

Most of the chairs in the waiting room are occupied. The counters are only minimally separated from each other. Privacy is almost impossible. Everyone hears everything.

Ginger is sitting on one of the chairs. She has been without a place to live for more than two years. She tries as hard as she can to stay clean, her ADHD makes her life even more difficult.

Finding an apartment is like the last straw for her, because if she could get one, she could finally be with her son Billie again, who had to be taken away from her because she was unable to care for him. Billie currently lives with her sister.

Ginger carries all her belongings in a huge army backpack. She's nervously bobbing her knee, the waiting tag in her filthy hands.

NORA (OFF)

Number 75.

That's Ginger's number. She stands up and walks toward one of the counters, where Nora, an employee of the social welfare office looks toward her expectantly.

GINGER

Hi.

NORA

Hi.

GINGER

I usually talk to Pia.

NORA

Yeah, she's sick, unfortunately.
What is it about?

GINGER

I wanted to ask about the
apartment.

NORA

Your social security number?

GINGER

(knows the sequence of
numbers in her sleep)
2003 5459 78.

Nora types the numbers into the computer. Ginger tries to bend around the computer to have a look at the screen.

GINGER

I must be first on the waiting list.

NORA

Hmm. Okay...

Nora looks at the monitor.

NORA CONTD

I just see here that your mother is dead.
(She looks at Ginger)
And you can't live with your father?

GINGER

No, I can't live with him.
He's a violent alcoholic.

NORA

No. Okay. And where do you now?

She continues typing.

GINGER

I don't have one anymore, since I was thrown out of my last apartment. That was two years ago. At the moment I sleep sometimes here, sometimes there - on couches, with friends.
(Beat) But I've already told Pia. She already knows. It should be there.

NORA

But Pia isn't here today.

GINGER

No. Okay. But last time Pia said that I'm the next one getting an apartment.

NORA

Did she say that?

GINGER

(emphatically)
Yes, that's what she said.

NORA

So as far as I can see you're not on the list for apartments.

GINGER

But that can't be right. That not true, because I've been on the...
I've been on the waiting list for several months. That must be... You must have...

NORA

Yes, you know what, there must there must have been a mistake. But I'll just put it back again.

GINGER

No! I don't want you to sign me up again! I can't start from the beginning. Jeez, don't you understand? I've been waiting for months!

NORA

Calm down!

GINGER

No, I don't want to calm down! If you put me again on this fucking list, I'll have to go all the way through again!

NORA

You have to calm down!

GINGER

Listen, how about if you just call Pia right now and ask her what we agreed on.

NORA

Pia called in sick. Okay? I'll stick to what it says here.

GINGER

And when will Pia be back?

NORA

I don't know. I'm sorry.

GINGER

That means I'm not getting an apartment now. You can't tell me how long it'll take until I get one.

NORA

I'm saying that I'd like to put you on the the waiting list and we will

(MEHR)

NORA (WEITER)
contact you when -

GINGER
(explodes)
But I am on the list! What's so
so fucking hard to understand?

She bangs on the counter. Silence. The surrounding staff
and clients look at her with concern.

GINGER CONTD
Sorry. Just put me
sign me back in. I...

NORA
Yes, I'll be happy to do that.

GINGER
Fuck...

Ginger grabs her stuff, straightens up and leaves the
building without waiting for the entry.