

1 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

1

A man in his early thirties, a bit on the thin side, hesitantly presses the elevator button. He is wearing a clip on tie and an off-the-rack suit, yet an effort was clearly made.

In his hand he clutches a drawing, childish and in crayon. He smiles to himself.

The elevator dings, he tucks the paper away in his worn leather brief case.

He steps out and the doors begin to close --

Super: " Capable "

2 INT. OFFICE WAITING ROOM / RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

2

He walks up to the reception desk where a preppy young woman is getting off the phone.

ANTHONY

Hi, I'm here to see Mr. Klemson.

RECEPTIONIST

What's the name?

ANTHONY

Douglass, Anthony Douglass.

RECEPTIONIST

(inputs in computer)

Yes, I see you do have a meeting with him today. You can take a seat with the others --

ANTHONY

Others?

Anthony turns to see two other men in the waiting area. They are in crisp attire, the finest leather, not even a wrinkle or crumb from breakfast on their ties.

ANTHONY (CON'T)

I see. Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure thing hun. And here you go -
(she hands him a laminated card
with the number 3 on it)

- all set.

SEATING AREA

Anthony takes a seat among the men. He stiffens.

The door to a corner office swings open. A stern voice emerges.

MAN

Number 1, ready for you!

One of the men stands, he adjusts his tie. He eyes Anthony with an intense glare, then closes the door with a triumphant smirk.

The other man in the waiting area look at ease. Anthony is impatiently tapping.

GUY 2

Hey you want to relax a little.

ANTHONY

(stopping)

...Sorry.

GUY 2

Can't be so worried with the little things, life's too short.

()

ANTHONY

My wife would tell me that --

(beat)

Ex wife.

GUY 2

Did you remarry?

ANTHONY

No.

GUY 2

Why are you still wearing the ring?

ANTHONY

(rubs it off his finger)

I wore it for so long -- guess I just forgot to take it off.

GUY 2

Sure, whatever you say.

ANTHONY

What you got a wife?

GUY 2

Not exactly. I'm not looking for any
distractions --

The office door swings open, Guy 1 leaves in a poorly hidden
rage.

GUY 1

Son of a fucking bitch, wasting my
goddamn time.

He slams on the elevator button.

GUY 1

I guess he's a bit of a hard ass.

ANTHONY

I guess so.

They jump a little in their chairs as the voice bellows
again.

MAN

Number 2, come on in!

They look at each other, a bit unsettled. Their confidence
has gone down the drain.

Guy 2 gets up and enters the office, closing the door behind
him.

Anthony loosens his tie. He's sweating bullets. He gets up
and makes his way to the reception desk.

ANTHONY

Where's the restroom?

She gestures in a direction.

3 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

He busts through the swinging door and rests himself at the
sink. He soaks his face in water.

ANTHONY

Come on, come on--

He shakes off his hands and reaches for a paper inside his

briefcase.

INSERT - Resume

Under a column labeled "skills", he scans. The word "Capable" is fixated on.

ANTHONY (CON'T)
(under his breath)
Capable. Fuck!

He crumples the paper and tosses it in the trash bin. His phone illuminates from his pocket, he answers.

EX WIFE O.S.
Anthony?

ANTHONY
(irritated,panicked)
Yeah this isn't really a good --

EX WIFE O.S.
I got a call from Emily's school, they said she's in the hospital.

ANTHONY
(pacing)
What happened?

EX WIFE O.S.
She had a reaction or something they said she passed out. I'm stuck at the airport right now, I won't be able to get there for a few more hours. I need you there with --

ANTHONY
I can't leave right now I --

EX WIFE O.S.
-- What do you mean?
(pause)
Where are you?

ANTHONY
I'm at an interview, well I'm about to have an interview.

EX WIFE O.S.
For a job? I gave you months to find one and now you decide to get off --

ANTHONY

Look, this really isn't a good time,
are you sure she isn't fine? Maybe --

EX WIFE O.S.

Forget everything that's been going
on, just be there. I have to go.

He dries off his face with a paper towel. He reaches inside
his brief case pulling out a piece of paper.

Insert - "Notice of Eviction"

He turns the paper around. We see the drawing in crayon.

His phone buzzes. Text from Ex Wife reading: "Saint Francis
Hospital 3000 Washington Ave, 32323. Call me when you get
there"

He lets out a sigh.

He straightens himself out in front of the mirror. A few long
deep breaths.

ANTHONY

(to himself)

Capable.

4 INT. OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

The space is empty, the door to a small corner office is wide
open. A man in his late fifties, with a full head of silver
hair, leans on a desk looking down at his rolex.

MAN

Mr. Douglass?

Anthony stiffens.

ANTHONY

Yes sir, I --

MAN

I've been waiting patiently for quite
some time now.

ANTHONY

Mr. Klemson, I'm sorry sir but --

Klemson gestures into his office.

MR. KLEMSON
Why don't you take a seat.

Anthony's pocket illuminates.

MR. KLEMSON (CON'T)
(pause)
I'm sure it can wait.

Anthony stands there for a few moments.

He pulls out the laminated card from his pocket and places it in Mr. Kelmsons palm.

We see Anthony move forward as if to sprint. Now he is.
Toward the elevator.

He is running as if the space is stretched and the office is never ending. Like he was set free.

CUT TO

5 EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

5

He is getting put of his car in the parking lot, the emergency sign casting light on him as he approaches.

He stops, to take in the purple and blue sky of late afternoon light.

MR. KLEMSON O.S.
I value a man who know's how important family can be.

CUT TO

6 INT. OFFICE WAITING ROOM

6

Mr. Klemson is shaking Anthony's hand.

MR. KLEMSON
Come in tomorrow, we'll have a spot for you.

BACK TO

7 EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

7

Anthony takes his wedding ring out of his pocket and places it back on his finger.

He takes out his phone.

ANTHONY

Hey, I just got to the hospital, I
didn't want you to worry...

Anthony enters the hospital with a smile -- and his
confidence.