

INT. SIMONE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simone leans against the counter, phone pressed to her ear. The room is dim—fridge light humming. She folds laundry with one hand, eyes on the window. Calm, measured.

SIMONE

(soft, deliberate)

Yeah. I know you got eyes for Jazzie, but she ain't checkin for you... I am.

(pause, listening)

Real talk: I never been the type to push someone who don't want it. That's weak energy, and you know me—I conserve mine.

(she smiles without laughing)

But you? You got something different. I seen it from the jump.

(longer beat)

So here's where I get honest—with you, not with everyone else. I'm shooting my shot. I ain't desperate.

(leaning forward, lower)

And if it don't go the way I want? That's life. I move. But if it does... we handle it like I handle everything, nice and slow.

Simone pauses.

(she exhales, steady)

You in or you out, Amare?

She waits.