

TOGETHER  
by  
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SECOND DRAFT  
4/13/09

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JOANNE: thirties, bathed in candlelight. She is beautiful and put together, with smart sensitive eyes that live in a guarded state. Surrounded by guests who we hear but do not see, her husband Richard, also O.S., tells a story. She listens, but her mind floats to other things. In the background we see a bit of the very elegant apartment where they live.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

TOM, thirties, masculine, creative and with a distinct fire lit inside him, has dinner with his wife SARAH and their kids - JED, six, and SASHA, their four year old girl. Tom entertains them with a story, keeping the kids at the table. They are riveted.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Tom and Sarah are rushing through their early morning, bleary eyed. Tom is trying to get out the door with Jed to Jed's new school as Sarah feeds Sasha. Tom mentions something about his job, and Sarah mentions something about money being tight. As Tom rushes with his son down the hallway, camera finds -

A CONTEMPORARY ABSTRACT PAINTING. It's bold and good.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Joanne's in a chic business suit, serving breakfast to her two boys, 7 and 9, with a maid's help. Richard comes down in a suit and tie, says a quick hello and horses around with the kids. He kisses Joanne goodbye, and on his way out they talk briefly about the day.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #1 - SAME

Tom walks Jed to school. Tom's clothes are hip but masculine.

JED

Did you really make that painting  
in our hallway, daddy?

TOM

Yeah.

JED  
Are you making more paintings?

TOM  
No.

JED  
Why not?

TOM  
Because I have a different kind of  
job now.

JED  
What is it?

TOM  
I help people make their offices at  
work. It's something called  
design. You know when you build a  
whole town with blocks at school?  
It's something like that.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - LATER - DAY

A boutique private school in downtown New York. Small and a little funky, but still upscale and in Manhattan. Tom walks Jed in. He stops to have a talk briefly with another dad. As he does, we can see JOANNE in the background, talking to another group of parents.

DAD  
Hey - so how you settling in?

TOM  
Good.

DAD  
We'll get that playdate going...

TOM  
(to his son)  
You want to do that, Jeddy?

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

As Tom's walking out from dropping Jed off, RACHEL, a parent, standing with a group of other parents, stops him.

RACHEL  
Hey, hi, are you Tom Aubrey?

TOM

Yeah.

RACHEL

Welcome. I'm Rachel Stalls, my son  
Timmy's in kindergarten with...

TOM

(polite)

Oh yeah, right.

RACHEL

We've been here since pre-school.  
You're gonna love it.

TOM

Well, it's only been two weeks, but  
so far it has exceeded all our  
expectations.

RACHEL

That's great to hear. Hey - have  
you met Joanne Wilkinson?

Tom turns and there is JOANNE, right behind him. She and Tom  
face each other, lock eyes for a second in a cursory hello.

JOANNE

No. Hi.

TOM

Hi. Nice to meet you.

CLOSE ON: Their hands touching in a shake.

RACHEL

Tom's new, in kindergarten and  
uh...

TOM

The threes.

JOANNE

Oh, great. Mine are 9 and 7.

TOM

Fantastic.

JOANNE

Anyway, I've got to run...

(to Rachel)

I just stopped for a quick hello.

RACHEL  
Okay. See you.

JOANNE  
Bye.

As Joanne leaves, Rachel says to Tom.

RACHEL  
She chaired our Silent Auction last year. She did a great job.

TOM  
That's great.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - ENTRANCE AREA - DAY

Tom walks into a modest but hip office suite downtown. There are a few employees there. It's clear he's one of the bosses, though things are casual. As he enters, ROBERT, his partner and good friend, saunters down the hall.

ROBERT  
You get your coffee on?

TOM  
Are you kidding?

ROBERT  
Good. Because the clients are fucking wiggling.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The small team at Tom and Robert's firm have a staff meeting in the conference room. A cool young company vibe permeates.

TOM  
So, the concept's there, and we're gonna land this thing, right?

"Right"'s and "Yeah"'s are said. One last thing occurs to Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh, and we've got the W.I.N. thing, that non-profit thing, starting this week. Who's on that...?

Robert gives him a bluntly comic, deadpan look.

ROBERT

Um...I was.

(off Tom's look)

What, we gotta land BEA, right?

Tom smirks good-naturedly. To the staff:

TOM

Lesson Number One, kids - never  
work with friends. I'll take it.

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Joanne walks in and checks in with the receptionist, PAM, mid-twenties. It's clear that Joanne's the boss.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - JOANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanne is working. An IM pops up on her computer screen from Richard - "dinner with the Sheinmans on the 14th?" She writes back - "sure". Richard writes to her - "xoxo". She smiles, slightly vague.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Tom comes in the door, home from work. His kids, playing in the living room with Sarah, rush toward him, yelling "Daddy!" and jump on him. He's beloved and clearly a great dad. As the kids cause chaos, Tom tries to figure out the night with his wife, who seems harried, as does Tom.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Tom and his wife are making love. Tom's on top of her. They are close. A familiar routine.

SARAH

Yeah...yeah....push it  
deeper...deeper....yeah....yeah...  
oh God....ohhhh!

She's coming. She grinds it out slowly on him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh God, yeah. Now come. Come on,  
baby...yeah, come...come...you want  
me to suck it? You want me to suck  
it?

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard and Joanne make love on the bed. He is in her from behind, his pajamas on, the bottoms pulled down, her nightgown pulled up. He is moving slowly, gathering strength. Something they've done before. She encourages him softly. He comes, then leans down on her body and hugs her. She lifts her head up to nuzzle him, one of her hands reaching behind to grab him. His eyes find the clock. Sighs.

RICHARD

Ten o'clock.

She smiles. He kisses her softly on the side of her neck.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm going to go brush my teeth.

He leaves, leaves her there.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Richard and Joanne in the shower. Water rushing between them.

RICHARD

I love you.

JOANNE

I love you too.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Joanne sits on the toilet, peeing.

RICHARD (O.S.)

(sounding rushed)

Honey?!

JOANNE

What is it, darling?

She hears the kids, WILL AND JACK, rushing toward her in the hall.

JACK

Mom! Mom!

JOANNE

Jack, wait...

OUTSIDE THE DOOR: Her kids rush toward Joanne's bathroom. As her boy pushes open the bathroom door, Joanne slams it shut.

JACK

Mom, Eden says that you said that my homework is on the...

JOANNE

I'm on the toilet! Wait! Wait!

Richard walks in, rushing, trying to avert his eyes...

RICHARD

I just have to look for...

JOANNE

Fuck, can anyone have some fucking privacy around here?

JACK

I heard that, mama!

JOANNE

Jack, go downstairs! I will meet you downstairs, I will find you the homework...

RICHARD

(rushing out)

I've got a breakfast, I'm late, sorry...

JOANNE

Right...

He's gone. She sighs, stands up.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Tom is rooting around frantically in the bathroom. From downstairs, we hear a wailing baby, then -

SARAH (O.S.)

(mad)

Tom! We are waiting! Let's go!

TOM

I'm just looking for my pills...!

Near the bottom of the bathroom supplies, he pulls out a shoebox and yanks the top off to see - A VIBRATOR. He eyes it. Then he covers it.



SARAH

Tom...!

TOM

I'm coming!

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Joanne is walking down the hall talking business, when the receptionist, PAM, says:

PAM

The design guys are here from Nexus.

JOANNE

Oh, right...

She keeps talking as she heads toward the reception area, surprised as the men turn and she sees -

TOM. And now behind him, we see the logo of Joanne's not-for-profit firm on the wall: W.I.N.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi.

TOM

Wow.

JOANNE

That's crazy. Our...uh...our kids go to the same school.

(to Tom)

I'm really sorry, I can't remember...

TOM

Tom. Tom Aubrey.

JOANNE

Sorry. Joanne Wilkinson. And this is...

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom leads an orientation meeting for Joanne and her small staff.

TOM

Basically, we approach this very organically, which is not for everybody, but we spend some time here, we look, we listen, we interview each of you, and out of that we create an image, a concept, a character, a re-imagining complete with graphic design, PR materials, concept materials, up to and including interior design and even a reconstitution of your space for optimum workflow. We're creative consultants from top to bottom. And...that's what we do.

JOANNE

(to her staff)

Keep your doors open, answer their questions, please, I will be directly in charge of this process, along with Kathy, and I will be available any time for any needs, questions...this is an important step for us, so....okay.

She stands, ending the meeting. As scattering begins, she shakes Tom's hand.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

TOM

Thank you.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Tom clears the table, tells the kids to go to the TV for a moment until he takes them up to play. As he starts to do the dishes, Sarah puts her arms around him.

SARAH

You're the best dad in the world.  
(she breathes him in)  
I love you.

TOM

I love you.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SASHA'S ROOM - EVENING

Tom, with his daughter, builds an obstacle course for her hamster. They build the walls up extra high so the hamster cannot get out.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She and Richard read. He turns to the clock and sighs.

RICHARD

Ten o'clock.

He puts his book down and turns to his wife, who puts her book down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Good night, honey.

He kisses her. It lingers a moment. He presses a little harder. She leans in just imperceptibly. He ends the kiss with a kind, warm smile.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Good night.

She smiles back. He turns away and turns his light out. She looks at his back for a moment. Then turns back to her book.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - JOANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom interviews Joanne. He makes a note off of an answer.

TOM

And were you in the public advocacy arena before this?

JOANNE

Not at all.

TOM

What did you do before?

JOANNE

House wife. And before that, banking. Before I had kids.

TOM

Well, quite a change from banking. And from kids. Why the transition?

There's something open and simple about his statement that causes Joanne to hesitate. Then she opens up:

JOANNE

The truth? I was bored. My husband is a...a hedge fund king. He's a wildly wealthy individual. And I was at home with our kids, with our big life, just feeling...drowned. And I knew that I had a higher calling, that I had something more that I could offer the world, and I wanted to. The question was what could I do here, where my kids are in school, where my husband works...? And this spoke to me. Advocacy for women is something I ...I know what it is. It made me feel...connected. And I just knew that I could do it. And my husband, Richard, gave me the money. He is our funder.

TOM

Do you ever think about opening this up to other funding sources?

JOANNE

Yeah. Yeah. I don't like being dependent on just one source. It sounds strange to talk about my husband that way, I mean, it's amazing what he's done, really, but...I think to legitimize this, we need to show we can compete in the world. That's why you're here.

TOM

Do you ever find that it's a hindrance to be rich? Like, people don't take you seriously, or they think you're out of touch, or...?

Joanne is a bit taken aback.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm pretty frank. It's something I'm still trying to lose, it doesn't really fit in with the corporate world.

JOANNE

No that's okay. You're here to gather information, right?

TOM

I like to approach my work organically...honestly, if I can. As much as I can, so...

JOANNE

You said you don't really fit into the corporate world. Did you do something else before...?

TOM

Yeah. I was an artist, a contemporary artist. That was a few years ago. But I'm still...I don't know, once it's in you, you sort of see the world that way, so...

A beat, somewhat awkward. They regard each other.

JOANNE

Well, we've gotten really off track here.

TOM

Yeah, thanks for sharing it with me. I'm sorry, it's probably my...

JOANNE

No, it was actually really interesting...

TOM

It may transfer into some really, creative stuff for you, for the company, anyway I appreciate it...

JOANNE

No problem. Thanks. Just send Kathy in.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Close on Joanne, asleep her king bed with expensive sheets. She stirs ever so slightly, opens her eyes. Off screen, we hear boys' voices shouting, a shower running...

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -SAME

Tom is asleep in his smaller, more folksy bedroom. As his young daughter begins to wail from somewhere downstairs, Tom opens his eyes.

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom walks around the corner in the elevator area to see -  
JOANNE, waiting for the elevator.

TOM  
Hi.

JOANNE  
Oh. Hey.

TOM  
How are you?

JOANNE  
Good.

A beat.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Just...very slow...

