

INT. OFFICE - I.T. COMMS ROOM

Michael puts the glue in his bag before checking the hallway and leaving the room.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY

Michael walks to the main office door and locks it from the outside. He walks toward a door labeled "FIRE ESCAPE."

INT. OFFICE - FIRE EXIT STAIRWELL

He slowly makes his way up the steps. He checks the pistol is loaded and secures his magazines into an easy pocket.

As he gets to the top floor and opens the doors the light makes him squint his eyes.

EXT. OFFICE - ROOFTOP GARDEN

Michael stands by the edge looking at the view and the rest of the garden.

MICHAEL  
(to himself)  
This is it, all or nothing.

He takes out a pen from his pocket and presses it deeply and painfully into his left arm. He writes a self-tattoo which reads "DEATH OR GLORY".

Taking in deep breaths he turns to the door and paces towards it in slight hesitation. He puts his hand on the door knob, pausing before he turns it.

He presses his head against the door. Closes his eyes.

He turns to see a crowd of people sitting. He focuses on Richard and Sarah sitting together. Richard grins.

He pounds his head against the door then looks down at the "DEATH OR GLORY". He takes a deep breath with an intense look of fortitude. He opens the door and walks inside.

INT. OFFICE

He shoots a quick glance into Richard's office. Some of the staff are still mingling with each other, so he returns to his desk.

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Back at his desk he puts his bag on the table, un-zips it, and pulls out the gun to which he places in his back pocket. No one notices as he fills his front pockets with the magazines.

He straightens himself up and proceeds his way around the rest of the office. People have stopped working and have started chatting to one another not paying attention to Michael.

He walks around the corridors in a hasty military organized way. He then proceeds to jam a screw driver into each lock and fill them with glue. He checks each door lock precisely and smiles as he stops at the door nearest to his desk. His phone rings

MICHAEL

(into phone.)

Hello?

(beat)

Yes I'm happy with the tariff I'm on...

(beat)

No, I don't want to switch providers...

(beat)

Look this isn't a good time for me.

(beat)

Yep, thanks. Bye.

Michael pulls the gun from his back pocket and breathes in as he screws the silencer on to the end of his 9mm. He slowly raises his head as his eyes glaze over.

Everyone is back at their desks. Nobody notices the gun in his hand as he puts it back in his back pocket as he walks to Richard's office holding his bag on his shoulder.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE

Michael enters, blankly staring at him. When Richard sees him, he rises.

RICHARD

God, Michael. I'm so sorry.

MICHAEL

It's fine, there's nothing to be sorry about. I hope Judith is ok. This whole thing is surreal.

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RICHARD

No, we need to talk about this. I don't know how- it wasn't meant to happen. Somehow we're just going to have to keep a lid on this at work. Keep it private and professional. Okay?

MICHAEL

It's fine. I just came in to give you my resignation. Not waiting around here with all this.

RICHARD

(over Michael, not listening)

We can keep this quiet, can't we, mate? I know Judith's upset. We all are. We can't do our dirty laundry in front of the whole office. It could reflect badly on both of us. I'm really glad we can talk about this so reasonably.

Michael punches his desk and Richard flinches.

MICHAEL

You'll forgive me if I don't give a flying fuck about your internal corporate PR, Richard. In case you hadn't noticed, everyone here is currently thinking of a way to stop themselves becoming homeless in the middle of a fucking recession.

RICHARD

But I love her, Michael.

MICHAEL

No, you love fucking her, Richard. You love fucking people. The whole raison d'etre of your slimy parasitic life is to fuck your way up the greasy pole so you can brag about how many people you fucked on the way.

RICHARD

For fuck's sake keep your voice down! Close the door!

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CONTINUED:

Richard gets out of his chair, walks to the door, and looks outside. Everyone is doing their job (no one heard anything). He closes the door.

MICHAEL

Oh, you want me to keep my voice down? You want a favour? It's better if I'm quiet, is it? Would have been good to have a volume slider when I got the pleasant surprise of hearing your heaving, fat, sweaty middle manager frame violating my fiance in my fucking bed?

