

: dog? His eyes fix on her left breast. HUGE mustard stain.
: can't believe it.

MICHAEL

Cheap and unnecessary. We were
looking anyway.

EXT. LUXURY BOX ROOF - DAY

Michael and Julianne sit with their beers on the edge of the luxury
box roof. The game, the stadium, spread out beneath them. Yet
they are alone in the world. She dangles her legs, and we can hear
her kicking the glass below.

JULIANNE

I just admire your maturity,
that's all. I mean, there are
people who would find that kind of
perfection boring. Day after day,
year after year...

MICHAEL

... see, that's what I thought at
first. How can you like someone
that perfect? No potential for
long-range livability.

Drinking their beers. Side by side. Both stare only at the game.

MICHAEL

Luckily. The closer I watched,
the more the fault came into
focus. Each imperfection its own
adorable slice of vulnerability.

JULIANNE

Such as.

MICHAEL

She's too genuine.

JULIANNE

Hate that.

MICHAEL

How can you trust someone you
can never mistrust?

JULIANNE

What's next?

Keep sipping. Never look at each other.

MICHAEL

No matter how many times I
leave the toilet seat up, she
forgets and puts it down.

JULIANNE

Endearingly absent-minded.

MICHAEL

My very point. Here's another one...

Shakes his head. This one really gets him.

MICHAEL

Every day. She makes the bed.

JULIANNE

Quite the little eccentric.

MICHAEL

At first, I thought it was a
gag, but she's always done it!

This is not the ammunition Julianne was hoping for.

JULIANNE

Is there a coup de grace in here, somewh...

MICHAEL

She admires. Tommy Lasorda.

JULIANNE

Waiter! Check, please!

MICHAEL

She finds him "personable."

JULIANNE

Can that kind of defect be passed on genetically?

She looks over now. And Michael is looking back. Smiling the most wonderful smile. Her reaction shows that she thinks it's for her, until...

MICHAEL

Then again. She has a few good traits.

Hating herself for asking, but seeing no way out...

JULIANNE

Gimme like, eight and nine off the top ten list...

MICHAEL

First girl I ever knew. Who lets me give her a bath.

The look in his eyes. She can hardly bear it.

MICHAEL

And when I hug her, even in public. I don't have to let go right away. She lets me hold

her as long as I want.

seems so deeply in love.

MICHAEL

Nice kid, don't you think?

A beat. A slow nod. A quiet...

JULIANNE

Looks like, from here.

INT. SOUTH SIDE CLUB - NIGHT

A slender black woman sings a SOARING Gospel number, backed by three ladies who could each solo in any church choir. It is mesmerizing, stirring, transcendent. The unseen audience CLAPPING FIERCELY in rhythm, SHOUTING support. SLOW PAN now...

... every face is black. We aren't in church at all, but a venerable blue club. One of those places you'd swear everybody's played, from Robert Johnson to Bessie Smith and back again. As the song ends, there is APPLAUSE, some RAPPING on tables with their knuckles or their drunks. We keep PANNING to a far corner. Three faces.

Julianne leans across her beer to Kimmy...

JULIANNE

How'd you find this pl...

Kim shaking her head. Looks admiringly to Michael...

KIMMY

Lived here my whole life,
never heard of it. Until
our first date.

She reaches slender fingers. Traces one back along his hair.