THE VIAGRA DIARIES

"Pilot"

Written by

DARREN STAR

DARREN STAR PRODUCTIONS
HBO
November 17, 2011

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APT - DAY

CLAIRE WAGNER, an incandescent mess of tight jeans, heels and great hair, furiously washes champagne glasses in a newly installed Bulthap kitchen. Swirling around her are a crew of assistants, movers, lighting designers, art handlers and florists arranging, tweaking and perfecting this luxe Fifth Avenue vision of dreams fulfilled. Everyone working is wearing surgical booties on their feet.

CLAIRE
John, dim the lights.
(to someone hanging art)
Up a couple inches. Uhhh...
perfect.

Claire turns to her design associate, ROB, early-thirties, East Village.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Rob, we need music. Something Brazilian.

He swipes though his iPod.

ROB
What are we trying to say here?

CLAIRE
If this apartment could talk it would say come in, make yourself comfortable and celebrate life.

An older woman JOAN, early eighties but still a ball of energy, schleps an enormous orchid across the living room.

JOAN
It fucks you with elegance while seducing you with its utter lack of pretension. And that's class.

About to collapse, Joan almost drops the orchid on the coffee table.

CLAIRE
Mommy, don't put that there it belongs on the Prouve table.

JOAN
Are you nuts, you shouldn't put anything on that table.

CLAIRE
There's nothing to balance that side of the room.

She hoists it up as a Carlos Jobim samba begins to PLAY.

JOAN
Oh for Christ sake!

CONTINUED:

Claire watches as Joan crosses the room with the orchid and puts it on the table.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Happy?

Claire assesses for a moment. No. She turns to a very pulled together whippet-thin twenty-something assistant, ELLIE.

CLAIRE
Ellie, those fabulous gourds we got at the Marche de Puce ...

ELLIE
You said not to bring them.

ROB
They're in the truck!

CLAIRE
Go!
(checks her watch)
Twenty minutes people!

Ellie deflates. Rob is out the door like a shot.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(suddenly spots something)
Holy shit!
(points)

ELLIE
What?

CLAIRE
There on the top shelf!

ANGLE - BOOK

The only prominently lit book on the shelf is "HITLER - THE FINAL DAYS."

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
All I see is Hitler!

Another assistant, JOHN, pipes in.

JOHN
I liked the graphic. Didn't realize it was a swastika. My bad!

CLAIRE
Just move the book!

Rob rushes back in. Without the gourds.

ROB
The Rothsteins are coming up. Now!

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
Everybody out the service entrance.

Everyone starts to scramble. She motions to Joan - who is about to drop the orchid on the coffee table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Sorry mommy. It needs to go back.
You were right.

JOAN
Of course I'm right. I've only been doing this for fifty years.

Joan GROANS and trucks the orchid back to the coffee table as everyone scrambles out of the apartment. Claire rushes over to fluff the pillows, a bottle of Dom in hand. Hands it to Rob.

CLAIRE
Open.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

She races to the fire place, turns on the gas, strikes a long match. A fireball WHOOSHES out as the gas ignites.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Do I still have eyelashes?

ROB
Yes.

She heads to the door, champagne in hand waiting for the last of the group to leave the apartment. Then opens it, revealing a well dressed couple in their mid forties. JILL AND ALLEN ROTHSTEIN.

CLAIRE
Welcome, to your new home.

She hands them each a glass of champagne. Jill puts her hand to her mouth, completely verklempt.

JILL
Oh my God, Claire... it's gorgeous.
I can't believe I get to live here.

She hugs her. And starts to cry.

CLAIRE
Don't start crying now. Wait until you see the master.

She hands Jill a tissue.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

A driving rain. Claire steps out under the awning and takes in the mess, carrying a shopping bag. She checks her watch.

CONTINUED:

7:45 PM.

CLAIRE
(gasps)
Damn!

She texts on her phone.

INSERT - TEXT

"Running late honey - sorry!!"

Then opens her umbrella and runs onto Fifth Avenue.

Fifth Avenue is bumper to bumper taxis, all 'in service.' Claire races through puddles along the traffic, desperately trying to hail a cab.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Taxi!!

She runs up to a taxi stuck in traffic with its "out of service" light on. Knocks on the driver's side window. Claire motions for him to roll down the window. He shakes his head "no."

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I know you're out of service - but it's my husband's birthday and I ....

The taxi speeds away, splashing her. She hurriedly starts down the street into the driving rain. The wind blows her umbrella inside out.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Shit!

INT. CAFE BOULUD - NIGHT

Claire races into the restaurant, soaked. She hands off her coat and broken umbrella to the coat check then spots her husband, JERRY, a handsome virile man around sixty-three. He's sitting at the bar, unhappily nursing a martini. She beelines toward him.

CLAIRE
Darling, I'm so sorry...
I had the Rothstein's installation and then I couldn't get a cab - I walked twenty blocks in that mess.

She showers him with kisses.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, happy birthday...

JERRY
Why do you over schedule yourself?
You said 7:30.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)
I would have gotten here an hour later, anything to avoid sitting alone at a bar like a schmuck...

CLAIRE
I know, and it is completely my fault. Did you get my text?

Her phone DINGS with an incoming text. She looks down at the phone.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh God, they can't figure out the lighting system.
(beat)
Can you get our table? I'll be right back.
Oh and did I mention....?
(kisses him)
Happy birthday, sweetheart.

She gives him a loving smile, then heads off to the bathroom, texting as she walks. Jerry watches her go, finishes his martini.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Claire and Jerry are eating dinner in this elegant dining room. They are just about through with their main course.

CLAIRE
I got tears. What's better than that?

JERRY
A check? Did you finally get paid?

CLAIRE
There are a *few* outstanding invoices but...
(beat)
You always worry that I'm going to get stiffed by my clients. That happened one time. Like thirteen - no fifteen years ago.

She retrieves a bag from under he table. Pulls out a gift wrapped box. Sings.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday my darling, happy birthday to you...

JERRY
How did you fit a new set of golf clubs in here?

CLAIRE
Ha ha ha.

CONTINUED:

He opens the box. It's a cashmere sweater.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's Brunello Cucenelli. Feel how soft this is.

JERRY
It's really nice.

CLAIRE
The kids sent a gift to the apartment. I was supposed to bring it to dinner but...

JERRY
Claire, you know I'm having a *really* hard time with this birthday...

She looks at him, unsure.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Sixty four? One year away from sixty five?

CLAIRE
Honey, it's just a number.

JERRY
Of course, it's how you feel. And I feel great. I'm in better shape now than when I was forty five. I feel more virile than I did when I was forty five.

Claire strokes his balding head.

CLAIRE
They say that baldness is a sign of virility. So I'm not surprised.

He takes her hand, nervously.

JERRY
What if I told you I was having a 'mid-life' crisis?

CLAIRE
I would think, how long do you plan to live ... until a hundred and thirty?

JERRY
See that's the thing, you're so literal minded.

CLAIRE
I'm kidding.

CONTINUED:

JERRY
Look, I am really struggling with something here. I don't know if I can handle the fact that the rest of my life is going to be more of the same story. I need surprises. I need excitement.

CLAIRE
I need excitement too!

JERRY
Claire, I love you.

CLAIRE
(sweetly)
I love you too.

JERRY
I've adored you for thirty-five years and this isn't your fault, but I can't do it any more.

CLAIRE
Do what anymore?

JERRY
I can't stay married.

Claire takes this in, stunned.

CLAIRE
You don't want to stay married?

JERRY
(he takes her hand)
I know this is a shock. I've been wanting to say something every day for months... and finally... it just ... I'm like a volcano of emotion...

CLAIRE
(trying not to panic)
OK, OK...

A couple of waiters come over with a cake and begin to sing "Happy Birthday," and a few diners join in. The waiters set down the cake, oblivious. Jerry blows out the candles, and they quietly applaud.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Is there...someone else?

JERRY
No. Nobody.

CLAIRE
So you want to throw away thirty five years of marriage to be alone.

CONTINUED:

JERRY
I need to have fun.

CLAIRE
So let's have fun.

JERRY
You're not fun anymore.

CLAIRE
What? *I'm* not fun? You miss your 'poo' window in the morning and your WHOLE day is shot - and you're telling me "*I'm* not fun!" I am fun....

JERRY
Claire, I've spent so many years working, having a family, being responsible...

CLAIRE
And me? What have I been doing? I didn't even start my business until the kids were grown.

JERRY
(he takes her hand)
I know. And honey, I still love you. You're still the wonderful, sexy woman I married.

CLAIRE
Don't patronize me. You need therapy, Jerry. You have a lot of issues and they're not all about me.

JERRY
You're not listening.

CLAIRE
Because I've heard it before, Jerry. When you're dissatisfied, it's always my fault. But I will not be blamed for your life being boring.

She stands up to leave. Pulls her purse, knocking over the chair. And exits the restaurant as dignified as possible.

Jerry yells after her but doesn't stand up.

JERRY
Claire!

She keeps moving, grabs her coat and tattered umbrella.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

She walks out into the pouring rain, puts her umbrella up inside out. And keeps walking, oblivious.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A FEW MONTHS LATER

Cherry blossoms are blooming across the park.

PAN ACROSS park to a building on Central Park West.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - WEEKS LATER

Claire is lying on a couch, speaking to a female therapist, HOPE, late thirties. She is serious, dark hair, full figured.

CLAIRE
Not fun, not fun... it just keeps rolling around in my head.

