

The Lobby
by
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A Romantic Comedy in 10 Minutes

Current Revisions by
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Fade in

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - EVENING

It is raining. HE and SHE are on their cell phones. SHE to the office, HE to his Mother. SHE is a well dressed, thirty-something woman with a sensual mouth and a touch of flirtatiousness about her business attire. HE is also a business person in his thirties, but a ruffled suit, tie stuffed in his suit pocket, and hair in need of a trim, lend him a boyish, casual air. They both juggle briefcases, umbrellas, cell-phones. HE also has a hockey equipment bag, and SHE has groceries.

*

SHE enters first and crosses to the mailboxes, removes her mail. HE enters just behind her and we watch him tussle with his stuff, his phone and the door.

HE

Yes mom, I heard you the first time.

SHE

Is that what HE told you? Oh for pity's sake.

HE

I'm calling now aren't I?

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SHE

That's insane. Why would I tell him that? Okay look, just format the file the way I told you to and E-mail it to both of us.

HE

Well I'm glad to hear Mr. Sammy is feeling better. Don't worry about that. I told you I'd take care of it didn't I?

SHE

Argg! You know what, I'll deal with him tomorrow. Okay. I'll take the heat. No problem, I'll just tell him it's my client, my project and my ass.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

HE

Yes mom, you know I do. I love you, I do. And I'll call more. I will. Yup. Yup. Night-and-God-bless. Bye.

HE hangs up.

SHE

And seriously, thanks for the heads up on this. Yah. Later.

SHE hangs up. HE holds the elevator door for her.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

SHE

Thanks.

HE

Boy, it's nice to be home.

SHE

Truer words were never spoken.

The elevator door opens. SHE gets off.

HE

Have a nice evening.

SHE

You too.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - NEXT DAY

It is still raining. HE and SHE arrive at the door together, HE opens it for her.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SHE

Thanks.

HE

Sure. (pause) Nice weather.

SHE

For ducks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE

Sorry?

SHE

Nice weather if you're a duck. You know, rain. Water. Webbed feet.

HE

Oh, sure. Quack, quack.

There is much noticing of each other as they check their respective mailboxes.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

A long silence as the elevator ever so slowly rises. The door opens.

SHE

Have a nice evening.

HE

You too.

SHE exits the elevator.

INT. HER APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SHE, now alone in front of her door, inserts her key, pauses, then bangs the door gently with her forehead.

SHE

(to herself)
Webbed feet. Shit.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HE, now alone in front of his door, inserts his key, pauses then bangs the door with his forehead.

HE

(to himself)
Quack, quack? Loser.

CONTINUED:

HE

Wow. A snappy dresser and a mind-reader.

SHE

Sorry, that was too pushy.

HE

That's okay, I know how to push back.

HE kisses her. The elevator door opens, they keep kissing.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator door opens. HE and SHE are kissing. The elevator door closes.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENT. - EVENING - A FEW DAYS LATER

HE and SHE enter together, but both on their cell phones. They pickup their respective mail and wait for the elevator together. Her manner is businesslike, his seductive. While they are in fact speaking to each other, we aren't certain of that until the end of the scene.

SHE

...the thing of it is, I'm not sure that I entirely believe you.

HE

...Braised vanilla and rosemary chicken, steamed green beans with pine nuts and homemade chocolate coconut macaroons.

SHE

Well, I suppose I'll just have to juggle my schedule a bit.

HE

What can I say? I'm a boy with skills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHE

While I am already completely aware of that, I suspect further revelations to be forthcoming. I can accommodate the paradigm shift, but to fully grok your capability will require some intensive interfacing.

HE

You know, when you talk like a geek it gets me really hot.

SHE

Then you should prepare for an experiential node that will increase the ambient temperature to fissionable threshold.

HE

Oh, baby, I'm there.

The elevator door opens. They embrace as passionately as possible considering they both have cell phones in one hand and briefcase, mail or groceries in the other. Still kissing, they manage to stumble into the elevator. Things move from PG to R-rated, the elevator doors close.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY

SHE rushes through the lobby door, HE trails behind. The door slams in his face. SHE briskly goes about picking up her mail. HE enters.

HE

Are you mad at me?

SHE stops.

HE (CONT'D)

Okay, you are mad at me.
(pause)What did I do?

SHE starts walking.

HE (CONT'D)

I didn't do anything. I'm pretty sure I didn't do anything.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: HE (CONT'D)

Okay okay, maybe it wasn't something I did... it was something I said!

SHE stops.

HE (CONT'D)
Hah! That's it isn't it? Something I said?

SHE waits.

HE (CONT'D)
Oh, gees, you can't be mad about that are you? Really? You're kidding?

SHE walks to the elevator.

HE (CONT'D)
Okay, so you are mad about that. It was just a joke. I didn't mean anything by it. God, you can't really be mad.

SHE enters the elevator. The doors shut.

HE (CONT'D)
(to the closed doors)
But I guess you are.

