

TAMMY / CARLOS

INT. CARLOS' HAIR SALON – DAY

Upbeat music hums. The shop is alive but not crowded.

TAMMY sits in the chair, cape on, scrolling her phone like she's not waiting for a notification.

CARLOS (40), stylish and perceptive, works her hair with precision.

CARLOS

So. You gonna tell me why your aura just walked in here three seconds before your body?

TAMMY

Please. I'm fine.

CARLOS

You say that every time your spirit's in witness protection.

TAMMY

(smiles)

I had coffee. I'm energetic.

CARLOS

You had drama. Now sit still.

He parts her hair.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Leon out yet?

Tammy stiffens—just a little.

TAMMY

Why would you even ask me that?

CARLOS

Because your scalp just answered for you.

TAMMY

He's irrelevant. Ancient history. Like MySpace.

CARLOS

MySpace didn't ruin your twenties.