

Long Hours  
by  
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FADE IN

INT. INVESTMENT OFFICE -- EVENING

It is well past quitting time in BREWSTER & LEWIS, a midtown financial firm, and the office is deserted. ANDY, a young woman (mid/late-20's), is packing up for the night. She is the only person on the main floor of the office. Her hair is pulled back, and her sleeves are still rolled up.

On the desk sits sits her PHONE, which is on speaker. The screen displays the name SKYE, who is chattering away excitedly.

SKYE (O.S.)

...I don't think I've ever been so inspired by a collection as I was. Sueyoshi's use of negative space, and the way he really challenges the form...it's just magical.

ANDY

(half-listening)

Uh-huh

SKYE (O.S.)

You know what's even better? He's going to be giving a talk at MoMA. I'm going to get to meet him!

ANDY

That's great Skye.

SKYE (O.S.)

And tonight I'm going to get my booze on with my baby. We're going to tear it up.

ANDY

If by tear it up, you mean have a few drinks, then yes.

SKYE (O.S.)

No. We're going hard.

ANDY

It's Tuesday!

SKYE (O.S.)

So? This is the first night you've gotten off before ten in like a decade.

ANDY

A decade?

SKYE (O.S.)

Or a fortnight. Or whatever. This isn't up for debate. Hurry up!

ANDY

I just have to lock up my stuff and I'm there.

Andy bends down and sweeps the errant FOLDERS & PAPERS off of her desk and into one of her drawers. She adjusts them so that none of them are folded or creased at odd angles, and then LOCKS THE DRAWER shut.

SKYE (O.S.)

Ooh, I'm so excited. My friend Daniel is going to be there. You two will totally hit it off. I told you about him right?

Just then, LEWIS (50's), one of the partners and Andy's boss, appears at Andy's desk. He's on his way out the door, and in one hand he holds a FILE. He catches her by surprise, and she snatches her phone up off of her desk just as he gets into earshot.

ANDY

Gotta go.

She HANGS UP.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Mr. Lewis! I didn't know you were still here.

LEWIS

Andy, I need you to put together the presentation for the investor's meeting for me.

ANDY

Isn't that on Friday?

LEWIS

Yeah, and I'd like a workable set of slides by lunch tomorrow.

ANDY

But sir, I'm already swamped coordinating the reports coming out of analytics, and you're already sending me to ComStar to help Mr. Brewster--

LEWIS

This is what I pay you for. Get it done.

Andy takes the file and gives him a weak, unconvincing smile. Lewis turns to leave.

ANDY

Sir, did you see my application?

LEWIS

For what?

ANDY

For the spot on the trading desk?

LEWIS

Oh. You want to move upstairs?

ANDY

I gave you my resume directly.

LEWIS

(a blank look on his face)  
Sure. I remember.

ANDY

Well? What do you think about it?

Lewis walks back over, and taps the file in Andy's hands.

LEWIS

Do the presentation. Do it right.  
Then we'll talk about promotion.

He turns and walks out of the office.

ANDY

Thank you sir...

She drops the file on the desk next to her keyboard and SLUMPS into her chair, before booting her computer up and getting back to work.

ROLL TITLES

INT. BROOKLYN APT. -- EARLY MORNING

It's hours before dawn when Andy's alarm clock BUZZES. Over the sound of a tired GROAN, a hand reaches out and presses the snooze button, knocking over the LAMP and a GLASS OF WATER in the process.

Next we see the same hand turn on the SHOWER. The water comes on, and ANDY is standing in streams, face turned up, eyes closed, a blank expression on her face. She does not move, does not flinch, does not try to wash herself. She simply stands there, unmoving.

In the KITCHEN, Andy puts on the COFFEE POT and a BAGEL in the TOASTER. She is wearing her work clothes, though she hasn't bothered to either dry or do up her hair. While the coffee brews and her food cooks, Andy simply stands there, blankly staring at the coffee pot.

The sound of LAUGHTER can be heard from the hallway outside the apartment, followed almost immediately by the sound of KEYS IN THE LOCK. The front door swings open to admit SKYE, who is dressed for a night out, and is chatting away on her phone.

SKYE

...no baby, I totally agree. She can't just strut around and expect everyone to start drooling over her.

She WAVES at Andy, who barely even looks up, and disappears into her bedroom.

SKYE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. I'm with you there. Anyway, I'm home now. Yep. I'll look tomorrow. Okay then. Can't wait til Friday!

