

Makers

Written By

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INT. MAKERSPACE - DAY

NEF leans over a mass of wires and blinking lights, counting parts at the counter. Across from her, GRACE bounces impatiently on her heels.

NEF

(Half-mumbling)

38... 39... 40... 41... 42

jumper wires.

(Scribbles this down)

I keep telling you Grace, you could save a lot of money by stripping wires instead of burning through all my jumpers.

(Begins counting crimps)

Eight... nine... ten...

11--

GRACE

(Alarmed)

Wait! What happened to one through seven?

Nef

(Points to the trash can)

You threw one through seven in the trash can over there.

GRACE

I have to pay for those?

NEF

I had to pay for them.

GRACE

But... but...

NEF

(Scribbling)

28 crimps.

(Looks up)

You know. If you

would learn soldering, you  
could save a lot of money on  
crimps too.

GRACE

(Rolls eyes)

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

How much is it?

NEF

(Calculating)

Jumpers... crimps...

hot-glue... LEDs... plus one  
arduino and power source--

GRACE

It's pronounced

'are-djew-ween-o.'

NEF

Pardon me, one

'are-djew-ween-o'--30 bucks.

GRACE

(Eyebrows shoot up)

30?!? Can't you

give me a discount?

NEF

(Defensive)

I rounded down.

Technically you owe me  
\$32.25.

GRACE

(Pulls out a card, stares at it  
and sighs)

Okay... I guess it's  
ramen noodles for dinner  
again tonight.

NEF

(Sighs and rubs the bridge of  
her nose)

Just give me \$25  
and we'll call it even.

GRACE

That's very kind of you. Then I could buy some peanuts to put in the noodles for protein... of course, I won't have any vegetables for nutrition.

NEF

(Sternly)

I'll give you the creativity discount. Okay? \$20. This...

(Waves at the mass of wires and blinking lights)

...thing is pretty cool.

GRACE

(Puts card away, pulls out a \$20)

This is a portal from a 1973 Bally Time Zone Pinball machine. I've programmed it to randomly light these colored LEDs in the center. Essentially making it a 1d6.

Nef stares at her.

GRACE

(Perturbed.)

A 1D6? You know... six-sided-dice? Don't you know anything about the gaming side of this shop?

NEF

That's Zack's forte.

(Puts the \$20 in the register)

Whatever it is, it's cool. And now you are essentially getting it at cost.

GRACE

(Sincerely)

Thank you Nef.

Grace begins to exit.

NEF

(Grinning)

You're welcome

kiddo.

(Calling out after her.)

I better not see  
you with chinese food later!

PAT

(Shuffling MTG cards from his  
table)

And THAT'S why the  
IRS made you demote this shop  
from 'business' to 'hobby.'

NEF

(Defensively)

It wasn't  
'demoted,' it was  
reategorized.

Pause. Nef sighs.

NEF & PAT

(Look at each other)

It was demoted.

ZACK comes in, carrying a kicking and squirming SAGAN under one arm. Zack holds the door open for ADA, who comes inside quietly.

SAGAN

(Tantruming)

But I want it!

ZACK

(Calmly)

No.

SAGAN

But I need it!

NAME

No you don't.

SAGAN  
 (Pleading)  
 I doooooo! I need  
 it!

ZACK  
 You don't need it.  
 (To Nef)  
 Hi Sweetie.

NEF  
 (Quizzically)  
 Hi..? I'm afraid to  
 ask...

ZACK  
 One of the kids at  
 school showed him a video of  
 her new quad-copter.

NEF  
 Oh no...

Zack puts Sagan on his feet. Sagan looks at him resentfully. Zack starts to take off his backpack. Sagan bolts for the door, but Nef and Zack slap hands like professional wrestlers tagging in and out. Nef leaps over the counter and blocks his escape.

NEF  
 (Crouching, arms spread  
 defensively.)  
 Oh no you don't!

SAGAN  
 (Looking to Nef)  
 But I need it!

NEF  
 Daddy said no.

SAGAN  
 (Trying to get around her.)  
 Then I'm gonna go  
 live with a family that lets  
 me have quad-copters!

NEF

(Pointing to the debris left by  
Grace on the empty work  
tables.)

I'll give you a  
quarter if you clean up that  
workbench.

SAGAN

Uh... um... huh?

(Suddenly distracted.)

Two quarters!

NEF

Okay. That'll get  
you two-quarters closer for  
your lightsaber fund.

SAGAN

(Looking determined.)

