

SOMETHING 'S GOTTA GIVE

By

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OVER BLACK

We hear, Ja Rule's "Livin' It Up"...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - A HOT AUGUST NIGHT - MUSIC OVER

MIDTOWN. A Brunette Beauty crosses in front of a stack of cabs, her sheer dress clinging to her remarkable body.

A Club in THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT. A long line waits to get in. A couple of Gorgeous Girls show up at the velvet rope and are promptly "let inside."

SOHO. A Crowd spills out of a Bar and onto the sidewalk. A Confident Knock Out in jeans and a tank top laughs, drinking a beer out of the bottle.

HARRY (V.O.)

Ahhhh... The sweet, uncomplicated satisfaction of The Younger Woman. That fleeting age when everything just falls right into place. It's magic time and it can render any man, anywhere -- absolutely helpless. Some say I'm an expert on The Younger Woman. Guess that's 'cause I've been dating them for over forty years...

INTO AN EMPTY FRAME COMES HARRY LANGER

What is it about him? Could be his eyes, the turn of his mouth...something about this guy is just so damn appealing. Maybe it's just the way he wears the Young Slinky Girl on his arm. He's confident, cool, enviable. We're in:

A CHIC EATERY - DOWNTOWN

The place is full. Everybody is somebody here.

HARRY

(to Hostess)

Langer. ..

The Maitre'd snaps to attention at the sight of him.

MAITRE'D

Mr. Langer, got your table waiting.

As Harry and his Girl wend their way around tables, we pass Other Couples. Young Couples. Middle-aged couples. Not talking Couples.

HARRY (V.O.)

So what does a life of bucking the system all add up to?

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To never settle down with the right woman for a life of leftovers and Christmas mornings. No his and her IRA accounts, no mini van parked in the garage. I think it's made me what I am today.

(Harry smiles to someone across the room)

The luckiest son of a bitch on earth. Look at me. I'm positively debonair. I should be illegal I'm lookin' so good.

Harry passes a table where a BEATEN SIXTY YEAR OLD dines with his AGE APPROPRIATE, WELL-FED WIFE. IN SLOW MOTION, Harry and The Beaten Man catch each other's glance.

HARRY (V.O.)

It isn't as if I haven't wondered what my life would be like if I was a Regular Joe and came in here once a month with a dame my age' for a porterhouse and a side of spinach. I've wondered...

INT. CHIC EATERY - HARRY'S IMAGINATION

Harry ENTERS all over again. This time he looks older, something in his walk and the boxy cut of his jacket. With him is a regular looking, nothing-to-write-home-about WOMAN IN HER FIFTIES.

HARRY (V.O.)

No, come on, let's be honest. ..a dame really my age. . .

INT. CHIC EATERY - HARRY'S IMAGINATION - TAKE TWO

Again, the identical set up. Harry ENTERS again. This time he looks ten years older. The bounce to his step is gone. The twinkle in his eye, long dead. On his arm is a 63 YEAR OLD BATTLE AX, built just like Harry. The Maitre'd reluctantly shows them to a shitty table.

HARRY (V.O.)

There you have it. The story in a nutshell. Not exactly debonair, am I?

(Harry TRIPS, his wife looks disgusted)

Awww, man, it's down right sad. Look at me. I look like I'm about to die. God help me. I do not want to die.

SMASH CUT TO:

A LONG STRETCH OF PRISTINE COUNTRY ROAD - THE HAMPTONS - DAY

A Silver Mercedes convertible bursts into FRAME. Harry's behind the wheel, shades, smoking a cigar, livin' large. Next to him sits a thoroughbred of a girl. An "IT" Girl. Smart, sexy and built for fun. She has perfected flirting to an art. Her hand rests on Harry's neck. There's a good thirty year age difference between them. Her name is MARIN. She SINGS along with Ja Rule, now coming from a CD.

MARIN

(singing)

To all my thugs that be livin' it
up, we say, what I do. To all my...

(stops)

Oh! This is it. Make a right.

HARRY

(admiring the
neighborhood)

So baby, you're rich... .

MARIN

Well, my mother is, sort of. Not
really...

HARRY

If she lives within a mile of here, she's
rich.

MARIN

I guess a hit play will buy you a house
in The Hamptons.

HARRY

I'd like to meet your mother.

MARIN

No you wouldn't. I mean, she's
great. She's totally brilliant, but
she's not your type.

HARRY

You're overlooking one of the great
things about me. I don't have a type.

MARIN

(very directly)

She's over thirty.

Harry looks to Marin, feigning hurt.

MARIN

Oh, what?! Like you don't know you
have a slight reputation for...

Just then the CAR PHONE RINGS. Harry keeps looking at Marin.

HARRY

-- For what?

Harry waits. RINGGG!

He doesn't look away.

MARIN

For never dating anyone over 30.
Don't look at me like that.

HARRY

It's just not true.

MARIN

Okay. Sorry. Over 31?

HARRY

Oh, so you wait 'til we get out to The
Hamptons to let me know you're a wise
ass.

(answers phone)

Hold on. . .

(then to Marin)

It just so happens, my dear, that women
of a certain age, don't date me. You ever
think of it that way? No, it's always me.
You dames are all alike.

(then into phone)

Hey...

MARIN

(amused, to herself)

Dames...

Marin continues singing along with Ja Rule as Harry
confidently slips his hand onto her thigh.

BARRY

(into phone)

Vh-huh.. I'll call back Monday. Who
else? Monday... Monday... Say you couldn't
find me. Who?

(glances at Marin, she's
not listening)

I'll call her later. No, I have it.

Harry hangs up, doesn't look in Marin's direction to see if
she caught that. This brand of cool is about not playing that
card. Marin turns toward him, she has been listening. They've
reached the end of the road, sand dunes, long lilting grass
and the ocean stretch before them.

MARIN
(all business)
Make a right, left at the second
fence.

Marin turns up the CD, getting herself out of whatever just
came over her, looks out the window.

HARRY
Have I mentioned how gorgeous your
breasts look in this sweater?

MARIN
(blushing)
Yes you have actually.

HARRY
So it would be too much to mention it
again. . .

Marin laughs, softening, as Harry turns down a dirt driveway,
driving toward a DREAM BEACH HOUSE.

HARRY
Wow. It's the perfect beach house.

MARIN
I know. My mother doesn't know how
to do things that aren't perfect.

HARRY
Which explains you.

That got her. Harry parks. She looks over at him but he's
grabbing some cigars for his shirt pocket, then looks up at
her with an innocent look that suggests he did not just say
such a lovely thought.

MARIN
(trying to keep up with
him)
Yeah, okay, right...

They both grab their overnight bags and step out of the car.

HARRY
So, what are we gonna do out here,
just the two of us, for two whole
days?

Marin sets her bag down, walks to Harry, wraps her arms
around his neck.

MARIN
Tell me the truth, are you at all
glad we waited?

HARRY

I'm incredibly glad we're finally going to do it.

(she's a bit disappointed)

If that's the same as being glad we waited, then baby doll, I'm ecstatic.

Marin smiles then kisses him. He's one of those guys that lets you kiss them.

HARRY

(slaps her tush)

Let's go for a swim, how long will it take you to change?

MARIN

Two minutes.

Marin starts UNBUTTONING HER SWEATER as she dances seductively toward the front door, then notices Harry's cigars.

MARIN

Oh Har... No smoking in the house. My Mom doesn't allow it.

HARRY

But she allows you to strip in the front yard and bring men you're dating here to...

MARIN

She doesn't know everything I do...Or when I do it.. or where I do it.

She SLIPS OFF her sweater and DROPS IT ON HARRY'S HEAD.

INT. HOUSE

It's one of those great Beach Houses. Light filled and warm with spectacular views of the sandy landscape wrapping around the rear of the house. Marin, now in a tight tank, tight pants, gives Harry the grand tour as she continues to undress.

MARIN

(TAKING OFF her belt)

The fabulous living room, perfect for entertaining an intimate group of friends or that special someone.

(DROPS her belt then

UNBUTTONS Harry's shirt)

Behind me, the requisite Hampton's deck complete with pool and ocean view.

MARIN (CONT'D)
 (UNBUCKLES Harry's belt)
 Your pants, please...

HARRY
 Ladies first.

Marin provocatively UNZIPS her pants and wriggles out of them. She's now in a TINY TANK AND BIKINI PANTIES.

MARIN
 Gourmet kitchen's to your left
 where tonight I will whip you up a
 culinary feast of Mac and Cheese.

Marin HEARS Harry's ZIPPER UNZIP. She turns, her EYES WIDENING as Harry's PANTS land on a chair. Harry is now down to his Boxers, an Open Shirt and a fearless smile.

MARIN
 (smiling)
 .. O-kay, going quickly now...
 Master bedroom is that away...

They arrive in a warmly decorated GUEST BEDROOM.

MARIN
 And this as they say on 'Cribs',
 your favorite show, is where the
 magic happens. Do we like it? Going
 once, going twice ...

HARRY
 Sold.

Harry takes Marin's hand and pulls her OUT OF FRAME and ONTO THE BED. She playfully rolls on top of him. His hands cup her ass.

MARIN
 You know when I first started
 auctioneering someone told me if I was
 nervous to just picture everyone in the
 audience in their underwear. This sort of
 gives that a whole new meaning.

HARRY
 Why? You're not nervous now, are you?

MARIN
 I'm always a little nervous.

HARRY
 (removing his hands)
 So put on your bathing suit. I brought
 some champagne, I'll put it on ice.

MARIN

Me like you, Harry Langer.

She bounces off him like a kid and disappears into the bathroom.

Harry lies there alone for a second. Catches his breath. He sits up, feet on the floor, shoulders hunched, clears his throat, bangs on his chest. He waits a sec then stands with a stiffness that for the first time suggests he is not a that young man.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Now wearing only his Boxer Shorts, Harry crosses through the Living ROOM, singing 'Livin' It Up' to himself. He reaches into his bag and lifts out Two Bottles of Crystal. He sees himself in the mirror, sucks in his gut.

INT. KITCHEN

Well stocked, the best of everything. Harry opens the door to the fridge and just as HE DISAPPEARS BEHIND IT, the BACK DOOR OPENS and TWO WOMEN ENTER from a beach walk, in the middle of a lively conversation.

One of them is ERICA, Marin's Mother. The other is Erica's Younger Sister, ZOE.

ERICA is in her mid-fifties and is a poster girl for growing old. It's actually hard to imagine 55 looking any better. And not because she looks 35, but because she makes 55 look graceful and right. Erica is the "girl most likely" who went beyond expectations but didn't realize until recently that being sure of herself was a handicap. She doesn't try to be intimidating, she just is.

Her sister, ZOE is in her forties. Zoe's the loose one. She wears draw string pants and a T-shirt that says, "BOYS LIE".

The Women stop mid-sentence when they notice the REFRIGERATOR IS WIDE OPEN. Then they SEE A PAIR OF BARE MEN'S LEGS poking out from UNDER THE DOOR. They don't move.

ERICA

Oh God. What is this?

Erica nods to Zoe, gesturing a nearby knife. Zoe grabs the knife. Harry pokes his head out from behind the fridge, equally confused.

ERICA

(in control)

Okay, stay right where you are. We have a knife.

HARRY
 (eyeing the knife)
 Do you... live here?

ERICA
 Okay, Mister, look, I'm gonna dial
 911 and you're not gonna move. Zoe,
 hand me the phone.
 (reaches out to Zoe
 without looking at her)

HARRY
 You don't understand. I'm a friend
 of your daughter's.

With that, Harry SHUTS the fridge door. The Women see he's
 naked except for a Pair of Boxers. They both GASP. Zoe
 FUMBLES the phone over to Erica who dials quickly..

ERICA
 Yeah? I don't think so. My daughter's in
 the city and you what, wandered in
 here, like high on Ecstasy..?.
 (looks at phone)
 Shit. I dialed 8-1-1.
 (redials)

HARRY
 (calmly starts to move)
 Honestly, if you just...

ERICA
 Back off. She was in the Israeli
 army. She can break you in half.

Zoe can't believe she just said that -- no truth in it
 whatsoever.

ERICA
 (into phone)
 Yes. I have an intruder in my
 house. 29 Daniels Lane, Sagaponack.

HARRY
 I'm dating your daughter Marin. She
 invited me here for the weekend.
 She's in her room right now,
 changing.

ERICA
 (GASPS even louder, really
 scared now)
 You're dating my daughter?

HARRY
 (amused)
 Now who would've thought that would
 be worse news?

With that, Marin ENTERS, in a tiny bikini, sees Harry in his shorts, Zoe holding the knife and Erica frozen, holding the phone.

MARIN
 Oh, fuck.

ERICA
 Oh, God.
 (into phone)
 I'm sorry. False alarm. Yeah, no, I'm
 sure. No, he's not a burglar
 (with enormous difficulty)
 He's dating my daughter.

MARIN
 Mom, I had no idea you were coming out
 this weekend, you said you had to write.

ERICA
 I do. I thought I'd do it out here.

MARIN
 Oh, man, this is really....

ERICA
 Awkward.

MARIN
 Totally.. .but....
 (starts laughing)
 You gotta admit, sorta funny You thought
 he was a burglar? In his boxer shorts?

ERICA
 Yeah, well, the world's nuts, I
 don't know the man. . .

MARIN
 (still laughing)
 I'm sorry, it's not really funny.
 I'm an idiot. I should've told you
 I was bringing someone out.

ERICA
 No, no, I should've told you we
 were coming. Well. Anyway, here we
 are.
 (waves to Harry)
 Hello. I'm the mother.

All three Women turn to Harry who now dangles a long Lobster shaped oven mitt over his "privates"...

HARRY

Harry Langer. How are ya?

MARIN

Yes. Sorry... Mom, this is my friend, Harry. Harry, my Mom, Erica... my Aunt, Zoe.

(they all shake hands)

Harry's sort of a new friend. I think I mentioned him in an e-mail. We just, totally spur of the moment thought we'd get out of the city for a few days.

ERICA AND ZOE

Of course...Right...Great...

ERICA

(can't look at him)

Honey, does Harry have a robe?

HARRY

(backing out)

You know what? Actually, I think I should just take off. Let you gals enjoy your weekend...

Marin shoots her Mom a look. Help!

ERICA

No, no, no. Don't be silly. Uh, look, here's what we'll do. Zoe and I will leave. We took a great walk on the beach, we'll go into town for lunch. You two stay. Harry, apologize about the near arrest.

HARRY

No, you were impressive. Very strong, very... "macho".

ERICA

(a little thrown)

I don't think I was exactly "macho"
...

HARRY

Trust me, if I ever catch a guy in his underwear in my refrigerator I hope I'm half the man you were, Mrs uh...

ERICA
 (already hating him)
 Yeah. Okay. Whatever...

Marin watches. Dying.

HARRY
 All righty then...I'm definitely gonna
 hit the road.
 (salutes Erica and Zoe)
 Ladies...sensational meeting you.
 (then to Marin)
 Doll, call me.

ZOE
 Hold on. Hold on. Let's not get so
 dramatic here. What are we four
 teenagers? We're all sophisticated
 people. Why can't we all stay, for the
 weekend? Your mother's got work to do
 I've got papers to grade. You'll do your
 thing, whatever that is and if we want to
 hang together, we'll hang together. If we
 don't, we don't. There's no reason why
 any of us should give up this spectacular
 weekend.

MARIN
 Seriously. I can handle it.

ZOE
 I can totally handle it.

ERICA
 (on the spot)
 I mean, well, I can "handle" it...

The Women all look to Harry. He looks at Marin. She's hard to resist.

HARRY
 It can only go up from here.

CUT TO:

HARRY AND MARIN

Walking past SHOPS on the MAIN DRAG IN EAST HAMPTON. They are both licking ice cream cones. CAMERA STAYS BEHIND THEM.

ZOE (V.O.)
 He's obviously a penis substitute.

ERICA AND ZOE

Are paced 20 feet behind them, carrying groceries.

ZOE
I mean a father substitute.

ERICA
Except he's older than her father. I can't even look at them. What is she doing with a guy that age?

ZOE
Marin was how old when you guys broke up?

ERICA
Five years ago, so. ..twenty-three.

ZOE
Okay, so she was old enough not to feel Dave was walking out on her.

ERICA
Is that supposed to mean Dave walked out on me? Why do people assume when you break up after twenty years that the guy's the one who wanted out? Just because once we broke up he shtupped everything that moved...

ZOE
Easy cowgirl. I didn't mean it that way. Just trying to figure out why such a smart girl is always with the wrong guy.

CLOSE ON A YOUNG FRENCH GIRL IN AN APRON

YOUNG FRENCH GIRL
Mme. Barry, que je puis vous obtenir aujourd'hui?

The Girl stands BEHIND THE CHEESE COUNTER in:

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA

A Gourmet Market in East Hampton. The clientele in here is as rich looking as the food. Erica stands on the other side of the Cheese Counter.

ERICA
Bonjour je veux une partie de votre pate merveilleux et de votre meilleur fromage absolu de chevre.

Harry and Marin shop near by. Harry listens to Erica out of one ear.

HARRY
That's impressive.

MARIN
She started French lessons after she and my Dad split up. Part of her "Keep Busy, Don't Look Back" program. She's practically fluent now.

ERICA
(turning back to Marin)
Marin, au cas ou nous prende un dessert ou devrions jefaire quelque chose?

MARIN
(with an impeccable accent)
Laissons quelque chose d'achat. Et ce grand gateau de chocolat?

HARRY
Hey, not bad.. .

MARIN
(shrugs)
Yeah...well. ..I am fluent. Be right back.

Marin crosses to the dessert counter. Erica turns back and catches Harry checking out Marin's ass. He smiles as he licks his ice cream. Erica rolls her eyes then spots another Older Guy with a Leggy Girl twenty-five years his junior.

ERICA
It's an epidemic.

Then Erica notices who's next to her at the cheese counter. She sees her Sister, Zoe, reading a cheese label with her glasses on and next to Zoe are two sad looking Old Women in their Eighties with their arms linked. Almost woozy, Erica is snapped out of it when she is handed her package.

YOUNG FRENCH GIRL
Merci madame.

Erica heads down the aisle, passing Harry whose back is to her. Just as she passes, he turns and almost bumps into her.

ERICA
(backing off)
Woops. Sorry.

HARRY

My fault.

They so very badly do not want to actually touch. Erica hesitates. Harry gestures for her to go first then walks alongside her.