Richard returns to his seat.

RICHARD

Look mate, calm down. Everyone's stressed here today. I don't want to get into this here. This is fucking ridiculous. What do you want me to say? It wasn't just me in there! It's not as if she was complaining, was it?

MICHAEL

There's no 'I' in team, is that it? Well let me tell you Richard, there's a 'you' in cunt. You sick fuck. I didn't think I would be able to do this.

RICHARD

Do what?

Michael's entire demeanor changes to perfect disturbing calm.

MICHAEL

Well, I guess all we can do now is to try and be professional.

RICHARD

OK, I will need your letter on my desk by the end of the day.

MICHAEL

Actually, it so happens that I have it here, with me. I know you're a busy man- wouldn't want you to have to wait around, would we?

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Michael takes his bag off his shoulder and places it on Richard's desk. He then opens the bag and pulls out the camcorder. He turns it on and points it at Richard.

RICHARD

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

Tell the camera how much of a cock you really are.

RICHARD

What?

MICHAEL

You heard me.

Richard hesitates as Michael reaches to his back pocket and pulls out the gun. He points it squarely at Richards head. Richard stands from his chair but Michael shoves him back down.

RICHARD

Holy fuck! Jesus Christ! What the fuck Michael? What the fuck are you doing?

MICHAEL

Tell the camera!

RICHARD

Fucking hell! Fucking hell! What the fuck are you doing?

MICHAEL

Every second you have been alive since I saw you in that bedroom was a violation. Every word you have spoken was blasphemy. Every step you have walked was a desecration. Do you know what blasphemy is, Richard? It's from a very old word which translates as betrayal.

RICHARD

Michael, please! Stop this! Put that fucking thing down! For God's sake!

MICHAEL

Did you stop? Did you wait? Did you slow down?

(CONTINUED)

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RICHARD

Look, I'm fucking sorry, ok? You can have Judith.

Richard is now in tears.

MICHAEL

What makes you think I want her? Penitence is reserved for the holy, and you really don't qualify for that, now do you Richard? Perhaps atonement might be more appropriate? Every man has a reckoning. Impunity is God's domain, my friend. And today, he's taken a break in the country. I'm afraid that just leaves you and me.

RICHARD

I've got money! Look, just take what you want! Please!

MICHAEL

I don't want your apologies Richard, and I don't want your money. I don't want your power suits, your job title, your ambitions, your pretensions or your fucking address book. I don't even want your miserable carcass groveling at my feet begging for forgiveness and your very life. Ask me what I want, Richard.

Cowering silence.

MICHAEL

ASK ME!

RICHARD

What, what...what do you want?

MICHAEL

To give you my resignation, Richard.

Richard swallows, hard, perspiration forming on his face. He has a confused look on his face.

MICHAEL

I officially resign from this mediocre piece of shit office hell that you preside over.

(MORE)

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MICHAEL (cont'd)

My sincerest thanks for the memories, and allow me to repay the kindness by leaving you with one.

Michael coldly shoots Richard in the face and chest causing him to fall back and land in his chair. Blood splatters on him and he puts the camera back into his bag. He then calmly walks out the room polishing the gun's silencer with his black leather gloves.

INT. OFFICE

Michael walks back into an office full of commotion and panic. Michael is the only one that is calm. He closes his eyes before looking around at people trying to get out the locked doors.

Michael smiles at the people who are scared of him. He begins to laugh loudly.

MICHAEL

(shouting)

What is this, Tag? Musical Chairs?

He sees a man on an office phone straight away after shouting. He pulls his gun up and shoots him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(still shouting)

I want to play!

He then sees a girl rummaging through her work bag. He shoots her in the back.

He walks over to his desk and puts his bag down. He reaches in but pauses for a moment. He looks around with no emotion at people who are just staring at him.

Michael then takes out the camcorder.

MICHAEL

BAM!

The workers jolt and Michael laughs loudly at his nervous and scared co-workers.

MICHAEL

(holding up the gun)

This is what you should be scared of!

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