

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(NOTE: All roles are and may be played by any ethnicity)

TWO: Female. Bespectacled (the frames are white) nerd chic, except where chic usually means fashionable or elegant, it here refers to being a know-it-all buzzkill made of butt.

THREE: Male. Not-bespectacled vanilla vanilla dude. If the company had a bland award, he'd win. Every month. Of all time. He's quite dependable though. Like a dog. Just without the personality.

FOUR: Female. Rebel in a sundress (without the sundress) confined to an office. Her punkish and pure energy screeches internally for a fair portion of every workday. At least the part of it that she's awake for.

FIVE: Male. New meat. Innocent. His dreams are yet to be crushed, so he's got a personality, but it's one of those pleb personalities where he needs to be liked by and please everyone. Like, you could peer pressure him into anything.

SIX: Male. British. Cheeky. Kind of smarmy. Kind of a Class A cunt. Exudes big dick energy, but is actually suave enough to back it up and it's extremely frustrating that you like him so much. (Played by the same actor as THREE)

SEVEN: Female. French. Stylish. Collected. A conniving or cunning in her eyes. Not deceitful or illegal, per se...but she gives off an aura that makes you feel she'll survive. No matter what it takes. (Played by the same actor as FOUR)

THE FLOOR MANAGER: Any gender. Has other things to be doing.

SETTING:

The Company. Fourth Floor, Room 4421.

TIME:

Last week, actually.

CONTENT WARNING:

Depiction and discussion of suicide, sexual misconduct.

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*"That bird had a song to sing
Something to say
Is it still here?
Or has it flown away?"*

*Oh this morning
It had something to say
Is it still here?
Or has it flown away?"*

-The Teskey Brothers

ONE

MONDAY - AM

Darkness, save a large digital clock that looms overhead, burning in LED red.

It is 9:29 AM.

The clacking of computer keys.

After a while, a strange whir hiss sound.

Then more clacking.

Clack clack clack.

Lights slowly rise, revealing an office space. It is smaller and compact, but well-funded. Organized. This corporation, whoever they are, knows what they're doing.

However, virtually everything in the space is white.

The walls and floors.

The furniture.

Four dedicated computer stations.

A bulky and rather imposing refrigerator, an almost off-putting focus of the space.

White.

Perhaps also prominently displayed, signs/banners such as:

"WHAT MUST BE DONE MUST BE DONE."

"IF YOU NEED TO PUSH THROUGH, HAVE A RATION OF BREW."

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 2.
CONTINUED:

"YOU CAN DO IT!"

*"YOU ARE A VITAL MEMBER OF THE
COMPANY!"*

*"FRIDAYS ARE CASUAL SHIRT
DAY!"*

*TWO, THREE, and FOUR, the
culprits of the clacking,
occupy three of the computer
stations, each wearing the
company standard unitard
uniform (also white).*

*Close to each of them,
personalized (or not) coffee
mugs from which they
periodically drink.*

*They clack away at their
computers.*

*And every once in a while,
after a mouse click here or
there, the computers whir and
hiss.*

*Perhaps we even see a bit of
steam rise out of their
insides.*

Clack clack clack.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR is falling asleep.

Clack clack clack.

FOUR faceplants her keyboard.

FOUR
(Springing back
aright without
missing a beat)

I'm awake!

TWO

Four.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 3.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

I'm awake.

TWO

We've barely started the day.

FOUR

And I'm awake. I'm working. I'm not the one wasting time talking.

I am so...vibrant.

Before FOUR can fall asleep again (though maybe not for lack of trying), the clock turns 9:30 AM, and the chipper chime of a PA system fills the air.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Good morning, vital workers. This is your daily memorandum briefing. We hope it finds you well and hard at task. As a reminder, Friday is Casual Shirt Day. Wear a casual shirt all day to show your colleagues your festive personality. Do not forget, that afternoon will also be a mandatory staff meeting to promote synergy. The topic of the meeting will be creating and maintaining synergy. Have some Brew and bagels as we discuss how to create and maintain workplace synergy. Due to budget cuts, bagels will no longer be provided free of charge. However, should you desire, you are invited to bring your own bagel.

Our apologies, but the second, fourth, and fourteenth floor restrooms are still out of order. We thank you for your continued patience. While they will be fixed imminently, please remember that until that time, the kitchen sinks are not toilets for your personal use. We know it was you. Finally, as a reminder to all floor and resource managers, there will be a Team Building Exercise this afternoon to promote synergy. The topic of the exercise will be about hiring less white people. Thank you, vital workers. Have a productive day. And remember, what must be done, must be done.

The PA shuts off.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR

It's Wednesday, right?

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 4.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Monday.

FOUR

Really?

TWO

Mmmhmm.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR

Man, I gotta pee.

TWO

Well, you have been going through Brew like someone stranded on a island.

FOUR

No, Two, your bladder is just like, inhuman. I don't understand how you just never pee.

TWO

I do. I walk upstairs like everybody else right now.

Or at least those of us who aren't using the sink.

FOUR

I don't have any idea what you're talking about.

TWO

Mmmhmm.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

ONE'S computer beep-boops.

Everyone turns to look.

THREE

That's probably the Room Memo.

TWO

Certainly.

Have either of you actually seen One this morning?

FOUR

Nah.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 5.

CONTINUED:

THREE

I haven't.

TWO

That's unlike him. To show up after call.

THREE

True. But, supervisors are allowed.

TWO

Yes.

I wonder where he could be.

FOUR

Maybe he's in the sink.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR

(Getting up)

All right. I can't take it anymore. I'm gonna piss myself.
Either of you want anything from the machines?

THREE

I'm fine, thank you, though.

TWO

Just don't use the sink, Four.

FOUR

I don't! What? I--...

FOUR exits.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

*TWO again looks to ONE'S
station.*

Clack clack clack.

*She stands and crosses to
ONE'S computer.*

She hits a couple buttons.

Reads.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 6.

CONTINUED:

She notices THREE watching her.

TWO

I know. Just in case there's something urgent. We don't know how long it'll take for One to get here. Where he is.

THREE makes no objection.

TWO reads.

TWO

We did not meet quota yesterday.

THREE

No?

TWO

That's the third time in the last two weeks.

THREE

All right. I guess we should have a talk with Four.

TWO

No, it's--it's One.

THREE

Really?

TWO

I mean, we should have a talk with Four, her morale is consistently troublesome, but...it's been One. His numbers are low. Below Four.

THREE

That's surprising.

TWO

Yes.

When did you last see him?

THREE

Oh. Friday night? End of shift?

TWO

Yes. Me too. I left shortly after you.

You didn't hear from him over the weekend? Hang out?

THREE

Did I hang out with my boss over the weekend?

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 7.

CONTINUED:

TWO

You've never done that?

THREE

I don't really hang out.

I play with my cat.

TWO

Okay, never mind, we should just--keep an eye on him. Today.
When he gets here.

THREE

I'm sure everything's fine.

TWO

Me too.

*TWO crosses back to her
station and drinks from her
mug.*

Her drink calms her.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR re-enters.

FOUR

Do either of you have a dollar?

THREE

No.

TWO

No.

FOUR

(Crossing to her
station)

Ugh. I don't understand why they don't take our cards.

TWO

That was quick.

FOUR

I don't miss.

Clack clack clack.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 8.

CONTINUED:

Not from FOUR, who grabs her mug.

It's empty.

She stands and crosses with it to the fridge.

Again? TWO

Hey, it's for us, isn't it? FOUR

There is a count. TWO

Am I over it? FOUR

I don't know. One keeps it. TWO

Okay, then. FOUR

FOUR opens the fridge.

It's filled to the brim with glass bottles, each in turn filled to the brim with a milky, amber liquid. It does not look like a particularly delicious beverage, but she grabs one of the bottles and begins to refill her mug.

To reiterate, that's why you're peeing so much. TWO

And you're a robot. I hate you. FOUR

You're just tired. TWO

That's why I hate you. FOUR

Four. TWO

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 9.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Look, get on my case all you want, frequent urination is a small price to pay. Maybe one of these days I'll become a chipper, morning person who can get by with less, but until that dream of the future comes...I need this stuff. Okay?

TWO

We count the days.

FOUR

You love me.

TWO

For some reason.

FOUR

I don't hate you.

TWO

We know, Four.

FOUR begins the cross back to her station, but soon does a 180 spin back towards the fridge.

FOUR

Ice. Ice ice ice ice.

Clack clack clack.

FOUR opens the freezer door.

But instead of getting ice, she stops in shock at the sight of ONE'S frozen corpse, slumped in the inside, a slit across his throat, a razor blade in his hand. Blood stains his uniform and the interior of the freezer.

Red.

She shuts the freezer door.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

The others haven't noticed.

She rubs her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 10.

CONTINUED:

She opens the freezer door.

ONE is still there.

Dead.

*FOUR has never had any less
idea of what to do.*

*She turns around again to the
others, but they are still
unaware.*

She wants to say something.

*She tries to say something,
but little makes it out of her
mouth.*

TWO

(Eventually sensing
FOUR'S struggle)

Four, is everything all right?

TWO sees ONE.

THREE sees TWO.

THREE sees ONE.

Beat.

*FOUR suddenly laughs
uncomfortably.*

FOUR

I have to pee again.

*TWO, staring in horror, breaks
her gaze and downs the rest of
her mug.*

It calms her.

TWO crosses to FOUR.

TWO

Drink. Okay? Four?

FOUR

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 11.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Drink, honey.

FOUR downs her Brew as *TWO*
shuts the freezer door.

It calms her.

THREE follows suit.

TWO

Go pee.

Okay? Go pee. I'll take care of it.

FOUR

Okay.

FOUR exits in a daze as *TWO*
crosses to a phone at *ONE'S*
station.

*She picks it up and dials an
extension.*

TWO

Hello? Yes, this is Two. Fourth Floor. Room 4421.

Yes, uhm.

No, he's not--uhm...

We're going to need the floor manager over here.

MONDAY - PM

1:13 PM.

TWO, THREE, and FOUR sit at
their stations, typing away.

FOUR

How long are they going to make us sit here?

TWO

As long as it takes.

Beat.

FOUR

Because we're kind of cutting into lunch now.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 12.

CONTINUED:

TWO

It'll take as long as it takes, Four. I explained the situation, I'm sure they're working as fast as they can.

FOUR

Right. 'Cause a dead supervisor in the freezer is only, like, number 32 on the list of problems any given Wednesday.

THREE

Monday.

FOUR

Really?

TWO

They're working on it, Four.

And it would be nice if you could show the situation a little respect. One is dead. Don't be ostentatious.

FOUR

I don't think he's really gonna care.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

What? Am I wrong?

THREE

She's talking about the principle of the thing. He was still one of us.

FOUR

He was our supervisor. Different. Key word being was.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

I'm just saying. This affects us more than it affects him. We're still here. I don't think whatever the word you said means is the thing to get bent out of shape about right now.

TWO

But lunch is?

I'm not bent of out shape. You're being disrespectful. The things you're saying, the way you saying them, are hurtful to his memory.

FOUR

But not actually though, 'cause he no longer has one.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 13.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Four!

FOUR

Am I wrong?

THREE

It's the principle of the thing.

FOUR

And now we're just talking in circles.

TWO

Okay, so maybe then we just don't talk. Hmm?

FOUR

Fine by me.

TWO

And me.

More than fine by me.

And you are wrong, by the way. You know that.

FOUR

All I'm saying is they've kept us waiting a really long time and I did not eat breakfast.

TWO

Four, look--

THREE

Did he say anything? To anyone?

Beat.

FOUR

You mean about offing himself in the freezer?

Nope.

TWO

No.

Silence.

Perhaps FOUR'S stomach growls in a loud, awkward keening.

THE FLOOR MANAGER enters, holding a clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 14.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER

All right, so...

(Clicking their
tongue, flipping
pages on the
clipboard)

...4421...dead guy! Right? Dead guy?

TWO

Yes?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

For real?

TWO

Yes?

FOUR

We found him in the freezer.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Freezer?

*THE FLOOR MANAGER saunters
over to the freezer and opens
it.*

ONE is still there.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Hooooo! Okay, ha ha. You all were not kidding.

TWO

No.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Ice see. Ice see. Heh.

Now you sure he's dead? He looks pretty chill to me. Aha ha.

'Cause he's in the freezer.

Anyone? Yeesh. Mondays. All right.

(Flipping more pages,
closing the freezer)

So, uhm...which one of you is Two?

TWO

I am, [sir/ma'am].

THE FLOOR MANAGER

You? Okay. Uh--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 15.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER (cont'd)

You're in charge now. The training vids are on the supervisor computer. We'll send a crew in after close to clean up, uh, popsicle in there. Get you some new meat in the morning.

All right. Chin up. Catch you around. Hang in there and all that.

THE FLOOR MANAGER crosses to exit.

FOUR

Wait!

THE FLOOR MANAGER

What?

FOUR

Is that it?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Is what it?

FOUR

You're leaving already?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Well. Yeah. I gotta get to this white people thing, you got work to do, I mean--

Oh. Oh! Oh, you guys don't--like--need to talk to anyone, do you? 'Cause that's, like--I don't--do that. I don't do that. At all. Like, at all. I don't do that.

So...yeah.

TWO

Is there--

THE FLOOR MANAGER

I mean, I don't think we've had, like, a counselor on staff for a while now.

TWO

That's fine, we're fine, but...isn't there--is there going to be an investigation of any kind? How it happened? Why?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Do we need one?

I mean, he's dead now, what does it really matter? Not like he's gonna care.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 16.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER (cont'd)

But, hey, you're in charge, so...do what you feel. You do you. You guys meet quota, I really don't care. At all. All right. That's great. Take care, Two. Other ones. I'mma hit the sink.

THE FLOOR MANAGER exits.

Silence.

FOUR

Was that for real?

TWO

Apparently.

Okay.

Let's get back to work.

FOUR

Woah! Woah, woah, woah, woah, hang on--

TWO

Four. We can have any logistical argument that you want to have later, but we still have a quota to meet.

FOUR

Yes. I hear that. But--

TWO

Right now, it is time to work. So we are going to work. Is that understood?

Is that understood?

FOUR

It's still lunch hour.

Beat.

TWO

Of course. Yes. I'm sorry.

I'll see you both at 2. 2:20. I'm going to work through and see if I can catch us up at all.

FOUR

Yeah, all right.

Three, whatcha feelin', Chinese?

THREE

I have a sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 17.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Well, then eat it at the restaurant. They won't mind.

THREE

They do.

TWO

Four.

You're probably going to be training someone tomorrow.

Just as a heads-up.

FOUR

Yeah. You got it.

Hey, congrats on the promotion.

Good for you.

TWO

Thanks.

Will you get me an egg roll?

FOUR

You got it.

THREE and FOUR exit.

TWO sighs and looks around at the office.

Her eyes land on the fridge.

She stares at the fridge.

She breaks her gaze and crosses to ONE'S (now her own) computer.

She slowly sits, feeling the weight of the seat. The space.

The position.

Then, without hesitation, she types.

Lights fade.

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 18.

TWO

TUESDAY - AM

Lights rise.

9:22 AM.

*TWO and THREE are at their
stations, typing away.*

*FOUR is, once again, not yet
awake, showing FIVE the
wonders of Brew.*

*He drinks from a mug and
coughs.*

FIVE

Oh.

It, uh--

FOUR

Right? Yeah, it doesn't taste anywhere near as good as you
want it to.

FIVE

What is it?

FOUR

And yet, it doesn't taste anywhere near as bad as you might
think. It's like, surprisingly bland. Like Three.

We don't know. We just drink it. It helps. You feel that,
right?

FIVE

Yeah.

FOUR

Feels good, don't it?

FIVE

Yeah.

FOUR

Which is good, because--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 19.

CONTINUED:

FOUR (cont'd)

(Taking a swig from
her own mug, perhaps
slapping herself
awake, leading FIVE
to TWO'S old station)

It's basically the most boring job in existence.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

(To TWO)

I didn't say it wasn't important.

(To FIVE)

But it is boring.

(Sitting down at
TWO'S old station)

It's data entry. Pull up a chair.

*FOUR clacks away while FIVE
grabs a chair.*

FOUR

So...this, here, is your home screen. And this white icon,
right here?

(Mispronouncing the
Latin)

Fatum? Next to the trash bin? Is the main software we use.

TWO

(Correcting FOUR)

Fatum.

FOUR

Yea, that's what I said. It's French or something.

FIVE

Actually, it's Latin. And fascinating. It would translate
to--

FOUR

Look, kid, the quicker we do this, the quicker we can be
done.

FIVE

Uh, sorry--

FOUR

It's fine, we'll have time to kill later. Bore me then.

So you click on it. Wait AGES for it to load.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 20.

CONTINUED:

FOUR (cont'd)

Log-in screen will pop up. Enter your Employee ID and password. You got those, right?

FIVE

Uh, yes.

FOUR

Your password's not something stupid like "password," is it?

FIVE

No?

FOUR

I just gotta ask. You'd be surprised how many people think something like 1234 is good enough.

TWO

Or spicyslut69.

FOUR

Hey. I changed it.

Once you log in, you wait more.

Then, you'll see this screen. Simple interface. Go up to the top, hit "Find Candidate."

With me so far?

FIVE

Yes.

FOUR

Good. You wait more.

Then, you get the details.

See?

FIVE

Yes.

FOUR

Okay, so read me the account number.

FIVE

(Reading)

Uh, Account #107BWF112.

FOUR

(Typing)

And you type it in. What's the name?

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 21.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

Terrence Phillips. Age 57.

FOUR

(Typing)

Terrence Phillips. Age 57.

Next box.

FIVE

Heart attack.

FOUR

(Typing)

Heart attack. You'll do a lot of those in a day.

Check for typos if you're feelin' frisky.

TWO

You should always check for typos.

FOUR

(Reading)

Account #107BWF112. Terrence Phillips. Age 57. Heart attack.

Then, come down here and hit "Execute."

*FOUR clicks her mouse and the
computer makes the whir hiss.*

FOUR

(Mispronouncing the
Latin)

Voila. Repeat ad infinitum.

TWO

(Correcting FOUR)

Infinitum.

FOUR

Sure.

(To FIVE, making room
for him to try)

Your turn.

FIVE

Oh, uh...okay. "Find Candidate."

FOUR

I kinda want Portuguese.

Three, you want Portuguese for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 22.

CONTINUED:

THREE

I have a sandwich.

FOUR

You can eat it at the restaurant. They won't mind.

THREE

They do.

FOUR

You ever have Portuguese, kid?

FIVE

Uh, no.

FOUR

It'll change your life. Seriously.

TWO clears her throat, the kind of noise that translates to "let's not get off topic and make sure we don't forget about the work in front of us because lunch is at 1 o'clock and it's not even 10. Okay, Four?"

FOUR

Bless you.

TWO is less than amused.

FOUR motions to FIVE to continue.

FIVE

(Reading and typing)

Account #840ZCV253. Rachel Drake. Age 34.

Car accident.

FOUR

Typos?

FIVE

No.

FOUR

Execute.

FIVE clicks the mouse.

Whir hiss.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 23.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Congratulations. You just entered your first name. How's it feel? You need a minute?

FIVE

No. I'm...I'm okay.

FOUR

Good, cause we got a lot more to go. You need me--

(Pointing to her station)

I live there.

Don't need me.

FOUR stands and returns to her station.

FIVE nods and keeps working, slowly, learning. Making sure he's correct.

FOUR watches him.

FOUR

Bit of advice, kid. Don't think about it. The more you think about it, the harder it is.

FIVE

How do you not?

FOUR chuckles.

She raises her mug.

FOUR

Cheers, new meat.

I gotta pee. Anybody want anything from the machines?

THREE

I'm fine, thank you, though.

TWO

Hurry back.

FOUR

Girlfriend. It's me.

FOUR exits.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

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Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 24.

CONTINUED:

TWO

(To FIVE)

You get used to her.

Mostly.

If you have any questions, just ask me. Logistical or otherwise.

FIVE

Thanks.

TWO

Welcome to the team.

Beat.

FIVE

Did...

Is it true that your previous supervisor--

TWO

Yes. And we are not going to talk about it. Understood?

FIVE

Yes, ma'am.

TWO

Two is fine.

FIVE

Yes, Two.

TWO

Let's get back to it.

They do.

Clack clack clack.

The clock turns 9:30 AM, and the chipper chime of the PA system fills the air.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Good morning, vital workers. This is your daily memorandum briefing. We hope it finds you well and hard at task. As a reminder, Friday is Casual Shirt Day. Wear a casual shirt all day to show your colleagues your festive personality. Do not forget, that afternoon will also be a mandatory staff meeting to promote synergy. The topic of the meeting will be creating and maintaining synergy.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 25.

TUESDAY - NOON

12:00 PM.

TWO, THREE, and FIVE are at their stations, typing away.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR is staring intently at her screen, seemingly broken.

TWO notices.

Four? TWO

Four?

Yeah? FOUR

Everything all right? TWO

FOUR
Yeah. I'm just--I've been staring at this name for the past five minutes. It doesn't make sense.

TWO
Well, it's a good thing you just need to type it.

FOUR
But you know how, like, you stare at a word long enough, it doesn't look like a word anymore?

TWO
Sure.

FOUR
This didn't, like, look like a word from the beginning.

TWO
Is the name not looking like a word an obstacle to your typing it in?

FOUR
Maybe now. Since we've brought the entire room into this magical moment.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 26.

CONTINUED:

TWO

What's the name?

FOUR

Oh, I have no idea. It's definitely foreign. I don't mean that in a racist way, either. It's just definitely foreign.

TWO

It's amazing how etymology doesn't just include English. Take a guess.

FOUR

Uh, okay.

Sah...uva...geow.

TWO

What?

FOUR

Sahuvageow.

TWO

Spell it.

FOUR

S-A-U-V-A-G-E-A-U.

TWO

Sauvageau?

FIVE

That's French.

FOUR

What?

TWO

It's Sauvageau, not Sahuvageow.

FOUR

That's not French.

THREE

It is.

FOUR

French has more vowels.

TWO

Okay, Four.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 27.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

It sounds Russian.

TWO

Okay, well, we've solved the mystery, so...you can type now.

FOUR

Technically, we've just determined pronunciation. Which is subjective.

TWO

How is that subjective? No, don't answer. Type. Just type. We've wasted enough time on this.

FOUR acquiesces.

FOUR

You know, you wouldn't engage me in this stuff if you thought it was a waste.

TWO

Do not bait me, Four, I am not getting into this right now, just type.

FOUR

Aye-aye, Mom.

TWO almost stands, ready to lay down the law.

FOUR

Sorry! I'm sorry. Just kidding. I'm working. Look.

FOUR works.

TWO sits.

FOUR works for a few moments more, then something seems to hit her, whereupon she angrily, almost violently pushes herself up from her computer and walks away.

TWO

FOUR!

FOUR

I'm sorry! Just--I just need a minute. I just need a minute.

This Russian kid is 12. She's got, like, ass cancer.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 28.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Take a minute.

What must be done must be done.

FOUR

What must be done must be done.

FOUR finishes her minute.

She crosses and clicks her mouse.

Whir hiss.

She grabs her mug and crosses to the fridge for a refill.

TWO watches, but says nothing.

FIVE

Um, Two?

TWO

Yes?

FIVE

I have a question about--multiple names, a lot, actually, just popped up on the screen.

FOUR

Plane crash.

FIVE

What?

FOUR

Is it a plane crash? Multiple names mean a single event, usually a plane crash or bus crash or...boat crash.

TWO

Yes, it's the same process as a single name, you just enter the lot.

FIVE

Right. Thank you.

FOUR

So what is it?

FIVE

What?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 29.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Four.

FOUR

It a plane crash? I'll bet ten bucks it was.

TWO

Four, not now.

FOUR

Come on, what was it?

TWO

Four.

Beat.

FOUR

Right. Sorry.

Just curious.

*FOUR finishes at the fridge
and returns to her seat.*

TWO

What was it, Five?

FIVE

Um.

Mass suicide.

Silence.

FOUR

It lunchtime yet?

TUESDAY - PM

5:57 PM.

*TWO, THREE, and FIVE are at
their stations, typing away.*

FOUR is not present.

*TWO stands, crosses to, and
opens the fridge.*

She counts the bottles inside.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 30.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

(To THREE)

So, um...how long have you been here? With the Company?

THREE

Nine years?

FIVE

Oh, wow. That's--that's a long time.

THREE

Yes.

FIVE

Do you get anything when you hit ten?

THREE

Like what?

FIVE

Anything to celebrate your years of service?

THREE

I think you get a plaque.

FIVE

Oh, cool. What's it say?

THREE

I don't know.

FIVE

Oh. Cool.

Beat.

*TWO finishes counting and
shuts the fridge.*

FOUR enters.

FOUR

Okay, so I was talking with the sixth floor guys in the kitchen. About this political assassination they just got? And it started us on a slew of weirdest CODs we've ever seen, and it got me thinking, why the freezer?

TWO

Back up, please. What?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 31.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Why the freezer? Why didn't he just kill himself in the office? Or at home? Why here? Why the freezer? I mean, that's a lot of forethought.

TWO

Four, no.

FOUR

It's good courtesy to off yourself like that, actually. Contain the mess. The smell.

TWO

Four. Stop. This is not the time nor the place.

FOUR

That doesn't bother you?

Beat.

TWO

Yes, it is somewhat peculiar. But what do you want us to do about it?

FOUR

Nothing. Just pointing it out. It's weird.

Like, why though? Why the freezer? Like, do you think he was trying to make a statement or something?

TWO

What kind of statement?

FOUR

I don't know.

Blood's on your hands?

How do you think he got the razor blade through security?

TWO

I don't know, Four, and it's--we won't, so...let's get back to work, shall we?

FOUR

Yeah. Sure. It's just wicked crazy.

TWO

Yes.

FOUR

It didn't seem like him.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 32.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Four. Come on.

FOUR

I mean, we all always figured I'd be the one to crack first, right?

TWO

Four!

Silence.

FOUR

Yeah. Got it. Sorry.

FOUR finally sits down at her station and begins to work.

FOUR

It's Wednesday, right?

THREE

Tuesday.

FOUR

Really?

The clock turns 6:00 PM, and the chipper chime of the PA system fills the air.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Another day's work complete. Thank you, vital workers. Enjoy your evening. And remember, what must be done must be done. And it could not be done without you. Goodbye.

The PA shuts off.

FOUR

Bye.

TWO

Four.

Will you take Five, teach him how to clock out?

FOUR

Yeah, sure. Come on, kid.

You enjoy your first day?

