

## Dumpster Daver

LOGLINE: Dave is a victim of corporate restructuring. But you know what they say: one man's trash is another man's treasure map.

EXT. STAFF PARKING - DAY

A large industrial warehouse and office with large parking lots in front and back in a part of the world so far from a major city that square footage is not a problem.

DAVE, 37 years old, paunch forming under his company golf shirt, stands alone against the back side of the building by the fire exit, vaping. He watches a homeless guy climb into the company dumpster on the other side of the lot.

DOUGLAS, 19, neck tattoo, piercings of all kinds, and large gauge earplugs, opens the fire exit door. Spooked.

DOUGLAS

Fuck me, bro! Sorry man.

He sees Dave is vaping, and pulls out his and holds it out in a sign of brotherhood.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Can I bum a light?

(a Seth Rogen laugh)

Glad to see you man. Not a single one in this whole fucking building vapes. Just you and me chief.

(drags, and holds it up)

Vape buddies. Cheers.

DAVE

Cheers.

Douglas sniffs inwards and hawks a large gob onto an empty parking spot.

DOUGLAS

You're new here.

DAVE

No.

DOUGLAS

Sure you are. This is like my third summer here and I've never seen you. And I'm like, everywhere man.

(thumb to his chest)

Moved me to internal mail two weeks ago. That's like a free pass to everywhere in this building, man.

DAVE

Yeah, no, I'm new to this office. Been with the company though for twelve years now.

CLUNK! The sound of a bag of tin cans hitting the parking lot pavement as it is tossed out of the dumpster.

DOUGLAS

Oh wow, so you're like, a  
transplant from another state?

DAVE

No.  
(drags)  
In town.

Douglas' eyes bug out.

DOUGLAS

Head office?! Dude, you like a narc  
or something? You gonna rat me out  
for an early break?

DAVE

No narc. Just some company  
restructuring.

Douglas is not okay with that.

DOUGLAS

Restructured out to here? Fuck no.  
To do what?

DAVE

Company's sorting that out. Right  
now the role is fluid, so...

DOUGLAS

Fluid I bet. You must be pissing  
yourself boss. Shit, that's harsh.

CRASH! An office chair is dumped over the lip of the dumpster to land with the cans.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Hey buddy! That's a company bin!  
You can't be in there!

DAVE

You're not gonna get him, are you?

DUMPSTER DIVER

Sorry.

DOUGLAS

Fuck no. Not my paygrade. We got  
security for that, sweet job too.  
Not sure where they are though.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
(to the diver)  
No problem chief.

The two stand in awkward silence for too long. Too long.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Well I guess I better get back to  
it. Recycling run afternoons, so.

DAVE  
Sure, of course.

A banker's box comes out of the dumpster now.

DOUGLAS  
Buddy! I'm trying to be nice here  
but you gotta go! That's a company  
bin, man! It's a secure bin!

Dave is surprised at Douglas' reaction.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Look. I'm full out gangster, 'kay,  
but on my own time. I'm wearing  
this uniform on company time I  
gotta look out for the company.

DAVE  
Okay. Fine. But what is so secure  
about that bin that he can't dive?

Time for some schooling.

DOUGLAS  
Okay, you're new. From downtown,  
okay, fine. But you're looking at  
the guy who does the recycling run  
afternoons. That bin is filled with  
paperwork man. That's personal  
client information in there.

DAVE  
Aren't you supposed to shred and  
recycle all of that?

DOUGLAS  
(shaking his head)  
Memo from head office says the  
contract with the shredder isn't  
cost effective. We were instructed  
to shred that memo.

DAVE

But it's the same company they use  
at head office. It's gotta be.

Douglas looks at Dave. A crying shame.

DOUGLAS

They really have shut you out,  
haven't they? They ship all their  
recycling and sensitive documents  
here. They've made a commitment  
downtown to zero waste by 2035.

Dave looks at Douglas with the first spark of life in months.

DAVE

When do they ship these documents  
to our warehouse.

DOUGLAS

Our? Well you settled quick.  
Tuesdays. Ten a.m.

DAVE

And who's in charge of all of this  
paper.

DOUGLAS

(proudly)  
All goes through internal mail.

DAVE

That'd be our guy with two thumbs.

Douglas is a quick draw the thumbs.

DOUGLAS

Oh yeah, baby. Right here. It's why  
I got hired for mail this summer.  
Got my forklift license last year.

He mimes Mr. Roboto forklift tongs doing the job.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Right off the truck to El Dumpstro.

Forklift sounds.

Dave approaches the next part with caution.

DAVE

So I have to ask you Douglas.

Douglas perks up.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Are you punk or company?

Douglas starts to realize. He's not stupid, just slow.

DOUGLAS  
Sounds like something above my  
paygrade, chief.

Douglas is through the fire door and back in the building, leaving Dave to watch the dumpster diver gather his stuff.

EXT. STAFF PARKING - DAY

Tuesday. 10 a.m. Not a soul in sight.

The pshhh of cube truck air brakes. The beep beep backing up.

INT. DUMPSTER - DAY

Dave sits in the dumpster on top of assorted garbage bags and office junk. He sits quietly, staring forward.

The Dumpster Diver sits beside him doing the same thing.

They hear the forklift and the casual conversation.

DOUGLAS  
(OS, muffled)  
You bet, chief!

The sound of the forklift approaches. Dave and the Dumpster Diver look up at the looming shadow of the delivery.

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS, ROOFTOP TERRACE - DAY

Later. In the sky in the middle of the big city. Dave and Douglas, in shirts and ties, lean against the glass wall beside the fire exit.

DOUGLAS  
Vape buddies. Cheers.

DAVE  
Cheers.

They toast vapes, then take a long drag.