

Actions Will Kill You

By

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INT. CUBICAL OFFICE - LATE MORNING

GREG marches through the maze of workers in his IT uniform. He comes up to SHELLY(late 40s), short curt hair who seems to be the boss.

GREG
Hey Shelly!

Shelly turns her head in the middle of a laugh.

SHELLY
What is it Greg?

GREG
Can I speak to you in privet.

SHELLY
Oh it can't be that important,
you're a IT guy. What is it?

GREG
(annoyed)
Please. I prefer.

SHELLY
Come on child, speak.

GREG
(whispers)
No.

SHELLY
Greg. What's wrong?

GREG
I quit!

His loud yell overcomes the rest of the noise in the room. All co-workers look at him. Shelly is shocked.

beat.

SHELLY
You have two-weeks.

Greg storms away. Still angry that he had this job.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Greg sits at his laptop in total darkness watching videos of airplanes landing.

He looks over to a small gray air plane that he must of built a while ago. Maybe when he was a child.

an old lady the OPENS the door with her groceries.

GREG

Rose!

ROSE

Ahhh! Don't do that to me Greg, you're going to give me a heart attack.

GREG

Sorry, just didn't know what else to say.

ROSE

After so many times, you still don't know? I'm the old one. I'm the one that's supposed to forget things.

She starts leaving the apartment.

GREG

You know where you are right?

ROSE

Yeah I'm fine. I just always miss read the two.

She slams the door and Greg goes back to watching his videos.

The sound of a morning alarm rings in-

SMASH CUT TO-

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Greg opens his eyes and gets up. He turns off the alarm and stares at his gray wall for a little while. He then continues on with his routine.

SHOWER, DRESS, EAT, TEETH, SLAM DOOR.

INT. CUBICAL OFFICE - SOME TIME

Greg sits on a chair in the middle of the office as everyone works. His eyes stay still, dreaming of days.

INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg looks over the shoulder of WAYNE(40), who looks like a 50s business man with slicked back hair.

WAYNE

See I punch in my email and write whatever the hell I need to, click send but the darn thing doesn't seem to move.

GREG

Alright, it could be that you're not connected to the network.

Greg reaches for the mouse but Wayne's hand is still there. Wayne slaps it.

WAYNE

Don't touch me.

GREG

I'm just trying to fix your computer.

Wayne eyes him and then lets go of the mouse. Greg gets to work, hunching over the desk while Wayne lays back.

WAYNE

Do you have a girlfriend, Greg?

Greg doesn't respond. Just keeps working.

WAYNE

Of course you don't. If my father had a boy like you he would smack the shit out of ya, hell I would've as well. Men don't raise fagots. Is that what you are, Greg? A-

The door opens and it's Wayne's secretary CLARISSA(20s) hiding behind her glasses.

WAYNE

What do you want?!

(CONTINUED)

CLARISSA

Mrs. Shelly wants to speak to Greg.

WAYNE

Tell her he'll be right there, he's working-

GREG

It's done. I fixed it.

Greg gets up and makes some space between him and the desk. Wayne eyes him again. Unsure of him.

WAYNE

Sure boy, leave me be.

Wayne looks at his computer and sends the email. It works.

INT. CUBICAL OFFICE - CONT

As Clarissa leads Greg to Shelly's office they pass a group of three co-workers. DEREK, TROY and ANNA. They point out Greg and laugh at him.

Anna crumbles a piece of paper into a ball and throws it at his head. They laugh a little louder. Like kids in a library.

Greg stops for a while but then continues without looking back.

INT. SHELLY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Clarissa opens the door for Greg.

GREG

(as he passes by)

Thank you.

CLARISSA

No problem Greg.

She gives him a smile and closes the door. Greg thinks nothing of it.

SHELLY

Greg! It's been a while, take a seat.

(CONTINUED)

GREG(V.O.)
No it hasn't.

SHELLY
Greg, I invited you over to tell
you something tragic.

Shelly gets up and looks out her window.

SHELLY(CONT)
I just want to let you know, I'm
not particular proud of this
decision, but it has to be done.

She takes in a deep breath and then turns around.

SHELLY(CONT)
We're going to have to let you go.

GREG
Wh-

SHELLY
You don't have to say anything.
There's nothing you can say.

Shelly then sits down.

GREG
I-

SHELLY
It's done.

Greg looks at her, shaking his head, not believing what is
happening.

GREG
But I qu-

SHELLY
You're fired.

Her phone starts ringing.

SHELLY(CONT)
Get out of my office before I call
security.

She answers the phone.

SHELLY(CONT)
Yurik, baby, how's it going?

Greg gets up slowly and waddles away.

