

TEMP INSANITY

by

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INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

It's an office like a hundred others. In the front is a small desk littered with unfinished paperwork.

A timid, mousy and frazzled girl, EVE (20s) is rapidly sorting through the piles with a phone glued to her ear.

The back door to the office snaps open and a tall, dressed-to-the nines DOMINIQUE (late 20s) emerges.

Dominique tightly holds a file in her hand and walks to the small desk at top speed.

WHAP

The file lands hard on Eve's desk, propelled by Dominique's well-manicured hand.

Eve jumps, the phone flying out from under her ear.

DOMINIQUE

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!? Eve,
right? I asked you for that TPS
report to be in twelve point
COURIER, not Arial, the font of the
lazy! I need it retyped--ASAP!

EVE

I'm sorry, Dominique, I'll get to
it when I can, I'm totally swamped
right now.

Dominique's face goes red.

In one violent push coupled with a banshee SHRIEK, Dominique shoves the entire contents of Eve's desk to the floor, her own file still in hand.

Dominique carefully places the file in the center of Eve's now-empty desk.

DOMINIQUE

Consider yourself "un-swamped". Get
my report fixed BEFORE you go home.
I don't care who you have to kill
to get it done, but GET IT
DONE. And bring me my coffee!

Dominique stomps off, leaving Eve in a sea of pages.

Eve lets out an exasperated sigh.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dominique is typing something on her laptop. She looks at her watch, it reads 7:50pm. She cranes her neck to look out toward the main office.

Eve's desk is empty, the surrounding office dark.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dominique surveys the empty, dimly lit room.

She moves out to Eve's desk, no sign of her. It looks just as messy as when Dominique last destroyed it.

She looks at her watch again, raising an eyebrow.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Dominique begins primping, touching up her already perfect makeup.

The door creaks open. Dominique freezes.

A shadowy figure approaches the diva at the mirror.

Dominique turns to see Eve with heavy black eyeliner streaked tears and hideous outside-the-lines red lipstick. She looks like The Joker.

Eve extends a stack of bloody reports in Dominique's direction. Eve has a really big smile on her face.

EVE

I had to kill a few people, but
here they are, just the way you
like them!

Dominique collapses into the corner of the room, screaming.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

We're back to Eve's desk and the mess Dominique has just left.

Eve opens a desk drawer, revealing a letter opener. She tests the tip with her finger.

Frowning, she instead pulls out a fully pimped out G36 assault rifle from under her desk.

Eve walks to the rear of the office and kicks in the door, spraying bullets into Dominique's body.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

We're back again.

Eve lets out a defeated sigh.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dominique is on the phone, presumably wreaking havoc in another department.

Eve enters with a cup of coffee.

Dominique reaches out with a two-handed "gimme gimme" gesture.

Eve hands her the cup.

DOMINIQUE
(condescending)
Done yet?

Eve nods and smiles. Dominique returns a sinister smile, bringing the cup of coffee to her lips.

Dominique drinks, unaware of something small and black swimming inside her beverage...