

"JOB INTERVIEW"

INT. OFFICE

Open on a medium sized office. A desk on one side and a small table doubling as a mini bar on the other side.

A YOUNG WOMAN (early 20's) sits nervously in a chair on the other side of the desk, waiting for who ever this office belongs to.

A cell phone VIBRATES. She pulls it out of her pocket and quickly answers.

START

WOMAN

(into phone)

I'll call you back, waiting for my interview to start.

(beat)

Yeah I ate a few of them. Sorry, I was hungry and running late.

(beat)

What do you mean they were "special occasion" brownies?

(beat)

Those were pot brownies? Oh my god, oh my god.. okay, how long do you think I have before I start feeling the efffeeeeeeeects...oh my god I can't feel my faaaaaaaace.

A MAN (middle aged) enters the office. She chucks the phone back into her pocket. They shake hands but she doesn't let go of his hand and instead takes it and holds it on her face.

The man is obviously a bit taken aback and awkwardly pulls his hand away from her face and out of her vice grip.

MAN

Um, good morning. Thanks for coming down.

He studies her resume.

MAN

Okay I see you just graduated. So, tell me, how long have you been interested in becoming a drug counselor?

WOMAN

(talking very fast, trying to maintain composure)

I've been interested in this field for a long time, thank you for the

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WOMAN (cont'd)

opportunity to interview, I was on my senior class board and a member of the homecoming committee, I have forty-two thousand dollars in student loan debt, your face is melting.

MAN

Excuse me?

WOMAN

I'm sorry?

MAN

You just said my face is melting.

WOMAN

Noooooooooooooo. What I said was..... your space is very inviting. Did you have someone decorate it for you? I like your painting.

MAN

That's a television. Are you feeling alright? Your eyes, they look a bit red.

WOMAN

Allergies. I've got bad allergies. Cats. It's that time of season.

MAN

Oh no, I am so sorry. I'm a bit of a cat aficionado. Got a bit of a habit of taking in shelter kitties, and I'll typically bring them with me here to the office. We're a cat friendly office here. Gosh, I feel horrible, but if your allergic, this may not be a good fit for you.

WOMAN

Actually, I'm not allergic to cats. I'm going to be honest with you, I was super duper nervous all day and night yesterday, and I couldn't sleep at all. That's why the ol' peepers look a bit rough. I just felt stupid admitting I was so nervous.

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MAN

That was big of you to admit that. I'll tell you something, that's the kind of caliber person we want around here. I'm so glad you told me that because I'm going to be honest with you too, I thought you might have been high at first.

WOMAN

(feigning shock)

What? You thought that I was....NO!

MAN

Yes!

WOMAN

Oh my God, who would do that?

MAN

I know, I was like who would be stupid enough to come to a job interview for a drug counselor, high?

WOMAN

You'd have to be pretty dumb.

MAN

An absolute moron.

WOMAN

Definitely not someone you want working here.

MAN

I mean once in a while we have a counseling client that will come in all, you know. We had a client come in and just overdose right there on the floor. That's why I keep one of those emergency antidote pens here in my desk now. You just shove one of those things in their arm and bam, instantly reverses the effects of whatever drug they are on.

WOMAN

Wow, instantly huh?

MAN

Listen, I know I might be the drug counselor cat guy, but I'm not as
(MORE)

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4.

MAN (cont'd)
straight laced as you probably
think I am.

He points to the little table on the other side of the room
with a few wine bottles on it.

MAN
Once in a while, not often, I like
to have a little vino at work. So
why don't I pour just a little,
not a lot, just a little to you
know calm those nerves a bit. Our
little secret, okay?

She pantomimes zipping her mouth and throwing away the key.

He walks over to the table and starts to un-cork a bottle.
Sitting on the table is also a plate of chocolates.

She looks and see's that he has his back towards her so she
crawls up onto the desk. She pretty much has her entire
upper body on top of the desk now, her legs sticking up.

She fishes through the drawer, looking for that injector
pen. She keeps looking back to make sure he doesn't see her.

She finally finds it, and then injects herself in the arm.

MAN
Oh look someone dropped off some
chocolate's. That was nice of them.

He eats one and then starts breathing really heavy and
collapses onto his knees, gasping for air.

MAN
Oh my god, that had a peanut in it.
I'm allergic to peanuts. I'm going
to go into anaphylatic shock in a
minute. Quick I need your help.

WOMAN
Should I call 9-1-1?

MAN
No, in my desk, I have one of those
epi pens. It's in the drawer, it
looks just like the overdose
antidote but it's yellow instead of
orange.

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WOMAN
(looking at the YELLOW
injector pen she just used)
Okay, so, uh, you need the yellow
one?

MAN
Yes, quickly, it's in my desk,
bring it over here.

She starts frantically rummaging through the desk, hoping to
find another one.

WOMAN
It's not here!

MAN
What do you mean it's not there. It
has to be. I check every day to
make sure. For Christ's sake,
hurry!

END

WOMAN
Nothing. I'm calling 9-1-1.

MAN
There's no time. Keep looking, top
drawer, it's there. I'm dying.

WOMAN
It's not here! I used it!

MAN
What do you mean you used it!?

WOMAN
Because I was high!

MAN
I knew it! You're gonna kill me!

WOMAN
You don't have another one
anywhere?

MAN
(starting to lose
consciousness)
I don't know. Check my... gym...
bag...

His eyes close and he goes silent.

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