

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A woman, LINDY, sits at a makeup table. She is very attractive, late thirties, but looks much younger. She is partially dressed, applying makeup and listening to the radio. She inspects herself intently in the mirror as she softly hums to herself.

The room is very clean and orderly. A vase with fresh flowers and small, personal knickknacks dot her dresser. There is a framed photograph of her as a younger woman.

The radio broadcasts from across the room. Lindy listens to a MALE VOICE, PAUL, talking about relationships. He speaks softly and methodically, almost romantically imploring his audience to listen.

Lindy is very particular about her routine. It seems she is not paying attention to the radio voice, having the radio on only as a companion.

PAUL (V.O.)

Is what we see in each other  
fleeting? It seems the things we  
remember, whatever attracts us to  
each other, never seems to be  
enough. But I believe we remember  
the important things.

Lindy stops applying makeup and pays attention.

PAUL (V.O.)

No matter how fulfilled you think  
you are, you feel there is  
something more. Do you sometimes  
find yourself dressed up and don't  
have anywhere you really want to  
go? Is it only habit...

Lindy continues applying makeup.

AUDIO DISSOLVE TO:

LINDY (V.O.)

... that dresses you, puts on your  
makeup and sends you out the door?

PAUL (V.O.)

Jack, what's on your mind today?

MALE CALLER JACK (V.O.)

Yeah, umm, I think relationships are stupid. We were born alone. We were meant to be.

WOMAN CALLER (V.O.)

What kind of credentials do you have to give advice? I mean, who are you really? Sometimes we don't have anywhere to go. What's wrong with that?

LINDY (V.O.)

You sound so pessimistic on the radio. Are you getting that from us?

The radio voices fade as Lindy finishes with her makeup. She studies herself and cleans up the items she has been using, meticulous about putting away her makeup, brushes and other items.

She stands and turns off the radio.

She opens a closet door, revealing many clothes. She finishes dressing in a casual, but stylish look.

She is particular about leaving, compulsive, smoothing a wrinkle in her bedspread before she leaves the room. There is barely the hint of a man in her life. The room seems to be her sanctuary, and she leaves it reluctantly.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lindy walks the street and leisurely looks at window displays. As she studies her reflection she notices an office building across the street with KPOT station call letters at a ground floor window.

She turns to see a small crowd gathered on the sidewalk in front of it. She is curious and crosses the street.

EXT. RADIO STATION WINDOW - DAY

Lindy lingers with the crowd looking inside the window at PAUL, a young man at the console. He is mid-twenties, wears a headset and speaks into a microphone.

She hears Paul's voice broadcasting through a small speaker outside the building and recognizes it as the voice she heard on the radio in her room.

THE WINDOW BECOMES A TV SCREEN. LINDY WATCHES PAUL.

Paul catches her eye, and she smiles amusingly before walking down the street.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - DAY

Paul signs off the air.

PAUL

I hope the show was more than you expected. I want to know what you think.

He removes his headset and acknowledges the people outside before he leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Paul exits the building onto the busy street. He walks with purpose but slows when he encounters Lindy, who has paused to admire something in the window of a clothing store.

As she looks inside, Lindy notices Paul's reflection hesitated behind her. She recognizes him and seems embarrassed, like she has been caught doing something wrong.

PAUL

Hi. I noticed you standing outside my window a short while ago.

Lindy acknowledges him warily.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You didn't seem like a typical admirer.

LINDY

I wasn't admiring. Actually, I had heard you on the radio earlier today. I was just curious.

She allows a slight smile.

PAUL

What?

LINDY

It's nothing really. It's silly.

PAUL  
C'mon, let's hear it. After being  
at the mic for hours I wouldn't  
mind a good laugh.

LINDY  
Well, I just thought you were  
older, you know, your voice. You  
sound like you have so much  
experience.

She studies him for a reaction and then laughs.

LINDY (CONT'D)  
Just an observation.

She walks and he follows, wanting to still engage her.

PAUL  
What did you hear that made you  
curious?

LINDY  
(uneasily)  
Well, you seemed to strike a chord,  
reach something in me.

Lindy looks at him in a window reflection as mannequins stare  
back at them.

She continues walking as he walks next to her.

PAUL  
Since you've been listening to me I  
guess I'm not really a stranger,  
you know.

LINDY  
Yeah, but that doesn't make us  
friends.

PAUL  
Neither are the people who call in.  
But you'd be surprised. People  
welcome me into their lives. They  
may not give their real names, but  
they still feel that I know them.

LINDY  
Do you?

PAUL  
I think I do. My audience is pretty  
savvy.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

If they think you aren't smarter  
than they are they won't listen.

LINDY

I guess a healthy ego goes with the  
job.

PAUL

I didn't mean it like that. I guess  
I give them what they need. What  
about you?

LINDY

You don't have anything I need.