

Stacey leans against her car, scrolling through her phone. Her friend MARIA approaches with coffee. Stacey forces a smile.

STACEY

She just shows up like she belongs.
Like none of it ever happened.

MARIA

You told me she walked right into your
shift?

STACEY

Smiling. Asking questions. Like it's
all some game.

Donna's car slowly rolls past them, windows down. She gives Stacey a little wave before driving off. Stacey's smile drops.

MARIA

That's not okay.

Stacey unlocks her phone quickly.

STACEY

I'm documenting everything. Date,
time, place. I'm not letting her
rewrite this.