Skye swirls into the kitchen. Andy doesn't even turn around.

SKYE (CONT'D)

You missed the best night ever!

ANDY

Uh-huh.

SKYE

Casey knew the bouncer, so we got into this place I had never even heard of, and they had shuffleboard, and you know how I feel about shuffleboard.

ANDY  
You like it.

SKYE  
I love it. And I'm a beast at it.  
Casey and I cleaned up, and we  
actually bet on a few of the games,  
which I never do, but it paid for  
our drinks, so basically we went  
out for FREE last night.

ANDY  
(pouring herself a cup of  
coffee)  
Sounds like fun.

SKYE  
It was.  
(beat)  
Why are you awake?

ANDY  
I have work.

SKYE  
Yeah, tomorrow.

ANDY  
It is tomorrow.

SKYE  
Today then. Whatever. It's still  
the middle of the night. Go back to  
bed!

Andy takes a LONG, SLOW SWIG of her coffee. Skye rolls her eyes in exasperation.

ANDY  
Too late.

SKYE  
You're the worst.

The toaster DINGS. Andy fishes out her bagel with a KNIFE.

ANDY  
Schmear.

Skye pulls open the FRIDGE and hands Andy the TUB OF SPREAD.

SKYE  
Why do you wake up this early?

ANDY

It's the plan. Graduate, two years  
as a trader,

SKYE & ANDY

Two years getting a masters or  
three years at law school, work  
hard, work from home.

SKYE

Yeah, I know the plan.

ANDY

Well then why did you ask?

SKYE

I'd hoped you'd changed it.

ANDY

Nope.

SKYE

Well, whatever. I found someone to  
take the empty room.

ANDY

Good.

SKYE

They're coming by to see the place  
tomorrow. Can you be there?

ANDY

I have work.

SKYE

You can't slip out for an hour?

ANDY

I can barely make it to the office  
in an hour

SKYE

Well fine. I'll do it myself.

She hops down off of the counter.

ANDY

Great. You can tell me all about it  
today.

SKYE

Ha. Ha. You're a goddamn riot.

Andy takes another long swig of her coffee. Skye walks off, shaking her head.

SKYE (CONT'D)  
Still the worst!

EXT. MIDTOWN BAKERY -- EARLY MORNING

The sun is just rising over Manhattan when ANDY emerges from the subway. Despite the CUP OF COFFEE in her hand, she still seems half-asleep. Around her on the street, shops take deliveries and prepare for the day.

One of the shops is a SMALL BAKERY, not yet open for business. However, the door is open, and as she passes by, Andy notices the freshly baked goods. She pauses, sipping her coffee and watching the front window as loaves of bread appear alongside muffins and scones.

Behind her, CARLA (40's), a plump baker is unloading BAGS OF FLOUR from a van. While carrying one over her shoulder, she sees Andy looking in the window.

CARLA  
See anything you like?

ANDY  
What? Oh, no. I was just looking.

CARLA  
I know. I saw you looking.

ANDY  
Right.

CARLA  
Glad to see the displays are doing their job.

ANDY  
Did you bake those?

CARLA  
Most of it. My husband does the bread, and I do the pastries.

ANDY  
They look wonderful.

CARLA  
Did you want something?



ANDY  
What? No, I was just--

CARLA  
I meant did you want something from  
the store?

ANDY  
Oh. Are you open yet?

CARLA  
No. But you look like you could use  
something fresh out of the oven.

Andy looks indecisive. She checks her watch, and looks down  
the block. Carla is patient, but it's clear that the bag is  
getting heavy. Finally, the smell and the sight of the scones  
wins Andy over.

ANDY  
Let's do it.

CARLA  
Great. Let me just put this bag in  
the back. Choose something you  
like, and I'll ring you up.

INT. MIDTOWN BAKERY -- CONTINUOUS

Carla makes straight for the back room, while Andy takes in  
the bakery, washed in golden light. More relaxed than we see  
her, she walks to the counter, looking for the best pastry  
among an amazing collection. A few moments later, Carla  
reemerges, wiping her hands off on her pants.

CARLA  
Made up your mind?

ANDY  
All of it looks good. Is there  
something you'd recommend...?

CARLA  
Carla.

ANDY  
Andy.

CARLA  
Nice to meet you. I'd go for one of  
the scones. They just came out of  
the oven a few minutes ago.

ANDY

All right then. A raspberry scone please.

CARLA

Good choice.

