

## Imagine That

### INT. OFFICE - DAY

BILL (40) carries two cups of coffee as he enters the office. He places one down on each adjoining desks. MARY (30) quickly follows behind and sits at her desk.

MARY grabs the cup of coffee.

BILL

Good thing we carpooled. It's chaos out there.

MARY

I wonder who pissed the big man off this time.

BILL

Keep your head down and your nose clean, that's what I always say.

MARY

And on that saying, let's get started.

BILL

We have four files.

BILL walks over to a filing cabinet where a framed picture of the saying "Social Workers do it better" sits. He pulls four files and brandishes them to MARY.

BILL

Three girls and one boy. What are you taking?

MARY

I'll take a boy and a girl.

BILL hands MARY two files.

MARY

Wait, I'll take two girls.

BILL

Too late. It's already been decided.

MARY

Why did I even bother?

Made in Highland

BILL

One of those unsolved mysteries.

Time passes by. The hands on the clock spins multiple times as BILL and MARY shift positions in the room.

MARY

I'm about done.

BILL

Well, lucky you. I have one girl whose fate is a bad apple no matter what I choose.

MARY

Can't be worse than mine. What do you got?

BILL

Well, it doesn't matter if I put her in a rich home or a shack with a family of ten, it seems like she's doomed for delinquency. This brat takes her first life at twelve. How is your's worse?

MARY

My girl will be killing at seven, but the plan I have her on, I can push that out to twenty-three.

BILL

Twenty-three is better than twelve. I don't have the time to play out every scenario and guess what would benefit her the most. Everyone has free will, the chance to change. You know what I mean?

MARY

They do have that. But I definitely needed extra effort to figure out what to do with this one.

BILL

Well, gimme her story.

MARY

Well, she's starting off with strict parents. A semi-abusive father, who she worries about disappointing over everything else in the world.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I see that lasting till he dies when she's twenty-three and then takes her first victim.

BILL

Oh, you can't tell me that's it. You're leaving way too many variables with a brat like that.

MARY

Well, my killing age is at twenty-three while yours is only twelve.

BILL

Well, she has more potential getting rehabilitated as a kid. That's probably why my kid's kill count will be less than your's.

MARY

Now we're just getting stuck in the weeds. What's your plan for the other girl?

BILL

My second was a breeze. Average family. Average life. It does seem to look like she dies early at around thirty-six, but she shouldn't have any complaints. What about yours?

MARY

Dies at 36? What do you mean she won't have any complaints. How does she die at 36?

BILL

Mary, I have done this for ten thousand years. I have seen everything and guided every kind of person you could never imagine. I know when there's no changing a person that wants to off themselves.

MARY

How many times do I have to hear that line? I'm Bill and I've lived thousands of years. You know after the first thousand years it's all the same shit! What you're also explaining is suicide, it's the main thing we're trying to avoid.

BILL  
Well it doesn't matter what I do,  
she ends up offing herself.

MARY  
Give me that damn file.

BILL hands MARY the file and stands behind her as she reads.  
MARY furiously starts clicking at her keyboard.

BILL  
Well, she dies at seventy-six now,  
but wishes she was dead at thirty.

MARY  
Bad things happen in life, it does  
not mean you get to kill yourself.

BILL  
Yeah, but look at how unhappy she  
is. She barely has any joy in the  
last ten years of her life.

MARY  
Our job is not about happiness. We  
have two goals here. The first is  
not letting them kill themselves  
and the second is to have them  
live their fullest lives.

BILL  
I still think she would be happier  
dying earlier than pretending to  
be happy for another thirty years.

MARY  
Like I said, not our job.

BILL  
Well, thanks to you my works all  
done. How's your boy?

MARY  
The boy dies at a whopping ninety-  
six.

BILL  
Ninety-six? Let me see that.

BILL goes to MARY's computer and scrolls through her screen.

BILL  
What is this? He never leaves the  
town he was born in.

MARY  
Ninety-six though.

BILL  
Didn't you just lecture me about  
having them live their lives to  
the fullest?

MARY  
Wife and three kids. Settles in  
his family home that he grew up  
in. What more could you want?

BILL  
No, no, if mine can't die with a  
small semblance of happiness you  
can't torture yours for ninety-six  
years in the same spot.

MARY  
But he dies doing anything else!

BILL  
What are you talking about?

MARY  
Eight years old. On a field trip,  
he dies in the forest. Decides to  
get gas in another city. Dead. He  
could step on a tack and he would  
die of tetanus.

BILL  
Is he really living his life to  
the fullest Mary?

MARY  
No.

BILL  
Okay, let me see that.

BILL sits at MARY'S computer and begins clicking the keyboard.

MARY  
Dies at eighteen? At least your  
girl died when she was thirty-six.

BILL  
He dies saving the girl he was in  
love with. You know how those  
higher-ups love that self-  
sacrificing bullshit.

MARY

I still think mine is better, but I guess you can't get any more fulfillment to life when you take on a landslide for love like he did.

BILL

Alright, I think we're just about done, all we need is two quick signatures from God and the Devil and it goes to processing.

MARY

What would they do with out us?

BILL

Who? People? Or the higher-ups?

MARY

People. Of course.

BILL

They probably think they're doing everything on their own.

MARY

Imagine that.