

OVER BLACK

ALFIE'S VOICE  
You're quite lucky, you know...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA EXPLORES the room... Modest, messy and male. Just the basics. No photos of family or friends. Only telltale signs of a single, untidy man living alone. An ad, torn from a magazine, picturing a classic Morgan sports car is taped to the refrigerator with Want It scrawled in black marker.

A stack of books - *French For Fun, Dress For Success For Less - A Guide To New York's Designer Discount Warehouses.*

A clock on the night-stand tells us it's half past two.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
-- I rarely allow anyone into my flat.

TRACK IN ON - ALFIE

Sleeping, with a wry smile on his face. A beat, then... One eye POPS OPEN and Alfie GLANCES CONSPIRATORIALLY at CAMERA. This is something he will do throughout our story... speak in intimate asides to the audience, as though he's talking to a friend. Other characters within the scene will be oblivious.

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
I know... humble digs, not exactly what you'd call a 'panty peeler'...

He pulls himself out of bed, wearing only striped silk pajama bottoms, drops to the floor.

ALFIE (cont'd)  
Know what I mean?

With that, he begins a quick series of crunches.

Alfie is an Englishman in his early thirties with tousled good-looks and a healthy dose of cockiness. He lives in perpetual motion and has the youthful air of a guy who's managed to escape the normal adult responsibilities and emotions.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA, while doing  
 crunches)

-- but it works for me. To be  
 honest, I rarely spend a night in  
 my own bed anyway...

Another five or six crunches.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 There we go. Ten crunches is all I  
 need. Try not to hate me for it.

Alfie continues talking TO CAMERA as he hops up and gathers a  
 handful of vitamins from various bottles and pours some  
 water.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Now with women, generally speaking,  
 if a guy's a good provider and a  
 nice chap, six-pack abs aren't  
 really a deal-breaker. In fact, if  
 he's in the right tax bracket, a  
 bloke can be bald, wear a truss,  
 have seizures - and still get  
 shagged.

Alfie swallows a mouthful of vitamins with water, then grabs  
 a pack of Dunhills.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (confidentially)  
 On the flip-side, even though the  
 politically-correct bloke sitting  
 next to you will deny it - for us  
 men, when it comes to women, it's  
 all about the F.B.B. - face, boobs,  
 bottom. I mean, sure, we'd like a  
 cool gig tossed in for good  
 measure, like say...  
 multi-millionaire hotel chain  
 heiress. But above all else -  
 'looks rule'.

He lights his cigarette and gives CAMERA a sly shrug.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Just being honest.

INT. TINY BATHROOM

Alfie turns on the shower, cigarette dangling from his lips,  
 unties his drawstrings, looks up, remembering THE CAMERA.

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 Give us a bit of privacy now.  
 (a beat)  
 No, really, turn away.

He SHOOS US AWAY, then slips out of his pajama bottoms and into the shower, pulling the shower door closed behind him.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 All right, you can look back. Hang on, I'll be quick.

Through OPAQUE GLASS, we watch Alfie lathering up.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (shouting over the shower)  
 I know you're expecting the opening credits now but we'll save you the thrill of knowing the Key Grip's name 'til the end of the flick.

He peeks his SOAPY HEAD out, looks about fifteen...

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 So, while I lather up, why don't you settle in with the popcorn you overpaid for and we can begin.

Alfie ducks back into the shower and begins singing a garbled, almost unrecognizable version of *I Gotta Be Me*.

A CLOSET DOOR SLIDES OPEN

ALFIE (O.S.)  
 It's been said that clothes speak the international language...

REVEALING Alfie's small but fastidiously organized and supremely fashionable WARDROBE. Alfie sorts through the choices, while glancing over his shoulder AT CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 And I admit I am a bit of a fashion whore. But, I believe, to be satorically-correct, a man requires only a few well-chosen basics.

A SERIES OF RAPID-FIRE CUTS

Alfie, posing as if for a *GQ* layout, wearing a quick succession of STYLISH WARDROBE COMBOS. He models these outfits in a slightly ruffled, hair tousled sort of way, giving the impression of never trying too hard.

BACK TO SCENE

He selects a pin-striped suit from the closet.

ALFIE

Unfortunately, today I'm off to work so we've got to tone it down a bit.

(holds up suit)

Gucci - End of Summer Sale. Very understated.

(takes out a very pink shirt)

But I can easily spice it up. When you ooze masculinity, as some of us do, you have no reason to fear pink.

He holds up the shirt and suit together.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Smashing.

A little smile as he picks up a bottle of Acqua Di Gio cologne.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Now, most men overdo it in the cologne department. Americans practically spray it on with a crop duster.

(dabs his wrists)

My rule: Nothing above the neck.

Alfie then splashes a bit on his fingers and drops his HAND BELOW FRAME.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Though I do believe in a quick splash on the old Eiffel Tower.

(winks)

Never know where the day might take you.

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

Alfie, dressed smartly in his suit and a carefully chosen tie, adjusts his cuff-links and starts to exit, snaps his fingers, remembering something.

ALFIE

Almost forgot--

He crosses to the dresser and tears a page off a *WORD FOR THE DAY CALENDAR*.

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 New word for the day:  
 (reading calendar)  
 Os-ten-ta-tious. "The attempt to  
 attract attention to one's self."

He looks in the mirror.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Who? Me?

INT. HALLWAY

Alfie steps out, locks his apartment door, TURNS to CAMERA:

ALFIE  
 Oh, blimey, I'm rude, I forgot to  
 introduce myself. I'm--

A WOMAN'S VOICE  
 -- Alfie!

FREEZE FRAME. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 There you go.

ACTION RESUMES and Alfie turns TO CAMERA with a big grin.

ALFIE  
 Alfie.

He turns to see LU SCHNITMAN, an overweight woman in her sixties with pendulous breasts and a coquettish grin.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 Were you the little elf who left  
 those mocha bon-bons on my  
 doorstep?

Alfie glances at CAMERA, shrugs.

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 They were passing out free samples  
 in the Village.  
 (to MRS. SCHNITMAN)  
 Perhaps you have a secret admirer,  
 Mrs. Schnitman.

MRS. SCHNITMAN

What do I have to do to get you to call me Lu?

(then)

Alfie, you're a doll, but I'm supposed to be on a diet.

ALFIE

You? A diet?

He crosses to her and leans in with a husky whisper.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be forward, Lu, but don't you know a full-figured gal like yourself is every man's secret fantasy?

As Mrs. Schnitman melts, Alfie LOOKS UP to CAMERA:

ALFIE (CONT'D)

All right, she's a tub of lard, but the ship's already sailed, so why not let her feel good about herself? Know what I mean?

He starts out, turns back to Mrs. Schnitman.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Lu, don't feel you have to, but the key's under the mat if you're up for a bit of your fabulous dust-busting.

The look on her face tells us she can't wait to grab that Dirt Devil...

And with that, MUSIC BEGINS: Sting singing, *Englishman In New York*.

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY (MUSIC OVER)

Alfie expertly weaves through the gridlock on his mint-condition, vintage VESPA, all the while SPEAKING to CAMERA. Alfie smiles at every SEXY WOMAN he passes. Most smile back.

ALFIE

I migrated to the States a few years back 'cause I had a mate who knew a bloke who crossed the pond, snagged a job and in less than two years wound up owning the joint.

A STUNNER gives him the once-over.

ALFIE (cont'd)

But, more importantly, I always heard the most beautiful women in the world reside in Manhattan. And when it comes to shagging birds, it's all about location, location, location.

(gestures to PASSING WOMEN)

And just look around - every one unique and special, like snowflakes.

(breathes in the city)

God, I love this city. And, I mean, with such a plethora - calendar word - meaning abundance of gorgeousness and diversity...

Alfie pulls into the RED ZONE in front of an OUTDOOR CAFE, where a curvy Hispanic METER MAID is writing up a ticket.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- how could I ever choose to settle down with just one?

The Meter Maid looks up at Alfie, then at the RED ZONE, then gives him a scolding look. Alfie approaches, all charm.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Desperately need a spot of tea, Lindy. Do us a favor.

METER MAID

(flirtatiously)

As long as you return it. Again.

ALFIE

As long as you wear the uniform. Again.

Alfie offers Lindy his patent killer smile, pats her butt and cruises toward a cafe table. Lindy watches him for a moment, slaps a ticket on someone's car. He's made her day.

ALFIE - SEATED AT THE CAFE (MUSIC CONTINUES)

He sips a cup of tea, while observing a parade of scurrying suits and shoppers laden with designer store bags.

ALFIE (cont'd)

(to CAMERA)

I watch this parade of conspicuous consumption and upward mobility and think to myself, America - take a tea break.

(his cell phone RINGS,  
checks caller ID)

Annie? Incredible! I was just thinking about you.

(whispers, into phone)

I'm with a client at the moment, luv, ring you later? Kiss -kiss.

(clicks off, back to  
CAMERA)

I myself subscribe more to the European philosophy, my priorities leaning toward wine, women and--

(cocks his head, smiles)

-- well, actually that's it, wine and women.

(then)

Although women and women is always a fun option.

(finishes tea)

So.

(rising)

To live life to the fullest--

He glances around, casually slides the tray of remaining TEA BAGS into his coat pocket and starts off...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- I require only enough to cover my modest expenses.

(turns back)

I've got no desire to be the richest stiff in the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

Quiet. Eerie. Shadows on tombstones. CAMERA GLIDES over the graveyard toward a LIMO parked on a road above. CLOSER. CLOSER. Right up to:

THE LIMO'S WINDOW

A beat. Then, a hair-raising SCREAM. And a WOMAN'S FACE bolts INTO FRAME. She continues SHRIEKING as she moves up and down, in the heat of passion...



INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

The woman is DORIE, a suburban housewife in her late thirties. She's in the throes of intense love making... her skirt pulled up around her waist, bra unhocked, blouse open.

She's straddling Alfie and as her moans of pleasure grow LOUDER, Alfie gives a LOOK to CAMERA.

ALFIE

(softly, to CAMERA)

I think this just might be my favorite position. I know it was President Kennedy's. He was such a great leader. Of course, JFK used the old 'bad back' excuse, but, if you ask me, the Prez knew it gave you maximum pleasure with minimum exertion.

Dorie reaches a climax during above and now collapses into Alfie's arms...

DORIE

Mmm... What is it about the back of a limo?

Alfie kisses her neck, while CONTINUING to CAMERA.

ALFIE

She's right, you know. If you haven't tried it limo-style, I give it my highest recommendation. Of course, you usually don't get the full undress--

Dorie buries her head in his neck...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(to CAMERA)

-- but that can be an added bonus. I mean, once you've seen a bird in the buff, it's like unwrapping the same birthday gift again and again. Know what I mean?

DORIE

(purring)

What would I do without my weekly Alfie fix?

They kiss, he caresses her, SPEAKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

Obligatory cuddling... Thousand  
one... thousand two... thousand--

Alfie glances at his watch, taps it a couple of times to get it going, then bolts up, pretending to suddenly realize the hour.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Cripes, I've gotta get cracking,  
luv... I've a ten o'clock pick-up.

Dorie sits up, stretches, pulls up her lacy red bra.

DORIE

Oh, better hurry, you don't want to  
keep her waiting.

Alfie helps Dorie fasten her bra, while he TALKS to CAMERA:

ALFIE

Luckily, this one's only a wee bit  
possessive...

He kisses Dorie's HAND, then EASES IT to CAMERA, showing us a  
WEDDING RING.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- Married, you see. I love  
married. No property rights.

Alfie watches with appreciation as Dorie stretches out her  
long shapely leg, adjusting her garter belt.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(to CAMERA)

Quite the number, isn't she? Yet,  
she tells me her old man hasn't  
shagged her in six months. Thank  
God there are gents like me 'round  
to pick up the slack.

(to DORIE)

You deserve to be appreciated...

(BACK to CAMERA)

-- While she's in her prime.

(to DORIE, caressing her  
leg, pats her tush)

Mmm, legs like a racehorse... The  
perfect yoga butt...

(BACK to CAMERA)

-- I give it my highest  
grade - A minus.

He reaches down, puts on a CHAUFFEUR'S HAT and adjusts it "just so".

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Alfie drives while Dorie sits in the backseat, freshening her make-up and punching the RADIO BUTTONS, looking for a song she likes.

ALFIE

Where did we tell the old man we were going tonight?

DORIE

(punching stations)  
Movie...

ALFIE

Treasure, please quit messing about, you'll ruin my pre-sets.  
(then)  
What movie?

Dorie settles on a slow-jam.

DORIE

I don't know. What's the difference?

ALFIE

The difference is, the more details you give, the less interested your hubby will be. If you want to stop someone from being suspicious, tell 'em more than they want to hear. When lying, never be vague.

DORIE

It doesn't matter what I say. It would never occur to Phil that another man would look twice at me.

ALFIE

Dor, darling, if you're fishing for a compliment, you should know by now they only come when least expected.

(offers a tin)

Now, have an Altoid so Phil doesn't smell the Alfie on your breath.

DORIE

I don't care if he does.

Alfie sighs, LOOKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

If there's one thing that puts me  
off marriage, it's married women.

Dorie pops the Altoid in her mouth and chases it with a swig of vodka. She checks to make sure Alfie's not looking, then mischievously slips her LACY RED THONG into the pocket of his jacket, which is neatly folded over the front seat.

She wraps her arms around Alfie, nibbling on his ear, as he drives and TALKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

What Dorie doesn't know is - we  
won't be seeing much more of her.  
Yeah, I've got that all-too  
familiar feeling that, before long,  
she'll be wanting a bit more than  
I'm able to give.

DORIE

Wouldn't it be great if I was going  
home with you tonight instead of  
Phil the Pill?

Alfie gives a knowing side-long glance TO CAMERA. As they pull up to a RED LIGHT, Dorie grabs Alfie by his tie, pulling him close.

DORIE (CONT'D)

(pouty)  
Baby, I'm not ready to let you go--

ALFIE

(re: his tie)  
Careful, darling, Ralph Lauren -  
Purple Label--

Before he can finish, Dorie YANKS Alfie down by his favorite tie.

DORIE

It's him!

Alfie drops onto the front seat, while Dorie flattens herself in the back.

ALFIE

Him who?!

Alfie and Dorie are now both LYING FLAT in their respective seats, WHISPERING to one another.

DORIE

My husband just pulled up next to us!

ALFIE

What the bloody hell am I ducking for - he doesn't know me!

(then)

Besides, one-way windows.

DORIE

Oh, right. Sorry.

Alfie nonchalantly sits up, straightening his tie. He casually LOWERS HIS WINDOW and glances over at PHIL, a harried, 36-going-on-60, balding exec sitting in the back of a taxi, talking on his cell. Alfie gives him a little salute.

Phil, a bit confused, returns the gesture. FREEZE FRAME.  
OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE

Yep, it's definitely time to stage a disappearing act.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - WATERWAYS FERRY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Alfie and Dorie standing in the shadows. Alfie takes her face in both hands and kisses her. Dorie doesn't realize this is their final good-bye.

DORIE

Next Tuesday? Same time? Same place?

Alfie feigns disappointment.

ALFIE

Sorry, luv, that's Fashion Week... I'm booked double shifts.

(peck on the cheek)

I'll ring you the instant things let up.

DORIE

I'll be doing my Kegel exercises.

(kisses him)

In the meantime, I left you a little souvenir to remember me by...

Alfie looks at her quizzically but before he can respond, she's started up the stairs to the ferry.

ALFIE

Oh, Dor...

(she turns back)

Your *derriere* looks rather ravishing from this vantage point.

DORIE

Why, thank you, kind sir.

ALFIE

(a grin)

See. A compliment. When you least expect it.

She smiles down at Alfie and bounces up the stairs.

ALFIE WATCHES

Dorie approach Phil, who's wearing a trench coat and carrying an over-stuffed briefcase. Phil gives her a quick peck on the cheek and moves off, heading for the Ferry, leaving her five steps behind. Dorie looks down at Alfie, shrugs and smiles. Alfie blows her a kiss, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

What can I tell you - happy as a pup with two tails. And I reckon I've done old Phil a good turn - but of course, he'd be the last to see it.

(sighs, reflective)

Never expect any thanks in this life, you know what I mean?

Alfie checks his watch, starts back toward his Limo.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

So. Tuesday, 10:03 PM. Do I drag meself home to a cold flat and empty fridge?

(checks himself in side-mirror)

Or, nip cross town to a warm body, hot bath and breakfast in bed?

(mock-mulling)

Decisions, decisions.

EXT./INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see JULIE, 26, a winsome working girl, with an ever-so-slight weight issue. Her apartment is small and warm, homey on a budget... At the moment, she's peering expectantly out the window, waiting for somebody.

ALFIE'S VOICE

Yeah, think I'll pay a visit to my semi-regular, quasi-sort-of...

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Julie turns from the window to stir a big pot of chili on the stove. FREEZE FRAME.

ALFIE'S VOICE

-- My Sweet Julie...

ACTION RESUMES and there's a KNOCK on the door. Julie fluffs her hair, hits a spritz of perfume between her breasts, picks up a stereo clicker and presses "play", filling the room with Teddy Pendergrass.

JULIE

Forget your key again, Alfie?

She opens the door, the eagerness leaving her face when she discovers TERRY, a cute, slightly awkward young guy. In his hands, he cups a perfect PEAR.

JULIE (cont'd)

(amused, but...)

Terry - you need to stop.

She lowers the CD player with the remote.

TERRY

I know, the drop-by thing is totally uncool, but I saw this pear and thought it'd be perfect for you.

She looks at him, baffled. He grins. She's grins. He's cute.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Remember, date three, I made baked ziti and we rented 'Godfather II'? And young Don Corleone brought his wife a pear wrapped in brown paper, 'cause it's all he could afford--

JULIE

-- and she said, 'What a nice pear... '

TERRY

-- And you thought that was really romantic. Now every time I see a pear, I... you know, think of you. And you may not realize this, but there are thousands of pears in this city.