ERICA

So, Harry... What do you do?

HARRY

I'm one of the owners of a record company among other things...

ERICA

Oh, really? Which record company?

HARRY

Drive by Records.

ERICA

(appalled at the name)
"Drive By" Records??? Is that a joke? What is that?

HARRY

It's a Hip Hop label.

ERICA

Hip Hop? Oh, rap? Oh, right. Well.
(with disdain)
Okay. That's... "interesting"...

HARRY

Let me see if I get where you're headed here. . .

ERICA

I'm sorry, but, look, you know I hate rap, I mean I do. It's sort of violent and crude for my taste, not to mention just a tad misogynistic.

HARRY

Hey, a lot of people see rapping as poetry.

ERICA

Yeah, but come on, how many words can you rhyme with 'Bitch'?

Erica places her groceries on the check out counter.

MARIN

(joining Harry)
How we doin?

HARRY
Should've left when she tried to arrest
me.

INT. ERICA'S DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Marin serves plates of pasta with lobster. Zoe pours wine and Erica tosses a salad. Harry is the only one sitting.

MARIN
So, Mom, how's the new play? You gettin'
happy with it?

Marin places a plate in front of Harry then runs her finger along "the nape of his neck. They smile at each other as she continues on. Erica notices, tries not to respond.

ERICA
Well, the thing with me is that I'm about
90% hard work, 10% talent and so far the
talent part hasn't exactly kicked in yet.

ZOE
Yeah, right...

HARRY
What's your play about?

Marin and Zoe stop what they are doing and turn to Erica. She's hesitant to reveal this.

ERICA
About? Well, I'm not exactly sure which
is a bit of a problem, but so far it's
about a divorced woman, a writer, she's
this high strung, over-amped,
controlling, know it all neurotic. . .
(everyone stares at her)
Who's incredibly cute and lovable.
(more stares)
It's a comedy.
(takes a seat next to Zoe)
So, how did you two meet?

MARIN
At a Wine Auction at Sotheby's. Harry was
the big buyer of the night.

HARRY
I kept winking at Marin as she was
conducting the auction and apparently
every time I did that she misunderstood
and I ended up buying cases of
outrageously expensive wine.

Zoe and Marin laugh.

ERICA
Ever been married, Harry?

HARRY
No. No, I haven't.

ERICA
Wow. Now why do you think that is?

HARRY
Some people just don't fit the mold. And so far...

ERICA
Hey, if it ain't broke.

HARRY
Exactly.

Harry leans back, places his arm around Marin's chair. Erica takes note.

ZOE
Wait a second, aren't you like a famous bachelor?

HARRY
I wouldn't say I'm famous.

ZOE
No, I think I read a piece on you in New York Magazine.

HARRY
I guess people find it interesting that I've escaped the noose for so long.

ZOE
Yeah, wasn't the name of the article, "The Escape Artist"?

ERICA
Wait. I read that article. That was you? You were once engaged to somebody big. Who was it? Not Joan Collins.. .Wait. ..Carly Simon?

ZOE
Yeah, it was somebody cool like that.
(trying to remember)
Not Martha Stewart....

MARIN
You could just ..'ask him.

HARRY
No, this is more fun. It's like I'm not here.

MARIN
Harry was once engaged to Diane Sawyer. Okay?

ZOE
Right. Diane Sawyer. I love her.

ERICA
(stunned)
I'm impressed.

HARRY
Yeah, women your age love that about me.

Erica pauses on that one.

HARRY
(trying to get thru this)
You know what I mean.

ERICA
Yes I do.

HARRY
It's not a bad thing to say 'women your age'.

ERICA
No...I'm sure it was a compliment.

HARRY
It was. ..just the truth.

ZOE
(stepping in)
So when was this engagement?

HARRY
Long time ago. She was just this adorable lanky girl from Kentucky with the greatest pair of legs I'd ever seen... Never understood her ending up with a job where she never showed them.
(munches on his lobster)

ERICA

You're not serious? She's Diane Sawyer, she goes into caves in Afghanistan with a shmahtah on her head. Who cares about her legs?

HARRY

Just anyone who's ever had the pleasure of... You know what? I hate to eat and run but...

ZOE

No, wait. This is actually a very fascinating dynamic - what's going on at this table...

MARIN

(warning him)

Zoe teaches Women's Studies at Columbia. . .

HARRY

Oh, so this is gonna hurt.

ZOE

No, come on, listen, here's the rub for women. Look at what we have here with you and Erica. Harry, you've been around the block a few times, right? You're what? Around 60, never been married, which, we all know, if you were a woman, would be a curse, you'd be an old maid, a spinster, blah, blah, blah... Okay, so instead of pitying you, they write articles about you, celebrate your never marrying, it makes you illusive and ungettable. You're a real catch. Then, take my gorgeous sister here...

ERICA

Any chance of you stopping here?

ZOE

Come on, this is interesting. I mean, look at her, she's so accomplished, the most successful woman playwright since who? Lillian Hellman? She's over fifty, divorced and still sits in night after night because the available guys her age want
(to Marin)

ZOE(cont'd)

--forgive me honey for saying this, but they want girls that look like Marin so the whole over fifty dating scene is geared completely towards men leaving older women out and as a result that makes the older women more and more productive and more and more interesting, which, in turn, makes them even less desirable because as we all know -- men, especially older men, are threatened and deathly afraid of interesting and accomplished women. It's just so clear. Single older women, as a demographic, are as fucked a group as can ever exist.

Erica and Harry's EYES CONNECT for a millisecond. HEAR THE SOUND OF PLATES CRASHING.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

OVER, we

Erica is cleaning up the broken plates, Zoe leans down to help.

ERICA

What are you, possessed? How could you say those things?

ZOE

It just seemed so obvious to me. The injustice of it. Thank God men die younger than us. It's the only break we get.

ERICA

Then you know what? Write a dissertation on it, don't announce to the world that I stay in night after night after night and by the way, one night after night would have been enough. Did you ever realize, I stay "in" as part of my job. Why do you think I married the director of my plays? He was the only man I ever saw. Anyway, I like staying in and I like this time in my life. Why do I have to defend myself? I was married for 20 years. I'm done.

Marin ENTERS carrying more dishes.

MARIN

What the hell was that?

ZOE

I'm sorry, I thought I was onto something.

ERICA

Honey, what are you doing with this guy? He's old, he's chauvinistic...

MARIN

He's fun.

ERICA

He's fun? How is he fun? He's like.. .wrong.

MARIN

Wrong can be fun, Mom.

ERICA

Not this wrong.

MARIN

Can we not do this now? He's actually incredibly smart and fascinating and if you had talked to him about something other than his marital status you would've found out how smart he is. He owns like 10 different companies...

ERICA

What does that mean he owns ten different companies? He can't commit, that's what that means. Not that, God forbid, I want him to commit.

MARIN

Yeah, that I get. Anyway, he said he thought you two were very spontaneous and nice and then said he's leaving as soon as the sun comes up.

ERICA

What? His car doesn't have headlights?

MARIN

Good night.

ERICA

Wait. I have no right to get this nuts.

(hugs her)

He's your friend. Not mine. I love you.

MARIN
 (hugs her back)
 I love you more.

This is obviously a ritual between them. Erica kisses Marin's cheek in a flutter of kisses, then Marin EXITS.

ZOE
 No chance he said we were nice.

ERICA
 Please. None.

They HEAR MUSIC coming from Marin's bedroom.

ZOE
 What are they listening to?

ERICA
 I don't care...
 (listens)
 Oy. Marvin Gaye. . .

Erica turns on the garbage disposal. Zoe sings along, "Let's get it on". . ., Erica shoots her a look, turns off the garbage disposal, doing the dishes with vigor.

ERICA
 I know she'll never see him after this weekend. She can't commit either.

Then they hear Marin GIGGLING.

ZOE
 He does sound fun.

Marin YELPS.

ZOE
 Admit it, he's got something. You felt it, right?

Then they hear Marin SCREAM.

ERICA
 Oh, this is nuts...

Erica covers her ears with her hands. Then they hear Marin SCREAM "MOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!"

ERICA
 Did she say, Mom?

INT. MARIN'S ROOM - ANGLE - THE DOOR

Erica and Zoe bust into the room and find Harry .on the floor, leaning against the bed, a clenched fist on his chest. His shirt is open, he's sweating, his complexion is grey. Marin stands back, freaked out, afraid to get near him.

MARIN

We were fooling around and he said he felt funny then he just collapsed.

HARRY

(out of breath)

It's nothing. I'm okaymaybe it was the lobster...

ERICA

Does your chest hurt?

HARRY

Like an elephant's standing on it.

ERICA

(to Marin)

Call 911...tell them to send an ambulance. . .

Marin hesitates.

ERICA

Marin! Now!

HARRY'S POV - THE ROOM

Spinning. When he shuts his eyes, it goes BLACK. Spinning. BLACK. Spinning. BLACK. He sees Marin, soft in the background, on the phone and Erica coming toward him. He hears Zoe:

ZOE(O.S.)

What are you doing?

ERICA

(coming closer)

Mouth to mouth...

ON HARRY

Even in this state he gets that Erica is about to place her. mouth on his. His eyes WIDEN IN HORROR, he reels back. Erica catches this.

ERICA

You fucking guy...

She does it anyway. Her-mouth on his, her breath into his lungs, over and over. Harry's eyes roll back in his head. As Erica pounds on his chest, we HEAR THE BLARE OF A SIREN...

AND A LOUD CLANG

As the DOORS to SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL FLY OPEN. Paramedics WHEEL Harry through the corridors and into the ER with dizzying speed. Two Nurses jostle Harry OFF the gurney and ONTO A BED.

DR. JULIAN MERCER arrives at Harry's side. Julian is in his early-thirties and has finally just graduated out of the 'you look too young to be a doctor' syndrome. Julian is a man whose goodness makes him sexy. He wears his hair shaggier than you'd expect but then again, this is a Johns Hopkins graduate who chose to live near the beach and work nights.

The Nurses place oxygen in Harry's nose, hook him up to a heart monitor and connect him to an IV.

JULIAN
How we doing here?

PARAMEDIC #1
He's had 30 minutes of chest pain, nausea, shortness of breath, blood pressure's 170 over 100, pulse 104, respirations 18...

JULIAN
Let's get an EKG. Mr. Langer, I'm Dr. Mercer. Are you in any pain right now?

The Nurse wheels over an EKG machine, Julian helps hook it up.

HARRY
Feel some pressure in my chest...it's real tight.

JULIAN
Can you show me where the pain is?

Harry clenches his fist over his sternum.

JULIAN
What were you doing at the onset of the pain?

HARRY
I was uh, kissing a beautiful...

JULIAN
(watching the monitor)
Where you having intercourse?

HARRY
-- Unfortunately, no.

JULIAN
Sense of humor in tact...
(checks EKG)
Hang a nitroglycerine drip. Mr.
Langer the EKG shows you have a
blocked artery which is not
allowing enough oxygen to get to
the heart muscle.. .

HARRY
I'm having a heart attack?

JULIAN
We're gonna stop it. But I need to
know what kind of medications you
take?

HARRY
(scared shitless)
I take uh... uh. . . Lipitor. . .

JULIAN
(reading the EKG tape)
Uh-huh... .Any thing else?

HARRY
-- and a white one for blood
pressure. . .

JULIAN
procardia?

HARRY
Yeah.

JULIAN
What about, Viagra?

Erica, Marin and Zoe ARRIVE in the DOORWAY of the ER. Harry
eyes them...stalls.

JULIAN
Mr. Langer? Did you take any Viagra
today? Mr. Langer?

HARRY
No. No Viagra.

JULIAN
You're positive?

HARRY
I don't take Viagra. Don't need
Viagra.

The Women grab looks at each other, know they shouldn't be there. They turn away.

JULIAN
Great. Just needed to be sure
because I put nitroglycerin into
your-drip and if you had taken
Viagra, the combo would make your
heart leap right out of your
body...

CLOSE - HARRY'S EYES - PANICKED

As he watches the NITROGLYCERIN make it's way DOWN THE TUBE and APPROACH HIS ARM. Just as the amber liquid is about to enter his bloodstream he YANKS the IV out of his arm. The drip is knocked onto the ground. The Women shriek as the Nurses scurry to clean up. Erica and Zoe rush out, Marin hangs back. Harry catches the look on her face.

JULIAN
Let's give him an aspirin and
Metoprolol 5mg...

HARRY
Sorry, had an audience...
(clutching his chest)

JULIAN
It's okay. ..it was a great save.
(to Nurse)
Let's start the thrombolytic protocol.
"4000 units of heparin. Mr. Langer, if
this works and I have every reason to
believe it will, it's going to reverse
what's going on so there will be little
or no damage to your heart. You with me?
(Harry nods. Julian places
his hand on Harry's)
Okay, here we go.

THE HALLWAY

Marin paces, smoking. Erica sits. Zoe leans against the wall.

MARIN
Oh, man, what if he doesn't make
it? I don't know who to contact.

MARIN (CONT'D)

I don't know his family. I've gone out to dinner with the guy three times. I hardly know him.

ERICA

He's gonna make it. Don't worry. He's like a bulldog. He'll make it.

MARIN

This is a nightmare. I go out with a guy who's so old, he takes Viagra.

ERICA

Are you nuts? You go out with a guy who's so old he's having a heart attack!

ZOE

All I can say is, thank God it didn't happen when he was inside you. That could be life altering.

Julian rounds the corner of the corridor. Marin rushes toward him, her face begging for good news.

JULIAN

Your Dad's gonna be okay.

MARIN

Oh, he's not my Dad...

JULIAN

I'm sorry.
(then)
Your Grandad's gonna be okay.

MARIN

(throws her arms around him)
Oh, thank you so much. But he's not my... oh we're not related. He's just a friend.

JULIAN

Sorry.

His sweet apologetic smile is not lost on Marin. Zoe and Erica join them.

JULIAN

I'm Dr. Mercer. Mr. Langer did have a mild heart attack. I gave him something to break up the clot in his artery and it worked beautifully.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 His EKG returned to normal almost immediately which means I don't expect any permanent damage. He's very lucky.

ERICA
 (shoulders sagging)
 Thank you. . .

JULIAN
 No, whoever got him here so fast should be thanked. Another half hour and I don't know if this would've worked.

Marin pats her Mom on the back.

ERICA
 Oh, man...
 (realizing it all now)
 This was...intense.

Erica wipes away a tear. Nothing could surprise her more.

JULIAN
 We're out of the woods. I've given him something to sleep, it might make him a little loopy at first but then it should knock him out.
 (to Erica)
 You're Mrs. Langer?

ERICA
 No, no I'm just... No. I'm Erica Barry. . He was having dinner at our house. I just met him this afternoon.

JULIAN
 You're Erica Barry?

ERICA
 Yes.

JULIAN
 The playwright?

ERICA
 Yes...

JULIAN
 What a pleasure. I'm a huge fan.
Huge fan.

ERICA
 Really? Oh, thanks... This is my daughter, Marin, my sister, Zoe...

Julian says Hi to each then returns his attention fully and devotedly to Erica. Takes her in.

JULIAN

Wow.

CLOSE - A JAPANESE TEA POT

Julian pours steaming hot tea into 3 paper cups.

MARIN - CLOSE

Sitting in the hospital corridor as JULIAN'S HAND ENTERS HER FRAME and hands her a cup of tea. She looks up at him with more adorableness than most men could handle. She blows on the steam.

MARIN

Thanks.

Camera Pans to ZOE. Sitting next to Marin. She is also handed a Cup of Tea. Even she softens as she looks up at Julian.

ZOE

Thank you Doctor.

This is all beginning to feel a little like the Step Sisters trying on the Glass Slipper. Until we get to Erica, not paying any attention at all as she is handed her Tea.

ERICA

Oh. . .Hey. . .Ew. . .Hot. Thanks.

JULIAN

(eyes on Erica)

You're welcome. May I join you?

ERICA

Yeah. Sure. This is very nice of you.

JULIAN

First year of medical school you learn what can keep you up all night without making you nuts. Green Tea beats everything plus it's a great antioxidant. Cheers.

MARIN

(turning on the charm)

So, urn, do you always work nights?

JULIAN

Usually two or-three a week, gives me a chance for a real life during the day. . .

(immediately turns back to Erica)

You know, I heard you had a place in the Hamptons. I really am a very big fan. I honestly think I've seen every play you've ever written.

ERICA

I think some were written before your time. There are some Marin's never even seen.

JULIAN

No, I'm pretty sure I've seen them all and I saw the last one twice.

Zoe nudges Erica as a Nurse enters from the ER.

NURSE

Doctor, we've got a walk in, may need stitches. . .

JULIAN

(rises)

I'll check on MI. Langer...if he's asleep; you all might want to get some shut eye and come back in the morning. Great to meet you Erica. Ladies. . .

The Women wave and watch him exit.

The second he's gone:

ERICA

(to Marin)

Okay, now that's a perfect a guy for you. He's adorable.

MARIN

Mother! I've never seen a man less interested in me.

ZOE

Or more interested in you.

ERICA

Me? He's thirty years old.

MARIN

No, he's older than that.

ZOE

Who cares how old, he is. I mean, he's not my type, he's like a gorgeous wholesome doctor but, he's perfect for you and hot for you, which makes him really perfect.

ERICA

Stop it. He likes my work. Not me.
 (they just stare at her)
 It's insane. I would never.
 (off Zoe's look)
 Shut. Up.

Just then, Harry stumbles into the corridor in his Hospital Gown, pretty out of it.

ZOE

Yuh-oh.

MARIN

(rises)
 Harry....

Confused, Harry turns around, a little lost, giving the Women a FULL VIEW OF HIS BARE ASS. The Women muffle screams.

MARIN

Harry! Over here!

He faces them.

HARRY

Honey, I want to go home. Can you call Lowell to pick me up?

MARIN

(confused)
 Lowell?

Harry wobbles. Is he going to fall? Marin freezes, looks to her Mom for help. Erica rushes to Harry.

ERICA

Harry, you have to get back in bed.

HARRY

Woman. And I say that as a compliment... You saved my life.
 (kisses her hand)
 Soft...
 (then)
 I don't remember your name but I thank you from the bottom of my...

He falls on Erica, totally out of it, his head on her breast, his mouth open.

ERICA
 (afraid to breathe)
 Ugh. Look at this, even
 unconscious, he's a lech.

The Nurses rush out and peel Harry off Erica.

