

"The Right Thing to Do"

by
Mike Murphy

112 Lovering Street
Medway, MA 02053-2326
USA
508-533-8310
mikeandzachary@gmail.com
WGAE Registered

1 INT. SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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A wooden sign on the wall reads "WELCOME TO YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION."

A bustling office space: Telephones are frequently ringing, and the sound of computer keys being pressed is nearly constant. Several employees sit behind their desk computers helping customers waiting in chairs beside them.

MRS. WHITTAKER, a gray-haired representative almost at retirement age, is trying to work. Her desktop computer though, as usual, is slow - which is embarrassing her. Finally, it pulls up the information she asked for.

She speaks to the man in her client chair.

WHITTAKER

(relieved)

Here we are: Helen Crandall.

(beat)

Can you verify her Social Security number, please?

GEORGE CRANDALL, 64, is stoop shouldered and nearly bald. He looks very tired. Even the bags under his eyes have bags. He is dressed in a dark suit, but it has seen its better days.

CRANDALL

Geez, I'm afraid *not*.

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a folded sheet of paper, which he passes across the desk.

CRANDALL

I've got this.

Whittaker scans it.

WHITTAKER

This is proof that you are your aunt's. . . She's your aunt, right?

CRANDALL

Right.

WHITTAKER

This paper proves that you're her legal guardian, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CRANDALL

Will that do?

Whittaker pauses, thinking of how best to continue.

WHITTAKER

It's a start.

(beat)

How may I help you?

CRANDALL

I want her checks stopped.

WHITTAKER

Has she passed?

CRANDALL

No.

(beat)

On the 27th, please.

WHITTAKER

(growing confused)

Has her doctor -

CRANDALL

That idiot's said nothing for
months.

WHITTAKER

Then why should we -

George leans closer to Whittaker.

CRANDALL

(matter-of-factly;
sotto voce)

Because I'm gonna kill her.

Whittaker attempts not to show surprise, but it's very difficult.

CRANDALL

She's been sick for so long. She
asked for my help, and the 27th is
the earliest I can do it.

No longer able to look at her client, Whittaker smooths
out the paper on her desk and pretends to study it.

CRANDALL

Can you do that for me?

The rep doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)

WHITTAKER
(longish beat;
nervously)
S-Sure.

CRANDALL
Do I need to fill out some forms?

Whittaker speaks quickly, wishing Crandall would leave.

WHITTAKER
(quickly)
No, sir. I. . . I can do that for
you. No problem.

CRANDALL
You're very kind.

He stands with effort, smiles, and offers his hand to
Whittaker, who forces herself to look up just a smidge.
She shakes it half-heartedly. He takes a few labored
steps away, then stops suddenly and turns on his heel.

CRANDALL
Thank you.
(beat)
Don't want to do anything illegal.

FADE TO BLACK.