

ADVICE WITH A SIDE OF LUNCH

written by:

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FADE IN:

EXT. MODEST RESTAURANT - MIAMI - DAY

Patrons enter the stylish establishment during the busy lunch hour.

INT. MODEST RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - MIAMI- DAY

The sound of silverware and conversation fill the busy restaurant as KAREN, 30's, like a young Helen Mirren in business attire, sanitizes her hands and drinking glass at a cozy booth.

A WAITER arrives, holding a pitcher of water to fill Karen's glass. Karen covers the glass' opening with her palm.

KAREN
(forced smile)
That's alright.

DAN, late 20's, enters the booth and takes a seat. If Tom Cruise had a slightly less attractive twin, Dan would be him.

DAN
(to Karen)
Almost impossible to find parking.

The waiter goes to pour water in Dan's glass.

DAN
No water, but I'll take a scotch, neat.

WAITER
Right away, sir.

The waiter walks away. Karen removes a bottle of water from her purse and empties the bottle into her glass.

KAREN
Scotch, Dan? It's eleven o'clock.

DAN
Well, it's five o'clock somewhere.

KAREN

That response is kinda the definition of an alcoholic.

DAN

(imitates a kid)

Gee, mom. If I knew you were coming..

KAREN

And this is why your presentations are piss-poor. You might wanna think about attending an AA meeting.

DAN

You kidding me? AA? Sounds like a stuttering Canadian.

KAREN

You know what? Never mind.

The waiter returns with Dan's scotch.

DAN

(to waiter)

Thank you. And thank you for not trying to be my sponsor.

WAITER

(confused)

You're welcome...sir?

Karen flashes Dan a phony smile. The waiter walks away.

KAREN

I don't get how you and Jeremy are friends. Speaking of which, where is he?

Dan takes a sip of his scotch.

DAN

He said he might be running a little late cause he had to take Dylan to a dentist appointment.

KAREN

God, I hope he's getting braces.

DAN

Yeah, I know. That four year old's teeth is a trainwreck.

KAREN

Watching that kid smile on his birthday, for a whole afternoon, was like watching a Jaws marathon--Jeremy!

DAN

(overlapping)

--Hey, buddy!

Mild-mannered African American and good husband, JEREMY, late 20's, enters the booth and takes a seat.

JEREMY

Traffic from the dentist's office was horrible.

KAREN

We missed you at the morning briefing.

JEREMY

Couldn't make it through Dennis droning on about increasing PR revenue without me?

KAREN

Ha. You wish your department mattered. So, world's greatest dad, Tanya had to work?

Jeremy picks up a menu.

JEREMY

No. She couldn't take Dylan cause she had another important yoga class.

Karen and Dan exchange a look.

KAREN

You mean, since you two been fighting?

JEREMY

Yeah. It's a little annoying but...I get it.

DAN (CONT'D)

DAN

(to Jeremy)

You do realize what's happening
right?

Jeremy eyes both of them.

JEREMY

I know where this is going--and
no. Yoga helps her when she's
frustrated.

KAREN

(insinuating)

I'm sure it does.

JEREMY

We're not doing this.

DAN

Really? So you don't think
there's even a chance that she's
spreading her legs for another
guy?

KAREN

(to Dan)

Real subtle.

JEREMY

I'm not playing the paranoid
husband again. Last time I did,
I found out she was spreading her
legs for another guy, but it
turned out to be her
gynecologist...I ended up looking
like a jackass.

DAN

(to himself)

It's strange, but I kinda have a
craving for fish.

Dan thumbs through his menu. Jeremy gives him a look.

KAREN

(to Jeremy)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Ignore him. Look, just cause she was faithful then, doesn't mean she's faithful now.

JEREMY

I appreciate it guys, but I got this. And no offense, but why should I listen to either of you. Karen, weren't you the one who cheated on both your ex-husbands?

DAN

(nonchalantly)

He's right, Karen. You are a whore.

KAREN

--Fuck you, Dan.

JEREMY

And Dan, when was the last time you slept with just your wife?

DAN

What can I say? Janet likes to swing. And owns one.

KAREN

Okay. Yes, Dan is a...whatever and I cheated--

JEREMY

--Twice.

KAREN

Yes, twice, but that's all the more reason to listen to me. I know a thing or two about being a married woman and getting side cock.

JEREMY

Side cock? That's...a thing?

KAREN

Oh, it's a thing. Like side pussy.

DAN

I think I might get the salmon.

JEREMY

Whatever. I trust my wife, and I want to set a good example for Dylan.

Dan angles his menu down.

DAN

Look, you're already setting a good example for Dylan, buddy. Your real problem is, is that your sex life is probably shit. You're too much of a 'gee-golly Jeremy.'

The waiter arrives at their booth.

DAN

I mean, when was the last time you guys fucked?

JEREMY

(sarcastically)

I don't think everyone heard you.

WAITER

(uneasy)

You guys ready to order or should I come back in a bit?

KAREN

Oh, I'm ready. Would you happen to know the last time you guys passed your health inspection?

WAITER

I don't, but I can check for you.

DAN

Cause what's life without a little O-C-D?

KAREN

(ignoring Dan)

You do that. In the meantime, I'll order the Caesar salad and breadsticks.

DAN

--Salmon platter for me.

JEREMY

--Soup of the day for me.

