

EXT. BUSINESS OFFICES- DAY

Megan steps off the bus and hustles towards one of the office buildings. She glances at her cell to check the time.

MEGAN

Damn it.

She walks through the office door and tries to inconspicuously move towards her office cubicle area.

As she passes by coworkers, she can feel all eyes on her. She keeps her head down, trying not to make eye contact.

The whispers swirl, but are indistinct.

She lets out a sigh as she enters her office area, but the relief is short lived.

Her eyes lift to meet her Boss sitting in her chair.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I can explain.

Her Boss has lost the any hint of empathy. His face is stern.

BOSS

Look, Megan, I know you've been trying. You've had several warnings about tardiness-

Megan opens her mouth to interrupt- but is distracted by a host of cockroaches scurrying across the wall directly behind her boss.

BOSS (CONT'D)

-But its more than that. You've been distant and the quality of work you're turning in-

He searches for the right word, sees she isn't even really listening.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Megan. I'm going to have to let you go. I'll wait while you gather your personal affects and I'll walk you out.

Megan stands frozen. Did she even hear him?

BOSS (CONT'D)

Megan?

Without a word, with her eyes glossed over and fixated on the wall, she moves towards her desk and begins gathering the photographs posted there.

Her face registers nothing, but the aggressive movement as she pulls down the pictures provides a look at her underlying anger.

INT. APARTMENT- EVENING

Megan shuffles into her apartment. Her arms carry a plastic milk crate of items from her desk and office, her purse and lunch box hang off her arms. She's weighted down with the physical items she carries.

She drops everything as soon as she clears the doorway but worry and anxiety still weigh down her frail frame.

She makes her way down the hall to her bedroom and to her closet. She begins ripping all of her business casual clothes off the hangers and throwing them at the walls and onto the floor in flurry of angst.

She grabs some sweats and makes her way to the bathroom.

Peering out from behind her bedroom door we see a white face, red lips, and a bright tuft of hair. BOGY!

Megan passes by without noticing, her mind is elsewhere.

Once inside the-

BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

She sets her cell on the sink and stops at the sight of the bathtub full of murky brown water.

MEGAN

Really!?

Megan grabs her cell.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hi. Yes. It's Megan Broma again in 227. Didn't anyone ever look into the plumbing problem?

Beat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well, the tub is backed up again.

Beat.