The Holiday

By Nancy Meyers
I have found almost everything ever written about love...
...to be true.
Shakespeare said, "Journeys end in lovers meeting."
What an extraordinary thought.
Personally, I have not experienced anything remotely close to that...
...but I'm more than willing to believe Shakespeare had.
I suppose I think about love more than anyone really should.
I'm constantly amazed by its sheer power to alter and define our lives.
It was Shakespeare who also said, "Love is blind."

Now, that is something I know to be true.
For some, quite inexplicably...
...love fades.
For others...
...love is simply lost.
But then, of course,
love can also be found.
Even if just for the night.
And then there's another kind of love.
The cruelest kind.
The one that almost kills its victims.
It's called unrequited love.
Of that, I am an expert.
Most love stories are about people who fall in love with each other.
But what about the rest of us?
What about our stories?
Those of us who fall in love alone.
We are the victims of the one-sided affair.
We are the cursed of the loved ones.
We are the unloved ones.
The walking wounded.
The handicapped without the advantage of a great parking space.
Yes, you are looking at one such individual.
And I have willingly loved...
...that man for over three miserable years.
The absolute worst years of my life.
The worst Christmases,
the worst birthdays.
New Year's Eves brought in by tears and Valium.
These years I've been in love have been the darkest days of my life...
...all because I'm cursed by being in love with a man who does not...
...and will not love me back.
Oh, God, just the sight of him.
Heart pounding, throat thickening, absolutely can't swallow.
All the usual symptoms.
Oh, Jasper.
- Don't tell me you're still...
- No, no, no, that's over. Very over.
What's the story with you two anyway?
You were shagging him, weren't you?
More importantly, I was in love with him, truth be known.
Then you found out he was shagging that drip from Circulation.
Which is when I stopped shagging him.
We shouldn't be talking about this at the office party.
But I always see you two together.
He cheated on you, but you stayed friends?
I was head over heels, you know?
Everyone knew.
- Does it look like I'm crying right now?
- No, no, no.
No, it just looks like it's the smoke from my cigarette.
Did he ever actually tell you that he loved you back?
Yes. Three, almost four times.
And when I reminded him of that...  
...he said it must have been an answer  
to a question.  
Which, by the way,  
it absolutely was not.  
You know, Iris, when you catch  
your guy with another woman...  
...you're not supposed  
to stay friends with him.  
You're supposed to never  
talk to the prick again.  
You're supposed to throw things  
at him, scream, call him names.  
Not do his blooming laundry.  
I don't do his laundry.  
Did someone tell you  
I do his laundry?  
No, no, all we do now is...  
...we e-mail.  
Not when he's with her, of course.  
Also when he's not with her,  
we talk on the phone.  
Sometimes for hours. And then  
there's the occasional long lunch.  
You know, I never realized  
how pathetic you are.  
Really?  
Oh, God. I'm so aware of it.  
They always know just  
how to get us, don't they?  
He knows whenever he wants  
back in your life...  
Actually, he has made some small  
comments like that recently.  
He hasn't exactly come  
right out and said it...  
Iris, did you file your story?  
Oh, no, not yet.  
Down to the wire. Sorry.  
Better go.  
Groom's best friend spoke...  
...for many guests  
when he said, "Hilary...  
...will open Edward's eyes...
...and round out his life."
Okay, I've got a question for you.
What's it like to be the only one
committed to work...
...while the rest of us
are slumming?
You mean what's it like
to be the only one...
...not to finish their work on time?
Hold on. Don't... Don't go.
Is it fun having a brain
that works that fast?
- Shut up.
- No, I mean it.
Probably a brilliant finish too.
I assure you it's not.
- Hi, Simpkey.
- Hi.
Your column today was fantastic.
God, I loved that line:
"The onrushing stripping of dignity
and thought from British lives."
Great writing.
Hey, I got you something
for Christmas.
That's convenient
because I got you something too.
Darling, I don't actually
have my gift with me.
In fact, I probably mislaid it,
but I know I got you something.
I suspect it's somewhere in my car,
want to know what it is?
No. No, no, that's okay.
I know you're gonna look hot in it.
Well, let's hope you find it, then.
Not exactly something hot...
...but happy Christmas.
Thank you.
I didn't think we'd get a chance
to do this this year.
Remember last Christmas,
we exchanged gifts in March.
This is good.
We're getting better.
You stinker.
It's a first edition.
Where did you find it?
Buried in that little place we found
in Covent Garden that time.
Why are you so great?
Everyone, can I have
your attention, please?
Just a couple of minutes.
Thank you.
I hate it that we can never talk.
Hate it.
Well, first of all, a very
happy Christmas to every one of you.
Happy Christmas.
Now, we're not officially closed,
as you very well know.
But we are going to try
and get by this week...
...with a smaller-than-normal staff.
Now, before some of you
rush off on holiday...
...I do have one
rather important announcement.
Now, this affects Iris.
- Iris Simpkins, where are you?
- Here, sir.
- Iris, I have a tip for you.
- Excellent.
A wedding was privately
announced earlier today...
...that I don't believe any other paper
in town knows about.
And I want you to be the first to report
on this particular union...
...as it is between two of our
most esteemed colleagues.
May I introduce the newly engaged
Sarah Smith-Alcott...
...and Jasper Bloom!
Come on.
If I had known this was going
to happen, I'd have worn my good suit.
Amanda!
Amanda.
Look, may I just say again...
...that I did not sleep with her?
Right, because your receptionist
needs to work till 3 in the morning.
A bunch of us were working all night.
She wanted to hang out.
Okay. Then swear on my life
that you didn't sleep with her.
Come on.
Go ahead.
Look, I don't wanna...
I'm not gonna...
Your receptionist, Ethan?
This is why I knew we were smart
never to get married.
I told you never to get rid
of your house.
Somewhere inside
I knew this about you.
First of all, can you please
calm down?
Because I did not
sleep with her.
Secondly, we've had problems
for over a year.
And I know you don't wanna deal
with that, but we have.
Oh, I am well aware we've
had problems for the last year.
If I work a little bit too much,
I never stop hearing about it.
But if you work too much,
maestro...
...it's for the sake of your music.
-Lf" you work too much?
Amanda, you cut
You put a cutting room in the house
and sleep with your BlackBerry.
And I'm not gonna have
