

PHONE ROOM
By
Marguerite A. Fair

Marguerite A. Fair-Kosciwicz
3674 Veteran Ave. Apt. 4
Los Angeles, CA 90034
Writerperson48@yahoo.com
www.screenplaystosell.com
Home: 310-438-7547 Cell: 424-298-1745

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY

An older model car drives down Hawthorne Blvd.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls into a parking lot by an old bank. It quickly glides into the only shaded parking space by a small tree.

MARCY clumsily climbs out of the vehicle. She is in her mid-twenties and slightly chubby. She looks almost clownish in a long red dress and pink flowered scarf.

She is in an agitated state of hurry and drops her over-flowing tote bag type purse. The contents spill onto the concrete.

MARCY
(under her breath)
Oh Jesus.

She looks up at the sky-opens her arms widely.

MARCY (CONT'D)
What's next?

She shuffles around collecting the items.

MARCY (CONT'D)
(mutters madly)
Gotta keep calm. Keep calm. Breathe it in. Breathe it out. Keep calm. I am a Goddess.

Marcy takes a DEEP BREATH and is instantly calm.

EXT. STEPS/OUTSIDE OF BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She mounts the steps and reaches the door. CLIFF, a flamboyant, young gay man, holds the door open for Marcy in a grand gesture of chivalry.

MARCY
(to Cliff)
Thanks.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Once Marcy and Cliff enter the lobby, she taps his shoulder.

MARCY

Excuse me, is this a bank? I'm looking for the Home Office Business Equipment Company?

Cliff is perky and speaks with a lisp.

CLIFF

Your dreams have come true. This is your ultimate destination.

Marcy squints at him.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Most people get confused. Thinking this place is still a bank.

He dramatically places one hand on his hip and uses his free hand to help illustrate his thoughts.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I told him to put a sign up. But does He listen to me? Why would he? I'm just the token fairy-boy telemarketer.

Marcy forces herself not to laugh.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Oh don't hold it back. Around here the laughs are what keep you going. Trust me.

MARCY

(giggles)
I guess so.

CLIFF

I suppose you're looking to talk to Karat Rodney?

Marcy pulls a huge gray rock from her bag and rubs it frantically. Cliff watches her in amazement.

MARCY

(off his look)
Keeps me anxiety free.

Cliff guides her into Karat's office.

INT. KARAT'S OFFICE - DAY
(MORE)

The room is decorated almost completely with baseball memorabilia. There are wall to wall pictures of baseball players. Past and present.

On one small section of wall is a large picture of LIBERACE dressed in an extremely flamboyant outfit.

Marcy tries to take in the mini Baseball Hall of Fame.

MARCY

Mr. Rodney is a sports nut I take it?

CLIFF

Just drop the word sports and that about covers it. The man is one ball short of a home run, if you know what I mean.

Cliff moves to the picture of Liberace. Lovingly, he looks at it and sighs like a schoolgirl.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

This was a birthday gift from me. It's the only thing in here that makes any sense. I loved this man.

MARCY

(studies the picture)

He really knew what to do with a candelabra.

Cliff gets teary-eyed as he points for Marcy to sit in the chair across from Karat's desk.

CLIFF

By the way, my name is Cliff.

They shake hands.

MARCY

I'm Marcy. Thanks for the information.

Cliff gives her a wave and disappears. Marcy sits and rubs her rock.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Several people enter the building.

MARIA who is in a wheelchair rolls by quickly. A large BUMPER STICKER on the back of her chair reads: IF YOU CAN WALK GET OUT OF MY WAY NOW!

In her haste to move faster than the walkers, she causes a TALL BLACK WOMAN named JELLA, to bump into Cliff.

JELLA speaks with a strong JAMAICAN ACCENT.

CLIFF

Are you trying to bang me Jella?

JELLA

That be a strange one in that wheel chair. She want to kill everyone who can walk. But that's no excuse for you not to see a fine looking coco skinned woman like me gliding across the floor.

CLIFF

Guess what? There's a new dialer. she's in Karat's office.

Jella strains her neck to look into Karat's office.

JELLA

Is she black?

CLIFF

No you nosey woman. She's not black, but neither am I and you seem to like me.

JELLA

(big toothy grin)

That's because you got sugar in your blood sweet thing. She's probably okay. Most of the white people in here be poorer than me is.

CLIFF

And I'm one of them. Let's get to work before we have to listen to one of Karat's lectures.

They drift into the Phone Room.

INT. KARAT'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcy sits in the chair with her legs folded Indian style. She meditates deeply and is not aware of the young man who enters the room.

KARAT RODNEY smirks at the new recruit as he slips quietly into his seat. He is twenty four years old
(MORE)

with intense black eyes. He is a light-skinned African American, dressed like a gangster with slicked back hair. He has a large mole on his right cheek.

His chair creaks and Marcy's eyes pop open, she jumps at the sight of him.

KARAT

I hope I'm not disturbing you. I'm Karat Rodney and you must be Marcy?

She reaches into her tote bag and hands him her resume.

He reads through it quickly and tosses it onto the desk.

KARAT (CONT'D)

Believe me, you have more than enough experience for this job. A five year old could do it.

He laughs. She does not.

KARAT (CONT'D)

Well, can you start today?

MARCY

Sure. That would be great.

Marcy looks up.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Karat looks up to see what she is looking at.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I'm a writer and this will leave my afternoons free for my work.

KARAT

What do you write?

MARCY

I've had several letters to the editor published. And I've written a few short stories. But, I recently moved to California to write an award winning screenplay.

Karat is amused by her unencumbered enthusiasm.