

REGARDING
HENRY

A Screenplay By
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SECOND DRAFT
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Registered WGAw

REGARDING HENRY

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - MORNING

VARIOUS SHOTS of quiet winter countryside. Snow-sprinkled trees, blanket-white fields. An all-girls CHOIR performing Mozart's "Vesperae Solennes de Confessione" can be HEARD.

EXT. THE HUNTINGTON SCHOOL - SAME

A pristine, postcard-perfect boarding school. A church, classrooms, dormitories.

O'BRIEN (v.o.)
They enter little girls. They
leave women.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - SAME

A dark wood office, perfect bookshelves, a fireplace. The CHOIR can still be HEARD practicing in the distance. A grandfather clock TICKS LOUDLY.

Sitting behind the immaculate desk is the 65 year-old Headmistress, MISS O'BRIEN.

Sitting opposite her are HENRY and SARAH TURNER. Henry, 40, is handsome and perfectly-manicured in an Armani business suit. Sarah is 38, New York-beautiful, wearing a skirt and sweater. An impeccable couple.

Between Henry and Sarah sits RACHEL, their nine year-old daughter. Wearing a sweater like Mom's, Rachel comes off as not just nervous -- but timid.

O'BRIEN
We've earned that motto every year since 1912. We're known for being strict, precise, demanding, and effective. Rachel's acceptance to Huntington is a big step, not only for Rachel, but for you as well. Next fall when she begins her education here, you'll have to learn to let go. Some parents find this a difficult time.

(beat, to Henry)
Do you understand?

Henry stares for a long beat. Then he snaps out of it -- he hasn't heard a word.

HENRY
Yes, that'll be great.

Then the TELEPHONE RINGS. Miss O'Brien answers it.

O'BRIEN

Yes.

(beat, holds the
receiver out to Henry)

Mr. Turner.

Henry takes the phone as if he were expecting the call.

HENRY

Excuse me.

(into phone)

Bruce -- did Perkins get the
injunction? Jesus Christ. I'll
be there by four. Have the car
ready...

Henry continues his conversation as Rachel turns to Sarah.

RACHEL

I'm gonna bring Freddy.

Sarah comfortingly takes Rachel's hand.

SARAH

Of course you are.

(to Miss O'Brien)

Her doll.

RACHEL

He's an alligator.

Miss O'Brien smiles at Rachel, sliding a typed page towards Sarah.

O'BRIEN

We need your signatures...

Sarah takes a pen and signs her name. Then she moves the paper to Henry, who still talks on the phone. She hands him the pen.

INSERT - THE PAGE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

Henry signs his name at the "X" -- an elaborate, dramatic, bold signature.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - MORNING

A train speeds through the frosty countryside.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Henry, smoking a cigarette, reads through a contract. Sarah flips through Vogue. And Rachel sits quietly, staring at her shoes.

EXT. MANHATTAN COURTHOUSE - DAY

An enormous brick building. Taxis plow through the slush.

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

Henry talks to the JURY. The 50 year-old, old-style WASP DEFENDANT (Mr. Hamilton) watches carefully.

HENRY

Edward Hamilton's business has provided your community with efficient ambulance service for thirty years. Your family's probably done business with them and you don't even know it.

(a beat)

In servicing one of their vehicles, a potentially deadly mistake was made. The nitrous oxide and oxygen tubes were switched.

Henry moves to the 50 year-old blue-collar gentleman PLAINTIFF (Mr. Matthews). Henry's expression is sincere. Regretful.

HENRY

That Mr. Matthews had to suffer at all is a tragedy. No one argues that.

(a beat)

But the function and purpose of the law is not just to compensate the injured and their loved ones...

As Henry looks at her, the 45 year-old WOMAN (Mrs. Matthews) touches her husband's arm.

HENRY

... but to punish those who are responsible.

(turns back to the Jury)

Not just someone who happens to be in the neighborhood.

(a beat)

Now the question to you is... and it's a difficult question... could my client have prevented what happened?

(a beat)

I ask you this because the law says that a person cannot be liable for negligence unless the harm that occurred was reasonably foreseeable.

Henry moves close to the Jury -- looking into their eyes intensely. Penetratingly.

HENRY

There has been no evidence shown to you by plaintiff counsel to indicate that the injury to Mr.

(more)

HENRY (Cont'd)
 Matthews could have been prevented
 or was reasonably foreseeable.
None.

Henry leans even closer. He almost speaks at a whisper.

HENRY
 My client is as guilty as you are.

The JURY's eyes are all on Henry... he's got 'em.

INT. COURTROOM CORRIDOR - LATER

Droves of PEOPLE walk through the echoey hallway. Henry is on a pay phone, furious.

HENRY
 ... listen to me. Listen to me.
 I don't care. The table you
 delivered is not the table I
 ordered. I'm having a party on
 Friday and the table sitting in
 my dining room looks like a fucking
turtle.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Henry sits beside the Defendant (Mr. Hamilton), listening attentively to the jury reading.

JURY FOREMAN
 (reading)
 We find for the defendant on all
 counts.

Mr. Hamilton closes his eyes in victory as Henry swiftly gathers his papers, business as usual. He professionally shakes Hamilton's hand, they share a smile.

As Henry gets up to leave, he glances over at Mrs. Matthews, who looks at Henry with wounded eyes. Henry meets her stare, then turns away, walking off.

INT. CLAYTON, TURNER AND WALKER LAW OFFICES - DAY

A boutique Manhattan law firm. Half a dozen PEOPLE are in Henry's large office celebrating with champagne. It's a little party, lots of business talk.

Pouring the bubbly is BRUCE HODGES, a good-looking 45 year-old Yalie, and one of Henry's partners. Also here is LINDA PALMER, an attractive 35 year-old lawyer. Among the talk, Linda whispers something into Henry's ear. He laughs.

And then everyone turns as a stately, silver-haired, 65 year-old gentleman in a three-piece suit enters. This is CHARLIE CLAYTON, and he commands respect. He moves to Henry's desk, takes a glass and holds it up in a toast.

CHARLIE
Your father would've been proud.

Henry smiles, holds up his glass.

HENRY
Yeah, the old bastard would've
loved this one.

And Henry downs his glass in a swallow.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Henry walks swiftly, briefcase in hand. He moves past his pretty 30 year-old SECRETARY's desk. She's got a yellow flower in her hair.

HENRY
If Maxwell calls, tell him we won
Hamilton and he owes me fifty.
Cancel lunch tomorrow, move the
dinner to next week, and pull
Willie Gordon's file. Forty-six-
twenty-eight.

The Secretary watches him walk off, stone-faced.

SECRETARY
Yessir.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Henry is alone here, staring ahead with steely eyes. He checks his watch. The door opens and a 37 year-old lawyer (RUDY) enters, all smiles.

RUDY
Hey! Rumor has it you kicked some
ass this morning.

HENRY
(smiles)
That's a good rumor.

The door closes.

RUDY
So what are you doing for
Christmas? Deb and I are going
to Hawaii... just get the hell
out of New York, this place is
killing me. You want anything from
paradise?

HENRY
No thanks.

The door opens and Henry leaves the elevator. Rudy's smile disappears. The door closes.

EXT. MANHATTAN - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

It's snowing. Christmas lights line most windows. People walk their dogs in the cold.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

The apartment building, sprinkled with snow.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

An apartment hallway, a very modern work of art hangs beside an open bedroom door. The shot is static, we can only HEAR Henry YELLING:

HENRY (o.s.)

And you can't just say it's an accident because you're responsible! And if you can't learn to respect other people's things, Rachel, we're going to have a real problem!

(a beat)

You're not to leave this room tonight.

A long beat. Henry, wearing a dressy suit, then leaves the bedroom and closes the door firmly, clearly angered.

Sarah, dressed for dinner, walks right past him, putting on her earrings.

SARAH

The sooner we get there the sooner we can leave, are you ready?

Henry takes a beat to regain his composure, takes a deep breath, lets it out quickly.

HENRY

Yeah.

He walks off, following Sarah.

INT. LA GOULUE - SAME

A small French restaurant. Christmas decorations ("Joyeux Noel") hang tastefully. Near the back, a table for five. Bruce and Henry, who smokes a cigarette, are engrossed in a business conversation with a 50 year-old BUSINESSMAN (George).

HENRY

... it said clearly any irreversible and irretrievable commitments of resources...

BRUCE

... we just proved they were retrievable.

The three men laugh and continue to speak as we PAN to Sarah, having what appears to be a wonderful time with the Businessman's 50 year-old WIFE.

SARAH

... and so I'm on the phone twenty-four hours a day, it takes me three weeks to make the deal, and before escrow closes they turn around and sell the place for two million dollars.

The Wife laughs, and Sarah does too. And then Henry, in the middle of his conversation, leans over.

HENRY (o.s.)

(whispers)

What's George's wife's name again?

SARAH

(whispers)

Julia.

HENRY (o.s.)

(to George)

So George, you and Julia really should come to the party, it's going to be terrific...

Henry continues his conversation, and Sarah goes back to hers.

EXT. LA GOULUE - NIGHT

Henry and Sarah say goodnight to Bruce, the Businessman and his Wife. Kisses and waves as Henry hails a cab.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Henry and Sarah get into the taxi, shake off the snow. RAP MUSIC PLAYS on the car stereo.

HENRY

Aw, shit, I left my cigarettes.

SARAH

(to Driver)

One, West Seventy-Second.

(to Henry)

What a headache.

The DRIVER hits the meter.

HENRY

(to the Driver)

Would you put on eighty-nine-point-nine? Thanks.

(to Sarah)

You think Robert could drink a little bit more? Jesus Christ.

The Driver reluctantly turns the dial until CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS.

SARAH
(rubbing her temples)
Do you really think they paid
one-three for the beach house? I
can't imagine.

HENRY
All I know is Robert's a drunk and
he was breathing all over me.

SARAH
Did Barbara mention a pool? I
think I heard her say pool.

HENRY
And then he spilled scotch on
Bruce, who I've concluded has no
personality outside the office.

SARAH
I just can't imagine a pool for
one-three.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

Christmas decorations everywhere.

The taxi arrives at the apartment building. The DOORMAN opens the
car door. Henry and Sarah get out.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Henry and Sarah stand there for a beat.

SARAH
Do you have the keys?

HENRY
No, I forgot them again.

Sarah sighs, going through her purse.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

An enormous place, decorated too-perfectly. Plush carpet,
over-padded chairs, twenty-foot ceilings. All the artwork here
-- and there's plenty of it -- is modern, stark; there's a Jasper
Johns, a Franz Kline, an Ellsworth Kelly...

There's a twelve-foot Christmas tree in the living room, dozens of
gifts beneath it. A Steinway concert grand sits predominantly
beside the tree.

The door opens, Henry and Sarah enter. They hang up their coats
and scarves.

Henry picks up the day's mail and flips through the envelopes as
he moves into the dining room and hits the light switch.

An enormous table sits in the middle of the room. It resembles a giant turtle.

HENRY
Goddamnit.

Sarah picks up a small pair of sneakers in the entryway, then moves behind Henry.

SARAH
You should apologize to Rachel.

HENRY
If Tracy doesn't deliver tomorrow
I'm returning the whole living
room.

SARAH
Henry, go tell Rachel you're sorry
for yelling. You never apologize.

HENRY
Did you call the caterers?

She turns him to face her. She eyes him sternly.

HENRY
Okay.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stuffed animals, pictures of horses, riding ribbons and medals.
Rachel is asleep in her big, fluffy bed.

The door opens and Henry enters. He looks at Rachel for a beat, takes a deep breath, then moves to her, giving her a kiss on the forehead.

Rachel stirs, opens her eyes.

HENRY
(whispers)
Hi.

Rachel meets his gaze.

HENRY
(quietly)
I was angry. I admit I was angry.
But for a reason.
(a beat)
My piano is very important to me.

A beat. Henry picks up the alligator doll Rachel cuddles.

HENRY
It's like your doll. Frank's your
baby.
(more)

HENRY (Cont'd)
How would you react if I spilled
grape juice all over your baby?

RACHEL
His name isn't Frank.

HENRY
Rachel... the point is, if you
can't be responsible, don't take
food out of the kitchen.

A beat.

HENRY
Listen. I've been under a lot of
pressure, in the past forty-eight
hours I've had a real short fuse.
(a beat)
We had a big case today,
sweetheart. And Daddy won.

A long beat. He hands her back the doll, she hugs it.

HENRY
Okay? All better?

She blinks. He smiles.

HENRY
Qui tacet, consentire videtur.
(a beat)
He who is silent is understood to
consent.

He tucks her in, kisses her forehead.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Henry, his tie undone, rifles through his desk.

HENRY
Goddamnit...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah slips into her nightgown. Henry enters.

HENRY
Do you have any cigarettes?

SARAH
Apologize?

Henry goes through his walk-in closet drawers.

HENRY
Yeah. I don't think she even
remembered that I yelled at her.
(more)

HENRY (Cont'd)
I thought I told Rosella to buy
cigarettes.

Sarah walks into the bathroom.

SARAH
Frances said Carol's daughter
wasn't accepted to Huntington.
They're all dying that Rachel got
in.

Henry looks in his nighttable.

HENRY
Huntington's perfect. It reminds
me of St. Vincent's.

SARAH (o.s.)
But look how you turned out.

HENRY
Very funny.

Henry leaves the room.

HENRY
I'll be right back...

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Henry leaves the apartment, closing the door. Then, just before
he shuts it, he re-enters and grabs the set of keys on the entry
table.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET - NIGHT

The sidewalks are empty. It's too cold to be outside.

Henry, cloaked in a winter coat, hurries carefully across the icy
street, almost slipping.

HENRY
Shit.

He passes through a cloud of steam and gets to the opposite
sidewalk, walking briskly.

Down the street he turns a corner and approaches a newsstand near
a subway staircase. The ROAR of a SUBWAY CAR is ECHOED from
below.

HENRY
(pointing)
A pack of those.

The 60 year-old NEWSSTAND MAN hands Henry a pack of Luckies.

NEWSSTAND MAN
 (with a toothless grin)
 Feeling Lucky tonight?

Henry smiles politely, takes out his billfold and pays as a MAN climbs the subway stairs. He's about 40, in Levi's and a work shirt. He's got a beard and is filthy; looks like he's been dragged through the street.

The Man staggers to the top of the stairs and spots a male TEENAGER who walks past.

MAN
 (to the Teenager)
 Hey... you got some extra money?

Henry looks over as the Man follows the Teenager a few steps, then stumbles and falls. This guy isn't just drunk. He's over-the-edge shitfaced.

The Man turns and sees Henry looking at him.

Henry looks away, pockets his money, and starts toward his building, unwrapping the pack.

MAN
 Excuse me, sir!

Henry crosses the street, lighting a cigarette. The Man stands and follows Henry, his walk uneven.

MAN
 Come on, I need some fucking money,
 man!

Henry picks up pace, taking a drag on the cigarette.

MAN
 I saw you got some money!

Henry just keeps moving.

MAN
 At least look at me!

Suddenly the Man falls to the frozen ground -- and a gun falls from his pocket and skitters a few feet in front of him.

The Man starts to cry. He crawls to the gun, grips it. He manages to stand, limping after Henry, who walks briskly...

MAN
 Hey, you son-of-a-bitch! I'm
talking to you!

Henry's walk turns into a jog...

MAN
LISTEN TO ME!

Henry's half a block away from his apartment. The Man aims the gun, sobbing.

MAN
DON'T YOU FUCKING IGNORE ME!

And he FIRES. A bullet hits Henry in the shoulder. Henry spins around, the cigarette falls from his mouth. His eyes wide -- he can't fucking believe it.

And in that instant the Man FIRES AGAIN -- this time hitting Henry in the forehead.

Henry staggers back and collapses -- his head hitting the icy concrete, eyes open.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits quietly at her make-up table, removing her eye make-up. The DOORBELL RINGS.

SARAH
(under her breath)
You should glue the keys to your hand, Henry.

Sarah moves to the front door, opens it. It's the DOORMAN. He's pale.

SARAH
What is it?

INT. HOSPITAL O.R. - NIGHT

Emergency surgery. A ROAR of MACHINES and MEDICAL TERMINOLOGY as a team of DOCTORS works frantically.

DOCTORS
He's hemorrhaging! Christ, he's bleeding! I need some gauze over here, we've got to close this wound!

INSERT - METAL BOWL - CLOSEUP

A bloodied bullet is dropped into a metal bowl with a loud CLINK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Only the mechanical BREATHING of the respirator is HEARD.

Henry lies motionless, a dozen tubes running in and out of him. He's pale, his head partially shaved. Fresh, deep stitches.

Sitting beside him is Sarah. She stares blankly, exhausted.

SLOWLY PULL BACK on this motionless image...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

HENRY'S POV

A bright light. When it moves away, we see it's DR. RICHARD SULTAN holding a small flashlight, looking right at us. He's a bearded, 55 year-old man in a white doctor's coat. He reminds you of a favorite teddy bear.

DR. SULTAN

How's it goin'?

(a beat)

Sleep well? Any dreams?

(a beat)

Do you remember me, Henry?

He waits a long beat. Nothing. He CLICKS off the flashlight.

INT. DR. SULTAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A small office crowded with medical books. Sunlight pours through the one window, providing most of the light here. Sounds of the City outside.

