

Something's Gotta Give

Interior kitchen pajama party with Erica and Harry.

After making a late night date via email Erica and Harry enter the kitchen from opposite sides. They stop and look at each other standing in the kitchen in their pajamas.

Harry:

We are cute.

Erica:

Well, this is pretty unusual for me. Im not used to having sleepovers.

Harry:

Me either.

Erica:

Really... With your social life, huh

Harry:

My dear... your confusing sex with sleeping. Sleeping is something that I prefer to do alone.

Erica:

Ok.. Good to know.. What are ya hungry for?

Harry:

What are my choices? .. I mean, I know you think Im not very discriminating when it comes to....

Erica:

Oh please!.. What difference does it make what I think of you.. I can't even imagine what you think of me.. " she looks in the refrigerator" Ahhh.. Ok.. Pancakes, Pasta, Leftover Co Co Va.. Grilled cheese?

Harry:

Pancakes.

Erica:

Ahhh.. Totally what I wanted..

Harry:

You ever miss being married? I bet you were great at it.

Erica:

Sometimes.. yeah, at night. But not that much anymore. Was one of us just saying something interesting?

Harry:

You said you can't imagine what I think of you.

Erica:

Ohhhh.... Ah yeah, you don't have to answer that.

Harry:

Ok.

Erica:

Well... But I mean... If you have an opinion I'd be curious.

Harry:

Will you tell me first why you only miss being married at night?

Erica:

Well... The phone doesn't ring that much at night. And the whole alone thing happens at night. An sleeping by myself took some getting used to. But I got the hang of it. Ya gotta sleep in the middle of the bed. It's absolutely not healthy to have a side, when no one has the other side.

Harry:

Now I'm convinced that what I think of you is right.... Your a tower of strength.

Erica:

Ahhhhh

Harry:

Try not to rape my answer...

Erica:

I'm sorry... Ok, I'm sorry, but....

Harry:

You know what your like.... Your like one of those great portraits you would see over a fireplace... Words have been invented to describe woman like you.

Erica:

Such as?

Harry:

Flinty...

Erica:

Ahhhh...

Harry:

And, Impervious...

Erica:

So, you think I'm inhuman?

Harry:

No... I think your formidable.

Erica:

Yeah. Cold, distant... Like I'm frozen in some painting?

Harry:

Not at all.... But I do think you use your strength to separate yourself from everyone...
But Its thrilling when your defenses are down... an yr not isolated... That, I believe is
your winning combo... Killer combo actually.

Erica:

Yeah, I can't decide if you hate me... Or if ahh.. Your like the only person who really got
me.

Harry:

I don't hate ya.

Erica:

Ya don't?

Harry:

No.

Daughter enters

.