

**INT. MARKETING OFFICE - DAY [STORY B]**

Typing away at her desk is IMANI - mid/late 20s. She looks up from her work and the face of the true professional melts to that of a lovestruck school girl.

The object of her adoration enters the office. GWEN - 30s, beautiful and stunningly confident. She walks in like something out of a dream. She turns watch her go, and finds CRAIG STANDING THERE.

CRAIG

You know what this Friday is, right?

Imani nearly jumps out of her chair.

IMANI

Jesus, Craig, what the hell?

CRAIG

Jumpy. You gotta relax.

IMANI

What do you what?

CRAIG

I said, do you know what Friday is?

IMANI

It's the last day for project evaluations. Trust me, I know.

CRAIG

Of course your mind would be stuck on project eval week.

IMANI

Craig, I've been here three years longer than you. I've--

Cutting her off again.

COLBY

That doesn't matter. You know I went golfing with Mister Hanniger last weekend. Three years? Come on. That's not the flex you think it is. Anyway, no, that's not what I meant. This Friday, for your information, is Valentine's Day.

IMANI

So?

CRAIG

So I'll give you one guess who I'm spending the holiday with.

He motions to Gwen across the room.

IMANI

That's a nice fantasy.

CRAIG

Fantasy, my ass.

IMANI

So you already asked her then?

CRAIG

Well, not yet, but I am.

IMANI

She's coming back over here, how about asking her right now?

Gwen walks to the the copier near them.

IMANI (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

CRAIG

Alright, alright, settle down.

He walks over to Gwen.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Hey, Gwen. Amazing work on the Webbers account. You are a killer. Listen, I'd love to talk more about it. Do you have any plans for, say, Friday evening?

Gwen blows him off entirely. Craig deflates and Imani can't help but enjoy the moment.