TOM  
Yeah.

JOANNE  
You know, the one thing about this  
building is, the public spaces are,  
you know, really bad...

TOM  
Well, it's good you're telling me,  
because we could, you know, do  
something about that...

JOANNE  
Like what?

TOM  
Well, we've done it before - we  
talk to the building, offer to pay,  
tie in the neighbors, pitch a  
proposal, within budget of course.

JOANNE  
Sounds good.

The door opens. They get in.

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - SAME

They stand there a moment. Then:

TOM

So, you up to anything fun this weekend?

JOANNE

Fun? I wouldn't categorize it as fun. You?

TOM

Are you kidding? I've got a two year old.

JOANNE

Well, I have a work dinner with my husband.

TOM

Yeah? What's that like?

The door opens, they start through the lobby.

JOANNE

Here's how it works. Somehow, one guy's always the client, one's the seller, they always have a big talk about the Chateau Margaux or Chateau Lafitte and it's always an '82 or an '85, and everyone has a big steak, and we share some sides, which passes for conviviality, and we talk about vacations, usually at a Four Seasons, then...

Tom moves to keep abreast of her as she talks. As they move through the single door to the street, Tom does not quite yield enough to her and the two bang into each other quite awkwardly and intimately. Instinctively, he reaches out a hand to steady her.

TOM

Excuse me.

JOANNE

Sorry.

TOM

No, really....

JOANNE

It's okay.

He's smiling, embarrassed. She has to laugh a bit. Trying to think of a witty way to save it -

TOM

I'm this way. Enjoy the steak.

He walks away. She's smiling.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joanne, dressed up, walks in with Richard, in a suit and tie. They are gossiping about the evening, as she lets her hair down. He turns her, pushes her hair back with one hand.

RICHARD

You really are the most beautiful woman in any room you walk into.

(she smiles, beat)

You are the light in my life. You know that?

He holds her close. Breathes her in.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna brush my teeth.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Sarah watch a documentary about India. Sarah leans on his chest, absentmindedly kissing it and his neck as they watch.

SARAH

You need to talk to them.

TOM

I will.

SARAH

You bring in the lion's share of the business, you do the best work. You deserve a larger share.

TOM

I will.

They hear crying on the monitor.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll go.

SARAH

No - stay. Enjoy your film. I'll go.



INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom is pulling on his coat as Joanne exits her office, also with a coat.

JOANNE

Hey.

TOM

Hi.

JOANNE

You going to lunch?

TOM

Yeah.

JOANNE

Have you been to Allegretti?

INT. ALLEGRETTI RESTAURANT - DAY

Lunch is past but Tom and Joanne are still talking.

TOM

I was in Chad. I was twenty four. I still the remember the smell there - the earth, the dust. When you stepped off the plane, it would permeate you, everywhere, and your heart would quicken, because you knew that you were going to be saving lives, and changing lives, including your own. You didn't know...what was going to happen on the other side of the day. You felt like you were doing something important. Even when you were smoking, drinking, reading, you know, fucking off in your tent, you felt that you were saving energy for something vital. But... ..when I came back everyone was already in survival mode, laying track for their future, projecting five years, ten years, how they were....positioning. And I was this artist...weirdo. I don't know. I met my wife, started the company, and now there's kids and...hey, let's just say that none of our lives are up for radical change.

JOANNE

That's not true.

TOM

Come on. We might extrapolate a little bit, you know, bust out...do a little coke, once a year. Try surfing or something....

JOANNE

I don't agree with you. I never stop believing that things can be revolutionary.

TOM

(laughs)

Come on, are you serious?

JOANNE

What?

TOM

No offense, but the only reason you can say that is because you can financially afford to. You can hit the reset button any time you want, start over, go back to school...

JOANNE

That's not what I'm talking about...

TOM

Of course it is. At our age, every human being, every working human being, has a bottom line...

JOANNE

There *is* a bottom line. My husband is...locked into his thing. My kids are in their schools, they have their lives, they have their friends and...

(pause; a smile)

You seem very interested in my money.

TOM

No. I'm interested in the empowerment...if it exists. You're telling me it doesn't exist? Are you gonna burst my bubble?

JOANNE

You ever heard of the Relative Happiness study? A group of psychologists measured the happiness quotient of paraplegics and Lottery winners, at the point of impact, when they first found out about their "condition". In terms of happiness, they were here...

(her hands far apart)

Six months later, they were here....

(hands closer)

And six months later?

(her hands come together)

No difference.

A beat. He regards her. She's still in thought.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Have you ever been to India? Talk about smells. It was the most amazing smell. It smells like saffron, earth, garbage, jasmine...it smells like life itself. Richard took me there. He was buying a telecommunications company. He was in meetings. I walked around...I just...I felt like I was on the edge of something. And I guess that's what I mean. Richard is Richard...but Richard took me to India.

A waiter arrives.

WAITER

Here you go, folks.

Tom grabs the check.

TOM

Let me get this.

JOANNE

No, it's okay...

TOM

No, please, for the job, for...

JOANNE

Let's split it...

TOM  
Come on. It's lunch, it's  
work...you get the next one.

She takes this in imperceptibly, then nods.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are fast asleep. His baby is crying in the monitor.  
Tom, dead asleep and pissed, jerks himself from bed.

TOM  
Fuck. I'll go.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SASHA'S ROOM - SAME

The little girl is sitting up crying in bed.

TOM  
What is it, baby? What is it?  
Ssssh. Daddy's here.

SASHA  
Daddy...

TOM  
What is it? Is it a bad dream?

SASHA  
Monsters.

Tom strokes her hair.

TOM  
There're no monsters. There are no  
monsters. Daddy's here. Daddy's  
here. You're the most beautiful  
thing I've ever seen. You know  
that?

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - LOBBY - DAY

Tom approaches the receptionist.

TOM  
Hey, Millie. Sarah's running a  
little late.

MILLIE

For the conference? So are they.  
They'll be about another ten  
minutes.

TOM

Thanks.

As Tom sits in the waiting area, he catches sight of -

JOANNE, down the corridor, talking with two other moms.  
Joanne is in profile. Tom takes her in, then realizes what  
he's doing. As he stands...

ANGLE ON JOANNE: She senses something and turns to see TOM'S  
BACK as he rounds the corner, out of her sight. Her eyes  
linger on his back until he disappears, then she turns back  
to her conversation...

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom works in his temporary office, at his computer,  
designing. Behind him we see a board filled with graphic  
ideas for Joanne's company. Joanne enters.

JOANNE

Hey.

TOM

Hi.

JOANNE

(re: ideas)

Wow, these look good.

TOM

Thanks. Getting there.

JOANNE

(after a beat)

Lunch?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - MORNING

Tom, with his daughter in his arms, rushes out the door, his  
son pulling on his leg, as Sarah hurries through the  
breakfast dishes.

TOM

Jed, Jed, no - do not pull on me...

(to Sarah)

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Take her. I've gotta go, I've gotta go now...

SARAH

You've gotta take the car.

TOM

What?

SARAH

I told you yesterday. Remember? I've got that consulting gig...

TOM

What? I don't remember!

SARAH

You've got to get the thing from FAO Schwartz. They can't deliver...?

TOM

Ugh!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #2 - DAY

Tom rushes toward a double parked beat up station wagon with a giant stuffed PINK ELEPHANT. He struggles with the rear door while holding the elephant.

TOM

Damnit!

He puts the elephant on the roof while he moves the seat up, then realizes he has to climb in to collapse the back seat. He shoves the elephant into the car.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - EVENING

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK: It reads 7:30.

Tom is still at his desk, assorted papers strewn everywhere. The sound of heavy rain on the window.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - SAME

Tom walks out with his briefcase. Kathy is in the hall. Down the hall, Tom sees Joanne on the phone. She wears a white blouse and blazer, cream slacks. She's on the phone, gives him a vague wave.

KATHY

Good night.

TOM

Good night.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE JOANNE'S OFFICE - EVENING

It's dark out. Tom runs through the rain to his car at the parking lot, hands the ticket to the attendant.

TOM

Here!

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME

Tom drives in the pouring rain. Up ahead, he sees a blur of white in the headlights through the driving rain. It looks like JOANNE on the sidewalk, rushing. Tom slows. It's her, soaked. Tom lowers the passenger side window. A shout:

TOM

Get in!

She does, shuts the door.

JOANNE

Oh my God. Jesus, thank you.

TOM

You live...what? In the twenties, right?

JOANNE

25th between 8th and 9th.

TOM

I actually don't usually drive. I had to pick this thing up for my daughter.

Joanne turns to look in the backseat.

JOANNE

Wow.

TOM

Yeah. Here, let me turn the heat up.

JOANNE

Thanks. Holy shit.

TOM

Yeah. Came out of nowhere.

JOANNE

Thanks so much for the ride.

TOM

No problem.

JOANNE

You on your way home?

TOM

Yeah. I don't live far from you.  
Nine blocks.

JOANNE

Townhouse?

TOM

Yeah. Well, part of one. We rent.  
Not bad. You?

JOANNE

Apartment.

TOM

Yeah? How old are yours again?

JOANNE

Nine and seven.

TOM

Started young.

JOANNE

I'm not that young.

TOM

No?

(beat)

God, it feels like a monsoon.

JOANNE

I was in the Caribbean with my  
parents when I was a kid. There  
was a storm. Two days. All we did  
was stay inside. I had my own room  
for the first time. Sixteen. It  
felt like surrender. I was in this  
little capsule of orange light. My  
parents would call.

(MORE)



JOANNE (CONT'D)

Men came running through the rain bringing me food and drink. I watched all the movies in the hotel.

TOM

Warm enough?

JOANNE

Yeah. That's good.

TOM

You were an only child?

JOANNE

Yeah. I wanted a brother or sister, but in the end I got all the attention so....not bad.

TOM

I have two brothers. Well, one died.

JOANNE

Died?

TOM

Car accident. Some drunk fuck. It was upstate. My brother was a writer. Near Woodstock.

JOANNE

You never told me that.

Tom looks at her. Beat. Back to the road.

TOM

I don't always think about it. It's amazing what you can adjust to. What you can get used to.

She's looking at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

You walk to work?

JOANNE

Yeah. Mostly. When I'm late I take a cab.

TOM

It's funny I took the car today. Weird, isn't it?

JOANNE

Yeah. I sometimes have premonitions like that. It's...I don't know. I guess most women feel that way.

TOM

Yeah? Why only women?

JOANNE

They feel...in touch with something natural.

TOM

Yeah? Men are too, just different nature I think.

JOANNE

What's the difference?

TOM

Women feel. It goes where it goes, it flows, like a river. Men know where they're going. Men...want.

JOANNE

Women don't want?

TOM

I don't know. If they do, they hide it mostly.

JOANNE

Sometimes you remind of...a Hemingway character.

TOM

Yeah? Why's that?

JOANNE

Because you don't say much. And then, other times you do.

TOM

You want to know what I'm thinking right now?

She doesn't say anything.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm thinking I'd like to go to a bar. Wait this out. Get a scotch. A burger. Smoke a cigarette.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Get drunk and talk, like you can only talk in a bar. When I made art, I used to spend my time talking like that. And then I'd work. That's when I felt most alive.

JOANNE

I felt most alive in college. Isn't that lame? I was in a sorority.

(looking at her arm)

I'm soaked.

TOM

Take it off if it's wet. I'll blast this.

He blasts the heat. She hesitates and then takes off her blazer. Her blouse is soaked through, her bra and nipples visible. Aware of Tom, she covers her chest, changing the subject...

JOANNE

(re: weather)

God, look at this, maybe global warming's going to kill us all.

TOM

You don't need to cover your chest. I'm married.

JOANNE

*I'm* married.

(beat)

We're both married.

TOM

(re: her address)

Where is it?

JOANNE

Just a little further, on the right. Here...

