

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

The Drift

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First Draft

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FADE IN

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TRISH, late 30's, sits alone in a restaurant. A more upscale restaurant, the wait staff all wear matching uniforms, black pants for men, black skirt for women, white shirt, black tie. A pianist plays jazzy harmonies in the open area.

Trish has done her best to dress for the setting. After all, it's not everyday that a stay at home mom gets to go dinner without the kids to one of the nicer restaurants in town.

Dressed in a slim fitting, modestly priced evening gown, Trish's recent decision to exercise is paying off, as she feels sexier than she has in years. A shawl with three-quarters sleeves covers her bare shoulders. Her hair is up in a messy bun, which reveals her beautiful face, though aged by a decade and a half of raising children. Her eyes reveal a tiredness she tries to hide with mascara and eyeliner.

Trish sits alone at her two person table, legs crossed. She picks her phone up off the table. Her lock screen shows her with her two kids and her husband Will.

7:47 PM

She sets her phone back down. An impatient look flashes across her face.

She plays with the wedding ring on her finger.

A waiter comes by. He holds up a menu, a wine listing. Trish points at one, nods her head, and gives a polite smile.

LATER

Trish picks up her phone again.

8:09 PM

Trish sits up straight and turns around toward the entrance of the restaurant. She sees nothing

Her impatience is turning to frustration.

Still holding her phone, she starts texting

TRISH

(text)

Where are you?

She drums her fingers as she waits for a response.

WILL

(text)

Be there in just a minute.

Trish sets her phone down.

She tries to remain calm and keep a neutral face. She takes a drink from her wine glass.

She peeks around the restaurant, worried about the appearance of being alone. She notices happy couples of all ages at every table, enjoying themselves, not paying a bit of attention to her.

She sighs and clicks her phone on.

8:27 PM

Frustration is turning into anger.

8:30 PM

Trish finishes her wine. She takes one last look toward the door.

WILL bursts through.

Trish has a look of relief on her face.

Will, late 30's, walks through the restaurant to where his wife is sitting. Although he managed to put on a jacket, underneath it he is wearing a polo shirt and jeans. His hair is a bit unkempt. The two stand in stark contrast to each other in how they prepped for their date.

Will has always been a charmer. Combine that with his classic good looks and propensity to make new friends wherever he went, there weren't very many people who didn't like him.

As he makes his way toward his wife, one hand in his pocket, he smiles and waves at half the restaurant.

Trish stands to greet her husband. She goes in for a hug, but Will didn't see her move in, and sits straight down.

Trish is left standing, but shrugs it off, determined to have a wonderful evening.

As soon as he sits, he grabs a waiters arm that happens to walk by, points at his wife's drink, holds up two fingers, smiles, and pats him on the back as he walks away.

Will looks at his wife and immediately stands up, as if he forgot something. He leans over to her and gives her a quick kiss and flashes his award winning smile at her. Trish smiles back.

LATER

Will and Trish are eating. Will has taken his jacket off and hung it on the back of his chair. Both smile and enjoy themselves. The evening seems to be going well, despite the rocky start.

A crash is heard nearby. The OLDER COUPLE at an adjacent table has dropped a half full bottle of wine onto the floor. A nearby WAITRESS rushes over to them to help them clean it up. The older couple apologize and look distraught over the ordeal.

The waitress, 20's, apart from being quick to help, is very sexy. As she scrambles to clean up the mess, she bends down and the tight skirt accentuates her perfect backside.

Will notices this right away and can't help but treat himself to any eyeful.

Trish notices Will noticing.

As the waitress stands up, Will catches her by placing his hand on the small of her back. He pulls out his wallet, and pulls out a \$50 bill, points at the ruined wine bottle, points at elderly couple, and smiles at them. They smile back and wave in appreciation.

Will hands the money to the waitress and winks at her. She returns a polite smile and walks away. Will checks out her derriere as she does so.

As she walks away, she walks behind Trish, causing his eyes to meet hers. Trish give him a disgusted look, and he shoots back a smile.

Will reaches over the table and grabs her hands. Trish is a bit upset, and does her best to ignore him. He toys with her hands and tugs on them as he smiles at her. She tries to look away.

He leans across the table, picks up her hands, and kisses them. She looks at him through the corner of her eye. He is making funny faces at her.

She can't resist. She turns to face him, as she smiles and politely laughs.

Will gets up and nuzzles her neck. She smiles as she enjoys the attention. Suddenly, he gives her a little love nibble, which causes her to laugh/shriek out loud.

Everyone in the restaurant pauses to glance at the couple.

Trish looks down and blushes and Will just smiles at her as he sits down.