Dr. Sultan sits behind his desk, facing Sarah, whose face looks tired now, worn. The doctor shows her Henry's head X-rays.

DR. SULTAN

The bullet hasn't moved. I wish we could get at it... but if we're a little lucky, it'll never move and he'll be fine.

(looks through charts)

His brainwaves and reflexes look great. For a guy that's just come out of a three month coma he's in better shape than I am.

A long beat.

SARAH

(almost a whisper)

Now what.

DR. SULTAN

(sighs)

Sarah, the truth is, it's going to be a long rehabilitation. It could take six months... it could take six years. We're starting from scratch here. Henry doesn't remember how to speak, or how to move, or anything. His memories are still in there, I mean one day everything might come back, but there are no guarantees.

(more)

DR. SULTAN (Cont'd)

(a beat)

There's nothing more we can do here. I've spoken to a clinic in Bedford that I've done some work with. We can get Henry in there immediately.

(a beat)

Sarah, I just want to make sure you're prepared. Henry might not remember you, or your daughter, or anyone. Ever.

Sarah just stares. It's as if she's not hearing a word.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A sterile hospital room. Henry lies awake in the bed, staring at the ceiling. His expression is completely empty, like a blank sheet of paper. Infantile. He's under the covers in a blue hospital smock. His hair's grown back, and there's a deep scar on his forehead.

Sarah opens the door. Henry looks over at her, his head moving jerkily, like a toy on almost-dead batteries. He has to focus his eyes.

Sarah pulls up a chair beside the bed, sits. She's on the verge of tears. At any moment she could just flood. She takes out a small gold box.

SARAH

(quietly)

I brought you Godiva.

A long beat. Henry shifts his eyes to the gold box, then back to his wife. Sarah tries to appear unruffled.

SARAH

Rachel says hi. So does everyone. They say the office is so quiet without you.

(a beat)

Rosella keeps rewashing your shirts so she has something to do... she's been great.

(beat, she forces a smile)

I finally sold that spooky apartment on Lexington. The Munsters house, remember? Finally.

(a beat)

The heater went out again. The first week in January, can you believe it? Rachel and I were freezing. The bed was... so cold.

Henry stares at her, mesmerized, mouth open. He starts to drool. Sarah notices and wipes it away.

Their eyes meet for a long beat.

Everything's changed.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

A late spring afternoon.

In some kind of daze, Sarah gets into a taxi outside the hospital. The cab drives off.

INT. TAXI - DUSK

Sarah sits in the back seat, expressionless, staring at nothing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

The setting sun washes the room with golden light. Henry stares at the ceiling. SLOWLY PUSH FORWARD on his innocent, empty eyes.

INT. THE DAKOTA - APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Rachel eat dinner in silence, on that oblong table that resembles a turtle. After a long while, Rachel looks up.

RACHEL
So... how's Daddy?

If Sarah looked at her daughter, she'd lose it.

SARAH
He's doing great, sweetheart.
(a beat)
He wants to get all better before
he comes home.

Another beat.

RACHEL
You miss him?

SARAH
(quizzically)
Of course I do.

Sarah stares at Rachel... her eyes almost asking the same question of her daughter. But Rachel doesn't answer, she just goes back to her food.

Sarah looks down at her plate. Rachel notices her mother is sad. After a beat, Rachel holds up a long string bean under her nose, like a mustache.

RACHEL
Mommy, look.

Sarah looks up at her daughter, and forces a smile. Then she goes back to her dinner, holding back tears.

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - MORNING

The clinic resides in a beautiful Victorian house on acres of grassy land with hundreds of giant trees.

INT. CLINIC HALLWAY - SAME

DOCTORS and PATIENTS roam the hall. But we're favoring a 6-foot, slightly overweight black man who struts down the corridor like he owns the place. He's wearing a sweatsuit and a brilliant smile. This is BRADLEY.

Walkman headphones hang around his neck.

BRADLEY

(waves)

Mr. Casella! Watch out! You're looking sharp! Sharp!

A NURSE moves down the hall in the opposite direction.

NURSE

Hi, Bradley.

BRADLEY

Julieeeee! Check out the new uniform! Yeeeeeeouch!

And then a 50 year-old DR. MARX, the chief of staff, stops Bradley and smiles at him knowingly.

DR. MARX

Bradley...

Bradley takes his headphones off. Dr. Marx smiles, pats Bradley on the shoulder, and walks off.

INT. CLINIC ROOM - SAME

More a bedroom than a hospital room. Flowered wallpaper and hanging folk art and a wide country view.

Henry's in bed, staring upward. Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the door, and it opens. Henry moves his head to see Bradley, who stands there, arms outstretched.

BRADLEY

Good morning Mr. Turner!

Henry blinks, startled.

BRADLEY

Look, if you don't want to talk at first, that's cool. I was a shy kid. Kept to myself.

(extends his hand)

The name's Bradley Jordan. Born and raised in Boalsburg. You know where that is?

Henry stares, says nothing, looking at Bradley's hand curiously. Bradley retracts it.

BRADLEY

Man, no one knows where it is.
Pennsylvania. Went to Penn State.

Bradley takes a folded wheelchair from the closet.

BRADLEY

I'll be your physical therapist
for the remainder of the evening.
Your own personal gym teacher.

Bradley unfolds the wheelchair with a loud SNAP! Henry blinks.

BRADLEY

This here's a wheelchair. It's
gonna be your best friend for a
while.

(a beat)

Ready?

Henry watches as Bradley professionally lifts him out of the bed and sits him in the chair.

Bradley holds out his own hand, then lifts one of Henry's and lets it drop; Henry's just given Bradley five.

BRADLEY

All right, my man!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A cafeteria-style kitchen. Ten long tables. Half a dozen other PATIENTS eat here, all in neurotherapy.

Henry and Bradley sit across from each other. A bowl of applesauce between them. Bradley takes a spoon, and demonstrating, takes a spoonful of applesauce and eats it.

BRADLEY

Nectar of the Gods, man.
Applesauce. Can you say that?
Applesauce?

(waits a beat)

Hey, that's cool, I like quiet
folks.

(slides the bowl toward
Henry)

Go for it.

Bradley indicates the spoon near Henry. Henry looks down at his spoon, then back at Bradley.

BRADLEY

Yeah, that's right. Eat, man.
Applesauce. Let's see the work.

But Henry just stares at the spoon, frightened.

Bradley takes Henry's right hand, balls it into a fist, then shoves the spoon into it.

BRADLEY

You're gonna be playin' basketball before you know it, man. Joggin' ten miles a day.

(lifting his own spoon)

Come on.

Henry's hand shakes, moves slightly, then suddenly jerks forward, knocking the bowl across the table and onto the floor with a CRASH. Henry GASPS. PEOPLE look. Henry's eyes go wide like a guilty little kid. He looks to Bradley for help.

Bradley reveals another bowl of applesauce he had sitting beside him.

BRADLEY

This ain't the first time I've done this.

Henry half-smiles as Bradley sets the bowl between them.

BRADLEY

Now that was a good try. This time I'll help you out... make life a little easier...

Bradley holds Henry's hand as he lifts the spoon, aims it for the bowl, digs the spoon into the applesauce. Henry opens his mouth extra-wide as he slowly, shakily brings the spoon to his mouth. Henry closes his mouth and tastes.

BRADLEY

My man...

Henry's eyes close... and when they open, he's smiling like we've never seen him smile before. He LAUGHS.

INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

An EXTREME CLOSEUP of a white sheet of paper. Suddenly a glob of blue comes into frame. It's paint, and the brush is a finger.

BRADLEY (o.s.)

Circle. Cir-cle.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Henry, sitting beside Bradley, who holds Henry's hand as he paints a circle with his finger.

Henry gawks at his creation.

CUT TO:

INSERT - COLORING BOOK - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A red crayon fills in the space, staying precisely within the lines. This is a careful hand.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits up in her bed, going through real estate listings. Rachel lies beside her, coloring. A long, silent beat.

RACHEL
Do you like working? Selling
apartments?

SARAH
(flipping through her
book)
Sure...

A beat. Rachel changes crayons. Sarah writes something.

RACHEL
Because... it keeps you busy?

Sarah stops, looks at her daughter.

SARAH
What?

RACHEL
Jennifer Lerner said her mom said
the only reason you work so hard
now is because it keeps you real
busy.
(a beat)
And she said that her mom said that
if you didn't work so hard you'd
lose it.
(a beat)
Mommy, what would you lose?

Sarah tries, but can't hide the emotion.

SARAH
(with mounting
intensity)
Well you can tell Jennifer Lerner
that next time her mother has
anything to say, anything, that
she'd better pick up the phone,
call and tell me what she's
feeling, and not start spreading
rumors through her nine year-old
daughter.
(exasperated beat)
Jesus Christ.

A beat. Sarah comes down.

SARAH
(calmly)
What she meant was that I'd lose
my mind. Which I won't.

Rachel stares for a beat.

RACHEL

Okay.

And Rachel resumes her coloring. A sigh, and Sarah goes back to her work.

INT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - KITCHEN - DAY

A plate of scrambled eggs and bacon sits between Henry and Bradley. There's also a tall tumbler of grape juice. Henry smiles at Bradley expectantly -- anticipating what's coming next.

BRADLEY

All right, listen. You're still not makin' any noise, so I'm choosin' the menu.

Bradley hands Henry a fork. Henry reaches out and holds it, his motor functions irregular, though much improved.

BRADLEY

Eggs Bradley. Made 'em myself.

Henry jaggedly moves the fork to the eggs, scoops some up. They fall. He tries again. This time Henry shovels some into his mouth.

BRADLEY

Hope you like 'em.

But the eggs are red-pepper hot -- Henry spits them back into the plate. Bradley remains extremely calm.

BRADLEY

What's wrong, man? Don't like my eggs?

HENRY

(his mouth burning,
forced to make noise)

Ahhhhhhhhh!

Bradley excitedly moves beside him, handing Henry the tumbler of juice. Henry drinks ravenously, spilling some onto his lap.

BRADLEY

Okay, I heard you, man. I heard you. Don't you be pretending you can't talk...

Henry finishes the grape juice, relieved. Bradley smiles at him.

BRADLEY

If you don't speak, I don't know what you want. All you gotta do is tell me. Anything you want, all you gotta do is make the call. This place is like a hotel, man. Room service.

Henry's expression changes -- it's as if he recognizes something. As if he's surprised.

HENRY

Rrrrrrrr...

Bradley puts his ear to Henry's mouth.

BRADLEY

(whisper)

What?

Henry hasn't spoken in months. It's not just difficult, it's painful.

HENRY

Rrrrrrii... Rrrrrrrr...

BRADLEY

(whisper)

Say it, my man.

HENRY

Ritz.

Bradley stops, confused.

BRADLEY

Ritz? You want some crackers?

From Henry's expression, it's almost like he doesn't know what it means.

HENRY

Rrrrrritz. Ritz.

Bradley stands up, overjoyed. He calls back to the cooking area:

BRADLEY

Get this man some Ritz Crackers!

INT. CLAYTON, TURNER, WALKER LAW OFFICES - DAY

Sarah moves down the main corridor, all the WORKERS there greeting her, sending their condolences. She thanks them all, by name.

And then she stops at Henry's office door, opens it and looks inside. It's empty, still, dark. She stares for a beat.

CHARLIE (o.s.)

Sarah!

Sarah looks over at Charlie, standing at his office door at the end of the hall. With a smile, he motions her into his office.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

An immense office high above Manhattan. The sunlight cuts through the thin blinds. Charlie sits behind his desk, facing Sarah, who sits in a leather chair.

SARAH

(smiling, though it
isn't easy)

They say he's making great progress. Remembering more words every day. He just... he just doesn't remember anything about himself.

(a beat)

They've asked us to stay away for now... they want him to recover some more before they tell him he has a family.

(a beat)

So I'm just waiting.

CHARLIE

Sarah, I can't imagine how difficult this must be.

SARAH

It's no fun.

CHARLIE

I've known Henry since he was a baby. He was always so... determined. Even the way he cried, he'd never stop until he wanted to.

Sarah smiles, keeping her emotions in check.

CHARLIE

You know how I feel about Henry.

(a beat)

I wanted to reassure you... that you and Rachel will never have a financial worry.

(a beat)

Whatever happens.

Sarah just smiles at him.

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - DAY

Henry sits in his wheelchair on the back patio, facing an expansive lawn. He wears a sweatsuit, much like Bradley, who is there, holding a walker. Bradley's got his Walkman on.

BRADLEY

All right, my man, you know what this is? It's called a walker.

HENRY

A... walker.

BRADLEY

Yeah, but it's a load of bullshit, 'cause you're the one doin' all the walkin'. Up, let's go.

HENRY
Up? What?

Bradley helps Henry stand. Henry's balance is all off.

BRADLEY
Don't worry, I gotcha.

Bradley helps Henry to the walker. Henry grabs hold of it, then Bradley slowly lets go. Henry is keeping himself erect.

BRADLEY
There you go, my man. See, all that upper body work was good for somethin'.
(stepping back ten feet)
Now let's see if you can do that funky walk-thang.

Henry surveys the distance between them.

HENRY
Uh oh...

BRADLEY
Come on, Hank. Think Neil Armstrong. Do it. Walk.

Henry looks frightened. A beat.

BRADLEY
Come on, move your scared little ass.

Bradley waves him on. Henry wets his lips, swallows hard, then gets a better grip on the walker. He drags his feet forward, plants them, then slides the walker forward. This is brutally difficult.

BRADLEY
Yes.

Henry moves his feet forward, taking what resembles a step. He moves the walker forward.

BRADLEY
You're doin' it, man! YES! Look at you!

Henry struggles to take another step -- then falls to the ground. Bradley rushes to him. Henry cries, angry, frustrated. Bradley holds him.

BRADLEY
You did great! You did it! What are you cryin' for, man? You walked!
(yells so everyone can hear)
Hey! Henry walked!

Henry's cry turns into a laugh.

HENRY
(embarrassed)
Shhhhhh!

BRADLEY
(quietly)
You okay?

Henry shakes his head, no, wiping away his tears.

BRADLEY
Hey, check it out...

Bradley takes his Walkman off and puts the headphones on Henry's head.

BRADLEY
It's a Walkman. A Walkman for a
walkin' man, get it?

Bradley hits the play button. JAMES BROWN PLAYS -- at first shocking Henry. But then Henry gets used to it, and gets into the rhythm. He starts bobbing his head to the beat, smiling. He and Bradley laugh.

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - LONG SHOT - DUSK

Bradley stands before Henry, encouraging him to walk. Henry, holding onto the walker, moves forward, taking steps. Walking again.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

A brownstone on the Upper East Side. The trees are in full bloom. It's summer now.

INT. BROWNSTONE - SAME

An empty three-bedroom apartment. Sarah stands with a well-dressed 45 year-old woman, PHYLLIS, who appraises the space.

PHYLLIS
I love it, it's perfect.

SARAH
Yeah, it's wonderful.

PHYLLIS
Let's make an offer.
(smiling)
Is there any way we can skip
escrow?

Sarah smiles, her mind elsewhere. A beat. The mood changes.

PHYLLIS
So he's doing better?

SARAH
Much. He's walking now and everything. I saw him last week.

PHYLLIS
Is he remembering...?

SARAH
No... not yet.

PHYLLIS
You know if you or Rachel ever need anything...

SARAH
Please. No. No, we're fine.
(a beat)
Actually... it's incredible. Out of such... tragedy... you can find strength. I mean really, I think this whole thing's made me a much stronger person.

A long beat. Sarah can't keep up the facade.

SARAH
(quietly)
Phyllis, I can't sleep at night. I'm just... I can't... think straight... everything's drifting... uncertain... I don't know what my life's going to be like in a month... or a year...
(a beat)
I need him back. I want him back home, but I'm scared to death of what it's going to be like.

Phyllis moves to her, hugs her.

PHYLLIS
I mean it, Sarah. If you need anything...

SARAH
Thank you.

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - DAY

Henry and Bradley jog together around the glorious back field. Henry's pace is good -- albeit awkward.

BRADLEY
 ... so my brother gets home, right?
 And he goes into his bedroom, and
 there's his wife doin' another man!
The bitch was cheating!

HENRY
 (like a child)
 Cheating?

BRADLEY
 Doin' the nasty with another guy!
 Sleeping with another man!

HENRY
 Oh no!

BRADLEY
 Oh yeah! And she just looks up
 and says, "Oooooops!"

HENRY
 So... then what?

BRADLEY
 He moved out! Couldn't take the
 scene.
 (noticing Henry's
 stride)
 Man, look at you! You're runnin'
 good!

HENRY
 Yeah? Really?

Bradley slows down, but Henry continues, running off.

BRADLEY
 Yeah, man! You don't need me no
 more! I'm useless!

Henry outstretches his arms and makes an AIRPLANE SOUND as he runs. Bradley laughs...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A catered party. Dozens of couples talk, laugh, mingle.

Sarah sits alone, sipping her wine and gazing around the room uncomfortably. And then Bruce comes over and sits down beside her.

BRUCE
 Hey, stranger.

Sarah smiles.

BRUCE
 Doing okay?

SARAH

(tense)

God, I wish everyone would stop asking me that.

