

Pass Me the Pen

by Colin Fisher

INT. OFFICE

A cubicle with two desks, one empty and one occupied by MARV. STEVE and HR GUY walk up to the cubicle.

HR GUY

And here's where you'll be working. This is Marv. Marv, this is Steve. He just started here, he'll be sharing your cubicle with you.

Marv looks up and does a little double-take on Steve, tries to figure out how he knows him.

STEVE

Great, thanks.

HR GUY

Just let me know if you need anything.

HR Guy walks away. Steve sits down, Marv still looking at him.

STEVE

Hey, nice to meet you.

MARV

You too. You look really familiar, have we met?

Steve is used to this sort of thing. He's not surprised it's happening and he's not thrilled.

STEVE

No, I don't think so.

MARV

Really? Because I could swear...

Steve sighs.

STEVE

You probably saw me in a commercial about five years ago. That Bic pen commercial with the big Italian family?

MARV

Holy shit! Holy shit! That's totally you! "Pass-a the pen!"

Steve winces.

STEVE

Yep.

MARV

Wow man! You're like the most famous person I've ever met! What are you doing here?

STEVE

Uh, well, work kinda dried up after that. Turns out no one wants to put the "pass-a the pen" guy in an action movie. Or any movie. Or TV show. Or other commercial.

MARV

Huh, go figure. Well, welcome Steve! I'll let you get settled in and everything. So cool that you're sitting right here!

STEVE

Yeah. Thanks Marv.

Steve turns to his computer, turns it on, checks out the stuff on his desk. Marv picks up his phone and dials.

MARV

Hey babe. No. No, I won't. Shut up. Listen. There's a new guy in my cubicle. You're never gonna guess. Guess.

Steve looks over his shoulder at Marv like "seriously?"

MARV

I told you you wouldn't guess. Remember the "pass-a the pen" commercial? Yeah. That guy! He's right here, seriously!

STEVE

Hey, Marv? It's really not a big deal any more, I'd prefer it if you didn't--

MARV

Hang on babe. Shut up. What's that Steve?

STEVE

I'm really just trying to fit in here, so I'd prefer it if everyone didn't talk about that commercial all the time. That's all.

MARV

Oh, OK. Cool, I get it. Babe? Yeah, I don't think he's going to say it for you. Nah. OK. See you tonight. Shut up.

Marv hangs up the phone.

STEVE

I'm sorry, I don't want to be a dick. But people have been yelling that line at me on the street for five years. I really just want to move on.

MARV

I totally get it man, seriously.

HR Guy comes back with some papers.

HR GUY

Hey Steve, here's that tax and payroll stuff. Just fill that out and get it back to me as soon as you can.

STEVE

Great, thanks.

HR Guy leaves. Steve looks around his desk for something to fill out the forms with. It's empty. He turns around and sees a cup full of pens on Marv's desk. Steve looks like he wants to kill himself. He turns back, looks at the forms. Thinks. Gets out his keys and tries scratching his name on the form with them. It naturally doesn't work. He shakes his head, musters willpower.

STEVE

Marv, could you...hand me...something to write with.

Marv turns around slowly, malicious glee all over his face. He picks up a pen.

MARV

Like this?

STEVE

Yeah.

MARV

What is this again?

STEVE

It's something to write with. A writing utensil.

MARV

You mean a pencil? You're telling me this is a pencil?

STEVE

No, it's not.

MARV

What is it?

STEVE

Seriously man?

MARV

I'm just curious.

STEVE

It's a pen. A pen. You are holding a pen. Could you hand it to me?

MARV

I guess I *could*.

STEVE

Then would you please?

MARV

I dunno, "handing" it to you just sounds so...crude. Like, if we were at a fancy dinner table, I wouldn't just "hand" you the croutons, or whatever.

STEVE

But we're in an office. And I need that pen for these forms so I can get paid. So give it.

MARV

Not so fast Steve.

STEVE

Please don't do this.

MARV

Don't do what?

STEVE

I'm not going to say it.

MARV

Say what? Say what quarterbacks do with the football?

STEVE

They pass it. They pass the football.

Steve tries to snatch the pen. Marv pulls it back.

MARV

Look, just say it once. Say it this one time and I'll never ask you to say it again. I promise. I won't tell anyone who you are, and I won't ask you to say it again.

STEVE

You promise?

MARV

Totally.

STEVE

Fine. "Pass-a the pen!"

MARV

HAHAHAHA YES! YES!

Marv hands Steve the pen. He turns to write on his forms. The pen's dry.

STEVE

It doesn't work.

MARV

Yeah, these are all old as shit. I never use them.

Steve bangs his head on the desk.

END