



PENSION PLAN

(Excerpt from script, first 9 pages)

by

Jeff Lutz & John S. Ager III

Registered WGA

FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A gentle breeze blows as flocks of birds soar to a dark sky.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
(calm, soothing)
Do you really want your loved ones
scattered to the winds?...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CREEPY WOMAN stands with a canister of Planter's Nuts --

NARRATOR (O.S.)
... tossed in a garbage disposal...

Creepy Woman flicks the garbage disposal on, pours the ashes
down the sink.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A MAN shovels dirt into a large plastic container --

NARRATOR (O.S.)
... mixed in with your garden
compost. Never having a place for
you to go and be with them
entirely.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Creepy Woman stares into the camera, gives her testimonial --

CREEPY WOMAN
When I lost my best friend Smithy I
thought I'd never see him again.
But, now it's like he never left.

The camera pans back to reveal --

a full life statue of a cat - presumably filled with Smithy's
ashes. Creepy Woman scratches the statue behind the ear.

We pan out to see --

INT. HOUSE - DAY

-- the ReevesCo commercial spot playing on an old-fashioned
television in the living room.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
The ReevesCo Unique Pet Urn. Part
of the ReevesCo urn collection.

A MAN'S hand reaches across the screen. A finger quivers, pushing forward.

The TV goes black.

EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

A tan 1999 Ford Taurus - dirty and weathered - slowly meanders out the driveway of a rancher cookie cutter style house that screams banal existence. There's a bird bath out front and a bird feeder next to it. No birds. Only, a lot of bird shit.

EXT. FORD TAURUS - MOVING - MINUTES LATER - DAY

The Taurus SCREECHES to an abrupt halt as a group of PUNK KIDS - they wear their pants so low their asses hang out the back - pop out right in front of the car.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - 9:01 AM

The car creeps its way into the parking lot...

The gray two-story stone building is surrounded by decaying trees and what used to be shrubbery. Nearby, dilapidated houses corrode back into the earth while vacant old industrial buildings wait to be put out of their misery.

... the Man driving squeezes his Taurus into the only open space left. It's made for a compact...

... He sits trapped in his car like an overweight man packed into the middle of a crowded elevator. In this case, that man is...

DONALD J. HERSCHBERGER

58, agitated, the bags under his eyes symbolize a badge of the everyday grind he has taken for almost 30 years. Stubble grows on his tightly clenched, yet ruggedly handsome face. He hasn't given a shit for a long time.

He SLAMS the door against the car next to him.

HERSCHBERGER
(quiet, to himself)
Fucking assholes.

Herschberger finally squeezes himself out the passenger side of his Taurus, grease stains all over his suit...

... He retrieves his battered briefcase - it too has seen better days - as he wonders what the fuck is next?

He walks with his shoulders slumped, carefully stepping over a pile of discarded cigarette butts and into --

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Welcome to hell in fluorescent lighting. Two stations to a cube. Two drawers for each work station. Like rats in some kind of experiment.

The receptionist's desk sits like a guard post facing the front door of the small branch office.

Herschberger drags his already tired ass over to his cube.

STEPHAN, 35, he's built like a brick house and hates being called Stephen, lights up a cigarette and struts into the break room.

NORA, 40's? maybe, slightly overweight, dressed to show her ample cleavage accented by the tattoo at her breast line, follows him.

Herschberger just shakes his head. He is invisible to them all. All except MARTY, 55, calm as a cucumber...

MARTY

How many days left, Donald?

Herschberger checks off the calendar on his desk labeled: Days To Retirement.

HERSCHBERGER

Thirteen. One less than yesterday
Marty.

BRANDY, 24, gorgeous, wearing slacks that fit her perfectly, a real sweet heart of a girl but nuttier than a fruitcake, yaps on the phone with her legs propped up on Herschberger's chair.

BRANDY

(on phone, super loud)
... Oh, just wait till the cabin
this weekend...
(sings)
... *THE THINGS I'M GOING TO DO TO
YOU...*

She doesn't even flinch as Marty yanks the chair out from under her legs and rolls it to Herschberger.

Herschberger shrugs and walks straight towards the glass offices on the other end of the floor.

IN THE BREAK ROOM

CO-WORKERS crowd around a small handheld TV to watch...

NEWS REPORTER SKIP O'TOOLE, mid 30's, obnoxiously good-looking with slicked back hair --

NEWS REPORTER SKIP O'TOOLE
 ... Enron, Citi Bank, AIG, Bernie Madoff. We've heard all the scandals... But how is this crisis effecting us on a local level? More tonight at eleven...

NORA
 Just as long as my savings is there for my implants...

She blatantly rubs up against Stephan.

NORA
 ... It's my birthday present to whatever man I'm with.

STEPHAN
 (rolls eyes)
 What a lucky guy.

IN BOB'S OFFICE

BOB, late 50's, balding, with a 20 year manager belly, sits at his desk talking with MILDRED, early 60's, the office receptionist. She holds a notepad.

Herschberger lumbers in --

MILDRED
 Hey Donald, are you working hard or hardly working?

HERSCHBERGER
 I just got here, Mildred.

MILDRED
 So, when you retiring already?

BOB
 Hey Mildred, can you give us a few minutes?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BACK/ABANDONED CARPORT - MINUTES LATER

Bob and Herschberger take turns hitting golf balls off a synthetic practice mat at nearby abandoned buildings while swigging Jack Daniel's straight from the bottle. Ah, the breakfast of champions.

HERSCHBERGER

Not much time left to do this together.

BOB

Yeah, you lucky bastard.

HERSCHBERGER

A jolly good fellow and some cake - that's all I need. Then, get me the hell out of here.

Bob takes a rip. The ball CRASHES through a window.

HERSCHBERGER

Nice shot.

Herschberger takes a long drink from the bottle. A look of concern crosses his face --

HERSCHBERGER

Bob, is my pension safe?

BOB

Relax, Hersch. You're like an old lady. You'll get your pension. You probably won't have any fun with it but you'll get your pension. Don't worry, I'll be here to take care of everything.

INT. OFFICE - HALF HOUR OR SO LATER - DAY

WALTER REEVES (CEO), his bright white hair and receding hairline make him look like a demented scientist, struts through the door of the office building...

JEFFERSON, 38, the office accountant, dressed in full suit and tie, immediately pops out of his office to greet him like a soldier standing at attention.

JEFFERSON

Walter welcome. Wow. This is an unexpected surprise.

WALTER
Jefferson, can you call everyone
into the break room?

JEFFERSON
Everyone get your asses into the
break room!

INT. OFFICE - THE BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

There's a feeling of impending doom amongst the ReevesCo
Workers - packed into the break room like sardines.

Herschberger sulks into the room behind Bob...

BOB
What's going on, Walter?

NORA
Are we closing?

WALTER
Your worries are not your concern.

LUCAS, 21, the intern, amazingly he remembered it was his day
to come in, stands up. His bloodshot eyes and ragged clothes
suggest he's been out partying until dawn the night before.
He wears a backwards baseball cap.

LUCAS
But, what about the new Joe's House
of Urns up the street?

WALTER
Sit down.

Lucas sits back down.

WALTER
Along those lines of being fiscally
responsible and not worrying about
this company. I have appointed my
son Reagan here to take over as
General Manager...

Everybody looks over at Bob --

his face is purple.

WALTER
... Now, I'm sure you will all
cooperate with him fully as I am
backing his every move.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Any other questions you can table
the issue with Jefferson. Good
day.

Walter struts out in a blaze of glory.

JEFFERSON

Good day, Walter.

REAGAN REEVES, 26, medium height, stands up and puffs out his
chest, quickly taking command of the room --

REAGAN

All right, vacation's over. Now,
that I'm in charge this place will
shine better than it ever has...

Reagan's lips keep moving but all we hear is a DULL ROAR as --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

-- Walter flies away in his ReevesCo helicopter.

INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Everybody has a deer in the headlights look.

REAGAN

... Do not question me or my
methods. My motto: be good or be
gone...

He holds up an urn. Everyone, in stunned silence, turns to
leave --

INT. OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Herschberger pontificates to Marty...

HERSCHBERGER

That boy ain't even off Momma's tit
yet.

MARTY

I don't know. I think it'll be
good to get some fresh blood in
here.

HERSCHBERGER

Fresh blood? He's got the same
blood as that fucking asshole,
daddy.

MARTY

Yeah, but it's younger blood.
Vibrant.

HERSCHBERGER

Why wouldn't they want somebody
more experienced? I know a hell of
a lot more about urns than that
little pip-squeak.

MARTY

But Donald, you're retiring.

HERSCHBERGER

Whatever. I can put up with
anybody for thirteen days.