

Don't Press the Button
by David Kramer

INT. Conference room at a small company. The boss, CARL, is speaking to his employees, KEN AND JEWEL.

CARL

Alright guys, I wanted to call a meeting because I've been noticing some disturbing patterns in the office. Mainly, depression.

KEN

Oh that's actually convenient, I've been meaning to talk to you--

CARL

It's got to stop.

KEN

Yeah, I mean...I agree?

JEWEL (whispering)

Wait, Ken. Let's let him finish. Remember when he thought chicken pox was what they served for lunch?

CARL

You guys are not depressing the button enough! That's right folks, here at the button factory, we've been getting a lot of complaints about the buttons being already depressed. We need some more fresh buttons.

JEWEL is visibly upset.

JEWEL

I feel like you could phrase this better, it's a real problem.

CARL

I know it's a real problem. That's why from now on, we're going to turn off all the lights so there are no distractions. Also, no breaks.

KEN

There is no way that you have been getting complaints about us pressing the buttons, at most, three times before we ship them.

CARL

Oh really? Oh really Ken? You just *know* that?

Cut to a man, GARY, alone in his basement, about to open a package.
He has a scruffy beard and unkempt hair. He opens the box.

GARY

Oh. Oh it's already depressed. Of course it is.

GARY begins to quietly weep.

GARY (cont)

Aren't we all.

Fadeout.