

HARRY ALL OVER

by
BOB BRUSH

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. HARRY OLMSTEAD'S BATHROOM - MORNING

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. A HAND wipes clear a space on a steamed-up mirror. HARRY, just out of the shower, peers through at us.

HARRY

I'll be honest with you. Weird things have been happening lately. Little things, nothing big. But strange all the same.

Squirts shaving cream in his hand, puts it on.

HARRY (CONT'D)

F'rinstance, I've been getting question marks in the mail. No return address. And my daughter won't answer my calls. And -

(beat)

But, never mind.

(then, nicked)

OW!

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

In a jogging outfit, Harry laces up his running shoes.

HARRY

(to camera)

I turned forty-six last month.

(beat)

Okay, forty-eight, but who's counting? Not that I feel forty-six. And what does age matter?

Gets up, moves toward his closet, opens the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've got my health, my own business, my sense of humor...

On the inside of the closet door is a full length MIRROR. As the door opens, it reflects, behind Harry, two WOMEN (JACKIE and DIANE), arms folded in front of them. They don't look happy. HARRY quickly shuts the door, looks around to check they're not really in the room, then turns back to camera.

HARRY (CONT'D)
...two wonderful ex-wives.

EXT. A JOGGING PATH - OVERLOOKING THE CITY

Birds sing. A hawk soars. HARRY jogs toward us.

HARRY
But I keep having this dream. It's
the circus, and I'm up on the high
wire. I'm the greatest high-wire
act the world's ever seen.

He pulls up, a little out of breath.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Only, when I look down, no one's
there. Except for this mangey dog
with his nose in his nuts.
(beat)
Then the wire disappears.
(shakes his head)
I don't know. I guess it could mean
something.

Whereupon, with a ROAR of thumping blades, an APACHE ATTACK
HELICOPTER LOOMS up over the rise behind him, all guns
pointed straight at him! IN THE COPTER BUBBLE, JACKIE and
DIANE (the 2 ex-wives), in full military regalia: Diane at
the controls, Jackie on guns. As Harry turns in horror, a
BLAST OF CANNONFIRE strafes the jogging path, pinging off
rocks, slicing the vegetation to salad. As the CHOPPER
hovers, JACKIE leans out.

JACKIE
Bastard!

A final VOLLEY of bullets skip up the path to Harry's
shoes...then, suddenly, the SOUNDS die out. HARRY gathers his
wits...and looks around. No sign of bullet damage, no sounds
but the breeze and the birds and the hawk. He checks his body
for wounds. None. Turns to Camera.

HARRY
On the other hand, it might just be
something I ate.

Looks around again. Just to be safe. Then jogs off down the
trail, a man with baggage. Lots of it.

MAIN TITLES:

FADE OUT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A WOODSY PARK SETTING - DAY

Trees. A skyline in the background. FOOTSTEPS as we include HARRY, jogging hard, breathing hard. He talks between breaths.

HARRY

Thing about being my age?

(breath)

Gotta stay on your toes.

(breath)

Keep moving. Don't let anything
slow you down.

By now we've noticed the BACKGROUND isn't moving.

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN OC

Okay. Shut it off.

WIDEN to reveal we're not outside at all. The woodsy background is a VIAGRA POSTER on the wall. Harry's on a TREADMILL, wired to a heart-monitoring unit, taking a Stress Test. DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN, Harry's internist, stands by with a NURSE. Clearly, we're in a medical office.

The NURSE hits a switch. The treadmill slows.

HARRY

(for the nurse's benefit)

I can go further, y'know. Amazing
endurance.

Dr. Shimolean makes a mark on a piece of paper.

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN

That's what they all say. Then they
drop dead.

INT. SHIMOLEAN'S OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER

HARRY, dressed, sits impatiently as, across a large desk, DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN holds an X-ray up to the light and peers at it.

HARRY

So?

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN
I'm looking.

HARRY
For what?

DOCTOR
Anything I can find.
(then)
Uh-oh.

HARRY
What is it?

DOCTOR
(per his upraised wrist)
My watch stopped running.
(grins to Harry)
Doctor humor.
(then)
Okay, Harry. Good news and bad.
Which one first?

HARRY
Surprise me.

DOCTOR
You're gonna live to be ninety.

HARRY
(frowns)
Only ninety?

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN
(checks X-ray again)
Ninety-two.

HARRY
Ninety-six. And change.

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN
Ninety-three five, not a minute
longer. I hate dealing with
salesmen.

HARRY
Can we get to the good news?

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN
That was the good news. The bad
news is, that last five of those
years you'll spend on dialysis, the
ten before that with your arteries
clogged.

(MORE)

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN (CONT'D)

If you don't change your ways
you'll be prone to arthritis,
prostate trouble and gout.

He eyes Harry, who does the numbers.

HARRY

So what you're saying is, I'm
healthy.

DOCTOR SHIMOLEAN

For now.

HARRY

(rises)

Good. See you next year.

DOCTOR

Why do you come here if you're not
going to take my advice?

HARRY

I'm in love with your nurse.

He heads for the door.

DOCTOR

Harry. Avoid fatty foods. I mean
it.

