

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A beaming OLIVIA stands near BRAD, who's slumped at the desk in his pajamas, eyes glued to his computer screen.

OLIVIA

This job's a literal *dream!* You should see some of the artists this gallery curates for - and...well, you've been talking about expanding to the West Coast anyway...

(beat)

Brad?

BRAD

(not looking up)

Oh - yeah babe, sounds like a cool little gig. You apply yet?

OLIVIA

...I got the job. It starts next month. In San Francisco.

(hesitantly)

I was asking if you'd consider...I mean, I could move alone, at first -

BRAD

The company, move to SF? *Absolutely* not, babe - BrobeMax just entered a massive synergistic merge!

OLIVIA

I just thought - since you do, like, ninety percent of your work from in here...in your pajamas...

BRAD

You know how important it is to have boots on the ground! Maybe the gallery can hook you up with some local volunteer work, or something.

Olivia stares at him, stunned.

OLIVIA

Or maybe I can just move out there without you.

(beat)

I can't believe you. Every step of building your company, I was there - I passed up art school so we could make rent, I did your assistant work - and now you can't even be *excited* for me?

BRAD

That's not the same thing at all -

OLIVIA

Why? Because my career isn't
"serious"? I'm done bending over
backwards for you. This my life too
- and if you're not even willing to
consider sacrificing something for
me, for once...

(beat)

I'm taking this job. Whether or not
you'll be there with me is on you,
Brad. Good luck "synergistically
merging" that concept.

Olivia storms out of the room, leaving Brad looking stunned.