

The Lunch Date

A Screenplay by Adam Davidson

FADE IN:

1 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION -- DAY **1**

7/8 A middle-aged "Waspish" **WOMAN** walks across the station. Her appearance is refined but subdued—a dark winter coat with a mink stole, a lace-collared blouse.

She carries several shopping bags from Bloomingdales and others.

The woman stops to check the schedule board on the wall. She rustles through her pocketbook and removes her ticket.

The woman hurries by a Homeless Man begging in the station.

In her rush she collides with a **BLACK MAN**. An explosion of pill bottles, lipstick, and knickknacks from her purse sprinkles the floor.

WOMAN

Oh, oh my lord!

She kneels down to collect her stuff.

The Black Man kneels beside her. His appearance is professional but rough enough for New York commuting—a silk tie and mirrored sunglasses.

BLACK MAN

I'm sorry. Let me get you that.

He begins picking up the loose items.

WOMAN

No, don't, you're making me miss my train.

The Woman grabs her stuff and runs towards the platforms.

CUT TO:

2 INT. GRAND CENTRAL TRAIN PLATFORM--DAY **2**

1/8 A train rolls down the tracks as the woman arrives. She is left alone on the platform.

Out of breath and slightly disheveled, the Woman reaches for her bags.

1/8

Her wallet is gone. She collects her bags and walks back toward the station.

3

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION-DAY

3

3/8

The Woman returns to the station floor where she looks up to the schedule board as the times change. Light tears appear in her eyes, which she quickly dries with a white handkerchief. She stares ahead, lost in thought.

A black MUMBLING MAN walks by playing a harmonica. He stares into an imaginary audience. He is homeless. He rambles as he passes the woman.

MUMBLING MAN

Lord have mercy! Ha! Ha! Ha! He know it, he know it! How you doing!? You know who it is this morning! I know who you are... Hot dog! You know who you are! Happy New year's. God bless ya!

The Woman walks away.

CUT TO:

4

INT. LUNCHEONETTE-DAY

4

4/8

The Woman walks into a station luncheonette. It is a simple place—a grill, some booths, and rows of refrigerated cabinets filled with salads and sandwiches. She reaches into a glass case and removes a salad.

A COOK stands behind a white linoleum counter. He fiddles with his white paper hat and white apron.

WOMAN

How much is this salad?

COOK

Two dollars.

She puts the salad on the counter. She rustles through her pocketbook.

WOMAN

Well, I'm not sure that I have that much.

The Woman empties a dollar and some change on the counter.

3/8

WOMAN

One dollar...here's some.

The Cook fingers through the change.

COOK

A dollar-fifty...two dollars.
Here ya go, lady.

She grabs the salad plate and her bundles.

WOMAN

Napkin.

The Cook hands her a napkin. She walks toward the booths.

2/8 5

INT. LUNCHEONETTE BOOTH-DAY

5

The Woman walks down the aisle looking for a suitable booth. She places her salad plate down and pushes her bags into a booth.

She sits but does not settle. She stands, carrying only her napkin.

6

INT. LUNCHEONETTE-DAY

6

3/8

The Woman walks to the front of the luncheonette. She reaches into a steel bin and takes a fork. She examines the fork, wiping it with a napkin.

Fork in hand she searches for her booth and suddenly stops in her tracks.

CUT TO:

A HOMELESS BLACK MAN sits opposite the Woman eating a salad. He is dressed in a thick wool coat and a flannel shirt. On his head, a winter hat still has the tag attached. He looks up to her.

The Woman sits across from him in the booth.

WOMAN

That's my salad.

HOMELESS BLACK MAN

Get out of here.

WOMAN

That's my salad.

She reaches for the plate. He pulls it back.

HOMELESS BLACK MAN

Hey!

The Woman watches him chomping away at the bits of lettuce. He ignores her.

Moments pass.

She reaches over with her fork and swipes a piece of food off the plate. The Woman quickly chews while keeping her composure. He goes on eating.

She takes another bit. Then another. And another.

The Man does not respond. Suddenly he stands and walks down the aisle. She continues munching away at what remains.

He returns with two cups of coffee with saucers. He places the cups on the table and sits.

He offers her sugar.

WOMAN

No, thank you.

He offers her a packet of Sweet & Low from his coat. She accepts.

WOMAN

Thank you.

Checking her watch she stands with her purse and leaves. He watches her exit, somewhat disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL-DAY

The Woman walks quickly through the station and then stops. She left her bags in the luncheonette! She runs back toward the luncheonette.

CUT TO:

2/8 8 INT. LUNCHEONETTE BOOTH-DAY 8

She arrives at the booth and the bags are gone. Only two empty cups of coffee and a plate remain. She begins to pace the floor nervously.

She paces back and forth. In the next booth we see her shopping bags and her salad uneaten. The Woman discovers her bags and the salad. She sits down and laughs to herself. Realizing the time, she grabs her bags and runs out of the luncheonette laughing.

CUT TO:

2/8 9 INT. GRAND CENTRAL-AFTERNOON 9

The Woman runs quickly through the crowds to her platform. She passes a BEGGAR on crutches.

BEGGAR
Spare some change. Please, please
ma'am. I'm starving.

She ignores him and continues through the crowd.

1/8 10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL-AFTERNOON 10

The Woman runs down the platform to the train.

1/8 11 INT. TRAIN--AFTERNOON 11

The train rolls down the tracks into darkness.

FADE OUT