It's a quad-copter  
fund!

Sagan runs off. Zack watches, impressed. He is sitting down,  
taking off his boots and undoing his bow tie.

ZACK

(Sighing, exhausted.)

Thank you for  
running interference.

NEF

(Bends down to give him a peck  
on the lips.)

Parenting is a tag-  
team sport.

They high-five. At the nearby table, Ada is talking with Pat.

PAT

(Leans over her with an evil  
grin. Pokes her in the belly.)

Hmmmm... Still not  
ripe for eating yet. Mwa-ha-  
ha!

ADA

(Giggles.)

NEF

(Muttering.)

He never gets tired  
of that joke.

ZACK

(Shrugs.)

Neither does she.

ADA

(Looking over his cards.)

Whatcha doing?

PAT

(Energized to be talking about  
his hobby.)

Ah! I am  
constructing a deck around  
Birds of Paradise. Since the  
birds provide one mana of any  
color, I use their ability to  
pump them up with  
enchancements of various  
colors--

ADA

(Politely nodding her head.)

Huh-huh.

ZACK

(Over his shoulder.)

He takes a little  
bird and makes it a big bird  
monster.

PAT

(Mocking to Zack.)

Silence naive!

(To Ada, in a hushed tone.)

I take these little  
birds and pump them up into  
big mean scary birds!

(Announcing aloud.)

I'm dubbing this  
deck, "Mana-Chickens of

DOOM!"

NEF

(To Zack)

Still think it was  
a good idea to let the gamers  
into my maker shop?

ZACK

(Shrugging)

He does make things  
interesting, no?

(Sits up.)

Oh! I just  
remembered.

(Pulls out his laptop.)

I need your help.

(Shows Nef the screen.)

Remember that app I  
wrote to run in the system  
tray and stream results from  
the lab thermometers and  
scales into the computer?

NEF

(Nodding.)

Yeah. The one I  
helped you setup the TCP  
listening for.

ZACK

(Grinning.)

Yeah! Well, now one  
of the middle managers is  
upset that the staff have to  
click a button on the app to  
copy that data and then paste  
it into the web browser. They  
want just a button on the web  
form that does it all.

NEF

(Grinning.)

Of course! Standard  
Kaizen. The Japanese art of  
improving efficiency through  
the reduction of movements.

(MORE)

NEF (CONT'D)

Six mouse-clicks  
multiplied against 400  
thermometer readings a day  
reduced to one button-click  
saves you 2,000 clicks.  
Kaizen!

ZACK

(Sarcastically.)

Glad to see you approve of  
this laziness initiative

NEF

Laziness is a virtue if  
executed properly.

ZACK

(Tabbing between screens.)

So it looks like I  
might be able to do it with a  
java applet, but only if I  
make some security exceptions  
to allow the applet to access  
the clipboard.

NEF

(Suddenly frowning.)

That's a pretty big  
exception. That would give  
java programs access to  
anything the client copies to  
the clipboard... even  
passwords.

ZACK

(Nodding.)

Right... but these  
are lab computers on an  
internal network. No one is  
going shopping on them or  
anything like that.

NEF

(Cross arms over her chest,

thinking.)  
Hmmm... How about...  
Mayyyybeeee...

ZACK  
(Hopeful.)  
You have something. I can tell.

NEF  
(Nodding suddenly.)  
Got it.

ZACK  
(Sitting up.)  
Yes?

NEF  
(Holding up her hands to  
illustrate.)  
We'll get some mice  
from the pet shop and train  
them to execute the copy-and-  
paste commands for the lab  
workers.

ZACK  
(Slumping.)  
Oh... That would be  
easier than what I'm trying.

NEF  
(Wiggling fingers to pantomime  
mice scurrying back and forth.)  
Eeep. Eeep. Eeep.  
Control-C. Eeep. Eeep. ALT-  
Tab. Eeep. Eeep. Eeep.  
Control-V... Hmmm... We'll have  
to make sure the mice are  
compatible with an ISO-  
standard keyboard.

ZACK  
(Smiling weakly.)  
What's the ISO  
standard for trained rodents?

NEF

Wait!

(Pointing to the system tray.)

Why not just make  
your app a webserver? SHABAM!

ZACK

(Leaning into screen.)

You can do that?

NEF

(Nodding.)

Sure! Have the app  
run a little website with the  
data and then have the web  
form hit localhost to get the  
data.

ZACK

(Frowning.)

Hmmm... I don't know.

