

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

An inane TV show blathers. Cynthia, in shorts and a tank top, sits on a couch and holds cell phone in front of her. Gary's face is visible on her phone.

CYNTHIA

Aren't you listening? I said I'm not coming over tonight!... No, no! Don't come over here, okay? I just feel like being on my own tonight... No, there's nobody here.

(moves phone around to show room)

See? You're so cute when you're jealous. I'll talk to you tomorrow, baby.

She disconnects the phone, sets it down. The doorbell rings. Cynthia smiles, mutes the TV, gets up from the couch and glides toward the door. She opens it to reveal Isaac brandishing a toothbrush.

ISAAC

Hi. Thanks for letting me use your bathroom.

CYNTHIA

Are you sure you don't want to watch some TV or something? I just hate to think of you sleeping in your car all alone. I mean, after your friend, you know, died and everything.

ISAAC

Thanks, but I'm okay. You're very sweet.

CYNTHIA

(after a long moment)

Look. I understand if you really, really need to be alone. Well...good night.

ISAAC

(foot in the door as she tries to close it)

Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

(hopeful)

Yes?

He holds up his toothbrush. She smiles and lets him in. As he walks past her, Cynthia closes the door, then changes her mind and leaves it ajar.