

MODERN FUCKING COMPANIES!

BACKSTORY

Sal is an Uber driver struggling to put the pieces of his/her life together after the death of Sal's fiancé in a tragic car accident. The real tragedy of it was that Sal was driving and checking his/her instant message app made by giant Social Media company, "Smithereen". In the split second that Sal looked down at his/her phone, Sal smashed into an oncoming car. Sal survived the crash, but his/her fiancé did not. Since the tragedy, Sal has been picking up passengers only to and from the "Smithereen" headquarters, hoping to find a high-up executive. Sal carries a gun in the glove compartment, with the goal of confronting the executive, just to be heard about the addictive qualities of the app, and to find some closure for his/her grief.

PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

Sal has picked up Marty from the Smithereen headquarters, a young man dressed in an expensive suit. Sal assumes that Marty is an executive and drives underneath a small remote bridge. After stopping the car, Sal points the gun at the terrified Marty, who begs for mercy. Sal gets out of the car and opens the passenger door, demanding that Marty get out of the car. Marty pleads with Sal, and explains that he is not an executive, but only an intern. This stops Sal in his/her tracks - - Sal begins to flip out.

SAL

Oh fuck ... fuck! Modern fucking companies! Everyone looks so fucking young! How is anybody looking in supposed to have a sense of the fucking hierarchy?! Jesus Christ! Half of you assholes coming out of the building are dressed like fucking gap-year students. Fuck! Children! The whole Smithereen building is a box full of fucking children getting their fingers everywhere. *[Mockingly pretends to be typing on a cellphone]* Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep ... wiping your shit. Your fucking app shit up on everybody's phone. Everywhere you look, people are hooked on the things! It's like chain-smoking. Did you make a lot of cash out of that? And you fuckers are hooked on them as well. Every single person that comes out of that building's going ... *[Looks down at imaginary phone, swiping and making a droning sound like a zombie]* The sky could turn fucking purple and you fucks wouldn't notice it for a month. An intern. Why didn't you dress like a fucking intern?! Jesus!! *[Sal keeps the gun on Marty, stopping the rant and tries to figure out what to do]*

EMOTIONAL FLEXIBILITY EXERCISE

- 1) Emotional/sense memory of a time when you felt at war with the world.
- 2) Personalization: someone who you feel tricked by.
- 3) Sensory condition: overall of an animal - lion or lioness.