NEF

Oh?

ZACK

(Still frowning.)

That sounds way too  
easy. Let me mourn my rube-  
goldberg java hack for a bit  
before trying your easy  
button solution.

NEF

(Laughing.)

You got it.

PAT

(Shuffling cards.)

A better solution  
is to hit it with a brick.

NEF

(To Pat.)

Thank you Pat. That  
is your standard solution to  
all things computer-related.

ZACK  
(Looking up, alarmed.)  
Programmer alert.

NEF  
(Suddenly irritated.)  
It's the asshole.

DON enters the shop. He has a bit of a swagger and an energy drink in one hand. He nods to Nef and Zack, and takes a sip before speaking.

DON  
Sup Zack. Sup Nef.  
What'cho up to?

ZACK  
(Shrugs.)  
Oh... Not much. Just  
wrapping up for the day.

DON  
(Looking down on Zack  
condescendingly.)  
Really?  
(Checks his phone.)  
It's not even 5:30.  
I'm just getting started. Got  
a sweet gig with that  
government contracting shop  
that just opened up offices  
in town.

ZACK  
Wow. That's really  
great.

DON  
Gonna be a lot of  
hours. I could probably throw  
some work your way if you're  
interested.

ZACK  
(Shaking head, holding up hands.)  
Oh no. I don't have  
the resources.

DON  
(Confused.)  
Resources?

NEF  
He's referring to  
time.

DON  
Oh. You probably  
waste time on sleep and  
stuff.

NEF  
(Sarcastically.)  
And being a dad.

DON  
(Shrugs dismissively.)  
I think this  
money's too good to pass up,  
but that's just my opinion.  
We all gotta set our  
priorities.

ZACK  
(Fixed smile. Gestures to the  
kids.)  
And we have ours.

NEF  
(Irritated.)  
Our kids are only  
going to be this young once.  
No amount of money is worth  
trading this time with them  
now.

DON  
(Shrugs dismissively and turns  
to Zack.)  
Oh hey. I got a  
tech question for you.

PAT  
I can fix it! Just

hit it with a brick!

Everyone looks to PAT.

PAT

What?

(Muttering as he shuffles cards.)

That's what I wish  
I'd done back when I worked  
on the stupid Y2K bug.

ADA

What's the why two  
kay bug?

PAT

(Leaning to address Ada.)

It was when  
computers were so stupid many  
of them almost broke because  
they didn't know what year it  
was.

NEF

Pat made enough  
money off the Y2K bug to  
retire.

DON

(Shrugs dismissively.)  
Meh. So anyways...

Don turns his back on Nef, cutting her out of the conversation.  
Behind Don, Nef starts making faces at the back of his head.

ZACK

(Seeing Nef and trying to keep  
a straight face with Don.)

Yes. Your question.  
What's that?

DON

So the client's got  
this old legacy system--

NEF

(Quietly.)

Redundancy alert!

DON  
--for human  
resources. It's all PHP and  
MySQL and stuff.

ZACK  
(Nodding.)  
An AMP solution.

DON  
Yeah. Really  
antiquated and stuff. And  
they want it to expose a web  
service with employee ids and  
names to integrate with some  
learning management system--

ZACK  
An LMS... I follow.

DON  
And I'm just like...  
I dunno... It's all old code  
and it's hard to follow. So  
I'm thinking I'll probably  
just rewrite the whole thing  
in Ruby or Python or  
something. You know,  
modernize it.

Nef's eyes go wide.

ZACK  
(Confused and alarmed.)  
Oh... Um... Wait.  
You're going to rewrite a  
comprehensive human resources  
web application...

DON  
(Nonchalant.)  
Yeah.

Nef makes a "dude" face, imitating Don.

ZACK

(Trying to make Don see the error in his thinking politely.)

From scratch...

DON

Uh huh.

ZACK

Instead of just...  
writing a simple web service  
to expose the data...

DON

(Clueless.)

Right.

Nef gets serious.

ZACK

(Holding up a finger.)

You know... one file...  
a database call... outputting  
some data...

DON

Right on.

NEF

(Stepping into the conversation.)

Don... I think what  
Zack is trying to say is... a  
human resources application  
is a really big system with  
lots of really complex  
functions... and the fact that  
it's really old means that it  
probably has a lot of  
customizations in it...  
probably years' and years'  
worth of code in there.

DON

(Nodding.)

Right on.

NEF

(Leaning in to see if he gets it.)

Do you understand what we're trying to say?

