

INT. COMMUNITY CLINIC – EXAM ROOM – DAY

HALLE sits on the exam table, swinging her feet. GENE stands nearby, overly attentive. SHAYE enters with a tablet and a warm smile.

SHAYE

Hey, Halle. How are we feeling today?

HALLE

I'm okay.

(beat)

But I think my dad needs to go on a date.

GENE freezes. SHAYE looks up, surprised.

GENE

Halle—

HALLE

What? He's been grumpy. Like... "sighs at the microwave" grumpy.

SHAYE tries not to laugh.

SHAYE

That's... a very specific diagnosis.

HALLE

So—

(to Shaye, sincere)

Are you available?

Silence. GENE clears his throat. SHAYE blinks, caught off guard.

GENE

She means—uh—*hypothetically*.

SHAYE

Right. Hypothetically.

(beat, awkward)

I'm usually booked.

Their eyes linger a second too long. Halle notices.