

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

An open office is near deserted. A photocopier whirs in a corner.

GRACE sits at her empty office booth. She rifles through the back pages of a newspaper, tapping a pen on the desk.

DUNCAN's face appears over the top of the office booth wall, eyes fixed on Grace. She doesn't notice him.

Duncan clears his throat.

GRACE

Sh!

Duncan walks around to Grace's side. He is carrying a bunch of roses.

He thrusts them in front of Grace. She doesn't look up but continues to flick through the newspaper, rustling the pages a little more. Duncan grimaces.

Grace finally looks up but doesn't meet Duncan's eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Roses again?

She returns to the newspaper. Duncan inches the flowers behind his back.

DUNCAN

Well-

GRACE

Aha!

She circles a box in the newspaper and scribbles something next to it. She stands up.

DUNCAN

Pizza?

Grace shakes her head, picking up her handbag from under the desk.

GRACE

No I always find it arrives a bit stale.

Duncan watches as she leaves. Glancing down, he sees the newspaper left on her desk. Circled is an advert:

MAN, 30. Looking for a good time. No strings.