

DELVIN

Written by

Terry Luke Podnar

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMERCIAL CENTER - DAY

A nondescript high-rise rests in the midst of a business development complex.

INT. BREAK-ROOM - OFFICE

A group of office workers gather around a coffee dispenser. They're all sipping on coffee.

A smug, lazy, weasely manager, KILGORE (40s), pontificates in front of his co-workers while eating a donut and holding a coffee.

KILGORE

... and I show her the rubber and she said, "You're not gonna fit into that little thing."

Kilgore burst out laughing. His co-workers chuckle.

Kilgore's supervisor, MR. ELLIOT (60s), snide, degrading, enters the break-room with someone following him.

MR. ELLIOT

I knew I'd find you in your office, Kilgore.

Kilgore puts his coffee and donut down as the others scatter.

KILGORE

Just taking in a little java to get me going on that report, Mr. Elliot.

MR. ELLIOT

Forget about that report. I want you to train our new employee, DELVIN.

Delvin appears slow-witted, oafish and stands over eight feet tall. THE TOP OF DELVIN'S HEAD IS CUT OFF BY THE TOP OF THE DOORWAY.

Kilgore looks way up at Delvin in astonishment.

KILGORE

Oh my God.

DELVIN
I religious, too.

Delvin sticks out his hand to shake Kilgore's. Kilgore nervously puts out his hand.

Delvin's gigantic hand engulfs Kilgore's normal-sized hand. Kilgore turns toward Mr. Elliot.

KILGORE
Mr. Elliot, a moment please?
(to Delvin)
Excuse me.

DELVIN
Why? You do something?

They step off to the side.

KILGORE
What am I going to do with *him*?

MR. ELLIOT
Train him. Put him to work.

KILGORE
Where?

MR. ELLIOT
In the office. I measured it,
he'll fit perfectly.

KILGORE
Did you measure the ceiling?

MR. ELLIOT
Kilgore, we're facing a
discrimination charge and you're
going to help us get out of it.

KILGORE
What discrimination charge?

MR. ELLIOT
Doesn't matter. We need to employ
someone with a disability.

KILGORE
What's his disability, other than
not fitting through the door?

MR. ELLIOT
He's been diagnosed as "borderline
challenged."

KILGORE
Because he's huge and dangerous?

MR. ELLIOT
No, he's borderline.

KILGORE
I've never heard of it before.
Borderline what?

MR. ELLIOT
They can't tell us. It falls under
the physician-patient privilege.

KILGORE
Why me?

MR. ELLIOT
You always seem to have a lot of
time on your hands. It'll be
cheaper to hire him than fight it
in court.

KILGORE
Right. We can just sit him in a
corner.

MR. ELLIOT
Like hell we will. We're not going
to treat Delvin any differently
than anyone else in this office.

KILGORE
But he's not like anyone else in
this office.

Mr. Elliot hands Kilgore a piece of paper.

MR. ELLIOT
Here, these are his credentials.

Kilgore peruses the paper. His jaw drops.

KILGORE
Did you look over this?

MR. ELLIOT
I took a peek.

KILGORE
He left his previous business
experience blank.

MR. ELLIOT
Got to start somewhere.

KILGORE
On his previous supervisor, he wrote, "never knew what happened to him."

MR. ELLIOT
He said it's still under investigation.

KILGORE
What about his likes? "Brass knuckles, nunchucks, knives, guns..."

MR. ELLIOT
He carries a concealed carry permit. Don't you pack some heat?

KILGORE
He also wrote down, "likes mixed martial arts when I'm not in the ring."

MR. ELLIOT
So he likes a little action.

KILGORE
Look at him, he's a giant!

MR. ELLIOT
This company and I will not tolerate politically incorrect names.

Delvin steps forward.

DELVIN
I getting mad. Let's train.

They look at him.

MR. ELLIOT
You have to admire his work-ethic. You heard the man, Kilgore, get training.

Kilgore looks horrified.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE

Kilgore, who is dwarfed by Delvin, shows him his desk and chair. Typical office supplies and a computer rest on his desk.

KILGORE
Delvin? Is that your first name or
surname?

DELVIN
Yeah.

KILGORE
Alright... Delvin, this is your
workstation.

DELVIN
Where you at?

KILGORE
Somewhere, uh, other there.

Kilgore points in a general direction. Delvin examines his setup. He sits in the chair.

Delvin and his chair crash straight to the floor, the leg support bends like a pretzel, casters shoot out in different directions. Delvin rolls onto the floor.

