INT. OFFICE CUBICLE

WINSTON, an office temp, looking over a report.

ELSA, a senior office clerk goes to Winston’s desk and stops right behind him, and smacks him on the shoulder.

ELSA
Do you want anything from Chipotle? I’m picking up lunch for the office.

WINSTON
No thank you.

Elsa walks to the door and stops.

ELSA
Are you sure?

WINSTON
I’m sure.

ELSA
It’s Chipotle.

WINSTON
I’m good.

ELSA
I’ll just get you chips and guacamole.

WINSTON
No, thanks though.

ELSA
Okay, just the guac.

WINSTON
I’m good. Thanks though.

Elsa leaves. Winston gets back to work.

FRANK, a happy older supervisor comes up behind Winston and leans in real close.

FRANK
Winston! What’s happening? This report is looking great.

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON
Thanks. Actually, I had a few questions about this next part. On page 30-

FRANK
(interrupting)
Let’s talk Chipotle. I can’t decide if I should get a bowl or a burrito. I really want a tortilla, but I like to eat out of bowls. What’s your opinion?

WINSTON
You could get a bowl and ask for a tortilla on the side.

FRANK
Great thinking! I love it. So, what are you getting?

WINSTON
I had a late breakfast, so I’m not hungry. I might skip lunch altogether.

FRANK
I get it. I know you’re trying to impress me by working through your lunch, but this is Chipotle we’re talking about.

WINSTON
I’ve got a couple of protein bars if I get hungry. I’ll be alright.

FRANK
(gravely)
Seriously? What are you getting from Chipotle, Winston?

WINSTON
I’m really not that hungry.

FRANK
(upset)
Okay...I’m beginning to see some problems with this report. We’ll talk about this later.
(pointed)
When I get back from CHIPOTLE!

Frank leaves. Winston continues working. Phones rings.

WINSTON
Hello? No, I don’t want Chipotle! Who is this?!

ALAN, an H.R. manager, approaches Winston. Winston hangs up.

ALAN
I’m from human resources. Frank just filed an anonymous complaint about this Chipotle situation.

Frank and Elsa return to form a crowd and look on with judging eyes.

WINSTON
What?! But that just happened!

ALAN
H.R. moves fast, my friend.

WINSTON
Oh jeez. I just don’t want Chipotle, okay? I don’t understand why this is an H.R. matter.

ALAN
But why don’t you want Chipotle? You can customize your order. You can get a bowl or burrito. Soft taco, crunchy. Black beans or pinto beans. Guacamole. It’s two dollars extra, but so worth it.

WINSTON
So what?

ALAN
(loses temper)
So what?!
(calmer)
Listen Winston, I need you to start taking this Chipotle matter seriously.

Frank and Elsa grab Winston and restrain him.

WINSTON
What the hell is going on here? Let go of me.

Winston is unable to break free.

WINSTON
This isn’t funny.

ALAN
You still don’t understand, do you? This is a Chipotle company. It’s always been a Chipotle company.

WINSTON
Let go of me. I’ll call the cops.

ALAN
(laughs)
Where do you think they eat? Drop the charade, Winston. We’ve been on to you this whole time!

WINSTON
Okay. Okay. You got me. What now? What do you want from me?

ALAN
You’re not well. You’re mind is sick. Don’t you love Chipotle? Chipotle loves you.

WINSTON
You can torture me all you want, but you can’t make me love Chipotle. You don’t control my thoughts. You don’t control love!

ALAN
Love is not love. Belief is love. I believe in you, Winston. I can’t wait to see you again. Take him to the Chipotle room. Show him true love.

Cops show up and drag Winston off stage. Winston screams in agony like he’s being murdered. Frank and Elsa chat while slowly walking off stage.

FRANK
So what are you getting for lunch?

ELSA
I was thinking about Chipotle. I really want soft tacos, but I might go with crunchy. You?

FRANK
A bowl with tortillas on the side.

ELSA
Are you getting guacamole?

FRANK
Of course. It’s only 2 dollars extra.

LIGHTS GO OUT.