



NOTE: Scene #'s not consecutive.

Changes marked by: \*

Script Dated 3/21/90.

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY  
BY  
STEVE MARTIN

3/21/90  
EXT. SKY - DAY

SCENE #'S  
1

An airplane lands at LAX. Pan down to a billboard of the sun-baked body of a bikini-clad girl.

TITLE CARD: LOS ANGELES

THEN: TEMPERATURE, 71

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

2

A group of real girls are sunbathing by a rooftop pool. A vista of the city lies beyond them.

A HOT DOG STAND in the shape of a hot dog moves up into the frame, suspended from chains attached to A HELICOPTER. We follow it across the Los Angeles horizon, seeing the giant HOT DOG from above, as it passes over a mosaic of swimming pools.

EXT. POOL - DAY

9

A girl dives silently into a swimming pool.

MONTAGE - LOS ANGELES

3

at its best: smogless skies, clear freeways, the beach, a woman's 4  
behind in jeans that we find out is a man's. Beverly Hills 6  
mansions, etc., mixed in with the weird structures like houses in 7  
West Hollywood, and fuzzy '56 Plymouths. Sunrises, sunsets, 8  
palms.

(+License Plates)

8A

EXT. STREET - DAY

10

Driveways just out in front of their houses in perfect symmetry. In SLOW MOTION the occupants simultaneously appear out of their front doors and BALLETTICALLY retrieve the morning papers, in perfect time with the music.

EXT. STREET - DAY

11

We see a parking sign that reads, "Libra parking only". A beautifully coiffured guy slips his car perfectly into the space, while teasing his hair in the rear view mirror.

EXT. STREET - DAY

12

A TRAFFIC LIGHT at a crosswalk reads, "UH, LIKE WALK," then changes to "UH, LIKE DON'T WALK".

EXT. CURB - DAY

13

A man stops at a curb. A valet parker grabs his car. The man walks up to a coin-operated newspaper bin, gets a paper, and hands his ticket back to the valet parker.

(+Orange Trees/Oranges Fall)

13A

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EXT. STREET - DAY

14

A four-way stop, shot from overhead. A car waiting at each sign. They simultaneously start across the intersection and smash into each other.

EXT. STREET - DAY

15

Construction site. A sign reads, "To be built on this site, The Ugliest Fucking Building You've Ever Seen".

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

16

The digital freeway condition sign. It reads, "CLEAR SAILING". The freeway is wide open.

EXT. STREET - DAY

17

A street magician plays the electric guitar for money. We follow the cord around the block to see it's connected to a bank of generators and recording equipment manned by all-pro operators.

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

18

One of those car dumps where hundreds of squashed cars sit on top of one another. There's a 20 year old kid in front in a uniform. The sign above reads, "Val's Gourmet Airport Parking, 50 cents".

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

19

A man in beach gear and sandals walks down the sidewalk with a Christmas tree under his arm.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

20

Flat-chested women go into a medical building while women with large breasts exit.

(Sc.21 omitted)

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

22

An elderly man hobbles out of a building using a walker. He approaches an open top Italian automobile parked in a handicapped zone. He looks around furtively, tosses his walker in the back of his car and spryly gets in.

EXT. LOS ANGELES PARK - DAY

23

We are tight on the face of Harris K. Telemacher. He is outdoors, exercising.

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HARRIS (V.O)

My name is Harris K. Telemacher. I live in Los Angeles and I've had seven heart attacks...all imagined. That is to say, I was deeply unhappy, But I didn't know it because I was so happy all the time...that is to say, if I hadn't met her, I wouldn't have known how lucky I was to have met her. I hope I didn't confuse you. Anyway, this is what happened to me, and I swear it's all true.

THREE QUICK CUTS

-- We see he is on a stationary bike, pedaling fiercely.

-- Wider, we see his bike is on a jogging track with fifteen or so other stationary bike riders.

--Wider again, we see the entire picture: a jogging track with the stationary bike riders (with a few men on rowing machines), pedaling away under the Los Angeles sun and a sign in the foreground saying, "Stationary Bike Riding Park, gift of Shore, Davis, Manella, Selton and Fenner" and then underneath, "No Running."

EXT. HARRIS' APT. - DAY

24

He gets in his Honda and backs it into the street.

INT. HARRIS' CAR - DAY

25

The radio voice says "...heavy traffic all over town today." Harris makes a mental note, and a quick turn with the car. His street is jammed with stalled traffic.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Montage:

-Harris drives across a strand of lawns past the traffic.

26 \*

\*

-Up a driveway into someone's backyard and out through a stand of bushes back onto a traffic jammed street.

27 \*

\*

\*

-Cuts across a corner gas station forecourt, over a main street and into an alleyway.

28 \*

\*

\*

-Across an intersection, just missing traffic, and into a second alleyway.

29 \*

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-Around a corner, just making the gap between a back-up truck and a loading bay. 30\*

-Across the La River. 31\*

-Across more stalled traffic down a dusty road under the pillars of a bridge(the car gets dirty). 32\*

-Up a 45 degree incline dirt road up the Hollywood Hills. 33\*

-Down a flight of steps. 34\*

-Through a line of sprinklers(car gets clean). 35\*

-Across a highway central divider and into the TV Studio(Heading for a brick wall that turns out to be a moving piece of scenery). 36\*

-Into his reserved parking space at "Sunumono Broadcasting Inc." 36A\*

-He checks his watch, looks up at the sky and makes some notes. 36B\*

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY 37

Harris and FRANK SWAN, his agent, are walking down a hall.

FRANK

Well why not? You've done commercials before...You've made more money off that Honda commercial than anything. It's just an audition. As your agent I've got to advise you...

HARRIS

Look. I got too much going for me right now to blow it by doing commercials. Besides, I have to believe in what I'm doing or I'm worthless. I'm talking about self-respect.

VOICE

Five seconds, Harris.

HARRIS

Right. Did you hear what the weather's supposed to be like tomorrow?

FRANK

Sunny, warm.

They turn a corner into a TV studio.

38

On the countdown, "three...two...one...", he jumps in front of the TV cameras to take his position in front of a weather map.

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HARRIS  
(into camera)  
HEY, HEY, HEY! It's time for the WAC  
WAC WACKY week-end weather! Sunny and  
warm tomorrow!

He takes a drink from a drinking glass and spits it out on the floor.

HARRIS  
Okay, here's the report: Muggy followed  
by Toogy, Wiggy and Thurggy. Seriously,  
Tuesday, 72, Wednesday, 72, Thursday,  
watch out, 73, Friday, whew, 72 again.  
Saturday is your mystery day...maybe  
rain, maybe sun...Sunday..watch out...72  
again..surprise.

He points to weather map and moves plastic clouds all over it.  
Half of the clouds fall on the floor.

HARRIS  
(continuing)  
Here we have a low pushing out the high  
and here's that high we talked about  
moving up to the higher yet lower  
pressure area.

The map falls down with all its stuff.

HARRIS  
Got it? And that's the weather for the  
week.

The other newsmen OVER-LAUGH hysterically. The FEMALE NEWS  
REPORTER, who's more serious, speaks to Harris.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER  
Harris, someone told me you have a Phd.  
in Arts and Humanities...

HARRIS  
Yes, I do.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER  
Lot of good it did you.

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On Harris look we cut.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

39

Harris' boss, Tod, much younger than he, is talking to Harris.

TOD

Harris, Harris. What's wacky?

HARRIS

What's wacky?

TOD

What's wacky about your last weather forecast?

HARRIS

It was pretty wacky

TOD

Uh uh. No. Not wacky.

HARRIS

Not wacky?!!!

Harris emits a sarcastic guffaw.

TOD

That's what we bought with you. You're doing some kind of intellectual stuff out there.

HARRIS

Intellectual stuff? Maybe intellectual to you, because you were educated with a banana and an inner tube. Are you kidding, this is an intellectual free zone.

TOD

More wacky, less egghead.

He takes out his portable electronic note taker.

HARRIS

Let me just jot that down, more wacky, less egghead. And what was your name again?

INT. TRUDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

40

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A nice Westwood apartment, walking distance to the village. We hear SOUNDS of someone MOVING around in the bathroom. He rises and crosses to the hall door.

HARRIS  
(trying to get her moving)  
We're late aren't we?

TRUDI sticks her head out of the bedroom. She's early thirties, stylish, but slightly too Gucci, slightly too "done up".

TRUDI  
It's only one o'clock.

She ducks back in the bathroom.

HARRIS  
That's what time we're supposed to be there. It's my mistake. If I say the lunch is at one, I figure if I pick you up at 12:40, we'll get there in time. Which is fine. But what I don't count on is the twenty minutes of.....abstract "busyness" that goes on after I get here.

TRUDI (O.S.)  
They can wait; it's not going to kill them.

HARRIS  
The part that I can't figure is that you look ready. In fact, you look so ready that I get ready and I get my keys out and kind of stand by the door and you're just about ready and then after I stand there about ten minutes I realize you're not ready so I sit down and then I get another feeling that you're ready and I get up and straighten my tie and then I realize you just gave off an illusion of being ready that I interpreted as not being an illusion. I'll be in the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

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Harris is in the car. He can see into the open door of the apartment and Trudi is on her way. He starts up the engine. But she waits by the passenger door, making him get out and open it for her.

EXT. CAR - DRAMATIC SHOTS- SANTA MONICA FREEWAY- DAY

42

The car is mounting the freeway. The dialogue continues OVER SHOTS of the freeway, including the digital warning sign of traffic ahead, which reads "NO DELAYS."

43

TRUDI (V.O)

You really are L.A.

HARRIS (V.O)

How's that?

TRUDI (V.O)

You wear sunglasses on cloudy days.

HARRIS (V.O)

That's because of the L.A. light...

TRUDI (V.O)

You blow dry your hair.

HARRIS (V.O)

I don't blow dry my hair, I dry it with a blower. There's a difference. I don't puff it up or anything. And you can't tell me they're not blow drying in Kansas or New York or Panama. I'll bet Noriega blow dries. They might not let on like they're blow drying it, but I guarantee you they are. I'm not L.A.

TRUDI

You are.

HARRIS

I'm not. I've never even felt euphoria while exercising.

INT. CAR - DAY

44

They continue driving. The radio is on. They pass another freeway sign. This one, curiously enough, has a man standing in front of it.

VOICE ON RADIO

...and if you sense something funny in the air, it's not smog, it's because it's because it's the first day of spring...

45

HARRIS

What did he say?

TRUDI

He said it's the first day of spring...

HARRIS

Oh shit...

TRUDI

(nervous about something)  
God. You're the meteorologist. You're supposed to know it's the first day of spring.

HARRIS

I'm not a meteorologist, I'm a funny weather man. There's a big difference. A meteorologist gets to go to school and study, I have to get up and do it with no knowledge of the weather at all.

Reaching under his car seat, he produces a 45 caliber handgun which he proceeds to load. He speaks as he loads it.

TRUDI

Hurry...

He finishes loading it. His car swerves a bit, which forces a pick-up truck to slow. The driver, angry, leans out the window.

DRIVER

...You son of a bitch!

The driver pulls out his own gun and begins to fire. Harris fires back. There is a little gun play but Harris turns the corner and escapes.

--turning the corner, he inadvertently cuts off another car. This time it's an older woman in a Mercedes. She pulls a weapon and starts firing.

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WOMAN  
Ya little cocker...!

Harris fires back, no real aiming, just another day in Los Angeles.

EXT. STREET - DAY

46

They park and Harris hurriedly gets out of the car and walks quickly toward the restaurant. After about fifty paces of brisk walking and talking, he realizes that Trudi is in the car waiting for him to open the door. He darts back to do his manly duty.

HARRIS  
Who are these people again?

TRUDI  
Friends and friends of friends. And some of my gift service clients. Frank will be there.

HARRIS  
Frank? I just saw Frank. He truly does not qualify as an agent. If it wasn't impossible for me to fire people I'd get somebody else.

TRUDI  
Frank's got tons of commercial auditions for you.

HARRIS  
What does he do, call you and complain about me? You know what one commercial was for? Older guy jeans, "with a skoche more room." I'm not ready for that...I'm only thirty or forty, something like that.

TRUDI  
Tom Wells will be here too.

HARRIS  
Oh shit, the one who's a...what's he call it?

TRUDI  
Interior plant designer.

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HARRIS  
Interior plant designer. What's his  
girlfriend's name?

TRUDI  
Oh God, either Shelly or Shirley...she  
dresses like a float in the Rose Parade.  
She's really a stupid girl.

HARRIS  
How do you know she's stupid?

TRUDI  
From the way she dresses.

HARRIS  
I think your argument is circular.  
Sheila!...that's her name. She's the  
one who's always kissing everybody  
hello. God, I hate that. I'm not  
kissing anyone anymore. That's it.

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EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The Maitre'd greets them.

