

The CEO
by
Simon Wiedemann

© 2020

INT: HEAD OFFICE - DAY

In the centre of this purely white and mostly featureless room, is a white plastic and round table seating the CEO (50) in a suit. Three other suited BUSINESSMEN in their 40s, (PETER, GARY, DEREK and KEITH) surround him. Outside the windows is a high up city view of many skyscrapers.

CEO

Hello, gentlemen. I've brought you all here today to congratulate you. Our supermarkets are not only starting to spread nationally, but globally. I think part of that success is down to you, Peter. Naming our company 'Reasonable Foods' has given us a down to Earth and honest image, millions can relate to.

PETER

Thank you, Sir.

CEO

And let's not forget Gary, here. Without you, Reasonable Foods would be selling pistols and assault rifles. That really is just an American thing isn't it? Phew!

GARY

Thank you, Sir.

CEO

And of course Derek and Keith are just nice people.

DEREK

Thank you Sir.

KEITH

Thank you.

CEO

I've also brought you here, because I have a huge project I want to launch ASAP that will surely be earning us all millions.

The BUSINESSMEN rub their hands.

CEO

However, we all know that will involve extremely hard work. We're talking fourteen hour days here, but the rewards will make everything worthwhile.

It's not as if we're here to take shortcuts, is it men?

The BUSINESSMEN shake their heads with enthusiasm. The CEO's mobile rings. He answers it.

CEO
David?

The CEO's face darkens.

CEO
Larry's sick?... He's in hospital right now?... He's on life support?

The CEO sheds a tear. DEREK gives a warm smile and comforts him.

DEREK
Larry's old now, Sir.

CEO
(into his phone)
Ok, I'll be there right away.

The CEO hangs up and looks grave.

CEO
I know Larry is old. He's MY family friend isn't he?

DEREK
He'll be in a better place, soon. You know that.

CEO
Yeah...

DEREK
But with all due respect Sir, he is just a rabbit...

The CEO goes red.

DEREK
(nervously)
Sir?...

CEO
GET OUT, NOW!!

DEREK
But Sir, I'm just trying to make you feel better...

CEO
Get out before you get sacked!!

DEREK hurries out of the room, head to the floor.

CEO
Peter. Gary. Keith. My role as leader of this fine company will be halting until Larry is nibbling lettuce, once again.

KEITH adjusts his tie, nervously.

KEITH
Who... Will take your role?

CEO
No one.

KEITH
I don't understand...

CEO
As of now, you're all suspended. So are all cashiers, trolley-pushers, everyone working for RF.

PETER looks as if he's never thought harder in his life.

PETER
I... don't understand, either...

The CEO snuffles.

CEO
This is a time of mourning. It would be inappropriate for anyone to be making any money.

GARY
Sir, maybe this company CAN still continue. MAYBE, the staff could all wear black as a token of respect.

KEITH
Yeah! The staff could wear plastic flowers with pictures of Larry on them...

PETER
And we could organise a fun run to raise money for his treatment...

CEO
No. I have all the money in the world, it's not going to make any difference.

Larry's time on this planet is running out.

PETER looks around the room in a daze.

PETER

Errr...

KEITH

How about... How about we freeze Larry so he can be brought to life in a time where medicine has advanced?

CEO

No. That's not natural. It's not the right way.

GARY

What is... the right way?

The CEO straightens his posture.

CEO

I have to make a REAL token of respect...

GARY

And that is?...

CEO

Sell the company to Larry's family. We'll have to trace each member down.

The three BUSINESSMEN face-palm.

KEITH

Now Sir! You've gone to far! You're not honestly saying you're going to give this multi-billion pound company to rabbits??

The CEO's mobile rings again. The BOSS answers it as best he can.

CEO

Larry's having a stroke?... Ok, ok, ok... I'll be there...

The CEO hangs up and leaves his chair.

KEITH

Wish Larry well for me, Sir.

The CEO's face hardens.

CEO
I wouldn't be too supportive of me,
Keith. If Larry's ok, he's running the
company.

KEITH looks up and smirks.

KEITH
We three here would run the company
for you... If only you'd... let us.

GARY
Yeah, we'd all have a good go at
rabbit. We promise not to make a mess
of rabbit.

The CEO sighs.

CEO
Don't think you can ever out-pun or
word play me.

GARY
Well we can say what to we want to you
now, can't we? I mean considering you
won't be out boss any more... You
rabbit loving freak.

CEO
Get out now. I was going to recommend
you work high up at 'Kind of Rubbish
Foods', but not any more. Not that
you'd work for them anyway,
considering you'd probably hate
working for gerbils, too.

The CEO storms out of the room.