a conversation about sex...
...because I can't remember
the last time we did it.
Come on, nobody has time for sex.
That's not entirely true.
That's it!
You absolutely slept with her!
Seriously, you have to get out.
Oh, God.
You know what I really think, Ethan?
- I don't think you ever really loved me.
- Oh, please.
You loved the idea of you and me, but
not so much me. Not me, not really.
Look, I did the best I could.
Is anybody good enough for that job?
I will send you your things.
You know you do this, right?
I mean, you screw up
every relationship you've ever been in.
It's what you do.
You didn't really wanna be a couple!
You resist it in your own way!
Shut up!
And it's hard to detect
how you even do it...
...because nobody's quite
as smart as you!
So you're hard to catch at it.
But it always surfaces
and this is what happens.
- What happens?
- Things end.
Just like you knew they would.
Amanda, you know how I feel
about you. There's nobody like you.
You just don't wanna be
what I need.
- Well, not what I "need."
- What?
I mean...
You know what I mean.
You know, I would never cheat on you,
not under any conditions.
Neither would I, okay?
Look at me. I'm down here
sweating like a pig. And look at you.
The only woman on Earth who breaks up with her boyfriend...
...and doesn't even shed a tear?
I mean, that's gotta mean something, right?
Why does it bug you so much that I can't cry?
Esophageal spasm.
Oh, God, it's a big one.
- No, it's okay. I'll be all right.
- I know, I know. I'm thinking about me.
Ethan. Look, it's over.
You know, we might as well be honest with each other.
Just tell me.
Did you sleep with her?
Just say it.
What's the difference at this point, right? I mean, why torture me?
Just put me out of my misery.
- What are we doing here...?
- Okay.
Yes, okay? I slept with her.
Are you happy?
I've been sleeping with her.
She's in love with me. She's young.
Look, this is not a proud moment for me.
I mean, you should just know that.
Amanda!
Did you say, am I happy?
I didn't mean that. You get me nuts sometimes, I say things I don't mean.
In the world of love, Ethan...
...not that I'm such a genius at it...
...but in the world of love, cheating is not acceptable.
No matter what you think...
I know you have a very high opinion of yourself, but this isn't all me.
- Okay.
- So when you're not in such a rage...
...I think you'll see that too.
- Yeah, maybe.
Maybe when I stop having visions of you two together...
...I will see your side.
You gotta be...
Punched him in the face.
- Is this a bad time?
- No, no, I'm just...
- I'm just flipping out a little bit.
- Oh, okay.
God. Okay... No. I'm okay.
God, why would this happen?
No. You know what? I'm all right.
Hi.
What's up?
Ben needs you.
Rebecca Green was just your average 20-year-old.
Until the father she never knew left her something she never expected.
Don't scream.
- Your father left you something.
- I never met my father.
- Now you know he was interesting.
- Lindsay Lohan.
James Franco.
- Deception.
- You happen to have two guns?
I didn't think one would be enough.
Christmas Day.
Amazing! It finally looks like a hit.
And that is why they pay you the big bucks.
I think we should go back to the original cut on the end.
- It's so much stronger.
- I agree.
And make "Christmas Day" twice as big...
...but try it in a red. Like a happy red, not like a Scorsese red.
Happy red.
Okay, so we're done.
- Great.
- All right.
Hey, you know, let's just take off for a few weeks.
- Yeah.
- What do you mean? I'm not kidding.
You always say that this is our busiest time.
I need to get out of town.
You know? I think I need some peace and quiet...
...or whatever it is people go away for.
You know what I really wanna do?
I wanna eat carbs without wanting to kill myself.
I wanna read a book.
Not just a magazine. An actual book.
For years, I read these reviews,
I buy the books, but I never read them.
Did you read that article in The New York Times last Sunday?
Severe stress makes women age prematurely...
...because stress causes DNA in our cells to shrink...
...until they can no longer replicate.
So when we're stressed, we look haggard.
- This is just women, not men.
- I'm sorry.
They used to say that...
...single women over 35 were more likely to be killed by a terrorist...
...than to get married.
That was horrible.
But now our generation is also not getting married.
And bonus, real terrorists actually became part of our lives.
So the stress of it all shows up on our faces, making us look haggard.
While Ethan goes on looking cute forever...
...shtupping his
Oh, my God!
See what I mean?
I need a vacation.
Okay, where do I wanna go?
By myself at Christmas.
By myself depressed at Christmas.
All alone on vacation.
Alone, alone.
Totally alone.
Please, just give me one.
One tear.
Okay. Moving on.
"Worry-Free Vacations."
Good. Where's that?
Bora Bora.
"Kayak for one?" No, thank you.
"Vacation Rentals." I could do that.
Hole up in a house somewhere.
Disappear for a few weeks.
I like that idea.
"Where do you wanna go
on your next vacation?"
"Click here and pick a country."
Where do they speak English?
"Click on a town or city."
Let's see. Cotswolds.
"Barn converted to modern house
in the beautiful Cotswolds."
Which looks exactly like the Valley.
Surrey. "Christmas in the country."
"A fairy-tale English cottage
set in a tranquil country garden.
Snuggle up by an old stone fireplace
and enjoy a cup of cocoa.
An enchanting oasis of tranquility
in a quiet English hamlet...
...just 40 minutes
from exciting London."
Yeah.
What am I doing?
Low point.
Low point.
"I'm interested... Renting your house.
I'm wondering if your house
is available this Christmas.
Because if it is,
you could be a real lifesaver."
"I know it's late to be asking...
...but if you're at all interested,
please contact me."
"I'm very interested, but the cottage
is only available for home exchange."
"Home exchange"? What is that?
"We switch houses, cars,
everything.
I haven't done it before,
but friends have."
Where are you?
Please say somewhere far away.
"L.A."
Never been there.
Always wanted to go.
I'm Iris, by the way.
I'm very normal.
Single.
Hate my horrible life.
I'm Amanda.
Loner, loser and complicated wreck.
Hi.
Hi.
I must say...
...your house looks idyllic.
"Just what I need." Really?
What does your place look like?
My place is nice,
but it's a little bigger than yours.
"Are there any men in your town?"
Honestly?
"Tomorrow's perfect."
Okay. We are on for two weeks...
...starting tomorrow.
Hi.
- Hi.
- How are you?
- Fine.
- Honey, we're sitting there.
Sorry.
Oh, yes. There it is.
- Well, hello, dear.
- Hello.
Excuse me.
There we go.
- I'm so sorry.
- No, no, it's okay.
- Did you step on her foot?
- It's okay.
Oh, dear. Clumsy me.
Amanda Woods is proud to present Her Life.
- She had it all:
- Yes, that's it.
The job. The house.
The guy.
This holiday season...
