

WHEN HARRY MET SALLY

INTERIOR. PUCK BUILDING – WEDDING RECEPTION – AFTERNOON

A band is playing. HARRY approaches SALLY.

HARRY: Hi.

SALLY: Hello.

HARRY: Nice ceremony.

SALLY: Beautiful.

SALLY is clearly uncomfortable. She's going to behave like someone who simply is not going to get involved or even pretend interest in the conversation.

HARRY: Boy, the holidays are rough. Every year I just try to get from the day before Thanksgiving to the day after New Year's.

SALLY nods.

SALLY: A lot of suicides.

HARRY nods. SALLY nods. A waiter comes up with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

HARRY: How've you been?

SALLY: Fine.

A pause.

HARRY: Are you seeing anybody?

SALLY looks at him.

SALLY: Harry –

HARRY: What?

SALLY: *(cutting him off)* I don't want to talk about this.

HARRY: Why not?

SALLY: I don't want to talk about it.

SALLY turns and walks away. HARRY follows.

HARRY: Why can't we get past this? I mean, are we gonna carry this thing around forever?

SALLY: Forever? It just happened.

HARRY: It happened three weeks ago.

SALLY looks at him disbelievingly.

HARRY: You know how a year to a person is like seven years to a dog?

SALLY: Yes.

HARRY throws up his hands as if it's self-explanatory.

SALLY: Is one of us supposed to be a dog in this scenario?

HARRY: Yes.

SALLY: Who is the dog?

HARRY: You are.

SALLY: I am? I am the dog?

HARRY: Um-hmm.

SALLY: I am the dog?

People are starting to notice the intensity of the conversation. SALLY is really furious now. She starts toward the large doors in the background, thinking they can get some privacy there. Once in front of the doors, she stands angrily with her hands on her hips, away from the guests.

SALLY: I don't see that, Harry. If anybody is the dog, you are the dog. You want to act like what happened didn't mean anything.

HARRY: I'm not saying it didn't mean anything. I'm saying why does it have to mean *everything*?

SALLY: Because it does, and you should know that better than anyone because the minute that it happened, you walked right out the door.

HARRY: I didn't walk out –

SALLY: No, sprinted is more like it.

HARRY: We both agreed it was a mistake –

SALLY: The worse mistake I ever made.

HARRY: What do you want from me?

SALLY: I don't want anything from you.

HARRY: Fine, fine, but let's just get one thing straight. I didn't go over there that night to make love to you. That's not why I went there. But you looked at me with those big, weepy eyes. "Don't go home tonight, Harry. Hold me a little longer, Harry." What was I supposed to do?

SALLY: What are you saying? You took pity on me?

HARRY: No, I...

SALLY: Fuck you!

SALLY slaps HARRY across the face. Then bursts out of the kitchen

THE END