

The top job



A vast empire. An empire of widespread globalization with profitable dominance. A transfixed figure stands on the 56th floor of his own tower, gazing at the stretched New York City skyline, a feeling of self satisfaction and accomplishment runs through his body like the shiver down fear's victim's spine. He smirks, and then swallows some of his manly pride, while turning to the attention of other white collared men. However unlike his contemporaries, who are content for a 'major minor' role, he knows there are none in this room, none down the hall and none in this building could ever challenge his job, what job? The 'top job.'

Two floors down, amongst the hustle and bustle of productive workplace, a young man stares almost blankly but in awe at his computer screen whilst in the secrecy of his office. 'PARKER: HE CAME, HE SAW, HE OWNS ALL' reads the truthful headline, and with swift disgust he turns away. Head in his hands, tired, he sighs violently, then looks out his office window for some consultation or consolation. Coming towards his office a tall, olive skinned figure of beauty and purity may be the provider of both.

'Tough night for you?' she inquires sarcastically as she enters the room with poise.

'Give me a break Tara, how can I sleep with this tyrant steals my limelight?' he says with disgust but caution.

'Come on Brad, take a look at yourself, and look around this office, this floor. You're better than this. You deserve more than this. Not even a spot on the board of directors? Instead they give you this and look at yourself.... I'd like to see Sonny Parker lying in the gutter with....'

'Enough Tara!' Brad exclaimed with anger but disappointment. 'Sonny has been a good friend to me, how can you say these things. Sure he got promoted and since then he's taken everything I've ever wanted to achieve.... (Sigh)... He deserves it Tara' he mellowed, while slumping back into his chair. Upon hearing this Tara began to proceed to the door, but after a second of thought, she violently grabbed Brad by his puffed cheeks.

'Listen to me you poor excuse for a man!' she screamed with vection. 'You deserve more than this, you are so much better than this. Think what we could achieve together if we destroyed Parker and took is place, we could...'

'Destroy him... Take his place?....' he pondered this in confusion but also with deep curiosity. He was an ambitious man, but was this time to act?

'Yes Brad, we can achieve this together. You can be the man with the top job, the quarterback, the coach, all in one..... And maybe we can be together?' she slowly suggested while she moved her hands ever so gently, Brad tingled. He then stared into her radiant eyes and confidently mumbled,

'Ok Tara, let's put this bastard to the sword, take his job, his money and his undeserving credit. Then let's share our fortunes together and...' Before he could outline the tale of his plans, Tara embraced him passionately and sexually, then she slowly but gracefully left the office with a feeling of satisfaction and achievement. Brad resumed his slumped position but grinned under the cover of his still innocent hands.

The bell dinged while the dark screen became illuminated with the number '56'. Four people walked out after the doors reluctantly slid open. The first

three walked away in ignorance just aware that they were in the presence of other white collared individuals like themselves, working for the good of the company. Tara though walked with great confidence and in a manner of personal pursuit. She wasn't like the others, contempt for a spot on the payroll, she wanted a role of power. To her there was no good or evil, there was only power and the weak. As she strode with convection towards the end of the floor to a waiting secretary, she was the attention of many males, but she marvelled in this, as men were now only 'playthings' to her.

'I have an appointment with Mr. Parker' she instructed to the simple secretary.

'Oh yes, Ms. Banks, Mr. Parker will see you now, please proceed inside to his office.' Tara half ignoring her, swooped into the office like the vulture stalking its prey. Sonny, sitting, like the king on his throne welcomed her.

'Mr. Parkes, an honour to see you again.'

'Please Ms Banks, the pleasure is all mine. Why a woman of stature and beauty, the honour is all mine. Tell me my darling, what brings you here?' She then in a movement of precision came towards him and sat in his 'excited' lap.

'Sonny, I've lured our friend Brad James into thinking he can take you down. He thinks he can destroy you and take control of the company. Act now honey; confront him before he grows stronger in confidence and self assurance. With him gone we can run this company together, the power, the

money, the lot.' Beneath the cover of countless irrelevant folders in a drawer Sonny reached for a dark, rigid, hard item.

'It will be done Tara, we have no more threats to fear.'

'Click Click' The pistol locked into its fateful position. Brad examined it saw it as the tool to success. His fate and destiny was locked away inside the trigger, now he was the puppet master and pulling this string would bring about the final curtain on his destiny. A thump on the door, one like the landlord seeking his late payments, awakened Brad from his transfixed state. The entrance was unexpected and unprecedented as Sonny entered with determination. Brad was unsure of the visit and questions began to arise.

'Nice to see you Mr. Parker once again' Brad opened with limited enthusiasm.

'The pleasure is mine Brad' Sonny responded with even less convection. Both became mute as they gazed into open air. The tension rose like the morning sun. Two adversaries driven by the temptation of beauty stared each off like two lone rangers at high noon. Brad moved his hand away from the radar of Sonny and reached for the reassurance of his pistol.

'I'm sure gonna miss working with you Sonny' Brad whimpered falsely. With these lying words Sonny found refuge in the corner of his pocket with the cold grip of steel.

'You have no idea Brad, no idea how much this is going to hurt me'

'Ms Banks, the media is waiting for you mam'

'Thanks Miss O'Neal' Tara smiled then took one more glance at the headline.
TWO XON INSURNACE BOSSES DIE IN SHOOT OUT, TARA BANKS TAKES
CONTROL OF COMPANY. She had prevailed, and with this feeling of relief and
heartless satisfaction she turned to face her new audience, the press.