

Office space BFI monologue draft 2

written by

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INT. EMPTY HIGH RISE OFFICE SPACE - AFTERNOON

The office is alive with the sound of bustling monotony, ringing phones and humming computers fill the room. However it's missing the people that accompany it.

SCOTT (26), walks through the office, head down, towards the copier. He walks slowly and slouched, grey faced. He is dressed in basic office attire.

He reaches the copier and presses print, staring off into the distance, disengaged with the world.

As he collects the papers he peers down. His eyes widen as he catches a glimpse of them. He double takes and brings the paper up to his gaze.

It reads "What's the matter Scott?"

Scott looks around the office and then back at the printer.

SCOTT  
Are you talking to me?

He pauses, then shakes his head and turns to leave.

Another piece of paper is printed. It reads "Yes Scott, I'm talking to you."

Scott picks it up and stares. Another is printed and he immediately grabs it.

It reads "You seem down, what's up?"

He peers round the office. His expression softens from confusion to sadness.

SCOTT  
I don't know...everything's supposed to be getting back to normal in the world again, but I'm not feeling how I thought I would.  
  
I've just spent the last two and a half years inside. By myself. Waiting. Alone.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I thought that once the pandemic was over we would all return to normal, and now I'm wandering if I'll ever be able to remember what normal was.

Another piece of paper is printed. It reads "The person you were before is still present Scott."

SCOTT

I know, I know... It just feels like I retreated so far into myself, to protect myself from the isolation, that I ended up losing the old me.

Gone.

And I did it because I thought it would help, but now instead I feel helpless.

Scott turns his back to the wall and sinks down to the floor. The printer produces another piece of paper. He grabs it.

It reads "You're not alone Scott."

SCOTT

But that's just it, I know there's people around me, friends, family, but I still feel like the ghost at the feast.

And I know, I know, I know, I shouldn't compare myself to others. But I see people all around that have been able to get back into the driver's seat. Shift back into gear, take back control of their lives.

Scott starts to exclaim with his hands whilst speaking, frustrated.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's tough not to, when you've been living vicariously through social media for so long.

Seeing happy friends and smiling faces, new adventures and old jokes. Successful businesses and sculpted bodies, people who flourished into new incarnations of themselves!

I see people who found their tribe. Found a cause they were willing to lay their lives down for.

I sit there and I compare myself to them all, and think

'what did I do during this time?'

The printer produces another message. It reads "What did you do?" Scott sees the message and exhales.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well... I stopped? I waited? Maybe I was frozen by fear?

I did what I thought I needed to do in order to survive. Not live. Not grow. But survive.

And I did.

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I think I sometimes forget how real the threat of death was only a short time ago.

Being told by our government that we're taking our lives into our hands every time we bought food, went to work, visited our loved ones who needed support.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How some of us had to make a choice  
between being on the front lines  
during a pandemic or risk losing it  
all, whilst the people protecting  
us partied on and felt no  
repercussions.

Scott pauses for a moment and reflects.

SCOTT

So yeah, I was scared, I think deep  
down most of us were. I don't think  
I could admit that to myself  
before.

The printer produces another piece of paper.

It reads "Be proud Scott. Live for those who didn't."

Scott stands back up and tries to collect himself.

SCOTT

Be proud... Yeah.  
Maybe I can take pride in the parts  
of me that led to the here and now?

Get back out there, live,  
reconnect.  
I suppose that is the best way to  
honor everyone that didn't make it.

*Embrace* the person that I've  
become.

Scott stands tall. The printer starts up and prints out  
three pages in quick succession.

They read "You" "Go" "Scott!".

Scott reads them and smiles at the printer, pausing for a  
moment. A radiance not seen before encompasses his face. He  
turns and walks towards the office space.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, who wants to come for a  
coffee? Let's talk.

END