

CARMEN
(raising an eyebrow) He
reserves you a cookie?

MAYA
He reserves me two, actually. I've
been having a lot of late nights
lately.

CARMEN
(glancing at the clock,
then back at Maya.) I can
see that.

MAYA
Work. Late nights because of work.
Not anything else.

CARMEN
(smiling) I said nothing.

MAYA
(taking a bite of the
cookie, then holding it
up slightly) Okay. Well.
I'm going to go be normal
somewhere else.

(Maya turns back toward the elevator)

CARMEN
(not looking up from her
book, almost to herself)
Do you always talk to
yourself on the way down?

(Maya stops and turns back around)

MAYA
Excuse me?

CARMEN
In the elevator. I could hear you.

MAYA
You could hear me?

CARMEN
Sounds travels weird at night.
Building gets quiet. I wasn't
listening. It just, carried.

MAYA
(mortified, processing)
What did you...how much
did you hear?

CARMEN
(finally looking up) Just
that you were hoping
Stanley was working.
Which, fair.

MAYA
I didn't say it like that.

CARMEN
No, I think you said it exactly
like that.

MAYA
Shit, I think I'm going to need
that second cookie.

(Carmen laughs. A real one. Maya is caught completely off guard by it. Maya comes up to the desk and leans against the counter.)

CARMEN
So what is it that keeps you up at
2am talking to yourself?

MAYA
(taking a bite of the
second cookie) Work
mostly. I edit for a
literary magazine.
Deadlines don't really
respect business hours.

CARMEN
A literary magazine?

MAYA
Why do you say that like its
surprising.

CARMEN
(tilting her head
slightly) No, I think it
fits you actually.

MAYA
And what does that mean?

CARMEN
(shrugging) I mean, you
look like someone who
reads.

MAYA
Wow. That is probably the nicest
way anyone has ever called me
boring.

CARMEN