(a beat)

Bruce, I'm sorry.

BRUCE

Hey, look, no, I understand.

(a beat)

Listen, I don't want to sound like your father or anything, but I was just thinking... maybe you should get away. Just for a week. You know. Relax. Hey, I'm sure Charlie would take care of it...

Bruce keeps talking, but Sarah has noticed one particular COUPLE across the room. Surrounded by people, the MAN is charming, making others laugh, the WOMAN smiling and beautiful, glowing in the spotlight. The Woman puts her arm around the Man and kisses his cheek.

Sarah looks back at Bruce, having not heard a word.

BRUCE

You know, Sarah? Maybe a little vacation?

Sarah just stands up and hands her wine to Bruce.

SARAH

I don't need a vacation, Bruce.
I need my life back. Excuse me.

And she swiftly walks off, leaving him alone. Bruce downs her wine in a gulp.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Rachel is asleep in Henry and Sarah's bed. Sarah, dressed, gently wakes Rachel.

SARAH

Sweetheart... get up...

Rachel sits up, bleary-eyed.

SARAH

We're going to get Daddy...

INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Henry stands, painting -- now with a brush -- a very childlike picture of Bradley. A dozen of his other paintings decorate the room. And then Bradley enters. Henry turns to him.

HENRY

Hey...

BRADLEY
 (slightly uncomfortable)
 Hey, man. Wassup.

HENRY
 Painting. Look, it's you.

BRADLEY
 Am I that good-looking?

Henry smiles -- but Bradley only half-smiles. A beat.

HENRY
 What? Did I... do something?

BRADLEY
 No, no... I just gotta talk to you.
 There are some things you gotta
 know.

Henry wipes his hands clean, takes a seat.

BRADLEY
 Remember we talked about why you're
 here?

HENRY
 My accident. I had... an accident.

BRADLEY
 Yeah, that's right.
 (a beat)
 It's how you got that scar.

HENRY
 And that's why I don't remember.

BRADLEY
 Yeah, man, your plane landed safe,
 they just lost your baggage.
 (a beat)
 Well, Hank... one of the things
 you don't remember... is your
family.

HENRY
 My what?

INT. TAXI - DAY

Sarah and Rachel sit in the cab, which drives through the countryside. Rachel plays with the window, rolling it up and down, up and down.

SARAH
 See, when Daddy hurt his head, he
 forgot a lot of things.

RACHEL
 When he was shot.

SARAH

Yes.

RACHEL

Okay.

SARAH

So when we get there, he might not remember us at first.

RACHEL

He might not remember us?

SARAH

Rachel, he's going to need all the help and understanding we can give him. All right?

Rachel doesn't respond at first. She's not very enthusiastic about helping Daddy. Rachel just nods.

INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Henry and Bradley continue...

BRADLEY

You remember what that means, Henry?

(a beat)

To have a wife?

Henry looks at Bradley with stunned eyes...

BRADLEY

Her name's Sarah.

(a beat)

She visited you. Do you remember that?

But Henry is frozen. Full of thought.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Sarah nervously looks out at the passing scenery. Rachel plays with the taxi's change cup.

SARAH

Did you make a picture?

Rachel pulls out a crayon-drawn picture from her coat pocket.

SARAH

Good. Good.

Sarah looks out again.

INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Bradley pulls out a photograph from his pocket and hands it to him. Henry looks at it carefully.

BRADLEY
Her name's Rachel.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH - EXTREME CLOSEUP

It's a professional family portrait of Henry, Sarah and Rachel taken a year earlier.

HENRY

suddenly throws the photo away, knocking his easel and all his paints against the wall. Bradley grabs Henry, holds him.

HENRY

No!

BRADLEY

Henry --

HENRY

NO! Stop it! Bradley!

BRADLEY

I had to tell you, man, they're on their way... they're coming here, right now.

HENRY

But... but I don't know them!

BRADLEY

It's not easy. I know...

HENRY

I just... I just... I can't remember, Bradley...

(holding the photo)

I try... I try so hard but I can't... I don't know these people...

And then Henry sees Sarah and Rachel standing at the doorway. Bradley turns to see them. He sighs.

BRADLEY

(quietly)

I'm right outside, man.

As Bradley gets up and leaves, Henry wipes his eyes dry and calms down. Henry, Sarah and Rachel stare for a long beat.

SARAH

Hi, Henry.

Henry waves nervously. Sarah looks down at Rachel, giving her the silent cue to speak up.

RACHEL

Hi, Daddy.

HENRY
(frightened)

Hi.

Rachel moves to him, pulling out the picture she drew.

RACHEL
I made this for you. It's a
picture of our building.

Henry takes it, looks at it carefully. Searchingly. Sarah moves to Henry, touches his face.

SARAH
We think it's time you come home.

HENRY
(anxious, indicating
his room)
But... but what about...

SARAH
Henry... this is a hospital. Don't
you want to go home?

HENRY
I... I don't know... what about...
Bradley?

SARAH
Henry, you've got us. We'll help
you in every way we can.

Henry hands the picture back to Rachel.

SARAH
You have a life back at home. A
life with friends and family and
everything. You'll never get back
to who you were until you go home.
(a beat)
All you have to do is tell us
that's what you want. That's all.
It's easy.

Henry looks at his wife, afraid.

HENRY
I don't want to leave.

Sarah's eyes fill with sorrow. Rachel stares at her father,
incredulous.

INT. DR. MARX'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah is there, confronting the doctor.

DR. MARX

Mrs. Turner, he'll be completely disoriented in the city. It's what I told you on the phone. He's just not ready.

SARAH

I still think it's best.

DR. MARX

What's best for you may not be what's best for him.

INT. WAITING ROOM - SAME

Rachel sits in a chair outside the doctor's office. Sarah and Dr. Marx can be HEARD in the other room, muffled.

INT. CLINIC ROOM - SAME

Henry picks up the spilled tubes of paint, noticing his shoe is untied. He starts to tie his shoe. He can't do it.

INT. DR. MARX'S OFFICE - SAME

DR. MARX

He can't even read yet...

SARAH

So we get him a teacher.

DR. MARX

Mrs. Turner, it's more complicated than that.

SARAH

No. No no no, it's not. It's incredibly simple. I'm his wife. I want him home. I'm not waiting anymore.

INT. WAITING ROOM - SAME

Rachel looks down the hall, then gets off the chair and moves all the way down the corridor, stopping at Henry's door.

She looks in at her father, still trying to tie his shoe. She watches him for a beat. Then he looks up at her, a little embarrassed.

After a moment, she moves to him, kneels and ties his shoe.

RACHEL

(under her breath)
Big loop... little loop... cross
over... pull through.

Suddenly something hits Henry. A memory. He holds Rachel by her shoulders. She's a little frightened.

HENRY
How'd you learn how to do that?

RACHEL
You taught me.

HENRY
(overwhelmed,
visualizing)
There was... grey carpet... I
remember grey carpet...
(a beat)
Where was that place?

RACHEL
That was home.

INT. CLINIC CORRIDOR - DAY

Henry starts down the clinic hallway -- at first walking, his pace quickly turns into a run. A wide smile breaking out across his face.

INT. DR. MARX'S OFFICE - DAY

SARAH
(desperate)
He'll be with his family, with his
things, he'll be at home and he
needs that.

DR. MARX
I understand your feelings, but
this is a very delicate therapy.

And at that moment the office door swings open. Henry stands there.

HENRY
(exuberant)
I remember grey carpet!

Rachel appears at the door, behind Henry.

HENRY
I want to go home.

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - DUSK

A taxi is parked outside. Henry, Sarah, Rachel, and Dr. Marx exit the clinic. Bradley is with them, wearing his Walkman. The DRIVER puts Henry's suitcase in the trunk.

SARAH
(to Bradley)
Thank you.

BRADLEY
Hey, it's what I do.

Bradley turns to Rachel and holds his hand up at waist level.

BRADLEY
High-five.

Rachel high-fives Bradley, trying not to smile. Bradley smiles at her.

Sarah puts her arm around Rachel as she and her daughter move to the cab. Dr. Marx follows.

Henry faces Bradley.

HENRY
Anything else you wanna tell me?

Bradley smiles. He removes his Walkman and hands it to Henry.

BRADLEY
When you're at home, I want you to listen to this and think of your friend Bradley.

Henry takes the Walkman and hugs Bradley tight. Meanwhile, Dr. Marx leans into the taxi, talking to Sarah.

DR. MARX
... let him set the pace. Don't push him or make any unreasonable demands.

SARAH
(a beat)
And when can we tell him? About the bullet.

DR. MARX
Mrs. Turner, Henry still has an enormous amount of work ahead of him. Telling him now could be devastating. I think it's best to wait.

At the clinic door, Henry lets go of Bradley.

BRADLEY
Take it easy.

HENRY
Okay.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Henry, Sarah and Rachel in the back seat, the car drives off. Henry waves goodbye through the back window.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SAME

The cab drives along the road, the sun setting behind the trees.

EXT. HUTCHINSON RIVER PARKWAY - NIGHT

The taxi drives to Manhattan, the immense city glittering in the distance.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Henry, Sarah and Rachel sit in the back seat, Rachel's energy very low.

Henry leans forward, through the open plexiglass window, right next to the DRIVER. Henry gawks at the city with a gaping smile.

HENRY

Wowwwwwww...

The Driver gives Henry a look.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

Their building. The taxi comes to a stop. The Doorman opens their door. Henry, Sarah and Rachel get out of the cab. Henry hugs the Doorman, who reacts stiffly.

DOORMAN

Good to see you... Mr. Turner.

HENRY

(smiles, gazes up)

What a big house.

(turns to Rachel)

You draw really good.

Rachel says nothing.

SARAH

(takes Henry's hand)

Come on.

They enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door opens. Sarah and Rachel enters. Henry follows them, mouth open wide. He's incredulous. He can't believe this is his place.

HENRY

Wowwwww... WOWWWWWWWW...

SARAH

This is home.

Sarah and Rachel stand back as Henry wanders around the apartment -- wide-eyed, full of wonder at everything he sees. All the furniture, the clocks, the paintings...

Standing in the middle of the room, Henry closes his eyes and inhales, smelling the room. Rachel looks at him oddly, takes a whiff.

RACHEL
 (to herself)
 I don't smell anything.

Henry moves into the dining room and sees the turtle table. He turns to Sarah with a broad smile.

HENRY
 Nice table.

INT. HENRY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Sarah and Henry are in his closet. She chooses pajamas for him.

SARAH
 These are your favorites.

HENRY
 They are?

SARAH
 You always said you could never find pajamas as soft as these.

Sarah smiles at him for a beat. He smiles back. Then she kisses him. He responds stiffly -- like an inexperienced boy. She smiles, then leaves the closet. Once she's gone, he wipes his mouth.

He feels the pajamas.

HENRY
 Soft...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits up in bed, waiting. A long beat.

SARAH
 Henry?

HENRY (o.s.)
 Yeah?

SARAH
 Are you coming to bed?

A beat.

HENRY (o.s.)
 No.

SARAH
 Why not?

Henry opens his closet door, sticks his head out.

HENRY
 We... sleep in the same bed?

SARAH
I won't hurt you, Henry. We'll
just sleep.

Henry considers this, then finally steps out of the closet. He's wearing his pajamas and black socks. He stops, letting Sarah get a good look at him.

HENRY
Do I look okay?

SARAH
You can take off those socks.

Henry sits on the edge of the bed, removes the socks. He folds them carefully, stalling. Then he sits there, clearly terrified.

SARAH
Want to get in?

Henry looks at her, then sighs, pooling his courage. He gets into the bed. Sarah turns off the lights. They stare at each other for a long beat, Henry frightened.

Sarah smiles sweetly at him, then hugs him, running her fingers through his hair, so relieved. Henry, nervous as hell, hugs her back.

SARAH
(quietly, hugging)
Henry... oh, God...

HENRY
I feel like I'm... pretending to
be someone I don't know.

SARAH
Henry, don't worry... I'm here for
you, whatever you need. And your
friends... they all want to help.
They all miss you, Henry. They
want you back.

And then he smells Sarah's hair. He holds it to his face, closes his eyes.

HENRY
Wow, your hair... I think I
remember your hair.

She smiles at him, looking into his eyes we can see her relief.

SARAH
Everything's going to be okay.
Everything.

Henry forces a smile.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - MORNING

The apartment building on a summer morning.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

Henry, in his pajamas, tries to figure out the electric toothbrush. He brushes with it like a normal brush, and then it CLICKS ON, scaring the hell out of him. Finally he figures it out and laughs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Sarah, dressed for the day, selects an outfit for her husband and lays it out on the bed.

SARAH
(calling to him)
I put your clothes on the bed.

HENRY (o.s.)
Okay.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Henry, Sarah and Rachel sit at the breakfast table, served by ROSELLA, their Hispanic housekeeper. Rosella spoons scrambled eggs onto their plates.

HENRY
Oh... eggs. I... I don't like
eggs.

ROSELLA
What?

RACHEL
Eggs are your favorite.

A beat. Henry looks at Sarah, then Rosella. Henry holds up his plate.

HENRY
Okay, give me a lot of eggs.

Rosella serves.

HENRY
Thank you.

ROSELLA
(shocked, as if he's
never spoken to her
before)
You're welcome, Mr. Henry.

Sarah surveys her family, smiles.

RACHEL
I'm reading.

A long beat.

HENRY
Okay. Maybe later?

She doesn't respond. And Henry just stares at his daughter.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rosella cleans dishes. Sarah talks to her.

SARAH
I'm taking Rachel to a doctor's appointment. Give him anything he wants. That's the most important thing: that he's happy.

ROSELLA
Yes, Mrs.

Sarah walks off, then:

ROSELLA
Mrs.... is Mr. Henry... okay?

SARAH
Yes, Rosella. He's fine.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Sarah talks to Henry.

SARAH
Your teacher will be here at eleven. If you need anything just ask Rosella. She'll make you lunch.

HENRY
Okay.

SARAH
(a beat)
You feel okay?

Henry forces a smile, shrugs. Then Rachel appears at the door, dressed like a miniature Sarah.

RACHEL
Ready Mommy.

SARAH
(to Henry)
Be back soon.

HENRY
(waves to Rachel)

Bye.

Rachel just turns and walks off. Sarah follows. Henry peeks into the entryway as Sarah and Rachel leave through the front door, Rosella locking the door behind them. Then she turns to him.

ROSELLA
Welcome home, Mr. Henry.

Rosella starts off. He follows her a few steps.

HENRY
Um...
(Rosella turns to him)
What do I... do... when I'm at home?

ROSELLA
Oh, you're working all the time.

HENRY
I work a lot.

ROSELLA
You work so hard I can't believe it.

Henry thinks, nods.

HENRY
What about when I'm not working?

ROSELLA
(thinks about it)
You're always working.

He nods.

ROSELLA
(smiles)
Welcome home, Mr. Henry.

She walks off.

He looks around, lost in his own apartment. He cringes at one of the stark Julian Schnabel hanging near the front door. He removes the painting from the wall.

Then he takes the picture of Bradley that he painted himself, and hangs it in its place. He smiles at it proudly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry enters the room, looking around curiously. He moves to the mantle, picks up an apple from a bowl of fruit, and bites into it. It's plastic.

And then Henry turns to the shiny black Steinway, parked there like the Stealth bomber.

He moves to the piano, runs his hand along the smooth surface. He walks to the keyboard and lifts the cover. A green felt strip lies across the ivories. Henry throws the strip to the floor, then sits on the stool.

He licks his lips, takes a beat... then starts BANGING on the keys. It's a horrible sound, but Henry loves it and keeps BANGING, smiling wide, like he's found some sort of release -- he's having a blast, smashing the ivories, when suddenly -- he stops.

Staring at the keys, he is frozen. He slowly moves his hands into position, then, as if haunted, he slowly begins to play.

Off-rhythm at first, missing a few keys, he's definitely playing MUSIC -- a Mozart piano concerto. And soon Henry's playing as well as he once did. But now emotionally. The music swells and drops and swells again, beautifully.

As he plays, he looks around the room, dumbfounded.

Finally the piece is over. He lifts his fingers from the keyboard, almost afraid, then glances over at Rosella, who stands at the living room doors behind him, smiling.

HENRY

Could I do that before?

Rosella nods.

HENRY

Good.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

Henry sits on the floor, a Teddy Ruxpin doll before him, moving, TALKING.

TEDDY RUXPIN

I'm Teddy Ruxpin!

HENRY

I'm Henry Turner.

TEDDY RUXPIN

I'm Teddy Ruxpin!

A beat.

HENRY

I'm Henry Turner.

INT. HENRY'S CLOSET - DAY

Henry goes through his closet drawers, finding all sorts of things: business papers, photographs, his passport, a camera, condoms, diplomas, matchbooks.

He opens an envelope and finds a thick stack of paper money. He pockets the bills.

INT. SARAH'S CLOSET - DAY

Henry goes through Sarah's things. He looks through her clothes, her jewelry, her drawers...

He goes through her underwear, examining a bra for the first time -- utterly perplexed. Then he remembers.

HENRY

Oh yeah...

He opens her bottom drawer and finds shorts and tee-shirts... and a stack of half a dozen envelopes, all from the same steel-grey stationary. Henry opens one, stares at the handwritten letter.

