

OFFICE HOURS

Norm Foster

WARREN: You twit. You inarticulate, BMW-driving, tofu-eating twit.

(beat) No, that might be too confrontational. Uh ... All right, let's try this. You know something, Ms. Gerard? Mrs. Gerard? Pam? Can I call you Pam, Pam? No, the more I say it, the more it sounds like Spam.

Pamela, I'm given to understand that you don't like my work. No, too civil. Be a little more intimidating. Give it the Robert DeNiro inflection. You got a problem with my work? Are you serious? You can't be serious. My work? Are you tellin' me you got a problem with my work?

No. Okay, start off with a joke. All right. All right. Pam, don't you think it's funny that my name is Warren Kimble and yours is Pam Gerard? Huh? Kimble, Gerard? We've got kind of a "Fugitive" thing happening here.

No, screw the jokes. Get right to the point Pam, I get the feeling that you don't like my work. Well, right now, I don't like my work either. And I'll tell you why.

I'm a news reporter, Pam. I've been working my way up. That's right. Some of us work our way up. We don't marry the station manager and go from television bingo hostess to news producer just like that. But, that doesn't bother me. No, that doesn't bother me one bit.

What bothers me is that I was the top reporter in this city at one time, I did stories with integrity. Stories I was proud of. And now? Two weeks ago I covered a wake for a racehorse. What the hell is that?! So the horse died. Who gives a shit? It's not Black Beauty for Godssake.

And last week you sent me to interview that Pentecostal group that wants to put a loin cloth on the statue of Cupid. So, there I am interviewing the queen of the tight-asses while Cupid urinates into a fountain behind me. How am I supposed to do good work in a situation like that, you slack-jawed, addle-brained harpy.

I need the hard-hitting stories. And I'm not talking about doing Death Of A Salesman every night. Just something newsworthy. That's all I ask. I mean, I'd sooner be out of work than do the crap stories you're giving me. So, that's it. That's all I have to say. And if you want to fire me, you go right ahead because, quite frankly, lady, I don't give a tinker's toot.

Oh, and one more thing. I don't appreciate being summoned into your office

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like one of your underlings and then being left here to ponder my fate while you get called away on some petty emergency. You understand what I'm saying, you scrotum-cracking, Alanis Morissette-loving, preening little tart! Warren Kimble waits for no one!