

Nina Dallas slides her tray down onto the table, sitting across from Dave Fenne. She swings her feet lightly beneath the table, gently nudging him with the toe of her flats, bumping up against his lower leg.

NINA DALLAS

Has everything been alright, lately?

Dave looks up, disinterested. He's crumpling up a white straw wrapper in his hands. His voice is gruff, curt. He brushes some of his hair out of his face brusquely.

DAVE FENNE

Just fine.

Nina hesitates, for a moment. She purses her lips in thought, before poking at one of the fingerling potatoes on her plate with the tines of her fork. The silverware reflects the harsh overhead lights vividly.

NINA DALLAS

Are you sure?

Dave curls his hand into a fist, scrunching up the wrapper. He looks up sharply at her through the locks in his face, glowering. His expression is surly, voice lower than usual- gritty.

DAVE FENNE

What, are you saying something?

Nina seems taken aback- drawing away. She frowns, brushes some of her hair behind her ear. When she speaks again, her voice is softer, placating.

NINA DALLAS

No- it's just that, well... I mean, you've been a little out of sorts lately.

Her flats tap out a nervous beat against the tiles beneath the table. Dave looks downwards briefly, catches sight of her shoes- and sneers, before looking back up at Nina.

DAVE FENNE

So you think I'm losing my mind.

He balls up the wrapper, and throws it over her shoulder. Nina blinks, once, twice. She brushes a hand over her shoulder, smoothing down the corner of her black uniform, before she speaks again, words coming out more slowly- cautiously.

NINA DALLAS

No, I just think that there might be something going on right now, in your life- and as your friend, I'm willing to listen, if you want to talk about it.

Dave rolls his eyes, before stabbing his spoon harshly into his pasta. It slides around, bouncing off of the back of his utensil. In the blurred reflection, you can see his expression, distorted: grimacing, as if he's in pain.

DAVE FENNE

Well, I don't.

Nina's frown deepens, but she goes back to slicing her potatoes up into smaller, more manageable chunks. She takes a sip from her glass- leaving a kiss of red lipstick on the rim. Nina shrugs lightly, eyes downcast onto her plate.

NINA DALLAS

Well, okay. The offer still stands, though.