FIVE

Well, actually, I--

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 33.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

That's great. Come on.

See you nerds Wednesday, then.

THREE

Goodbye.

TWO

Bye.

FOUR and FIVE exit.

*THREE shuts down his station,
not in a hurry.*

*TWO doesn't move much, her
head perhaps even in her
hands.*

She doesn't look the best.

*THREE notices this, but
finishes his shut down.*

THREE

I'm going to head out now.

TWO

Okay.

THREE

I'll see you tomorrow.

TWO

See you tomorrow.

Beat.

THREE

How are you?

TWO

I'm fine.

THREE

Did you enjoy your first day?

TWO chuckles.

They share an unspoken moment.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 34.

CONTINUED:

TWO
It's not over yet.

THREE
See you tomorrow, Two.

TWO
See you tomorrow.

THREE crosses to exit.

TWO
Three.

If I told you something. And I asked you not to tell anyone else. Would you?

THREE
Who would I tell?

TWO
Would you?

THREE
No.

TWO
Promise me?

THREE
I promise.

TWO
Um.

You asked if he said anything to anyone. One. If he said anything about...

He did. He said something. He said something to me. Friday night. After you left.

THREE
What did he say?

TWO
He told me he was thinking about killing himself.

That he couldn't take it anymore. That he--he had reached his limit. He was done.

And. I...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 35.

CONTINUED:

THREE

You didn't tell anybody?

TWO

I told him he should do it.

I told him he should do it.

We were below quota, the work was suffering, if--

It made--

You have to understand, I--I didn't want his job. It wasn't about the position, I didn't think they were going to make me...

It was about the work.

What must be done must be done.

Right?

It--it made sense.

He seemed adamant. I--

Who am I to--

Please say something.

THREE

Why are you telling me this now?

TWO

Because I regret it. But I don't feel I made the wrong decision.

And I need to know if you think it was. If you think my judgment was faulty. If that gives you doubts about my ability to be a leader for you. And the others.

Beat.

THREE

Did he say why the freezer?

TWO

No.

No, he didn't.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 36.

CONTINUED:

THREE

I think you are a very capable leader.

TWO

Thank you.

THREE exits.

TWO sits alone.

*Perhaps she takes a sip of
Brew.*

It calms her.

She does nothing for a time.

*She just sits there and
thinks.*

Then she types.

Lights fade.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 37.

THREE

HUMP DAY - AM

Lights rise.

10:07 AM.

*TWO, FOUR, and FIVE are at
their stations, typing away.*

THREE is not present.

FOUR

Where do you think he is?

TWO

I don't know.

FOUR

Do you think he's sick?

TWO

I don't know.

FOUR

Because he's come to work sick before.

TWO

I don't know, Four.

FOUR

He, like, never misses a day. He would have to be really sick.

TWO

Four, I don't know where he is. Okay?

FOUR

Okay. Am I not allowed to wonder?

TWO

I would prefer you didn't. I would prefer you just worked. Five's doing it. Five is doing it fine. If he is wondering, he's doing it silently and isn't being a distraction. But since you find yourself physically unable to go even ten seconds without letting sound come out of your mouth, can you please talk about anything else? At all? Please?

FOUR

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 38.

CONTINUED:

TWO

I'm sorry. Yes. I'm fine, yes.

I just didn't get a lot of sleep last night.

FOUR

Well, I feel that.

I can shut up for ten seconds.

TWO

Thank you.

FOUR

It's been an eventful couple of days, you know. Not much usually happens around here.

TWO

Yes.

Ten seconds pass.

FOUR

I just hope he's okay, you know? If he's sick.

TWO

I'm sure everything's fine.

FOUR

Should we check the freezer? Heh.

Beat.

FOUR sort of does almost get up to check, but doesn't.

THE FLOOR MANAGER enters.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Haaaaaaaaaaaaaappy Monday!

FOUR

WHAT?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Just kidding. All right. Folks! 4421. Got some news. Listen up. Um, sorry for the short notice, but your co-worker, uhhhhhhhhhhh...

FOUR

Three?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 39.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER

That's the one. He stopped by my office this morning. He has asked for a transfer to another room.

FOUR

What?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Not done yet, sweetheart. I am here to tell you his request has been approved and filed, and his replacement will be here shortly.

Now I'm done. Any questions?

FOUR

Don't call me sweetheart.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Not a question.

TWO

Did he--did he give a reason? For wanting a transfer?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Uh, he did not. Which does bring me to a question I have for you, if we're all done.

(Crossing to TWO, to
FOUR and FIVE)

Just talk amongst yourselves. Or work. I don't care.

(To TWO, sitting down)

Can I sit down?

TWO

Of course.

Beat.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

How's the transition treating you?

TWO

Fine.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Any questions?

TWO

Not at the moment.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Great. Then let me level with you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 40.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER (cont'd)

We got staff out the wazoo, it doesn't matter to us. We can replace anyone. But...every time something goes wrong in a room? Any time something happens to an employee, be it a transfer request or...they off themselves in the freezer, a little, red blip goes on the room record. And any time a little, red blip goes on the room record, a little, red blip goes on the record of the floor manager who manages the floor with the room with the little, red blip on its record. Now, I know, a little, red blip is just that. It's harmless. Tiny. It's a little, red blip. It's not a big deal. But, and I hate that word, I do...but when a little, red blip becomes two little, red blips, the whole thing gets bigger. By definition. Like math. It adds up. When the blips make friends...I mean, you see where I'm going with this?

TWO

Completely.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Great, so I just have to ask, not because I'm doubting your ability, but for peace of mind. Did he say anything to you?

He didn't give a reason for the request. Just that he needed to work in a different room. Different environment. Did he say anything? That might give us an explanation?

TWO

No.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Did you say anything to him?

TWO

No.

No, I have no idea.

Beat.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

I figured. Guy's a fucking blank wall, isn't he? I mean, what is going on in that head? I've seen rocks talk more than him.

All right, whatever.

Just to be clear, though, uh...if something else happens, you and I are going to have to have a talk. You understand.

TWO

Completely.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 41.

CONTINUED:

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Perfect! All right, well, the new meat should be here any minute now.

SIX enters.

SIX

Knock-knock.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Speak of the devil!

SIX

Howdy, wanks. Which one's my desk?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

I love this guy! That sound that just comes out of his mouth! Like, what is that? [Ad-libbed sound]. He's not real! Ahaha!

SIX

Oh, stop it, [ad-libbed name].

THE FLOOR MANAGER

This guy!

(Motioning to THREE'S
old station)

You're right over here.

SIX

Brilliant.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Any questions?

SIX

Actually, yeah, how's your mum?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Oh! She's great. Thank you for asking.

SIX

Yeah, I was worried, I fucked her pretty hard last night.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Ahahahahaha!

This guy! This guy! Oh, you. Oh, it's like you could say anything to me with that accent and get away with it. All right. Six, this is everyone. Everyone, Six. No more questions? Great. Six, you take care.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 42.

CONTINUED:

SIX

Pleasure's all mine, mate.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Oooooooh! Hahaha.

Two.

Rest of you. Doing great. Keep it up.

THE FLOOR MANAGER exits.

SIX settles in and goes straight to work.

Silence.

Mostly because the others are still too stunned to say anything.

TWO

Um.

Welcome. Six.

SIX

Thank you, love.

TWO

Two is fine.

Where were you before?

SIX

Does it matter?

TWO

Well, if you have any questions--

SIX

Look, Two, darling, let me stop you there before this goes further. I am more than capable of answering your questions while working, so by all means, push forward with them if you like. But I have no interest in the bureaucraties, so if it's just red tape or hollow courtesies you're going to bother me with, you can save us both the trouble. I don't cause it.

TWO

Hollow?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 43.

CONTINUED:

SIX

I'm not here to make waves. I'm here to make money. I do not give a flying hoot about much else.

Now, I have a personality. I am not going to apologize for it. But please rest assured, I am here to do my job, not yours.

TWO

Why would I be worried you're here to do my job?

SIX

Exactly.

TWO

Well, welcome. We're happy to have you.

SIX

Thank you, love.

Silence.

FOUR laughs.

It is quiet at first, but grows.

Eventually, the rest of the room has stopped working and stares in curiosity as she keeps going.

TWO

Something you'd like to share with the class, Four?

FOUR

It's just funny.

TWO

What?

FOUR

The guy who used to work your desk? Three? He was cool. But he was a vanilla motherfucker. You're hot.

SIX

You're rather fit yourself, sweetheart.

FOUR

Aheh.

I think you just said more words in two minutes than I've heard Three say in his life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 44.

CONTINUED:

FOUR (cont'd)

Hell of a week.

SIX

And it's only Wednesday.

FOUR

Hump Day.

TWO

Four. Let's make sure we're working during our life revelations, all right?

FOUR

I am. I'm working.

Clack clack clack

Whir hiss.

SIX

(To FOUR)

You're the talker, aren't you?

FOUR

Excuse me?

SIX

Four, is it?

FOUR

Six.