She pulls out a SCONE and slides it in a small bag.

ANDY

How much is it?

CARLA

Free.

ANDY

Really?

CARLA

Yep. But you need to cheer up. The sun is rising, the weather is wonderful and the light is perfect. It's called the golden hour for a reason you know.

Serendipity--the sun climbs just high enough to shine through the bakery windows, washing them in a warm light.

CARLA (CONT'D)

It's the best part of the day. Our reward for long hours.

ANDY

I've been waking up this early for weeks. You know, I think that's the first time I've actually seen the sun rise like that.

CARLA

Well, pick your head up and look about. You can't afford to miss the good stuff.

INT. BROOKLYN APT. -- EVENING

ANDY comes home, stressed out and exhausted. She takes off her COAT and walks into her living room, only to find a strange man, covered in a glistening, dark red substance. This is TRIPP (30's), and he sports messy hair, piercings, and a bit of ink peeking out from under his shirt.

Andy YELLS in surprise, causing Tripp to JUMP and spin around. For the first time, Andy see his left arm--or rather his LACK OF A LEFT ARM--and she screams again.

TRIPP

Woah woah woah! It's all right! I'm armless!

Andy tries to process the bizarre scene, puns and all.

ANDY

What?

TRIPP

I'm armless...it sounds like "I'm harmless," only it's funny because...I...only...have...yeah...

ANDY

I'm sorry. Who are you?

TRIPP

Tripp. Tripp Colby. I'm your new roommate.

ANDY

You're covered in blood.

TRIPP

Blood?

ANDY

(gesturing to her face)  
All over here.

Tripp reaches up and touches the red stuff on his head. He collects a sample on two fingers and holds it out.

TRIPP

It's just paint. I was trying out the lighting in here, just seeing if this might be a reasonable place to work.

He gestures to an EASEL, which holds a canvas with the beginnings of what looks like a sunset.

ANDY

Right. Sorry. It's been a long day.

TRIPP

No problem. I take it you're Andy?

ANDY

Yeah. Excuse me for a sec.

Andy walks over to SKYE'S BEDROOM. She KNOCKS TWICE, then enters without waiting for a response. SKYE is sitting on her bed, wearing BIG HEADPHONES and PAINTING HER TOENAILS. HUMMING to her music, she looks up when Andy enters.

SKYE

(yelling)

Darling!

ANDY

Headphones!

SKYE

Ooh yeah.

She pulls the headset off.

SKYE (CONT'D)

Want a pedi? One of the guys I work with loaned me this sweet book of designs based on traditional Balinese artwork.

ANDY

What? No, I--

SKYE

I know what you're thinking. Why does a guy have a book on painting nails? Well, it turns out that he's actually friends with Made--small world, isn't it--who, as you know, is from Bali, and like a Balinese person, not just descended from an Indian family or whatever. Anyway--

ANDY

You chose a new roommate?

SKYE

Who, Tripp? Isn't he great?

ANDY

I thought you were just doing interviews.

SKYE

I did. I interviewed Tripp, and he was great, so I put him on the lease.

ANDY  
You're fucking with me.

SKYE  
No. I might try to do that with  
Tripp, but--

ANDY  
Skye!

SKYE  
I'm just kidding. No sex with  
roommates. Sex bad. Even if he is a  
studly piece of creative genius.  
Ooh! You should get him to show you  
his work! It's really incredible.  
He has this eye for color--

ANDY  
Skye!

SKYE  
What?

Andy looks as though she's about to explode. She tries to  
formulate the words, but they are slow coming.

ANDY  
(finally)  
An artist? Really?

SKYE  
He was in the Marines, okay? He has  
a real job.

ANDY  
Doing what?

Tripp WALKS IN behind Andy.

TRIPP  
I do addiction counseling.

SKYE  
That's so cool.

TRIPP  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
I was just going to ask if I could  
paint in the living room.

ANDY  
I don't know...

TRIPP

If it would make you uncomfortable,  
I can paint in my room, or go into  
the city to my friend's studio.

SKYE

No, you can totally paint here.  
Andy, our living room is huge, and  
you're never here anyway.

TRIPP

I'm not trying to cause any  
friction. It's really not a problem  
for me to paint elsewhere.

SKYE

You're not causing friction. Andy's  
just having a tough time at work.

TRIPP

Sorry to hear it.

ANDY

(glaring at Skye)  
It's fine.