He turns the letter upside-down: he can't read.

And then the DOORBELL RINGS. Henry looks up, curious.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Henry peers around the corner, watching a DELIVERY BOY hand Rosella plastic-wrapped dry cleaning. Rosella takes the clothes and walks off, leaving the front door open.

Henry watches her disappear down the hall. He watches the Delivery Boy walk off.

A long beat. He mischievously moves to the front door, looks outside. He looks back. No Rosella. He looks back outside, smiling.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - SAME

Henry walks out through the main gate.

DOORMAN

Morning, Mr. Turner.

HENRY

I'm taking a walk.

DOORMAN

Have a good walk, sir.

HENRY

Okay.

Henry looks around at the entire world before him. He smiles, laughs at the excitement, then starts toward Central Park. He walks funny, hasn't quite dressed himself right, and gawks at everything. In Manhattan he looks right at home.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Henry walks through the Park, in awe. He smiles at PEOPLE WALKING DOGS.

He moves through the rock formations, the sand-filled play yard, along the lake, across the grass -- and into 85th Street -- a taxi SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, almost hitting him.

The DRIVER YELLS out his window:

DRIVER
What, are you a fucking retard?!
Get the fuck outta the street!

Henry -- terrified -- hurries back onto the grass.

HENRY
(under his breath)
Sorry.

The traffic resumes.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Henry wanders around the Metropolitan Museum area, ogling at everything. He sees a hot dog stand, approaches it. The HOT DOG MAN finishes serving a customer, looks at Henry.

HOT DOG MAN
Howdy. Hungry?

HENRY
Yes.

HOT DOG MAN
That's what I like to hear. Mustard
or kraut?

HENRY
Kraut?

HOT DOG MAN
Sauerkraut. Never had sauerkraut?

Henry shakes his head. The Hot Dog Man gives him a forkfull to taste. Henry tries it and likes it.

HENRY
Okay I'll have kraut.

HOT DOG MAN
(preparing his dog)
See? Ya gotta experience things.
Have an open mind.

HENRY
Okay.

HOT DOG MAN
(hands Henry the dog)
That'll be a buck.
(a beat)
A dollar. Money.

Henry reaches into his pocket and pulls out the wad from his closet. He hands it all to the Hot Dog Man.

HOT DOG MAN
Holy shit, what country are you from?

HENRY
I don't remember...

The Hot Dog Man gives Henry his money back.

HOT DOG MAN
See this is a one dollar bill.
This is a five. This is a ten.
This is worth ten of these.

HENRY
(stuffing the dog into
his mouth, looking at
the money)
Oh look... Abraham Lincoln. I
remember him.

The Hot Dog Man gives Henry a look, then moves closer and says, as if it's his own secret:

HOT DOG MAN
And listen, you shouldn't keep it
all in one hunk. You should hide
some in your shoe or something.
Just in case.

Henry shoves some bills into his shoes.

HOT DOG MAN
(takes a dollar)
So you owe me this.
(takes a five)
And I'll take this for a tip.

HENRY
Okay... thanks.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Henry leans against the chain-link fence, watching with wonder and joy as the little KIDS in the yard play tag.

KID
(running around)
I'm it! Ahhhhhh! I'm gonna get
you!

Henry laughs, playing vicariously...

CUT TO:

A FLOWER BED - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A colony of ANTS marches across the soil. Henry leans in closer -- inches from the insects -- and marvels at the ants doing their work.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Henry is standing in the middle of Park Avenue on the center divider. He leans against a concrete planter, staring at the flowers. Cars, taxis and busses ZOOM by on either side of him.

INT. THE DAKOTA - APARTMENT - DAY

Rosella answers the door. A 40 year-old female TUTOR is there, carrying her teaching materials.

TUTOR

Hi, I'm here to see Henry Turner.

ROSELLA

Just a minute.

Rosella moves down the hall.

ROSELLA

Mr. Henry?
(nothing, worried)
Someone is here...

She looks in his bedroom, in Rachel's room, the living room, all over the apartment. She panics.

ROSELLA

Oh, no! Mr. Henry!

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

A COP violently shoves a black male TEENAGER against a liquor store window and slaps handcuffs on him.

Henry, eating a hot pretzel, watches in shock just ten feet away.

TEENAGER

Come on! It wasn't me!

COP

Shut the fuck up!

TEENAGER

(struggling)
It wasn't me, man!

A dozen ONLOOKERS crowd around Henry, watching as the Cop shoves the Teenager against the glass again -- and blood runs from his nose.

Suddenly a SIREN is HEARD. Henry jumps at the noise as a POLICE CAR SCREECHES to a halt right in front of the store, and the Cop muscles the Teenager inside. The car speeds off.

Unlike the Onlookers, who just calmly walk off as if nothing ever happened, Henry remains frozen, shocked by the violence.

INT. THE DAKOTA - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Sarah and Rachel enter the apartment carrying a few shopping bags.

RACHEL

... and then Jennifer's mom said she's getting a rabbit even though she's allergic but she's got to keep it in the laundry room.

SARAH

Well that sounds fair.

Sarah sees Rosella, standing there guiltily.

SARAH

What is it?

ROSELLA

I'm so sorry, Mrs.... Mr. Henry no is here.

SARAH

What? Where is he?!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Henry walks down the crowded sidewalk lined with porno shops and movie theaters, amazed at everything he sees. A MAN handing out fliers hands one to Henry. Henry walks a few feet and hands it to someone else.

He walks by a row of pay phones. Two are occupied. The third is RINGING. Henry looks around, then picks it up.

HENRY

(into phone)

Hello, it's Henry.

(a beat)

Hello?

Nothing. He hangs up and keeps walking, stopping at a porno movie theater that has a PITCHMAN outside.

PITCHMAN

(bored to death)

It's fun, it's cheap, it's three triple-X movies for two dollars, you can't go wrong...

(sees Henry)

How ya doin'?

HENRY

Not too good, I got shot and I lost my memory and I don't really remember that much.

PITCHMAN

(a beat)

That's too bad. So you wanna see
a movie or what?

INT. PORNO HOUSE - DAY

The SOUND of loud MOANS and GROANS. Henry sits in the small, darkened theater, watching the screen, disbelieving. He's as intrigued as he is revolted.

INT. THE DAKOTA - APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Sarah, frantic, is on the telephone, sitting at Henry's desk. Rachel and Rosella stand behind her. Rosella's crying quietly.

SARAH

... he was wearing a white shirt
and grey pants.

(a beat)

Black. Black shoes.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Henry walks along the sidewalk, eating a chocolate ice cream cone, which drips onto his shirt. He stops at a pet store window. One PUPPY in particular stares at him. Henry smiles back at the dog.

HENRY

Hi, dog. You... are a very little
dog...

The Puppy wags its tail, scraping the glass window with its paw.

INT. THE DAKOTA - STUDY - NIGHT

Sarah sits at Henry's desk, impatient. Rachel sits in a chair, watching her mother carefully. Sarah looks at Rachel. A beat.

RACHEL

I'll wait here.

Sarah immediately stands up, grabs her coat, and heads for the front door.

SARAH

I won't be long, sweetheart...
I'm just going to go look...

Sarah opens the front door -- and Henry is standing there, holding the puppy. Sarah can't believe it. She yells at him furiously, crying in relief at the same time:

SARAH

Henry! Where were you?!

HENRY

I bought a dog.

Rachel runs into the entryway and seeing the puppy, smiles for the first time. She runs to the dog and takes it into her arms.

RACHEL
Mommy, look! A puppy! Look!

Overwhelmed with relief, Sarah hugs her husband, tears in her eyes. Henry hugs her back, surprised at the emotion.

HENRY
Wow... you really missed me...

Sarah looks Henry in the eyes. She softens.

RACHEL
Can we call him Buddy? Jennifer has a dog named Buddy but it's really ugly.

HENRY
Buddy. Yeah... is that okay, Sarah?

SARAH
(smiles, relieved)
Buddy's fine.

Rachel smiles at the puppy, who licks her face.

RACHEL
Hi, Buddy!

SARAH
(quietly)
Just let me know before you go out next time, okay?

HENRY
(just as quiet)
Okay.

CUT TO:

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH - CLOSEUP

Circa 1970, a 27 year-old Henry Turner graduating from law school. He stands there, proudly holding his diploma. Henry's 52 year-old FATHER stands beside him, a determined gleam in his eye.

They stand before a plaque that reads "HARVARD UNIVERSITY".

HENRY (o.s.)
What does that say?

SARAH (o.s.)
Harvard University. It's where you went to law school. You graduated at the top of your class.

HENRY (o.s.)
Wow... I was smart.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry, Sarah, and Rachel sit on the couch, going through an old dusty cardboard box full of photos, letters, and clippings.

Rachel goes through the box, finding all the pictures of herself. She's got an impressive stack.

RACHEL
(to herself)
... here's another one of me as
a baby...

And then the TELEPHONE RINGS. Sarah has found another photo.

SARAH
Oh, look...

Henry takes the picture.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH - CLOSEUP

Their wedding photo. Henry and Sarah, ten years ago. He's got his arm around her, pulling her close. They're happy. They're together.

SARAH (o.s.)
God, look at us...

HENRY

studies the picture as Rosella enters.

ROSELLA
Mrs.... telephone.

Sarah gets up to leave -- and Rachel follows her. But Sarah musses Rachel's hair.

SARAH
Stay here with Daddy. Don't go
too far down memory lane without
me...

Sarah leaves the room. Henry looks at Rachel, who doesn't meet his gaze. She goes back to her stack of pictures. Henry finds another photo and shows it to her.

HENRY
Who's that?

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH - CLOSEUP

It's a 30 year-old photo of a clean-cut 12 year-old boy, who's standing in front of a white house at a lawn mower.

BACK TO SCENE

RACHEL

You.

Henry holds the picture closely -- as if he were trying to enter the image. Rachel talks as she looks through her stack of photos:

RACHEL

Your dad used to make you mow the lawn... and take out the garbage and walk the dog and wash the car, and then... um... and then you learned to appreciate the work ethic.

HENRY

Oh.

(a beat)

What does that mean?

RACHEL

I don't know.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. Henry and Sarah in bed. He faces away from her, his eyes open, full of thought.

SARAH

(quietly)

Henry?

His concern grows as Sarah, unable to see his face, rolls towards him and touches his arm.

SARAH

It'll all come back. It just might take some time.

(a beat)

Henry? You awake?

Suddenly Henry closes his eyes and starts to SNORE. Sarah rolls over and closes her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Buddy sits anxiously, then stands, then sits, then stands, as Rosella pours his puppy chow. His little tail wags, slapping against the refrigerator.

ROSELLA

Relax, okay? It's coming, okay?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Henry sits at the table, trying to read from a children's book. Even the simplest word is a struggle.

And then Rachel walks past him, dressed for the day.

HENRY
Hey... hi. Where're you going?

RACHEL
To the library.

HENRY
Really? The library?
(a beat)
Can I come?

RACHEL
You... you wanna go with me to the library?

EXT. 42ND STREET PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The enormous building.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Sitting at one of the hundreds of tables, Rachel reads a hardback of Treasure Island. Henry sits at the other end of the table reading Pat the Bunny.

Rachel turns pages, but Henry can't manage to silently read a single word. Frustrated and bored, he closes the book and looks around, then over at Rachel, who reads diligently.

He takes a small piece of scrap paper from a stack, rolls it into a ball, then tosses it at Rachel, landing in her lap.

Rachel looks up, Henry looks away, innocently. She goes back to her book.

Henry rolls up another piece of paper and tosses it. It lands on Rachel's head.

RACHEL
Daddy, stop it!

He quickly rolls up another and tosses it.

RACHEL
Daddy!

HENRY
Rachel!

RACHEL
Stop it!

VOICES (o.s.)
Shhhhhh!

A female LIBRARIAN approaches Henry.

LIBRARIAN
Excuse me, sir. I've asked you once already. Please quiet down.

HENRY
 (humbly, whispered)
 Sorry.

The Librarian walks off. Rachel is buried in her book. Henry stands up, walks over to a ladder -- the kind on wheels attached to the book shelves. He slides it back and forth.

Then he gets a running start, jumps onto the bottom rung and slides across the length of the wall! Rachel looks up --

RACHEL
Daddy!

And Henry CAREENS ACROSS THE SCREEN. A LOUD CRASH gets the attention of the Librarian. Rachel drops her head into her book as the Librarian gets up from her desk and moves to Henry, who has crashed into a book cart. He is on the floor, surrounded by books.

LIBRARIAN
 I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

HENRY
 Okay.
 (to Rachel)
 Time to go.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, dressed for dinner, helps Henry with his tie. As she ties it, Henry looks strangely uncomfortable.

SARAH
 See... you just pull this and tighten it up... there. You look very handsome.

She moves to the mirror as he sits on the edge of the bed, uneasy.

SARAH
 Chris is so excited to see you, he's been looking forward to this for months...

Sarah adjusts her shoulder pads, then notices Henry on the bed, nervous.

SARAH
 ... are you okay?

HENRY
 I can't go. I know I said I can but I can't.

SARAH
 Henry, they're your friends... we're just going to have dinner together...

HENRY
I'm not hungry. I ate a lot today.
I'm full.

A beat. Sarah moves to Henry, kneeling before him.

SARAH
Then we'll cancel. We'll stay
home, we don't have to go out.

HENRY
No, you go. You can go. I just...
I'll stay with Rachel.

SARAH
Henry, I'm not going to leave you.
(a beat)
I love you, Henry.

She looks at him expectantly, but he has no response.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits in her closet, all her clothes, books and dolls on the floor around her. Henry enters.

HENRY
Hi.

RACHEL
Hi.

HENRY
I was just trying to have fun at
the library.

RACHEL
There's a time to work and a time
to play.

HENRY
(a beat)
Is it still too early for cookies?

RACHEL
(a beat)
No. But I had pudding.

HENRY
You don't have to eat the cookies,
you just have to make them.

RACHEL
(a beat)
I'm cleaning my room.

HENRY
Need any help?

RACHEL

No.

Another beat.

HENRY

You don't like to have fun, do you?

This catches Rachel by surprise. She furrows her little brow.

RACHEL

Yes I do.

HENRY

No you don't.

RACHEL

Yes I do.

HENRY

No... you don't.

And with that, Henry leaves her room, closing the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry sits beside a 35 year-old female TUTOR, who tries to help Henry read a childrens' book.

TUTOR

Look at the word... C... A... R...

Henry studies the page... struggling to pronounce the word, stammering.

INT. CHILDRENS' CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Sarah fits a sweater over her daughter, pulling Rachel's hands out of the long sleeves.

RACHEL

But why doesn't he want to see his friends? They're his friends.

SARAH

Because he doesn't remember them.
It's just a little scary.

(turns Rachel toward
the mirror)

See, this one looks great. It
brings out your beautiful eyes.

RACHEL

Like when Amanda Hooper got her
teeth taken out, her face was so
swollen she didn't want to see
anyone.

SARAH

Exactly.

RACHEL
 So her mom had all her friends come
 over instead. She called it a
 tooth party.
 (looking at her
 reflection)
 Isn't this sweater too big?

SARAH
 (in thought)
 A tooth party...

INT. DAKOTA ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS. Henry and Sarah move to the doorway. She
 looks at him square in the eyes.

SARAH
 You're sure about this.

Henry nods and shrugs at the same time.

SARAH
 Okay.

And she opens the door. Bradley is standing there, dressed in his
 best, though still looking out of place.

BRADLEY
 HENRY!

A smile breaks out across Henry's face.

HENRY
BRADLEY!

And Henry and Bradley hug -- Bradley looking into Henry's
 apartment, blown away by what he sees.

BRADLEY
 Ho-ly shit. Holy shit!

Bradley enters the apartment, Henry follows him, smiling.

BRADLEY
 Check out your place, man! You
live here?

HENRY
 Yeah.

BRADLEY
YOU LIVE HERE?

HENRY
 Yeah!

BRADLEY
 Man, and I thought I had it good.
 What's the rent on this place?

HENRY
I don't know...

BRADLEY
Must be a serious bitch.

Just then Bruce and a 35 year-old WOMAN arrive at the door, greet Sarah and enter.

BRUCE
Henry...

They approach Henry, shake his hand.

SARAH
Henry, this is Bruce, he's one of your business partners... and this is...

BRUCE
Vicky.

HENRY
(uneasily)
Hi.
(to Vicky)
You look familiar.

BRUCE
Uh... you've never met.

HENRY
Oh.

BRUCE
You look great, Henry.

HENRY
So do you... Bruce.

BRUCE
Hey, here. Got you something.

Bruce hands Henry a Tiffany-wrapped box. Henry opens it. It's a small silver picture frame.

BRUCE
It's a frame. A little picture frame.

HENRY
Thanks.

BRUCE
Don't worry about it. Listen, there's so much I want to talk to you about...

HENRY
Okay...

By then a few other couples have arrived. One of them (STU and MELANIE) greet Sarah then move to Henry.

STU
Henry! It's Stu, this is Melanie.

HENRY
(nervously)
Hello...

STU
(hands Henry a bottle
of wine)
I brought you some wine...

He shows Henry the label and laughs heartily, slowly realizing that Henry doesn't remember the joke. He stops laughing.

STU
We drank a lot of this one night.

HENRY
(smiles)
Oh!

STU
(seeing the picture of
Bradley on the wall)
Is that a Basquiat?

HENRY
No, it's a Bradley.

Charlie stands at the door, his arm around his handsome 65 year-old WIFE.

CHARLIE
Henry!

Charlie and his Wife move to Henry. Charlie hugs him tight.

CHARLIE
Look at you.

HENRY
(frightened)
Look at you.

WIFE
You really look wonderful, Henry.

CHARLIE
This is my wife Maxine, do you
remember her?

Henry stares at her for a long beat... squinting. Finally:

HENRY
No.

Smiling, Charlie puts his arm around Henry and walks him away from the small group of people.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Henry, I can't tell you how good it is to see you again. And I'm going to do everything in my power to get you back on top again.

Henry looks at Charlie for a long beat.

HENRY

What's your name again?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's arrived, a dozen of Henry and Sarah's friends are seated here, all listening to Charlie, who stands at one end of the room, "roasting" Henry.

Bradley sips champagne, his legs crossed, revealing that with his suit, he's wearing running socks.

Henry and Sarah sit together. Everyone has wine.

CHARLIE

... when I first heard Henry was joining the firm, I imagined that little guy waddling around the office in his diapers.

Scattered LAUGHS. Henry looks over at Bradley, who winks at him. Henry smiles.

CHARLIE

But by then, Henry was prepared. Franklin always pushed his kid like no father I ever saw, and he did one hell of a job. Sometimes, if Henry was in my office and I closed my eyes... it was like Franklin was still there.

(a beat)

I miss Henry's dad. And for a while I missed Henry, too. But we were lucky. We got him back.

(holds up his glass to Henry)

Welcome back to life, son.

Everyone APPLAUDS. Henry looks around at all the strange faces, smiling politely. Sarah whispers something in his ear. Henry reluctantly moves to where Charlie made his speech. Everyone quiets down.

HENRY

Sarah told me to get up here.

All LAUGH. Henry smiles. It quiets down. A long beat. Henry turns nervously to Sarah.

HENRY
What do I say?

More LAUGHS.

SARAH
Anything you want...

Henry looks at the unfamiliar faces. A beat.

HENRY
(nervously)
I don't remember any of you.

SILENCE. Then a few scattered COUGHS. It's an awkward moment.

HENRY
(uneasily, pointing)
Except Bradley. That's Bradley,
he's my friend.

Everyone looks at Bradley, who smiles uncomfortably. All eyes go back to Henry, who's looking nervous... almost panicked.

HENRY
I, um... I don't know what to say
really. I'm... you know... I...
(clears his throat)
Everyone says welcome back, but...
I don't... I don't, um... remember
being here. You know? When, uh...
(with mounting anxiety)
When you say... "Henry, welcome
back," I want to say, "Hey, wait...
hey wait a minute, we never met."
But... I don't, I can't, cause...
cause I just have to... have to
believe. Believe that this is all
real. That I did meet you and that
I did live here, and... and that's
all true... and not a joke, you
know?
(laughs)
Not... not a joke...

Henry laughs harder, though no one else is laughing. Then, slowly, his laugh becomes a cry and Sarah moves to him as he sobs.

Standing in the doorway, having seen the whole thing, is Rachel. She watches her crying father with sad eyes.

SARAH
Excuse us.

And Sarah ushers Henry out of the room, Bradley and the rest looking on, concerned.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Henry and Sarah enter the dark room, closing the door behind them. Henry leans against the door, trying to compose himself, his breathing is erratic, like a child's.

SARAH

Henry...

HENRY

I'm sorry. Are you mad at me...?

SARAH

No... no. I'm sorry. It was too soon, it was just too much too soon.

HENRY

Are they leaving?

SARAH

Do you want them to?

Henry nods, teary-eyed. A beat.

SARAH

You okay?

He nods again. And with a little kiss on the cheek, Sarah leaves the room.

INT. ENTRYWAY - LATER - NIGHT

Sarah sees the remaining guests out. Smiles, quiet thank you's and apologies. Bradley leaves.

BRADLEY

The man's cool?

SARAH

Just a little nervous.

Bradley takes a cassette tape out of his pocket and hands it to Sarah.

BRADLEY

I got this for him. T-Bone Walker. He doesn't have it, does he?

SARAH

(looks at it, though she doesn't need to)
I don't think so.

BRADLEY

Yeah, I didn't think he would. All right. Thanks for the food.

And with a smile, Bradley leaves. Sarah closes the door, and sighs.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

As Sarah moves down the hall, Rachel follows her.

RACHEL
Is he okay?

SARAH
He's fine, sweetheart, go to bed...

And Sarah walks off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Buddy chases his tail. Henry is lying on the floor, trying to teach the puppy to sit.

HENRY
Sit. Can you sit?
(he sits)
Like this, see?

Rachel is at the doorway. Unseen, she watches Henry teach the dog. Finally:

RACHEL
Yes I do...

Henry looks at her. A beat.

RACHEL
... like to have fun.

After a beat, he slowly smiles wide.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry and Rachel sit at the piano.

HENRY
You know how to play?

RACHEL
I stopped lessons... Mrs. Mallick
had dandruff.

He takes her hands and positions her fingers on the keyboard.

HENRY
Okay. Do this.

He demonstrates what she should play, a simple four-note progression. She tries it, but can't manage.

RACHEL
I... I can't.

HENRY
Yes you can, here...

He helps her out. At first sloppy, she finally gets it.

Henry begins playing over Rachel's part. What began as a simple upper register melody, quickly becomes the "Pas de Deux" from Swan Lake. Rachel wears a giant smile. She starts laughing at how wonderful the music is. Henry starts laughing, too.

And they continue to play, their music as joyous as the expressions on their faces. The MUSIC CONTINUES -- and blends seamlessly as we CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Swan Lake, being performed on stage.

Henry and Sarah sit in the audience. Sarah watches contentedly. She smiles at him, he smiles back. Then he turns away and hides a yawn.

INT. CAFE LUXEMBOURG - NIGHT

A dressy restaurant on the Upper West Side. Henry sits across from Sarah, trying to figure out how to use the fresh pepper grinder. He starts to unscrew the top, when Sarah demonstrates.

SARAH

See... like this.

HENRY

Oh...

He puts pepper on his food, almost knocking over his water glass, which he saves, smiling.

HENRY

Close one...

He looks around, clearly feeling out of place. Then he cuts his meat -- calf's liver -- takes a bite, chews. He's not thrilled.

HENRY

So... I used to eat this a lot.

SARAH

Calf's liver, it's your favorite.
Calf's liver, shirred eggs, caviar,
black pasta, Bellinis and calamari.
That's the official Henry Turner
menu.

(beat, worried)

Usually we're here with friends,
but otherwise... this is your idea
of a perfect evening. Aren't you
having a good time?

HENRY
 (smiles, forcing himself
 to swallow the food)
 No, no it's great.
 (a beat)
 It's my favorite.

She smiles at him, and they both go back to their food.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Puppy sleeps soundly on a pillow in a cardboard box.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel and Henry sit on her bed watching TV. Rachel looks up at him for a moment. He notices. When he looks at her, she looks away. He turns back to the TV.

A beat. She looks at him again. He looks at her. This time it's clear. She's staring at the scar on his forehead.

After a moment, Henry takes her hand and places it against the wound. She feels the scar.

Satisfied, she pulls down her sock and reveals to Henry a small scar on her left ankle. He smiles sweetly.

Then the door opens. It's Sarah.

SARAH
 Bedtime.

HENRY
 (disappointed)
 Sarah...

SARAH
Rachel's bedtime.

HENRY
 Oh.
 (to Rachel)
 Bedtime.

SARAH
 (tucks Rachel in)
 You've got to get used to going
 to bed early.

RACHEL
 What if I get real sick and can't
 go to school?

SARAH
 You're not going to get sick. We've
 gone over this.
 (kisses Rachel on the
 forehead)
 Goodnight, Sweetie.

RACHEL

'Night.

Rachel looks at Henry, who stands at the door. She motions him over. Henry moves to her. She motions him closer. He bends down. She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

RACHEL

Goodnight, Daddy.

HENRY

Goodnight.

Henry moves to Sarah, who turns off the light, then slowly closes the door.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight pours into the room. Rachel and Henry sit at the dining room table, an open childrens' book before him. A plate of cookies are there too.

Henry's trying to read. He makes sounds, studying the page... but trying to read is painfully difficult.

HENRY

Ahhhh-- Ahhhhhh--

(suddenly)

Look, I can't.

RACHEL

(chewing on a cookie)

Yes you can. See... it's A, R, E. Split up the word and then it's easy. Don't look at the whole word, look at the letters.

HENRY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

(hesitates)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrre...

RACHEL

Are! Good! See? Now Miss Petesky always had us repeat it over and over, but I won't make you do that. Okay, this next one's easy.

Henry, eyes on the page, takes a deep breath. He starts over.

HENRY

Yyyy... YYYYYYYYYYYYYYY...

YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYooooooooooooou...

RACHEL

You! Are you. See the letters make up words and words make up sentences. Now this is a tiny one.

Henry swallows hard.

HENRY
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmyyyyy...

RACHEL
Are you my... 'Kay, one more. This
is the toughie.

HENRY
Mmmmmmmmmmmmm... Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...

RACHEL
(helping him along)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...

HENRY
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmothhhhhhhhherrrrrr.

RACHEL
Mother!

HENRY
(amazed)
Mother.

RACHEL
You did it!

He looks at Rachel, enlightened. She beams. Henry can't believe it. He's read Dr. Seuss. He stands up.

HENRY
(under his breath,
incredulous)
Are You My Mother...

RACHEL
Are You My Mother!

HENRY
ARE YOU MY MOTHER!

Henry lifts Rachel into his arms and runs into

THE KITCHEN

where Rosella is cleaning. Henry grabs the container of Ajax and reads it aloud:

HENRY
A-A-Aj-j-j-a-ax! This is Ajax!

ROSELLA
(celebrating with Henry,
confused)
Yes it is!

Henry grabs Rosella, starts dancing with her.

HENRY
I can read! I can read!

And then Rachel sees Sarah, standing at the door.

RACHEL
Mommy, I taught Daddy how to read!

SARAH
Henry! Rachel, you did what?
(hugs Henry)
Sweetheart! That's great!

HENRY
I can read!

Sarah laughs as Henry grabs her and starts dancing around the kitchen. The four of them celebrate until Rosella sees something and stops. Then Rachel calms down, then Sarah. Finally Henry looks over and sees

BRUCE

standing at the doorway. Impeccably dressed in a business suit, he stands there uncomfortably.

BRUCE
The door was open, so I...
(a beat)
Hi, Henry.

HENRY
(smiles)
I can read.

INT. THE STUDY - DAY

Henry and Bruce sit at opposite ends of the couch. Bruce sips a Bloody Mary, Henry drinks grape juice. The box of photographs and souvenirs sits on the table near Bruce.

BRUCE
You really should come back to the office, everyone's always talking about you... everyone wants you back.
(a beat)
Christ, Steve can still barely function without you... remember Steve?

HENRY
No.

BRUCE
What an asshole.

Bruce laughs, Henry just nods. A beat. Uncomfortable, Bruce looks into the box of things.

BRUCE
What's this? Looking through old stuff?

HENRY
Yeah, old stuff.

Bruce pulls out an old letter written on notebook paper. He opens it, reads it.

BRUCE
Ouch.

HENRY
What?

BRUCE
(reading)
Oh, God...

HENRY
What?

BRUCE
This girl can sure write one
vindictive letter. Why'd you ever
save this?

HENRY
What? What does it say?

BRUCE
You were dating this girl... Betsy
Simpson.

Henry pulls a yearbook out of the box, flips it open.

INSERT - YEARBOOK - EXTREME CLOSEUP

Henry flips through the small 1964 high school annual, and stops at a photo of a very adorable blonde girl, smiling. Below the photo is the name BETSY SIMPSON.

BRUCE (o.s.)
You'd been seeing her for six
months... sounds like she really
had a thing for you... and then
you started doing the deed with
her best friend.

HENRY

looks up, confused.

BRUCE
Cheating.
(reads on)
But... it don't sound like they
were best friends when Betsy found
out.

Henry closes the book.

BRUCE
 (in disbelief)
 You really don't remember any of
 it...

Henry, distant, shakes his head. A beat.

HENRY
 I remember... in school this kid
 named Brian made a model of a bomb.
 Like... an atom bomb. He was real
 happy with it.

(a beat)
 And I filled it with firecrackers.
 And I think... I think maybe I blew
 it up the night of the science
 fair.

Bruce laughs. Henry doesn't.

HENRY
 I remember Brian's face. Red and
 crying... tears just coming down...
 and he looked at me, and in front
 of all these kids and their
 parents, he said... "I hate you,
 Henry Turner."

(a beat)
 I remember that so clearly.

BRUCE
 Come on. We all have stuff like
 that.

HENRY
 (confused)
 All my memories are like that.

Bruce senses the odd tension. He pulls out a contract from his
 briefcase.

BRUCE
 Look, I came here to see you, not
 to do business. But we got a new
 lease and need your John Hancock...

HENRY
 Who?

BRUCE
 You've got to sign your name.

Bruce opens the document, sets it on the table, pulls out his
 Montblanc. Henry takes the pen, and with his tongue jutting out,
 signs the paper.

INSERT - LEASE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

His signature is crooked. Childlike. It's his first signature.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Henry and Sarah sit in the back. Henry bounces his legs nervously. Sarah puts her hand on his knee and smiles at him reassuringly.

SARAH

It's just a check-up.

He smiles back, then looks out the window. His smile disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL - BRAINSCAN ROOM - DAY

Henry lies in a brainscan machine, a lead apron draped over his body. The machine slowly spins around him in a SUBSONIC HUM. Henry is still except for his eyes, which watch the machine hungrily.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Henry sits on the examination table, his shirt off. Dr. Sultan listens to Henry's heart, then removes and sets down his stethoscope. Henry puts it on, talking into the bell.

HENRY

Hello, Henry. This is... Henry.
Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...

DR. SULTAN

Sarah tells me you've learned how to read.

HENRY

(removes the
stethoscope)

What?

DR. SULTAN

You can read now.

HENRY

Oh, yeah, I'm getting good.

(picks up a magazine
and reads the cover)

A flatter... tummy in six... days
guaranteed.

DR. SULTAN

Henry, that's great. What about Sarah?

HENRY

(nervous)

What about her?

DR. SULTAN

How are you two getting along?

HENRY

(a beat)

Well I don't know. It's... you know. Weird.

DR. SULTAN

How do you feel about her?

HENRY

She's nice. She's pretty.

(a beat)

But... I don't think she's very happy.

DR. SULTAN

Are you?

Henry just stares at the doctor. He shrugs.

DR. SULTAN

You should ask her out on a date.

HENRY

What?

DR. SULTAN

Get her flowers. Take her out for a bite, go on a date.

HENRY

Why?

DR. SULTAN

To get to know each other. It could be fun.

HENRY

(cringes)

Oh, no. I don't think... I'd be very good at a date. No, I'd... I'd spill things.

DR. SULTAN

(carefully)

Does it... scare you? Getting to know her better?

Henry stares at Dr. Sultan, his eyes saying "yes."

HENRY

No.

DR. SULTAN

Well... whatever you do, Henry... there are some people who believe it's important to know the woman you're married to.

(more)

DR. SULTAN (Cont'd)
 (pats Henry on the
 shoulder)
 You look great. I'll see you in
 a few weeks.

And as the doctor leaves the office, Henry sits alone,
 apprehensive.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sits behind her desk, on the phone.

SARAH
 Everything's okay? Still love me?

INT. THE DAKOTA - KITCHEN - SAME

Henry and Rachel sit at the kitchen counter. He mixes cookie
 dough. Flour and sugar and chocolate chips everywhere. Rachel is
 on the phone.

RACHEL
 Yeah... when are you coming home?

SARAH
 I'll be home by dinner. Don't
 spoil your appetite.

Rachel shoves a spoonful of dough into her mouth.

RACHEL
 Okay. Bye. Oh -- Buddy needs
 food, but make sure you get puppy
 food, he's not a dog yet.
 (a beat)
 Okay. You too. Bye.

And Rachel hangs up the phone. Henry holds up the package of
 morsels and reads it.

HENRY
 Mix... until... creamy... drop...
 spoonfuls... on... greased...
 cookie... sheet.

Rachel brings over the cookie sheet, they get started.

HENRY
 Let's make one big cookie.

RACHEL
 You can't, it doesn't cook. I
 tried it once.

HENRY
 Oh...

A long pause as they work. Then, out of the blue:

RACHEL
Were you scared? At the hospital?

HENRY
A little... at first.

He hands her the mixing spoon. She starts licking it clean.

RACHEL
But then it got okay, right?
(a beat)
Cause I start school next week.
Sleep-away.

HENRY
Mom told me.
(a beat)
You scared?

She shrugs, plopping cookie dough onto the sheet.

RACHEL
(clearly uneasy)
They make you wear uniforms. And
Katie my friend told me they're
real strict. And the beds are
lumpy.
(a beat)
Do you still want me to go?