SIX

Not an insult. Just an observation. What I mean is, is there is one in every room. A monkey could do this job. It's monotonous. It's data entry. A lot of people can tank that tedium without too much issue. Pop on some music, daydream, zone out. But some people can't function in it without the sound of their own voice. It's like it fuels them. They need it somehow. And there is one in every room.

Now, it's certainly not him.

(To FIVE)

Haven't heard you say a word since I walked in. Do you talk?

FIVE

Y--yes?

SIX

Tell me one opinion that you have. About anything.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 45.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

What?

SIX

Tell me an opinion. That you have.

Come on.

FIVE

I don't like this?

SIX

Right, so it's not him.

(Pointing to TWO)

I doubt it's Two. So I'm guessing it's you.

You're the talker.

FOUR

You've said more than I have. Mate.

SIX

Yes, I imagine my old room's much quieter at the moment.

FOUR

So what happens when there are two talkers in a room?

SIX

They talk.

TWO

While working. Preferably.

It's ridiculous to expect silence all day. Talking is natural. But I do expect that it does not become a distraction. We still have a quota. What must be done must be done.

SIX

What must be done must be done. Of course. We're all adults here, yes?

No need to worry.

FOUR

I'm working.

FOUR clicks her mouse.

Whir hiss.

Clack clack clack.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 46.

CONTINUED:

Whir hiss.

SIX

So I have to know, is it true your old supervisor--

TWO

Yes. Yes, it's true. He offed himself in the freezer. And we are not going to talk about it. Understood?

SIX

Why the freezer?

TWO

Is that understood, Six?

SIX

Crystal. Boss Lady.

(Pause, standing)

Anybody want anything from the machines?

I'm off for a piss.

TWO

No, thank you.

FOUR

Nougat bar?

SIX

You got it, darling.

FIVE

Um, could I--

SIX exits.

Beat.

FOUR

Well.

He is interesting.

Whir hiss.

HUMP DAY - LUNCH

12:59 PM.

TWO, FIVE, and SIX are at their stations, typing away.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 47.

CONTINUED:

FOUR refills her mug at the fridge.

She finishes, then stares at the clock, willing it to change.

FOUR

Come oooooon come on come on come on come on come on.

TWO

You know, it'll go by faster if you don't watch it.

FOUR

(Turning away)

Right?! Gah, it pisses me off.

It doesn't make sense. It really doesn't. When you're not thinking about it, it moves quicker. But when you want it to move, it goes slower. Why?

SIX

Because it's in your head.

FOUR

What?

SIX

Time doesn't change. Time is a construct. We made it. It's our minds that change. You ever go on a trip as a kid? To a theme park or anything? Remember how weird it was how much longer it took to get there compared to the time it took coming home? That's the anticipation. The excitement in your head makes the time seem longer, but it's all in your head. Time moves the same no matter how your brain perceives it. It only feels like it's moving slower *because* you want it to move faster. So when it doesn't...

FOUR

Huh.

SIX

Time flies when you're not thinking about it because you're not thinking about it. When you're having fun. Or making conversation with a lovely woman.

TWO

Yes and no.

SIX

Do you not make conversation with lovely women?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 48.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Time does change.

SIX

How's that?

TWO

It's relative. You're right that our brains can perceive it differently, but it feels slower when you're bored because you're not moving.

When you're talking to someone you feel attracted to, when you're working and concentrating...your heart is racing, your brain is working faster. You...experience time...time moves normally, but you experience it as slower. You think 30 minutes have gone by in your head, but it's actually two hours.

SIX

How is that different than what I just said?

FOUR

Yeah, I'm more confused now.

TWO

Because...comparatively...I don't--I don't know. It's physics. You're not wrong, there's just--more to it.

SIX

Right, all right.

FOUR

I don't know, Two, this conversation's dragging by, but the clock still hasn't flipped.

TWO

Part of what I was trying to say.

SIX

Key word being trying?

TWO

It'll flip when it flips. It doesn't matter. Let's get back to work.

FOUR

Is it broken?

TWO

It's not broken.

FOUR

It could be broken.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 49.

CONTINUED:

TWO

It's not.

SIX

You know, that does give me a good one, though. Speaking of time travel, if you could go back to any era, which one would you pick?

FOUR

Ooooooh.

SIX

I rather like the Renaissance myself.

FOUR laughs.

SIX

Don't laugh. I'm serious.

FOUR

No, I'm sure you are. The hats were boss.

SIX

Precisely.

The clock turns 1:00 PM and the chipper chime of the PA system fills the air.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Good afternoon, vital workers. It is now lunchtime. Eat your lunch. Fuel your body. And return to us fresh and ready for more. Enjoy your sustenance! What must be done must be done.

The PA shuts off.

FOUR

(To SIX, standing)

So where you taking me to lunch?

SIX

Taking you?

FOUR

Yeah. I'm feelin' Mexican. Where haven't I been?

SIX

I may know a couple places.

FOUR

All right.

You nerds want anything?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 50.

CONTINUED:

TWO
No. No, thank you.

FIVE
I have a sandwich.

FOUR
Cool.

(To SIX)
After you.

FOUR and SIX exit.

TWO continues to type.

FIVE gets out his sandwich.

FIVE
Is it all right if I eat here?

TWO
Of course. I don't mind. I'm just working through.

FIVE begins to eat his sandwich.

FIVE
Are you not eating?

TWO
I had a big breakfast.

FIVE
Right.

Well, if you want some. You can have a bite.

TWO
Thanks, Five.

Silence.

FIVE
Six is, uh...

Interesting.

TWO
Yes, he is.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 51.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

How are you doing? With all of the...everything?

TWO

I should really be the one asking you that.

I'm fine.

I just wish he would have made a different decision. I suppose.

FIVE

Three?

TWO

Yes.

FIVE

Yeah, it's unexpected. I guess. I don't know. I didn't really know him that well.

Did he really not say anything?

TWO

He did not.

FIVE

Some people, I guess. Right?

TWO

Mmmhmm.

FIVE

I'm sorry, I'll stop bothering you.

TWO

You're fine. Five.

It's in the past. Talking about it isn't going to change anything.

Beat.

TWO stands, crosses to, and opens the fridge.

She counts the bottles inside.

FIVE

I would pick the Renaissance too.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 52.

CONTINUED:

TWO

(Finishing counting a
row, then)

What's that?

FIVE

Uh, sorry, um, if we could go back to any era. I would
choose the Renaissance too.

TWO

The hats?

FIVE

Haha, no. I mean, sure, that's a plus.

There was just so much growth. In everything. So much
knowledge. It would be fascinating to meet some of those
people. They changed the world.

TWO

I'm sure it would be.

FIVE

What about you?

TWO

I don't really give things like this much thought.

FIVE

No? Come on.

Beat.

TWO

Rome.

FIVE

Yeah?

TWO

Yes.

FIVE

Why Rome?

TWO

It's where law was born.

See the Senate House in its prime. I'd like that.

FIVE

There you go. See?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 53.

CONTINUED:

TWO returns to counting.

FIVE returns to his sandwich.

FIVE

I'm sorry.

If you two were close.

It's really not considerate to not say something you know?

I hope that's not out of place for me to say.

Because, you know, I would like to think that I could come to you if I was going through anything, you know?

TWO stares at the fridge.

FIVE

Two?

Two?

TWO turns to FIVE.

FIVE

Is everything okay?

HUMP DAY - PM

5:59 PM.

TWO, FIVE, and SIX are at their stations, typing away.

FOUR is not present.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

SIX

Political assassination, hello. Who are you?

Is it just me, or have we been getting a lot of these recently?

All right, guess it's just me.

TWO

No more than normal. From what I've noticed.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 54.

CONTINUED:

Whir hiss.

FOUR enters.

FOUR
Holy crap, I feel so much lighter.

SIX
Not exactly information we needed to hear, darling.

FOUR
I blame you.

SIX
You wanted Mexican.

FOUR
Yeah, but I let you order.
Don't go in the kitchen, y'all.

TWO
Did you poop in the sink?

FOUR
No. That was a joke.

TWO is sadly unsure, but she lets it go.

FOUR sits at her station.

FOUR
Hello! Political assassination.

Is it just me, or have we been getting a lot of these?

SIX
It's not just you.

FOUR
Weird.

SIX
Indeed. Spooky.

FOUR
What do you think is going on?

SIX
Revolution.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 55.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Welcome to the future.

*The clock turns 6:00 PM, and
the chipper chime of the PA
system fills the air.*

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Another day's work complete. Thank you, vital workers. Enjoy
your evening. And remember, what must be done must be done.
And it could not be done without you. Goodbye.

SIX

Well, cracking first day, loves. See you tomorrow.

(To FOUR)

Four. You still interested in--

FOUR

Yeah! Definitely.

(To EVERYONE)

Byeeeeeeeee.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

Wassup?

TWO

Can you actually stay behind? For a moment?

FOUR

What's up?

TWO

I need to talk to you about something. Privately.

FOUR

Sure. Okay.

(To SIX)

Um, I'll just catch up with you? Or meet you later?

