

Not My Job

by

Team

Your Name
Your Address

Your phone number
Your e-mail address

FADE IN:

Establishing montage. Crappy Apartment Complex. SPEED WALKER.

EXT. APT OFFICE - MORNING

Francis Cortney, Young, fresh faced. First day at work. New uniform. Two coffees.

SPEED WALKER struts by. FRANCIS smiles.

FRANCIS
Good Morning.

A white truck roars into frame and screeches to a halt.

Inside the truck: SARGE. Hung over. A mess. He jams the truck into park and groans. He reaches over and opens a thermos of black coffee. Opens the glove box. Inside is a gun and a flask booze.

He spikes the coffee.

He looks up and sees FRANCIS. Huge smile on her face.

He grimaces and double spikes his coffee.

OUTSIDE OF TRUCK: FRANCIS watches SARGE get out of the truck. His uniform is wrinkled. The sun hurts his eyes. He pokets the flask.

She rushes up to him. Bright eyed, bushy tailed. Two coffees in hand.

FRANCIS
Hi. Good Morning! Coffee?

He holds up his spiked coffee. Takes a sip.

FRANCIS
Oh. OK. Umm... So, I'm Francis --

He cuts her off.

SARGE

Get in.

They get in the truck or GOLF CART.

It's a mess. She tries to ignore it.

They take off.

SARG

There are security cameras all over
this place.

FRAN:

Who monitors them?

SARG:

It's not my job

CUT TO:

EXT - APT COMPLEX- AC UNIT & BALCONY

MAINTENANCE GUY is working on the AC. GIRLFRIEND is yelling
at BOYFRIEND. BOYFRIEND is yelling at MAINTENANCE GUY.
MAINTENANCE GUY is yelling back.

GIRLFRIEND

Just fix it.

BOYFRIEND

JUST FIX IT!

MAINTENANCE GUY

It's not broken!

BOYFRIEND

It's not broken.

GIRLFRIEND

Well....it's not working....

BOYFRIEND

Well, it's not working!

CUT TO :

The argument with maintenance and josh. Sarg and Fran walk
past through the building.

SARG:
Yells in German

FRAN:
Oh you speak German! I am in
architecture school right now. We
were just studying Bauhaus and I am
in love with modern...

Sarge keeps walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

SARGE leads FRANCIS into the courtyard. There is a picnic
table.

SARG:
Here in this court yard, there are
no security cameras.

FRANCIS
(Looking around
seriously)
So a trouble spot, right.

SARGE
This is where we nap.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD -- LATER

Sarg napping and Fran sits alone.

DOM:
Wat up ma'? What's your name?

FRAN:
Uh, hi I'm Francis.

DOM:
Francis what?

FRAN:
Francis Courtney.

DOM:
Francis Courtney, such a beautiful
name for a beautiful little thing.

Why you out here slumming with the Sarge?

FRAN:

I am training for the summer security position. Just trying to make a little extra money for school.

Dom sucks his teeth and leans in close. He begins to speak when Sarge bolts up from his sleep with an angry belch.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

DIANE sits within a plain white lawn chair, legs crossed, rocking the top one, flipping through a magazine. Her attention is hardly kept from one page to the other.

Next to her sits JACK, his elbow upon his knee and his chin resting on his right hand leaning toward Diane - Giving his best James Dean.

A washing machine BUZZES, ending it's cycle.

Diane rises to move towards the washing machine, opening it's door and pulls up a handful of laundry.

DIANE

Bloody Hell! You did it again!

Jack breaks his pose, placing his hands between his knees.

JACK

What now?

Diane turns back to Jack, throwing clothes at him.

DIANE

You bought that detergent with the bleach,
you two-legged Bloke!

She pulls out another handful, throwing more clothing at Jack before storming out from the room.

Jack stands up, rushing to the machine to pull out the clothes to throw them in a basket. He bolts out from the laundry room to chase after Diane.

EXT - APT COMPLEX- AC UNIT & BALCONY

BOYFRIEND eating a tomato, is now arguing more heatedly with MAINTENANCE GUY.

