THE SUN SETS ON THE HORIZON

EXTERIOR--The day is grey and overcast. An office building in a shopping complex. People are milling in and out of the buildings buying food and shopping.

INTERIOR--The office building inside the complex is square and unordinary. In fact it looks like it was repurposed from another type of building long ago. Inside is an open office floor plan with only one window near the ceiling. Men and women are staring at their screens typing and clicking. It is very quiet with only the clicking of the mouse and the clacking of the keys. Everyone looks exhausted and like a zombie. MALIK with clothes and hair disheveled and facial stubble is sitting at his desk yawning at the screen while he types. His eyes are closing. He catches himself as he starts falling asleep. He sits up straighter and starts typing again. Once more he starts falling asleep. He jumps out of his seat. The chair falls back.

Sound effect of chair: Umf!

Everyone sits up straighter, sees its Malik, and with a glazed look in their eyes go back to typing and clicking at their screens. Malik leaving his chair on the ground, stumbles out of the work area, to the elevator, and out of the building.

EXTERIOR—Malik stumbles out the door. The clouds part a little to reveal rays of sun. Malik covers his eyes then uncovers them. His pupils soften and contract due to the light. Malik stares into the grey clouds of the sky. It starts drizzling. The rays of the sun are still bright and hitting him. Malik realizes his shirt is sticking to him. He's sweating. It's humid and sticky. He sighs and collapses onto a nearby bench. He lets the drizzling rain hit him. It creates wet specks on his clothes. Malik watches as people unbothered walk through the drizzle and continue their shopping. A man sits next to Malik. The man offers him a bag. Malik stares at him. The man does not retract his extended arm. Malik takes the bag.

MAN: Chin up.

The man walks into the parking lot and into a nearby car. He drives away. Malik looks into the bag. It's a sandwich with an apple bought from one of the stores in the complex

MALIK [thinking]: Do I look homeless?

A woman walks up to him and gives him an umbrella. She pats him on the back and walks away. Malik stares at the umbrella

MALIK [thinking]: Seriously, do I look homeless?

Malik looks around. The woman is gone. The drizzle is becoming a steady pour. Malik tries to open the umbrella. The button is stuck. He can't get it up. A child sipping a juice box comes up to him. The child bangs the umbrella at the ground. The umbrella automatically opens up. The child gives him the juice box, waves, and skips off

MALIK [thinking]: I'm, I'm not…

Malik's shoulders slump. He walks underneath an awning, sits on the ground, and chomps down on the sandwich. He places the bag that his sandwich was in, in front of him. People start throwing coins inside. Malik tenses up then relaxes in defeat. He munches on his sandwich.

Scene 2

INTERIOR—office building

Malik is back inside the office building. The work area is just as he left it. Everyone glued eyes to their screens clicking and typing. His clothes are damp. The umbrella he was given is dripping at his side. Clarissa looks up from her screen

CLARISSA: You passed by the little bags to put your umbrella in by the elevator

MALIK: There weren't anymore.

CLARISSA: Of course there's more

[Clarissa goes back to typing and clicking at her screen. She never bothers to lift her eyes to see Malik. Malik rights his chair still on the floor. He drops the wet umbrella to the floor and throws himself into the chair]

MALIK: There haven't been more for weeks. You know that's the problem with this place? Things run out and you never know when there will be more. Someone threw out my coffee

CLARISSA: They did?

MALIK: Yep

CLARISSA: Savages

MALIK: Exactly

CLARISSA: You were savoring that coffee

MALIK: I was sipping it

CLARISSA: For weeks

MALIK: Many weeks

CLARISSA: Coffee is meant to be savored

MALIK: Exactly and who knows when we will get more

CLARISSA: More what?

MALIK: Coffee?

CLARISSA: Yeah…savages

MALIK: That's what I said. They expect us to work around the clock and they can't get us coffee

CLARISSA [mutters]: I hate coffee

MALIK: But that's not the point

CLARISSA: Yeah…

MALIK: Hardly even human

CLARISSA: What if they're not human?

MALIK: Who?

CLARISSA: I don't know. The people who refuse to get us coffee until forever so we have to sip and savor and then the cleaners throw it out. You were almost done.

MALIK: I was almost done. I was savoring that last little bit

CLARISSA: Maybe it's the cleaners who are savage

MALIK: Yeah…where did you go for lunch?

[Clarissa pauses and looks at Malik confused]

CLARISSA: Lunch?

MALIK: Yeah

CLARISSA: Oh yeah…

MALIK: I just kinda ended up outside. Not sure how I did that

CLARISSA: Yeah…

[Clarissa goes back to clicking and typing. Malik turns and also starts clicking and typing]

Scene 3

INTERIOR—Office building

It is an undetermined time at night. The building is still full of people clicking and typing. Malik logs off his computer. He yawns. His yawn is deeper and longer than earlier. He stands. His bones crackle and creak from sitting so long in the same position.

CLARISSA: Potty break?

Malik pauses as if thinking about it

MALIK: Naw, I'm going home

CLARISSA: You're going home?

MALIK: Yeah

CLARISSA: You're gonna be in big trouble if you don't finish your part by the deadline

MALIK: I know, but I can't take it. The sleep I get here sucks. I gotta go home. At least for one night

CLARISSA: Tell your parents I said hi

MALIK: I'll tell my whole family you said hi

CLARISSA: Once your sister gets married at least there'll be more space

MALIK [mutters]: Stinkin' Latanya. Watch that guy move in too

[Clarissa chuckles]

MALIK: Not funny

CLARISSA: You said it. Not me.

MALIK: I care more about my older brother getting a new job and taking his wife and kids with him. I love them, but man.

CLARISSA: It's tough out there

MALIK: These stupid corporations only think of themselves. It'll always be cramped. I'll never be able to be out on my own. You think a girl will understand? I'm still here at home?

CLARISSA: Malik?

MALIK: Yeah?

CLARISSA: That girl is still at her home too.

MALIK: I know but…

CLARISSA: She shouldn't judge…

MALIK: It's different for a guy though

CLARISSA: She shouldn't judge…

MALIK: I'm telling you