HENRY
(confused)
Me? No...

RACHEL
Really? Cause I could go to school
around here... there are lots of
good schools around here that
aren't sleep-away...

HENRY
Well... I don't want you to go
anywhere, but...

RACHEL
Me neither, I don't think it's a
good idea.

HENRY
But I don't think it's up to me.

Rachel dejectedly scoops some more dough. Henry notices her mood.

HENRY
But I'll talk to Mom, okay?

RACHEL
(looks up hopefully)
'Kay.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry bolts awake from a nightmare. He looks at Sarah, who remains asleep beside him. Then he gets out of bed and moves into

THE STUDY

where he sits in the lounge chair, facing the TV and VCR. He stares for a long beat, then gets up and looks through the row of videotapes. He takes one, examines the VCR, then sticks the cassette inside. He turns on the TV and sits back in the chair.

ANGLE - TELEVISION SCREEN

SILENT Super-8 film transferred to video. A YOUNGER SARAH and INFANT RACHEL sit under an umbrella on a Southampton beach. The shaky video ZOOMS IN and OUT. Sarah waves, then waves Rachel's little arm.

A QUICK CUT as Henry is seen holding baby Rachel. She squirms, he tries to keep her still.

HENRY

watches sternly. And then Sarah enters the study and sits on the chair arm.

SARAH
(quietly)
She was eight months old.

Henry looks up at Sarah, startled. He turns back to the video.

HENRY
She doesn't want to go away to school, Sarah. She's afraid.
(a beat)
Maybe she should stay.

Sarah runs her fingers through his hair.

SARAH
That school takes only thirty kids a year and Rachel's one of them... she's not old enough to understand this, but it's a great opportunity for her.

HENRY
But maybe she should stay.

SARAH
It's what we planned before, Henry. I think we should stick to our plans.

A beat. Henry nods, accepting.

HENRY
Yeah.

A long beat as they watch themselves on TV.

HENRY

Sarah, I see pictures... of me doing things I don't remember with people I don't know.

(a beat)

I feel so... out of place.

SARAH

You could have been killed. Feeling out of place isn't much of a sacrifice.

A beat. His eyes don't leave the TV screen.

HENRY

Tell me how we met.

SARAH

(smiles)

Chris Lonner's birthday party. You were a hot young lawyer... and I was working in research at the New York Times.

(a beat)

I was standing at the doorway smoking a cigarette... back when I used to smoke... and you just came up to me. "I'm Henry," you said. "And you're beautiful."

Henry turns to her, smiles, vicariously reliving the memory.

HENRY

I did?

SARAH

Well that made me completely self-conscious... you had such a confidence. You just... drew me in. We talked for hours, ignored everyone. It seemed we had everything in common...

(a beat)

Then the guy you were with wanted to go, and as you left you handed me your business card and said, "Have you ever eaten blowfish? Cause I know this great blowfish place."

(smiles)

You made me laugh. And I knew we'd go out... I knew we'd start seeing each other... and somehow I knew we'd get married.

HENRY

Is our marriage good?

SARAH
 (smiles)
 Our marriage works.

HENRY
 (smiles back)
 Our marriage works.

A beat. Henry looks back at the TV.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CLOSEUP

Now it's a video of Henry, at 33, wearing cap and gown, making a speech at a graduation ceremony. He talks intensely.

HENRY

leans closer to the screen, turns up the sound.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CLOSEUP

On the TV, Henry speaks:

HENRY
 ... in most professions, practice
 makes perfect. But not for us.
 Lawyers just keep on practicing.
 You've got to be perfect going in.

(a beat)

... students ask me what they can
 do to become successful. Well I
 don't have the answer. But I can
 tell you that when I was in your
 shoes, coming out of law school,
 I was directed. Determined. And
 I travelled light.

(a beat)

Some people called my priorities
 selfish. Obsessive. A little
 crazy. Maybe. But I'm convinced
 that I wouldn't have been asked
 to come speak to you today if
 something had been more important
 to me than my career.

HENRY AND SARAH

watch the screen, Henry's expression stern.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - MORNING

A train speeds along the tracks.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Henry, Sarah, and Rachel sit together. Rachel's dressed in her
 Huntington School uniform, on the verge of tears.

EXT. THE HUNTINGTON SCHOOL - DAY

The first day of school. Many station wagons and trunks. PARENTS help their DAUGHTERS (ages 7 to 13) with their belongings.

Lots of moving around. Some crying, from both the adults and the kids, who say good-bye on the front lawn. Then the Girls go into the church, where they're having a first meeting.

Henry, Sarah and Rachel are here, one of the last families to say good-bye. A 10 year-old in a Huntington uniform walks by Rachel. This is JENNIFER LERNER.

JENNIFER

(snotty)

Oh... hi, Rachel.

RACHEL

Hi, Jennifer.

And with a snide smile, Jennifer marches off. Rachel turns to her parents, trying not to cry. Sarah kneels to Rachel.

SARAH

Sweetheart, this is a wonderful school.

(a beat)

And see? You've already got a friend here.

RACHEL

I hate Jennifer Lerner.

SARAH

You're going to meet all sorts of very nice girls.

RACHEL

I don't think so.

SARAH

Of course you are.

Henry kneels, looking eye-to-eye with his daughter. Rachel looks at him with with betrayed eyes. As Henry talks, it's as if he's trying to convince himself.

HENRY

This is the best thing, Rachel. It's a really good school.

(a beat)

You're too young to understand this, but this is a great opportunity for you.

A beat.

RACHEL

I wouldn't make you go if you didn't want to.

Henry doesn't know what to say. A WOMAN at the church door RINGS a hand BELL.

RACHEL
(about to cry)
Take care of Buddy.

Henry hugs her. She barely returns it. Rachel hugs Sarah. Sarah looks at her daughter, straightens her uniform jacket.

SARAH
(sweetly)
You don't want to miss orientation.

One last look at her parents, then Rachel turns and runs off toward the church.

Henry has tears in his eyes as the Woman lets Rachel into the church, then closes the door.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - THAT NIGHT

A warm, breezy late summer night.

INT. THE DAKOTA - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Sarah enters.

SARAH
Henry?

She moves into

THE STUDY

where Henry's easel and paints have been set-up.

SARAH
Henry?

THE KITCHEN

Rosella cleans dishes.

SARAH
Rosella, have you seen Henry?

ROSELLA
He's on the roof.

A beat.

SARAH
What?

EXT. THE DAKOTA - ROOF - NIGHT

Ten stories above the street, the green-copper roof lends a perfect view across Central Park. The City's SOUNDS are distant. It's like an oasis up here.

Henry is sitting here looking out over the Park. After a few moments, Sarah opens the roof access door. She sees him, looks up, then back.

SARAH

Hey... Charlie called. He wants to see you tomorrow.

(a beat)

Henry? What's going on?

HENRY

I miss her.

SARAH

(a beat)

Me too... we'll see her soon... Parents Day's in a month.

(a beat)

You know, I don't think we've ever been up here.

Henry stands, moves across the roof, tense.

HENRY

What I mean is, I don't think she should've gone away to school.

SARAH

Henry...

HENRY

She was so upset.

SARAH

(frustrated)

That was all you ever wanted for her... Huntington's a wonderful school...

HENRY

Did you see how sad she was?

SARAH

Henry... maybe this isn't the best time for Rachel to be at home. I think she's better off at school.

HENRY

Better off? Sarah, why?

SARAH

Because you and I, we're not back to normal.

HENRY

But Rachel and I were fine!

SARAH

She needs some stability!

HENRY

We were having fun! We were friends!

SARAH

She needs a father, not a playmate! Henry... we need some time. I look at you now... and I don't know what you're thinking. I don't know what you're thinking about me.

HENRY

I don't either!

(a beat)

Sarah, you don't know me! I don't even know me!

(beat, frustrated)

I remember little... things! Things that don't... things that don't matter like... like Rachel's first bicycle. I can see it, Sarah. It's pink and silver and very small and it's... it's so clear. But I don't remember when she was born. There's this... this little girl and I don't remember where she came from! I remember... what it's like to touch your hair but I can't remember... I can't remember one thing we had in common!

SARAH

We have our lives in common! Our daughter! Henry, what else are we going to go back to? All I have... all I can hang on to is the idea of what we used to be... what else am I supposed to do?

(a beat)

I need some help here, Henry. I was afraid... for seven months I was afraid of what it would be like... things weren't perfect before but at least they were stable.

(a beat)

If we don't try to get back to our old lives,... I don't know what we're going to do.

(a beat)

I really think we need this time.

A beat.

HENRY

I just... miss Rachel.

And he moves past her, into the building, leaving her alone.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP of Henry tying his shoes. He can now do them perfectly.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's wearing a business suit, and his tie
is tied into the messiest knot of all time.

Sarah enters from the bathroom, sees Henry. She moves to him, to
redo his tie and he moves away.

HENRY

I can do it.

He moves to the mirror and tries to retie it.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry (sans tie) sits across from Charlie.

CHARLIE

Henry, I care about you more than
you know and I only want what's
best. That's all I've ever wanted.

(a beat)

I wanted to see you because I'm
concerned.

HENRY

About what?

CHARLIE

About you. About where you're
headed. What you're doing with
yourself. Now I'll support you
as long as you need me to. I have
no problem with that. I just want
to make sure you're directed, that
you don't wander off course because
you don't have the guidance.

HENRY

(not comprehending)

Oh.

CHARLIE

What I'm getting at, Henry, is that
I think you're ready to come back
to work.

HENRY

What?

CHARLIE

I don't mean back into the
courtroom, but back in the office.
Learning the trade again, getting
back into the routine. I mean look
how far you've come already. I'm
here to help you, everyone's here
to help you...

(more)

CHARLIE (Cont'd)

(a beat)

Henry, I want you back. We all want the old Henry Turner back.

HENRY

That's what I want too, you know?
(forces a laugh)
Just... to feel like myself again.

CHARLIE

Then trust me. We'll work together, and you will be back in the courtroom again.

(a beat)

I'm determined that one year from today you'll be the man you were one year ago.

Henry stares blankly at Charlie.

INT. CLAYTON, TURNER AND WALKER LAW OFFICES - DAY

Henry walks down the main corridor, carrying a few thick law books and files. WORKERS greet him, and he uneasily returns the hellos. Then he gets to his SECRETARY's desk. She has a yellow flower in her hair.

HENRY

Hi, I'm Henry.

SECRETARY

I'm Jessica. Your secretary?

HENRY

Oh... hi. Nice flower.

SECRETARY

(smiles like she's never been given a compliment)

Thanks...

HENRY

I'm looking for my office?

Just then Rudy approaches Henry, pats him on the back.

RUDY

(in a very condescending tone)

Henry! Hi... I'm Rudy. Ru-dy.
Welcome back.

HENRY

Thanks.

RUDY

I gotta run, so let's talk soon.
Real soon. Bye-bye.

And with a smile, Rudy walks off. Henry turns to his Secretary.

HENRY
(quietly)
What's wrong with him?

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

A few fruit baskets and bouquets of flowers sit on the desk. Henry enters the office, then looks around, tentatively. He sits behind his desk, touching the faintly familiar surface.

He takes from his pocket a photograph of Rachel in the silver picture frame that Bruce gave him. He sets it on the desk.

Then he cracks open one of the books... and starts to read.

INT. THE DAKOTA - STUDY - NIGHT

Henry sits at his desk, reading a law book. Sarah enters. There's a beat.

SARAH
Coming to bed?

HENRY
Oh. Uh, no, I've got... I've got
lots to read...

Their eyes meet. He's clearly avoiding her.

HENRY
I'm gonna be a while.

SARAH
(nods)
Okay.

And she turns and leaves the room. A beat. Henry goes back to his book.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry is on the phone.

VOICE (v.o.)
I'm sorry, Mr. Turner, but Rachel's
in class.

HENRY
(quietly)
Yeah, I know, but can you... can
you get her out of class? I just
want to hear her voice, that's all.

VOICE (v.o.)
I'm sorry, Mr. Turner, it's not
allowed.

HENRY
 (into phone)
 Okay. Thank you.

And Henry hangs up, discouraged.

INT. LAW OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Eight LAWYERS sit around the conference table, Charlie sits at the head. Among them are Henry, Bruce, Rudy, Linda, and some others we've seen before. As they all talk, Henry watches silently, curiously.

LAWYER #1
 So we push for March.

CHARLIE
 What about Lawson?

RUDY
 We can't, they'll be in France.

LINDA
 He's already seen the case.

BRUCE
 What did he say?

LAWYER #1
 Tell them to postpone.

CHARLIE
 If we lose Rogers, half a dozen clients will follow. We can't do it.

LINDA
 So we go February with another witness.

BRUCE
 Exactly. We pull a Henry Turner.

Everyone at the table laughs, including Henry, who doesn't understand why...

INT. P.J. CLARKE'S - DAY

A small bar-restaurant on Third. Henry, Bruce, Rudy and a couple other LAWYERS (mid-30's) sit at a table eating lunch. Henry's got half a dozen manila folders on his lap.

BRUCE
 So what Boyle didn't remember was that it was a voidable contract.

RUDY
 What an idiot.

LAWYER #1
No one ever said he was smart.

LAWYER #2
He lost the case because he forgot.

RUDY
(still condescending)
You following all this, Henry?

BRUCE
It's ninety-five percent bullshit.

LAWYER #2
Hey, Henry taught me most of this
bullshit!

They LAUGH, as Henry looks in his files.

HENRY
I do have a question...

BRUCE
Yeah? How's the burger?

HENRY
It's good...

RUDY
What'd you find?

HENRY
In one of my cases... Matthews v.
Hamilton...

LAWYER #1
(taking a big bite of
his burger)
Your famous last trial...

HENRY
Yeah, Charlie wants me to write
a memo on it...

LAWYER #2
Christ, those fucking memos, I
almost drowned in those memos.

Rudy LAUGHS. Henry pulls out a file, finds the page.

HENRY
I said Edward Hamilton didn't know
the tubes could be switched...

LAWYER #2
Oxygen and nitrous oxide.

HENRY

But look, it's a note from one of their drivers. They had that problem before.

(a beat)

He knew the lines could be switched, but he didn't do anything. And I didn't show it.

BRUCE

You didn't have to show it.

HENRY

But... that's what happened.

LAWYER #2

Yeah, you reveal that and your argument's history.

LAWYER #1

We're paid to win cases for our clients. It's what we do.

RUDY

Henry, what we do pays for our lunch.

A beat.

HENRY

So... I did the right thing.

BRUCE

Of course you did. It's nothing unusual... it's our job.

Henry considers, nods, smiles.

HENRY

Ohhh... I feel much better now.

They LAUGH, pat Henry on the shoulder. He smiles, part of the gang.

INT. DR. SULTAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sits across from Dr. Sultan, who looks over Henry's X-Rays and charts.

DR. SULTAN

Everything looks pretty stable. And he seems to be adjusting well.

SARAH

Yes he is...

DR. SULTAN

Then I think we should tell him soon.

Sarah nods uneasily.

INT. BROWNSTONE - SAME

It's the apartment Sarah sold to Phyllis. Now it's completely furnished and decorated. Fifty upper echelon, conservatively-dressed GUESTS.

Sarah stands near the a picture window, talking to MATT and JUDY, a middle-aged couple.

MATT
It's that music. Rap music.

SARAH
Oh, I know...

JUDY
Greg comes home the other night,
rapping.

MATT
(rapping)
It's the end of the world, gotta
get me a girl...
(laughs)
You know? So, so --

JUDY
So I ask Matt what Greg's doing,
and he says --

MATT
I told her Greg was rapping.

JUDY
I thought wrapping. Like
gift-wrapping, so I said, "What's
he wrapping?"

SARAH
(laughs, looks around)
I've lost him. Excuse me...

ANGLE - HENRY

is at the buffet, stuffing his mouth with cocktail franks and drinking a glass of Coke. Sarah approaches him.

SARAH
Hey... having fun?

His mouth full, he just nods, shrugs.

SARAH
I'm not having a great time either.
I'm just going to get a drink and
then we'll go, okay?

HENRY

Mmmmmhmmmmmm...

Sarah moves to the bar, and the BARTENDER.

SARAH

A glass of red wine, please.

And as the Bartender gets the drink, Sarah overhears:

PHYLLIS (o.s.)

... such a shame. I mean he was so...

MAN #1 (o.s.)

Well he was a great lawyer.

WOMAN #2 (o.s.)

I've never met him.

PHYLLIS (o.s.)

Henry represented my cousin Joan three years ago and I've known Sarah forever. God, I just feel so sorry for her.

As the Bartender hands Sarah her drink, Henry appears by her side. But Sarah doesn't even notice him. She just moves until she's standing beside two very wealthy COUPLES, Phyllis being one of the four.

PHYLLIS

Daniel and I ran into them a few weeks ago. He's just...

(quietly)

... completely different, you know?

MAN #1

Sounds eerie.

PHYLLIS

Well between you and me, it's just... it's frightening.

WOMAN #2

The poor wife.

PHYLLIS

Oh, she was losing it long before he came back from the hospital.

WOMAN #2

He really lost all his memories? Christ.

MAN #1

One minute you're an attorney, the next you're an imbecile.

MAN #2

Well that's not a very long trip.

