FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered desk sits crammed into a bedroom of chaos - faded post-its, lidless pens, coffee rings, dirty clothes and an oscillating FAN.

A PEN, a ratty Montblanc, rests beside a yellow legal NOTEPAD - scribbles, scratches, frayed edges.

PEN
Good job on that last draft.

The fan blows up the corner of the paper.

PEN
No, really. That was brilliance. Could you be any thinner?

NOTEPAD
Says the one who had flow issues.

The pen rolls in the breeze from the fan.

NOTEPAD
Again.

The pen rolls back.

PEN
I’m worth the hassle. He says so every time.

The paper settles after a breeze.

NOTEPAD
For such a literate, you seem to be completely daft to inflection.

The fan shudders across a sweep of the room.

PEN
You think that’s funny? How about I come over there and jam you?

The fan oscillates uninterrupted.

The pen and notepad sit in silence.
NOTEPAD
You’re a moron.

PEN
What’s your problem? You think you’re so superior, but you’re just not.

NOTEPAD
You just don’t get it.

PEN
Get what? The fact that without me, you’re nothing? Empty?

NOTEPAD
No, I mean the fact that we’re nothing without each other, and yet I’ll be around long after you’re gone.

The pen rolls in the breeze, back and forward.

PEN
He wouldn’t throw me away.

NOTEPAD
You’re leaking on me.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The fan turns in its rhythm. The dirty clothes flutter in the breeze. A new, shiny LAPTOP sits where the notepad and pen were before.

A dented, metal trashcan sits beside the desk. Inside are the notepad - pages ripped free - the pen, tissues with ink splotches and balled up yellow paper.

The fan shudders across a sweep.

PEN AND NOTEPAD
Shut up!

FADE OUT.