JULIE

(laughs, trying to move off the subject)

Terry, by any chance, has there been a little drinking going on this evening?

TERRY

No. No. Two brews.

(beat)

And a shot of tequila.

(beat)

Maybe another beer. The thing is... And another tequila. Or two.

(then)

The thing is I had the best four and-a-half dates of my life with you...

JULIE

(gently)

Terry... when I broke it off, the half-a-date night, it was because I suddenly realized it was a mistake trying to see anyone else. I'm really sorry if I hurt--

Her robe falls open slightly.

JULIE (CONT'D)

-- you.

Terry gulps, looks away, tortured... as Julie quickly ties it back. He's crazy for her.

TERRY

(half to himself)

That kind of thing really doesn't help...



JULIE  
Look, I know my 'situation' doesn't  
appear to be perfect on the surface  
but...

She shrugs.

TERRY  
And where's the lucky bastard  
tonight?

JULIE  
He had a double shift.  
(cfl Terry's doubting  
look)  
Terry, don't start...

TERRY  
I just don't want to see you  
treated like some kind of a--

JULIE  
(finish the sentence)  
-- a...?

TERRY  
(shrugs)  
-- Booty call.

JULIE  
Eye, Terry.

TERRY  
Okay, okay... I'm sorry. I'm outta  
here.  
(lingering)  
How's Max?

JULIE  
Great. He's great.

TERRY  
That's great.

Awkward moment.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
So...

Julie takes the pear from him.

JULIE  
Thanks for the nice pear.

They smile. She kisses him on the cheek. He turns and their lips accidentally meet. She eases away and shakes her head, giving him a little smile. He steps forward but she pushes him playfully out the door.

When she closes the door, her smile fades... And she stands there unsettled...

INT. STAIRWELL - JULIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Terry trudges down the stairs, as the front door opens and Alfie ENTERS carrying the bottle of Stolli from the Limo and taking the stairs two-at-a-time. As they pass, Terry steals a glance at Alfie, who either ignores him or doesn't know he exists.

JULIE'S FRONT DOOR

A KEY in the lock and Alfie lets himself in. He sees Julie stirring the chili.

ALFIE

I have an alibi, your honor.

JULIE

Let me guess, unexpected late night fare?

Alfie moves into the kitchen, slips his arms around her waist.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What was it this time - blonde, brunette or jet black Goth chick?

Alfie kisses her neck, sneaks a GLANCE at CAMERA.

ALFIE

When trapped, it's sometimes best to admit the truth - they'll never believe it.

(to JULIE)

I had a very demanding last minute ride - spoiled Long Island housewife.

JULIE

You had her? Am I supposed to read anything into that choice of words?

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Make that: they'll usually never believe it.

JULIE  
 And where, exactly, do you take someone's wife at this hour?

ALFIE  
 Where *didn't* I take her, she had me going up and down for hours.

He pulls her close.

JULIE  
 Is that supposed to be funny--  
 (he runs his finger across her upper lip)  
 -- 'cause it's so very--  
 (kisses her gently)  
 -- not.  
 (kisses her again)  
 You're a conceited...  
 (kisses her)  
 -- lying...  
 (kisses her)  
 -- irresponsible...  
 (and again)  
 -- English asshole.  
 (and again)  
 Don't kiss me again.

But instead, SHE kisses him. Alfie hoists her up, trots across the room and they fall on to the sofa. He nuzzles her, burying his face in her hair.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm not kidding, Alfie, I hate you sometimes.

He kisses her again... their bodies coming together. A long, sexy kiss, she's totally gone now. Julie unbuckles his belt...

ALFIE  
 You have a unique way of showing it.

She starts pulling his pants down. Alfie eases away.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Darling, can we... Sorry... Can we--  
 (she won't let him go)  
 -- hit 'pause'? I just need a  
 second to unwind...

He rises, pulling up his pants, tries to distract her with:

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I've knicked a half bottle of Stoli  
 from the limo.  
 (starts toward kitchen)  
 How do you want yours, luv - rocks?

Julie grabs him, pulling him back down...

JULIE

I just want my usual, Alfie -  
 Straight Up.

She kisses him, goes for the belt buckle again... He eases  
 away. Again. Heads for the kitchen area, walking backwards,  
 feigning exhaustion.

ALFIE

I'm totally knackered, baby. I'll  
 make it up to you in the morning.  
 Cross my heart.

He picks up Terry's "perfect" PEAR.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

But tonight...

Before Julie can speak, Alfie takes a BIG BITE out of Terry's  
 pear. Julie gasps, looks at him, annoyed.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(chewing)  
 -- all I'm good for is a quick  
 bite, hot bath and a long night's  
 kip.

He opens the fridge, drops a couple of ice cubes into a glass  
 and pours himself a stiff one. He wipes his hand along his  
 side and feels something in his jacket pocket.

JULIE

(from sofa)  
 You know, this isn't a hotel,  
 Alfie.

Alfie pulls Dorie's LACY RED THONG from his jacket pocket and looks at it, momentarily confused. As Julie enters, Alfie quickly stuffs the thong back in his pocket, turning to her with a big smile.

ALFIE

Say again?

JULIE

Why are you so 'totally knackered'?  
I mean, where were you tonight...  
really?

As Alfie leans over to sample the chili with a wooden spoon, he deftly drops Dorie's LACY RED THONG in the trash bin and buries it with his foot.

ALFIE

I thought we weren't asking those  
questions in this relationship.

Julie, getting emotional, makes the appropriate "quote" marks as she speaks.

JULIE

It was always you who wanted to  
have an 'understanding', your  
words. Well, I think it's time for  
a 'new understanding', my words.

ALFIE

(re: chili)

You really must open a restaurant,  
Jules. This is seriously brilliant.

JULIE

(ch, please)

Alfie, it's just chili.

(then)

Look at me.

(he does)

I can't keep doing this. I'm  
serious. I need to know if we have  
a future or if... I'm just some  
kind of glorified 'booty call'?

Alfie pulls her close, LOOKING over her shoulder AT CAMERA.

ALFIE

Is she not adorable? Problem is  
she doesn't have enough of the  
superficial things that really  
matter.

(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)

She's cute, absolutely - but not drop-dead. I know, sounds shallow but I told you how we men are - we want 'show-stoppers', that's all it is. I mean, even mangy old Quasimodo, the Hunchback, thought he deserved a babe.

(to Julie)

I don't deserve you.

JULIE

That's probably true but, unfortunately for me... I love you, Alfie.

Alfie stands uncomfortably, then turning to get more ice...

ALFIE

Thanks, baby.

JULIE

(on verge of tears)

Jesus, Alfie! After eight months, I say 'I love you' and thanks is the best you can do?!

(slams freezer door)

ALFIE

(anxiously, to CAMERA)

Oh dear...

(gently, to JULIE)

All right, sshhh... C'mon now... we don't want to wake--

LITTLE VOICE (O.S.)

-- Max!

Alfie and Julie turn to see MAX, a sweet little two-and-a-half-year-old boy standing in the doorway, wearing mismatched pj's. Alfie offers a quick sigh of relief TO CAMERA.

ALFIE

Hey little man, we wake you?

Max nods, extends his arms. Alfie crosses to him, SPEAKING to CAMERA along the way.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Lads, learn from my mistake, never get involved with a single mum.

Alfie lifts Max, who wraps his arms around Alfie's neck. Alfie makes a face, cracking Max up.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them into MAX'S ROOM, a tiny alcove off the main room. Alfie lays Max on his little bed, while TALKING to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

See, they come with accessories,  
some of which can be... quite  
irresistible.

Alfie pulls Max's sheet over his head, slips on his shades and in an instant, is transformed into a cool version of "The Invisible Man". Max cracks up.

Alfie turns TO CAMERA, with a shrug.

ALFIE (cont'd)

Yeah... this little nipper made off  
with my heart.

(rumples Max's hair, to  
MAX)

Hey, Pookie...

(to CAMERA)

And there's absolutely nothing  
worse than realizing you care about  
someone...

(pulls up covers, tucking  
Max in)

I know that sounds a bit frosty,  
but the truth is, sooner or later,  
one way or another--

He watches Max's eyes flutter and close.

ALFIE (cont'd)

-- it's gonna find a way to knock  
you sideways... Yeah, I'm mad for  
this little character...

Alfie sees Julie standing in the doorway.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(sighs, to CAMERA)

-- It's Jules that's the problem.

He crosses to her, SPEAKING to CAMERA on the way.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Can't very well tell her that and  
break her heart, now, can I?

They speak in the hallway, in hushed tones.

JULIE

(softly)

Is this it? Is this all it will ever be?

ALFIE

I know... You're right, he deserves a proper 'Dad'... Not some limo driver who's poor as a shit-house rat.

JULIE

Just say it, Alfie, we're not enough for you.

Alfie chooses his words carefully.

ALFIE

It's difficult, Jules... I care so much for you both, but I'm still, I don't know... a bit of a kid myself, you know.

JULIE

(knowing he's right)

And one kid can't raise another...

MAX

(groggy, eyes closed)

Poem, Alfie.

Alfie, grateful for the distraction, crosses and sits on the edge of Max's bed.

ALFIE

Here's one my dear step-mum used to tell me...

(softly, with a 'working-class' accent)

Now... There was an old hooker from Brighton,  
Who did so many Johns it was frightenin'...

Julie can't help herself and smiles bitter-sweetly...

EXT. LOW RENT NEW YORK STREET - FOLLOWING DAY

CLOSE ON an OLD HOOKER, unsuccessfully working a street corner...



## ALFIE'S VOICE

I feel sorry for the poor old  
luv... Her racing days are long  
gone.

NEW ANGLE - REVEALING ALFIE

Zippering through traffic on his Vespa, TALKING to CAMERA.

## ALFIE

Yep, sights like that make you  
realize it's important to know your  
own expiration date.

He rounds a corner and pulls up in front of a drab building:  
*ELEGANT LIMOUSINE SERVICE*. A smaller, hand-printed sign  
reads: *For Sale By Owner*.

## ALFIE (cont'd)

Our shelf lives are limited, so  
it's best to strike while you're in  
your prime.

Alfie parks near the front steps, indicates sign.

## ALFIE (CONT'D)

The standards for 'elegance' have  
taken quite a pounding, wouldn't  
you say?

(as he dismounts, locks  
up)

Still, this is where I make my  
reasonably honest living. Heavy  
accent on the 'reasonably'. It's a  
mere stepping stone.

He gestures to a good-looking Black guy in his twenties,  
MARLON, sitting on the steps, morosely sipping a Starbucks  
coffee.

## ALFIE (CONT'D)

And currently sitting on one of  
those stepping stones, is my best  
mate and future business partner--

(greeting MARLON)

Marlon.

Marlon nods. Alfie sits next to him on the steps. They sit  
there in silence for a long moment. Marlon stares into his  
steaming cup of coffee.

MARLON

Black. Like Lonette's skin. Which  
I will never again touch.

Alfie looks TO CAMERA.

ALFIE

I'm afraid you're not meeting my  
homeboy in top form. See, Marlon's  
got a problem...

CUT TO:

INT. THE LUCKY BAR - NIGHT

A noisy, packed, downtown club with a cool, diverse  
clientele. CAMERA FOLLOWS a MINI-SKIRTED WAITRESS, with a  
killer bod, swiveling through the crowd. She's carrying a  
tray of drinks which she delivers to a table of Young Guys,  
who all look up and all do double-takes.

ALFIE'S VOICE

It's called Lonette.

REVERSE ANGLE - LONETTE

A beauty. Leaning over to set down the drinks, she flashes a  
blinding smile and we FREEZE FRAME.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And, very recently, it dumped him.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ELEGANT LIMO - ALFIE AND MARLON - CONTINUOUS

Alfie and Marlon sit on the steps.

ALFIE

Oh, dear. What was it this time?

MARLON

Three a.m. desperation call.

ALFIE

How do you live with yourself?

MARLON

I hung up before she answered. She  
didn't know it was me.

ALFIE

But you know it was you.  
 (shakes his head)  
 And I used to think you were  
 cool!...

They both rise and start down the parking ramp. Alfie attempts to fluff Marlon's normally cool Afro which is dented on one side.

Marlon slaps his hand away.

MARLON

I'll get her back.  
 (forces a grin)  
 I'm still a radiating hoochie  
 magnet.

Alfie's not sold.

INT. ELEGANT LIMO SERVICE - MINUTES LATER

CAMERA is CLOSE ON a short, skinny CHINESE MAN with a loud, abrasive voice.

CHINESE MAN

Alfie, why no Stoli in car  
 seventeen?!

ALFIE'S VOICE

The little wanker's name is Wing -  
 my boss and owner of this tragic  
 operation.

ANGLE BACK as WING approaches Alfie and Marlon who are wiping down two already gleaming black Town Cars.

Elegant Limo is a modest operation, two Town Cars, two Limos, a small dispatch office and a row of shabby lockers.

WING

Wipe down car good.

Alfie continues wiping as he SPEAKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

'Owner' that is, 'til Marlon and I  
 swing a loan and buy it out from  
 under him. You see, that's my plan,  
 Marlon and I--

WING  
 (points to fender)  
 -- You miss bird poop.

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Yep. Wing's a barking lunatic.

During the above, Wing's WIFE enters, carrying a ledger and a pencil. She's pleasant but down-trodden and at the moment, looks concerned.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Just check out the way he treats  
 the little woman.

Mrs. Wing asks her husband something in CHINESE, gesturing to Alfie, as though telling her husband to be nicer to his employees.

Wing unleashes a torrent of impatient CHINESE SHOUTING on his beleaguered wife. Alfie watches, then LOOKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Haven't a clue what he's saying,  
 but I know it's not good. She's  
 given him her best years, cooked  
 his freakin' chop-suey, helped run  
 his business, and at one time, I'm  
 sure he couldn't wait to rip off  
 her kimono... But look at 'em  
 now...

Mrs. Wing hurries off, close to tears, with Wing still berating her.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA)  
 And I'm supposed to respect the  
 institution of marriage?  
 (sighs)  
 There was more love in the Boxer  
 Rebellion.

Marlon has taken all he can stomach and steps forward.

MARLON  
 Hey Wing, I think she can hear you  
 without the volume.

Wing glances at Marlon. Alfie TURNS to CAMERA, anticipating the worst.

ALFIE

Oh man, here comes trouble.

Everything falls silent. Then, Wing wheels on Marlon.

WING

(screaming)

You never mind! It not your  
business! She not your wife! She  
mine! You fired!

Wing storms off. Marlon is stunned. Mrs. Wing is speechless. And scared.

Alfie gestures to them both to let him deal with this and follows after Wing, who's headed into his office.

ALFIE

Wing, Wing, wait up, mate.  
(entering Wing's office)  
Look... He meant no disrespect...  
(pretending to remember)  
Oh... Get this. I got one for  
you... A straight Priest with a  
duck on his head walks into a gay  
bar...

Marlon turns to Mrs. Wing.

MRS. WING

(softly)

Thank you, Mister Marlon.

Marlon and Mrs. Wing watch as Alfie is SEEN GESTURING animatedly to Wing BEHIND THE GLASS PARTITION of Wing's office.

Wing has no reaction and Alfie is working harder. Finally, Wing stares at Alfie for the longest time, his mouth hanging open, then ERUPTS with HOWLS of LAUGHTER.

Alfie sneaks a wink at Marlon and Mrs. Wing. DISCO MUSIC BEGINS...

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY'S BAR

CLOSE on LONETTE gliding through the room, effortlessly balancing a tray of drinks.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 (doing his best Marlon  
 IMITATION)  
 I swear to you, my brother...

ANGLE - ALFIE AND MARLON

Alfie and Marlon move through the trendy crowd, their eyes on Lonette.

ALFIE  
 -- I'm not throwing you shade,  
 it's her night off.

MARLON  
 I can explain.  
 (then)  
 I lied.

INT. LUCKY'S - NIGHT

Alfie and Marlon sit with nearly empty drinks. Alfie wears glasses and crunches numbers on a cocktail napkin.

ALFIE  
 (figuring)  
 -- okay... times 3 months... 7,  
 carry my 2... equals...

ON ALFIE at a table, crunching numbers on graph paper in a red file folder. Next to him is Marlon who stares longingly at Lonette as she waits on someone across the room.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 -- times 3 months... 7, carry my  
 2... equals... Okay, wait, wait...  
 this is brilliant... if we get a  
 small business loan and calculate  
 it at...  
 (figuring)  
 -- Hold on... One...

He glances up from his calculations to see Marlon's attention is riveted on Lonette. Alfie sighs, looks AT CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 I predicted this. See, Marlon and  
 Lonette had reached that critical  
 eighteen-month, *Where-Are-We-Going-  
 What-Are-We-Doing-What's-Happening-*  
 Here crisis point that rears its  
 ugly head in every relationship.  
 Lonette wanted ring, home, baby. --  
 (MORE)

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Marlon wanted another eighteen months to make sure nothing better was coming his way.

MARLON

(re: Lonette)

I fucked up egregiously.

ALFIE

Very nice wordage. I see you're getting some use out of your birthday calendar.

(to CAMERA)

So, it ended. Marlon prowled. Lonette sulked. By the time he realized he'd made a mistake and wanted her back - it was too late.

MARLON

The iron door has slammed shut.

ALFIE

You've just got to put her out of your mind. Pretend she got run over by a truck and died.

(off Marlon's look)

I'm serious. Funeral was this afternoon. You're all cried out. Single and ready to move on.

Marlon stares at Alfie.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

What?

MARLON

Ice man. You ever deal with shit on any real level?

ALFIE

And why would I want to do a thing like that?

MARLON

Well, that's real solid advice, b. 'Move on' to what?