HOPE
You've got to stop dwelling on that one conversation.

CLAIRE
Do you realize I've been married my entire adult life?

HOPE
It's a big change.

CLAIRE
Thank God I have my children. My life hasn't been a total waste.

HOPE
You're a talented designer. You have a successful business.

CLAIRE
True, there is that.

HOPE
Things may seem tough now, but you're life is about to open up in so many new and exciting ways.

Claire's not listening. She's fixated on her arm. She lifts it up, pushes a little bit of flab. Reacts, horrified.

CLAIRE
Oh my God! Would you look at that? It's my mother's arm. I can't even look. It's too much.

HOPE
OK, mom! I have an actual patient coming in five minutes. You've got to go.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
But I love lying here. Do you remember when this couch was in our living room?

HOPE
Of course.

CLAIRE
It's a Florence Knoll. Your father never thought it was comfortable enough.

Claire stands. Hugs her daughter.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hope, I just want you to know - I did everything I could to make this work. I never wanted you to be the child of a divorce.

HOPE
Mom. I'm thirty six. Not a child. You don't have to keep the marriage together for me.

CLAIRE
OK, I have something to tell you.
(beat)
I have a blind date tonight.

HOPE
Seriously?
(beat)
I mean, who?

CLAIRE
He's a man around my age, and he's been divorced for a few years. He has a marketing firm. A client of mine set us up.

HOPE
I don't believe this! You've been single for ... what ... twelve weeks? And you're already being fixed up?

CLAIRE
Oh sweetheart, I'm sorry, is this upsetting you?

HOPE
(starts to tear up)
Mom, I haven't been out with a man in over two years!

Claire suddenly feels horrible.

CLAIRE
Now I'm going to start crying.

CONTINUED:

HOPE
Mom, this is my cry. Would you please let me have my cry!

CLAIRE
Oh, Hope...maybe you should lie on the couch, and I'll sit in the chair, just for a few minutes, and you can...

A BUZZER SOUNDS. Hope grabs some tissue.

HOPE
That's my patient. You really have to leave.

CLAIRE
OK, but I'm calling you tonight.

Claire kisses Hope.

HOPE
Just go out there and have some fun. For both of us.

EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA - (59TH AND FIFTH) - DAY

Claire crosses the square in front of the Plaza Hotel, high heels, hair blown out, designer sunglasses, sexier than any woman over sixty has a right to be. She's on her mobile.

CLAIRE
I can't believe I just got my hair blown out for a man I've never even met.

INT. DR. JUDY SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. JUDY SIMON, a dermatologist in her early sixties, and Claire's best friend, talks on the phone in the hallway of her office.

JUDY
Come by my office right now and I can give you some filler.

CLAIRE
That's just crazy.

JUDY
I love to give myself a shot of something before a big night. It's a confidence booster.

CLAIRE
I'm meeting this guy in ten minutes.

JUDY
At 5:30? How old is this man?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
I don't know. How can I drink vodka while it's still light outside?

JUDY
Maybe he'll take you out afterwards for the early bird special.

Claire approaches the door to Cipriani, stands on the sidewalk, her back to a well dressed sixtyish man (TODD) who is also on a cell phone.

TODD
It's a courtesy meet.

CLAIRE
No dinner, just a drink.

TODD
I'm a few minutes early, but I'm waiting outside.

Claire suddenly reacts, turns and looks over her shoulder. Todd doesn't notice her.

TODD (CONT'D)
I can count the rings on her ass when she walks in.

CLAIRE
(quietly into phone)
OK - gotta go.

TODD
I mean, if I wanted to date a woman over sixty I would have stayed married, you know what I mean?

Claire reacts, in disbelief. Gathers herself and walks in the restaurant. Todd LAUGHS LOUDLY, doesn't even notice.

INT. CIPRIANI - BAR - DAY

Claire sits down at the sparsely populated bar. Claire is drinking a vodka on the rocks and checking her iphone as Todd approaches.

TODD
Excuse me...Claire?

CLAIRE
Yes... Todd?

Todd takes her in. Much better looking than he was expecting.

TODD
Sorry, I was waiting outside. I guess I didn't see you come in.

CLAIRE
Oh, no problem.

CONTINUED:

TODD
(to bartender)
Scotch and soda please.

CLAIRE
So I guess you didn't get a chance to count them.

TODD
Excuse me?

CLAIRE
The rings on my ass.

Todd is stunned.

TODD
Ahh...

His drink hits the bar and he immediately takes a big gulp.

CLAIRE
How many are around yours?

She peers around, attempting to look at his rear.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm guessing sixty six minimum.

TODD
You overheard my phone conversation. I wasn't talking about you.

She levels him with a look.

TODD (CONT'D)
OK, so I was. But you shouldn't eavesdrop. Very rude.