NURSE
 Mr. Langer, you shouldn't be
 standing.

HARRY
 Got to take a whiz girls.

NURSE
 We'll take care of that for you,
 Mr. Langer.

Harry turns back to the Women, smiling. He likes that idea.
 LOVES that idea.

HARRY
 Okay. You take care of it for me,
 sweetheart. I'd like to see that...

As he walks away, his bare ass shines like a full moon in a
 desert sky.

MARIN
 This is the most insane night of my
 life.

ZOE
 Yeah, but just admit that was one
 great ass for a guy that age.

CLOSE - A LARGE VASE OF YELLOW ROSES - 36 HOURS LATER

A Nurse slides the Roses down the counter of her station.

NURSE
 Now what can I do you for?

She looks across at a neat as a pin Man in his early forties,
 Prada suit, crisp white shirt, dark tie. He's a Gershwin tune
 of a man. A throwback to a kinder world. This is. LOWELL,
 Harry's Houseman/Chef/all around Man Friday.

LOWELL
 I'm here for Mr. Harry Langer.

Julian ENTERS the Nurse's station.

NURSE
 (to Julian)
 Are we discharging Hurricane Harry?

JULIAN
 Yes we are. Hi, I'm Dr. Mercer.
 Come on, I'll take you to him.

Julian EXITS the Nurse's Station. Lowell, carrying the flowers, follows. He nods to TWO TALL LEGGY MINI SKIRTED ASSISTANT TYPES, KIM and LEXI who follow. Both pack cell phones, note pads, carry balloons, flowers and shopping bags.

JULIAN
 And you are. . ?

LOWELL
 Lowell St. James'. Mr. Langer's
 houseman, chef... general valet..

JULIAN
 Well that sounds like a pretty,
 interesting job.

LOWELL
 Fifteen years. Never a dull moment.

They arrive at:

A PRIVATE ROOM

where Harry lies on the bed, dressed and ready to go. He squints as he reads a pamphlet at arms's distance called, "Heart Attack -- Bouncing Back".

JULIAN
 Okay, Harry, looks like we're going
 to have to let you go.

Harry sits up too fast, lies right back down. Lowell looks like he might cry. The Girls hold back.

HARRY
 Take it easy kids, I just sat up
 too fast. Doc, tell them. Am I in
 good shape? How were my tests this
 morning?

JULIAN
 He's doing extremely well.

LOWELL
 (holding back tears)
 Can I hug him?

JULIAN
Absolutely.

Harry stands and indulges Lowell in a deep hug. Lowell's shoulders shake as he sobs.

HARRY
Okay, Okay. Let's not get goofy. We got no thin , but good news here.

LOWELL
I must say, you do look good... considering. You have a little extra baggage under your eyes, but I know how to fix that.

HARRY
(to Julian)
See what good hands I'm in. Did you meet my gorgeous assistants?

JULIAN
Not formally.

HARRY
Girls... .my Doctor, Julian Mercer.
(then)
Honey, did you bring the CDs?

Kim hands Harry a shopping bag full of CDs.

HARRY
(to Julian)
These are for you...
(to the Girls)
The man loves Hip Hop.

JULIAN
(checking out the bag)
Maybe not this much but...

HARRY
And did you bring the other thing?

Lexi hands Harry another bag. Harry reaches in and pulls out a small leather box, hands it to Julian.

HARRY
This is just to thank you for your brilliance the other night. I hope it suits you.

JULIAN
(opening the box)
Wow. This is.. .Jesus, this is the most gorgeous watch I've ever seen.

HARRY
 - Oh, good. It's a Piaget.
 (to Girls)
 He likes it.

JULIAN
 No, I love it and this is incredibly
 generous of you but I can't accept it.

HARRY
 You save my life and you end up
 with some CDs?

JULIAN
 No, I end up seeing you walk out of
 here and I do get paid you know -

MARIN (O.S.)
 -- Knock, knock.

They all turn, see Marin at the door. She waves to Harry,
 more reserved than normal.

JULIAN
 Harry, I'll see you on the way out.

LOWELL
 (whispers)
 We'll pull up the car.

Everyone EXITS leaving Marin and Harry alone. Harry sits on
 the bed. Marin joins him. Harry places his hand on her thigh.
 All she notices is his hospital bracelet.

HARRY
 So, I'm some great date, huh?

MARIN
 Yeah... Mr. Excitement.

HARRY
 Tell me somethin', we haven't actually
 had sex yet, have we?

MARIN
 No we haven't. You're correct on
 that one.

HARRY
 Something to live for.

Marin smiles, kisses Harry on the cheek.

HARRY
 Down to the cheek.
 (that's big, he digests
 that one)
 Come on, let's get outta here.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL - DAY

Harry is wheeled out in a wheelchair, Marin and a Nurse on either side. In the parking lot is a Town Car with Lowell and the Girls standing next to it. Next to them is Erica, waiting by her car. She's on her cell phone. Harry spots them and tries to get out of the wheel chair before it stops.

NURSE
 Hold on Tarzan, we're still movin' ...
 (she stops)
 Okay, now slow-ly.

To prove her wrong, Harry rises quickly. Everyone stands by, ready to help.

HARRY
 Look at these faces. Will you tell them
 I'm fine.

As soon as Harry spots Erica, he starts to wobble.

ERICA
 Whoa! Whoa! WHOA!

Everyone grabs for Harry as he FALLS OUT OF FRAME AND THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

CLOSE ON JULIAN

taking Harry's pulse as Harry lies on the ASPHALT OF THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. Lowell, the Two Assistants and Marin huddle around. Erica steps back a bit.

JULIAN
 Harry, I'm sorry, but I think we jumped the gun.. .can't let you travel quite yet.

HARRY
 I ain't goin' back in there.

JULIAN
 You don't have to but I can't put you in a car right now and I can't leave you in the parking lot. I'd like you to stay nearby for a few days and let me keep an eye on you 'til you get your strength back.

HARRY
 Doc, I'm out in the middle of the
 Hamptons. Where do you want me to go?

Marin turns to Erica who very clearly mouths, "FORGET IT!"

EXT. ERICA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY.

The Town Car sits in the driveway, Lexi leans on the hood, talking on her cell. A Market Delivery Van pulls away as a Drugstore Delivery Van pulls in. A Flower Delivery KID holding a large bouquet, knocks at the front door.

INT. THE GUEST BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Harry sits up in bed wearing silk pajamas, holding an unlit cigar, and is on the phone.

Zoe enters, placing the new bouquet on the already flower filled dresser. Lowell lifts a LUNCH TRAY off the bed as Kim stands nearby on the cell phone. Marin packs her bag.

HARRY
 (into phone)
 Just promise me you won't make a decision until
 we talk. Thinking about it ain't promising me.
 Okay, man, I'm seein' you Friday...
 (hangs up, then to Lowell)
 Lowell, what was that?

LOWELL
 (looking down at the Tray)
 Your lunch.

HARRY
 Somebody tell you to starve me to death?

Kim hands Harry the cell phone.

KIM
 Russell.

HARRY
 (into phone)
 Rush? No, man, you're livin' the shit.
 I just got a clean bill of health.

Kim hands Harry a NOTE that says:

YOU HAVE TWO DINNER DATES THIS WEEK,
 SHOULD I CANCEL AND SEND FLOWERS?

Harry steals a look at Marin, then nods to Kim.

INT. KITCHEN

Erica puts away groceries, a little on edge. Her back is to a Man in his fifties, who sits at the island, eating a sandwich. He wears sweats and a baseball cap. His natural expression is -- worried. This is DAVE.

DAVE

This is the best turkey sandwich I ever had in my life. What kind of mustard is this?

ERICA

(not turning around)
I don't know.

DAVE

All right, don't get pissy. It's not Dijon, right?

ERICA

Don't get pissy. ..you say that 'cause this, of course, would never happen to you. .I come out here for peace and quiet and suddenly I'm a character in a Kaufman and Hart play.

(the phone RINGS)

And the phone does not stop.

(phone STOPS RINGING)

And it's never for me!

Lowell ENTERS with the Bed Tray.

LOWELL

Sorry to interrupt.

ERICA

That's fine Lowell, I'll take that.

LOWELL

No, please, allow me.

ERICA

No, no, I'll take it. No problem.

Erica takes the bed tray as Lowell EXITS.

ERICA

The man does not know my name and I'm doing his dishes.

Lexi ENTERS, all 5'10" of her. Dave suddenly looks alive. She carries an empty water glass.

LEX
Hi Erica. Um...where should I put this?

ERICA
Right here. I'll take it.

LEXI
And Harry has a headache. Do you have any Tylenol?

ERICA
Tylenol yes. ..
(reaches in cabinet)

LEXI
(extends her hand to Dave)
Hi. I'm Lexi, Harry's second assistant.

DAVE
Hey...Dave Klein. How ya doin'?

Erica hands Lexi the Tylenol, she thanks her and EXITS.

ERICA
(holding the water glass)
Where should I put this? It's an empty water glass. What are the choices?

DAVE
(rises)
I'm gettin' outta your hair.

ERICA
Thank you.

DAVE
So you're not ready to show me any pages? I'm not putting pressure on you, I'm just asking.

ERICA
I haven't written a word. I'm on page twelve and the first eleven pages stink.

DAVE
So you have one good page.
(then)
How tall do you think that girl was?

Before Erica can respond, Marin ENTERS.

MARIN

Dad! I didn't know you were here.

DAVE

I'm just on my way out, bubbee.

MARIN

Well, I was just gonna drive into the city with Zoe but if you're driving back, I'd much rather go with you.

DAVE

I have to meet someone before I go...

ERICA

(to Marin)

Wait wait wait wait. You're leaving, Zoe's leaving, the entourage is leaving. And I'm supposed to stay here with him alone?

MARIN

The doctor said" he's 'sending over a Nurse in the morning...

ERICA

The morning? That's nineteen hours from now...

(takes a deep breath)

Okay, I can handle this. I'm just going to get into a zen' place, play music, cook, write, focus...

DAVE

She never changes...

ERICA

(setting him straight)

Yes. Maybe that's a good thing.

EXT. ERICA'S HOUSE - SUNSET

No cars are out front. Quiet and peaceful. On the Soundtrack we hear the French tune, I wish You Love sung in French.

INT. ERICA'S KITCHEN - THE SAME TIME - MUSIC OVER

Erica cooks, softly singing along in French.

HARRY (O.S.)

Smells great in here.

Surprised, Erica turns to find Harry leaning in the doorway in his pajamas, robe and slippers. No one's ever had more gorgeous clothes to sleep in. His presence disarms her.

ERICA
 Coq au Vin...
 (he looks confused)
 Chicken cooked in red wine...

HARRY
 French Food... French music...

ERICA
 Part of my play takes place in Paris so
 I'm hoping this helps me think. I'm
 hopin'...How you feeling?

HARRY
 Well, I walked all the way in here,
 only bumping into two chairs and an
 ottoman.

ERICA
 Everyone bumps into that ottoman.

Harry appreciates the thought. Before it has time to become
 awkward, the Phone RINGS.

HARRY
 Hey, thanks for letting me...

ERICA
 Yeah, no...it's fine.
 (answering the phone)
 Hello. Yes, he is.
 (hands the phone to Harry)

HARRY
 (into phone)
 Hello. Hey sweets...
 (Erica hates this)
 Oh, you got the flowers? Are they
 pretty?

Erica can't stand this. She puts on her glasses and skims her
 recipe.

HARRY
 Hey, can I call you in a little
 bit. What's your number doll?
 (spots a pad and pencil)

Harry squints, can't see what he's writing...backs his head
 away from the pad. Erica hands him her glasses.

HARRY
 (slips them on, jots down
 the number)
 Okay... Call you in a little.

Harry hangs up and hands the glasses back to Erica.

HARRY
Same prescription...

ERICA
Look, Harry, it's not like in any stretch of the imagination, I think you're all that right for my daughter but I don't really appreciate hearing you on the phone with other women. It's like I'm an accomplice to you cheating, it's...

HARRY
Your daughter knows I see other women.

ERICA
She does? I mean, fine, it's none of my business...but...
(struggles to open a bottle of wine)

HARRY
She knows I'm not monogamous...We've discussed it.

ERICA
Great? And that's what? Why are you proud of that?

HARRY
Not proud. Just honest. Your daughter said she likes that about me.
(takes the wine and opens it with ease.)

ERICA
My daughter is confused when it comes to men.

HARRY
I don't blame her. We're confusing.

Harry hands her the open wine bottle.

EXT. BEACH PATIO

WIDE SHOT - ALMOST NIGHT

Erica and Harry sit not so close together at a long table, under a purple sky. Another French Tune plays. If this wasn't them, this would look romantic.

Nothing is said. Just two people eating. Harry lifts the salt shaker, about to add salt to his chicken.

ERICA
Should I just call the ambulance now?

Harry shoots her a look and places the salt shaker back on the table.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - OVER - LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S LA VIE EN ROSE

A starry sky gives the house a storybook setting. We HEAR THE PHONE RING.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - MUSIC CONTINUES

Erica works at a laptop at a cluttered table. The CLOCK tells us it's a little after ONE A.M. Annoyed by the ringing phone, she points her remote at the CD Player and stops the song. Harry answers the phone in his room. A moment of quiet. Erica points her remote, starts the song again, starts typing again. Now the other line RINGS. She looks over at the phone watching one RED LIGHT "BLINK, while the other line is answered.

ERICA
What am I doing?

She throws a piece of paper over the phone so she can't see it. She clicks on her AOL ICON and is told: AOL CANNOT CONNECT. LINE BUSY. She's pissed. Then, worse, she SMELLS something.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Harry is on the phone, smoking a cigar. His pajama top is unbuttoned, his hair is all over the place. His bed is a mess, laptop open, newspapers spilling onto the floor. Erica stands in the doorway. He quickly hides his cigar.

HARRY
(into phone)
Can you hold a sec, doll?
(looks to Erica)
Hey.

ERICA
Okay, here's the thing. I really don't want to play the part of the uptight Nurse to your bad boy patient. If you want to have another heart attack, go ahead, it's your life but I have work to do and I don't have time to make another run to the hospital because you're filling your already clogged arteries with smoke but more importantly, I'd rather not have my house smell like a pool hall.

Erica holds out a partially filled water glass for Harry to deposit his cigar in.

HARRY

I have a question for you.

She waits. She doesn't say anything.

ERICA

What? Do I have to say what?

HARRY

Have you always been like this or do I bring this out in you?

She shakes the water glass, waiting for the deposit. He drops the cigar in.

HARRY

I don't think I've ever had this effect on a woman before.

ERICA

(picking up the newspapers)

And what effect do you think you're having on me?

HARRY

I don't quite recognize it, that's how I know I've never had it before.

Erica rolls her eyes as she finishes cleaning up.

HARRY

So you don't sleep?

ERICA

I only need about four hours a night.

HARRY

Me too. Never slept eight hours in my life.

ERICA

Me either. I wish I could. ..but...
(re: curtains)

Want me to shut these, sun comes in pretty strong in the morning.

HARRY

Sure. . . thanks. . .

ERICA

(drawing the drapes)

Who you talking to at this hour?

HARRY
A friend in L.A. It's only ten out there.

ERICA
And that's not past her bedtime?

HARRY
So you don't get more mellow as the hours pass?

ERICA
(heading out)
Good night, Harry.

HARRY
Can I ask you one other thing?
(Erica turns)
What's with the turtlenecks? It's the middle of summer.

ERICA
Now seriously, why do you care what I wear?

HARRY
Just curious.

ERICA
I like them. I've always liked them. I'm just a turtleneck kinda gal.

HARRY
You ever get hot?

ERICA
No.

HARRY
Never?

ERICA
Not lately.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Almost TWO. Erica is writing, her eyes go to the phone with the typing paper over it. She LIFTS a corner of the paper, takes a peek. The one lit line GOES OUT. Finally. "Erica turns off her computer, sits for a second. No one has rattled her cage like this in quite some time. And no, she doesn't like it. She stands, starts to undress.

ANGLE - THE FLOOR

As Erica's TURTLENECK lands on it. Then her BRA, then her PANTS then her PANTIES.

ERICA - NAKED - TIGHT SHOT

She crosses through the room on her way to the Bathroom. She passes by her partially open door, happens to look out INTO THE HALLWAY AND SEES:

HARRY - PLANTED RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER

Seeing it all.

ERICA - SCREAMS

and DROPS OUT OF FRAME.

HARRY

flustered, spins around, loses his balance, crashes into the wall, covers his eyes.

HARRY
I'm sorry! Oh, God am I sorry.

ERICA (O.S.)
What are you doing?!?

HARRY
Trying to find the kitchen!

ERICA (O.S.)
Back here???

HARRY
I-I got confused..! It was dark. I didn't really see anything. Just your tits and a little of your-

Erica SLAMS HER DOOR. Photos on the wall shake.

HARRY
This is gonna be murder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A very wide MIDDLE AGED NURSE gruffly crosses thru the room toward the Front Door. Just as she opens the door, Erica ENTERS in hat, sunglasses, turtleneck, long skirt. Pretty much no skin is showing whatsoever. She carries a few packages.

NURSE
Good bye Mrs. Barry.

ERICA
 Good bye? You're leaving? That's
 not good.

NURSE
 Been fired.

ERICA
 Fired? You just started.

HARRY
 Not fired darlin'. Just not needed.

Erica hardly looks at You Know Who who appears to be fresh
 out of the shower, wet hair, silk robe, bare chest and legs.

ERICA
 What do you mean, not needed? Of
 course we need her. She's gonna
 take care of you and feed you and...

HARRY
 -- No, no, I'm actually feeling
 pretty perky today. Making quite a
 recovery. . .
 (opening the screen door)
 Sorry for the trouble Mrs.
 Gimble... Take care, dear.

Harry hands her a wad of bills like she's a Maitre'd. Mrs.
 Gimble gives Erica a look of pity as she exits. Erica, now
 alone with Harry, self-consciously adjusts her sunglasses.
 Harry, on the other hand, slips his hand onto his bare chest,
 pats it.

HARRY
 Listen, about last night.

ERICA
 Yeah. How 'bout we never talk about that?
 (hands him some pills)
 I was at the drugstore. Your
 prescriptions were ready. They said take
 these two with food and this one without.

HARRY
 Honestly, you were in silhouette.

ERICA
 I think that's talkin' about it.

HARRY
 I really didn't see all that much.

