



“So, you like older women!?”

*Ding!* I hear the notification on my cell that causes Martin to pick up my phone. Quickly, I set down the heavy wooden staircase that I am moving on set, and I move at lightning speed to snatch the phone out of his hands. I almost crush my work boots when the heavy load lands with a loud “*bang!*” echoing in the theater.

“Dude! Don’t look at my phone! What the heck?!”

I hate that Martin picked up my cell and took a look at the screen. I loathe prying with my entire being, and my stomach knots up about it. I wouldn’t do that to him! And, hey, I have to fill in the downtime somehow!

“Do you??? Seriously?” Martin laughs out loud with a shit-grin on his face. I get that he’s purposely making a scene now in front of the other guys.

“Drop it, man. It’s just a dating app.”

My face immediately turns red from embarrassment. I was just called out for messaging on a dating app while at work. I try to play it cool and hope that he doesn’t notice any incriminating evidence or a crack in my composure.

*Wtf!* I have been single for six months; I can do as I please! This is *my* personal cell phone, and I get fifteen-minute breaks and lunches. Plus, I don’t think that I’ve done anything wrong! So, why do I feel like I just got caught?

“Well, well, well...” he continued teasing me, acting like he finally solved the mystery of me. Or like he just gathered some dirt on me, and I feel exposed.

“No. Don’t start. I’m taking my break now. Is that okay, *boss!*?”

I grab my water bottle and walk out the door without giving him a chance to answer. I needed this summer trip/work, but I don’t need his shit. There are hundreds of hot girls that help me take my mind off my ex. So what if I was browsing older women? Like I’m not allowed to??? It’s a solid option.

He's curious about what's up with me. I keep dating details to myself. It's not like me to brag to my bros or share stuff. I listen to their TMI stories and don't tell them what's going on with me - ever. Walking away really does disengage an argument and zap the speaker's energy. I'm going to give him nothing. It's my private life.