

ONE-PAGE SYNOPSIS — *First Impressions*

Logline:

A confident young woman meets an older man for dinner, but as their performed roles crack and something real slips through, one quiet action flips the assumptions of everyone watching — including the audience.

Synopsis:

Sienna arrives at a five-star Brisbane restaurant with the poised confidence of someone used to being observed. Scott, older, composed and quietly affluent, stands to greet her. Around them, diners clock the age gap instantly. Their glances, whispers and raised eyebrows weave a familiar story: a young woman with a wealthy older man, a transactional arrangement masquerading as a date. Sienna and Scott feel the judgement and subtly play into it, performing the roles the room expects of them.

Their early exchanges are a dance of controlled gestures and deliberate choices — her ordering premium champagne with a touch too much flair, his calm, almost studied restraint. The diners become an unspoken Greek chorus, projecting narrative certainty onto every interaction. Their assumptions shape how the audience initially reads the pair: the sugar baby, the benefactor, the cliché unfolding.

But beneath the polished performance sits something far more complex. Sienna's confidence carries an edge of cynicism, a defence against being underestimated. Scott's charm is tinged with loneliness and a grief he doesn't name. When one of Sienna's sharp lines lands harder than intended, Scott's mask slips. In that brief, unguarded moment, something genuine surfaces — softer, vulnerable, and unmistakably human.

The façade falters. The performance cracks. A connection neither expected takes root, unsettling them both. Sensing the pressure of the watching room, Scott suggests they take their conversation elsewhere. Sienna agrees, but on her terms: one drink, nothing implied. She steps away, and the waiter arrives with the bill — the moment every diner has been silently anticipating. The older man pays. The younger woman benefits. Story resolved.

Except it isn't.

Sienna returns, signs the receipt herself, and calmly slips her **own** Black Amex back into her purse. Then, with a quiet, deliberate final beat, she drops her black g-string into Scott's lap and walks out. A wry smile spreads across his face as he follows.

The diners — and the audience — are left stunned.

The truth was never in their performance.

It was in the assumptions everyone else made.