



# THE REPORT

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Written by

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INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

MR. RUBINS (51), big and gruff like a wrestler in a business suit, reclines with his feet on the oak desk. He holds up a small booklet.

MR. RUBINS  
This, my boy, is gold.

He tosses it across the desk. A hand catches it on the other end.

MARTIN MILLS (30s) clutches the booklet. His schoolboy nervousness melts in relief. He buttons his hand-me-down wool suit jacket.

MARTIN  
Th--Thank you Mr. Rubins.

MR. RUBINS  
You did the heavy lifting on this account, Mister Mills. As far as I'm concerned, the account's in the bag. We present tomorrow, two o'clock.

MARTIN  
I'll be there.

MR. RUBINS  
You're damn right you will. You're presenting, Mills.

MARTIN  
You can call me Martin, sir.

MR. RUBINS  
No no. Up here, we're misters.

Martin stands up straighter at this. He suppresses a grin.

MR. RUBINS  
Now, Rachel is familiar with this client, so she's going to help with last minute revisions.

MARTIN  
R-Rachel?

Mr. Rubins summons someone by the door with a flick of the wrist.

Martin spins around to see Rachel.

Statuesque with a red lipstick to match her skin-tight suit. She carries leather folder and a couple of files. It's sexist how superficially attractive she is.

RACHEL

Ready when you are, Martin.

Martin's back to the nervous schoolboy look.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Rachel leans toward Martin. Her cleavage in full view. Martin tries to look away.

She points to a page on the booklet.

We can't see the pages.

RACHEL

These figures could be adjusted.  
Nothing wrong with a playing  
doctor. With the charts, I mean.

Martin makes a mark on the page.

The sound becomes muffled. A buzz in the ears. Martin peers over at Rachel's cleavage. His face goes flush. She catches his gaze. Gives him a seductive smirk.

Everything moves slow. Martin moves the pen in across the paper. Almost without his knowledge. He peers over at his hand, confused.

CLOSE ON the blank paper. The words "wake up" scrawled out.

The sound becomes clear. The buzzing leaves. Martins zones out on the words. The cleavage. The report.

MARTIN

What the fuck?

Rachel's seductive, happy look fades.

RACHEL

Excuse me.

Martin opens the report. Flips through. All blank pages.

He looks up at Rachel. She looks at him, confused.

MARTIN

What's this?

RACHEL  
You should know. You wrote it.

MARTIN  
Wrote it? There's nothing here.

Rachel puts her hand in the book, stops Martin flipping it. She points on the page.

RACHEL  
Here. Here's your cost breakdown analysis.

Blank page.

MARTIN  
There's nothing there! And why are you wearing that? Why are you talking to me and looking at me like that?

RACHEL  
I don't know what you mean.

Martin jumps out of his chair.

Face her. Pulls her in for a passionate kiss. She falls into it. He dips her like in the movies.

She pulls back. She's flustered.

MARTIN  
Why did you let me do that? You didn't have a choice, did you?

Martin storms off with the report. Rachel catches her breath.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Martin busts in. Mr. Rubin's, napping in his chair, shoots awake. Martin tosses the report on Mr. Rubin's desk.

MARTIN  
The winning report. The hot assistant. You fucking with me?

MR. RUBINS  
I beg your pardon.

MARTIN  
The winning report. The prop woman.

Rachel walks in behind Martin. She waits at the door.

MARTIN

This is some ten million dollar bro  
comedy. Could you make it more  
obvious--

Someone pushes past Rachel. A big guy in a hoodie.

GUY

Hey buddy, you said something about  
ten million dollar.

The guy flips his hoodie back. It's T.J. Miller.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END