HARRY

Natch.

EXT. A FAST FOOD DRIVE-IN WINDOW - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

A SERVING KID hands Harry a greasy-looking bag of fatty food,
ducks in to get the soda. Harry's in a brand new SEDAN.

HARRY

One thing I've learned in life:
when someone tells you "go left,"
go right. It's the secret to
staying young.

SERVING KID

(handing the soda)

There ya go, Pops.

HARRY

What did you say?

SERVING

I said "There's your soda pop."

Harry eyes him. The kid eyes him back.

HARRY
Get a real job, okay?

He peels out.

EXT. OLMSTEAD MOTORS DEALERSHIP LOT - MINUTES LATER

Along a modern 2-lane Sprawlway loaded with CAR DEALERSHIPS up and down the way, we CRANE DOWN from the "OLMSTEAD MOTORS" signpost past a glassy SHOWROOM to the LOT, where Harry's SEDAN roars in and screeches to a stop next to the SERVICE GARAGE.

HARRY gets out, holding the fast food bag.

HARRY
(to camera)
Not that I'm gonna let some kid
with a face like sausage pizza
bother me.

PHIL GARBANZO, the mechanic, comes out to greet Harry.

PHIL
Mornin', boss. How's it goin'?

HARRY
(hands him the bag)
Lunch is on me.

PHIL
You don't want it?

HARRY
I think I proved my point.

He heads for the showroom, leaving Phil holding the bag.

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry enters and moves toward the main reception area.

HARRY
(to camera)
This is it. My place.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Belonged to my dad before that. I scaled it up in the eighties, when the country decided the hell with oil.

STAN WYNKOWSKY, 48, the worrywart half of the partnership, calls from across the floor, where he's dealing with two CUSTOMERS, man and wife.

STAN

Har!

HARRY

(still moving, nods)
Stan Winkowsky. My partner.

STAN

(worriedly)
We have to talk!

HARRY

(to cam)
You get the picture.

He approaches DAWN at the reception desk: mid-30's, blonde, well-endowed. Clearly a Harry hire.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, gorgeous.

DAWN

It's Dawn.

HARRY

Isn't that what I said?

DAWN

You said "gorgeous." I've read the rules. I could sue.

HARRY

Why? I didn't mention your breasts.

DAWN

The jury award just went up. Wanna try again?

HARRY

Pass.

Dawn hands him his mail.

DAWN

You got question marks in the mail again.

Harry opens the sheet of paper. It's covered with large, computer stamp QUESTION MARKS.

DAWN (CONT'D)

And Mr. Navitas wants to play squash.

STAN

(approaching)

He wants to gloat. He moved fifty-eight units last week.

HARRY

(frowns)

Really?

He looks out the window as we RACK to the CAR DEALERSHIP ACROSS the wide street, where a SIGN reads "FELIX NAVITAS MOTORS." PINATAS hang in the window. A banner reads "EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS AT NAVITAS."

HARRY (CONT'D)

How many did we do?

STAN

Twenty-six. I'm worried, Har. He's up to something.

HARRY

Y'know, you're looking a little peaked these days, Stan. You oughta take care of yourself. You're gettin' old.

STAN

What do you mean? I'm the same age as you.

HARRY

What month were you born?

STAN

March.

HARRY

See? I'm July.

He starts for his office, puzzling over the question marks.

STAN
(calling after)
Har. Give any more thought to that
Men's Group I told you about?

HARRY
What is it? You wear furry hats?
Secret handshakes?

STAN
No. You just stand up and tell the
truth.

HARRY
About what?

STAN
Yourself.

Harry looks over to Dawn.

DAWN
Me, I prefer massage.

HARRY
Listen and learn, Stan.
(to Dawn)
Tell Navitas two o'clock.

He goes into

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

HARRY sits at his desk, holding the question-mark letter up
to the window, peering at it, as

HARRY
Course, I've got nothing against
exploring the Inner Man. That's why
God invented doctors with rubber
gloves.

He lowers the letter, dismissing it.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I, however, prefer something more
tangible.

Looks around - as if anyone's watching - and pulls from a
desk drawer a blue-bound DOSSIER with Arabic lettering on the
cover.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Little secret of mine. A rainy-day fund, absolutely alimony-free. The money goes through Barbados, then on to Kuwait. Even the SEC can't find it.

Smugly, he plops it down on the NEWSPAPER lying on his desk. He leans back contentedly, then...sits forward. Looks at the NEWSPAPER HEADLINE beneath the dossier:

"FBI IMPOUNDS KUWAITI HEDGE FUND. TERRORIST LINKS SUSPECTED."

HARRY eyes the camera.

HARRY

See? This is what I mean.

SMASH TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - AT THE RECEPTION DESK - A MINUTE LATER

On DAWN, puzzled.

DAWN

Sapperstein? Who's he?

HARRY

My accountant. Sapperstein. Weedham and Lutz. In Miami. Get him.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Excuse me. Do you have a moment?

Harry turns to see the WOMAN from the couple he passed earlier: late thirties, attractive. Harry looks - the HUSBAND'S outside the door now, talking with Stan.

HARRY

Sure. How can I help you?

