

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGELA (30's) lies across two Ikea chaise lounges pushed together to form a couch island of sorts.

She wears a tank top and somewhat foxy under-bottoms. Sunlight pours on her from the open blinds.

She's face down and passed out. A dozen empty beer cans litter the room. Some on a shelf. Some on a desk.

The TV is on. The screen shows a paused image from the movie "Love Actually."

An alarm BLARES incessantly. She stays completely still.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Angela's bare feet shuffle into the bathroom. They stop in the doorway. The sink is a complete mess.

A box of hair dye sits on the floor. A pair of dye stained gloves rests on the very, very stained sink.

She steps in front of the mirror. Her hair is jet black. Dye runs in an even stain along her hairline.

She's more than a little surprised. Clearly it was a decision made mostly by the empty beer cans.

BLOOP. BLOOP. Texts pour in on her phone in the next room. She lifts the toilet seat.

A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING sits at the bottom of the bowl.

INT. ART GALLERY - FRONT DESK - DAY

SUPER: TWELVE NOON

Angela sits behind a desk in an all white room. Wrapped paintings rest against the bare walls.

She looks through a glass wall into an office. REGGIE (20's) a soft looking guy, stares at his feet.

DURGA (40's) an Indian Man on the small side, reams him out from behind his desk. He messes around on his laptop too.

BLOOP. Angela gets a text. She BURSTS OUT LAUGHING when she reads it. Her fingers move to respond.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: ONE THIRTY P.M

Reggie paces and wipes tears from his eyes. It's super dramatic. Angela sits on a ledge smoking a cigarette.

REGGIE

I'm doing my best here. What do they want, my blood?

Angela ignores him and stares at a firehouse across the street. The FIREMAN test out a chainsaw.

It's insanely loud.

ANGELA

You think they ever fight any actual fires? I bet not.

She holds up her phone and takes a video. BLOOP. Sent. She holds up her cigarette to take a drag.

Her hand shakes something awful.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: TWO FORTY FIVE P.M

Angela sits behind the desk. Reggie unwraps a painting. The paper gets stuck. He tears at it in a rage.

DAMAN (late 30's) a pudgy Indian Man - and clearly Durga's brother - pokes his head out of the office.

DAMAN

Reggie, how are we doing with the pebbles for the opening tonight?

Reggie drops the painting abruptly.

REGGIE

I'm doing this right now.

DAMAN

Angie will do that. You deal with the pebbles. Like I asked you to yesterday.

He pops back into the office. Reggie pulls at his hair. BLOOP. Angela checks her phone.

She catches a quick image of herself in the reflection on the screen. SWIPE. She activates the front camera.

Her eyes are bloodshot. Her mascara balls up in the corner of her eyes. Her skin is puffy.

She looks down at her enormous bag. Her eyes close. A DEEP BREATH escapes her mouth.

She slips a SOBRIETY TOKEN out of her pocket and squeezes the living hell out of it. It's a two year token.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: THREE FIFTEEN P.M

Angela, Reggie, Durga, Daman, and EDWARD (30) a skinny brit with a refined look, sit around a table in a plain room.

Durga's mid sentence. Everyone else is utterly zoned out.

DURGA

- but I think if we might have a civil discourse that's the only way to do it.

DAMAN

I'm. I'm sorry.

DURGA

- or we can have a Donald Trump discourse. Take your pick.

DAMAN

No, I'm sorry.

Angela props her phone discreetly on the desk. She presses record. Eddie looks at his laptop with a dazed expression.

DURGA

So forty percent quota is set. More or less. Whatever. Thirty eight, thirty nine, thirty five. I'm not trying to undermine any of that. Please understand right now our problem is not excess demand on shows. It's excess supply.

Reggie scoots his chair back. It SCRAPES loudly. Daman holds his hand up for Durga to stop talking.

DAMAN

One moment, please. Reggie, did you manage to sort out the pebble situation yet?

Reggie throws his hands in the air.

REGGIE

No. I'm in here now.

Durga leans forward and says something to Daman in irritated Hindi. Daman retorts in sarcastic Hindi.

A Hindi fight starts. When Durga gets to his feet Angela and Eddie pack up their things and slip out.

