

THE PERFECT JOB

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Small, government office, nondescript, in need of paint. Behind the steel desk, BONNIE, 30, fat, works on a computer. She's as bureaucratic as they come, chewing gum and thick glasses.

BONNIE

You know, there aren't a lot of openings in your field. And lets face it, your resume is bit narrow on experience. I don't suppose you'd consider working in a nursing home?

She glances over but gets no answer. She goes back to work.

BONNIE

I don't blame you. All those icky, smelly old people. I mean, I'm as sympathetic as the next person, but they're there because their children can no longer deal with them. Half of them don't even know their own names. Am I right? Am I right? It's like talking to a mannequin. Bright eyes but no light inside. Like animals? I have an opening at the local shelter.

She looks over again and smiles. Then, goes back to her computer.

BONNIE

Precisely. Yapping dogs, squalling cats, it's not a place I'd work. And you have to scoop up that poop. They're nothing but little pooping machines, and it's your job to clean it up. I don't blame you for turning that down, not a bit. The place stinks too. And when they bite you, it's your fault. You didn't give them a treat or something. Farm laborer?

She doesn't even bother to look.

BONNIE

If you're not interested in cleaning cages, why would you consider mucking out stalls? Like being outdoors? There's a landscaping company looking for a pruner. No, that's not for you. I can see that. Know anything about computers?

She looks over and shrugs.

BONNIE

I have to tell you, without computer skills your range of jobs is limited. Any more, you can't dig a ditch without knowing how to build a spreadsheet. But don't worry. We're interested in finding the perfect fit. The last thing I want is to see you across the desk in a month. Have you ever considered sales? No, I don't think so.

She pauses a moment, leafs through some papers on the desk and taps her fingers.

BONNIE

I think I'm doing this all wrong. Let's try a new query.

She goes back to the computer and types quickly.

BONNIE

Lucky for you I don't get a bonus unless you're in the job six months. So, finding the right fit beats the hell out of finding any old job. I think, I think, yes, this is it. I'm sure of it.

The printer comes alive and spits out a sheet of paper. She grabs it and slides it across the desk.

BONNIE

What do you think?

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD OFFICE - DAY

ASHLEY, 16, pretty, sits on one side of the desk. She stares at a sonogram, which doesn't look like much of anything. Behind her is a Planned Parenthood poster.

ASHLEY

It doesn't look like much, does it?
I mean, it's more like a blob of
stuff. Did I tell you I'm only 16?
Oh, yeah, that's on the form. I
don't have to tell the father, do
I? Not that he'd step up. He's
too busy with...well, he's not
exactly marriage material. And I'm
too young to be saddled with...with
(waves sonogram)
This. I want to go to college. I
want to star in movies. I have my
whole life...

She takes a last look at the sonogram before she places it on
the desk.

ASHLEY

Yes, Mr. Reaper, I want to go
through with it. I think that's
best.

On the other side of the desk sits DEATH, the Grim Reaper,
robe, cowl, his scythe leaning against the wall. If he could
smile, he would.

FADE OUT.