

The Arrow

I. Five Minutes Before Class

Stef: Hey, morning Jess!

Jess: Yo. 'Sup?

Stef: Eh, nothing much. You, uh... how about you?

Jess: Me? Nothing.

Stef: Okay. Are you sure?

Jess: Yeah. So anyway, did you get any of what Mr. Hoff said in math yesterday? 'Cause I didn't. I'm not even sure the homework was from the right chapter. I'm not even sure he's from the right planet.

Stef: Um... Yeah, sort of. I mean, there was this bit about imaginary numbers, but... I don't...

Jess: Yes?

Stef: Okay, I gotta know. I'm sorry, it's freaking me out. Is that—

Jess: Yeah, it is! Forget about it.

Stef: But... what's an arrow doing in your shoulder? I mean, did you have it checked out? It could get infected, or...

Jess: I said forget about it, alright? It's a long story.

Stef: Okay, sorry. Did you go hunting?

Jess: No! No hunting, no crossbow accident, just drop it!

Stef: I'm not sure they're gonna let you in class with that, Jess. Seriously, go get it checked out. Besides... it's gotta hurt, right?

Jess: I can deal. I'm not gonna waste my whole day getting a stupid arrow taken out of my shoulder.

Stef: C'mon, Jess! You don't wanna lose that arm or—

Jess: That's the bell! It doesn't count as skipping class if I'm at the nurse's office. Later man!

Stef: Uh... Later Jess. Be careful?

2. Fifty Cents in the Coffee Machine

Jones: Morning.

Brown: Hey. Vanilla Mocha Supernova?

Jones: Nah, I always get Eternal Peach. So how's third floor today?

Brown: Don't get me started. The cell doors didn't lock last night.

Jones: Son of a... Did any of them get out? How many?

Brown: All of them. They didn't get off the floor but they had a big-ass party all over the carpets in the waiting rooms.

Jones: Oh man. Are they still up there?

Brown: Nah, they fell asleep and we just dragged them back in. Now, we've got the best duty in the world: cleaning duty.

Jones: What? Can't you get the orderlies to do that?

Brown: Union thing, I don't know... Something about the locking glitch being an electrical thing. They're passing the buck to maintenance, but with corporate coming in tonight, we can't wait. So we're gonna have to do the whole damn thing ourselves.

Jones: My sympathies, man, seriously.

Brown: Thanks. Could be worse, I guess.

Jones: I don't know, third floor's a doozy...

Brown: Nah, really. I could have an arrow stuck in my shoulder.

Jones: Oh. It's noticeable?

Brown: Can't take my eyes off it, man. Did you get it looked at?

Jones: Oh, sure, first thing. I filled out the forms, but the only doctor on-site right now is Simon, and he never does surgery. I gotta wait until his assistant gets in.

Brown: You didn't go to a hospital before coming in? Man, that's dedication.

Jones: Happened here. Some nut upstairs threw the director's stage props out the window and I got the bad end of a fake crossbow.

Brown: Fake crossbow?

Jones: Real arrow. Should've been a bolt, technically, but I'm not gonna argue historical accuracy with the director.

Brown: So some nut just threw it out?

Jones: Yeah, beats me. You sure none of the third floor guys made it out?

Brown: I think I'll get a second cup.

3. Seventy Percent Below Third Quarter Expectations

- V.P. Ira: This is a live webcast, if I'm not mistaken?
- Stevens: Uh, yes sir. Twenty thousand online right now, mostly investors.
- V.P. Ira: A very important webcast. And we've got a conference call with the board of directors, who should all have access to the video, correct?
- Stevens: I think so. If they have a computer and a connection, they can watch.
- V.P. Ira: The future of the company depends on the outcome of this conference. And the C.E.O. has an arrow in his shoulder.
- Stevens: That's not a gag? I thought it was kind of funny.
- V.P. Ira: I assure you it's not. He doesn't even look like he noticed! How on earth did this happen? Every second we're becoming more of a laughingstock! Investors are going to be leaping out the windows!
- Stevens: Well, ah... why not just take it out?
- V.P. Ira: You expect me to walk on-stage and just yank it out of his shoulder? My face will be plastered all over the internet, on talk shows... It'll be the end of my career. A punchline at the end of a terrible, laborious, unfunny joke. No thank you. I'm not getting anywhere near those cameras.
- Stevens: Maybe he doesn't feel it? It looks like it'd sting, though... Maybe you can call attention to it or something.
- V.P. Ira: How? I can't just wave like an idiot and... wait! Of course, the question period! If I can just make him notice it, we might be able to stop this farce while our stock is still worth something.
- Stevens: How are you going to do that?
- V.P. Ira: Well, I... I'll ask something relevant but subtle! I'll sneak something in there about it. Something that will make him check.
- Stevens: It's now or never, he's stopped talking.
- V.P. Ira: Ah, yes, sir! I do have a question. Considering the large difference between analysts' predictions and the revised fourth quarter projections, do you think the current market landscape could, in a way, **shoulder** most of the blame?
- C.E.O.: Dear me, I wouldn't be so rash as to blame my fellow businessmen for doing what they do best! Of course, the company has had its ups and downs, but I firmly stand by my belief that the future is looking bright! But please, don't go pointing fingers at our honorable competitors, for I wouldn't want to fall from their good graces!
- V.P. Ira: I... see. That's an honorable **point** of view, sir.
- C.E.O.: Honorable? No, no, I'm just deathly afraid of getting shot.