TRIPP

It's not really my area of  
expertise, but I'm happy to talk  
with you about it. I've been told  
I'm a good listener.

SKYE

Andy, you totally should!  
(to Tripp)  
She's under a lot of stress at  
work.

ANDY

I am not--

SKYE

Plus, she isn't getting any sleep.  
The poor girl is running on coffee  
and anxiety, and she has been since  
June.

TRIPP

That sounds rough. Getting your  
eight hours goes a long way towards  
a healthy lifestyle, you know.

SKYE

That's what I've been saying! Andy,  
you should take him up on it.

ANDY

Tripp.

TRIPP

Yep?

ANDY

Does counseling pay?

TRIPP

Yep.

ANDY

Are you a neat person?

TRIPP

Not especially, but my messes won't  
leave my room. I'll make sure to  
keep the living room and kitchen  
clean.

ANDY

And you've already signed the  
lease?

TRIPP

Yep.

ANDY

Fine. Nice to meet you. Welcome to  
the apartment.

INT. MIDTOWN BAKERY -- MIDDAY

ANDY and SKYE are standing in line in the bakery, waiting  
their turn to be served. It's BUSY, thanks to the lunch rush,  
and CARLA is working the counter.

SKYE

...I know, I know. I shouldn't have  
just let Tripp move in without  
talking to you first. I just didn't  
think you would mind.

ANDY

Didn't it occur to you that I'm  
part of the apartment too?

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I don't think it's unreasonable that I should get a say in stuff relating to our home.

SKYE

I don't either. I'm sorry. Really, I am.

(beat)

What do you think of him?

ANDY

He's a little old, don't you think?

SKYE

So what? He's super chill, and friendly, and he's pretty funny too.

ANDY

I guess.

SKYE

Also, he's got that whole wounded warrior thing going on. Sometimes I see him and I just want to wrap him up and snuggle him until--

ANDY

Until his arm grows back?

Andy's comment derails Skye, who looks at her friend with a pained expression. Andy laughs at her success.

SKYE

I hate you.

ANDY

Please.

SKYE

How's work?

ANDY

Hectic. Lewis keeps piling on the work. I'm in charge of the investor's meeting, as well as all my normal crap.

SKYE

That's brutal. Why do you keep putting up with him?



ANDY

It's the plan. I just have to make it through the week. There's a seat open on one of the trading desks. Once I get promoted, things should get better.

SKYE

What if you don't get it?

Andy doesn't say anything.

SKYE (CONT'D)

You do realize that could happen right? If you don't get it, are you just going to keep doing this?

ANDY

I'll get the job.

SKYE

You don't sound very convinced.

It is their turn to be served, and Carla interrupts them.

CARLA

Well, look who it is!

ANDY

I couldn't stay away.

CARLA

I'm pleased to hear it. What'll you have?

ANDY

I'll have the turkey club please.

CARLA

Sure thing.

Carla starts putting together Andy's sandwich.

SKYE

It's chaos in here.

CARLA

It's the lunch rush. Or, it looks like you're the tail end of it.

SKYE

You should hire some more staff.

CARLA  
If I had a free moment, I would.

SKYE  
You should hire Andy!

ANDY  
Skye--

CARLA  
That's all right. I wouldn't want to pull you away from your important work just to work in a bakery. Not when you clearly love what you do.

SKYE  
She doesn't love it. She hates it.

CARLA  
I don't think so. It takes a special kind of dedication to get up as early as she does.

Carla hands Andy her SANDWICH, wrapped in butcher's paper.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Don't you think so?

INT. BROOKLYN APT. -- EVENING

ANDY comes home, exhausted from a long day in the office. She drops her bag against the wall, followed by her coat and her keys. She walks into the dark living room and flicks on the light, then freezes at the sight of TRIPP making some strange herbal concoction on the coffee table.

ANDY  
What are you doing?

TRIPP  
I'm making some tea.

ANDY  
In the living room?

TRIPP  
It has a nice ambiance in here, don't you think?

ANDY  
Are you burning incense?

TRIPP  
Is that all right?

ANDY  
...yes, it's fine.

She plops down on the couch, puts her feet up, and sighs.

TRIPP  
Long day?

ANDY  
I've had longer.

TRIPP  
You seem to work very hard.

ANDY  
Yeah.

Tripp gives her a thoughtful look. The ELECTRIC KETTLE CLICKS, and he pours the boiling water into a TEAPOT.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(sitting up)  
What?

