

THE DISK

By

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INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

A yellow clasp envelope is slid under the door. CALVIN (21) picks it up. He carefully opens it. He pulls out a typed note from the BOSS (60's). He reads.

BOSS (V.O.)

Dear Mr. K, I'm sorry we could not meet in person. I need to keep to myself until all of this blows over. You will find some highly sensitive information on the provided disk. Memorize it. Once you've memorized everything on the disk, destroy it. Time is of the essence. My life is in your hands now. Regards, Mr. T.

Calvin takes out a lighter and sets the note ablaze. He slowly reaches into the envelope...and then pulls out...

A floppy disk.

He holds it up and stares at it...

...and stares...

...until finally he says...

CALVIN

Are you fucking kidding me?

Calvin flips the disk back and forth to examine it.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Alexa, call my Techie.

ALEXA (20) is seen for the first time, sitting in the corner, on her phone. She ignores him.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Alexa.

She ignores him. Calvin starts to get impatient.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Alexa.

She continues to ignore him.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Alexa!

ALEXA

What!?

CALVIN

Alexa, call my Techie.

ALEXA

Call him yourself, Calvin.

CALVIN

Alexa, call my Techie.

ALEXA

Why do you always got me doing stupid
shit?

CALVIN

Alexa, you're my assistant.

ALEXA

Bullshit, you don't even pay me. I thought
this was gonna be a fun summer job, and
that super-secret spy would look good on
my résumé. But all we ever do is sit
around in this dusty old room.

CALVIN

Alexa, do you know what the hell this is?

Calvin holds up the floppy disk for Alexa to see.

ALEXA

How the hell do I know, I ain't no techie.

Calvin nods his head before saying...

CALVIN

Alexa, call my Techie.

Alexa stands up and begins to walk towards the door.

ALEXA

You know what Calvin, I'm sick of your shit. Good luck with whatever, I'm outta here.

Alexa exits the room. Calvin watches her leave, looks at the floppy disk, and then takes out his phone.

CALVIN

Hey Siri.

Calvin's phone dings.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Call my Techie.

SIRI

My web search turned something up for tushie. Have a look.

CALVIN

No, call my Techie.

SIRI

I found a few places matching tushie a little ways from you.

CALVIN

Techie, Siri, call my Techie.

SIRI

I found this on the web for Taiwanese hand jobs.

CALVIN

Son of a bitch.

Calvin types in his Techie's phone number manually. The phone begins to ring. Calvin's TECHIE (20's) answers.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Password?

CALVIN

Tag team.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Alright, let's do it!

CALVIN

Hey, it's Calvin.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Oh hey Calvin, how can I help you?

CALVIN

My boss just sent me information on some kind of square disk and I have no idea how to access it.

TECHIE (O.S.)

A square disk? What the hell are you talking about?

CALVIN

Hold on, I'll send you a picture.

Calvin takes a picture of the floppy disk and sends it.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Oh my god, dude it's a floppy disk.

CALVIN

A what?

TECHIE (O.S.)

A floppy disk!

CALVIN

It's floppy?

Calvin tries wiggling the disk up and down.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Yeah man, it's like an old school flash drive from the 90's. Why would he send you that?

CALVIN

I don't know, maybe because he's like 80 years old?

TECHIE (O.S.)

Bummer.

CALVIN

So how do I access the information?

TECHIE (O.S.)

Umm...do you have an old computer lying around?

Calvin looks around the room.

CALVIN

No.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Then good luck with that.

CALVIN

What? You're supposed to be my techie.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Yeah, and I'm building an A.I. robot so I can have sex with it. I'm not wasting my time trying to read floppy disks.

CALVIN

But Techie I need you!

TECHIE (O.S.)

Ok, chill out bro, listen. You can probably get a floppy disk drive off of Amazon. Just tell Alexa to order one.

CALVIN

How long will that take?

TECHIE (O.S.)

Do you have prime shipping?

CALVIN

No.

TECHIE (O.S.)

Bummer.

Title card on black:

5-7 Business Days Later

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

Calvin is opening a box with scissors. The faint noise of a yellow clasp envelope being slid under the door catches his attention. He picks it up, opens it, and reads the note.

BOSS (V.O.)

Dear Mr. K, due to your tardiness our mission has been compromised. Please refer to the information on the provided disk and meet us at the extraction point at 0600 hours. We are all depending on you. Regards, Mr. T. P.s. I pity the fool.

Calvin takes a moment to think about this and then proceeds to reach into the envelope and then...

...holds up a laserdisc.

CALVIN

Are you fucking kidding me?!

THE END