

MARGARET
(as she types)

Dear Mr. Pendergast...

As flattered as I may be by your attention... I simply will not allow myself to become the fodder for the water-cooler gossip society. I have worked too hard for too many years to be dismissed as somebody's chipper... promoted for the curve of her legs instead of the workings of her brain...

SHE LOOKS AT THE PAPER FOR A MOMENT. SHE PULLS BACK A CURL OF HAIR AND TAKES A DEEP BREATH. WHEN SHE BEGINS AGAIN, IT IS WITH A GENTLER TONE.

MARGARET
(as she types)

Dear Mr. Pendergast...

I understand that it has been difficult for you since losing your wife four years ago. Sarah was a very dear friend of mine and I still miss her to this day... All those times we shared together, the parties, the outings, and the quiet talks, made me feel as much like a part of your family as an employee with your company... However, as much as I respect you and your feelings, I still cannot...

SHE TAKES THIS ONE AND TEARS IT IN HALF DRAMATICALLY, BEFORE GRABBING ANOTHER SHEET.

MARGARET
(as she types)

Dear Mr. Pendergast...

Let's talk about respect here! I mean, what were you thinking, buddy?!

SHE LOOKS AT THE PAPER, AND AGAIN SHE SOFTENS. EVEN HER CRUMPLING SEEMS SLOW AND GENTLE. SHE SIGHS AND STARTS AGAIN.

MARGARET
(as she types)

Dear Mr. Pendergast...

I would not be telling the whole truth if I did not mention that over the past thirty-six years I have come to value our friendship as much... if not more than our business relationship... And though I have come to care for you in certain unexpected ways, I still cannot condone your actions and attitudes which have left me flustered like a young schoolgirl...

SHE LOOKS AT THE PAPER FOR A MOMENT, THEN CRUMPLES IT UP WITH DISGUST AND TOSSES IT OVER HER SHOULDER. SHE STARTS AGAIN.