

CONTINUED:

After a few seconds his eyes are drawn to this object again. He stares intently at it.

He ponders briefly, then grabs the phone and begins to dial.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S KITCHEN-NIGHT.

The phone on the counter RINGS. Mary Jane comes into the kitchen, and looks at the phone. She checks the caller id, then picks it up.

The phone continues to RING. She takes a deep breath.

MARY JANE

Hello.

No answer.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Is this Harry?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE-NIGHT.

Harry nervously answers.

HARRY

Hey... Yeah, I... I think I left my jacket over there. Did you see it?

MARY JANE

Oh. Do you want it back?

Harry takes a second.

HARRY

I miss you.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S KITCHEN-NIGHT.

She also gives a long pause.

MARY JANE

Do you miss me, because you miss me or because you're bored with your wife?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE-NIGHT.

Harry plays with a pen on his desk.

HARRY

Meeting you, waking up in your bed, it
felt like I had won some bizarre lottery.

Harry puts the pen down and chuckles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I... I meant that as a compliment.

MARY JANE

What if I said it was too late for
compliments?

Harry frowns.

HARRY

Yeah. No. I understand. It was arrogant
for me to assume you'd... I'm sorry. Bye.

He hangs up and exhales, loudly.

Harry turns off his computer and puts away his work. He then
looks again at the object that prompted him to call Mary
Jane.

In front of his desk, on the coffee table sits the old manual
typewriter, that she gave him. He stares at it for a long
period.

Harry then stands up and leaves his office, turning the
lights out behind him. The door shuts.

INT. GARAGE-NIGHT.

As Harry walks to his car, he looks at the spot where he
first met Mary Jane.

He then gets into his car.

INT. GARAGE-HARRY'S CAR-NIGHT.

He shakes his head at himself, in a mixture of embarrassment
and regret.

Harry snaps out of this moment of self pity. He takes out his
car keys and starts to fumble with them in the ignition.
Nerves cause his hand to twitch. He drops the keys. Harry
groans, with frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He then reaches down to dig for them.

His cell phone RINGS. He continues to dig for the keys. After Harry finds the keys, he answers the phone.

HARRY
Yeah? Hello?

MARY JANE
It was just a question.

Harry smiles a bit.

HARRY
I should come over.

MARY JANE
What about doing the right thing?

HARRY
Just for a few hours? It's been twenty
nine days.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S KITCHEN-NIGHT.

She frowns slightly.

MARY JANE
It's been twenty eight.

HARRY
We could go back to that club.

She takes a long and hard pause.

MARY JANE
I was kind of mad at you. But, then I
admired your decision. You're right. Your
wife doesn't deserve this. I want to see
you but, I can't until you move out.

Harry is quiet.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
Are you there?

HARRY
(small voice)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY JANE

Think it over. But, don't take too long.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S CAR-NIGHT.

Harry, still holding the phone up to his ear slowly places it down.

EXT. HARRY AND JANET'S YARD-NOON.

Janet walks towards the garage. She has a trash bag in her hands.

JANET

"I am alllll over that." What does that even mean? That means: **I AM ALL OVER THAT!**

INT. GARAGE-HARRY'S TRUCK-NOON.

Janet sits inside the truck. She looks around. The truck is a mess.

She snickers as she opens the glove compartment. Junk mail and bills tumble out of it. She starts to put some of these things in the trash bag.

All the way in the back of the glove compartment there is a shopping bag. She grabs it.

The label on the bag is in both Chinese and English.

It's clear the bag is from a jewelry store. She smiles and looks around, as if she's worried she might get caught.

She then digs through the many layers of tissue paper. She finds a box. She giggles a bit then opens it.

There is nothing inside. Her smile transforms into a frown.

She then angrily slams the glove compartment shut.

INT. BAR-POOL HALL-NOON LATER THAT DAY.

Harry and Joe play pool. Joe points to Harry.

JOE

I knew you'd break. I knew.

(CONTINUED)