

Solitary Love
By
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARK, 20s, the sensible one, wheels CATHERINE, 20s, the not-so-sensible one, and her chair away from the dinner table. On it, a laptop computer has a game of solitaire.

MARK

Okay, that's enough.

CATHERINE

No no no! I've almost figured it out!

He gets between Catherine and the computer.

MARK

It's computer solitaire! There's nothing to figure out.

CATHERINE

(nearly manic with the need to win)

No, see, that's where you're wrong. There's a system. And I can find it, and then I can finally beat that fucking game.

(she tries to get past him; he blocks her)

It thinks it's sooo smart.

(beat)

I just need to play a few more times, and I'll crack it.

MARK

Again: it's computer solitaire. Even if there was a system -- which there isn't -- what would you do if you figured it out? Go on Oprah?

Catherine suddenly deflates. Realization dawns.

CATHERINE

Crap! Crap, you're right! God, how many hours have I wasted?

Mark softens. Steps forward to console her.

MARK

Okay. It's not that bad. If you--

Catherine darts around him, and snatches the laptop off the table.

CATHERINE

Ha! Sucker!

She darts to the opposite end of the table.

CATHERINE

Five minutes! That's all I need!

(beat)

Okay, I'm lying.

(beat)

Five hours. I'm sure I can crack
it in five hours.

(beat)

Maybe.

MARK

Catherine... No. This is just like
what happened with World of
Warcraft. Remember?

CATHERINE

(sighing)

Yeah. ...I miss my elf princess.

Mark starts to move to one side of the table.

Catherine counters him.

Stalemate.