As he stops, she turns to him, suddenly more formal, trying to salvage some semblance of their professional relationship.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Well, thank you for the ride. That was good luck...

TOM

Don't be so provincial. You don't need to cover your chest.

They're looking at each other. Slowly, she brings her hands down from her chest. She's looking at him. He's looking back. Then:

JOANNE

Thanks for the ride.

Quickly, she's gone. And now for the first time we WIDEN TO:

AN ANGLE FROM THE FRONT: where behind Tom, now alone, we see the giant PINK ELEPHANT in the back seat.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Tom walks in, drenched, holding the pink elephant. Sarah looks up from her book. He looks at her. She smiles.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

Joanne walks in, drenched. Richard pops his head into the foyer.

RICHARD

Hi.

JOANNE

Hi.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Joanne opens her eyes. The sound of her children playing down the hall, Richard in the shower. She looks troubled.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - MONDAY

Tom walks out of his office and down the hall. As he does, he glances at Joanne's office. The door is open, no one is there, it's clearly unused. Kathy walks by.

TOM

Kathy. Hey - I had, uh, a couple of ideas that I need to run by you guys. Is Joanne here or...

KATHY

Joanne's not coming in today.

TOM

Oh...

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Joanne, still in her robe, is on the phone with Richard's assistant. The maid's already there, working behind her in the kitchen.

JOANNE

Hi, it's Joanne.

RICHARD'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Uh, hi. Mr. Wilkinson is in a meeting until noon but I can interrupt if...

JOANNE

No, that's fine. I just wanted to see if he wanted to have lunch...

RICHARD'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

He has a lunch today, but...

JOANNE

Oh. Alright. That's fine, thanks...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Joanne, shopping, holds up a skirt to her body. Is it too short? She considers...

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY

Joanne is waiting outside the school when her boys come out.

WILL

Mom! What are you doing here?

JOANNE

I just wanted to come pick you up. That's all.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard, just home, is untying his tie, changing into a shirt for the evening as he checks his Blackberry. Joanne comes out, trying on the skirt she bought earlier.

JOANNE  
What do you think?

Richard give the skirt a cursory glance. Trying to sound like he cares:

RICHARD  
It's great. It's terrific.

JOANNE  
It's not too short?

RICHARD  
No.

JOANNE  
You sure?

RICHARD  
It's fine.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne lays in the dark next to Richard.

JOANNE  
I don't know if I want to keep  
running the company.

Richard sits up.

RICHARD  
What?

JOANNE  
The kids were so happy when I  
picked them up today. I'm not  
being a good mother.

RICHARD  
That's crazy.

JOANNE  
You need me. The kids needs me. I  
should be here running this home.

Richard has turned on the light.

RICHARD  
Darling, you weren't happy here  
when you were just running the  
home. You were dying here...

JOANNE

What - do you still have a problem with that?

RICHARD

No. It's just...it took all that time to figure out what was wrong. And now you're onto something that's really working for you. Why in God's name would you give that up?

JOANNE

But wouldn't you be happier if I was home?

RICHARD

Listen to me. I want you to have a happy life. It is extremely important to me. If you do not have a happy life, none of us will be happy. Because we need you to hold us all together. Without your happiness, we're nothing.

(beat)

You talking to the shrink about this?

JOANNE

Yeah.

RICHARD

It's okay. Just be happy. Don't be guilty. Okay?

JOANNE

You're such a good person, Richard.

RICHARD

No I'm not. I just do the best I can.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SASHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom dresses his daughter tenderly for school. He places a tiny toy kitty in her shirt pocket.

TOM

And now you have a kitty cat on your shirt and a kitty cat in your pocket.

Sasha giggles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And you're all ready for school.

Sasha reaches out a hand to Tom's cheek. Tom is moved.

SASHA  
I love you, papa.

TOM  
I love you too.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Tom walks in to work to see Joanne's receptionist, Pam.

TOM  
Morning.

PAM  
Morning. Fed Ex on your desk as requested.

TOM  
Great. Thanks.

As he walks down the hallway, he glances at Joanne's office. Door open, still vacant...

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Joanne, dressing, holds up a pair of dress slacks to the top she already wears. Not the right look. After a moment of consideration, she grabs her new skirt.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom works at his desk with a co-worker. Through his open door, his eyes momentarily find JOANNE, arriving for work. With an efficient, stiff quality, she gets her messages from Pam and moves briskly past Tom's office without looking in.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - KITCHEN ALCOVE - LATER

Tom is getting some water. Joanne appears at the entrance to the kitchen alcove with some papers containing logos, design elements. She is tight, trying to seem bland, impartial.

JOANNE  
Hey there.



With brisk efficiency, she hands him some papers.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I looked these over. Everything looks good. I marked some changes with notes. You'll see them in the margins.

TOM

Good.

JOANNE

You're still on track to present at the end of next week, yeah?

TOM

Yeah. Absolutely.

JOANNE

Good. I look forward to that.

She hands him the papers and goes.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - LATER - EVENING

Tom exits his office with some paperwork. The office is very quiet, almost empty. He approaches Pam.

TOM

Hey - is Kathy here?

PAM

She's gone for the day.

TOM

Well, I addressed some of the notes on the layout, will you just give these to her in the...

PAM

Well, Joanne's just wrapping up. You can go on in.

Tom hesitates for a moment. Then trying for an easy smile.

TOM

Okay.

Tom walks down the hall to Joanne's open office door.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - JOANNE'S OFFICE - SAME

Tom enters. Joanne's back is turned to him, organizing papers on the window ledge. Tom knocks. She turns. Startled to see him. She's wearing her new skirt, no stockings. A blouse. He takes her in for a moment. Then holds up the papers.

TOM

These are some of the changes you requested. I'll just...  
(moving to her desk)  
I'll leave them on your desk...

JOANNE

Shut the door.

Tom hesitates. Then he does. He eyes her. She faces him, across the room.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Look. It's not appropriate. You know it and I know it.

TOM

I get it.

JOANNE

I don't want to be rude. You do great work, but you're gonna finish it at the end of next week, and then you're gonna go.

TOM

Did you have to make me shut the door to tell me that?

They eye each other. She backs up imperceptibly. There is a knowing in her eye. He sees it. He takes a deliberate step toward her. She moves to her left...

JOANNE

Stay away from me...

But he won't. And then, startled at herself, Joanne finds herself running through the bathroom door, Tom finds himself chasing her, as she throws open the CONNECTING DOOR on the other side of the bathroom and rushes into -

THE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Tom strides in a moment later. He closes the bathroom door, and then reaches for the hallway door to the conference room. As he locks it MATCH CUT TO:

THE RECEPTION AREA - SAME

Pam, at her desk, hears the conference room door lock. Her heads turns to it, puzzled. Her eyes find Joanne's door, still closed...

THE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Tom stands before Joanne. Who looks at him. Her legs are a bit astride, her eyes are open. He moves to her. She moves to him. They kiss passionately, wildly. He brings her to the floor. She lays down hungrily. He opens his pants while she gropes for his chest, his body. He pulls her underwear aside, she gasps. He opens her roughly with one hand and pushes himself in. She lets out a forced exhale of breath.

He begins to slow down, to open her more gently, but she grabs her own body and opens herself up as wide as she can.

JOANNE

Do it.

He pushes into her, hard. It's all she can do not to moan out loud. She holds his ass now with both hands, pushing him in.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Come.

He does, savagely, trying not to make a sound. It's all over very quickly. He lays his head down upon her. They both breathe heavily, prone. Then she pushes him off and slides away from him, putting her underwear back into place. In a quavering, intense, sharp voice...

JOANNE (CONT'D)

This cannot go on. You understand me? I have a husband. I am not going to be that type of person. I cannot do this.

He smiles at her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Don't laugh at me.

TOM  
I'm not...

JOANNE  
Don't belittle...

TOM  
I'm happy.

JOANNE  
Don't be. You just cheated on your  
wife and your children. Fucking  
hell.

She stands and goes into the bathroom. As she slams the door...

INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - SAME

Pam hears the door slam faintly.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME

Joanne shuts the other door, locking it...locking both...

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Tom stands, buckling his pants, in the silence. He stops. He can hear his own breathing. He moves for the conference room door.

INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - SAME

Tom moves through the door and down the hall into his office without turning to Pam, who watches him go.

INT. THE BATHROOM - SAME

Joanne sits on the toilet. She's breathing heavily, fighting desire, fear, longing, pain. Trying to push it all away, as she wipes herself and her underwear, throws the paper in the toilet, flushes it, and walks through -

THE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

And out into the hallway past Pam, who's mystified...and Joanne just keeps going.

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - SAME

Joanne goes down the hall. Manic, she pushes into the -

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - FIRESTAIRS - SAME

And rushes, down and down, everything a jumble, until she reaches -

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE JOANNE'S BUILDING - SAME

She just keeps walking. Then, she can't anymore. She ducks into a doorway. And just leans there. Then, she keeps walking.

INT. BAR - LATER

Tom walks in to a bar. To the bartender.

TOM  
Give me a Maker's Mark. Neat.

The bartender pours it. Tom shoots it down.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Again.

As the bartender goes, something occurs to Tom.

INT. BATHROOM - BAR - SAME

Tom washes his hands briskly in the sink. Something else occurs to him. He looks at himself in the mirror. Then, with the water still running, he begins to unzip his pants.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Joanne moves in briskly, jangled. One of her sons is in the foyer playing with a toy gun.

JACK  
Hi Mom!

JOANNE  
Hi sweetheart. How was your day?

JACK  
Good.

JOANNE

Good. I'm gonna go to the  
bathroom, okay?

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

In JUMP CUTS, Joanne takes a shower, dries herself, tries to decide what to do with her dirty underwear and then washes it in the sink. She checks her skirt for come stains and then throws her dirty clothes into the laundry shoot.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

Joanne comes out in an expensive sweat suit, where her two boys are playing in the hall.

JOANNE

Who wants to play Monopoly?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Sarah and Tom have just turned out the light, Sarah wrapping an arm around him, getting ready to sleep. Tom looks up at the ceiling. A beat.

TOM

What do you need that vibrator for?

SARAH

You know about it. You know I have it.

TOM

I know you have it. I know what you do with it. But what do you need it for?

SARAH

I like...to be alone with myself.  
It gives me pleasure.

TOM

Do you think about other men when you do it?

SARAH

Sometimes. But that's not real.

TOM

Why not? You're thinking it.  
You're coming to it. Why isn't it  
real?

SARAH

Because it's my fantasy. It's  
myself. It's like your work. I  
don't control what's in your head.

TOM

I don't work any more.

SARAH

I didn't ask for that.

TOM

I don't do it because I have you  
and the kids.

A beat. Sarah sits up and turns on the light. Hard and  
calm, she turns to Tom.

SARAH

Look - you want me to go back to  
Cutting Edge, with the clients and  
the dinners and the cocktail  
parties? You know what? I'll do  
it. In fact, I'm happy to, because  
I liked it, and I miss it.

TOM

That's not what I'm saying.

Beat.

SARAH

Everybody's alone in this world,  
Tommy. That's what we always said.  
You know it and I know it. But  
it's okay. It's better than okay,  
because we can be alone together...

TOM

I don't want to be alone.

SARAH

You think that makes me not your  
partner? From the day we've met,  
I've been your partner. I've  
always been your partner. And we  
can love each other everyday.

She's kissing him softly. He's gently resisting.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You know, I think someone's feeling  
a little existential...

TOM

Stop...

SARAH

You want to watch me use it? I can  
go get it...

TOM

Really, stop it...

But he's giving in...

SARAH

Come on. I can go get it...

INT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Tom rides up alone, his face revealing raw nerves and a flood  
of mixed emotions.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Tom walks in to work. He gives Pam an easy smile.

TOM

Good morning.

PAM

(uncomfortably)  
Kathy wants to see you in her  
office.

TOM

Okay.

