

FADE IN:

The screen is black.

We see "9:00 a.m." on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

On the computer screen, we see a large image. The image is lined school paper with the following note handwritten on it: "So, you still love me, huh? Circle YES or Circle NO."

We see the cursor move toward the upper left hand corner of the screen and click on the SEND button.

The computer now displays the following: "Message sent."

SARAH MOORE, an attractive twenty-something, sits before the computer, dreamily staring at the screen.

SARAH  
Come on, Jason. Send that quick  
response I love so much.

CUT TO:

10:30 a.m.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - LATER

Sarah still sits at the computer, now scowling.

DEXTER SMITH, a forty-something man who spends way too much time thinking he can bag any chick, approaches and leans against Sarah's cubicle divider.

DEXTER  
Hey there, Daydream Believer.

Sarah faces him, her scowl still present. He smiles at her while raking his eyes down the length of her.

SARAH  
(annoyed)  
Yes, Mr. Smith?

DEXTER  
I need that claims report by lunch.  
That doable?

SARAH  
(nods)  
Got it.

DEXTER  
Yes. You do.

He gives her a "You sure you don't want some of this" look before nodding and walking away.

Sarah focuses on the computer screen.

We see her e-mail inbox on the screen. The cursor moves to CHECK MAIL and clicks. The message "No new messages" appears.

Sarah's scowl has turned into a sneer.

CUT TO:

11:30 a.m.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We see Sarah's Blackberry phone. She presses "2" and "Jason" appears on the screen. She presses TALK.

The phone rings twice and immediately goes to voicemail.

Sarah stares at the phone, astonished.

SARAH  
No. He. Didn't.

The phone BEEPS.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you had the nerve  
to ignore my call, Jason. You  
didn't respond to my e-mail and now  
this.

Sarah looks around the fairly empty sidewalk and street. She shakes her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
After last night? After that  
amazing phone call? After saying  
you missed me?

She nods as if she's concocted a master plan.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Okay, you want to play it like  
that? Want to ignore my e-mail,  
ignore my call? How about you  
ignore this message?

Sarah stands still and takes a few breaths.

Her Blackberry CHIMES.

On the screen is "New MySpace message from JasonStaple."

Sarah smiles, presses buttons, then frowns.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Really? A forwarded chain message?

She kicks the air and releases a pathetic growl.

She presses buttons on her Blackberry like a speed fiend.

INSERT - BLACKBERRY SCREEN

On the screen, we see the text: "Girl, meet me @ Pujo 1230.  
Need drink & talk."

INT. PUJO STREET CAFE - DAY

ABBY DAYTON sits at a bistro table with her arms crossed and  
a slight grin on her face. She watches her best friend Sarah  
drink her glass of wine with one tilt of the stem.

Abby laughs.

ABBY  
I really don't know how your  
dramatic ass became my best friend.  
Seriously.

Sarah looks at Abby, squinting as if she's trying to really  
see her.

SARAH  
I'm not dramatic. I'm pissed.

ABBY

Why?

SARAH

Have you not been here talking to me? The e-mail? The ignore on the phone? I mean, Abby, he said he missed me. Said it's hard to go to sleep at night without me near. He's been gone for almost four months, and this is the first time that he's really been honest about that.

ABBY

(sighs)

I know. You DM'ed me on Twitter about it. Cell alerted me at two in the damn morning.

SARAH

(sheepish)

Sorry. Was excited.