

THE RAREST THING
EP.20 - WORK

Written by

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INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

We see JASMINE, dressed in office attire standing in an elevator as it goes up to the floor that her Agency's office is on.

The elevator stops, and the doors open. A man, one of Jasmine's CO-WORKERS walks in. The doors close behind him. He looks at Jasmine curiously. Jasmine smiles politely.

JASMINE

'Morning.

He looks at her awkwardly.

CO-WORKER

Ahh... 'morning, Jasmine.
(beat)
Surprised to see you here.

She frowns and looks at him.

JASMINE

Why?

He looks taken-aback, as though he's said something he shouldn't have.

CO-WORKER

Oh... ah, no reason.

They stand there in an awkward silence for a few more moments, until the elevator reaches the floor they're going to, and they walk out.

Jasmine walks through the lobby of the agency, saying hello to everyone she sees. She is getting a lot of strange looks in return.

She approaches her office, and goes to walk in. She stops in her tracks. The office has been rearranged and there is another of her co-worker's sitting at the desk in there, DAVID (30s, sleazy) on the phone via a HEADSET.

JASMINE

(confused)
What the hell?

David spots her and looks surprised.

DAVID

Oh shit...
(to person on phone)
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hey, I'll ah... call you back, bro.
Something's come up.

He hangs up the phone and whips the headset off.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Ah... hey, Jaz.

Jasmine is starting to look pissed off now.

JASMINE
David... what the hell are you
doing in my office?

David looks at her as though it is a trick question.

DAVID
(slowly)
Um... because it's my office now?

Jasmine looks at him in annoyance.

JASMINE
Jesus Christ, David. Jump in my
grave, why don't you?

She spins around and walk off. She strides down the hallway to another office. The door is closed. It's KARL'S office. She knocks.

KARL (O.S.)
Come in.

She enters, but doesn't bother closing the door behind her. Karl spots her, a surprised expression on his face.

KARL (CONT'D)
(confused)
Jasmine?

She turns on him immediately.

JASMINE
(angrily)
Why the hell is David in my goddamn
office, Karl? That's one hell of a
surprise to be greeted with on my
first day back.

Karl looks even more surprised.

KARL
Your first day back? What are you
talking about?

Jasmine begins to realise there's something going on that she's missing.

JASMINE
(confused)
Okay... what's going on?

Karl sighs.

KARL
I think... there might have been a miscommunication here, Jasmine. You didn't get my letter two weeks ago? Or my phone messages?

JASMINE
(confused)
No, I didn't get anything. Wait... Logan and I are separated. Have you been sending correspondence to my old address? I let Belinda know I'd moved...

Karl rubs his face in angst.

KARL
(muttering)
Shit.

JASMINE
What was the letter you sent?

Karl sighs.

KARL
It was a letter of dismissal, Jasmine. We had to let you go. You... don't work here anymore.

Jasmine looks at him in shock, speechless.

He looks a little apologetic.

KARL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about Logan, I didn't know about that. Belinda left for maternity leave early, so the message obviously didn't filter down.
(sighs, seriously)
Jasmine, unfortunately due to your recent conviction, we can't continue to employ you.
(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

If word got out to our clients,
we'd be running the risk of losing
a LOT of business.

Jasmine just stares at him, speechless. After a few awkward
beats of silence:

KARL (CONT'D)

Are you... okay? Do you understand?

Jasmine just shakes her head in disbelief.

JASMINE

(quietly)

Way to kick a girl while she's
down, Karl.

She sadly turns around and walks to the door. As she reaches
the door, she stops and takes a deep breath, before turning
back to Karl.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way...

(suddenly yelling)

FUCK YOU KARL, you arrogant piece
of shit!! Fuck David, fuck
everyone! This place is the
ABSOLUTE WORST! You talk big about
equality and employee health and
well being, but when it comes down
to it, it's all just a crock of
shit, isn't it?! You don't give ONE
TOSS about the people here!

Karl looks a little embarrassed.

KARL

Jasmine, please... that's enough.

JASMINE

Enough? Enough?! I haven't even
started yet, you walking prick in a
suit! Here's a fucking tip, you
MORON: if you're going to fire
someone, you actually need to TALK
TO THEM... you can't just send them
a FUCKING letter and hope for the
best, you absolute SHITBAG.

Karl picks up his phone and begins dialling a number

KARL
(calmly into phone)
I need security on my office,
please.

Jasmine isn't about to stop.

JASMINE
I mean, what do you even do here,
Karl? Is your job literally being a
PROFESSIONAL IDIOT? I mean,
everyone has the right to be
stupid, but for Christ's sakes,
Karl, you're ABUSING THE PRIVELIGE!

A security guard appear behind Jasmine, and Karl quickly motions for him to remove Jasmine. The security guard takes Jasmine's arm. She shrugs it free angrily.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Get your goddamn hands off me!!

The security guard begins to use more force, and begins dragging Jasmine away... but she's determined to get one more quick jab in at Karl.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Oh, and by the way, everyone knows
you jerk off at your desk, Karl!!
We can hear it, you gross moron!

Karl looks shocked. Jasmine's yelling get quieter until we can't hear it anymore as she's dragged away.

David appears in Karl's office doorway, and gives Karl a shocked look.

Karl sighs, and rubs his face, and then looks at David awkwardly.

KARL
Ah, was that last thing she said
true?

David nods awkwardly.