Mr. Stodgeman pushes Donald aside.

MR. STODGEMAN
Bring it to me my boy.

DONALD
(coldly)
Roy, if you get Jack in the Box,
you've earned yourself a
commission.

Donald scoffs at Roy.

MR. STODGEMAN
Maybe he'll get the raise and your
job too Donald.

Donald, painfully, closes his eyes.

ROY
Don't you worry Mr. Stodgeman, I
won't let you down sir.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. MR. STODGEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Stodgeman sits back in a leather captain's chair behind a big oak desk. The room feels like old world charm. His suit lies crumpled on one side of his chair.

He relaxes with his leather shoes propped up on top of the desk. Roy approaches and KNOCKS on the open door.

MR. STODGEMAN
Come in Roy?

Roy stands at the door way. He holds a white paper bag.

ROY
Here it is, Mr. Stodgeman.

MR. STODGEMAN
Well, come in Roy. I don't have all day!

ROY
Here it is.

MR. STODGEMAN
You did it my boy!

Mr. Stodgeman rubs both his hands together in anticipation.

ROY
It was nothing, really.

MR. STODGEMAN
How can I ever repay you?

He lovingly opens his arms to Roy.

ROY
I'll think of something, Mr. Stodgeman.

Roy hands the white paper bag over to Mr. Stodgeman. He has a wide smile across his face.

ROY (CONT'D)
Is there anything else, sir?

MR. STODGEMAN

I'd like you to stay, and share
this with me my boy, but if you
must go then, it's all just for me.

Roy energetically walks out of Mr. Stodgeman's office and leaves the door slightly open. He does a little jig, clicks his heels together and gives the touchdown signal.

ROY

Oh, yes!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. MR. STODGEMAN'S OFFICE - DOOR**

Roy stands outside of Mr. Stodgeman's office. He hears the sound of paper that CRUMPLES.

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S.)
Eh, what's this? A little crank?

A TUNE of PLINK, PLINK, PLINK, PLINK, PLINKATY, PLINK, PLINK, PLINK, PLINK, PLINKA plays, then a LOUD BOINK!

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(emphatic)
Ah, God no! I hate clowns!

Roy's eyes wide.

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
Ooh, I don't feel so good.

Roy bites his lips.

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Donald! My chest! I can't move my arms!

Donald rushes past Roy in awe, and he enters Mr. Stodgeman's office.

Roy raises his hands and covers his face.

DONALD (O.S.)
Drool dribbles down the side of your lips Mr. Stodgeman?

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S.)
Nicker, nicker, gobble, gobble.

Roy nods.

DONALD (O.S.)
I'm sorry sir, I don't understand!

MR. STODGEMAN (O.S.)
Ga. Gah. Gah.

Roy raises his hands and covers his mouth.

DONALD (O.S.)
Oh my God, what happened!

Donald runs out of the office. Donald to Roy.

DONALD (CONT'D)
He's having a heart attack, call
911.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "No Good Deed"

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Roy sits on a couch. Ernest appears next to Roy on the couch in a hospital gown, and puts an arm around Roy's shoulder.

ERNEST

I saw what happened today.

ROY

Hmm. I'm on leave at work.

Ernest touches Roy's head.

ERNEST

Want to talk about it? Let me guess, an investigation?

ROY

Yeah. I thought he meant a toy clown not a sandwich.

Ernest brushes away Roy's hair from his eyes.

ERNEST

You didn't know his diet?

ROY

I assumed...I'm sorry it happened...double d's m's and m's.

Roy opens his eyes in surprise.

ERNEST

Not your fault, his veins were so clogged, they were ready to pop. He sprung a leak. Dirty engine. No worries kid, nope. Everyone has to go through them doors. No one's immune.

END OF EPISODE