

MARK (35)

INT. TAMMY'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Tammy pours wine. MARK leans against the counter like he's been there a hundred times before.

MARK

You didn't text me back.

TAMMY

I know.

MARK

That wasn't an apology.

TAMMY

It wasn't meant to be.

MARK

(smiles, hurt)

See-this is the part that keeps bringing me back.

You never pretend.

TAMMY

I don't do fake. Or forever.

MARK

You say that like they're the same thing.

Tammy hands him a glass. He doesn't take it.

MARK (CONT'D)

So what is this tonight? A drink? A memory?

Or one more reminder that I'm optional?

TAMMY

You're not optional. You're just... not exclusive.

MARK

(chuckles)

That's a hell of a way to describe somebody you call at 2 a.m.