

THE INTERVIEW

Written by

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INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

JARRET WATTS (30s) timidly knocks on an imposing office door. After a beat, and no response, he pushes in, nervously poking his head through.

JARRET

Uh, Ms. Grammer? Hi. I'm here to interview?

ALICIA GRAMMER (30s) is furiously typing away at her desk, the keys CLACKING at an alarming rate. But at the sound of Jarret's voice, her hands immediately cease fire and she squints at him behind round spectacles.

ALICIA

Are you John?

Jarret fully enters the room and politely closes the door behind him.

JARRET

(mumbles)

Jarret, actually, but both start with a J, heh.

ALICIA

Excuse me?

JARRET

(too loud)

I said it's Jarret, but both start with a--

But Alicia covers one ear and motions for him to sit down.

ALICIA

Hush, the entire floor doesn't need to hear you.

JARRET

Sorry.

He takes a seat across from her and nervously clutches his hands in his lap. After a beat, he fidgets and crosses his legs. Another moment and his feet are tapping nervously on the floor. Alicia glares.

JARRET (CONT'D)

Sorry. Again.

Once she's satisfied with the silence, she carefully draws out a paper from a stack on her desk.

Like an office version of Jenga, she expertly pulls out his resume from the middle of the stack.

JARRET (CONT'D)

Wow.

Alicia, however, is not impressed.

ALICIA

Let's review your qualifications, shall we? It says here you were recently employed at a local insurance firm. Is this correct?

JARRET

Yep.

ALICIA

The answer would be "yes," Jeremy.

JARRET

Jarret.

ALICIA

Gesundheit.

She continues to study the resume a moment, Jarret nervously sweating bullets as his hands grasp the chair for support.

Suddenly, she lifts his resume up into the sky and RIPS it, letting the two halves flutter down onto the ground. Jarret is stunned.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

This, is garbage.

JARRET

But-- I--

ALICIA

I'm not looking for an insurance accountant, Jarome. I'm looking for real life experience.

JARRET

But I... have real life experience. It was listed on that resume you just tore in half.

ALICIA

Did you read the ad?

Jarret fumbles with his pocket, retrieving a crumpled-up piece of newspaper. He flattens it on Alicia's desk and points to it, smug.

JARRET
(reading)
Insurance firm hiring. Contact
Alicia Grammer to schedule an
interview.

But Alicia shakes her head and points to the fine print on the very bottom of the ad.

ALICIA
(reading)
Position is devoid of actual
insurance work.

JARRET
Wha-what?

ALICIA
So as you can see, this--

She looks down at the torn resume.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
--is garbage. Now, shall we conduct
the actual interview?

JARRET
I--

ALICIA
How old are you, Justin?

JARRET
Thirty tw--

ALICIA
And who has been the biggest
influence in your life?

JARRET
Well, I guess--

Alicia doesn't even give Jarret a chance to answer. She then launches into a series of questions, firing them off as quickly as they come to her, her tone becoming slightly manic.

ALICIA
What kinds of things make you
laugh? Who is your best friend?
(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Favorite movie of all time? Perfect
burrito combination? Siblings?
Nickname? Pet peeves?

Jarret just stares, slowly processing each and every
question.

JARRET

This... isn't an interview for an
insurance accountant.

ALICIA

No.

JARRET

(slowly)

What... am I interviewing for?

Alicia, whose glasses have slipped down her nose, pushes them
back up and really looks at the person sitting across from
her.

ALICIA

Why, Jarret, this is a date
interview.

JARRET

(monotone)

A date interview. So, there's no
job?

ALICIA

(laughs)

Oh trust me, it'll be a job.

JARRET

Do I get paid?

ALICIA

Paid with affection, yes.

JARRET

Wait a minute... is this legal?

ALICIA

Well, I put out an ad and you came
to answer. You tell me.

Jarret rubs both his temples as he tries to figure out what
to do next.

JARRET

I'm sorry. I thought this was for
something else. I should go.

He stands to leave, but Alicia stops him.

ALICIA

Wait! I... know it wasn't right to trick you like this, but listen -- I'm not so bad once you get to know me. Sure, I'm uptight, have a paralyzing fear of heights, drive too slow in the fast lane, talk during movies, and run a snake farm, but... I have a lot to offer.

(soft)

I just need someone to give me a chance. Please, don't go.

Jarret is momentarily touched by Alicia's words and slowly sits back down. He SIGHS heavily but decides to give it a go.

JARRET

Okay. Why not? I'm already here and free for the next half hour.

She gives a relieved smile and he smiles back until--

JARRET (CONT'D)

Wait, did you say snake farm?

THE END