Tom walks down the hall, through Kathy's open door into -

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - KATHY'S OFFICE - SAME

TOM

You wanted to see me?

KATHY

Close the door.

He does.



KATHY (CONT'D)

Tom. We're letting your firm go. Joanne's not happy with the work. We will of course pay you through the presentation phase and will not use any of your materials or concepts without additional compensation, but...we'd like you and your team out by the end of the day.

Tom just smiles at her. An odd, knowing, stung smile. Then he turns and goes.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom angrily sweeps everything into a box.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sarah and Tom stand in the kitchen.

SARAH

But I don't understand...

TOM

I don't understand either, okay?

SARAH

You said they loved the work, right?

TOM

Sarah, just drop it...

SARAH

What did you tell Robert? What did Robert say?

TOM

What do you mean, what did he say? What's he gonna say?

SARAH

But, fired from a contract...? I mean, when has that ever happened...?

TOM

Will you get off my fucking back, okay? I started the company! I fucking own it for Christ sake!

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
 It's all I fuckin' do! What do you  
 want from me?!

Sarah is stunned by this outburst. Evenly, but with  
 crackling anger:

SARAH  
 I thought you said you didn't want  
 to be alone.

Tom storms out.

TOM  
 I'm going upstairs. I need to  
 work.

SARAH  
 Are we gonna start this again?  
 (calling)  
 You motherfucker! It's not my  
 goddamn fault you're not an artist!

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DEN - SAME

Tom storms in. JUMP CUTS:

He sits, thoughts racing. His eyes catch something. He  
 moves aside some piled up stuff and pulls out a CANVAS. He  
 places it against a wall. He stares at it. Tension building.  
 Suddenly -

He rips it apart with his bare hands and his feet, until it's  
 a torn and broken mess on the floor. He stares at it for a  
 moment, breathing hard. Then he exits, slamming the door  
 behind him.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard enters in his pajamas, ready for bed, to see Joanne  
 standing there in her nightgown with great need on her face.

JOANNE  
 Richard. Make love to me.

She goes to him, wrapping her arms around him, kissing him...

RICHARD  
 What...

JOANNE  
 Make love to me, Richard...

RICHARD  
Are you okay...?

JOANNE  
Make love to me...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Close on Joanne, on her side of the bed, Richard's arm around her. Her eyes look faraway, as they find -

THE CLOCK. Which reads 10:13.

Behind her, Richard's hand reaches up and turns out the light.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Joanne walks in, with somewhat forced but renewed purpose.  
To Pam:

JOANNE  
Good morning.

PAM  
Good morning.

As Joanne turns to go down the hall, she sees TOM'S EMPTY OFFICE. She finds herself stopping, walking into the empty room where Tom was only a day ago. She's struck by a sudden rush of feeling. As if trying to say something positive but not quite getting there:

JOANNE  
Well.

Pushing her feelings aside, she exits.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - MORNING

Children run through the halls, free. Tom walks Sasha and Jed in. Near the entrance desk, he falters as he sees -

JOANNE, down a hallway, talking to her boys and another parent. She sees Tom, struck for a moment until she tries a hopeful, friendly half-wave. Tom, eyes hard set, just stares back at her. Sasha tugs on his hand.

SASHA  
Daddy, let's go!

He allows her to pull him down a hall, away from Joanne's view.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - COURTYARD - MINUTES LATER

As Tom walks back through the courtyard after dropping Sasha off, he sees Joanne, just breaking off a conversation with another mother. As she turns, he is upon her.

TOM  
What, are we gonna make nice now?

JOANNE  
Our kids go to the same school.

TOM  
You should've thought of that before you...

She walks away from him.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom is in his office at his own firm. Robert walks in with a bemused smile on his face.

ROBERT  
Dig this - that crazy bitch who dropped you last week, Wilkinson?

TOM  
Yeah?

ROBERT  
She calls me up ten minutes ago, and she tells me she made a mistake. Now she says the work is great. She wants all the logos and design, and she feels so bad that she's going to pay out the entire contract, take the elements and implement them herself.

(heading out)  
Oh, and here's the kicker to the kicker - she asked me to tell you personally that you were a pleasure to have around.

Tom takes this in.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is the middle of the night. Sarah sleeps soundly. Tom can't sleep.

EXT. JOANNE'S OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

As Joanne exits her building, she stops, startled to see -  
TOM.

TOM

What do you want from me?

JOANNE

Not here.

TOM

Where then? Where? Where is it  
okay for you?

JOANNE

This is my place of work...

TOM

Yeah, it was my place of work until  
you fucking fucked me over...

JOANNE

Come here.

She walks briskly past him. He follows as she turns toward -  
THE BUILDING'S FREIGHT ENTRANCE. She keys into the door  
which is closed past five and walks in, Tom behind her, into -

INT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE LOBBY - SAME

Empty, grey, florescent lights.

JOANNE

I know you're angry!

TOM

Goddamn right I'm angry! You  
cannot treat people like this.  
What, because you have money you  
can buy and sell....

JOANNE

That's not why I did it...

TOM

Oh what, so you just felt bad, so you just bought the fucking job from me...?

JOANNE

No...

TOM

I make my living this way! You cannot do this to people!

JOANNE

I know, I'm wrong...

TOM

You cannot remove people from your fucking life!

JOANNE

I shouldn't have done any of this. It's been a big fucking mess and I'm running away and I shouldn't...

TOM

Well then, fucking deal with it...

JOANNE

I can't!

Suddenly it bursts out of her, tears bursting from her face.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I can't because I don't know what I'm doing, and I want you, and I can't...and this is wrong, this is wrong, and it's wrong, but I can't face it.

She tries to gather herself, but she can't. Tears still flow freely from her eyes.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I do not want to see you. I cannot see you. Do you understand?

He looks at her. He understands. A rush of feeling flows through him.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I just have to go and you have to leave me alone.

He just stands there.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 Leave me alone.

He walks slowly toward her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 No.

He reaches out for the back of her head, her hair. As he does, she sighs and her body practically buckles, almost as if something in her has collapsed, as she continues to say -

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 No...no...

He kisses her. She sighs again..and suddenly she's grabbing for him. A moan as her hands run all over him, he's kissing her everywhere...

TOM  
 I want you too. I want you too...

They are rubbing themselves against each other, and then he has her turned around, he's pressing up against her back, she facing the wall, grabbing for him, hands all over each other...she reaches for her pants buckle, her zipper, he reaches for his own, they're still pressed against each other as she bends to the wall, hands gripping it as, bent over her, he enters her. She groans, it's so good. For him also.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON TOM AND JOANNE: just their upper bodies, as they make love, slowly, deeply and intensely, locked into a rhythm. Joanne starts to come. As she gives in to it -

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

WIDE ANGLE FROM ABOVE: Tom and Joanne lay on the floor of the conference room, still half-clothed, holding each other close.

JOANNE  
 I shouldn't even be here right now.  
 I should be home. I need to go home.

TOM  
 I know. I know.

They drink each other in. He sits up, suddenly serious, pleading, intense.

TOM (CONT'D)

Look. Two hours a week. Give me once a week. Just once a week. We can work through this. We can let go of it. But we have to get there. Let us....let us get there.

JOANNE

I'm not going to leave my family. I cannot do that.

TOM

I know. I completely know. But don't make me let go of you yet. Let's just work through it. We can make it subside. It will. It can't yet, but it will. And then we'll go. Okay?

She puts her hand to his cheek. Touches him. A decision.

JOANNE

Once a week.

INT. JOANNE'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanne sits across from her therapist.

THERAPIST

So. What's going on today?

Beat.

JOANNE

I'm having an affair.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard blows out the candles on his birthday cake. The guests applaud wildly as he stands, laughing and calls out.

RICHARD

I'd like to thank my fantastic wife for this absolutely lovely evening, which is making me feel very old probably because I am...but she makes me feel young again, at least occasionally. Thank you...

He kisses a smiling Joanne on the lips.



INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom sits at the dinner table with his family.

TOM

Hey - I want to tell you, I love you guys. Nights like this are the best, and I just want you to know , all of you, I love you...

SARAH

We know.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom opens the door to reveal Joanne standing outside in a lightweight stylish rain coat.

TOM

Hey. Come on in.

He steps aside for her to enter. She seems tight, nervous...he too as he closes the door and they enter -

THE ROOM. It is a deluxe room at an expensive hotel with a good view.

JOANNE

Wow. It's big.

TOM

Yeah.

JOANNE

What did you tell them at work?

TOM

It's only Robert. I told him I was going to the gym.

JOANNE

How much time do you have?

TOM

Two hours. I got some...a bottle of wine...

JOANNE

I have to work. I mean...it's Wednesday.

Tom smiles, then a chuckle, she too, some of the nerves abating.

TOM  
Sorry...

JOANNE  
Yeah...

TOM  
You want a....coke or something?

JOANNE  
A diet coke?

TOM  
Sure.

He starts to pour, busying himself.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It's funny how I thought we need a  
drink. We didn't need a drink  
before...

JOANNE  
No.

He hands her a glass.

TOM  
Here.

JOANNE  
Thanks.

TOM  
You want to sit down?

JOANNE  
Yeah. I'm gonna take this off...

She takes off her coat and sits at the table. He sits  
opposite her. She drinks. He opens a can of juice.

TOM  
There's so much...not to say.

JOANNE  
Yeah. Work's okay?

TOM  
It's great. I'm onto other jobs  
since my unceremonious firing.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm doing a condo presentation in the West Village, one of those new developments, you know, the fancy sleek office, the logos, the furniture...etc..

JOANNE

And what about your other work?

TOM

I don't do it. Though I've been feeling like I want to. Maybe that's because of you. And you?

JOANNE

Things are okay. The same. The office is almost done. You should....you should come up and see it.

A silence.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

TOM

I have no idea. I didn't think...I mean, I played this out in my head so many times...

JOANNE

Me too. We're sharing something that no one else knows about, and probably, hopefully, never will. Isn't it amazing how alone we are, together, in this secret?

TOM

Yeah.

JOANNE

Weird, isn't it?

TOM

Uh-huh. Look, I don't want anything from you but just...what it is. So, why don't we just talk?

Joanne softly but firmly shakes her head.

JOANNE

Afterwards.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #3 - LATER

Joanne walks briskly back to work after her tryst with Tom. She is somehow emboldened. Giddy, she smiles.

INT. KIDS PARK - DAY

Tom helps Jed launch his bike, while Sasha plays on the jungle gym, calling for him. Tom pauses for a moment, next to Sarah.

TOM

Hey - I made a decision. I'm gonna paint again.

SARAH

Yeah?

TOM

Yeah. Just for fun. Just because I love it.

He kisses her on the cheek and runs off after Sasha. Sarah smile fades, her face now guarded.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

It's the weekend. Joanne watches Richard play football with her two boys. He plays hard, enthusiastically. He's a great dad. As his son beats him for a touchdown, he looks over at Joanne. She smiles.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - MORNING

Tom walks out of one school building after dropping the kids off. Crossing the courtyard, his step falters imperceptibly as he sees Joanne coming toward him after extricating herself from a group of parents. They meet and pause for a second in the courtyard, seeming friendly and nonchalant.

TOM

Hey.

JOANNE

Hi.

TOM

How are you?

JOANNE

Good. Still on?

TOM  
Two o'clock.

JOANNE  
Yeah.

They walk past each other.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - HALLWAY - LATER

Tom is heading out with his gym bag when he runs into Robert.

ROBERT  
Hey - heading out?

TOM  
Yeah, I'm gonna work out.

ROBERT  
I got my gear here. Can I tag  
along?

TOM  
Actually, I'm not going to the gym.  
I'm gonna run.

ROBERT  
Well, I could run. Let's do it.

TOM  
Well, actually...Bob, I sort of  
just want to run alone, you know?  
I want to clear my head. I  
just...I've got some thinking to  
do.

ROBERT  
About what?

Tom digs for an answer...

EXT. HUDSON PARK - LATER

Tom and Robert run up Hudson Park. Tom looks miserable.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Joanne waits in the hotel room. Tom's not there.

INT. JOANNE'S COMPANY - JOANNE'S OFFICE - LATER

Joanne is at her desk. Her intercom buzzes. It's Pam, sounding a little strained.

PAM

Tom Aubrey, on line one?

Joanne tenses.

JOANNE

Thank you. I've got it.

She picks up. INTERCUT to TOM AT WORK:

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Hello?

TOM

It's me. I'm sorry...

JOANNE

You shouldn't be calling me here.

TOM

You're not answering your cell.

JOANNE

It's out of battery.

TOM

I'm so sorry. I couldn't get away.  
Robert was just such a fucking  
pain...

JOANNE

Do not call me here.

Joanne hangs up the phone.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #4 - EVENING - SAME DAY

Joanne is walking home, just down the block from her work.  
Tom pulls up in his car.

TOM

Hey!

JOANNE

Jesus.

TOM

Let me talk to you.

She bolts into the car.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME

                  JOANNE  
What are you doing?!

                  TOM  
I'm sorry...

                  JOANNE  
This has got to stop, Tom. This is  
out of control already!

                  TOM  
No it's not.

                  JOANNE  
Yes it is.

                  TOM  
I will be there. I will not miss  
the time again. I will not call  
you anywhere but...

                  JOANNE  
You cannot come here near my work!

                  TOM  
I wanted you to have these.

Tom pulls out three LETTERS.

                  TOM (CONT'D)  
I had to write down what you made  
me feel. I can't stand the thought  
of another week going by without  
you reading these letters. Please.

                  JOANNE  
Tom, this is not a love affair.

                  TOM  
I know. But that does not mean I  
can't feel something. And I know  
you feel something.

He holds out the letters. She takes them.

                  JOANNE  
Do not call me. I'll see you next  
week.

TOM

Next week.

She takes him in for a moment. She kisses him on the mouth, and again. He reaches for her.

JOANNE

No.

She gets out and briskly walks off.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #5 - MINUTES LATER

Leaning against a wall, Joanne reads Tom's letters. They are written in long hand, frank, passionate and emotional. A light rain falls onto the pages and the letters run in the rain. Looking up with a confused, troubled look on her face, Joanne softly crumples the letter in her hand.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - SAME DAY - LATER

Joanne walks in. As she hangs her coat, RICHARD appears from the kitchen.

RICHARD

Hey.

JOANNE

Hi.

RICHARD

The kids are eating early. Change of plans.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - LATER

Richard and Joanne have dinner at home alone. Richard is excited and happy though tentative to tell his wife.

RICHARD

I want to tell you that I had the most amazing week. I shorted all the big financials. You know what that means? I bet against the stock prices of all the big banks and investment banks, I bet they would fall. I was very anxious, I don't know if you noticed...

JOANNE

I didn't.



RICHARD

It was an extraordinary week for me, Jo. I wanted to tell you that...I made a great, great deal of money. A great, great deal.  
 (turning back to his food)  
 They'll have the numbers for me by next week.

Joanne does not know what to say.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Richard reaches for Joanne in the dark. He starts to press himself against her. She lets him for a moment, then...

JOANNE

I don't really feel like it tonight. I'm sorry. I know you do, if you really want to, go ahead...

RICHARD

No. It's okay. It's alright.  
 (kissing her)  
 Good night darling.

On Joanne's face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom and Joanne lie there, spent, having made love.

JOANNE

We would never be here if our kids were in the same class. That's how easily this could never be happening.

A beat. Then:

TOM

What are the things you want to do or feel in bed that you've never done?

JOANNE

What do you mean?

TOM

Are there things that you've always wanted to do that you haven't said or done? That you haven't told anyone?

Joanne pulls away. Her sense of being offended grows with each passing second.

JOANNE

What do you mean? Told who? My husband? You mean, things I can't talk about with my husband?

He doesn't know how to answer as she moves away from him, starts to dress.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Do you think this is a game?

TOM

I want to know you.

JOANNE

You want to know what? The difference between him and you?

TOM

No...

JOANNE

What you can do for me that he can't? What territory's left?

TOM

No...

JOANNE

I'm not two people, Tom. I am one person. I do not live a completely different life somewhere else. I have one life. That's why this is so hard for me.

TOM

I'm just acknowledging that this is real.

JOANNE

Are you going to acknowledge that to your wife?

TOM

I want to know you. I want to know what makes you happy and I want to give it to you.

JOANNE

What - here? You don't know my kids. You don't know how I like my dry cleaning. You've never seen me puke, you've never held my fucking hair back. You don't know me.

TOM

Tell me.

JOANNE

The amount of time we've spent alone together is less than one full day. That is not intimacy.

TOM

Do you want to have intimacy with me?

JOANNE

We meet for sex, Tom. You have no right to ask me about my husband.

It's Tom's turn to be stung.

TOM

Oh, so that's all this is then?

JOANNE

Do you think it's something more?

TOM

So this is just a fuck then?

JOANNE

I didn't use that word.

TOM

Is that what this is to you? Come here. You want to fuck?

He grabs her ass with his hand and opens her, shoving two fingers inside her. They stay like that.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here. Is that what you want? Is that what you want?

She is turned on. He forces her to the bed, opens her legs roughly, wraps a hand around her throat and enters her.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here.

She moans. She looks into his eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #6 - OUTSIDE HOTEL - DAY

Tom exits the hotel. He walks down the street, as behind, Joanne exits the hotel. But instead of heading the other way she turns and runs to him in a burst of spontaneous feeling.

JOANNE

Hey.

He turns. She risks hugging him on the street, close and warm.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you.

She walks away. Tom is left there, touched, taking this in.

INT. JOANNE'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

JOANNE

I feel closer to him than almost anybody else in life, because there is no pretense. But that's not possible in reality.

THERAPIST

Why not?

JOANNE

Because if you live your entire life like I am now, just following your gut, than you can never build anything. It's just chaos.

THERAPIST

It sounds like you're afraid that something bad will happen to you.

JOANNE

It's the opposite. *I* am doing it. I'm actually doing this thing, something that is so heinous I never ever would have ever thought I could do it...and I'm just doing it. Like, thinking about asking him to do things, as if it's important, I mean...at my age, I care if this guy, or someone, touches me a...a certain place...as if that's anything, I mean, I'm...I have two children depending on me. What am I thinking?

THERAPIST

Maybe, for the first time since I've known you, you're thinking about yourself. You're thinking that you want to be happy. Not for your children. Not for your husband. Just for you.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom is sitting there working. His cell phone rings. He sees the number, unexpected, pleasantly surprised.

TOM

Hi.

INTERCUT - JOANNE'S COMPANY - JOANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanne is at her desk on her cell.

JOANNE

I don't want to wait a week.

TOM

You want to meet me at the hotel?

JOANNE

Uh-uh.

(beat)

I want to see you somewhere real. Somewhere outside.

TOM

Where?

JOANNE

I don't have time to go far.

(beat)

Look, there's a place near me, not far from you...

INT. IRISH PUB - EVENING

Tom waits at a booth with a beer in this grungy pub, where indie rock plays loud and the crowd is all young kids from the local art and fashion schools. Joanne slides into the booth, facing Tom.

JOANNE

Well.

TOM

You sure this is okay?

JOANNE

Are you kidding? This place is for kids. No one I know would ever come in here.

A waiter approaches them.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something?

TOM

(to Joanne)

Let's do what the kids do - shot and a beer.

(to waiter)

Two Herradura, two Corona with a lime.

WAITER

You got it.

As he leaves, Tom and Joanne look at each other.

TOM

So...

JOANNE

I just want to talk for a while. Let's just pretend that things are normal.

INT. IRISH PUB - BATHROOM - LATER

Tom and Joanne fuck up against the sink in the tiny single bathroom. She grunts, moans. He thrusts. Hard, quick. She reaches her hand down.

JOANNE

Wait, wait, wait...

Hard and fast, she rubs herself off as he thrusts.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Uh...oh God...

She comes. He comes. They are still. Suddenly, she looks up, her face changed, surprised, baffled, bemused, afraid.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

What are we doing?

TOM

I don't know.

JOANNE

Look where we are.

(beat, anxious)

But...you don't want to get caught, right Tom?

TOM

(less certain)

No.

JOANNE

Because we can't get caught. Okay? We can never get caught. We need to have some discipline. Yeah?

TOM

Yeah.

JOANNE

I'm late. I need to get cleaned up. Go outside, okay?

TOM

Listen -

He's holding her by the shoulders, looking into her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

I could see you every day. Every single day.

She takes this in. She sees the truth in him.

JOANNE

Go.

TOM

One second...

He reaches for a piece of toilet paper to clean himself. She's watching. He buckles his pants.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay.

He goes. She's alone in the harsh light of the bathroom, stricken by the reality of all that's happening.

INT. IRISH PUB - SAME

Tom waits for her, also stricken by the same reality. She comes out of the bathroom.

JOANNE

Didn't you leave?

TOM

I'm waiting for you. Look, let's spend a day. We can get away for a day. A half a day. Let's spend a day somewhere better than this.

JOANNE

I don't know.  
(re: exit)  
I'll go first, okay?

TOM

Okay.

She moves in close to him for a second, heads close, foreheads touching, lingering. They kiss. She goes.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #7 - OUTSIDE IRISH PUB - SAME

As Joanne exits briskly, she runs into RACHEL STALLS, the mother from school who introduced her to Tom. Rachel seems mildly surprised to see Joanne exiting the bar.

RACHEL

Joanne.



JOANNE  
Hey. Rachel.

                  RACHEL  
Hey.  
                  (re: bar)  
What are you doing here?

                  JOANNE  
Um...one of the girls we're working  
with at, you know, at my charity,  
she wanted to meet there, here, we  
needed to talk, so...

                  RACHEL  
Oh.

                  JOANNE  
Where are you off to at this hour?

                  RACHEL  
The gym.

                  JOANNE  
I've got to run. I'll see you.

Joanne abruptly leaves. Rachel's slightly taken aback.

                  RACHEL  
Yeah...

As Rachel walks away, we find the BAR, where, through the  
window in the door, Tom has witnessed the exchange.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joanne sits alone with Richard. He watches her eat. A beat.

                  RICHARD  
You're distant.

                  JOANNE  
Just tired.

                  RICHARD  
It's been weeks now. If there's  
something going in with you, I'd  
like to know.

She musters up a calm and comforting smile.

JOANNE  
Nothing's going on. Just living.  
Just life.

RICHARD  
The therapist? Is that going well?

JOANNE  
Why do you always have to bring  
that up?

RICHARD  
Because, I mean, I'm just curious  
if it's yielding, you know...

JOANNE  
Richard, there's nothing wrong with  
me. I don't need to be fixed. I'm  
just living. That's all.

She goes back to her dinner, both of them are still full of  
feeling.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Richard reads in bed, Joanne laying on her side, looking out  
the window. Richard checks the time. Under his breath:

RICHARD  
Ten o'clock.

He turns out the light. It's dark. A beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I know I have a tendency to control  
things...to want everything to  
be...correct. And I know I do that  
to you, and I'm sorry. But I'm not  
feeling this way for that reason.  
I'm feeling this way because...I  
miss you.

She takes this in. Overwhelmed with guilt and feeling for  
him, she takes his hand. Then she leans into him.

JOANNE  
I'm sorry, Richard. It's going to  
be okay. This will pass. It will  
pass.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DEN - NIGHT

Sarah opens the door and as she does -

TOM looks to her, almost as if he's caught. He stops what he's doing, which is painting. He's splattered in paint, in a tank top, a little winded, sweaty. Sarah walks into the room until she catches sight of -

TOM'S WORK. It's a stunning abstract painting with great passion.

SARAH

Wow. This is good. This might be the best work you've ever done. You don't sleep, you barely eat....what's gotten into you?

TOM

(beat)  
I don't know.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #8 - MORNING

Joanne walks to work. She makes a decision and dials her cellphone, stopping on the street. A moment later:

TOM (O.S.)

Hi.

JOANNE

I'll go with you.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom drives Joanne up the Hudson Parkway. Windows open.

TOM

The first time I felt my whole body moved by you, you were in this car.

Joanne smiles.

INT. COUNTRY INN - DAY

Joanne and Tom enter their quaint, cozy room. They put down their day bags.

JOANNE

Wow. This is good. I am famished.

TOM  
Restaurant or here?

She moves toward him hungrily.

JOANNE  
Come here...

TOM  
No. Don't rush it. For once....we  
have time.

INT. COUNTRY INN - ROOM - LATER

Close on Joanne's face. Something very intimate and incredibly charged and gentle is going on off screen. Her eyes are closed. Suddenly she starts to come.

JOANNE  
Oh God...

EXT. COUNTRY INN - GROUNDS - DAY

Birds scatter into the sky in a pack. The day is beautiful, the sun and breeze playing off the rolling hills, horse farms in the distance.

Tom and Joanne walk in the field. He tickles her. She laughs. He chases her.

INT. COUNTRY INN - RESTAURANT - DAY

A huge spread of food lays before them, a bottle of white wine, mostly finished. Joanne is still eating. They are the only couple in the restaurant.

JOANNE  
God, this is so good. I could eat  
forever.

TOM  
You're awake.  
(beat)  
The very first time I touched your  
hand, we were standing in the  
school. I felt a little ripple of  
a shock, like an alarm clock coming  
from a great distance in my sleep.  
But I ignored it. I didn't want to  
wake up.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Most of the world just goes on sleeping, they don't want to question it.

JOANNE

Maybe they don't know that they fell asleep. Like you didn't know. Like I didn't know. And if we had a normal life together, we might just fall asleep. It happens.

TOM

Is that what happened to you and your husband?

JOANNE

Richard? I was never as alive with Richard as I am with you. But I love Richard. I had my children with Richard and a home with Richard. I think marriage, in some ways, is for sleeping. If you don't, you exhaust yourself.

TOM

No. Marriage is for both. It has to be for both.

JOANNE

Do you have both with Sarah?

TOM

I did.

JOANNE

Do you still?

TOM

No.

JOANNE

What happened?

TOM

I changed. I didn't have to, she didn't make me, but I made bad choices, I thought I had to hem myself in...and she wanted a different kind of life than I was giving her. It's not her fault. Maybe I could get it back, but it feels too far away now.

JOANNE  
I'm not helping.

TOM  
It's not you. You're helping me.  
You're making me understand it all.

JOANNE  
It can't go on this way. It's too  
much tension.

TOM  
We're waking each other up, Jo.  
We're awake. That's what we gave  
to each other.

JOANNE  
That's why people love their  
children. 'Cause children are  
awake all the time. It makes the  
parents feel alive.  
(with meaning)  
And I don't want to miss a second  
of their lives. I won't. Do you?

TOM  
(understanding her)  
No.

A beat. They are both aware of what's just been said but  
also aware of the feeling between them.

JOANNE  
There are a lot of things I want to  
do that Richard won't do.

INT. COUNTRY INN - ROOM - DAY

Joanne and Tom are hot, flushed, in the midst of an intense  
sexual experience. Joanne has pulled away from him for a  
second, but they are still close, breathing...his hand has  
moved to somewhere below the edge of screen. She holds it  
there.

JOANNE  
He won't touch me there. Will  
you?

He does, ever so softly. Her eyes flutter with pleasure,  
sighs...then...

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Put a finger in it.

He does. She melts, winces...He's watching her face so closely. Her face changes, she looks at him with intense openness.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Do you think you can get your cock  
in it?

Without waiting for the answer, she begins to turn. Tom adjusts, he's over her, her upper body laying on the bed, hips in the air. Close on her face, then his. Intercuts, flashes of his hands, hers, moving...

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Hurt me.

He pushes harder.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Hurt me. Hurt me.

He does.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Come. Come.

He does.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Oh God.

Close on her face.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
I love you. I love you. I love  
you.

He grabs her, kisses her all over.

TOM  
I love you too. I love you too.

EXT. COUNTRY INN - DAY

Tom and Joanne move toward the car in the afternoon sun. Joanne lingers, taking it in.

JOANNE  
I wish we could stay for sunset.  
I've never had a sunset with you.

Tom just moves to her. He kisses her with feeling. She kisses him back. Outside, free.

INT. TOM'S CAR - LATER

The car is approaching the city. Tom and Joanne are tense now.

TOM  
Are you late?

JOANNE  
I'm okay. So...I guess, not until next week, then.

TOM  
(grim)  
No.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Tom enters from his trip with Joanne to find Sarah at home.

SARAH  
Hey. Did you land the account?

TOM  
Not this time.

She moves to him.

SARAH  
Good. Then I don't have to share you with New Jersey.

She hugs him. We stay on Tom's face. She goes back to making dinner.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So dig this - Nancy called for volunteers to prep the food at the Fall Ball at school, so I signed up. And apparently, guess who else did - that woman who fired and rehired you, Joanne Wilkinson.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME - DAY

Joanne shuts herself in the bathroom. You can hear her kids outside. She takes a breath to steady herself. She looks at herself in the mirror. Who is she?



INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark. Joanne is turned away from Richard. She is crying as silently as she can in bed, trying not to sob. Richard wakes up.

RICHARD  
Hey...what's going on?

JOANNE  
Nothing. I'm okay. Just go to bed.

RICHARD  
But...what is it?

JOANNE  
Nothing. I'm just going through something, that's all.

RICHARD  
Can I help?

JOANNE  
Richard. It's just something that I have to go through, okay? Alright?

RICHARD  
Okay.

JOANNE  
Put your arms around me.

He does. She cries.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

TOM'S POV: as he plays with his two children, and they play with each other. Their beauty, joy, simplicity, happiness...

Tom watches them, taking it all in.

INT. TOM'S COMPANY - ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom walks in to Robert's office.

TOM  
I have to talk to you.

ROBERT  
Great. What's up?

TOM  
No. I have to talk to you.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - LATER

Robert has just heard the whole story from Tom.

ROBERT  
Jesus. And that's why she fired you.

TOM  
Yeah.

ROBERT  
And that day that we went jogging...my God. Why didn't you tell me?

TOM  
Because I...I never ever thought I would be in this position. And I wasn't sure that it would last. I wasn't sure that it was real.

ROBERT  
And now you are?

TOM  
I don't know her that well, really. but I feel...limitless. And Sarah...I'm not comparing. But Sarah and I...we're great as parents, but we don't help each other....realize. I know that there is something better for me in the world than what I am living. And I know that I want to be happy. But how can I pursue that at cost to my children? I have two children that need me every day.

ROBERT  
There is always a real truth, Tom. Your children are only going to respect you if you find it.

TOM  
Even if it means not being with them? I need them, Bob. How can I not be with them? Even for half the time? How can that be?

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joanne's in the shower, her mind and soul a chaotic mess of thoughts and feelings.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Tom lays awake all night, the same.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Tom enters the hotel to see Joanne waiting for him in the lobby. He hesitates at first, and then walks over to her.

TOM

What are you doing?

JOANNE

Come here.

She leads him to a relatively isolated area of the lobby, a little niche where there are pay phones.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I'm not going upstairs with you, Tommy. This cannot go on like this.

TOM

I know.

JOANNE

What are we going to do?

TOM

I'm thinking about you and me, I'm thinking my life, my choices, what I want for my children, for my future...even who I am.

JOANNE

Me too.

TOM

I love you.

She takes this in, a beat.

JOANNE

I've tried all my life, so hard, to be so good. And now...everything's different.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I quit that thing that your wife is on at school, the committee. I just...I didn't know what else to do. We were on a collision course.

TOM

Are you going to the Ball?

JOANNE

I don't know.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Parents mill around the silent auction area in the school courtyard, decorated with hanging lanterns, etc., for the Fall Ball, a parents-only fund raising event. Tom and Sarah work their way through the items on offer. Tom looks tense and very uncomfortable. Across the room, Sarah sees -

JOANNE AND RICHARD. Milling their way through the crowd. Joanne also looks very tense and drawn.

SARAH

Look who's across the room. Two o'clock.

TOM

Yeah? So?

SARAH

So let's go say hello.

TOM

Sarah, no...

SARAH

Why not?

She's already pulling him by the hand. He's resisting in urgent, quiet tones, but Joanne has already looked up and seen them coming...

TOM

Just drop it...

SARAH

I want her to know she doesn't have to avoid me just because she fired you. And, after all, rehired you...

And by now they are upon Joanne and Richard, Joanne so tightly wound she looks like she might flee. She tries her best to cover it, Tom trying to be smooth and relaxed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Sarah Aubrey. We were meant to be on the prep committee together...

JOANNE

I know. Joanne Wilkinson.

RICHARD

Richard. Hi....

TOM

Hi Richard.

Tom and Richard shake hands. The tension is incredible between Tom and Joanne, though unnoticed by the others.

SARAH

(Joanne)

Sorry to miss you on the committee.

JOANNE

Yes, I just, um...I've quite a number of other commitments.

SARAH

Well, I hope we'll have a chance to do something at the school together. I'd like that.

JOANNE

Me too.

RICHARD

And I just wanted to say, Tom, that design you did for Jo's office...? Fantastic.

TOM

Thank you.

A beat. Finally Tom and Joanne face each other.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's nice to see you. You've been well?

JOANNE

Yes. You?

TOM  
 No complaints. Kids are great,  
 life is good.

Joanne looks as if she might not be able to bring herself to say anything. Richard notices this, looking concerned. Sarah notes it as well.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Well, we're going to go and see if  
 we can't make a bid on something.  
 Nice to see you.

JOANNE  
 You too.

As they leave:

RICHARD  
 (to Joanne)  
 You alright?

JOANNE  
 Yeah.

ANGLE ON: Tom and Sarah as Sarah leans into Tom, quietly gossipy and joking...

SARAH  
 I'm not sure she's mentally well.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Richard is in the den pouring himself a glass of scotch. Joanne enters, tentative, half ready for bed.

JOANNE  
 It's ten o'clock.

RICHARD  
 I know. I'm going to stay up for a  
 while.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Sarah stands at the door to their bathroom.

SARAH  
 You coming?

TOM  
 I'm gonna go check on the kids.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SASHA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Tom stares at his daughter, sleeping in her crib. Intense emotions play over Tom's face.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Tom comes down into the hallway, sees Sarah in the bathroom through the open door, getting ready for bed.

TOM  
I'm going out.

SARAH  
Where?

TOM  
Just out. Just a walk. Just get  
some air.

He turns and goes. She looks on, curious, worried.

INT. IRISH PUB - LATER

Tom sits at the bar, alone, in intense thought. He sips a scotch. Then he hears a man's voice next to him.

RICHARD  
Macallan if you have it. Double.

Tom, surprised, turns to see Richard. Richard, at the bar, sees him. Richard seems drunk.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You. I didn't think I'd see anyone  
I knew in a place like this.

Tom's hackles are up. Does Richard know?

TOM  
You doing okay?

RICHARD  
I've always been curious about this  
place. I've always wanted to see  
what goes on in here. I've passed  
by it so many times and never  
walked in. Until today.

(beat)

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I guess I should put it all back in the box, now that I'm seeing someone I know from the school, right?

TOM

You should do what you want.

RICHARD

It's funny, school. Everyone has to pretend that they don't have a penis or a vagina, that they don't...I don't know...do hard drugs. Get drunk. That they're never desperate. That nothing bad ever happens.

TOM

I know what you mean.

RICHARD

But I guess it's a matter of principle, right? It's a matter of stability. Do I want unstable people around my children? No. Do you?

TOM

No.