ERICA
 (heading toward her room)
 Yip. There you go.

HARRY
 Okay. Won't mention it again but...

ERICA
 (almost out of the room)
 Goin' to work, Harry.

HARRY
 (yells)
 You saw my ass, you don't see me
 acting nuts, wearing hats and
 glasses and weird get ups...

The Sound of a DOOR SLAM. - Harry flinches.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

Harry and Julian sit on the bed. Julian takes Harry's blood pressure.

HARRY
 Yes or no. What's the deal, can I
 go?

JULIAN
 You still getting dizzy?

HARRY
 Not as much.

JULIAN
 Out of breath?

HARRY
 Only sometimes.

JULIAN
 (listens with stethoscope)
 How's Erica treating you?

HARRY
 Who?

JULIAN
 (nods toward Living Room)
 Erica. . .

HARRY
 Her? Oh, she's a major piece of
 work. The woman wears turtlenecks
 in the middle of the summer.

HARRY (CONT'D)
She's beyond uptight. Almost makes
her fun to be around.

JULIAN
Uptight? That's funny. I haven't
noticed that.

HARRY
Try livin' with her.

Julian takes Harry's pulse.

HARRY
(with secret glee)
I actually saw her naked last
night.

JULIAN
That doesn't sound so uptight.

HARRY
It was an accident. She thought I
was asleep, I thought her room was
the kitchen.

JULIAN
You know what Freud said - there
are no accidents.

HARRY
Trust me. This was an accident. Although,
why would she be walking around naked
when she knows I'm 20 feet away.

JULIAN
Why would you think her bedroom was
the kitchen?

HARRY
It was dark, it was two in the
morning.

JULIAN
That could explain why she was walking
around naked. Deep breath...

HARRY
You know I've never seen a woman
that age naked before.

JULIAN
You're kidding?

HARRY
Hey, we're not all doctors.

JULIAN

Well, I think she's very beautiful and she's a fantastic writer, you know.

HARRY

No, I don't know...

JULIAN

Erica Barry? She's pretty major.
(writing a prescription)
So, you date her daughter?

HARRY

Okay, now she's a great chick. Must take after the father. Which reminds me...Doc, what about Mr. Midnight here. . ?
(indicates his dick)
When can I be up and running in that department?

JULIAN

I think Mr. Midnight needs to stay put for another couple of weeks.

HARRY

But it won't kill me when I do it, right?

JULIAN

It's exercise. It'll be good for you. And just so you know, I'm told after a heart attack, if you can climb a flight of stairs, you can have sex.

CUT TO:

A LOW ANGLE OF A STAIRCASE

Which goes from the beach up to Erica's deck. Harry stands at the bottom of the stairs in his robe, velvet slippers and sunglasses.' He looks up to the top of the stairs as if it's Mt. Everest. Bravely, he climbs the first few steps. Not bad. After two more, he's out of breath. Determined, he holds onto the railing and drags himself up to the next step. Happy with himself, he holds on for dear life and drags himself up one more...and then, he's so out of breath, he can barely move, yet he reaches up the railing and tries to hike himself up one more.

INT . KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The tea kettle WHISTLES as Erica and Julian stand on either side of her island. Erica reaches for a tea bag.

ERICA
 So, you're saying, he's not ready
 to travel at all? Not even by
 plane? Train?

JULIAN
 I don't think so...
 (sees her disappointment)
 It's been tough, huh?

ERICA
 Well, he fired the Nurse after an
 hour, now says he doesn't need one.
 He's a bit of a workout.. .yeah.

JULIAN
 How are you holding up?

ERICA
 Oh, fine. .I'm fine, I'm...

JULIAN
 One more fine and I won't believe you.

The Phone RINGS.

ERICA
 Oh, shoot, hold on...
 (into phone)
 Hello. Hey...Oh, hi...

ANGLE - JULIAN

Smitten. Just something about her. Watching her.

ANGLE - ERICA

Not noticing, pouring water for her tea.

ERICA
 (into phone)
 No, I'm finally getting to it...

Erica sees Julian sliding a slip of paper over to her. Looks
 over at it. It's a piece of paper from his prescription pad.
 On it is written...*Have dinner with me tonight?* Erica looks
 up at him. Stunned.

JULIAN
 (heading out)
 Pick you up around seven?

ERICA
 W-What about the patient?

JULIAN

Like he said, he doesn't need a nurse.

We begin to hear strains of another French song.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - MUSIC OVER

Erica at her desk, typing. The Music plays from the CD player. As much as she doesn't want it to be true, this attention from Julian has fueled her.

THE LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME - MUSIC OVER

Harry, dressed for the first time, wearing khaki's and a summer shirt, strolls through the Living Room a bit cautious.

HARRY

(yells, warning-like)
I'm Walking Around The house!

ERICA Laughs. Even she knows this is funny. Harry arrives at her open doorway, timidly pokes his head in.

ERICA

Listen, I've decided to get over the whole "you saw me naked" thing. So, we don't have to deal with it anymore. Okay?

HARRY

Good, 'cause I've been hiding from you all day.

ERICA

I know. You want to come in?

HARRY

I don't want to break your rhythm or anything.

ERICA

That would be wishful thinking.

Harry ENTERS cautiously and curiously.

HARRY

Beautiful painting. So I'm gonna venture out there and go for a short walk...

ERICA

You up to that?

HARRY

My doctor recommended it. I gotta build up to stairs and stuff like that. You wouldn't want to join me?

ERICA

That means you don't want me to?

HARRY

No, I was asking if you wanted to.

ERICA

Oh, well, I would but...I don't usually like to break once I've started writing so I probably shouldn't, not that a little fresh air would hurt but...

HARRY

It's just a walk Erica, not a marriage proposal.

ERICA

You know my name.

HARRY

Erica Jane Barry. I looked you up on the internet.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER - LATE .IN THE DAY

Erica and Harry walk by the water's edge. They are the only two people on the beach.

HARRY

-- Did you know there are over eight thousand websites that mention you?

ERICA

That can't be possible.

HARRY

No, it's true. I know everything about you now. And not because of last night, but...

ERICA

Yeah, I understood. I actually looked you up too. You grew up in L.A., which I thought nobody did.

ERICA (CONT'D)

You were the road manager for a group I sorta never heard of, started your own record label at 29, sold it at 45, then started buying and selling boutique companies then invested in a small record company which you turned into the 2nd largest Hip Hop label in the world.

HARRY

It's exhausting just hearing about it.

ERICA

I know, but the truth is, it goes fast doesn't it?

HARRY

Like the blink of an eye.

Erica bends down and picks up A FLAT WHITE STONE, then another and another...

HARRY

I noticed you have bowls of those all over your house.

ERICA

I know, I'm crazy, I just think they're so beautiful...

HARRY

But why do you only pick up the white ones?

ERICA

I don't only pick up the white ones.

HARRY

Oh, so you really are crazy.

ERICA

I pick up only the white ones?
(looks in her hand)
Oh, God, what does that mean? I'm controlling, unadventurous, what?

HARRY

So you're as hard on yourself as you are on everyone else.

Erica is stunned that he caught on to that. Harry bends down, picks up a BROWN stone, places it in her palm among the white stones.

HARRY

Something to remember me by.

Erica realizes she can't sum this guy up so easily or at all.

ERICA

So can I ask you something Harry? What's with all the young girls? I mean, what's the story there, really?

HARRY

I just like to travel light.

ERICA

You just like to travel light? Oh, please, what the hell does that mean?

HARRY

Now see a thirty year old gets that.

ERICA

You mean falls for that.

HARRY

I mean, accepts it.

ERICA

If that's what you want... a non threatening woman, who won't get your number, you get to run the show...

HARRY

I think our relationship is growing by the way. Have you noticed?

There he goes again. She can't believe he's cute like this.

HARRY

I'm serious. Maybe we just needed to get out of the house. Now, you may notice, interestingly, we're walking back toward the house and its getting a little rocky again.

ERICA

Of course it's getting a little rocky, we're talking about you.

HARRY

See, I'll accept that slight hostility because I'm enjoying your company so much.

They're reached the bottom of the beach stairs. Harry looks up, daunted.

ERICA

You okay?

HARRY
Yeah, but I think I'll stay down here and
watch the sunset. You interested?

Erica checks her watch.

HARRY
Big dinner date?

ERICA
Well, yeah, as a matter of fact.
With your doctor.

HARRY
Ohhhhh, my doctor, 'cause he's not
too young for you, huh?

ERICA
No, he's totally too young for me.
But we're just having dinner. It's
not a date.

HARRY
Does he know that?

ERICA
Well, I'll tell him, but I doubt
that he thinks of it that way.

HARRY
I doubt that you doubt that. Anyway, you
may like it. Think of it this way -- he's
not threatening, won't get your number,
you get to run the show. You might have a
hell of a time.

Over, we HEAR, DING DONG.

THAT NIGHT - THE FRONT DOOR - SWINGS OPEN

And we find Julian. Looking just as any girl would hope.
Dream Date.

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

is Harry, in his robe and PJ's.

JULIAN
Hey, look who's answering the door.

HARRY
And look who's at the door.

JULIAN
Brought you something.

Julian hands him a take-out food box.

JULIAN
A heart healthy dinner from our
cafeteria.

ERICA (O.S.)
Hello...

Both guys turn at once. She looks beautiful, wearing a dress, probably the sexiest one she owns. No turtleneck tonight. Julian walks to her, kisses her on the cheek.

JULIAN
You look beautiful.

ERICA
Thank you.

Behind Julian's back Harry gives Erica the 'OK' sign.

ERICA
(thrown)
We ready..?

JULIAN
Let me just see how Harry's doing.
It'll take two seconds. Har, have a
seat. .

ANGLE - HARRY

sitting, self-conscious in his new role - The Sick One. Julian takes his wrist, feels his pulse. Harry looks straight ahead.

WHAT HE SEES - ERICA'S LEGS

as she sits right in front of him. She crosses her legs and her dress hikes up a little, exposing her thigh.

JULIAN furrows his brow.

HARRY
What? That's not the face you want
to see your doctor making.

JULIAN
Your pulse is a little fast but
maybe you're just excited about
something.

Harry LOOKS AT ERICA'S LEGS again.

HARRY
 (quickly)
 I don't think so. I'm not excited
 about anything.

Erica shifts, the hem of her skirt RISING even higher.

JULIAN
 There it goes again. Racing.

HARRY
 Doc... Impossible!

Erica rises, leaving Harry's eye-line.

JULIAN
 Oh, there we go, now I feel better.
 Back to normal.

Harry winces then rises, looks to Erica as she throws a pashmina over her shoulders in SLOW MOTION. Harry rushes them OUT THE DOOR.

HARRY
 Okay, all right, good, have fun, don't
 rush back for me and don't do anything I
 wouldn't do.

ERICA
 Well that wouldn't leave us too
 many options would it?

HARRY
 And do we wonder how she writes
 that snappy repartee.
 (whispers to Erica)
 Let him pick up the check. It'll
 make him feel older.

On Erica's shocked expression, the DOOR SLAMS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT - A BEN WEBSTER CD PLAYS

Harry lies on the sofa. CAMERA MOVES UP Harry's body, past the hospital take out carton on his stomach and finally up to his face. As the CAMERA moves we HEAR:

MARIN (O.S.)
 Hi, it's Marin, I'm not in so leave
 a message and I'll call you back.

HARRY
 Hey, it's me...just sitting around
 looking at your baby pictures...
 Thinking about you...

He hangs up, dials another number.

ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hi and HI, you've reached Brooke and
Shannon. For Brooke push one, for -

Harry hangs up then slowly sits up, letting himself feel as funky as he wants.

HARRY
Everybody's out but old Har.. .Old, old
old old Har...

Harry rises dizzily, crosses to the bookshelves. He rummages around, finds ERICA'S SCRAPBOOK, pulls it out, randomly opens it, finds a photo of Erica in the 70's, wearing a turtleneck. Harry smiles.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry wanders in with the scrapbook tucked under his arm. He notices a bowl filled with white beach stones. Harry's brown stone sits at the top of the pile.

HARRY
(complimented)
Top of the heap...

CLOSE ON JULIAN

Staring at Erica. He can't get enough of her. They're in a ROMANTIC SEASIDE RESTAURANT. And Erica's blushing for the first time in twenty-five years.

ERICA
-- So, when the land came up, I snatched it
and the house was built in record time and...
(blushing to death)
It's like a thousand degrees in here.

JULIAN
You know, they say doctors fall for
people who need rescuing, that we have a
need to take care of someone.

ERICA
Really? I never heard that one.
(starts fanning herself
with the menu)
Julian, how old are you, like...

JULIAN
-- Thirty-three.

ERICA

Thirty-three.-Okay, so, I'm twenty years older than you. More than twenty years older than you.

JULIAN

You look fabulous.

ERICA

Thank you but you know, I'm not sure where you were headed with that thing you were just saying, but in terms of us, you just want to be friends, right?

JULIAN

Honestly? No.

ERICA

Well, then, what is it that you... want to be?

JULIAN

I think I'd embarrass you if I told you.

ERICA

I was embarrassed just getting dressed to see you.

JULIAN

This may surprise you but some women consider me quite the guy. I've never been married. I'm a doctor. You wouldn't believe what catnip that is for some women.

ERICA

Oh yes I would. But, you don't like girls your own age?

JULIAN

I do very much. But I've never met one I've taken to quite like this and when something happens to you that's never happened to you before, don't you have to at least find out what it is?

ERICA

I suppose but, see, I don't date all that much or all that well...

JULIAN

Oh, come on, you must beat them away with a stick.

ERICA

Now you're kidding, right? No, guys my age, the ones I've met...well, I'm not that regular a person and they really like regular.

JULIAN

Men your age may be really stupid, you ever think of that?
(takes her hand)

ERICA

Yes I have. Many times.

JULIAN

(looks from her hand to her eyes)
There's something radically wrong with the idea that no one loves you.

Ow. Right to the middle of her shoulder, then her neck. Julian kisses her palm, then her.

JULIAN

I knew you'd smell good.

ERICA

It's just...soap...

JULIAN

How much is soap that smells like this?

ERICA

I don't know. I got it at the market.

JULIAN

Erica, you're incredibly sexy.

ERICA

No, swear to God, I'm not...

MEANWHILE, HARRY IS SOUND ASLEEP ON ERICA'S BED

Her scrapbook open against his chest. We HEAR the SOUND OF ACAR pulling up to the house. Harry wakes up. Oh shit. He leaps out of bed, this is the fastest he's moved in days. A bit disoriented, he straightens the covers, looks around for other evidence then hightails it out of there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Erica enters, letting out a huge sigh. She's brought back to reality when she hears the TV in Harry's room. She heads his way, then changes her mind and stops.

ERICA
 (yells)
 I'm back...

HARRY (O.S.)
 You have fun?

ERICA
 It was interesting. So... Good night.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Harry's in bed, clearly disappointed that she didn't stop in.

HARRY
 (yells)
 'Night...

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Erica, in pj's and glasses, sits at her laptop, writing. She hears the CHIME of someone INSTANT MESSENGERING HER. It a message from HARRYL37. It says: *What R U doing?*

We go BACK AND FORTH between their TWO ROOMS.

She answers: *Writing. Hi. What R U doing?*

He writes: *Watching Joan Rivers sell jewelry.*

Erica laughs when he adds: *So was your date a date?*

She types: *I think so...*

He types: *I told ya. (then) You hungry?*

Surprised, she types: *I just had dinner.*

He writes: *Yeah, but women never eat on dates.*

ERICA
 (to herself)
 How does he know everything!

She hesitates then types: *Actually am a little hungry but, I'm in my pjs.*

He writes: *Me too. Pajama party?*

SHE stares at the screen biting her lip. HE does the same.

Erica rises, LOOKS IN THE MIRROR, checks out her boobs in her pajamas. They look so low. She opens a drawer, rifles through it, takes out a bra, takes out a better bra.

IN HIS BATHROOM, Harry fixes his hair, tries to make more of it than he has.

Erica now wearing a bra under he pajamas, checks out her boobs again. Better. She adjusts the straps. Lifts them higher.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Erica and Harry ENTER FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ROOM, both in their pajamas.

HARRY

We are cute...

ERICA

This is pretty unusual for me. I'm not used to having sleepovers.

HARRY

Me either.

ERICA

Really? With your social life?

HARRY

My, dear, you are confusing sex with sleeping. Sleeping is something I prefer to do alone.

ERICA

Okay, good to know.
(heading for the kitchen)
So, what are you hungry for?

HARRY

(joining her)
What are my choices? I mean I know you think I'm not very discriminating but...

She looks through the fridge.

ERICA

Oh, God, what's the difference what I think. I can't imagine what you think of me. Okay, so... Pasta, left over coq au vin, turkey sandwich or grilled cheese.

HARRY

Pancakes.

ERICA

Totally what I wanted. Blueberries?

HARRY

You ever miss being married? I bet you were great at it.

ERICA

Sometimes I miss it. At night.. But not that much anymore. Was one of us just saying something interesting?

HARRY

You said you can't imagine what I think of you.

ERICA

Oh, right, but you don't have to answer that.

HARRY

Okay.

ERICA

I mean, if you had an opinion, I'd be curious but...'

HARRY

will you tell me first why you only miss being married at night?

ERICA

(cracking eggs)

Oh, 'cause the phone doesn't ring as much at night and the "alone" thing happens at night and sleeping by myself took some getting used to. But I got the hang of it. You gotta sleep in the middle of the bed. It's absolutely not healthy to have a side when no one has the other side.

She starts mixing the batter.

HARRY

Okay, now I'm convinced what I think of you is right.

(Erica waits. . .)

You are a tower of strength.

ERICA

(shoulders sagging)

Ughhhhhhhhhh... .

HARRY

Try not to rate my answer.

ERICA

I'm sorry. It's just...I'm sorry.

HARRY

You're like a thoroughbred in a world of mutts. No, you know what you are, you're like a great portrait over a fireplace. Words have been invented to describe women like you.

ERICA

(fearful)

Such as?

HARRY

Flinty and...Impervious.

ERICA

So you think I'm inhuman.

HARRY

No. I think you're formidable.

ERICA

But cold and distant. Like I'm frozen in some painting...

HARRY

Not at all. I think you're strength defines you.

(sees how sensitive she is)

But it's thrilling when your defenses are down and you're not isolated. That, I believe, is your winning combo. A killer combo actually.

ERICA

... So I can't decide if you hate me or if maybe you're the only person who ever got me.

HARRY

I don't hate you.

The moment is broken when they HEAR the FRONT DOOR OPEN and HIGH HEELS APPROACHING.

ERICA

Hello?

Marin ARRIVES IN THE DOORWAY in a knockout of a dress holding a bag from Zabars. She looks fresh, vibrant, sexy.

MARIN

Room service!

ERICA

What are you doing here at this hour?

Erica and Harry have the air of kids caught making out by one of their parents. Harry straightens out his pajamas, smooths down his hair. Erica catches all this.

MARIN

(enters, kisses Erica)

I had this big photography auction tonight, then I went out with a bunch of people, I checked my messages and got this so sad message from Harry so bored out here. I thought I should come out and at least see how he was doing.

(kisses Harry on the cheek)

Thank you for the gorgeous flowers by the way. They were so huge...

Erica nods to herself. Oh, God, he sends them all flowers. Harry notes Erica's reaction.

MARIN

So how are you guys?

(sets down the Zabar's bag)

Oh, this is too sweet. You're making pancakes? Awwww. And you're both in your pj's. Now I feel I'm interrupting.

ERICA

Don't be silly. You know I never sleep and this one doesn't sleep either. It's... What's in the bag?

MARIN

(reaches into the bag)

A quart of matzoh ball soup for Harry. I know it's not the remedy for heart problems but it is low cholesterol.

ERICA

(hating to correct her)

But high sodium.

MARIN

Oh, sorry. Stupid. For Mom, your favorite raisin-bread. And for me...

(reaches into the bag)

My favorite Vodka.

Marin's cell phone RINGS.

MARIN
 (into phone)
 Hello? No I'm here, babe. Made record
 time. Everyone's still there?

Erica feeling suddenly frumpy, fixes her hair. Harry watches her. She catches him and shrugs. Marin flips her phone shut and tosses it in her purse.

ERICA
 So, Mar, now that you're here, why
 don't you finish the pancakes and
 I'll get back to work...

MARIN
 Mom! I just got here, hold on.

She pours a healthy Vodka into a glass, grabs some ice.

MARIN
 So your ex-husband stood me up
 today. We were supposed to have
 lunch at Barneys . He never showed
 up. Was he always like this?

ERICA
 Honey, I don't know...

MARIN
 This is what happens after a couple
 gets divorced, the kid inherits all
 the problems. Not that I'm a kid.
 (then to Harry, the flirt
 in her coming back)
 So how are you, how do you feel?
 When can you go home?

Just as Harry is about to answer, Marin's cell RINGS. She picks it up, looks at her caller ID, throws it back in her bag.

ERICA
 I really am gonna do a little work.
 . . you two catch up. . . and just
 flip these in like two seconds.

HARRY
 You don't want pancakes anymore?

ERICA
 I, uh, I don't think I...I...
 (looks at Marin so)
 gorgeous, next to him
 No. I don't.

Marin watches her mother EXIT then looks to Harry, his eyes following her Mom out the door. She sees a look on Harry's face she never remotely saw when he looked at her. At first she's shocked. He likes my mother??? Then a flash of jealousy. He likes my mother!?! Then pure joy - realizing how perfect it is.

INT. BRIDGEHAMPTON GENERAL STORE - DAY

Erica, back in a turtleneck, picks peaches out of a basket. Marin ENTERS HER FRAME, baseball cap, sunglasses, picking cherries.

MARIN
I'm breaking up with Harry.

ERICA
Why? What do you mean?

MARIN
'Cause I met someone else.

ERICA
In the two days you've been gone?

MARIN
You know me, my life's crazy. I meet a thousand people everyday. Also, let's face it, the guy's insanely old for me. I'd be nuts to keep this going.

ERICA
True, but you know he is....

MARIN
-- I know. He's soulful when you don't expect it, right?

ERICA
It's unnerving.

MARIN
Now, Mom, if you could handle this, I was thinking... you and Harry...

ERICA
I can't handle it. Wouldn't want to handle it.

MARIN
But you're only saying that 'cause you think he and I have had sex.

ERICA
Yes. Lower your voice. Haven't you?

MARIN
 (whispering)
 Never even got close. Swear to God.
 (Erica digests this)
 Just puttin' that out there... 'cause for
 two people who are convinced they got
 life beat, there's was somethin' cooking
 in the kitchen last night other than
 pancakes.

INT. ERICA'S KITCHEN

Erica looks out her KITCHEN WINDOW and SEES Marin and Harry
 TALKING ON THE BEACH. She leans so far to see them, she's
 about to lose her balance. The Phone RINGS, she reaches for
 it and slips right Out Of Frame.

ERICA (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 Hello.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Julian, in his scrubs, walks quickly down a hallway of the
 ER, on his CELL PHONE.

JULIAN
 I've waited a reasonable amount of hours
 before calling you, even though you've
 been on my mind since I woke up at 5:15.
 I'm wondering when we could have dinner
 again? I have to work the next few nights
 and if we wait 'til next week, I know
 you'll chicken out so how's Friday? I
 know it's like a date night but I think
 that's good.

ERICA
 Who is this?

Julian stops short.

ERICA
 I'm kidding!

JULIAN
 Can you meet me at The Grill at
 eight?

ERICA
 Okay. Yes. That's seems fine.

JULIAN

I look forward to, seeing you too.

Erica smiles to herself.

ON JULIAN - AS HE LEANS AGAINST A WALL

turning off the phone and grabbing his heart

INT. ERICA'S KITCHEN

Marin ENTERS through the kitchen door, looking almost a little dazed.

MARIN

Okay, he's all yours.

ERICA

Stop that. How'd he take it?

MARIN

He just took care of it for me; He was an ace. Elegant. Said our fate was to be friends. ...Oh my God.

(realizes something)

He was breaking up with me. He's a genius.

ERICA

That's impossible, he wouldn't...

MARIN

It doesn't matter, we're done and we both feel good about it.

(hugs her)

I gotta get back.

(as she exits)

Now Erica, try to think of this as the smartest thing you've ever done for yourself.

Marin EXITS and the PHONE RINGS.

ERICA

(into the phone)

Hello.

HARRY

(from the beach)

Thought you'd like to know your daughter broke up with me.

Harry and Erica talk while looking at each other through the Kitchen Window.

ERICA

I heard.

HARRY

Made up a story about meeting another guy. Guess I wasn't so cute with an IV in my arm.

ERICA

No, I think she really did meet someone else.

HARRY

Hey, it's alright. Her mother didn't like me anyway.

ERICA

(smiles)

How 'bout I bring you out some lunch and a couple of blood pressure pills?

HARRY

You're a great woman, Erica.

(Erica relaxes)

Is this why my doctor is falling in love with you?

THE BEACH - MUSIC OVER

Erica and Harry sit on a blanket on a cloudy day having a picnic lunch. Harry is telling Erica a story and she screams with laughter.

BROWN STONES IN THE SAND - MUSIC CONTINUES

Erica picks them up as she walks with Harry by the water's edge. They talk non-stop.

A LITTLE LATER - LIGHTNING STREAKS THE SKY

Out of nowhere, a downpour. Erica and Harry gather their picnic things. The blanket starts to fly and Harry grabs it as Erica runs after a plate spinning away in the wind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erica and Harry, wet from the rain, quickly shut all the doors and windows. Lightning crackles across the sky and THE LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE GO OUT.

A MATCH IS STRUCK

and a CANDLE is lit. Then ANOTHER ONE, and ANOTHER ONE. Erica turns and finds Harry just looking at her. Before either of them has time to think, they kiss.

ERICA
I'm sorry.

HARRY
(truly confused)
For what?

ERICA
I just kissed you.

HARRY
No, honey, I kissed you.

Relieved, Erica kisses him.

ERICA
I know that one was me.

HARRY
Try not to keep score.

He kisses her again and again.

HARRY
Soft lips...

ERICA
I'm so glad they still work.

I haven't used them for kissing in so long. They've been more like for wearing lipstick and whistling and...

He kisses her quiet. Relieved, she finally fully kisses him back. A big gorgeo~s kiss.

HARRY
Well, well, now look who's got something that works...

They both look down at Harry. Hello, Mr. Midnight.

ERICA
And you didn't even take Via-

HARRY
(puts his finger on her lips)
Kiss me before you make it go away.

She kisses him long and sweet.

ERICA'S BED

They're kissing on it. The rain pelts against the windows as the sun goes down.

HARRY
 This could be world class
 interesting.
 (Erica nods)
 Having any doubts?

ERICA
 (as they kiss)
 Yes.

HARRY
 Me too.

ERICA
 But so far the kissing is
 spectacular.
 (He looks at her)
 I'm not grading you, just
 mentioning it. Brilliant.

He tries to kiss her neck but the turtleneck is in the way.
 He pulls it down, but it's tight and it's, difficult to get
 to her.

HARRY
 Can't get past your damn
 turtleneck. . .

He tries lifting the shirt from the bottom, it's awkward, he
 doesn't want to be down there yet. He comes back up when
 Erica reaches to her night table, slides opens the drawer,
 takes out a SCISSORS and hands it to him.

ERICA
 (breathless)
 Cut it off... Please.

What a brilliant invitation. He takes the scissors and starts
 cutting from the bottom, right past her belly, up her torso,
 between her breasts. The turtleneck falls open from the
 center. When he reaches her neck, he gently tears at it and
 it easily rips apart and there she is. He takes her in.

HARRY
 You're beautiful.

She shakes her head, 'no' ...shuts her eyes.

HARRY
 Open your eyes so I know you can hear me.
 (she opens her eyes)
 Beautiful...

They kiss and she reaches down for his pants.

HARRY
What about birth control?

ERICA
Menopause.

HARRY
(thrilled)
Who's the lucky boy...

He kisses between her breasts, her stomach, heads down and OUT OF FRAME. Erica can't quite believe life held this twist for her. Then:

ERICA
I think we should take your blood pressure.

His head POPS BACK INTO FRAME. What?????

ERICA
It's irresponsible not to.

HARRY - ' A MINUTE LATER

sprawled out on the bed. Erica straddles him and whips the blood pressure cuff on his arm and pumps it hard. Like a warm Jewish Mother of a Dominatrix. He looks up at her, shaking his head...

HARRY
Nobody but you would. . .

ERICA
Yeah...so you're lucky.

Erica grabs Harry's glasses, reads the results.

ERICA
(ecstatic)
One twenty over eighty!!! Baby!

THE BLOOD PRESSURE CUFF - IN SLOW MOTION

hurdles recklessly into the air.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The rain is coming down in torrents.

INSIDE

We are CLOSE ON ERICA'S FACE - UPSIDE DOWN, hanging off the side of the bed. She's sweaty, flushed, overwhelmed...

ERICA

Oh my God, I do like sex.

CAMERA TWIRLS AROUND and we FIND HARRY, sprawled nearby, catching his breath, satisfied, stunned, scared.

HARRY

You certainly do.

Erica arrives next to him, also out of breath.

ERICA

Wow. So this is what you're supposed to do on a rainy afternoon...

Harry smiles. He's trying to be his debonair self but something's off. He's very aware of himself. They lie there quietly for a second when Erica begins to tear up. Harry slowly, nervously turns to her.

ERICA

I really thought I was sorta closed for business. Just never expected this.

HARRY

(nods)

Nothin's ever surprised me more...

Flattered, Erica snuggles up close. Harry puts his arm around her. Then, with no warning, his eyes fill with tears.

HARRY

This is crazy. I can't remember the last time I cried. I think I'm overwhelmed.

ERICA

(crying with him)

Me too. That's the perfect word.

HARRY

Baby, I had sex three days after a heart attack and I didn't die!

Erica pauses. Oh. That kind of overwhelmed.

HARRY

That's gotta be some kind of record.

Good sport Erica gives him a double thumbs up.

ERICA

(wiping her tears)

Let's not brag about this to our doctor, okay?

HARRY

Honey I may not be many things but one -
thing I am is a gentleman.

Harry holds her close.

HARRY

Erica, Erica, Erica.
(she turns to him)
You know I'm not good at being
monogamous, right?

ERICA

Monogamous? Please, I hardly know
you.

He looks at her wondering if she's for real. She smiles as she wipes a small tear from the corner of her eye. Then he kisses her.

LATER - THEY'RE HUDDLED UNDER THE COVERS

Cozy. Candles light the room. It's still raining.

HARRY

-- So there I was at nineteen, in New
York, by myself, and I'd never seen snow
before and I didn't have enough money for
the bus, so I had to walk. Had no idea
how far it was and I'm talking blizzard
and I'm in sneakers.

ERICA

Awwwww,. . .

LATER - THEY'RE LYING ON A CHAISE

in Erica's room, making out. A Cell Phone RINGS. They both
look around for it. Erica reaches for it on her desk.

ERICA

(disoriented)
Hello? I mean...Hello.
(turns phone upside down)
Hello.

INTERCUT WITH MARIN IN A TAXI IN THE CITY - IT'S POURING

MARIN

Mom, you guys okay out there?

ERICA

We're fine. Why? What's going on?

MARIN

What do you mean, it's like a hurricane. The news said the winds are like a zillion miles an hour.

ERICA

Oh, that. Oh, no, we're fine...

MARIN

Are you having sex? Tell the truth. You are, aren't you.

ERICA

Absolutely not. No. That is not going on now.

MARIN

Oh my God, you already did it. Was it amazing?

ERICA

I have to go.

MARIN

Just tell me, was it amazing?

ERICA

Yes and thank you for the wonderful opportunity.

Marin SCREAMMMMMMMMMMS. Erica flips the phone shut, looks to Harry, embarrassed.

ERICA

(to Harry)

Am I interested in buying aluminum siding. . .

HARRY

Really? Marin's selling aluminum siding?

Erica buries her face in his chest.

LATER

Harry and Erica SIT ON STOOLS AT THE KITCHEN ISLAND, drinking wine and eating scrambled eggs right out of the pan. Candles light the room.

HARRY

--But why Paris?

ERICA

I just always wanted to write a play that ended there.

ERICA (CONT'D)

People need romance like that. And if someone like me doesn't write it, where they gonna get it? Real life?

HARRY

(slightly insulted)

Excuse me. What do you call this? Eating eggs by candlelight in our robes after...

She kisses him, starts to say, "I'm sorry" when he pulls her back, kisses her again, then looks at her hard, perplexed.

CLIMBING BACK UNDER THE COVERS

HARRY

So where do you like to eat in Paris?

ERICA

Oh, I love this place called Le Balzar, it's just a little bistro on the Left Bank, best roast chicken in the universe.

HARRY

You'd be fun to go to Paris with.

ERICA

It's a great city to stay up all night in.

(then)

When's your birthday?

HARRY

February.

ERICA

Mine's in January. So, how 'bout if we still know each other by then we go to Paris for our birthdays.

HARRY

(a beat, then)

Maybe. . .

ERICA

Oh. Sorry. You just...

(sees the look on his face) .

I have no idea how to do this...be intimate but not...The color is draining from your face. Okay, look, I'm gonna pee,take one of your blood pressure pills then when I get back, let's not talk anymore.

She gets out of bed.

HARRY
You're the funniest girl I ever had
sex with.

She has no idea how to take that. Decides to accept it.

ERICA
That's somethin'...

HARRY
Honey... ?

She turns, sees he's getting out of bed, approaching her.

HARRY
I think I'm gonna go back to my
room...let you sleep.

ERICA
Let me sleep? Oh, right...you usually
send the girls home. . .but I am home...
so...okay.

HARRY
I'm an old dog, you' know.

ERICA
Hey, it's perfectly. .. whatever.
Good night. This was..This was a
great night. For me...

HARRY
Me too. At one point I even thought
soul mates, you know...

Erica nods. She knows.

HARRY FLOPS ONTO HIS BED

stares straight up at the ceiling.

INT. ERICA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Erica gets back in her bed. She lies there for a second,securing her armor back in place. She routinely moves to the middle of the bed,neatens out the covers and shuts her eyes. Then a small KNOCK on her open door. She sees Harry in the doorway.

HARRY
I'd like to try sleeping with you.

Erica hesitates, then moves to one side of the bed and as Harry climbs in next to her we:

FADE THRU TO:

EXT. HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

The place is a mess, the aftermath of the storm.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME

Harry spoons with Erica on her side of 'the bed, his arms snugly around her. The ELECTRICITY POPS BAGK ON and the room is suddenly lit up and one of Erica's French CDs comes on full blast.

Harry opens his eyes. He's surprised to see he has his arm around her. Erica awakens just as surprised. In the light of day, a definite hint of embarrassment ...

HARRY
(grabs his watch, blinks)
Can you see this?

ERICA
Not really but it looks like it says eleven.

HARRY
(slips on his glasses)
It is eleven...

ERICA
It can't be, that would mean we slept eight hours.

HARRY
Impossible.

They turn and finally look at each other. Both look wrinkled, messy haired, a little wiped.

HARRY
How ya doin' Ace?
(she ,elts as he lies
right back down)
Whoa Nelly...little dizzy.

ERICA
Okay, just stay still, here's the clicker. You know you have a doctor's appointmQnt in an hour.
(getting out of bed)
(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

I'll make us some coffee, get you your pills, whip us up some french toast, I have ,the best maple syrup ever. '

HARRY

Erica...
(she turns)
You are a woman to love.

Erica smiles, then walks away with the achey walk of a woman who hasn't had sex in many a year but has more than made up for it in the last 12 hours. She holds onto the wall as she exits the room, a little bow-legged, like she's just gotten off a horse. Alone in the hallway, she stops.

ERICA

You are woman to love. What the hell does that mean?

AN EKG MACHINE

Spits out a long tape. TILT UP to Julian at the end of the tape. Harry sits on an examining table in JULIAN'S OFFICE, buttoning up his shirt.

JULIAN

Okay, buddy, I'm sending you home. These past few days have done wonders for you.

HARRY

Yeah, I've been working on that stair thing. I can do it by the way.

JULIAN

Do what?

HARRY

(quickly)
Climb a flight of stairs. Several times actually.

Harry stands, tucks in his shirt, smiling proudly to himself.

JULIAN

Way to go. How's Erica?

HARRY

(caught)
Erica?

JULIAN

I know you must know her name by now.

HARRY

Yes, I do. Erica, as it turns out is an amazing woman. Does whatever she can to make me happy. Really. Turns out she's very giving.

Julian, suddenly riveted to these words.

HARRY

Very giving.

JULIAN

(looking away)

Yeah, well that's wonderful. I think she's wonderful.

A real moment between them. Julian decides to take the high road.

HARRY

I think she's wonderful too.

JULIAN

(gathering his things)

Give her my best...

HARRY

Julian. Thanks for everything.

Julian shakes Harry's hand. Harry's eyes TEAR UP.

JULIAN

You're gonna be okay.

HARRY

(touching his tears)

What the...? This is the second time I've done this now. I get overcome or something. . .

JULIAN

It's very common to become emotional after having an episode like you've had. Everything takes on a new meaning.

HARRY

(wiping his tears)

So it's not crazy for a man to do something entirely out of character after having a heart attack?

JULIAN

(handing him Kleenex)

Like crying?

HARRY

Yeah and totally changing their tastes. Like suddenly really liking something they never thought they could like...ever...and I'm talking really liking it. It's...unnerving.

JULIAN

I think you can expect just about anything right now. People have done some wild things after having a heart attack...selling businesses, getting divorced, moving... Some people say it saved their lives.

HARRY

But most people go back to being themselves, right? I'll go back to being me, won't I?

JULIAN

We'll see.

ERICA - TYPING - HER PHONE RINGS

She wears a blouse with more buttons unbuttoned than ever in her life. She picks up the phone.

HARRY DRIVES ERICA'S CAR, TOP DOWN.

HARRY

(on his cell)

Hi.

ERICA

Hey. What'd he say?

HARRY

He said you're wonderful.

ERICA

No, really, what'd he say...How are you?

HARRY

He said I'm good..that I can go.

. ERICA

(obviously conflicted)

Oh. So... Congratulations. That's really.
. . great.

HARRY

Yeah, he said... by tomorrow for absolute sure. You think you can deal with me for one more night?

A CROWDED CLUB - SOUTHAMPTON - THAT NIGHT

Packed with Young People. In the middle of this twentysomething sun burnt beach crowd, we find, Erica and Harry, the two coolest people in the room, dancing with each other.

A LITTLE 'LATER - THE KARAOKE ROOM

Harry leads Erica through a crowd listening to a Girl singing Britney Spears' Oops, I Did It Again. When she finishes the crowd enthusiastically applauds.

HARRY
(big breath)
Okay, here goes...

ERICA
Here goes what?

HARRY
Here goes me singing to you...
(pulling a DISC out of his
pocket)
Bought my own music.

ERICA
You knew they had karaoke?

HARRY
Baby, it's why we're here. .

Harry makes his way TO THE STAGE, hands them his disc. He's handed a microphone. He looks right at Erica.

HARRY
This is for you, Ace...
(then, under his breath)
wish me luck.

The Music begins and it is an instrumental version of one of Erica's French Songs, "I Wish You Love".

HARRY
(sings)
I wish you bluebirds in the spring... To
Give your heart a song to sing... And
then a kiss, but more than this... I wish
you love...

Harry takes out a sheet of paper and his glasses.

HARRY
Don't want to blow this part...

Now Harry sings the rest of the song IN FRENCH. . .

-

HARRY
 (sings)
 Et en juillet une limonade...Pour
 vous refroidir dans quelque lefy
 glade...

And so on... Erica watches knowing something in her life has just that second, forever changed. And as Harry continues singing, we:

CUT TO:

LOWELL - THE NEXT DAY

Packing the Trunk of the Town Car in front of Erica's house.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Harry tosses his pills in a leather bag. .. Erica enters doing the worst job she's ever done of being strong.

ERICA
 (holding some cigars)
 Here you go, you can have these back now.
 (Harry looks confused)
 I confiscated them your first night
 here...

HARRY
 (smells them)
 Thank you darlin' ...

ERICA
 Try not to smoke them...
 (hands him a small bag)
 And I packed you a sandwich, just
 in case your blood sugar got low.
 And some of that iced-tea you like,
 and a nonfat, low cholesterol
 cookie. And a peach.

HARRY
 what a doll...
 (notices)
 Got something else?

From behind her back Erica pulls out a Mason Jar filled with all dark beach stones with ONE WHITE STONE in the center.

ERICA
 Something to remember me by.

Harry hugs her. Erica awkwardly throws her arms around him and kisses him, then kisses him better. He's moved by her.

HARRY
There is that...

ERICA
And hey, we'll always have Paris.

HARRY
Honey, no words can ever express my
gratitude for taking me in and taking care
of me and...

ERICA
Hey, your heart attack could be the best
thing that ever happened to me.

HARRY
(kisses her quickly, even
faster throws out)
I love ya.

ERICA
I love you too...if that's what you said. I
don't know if it ends in 'ya' if it's an
official I love you but...

Harry expression looks something like he's in pain. Then. . .

HARRY
You're not like anybody.

ERICA
Neither are you.

INT. CAR - MOVING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE - DAY

Lowell drives, rattling on about all the people who have been
calling about him. Harry, in the backseat, looks back at the
house, until it is finally out of view.

Harry then looks inside the bag with the sandwich and finds an
Envelope from Erica, pulls it out, doesn't open it, places it back
in the bag then takes out his cell phone and dials.

INT. ERICA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME - OVER, THE PHONE RINGS

The room is empty. Erica rushes in, picks up the phone.

ERICA
I knew you'd call.

MARIN - WALKING IN SOHO

on her cell phone, CRYING.

MARIN
Who? It's me.

INTERCUT

ERICA
What's wrong?

MARIN
I had breakfast with Dad this morning and we're talking and he starts looking all weir~ and then he tells me he met someone three weeks ago and it's "really something and then he
(sobbing now)
He tells me he's getting married. Why am I reacting this way? I'm almost thirty years old...
(people stare at her)
Yes, I'm crying, leave me alone.

ERICA
Who's he marrying?

MARIN
I don't know. Some chick he met three weeks ago. She's four years older than me and she's an Ear, Nose and Throat Doctor. Has he lost his mind? I have a huge auction tonight... Why do I have to be the one to deal with this? Can you please come in? I'm rea:~y upset, my shrink'~ away for two weeks...I know you're working but. . .please. . . ?

AN UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - A LITTLE LATER

One of those gorgeous tree lined streets from a Woody Allen movie that makes New York seem quaint. Harry's Town Car

pulls up in front of a GORGEOUS PRISTINE TOWNHOUSE. Harry steps out in shades, holding an unlit cigar. Lowell joins him as the Front Door opens and out pours his Two Leggy Assistants and thumping Hip Hop Music.

LOWELL Good to be back?

HARRY Let's find out.

EXT. ERICA'S HOUSE - LATER

Camera quickly TRACKS Erica down the front path and to her car. She's on her cell.

ERICA

Hold on, I'm losing you. Okay, so you'll let Harry know I'll be in the city tonight and he can reach me on my cell...if he wants... Okay? Aw shit. Hello?

EXT. SOTHEBY'S AUCTION HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

A Crowd files in for tonight's auction.

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

A tearful Marin is changing from jeans and a T-shirt to a proper dress and heels. Erica leans on a table, listening.

MARIN

-- Look, I get that he has a right to get remarried, but he doesn't even know her and she's like my age. You know what that's like? It's like beyond creepy. And I know he's not replacing me so why does it feel like he is? This is crazy, right? Crying like this...

(lights a cigarette)

ERICA

Honey, if he's replacing anyone, it's me. And all the statistics say divorced men almost always remarry. That's just the way they're built.

MARIN

(slipping on her dress)

Mom, you want to know the answer to the big mystery of my life? Why I'm always with the wrong guy? This is why. Because the wrong guy can't do this to you. You have some control with the wrong guy. This thing I'm feeling right now. This is my big fear...that some guy could get me unglued like this, like nothing's connected. And this is just my father! I'm just not strong enough to handle this kind of drama.

ERICA

The drama in life is what makes you strong.

MARIN

No, it's what makes you strong. You've never really understood this, but we're not all like you.

MARIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, if I were you and my ex husband, the man who I still allow to direct my plays.! was getting married to some 33 year old Ear, Nose and Throat Babe, I'd be bonkers. And look at you.

(realizes)

You've never looked better, by the way.

(sinks)

My anti-depressant is obviously not working. It should cover events like this shouldn't it?

ERICA

Since when do you take an antidepressant?

MARIN

Ugggh, mother, do you know anyone who doesn't?

ERICA

Yes. Me.

MARIN

I rest my case.

A KNOCK on the door.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE

Marin, we're all set.

MARIN

Mom, can you do one other really big thing for me? Just say yes.

ERICA

(taking two Turns)

Anything bubee.

MARIN

Will you come out to dinner tonight with me and Dad and the fiancee?

ERICA

Absolutely not. No.

MARIN

Please. He wants me to meet her and I can not go alone. I already asked him if you could come and he said it was fine and she said it was fine. Look, you're gonna have to meet her too, so, we might as well meet her together. Come on, you know you can handle it.

Erica pauses, thinks about it. She knows she can too.

MARIN

Okay. That's it. See that look on your face. That's the gene I didn't get.

INT. SOTHEBY' S - MOMENTS LATER

Marin, now all pulled together, stands at the podium in front of a packed house. If you didn't know, you'd never guess.

MARIN

Good evening and welcome to Sotheby's and this evening's sale of Impressionistic and Modern Art. Bidders should know that the auctioneer may open bidding on any lot below the reserve by placing a bid on behalf of the seller. Okay...Let's start with Lot I, the Bonnard drawing. And \$5.000 starting with my bidders, \$5000 is bid, 5500, 6000, 6500 is mine, 7000 gentleman's bid, 7500 is here, 8000 on the phone. . .

ON ERICA

in the back of the room, watching with pride and worry. She slips out her cell, checks her messages. Her phone lights up and tells her she has "0" Voice Mail.

A CLOCK ON THE WALL - IT'S 8:30

We are in ERICA'S EMPTY KITCHEN in The Hamptons and her phone is RINGING.

ANGLE - A CELL PHONE

as A Man's HAND turns it off. We are:

INT. HAMPTON'S RESTAURANT

Julian sits at a table, by himself, in a coat and tie, tucking away his phone. The Waiter sympathetically approaches the table.

JULIAN

Guess I got stood up.

WAITER

Would you like to order or...?

JULIAN
 Why not, I put. on the tie and
 everything. And can you bring me
 another. . .
 (indicating his drink)

Julian takes a look at the menu, then looks away.

TWO DINNER PLATES ARE CARRIED THROUGH THE RESTAURANT

and as the CAMERA WIDENS we realize we are:

IN A CHIC CAFE IN MANHATTAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Camera takes us to Erica, Marin, Dave and DAVE'S FIANCE, KRISTEN,
 a combo of a hot tie and a young professional. Everyone has menus
 and drinks. A Waiter delivers two new Martinis for Marin and
 Erica. They both go right for them. Erica drinks too much too
 fast.

DAVE
 (to Erica)
 Thirsty?

ERICA
 I've had a big week Dave, forgot how
 these slip right down. I'm fine. So,
 Kristen, where'd you go to...
 (burps)
 --medical school? Excuse me.

KRISTEN
 University of Pennsylvania.

ERICA
 I went to school in Philadelphia
 too.

DAVE
 Bryn Mawr girl.

KRISTEN
 That's amazing. My Mom went to Bryn
 Mawr . . .

MARIN
 Wow. So not only are you marrying my father
 but our mothers went to the same college.

Marin takes out a pack of cigarettes.

MARIN
 Anyone mind?

KRISTEN
 Actually I do.

MARIN
Okay, I'll just..have one.
(lights up)
So, this isn't going badly so far
is it? I mean for a totally surreal
situation like this.

DAVE
Shall we order?

KRISTEN
Absolutely.

DAVE
(peruses menu)
Erica, do I like duck?

ERICA
Yes. It's rabbit you hate.
(to Kristen)
I'll give you a list of everything
he likes and dislikes.

DAVE
Let's let her figure some things
out on her own.

ERICA
I didn't mean those things, Dave.
She did go to medical school.

MARIN
(pointing to herself and
Kristen)
Hey, not in front of the kids.

ERICA
(polishing off her
Martini)
I will tell you this...Dave has one
truly great love in his life.

KRISTEN
Really? What's that?

ERICA
His balls.

DAVE
Okay, I forgot to mention she can't
drink hard liquor.
(to Marin)
Why did you order her a Martini?

ERICA

What? It's not true? The man can not watch TV or read without the hand down the pants-- Here's my advice after 21 years I say who cares, they're his balls, let him enjoy 'em.

MARIN

(chokes)

I think I swallowed my olive, whole.

Erica looks up and sees something that takes her breath away.

A COUPLE ZIGZAGGING AROUND TABLES

and headed in her direction. A sexy Young Thing followed by her date -- no other than Harry. Harry stops to shake someone's hand, holds his date around the waist. Suddenly, the SOUND DROPS OUT of the restaurant as Harry and his Date walk right by Erica's table in SLOW MOTION, not noticing her.

MOVING IN ON ERICA

as the room comes alive again. Her eyes follow Harry as he is seated only one table away, his back to Erica, his Date facing her. Marin hasn't seen him. Erica tries her hardest to act normal but apparently isn't.

MARIN

Mom, you okay?

ERICA

Yeah, fine.

Erica looks at her menu then her eyes go right back to Harry. His Date is laughing at something Harry is saying. Harry leans in to her, whispers something to her. She touches his hand.

ERICA

You know what? Maybe I need a little air...

Erica rises; grabs her purse, almost bumps into a Waiter as she passes Harry's table, knocks into someone's chair, a glass breaks. Everyone turns to her, including Harry. She now stands right at his table. He smiles up at her.

HARRY

Hey.

ERICA

Hello... Harry.
(to his Date)
Hello...

EXT. RESTAURANT

Erica rushes out. She's a little high and her heart is pounding. She heads down the street.

ERICA
Oh, God, I'm so stupid...

She picks up her pace, starts running. Her cell phone RINGS.

ERICA
Hello?

Intercut Harry and Erica on their cells, a block apart.

HARRY
(walking quickly)
Slow down. You want to kill me?

She considers it.

ERICA
Harry, I gotta go...

HARRY
Erica, she's just a friend.

ERICA
Yeah, she looks like a buddy kind
of a girl.

Erica reaches a corner, can't get across, turns the corner.
Harry ARRIVES NEXT TO HER.

HARRY
Come on, it's just a dinner...

ERICA
Look, Harry, here's the problem. I
really like you.

HARRY
I really like you.

ERICA
Yeah, but I love you like you.
(that stops him)
I do. I love you.

Harry swoons and not in a good way.

HARRY
I think maybe you should consider
that you're in love with the idea
of being in love.

ERICA

Do you? Okay. Oh, God...
(stomps her feet)
I'm like the dumb girl who doesn't get it.
(tries not to cry in front
of him)
I've never been the dumb girl
before. It ain't so great.

HARRY

Let's just calm down. This was just
a meal with a friend.

ERICA

-- Did you know I called you seven
hours ago?

HARRY

I was gonna call you. I've been jamming
all day, it's my first day back.

ERICA

Uh-huh. . .

HARRY

I had these plans before I met you. But I
do like seeing you. I do. I'm always
surprised by it.

ERICA

What was I thinking?

HARRY

Maybe you weren't thinking for once and
look what a good time we had. Let's not
ruin something great.

ERICA

Harry, I won't be good at this.

HARRY

At what?

ERICA

Acting like I don't care.

HARRY

I have never lied to you. I have always
told you some version of the truth.

ERICA

(freaking on that one)
The truth doesn't have versions.

HARRY

Can you cut me a little slack? My life's been turned upside down.

ERICA

Yeah. Mine too.

HARRY

Then let's each get our bearings.

ERICA

I don't want my bearings. I've had my bearings my whole fucking life. I felt something with you that... Oh, you don't want to-

HARRY

Yes I do.
(she won't open up)
Tell me.

ERICA

I felt something with you, I didn't know really existed. You know what that's like after a twenty year marriage? To feel something for another person that's so off the charts, that -

(Harry looks down)

Okay, not your problem. This is why I'm not good in relationships. You know writers are like teachers, those who can - do, those who can't - write romantic comedies where THIS does not happen in the third act...and it certainly does not happen to a 55 year old woman. In the play I'll be 36 so it won't be as pathetic. I'm just too old to feel crushed. I've written this feeling but I never really got it.

(realizes)

You know what this is?
(pointing to herself)
This is heart broken. How's that for impervious?

HARRY

You're killin' me.

ERICA

I just wish it had lasted more than a week.

HARRY

Me too.

ERICA

That's a horrible thing to say.
 (walks off, comes back)
 The life I had before I met you. I
 knew how to do that, could do that
 forever. Now look at me...what do I
 do with all this?

HARRY

Can we talk tomorrow?

ERICA

What for? I saw your friend you were
 having dinner with, if that's what you
 want, it's never going to work with me.
 Look at me. I'm a middle aged woman,
 don't let this brown hair fool you, I
 don't have a real brown hair on my head,
 I'm almost all grey...that would freak
 you out, wouldn't it? And I have. high
 cholesterol and my back hurts every
 morning and I'm post menopausal and I
 have osteoperosis and I'm sure arthritis
 is just around the corner and I know
 you've seen my vericose veins. Let's face
 it man, that's not quite the buzz you're
 lookin' for.

A TAXI pulls up.

ERICA

And you know what? Everyday, I'm
 gettin' older. ..just like you.

Erica opens the back door of the Taxi.

HARRY

Wait.

Erica turns.

This is his chance.

HARRY

I just... the truth is... I don't
 know how to be a boyfriend.

ERICA

That's what you have to say after all
 this? You don't know how to be a
 boyfriend.

HARRY

That's not a small thing.

They're both out of words.

ERICA
Are we done?

HARRY
I don't know.

She nods. He doesn't give. She ducks into the CAB and it PULLS AWAY. Harry stands on the street, watching her go.

HARRY
(winces)
Ouch.

He grabs his heart.

HARRY
Oh, God...

HARRY - ON A GURNEY

wheeled through the Emergency Room of Beth Israel Hospital. This is not the Hamptons. This place is crawling with patients. Harry's delivered to a Latina Doctor in her thirties, DR. MARTINEZ. As he's taken off the gurney, he's immediately hooked up to a heart monitor, given oxygen and an IV.

NURSE
Came in by cab, 15 minutes of chest pain, no nausea, some shortness of breath, was hospitalized a week ago with a coronary thrombosis.

DR. MARTINEZ
Hang a nitro drip.

HARRY
You can't. I took Viagra.

DR. MARTINEZ
You have been through this before. Give him 5 mgs of Metoprolol. You having chest pain right now?

HARRY
No, and the pain I was having was sharp, not like before.

DR. MARTINEZ
That's good. Not like before is we like to hear.
(reads EKG)
Give him aspirin.

DR. MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Based on what I see so far, your heart is not in distress but I'm gonna do a rapid enzyme test to be sure. What were you doing at the onset of the pain?

HARRY
Having a fight with someone. A woman. Can a woman give you chest pain?

DR. MARTINEZ
Are you kidding? Love hurts, haven't you heard?

HARRY
Yeah, but so far, I've only given pain, I never got any.

DR. MARTINEZ
(confused at how literal he is)
All right, well you're battin' a thousand here. Your enzymes look perfect, your EKG is normal and the pain doesn't sound like the kind of pain we worry about. I think what you experienced was normal chest pain associated with stress.

HARRY
Stress?

DR. MARTINEZ
And incase you haven't heard, that can give you a heart attack. Mr. Langer, I don't know what you're up to gallivanting out and about at this hour, but if you were my Dad, I'd make sure you were home, in bed, recuperating.

INT. HARRY'S TOWNHOUSE - LATER

Harry slowly climbs up the gorgeous staircase of his Townhouse. Exhausted, he stops half way up, sits on a step, takes out his cell.

HARRY
If you were my Dad...

He pulls his glasses out of his pocket, puts them on to dial. Something feels odd, he takes off his glasses, looks at them, they're not his -- they're Erica's. He puts them back on and dials.

ERICA'S VOICE

Hi. It's Erica. I'm not here so
leave a message.

He realizes he doesn't know what to say, hangs up, then looks
at her glasses.

HARRY

(grabbing his chest)
Ouch.

BLACK SCREEN

A LIGHT POPS ON and Erica ENTERS HER BEDROOM, crying. She
flops down on her bed, picks up her phone, grabs her glasses,
puts them on, doesn't realize they're Harry's. She dials.
Voice Mail tells her she has One Message. She sits up,
excited.

JULIAN'S VOICE

Erica, Hi, it's Julian. It's about
8:20, I'm in the restaurant...just
Wondering if you're...

Erica hangs up, starts crying again. She takes off her
glasses to wipe her eyes when she realizes she's holding
Harry's glasses. Just the sight of them makes her burst into
tears, the kind of tears that have been thirty years in the
making.

ERICA'S COMPUTER KEYBOARD - NIGHT

A tear lands on it. Erica, back in a turtleneck and wearing
Harry's glasses, starts writing at a breakneck pace, all the
while, tears flood her eyes.

MORNING - WAVES BREAKING ON THE SHORE

ERICA

wakes up. As soon as her eyes open, she bursts into tears.
While in the SHOWER, the crying never stops. While she EATS
BREAKFAST, a downpour. Running ON THE BEACH, she's wailing.
Back at the "COMPUTER, she's sobbing as her hands fly over
the keys. An actual boo hoo can be heard.

At NIGHT, laptop in bed, Erica writes, eating a bagel, wearing
Harry's glasses and a pair of wrinkled pajamas, FRENCH MUSIC plays
in the BG. At this point, she doesn't eVen" pay attention to her
tears, just wipes and types when out of nowhere she receives an
INSTANT MESSAGE from HARRY.

He writes: Do I hear French Music?

Shocked, she sits up, tries to fix her hair.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Harry sits up in bed, staring at his laptop, wearing Erica's glasses, a pair of pajamas and a three day growth. A thermometer is propped in his mouth.

He writes: R U there?

She answers: Yes. Hello.

He writes: How are ya?

She writes: Great... as, she wipes her tears on her sleeve.

He writes:How's the writing going?

She answers: Pouring out of me now. Go figure.

He types: I miss y .. He stops, thinks before sending.

Erica waits on her side. Nothing, is coming over.

Then, on his side, he receives: Actually just running out. Take care...

Harry deletes the I miss y... and instead writes: U 2.

Erica slides down in her bed, wiped.

INT. HARRY' S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Harry takes out his thermometer. Feels lost. Looks at the clock. It's 10:00 p.m.

INT. LOWELL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lowell lies in bed in pj's, WATCHING TV, smoking. Harry arrives at his doorway in his pajamas. Lowell puts out his cigarette, fans the smoke.

HARRY
Lowell, I'm goin' out.

LOWELL
(confused)
Okay. Don't forget to put some clothes on.

HARRY
I mean, I should go out, shouldn't I?
Since .when don't I go out? Just cause
some Emergency Room Doctor tells me to
stay in bed, doesn't mean I have to turn
into a monk.

LOWELL
Is there something you'd like me to do for you, Mr. Langer?

HARRY
Well, no, just...well, what are you doin'?

LOWELL
Watching Lucy.

HARRY
Would you hate making me something to eat?

CLOSE - LUCY AND ETHEL ON TV

REVERSE - HARRY AND LOWELL

lying on top of the covers in Lowell's room, both eating bowls of pasta, watching TV.

HARRY
Funny women are adorable, don't you think?

LOWELL
I never really thought about it.

HARRY
Neither had I, but think about it. Funny's a unique thing in a woman. It's fun to be around.

LOWELL
There's some reason we've been watching these two for 50 years.

HARRY
Exactly. It lasts. We're not sittin' here watchin' Mamie Van Doren reruns.

LOWELL
No we're not. You feeling okay?

HARRY
I don't think I've slept one night since I've been home. Every little ache and pain scares the shit out of me...can't get a handle on my emotional life, don't know what I want, don't know if what I felt was because I just had a heart attack or was real. Plus, I feel needy. I never used that word in my life.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Lowell, have you ever seen me like
 this? Be honest.

LOWELL
 Nothing even close.

HARRY
 That's right, buddy, I'm a mess.
 And I'm no good at it.
 (realizes something)
 Those are very nice pajamas, by the
 way. Did they used to be mine?

LOWELL
 Yes but you gave them to me, you
 said you never wore them.

HARRY
 I know. But why would I do that?
 They're so elegant. Nice piping...

LOWELL
 Mr. Langer, you're always giving
 away beautiful things.

HARRY
 Awwwww... How did I get like this?
 (eyes fluttering shut)
 I'm gonna shut my eyes for a few
 minutes. Keep Lucy on...

Harry nods off and Lowell TURNS OUT THE LIGHT.

EXT. BEACH - THE HAMPTONS - MORNING - MUSIC OVER

Erica and Zoe are taking a walk. Erica, still crying, picks
 up a brown stone, explains its meaning to Zoe. Zoe holds the
 stone, makes an 'awwww' face. Erica nods, then Zoe tosses the
 stone in the ocean, fed up with hearing about him already.
 Then, Zoe stops Erica, points to something.

MARIN AND HER NEW BOYFRIEND

frollicking on the beach. He's a YOUNG HUNK in a tank top,
 shorts, highlighted hair. Erica rolls her eyes.

EXT. BEACH STAIRS - DUSK

Marin rushes down the stairs. Erica sits near the bottom of
 the stairs, watching the sunset.

MARIN
 Mom, we're going into town...

Erica turns, wiping tears.

MARIN
Are you crying?
(joining her)
I didn't know you did that.

ERICA
Yeah, it's my new thing. I've
gotten abnormally great at it.

MARIN
(sitting on the step with
her)
Is it Harry?

ERICA
Seems I gotta learn how to do that
love 'em and leave 'em stuff.

MARIN
Fucking men. You don't care when I
say fuck, do you?

ERICA
Not really. Sometimes. Not right
now.

MARIN
So now you get my theory about
love? You gotta self protect. It's
too dangerous.

ERICA
Marin, that theory... how can I put
this so your feelings won't get
hurt. It's just so crazy, it makes
me want to SCREAMMMMMMMMMM!!!!

MARIN
And how would you put it if you
wanted to hurt my feelings?

ERICA
Listen to me... you cannot hide
from love for the rest of your life
because maybe it won't work out and
maybe you'll become unglued. That's
not a way to live.

MARIN
So you're telling me you're happy
right now? This is good what
happened to you?

ERICA

No. This was bad. But for the three days
it was good, it was electrifying.

Marin's eyes fill up.

ERICA

I think you must consider the possibility
that we are more alike than you realize.
I let someone in and I had the time of my
life.

MARIN

(tearful)

I've never had the time of my life.

ERICA

I know. And bubbee, I say this from
the deepest part of my heart. . . .
what the fuck are you waiting "for?"

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NYC - NIGHT

A PARTY is in progress. It's loud. The place is crawling with
characters from the Hip Hop world. Harry winds his way down his
crowded STAIRCASE, Girls grabbing at him as he passes by. As hard
as he tries, he can't quite bring to life the guy he knew how to
be.

LOWELL

(as Harry passes)

Having fun?

HARRY

Not quite.

Harry makes his way down the stairs, through the crowded
entry and OUT THE FRONT DOOR. OUTSIDE, Harry steps into the
QUIET STREET, looks up at his house and the party inside.

EXT. ROADSIDE FARM STAND - EAST HAMPTON - DAY

Zoe is picking corn, when she notices Julian across the way.
He glances up, looks right past her, obviously doesn't
remember her, keeps on shopping. Zoe thinks for a see,
wondering how she can get his attention when he looks right
back at her, his face full of hope.

INT. ERICA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Erica sets the table for two. Zoe pokes her head in the door.

ZOE

I got you something great at the
farm stand.

Zoe fully opens the door revealing Julian holding a bouquet of fresh cut flowers.

JULIAN
 These are for you to give me when
 you apologize.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER - MUSIC OVER

Candlelit. Zoe, Erica and Julian share a bottle of wine and a home cooked meal. The CAMERA does a 360 around the table, their faces saying it all. The Women bask in Julian's warmth as he entertains them with stories. Zoe looks from Julian to Erica, relieved to see her sister smiling again.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Erica places coffee cups in the sink. Julian is next to her, leaning against the counter, holding a glass of wine.

ERICA
 Julian, I hope you know I'm
 mortified by my behavior. I was
 going to get in touch with you,
 send you a note or something...

JULIAN
 A note? That's a little chilly.

ERICA
 I'm embarrassed. I just haven't
 been myself lately. What can I say?

JULIAN
 Just tell me you're sorry.

ERICA
 I am sorry.

JULIAN
 Then you could kiss me.

ERICA
 Kiss you?

Julian nods.

ERICA
 You'll forgive me if I kiss' you?

JULIAN
 Think so.

Erica hesitates then gives him a peck of a kiss.

JULIAN
 No one on earth would forgive you
 for that kiss
 (places his wine glass on
 the counter)
 May I?

Erica nods as Julian takes her in his arms and gives her a kiss that doesn't quit.

JULIAN
 (still holding her,
 whispers)
 I forgive you.

Erica very distinctly begins to hear the BEATING of her own heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

ERICA'S COMPUTER SCREEN - ANOTHER NIGHT

On it is written: The lights on the Eiffel Tower dim to black as the music continues to play.

Erica sits back, still wearing Harry's glasses. Finished at last. She notices an empty Kleenex box on her desk. She tosses it in a hook shot across the room and it lands right in the trash can.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julian sits on the sofa, shoes off, reading the first half of the play. A fire burns in the fireplace. Erica approaches the back of the sofa, holding the rest of the pages.

JULIAN
 It's the best thing you've ever written.

ERICA
 It is?

JULIAN
 It's wonderful. It's sweet. It's smart.
 It's funny.

Erica leans over the sofa, reading over his shoulder.

JULIAN
 How great is it that I'm not
 intimidated by your brilliance?

Erica gives him a small kiss of appreciation.

JULIAN

Must we go through this every time?
Come here...

She leans into him and he kisses her fully and sweetly. She holds onto the sofa for support.

CUT TO:

A PRETTY GIRL - WHO LOOKS A LOT LIKE MARIN

eating lunch in Orso's, talking non-stop.

PRETTY GIRL

I'm totally excited about this audition. It's such a great part. It's supporting but she's a really funny character. There's this totally hilarious scene where she's dating this like chauvinist older guy and just as they're about to do it, the guy moans and she thinks he's just really into her, right? Except he's having a heart attack and she's like creeped out and her mother, who basically despises the guy, rushes in, gives him CPR and saves his life.

REVERSE ON HARRY

choking on his lunch.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Auditions are in progress. On stage, AN ACTRESS reads for the part of "The Sister".

ACTRESS

Look, we're four sophisticated people.
Why can't we all stay for the weekend?

ON ERICA'S PROFILE

in the audience. She sits in a row by herself, listening. Harry ENTERS HER FRAME, sitting directly behind her.

HARRY

I need to talk to you.

Erica freezes, horrified. Turns, sees him.

HARRY

Got a minute?

BACKSTAGE

Erica and Harry stand in front of a BACKDROP OF THE BEACH.

HARRY
So your play's about us?

ERICA
No, it's about me.

HARRY
Am I in it?

ERICA
A guy like you is in it but he's not you.

HARRY
What happens to this guy who's ..not me?

ERICA
Haven't totally decided. He can live or he can die.

HARRY
What are you leaning towards?

ERICA
Death.
(Harry reacts)
It's funnier.

HARRY
He dies of a funny heart attack?

ERICA
He's sort of a schmuck who screwed around with our heroine, so it won't be too sad.

HARRY
Schmucks are people too you know. Death doesn't seem a little harsh?

ERICA
I just went where the story took me. It's a work of fiction, Harry. Really...just stuff I made up.

STAGE MANAGER
(approaching)
Erica, we're ready to do the hospital, 'Do You Take Viagra scene... Should we wait for you?

Erica nods, horrified.

HARRY

So I'm going to be the laughing stock of Broadway.

ERICA

Harry, he's not you. He's a version of the truth of you. So to speak.

STAGE MANAGER

Sorry to interrupt again but Dave wants to know, when Henry says, "I love ya", you want that to be 'Ya', not 'You', right?

ERICA

Right.

We now HEAR Louis Armstrong's La Vie En Rose play throughout the theater. The BEACH backing is 'raised and an EIFFEL TOWER BACKING is lowered behind them. They both try to ignore the music, but it's impossible.

ERICA

Well, you look really nice. You feeling all right?

As they stand in front of the Eiffel Tower backing, FAKE SNOW FALLS from above...

HARRY

You know it isn't like I wanted to stop seeing you. We could've carried on a fun thing for awhile. Why is it you dames want all or nothing?

ERICA

I don't know, we're just goofy when it comes to love... Look, Harry, if it's all right with you, I'd like to be friends

HARRY

I'm not ready to be your friend. How's that?

ERICA

Fine. I understand.

HARRY

Anyway, do you actually buy that horse shit.. .that men and women can be friends once they've had sex?

ERICA

I'm friends with my ex-husband, but then again, we didn't just have sex.

HARRY

We didn't just have sex either.

ERICA

Then what was it? Love to know.

HARRY

Can I e-mail it to you when I figure it out?

(laughs)

This is perfect. I have given the 'Can't We Be friends' speech for 40 years. I think I invented the 'Can't We Be Friends' speech. But you know what, now I get why they never went for it. You dames got one thing right. Sometimes sex does change everything. Call me crazy, but I just don't see us out on the town, being pals, having dinner, 'cause I'd bet you anything, at some point, one of us will have very unfriend like thoughts about the other then pass the bread becomes anything but pass the bread. You get what I'm saying?

ERICA

You don't want to be friends.

HARRY

Not "don't". Can't. Can't be friends. Doesn't work that way.

(tries to calm down)

Okay, I'm moving into another phase of this thing. I'm mad at you.

(realizes)

It almost feels good.

ERICA

I think I'm mad at you too.

HARRY

Excellent. 'Cause I don't like thinking about you so much and worrying about how you are and if I ruined your life or...

ERICA

-- You've worried about me?

HARRY

Yes honey, the schmuck who deserves to die, worries about you.

HARRY(cont'd)

Sometimes worrying about you feels like a full time job.

ERICA

Well, doll, I'm doing fine. So you don't have to work that shift anymore.

Again, The Stage Manager...

STAGE MANAGER

Erica, they want you to take a look at the costumes for the dancing Henry's. These gonna work for you?

Harry and Erica TURN and SEE a CHORUS LINE of BALDING 60 YEAR OLD MEN IN HOSPITAL GOWNS AND SOCKS.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Harry FLIES OUT the Stage Door, right into the street, is almost hit by a motorcycle, doesn't seem to care.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Harry walks briskly through the park, still pissed, his pace starting to get to him. He spots a bench with a WOMAN JOGGER at one end. He parks himself at the other end of the bench, out of breath. Tries to reason with himself.

HARRY

God is a woman, I know that now. No man would punish me like this.

WOMAN JOGGER

You never change, do you?

Surprised, Harry turns, glances over at the Woman. She drinks from a water bottle then offers him an easy warm smile. She's adorable, mid-sixties, short grey hair.

HARRY

Do you know me or are you just talking to me as "man" in general, the beast women love to hate.

WOMAN JOGGER

No, no, I know you Harry.

HARRY

Oh. Don't tell me. I dated your daughter.
(the Woman laughs)
Right? I broke her heart then she married some hard working Joe on the rebound, has three great kids. What is so funny?

WOMAN JOGGER

You dated me and you broke my heart but after you I met the right guy. I've been married thirty-seven years, have four kids, eight grandkids and a ninth on the way.

Harry now fully turns in her direction, totally clueless.

HARRY

I dated you. .?
(the Woman nods)
Did we. ever...?

WOMAN JOGGER

No...we did not.

He looks at her hard but still doesn't remember her.

HARRY

Can you give me hint? A year? A decade?

WOMAN JOGGER

The sixties.
(Harry squints at her)
You took me to Shea Stadium.

HARRY

To a Mets game? I must've really liked you.

WOMAN JOGGER

You took me to see The Beatles.

HARRY

Oh, God, I really liked you. You're Sandra. ..Cook. We did. We saw The Beatles together. How the hell have you been? What happened to you?

SANDRA

Well, let's see, after we stopped going out, I went back to school, got my doctorate in marine biology, went around the world a few times, met the man of my dreams at Oxford, married him, we lived in London for 25 years. I wrote and taught, we raised 3 sons and a daughter. I've just finished my ninth book and now I'm training for my first marathon. Now, I must confess, I actually remember the very last thing you ever said to me.

