

The Dancer

by

Lamont Dyck

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

It is a busy floor with many cubicles, people quickly moving around. One office with the name plate reading "Senior Manager: Langston Martin". LANGSTON is on the phone pacing. Two men, PAUL and COLE, are at the water cooler talking about nothing then GRANT walks up to them to talk.

PAUL AND COLE

Hey new guy! What is shaken at cubical number two two three?

Paul and Cole hi-five.

GRANT

It has been over 3 months now, when you guys stop calling me the new guy?

PAUL

When it stops being funny.

Cole and Paul look towards Langston's office.

COLE

He must be so proud today.

PAUL

Yeah he must be on cloud nine. Can you imagine your mother accomplishing all what Langston's mom has done.

COLE

World champion

GRANT

World champion of what?

COLE

You know that we have been talking about Langston's mom being a dancer.

GRANT

Yeah, it seems like that is all you guys have been talking about.

Paul and Cole look at each other holding back laughter.

COLE

What can we say, we like dancing.

Paul quickly interrupts Cole

PAUL

Well she just become the world
champion of ballroom dancing in
Venice yesterday night, it was on
T.V.

COLE

I bet he is talking to her right
now.

Paul, Cole, and Grant are looking at Langston

PAUL

You want to move up in this company,
don't you Grant?

GRANT

Of course I do, I do not want to
spend my career here in the cubes.

Paul and Cole role their eyes

COLE

As we told you before, you need to
grease the palms of Langston.

GRANT

He is such a difficult guy to
connect with. I have tried
everything: sports, movies, T.V.,
and even some off colour jokes.
Nothing works.

Paul quickly turns to Grant.

PAUL

(whispering)

There is one thing you can do.
Congratulate him before everyone
else does.

GRANT

Why don't you guys do that?

COLE

We are long time employees here, we have no chance of moving up.

PAUL

(interrupting)

The real reason is that Langston hates us. Anything we say, he just thinks we are sucking up. But you, we can tell he likes you.

GRANT

Really? This might be my chance to grease those palms.

Grant quickly grooms himself, taking some water from Cole's cup to fix his hair. Straightens his back and walks with authority to Langston's office. Langston is still on the phone, gives Grant a signal to wait a few moments and motions to Grant to sit down.

LANGSTON

(hanging up the phone)

How may I help you
(looking at his name tag)
Grant

GRANT

I just came in to congratulate you on your mother's great achievement. You must be so proud.

LANGSTON

(looking shocked)

What do you mean? My mother.

GRANT

(persistent)

I just know that she is a great dancer and now she is a world champion. You do not have to be so modest.

LANGSTON

(trying to hide his anger)

My mother a dancer. Who put you up

to this? Was it Cole or Paul? No I bet it was that fat bastard in accounting.

Langston stands right in front of Grant and looks him in the eye.

GRANT

Do you think this is funny?

GRANT

(very uncomfortable)

I am sorry I just wanted to congratulate you. No one put me up to this. I thought you would be more excited to have your mother crowned a world champion ball room dancer.

LANGSTON

(shaking his head in anger)

I love my mom, she means everything to me. But this mockery is unexpected. How dare you come in here and make my mother the punch line of your jokes.

GRANT

(apologetic)

I am very sorry. I was told that she won the competition, now I know that she lost, I am very sorry, your mother must be very disappointed.

LANGSTON

Disappointed, for losing a dance competition. Really? That is what you think this is all about.

(losing his cool)

Look around what do you see?

Grant looks around seeing pictures of Langston with his mother. His mother is in a wheelchair.

LANGSTON

How would you like it if your mother had no legs.

FADE OUT.