

I'M DATING AN AUTOMATED CALL CENTER
(By Chris Rogers)

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A WOMAN sits in a cubicle. With increasing frustration, she speaks into a PHONE pressed to her ear.

WOMAN

Main menu.

(beat)

MAIN--

(beat)

No.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

Two.

(sighs)

TWO!

(beat)

Don't you hear what I'm saying?

Menu! Item! Two!

(beat)

Don't put me on hold!

A CO-WORKER'S head pops up over the cubicle wall.

CO-WORKER

Bank or cable company?

WOMAN

Nah. I'm dating an automated call center and he just doesn't know how to listen.

CUT TO BLACK.