SIX

Sure. See you then.

FOUR

Cool.

SIX exits.

FIVE shuts down his station.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 56.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Am I in trouble? Haha.

TWO doesn't respond.

FIVE continues shutting down, trying to get out of the room as quickly as possible without making the situation more awkward by very visibly trying to get out of the room as quickly as possible.

FIVE

Okay. See you tomorrow.

TWO

Bye, Five.

FOUR

Yeah, see you kid.

FIVE exits.

FOUR

What the hell was that?

TWO

What?

FOUR

That weird power play? You couldn't just pull me aside?

TWO

I'm sorry. I thought this would be easiest.

FOUR

Yeah, but you could have asked me to stay behind not in front of everyone.

TWO

I'm sorry.

Beat.

FOUR

Am I in trouble?

TWO

No. You're not in trouble. I just noticed something. And I needed to bring it to your attention.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 57.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Okay. What?

Six and I are just flirting. That's obvious, right? Like, we're not going to--

TWO

The count is off.

FOUR

What?

TWO

The Brew count. It's off.

We're short by several bottles.

Now, I'm not accusing you of anything.

FOUR

Yeah, you are.

TWO

Excuse me?

FOUR

You are. Not directly. I mean, you say you're not accusing me. But we both know why you asked me to stay late and not Six. Not Five. I'm the one who would take more than they're supposed to. Let's be honest with each other.

TWO

You go through a lot.

FOUR

Because I need it.

TWO

Yes. We all do. But there is a maximum limit. We only have a finite amount at any given time.

FOUR

Which is stupid, by the way, because they're not the ones sitting at these desks doing the job.

TWO

Four, please.

FOUR

(Overlapping)

If they had the slightest idea of what we go through--

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 58.

CONTINUED:

TWO

(Overlapping)

I'm not trying to be the bad guy here.

FOUR

(Overlapping)

They'd put it in the fucking water fountains! It's dumb!

TWO

Four.

FOUR

It's dumb.

TWO

Four.

Beat.

FOUR

So, what is this? You gonna turn me in?

Two. Come on.

What, you can't, like, sweep this under the rug?

TWO

It--it is not fair of you to ask me that and you know it.
You cannot put me in that position.

FOUR

Yeah, but like, we both get in trouble. If you do that. You
heard the Floor Manager, like, I'm not being selfish. I'm
thinking of you. Much more than me.

TWO

Come on!

FOUR

(Overlapping)

I'm just saying!

TWO

(Overlapping)

Don't feed me that, Four! Come on!

FOUR

Okay! So then what? What do I do?

The ball's in your court.

What happens now?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 59.

CONTINUED:

TWO thinks.

She wants to hit something.

But she doesn't.

She thinks.

TWO

It stops.

Not soon. Not tomorrow. Right now.

FOUR

You got it.

TWO

And no more until it's correct again.

FOUR

What?

TWO

You don't get any tomorrow. To make up for what you took.
Not until we catch up.

FOUR

You can't do that.

TWO

No?

FOUR

Two, I need it.

TWO

Well, you should have thought of that before--

FOUR

No, Two, you don't understand, I need it. It's not--

TWO

WHO'S THE SUPERVISOR HERE?! Huh?

Beat.

FOUR

You are.

TWO

I'm sorry that this is happening. I know neither one of us
want this to be the case.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 60.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

No. You're right. You're the sup. I'm the one out of line.

I'm sorry.

Thank you.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

See you tomorrow.

TWO

Four!

FOUR

I am excused?

Beat.

TWO

Yes.

FOUR exits.

TWO

See you tomorrow.

Silence.

TWO downs the rest of her Brew from her mug.

It's not really enough.

She begins to cross to the fridge to refill, but doesn't make it there before she hurls the mug from her hands.

It breaks against some surface.

Silence.

Lights fade.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 61.

FOUR

THURSDAY - VERY AM

Darkness.

1:23 AM.

Sound.

People fumbling, entering the room.

Light illuminates the office, turned on by SIX.

FOUR is present.

She has a knapsack.

SIX

Ah! Let there be light.

FOUR whistles.

FOUR

I can't believe your door code still works.

SIX

Eh, they never process that stuff. After you.

FOUR

So. This is your old room? It's nice.

SIX

Just how I left it, actually.

FOUR

It looks exactly the same. As ours.

SIX

Surprised?

FOUR

No. Not really. I mean, I figured. Why would they look different? But the similarity is...

It's actually kinda creepy.

SIX

Tick tock, darling.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 62.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Right, uh...

FOUR crosses to the fridge and opens it up.

Like the other fridge, it is filled to the brim with bottles of milky, amber Brew.

FOUR

You're sure your old boss won't--

SIX

No. He won't. He's so knackered he doesn't even count. He just puts in a number.

How many did she say we were down again?

FOUR

Several.

That's what, like, three?

SIX

Honestly, you probably could take more.

FOUR

No. Just three.

It'd be more to hide anyway.

SIX

Fair enough.

FOUR begins taking bottles and placing them in the knapsack.

SIX

The fact you're having to do this is ludicrous you ask me.

They don't process half the bloody stuff they say they will. Counts get messed up all the time.

She's really making a mountain out of a few missing bottles.

FOUR

Yeah, but...she's the boss, so...

SIX

Doesn't mean she knows what she's doing.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 63.

CONTINUED:

*FOUR finishes and zips up the
knapsack.*

FOUR

Well, nobody's perfect. Been a hell of a week, we're all adjusting.

SIX

You defending her?

FOUR

I mean, she knows what she's doing more than I would.

SIX

So that makes it okay to cut you off?

FOUR

I'm just saying it's a complicated situation. And I get that.

SIX

Why are you defending her?

FOUR

Why are you so bothered by it?

We're friends.

SIX

Are you?

FOUR

Yeah.

SIX

Yeah, but how well do you really know your co-workers, love?

FOUR

I know her better than I know you.

SIX

Come on, I have no subtext. No motives. I'm a simple bloke. Her?

You've heard the talkers talk, I know you have.

Say it wasn't One offed himself, was it?

She did it.

FOUR

Why?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 64.

CONTINUED:

SIX

For the position.

You've heard people say that.

FOUR

Yeah. I have. So what?

That's just people talking! She wouldn't do that.

SIX

No?

FOUR

She doesn't have a violent bone in her body, man.

SIX

How do you know?

FOUR

Because we're friends.

SIX

And I'm just pointing out...hell of a position for a friend to put you in over a few bottles.

Power changes people, love. Don't pretend it doesn't.

FOUR

Can we talk about something else?

Beat.

SIX

Sure.

Beat.

FOUR

We should get going anyway.

SIX

Wait. We aren't doing this?

FOUR laughs.

FOUR

I don't know. You kinda turned me off a little with that bit.

SIX

But I did help you break in, so...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 65.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

What, you think that means I owe you some pussy?

SIX

I didn't say that. It's yours to give.

When you have the power.

The air shifts.

SIX

It is just you and me here.

Like I said, how well do you really know your co-workers?
Yeah?

Beat.

*Is he saying what we think
he's saying?*

Because that's terrifying.

FOUR

That's not cool.

SIX

What?

FOUR

What the fuck?

SIX

Hahahaha.

FOUR

(Overlapping)

That's not fucking cool. Are you serious?!

SIX

Hahahahaha! What?

FOUR

(Overlapping)

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

SIX

I'm joking!

FOUR

In what fucking world is it okay to joke about raping me?!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 66.

CONTINUED:

SIX

RAPING you?! It was a joke!! Four, I swear!

FOUR

What the FUCK?!

SIX

I was joking!

Beat.

FOUR

Were you?

Beat.

SIX

Yes!

Silence.

THURSDAY - AM

8:30 AM.

TWO is at her station, typing away.

FOUR, FIVE, and SIX are not present.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FOUR enters, carrying a nontransparent water bottle, but no knapsack.

TWO sees and is shocked.

They share an unspoken moment.

FOUR

Knew you'd be here.

TWO

I cannot believe you are. You are aware you're early?

FOUR

Yeah, must be the end times, right? Aheh, I, uh--I actually wanted to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 67.

CONTINUED:

TWO
About yesterday?

FOUR
Well--

TWO
You're right. I owe you an apology.

FOUR
What?

TWO
I shouldn't have yelled at you. I'm sorry.

FOUR
Thanks.

Um, that really...

Uh...

TWO
What's wrong?

FOUR
We're friends, right?

TWO
Of course.

FOUR
Because I'd like to think that I could come to you with anything.

TWO
What's wrong, Four?

FOUR
You're not gonna like this.

TWO
Four, I can't change the rules for you.

FOUR
No, it's not--I need Six gone.

Beat.

TWO
Why?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 68.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Something happened.

And it's going to get you in trouble, I know. I'm sorry. But I can't work with him anymore. It's him or me.

TWO

Okay, slow--what--what happened?

Beat.

FOUR

He says he was joking...and I'm okay, nothing physical happened.

TWO

Oh my god.

FOUR

He implied heavily, um...he could overpower me. If he wanted.