TRIPP  
I had a lot of those days in the army you know. After a point, if they aren't getting better you really have to stop and figure out why.

ANDY  
Skye said you were in the Marines.

TRIPP  
Nope. Four years at West Point, five years doing logistics.

ANDY  
Is that how you...you know...?

She gestures to his missing arm.

TRIPP  
(laughing)  
I was stationed in Okinawa. Not a lot of firefights there.

ANDY  
Oh.

TRIPP  
I crashed my motorcycle.

ANDY  
I'm sorry to hear it.

TRIPP  
I was too. Not many '67 Triumphs  
still around.

ANDY  
No, I meant about--

TRIPP  
I know what you meant.

He pours the tea into a SMALL CLAY CUP.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
Would you like some?

ANDY  
Sure.

TRIPP  
(pouring another cup)  
It's a special meditative blend. I  
came up with it myself. Helps to  
focus your mind and give you a  
sense of clarity. Be careful. It's  
hot.

ANDY  
Smells...different. What's in here?

TRIPP  
Jasmine, lotus, a few herbs, dog  
hair--

ANDY  
What?

TRIPP  
Kidding, kidding. It's more or less  
just white tea.

Andy takes the smallest of sips, while Tripp is a bit more  
confident.

ANDY  
Wow.

TRIPP  
It's good, isn't it?

ANDY  
It's...complicated.

TRIPP  
That's what I mean. Try seeing if you can feel where it hits your tongue, and where the different tastes are.

Andy takes another sip.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
In Japan, they have whole ceremonies devoted to tea. Some of them go on for hours.

ANDY  
Have you been to one?

TRIPP  
I watched one. It's not really about the tea of course. It's about etiquette, and intentionality, and being in the moment.

ANDY  
How very Zen.

TRIPP  
Maybe. But it's important to examine why we do the things we do. You can't fix something you don't know is broken.

ANDY  
And the tea helps with that?

TRIPP  
No. The tea is just tea.

Tripp gets up off the floor and walks over to the SPEAKERS in the corner. He turns them on, and selects a song. A MEDITATIVE TUNE comes on, and fills the living room.

ANDY  
Did they play this at the ceremony?

TRIPP  
There wasn't any music. I just like this piece.

ANDY  
(yawning)  
It's certainly very relaxing.

She drains her tea and places the cup back on the little tray.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
It's a good thing tea has caffeine.

TRIPP  
Why?

ANDY  
Because if it didn't, I'd fall asleep right...here...

TRIPP  
It's white tea. It has like no caffeine.

Tripp finishes his cup.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
I've actually--

A LOUD SNORE emerges from the couch. Andy is sound asleep, mouth hanging open, arm hanging off the side.

TRIPP (CONT'D)  
...fallen asleep while drinking it.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT -- MORNING

The night has come and gone, and ANDY is still lying on the couch, though her pose has shifted a bit. SKYE comes into the living room in her pajamas, a worried expression on her face.

SKYE  
Andy?

No response. Skye walks over and POKES her friend.

SKYE (CONT'D)  
Andy?

Nothing.

SKYE (CONT'D)  
Andy!

Andy is out cold. The shouting attracts TRIPP, who puts his finger over his mouth

TRIPP  
You'll wake her.

SKYE

That's the idea. She has work.

TRIPP

Let her sleep. I'm sure there's nothing in the city that would fall apart if she spent the day recuperating.

SKYE

I guess...Lord knows she could use a personal day.

INT. BROOKLYN APT. -- EARLY MORNING

When ANDY finally wakes, it is nearly four AM on Friday morning. The apartment is dark, and empty.

ANDY

Hello? Skye? Tripp?

There's nothing. Then Andy leaps to her feet.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(running for the bathroom)

Shit I've gotta pee!

A moment later, we see a HAND FLUSH the toilet. Next, the same hand turns on the SHOWER. The water comes on, and Andy is standing in the streams. Unlike last time, she is wide awake, and HUMMING to herself as she SCRUBS her hair, a cheerful look on her face.

In the KITCHEN, Andy makes a POT OF COFFEE and starts making an OMELETTE. Her damp hair is still tied up in a towel, and she is in her robe, chopping vegetables and breaking eggs.

The SOUND OF LAUGHTER can be heard in the hallway, followed by the sound of a KEY IN THE LOCK. The door swings open to admit SKYE. She is wearing a black shirt and talking on her phone.