SARGE and FRANCIS walk through the scene. SARGE ignores the Argument. FRANCIS seems concerned, but follows SARGE out of frame.

MAINTENANCE GUY

Look..... I can try replacing the compressor, but it going to take a few days to order in the part.

BOYFRIEND

Just take it from 116, that guy sucks anyways.

MAINTENANCE GUY

That would be illegal, sir.....

BOYFRIEND

Oh! So you don't want to go back to jail?

CUT TO:

EXT. VOLLEYBALL COURT -- LATER

Sarge approaches the, PASSED OUT MAN in the middle of the volleyball court

SARGE-

Hey! Toni! Go home! Its 9 AM!

FRANCES-

Actually, it's 11....

Sarge is clearly thrown by this.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLO PUN, COURTYARD - DAY

Diane, walking with stern purpose, has already made it halfway through the grassy field.

Jack emerges from the laundry room's entrance, beginning his chase after Diane. After a brief moment, he manages to catch up to her, despite a noticeable limp.

JACK

Hey! Damnit, woman! Will you give me a break?

Diane stops in her tracks, which stops Jack. She turns to face him.

Diane breathes in, wanting to say something until her eyes roll to the back of her head with a strong, sustained exhale, which becomes a short, quick laugh. She turns away from Jack to continue her march.

Jack keeps a steady pace within her presence.

JACK

Don't think I'm a fool! This boiling point has been
Heating up over the last few decades.

Diane slows to a stop.

JACK

It's because I quit football. You've hated
me ever since.

Diane closes her eyes tight with a deep inhale, quickly shaking her head back and forth as she turns back away from him once again - Getting closer to their apartment's door.

FRANCIS and SARGE are approaching from the other direction the observe the argument. It's getting bad.

JACK pushes DIANE roughly into the apartment.

JACK

Get in the goddamn door, woman!

DIANE

Don't you touch me!

JACK

Get in the there!

He slams the door just as SARGE and FRANCIS come up to it.

Thought door we hear the argument continue, something breaks.

FRANCIS stops in front of fighting couples door. SARGE keeps walking.

FRANCIS
What should we do?

SARGE
Not my job.

FRANCIS
We've got to do something.

SARGE stops and turns around, steps toward her.

SARGE
Look, there are over a thousand apartments in this hell hole. A thousand doors. All kind of things happen behind these doors. People live their lives behind these doors. Some good times. Some bad. Place like this, mostly bad. But whatever is going on behind those doors? No mater how bad. Not my job.

FRANCIS
Then what is your job?

He looks at her for a BEAT then turns and walk out of frame. She pauses, then follows.

CUT TO:

EXT - APT COMPLEX- AC UNIT & BALCONY -- SAME

SARGE and FRANCIS enter the scene to find that the argument over the A/C unit is has escalated in to all out screaming.

BOYFRIEND
God damn you!

MAINTENANCE GUY
God damn me? God damn you!

MAINTENANCE GUY returns to "fixing" the a/c unit

MAINTENANCE GUY
(under his breath)
Asian mother fucker telling me how to do my.....

Workers line cut off by being hit by the tomato that

boyfriend was eating.

MAINTENANCE GUY is furious! He stands, pulls a drywall knife from his utility belt and runs toward stairs,

MAINTENANCE GUY
Screams something terribly violent!

FRANCIS reacts in a heart beat forcing the coffees on SARGE who had no choice but to take them as she bolts toward MAINTENANCE GUY.

She subdues him. (Work this out on set)

SARGE
(sarcastically)
And Voilà!

He hands her one of the coffee cups and takes a sip from the other.

FRANCIS
(Proud of her self)
So, what's next?

SARGE
Lunch.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

FRANCIS, SARGE, MAINTENANCE GUY, BOYFRIEND, DOM are all eaten lunch around the picnic table. A good mood has set in maybe it's the flask that's being passed around.

The flask makes it back to SARGE. He takes a swig, then offers it to FRANCIS.

She hesitates, then takes a swig.

SARGE approves.

SPEED WALKER charges though.

The car alarm goes off.

FADE TO BLACK.