Reggie sits there with a befuddled look on his face.

INT. ART GALLERY - HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie and Angela leave the Hindi fight behind them.

ANGELA

Maniac lunatics.

Eddie gives her the once over. She's haggard.

EDDIE

You OK? You look kind of tired.

ANGELA

Meh.

He looks at her hand. No ring.

EDDIE

How's everything with Thom? I only ask because you're not wearing your engagement ring.

She stops and holds up her hand.

ANGELA

I'm getting it resized.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: FOUR TWENTY TWO P.M

Angela holds a huge painting to the wall. Reggie tries his best to guide it to a nail on the wall. It keeps slipping.

Durga pokes his head out of the office.

DURGA
(Stern)
Angie. A word.

Angela staggers a little under the weight of the painting.

INT. ART GALLERY - OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: FOUR THIRTY ONE P.M

Angela faces Durga across the desk.

DURGA
You were very late again today. We've
talked about this. Many times.

She mouths "many times" as he says it. He doesn't notice.

DURGA
And I don't want to be indiscreet but
that odor is back. The odor you swore
would never be a problem again.

ANGELA
It's not alcohol. I dyed my hair last
night. That's all.

He looks at her. It's the first he's noticed her hair.

DURGA
Oh. You did dye your hair. I see.

INT. ART GALLERY - FRONT DESK - DAY

SUPER: FIVE FIFTY THREE P.M

Angela sits behind the desk. She jitters with nervous
energy. She's a wreck.

She chews on her cuticles until they bleed. Daman steps out
of the office.

DAMAN
Where is Reggie?

ANGELA
Pebbles.

He approaches the desk.

DAMAN
Did Durga talk to you about being
late and smelling like alcohol?

ANGELA
It's hair dye.

She points to her head.

DAMAN
You were still late. I'm trying to
help you. I won't be able to do that
anymore if you keep coming in late.
Don't be a loser. The world doesn't
need more losers. Do you understand?

ANGELA
Yeah, I get it.

DAMAN
I need you to tell me you understand.
Out loud. I need to hear it.

He stares at her. She stares at different parts of his face.
His cracked lips. His eye gunk. His yellow tooth.

She digs her nails into her palms.

ANGELA
OK. I understand.

He taps the desk with his fist and disappears down the hall.
The door opens. Reggie bangs his way inside.

A huge BAG OF PEBBLES is balanced on his shoulder. He trips
forward when the door hits him from behind.

The bag of pebbles crashes to the ground. The pebbles
SCATTER LOUDLY over the entire floor.

He looks at Angela, at a complete loss.

ANGELA
Nope.

INT. ART GALLERY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: SIX TWELVE P.M

Angela balances an over sized travel cup from a fitness
studio on the sink. She plops her bag next to it.

She roots through a mass of tampons, scarves, books, phone chargers, tic-tacs. Her eyes land on her sobriety token.

She tosses it in the toilet without a thought. Under a copy of an ANTHONY BURGESS NOVEL she finds 2 mini bottles of gin.

She unscrews the lid of the cup. It's 3/4's full of orange juice. She pours in the gin and screws on the lid.

SLURP. Her lips pull a healthy sip out of the cup. She looks at her token in the toilet. She flushes.

INT. ART GALLERY - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO SEVENTEEN A.M

Angela stumbles to an alarm panel on the wall. BEEP BEEP BOOP. She disables the alarm.

JOHN TRAIN (40) a pretty average guy with an unkempt beard and an ungroomed look about him, moves behind the desk.

JOHN TRAIN

Why don't we hang out in here all the time? S'fucking civilized.

Angela trips a little. She straightens out and points herself at the office.

ANGELA

I said I was gonna do it so I'm gonna do it. I have to do it.

She moves forward.

INT. ART GALLERY - OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO TWENTY THREE A.M

Angela squats behind Durga's desk. A slow TINKLE of pee sounds. She sings an IRISH DITTY with a huge smile.

VVVVTTT. A security camera in the corner changes position. The red light BLINKS rhythmically.

Angela looks up at it. The smile leaves her face.

CUT TO BLACK: