

AUTOGRAPHED COPY

by

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CLOSE UP OF AN EMPTY TABLE.

A hard cover book is placed on the table with the cover open. A pair of strong manicured MALE HANDS sporting a pinky ring on the left hand and holding a black marker in the right enter the shot to sign the book for the first credit. After the signature, the male hands close the book and the book is pulled away by a FEMALE PAIR OF HANDS. This is repeated - each individual first set of credits is scripted on a blank version of the same book.

For the remaining credits, a series of streaming overlapping shots of glowing front cover headlines & interview articles from People, USA Today, Newsweek, featuring RICHARD HARRISON, the TV star. Richard is approximately six foot, Irish looking, very handsome, nice physique, with a warm and inviting nature and adored by the masses. Featured is a segment of Richard being interviewed by MATT LAUER on Richard's successful TV acting career as the character 'TONY SPITTS' from the hit TV drama "M.O.B. - Misconduct of Bosses".

EXT - NORTHERN NEW JERSEY - DAY - WINTER - MORNING

JANIE THOMPSON, a woman in her mid-thirties, light brown hair, slender build, pretty but average and professionally dressed rushes out of a small SUV. She slams the car door and is yanked back by her scarf that got stuck in the door. As Janie hurries to the back of the car, she drops her keys. Janie opens the hatch, pulls out bags and bags of what appears to be Christmas gifts and clumsily struggles to balance them as she makes her way to the entrance of the building.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING INC. ENTRANCE - DAY - MORNING

Janie uses her butt to push through the entrance doors and hurries to the elevator.

TOM:

Morning Janie! You need some help?

JANIE:

Nah, I got it, Tom. Thanks though!

TOM:

What the hell is all that?

JANIE:

We're having our department Christmas party today. Oh excuse me, *holiday* party.

TOM:

Geez! Did you buy gifts for the whole damn company?

JANIE:

Sure seems like it, don't it?

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - 2ND FLOOR - DAY - MORNING

The elevator doors open and out pours Janie. A colleague, KAREN, rushes to Janie's aid.

KAREN:
Good God woman, what did you do??

JANIE:
Oh trust me, Karen, they're just little trinkets. Nothing major.

KAREN:
Little trinkets? Are ya kidding? Well hopefully you got Suzanne a pocket rocket cause she is anything but her usual festive self this morning.

JANIE:
Actually, I got all the girls Viagra induced candles each with an extra thick wick.

KAREN:
Knowing you, I wouldn't doubt it!

JANIE:
Can you do me a favor and spread the word that we'll get together after lunch to open gifts?

KAREN:
You got it.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

Janie's typing on her computer. Her office phone rings.

JANIE:
Thank you for calling Peyton Printing. This is Janie Thompson, how may I help you?

MIA:
If you were any sweeter, I'd be a friggin diabetic right now.

JANIE:
Hey Mia. And shut up, I guide people in the art of how to give good phone. What's going on with you?

INT - WESTVALE HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - SAME TIME

Standing at a nurses station on a desk phone is MIA - a thirty something attractive woman with brown hair dressed in scrubs.

MIA:

Ah ya know, blood, tears, the occasional lollipop. Wanted to see if you wanna to grab a drink later.

JANIE:

Sure! What time?

MIA:

I get outta here at six but I have to make sure my darling husband, Jack is fed so, how does seven thirty sound?

JANIE:

Sounds good! Oh wait, I was gonna watch the season premier of MOB that I recorded from last night. I had to go to dinner with a customer from Dallas and I missed it.

MIA:

God FORBID you miss MOB.

JANIE:

Tell me about it.

MIA:

You're pathetic.

JANIE:

I am not! All right maybe I am. I'll tell you what, can we make it eight? Please oh please oh please?

MIA:

For my B-F-F, sure. I'll do a couple shots and cougar it up with the young boys while I wait.

JANIE:

You are the bestest.

MIA:

Oh wait, would help if we knew where we were going wouldn't it? O'Malley's?

JANIE:

(bad Irish accent)

Oh ay love, O'Malley's it is.

MIA:

I really have to call that intervention dude about you.

SUZANNE, a miserable looking woman, enters Janie's cubicle.

JANIE:
(into the phone)
Hang on a second.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Was is it Suzanne?

SUZANNE:
(monotone/emotionless)
Karen told me to tell you it's time to pass
out the holiday gifts.

JANIE:
Okay great! I'll be there in just a minute.
(into the phone)
Jesus what a pill. All right, I gotta go
play Santa to the crew.

MIA:
Did you spend too much money again this year?
You know, the money you could have put away
or spent on yourself?

JANIE:
Of course I did and I'll probably be paying
it off till Easter.

MIA:
You're unbelievable. I'll see ya later.

JANIE:
See ya.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE FLOOR - DAY - AFTERNOON

A dozen or so girls in the office are gathering in an open area of the office floor near a pathetic excuse for a Christmas tree. Janie addresses the group.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Okay everyone, you may have noticed I've
asked all of you some pret-ty odd questions
about your favorite movies throughout the
year and I sincerely thank you for not having
me committed. But when you see your gift,
hopefully you'll understand.

Janie hands a Christmas bag to a MARTINA, a Hispanic woman.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Martina, you must have wondered why I asked you so many times this year to talk about your customer Enrique Montoya using that exotic accent of yours.

Martina pulls a t-shirt out of the bag, looks at it and tries to speak through her laughter.

MARTINA:

It says, "My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die".

The girls begins laughing. Suzanne has a stone face.

SUZANNE:

I don't get it.

JANIE:

Amy, here you go! Merry Christmas! Brianna, can you pass this to Mary?

AMY pulls the shirt out of her bag and starts laughing.

AMY:

Oh my God! That's hysterical!

BRIANNA:

What does yours say?

AMY:

Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit amphetamines. That's from my favorite movie!

Suzanne is opening hers while everyone watches her from the corner of their eye.

AMY: (CONT'D)

Suzanne, what does yours say?

Suzanne holds up the shirt to the girls and doesn't say anything.

SHIRT - 'Excuse me, I believe you have my stapler...'

The girls explode with laughter.

SUZANNE:

I don't get it.

JANIE:

Um Suzanne, you ordered a new stapler last month and you commented on how much you liked it. Joanna, here's yours...

SUZANNE:

I did?

The girls go up and thank Janie for the gifts.

KAREN:

That was great. The Office Space one for Suzanne is gonna keep everyone laughing for a long time.

JANIE:

I figured that was a gift for the whole group.

INT - JANIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Janie plops on the sofa in her average, modest and neat but lived in condo. She picks up the remote as her cat jumps up and sits on her lap.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Hiya Gilmour. How's my big boy doing? You have a good day? Okay it's time for mommy to watch your future daddy on TV.

Janie hits the TIVO button.

TV SCREEN - MOB TV SHOW OPENING CREDITS

"That's Amore" by Dean Martin plays. See shots of New York City streets, bridges and New York City landmarks. Then streaming footage of John Gotti, Joseph Massino, Sammy Gravano and Al Capone.

'Misconduct Of Bosses' 'Starring Richard Harrison as Tony Spitts'

A photo of Richard Harrison is beside his name credit.

Janie sighs.

BACK TO TV SCREEN

An unintentional mock-umentary show and two other cast members of MOB are portraying Italians that are SO un-Italian looking.

INT - MOB TV SHOW - FORD TAURUS - DAY

Tony Spitts (RH - driver's seat) and SAL PALADINO (played by ANGUS WRIGHT, a red-headed young man - passenger seat) are staring at a building doing surveillance. Sal is looking very nervous and paranoid while Tony is ultra calm scanning the area.

TONY (RH):

Vinnie the Stones should be coming out any minute now.

SAL (AW):

What's the plan? Should I talk to him?? What do I do??

TONY (RH):

Calm down. We talked about this a thousand times. If he's alone, then yeah, you approach. But use caution.

SAL (AW):

How will I know when I have a chance to talk to him?

TONY (RH):

(annoyed)

Because he'll be alone.

SAL (AW):

Now that I'm here, I don't know if I'm ready for this. He's the fifth biggest hit man in New York. Can't you come with me?

TONY (RH):

What am I? Your mother? You know I can't do that. Last year's bust put me on their hit list and now they're on to me. I probably won't be going undercover till the next generation of mobsters. Of course if I'm not dead by then. I spent years of my life making friends with the mafia and then turning them in. My job now is to get you guys inside.

BACK TO JANIE

Janie has an intense, concentrated expression with her mouth slightly open about to drool.

JANIE:

Oy.

INT - O'MALLEY'S PUB/RESTAURANT - FRONT ENTRANCE NIGHT

HOSTESS:

Hi Janie! Nice to see you. It's been a while.

JANIE:

Yeah, I know. Who knew not having a life was so time consuming.

HOSTESS:

Mia's already here. She's at the corner table in the back.

JANIE:

Thanks love.

INT - O'MALLEY'S PUB - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Janie enters, waves hello to the O'MALLEY'S BARTENDER and heads towards what appears to be their regular table.

MIA:

About damn time.

JANIE:

Sorry. I took a shower after watching MOB.

MIA:

How was it?

JANIE:

The shower or MOB?

MIA:

Both I guess.

JANIE:

The show was so great that I needed a shower. Spent a little too much time in the shower, which is why I'm late.

MIA:

T-M-I. I've only seen MOB a couple of times. Which guy do you like?

JANIE:

(enthusiastic)

The star of show, Richard Harrison. He's the gorgeous blue-eyed stud of the show. In interviews that I've seen, he seems like such a nice guy. There's just something about him.

MIA:

How old is he?

JANIE:

Thirty-nine. Born on July twenty-first, a Cancer, in Staten Island.

MIA:

My God woman you are obsessed!! That's it. I'm getting you blasted tonight. You need to get nailed by a hot young buck.

JANIE:

Oh please. Been there, done that.

MIA:

What, you giving up on men completely?

JANIE:

No I'm not saying that. I still have hope but I'm fine being alone right now and I'm perfectly content with my one night a week fantasy man.

MIA:

Because he's flawless.

JANIE:

Yes he's flawless and you know what? He gets me to sleep at night. With a little electronic assistance of course. Speaking of which, I think we need to make a special trip this weekend. What do you say?

MIA:

Special trip? Where?

JANIE:

It's time I treat myself to something with a little more umpf. I'm talking about a trip to The Slap and Tickle.

MIA:

Oh God no.

JANIE:

Please????

MIA:

No. Nope. Not going.

JANIE:

Oh c'mon. I'll be good I promise.

MIA:

Yeah right.

Janie puts on a puppy dog face.

MIA: (CONT'D)

Okay I'll go. BUT I need specific promises.

JANIE:

Fire away.

MIA:

Promise me you won't hold my hand and pretend we're a couple and pick up all the gadgets you think *I'd* enjoy.

JANIE:

Yeah but...

Janie gets an evil look from Mia.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

Janie raises her hand as if to take an oath.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

I promise not to hold your hand.

MIA:

AND, promise me you won't yell out the new releases of porn to me from across the store.

JANIE:

You have to admit that was funny.

MIA:

Yeah, real funny. The whole store on a busy Saturday seemed real amused that I've been waiting for 'Olivia's Eleven - Are They All In Or Out?' to come in.

JANIE:

It was quite a good film actually.

INT - JANIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Janie enters and puts her keys on the end table near the front door. She picks up the TV remote to watch MOB again.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

This will finish my night off nicely.

As the show begins, ZOOM into the TV. Janie walks passed the TV and goes into another room.

EXT - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - BROOKLYN SIDE - MOB TV SHOW

Tony Spitts (RH) is standing on a grassy area with one foot on a large rock in a very dramatic pose gazing at the Brooklyn Bridge.

TONY (RH): (V.O.)

(over the top dramatic)

I never dreamed I'd have the most dangerous job in the greatest city in the world. This is the path I have chosen and I remind myself every minute of every day of all the good I'm doing for every man, woman and child that walk the streets of New York.

Tony (RH) turns and faces the camera.

TONY (RH):

Time to go to work.

He rushes off.

INT - JANIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Janie now in sweat pants is on the sofa with a cup of tea.

JANIE:

I do believe the man is...perfect.

Janie types on her iPad.

Google Search - Janie types 'Richard Harrison'

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Oooooo, here's a new one. Everything Richard Harrison dot com. Okay Gilmour, listen to this. Birth name, Richard Taylor Harrison. Taylor? Spouse Patricia McCarthy - married one year. Wonder what happened there. Born July 21st to Jack and Grace Harrison. Attended Syracuse University on a football scholarship but left school after suffering a shoulder injury. It was at Syracuse that he found acting. Interesting. Avid New York Ranger hockey fan and attends games every chance he gets. That's my boy. Let's see, what else. Plays guitar and fronted a band called The Gun Slingers while attending Jewel Cove High School. Formed the production company Heathcliff Productions with long time friend Nick Jarvis. Heathcliff? Hmm, wonder where he came up with that name. Known to never discuss his political views with the media. Smart man. Owns two Harley Davidson motorcycles. I

think I can whip out my Harley Mama wife
beater for that. Now for notable quotes!

IPAD SCREEN

JANIE: (CONT'D)

"Things happen exactly the way they were meant to. No point regretting
it because you can't change it." (when asked why he turned down the lead
role in the box office hit "Slander").

"Not much to say except I'm just hanging on to the hope of having that
"WOW" moment when I meet that special someone." (when asked about his
long stint of being single).

INT - JANIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JANIE: (CONT'D)

(desperately)

Huh...

TV SCREEN - EXT - MOB TV SHOW - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Tony(RH) strokes the cheek of a beautiful, young ITALIAN BEAUTY.

TONY SPITTS (RH):

I'm sorry sweetheart. You know we can't
continue because of the position I'm in.
You're in too much danger as it is and I can't
have that.

The Italian beauty has tears in her eyes and speaks with a harsh, almost
comical and incoherent New York accent.

PRETTY WOMAN:

But Tony, I need you!

TONY SPITTS (RH):

I know honey but we can't go on. I'll look
after you through the shadows. Now I must
go.

Tony kisses her cheek and slowly walks away from her.

INT - JANIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

JANIE:

Love that man.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE DAY - MORNING

Janie enters her cubicle, sits at her desk and pulls up her email. She
sees an email from fanmail@richardharrison.com.

JANIE:

Oh good morning. And what have the whack job fans of the world have to say about mister wonderful today? Listen to me, calling *them* whack jobs.

COMPUTER SCREEN

HE'S COMING HOME TO NEW YORK CITY IN JANUARY!!!

RICHARD HARRISON, STAR OF 'MOB' IS GOING ON A BOOK SIGNING TOUR PROMOTING HIS NEW BOOK - UNDERCOVER HERE I GOÖÖTHE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCE.'

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Oh - my - God.

Janie dials the phone.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Mia? Hey it's me. I know you won't give a rats ass but please just act like you give a shit for a second.

MIA:

What the *hell* are you talking about?

JANIE:

I just got an email from the wing nuts of Richard Harrison's fan club with great news.

MIA:

Who's Richard Harrison?

JANIE:

Who's Richard Harrison??? My fantasy man!

MIA:

Oh, sorry. What news?

JANIE:

Check this out. He wrote a book. And he's coming to New York to promote it.

MIA:

Okay. Doesn't he live and work in New York?

JANIE:

No they film in L.A. but at least now I can go see him and I can finally meet him!!!

MIA:

And when is this magical moment going to happen?

JANIE:

The first signing is at the end of January.
Wanna come with and watch me make a complete
jackass of myself?

MIA:

Sure I'm game! Then years from now after the
two of you are married, I can do the best
friend segment of your Lifetime Portrait.

JANIE:

Nah, too many skeletons. You'd slip.

MIA:

Good point.

INT - UPSCALE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Janie looking elegant in a red halter dress and it looks as though nothing
but love and lust exist in her world. She sees Richard walking cautiously
towards the bar entrance in the lobby appearing very nervous. Janie
watches him seductively. She slowly stands up and begins to follow him
into the bar.

RICHARD: (V.O.)

How will I recognize you?

JANIE: (V.O.)

(sultry)

Oh Richard, you'll know when you've found me.

INT - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Richard is sitting alone at the bar, Janie approaches him from behind,
puts her hand on his shoulder and softly whispers into his ear.

JANIE:

Waiting long?

INT - HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Janie and Richard slam against the hotel room door, kissing hot and heavy.

RICHARD:

I don't know if we should do this yet.

JANIE:

Why? Afraid you won't respect yourself in the
morning?

RICHARD:

I never envisioned the first night with the
love of my life to be, well, this hot.

JANIE:
It's true, love and passion don't always go
hand in hand. It's usually a trade
off...love of your life??

Richard and Janie pause and look deep into each other's eyes.

RICHARD:
This night is going to be...an event.

Richard and Janie begin kissing hard again.

INT - SUPERMARKET - DAY

STORE CLERK:
Ma'am?
(beat)
Ma'am??

JANIE:
(startled)
Huh?

STORE CLERK:
Ma'am. You can go to lane seven.

JANIE:
Oh. Thanks.

INT - JANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Janie is in bed reading Richard's book, "The Hollywood Experience"

SERIES OF CUT AWAYS:

1.
Janie intensely reading.

2.
Janie with book in one hand while looking at
and petting the cat with the other hand.

3.
Janie still holding the book but clicking the
TV remote.

4.
Janie reading but struggles not to doze off.

5.
Finally, Janie sound asleep with her mouth
open with the book resting on her chest.

INT - JANIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - MORNING

Janie is sleeping and the book is on other side of the bed. She wakes up and notices the book. She's suddenly wide eyed, picks up the book and frantically flips through the pages.

JANIE:
Holy shit! I only read three goddamn chapters??!!

INT - JANIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the coffee table sits a box of NO DOZE and Janie is on the sofa reading 'The Hollywood Experience'. She slams the book shut.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
UGH!! Finally! Man, he better be worth it cause that sucked!

INT - JANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A pile of clothes have been tossed on her bed. Janie is standing in front of her closet.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
He bought his mother a car. Could he be a mama's boy?

Phones rings.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Janie Thompson.

MIA:
Hey chickie. Getting ready for the big day?

JANIE:
I'd be ready if I only knew what the hell to wear.

MIA:
Just pick something and you'll look great.

JANIE:
Eh, I'll find something.

MIA:
Speaking of the magical night, my sister needs me to take my niece tomorrow night. So....I won't be able to go with you to meet mister wonderful.

JANIE:

Oh Mia, that's okay.

MIA:

You sure? I'm so sorry.

JANIE:

Yeah, no worries! Going alone could be a good thing. I can act as the sultry woman of mystery.

MIA:

Ha! Promise you'll call me if you two run off to Vegas for a quickie wedding.

JANIE:

Yeah right. I look like every other fan of his so he probably won't even notice me. But I can dream.

MIA:

That's right. Dream but stay grounded. And when in doubt, get drunk.

JANIE:

Sounds like a plan. This is probably a stupid question but, how should I introduce myself?

MIA:

How about, hi, I'm Janie, can I use your schlong as a bed pillow?

JANIE:

Nice. I was thinking more like, I'm Janie, thirty-six C, a Virgo and you're waif of a super model girlfriend can't do that thing you like the way I could.

MIA:

He's got a super model girlfriend?

JANIE:

Don't know. Just assuming. Okay, I gotta figure out this attire thing and get some sleep. I'll call ya tomorrow.

MIA:

Good luck!! And remember, have fun.

JANIE:

I will. Thanks babe.

Janie hangs up the phone, takes a deep breath and looks angrily back at her closet. Her eyes suddenly widen.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

OOOOH!!

Janie reaches deep into her closet and pulls out a classy but not too sexy black dress and holds it up to her body

JANIE: (CONT'D)

(to Gilmour)

What'd you think?

Gilmour begins licking his crotch.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

That's what I figured. It'll work.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Janie exits a parking garage and smiles with great excitement and begins to walk towards the book store. Janie rounds the corner and there's a line of people, all women, leading from the bookstore all the way down the block.

JANIE:

Oh my God.

Janie walks up to the back of the line. There are two young teenage IDENTICAL TWINS (GIRL 1 and GIRL 2) putting make-up on each other in the freezing cold.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Girls? Excuse me. Is this the line for the book signing?

GIRL 1:

(annoyed)

Yeah.

(to girl 2)

But he sure is worth it!

JANIE:

Okay then.

GIRL 2:

(to girl 1)

Oh my God! He's SO HOT!!

GIRL 1:

Think we'll get to talk to him?

GIRL 2:

Of course we will!

ONE HOUR LATER

Janie's shivering as the line approaches the entrance to the book store. Janie's eyes are rolling into the back of her head having to listen to the quick paced never ending conversation of the twins.

GIRL 1: (O.S.)

Do you think his eyes are as blue as they are on TV?

GIRL 2: (O.S.)

Oh my God! They better be. I hope I get to touch his hair.

GIRL 1: (O.S.)

I bet it's soft.

GIRL 2: (O.S.)

Of course it is!

GIRL 1: (O.S.)

What about his muscles?

GIRL 2: (O.S.)

I'm gonna touch his tattoo!!

GIRL 1:

Oh my God! You better not touch it without me!

Janie leans in to the conversation.

JANIE:

I have a secret for you girls. He's got another tattoo that no one gets to see.

GIRL 2:

He does???

GIRL 1:

Where?

JANIE:

On his left leg. And let me tell you, it's hot. It's of a pretty young girl and it actually looks a little like you! But you may have to lift up his pants to get a glimpse.

GIRL 1:

(to Girl 2)

I'm gonna be the first to see it!

GIRL 2: (O.S.)

(to Girl 1)

No way. I'm gonna see it first!

GIRL 1: (O.S.)

No I am!

Janie's satisfied.

INT - CITY BOOKS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The line begins to move and Janie's now inside. She looks into the store and there is a sea of women. It's loud and noisy.

JANIE:

Holy shit.

She notices a sign that states: "TO HAVE A BOOK SIGNED, YOU MUST PURCHASE THE BOOK HERE."

Now with paid book in hand, Janie's on her tiptoes trying to see the platform that Richard is on but is still unable to see him. She watches all of the women around her who are dressed up as if they are attending the Oscars and other women are leaving with huge grins on their faces.

Finally, a path appears leading from Janie's line of sight directly to Richard Harrison who appears to have a white glow around him. The noisy sounds of the store disappear. Janie displays a hurtful expression as she sees Richard sitting at a table signing books. He looks up at the crowd and smiles. Her heart is melting. Time elapses and she's now fourth in line.

INT - CITY BOOKS SIGNING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard leans back to whisper to DEAN, his assistant. Dean is an attractive, physically fit black man with a pleasant, warm and inviting nature.

RICHARD:

Dean, how long are we here till?

DEAN:

Another hour or so. Why? It's not like you got a date or anything.

RICHARD:

(to a FEMALE SIGNEE)

What is your name sweetheart?

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

(to Dean)

Maybe I do.

DEAN:

Yeah right. But you *can* have a date if you wanted one.

RICHARD:
Oh yeah? With who?

DEAN:
Seriously? You can cut the estrogen in this
room with a Ginzu.

Richard scans the entire room of women blindly seeing Janie.

RICHARD:
Chances of finding any normalcy in a fan are
slim my friend.

DEAN:
Oh geez.

The twins arrive and jump up on the platform. Girl 1 places the book on the table but is completely star struck. Girl 2 casually kneels down and begins to lift Richard's pant leg. Richard feels something and tries to look down under the table but his leg is being held.

RICHARD:
What the?

SECURITY GUARD:
Excuse me Miss. Please let go of Mr.
Harrison's leg!

GIRL 2:
But I need to see his tattoo!!

RICHARD:
(trying to break free)
Tattoo? What is she talking about?

SECURITY GUARD:
Girls, I have to ask you to leave now.

The security guard lifts girl 2 from under the table and walks them to the exit.

GIRL 2:
We love you Richard!!

RICHARD:
Bye girls!

WOMAN BEHIND JANIE:
If you ask me, she didn't go high enough.

Janie takes a deep breath, stands up straight and gracefully places the book on the table. Richard is looking at Janie but is really looking passed her.

RICHARD:
Hi love, what's your name?

JANIE:
Hello! My name is Janie Thompson.

Richard looks back down at the book. Janie's eyes wander to his neck and down towards the top of his chest.

RICHARD:
Nice to meet you Janie. You a fan of MOB?

JANIE:
(stunned)
Oh yes definitely. Never miss it.

RICHARD:
Thanks for coming. I really appreciate it!

JANIE:
UhÖpleasure was mine.

Janie's feet won't move.

SECURITY GUARD:
Ma'am, this way.

Richard instantly greets the next signee.

RICHARD:
Hi, how are ya? What's your name?

INT - JANIE'S CAR - PARKING GARAGE - NYC - NIGHT

Janie's head is resting on the steering wheel.

JANIE:
(weepy)
I didn't have enough of a chance.

In the rear view mirror, you see Janie's eyes begin to well up. She clears her throat.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Really, Janie? How old are you? Get a grip.

INT - O'MALLEY'S PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT.

Janie and Mia are sitting at their corner table drinking coffee/tea.

MIA:
So??? Tell me, tell me, tell me. How'd it go??

JANIE:

Uhh. He didn't even look at me.

MIA:

Didn't he sign your book?

JANIE:

Yeah but the place was packed and *all* women. Even if I had a second to strike up a conversation, the security guard would've hauled my ass off in a millisecond.

MIA:

Did you introduce yourself?

JANIE:

I did...and sounded like I was at an A-A meeting.

MIA:

(sympathetically laughing)

Oh, I'm sorry it wasn't the perfect moment you expected. I know this is a clichè but there's always tomorrow. When's the next signing?

JANIE:

Tomorrow. I'm sure it'll be the same thing. It was just a stupid adolescent fantasy. You know what, I got to see the man and I'll just leave it at that.

MIA:

I think you should go tomorrow.

JANIE:

I don't know. I admit, I was completely delusional to think that this was going to play out the way I hoped it would. You must think I'm nuts.

MIA:

Yes but that's a moot point. Right now, I'm witnessing my oldest and dearest friend chase a, sort of dream and I'm envious. Wish I had an intense passion for something or someone for that matter that I can hunt down. Don't get me wrong, Jack is a wonderful husband but, you know what I mean.

JANIE:

Okay, I'll go. You are a true friend.

MIA:

That's what you pay me for. Now buy me an Irish coffee.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Janie's walking briskly and sees a line of people all the way down the block and down around a side street. She stops dead in her tracks.

JANIE:

OH GOD! It's worse than yesterday. Forget this.

Janie turns around and walks back towards her car but only takes a few steps and stops. She turns back goes to the end of line. Once at the end of the line, she overhears an ITALIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER standing in front of her chatting.

ITALIAN MOTHER:

Now remember, stand up straight and look him in the eyes.

ITALIAN DAUGHTER:

Ma, I know.

ITALIAN MOTHER:

And sweetie don't forget, this is your one chance to land him so *don't* screw it up.

ITALIAN DAUGHTER:

Ma, do you honestly think he's going to look at me and ask me to marry him today?

ITALIAN MOTHER:

I'm counting on it! A nice Italian man like that knows a good woman when he meets her.

ITALIAN DAUGHTER:

Yeah, too bad he's Irish. But who knows, maybe he'll just throw me down on the table and do me right there in front of all these people.

ITALIAN MOTHER:

Well missy, you won't bag that handsome man with an attitude like that.

ITALIAN DAUGHTER:

Bag him?? And you talk about my attitude??

The Italian mother digs into her purse.

ITALIAN MOTHER:

You need more blush.

Janie is in disbelief that she's stuck behind another couple of winners. Janie looks at her watch that reads 7:30. Fast forward to 8:30.

INT. - THE READING GLASSES BOOK STORE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Janie is on line at the top of the stairs that lead to the signing room. Down one step, another step...with each step down, she gets to see just a little bit of Richard to the left of the stairs. She crouches down to get the full glimpse but realizes she'd knock her head into the woman in front of her. Janie is wearing a skirt with a slit up the side to the knee. She takes her coat off and cautiously hikes her skirt up a couple of inches in hopes that Richard glances over and notices her legs.

INT - THE READING GLASSES BOOK STORE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

RICHARD:

Hi sweetheart, what's your name?

MEGAN, a sweet preteen is stunned and star struck.

MEGAN:

Megan.

RICHARD:

Hi Megan. Is there anything special you'd like me to write in your book?

MEGAN:

Megan.

RICHARD:

(signing the book)
Okay then. Well Megan, you have a great night okay?

MEGAN:

Okay Megan.

As the next fan approaches the table, Richard glances over towards the stairs and notices a nice pair of legs (Janie's).

RICHARD:

And what is your name young lady?

Janie is now on the last step and can see the signing table but a man is standing in her view of Richard.

JANIE:

Oh well.

Janie, now with a dozen people ahead of her, sees a woman walk down the aisle of signees with a Post-it pad stopping at each person. She approaches Janie.

POST-IT WOMAN:

And what is your name?

JANIE:

Janie.

The woman writes her name on a Post-it and places it in the fly cover of Janie's recently purchased book. Janie opens the book and sees 'Jean' written on the Post-it.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Oh no no no.

Janie pulls out a pen and crosses out 'Jean'. She thinks for a second and writes on the Post-it and displays a satisfied look.

Janie is now second in line and sees the Italian mother/daughter at the table talking to Richard. The Italian mother is doing all of the talking and pointing at her daughter as if she's a show dog. She notices the same man (Dean) from the last signing standing behind Richard. Janie is next in line.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Don't screw this up.

Janie walks up to the table, opens the book and places it in front of Richard. Richard reads the Post-it and smiles. Richard looks up at Janie.

RICHARD:

"Sweet dreams?"

JANIE:

I'm hoping.

Dean displays a pleasant surprised look.

(CONTINING)

So, any romantic ladies in store for you, or Tony?

RICHARD:

Good question. We'll just see about that when the new season starts. Thanks so much for coming (checks the Post-it) Janie. Have a great night, okay love?

JANIE:

You too.

Janie walks towards the empty stairs looking defeated. She walks up a step, stops and sadly looks over at Richard then continues upward. Unbeknownst to Janie, Dean has been watching her since she left the table.

The crowd is now gone...Richard and Dean are sitting in chairs at the front of the room facing the signing table.

RICHARD:

What a group tonight, huh?

DEAN:

I'm still amazed at how people think you're some kind of God.

RICHARD:

Funny. But there was a very nice pair of legs here before that I would've liked to have seen more of.

DEAN:

So, why didn't you?

RICHARD:

I was too afraid to see who they were really attached to.

DEAN:

Now what was wrong with the sweet dreams lady? She seemed, sweet.

RICHARD:

Who?

DEAN:

Oh Christ. How many women in the past two days have asked you to write "sweet dreams" in their book??

They stand up, walk towards the stairs and head up.

RICHARD:

Oh yeah. Dark hair, tall?

DEAN:

Not quite dumbass. Blondish, petite.

RICHARD:

I know who you're talking about. Give me a little credit will ya? I feel like I've seen her before.

INT - PARKING GARAGE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Janie puts on her bluetooth and dials the phone as the PARKING ATTENDANT gets out of her car.

JANIE:
(into the phone)
Hey it's me.
(to the attendant)
Thank you!

INT - JANIE'S SUV - NIGHT

Janie carefully pulls out of the parking garage.

JANIE:
It was another disaster. Yeah, I even tried to be clever and had him write something unique in my book. But that's it, I'm done.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Richard and Dean exit the book store and start to walk.

RICHARD:
Any idea what bar might be quiet this time of night?

DEAN:
Not sure if quiet is an option in this city but let's try Glen's Livet?

RICHARD:
There's a place called Glen's Livet?

DEAN:
What, not worthy enough your majesty? When did you become a snob?

Dean sees Janie pulling out of a parking garage.

RICHARD: (O.S.)
I am not a snob!

DEAN:
Hey. There she is.

Richard is fussing with his scarf.

RICHARD:
Who?

DEAN:
Miss sweet dreams!

Janie has already pulled away.

DEAN: (CONT'D)
(Val Kilmer/Doc Holiday
accent)
And so she walked out of our lives forever.

RICHARD:
Well isn't that fate hard at work don't you
think?

DEAN:
You know what man? You suck.

INT - JANIE'S CONDO - DAY - AFTERNOON

TV SCREEN - SCENE FROM 'NOTTING HILL'

ANNA: (J.R.)
The fame thing isn't really real, you know.
Don't forget -- I'm also just a girl.
Standing in front of a boy. Asking him to love
her.

Janie is lying on the sofa in her pajamas. Chinese food boxes are on the
coffee table. Gilmour sleeping by her feet.

JANIE:
That's Hollywood all right.

Doorbell rings.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Who the hell?

Janie opens the door. It's Mia holding a bag that says - Cheesecake.

MIA:
Thought you could use some comfort food.

JANIE:
Oh you're so sweet.

Mia enters and sees the Chinese food boxes.

MIA:
But I see you had the same idea.

JANIE:
Yeah, I decided to have myself a good old
fashioned pity party. But you know me, I'll
get this out of my system and move on to my
next inevitable let down.

Janie snatches the bag of cheesecake.

MIA:

Notting Hill huh? Gee, that's a good distraction.

JANIE:

I plan on watching Wuthering Heights next. Nothing like my all time favorite dark romantic tragedy that ends in death to lift my spirits.

MIA:

Oh hey, don't make any plans next Wednesday night.

JANIE:

Taking me to morons anonymous?

MIA:

Not quite. It is, however, a surprise. Don't even ask where we're going cause you won't get it out of me.

JANIE:

How should I dress? Academy awards formal or double wide racing finals casual?

MIA:

Somewhere in the middle. But I'd lean more towards double wide racing finals.

JANIE:

It's not a blind date is it?

MIA:

Get serious. Do you honestly think I'd do that to you?

JANIE:

Under normal circumstances no, but I might if I was watching my best friend's hopes go down in flames. And that best friend was partially responsible for lighting the match.

MIA:

The hopes are merely singed. Besides, if there was an opportunity for a blind date that was *really* hot, I'd keep him for myself.

JANIE:

What?? You would not dump your perfect husband for anyone, you know that.

MIA:

Perfect huh? When he sleeps, he grinds his teeth, snores like a bear and farts simultaneously. It's like jazz fest played by ferrets.

Mia snatches the fork from Janie's hand and cuts off some cheesecake.

MIA: (CONT'D)

So when's the next signing?

JANIE:

Monday. Ferrets?

MIA:

You gonna go?

JANIE:

Doubt it. I feel even stupider for being more upset than I did the last time. And why? Because I didn't get to spend time with a man on TV that I'm infatuated with? It's stupid.

MIA:

Why are you beating yourself up? Let me ask you, was it fun getting excited and going to see him?

JANIE:

Of course it was but the let downs have been a one hundred and fifty percent royal pain in the ass.

MIA:

I think you should go. I just think you should keep in mind that you may not have that grand moment with him. But if you *do* get to have that moment, it'll be even better than you imagined. Why? Because you didn't expect it.

JANIE:

Yeah. I suppose.

MIA:

Because remember, half the fun of having dreams is chasing them.

JANIE:

Do you want to settle on a figure now for the pep talks or negotiate later?

MIA:

Negotiate later. I hear George Clooney's coming to town next month and if my plan to ravage him goes sour, I'll need you to bail me out of jail.

INT - JANIE'S SUV - NIGHT

Janie's driving anxiously and singing along to "Magic Man" by Heart. She pulls the signing schedule from her purse and takes a quick glance.

JANIE:

What time does it start? ShitÖsix-thirty! Think this one will be a bust. But gonna say a prayer just in case. I know I'm not a religious person but, please God, if you can make the man of my dreams, Richard Harrison, see me tonight as more than just another fan, I promise that when I get to heaven, I'll let you beat me at darts at the Pearly Gates Bar and Grill. Amen.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Janie rounds the street corner and there's no one but passer bys on the block. She pulls out the schedule and studies it.

JANIE:

Browser's Book Shop. It's right.

Janie approaches the front of the book store and there's only a few people standing in the doorway and realizes she's at the end of the line.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Sweet!

STAN, a short man, approaches and is in line behind Janie. She notices Stan is almost jumping in his spot. She carefully turns and sees Stan trying to look over her shoulder.

STAN:

(flamboyant)

Oh I'm sorry sweetness. I'm just trying to get a glimpse of that fabulous hunk of man.

JANIE:

That's okay! And you're right, he is one hunk of man.

STAN:

I'm Stan.

JANIE:

Janie. It's a pleasure to meet you Stan.

STAN:

You too precious.

JANIE:

Why do you think there's almost no one here?

STAN:

Who cares! I have dreamed about our eyes locking and living lust ever after. He has GOT to be gay. I just know it.

JANIE:

Really? You think he's gay?

STAN:

Are you kidding?? It's written all over him!

JANIE:

I never really thought about it. But now that you mention it, he's said in the past that he's waiting for that special moment with that *special person*. He never did specify what gender.

STAN:

Bitch please. He's been single for too long and if he was hetero, he'd have a skank on each arm twenty four seven! And, he's the perfect height for me.

JANIE:

He's what, six, six one. I know I'm five five and you're well...

STAN:

Point?

JANIE:

Doesn't matter. But he was married...to a woman!

STAN:

Honey, so was my Aunt Bruce. I'm so excited, I'm ready to pick out monogrammed towels and satin sheets!

Janie contemplates that Stan was onto something.

INT - BROWSERS BOOK STORE - SIGNING TABLE - NIGHT

Richard is signing books and Dean is sitting in a chair off to Richard's right.

RICHARD:

(to a fan)

Thank you Maria. Hope you enjoy the book!

DEAN:

(to Richard)

I'm going to go grab a water. You want one?

RICHARD:

Yeah, that'd be great. Thanks. Oh hey, did you get the tickets?

DEAN:

Yep and we're gonna have dinner at Dino's before we go.

RICHARD:

Perfect. Thanks for doing that!

(to a fan)

And what's your name?

Janie's next in line and not as nervous as usual. Before she approaches, Janie turns to Stan.

JANIE:

Well good luck my friend. And who knows, maybe he's bi so we can both have him.

STAN:

No way. Look at him. It's all about the sausage. And I'm here to add the peppers!

JANIE:

(laughing)

I've had such a great time talking to you.

Janie takes a deep breath and heads up to the table.

RICHARD:

And what's your name love?

JANIE:

Janie Thompson. So, do you have a favorite film?

RICHARD:

Did you say Jane?

JANIE:

It's Janie. J-A-N-I-E.

RICHARD:

Favorite film? Hmm. That depends. What genre? Comedy? Drama? Horror?

JANIE:

Maybe one that picks you up when you're feeling shi...crappy?

Richard lets out a hearty sigh, sits back in his chair and puts his hands behind his head. Richard looks directly into Janie's eyes. Janie's savoring every second and displays a serene, closed mouth smile.

RICHARD:

I think if I had to choose just one... I don't think I could. Although 'Some Like It Hot' has always been one of my favorites. It makes me laugh out loud no matter what mood I'm in.

JANIE:

Oh that's a classic. Jack Lemmon and the maracas is just hilarious.

RICHARD:

The Godfather one and two, definitely. Doesn't get much better than that.

Richard straightens up and begins to sign the book.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Then there's always Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff is one of my idols. Bit depressing but it feeds a shitty mood. And only the nineteen thirty-nine version of course. Don't repeat that to anyone. It's not exactly a guy movie.

Richard winks at Janie. Richard looks again quickly at Janie wondering if he's seen her before. Janie's standing there trying to speak but nothing's coming out. Richard stands up and takes Janie's hand holding it with both of his hands.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Well listen Janie, thanks so much for taking the time to come down here. Have a great night, sweetheart. Okay?

Janie is stunned for a moment then suddenly wakes up.

JANIE:

I will. You too Richard.

Janie walks away slowly. Confidence is shaken but she feels victorious. Just at the moment, she's almost out of the store, Dean comes out and spots her. Janie stops near the entrance to look at a book before she leaves.

DEAN:

Hey, isn't that...she came back *again*? She must have it pretty bad for you, dude.

STAN: (O.S.)

And I said to myself, who on this earth would I possibly have the most amazing connection with? Then I turn on MOB and there you are in all your gorgeous manliness!!

Richard is unable to interrupt Stan.

RICHARD:

(whispers to Dean)

Huh?

DEAN:

Miss sweet dreams. Burgundy coat.

Richard glances from the corner of his eye over in the distance and sees Janie looking at a book. A bookmark falls out of the book and she bends down to pick it up. Janie has a skirt on and her legs are exposed.

RICHARD:

Oh God. And I want to say those were the memorable legs.

DEAN:

Yeah, right.

STAN:

I'm so excited to read this book! It's looks like it'll just be fascinating reading while lying back in bed. I want to officially invite you to a party with me and just a few friends on Wednesday night. What do you say??

RICHARD:

Oh man, thanks so much but I have a previous engagement.

Stan lightly stomps his foot.

STAN:

Oh, poop. I can give you my address and phone number so next time you're in townÖ..

RICHARD:

What you can do is go to my website and submit your contact info. Then you'll be updated on my upcoming visits to New York.

Stan goes to shake Richard's hand, palm side down.

STAN:

Well Mr. Harrison (sigh) it has been an absolute pleasure!

Dean sees Janie exit the bookstore.

RICHARD:

Please, call me Richard. And you too man. Give your friends my best.

DEAN:

(to Richard)

I'm gonna go see if she's still outside.

Dean rushes out.

EXT - BROWSERS BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Dean flies out of Browsers and looks left and right but no sign of Janie. You faintly see Janie standing in the background at the counter of a coffee shop next to the book store. Dean heads back into Browsers. At that moment, Janie exits the coffee shop and she's on the phone.

JANIE:

Well Mia, I made a wee bit of progress.

MIA:

Oh yeah??

JANIE:

Okay, first off, eyes met. Finally! And it was glorious!

MIA:

Tremendous!

JANIE:

If you thought my obsession was bad before, it's about to get a whole lot worse. Mia, one of his favorite movies is Wuthering Heights!! Can you friggin' believe it?

MIA:

No shit. You're kidding me.

JANIE:

Nope.

MIA:

Wow. I can kind of see where you're coming from. I mean, what guy likes Wuthering Heights?? Most people under the age of sixty don't even *know* that movie. I hate to ask but, any chance he could be gay?

Just then, Stan is about to pass by with a bottle of wine he just bought.

JANIE:

Not sure, let me find out.

(to Stan)

So?? How'd it go? You get digits?

STAN:

Not exactly but he *did* tell me to go to his website so I can send him my number! Gotta run scrumptious. I have a pack of thirsty wolves awaiting my presence. Ciao!

JANIE:

(to Mia)

No, he's not gay.

INT - BROWSERS BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The signing is over and all of the fans have left. Richard is still sitting at the signing table.

DEAN:

Well our mystery woman disappeared.

RICHARD:

She did have a cute face and the legs may be worth it but, their just legs.

DEAN:

We've known each other since we were twelve and I probably know you and your type better than you do. And I don't know, there's just a sweetness about her. Wish we knew her name.

RICHARD:

Jesus, do *you* have it bad for her or what?

DEAN:

Be serious. You know I love Deidre more than anyone on this planet. Including you.

RICHARD:

Chill. I'm only kidding, dude. Maybe since she's been to the last two signings, she'll be at the next one.

(pause)

She did have nice eyes.

DEAN:

Now that's the kind of thinking I'm talking about!

RICHARD:

Not making any guarantees because if she's not up to par, I'll be taking a quick pass. I want as close to perfection as possible.

DEAN:

Seriously?? You think you've got everyone fooled don't you?

RICHARD

How'd you mean?

DEAN:

You tell the world that you're waiting for that big wow moment but yet you have requirements? Ya, that makes sense.

RICHARD:

It's very simple. I'm not gonna settle. I want a woman who's independent, funny, caring, successful, who happens to kick it in a bikini.

DEAN:

How come I've never heard these so called requirements before?

RICHARD

You never asked.

DEAN:

I wanna know, right here, right now, who kidnapped my best friend and dumped this shallow asshole back to earth?

RICHARD:

She asked a typical fan question I might add. What's my favorite movie? Really?

DEAN:

So what?? That's a good question to ask oh, I don't know, an actor! And what did you tell her?

RICHARD:

The Godfather, of course.

(pause)

But I have to admit, I'm a little weirded out because I, I did answer honestly. Too honestly in fact.

DEAN:

What's wrong with The Godfather? Oh snap! You didn't tell her about Wuthering Heights, did you?? Cause only I know *that* little feminine side factoid.

RICHARD:

Um. Yeah.

DEAN:

WHAT???? Holy shit!! This must be what they call having a breakthrough feels like! I'm telling you there's something there. You were diggin' this woman!

RICHARD:

Relax. She's gone, it's done. Let it go. Let's get a drink.

INT - THE CHECKMATE PUB - NIGHT

BARTENDER:

And what will you gentlemen have?

The BARTENDER recognizes Richard.

BARTENDER: (CONT'D)

Aren't you....oh man! You're Tony Spitts! Me and the misses love your show! Hey can I get an autograph for the wife?

The bartender hands Richard a napkin to sign.

RICHARD:

Sure! It'd be my pleasure.

BARTENDER:

This is too much! Oh and her name is Janie.

Richard halts the pen.

RICHARD:

Jane?

BARTENDER:

Yeah, my wife...?

RICHARD:

Oh right.

Richard signs the napkin and hands it back to the bartender.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Be sure to give Jane my best.

BARTENDER:

I will! Now what can I get for you gentlemen?

RICHARD:

Heineken please.

DEAN:

Same. Thanks.

BARTENDER:

Coming right up.

RICHARD:

Her name is Janie.

DEAN:

So, what do you say? Let's try to *find* this mystery woman. It'll be an adventure. Wait, what?

RICHARD:

Her name is Janie. And what do mean, "find" this mystery woman. Think it's called stalking in most states. And I don't need an adventure. I really appreciate you're offering to chase this woman down for me but, I'm not going to put too much energy into this. And it's not because like I've said in interviews that I'm waiting for that "WOW" moment. Which, yes, is true but is also for my image, you know that. And if I'm going to attempt a relationship with a woman, it's gotta happen naturally.

DEAN:

I hear ya. I'll let it go...for now. By the way, remember those head shots of you, those *airbrushed* shots?

RICHARD:

Yeah.

DEAN:

I put em up on eBay.

RICHARD:

You did what?

DEAN:

Why not? Maybe make a little money off them.

RICHARD:

And we'll give that money to charity.

DEAN:

Of course! Remember in ninth grade you got sick on six cups of beer at Mike Pittman's house and it was all because Becky Hunter was standing by the keg? And you didn't even talk to her.

RICHARD:

Oh God. What made you think of that story?

DEAN:

Well, we're talking about your love life, or lack of, and it sparked the memory.

RICHARD:

Your point?

DEAN:

Well, seeing as how not much has changed since Becky Hunter, I think it's safe to say you're still afraid of women. *Real* women. Not that plastic shit you've been with in recent years.

RICHARD:

Please, I talk to *real* women every day! Tonight I spoke to how many, gee, two hundred? Including that one dude?

DEAN:

Okay, women that you'd like to see for more than 30 seconds...and women who can form a complete sentence. Admit it. You clam up when it comes to women.

RICHARD:

Just to shut you up, I'll admit it. Yes, I get nervous and I probably *would* fumble

asking a normal, attractive woman out. But the woman of my dreams will see through my awkwardness and accept me, Rich Harrison and not expect Tony Spitts. You know, I'm already feeling it. I should go easy on the sauce tonight.

DEAN:

Ah, you deserve to get tanked. Bartender? My friend and I are going to order a round of shots for everyone bellied up to the bar!

DEAN: (CONT'D)

(motions to Richard)
And he's buying.

EXT - THE LAST PAGE BOOK STORE - NIGHT

View of the front of the store and there are no lines. Janie comes running around the corner and stops dead in her tracks.

INT - THE LAST PAGE BOOK STORE - NIGHT

JANIE:

Excuse me, is the book signing for Richard Harrison tonight?

CLERK:

Unfortunately it was canceled due to an engagement he had earlier in the day and wouldn't have made it here in time. We sent an email to everyone on our mailing list and there was a sign on the door.

JANIE:

(deeply disappointed)
Oh. Guess I missed both notices. Thanks anyway.

CLERK:

But it has been rescheduled.

JANIE:

Oh?

INT - MIA'S SUV - NIGHT

MIA:

How could they just cancel it like that?

JANIE:

Don't know. Probably for the best anyway. So you gonna tell me where we're going or what?

MIA:
Nope, it's a surprise. Relax, we're almost there.

INT - MIA'S SUV - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mia pulls out a black bandanna from her pocket.

MIA:
Okay. Turn your head.

Janie notices the bandanna

JANIE:
You're not serious!

MIA:
I told you it's a surprise.

JANIE:
People will think I'm a friggin' hostage!

MIA:
Come on, humor me!

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Mia and Janie (blind folded) are walking and getting puzzled looks from passers-by.

MIA:
(to a couple)
Bondage night at The Velvet Lounge.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

As Janie and Mia walk through the corridor heading east, people are staring at them and snickering.

Richard and Dean are walking down the corridor heading west.

RICHARD:
This was great idea. It's been too long.

Dean looks closely at his ticket.

DEAN:
Yeah we needed this. You know I think we're on the other side.

RICHARD:
You mean we have to walk all the way around?

DEAN:

Oh I think your stilt legs can handle it.

Dean sees Mia and blindfolded Janie walking towards them.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Get a load of this.

RICHARD:

Is she a hostage?

Janie and Mia are standing at the top of a stairway about to enter the arena and Mia removes the blindfold. Janie opens her eyes and is overwhelmed with excitement to see the grand ice rink and the NEW YORK RANGERS. Mia puts a NY Ranger hat on Janie's head.

JANIE:

OH MY GOD!! I can't believe you did this!!

MIA:

C'mon let's go.

Janie and Mia sit down in their seats.

MIA: (CONT'D)

Seeing as how you were feeling so down in the dumps, I tried to think of the one thing that would cheer you up and take your mind off of *him*.

JANIE:

Damn, you know me well. And who knows? Maybe we'll meet some beered up, pot smoking, overweight union workers who wanna compliment our knockers.

MIA:

You read my mind! I was thinking government workers but union workers are just as good.

Sitting in front of the Janie and Mia is a couple in their late 30's.

RANGER GAME WOMAN:

I wonder if there's any famous people here!! I always see them in magazines right in the front row.

RANGER GAME WOMAN's husband is sitting next to her slumped in his seat.

RANGER GAME MAN:

That's only at Laker games. But maybe you'll get lucky and see Leeeoooo.

RANGER GAME WOMAN:
Uh! Could you imagine??? Gimme the
binoculars.

Janie overhears their conversation. She gazes across the rink at the
stands with a helpless look.

MIA:
Don't even think about it. I see what you're
doing.

JANIE:
(slaps her forehead)
You're right, you're right. I know you're
right.

MIA:
You watched When Harry Met Sally too didn't
you? You're here to watch hockey.

JANIE:
I'm cool. And yes I did.

Ranger game woman has binoculars held up to her eyes.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Scanning people in the stands and spots a MAN WITH BINOCULARS looking
in her direction.

RANGER GAME WOMAN:
There's a guy on the other side looking back
at me!

RANGER GAME MAN:
Yeah he's not lookin' at the hockey players
or nothin'.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Scanning people in the stands and spots Ranger game woman looking through
her binoculars. The binoculars come down to reveal Richard's face.

RICHARD:
Uh-oh. Think we've been spotted.

DEAN:
By who?

RICHARD:
A woman on the other side.

DEAN:

And I'm sure they're running over here as we speak.

Richard looks through the binoculars again and sees Ranger game woman then pans up to Janie.

RICHARD:

Although there's a cute blonde behind her.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

I have to say, there is nothing hotter than a woman at a hockey game wearing a hat.

DEAN:

Amen.

Dean looks to his left.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Like her?

A THREE HUNDRED POUND WOMAN wearing a NY Ranger jersey and hat about to devour a hot dog with two hot dogs sitting on her lap.

RICHARD:

Jesus. Not quite what I was going for. But close.

Richard puts the binoculars back up to his eyes and pans back to Janie.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

The blonde girl looks kind of familiar.
(now with binoculars)

DEAN:

Let me see.

Dean puts the binoculars up to his eyes.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Which girl are you looking at?

RICHARD:

She's eleven o'clock from the penalty box. Think she's in front of the guy who's got a death wish wearing a Devils jersey.

BACK TO JANIE AND MIA

Mia sits down and hands Janie a NY Rangers jersey.

MIA:

Here. Got you a present.

JANIE:
OH MY GOD!! What did you do???

MIA:
Put it on!

JANIE:
OH and you got me Richter!! These are so expensive!!! This is way too generous of you! I didn't even see you bring it in! I can't accept it.

MIA:
Of course you can. I still owe you for the lost weekend when I was, well, lost.

JANIE:
Honey, your father just died for Christ's sakes. I'm depressed about an adolescent obsession of not being noticed by a man on TV.

MIA:
I know a guy. Enjoy it!

BACK TO RICHARD AND DEAN

Dean is looking through the binoculars across the way.

DEAN:
Okay, I see the Devils guy.

Pan slightly upward. He sees Janie putting a jersey on but cannot see her face. Suddenly, her face is exposed.

DEAN: (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

RICHARD:
What?

DEAN:
I have only one word for you my friend.

RICHARD:
Ha, I'm sure you have more than one word for me.

DEAN:
I'm serious.

RICHARD:
What?

DEAN:

Fate.

RICHARD:

What are you talkin' about?

DEAN:

It's her...sweet dreams...Janie!

RICHARD:

Yeah, right...You sure?

DEAN:

Look for yourself. I just know it's her...and she's wearing a jersey. That's hot.

Richard now searching through the binoculars.

BACK TO JANIE AND MIA

JANIE:

I should pee before the second period starts.
Be right back.

Janie exits.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - JUMBOTRON - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER:

Good evening ladies and gentlemen! We'd like to announce that we have a special guest and avid New York Rangers fan in the house tonight! Everyone please give a warm New York welcome to Staten Island's own, Mr. Richard Harrison!

Jumbotron shows Richard waiving to the crowd.

MIA:

I don't friggin' believe this.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Janie is drying her hands via the loud air dryer. Janie exits the ladies room.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

JANIE:

Did I miss anything?

MIA:

Well...uh....kinda.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LUXURY BOX - NIGHT

MALE HOST:

Had I known you were attending tonight's game, Mr. Harrison, I would have made prior arrangements for you.

RICHARD:

Please, call me Richard. And not at all, this is great. Thanks so much for the hospitality!

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Janie's in her seat with her elbows resting on her knees with her head in her hands.

MIA:

Not sure where they went.

JANIE:

Doesn't matter. It's all good.

(long pause)

But seriously, what are the odds???

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LUXURY BOX - NIGHT

Dean spots a pair of large binoculars on the end table beside him.

DEAN:

Damn! Look at the size of these specs! Okay let's find our girl.

Dean looks and finds Janie very quickly.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I'm ninety-nine percent sure it's her.

RICHARD:

Let me see.

Sees Janie through the binoculars.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Why don't I believe that's really her?

DEAN:

Because as usual, you're probably looking at the wrong girl. You know what, there's a few minutes left, we should go down and surprise her.

RICHARD:
You're kidding.

DEAN:
Why not?

BACK TO JANIE AND MIA

JANIE:
It's five one Rangers and just about over.
We should go to avoid the cattle drive.

MIA:
You sure?

JANIE:
Yeah.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Richard and Dean are walking quickly when a FAN stops them. Dean looking very impatient.

RANGER GAME WOMAN:
OH MY GOD!! It's Tony Spitts! Can I get an
autograph??

RICHARD:
Uh, sure! But, I uh...don't have a pen.

Ranger game woman hits Ranger game man on the chest.

RANGER GAME WOMAN:
Give the man a pen.

INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

JANIE:
Hi. Two bottled waters please?

A crowd is gathering in the background behind Janie and Mia.

BACK TO RICHARD AND DEAN.

RICHARD:
(to a fan)
What was the name?

DEAN:
(whispers to Richard)
We're gonna miss her.

RICHARD:
What do you suggest I do?

Janie and Mia passing the growing crowd.

MIA:

Wonder what's going on over there?

Janie and Mia pass the crowd and exit.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - JANIE'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Janie's typing and checks the time on her computer that reads 5:05 PM.
Her office phone rings.

JANIE:

Thank you for calling Peyton Printing, this is Janie. How may I help you?

MIA:

Jesus, you're so disgustingly professional that I just threw up in my mouth.

JANIE:

Tasty. Okay then, you want non-professional? This is Janie, what the hell is *your* problem?

MIA:

That's more like it.

JANIE:

Hey, thanks again for last night. It was just what I needed. With the exception of course, that what I was getting my mind off of, was actually *there* but hey, it was a blast hangin' out with you. And the jersey!!

MIA:

Ah, no problem. Speaking of *HIM*, is there a signing tonight?

JANIE:

Yeah, but I don't think I should go.

MIA:

What's your gut tellin' you?

JANIE:

Not a clue. My head and my heart are mud wrestling over it as we speak. But if I do go, I gotta go soon and I have still have a ton of work to do.

MIA:

Well, if you do decide to go, let me know cause I'll tag along.

JANIE:
Okay, cool! I'll call ya in an hour.

MIA:
Sounds good.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - LATER SAME NIGHT

Janie shuts down her computer and takes a deep breath. Janie looks at her watch and it reads 6:45. Janie dials the phone.

JANIE:
Hey. Honey, we'll never make it.

MIA:
C'mon let's give it a try.

JANIE:
I don't know. Not sure I can take another beating.

MIA:
C'mon, I'll be with you this time. I'll pick you up in a little while.

JANIE:
Ohhh...all right, fine.

INT - MIA'S SUV - NIGHT

MIA:
So glad the weather held up.

JANIE:
Yeah no kidding. Mia, it's almost seven-thirty. We're not gonna make it in time.

MIA:
Not if we fly!

EXT - SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - SNOWING

Mia's SUV tears off.

JANIE: (V.O.)
If we do make it in time, I would prefer to be breathing.

INT - MIA'S SUV - NIGHT

MIA:
All right! We're doin' good! We'll be there in a flash. Which store is it?

JANIE:
The Bookcase on fifty-first and Broadway.

MIA:
No sweat.

Janie looks straight ahead in awe.

JANIE:
Ohhhhhhh shhhhhiiiiit.

Janie and Mia see a never ending sea of brake lights ahead.

MIA:
Okay maybe sweat just a little.

JANIE:
You know what? It wasn't meant to be. Why don't we just turn around and we'll find a pub.

MIA:
Nope. I'm a woman on a mission. Besides I gotta see this guy for myself.

INT - THE BOOKCASE BOOK STORE - SIGNING TABLE - NIGHT

Richard is signing away. Dean is standing in the far right corner of the room.

DEAN:
Any sign of her yet?

RICHARD:
Nope, not yet.

Richard looks at his watch.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
It's almost eight-thirty and we're outta here soon.

DEAN:
We can be twenty minutes late for the taping.

MIKE, a tall man in a business suit approaches Dean.

MIKE:
We have to leave right now if we're going to make it to the studio.

DEAN:
Okay, maybe we can't be a little late.

TERRY, an older woman, store owner, approaches.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

But he still has books to sign. Look at the line. Terry can't have mass chaos ensue!

TERRY:

There's only about a dozen or so people left and Mr. Harrison signed some books earlier tonight. There's enough to cover who's waiting.

DEAN:

Gee, way to go, Rich.

MIKE:

We really need to go now.

TERRY:

Could I ask that Mr. Harrison make a quick announcement to the crowd so it doesn't cause a frenzy? Then I'll have Steve over there escort you out the back way.

MIKE:

Yes, of course. Thanks, Terry.

RICHARD:

Ladies and gentlemen!

Richard realizes there are only ladies remaining.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Actually, just ladies! I am so terribly sorry but I must leave right now and don't have a moment to spare.

The group of ladies display a variety of expressions - sad, disappointed, one is welled up with tears.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

The weather's not cooperating and I must attend a taping on women's issues for the Ladies Once-A-Day Vitamin on-line newsletter.

Dean looks at Richard with a very puzzled look.

The group of ladies in line are now satisfied and accept his reason for leaving.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Terry here will be passing out books that I've signed in exchange for the books you've already purchased. So ladies, first, have a wonderful rest of the evening. Second, thank you so much for coming all the way down here and most importantly, get home safe tonight, okay? Good night!

GROUP OF LADIES:

Thank you Richard! Bye! You're wonderful!!

Richard comes out from around the table and goes to shake Terry's hand.

RICHARD:

Terry, thanks so much.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY ALLEY - NIGHT - SNOW

DEAN:

Where's the bat mobile?

MIKE:

Just over there.

The men walk down a short alley to the street to a parked black town car.

DEAN:

And what the hell was that load about a recording for women's issues?

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT - LIGHT SNOW

Janie and Mia are running down the street with newspapers over their heads to block the snow.

JANIE:

Tell me again, why we're doing this???

They approach THE BOOKCASE book store entrance and the door is locked.

MIA:

DAMN!!! C'mon! Let us in!

JANIE:

It doesn't matter.

Terry comes to the door holding two of Richard's signed books and unlocks the door.

TERRY:

I'm so sorry but the store is closed.

MIA:

Is the signing over? Is, um, uh...

Mia snaps her fingers twice.

JANIE:

Richard.

MIA:

Right! Richard! Is Richard still here??

INT - TOWN CAR - NIGHT

RICHARD:

I hated to lie but I felt bad for those nice women who trekked all the way down here in the friggin' snow and waited all that time only to have us leave on them. So I figured telling them *that* would be a little more forgiving than the truth.

DEAN:

Well, damn! That was some quick thinking.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - THE BOOKCASE - NIGHT - SNOW

TERRY:

Richard just left a few moments ago. But I have an autographed copy of his book! I know it's not like having it signed in front of the real thing but...

INT - TOWN CAR - NIGHT

RICHARD:

Imagine the death threats I'd get if I told them I had to leave them behind to go to a taping for an after shave commercial and that in about twenty minutes, a hot, half naked blonde would be feeling me up.

Dean looks out the window as they pass The Bookcase book store and sees two women at the entrance. Dean sees Janie as she turns to face the street at the moment the car passes by.

DEAN:

Oh no.....

RICHARD:

Guess we were wrong. My girl didn't show.

DEAN:

Uh-uh. She showed.

RICHARD:
She did? When??

DEAN:
Have a look.

Richard looks out the window and sees Janie. Richard lets out a heavy sigh.

INT - MIA'S SUV - NIGHT

MIA:
So, what about tomorrow?

JANIE:
I think I should put this fantasy business to bed don't you?

MIA:
I'm going to say one word that's going to change your mind and push you to go to whatever book store he'll be at tomorrow.

JANIE:
And what word is that?

MIA:
If. What *if* you don't go and he meets someone else.

JANIE:
Well then...

MIA:
No, I'm not gonna let you give me all that what's meant to be is meant to be crap.

JANIE:
But...

MIA:
No buts. As your best friend, I'm not asking, I'm telling you. Go.

JANIE:
Where the hell did all that come from?? And why are you pushing me on this? Aren't best friends supposed to make each other see logic and reason?

MIA:
Sometimes logic and reason aren't all it's
cracked up to be. Besides, my life is really
boring!

JANIE:
Okay fine. You gonna come with?

MIA:
Can't. Taking the dog to the groomer.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - TURN THE PAGE BOOK STORE - DAY

JANIE:
I am way early.

Janie walks to a cafe directly across the street.

INT - KITTY'S CAFE - DAY

Janie is sitting at the counter and reading Keith Richard's biography
book on her Kindle. She checks her watch.

JANIE:
Lots o' time.

Time elapses...Janie checks her watch. She looks at the book store across
the street and sees a line forming.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Oh my God!! Unreal. I come early and I'm still
late.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Janie runs to the back of the line and catches her breath.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Stan??

STAN:
Ohhhhhh!!!! Good afternoon star shine!!
How the hell are you Janie darling??

JANIE:
I'm good! Just couldn't keep away from your
hunk of man huh?

STAN:
Are you kidding? Another chance to see
those piercing blue eyes again and touch
those smooth hands? Bitch please. Oooh! The
doors are opening!

Janie interlocks her arm with Stan's.

JANIE:

You mind?

STAN:

Baby I'm so pink people wouldn't believe it
if it were true.

JANIE:

(homage to 'Pretty In
Pink')
Let's plow.

The line moves quickly and they go right into the store.

INT - TURN THE PAGE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janie and Stan arrive upstairs and sees the room is virtually empty.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

This is so....

STAN:

Friggin' sweet! C'mon girl!

Janie and Stan rush to sit in the front row.

JANIE:

I can't believe this!

STAN:

I'm so glad I canceled my body part plaster
class.

JANIE:

Huh?

STAN:

You know. Where you plaster your body parts?
The fun ones.

Janie stares confused. Fans begin to funnel up the stairs.

STAN: (CONT'D)

Here comes our competition!

JANIE:

And here comes the main event.

A TALL HEAVY MAN, Dean and Richard enter from the back room.

RICHARD:

Hey everyone!

The crowd cheers. Dean and Richard sit off to the side of the platform at the front of the room and the heavy man stands directly in front of Janie and Stan and addresses the crowd.

HEAVY MAN:

Thanks for coming everyone. We'll give people a little more time to come in and get settled.

Dean immediately spots Janie in the front row.

DEAN:

It's your lucky day my friend. Look who's here.

Richard sees Stan.

RICHARD:

Are you kidding me? He's a sweet guy but c'mon.

DEAN:

What?

Richard points out Stan with his pinky.

RICHARD:

Him!

BACK TO JANIE AND STAN

STAN:

Oh my God! He remembers me!

JANIE:

No shit?

BACK TO RICHARD AND DEAN

DEAN:

No you idiot, her! It's Janie!!

RICHARD:

No shit?

DEAN:

I'm gonna call her over.

RICHARD:

(suddenly nervous)

Think that's a good idea? Maybe we should wait until after.

DEAN:
Why? Now's the perfect time.

RICHARD:
Uh...

Dean walks towards Janie but then heads back to Richard.

DEAN:
And don't act like an asshole. I want her
to meet my best friend not a TV star.

Dean walks to Janie.

DEAN: (CONT'D)
Excuse me miss. Could I ask for a moment of
your time?

JANIE:
Um, uh, sure!

DEAN:
If you could come this way please.

STAN:
Put in a good word for me!

JANIE:
I will if you save my seat!

Richard is talking with a small crowd gathered around him.

DEAN:
We'll give Richard a minute.

JANIE:
Can I ask what this is about?

DEAN:
I want you to meet Richard.

JANIE:
I, I, uh...

DEAN:
Relax. He's just like everyone else.

JANIE:
Well I'm sure but, why me?

DEAN:
Okay. I'm going to level with you. I've seen
you at past signings and figured that you
probably want to meet him pretty badly. Am

I right? I know you met him but thought you might want to *really* meet him.

JANIE:

(embarrassed)

Well yeah but, I look like a stalker!

DEAN:

Trust me, I've encountered enough stalkers and don't believe you're one of them.

JANIE:

Does *he* know I've been to the other signings??

DEAN:

He does. Oh, where are my manners? My name is Dean. I'm Richard's personal assistant, manager, and best friend. I've known him since he wore Garanimals.

JANIE:

It's a pleasure to meet you Dean. My name is Janie Thompson.

DEAN:

Otherwise known as the sweet dreams lady.

JANIE:

Oh God. I'm so embarrassed.

DEAN:

I was standing right behind him.

JANIE:

And I thought I was being all slick and seductive. Guess I blew that attempt straight to hell.

DEAN:

Aw, you had more of an impact than you realize. He's always a bit distracted at these things.

JANIE:

I'm sure. So, you've known him most of your life. Is he really as nice a guy as I've read about and seen on TV?

DEAN:

I can whole heartedly say, he really is. The fog has lifted. Let's go. Janie Thompson, I'd

like you to meet Richard Harrison. Richard,
this is Janie Thompson.

RICHARD:
It's very nice to meet you Janie.

JANIE:
It's nice to meet you too.

Awkward silence.

DEAN:
I'm gonna run to the back and get a water.
Would either of you care for one?

RICHARD & JANIE:
No thanks.

RICHARD:
So, uh, what brings you here??

Janie appears puzzled.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Uh, I mean, are you from around here?

JANIE:
Actually, I'm from Jersey. Just over the
G-W-B.

HEAVY MAN:
We're ready to begin.

RICHARD:
Listen, I know this is completely out of the
blue but, would you be up for meeting me for
a drink later? I mean you don't have to if
you don't want to. I understand if you're
busy.

JANIE:
You want to meet with *ME* for a drink? Later?
Really?

RICHARD:
You don't want to?

JANIE:
Uh, I would love to! Okay, I'll, I'll let you
get to it.

Janie walks away then quickly heads back. Richard's walking in a circle.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Wait, where?

RICHARD:

(startled)

How bout Patrick's on Howard Street?

JANIE:

Oh okay! I know where that is.

RICHARD:

Say around five thirty?

JANIE:

Sounds great. Okay. I'll see you later. Well, in a little bit. Ya know when I sign the book. I mean you sign the book! Ha! I'll go now.

Janie heads back to her seat. Richard stands there smiling at Janie. Dean returns from the back room.

DEAN:

So??

RICHARD:

We're meeting for a drink after.

DEAN:

And the angels wept. I'm proud of you man!

RICHARD:

It's no big deal.

BACK TO JANIE AND STAN

STAN:

First let me say, I so fucking hate you right now. And second, WELL???

JANIE:

Stan, I've only met you a couple of times but I do know I love ya more than my non-stick frying pan but I gotta tell ya, hold off on picking out satin sheets because that man is not gay.

STAN:

My heart is breaking. Tell me why?

JANIE:

Because my flamboyant friend, he asked me to meet him for a drink.

STAN:

Bitch!!

JANIE:

Don't you worry. There are other pickles in the jar.

STAN:

But I wanted to wrap my mouth around *that* pickle.

JANIE:

I can't believe it!

HEAVY MAN:

(to the crowd)

Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, let's give a warm New York welcome to the star of Misconduct Of Bosses, Mr. Richard Harrison!

The crowd cheers and gives loud applause.

RICHARD:

Oh wow! Thank you all so much and I can't tell you how happy I am to be here and back home in New York. When I first got into acting, I didn't know anything about the entertainment business. So naturally, I was reluctant to get into the industry because of all the horror stories I'd heard about how deceitful the execs were and how other actors would have no problem throwing anybody they had to under the bus so that they could get a part. But after I got through my first few roles and really got into the meat of the TV and movie business, I discovered that everything I had heard was totally and one hundred percent... correct.

Overzealous laughter from the crowd.

STAN:

Listen sister, if you don't tell me how that man is in the sack I will hunt you down and give you a make over Marilyn Manson would approve of.

JANIE:

If I ever get that glorious opportunity, you'll be the first to get a copy of my memoirs before their published.

RICHARD:

Seriously though, I wouldn't trade the career I've had for anything in the world. But it's so nice to come home to New York where people are real and honest and live by no one else's standards but their own. To me, that's what makes a real New Yorker and I'm so proud that I have the honor of being here and so proud I can call this place home. So I hope you all enjoy the book and what do you say, can I meet all of you now??

Crowd cheers!!

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

All right then, let's get to it!!

Stan yanks Janie from her seat to get on line. Stan is in front of Janie who is fifth in line.

JANIE:

Stan sweetie, do you have a pen?

Stan reaches deep into his pants pocket.

STAN:

Think I do. Mmmm, nope that's too big to be a pen.

Stan takes out a pen and hands it to Janie. Janie writes in the fly leaf of her book.

BOOK - *There will definitely be sweet dreams tonight.*

JANIE:

What do you think?

Stan reads what she wrote.

STAN:

I want details, length, width, manscaped.

Janie looks over at Dean...he's staring back at her and winks. She smiles. Janie overhears Stan talking to Richard.

STAN: (CONT'D)

Even though you're straight, there's gotta be a little part of you, well maybe not little, that just needs to experiment on someone new!!

RICHARD:

(quietly to Dean)

Help.

Janie witnesses Richard's cry for help and intervenes.

JANIE:
Stan, honey, the pickle jar?

STAN:
(heavy sigh)
It was worth a shot.

JANIE:
(whispers to Stan)
I'll even record it and make sure only he's
in the frame.

STAN:
(to Richard)
But I'll leave you with this last thought.
If you EVER decide to hop the fence, I better
be the FIRST one you call!

Richard stands up to shake Stan's hand.

RICHARD:
You got a deal brother.

Janie walks up and winks at Richard as she places the open book in front of him.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Thank you for that. How'd you do it?

JANIE:
I knew just what button to push.

Richard looks at her adoringly. Richard then reads the fly leaf and looks up at Janie with a big smile.

RICHARD:
You're so sweet.

There's an obvious, powerful connection between them. Richard signs the book and hands it back to Janie.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
So I'll see you later?

JANIE:
Yes you will.

Janie exits slowly but turns and looks back at Richard...this time, he's looking back at her. Janie smiles. She looks at Dean and gives a small

wave. As Janie exits completely, Dean gives Richard a hearty couple of congratulatory pats on the back.

EXT - TURN THE PAGE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janie exists very calmly and then out of nowhere begins jumping up and down with passerby's looking at her as if she's a crazy person. She dials her cell phone.

MIA:

Hey!

JANIE:

You are NOT going to friggin' believe this!!

MIA:

WHAT, WHAT, WHAT???

JANIE:

Guess who I am meeting later for a drink??
Forget the guess. Richard Harrison!!!

MIA:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! What
happened?? Where? When??

JANIE:

Tonight, five thirty, Patrick's Pub.

MIA:

Oh Patrick's. Think I crawled outta there
once. It's the old pub on Howard Street
isn't it?

JANIE:

Yes! That's the place! One question, where
the hell is Howard Street?

INT - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

Janie enters and looks around carefully for a table. Janie sits down at a table near the bar. An older IRISH WAITRESS approaches.

IRISH WAITRESS:

Hiya love. Can I get ya a drink?

JANIE:

Umm, yes please. Umm, I'll have a, uh...

IRISH WAITRESS:

Shot o' whiskey.

JANIE:

Oh God, I'm that obvious aren't I? A glass
of merlot please.

The Irish waitress raises one eyebrow and gives a sly smirk.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

And a shot of Tequila.

IRISH WAITRESS:

That's more like it.

Janie looks around and sees a table further back from the potentially crowded bar. She gets up and moves to the other table. A moment later, the Irish waitress comes with the drinks and sees Janie's not at the table but then quickly turns and discovers that she moved.

JANIE:

I'm sorry. I'm meeting someone very special
and it needs to be perfect.

IRISH WAITRESS:

Oh it will be. What's ya name love?

JANIE:

Janie.

The Irish waitress puts the shot in front of Janie.

IRISH WAITRESS:

Well Miss Janie, the shot is on the house.

JANIE:

Thanks!

The Irish waitress holds up an extra shot from her tray.

IRISH WAITRESS:

Cheers love!

JANIE:

Cheers!

The Irish waitress and Janie down the shots.

The bar is beginning to fill up. Janie is unable to see the front door clearly and walks to the front window. Janie checks her watch. She looks out the window and here comes Richard. She watches him walk like a God in slow motion. As Richard gets closer to the entrance, Janie runs back to the table. She positions herself to look casual and relaxed. The Irish waitress comes to the table.

IRISH WAITRESS:

(sympathetic)

Is he late?

Janie's eyes are fixed on the entrance.

JANIE:

Actually, he's right on time...and he's here.

IRISH WAITRESS:

You look beautiful.

The Irish waitress looks at the entrance,

IRISH WAITRESS: (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
(she blesses herself)
Is that?

Richard scans the bar for Janie but is stopped by customer fans saying hello.

JANIE:

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

Richard approaches the table.

RICHARD:

Hi! Sorry I'm late.

JANIE:

You're, you're, you're not, really,
not...late.

JANIE: (V.O.)

It's called a sentence you idiot.

Richard goes to sit down and is interrupted by a MALE FAN sitting at the bar. Richard half stands up and shakes his hand.

MALE FAN:

Oh man, love your show!

RICHARD:

Thanks so much!

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

(to Janie)
I'm sorry about that.

JANIE:

That's okay. I'm sure that happens all the
time. I don't know how you do it.

Richard appears relaxed, comfortable, charming and very likable.

RICHARD:

I'm not glamorous like George Clooney nor do I take home his pay check so I don't believe I'm followed or have people sifting through my trash.

JANIE:

So shaking hands with a few admirers doesn't seem so bad.

RICHARD:

Exactly.

JANIE: (V.O.)

I'm thinking a quiet, intimate wedding with family and a few close friends.

RICHARD:

My family's harassed more than I am. A couple years ago, a woman actually sat on my mom's front porch all night.

JANIE: (V.O.)

Maybe Fiji for our honeymoon.

RICHARD:

And when she came out the next morning, the woman asked to see toys from my childhood. It was crazy!

JANIE:

Seriously? What did your mom do?

RICHARD:

She is the absolute coolest. She told the woman that she would love to show her but they were all packed up and at my aunt's house in London.

JANIE:

You have an aunt in London?

RICHARD:

No. That's why my mom is the coolest.

JANIE:

Ha! Good one!

RICHARD:

So, I have to ask. What did you think of the book? Assuming you read it.

JANIE:

It was...good! Definitely an interesting read.

RICHARD:

You're really very sweet for lying to me but it's okay. I know it should only be used as a good source of kindling or a door stop.

JANIE:

Then why did you write it?

RICHARD:

A buddy of mine talked me into it and I figured it was a good way to raise money for charity. All of the proceeds are going to various charities I'm associated with.

JANIE:

Wow. That's admirable.

RICHARD:

Eh. I had always dreamed of writing a novel, a real one. Not something that was thrown together or an autobiography for that matter.

JANIE:

You should do that! Write a novel I mean.

RICHARD:

I will one day. Just need a source of inspiration. So, Janie. I'm sure you know plenty about me. What about you? Tell me about yourself. All I really know about you so far is that you frequent book signings.

JANIE:

Oh geez, you know about that?

RICHARD:

It's funny, at Browsers book store when you asked what my favorite movie was, I looked at you and I thought you looked familiar and wondered if I'd met you before.

JANIE:

Really?

Richards slowly nods. Richard and Janie both pause and make heavy eye contact - very nice moment and a strong connection is officially made. Richard catches himself and breaks eye contact for a moment.

RICHARD:
So, tell me about yourself.

JANIE:
Uh, what do you want to know?

RICHARD:
Let's see, when's your birthday?

JANIE:
September ninth.

RICHARD
Okay, you were born on September ninth, I
won't ask what year, then what happened?

Janie laughs, looks down and begins fiddling with a stirrer.

JANIE:
Well, the doctor slapped me on the ass and
I probably went to sleep. Maybe had a bite
to eat but immediately after that I'm not too
sure.

Janie glances up at Richard to see if he's smiling. He is.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
I don't know. I was born in Manhattan and my
family moved to New Jersey when I was about
six months old and I've lived there ever
since.

RICHARD:
Where in Jersey?

JANIE:
Woodhills. It's north Jersey.

RICHARD:
Your parents still live there?

JANIE:
No, my parents passed away.

RICHARD:
Oh Jesus, I'm sorry.

JANIE:
It's okay, it's been many years now. I have
an older brother who lives in Costa Mesa
California so I don't get to see him very
often but he's always trying to get me to move
out there.

RICHARD:

Oh yeah? My little brother, Tommy lives in Huntington!

JANIE:

Oh I know Huntington Beach! Loves me some crab legs at Captain Jack's on P-C-H.

RICHARD:

No way! I love that place! Most people rave about their prime rib but I love their crab legs way better.

JANIE:

Absolutely! And the guy playing guitar and piano in the bar area is amazing!

RICHARD:

You're killing me! I love that guy! I was just there last month and he played a whole new set of covers!

JANIE:

It has such a nostalgic feel to it which I know is hard to come by out there. I guess that's why I never left this area.

RICHARD:

Wow, I couldn't agree more. I love California for the warmth but it's just not the same when it comes to the history. I love the old homes and that colonial scent of old wood. You have no idea what I'm talking about do you?

JANIE:

Oh yes, I know *exactly* what you're talking about. On Sundays I sometimes take rides out to Tarrytown or Ringwood just to walk around the old mansions and not only for the history lesson but also for that smell of the wood.

RICHARD:

I have never met anyone, especially in California who has an interest in stuff like that.

JANIE:

I totally understand. That's the reason why I love the old movies, like Wuthering Heights

because even though it's in black and white,
you can easily get that scent of old, musty
wood whenever a character walks into a room.

RICHARD:

You are so right! I've always imagined that
if the acting thing takes a dive, I want to
be a furniture maker.

JANIE:

Really? How wonderful! You can do that in
between novels.

Richard's cell phone rings.

RICHARD:

(overly regretful)

I'm so sorry. Excuse me for just a second.
I'll only be a moment.

JANIE:

No problem!

Richard gets up and walks a few feet away from the table. Janie discretely
pulls out her compact and lowers herself to powder her face. The Irish
waitress catches Janie's eye and gives a questionable thumbs up. Janie
smiles wide and gives the Irish waitress a double handed thumbs up.

RICHARD:

I'm sorry about that. It was my agent who's
trying to talk me into doing an infomercial.

JANIE:

Oh yeah? You gonna do it?

RICHARD:

Nah.

JANIE:

What is it for?

RICHARD:

It's for this vitamin supplement shake. I've
tried it and it is one of the nastiest things
I've ever tasted. No amount of good acting
could ever get me through that without
hurling with each take.

JANIE:

Ah well. So I only know about you what I've
read on internet bios...

Janie just realizes she just opened herself up to having done research on Richard.

RICHARD:

Oh yeah? Which ones? I never know what these people write or where they get their so called "facts" from.

JANIE:

Oh, I don't remember. Think I only checked out one that I stumbled on a while back. So you said your brother Tommy lives in Huntington?

RICHARD:

Oh Tommy. Dude, ya know he just kills me.

JANIE: (V.O.)

Did he just call me dude?

Richard begins laughing and talking nervously fast...and with sudden arrogance. Richard's obviously trying to slam on what he thinks is charm.

RICHARD:

He's convinced he makes more money than me *and* my sister, who's a doctor, and the son of a bitch never comes to visit me in California. He's a lawyer for some big movie execs, is single and lives to kayak. Now, my other brother Michael, who's also a doctor, comes out to visit me all the time. He usually mixes business with pleasure. You know, medical conferences and stuff like that in L-A. He never stays long but at least he makes a point to come see me. He and I went to a fitness convention last summer and oh man, did we have a good time. I'll tell ya, the rock hard abs on these women were unbelievable!

JANIE:

(taken aback)
I'll bet.

RICHARD:

(catching her reaction)
I'm so sorry, I'm rambling. So back to you. You grew up in Jersey, you have a brother in So Cal. And what do you do for a living?

JANIE:

I work for a printing company in their customer relations department.

RICHARD:

Oh cool! Any chance you have a business card?

JANIE:

I think so.

Janie frantically searches around in her purse. Meanwhile Richard pleasantly and slowly examines Janie's hair and face.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

I do!

Janie hands the card to Richard. As he reads it, he holds it with both hands/fingers and he almost begins caressing it with his thumbs.

RICHARD:

Manager huh? That's sounds interesting.

JANIE:

Trust me, it's not.

RICHARD:

I take it it's not your dream job?

JANIE:

Far from.

RICHARD:

Do you have a dream job? That is if money were no object.

JANIE:

The answer's easy. Music columnist.

RICHARD:

Really!!

JANIE:

Oh yeah. My two main passions in life are music and writing.

RICHARD:

How come you haven't pursued it?

JANIE:

I don't know. I guess life just kept getting in the way, ya know?

RICHARD:

I hear ya.

JANIE:

I love all things music and get lost in bios about bands and musicians. So needless to say I'm full of useless information.

RICHARD:

That's fantastic. What kind of music?

JANIE:

A little bit of everything. Blues, jazz, reggae, but my heart always comes back to classic rock.

RICHARD:

Floyd, The Who, Zeppelin?

JANIE:

And all in between. I was so born in the wrong era because I was either too young or didn't even exist to see all the bands I would've killed to have seen in their prime.

RICHARD:

There's still a lot of bands out there still touring. Didn't the Stones just have their sixteenth farewell tour?

JANIE:

True. But most of the bands I want to see are either dead or have to wear arthritic bands and take a break after twenty minutes.

Silence. Richard's smiling at Janie.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

What?

RICHARD: (V.O.)

This is the coolest woman on the planet.

RICHARD:

Nothing. You're just, really, cool.

Janie's soaking up the surreal moment.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

Meeting movie stars is easy cause I do that all day long and believe me when I tell you, they're *really* not that interesting. But a buddy of mine is a DJ here in New York so any time I wanna see a concert that's sold out, I give him a call and he hooks me up.

JANIE:

Wow, now *that's* cool!

JANIE: (CONT'D)

(flirtatious)

I should keep you close to the vest then, huh?

Richard apparently didn't hear Janie's last comment.

RICHARD:

Yeah and I get to go backstage and do the meet and greets. Last year alone, I met Robert Plant, Roger Daltrey, Roger Waters, Tom Petty...um, who else? Oh wow, now Clapton. I'll admit I was totally star struck meeting him. Met Geddy Lee and Alex Lifeson last year. You know, of Rush?

JANIE:

I know who they are. Sounds like a rough life!

RICHARD:

It was actually the second time I met Alex and Geddy. Really nice guys. There's definitely perks being the star of the number one TV show.

JANIE:

I guess so!

RICHARD:

Last year, I took my whole family to Hawaii. I have a home there.

JANIE:

That must be nice.

RICHARD:

Oh yeah. Gotta put the money somewhere! I figured real estate is right up there with the usual production company. But I haven't done the trendy thing yet and open a restaurant.

JANIE:

Oh yeah, you own Heathcliff Productions right?

RICHARD:

Yes I do! Anyway, I took the family for a month long vacation. Of course, my brothers wanted to head to Maui for a few days where all the celebrities hang out and boy did we

come back with stories. There was this one actress who shall remain nameless who was just itching to show everyone what incredible shape she was in after being trashed in the tabloids. So we decided to make it worth her while.

Time elapses. Janie has a glazed look of boredom on her face but trying hard to stay alert and appear interested.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
So me and Tommy hide behind this sand dune...

JANIE: (V.O.)
Is he ever gonna come up for air?

RICHARD:
And a damn park ranger sneaks up behind us!
We were SO busted!!

The Irish waitress comes to the table.

IRISH WAITRESS:
Can I get you two another?

RICHARD:
Yeah! That'd be great!

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
(to Janie)
You know, I'm having a great time. Anyway,
what was I talking about?

JANIE:
(monotone)
Growing up on Staten Island and going to
Sandy Hook to spy on the nude beach.

RICHARD:
Oh yeah! So anyway, me and my buddy Rick, we were known as R and R, well we would go into his father's wreck room and steal his huge hunting binoculars! We set out to find the absolute perfect legs. I guess it was then that I discovered that I was leg man.

Janie looks over to the Irish waitress who's looking on and motions to also bring a shot. Janie cuts Richard off.

JANIE:
You know, that is just so fascinating but I need to excuse myself for just a moment. I, *should* be back.

Janie walks over to the Irish waitress before heading to the ladies room.

IRISH WAITRESS:
How's it goin' love?

JANIE:
How big's the window in the ladies room?

Janie turns her back to Richard who's oblivious to her whereabouts and she quickly downs the shot.

INT - PATRICK'S PUB - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Janie walks in and slams her hands on the counter top and looks at herself in the mirror.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Wow.

Janie pulls out her cell phone and dials.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Hey, it's me.

MIA:
What happened to mister wonderful?

JANIE:
It's more like mister won't shut the hell up.

MIA:
Oh no. That bad?

JANIE:
Down to earth my ass. He's so friggin' shallow! The last hour has been about his rich siblings and hearing about his childhood friends and their crazy antics. Before that was the list of all the famous people he's met and he met them all because, well, he's HIM! And the sad thing is that it started off so good! He seemed really cool and genuine but it didn't last. Now it's been nothing but people, places and things that he knows or owns and hot chicks he meets. So to answer your question, at this very moment, I think I'd rather get a root canal from a caffeine addict with a nervous disorder.

MIA:
Jesus. Wait, back up. What famous people has he met?

JANIE:

Okay, that was *really* cool. At least it was for the first half hour. But that's not what I'm interested in.

MIA:

You know what Janie? Even though he's a big movie star...

JANIE:

TV star.

MIA:

Whatever. Maybe, just maybe, he's just trying to impress you.

JANIE:

That's what I thought at first and thought it was kinda cute. He did ask me questions about myself and seemed somewhat intrigued and found we have some stuff in common. And I thought we had a couple of really nice moments but then soon after that it was so obvious he was just trying to belittle me because he's famous and I'm a nobody. I don't give a rats ass about that kind of shit. I admit, I was star struck when I met him but I thought I was going to meet the nice, humble guy I've read about who wants a normal, non superficial woman, who's parts don't have serial numbers. I'm such an idiot for expecting anything less!

MIA:

Calm down.

JANIE:

I have to shake this off. I need to get back.

Janie's still on the phone when a bubbly, young BIMBO comes out of a stall, doesn't wash her hands and walks up to Janie with a huge grin on her face.

BIMBO:

(high pitched voice)

Hi! I'm Daphne!! I like noticed you were like sitting with like Tony Spitts! Are you two, like, a thing?? Cause I'd really like, to give it like, a shot cuz like, it's not every day you like see a big star like that!

JANIE:

(deep voice)

Oh honey save your Jessica Simpson lip gloss. I'm actually a transsexual, pre-op, and he's payin' big bucks to salt my cashews later tonight.

BIMBO:

Oh. Okay bye!

MIA:

That is precisely why you are my hero.

INT - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

JANIE:

Sorry bout that.

RICHARD:

No problem. Actually while you were gone I was just reminded of a couple of more stories that I know you'll just get a kick out of.

JANIE:

Great.

RICHARD:

But I don't want to bore you.

JANIE:

Appreciate it. So these women with perfect bodies that you seek out, just curious, when was the last time you went on one of these quests?

RICHARD:

Oh God, let's see. Oh yeah, in October, me and my buddy Chris were invited to take a tour of the stunner modeling agency. What a blast. There was this one model that couldn't have been more than twenty two and oh wow, what legs. And she...

JANIE:

Do you require that a woman have a brain? Ya know, one that functions?

Richard pauses, looks down and realizes he's just made the biggest ass of himself.

RICHARD:

I've only dated a few women over the last ten years and yeah I guess most of them were either models or actresses. And now that I

think about it, most of them didn't even know what the word redial meant.

Janie's confused by the redial comment.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

It was something I witnessed once.

JANIE:

So you *haven't* dated women who *weren't* models or actresses or...were average? Because in all your interviews, you're always talking about finding a woman who wants you for who you really are which would tell me that you wouldn't fall for the materialistic runway crap. Or is that just a way of getting your lowly average audience to like you more?

RICHARD:

No, that's not it. I don't believe I've dated anyone outside of the business since I've been in the business. They're just women I come in contact with and...I'm not very good at meeting women.

JANIE:

I find that hard to believe. Is it a requirement to have a perfect set of legs or perfect abs in order to date you?

RICHARD:

No, I...suppose it's just been a preference.

JANIE:

A preference.

RICHARD:

Well sure. Why settle for something you don't want or that you're not attracted to?

JANIE:

Okay. So Richard, I'm a little confused. Why did you bother asking me to meet you here tonight? I'm clearly not a model or have the perfect hard body. Why waste your time with me?

RICHARD:

I don't think I'm wasting my time at all.

RICHARD: (V.O.)
Is this our first fight?

RICHARD:
Well for starters you seem like a nice person
and, I don't know. Dean suggested it and I
figured why not.

Janie is suddenly calm and pulls out forty dollars.

JANIE:
I want to thank you for the drinks, the
conversation, and...insight. Really. But I
think it's time I call it a night.

Janie puts the \$40 on the table and stands up.

RICHARD:
Already? Was tonight really that bad?

JANIE:
Everything was fine. I just, I need to go.
Pleasure meeting you Richard.

Richard takes the \$40, stands and puts the money in Janie's coat pocket.

RICHARD:
If you really have to go.

Janie extends her hand to shake Richard's. He takes her hand and holds
on then gently pulls her in and kisses her on the cheek. Janie with an
expression of feeling the death of her fantasy, slowly closes her eyes
during the kiss. Richard pulls his face away from hers but continues to
hold her hand.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
I really did enjoy spending time with you,
Janie.

JANIE:
Take care of yourself. Good night.

Janie walks to exit but turns around to make sure Richard isn't watching,
he isn't. Janie exits. Richard turns around to see the door close behind
Janie.

RICHARD:
Take care Janie.

Richard puts money on the table and rushes out of the bar.

EXT - NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Richard looks down the street for Janie but she's gone. He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Hey. Where you at?

INT - RICHARD'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Richard is sitting on his sofa channel surfing and drinking a beer in his masculine and well decorated apartment.

SHOT OF THE LARGE L-E-D SCREEN - A COMMERCIAL FOR A CLASSIC ROCK MUSIC CD COLLECTION COMES ON.

'AGAINST THE WIND' BY BOB SEGER IS A FEATURED SONG.

Janie was lovely, she was the queen of my nights.

Richard is in a trance. He's startled by a knock at the door. It's Dean.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Hey. What are doing here? Thought you were trapped with the in-laws.

DEAN:
Dee let me off for good behavior. So tell me, how was the evening?

Richard is silent and sits back down on the sofa as Dean goes to grab a beer.

DEAN: (O.S.)
Well? How'd it go??

RICHARD:
It was fine. We had a nice time.

DEAN:
Oh "we had a nice time". You wanna give me a little more than that?

RICHARD:
No real detail to give. We had a few drinks, it was nice. What's to tell?

DEAN:
Uh-huh. What did you do?

RICHARD:
Look, she's a nice girl. She just... didn't seem very interested.

DEAN:

Really. Okay. What did you talk about?

RICHARD:

We talked about our upbringings, her job, she's big into music. I don't know, just stuff.

DEAN:

She's big into music, huh?

RICHARD:

Yeah. So?

DEAN:

Oh God. You didn't.

RICHARD:

What?

DEAN:

You know damn well what. You didn't pull the I've met the biggest stars in the world bullshit did you?

RICHARD:

What, so I mentioned some of the rock stars I've met.

DEAN:

Okay, but how did you tell her? Because I've seen you tell those stories before and you can be so cool about it. But when you're nervous? Sorry buddy, but you sound like a dick.

RICHARD:

What are you talking about? It was fine. I'm telling you, *she* was impressed.

DEAN:

Hey most chicks are totally into that. And many of them are into that because they think you'll open the doors for them because of who you know. I get the feeling she's not like that. Let me ask you this, did you leave together?

RICHARD:

No, she left first.

DEAN:

Do you like her?

Richard is silent and starts rubbing his forehead.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Wow. I'll take that as a big yes. You get her number at least?

RICHARD:

No. But I do have her business card. I can't call her though.

DEAN:

Why the hell not?

RICHARD:

I just had a thought - you told me yourself she's been at every signing and I'm willing to bet she'll be at the next one which is on Tuesday.

(under his breath)

At least I hope so.

DEAN:

I don't know. I will say this, the fact that she probably had the dry heaves after hearing about your pompous Hollywood life, shows she's got character and was actually interested in YOU. Isn't that what you've been looking for?

RICHARD:

Oh God! I fucked up more than you know! Dean, she's really cool! And I didn't give her enough of a chance to really tell me about herself because I couldn't shut my fat trap for two minutes. You really don't think she'll be at the next signing?

INT - MIA AND JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

JANIE:

No way in hell am I going.

JACK:

Honestly Janie, it sounds like he was just laying it on thick. Little too thick if you ask me but then again, I'd be bragging like hell too if I met all those people. He really met Eric Clapton?

JANIE:

Okay, a *hefty* part of me was jealous and it probably wouldn't have sounded so bad if he didn't make me feel like I was a piece of shit. I mean, really, what reaction was he looking for? Was I supposed to get down on my knees and kiss his hand because that hand touched Eric Clapton??

MIA:

What gets me is the search for the perfect body crap.

JANIE:

Right? Okay, he *can* get a woman like that, obviously. I mean, look at him. But he did not need to go into ALL of that with me. I just don't understand why he asked me out in the first place if all he's looking for is a goddamn trophy! Besides, considering the perfection he's been with, I'd probably end up having performance anxiety.

MIA:

Oh stop.

JANIE:

And I could just imagine that if I did have the perfect body and let myself go and he saw one glimmer of cellulite, he'd be sitting there saying, "Babe, ooooh, better take care of that!"

MIA:

You don't need that shit.

JACK:

You two are unbelievable. Mistress Janie, you're beautiful. You've known for quite some time, as does my wife, that I've always wanted to be your personal ashtray and nipple tweaker. I don't know why you think you don't deserve a man good looking and rich dude like that.

JANIE:

Thanks Jack.

MIA:

Oh honey. That was sweet.

JACK:
I have a few stashed away.

JANIE:
Don't ever let him go. And if you do, just
send him to me. Unlike the N-H-L, I have no
issues with sloppy seconds.

JACK:
That's hot.

INT - JB'S BOOK STORE - NIGHT - SIGNING TABLE

Richard, Dean and an OLDER MAN are to the side of the signing table. The
older man goes to address the crowd.

DEAN:
Wonder if Jane will show up.

RICHARD:
It's Jane-e actually.

DEAN:
Janie. Right.

Dean displays a closed mouth smile. Richard looking a bit nervous tries
to act casual and not obvious that he's scanning the room for Janie.

OLDER MAN:
And here he is ladies and gentlemen, let's
give a warm welcome to Mr. Richard Harrison!

RICHARD:
Thanks so much Mike. You know, this book tour
has been so much fun for me.

As Richard speaks, he scans the room and hones in on women's eyes looking
for Janie.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
I get to come home to New York and have a *real*
bagel, but what's been the coolest? Has been
to meet with all of you. Being in L-A, just
about everyone is from somewhere else, which
is great but there's *nothing* like coming
home.

The crowd applauds.

DEAN:
Jesus he needs new material.

Richard is now at the signing table signing books while Dean is standing
off to the side.

RICHARD:
Guess she's a no show.

DEAN:
I guess so.

RICHARD:
(to a male signee)
Hey man, what's your name?

Dean looks down at Richard with a sympathetic smile.

INT - JANIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Janie is on her cell phone lying on the sofa with Gilmour snuggled up to her.

JANIE:
Oh yeah, I'm fine. I was good and worked out this morning but now I'm just gonna be a lazy ass and do nothing but channel surf and try to forget the whole effin experience.

MIA:
I can always have Jack make a Dorito run for you.

Janie looks at the almost empty bag of Cheeze Doodles on the table.

JANIE:
Nah, I think I'm set. I'll call you later.

Janie hangs up and starts clicking away.

FEMALE INFOMMERCIAL HOST:
Ladies, learn how to fall in love with him all over again! There's no reason to let him go.

JANIE:
Wanna bet?

She clicks.

OVERWEIGHT MALE:
Come on down to Harrison's steak house for a piece of meat you'll never forget!

JANIE:
Got me there.

She clicks.

DRAMATIC MALE VOICE: (V.O.)
Jane, please give me another chance. You're
the only one who knows the real me!!

She clicks hard.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(macho manly voice)
And coming up next, another episode of
Misconduct of Bosses on this MOB marathon
weekend.

JANIE:
Oh c'mon!!

INT - DEAN'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

DEIDRE (Dean's lovely wife) opens the door to find Richard standing there
with a bouquet of flowers.

DIEDRE:
Richard! Come on in!

RICHARD:
Hey Dee. You look stunning as usual. These
are for you.

DIEDRE:
How sweet! You big charmer. So, how are you
doing?

RICHARD:
I'm okay. You?

DIEDRE:
I'm good! Dean's in his office. You want
something to drink?

RICHARD:
Sure. Water, juice, anything.

DIEDRE:
You got it. Just go on in.

RICHARD:
Thanks.

INT - DEAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Richard enters quietly.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Quick! Turn off the porn!!

Dean jumps.

DEAN:

Bastard. Wasn't surfing porn you asshole.

RICHARD:

Sexy sheep dot com?

DEAN:

You're sick, dude.

RICHARD:

Ready to go to the gym or what?

DEAN:

Yeah definitely. Just sold a few of your pics we put on-line and wanted to get them out right away.

RICHARD:

Cool. How many did you put up?

DEAN:

Have a look for yourself. I'll get my stuff.

Dean exits. Richard sits down at the computer, types in his name and sees the listing of items relating to his name. Richard scrolls and suddenly 'Books' catches his eye and he finds that several of his books are up for bid.

RICHARD:

WHAT??? Who the hell's selling my book?? It just came out!!

Dean enters.

DEAN:

What's going on?

RICHARD:

A bunch of my books are up for bid. Holy shit!

DEAN:

What?

RICHARD:

And they're autographed! You know, that's just not right. The signing tour isn't even over and something I signed in the last two weeks is up for sale already.

DEAN:

Why are you so shocked by this? Hey man, that's the nature of the biz, you know that.

INT - PUMP IT UP GYM - DAY

Richard and Dean are on treadmills side by side jogging away.

RICHARD:

I just don't get it. Why would somebody buy my book, have me sign it only to turn around a day later and sell it on Ebay?

DEAN:

Why are you so upset?

RICHARD:

Because! I guess I was under the delusion that the people who bought it were really interested. I did expect it, but six months down the road maybe.

DEAN:

Come back to earth man! Like I said, that's part of the gig. And...the book sucked.

RICHARD:

(stops jogging)
Yeah I know. Wait a second.

Richard quickly grabs his towel, water bottle and begins to rush out.

DEAN:

Where you going??

RICHARD:

Gotta run home. Meet me at my place later to watch the hockey game!

DEAN:

Shit. I needed him to spot me.

Dean looks around the gym and sees a very tall, large, BUTCH WOMAN with muscular arms three times the size of his, smiling at him.

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Jesus.

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - DAY - MORNING

Janie enters her cubicle and sits at her desk to find an email from the Richard Harrison fan club.

"Your last chance to meet Richard Harrison is NOW at The Last Page Book Store on February 15th!"

JANIE:

I, I can't.

INT - RICHARD'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Dean enters.

DEAN:

Hey ya bastard, why'd you bolt? I almost had a really manly chick spot me. At least I think it was chick.

RICHARD:

Who do we know that lives in Woodhills New Jersey?

DEAN:

Woodhills? Never even heard of it.

RICHARD:

Well, it sounds familiar to me and that's the one who's selling my books.

DEAN:

So? You gonna hunt this Richard Harrison hater down, tie them up and torture them to find out why they don't like you?

RICHARD:

Why haven't I fired you yet? No, I think I know who it is.

Richard's excitedly typing on the computer and Dean is just standing there staring at Richard.

DEAN:

Well?

RICHARD:

What?

DEAN:

Who is it??

RICHARD:

Oh, sorry. I'm not a hundred percent sure but you'll be the first to know when I am.

DEAN:

Okay private dick, how are you gonna find out who this mystery person is?

RICHARD:

It's easy. I'm going buy the book.

DEAN:

Let me get this straight. *You* are going to bid on a book that is about *you* and that *you* yourself signed. Ya know what, forget it. I'm going to watch the game. You want a beer?

DEAN: (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, this is your place. You get me a beer!

RICHARD:

Yes dear. I'll be right there.

Dean exits.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)

It's got to be her.

INT - A BOOK BY THE FIRE BOOK STORE - SIGNING TABLE - NIGHT

STAN:

You missed a hell of a party! We had an oyster swallowing contest. Not quantity but size. I'm hosting a Zorro film fest at my pad tonight. You just *have* to come...to the party!

Dean enters, sees Stan and immediately goes to rescue Richard.

RICHARD:

Wow. That's too bad. Maybe next time!

DEAN:

Hey man! Good to see you again!

STAN:

You too you tall dark drink of Double Espresso!

DEAN:

THAT'S a first. Couldn't help but over hear the invitation but Richard actually has a meeting tonight.

RICHARD:

We do?

DEAN:

Yeah, Marty just called and said we have to go meet him after this.

STAN:

(sighs heavily)

Once again, that is a tragedy.

Richard suddenly remembers Stan and Janie were together at a previous signing.

RICHARD:
Hey Stan, can I talk to you privately for a moment?

STAN:
(looks up)
Thank you God!!

DEAN:
(quietly to Richard)
What are you doing?

Richard motions that it's okay.

STAN:
Baby you can do more than just talk to me in private.

Richard and Stan move off to the side.

RICHARD:
At the last signing you were at, you were with a woman.

STAN:
Oh, but baby I thought you would've known I don't fly that way!

RICHARD:
No, no that's not what I mean.

Dean walks over to Richard and Stan.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
The woman you were with, her name is Janie.

STAN:
Oh Janie, she's just darling.

RICHARD:
Are you close friends with her?

STAN:
We met at another signing so she's not really my BFF. Although, I did call her a few days ago because I had to get the scoop on you peanut! She did tell me about the brief encounter you two had. It's too bad it was a bust. Had it been you and I, the evening

would've gone out with a serious bang that would have been heard in Detroit!

RICHARD:
She said it was a bust?

STAN:
Well yeah fuzzy bumpers! She was disappointed because she expected you to be normal, that's boring anyway if you ask me.

RICHARD:
That's all she said?

STAN:
She said you were a bit too picky with your women and she couldn't compete. But let's face it baby, you're too much man! You are just too precious to be with common folk!

Richard is dumfounded.

DEAN:
Stan, thanks so much. But he's gotta get back.

RICHARD:
Yeah, uh, Stan, thanks very much.

Richard puts out his hand to shake Stan's. Stan opens up his arms wide wanting a hug instead. Richard gives Stan a bro hug but Stan pulls Richard in close with both arms wrapped around him.

STAN:
Uhhh!! Damn you smell good!! Ciao!

Stan exits.

DEAN:
I think his little soldier was at attention.

RICHARD:
You were right. I totally blew it with Janie.

Richard takes a quick breath and puts on his Hollywood face, sits back down and continues greeting signees.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
Sorry bout that! And what's your name?

INT - PEYTON PRINTING - SHIPPING DEPARTMENT - DAY

JANIE:
(holding a brown box)

Hey Sam? I need a big favor.

SAM:

Janie, I've been waiting three years to hear those words come from that gorgeous mouth of yours.

JANIE:

Oh Sam. I'm sure your wife wouldn't appreciate hearing that.

SAM:

Your point?

JANIE:

I'm taking this to the post office to mail but it needs to be taped up good. Can I borrow your tape gun?

SAM:

You big flirt. Don't make a trip to the post office. I'll mail it.

JANIE:

But it's personal.

SAM:

You're so cute playing by the rules. Gimme the box.

SHOT OF THE BOX - SEE SHIP TO ADDRESS LABEL:

TO: MRS. HARRIET RICHARDSON, 31264 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Sam slaps a Peyton Printing return label on the box and sends it down a conveyor belt.

INT - RICHARD'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER ENTRANCE - DAY

Richard enters and is greeted by the DOORMAN. Richard walks towards the elevator and sees a box on the mail table. Richard looks at the box, his eyes widen, grabs the box quickly and hurries to the elevator.

INT - RICHARD'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Richard quickly opens the box and pulls out three of his autographed books. He looks for a note or seller info but there's nothing but the books. He inspects the return address on the box - PEYTON PRINTING. Richard dials his cell phone.

RICHARD:

Care to go on a field trip?

INT - PEYTON PRINTING OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

RECEPTIONIST:

Good afternoon gentlemen! How can I help you?

RICHARD:

Hi there. Was wondering if...

RECEPTIONIST:

OH MY GOD!!! You're Tony Spitts!!!

RICHARD:

Uhh, yes I'm Richard Harrison. I was wondering if you might be able to tell me if Janie Thompson is in today.

RECEPTIONIST:

(nervously)

Oh Janie, yes. I'll let her know you're here.

DEAN:

I'm proud of you dude! What are you gonna say when you see her? And you know you could've just called her right?

RICHARD:

Umm...Oh God. I have no idea!

(suddenly nervous)

What do I do? What do I say??

DEAN:

Relax. Something will come to you. Wait, what am I saying. That's what got you in this mess in the first place. The only advice I'm gonna give you is be-your-self. Forget the Hollywood shit. Let her see the guy I know -- Rich Harrison from Staten Island and not the Emmy award winning Richard Harrison. Got it?

Richard pulls it together.

RECEPTIONIST:

I'm so sorry Mr. Spitts I mean, Mr. Harrison! Janie's out to lunch. We tried calling her cell phone but it went straight to voice mail.

RICHARD:

Well thank you very much for trying. Can I leave my card with you and can you please make sure Janie gets it?

RECEPTIONIST:
Oh absolutely. I'll guard it with my life!

RICHARD:
Have a good day now.

RECEPTIONIST:
I will!!!

EXT - PEYTON PRINTING BUILDING - DAY

Richard and Dean exit the building. As they walk out, a BUSINESS MAN (President of Peyton Printing) takes a double take as he passes Richard.

BUSINESS MAN:
Naaahhh....

DEAN:
Well you tried. GREAT attempt though.

RICHARD:
Now the ball's in her court.

INT - CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

Janie and Mia are browsing.

MIA:
He just showed up at work??

JANIE:
Yeah! I still can't believe it. What do I do?

MIA:
How about calling him. He obviously wants to see you.

JANIE:
I don't know. His ego is probably just bruised. And he's got my work number, he could've just called me.

MIA:
I hate to say it but after everything, going to all those signings and all of the dreaming and hoping, and yes, despite a crappy first meeting, I think you should call him.

JANIE:
I don't know, maybe.

MIA:
What are your instincts saying?

JANIE:

My instincts? My instincts have completely abandoned me. Let's say I do see him again, he'll probably just throw me away when he meets the perfect set of legs.

MIA:

If you don't call him, then I guess you'll never know will you? Hey, where's the next signing?

JANIE:

No idea. I tossed the schedule and unsubscribed from his website.

MIA:

Well, I have the schedule.

Janie's cell phone rings. The exchange is 310 but she doesn't recognize the number.

JANIE:

Three one zero? California? Why is the California office calling me now?? Oh shit that's right. I forgot I had my calls from work forwarded to my cell. I'll deal with them on Monday.

Janie presses 'Ignore' on the phone.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

Huh?? Why do you have the schedule??

MIA:

It seems that there's been a change in location for the next one which is tomorrow and thought you might want to know that, it's here in Jersey.

JANIE:

You're kidding.

MIA:

And right in Paramus at The Book Store.

JANIE:

Oh my God.

MIA:

I know. It really is a stupid name for a book store don't ya think?! Seriously, The Book Store??

EXT - THE BOOK STORE - DAY

There's a large crowd outside the store. Janie is sitting in her car in the parking lot and staring at the sky debating if going in would be a big mistake. She decides to go in. The entrance is split in half - one half of the entrance is for regular shoppers and is clear - the other half of the entrance displays a sign "BOOK SIGNING" and there is the usual long line of people. Looking sad and somewhat impatient, Janie bypasses the book signing line and goes in through the clear entrance. She causally walks through the store not quite knowing what to do or where to go. She finds herself strolling through the biography section and her eyes land on Richard's book. Janie picks it up and stares at the picture of him on the cover. She's on the verge of tears. Janie then opens the back of the book and reads:

I'd like to thank my family for always believing in me and always reminding me that anything in life is possible...having you by my side is what defines success. Special thanks to Dean, the best friend a guy ever had - thanks for always sticking by me. I love you all...

To my fans - without you, I would not have the strength or courage to do what I love...I give you my undying thanks.

Janie pathetically looks up at the ceiling.

JANIE:

I want to meet THAT man.

Janie takes the book and goes to the register.

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

Honey, you know he's *here* don't you?

JANIE:

I do. I've met him before.

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

Why in God's name would you NOT want to meet him again??

JANIE:

He wasn't what I thought he'd be.

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

Oh baby, they never are. That'll be twenty-one ninety-five.

JANIE:

Once that first impression is tainted you can't get it back.

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

I believe everyone gets a second chance.

JANIE:

You really think so?

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

Sure why not? My husband tried so hard to impress me on our first date, I thought he was a complete jackass and I wanted nothing to do with him. But he begged and begged until I gave him another shot. Been married 22 years now.

JANIE:

Wow. That's quite a story. You're one of the lucky ones. Thanks so much. Take care.

BOOK STORE CASHIER:

You too Miss!

Janie appears sluggish and slowly walks out of the store. As Janie exits, she walks directly to the end of the line for the book signing.

Janie is now at the doorway of the entrance to the signing room. She tries to see Richard at the signing table that sits on a stage like platform but can't make him out through the crowd. Janie's extremely uneasy and still not sure whether to go through with having her book signed and seeing Richard. She begins to over hear a conversation of a couple standing behind her.

MAN: (V.O.)

Why are you putting lipstick on?

WOMAN:

Cuz. Never know. Maybe he'll see me and cast me as an extra or something.

MAN:

Let me know how that works out for ya.

WOMAN:

It could happen! But I'll tell ya, he *is* single and any woman who gets to have him would seriously be the luckiest woman in the world.

MAN:

Gee hon, thanks.

WOMAN:

Oh honey, you know you're the man of my dreams. But let's face it, he's hot, the most successful man on T-V, rich *still* is normal.

MAN:

Ha! Normal?? Yeah right! Don't tell me that every date he has are with women who are *normal*. There is no such thing in his world.

The line has moved enough for Janie to see Richard at the signing table and she also sees Dean off to the side.

MAN: (CONT'D)

He has to have a hot chick. Besides, hot and normal can't co-exist.

WOMAN:

Then what the hell am I?

MAN:

You're hot. And insane.

Janie struggles with what she had just overheard and begins to look at herself and now whole heartedly believe's she's not good enough for Richard. Unbeknownst to Janie, Dean spots Janie in the crowd, leans over and whispers in Richard's ear. Richard's eyes widen, immediately stops signing and stands up. Janie turns around and runs out of the store. Richard steps down off of the platform with his eyes fixed on the exit while the crowd cheers at Richard. Richard tries to make his way through the crowd.

EXT - THE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janie runs to her car and takes off. Richard managed to break through the crowd and make it outside only to see Janie driving away.

OLDER FEMALE FAN OUTSIDE:

If that's what happens when you don't pay for a book, I'll steal one right now.

Dean catches up.

DEAN:

Guess you didn't catch her.

RICHARD:

No.

Richard and Dean walk back inside The Book Store as Richard sadly keeps looking back at the parking lot.

INT - JANIE'S SUV - DAY

Janie's driving and trying to hold back tears but can't hold it in much longer.

JANIE:

I just want to get home.

INT - JANIE'S CONDO - DAY

Janie enters and shuts the door. Her body falls hard against the door. She begins to sob.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
This is RIDICULOUS!!! Why am I crying over
this man?? I don't get it!

JANIE: (CONT'D)
(wiping tears away)
Get it together Janie. This is so stupid.

Janie picks up her cell phone to make a call and sees there's an unchecked voice mail. Janie dials her voice mail.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, that's right. It's the California
office.

VOICE MAIL MESSAGE: (shaky male voice)

Hi Janie. It's um, Rich Harrison. I'm calling your office since it's the only umm, number I uh, have. I need to say something to you. I went to your, to your office but you weren't there and then I was hoping that you would've come to another signing but you never did. And I don't blame you for never wanting to see me again after the way I acted. I know that the women I've been with in recent years are shallow and only want to know the Hollywood Richard and not, me. I didn't realize until it was too late that I was sitting with a sweet, witty and beautiful woman who didn't care about my fame and success but simply wanted to get to know me. I guess you can say I wasn't prepared for that. Janie, I saw something extraordinary in your eyes and when I thought I was impressing you, I had no idea that all I was doing was turning you off and I am so sorry. I would give anything to see you again. Please, think about it, won't you? (beat) Oh God, I wanted to tell you all this in person. I'm such an idiot. I'm sorry. One last thing, and please don't be offended by this but...at an earlier signing, I noticed a pair of legs on the stairway. They were most beautiful pair of legs I'd ever seen in my life...and they were yours. But Janie, despite what you may think, I don't fall in love over a set of legs, I fell in love when I looked in your eyes. Please, please call me. Take care.

With a complete display of shock and now out of breath, Janie dials the phone to call Richard.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Oh my God, what's the number?

Janie frantically recalls Richard's phone number and dials.

JANIE: (CONT'D)
Voice mail! Shit!

Janie hangs up.

JANIE:

Oh my God, oh my God, what do I do??

Janie runs in circles then grabs her purse, runs out of her condo and slams the door shut. The shot stays on the interior door - Janie runs back inside and quickly checks her hair in the mirror on the wall then runs right back out.

Janie speeds into the parking lot of The Book Store but there's very few cars in the parking lot and no crowd. Janie parks illegally in front of The Book Store and runs inside.

INT - THE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janie runs towards the signing room not even noticing that the crowds are gone. Janie stops dead in her tracks as she enters the doorway to the signing room and looks around. Janie sees the empty signing table and there's a few people in the middle of the room.

JANIE: (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

Excuse me. Is Richard Harrison still here????

MALE BOOK STORE EMPLOYEE:

I'm sorry but no. He left about ten minutes ago.

EXT - THE BOOK STORE - DAY

Janie stops just as she walks out of The Book Store. Janie covers her face with her hands for a moment.

JANIE:

And there it is.

(becomes weepy)

Oh God.

Janie very slowly gets into her car and drives away.

INT - THE LAST PAGE BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Richard is at the signing table and is very mellow - not depressed just mellow. Richard's Mr. Hollywood usual persona is not at all present and he appears to be his normal self.

RICHARD:

(to a male signee)

Hey thanks for coming down. I really appreciate it.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
And what is your name?

FEMALE SIGNEE:
Tracy.

RICHARD:
Hi Tracy. Hey, what's your favorite movie?

TRACY:
(star struck)
UUHHH...I, I, um, I guess The Tale of
Alexander?

RICHARD:
Wow. I haven't thought about that film in a
long time.

TRACY:
You were SOOOO great in that!!

RICHARD:
I was a guard who didn't speak and was on
screen for all of 10 seconds.

TRACY:
But I really felt your pain in that role!

RICHARD:
Well Tracy, thanks so much for coming down.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
(to Dean)
I need a break.

DEAN:
You only have another twenty minutes.

RICHARD:
I have to say, I'm kind of glad this is it
for the tour.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
(to a female signee)
Hi there. And what is your name?

DEAN:
Yeah I hear ya. Guess it's time to get back
to reality.
(beat)
I haven't asked if you've heard from Janie.

RICHARD:
You know I would've told you.
 (to the female signee)
Hope you enjoy the book.
 (to Dean)
I tried to go see her, I called, and no
response. I blew it.

A book is placed on the table for Richard to sign. Richard doesn't look up at the signee.

RICHARD: (CONT'D)
And what is your name?

Silence. Not hearing a response, Richard looks up - it's Janie. His breath is taken away.

JANIE:
 (smiling)
Busy later? Care to watch Some Like It Hot
with me?

Richard is pleasantly stunned and stands up.

RICHARD:
Or maybe we can go to a concert.

Richard and Janie smile at each other. Richard slowly pulls Janie in for a kiss.

FEMALE SIGNEE NEXT IN LINE:
Wow, we get more than just a lousy signature.
Awesome.

THE END.