47

MAITRE'D  
Yes, you're the first ones to arrive.

Trudi scowls at him.

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EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

\*

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They sit at the solitary table. Then, everyone starts arriving. Saturday brunch, table for eight. Harris enthusiastically shakes hands with FRANK, his hyper-energetic agent. Next, it's MORRIS FROST, a television movie reviewer, with a great looking girl, Cynthia. Harris plants a triple kiss on each of her cheeks. There is a handsome Englishman, ROLAND MACKEY

\*

MORRIS

Hi, Harris...

They shake.

HARRIS

You remember Trudi...

MORRIS

Of course...

They kiss.

TRUDI

Hi...

HARRIS

(to Trudi)

This is Morris Frost and of course you remember...

HARRIS has a big scary moment of memory loss. Another couple, TOM (the interior plant designer) and Sheila join them. Sheila is dressed like a Gaucho (you've seen them).

TOM

Hi, Morris... Cynthia...!

HARRIS

...Cynthia.

TOM

I have to stand during lunch; I hurt my back at tennis...

CYNTHIA

(kissing Trudi)

Hi, Trudi...

(kissing Harris)

Hi, Harris...

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Another couple arrives at the table, TED and SHARON. Sharon is wearing a large bandage over her nose and Ted is dressed in a cop's uniform. We DISSOLVE with everyone kissing and shaking hands, especially Harris.

LATER IN THE LUNCH

Tom (the one who hurt his back) stands through the entire meal. Everyone's gabbing animatedly.

MORRIS

So I see the film and I'm going to give it an eight or a seven, I don't know. But as I'm leaving the parking lot, I realize that Thurlow, the producer, has this incredible reserved parking space right next to the entrance and they gave me a lousy place in the far end. So I go on that night and give it a three.

LATER IN THE LUNCH

Trudi introduces Sheila to Harris.

TRUDI

Sheila has been taking a course in the art of conversation.

HARRIS

So you've been studying the art of conversation...

SHEILA

Yes.

Silence.

LATER IN THE LUNCH

SHARON takes out a cigarette and starts to light it.

SHARON

Whatever you do, don't get dumped in L.A. In New York, you can always meet someone walking down the street. In L.A. you can only meet someone if you hit them with your car. Which some people do intentionally. I know girls who speed just to meet cops.

TED

We met on a hit in West Hollywood.

Sharon, about to light her cigarette, is frowned down by everyone at the lunch. She puts the cigarette away.

LATER IN THE LUNCH

TOM

(standing)

...Loud talkers in restaurants; they're driving me crazy! What can we do about them?

A pretty, blond English girl mid-thirties, joins the table and sits at the far end away from Harris. She is SARA MCDOWEL. There is a round of hellos and introductions to Harris and Trudi and she sits next to Roland Mackey.

ROLAND

Sara just got off a plane from London.

MORRIS

You must be exhausted.

SARA

Nothing that some sleep and a good fuck wouldn't cure.

She bursts into a giggle, surprised that she would say such a thing. Everyone stares.

ROLAND

You have to forgive Sara, she has a bad family gene. She tries to suppress it but sometimes things just fly out.

SARA

(continuing)

Sorry. I've been on a plane for twelve hours next to an infant.

SHARON

How old?

SARA

Mid to late forties.

MORRIS

What do you give the flight?

SARA

What?

MORRIS

You know, on a scale of one to ten.

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\*  
\*  
\*  
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\*  
\*

SARA  
I really don't know. What kind of food  
do they have here?

EVERYONE ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY  
(boasting)  
California Cuisine.

LATER IN THE LUNCH

TOM  
(standing)  
...these goddam wrong number dialers!  
What in hell are we going to do about  
them?

MORRIS  
...So everybody kept saying "go to  
Spain, go to Spain...it's great." We  
go. I give it a five.

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\*  
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FRANK  
What do you do, Sara?

SARA  
I'm writing an article about Los Angeles  
for the London Times.

HARRIS  
Well, you've come to right place.

An earthquake. Everyone keeps talking as if nothing is  
happening.

49

ROLAND  
You know what they say about L.A. "It's  
not the heat, it's the stupidity."



TOM  
What do you do, Roland?

ROLAND  
I deal in English paintings.

FRANK  
Abstract or realistic?

ROLAND  
Depends on which way you hang them I suppose.

ROLAND  
What's that?

MORRIS  
Earthquake. How strong is it, Harris?

A party of four slides across the room behind them.

HARRIS  
I give it a four.

SARA  
Should we be worried?

LATER IN THE LUNCH

50

TRUDI  
(to Sara)  
...so when an executive needs a gift for someone, my company picks something out that's appropriate.

SARA  
You mean you pick out gifts for someone to give other people?

TRUDI  
I gifted Sherman, Lee and Rosenquist's entire office last Christmas.

Sara mouths to herself, "gifted" to remember it.

SARA  
"Gifted" sounds very L.A.

TRUDI

It's not. Did you know it's been going on since Alexander the Great? Let me give you my card.

ROLAND

I think I received something from them last Christmas. A stun gun.

TRUDI

That was me.

Sara starts giggling. She fiddles looking for a hanky in her purse. We see glimpses of odd items: something brass, a bocce ball and half blown-up balloon. We see a couple in the background in a wedding dress and morning coat, obviously just married, ordering lunch.

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\*

MORRIS

She ought to interview Harry Zell.

TED

Who's Harry Zell?

MORRIS

Harry Zell is the most powerful show business agent in town.

FRANK

Beyond powerful. The fixer. The miracle worker.

TRUDI

He's supposed to be nice.

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FRANK  
(meaning it)  
He's a guy who would never stab you in  
the back unless it was in self-defense.

Sara spills water on her dress. Harris offers her his napkin.  
She waves it off.

SARA  
I keep thinking I'm a grown-up but I'm  
not.

She looks at him and hiccups

LATER IN THE LUNCH

TOM  
I'll have a de-caf coffee.

TRUDI  
I'll have a de-caf espresso.

MORRIS  
I'll have a double de-caf cappucino.

TED  
Do you have any de-caffinated coffee ice  
cream?

HARRIS  
I'll have a double de-caf half-caf.  
With a twist of lemon.

TOM  
I'll have a twist of lemon.

TRUDI  
I'll have a twist of lemon.

MORRIS  
I'll have a twist of lemon.

TED  
I'll have a twist of lemon.

Tight shot of case of lemons being opened.

LUNCH IS OVER

Everyone stands up with their goodbyes.

HARRIS  
(to the group)  
I really enjoyed myself. And I enjoyed  
all of you, too.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*







SANDY  
Do you like those?

HARRIS  
(caught)  
Huh?

SANDY  
Your pants. Shall I mark 'em for you?

HARRIS  
I don't know. Are these the same prices  
as the other ones?

SANDY  
They're a little more.

HARRIS  
How do they look?

She stands back and looks him up and down.

SANDY  
You look fabulous in those.

HARRIS  
Okay, mark 'em.

Sandy kneels down, her slightly loose blouse hanging slightly open, and spends several minutes adjusting the pants.

SANDY  
Stand up straight or they won't be  
right. Do you like a break?

HARRIS  
A little.

SANDY  
Like that?

HARRIS  
That's fine.

She starts to pin them. This makes her bend further over and Harris tries to watch and not watch at the same time.

SANDY  
Okay.

She bounces up.

HARRIS  
When can I get these?

SANDY  
Just any time you want. Wednesday okay?

She leads him over to the tie display. She shows him a pretty wild punk sort of flourescent thing. She lays the tie against his shirt. 56

SANDY  
(continuing)  
It's great isn't it? It looks good on you.

They are now at the counter, Harris paying for the goods. She hands him a sack and a ticket for his pants and, at the same time, gives him a friendly, open, honest, inviting wink.

EXT. ESPRIT - DUSK

Harris is exiting, carrying his goods and an armload of clothes for Trudi. As he opens the car door for Trudi who waits curbside for him to do it, he stops and we see a SLOW MOTION REPLAY of Sandy and her wink, with an exaggerated CRASHING SOUND as the eyelid closes. 57 58

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Harris and Trudi drive along an empty freeway. There is an icy silence in the car. We hear the cough of the engine as it dies out. We hear Harris mutter a "shit". The car pulls off the road and into the safety lane, right in front of the DIGITAL FREEWAY SIGN, which reads "FREEWAY CLEAR." Harris gets out and raises the hood. Trudi stays in the car. He fiddles with the engine for a second. A wind comes up and rustles the foilage, blowing against the sign and making a reed-like sound. He casually looks up at the freeway sign. It reads: 59 60 60pt

FREEWAY SIGN  
(written)  
HIYA.

He does a double take and looks around, and goes back to his work. A bulb pops.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
I SAID HIYA.

HARRIS  
Hi.



FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
RUOK?

HARRIS  
RUE-AWK?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
DON'T MAKE ME WASTE LETTERS R.U.O.K?

HARRIS  
Oh. Are you okay. Yeah. I'm fine.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
HUG ME.

HARRIS  
What? Who are you?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
I'M A SIGNPOST.

HARRIS  
I can see that.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
U CAN'T C MUCH OF ANYTHING. HUG ME.

Trudi, in the car, hums obliviously.

HARRIS  
Wait a minute. I can't just hug you,  
I've got to get to know you.  
(under his breath)  
I'm being filmed. I know I'm being  
filmed.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
PLEASE

HARRIS  
All right.

Harris looks around, then walks over to the base of the sign and puts his arm around it. Trudi, in the car fixing her make-up, is dead to the world.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
THAT FELT GOOD.

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HARRIS  
Is this a joke or something?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
I C PEOPLE N TROUBLE & I STOP THEM.  
L.A. WANTS TO HELP U

HARRIS  
How am I in trouble?

The car miraculously starts up.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
U WILL KNOW WHAT 2 DO WHEN U UNSCRAMBLE  
HOW DADDY IS DOING

HARRIS  
What?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
IT'S A RIDDLE. U WILL KNOW WHAT 2 DO  
WHEN U UNSCRAMBLE HOW DADDY IS DOING?

HARRIS  
I'll work on it.

He heads back to the car.

HARRIS  
(to Trudi)  
The sign spoke to me.

TRUDI  
Uh huh.

HARRIS  
It said I was in trouble.

TRUDI  
If you're talking to a sign you are in  
trouble.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

61

Harris and Trudi pull up, he gets out and tiredly opens the car door for her so she can get out and then opens the driver's side door so she can get in to drive home.

HARRIS  
I'll see you tomorrow?

TRUDI  
I've got a shower tomorrow.

HARRIS

Oh yeah, and I really should have a bath. Day after tomorrow?

TRUDI

Eight-thirty? You'll pick me up?

HARRIS

Eight-thirty? Doesn't anyone eat at six any more?

She drives off. He heads toward his apartment. He passes a YOUNG MAN dressed in tee-shirt and jeans talking to his girl. We overhear their conversation:

BOXER

Right now I'm nothin'. I can't get a fight with nobody. I'm good. I know I'm good. But I'm not good enough. I need a trainer, I need a manager.

GIRL

I'll be by your side whenever you need me.

Their conversation trails off as Harris enters his apartment.

A dog starts barking loudly from Harris' apartment as he punches in a long code on a keyless electro-lock. He opens the FANCY BEVELED-GLASS WOODEN DOOR, enters and we hear the sound of the dog winding down because it's a tape recording.

HARRIS

Good boy.

HARRIS IN HIS APARTMENT.

62

He pushes his cat off a comfy chair and picks enormous amounts of cat hair off the cushion.

HARRIS

(to cat)

We could make another cat out of what you leave in this chair.

EXT. SUNRISE - DAY

63

The sun rises through the smog.

EXT. SARA'S APT. - DAY TIME-LAPSE, SUN RISES.

63A\*

Sun and shadows move across Sara's Apt.

EXT/INT. SARA'S APT. - DAY SARA ASLEEP.

63B\*

Sara is asleep in bed.

EXT. HARRIS' APT. - DAY TIME-LAPSE, SUN RISES.

63C\*

Sun and shadows move across Harris' apt.

\*

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INT. HARRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

64

He wakes, groggy, and although the phone is not ringing, he answers it out of habit. The bed is a disaster area of ruffled pillows and blankets.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

65

Sara wakes. The side of the bed where she has not slept is completely undisturbed.

\*  
\*

INT. HARRIS' BATHROOM - DAY

66

Harris showers.

INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - DAY

67

Sara showers in SLO-MO.

INT. HARRIS' BATHROOM - DAY

68

Harris sets his shower setting to SLO-MO so he can shower slowly too.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

69

She combs her wet hair on the veranda.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

70

Harris watches an endless stream of junk mail pour through his mail slot as he stands and eats breakfast. He kicks a trash can in front of the pouring mail.

SARA IN HER APARTMENT.

71

Soundlessly, she sits on the veranda and plays the tuba in the morning sunshine.

