

61 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Parker sits across from his boss, SHARON MULLINS, 42, with a weak chin.

PARKER
Sharon, I know I lost my cool.

SHARON
You say.

PARKER
C'mon, man-

He stops himself.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I've had a hell of a week. It won't happen again.

SHARON
You do good work here and it's clear to everyone that you care a lot about what you do-

PARKER
Thank you. Like I said, this won't happen again. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got work to catch up on.

Parker starts to get up, but...

SHARON
But this is a safe workplace environment. You're expected to behave like a professional. I'm sorry, but we're going to have to let you go.

Parker's knuckles go white as he clamps his hands around the arms of his chair.

PARKER
You're firing me? Sharon! The guy's a fucking-

SHARON
You broke his nose. That's assault. You'll be lucky if he doesn't press charges.

PARKER

Don't do this. I'll apologize to
Stu, okay? I'll do it right now.
I'll do it on my fucking knees.

SHARON

City regulations. No strike policy.
I'm sorry.

62 EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICES - DAY

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Parker walks to his Monte Carlo. He chucks his briefcase and a small cardboard box in past the no-longer-sticking tape that has become his passenger window..

PLINK!

Parker kicks his passenger door as hard as he can, denting it.

CLANK! PLINK! CLANK! PLINK! PLUNK!

PARKER

(breathing heavily)

FUCK!

FROM THE OFFICE ABOVE

Through the window, Parker can be seen losing it.

BELOW

He bends over and rubs his foot. Looks up to see Stu with cotton swabs in his nose looking down on him, shaking his head and making crude gestures with his tongue.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Fucker.

He gets in the Monte Carlo. Turns the key. It doesn't start.

He'll have to adjust the starter.

63 INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

63

Parker sits at the back, slams the last of his drink. Gary the bartender walks over.

GARY

Last time I checked it's not a race
pal. You alright?