INT. DAVID’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

DAVID, 50, T-shirt and boxers, looks in the mirror. He flexes his arms and chest.

DAVID
Fifty and still got it.

MIRANDA, late 40s, in pajamas, rushes in.

He attempts to hug her.

DAVID
Do I get a kiss today or what?

MIRANDA
I need the bathroom. Like now.

David raises his hands in mock surrender. He saunters into --

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

-- where he plops onto the bed and leans on his side.

DAVID
Not like I haven’t seen you poop.

No response.

DAVID
Let’s go someplace nice tonight--

MIRANDA (O.S.)
It’s my girl’s night out. Remember?

DAVID
What about our night out?

Silence. Disappointed, David stares at the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David, fully dressed, behind a round table, works on his cereal. The phone rings.

David rushes to it.

DAVID

He hangs up. Miranda pokes her head in.
DAVID
Sara's leaving for Colorado tonight. With Bill. Did you know?

Miranda shrugs her shoulders.

MIRANDA
Good she remembered to let us know.

She ducks behind the door.

DAVID
(in whisper)
The only thing she forgot is my birthday. But who's complaining.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He stares at a picture on the wall. Him, Diane and Miranda, happy smiles. He half listens to his wife.

MIRANDA
Don't wait up tonight.

The door slams. She's gone.

INT. METRO TECHNOLOGIES - RECEPTIONIST DESK - DAY

LINDA, 30s, greets David.

LINDA
Hey, good morning, you.

David says nothing, pulls the door to --

INT. METRO TECHNOLOGIES - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David mopes at his desk. Linda peeks in.

LINDA
Why so serious today?

She opens the door to reveal a cake with a lit candle on top. David stares, excited.

DAVID
You remembered...

They sit. He blows out the candle.

DAVID
That's nice. Really nice.

David hurries to the door.
DAVID
Don’t move, I’ll get us coffee.

He returns, a small tray stacked with coffee, plates and forks. She serves cake.

DAVID
You’re the only one to wish me happy birthday. Miranda and Sara forgot.

David sighs. Linda fidgets, uncomfortable.

LINDA
My mom forgets mine all the time.

DAVID
My mom hasn’t called me yet.

He looks at Linda. She’s beautiful – blue eyes, shiny hair.

DAVID
Say, Linda, why aren’t you married? Sometimes I think you are, and you keep it a secret.

Linda laughs.

LINDA
Why would I keep it a secret?

DAVID
Cause you adore old men?

LINDA
Fifty isn’t that old.

DAVID
You know my age, too.
   (jokingly)
   Do you have a crush on me?

She blushes.

LINDA
Well, maybe. A little. I used to.

He chuckles, digs into the cake.

DAVID
This is delicious. Just don’t tell me you made it or --

LINDA
I made it.
DAVID
I was going to say “or I’d have to leave Miranda”. Oops.

Linda squirms.

LINDA
So, you didn’t want to remind them?

DAVID
What's the point?

Linda raises her cup of coffee to toast David.

LINDA
I got you a bottle of champagne but left it at home.

David gives Linda a long look.

DAVID
Beats takeout.

INT. LINDA’S APPARTMENT - NIGHT

Linda and David shuffle in. Linda walks to a cupboard, gets the bottle of champagne out.

David looks around. Artsy items here and there. He touches an interesting item to feel it.

LINDA
Some things here I made myself.

She points at a canvas, with a picture stitched on.

LINDA
I stitch. In fact I have something to show you. Just need to put it on.

David arches his eyebrows. Linda disappears into the bedroom.

LINDA (O.S.)
Make yourself at home, I’ll be a minute or two.

The power goes off. Weak light from the street lamps shines through the windows.

DAVID
Does this happen often? I can check the fuse box.
LINDA (O.S.)
It happens, don’t worry about it. I
say the darker the better.

David doesn’t argue. He looks at his watch, then at the watch
on the wall.

His tie seems to stifle him and he removes it.

LINDA
Pour the champagne, will you?

A ring on his finger catches his eye. He shrugs, takes it off
and slips it into his pocket.

He undoes his shirt. Then reaches for his belt. Slips it off.

LINDA
I’ll be out in a moment. Want this
moment to be perfect.

He pours himself a glass of champagne. He downs it. Reaches
for the bottle again. He finishes another glass and...

...removes his pants.

He looks himself over and fidgets - he’s suddenly aware of
his striped boxers.

Frantic, he grabs a couch pillow, hides his boxers with it.
Too small.

DAVID
Shit!

He feels around for his pants but can’t locate them.

David finds them on the floor. Then he hears footsteps. He hops
around on one foot as he struggles to get his pants on the
other leg.

The lights go back on.

SEVERAL VOICES (O.S.)
Surprise!

Startled, David flails his arms and falls in mid hop.

He lifts his head up.

Linda wears a homemade vest and balances a fancy cake. His
family - Miranda, SARA and his MOTHER, stand behind.