

*(Sound of thunder, which only CHRIS hears.)*

CHRIS

Hi, you wanted to see me?

ALEX

*(ALEX is frighteningly calm.)* Sit down, Chris.

CHRIS

Is this going to take long? 'Cause I have to finish --

ALEX

Sit, Down.

CHRIS

*(sitting)* What's up?

ALEX

Chris, did you make copies earlier?

CHRIS

Excuse me?

ALEX

Did you make copies.

CHRIS

Uh...yes, yes, I ran off a bunch of copies for my presentation this afternoon.

ALEX

I see. When was this?

CHRIS

I guess around eleven-thirty.

ALEX

Was there anyone else in the copy room when you got there?

CHRIS

Um. Sam! Sam was there.

ALEX

I see. Chris, there's a problem. Something we need to address.

CHRIS

Was there a murder?

ALEX

That's funny. Tell me what you did in the copy room.

CHRIS

*(after a beat)* I made copies.

ALEX

Just run through the whole event for me. Humor me.

CHRIS

All right. I got there and had to wait -- oh, that's right, Bert was with Sam. So I waited for them to finish, then I made my copies. Then I left.

ALEX

I see.

*(An awkward silence.)*

CHRIS

Are we done?

ALEX

Did you take a pen with you to the copy room?

CHRIS

A pen? Why would I need a pen to make copies? Besides, if I did need a pen, there's one attached to the...*(understanding at last, quietly)*...copy log.

ALEX

I'm sorry? I couldn't hear you. Attached to the?

CHRIS

The copy log. Alex, I'm --

ALEX

The copy log. Interestingly, it's off the machine's count by several hundred pages.

CHRIS

I completely forgot.

ALEX

We lease that machine, we don't own it. We get charged for every copy. I have to bill every copy to the appropriate department.

CHRIS

I apologize.

ALEX

The cost of all unclaimed copies is divided equally among all departments.

CHRIS

Right.

ALEX

You made hundreds of such unclaimed copies. Fortunately for everyone's budgeting, I was able to track you down. You also left the machine without any paper in it.

CHRIS

I did?

ALEX

Not one sheet. Because Connie, who is in the log after Sam, had to get paper out of the back to fill it herself.

CHRIS

Oh...

ALEX

Chris, if you don't believe in courtesy, you have no place here. Do I make myself clear?

CHRIS

Yes.

ALEX

Then go.

*(CHRIS moves out of ALEX's "office" as FOUR exits.)*

CHRIS

Gorgeous sunshine: Meaningless. Temperate weather: Insignificant. Happy subway experience: Shot to hell. I mean, who cared? I was twelve again, being yelled at by my English teacher.

ONE

Did you do the homework, Chris, or didn't you?

CHRIS

I was ten, being scolded by a department store clerk.

TWO

Don't touch that! Don't you know any better?

CHRIS

I was eight, facing some cruel, composed classmate.

THREE

You must have been so embarrassed by that book report.

CHRIS

All I could hear was my parents saying...

ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR

You just weren't thinking, were you? WERE YOU?

CHRIS

The big presentation became the furthest thing from my mind. I felt nauseated. Stupefied. Numb.

ONE

Hey, Chris, hope that presentation goes well!

TWO

Give me a buzz, let me know how it went.

THREE

Chris, do you know what time it is?

CHRIS

It's...three. It's THREE! I have to get to the conference room!