

**INT. TECH COMPANY BREAKROOM - DAY**

ABBY (30s) makes coffee at the counter. She sees BRITT (30s) enter and her face lights up.

ABBY  
(blurting)  
I just bought a house!

BRITT  
Wow! Abby! That's... that's incredible!  
Congratulations! Is it... like, a  
totally done deal? All the papers signed  
and everything?

ABBY  
Totally done! We closed this morning!  
But forget the boring stuff, Britt, you  
HAVE to hear about the kitchen. It has  
this giant marble island and one of  
those fancy pot-filler faucets over the  
stove. I'm going to host so many dinner  
parties! You're never going to want to  
leave.

Britt forces a tight, brittle smile. It doesn't come close to reaching her eyes, which are wide with a sort of contained panic. She opens her mouth to speak, but just a small, choked sound comes out.

Just then, her PHONE BUZZES loudly on the counter.

She flinches, then snatches it up with a speed that is almost frantic, a wave of genuine relief washing over her face.

BRITT  
(feigning importance)  
Oh! Shoot, I- I have to take this. It's  
from corporate. I'll... I'll catch up  
with you later, okay? We'll celebrate  
properly! I'm so, so happy for you.

Without waiting for a reply, Britt turns and practically flees the breakroom, clutching her phone like a lifeline.

Abby's enthusiastic smile falters as she watches Brit flee. Her brow furrows for just a second in mild confusion.

Before she can fully process the strange behavior, she dismisses it with a small, quick shrug, her happy thoughts taking over again. She turns back to her coffee, a dreamy,

self-satisfied smile returning to her face as she pictures  
herself hosting a party in her new kitchen. 2.