...find out what Amanda doesn't have.
This is amazing, this is amazing!
Oh, look at that.
Madam?
Madam?
- Madam?
- Yeah.
- We're here.
- Okay.
This can't be it.
No, it's just down that lane.
But the thing is, I'll never be able to turn this around at the other end. Think you can make it from here?
No.
Hey. You wouldn't happen to know where Rosehill Cottage is?
Go right at the bridge, and then just keep going. Way down there. Okay.
I'm here!
Holy shit.
Oh, my God!
Okay, that'll be interesting.
Get in the... Get in there. Okay.
Cute dress.
Oh, suitcase.
Okay.
Now what?
I can do this.
I can drive
on the wrong side of the road...
...and the wrong side of the car.
Just stay focused.
Oh, please do not hit me!
Okay, I hate this.
Oh, God.
Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no.
- Move out of the way!
- Watch it!
Sorry. Stop!
Oh, God.
I need a drink.
Someone's having a party tonight.
Oh, yeah.
- They went to the shops.
- Didn't see anything.
Came home,
and had a bit of a kiss and cuddle.
The end.
Rebecca Green
was just your average 20-year-old.
Until the father she never knew...
...left her something
she never expected.
- You happen to have two guns?
- I didn't think one would be enough.
Deception. Christmas Day.
And that's why they pay me
the big bucks.
And now the weather. First,
Northern England and North Wales...
...will have sleet or snow in the
morning and again later in the day.
Blinked.
Oh, that's intense.
Oh, no. "Gate"?
- Who was he with?
- Maggie.
- The flutes. This is the best part.
- One second.
Hello... Hello?
- Hello? Can you hear me?
- Yeah, it's Miles. Amanda?
No, I'm sorry.
Amanda's not here, I'm afraid.
I'm trying to figure out
how to open the gate. Oh, fu...
Very nice.
If you heard that, I'm sorry.
- Hi.
- Hi.
I'm so sorry.
I'm new at the gate thing.
It's okay. It was pretty funny.
I'm Miles. I work with Ethan.
Ethan?
- Amanda's ex.
- Oh, right.
Right.
Know when she'll be back?
Supposed to pick up things.
Amanda's in England,
actually, on holiday.
I'm staying here while she's away.
- You okay?
- Yes.
Yeah, something just
blew into my eye.
Oh, I hate that. Let me see.
Yep, you got something in
your eyelash. You want me to get it?
- Okay.
- Okay.
- Yeah, Santa Anas.
- Pardon?
The wind. It's what makes
it so warm this time of year.
Legend has it,
when the Santa Anas blow...
...all bets are off.
Anything can happen.
That's it. You okay?
Better. Thank you.
So you needed to?
Pick up Ethan's laptop.
And you're his?
Oh, well, I'm a film composer, too,
like Ethan, but...
- Did you compose this? It's beautiful.
- This?
Yes, I did. I wrote this.
No, I didn't. I wish I did.
This is the great Ennio Morricone.
Would you mind coming back tomorrow?
I just want to check this with Amanda's assistant.
Sure.
- I'm Iris, by the way.
- Miles.
- Right.
- And this is my Maggie.
I mean, just Maggie.
Not "my" Maggie.
- Hello.
- Hey.
- Are you ready?
- Yeah.
Okay.
Don't blow away.
I won't.
Anything can happen.
Five, six, seven, eight, nine,
Who is it?
It's me. Hurry up. It's freezing.
- Who are you?
- Iris, open the door...
...or I swear I'm gonna take a leak all over your...
You're not Iris.
Or if you are,
I'm much drunker than I realized.
I'm sorry for my profanity.
I wasn't expecting you.
Well, I wasn't expecting you either.
Nevertheless, may I just...?
Yeah. Of course. Sure.
You had to... Yeah.
I'm Graham. Iris' brother.
Brother.
I'm Amanda Woods.
I'm staying here.
Amandawoods?
Is that all one word?
No. No, it's not.
Brother? Oh, my God.
So Iris is... Where is...?
Where is she?
She didn't tell you?
She could have done...
...but as previously stated...
...I'm... I've just... I've been...
She's in Los Angeles.
That's not possible.
Iris never goes anywhere.
Well, we have that in common.
No, she listed this cottage on a
home-exchange website and I found it.
We switched houses for two weeks.
For the holiday.
She's in L.A. At my house
and I'm here.
- People actually do that?
- Apparently.
Yeah. I mean, it seems.
Here I am in my pajamas.
She did ring me last night. I didn't
get a chance to get back to her.
I feel awful now.
Would you mind if I sat?
I feel like I might bump into you.
Sure. Yeah. Sit.
You okay?
Yeah, I'm good.
Look, I'm sorry about the intrusion.
Although I may not appear it,
I am in fact Iris'...
...semi-respectable big brother.
But on the rare...
Or lately not-so-rare occasion...
...that I frequent the local pub...
...and get inordinately pissed,
my little sister puts me up...
...so I don't get behind the wheel.
Pathetic explanation, but unfortunately
it's become a bit of a routine.
So how's it going so far?
I mean, up until I showed up
and ruined your night.
Well, it's not going so great.
Yeah, I'm leaving tomorrow
on a noon plane.
When did you get here?
About six hours ago.
We've made a great impression
on you, haven't we?
No, it's not that. It's just that...
You know,
I'm not quite myself right now.
I came here on a stupid whim.
Honestly, I've never thought about
anything less. It's very unlike me.
Would you like something to drink?
Glass of water? Tea?
Wine, maybe?
I think there's a bottle of brandy.
Fancy a glass?
- Sure.
- Good.
So... I'm sorry, I've totally blanked
and forgotten your name.
Amanda.
So, Amanda...
...you're not married, are you?
Why? Do I look not married?
No. It was just a backwards way
of asking if you were married.
No, not at all.
I don't know what that means.
I mean, no, I'm not married.
Me neither.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
So is it horrible if I stay?
I'll be gone
before you even wake up.
I promise you will never
lay eyes on me again.
Of... No, that's fine. Sure.
- Thank you.
- Let me just get you a blanket.
In the cupboard,
on top of the Scrabble.
So why is it you aren't
quite yourself at the moment?
Well, I just broke up with someone.
Yesterday.
And I guess
what I was feeling...
...was that I didn't wanna be alone
over the holidays.
I thought that
if I was somewhere else...
...I wouldn't realize I was alone.
Then I got here
and never felt more alone in my life.
Big surprise.
Bet you're glad you knocked
on this door.
I am, actually.
Yeah, well...
Sorry and good night.
Sweet dreams.
Do you think you could?
Would you mind...
...trying that again?
Bad?
Weird.
Kissing a total stranger.
Really? I do it all the time.
Let me try this.
Maybe if I closed my eyes.
You know, given that
I'm in a bit of a personal crisis...
...and I find myself
in a total stranger's home...
...in a town that I can't
actually remember the name of...
...and considering
that you showed up...
...and you're, like, insanely good-looking...
...and really drunk and probably won't remember me anyway...
...I'm thinking...
...we should have sex.
If you want.
Is that a trick question?
I'm actually serious.
And not that it matters, but I've never said anything like that in my entire life.
It's just that this whole...
...knowing-I'll-never-see-you-again thing is kind of exciting.
I mean, this is what a vacation's supposed to be.
You're supposed to vacate life,
do the unexpected. And you are...
...definitely unexpected.
This all sounded wonderful
till I became the cabana boy.
And you're funny,
which is, like, a bonus.
Yeah? Never meet me when I'm sober.
Deal.
Oh, also, I should warn you.
I'm not very good at this.
"This" being?
- Sex.
- Okay. Now, that cannot be true.
Nevertheless, the guy that I lived with mentioned it once or twice...
...and a girl does not forget a comment like that. Not even me.
I mean, how bad could I be?
Sex is pretty basic, right? Am I pretty much talking you out of this?
Strangely, not at all.
How do you feel about foreplay?
I think it's overrated.
Significantly overrated.
You are quickly becoming one of the most interesting girls I've ever met.
Look at you.
You're already better than you think.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
I lost my contacts
last night somehow.
- Much better.
- Yeah.
Can I help you with that?
I should know how to do this.
You're supposed to
plug them in over here. Right.
- So, Amanda, I just really...
- Yeah. You know...
...listen, you don't have to worry
about a thing here. Okay?
Okay.
I mean, it was great
meeting you and everything.
Definitely. Also, for the record,
your ex-boyfriend is, in my opinion...
...extremely mistaken about you.
Well, yeah, you were drunk.
- Not that drunk.
- Yeah.
Oh, that's mine.
Sophie. I'm sorry,
I didn't mean to look.
I'll call her back.
Coffee cups.
- Here.
- Thank you.
You don't want one?
I should probably be going.
Oh, yeah. You know, I gotta get going
in a few minutes myself.
So listen.
I know you're leaving
and absolutely not interested...
...in getting involved,
but just so you know...
...things in my life
are a little bit complicated...
...and even if you were staying,
I can promise you...
...you wouldn't...
- You really don't have to do this.
Look, I'm sort of a mess
in this area myself.
And anyway, I mean,
honestly, we hardly know each other.
Well, I wouldn't exactly say that...
...but I just want to assure you,
you're better off. I'm...
- I'm...
- Okay.
No need to go on. Right.
Well, I just want to be sure
you are okay because somehow...
...I find I tend to hurt women
simply by being myself, so...
I'm not going
to fall in love with you, I promise.
Okay. Nicely put. Thank you.
No, it's just that I know myself.
I'm not sure I even fall in love.
Not like the way other people do.
How's that for something to admit?
Well, like I said,
Most Interesting Girl Award.
I'm gonna try to see that
as a compliment.
You should. Absolutely.
Right.
Okay, then. Well...
Utter honesty. Very refreshing.
Well, you probably
won't be hearing from me...
...because even if you wanted to,
and you clearly don't...
...I have the classic
male problem of no follow-through.
Absolutely never remember
to call after a date.
But since this wasn't a date
I guess I'm off the hook.
Exactly.
But what if I wanted to call you?
Right. Sorry. Apparently not the right thing to say at all. Well, if your flight's canceled or for some reason... ...you change your mind, I'm having dinner with some friends... ...at the pub tonight. And... ...if not, then, well... ...you're lovely. So are you.
Attention passengers, this is the final boarding call... ...for British Airways flight 42. Amanda wasn't looking for love... ...but that doesn't mean it didn't find her. Well, ma'am, you're good to go. Thank you. Thank you, Amanda. Hello? Where am I finding you? Jasper. Is it okay that I'm calling you? I suppose so. How are you? Could we start with a less complicated question? What's wrong? I'm having some real problems with a section of my book. I can use some Iris. Would it be awful if I sent you some pages? Just tell me if it is. I don't wanna mess you up. I'll... I know that you're the only one who can really help me. No. Well... I mean... ...if you need me. Well, you know you are my little survival kit. So, Simpkey, have you put on that little red bikini yet?
You know, 
the one that unties at the back? 
How do you remember 
my little red bikini? 
I remember everything. 
Do you? 
You know, just the other day, 
I was just thinking about that time... 
Darling, I've just arrived 
at Soho House. 
I'm meeting some friends for drinks. 
- Okay. 
- You keep the change. 
Bloody cold in here. 
Okay, I'm sending you 
the pages tomorrow. 
Look for them, will you? 
And have some fun today, okay? 
Okay. 
Graham? 
Oh, no, is he lost? 
Excuse me. 
Hello. Can I offer you a lift home? 
Why? You know where I live? 
I believe I do, yes. 
Good. Then that makes one of us. 
Your house is lovely. 
I've lived here 47 years. 
Back then, there were only 
six houses on this block. 
Every year, 
they tear another one down... 
...not that I blame them. 
They weren't that great 
to begin with. 
But that's how I got confused. 
I didn't recognize one house. 
That would be confusing. 
What part of England are you from? 
- Surrey. 
- Cary Grant was from Surrey. 
That's right, he was. 
- How did you know that? 
- Oh, he told me once.
Well, I thank you very much, young lady. Let me help you with that. Okay.
L... Thank you. There you go.
Well, this was some meet-cute.
- Sorry?
- It's how two characters meet...
...in a movie.
Say a man and a woman...
...both need something to sleep in. And they both go
to the same men's pajama department.
- Right.
- And the man says to the salesman: "I just need bottoms."
The woman says, "I just need a top."
They look at each other, and that's the "meet-cute."
Oh, I see.
Of course, this isn't quite that cute, but...
So you're in the film business?
Was. Yes, yes, I was.
I was a writer.
I could be here till tomorrow.
Oh, here.
Let me.
Thank you.
Oh, my God.
Well, goodbye, then.
I enjoyed our meet-cute.
Well, thank you.
Thank you for rescuing me.
It's a pleasure. Absolutely.
You know, I hope you don't find this strange...
...but I've just arrived here, and, well, I don't really know anyone. And I was thinking of going out for dinner tonight.
Well, if you're not busy, would you like to join me?
Busy? Honey,
I haven't been busy since 1978.
I learned everything
working in this place.
- Best job I ever had.
- Wait, wait, wait.
That was your first job
in Hollywood?
Louis B. Mayer's office boy?
Actually, my first job
was as a Western Union messenger.
That's how I met Mayer. I delivered
a telegram to his office at MGM.
When I walked in, all the girls
in the office were in a tizzy.
Their office boy didn't show up.
I volunteered for the job.
The next day, I was on the payroll.
I was 17 years old.
So was Hollywood really as great
back then as I imagine?
It was better.
You know what I've been
asking myself all night?
What? Why I'm bothering you
with all these questions?
I'm wondering
why a beautiful girl like you...
...would go to a stranger's house
for her Christmas vacation...
...and on top of that, spend Saturday
night with an old cocker like me.
Well, I...
I just wanted to get away
from the people I see all the time.
Well, not all the people.
One person.
I wanted to get away from one guy.
An ex-boyfriend who just got engaged
and forgot to tell me.
- Sorry.
- So he's a schmuck.
As a matter of fact, he is.
A huge schmuck.
- How did you know?
- He let you go.
This is not a hard one to figure out.
Iris, in the movies
we have leading ladies...
...and we have the best friend.
You, I can tell, are a leading lady.
But for some reason,
you're behaving like the best friend.
You're so right.
You're supposed to be the leading
lady of your own life, for God's sake.
Arthur, I've been going
to a therapist for three years.
And she's never explained
anything to me that well.
That was brilliant.
Brutal, but brilliant.
Thank you.
I haven't had that much to drink in...
What am I saying?
- I've never had that much to drink.
- Yes, I believe no one ever has.
Okay, the last thing I remember
was coming in here last night and...
- I had nothing to do with that.
- Oh, I know, but you were here.
- I was.
- Oh, God. So I guess we...
Did we? I mean, did we?
- We didn't?
- We did not.
Oh, thank God.
I mean, not "thank God,"
but just thank God.
Because I didn't remember...
So why didn't we?
Just remind me a little.
Call me old-fashioned...
...but one doesn't have sex
with women who are unconscious.
Unconscious? Oh, God.
That must have been
really attractive.
Why did you stay?
Because you asked me to.
I did, didn't I?
Did I beg at one point?
From the moment I met you,
it's been an adventure.
Oh, yes.
And I am deeply sorry about that.
I have nothing to say for myself...
...other than I must be
temporarily nuts right now.
Olivia. Sorry, I didn't mean to look.
- Again.
- I should probably take this.
Hello. Hi.
I can't. I can't today.
Sophie, Olivia, Amanda.
Busy guy.
- I think we should go into town.
- What do you mean?
I think you should get dressed.
We should take a drive, get some
lunch and get to know each other.
Really? Why?
Because I'm running out of reasons
why we shouldn't.
Aren't you?
- So you're a book editor.
- Yes, I am.
- What kind of an editor are you?
- A very mean one.
No. What I meant was,
do you give massive notes, or?
The better the writer,
the less notes.
- And what'd you study in school?
- Literature.
And did you always know
this was what you wanted to do?
Okay, my palms
are starting to sweat.
I feel like I'm on a job interview.
Do you, by any chance,
know how to be on a date?
- Sorry. I'm interrogating you.
- Yes.
I haven't been on a first date in a long time.
Well, since we've already had sex and slept together twice...
...maybe we can bend the first-date rules.
Why are you blushing?
I didn't realize I was.
I think you make me nervous.
Okay. I'm gonna try to be myself.
It's never easy, but I'm gonna try.
What was the question? Oh, I know.
- Did I always want to be a book editor?
- Did you...? Right.
The answer is yes.
My family's in publishing.
My dad's a writer of historical fiction.
My mum was... Is, to this day, a very important editor at Random House.
Okay. I believe my time is up.
Your turn.
Really?
- Deep breath.
- Okay.
- All right?
- Yeah.
Well, like I said the other night...
...I own a company that does movie advertising.
I didn't realize you own the company. Probably because I didn't mention it. But now that I know you were raised by such a strong working mom...
...I can say it, and maybe you won't be intimidated. No, no. I'm still a little intimidated by it. Well, "a little"
is way ahead of the curve.
- Yeah.
- What about your family?
Okay, I'll say it fast.
My parents broke up when I was 15.
I'm an only child, and I...
I didn't see it coming.
You know, we were really close.
We used to call ourselves "The Three Musketeers."
And one night after dinner, my parents sat me down...
...and told me that they were breaking up.
I thought they were kidding.
And then I saw a suitcase out of the corner of my eye in the hallway.
And my dad moved out that night.
I think I cried myself to sleep for, like, well...
Anyway, a long time.
And then I realized that I'd better toughen up.
And, well, I got through it and sort of haven't cried since.
I also haven't thought of that packed suitcase maybe ever.
And that's my tragic little story.
- Let's order.
- Wait.
You haven't cried since you were 15?
I know it must mean something awful.
I know, but...
You know, I try, but... Believe me.
But can we talk about you some more, please?
Well, I cry all the time.
- You do not.
- Yeah, I do.
More than any woman you've ever met.
You don't have to be this nice.
It happens to be the truth.
Really?
A good book, a great film,
a birthday card, I weep.
Shut up.
I'm a major weeper.
I am.
This was such a great afternoon.
It was a really great afternoon.
You know, you don't have
to walk me in. It's freezing, and...
You can just say
you don't want me to come in.
No, it's not that. I just... No...
I'm just tired.
I think I'm gonna take a nap.
It's not that.
Okay, I'll pretend I believe you.
Graham, I'm leaving in nine days.
And that makes this complicated.
And I'm not sure I can handle
complicated right now.
Okay.
And that doesn't make things
complicated?
Sex makes everything complicated.
Even when you don't have it, the not
having it makes things complicated.
Which is why it's usually better
to have it. Some say.
Well, I'm off to work in the morning.
I promise I won't be drunkenly
banging on your door any time soon.
We'll see each other, okay?
We'll figure something out.
Good.
Good.
Oh, it's freezing.
Hi.
Hello.
Bad timing?
No, no. Come in.
How's it going?
Good. Yeah, everything's good.
This FedEx was leaning on the gate.
Friend of mine's writing a book, and I give him...
...notes sometimes.
- You have company?
- I'm having a little Hanukkah party.
Did you join a temple since I last saw you?
No. My neighbor knew I didn't know anyone here.
So he wanted to introduce me to some of his friends.
And somehow it turned into a Hanukkah thing.
Do you wanna come in for a sec?
All right. Yeah.
I could play spin the dreidel.
Smells good.
I just have to say, this is one of the best Hanukkahs I've ever had.
Hear, hear.
I've had too much of the Manischewitz.
I'm gonna have to be cut off.
We are cutting you off.
I take this very seriously, and I'm telling you the truth.
He amazes me.
Don't listen to them. They're nuts.
Okay, so you're telling me you were not a ladies' man?
Never. I married very young.
Yes, only because he had the greatest girl in town.
He had to take her off the market.
- That's the truth.
- Everyone loved Marion.
She had the greatest laugh.
What did he say?
She had the greatest ass?
Greatest laugh.
Although her ass
wasn't so bad, either.
She had real gumption.
She was the girl I always wrote.