WAITER

(collects menus)

Coming right up.

The waiter walks away.

DAN

(to Jeremy)

Well?

JEREMY

Well what?

DAN

Well, when was the last time you
and Tanya, you know...?

JEREMY

Yeah, we're not going there.

KAREN

Aww. He's shy about his sex life.

DAN

Or lack thereof.

JEREMY

I'm not shy. It's kinda just none
of your business.

DAN

I bet you don't even know if
she's being satisfied in the
sack. Research shows that if
there's good communication but
the sex is shit, the relationship
is doomed to fail, but if
communication is shit and the sex
is good, the relationship has a
better shot. You, my friend, have
neither.

JEREMY

Thank you Dr. Phil.

KAREN

Jeremy, you're a good husband,
but your problem is, is that
you're too nice. Some women prey
on that. Believe me. I know.

Jeremy loosens up his tie.

JEREMY

(sighs)

What do you want me to say guys?
Yes, the possibility of my wife
cheating on me bothers me a bit.
But we're fine, and so is the
sex. It's just a rough patch.

They both give Jeremy a look.

KAREN

No one says that the 'sex is
fine.'

DAN

Look, you know I'm right. And
even though she embodies
everything about women that makes
men flaccid, Karen has a point
too.

KAREN

(insulted)

I'm still here, asshole.

DAN

You want peace of mind over this?
You need to stop being nice, grow
a pair, and confront Tanya.

Jeremy breathes deeply.

JEREMY

I can use a drink.

Jeremy grabs Dan's scotch and finishes it.

DAN

(sarcastically)

Help yourself.

Karen flashes Dan a spiteful grin as she sips on her glass
of water.

DAN (CONT'D)

DAN

(leans in)

Look buddy, you don't want to regret this, cause before you know it, you'll end up doing another man's laundry, you think are yours, while she's blowing her yoga instructor in your bedroom.

KAREN

(chuckles to herself)

Been there.

JEREMY

Really not helpful, guys. But you know what? Thanks anyway. I just got to figure it out for myself. Excuse me.

Jeremy gets up and heads to the restroom.

INT. MODEST RESTAURANT - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Washed in fluorescent lighting, the well-kept restroom offers a quiet solace in contrast to the dining area.

Jeremy zips up his pants as he turns from the urinal to the sink. As he washes his hands, the waiter walks in and enters a stall.

Jeremy stares at the poor sap staring back at him in the mirror.

Following a flush, the waiter exits the stall and then the restroom.

Jeremy turns from the mirror.

JEREMY

Damn it.

He fishes in his pocket for his phone, scrolls to TANYA in his contact list then dials.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

Athletic with Halle Berry's flawless skin, TANYA, early 30's, arches her back on a large medicine ball as her muscular yoga instructor stands by. Her phone rings on the floor beside her. She answers it.

TANYA

Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEREMY AND TANYA

JEREMY

Hey honey. How's the yoga going?

TANYA

It's going good.
(grunts, to yoga instructor)
I don't know if I'll be able to
stay on top. It's so big.

Jeremy's face floods with concern.

Tanya gets off the medicine ball.

TANYA

(to Jeremy)

Sorry about that.

JEREMY

--We need to talk!

TANYA

(skeptical)

Okay? About what exactly?

JEREMY

Are we okay? I mean, do we need
to book an appointment with Dr.
Gershwin again?

TANYA

We've had a few fights but we
worked through it before, so
where is this coming from?

JEREMY

We haven't just been fighting. We
haven't slept together in weeks,
everyday you're going to yoga,
you come back happy as shit, and
can't seem to stop talking about
your amazing instructor.

TANYA

Wait. You think I'm having...an affair with my yoga instructor?

JEREMY

What am I suppose to think?!

TANYA

So you weren't listening when I told you my cousin, Kyle, opened up a yoga studio and was giving me free classes?

JEREMY

Say what now?

TANYA

You know what? We're not okay. I thought we were past you being the paranoid husband, but I guess not. I can't go through this again. First my gynecologist now this? I think we need to consider...taking a break.

Jeremy's hand clenches the edge of the sink.

JEREMY

Baby, don't--

TANYA

--I can't talk to you right now. I got to go.

Tanya hangs up.

Jeremy's goes to say something, but hears a sharp CLICK.

JEREMY

Fuck.

INT. MODEST RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - MIAMI- DAY

Jeremy returns to the booth with a grim expression on his face. Karen and Dan immediately take notice.

DAN

Buddy?--

JEREMY

--Her yoga instructor, Kyle, her cousin, is not having an affair with her...She wants to talk about taking a break.

Dan and Karen exchange a look. The waiter arrives carrying a basket of bread sticks and a salad.

WAITER

Sorry it took so long folks. The rest of your orders will be here soon.

KAREN

Thank you.

The waiter walks away. An awkward silence fills the booth.

DAN

Um...I'm sorry buddy.

KAREN

Yeah, I'm so sorry, Jeremy. If we hadn't said any--

JEREMY

--You think?!

A beat.

DAN

So what are you going to do?

JEREMY

I don't know.

KAREN

Well, at least you know she wasn't having an affair.

Karen grabs a bread stick and takes a bite.

Jeremy eyes her coldly.

JEREMY

The waiter used the bathroom and didn't wash his hands.

Karen immediately spits out the piece of bread.

CUT TO BLACK