

Script Title
THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE

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FADE IN:

EXT. STRIP MALL, ILLINOIS DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT SECURITY,
LOMBARD, ILLINOIS-A HOT ONE, MORNING

On the glass door, scrawled in black magic marker, a sign
reads "CLOSED".

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

The lot is almost full. From the open window, of an old
BEATER, "Too Much Time on My Hands" by STYX blares from the
radio. An unshaven young MAN, puffs away at a cigarette. He
flicks ashes onto the pavement.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT SECURITY-CONTINUOUS

Several dozen APPLICANTS wait in line. Most keep to
themselves. Some look at paperwork, others at tablets and
cell phones. HEATHER BLOSSOM, an attractive 28 year old,
walks up, and stands at the end. She has a form letter in one
hand, and takes a cell phone out of her pocket with the
other. She flips it open, and speaks into it.

HEATHER

Hi Brittany. You're still there?

BRITTANY (O.S)

Yeah, but I think, if I'm lucky, they
may cut me the next week!

HEATHER laughs.

HEATHER

Good! Good!

SFX: Phones ringing in the background.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Is that your phone?

BRITTANY (O.S)

No. I don't start for another minute.

HEATHER

Ok. Good. Watch your metrics! Don't be
too obvious! They won't fire you if
they think you're working the system.

BRITTANY (O.S.)
Wow! You really have this shit down!

HEATHER
This ain't my first rodeo Brittany.

SFX: Phone ringing in the background. This time a little louder.

BRITTANY (O.S.)
Ok. That's mine! Got to go now! Talk to you later. Bye.

HEATHER
Ok. Bye!

She shuts the phone, and puts it back in her pocket. A few more APPLICANTS line up behind her.

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

There are some real Clunkers in this lot, but not all. There are a few new SUV'S, and even a couple of sports cars. Some of the PASSENGERS are still in them. Their engines run, as they listen to the radio, read, or talk on cell phones. A dozen GEESE or so, wander through the parking lot. They eat scraps of fast food. OLIVIA LACEY, a smoking hot Blond, 23, laughs as they run over and squawk. They fight over bits of muffin. She tosses more out the window, as she waits in her new red FORD FUSION. RICHARD PENDERGRASS, around 50, parks an older model BMW near the back of the lot. He gets out slowly. Wearing a shirt and tie, and carrying a briefcase, he looks around. He frowns at what he sees. He bends over, and picks up a dirty cigarette butt on the pavement. It's near the old BEATER, which is now empty, and parked. He shakes it in disgust. OLIVIA opens her window, and turns down her radio. She waves and smiles at him.

OLIVIA
Good Morning Mr. Pendergrass! How are you?

He stops and smiles.

DICK
Good Morning Olivia. I'd be better if you people would stop feeding these damn geese! We're gonna get rats! Then we'll have to pay a service to get rid of them!

OLIVIA looks hurt and upset.

OLIVIA

Oh. I'm sorry. I was having so much fun. I didn't realize they were such a nuisance!

PENDERGRASS looks a little guilty. He shuffles his feet uncomfortably.

DICK

I don't mind them, but...you know...management doesn't like them!

OLIVIA

I thought you were management.

He shakes his head.

DICK

No. No. Not high enough!

He points over to his car, with the hand holding the cigarette Butt.

DICK (CONT'D)

See what I drive Olivia?

OLIVIA

It's a BMW! That's a nice car!

He smiles and puffs his chest.

DICK

Thanks, but it's an older model. I'm saving for a new one.

His eyes scan her car.

DICK (CONT'D)

By the way? How'd you afford this car on what we pay you? You got payments?

OLIVIA

Oh, I didn't buy it. Daddy bought it for me. I still live at home Mr. Pendergrass.

He grumbles, and shuffles again a little.

DICK

Oh. I see. Well it's nice.

OLIVIA

Thanks. Daddy wanted me to have something reliable! Especially with my new job and all!

He scowls, and thinks in silence for a moment. Then looks at his watch.

DICK

Well. I got to open up. It's almost eight. I'll see you inside ok?

OLIVIA

Ok. See you in a bit Mr. Pendergrass.

He grunts.

DICK

Yeah. Alright!

He waves to her, and heads towards the office. He throws the Butt in the trash. The unshaven young MAN, now in line, looks up from his cell phone.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, Thanks Man! Sorry my bad!

PENDERGRASS gives him a dirty look.

DICK

This ain't a bar Dude!

The young MAN looks at the other people in line. They laugh. PENDERGRASS doesn't. He ignores them. He strolls through the lot, then picks up some loose wrappers on the pavement. As he throws them in the trash, a GOOSE runs up to him, and squawks. PENDERGRASS turns, and smacks the GOOSE with his briefcase. The GOOSE squawks and retreats.

DICK (CONT'D)

Damn Geese!

Some of the APPLICANTS in line, look up and smile. A few are laughing. PENDERGRASS gives them a dirty look. As he walks towards the office, the GEESE follow him. The GOOSE he hit squawks at him. PENDERGRASS turns, and waves his briefcase at him. He takes a key out of his pocket, and heads towards the door. As he opens it, the GOOSE nips him hard on the seat of his pants, leaving a tear.

