

The Interview

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FADE IN:

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

A lady with a wide-brimmed hat and glasses, stunning dress and shoes, glamorous gloves and a handbag, approaches the front door of a corporate building.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, RECEPTION - DAY

The interior of the building is grandiose and expansive, teeming with life as executives and managers walk to and from everywhere. A bored receptionist is sitting by her desk, bored and playing with the gum from her mouth. The lady approaches her.

ANNABELLE

cough

RECEPTIONIST

(pause)

May I help you, ma'am?

ANNABELLE lifts her handbag onto the receptionist's desk. The receptionist looks at ANNABELLE, who doesn't bother to take off her glasses inside.

ANNABELLE

I'm here to see your HER department.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?

ANNABELLE

Your HER department? You know, H-HERRRR?

RECEPTIONIST

You mean our HR department?

ANNABELLE

I know what I said, young lady.

The Receptionist remains a little flabbergasted by ANNABELLE's attitude but keeps her cool. She picks up her phone.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Who may I ask is here to see them?

ANNABELLE smiles, takes off her glasses and turns around with a flourish.

ANNABELLE

You may announce the arrival of the dazzling beauty that is Lady Annabelle Beafonte la Belle, jewel and heiress to the house of Belle - the most famous perfume in all the world.

The receptionist lets out a giggle and ANNABELLE whirls around with an evil look on her face.

ANNABELLE

What?

RECEPTIONIST

Belle the Smell?

ANNABELLE

How dare you! You petulent, impetuous little girl, I'll have you skinned alive for your insult.

DANIEL

Annabelle?

ANNABELLE

What?

ANNABELLE whirls around to face a handsome man with a friendly face. He is tall, lean and good-looking, and wearing a shirt and tie.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, BLEACHERS - DAY, FLASHBACK

We see ANNABELLE sitting on the bleachers of a high school with other girls dressed as cheerleaders, and passes quick glances at DANIEL, who is attending football practise. The scene is in slow-motion and dramatic with Barry White music.

FADE TO:

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING, RECEPTION - DAY

ANNABELLE

Daniel...

DANIEL

What are you doing here?

RECEPTIONIST

She's here to see the HER department.

DANIEL gives a quizzical look, and the Receptionist mouths the letters "HR" with a mocking look.

DANIEL

Oh I see. Well please, let me show you to them.

DANIEL motions ANNABELLE to follow him and they proceed to the doors of the lifts.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, LIFTS - DAY

Both DANIEL and ANNABELLE approach the lifts, and Daniel presses the button for the lift.

DANIEL

How have you been?

ANNABELLE

Wonderful, ecstatic. Yourself?

DANIEL

Great. How many years married?

ANNABELLE

Fifteen.

DANIEL

Happy?

ANNABELLE

Some.

They both step forward into a lift that has just arrived.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, LIFT - DAY

They both ride the lift in silence for a moment.

ANNABELLE

Did you ever get that...what was it, football scholarship?

DANIEL

Yeah, after we all graduated, I went to college and studied and, well, here I am.

ANNABELLE

Happy?

DANIEL

Some.

ANNABELLE

(pause)

Richwood couldn't play sports to save his own life, but absolutely brilliant in creating perfumes though. That's where he made his money.

DANIEL

And where's he now?

ANNABELLE

With the money...somewhere.

DANIEL

Right.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, OFFICE LIFTS - DAY

The doors open and DANIEL leads ANNABELLE out of the lift.

DANIEL

I'm taking you to our HR manager, Mark.

ANNABELLE

Alright.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

DANIEL leads ANNABELLE into MARK's office. He is overweight, surly and oily, with thick-lensed glasses and a sweaty demeanour. Not very attractive.

DANIEL
I'll be right outside.

ANNABELLE takes a seat, while MARK shuffles through his papers to find her CV.

MARK
Right, Mrs la Belle, you've applied
for the position of Sales.

ANNABELLE
Head of Sales.

MARK blinks at her.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, CUBICLE - DAY

DANIEL returns to his desk and glances over at MARK's office where he sees ANNABELLE animatedly talking away.

FADE TO:

INT. FRATERNITY MESS ROOM - EVENING

There is a party occurring for everyone celebrating college graduation. DANIEL is mills around when he reaches the television set.

The newscaster is announcing the local story of ANNABELLE getting married to her "childhood sweetheart" Richwood in a lavish wedding, and DANIEL looks on with remorse.

FADE TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, CUBICLE - DAY

DANIEL is staring at the wall of his desk to find, amongst many others, a cute photograph of both of them with crazy eighties hair. He looks up with a determined face.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY

MARK is pinching his nose in exasperation.

MARK

Let's move on from what you want, which is pretty extensive, to some questions, shall we?

ANNABELLE

Let's. And while you're at it, open a window.

MARK

(pauses)

If you were in Iceland and you had a toaster, how would you sell it?

ANNABELLE

Simple.

MARK

(waits for an answer)

Well?

ANNABELLE

Let me formulate an answer before you rudely interrupt me.

MARK leans back in his chair.

ANNABELLE

I would...it's a ridiculous question anyway, who would need a toaster in Iceland, it's FULL of ice there. They'd need umbrellas to go with the margaritas. They don't need a toaster, they need an ice-crusher. Why can't I sell them those?

MARK

(pauses)

Thank you for your time, ma'am, it was a pleasure meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE

I'm sure. So, where will my office
be?

MARK blinks at her.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, OFFICE HALLWAYS - THE NEXT DAY

We see a tea-cart being pushed and ANNABELLE is now wearing a service outfit with her hair tied up in a bun. She's handing out cups of tea to everyone in the office as she rolls by.

She approaches DANIEL's cubicle but is too embarrassed to show her face to him. However, he holds his hand out to stop her.

DANIEL

Annabelle.

DANIEL looks up, his warm eyes inviting. She returns his gaze, pleading for an escape from this terrible existence.

ANNABELLE

Yes, Daniel?

DANIEL unpins their picture from his wall and places it on her tea-cart.

DANIEL

Please fetch me a cup of coffee,
your tea sucks.

ANNABELLE looks at him injured, holding the picture up as he continues to work. She places it back on the tea-cart and hangs her head as she rolls away to fetch his request.

FADE OUT.

THE END.