WOMAN

You don't remember me, do you?

HARRY

Uhhh...Give me a minute.

She just eyes him. Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You, uh, changed your hair, right?

The woman shakes her head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
New lipstick color?
(snaps his fingers)
I got it. Club Med Cancun, two
summers ago. You're Tammy.
(beat)
No, that's right. Julianne.

She's still just looking at him. He's still completely blank.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You're not one of my kids' old
teachers, are you?
(then)
No, forget that. How 'bout --

WHACK! She slaps him across the face. DAWN, watching, winces.

WOMAN
Eighteen months ago. The Hawaii
Hilton. You went to get suntan oil.

HARRY
(it finally comes to him)
Natalie!

WOMAN
Bastard.

She turns and stalks off. Beat.

DAWN
That was cruel, y'know.
(off Harry's look)
She coulda got sunburned.

HARRY
(per the phone)
Any answer?

DAWN
To what?
(realizing)
Oh. Yeah.
(off his look)
Hey, you hired me.

Harry heads for the door.

HARRY
Have Phil put the plates on the
compact.

DAWN

Why?

HARRY

(per the letter)

Gonna find out who's asking the
questions.

He goes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROAD - FURTHER OUT OF TOWN

Harry's COMPACT moves through the hills. In the car, Harry
muses.

HARRY

Human nature. It's a funny thing.
That woman didn't plan to slap me.
It was impulse. Same reason people
buy cars, or come to work with a
loaded Uzi.

(beat)

Or get married.

A sudden BLACKOUT as his car goes into a TUNNEL. Beat, then

HARRY (CONT'D)

(in the darkness)

Twice.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SAME - APPEARING OUT OF THE TUNNEL

Well, almost the same. Only now it's 1989, the car's an 89
fancy model, Harry's a little younger, and JACKIE, 29,
pretty, Italian, sunglasses, lounges in the passenger seat
next to him. LITTLE JAKE, 8 years old, is perched in the
back, taking aim at anything and everything with his toy
laser-blaster.

JACKIE

I have such a headache.

HARRY

(to camera)

Jackie. My second. Sharp as a tack.
Mean as one, too.

JAKE
Blam! Blam!

JACKIE
Jake!

HARRY
Give him a break. He's just
playing.

In the back seat, JAKE accidentally drops his blaster and
ducks down to retrieve it as

JACKIE
He got three D's on his report
card.

HARRY
So? He's finding himself. I got
D's, and look how I turned out.

Jake rises back up.

JAKE
Dad. What's this?

He holds up a LACY, BLACK BRASSIERE. Harry and Jackie turn to
look.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HARRY AND JACKIE'S FRONT YARD - SAME DAY

BLAM! A PISTOL FIRES a bullet into the front left tire of
HARRY'S CAR. The tire HISSES and goes flat as we PAN UP to
JACKIE, who has just fired the shot. HARRY looks out from the
car, which is packed to the gills with his earthly
possessions.

HARRY
Got a permit for that?

JACKIE
Course I do. I'm a lawyer.
(then)
Speaking of which, call one.

She points the pistol at him. He puts the car in gear. It
moves off, flub-a-dubbing on one bad tire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIANE'S HOUSE - PRESENT

A GARDENER works the flower bed as DIANE, 45, wearing gardening gloves, straightens up from the lily patch in front of her house and wipes away a bead of sweat as HARRY'S COMPACT pulls into the driveway.

Harry gets out and waves. She smiles.

DIANE

Well. What brings you to this neck of the noose?

HARRY

(to camera)

My first. Diane. The Good Witch of the North.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANE'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

DIANE pours two cups of coffee as Harry holds up the question mark letter.

HARRY

You didn't send this?

DIANE

Why on earth would I do a thing like that? Must've been Number Two.

HARRY

Not her. She's too proud.

DIANE

Let me think about that. Doughnut?

HARRY

Nah.

(then)

Maybe just one.

DIANE

Take 'em with you. Or was there something else?

HARRY

Like what?

DIANE

With you, there's always something else.

HARRY
Nope. Nothin'.
(beat)
So, how's Megan?

Diane hesitates, just a little.

DIANE
Why?

HARRY
Nothing, except she's my first born
child and she doesn't answer my
calls. So I thought I'd inquire as
to whether she's still alive.

Diane says nothing.

HARRY (CONT'D)
She's dead??
(then)
Nah. I woulda heard.

Diane turns back. Takes a deep breath.

DIANE
She's getting engaged.

Beat. Harry jumps up and heads for the PHONE. Diane moves
across and slams her hand down on it as Harry reaches for it.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Not on my phone.

HARRY
Community property.

Diane rips the phone cord out of the phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'll go to the bedroom.

He heads for the bedroom. Diane darts around, stops him.

DIANE
Harry, you can't. I promised I
wouldn't tell.

HARRY
Well, you did. And, for the record,
she's not getting engaged. She's a
child for god's sake.

DIANE
She's twenty-two. And she's in
love.

HARRY
Of course she's in love. That's
what college is for.

DIANE
Graduate School.

HARRY
(momentarily stopped)
Really?
(then)
I'll drive up and see her.