DICK (CONT'D)

Ouch! Damn it!

The GOOSE runs away quickly, and heads for the lot. He starts eating some of the scraps on the ground.

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FRONT DESK-LATER THAT MORNING

A long line forms past the yellow stripe in front of the desk. PENDERGRASS stands behind it. Some of the APPLICANTS are getting antsy. His stressed red eyes rove them with loath. Across from him, HEATHER sits at a table along the with others. She's filling out paperwork. Meanwhile, MICHAEL COLLINS, a 31 year old lady killer, with long blond hair, and a pierced ear, strolls up, and stands in line. He carefully sets his guitar case down on the floor next to him. HEATHER, and the other girls that spot him, all do double takes. OLIVIA, from behind her desk, eyeballs him, up and down in adoration. PENDERGRASS looks over MICHAEL'S paperwork, then hands it back to him. He points to some missing information and sneers at him.

DICK

Ok. Fill this part out. Then sign this form.

MICHAEL takes it back. He starts to fill out the missing information at the desk.

DICK (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Not here.

He points to the tables across from him. There's some dirt and tobacco ash on his one hand. He wipes it off with his sleeve.

DICK (CONT'D)

Over there. Have a seat.

MICHAEL looks over, and sees HEATHER. She sees him look at her. They smile at each other. PENDERGRASS watches them, and hisses.

DICK (CONT'D)

Wait there until we call you!

MICHAEL

Yes, Ok, Sir.

MICHAEL picks up his guitar case, saunters over to the table, and

sits down next to HEATHER. He moves his chair very close to her. PENDERGRASS stares at them

and eavesdrops.

MICHAEL

Hi!

HEATHER

Hi! You play guitar?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

PENDERGRASS rolls his eyes. HEATHER smiles flirtatiously at MICHAEL. He looks deep into her eyes. He moves closer, and whispers in her ear.

MICHAEL

Just came from a tryout. Got a gig tonight. Want to come?

HEATHER

Yeah! Where?

MICHAEL

In bucktown.

She brushes her cheek next to his, and then smiles into his eyes.

HEATHER

I'm there!

OLIVIA walks up from behind the counter. She stands next to PENDERGRASS. She smiles at MICHAEL. He smiles back. PENDERGRASS turns towards her, then looks around in disgust.

DICK

Where's the trash?

She nods and points to it.

OLIVIA

Over there. Why?

DICK

I think I'm gonna throw up!

PENDERGRASS walks away. OLIVIA chuckles a little. He leaves her, as new REGISTRANTS start to file in line.

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE TABLE-A LITTLE LATER

MICHAEL is holding HEATHER'S hand. He sings to her, as they wait for their names to be called. PENDERGRASS

struts by them, and shakes his head. An elderly LADY quickly paces up to a table next to them. She shouts, as she hands out brochures.

LADY
If you have a valid Illinois drivers
license, we are now hiring school bus
drivers!

She stomps over to HEATHER and MICHAEL'S table. They are now making out. The LADY rudely interrupts them.

LADY (CONT'D)
Do you have valid drivers licenses?

MICHAEL and HEATHER slowly break away from each other. The LADY hands a brochure to HEATHER. She takes it.

HEATHER
(politely)
Thanks, I'll consider it Ma'am.

The LADY squints at her in disbelief. She then hands MICHAEL one. He makes a stop sign with his hand.

MICHAEL
Oh, no! I'm sorry Ma'am. I don't have
one.

LADY
Why not?

MICHAEL
It was taken away.

LADY
Why?

He looks down ashamed.

MICHAEL
I got a DUI.

The LADY frowns at him marches away. She cackles.

LADY
Loser!

HEATHER
Seriously? How'd you get here without
a drivers license?

MICHAEL looks over to make sure the LADY is out of

earshot.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

I don't really have a DUI. I don't want to drive a bus, Heather. I'm a musician!

HEATHER looks at him seriously.

HEATHER

Oh, yeah...you don't want to give her the wrong idea.

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE-5:30PM

The APPLICANTS and EMPLOYEES are gone now. PENDERGRASS straightens a few of the chairs. He waves back to the SECURITY GUARD as he leaves, then eyes something on the floor. He bends over, and picks it up. It's a guitar pick. He looks at it in contempt, sighs, and then slam dunks it into the trash.

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

PENDERGRASS walks to his car and gets in. He tosses his briefcase to the back seat. He then proceeds to knock his head on the steering wheel several times. He grunts, and exhales. Finally, after about a minute, he starts the engine.

INT. PENDERGRASS'S BMW-CONTINUOUS

The sun is starting to set. It's quiet. No GEESE, no people. PENDERGRASS pulls down the visor to block it. His car is the only one left in the lot. As he steps on the gas pedal, two rather large RODENTS run out in front of him. He slams on the breaks, just missing them. He shouts.

DICK

Rats!

FADE TO BLACK

THE END