

SARA

Harry!

HARRY

Hey, take it easy, Ma, you'll crush me.

He gives her a quick smile as he adjusts his clothes.

SARA

Come, come inside, Harry. I'll make you a pot of coffee and we'll have a visit.

She grabs his hand and heads to the entrance.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT

SARA

And how are you, Harry, you're looking so good. You want something to eat?

HARRY

No, Ma --

SARA

A little nosh, maybe, or cake, I'll go get some if you want, a cupcake, maybe?

HARRY

No --

Finally, the coffee is ready and she fills two cups.

SARA

You want something to eat?

HARRY

(almost screams)

No, Ma. Nothing. Sit. Sit, for fuks sake. You're making me dizzy.

SARA

You notice something? You notice I'm slimmer?

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, I guess you are, Mom.

SARA

Twenty-five pounds. You believe it?

HARRY

That's great, Ma. That's really great, I'm really happy for ya. But sit down, eh?

Sara sits, Harry is bewildered.

HARRY

I'm sorry I haven't been around for awhile, Ma, but I've been busy, real busy.

SARA

You got yourself a good job? You're doing well?

HARRY

Yeah, Ma, real good.

SARA

What kind of business?

HARRY

Well, I'm sort of a distributor,
like. For a big importer. My own.

SARA

Oh, I'm so happy for you.

Sara gets up and smothers Harry with kisses.

HARRY

Hey, Ma, easy, eh? You're killing
me. Krist, whatta ya been doin',
liftin' weights?

SARA

Your own business. Oh Harry, I
knew when I saw you that you had
your own business. I always knew
that you could do that.

HARRY

(smiles)

Yeah, Ma, you were right. I made
it just like you said I would.

SARA

So now maybe you'll meet a nice
girl and have a baby?

HARRY

I already met one --

Sara squeals and squeaks and starts to jump out
of her chair.

Harry holds his arms up in front of him.

HARRY

Jesus krist, Ma, don't go ape shit,
eh?

SARA

Is she a nice girl? Who's her
parents? What --

HARRY

You know'er, Ma. Marion. Marion
Silver. Remember, they --

SARA

Oh, Silver. Of course. I know
Manhattan Beach. He's got a house
on the esplanade. Garment business.

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, he's big in women's
undies.

Harry chuckles. Sara is so happy, she can't
stay sitting.

HARRY

Before you go bouncin' all over
again and make me forget, what I
want to tell ya is I got you a
present and --

SARA

Harry, I don't want a present, just
have a baby.

HARRY

Later for that, eh? Will you let
me tell you what I got, eh? Will ya?

Sara nods, grins, grinds and clenches.

HARRY

Krist, you're really something else today. Look, I know... well...

(deep breath)

What I'm trying to say is that...well...

(shrugs)

Well...I know I ain't been the best son in the world --

SARA

Oh, Harry, you're a good --

HARRY

No, no! Please, Ma, let me finish. I'll never get it out if you keep interrupting me.

(deep breath)

I'm sorry for being such a bastard.

(stop -- breathe -- sigh)

I wanna make it up. I mean, I know I can't change anything that's happened, but I want ya to know that I'm sorry and I love ya, and I wanna make it right.

SARA

Harry, it's --

HARRY

I don't know why I do those things. I don't really want to do them. It just sort've happens, I guess. I don't know. It's all kinda goofy

somehow, but I really do love ya,
Ma, and I want you to be happy so I
got ya a brand new TV set. It's
gonna be delivered in a couple a
days. From Macy's.

Sara squeals, but Harry wards her off with his
hands. She
sits down, grins and grinds her teeth.

SARA

Oh, Harry, you're such a good boy.
Your father would be so happy to
see what you're doing for your
poor, lonely mother.

Harry leans over and gives her an honest, open
and perfectly
beautiful kiss.

SARA

You see that, Seymour? You see how
good your son is? He knows how
lonely his mother is living all
alone, no one to make her a visit...

TIGHT ON Sara's mouth. Harry leans across the
table. She's GRINDING her teeth.

HARRY

Hey, Ma, you droppin' uppers?

SARA

What?

HARRY

You on uppers?
(getting angry)

You're on diet pills, ain't ya?

SARA

On? On? What is on?

