

INT. PO PAZZO RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Timothy walks to the bar where two fresh martinis and Candy greet him.

CANDY  
None of my business.

Candy looks the piano player to regain focus.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Anyway... tell me about your five  
hour friends.

TIMOTHY  
What's to say?

CANDY  
You brought it up.

TIMOTHY  
I like the few hours together and I  
like to be done with it.

CANDY  
You don't like to have friends.

TIMOTHY  
The game's over and they're gone.

CANDY  
Never hooked up after your divorce?

TIMOTHY  
Look... this is turning into more of  
a conversation than...

CANDY  
Stop! I'm a five hour friend. Tell  
me. Poof - I'll be gone soon.

TIMOTHY  
I opened a small ad agency in Vegas  
20 years ago. And... hell. I cheated  
on her... it's not any more  
complicated than that.

Timothy, unhappy, pauses.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I was wrong.

CANDY

Want a little advice?

TIMOTHY

No.

CANDY

You're getting it anyway. The problem isn't women; it isn't sex; it's you Timothy.

They sit quietly.

CANDY (CONT'D)

So you regret how you treated her?

TIMOTHY

I do.

CANDY

I like it when men say that.

TIMOTHY

Been married a lot?

CANDY

Just once but I love being in love. It feels good.

TIMOTHY

It'll be a sunny winter day in London before I marry again.

CANDY

You like golf; I like love. It's great Timothy. You should try it.

TIMOTHY

I'm not good at marriage.

CANDY

Love Timothy; not sex. Not marriage.  
Love. You're a good man Timothy.

TIMOTHY

(defiantly)

You don't know me.

CANDY

I know you.

TIMOTHY

No you don't.

CANDY

I could take advantage of you if I  
wanted.

(she lets it sink in)

Most men are embarrassed,  
uncomfortable when they get caught  
cheating. Not many are regretful.  
You can't go back and fix it and you  
know it.

Timothy is on the edge of becoming angry. Timothy turns to  
the piano.

Timothy has been checked and he's about to be checkmated.

CANDY (CONT'D)

You count all your strokes Timothy?

Timothy turns back to candy

TIMOTHY

What?

CANDY

Do you count every stroke when you  
play golf?

TIMOTHY

Yeah.

CANDY

All the time?

TIMOTHY

Of course. It's not golf if you don't count every stroke; every time.

CANDY

Follow every single rule?

TIMOTHY

Yes.

CANDY

See Timothy you can be honest if it means something to you. You can be trusted. I know you Timothy Bonner.

Timothy turns away.

CANDY (CONT'D)

What do you want Timothy?

Timothy turns back, hesitates, then as he begins to answer Candy puts two fingers on his lips.

CANDY (CONT'D)

No, Timothy. What do you really want?

BLACK

The sound of a long, loud freight train horn blasts.

CANDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What's that?

Timothy groans. The horn sounds again.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Baby?

TIMOTHY

Train. Morning train. Ohhhh....

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Timothy's hand snaps on the light revealing a room that is turned upside down. Timothy opens his eyes; looks at the bedside clock which reads 6:22.

TIMOTHY  
(moaning quietly)  
Oh my God!

He sits up.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)  
(more energetic)  
Holy fucking shit.

CANDY  
What? What's wrong?

TIMOTHY  
I missed it. I was supposed to tee  
off seven minutes ago.

CANDY  
Your tournament. Can't you tee off  
later?

TIMOTHY  
There is no later. Miss your tee  
time and you're done. I'm done.

Timothy's rage builds.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)  
Now what?

CANDY  
I'm so sorry Tim.

Timothy turns to Candy.

TIMOTHY  
What happened last night?

CANDY  
What you wanted. What you really,  
really wanted.

TIMOTHY  
Oh yeah.

He looks to Candy.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You're a mess.

CANDY

Wasn't that the idea? Mess me up a little.

(beat)

I'm going to go.

Candy dresses; Timothy lies in bed.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Will you call me or were those my five hours?

TIMOTHY

No. I will. I'll call you.

CANDY

I know you Timothy. You won't call.

TIMOTHY

I will.