

INT. MAN'S LAW FIRM OFFICE -- MIDDAY

MAN (40) sits at his desk in his high-rise office overlooking downtown Pittsburgh. He's got contracts and correspondence scattered across the desk, but he's ignoring all that, because he's deep in a conversation on the phone while he looks out across the city through the window.

MAN
What do you mean? You "feel like you don't know me anymore"? That's awfully strange. We've been married 17 years.

Long pause as Man listens to the phone.

MAN (CONT'D)
It's just sad. That's all. Sad.

Man listens, staring blankly out at the skyline.

MAN (CONT'D)
Well I think we should talk about....(sighs) Okay, fine. We will talk tonight.

Man hangs up the phone, shakes his head and then looks at his watch. Another lawyer, PHIL (50), balding with glasses, sticks his head in door and points his index finger.

PHIL
You want to do lunch? This afternoon's gonna be a killer. I need to load carbs bigtime.

MAN
(Distracted)
No. Thanks. I'm going for a walk at lunch.

PHIL
You okay?

Man nods.

Phil looks down at his belly.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Eat...Exercise...Eat...Exercise...
Whoa! "Eat" wins by a nose!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Man walks down the street, cell phone to his ear. As he talks, a young woman in a black coat passes. He notices the way she walks, but keeps going.

MAN
 (into cell phone)
 Yeah, hi, Paula. Is my wife there?
 (beat) She did? (beat) Okay thanks.

Man is about to hang up.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Oh, sorry. No message. I'll just
 get back to her later. Thanks.

Man stands on the corner thinking for a moment, then crosses the street and walks into Macy's (formerly Kauffmann's) Department Store.

INT. MACY'S MEN'S DEPARTMENT

Man wanders through the old store aimlessly. He comes into the Men's Furnishings Department where he notices WOMAN (40) looking at men's shirts. Man edges nearer, looking at shirts. Woman holds up brightly striped shirt, considering it. She glances over at Man.

WOMAN
 (aside)
 What do you think?

MAN
 About...?

WOMAN
 About this shirt.

MAN
 Depends. Depends on who you're
 buying it for.

WOMAN
 It's for my husband.

MAN
 (nodding)
 Hmmm. What type of shirts does he
 usually wear?

WOMAN

White. He only wears white shirts.
Five days a week. White.

MAN

Well, then, he's clearly not going
to like that one. Frankly, a man
who only wears white shirts sounds
like a control freak.

WOMAN

No. Just a boring man. An
extremely boring man. (To clerk)
I'll take it.

MAN

(raising his eyebrows)
Buying a shirt for your husband,
but picking one that he definitely
wouldn't want, seems a little
passive aggressive, I think.

WOMAN

I didn't really ask you what you
thought.

MAN

Umm, yes you did. Maybe 30 seconds
ago?

WOMAN

Just about the shirt. Not about
me.

She smiles. The conversation is over. Man nods.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

People sit at metal tables talking. A kid plays a guitar. A
workman on his knees works on the grout between stones.
Woman is walking across the plaza with her bag from Macy's.
Man catches up with her.

MAN

Hey!

Woman turns around.

WOMAN

Yes?

MAN

I just wondered...You haven't had lunch yet, have you?

WOMAN

No. I was shopping on my lunch hour. Remember?

She holds up her bag.

MAN

Right. Do you still have time... for a sandwich?

WOMAN

(smiling and shaking her head)

No. That's not happening. Sorry.

Man smiles at her. She squints at him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't really know you. Besides, I'm a married woman.

MAN

Yeah, but to an extremely boring man.

WOMAN

I never should have said that.

MAN

But you did. It's out there. I can't really unhear it, can I?

She smiles, embarrassed. Man gestures toward Primanti Bros. sandwich shop.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well, I'm going in there, and I'm going to order two sandwiches, and if you want to come in and eat one of them, you're welcome to do so. If not, then I will eat two all by myself, and go home with a huge stomachache.

Man turns and walks toward Primanti Bros. He looks back over his shoulder.

MAN (CONT'D)

I've done it before. It's not pretty.

PRIMANTI BROTHERS, MARKET SQUARE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

A waitress plops two sandwiches wrapped in white paper on the table in front of Man and Woman.

WOMAN

I really should be getting back to my office. This is...

Man looks at her, eyebrows raised, waiting for the end of the sentence.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

...unseemly.

Man stares at her.

MAN

Tell me something about you. Something nobody else knows. Not even your husband.

WOMAN

You're really forward, you know that?

MAN

I'm just trying to bond here. You seem uncomfortable eating with a stranger. If we both tell each other something no one else knows, we won't be strangers, will we?

Woman considers this, looking embarrassed.

WOMAN

(thinking)

Sometimes...this is just between us, right?

Man nods, one hand on his heart, holding up two fingers with the other.

MAN

Scout's honor.

Woman takes a deep breath.

WOMAN

Sometimes I wish when my husband and I... you know...sometimes I wish it didn't feel like...an appointment.

Man knits his brow.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Like an appointment you have to
keep. Like the dentist.

Man sits back.

MAN
Wow. That's deeply personal.
Kudos.

Man gives her a little bow.

WOMAN
Thank you. Now you. Something no
one else knows. Not even your
wife.

MAN
(thinking)
Okay. I hate my job. Once, in the
middle of a meeting, I had an
anxiety attack, and I actually got
in my car, drove to the airport,
and walked up to a ticket counter,
and asked how much a flight to
Florida would be.

WOMAN
(nodding)
But you didn't buy it?

