

## "PORCELAIN FROGS" - Emma - F - 20s

### INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

*Emma approaches the clerk at the gift shop counter with a small statue of a porcelain frog.*

**Emma:** Hi. *(Pause.)* Just the frog, thanks.

Can't get enough of these guys, amirite? This one's got a little fishing pole. I was in here last week buying one, remember? He was eating a sandwich and his legs, they kinda hang off the edge of my mantelpiece at home like he's chilling by the pond...

Can I be honest with you? I saw you in here, once, when I came in to use the bathroom. This was, like, six weeks ago. And you seemed nice. You *seem* nice. You're always polite, you have a really soft voice—I like that. You don't really pay too much attention to me when I buy something ... but I actually like that, too.

The problem is, though, I'm running out of space at my home because I keep coming in here buying porcelain frogs. I've been meaning to talk to you for, like, eight frogs at this point. So I'm going to pick up this little green guy today, and maybe come back next week? And if you'd like to talk, or grab a coffee sometime, we could maybe do that.

If not, that's fine. But this is my last frog.