RICHARD

You know, maybe this can be like one of the old movies, where men get drunk together. And they have camaraderie just because they're men.

(to bartender)

Get him another.

TOM

No...

RICHARD

Come on, drink with me, I'm buying. One drink with me before you go.

Richard comes to sit near him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

All my friends, we have a schedule. We have to schedule a social visit three weeks in advance. It's never like that in the movies, right?



TOM

It depends on how you live.

RICHARD

I probably don't make a lot of sense tonight. I'm just a little upset.

(to bartender)

Give me another one.

TOM

Why are you upset?

RICHARD

I...I lost a lot of money this week. Probably more money than you could get your head around. Oh, I'm not broke. Far from it. But...I may not have a company soon. My life has been....very ordered. Very ordered. I'm not used to this.

(beat, a smile)

Anyway, what about you? How many years you been married?

TOM

Five. Together for ten.

RICHARD

(musing)

Ten years...

TOM

I should go.

RICHARD

Come on, one for the road. Ten years, huh? I've been married twelve. You like being married?

TOM

(beat)

Do you?

RICHARD

I lead a very simple life. I go to work, I come home, I'm with my kids, my wife...I like to go to bed at ten. I like to play ball with my kids. I love my wife. Is that bad?

TOM

No.

RICHARD

I like making money. I see the world that way and I'm great at it. I can't help it. A while ago, I went to India with my wife. I went for a deal. On a private plane. We had a car and driver. We had a guide. We made a few air-conditioned stops. I didn't care. My wife? She loved it. She still talks about it. Someday, when I retire, I'm going to take her everywhere she wants to go. Hopefully. Do you know what you want?

TOM

Yes.

RICHARD

Good for you.

(beat)

Do you have any money?

TOM

No.

RICHARD

Do you imagine yourself an artist then? You look like an artist.

TOM

I...haven't had much conviction in life to be one thing or the other. But, I'm finally starting to understand it now.

RICHARD

So why don't you be it then?

TOM

I'm trying.

A beat.

RICHARD

Do you know the secret of human nature? You probably do, or else you wouldn't be sitting in this bar right now, but I'm going to tell you anyway.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It is the reason I've been able to make all this money. It's something that very few people can admit to themselves, because the truth of it drives most people mad.

(beat; he leans in)

There's a whole world below our world. Below all this, we're all just one action, one word, one touch away from chaos. And every day, it's up to each of us whether to give in to it, or to fight. In every single second you're alive....you make the choice.

(beat)

Like tonight. I've never set foot in this place, and suddenly, I feel I could do anything.

TOM

You're a little drunk.

RICHARD

I'm having a bout of emotional honesty. With an almost complete stranger. Maybe I should try a therapist.

TOM

That would be safer.

RICHARD

Come on - let's pretend we're in the movies, we're two reporters and we're both after the same girl, we go on a drinking bout and talk all night, man to man, like nobody does anymore.

TOM

I would really like to do that. But I can't. Goodnight.

Tom leaves.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom sits, distraught, heart racing, mind racing.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Sarah wakes up. Tom's not in bed. Her mind's turning...

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Richard walks in. Joanne is in bed awake, with the lights off, facing away from him.

RICHARD

Jo?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Tom's still on the couch when Sarah appears, in her robe.

SARAH

What are you doing?

Eyes clear and blazing, he looks up at her.

TOM

I need to talk to you.

SARAH

Is something wrong?

TOM

Yes.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

Richard stands there, time seeming to have stopped.

RICHARD

Are you having an affair?

JOANNE

Yes.

RICHARD

How long?

JOANNE

Three months.

RICHARD

Is it him, the designer?

JOANNE

Yes.

A beat. Richard is seething under the surface.

RICHARD

We are over. And you are not  
taking my children.

He walks out. She follows, desperate...

JOANNE

Richard. Richard!

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Sarah is beginning to spin out into rage and hysteria. Tom stands stock still.

SARAH

So you're leaving? You're leaving?  
That's it? That's it? No  
discussion? You're leaving?

TOM

I am in love with another person.

SARAH

(mocking)  
Another person? Another person?  
What do you mean "another person"?!  
A man?!

TOM

No, not a man.

SARAH

Say it, Tommy. You coward.  
(screaming)  
You coward! You fucking coward!

TOM

I'm in love with another woman.

She screams. She starts throwing things at him, yelling, screaming.

SARAH

You fucker! You goddamn fucker!  
How could you do this, how could  
you do this, how could you do  
this...how could you?!

TOM

We are not happy...

SARAH

What do you mean we're not happy?  
We're not happy in what? In what?  
In what? In the kind of fantasy  
you carry around in your head?!

TOM

That's what I mean...

SARAH

Fuck you, we're not happy! Fuck  
you!

(pointing up to kids room)

And what about them? Nothing?  
Nothing? Nothing? You fucking  
coward! You piece of shit!

TOM

I am not going to raise my children  
with this...

SARAH

You fucking high and mighty....you  
fucking, you live in an unreal  
world, and you're gonna see, you're  
gonna see....oh My God, oh my  
God...

She starts to sob. He just stands there, he knows she has to  
take it...

SARAH (CONT'D)

How could you do this? How could  
you do this? You're destroying my  
life, you fuck...

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT FOYER - SAME

Richard is stalking toward the front door, Joanne racing  
after him, pleading.

JOANNE

Richard, please! We need to talk!  
We need to talk about this...please  
do not go out like...

RICHARD

Give a fucking minute! For fuck's  
sake! Leave me the fuck alone!

She stands there, cowed. He's fuming.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 You fucking cunt. You fucking  
 slut. Leave me alone.

She's trembling. The elevator door opens. He goes.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sarah struggles for calm, her eyes wide with realization,  
 stained with tears, her voice a-tremble...

SARAH  
 So that's it? That's it, yeah?

TOM  
 (emotional but calm)  
 Even the way this conversation has  
 gone, Sarah, lets me know that we  
 are not meant to be together.

SARAH  
 Are you going to go be with this  
 other person?

TOM  
 I don't know. Even if I wasn't, I  
 would still be saying the same  
 thing. She only helped me realize  
 it.

Sarah's eyes glaze over with hatred.

SARAH  
 Get out.

EXT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME - NIGHT

For a long beat we move along with Richard, upset, enraged,  
 as he stomps quickly down the street, putting as much  
 distance between him and the apartment as quickly as he can.  
 Suddenly he stops. Winces. His head in his hands, a resolve  
 to deal with his life fighting with his raw desire to flee.

RICHARD  
 Fuck!

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

Tom exits his townhouse, onto the street, Sarah watching him  
 go, aghast, enraged, expecting him to turn around.

Just as he reaches the front gate, she rushes out and attacks him furiously with her fists. He fends her off as best he can, as they move into the street.

SARAH

You goddamn fucker! Goddamn you!  
Get out of my life! Get out!

TOM

Sarah...!

SARAH

Aaaaagh!

She's hitting him. He breaks away from her, crossing the street, neighbors watching.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Go! Go you motherfucker! You're  
good for nothing! Nothing! You  
hear me?! You better hear me...!

She's yelling and sobbing. She goes back inside. Slamming the door. Tom, distraught, a wreck, keeps walking.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - SAME

Richard re-enters the apartment to see Joanne. She's sunken to the floor in the same spot he left her, crying. When she sees him enter, she stops, and stands up, expectantly, attentively, filled with guilt. He's coiled, but he's Richard. A beat.

RICHARD

We have two children in the middle  
of this. How are we going to  
handle this? What are we going to  
do?

She holds the question, on the edge of everything.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Do you want to give up on all of  
this? On everything we've built?  
On everything we have?

JOANNE

(trembling)

No.

RICHARD

Why did you do it, Joanne?



JOANNE

I...wanted to. I just wanted to.

RICHARD

Do you love him?

Her face crinkles into tears.

JOANNE

Yes. I'm sorry.

RICHARD

What is it? Is it...do you want to live with him? To marry him?

JOANNE

I don't know what it is. I don't know him very well.

RICHARD

But if you love him, and you can't end it, then there's nothing, really, for us to talk about.

She's crying. But it comes out.

JOANNE

I can end it. I...I want to end it.

Richard is hard, not convinced. She takes a step forward, trying with all she has to believe what she's saying...believing it.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I can do it. Give me...give me a chance.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom enters the same hotel room where he had his first tryst with Joanne. He looks worn to the bone, and stressed. JUMP CUTS: He sits down on the bed, head in his hands. He paces. He dials his cell phone. Gets Joanne's voice mail.

TOM

It's me. I left Sarah. I need to talk to you. Call me.

Tom lays down on the bed on the fetal position. Closes his eyes...

EXT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Establishing shot.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME

Joanne and Richard are up in the dawn light. They've barely slept, the tension still crackling between them. Joanne speaks with soft, firm honesty.

JOANNE

I have to see him.

RICHARD

Of course you have to see him. He goes to the same fucking school.

INT. DINER - CHELSEA - DAY

Sarah sits across from Tom. She looks ragged, eyes swollen. Tom looks like he hasn't slept.

SARAH

So, how are we going to deal with this? We have two children in the middle of this.

TOM

I want to do the thing that's most right for the kids...

SARAH

You're not coming back into that house. You are not going to sleep there.

TOM

You think that's the best thing for the children?

SARAH

(biting)

You're telling me what's best for my children now? This is on you, and you better think of what the fuck you're going to tell them about why you're not there.

TOM

I am going to be in my children's life.

Rage pushes its way up through Sarah. She has to fight it back. Tears of frustration mount, and she pushes them away. With a firm but trembling voice:

SARAH

You are not sleeping there. You figure out what you're going to tell them, and that's as far as this conversation goes.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - AFTERNOON

Sarah is playing with the kids. The doorbell rings. She moves to the door. It's Tom. He's waiting for her to let him in. She does and then quickly moves away from him back into the kitchen area. Coiled, cynical:

SARAH

Well, look who's here?

The kids run to him, wrap their arms around him.

JED

Dad!

SASHA

Daddy!

Tom looks shell shocked, filled with feeling as he attempts to handle this normalcy. Touching their heads...

TOM

Hi. Hey...

SARAH

(sarcastic bite)

Daddy has something he wants to tell you.

SASHA

What is it?

JED

What is it, dad?

TOM

Let's...let's go up to your rooms, yeah?

Tom lifts up his daughter and grabs his son's hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on....

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SASHA'S ROOM - SAME

Tom enters the room.

TOM  
You want to go in bed, Sash?

SASHA  
Yes, daddy.

Tom places his daughter in her crib and turns to his son.

TOM  
Where do you want to sit, Jeddy?

JED  
On your lap?

TOM  
(gently)  
No. Why don't you sit right here  
in front of me, okay?

He pulls up a small chair and guides Jed to it.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Daddy has something important to  
tell you, okay?  
(beat)  
I'm not going to be sleeping here  
anymore. I'm going to be sleeping  
somewhere nearby, very nearby, so I  
can still come and see you and you  
can come and see me.

JED  
Why, daddy?

Sasha starts to cry, silently at first.

TOM  
Because...Mommy and I aren't going  
to sleep in the same bed anymore...

JED  
Well, why can't you sleep in my  
room?

TOM  
Because...when grown ups don't  
sleep in the same bed anymore, they  
don't sleep in the same house.

Sasha begins to wail. Tom reaches for her, puts a hand on her and his son.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Wait - listen, listen, listen...

Tom is trying to fight back tears.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Everything is going to be okay.  
And someday, you are going to understand all of this. Because Daddy wants you to be the happiest people in the world, but first...Daddy needs to show you how to be happy. Which means, Daddy needs to be happy. And when Daddy's and Mommy's are happy, really, really happy, then their kids are the happiest people that ever lived.

(placing hands on them as he speaks)

And if you live with your whole heart, and your whole mind, and your whole soul, then you are going to be unstoppable. Which means, stronger than a super-hero. Can you be stronger than a super-hero?

