

UNTITLED NANCY MEYERS PROS&C

Edward 20.
CALL BACK

EDWARD
this is good, jane. it's time i'll
bring a book with me. mfk fisher?

JANE
(out loud)
Good choice.

EDWARD
... since you made me read her.
(Jane disappears in her
closet, comes out holding
a dress and reads...)
when we meet, will you tell me your
last name and what you do and fill
in all the blanks?

JANE
(bites her lip, then)
Yes.

SEND.

14 INT. CORNER CAFE - NIGHT

14

A sexy little spot with a long bar and high leather booths. Jane, looking beautiful in a dress and heels, cautiously enters. She spots an interesting looking grey haired man at the bar. Sort of a Jeremy Irons type. Could she be so lucky? She checks out the bar top. No book. The Man turns and looks her way, she smiles but he doesn't even seem to see her.

Jane heads toward the row of booths but because they are so tall, can't see inside them. She passes the first booth. Empty. Second booth, a Pudgy Comb Over who smiles up at her. Whew -- he's eating with his wife. Next booth, she sees it -- MFK Fisher's *The Gastronomical Me* -- right on the edge of the table. Jane can't see inside the booth yet. She pauses, tucks one side of her hair behind her ear and approaches...

THE BOOTH

where her eyes fall on a very sincere looking 17 Year Old Boy. Imagine a Rockwell paperboy. A shocked Rockwell paperboy.

START

Jane? BOY

Ed-ward? JANE

He gulps. He's all Adam's Apple. Jane sinks into the other side of the booth. They stare at each other.

(1 of 5)

EDWARD
 (trying to be honest yet
 polite)
 You know... I thought you might be
 a little older.

JANE
 And I thought you might be a little
 younger.

EDWARD
 Like in my...forties?

JANE
 Was hoping early fifties.

EDWARD
 Oh, thanks. That's cool. Kinda.

JANE
 You're Edward?! All this time
 you've been... Oh, God.... This is
 beyond...

(looks around)
 Am I on To Catch A Predator? Am I
 about to be arrested?

EDWARD
 For giving me your pie crust
 recipe? I don't think so.

JANE
 I mean, Edward!!! Are you kidding?
 You love Chet Baker, movies from
 the 70's... you know all about
 wine...! How could you know these
 things? How old are you, twenty?

The Waitress approaches.

EDWARD
 Seventeen.

JANE
 (orders)
 Vodka, please. Straight up.

EDWARD
 (to Waitress)
 I'll stick with my Arnold Palmer.

JANE
 And what are you doing on an
 epicurean website? What is that
 about?

(2 of 5)

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 MARY MEYER PROSCT

EDWARD

(shrugging it off)
I love to cook. And I know about Chet Baker because he's Chet Baker, he's a well known genius and the rest...you know...Youtube, Netflix. I'm trying to learn stuff....

Jane's drink arrives. She raises it in a toast. Edward raises his Arnold Palmer.

JANE

Here's to being spontaneous. Will never try it again.

EDWARD

(laughs)
You talk just like you write.

JANE

This is so crazy, I can't even repeat this to people.

EDWARD

I think someone's staring at you.

JANE

Oh, no. Who?

Jane turns and SEES her friends from the anniversary party, Sally and Ted.

SALLY

I thought that was you!
(they join, checking out Edward)

JANE

Hiii. Sally, Ted, this is an old friend of mine, Edward. Edward's a uh --

EDWARD

-- I'm a Senior at Central. How's it goin'?

SALLY

(dubious)
Good thanks... you're *old* friends?

JANE

I meant to say, I'm his *old* friend. Edward worked at the restaurant last summer...

(looks out the open door)
Oh, wow, it's really coming down out there.

(3 of 5)

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SALLY
 (looks out door)
 Oh, jeez, we better get going.
 Janey, so surprised to see you
 here. Nice meeting you, Edward.

They wave and EXIT.

JANE
 Holy shit! Oh, God. Excuse me.

EDWARD
 You've cursed in front of me
 before.

JANE
 No, I've cursed in front Edward in
 his early fifties with a cute
 little beard and a corduroy jacket
 with patch pockets who... Oh, man,
 I should get the check.

EDWARD
 So you own a restaurant? Thanks
 for never telling me.

JANE
 I own two. One in Montecito and I
 opened a little one not far from
 here last year. And I've written
 two cookbooks and I have a small
 organic farm.

EDWARD
 Wow. Well, even if you are
 fifty...

JANE
 -- Or almost sixty.

EDWARD
 Whatever. You're still the coolest
 girl I ever met.

Jane's eyes soften. The bill arrives. Edward reaches for it.
 Jane playfully hits his hand with the check.

JANE
 Don't even...

15 EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

15

Edward and Jane stand under an awning, keeping dry . A Valet
 pulls up in a Jetta.

(4 of 5)

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EDWARD
 (reaching into his pocket)
 Here's that cd I made you. I told
 you about it like three months ago,
 said I'd give it to you if we ever
 met.

JANE
 I remember. Thank you.

EDWARD
 Well...

Jane shakes his hand.

JANE
 Sorry I wasn't 22 and gorgeous.

EDWARD
 Sorry I don't have a corduroy
 jacket.
 (then)
 I'll google patch pockets when I
 get home.

Jane can't help it. She gives Edward a quick hug. Edward
 heads to his car, stopping before getting in and waves,
 getting drenched.

JANE
 Get in. You'll catch cold!

Edward smiles, gets behind the wheel. Jane crosses to the
 passenger window, knocks. Now she's getting drenched.

JANE
 Edward, leave a good distance
 behind the driver in front of
 you... people drive crazy in the
 rain.

EDWARD
 I will. Bye, Jane.

And as Edward pulls away, Jane stands in the rain and waves.

JANE
 (to herself)
 Bye Edward.

We hear the SOUND OF A PLANE TAKING OFF, as we:

END
 CUT TO:

(5 of 5)

UN "LIVED" MACH MEYERS PROJECT