

This first excerpt is from a zoom call between Jim and his superior, Preston.

The call comes after Jim spent the early part of the morning bullying his zombie staff for his own amusement. Now we get to see how Jim behaves when he isn't the one in control...

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INT. JIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jim is on a Zoom call with PRESTON, a smug 23-year-old wearing a shit-eating grin, a plain white cap and a polo shirt. He holds an upper-management position at LoopFinance's parent company - not because of merit, but because his father is the CEO.

Jim's demeanour has shifted from superiority to reluctant submission.

INTERCUT - JIM'S OFFICE / ZOOM CALL

PRESTON

I've had my guys check the data. The market for loan refinancing has never been stronger, but our numbers at your office have been declining for the last three quarters.

JIM

Well, respectfully Preston, of course my numbers have declined. You cut my office in half and removed the marketing department.

PRESTON

You left me no choice, your office was bleeding money. Anyway, that's just a symptom of the problem. Let's get to the source. What's really going on?

Jim takes a deep breath and sighs.

JIM

It's the zombies. I've been trying to motivate them, but they just can't see the opportunities that are right in front of them.

PRESTON

I'm going to stop you right there, Jimmy.

The sound of a nepo baby 15 years younger than Jim calling him 'Jimmy' bothers him. He winces.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

You're not going about this the right way, and it sounds like you're being too soft on the plebs.

(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Fear is the ultimate motivator. Let me ask you a question - would you run faster towards a million dollars or to get away from a bloodthirsty tiger?

A beat. Jim's not appreciating the lecture and hopes that question was rhetorical. An awkward amount of time passes, so he answers anyway.

JIM

Away from the tiger.

PRESTON

Correct! You need to be that bloodthirsty tiger and establish yourself as the alpha of the pack. You can't let these peasants walk over you.

JIM

I am hard on them, but I really think we should invest in more train-

PRESTON

Let me tell you about a guy who runs one of our interstate offices. He's half-Russian and he's so hard on his guys, we call him Mussolini.

Jim rolls his eyes, but that error goes uncorrected. The idiocy is so common it's not even worth it.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

I'm talking public humiliation, unpaid overtime-

JIM

(under his breath)  
I do that.

PRESTON

Reduced lunch breaks, and... I've even heard rumours of waterboarding. Let me tell you, his numbers are through the roof, and the board loves him.

JIM

Well I could start filling up the sinks...

PRESTON

Whatever gets the job done, just don't be nice to them, they want to be punished. It's the only way these braindead idiots can be productive.

JIM

I'll get it done.

PRESTON

Make sure you do. You know, not long ago you were in line for a promotion...

Jim's eyes widen.

JIM

A promotion?

PRESTON

That's right. I know you haven't seen the career progression of some of your peers, and that probably disheartens you. But, steer the ship straight, knuckle down, and *perhaps* we can revisit it.

JIM

Yes, sir. I'll get right on it!  
(awkwardly joining in on  
the metaphor)  
...I'll batten the hatches, and set sail!

PRESTON

That's the spirit, captain. Well, I've gotta get to a lunch, and then a game of golf. But good luck with everything, Jimmy boy. Remember, your team is only as strong as its weakest link, so let *no one* undermine you.

Preston leaves the call. Jim stares at himself in the video feed of his computer screen with determination in his eyes.

Jumping ahead a little bit to the third act...

A shorter scene here, but we want to see how you deliver Jim's panic. For some context, Adam and Zed have just taken their bosses hostage. They know there's money in the safe in Jim's office, and they want it. Jim however, is a man of principles.

INT. HOSTAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All three executives sit on the floor with their hands bound and bags over their heads. Adam and Zed stand over them.

ADAM

Give me the code to the safe!

CHARLES

What?

PRESTON

What safe?

ADAM

Give me the code to the safe!

JIM

(straining)

I'd rather die than give you the code!

ZED

That can be arranged.

Zed cocks the gun. The sound changes the atmosphere in the room.

CHARLES

Give him the fucking code!

JIM

Sorry Sir, I-

CHARLES

(angrier)

Just give him the fucking code!

JIM

(breathing heavily, panic rising)

Okay! Okay, okay... The combination - it's on a piece of paper... in a drawer... in my desk.

Adam leaves the room in a hurry.

JIM (CONT'D)

Please, just don't hurt-

CHARLES

(to Jim)

Why didn't you tell him the first time he asked you?!

JIM

Al-Phas don't give in.

CHARLES  
...What the fuck?

Preston breaks.

PRESTON  
Daddy, do something!

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