

*Title: The Choice*

**APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM – THURS NIGHT**

Jo (mid-30s, exhausted but hopeful) slumps onto the sofa. Her housemates, LUCY and STEVE, sit nearby. The TV is on, but they are occupied with their phones.

**JO**

“Final interview done! I’m really hoping they’ll offer me this job.”

**LUCY**

“That’s amazing! When will you hear back?”

**JO**

“A few days. There was one other candidate, but I’ve got good feelings about this one.”

**STEVE**

“Fingers crossed. You deserve this.”

Jo exhales, hopeful yet anxious.

**A breaking news alert flashes on the TV screen: Nationwide Internet Outage.**

**LUCY**

“Can you believe it?, the internet is down everywhere...”

**JO**

“Oh no, it had better be back up soon...”

**APARTMENT – KITCHEN – THE NEXT WEEK EVENING**

Jo and Lucy are making pasta for dinner. Lucy looks tired because she has had to go into the office the last few days rather than working from home. Jo is anxious because she has heard nothing from her prospective new employer.

**JO**

“Still no word about the job. I thought I’d have found out by now, but no internet means an email blackout I guess”

**LUCY**

“Poor you, must be quite stressful not hearing anything!  
We’re all back in the office but there’s nothing much to do with all our systems down.”

## **SUPERMARKET – DAY - A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER**

Jo absentmindedly browses the aisles. A familiar voice calls out.

**ZARA (OFF SCREEN)**

“Jo?”

Jo turns. ZARA (early 30s, confident and energetic) grins at her.

**ZARA**

“Wow! It’s been ages. How have you been?”

**JO**

“Not bad at all. Where have you been hiding?”

They hug.

**ZARA**

“Let’s grab a coffee and catch up? I’ve got a half hour to kill before my next client”

**JO**

“Yesssss”

## **COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Steam rises from their cups. Zara leans in excitedly.

**ZARA**

“I started my own personal training business. It’s booming. Too many clients, not enough trainers. Ever thought about switching careers?”

**JO**

“Me? A personal trainer?”

**ZARA**

“You loved the gym! And honestly, consulting made you miserable. I couldn’t think of a better personal trainer than you. Work the hours you like, be outdoors, and basically, you’re your own boss.”

Jo hesitates, but something sparks in her eyes.

**JO**

“Let me think it over”

**ZARA**

“I’ll need an answer in the next three days. I do have others lined up.”

Jo stirs her coffee, deep in thought.

## **APARTMENT – KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jo paces, debating with Lucy and Steve.

**LUCY**

“It’s a big change”

**STEVE**

“And you’ve been saying how stressed consulting made you.”

**JO**

“I did, didn’t I?”

She exhales, reaching a decision.

## **APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING**

Jo hesitates, but finally dials Zara.

**JO**

“I’m in.”

Zara cheers on the other end. Jo smiles, relief washing over her.

## **APARTMENT – THAT EVENING**

Jo enters, sorting through the mail. One envelope catches her eye—with the consulting firm’s logo.

She freezes, then rips it open.

### **INSERT: LETTER**

*Dear Ms. Reynolds, we are pleased to offer you the position...*

Jo exhales sharply. Hands trembling, she reads it again.

## **APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM - NIGHT – HALF HOUR LATER**

Lucy and Steve watch as Jo stares at the letter.

**STEVE**

“What are you going to do?”

Jo slowly folds the letter.

**JO**

“I’ve already decided”

She tosses the letter onto the coffee table and smiles.

**FADE TO BLACK.**