Sasha is still teary and confused. Jed is trying to understand.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We're gonna be alright. We're gonna be alright. Now, stay here for one second, I'm gonna be right back...

SASHA  
Don't go, daddy.

TOM  
I'm not. I'm just gonna see if Mommy minds that I put you to bed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Tom returns to his hotel room. He looks shattered as he sits down on the bed. His CELL PHONE rings, and he realizes he forgot to bring it with him. He moves to it and sees it's Joanne.

TOM  
Hi.

JOANNE  
Hi.

TOM  
I've been dying to hear your voice.

JOANNE  
I've been trying to call you. I  
left messages.

TOM  
I've been dealing. With  
everything. Dealing with my life.

JOANNE  
I know. I need to talk to you.

TOM  
Good. When can we meet?

JOANNE  
Now. Where are you?

TOM  
I'm at our hotel.

JOANNE  
Meet me in the lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom is waiting expectantly in the lobby near the check-in desk. He perks up as he sees -

JOANNE, through the glass double doors at the front of the lobby. She motions for him to come outside. He follows.

EXT. HOTEL - SAME

As Tom walks out, he sees that Joanne has moved twenty feet down the sidewalk, waiting. He joins her.

TOM  
Hi. Do you want to go somewhere  
else?

JOANNE  
I want to talk here.

He takes this in, takes in her face.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Tom...I'm staying with Richard.

She starts to cry.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I told him about us. He knows.

He just looks at her.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I love my family, Tom. I don't want to leave my kids. Even part of the time. Richard has given me...he's given me everything I have in my life. And...I love him.

TOM

Are you in love with him?

JOANNE

Tom...

TOM

Look, I'm gonna beg. I don't care. There's no room for anything else. You are the love of my life. I want you with me all the time.

JOANNE

How do you know that?

TOM

Because I just know it. Please do not leave.

JOANNE

I can't....

She turns and starts to rush away. He moves after her.

TOM

Wait....wait! Listen to me, okay? I did not leave my wife for you. I left my wife because you showed me that there was a better way. That there was more life out there for me, that I need to show my children a man who's alive and will die knowing he did his very best, it's what I owe them, what I want them to be.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And I'm not proud of the mistakes  
I've made, but I want you, and  
whether you stay or not, I know  
what I want and who I am....

JOANNE

I can't be you, Tom. I can't do  
what you do. I have to be myself.

TOM

I want what you want, Jo. I didn't  
do this for you. The truth is, I  
want to thank you, as hard as it  
is. And I want you to know,  
really, sincerely, in my heart, I  
want your happiness. Even if it  
means I can't have it, that's what  
I want.

Her face crumples into pain and tears.

JOANNE

I love you, Tom, but I have to go.  
Okay? Thank you. Thank you.

She touches his cheek. He grabs her hand.

TOM

Are you sure?

She nods through her tears. He lets go of her hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay. Go then.

JOANNE

Goodbye.

TOM

Goodbye.

She hesitates for a moment, and then grabs him into a  
passionate hug. She could start kissing him all over any  
second, but instead she pulls away.

JOANNE

Goodbye.

TOM

Goodbye.

She turns and goes. He watches her go.



INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Richard, at the kitchen table, helps one of his sons with his homework. They hear the front door open.

RICHARD

Hello?

Joanne walks in.

JOANNE

I'm home.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Tom sits on the bed, shell-shocked.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Joanne, in a robe, makes a big breakfast for her two boys.

JOANNE

And two pieces of bacon...You want two? Here are two...

Richard walks in. He and Joanne are still very distant, formal, circumspect with each other. He's in his suit, untied tie. He goes to the coffee.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Morning.

RICHARD

Morning.

JOANNE

You sleep okay?

RICHARD

Yeah.

JOANNE

Good.

She's looking at him. He looks back. A little softening between them, Joanne trying to feel something. Then:

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(to boys)

Eat up, guys, okay? 'Cause it's going to be time.

WILL  
Who's taking us?

RICHARD  
(firmly)  
Sylvia.

JACK  
Again?

RICHARD  
Sylvia's taking you.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #9 - DAY

Tom walks with a real estate broker, who stops in front of a townhouse.

REAL ESTATE BROKER  
So, there's this one. 467. One floor, two bedrooms, kitchen alcove, living room, bathroom.

TOM  
How much?

REAL ESTATE BROKER  
4000.

Tom winces, looking up at the building.

REAL ESTATE BROKER (CONT'D)  
Look, if I can take you up into the thirties...

TOM  
No. A ten block radius. It's got to be a ten block radius.

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY

Tom moves into 467. He lugs his few boxes in. The place is bare, no shades on the windows. He's all alone. TIME CUT -

It's getting dark. Tom's unpacked the little he has. He sits on living room floor. Sighs. Looks around.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom waits outside. Sarah opens the door and lets the kids out with barely a glance at him. The kids run to him.

JED  
Daddy!

SASHA  
Daddy!

TOM  
Hey!

They run into his arms as, kneeling, he kisses and hugs them.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - LATER - MORNING

Tom walks his kids into the school. As they enter the hallway, Tom sees, up ahead -

RICHARD. Talking to two other parents. Richard instantly is aware of Tom but does not look at him at all. Tom kneels.

TOM  
Hey - you guys go on ahead, okay?  
Jed, hold your sister's hand, take  
her to class, okay? I love you.

The kids go. As Tom stands, about to turn and go, another parent waylays him.

PARENT  
Tom -

TOM  
Hey...

PARENT  
Alice O'Neil. We've only met once  
before, I've got a child in the  
third grade.

TOM  
Yeah...

PARENT  
Listen, I wanted to ask you  
something. I'm on the committee of  
the spring fair...

Out of the corner of his eye, Tom sees Richard break off his conversation and start to walk toward the entrance, completely ignoring Tom as Richard moves closer to him.

PARENT (CONT'D)

I'm sure people hit you up for pro-bono work all the time, but we need some invitation and program design...

As Richard is about to pass Tom, suddenly -

Richard, unable to control it, lunges with a primal yell at Tom. He grabs Tom by the jacket, swinging him...the parent screams as Richard drives Tom back, Tom trying to get him off. It's an awkward, scrappy, awful fight as Richard tries to land a punch, Tom covering himself, trying to wheel back, adults and kids scatter as -

Parents and administrators rush toward them to break it up -

ADMINISTRATOR

Hey! Stop it!

Richard and Tom are restrained, Tom putting up no fight, both breathing hard. The administrator is furious.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop it! What the hell?!  
There are children here!

A crowd, some of them kids, are gathering. Richard seethes at Tom. Under his breath:

RICHARD

Fuck you.

Richard rips himself away from the adults holding him and goes. Tom looks at the people staring at him, losing his head...

TOM

What? What?! You don't know real life?! You don't know real life?!  
Well, here it is!

He stomps out.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Joanne splashes water on her face. She dries her face. She looks up into the mirror. And then she sighs, as if that sound is the only thing she has that's holding her together. She takes another breath to steel herself, and opens the door. As she does she sees -

RICHARD, just arrived. He doesn't look well.



He reaches softly for her upper arm, then further up, he gets to her shoulder, then pushes his body up against her, turning her until she's facing away from him. He's pulled her tight to him, spooning her, overcome with love and desire as he pulls down her underwear and begins to make love to her. And this whole time we're on -

JOANNE'S FACE. Struggling so hard to give in to this moment, when all the cells in her body know that she wants to be somewhere else.

EXT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Tom's across the street from her building, just watching it, watching the door, drunk. It's all he can do to stop himself from going in.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Tom, looking haggard and very hungover, sits across from his matrimonial attorney.

ATTORNEY

She's offering weekends.

TOM

No. No. I'm not going to accept that.

ATTORNEY

She's claiming that because of the volatile situation, she does not want you accompanying the children to the school.

Tom takes this in....then:

TOM

Look. I know it's all my fault. I know it's all my fault and I accept that. I do not care about the money.

ATTORNEY

I know...

TOM

I just want my kids with me as much time as I can. I gotta have my kids.

The attorney takes a beat.

ATTORNEY

Tom, you look like hell. I know it's new, I know you've just been through the war, and I know you miss her and your children, but I'm gonna give you some advice. The number one thing you need to do right now is concentrate on you.

Tom takes this in...

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom wakes up. For the first time in a long time, he kind of looks like he simply is where he is.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Joanne wakes up, facing away from Richard. For a moment she looks clear, until the reality of her life comes back into her consciousness.

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER - MORNING

Tom, now dressed, is on the phone with Robert, who's at the office. INTERCUT:

TOM

Hey.

ROBERT

Hey, buddy.

TOM

I'm not gonna come in today. I want to stay home and get this house together.

ROBERT

(with a smile)

Well, that's about the best decision I've heard you make in quite a while.

Tom smiles in return.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Joanne enters to see the housekeeper. Joanne looks drawn.

JOANNE

Hi Marie. Tonight, I'd like to prepare a special dinner for myself, my husband and the kids. I'd like you to make the chicken in the pot, with the grapes and rice, that I know they love. Okay?

HOUSEKEEPER

Very good. Is Madame alright?

JOANNE

I'm fine.

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

A delivery van pulls up from a home furnishing store. Tom comes out to meet the delivery men as they get out.

TOM

Hey guys. Right here. Thanks for doing this early.

INT. JOANNE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Joanne lets the shower beat down on her, centering herself.

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - EVENING

Tom works hard, unpacking boxes, assembling furniture. The place looks much better. He stops to take a swig of water. Then he turns back to the box he was attending to. From it, he removes a photograph of him and his kids. He places it in a central position on the mantle.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Joanne, still looking tense but focused, sets the table for dinner with her family. Richard enters the kitchen, just home from work. He smiles at her.

RICHARD

Hi.

She smiles back, no hint of strain.

JOANNE

Hi. The kids are in the back. Dinner's almost ready.



INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - SAME

Tom showers, cleaning off the day.

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Joanne's two boys and Richard are sitting at the dinner table. She carries the pot of dinner over to the table. Sets it down, standing there...

RICHARD

Wow. This looks great.

As Richard and the boys begin to serve themselves, Joanne just stands there, transfixed, frozen. She can't sit down. And suddenly it just wells up in her, a wave of feeling she just can't put away.

JOANNE

I can't do this.

RICHARD

What?

She rushes out of the kitchen.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to boys)

It's okay, start eating, alright?

I'll be right back.

(rushing out)

Jo...

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - SAME

Joanne's rung the elevator. She's throwing a coat on.

RICHARD

What are you doing?

JOANNE

I have to go, Richard...

RICHARD

Jo, listen, you need to calm down and...

JOANNE

I'm sorry....

The elevator is there. She rushes into it, presses "close"...

RICHARD

This is the not the way that adults  
with responsibilities....

She faces Richard from inside the elevator. With tremulous  
but complete clarity:

JOANNE

I'm sorry, Richard. I cannot do  
this. I have to go.

The door is already closing. She is gone.

INT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - SAME

Tom, showered, wet hair, comes down to the living room in  
clean clothes. He's moving for the fridge when he notices  
some of the discarded packaging still laying in the living  
room. He moves to it to break it down and bag it.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET #10 - SAME - NIGHT

Joanne is running on the street, running toward Tom.

EXT. TOM'S NEW APARTMENT - SAME

Tom walks out to the curb with two large garbage bags. He  
lays then down with the rest of the trash, and when he turns  
to head back in he stops as he sees -

JOANNE. Down the block. Tom stands there, amazed and still,  
and she moves toward him. She puts her arms around him and  
hugs him close as he hugs her back. She's home. They hold  
each other there, her head pressed against his chest.

JOANNE

I'm scared.

TOM

Me too. This is going to be hard.  
This is not a clean start.

JOANNE

I know.

TOM

I love you.

JOANNE

I love you too. I feel happy.

TOM

Me too.

Hold on them. CUT TO BLACK.

THE END