

Performance report

by

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NFC Feature Short Challenge 2025

INT - OFFICE FOYER- DAYTIME

Kathy (Young, eager, formal dress) plays Suduko on her phone, sitting in the waiting room of an office.

A calander notifacation appears, marking (x)pm today as when the internet returns.

She swipes it away, returning to the game.

A shadow looms above her

BOB (Middle aged, sloppy, formal dress worn badly)

BOB

You know I've never got the point of games since the blackout, can't win against yourself can you?

KATHY

Oh yeah, I'm Kathy-

BOB

Kathy! Hope you're excited for your first day, let's get into the tour!

A montage begins of Bob showing Kathy around the office.

INT - KITCHEN - DAYTIME

BOB

So this is the coffee machine.

INT- TOILETS - DAYTIME

BOB

This is the toilet

INT - OFFICE - DAYTIME

BOB

This is the printer

INT - OFFICE - DAYTIME

BOB

That about sums up the first day tour, any questions?

KATHY

Yeah I mean, how are things so, normal?

BOB

Huh?

KATHY

Like I've spent the last 6 months retraining as a blacksmith, and before that I was a pickpocket,
(MORE)

KATHY (cont'd)
like actual Oliver twist, my
neighbour rides a horse now. This
place is all just..normal.

BOB
OH! That's all Doug, can't believe
I didn't show you doug.

INT- OUTSIDE OF DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME

Bob swings open the door

BOB
So this is Doug.

The room is entirely filled to the brim with stacks of paper
and documents.

DOUG
FUCK FUCK CLOSE THE DOOR THEY'RE
ESCAPING

BOB
Marcel.

BOB snaps his fingers, MAARCEL (snooty french waiter)
emerges from the papers, he chases after the documents that
flitted out of the room.

BOB
That's Marcel, Doug owns him.

KATHY
Doug owns hi-

DOUG
Fuck oh my god get OUT I'm WORKING
AAAAAAAAAA.

Bob shuts the door.

BOB
Doug owns him don't worry about it.
He does most of the admin and
transaction handling since the
internet went down so we give him a
certain amount of leeway.

DOUG
So he owns a person?

BOB
Technically he also owns a small
island off the coast of nicaragua,
not that he'll ever see it AM I
RIGHT??

Bob pauses for a laugh, it doesn't come

KATHY
What?

INT- COFFEE MACHINE - DAYTIME.

BOB
So this is the second coffee
machine

KATHY
No I have more questions about
Doug.

INT- OUTSIDE OF DOUGS OFFICE - DAYTIME

Doug is smoking a cigarette still working frantically.

KATHY
Can he do that?

BOB
Yeah but we got a catheter fitted
so it doesn't stink the room up.

Doug reaches under the table, the sound of a fly being
reziped is heard.

KATHY
No I mean the smoking, can he-

DOUG
YES DOUG CAN SMOKE.

BOB
Doug can smoke in here yes.

KATHY
So he just processes all the
transactions, for everything,
everywhere.

BOB
Yeah he just kind of does
everything.

KATHY
Does Doug have any special
training?

BOB
Nope, just dedication to the
shareholders, resistance to
electrocution, and a pre-made pact
with God that they wont take him
until Q4.

Bob pulls out a remote, flicking a switch, a collar around
Doug's neck snaps to life, shocking him.

Doug screams and flails, he does not stop working
Bob sighs in deep satisfaction, he turns to Kathy.

BOB
So that's Doug, don't worry about
him too much, we're plenty busy
upstairs.

Bob tilts his head back in a joyless laugh.

INT - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAYTIME.

Match cut

Bob continues laughing, now in a sterile, generic office environment.

Bob suddenly cuts his laughter short.

BOB
Ooh its Sandras birthday.

The office sits around a table chatting and eating cake.

BOB
And that's when I said to him, you
think those numbers are good? Well
baby check out THESE numbers.

Bob unfurls and ancient scroll, with various numbers written upon it.

The table gasps in awe, amazed at such numbers.

Kathy eats cake.

INT - DOUGS OFFICE- DAYTIME

Dog sits at his desk scrabbling frantically, mania in his eyes.

Marcel leans out of the shadows, looming above Doug.

MARCEL
A new shipment from Tokyo sir,
there was a chav firewall in
cornwall so they're already 3 weeks
late.

Doug clenches his fist, snapping the pencil in his hand.

INT - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAYTIME.

The team stand before Bob, who himself stands under a banner advertising "Timmy the mental health anaconda"

BOB

You've earned this guys, real team
of rockstars up here. Remember
don't hold Timmy too tight or he
WILL revert to his natural
reptilian instincts okay?

