

INT. MARK'S HOUSE – FRONT DOOR – DAY

The door swings open. LITTLE MARK (7), confident beyond his years, stands there in superhero socks and a backwards cap, looking at Tammy..

LITTLE MARK
You lost?

TAMMY
(laughs)
Actually, I think your dad lost something.

She holds up MARK'S WATCH.

LITTLE MARK
Oh. Yeah. He does that. He loses stuff when ladies come over.

TAMMY
Excuse me?

LITTLE MARK
My dad says grown-ups forget things when they're distracted. Are you a distraction?

Tammy bites back a laugh.

TAMMY
I might be. What's your name?

LITTLE MARK
Mark. But everybody calls me Little Mark. Because... obvious.

TAMMY
Nice to meet you, Little Mark.

LITTLE MARK
You're pretty. Like—TV pretty. But not fake TV pretty. Real pretty.

TAMMY
(smiling)
Well, thank you. That was very... specific.

LITTLE MARK
I know. I got good taste.

He leans casually against the doorframe.

LITTLE MARK (CONT'D)
So... you married?