

INT. AN APARTMENT- EARLY AFTERNOON

In the financial district of Manhattan, New York, a twenty-something woman, KENNA, lays asleep on the couch, a book resting on the floor inches from her fingertips. She's dressed in an over-sized shirt and pajama pants, her hair sticking out in odd angles. There's a cramped feeling to the space with the cheap overhead light, piles of clothes pushed around, and furniture blocking out any sunlight from the window. The muffled sound of sirens filters in.

There is the sound of jingling of keys and the door opens. A woman, ALLISON, walks in, dressed professionally with a black bag. Entering the main space, she looks around in mild disgust, looks towards the sleeping woman, and sighs in disappointment. She drops her bag without particular care, it landing with a clank on the floor. Allison moves toward the kitchen. Kenna, startled by the noise, jolts awake.

KENNA

(slowly sitting up) Oh hey, you're home. How was work? Crunch any numbers? Dissolve any trusts? Buy any.. bonds?

ALLISON

It was fine. You know. The same. Hey by any chance do you get around to cleaning out the fridge?

Allison takes down a glass from the cabinets.

KENNA

Oh shit I'm sorry I forgot. I'll do that right away.

Allison nods silently, opens the fridge and grimaces at its haphazard contents. She takes out a small bottle of sparkling water from the fridge door and takes a long sip.

ALLISON

How was... (gesturing) here?

KENNA

Good. Good. I was doing some research-

Kenna picks the book from off the floor and waves it around.

KENNA (cont'd)

I guess I should have sat at my desk as I did. The couch is just too comfy, you know?

Kenna laughs a bit at her own remark. Allison doesn't respond. There's a long pause.

KENNA (cont'd)
Today I found another publisher that I think I'll apply to.

ALLISON
Oh really? Which one is that?

KENNA
Houser and Worth? There actually only like a few blocks from here. I could probably wa-

ALLISON
Hey did you ever apply to that other one? Kensing's?

KENNA
(a bit annoyed) Oh them? Um no, their hiring rate turned out be so small that I figured it wasn't going to be worth my time to apply. I could just use that time to check out other places.

Allison moves around as Kenna talks, picking up her bag and going towards a doorway with a chipping metal wreath on it. Opening the door, she places the bag down, this time more carefully. She begins taking out folders and laying them neatly on the edge of a clean desk.

ALLISON
Um, didn't you say that about the company right before them though?

Kenna's expression sours. She stands up from the couch and goes to lean against the tiny kitchen counter, next to a childish handmade vase with some half-dead flowers.

KENNA
I don't know, maybe. So?

ALLISON
I'm just saying that only works if you use that time to actually apply to other places.

KENNA
(upset) Wow, alright. So you're the editor expert now, huh?

Kenna starts to absentmindedly pull of some of the petals on the flowers.

ALLISON

No, it's just kind of a simple fact that you can't get hired until you apply.

KENNA

(sarcastic) Thanks for that brilliant professional advice. I never would have guessed! I really needed a *junior* accountant to share with me that stellar inside info.

ALLISON

A junior accountant is still a huge leap from unemployed.

KENNA

(scoffs) Are you sure?

ALLISON

(rounding on Kenna) Actually, yes. Quite sure. Because I'd rather be a junior accountant working for my living than be sitting on some couch all day doing God knows what while I make my home a living trash pile.

Allison gestures wildly about the messy space.

KENNA

Working for a living? Are you kidding? Your parents pay your rent, same as mine.

ALLISON

Yeah because I'm just starting and New York is expensive. Soon enough though, they won't have to. Can you say the same?

KENNA

(sarcastic) Oh congratulations. You "eventually" will not have to rely on your parents because you are off to the big leagues of small business accounting. What an astoundingly difficult thing to accomplish.

Kenna picks up her keys from the counter and look at them as she twirls the key-ring around her finger with a smirk. Allison takes a few heavy steps closer as she speaks.

ALLISON

(voice slowly raising in volume) Well considering finding a job, or even a goddamn *internship*, is too difficult for you-

KENNA

Yeah finding a job is difficult. Yes being a writing major doesn't help. But I knew that and went for it anyway. You're a coward who chose the easiest path you could!

ALLISON

"The easiest path I could?" It's easy because I'm fucking good at it! My god I think you're in denial. Didn't someone ever tell you to pick a profession in which you aren't complete shit?

The room freezes as Kenna's face shifts, her expression turning pained. Her gaze drops.

Allison's fierce expression softens to panic.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Kenna, I didn't- I-

KENNA

(still looking away) Some more brilliant professional advice.

She laughs once, bitterly, clutches her keys too tightly in her palm.

KENNA (cont'd)

I think I'm gonna go.

Kenna takes a few steps and slips on some casual shoes, her movements jittery.

ALLISON

Kenna, wait-

Allison reaches out a hand towards her, but with a jerking flinch away Kenna bumps into the vase, sending it sliding off the counter and crashing into pieces on the linoleum kitchen floor.

Without so much as a pause, Kenna skirts around Allison and quickly out the apartment, door slamming as she does.

Alone in the apartment, Alison stares at the shards.