

INT. OFFICE - DAY - DAYDREAM

NATASHA "NAT" LYONNE (30-40s) enters a corporate office workplace wearing a boring pant suit and a walkman, the opening music of "Does Your Mother Know?" by Abba drowns out the noise of the office and the people.

Nat stands in front of her office, cubicles of MEN sit around, working playing and lounging about. She passes by them, they whistle and catcall her.

ABBA

(music)

*You're so hot, teasing me
So you're blue, but I can't take a
chance on a chick like you
That's something I couldn't do*

Their faces contorted in grotesque ways as they jeer at her. She walks straight past them, not even glancing around. She walks tall with no sense of fear.

ABBA (CONT'D)

(music)

*There's that look in your eyes
I can read in your face that your
feelings are driving you wild
Ah, but girl, you're only a child*

Nat marches up to a fire kit on the wall, she punches through the glass and grabs the axe from the glass cabinet.

ABBA (CONT'D)

(music)

*Well I can dance with you, honey
If you think it's funny
Does your mother know that you're
out?*

Splatters of blood flies around the room, Men silently scream and cry as they scramble away from Nat. She pulls her hatchet out of a Man #1's head. She steps on his corpse, her axe dragging on the floor, leaving a bloody trail.

ABBA (CONT'D)

(music)

*And I can chat with you, baby
Flirt a little, maybe
Does your mother know that you're
out?*

Nat turns on her heels, she gives the Men in the office a steely eye. She cocks her head to the side and rears the axe back.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
Take it easy, take it easy

Nat approaches BILL WALTERS. He scrambles back on his hands, weeping pathetically for his life.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
*Better slow down, girl
 That's no way to go*

Nat stand over him, Bill gets on his knees, looks up at her.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
Does your mother know?

Nat, expressionless, looks down at Bill. She wipes some blood splatter from her neck. Her white button up is drenched in blood.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
Take it easy, take it easy

Nat rears the axe back.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
Try to cool it, girl

Bill clutches her ankles and cries at her feet.

ABBA (CONT'D)
 (music)
*Take it nice and slow
 Does your mother know?*

Nat swings the axe down, a spray of blood coats her face.

BACK TO SCENE

Nat sits in her cubical with her walkman's earphones on her ears, her chin resting in her hand as she watches a group of Men laugh across the room.

The Group of Men all wear similar boring suits, the only self expression are the abdominal, brightly coloured and patterned ties. They stand around a water cooler, none of them doing any work. The only people in the whole office at their desks are Nat and TERRY.

As Nat glares at the Group of Men, her eyes narrow. She absentmindedly brings a potato chip to her mouth and crunches down on it. The music in her headphones drown out any noise around her.

Terry snaps her fingers at Nat. Nat, finally snapping out of her hateful glare looks over to Terry. Terry waves at Nat.

TERRY
--Earth to Nat!

Nat quickly takes off her earphones, she turns to Terry with a look of nervousness.

NAT
Oh, Terry. Yeah, what's up?

TERRY
I was telling you about what Agatha told me about her boss, Hugh Goodman. Apparently, he has been having an affair at work. His wife found out and she is filing for divorce! She gets everything!

Nat nods, her eyes skate over to the Group of Men again. Nat's face sours, her jaw tightens.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Nat! Are you even listening?

NAT
Yeah, yeah. Goodman was caught cheating on his wife. He loses everything. Good for her.

Terry stares at Nat with discerning eyes. Nat's eyebrows quirk up, her eyes dart around as Terry's bore into her.

NAT (CONT'D)
Okay, Terry. You are starting to freak me out.

Terry snaps out of her stare, she waves a hand around like she was dismissing a thought.

TERRY
It's nothing, I just thought I imagined something. It's impossible.

Terry turns back to her computer, she types something in.