He implied he was going to rape me.

If he wanted.

And it was frightening.

TWO

That is a serious accusation.

FOUR

Not an accusation, Two. It happened.

TWO

Right.

FOUR

You believe me, right?

You believe me, right?

TWO

You...have been known to exaggerate from time to time.

FOUR

(Overlapping)

Please, Two, don't do this to me.

TWO

(Overlapping)

Or misinterpret.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 69.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

(Overlapping)

God, don't do this to me, please. Why would I lie? Why would I make this up? Don't do this. Don't--

Beat.

TWO

I'm sorry. Forgive me. Of course. Of course I believe you. Of course I believe you, honey.

We'll take care of it. Okay?

Tell me exactly what happened. Exactly how the conversation went.

FOUR

Right. Um...

TWO

It happened yesterday?

FOUR

Yeah.

TWO

Off property?

Beat.

FOUR

No. It happened here.

TWO

In our Room?

FOUR

No, um...

TWO

What time did it happen?

Four?

FOUR

Here's the thing, um...

I can't...tell you what we were doing. I can only tell you what he said.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 70.

CONTINUED:

TWO

Why?

Why can't you tell me?

FOUR

It's...uh--a bit complicated.

TWO

Why is it complicated?

FIVE enters.

FIVE

Good morning, Two. Four? Wow, you're here early.

TWO

Can you give us a minute, Five?

FIVE

Oh. Uh, sure. We gotta start soon, though.

SIX enters.

SIX

Whoo! Just made it.

FOUR

What?

TWO and FOUR look at the clock.

It is 9:00 AM.

The chipper chime of the PA system fills the air.

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Good morning, vital workers. Welcome to another day of our glorious purpose. What must be done must be done. Go forth and keep our world in balance.

FOUR

(During the latter part of the above)

What the hell? It was, like, just 8:30, wasn't it?

TWO

(During the latter part of the above)

I thought so.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 71.

CONTINUED:

*FIVE and SIX sit at their
stations and begin typing
away.*

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

TWO

Listen, let's--

FOUR

We'll talk at lunch, right?

TWO

Are you sure?

FOUR

Yeah, that's fine. Don't worry about it.

TWO

Four?

FOUR

You know, actually, forget I said anything. I'll take care
of it.

*FOUR crosses to her own
station, taking a swig from
her water bottle.*

TWO

What?

What does that mean?

Four?

FOUR doesn't respond.

TWO stares at FOUR.

FOUR types away.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

FIVE

Is everything okay?

FOUR

Yep!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 72.

CONTINUED:

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

It's fine, Five. TWO

TWO reluctantly returns to typing.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

Hey. SIX
(To FOUR)

Four?

What? FOUR

Can we talk? SIX

I don't think that's a good idea. FOUR

Nor do I. TWO

Beat.

Of course. I understand. SIX

If you want to. Just let me know.

I am sorry. Genuinely.

SIX returns his focus to his work.

But the exchange has taken away some of FOUR'S focus.

She takes a swig from her water bottle.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 73.

CONTINUED:

It calms her.

*Or perhaps it does nothing of
the sort.*

*The clock turns 9:30 AM, and
the chipper chime of a PA
system fills the air.*

PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Good morning, vital workers. This is your daily memorandum briefing. We hope it finds you well and hard at task. As a reminder, Friday is Casual Shirt Day. Wear a casual shirt all day to show your colleagues your festive personality. Do not forget, that afternoon will also be a mandatory staff meeting to promote synergy. The topic of the meeting will be creating and maintaining synergy.

THURSDAY - LUNCH

12:33 PM.

*TWO, FIVE, and SIX are at
their stations, typing away.*

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

*FOUR is at hers, as well,
typing away.*

*But she's out of it, something
clearly running through her
mind.*

FIVE

Hey. Got another political assassination.

Weird, huh?

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

Poor Five.

He tried.

FOUR

What do you think happens when we die?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 74.

CONTINUED:

Beat.

TWO

Maybe not the best topic.

FOUR

So what? I'm curious. Come on. What do you think?

Anybody believe something other than the commonly accepted theories?

Let's hear it.

SIX

Well--

FOUR

Not you.

Five.

Let's hear it, kid.

FIVE

Um...

FOUR

You strike me as the type that believes in something.

FIVE

I'm not really comfortable talking about this.

TWO

Nor am I, Four. Why don't we drop the--

FOUR

I'M WORKING!!

FOUR clicks her mouse.

Whir hiss.

FOUR

I asked a legitimate question. I think it's fair to ask for a better answer besides "change the subject, Four."

Five. What do you think happens when we die?

You really don't have an opinion on anything, do you? Come on!

You think we go to Heaven? Hell? Planet Zog? Reincarnation?! WHAT?!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 75.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

I don't believe anything!

Beat.

FIVE

Jesus Christ.

I don't believe anything happens.

We just--end.

Everything stops.

And we cease.

Nothing happens.

FOUR

Wooooooooow.

That sucks. That's a sucky answer.

TWO

Four, maybe we should just take a...

TWO trails off as FOUR grabs her water bottle and downs the entire thing.

It takes her a moment.

Everyone stares as the Brew inside perhaps trickles down her cheeks and throat.

FOUR finishes and slams the bottle down, wiping her mouth.

FOUR

Well.

(Standing)

I have to pee.

FOUR does not exit, however.

She stands still, perhaps sways a bit.

And she pees herself.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 76.

CONTINUED:

A colored dampness stains the crotch of her unitard and spreads down the length of her groin.

Perhaps her legs.

The OTHERS stand and audibly react as TWO instantly rises from her chair and beelines to FOUR.

She reaches her and embraces her in a hug.

FOUR crumples into TWO'S shoulders and weeps.

TWO

Shhhh.

Shhhh. It's okay.

(To FIVE and SIX)

Boys, take an early lunch.

They hesitate, but don't move to leave.

TWO

(Sternly, but calmly)

Now.

FIVE exits.

Then SIX exits, something clearly running through his mind.

Beat.

TWO and FOUR haven't moved.

Nor do they break the embrace now.

Silence.

TWO

(When she feels
FOUR'S ready)

Talk to me, talker.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 77.

CONTINUED:

*FOUR exhales air through her
tears. Perhaps a smile.*

FOUR

How do you do it?

TWO

Do what?

FOUR

How do you just--shut everything off?

You're a robot.

TWO

I'm not a robot.

FOUR

You're stronger than me.

I can't do this anymore.

TWO

What do you mean?

FOUR

I can't do this anymore, Two. Any of it.

Six, this morning...One. Everything's just popped into
perspective.

And I'm done.

TWO

What must be done must be done.

FOUR

Yeah, but, I don't...feel like it anymore. I can't. So, no.

TWO

We don't get to say no. We have a quota to meet.

FOUR

You don't need me for that!

TWO

Yes, we do.

FOUR

I'm replaceable.

TWO

You are not.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 78.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

I am the least productive and capable person. I'm replaceable.

And I can't do it anymore.

I can't pretend it's less anymore.

Beat.

TWO

We don't get to say no.

FOUR

No. We don't.

Don't worry. I'm gonna wait till I get home.

TWO

Four.

No.

FOUR

We don't get to say no.

TWO

That is not the answer.

FOUR

Then what is? Because I can't do this.

I can't. I won't.

TWO

Four.

FOUR

Come on, you'll be glad to be rid of me.

TWO

Four!

FOUR

If you have a better suggestion, I'm all ears.

But you don't have one, do you?

TWO

The answer...

We don't do it because anyone can, we--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 79.

CONTINUED:

TWO (cont'd)

I don't know what you what me to say.

FOUR

I don't.

I'm done.

Beat.

TWO

I don't want to lose you too.

I can't.

Beat.

FOUR

That's selfish.

TWO

You're selfish!

FOUR

How am I being selfish?

TWO

How are you?! You said it yourself! I will still be here,
Four! Me! I'm the one who's going to have to deal with it!

FOUR

Then come with me.

Beat.

TWO

What?

FOUR

Come with me.

TWO

Four, no, we...

FOUR

(Overlapping)

Why not?

Don't you wanna know what happens?

TWO

No. No, I don't.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 80.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

You know what I hope happens?

TWO

Four.

FOUR

I know the whole point is that we don't know--

TWO

Four.

FOUR

But I'd like to think, you know, when it happens? We just elevate. To a better plane somewhere. It's pretty. Has things we like. We get to have time for the things we didn't have enough time for before.

The people.

TWO

Please stop.

FOUR

I think that sounds nice.

A whole lot nicer than just--nothing.

Beat.

TWO

What if it is nothing?

FOUR

Then we won't care anymore.

Silence.

TWO crosses and retrieves her mug of Brew.

She brings it to FOUR, who gives her a questioning face.

TWO

There's no water in that bottle.

You think I'm that dumb?

FOUR

(Chuckling)

No.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 81.

CONTINUED:

FOUR takes the mug but does not drink.

Or maybe she does.

FOUR

I'm sorry.

TWO

For what?

FOUR

You're gonna have to report this, aren't you?

