

**INT. SWANKY 20TH FLOOR BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY**

A white FAT MAN (50) in a Hermes suit turns his desk phone to speaker and dials a number.

While it's RINGING he lights a CIGAR. He checks out his comb over in the mirror, puffs and winks at himself.

SHONDRA (O.S.)

Hello?

FAT MAN

Well hello Shondra!

INTERCUT - SHONDRA'S RUNDOWN SHACK KITCHEN

SHONDRA (25) wedges the house phone between her shoulder and head while she tries to bottle feed and steady a BABY (1) against her tiny frame.

SHONDRA

Who is this?

FAT MAN

Your new boss! If you make the final cut. Now, Shondra. By the sound of your name I think you're black. Is that right?

SHONDRA

No.

FAT MAN

(genuinely confused)

Then what exactly are you?

SHONDRA

Isn't that an illegal question?

The BOTTLE is in empty. The baby WAILS.

FAT MAN

Is that your kid?

SHONDRA

Yes. Sorry. Just a moment.

Shondra sets the phone down to grab another bottle and then put the baby in a CARRIER on her kitchen table.

FAT MAN

How many kids you got?

SHONDRA

Sir, I really do want this job, but I think you're asking illegal questions.

FAT MAN

Well-hell little lady! By the sounds of it, you NEED this job. Let me do the question askin'! Now, let's see...

INSERT - INTERVIEW QUESTIONS

Fat man starts crossing off all illegal questions, then has to put an X across the whole list.

BACK TO SCENE

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Fine. Fine. Feisty little bitch aintcha.

SHONDRA

Excuse me?!

Fat Man turns to his computer.

FAT MAN

Last question. What's Twitter password? Facebook, too.

SHONDRA

You gotta be outta your-

We HEAR the phone drop to the floor.

SHONDRA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

WATCH THE BABY! I GOT SOME BUSINESS TO HANDLE!

Door slams. Car peels away.

Fat Man leans closer to the phone to listen.

Elevator dings. Fat Man's door swings.

Shondra lifts a METAL BAT with raised lettering down its length that reads "CONFIDENTIAL"

SHONDRA (CONT'D)

Come again?

**THE END**