INT - DOUGS OFFICE- DAYTIME

Doug scrabbles away at his documents frantically, a light on
his desk glows and buzzes three times, he hesitates, pencil
hovering in fear

A fourth buzz, a fourth light.

Doug breathes a sigh of relief, the phone on his desk rings.

Doug answers, pulling out an envelope and reading the
document inside.

CALLER

Does Mothers orchard still bloom
with frost?

Dougs scans down the document with his finger, coming to a
stop at the correct phrase.

DOUG

Only when the ides of march enter
through the gate of tomorrow.

CALLER

Report.

DOUG

No nuclear threats detected, hold
dead mans switch.

CALLER

Affirmative.

The line goes dead.

Doug goes back to his work, barely registering the
encounter.

Marcel leans out of the shadows place a giant stack of
papers onto Doug's desk.

MARCEL

From luxembourg, sir.

Doug stares at the papers, exhausted, he eyes the letter
opener on the table hungrily.

INT - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAYTIME.

The office once again sits around the same table from
earlier, once again eating cake.

KATHY

Didn't we already have cake?

BOB

That was Sandra cake, this is general teambuilding cake.

KATHY

Okay, shouldn't we invite Doug?

The whole table turns to look at Kathy.

Bob sighs.

BOB

Kathy we need to talk about your performance at work.

KATHY

Today was my first day.

BOB

Irregardless, walk with me.

The table averts their eyes as Bob strolls away from the table, leaving Kathy to catch up.

INT - OFFICE HALLWAY - DAYTIME

Bob and Kathy walk side by side down the hall, bob disappointed, Kathy anxious.

BOB

Look everyone has a little trouble fitting in at first, but I'm really gonna need you to stop bringing up the Doug of it.

KATHY

Okay but why? We'll be back online in like an hour, Doug can come back upstairs right?

BOB

Oh no, no, profits are up 4% since implementing Doug protocols. He's in there until he drops dead, then we're gonna clone his corpse. The boys in R&D are pretty sure they won't make a creature beyond human comprehension this time.

Bob smiles sweetly

Kathy's face briefly registers shock, this is quickly replaced with steely determination.

KATHY

Okay, I'm on board. But he needs to know, I believe he'd respect it coming from a strong, confident leader like you.

Bob holds himself a little taller.

Kathy holds out a hand expectantly, Bob grasps it and they shake. Kathy clasps Bob's shoulders firmly.

INT - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME.

Bob stands before Doug, surrounded by papers. Marcel is half obscured by documents.

Doug is not working

BOB

And that's the long and short of it, you get me? You'll get an hour of internet access a day for emails, otherwise it's business as normal capiche?

Doug still isn't working.

Bob sighs dramatically, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the electric collar remote.

He presses it.

EXT - KATHY'S GARAGE - DAYTIME.

A garage door opens slowly.

INT - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME.

Bob wears a smug smile until he realises Doug is not convulsing as expected. He clicks again. Doug once again eyes the letter opener

EXT - KATHY'S GARAGE - DAYTIME.

The garage door now goes down, just as slowly.

INT - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME.

Bob presses the button with a frantic mania, praying for the expected result.

EXT - KATHY'S GARAGE - DAYTIME.

The garage door goes up and down a little bit.

INT - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME.

Doug is now standing, letter opener in hand.

Bob cracks

BOB
I'm authorized to offer you a pizza party.

Doug lunges

INT- OUTSIDE OF DOUG'S OFFICE - DAYTIME

The door opens, a bloodied Doug stands there breathing heavily.

Kathy stands waiting for him, she throws the shock collar remote to him.

Doug nods in grattitude, throwing back her garage door remote.

They begin to walk down the hallway.

A very clearly gut stabbed Bob staggers into the doorway, calling out for help.

BOB
Sandra! Call a Sandraulence- Doug got me, ah fuck.

Bob staggers towards the desk, sitting where doug once sat.

BOB
Can't be that hard anyway.

Doug starts shuffling around papers, bloodying everything up.

The light and buzzer flash on the desk flash three times.

BOB
What does that mean?

MARCEL
(Strong scouse accent)
Aw fuck me.

Marcel sprints out the room, leaving Bob to wheeze alone at his desk.

EXT - OFFICE ENTRANCE

Kathy and Bob wordlessly leave the office, standing outside in the sunlight.

A different Doug emerges from a nearby building, and another, and another.

Marcel charges past our Doug and Kathy and into the street.

Dougs of all types, genders, and ages pour into the street, some with Kathy's, some without.

All bloodied, those without a Kathy appear more wounded than those who had help.

Our Kathy's phone beeps loudly, the internet is back.

Kathy puts her phone on silent, she and our Doug begin walking towards the other Dougs.

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