

EXT. RESTAURANT, SIDEWALK SEATING; DUSK

Two women sit together. They're lit by string lights. Two full drinks, and a bowl of chips and guac sit between them. One is rummaging in her bag.

WOMAN 1

I swear to god I put them in here...

WOMAN 2

Really, it's fine. I'm sure it'll be fine.

WOMAN 1

Ah!

She's triumphant, then disappointed. She rummages a bit more.

WOMAN 1

mmmm...

She pulls a small, foil square from her bag and holds it up ceremoniously, frowning.

WOMAN 2

Last one?

The first woman tears the foil square, and unfolds from it a wet napkin. She offers it to her date, who gestures no, and that she should use it first.

WOMAN 1 rubs her hands with the small, white towel - attempting to use only half of it. It's an awkward struggle. They laugh, and she extends an arm over the chips, dangling the towel from one corner.