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Tom is sitting in the other room. Nina is trying her best to be a comforting presence, without really intruding on his looking down at his feet in silence. He's wearing mismatched socks, visible over the top of his boots.

When Nina sees Henri walk into the room, she glares, but pointedly walks into the on call room to tidy things in there and give them a sense of privacy. It's clear she's probably eavesdropping, though.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

Is it alright if I sit?

**TOM WREKE**

You can do as you like.

The sentence isn't bitter, or biting, like it might be from Laurel: just kind of resigned. He doesn't look up from the floor.

Henri hesitates a moment, before he pulls out a chair and sits down.

He sighs.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

We-- I need to re-evaluate our engagement. I think we both rushed into things too soon.

He pauses for a moment, uncertain of what to say next.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

I'm sorry I didn't say anything sooner, and I'm sorry everyone saw that.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

I know it sounds hollow, but-- I didn't mean to hurt you like that, in front of everyone.

Tom doesn't say much for a while. He seems to be considering what to say, as he looks down at the distorted reflection of himself in the top of his shoes.

**TOM WREKE**

You do what's best for yourself, Fairweather.

**TOM WREKE**

But I think it'd be in everyone's best interest if you and Dr. Day stayed with Laurence for the duration of this investigation.

His voice is very quiet as he says this- before Tom undoes the clasp of a necklace: sliding a ring overtop a thin silver crucifix and a set of dog tags.

He puts the necklace back on- before setting the ring on the counter, near a pile of other odds and ends Laurel has laid out for salvaging from the pile of prosthetics.

**TOM WREKE**

He's capable. You'll be in fine hands.

There isn't much room for arguing in that tone of voice- and Tom doesn't seem angry, just tired.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

If that's what you want.

He isn't arguing. Henri unclasps his own necklace, and places his ring near the pile.

He gets up and goes to leave, hesitating for a moment at the door.

**HENRI FAIRWEATHER**

Take care of yourself, Wreke.

He doesn't wait for a reply before he leaves.

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There's a few hurried footsteps from behind Henri: but it isn't Tom.

It's Nina, shaking with indignation, as she holds onto the edge of the doorway.

**NINA DALLAS**

I hope you're happy with what you've done.

**NINA DALLAS**

Don't try to put this onto what he wants- it's what you want, because that's all you care about.

**NINA DALLAS**

Don't have the audacity to cheat on him in front of everybody in that room and make it out like you're the victim here- because you're not.

**NINA DALLAS**

I hope you sure can sleep well at night, being who you are.

**NINA DALLAS**

That was rotten.

Tom is still sitting in the room, and his voice is quiet when he does speak up.

**TOM WREKE**

Nina- honey, don't.

She turns around to sit with Tom again, but not before looking at Henri with contempt.

**NINA DALLAS**

I was wrong, what I thought about you- you aren't nice at all.

**NINA DALLAS**

You're a bad person, Henri Fairweather.

She slams the door shut after that, the sound of her footsteps on the other end audible.

Laurel has been watching the whole exchange, with detachment.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Laurence is waiting on you. Get out.

Henri's expression crumbles as he passes by Laurel, but he leaves without another word.

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