

That's My Organ!  
(ryanmaglunob.com 10 page writing sample)  
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1. INT. OFFICE BUILDING FOOD COURT - DAY

FADE IN:

An ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST stands before TOM and JOHN. She is a very busty woman and is holding organ donor card in front of her chest.

ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST

Did you know that each day, about 74 people receive an organ transplant? However, 17 people die each day waiting for transplants that can't take place because of the shortage of donated organs.

TOM

That's Horrible. I never realized the statistic was that bad.

John is staring at the woman's body.

JOHN

Yeah... Bad.

ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST

That's why we need people to sign up and make a difference in these statistics. Would you guys be interested in signing up? All you do is fill out this card and mail it to the address on the back.

TOM

I'll take one of those. I'm sure that if something were to happen to me, I'd want to help others with my organs. I wouldn't be using them, right?

Tom and the woman laugh. John is oblivious since he's too busy staring at the woman's chest. He finally clues in and joins in the laughter a little too late.

JOHN

(Laughs)

You know what? I'll take a whole bunch of those cards. I know a lot of people who'd donate their organs. Maybe get you guys a whole truckload of 'em and save a truckload of lives.

Tom stands in quiet disgust as John puts the moves on the woman.

ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST

That's so caring. You really mean it?

John nods enthusiastically. The woman is overcome with joy.

ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST

Thank you so very much! The medical community could use more generous selfless people like you.

She gives John a stack of cards and a big hug. During the hug the woman's back is turned to Tom. Tom and John look at each other and John mouths the words "Damn, she's hot" while pointing at her behind. Tom nods his head in disappointment and the looks at his watch.

TOM

Hey John, we should probably scram now. We need to finish that Morrison account today and I'd like to leave early.

JOHN

Fine.

John stops hugging the woman. He then forces the stack of cards into his pocket

TOM

Thank you, Miss, for the card. I'll definitely consider becoming a donor.

JOHN

Yeah. Me too.

ORGAN DONOR ACTIVIST

You're welcome. Take care!

Tom and John walk away.

JOHN

Did you see that?

TOM

Yes, I did.

JOHN

The hot girl was hugging me.

TOM

Yes, I saw that.

JOHN

Did I mention she was hot?

TOM

Yes, you did.

JOHN

She was one hot smoking number.

TOM

Speaking of numbers, did you even bother to ask for hers?

JOHN

Oh shit. I should probably do that now while I still have a chance.

They turn around. From a distance they see the woman giving a stack of donor cards and a big hug to a different guy. It has a strikingly familiar resemblance to what just happened to John moments ago. John looks crushed.

JOHN

Never mind.

TOM

It's okay. It just wasn't your time. There'll be other organ donor ladies.

JOHN

Thanks, man. I just hope to one day find a cause that I can donate my *organ* to. (Slight Pause) You got that innuendo, right?

TOM

Yes, I did. Your *organ*. Got it.

John pulls out the stack of donor cards.

JOHN

Guess I won't be needing any of these.

He tosses them into a nearby trash bin.

2. INT. TOM AND JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom working at his desk on his computer. John is sitting at his desk reading a magazine.

TOM  
I can't believe it!

JOHN  
I know. Who would've thought that they'd stop making Twinkies?

TOM  
What was that?

John throws the magazine in a drawer.

JOHN  
Oh nothing. What did you say?

TOM  
I found the problem with the account. Turns out this one value wasn't typed in correctly.

JOHN  
Congrats. Fix it so we can go home.

TOM  
It'll be another five minutes.

JOHN  
Just enough time for me to grab and enjoy a cup of coffee. You want?

TOM  
No thanks.

John walks out of the office. Tom sits working for a few seconds. While doing so, he fails to notice HEATHER walking in. She is a secretary from down the hall who is quite the looker.

HEATHER  
Hi, Tom.

Heather is standing at the doorway looking in. Tom is caught by surprise.

TOM  
Um... Hi, Heather.

HEATHER  
I just finished for the weekend so I thought I'd stop by and wish you and John a Happy Thanksgiving. Where is he, by the way?

TOM

He... uh... went. (pointing) Coffee.  
Get coffee. Happy Thanksgiving. Have a  
good... uh... turkey. I mean, weekend.  
Have a great weekend.

HEATHER

(Laughs)

Cute. I guess I'll see ya on Monday.

TOM

Yeah. Monday. Good.

There is an awkward pause.

HEATHER

Ok, Cya.

She walks out and bumps into John.

HEATHER

Hey, John. How are things?

JOHN

Good. You done for the weekend?

HEATHER

Yes I am. Have a Happy Thanksgiving  
Weekend.

JOHN

You too. Cya later.

Heather leaves. John walks in and sets a coffee mug on his desk.  
He sits down and pulls out the magazine from his desk. He starts  
reading.

JOHN

That was sad.

TOM

What?

John puts the magazine down to look at Tom.

JOHN

That horrible display of manhood. My  
nephew is twelve and I've seen him  
talk to girls better than you can talk  
to Heather.

TOM

You heard the conversation?