HARRY

How come ya lost so much weight?

SARA

I told you, I'm going to a specialist.

HARRY

A specialist. What kinda specialist?

SARA

What kind? A specialist. For weight.

HARRY

Yeah, that's what I thought.
You're makin' a croaker for speed,
ain't ya?

SARA

Harry, you alright?

(shrugs)

I'm just going to a doctor. I
Don't know from croaker, making --

HARRY

What does he give ya, Ma? Eh?
Does he give ya pills?

SARA

Of course he gives me pills. He's
a doctor. Doctors give pills.

HARRY

What kind of pills?

SARA

What kind. A purple one, red one,
orange and --

HARRY

(rolls eyes)

I mean, like what's in them?

SARA

Harry, I'm Sara Goldfarb, not
Albert Einstein. How should I know
what's in them?

HARRY

Look, Ma, does that stuff make you
feel good sort of and give you lots
of pep?

SARA

(nods)

Well, I guess maybe a little.

HARRY

A little? Jesus, I can hear ya
grinding ya teeth from here.

SARA

How come you know so much? How
come you know more about medicine
than a doctor?

HARRY

(deep sigh)

I know, Ma, believe me, I know.

SARA

C'mon. I almost fit in my red

dress, the one I wore at your high school graduation. The one your father liked so much. I remember how he looked at me in the red dress. It's not long after that he got sick and died and you're without a father, my poor baby, but thank God he saw you happy for a little and --

HARRY

What's with the red dress? What does that --

SARA

I'm going to wear the red dress on...Oh, you don't know. I'm going to be on television. I got a call and an application and --

HARRY

C'mon, Ma, who's pullin' ya leg?

SARA

I'm telling you I'm being a contestant on television.

HARRY

What's the big deal about being on television? Those pills'll kill ya before ya ever get on TV.

SARA

Big deal? You drove up in a cab. You see who had the sun seat? You notice your mother in the special spot getting the sun? You know who everybody talks to? You know who's

somebody now? Who's no longer just a widow in a little apartment who lives alone? I'm somebody now, Harry. Everyone likes me. Soon millions of people will see me and like me.

Harry nods. Defeated, he stares at the floor.

SARA

And who knows what I might win? A new refrigerator. A Rolls-Royce, maybe. Robert Redford.

HARRY

Robert Redford?

SARA

It's not the prizes, Harry. It doesn't make any difference if I win or lose. It's like a reason to get up in the morning.

(close to Harry now)

What have I got, Harry? Why should I even make the bed or wash the dishes? I do them, but why should I? I'm alone. Seymour's gone, you're gone, I have no one to take care of. What do I have? I'm lonely, I'm old.

Harry fidgets, his eyes blink, he tries:

HARRY

You got friends, Ma. What --

SARA

It's not the same. You need someone to make for. I like

thinking about the red dress and the television...and your father and you.

HARRY

I'll come visit, Ma. Now that I'm straight, my business is going good, I'll come. Me and Marion. Honest, Ma. I swear. We'll come for dinner. Soon.

SARA

Good, you bring her and I'll make your soup and a roast.

HARRY

That sounds great, Ma. I'll give you a call ahead a time, OK?

SARA

(nods)

Good. I'm glad. I'm glad you got a nice girl and a good business. I'm glad. Your father and I were always wanting only the very best for you. I'm glad, Harry, that you have someone to be with. You should be healthy and happy. And have lots of babies. Don't have only one.

Harry does his best to hug his mother. He fights his desperation to get away and holds onto her. Eventually, Sara backs away and looks into his face, smiling.

SARA

Look, I'm crying already. I'm so happy I'm crying.

HARRY
(forces smiles)
I'm glad you're happy, Ma. I
really love ya. An' I'm sorry --

Sara waves his apology away -- tosh, tosh.

HARRY
I really am. But I'm goin' ta make
it up now. You should just be happy.

SARA
Don't worry about me. I'm used to
being alone.

A long silent beat as child and parent smile at
each other. Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY
I got to go, Ma. I have an
appointment in Manhattan in a
little bit. But I'll be back.

They embrace, Harry Leaves.

Then she takes her orange pill -- pop, hit,
glup, snap --
and washes it down with a fresh cup of coffee.