What about you, Miles?
You're a man about town, I presume.
No, gents, sadly I am not. I'm just
a one-woman-at-a-time kind of guy.
Actually, I've been dating a beautiful
actress for about five months.
I do not know what she sees in me,
but I'm the luckiest guy in the world.
Oh, she's an actress?
What's she been in?
- Anything we would have seen?
- She hasn't done that much yet, but...
And where is she tonight?
Look, he's half-dead,
and he's still interested.
Well, I mean, that made me curious.
You know, he's here. Where is she?
She's on location in New Mexico.
She's working on a little indie film.
Sorry she couldn't be here.
She'll be back in about 10 days.
Her loss is our gain.
- Thank you, Arthur.
- Fellas...
...I think we should leave these young
folks and get back to our bedpans.
Okay, Norman,
you are calling me for pinochle.
- I got your cell, I'll be in touch.
- Okay, pound right here.
This was an amazing night.
Arthur Abbott is maybe the last
of the great Hollywood writers...
...from that generation. Thanks.
There are, like, famous things we say
because he wrote them.
I know. He told me
that his friends wrote Casablanca...
...but that he added the "kid"
to "Here's looking at you, kid."
Hello! Which totally makes the line.
"Here's looking at you, Ilsa."
Doesn't quite have that ring.
He's so modest. He gave me this long
list of old movies he said I had to see.
None were written by him,
of course.
I saw a couple today.
They were fantastic.
Maybe we can see one together.
  - That would be great.
  - All right, cool.
Then I'll definitely call you.
The brisket was great. And those
chocolate-covered macaroons.
Delectable. It was really fun
hanging with you.
Okay. I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to kiss you twice...
...and then linger a long time
on the second kiss.
  - No problem.
  - Oh, boy.
It is officially crazy weather.
Don't blow away.
"I'm not sure
I can handle complicated"?
Oh, God, I can be such a jerk.
  - Amanda Woods.
  - Shut up.
She pushed every guy away,
every time.
It's not, "Will she ever change,"
but, "Does she want to?"
  - Surprise.
  - Yeah, it is. Hi.
Hi. So I was home doing nothing
and thinking of you...
...and I realized that a little
complication never hurt anyone.
And then I thought,
maybe this isn't so complicated at all.
And also, I wanted to apologize.
I am sorry I didn't
invite you in this afternoon.
I don't know what that was about exactly... but whatever it was, I thought that I should just... Oh, my God. You're, you're not alone, are you? No, I'm not, actually.

- I'm sorry.
- No. No, no, no. Don't be. I shouldn't have just...

Oh, man.

Okay, seriously, do not worry about this. This is just me, like, being stupid.

Who is it, Daddy?
- "Daddy"?
- Yes.

I am Daddy.

Amanda, this is my daughter Sophie.

Soph, this is my friend Amanda.

- Hi.
- How do you do?
I'm fine, thank you. How are you?

Very well, thank you.

Do you want to come in?

Oh, no, I just...

Hi.

Come here.

Daddy, who is this?

This is Amanda. And, Amanda, this is my youngest. Olivia.

Sophie and Olivia.

Dad.

- Dad.
- Sorry, yes. Of course, come in.

Come in.

Okay.

Daddy, can we still have hot chocolate, please?
- Yes.
- With baby marshmallows?

Yes.

Dad, take her coat.
Yes. May I, may I?
- Oh, sure. Thanks.

Are you married? Tell me fast.
- No.
- Okay.

I know. I'm a tad overdressed.
You look like my Barbie.
- Thanks.
- Is that for us?
Yes. Except for I'm sorry about the wine.
I apologize for not having mentioned this earlier.
You're D-I-V-O-R-C-E-D?
W-I-D-O-W-E-R.
Two years ago.
Amanda, are you by any chance at all into hot chocolate?
As a matter of fact, I'm...
...totally into it.
- Here we go, Olivia. Olivia...
- Thank you.
...blow on it. It's hot.
You too, Soph.
She has more marshmallows than me.
No, she doesn't.
You each have five.
- You have five too.
- Thank you.
One, two, three, four, five.
What? Do I have something on my lip?
Just look! There.
- Oh, hello.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Going up! Blow on mine.
Thank you.
Excellent timing.
Dad, do Mr. Napkin Head.
- No. No, no, no. No Mr. Napkin Head.
- Please? Do it!
- Do it. Do it. Please.
- Do it, please. Beg you, please?
  Please? Okay, I'll do it quickly.
- Oh, well, thank you for that.
- You're welcome. Now do it.
All right.
Amanda, can I borrow your napkin, please?
Yes.
Your glasses.
Pass me those when I need them.
Amanda, you're gonna love this.
It's so funny. I mean, you'll fall off your chair, it's so funny.
Hello.
Hello, my name is Mr. Napkin Head.
- Hello, children.
- Who's this? She's a stranger?
- Amanda.
- And why has she got a funny accent?
- Amanda.
- Yeah, but where is she from?
Now smoke!
Go on.
Smoking's really bad for you.
Amanda, guess what.
We have a tent in our playroom.
Do you want to see it?
No, no, no. Amanda...
...will not crawl into your tent.
You don't like tents?
Okay, this is seriously cool.
Come inside.
- Lie down.
- Okay.
Here, Amanda.
You can use my pillow.
- Thank you.
- Lie down!
Can you please stop being so bossy?
- Lie down, please, next to me.
- Okay.
Very nice.
Excuse me.
This is an exceptionally great tent.
It's got something, hasn't it?
- It's cozy.
- Yeah.
Who cut out
all these beautiful stars?
- We did.
- The Three Musketeers!
Amanda?
- Yes?
- You smell lovely.
Do I?
Yes. I love perfume,
but he won't let me wear it.
Because you already smell so good.
- So do you, by the way.
- Thanks.
- But I'm older, so I guess I'm allowed.
- Exactly.
I like your eye shadow.
Thank you.
- And your lipstick.
- Thank you.
- It's new.
- What's it called?
I think it's called Berry Kiss.
Very Berry Kiss it is.
Berry Kiss.
Let's see? It looks good on you.
Amanda?
You know, if you wanted to sleep over,
that would be all right.
We could push our beds together.
Sorry.
That's so sweet of you
to invite me...
...but maybe another time.
Would that be all right?
Yes.
Good girl.
We never have grownups here
that are girls.
I know.
I really like it.
Me too.
I can't imagine anyone being
a bigger hit with my children.
They're really great, Graham.
Sophie's unfortunately taken
on the role as my protector.
She's brilliant, but I hate it
when she worries about me.
And Olivia's...
...gonna be a real ball-buster.
Which, I must admit,
I kind of love about her.
I'm trying to figure out
why you didn't tell me about them.
Because I just don't usually
tell women about them.
But it's just a little confusing...
...because you're the one
who wanted to go out to lunch...
...to get to know one another.
When you put it that way,
it sounds awful.
I have no defense. Except that until
I get to know someone really well...
...it's easier for me to
be a normal, single guy.
Because it's way too complicated
to be who I really am.
I'm a full-time dad.
I'm a working parent.
I'm a mother and a father.
I'm a guy who reads parenting books
and cookbooks before I go to sleep.
I spend my weekends buying tutus.
I'm learning to sew.
I'm Mr. Napkin Head!
I'm on some kind of
constant overload and it helps...
...to compartmentalize my life.
Just till I figure this out.
This past weekend, the children
were with their grandparents.
And when they're gone,
I get to be somebody...
...who doesn't have hot chocolate spilled on his jeans.
I have no idea how to date and be this.
And I suppose there's...
...the possibility I'm afraid of what another person...
...might do to who we are...
...and how we get from one day to the next.
Yeah.
I guess since I am leaving in a week, I...
I sort of get you not telling me.
- Sort of.
- I thought it would be hard...
...to introduce them to someone I may never see again.
Right.
Because I'm just someone you had sex with once and slept with twice.