LATER

Both Will and Trish have finished their meals. They sit and enjoy a glass of wine.

Will gets an alert on his cell phone. He holds up one finger to Trish as he pulls his phone out of his pocket and looks at it

Will is looking at his phone as he types away with this thumb. Trish looks at him, but he is too distracted. She picks up her phone and glances through a few things.

The hostess walks a YOUNG COUPLE and seats them at the table next to theirs. They are an attractive young couple. The woman is quite chesty and is wearing a low cut dress, showing ample cleavage. Will looks up slightly from his phone to watch her walk in their direction.

After the couple has been seated, they start to look through their menu. The woman is sits across and diagonally from Will, which puts her right in his line of sight.

Trish sees him look, and does her best to ignore him as she looks at her phone.

The woman drops her napkin on the floor. She bends over to pick it up and Will is able to see right down her dress.

Trish sees this and clears her throat. No reaction from Will.

This time, she clears her throat and kicks him under the table. She furrows her eyebrows at him.

Realizing he'd been caught, he tries to charm his way out of it with a smile and a laugh.

Upset, Trish tosses her napkin onto the table, gets up, and walks away, leaving her phone and purse at the table.

Will tries to stop her, but she keeps going. He doesn't want to cause a scene, so he lets her go.

INT. BATHROOM

Trish stands in front of the bathroom mirror. She is upset. She leans forward and looks at herself in the mirror.

She inspects every inch of her face, her hair, and her body in the mirror. Tears start to well up in her eyes.

She attempts to pull herself together.

She fights the tears, grabs a tissue, and dabs away the few that were able to escape and she fixes her makeup.

She shakes her head and looks into her own eyes in the mirror, with an aggressive stare.

She rips off her shawl, and throws it in the garbage

She adjusts her breasts to form more cleavage. She pulls out her bun and allows her hair to cascade over her shoulders.

She grits her teeth and prepares to go back out there.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trish walks with confidence back to her table. She's never felt this sexy in her life. As she makes her way to her table, she gets plenty of stares from the men in the restaurant.

However, when she gets back to the table, Will isn't there. His jacket is still on the back of his seat and his phone is on the table.

She sits down in her seat. She crosses her legs and sits up straight, chest out. She leans into the chair as she puts one arm on the back of it. She's not very good at it, but she manages to pull off a "sexy pose".

As she waits, Will's phone beeps. She glances down at it, but doesn't do anything.

Tones go off a second time.

She looks around.

Will is not on his way back yet.

She picks up his phone.

She glances around the room one more time.

She opens his phone.

His lock screen is a sexy tattooed girl on a motorcycle.

She rolls her eyes.

She clicks the messaging icon.

The color drains from Trish's face.

Tears swell up in her eyes and roll down her cheek.

She sets the phone down in front of her, puts her head in her hands, and weeps.

Will returns and smiles like he always does. He notices Trish crying. He puts his hand on her shoulder and she knocks it away. She slides his phone over to him, messaging app still open.

Will picks it up and looks at it. The texts are from ASHLEY, 20's, a girl he's been sleeping with.

The first text is a selfie from Ashley, topless.

The second reads:

ASHLEY

(text)

*Hurry up I miss u. I wish you didnt
hafto leave earlier.*

The smile disappears from his face. For the first time in a long time, he is at a loss for words.

Trish tosses her napkin onto the table, grabs her purse, and gets up to leave. Will grabs her by the arm.

She stops, still crying, and pulls her phone out of her purse. She opens it and presses some buttons. Will's text alert goes off. She puts the phone back in her purse, and tosses her wedding ring onto the table.

Trish storms out of the restaurant.

INTERCUT INT RESTAURANT/EXT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Will picks up his phone. She texted him a screen capture of a text exchange from earlier.

TRISH

(text)

We've just been drifting so far apart. He doesn't try to be intimate, he doesn't even kiss me anymore

MOM

(text)

I know it's hard, and I'm here for you.

TRISH

(text)

We're going out to dinner tomorrow. I need to know if it's too late for us. Or if there's even a marriage left to save.

Trish runs outside. She doesn't hide her crying anymore.

Will puts the phone down.

Trish makes a phone call.

Will hangs his head, despondent.

A taxi arrives.

Will gets up from his table and starts to run toward the door.

Trish gets in the taxi.

Will runs out of the restaurant doors just as the taxi drives away.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Trish cries as the cab drives down the road. She opens her phone and looks at the picture perfect family moment.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Will throws himself down on an outside bench and puts his head in his hands.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Trish looks out the window, tears rolling down her face, as the cab drives away.

FADE OUT

THE END