

UNTITLED

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - SUMMER NIGHT

Romantic night - and now moving into camera the couple to prove it. LISA, a really pretty 27 year old woman who has made every sacrifice of mind, body and spirit in order not to feel the way she does at this moment: self-conscious and threatened by a vague set of ordinary emotions which, worst of all to her, serve no constructive purpose whatsoever. Still, here she is, after a lifetime unafraid of anything, with fear poking secretly away at her while her date, MANNY, (a "hunk" who is frequently mistaken for a "catch") comes up behind her ear. If something in him noted her mood he would mistakenly think he was the cause. We can barely hear him since he is whispering in service of sexiness -- she misses what he says.

MANNY

Night's so great. You look so good.
Just need to grab you.

LISA

Huh...Sorry I didn't..

But that quick he has grabbed her and lifted her with ease some six inches into the air to kiss her..She is startled. He holds her high for a beat.

MANNY

We're here..

He gestures with his head to a nearby apartment building, the best apartment building in town.

EXT. APT. BLDG. - NIGHT

He walks toward the front door - the doorman greets him by name..Lisa hesitates, ambivalent..not her usual decisive self.

LISA

Hey..Manny..I may have to go back
on what I said about finally seeing
your place tonight..there's a lot
on my mind right now and..

Manny, unaccustomed to even minor adversity, has a flash of well, not depression..a flash of not feeling fantastic.

MANNY

You sure?

LISA
(light..half
laughing..honest)
Well, no.

MANNY
(cowboy justice)
No pressure here. It should feel
right.

His John Wayne moral center impresses Lisa..but then he takes
several steps back..

LISA
That's nice. Thanks. Why are you
moving away?

MANNY
Give you room to think and decide.

The doorman also backs off a few spaces. She looks at the two
men staring at her --- it is becoming too big a deal.. a
sigh then she moves forward and past him toward the door.

LISA
You have all the signs of a
handful.

MANNY
Hope so.

She takes a swing at him, a solid fist and perfectly balanced
arc to his stomach...if he were not the physical specimen he
is it would have hurt like hell, instead he takes her hand as
they enter the building past the impressed doorman.

INT. APT. - MORNING

This is a truly expensive apartment -- we are now in the
bedroom where there are a great many trophies in evidence
besides our Lisa, who now lies next to her spanking new lover
having more than held up her end of the just concluded
lengthy and athletic night of love making. She can't,
however, quite match his grin. Manny's in a state of some
wonder - celebrating the fact that his expectations have been
exceeded.

MANNY
Amazing..Female jocks are amazing.

LISA
(a level look)
Look, hon..I'm having a girlie
moment. Could you personalize it a
little?

Manny cracks up..

MANNY
(enthusiastically)
Point taken, Great Woman! But it
was amazing, huh?

LISA
Fishing for a compliment?

MANNY
It's more like, "hey lady, have you
ever in your life seen so many
fish?" Come on..really.

LISA
Lot a fish....
(she gets out of bed)
Gotta get going.

She scoops up her clothes and groans over how wrinkled her
dress is as she moves toward the bathroom. We move with her --
perhaps noting perfect long smooth muscles in her arms and
legs.

MANNY
(o.c.)
There's a fresh toothbrush in the
right hand drawer.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

She stands in front of the sink now and opens the right hand
drawer.

ANGLE ON DRAWER

Two dozen unused toothbrushes lined up -- all in unbroken
glass containers. She takes this in then breaks open the
container and is brushing her teeth when there is a.. knock
on the door..She opens it..

MANNY
You don't have to wear that dress
home.

He moves past her and opens a cabinet where there is a stack
of unopened women's sweats.

MANNY
Medium?

He hands her a package. She reacts with extreme distaste..

MANNY
What?

LISA
The stack is a little ---
repulsively unromantic.

MANNY
No it's not. It's classy. I'm being
a good host here.

LISA
It's like I'm on an assembly line
spitting out girls.

MANNY
That's just negative. Aren't we all
on an assembly line - going through
each other's lives until one day we
close down the factory, take one
product away and use it
monogamously for the rest of our
lives?

She starts putting on her dress.

LISA
Manny, my mistake..forget about it.

MANNY
If I hid the rest and gave you one
I'd be a great guy..but because I
am open with you.

She moves past him heading for the front door. Manny in
perplexed pursuit ---

CAMERA MOVES AHEAD OF THEM

This is purposefully a traditional romantic vignette of hurt woman, with a backbone, about to express herself with a forceful exit..it's why doors were made to slam.

LISA
Just forget it!

And then that quick she catches herself - holding the door in pre-slam wind-up then turns toward him, genuinely apologetic.

LISA
What am I doing? I know better..
"Don't judge anybody before you
check yourself out. You're lucky
when it's your fault because then
you can correct the situation."
(working it out as if with
a friend)
I'm nervous over something and a
little worried so I ended up with
an attractive guy who you'd have to
be an idiot to mistake for serious
material..for anything but a fun
friendship -- and rather than
accept the evening as a chance to
hide out from myself with some
great sex, I start to give him a
hard time for just being himself. I
really apologize. Please, forgive
me.

*
*

MANNY
You may be my "dream girl."

She exits.

LISA
You take care.

MANNY
What are you worried about,
anyways?

LISA
(forcefully)
Nothing! I can't stand that I'm
whining about it. Crap, what's
going on with me?

As she turns away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lisa -- wrinkled dress -- stops -- takes running shoes from her purse and puts them on..She then moves purposefully..her walk arresting in its precision and power...passing people...she is in a hurry..

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Lisa standing -- her face tight

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS STREET - DAY

As Lisa moves down a lower middle class block to her apt.

INT. LISA'S APT. - DAY.

Easily as many trophies as Manny (including two Olympic gold medals)..inevitable rows of team pictures, she cares about team.(Note: how they are displayed is a project for us.) Furniture is very basic..one of those L shaped rooms with the bend of the "L" considered the bedroom -- pullout sofa..She walks directly to a desk on which sits her computer.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER

Lisa pauses over the keys. She sniffs the air, oxygen her long time elixir. She does not touch the keys; instead moving off and leaving the scene. We hear the shower start.

CLOSE ON LISA - A BIT LATER

As she sits again at the computer. Here's the thing about this moment. In the truest sense of the word we are witnessing an act of private bravery. Lisa's life, as she knows it and has lived it, is on the line. Yet, the signs are small as, she weighs her dicey options for survival.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER

As Lisa hits the site of the "UNITED STATES NATIONAL SOFTBALL ASSOCIATION." She clicks on "NEW ROSTER OF PLAYERS"..And then reads: "THIS YEAR'S ROSTER IS DELAYED."

ON LISA

She is struck by foreboding and simultaneously beats the feeling back.

Her fingers take action..she clicks her way to on-line
 ticketing and confirms "least expensive" trip to Phoenix. A
 cute tone confirms she has scored for a ticket.

EXT. NATIONAL TEAM ATHLETIC COMPLEX - TRACKING WITH LISA

Showing her light up in a major way as every sense she owns
 gets its most desired nourishment..the look, feel and smells
 of a softball complex. It is off-season but there are college
 athletes and national players working on some drills which
 look enormously hard to do. When the players spot Lisa they
 stop immediately..a flurry of hero worship ensues.. HIGH
 ANGLE from the crest of a nearby hill. From afar the players,
 wearing different warm up outfits and Lisa look like a
 bouquet of flowers on a great green field. We hear squeals of
 delight as they welcome Lisa.

INT. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT - WOMEN'S WING - DAY

This is the home of champions. Olympic memorabilia in
 evidence. NCAA Champion cups, etc. She is drawn to one
 crowded editing bin cubicle where coaches and a few players
 watch a television set in a darkened area. As she passes
 SALLY, an assistant coach (late 30's-early 40's -- clearly
 athletic looking) calls to her.

SALLY

Hey..my fave. What are you doing
 here? Come here, we're editing the
 promotional video.

(to student editor)

Show her part..

Lisa indicates she'd rather not..Sally gestures forcefully
 that she should see it.

LISA

Just for a minute.

Before the editor scrolls the images, Lisa is there sticking
 out her hand.

LISA

Lisa Jorgenson.

The student is flattered and gives her name, Jane.

LISA

Good to meet you.

Lisa retreats to the background. We alternate between THE
 MONITOR and Lisa, who is a little self-conscious at

witnessing past glories.

ON MONITOR

ANNOUNCER

Co-captain and second baseman Lisa
Jorgenson - ended Canada's
rally..and secures the cup..The
United States wins its 7th world
championship.

We see Lisa keying a double play..and, pumped, running to the
dugout as her team swarms the field..her face distorted by
the glee of release after a season of emotional repression in
service of her talent and team.

ANNOUNCER

(horribly fake chuckle)
Captain Jorgenson is the mother hen
of the celebration.

VARIOUS SHOTS..

Lisa even while celebrating but making sure everyone is taken
care of...i.e. one of the players starts to take off her shirt
as Brandy Chastain did so famously in the U.S. Soccer win and
Lisa pulls down her shirt...she is also trying to gather them
to shake hands with the Canadian team..the girls try and lift
her on their shoulders and she fights them off..finally
getting them to lift the coach..at one point she miraculously
lifts two larger women..

ON LISA

Strangely turned shy by the feelings evoked. Enough.

LISA

Enough..

On the video, the stars and stripes are raised..She
successfully fights off emotion but comment is required.

LISA

Whew.

As Lisa prepares to leave the room.

SALLY

Did coach call you here?

LISA

Nope. Just thought I should speak
to him while it could still maybe
do some good.

Sally follows her into the hallway.

SALLY

Wow...

(sudden thought)

I don't think anyone's ever done
that before. But there's no way it
will hurt your chances.

LISA

(ever so lightly)

You say "chances" -- so you think
there is a chance that he might..

SALLY

The roster's never been this
late..but no..you can't be on any
bubble..No..

LISA

I was in the top box of his
triangle of success chart in 17 of
the 19 categories.

SALLY

Well, oh my God then...so why...
You think 'cause Cam is on the
college team here he could go with
her? That's just your anxiety
talking.

LISA

It's just the last couple of days
an alarm's gone off and it feels
more like..truth than nervous crap.

SALLY

Well, hell -- go in. Find out for
sure you're okay and we'll grab a
beer.

Lisa nods...and walks toward the office. The nameplate next
to the door reads "WILLIAM SMITH Head Coach." Sally can't
resist getting in her ear to render last minute coaching when
she sees Lisa tense.

SALLY
 (sotto)
 Straight, confident, relaxed. You
 are the best.

Sally peels off and Lisa pauses a beat. It's game face time.
 She enters the coach's office overplaying her sense of
 security and confidence by a mile or so.

LISA
 Hey, coach. How's it going?

WILLIAM SMITH is in his early 40's..his body tells us he has
 played ball himself..He's a good looking guy who excels at
 pushing and manipulating others. He is surprised to see Lisa.

COACH SMITH
 Hey, you. What's doing?

LISA
 You have a minute?

COACH SMITH
 Sure.

LISA
 I've been following the training
 guide you sent but doing two a days
 and I have shaved my time where you
 wanted by point 8.

COACH SMITH
 Really good...but two a days can
 create different kinds of problems.

LISA
 Okay, I'll stop. Good seeing you.
 Thanks for the time.

COACH SMITH
 Sure.

She exits.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

As she sits in a full plane returning to New York..opens an
 old play book -- she is "acting" as if she were untroubled
 even though no one is watching.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY - VERY CLOSE ON LISA

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Lisa working out with several girls from the national team..She is fielding hot fungoes in a circle with teammates..little grunts..small off-camera utterances, as they encourage each other..Lisa's phone starts to ring -- she hears the distinctive music, turns, and, not seeing the ball coming at her, takes one hard on the face. She has a bloody lip..The injury is close to an absolute non-event for her. She spits some blood with enviable expertise as she walks to her bag on the sidelines.

LISA

It better be worth it.

(she answers her phone)

Hello.

Intercut with:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE MADISON, in his mid 30's. If anyone faults him as colorless it is because they have never paused on a foggy morning to consider the vibrancy of grey.. He is solid: solidly educated, solid in thought and deed and carry through. And, of course, so many mentions of the word "solid" portends that he will soon break apart from the intensity of some serial misfortunes which will make it forever impossible (as a character will soon remark) to ever again be the person he is at this moment.

GEORGE

Hi.

(checks a piece of paper)

Lisa... This is George Madison. Did Riva tell you that she gave me your number?

LISA

No.

GEORGE

She said it might be a good idea for us to have dinner together.

LISA

Oh..well, let me call her...when did you have in mind?

GEORGE

No. I wasn't calling to set a time.
She didn't know I was seeing
someone -- well, she didn't know
that it had escalated a bit, at
least on my part -- it just added
up for me suddenly and...

(catching himself at
giving too much
information)

Well, anyway...

Lisa seizes on the fun of his oddness..she grins, blood from
the hit on her lip covering her front teeth.

LISA

...so you're calling me to break
up.

Her teammates gather around on hearing this -- she grins a
bloody grin and gestures that the call is off the charts
goofy. So much so she is enjoying herself.

GEORGE

I just didn't think...

A woman enters his office with George's secretary, ANNIE, a
few steps behind trying to stop her..they are briefly out of
focus, as we remain concentrated on the phone call as George
attempts to do the same.

WOMAN

George Madison?

He nods - but indicates he has a call to complete. Annie
gives a short hand whispered message.

ANNIE

She just..the rudeness..

George nods, pats the distraught Annie on the back.

GEORGE

(into phone)

I'm sorry..I got distracted. What
was I saying?

LISA

"You just didn't think.."

GEORGE

Right..thank you.

(to Annie)

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
Thank you.
(to woman who just handed
him a folder

She is surprised, unaccustomed to being thanked.

WOMAN
(ironically)
You're welcome.

She exits.

GEORGE
(into phone)
Thank you for holding..I just
didn't think it was right not to
phone you once I took your number
in case she had talked to you and
you were expecting my call.

LISA
Uh-huh. Okay, then...It was nice of
you to call in a way I guess.

GEORGE
Right. Sorry for interrupting your
day.

LISA
Yeah.

GEORGE
Goodbye.

He hangs up and mutters to himself..unconscious to the fact
that he is doing so..

GEORGE ~
CouldIhavesoundedstranger?

He looks down at the folder for the first time.

GEORGE
Oh my God.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

As a class breaks the students..(grad students) flow
out...signs, blackboard, etc. indicate that it is a PHYSICS
CLASSROOM...George is off to the side sending a text
message...We read it.

GEORGE'S TEXT MESSAGE

Dad? It's important that we talk. I need some guidance and maybe Ron should be folded in as well. I'll be in early - Okay - be well.

He finishes and looks off into space and shudders suddenly and unexpectedly..registers surprise. It's a first. He has never shuddered before. Now the Physics professor comes into view. This is TERRY DREISER, she is in the argument for the smartest woman alive - a physicist whose mind holds the promise of one day explaining it all to us. She is surprised to see him..

TERRY

George, am I wrong, didn't I tell you I'm crashing on the book tonight?

She holds up the portable data plug which contains all her work...

GEORGE

Yeah, you did..I just..I'm not going to stay around.

INT. CRAMPED ACADEMIC OFFICE - EVENING

As they enter --- her work is all laid out for her.. A waiting work cocoon of perfect reading light..books..two computers and many, many stacks of research..She must move sideways to get into the cramped work area where she puts HER DATA PLUG into its computer port and the screen comes alive with physics..words and computations.

TERRY

Maybe that's better for tonight. I don't know why I agreed to this delivery date..damn me and my need for approval..Sorry.

She slides into the cocoon -- no small feat.

GEORGE

Sure. It was nice seeing your face for a minute. Settles me down.

TERRY

Anyway, I think I know what it is that's bothering you..

George is puzzled by this.

TERRY

(crossing to him.)

If you're concerned about us now
that we've intensified..we're okay.
I am busy so I can't demonstrate to
you that we're okay in all the
little ways like paying attention
to you..but if you could just take
my word for it until the work lets
up that would really help me... and
us.

(beguiling)

I think I like that word better.

GEORGE

Ok.

TERRY

Thanks. Kiss.

She slides out with some difficulty..He kisses her.

TERRY

Hot kiss.

He hot kisses her. She moans, pulls him closer with a long
leg..Terry has the ability to get instantly hot... and when
her very plump brain cells get that blood flow, insights
result.

TERRY

(hot and free)

Don't let me get away with too much
- that will never work for me -
don't be too low maintenance - but
thanks for understanding this one.

George is getting aroused... but not for long. She breaks
off.

TERRY

See. We're good.

He nods and exits as she turns back to her work. then turns
realizing a beat late that her turn on and sudden turn off
was sort of funny/strange..she flashes a good guy smile and
shrugs.

EXT. GREAT CAMPUS - DAY

As George walks off -- he moves past a great windowed room where dozens of corporations are interviewing soon to be MBA's potential employees..an assembly line where the biggest start to package the best.

EXT. JUNIOR COLLEGE TRACK - EARLY MORNING

A foot race in progress...Lisa pounding the composite surface alongside a girl, RIVA, maybe eight years younger. Lisa, even while running remembers something suddenly..

LISA
(gasping)
Gotta talk to you after.

RIVA
(gasping less)
I'll wait for you at the finish.

LISA
Sense of humor.

She turns it on and it is fiercely competitive -- "full out" as few experience the term. Riva wins barely. CAMERA REMAINS LOOKING STRAIGHT UP THE TRACK as each of the women goes to a different side of frame to heave. It is a common occurrence.

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO OF CASUAL RESTAURANT - DAY

The two women have just ordered breakfast.

LISA
So... You gave my number to a guy?

RIVA
Yeah. I hardly know him..he went to business school with my brother..

LISA
How come you gave him my number anyway?

RIVA
You don't remember Wednesday night-- you said you had never dated a non-athlete and maybe you should try one..

LISA
I did?

RIVA
Yeah.

LISA
Don't listen to me when I'm
drinking Guinness.

RIVA
It's the only time you really say
stuff.

LISA
(briefly worried)
I hope that's not true.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George is seated at a side chair.. Annie opens the door with
the intention of announcing the visitors.

ANNIE
Your father and...

But she is almost shoved aside by George's father CHARLES,
vibrant with an energy which leaves no doubt he came up
through sales and RON, the company's legal counsel, who seems
to squirt Protestant genes as he walks with perfect posture.
Annie exits.

GEORGE
Good morning, Dad...

CHARLES
You said, bring the company
lawyer..

George hands his father the subpoena..Ron reads over Charles'
shoulder. They each react instantly -- simultaneously
shaken...Charles doesn't trust himself to speak..he hands the
paper to Ron and paces off.

RON
(to Charles)
They are apparently investigating
us for possible misstatement of
receivables to inflate earnings.

CHARLES
What do you know about this?

GEORGE
Nothing. But I'm responsible.

CHARLES
What are you being noble..?

GEORGE
I'm telling you what all recent
legislation says. If it's true and
I didn't know, I should have.

CHARLES
The goddamn government's become
like this horrible, punishing
Mommy.

RON
Could you ask your assistant to
come in -- we're going to have to
respond immediately.

GEORGE
Excuse me, Annie...could you please
come on in and bring your laptop?

Annie enters and looks at George -- worried about him..She
has worked for him for some time. She adores him. Ron is
clearly grave.

RON
All these items mentioned -- you
must have checked whether we had
actual receipt of funds before we
talked to the analysts..

GEORGE
No..most of them came from Dad's
office so I assumed..

His father makes a strangled half-bark of a noise and George
glances at him.

CHARLES
You don't assume or trust anyone..
not him..certainly not me..

RON
Good guidelines I'm afraid.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 ..with everyone working creatively
 on the new line I thought I'd wait
 until..

Another noise from Dad. Annie stands just behind him -- she
 is unable to conceal the concerns and emotions born of her
 ferocious loyalty to George.

GEORGE
 Just a second, Dad... There's an
 overall involved here. My approach
 is different than yours was, which
 I tried to make clear when I took
 over. And it's to get finance and
 legal out of the way of the
 creative.

Charles makes a disparaging noise then:

CHARLES
 (about to take over)
 Okay, now...

GEORGE
 (softly but firm)
 Let me finish, please.

CHARLES
 No. Drivel doesn't get to finish.
 Drivel gets interrupted.

George continues nonetheless. His earnestness is palpable
 and, given his audience, ill advised.

GEORGE
 So...doing that may not bring
 results as quickly on the income
 statement as just wacking expenses.
 But, with patience it will work
 and, when it does, you've built
 something.

CHARLES
 (shouting)
 You are a fucking moron.
 (catching himself)
 Too rough..

RON
 Much too rough.

GEORGE

Don't use that language in front of
Annie.

CHARLES

Okay. I caught myself. Now may I
get back to the fucking, sorry
Annie, the fucking, sorry
Annie...point!

(to George)

You talk "creativity" to me?
M.B.A./C.P.A. You are a numbers
man. You have one job you are
suited for and that's to be
practical pig and make sure we
build with bricks here. You are
supposed to know the temper of
these times -- in particular....the
one SPIRIT DRAINING FACT of our
lives:

(resuming)

We are potential raw material for
the blame industry..all it takes is
for one of us to stumble on any of
the trip wires our government has
planted.. and the booby trap is
sprung... How many former major men
must shuffle past you into ruin
before you realize our lives depend
on never forgetting that any
executive stupid enough...

(having committed to anger
he taps into a well of
genuine rage)

...to sell his product with too
much enthusiasm or optimism...

(parenthetical thought)

...and God forbid cause anyone to
expect that his firm may make an
extra penny or two in whatever
quarter is about to sucker punch us
with more competition from an
UNREGULATED foreign country..

Charles stumbles with near miraculous smoothness to his
original thought.

CHARLES

(continued)

...will be buried alive..

CAMERA MOVES to feature Annie who is having an out-of-body experience hearing the favorite boss of her life so raked over the coals.

CHARLES

(continued)

I've overlooked every limitation I know you to have because you are my son. And you're a good guy, as every prick with half a brain who ever took advantage of you knows absolutely.

(the rant begins to
require more breath than
he has)

But there is a bottom line which, because of your notions of trust and...

(none have said the next
word with such sarcasm)

"creativity," we may inevitably be forced to crawl on by some assistant U.S. Attorney who at this moment is answering a roommate wanted ad in Brighton and, as his first professional act, will slay us for his 80 thousand a year, as he migrates to a future of defending us for millions a year..and if this almost-made-the-law review creature pins me between a choice of saving you or the company I founded and you preside over I think you should know that I will choose the company even though doing so may break my life forever...which is finally my fault for handing you a job where your assumptions or notions of trust can cause such calamity!

Suddenly, in a visceral reflex, Annie takes a swing at Charles.. George grabs her hand stopping her just in time. She is shocked by her own action.

ANNIE

(sotto to George)

My god, sorry.

Charles hasn't noticed..Ron, who witnessed the episode, is about to confront Annie but George moves quickly, addressing his father and thereby forces a change of focus.

GEORGE

That might have been better in
private.. To my knowledge I did
nothing wrong but, even if I did, I
don't want anyone saving me. Ron,
why don't you have Annie take down
what you need?
(pointedly)
Okay?

He is clearly asking Ron to overlook Annie's swing.

RON

(a beat then)
Alright..You should go home now and
think about interviewing attorneys.
I don't know whether circumstances
will allow the company to pay...

CHARLES

The company will pay!

Charles crosses to George as Ron begins dictating to Annie
whose fingers fly across the keys with world class speed,
even while trying to get the upper hand on her emotions.

RON

(in b.g.)
To the Justice Department..the
individual's name is on here....All
documents relating to loan
applications..All financial
statements, including but not
limited to general ledgers,
journals, balance sheets and income
statements of George Madison, Chief
Executive Officer...

As the legalize continues in the b.g., George begins to feel
his life slipping on its foundations. His father interrupts
his dismal reverie.

CHARLES

George, don't take what I just said
personally.

Charles' lips pucker and he moves in for a kiss on George's
cheek. As George moves his head out of range.

GEORGE

(incredulous)
Don't take it personally?

CHARLES

(anguished)

I was out of body. Non-specific
anger. It was strange. I care
about two things: you and this
place. So I went off.. But, no
matter what, I love you.

Charles' lips pucker again. George decides to accept this,
nonetheless he has found his own bottom line.

GEORGE

But I don't think I'm going to kiss
you right now.

CHARLES

Understood.

As George prepares to exit, Annie, even as she continues to
type, feels the need to call out to him.

ANNIE

George, everything will be fine.

GEORGE

Thank you.

Ron gives Annie an admonishing look.

ANNIE

(decisively to Ron)

It will!

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

As we look through the windows from the outside in, the scene
we have just witnessed continues..WE HEAR Ron continue to
dictate to Annie even as we..

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As George exits and begins walking.

RON'S VOICE

(continuing)

All documents relating to corporate
travel..Just a minute...

Ron's voice-over stops for a beat and George's cell phone rings. George answers it.

GEORGE

Hello?

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron standing near a window on the cell phone..Annie in the background. His conversation with George on the street below
INTERCUT.

RON

(into phone)

I've been through things like this
and I'd like to give you some
difficult advice..if you'd like to
hear it.

George pauses..actively considering whether he does..finally:

GEORGE

(into phone)

Okay.

RON

Accept the enormity. Give up
illusions of containment. The
hardest fact of all is that, no
matter what the outcome, it is
unlikely that you can ever again be
the person you've been until now.

GEORGE

Thanks. Let me call you later.

RON

Sorry. Any other contact now would
be inappropriate. Good luck,
George.

He hangs up and we resume Ron as voice-over as George
continues his walk toward his be-clouded future.

RON'S VOICE

All documents relating to business
expenses including but not limited
to consultant salaries, petty cash
and temporary employees.

(MORE)

RON'S VOICE (cont'd)
 All personal records of George
 Madison C.E.O., including but not
 limited to general ledgers,
 journals, balance sheets and income
 statements. The term "document"
 includes but is not limited to all
 personal files, telephone messages
 and logs, including but not limited
 to e-mails, schedules, work sheets,
 books pamphlets, summaries,
 proposals, photographs, work data,
 graphs, research material,
 prospectuses...all document
 requests expressed as "herein"
 shall also be taken to mean related
 to, concerning...

The voice trails off as we leave the scene.

EXT. GREAT APT. BLDG. - NIGHT

*

We recognize Manny's neighborhood...the doorman.

INT. MANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Total darkness..

MANNY'S VOICE

Now?

LISA'S VOICE

No..wait.

MANNY'S VOICE

(straining)

Now?

LISA'S VOICE

(passionate yet strangely
 polite)

Well, I'd rather you waited.

MANNY'S VOICE

(attempting confidence)

No problem.....Now?!?

LISA'S VOICE

Could you please stop asking that?

MANNY'S VOICE

Sorry....but...well..n..soon,
 eventually, sometime?

*

*

LISA'S VOICE

Now.....
 (visceral orgasmic
 comment)
 Thank you.

MANNY'S VOICE

(equally impassioned and
 earnest)
 You're welcome..

Great mutual expressions of pleasure in a jumble..i.e.
 "Ladies and Gentlemen, a ten.." "You're good..." "You're
 Good..." leading to:

LISA'S VOICE

It takes two.

MANNY

At least.

In the dark we hear Lisa laugh despite herself.

LISA

Creep..I'm glad I came over. I was
 just getting so, what's the word?
 Anxious..... because...

MANNY

Sure thing.

The sound of hands clapping, the lights come on...she shields
 her eyes and yelps..

LISA

You clap your hands to bring on the
 lights the minute we finish...

MANNY

Why? What's wrong?

LISA

Clapping hands and those dumb
 lights makes me feel like your..

MANNY

Oh, yeah. Like I'm not thinking
 about you .. Sorry. What should I
 do?

LISA

Turn them off!

MANNY
You wanna clap them off yourself?
It's kind of..

LISA
Grow up.

MANNY
(earnestly)
No.

She swats him..the lights go off.

MANNY'S VOICE
It is a little fun to do, isn't it?

She laughs despite herself. Manny, pleased that he has disarmed her, presses the point, broadly reading her mind.

MANNY'S VOICE
That's right, I'm cute.

INT. TERRY'S APT. - NIGHT

Terry is sitting at her work space..looking uncomfortable.
George is sitting -- working his phone and his psyche.

GEORGE
(as he dials)
Hi. This is George. Is he there?
(incredulous)
He still hasn't checked in?!? Well,
tell him I need to talk to
him..thank you..have a good day.
(after hanging up)
Where is everybody? Anyway, the
basics are all in my favor.. I
wrote them down.
(reading from list)
One..I didn't do anything. One "b"-
I don't agree with my father.. The
legal system, though overloaded, is
about finding the truth. Two...."
You haven't said a word..

TERRY
I'm sorry..just thinking.

A beat as she gnaws at her lip..glances at him then away. He tries another speed dial.

GEORGE

Hi, is Bryant there yet? This is George. I need to speak with him..reach him as soon as you can.

(then to Terry)

Well tell me. You must have some reaction.

TERRY

I have one. I'm just not proud of it. It's just me being analytical.

(realizing she must offer more)

I was thinking of my work and how weak gravity is ...

(on his confused reaction)

Let me explain the thought.. We build these elaborate machines- these giant colliders to amplify gravity just to get something measurable.

*
*
*

GEORGE

(mumbling)

IsitmeorisitherIbetitsme.

TERRY

(making her point)

While you were talking, I related the weakness of gravity to your capacity for feeling good right now and how I would fail if I tried to be one of those machines for you. Using all my energy to produce a drop of well being in you. That's what I thought.

*

George doesn't follow at all.

GEORGE

Since I'd really like to understand what you just said, could you do me a favor and talk down to me?

*

She smiles, truly enjoying his remark, takes a breath (something like an athlete getting ready for exertion) and then whispers a final intimacy to him before concluding.

TERRY

This is for us. I swear it.

She kneels before his chair, looking up at him. Okay, maybe that's not love light in her eyes but it sure contains some kindness and affection as it get to the core truth.

TERRY

We are not well matched for this interval in your life. Not with me against this deadline. And you -- being investigated. We would not survive. I don't want our relationship to become cannon fodder for this apparition in your working life. I'll be there for you at the end. You can count on that.

*
*

George has to maneuver past some disbelief before he gets it.

GEORGE

You want to split up until I'm problem free..?

TERRY

Please, I'd so appreciate it if you could avoid putting me on the defensive for seeing things clearly and protecting our potential.

GEORGE

You're breaking up ...

TERRY

(correcting him)

...Hitting the pause button..Us on hold so we don't waste precious energies on...stuff. You think I'm being horrible. I think I'm being smart..for us.

*

George has an adrenaline rush which cracks his composure..maybe even a slight stutter as he says:

GEORGE

Okay. Just explain to me..Would you mind telling me.. 'cause this part seems to be bothering the hell out of me..how can you be so perfectly composed right now?

TERRY

No, you're misreading me. I'm rattled.

(on his reaction)

Yes..This is me rattled.

GEORGE
Well, I disagree.

TERRY
I think I'm the best source for my
own feelings.

Calmly, studiously even, George goes to her desk and grabs
HER DATA PORT from the computer...she screams and shouts as a *
mother would for an endangered child..

GEORGE
THAT is you rattled!

He puts the port on her desk and exits. She calls after him.

TERRY
Cheap parlor trick. I mean it! I'll
be here at the end. I do love you.

He exits.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

George, barrelling down the stairs and then, quite suddenly,
he stops - stark still and shouts to the heavens. *

GEORGE
I have terrible taste in women. *

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A decorated upscale apartment. George just sitting there,
propelled by a gust of anxiety, he goes to the refrigerator. *

OTHER ANGLE

As he makes himself a Bloody Mary..vodka, mix, tabasco, and, *
being a traditionalist, a stalk of celery in the glass..we're *
civilized here...

TIME PASSAGE..FOCUSING ON THE DRINK

Rather than a wilting flower we note the time passage by
watching the celery stalk wither from the frequent sprayings
of alcohol, mix and tabasco, then the last of the mix -- then
straight vodka and celery stalk alone at last.. *

ON GEORGE

He is looped. It helps his perspective...He is even able to go for another round with his phone.

CLOSE ON PHONE....

For a montage of George calling a series of numbers.

GEORGE

(to the room loudly)

Hi, this is George..you still haven't gotten back to me...

(new number)

Hi, George..I've left four messages with you which said they were "urgent"..and you know I tend to underplay, so I can't understand your failure to call back.

(new number and horrible imitation of a game host)

"Hi, George here..you may have just won thousands of dollars" - will you call back now..

(he hangs up and warms to his own company)

You still haven't lost your sense of humor, have you, pal?

*

He hangs up. The phone rings. He does a broad, "things are looking up take" then answers.

*

GEORGE

Hello..

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small place with character and a good kitchen. Unable to sleep Annie finally made the call, so she is in jammies.

ANNIE

Hi, Boss..How you doing? It's not too late?

GEORGE

No, fine and thanks for the call.

ANNIE

I can't sleep. I don't know what got into me this morning..I never took a swat at anyone but..well, I do know.

(MORE)

ANNIE (cont'd)

I'm almost six months pregnant and
I'm sure it's a girl because it's
this hormonal mushroom cloud inside
me.

GEORGE

Hey, you're pregnant?..So
good..huh? That guy who picks you
up sometimes..Al?..

(a little emotional)

He lights up every time he sees
you.

ANNIE

Yeah..we really..thanks.. He's
great but out of work and we've
just been marathon worrying, so I'm
not me lately.. so this morning
when your father...

GEORGE

Don't worry about it.

ANNIE

Did you tell Terry about what
happened to you?

GEORGE

I'd rather not go into that.

ANNIE

She bailed? She is such a cun...
What's wrong with me? I never said
that word in my life. I'm nuts.

GEORGE

Well, to be honest..I appreciate
the sentiment.

They have a small, self-conscious laugh together..hers marked
by abiding affection.

ANNIE

You're a great boss. You go call
another girl...forward motion;
distract yourself..they can't stop
outside girls from talking to you.

*
*

GEORGE

Is that it? They're directing
people not to talk to me?

ANNIE

...the lawyers had me sign a confidentiality statement where I'm liable financially if I..and with this new situation...Oh, the hell with everything -- what do you want to know? So I lose a job -- wait no, I can't... the medical would lapse.. and I've got to take care of my baby..Al hasn't proposed yet and even if he does we can't afford to..

She starts to cry.

GEORGE

You will not lose your job. I promise.. that is not going to happen. Don't tell me anything. Good night, Annie.

ANNIE

Good night boss. I'm just dying for you.

GEORGE

Well..

(trying to figure out how to take that then:)

Well..let's be more optimistic than that..maybe just be a little nauseous for me.. Thanks.

He hangs up..now too drunk to be scared he does something approximating thinking....then goes to "calls dialed" on his cell..find's Lisa's name and hits the button. We HEAR HER ANSWER.

GEORGE

Hello..

(checks name he dialed)

Lisa....George.....George Madison. Well, I'm not sure how to identify myself further.

INT. BUS. NIGHT

Lisa on her phone on the way home. She is wearing one of Manny's sweat shirts. The following is INTERCUT.

LISA
Your voice sounds a little
familiar.

GEORGE
I made this incredibly stupid phone
call to you a couple of days ago?

LISA
Oh, sure..How you doing, George?

GEORGE
Sorry to be calling so late. Not
right.

LISA
It's okay. What's up?

GEORGE
Would you have dinner with me?

LISA
But aren't you..?

GEORGE
No, no..I'm not..No...I am not. I
was mistaken to think that. It
seems very clear that I am not. You
see...

LISA
You don't have to explain. We can
have a meal. When?

GEORGE
Anytime.

LISA
Well, tomorrow's clear. Yeah,
okay..I can find it..I'll meet you
there. But it has to be early..
6:00. I'm in training.

GEORGE
(delighted)
Okay..It's a date.
(pleased with himself)
I made a date. Goodnight.

He hangs up, leaving Lisa to react.

INT. LISA'S APT. - MORNING

She is fast asleep on her pull-out sofa as she is awakened by a phone ringing in the b.g...She has slept so fitfully that it takes her a bit of time to free herself from the sheets and blankets; which she does with great energy..by the time she gets to her cell phone, which is attached to its charger, it has stopped...She looks at the name of the person who has called, "Sally." She clenches..She goes to her computer and starts it...under her e-mail is an unopened correspondence from "The United States Softball Federation....Subject: NATIONAL TEAM ROSTER." She goes for the moment of clicking it open, almost as a weight lifter summoning all strength for the lift..but, at the last minute, foreboding stops her cold and she doesn't hit the key. The phone rings again..in retreat from the decisive event of her life she exits to:

*

*

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

*

She takes a toothbrush and starts to cry so suddenly that it comes as a shock to her...she begins to vigorously brush her teeth, all the while the phone ringing in the bg..stopping and ringing again..a great many people are calling her. She looks in the mirror giving herself a ferocious, get a grip, look. She exhales with power and reenters the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

She picks up the phone. Scrolls past the names of the teammates who have called her...She shuts off her phone -- and with enormous suddenness hits the computer key and engages the document and whatever it states.. we INTERCUT between shots of Lisa and The Roster.

LISA AND THE ROSTER

It takes considerably longer to catch on when your name isn't there than when it is..And her's is nowhere to be found under the heading.."THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL SOFTBALL TEAM." Her gaze pauses over the name Cam Austin, 2nd base. There is no way to exaggerate the scale and heft of this trauma. Even the word "rape" is no exaggeration - a sudden and perverted intimacy with the core of your identity. So the moment is odd... out of body..She goes to the phone..hits a speed dial.

LISA

Daddy? Hey. I just hate and have to tell you this..They took Cam over me. No..I'm sure. They did..Honest. I'm sure. No mistake.

(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
 I've double-checked several
 times..it's for sure. I have really
 double checked..trust me. Don't
 make me check again.
 (life long habits have her
 respond to his urging
 despite her own feelings)
 Okay, I'll check.

And so she looks at the list again. She is starting to feel
 the upset of it all --

LISA
 Well, it still isn't there. I
 really knew before it happened. I
 just knew..well, I don't think it
 makes sense either but they made
 their choice. No, I don't want to
 get mad. That's not going to help.
 Daddy, I called because you had to
 hear it from me and to ask that you
 do me a favor and not get too ----
 (tries to find the word
 and when she does it's a
 tough one)
 "Sad"..over this..sure..I guess I'm
 a little angry.
 (a dutiful daughter she is
 beginning to feel rage)
 Because it won't serve any purpose.
 Because I want to take this in
 without being a jerk about it. Can
 we please drop it? PLEASE!! I don't
 want to be angry right now.

*

She throws the phone suddenly and violently across the room
 where it shatters something.. A beat..she walks over and
 picks up the phone.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Daddy? Yeah, hi..the phone slipped.
 Look I've got to think this
 over..would you mind if I got off
 now..just don't be sad..I don't
 know what I'm going to do.. Treat
 it like an injury and get better I
 guess. Love you.

She hangs up.

EXT. GEORGE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As he walks toward the entrance and his father intercepts him.

CHARLES

I needed to catch you before you went in. I was with the board all night. I almost quit..but they said that would make things worse. They have cut you loose. You have to lawyer up immediately.

GEORGE

We don't have to do this on the street. Let's go to my office and...

CHARLES

There is no office.

On his reaction.

CHARLES

(cont'd)

Meet me later so we can talk privately.

George...still dazed...

GEORGE

I can't. I have a date.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Just outside George's office.

CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK MECHANISM

As a locksmith punches it out leaving a neat hole and takes out the new lock he is about to install.

ON SCENE

As George stands with four security officers, their supervisor, and Ron, the company lawyer.

RON

You can only remove absolutely
personal items not paid for in full
or part by the company or having
any connection to the....

(on George's look)

I'm not the bad guy, George.

George, standing with a large cardboard box, looks over his
desk for anything fitting the lawyer's description. Finally
he takes from atop his desk a BARTENDER'S GUIDE, a ZAGAT'S
GUIDE and a CAN OF PLAY DOH. *

GEORGE

I didn't do anything. *

RON

That may help your chances a
little.

George takes this in and exits to the outer offices. *

INT. OUTER OFFICES - DAY

Annie sits at the first desk -- but the outer office is a
large one with many desks stretching out as far as we can
see. Annie takes one look at George and stands at her desk
where she calls out.

ANNIE

Hip...hip..

Absolute silence..Finally Annie stares down one very young
intern so that he says, "Hooray" faintly and with great
uncertainty.. *

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

As Sally (the assistant coach we met earlier in Arizona)
walks up the stairs toward a noisy apartment. As she
approaches, the sound becomes more distinct...many women are
crying..Sally opens the door.

SALLY'S POV *

Lisa surrounded by teammates who are stricken in her behalf. *
Very much like a funeral with weeping of all sorts and *
degrees along with the stoic who stand hard in the face of *
the cruel fate which will someday visit them. Sally works her *
way to Lisa, who is gamely trying to improve the atmosphere. *

LISA
A little grip, okay?

*

She spots Sally and gestures her helplessness.

*

SALLY
Worst decision he ever made. I hate
the creep.

They hug.

SALLY
How come you called everyone but me
to come over?

LISA
I didn't call anyone...they just
showed up..who would want this?

A particularly emotional power hitter grabs Lisa.

*

PARTICULARLY EMOTIONAL GIRL
We're not a team without you and
everyone knows it. He just wanted
Cam because she plays for his
school..we should protest and I
don't care that it wouldn't do any
good..a futile act which may do
nothing but destroy all our careers
could be just the thing we need to
bring us together.

Lisa disengages herself and, in so doing, looks a few feet in
front of her to see...

LISA'S POV

Three of her teammates on the sofa looking at her with
extremely intense empathy.

LISA
(broadly sharp..joking)
Stop staring at me!?!

There is a knock at the door...someone nearby opens it...an
exquisitely beautiful female athlete of 18 enters. There is
an immediate effect...the room stills..Lisa is deeply
touched..

LISA
Aw, Cam, honey..you didn't have to
come.

She almost runs to her..As Lisa hugs her, there is the following whispered, intimate conversation between them:

LISA
But really something that you
did..congratulations.

CAM
You're so much better than me.

One girl on the sofa turns to her seatmate.

GIRL
What'd she say? What'd she say?

SEATMATE
They don't want us to hear.

BACK TO LISA AND CAM.

Still hushed intimacies..

CAM
He just picked me because I'm on
his college team.

*

LISA
Nope. Don't you buy into that
one...he gets three positions with
you which allows him more room to
coach..and you are young, baby..
That counted for me when I
started..let it count for you..
(turns to room)
Hey everyone, how about Cam coming
here...
(shouts and whistles)
Cam...Cam...Cam..

There is a reluctant but finally full bore noise of
appreciation for Cam..who feels now welcomed rather than
outcast..Lisa has stepped back to give Cam the attention (and *
thereby turn her from pariah to hero) when she finds herself *
next to Sally.

SALLY
The way you're acting gives class a
bad name..

Lisa puts her arm around the older woman..

SALLY
You know you're allowed to cry.

LISA
I just wish everyone would stop
giving me instructions on how I
should handle this..I gotta go.

SALLY
No you don't -

LISA
. Yes I do. I have a blind date.

SALLY
What are you talking about? We're
here to take care of you. This was
brutal. Stop acting tough.

LISA
(loudly)
Look at the time. Hey, everyone..

SALLY
(a reprimand)
Lisa!

LISA
I have to leave. I have a date.

Everyone is bemused..talking to each other about the
oddness..Lisa has grabbed her purse...does some trick with
her clothes to look more datey. And then, out of respect for
her teammates, she stops working so hard at false energy and
faces them for an open moment. *

LISA
Thanks for coming everyone...

But the need to go out like a champion is complex...so she
says some words which she means (albeit broadly) joking the
heaviness of the absolute key fact..

LISA
(broadly)
I loooooove you all.

And then, because she is a champion, she gets real and says
it simple and true.

LISA
I do.

Various teammates ad lib similar sentiments...including Riva,
(the girl who fixed Lisa up.)

RIVA

What can we do for you?

LISA

Oh, please..I'm just going to treat
this like any other injury
and..I've been through a lot
worse..when they dropped softball
from the Olympics, when we lost the
Gold to Japan ..it's not about me.

(on their reaction)

Okay...there's one thing..

(enormously self-
conscious)

When I come to the training camp
while you guys are getting
ready...please don't feel funny
talking to me..don't feel.....

(finds the word)

..sad for me..my biggest fear is
that you won't be yourselves around
me..because I've seen that happen
and if that happened with me it
would mean I didn't really know you
anymore..and I want to..need to..

(feeling awkward..changing
the mood)

Say, "okay Lisa."

Though some chorus "okay, Lisa" granting her the light moment
there are others ie.."Stop it".."don't kid".."it will be like
always".."I'm just glad you're going to come around."

LISA

Gotta run.. love you.

EXT. GEORGE'S APT. BUILDING - EVENING

George exits..dressed differently for the evening. As he
starts down the street he is stopped by:

CHARLES

(calling)

George.

He moves to his son's side.

CHARLES

Can we go someplace?

George is having a hard time breathing though he is working
to conceal that fact more from himself than others.

GEORGE
I'm late now.

CHARLES
It's urgent. I was afraid to use
the phone..

George continues to drift in the direction he was
heading...his father following.

GEORGE
Because?..No, you know something -
don't tell me right now. I figured
out how to handle everything..
(with some pride and
excitement equalling
hope)
I'm going to treat myself like a
company in trouble. Depersonalize
everything, use what I learned in
business school.. start with
absolute basics.. First step,
identify the problem. For example,
I'm aware I'm talking too fast
right now but, as yet, I don't have
the solution to that problem..but
what's my take-away in the
meantime?

CHARLES
I think you're just indulging a lot
of neurosis.

GEORGE
Weigh the Risk Factor.. like
wasting energy I need being pissed
off at you. Business textbook..you
start taking on too much before
you're ready and the game becomes
how much you can handle instead of
how well you handle it. That
applies right now.

George is backing up pretty quickly now.

CHARLES
You don't have the luxury of not
hearing this.

GEORGE
Are you going to make me actually
run from bad news?

CHARLES
The Board has...

But George has broken into a run...pretty good one too..

GEORGE
(calling back)
I'm very disappointed in our
interaction here..very!

WIDE SHOT

George fleeing his father who has stopped in his tracks
before going off in the opposite direction..

ON GEORGE

As he breaks into a walk..smooths himself..looks around self-
consciously to other pedestrians..they clearly see him as
weird. Maybe they're right.

EXT. WIDE SHOT - OTHER CITY STREET

LISA

She is heading, as well, toward the rendezvous..She looks
especially pretty...the stride powerful, graceful...the face
soft..CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE TO..

OTHER ANGLE

Now following Lisa from behind..and,after a beat, we begin to
notice people looking at Lisa before the camera moves past
them..and now as she turns toward us to cross the street..we
see that some tears are flowing down her face..then her jaw
sets with resolve..she flicks the tears away..and continues..

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING.

Lisa enters -- arrestingly good room. She approaches the
Maitre'd..

MAITRE'D
Name please?

LISA
(helplessly)
I'm meeting George..ummmmm

MAITRE'D
Madison?

LISA
I'm not sure..

MAITRE'D
Could that be him?

He points off in a direction.

THEIR POV

George slumped at a table his head in both hands in abject worry.

LISA
I'll bet that is him..I'm having
that sort of day.

The maitre'd starts off to lead her to the table..she makes a gesture to stop him, not sure she wants to go through with the evening...then the maitre'd turns toward her, leaving no choice. She crosses to the table.

LISA
George? I'm Lisa..

He stands up.

GEORGE
It's nice of you to join me.

Small thing: he takes half a step to help her with her chair and she is already in it.

LISA
So, how ya doing?

GEORGE
How are you doing?

LISA
I'm great.

GEORGE
Well, treasure it.

His head goes into his hand again.

LISA
You okay?

*

GEORGE
 (realizing)
 Sorry..I wasn't even aware.. I have
 to apologize this might not be a
 great first impression. I've had a
 really...
 (small laugh)
 "unusual" 24 hours.

*

LISA
 (not wanting to get into
 it)
 Okay. Don't worry about it. Is this
 an Italian restaurant?

*

GEORGE
 Yes.. A really good one.
 29..26..30.
 (seeing her confusion)
 The Zagats rating.
 (seeing her confusion)
 Let's get some drinks.

*
*
*
*
*
*

He gestures for the waiter.

LISA
 Not for me.

GEORGE
 I probably shouldn't have anything
 either.

LISA
 Well, don't let me..

GEORGE
 No. Drinking too much two nights in
 a row could be a real mistake.

LISA
 (really not wanting to
 draw him out)
 Uh-huh. I have not eaten since
 lunch yesterday..

She picks up the menu.

GEORGE
 You don't drink at all?

LISA
 I follow my father's rule on
 drinking.
 (MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
(to waiter)
Could I start out with one of those
little pizzas and, oh look at that,
you have spaghetti and meat balls..

WAITER
Kobe beef meatballs..it's a
signature dish.

LISA
(cheering)
Outstanding!
(a glance at George who
seems to have momentarily
plunged into an emotional
abyss)
Plenty of garlic, please..and that
tomato and onion salad.

The waiter looks at George -- who cannot focus on ordering.

GEORGE
Oh..I'll..wait.
(to Lisa)
Which is?

She doesn't know what he's talking about.

GEORGE
Your father's rule on drinking?

LISA
Never drink to feel better. Only
drink to feel EVEN better.

GEORGE
Pretty great.

LISA
(cutting him off)
Yeah, it's a good one.

GEORGE
But you know sometimes one drink
can give you a better perspective.

LISA
Well, I don't think so but maybe it
depends on the person. Look, have a
drink if you want.

GEORGE
(snapping)
I wasn't looking for permission.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
If I want to drink I know I can
just...

LISA
(an exclamation)
Jesus!

GEORGE
(getting it)
Yeah..I'm not good tonight. I'm
sorry. If you want I can explain
it. Maybe it's good to talk about
it. I haven't really done that yet.

LISA
(like a shot)
No! I don't think that's a good
idea. Maybe what you need..I know I
do..is to somehow take the strain
out of this dinner. When you feel
yourself trying too hard at
something that should be simple you
know you're in trouble. You have to
wait till it's natural.

GEORGE
Yes. Yes. Yes. Exactly..

He starts to vigorously rub his forehead.

LISA
What's wrong?

GEORGE
I'm just trying to figure out.. Is
everything you say that smart or
am I that desperate?

Her pizza comes.

LISA
Well, I've had a lifetime of great
coaches..

Even that small thought about her athletic life gives her a
flash of the creeps. She takes a quick cleansing breath.

LISA
So what I'm suggesting is that we
eat...order something yourself
which, all by itself will make me
more comfortable, and that we don't
work at conversation.
(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
 We cut ourselves a break here and
 give ourselves permission to be
 quiet.

He takes this in for a beat then:

GEORGE
 Can I talk to the waiter?

George indicates he's kidding, she smiles back half-heartedly.

LISA
 As long as you don't tell him about
 your day.

He laughs...For a few seconds anyway he has enjoyed life.

SMALL MONTAGE..

The two of them silently eating..every once in a while catching each other's awareness and making a gesture to disengage that contact with a smile or little wave. But make no mistake...there is no flirtation or charming subtext going on. There really is no subtext when two people are in this kind of trouble, so Lisa's rules suit them both for this hour of their lives..hell, it may even be some solution to dating in general, where someone warms your space while you are knee deep in your own troubled thoughts; it may be some flawed cousin of early intimacy. Which is certainly the case for George as cracks form in his self-absorbtion and he begins to feel smitten. Lisa, however, becomes so lost in her own thoughts that she almost forgets he is there.

*
*
*
*

EXT. RESTAURANT - TWILIGHT (REMEMBER THEY ATE EARLY)

They each take a breath about to go back to their lives.

GEORGE
 Thanks. In a strange way it was
 relaxing.

LISA
 Yeah. This could have been the
 worst and it wasn't. Thanks for
 dinner.

GEORGE
 Thanks too. It feels great meeting
 you.

*
*
*

Little nods. She pats his arm or some such and walks off. He
digs hands in pockets and walks in the other direction. *

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - GEORGE WALKING *

He passes a really good hotel...A sudden decision and he
enters.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Where George moves to a first rate club chair and hits a
button on his phone.

MECHANICAL VOICE

Say a command.

GEORGE

Father.

EXT. MANNY'S APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Charles, well dressed, perfect top coat is leaving the
building...same doorman greets him. We thereby know Charles
and Manny live in the same apartment building.

DOORMAN

Good evening, Mr. Madison. Taxi?

CHARLES

Thanks, Tom..

As Charles steps to the curb with the doorman his cell phone
rings. He answers.

INT. LUXURY LOBBY - NIGHT

GEORGE

Okay, Dad. I'm ready. What
happened?

EXT. MANNY AND CHARLES APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

CHARLES

I'm just leaving my place to go to
dinner. What if I come by your
place later - the phone isn't...

GEORGE
Just tell me. I'd rather use the
rest of the night processing the
information.

*

CHARLES
(to doorman)
I'm sorry..this is private.

The doorman is puzzled...usually his spot is in front of the
door...but he moves off. The coast is clear.

CHARLES
(into phone)
The board, under extraordinary,
let's-get-drunk-and-fuck-the-
constitution pressure from the
government, is refusing to pay your
legal bills. Do you have a million
dollars?

GEORGE
No.

CHARLES
Then you have to let me help. Do
you hear me, you have to!

GEORGE
(simply)
I sure do...

Charles is taken aback.

CHARLES
Well, start your processing..

GEORGE
I think I just met a GREAT girl..

CHARLES
As you pointed out, you can't trust
your emotions right now.

GEORGE
Ah, Dad.

A cleansing breath.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

*

As Lisa moves like an old person up the stairs to her apartment..she catches herself wearing her oppression physically and picks up the pace a bit. She arrives at her door and opens it. Sally looks up from the sofa..Then Lisa spots something which alarms all her senses.

LISA'S POV

On the computer table is a bouquet of flowers and 20 little handwritten notes stuck to the side of the table..little drawings on some of them, some in color.

SALLY

The girls needed to tell you how they felt. Something, isn't it?

LISA

The last time I saw anything like this is when a kid in another high school died and they left this stuff at the scene of the accident.

SALLY

No. Don't do the negative take! Pull out the positive.

LISA

(this actually helps her)
Yeah. Okay. They care. They respect what I've done. The flowers are pretty..good...thanks..

SALLY

Come on - head up. Do the right body language and the spirit might follow..How about some straight talk?

*

LISA

Sally,..right now...

*

SALLY

Right now you have taken the blow of your life. Very few people take a hit like this at your age where the thing they love most, that they have given every possible moment to since they were eight, that contains all the identity they ever had or needed is suddenly gone.

*
*
*
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*

(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)
I'm very sensitive to what you're
going through.

*
*

Sally's straight talk, usually balm for the fighting spirit,
is experienced by Lisa as daggers to the heart..she reacts
with tight horror to hearing the truth said out loud.

*
*
*

SALLY
(continued)
I have been through this myself and
with others. So we're going to have
a little pajama party where you get
to talk it all out..this is a
fragile time. When it happened to
me I was lucky enough to have
someone with the *sensitivity* to
help me deal with this. It starts
with you being totally honest. Do
you know what you need most right
now?

*

*
*

LISA
Yes.

SALLY
What?

LISA
Insensitivity..

INT. MANNY'S APT. NIGHT - CLOSE ON MANNY.

*

He is scrolling through some text messages. There is an
urgent knock at the door.

MANNY
Who is it?

LISA
(muffled)
Lisa!

*

MANNY
(a beat then sincerely)
Could you narrow it down?

LISA
No kidding right now.

He realizes it's her and quickly opens the door.

LISA
You're alone, right?

MANNY

Yeah. I was just working up the night.

LISA

You want me to be here?

MANNY

Yes, I do.

LISA

Ok. This is what I need. If in the middle of the night I start crying or shaking or get enormously upset I don't want you asking, "what's wrong?" I want you to just ignore it. Is that okay with you?

MANNY

Actually, it's my preference.

And so she can finally relax. *

INT. LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY *

To show George and his dad walking past a massive directory --
ALL law offices. Something a bit surreal in this shot..
indicating George has entered a process. *

INT. LAW OFFICE RECEPTION ROOM - DAY *

A tall grey haired man, TOWER EDMAN, enters with his hand
extended..very expensive suit. *

TOWER *

Hi. I'm Tower Endman. Hello,
Charles. *

CHARLES *

This is my son, George. Good to be
in your hands. *

TOWER *

That's my favorite compliment.
Thank you. Why don't you two come
in? *

Charles starts to get up. George is thrown..the other two
walk several paces away so that George has to raise his voice
to be heard. *

GEORGE
I think I should do this on my own.

Tower nods. Charles nonplussed as the other two move off.

INT TOWER'S OFFICE - DAY

Pictures of Tower with Presidents, etc...

TOWER
There's a change of venue I'm
involved in so, no promises

GEORGE
(mumbling)
Boythisdoesn'tfeelgood.

Tower doesn't notice as he rolls along.

TOWER
But I think I can maneuver the
trial date so I can take your case.
First there's a little talk I have
to give so you'll understand my
requirements as to..

GEORGE
Excuse me. I did the due diligence
on you and there were just a few
facts not listed. Would it be okay
if I asked a few questions?

Tower, though uncomfortable losing absolute control, nods.

GEORGE
What was your class standing law
school, as an undergraduate and
then again for the bar exam?

TOWER
(disbelief)
You want to know how I did in
college?

GEORGE
Yes. Please. I have everything from
the time you were a U.S. Attorney
on but not those.

TOWER
That's an inane question.

GEORGE
I don't think so. I mean this is
the most important hire of my
career so naturally...

TOWER
(insulted/diminished/
defensive)
Hire?

GEORGE
(honestly)
I'm just trying to be thorough. I
mean, really, don't I have to find
out if your pomposity is justified?

TOWER
I don't wish to be your lawyer.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

His father caught off guard at how quickly George has
arrived. As they walk to the elevator bank.

GEORGE
He's not right.

CHARLES
He was the U.S. Attorney in
Baltimore. He is connected.

The elevator arrives.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

There are seven or so men and women on board all evidently
lawyers.

CHARLES
If I'm going to pay don't I get a
little say in the choice?

This gets the attention of the lawyers...a conversation or two
of theirs breaking off.

GEORGE
 You were going to "help" not
 pay..and is it right for a lawyer
 to interview a potential defendant
 and allow you, someone else
 involved in the issues, to be
 present at the first interview?

The other lawyers - some in George's sight line all nod "no"--
 two of them, a younger man and woman, actually mumbling the
 word. One older lawyer viscerally reacts..

OLDER LAWYER
 SHIT NO!

GEORGE
 Are you a litigator?

OLDER LAWYER
 Uh-huh.

GEORGE
 Can we get together sometime?

OLDER LAWYER
 Now?

GEORGE
 Sure.

CHARLES
 No.

The door opens and George and the lawyer each step
 out..leaving Charles inside. The doors close.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

This is the law office of DYLAN LAURIE (the older lawyer.)
 Dylan is Irish... Juries and people in general love him.

DYLAN
 I recall there was only one "B" and
 that had to do with being drunk in
 class.
 (George likes the answer)
 I have an important question of my
 own.

George treats his answer to the obvious unstated question as
 if it were an oath uttered to Saint Peter.

GEORGE

I did nothing to exaggerate
earnings. To my knowledge, I did
not engage in any wrongdoings
involving payouts to falsify
income..nor anything else illegal
or even questionable.

DYLAN

No not that...Can you afford me?

GEORGE

The firm refuses to pay legal bills
But my father is willing to help.

DYLAN

You can't take money from your
father because of his position on
the board. It would look terrible.

This is a blow..though George attempts to cover it.

GEORGE

Oh..That makes sense. But the
company has frozen my options and
the stock itself has broken down..
so my net worth is... What would
the amount of your retainer be...

DYLAN

Well, young man, unfortunately we
stand at the gates of hell's toll
booth. Three hundred thousand as a
retainer and another three in
escrow in the event the government
heads toward trial.

GEORGE

I'm afraid I only have a bit more
than 80 thousand liquid.

They look at each other for many beats..Finally...

DYLAN

This is not a silence I break.

GEORGE

Alright. Maybe I can sell...

DYLAN

(with genuine sympathy)
Everything you can.

GEORGE
 (accepting his fate)
 Alright.

*
 *

EXT. JUNIOR COLLEGE TRACK - DAY

*

Lisa and Riva racing..with two other girls..Lisa wins by a discernible gap..Riva second..the win, though, has taken it's toll on Lisa...she is breathing heavily..pouring sweat..she is furious about something but cannot speak yet...she glares at Riva.

RIVA
 What's wrong?

LISA
 You let me win!!

RIVA
 I did not.

Lisa actually advances pugnaciously on Riva..the two other ex-teammates busy themselves with trying to cool things down..ie.."Hey,guys..come on..nothing's wrong.."

LISA
 (in Riva's face)
 The one thing I ask is don't treat me differently and you do this..

RIVA
 (firmly and loudly)
 Hey, I did not!!!

LISA
 I'm not faster than you..how could I win if you didn't hold back..you're always point four better..point four better..always, always...

RIVA
 I don't know. It's just practice. I guess this meant more to you.

The ring of truth is unmistakable. Lisa turns away from her own instant recognition that this is the truth...she knows exactly what she has just done and it is without precedent. She says her sin aloud, almost unconsciously...

*
 *

LISA
 I embarrassed myself..
 (then to Riva)
 Sorry..So sorry, hon. Really..

*

A helpless gesture as she begins to walk away..The others have seen her only as a champion of great class; so they find her confession heart breaking..they go after her..she tries to wave them off but they hang in..embracing Lisa as they walk away from camera.

EXT. LARGE TERRACE - DRIZZLY NIGHT

Lisa, dressed for a night out, stands almost alone, underneath an awning steadily beating with rain, as a large party takes place inside. She looks sad, isolated and introspective..all brand new elements in her life. Behind her we see...

THE PARTY

*

There are about 25 of Manny's teammates here (with their very good looking gals) all of them making well over a million dollars a year. Manny is on the food line. The man next to him has his hand underneath his girl's shirt and is rubbing her breast. She is turned on and rubs his crotch some. Impressively they manage to continue loading their plates.

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Manny considers this poor manners. He catches Lisa's eye as she turns his way and forces the player to stop groping the girl. The indignant player puts his hand back on her breast. Manny takes it away and gestures toward Lisa. The girl now puts the hand back on her breast. Manny accepts defeat.

*
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*

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

As Manny, bearing two plates, joins Lisa.

MANNY
 (to Lisa)
 I apologize. I thought some of them were bringing their wives and that changes the behavior considerably. Ramino had this maybe the best barbecue anywhere flown in from Houston special..I mean he bought an extra first class seat so a friend could fly it up...wait till you taste it...

*
*

LISA

No hard feelings. You stay. I just can't do this now.

MANNY

Come on, there's Christian athletes in the game room..we'll eat with them.

LISA

Are you interested at all in what is going on in my life? You never ask.

(catching her attitude)

Why am I being pissy? What I mean, I guess, is that I think you should finally know what's going on with me.

He gestures she should go ahead. She does..first time she's said it and it doesn't feel good.

LISA

(her voice catching)

I got cut.

EXT. STREET - RAINY NIGHT

As Manny and Lisa walk under a huge umbrella..well, not quite under because Manny is trying to hold the umbrella to shelter the massive plate of food he holds -- Lisa yanks the umbrella to shelter her..Manny realizes..makes the tough decision and tosses the meal.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As he finishes stacking some firewood and then presses a hand remote control which lights the gas starter underneath. She is stammering a little.

LISA

I'm going to go to graduate school at night..and, of course I have to work a few jobs. I've got that lined up. But, I've got this problem with my head..and what I have to do is just get to the place where I appreciate what the game gave me and accept and even embrace the obvious..that the time comes for every athlete where...

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MANNY
It won't come for me.

LISA
Your career will never end?

MANNY
(proud secret)
I'm working on a knuckleball.

LISA
Okay. Thanks. Going home, Manny.

MANNY
Okay, this will help. I knew a real good player once and the coach cut him and he just felt impotent...you are probably feeling whatever the female version of that word is..

His strange remark snaps Lisa out of it...

LISA
It's the same word.

MANNY
Don't let what's going on with you make you give me a hard time. That's not productive.

LISA
I'm not giving you a hard time. It's the same word for women.

He stares at her - wondering whether she's messing with him and then decides to let it slide.

MANNY
Okay. The tie goes to the pretty one..so it's the same word and he was feeling impotent just like you may be feeling..so...

LISA
I don't think that's what I'm feeling.

MANNY
Can I just finish my thought here? Maybe it will help, maybe it won't but I'm trying.

LISA
I'm sorry.

MANNY
It's okay. So his girl had a
cat..and he started to save all the
cat's shit.

She looks at him with sudden disapproval. He puts up his hand
for forbearance and presses on.

MANNY
A little trust.

MANNY
(cont'd)
And every few days or so he took a
huge amount and wrapped it in a
different package -- like a gift or
a magazine roll..or something you
ordered on line. Every few days,
for eight months, he sent these cat
turds to the guy who cut him.

Lisa makes a gesture of appealing to the heavens for help
even as she laughs.

MANNY
File it away. It worked for this
guy..

LISA
And he stopped when his anger went
away?

MANNY
Well the cat died.
(he smiles at her)
You feel better?
(she nods)
Great. I hated seeing you touching
bottom.

Lisa looks up with a jolt..shocked.

LISA
That was sweet.

MANNY
(weirded out)
Yeah, you're right.

INT. GEORGE'S NEW SECOND FLOOR APT. - NIGHT

*

This is a humble abode..very small one bedroom where George is surrounded by boxes..just a few key pieces of furniture. The place does have one real feature.. old and overly large windows which give us a small view of a low middle income neighborhood.. George has his laptop open working on spread sheets of his personal finances..but he can't concentrate.

*

CLOSE ON GEORGE

He is having a hard time working as anxiety grips him...He scratches at himself..gets up..key is to keep moving but where and for what. He goes to a box of liquor bottles on the floor..thinks about it, actually goes to the refrigerator for a celery stalk..we know what he's thinking. He talks to himself suddenly in a powerful voice..

*

*

GEORGE

No..NOPE..Settled.

*

With EXTREME reluctance he decides to heed the strong voice from nowhere and not drink. He bites on the celery stalk. There is a knock on the door..

*

ANNIE'S VOICE

It's me, boss.

He opens the door to Annie. She is carrying some wrapped home-made food. He is not pleased. As she walks toward the kitchen.

*

GEORGE

Ah, Annie.

ANNIE

Did you call that girl?

GEORGE

No. You've got to stop cooking for me. It was enough you found this place.

*

ANNIE

That was selfish. You dress up my neighborhood.

She has put her packages on the counter and now goes to the outer hall to pick up a few more packages. On his reaction:

ANNIE

Cooking relaxes me when I can't sleep. Why don't you just call her?

*

GEORGE

You really want to know? Because my first impression wasn't great. I'd rather be more myself when I see her next...

*

ANNIE

What if someone beats you to her?

He's stunned. The thought had never occurred to him..but he has something of a strategy and he's sticking to it.

*

*

GEORGE

Optimism is sanity for me right now.

She marches over to his refrigerator and begins loading the stuff in..Then she turns...her demeanor changing.

ANNIE

Look...I'm in such a funny position but I need to tell you something.. Just so I don't feel creepy. I know stuff about what happened at work.. I can't tell you what because of the thing I signed but if you start guessing..I can't help it if my face is an open book....and maybe I can give you one hint which..

George goes out of body -- almost jumping across the room -- this is visceral, instinctive, reflexive, urgent action to save what he holds dear.

GEORGE

Stop! You can get in genuine trouble..And just listening could be serious wrongdoing on my part.

ANNIE

I haven't slept..it's killing me -- this information. It's like someone's going to shoot you and I can't scream...

(she screams)

"WATCH OUT!"

(still screaming)

PLEASE PLAY THIS GAME WITH ME. Or else I'll just tell you. I have to.

GEORGE

No! You've got to understand what it's like for me right now.

(he takes a shot)

Annie, picture a very angry ocean storm and I'm on this very little boat..

ANNIE

(touched by the image)

Ohhhh..

GEORGE

And miraculously this little boat is still afloat and that boat is that I haven't done anything wrong. Like allowing you to tell me something you are legally constrained from revealing. Not doing anything wrong is keeping me afloat..If I lose that..I'm gone. Don't rock the boat!

*
*
*
*
*

ANNIE

But I know something about the boat.

GEORGE

Please, stop.

ANNIE

It's a terrible boat. You have to get out of the boat.

GEORGE

You have to respect me on this..And, for what it's worth, it doesn't matter. I think I've guessed the same stuff you know.. I think I know what you do.

This slows her. Then...

ANNIE

Nope..You couldn't be functioning if you knew the stuff I'm talking about.

GEORGE

I think I could. I think I am. We're going to leave it there. Don't make me leave my own apartment?

He puts his hand on the doorknob. He wins.

ANNIE

Okay..Eat something...

He walks back to her..starts helping load the refrigerator..

GEORGE

This is great of you..

*

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

*

Manny and the rest of the relief staff walks to the bullpen.

*

EXT. DUGOUT - DAY

*

We see Manny on the bench...a game in progress on the other side of the bullpen gate. The bullpen coach is focused on a relief pitcher warming up...on the bench with Manny, who is deep in shallow thought, is a cute Japanese pitcher, TORI, and a pitcher in his 30's - DOUG.

*

*

*

Tori is eyeing the coach and the girls in the stands alternately...he points to one very pretty girl..and gestures to Doug..the girl looks over..Tori makes eyes at the girl who smiles. He makes a hand gesture indicating she should phone him..she is confused...how could she know the number? He looks over -- acting involved in the warm up as the coach looks his way..and then, the coast clear again, reaches under a towel where..

INSERT

There is a long printout of his phone number again and again on a perforated sheet and a sling shot..he tears off one of the numbers..balls it, loads it and shoots it at the girl -- it goes down her blouse. Doug reacts to the shot.

*

DOUG

Legendary.

Manny has been wrestling with a private thought..

MANNY

Hey, let me ask this, how do you know when you're in love?

DOUG

Intriguing.

The coach eyes the field on a noise from the crowd.

COACH

Got him out...You can sit.

As the pitcher who had been warming up, RYAN, puts on his jacket and joins the others on the bench.

RYAN

Well, I've got a way..whenever this one thing happens I know I'm gone.. I'll tell you but it's personal and I don't want anyone making fun of me for it.

This is a historically "getting down" bullpen moment as Manny's demeanor reflects.

MANNY

Go.

RYAN

Okay. I figure I'm in love with
someone when I wear condoms with
the other girls.

DOUG

Massive!

They take this in. Then:

MANNY

(struck)

Holy shit, I'm in love.....
(almost to himself)
What do I do?

TORI

Make a move.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lisa is on the phone..

LISA

Yeah.. Well, I don't want to hold you. Have a great season, Riva. I'll be following things on-line.. And find somebody to do my job of telling you not to press. You're great..Trust the talent - trust the training..don't press. Ok..hug everybody for me..Enjoy Tokyo. Get even for the Olympics.

(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
 Okay, I'll let you go....I'm great.
 Yeah. Stop..I'm fine.

She picks up a big piece of cardboard which she has color coded. It is titled "To Call Before Team Leaves." There are close to 40 names..in columns with boxes marked. Each name has a thought of what to say. Riva is the last name. This is not a good moment. Lisa hops up and tries to busy herself with some chore to ward off despair...Her phone rings.

INTERCUT
 BETWEEN:

MANNY DRIVING THE PERFECT CAR AND LISA IN HER APARTMENT.

MANNY
 Hey you up for a crazy idea?

LISA
 (oh so fast)
 Yes.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - FOUR DAYS LATER

Sally sits with her as Lisa closes a third suitcase and packs a fourth..Sally is shaking her head.

SALLY
 This is such a mistake.

LISA
 (through her teeth)
 Overstepping alert.

SALLY
 Nope. You don't make important life decisions when you are mush. It's too dangerous. You fight low self-esteem you don't give it the wheel.

Lisa is raw, passionate and emotional..game face extremis. She actually pounds at herself during the following:

LISA
 I get him. He gets me.

SALLY
 He does not get you.

LISA
 Yesssss. He gets that I get him which is, in fact, getting me.
 (MORE)

LISA (cont'd)

Do you understand what I'm saying because I do and I think it is important. I have been dating guys like him since I was 12. Manny and I are -- and for some bizarre reason I am not using the fact that we truly like each other and that he is gorgeous and fun and that the sex is great as reasons enough -- but if you want to compulsively scratch at this I may as well say straight out that I cannot stand my own company right now -- I am moving in with a guy for the first time in my life. I'm actually doing what you drilled into me. "I am committing to the win." "Don't wait for your ship to dock, swim out to meet it."

*
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*

Sally remains enormously worried.

SALLY

But, every cute story you tell about him has to do with his selfishness. That is not going to stay cute.

(quoting the advice she often gave)

"Date up -- not..."

LISA

I am packed here. I'm doing this. So either back the hell off coach or do what you have always done for me and help me pull out some damn positives here..

*
*
*

Lisa suddenly pauses. She has suffered some sort of emotional hiccup; losing her full head of steam to a sudden and surging vulnerability. She can barely get out the last word of her thought.

*
*
*
*

LISA

(softly/naked truth)

It feels weird fighting with you.

Sally moves quickly to embrace her.

SALLY

I'm sorry, honey. Positives! Hell, the guy has a 94 mile an hour fast ball and makes 14 million a year..so go get him. I hope he has some idea of how lucky he is.

Lisa takes this as an endorsement. She is moved and relieved. *

LISA

Thanks. *

But, as they break the coach looks around.

SALLY

But why are you taking this much luggage?

Lisa feeling defensive, begins to lift her five pieces of luggage..She points at Sally as she quotes her.

LISA

The best thing you taught me...
"Don't do anything half-way unless
you're willing to be half-happy." *

SALLY

Okay, but what does that mean in
this context? *

LISA

I sublet my apartment.

SALLY

(genuinely alarmed)
NO! You have no net! No plan "b."
This is hysteria. *

Lisa gathers her many cases, opens the door, shifts the cases to the hallway and stands there. She is pugnacious in an attempt to conceal her own insecurities from herself. *

LISA

I am sorry that you lack confidence
in me. But I still appreciate that
you have trained me to go full out. *

It's her exit line but she can't help adding a p.s.

LISA
 The tenants don't move in 'till
 after the weekend so you don't have
 to pay for a hotel room tonight.
 Love you.

She closes the door.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

*

As Lisa is embracing Manny.

MANNY
 I cleared some space for you.

He then, over her shoulder, eyes the five bags. They break
 and she picks up some of the bags and exits to...

*

MANNY'S WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

As they stare at the one small drawer he has cleared for her.

DISSOLVE TO:

*

EXT. STREET - DAY - THREE WEEKS LATER

George walking. His cell phone buzzes.

GEORGE
 Hi, Dad.

CHARLES
 Are you coming to my place?

GEORGE
 Almost there.

CHARLES
 Good. I have some disturbing news.

GEORGE
 What?

CHARLES
 I'll wait till you get here.

And now we see our familiar doorman in the immediate
 background.

EXT. MANNY & CHARLES' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

GEORGE
Tell me.. It would be nice to get
one piece of bad news without
anyone studying my face to see how
I'm taking it.

CHARLES
Anger can be useful. Watch out for
the bitterness. *

GEORGE
What is the news, Dad?

CHARLES
There are strong indications that
they are going to indict you. I've
cancelled everything I've got. I'm
dedicating myself to this. *

GEORGE
Um...

That's all he can manage. He makes a helpless gesture then
pockets the phone and enters the building, going past the
doorman who, seeing him so stricken, smiles encouragement. *

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

George enters..and stands there..a beat and Lisa enters. She
is carrying several bags of groceries. George is looking down
and doesn't see her. She leans forward...then: *

LISA
George?

George looks up to see (as absolutely literally as the phrase
can be used) the girl of his dreams.

GEORGE
(mumbling)
Godpleasedon'tkidme.

LISA
How are you?

GEORGE
Uh, Really Good to see you...

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As George helps her carry in the bags of groceries.. She takes his bag and walks off-screen into the kitchen. He is so stunned to have run into her that he doesn't note the surroundings or respond to verbal stimuli. *

LISA'S VOICE

You don't live in this building, do you? Hello?...Did you leave?...are you still here?

GEORGE

(coming around)

Yes. Absolutely.

She appears wearing a quizzical expression. He tries smiling. It comes off a bit weird.

LISA

Look, sorry if I can't be hospitable right now but I have to...

GEORGE

Can I go first?

LISA

Huh?

GEORGE

I want to explain why I haven't called.

LISA

(actively confused)

I don't understand.

GEORGE

(understanding)

I think I've made a really bad assumption that we've been on the same wave length..Well, I didn't mean to quite say that either. Did you ever want to delete every sentence you were saying even as you were saying them? *

LISA

No. Look, sorry I'm rushed but I'm glad to have bumped into you because I bit your head off when we had dinner and I have a thing about rudeness so I'm glad I get to...

The door opens and Manny enters.

MANNY

Lisa?

LISA

Hey. George, this is my boyfriend, Manny.

George takes in the news. And damned if some protestant gene pool doesn't have him treat the moment with some class.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you...

MANNY

(as if George is not standing there)

Who is he?

LISA

You didn't say, "hello."

MANNY

Well, I think you should check with me before you invite a guy over so I'm a little too pissed off to say, "hello."

(on her ferocious look)

Just a little.

*

Lisa heads for the bedroom and summons Manny to follow.

LISA

Please.

He gives George a territorial look and then follows her.

ON GEORGE

As he overhears the brief conversation in the kitchen.

LISA'S VOICE

Why would I have to check with you?

MANNY'S VOICE

You just want me to state the obvious so you can act mad.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Where Lisa and Manny maneuver on the precipice of fatal disagreement. Lisa forthright, Manny, a veteran of skirmishes with women who feel wronged, doing the dance.

LISA

(puzzled)

There's an "obvious" reason why I should check with you before inviting someone who offered to help carry our groceries?

MANNY

I didn't know about the groceries..maybe that changes things. Yeah, I think it does. Okay, good talk.

LISA

(simply)

No. I want to know the obvious thing I'm missing.

MANNY

Okay..You want my foot in the trap?
I'll put it there.

*
*

LISA

There is no trap. Let's just show up here. What obvious thing am I missing?

MANNY

Okay. That this is my place!

Lisa did not see this coming. It takes the wind out of her. They look at each other for several beats..as the moment sinks in.

LISA

Oh, boy. So long, Manny.

She opens the closet door where we see she has been living out of her suitcases..She empties her one small drawer into a case.

LISA
Congratulations. You get your sock
drawer back.

*

MANNY
Okay..you can have somebody up
without asking..it's not like
you're going to abuse the
privilege..

She moves past him...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As she moves past George..

LISA
Sorry. Could you get the door?

GEORGE
You bet.

He opens it.. She moves past George briefly leaving Manny and
George alone together.

MANNY
I think I screwed up.

GEORGE
Not from my perspective.

MANNY
Thanks, pal.

George nods and exits the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

As George sees he missed the elevator and takes to the stairs
full speed.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As the doorman holds the door open for Lisa who is quickly
followed by George.

ON LISA..

At a loss..dazed

DOORMAN

Taxi?

LISA

No, thanks, Tom..I have to figure out where I'm going first.

She takes out her cell phone..It beeps "low battery." Her back to the wall of life, Lisa suddenly turns to George. *

LISA

(continued)

Do you live near here?.I have to recharge... my phone. *

GEORGE

Not that far.

(sudden confession)

Well, an hour..by bus. I don't want to mislead you. Okay?

He lifts some of her bags..

LISA

Yeah, I guess.

As they begin to walk off, the apartment's intercom phone rings and the doorman steps inside to answer it as we overhear a last word from George

GEORGE

An hour ten maybe.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

DOORMAN

Oh, hello sir..Yes, she just came down. Okay, I'll try.

He puts the phone down and scurries back to the street..He sees George is carrying the luggage. George catches the doorman's eye and breaks into a grin, then turns back to Lisa to indicate the bus stop.. They stand at the bus stop not 10 yards away from the doorman.

DOORMAN

(calling in a whisper)

Lisa, there's a phone call for you.

(MORE)

DOORMAN (cont'd)
(he cups his hand into a
megaphone but still
whispers at the same low
volume)

Lisa..

He goes back to the phone and picks it up.

DOORMAN
Sorry, sir..I just wasn't able to
catch her for you.

*

He hangs up and looks on as the bus arrives.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - DAY

As they enter. Lisa looks around..it is very bare
bones..mostly boxes..lots of books and paperwork involving
his case..on some built-in bookshelves there are his
possessions..sheets and towels, some silverware, glasses,
documents and, oh yes, books. Furniture is just shy of
rudimentary. Lisa digs in one of her bags to find her
charger, looks around then goes directly to an outlet to plug
in her phone. As she looks at the phone...

*

*

LISA
Boy, so dead.

GEORGE
This is a new place. I'm not
totally moved in yet. Hey, you
hungry?

LISA
Lately, always. Why you asking, you
have nibbles?

He opens the refrigerator where we see some 30 containers
showing great home made ziti, chicken pot pie..puddings..

*

GEORGE
Yes.

George's cell vibrates. He reads "Dad" then turns it off..

*

LISA
I'm not going to be great
company...

GEORGE
Are you kidding? Even right now
this is the best conversation I've
had since the night we didn't say a
word to each other.

Lisa has a delayed amusement...a half laugh.

LISA
Well, that's sort of funny.

GEORGE
Flying start.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN AREA - DAY

As he sets the oven and Lisa enters...

LISA
What can I do?
(startled)
You make your own chicken pot pie?

GEORGE
A friend. All the plates and
silverware are over there..

She goes past him and grabs some silverware and paper
napkins..it feels "datey" to him..yup, "flying start." Then
her phone rings, she crosses to where it lies on the floor,
unplugs it, checks whose calling, brightens despite herself
and answers.

LISA
Hey..
(listens then)
It doesn't matter where I am.
(disbelief)
You're going to yell at me? That's
it? That's why you called? Well..I
think..

There is a low battery beep. She looks down.

LISA
Wait a minute..you're going to lose
me..

In the background George reacts to "you're going to lose me"
with a small fun "take" to himself. His mood has lightened
for the first time in months. Meanwhile, Lisa's phone goes
dead. She stares at it.

LISA

Just as well..it wasn't going to go well from there. I think we need some time to think..

A pause and then reluctantly she turns off the phone.

LISA

Do you have Guinness?

GEORGE

I will get Guinness. And I make a great drink, if you want to try it. It's not an idle remark. Really, I do.

LISA

Okay.. I'll try something..Just not strong...

(to herself)

Oh, what am I doing? "Stay honest with yourself when you know you're making a mistake and at least there may be a takeaway."

(to George)

I am going to get drunk because I am too lame to stand the way I feel.

GEORGE

Gotcha.

He starts moving away.

LISA

But, could you do me a favor?

He stops.

GEORGE

Yes, absolutely....and thanks for the opportunity.

LISA

Could you not...I have a boyfriend...could we just..

GEORGE

Yes..

LISA

Really?

GEORGE

Yes.

LISA

I have a teammate..ex-teammate who said the only time I say anything is when I drink Guinness..so watch out.

George is "up"... Uncensored words spill out.

GEORGE

Well, I think you have been saying a lot without drinking. You are truly something.

(getting briefly excited)

Which means my thinking about you wasn't just an aspect of the trouble I'm in.

*

LISA

I've gotta tell you..I don't follow you.. You are in trouble?

GEORGE

First things..Be back in a second..make yourself at home.

*

He exits the apartment. Now alone, Lisa sinks rapidly.. briefly forlorn..in mid-fall she attempts to summon her will..She paces actively. Then on impulse she goes to the window.

*

HER POV

As George is about to challenge traffic..Lisa is just about to shout a warning when he stops of his own volition. Sees her looking and gestures that he's anxious to get back.

EXT. GEORGE'S APT. BLDG. - GEORGE MOVES TOWARD CAMERA

As he enters the door of his building, flushed, we see a cab pull curbside in the background. CAMERA MOVES WITH GEORGE as the person in the back of the cab calls to him. He turns to see Annie paying the driver. He reacts viscerally.

*

*

*

*

GEORGE

Don't get out!

ANNIE

Your father sent me to find you..

GEORGE
 "She's" up there.

Annie takes his measure.

ANNIE
 Aw...you're like a person...what do
 I tell your father?

GEORGE
 Tell him the truth...that against
 all the laws of God and Science I
 am having a great day! And I refuse
 to talk about it because it's
 private and personal and everybody
 must keep the hell away.

ANNIE
 If I say that he'll be right over.
 I'll tell him you're clinically
 depressed -- and you haven't slept -
 so you took a pill.

GEORGE
 Much better.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - LISA AND GEORGE - NOW EARLY EVENING

Lisa sits comfortably on the floor, leaning back against a
 bed pillow. She has two empty Guinness bottles alongside her
 but is now drinking, as is George, from a pitcher of Bloody
 Mary's. George sits in a low slung canvas chair. Lisa
 crunches on some celery. Nobody is bad drunk here...rather
 just right..speech is clear -- maybe imperceptibly slow...it
 could pass for thoughtfulness..

GEORGE
 My father is..would rather..that I
 was more...dynamic. Pause for the
 mob of fans to chant, "Oh, you're
 dynamic, George."

Lisa simply stares at him.

GEORGE
 (cont'd)
 He doesn't think an MBA CPA is
 what? "Vibrant" enough.. He raised
 me alone since I was seven because,
 and wait 'till you hear this..
 (MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 People go nuts over it. Be prepared
 to see me with new eyes. I become
 very appealing. My mother left us
 after seeing "Kramer vs. Kramer" at
 the movies one afternoon.

LISA
 Oh.

GEORGE
 Do you know the picture?

LISA
 No.

GEORGE
 It's a movie about a woman who
 leaves Dustin Hoffman and her son
 because she had to find who she
 was.

LISA
 That's strange.

GEORGE
 This is early feminism. She comes
 back.... In the movie.

LISA
 Oh.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - 90 MINUTES LATER

Lisa has been talking for some time.

LISA
 I've got to make those old lessons
 work for me now. Like when we lost
 the NCAA final by one run and we
 were crushed and coach made us
 smile and sign autographs for
 hundreds of young girl fans..and we
 all just sucked it in and instead
 of some self-indulgent, self
 pitying kleenex party we did a
 little good for the girls and the
 game..are you bored?

GEORGE
 Transfixed.

LISA

Cut it out. I honestly don't understand what you're doing. These can't be moves..

(before George can answer)

So it's not about whether he's good or bad for me..it's that for the first time ever for me what the

(broadly pronounced)

"Boy Friend"

(normal)

Said or didn't or did or didn't and what that meant or didn't is at the center..it's the deal..all of a sudden it's practically my whole darn life..and that is...grim!

There are no teammates to help me laugh it off..no coach to tell me to date up..no game I care about more so what's the problem anyway. I had teammates who fell apart over their boyfriend -- and I thought it was so improper for them to allow it to distract them. But now...

(she has a sudden vague sense of unease as she catches herself going overboard on introspection)

But now a little event I bet you didn't believe would ever happen..I am about to close my mouth and stop taking about myself...What trouble are you in, George?

GEORGE

Okay. Simply put.

(a breath then the facts)

I'm currently unemployed. My girlfriend has recently broken up with me. I will soon be out of money. And I'm the target of a federal investigation.

LISA

(she reacts then)

Boy, you're a real chick magnet, aren't you?

GEORGE

Well, we'll see. You know the thing I'm realizing..

Lisa gets up and stands next to him, propelled by a thought.

LISA
(almost simultaneously)
I'll tell you what impresses me
about you..Oh, I'm sorry I
interrupted.

*

GEORGE
(strongly)
NO! GO AHEAD!!

LISA
Well, it's that you sure haven't
let anything take your spirit.

GEORGE
No. Not tonight. Tonight, you have
done me a great turn. You have
given me temporary amnesia.
Because, right now, you're the only
thing on my mind.

LISA
I can't believe you tell me all you
just did and then you flirt. Why is
the government..

GEORGE
Don't know. Truly.
(a pause then awkwardly)
Um, I'm honest.

Lisa is touched. There's something sweet about earnestness
that simple. She puts a hand on his face. Her phone rings.
She makes a helpless gesture and answers it.

LISA
Hi, Manny.

*

INTERCUT BETWEEN

*

INT. MANNY'S APT. - NIGHT

*

MANNY
First of all, I'm not going to ask
you where you've been..I get points
for that, right?

LISA

Well, not after you put it that way.

MANNY

Okay. I screw up. That's why I wrote something out to say to you..this will be good. Okay. Is it bad that I wrote it out?

LISA

Unusual, not bad. Stop asking me things like that. It's weird.

MANNY

Okay. Sorry. I went nuts when you left. I broke a lamp. *

LISA

Okay, read me the thing.

MANNY

That was the thing.

Lisa laughs. George, in the background, reacts appropriately.

OTHER ANGLE ON MANNY

Showing that he holds a piece of paper which reads: "I went nuts when you left. I broke a lamp."

LISA

(broadly)

Well, then..I'm deeply touched.

MANNY

So what else do I do here? Okay. "Please, come back." You know, that's giant for me to say. *

(He works hard to squeeze another good one out)

"I don't know that I'll do great but I know I'll do better." This is breakthrough stuff here. *

LISA

Oh, God..Okay. See you soon. Bye

She hangs up.

GEORGE

I'll help you get a cab.

EXT. GEORGE'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

As he signals for a cab. She feels bad for him.

LISA

George. Thanks for being such a great listener. And, hey, no matter what, I get to have friends.

He has hailed a cab. He thinks - then turns to her.

GEORGE

I'll take you up on that?

LISA

That's why I said it. Slump city can be murder. So call whenever. I feel blessed that we made friends.

*

The cab driver begins to put her luggage in the trunk. The driver has finished. She touches George's arm and gets in.

*

GEORGE

Okay..Of every thought I had about you and there were millions...the one that never occurred to me was that my mind wasn't exaggerating.

LISA

(scolding)

Cut it out. I go boyfriend.

The cab pulls away. George, with some effort, decides not to watch it move off in the distance. He turns and heads home.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We are in a large room with cubbies filled with men and women primarily in their 20's. We do not know what we are doing here.

INT. CUBBY - DAY

Where a young attractive (though chunky) man works at his computer. He is about to finish a bit of work when an attractive female intern (whom he secretly pines for) comes in and gives him a take-out lunch. She leaves without taking any notice of him. He looks at his sandwich. Shit..they put mayo on his sandwich. It is really annoying. He leaves frame.

*

Comes back with a kleenex and tries to wipe the mayo off the bread. It is not a good decision..pieces of tissue cling to the bread. He reacts with some good humor to having done something moronic and leaves frame for a second and now comes back with a paper towel..he wipes the bread and it falls apart..He throws that slice of bread away and takes a messy bite of the remaining sandwich..the mayo tastes pretty good. Back to work. He hits his print key while wiping at his mouth..THE CAMERA FOLLOWS A CORD FROM HIS COMPUTER TO A PRINTER SITTING ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE ON PRINTER

As out comes a UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CRIMINAL COMPLAINT:
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT VS GEORGE MADISON.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Another party...lap sitting..beer..long wooden tables on the terrace where men with very good hand eye are smashing hard shelled crabs which are on brown paper..very pretty dresses are getting splattered with each swing, so it becomes a repeated chain reaction..slam, crab juice splatter, dismayed squeal from a girl...Tori, the Japanese pitcher who tossed his phone number into the stands, is in the company of the girl whose bodice received it..He is very nice..noting the splattered dress on his girl, he covers her with a bib..She rewards him with a kiss. Tori loves his crab meat. He tosses a question to a strolling Manny.

TORI

Flown in?

MANNY

Driven..but from the best crab house in Baltimore. That sauce with beer it's...

DOUG

Crazy.

MANNY

Anyone see Lisa?

RYAN

She was inside. By the way, interesting woman. Beautiful guns.

He indicates upper arm muscles.

MANNY

(sincerely)

Thank you.

Manny moves inside and sees Lisa on the sofa - next to a couple necking in good taste. She is about to get up and move on when she spies the corner of a sport magazine...She grabs it..instantly in a bit of a state.. Manny arrives.

LISA
Did you see this?

She flips to show him the cover..A headline reading "BEAUTY AND THE BUDGET." And the visual is an arrestingly subtle but brilliantly sexual photo of CAM, the girl who replaced Lisa on the roster, wearing her USA uniform with tags hanging from every garment detailing what amount corporate sponsors had ponied up to be part of U.S.A. Softball. A tag line streamer reads.."IF YOU SHAKE IT THEY WILL COME."

MANNY
Who is she?

LISA
The girl who replaced me. They do
only her and she hasn't even played
yet. What do you think?

*
*

MANNY
Gorgeous.

LISA
Thanks, that helps.

She gets up.

MANNY
Well, they have to market the
program.
(sotto)
You can't be pissed about it now,
you're the hostess.

LISA
Okay, okay..I am furious but not at
you.

She touches his arm, as in no hard feelings, then moves past him to pick up her cell phone from a hall table.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Lisa enters and sees a male guest sitting on the bed, seriously pitching a girl who is crying. She exits.

EXT. LARGE TERRACE - NIGHT

As she finds a lonely windblown corner. She holds her phone..considers..locates a number..

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As George stands outside an ELEGANT BAR, partially in the shadows as he looks through the window at his father, who drinks at a table for two.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Charles looks at his watch (one of the great watches) impatiently and reacts angrily. He takes out his cell phone and barks a command.

CHARLES

Son!

FILTERED MECHANICAL VOICE

Son!

As it clicks into a ring.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

George is just about to suck up the spirit to join his father when his phone rings. He sees it is his father.

GEORGE

Hi, Dad. I'm just about to..

A call waiting tone and he looks at the face of his phone which says, "LISA."

GEORGE

Sorry. I can't talk right now..

CHARLES

You need my help!

GEORGE

Might have to reschedule - sorry.

*

He hangs up. And hits another button.

GEORGE

Lisa, how are you?

EXT. BAR - WIDE SHOT

As George turns away from the restaurant to continue the conversation while, in the background, his seriously miffed father places a bill down and exits the restaurant and, as he takes a few steps, looks as if he will bump into George but then turns to his parked car.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

Lisa is into her conversation with George. She is also shivering a bit from the night wind.

LISA

A little crazy...I'm trying to figure something out so, you're smart so see what you....

GEORGE

I'm okay. Not smart smart.

LISA

Good enough. In a nutshell.. I'm tempted to call my old coach and unload on him. I did everything he asked and now I know he bumped me for someone because she is...

(really hard to say)

better looking..some use the word "gorgeous." But I wanted to check with a relatively clear headed person before I..

ON GEORGE

Truly concerned on whether he meets the qualification.

GEORGE

I'm not sure I'm clear headed when it's you.

LISA

Please, stop being so....precise. It's not about me. It's about the damn game. Just tell me what you honestly think. Should I cream him?

GEORGE

Is it okay if I think about it for a minute? Should I call you back?

LISA
No. I'll wait. I can use the
breather.

There is a gust of wind and she audibly shivers.

GEORGE
What was that?

LISA
Nothing. I'm cold. I never was cold
before I went girlie. Hurry up and
think, okay?

EXT. NICELY LIGHTED BUS STOP - NIGHT

As George ponders the variables present in Lisa's question
and considers the best advice.

LONG SHOT

Revealing that George's location is just a short distance
from Manny's terrace as is made clear by something
architecturally distinctive.

ON LISA

Agitated, as she paces in place, not knowing whether it's
good or bad for George to be taking time like this. Manny
strolls over.

MANNY
Who you talking to?

LISA
George. The guy you met.

MANNY
(carefully)
Uh-huh.....You going to be long?

LISA
I'm on hold sort of..

MANNY
You want privacy?

LISA
Well, I'm on the phone.
(George has resumed
talking)
Hi..So what do you think?

She listens as Manny monitors.

GEORGE

I'm not sure it fits you but for me, and maybe it's because my father has always been such a hot head, I don't know. But a lot of the time, I feel like I've really accomplished something when I keep a lid on. The minute you go off on someone you lose all other options. And, the worst thing for me these days is how much is out of my control. You understand?

*

LISA

Fantastically, yes.

GEORGE

So, I would want to keep all options open.

ON MANNY AND LISA

As he watches her hold one ear closed so she can listen hard to George. Manny is about to say something but Lisa straining to catch George's words holds up her hand to stop him.

GEORGE

Well, that's me. I wouldn't call him. But these days, in particular, I'm not a get it off your chest person. Okay?

LISA

Okay..thanks.
(double checking)
So, you're saying, don't call him?

GEORGE

Yeah, I am.

LISA

Thanks. And look anytime I can return the favor...well good, I want you to remember that. It's why I said it.
(Manny is about to speak)
Got to go.

GEORGE

Nice talking to you.

LISA
Right. So long.

She clicks off..and looks to Manny to say his piece. She is ready for a skirmish. But Manny fakes her out and goes high road.

MANNY
You look cold. Would you like my jacket?

LISA
(disarmed)
Okay, sure.

He puts his beautiful tan cashmere jacket on her shoulders. As they walk back to the party-goers, we notice in the deep shadows of the terrace, where Lisa was just standing, a couple romantically engaged in active foreplay. *

EXT. STREET - NIGHT *

Annie and George sitting at a cafe of some sort.

ANNIE
You have to see your father.

GEORGE
Why?

ANNIE
He's one of the few people willing to talk to you.

George is silent.

EXT. MANNY AND CHARLES' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As George approaches. He looks perhaps more troubled than we have seen him.

GEORGE
(to doorman)
How are you?

DOORMAN
Fine thank you...Lisa just came back from her run.

GEORGE
No, I'm here to see my father.
(a little hopefully)
Is he out?

DOORMAN
I'll check.

As he dials the house phone George fidgets.

DOORMAN
Your son is here to see you, Mr.
Madison?

The doorman nods and George enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

George combatting some enormous tension.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As he knocks on his father's door... A housekeeper opens it and, having been told to leave when George gets there, carries her things with her so what follows between father and son will take place in privacy... As he enters George takes a quick and enormous breath. He is vibrant with conflicting emotions which makes even his first word difficult to utter...

GEORGE
Dad.

Charles has a drink in his hand. He is glad to see him.

CHARLES
Finally..... Have you been avoiding
me?

GEORGE
Yes. Absolutely.

CHARLES
Why?

GEORGE
(that quick)
Did you do it?

*

They are now looking at each other. Charles slowly enunciating his words...

CHARLES

Did..I..?

*

GEORGE

Do it?

Charles half laughs. George is focused, forceful, wound tight so as not to shake.

GEORGE

So?!?

His father takes some stock as he sits down. They are now quite close.

CHARLES

My gosh...you're not asking..

GEORGE

(pressing but calmly so)
Did you do something to fabricate earnings for the analysts and either knowingly or accidentally put me in this spot? Did you do that? And, if you did, are you still looking, even at this moment, for a way to handle it and me without telling me that you committed a criminal act?

*

CHARLES

Easy..easy. This ground we are on is wall to wall mine fields.

GEORGE

Oh, for God's sakes, you're a goddamned crook..... Am I right?

CHARLES

Well, how about one question of my own. Am I talking to my son or a recording device?

George lifts his father to his feet..and shakes him..Charles in trying to free himself actually slaps his son who doesn't even feel it. He pushes his father away and heads for the door. His father calls out his concession.

CHARLES

Sorry I asked that. Awful.

GEORGE

(turning)

Do you have any idea whatsoever who I am? How could you think...

*

CHARLES

You're right to be offended.

GEORGE

What exactly did you do?

CHARLES

If I did something and if I told you I would be putting you in a seriously, legally compromised position. So will you let me proceed carefully here?

GEORGE

No, I won't. Just...tell Me. Now. What did you do, Dad?

CHARLES

I did what everyone who does business in the Mid-East does..and I mean everyone..as in every...boddddy ...who is not Microsoft or selling something indispensable...You pay a toll in the Mid-East no matter what the country is. If you want to sell in Egypt you go there, rent an office and bribe an Egyptian. That's what I did.... like Every...boddddy does. I bribed the Egyptian. They put money on our books with an order knowing I would slip the money back to them.

*

*

*

*

*

George makes a sound.

CHARLES

(continued)

The stock moved more than I thought. It attracted attention. I didn't think it would ever touch you..and I wish I could somehow express how what is happening to you is the most wrenching experience of my life. And it's not just emotional.

*

(telling his truth)

It's physical.

(MORE)

CHARLES (cont'd)
 It hurts in a profound and deep
 way..my muscles, my skin..like
 those side effects I got from
 Lipitor. I am anguishing in every
 way because of what you are going
 th.....

*

Charles voice cracks..he is about to cry.. A fact which is
 more than George can take. He wigs out -- moving his face
 close to his father as he speaks with loud urgency.

GEORGE
 (sputtering poetically)
 Stop. You damned narcissist..No you
 don't.. You can't cry. You ethical
 mutant..

*

*

George is breathing a bit heavily never having come close to
 talking to his father like this. Charles wipes his eyes and
 meets his son's gaze and gives him some fatherly advice that
 is delivered with strange calm and intimacy.

CHARLES
 Better pace yourself, son. It gets
 worse.

As George reacts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Manny is working his phone with a pleasant frenzy. His bags
 packed and standing. He is about to leave for a road trip.
 Lisa calls from the next room.

LISA
 (o.c.)
 I'm going to miss you.

He smiles at a message he just received and taps out an
 answer.

MANNY
 Echo that. What are you going to do
 with yourself?

LISA
 Coach the rich twins..maybe hang
 out with George a little. I'm
 seeing him later.

He sends off his reply.

MANNY

What?!?

LISA

No worries. It's always athletes for me. And, the team is training in town and..I dunno..I was thinking of dropping by. The only thing is...

*

But Manny is distracted as a tone signals a reply to his reply which makes him laugh a little so that, as he continues to read, he does not sense Lisa's presence when she enters to see him enjoying the text..

LISA

Manny?

He immediately disengages the phone, his attitude very caught in the cookie jar.

LISA

We need to talk for a second.

MANNY

I'll call you from the car.

LISA

Are we monogamous?

MANNY

You're feeling this way because of the road trip. But we don't have the time to do this.

LISA

How much time does it take to answer?

MANNY

The answer is, yes, of course, essentially.

(on her look)

That's the truth. And my rule because I love you, is to always tell you the truth.

LISA

You love me?

MANNY

I've told you that.

LISA
No, you haven't.

MANNY
Well, I told the whole bullpen.

LISA
What's "essentially?"

MANNY
I am not anything like the wild man
I used to be. If it bothers you, I
will attempt to cut out even the
anonymous sex..
(before she can speak)
BECAUSE..I think we may be heading
for the biggest result that can
happen to a dating couple.

LISA
Oh, Jesus, you stinker.

MANNY
A guy is willing to go one thousand
miles for you and you criticize him
because he 'ADMITTEDLY' hasn't
covered the last yard yet.

Lisa has had the wind knocked out of her. This goes
deep..shivering legs, a flash of some prescient terror, the
whole deal..She is briefly helpless to do anything but sort
of hold herself and take stock. She is stunned by her own
sense of internal devastation.

LISA
Um..Whew..does this feel like shit.
Boy! So this is what everybody is
always talking about.

She takes a breath...her freshly oxygenated brain kicks in.

LISA
You have to get the team bus. You
don't miss the team bus no matter
what. We'll talk. I'm moving out.
But we'll talk.

MANNY
Don't break up with me.

LISA
Well, that's the thing, I don't
know if what we have is even
anything breakable.

MANNY
Where you gonna go?

LISA
Well, I'm in luck because my
tenants hate my place - they've
been trying to get out of the deal.
(emphatically)
Don't miss your team bus! We'll
talk this out when you get back.
You can't miss a team bus!!!

MANNY
Okay, I decided. I'm going to be
monogamous while I'm away. You too?

She nods -- it is the furthest thing from her mind.

MANNY
(continued)
This will be okay.

LISA
Go!

He cups her face..her eyes glisten..He means what he says
next but, still, he is also consciously playing his "A" game.

MANNY
Why do women always look best just
as they are shifting away from you?

*

He gives her a light kiss.

LISA
Oh, stop it! Jesus.

She shoves him toward the door.

INT. CHARLES APARTMENT - NIGHT

George is slumped in a cushy chair, virtually
asleep....Charles is on the phone in the next room.

*

*

CHARLES

(into phone)

Well, I'm going to possibly go into
all the ramifications with my son.
Then I can meet with you and the
other lawyers..Okay, then.

He hangs up and enters. He nudges George.

GEORGE

Weird. Never felt this tired.

CHARLES

Take my advice. I think you should
get away from me. Cut me off. I've
just been trying to avoid an
inevitable here. Have to give up on
that. I tried to steer you to the
right lawyer. Your guy was wrong. I
could have paid your bills - used
money to make the government lose
heart in a minor matter. But, no,
you picked a shmoe.

GEORGE

I just work better with facts. Just
tell me.

CHARLES

George, I worked for a boiler stock
operation when I was 19. There was
a violation and I got one year
probation.

GEORGE

Why are you bringing that up now?

Charles is reluctant to continue.

GEORGE

Go.

CHARLES

Because of that if they find me at
all responsible for the current
problems I would be a repeat
offender and could get 25 years in
jail...that's why I didn't come
forward.

They look at each other...that fact produces a genuine,
though brief, transcendent moment. In a fleeting gesture
George touches his father's arm in sympathy.

GEORGE

Wow Dad, what are we going to do here?

CHARLES

Finally and at last not your problem. I need you to go because I am in some wrestling match with myself here. I can't trust myself not to manipulate you - I don't know if I'm doing it now.

(gives it some thought)
I think I am.

GEORGE

Has it occurred to you, as a possibility, that you can just say what happened..without trying to control the outcome?

*
*

CHARLES

Honestly, no.

*

George gestures that it is worth a shot.

CHARLES

If you pled out the sentence would be three years with a chance of getting it down to less than two..

GEORGE

And you'd....

CHARLES

Get off. Maybe. Probably.

*

George feels a sudden thrust of energy..

GEORGE

That's everything?

*
*

Charles nods.

*

GEORGE

Okay. I think this was a good visit.

*
*

EXT. TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

A practice game has just finished..the U.S.A. beating a solid college team...one of the U.S.A.'s beefier players (who we know as PARTICULARLY EMOTIONAL GIRL) hits a home run and wins the game..some photographers shoves the home run hitter out of the way to take pictures of Cam, who was on base at the time... *

LONG SHOT

A figure on a hill taking in the action.

CLOSE ON LISA

Gnawing on her lip in anxiety. She is actually considering leaving before anyone sees her. *

BACK TO THE ACTION

As the teams lines up to shake hands..Riva hurries through the line spots Lisa and dashes up the hill...at least half her teammates join her...including the home run hitter. *
*
*

ON LISA

Even as she shouts an admonishment...

LISA

Did you even finish shaking hands *
with the other team? Coach'll blame *
me.

But, here come the hugs and oh, God she loves them -- Even as she experiences the rush of being with them, she is working her ass off to appear light-hearted. She puts her face close to the beefy girl. *
*

LISA

Look at you..Little Miss Home Run
to the Opposite Field.

PARTICULARLY EMOTIONAL GIRL

Insane that you were here for it.
(to other teammate)
She worked on opposite field power
with me. *

EXT. FIELD AREA - EVENING

As Riva and Lisa sit on the grass together, having a beer. The vibe is clearly intimate. They look down on the well-lit playing field...

RIVA.

You're doing okay. Your making the adjustment. Give it time. Maybe grad school and odd jobs aren't the right thing. Anybody would want you as an assistant coach.

*
*
*
*

LISA

I have to wait on that one.

RIVA

Till what?

LISA

Till I won't envy my players.

RIVA

Holy shit, Lise.. This isn't you.

LISA

I hope not. Don't tell anyone I'm this bad, or did I show it?

(genuinely alarmed)

Does everybody see it.. Is it leaking out of me? And all of this whining I do serves nothing ...like my mother said to me when she was sick, "you can't cry and fix something at the same time."

(dabs at her eyes)

Now I'm going to feel sorry for myself for losing my mother. Just wallow, wallow, wallow.

Riva moves closer to put her arm around Lisa, who immediately shifts away, waving it off, not feeling deserving of comforting. And then, instead, grabs her friends two hands in an attempt to give instead of take.

LISA

(continued)

Listen to me, Riva, 'cause this is my gift to you for putting up with me tonight. Stay 'till they tear you away, honey.

(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
 Play your heart out and when that's
 not enough..kiss ass, have sex with
 a booster, do whatever it takes to
 hang on..because after what we
 had...you have.. real life is a
 killer.

*

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

To see Lisa in a very underpopulated commuter train car. She
 simply must find surcease.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - NIGHT

As he sits at his computer trying to write a letter. It is a
 warm night and his large window is open at his elbow. We move
 in on his computer..but just as we begin to read he hits the
 delete key sweeping away two paragraphs and leaving just,
 "Dear Dad." His phone rings. He mishits the phone as he
 answers.

GEORGE

Hello.

Even though he has yet to engage the phone he vaguely hears
 Lisa.

LISA'S VOICE

Hello?

He hits the right phone key.

LISA

Hi.

Puzzled now by having seemingly heard Lisa's distant voice
 without benefit of a phone connection. He leans out his
 window.

HIS POV

Lisa standing beneath his window..phone in hand. She is
 working real hard at being the casual, immediate,
 uncomplicated girl she was so recently. But in this time of
 distress it is just faux real folk.

*

*

LISA

How you doing?

GEORGE

Good. You okay?

LISA
Uh-huh. Sure am. Hope it's not too
late to call.

She turns around and looks up at the window..he leans away
from the window.

GEORGE
No. What's going on?

LISA
Nothing. Just that we made
indefinite plans to hang out and I
was trying to nail them
down..schedule my week. *

GEORGE
Well, anytime, though soon would be
advisable.

LISA
(snorting at the
preposterous thought)
I guess it's too late for tonight.

GEORGE
No. Not at all. I am waiting for a
call from my friend if she has her
baby tonight..but we can deal with
that if it happens.

LISA
Okay. Well, what the heck. Let's
take a shot. I can be there
in...less than a half hour.

GEORGE
Good.

LISA
This time of night it could be
faster.

GEORGE
Good. I hope so.

LISA
Okay. I'll see you soon and we'll
just hang out. I mean, do you feel
like hanging out?

GEORGE
Yes.

LISA
Okay, so we'll do it.

NEW ANGLE ON LISA

20 minutes later as she kills time. She glances at her watch.

INT. GEORGE'S APT - NIGHT

There is a knock on the door...he opens it and Lisa enters.

LISA
I think I should go.

GEORGE
Huh?

LISA
Because I'm nuts and I seem to be
going around dumping this nutty
person on every nice person I know.
I was downstairs when I called you.

GEORGE
I know.

LISA
And you weren't going to say
anything?

GEORGE
No.

LISA
Why not?

GEORGE
I just didn't want to...

LISA
Embarrass me?

GEORGE
Some cousin of that.

LISA
You look good. You look rested. But
everyone looks rested to me.
George, help me out.

He stands poised to do anything.

GEORGE

With?

LISA

I can't stop griping. You're the one who said it. "Did you ever want to delete everything you said just as you finished saying it?" And I thought that was the strangest thing and lately I hear myself being so weak, and whiny and needy that I wish I could dele...

*
*
*
*

George quite suddenly clamps a hand over her mouth..She is surprised..feels a little violated, in fact..the observant will note that she actually has made a fist.

CLOSE ON LISA'S EYES

As they appear over George's hand and she tries to make sense of the situation.

GEORGE

I think the answer to what you're talking about is to stop talking. Just deny a voice to the thing that is falling apart. No lip service. That's my advice. Which I think I got from you. Sorry to handle you and the situation like this but it was an impulse. I'm letting go now.
(noticing the fist)
Don't hit me.

ON LISA'S EYES

As they reflect understanding and gratitude just before he releases her...She takes a breath..touches him lightly in gratitude and moves away to sit down. The phone rings.

*
*

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hey. Really...how much? How do you feel?...Yeah sure..now..can I bring a friend? See you soon.

He hangs up.

GEORGE

(to Lisa)

She had the baby. I'm going over. You want to come?

LISA
 No. I'd be in the way and..
 (she stops herself/mock
 stronger)
 Sure. Okay. Thanks.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

As George and Lisa sit in Annie's hospital room..Her parents are just leaving. Annie has a sleeping baby in her arms..and is trying to hostess the coming and going..

ANNIE
 Hey, boss..Look what I found..
 (to Lisa)
 And you're?

LISA
 Lisa.

ANNIE
 (enormously pleased)
 Wow. Mom..Dad..that's boss and..

GEORGE
 George Madison.

MOM
 Good to see you, George.. Lisa..
 Annie has told us about you both.

Lisa is mystified. As they turn to wave to Annie..

ANNIE
 Thanks guys and remember Dad there
 are lots of tv shows with single
 mom heroines.

*
 *
 *

DAD
 I'm fine. It's fine. Everybody's
 healthy. That's it.
 (to Lisa)
 That's it, right?

Lisa is mystified.

LISA
 Yes, sir.

They exit.

ANNIE
It's killing him..
(to Lisa)
Nice to meet you finally.

Lisa is distracted by the size of the baby.

LISA
Gee whiz.

ANNIE
(proudly)
10 pounds 10. And I'm three days
early.

LISA
You exhausted?

ANNIE
Oh..I'm slap happy.

GEORGE
World's luckiest baby.

ANNIE
(pointedly to Lisa)
Leave it to boss to say the great
thing.

The phone rings.

ANNIE
(into phone)
Hello..You're here? Fourth floor.
Oh well, then just ask for Double
Didget's room. That's what we're
all calling him for now.
(sheepishly to her baby)
Your dad is here.

George and Lisa smile and start to go. Lisa lingers for a second to peek at the baby..they turn and George turns to see his father enter the room. This Chinatown moment is immediate and visceral --- George speaks in the hushed tone of the broken.

GEORGE
No..NO.

Lisa glances up. George is on the verge of a seizure as Charles is nudged out the room's doorway by a heavysset man carrying flowers and an old model video camera..His name is AL.

GEORGE
(quickly transitioning to
Al)
Hi. Congratulations on the birth of
your baby.

Al leans forward and hugs Annie, kisses the baby on the head.

ANNIE
(to Charles)
It was very nice for you to come
by, Mr. Madison.

CHARLES
Just wanted to drop this off..Tell
you not to worry about your job in
any way.

ANNIE
Well, that's oh-my-God great to
hear.

Charles, having scored his point, looks around.

CHARLES
(to George)
You okay?

GEORGE
Tops.

CHARLES
Thought you might be here. Would
you like to talk - go over
anything..Any new thoughts?

GEORGE
No. Not yet.

CHARLES
You're thinking things out.

GEORGE
Not at this precise moment. I'm on
a break.

CHARLES
There's a time factor that I can no
longer shield you from.
(noticing Lisa)
You a relative of Annie's?

*

*

LISA
I'm a friend of George. Lisa.

Charles eyes her more closely and extends his hand.

CHARLES
Good to meet you. Call me Charles.

LISA
Okay.

CHARLES
I spoke to George minutes after he
met you for the first time.

Lisa is mystified.

LISA
No kidding.

CHARLES
Yes...So I was the first to know.

Lisa is mystified.

LISA
Outstanding.

CHARLES
I'm his father.

LISA
Oh. Good to see you.

CHARLES
That's nice of you to say. Okay,
all...I Love you, son. Goodnight
everyone.

Charles exits. George is still coming down from what he
briefly thought.

ANNIE
(to George)
Boss, when he walked in..You didn't
think?

George concedes that he did with a look.

ANNIE
You poor guy.

Al and Lisa exchange greetings. Al is flushed with visceral pleasure. Annie looks over at him...eye contact that contains the d.n.a. of all that is good and produces huge grins. *

ON AL

The moment of his life is upon him. He walks over to George and whispers as he hands him his video camera.

AL

Hey?! I'm going to do something
record it..Red button.

(he sits on the bed facing
the mother of his child)

I got to say something..to you. For
christ's sake to the two of you. I
don't want you to think the reason
we aren't married is because I
think anyone else is anything. It's
because I am 47 and a failure.

ANNIE

I'll kill you - you talk like that.

During this exchange Lisa feels she is somehow violating their privacy and is trying to make her getaway but she can't get George's attention. Nonetheless she decides to exit and walks to the door.

AL

I'll get work I guess..but no
seniority anymore or...but don't
get me sidetracked. The reason I
didn't talk marriage is I couldn't
stand to see you -- the princess of
worry.-- weighted down by me and my
limited prospects.

And now he has Lisa's attention. She pauses at the door.

AL

Because I get your worry. And
people could think that's the bad
thing about you but I get that it's
because of your great heart..and I
love you for it. And then I worried
about what would happen to you -
and now the little hulk - if you
ended up with someone who thought
your worry was --

*

ANNIE

Neurotic?

AL

Yes. Someone who didn't get you..who made you feel bad about yourself..who wanted you to be more normal..who wanted you to like yourself more. Who wanted you to change. Who didn't love all of it. Who wouldn't leave great enough alone. And, -- I didn't sleep, man...I thought I can do that for you...and that was a legitimate function for me in your life.

Annie cheers as if at a ballgame.

AL

And that allows me to propose to you that we get married.

Annie blubbers. Al is emotional. Lisa is rapt. Al hugs Annie..Lisa and George applaud as Annie and Al have a brief and intimate exchange.

ANNIE

You're not scared anymore.

AL

I am. But scared is a step up from terror and terror is what I feel about losing you.

Annie gasps. Al holds her in this, their quintessential moment. Al looks at George and says through tear glazed eyes.

AL

Did you get it?

GEORGE

(stricken)

Oh my God..I just got caught up with what you were saying..

AL

(this can't have happened)

You didn't get it?

GEORGE

No.

Annie has missed this exchange due to being blissed out.

AL

He didn't get it.

ANNIE
(stricken)
He didn't get it????

GEORGE
I can't tell you how...

LISA
(driving force)
Come on..right away - let's do it
again. Just do it now..go ahead,
Al. We'll record it.

Al is willing but there is a problem.

AL
Who knows what I said?

GEORGE
I sure do..

LISA
Let's just think and piece this
together right away..

Everyone is wiping tears away as they agree to try. Al gets to his initial position when he said his piece. George, as deliberately as possible, pushes the record switch. What follows is very informal..some improvs called for; people talking on top of one another..this group exercise is marked by great spirit and enormous light heartedness..but still real dedication to the task at hand..recreating the proposal.

ON AL

As he takes his highly self-conscious shot.

AL
I didn't want you to think that the
reason I didn't ask to get married
was because I ever had a thought of
anyone else...

He's stuck.

GEORGE
(to Al)
You said it was because you had no
prospects. You used the word
"failure."

AL
(to Annie)
It's because I don't want to saddle
you with a 47 year old failure.

Lisa comes in quickly.

LISA
Annie.."I'll kill you if.."

ANNIE
(laughing)
Thanks. "I'll kill you if you talk
like that."

GEORGE
Then you said that you didn't want
her to end up with ..

ANNIE
Someone who wanted her to change
what she couldn't change..

Annie's line grounds things. The laughter stops---the import
and dignity return -

ANNIE
(cont'd)
Someone who didn't get me.

GEORGE
There was that whole list.

LISA
(primarily to Annie)
He was worried that you'd be with
someone who made you feel bad about
yourself...who wanted you to like
yourself in a different way. Who
wanted you to change. Who didn't
love all of you.

GEORGE
(primarily to Al)
You said that protecting her from
that - appreciating her the way you
do..was a legitimate function for
you in her life.

AL
Wow. I said that?

ANNIE

I feel like you're all proposing to me.

AL

And then I asked you to marry me.

LISA

No, no, no! What you said was...
(enunciating very
carefully)

"I propose to you that we get married."

ANNIE

And you called him, "little hulk,"
which, I don't know why, is my
favorite thing. I love you so much,
Al. Thanks everybody.
(to George)
I think we have it.

He stops recording. She holds her arms out and gives him a hug.

ANNIE

I'm so worried about you.

GEORGE

Please don't.

AL

Let her be.

George nods..claps Al on the back. Lisa approaches Annie and has to laugh even as she says the nuclear understatement.

LISA

Well, it was nice meeting you.

They hug. Annie laughs as well.

ANNIE

Nice meeting you too. I love you.

*

And that cracks them up because, like they say, "it's funny because it's true."

LISA

(helplessly)
Me too.

George is truly digging Lisa. And now the awkwardness as they nod and exit.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The awful thing is the sharp change in their ethos. A second ago they seemed a couple..and now, that quickly, much like Double Digit so recently experienced, they are thrust from that warm, safe, womb like space into the awkward starkness of the real world. There is considerable culture shock as they walk toward the exit of the hospital self-consciously, the space between them as they walk widening in small increments.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

As they exit - (some horrible but legit sign about health insurance regulations in the background.) It's a warm night, light breeze blowing, streetlights providing just the right light and each of them still looking for a proper punctuation to the recent experience. A small but persistent shyness has come into their atmosphere. *

LISA

Thanks...

She is surprised that the word comes out with difficulty .. She is still a bit choked up. She laughs slightly and gives it another go. There is an unmistakable shyness. *

LISA

Thanks for the soul food. I'll just catch my bus over there?

GEORGE

I'll wait with you.

LISA

(softly)

Okay, good. Thanks.

And then, with such ill timing that they each take it in with a bit of horror, the bus turns the corner. Lisa shrugs. And then, as she boards the bus, notes that George already has his back to her and is walking away. As the bus starts up.

ON GEORGE

So sullen at being cheated out of his moment with Lisa that an outburst escapes him just as Lisa, aboard the bus, passes unnoticed in the background.

GEORGE
(to the heavens)
I can't catch a break!

FULL SHOT - THE STREET

As George continues to walk and sees that Lisa has gotten off the bus at the next street. She jogs his way. *

GEORGE
What?

LISA
What? I saw you..shouting and all crazy.

GEORGE
No. Just weird that you were off that fast.

LISA
Well, I can wait for the next bus. You just charged away.

GEORGE
Yeah. Okay.

Looking up the deserted street.

GEORGE
Well, I think we'll have some time now. Won't....

Another bus appears...

LISA
What is this?

GEORGE
I think it's the opposite of a bus strike.

She nods with a half smile -- it was sort of clever. As they let it pass.

GEORGE
(continued)
Won't Manny be worried?

LISA
Ummm. I didn't tell you we're not living together right now? I thought I did.

GEORGE
No. I would have remembered.

The bus stops near them. The driver steps out and lights a cigarette. The bus' sign shows a change of route

*

DRIVER
You've got till I finish this.

GEORGE
Okay. Thanks.

GEORGE
(to Lisa)
Go ahead..Manny?

LISA
We're still working on it from a different slant..he gets back tomorrow. He's throwing me a belated birthday party tomorrow night. Going all out. Not my choice but when you're in something you've got to give it everything you have.

*
*
*
*

GEORGE
Makes sense. Am I invited?

LISA
(totally thrown)
Sure..but it's a very testosterony group.

*

GEORGE
So I am invited?

*

LISA
Sure. What are you talking about?
Of course.

The driver tosses his cigarette and reboards the bus as Lisa starts to follow him.

GEORGE
When is your birthday?

*

LISA
Tonight...

She leans over and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - NIGHT

As he enters propelled by the confusion flying away from his mind and spirit. One shouted word...

GEORGE
Clarity!

He goes to the table near the ever open window where we briefly see and read bits of the worksheets (reading REASONS FOR AND REASONS AGAINST...The top line on one, "I don't want to go to jail." On the other, "I don't want my father to spend the rest of his life in jail.") He crumples the sheets, tosses them and speed dials his father who answers before one ring is finished.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

INT. CHARLES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLES
George.

GEORGE
I think I figured it out. I don't want to talk right now. I'll come see you tomorrow night.

CHARLES
Well, could you give me some indication.

GEORGE
Tomorrow.

CHARLES
George, I...

GEORGE
I know. You love me. I love you too. Tomorrow.

EXT. CHARLES AND MANNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

UPBEAT MUSIC as George approaches...he has worked on his look..best suit, tie etc. He looks great. In front of the building, a card table has been set up manned by two of the ballplayers we have previously seen at the parties. They are in the process of very reluctantly denying admission to two gorgeous girls.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Why text us if you're not going to let us in?

BALL PLAYER

Because I didn't know Manny wasn't going to allow fun.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Well, don't ever invite us again to anything. I feel degraded.

BALL PLAYER

Okay...I'm sorry, I'll give you three hundred dollars and my phone number.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Alright.

George enters in the background.

DOORMAN

Going to the party, George.

GEORGE

Not yet.

INT. CHARLES APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

George knocks on his father's door. Charles answers it.

CHARLES

(tense)

Hi, son. Just a minute, my lawyers were just leaving.

And so they begin to file out...endlessly..maybe 20 of them..we don't wait for the last to appear.

INT. MANNY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

We hear him telling Lisa, off-camera, how great it is to see her as he leads her toward us. He is carrying a garbage bag -- * some of the following speech is off-camera.

MANNY

I haven't gone without a woman so long since I had mono in high school but it felt -- well you saw the box scores , three one inning stints, three up, three down, top five player of the month talk..

He goes to the tooth brush drawer and dumps them in the bag, he goes to the sweat outfit drawer and begins dumping them.

LISA

You're not going to throw them away?

MANNY

Yeah. It's a statement.

LISA

Give them to a hospital or something.

MANNA

Great idea. The clubhouse guy will take care of it. And no unattached women allowed tonight..One guy is bringing his sister..Now.

*
*
*

He sits her down in his "valet chair." The kind with a mahogany wooden hanger, little wooden dish for cuff links, and little cane seat.

*
*

MANNY

I get to give you a gift.

*

She eyes him -- churning. There is a paper Tiffany bag suddenly in evidence. This is clearly an important moment coming up..some flower strewn crossroads..she is gripped by a tightness which she hopes is excitement but might be terror. There seems to be only one course open to her and she takes it.

LISA

I have to pee.

INT. CHARLES APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charles sits and indicates the chair for George.

GEORGE

No, thanks. I have to get someplace.

*

CHARLES

You look ...

GEORGE

Great? I'm shooting for great tonight. Okay..I know you want the bottom line but do you care about my reasoning?

CHARLES

(wisely lying)

Yes, of course.

GEORGE

First thing..and it was an all nighter to get there..you know, same as in anything the answer starts with asking the right question..And the question here wasn't whether I go to jail or you do?

*
*
*
*

CHARLES

It wasn't?

GEORGE

No. The question was will I go to jail for three years..or live for 25 years feeling awful because of your being in jail.

*
*
*

CHARLES

(sincerely)

Very good.

GEORGE

I went over different scenarios to get varying perspectives. If I had children I wouldn't consider going to jail.

CHARLES

But you don't.

GEORGE

Right. Or, if I had someone crucial to the life I want for myself; it would be perverse - some denunciation of the experience of life itself, if I gave that up.

Charles prepares to take some very rough medicine.

CHARLES

Well, that's an extreme point of view..Do you have such a person?

GEORGE

I.....don't know.
I am going downstairs and somehow find out. There's a party. She's there. There's another guy.

CHARLES

You mean she may be unavailable?

Just the words kills him. Robs him briefly of his exuberance.

GEORGE

(mumbling)

I can't think that way right now then don't.

CHARLES

What?

George tries to think of his thought..and does.

GEORGE

I can't think that way right now.
'Cause I'm going down there and take my shot..If I don't have a chance with her I'll go to jail for you, Dad..But if I have any chance at all, I can't..

(takes an excited breath)

Wish me luck.

*
*

And so he exits.

CHARLES

(wanly)

Good luck.

INT. MANNY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

As Manny arranges a small Tiffany's paper bag on the floor near the valet chair. Lisa enters from the toilet. Manny indicates she should sit in the chair again. He picks up the small bag and waves it...then suddenly realizes the impression he is giving; which might have screwed up everything which would make him a moron. He quickly blurts out a key fact to avoid crushing Lisa with disappointment.

MANNY
 It's not a ring.
 (on her reaction)
 Well, you don't have to look so
 relieved.

She smooches him on the head, patching his ego leak. Now she sits.

MANNY
 Okay. Maybe I don't get on a knee
 for this but...

He bows more like a curtsy. It is sweet. She is touched. *
 Manny takes a breath; scaling a great mountain with great
 uncertainty as to the purpose. He takes out a box and hands
 it to her..She starts to unwrap it carefully.

MANNY
 Come on, not so slow.

He actually starts to rip at it..She joins him in a shared *
 light moment and looks inside.

LISA
 Whoa, whoa, whoa..It's gorgeous.
 But...it's gorgeous.

MANNY
 But what?

LISA
 Just thinking about when I would
 wear it.

MANNY
 I'll take you places.

She now removes an eleven thousand dollar watch circled in
 diamonds.

MANNY
 Do you not get the meaning?

LISA
 (no idea whatsoever)
 Um..that time is..what? That it's
 our time to have a new kind of time
 that..

MANNY
(gravely)
It means that we're engaged to be engaged.

Lisa looks on the back of the watch.

MANNY
It doesn't say it. You just know it..my father gave my mother a watch and four years later they were engaged. *

LISA
Okay.

MANNY
Don't say, "okay." Ask anyone. *

LISA
It's beautiful. Thank you. *

Manny looks disappointed. *

LISA
Well, I don't know what to say. *

MANNY
(coaching)
You're blown away?

LISA
I'm blown away.

Manny grins..suddenly George sticks his head in the door. He sees them.

GEORGE
Oh, sorry.

LISA
Hey. You showed?

GEORGE
Yes. I'll be right out here.

MANNY
Good to see you.

GEORGE
Thanks.

He ducks out.

MANNY

We better get going. Our first party as a couple.

LISA

What were we those other times?

He hugs her.

INT. MANNY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All the ball players crowded in as a man with a jump suit and a JET HELICOPTER LOGO on his back carries in two large crates of live lobster to the kitchen. He is moving with considerable speed..some of the ballplayers applaud.

ON GEORGE

As he pauses on the outskirts of the gathering..from his pocket he takes a small jar shaped gift wrapped box.

GEORGE'S POV

As Lisa enters the room and starts to head over, then shrugs helplessly, as Manny intercepts her to show off her new watch.. There are SEVERAL REACTION SHOTS from the players and their women to the watch. George moves to the terrace where a buffet line has already formed for the LOBSTER..

ON LISA

Her arm extended showing her watch while her head cranes looking for George.

LISA

Let me go find George, he doesn't know anybody.

MANNY

(uncomfortable then)
I'll come with you.

As they start for the terrace, Manny is waylaid by Tori (the Japanese pitcher.) He is with the girl whose bodice caught his note. She clearly loves the guy.

ON LISA

As George comes up behind her and forcefully moves her out to the terrace....

GEORGE
I have to talk with you.

*
*

LISA
Sure. How you doing?

*

GEORGE
Pretty good.. heightened awareness,
anxious, excited.. I got you a
gift.

*
*

He hands her the package. She sits at a small metal outdoor table. She opens it elaborately and slowly. He waits patiently. Somehow she becomes aware of a strange rush of appreciation for this small fact - that briefly though enormously touches her. She stops unwrapping to look at him and unconsciously say a mouthful.

*

LISA
Thanks for not rushing me.

George reacts to the screaming subtext as, finally, she sees the gift. And whatever petals of hers were just opening slam shut. She is puzzled. His stock has clearly fallen.

*
*

LISA
Man, you are odd.

We now see the gift. It is the can of Play-Doh George took from his office. We will also have seen it in the background of a few shots in his apartment.

GEORGE
Odd good or odd bad?

*

LISA
Well, I'm a fan of regular.

*
*

GEORGE
That's only half the gift. It's
nothing without the story. The
story makes it regular.

*
*
*
*

She is skeptical - he starts selling hard.

GEORGE
(continued)
This stuff was invented by a man in
central Ohio as a white goo used to
remove soot from wallpaper, which
got really filthy from old
fashioned heating.

*

*

SHOT

Perhaps the world's first look of a woman's wrist circled by a diamond watch while her hand holds a can of Play-Doh.

GEORGE

(continued)

So as gas and electric heating came in there was no more need for this cleaning goo. The guy was going under, everything he based his life on was coming to an end. Then his sister-in-law who was a nursery school teacher...

*
*

LISA

(interrupting)

This is a true story?

GEORGE

(triumphantly)

The man's name was Joe McVicker, his sister-in-law was Kay Zoofall.

LISA

Okay, I believe you.

GEORGE

Kay Zoofall discovered that her little kids liked squeezing the goo a lot more than hard modeling clay. She suggested to her brother-in-law Joe that they color the stuff and call it Play-Doh.

*
*
*
*
*

Lisa (her life spent on a foundation of motivational thoughts, sentences and stories) is jazzed by the tale.

*

LISA

Hey..nice.

*

GEORGE

So I just kept this around..for proof that we're just one small adjustment away from making our lives work. You can see why I thought of this for you.

*

*
*
*

LISA

Yes.

*
*

GEORGE

Take back what you said about me
being odd.

*
*

LISA

Fair enough.

(she brandishes the gift)

Thanks. I'm going to put it away
before anyone asks me what I'm
doing with it. I could never tell
that story as well as you do.

*

She exits. George watches her go. So does Manny who now
approaches George.

*

MANNY

Hey, you try the lobster?

GEORGE

Not yet.

MANNY

You should.

(looking at his watch)

One hour and fifty-one minutes ago
it was swimming in the ocean.

GEORGE

Way to go.

MANNY

(a beat then)

You messing with me?

*

GEORGE

(realizing)

Yeah. Unintended and unwarranted
but, yeah.... Sorry.

MANNY

Did Lisa show you the watch?

*

Before George can answer...the bullpen guys approach..Doug
(the man of few words), Ryan (who caused Manny to realize
that he was in love) and Tori who we have just seen with his
gal.

RYAN

We got a big announcement.

Manny ad libs intros to "Lisa's friend, George."

MANNY
So what's the announcement?

TORI
I'm in love and I will get married.

DOUG
Serendipity.

MANNY
(to George)
He met his girl when we were all in
the bullpen discussing how you know
when you're in love.

GEORGE
(sincerely)
Great question?

Lisa approaches. Manny, a little pugnaciously, seeks to put
George on the spot.

MANNY
Got an answer? We got an answer.

GEORGE
Let's see.

He concentrates. It is a weirdly long beat.

RYAN
You can get back to us.

The players laugh. But George has a bead on the answer.

GEORGE
You're in this space that hasn't
existed before and the only two
things you know is that you are in
this space, and..
(he sees Lisa)
As "odd" as that is, the only other
thing you are just as sure of is
that she's in there with you.

MANNY
Yeah, that's it.

Doug notes Lisa's reaction to George.

DOUG
(to Manny)
Curtains.

He walks to Lisa. She is staggered but hanging onto propriety. She tries to treat it lightly.

LISA
What's with you tonight?

GEORGE
I need to talk to you. Really. And that means I have to get you out of this party. And if that feels out of the question to you; there's probably nothing to talk about.

MANNY
Show him the watch.

GEORGE
I'm going to wait at the bus stop for the next ---SEVEN DAYS..No. I'll hang out there a while.

He leaves.

ON LISA

She goes through the five stages of compliance..what are they again? Amusement, confusion, awkwardness, resistance, decision. With decision she tugs at Manny's sleeve to indicate she needs a moment of privacy with him. They walk to another area..Manny with the airs of confidence...once they find their spot. Before she can speak.

MANNY
Don't dump me.

LISA
Manny, I think you're moving a little too quickly.

MANNY
First time I've been accused of that.

LISA
You can't make important decisions when your head is mush. And tonight is extremely confusing to me.. George never...Maybe I'll just go hang out with him. I don't know what to do at these parties anyway..And this isn't really for my birthday...none of my friends are here.

MANNY

That was my mistake..should have
thought of that. Too little, too
late and stupid. I can learn from
this.

LISA

You're fine, you're sweet, you're
fun..

MANNY

All the hot words.

LISA

This is positive. We're not ducking
anything..Everything's out in the
open.

MANNY

You know what. Go ahead. Hang out.
But I want you to take in that I'm
the kind of guy who has the
confidence to say that. That's key
to any decision you make.

LISA

Got it.

She puts the diamond watch on the valet chair tray..She looks
at him...this parting not easy for either one..Manny is
trying to duck the unique pang which is enveloping him. With
utter lack of conviction:

MANNY

I'm confident.

She is touched. She hugs him and exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

As Lisa exits the elevator and her steps quicken a bit. She
sees the doorman...

ANGLE ON DOORMAN AND HIS POV

As he looks down the street where George looks disconsolate..
The doorman blows his whistle. George looks up. He sees the
doorman point and then Lisa is on the street; the doorman
directing her toward George, who has lit up..Lisa moves
toward him more somber..

LISA'S POV

George waiting. George lighting up..Lisa more somber.

GEORGE
What should we do? Are you hungry?

LISA
Of course.

GEORGE
I have Annie's stuff.

Lisa nods..she is having a hard time taking in the beaming
George..The bus arrives...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Lisa and George sitting together..George continues to look at
her but fails to make eye contact..Lisa steels peeks at
him... not overjoyed by his seeming deliverance.

GEORGE
You know what's amazing.....do
you?

LISA
No.

GEORGE
All the worst things happened to me
and if they hadn't we wouldn't be
here now. So..really something...
Is something wrong?

Lisa reacts by burying her head in her hands and rubbing her
hands through her hair.

LISA
Well, yes..

She buries her face in her hands..

GEORGE
Do you have a problem with me?

LISA
Yes.

GEORGE
I'd sure like to know what it is.

She looks at him directly for the first time.

LISA
You're in love with me and I'm on a
second date.

GEORGE
(agreeing)
That sums it up.

END CREDITS BEGIN:

EXT. GEORGE'S APT - NIGHT

As we look in from the street.

The windows open..Lisa at the refrigerator taking out some food. George leans over to help her. Lisa exits to the next room.

We see Lisa enter the living room and place plates on the table by the window; as George puts their dinner in the microwave in the adjoining kitchen window.

Lisa stands still and tall and thinks..she is, at this moment, the poster girl for "private moments." Her thought is as nervous making as it is insistent. She decides, after a long layoff from same, to trust her instincts. She exits frame.

George turns as she enters the kitchen. She kisses him.

FADE OUT:

*

*