DON

(Still nodding.)

Oh yeah. I get it.

I better get to work.

(Takes a chug off his energy drink.)

It's gonna be a long weekend if I'm gonna get this rewrite done by Friday.

Don leaves with a wave. Nef and Zack look to one another.

NEF

(Shaking her fists in frustration.)

Ohhh... Can you believe him?

ZACK

(Shaking head.)

I know.

NEF

(Speaking in a "dude" voice.)

"I'm gonna chug some energy stars and pound out a human resources application this weekend."

ZACK

Instead of just writing one-file's worth of PHP.

NEF

(Pacing away.)

He's totally going to screw this up.

ZACK

He is.

NEF

(Pacing toward ZACK.)

If only I could be  
there to fix this when he  
drops the ball.

ZACK

It's unfortunate.

NEF

(Rushes over to her desktop.)

I wonder if the  
contractor has anything on  
their website.

ZACK

(Sitting up.)

Wait, what?

NEF

(Typing. Tabbing through  
screens.)

You know... someone  
we can reach out to there.

ZACK

(Coming over. Worried.)

Reach out to why?

NEF

(Looks at him.)

To warn him about

Don.

ZACK

(Shaking head.)

Yehhh... I'm not  
comfortable with this.

NEF

(Frowning.)

Why not? Is this  
like that salary thing?

ZACK

What salary thing?

NEF

That guy-thing  
where you think it's wrong to  
talk about how much you make  
with your coworkers.

ZACK

It's not a guy-  
thing. It's practical.  
Prevents people from getting  
hurt feelings and whatnot.  
With this thing with Don... I'm  
just not sure it's the most  
ethical thing to try and  
steal his contract.

NEF

I'm not trying to  
steal his contract. I'm  
simply offering my services  
to the client in the event  
that Don drops the ball on  
this. That's not unethical,  
that's fair competition.

ZACK

I get that... but Don  
is kind of our friend. He  
trusts us enough to talk  
about his contracts. Would  
this be betraying that trust?

NEF

And I get that... but  
what about the ethics of  
letting an incompetent  
contractor deliver a shoddy  
product to their client?

They both frown in silent thought for a moment. Her computer  
chimes and a call request pops up.

NEF

(Looking to it.)

Ah... It's Hanuma!

Let's see what he thinks.

(Clicks accept. Hanuma's photo  
appears on the screen.)

Hi Hanuma.

HANUMA

(Voice only.)

I can't see you!

Enable video!

ZACK

(Smiling.)

That depends.

HANUMA

On what?

NEF

Are you dressed?

HANUMA

Oh come on! That  
was one time and I didn't  
even know the video was  
enabled!

Nef laughs and clicks to open the video. Hanuma appears on the screen. He sits in a dark room, illuminated by his computer monitor, and cradles a baby in the crook of one arm.

NEF

(Fawning.)

Awww... Is that  
Sirisha?

HANUMA

(Holds the baby up to the  
monitor.)

Yes! This is the  
little bundle of joy... my  
little crying, pooping,  
keeping me up all night  
bundle of joy.

ZACK

(Leaning over Nef's shoulder to see.)

What time is it over there?

HANUMA

(Smiling.)

It's 3 A.M. I figure since I'm up, I might as well get some hours in. Nefertiti, do you have the requirements for that geomap visualization?

NEF

(Holds up her hands.)

I got the documentation from the SME this morning, but first I have a question for you.

HANUMA

Yes?

NEF

How much do you make?

HANUMA

(Eyebrows go up.)

Oh! Um... Well...

ZACK

Don't answer that Hanuma!

(To Nef.)

The kid's in India. The whole reason Gary outsources to him is to pay him less.

NEF

(Sighs.)

Okay. Okay.

(MORE)

NEF (CONT'D)

(To Hanuma.)

Second question: do you think it's unethical of me to offer my services to a potential client who's about to waste money on an incompetent contractor?

HANUMA

I see nothing wrong with that. That's just good business.

ZACK

What if the incompetent contractor is a friend and the only reason you know about it is because they asked for help on it?

HANUMA

Oh... Well, that seems a little rude.

NEF

What if the incompetent contractor only asked for help to give him an opening for bragging about getting the contract and showing off his bleeding-edge tech knowledge?

HANUMA

So you're not talking about Pat.

PAT

(Offscreen.)

Hit it with a brick!

HANUMA

Is this that asshole you were telling me about?

NEF

Yes!