ALFIE

Other women. Hello? Believe me, as long as you don't get crazy picky, you have no idea what surprises await--

SEXY VOICE

-- Hey, stranger.

Alfie looks up to find an exotic brunette, CAROL standing next to him. She seems uneasy, a bit hurt or could it be resentful?

ALFIE

Oh, hello...

CAROL

-- Carol.

ALFIE

Yes, Carol. You look wonderful, Carol. How have you been, Carol?

CAROL

Fine...

She stands there expectantly.

ALFIE

So. Nice to see you again, Carol.  
Be well.

Suppressing some humiliation, Carol hurries off. Marlon checks her out, then looks back at Alfie.

MARLON

What's up with that?

ALFIE

Let me put it this way, the show  
closed after only one performance.

MARLON

Does a brother even want to know  
why?

ALFIE

It would be less than discreet to  
tell you.

(short beat)

Hair on the arms.

MARLON

Excuse me?

ALFIE

Long, dark hair on her arms.



MARLON

So? Don't you have hair on your arms?

ALFIE

Not as much as her. And I'm not a bleedin' bird, now am I?

MARLON

What happened to 'don't get crazy picky'?

ALFIE

(points downstairs)  
Try explaining that to Sir Gigglestick.

WOMAN'S VOICE

So, it's the royal 'Gigglestick' that has the unreasonably high standards?

They look up to see LONETTE has ARRIVED with fresh drinks. She avoids Marlon's gaze.

ALFIE

Yes. All his fault. Even though he has only one eye, he thinks he's seen and done it all. Nothing's ever good enough for him. He really is an arrogant little prick.

Lonette laughs, setting Alfie's drink down. She wordlessly slams Marlon's down, the drink sloshing over the rim of the glass. Before Marlon can give her a beseeching smile - Lonette's gone. Marlon downs his drink...

MARLON

Can't you talk to her for me...?

Alfie pats Marlon on the shoulder, while looking TO CAMERA..

ALFIE

Classic, isn't it?

Alfie watches Marlon watching Lonette longingly.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Now that he can't have her, he thinks he can't live without her.  
(shakes his head)  
Some people are funny...

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT EVENING

Alfie's Town Car pulls into a *Handicapped Only* slot. A Senior Couple eyes him suspiciously and Alfie begins an exaggerated LIMP...

ALFIE'S VOICE

But Marlon's predicament did get me thinking about my own situation...

INT. JULIE'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie, carrying a half-empty bottle of Cristal, bounds up the stairs.

ALFIE'S VOICE

Maybe it was time to stoke the home fires.

He opens the door with his key and is dumbstruck to find his entry blocked by the security chain. Julie APPEARS through the crack in the door.

ALFIE

Anybody in the mood for a little Alfie straight-up?

JULIE

This isn't a good time, Alfie. I've got a lot on my mind.

ALFIE

Oh God, don't you hate when that happens?  
(holds up Cristal)  
I brought some 'Cris.'

JULIE

You brought a half bottle left in your limo by some drunk rapper who probably drank out of it with his mouth. Am I supposed to be flattered?

Alfie's genuinely thrown, recovers and puts on his best "little boy" charm...

ALFIE

Baby, you look so warm, soft and curvy--

JULIE  
 (interrupting)  
 -- Not tonight, Alfred.

ALFIE  
 What's wrong, luv? Tell me...

JULIE  
 (shrugs)  
 I don't know - guess I'm just...

She dangles Dorie's LACY RED THONG on the end of her finger like its' contaminated.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 -- seeing red.

Jules tosses the THONG in Alfie's face and SLAMS the DOOR.

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie steps onto the street, takes a deep breath and a deeper swig from the Cristal and gets into his Town Car.

He doesn't notice TERRY, walking up to Julie's with an arm-load of take-out.

INT. THE LUCKY BAR - CLOSING TIME

A Busboy rattles around the empty kitchen. Lonette clears the last of the glasses from a table. As she moves past the window:

A FACE APPEARS

Lonette SCREAMS bloody murder - her tray of glasses shattering on the floor! She looks up terrified, and realizes it's only ALFIE, grinning contritely through the glass.

THE LUCKY BAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Alfie trails Lonette, as she moves from window to window, closing the steel shutters and half-listening.

In the background, the Busboy sweeps up the broken glass.

ALFIE  
 I mean the poor guy's dying...  
 Haven't you tortured him long  
 enough?

LONETTE

He should have thought about all that before he dipped his wick in that skanky, fake-boobed ex-ho-friend of his.

ALFIE

(stops in his tracks)

Those are fake..? I'm devastated. Next you'll be telling me there's no Easter Bunny.

Lonette moves behind the bar, takes down a bottle of 1800 and pours shots.

LONETTE

You were consoling my devastation, remember?

ALFIE

Right, right...

Alfie sits on a bar stool.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

At any rate, he came crawling back, didn't he... begging forgiveness and all that jazz?

LONETTE

(downs her shot)

And I'm just supposed to forgive and forget? Sorry. I'm not that easy.

ALFIE

Who said you have to forgive him to take him back?

(downs his shot)

In my opinion - forgiveness is way over-rated. My motto is, always harbor a bit of resentment - keeps you in the power position.

Lonette rolls her eyes, as the Bus Boy sticks his head in from the Kitchen.

BUS BOY

It's okay if I leave now, Miss?

LONETTE

Si, gracias, Felix. Hit the lights on your way out, por favor.

As he leaves, Felix flicks the switch and the LIGHTS DIM.  
Alfie pours himself a shot, downs it and rises.

ALFIE  
Well, I'm off.

Lonette takes out a cigarette. Alfie lights it for her. She takes a deep drag, blows a lazy smoke ring. He glances out the window.

ALFIE (cont'd)  
It's really pissing down out there.

A CRACK of thunder...

TIME PASSAGE:

AT THE POOL TABLE

Outside it's raining. Inside the ashtrays overflow with butts, the bottle of 1800 is half empty, old school r & b plays on the juke box and Lonette and Alfie are feeling no pain. They shoot pool, while playing a game called *I've Never*.

LONETTE  
I've never swam in the Pacific Ocean.

ALFIE  
Me neither.

LONETTE  
Shit. Okay, wait a second...  
(thinking)

ALFIE  
I got one.

LONETTE  
Excuse me, it's still my turn.  
Wait. Okay, I got one, I've never seen a James Bond movie.

ALFIE  
Get out! Not even a Roger Moore?

LONETTE  
I'm serious.

ALFIE  
You can't be.  
(realizes she is)  
(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 You are. Wow. Brilliant.  
 (downs a shot)  
 Five to four. Okay...  
 (smiles, he's got one)  
 I've never made my own bed.

LONETTE  
 Bullshit.  
 (he shrugs, it's true)  
 Not even as a child?

ALFIE  
 I repeat - I have never made my own  
 bed.

LONETTE  
 (rolls her eyes)  
 I'm impressed. Five-five.

Her turn to down a shot. She refills both glasses...

LONETTE (CONT'D)  
 Here's one... I've never been with  
 a white man.

ALFIE  
 What? And you think I have?!

LONETTE  
 (laughs)  
 Just checking. Okay, I've never  
 had sex with two people in one  
 night.

Alfie downs another shot.

ALFIE  
 Six-five, your favor.

Lonette leans over to pour him a refill.

LONETTE  
 How many's the most you've had in  
 one night?

Alfie pops a Dunhill in his mouth, looks over at her.

ALFIE  
 We've stopped playing the game,  
 haven't we?

Lonette smiles and lights his cigarette for him. Alfie  
 glances TO CAMERA.

## ALFIE (CONT'D)

Am I wrong - or is there a little innocent flirting going on here?

TIME PASSAGE:

## ALFIE AND LONETTE TAKING A BREAK

Lonette sitting on the edge of the pool table, regaling Alfie with some story...

## ALFIE'S VOICE

Like most women, once Lonette got a little personal attention, she really came alive. And I thought, she looks amazingly dishy tonight, has a real glow about her...

## LONETTE

-- Okay, so here's what I always wondered - why I never made your hit list...

## ALFIE

-- Okay, here's why - I took one look at you and thought - gorgeous, smart, funny, can balance a dozen drinks on a tray and still move like poetry - and way out of your league, son.

## LONETTE

Alfie, you're so full of shit but you're so damn cute, every woman wants to believe it.

They share a laugh and another round...

## ALFIE'S VOICE

Funny how a few drinks and the right lighting can turn an evening into an experience.

TIME PASSAGE:

## ALFIE AND LONETTE

A nearly empty bottle of tequila... Something like *Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time* by The Delfonics on the juke box. Lonette SINGS along, she's got serious chops...

ALFIE  
Now see, if I had that kind of  
talent...

LONETTE  
-- Finish the sentence.

ALFIE  
... and looked like you, I'd  
definitely be strutting my stuff on  
a stage somewhere...

Feeling emboldened, Lonette SINGS the next couple of bars  
directly to Alfie.

LONETTE  
*Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time,  
Didn't I? Oh, baby...*

They do a little club dance step... Alfie then picks up his  
pool cue and passes behind Lonette, sizing up the table.

He takes her hand, raises it to his lips, inhales off her  
cigarette, then leans in to line up his shot. Lonette shakes  
her head, disapproving, bends over him to help... They are  
very close.

Alfie stands up, so does Lonette. They look at each other.  
Lonette takes a long, cool drag on her cigarette.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
Trust me, what happened next was  
the furthest thing from my mind  
when I dropped by tonight...

Alfie pulls Lonette to him. They look at each other. She  
doesn't pull away. Alfie kisses her and they come together,  
hungrily, drunkenly.

They break. Alfie looks at her, gauging the moment. Lonette  
doesn't look away...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- but then, I thought to myself,  
you know what, if it'll help her  
get past her anger towards Marlon,  
I owe it to them both, as a friend,  
to do whatever I can to help.

Lonette moves to him now and they kiss again.



ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I find that lately, even lying to  
myself comes easily...

With that, Alfie and Lonette start touching and undressing  
each other...

TOP SHOT - THE POOL TABLE

Alfie sweeps the balls away and Lonette and Alfie fall IN  
SLOW MOTION onto the pool table...

DISSOLVE TO:

ALFIE AND LONETTE - FACE-TO-FACE

Staring silently at each other, catching their breath. It's  
over and neither knows what to say or do. The MUSIC has  
stopped. Everything is still. Lonette starts to sit up.

LONETTE  
Oh God, room spinning...

Alfie slides off the pool table, helps her down. They self-  
consciously and quickly begin putting on their clothes,  
avoiding eye contact. Alfie pulls on a white undershirt.

LONETTE (CONT'D)  
I think that's mine.

ALFIE  
(quickly pulling it off,  
handing to her)  
Sorry... all the excitement...

She laughs without humor, pours herself a shot. Alfie tucks  
in his shirt, takes a deep swig from the bottle and EYES  
CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
(to CAMERA)  
Don't give me that look. I know it  
was wrong, but she's so sexy and  
life's so short. Still, I know I  
shouldn't have... Marlon's my best  
friend. But you know, down deep, I  
really think I was trying to help  
her make up for what he...  
(then, annoyed at himself  
more than us)  
Oh, never mind. I don't owe you an  
explanation. Just bang-off!

EXT. NEWSSTAND - FOLLOWING DAY

Alfie pays for *Vogue Homme*, *Details*, *Hello*. He seems jumpy, distracted.

ALFIE'S VOICE

The next morning, I couldn't get  
last night out of my mind.

A COLLAGE of RAPID FLASH-CUTS - Alfie and Lonette making love. Alfie tries to shake off the thoughts.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I tried desperately to focus on  
something else... *Anything else.*

The FLEETING LOVEMAKING IMAGES are PUSHED ASIDE by:

RANDOM-UNRELATED CUTS

-- Alfie's HAND moves up Lonette's skirt... PUSHED ASIDE by  
LENNOX LEWIS dropping MIKE TYSON to the canvas...

-- LONETTE'S HANDS tugging Alfie's shoulders... REPLACED by  
HANNIBAL LECTER wearing that mask and laughing...

-- ALFIE AND LONETTE'S MOUTHS MEETING... PUSHED AWAY by QUEEN  
ELIZABETH waving to her loyal subjects...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Anything to get my mind off my best  
friend's incredibly hot,  
best-ass-I've-ever-seen-in-my-life  
girlfriend.

The IMAGES are all BANGING TOGETHER... fighting for control  
of Alfie's mind.

FLASH-CUT - LONETTE

In the throes of passion, she opens her mouth to call Alfie's  
name but ANOTHER VOICE comes disconcertingly from her lips.

MARLON'S VOICE

Alfie!

Alfie is jarred BACK TO REALITY. He quickly moves down the  
street, glancing over his shoulder to see Marlon jogging  
toward him.

MARLON

Hey, Alfie!

ALFIE  
 (quickens pace, to CAMERA)  
 Should I pretend not to hear him?

MARLON  
 Slow down!

ALFIE  
 Too late. Oh, Christ...  
 (turns to Marlon)  
 Marly, what up?!

MARLON  
 Marly?

CAMERA TRACKS - Marlon trying to keep up with Alfie.

MARLON (CONT'D)  
 Hey, listen, I gotta talk to you.

ALFIE  
 Love to but gotta dash, got a pick-  
 up at La Guardia.

MARLON  
 I wanna hear what happened last  
 night.

They start down the ramp toward ELEGANT LIMOUSINE.

ALFIE  
 Last night? What do you mean last  
 night?

MARLON  
 Son, you know, with Lonette.

We SEE Alfie's face drop, Marlon doesn't. They ENTER WING'S OFFICE.

WING  
 You ever hear word 'knock'!?

Mrs. Wing ENTERS, avoiding eye contact with Wing. She takes some papers from under a stack on the desk and abruptly exits. Wing yells after her IN CHINESE but she sticks her nose in the air, acting as though she doesn't hear him.

WING (CONT'D)  
 Missus give me silent treatment.

MARLON  
 (ignoring Wing, to Alfie)  
 So, what went down?

ALFIE  
 (nervous, vamping)  
 What? Nothing. We had some  
 drinks...

WING  
 (in his own world)  
 Little she know, not hearing  
 constant--  
 (makes 'yapping' motion)  
 -- blabber-blabber is gift from  
 heaven.

Alfie laughs a little too loudly.

ALFIE  
 Good one, Wing.

Alfie rifles through the booking slips, pulls one, starts  
 out. Exasperated, Marlon grabs Alfie's arm, turning him  
 around.

MARLON  
 What happened?

ALFIE  
 Ah ha, what happened was...  
 (to CAMERA)  
 I'm about to get my jaw rocked.

Alfie stands, resigned now to face the music.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Marlon)  
 Oh fuck a duck. Look, man, I had a  
 lot to drink and... Well... I don't  
 really remember a lot of what  
 happened but...

MARLON  
 -- Well, you did something to her,  
 'cause she pulled a complete one-  
 eighty and turned up on my doorstep  
 at two in the morning saying--

Marlon's VOICE FADES, as Alfie's VOICE RISES and he TURNS to  
 CAMERA.

ALFIE

-- that she loved him and if he needed more time, she understood completely... She wanted him, and didn't care how long she'd have to wait.

(proudly)

So, chalk one up to the blokes. Thanks to me, Marlon had beaten the rap. He was off Scott-free. It was a bloody miracle.

(to MARLON)

That is so fantastic, man. And what did you say?!

MARLON

(ear-to-ear grin)

It's all good.

(then)

I asked her to marry me.

FREEZE FRAME on Alfie. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE

Moral of the story - No good deed goes unpunished.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Alfie navigates his Vespa through traffic and pulls up to the MAGNOLIA CAKE SHOP. He parks in the red zone, takes a shopping bag from the mini-trunk.

EXT./INT. MAGNOLIA CAKE SHOP - SAME TIME

A birthday party for Max is in full swing. Max, surrounded by a few of his Little Friends and their Moms, is seated on Julie's lap having just opened the last of his presents. Everyone applauds.

Julie looks up and is surprised to see ALFIE peering in the window.

EXT. MAGNOLIA CAKE SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

Alfie moves away from the window, as Julie steps out, carrying Max. She's a little testy, distant...

JULIE

Didn't expect to see you here.

Max is excited to see Alfie, he waves with one hand, while clutching a NEW TEDDY with the other.

ALFIE  
Hey, Jules. Hey, Max. I like your teddy.

MAX  
(garbled)  
From Teddy...

ALFIE  
Say again?

JULIE  
(setting Max down)  
From Terry. It's his birthday present from Terry and he won't let go of it.

Alfie shifts his shopping bag to the other hand, holds it casually behind his back.

ALFIE  
Oh really. Great. Well. Happy Birthday, little man.

MAX  
Happy Birthday, Alfie!

Alfie and Julie exchange an uncomfortable look, moved by Max's silly adorableness.

ALFIE  
So... Terry, huh? You two an item now?

JULIE  
You need a haircut.

ALFIE  
Nice avoiding of the question.

JULIE  
I learned from the master.

Alfie nods. Touche. Just then, TWO HOTTIES exit the cake shop. Alfie casually turns away, trying to avoid them. Too late.

HOTTIE  
Hey, Alfie.

ALFIE  
Hi, Sasha.

SASHA  
Thanks for never calling back.

ALFIE  
(half-wave)  
Right... Sure... Sorry...  
(to Julie)  
Yeah, well...

JULIE  
Yeah, well...

Terry appears in the doorway.

TERRY  
C'mon guys, cake time.

JULIE  
Be right in.

Terry hesitates, then turns back inside. Everyone feels uncomfortable except Max who is delightfully oblivious.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(polite only)  
You want to come in for the cake?

ALFIE  
Nah, I should get back to work.  
Just wanted to, you know, put in an  
appearance.  
(reaches for his wallet,  
pulls out some bills)  
Look I... uh, I didn't know what to  
get so um, you know...  
(holds out money)

JULIE  
You're giving a child cash?