Phyllis and the others can't help but laugh. And then Sarah walks right up to them. They pale. There's a moment where anything could happen. But Sarah suppresses her rage and just politely hands her drink to Phyllis.

SARAH

Henry and I are going to leave now.

Phyllis speechlessly forces a smile as Sarah turns away, taking Henry by the arm.

SARAH

Come on.

Henry follows his wife, trying to understand what's going on.

HENRY

What's happening?

SARAH

(restraining herself)

We're leaving.

Then, as they get to the door, Sarah stops. Henry watches as Sarah turns around and storms back over to Phyllis, takes her wine glass back and splashes it on Phyllis' blouse.

And somehow Sarah's timing was perfect -- it seems everyone at the party has witnessed what just happened. Even Henry.

HENRY

(amazed)

Wow...

Sarah hands the glass back to Phyllis.

SARAH

Thanks for the party.

Sarah turns and walks off. Phyllis just closes her eyes. Sarah gets to the door and walks right past Henry, out the door.

SARAH

Let's go.

Henry turns back to the crowd and strikes a defiant pose. He throws his glass to the floor -- it SHATTERS. He smiles, then proudly turns and follows Sarah.

INT. THE DAKOTA - THE STUDY - DAY

Sarah sits at the desk, on the telephone.

SARAH

But they can knock down a wall and
make it a studio.

(more)

SARAH (Cont'd)
Or they can put up another and make
it a three bedroom.

Then she notices something off-camera. She stops.

SARAH'S POV

Henry stands at the study doorway, holding a dozen long-stem red roses.

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
I'll call you back.

She hangs up, as Henry walks to her and hands her the flowers. Tentatively, she takes them, looks at the card.

INSERT - CLOSEUP - CARD

Written in Henry's almost child-like writing, it reads: "THANK YOU".

SARAH

gets teary-eyed. She smells the flowers.

SARAH
Oh... they're beautiful, Henry.

HENRY
(nervous)
Would you... you know... go...
out...

SARAH
What?

HENRY
(forcing it out)
On a date. With me. Would you
go on a date with me.

SARAH
I'd love to.

HENRY
Yeah?

SARAH
When?

HENRY
Now.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Henry and Sarah are at the Hot Dog stand. Sarah's smiling wide. The Hot Dog Man serves up two dogs.

HENRY
 (to Sarah)
 Get kraut.
 (to Hot Dog Man)
 Give her lots of kraut.

HOT DOG MAN
 You got it...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS of Kids, bikes, dogs, Frisbees... it's a perfect day.

Henry and Sarah walk down the path of the park, a few feet apart. They're taking the last bites of their hot dogs.

HENRY
 You want another?

SARAH
 No... I try to keep it down to three hot dogs a day.

HENRY
 (smiles)
 So is this a good date?

SARAH
 (laughs)
 Yeah, it's pretty good.

A frisbee lands near Henry. He picks it up, examines it, then throws it back where it came -- completely overthrowing it.

HENRY
 (yells back)
 Sorry!

Henry smiles at Sarah and takes her hand. She looks at him, surprised.

HENRY
 What? Is this bad?

SARAH
 No...

HENRY
 Then why are you looking at me like that?

SARAH
 Because... you never used to hold my hand.

Henry lets go of her hand.

HENRY
 Oh.

Sarah takes his hand back.

SARAH
You had a thing about showing
affection in public. It bothered
you.

HENRY
Why?

SARAH
I don't know why.

HENRY
You don't know why?

SARAH
No...

Suddenly Henry takes her hand and pulls her along the grass.

SARAH
(laughing)
What are you doing?

They get to an empty bench. Henry stands up on it.

HENRY
Get up here.

SARAH
What?

HENRY
Come here.

Sarah looks around, then climbs up, standing on the bench next to Henry. She giggles.

HENRY
I think you were right, Sarah.
I think everything is going to be
okay.

He kisses her, she smiles.

HENRY
Oh... being affectionate in public
doesn't bother me so much anymore.

She laughs, wraps her arms around him and kisses him passionately.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Henry gets dressed. Buddy sits beside him, tail wagging.

HENRY
You're not going for a walk. No.
No walk. Don't look at me like
that.

Sarah enters, dressed.

SARAH
Ready?

HENRY
Yeah...

Henry follows Sarah out of the room, Buddy happily follows.

INT. DR. SULTAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry and Sarah sit across from Dr. Sultan, who chooses his words very carefully. Sarah seems uncomfortable.

DR. SULTAN
When you were shot, Henry, one
bullet hit your shoulder. All they
had to do was remove it and patch
you up.
(a beat)
But another entered your brain.
(beat, carefully)
The surgeons couldn't remove it.

A beat.

HENRY
So... I have to have another
operation?

DR. SULTAN
I wish that were possible. But
the bullet's in a very delicate
part of the brain. It's
inoperable, we just can't.

After a beat, Henry looks at Sarah with incredulous eyes.

HENRY
Sarah? Really?

SARAH
(touches his hand)
Henry, we didn't want you to give
up. They thought you might give
up...

DR. SULTAN
If it stays where it is... and your
tests show it hasn't moved much
at all, you're really not in any

HENRY
But... what if it doesn't? What
if it doesn't stay?

DR. SULTAN
 (carefully)
 Well. I've got to tell you this part too. It's possible that it could suddenly migrate. Shift and cause an obstruction.

HENRY
 What's that, what's an obstruction.

DR. SULTAN
 (a beat)
 That could mean... in the worst case scenario... a sudden, massive stroke.

Henry's eyes swell with tears.

SARAH
 Henry...

Henry stands, moves to the office door, his eyes filled with thought. He looks back at his wife and the doctor. And then he turns around and leaves the office.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

Henry walks down the hall, at first slowly, his pace quickly turns into a run...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Henry runs into the street -- crazed -- and hails a cab. One stops, he gets in.

EXT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - DAY

The clinic on a beautiful day. The taxi comes to a stop outside.

INT. LAWRENCE CLINIC - DAY

Henry moves down the hallway, eyes wild, searching. He turns corners, looks everywhere, then enters

THE CAFETERIA

where Bradley sits alone, eating lunch. A few PATIENTS and DOCTORS eat at other tables. Bradley sees Henry, stands up.

BRADLEY
 Henry! Wassup, man?

HENRY
 Is it true, Bradley? About the bullet? Tell me...

Bradley's mood changes.

BRADLEY
 Hey, man, I'm sorry.

HENRY
 (shocked)
 Why didn't you tell me? You're
 my friend.

BRADLEY
 Hey, Henry, come on... there's
 nothin' you can do anyway.
 (smiles)
 Just don't get a job workin' a
 jackhammer.

HENRY
 (screams)
You should've told me!

BRADLEY
 Shhhh, man. Quiet down...

People are looking.

HENRY
 I'd tell you! Bradley, I'd tell
 you something like that...

BRADLEY
 Look, even I gotta take orders,
 man. Those were the rules.

HENRY
Well the rules are wrong! I
 thought I could be okay again!
 That's what you said!

BRADLEY
 It wouldn't have made any
difference.

HENRY
Yes! It would!
 (a beat)
 Because I'll never be all better.
 You lied.

BRADLEY
 (getting angry)
 Look at you, man. Do you remember
 what you were like when you came
 in here? Do you remember that?
 You couldn't say dick. You
 couldn't lift your arm --

HENRY
 That's not what I'm saying --

BRADLEY
 It's what I'm saying! You
 should've been dead! You were
 lucky.

(more)

BRADLEY (Cont'd)
 (a beat)
 I didn't spend four months teaching
 you that shit so you could come
 in here and piss me off!

Henry looks at Bradley for a long, solid beat.

HENRY
 You could've told me.

And with that, Henry turns and walks off. Bradley just watches him go. Finally:

BRADLEY
 (yells after him)
 Henry!

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

The apartment building, the nighttime traffic.

CUT TO:

INSERT - DINNER PLATE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A VERY TIGHT SHOT on peas and mashed potatoes. A fork comes into view and manages to bring a pea onto the mound of potatoes.

And then the fork slowly, deliberately pushes the pea into the potatoes. Deep, until it's gone.

INT. THE DAKOTA - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's Henry holding the fork. He and Sarah sit alone, eating dinner. Henry's clearly preoccupied.

It's quiet for a long beat. Finally Henry drops his napkin on his plate.

HENRY
 I'm not hungry. Sorry.

And he stands and walks off. Sarah watches him leave, unsure what to do or say.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Henry lies on a blanket, staring up at the stars.

Sarah opens the door and steps onto the roof. After a long beat, she moves to Henry and lies beside him, on her side, facing him. She puts her hand on his chest. They're silent for a long moment. Finally, quietly:

HENRY
 I'm so scared.

SARAH
 Henry. You're alive.

HENRY
 Now. Right now...
 (looks into her eyes,
 frightened)
 ... but Sarah... I'm scared.

Their eyes lock for a long, solid beat. And then, as if she were asked, Sarah slowly unbuttons her blouse. She lets the material fall, revealing her breasts to him. He looks at them, completely unsure. A beat.

HENRY
 What.

SARAH
 (quietly)
 Touch me.

He tentatively reaches over and feels her breast. He kind of smiles. Slowly Sarah lies back, removing her shirt. Henry touches her stomach, as she unzips her skirt.

HENRY
 (remembering the
 sensation)
 Oh... oh... yeah.

She pulls his head closer. He kisses her neck. She undoes his pants, as Henry removes his shoes. A few coins fall out of his shoe.

SARAH
 Henry... you have money in your
 shoe.

HENRY
 I know.

He slides his pants off. She smiles as he moves on top of her. They start to make love. He's incredibly tender.

HENRY
 Is this... is this like before?

SARAH
 Henry... this is better than
 before.

And they kiss.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

The apartment building, under the starry sky.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

The train cuts through the plush countryside, the leaves brown and gold.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Henry and Sarah sit close, Henry bouncing his legs in excitement.

EXT. HUNTINGTON SCHOOL - DAY

A banner reading "PARENTS DAY PICNIC" hangs above the church doors. Lots of cars and taxis everywhere, PARENTS greeting their DAUGHTERS dressed in Huntington uniform.

Henry and Sarah hug Rachel, who seems as withdrawn as when we met her. Henry holds out a foil-wrapped plate. He's thrilled to see his little girl.

HENRY

Rosella and I made you cookies.
Extra chips and M&M's.

SARAH

Things don't look as bad as your
letters say they are.

Rachel forces a smile. Sarah musses her hair. As they walk off towards the church:

HENRY

You got taller.

No response.

HENRY

Or maybe I got shorter...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Every pew is filled with Girls and their Parents. Miss O'Brien is at the lectern, speaking before them into a P.A..

O'BRIEN

... because ultimately our goal
is to transform. Not simply to
teach the cornerstones of a
fundamental education, but to
prepare our pupils for the weight
of adult responsibility. And that,
dear parents, is our reputation.

(a beat)

They enter little girls... they
leave women.

The Audience APPLAUDS. Henry sits beside Sarah and Rachel, looking on, concerned.

EXT. HUNTINGTON SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

A very orderly picnic, with the hundred or so little GIRLS and their PARENTS sitting at immaculately-set picnic tables. The day is beautiful, but the mood somber.

Miss O'Brien stands at the church steps, talking to various PARENTS, Sarah among them.

Henry looks around, acutely aware of the dead atmosphere. He looks at Rachel, who eats her food, gloomy. He realizes that almost all the other Girls are doing the same.

HENRY
Are things really so bad?

Rachel nods. And then Henry makes a decision. He suddenly stands up on top of the picnic table.

RACHEL
Daddy, what are you doing?
(to herself)
Oh, God...

HENRY
(top of his lungs)
Hey!

All the Girls and their Parents look at Henry, confused. Rachel ducks her head, embarrassed.

Once Henry's sure of his audience, he SCREAMS OUT:

HENRY
I'M IT!

Suddenly Henry jumps off the table and starts running around like crazy. Girls watch him, smiling, giggling.

Finally one GIRL gets up and starts running around, allowing Henry to chase her. Then another. And another. And then Rachel, all running.

Parents start yelling after their kids, but soon it's too late: every single Girl is running around the picnic tables like mad, SCREAMING.

Henry tags Rachel, who's laughing wildly, having more fun than she's had in months.

Jennifer Lerner still sits, watching, appalled.

HENRY
(tagging Rachel)
You're it! Rachel's it!

Miss O'Brien and the other Parents rush over to the picnic area, shocked at what they see: complete mayhem.

Sarah can't contain her laughter. She loves this.

O'BRIEN
EVERYONE SIT DOWN! I DEMAND THAT
YOU ALL SIT DOWN AT ONCE!

No one can hear her -- they all run around, laughing and screaming, arms flailing...

LONG SHOT - THE SCENE

Absolute insanity, everybody yelling at the top of their lungs, surrounded by otherwise peaceful, beautiful trees.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Henry and Sarah, kissing in bed. Then Sarah pulls back.

HENRY

No, no, no, no, nooooooo...

SARAH

I've got to go sell a --

And Henry pulls her back into bed. She laughs, they kiss.

SARAH

I...

(kiss)

Have...

(kiss)

To...

(kiss)

Go...

A final kiss and she gets up and out of bed. Henry watches her move into the bathroom and close the door. When the door closes, the mirror on the door faces him. He looks at himself in bed, then strikes a melodramatic, muscular pose.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry sits at his desk, reading. Then Charlie enters Henry's office, carrying a briefcase.

CHARLIE

Thought I'd stop by before I leave... Henry, I read your memo on Sam's case file.

Henry closes the book, clearly apprehensive.

HENRY

Yeah?

A beat.

CHARLIE

(surprised)

Yeah, and it was perfect. Henry, I couldn't believe it. The choices you made... the conclusion...

HENRY

(smiles)

I just looked at my old cases and figured that's what I would've done...

CHARLIE

You're really coming back.

HENRY

Well the guys helped me out. Bruce and Rudy...

CHARLIE

Yeah, but you wrote it. I could tell. It felt like you.

(a beat)

It's great having the old Henry Turner back in the office.

Henry smiles wide. Charlie smiles back.

CHARLIE

Get back to work, I'll talk to you tomorrow.

And Charlie leaves. After a beat, Henry's big smile bursts into a happy, self-satisfied laugh.

INT. THE DAKOTA - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The front door opens. Henry enters, smiling. Beaming.

HENRY

Sarah?

(a beat)

Sarah?

Henry hangs his coat, then moves down the hall.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Henry enters the room. Buddy can be HEARD playing with something.

HENRY

Sarah?

Henry hears Buddy, then opens Sarah's closet. Buddy is there, ripping apart one of Sarah's shoes.

HENRY

Buddy, no. You don't eat shoes.

Henry puts the shoe back where it came from, then notices Sarah's open bottom drawer, and sees the steel-grey envelopes he found earlier. A beat. He takes them out of the drawer... there are more now, almost a dozen.

He opens one and looks at the letter -- now able to read.

INSERT - LETTER - EXTREME CLOSEUP

We see flashes of the letter. "Dear Sarah...", "... silly writing love letters...", "... embarrassing, but...", "... I love you. I miss you. I need you..."

And the letters are all signed, "Bruce".

HENRY

is devastated.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

All the rooms are dark, except for the living room. The Christmas tree lights glow ominously.

Then the front door opens, Sarah enters. She moves into the hallway, and finally into the

STUDY

where Henry sits in his chair, in the dark room, listening to his Walkman. Henry CLICKS it off.

SARAH

What are you doing?

HENRY

(a beat)

Nothing.

SARAH

Are you all right?

HENRY

(a beat)

I'm going to take Buddy for a walk.

He gets up and walks past her.

SARAH

Are you sure you're okay?

HENRY

Yup.

Henry leaves the apartment.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET - NIGHT

Henry and Buddy walk down the sidewalk. With every step he takes, Henry's like a volcano about to erupt. His eyes show a barrage of conflicting thoughts.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits at her table, washing her face.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET - NIGHT

Henry keeps walking until he gets to the very spot where he was shot. He stops. His thoughts are overwhelming -- it's like he's about to scream...

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah dries her face.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET - NIGHT

Henry SPRINTS back to his apartment, crazed -- Buddy runs along side him.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah dries her face. Suddenly Henry bursts into the room, out of breath, eyes red. Sarah's startled.

SARAH

Henry!

(a beat)

What is it? What happened?

His eyes swell with tears of rage.

HENRY

The letters. I read the letters.

SARAH

What?

HENRY

Bruce's letters.

Sarah pales. It's like the wind was knocked out of her.

SARAH

Oh my God... Henry...

HENRY

And it happened... before?

SARAH

Henry, please...

HENRY

Before I was shot, Sarah? You slept with Bruce before?

SARAH

Henry, it didn't last, he just kept writing but I... never wrote back, I just... God, I don't even know why I kept them, I --

HENRY

It happened before?

SARAH
Henry, things were different.

HENRY
Tell me, Sarah!

SARAH
Yes!
(a beat)
It happened before. But you were different!

Henry hits one of her perfume bottles -- it flies across the bathroom and SMASHES into a mirror.

HENRY
I DON'T KNOW WHO I WAS!

He stares at her, his face red, eyes wild. She is crying, too.