\*  
\*

80 HARRIS IN HIS APARTMENT.

(TV Studio News Set Intro)

80

His TV is on in the background. He is talking to an electronic telephone, training it to recognize his voice.

74pt, 76pt

80 (cont.)

HARRIS

Mom...

PHONE

(electronic voice)

Mom...

HARRIS

Mom...

PHONE

Mom...

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\*  
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INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

75

TV Studio News Set "Intro".

74pt, 76pt

The TV is on and she watches Harris as she tosses a dart at a board. It veers off four-feet to the left.

HARRIS (ON THE TV)

74

...and when the temperature dropped to 53 this weekend, how did you cope?

MAN

(on video)

We just made sure all the windows were shut.

HARRIS (ON THE TV)

And how about your pets? Were they outside?

She stops throwing the darts, which are everywhere but where they should be, and watches. Is this for real?

75pt

\*

MAN

76

(on video)

The cats were out until around ten but it got a little too cold for them and they came in.

HARRIS (ON THE TV)

(into camera)

Wow! It was a real weenie shrinker and that's how L.A. coped with that surprise low Saturday night of 53. This is Harris Telemacher, with the wiggly weekend weather.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Sara jots down a couple of notes.

77\*

HARRIS IN HIS APARTMENT.

78

The line starts ringing. He grabs the telephone's instruction book and starts reading it. Finally he answers it.

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HARRIS

Hello, this is Harris. I'm in right now so you can talk to me personally. Please start talking at the sound of the beep. Beep.

SARA IN HER APARTMENT/HARRIS IN HIS.

79

SARA

Hello, is that Harris Telemacher, this is Sara McDowel. Do you remember me?

HARRIS

Uh. Yeah. You're the reporter.

SARA

Uh...journalist. Yes. And you're the weatherman.

HARRIS

Meteorologist, yeah.

SARA

I hope you don't mind me calling I just got your number from Trudi Cowles and I just saw you on TV and I would love to interview you for my piece...

HARRIS

English, French or Italian?

SARA

Oh...You speak all those languages?

HARRIS

No, if it were Italian or French I'd be out of it.

CLOSE-UP OF A DART. She picks up the dart and aims with full concentration at a board across the room. Again, it lands in the wall about four feet to the left. \*  
\*  
\*

INT. HARRIS' APT. - DAY

72

Still fooling with this voice dialer.

HARRIS

Mom...

PHONE  
(electronic voice)  
Mom...

HARRIS  
Mom...

PHONE  
Mom...

HARRIS  
(loud) (earlier scene omitted)  
CALL MOM.

73

The phone responds by dialing. We hear a voice answer over the speaker phone.

VOICE  
Domino's Pizza.

HARRIS  
(shouting)  
Sorry...wrong number...

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

81

Harris' Honda is parked out front. He gets in, drives down three houses, gets out, and bounces up the stairs to another apartment.

INT. ARIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

82

ARIEL, thirty-five and attractive. She lives with June, her twenty-eight-year-old roommate. She is sharp, self-reliant, irrepressibly cheerful and pretty.

ARIEL  
Want some trail mix? Potato chips?  
Some cookies?

HARRIS  
Ariel, how do you stay thin with all  
this crap you have around here?

ARIEL  
I guess women burn fat faster than men.

HARRIS  
What a romantic notion: Yeah, that's my  
wife, pretty, smart, and quite a little  
fat burner.

ARIEL  
You're jealous.

HARRIS  
No, I could never be a woman because I'd  
stay home all day and play with my  
breasts.

Harris takes out an electronic notepad and marks something down  
as he mumbles "true".

ARIEL  
What's that for?

HARRIS  
I'm writing an article for the Phd.  
Failures Newsletter.

ARIEL  
That thing still going?

HARRIS  
I'm their lead writer. Where's June?

ARIEL  
In her room recovering from the after-  
effects of alcohol. Want some juice?

HARRIS  
Yeah.

ARIEL  
You can be my taster. It's a new  
mixture for the store.

She hands him a glass of juice. PHONE. Ariel answers it.  
Harris tastes the concoction. Morbid stuff.

HARRIS  
It's exactly like licking a shag carpet.

ARIEL  
This is Ariel...Hey, kiddo, what's  
up?...This sounds like a job for  
Supergirl. Okay, I'll come down in  
about an hour.

(hangs up)  
It's great being the boss. Can we take  
your car so I can leave mine for June?

HARRIS  
Sure.

JUNE staggers out of the bedroom in her robe, hung over.



ARIEL  
 (to June)  
 Boy, are you gonna have a rough day.  
 There's some coffee and juice in there.

JUNE  
 Hi Harris. God, was I stupid.

ARIEL  
 (concerned)  
 I'm gonna make you some eggs. Can you  
 hang on a minute, Harris?

HARRIS  
 Sure.

EXT. L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING SHOT

90A\*

INT. L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM - SUNDAY

91

Harris and Ariel look at paintings. Ariel holds a small home video camera. They both are looking around sneakily. They separate. Ariel goes to one end of a long promenade, filled with great works of art. Harris watches the guard from the corner of his eye. The guard disappears momentarily around the corner. Harris reaches down and pulls a lever on his shoes. Roller-skate wheels pop out and he skates the long hallway while Ariel videotapes him.

EXT. L.A. MUSEUM - DAY

92

They exit the museum, stifling laughter.

EXT. ARIEL'S HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY

93

The Honda pulls up and Ariel hops out. We are in front of her own store. The name of the store is: "Moral Fiber." With a line under the sign that says: "If you shop here you won't die so soon." This store is not small, not a holdover from the hippy days, but nearly a major supermarket. However, everyone coming out or going into the health food store is overweight, wearing Sikhs clothes, or ill in one way or another.

HARRIS  
 See, if I can roller skate in all the major museums in the world then I can say I've done something really wonderful with my life.

\*  
\*

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\*  
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ARIEL

What an achievement. The twentieth century would come down to Jonas Salk and you.

\*  
\*  
\*

HARRIS

Ariel, if this is a health food store, why does everyone look like hell?

ARIEL

I've never quite been able to figure that out. You seem to be in a really good mood lately?

HARRIS

I am. I don't know why. I just feel very happy.

ARIEL

I guess it's easy to be happy when you're not involved in anything.

HARRIS

What do you mean? I'm involved with things...

ARIEL

Well, your work is just a private joke to you and Trudi's really just a date now. You don't have any commitments to anything.

HARRIS

What about my book of the month club thing. The book comes, I have to decide whether to keep it, if not I have to go through the hassle of sending it back. I suppose that's not a commitment.

ARIEL

Don't get me wrong. I envy you.

One of Ariel's employees, ALICE, approaches the car.

ALICE

A jar of almond paste broke on the cash register and now it's jammed.



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\*  
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HARRIS

If only I were a man it would work out perfectly.

She takes a picture as he stumbles.

HARRIS

Don't use that. Will I be in the London Times?

SARA

If you shoot the president maybe. This is for my reference.

HARRIS

I had this idea. Look, rather than do an interview with me, which would be fascinating by the way, because of my interesting word use-ments I structure, what if I showed you around town a little? A few secret places.

SARA

(checks her watch)  
Sounds all right.

HARRIS

It's kind of a cultural tour of L.A.

SARA

That's the first fifteen minutes, then what?

HARRIS

All right, all right. Our first stop's about six blocks from here. Your car or mine?

SARA

Let's walk.

HARRIS

Walk?

(laughs)

A walk in L.A.! That's great. Those crazy English.

SARA

(offended more than she should be)  
What do you mean, crazy? I didn't do anything crazy, did I?

HARRIS

Yes, you said walk. I said it's about six blocks. That could mean seven, it could mean eight.

\*  
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A sweet stare from her. She taps her foot playfully.

\*

HARRIS  
(continuing)  
God. You're serious. Okay. Let's go.

\*

\*

\*

They walk about ten steps.

HARRIS  
(continuing; stops)  
I'm tired. Let's go back and forget  
this crazy idea. My legs are cramping.  
I could injure my gas pedal foot.

She's amused.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

85

SUPER: TEMPERATURE: 71

Harris and Sara approach the church. Probably a v.o. scene.  
She fiddles with her tape recorder.

\*

\*

HARRIS  
You married?

SARA  
Once. But like this tape recorder, it  
never worked when I needed it to.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

86

A twenty member church choir plays Bach's "Jesus Joy of Man's  
Desiring" on the kazoo as Harris and Sara look on. It actually  
sounds quite beautiful as it echoes through the grand cathedral.  
Sara begins to giggle, then her giggling turns into crying. She  
sits on the pew.

HARRIS  
Are you all right?



SARA

I think he means who's going to be buried here? What's his name?

GRAVEDIGGER

He's not a he, Miss.

HARRIS

All right, All right, she.

GRAVEDIGGER

Not a woman either.

They look at each other confused.

GRAVEDIGGER

(continuing)

Used to be a woman. Now she's dead. Ha ha ha.

HARRIS

(to Sara)

Finally, a funny gravedigger.

GRAVEDIGGER

Wanna know how long it takes for a body to rot?

HARRIS

Do we!

GRAVEDIGGER

Well, if they're not already rotten before they die, eight or nine years. One o' them Beverly Hills women will last you nine years.

HARRIS

How come?

GRAVEDIGGER

They've been tan for so many years their skin keeps out the water longer and water is something that can really destroy a very nice dead body.

He brings up a skull out of the grave.

GRAVEDIGGER

Now here's somebody who's been around here for thirty-five years or more.

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HARRIS

Who was that?

GRAVEDIGGER

That there's a magician, name was...the  
great...Blunderman. Not so great now,  
is he?

HARRIS

The great Blunderman? I knew him!  
(picks up the skull)  
God. He was a funny guy...He taught me  
magic.

SARA

(suddenly quoting)  
...a fellow of infinite jest...

HARRIS

Yeah...

SARA

...he hath borne me on his back a  
thousand times...Where be your gibes  
now? Your flashes of merriment, that  
would set the table on a roar?

Harris looks at her. The wind blows through the palms.

HARRIS

Ordinarily I don't like to be around  
interesting people because it means I  
have to be interesting too.

SARA

Are you saying I'm interesting?

HARRIS

All I know is I find myself trying to  
show off which is the imbecile's version  
of being interesting. Are you seeing  
anyone?

SARA

Uh. Yes.



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HARRIS  
Me too. So that's sort of out.

SARA  
Wrong universe.

GRAVEDIGGER  
Could you give me back your friend's  
head back? \*

HARRIS  
I should get to work.

SARA  
Well let's not just stand here like a  
couple of nits, let's go.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

90\*

He's throwing on his tie and coat. He goes over and turns the art calendar page from a Mondrian to a Rousseau jungle painting. Then he picks up little rain and sun symbols that he uses on the TV show and places them strategically on the Rousseau.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

93

The floor director cues Harris and he starts the weather report in the studio.

HARRIS  
Whatta weekend! We've got sun, earth  
and atmosphere and when you got that,  
you've got weather! Good weather.  
Anyone with half a brain will be out  
this weekend, which is exactly what most  
of you have, because it's going to be  
fabulous. Lots and lots of sun. And  
now the Car Phone report. \*

A little phone logo pops on a corner of the screen. \*

HARRIS  
Sunspot activity is at a minimum so  
those with car phones will have no  
interference, although driving through  
the canyons is always bad so be extra  
careful not to make important calls  
there because there's a good chance of  
being disconnected.

A moment goes by.

HARRIS  
And cut.

We see the studio and cameramen.

HARRIS

So you'll run that for me on Saturday,  
ok Jesse?

JESSE

Should you really be pre-taping the  
weather report?

HARRIS

The weekends are very tough for me to  
come in. You can imagine my busy week-  
end schedule. Besides, this is L.A.,  
what's going to change?

EXT. LA & MELROSE - RAINY WEATHER MONTAGE

93A

EXT. MELROSE - DAY

94

It's six o'clock on Sunday. It's raining. Harris looks out of  
his car, dismayed, at the thunderheads. He passes Esprit's and  
remembers his pants. He pulls in.

95

EXT. ESPRIT'S PARKING LOT - DAY

96

The store has just closed. He walks up to the door just as Sandy  
is leaving. She passes him on the sidewalk.

HARRIS

Closed?

SANDY

Yeah, sorry.

She continues on past and he watches her. After a moment of  
decision, he says:

HARRIS

I just came to pick up my pants.

SANDY

Yeah?

HARRIS

You sold me a pair of pants and a tie  
thing.

SANDY

Oh yeah, I remember. You just want to  
pick them up?

HARRIS

Yeah.

SANDY

I can get them for you.

HARRIS

That would be great. It would save me coming back.

SANDY

It wouldn't be so bad if you had to come back.

She walks back and raps on the door for them to let her in.

HARRIS

I don't have my ticket.

SANDY

That's okay. I remember what they look like. God, I'm getting all wet.

