

ACT ONE

SCENE-2

INT. KITCHEN- A SHORT WHILE LATER

PAUL AND JAMIE CRISSCROSS ABOUT THE KITCHEN IN A FLURRY OF LAST MINUTE ACTIVITY. HE'S EATING A PIECE OF TOAST OVER THE SINK AS SHE REACHES IN FRONT OF HIM TO USE THE SINK.

PAUL

What?

JAMIE

You're in my way.

HE MOVES AWAY, LEANS AGAINST THE COUNTER. SHE SUDDENLY NEEDS TO GET INTO A DRAWER.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Do you have to stand right there?

PAUL

(CAN'T WIN)

I'll be on the subway -- let me know if that bothers you.

JAMIE

Wait! Can't we leave for work together--like a normal couple?

PAUL

Sure. Let's go.

JAMIE

I'm not ready.

SEARCHING HER PURSE.

PAUL

If I'm not on the subway by eight,  
all the non-sticky seats'll be  
taken.

JAMIE

\* (TURNS TO FACE HIM)

It doesn't bother you that we went  
to bed, last night, and nothing  
happened?

PAUL

("HERE IT COMES")

I see.

JAMIE

It's been almost a week.

PAUL

It's not a week.

JAMIE

Sunday'll be a week. What's going  
on with us?

PAUL

(TEASING)

After five months of marriage, the  
sexual part is over -- you didn't  
know? I start playing checkers in  
the park, you start arguing with  
buses.

JAMIE

It's not funny.

PAUL

Are you serious?

JAMIE

I'm very serious.

PAUL

Jamie, stuff happens.

JAMIE

What stuff?

PAUL

Like life. Your life, my life.  
Monday I was editing till two a.m.  
Tuesday you had that conference  
thing, and then we saw my parents,  
which not only killed the mood for  
Wednesday, but knocked the life out  
of me Thursday. There. There's  
your week.

/SHE SOFTENS A BIT.

JAMIE

I guess... What can I say? I'm a  
woman. I have needs.

PAUL

I understand.

JAMIE

No you don't.

PAUL

Okay, I don't.

SHE MOVES HER HAIR BEHIND HER EARS.

JAMIE

Are my ears too big for my head?

PAUL

(HANDS IN THE AIR)

Yeah. That's your biggest problem, honey.

JAMIE

That, and the fact that I never get to be alone with my husband.

PAUL

\*You can be alone with me tonight.\*

\*SHE JUMPS ON THIS, EXCITED.\*

JAMIE

Really?

PAUL

Really.

JAMIE

Don't toy with me, white boy.

PAUL

I'm serious. Tonight. You and me. We'll have dinner.

JAMIE

(ALL BUSINESS)

And sex. I really think we should have sex.

PAUL

Would you let me finish? Dinner at seven. Foreplay at eight-fifteen. And if we're naked by eight-thirty, we can be wheezing and sweating by nine.

JAMIE

Perfect.

HEY HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

JAMIE

I'm gonna make a lasagna.

PAUL

You can do that?

JAMIE

(SHRUGS)

I can try. Then we can open that nice wine we got from Fran and Mark..

\* (STOPS IN HER TRACKS, HER FACE DROPS)

Oh no.

PAUL

What?

JAMIE

Fran and Mark. We're having dinner  
with Fran and Mark tonight.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

JAMIE

We have plans..

PAUL

I had no knowledge of this.

JAMIE

Yes you did.

PAUL

You never said anything.

JAMIE

(POSITIVE)

Last Friday, as we left the  
apartment, you said, "What are we  
doing for dinner?" and I said we had  
no plans but that next Friday we  
were seeing Fran and Mark.

PAUL LOOKS AT HER A LONG, QUIZZICAL BEAT.  
HE SMILES AT HER, AMAZED.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL

You were out of town last Friday.

JAMIE

Dammit!

PAUL

Nice try, honey. Really.

JAMIE

Well great, what do we do?

PAUL

We blow 'em off.

JAMIE

That's not nice. We're always  
cancelling on them.

PAUL

Cause we don't like them.

JAMIE

But, they're such good friends.

PAUL

Just call Fran, and say we can't do  
it.

JAMIE

You call her.

PAUL

She's your friend. Besides you're  
better at that.

(CHECKING HIS WATCH)

Can we discuss this in the elevator.

JAMIE IS NOW WIPING OFF THE FRONT OF HER  
MOTORCYCLE HELMET WITH WINDEX.

JAMIE

Why don't you let me give you a ride? Live dangerously, you big wuss.

PAUL

Oh yeah, I'm gonna get on a motorcycle. That'll happen.

JAMIE

Yeah, like the subway's really safe.

THEY'RE AT THE DOOR, WHEN JAMIE STOPS AND RUNS BACK INTO THE APARTMENT.

PAUL

Now what?

JAMIE

I have to leave a window open for the dog.

PAUL

Honey, it's an apartment not a Volvo? Why do we go through this?

JAMIE

'Cause the kid who walks him can't come up till three, and it's hot.

THEY HEAD OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. A BEAT LATER, THE DOOR OPENS AND PAUL RE-ENTERS MAKING A BEELINE FOR THE WINDOW AND CLOSES IT.

JAMIE

A burglar is not gonna climb eleven stories.

PAUL

Cat burglars. That's all they do --  
they climb and steal.

HE'S READY, SHE'S STILL FRISKING HER  
POCKETS.

PAUL

If we don't leave right now, I'm  
going into your closet and move  
things around.

THEY EXIT, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.  
A BEAT LATER THE DOOR OPENS. JAMIE RUSHES  
IN AND EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. PAUL CALLS  
AFTER HER.

PAUL

How does that mean I don't like your  
outfit? I love your outfit.

JAMIE (O.S.)

No you don't...

PAUL

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!!

PAUL LEAVES, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO: