

Brittany pops up from her cubicle clearing her throat.

BRITTANY
Excuse me -- Shay.

Michelle eyeballs Brittany.

Shayla rolls her eyes.

SHAYLA
Hey Brittany what's up?

Brittany, vindictive and passive aggressive, glares at Michelle. Not once taking her eyes off of her.

BRITTANY
Do you know where Blake is? I have a note for him.

Michelle's posture loosens as she inspects Brittany. Something's up with this woman, she can feel it.

Shayla looks over at a clock sitting on her desk.

Brittany rubs on the pendant of her necklace as she glares and smirks at Michelle. Michelle glances at the pendant, but can't tell what's inscribed on it.

SHAYLA
He may still be in the conference room. The execs had some big meeting today.

Michelle looks to Shayla.

MICHELLE
I didn't know about any exec meeting...

Shayla shrugs her shoulder as if confused and clueless.

BRITTANY
Ok -- thanks!

Brittany smirks -- walks away. As Michelle stares at Brittany, we FLASH FORWARD TO --

Michelle stares at herself within the mirror in the restroom. Her hair -- messy. She bleeds from her nose and her stomach where the scissors are still stuck in place. Michelle cringes at the touch of her wound. It hurts.