

Lobster Man nods and keeps smiling, then walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

The chair is occupied by LUCKY, the stoner who was kicked out of the apartment.

STAN

Don't we know you? What's your name?

LUCKY

My names Lucky, man.

RAY

Hey Stan, this is the poor fuck who's apartment we're in.

STAN

So it is! Well, Lucky, what brings you here today?

LUCKY

My coat is in the closet, and I was hoping to get it.

RAY

Clean up, stoner!

LUCKY

Come on man, I'm freezing at night.

STAN

So you're not here about the job?

LUCKY

Job? Yeah man, sure, I'll take a job.

RAY

Will you work for bong hits?

LUCKY

Yeah man, cool, absolutely.

RAY

(to Stan)

He fits in the payroll. Diego?

Diego is reading Hustler. He just shrugs his shoulders.

STAN  
We'll let you know Luck.

LUCKY  
Can I get my coat?

RAY  
Maybe for your Christmas bonus.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

The chair is occupied by TARZAN MILLER (pronounced Tarsin), an older man with a prosthetic arm.

STAN  
Let me start by saying that we are an equal opportunity employer. Can I ask your name please?

TARZAN  
Tarzan Miller.

STAN  
And how do you spell Tarzan? Is that T-A-R-S-I-N?

TARZAN  
T-A-R-Z-A-N.

Ray snickers, then begins to laugh.

STAN  
Tell us a little bit about yourself and what you do, Tarzan.

TARZAN  
It's Tarsin. Well, I'm 45, I have two legs, one arm, and I'm currently unemployed.

STAN  
Two legs...good... And who was your previous employer?

TARZAN  
I used to trim the palm trees for the city. One day the chainsaw jumped and took my arm clean off. I spent six months rehabbing and getting used to this prosthetic.

(MORE)

TARZAN (CONT'D)

It's been a hard time in my life,  
you know I used to be a star  
athlete in my day.

Ray stops laughing, looking at him seriously.

RAY

So you used to climb trees? Your  
name is Tarzan and you used to  
climb trees?

(To Stan, starts laughing  
again)

You gotta hire this fuckin' guy,  
this is too much.

Tarzan looks at Ray irritated.

STAN

But you still think you could do  
this job with this...

(he looks down at his  
notes)

"One arm" you say you have?

TARZAN

I would give it my very best. I'm a  
single parent with a son to  
support, so I need this job.

RAY

If you tell me his name is Boy, I'm  
going to shit in my pants, right  
here, right now.

STAN

Thanks for your honesty today  
Tarsin. We'll be making our  
decisions quickly.

Tarzan is still staring at Ray as his chair goes over  
backward, laughing ridiculously hard.

INT. APARTMENT

Chin, Leon, Lucky and Tarzan are standing as Stan walks back  
and forth looking at them.

STAN

(to the four)

Gentlemen, congratulations. Out of  
hundreds of applicants, you have  
been chosen as part of an elite  
team of specialists. I won't lie...

(MORE)