The door is opened for her. Harris waits. Momentarily she reappears, empty-handed. She still hangs in the door.

SANDY

(continuing)

They're not ready. You want us to call you when they are?

HARRIS

Oh. Okay.

She gets an Esprit business card.

SANDY

What's the number?

They walk away from the door a few feet.

HARRIS

Here, I'll write it...there.

He hands her the card; she pockets it.

SANDY

Okay, I'll have them call you. It'll probably be tomorrow. 'Bye.

She gives him that slo-mo wink again. Harris watches her walk off again.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREWAY - NIGHT

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Harris drives along, nearing the digital freeway traffic sign. Right in the middle of the flashing messages, SAVE GAS, CAR POOL -- TRAFFIC CLEAR AHEAD, etc., flashes the message:

FREEWAY SIGN  
YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT HER NUMBER.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

Harris, glass of wine in hand, is writing with paint in reverse on his window, "Bored Beyond Belief." The PHONE RINGS. He turns and looks at the phone.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE - CLOSEUP - SANDY - NIGHT

99

We can see the action behind her and hear the MUSIC THROBBING NOISILY. The joint is jumping. They are drinking, Harris a little high.

SANDY  
Were you shocked?

HARRIS  
Shocked but glad.

SANDY  
I could tell you wanted to ask me for my number so I just asked for yours.

HARRIS  
But I didn't know I wanted to ask for your number till it was too late.

SANDY  
I went to this psychic once. I don't really believe in that stuff, but he told me I had a special fifth sense about things.

HARRIS  
You mean about guys wanting your number? I think you could probably just figure everyone.

SANDY  
Oh, that's sweet.

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HARRIS

God, I can't help but be nervous out here.

SANDY

You're not really doing anything wrong.

HARRIS

Ha. I am doing something so wrong you can't believe it. This is worthy of the death penalty. Jeez, you must have a boyfriend...

SANDY

He doesn't care. He can't care. He gave me this big speech about how he wanted his freedom, even though we still live together, he still wanted to go out. So, I said okay, but it backfires on him every once in a while.

HARRIS

Where is he now?

SANDY

He's over at the bar.

HARRIS

What?!

They look over at the bar. Indeed there is a very nervous boyfriend, sort of wimpy looking, standing at the bar with a beer and trying not to look at them.

SANDY

Don't worry, this is his idea. You want my number?

HARRIS

No! That would be a disaster. No, I don't want the number. If I had the number I might call you.

SANDY

It's 659-2312. Say it back.

HARRIS

I can't. No.

SANDY  
659-2312. Say it back.

HARRIS  
No.

SANDY  
(slowly and deliberate)  
Six. Five. Nine. Two. Three. One.  
Two. (# will change!)

HARRIS  
No! God, you're going to make me  
memorize it.

SANDY  
(again)  
Six. Five. Nine. Two. Three. One.  
Two.

HARRIS  
Damn it! Now I know it. 659-2312

HARRIS  
(continuing)  
Would you tell me your name again?

SANDY  
Sandy.

HARRIS  
I like that name. Everybody has weird  
names now. Instead of Nancy, it's  
Nanceen, or instead of Barbara, it's  
Barbarill.

SANDY  
(spells it for him)  
Big S...small a...small n...big D, small  
e, big E.

HARRIS  
What?

She takes out a pen and writes it down for him.

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SANDY

Big S...small a...small n...big D, small  
e, big E. SanDeE. And there's a star  
at the end.

We see the signature in E.C.U.

EXT. HARD ROCK - NIGHT

100

Sandy and nervous Harris exit. They walk out of frame, and in the distance, walking towards the entrance, we see TRUDI and FRANK, arm in arm.

EXT. BANK MACHINE - NIGHT

101

Harris and Sandy get in line at an automated night teller at the FOURTH REICH BANK OF HAMBURG, waiting in line behind three others. We now see there is another line at the night teller, that of CRIMINALS. As each person gets his money, the next crook in line pulls a gun and takes it from them. The whole thing is very polite.

SANDY

When I got out of class I decided to call you.

HARRIS

What class are you taking?

SANDY

I'm studying to be a spokesmodel.

HARRIS

What's a spokesmodel?

SANDY

You know a model who speaks...points at things like merchandise.

He is now at the front of the line. He gets the money, and almost immediately, the next crook in line walks over to them.

CROOK

Hi, my name is Bob and I'll be your robber.

He hands the money over as if it were a typical L.A. day. They get in the car and as his car pulls out, it passes ROLAND MACKEY AND SARA who stand talking in front of Tail O' the Pup eating dogs as a roller skater glides by.





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SARA  
It's true. I want a quiet life.

ROLAND  
I want you back. All I'm asking for is one weekend with you. We'll go away and see how it is.

A roller skater glides silently by.

SARA  
I went roller skating once at the Brooklyn Rollerdom. I got completely out of control... I couldn't turn and I couldn't stop. And I ran into this black guy, eight feet tall, emerald green satin jump suit, matching skates, very stoned and I said, "I'm really sorry, perhaps you could help me". And he looked down at me and said, "Little lady, let your mind go and your body will follow."

He takes her and kisses her. A long one. It's almost passionate. Her eyes open during the kiss. They break.

ROLAND  
Well, how was that?

SARA  
Very nice, thank you.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

103

Harris drops Sandy off at her place.

HARRIS  
Well, I hope I wasn't too young in my thinking for you.

SANDY  
What?

HARRIS  
Joke.

SANDY  
I didn't put any pressure on you, did I?

HARRIS  
Not at all. I don't pressure you do I?

SANDY  
No. I don't think there should be pressure.

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\*  
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HARRIS  
Tell me if I pressure you.

SANDY  
Okay. You too. But don't feel like you  
have to. Have you ever had a high  
colonic?

HARRIS  
Pardon me?

SANDY  
A high colonic.

HARRIS  
You mean an enema?

SANDY  
Yeah.

HARRIS  
I keep waiting for you to say "joke".

SANDY  
They're great. They really purify you.  
There's a place in Santa Monica run by  
Vishnis that do it.

HARRIS  
Well G'night.

SANDY  
G'night.

She takes steps up to him and gives him a teen-age open-mouthed  
kiss. Harris retreats into his car. \*

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

104

The phone rings. Harris answers with the speakerphone.

HARRIS  
Hello?

TRUDI  
Take me off the goddam speakerphone!

HARRIS  
Relax. It's just a modern day device.

TRUDI  
I have to see you.

INT. TRUDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

105

Trudi is anxious.

HARRIS  
You were with someone else last night?

TRUDI  
Yes.

HARRIS  
There was no shower?

TRUDI  
There was. I didn't go at the last  
minute.

HARRIS  
(joking)  
Having sex with my agent again. I've  
told you a thousand times...

She looks up, shocked.

TRUDI  
How did you know?

HARRIS  
I was right? I was right? I was making  
a bad joke. My agent? Frank? And this  
is how I find out...you tell me?

TRUDI  
He's not happy about it either. We just  
decided that I should tell you.

HARRIS  
God, I thought he was only supposed to  
take ten percent.

TRUDI  
We were here, and then afterwards...

HARRIS  
Oh, God, afterwards...yes after he made  
love to you...what?

TRUDI

We went out to the Hard Rock Cafe...

HARRIS

(whoops)

What time?

TRUDI

Oh, I don't know, eleven, eleven thirty. But I felt I had to tell you in case anyone saw us there. It was a real dumb thing to do.

HARRIS

How long has this been going on?

TRUDI

Three years. I'm sorry.

HARRIS

Three years? This has been going on since the eighties? I don't think I can be here right now.

He looks torn up. He backs out of the house.

EXT. TRUDI'S - DAY

He comes out the front door. On his back, we see a man shaken, sad, forlorn. He walks about 25 feet and the walk becomes one of great elation.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

Harris speaks to the sign.

HARRIS

Yes! Yes! Yes! L.A., I love ya! I'm out of the relationship, I'm out of my agency and I only had to look like a sucker for three years!...and I come off like the good guy. I got what I want, and nobody can blame me! You really did it. Thanks L.A.

106

107

108

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
CONGRATULATIONS, U HAVE JUST DEFINED THE  
WORD "CHICKENSHIT"

HARRIS  
Could be, could be. Yes, I am a chicken  
shit. But I never claimed to be  
anything different. It's just my way of  
operating. The chickenshit way. It has  
a following, and a big one too I might  
add. Now if only I could get out of  
doing the weather.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
U SHOULD B THANKFUL 4 THE WEATHER.

HARRIS  
What do you mean?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
THE WEATHER WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE.  
TWICE.

HARRIS  
(irritated)  
Who are you? The Oracle at Delphi?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
READ MY LIGHTS. THE WEATHER WILL CHANGE  
YOUR LIFE.

HARRIS  
Have you always been a signpost? I mean  
did you start out as a stop sign then  
become a streetlight and then a  
billboard...

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
I BELIEVE I WAS REINCARNATED FROM A  
BAGPIPE. LISTEN

It puffs an out of tune low moan.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
O 2 HAVE MY VOICE BACK

HARRIS

You and me both. Well, bye. And thanks for calling me a chickenshit. Try not to wander off too far.

(laughs at his own joke)

Sorry I couldn't resist.

He walks away, a bulb pops.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

HARRIS, WOULD U DO ME A FAVOR?

HARRIS

Sure.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

THERE'S A SIGN ON THE VENTURA FREEWAY. WE TALK SOMETIMES ON THE UNDERGROUND. I LIKE HER. COULD U TAKE A LOOK 4 ME?

Harris nods yes. He leaves.

(Sc. 120 omitted)

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

121

Harris is arguing with the same head of the news operation, Tod.

HARRIS

...Oh so now it's not about the gags; it's about the weather.

TOD

It was always about the weather.

HARRIS

No, no, no. It was never about the weather. It was always about the gags. If you wanted someone who could predict the weather, you would have hired a meteorologist. I distinctly remember you saying you wanted to make the weather not so much of a tune-out.

TOD

Yes, but along with that you had to have a fairly accurate forecast.

HARRIS

Hey, so some weekend sailors lost some boats. Big deal. If they were rich enough to have a boat they they were rich enough to lose it. And what kind of an asshole sailor would trust the wacky week-end weatherman anyway.

Tod has entered the elevator.

TOD

This one. You're fired.

The doors should have closed on the line, but they didn't.

TOD

I mean it, you're fired.

HARRIS

(muttering to himself)

That's once.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

122

As Harris walks down a hall, Morris Frost walks towards him.

MORRIS

Hey Harris, I heard you broke up with Trudi. I always figured your relationship was a "two".

Without breaking stride, Harris clangs Morris' head on a firebell.

EXT. STREET - DAY

109

Harris is leaning out of his car using a payphone.

HARRIS

Mr. Harry Zell, please. I'm calling from my car. This is Harris K. Telemacher, the wacky weatherman...Oh you do? Uh, hang on a minute and let me get rid of this other call.

He puts his hand over the mouthpiece and waits, then gets back on.

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HARRIS  
I'm back.

EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY

110

A lively Hollywood outdoor cafe. Harris approaches the Maitre'd, who casts an especially sniveling look at him.

HARRIS  
I'm meeting Harry Zell.

MAITRE'D  
(suddenly perking up)  
Really? You? How?

Harris doesn't answer. Then,

MAITRE'D  
(desperate)  
Please...

HARRIS  
He happens to be a fan of the weekend weather.

MAITRE'D  
Mr. Zell's table is right over here.

Harris waits. Suddenly from the sky A MAN FLYING WITH A ROCKET  
PACK hovers above the restaurant and lands at the entrance. He  
steps briskly out of the contraption. It is Harry Zell. He is  
everything you would like to be: good looking, Wasp, early  
forties, not neurotic, well-groomed. He rushes over to his  
table. The WAITER IMMEDIATELY SETS DOWN ZELL'S USUAL ORDER AND  
HE BEGINS EATING. Simultaneously, Harris is brought a cheaper,  
smaller version of the same thing. The waiter, incidentally, is  
an incredibly macho handsome non-gay with a deep voice.

111

111pt

112

HARRY ZELL  
I've scheduled an interview here for  
after I've finished eating. Do you  
mind?

HARRIS  
No, no, not at all. I'll just slither  
out.

HARRY ZELL  
First, let me say I took this meeting  
because my kids really enjoy your work.  
That impresses me.



HARRIS

Thank you. I try to make it interes...

HARRY ZELL

Three ideas in town I'd like to try you on. One: a comedy. Dark night, girl gets raped six months before her wedding night.

HARRIS

Did you say comedy?

HARRY ZELL

Six months later, she realizes she's pregnant. Big Hub-bub. Husband mad, etc. Happy ending: we find out it was the husband who raped her.

A weak, sniveling, "that's a great idea" laugh from Harris.

