

FADE IN:

INT. BEST WRITER IN THE WORLD'S OFFICE — NIGHT

The office is small, barely illuminated by a lone office lamp on a teak desk and faint light spilling from a computer screen.

The Best Writer in the World, let's call her "MAX," (shut up, it's my script page, I can do that) slams away at the computer keyboard, angular face faintly illuminated by the computer screen's dull glow.

A cell phone buried under papers on the desk rings. She ignores it, typing typing —

The damn cell phone keeps ringing —

She snatches it up, snaps —

MAX

What? I'm on deadline here!

She must like whoever is on the other end, she smiles. Still —

MAX

I said deadline!

She slams the phone down and keeps typing.

MAX

Damn insanely handsome charismatic boyfriends.

INT. MIHCB'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

The bedroom's big, boxy, masculine, like of course it would be. The only light comes from a cell phone's screen illuminating MAX'S INSANELY HANDSOME CHARISMATIC BOYFRIEND'S face glaring at the phone screen. We'll call him MIHCB.

MIHCB

(growling)

That woman needs to adjust her work ethic.