

INT - A KITCHEN - NIGHT

MR VAN HORN sits at the kitchen table, in deep thought. He is tired, dressed in a robe. He is frustrated, a little weary.

We hear movement beyond the door, and Mr Van Horn looks up.

We hear the lock turn, and the door open.

We centre on Mr Van Horn. He smiles to his WIFE (not in camera).

MR VAN HORN  
Hello, my love

WIFE  
(O.C.)  
Hi dear. It's good to see you still up. Why are you, though?

MR VAN HORN  
Didn't want to go to sleep without seeing you. What happened? You're usually home by seven.

WIFE  
(O.C.)  
I know, I'm so upset about it. Project due to-morrow, I just had to stay late. Let me go get changed, and we can talk all about it.

Mr Van Horn watches his wife (O.C.) leave the room. He sighs. And waits.

MR VAN HORN  
(loudly, so she  
can hear in the  
next room)  
So, were you working with that tall guy across the hall? I don't remember his name.

WIFE  
(muffled, through  
door)  
You mean Jonathan?

MR VAN HORN  
No, no, the tall one.

WIFE  
(muffled, through  
door)  
I don't know whom you mean.

MR VAN HORN  
Mark, I think it was. You work with a Mark, don't you?

WIFE

(muffled, through  
door)

Oh, Mark! Why would you think I'd  
be working with him? No, it was  
some supervisor from the Central  
office. Susan.

The wife now re-emerges (stays O.C.).

MR VAN HORN  
(looking at her)  
You've been late a lot this past  
month.

WIFE  
(O.C.)  
Have I? I'm sorry, I didn't  
realise. I'll try to make sure it  
doesn't happen again, but you know  
how work is. It's out of my  
control.

MR VAN HORN  
(turns away from  
her)  
Yeah, I guess it is.

WIFE  
Listen, dear, I really should get to  
bed; I've still got to get into work  
on-time to-morrow. You coming?

MR VAN HORN  
Not right away.

WIFE  
Okay, then. Good-night. I love  
you.

MR VAN HORN  
(looks her full in  
the face)  
Yeah. I love you, too.

We hear the door close as the wife leaves, and Mr Van Horn is again  
alone, sitting in the kitchen.