HARRY ZELL

That could be very big. Here's another, my own idea: A department store Santa gets his suit stolen on Christmas eve...we find out later he's the real Santa...that's a holiday idea...Think about it. You can write it. If you don't want to write it you can be in it. If you don't want to be in it you can direct it. Two: I'm thinking of opening a Broadway musical over on Melrose. It's like "La Cage aux Folles," only prostitutes. First act closing song is...spotlight up on a lone girl center stage. She sings,

(singing)

I FUCK FOR A LIV---ING! Another spotlight up, another prostitute: I DO TOO!

Everyone in the restaurant looks around.

HARRY ZELL  
(continuing)

You could be in it. I skimmed some of your writing by the way. Wow. Double Wow. Also, The Enquirer and People are going to do a kill piece on Scot Johns next week so they may not want him for the mini-series on obesity.

\*

HARRIS

Why are they going to kill him?

HARRY ZELL

Just part of the "new cruelty". The first thing I'd like to do is send you out on some commercial auditions.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HARRIS

Great!

Harry has finished eating. The Maitre'd comes over.

MAITRE'D

Your interview is here, Mr. Zell.

HARRY ZELL

Perfect, I just finished.

Harris gets up, knowing his lunch is over.

HARRIS

Mr. Zell, how was I? In the meeting?

ZELL

(taking his hand and looking straight in the eye)

You were good.

HARRIS

Any advice?

HARRY ZELL

Sure...skipping.

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\*  
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(leaning in)  
Skipping is a perfect compromise between  
running and walking. It looks too  
desperate if you run to a meeting.

HARRIS  
I'll remember that.

SARA appears with her notepad in hand. She is Zell's interview.  
Harris sees her. He nods hello.

HARRIS  
You're all over town, I see.

SARA  
You too.

A man approaches Harris.

MAN  
How are you?

HARRIS  
(excited)  
Hey, how are you? What's going on?

MAN  
The usual...we've got a terrific project  
developing. Should be fabulous...

HARRIS  
Sounds exciting...

MAN  
Well, we'll see. I think it's going to  
be great.

HARRIS  
That really sounds exciting.

MAN  
I'll give you a call.

The man exits. Harris waits till he's completely gone.

SARA  
Who was that?

HARRIS  
Not a clue.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The MAN reappears next to Harris.

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MAN

Hey, we're having cocktails tonight  
around six, why don't you two stop by?

HARRIS

You remember Eloise...

MAN

Oh, yes! How are you? You're looking  
fantastic.

SARA

Fine. And I loved your last project.

MAN

Oh, well thanks!

HARRIS

(to Sara)

What do you think, honey? Sounds  
great...same address?

MAN

The very same. See you there.

HARRIS

Oh thanks.

(to Sara)

I love meeting new people.

He walks off. Sara looks at him oddly.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY \*\*\*

113\*

He gets in his car and drives the three doors to Ariel's  
apartment.

INT. ARIEL'S - DAY \*\*\*

114\*

We see a close-up of a TV screen. On it are various shots of  
Harris rollerskating at LACMA. Being typed on the screen via  
Ariel's editing equipment are the words, "Harris K. Telemacher's  
World of Art". Ariel and Harris talk as they edit the tape.

HARRIS

When I really analyze it, Trudi wasn't  
for me anyway. The only good times we  
had were having sex and laying in bed  
watching TV.

ARIEL

Harris, I hate to tell you this but if you've got someone you can have great sex with and lay and bed and watch TV, you've really got something.

Harris winces. June approaches off-screen.

JUNE

Anyone want anything?

HARRIS

Yeah, I'll have a non-alcoholic beer.

JUNE

(mocking him)

"I'll have a non-alcoholic beer."

ARIEL

June!

JUNE

It's like being with a bunch of women!

ARIEL

You're a woman...

JUNE

Right. Right. Sometimes I forget.

ARIEL

Oh shut up and go punch some cattle.

(continuing to Harris)

How do you like wading through a sea of estrogen? Anyone else out there on the horizon?

HARRIS

(thinks)

No...no, not that I can think of.

ARIEL

So why don't you call this Sandy girl. At least you'd have someone to take places.

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The tape winds forward or backward depending on Harris' mood shifts.

HARRIS

Yeah, maybe I should. It's someone to be with...Wait what am I saying...It's the road to nowhere. She's into astrology and spinning around...I mean she's really nice so it's definitely a possibility, maybe I should...but...no, no, I don't know...I feel like if anybody sees me with her, they know I'm with her strictly for the sex. It's embarrassing.

ARIEL

So let's see. That would make you the first man to see a woman strictly for sex.

HARRIS

Yeah, I don't want to go down in history books as the first man to see a woman only for sex. Other men would make fun of me...

ARIEL

Do you think she would care?

HARRIS

No...she probably wouldn't, maybe I should...

(thinks a moment)

Wait, what am I saying...No...no, I'm not going to call her. I'll call her just to talk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

115\*

Harris drives his car backwards from Ariel's to his house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

116

Sandy and Harris, (wearing the new tie he bought at Esprit's), exit the Visnhi High-Colonic Center. Harris is walking a little funny. \*

SANDY

(as they walk)

It really clears out your head.

HARRIS

Head? Boy, you should run back in there and tell them they're doing it wrong. Well, it was a great lunch and enema.

HARRIS

How about Friday? You available Friday?

SANDY

Sure. Hey, I heard of a new restaurant that's supposed to be great. On Sunset...Uh...L'Idiot?

As they walk out of shot, the camera pans up to see the Vishni \* logo of a face with pointed horns and a tongue sticking out of its mouth and pointing up in the air.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

117

Harris picks up the phone and dials L'Idiot.

HARRIS

Hi, L'Idiot? I'd like to make reservations for two for Friday...

A faint SOUND of LAUGHTER coming through the PHONE.

HARRIS

How about Saturday?...Sunday?...Okay, good...eight-thirty. Five-thirty or ten-thirty? Five-thirty...What? I'm a weatherman, why? I've done plays and some commercials...renting. Well, I don't see how that's any business of yours. In the low fifties...Well, I just sold a condo. Yes, Visa....All right, I guess I could \* meet you there at three.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

117A

A car speeds into the parking space. A tardy Harris gets out of his car and SKIPS out of the covered parking lot, and across the street to the entrance. People eye him curiously.

INT. BANK - DAY

118

Harris sits at BANK EXEC'S desk across from snobby FRENCH RESTAURANTEUR. A chef stands in the background and is constantly checked with by the FRENCHMAN. Harris' files are spread out on the desk.

HARRIS

I have Visa, Mastercard...

FRENCHMAN

(with disgust)

They all have Visa and Mastercard.

EXEC.

I think what Mr. Pardeau is looking for is more than a promise to pay. He's looking for a kind of depth in your financial sea, so to speak.

FRENCHMAN

Let's make this easier. Suppose you got the reservation and let's suppose you come down to the restaurant and we honor it. What do you think you might order?

He produces one of the huge, unmanageable menus. Harris examines it.

HARRIS

Well, I might like to have the duck...

CHEF

He can't have the duck.

FRENCHMAN

You can't have the duck.

HARRIS

Why?

FRENCHMAN

(barely controlling his anger)

You think with a financial statement like this you can have the duck?! Where do you summer?



HARRIS  
What do you mean?

FRENCHMAN  
Where do you summer?

HARRIS  
Right here.

The Chef smirks at this.

CHEF  
He can have the chicken.

FRENCHMAN  
You can have the chicken.

HARRIS  
Chicken only?

FRENCHMAN  
You can have a salad and the chicken and  
a piece of bread.

HARRIS  
What about my date? I can't tell her  
what to order.

FRENCHMAN  
You can certainly urge her in one  
direction.

HARRIS  
Look, either we go there and she orders  
what she wants or forget it.

The Frenchman sweats a little and goes over the financial  
statement with a calculator. Finally:

FRENCHMAN  
All right. I like a little gamble. We  
can take you in eight weeks.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

119

Harris on the phone. During the conversation, Trudi enters with  
a key and takes some of her books and picture frames.

HARRIS

Sandy? Hi. Listen I've heard some bad things about L'Idiot. I read a review that only gave it four stars. A restaurant like that should have twenty or twenty-five. What if we went away this weekend? How would that be?

The squeal forces Harris' ear away from the phone.

HARRIS

..a weekend, where two people can talk, read, communicate with a little sexual innuendo.

(he listens)

No, innuendo is not something you do in bed, it's just a word.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

122A

We are tight on Harris' face.

HARRIS

(into camera)

Would you believe I'm wearing a diaper?

(then)

Let me try it again...Would you believe I'm wearing a diaper?

The camera reveals that he is doing commercial auditions. The director nods disapprovingly over to the casting director.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

123

We are tight on a clapboard. It reads "MorrisBurger commercial, take 36". It slides away to reveal Harris' face. A voice says, "Action".

HARRIS

(takes bite of burger)

Hmmmm.

A voice cries "cut". A bucket comes in and Harris spits the burger into it. The voice tiredly says, "Lunch, one hour".

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EXT. YARD - DAY

Harris sits on a lawn mower.

HARRIS  
(into camera)

Yesterday I was constipated. Today I  
can ride this power mower all day.

(Sc.125 omitted)

EXT. STREET - BEVERLY HILLS

126

Walking better, Harris rounds a street corner in posh Beverly Hills. He is dressed in a mink coat and has four Afghans on a leash. He wears a toothache-like bandage around his head. He stops and looks into camera:

HARRIS

Did you know that the same process used  
to clean up the Alaskan oil spill can  
remove fat from your thighs and chin?

DIRECTOR(V.O.)

Cut! Tuffy, Kin-Kin, great job. Just  
absolutely great. You too, Harris.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

127

recorder.

She speaks into her tape

\*  
\*  
\*

SARA

Some say L.A.'s a place for the  
braindead,...Roland says it's a place  
where if you turned off the sprinklers,  
it would turn into a desert...check  
that quote...but I say...I don't know,  
it's not what I expected. It's a place  
where they have taken a desert and  
turned it into their dreams. -In fact,  
it's oddly familiar.

\*  
\*

MONTAGE OVER SARA'S MONOLOGUE

- Ariel on a massage table in her backyard being beaten gently  
with palm leaves by two guys in turbans. June gives herself a  
pedicure on a wicker outdoor chaise.

128

- Sandee in a spokesmodel class learning to point at merchandise.

129

- Trudi in her apartment getting ready to go out while Frank  
reads magazines patiently in the b.g.

130

- Harry Zell skipping with several businessmen across a studio  
lot.

131

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- puts a cd in a player. It keeps coming out, he keeps pushing it in. 132

INT. TEMPORARY CONTEMPORARY ART MUSEUM - DAY 133

Sara and Roland tour the museum. Sara talks into her tape recorder. Sara looks very different from her "work" look. She is dressed very casually and looks almost girlish.

SARA (V.O.)

(continues with above)

I've seen a lot of L.A., and I say it's also a place of secrets. Secret houses, secret lives, secret pleasures, and no one is looking to the outside for verification that what they're doing is all right.

SARA

What do you say, Roland?

ROLAND

I say it's a place for the braindead.

In the B.G. Harris skates by a museum portal. We see in E.C.U. a spot of water on the floor. Suddenly, from nowhere, he SMASHES into Sara almost knocking her over. Ariel comes up, carting the video camera.

ROLAND

Am I crazy or were you roller skating?

HARRIS

This is way more important than rollerskating.

SARA

Have you tried the Guggenheim?

HARRIS

I get that. I really do. It's circular and it goes downhill.

ARIEL

Got it. Oh hi.

ROLAND

Could we get deported for this? I can feel my green card turning black.

SARA

Harris Telemacher, this is Roland Mackey. We all had lunch together.

HARRIS

This is my friend Ariel Dunton. This is Roland Mackey and Sara...

SARA

McDowel.

ARIEL

Hi.

ROLAND

I loved your wacky TV bit.

HARRIS

Thank you, I loved yours too.

ROLAND

But I didn't...oh I see...marvelously funny. You have a lot of verve.

HARRIS

Verve?

SARA

Would you like to walk around with us?

HARRIS

Sure.

INT. TEMPORARY CONTEMPORARY - DAY

134

From the painter's point of view we see the four of them looking at a picture. Behind them is an Italian job with lots of people getting their heads cut off (or something like that).

HARRIS

I like the relationships, each character has it's own story. I mean the puppy is a little too much but sometimes you have to overlook things like that. But the way he's holding her!...It's almost filthy. He's about to kiss her, she's pulling away a little...the way his leg is smashed up against her. And look how nicely he painted her blouse, kind of loose, transparent, you can see her breast under it touching him about here...

(he indicates)

It's pretty torrid. And look at the people peeking from the doorway all shocked. They wish. When I see a painting like this, I must admit, I get a little...well let's just say...uh...emotionally...erect.

We see the painting he's talking about. It's a big ten by twenty foot canvas that is solid pink.

EXT. TEMPORARY CONTEMPORARY - DUSK

135

The four of them have exited the museum.