Beat.

TWO

Report what?

Beat.

FOUR

Well.

I am gonna need a change of clothes.

TWO

Yes.

There'll be something. I'm sure you're not the first person to relieve themselves in uniform.

FOUR

Really? That would be disappointing because I feel like I just set a company record for something.

TWO smiles.

Beat.

TWO

I have an idea.

What if we just sit here for a while?

There's no need to make any decisions right away.

Let's just sit. Take a breath.

Talk if we want.

How does that sound?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 82.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

I could go for that.

They sit.

Silence.

THURSDAY - PM

1:33 PM.

Perhaps TWO and FOUR have moved.

Perhaps not.

They are laughing.

FOUR

So One goes, "Of course I fucking tried turning it off and on again, it's a computer virus, not your little dick modem."

And he sat there--he literally sat there with his feet on the desk watching porn until IT finally showed up.

TWO

He did.

FOUR

Oh my god. And then the poor IT girl does show, and she walks right into the climax of this lesbian gang bang.

TWO

I remember.

FOUR

There's piss and moaning and cum everywhere, and the girl's face is just...she'd rather be anywhere else.

TWO

Her loss.

FOUR

And he says, "oh, sorry, just figured I'd add some more. Help you get your money's worth."

TWO

And timed it with the money shot.

FOUR

He fucking did. He did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 83.

CONTINUED:

FOUR (cont'd)

Jeez.

He was kind of a shitty person, wasn't he?

TWO

Yeah.

FOUR

How long ago was that?

TWO

Year or two?

FOUR

Really? Wow.

Time flies.

TWO

Yes, it does.

FOUR

Still doesn't feel real.

This whole week. Any of it.

TWO

No.

Beat.

FOUR

You've heard the rumors going around? About you?

TWO

I have.

FOUR

Did you kill him?

Beat.

TWO

No.

But he told me he was going to.

I could have stopped him. I could have talked him out of it.

FOUR

You're trying to stop me.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 84.

CONTINUED:

I am. TWO

What gives? FOUR

You're not replaceable. TWO

He was. FOUR

Beat.

No one is. TWO

Three was. FOUR

Six is not Three. TWO

Well, I guess you got me there. FOUR

Beat.

You are not a shitty person. TWO

We're friends.

FIVE enters.

Hey. FIVE

How are you feeling?

Moist. FOUR

Can you run to wardrobe, Five? Get another uniform? TWO

Sure. FIVE

Um, what size?

TWO doesn't actually know.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 85.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

Four.

FIVE

Right.

FIVE exits.

FOUR

What are you doing?

TWO

You need a change of clothes.

FOUR

But I don't need a new uniform.

I told you. I'm done.

Beat.

Before TWO can respond, SIX enters.

He is followed by THE FLOOR MANAGER.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Okaaaaaay.

(Seeing FOUR)

Holy Jesus piss stain. Not again.

(To SIX)

You weren't kidding.

TWO

Hello. This is a surprise.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah. Not the Happy Birthday kind, though. I would really love cake right now.

But! Sadder news, actually. Uh, Six, here, has regretfully informed me of some company rule-breaking that went on last night, facilitated by a party in this room.

FOUR perhaps begins to laugh to herself.

TWO

Has he now?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Were you aware of any infraction?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 86.

CONTINUED:

TWO

What does he say happened?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

He says Four, here, convinced him, coerced him, actually, under threat, to break into his old room. Steal several bottles of Brew.

TWO

Is that true, Six?

Beat.

SIX

Yeah.

Beat.

TWO

Yes, that sounds correct. Four was just actually telling me herself. She confessed.

(To FOUR)

Isn't that right?

TWO and FOUR share an unspoken moment.

FOUR

Yes, [sir/ma'am]. She's right.

I, uh, I couldn't handle the guilt. So...

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Well, I'm sorry, but...you know that what means. I'm going to need you to come with me, Four.

FOUR

Yeah. You got it.

(To TWO)

Hey. Um.

Thanks for listening. Robot.

TWO

I'm not a robot. I'll miss you.

FOUR

I know. You love me.

TWO

For some reason.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 87.

CONTINUED:

FOUR

See you around.

(To THE FLOOR MANAGER)

So, I'll just wait in the hallway, yeah? Can I grab something from the machines first?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Uh, sure.

FOUR

Bitchin'.

FOUR exits.

Beat.

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Well, that went significantly easier than I anticipated.

All right, um, take care. All right. Uh, Two--

TWO

Yes, we should have a talk, shouldn't we? This room has been a hell of a problem this week. I'll come by your office later? I'd like to discuss some thoughts with you to increase synergy. 4:30 sound good?

THE FLOOR MANAGER

Uh...yeah, sure. Yeah, that'd be good.

I'll see you then.

TWO

Wonderful, see you then. Bye now.

THE FLOOR MANAGER exits.

Silence.

TWO crosses to her station and begins to work.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

SIX

Sorry, darling.

It was her or me. I had to get ahead of that sort of thing.

I told you. I don't cause trouble.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 88.

CONTINUED:

*TWO stands and beelines to
SIX.*

*FIVE enters, holding a spare
uniform, just as TWO reaches
SIX and slaps him hard across
the face.*

Beat.

She slaps him again.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Again.

She stops.

Beat.

TWO

Five, just leave that on Four's desk.

Someone else will need it tomorrow, I'm sure.

*TWO crosses back to her
station and begins to work.*

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

Lights fade.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 89.

FIVE

CASUAL SHIRT DAY

Lights rise.

9:11 AM.

TWO is at her station, typing away, wearing a white button-up over her unitard.

SIX is at his station, typing away, wearing a fancy button-down over his unitard.

FIVE wears some Hawaiian button-something over his unitard.

FOUR is not present.

FIVE teaches SEVEN, wearing a stylish button-up over her new uniform, the wonders of Brew.

SEVEN

Oh.

Mon dieu.

FIVE

Yeah. It doesn't taste anywhere near as good as you want it to.

SEVEN

What is it?

FIVE

I don't know. But it helps. You feel it, right?

SEVEN

Yes. It feels like drugs. Is it?

SIX

Honestly, probably.

FIVE

We don't know. We just drink it.

SEVEN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 90.

CONTINUED:

FIVE

(Leading SEVEN to
FOUR'S old station)

So the job is basically data entry. I can take you through it.

SEVEN

Thank you.

FIVE

So this is your home screen. And this white icon is the software we use.

SEVEN

Fatum. "What has been spoken?"

FIVE

Exactly. Fate.

SEVEN

Destiny.

FIVE

Oracle.

SEVEN

Doom.

FIVE

Calamity.

SEVEN

Death.

FIVE

Yeah.

So you click on that.

The log-in screen will appear. You enter your Employee ID and password.

Then, you'll see this screen. You go up to the top, hit "Find Candidate."

SEVEN

"Find Candidate."

FIVE

Right.

Then the account details will appear. And you type it in.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 91.

CONTINUED:

FIVE (cont'd)

(Reading and typing)

So...Account #566GGI166. Sung-Hoon Cho. Age 95.

Natural Causes.

Beat.

TWO

Good for her.

FIVE

Check it for typos, then hit "Execute."

FIVE clicks the mouse.

Whir hiss.

FIVE

Give it a try?

SEVEN

Okay.

SEVEN works silently.

Clack clack clack.

Whir hiss.

TWO'S computer beep-boops.

SEVEN

What was that?

TWO

That's the just the Room Memo. Supervisor business.

SEVEN

What does it say?

TWO

You don't have to worry about it. I read it on my own time. If it's something that concerns everyone I'll let you know.

SEVEN

Okay.

SEVEN returns to her work.

Clack clack clack.

SEVEN

What if it is something urgent?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 92.

CONTINUED:

Beat.

TWO pointedly hits a few buttons and reads.

TWO

There is a mandatory meeting this afternoon to promote synergy. The topic of the meeting will be creating and maintaining synergy.

Also, this will be the last Casual Shirt Day. It is henceforth canceled. Due to lack of participation.

Satisfied?

SEVEN is, and she returns to typing.

Beat.

TWO

(Standing)

Well.

I have to pee.

Would anybody like anything from the machines?

FIVE

No, thanks.

SEVEN

No, thank you.

TWO

Six?

SIX

No, thank you, Two.

TWO crosses to exit, but stops in the doorway.

TWO

By the way, Six. I'm going to need you to come in tomorrow. That okay?

SIX

Tomorrow's Saturday.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Bereavement Leave, Daniel Prillaman, 93.

CONTINUED:

TWO

I know.

Is that a problem?

Beat.

SIX

Not at all.

Boss Lady.

TWO

Good.

TWO exits.

SEVEN finishes.

SEVEN

Okay. This is good?

FIVE

Yep. Looks good.

Execute.

SEVEN clicks the mouse.

Whir hiss.

FIVE

And there you go. How do you feel?

SEVEN

I just killed someone.

FIVE

Yeah.

It helps if you don't think about it.

The more you think about it, the harder it is.

Silence.

END OF PLAY.