He starts off through the house. Diane follows, carrying the
doughnut box.

DIANE
No good. She's on her way here. For
dinner. With Dink.

HARRY
"Dink??"

DIANE
She wants me to meet him.

HARRY
Wants us to meet him.

DIANE
No, I specifically recall your name
not coming up.

HARRY
Why?

They've reached the front door. Diane sighs in frustration.

DIANE
Let's see. Could it be she's afraid
you'll make some kind of scene? Say
something insensitive? Remember her
fifteenth birthday?

HARRY
That wasn't my fault.

DIANE
Okay, her eighteenth.

HARRY
I wasn't there!

DIANE
Exactly.
(then)
She mistrusts you, Harry. And I
don't blame her.
(beat; then)
Any questions?

HARRY
Yeah. Where's dinner?

DIANE
My lips are sealed.

HARRY
I'll be there at eight.

He takes the doughnut box from her, opens the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harry starts down the path.

DIANE
Why are you doing this?

He stops. Thinks. Turns.

HARRY
(thinks, then)
Because. Eighteen months ago, in
Hawaii, I had the greatest sex of
my life. And I don't remember!

Beat. Diane eyes him.

DIANE
Pathos, Harry, is wasted on me.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEALERSHIP LOT - HALF HOUR LATER

SCREECH! The COMPACT stops just short of the camera...and
PHIL. HARRY, clearly grouchy, exits the car.

PHIL
Bring any lunch?

Harry hands him the doughnut box, walks past toward the showroom. TRACK WITH HIM as

HARRY
Okay, let's think this through. A man gets up in the morning, puts on his pants, and goes out. Three hours later, his family hates him, his business is failing, his nest egg's impounded, and his doctor tells him he's dying of gout.

Beat. He looks up to the heavens.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What have I done to deserve this?

A WOMAN'S VOICE
Excuse me.

Harry turns...and faces into the sun. He shields his eyes to see -

ACROSS THE LOT - a 40-ish BRUNETTE standing by a beat-up 89 STATION WAGON.

HARRY
Me?

WOMAN
You don't remember me, do you?

Beat. Harry looks to the CAMERA per: not again. To the WOMAN:

HARRY
No.

WOMAN
(nods)
Then I'll give you a hint. Every year on this date. I drive by here. Then I go shopping. I buy a present. I keep it apart from the rest. I put a card on it. I sign it "Happy Birthday, Daddy."

Harry, squinting into the sunlight, hand shielding his eyes, hasn't quite added it up.

The WOMAN turns and points to her station wagon.

Staring out from the passenger seat is an 8-year old LITTLE GIRL. She's looking right at Harry with dark eyes as big as the moon.

HARRY blinks. He looks to the woman, who's watching him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

She wanted to see her father. And I decided she had that right.

Harry looks again.

The little girl stares back. Then:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Don't try to contact us. Ever.

She gets in the car and drives away as HARRY stands there in the lot. Traffic roars by on the 2-lane.

DAWN appears in the showroom behind him.

DAWN

(calls)

I called Sapperstein. Nobody answered.

But Harry's still watching the station wagon recede. The eyes are still looking back at him.

HARRY

My god.

(beat)

That's my kid.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SQUASH COURT - LUNCHTIME

FELIX NAVITAS - late 30's Hispanic, and excitable, stands at the serve line, ball and racquet in hand.

FELIX
Prepare yourself, Harry Olmstead.
Like a lamb, I led you to
slaughter.

WIDEN to include HARRY, in a crouch a few steps forward of Felix, waiting for the serve.

HARRY
We playin' or chattin'?

FELIX
(sly grin)
First I distract you with small
talk. Then, catching you off guard,
I power this small rubber ball down
your throat.

He winds up to serve. Harry eyes the camera.

HARRY
Guy hasn't beaten me in two years.

FELIX SMASHES a serve towards the wall.

SMASH TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

FELIX sits on a bench, holding an ice pack to the ball-shaped BRUISE on his forehead, as HARRY gets dressed by a locker.

FELIX
Ohhhhhhh...

HARRY
Anyone ever tell you you have the
reflexes of a pillow?

FELIX
The ball has a mind of its own.

HARRY
Let's talk sales.

FELIX
Huh?

HARRY
(to camera)
There's a reason I play squash with
Felix. He can't keep a secret. And
he believes every lie I tell him.
(turns to Felix)
I understand you moved sixty units
this week.

FELIX
(proudly)
Seventy-three. You?

HARRY
Eighty-two.

FELIX
(face falls)
Impossible.
(then)
How can I keep up with you? No
matter how I scheme, you defeat me.

HARRY
(consolingly)
Tell me your system. Maybe I can
figure out what you're doing wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - AN HOUR LATER

STAN whistles under his breath.

STAN
He's leveraging his buybacks?
That's illegal.

HARRY
He found a loophole.

STAN
What kind of loophole?

HARRY
Same one I've been using for years.

Stan puts his fingers in his ears.

STAN
Do I need to hear this?

HARRY
Thing is, he's added a twist. Find out what it is.

STAN
(fingers still in ears)
Me??

HARRY
Do I have to do everything?

