

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT – DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Jason sits at the table, sipping his drink, scrolling on his phone absentmindedly. He looks up just as Tammy returns, her smile rehearsed but not convincing. She slips back into her chair, adjusting her clutch a little too carefully.

JASON

(teasing)

You disappear on me, what—twenty minutes? I was about to send a search party

.

Tammy chuckles lightly, waving her hand.

TAMMY

Please, it was like five. The line for the restroom was insane.

Jason studies her. She avoids eye contact, taking a quick sip of wine instead. He sets his glass down, leaning forward.

JASON

Everything okay?

Tammy forces a grin.

TAMMY

Yeah, of course. Just needed abreather. You know how these places get—crowded, noisy.

JASON

Hmm. Funny, I didn't think the noise bothered you.

Tammy looks at him, caught off guard by how observant he is. She shifts in her seat, regaining composure.

TAMMY

You're really reading into this. I'm fine, Jason.

Jason doesn't press, but his eyes linger on her, clearly sensing something more. He smiles softly, trying to cut the tension.

JASON

Alright, I'll let it go. But if I bore you enough that you'd rather hang out in the bathroom than sit here with me, just say so.