

Thrill of the Hunt

By:

Mike Shelton

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The office interior is a sea of cubicles. The lights are out, and no one is around except TREVOR POPPY, 35, who lies underneath a desk, sweating profusely.

His blue suit is a disheveled mess. His eyes dart around, and he is completely silent except for the occasional breath.

Poppy tightly shuts his eyes when he hears a light melodic tune being whistled.

The tune is being whistled by DANE OLIVER, 50, who nonchalantly roams down an aisle in the sea of cubicles.

He wears a neatly pressed black suit, carries a chrome plated .45 in each hand, and his platinum hair is combed to perfection.

Poppy opens his eyes just in time to see Dane creep past the cubicle he's hiding in.

Dane gets to the end of the aisle and stops, looking left, then right.

DANE

Can I just say this to you? Just this one thing and I'll be done. I ain't got all fuckin' day!

Poppy darts from the cubicle, firing an errant shot that hits the ceiling before Dane can react, and ducks into an adjacent aisle.

Dane turns around.

DANE

You know, if you were a better shot, I'd be dead right now, but that...that was fuckin' pathetic. Why don't you just quit running already so we can get this over with?

Dane strolls in the direction that Poppy ran in.

DANE

I mean, you've already shot out a perfectly good ceiling panel, probably because you failed to realize that people are going to continue working here long after you're dead.

He reaches the intersection of his aisle and the aisle that Poppy ran into. He ducks down against a partition, takes a breath, and peeks around the corner with guns ready to go.

POPPY

You ain't getting me that easy, chief.

Trevor pops out from a partition on the opposite side of the room, firing six shots as Dane ducks for cover.

Dane raises an eyebrow and grins.

DANE

Six shots? At least you have the common knowledge to reload. Sorry you had to blow it all in a single blaze of glory though.

Dane stands up and beelines for the other end of the aisle.

DANE

Time to pay the fiddler.

Poppy skatters toward a hall entryway, but takes a shot to the arm as he crosses the threshold.

POPPY

Fuck!

DANE

That's gonna leave a mark.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Poppy hurries through the hallway, desperately trying to open any door he can find, but they're all locked.

He gets to the elevator and frantically pushes the up and down buttons.

POPPY  
C'mon, c'mon...Shit.

DANE (O.S.)  
You have got to be the dumbest goddamn  
person I have ever laid eyes on.

Poppy's glance shoots to the entryway, which is vacant, but only for a moment until Dane stands in the threshold.

DANE  
Seriously. You've got your run of the  
place, and there's a thousand different  
spots you could hide to avoid the person  
that's trying to kill you, and what do  
you do?

POPPY  
What do you want? Name it and it's  
yours.

DANE  
You stand out in the open waiting for a  
goddamn elevator.

POPPY  
What do you want!

Dane points both .45's at Poppy.

DANE  
I want you...to run.

Poppy extends his good arm toward Dane.

POPPY  
Can't we just disc --

DANE  
I said run, fucker!

Dane shoots at Poppy's feet. Poppy hops around before running to the end of the hall. He quickly looks right, then left before running to the right.

Dane stands shaking his head in bewilderment.

DANE

What a dumbass.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The walls of the office are loaded with stuffed animal heads on plaques. A giant, stuffed grizzly bear stands in the corner.

Poppy stands behind a large oak desk, frantically trying to put bullets in his gun.

Dane enters the office making a tsk, tsk, tsk sound.

DANE

Stop, stop, stop.

Poppy freezes.

DANE

Look at you, fidgeting to get some bullets into that gun of yours. Speaking of which, what the hell did you do, just pull that thing out of your drawer hoping it would do the job?

Poppy puts the gun down and sighs.

POPPY

Can we just get this over with?

Dane's face lights up with sheer excitement and glee.

DANE

No we can't! You see, this is the part where I say my creepy, drawn out monologue. You know about the creepy, drawn out monologue right?

Poppy stares in awe.

DANE

Every good killer has one, at least in my experience. Here's mine. You let me know what you think, huh?

Dane smiles as Poppy crinkles his face and half shrugs his shoulders.

Dane's smile turns to a look of complete seriousness.

DANE

The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.

The room is deathly silent.

Dane cocks his head to the side.

DANE

Ok, so it really isn't a monologue so much as a quote. Hell, it isn't even my quote, it's Mark Twain's. But the real story here, the real heart of the matter is this...

Dane points a gun at Poppy.

DANE

...Are you prepared to die? Have you lived a full life?

Poppy shuts his eyes.

POPPY

No.

DANE

Didn't think so, but unfortunately your time has come. And might I add that I've done a lot of killing throughout the years, but none were as easy as you.

POPPY

Just get it over with.

DANE

I guess it's all in the thrill of the hunt though, right?

POPPY

Just do it! Shoot me! Shoot me!

Poppy slams his fists on the desk as Dane raises his guns.

DANE

Well goodnight, Irene!

Dane empties both guns into Poppy's chest in a flurry of gunfire.

Poppy falls to the ground in a bloody mess.

Dane scratches his brow with the back of his gun. He walks over, examines the body, and sets his guns on the desk.

DANE

What a waste of good money.

Dane grabs the phone from the desk.

He fishes a business card from his jacket pocket, looks at it, dials a number, and waits a moment before speaking.

DANE

Hello, is this Tommy? It is? Great.  
Do you know who this is? No? It's Dane  
Oliver. Yep, that Dane Oliver. Can I  
ask you a favor?

Dane smiles.

DANE

Oh, great. Well, all I ask, is that the  
next time you're going to send a  
contract killer into my building to kill  
me, could you at least make sure that  
the guy has the necessary intelligence  
to pour piss out of a boot with  
directions on the heel?

Dane's eyes light up in surprise.

DANE

Now, now, now, there's no need to be  
rash about this. I mean, I'm just  
trying to protect your investment.  
Seriously, this guy was dead fuckin'

stupid, and now he's just, well, dead.  
Just do me that pleasure would ya?

Dane rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

DANE

No, Tommy. I'm not going to just cut you in on my profits, and I really wish you would just give it up already. Listen, I'm sorry, but I gotta cut this short. I gotta get this guy set up in the system as an employee and then chuck him out the window to look like a suicide.

He picks up a gun and eyes the sight.

DANE

It'll save you the expense of bringing in a cleaner, although I will have to bill you for the blood stained carpet. You understand though, right? That it's not personal, it's just business? Good. Oh, and one more thing...Go fuck yourself.

Dane slams the phone and takes a seat in the chair behind the desk. He reaches into a nearby drawer and takes out a bottle of scotch.

He opens the bottle and takes a few swigs.

DANE

I just don't get it. I wonder if other corporate C-E-O's deal with shit like this? I've got an M-B-A for fuck's sake. I should start a magazine to find out. I could call it "Soldier of Fortune Five Hundred". Yeah, that's brilliant.

He puts his feet on the desk and reclines in the chair, swigging from the bottle of scotch.

FADE TO  
BLACK

THE END