STAN
(unconvinced)
Har, this is risky.

Harry puts his arm around Stan.

HARRY
Living is risky, Stan. Crossing the street. Getting up in the morning. So, for me, live a little. Do it.

DAWN, at her station, breaks into spontaneous applause. Harry turns to her.

HARRY (CONT'D)
D'ja get through to Sapperstein?

DAWN
Did you want me to try again?

HARRY
(getting a headache)
That would be nice. If it's not too much trouble.

DAWN
(blinks)
Oooh. Cranky.

She starts to dial. Harry eyes us...and suddenly

SMASH TO:

INT. SAME - CONTINUOUS

...DAWN and her desk are across the room. Harry's standing by the showroom window.

HARRY
 (to camera)
 Course I'm cranky. It's not
 everyday you find out your youngest
 child just got ten years younger.

He sighs, shakes his head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Life used to be simpler. I used to
 sell cars.
 (warming to it)
 And I was good.
 (smiles)
 Hell, I learned from the best.

We DOLLY AROUND HIM to reveal, through the showroom window,
 the LOT.

Only now it's different. Simpler. An AMERICAN FLAG flutters
 on a flagpole in the center. All around are parked brand new
 1959 AUTOMOBILES.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 My father could sell the Popemobile
 to a Rabbi.

BIG MIKE OLMSTEAD, Harry's dad, stands in the lot with a
 customer as, in the window behind, Harry looks out.

BIG MIKE
 Don't kid yourself, Charlie. This
 car's not for you. Too much power,
 y'know? Too many horses under that
 hood.

CHARLIE eyes the enormous, finned sedan lustfully as the
 camera CIRCLES, losing Harry in the window, and picking up a
 5-year old BOY (LITTLE HARRY) sitting on a coin-operated
 RIDE'M HORSE, watching. MOVE IN on LITTLE HARRY.

LITTLE HARRY
 (to camera)
 Course, in those days the buyers
 were mostly men. Straight out of
 the Big War. Used to B-17's and
 Sherman Tanks.

BIG MIKE
 (calling)
 Son! Cm'over here.

Little Harry clambers off the horse and enthusiastically
 approaches his dad and Charlie.

LITTLE HARRY

Yeah, Pop.

BIG MIKE

(per the car)

Whattaya think of this baby?

It's a well-rehearsed routine. Little Harry screws up his face, eyes the gleaming chrome.

LITTLE HARRY

Sure wish we had one.

Charlie's hooked. Big Mike puffs his stogie as we CIRCLE BACK to GROWNUP HARRY in the window.

IN THE SHOWROOM - Harry turns to us. LOSE THE LOT as

HARRY

Then the Seventies hit. Vietnam,
the oil crisis. Everything got
small. The chrome disappeared.
Women started choosing the family
car.

(beat)

Broke the Old Man's heart.

He turns back to the window. Once again, INCLUDE THE LOT. The FLAG is gone. Peter Max-y signs dominate the lot, which is filled with COMPACT CARS.

In the center of the lot sits an AMBULANCE, lights flashing...while on the ground, spread-eagled, lies BIG MIKE, like a felled sequoia, dead as a doornail.

Harry turns from the window.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anyway -

From behind him comes a VOICE.

JAKE

Dad?

Harry whirls to see Jake, 18, standing in the center of the showroom as STAN, nearby, looks him over with a vague disapproval.

STAN

Jake's here.

Jake gives Harry a stoner's wave.

JAKE
Dudester!

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Harry bustles in, making way for the prodigal son.

HARRY
C'mon in.

JAKE
Hey, thanks.

HARRY
Make yourself at home. Put your
feet up.

Jake, sitting in a chair by Harry's desk, puts his feet up on the desk.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That was really a figure of speech.

JAKE
Oh, yeah.

He takes his feet down.

HARRY
So, what can I do ya for? How's
life?

JAKE
I graduated. If that's what you
mean.

HARRY
Yeah. Sorry I couldn't be there.
Y'know your Mom and ...

JAKE
...her gun.

HARRY
Yah. So, what's next? College?
Work?

HARRY (CONT'D)
(off Jake's blank)
Your future. Got a plan?

JAKE
 (as it trickles down)
 Oh. Yeah. Well, see..I've been
 thinking about that. My future? An'
 I decided what I wanna be.

HARRY
 Great!

JAKE
 I wanna be just like you.

SMASH TO:

INT. HARRY'S CAR - TWO HOURS LATER

This time it's a really snazzy SPORTS MODEL. Harry, dressed
 in a TUXEDO, speaks to the camera.

HARRY
 Okay. Let's examine this. When a
 kid says -

SMASH TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - EARLIER - RESUME

CLOSE ON JAKE

JAKE
 I wanna be just like you.

SMASH TO:

INT. HARRY'S CAR - RESUME

HARRY
 ---Couple of things spring to mind.
 Number one is, gee, I'm flattered.
 (beat)
 Then you realize you're the "you"
 he's talking about. Which brings us
 to -

SMASH TO :

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - EARLIER - RESUME

HARRY
Why?

JAKE
Huh?

HARRY
Why like me?

