

24 - INT. REESE'S WORK - LATE AFTERNOON.

Over the diner's speakers: *Woke Up New*, by Mountain Goats. (...)

REESE begins cleaning a table next to the front window. She takes a moment to look out and take in the street. A few people trickle by, traffic is sparse. Her eyes settle on a figure standing still across the street.

BAXTER. Smoking a cigarette.

He looks up at the window and meets her eye with surprise. An expression of brief happiness is overtaken by hesitation. He is anxious - yet determined not to flee.

Reese stares back at him for a long moment. Baxter meekly raises his hand in a small wave, testing the water.

Reese makes direct eye contact with him, considering her options. After a few seconds, she shakes her head and turns away abruptly.

Baxter drops his hand, defeat creeping in. Reese resumes her work, making a point not to look back up. Baxter sighs, nods sadly to himself, and begins the disappointing walk to wherever he is going next.