ROLAND

Well, that was terrific. All those paintings of food made me hungry.

HARRIS

Yes, I could eat some paintings of food myself.

They AD LIB good-byes, and the two couples separate. We can see Sara and Roland chatting, then Sara turns back.

SARA

Why don't we go somewhere for dinner?

HARRIS

I've heard about this happening, where you meet someone coincidentally and you end up having dinner with them, but it never actually happened to me.

Roland finds Harris frightfully amusing and laughs aloud.

HARRIS

(continuing; to Ariel, sotto voce)  
This guy loves me.

They approach.

ROLAND

We could stop by L'Idiot.

HARRIS

Great. But I should warn you, we'll never get in L'Idiot; it's impossible..

Roland spots a pay phone.

ARIEL

I have to meet June, could they take you home?

HARRIS

I don't want to impose...

SARA

No problem at all. We've got two cars. You can come home with one of us.

ROLAND

All set.

SARA

You better ride with me since you know where it is.

HARRIS

(overjustifying)

Yeah, I know where it is so that would be easier since Sara probably doesn't know and I could tell her and you know already.

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EXT. STREET - DAY

Sara and Harris get in her car. She drives off on the LEFT side of the street, swerving over at the last minute.

136

EXT. L'IDIOT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Harris and Sara arrive in their car as PHOTOGRAPHER'S cameras click at celebrities. When Sara and Harris pass them, they see who it is, they get immediately BORED and their cameras fall sickeningly SILENT. They walk into the restaurant, and we see the sign of the restaurant, L'IDIOT.

137

INT. L'IDIOT - NIGHT

Video monitors show arriving guests.

138pt

Hollywood. It's the "in place," and it is packed with "in people". The MAITRE'D who interrogated Harris at the bank approaches.

138

MAITRE'D

Yes, Mr. Mackey for three. Right this way.

He takes note of Harris suspiciously. As they go to the table, Harris passes Frank, sitting at a table for two, alone.

HARRIS

Hi, Frank.

FRANK

Oh, hello, Harris. Nice to see you.

HARRIS

Trudi here?

FRANK

She'll be here any minute. Any problem?

HARRIS

No, no; but she'll understand if I don't come over and say hello.

FRANK

Sure.

They are seated just as Roland arrives. Harris sits and stares at Frank and we see his slight smile of satisfaction at watching someone else wait for Trudi.



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CLOSE UP:

A tight shot of the tiniest portion of food imaginable being delivered to our group.

HARRIS

(looking at the plate)

Gee, I'm done already and I don't remember eating.

SARA

Do you think the portions in L.A. are too small?

HARRIS

Is that a personal question or an interview question?

ROLAND

Sara would never ask a personal question until she's known you for two years but she'll ask you the most personal question imaginable if it's for an interview.

(then)

Have you ever been to Santa Barbara? If you ever get a chance to take a little romantic weekend, go on up there. It's only two hours from L.A., and you feel like you're in Italy...Sara you should see it for your article.

Sara makes a head motion for Harris to look at something. A man and woman sit at a table each has a make-up mirror and powder puff and are daubing their faces. Sara and Harris share a secret laugh. A waiter approaches.

WAITER

Floss?

ROLAND

I'll have some.

WAITER

Diet or regular?

ROLAND

Regular, please.

Roland begins flossing. Sara begins an out of control giggle. Harris joins in.

CLOSE UP:

The check being delivered. They all rise. On their way out, Harris passes Frank who is still waiting, checking his watch. Harris stops.

HARRIS  
Frank, sorry if I gloat.

FRANK  
(very relaxed, for the first time)  
About what?

HARRIS  
Well, you're just sitting here waiting all night for her.

FRANK  
Harris, it's fantastic. All my life I've never waited. I never knew what it could be. It's delicious. The longer I wait, some chemical thing happens to me. I'm like a drunken sailor with his girlfriend after three months at sea.

INT. L'IDIOT - NIGHT

139

Sara has been waiting for Harris in the foyer while Roland went to get the cars. Harris joins her as TRUDI enters and spots them.

TRUDI  
(to Harris)  
It's eight-thirty. You're up awfully late aren't you?  
(she throws a glance to Sara and makes the assumption Harris and she are together)  
Gawd.

EXT. L'IDIOT - NIGHT

140

They exit the restaurant. The flashbulbs fall still again.

EXT. L'IDIOT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

141

They are at the valet lot. Roland is busy handing the tickets to the valet, "It's the blue one with the convertible top..." Sara and Harris are left alone.

SARA

I'll take you home. I love close to you.

HARRIS

What?

SARA

I live close to you.

Roland rejoins them.

SARA

I'll take him home he's on the way.

ROLAND

That's perfect since I live in the valley.

Three valet parkers scoff.

HARRIS

(nervous about her driving)  
Maybe I should take a cab.

SARA

Don't be silly.

He gets in and tightly secures his seatbelt. The car zooms OUT OF FRAME. We stay on the empty frame and hear Harris shouting, "right side...right side!" 142

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

143

Harris bolts out of the car. He has a look of mortal fear.

HARRIS

(eyeing her)  
It was really fun.

SARA

(buoyant)  
Yes, it was.

She goes back to business.

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HARRIS  
(searching)  
I like Roland a lot.

SARA  
He's nice, isn't he?

Harris is desperately trying to find out if Roland is Sara's beau.

We, and Sara see the writing in the window behind him, "Bored Beyond Belief". Silence.

HARRIS  
Well, Goodnight.

SARA  
Goodnight.

He starts to go inside. Suddenly, silently, SARA'S CAR STARTS TO SLOWLY ROLL. Sara utters her concern. Harris watches for a moment, tries the car door; it's locked. He tries to stop the car by pulling on the bumper; it continues to roll. Then, magically, both car doors unlatch. Harris pauses a moment and realizes something is going on. 144

HARRIS  
Get in.

SARA  
What?

HARRIS  
Get in.

He runs between the car and her while he speaks.

SARA  
NO.

HARRIS  
I know this looks weird but it's not.  
This is a completely safe mysteriously  
rolling car.

SARA  
What's going on?

HARRIS

Do you realize "This is a completely safe mysteriously rolling car" is a sentence which probably has never been said in the history of the universe? Please, get in.

She capitulates. They get in the car as it rolls away silently.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

145

Sara's car rolls up and stops at the freeway sign. Harris gets out of the car and looks up at it. It is blank.

HARRIS

(to the sign)

What is it?

Sara gets out of the car.

SARA

(slowly)

I haven't said a thing. I accepted roller skating, I accepted the flossing. I even partially accepted the moving car. I want to like you but it gets harder and harder. I left home to get away from exactly this.

\*  
\*

Sara has walked forward and turned her back to the sign. Suddenly, behind Sara's back the SIGN LIGHT UP!

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

KISS HER, YOU FOOL.

Big animated lips purse on the screen. Harris steps forward and kisses her hard. They part, breathless. The sign sputters, as though reading Sara's mind. It glows it's next line:

\*

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

LET YOUR MIND GO AND YOUR BODY WILL FOLLOW.

Sara, her back to the sign, looks up at Harris.

SARA

My head hurts.

He kisses her again.

SARA  
It's getting late, I should go.

EXT. HARRIS' APT. - NIGHT

146

She drops him off. They linger around each other, hovering.

HARRIS  
Do you want to come in?

SARA  
(not stupid)  
Why?

HARRIS  
Yeah, yeah. We're moving too fast.  
But, you know, we should see each other  
again.

SARA  
I guess, yes, I guess we should.

HARRIS  
What's today?

SARA  
Thursday

HARRIS  
The weekend?

SARA  
I should tell you, I'm supposed to see  
my ex this week-end. It's part of the  
deal.

HARRIS  
Oh God, I can't this weekend either.  
I've got a few things to untangle  
myself. My mom throws a bridge lunch  
thing that I have to be at...Hey, I've  
got to go to some fund raising dinner  
tomorrow. You want to go? Might be  
interesting for you to see how boring  
something can be. Not a date...just a  
do.

SARA

All right. All right. Sure. Bye. By the way, I think it's wonderful that you see your mother. It reminds me I should call mine.

She gets in her car and drives off. He passes the boxing couple again. They are standing outside their door again. Harris overhears the conversation. 146pt

BOXER

...And he said I had talent. So I went in to see him, and he said he could manage me, but only if I wanted to go all the way to the top, to take a shot at the championship. I said I'd have to work overtime 'cause they need me at home, what with my mom being sick...

The conversation trails off in the distance.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

147

He walks up to the front door. HIS FRONT DOOR IS GONE. He picks up a note taped to the entrance.

HARRIS

Good grief.

He picks up a note off the floor.

HARRIS

(reading)

"Dear Harris, I tried to reach you but your machine doesn't work sometimes. If you remember I gave you this door and when we split up you said I could have it back so I got some people to move it. Sorry for the inconvenience. Your friend, Trudi." She took my door.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

148

She dials on her speaker phone. A woman answers.

\*











SARA

And you think you represent danger?  
I've met a hundred men like you, who  
think they're virtual gypsy lovers but  
as far as I can tell, you're all the  
same: You put on a big show, you put on  
rollerskates, but what you can't do is  
offer a woman the simple gift of your  
full attention and I'm fucking sick of  
it. If I'm going to end up with that  
kind of man he's sure as hell not going  
to get anything back from me. That's  
what my ex-husband offers me:  
independence without loneliness.

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Harris angrily pulls the car over to the side of the street and  
parks in a space.

SARA

Are we getting out?

HARRIS

No...

SARA

Well, what are we doing here?

HARRIS

Parking space.

SARA

Huh?

HARRIS

There was an empty parking space.

SARA

So?

HARRIS

When you see an empty parking space you  
don't just drive by it. You park in it.

INT. DINNER PARTY - NIGHT

Harris, Sara and ten others sit at a dinner party. SOMEONE is  
speaking slowly, monotonously. Harris is on the verge of having  
one too many.

BORING SPEAKER

(slowly)

And I knew it was a great project. If the city were willing to partially finance my private museum, it could be a great bonus for the people. So I met with Ron...Ron, I toast you...

(toasts)

And Ron felt like I did. That the city could be persuaded to pitch in if...

The speech continues. Harris starts to look FAINT. His eyes roll back in his head.

WOMAN

Are you all right?

HARRIS

I don't know. I feel dizzy.

He starts to collapse. Sara rushes to him.

SARA

(concerned)

What is it?

HARRIS

I feel a little nausea. If I could get some air.

SARA

I'll take him...

GUEST

You sure?

SARA

Yes.

She escorts him outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

158

They stand poolside in a lush back yard.

HARRIS

It's something in my stomach or head or heart.

SARA

What can I do?

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\*  
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Quickly, he kisses her rather passionately. She responds.

SARA

No, no. I can't do this. This is how  
Mummy met Daddy.

\*  
\*  
\*

She starts to walk away. He grabs her.

HARRIS

Let your mind go and your body will  
follow.

Sara is stunned that he would say this. How did he know? There  
is a noise. They turn. Across the pool, having just emerged  
from the foilage, is a DEER. Harris and Sara stare at the deer;  
the deer stares back. It darts back into the night. The magic  
of everything makes Sara capitulate. They move into the foilage.  
(Sc.159 omitted)

INT. DINNER PARTY - NIGHT

160

SPEAKER

(really pompous now)

...to build the greatest city in the  
world!

Harris and Sara re-enter.

WOMAN

Do you feel any better?

HARRIS

Much beter.

They sit. The Woman notices Sara's panties sticking slightly out  
of her purse.

EXT. MELROSE - NIGHT

161

They are walking down Melrose. They stop in front of one of the  
neon-lit stores on Melrose. The light flashes on and off behind  
them.

HARRIS

Oh yeah, Harry Zell flew over this  
morning. The news wants me back. They  
want me to try the "serious" news and  
they want me to anchor. You know, no  
laughing or chit-chat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARA

I find it difficult to believe the idea of serious news as a revolutionary concept.

HARRIS

Well this guy does...God you look fantastic...It'll take some time to get respect after the wacky weatherman...did you, is your hair different?

SARA

The same...

WIDE SHOT - THE TWO OF THEM

against the neon. The neon flashes: L.A....L.A.....

HARRIS

So can we see each other tomorrow?

162

SARA

I told you I can't. I'm going away with my ex.

HARRIS

Are you in love with me, or anything in that vicinity?

SARA

I don't know. Those questions are answered later.

HARRIS

Yeah.

The WARM WIND comes up. As they walk down the street, the branches in the trees part for them and FLOWERS GROW and HOUSES SMILE. We see them from another angle and they are children dressed in little versions of Harris and Sara's clothes. Their shoes are too big for them and they walk away from the camera holding hands. 163 163pt

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

164

Harris is busy scrubbing off the "bored beyond belief" sign from his window.

HARRIS

(to his cat)

There. Mom would be proud.