JOHN

Yep. Well, I don't even think that what you had could qualify as a conversation. I'm pretty sure conversations require both parties involved to be coherent. You better grow some nuts and learn to talk if you wanna hook up with a sweet ass like Heather.

TOM

Hey watch it. I don't need you talking about her ass no matter how sweet you think it is.

JOHN

Sorry, man. I'm just saying, is all. You think she's gonna want to talk to you if your brain farts all the time?

TOM

Well... I... uh... Just finished the Morrison account. I guess we can go now.

3. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DUSK

Tom and John are leaving their building. It's getting pretty dark and cloudy. It's the type of night where rain can be expected. Tom is carrying a briefcase and John has a hat. They talk as they walk to Tom's car.

TOM

Look, I don't want to hear about it anymore.

JOHN

Hey man, I'm trying to help you out here. I've seen the way you've been all ga-ga over Heather since the day we started working here. You need to do something. Call her up or something.

TOM

I'll do something about it. Eventually. I just don't want to be rushed into doing anything stupid.

JOHN

You call finally getting something you want "Stupid"?

They reach Tom's car. Tom sighs while staring at his reflection in the car window. A beat.

JOHN

So what's the big hold up?

Tom unlocks his door and gets in. He lowers the window and pokes his head out.

TOM

I'm just waiting for the right moment. I have plenty of time.

JOHN

Buddy, there is no right moment. The time is now. You gotta do something about it. That way you can get on with your life. Who knows? Maybe she'll secretly get married tonight. Then what? Will that be the right time to ask her out? You can't date a married girl. That's a rule. Time's a ticking for you.

Tom starts up the car.

TOM

I get the point. Listen. You take care. Have a great Thanksgiving. I'll see ya on Monday.

JOHN

Yeah, cya.

Tom pulls out of his parking spot. John starts walking to the sidewalk. A thunderclap is heard. It begins to get darker outside. A few drops of rain fall down. It begins to pour. John puts on his hat and starts trudging home while getting soaked.

Tom's car pulls up beside John as he walks. The window opens.

TOM

Get in. I'll take ya home.

John gets into Tom's car. They drive off.

4. INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom is driving John home. Rain pours down on the windshield. The car has a nice luxury leather interior. A single green tree air freshener hangs from the rear-view mirror. Classic rock music blares from the speakers.

JOHN

Thanks, man. I really appreciate you doing this.

TOM

HUH?!!!

Tom lowers the volume on the stereo.

JOHN

I said thanks, man. I really appreciate you doing this.

TOM

Come on now. It's the least I could do.

There is a beat of silence as they drive.

TOM

So are you still going to your uncle's house this Thanksgiving?

JOHN

Nah, Uncle Rick cancelled on me. I guess he couldn't make the trip from Phoenix.

TOM

So what are you going to do then?

JOHN

I'm just going to stay here and do a thanksgiving a la me. Maybe order a pizza or better yet a turkey sub. I'm sure I'll manage.

TOM

That's no real way to celebrate a Thanksgiving.

JOHN

I know, but do you have any better ideas? Rick was the only family I got.

TOM

Tell ya what. Come with me to my parents' place for Thanksgiving. We've known each other since we were kids. You've been over so many times, you're technically family.

JOHN

You sure your parents won't mind?

TOM

I'm sure they'll love having another over... Especially if it's you.

JOHN

But what about that time that I almost-

TOM

(Interrupting)

That was ten years ago. I'm sure they've forgotten about it already.

They arrive at their destination. Tom stops the car at John's apartment complex.

TOM

Okay, we're here now. So you wanna come with, or what?

JOHN

Alright, I'll go. But if I start to be an inconvenience, I'm going to leave.

John exits the car.

TOM

You won't be an inconvenience. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning. Around eleven-ish.

JOHN

Alright. Cya.

5. INT. TOM'S PARENTS' PLACE. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom's mother, SHARON, is standing over a stove cooking up a storm. The kitchen is a complete mess with bowls and raw vegetables and meat strewn about. She places a turkey into the oven.

Tom's Grandpa, WALTER is sitting at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper.

Tom's Father, CHARLES enters with a bag of groceries. Everything is in large quantities, as he has just returned from the price club. He drops everything on the counter.

CHARLES

Here you go, hun. I bought us some ten pounds of corn and I got some of the cranberry sauce you needed.

He drops a gallon can of cranberry sauce on the counter with a loud thud.

SHARON

I asked you to get a small can. Does that look like a small can?

CHARLES

We own a freezer, right? This should last us for a few years.

SHARON

You really shouldn't waste your money at that price club.

CHARLES

I need to make the most of that membership, you know. It did cost me sixty dollars.

Sharon sifts through the shopping bag. She pulls out a big blank white plastic container. She holds it up to Charles.

SHARON

And what are these?

CHARLES

Those are dad's Aspirins. I got them dirt cheap since the label came off. And we'll never have to buy pills for another decade.

SHARON

And how are we going to tell when they expire, if there's no label?

Charles looks to his dad.

END OF SAMPLE.