MAN
(shaking his head)
Last minute fares are
like...highway robbery. Also, the
feeling passed.

WOMAN
Does it come back?

MAN
Regularly.

Woman nods.

MAN (CONT'D)
See, now we're not strangers.
We're intimate friends.

Man stares out the window. He turns and looks at her,
eyebrows arched.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

I have an idea. If I asked you to follow me, would you?

WOMAN

You're not going to take me down a dark alley and kill me, are you? Because I hate when that happens.

MAN

Let's go. I'm not that hungry, anyway.

They get up, leaving their sandwiches.

LOBBY, FAIRMONT HOTEL -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Man and Woman come into the lobby of the modern Fairmont Hotel, glass and marble everywhere. Man is confident, Woman is hanging back. Man crosses to the front desk.

MAN

Hi. Do you have a room available?

CLERK

(checking the computer)
For this evening, sir?

MAN

Umm, for now. For this very moment.

CLERK

Umm, okay...

Man looks back at Woman, who is staring at him wide eyed.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Man and Woman enter the hotel room. Floor-to-ceiling windows give a view of the city. She walks to the center of the room and crosses her arms.

WOMAN

I don't do this.

MAN

I don't either.

WOMAN

You seem pretty good at this. How many women have you lured to hotel rooms on your lunch hour?

MAN

I'm not. It's all an act. I'm actually shaking so hard, my shoelaces just untied themselves.

Man crosses the room, gets close to Woman, and they are so close their noses touch.

WOMAN

People can see.

MAN

No they can't. It's special one-way glass.

WOMAN

Really?

MAN

Trust me.

WOMAN

This is bad.

MAN

Sometimes in your life you need a little bad.

WOMAN

This isn't a little bad. This is really bad.

They kiss.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL ROOM -- SOME TIME LATER

Man and Woman lie in bed next to each other.

MAN

(taking a deep breath)
I have to get back to my office.

WOMAN

(shaking her head in disbelief, a small smile on her face)
You never even told me what you did.

MAN

I'm a lawyer.

WOMAN

Ewww. Should have kept that to yourself. I hate lawyers.

MAN

So do I. Remember the whole "drove out the airport in a panic" story?

WOMAN

Oh, right.

MAN

It obviously didn't make as much of an impression as I thought.

WOMAN

I'm here, aren't I?

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Man and Woman are hurriedly getting dressed. Man is putting on his shirt. He looks down.

MAN

You tore some buttons off this shirt. (turning to her and pointing to the front of his shirt) I'm just saying...

Woman cringes, embarrassed.

WOMAN

I am so sorry! Here.

Woman reaches into her shopping bag and pulls out the brightly-striped shirt.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can wear this.

She tosses it to him. He looks at it for a moment.

MAN

What will your husband say?

WOMAN

What he doesn't know won't hurt him. Besides, that's really not his style anyway.

INT. MAN'S LAW FIRM OFFICE -- THAT AFTERNOON

Man is back at his desk, staring out the window. Phil stops by and sticks his head in.

PHIL

You hear? The Adam Corp. closing was pushed back till the 31st. Thank God. I have three weeks of glorious procrastination before I lose it completely!

Man nods, smiling.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What's with you?

Man shrugs, trying to look innocent. Man shakes his head. Phil stares at him for a moment, then leaves.

Man turns and stares out the window, a slight smile on his face.

INT. MAN'S CAR -- THAT EVENING

Man is driving home along Route 65. He stops at a light. While he waits, he looks down at his striped shirt. He adjusts the rear-view mirror so he can see himself in the new shirt. He nods, thoughtfully.

EXT. MAN'S HOME -- MINUTES LATER

Man pulls into the driveway of his idyllic suburban house, complete with a picket fence. The lights are just coming on in houses up and down the street, the yellow glow spilling out onto lawns. He gets out of the car, stops, and stares for a long moment at his house, a blank look on his face.

INT. MAN'S HOME, FRONT HALL -- A MINUTE LATER

Man comes into the front hall. His SON (16) passes him.

SON

Hey, Dad, I need 14 bucks. Me and some guys are a stopping at Eat N' Park after indoor soccer tonite.

MAN

That shouldn't cost 14 bucks.

SON
I owe Carl for last week. I
borrowed six bucks.

Man sighs, then digs into his pocket.

MAN
Where's Mom?

SON
In the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- A MINUTE LATER

Man comes into the kitchen, where his wife is at the sink washing lettuce. She doesn't turn around. Man goes to the fridge and pulls out a beer, opening it. He leans over the kitchen island.

MAN
What's for dinner?

WIFE (O.S.)
Pasta. Why, are you hungry?

MAN
Yeah. I skipped lunch today.

Man flips through the mail on the island. It's all bills. He shakes his head.

WIFE (O.S.)
Nice shirt!

Man looks down at the shirt, then up at his wife. We turn and we see his wife, who has turned around now. She is the Woman from lunch. He nods.

MAN
You like it? It's not me, I know,
but...

WOMAN
True, but it's nice...for a change.

Man nods.

MAN
Hey, we were going to talk when we
got home from work.

Woman shrugs, considering.

WOMAN
Talking, I think, is overrated.

They smile at each other over the kitchen island. Man nods at her. Son sticks his head in the kitchen door.

SON
Mom, I'm getting picked up in
fifteen minutes. Is dinner almost
ready?

Man and Woman are still looking at each other.

WOMAN
Coming right up.

Son looks at Man and Woman, shakes his head, and walks away.