

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

(Janelle studies Leah. The air is heavy with unsaid things.)

JANELLE

You've changed, Leah. Harder.
Guarded. Like you're always holding
the room together.

LEAH

Somebody has to.
(Janelle edges closer,
fingers brushing Leah's
wrist. It lingers.)

JANELLE

You don't have to with me.

LEAH

Careful. That's the wine talking.

JANELLE

No. That's me talking. Finally.
(Leah freezes, unsettled.)

LEAH

You've had years to say something,
Janelle. Why now?

JANELLE

Because you've had years to look
right through me. And tonight...
you're not looking through me.
You're looking at me.
(Leah blinks, glass
trembling in her hand.)

LEAH

We can't. Not like this.

JANELLE

Why not?

LEAH

Because once we cross that line...
there's no going back. And I can't
lose you.

JANELLE

Then at least let me say it. You
matter to me in a way I can't file
under "safe."