

SLAY DREAMER

By

Bryson G

Escapists 2012

[bry.glant@gmail.com](mailto:bry.glant@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cluttered and professional.

The work place houses plain cubicles, and a handful of busy-bodied young professionals.

One sits in his cubicle. JAMES, one of the young professionals.

He has an older man, TIMOTHY, over his shoulder.

TIMOTHY

What are you doing?

Timothy, is the middle-aged supervisor of the office.

As Timothy makes a mountain out of a mole hill. James just tunes him out.

JAMES (V.O.)

Timothy Chad. My demeaning,  
hook-ass, micromanaging boss.  
He thinks he's untouchable. But,  
in the confines of my mind...? He's  
more vulnerable than a broke leg  
kitten.

INT. TIMOTHY'S OFFICE - DAY

LATER

Bare and upscale.

Timothy sits behind the desk, James sits in front of it.

James is in the middle of his 'grit my teeth & bear it' routine.

TIMOTHY

Now, James...you've been with us  
for quite a spell. I've heard as  
much as seven years, that right?

JAMES

Yes, sir. You are right. Seven  
years this October.

TIMOTHY  
Lucky seven.

JAMES  
I wouldn't say lucky...

Timothy's demeanor changes.

TIMOTHY  
Well, it could be worse. You could  
drive a cab. Do security. Shine  
shoes.

James scoffs at the 'shoe shine' comment.

TIMOTHY  
I'd say you got a good deal  
here...wouldn't you?

James looks off in thought.

JAMES (V.O.)  
A good deal? A GOOD DEAL?! What's  
so good about working in this hell  
hole for seven years. No raises. No  
promotions. No respect. No nothing.

JAMES  
I'd say it's okay...

JAMES (V.O.)  
Only thing missing is the shackles.

Timothy continues to run his mouth. James continues to not  
listen.

TIMOTHY  
James? Let me tell you a story  
about loyalty. See...

JAMES (V.O.)  
Only reason I get by...day to  
day...fantasizing. Fantasizing  
about cool ways to end this  
fucker...without really ending this  
fucker.

Timothy continues his story in 'holier than thou' fashion.

James on the other hand...

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

The presidential suite.

Timothy, in a silk robe and house shoes, relaxes on the bed and smokes a fancy pipe.

A SEXY MAID hands him a drink.

Timothy begins to grope the sexy maid. She plays hard to get.

CRACK!!!

The front door flies open.

SEXY MAID

Oh my God!!!

Timothy snaps to attention as he squints at the FIGURE in the doorway.

A calm falls over him.

TIMOTHY

Whew...I thought it was my wife...

The figure is in a business trench coat, fedora, scarf wrapped around the lower half of his face, and...

a THOMPSON MACHINE GUN in his leather gloved hands!!!

FIGURE

James Mahoney, says 'hello'...

The figure takes aim.

Timothy's eyes grow large. He grabs the sexy maid as a human shield.

The figure squeezes the trigger.

The thompson spits out a hail storm of bullets in a seemingly endless automatic assault.

Sexy maid...

DEAD.

Timothy...

full of holes, but barely alive.

He desperately tries to crawl away from the masked figure.

The figure stands over him, and removes the mask.

It's James...

JAMES

Hello.

James unloads.

INT. TIMOTHY'S OFFICE - DAY

James sits with a twisted smirk slathered on his face.

TIMOTHY

James...?

Timothy snaps his fingers...

SNAP!

JAMES

Huh...?

TIMOTHY

Did you get any of that?

JAMES

Yeah. Loyalty...team player...all that. Got it.

Timothy sighs.

TIMOTHY

James, please try and pay attention. I don't like repeating myself.

JAMES

You shouldn't have to. I'm all ears.

Timothy yaks away again.

JAMES (V.O.)

Man, what I wouldn't do...

EXT. DESERT - DAY - (FANTASY)

Windy. Dusty. Vast...

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE SOUTHWEST"

The sun oppresses the barren land that lies beneath it.

James, in a white duster and stetson hat, treads the dessert.

He crosses paths with a 'fancy-pants' Timothy up on a horse. A Winchester slung around Timothy's body.

Two extra horses with huge saddle bags on their backs stand behind Timothy's horse.

The two see each other.

TIMOTHY

How do you do? I'm Timothy Red, and welcome to my property.

James says nothing.

TIMOTHY

I hope I haven't startled you, but while we're here, there is a pressing matter that should be addressed.

Timothy relaxes on his horse.

TIMOTHY

I'm a wealthy business man who has bought this land with my hard earned, and honest cash. Now, not everyone is to sweet on that fact.

James...nothing.

TIMOTHY

You must not be too bright. Well, lets cut right to it. I'mma need you to about-face, son.

James...again, nothing.

TIMOTHY

I'm not one for repeating myself.

Timothy takes his winchester, and takes aim.

TIMOTHY  
You got till three...

James...still nothing.

TIMOTHY  
One...

James. Still a statue.

TIMOTHY  
...two...

James raises his head. He looks at the horses.

JAMES  
I need a horse...

TIMOTHY  
A horse?

Timothy lowers his rifle. He chuckles.

TIMOTHY  
Son, if that's the case...then, it  
looks like I'm a horse short.

James slowly shakes his head.

JAMES  
No. You have two too many...

Timothy thinks about this. It isn't long before...

HE GETS IT!!!

James quick draws a peacemaker from his white coat...

BANG!!!

Timothy is frozen. A hole in his head. His rifle in his hands.

James puts the gun back in its holster...

as Timothy drops his rifle, and his body falls off the horse.

DEAD.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

James, spaced out, snaps to...

TIMOTHY

...this company. Your a hard worker, I know this, but you phone it in daily.

JAMES

So, what do you need me to do?

TIMOTHY

I need you to be less ornery. Less robotic. I need more soul from you.

JAMES (V.O.)

More soul? Is this son of a bitch, serious? How's this for soul...

James shoots out of his chair.

JAMES

I've been here seven years. Seven LONG years. I've gotten one raise, a plethora of headaches, and no respect...

Timothy puts his hand up.

TIMOTHY

Please James, let's use our inside voices...

JAMES

Fuck that! You promote some filthy, shiftless, hook-ass fools over me, and you want me to use my 'inside voice'?

Timothy shifts in his seat.

JAMES

Fuck you, Tim. Fuck your micromanaging ways, fuck your condescending attitude, fuck your goofy ass face, fuck you playing favorites, and fuck your mother, too!

A deafening pause ensues...

TIMOTHY  
...you done?

JAMES  
Yeah. I quit.

Timothy's jaw drops.

James exits.

END.