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START

(At the office, late that morning. KATHA stares at her phone, catatonic.)

(OMAR and JENNA watch her from a distance.)

OMAR. Pssst.

JENNA. What's going on?

OMAR. Haven't you noticed?

JENNA. (nodding) She should really rethink the sweater.

OMAR. No, I mean – she hasn't moved in like ten minutes.

JENNA. Why not?

OMAR. 'Cause she's depressed I guess.

JENNA. What about?

OMAR. Nothing.

JENNA. How do you know it's nothing?

OMAR. Her husband's a doctor.

JENNA. What kind?

OMAR. Plastic surgeon.

(KATHA appears to be giving herself a private little pep talk. Maybe she gives herself a light slap on each cheek.)

JENNA. Ohmygod.

OMAR. What's she doing?

JENNA. Ohmygod.

(KATHA picks up the receiver.)

OMAR. Every day she comes in later.

JENNA. I know, isn't it great?

OMAR. No, I mean: What if they let her go.

JENNA. Let her go. I'll take her job.

OMAR. (loving it) Don't be terrible! Besides, you wouldn't get it.

JENNA. Why not?

OMAR. You're too nice.

JENNA. I know, I'm nice right?

END