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**

**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.