Jake blinks. Possibly hadn't thought through it this far.

JAKE
I dunno. Cause you're so cool.

He picks up the the little CAR MODEL on the desk, gives Harry a happy grin.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Vrooom...

HARRY
Okay. But when you say you want to be like me, what does that mean, exactly?

JAKE
I see what you're asking. Like what'm I gonna do.

Jake sets down the car, leans forward in a more-or-less businesslike way, slides over a sheet of paper, takes a pen from Harry's blotter.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Okay. Here's how I see it.

He writes. Harry, impressed, looks over. Jake finishes writing, looks at his list.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(reading it over)
Travel. Party...and screw everything that moves.

Harry just stares. Jake looks up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Til I'm twenty-five.

Beat.

HARRY
Then what?

JAKE
Then I take over the business.
(beat)
You're not going to live forever,
right?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - (THAT) NIGHT

Harry's sportscar screeches up to the VALET stand in front.
Harry looks out the window.

HARRY
(to camera)
That's when I knew things were
absolutely getting out of hand.

He takes the ticket from the VALET and moves out of frame as,
behind, we RACK to the RESTAURANT WINDOW, in which sit DIANE,
MEGAN, and DINK. DIANE has seen Harry. She says something to
Megan, who's reaction we can read. She mouths: "What??"

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

ON HARRY stepping up to the table. Big smile.

HARRY
Hello, Pumpkin. Sorry I'm late.
(as DINK starts to rise)
Don't get up. They're bringing a
chair.

MEGAN
(to Diane, screaming)
What is he doing here?

DIANE
I didn't tell him.

HARRY
(to Megan)
This used to be your mom's favorite
restaurant.

DIANE
Not mine.

HARRY
Well then, coincidence.
(to the WAITER with the
chair)
Thank you.
(he sits. To DINK)
Hi. I'm the dad.

Before DINK can speak --

MEGAN
Dad -

HARRY
Let me make this easy for you,
okay, Pumpkin? You're my daughter.
I love you. So you didn't invite
me. I understand. Good for you.
(then)
Except, I know that someday - maybe
not now, but eventually - you'd
find yourself feeling lousy that I
wasn't here. And I don't want that
for you, Okay?
(then, to DINK)
So. Let's get down to business.
Have you two thought about just
living together?

Dink looks to Megan. Diane grabs a wine glass.

DIANE
Down the hatch.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Harry stands at the urinal, talking straight over it to us.

HARRY
Truth is, he's a nice enough kid.
But that's the point, isn't it? We
all start out nice. Thirty years
later we're all gargoyles with
regrets.

The DOOR bangs open. Megan stands in the doorway. A couple of
other guys turn and zip up nervously.

MEGAN
(to the room)
Everyone out.

HARRY
(zips, turns)
Is no place sacred?

MEGAN
We're going to talk.

HARRY
Your urinal, or mine?

MEGAN
How could you do this?

HARRY
I told you -

MEGAN
Bullshit.

HARRY
You sound like your mom.

MEGAN
Don't sweet talk me. You couldn't,
just this once, honor my wishes?

HARRY
What wishes?

MEGAN
Exactly.
(then)
So what's your plan? Make a scene?
Set fire to the place? Challenge
Dink to an arm-wrestling contest?

HARRY
I'm just here to remind you that
marriage is -

MEGAN
Stop. Don't go there, okay? Because
when it comes to commitment, your
clueless, Dad. Do you hear me?
Clueless.

Beat. Harry thinks about this.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I love Dink. And I'm going to marry
him. With or without your
blessings.

Harry nods. Beat, then

HARRY
What is it, you're pregnant?

Beat. Megan turns and stalks out. Whereupon a MAN steps out of the stall he's been trapped in. He looks to Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Daughters. Go figure.

CUT TO

EXT. THE RESTAURANT BAR - HALF HOUR LATER

ANGLE - Across the room to Diane, Megan and Dink at their table, chatting and laughing...as the BARTENDER enters the shot looking over.

BARTENDER
Nice lookin' family. Anybody you know?

WIDEN to include HARRY, perched at the bar, nursing a martini and an almost-empty platter of BUFFALO WINGS in front of him.

HARRY
You could say that.

BARTENDER
How come you're not with 'em?

HARRY
They took my chair.
(per the buffalo wings)
Gimme some more of these, will ya?

BARTENDER
(makes a face)
You sure? That's your third one.
All that fried food -

HARRY
Who're you, Martha Stewart?

The Bartender shrugs and goes off. Harry eyes the camera.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Not that I'm sore about this. Hell, it's her night. Who am I to stop her from making the biggest mistake of her life?

A VOICE
Coward.

WIDEN to include BIG MIKE OLMSTEAD, now sitting next to Harry. Looking straight ahead, he sips from an old-fashioned bottle of Schlitz beer.

Harry eyes his drink suspiciously.

HARRY

Uh-oh.

Puts the drink down. Looks again: Mike's still there.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Dad?

BIG MIKE

Trouble with you, son, is you never had sand.

HARRY

Sand.

BIG MIKE

Guts. You can't win a war without casualties. It's you or it's them.

HARRY

Who's "them?"