INT. HER APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER THAT WEEK

Her apartment doorway opens. SHE appears, wrestling with large garbage bags filled to bursting with roses. SHE trips over a new box of roses on the threshold.

SHE
Shit. Damn-it! Shit!

SHE kicks at the offending box, scattering roses everywhere. SHE stuffs more roses and packaging into an already bursting garbage bag and stalks to the elevator. SHE leaves a trail of bruised roses in her wake.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SHE drags the bags of roses to his apartment door. SHE knocks. HE opens the door.

CONTINUED:

SHE
You have to stop doing this.

HE
What?

SHE (SHAKING A ROSE AT HIM)
This. You have to stop doing this.

HE (TAKING THE ROSE)
This?

SHE
You have to stop.

HE
Say please.

HE caresses her cheek and neck with the rose. Surprising both of them, SHE lets him.

SHE
Please. You have to stop.

His lips follow the path of the rose.

SHE (CONT'D)
Please. You have to...

HE continues.

HE
Have to what?

SHE
Please. You...

HE
Yes?

SHE
Please...

HE pulls her into his apartment. SHE drops the bag of roses and they spill across the threshold. The door clicks shut.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - A WEEK LATER

SHE is dressed for outdoors. SHE knocks on his door. HE opens it, sees it's her and starts to close it again.

SHE

Hi. Hey. Come on, we really need to talk?

HE

This oughta be good.

SHE

I'm sorry I hurt you.

HE

That's it?

SHE

I don't know what you mean?

HE

Not, I'm sorry for what I did? I was wrong? I don't know what I was thinking? I wish I'd never done it?

SHE

I said I'm sorry. And I am. I am sorry.

HE

Just not about the right thing. You're just sorry you got caught.

HE tries to close the door again.

SHE

Wait. So that's it? That's just it?

HE

No. Have a nice life. There. Now that's it.

HE closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - EVENING

SHE enters. It's raining again. Everything about her is dripping wet. SHE opens her mailbox and tries to extract her mail, but can't. A lot of paper is jammed in the mailbox. SHE give it a good yank and the mass of multicolored paper comes free and flies about the lobby.

SHE

Shit!

SHE bends to gather them up, her cell phone rings.

SHE (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, this is SHE. What?
What? No!

SHE ends the call.

SHE (TO THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

You freak.

The phone immediately rings again. SHE answers.

SHE (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes. Where did you get this
number? What?

SHE picks up one of the flyers. It displays a cell phone number and a large photo of her head on a woman's body - dressed in full dominatrix regalia. The caption reads "For a good spanking call". SHE ends the cellphone call. SHE tries to gather up all the flyers - as the cell phone keeps ringing, the flyers are damp and sticky from the rain puddle that has formed at her feet. Finally SHE gets them stuffed in the trash and gets the cell phone off.

SHE (TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)

Alright buddy, game on.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - EVENING - A FEW DAYS LATER

HE enters, with hockey bag and on the phone to Mom.

HE

Mom. Mom! Mother, listen! I am NOT
married. I did NOT elope to Vegas.
I know what she told you Mom, but
she's lying. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE (CONT'D)

Mom the pictures are faked. People
can do that now you know.

At his mailbox, He smells something funny.

HE (CONT'D)

I don't know why. No, I don't.

A damp newspaper is stuffed in his mailbox. He gives it a
tug and it comes halfway out, tearing a bit.

HE (CONT'D)

I didn't do anything. Apologize
for what? Fine. Fine. I'll call
you tomorrow. What? Yes I love you
too.

He ends the call and tugs the jammed newspaper harder, it
rips. A fountain of half rotted herring spills from his
mail box, falling on him, the floor and into his half
zipped hockey equipment bag.

HE (CONT'D)

Perfect, just perfect.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - EVENING - A FEW DAYS
AFTER THAT

HE and SHE catch sight of each other approaching the
building. An awkward pause. They briskly proceed to the
door. Another awkward moment. Finally HE opens the door.

HE

After you.

SHE

You know what, forget the
chivalrous act - you go ahead.

HE

No, really. I know how important
it is to you that you go first.

SHE

Nice.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SHE enters, trying not to turn her back on him. HE
follows. They proceed cautiously to the mailboxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE
Look, this is just getting silly.

SHE
Yeah, you're right.

HE
So we agree? Truce?

SHE
Truce.

SHE motions him to enter the elevator first, HE does so.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

HE exits the elevator.

HE
See ya.

SHE replies with a small smile and a nod.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As HE is opening his apartment door, his cellphone rings,
HE answers.

HE (ON CELLPHONE)
Hello?

INT. HER APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SHE (ON CELLPHONE)
You forgot to say "Have a nice
night."

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HE
Have a nice night.

INT. HER APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SHE
You too.

The Lobby 13.

CONTINUED:

SHE hangs up her cellphone.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HE hangs up his cellphone.

FADE TO BLACK.