

Gunther retrieves a pretentious gold pen from his blazer and a business card. He writes a small note. Waves to TARA, the slim waitress. Tara walks over.

TARA

Sir?

GUNTHER

What's the best champagne in the house?

TARA

Grand Thierry Chateau 1964, sir.

GUNTHER

(gestures at Silvia)

One bottle for the lady in blue.

Tara turns to go. Stops returns. Somewhat worried.

TARA

(warns)

It's eight hundred pounds, sir.

GUNTHER

Get it.

Tara turns to go. Gunther stops her. He hands Tara the business card he wrote on.

GUNTHER

And...give this to her.

(a beat)

Discreetly.

Tara smiles. Her smile says: "Leave it to me. I understand the game".

Tara returns. She carries the champagne and 3 flutes. She goes to Silvia's side. She drops Gunther's note discreetly on the table just next to her arm.

Murray eyes the bottle suspiciously. That is some pretty expensive stuff.

MURRAY

(cautious)

We didn't order that, did we?

Tara pops the champagne with gusto. Tara serves Murray first. Then Aunt Olivia. She serves Silvia last then drops the champagne bottle in the ice bucket.

Silvia looks up at Tara's face.

SILVIA
(warm and sweet)
Thank you.

Tara is experienced. She speaks with her eyes. She catches Silvia's gaze. Tara looks down at Gunther's card. Silvia's eyes follow Tara's eyes to the card. Now she sees it.

Next, Tara casts a glance at Gunther. Silvia's eyes follow Tara's to Gunther.

Gunther smiles warmly. Gunther mouths a 'Hi.'

Silvia smiles shyly.

Tara walks away. Job done.