HANUMA

That's a tough one.  
It could make things  
extremely awkward for you if  
he found out about it.

ZACK

Which is why I vote  
we stay out of it. This is an  
ethical quagmire.

NEF

I get it. Don just  
gets me so heated with his  
brogrammer nonsense. He's  
still our neighbor, and we  
don't need the drama in our  
lives.

HANUMA

I am very drama-  
adverse too.

NEF

Thanks Hanuma. I'll  
email you the requirements  
document shortly.

HANUMA

Can I bill an hour  
for this chat?

NEF

Technically we have  
to chat for 15 minutes to  
bill for it.

HANUMA

(Mildly disappointed.)  
Okay.

NEF

(Squinting at the call window.)

But I think 3 A.M.  
calls should be billable no  
matter how long they are.

HANUMA

(Bounces in chair.)

Yay!

Sirisha starts crying. Hanuma's eyes go wide.

HANUMA

(Whispering.)

I mean... yayyyyyy...

Nef ends the call, turns to Sagan, who is just running up to them.

SAGAN

(Holding out hand expectantly.)

Quarters please!

ZACK

(Pulling out quarters to hand  
him.)

Quarters for the  
quadcopter! Four quarters  
make a dollar. Four rotors  
make a Quadcopter. Four  
babies make quadruplets. Four  
legs make a quadruped.

NEF

Drawn and quartered  
makes--oh, nevermind!

SAGAN

When can we go get  
my quadcopter?

ZACK

(Stooping down, eye-to-eye.)

When you have  
enough quarters saved up... but  
also when you have enough  
fine motor skills.

SAGAN  
(Frowning.)  
What fun motor  
sails?

ZACK  
You need to  
practice more video games to  
get your hand-eye  
coordination up so you can  
remote control the  
quadcopter.

SAGAN  
Oh! Like how you  
need to practice because you  
suck at Halo!

ZACK  
I what?

SAGAN  
You know! You're  
always dying at Halo and all  
those people call you noob.

ZACK  
They do?

SAGAN  
(Taking ZACK's hand, pulling him  
along)  
It's okay Daddy. We  
can practice together! Come  
on!

ZACK  
(Looks to Nef.)  
Is everything okay  
with us.

NEF  
(Nodding and smiling.)  
Yep. I'm over it  
and we already have enough  
drama in our lives. Let's go

play with our kids.

Grace enters, a bag filled with chinese takeout swinging from one arm. She sees Nef and freezes.

NEF

(Perturbed.)

Didn't I tell you  
no Chinese? Don't you know  
that stuff is just deep fried  
sugar?

GRACE

What are you still  
doing here? Shouldn't you be  
playing with your kids? What  
kind of a mother are you?

Grace makes a hasty exit. Nef rolls her eyes.

LATER, it's early morning. The sun is shining through the front windows of the shop. Nef is sitting at her desk, talking with Hanuma. Ada sits on her lap, typing at a keyboard.

NEF

Okay Hanuma. Thanks  
for the demo. I think  
everything looks good to go  
to QA for review.

HANUMA

Excellent. I will  
get the code up on the test  
environment.

NEF

Good night. Hope  
Sirisha lets you sleep  
tonight.

HANUMA

(Looks to sounds of baby crying  
in the background.)

We shall see. Good  
morning to you! Have a great  
day!

Nef hangs up the call. Zack enters from back of the shop, pulling Sagan along.

SAGAN

(Struggling.)

But I want to wear  
my 3D Printing Nerd shirt!

ZACK

You wore that shirt  
all weekend! It's filthy!

SAGAN

But I don't want to  
wear the robot shirt! It  
sucks!

ZACK

The robot shirt was  
your favorite shirt last  
week!

SAGAN

(Pouting.)

Robot shirt sucks!

NEF

(Not looking up from her  
computer.)

I'll give you a  
quarter if you wear the robot  
shirt.

SAGAN

(Rushes up to the counter.)

Two quarters!

NEF

(Reaches over and shakes Sagan's  
hand.)

Sold.

ZACK

Wait. Isn't there a  
principle of this thing or  
something we should be  
sticking to?

NEF

Do you want principles or do you want your son out the door in time to catch the bus?

ZACK

Got it. Principles can suck it.

(Confused.)

Are you letting Ada play with your keyboard?

ADA

(Slapping keys.)

I'm dot-com-ing!

NEF

(Holds up a loose wire.)

Decoy keyboard.

Real one is behind the monitor.

