

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.