ALFIE  
Oh... Not good? All right, then...  
(rubs Max's head)  
Have a happy, Max.

Alfie turns to go.

MAX  
Poem, Alfie.

Alfie turns back, hesitates, looks to Julie, who shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)  
For my birthday.

ALFIE  
Okay, something quick.

Alfie drops to one knee next to Max.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Here's one my step-mum used to tell me...

(reciting, softly)  
*Today's my birthday, three years old I am... I had for breakfast egg as well as jam... I chose the cake we had for dinner too... This afternoon I'm going to the zoo... Now isn't that too grand for anything! Mine is a birthday fit for any king.*

Alfie glances up at Julie, but she looks away...

JULIE  
(to Max)  
We have to go in, sweetie, your pals are waiting.

Alfie stands uncomfortably, odd-man-out.

ALFIE  
Yeah, okay...

Julie lifts Max and heads back inside.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Be well.

Baffled, Max starts crying, looking back at Alfie, over Julie's shoulder.

ALFIE - ALONE ON THE STREET

From inside, the Kids SING "Happy Birthday, Dear Max". Alfie opens the shopping bag and looks down at the stuffed TEDDY he bought Max. A ribbon is tied around its neck.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Alfie's Vespa roars through traffic a bit recklessly. Alfie flirts with every PRETTY WOMAN he passes.



## ALFIE'S VOICE

Resilience - *The ability to readily recover after disappointment or loss.*

He deftly avoids colliding with a passing GARBAGE TRUCK and turns TO CAMERA with a cocky smile.

## ALFIE

The capacity to spring back.

BLACKOUT:

OVER BLACK

## ALFIE'S VOICE

New word for the day...

ALFIE'S "WORD FOR THE DAY" CALENDAR

Alfie's HAND rips off a page, revealing today's word is: HEDONISM.

## ALFIE

Hedonism - *The belief that obtaining pleasure is the true meaning of life.* Hmm... Reminds me of someone I used to know...

Alfie raises an eyebrow TO CAMERA.

MONTAGE - MUSIC OVER

-- CLOSE ON ALFIE; a contented smile on his face.

## ALFIE'S VOICE

Understand, I wasn't looking to replace Julie...

ANGLE BACK to see he's stretched out on a massage table, a skimpy towel covering his skimpy butt, receiving a loving massage from a loving Masseuse. A SCREEN surrounds the massage table.

## ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- I just wanted to get back to the simple life - women who meant nothing to me...

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE SCREEN

There's a GAP of several inches between the floor and the bottom of the screen.

MASSEUSE (O.S.)  
You can roll over now, Mr. Elkins.

ALFIE (O.S.)  
(exaggerated formality)  
Why, thank you, Miss Wilcox.

We WATCH the MASSEUSE'S FEET DISAPPEAR upwards as she climbs onto the table with Alfie.

-- ALFIE struts past a long line of hipsters waiting to get into a CHIC NIGHTSPOT. He SPEAKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Now, on the scene...

A no-nonsense, PLAIN JANE, wearing a headset and holding a clipboard, guards the entrance along with Two Bouncers. Spotting Alfie, she lights up and instantly unhooks the velvet rope.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
-- you never want to be standing on the wrong side of a velvet rope. So I clocked in a bit of O.T. with a petite nightclub manager called Uta...

-- ALFIE and UTA in AN ALCOVE, behind a waist-high partition... furiously making out. As Uta, still wearing her headset, sinks down and OUT of FRAME, Alfie turns TO CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
I know - you're thinking, not up to the lad's usual standards, and I must admit I am feeling a bit of a mustache at this particular moment...

A PRETTY BRUNETTE passes...

BRUNETTE  
Hi, Alfie... I dumped Robby.

ALFIE  
(waves)  
Fab... I'll ring you.

-- ALFIE weaves through the BEAUTIFUL CROWD...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

And to think, somewhere in the world people are going to bed horny. Sad.

He waves to the DJ as he passes LEGGY TYPES who smile coyly.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(to CAMERA)

Now, as a heat-seeking bachelor, I live by a few simple rules. My Alfie Elkins *Weltanschauung* - calendar word - meaning credo or philosophy - can be summed up by the only bit of advice my old man ever gave me...

Alfie grins first to the Girls, then TO CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

He said, 'Son, every time you see a beautiful woman, just remember, somewhere there's a bloke who's sick of shagging her.'

One BITTER but sexy GIRL watches Alfie strutting.

BITTER GIRL

Explain to me what everyone sees in that Euro-Trash?

Alfie flashes her a blinding smile and Bitter Girl melts.

-- ALFIE is now seated at A BOOTH in the VIP SECTION with two Hilton Sister wannabes - CHYNA and TONYA.

ALFIE

(to the Girls)

I think it's so unfair how it's acceptable for a man to be sexually adventurous, but if a woman wants to experiment with something... like say an innocent little three-way, they're considered a trollop, a slut. It's just so wrong.

The Girls nod with indignant agreement. CAMERA MOVES IN on Alfie drinking and watching the Girls who begin making-out with each other for his benefit.

## ALFIE'S VOICE

But, although I was living every  
guy's post-modern Rock Hudson  
fantasy--

He leans back for a moment, closes his eyes on the sight of  
two girls kissing, which ordinarily he would savor.

## ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- something felt a bit 'off'.

-- In a CHEESY STUDIO APARTMENT, CAMERA DRIFTS PAST an array  
of discarded women's clothes and undergarments and Alfie's  
neatly folded top-coat and things. A half-empty bottle of  
Jack sits on the end table. CAMERA comes to rest on the BACK  
OF A SOFA.

## ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- And throwing myself back into  
the old lifestyle didn't go quite  
as smoothly as I'd hoped.

The SOUNDS of building SEXUAL ANTICS, abruptly stop. A beat  
and ALFIE'S HEAD APPEARS at the end of the sofa. He looks  
chagrined, reaches for the Jack. CHYNA pops up on one side  
of Alfie, eyeing him suspiciously. TONYA pops up on the  
other, also giving him the 'evil eye'.

## ALFIE

(self-conscious)

Sorry, girls. Don't know what  
happened. So unlike me.

FUNERAL MUSIC begins...

CUT TO:

A FUNERAL PROCESSION

Slowly passing, the coffin laced with flowers...

## ALFIE'S VOICE

Unexpectedly, my very best friend,  
had fallen... like a soldier on the  
battlefield...

CAMERA EASES BACK to see we are OVER ALFIE'S SHOULDER, as he  
looks down on A CEMETARY from a high window inside:

A STARK WHITE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Alfie turns from the window TO CAMERA. He is sitting on an  
examination table, wearing a paper gown.

ALFIE

How could I could go on? How would  
I face the future without 'him'.  
Yes, from out of nowhere - 'The  
Unthinkable'.

FLASHBACK TO:

THE BITTER GIRL

Wrapped in a rumpled sheet, SPEAKING BITTERLY to CAMERA.

BITTER GIRL

Now I really don't get what  
everyone sees in him.

WIDEN to REVEAL ALFIE - at THE OTHER END of the bed,  
dejectedly pulling on his pants, also SPEAKING to CAMERA.

ALFIE

It kept on happening and happening.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - THE PRESENT

Alfie's nervous knee jiggling so wildly he has to quiet it  
with both hands.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- Or, more accurately, not  
happening and not happening.

FLASHBACK TO:

A BUBBLE BATH

TILT UP to UTA, the gate keeper, luxuriating at one end of  
the bubble bath. REVEAL Alfie at THE OTHER END, staring  
morosely down into the bubbles. He looks up at a stern,  
judgemental Uta.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

This never happens, Uta. Honestly.

UTA

(pointed)

That's not the word around town,  
pee-wee.

Alfie is mortified. Uta's words ECHO us BACK to:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - PRESENT

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN and DR. KULP, a middle-aged, androgenous, no-nonsense woman with a buzz-cut and white lab coat ENTERS. She refers to a clipboard.

DR. KULP  
Mr. Elkins? Dr. Kulp.

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
The penis doctor's a 'she' - with a little 'he' thrown in.

DR. KULP  
So, I understand you're experiencing some ED.  
(off his look)  
Erectile Dysfunction?

ALFIE  
Oh. Yes, I have been experiencing a bit of what you just said.

DR. KULP  
Did it come on gradually?

ALFIE  
-- No, no. Very sudden. One minute I... It... He... was... How shall I put this - 'the life of the party'... And the next...  
(he shrugs, hopelessly)

DR. KULP  
(offers her hand)  
Not to worry, I'm an  
Erectionologist. I specialize in that area.

Alfie shakes her hand, a little squeamishly.

ALFIE  
I see.  
(raises eyebrow to CAMERA)  
And why do you suppose she chose, as her field of interest, the penis?  
(cocks his head)  
Envy?

DR. KULP

Have you been under any emotional stress, Mr. Elkins?

ALFIE

Yes, but my fear of Al Qaeda shouldn't really affect my wanker, should it?

(then, to CAMERA)

I suppose I could tell her about the recent, less-than-calming chat I had with Jules...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Julie and Alfie stand outside her closed apartment door. Julie, looking more relaxed, now has a new very cute, SHORT HAIRCUT.

ALFIE'S VOICE

I popped over unannounced, and you know what - she wouldn't let me in. Kept me at the door.

JULIE

I'm not angry anymore... I have to accept that we want different things... But I can't see you... and I can't have you traipsing in and out of Max's life.

ALFIE

(nods, then)

And so, you and Terry...

She shrugs, checks her watch.

JULIE

Alfie, I'm gonna be late...

ALFIE

You've changed your hair.

JULIE

Um-hmm..

ALFIE

It looks really good.

JULIE  
 (unmoved)  
 ...Okay. Thanks.

ALFIE  
 (uncharacteristic remorse)  
 Why did you never do it like that  
 before? When we were together?

JULIE  
 Alfie, I've really gotta go.

They look at each other for a moment.

ALFIE  
 Right. Okay.

She starts to close the door.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh...  
 (digs in his pocket)  
 I guess... I won't be needing this  
 anymore.

He pulls out his key ring, takes off a KEY, hands it to Julie. She takes the key. Alfie looks in her eyes, sees nothing, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Even the old 'return the key bit'  
 got no reaction.  
 (then)  
 Have you ever noticed the sudden  
 chill that comes over a woman when  
 it's truly over?

He starts down the stairs.

JULIE  
 Alfie?  
 (he turns)  
 Are you gonna be okay?

ALFIE  
 (looking up at her)  
 No worries, I'll be fine. Thanks  
 for asking.

Alfie forces a smile... FREEZE FRAME. OVER:



DR. KULP (O.S.)  
 All righty. Let's take a gander at  
 that penis of yours.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Dr. Kulp slips on a round HEAD MIRROR, flips it down over one  
 eye and DROPS OUT OF FRAME in front of Alfie, to examine him.  
 Alfie immediately reacts to her cold hands...

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Whatever happened to warming your  
 hands by the fire?  
 (then sighs, remembering)  
 I had to admit, Julie never looked  
 lovelier than when she didn't fancy  
 me anymore.

He smiles a bittersweet smile, then squirms around a little.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Dr. Kulp O.S.)  
 So, what do you think, Doctor?

DR. KULP (O.S.)  
 I think it would be helpful if you  
 stopped squirming, Mr. Elkins.

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 That's a bit of a challenge when  
 she's messing about with Sir--  
 (then suddenly)  
 Whoa! Hel-lo!  
 (eyes widening)  
 God Save the Queen!

Dr. Kulp RISES INTO FRAME.

DR. KULP  
 Well, so much for ED.

Alfie's embarrassed at first, then grins.

ALFIE  
 Well done. What a relief. I feel  
 like Lazarus raised from the dead.  
 (to CAMERA)  
 If the 'Blair Witch' here can give  
 me a stiffy, then I should have no  
 problem keeping it up for my target  
 demographic.

DR. KULP

-- There doesn't seem to be anything physiological, so we can be fairly certain your problem was stress-related.

ALFIE

(to CAMERA)

Translation: Julie-related. Like I always say, if they don't get you one way, they get you another.

(to DR. KULP)

Right then, I'll be off.

He reaches for his boxers, failing to see Dr. Kulp's look of concern.

DR. KULP

Um... However...

Alfie turns...

ALFIE

-- I did feel something a little kooky...

She steps to him, drops her HAND OUT OF FRAME.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- Kooky? Is that a medical term?

TWO SHOT - ALFIE AND DR. KULP

As she examines him BELOW FRAME, Alfie's beginning to have a mild panic attack.

DR. KULP

Any pain here? Tender?

ALFIE

(shakes his head)

W-W-What exactly are you looking for? Ow!

DR. KULP

-- Mr. Elkins-

ALFIE

-- Please, you've got to tell-

DR. KULP

-- there's something--

ALFIE

-- What? Something. What?

DR. KULP  
-- I thought I felt--

ALFIE'S VOICE  
-- thought you felt--

DR. KULP  
-- a lump on your--

ALFIE  
(pure panic)  
-- Not on my...?!?

Alfie falls straight OUT OF FRAME with a thud.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A light snow falls on Workers hanging the first of the season's CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
(as if reciting a  
Christmas tale)  
And so randy young Alfred got an  
early Christmas gift...

Alfie hobbles onto the sidewalk, his hands covering his groin to avoid contact with passing Pedestrians.

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
-- A penis biopsy.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW - DAY

Delighted Children and their Moms crowd the sidewalk, vying for a peek at a SANTA'S WORKSHOP SCENE being installed in the store window.

Alfie approaches, his hands still protecting his crotch. He steps into the middle of the gathered Families to check out the display, all the while TALKING to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
I get my test results in three  
days, well five, if you count the  
weekend.  
(suddenly panics)  
Oh, Lord... How am I going to keep  
from going bonkers?  
(calms himself)  
I'll be fine. I'm a young man.  
Shift focus, Alfie.

A Pretty Young Mom glances over and notices Alfie looking sort of spaced and crazed. Alfie gives her his best sexy smile. The Mom looks down, sees Alfie's hands cupped over his privates - and immediately yanks her Child away.

Alfie turns and realizes all THE MOMS are now glaring at him like he's some sort of perv. He TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

In the meantime...  
 (turns, hobbling)  
 -- perhaps I'd be safer hobbling home...

He turns and hobbles off...

EXT. ALFIE'S STREET - LATER THAT DAY

Alfie, juggling a bag of groceries and his dry cleaning, limps up the steps of his building, as Lu Schnitman and her friend MRS. LIBERMAN are about to exit. Alfie struggles to open the door for the ladies.

MRS. SCHNITMAN

Alfie, dear, what's wrong - you look like death warmed over.

ALFIE

Slight groinal soccer injury is all, Lu. Mrs. Liberman, you're looking well.

He holds the door with great effort and gives a slight pained bow as they pass. The Girls giggle at his gallantry. Alfie steps sideways through the doorway. It's then he notices:

LONETTE - WAITING IN THE VESTIBULE

LONETTE

Could I speak to you for a sec?

ALFIE

Sure... Of course. Ladies, this is my friend, Lon--

But Lonette has already moved toward the steps. Alfie turns to the Ladies.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Sorry... I didn't expect--

Mrs. Schnitman comes close to Alfie, whispers in his ear.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 She's lovely. Good for you dating  
 an African-American.

Alfie crosses to Lonette, who's leaning against the front  
 bannister.

ALFIE  
 Hey, girl. I've missed you.

Mrs. Schnitman and Mrs. Liberman tippy-toe around them.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 Don't mind us, we're not here, you  
 two kids keep talking.

MRS. LIBERMAN  
 Very nice to meet you.

Lonette smiles at the Ladies. When they're gone, she drops  
 the smile and turns to Alfie.

ALFIE  
 So, what have you been--

LONETTE  
 -- I'm pregnant.

FREEZE FRAME on Alfie...

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 It seems to me, the problems you  
 worry yourself sick about, never  
 seem to materialize.

DARK CLOUDS

roll across a bleak, grey sky.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 It's the one's that catch you  
 unexpectedly on a Tuesday  
 afternoon, that knock you sideways.

EXT. FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC - DAY

A grey, rainy morning. Alfie and Lonette stand in front of  
 the clinic. Alfie, wearing his raincoat, holds an umbrella  
 between them.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 I offered to face the music with  
 her...

They look at each other a moment, then Lonette turns and heads inside...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- but she wanted to go it alone...

INT/EXT ALFIE'S TOWN CAR

The rain has turned to drizzle as Alfie waits in front of the clinic.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
We both knew if that baby was born with any pasty white boy features, it would pretty much mean the end of Lonette and Marlon.

He glances up at the clinic, checks his watch, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
Not to mention, your host for the this evening.

ON THE STREET

Alfie paces.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
But, standing there in the rain, I found myself thinking morbid thoughts, like 'Here's another kid you'll never get a chance to know... your own...'

He turns up his collar against the chill.

A HALF-HOUR LATER

Alfie rubs his hands together to stay warm. He tries to light a cigarette but can't in the drizzle.

BACK IN THE TOWN CAR

Alfie is now smoking, takes a deep drag, leans his head back, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
Life can be a bit too much at times... Still, it beats the hell out of the alternative.

ALFIE LEANS AGAINST TOWN CAR'S FENDER

He glances up as the CLINIC DOOR OPENS and Lonette walks slowly toward him. She looks shaken. Alfie hurries to meet her, trying to appear upbeat.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Well, that didn't take long, did it?

He looks in her eyes, forces a smile. She turns away. Alfie takes her hand and helps her to the car.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Your hands are freezing.  
(rubs her hands)  
Are you... How do you feel?

LONETTE  
Empty.

