

INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

Mac and Charlie storm into the mail room.

MAC

They're on to me, dude. Those guys are sharp as nails up there, you can't put anything past them. Oh my God, I am freaking out, I'm so stressed out. I think I'm having a panic attack.

CHARLIE

You wanna talk about stress? Okay. I've stumbled onto a major company conspiracy, Mac. How about that for stress?

MAC

What the hell are you talking about?

CHARLIE

This company is being bled like a stuffed pig, Mac and I got a paper trail to prove it. Check this out.

Charlie walks to a wall covered in paper and string.

MAC

Jesus Christ, Charlie.

CHARLIE

That right there is the mail. Now let's talk about the mail. Can we talk about the mail please, Mac? I've been dying to talk about the mail all day, okay? Pepe Silvia, this name keeps coming up over and over again. Every day, Pepe's mail is getting sent back to me. Pepe Silvia, Pepe Silvia, I look in the mail, this whole box is Pepe Silvia! So I say to myself, "I gotta find this guy. I gotta go up to his office. I gotta put his mail in the guy's goddamn hands otherwise he's never gonna get it, it's gonna keep coming back down here. So I go up to Pepe's office and what do I find out, Mac? What do I find out?"

Mac looks perplexed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There is no Pepe Silvia. The man does not exist. So I decided "Ah shit, buddy. I gotta dig a little deeper. There's no Pepe Silvia? You gotta be kidding, I got boxes full of Pepe." Alright, so I start marching my way down to Carol in HR and I knock on the door and I say "Carol! I gotta talk to you about Pepe," and when I open the door, what do I find? There's not a single goddamn desk in that office. There is no Carol in HR.

(Beat)

Mac, half the employees in this building have been made up. This office is a goddamn ghost town.

Beat.

MAC

Okay Charlie, I'm gonna have to stop you right there... Not only do all of these people exist, but they have been asking for their mail on a daily basis. It's all they're talking about up there! Jesus Christ, we are going to lose our jobs.

CHARLIE

Well calm down, because here's one thing that's not gonna happen.

MAC

What?

CHARLIE

We're not gonna get fired.

MAC

We're not?

CHARLIE

Because we've already been fired.

MAC

We've lost our jobs?!

CHARLIE

Yeah. About three days ago, I got a couple pink slips in the mail, one for you, one for me.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So what did I do? I mailed them
halfway to Siberia.

MAC
Charlie, if we've lost our jobs,
that means we've lost our health
insurance, which means all of this
was for nothing! Goddamnit dude, I
am having a panic attack. I am
actually having a panic attack.

CHARLIE
Will you settle down and have
another cup of coffee?

MAC
I am.

CHARLIE
Alright, well, fine.

Barney, a mysterious guy in a trench coat appears next to
Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Barney, give this guy a cigarette,
he's freaking out.

MAC
What? Who?

Charlie gestures to Barney, standing next to him.

CHARLIE
Barney. He's the guy who tipped me
off to Pepe Silvia.

MAC
Barney?! Who the hell is Barney?!

CHARLIE
You don't see Barney?

Charlie turns to realize there's nobody next to him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit... Where the hell did
he...

MAC
You've lost your mind... You've
lost your damn mind, Charlie.

Charlie looks around, confused.