BIG MIKE

Japs. Krauts. Women.

He sips his beer.

HARRY

No, see, times have changed since -

BIG MIKE

Nothin' changes. You do what's right.

HARRY

Okay. And what's right?

BIG MIKE

What's right is right.

HARRY

(a little desperate)

No. That's not good enough, Dad.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's what you always said. But you never said what it means.

Big Mike's sphinx-like. Harry eyes his drink.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I've got a child, Dad. A little
girl.

He looks up to Big Mike...who isn't there anymore.

DINK
(behind him)
Sir?

Harry turns to Dink - tall, handsome, hunky, respectful.

DINK (CONT'D)
Don't you think we should try and
work this out?

Harry gives us a look per: hey, he came to me.

SMASH TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The VALET stands with his arm extended as HARRY drapes his
tux jacket over it.

HARRY
Okay. Let's go.

WIDEN. Several other valets are forming a circle around Harry
and Dink, who stands there helplessly as...

INT. THE RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

DIANE glances out at the circle of valets, sees Harry and
Dink, frowns.

MEGAN
(hasn't seen yet)
Mom?

DIANE
Oh god.

EXT. PARKING LOT - RESUME

Dink tries to keep a lid on the situation.

DINK
Sir, this is not what I meant when -

HARRY

I know what you meant. Thought
you'd schmooze the Old Man.
Preemptive strike, calm the waters,
pave the way for your Trip Down the
Aisle?

DINK

You're drunk.

HARRY

You wish. Let's go.

He begins to circle Dink, who doesn't reciprocate.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think I should warn you, I did
some fighting in college.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Didn't we all.

He circles past MEGAN and DIANE who have moved out to watch.

MEGAN

Dad went to college?

DIANE

Not to my knowledge.

MEGAN

What did he do?

DIANE

Traveled. Partied. Screwed
everything that moved.

Harry does an Ali Shuffle to Dink.

DINK

There's no way I can talk you out
of this?

HARRY

(shakes head)

First to fall, winner take all.

He takes a SWIPE at Dink, who steps back.

Harry tries a roundhouse right. Misses. A left hook. Dink
ducks it.

MEGAN looks on in horror. DIANE just shakes her head in resigned disgust as HARRY, frustrated, breathing hard, reviews his strategy...and launches a JAB into Dink's MIDSECTION.

DINK doubles over. Harry steps back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 There. That got your attention.
 (then, looking around)
 Boy, hot out here, isn't it?
 (beat)
 Did somebody -

HARRY'S EYES go glassy. He KEELS OVER.

CLOSE ANGLE as HARRY'S HEAD hits the pavement. He groans. Looks up groggily.

HIS POV - DINK, MEGAN, DIANE, the VALET and the BARTENDER crowding over him, looking down.

MEGAN
 Dad??

DINK
 Should we get a doctor?

BARTENDER
 Nah. He'll be okay. Ate too many Buffalo wings.

MOVE IN on Harry. His eyes start to glaze.

HARRY
 Call Sapperstein.

His eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

A WINDOW SHADE SNAPS OPEN with a rattle, daylight pouring in on HARRY, in a bed. He opens his eyes, sees THE SASH CORD of the window shade, the pull ring dances and dangles. It's shaped like a QUESTION MARK. Outside there's a RUMBLE of distant THUNDER. RACK FOCUS as DIANE, in a business suit, steps into the shot, holding a glass of water.

DIANE
 Welcome back.

HARRY
I thought I was dead.

DIANE
No such luck. You're unkillable,
Harry. Heaven won't take you, and
Hell's all booked up.

She sits on the bed, drops some Alka Seltzers in the glass.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Who's Sapperstein?

HARRY
Never mind that. Where's my
daughter?

DIANE
Gone back to New Haven.

HARRY
Concerned for me, was she?

DIANE
She was for dumping your corpse in
the swimming pool.
(sighs)
Good kid, but headstrong.

HARRY
She hates me.
(long beat)
You're not going to argue with
that?

Diane eyes him quizzically.

DIANE
You really wanted to help, didn't
you? My my. Will wonders never
cease.

She gets up, heads for the door.

HARRY
Where ya goin'?

DIANE
To work. Didn't I tell you? No, of
course, you never asked. I have a
job.

HARRY
You could play hooky.

She turns back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We could pull the curtains, dim the
lights...

DIANE
No lights.

HARRY
That's right. You didn't like
lights.

DIANE
No, I liked lights. Then.

HARRY
Put on some Sinatra.
(off her look)
Air Supply?

DIANE
Wrong chick.

HARRY
Okay, no music. Just -

Diane kisses him. It's a long one. They break. Harry just
looks at her. He hadn't remembered that fire.

DIANE
Be nice, wouldn't it? Pull back the
sheets, turn back the years. Maybe
do things better this time.

Harry wants to respond, but she puts her finger on his lips.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Except I can't, Harry. I'm not who
I was. Nobody is. Except you.

She removes her finger. He looks up at her.

HARRY
I think I'm in trouble, Babe.

DIANE
(nods)
Course you are.
(loving, sad)
You're Peter Pan. And you've lost
your shadow.

