

THOSE DOGGED DAYS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. EMMA'S DESK, OFFICE - DAY

EMMA, mouselike. Staring up at the crepe paper heart hanging from the ceiling.

This is one piece of cheese the mouse isn't interested in. She takes a deep breath, exhales.

A small heart shaped chocolate sits on her desk, wrapped in red foil.

She scoffs it, screwing the foil into a tight ball.

INT. MEETING ROOM, OFFICE - DAY

Emma sits with her BOSS and other grave faces. The low mumble of management speak fills the room.

Emma's eyes track the movement of colour outside the room. Red roses being delivered for one of the girls.

She sits, transfixed by the SCREECH of delight and fuss being made over the flowers.

BOSS

...deliver manager expectations.

(off Emma's vacant look)

Emma, what do you think?

All eyes on her.

EMMA

(hesitant)

Do you mind if I get some water?

She gets to her feet, stumbles over her chair.

INT. KITCHEN, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Emma shuffles to the kitchen, mug in hand.

A man and woman make small talk over coffee. They exchange cards and a friendly peck on the cheek.

The mug slowly sinks to Emma's side. Her face follows.

INT. EMMA'S DESK, OFFICE - DAY

The office empties. Emma taps sluggishly at her keyboard.

A MALE CO-WORKER hovers by her desk.

MALE CO-WORKER
Doing anything tonight?

EMMA
It's not my kind of thing.

He smiles, a little rejected. Offers a half-hearted wave as he leaves.

She looks up, realizes what's afoot. Too late.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Emma waits for a train, checks her watch.

She looks down the platform. A man stands sheepishly, a giant red envelope tucked under his arm.

He glances at her. She looks away, stares at the tracks.

A train approaches. Emma steps towards the platform edge.

INT. FRONT DOOR, EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An ambulance silence WAILS loudly. Silence follows.

Keys fumble in the lock. Emma enters, shuts the door on the world behind her.

She leans against it, sighs heavily.

A dog pads lazily down the hallway. They look at each other. The dog cocks it's head to one side, expectant.

EMMA
Hey boy.

She stoops to greet him. The dog bounds up - tail wagging, tongue lapping at her face.

Emma laughs. She hugs him, kisses his head.

THE END.