

**Six Reasons Every Movie Reporter
Would Be Fired**

Written by

Jim Greer

Jim@Zimmidy.com

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

THE EDITOR is sitting at his desk typing furiously to beat a tight deadline. The phone rings.

EDITOR
City desk, Jim speaking.

SPLIT SCREEN APPEARS

THE REPORTER is on his cell phone at his desk, wearing a press hat and suspenders.

REPORTER
Chief, it's me. We have to talk.

EDITOR
Uh, ok. Go for it.

REPORTER
Meet me at the coffee shop at Sixth and Broadway and make sure you're not tailed. I've got a story that'll knock your socks off.

EDITOR
Why can't you just tell me now, since we're already talking?

REPORTER
Sorry, but you're just going to have to trust me on this. I'm working on something big. Really big.

EDITOR
But...if it's so big, you should probably just tell me now. Is it about the cost overruns at the new sanitation plant? Because that's what you're supposed to be working on right now but I don't think that's a very big story. That's why I assigned it to you.

REPORTER
No, it's bigger than that. A lot bigger. Just meet me at the coffee shop and I'll explain everything. You're not going to believe what I found out.

EDITOR

Look, I really don't have time for this. Could you at least give me some hint as to what this pertains to and why you continue to ignore all the stories I assign to you?

REPORTER

I can't do that. It'd spoil the reveal.

EDITOR

The reveal?

REPORTER

Yeah, the fake reveal when I tell you lots of vague information that only raises more questions than it answers even though I could just as easily explain everything if I wanted to since it's not even that complicated and really should be a matter for the police, seeing as how I'm a rookie reporter with absolutely no investigative experience whatsoever and am in waaay over my head as it is.

EDITOR

Uh, yeah, that sounds like a good idea. Maybe you should contact the police. Or just tell me what it is right now so I can contact them for you.

REPORTER

And right when I'm about to tell you the most important part, they'll murder me in cold blood and make it look like you did it. That way, you'll have to figure out what I already know just to clear your own name. It'll be great.

EDITOR

Great? That sounds terrible. Look everything you just said is literally all of the reasons you should be telling this to me right now over the phone instead of waiting to be murdered at Starbucks downtown.

(MORE)

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Is this just an excuse for me to buy you coffee again, because I really don't have time for this right now.

REPORTER

(Pissed)

Damn stick up the ass editors are all the same. Wouldn't know a story if it chewed the stupid smirks off their stupid faces.

EDITOR

Excuse me?

REPORTER

Sorry. Did I say that out loud?

EDITOR

Uh yeah, you did. Right over the phone to your stick up the ass editor. Are you alright? Have you been struck by lightning recently? Or maybe suffered a major head wound of some sort?

REPORTER

Wait, what did you just say?

EDITOR

(Speaking loudly)

I asked if you've suffered a head wound recently. I think it might have affected your hearing as well.

REPORTER

No, the other part. Before that.

EDITOR

The part about me being a stick up the ass editor who wants to fire you?

REPORTER

No, the part after the stick up the ass, but before the head wound. I need you to say the words in the middle so I can tell you about the great idea they inspired. Trust me, you're going to love it. It's really...electric.

He smiles proudly.

EDITOR

Uhm, wow. This really doesn't seem like a very productive use of our time. Are you done? There's less than five minutes before we go to print and I really don't have time for games ever.

REPORTER

Sorry Chief, but this just can't wait. How about you meet me in the sandwich shop across the street from the paper? They've got a great rhubarb pie.

EDITOR

No, tell me now or I'm hanging up.

REPORTER

How about the break room? I'll buy you something from the vending machine and criticize your eating habits. Or maybe just a walk and talk.

EDITOR

A walk and talk? If you can do a walk and talk you can come to my office. Where are you?

REPORTER

I'm at my desk, Chief. Burning the midnight oil, just like you.

EDITOR

Your desk?

The Editor stands up and leans over, seeing the Reporter from behind in his cubicle.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Is that you?

The Reporter turns around and waves at the Editor.

REPORTER

Hey.

EDITOR

Get over here!

The Reporter gets up and comes over.

EDITOR

Dammit, what is the matter with you? You could have told me everything by now if you just...

REPORTER

If I just what?!

EDITOR

If you just...

REPORTER

If I just what?!!

EDITOR

Stop doing that! Why are you doing this to me? Please, just tell me what you're going to tell me or so help me I am going to fire you right now and I don't care who your uncle is.

REPORTER

No, this is too big to get you involved in. It's something I've gotta do alone.

He looks stoic.

EDITOR

Alone? So you're not even going to tell me what story you're working on? You're just going to give me cryptic hints and then go off to do "it" alone? Will you be on the clock when you do it alone, or are you leaving work early for the third time this week?

REPORTER

Don't try to stop me, Chief. I've made up my mind. This is something I've just gotta do...alone.

EDITOR

Yeah, good. Great. Go. And don't even bother cleaning out your desk. We'll mail everything to you. Sorry things didn't go better in the two weeks you've been working for the paper, though I'm not sure if "work" is the appropriate word to describe what you did here.

(MORE)

EDITOR (CONT'D)

But we thank you for your service,
whatever that might have been. Now
I wish you the best of luck in
doing whatever it is you need to do
alone. Good day, sir.

REPORTER

Thanks. You too.

He winks and does a finger-gun with a mouth click, then hangs up the phone and starts walking off. The Editor looks bewildered and turns back to his computer. The Reporter stops and turns back.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Oh, and hey. I almost forgot to
tell you the most important part.

EDITOR

Uhm, ok. What's that?

REPORTER

It's about the main kingpin pulling
the strings on everything. Mr. Big.
I figured out who it is and it's
the very last person you'd suspect.

EDITOR

And that is...

REPORTER

None other than...

A Poison Dart hits The Reporter in the neck and he dies comically.

We see a shot of The Editor from a different direction, in front of his prized POISON DART COLLECTION with one of the darts missing.

EDITOR

Oh, fuck.

THE END

END CREDIT SCENE

The Reporter has the poison dart still sticking in his neck.

REPORTER

Hey gang, make sure to click like and subscribe and leave a comment with your best guess as to who Mr. Big is and maybe you'll win a prize.

EDITOR

A prize? When did we start giving out prizes?

REPORTER

Hey, I said maybe.

EDITOR

That's great, but what about your big story? You said you'd have it done five minutes ago.

REPORTER

Already got it published, Chief. Take a look for yourself.

He hands Editor a newspaper.

EDITOR

What?! It was the best of times, it was the blurst of times?! Dammit, Jeff! You did it again!

REPORTER

Oops!

The Reporter shrugs and freeze frames like that. The Editor looks outraged.

EDITOR

Get the hell out of here!

The Reporter slinks off with the dart still in his neck, while The Editor looks eternally outraged.