SKYE

...no baby, I totally agree. He's no good for her. But if you tell her that, she'll just get all pissy and hate you.

She waves at Andy with her free hand and goes into her bedroom. Andy waves back, and pours herself a cup of coffee.

SKYE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay baby. Get some sleep. I'll see  
 you in the morning. Bye.

Skye returns to the kitchen.

SKYE (CONT'D)  
 You're alive! How do you feel?

ANDY  
 I actually feel really good. Loose,  
 you know. I haven't slept that well  
 in ages.

SKYE  
 You needed it. How badly did you  
 have to pee when you woke up?

ANDY  
 ...like a racehorse?

SKYE  
 You must be starving too, seeing  
 how long you were out.

ANDY  
 What are you talking about?

SKYE  
 Boo, you slept for like a day.  
 Thursday? Gone. Just like that.

ANDY  
 Wait. So today is Friday?

SKYE  
 Uh...yeah. Right, it's Friday. I  
 always forget that it's the next  
 day when I get home from work.

ANDY  
 Shit!

She runs out, collecting her things for work. Skye walks over  
 to the stove and scoops out the omelette into a tortilla.  
 Just in time--Andy bursts back in, and snatches her mug and  
 the proffered food before racing out of the apartment.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 Breakfast burrito? Nice.

SKYE  
 (calling after her)  
 Do great today!



INT. INVESTMENT OFFICE -- MORNING

The office is hectic, preparing for the meeting. ANDY is standing in the conference room, scribbling on a PAD. The room is empty, but clearly ready for a presentation. As she works, LEWIS enters, a TRADER (20's) in tow.

LEWIS

You picked a hell of a day to be sick.

ANDY

Yeah, sorry about that.

LEWIS

We had to redo half the reports yesterday. It was an all-hands-on-deck situation, and you were nowhere to be found.

ANDY

I'm here now.

LEWIS

And you can deal with the new data?

ANDY

Already done.

LEWIS

Great.

(turning to the trader)

This is Andy. She's sort of the glue around here. Andy, this is Kyle. He's the new junior trader we just hired.

The trader holds up his hand in greeting. Andy him over, then turns back to her boss.

ANDY

You filled the position?

LEWIS

I did. I know you wanted it, but you're completely invaluable where you are.

An expression of realization crosses over Andy's face, and she looks up at her boss, her mind made up.

ANDY

Do you like tea, Mr. Lewis?

LEWIS

What?

ANDY

I had tea the other night. Jasmine, lotus, dog hair.

LEWIS

Dog hair?

ANDY

I got a good night's sleep, and I woke up with a whole new perspective. Did you know I'm here at five in the morning, every morning?

LEWIS

I didn't, but that's commendable.

ANDY

Isn't it? I'm here at five in the morning every day, working my ass off to make you look good. Why? Because it was the plan. I work hard, I keep my head down, and then in a few years I have no debt and plenty of freedom. I work harder and longer than anyone here, and no one cares. If Mr. Brewster really knew what was going on down here, you'd be gone so fast Guinness would have a new land-speed record. Well guess what? I'm sick of being the glue, and I'm sick of the plan. I'm sick of doing your job and the job of six other people, just so we can move a few numbers from column A to column B. I'll keep waking up at four, or even three in the morning, but I'm done with slaving away just for the future. I'm going to enjoy now. For your sake, I hope you're not as bad at your job as we both know you are, because guess what? I quit.

She stalks past the stupefied Lewis and the uncomfortable trader, pausing at the door to get one last shot off.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't bother calling security. I'll see myself out.

INT. MIDTOWN BAKERY -- AFTERNOON

The lunch rush has come and gone, and CARLA is KNEADING a LUMP OF DOUGH at the far end of the counter. The CHIME on the door RINGS, but she is engrossed in her work and doesn't look up right away. When she does, she sees ANDY, carrying the stuff from her desk in a WHITE OFFICE BOX.

CARLA  
What's with the box?

ANDY  
I quit my job today.

CARLA  
Really?

ANDY  
Yep.

CARLA  
...congratulations?

ANDY  
Thanks.

CARLA  
So what are you gonna do now?

ANDY  
I'm not sure. What are you doing?

CARLA  
Making muffins. Have you ever made muffins?

ANDY  
No. Would you teach me?

CARLA  
I'd love to.

Andy puts her box on one of the tables and comes around the counter, ROLLING UP HER SLEEVES as she does. They laugh and joke, enjoying the moment and each other's company

FADE OUT.