ZACK

Ohhhh... clever. I remember that time she got your computer speaking German.

NEF

Ugh. Took me an hour to figure out how to set it back.

ZACK

Well, I think you've achieved parenting level 12 now.

NEF

Stole the idea from your parenting hack. Remember the decoy Playstation controller?

SAGAN

I'm a big boy now.  
I can tell when the  
controller isn't plugged in.

ZACK

(Wistfully.)

I remember those  
days... back when I could  
immerse myself in amazing  
virtual worlds for hours on  
end... shooting aliens... solving  
puzzles... exploring epic  
landsca--

SAGAN

It's time for  
school!

ZACK

(Shakes head as if waking from a  
dream.)

Right! Let's go.  
Come on Ada.

Ada gives Nef a big hug and a kiss before climbing down from her  
chair. Sagan comes over to Nef.

SAGAN

(Arms outstretched.)

Hug!

Sagan and Nef hug.

SAGAN

Kiss!

They take turns kissing on the cheek.

SAGAN

Cthulhu kisses!

Sagan and Nef each put their hands in front of their mouths,  
wiggling their fingers like tentacles. They each make slurping  
noises as their fingers touch.

NEF

Have a great day

sweetie!

Zack comes around to give Nef a kiss.

NEF

(Looking up at him with obvious  
love.)

You have a great  
day too.

They kiss again.

ZACK

I love you  
sweetheart. You have a  
productive day.

NEF

I will try.

Don comes stumbling into the shop. His eyes are swollen and he looks around blearily. His shirt is halfway untucked. Zack looks at him, concerned. Don squints at him uncomprehendingly. Zack looks to Nef.

NEF

(Sighs.)

I got it.

Zack waves and leaves through the front door with Ada and Sagan.

NEF

(Leaning over the counter to try  
and make eye-contact.)

Hi Don? Rough  
weekend?

DON

(Grunts affirmative.)

NEF

(Gesturing to the snacks behind  
her.)

You... uh... want some  
coffee?

DON

(Makes a face of disgust and holds up hands. Mutters in a raspy voice.)

Noooooo...

NEF

How'd the rewrite go? Did you get the HR system migrated to RWBY or Python or NodeJS or whatever it was?

DON

(Clears throat.)

I... uh... I got the... ummm... I got that one screen done... that one where you enter the name... and the... um... password...

NEF

(Incredulous.)

You got the login screen done.

DON

Yeahhh... and I made some progress on a dashboard... I just... I had to get the business model set up... and the um... the uh... there was other stuff too.

NEF

Yeah... with an HR system there's probably lots of stuff. There's probably even stuff you haven't found yet. Normally for a complete application migration, I would need a team of people. I would have someone going line-by-line through the code and documenting all the business rules programmers have been adding into it over the years. Then there's the Quality Assurance. You need

someone testing and retesting everything. This is a Human Resource application.

(MORE)

NEF (CONT'D)

A lot depends on it. Paychecks, benefits, people's livelihoods. You can't just bang something like that out in a weekend.

Don just stares into space, blinking.

NEF

Do you need a hug?

Don nods. She comes around and gives him a hug.

DON

I don't think I'm gonna make my deadline.

NEF

You're just exposing some data with a service. I don't know PHP, but I'm sure we can figure it out. Go get your laptop and let's knock out some code.

LATER The front of the store is now in the afternoon shade. Nef is working at her computer. Zack comes in towing Sagan and Ada. He pauses to look at Don, who is snoring on one of the couches.

ZACK

(Looks to Nef.)

Oh dear. That doesn't look good.

NEF

(Getting up, starts hugging each of them.)

It's all good. He's just catching up on some much needed rest.

ZACK

His rewrite not go  
the way he'd hoped?

NEF

No, but we got his  
client what they needed... even  
if it was a few hours past  
the deadline. And maybe Don  
got some experience in the  
process.

ZACK

We've all made our  
bone-headed mistakes. He's  
young. Wisdom comes with age.

PAT

Ha! I sit here as a  
living contradiction to that  
assertion! Phooey on your  
wisdom! Phooey I say!

SAGAN

Yay Pat! Phooey on  
wisdom!

ADA

Phooey!

Zack and Nef look to one another. Touch hands tag-team style.

ZACK

Time for some  
active parenting.

PAT

You know I can't  
let this whole adulting thing  
go easy for you.

NEF

Let's run them  
around outside.

(To Pat.)

Hold down the fort  
for us Pat.

PAT

Well that is  
certainly not wise.