

**VOICE:** **BUY IT! SIGN THE PAPERS NOW!**  
*(The REALTOR opens the folder and the CLIENT signs.)*

**CLIENT:** **OK?**

**VOICE:** **NOW – GO!**  
*(The CLIENT opens the door and runs. The REALTOR looks around and smiles.)*

**REALTOR:** **Thanks, Mr. M.**

**VOICE:** **MY PLEASURE.**  
*(The REALTOR puts the folder away and exits.)*

## 11. The Job

*(Scene in an office. Seated behind the desk is JUDITH. She is an office manager for a large company. JUDITH is, to say the least, a strong woman. She is no-nonsense and the kind of person who isn't afraid to say what is on her mind. At present, she is on the phone.)*

**JUDITH:** No, you listen to me. You are the ones who call yourselves an employment agency. You have sent me fifteen incompetents to interview for my assistant. I have one more of your people to interview and if this one is no better than the rest of the dweebs you've sent me, I'm going to come down there and rip out what you laughingly refer to as your heart. Do I make myself clear? *(Pause)* Thank you. Have a nice day. *(She puts down the phone and pushes the intercom.)* **Brandon, send in the next one.** *(Goes back to some work on her desk as GLENN enters. GLENN is a nice, pleasant man in his late 20s. He walks up to the desk and stands there. JUDITH doesn't look up. There is a pause.)*

**GLENN:** Ah-hem.

**JUDITH:** Do you need instructions on how to sit?

**GLENN:** No.

**JUDITH:** Then do it.

*(GLENN sits. JUDITH still doesn't look at him. GLENN waits a few seconds.)*

**GLENN:** Well, hi there. I'm Glenn.

**JUDITH:** *(Finally looks up.)* Do you have a last name or are you going for that Fabian, Liberace kind of thing?

**GLENN:** It's Keller and you are...

**JUDITH:** God...as far as this office is concerned.

**GLENN:** I see. It's nice to meet you. *(Pause)* How's your son?

JUDITH: *(Cracks the faintest of smiles.)* Is that a joke?

GLENN: I suppose that depends on whether you laugh or not.

JUDITH: *(Pause)* Good answer. I'm Judith. Let me see your resumé. *(GLENN hands it to her. She reads it over.)* You seem to have a lot of experience. Why did you leave your last job?

GLENN: The company I was working for had financial difficulties and was forced into bankruptcy.

JUDITH: Did you have anything to do with it?

GLENN: Of course not!

JUDITH: Just checking. Let me explain what would be expected of you here. This is an extremely busy company and I have a lot to take care of. You would be my assistant. Have you ever worked for a woman before?

GLENN: I used to do chores for my mother when I was a kid. Does that count?

JUDITH: Are you trying to be clever?

GLENN: Well, if you don't mind my saying, you seem a bit tense. I'm just trying to ease the situation.

JUDITH: The reason I'm tense is that I can't seem to find an assistant with an IQ higher than that of a gumdrop.

GLENN: How many assistants have you had?

JUDITH: Eight.

GLENN: Today?

JUDITH: It seems like it. I need someone who will be satisfied working for me. I need someone who won't have to be told everything, can anticipate what I need or what has to be done, won't question me, and when I say "jump" will answer "how high?"

GLENN: I'm a little confused. Are you looking for an assistant or a eunuch?

JUDITH: You're cocky, aren't you?

GLENN: No, I just don't intimidate that easily.

JUDITH: Do you think I'm trying to intimidate you?

GLENN: Honestly...yes.

JUDITH: You haven't seen anything, yet.

GLENN: Why don't you just cut out all this preliminary stuff then and just stick some bamboo shoots under my fingernails.

JUDITH: Meaning?

GLENN: Meaning, this isn't an interview. It's a police interrogation. Now why don't you try asking me some pertinent questions and cut out the tough act.

JUDITH: Finished?

GLENN: *(Pause)* Yes, I think so.

JUDITH: Good. Now it's my turn. All this may seem like an act to you, but if you had to deal with all I do and have had to interview as many imbeciles as I have, you might be able to understand why I interview the way I do. For all I know, you might crack under the pressure.

GLENN: I don't crack under pressure.

JUDITH: As far as I can tell you're cracking right now, just being interviewed.

GLENN: Oh, I see. You act like this and you're being thorough, but I give it back and I'm cracking under the pressure. Have you ever thought that you might be the one losing it?  
*(The conversation starts to get loud now.)*

JUDITH: OK, listen to my mouth! You are never going to meet a more together lady in your life. You should get down on your knees and give thanks that I even allowed you to walk into this office. To be allowed to work for me would be a blessing from heaven for you.

GLENN: Who are you kidding!/? Working for you should be a sentence imposed by a court for breaking some law. Of course that would probably constitute cruel and unusual punishment.

**JUDITH:** Keep it up and I'll show you cruel and unusual punishment.

**GLENN:** Who are you, Vito Corleone? What are you going to do, press the intercom and get Luca Brasi in here to throw me out?

**JUDITH:** Don't flatter yourself. I wouldn't bother my staff for such a trivial disposal.

*(They are leaning across the desk almost nose to nose.)*

**GLENN:** You know lady, you have some serious problems. You don't need an assistant, you need a keeper.

**JUDITH:** And you need to find the door.

*(Silence.)*

**GLENN:** I'm outta here.

*(They stare at each other for a few more seconds, then GLENN turns and heads for the door. Right as he gets there, JUDITH yells for him.)*

**JUDITH:** HEY!

**GLENN:** WHAT!

**JUDITH:** YOU START MONDAY!

**GLENN:** FINE!

**JUDITH:** NINE O'CLOCK!

**GLENN:** OK!

*(He storms out and she goes back to work.)*

## 12. The Jumpers

*(On the ledge of a building. #1 is standing there. Obviously not in the best mood, #1 is contemplating his/her next (and probably final) move. #1 yells out.)*

**#1:** I told you all to go away! I'm not doing this for your entertainment. *(To him/her self)* I thought this was supposed to be a private moment.

*(Just then #2 enters on the ledge. #1 & #2 are looking in opposite directions. Finally they spot each other, scream, start to lose their balance and finally catch themselves.)*

**#2:** Ahhh! You scared the hell out of me!

**#1:** You?! What about me?! You almost made me fall.

**#2:** Well...you should have been watching.

**#1:** Who are you? I told them not to send anyone up here. I said I'd jump if they did.

**#2:** Fine. Go ahead and jump. I'm not up here to save your sorry butt.

**#1:** Then who are you and what are you doing up here?

**#2:** *(Pause)* I was in my office and it looked liked such a nice day that I thought I'd go for a walk. *(Pause)* What do you think I'm doing here?

**#1:** You're planning on jumping?

**#2:** Nothing gets by you, does it?

**#1:** Well I'm sorry. You can't. At least not here.

**#2:** *(Looks at #1.)* And pray tell why not?

**#1:** Because I was here first.

**#2:** What are you saying, this is a "first come, first jump" ledge? Fine, go ahead. Far be it from me to steal your thunder.

**#1:** That's not the point! I'd like to be alone. Why don't you go somewhere else.

**#2:** I was somewhere else. I was on the other side of the building.