

FADE IN

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A dark and eerie atmosphere, windy and mysterious. Car horns and street noises clash in the distance. Papers and trash blow and swirl in the wind.

A PIECE OF PAPER, WITH THE TITLE, BLOWS AGAINST THE CAMERA LENS:

HEARTS and STONES

The paper blows off.

The alley is barely illuminated by a single light bulb outside the back door to a bar, almost lost among garbage cans, boxes, trash and a dumpster.

A HOMELESS MAN sits in the alley, partially hidden by the shadows.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN walks. The Man stops and lights a cigarette. Part of his face is revealed, silhouetted but indiscernible.

I/E. FRANK'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

FRANK and SUSAN BONNER, a casually dressed couple in their thirties, drive in silence. Susan is a quite striking blonde. Frank is handsome and confident, projecting his lawyer persona. They both look worn out, or bored. Susan stares out the window as Frank drives.

The streets are wet from rain and the sound of the wiper blades moving slowly on the window underscores the monotony of the mood.

FRANK
Warm enough?

SUSAN
Yes.

Susan fumbles for something in her purse.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Tell me about Charles. You two seem
to be at odds.

FRANK
He's been real confrontational
lately. He says I'm difficult.

SUSAN
Sometimes you are.

Frank shoots her a disapproving look that she ignores.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You hammered him pretty good.

Frank is pleased at the comment.

FRANK
Yeah. He deserved it though, the
way he likes to push the wrong
buttons at the right time.

Susan still rummages in her purse and pulls out a pack of
cigarettes.

FRANK (cont'd)
Anyway, the dinner was good.
(admires her)
And you certainly look edible as
well.

SUSAN
I didn't think you noticed anymore.

Susan leans over and kisses him.

She reaches into her purse and brings out a handkerchief.
She licks it and leans over to wipe the lipstick from Frank's
cheek.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I should leave it there. You could
wear it like a badge of honor.

FRANK
More like a brand.

Susan puts her window down slightly, finds a lighter and
lights a cigarette.

FRANK (cont'd)
I keep thinking you're going to
quit. You say so.

SUSAN
That's a dead issue. I have
willpower if I want to quit.

She stares out the window and appears distant.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Let's go out and play tomorrow.
Can you take off early?

FRANK
Come on, Susan, we played. We just
came from a dinner party. I'm in
the middle of a high profile trial.
You know that.

SUSAN
You're always in the middle of
something. You make your own hours,
you could...

FRANK
That's why I'm successful! There's
a lot of preparation. Besides, it
helps keep you in cigarettes.

Silence. Susan distances herself. The wiper blades move on a
now dry window. Susan leans over and turns them off.

Frank sees her frustration and softens.

FRANK (cont'd)
How about Wednesday? I'll be tied
up until late, but why don't you
meet me after work at the Magnet.
I'll go straight from the office.

Susan is suddenly perky.

SUSAN
Is that an invitation or a promise?

Frank analyzes.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You know, a date.

FRANK
You're not a date. You're an
experience.

Susan flips her cigarette out the window, closes it and leans
over to Frank. She kisses him playfully.

EXT. BONNER HOUSE - NIGHT

It is a very nice neighborhood on an upscale, quiet street. Manicured lawns, well-tended shrubs and well-lit.

The Bonner car pulls into the garage.

INT. BONNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan and Frank make love. It is not romantic. Frank seems mechanical and uninvolved. Susan pretends it is pleasurable.

EXT. MAGNET BAR - NIGHT

Susan parks her BMW and exits. She wears heels and a nice dress, walking casually to enter the bar.

INT. MAGNET BAR - NIGHT

Soft jazz plays over a sparsely crowded bar area, half-filled tables and patrons indifferent to each other.

Susan looks around, and not seeing Frank she goes to the bar and sits down.

AL, the bartender, greets her with a nod. Susan orders a drink, takes out a cigarette and checks her watch as she settles in.

AL

There's no smoking in here.

SUSAN

I know. I just like to hold it.

In the background, STEVE TORRI, middle thirties, tall and good looking, takes his time checking her out. He exhibits some class, not an obnoxious creep.

He puts down his drink, walks up to Susan as his eyes move over her body.

He smiles and orders a drink as Al brings hers. Steve sits beside her.

Susan looks around to see plenty of seats available. She smiles knowingly.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I'm not that easy, and you're wasting your time.

STEVE
I wasn't asking.

Steve gets his drink, pays.

STEVE (cont'd)
You shouldn't look so bored. It's misleading.

Susan checks him out as he realizes the mistake he made.

SUSAN
I'm not bored.

He notices her glass is almost empty.

STEVE
May I buy you a drink?

Susan looks at him dryly.

He studies her for a moment, clearly receives the message and gets up from his seat.

STEVE (cont'd)
Sorry to intrude.

SUSAN
You're wasting your time anyway.
My husband will be here any minute.

STEVE
(intrigued)
You're kidding.

SUSAN
No, really.

STEVE
I could talk to you until your husband comes.

Susan is amused by his comment and laughs.

SUSAN
He'd get the wrong idea. He's the jealous type.

STEVE
Maybe. But you're still sitting here alone.

Susan looks around. She checks her watch and gulps the rest of her drink.