Kilgore tries to help him up, but can't budge him. Delvin holds onto the desk and Kilgore's arm to get up.

He nearly pulls Kilgore down. Office workers watch in horror, except one office worker who suppresses laughter.

Delvin holds his back.

DELVIN
I hurt me.

He manages to stand.

DELVIN (CONT'D)
Need stronger chair.

KILGORE
We'll get you a stronger chair.

Kilgore runs off while Delvin waits. Delvin looks around. He notices a FEMALE CO-WORKER (30s) speaking on a headset. He interrupts her.

DELVIN
 (points to the headset)
 What that?

FEMALE CO-WORKER
 (covers her mouthpiece)
 I'm speaking to a client.

DELVIN
 I'm bored.

FEMALE CO-WORKER
 Please be quiet.

DELVIN
 You snob.

Kilgore follows two office employees carrying a sofa. They plop it behind Delvin's desk.

Delvin analyzes it, shakes his head in approval.

DELVIN (CONT'D)
 Better.

Delvin makes himself comfortable at his desk in his new sofa-chair.

DELVIN (CONT'D)
 What next?

KILGORE
 Go into the order management system
 and click on entry and processing.

COMPUTER

Delvin's huge fingers dwarf the keys on the keyboard. His one finger covers three keys at once.

CENTRAL OFFICE

DELVIN
 Need bigger keyboard.

KILGORE
 There isn't a bigger keyboard.
 They're all standard size.

DELVIN
 Keyboard too small.

KILGORE
 (thinks)
 Just a moment, I'll get you a
 bigger keyboard.

DELVIN
 What do I do?

KILGORE
 Why don't you take a break. Have
 some coffee.

DELVIN
 No like coffee. Me brought snack.

KILGORE
 Great. Why don't you have a snack
 while I get the big keyboard?

DELVIN
 No want special treatment.

KILGORE
 Of course you don't.

Delvin pulls out a duffle bag full of junk food, dumps them
 on the desk, covering the entire top. Kilgore's nonplussed.

DELVIN
 You want snack?

KILGORE
 Sure, I'll have one.

Delvin hands him a small package of carrots. Delvin begins
 gobbling twinkies, candy, cookies...

KILGORE (CONT'D)
 That's OK, Delvin, I don't want to
 deprive you of your snack.

DELVIN
 More for me.

Kilgore darts off to his office.

INT. KILGORE'S OFFICE

Kilgore dials a number on his phone.

KILGORE
 Hello, Mom?

INT. LIVING ROOM

KILGORE'S MOM (90s), an ancient woman who is feeble and gets around with a walker.

KILGORE'S MOM
Hello, Danny, I haven't heard from you since... I can't remember. Wonderful to hear from you...

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

KILGORE
Yeah, yeah, Mom, can I talk to Dad?

KILGORE'S MOM
He's taking his nap right now. Do you need something?

KILGORE
Yeah, you remember that organizer I bought you?

KILGORE'S MOM
Yes. I didn't like her very much.

KILGORE
No, I'm talking about the calculator. You know, the one with big numbers and big keys?

KILGORE'S MOM
Yes, yes, I remember. We couldn't...

KILGORE
I need to borrow it, just for today. I'll send someone to pick it up.

KILGORE'S MOM
OK...

Kilgore hangs up.

KILGORE'S MOM (CONT'D)
I was wondering when we're going to see you again. Maybe, we should...

INT. KILGORE'S OFFICE

Kilgore calls his assistant, SUSAN.

KILGORE

Susan, I need you to pick up a calculator.

CENTRAL OFFICE

Delvin finishes eating the junk food in the duffle bag. He turns it upside down and shakes it. Only a wrapper falls.

Kilgore appears, hands the jumbo organizer to Delvin. Mr. Elliot appears behind Kilgore.

MR. ELLIOT

Kilgore, what are you doing? Are you trying to humiliate Delvin?

KILGORE

No, sir, I wanted him to start on some calculations.

MR. ELLIOT

I'm keeping my eye on you.

KILGORE

He's the trainee.

MR. ELLIOT

I know.

The organizer sinks into the palm of Delvin's hand.

DELVIN

This joke? Not funny. Still too small. I getting mad.

KILGORE

(scared)

We don't want that.

MR. ELLIOT

Just don't stand there, Kilgore, get him a bigger calculator.

KILGORE

Where?

MR. ELLIOT

That's not my problem. Do I have to train both of you?

Mr. Elliot storms off.

KILGORE
(exasperated)
Delvin, you have to understand, it takes new employees time to adjust to new conditions. You're... um, no different.

