

ELSA

int. coffee shop - night

'Elsa' Co-Star

It's after hours. A warm glow in the windows. She just
coming up. Jens. Lisa, immersed in cyber-work, alone her
laptop shut, kicks back the chair, rising, frustrated and
running a hand through her wavy hair. TOOD is standing
in the doorway, observing.

TOOD

No one is pushing you... as hard as
you push yourself.

ELSA

I'm not... This is more than
work. You do this in my sleep.

TOOD

You are doing it in your sleep.
You haven't slept in days.

ELSA

Oh, how I wish it had never been
invented.

TOOD

Sleep?

ELSA

This. That. The computer. The
internet.

TOOD

It never existed.