Dirty alley. Boss is sitting near a dumpster holding up a cardboard sign with “will scuk dick for sandvich” written on it crudely. He’s sleeping under a dirty sweater from his company. People are walking by without paying him any attention.

Suddenly, Time walks up from the side holding a beer and sits down next to him. He pokes Boss with the can. Boss wakes up startled and looks around until he focuses on the guy sitting next to him.

Boss: Time?..

Time: 11.23. Quite early for a drink, but I see no reason for you not to partake.

Boss: \*looks down\* I don’t have any…

Time: It is free of charge.

Boss instantly snatches the beer out of his hands and gulps it down instantly. He wipes his face and looks into the distance.

Boss: Well that’s the first food I had in 2 days.

Time: …

Boss: Listen. You know everything, don’t you? Tell me… Where did I go wrong? What mistake did I make? I did absolutely everything logically and maximized the company’s output! We were rising in popularity and growing! And then in just one day… poof. How did this happen?..

Time: Well, if I had to guess… I would say that your mistake was thinking that a hundred band-aids can fix an open wound. Both in your business life and in private.

Boss: …What?

Time: My jolly ol’ pal Suck-it Sam tried that once, eventually he bled to death.

Boss: Ok, but what does that have to do with anything?! What does that mean?!

Time: Were you not the one who got rid of your 7 years of theater courses because they were taking up space in your noggin? I guess you will have to relearn what metaphors are by yourself.

Boss: …

Time: And I have just the perfect way to start you out! \*reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small packet\* Want some space pot?

Boss: …

Boss: Fine.