

Theodore sits alone in the back of a quiet restaurant, a large stack of papers in front of him. We hear his breathing. He waits. Catherine, elegantly dressed, approaches. Theodore stands to greet her. They hug and sit down.

THEODORE:  
How are you?

CATHERINE:  
I'm good, how are you?

THEODORE:  
Good.

CATHERINE:  
Well. Here we are.

THEODORE:  
Yeah. I'm glad we could do this in person. I know how much you've been travelling.

CATHERINE :  
Me too. I'm glad you suggested it.

THEODORE :  
I signed all the papers and I brought them for you to sign.

CATHERINE:  
OK. What's the rush?

THEODORE:  
Nothing I'm just a really slow signer. It's marked where you need to sign, but you don't have to do that right now.

CATHERINE:  
Oh, I may as well. We can get it out of the way.

She opens the documents, pulls out a pen and starts to read. She's about to start signing, but then stops. We can see her getting emotional, but not wanting to show Theodore. She bravely recovers. She looks up at Theodore, giving him an "everything's fine" smile, but it's not.

THEODORE :  
So are you happy with the new book?

CATHERINE:  
Oh, you know how I am. But I feel like it's true to what I set out to do. So I'm happy with that.

THEODORE :  
You're your own worst critic, I'm sure it's amazing. Even that paper you wrote on behavioural routines made me cry.

CATHERINE :  
Yeah, but everything makes you cry.

THEODORE :

Everything you do makes me cry.

Beat.

CATHERINE :

So are you seeing anybody?

THEODORE :

I am. Actually yeah. For the last few months. It's the longest I've been with anybody since we split up.

CATHERINE:

Well. You seem good.

THEODORE :

Thanks, I am. She's been really good for me. I guess it's just been nice to be with someone who's excited about the world.

CATHERINE:

Oh good. Excited's great.

THEODORE :

No, I mean - I wasn't in such a good place myself. And in that way it's been nice.

CATHERINE:

I always felt like you wished I could just be a happy, light, everything's great, bouncy L.A. wife. But that's not me.

THEODORE:

No, I didn't want you to be like that, Catherine

Beat.

CATHERINE:

So what's she like?

THEODORE:

Well, her name's Samantha and she's an operating system. She's really complex and interesting. I mean it's only been a few months, but—

CATHERINE:

Wait. What do you mean by 'an operating system'? Like a computer?

THEODORE:

No that's the thing, he's not just a computer - she's her own person. She doesn't just do whatever I want. She thinks for herself and..

CATHERINE:

No hold on. But..Theo. If this is true, it really makes me sad. Like..It makes me think that you can't handle real emotions.

THEODORE:

They are real emotions. How do you know—

(The WAITRESS walks up.)

WAITRESS :

How are you guys doing?

CATHERINE :

Oh fine. We used to be married. He couldn't handle me so he wanted to put me on Prozac. Now he's madly in love with his laptop.

(The waitress doesn't know what to say. She walks away)

THEODORE :

Well, that was nice and irrational of you. What I was trying to say—

CATHERINE :

You wanted to have a wife without the challenges of actually dealing with anything real. I'm glad you found someone. It's perfect.

Catherine gets up and leaves.

Scene cuts to -