

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The setting sun streams through the window of a small, cramped apartment. Romantic jazz plays on a speaker over a frazzled-looking woman haphazardly attempting to finish her makeup while cooking a complicated-looking meal. A phone on the counter rings, cutting off the music. The name "LIZ" is on the display. LEAH picks up, uninterrupted, and the screen splits.

LEAH

Hey not a great time!

LIZ

Aren't you coming to book club?  
We're pretending we read White  
Noise and keeping Amy's mind off  
the divorce!

LEAH

I told you, I have a date!

LIZ

Ugh, what with that beer guy again?  
Well good on you for getting out  
there again I guess...

LEAH

His name's George, he's nice and

A KNOCK is heard at the door.

LEAH (CONT'D)

(Shouting to the door)  
One second!  
(Back to the phone)  
Look just talk shit about Ben for  
me and I'll be there next time!

LIZ

(As Leah hangs up on)  
You can do better!

Leah runs over to the door, stopping briefly to check herself in the mirror. Standing in the hallway is a man around the same age named GEORGE. He wears a tacky button up, tan pants, and holds a case of home-brewed beer and an old-school suitcase.

GEORGE (SMILING)

Hey.

LEAH  
Aww, what's all this?

GEORGE  
This (hefts the suitcase) is a  
surprise. And this..

George hands Leah the beers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Is the new batch I was telling you  
about!

LEAH  
Oh fun! Come in, dinner's almost  
ready.

George leaves the suitcase by the door as follows Leah to the  
kitchen.

GEORGE  
Yeah, the mash didn't quite get the  
tang I wanted but I used my new  
freezer to cool the wort so I think  
the hops should really shine. You  
know in Sleater's book he always  
talks about how people over-value  
the mash and don't pay enough  
attention to their wort -

LEAH  
I hope you like galettes, Cass and  
I found some great Lion's Mane on  
our hike last week and I want to  
use it while it's fresh

George opens himself a beer and offers Leah one. She takes a  
sip and unconvincingly suppresses a wince.

GEORGE (CHUCKLING DRYLY)  
You're always so out there! My mom  
just would've made her casserole

LEAH (SARCASTICALLY)  
Nothing sexier than some oedipal  
competition.