SARAH
You'd come home so late, every night, I wouldn't even know sometimes... you'd say goodnight and go into -- Henry, you loved your work, not me, I was just lonely. I mean... I remember when -- Henry, Bruce wasn't important... it was stupid, it was just stupid I admit it, okay? And I wanted to -- I should've said something but I was just lonely! I was lonely. That's all... please understand that... now... that things are good...

Henry looks at his hand... it's bleeding, the glass has cut deep. He looks up at her, exhausted.

SARAH
Please, Henry... please... we have another chance...

A long stare.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

Henry and Buddy stand on the sidewalk. The Doorman hails a cab. Henry and the dog get into the taxi, it drives off.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Henry in the taxi, staring at nothing.

EXT. SEVENTY-SECOND STREET - NIGHT

As the taxi drives off, through isolated clouds of billowing steam, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Henry lies on the single bed, his hand bandaged. His eyes are wet. He stares at the ceiling, lost in thought.

INT. CLAYTON, TURNER AND WALKER LAW OFFICES - DAY

The elevator doors open and Henry enters the office lobby. The RECEPTIONIST sees Henry, and watches him silently.

Henry moves down the corridor. Everyone stares because everyone knows.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry sits across from Charlie, his eyes red and tired.

HENRY

... so... so I don't know what to do, Charlie.

(beat, desperately)

What do I do?

CHARLIE

A year ago, Henry... you wouldn't have come to me and asked this question. Because you learn, as you get older, what's important to you. And it's different for everyone. I can only tell you my opinion, and it won't sound kind.

HENRY

Please... tell me.

CHARLIE

(deliberately)

There are other things in life, Henry, besides fidelity. That's one ideal I gave up on forty years ago.

HENRY

I don't... understand... you're married.

CHARLIE

Henry...

(a beat)

Life goes on. Maybe that sounds... cavalier, but it's the truth. Sarah's the right kind of woman for you. She lets you get the job done.

(a beat)

You're doing so well. I know it's painful... but don't let this set you back.

HENRY

... how?

CHARLIE

When convenient, Henry... forgive
and forget.

Henry looks at Charlie, his eyes full of doubt and confusion.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - SAME

Henry takes the photograph of Rachel in the silver frame. He
stares at the picture with sad eyes. After a beat, Bruce enters.

BRUCE

Henry. God. I'm sorry.

A long beat. Henry removes the photo from the frame.

BRUCE

It was a horrible mistake. I
fucked up.

(a beat)

Please, Henry. Please. Talk to
me.

Henry hands Bruce the frame, then moves right past him, opens the
door, and starts down the hall. Bruce follows.

HALLWAY

BRUCE

Christ, I wanted to say something.
It's been killing me. For so long
I wanted to talk to you...

People are watching as they move toward the elevators.

BRUCE

I'm sorry, Henry. You have no
idea...

Bruce stops. Henry continues down the hall. Bruce just yells
after him.

BRUCE

Please, Henry! Jesus Christ, I'm
sorry!

Henry gets into an elevator, and meets Bruce's pathetic gaze.

BRUCE

At least talk to me!

The doors close between them.

And for a beat, Bruce is left humiliated, his CO-WORKERS' eyes
upon him.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Henry enters his hotel room. Buddy moves to Henry, his tail wagging. Henry sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the dog, whose tail slaps against the floor.

And then there's a KNOCK on the door. Henry looks up, goes to the door, opens it. It's Linda. They stare for a beat.

LINDA
I followed you. Bruce would kill
me if he knew.

HENRY
(sighs)
I have nothing to say.

LINDA
I think we should talk.

HENRY
No.

LINDA
Please. There's something you
should know.
(a beat)
After the accident, Bruce took over
your cases. Everything ran
smoothly for a while, but the
pressure was just building.
(a beat)
It's been almost a year now. In
the past few months there's been
a mood... a tension. Like
something was about to break. And
now this.
(a beat)
Bruce is so humiliated.

HENRY
He's humiliated.

LINDA
Henry, with you gone, he's under
enough stress. But this is going
to break him. I don't know what
Charlie would do without Bruce.
It's in your best interest to talk
to him.

HENRY
Forget it. No.
(a beat)
Linda, you can't fix this.

LINDA
I'm just curious... what you're
feeling.

HENRY
I'm feeling wonderful. Things are great, thanks.

A beat.

LINDA
I want to talk about the affair.

HENRY
I don't, okay?

LINDA
It's been so long --

HENRY
Listen. I know you mean well, but this isn't a good time for me. I'm tired, I'm confused, I've got a bullet in my brain... and I'm certainly not going to learn anything talking about Sarah and Bruce.

A long beat.

LINDA
That wasn't what I was talking about.

HENRY
Then... what were you talking about?

LINDA
Our affair, Henry.

Henry pales. Linda touches his bandaged hand.

LINDA
You really don't remember?
(a beat)
This is our hotel, Henry. Every Tuesday and Thursday at the Ritz.

HENRY
(paralyzed)
Ritz...

LINDA
If you don't want to leave Sarah anymore, I understand.
(a beat)
I just thought...
(smiles)
... maybe we could give it another try.

We can see it in his eyes: the flood of memories is overwhelming.

LINDA

Henry?

Henry moves past her, down the hall...

LINDA

Henry... Henry, are you okay?

INT. STAIRCASE - SAME

Henry hurries down the stairs...

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - SAME

Henry stumbles outside and throws up in the gutter. Then he starts running off, faster and faster, trying to outrun himself...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

Henry sprints down the sidewalk, running crazily. He runs across a street, cars SCREEEECHING to a stop, headlights SWOOOOOSH past, flashing him with strobing light...

INT. SUBWAY - MONTAGE - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the subway car ROARS along the tracks.

Henry sits, leaning his head back against the window, catatonic. The car lights FLASH as we move TIGHT on his expression. Horror. A rush of memories. A nightmarish rush of memories.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

Henry walks down the sidewalk -- ragged, exhausted -- looking carefully at the identical apartment buildings. He checks the ripped phone book page he holds, then finally finds the building he was looking for. He climbs the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the second floor hallway, Henry leans against a door, eyes closed, RINGING the doorbell. Finally we hear:

BRADLEY (o.s.)

Who the hell is it?

HENRY

Bradley, it's me, Henry...
please...

Locks undone, the door opens. Bradley's there in boxer shorts. We can see his apartment from here -- it's so small and cluttered that only one person could live here.

BRADLEY

Henry? What's wrong, man?

HENRY
 (half-crying through
 the memory, the relief)
 Christmas... Bradley, it was
 Christmas and I left school
 early... I was going to surprise
 my parents. I... I got home...
 went upstairs... and there was
 my father... in bed with a woman...
 a friend of my mother's. They both
 saw me... and you know what he
 said? Do you know what my father
 said to me?
 (beat, laughs)
 Close the door. He said close the
 door...
 (a beat)
 He never mentioned it. Never
 apologized. And every time I
 looked at my mother... I had to
 forget it happened.

BRADLEY
 Henry...

HENRY
 I didn't have a family... they just
 sent me off to school... they just
 sent me away... we weren't a
 family... we were never a
family...

BRADLEY
 Hey, man... you okay?

Henry finally looks up at Bradley with red, teary eyes.

HENRY
 Bradley... I remember everything...
 it's all come back... all the
baggage...

BRADLEY
 What happened?

HENRY
 I know what I've gotta do... Help
 me.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Bradley's battered Ford speeds along.

EXT. CONNECTICUT - DAWN

Northern Connecticut. It's a beautiful early morning. The Ford is parked at a small gas station. Henry and Bradley are in the phone booth, Henry on the phone, an open phone book before him.

HENRY
 (into phone)
 Hello? Hi... Mr. Simpson? Hi,
 my name's Henry Turner. I'm an
 old friend of Betsy's. I was
 hoping you could tell me where to
 find her.

EXT. CONNECTICUT - MORNING

Country suburbia. The Ford's parked outside a very cozy
 three-bedroom house. Bradley sits in the car, Henry's at the
 front door. He RINGS the DOORBELL.

After a beat, a little GIRL answers the door -- she's the image of
 Betsy in the yearbook.

HENRY
 (shocked whisper)
 Betsy...

And then a woman comes to the door, ushering her daughter behind
 her. This is most certainly BETSY, now 40. The little Girl runs
 inside.

BETSY
 Yes?

HENRY
 It's Henry Turner.

It takes a beat, then hits her. She's taken aback.

BETSY
 Henry Turner.

HENRY
 I came to apologize.

BETSY
 You're kidding.

HENRY
 No I'm not. I'm serious. I'm dead
 serious.

BETSY
 Henry... that was twenty-five years
 ago.

HENRY
 Not for me. For me it was
 yesterday.
 (a beat)
 I was insensitive. I hurt you.
 I was so wrong.

MAN (o.s.)
 Honey? Who is it?

BETSY
 (yelling back)
 Uh... I got it!
 (beat, to Henry)
 You look so... old.

HENRY
 I grew up.
 (a beat)
 I know I'm late. And I'm sorry
 for that too.

She stares at him for a beat, finally smiling.

BETSY
 I think about you sometimes.

HENRY
 (smiles)
 Really?

BETSY
 I hated you.

HENRY
 You don't have to accept. Just
 know... I'm sorry.

He extends his hand. A beat. She smiles, shakes his hand.

BETSY
 I guess I survived.

Henry hugs her, kisses her cheek. She smiles, bewildered, as Henry backs away, waiving.

HENRY
Thank you! Thank you.

She waves goodbye as Henry gets into the Ford and drives off.

BETSY
 (smiles, shakes her
 head)
 Henry Turner...

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

The local Radio Shack. Henry is at the counter facing a tall, thin, gawky-looking 40 year-old man. This is BRIAN, and he's shaking his head like he doesn't know what the hell Henry's talking about.

HENRY
 ... and that's why I'm here.

BRIAN
 (a beat)
 My atom bomb.

HENRY
Right. I'm sorry.

BRIAN
 How come?

HENRY
 Because I am.

BRIAN
 How'd you find me?

HENRY
 I called your parents. Your mother's got a great sense of humor. Listen, I've got a lot of people to apologize to...

BRIAN
 Yeah, you were an asshole.

HENRY
 Just so you know. I'm sorry.

A long, thoughtful beat. Brian extends his hand, Henry shakes it happily.

BRIAN
 Hell, I guess people do change.

HENRY
 Yes, they do.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

The Ford cruises along the Mass Turnpike.

EXT. UPTOWN MANHATTAN - DUSK

Close to Harlem. The Ford parked at the curb, Bradley in the driver's seat.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

A run-down building, chipped paint, crooked hallway, KIDS running around. Henry is at an apartment door, facing the Woman we saw earlier -- the plaintiff who lost the case to Henry.

WOMAN
 What are you trying to say? That I'm supposed to forgive you? I could have lost my husband.

HENRY
 I know.

A beat. Henry pulls out his wallet, his checkbook. He writes a check.

HENRY

This would have been your settlement.

(a beat)

This doesn't fix everything. But you still have your husband. And I'm still sorry.

He rips out the check, hands it to her. She looks at the amount. A beat.

WOMAN

Apology accepted.

INT. CLAYTON, TURNER AND WALKER LAW OFFICES - DAY

Henry marches down the corridor and bursts into

CHARLIE'S OFFICE

where Charlie is negotiating with three Japanese BUSINESSMEN.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ, Henry --

HENRY

(out of breath)

Charlie... Charlie, I'll make this simple. My father was not a great man. He was an uncaring, unsympathetic son-of-a-bitch.

CHARLIE

Henry!

HENRY

He was wrong, Charlie. He was always wrong. And you always reminded me of my father.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing?

HENRY

I don't want your money. That's why I'm here, thanks anyway, but I don't want your money.

CHARLIE

What are you going to do?

HENRY

(a beat)

I'll do something.
(to Japanese)
Excuse me.

And Henry leaves the room.

INT. NY TIMES - ADVERTISING OFFICE - DAY

Henry and Bradley sit before a 50 year-old WOMAN at a desk.

HENRY
I'd like to take out a full page
ad.

She looks up, weary. She slides the price sheet forward.

WOMAN
You must not have looked at the
right prices...

BRADLEY
Hey, lady, this man can read.

HENRY
I want it to say, "Henry Turner
apologizes to everyone for
everything".

The Woman jots this down, then looks up at him suspiciously
through her bi-focals.

WOMAN
Is that it?

Henry considers.

HENRY
Make it, "To everyone except Bruce
Clayton."

The Woman jots it down.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

Bradley's Ford is pulled up to the curb. Bradley's in the
driver's seat, Henry stands at his window, their eyes meet.

BRADLEY
Usually patients are wheeled in,
then walk out and just keep on
walkin'.
(a beat)
But we're buddies, huh?

HENRY
Yeah, we're buddies.

BRADLEY
(smiles dearly)
Welcome back, my man.

HENRY
Thanks.

Bradley puts the Ford in gear and drives off. Henry turns back to
his apartment, looks up and takes a deep breath.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Henry waits at the apartment door. After a beat, Sarah opens the door, wearing a robe. She stares at him. A long beat before anything is said.

HENRY

I know this great blowfish place.

Henry half-smiles. And then his smile disappears.

HENRY

You're right, Sarah. Things were different. Completely different.

SARAH

Henry...?

They move together and hug for a long, tearful beat.

HENRY

Sarah... there's something I need to tell you.

SARAH

What is it?

Henry tries to find the right words. Finally:

HENRY

I don't like my clothes.

SARAH

What?

HENRY

My clothes. I know you picked them out for me... and maybe they used to be my favorites... but they don't feel comfortable.

SARAH

So... we can get you new clothes.

HENRY

My pajamas, too. They are real soft... but I feel like I'm sleeping in someone else's soft pajamas.

Sarah smiles through her tears.

SARAH

Okay. We'll go shopping.

HENRY

I'm not done. Eggs. I don't like eggs. Or liver.

(more)

HENRY (Cont'd)

And maybe I used to like ballet
-- and maybe I will again... though
I really really hope not. But for
now... it's boring. It was so hard
not to fall asleep when we went.

Sarah laughs, sniffles.

HENRY

I didn't tell you because... I
didn't want to disappoint you.
I wanted to be the same for you.
I tried so hard, I did the best
I could... but I don't like who
I was.

(a beat)

We made mistakes, Sarah...
someplace... someplace we went
off track... and we need to fix
that.

SARAH

Henry...?

HENRY

What?

SARAH

I did fall asleep at the ballet.

He smiles at her, teary-eyed.

SARAH

Whatever you want... is fine with
me.

HENRY

Here's what I want. I want you
to be my wife. I want Rachel to
be my daughter. That's it, that's
all I want. I want us to be a
family. A family, for as long as
we can... for as long as we can,
Sarah.

And they hug. As we SLOWLY PULL BACK, a VOICE FADES IN:

O'BRIEN (v.o.)

... and you ask why do I push
myself? Why do I strive to be a
harder worker? A better listener?

INT. THE HUNTINGTON SCHOOL CHURCH - DAY

The church is filled with the entire student body, two-hundred
GIRLS in uniform. Miss O'Brien stands at the lectern, speaking
into the P.A..

Rachel sits at the end of one of the front pews, watching Miss O'Brien attentively, unhappily.

O'BRIEN
 Look around you. There are the
 answers to those questions.
 Everyone around you is striving
 to do the same.
 (a beat)
 Everyone close your eyes.

The entire group of Girls closes their eyes, except Rachel, who looks around uncomfortably.

O'BRIEN
 (eyes closed)
 Repeat to yourself silently. I
 will work harder.
 (a beat)
 I will listen better.

Rachel hears a strange BREATHING. She glances down at the floor -- Buddy is sitting there, tail wagging.

RACHEL
Buddy!

Miss O'Brien's eyes jolt open -- so do all the Girls. Buddy BARKS. Girls giggle. Then Rachel turns around to see Henry standing at the back of the church, holding a canvas. Sarah stands in the doorway behind him.

All the Girls turn around, smiling, laughing, talking quietly among themselves.

Henry spots his daughter and smiles. Amazed, Rachel waves.

O'BRIEN
 Mr. Turner... we're in the middle
 of a session.

HENRY
 I don't mean to interrupt.

Henry starts walking down the aisle.

O'BRIEN
 (getting angry)
 Well that's exactly what you're
 doing.

HENRY
 They enter little girls and they
 leave women. I just came to get
 Rachel while she's still a little
 girl.

O'BRIEN
(yelling)
Mr. Turner, you're disrupting the
lesson!

He gets to Rachel and shows her the canvas -- it's the one he was working on in his office -- it's a picture of the Dakota.

HENRY
I made this for you. It's a
picture of our building.

She looks up at him with the sweetest, happiest eyes. Henry lifts Rachel into his arms and hugs her tightly. Buddy sits there, tail wagging.

And with that, he turns around and, carrying Rachel and his painting, walks toward Sarah. Buddy happily follows.

Rachel sees Jennifer Lerner watching jealously. Rachel smiles at her.

Miss O'Brien watches stone-faced.

All the Girls watch, shocked, as Henry with his daughter and his wife, leave the building.

EXT. HUNTINGTON SCHOOL - SAME

Henry, Rachel and Sarah leave the church, Buddy at their side. The three embrace for a long, long beat.

And as we SLOWLY PULL BACK, until we can see the distant bare winter trees, the image we're watching is a family.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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