DELVIN
What next?

KILGORE
You are an eager beaver.

Delvin stands up.

DELVIN
What you call me?

KILGORE
Please, sit down on the sofa. I have a special assignment for you. Can you write a report for me?

DELVIN
Depends.

Kilgore grabs a piece of paper off Delvin's desk, writes a question on it, hands it to Delvin.

With his gargantuan hand, he takes the paper and reads it.

KILGORE
The question is "should our company use fair market value or strategic value to appraise our business specific infrastructure. Why and explain." I know it's a little complex concept to explain, but you can write the report whenever you feel like it. Matter of fact, don't even come back to the office until you finish.

DELVIN
I have answer tomorrow.

KILGORE
Sure you will. Take your time. Just don't come back until it's finished.

DELVIN
Heard first time. I not hard hearing. You make me feel bad.

Delvin begins to sob. Kilgore tries to put his arm around Delvin to comfort him, but he can't reach his shoulders.

KILGORE
I'm sorry, Delvin, take the rest of
the day off.

Delvin hugs Kilgore, picks him off the ground. Delvin leaves.

A CO-WORKER (40s) approaches Kilgore.

CO-WORKER
How's your protege working out?

KILGORE
Perfect. He's a go-getter. But
I'm afraid we won't be seeing
Delvin for awhile, maybe never.

INT. KILGORE'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Kilgore appears to be conducting business on the phone.

KILGORE
Yeah, that wine really loosened us
up. It sure loosened up your
panties. If it was good for me,
I'm sure it was good for you.

Delvin appears at his door. The top of his head is obscured by the doorway.

KILGORE (CONT'D)
What? I owe you how much?
(pause)
Wow. I thought you'd give me a
discount, considering it was me.
I'll call you later.
(looks at Delvin)
I'm surprised to see you here.

DELVIN
Why? Here I work.

KILGORE
I told you not to come back until
you finish the report.

DELVIN
I finish.

KILGORE
You finished? That was fast.

Delvin hands him a disarray of stacked papers.

KILGORE (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

DELVIN
Answer to homework.

KILGORE
I didn't expect you to do it
overnight.

DELVIN
Me have time.

Kilgore peruses the first page. Mr. Elliot discreetly stands outside Kilgore's office, listens.

KILGORE
This is going to be good.
(reads the report)
"Strategic value can represent a
value in excess of fair market to a
specific buyer; thus, the
vicissitudes of the economic
conditions bode well for the demand
of our product. Therefore, the
strategic value should generate
greater earnings than fair market
value at this juncture; however..."

Kilgore scans page after page in disbelief.

KILGORE (CONT'D)
Did you plagiarize this report?

DELVIN
Specific product examples in our
business model.

KILGORE
I don't believe you? How'd you do
it?

DELVIN
Computer. Google company. Advance
math.

Mr. Elliot steps into the office.

MR. ELLIOT

I was checking on Delvin's progress. I see you gave him a writing assignment - a report I asked you to do over a month ago.

KILGORE

You got it all wrong Mr. Elliot, I simply gave Delvin my report to look at.

MR. ELLIOT

Let me see the report.

He looks over it until he gets to the last page.

MR. ELLIOT (CONT'D)

It appears Delvin signed the last page and dated it.

KILGORE

I taught Delvin everything I know.

MR. ELLIOT

It's his second day.

KILGORE

He's a sponge.

Mr. Elliot examines the report again.

MR. ELLIOT

Delvin, this is amazing! You even wrote up a proposal to maximize our company's profits and substantiated your findings with examples and calculations. This is exceptional work.

DELVIN

It nothing.

KILGORE

Let's not forget who trained him.

MR. ELLIOT

I haven't forgotten, which leads me to ask you a question: what have you been doing for the last ten years, besides collecting a check?

KILGORE

I take personal offense to that question.

MR. ELLIOT

Go ahead. I think we caught lightning in a bottle. Delvin, I'm promoting you to General Sales Manager.

KILGORE

But that's above me.

MR. ELLIOT

You're right, Kilgore. And since you taught him everything you know, we don't need you anymore. The company can save money on a cost cutting measure by eliminating your job. You're fired.

DELVIN

I getting happy.

MR. ELLIOT

Oh, Kilgore, Delvin omitted his education on his credentials. He graduated from... Brown University? Is that a good college? Delvin said he got in because of his disability.

Kilgore grits his teeth in anger. He lifts his head to look at Delvin's face.

KILGORE

Delvin, I have one question for you: what is borderline challenged.?

DELVIN

Borderline speech impediment.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END