Lonette gets in the car, Alfie opening and closing the door for her. He stands there for a moment, then TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
That night in the bar, I thought I was getting something for nothing but it doesn't seem to have worked out that way, does it?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - HIGH SHOT - LATER

Alfie's Town Car pulls up and he gets out, opening the door for Lonette. She gets out and walks the rest of the way home without even a goodbye. Alfie stands there watching her disappear in the crowd...

BLACKOUT:

OVER BLACK

ALFIE'S VOICE  
I keep having this vision...

INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

A bespectacled, LAB TECHNICIAN is bent over a microscope, intensely studying a slide.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
That at this very moment, some lab technician is looking at my slide and gasping.

The Lab Tech GASPS, recoiling at what he sees.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
And calling over his mates...

Other Lab Technician's quickly crowd around him.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- to observe this tragic  
specimen.

The other Lab Techs all GASP in horror as well.

CUT TO:

LU SCHNITMAN

In her LIVING ROOM, wearing a frilly robe and nightgown.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
You're not going to die, honey  
bunch.

Alfie sits across from Lu, ruffled and anxious in his pj's. Lu drops a marshmallow into the cup of hot chocolate Alfie's holding, follows it with a splash of brandy and stirs it for him.

MRS. SCHNITMAN (CONT'D)  
If it's anything, which I'm sure  
it's not, you can rest assured they  
caught it early. My friend Marge  
Skolnick, God rest her--  
(catches self)  
Oh, never mind. Go on, Alfie.

Alfie puts down his hot chocolate, overly anxious, wrings his hands.

ALFIE  
Because the thing is, Lu, when I do  
go, I'd like to go out on a higher  
note, if you know what I mean... I  
don't want to feel too many--  
(searching for the word)

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
-- Regrets, sweetheart?

ALFIE  
Yeah. Exactly. Regrets.  
(TURNS to CAMERA)  
She's so warm and compassionate.  
(MORE)



ALFIE (cont'd)  
 Why can't she be a rich, curvy  
 Norwegian babe with pert, up-  
 turned...

(to himself)  
 All right, stop.

(to LU)  
 There are things I still want to do  
 with my life, Lu.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 Like what, lovey?

ALFIE  
 Well, that's part of the problem...  
 I'm not exactly sure... But, if it  
 turns out tomorrow that I even have  
 a future, it's a sign changes need  
 to be made...

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 I'm sure you'll find your way,  
 Alfie.

ALFIE  
 I appreciate you letting me ramble  
 on, Lu... There aren't many people  
 I can turn to at two in the a.m.

Lu gives him a comforting smile.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 Oh, please, everyone adores you.

ALFIE  
 I don't think I'm winning many  
 popularity contests these days, Lu.

MRS. SCHNITMAN  
 Well, from what I've seen, you  
 certainly have your share of female  
 admirers. Present company  
 included.

Alfie gives Lu a hug. She's plotting.

CUT TO:

A LINE-UP OF OLD GEEZERS

CAMERA MOVES PAST Geezer after Geezer seated side-by-side  
 until we come to ALFIE, the youngest geezer in THE DOCTOR'S  
 WAITING ROOM by thirty years. His nervous knee is bobbing  
 like gang-busters.

He fidgets for a beat, then is on his feet, crossing to the ICY NURSE, at the receptionist station. She's a cool Hitchcock blonde. Before he can speak:

ICY NURSE

For the millionth time, Mr. Elkins, when we know the results, you'll know the results.

ALFIE

For the millionth time, Nurse, since I've nothing better to do than find out whether I'm gonna live or die - think I'll hang.

He crosses back to his seat, picks up a magazine, leafs through it, then glances out the window.

HIS VIEW - ANOTHER FUNERAL

It's raining and the Mourners are all hidden under an array of BLACK UMBRELLAS as they toss rose petals onto a coffin.

CLOSE ANGLE - ALFIE

He turns from the funeral TO CAMERA.

ALFIE

One wonders who'd show up to toss petals on my coffin. Really, who - Max? Who'd drive him?

The Icy Nurse glances over at him, then looks away. Alfie can't help himself. He's back at her desk like a shot.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Nurse, I saw the way you looked at me just then and if you already know something and they've asked you not to tell me--

ICY NURSE

-- Mr. Elkins...

ALFIE

-- I can handle it...

ICY NURSE

-- Mr. Elk--

ALFIE

-- I'm right, aren't I?

ICY NURSE:

(daggers)

There - is - no - news!

Alfie closes his eyes regaining his composure, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
I'm gonna be fine. I just feel it.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie enters to find one urinal "Out of Order". The other occupied by a nattily dressed old guy, JOE.

JOE  
I'll be a minute. Or ten.

ALFIE  
Take your time.

JOE  
Don't have a choice. I used to pee, now I trickle. I'm Joe. What's your name?

ALFIE  
Me? Alfie.

We HEAR a thin trickle of pee in fits and starts from Joe.

JOE  
So, how you doin', Alfie?

ALFIE  
Hangin' in... you?

JOE  
Shitty.

ALFIE  
Yeah, me too.  
(then)  
I like the bolo tie, Joe.

JOE  
Thanks. I have a collection.

He's still peeing. Alfie, having a bit of trouble holding it in, smiles politely at Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)  
When you're old, you learn to be patient.  
(then)  
Yeah, used to be I had no time for nothing. Go, go, go.

ALFIE

I know the feeling...

JOE

The wife was always hocking me to take a little vacation, Hawaii, Reno... I always said, 'Next year, Evie, next year, I got too much on my platter...' Always thought I'd have more time... Then one Sunday night, she takes the pot roast outta the oven, yells, 'Soup's on'... and slumps to the kitchen floor. Just like that.

(snaps his fingers)

Dead as disco.

ALFIE

Geez, I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE

I tried picking up the pieces. Even went to Waikiki alone on the eight-day cruise package she was always yakking about. Couldn't get Evie outta my mind. I kept thinking how she would've loved the islands... the trade winds, the flowers...

(laughs to himself)

-- and those blue drinks.

ALFIE

I think you had what they call a bit of 'contrition.'

(to CAMERA)

Calendar word.

JOE

You married, Alfie?

ALFIE

No, Joe.

JOE

How come? You a tough fit?

ALFIE

It's just not on my radar.

JOE

Two things I learned in life - find someone to love and live every day as though it's your last...

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
 (zips up)  
 She's all yours, Alfie. Enjoy.

Joe crosses to wash his hands.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 If you're ever bored or feel like  
 schmoozing, give me a holler...  
 (about to hand Alfie his  
 card, stops)  
 Ah... you'll never call.

ALFIE  
 (not really meaning it)  
 Maybe I will.

JOE  
 Good, we'll go to a rave together.

Alfie laughs, takes Joe's card.

ALFIE  
 Thanks, Joe. And, sorry about  
 Evie.

Joe looks off wistfully, starts out, stops, turns back.

JOE  
 We weren't all that fond of each  
 other, but we were very close, if  
 you know what I mean...

ALFIE  
 I think I do.

Joe pats Alfie on the shoulder and leaves. HOLD on Alfie  
 watching him go. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 I've been thinking a lot about God  
 and death lately...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A dreary, drizzly day. Beat. Beat. The DOOR OPENS and  
 Alfie trudges out, head hanging, shoulders sagging. He lifts  
 his head slightly, looks mournfully AT CAMERA:

ALFIE  
 -- And how, if what they taught us  
 in Bible Class is true, I'm really  
 in for it.  
 (then, practically jumping  
 for joy)  
 (MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 But I won't be partying with  
 Lucifer any time soon - 'Cause my  
 test results came back NEGATIVE!  
 I'm gonna live!

Suddenly he's Gene Kelly, sans umbrella. He hops over the railing - splashing feet first in a HUGE PUDDLE.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Look at that, I've ruined my Prada  
 loafers!

Alfie splashes joyfully around in the puddle, oblivious to the stares of onlookers. He suddenly stops, SPINS around to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Don't think I've forgotten my oath  
 to completely change my life!

A CLAP of THUNDER, LIGHTENING streaks across the sky.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Yep, health is now priority number  
 one, business plan moves onto the  
 fast track and from this day  
 forward - no more meaningless sex!

Alfie spreads his arms wide and as he opens his mouth to drink in the RAIN, we HEAR a SCREAM of ECSTASY.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE ICY BLONDE NURSE - FREEZE FRAME

Half out of in her crisp white uniform and half out of her mind, she's caught in a frozen moment of unbridled ecstasy...

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 -- All right, all right... one  
 little piece of unfinished  
 business...

The IMAGE POPS to LIFE and the Icy Nurse HOWLS like a Banshee...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 You have to admit, this one  
 desperately needed a good thawing  
 out.

WIDEN to REVEAL the Icy Nurse and Alfie going at it, after hours, on top of HER RECEPTIONISTS' DESK.

The Icy Nurse claws Alfie's back, writhing and screaming and generally going nuts. Alfie steals a quizzical LOOK to CAMERA.

ALFIE

But, what's up with all the racket?  
I mean, if it's for my benefit,  
she's wasting her breath.

(SCREAMS grow louder)

No ego requires this much positive  
feedback.

The Icy Nurse reaches an EAR-PIERCING ORGASM...

ICY NURSE

Oh, Mr. Elkins - you rock!!!

INT. TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Alfie, wearing a snappy new suit and his chauffeur's cap, maneuvers the Town Car through traffic. He SPEAKS to CAMERA, while occasionally checking something in his rear-view mirror.

ALFIE

Minor detour... Back on track and  
cracking on.

He glances in the rear-view.

HIS VIEW - THROUGH MIRROR

Curled up in his backseat is LIZ, a voluptuous, some would say over-ripe, all would say sexy, woman in her late forties, early fifties... She has a full, throaty smoker's voice and is decked out in Versace.

Liz nuzzles WES, a tanned, tight, manicured, business exec in his fifties. They both roll calls, Wes' hand absently resting on Liz's thigh.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(to CAMERA)

New slate. New beginning...

Liz looks up from her cell phone, catches Alfie in the rear-view. Alfie flashes his patented smile, Liz looks away, continues talking into the phone...

EXT. HENRI BENDEL - DAY

The Limo pulls up and Alfie pops out, smartly OPENING the DOOR for Liz and Wes.

WES  
(snapping phone shut).  
What's your name?

ALFIE  
Alfie, sir.

WES  
Wait here, Alfie.

ALFIE  
May I ask how long you'll be?

WES  
(turns back)  
Why, you got someplace to go?

ALFIE  
No, I just thought I'd grab a cup  
of tea across the--

WES  
-- You know what, why don't you  
stay put.

Wes starts after Liz.

ALFIE  
I like your suit, guv.

Wes gives Alfie a dismissive look, then follows Liz into Henri Bendel. Alfie "flips" Wes off, behind his back. Liz glances over her shoulder and catches the gesture, breaks a tiny smile. Alfie pops a lollypop in his mouth...

EXT. HENRI BENDEL - AN HOUR LATER

Alfie leans against the Town car watching Christmas shoppers hurry past. He checks his watch, makes a decision, clicks on the hazard lights and drops the lollypop stick in the trash.

INT. HENRI BENDEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON THREE IMAGES of LIZ seen in a three-way mirror. She's modeling a clingy low-cut cocktail dress while a Chic Salesgirl watches admiringly from the sidelines.

LIZ  
Yay or nay?

Wes looks up from his *The Wall Street Journal* but before he can answer:



ALFIE (O.S.)  
A definite 'yay'.

Wes sees ALFIE'S REFLECTION approaching in the mirror, pulling off his chauffeur's cap.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
(as he passes Wes)  
Stunning, wouldn't you agree, sir?

WES  
(annoyed)  
I'm sorry, didn't I ask you to wait by the car?

ALFIE  
I reckoned the lady might need a hand with her packages.

Liz feels Alfie's unabashed male appreciation wash over her.

LIZ  
(poses for Alfie)  
Yay? You think?

ALFIE  
I do... With one minor...  
(gesturing he wants to adjust something)  
-- May I?

LIZ  
-- You may.

ALFIE  
-- adjustment...

Alfie moves close to Liz, gently tugging the neckline revealing a small TATTOO of a TINY HEART with the name PABLO S encircling it on her breast. S

LIZ  
Bullfighter. Another lifetime.  
Don't ask.

Alfie glances at the tantalizing view of her cleavage, then COCKS an EYE to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
Fifty if she's a day. But you know, they say 'fifty's the new forty' and is she not the living proof?  
(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 I mean, have a look - Cleavage like  
 the Holland Tunnel.  
 (to LIZ)  
 Better?

LIZ  
 Much.

ALFIE  
 You are so right to trust Versace.  
 A pair of hot pink Jimmy Choo  
 stilettos and you're good to go.

Alfie nods to the Salesgirl who hurries off in search of the Jimmy Choo's.

LIZ  
 Well, aren't you Mister Full  
 Service...

Wes snaps shut his cell-phone and glares.

ALFIE  
 He's getting a bit pissy, isn't he?

LIZ  
 He's fine. It's good for him.

ALFIE  
 Husband's a bit older than you.

LIZ  
 He's not my husband.

ALFIE  
 But he's wearing a ring.

LIZ  
 I didn't say he wasn't someone  
 else's husband.

Alfie laughs, a gal after his own heart.

THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LATER

The Town Car pulls up and a Bellman steps forward, opening the door for Liz and Wes.

Alfie hustles around, pops the trunk, and begins handing shopping bags to a Second Bellman. He finishes, turns, holding out his card to Liz.

ALFIE  
If you should require my services  
in the future...

Liz takes the card, joins Wes.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
(calling after them)  
Happy Christmas... Sir... Ma'am.

LIZ  
Back at ya, cutie.

Alfie watches Liz move toward the hotel entrance. She offers Alfie a quick turn of the head and a wink. FREEZE FRAME.  
OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
Now that, I thought to myself, is a  
real woman. Smart, sexy... And you  
saw the little flirt that went down  
between us.

Alfie gives Liz a parting wave, then TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
It makes me think... If a woman of  
that caliber takes notice of a  
bloke like me... perhaps I've been  
selling myself a bit short...  
(starts toward Limo)  
And that was it, in a flash I had  
my New Year's resolution...  
(stops, turns TO CAMERA)  
Aim higher.

EXT . ELEGANT LIMO - DAY

Alfie's Town Car zooms down the ramp. OVER:

WING'S VOICE  
Futile!

INT. ELEGANT LIMO DEPOT

Wing is PACING AND RANTING behind Alfie who stands in the foreground, FACING CAMERA.

WING  
Desperate! Doomed! Desolate!

ALFIE  
 Gave him a calendar for  
 Christmas - large mistake.  
 (to WING)  
 What's got you so bleak, mate?

WING  
 You soul brother!

Wing tosses a package to Alfie.

ON THE STREET - OUTSIDE ELEGANT LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie leans against a wall reading a letter and holding a small wrapped gift.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 As it turns out, Wing was bummed because Marlon had quit. He and Lonette decided, on the spur of the moment, to elope and move upstate. Somehow, Lonette convinced Marlon it would be too painful to say our 'good-byes' in person.  
 (sighs, resigned)  
 Yeah, right...

As Alfie unwraps the gift.

FLASHBACK TO:

A BEACH - AT SUNSET - ALFIE'S MEMORY

Alfie, Marlon and Lonette, bundled up in blankets, around a bonfire - drinking beer, acting crazy and cracking each other up. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 In the letter, Marlon called me his 'best mate' and apologized for bailing on our little 'take-over' scheme. He said his whole thing now was to make Lonette happy - and that I had a standing invite to drop by anytime...

The Three Friends sling their arms around each other and the IMAGE FREEZES. PULL OUT to:

ALFIE - HOLDING THE GIFT

It's a sea shell-encrusted FRAME with the PHOTOGRAPH of ALFIE, MARLON and LONETTE captured at that moment on the beach - laughing, their arms around each other.

WIDE SHOT - ALFIE ON THE STREET

Alone, holding the framed photo.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I was feeling a bit abandoned...  
And to make matters worse, it all  
dove-tailed into the second  
loneliest night of the year...

Softly, we HEAR Steve Tyrell's soulful version of *Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas*.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MANHATTAN

New York in all its holiday splendour.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
-- Christmas Eve.

-- Doorways adorned with garlands... Wreaths of holly and strings of twinkling lights hung on snow-dusted shops.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
A night that brings on those  
familiar festive feelings of  
hopelessness, anguish and despair.

-- Snow flutters down on happily, bundled-up Upper East Siders - hurrying to festivities.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Not a good time to be flying solo.

INT. ALFIE'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
That's why I'm of the belief that  
couples should never break up  
between Thanksgiving and January  
Two.

-- Thousands of lights adorn the Broadway entrance to Macy's.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
Always have a relationship to carry  
you through the holidays.

-- Skaters, mostly Couples, glide by the 70-foot Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
The down side of course being  
gifts.

INT. ALFIE'S TOWN CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Passing The Empire State Building wrapped in twinkling Christmas lights. Alfie LOOKS at CAMERA as he drives.

ALFIE  
Personally, I've always suspected  
that everyone was having a far  
merrier Christmas than me. Not  
that I ever actually had a  
Christmas, but that's a whole other  
Dickens story.

A LOUD male WHISTLE interrupts him and Alfie raises a finger TO CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

He turns to see:

ALFIE'S VIEW - TRAVELING SHOT - CITY STREET

A boisterous group of BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS in their late 20's, waving for Alfie to pull over. Someone drops a bottle to the sidewalk where it shatters.

YOUNG GUY IN SANTA HAT  
Taxi!

Fits of bent-over laughter, some random carolling. They're drinking from plastic cups, practically spilling on each other, all majorly buzzed. Alfie lowers his window...

ALFIE  
Sorry, mates, against the law for  
me to transport more than--

Alfie stops mid-sentence, unable to speak, as one of the young women who has been facing in the opposite direction turns toward him.

HER NAME IS NIKKI

And she's a tall, willowy, drop-dead blonde. She gives Alfie a smile that could melt Alaska.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
And there she was...

Snow swirls around her... BACKLIT by twinkling Christmas lights, she is nothing short of a vision. CHORAL MUSIC rises.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- My Christmas Miracle.  
Remember... 'Aim higher'?  
(to THE GROUP, voice  
cracking)  
Hop in, then.

They all rush the Town Car, Nikki leans her head in the window...

NIKKI  
Thanks for saving us, I was  
freezing my little...  
(picking her word)  
--tush off.

ALFIE  
No worries. A bit crowded back  
there, why don't you--

NIKKI  
(reading his mind)  
-- Good idea. Why don't I.

Nikki slides into front seat, while the others pile in back. Alfie glances down, could there be a shorter mini-skirt on planet earth? Could there be longer legs?

EXT. TOWN CAR - HIGH SHOT - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

OVER we HEAR everyone singing "I Saw Mommy Schtupping Santa Claus"...

INT. TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

The friends are all crammed into the back finishing the verse and cracking up.

NIKKI  
They don't get out much.

Her Friends laugh agreeably...

ALFIE

(to the Friends)

You better watch out, you'll end up  
with a lump of coal in your  
stocking.

NIKKI

You're English. I love English.

The guy wearing the Santa hat, KEV, leans over the front  
seat.

KEV

(hokey English accent)

How much to take us downtown,  
English?

ALFIE

Consider it my gift, darling.

(for Nikki's benefit)

That's what the season's all about,  
isn't it, the joy of giving?

KEV

Yeah. Don't you just hate the  
holidays?

GUY #1

Loathe.

GIRL #1

Despise.

NIKKI

Oh, I love them.

(to Alfie)

Don't you... what's your name?

ALFIE

Alfie. Absolutely. Adore.

Nikki is punching RADIO BUTTONS, screwing up his pre-sets the  
way Dorie did earlier. Every station is playing HOLIDAY  
TUNES. Alfie starts to say something, catches himself.  
Nikki fires up a joint and gives him an inviting smile.

NIKKI

Wanna abuse a little substance,  
Alfie?



ALFIE

No thanks, I'm trying to quit.  
 (glances at beautiful  
 Nikki)  
 One hit.

Nikki settles on *Little Saint Nick* by The Beach Boys, as Alfie takes a long pull on the joint and holds it in... And MUSIC RISES...

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

The Town Car rolls through the nearly empty city streets.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT

A full-tilt bash. Packed with young, arty types. Huge Pollack-like canvases, with bold streaks and splotches of color, cover the walls. Strings of vintage Christmas lights everywhere. Sixties holiday MUSIC blasts, possibly a Mel Torme/Hip Hop mix. The crowd, mostly couples, laugh, dance, make-out, drink too much...

CAMERA FINDS Alfie taking a couple of eggnogs from the Bartender. He turns to see:

NIKKI - SURROUNDED BY ADMIRERS

She winks at Alfie.

ALFIE'S VOICE

There's an expression the Yanks  
 often use, 'Go with the flow'...

BACK TO ALFIE

SPEAKING to CAMERA as he moves through the crowd, holding the drinks.

ALFIE

She invited me into the party and  
 although I had a dose of the  
 holiday blues, when a bird of this  
 mind-blowing caliber comes along,  
 it's best to get going and start  
 flowing...

Alfie arrives with the drinks, handing one to Nikki and accidentally spilling a bit down the side of his glass in the process. As Nikki leans in and licks the eggnog off the side of Alfie's glass, he TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe it was the late hour. Maybe  
 it was the heavily-spiked eggnog...

ALFIE AND NIKKI - STANDING UNDER A DOORWAY

Talking, laughing, drinking... Suddenly, Nikki realizes they  
 are standing under a sprig of MISTLETOE... And she gives  
 Alfie a sweet kiss. He glances TO CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe it was simply a mutual  
 desperate desire to have ourselves  
 a Merry Little Christmas...

ALFIE AND NIKKI - DANCING

It's getting romantic, they're wrapped around each other,  
 moving fluidly.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 Whatever the reason, 'hooking up'  
 has never gone more swimmingly,  
 until...

They are about to kiss, this time without the aid of  
 mistletoe, when:

A DEEP MALE VOICE  
 May I have this dance?

Alfie turns to see a handsome MIDDLE-EASTERN GUY, standing  
 before them. He's tall and slickly dressed... everything's  
 shiny - shirt, tie, suit, forehead. He has a moustache and  
 wears tinted glasses.

ALFIE  
 No thanks. But sweet of you to  
 ask.

FAROOZ  
 (ignores Alfie)  
 -- I need to speak with you, Nikki.

NIKKI  
 Farooz, I'm dancing.

FAROOZ  
 (a step forward)  
 Undance. We need to talk.

ALFIE  
 (raises his hands)  
 Really, don't let me--

NIKKI  
 He's my ex-fiance,  
 (introducing)  
 Farooz - Alfie.

FAROOZ  
 (correcting)  
 I'm her fiance. I did not agree to  
 the ex part.

Alfie gives CAMERA a LOOK... Nikki takes him aside.

NIKKI  
 It's not what you think, English.  
 I promise you. We're so over.

ALFIE  
 ...think you better explain that to  
 the bloke in the shiny suit.

NIKKI  
 Oohh... 'bloke'. You're so cute.  
 (holds up five fingers)  
 Give me five. Believe me, I can  
 turn a guy off as easily as I can  
 turn him on.

She squeezes Alfie's hands, gives him a smile... She's too  
 gorgeous. Alfie STEPS away and then EASES BACK within  
 earshot, as Nikki and Farooz carry on a heated, clenched  
 teeth argument behind him...

FAROOZ  
 -- you're full of bullshit! Who  
 else will ever put up with you?

NIKKI  
 That's really a great way to win me  
 back.

FAROOZ  
 I want an explanation, Nikki!

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 You want an explanation? How's  
 this - she's had her fill of you,  
 Slick. Move on. You look rich,  
 I'm sure you can buy someone else.

NIKKI  
 -- plus I can't deal with the drama  
 and the possessiveness...

FAROOZ  
 You are outrageous!

NIKKI  
 Hey, calm down. Maybe you should  
 take something...

FAROOZ  
 Like what - a gun to shoot you?

ALFIE  
 (to no one)  
 I'll be at the bar.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER - AT THE BAR

The Bartender hands Alfie a fresh drink. The party has  
 thinned out. Nikki and Farooz are not around.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Alfie's glass is empty and the party has now dwindled way  
 down. He looks around. Nikki and Farooz are still not to be  
 found. Alfie asks the Bartender for one for the road and  
 grabs his overcoat.

INT/EXT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie heads down the stairs, sipping the fresh eggnog and  
 TALKING to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
 A lesson to us all, never--

A DOOR BANGS OPEN somewhere above and HIGH HEELS CLACK  
 frantically down the stairs. Alfie looks up, and sees Nikki  
 running down the stairs. She grabs his arm, without breaking  
 stride, pulling him along with her.

NIKKI  
 Quick... we gotta get out of Dodge!

Above them, the door BANGS OPEN again!

ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Alfie and Nikki hit the street at full bore... slide across  
 the icy sidewalk. Alfie presses his remote, unlocks the  
 doors and he and Nikki scramble inside.

Alfie starts the engine and is about to pull away when there's a DEAFENING CRASH. Alfie looks up.

HIS VIEW - FAROOZ

Landing on the WINDSHIELD, his face a mask of rage. Alfie takes off, Farooz hanging on to the wiper blades for dear life.

FAROOZ  
(screaming into Alfie)  
You'll be fucking sorry!!!

Alfie HITS his BRAKES and Farooz SLIDES OFF the hood and FLIES into a SNOW BANK.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alfie floors it and the Town Car fish-tails down the street.

INT. TOWN CAR - TRAVELLING - SAME TIME

The Town Car skids around the corner, making a clean getaway. Alfie sighs with relief, looks over to Nikki, who gives him a sweet smile...

NIKKI  
You may be fucking... but you won't  
be sorry.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - HIGH SHOT - A HALF HOUR LATER

Blanketed in snow. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the Town Car parked under a street lamp.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
After a remark like that and  
knowing she was suddenly 'homeless  
for the holidays', I did something  
highly out of character...

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Alfie and Nikki are furiously making out in the back seat. Between breathy kisses...

ALFIE  
I'm renovating in the West Village,  
so I can only offer up temporary  
digs... but you're welcome to crash  
at my sublet if you like...  
(to CAMERA)  
(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)  
 -- Tide me over through the  
 holidays.

NIKKI  
 Sounds inviting...  
 (kissing him)  
 Anything you say with that accent  
 makes me want to do things only  
 'bad girls' do on a first date.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS AWAY from the Town Car, now covered with snow...

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 And so it came to pass, that after  
 all those years, Little Alfie  
 finally got what he wanted for  
 Christmas...

MUSIC UP...

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! BANNER

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN past balloons, crepe paper and one of those  
 twirling mirrored balls that sends twinkling lights across a  
 room.

INT. SWANKY NIGHTSPOT - NEW YEARS EVE

A champagne cork is popped! A Band plays. Alfie struts in  
 wearing Nikki wrapped around his arm. She looks smashing in  
 a shimmering skin-tight mini dress. Alfie grins AT CAMERA.

ALFIE  
 The twelve days of Christmas were  
 flying by...

Alfie twirls Nikki out to the music. She laughs big time.  
 FREEZE FRAME. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
 -- at a surrealistic pace...

RESUME ACTION. Nikki twirls effortlessly back into Alfie's  
 arms and kisses him. You half expect the other patrons to  
 applaud.

Alfie slips off his elegant NEW TOPCOAT, smiles AT CAMERA.

ALFIE

You like? Little Christmas gift  
from Nikki.

(hands to Coat Check Girl)

Originally meant for Farooz. Lucky  
break we're the same size.

(confidentially)

Cashmere.

(winks)

Got his girl and his topcoat...

FLASHBACK TO:

RAPID-FIRE SHOTS - ONE AFTER ANOTHER

HIGHLIGHTS of the past week with Nikki...

ALFIE'S VOICE

Yeah, it's been quite the ride.

-- Nikki and Alfie, flying through SoHo on his VESPA, looking  
very 60's Mod.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The package was irresistible - a  
show-stopper...

-- Nikki, wearing big Chanel shades, feeds Alfie a hot fudge  
Sunday at an OUTDOOR CAFE. Other Men ogle her.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- With a new school brand of  
sexiness...

(beat)

And who wouldn't dig the way she  
made heads turn?

-- Nikki, wearing glitter eye-shadow, sips a Martini and  
stares smoldering INTO CAMERA.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

She was also smart...

-- Nikki and Alfie in bed - both concealed by NEWSPAPERS.  
He's reading Hello, she's behind The New York Times.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Fun...

-- Nikki and Alfie lying half-naked on top of the KITCHEN  
TABLE, surrounded by the remains of Italian take-out...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Oh, and did I mention, she makes a  
cracking good bed?

-- Alfie's BED - FOR ONCE - PERFECTLY MADE.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
I began to wonder - Could this be  
'the one'...

-- Alfie and Nikki SLOW DANCING.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
-- who finally holds my attention?

Another Stunning Blonde passes, flashing Alfie a comely smile. Alfie looks her way for a fleeting moment, his gaze almost instantly returning to Nikki... As they continue to glide across the floor...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SWANKY NIGHTSPOT - THE PRESENT

Ten... Nine... Eight... The Revellers COUNTING DOWN to the New Year. Seven... Six... Five... Alfie and Nikki pick up flutes of champagne. Four... Three... Two...

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL

The second hand hits midnight! Everyone CHEERS, blowing noise-makers, kissing one another and singing "Auld Lang Syne"...

ALFIE AND NIKKI

Nikki kisses Alfie with all she's got, writhing up against him, way over-the-top...

When they break Nikki CLINKS Alfie's glass a bit too hard and both GLASSES SHATTER. FREEZE FRAME on SHATTERING GLASS in mid-air. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE  
In every doomed relationship, there comes, what I like to call, The Uh-Oh Moment...



Alfie still holding the jagged CHAMPAGNE FLUTE, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

When a certain little something happens that tells you you've just witnessed the beginning of the end. And suddenly you stop and think... uh-oh, iceberg ahead.

ANGLE - NIKKI

Bent over LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY at the mishap. Other Guests look on, failing to see the humor. FREEZE on Nikki - out of control. OVER:

ALFIE VOICE

With Nikki, that was the first of many Uh-Oh Moments...

RAPID FIRE SHOTS - ONE AFTER ANOTHER

LOWLIGHTS of life with Nikki...

ALFIE'S VOICE

It began with petty arguments...

-- Nikki, her face filled with rage, throws the contents of her Martini glass, including the olive, DIRECTLY at CAMERA.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Followed by random bouts of melancholia...

-- Nikki sits on a PARK BENCH next to a crazy, filthy BAG LADY with a garbage-filled shopping cart. They are both staring blankly into space. The Bag Lady looks way happier than Nikki.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Reckless behavior...

-- Alfie's Vespa WRAPPED AROUND a fire hydrant, water spraying into the air... Nikki stands nearby, gesturing - like it's the hydrant's fault.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And thank you, no - I did not have insurance.

(rolling on)

The girl never knew when she'd had one too many...

-- Nikki PASSED OUT COLD on the BAR at LUCKY'S. Other Patrons try not to stare.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 And I begin to dread the way she  
 made heads turn...  
 (then)  
 But, whenever I began to feel there  
 was little reason to go on...

-- Nikki stretched out on ALFIE'S BED, wearing a clingy negligee, languidly smoking a cigarette. She gives CAMERA a "come hither" look.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 I was reminded that we still had  
 one very major thing in common...

-- Lu Schnitman, in rollers and a robe has her ear glued to her APARTMENT WALL.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Yep, Freud was right - the battier  
 the bird, the better the boffing.

Lu's eyes widen as she HEARS Nikki's HYSTERICAL SCREAMS of PLEASURE coming from Alfie's apartment.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 If only she didn't insist on  
 smoking before, after...

-- Alfie's BED - ENGULFED in FLAMES...

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 -- and during...

DISSOLVE INTO:

A PAINT BRUSH

Paints a wide swath of INDIGO BLUE across one of the walls in ALFIE'S APARTMENT. The room is now cluttered with Nikki's things... underwear drying on the back of a chair, make-up, fashion magazines scattered about, overflowing ashtrays, a box of Tampons, a bong, a gaggle of prescription pill bottles...

ANGLE BACK to Nikki, wearing a silk thong and one of Alfie's big sweaters, painting a wall of Alfie's apartment. Alfie ENTERS from the bedroom, pulling a scarf around his neck.

NIKKI  
 (over her shoulder)  
 What time will you be home, honey?

ALFIE  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Hear that? What time will I,  
 honey, be home? Sounds dangerously  
 close to wife-speak.

NIKKI  
 -- 'Cause I'm making something  
 really special for din-din.

Alfie LOOKS to CAMERA on 'din-din'...

ALFIE  
 I'll ring you. You don't think  
 that color's a bit intense?

Nikki turns to him...

NIKKI  
 I think you're a bit intense.

She grabs his scarf and pulls him toward her.

ALFIE  
 Careful - do you have paint on your  
 hands? Plus, must you wear one of  
 my good sweaters to paint in...?

NIKKI  
 (pulls sweater over her  
 head)  
 Sorry, baby.

She's now topless. Alfie glances down at his sweater, as it  
 FALLS to the floor - with INDIGO PAINT SMUDGES where Nikki  
 just pulled it off. He sighs...

ALFIE  
 All right then, gotta dash...

She slips her arms around him...

NIKKI  
 Bet I can make it worth your while  
 to stay...

ALFIE  
 Wish I could Nik, but I've got that  
 meeting...

As Nikki closes the paint can and moves into the KITCHEN, Alfie TURNS to CAMERA, indicating her toplessness.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You know you're in trouble when a sight like this can't keep you planted.

Nikki begins taking things out of the fridge to prepare dinner as Alfie starts for the door, TALKING to CAMERA on the way...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

When I was a boy, St. Alban's Secondary, my school, took us all on a cultural outing to observe art at some famous museum in London. And while there--

He stops at the threshold, looking back at Nikki.

HIS VIEW

Nikki, toplessly cutting and dicing phallic vegetables with a large kitchen knife.

ALFIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- I happened upon this statue of a Greek Goddess, Afro-diddy, I think it was, marble, with this curvaceous womanly shape and perfect chiseled face. I stood, in awe of it.

ALFIE turns from Nikki BACK to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Finally, the teacher called at me to move along, and, as I walked past, I realized there were these huge freakin' cracks all over the goddess. Ruined her for me.

(a beat)

That's Nikki, a beautiful statue, damaged in a way you can't see 'til you get too close.

ANGLE - NIKKI

She glances up, smiles at Alfie. She looks a little nuts. Alfie LOOKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 There's a very unhappy ending  
 lurking somewhere in our near  
 future.

Nikki waves, the huge butcher knife in her hand. Alfie smiles and slips out the door.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE DAY

Alfie pulls up on his Vespa, parks and locks it. He nods to a Doorman, who bows as he pulls the door wide for Alfie.

ALFIE  
 Elvis.

INT. POSH APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Alfie nods to the Receptionist.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 Gilda.

GILDA  
 Welcome, Mr. Elkins. Enjoy your  
 evening, sir.

Alfie RAISES an EYEBROW to CAMERA as he crosses to the elevator.

ALFIE  
 As you can see, the lad's moving--  
 (presses 'UP' button)  
 -- up in the world.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alfie approaches a corner door, inserts a key, then GLANCES over his shoulder to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
 You'll never guess who I'm dropping  
 in on.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alfie enters, dropping his keys on the entry table.

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Italian Moderne with a decided Sixties influence... A fire crackles in the fireplace, a spread of delicacies awaits on a well-stocked wet bar. A female 'pad'. Seductive and inviting...

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
Wouldnt've believed it meself a few weeks back.

LIZ GLIDES INTO THE ROOM

stopping under a wind-blown OIL PAINTING of herself in younger days. She wears a low-cut cocktail dress and heels.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
The San Laurent does wonders for your décolletage.

LIZ  
Big word.

ALFIE  
Big décolletage.

Liz laughs her throaty laugh.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Come here immediately.

He kisses her neck, gives her a small smile...

LIZ  
What's up, baby? You're not your usual effervescent self.

ALFIE  
Just some personal stuff. Nothing, really.

LIZ  
Don't 'nothing' me.

ALFIE  
It's a... a thing with a friend... who's kind of overstayed his welcome...

LIZ  
(knowing)  
It's a lot tougher gettin' 'em out than gettin' 'em in, isn't it?

ALFIE  
So, I'm learning - the hard way..

LIZ  
Well, why not just be honest...  
(hint of innuendo) )  
Tell him the hotel's under new  
management and he needs to vacate  
the premises. Know what I'm saying?

Alfie looks at her.

ALFIE  
Yes, I believe I do.

LIZ  
Now, come on, let's have a drink  
and you can tell me the rest of  
your troubles.

ALFIE  
(to CAMERA)  
--instead of me listening to all  
hers. Now there's a first.  
(to Liz)  
You're very wise, for someone so  
young.

Liz loves hearing this. Alfie's feeling a bit more chipper,  
notices a tasteful floral display.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Secret admirer?

LIZ  
(teasing)  
One of many.  
(kisses him)  
You'd never think of bringing a  
girl flowers, would you, Alfie?

Alfie slides his hands along her body...

ALFIE  
It would only encourage them.

LIZ  
Mmmmm... Down boy.

Liz gives a little growl, running her fingernails across his  
chest, as she heads for the bar. Alfie watching with  
appreciation, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

Yep, she's someone who could mother you and rock your world.

LIZ

What's your poison, sweetheart?

ALFIE

I'll have a spot of whiskey, Middleton Rare, if you've got it?

Alfie crosses to the bar, TALKING to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I like dropping a fancy brand name now and again, let her know, she ain't the only one been around...

LIZ

(taking down an exotic green bottle)

Why don't we make this an Absinthe afternoon.

ALFIE

Brilliant.

(to CAMERA)

No idea what she's talking about.

LIZ

You've had Absinthe?

ALFIE

Not recently. Remind me. What is it again?

LIZ

'The Green Fairy'. It's an old European aperitif. The French Impressionists' liquid drug of choice.

Liz takes down two ornate little glasses and mixing utensils.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I picked up some of those things you like, the little egg thingys.

Alfie nibbles on an egg thingy from a tray of hors d'oeuvres,



ALFIE

(to CAMERA)

I mention I fancy something once,  
next thing I know--

(gestures to hors  
d'oeuvres)

-- it's presented to me on a silver  
platter.

Liz begins the Absinthe ritual: Pouring the green liquid into the small glasses... During this, Alfie wanders around the Living Room, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Groovy, huh? The kind of pad I  
plan to own myself one day...  
Understated elegance with just a  
touch of the trendy...

He picks up a fireplace poker, stokes the fire, glances over at Liz, mixing their drinks, then CONTINUES to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

She's a regular fashionista... You  
never have to tell this one which  
sling-backs go with which frock.

He wanders back toward the Bar, still talking TO CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Owens her own cosmetics company.  
Empire, actually. Started out  
doing facials at some fancy salon,  
mixed up a handful of mud with a  
dash of papaya or something, put it  
on the market and next thing you  
know...

(gestures around)

-- All this.

He returns to the bar, where Liz is dousing a spoonful of sugar with Absinthe...

LIZ

This stuff is so illegal. Les  
smuggled me a case back from Prague  
in Listerine bottles.

She tosses Alfie a RED FOLDER from the bar.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hey, I looked over your business  
plan...

ALFIE

And?

LIZ

I'm impressed.

ALFIE

You seem surprised.

LIZ

Not at all. Under all that bravado...

Liz lights the spoon and watches the Absinthe and sugar FLAME-UP.

LIZ (CONT'D)

-- beats the heart of a guy who's a whole lot smarter than he thinks but not nearly as cocky as he wants everyone to believe.

ALFIE

(enjoying this)

And what would we be basing this on?

LIZ

That it takes one to know one.

With that, she pours the FLAMING concoction into a glass, stirs rapidly.

LIZ (CONT'D)

A dash of sugar to hide the bitterness...

Liz bends forward, her top revealing the Holland Tunnel, as she hands the glass to Alfie. He looks down at the S PABLO S tattooed on her breast, then up to Liz - who's staring directly in his eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Something on your mind, sailor?

ALFIE

Just wondering if a clever tattoo artist could turn that Pablo into an Alfie...

They exchange a smile, clink glasses.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Alfie chugs it down and immediately lets out a horrific GASP.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

(between gasps)

It's like drinking bleedin' paint  
thinner!

Liz laughs, downs her shot and gasps as well. The stuff is so strong. Alfie plops into a chair. Liz drifts over, sits on his knee. A moment, as the Absinthe kicks in...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(feeling the glow)

Is it meant to make you feel all  
warm going down?

LIZ

(kissing him)

No, darling, that's my job.

The only SOUND in the room - Liz's NAILS scratching against the fabric of Alfie's thigh. They are very close...

LIZ (CONT'D)

You know what they say...  
Absinthe makes the heart grow  
fonder.

Alfie pats her butt as Liz crosses to the bar and mixes another round. He rises, really feeling the effect of the Absinthe, "Whoa"... then motions for CAMERA to FOLLOW.

ALFIE

(sotto, to CAMERA)

Check this out.

He BECKONS us into LIZ'S BATHROOM. Posh. Subdued lighting, huge jacuzzi tub filled with bubbles and surrounded by flickering candles.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

What about the size of this tub?  
It can get a bit snug with the both  
of us playing around in there...

(then)

She's had two husbands. Both  
croaked.

(indicates tub)

(MORE)

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
I have a feeling, this could've  
been the scene of the crime.

Liz appears, leaning in the doorway, holding two fresh shots  
of Absinthe. She and Alfie share a stoned grin...

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
(sotto, to CAMERA)  
I mean there've been times I've  
felt lucky to crawl out of this  
thing alive.

Liz moves to the tub, setting their Absinthe shots on the  
ledge, then slipping out of her dress and into the bubbles.

LIZ  
Come on, baby, let's get wet.

Alfie TALKS to CAMERA, while unbuttoning his shirt.

ALFIE  
She keeps this up, we may be  
updating that tattoo sooner than  
she thinks...

EXT. ALFIE'S STREET - LATE AT NIGHT

A light rain falls on Alfie standing under a street lamp,  
smoking and looking up at his apartment window.

INT. ALFIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alfie, damp from the rain, lets himself in, SPEAKING SOFTLY  
to CAMERA.

ALFIE  
Remember how Little Alfie finally  
got what he wanted for Christmas?

Alfie looks around. A TRANSFORMATION has taken place. The  
apartment is spotlessly clean and organized. The only chore  
left undone is the half-painted Indigo blue wall.

Soft soul music plays on the stereo. Candles, illuminating a  
romantic table set for two, have burned low. Nikki dozes on  
the sofa. Alfie sighs, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
-- Be careful what you wish for.

He crosses to the sofa and gently shakes Nikki. She doesn't  
budge. He shakes her again and she wakes with a start...  
Looks at him for a beat, like she doesn't recognize him, then  
smiles sleepily.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You dozed off.

NIKKI

I tried waiting up for you...

(sits up)

Your meeting ran late, huh, honey?

She stretches, stunning as always.

ALFIE

Quite... and I'm knackered. But, I did want us to have a little chat...

NIKKI

(rising)

Okay... Why don't we talk over a midnight snack?

(crossing to kitchen)

I made roast beef and Yorkshire Pudding... That was your favorite as a 'young lad', right?

(gestures)

And check the place out, if you please. Your little girl worked her fanny off.

ALFIE

Everything looks smashing, Nik. Really. Brilliant.

(sighs)

Look...

She pulls a pan of roasted vegetables out of the oven, sets it on the counter, starts dishing them into a bowl.

NIKKI

So, Alfie... I've been thinking... Will you look at these cute little potatoes... I know I've been a handful lately... but I think that has to do a lot with me feeling displaced and not totally trusting--

Her VOICE DIALS down, as she CONTINUES TALKING, Alfie STEPS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

Can you believe she picks tonight to act sane again? This is gonna be tricky...

(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)

When they're this vulnerable,  
you've got to watch your step...  
You don't want 'em swallowing a  
handful of pills and leaving a note  
addressed to you. Very tricky.

He STEPS ASIDE and Nikki's VOICE is DIALED UP again...

NIKKI

-- but I'm as blown away as you are  
that something real seems to be  
happening between us and--

(stops, to herself)

Okay, Nik, get a grip, don't bury  
yourself here.

(to Alfie)

All right. So. Cutting to the  
chase... I'm gonna do better, I  
promise, I'm gonna take my  
medication religiously from now on  
and everything's gonna be easy and  
breezy. Sound good?

(opening the oven,  
revealing the roast)

So. Come. Sit. A feast awaits.

ALFIE

I, um... I already ate, Nik.

Nikki covers her disappointment.

NIKKI

Okay. No worries. We'll have  
leftovers. I'll whip up a little  
corned beef hash for brunch.

She moves to him, puts her hands on his shoulders and smiles.

NIKKI

What's up, Alfie?

ALFIE

Nothing, it's just... I don't know,  
there's a lot going on and I'm  
feeling a bit--

Nikki steps back realizing something's off. She's suddenly,  
wary, a little scared...

NIKKI

What? Cold? Distant? Remote?

ALFIE

Look, Nikki, this is a complete drag... but everything happened so quickly and... I don't know... I'm not the best at this sort of thing...

NIKKI

(knowing exactly what he means)  
What sort of thing?

ALFIE

-- I don't know exactly how to say it...

NIKKI

Sure you do, Alfie. You've had plenty of experience dumping girls.

A look passes between them...

Nikki crosses the room, pulls her suitcase from the closet. She sets it on a chair, opens it and looks at Alfie.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm already gone.

EXT. STREET - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

Pouring rain... Nikki, wearing a raincoat but without an umbrella, holds her suitcases, while trying to hail a cab.

CAMERA EASES BACK to see we are OVER ALFIE'S SHOULDER, as he looks out his window. Nikki waves down a Taxi and struggles with her suitcases, finally climbing in and slamming the door.

As the Taxi disappears in the rain...

ALFIE'S VOICE

(sounding raspy now)  
Strange, but even when you know it has to end...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALFIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Pouring rain. OVER, we HEAR Alfie in a raspy voice:

## ALFIE'S RASPY VOICE

-- when it finally does, you always  
get that inevitable twinge--

INT. ALFIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Rain streaks the windows. Nikki's gone and the apartment is once again modest, messy and male. Nikki's presence echoed by the half-painted INDIGO BLUE wall.

CAMERA DISCOVERS Alfie, sitting on the edge of the sofa, shining his shoes with a corner of his comforter, a blanket draped over his shoulders. He has a cold and looks the worse for wear. He glances up AT CAMERA.

ALFIE

(raspy)

-- have I done the right thing?

He blows his nose into a handkerchief, pulls himself up, crosses to the KITCHEN AREA where a can of tomato soup is boiling over the top of a sauce pan.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I admit, I do miss the  
companionship...

He turns off the burner and pours the soup into a coffee mug, takes a sip.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

-- and Nikki was a show-stopper.

He moves to his closet where he removes a sport coat from its plastic cover and slips it on.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

But, as my ugly Aunt Gladys used to say, 'Looks ain't everything'. I used to think that was a load of hollix but lately I've come to believe, the old bat may have had something.

He pulls on his raincoat, gives himself a final mirror-check and heads for the door. As he's about to exit, he TURNS BACK to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

One thing I do know... You can't really take away a girl's dreams if you don't have new ones to replace them with...



Somewhere a CHURCH BELL is ringing...

CUT TO:

A CHURCH SPIRE

The BELLS RINGING. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the entrance, as:

THE CHURCH DOORS

are flung open and JULIE and TERRY bounce out with MAX and the Teddy Bear Terry gave him for his birthday. They all hold hands in a row like a family foursome.

Julie grasps a wedding bouquet and looks radiant. All three are dressed to the nines, laughing and seemingly bursting with happiness. A small Group of Friends and Family follow, milling on the church steps, with hugs and kisses while a PHOTOGRAPHER grabs shots. During:

ALFIE'S VOICE

Jules had left a phone message. It wasn't an invitation so much as a notification...

Alfie watches from the safety of a nearby alcove, TURNS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

But my curiosity got the best of me.

Julie takes Terry's lapels and pulls him to her, kissing him. Everyone cheers.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I wish it hadn't.

The Well-wishers clap and cheer them on to hold the kiss.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You know, it's funny but Jules used to say she couldn't live without me...

Alfie shrugs... Such is life. He steps from the cover of the alcove and catches little Max's eye, gives him a wave.

Max just stands there, hugging his Teddy... either no longer remembering Alfie or no longer trusting him...

Alfie slips back out of sight as the Newlyweds break and Terry picks Max up. Max throws his arms around Terry's neck, the way he used to do with Alfie.

Alfie watches "The New Family" posing for pictures in front of the church...

ALFIE'S VOICE

I had the sudden realization that I'd probably never see Jules and Max again...

Alfie, hidden in the shadows of the alcove, LOOKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

This was followed by a very unpleasant feeling in the vicinity of my heart...

He glances back for one final look, then walks away...

EXT./INT. LIMO DEPOT - OUTSIDE WING'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Alfie enters. He HEARS an odd sound... is it WHIMPERING? Has Mrs. Wing finally been pushed over the edge? Alfie hesitates outside WING'S OFFICE, then knocks lightly, peeks inside.

ALFIE

Hello? Mrs. Wing, is everything-- Oh...

Alfie stops when he SEES:

WING - BENT OVER HIS DESK

His body racked with heart-wrenching SOBS. Alfie can't quite put it together.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Wing? Are you... crying?

Wing grabs tissues, blows his nose loudly and wipes his swollen, red-rimmed eyes.

WING

I not cry! Get out!

ALFIE

Are you sure you're--

WING

-- I fine! Get out, Alfie!

Alfie backs out, closing the door, just leaving his head in.

ALFIE

Okay mate, I just came to see if I  
could borrow one of the cars, I--

WING

(blurts out)  
-- She leave me!

Alfie pushes the door back open.

ALFIE

I'm sorry?

WING

Missus gone.

A pause.

ALFIE

Whaddya mean?

WING

Blossom leave me.

ALFIE

Your wife's name is Blossom?

WING

(pleading)  
What I do wrong, Alfie? Love her?!

Alfie LOOKS to CAMERA, unbelieving, then:

ALFIE

Look, mate, I'm sure you can get  
her back. I mean, a woman of her  
age, how many options--

The stern look on Wing's face stops Alfie. He changes tact.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Woo her, send flowers, write a  
poem.

WING

(tentatively)  
That what you would do?

ALFIE

Absolutely.

Wing considers this for a moment, then picks up pad and pen.

WING  
What rhyme with Blossom?

ALFIE  
(thinks about it)  
I'd go with... Awesome?

WING  
Okay.  
(tossing Alfie a set of  
KEYS)  
Get lost.

Wing begins composing. Alfie slips out while he can.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - HIGH SHOT - DAY

The Black Town Car looks out of place rolling through a quiet green upstate New York suburb.

A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Town Car drives down a bumpy, unpaved road.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

The Town Car pulls into a gravel drive and parks in front of a modest, well-kept bungalow with a flourishing garden. Alfie climbs out, stretches. A DOG barks. He reaches into the Town Car and pulls out the Red Folder with his business plan.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
You never cease to amaze.

Alfie turns as the SCREEN DOOR OPENS and LONETTE steps onto the porch. She doesn't seem pleased to see him.

ALFIE  
Really great to see you, too, Lon.  
(no reaction)  
Guess I should have rang.

LONETTE  
That would've been a plan.

ALFIE  
O-kay. So. Um...  
(takes a beat)  
Look, Lonette...  
(starts up steps, speaking  
softly)  
(MORE)

ALFIE (cont'd)  
I know it's uncomfortable seeing  
each other after--

LONETTE  
-- You don't have to whisper,  
Marlon's not here.

ALFIE  
-- after what went down with us...  
But I miss you guys. And I think  
we should try to put the past be--

From inside the house, a BABY CRIES. Lonette glances over  
her shoulder.

LONETTE  
Dropping by wasn't a good idea.

ALFIE  
Do I hear a baby?

LONETTE  
Alfie...

ALFIE  
Coming from inside your house?

LONETTE  
Really... this was not smart.

ALFIE  
What's not smart? What are we  
talking about?

The BABY CRIES again.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute, You guys... didn't  
have a *baby*...?

Lonette says nothing.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
You *did* have a baby.

LONETTE  
No, you were right the first  
time...

Alfie looks at Lonette, trying to piece together what she's  
saying. He reaches for the door handle. They lock eyes for  
a moment.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alfie moves along the unfamiliar hall, following the SOUNDS of the BABY.

INT. NURSERY

CLOSE ON ALFIE. He steps into the nursery and slowly crosses to the crib... confused by what he sees.

ALFIE'S VIEW

A gorgeous BI-RACIAL BABY staring up at him. Alfie moves a little blanket aside for a better view of the Baby's face.

LONETTE steps into the NURSERY behind him. Alfie turns to her, starts to speak but somehow words won't form.

LONETTE

(softly)

Yeah... he's your son... You can close your mouth now...

He looks down at the Baby, then back to Lonette, who has tears in her eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC - DAY

That drizzly day many months ago... Alfie glances up as the CLINIC DOOR OPENS and Lonette walks toward him. Alfie hurries to meet her.

ALFIE'S VOICE

And then I flashed on that day at the clinic...

Alfie looks in her eyes.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- trying to look in Lon's eyes... to see if I could even begin to understand what she was going through...

But Lonette turns away, avoiding his gaze.

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And how she wouldn't look at me.

FREEZE FRAME on Lonette. OVER:

ALFIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 And how I think I knew then... I  
 just didn't want to admit it to  
 myself. So, classically - I said  
 nothing.

LONETTE (O.S.)  
 I knew there was a good chance the  
 baby could be Marlon's...

INT. NURSERY - THE PRESENT

A dazed Alfie, holds on to the crib for support. Lonette is  
 crying softly now, she shrugs...

LONETTE (CONT'D)  
 -- I hoped...

Alfie is pretty much shattered...

ALFIE  
 This is just a lot...  
 (at a loss)  
 He's healthy and everything...?  
 (she nods)  
 That's good.

A beat.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
 And Marlon? He stayed?

LONETTE  
 (shrugs)  
 So far...

ALFIE  
 (nods, a beat)  
 Is there... What can I do...?

LONETTE  
 (get real)  
 What are you gonna do, Alfie?

She looks at him, honestly waiting for an answer.

EXT. BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Still reeling, Alfie steps into the sunlight, holding the Red  
 Folder. He moves quickly to the Town Car, opens the door,  
 then HEARS the sound of tires on gravel.

He turns to see a car pull up and park. A beat and Marlon gets out, holding a bag of groceries. He looks across the drive at Alfie. The two old friends stare at each other for a long moment.

ALFIE  
Marlon... I never meant to...

MARLON  
(ahead of Alfie)  
You never mean to hurt anybody.

Alfie starts to speak...

MARLON (CONT'D)  
-- But you do, Alfie.

Lonette steps onto the porch, holding the Baby. Alfie looks from Lonette back to Marlon.

INT. TOWN CAR - SPEEDING - DAY

CLOSE ON Alfie, intense, driving way too fast. He comes to a fork in the road, hits his brakes, whips the wheel one way, then the other, finally screeching to a stop, kicking up huge clouds of dust.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Alfie sits there motionless... He picks up the car phone... and SMASHES it against the windshield - SHATTERING the glass like a spider web. He drops his head on the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TOP SHOT - DAY

Dust settling around the Town Car idling in the middle of nowhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMPTY BEACH - LONG SHOT - AT SUNSET

ALFIE'S VOICE  
I felt the need of a friend to talk to. Problem was - they were suddenly in short supply.

TWO DISTANT FIGURES walk along the shore. OVER:



ALFIE

-- And next thing, I'm crying...  
Tears running down my face, like I  
was a kid myself.

CLOSER ANGLE

Alfie is walking with JOE, the old guy from the Doctor's Office. Joe wears a sweater and another bolo tie. His slacks are rolled to his knees, and he carries his shoes and socks.

JOE

Crying for the little one...?

ALFIE

That's the thing... I don't know exactly. Maybe for him... But mostly, I think, for me.

(pause)

And Marlon... I never had anybody look at me quite that way before. And believe me, I've had my share of looks that could kill.

(then)

And the way he stood by Lon... I could've never--

JOE

-- You don't know what you'll do 'til you really love someone...

A beat, as this sinks in...

JOE (CONT'D)

But now, what? You gonna shoehorn yourself into the situation? Nah, you did the only thing you could do - you behaved like a gentleman.

ALFIE

I've never been accused of that before.

JOE

Don't get all choked up, you also behaved like a scheming, backstabbing, so low he can look up a snake's asshole, son-of-a-bitch.

(then)

Next time, think before unzipping. I mean, your best friend's girl...

They continue along the shoreline until finally...

ALFIE

All for a couple of minutes  
pleasure on a rainy Sunday evening.

JOE

So all right, you screwed up but  
whaddya gonna do - run to the  
bridge?

(then)

The question is - what's gonna  
happen with the rest of your life?

They walk on. Not much else to say.

Alfie stops when he spots something up ahead. He smiles and waves.

ALFIE'S VIEW - LU SCHNITMAN

Dolled-up and STANDING on a SMALL CLIFF above the water. She waves down to:

ALFIE AND JOE

Alfie puts his arm around Joe.

ALFIE

Hey Joe, there's somebody I want  
you to meet.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - THAT EVENING

A blustery night. Alfie buzzes through traffic on his now banged-up Vespa. He looks cold and distracted and a bit bedraggled. He passes a pair of true HOTTIES on the street, doesn't look twice.

ALFIE'S VOICE

I'd be lying if I didn't admit the  
events of the past few weeks have  
knocked me for a bit of a loop....

Alfie notices something out of the corner of his eye, a QUIANT FLOWER SHOP. He impulsively hangs a "u" causing horns to blow and Cabbies to curse.

INT. QUIANT FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A gray-haired, snappily-dressed PROPRIETOR, is arranging an chic bouquet when Alfie enters, rubbing his hands together for warmth.

ALFIE

Hullo, mate.

PROPRIETOR

And what can we do for you this evening?

Alfie looks around, sees a plastic tub of pre-packaged bouquets.

ALFIE

How much for one of those?

PROPRIETOR

Five-fifty. And you'll need to put them in water immediately.

ALFIE

Right...

Alfie picks a bouquet from the tub and pulls out his wallet. He eyes the elegant bouquet being prepared at the counter. Looks at his inferior offering...

ALFIE (CONT'D)

On second thought...

(drops flowers back in tub)

-- this is sort of a... special thing.

PROPRIETOR

And what's the occasion?

ALFIE

Say again?

PROPRIETOR

For the flowers?

ALFIE

Ah....

Alfie isn't really sure, has to think about it.

PROPRIETOR

I've been in the business too many years, I have a sixth sense: Proposal?

ALFIE

No... but... Well, I do want to extend an offer to maybe try to have a go at it for a bit, you know...? See where it takes us... Give it a spin... That sort of thing...

PROPRIETOR

(knowing smile)

I get it. Commitment issues.

Alfie nods, unamused.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

Tell me what she or he is like and we'll find the appropriate blooms.

ALFIE

Well she's... adventurous.

The Man picks a flower... begins putting together a bouquet.

PROPRIETOR

Lady of the Nile.

ALFIE

Sexy, of course...

PROPRIETOR

Orchid.

ALFIE

A bit mischievous...

PROPRIETOR

Spider Lily with a touch of Baby Blue Eyes...

ALFIE

And under it all, kind of sweet...

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - EVENING

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we watch Alfie and the Proprietor putting together Alfie's bouquet with great care.

EXT. LIZ'S BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER

Alfie holding his lovely bouquet, pulls up and parks his Vespa.

INT. CORRIDOR

Alfie walks down the corridor, holding the bouquet. He slows to do a moving mirror-check, then stops in front of Liz's door, a bit like a kid on his first date...

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alfie lets himself in, KNOCKING on the door as he enters. Liz's VOICE comes from the bathroom.

LIZ (O.S.)

Hello?

Alfie moves into the hall.

ALFIE

It's me, luv!

LIZ (O.S.)

Just a sec. I'll be right out.

Alfie grins, sets the flowers down, as Liz comes out of the BATHROOM, tying her robe.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(rubbing her temple)

I'm sorry, Alfie, I'm taking a hot soak. I have got one of the worst migraines ever.

ALFIE

Migraine...?

LIZ

I've told you I get these blinding headaches... You don't listen, sweetie.

(then)

How are you? I thought you were working tonight...

He moves to the LIVING ROOM. She follows.

ALFIE

It was a bit slow, so I took the night off... I thought maybe we'd wake up early and drive to the country... Check out that little B & B you're always on about.

LIZ

-- Oh, honey... I'd love to, but I've got an investors' breakfast... Can we do it later in the week? Or how 'bout this weekend?

ALFIE

Brilliant. Better.  
(trying for casual)  
All right, then... By the way, I thought you might appreciate these.

He picks up the FLOWERS, does a cute little bow.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

For you... M'lady.

It's an impressive bouquet. Liz is surprised, touched.

LIZ

Oh, my God, Alfie - what a sweet gesture. Wow. I'm impressed.

ALFIE

And by the way, they're not from a plastic bucket... Every bud is handpicked. I discovered I have quite the flair for flower-arranging.

LIZ

(laughs)

I can see that. I never would've expected... Talk about being blown away...

ALFIE

Good. Mission accomplished.

A beat.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I like surprising you.

LIZ

(smiles)

You've done that. For sure.

She smells the flowers. This is difficult for Alfie. He takes a step forward, she touches her head, winces slightly, he eases back.

ALFIE

All right, then... Get some rest.

He moves to the door. Liz follows.

LIZ

I'll be better in the morning.

ALFIE

When you are, there's something - some things - I want us to talk about.

LIZ

What things, honey?

ALFIE

Um... you know what... I'd rather save it 'til you're a hundred percent.

(she starts to speak)

And that's the last I'll say about it for now.

(gives her a peck on the lips)

Ring you in the morning.

LIZ

(leading him to the door)

Alfie...

He turns back. She touches his arm.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Thanks for the flowers. Really. They made my night.

Alfie smiles, opens the door.

ALFIE

I'll ring you first thing....

As he's about to step out, Alfie catches sight of something in the foyer.

HIS VIEW - A MOTOR-CYCLE JACKET

casually hanging on a hook.

BACK TO ALFIE

Liz has followed his look. She glances at the jacket, then to Alfie.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Whose is that?

Alfie crosses back, picks up the jacket.

LIZ  
What... ?

He looks at the jacket, then up at Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
One of the guys that came to fix  
the cable probably forgot--

ALFIE  
-- Right.

Alfie shakes his head, reality starting to sink in...

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
(gestures to bathroom)  
You've got another guy in there,  
haven't you?

LIZ  
Alfie....

Alfie looks heavenward.

ALFIE  
God, what's happened to me?  
(then)  
Did he pick you up as easy as I  
did?

Alfie moves past her and opens the bathroom door.

LIZ  
Alfie, do not do this.

INT. LIZ'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alfie stands in the doorway, a look of blank amazement on his face.

HIS VIEW - A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GUY

is stepping out of the tub, wrapping a towel around his waist. He's twenty-something with tousled long hair. He glances casually up at Alfie.

Alfie stares at the Young Man. Liz has moved in behind him, puts her hands to her face.



LIZ  
Alfie... I'm sorry.

Alfie moves away from the door... leans against the wall, his eyes closed.... He speaks with a mixture of bewilderment and pain...

ALFIE  
Why *him* - better than me? What's he got that I haven't? Besides the hairdo?

Liz looks away... Alfie looks directly at her now.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Really, I'd like to know.

She doesn't want to answer.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Come on - tell me. I want to know. What's he got?

A beat. She turns to him and says honestly...

LIZ  
He's younger than you.

CAMERA HOLDS on Alfie as these words sink in...

DISSOLVE TO:

DARK CHOPPY WATERS

Liz's FLOWERS fall through the darkness.

EXT. WATERWAY'S FERRY - LATER THAT EVENING

Alfie, still dazed, leans over the railing, watching the flowers break apart in the water.

ALFIE'S VOICE  
'He's younger than you.' Imagine, a woman her age telling me that.  
(pause)  
I gotta admit I didn't see it coming. Yeah, she caught me off-guard all right...

He turns up his collar against the chill, LOOKS to CAMERA.

ALFIE

You couldn't tell though, could you?

(slight grin)

As you've learned by now, I'm quite skilled at hiding my feelings.

CAMERA TRACKS Alfie walking along the river. He passes a YOUNG COUPLE leaning against the rail, laughing and then seriously making-out.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(to CAMERA)

The thing about feelings is, they have this quiet way of creeping up on you when you least expect it.

CAMERA DRIFTS CLOSER to Alfie, as he wanders along the bridge.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Like with Liz. Who would've thought, out of all the birds I've known... it would be her, the one who, in most ways, gave me the least... would end up hurting me the most...?

He forces a smile... starts to speak TO CAMERA again when he notices someone coming toward him through the fog.

ALFIE'S VIEW

DORIE, the Woman from the beginning of our story, walking toward him. She doesn't seem to notice Alfie, or did she quickly look away?

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Hey...

(squinting through fog)

That you, Dor?

Dorie walks hesitantly toward him.

DORIE

Hello, Alfie.

ALFIE

(happy to see her)

Wow. Dorie - I haven't seen you in ages.

DORIE  
Maybe because you stopped calling.

ALFIE  
I know. Things were getting a bit--

DORIE  
-- Don't bother explaining. I'm way  
past needing excuses.

ALFIE  
All right.  
(a beat)  
..but... no, Dor, I want to  
explain...

DORIE  
What? You'd had your fill of me?  
Someone cuter came along? I don't  
need to hear it, Alfie, really.

ALFIE  
Look, Dorie, you see, what happens  
with me is... I... well, it gets  
too... I don't know... not close,  
but something like that. And then,  
I feel a bit... not stifled, not  
trapped but... something like  
that...

Dorie almost laughs, shakes her head... there's something  
irresistible about even his confession.

DORIE  
Are you done?

ALFIE  
Well, did any of that make sense?

DORIE  
I think it needs to make sense to  
you more than me at this point.

A beat.

ALFIE  
Fair enough.  
(then)  
Hey, I like that dress. Silk?

DORIE  
Rayon.

ALFIE

Oh. Well, you look smashing, as usual.

(then)

Where you headed? I've got the town car parked 'round the corner.

DORIE

I'm meeting Phil.

ALFIE

Oh, right... Phil.

(touching her dress)

I really do like this material. You'd swear it was silk the way it clings. Does wonders for your décolletage.

(that grin)

Of course, you always were a smart dresser. What about Tuesday then? You up for it?

A FOG HORN blares.

DORIE

I don't think so, Alfie.

ALFIE

Really? Oh, c'mon, for old times sake.

He takes her hand in both of his and massages it with great skill, his fingers running up her arm.

DORIE

I'm not sure... Maybe. But I doubt it.

ALFIE

I'll supply the champagne.

DORIE

We'll see. I need to go. He'll be waiting.

She starts to pass, Alfie gently holds her arm.

ALFIE

So, next Tuesday? Same time? Same place?

DORIE

Maybe, Alfie.

She forces a smile and hurries off. After a moment, Alfie TURNS to CAMERA with a half a smile.

ALFIE

She won't be there. I know that.

The smile fades as Alfie watches another woman walk out of his life.

OVER DORIE

Disappearing into the mist.

ALFIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I warned them all from the start...  
I always said something along the  
lines of - 'I must advise you that  
I am stamped with an invisible  
advisory warning: will not commit,  
will never marry.'

He turns BACK to CAMERA.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

But in spite of all my best  
efforts, I'm beginning to feel some  
small cracks in my faux finish...

ALFIE'S FLEETING MEMORIES

-- NIKKI waking Alfie with a breakfast tray. He's ruffled and sleepy, she is stunningly beautiful and looks at him with hope in her eyes. And the tray is the one you make for someone you really care for... The single rose in a bud vase, perfect eggs, steaming cappuccino.

-- LIZ and Alfie, wearing terry robes, facing each other on her sofa, in front of a crackling fire, giving each other pedicures. She's a pro, he's like a little kid with his first paint set...

-- Alfie, laughing along with his friend LONETTE that night at the bar... before everything changed.

-- JULIE and MAX, their faces glowing from the candles on a birthday cake they are presenting to Alfie. They sing "Happy Birthday, Dear Alfie"... It's the moment they loved him most.

BACK TO ALFIE - ALONE ON THE BRIDGE

ALFIE (CONT'D)

You know, when I look back on my little life and the women I've known - I think of all they've done for me and how little I've done for them. Of how they cared for me and how I repaid them by doing my best to avoid returning the favor.

(a beat)

Yeah, I used to think I was getting the best of the deal.

He wanders along the river's edge, CAMERA TRACKS along.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

But what have I got really? A few bucks in my pocket, some decent threads, a fancy car at my disposal. And I'm single. Yeah... Unattached. Free as a bird.

HIGH SHOT - THE SMALL FIGURE OF ALFIE

He walks along the embankment, he appears tiny against the vast expanse of river.

ALFIE'S VOICE

I don't depend on nobody - and nobody depends on me.

(pause)

My life's my own.

NOW ALFIE WALKS TOWARD CAMERA

He stops, stares out at the darkness for a time, then LOOKS DIRECTLY at CAMERA.

ALFIE

But I don't have my peace of mind. And if you don't have that... you've got nothing really.

(pause)

So, what's the answer? That's what I keep asking myself.

(a beat)

What's it all about? You know what I mean?

Alfie turns and looks off. A little MUTT, trots toward him. Alfie smiles, bends to pet him, the Dog licks Alfie's face.

## WOMAN'S VOICE

Ohmygod, thanks... He's always running away.

Alfie looks up and sees a lovely, BREATHLESS YOUNG WOMAN holding a leash and smiling down at him. Maybe it's her slightly embarrassed manner, or the way her nose crinkles when she smiles, or maybe it's the way the scarf is tied European-style around her neck... Or maybe it's just time...

Alfie rises, holding the dog.

## ALFIE

What's...  
 (checks quickly and discreetly)  
 -- his name?

## YOUNG WOMAN

Mugsy.

## ALFIE

(looks at dog)  
 Hello, Mugsy.  
 (looks at the Girl)  
 I'm Alfie.

## THE RIVER'S EDGE - HIGH SHOT

Alfie and the Breathless Girl talk for a few moments, then Alfie sets the little Mutt down and they all walk along the river's edge together...

And the song begins...

*What's it all about, Alfie?  
 Is it just for the moment we live?*

*What's it all about, when you sort  
 it out, Alfie?*

*Are we meant to take more than we  
 give?*

*Or are we meant to love...*

Alfie...?

FADE OUT.