SHELLY(CONT)
(into phone)
You'll be coming down next week?
That crazy. No sorry I can't do
that.

Greg closes the door.

INT. IT ROOM - DAY

Greg passes by and looks in to see JR(30s) on his *Alienware* laptop resting on his belly, eating a jelly filled doughnut. Monitors feeding live footage in the background.

JR
What happened to you?

GREG
Just got fired.

JR bursts into a frantic laugh, as if he's about to have a heart attack.

JR
(still laughing)
I thought you quit.

GREG
I'm going to kill everyone here
tomorrow.

Greg leaves.

JR
Good luck with that buddy.

JR is left laughing.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Greg slips off his shoes and sits on his bed. Stares at the gray wall. He then looks over to his night stand to reveal a .39 Caliber in his dower. He then tucks himself into bed.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Greg looks up at the brethren of guns laid up on the wall. He looks up at it with AW. Thinking of the possibilities he can do with such weapons of destruction.

He looks over the gun sales men.

GREG
How much for a silencer?

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open. Greg steps out with his uniform and walks down the hall to the IT room.

INT. IT ROOM - CONT

Greg passes the door frame, JR's back facing towards him, still playing his video game. It seems that's all he does.

As Greg approaches his prey, he takes out a fine wire, warping it around his palms. Winding his anticipation.

He then slashes it over his head and forces down on his neck. JR's eyes bulge out as he falls over the chair on top of Greg.

Greg keeps pressing, as JR struggles, Greg looks up at the monitors to see all the other co-workers. A small grin reveals on his face.

INT. CUBICAL OFFICE - LATER

The level is empty.

WAYNE(V.O.)
You're crazy you know that. You're
one sick individual.

Clarissa then runs down the hallway, crying, scared.

GREG(V.O.)
That's what I wanted you to say.

Derek, Troy and Anna are in the same positions as before, just now with bullets in their skulls. Blood slowing dripping on the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE(V.O.)

What the hell is wrong with you,
boy? Why do all this? What's the
point?

GREG(V.O.)

Do you ever fantasize, Wayne?

In Shelly's office we see her laying against the blood
smeared glass window she loves looking out of so much. Stone
eyes looking out into the city.

Wayne doesn't respond.

GREG(V.O.)

Of course you don't. You wouldn't
understand.

INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - CONT

Greg is pointing a silenced pistol at Wayne who is zip-tied
by the wrist and ankles, kneeling.

WAYNE

I knew you where-

PFF. Greg fires.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Greg stares at himself in the mirror with the .39 Caliber
pointing at his temple.

He takes a deep breath.

THE DOOR opens, Greg quickly looks over to see Rose coming
in with groceries again. She tries to find a table, but
can't.

Greg stays frozen, like a boy who has just been caught
masturbating.

ROSE

Where's my table?

She sniffs the air, doesn't smell like cat litter.

ROSE(CONT)

Is this my apartment? Why was the
door unlocked? Greg is this your
apartment? Greg?

(CONTINUED)

beat.

GREG
I'm here Rose.

ROSE
Oh thank god. I started to think I
got robbed again. Why didn't you
respond? What's happening?

GREG
Uhh Nothing.

Greg feels stupid with the barrel pointing to his head.

GREG
Just having a normal... thinking
time.

ROSE
Thinking time? Are you okay? I may
be old and blind but I can still
tell if something's wrong.

GREG
Yeah.

Flash frame of dead co-workers.

Greg drops his hand with the gun. Thinking to himself.

GREG(CONT)
Thoughts become actions, right?

ROSE
They sure do. This one time I kept
on dreaming of punchn this one
fella in the nose and after so much
time thinking about it, I actually
did it without even knowing! How
silly was I when I was young?

GREG
Yeah.

Flash frame of Greg killing Wayne.

GREG(CONT)
Silly.

ROSE
Ha, you'll one day see that it's
not good to think some things, but
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (cont'd)
yet again it's not always wrong.
Everyone does it.

GREG
Sure.

Greg looks back at his gun.

GREG(CONT)
Hey Rose, do you ever have any
regrets?

ROSE
Regrets? Some. It's hard to say.
Regretting things is a poison, it's
not good thinking about that. But
this always brings comfort, it's
never too late to change.

GREG
Yeah.

beat.

ROSE
Well anyways, I'm going to my
apartment now. It was good talkin
to ya.

Greg then looks at her.

Flash frame of the gray toy plane.

Rose starts to leave.

GREG(CONT)
Rose.

ROSE
What? What is it?

GREG
Let me help you with that.

Greg goes up to her and takes the paper bags. They leave.

The gray toy plane resting on the desk turns into full
color.

Greg's alarm goes off and he wakes up from his sleep.

THE END.