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The auto dialing phone dials. Harris stares, disconcerted. An elderly woman's voice answers the phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello?

HARRIS

It's Mom! It dialed Mom! Hi Mom!

The door bell rings.

HARRIS

Mom, I'll call you later...

MOM

Take me off the speakerphone!

HARRIS

Okay!...

(picks up the phone)

I'll call you tomorrow, okay? I want you to meet someone.

He hangs up. Ariel appears at the door, deeply troubled.

HARRIS

(continuing; concerned)

What is it, Ariel?

ARIEL

(very shaken)

June left me.

Harris brings her into the house. Harris sits on the sofa, his arms around her.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

165

It is Saturday morning, the day Harris is going to Santa Barbara with Sandy. Harris passes the young Boxer and his Girlfriend and overhears the following:

BOXER

I know it's unbelievable, but I'm going to get a shot at the title! This is my chance! It's going to be hard, and I want you there beside me. I can't win unless I know you're with me...



HARRIS  
(into camera)  
Why is this guy's story so much more  
interesting than mine?

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

166

Harris arrives at Sandy's house. She is outside waiting with hand luggage. Her boyfriend looks out forlornly from the window. Sandy is asking Harris questions from "Trivial Pursuit".

SANDY  
Who wrote the 'Tonight Show Theme'?

HARRIS  
Paul Anka.

SANDY  
Good! Hey, where are we going to stay  
when we get there?

HARRIS  
Sandy, I came here to tell you this. I  
can't go away with you this weekend.

SANDY  
Shit.

HARRIS  
I've been seeing someone and we've got  
something going, I don't know what, but  
it wouldn't be right for me to go away  
with you.

SANDY  
Oh, well. So you're seeing her this  
weekend?

HARRIS  
No. I'm not she's got an obligation to  
her ex-husband to see if they can still  
get it together.

SANDY  
What? She's seeing someone else?

HARRIS

She's going away with him, yeah.

SANDY

You must be happy about that.

HARRIS

No, I hate it. It drives me crazy. How can she go away with someone else especially since I've been working out.

SANDY

So you're kind of the jerk who stays home.

HARRIS

(rising anger)

Yes. But it's fair. It is fair. She had this obligation before we met.

SANDY

But you had this obligation before you fell for her. Why should you suffer all weekend?

HARRIS

Yeah...

SANDY

So go away with me.

HARRIS

I can't. I would only be using you to get even with her for going off with someone else.

SANDY

I don't mind.

HARRIS

Let's go.

SANDY

Great.

HARRIS

I thought we'd go to Santa Barbara. The El Pollo del Mar is supposed to be a nice hotel.

SANDY

Oh, God, it's so beautiful there.  
There's a million stars...and the beach.  
I want to spin on the beach.

HARRIS

They have a special spinning beach up  
there...for nymphets only.

(then)

and Sandy, I think it should be just a  
vacation, just friends; I don't think we  
should make love.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
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SANDY

Okay, we'll just have sex. What was Sam  
Spade's partner's name?

HARRIS

Sam Spade. Archer.

They get in the car.

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

167

Sara is in the passenger side of a car. The driver's door is  
open; the trunk is up. Sara is also distracted. There is  
activity at the trunk, as a few suitcases are being thrown in.  
Then, the trunk closes and Roland gets in the front seat,  
driver's side.

ROLAND

We might run into people we know at the  
San Ysidro, so I booked us into the El  
Pollo del Mar.

(turns to her)

I'm really looking forward to this.

He kisses her.

SARA

Me, too.

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - HARRIS' CAR - DAY

168

Driving toward Santa Barbara. We can hear them playing "Trivial  
Pursuit" VOICE OVER.

SANDY (V.O.)

What does 'lip sync' mean?

HARRIS  
It's when you mouth a record.

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - ROLAND AND SARA - DAY

169

Driving to Santa Barbara.

ROLAND (V.O.)  
So when the Wittgenstein house was built  
in Austria one could say that philosophy  
of language had definitely hit the  
Bauhaus.

SARA  
I saw the house a couple of years ago.

ANGLE ON HARRIS' CAR

170

SANDY  
Who played 'the Beav'?

HARRIS  
Jerry Mathers.

ANGLE ON ROLAND'S CAR

171

SARA  
I really prefer the seventeenth century  
painted Italian furniture to anything  
that was done in England ever.

ANGLE ON HARRIS' CAR

172

SANDY  
Who was Howdy Doody's closest friend?

HARRIS  
Buffalo Bob.

INT. EL POLLO DEL MAR HOTEL - DAY

173

Harris and Sandy are in the lobby checking in. The bellman leads them off. Sandy puts her hand on Harris' rear end and he jumps a little.

INT. EL POLLO DEL MAR HOTEL - DAY (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

174

Sara and Roland are checking in. The bellman leads them off in similar direction. Roland throws his arm around Sara.

INT. HALLWAY OF HOTEL - DAY

175

Harris and Sandy enter their room. Just as they disappear behind the door, Sara and Roland round the corner and are taken to the room next to them.

INT. HARRIS' ROOM - DAY

176

Sandy is ecstatic being in the room. She gazes out the window; she jumps on the bed.

SANDY

God, isn't this breeze great?

HARRIS

It really is nice.

Sandy rubs up against him. She flops herself on the bed.

SANDY

I love hotel sheets. They're so fresh...and they feel so good against your bare skin...oooh.

HARRIS

I'm putting your toilet bag in here.

SANDY

Come here first.

Harris benignly comes to her. She gives him a nice kiss and he starts to go back to what he was doing. She hands him champagne.

SANDY

Come here again.

She takes his hand and puts it down her blouse. Harris is reluctantly turned on.

INT. SARA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

177

They are unpacking.

ROLAND

It's been great to see you again, Sara.

SARA

It's nice to see you too.

ROLAND

How are you?

SARA  
I'm confused.

ROLAND  
That's the difference between England  
and America. The English maintain civil  
relationships with their ex's.  
Americans kill them.

Roland passes close to the wall by the bed.

ROLAND  
Hey...listen to this...

SARA  
What?

He puts his ear to the wall.

ROLAND  
Listen.

We hear the MUFFLED MOANS of Sandy being made love to.

SARA  
(put out)  
Oh Roland...

ROLAND  
God, they're going crazy...

It turns him on. He puts his arms around Sara. She reluctantly lets him.

INT. HARRIS' ROOM - DAY

178

We see Harris and Sandy in bed making love. Above Harris' head a THOUGHT BALLOON appears. In it is Sara whom he is clearly thinking of. Next, above Sandy's head a thought balloon appears. In it is Mel Gibson.

EXT. HOTEL - FOUNTAIN SPURTS UP

178A

INT. SARA'S ROOM - DAY

179

She and Roland are making love. Above Sara's head a thought balloon of Harris appears. Then, above Roland's head another thought balloon appears. In it is Mel Gibson too.

INT. HARRIS' ROOM - DAY

180

They have just finished making love. Sandy's head is on his chest.

SANDY

Just before he left Jack told me he wants to make our relationship exclusive.

HARRIS

You mean he's not going to go out any more?

SANDY

I don't think he ever did. He never could get a date. I think seeing me going out drove him nuts, too.

HARRIS

What do you think you'll do?

SANDY

I don't know. I really like him...even though he's not so smart.

HARRIS

(hearing something)

Hey, listen...

SANDY

What?

HARRIS

Through the wall...

SANDY

What is it?

HARRIS

Somebody doing it...

SANDY

(delighted)

Oh...how beautiful.

They giggle. We hear Roland's SOUNDS OF PASSION. Roland's bed SLAMS up against the wall several times.

HARRIS

They're really excited; they must be cheating on someone.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

It is later. Harris pops out the door, holding it for Sandy. They're about to go for dinner. A split-second later, Sara opens her door to wait for Roland. Harris and Sara's eyes meet. Then Sandy walks out and puts her arm around Harris. Then Roland walks out and throws his arm around Sara.

ROLAND  
(seeing Harris)  
My God! I don't believe it! Are you staying here?

HARRIS  
Uh...Yeah.

ROLAND  
(friendly)  
Well, Sara, there goes our cover! Ha ha, there's no such thing as a secret.

HARRIS  
I think there is...Roland, this is Sandy Wilkes; Sandy this is Roland Mackey and Sara McDowel.

AD LIB hellos.

ROLAND  
Where you headed?

HARRIS  
To get some dinner.

ROLAND  
That's where we were going. Why don't you join us?

SANDY  
That'd be neat.

HARRIS  
Oh, you might want to be alone...

ROLAND  
Don't be silly. We can't both sit in the same restaurant and pretend to be alone...come on...



## ANOTHER ANGLE

Sara and Sandy are walking together; Harris and Roland are walking together. We go with Harris and Roland. There is a small clanging sound.

HARRIS

What's that clanging sound?

ROLAND

It's a nuisance. It's my damn testicles.

## EXT. BEACH NIGHT

182

The four of them walk along the beach. The connection between Harris and Sara is tense. Suddenly Sandy peels off her top to reveal a bikini top underneath, and begins to spin on the beach. Harris wishes she weren't doing it. 183

SANDY

Is it okay to spin here?

HARRIS

Yeah...

SANDY

Isn't the drive up here great? We played 'Trivial Pursuits' the whole way.

ROLAND

What's 'Trivial Pursuits'?

SANDY

It's this great game that has six different categories...

Harris and Sara look at each other hiding their emotions.

SANDY

(continuing)

Sports, art, history, literature, and stuff; but we just do the show business ones 'cause the others are so hard...

ROLAND

(to Sara)

That sounds fantastic.

(then)

You want your coat? I'm a little cold.

SARA  
Yes I would, thank you.

ROLAND  
I'll run up and get them. You want to  
come, Harris?

183pt

HARRIS  
Uh...yeah...uh...no...I'll just stay  
here.

ROLAND  
Back in a flash.

Sara and Harris stand there, finally alone. In the background we  
see Sandy dancing in the moonlight.

183  
(cont.)

SARA  
You liar.

HARRIS  
Here I am innocently driving up to Santa  
Barbara believing you're seeing your ex-  
husband and instead you're right next  
door to me giving it to my best friend.

They are shouting as loud as they can without being heard.

SARA  
Your best friend? Since when is Roland  
your best friend?

HARRIS  
He and I are very close. It's a  
terrible thing for you to do!

SARA  
You've never seen him without me.

HARRIS  
That doesn't matter. There's a bond  
among men. Anyway there's two liars  
here.

SARA  
Roland is my ex-husband.

HARRIS  
Okay, one.

SANDY  
(calling)  
Hey you guys...watch.

She does several handsprings.

HARRIS  
(calling back)  
Great!

SARA  
Why didn't you tell me you just broke up  
with someone?

HARRIS  
How do you know I just broke up with  
someone?

SARA  
Because when men just break up with  
someone they always run around with  
someone much too young for them.

HARRIS  
She's not so young. She'll be twenty-  
seven in four years.

SARA  
Jesus, 'seeing your mother' is the  
oldest cliché there is. You weren't  
even clever!

HARRIS  
I meant I was seeing my earth mother.  
(then)  
I told you that because I just couldn't  
bring myself to tell you I was going on  
a weekend with someone else! I tried to  
get out of it. I'm up here with her and  
all I can think of is you...

SARA  
That's why you fucked her this  
afternoon?

HARRIS  
Yes!

(then)  
I know that doesn't make a lot of sense.  
And why me in this? You practically  
came through our wall!  
You know how I felt hearing that...you  
with someone else?

SARA  
You didn't even know it was me till  
later.

HARRIS  
Yeah, but I projected back when I found  
out.  
(holding up his fingers)  
This close. We are this close to it.

SARA  
(exasperated)  
What would I do if I stayed. How would  
it work?

HARRIS  
We'd see each other, not push it, take  
it easy for the first couple of days,  
then marriage, kids, old age and death.

SARA  
And if I were to go?

HARRIS  
All I know is that on the day your plane  
was to leave...  
if I had the power...  
(pause)  
I would roll in the fog, I would bring  
in storms, I would turn around the  
magnetism of the earth so compasses  
would not work, so the plane couldn't  
take off.

Roland appears upon the sidewalk, still thirty seconds away.

ROLAND  
(shouting)  
Coming!

SARA  
(exhausted)  
This is everything I didn't want.

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\*  
\*  
\*

The pain, the lying, the complications,  
I'm losing control...It's everything  
I've been trying to avoid.

ANGLE ON HARRIS: SUPER: TEMPERATURE 105

ANGLE ON SARA: SUPER: TEMPERATURE 10

Roland enters with the coats.

ROLAND  
Here. Now I'm warm from running.

Sandy walks up.

SARA  
Ever wonder why the water just doesn't  
fly off into the sky?

ROLAND  
Let's walk on down to the pier...

SANDY  
Ooooy yes.

Everyone pairs up, Sandy's arm around Harris; Roland hugging Sara.