SANDRA(cont'd)

You walked me to my door, I was tearful and you looked at me with those puppy dog eyes and said, "Honey, I just don't know how to be a boyfriend." Now, tell me, what have you been up to since 1964?

OVER Harry's face, we HEAR the SOUND of a SIREN BLARING.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Harry is wheeled through the ER with the gurney. Dr. Martinez runs along with the gurney.

DR. MARTINEZ

Mr. Langer... Back so soon.

HARRY

This is it, I'm dyin', I've had 20 minutes of severe chest pain, nausea, shortness of breath, blood pressure's gotta be 170 over 100.

(sticks out his arm)

Give me the nitrate, I didn't take viagra.

(rips open his shirt)

Plug me in to the EKG, I need an aspirin, I'm taking 2 beta blockers, blood thinner, Lipitor, Procardia and if I were you, I'd be pounding my chest. Ow!

MALE NURSE

You're a doctor, huh?

HARRY

Just a very sick man.

CLOSE - THE PAPER TAPE FROM HARRY'S EKG

Dr. Martinez reads it.

DR. MARTINEZ

Mr. Langer, your diagnosis although fascinating, was entirely incorrect.

HARRY

That's impossible.

DR. MARTINEZ

Your realize a severe anxiety attack can masquerade as a heart attack.

HARRY

So I'm nuts? Perfect! The one thing I'm not taking pills for.

DR. MARTINEZ

If you don't want ,to end up in here every week, I suggest you do whatever it takes to decompress. Try something with me, okay?

(takes his pulse)

Close your eyes...now give yourself a visual image of something that gives you a feeling of peace and serenity.

HARRY

I don't know. A hammock...

DR. MATINEZ

Okay, good...what else..?

HARRY

Palm trees...clear blue water...

We hear the SOUND OF LAPPING WATER, SEA GULLS. . . .

DR. MARTINEZ

Anybody there with you?

HARRY

Yes. Beautiful women...in thongs...

DR. MARTINEZ

(disgusted) Okay. What else do you see, feel, taste...

HARRY

A margarita...a Cuban cigar.
..miles of soft beach.. .

DR. MARTINEZ

Keep going...you're doing great...

And as Harry keeps listing things, Camera MOVES IN ON HIM as the STEEL BAND gets LOUDER AND LOUDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WORDS. . .

SIX MONTHS LATER

FALLING SNOW FILLS THE FRAME

Boom down to see the THEATER MARQUEE of Erica's play on Broadway. On the Marquee are raves from critics, "*****", and a banner that brags, "Sold Out!".

CAMERA CONTINUES DOWN to street level. Couples walk by, bundled up against the cold. Harry ENTERS FRAME.

He looks different. He has a beard and has lost some weight: And in his eyes, a calm we haven't seen before. He pauses in front of the theater -- loo~s at the PUBLICITY PHOTOS. He SEES Henry in his boxer shorts at the refrigerator meeting "Emily" and her Sister. He sees ANOTHER PHOTO of The Dancing Henrys kicking up their legs like Rockettes. Then, finally, A PHOTO of Henry and Emily in bed, both wearing glasses. Harry OPENS THE DOOR TO THE THEATER, steps inside and listens, hearing Louis Armstrong's La Vie En Rose, then, the audience breaks out in LAUGHTER. Harry smiles to himself.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

The elevator opens. Harry steps out, looks around for an apartment number, finds it, rings the bell and clears his throat. The door quickly OPENS and we see MARIN. She looks relaxed and happy to see him.

MARIN

I couldn't believe you were calling from downstairs.

(hugs him)

So great to see you.

HARRY

You couldn't look better.

MARIN

Thank you. Come on in.

HARRY

No, no, I just wanted to stop by and say hi and tell you I'm sorry if I ever did anything to you that wasn't on the up and up or...

MARIN

What do you mean? You were great to me.

HARRY

I was?

MARIN

Always.

HARRY

That's refreshing. Good. Well, I don't know what you've done to yourself but you look absolutely radiant.

MARIN

I'm three months pregnant, that might have something to do with it.

HARRY,
Really? Who's ..the, lucky guy?

MARIN
My husband, hold on, he really wants to
meet you.
(calls)
Danny...

A Solid Citizen of a Guy joins Marin, loosened tie,
glasses...

MARIN
Harry Langer, my husband, Danny Yellin.

DANNY
(shaking Harry's hand)
I've heard so much about you...

HARRY
I bet.. .

DANNY
Yeah, with the play and all...

HARRY
I'm famous,huh?

MARIN
Just to us. In every interview my
Mom does, she always says she made
you up.

HARRY
So the guy in the play, he doesn't
make it, does he?

DANNY
He basically dies at the end of the
second act, but it's very funny.
(as if that's some
consolation)

HARRY
Was hopin' she'd give me a
reprieve, but...

MARIN
Yeah, well...

HARRY
Yeah. Okay...Best of luck, kids...

Marin is stumped by this little visit. Harry heads toward the
elevator, pushes the button, then turns back.

HARRY
How is she?

MARIN
She's. . .
(Harry waits)
Really good. Up to her old
tricks.

Learning Italian, remodeling her apartment in the city.

HARRY
Now if I wanted to see her...how
would that go over?

MARIN
(encouragingly)
Only one way to find out, except
she's out of town right now.

HARRY
Oh yeah? Where is she?

MARIN
Paris. She left two days ago, for
her birthday. But she'll be back
next week...

The Elevator arrives. Harry salutes his goodbye and steps
INSIDE THE ELEVATOR. He turns, FACES CAMERA.

HARRY
Paris...

ANOTHER ELEVATOR.OPENS

And a clean shaven, dapper looking Harry steps off, cashmere
coat, gorgeous scarf. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM out of the elevator
and through a BEAUTIFUL LOBBY OF A HOTEL then right onto THE
STREET. CAMERA does a 360 and we catch glimpses of PARIS AT
NIGHT. CAMERA SETTLES ON HARRY just as the LIGHTS OF THE
EIFFEL TOWER POP ON, sending a flood of golden lights high
into the night sky directly behind him.

HARRY
Showtirne.

INT. LEFT BANK BISTRO - NIGHT

Erica sits alone at a table in the back of the room, drinking
a glass of wine. She looks vibrant. She glances up from her
drink and sees what looks like Harry making his way around
the tables. She leans to the side for a better look, to make
sure it's him. It is him and he's corning right toward her.
Her stomach sinks, her mind races... and before she can come
up with a single thought that makes any sense -- there he is.

HARRY
 (proud of himself)
 I knew you'd be here.

ERICA
 You did?

HARRY
 I've come a long way to see you,
 Erica.

ERICA
 You mean we're not bumping into
 each other..? You came here to see
 me?

HARRY
 Yes, I did.
 (she seems to shiver)
 I'm aware it was a bold move, one
 of those impulses that grabs you,
 but...so far, we're okay; right?

ERICA
 Well, uh, I mean, I'm just...

HARRY
 I'll take that as a 'Yes'.

Harry takes off his coat and scarf, hangs them on a hook.

ERICA
 You want a glass of wine or
 something?

HARRY
 I was just gonna give you a kiss
 hello.

ERICA
 Oh, Okay.

Neither is sure where to go. Cheek? Lips? He lands on her
 chin. .Not what he wanted, but he takes a seat across from
 her. She looks at him - utterly speechless.

HARRY
 I remember you said if we still
 know each other we should go to
 Paris for our birthdays, well, we
 still know each other..".

ERICA
 That's true, but, Harry, I haven't
 heard from you in six months.

HARRY

I know but I've certainly been thinking about you. There's a lot I have to say. First thing is... I'm not mad at you anymore.

ERICA

Good, 'cause I'm not mad at you anymore either.

HARRY

That's a relief...since I did come all the way to France and everything. And... Happy Birthday.

ERICA

(afraid of everything he could possibly say)
Thank you.

HARRY

And congratulations on your amazing success...

ERICA

It's been quite a ride. Funny, I thought maybe I'd hear from you when it opened. Where've you been?

HARRY

After I saw you in the theater that afternoon, I had another "episode..."

ERICA

Oh, I'm sorry.

HARRY

I was actually okay, but I was sure I was dying and the doctor in the ER said I needed to decompress. So I did. I walked out of there and changed my life, sold most of my businesses, packed my bags and moved to an island in the Caribbean.

ERICA

That's where you've been all this time? In the Caribbean?

HARRY

Actually...No.

EXT. CARIBBEAN BEACH - FLASHBACK

Harry lies on a chaise under a palm tree, drink in hand, Hawaiian shirt, shades. A steel drum plays in the distance.

HARRY (V.O.)

I was there about ,six hours, when it occurred to me that wasting away on an island in the Caribbean wasn't going to remotely cure what was ailing me.

Harry sits straight up into CAMERA.

BLACK SCREEN

A LIGHT POPS ON and we realize we are in HARRY'S CLOSET.

HARRY (V.O.)

So I decided to take another kind of pilgrimage...into my past.

Harry ENTERS THE CLOSET, reaches onto a top shelf ,and starts pulling down dozens of what used be called, "Little Black Books".

HARRY (V.O.)

My thought was -- if I retraced my steps and visited all the women I've dated...

He blows dust off of the books.

BACK IN PARIS

HARRY

-- maybe I could figure out how I got so screwed up.

FLASHBACK - HARRY'S PILGRIMAGE

Harry STANDS at one FRONT DOOR after the NEXT, EACH ONE SLAMMING IN HIS FACE.

HARRY (V.O.)

A lot of the women wouldn't see me.

Then, we see WOMEN of various ages SLAP HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

HARRY (V.O.)

Or speak to me.

Harry reels backwards from one Hefty Mama.

HARRY (V.O.)

But I was on a mission to save my soul.

A Woman In Her Fifties, purposively walks down a SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET carrying groceries.

Harry, at her side, keeps talking at her, even though she picks up her pace and ignores him.

HARRY (V.O.)
My losing streak finally ended when
I got one to open up to me.

In a HOSPITAL ROOM, an Older Woman on life support, scrawls out a note and shows it to Harry who sits in a chair by her side. A Priest stands in the background. The note says, "As I remember it, you were wildly insensitive". Harry lowers his head in shame. She places another note in front of him. It says, "I forgive you." Relieved, he smiles. Then, one last note: "Now, scram."

HARRY (V.O.)
Hearing what they had to say was no
picnic.

In an Upper West Side COFFEE SHOP, Harry pas coffee with a Woman in her Mid Forties. She talks his ear off. Harry can't deal with it. He looks away ~ The woman places her hand on his chin and pulls him right back to her and keeps talking at him.

HARRY (V.O.)
But I stuck it out and I listened.
Then I listened harder.

Harry WALKS down THE STREET with a ANOTHER WOMAN in her Thirties, who carries a cello. She never shuts up.

HARRY (V.O.)
And one of the things I realized
was, I was actually giving closure
to generations of women.

At the corner, the Woman hugs Harry goodbye.

HARRY (V.O.)
Although I admit, some refused to
give, no matter what I did. . .

CLOSE - DIANE SAWYER

On the set of GOOD MORNING AMERICA. She glances out the STUDIO WINDOW and sees Harry ON THE STREET among the folks holding signs. He HOLDS A SIGN that says, "DIANE, YOU WERE RIGHT. I WAS ENTIRELY WRONG. I'M SORRY." She looks him straight in the eye and gives 'him the finger.

HARRY - FULLY DRESSED - LYING ON HIS BED - TOP SHOT

HARRY (V. O.)

When you hear the same story about
yourself over and over, your life
begins to make sense and the future
becomes your only salvation.

INT. PARIS BISTRO - THE PRESENT

HARRY

It took me six months to find them
all. I visited 18 different states
but I came the furthest to see you.

A HAND lands on his shoulder and he HEARS:

A MAN'S VOICE

I don't believe it.

Harry looks up and sees handsome young Julian in a beret.
Harry looks to Erica, instantly deflated..

HARRY

Me either.

Harry stands. The two Men hug, then Julian squeezes in next
to Erica. Harry slowly takes his seat across from them.

ERICA

I should have told you he was coming, but
I was so engrossed in your story.

JULIAN

What story..?

HARRY

Oh, maybe another time. ..So...
(looks from Erica to
Julian, it all dawns on
him)

I guess I should've seen your play, then
I would've known how this ended.

JULIAN

Yeah, big twist, huh? So what are
you doing over here, man?

HARRY

Just a uh, vacation...never been to Paris
in January...

JULIAN

It's amazing to run into you. You look
wonderful.

ERICA

You do.

HARRY

Haven't been on a gurney in six months so that's somethin'...

JULIAN

Well, I've just been to every store in the city, this woman is impossible to buy for... But I think I finally found the right gift.

He puts what can only be a RING BOX on the table between Erica and Harry.

JULIAN

Happy Birthday baby.

He kisses her. Harry watches, dying.

ERICA

(reaching for it)
I'll open it later...

Harry rises, reaches for his coat.

HARRY

No, no, you know what, I'll let you two celebrate...

ERICA

Harry, stay.

HARRY

I can't really.

JULIAN

Why? You have somewhere to go?

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WAITER POURING THE END OF A WINE BOTTLE

Everyone at the table is laughing, mid-meal. Julian is doing the talking as well as laughing. Harry laughs along, trying to be an approving part of their romance but he's totally faking it.

THREE GLASSES OF BRANDY ARE SERVED - A LITTLE LATER

JULIAN

-- To the forces of destiny that brought us together tonight.

Erica lights a cigarette.

JULIAN
What are you doing, you don't
smoke?

ERICA
I'm in Paris, the second hand smoke
will kill you anyway...

JULIAN
She's very brilliant, but the woman
can not hold her liquor.

Julian puts his arm around her, pulls her close.

ERICA
I like that about me.

BOTH GUYS
Me too.

The Guys exchange looks.

ERICA
Now, if I were writing this, this
is where I'd write, 'an awkward
moment' .

HARRY
Honey, if you were writing this,
I'd be dead.

Erica laughs.

HARRY
Never fails to amuse her.

The Waiter drops the check on the table. Harry takes it.

JULIAN
No, Harry, please, let us...

HARRY
No, no, I insist. I crashed your
party.
(to Erica)
At least let me buy you dinner on
your birthday...
(squints at his watch
shows it to Erica)
What time does that say?

ERICA
(squints)
I have no idea...

HARRY
 (feels around)
 Wait, I have my. . .

ERICA
 (reaching into her purse)
 Me too...

They each take out EACH OTHER'S GLASSES and put them on.
 Erica points to Harry wearing her glasses and laughs.

HARRY
 You think you look so handsome in
 mine?

ERICA
 You know how long I've been looking
 for those?

HARRY
 Yes I do.

Harry hands Erica her glasses. She hesitates. He snaps,
 gesturing for his to be turned over. She hands them to him.
 Julian watches all this, sobered by their chemistry.

HARRY
 (tucking away his glasses)
 Once again...closure.
 (reads his watch)
 So it's only 5 in the afternoon in
 New York. What do they do around
 here for fun?

INT. NOISY CLUB - NIGHT

Camera finds the three of them sitting at a small table. The
 place is dark, loud, crowded and young. They're all drinking
 champagne. The air is strained.

BOTH GUYS
 (at the same time)
 Want to dance?

Harry gestures for Julian to have the first dance. Julian
 takes Erica's hand and leads her to the dance floor. Harry
 watches them slip through the crowd. Erica turns back, Harry
 waves. Julian takes Erica in his arms, it's clear she's
 comfortable in his embrace. None of this is lost on Harry
 and as he watches, the smile on his face more than fades, it
 evaporates and everything inside him begins to hurt.

ANGLE - THE DANCE FLOOR

Erica and Julian -- they're sexy together.

ANGLE - THE TABLE

Harry is gone.

EXT. STREET - PARIS - NIGHT

Harry, with his collar turned up against the cold, walks past the glass pyramid in front of The Louvre.

EXT. PONT NEUF - PARIS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry walks over the bridge, the beauty surrounding him just making it all worse. He stops, looks out at the Seine. He hears a classic French song in the distance, then sees a small barge, playing the music, pass beneath him. Without warning, a tear falls from his eye.

HARRY

(laughs at himself)

At the end of the day, I'm nothin'
but a sap, a stupid old sap,
standing on a bridge in Paris,
crying my eyes out.

He stops, looks at the mighty city surrounding him. Beauty's not supposed to hurt. Another tear.

HARRY

(almost amused)

Look who gets to be the girl.

He wipes his eyes on his coat sleeve as SNOW begins to fall.

HARRY

(looking toward heaven)

Anything else... .

ERICA'S VOICE

Harry?

Harry turns and sees Erica standing by a Cab with its motor running, snow falling on her hair and coat.

HARRY

Where's Julian?

ERICA

He went back to the hotel.

HARRY

How come?

ERICA

(walking to him)

He said when he saw me with you, he knew I was still in love with you. What do you have to say about that?

HARRY

If it's true, my life just got made.

ERICA

Why'd you come here, Harry?

HARRY

Because I realized what I was feeling for you, have always felt for you, was something I didn't understand, like a language I didn't speak...

(she listens...)

It scared me so I did what I do. I snuck away. Turns out the heart attack was easy to get over. You were somethin' else.

(she's starting to melt)

And when I went to see all those women, I found out I was never really present for any of them. And something inside me at some point, had just...shut off. That's when I think my heart gave out and you saved me. I finally get what it's all about. I'm 63 years old and I am in love for the first time in my life. And that's what I came here to say.

ERICA

Okay, this is the best birthday ever.

HARRY

I know I'm no spring chicken, I figure I only got another 30-40 years in me. Tops. But how 'bout we figure out a way to make this work.

ERICA

Okay.

HARRY

Okay? Okay! I'll take it.

The Barge drifts back under the bridge, La Vie En Rose piping out of it's tinny speakers.

HARRY

Honey, they're playing our song.

She comes close and he pulls her in, kissing her great. And as they separate, he smiles, relieved.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CHIC EATERY - NYC - A HOT AUGUST NIGHT

The same restaurant from the first scene of the film - One Year Later. Harry ENTERS FRAME, just like he did before.

" HARRY
Langer, party of four.. .and a
half.

The Maitre'D snaps to attention and leads Harry, Erica, Marin, holding her Baby Girl, and her husband Danny through the crowded restaurant. The Baby fusses and reaches out to Harry who takes her in his arms and proudly parades her through this swanky crowd to a round table in the center of the room. Harry beams at the prize in his arms as he sits with his family for a Sunday dinner.

FADE OUT: