INT. DINER - DAY

JAMES, late 20's, full beard, clean haircut, wearing a jacket and jeans, is seated at the counter, drinking his coffee.

A customer walks through the door and he quickly turns to look as if expecting someone. It's not them.

He keeps twisting the ring on his finger. Eventually taking it off and placing it in his inner pocket.

He looks at the door again. Then turns back to his coffee.

CATHERINE (O.S)
Menu please.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Coming right up.

James tilts his head to the direction of the soft voice. He smiles. Brushes through his hair with his hands and walks over to the lady.

CATHERINE, mid 20's, immaculately beautiful, hair flawless, is going through the menu.

James sits opposite her.

JAMES
Am sorry have we met before?

Catherine looks at James doubtfully for a while and then smiles.

CATHERINE
No, no I don't think we have.

JAMES
Name's James.

CATHERINE
(smiling)
Catherine.

JAMES
Catherine? That's a nice name, what are you having Cathy?

Catherine rolls her eyes.

CATHERINE
Am not quite sure, any suggestions?

JAMES
Try their pancakes, absolutely delicious.
CATHERINE
Alright maybe I will.

JAMES
You from around here?

CATHERINE
No just visiting a friend.

JAMES
Really? Business or pleasure?

Catherine busts into laughter.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What?

CATHERINE
Am sorry, I can't.

JAMES
(laughing)
What? Come on...

CATHERINE
Let's cut the B.S James.

JAMES
I had to give it a try.

CATHERINE
You're really funny. I missed you.

JAMES
I missed you too.

James caressing her face with his hands.

CATHERINE
(shy)
Not here, you know that.

JAMES
Sorry.

Waitress approaches the table.

WAITRESS
What will you be having?

CATHERINE
(looking at james seductively)
I'll have your pancakes.

JAMES
(not taking his eyes off catherine)
To go, we'll have them to go.
WAITRESS
Alright then.

The waitress leaves.

CATHERINE
How you been? How's work?

JAMES
Same old, definitely not getting that promotion, thinking of going solo.

CATHERINE
Well, I know it will go well, you're really good at photography.

JAMES
Thanks, how about you, how you holding up? How's the child?

CATHERINE
Child? Really?

James shrugs his shoulders.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
The child is fine, he speaks now.

She reaches out for her phone, scrolls through and hands it over to James.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Have a look.

JAMES
(going through the gallery)
Wow, he is seriously handsome, I always said you'd make cute babies.

CATHERINE
(blushing)
Oh shut it.

JAMES
How's the husband?

CATHERINE
What marriage is perfect, best we don't talk about it.

JAMES
Fine.

Waitress walks over with the package.

WAITRESS
Here are your pancakes, ma'am.
CATHERINE
Thank you.
Catherine reaches for her wallet.

JAMES
It's fine I got it.
CATHERINE
You sure?
JAMES
Yeah, yeah.

James pays the lady and they both get up to leave.

2 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear keys fidgeting to open the door.
James and Catherine bust in making out.
They are both struggling to undress each other.
Catherine is holding the pancakes.

CATHERINE
(while kissing)
Where do I put this?

JAMES
(while kissing)
Just throw it anywhere.

She places it on the table.
They make their way to the bed.
Clothes on the floor. James in his boxers, Catherine in her underwear and bra.
As they are making out, James feels the ring on Catherine's hand. He now can't stop looking at it.

MOMENTS LATER.
James and Catherine are laying side by side on the bed.
James lights a cigarette.
He takes a puff.

CATHERINE
Pass it.

JAMES
(smoking)
I always forget you smoke now.

He passes her the cigarette.
JAMES (CONT'D)
(looking at the ceiling)
I noticed you had the ring on.

CATHERINE
Cause am married James, or did you forget?

JAMES
No I didn't, it just since we started doing this thing of ours, you'd always take it off when we'd meet, now you just leave it on.

Catherine turns to James.

CATHERINE
James, you're blowing this whole thing out of proportion, it doesn't matter whether it's on or off, doesn't change the fact that once every month, you're sleeping with a married woman.

JAMES
I know, it just feels wrong that's all.

CATHERINE
Are you kidding me? Now it feels wrong?

JAMES
Just saying.

CATHERINE
What are you really trying to say.

JAMES
Oh boy.

James gets up, reaches for his pants and puts them on.

CATHERINE
No tell me.

JAMES
Am sorry I brought it up.

CATHERINE
Well now lets finish it, do you want to end this?

JAMES
Maybe it's best...

CATHERINE
Oh my God, I don't believe this....
Silence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You know when I had Max, we couldn't think of a name, I tried to name him after you, maybe in my own crazy world, I'd lie to myself that he was yours. But Patrick wouldn't let me.

JAMES
Aw Catherine.

CATHERINE
You still don't get it. Since high school you've always been the one. (sniffles)
I could marry a million guys, have a million babies, but I'd always come back to you. You broke my heart maybe cause you were afraid to commit but I still waited.

JAMES
Am engaged Cathy.

CATHERINE
Oh.. Congratulations.

JAMES
Yeah.

CATHERINE
Do you love her?

JAMES
Do you love Patrick?

CATHERINE
I asked first.

JAMES
Let's get some rest.

CATHERINE
When's the wedding?

JAMES
Soon, maybe a month from now.

CATHERINE
Oh, and when were you going to tell me?

James shakes his head.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
After the wedding?
JAMES
This isn't you, lets sleep, talk about it in the morning.

CATHERINE
I think I'll get another room.

JAMES
Come on, don't be like this.

She gets up and starts collecting her clothes, as she heads for the door, James grabs her.

Catherine starts crying.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You don't have to do this.

He kisses her.

She goes back to the bed. James looks on.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Just hand me a pillow, I'll sleep on the floor.

Catherine throws the pillow at him.

She tucks herself in and turns off the light.

James is on the floor staring at the ceiling.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
James?

JAMES
Yeah?

CATHERINE
Come lay with me, please?

JAMES
Alright.

MORNING.

James is by the table scrolling through his phone, while looking outside.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING - DAY

A sedan pulls up to the motel. Looks like a rental.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

James is now smoking.

Catherine wakes up.
CATHERINE
What time is it?

JAMES
8

CATHERINE
Shit! Am supposed to be at my hotel.

JAMES
I thought you were flying back?

CATHERINE
It's Patrick, funny enough he had business this side, had to go before him. Promised to book the hotel room, which I haven't even done, pass me my phone please.

James tosses it to her.

JAMES
Would you leave him?

CATHERINE
Patrick?

JAMES
Yes, if I asked you too?

The phone rings.

CATHERINE
Shit, it's him.

Catherine clears her throat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Hey babe, morning, where am I? At the.. Huh.. Hotel of course, have you arrived yet? Not yet? OK, I'll be waiting, yes... love you too.

JAMES
I take it all is well.

CATHERINE
I've got 2 hours to get to that damn hotel.

Catherine gets up and starts dressing.

JAMES
Remember that notebook we used to exchange notes?
CATHERINE
Yes, I do.

JAMES
I still have it. Read it every once in a while. You were a lot vulgar then.

CATHERINE
That was ages ago.

JAMES
Yeah, but I also realized that's the only time I felt something real. And after what transpired yesterday, I concluded we can't keep hiding, taking off rings.

CATHERINE
Oh, I got the message, you don't have to tell me twice.

JAMES
Which is why I asked, would you leave him, Catherine, for me?

CATHERINE
What about Max?

JAMES
Am willing to be part of Max's life, obviously we're talking about a long custody battle, but am up for it.

CATHERINE
What about your wife to be?

JAMES
Sent her the text this morning, my phone should blow up any minute now. So tell me...

CATHERINE
Yes.

JAMES
Really?

CATHERINE
Are you deaf? The answer is yes.

JAMES
OK then, what happens now.

CATHERINE
I have to break the news to Patrick.
JAMES
Do you want me to come with?

CATHARINE
No, this is something I must do alone, I'll call you.

JAMES
OK.

Catherine is now dressed she kisses James and opens the door to leave.

CATHARINE
It's about time.

James smiles.

Catherine leaves the room, shutting the door behind her.

James is now staring at the phone on the table.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Catherine steps out the motel room, makes her way down. We see hands clinch the wheel with anger inside the car. The car door slightly opens. Catherine crosses the road and waves for a taxi. One arrives and takes her. A man steps out of the car. He is trying to lower his jacket as to hide something in the back of his trousers.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James is smoking, still staring at his phone. It starts ringing.

JAMES
Here we go.

There is a knock at the door.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Catherine is in the back seat, she cant stop smiling. She looks at the ring on her finger. She twists it a bit then takes it off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James looks at the phone ringing and then the door. The knock at the door gets louder.
JAMES
Just a moment.

James leaves the phone on the table and goes for the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I hope you didn't leave anything...

The door bursts open just before he can open it.

James' face is filled with horror.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

PATRICK, mid 30's, taller than most, pot belly, sunken red eyes, is holding a gun pointed at James.

PATRICK
(walking towards James)
You know, you always fear for the worst but hope for the best.

JAMES
Patrick, hold on just a moment...

PATRICK
I always wondered why Catherine was going on these business trips on a constant basis. I thought she'd joined some kind of cult..

JAMES
Dude, i can only imagine what you're going through...

Patrick smacks James right in the face with the handle of the gun.

James' nose starts bleeding.

PATRICK
(menacing look)
Imagine? Can you imagine your wife fucking her high school sweetheart while you're footing the bill?

JAMES
Look, this is something you and Cathy must talk about.

PATRICK
You call her Cathy?
(a tear rolls down his right cheek)
She wouldn't even let me call her that. It all makes sense now.

James looks down at the floor defeated.
JAMES
So what now?

PATRICK
I don't know. Just let me think.

JAMES
Can I at least put my shirt on?

Patrick nods.
James grabs it.

As James is dressing up, Patrick lowers his gun.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Am sorry it had to end up like this.

PATRICK
I'm sorry too. I have nothing to live for anymore. I can't have Catherine.

Patrick points the gun at his own head.

JAMES
Patrick, we can figure this whole thing out!

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK (V.O)
Neither will you.

GUN SHOT.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.