CLAIRE
This wasn't my idea you know.

TODD
I am so embarrassed. Can we start over? Hi, I'm Todd Novak. I think Trish told you I have a marketing company. I still work, I have three wonderful kids, and I've been divorced for about five years. And I think you are a VERY attractive woman.

CLAIRE
Hi Todd. I'm Claire Wagner. I'm an interior designer and have had my own firm for almost twenty years. I have two wonderful kids,I've been divorced for about five minutes. And I think you're an asshole. Nice meeting you.

CONTINUED:

She gets up from the bar as Todd watches her ass leave the restaurant. Not bad at all.

Off Claire, she actually enjoyed that moment.

CLOSE ON - “LE PETIT PRINCE”

The iconic image of Le Petit Prince standing on the moon in blue sky full of stars.

PAN OFF THE WALL MURAL TO REVEAL WE ARE IN

INT. CLAIRE’S GRANDSON’S NURSERY- DAY

Claire is standing on a stepladder, hanging a moon and a stars mobile, putting the finishing touches on this over the top “Little Prince” themed nursery.

Her son ADAM (35) and Peruvian boyfriend EDUARDO (35) watch uncertain.

CLAIRE
Have you ever seen a more adorable nursery?

ADAM
Mom, it’s really something. Very... thematic.

CLAIRE
My first grandson. He’s my little prince.
(beat)
What do you think Eduardo? Did you have this book in Peru?

EDUARDO
Of course. El Principito!

CLAIRE
Honey, remember how I used to read it to you when you were a kid.

ADAM
Yes, I loved “The Little Prince.” But maybe not as much you did.

A very pregnant young woman, SUMMER (35) enters wearing a maternity housedress. She is fairly unattractive, and overweight even by a pregnancy yardstick. She speaks with an accent from the Tennessee hills.

SUMMER
Oh my lord, it’s beautiful! Juan Carlos is going to love this!

CLAIRE
Juan Carlos? You’ve decided on Juan Carlos? What happened to Evan?

CONTINUED:

EDUARDO
Juan Carlos was my grandfather's name.

CLAIRE
Your grandfather was the king of Spain?

Eduardo flashes Claire a look, offended. It's obvious there's a little tension between these two.

ADAM
It's not totally decided.

SUMMER
Oh, he's kicking again.

She grabs Claire's arm, puts it on her stomach.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
Feel him Claire. He can't wait to get out.

Summer BELCHES loudly.

CLAIRE
He is feisty.

She BELCHES again.

SUMMER
That always happens in the final week. I really start to...

She BELCHES again, gripping Claire's hand to her belly.

CLAIRE
How many have you had?

SUMMER
This is my eighth surrogacy. But I usually have the babies at home in Tennessee.

EDUARDO
No way were we going to let that happen! They won't put two men's names on the birth certificate.

CLAIRE
You're a wonderful person for doing this Summer. I fractured a rib giving birth to Adam.

SUMMER
It's a calling.

She BELCHES AGAIN, squeezes Claire's hand tighter.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
Well, I've got to get back to the office.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Adam walks Claire to the door.

ADAM
Hope told me you had a blind date. How did it go?

CLAIRE
Honey, I'm going to focus on my work and being a grandmother. I'm not interested in dating.

ADAM
Well, Dad is out there, you should get out there too.

CLAIRE
Oh, so he's "out there?" You know he's out there?
(covers ears)
Never mind - I don't want to hear about it. So long as he's having
(air quotes)
"fun" - I don't have to know everything.

Adam realizes how vulnerable she is. He hugs her.

ADAM
OK. I love you mom. Thanks for doing all of this.

CLAIRE
What's her name? Did the three of you have dinner?
(beat)
Never mind. Don't tell me.

ADAM
Well, I'm not sure that there is a specific 'her.'

CLAIRE
You know we haven't spoken in over a month. I'm giving him his space. Did he ask about me?
(beat)
Forget it. Don't tell me. Just answer this: Does he seem happy?

ADAM
You don't want to know.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Claire has dinner with Judy and her husband RICHARD SIMON. Both contemporaries of Claire. They're eating dinner.

CLAIRE
So, according to my son, Jerry is "out there." Which I assume means he's dating someone younger than our daughter.

JUDY
Don't think that younger men won't be interested in you.

CLAIRE
Honey, I know you mean well, but I wish everyone would just stop being a cheerleader for my social life.

RICHARD
Well, at least you got the apartment.

CLAIRE
What's that supposed to mean?

RICHARD
Jerry said you're getting the apartment.

CLAIRE
OK, I'm living there for the moment...

JUDY
When did you talk to Jerry?

RICHARD
I don't know - a few days ago?

CLAIRE
What are you, his divorce attorney?

RICHARD
Just because you guys split up, doesn't mean Jerry and I aren't friends. Right?

CLAIRE
Of course not. I just can't believe he told you I'm getting the apartment - which by the way I have no intention of leaving.

RICHARD
That's what he told me!

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
And what else did he say? Did he happen to mention why he wanted to end our marriage?

Richard is uncomfortable on the hot seat.

RICHARD
He didin't really say that much. Just that the two of you weren't happy. And you hadn't been for a long time. And that he was the one with the courage to...move on.

Claire is stunned, speechless.

JUDY
Why would you repeat that? It's hurtful.

CLAIRE
Let me tell you something about Jerry. He's never happy. He's a glass half empty guy. And I'm a glass half full woman. So why don't you give me credit for having the courage to stay in my marriage all of those years!

Judy takes her hand.

JUDY
We do.

RICHARD
So maybe it's for the best. Coming from the glass half full perspective?

CLAIRE
(thoughtful)
I don't know, maybe I wasn't happy either.
(beat)
Are you guys happy?

RICHARD AND JUDY
(defensively)
We're happy, yes, very happy...

CLAIRE
(quickly)
Of course you're happy.
(beat)
Let's order another bottle of wine!

She flags down a waiter.

EXT. CLAIRE'S UPPER EAST SIDE BUILDING - NIGHT

She approaches her buidling, manned by her Puerto Rican doorman, MELVIN. He smiles at her, with a touch of pity.

CLAIRE
Hi Melvin.

MELVIN
Hi Mrs. Wagner. You OK?

CLAIRE
Yes, Melvin. I'm fine. You can stop asking.

She heads to the elevator, just as the doors are closing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hold the elevator please!

She just slips in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

An attractive Asian woman, early forties, SANDY CHOW is in the elevator with her Afghan DOG.

CLAIRE
Oh, hi Sandy.
(sweetly to the dog)
Hi Jackie O.

Sandy gives her a curt smile. The dog looks away, aloof.

INT. CLAIRE'S APT- NIGHT

A prewar 7 right out of AD. Beautifully and simply decorated. Claire enters, turns on the light.

Leafs through the mail in the front hall.

Her CELLPHONE RINGS in her purse. She doesn't recognize the number. Answers.

CLAIRE
Hello?

INT. TODD'S APT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

He is sitting at the counter of this well appointed kitchen, sipping a glass of scotch.

TODD
Claire it's Todd.

INT. CLAIRE'S APT - CROSS CUT

CLAIRE
Who?

CONTINUED:

TODD
Todd Novak from the other night. I'm not calling too late, am I?

CLAIRE
No, I mean... what can I do for you Todd?

TODD
Look, I want to apologize. I think you're a stone cold fox and I'd really love a chance to make it up to you.

CLAIRE
Todd, hold on.

Claire runs into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She picks up her landline and quickly dials.

INT. HOPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

More "Ikea" than "AD." Hope is eating ice cream as she watches "Real Housewives of NY." Her PHONE RINGS. She picks it up.

HOPE
Hi Mom.

CLAIRE
That blind date is calling from the other night. He thinks I'm a 'stone cold fox' and he wants me to give him another chance...

HOPE
Mom, that's great.

CLAIRE
Wait. I told you what a jerk he was.

HOPE
I'm sure he was just intimidated by you and compensated by being arrogant.

CLAIRE
I highly doubt that.

HOPE
You always tell me to give guys a chance.

CLAIRE
I'm not interested in dating...

CONTINUED:

HOPE
Don’t think of it as a date, just think of it as an exercise...

CLAIRE
Maybe he’ll just hang up.

HOPE
He’s on the phone now?!

CLAIRE
I didn’t know what to say.

HOPE
Take a risk. You’ve got to strengthen that muscle, mom.

Claire rolls her eyes.

CLAIRE
OK, sweetie. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.

She thinks for a beat, considering. Then picks up her cell phone.

CLAIRE (CONT’D)
Hello again, Todd.

EXT. CLAIRE’S BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. CLAIRE’S APT - BEDROOM DAY

The “Today” show PLAYS as Claire exits her closet in a rush, dressed for the day.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Claire heads through the living room on her way to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She enters the kitchen and SCREAMS, terrified. A MAN is crouched down on the other side of the kitchen, his ass protruding from the other side of the island.

CLAIRE
Don’t move!

She grabs a knife from the island.

CLAIRE (CONT’D)
I’ve got a knife!

The man turns and stands, holding a colander. He’s Claire’s ex-husband, Jerry.

JERRY
Are you crazy?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
(stunned)
Jerry, what are you doing here?

JERRY
I needed some kitchen things. I thought you'd be at work.

CLAIRE
And the doorman just let you up?

JERRY
I have my key. It's still my apartment, too, Claire.

CLAIRE
OK, I think this is inappropriate. And what are you making?

