

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT KITCHEN – AFTERNOON

The kitchen hums softly. No shouting. Just the low sizzle of a pan, a radio playing old soul.

CARMY trims herbs at the prep table. Focused, calm.

SYDNEY plates something experimental, squinting like it might argue back.

RICHIE leans against the counter, eating fries he definitely didn't pay for.

RICHIE

You ever notice... this place is kind of nice when nobody's yelling?

SYDNEY

Don't jinx it.

Carmy smirks. Keeps chopping.

CARMY

We're just cooking. That's it. No emergencies today.

The timer DINGS. Everyone freezes for half a second.

Nothing explodes.

Sydney exhales.

SYDNEY

Okay. Growth.

Carmy pulls a pan off the stove, smells it, nods.

CARMY

Yeah. This works.

Richie looks around, softer now.

RICHIE

So this is what a functional kitchen feels like, huh?

SYDNEY

For like... ten minutes. Enjoy it.

They share a quiet laugh. The radio crackles. The kitchen keeps moving — steady, warm, alive.

FADE OUT.