HARRY
(very vulnerable)
Y'think...

Diane smiles. A long look at him. Then, she shakes her head.

DIANE
My Wendy days are over. Pick on on
somebody else.
(rises)
This ride is closed.

She turns and goes out. Harry lies there. Hold, then

CUT TO:

EXT. OLMSTEAD MOTORS CAR LOT - HALF HOUR LATER

CRANE DOWN on the showroom. It's still early, the showroom's not open yet. The SPORTSCAR, top down, sits among the others parked in the lot - with HARRY in it, just sitting there listening to the car radio. MOVE IN as

NEWS ANNOUNCER
Topping the news, the Department of
Homeland Security confirmed today a
direct link between terrorist
activities and an offshore US fund
operating through the Emirate of
Kuwait. Unnamed FBI sources
indicated a series of arrests was
imminent, while in Kuwait City -

Harry shuts off the radio. He turns to us.

HARRY
Hell, it could be worse.

Looks out to the two-lane in front of him.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I could be lying dead on that
highway.
(beat)
Have my head torn off by a
chainsaw.

HIS POV - ACROSS THE HIGHWAY - a mangey-looking MUTT sits on the sidewalk, its nose snarfling its nuts.

Back to Harry, deadpan.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(CONT'D)
I could be fifty.

PHIL
(approaching)
Boss?

HARRY
What, do you sleep here?

PHIL
Came in early.
(per Harry's tux)
What's your excuse?

HARRY
Buffalo wings.

PHIL
Anyway, when I got here, I found
this.
(points)
Over there on the ground.

Holds out a beat-up ENVELOPE.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Got your name on it.

HARRY
(one look)
Throw it away.

PHIL
You're not gonna open it?

HARRY
(sighs)
No, Phil. I am not going to open
it. Would you like to know why?
Because what's in this I already
have plenty of. Okay? More than
plenty. In fact, my whole goddamn
life is...

Phil has opened the envelope...and pulled out a small 1" by
2" cardboard square. He hands it to Harry, who looks.

ON THE SQUARE: along the edges drawn in crayon, the usual
QUESTION MARKS. In the center, drawn in a child's hand,
there's a HEART.

Harry eyes it, flips it over.

ON THE OTHER SIDE - is a SCHOOL PHOTO of an 8-YEAR OLD GIRL, eyes as big as the moon. We've seen her before. Along the bottom is stenciled "WINDSOR ELEMENTARY."

HARRY starts to laugh. Low, but real...while, at the same time, a TEAR comes to his eye.

PHIL
Boss? You okay?

HARRY
What time is it?

PHIL
Almost eight. Why?

HARRY
I can make it.

He starts the car as DAWN comes hustling out from the showroom.

DAWN
Harry, wait!

HARRY
Can't!!

He grinds the gears into reverse, pulls back.

DAWN
Sapperstein called you back.

HARRY
What'd he say?

DAWN
(checks the message)
"Run for your life."

HARRY
(laughs)
Of course! Of course he did!

He grinds into first and BLOWS BY Dawn and Phil. Blows by STAN, just coming out the door.

STAN
(calls)
Harry. Harry!
(no response)
Where ya goin'?

Harry's car roars down the 2 lane. Stan turns to Dawn.

STAN (CONT'D)
(a little plaintive)
Where's he goin'?

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROAD - MORNING - HELICOPTER SHOT

Harry's convertible tears ass along the winding road.

HARRY'S VOICE VO
And that's the question, isn't it?
When you come right down to it?
It's not where you've been, it's
where you're goin'.

EXT. WINDSOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Cars, kids, parents, school buses, crossing guards. It's noisy and busy. HARRY'S SPORTS CAR, top still down, pulls up along the curb. Above it all, we hear more THUNDER.

HARRY'S VOICE VO
One door closes, another one opens
up. That's called life. You can
count on it.

FROM THE CAR - HARRY looks over to

THE CROSSWALK - where the LITTLE GIRL, in a yellow RAIN SLICKER, a pack on her back, crosses the street among a crowd of other kids and heads for the front steps.

HARRY taps the horn. It beeps, but the sound's almost lost in the general noise. The LITTLE GIRL keeps walking. HARRY beeps again. SHE keeps walking. HE'S about to call out when...

THE LITTLE GIRL turns. Almost like she knew he'd be there.

HARRY'S frozen.

SHE STANDS, looking at him. Eyes as big as the moon...and then...

SHE WAVES. Just a little one.

HARRY waves back. Just a little one. The LITTLE GIRL turns and skips up the school steps. Harry turns to camera, hope in his eyes.

HARRY

Like I said. The trick is, keep
movin'. Don't let anything slow you
down.

Whereupon...

FOUR CARS - 2 UNMARKED, 2 POLICE CRUISERS - suddenly ROAR
into the shot on all sides of Harry, cutting off all
possibility of exit! From the windows of each, GUNS appear,
aimed at Harry...as a MAN WITH A BULLHORN barks
electronically from one car.

MAN WITH BULLHORN

Olmstead? FBI.

(then)

Freeze.

Harry turns to camera as...the CLOUDS open up. RAIN pours
into his open convertible...and we

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO