

MAYBE MONDAY

Written by

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INT. VENICE APT - DAY

The cell on the counter rings. Jules is pouring coffee from a French press into a mug. She lifts up the cell and sees a NYC area code. She pauses for a moment staring at the blinking number debating whether to answer.

JULES

Heyyyy.

Her agent Andrea is young professional, and talks with annunciating punctuation.

ANDREA (V.O.)

Where are you?

Jules pours soy milk into her coffee and stirs, taking a sip.

JULES

What do you mean, where am I. I'm in my apartment.

ANDREA (V.O.)

I don't know. You could be in Miami or somewhere. Anyway, I spoke to Sandra and she's worried about the manuscript.

Jules pauses then takes another big gulp. She opens the blinds to her patio and looks out.

ANDREA (V.O.)

She wants to hire a writer to put it more in book form. She knows you're not a writer, so it's okay. I told her between you and I we can handle it.

Jules bites her lip, then opens the fridge and pulls out a jar of almond butter.

JULES

And I would be paying for this.

ANDREA (V.O.)

Yeah...

JULES

I have no money left. That cost a lot. And it's my book. I'm not hiring a writer.

She grabs a banana, peels it halfway and dunks it in the almond butter, taking a giant bite.

ANDREA (V.O.)

You submitted a 500 page double spaced manuscript for a picture book. It had two intros on it. It's a mess. But we can handle it.

JULES

(with a mouthfull of food)

I had to do the corrections that I left out. My computer was nearly broken. I had to submit it before the deadline and do those edits before I left for Miami! I just had to get it in. And I wrote that I couldn't find the intro you did.

Jules goes to her computer and checks her email. A paper with a to-do list is next to it. She clicks her email and looks at the subject lines for event inquires, coupons ans spam.