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Instructor's Name

ENGL 1013

Date

The Silver Screen

I used to work at the concession stand at a movie theater. The movie theater is a fun, happy place for everyone except the employees. Angry customers, cruel bosses, and unpredictable hours made this job one of the worst possible.

First, I did not like this job because customers would become very irate over everything. Several times I had to talk an angry man down after he yelled for ten minutes about the high prices of popcorn and other concessions. Such problems are not difficult for the manager to handle, but for me, there was nothing more terrifying. Every once in a while something would go wrong with the projector, and the movie would stop. Even if the movie would be off for only two minutes at most and started back up exactly where it left off, that was long enough for twenty people to come up to the counter and complain, missing their precious movie. Bored children liked to pull the fire alarm to stir things up, causing everyone to leave the theaters and the running film. Projectionists have no way to rewind the film, so several people would come to the lobby, looking for compensation.

Second, aside from the customers, I did not like the job because the management was equally as cruel. One manager would never help in any task, but he would stand right behind me and wait until I made any mistake and then proceed to chastise me for it. Another pretended to be a confidant to all of the workers; however, we later found out that every single negative word we said about other bosses was reported to them, and we were punished accordingly. The worst

of all was the owner. He never came to the theater; instead, he would watch us from cameras in his office in Little Rock. Anytime a phone rang, my heart dropped because that usually meant he was calling to reprimand me for some mistake, such as taking too long of a bathroom break or not charging the twenty-five cents for butter.

Finally, I hated this job because the ridiculous hours were far worse than any vicious boss. During the school year, very few people worked at the theater, so I worked “doubles,” which meant coming in at twelve o’clock, leaving around five o’clock, coming back at six o’clock, and finally leaving around eleven o’clock. Once more people were hired, my hours were cut from the entire day to coming in at twelve or six o’clock and leaving whenever the manager of the day grew tired of me, which was usually an hour or two later.

To sum up my experience, the movie theater was not the happy place it should be. The angry customers, cruel bosses, and unpredictable hours made this job the worst for me.