JERRY
Pasta Amatraciana, veal picatta. I need my knives too.

CLAIRE
"Your" knives?

JERRY
C'mon, Claire, you don't cook.

CLAIRE
Y'know - don't paint me with that brush.

JERRY
Well, you don't.
(continues to search)
How did the pasta pot get back here?

CLAIRE
Fine. Take whatever you want. I don't care.

He stands with a pasta pot filled with knives and a grater.

JERRY
I'll return it all soon.

CLAIRE
Just keep the damn pot.
(beat)
Who are you making dinner for, anyway?

JERRY
A lady friend I'm seeing.

Claire processes this, speechless.

CLAIRE
Well, sounds fun.

CONTINUED:

She follows him to the door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And Jerry. Let's have a conversation soon about boundaries.

JERRY
Claire, do I really have to pay a lawyer to pick up my knives? C'mon now.

He exits, leaving Claire livid. She storms back into the kitchen, and slams all of the cabinet doors shut that Jerry left hanging open.

She then pauses, as she notices his jacket left behind on a chair. She picks it up, shakes it out, almost by rote, a habit from thirty years of marriage. She HEARS a vial of pills shake inside the jacket pocket. Pulls out the bottle and studies it.

ANGLE - THE BOTTLE OF PILLS

A prescription for Viagra. She reacts, surprised, enlightened, pissed off.

INT. CLAIRE'S WEST VILLAGE DESIGN FIRM

A warm storefront space filled with an eclectic mix of vintage furniture - most of it destined for clients.

Claire is in her back small office, where she talks on the phone.

CLAIRE
You promised me a month ago.

On a shelf she notices a vacation picture of her and Jerry from years ago. She grabs it and shoves it in a drawer as she talks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
There's no sink on earth worth waiting a year for...

Claire's mother, Joan rushes in.

JOAN
Claire, I want you to look at this couch.

CLAIRE
(holds up a finger)
I need it this week, or we're cancelling the order.

JOAN
It's for the Wallace project. You need to see the color. Do you have the swatch?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
It's in my bag.

Claire takes her bag and follows Joan out the door.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A large moving van blocks traffic. Rob supervises two MOVERS who are unloading a large couch on the sidewalk in front of Claire's studio.

ROB
It's supposed to be a hand woven silk in cream and butter yellow hues with a burgundry stripe.

Claire takes one look at the couch.

CLAIRE
This stripe isn't burgundy.

JOAN
That's what I said.

She pulls out fabric swatches. The Viagra bottle drops out of her purse and hits the sidewalk. Rob retrieves it as Claire holds up the swatch next to the couch. Joan examines it with her.

CLAIRE
It's more like oxblood.
(to the movers)
Sorry.

The movers begin go wrap up the couch and haul it back into the truck.

ROB
Uhh, Claire... you dropped something.

He hands the Viagra to Claire.

CLAIRE
Oh, Jerry's *Viagra.* He left it at the apartment. Obviously, thanks to the miracle of modern medicine, he's out there having sex.

JOAN
Oh, it's *disgusting.*

CLAIRE
Now at least I know why he feels like a young man.
(beat)
I just can't believe my marriage ended over a bottle of blue pills. Is it really all about sex?

CONTINUED:

JOAN
Not over here it's not.

ROB
I have to strongly disagree.

JOAN
Of course you do, you're a gay man. You'll schtup anything with a penis.

ROB
And any straight guy will schtup anything with a vagina given the opportunity. Men are men.

Claire checks her watch.

CLAIRE
Oh my God. I was supposed to be uptown ten minutes ago.

Claire rushes inside. Joan and Rob follow.

INT. DESIGN STUDIO -DAY

Joan and Rob follow Claire back to her office.

JOAN
I feel sorry for you, honey. The most wonderful thing about getting old is that you can stop having sex and just stay in bed and read. And now, thanks to modern medicine, old men, I mean *decrepit,* whose schlongs by all rights should have shriveled up and never known the joy of another erection, are suddenly being resurrected. It's not natural.

CLAIRE
It's like the second coming.

She and Rob burst out laughing, hysterically. Joan reacts.

JOAN
She's laughing!

She hugs Claire, who continues to laugh hysterically.

JOAN (CONT'D)
How I've missed that laugh!
(beat)
Claire, let the man take all the viagra he wants and good luck to him. Jerry was a good father, but he could never keep up with you. And frankly he bored the shit out of me.

CONTINUED:

Claire laughs even harder.

CLAIRE
Me too sometimes... me too...

Claire gathers some papers into her purse. Puts on her coat.

JOAN
Honey, it was a marriage. Not a life sentence. Now, you've got your whole life ahead of you.

Claire reacts to the absurdity.

CLAIRE
What's left of it.

JOAN
Christ, from my point of view, you're practically a teenager.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MARK- NIGHT

Claire and Todd have dinner. Enjoying the wine, food and each other's company.

TODD
I have three kids, and two grandchildren, and they're scattered all over the world. China, California and New Jersey.

CLAIRE
I have two grown children now, Hope and Adam - but it's weird. I still feel like my mother's daughter.
(beat)
The food here is delicious by the way.

TODD
I'm a bit of a foodie.

CLAIRE
Do you cook?

TODD
No.

CLAIRE
Nether do I! What is it about all of these people who are obsessed with cooking. What's the point? We live in New York- go out to eat!

TODD
Exactly. Why bother if Mario Batali can do it for you?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
My husband - I mean my soon to be ex-husband - our divorce isn't finalized -has taken up cooking to impress women.

Todd takes her hand, melting a bit.

TODD
Thanks for giving me a second chance.

CLAIRE
(composing herself)
Well, I was a little rough on you.

TODD
By the way, I took a look at your website. You are an amazing designer.

CLAIRE
Thanks. I've been doing it long enough.

TODD
You should take a look at my place.

CLAIRE
Anytime.

TODD
What about now? Come by for a drink. It's too early to call it a night.

CLAIRE
OK - quick drink.

EXT. HIGH RISE MIDTOWN APT BUILDING - NIGHT

Claire and Todd exit the taxi.

TODD
I moved here after the divorce a few years ago. It's a rental. Best thing is my office is only a block away.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

They pass the front desk, the CLERK gives Claire a once over as she passes. She clocks the look, smiles back nervously.

INT. TODD'S APT - NIGHT

They enter the apartment which is a mish-mash of style.

CONTINUED:

TODD
Don’t judge. I never wanted to do much, because I’d rather wait for the right woman to come along.

CLAIRE
You can’t wait to be comfortable, Todd.

TODD
That’s what I’m beginning to realize.

He crosses to the bar.

TODD (CONT’D)
Vodka? Gin? Wine?

CLAIRE
Maybe some water.
(takes in the decor)
It’s very ...international. I see Morocco, India, a little Paris flea market...you’re very well traveled.

TODD
Yeah, I went between floors five and six at ABC Carpet one afternoon.

CLAIRE
So you’re not really a passionate collector of vintage birdcages?

TODD
I needed to do something with that corner.

CLAIRE
Well, that’s a relief.

He hands her a glass of water and takes her hand.

TODD
C’mere. There is one thing here that reflects my style.

He reaches for a cigarette case from the table. Hands it to her.

TODD (CONT’D)
It was my father’s.

CLAIRE
It’s very handsome.

He pops it open, revealing a line of joints.

TODD
Joint?

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
Joint? No!

Todd lights it up.

TODD
C'mon, Claire. You never smoke pot?

CLAIRE
Well, I *used* to...on occasion.

TODD
C'mere. It's time to start doing those things again you used to do.

He pats the cushion next to him.

Claire rolls her eyes, makes her way over to the couch. Sits next to him and he passes her the joint. She hesitates, takes a hit and COUGHS.

CLAIRE
That is strong!

TODD
It's prescription strength.

He takes another hit. Passes it to her. She takes another hit.

TODD (CONT'D)
Careful there...

She coughs again and passes it back.

CLAIRE
OK -that's definitely enough.

TODD
Did you have a nice time tonight?

CLAIRE
I did...I did have a nice time.

TODD
Me too. I just can't imagine a man that would leave a woman like you.

CLAIRE
That's very sweet.
(beat)
Todd.

TODD
Yes Claire?

CLAIRE
(with concern)
I'm dizzy.

CONTINUED:

TODD
OK.

CLAIRE
I'm dizzy and I'm hot. I feel weird.

She takes a sip of water.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And my heart is beating really fast.

She takes his hand and puts it on her chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Feel that?

He nods.

TODD
You've got a lot of nice geography there, Claire...

CLAIRE
I think that the marijuana was too strong...

She stands up, concerned.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
My heart is racing.
(looks across the room)
I've got to open a window.

TODD
We're on the fortieth floor. The windows only open a crack at the bottom.

She heads towards the window. Reels.

CLAIRE
Your drapes are making me nauseous.

She leans down and opens the tiny part of the bottom of the window.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I need air...

Claire lays on the ground and sticks her head out of the small opening. Todd follows, nervously.

TODD
Are you OK?

CLAIRE
I think I'm having a panic attack. I just need to breathe.

CONTINUED:

TODD
Can I get you a drink?

CLAIRE
No. Nothing.

Todd, a little buzzed himself, can't help noticing Claire's curvaceous ass.

TODD
May I just say that you have a fabulous ass. And it looks very nice in my living room.

CLAIRE
Please stop talking. Todd.

Panicking, she rolls on her back. Breathing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I hate strange elevators. I didn't tell you that when I came up here. Is the stairwell lit? I might need a flashlight.

TODD
Claire, relax, it's OK.

The PHONE RINGS in her purse.

CLAIRE
My phone! My phone is ringing!

TODD
I'll get it.

CLAIRE
Bring it to me! Don't answer it!

He brings her the phone. Claire looks at the caller ID and GASPS. Sits upright.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Honey? Is everything OK?
(beat)
I'll be right there!

She hangs up the phone. Gathers herself.

TODD
What is it?

CLAIRE
I'm a grandmother!

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Claire careens down the hall, still a bit stoned, searching for the correct room. She stops a male NURSE.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
Maternity ward! Where's the maternity ward? My son just had a baby.

NURSE
Follow this corridor down to the third elevator bank. Take it to the fourth floor and ...

She grabs his arm.

CLAIRE
OK - you're coming with me.

Claire rushes in to find Summer in bed, as Adam cradles the swaddled baby. Eduardo has his arm around them. Hope is there too.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I couldn't find the room. This hospital is a maze!
(approaches baby)
Oh, look at him. He's adorable.

ADAM
Hi, Mom. Isn't he perfect?

SUMMER
It wasn't easy! There was a lot of bleeding.

CLAIRE
I'm so sorry. Hi,little man. Hope, look at him.

HOPE
He's beautiful.

CLAIRE
What did you decide on the name?

EDUARDO
Juan Carlos...

ADAM
Evan.

CLAIRE
Which is it?

ADAM
Juan Carlos Evan.

EDUARDO
Juan Carlos Evan de la Fernandez Wagner.

CLAIRE
Will that fit on a birth certificate?

CONTINUED:

SUMMER
Could someone get me a popsicle?

Before Claire can respond, Jerry enters, exuberant.

JERRY
I was having dinner when I got the call. I left the restaurant and ran right over!

HOPE & ADAM
Hi Dad...

Jerry gives Hope a kiss.

JERRY
Hi sweetie.
(to Claire)
Hi Claire.

Claire softens towards Jerry, momentarily forgetting the tension of their split.

CLAIRE
Jerry, look at him.

Jerry puts his arms around Adam and Claire. Kisses Adam.

JERRY
Congratulations, kiddo. He’s perfect.

CLAIRE
Can you believe it?
(to Adam)
It doesn’t feel that long ago when I was here holding you.

JERRY
(tenderly)
Boy do I remember that like it was yesterday.
(re baby)
And he’s big like you were.

EDUARDO
And me. I was also a very big baby.

SUMMER
Are you Adam’s dad?

JERRY
Jerry Wagner, nice to meet you.

SUMMER
I’m Summer.

JERRY
Well Summer, you did a great job.

CONTINUED:

SUMMER
Thank you. I could really use a popsicle. And another percocet.

She presses the button for the nurse.

CLAIRE
Honey, I'm going to find you a nurse.

She leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Claire approaches the nurses station.

CLAIRE
Could someone please come and see Summer in 31-B. She needs a popsicle. And a percocet.

NURSE
She can't have another percocet.

CLAIRE
Could she have a popsicle?

NURSE
Strawberry or grape?

CLAIRE
Both.

The nurse hands her some popsicles. As Claire takes them, she suddenly notices Sandra Chow, at the end of the hallway.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Sandy?

SANDRA
(a bit uncomfortable)
Oh hello, Claire. Mazel Tov.

CLAIRE
Sandy? What are you doing here?

Jerry approaches the women.

SANDRA
I was having dinner with Jerry when he got the call.

CLAIRE
(to Jerry)
You've got to be kidding.
(to Sandra)
Sorry, I was expecting someone younger. Who didn't share my elevator line.

CONTINUED:

SANDRA
(to Jerry)
I'm going to head home if you don't mind.

She heads off as Claire turns to Jerry.

CLAIRE
She's fun??

JERRY
She's very athletic.

CLAIRE
She left a friend on Mt. Everest to <u>die</u>!

JERRY
That wasn't the case. What happened up there was very misunderstood.

CLAIRE
Like I care!

JERRY
I understand, you're hurt.

CLAIRE
Actually Jerry, I don't think you understand anything.

She starts back to the hospital room. Then suddenly remembers something.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh, before I forget.

She reaches into her purse. Takes out a bottle of pills and hands them to Jerry.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Here's your Viagra. You left it at the apartment the other day. If memory serves, you need it.

She turns and walks with determination back to the hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters.

CLAIRE
(to Summer)
Here's your popsicle honey. The percocet is on its way.

Hope is holding the baby. Claire reaches for him. Tears begin to stream down her face.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Now can I please hold my grandson?

Hope notices the tears.

HOPE
Mom, is everything OK?

CLAIRE
I'm just so happy...

She smiles at her grandson, as the tears keep coming.