

Int. Office

DAPHNE sits at her desk, taking a moment.

JESS

Hi!

JESS runs in spritely.

Moment interrupted.

DAPHNE

Hi.

JESS

I didn't realize you were gonna be so early--

DAPHNE

--Yeah I was at that morning dance thing. Did you get my text about the juice?

JESS

Yeah. Yeah yeah yeah yeah I responded 'yes' see there's the green and then the beet-

DAPHNE

Oh right. Right. Right. Right. Sorry. Yeah. It's just. I'm in a weird head space.

JESS

It was weird? It was no good?

DAPHNE

No, you know what, it was fine. It was just, um... It just wasn't for me. There was a lot of touching and hugging and body glitter. Just, too early in the morning, but I'm over thirty, do what do I know?

JESS

Yeah it's weird I can't do anything in the morning. I can't even--I can't even read book . Like anything, anything-

DAPHNE

--I'm sorry to cut you off, Jess. I just--I was hoping for a moment of quiet.

JESS

Oh yeah. Totally. Sorry.

JESS scurries off to her desk. She settles in.

DAPHNE's phone rings. She looks down. Dad. Ignored.

Silence.

JESS looks over and leans forward eagerly.

JESS (CONT'D)

(smiling but mumbling)

It's my birthday--

DAPHNE

--Where are we on the settee?

JESS

...What's a settee?

DAPHNE

It's the, uh, couch thing I asked you to order.

JESS

Oh okay I yeah I will, uh, I will I will find that--

DAPHNE

--I'll send you the link again.

JESS

oh, Okay, yeah

DAPHNE

Happy birthday.

JESS

ok thank you.

End