INT. HARRIS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

184

Sandy is nodding off. Harris listens very carefully, straining his ear to the wall to try and hear what Roland and Sara are doing.

INT. ROLAND'S ROOM - NIGHT

185

As Roland reads, Sara is casually leaning up against the wall, listening to Harris' room.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT- DAY

186

Harris is loading up the car with their luggage.

HARRIS  
(holding up a Teddy Bear)  
Sandy, you want this in the trunk or the front?

SANDY

Up front.

She points in her newly learned style. A forlorn Roland exits the hotel carrying hand luggage.

HARRIS

(to Roland)

What's the matter? You okay?

ROLAND

Huh, sorry. I'm okay. I've been working on Sara to come back with me. I'm her ex-husband. She told me today she doesn't think it's right.

HARRIS

(up)

Really?

ROLAND

She's evidently been seeing someone American.

HARRIS

Well, that's the breaks.

ROLAND

She's not going with him either. She's decided to go back to London as soon as she can.

HARRIS

Oh.

ROLAND

Pity. I wanted this. I wanted a relationship...you know...like you and Sandy have.

EXT. HARRIS' CAR - DAY

187

Harris and Sandy are headed back to L.A.

HARRIS (V.O.)

... The sun is the center of our solar system, which is the earth and the other planets...In turn, the sun is part of a galaxy, which consists of millions of suns...

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EXT. ROLAND'S CAR - DAY

188

\*  
p.100

Roland and Sara head back.

ROLAND (V.O.)  
Who played Fred Mertz?

SARA (V.O.)  
How am I supposed to know?

ROLAND (V.O.)  
(bad pronunciation)  
William Frawley.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

189

Harris just finishing his serious news report.

HARRIS  
...and that man's lawn will probably  
never grow again because of the  
thoughtlessness of a few teenage boys.  
And here's Morris Frost with a movie  
review.

Morris Frost starts a movie review. He is very serious and  
"thought provoking".

MORRIS  
The film "Slice up Mommy" is an effort  
to intertwine the psychological nature  
of film with the tangible experience of  
storytelling...it starts with a slasher,  
but one who's slashing comes from a  
wound so deep in himself...

EXT. CAR RENTAL - DAY

190

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Sara drives up to a car rental location.

INT. TV STUDIO -DAY

191

MORRIS  
(continuing)  
I give it an eight for content, a six  
for stylistic imagination, a four for  
eloquence, a six for the performances  
and a two for relevance.

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\*  
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A chart is supered on the screen plotting the graph of his review.

MORRIS  
(continuing)  
...giving it a mean score of five.

The camera widens to reveal Harris listening intently with a "serious" look on his face. He looks an extra long time, giving the seriousness of it all time to sink in. Then very solemnly says:

HARRIS  
And now the weather.

ANGLE ON THE T.V.

193

There's a new weatherman. Boston accent. Fifty. Glasses. Serious.

NEW WEATHERMAN  
Sunny. Seventy-two. And that's the weather.

INT. CAR RENTAL - DAY

192

Sara at the check-in counter. A TV is on near the desk.

SARA  
I'd like to turn this car in please.

HARRIS (ON T.V.)  
Our next weather report will be four days from now. We'll be right back after this message.

INT. TV STUDIO HALLWAY - DAY

194

Harris walks by his boss, Tod

TOD  
Harris, it seemed a bit wacky.

HARRIS  
How could it? I was very serious.

TOD  
It had an edge of wackiness. Less wacky, more egghead.

\*  
\*  
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HARRIS

I've been thinking about myself and I think I can become the kind of person that's worth staying for. First of all I'm a man who can cry. Now it's true it's usually when I've hurt myself but it's a start. You see I know there is something that will make you stay. I know it. I see you play the tuba. I sense that about you There is some move I could make the right word attitude plan but these are all tricks these are just things I would think up and try but let's forgo that let's assume that whatever that thing is that whatever it is that you secretly know would make you stay has occurred that it has happened that my hand has already gone down your throat and grabbed your heart and sqooze it.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

199

Sara exits a restaurant with Ariel and her new friend Alice. Harris appears walking beside them.

HARRIS

I am very disappointed in you. I am disappointed that you have chosen the safe uncommitted path. I'm glad this happened because it reveals something about you that would only have come out later that you're a weak person and frankly I'm not interested in that kind of mentality. I need someone who has a drive, a spark, an ability to feel. Yes, that's it, an ability to feel...

The three girls get in Ariel's car. Harris pumps up his roller \* skates and rolls along beside them as they pull out.

ARIEL

Harris you are a complete goofus.

HARRIS

...if you don't think I should be doing that I think a simple life is best maybe a lifeguard, you, me, on the beach, few cares. I could also go for the hard driving life. Get out there, go gettem something in business. I know that I could do anything I set my mind too...

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

200

Sara is continuing packing, unplugging the phone, etc. Outside, we can hear Harris raving on.

HARRIS (V.O.)

(muffled)

Because there comes a time in everyone's life when it's now or never now or never let me read to you from a little book of poems...(etc.)

Sara closes her suitcase tight and with finality. She opens a door with a mirror, we see Harris standing outside on the lawn. 201  
He sings, "It's Now or Never". She lowers a blind and shuts him 202  
out.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - DUSK

203

Beaten, he gets out of his car. In the background, a paramedic vehicle pulls up. The young boxer is being carried back to his apartment on a STRETCHER.

EXT. SIGN - NIGHT

204

Harris stands at the sign. He is weatherbeaten and tired..

HARRIS

(angry)

It's all over. It's all over. You got me into this.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO

HARRIS

What do you mean by that?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)

AT LEAST U R NOT INDIFFERENT

HARRIS  
(shifting)  
It's true. It's true. I'm feeling  
something.

There's a pause.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
FEEL THE SILENCE  
(the wind blows again and the sign resonates)  
DO U REMEMBER THE MOMENT WHEN U FELL N  
LOVE WITH HER?

HARRIS  
I know exactly when I fell in love with  
her. We were walking along the street  
after this party and we were talking  
about nothing really and....

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
NO. NO THAT WASN'T IT AT ALL.

HARRIS  
What do you mean? Of course it was.  
(then)  
When was it?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
IT WAS THE MOMENT OF...THE TOUCH

HARRIS  
The touch?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
REMEMBER?

HARRIS  
Where?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
AT THE RESTAURANT

HARRIS  
(remembers back)  
Huh?

We DISSOLVE to the scene in the VERY FIRST RESTAURANT where he  
had lunch with Trudi and the table for eight. We REPLAY the  
moment where they all get up to leave, then:

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- THE SOUND OF THE MOVIE FALLS AWAY.
- THE ACTION MOVES INTO A VAGUE SLOW MOTION
- A WAITER MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD
- HARRIS APPROACHES SARA TO MOVE HER OUT OF THE WAITER'S PATH
- THE CAMERA JUMPS IN CLOSE ON SARA'S ELBOW
- WE SEE FACES, DETAILS, OF THE OTHER DINERS, OBLIVIOUS TO THE MOMENT
- WE SEE HARRIS' HAND TOUCH HER AND GENTLY MOVE HER.
- FADE BACK TO THE FREEWAY SIGN SCENE

206

HARRIS  
 My God. It had happened already? At the touch?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
 A TOUCH, A GLANCE, A WORD. IT'S ALWAYS FROM THE BLIND SIDE.

HARRIS  
 Anyway, it's out of my hands now. I did everything I could think of.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
 MAYBE U THINK 2 MUCH.

He turns and gets in his car.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

207

Harris, sits, raw, in silence.

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

208

A taxi picks her up.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

209

He sits and stares at a clock.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

210

Sara gets out of the taxi, lugging her tuba.

\*

3/21/90  
INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 211  
She checks in leaving her tuba at the baggage check-in.  
INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 212  
He sits.  
INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - NIGHT 213  
Sara's plane is called.  
EXT. FREEWAY SIGN - NIGHT 214  
The freeway sign blinks, electro-statically.  
EXT L.A. STREET - NIGHT 215  
Very still. Everything is very still. A crumpled newspaper in  
the middle of the street does not move.  
INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT. NIGHT. 215A  
The pilot does his pre-flight checks.  
INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT 216  
Sara sits in the plane at the gate. The engines are roaring.  
INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 217  
He sits. The Rousseau behind him MOVES slightly. Was it the  
painting or the shadow of leaves through the window?  
MONTAGE - NIGHT  
- The wind blows gently through a palm tree. 218  
- The freeways seem empty. 219  
- Various shots of L.A. Everything is dead, unmoving, like the  
air before a tornado. 220-223  
EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT The plane taxis from the gate. 224  
INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT  
The plane is still taxiing. We see Sara, deep in thought. 225  
Outside the window, we see a DENSE FOG cover the window.  
EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT 226  
The fog envelopes the taxiing airplane.

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\*  
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INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

227

The pilot looks at his compass. He taps it.

PILOT

Funny...

INT. HARRIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

228

Harris notices the fog outside his window. A DRIVING DOWNPOUR begins.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

229

The plane, just yards away from the ramp, is enveloped in rain and fog.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

230

Sara. Wondering.

INT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

231

Harris' electronic note-taker MELTS.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

232

CLOSE-UP: The pilot's hand throws several switches.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

233

Sara HEARS THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES SHUTTING DOWN.

Tears come to her eyes. Her hand touches the window.

INT. HARRIS APT - NIGHT

233A

His hand touches the window.

EXT. FREEWAY SIGN - NIGHT

234

We see the sign through the mist. Its screen glows dimly, as bolts of light shoot weakly across it. Bulbs popping.

EXT. HARRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

235

He wanders out the door-less apartment. Harris stands outside in the rain.

HARRIS

That's twice.

Sara's taxi pulls up in front of Harris' house. She gets out and faces him in the rain with her bags and tuba. They hug as the clouds reveal the full moon. We see a quick cut of the sign: a digital cloud moves across its screen and reveals the digital moon.

\*  
236

SARA  
It's not going to be easy.

237

HARRIS  
I'm not really looking for easy.

FADE OUT AND UP:

EXT. DIGITAL FREEWAY SIGN - NIGHT

238

Harry Zell is hovering in his jet pack in front of the sign, which is now more tattered than it was.

HARRY ZELL  
Goddamn it! I'm working on a deal, this guy wants fifty percent of the overseas. I tell him I can't give him fifty percent of the overseas, I'll look like an idiot.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
UH HUH

His car phone rings. He answers it, listens for a moment.

HARRY ZELL  
Hello? Damn it!  
(to sign)  
I'll come back tomorrow at five or else it'll be after eight.

He flies off. Harris and Sara pull up and get out of the car. They walk toward the sign. 239

HARRIS  
(to the sign)  
Wow. That was something. That was really something.

SARA  
We just came by to give you something, a gift.

The sign gets a surge of energy. A bagpipe sound emerges from its guts.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
IT WORKED?

HARRIS  
I always thought it was my fault that I could never get close to anybody. But now I realize that I had just always been with the wrong girl.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She takes her plane ticket and places it at the base of the sign. Harris takes off his watch. The bagpipe sound becomes a tune: Amazing Grace.



FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
HOORAY FOR US

HARRIS  
I never could figure out the riddle  
though.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU  
UNSCRAMBLE HOW DADDY IS DOING

HARRIS  
Yes.  
(to Sara)  
It's a riddle. Too tough for me.

She looks at the riddle. Then:

SARA  
I can solve it. It's a British  
crossword clue. Unscramble means you  
unscramble the letters of "how is daddy  
doing".

SARA  
Okay, we unscramble "how is daddy  
doing". Move the "s" and the "ing"...

She continues to tell the sign where to move the letters. They  
begin to form words. We finally see the sign.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
SING DOO WAH DIDDY  
(then)  
CONGRATULATIONS!

HARRIS  
Sing doo wah diddy? That's the mystery  
of the ages?

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
I HAD 2 THINK UP SOMETHING FAST.  
HARRIS, DID U LOOK AT THAT SIGN I ASKED  
U ABOUT?

HARRIS  
Yes I did.

FREEWAY SIGN (READOUT)  
WELL?

HARRIS

Well, you know, pole, recently painted...new lettering...kinda green.

FREEWAY SIGN(READOUT)

WOW. DID SHE HAVE ALL HER BULBS?

HARRIS

Uh...come to think of it she did.

FREEWAY SIGN(READOUT)

HARRIS, ONE OTHER THING.

HARRIS

Yes?

FREEWAY SIGN(READOUT)

THOSE MOUNTAINS...WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEM?

HARRIS

Oh...nothing.

HARRIS

We won't be coming back here anymore. I know there's others who need the space. So, thanks.

He looks over embarrassedly to Sara. He walks over to the sign and hugs it. The music generated by the sign multiplies into a thousand pipes; it's the other freeway signs of the city joining in.

Plus various Night Shots of Freeway Signs, Freeways, LA, etc.

240-245

THE END