

INT. MAGGIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

MAGGIE OXLEY, a lithe beauty of sallow complexion who toes a fragile line between her bohemian soul and bipolar chemistry, opens the door on her protective older brother SIMON OXLEY. His sister's opposite in every way, Simon carries himself physically as he does emotionally: with a certain bearishness. He barges inside past Maggie before she can even greet him.

MAGGIE

Hi. Come in.

Simon spins around to confront her as Maggie closes the door.

SIMON

You've got to stop.

MAGGIE

Stop what?

SIMON

Don't play dumb, Maggie. Not when you're actually being dumb. (OFF HER LOOK) The online dating.

MAGGIE

How did you...? Oh, my god. Here we go again.

SIMON

Yeah, here we go. One of us has to look out for you.

MAGGIE

By hacking into my computer? What gives you the right to...?

SIMON

You know exactly what.

MAGGIE

So, my online activity is a problem, but your Big Brother bullshit isn't? I'm the one who should stop?

SIMON

Yes and yes.

MAGGIE

Fuck and off.

SIMON

Jesus, Maggie. These men are scum! And you have enough issues...

MAGGIE

"Issues?" The only difference between my "issues" and yours is that I had the guts to get mine diagnosed.

Maggie brushes past Simon to sit on the couch.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And Jeremy isn't scum.

Simon kicks off his shoes, follows Maggie to the couch.

SIMON
Jeremy? That his real name?

MAGGIE
Yes.

SIMON
Wanna put money on it?

MAGGIE
Right. You're the expert. A man too scared to fall in love, who wakes up and gets stoned to get through his shitty job?

Simon changes tack for a more earnest than angry approach.

SIMON
A job that shows me how fucked up the internet is.

MAGGIE
That's right, you're a real saviour.

SIMON
Mock me all you want. I happen to perform a pretty important service.

Maggie puts a hand on her brother's arm, equally earnest.

MAGGIE
I'm not mocking you, Simon. I'm just saying: I'm an adult. And I'm okay.

Beat. Maggie lets the silence put him at ease, rubs his back.

SIMON
Jeremy what?

MAGGIE
Jeremy, none of your business. Until I see fit to introduce you two. Deal?

Simon nods, defeated.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What sick fuck decided to call a content moderation company Sentient?

Simon chuckles in spite of himself.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Does it help remind the employees you're still human beings?

SIMON
That's debatable.

Daryl? MAGGIE

Daryl. SIMON

They share a laugh. Maggie pulls him in close, puts his head in her lap and starts to stroke his hair.

 MAGGIE
When's the last time you got a good
night's sleep?

 SIMON
Sleep when we're dead, right?

 MAGGIE
Let's not push your luck.

Simon shuts his eyes, lulled to sleep by the rhythmic strokes.