I thought I was just someone you had sex with once and slept with twice.
Oh, man.
I think we just went way past complicated.
Right. I'm a book editor from London. You're a...
...beautiful...
...movie trailer-maker from L.A.
We're worlds apart.
I have a cow in the back yard.
- You have a cow?
- Yeah.
I sew and I have a cow.
How's that for hard to relate to?
Pretty up there.
Exactly.
- Morning, Jesus.
- Good morning.
- Santa Anas?
- Oh, yeah, long time now.
- Hi, Marta.
- Hi, Iris.
Hi there.
Hello!
Good morning.
I counted.
Nine movies are opening today.
I remember when nine movies would open in a month.
Now a picture has to make a killing the first weekend or they're dead.
This is supposed to be conducive to great work?
Arthur, have you always been this feisty?
Well, I may have slowed down a little, but yes.
You've gotta fight the fight, kid.
Okay, your mail.
Gas company, phone bill.
And a letter from the Writers Guild of America, West.
Are you watching the movies I recommended?
Yes! Love them.
Irene Dunne is fantastic.
- Gumption.
- Oh, my God, tons of it.
Arthur, don't you want to open that letter you just threw in the bin?
No. They keep writing me about the same thing.
But it might be important.
It's not. They want to arrange some kind of tribute to me.
A night with me.
I don't know. It sounds God-awful.
What are you talking about?
That sounds brilliant!
Would you like to walk out on a stage, on a walker, looking 100 years old...
...and see 11 schnooks who showed up just to see you?
They can forget it.
I ain't falling for this.
So now, what's up?
May I?
"An Evening With Arthur Abbott."
"Dear Mr. Abbott... several
attempts to contact you regarding..."
"We have not yet received
your response.
This special night
will be a tribute to your...
...lifetime screenwriting achievement
and contribution to the profession.
Congratulations on this
much-deserved honor."
Arthur, this is a big deal.
You know, and they want
to do this soon.
Listen, I reckon
that with a little bit of exercise...
...you could walk out on your own.
And, you know,
maybe I could go with you.
As, like, your date or something.
I would take you proudly,
my darling, but I'm not going.
Anyway, how would you propose
to get me in shape? Seriously.
Easy.
You're doing really well.
Nearly there. Nearly there.
Nearly there.
Bravo! Here we go,
back the other way.
- You okay?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
- You sure?
- Yeah, I just slipped.
- Hello?
- So are you ever coming home?
- Oh, my God. Hi.
- How's it going?
Great. I met a really nice guy.
See? And you said you'd never.
What's he like?
He's really cute. I feel great
when I'm with him...
...which is an entirely new experience.
And he's about 90 years old.
- Come on.
- He's my next-door neighbor.
Or Amanda's next-door neighbor.
By the way, you should go meet her.
- Yeah. I have, actually.
- Oh, bugger. Call waiting.
Can you hold for a sec? Hold on.
I really wanna talk to you.
- Sure.
- Hello.
- Iris, hi, it's Amanda.
- How are you? How's it going?
- Everything's great. How are you?
- Oh, I'm loving it.
Can you hold for a sec?
My brother's on the other line.
- Graham?
- Yes. He said you met.
- Yes, we did meet. How is he?
- Fine, I think.
- Can you just hold on for a sec?
- Sure.
- Okay. Hi, sorry. That was Amanda.
- How'd she sound?
- How is she doing?
- She just asked me how you are.
- And what did you say?
- I asked her to hold.
- Can I call you back?
- I can hold while you speak to her.
- Really?
- Find out how she is.
Okay. My brother wants to know
how you are.
Can you tell him I'm good and that
I'm just walking Charlie in the village.
- What's he been up to? Did he say?
- I'm not sure.
- Do you want me to ask him?
- Sure.
Okay. Hold, please.
I can't believe that you have had sex
with the woman staying in my house!
He told you that?
- Oh, my God!
- Oh, my God!
Oh, my God. I thought I was talking
to Graham! Can you just hold, please?
I'm terribly sorry.
I can't believe you
had sex with Amanda!
The one thing she asked me was,
"Are there any men in your town?"
I assured her that there were not.
Then you meet her and immediately
get into her knickers!
Still me.
Bollocks! I must have lost him.
Amanda, I am so sorry.
Can I call you back?
- Sure.
- Okay, bye.
Yes, hello.
It's Miles. Am I in trouble?
Oh, Miles. Hi.
What are you up to
this Christmas Eve?
Not much. But in a little bit...
...I'm gonna go to the video shop
and get the next movie on Arthur's list.
Do you want some company?
Love some.
Hey, I got you the best drink
in town, but I didn't know...
...if you liked a little dollop
of whipped cream or a big one...
...so I got both and you can have
each one... Hello, big dollop!
- Say, you look great, by the way.
- Thanks.
- Really great.
- Thanks, I'm feeling good.
I've been working out with Arthur.
- What?
- No.
I'm sure it's an awesome workout.
I'm sorry. I'm trying not to picture it.
Okay, well, the workout's not that great, but the conver...
Stop laughing!
- The conversation is truly fantastic.
- No, that I totally believe.
Now let me ask you.
Have you seen this?
Chariots of Fire. Loved it.
Such a great score by Vangelis.
He took electronic scores to a new level. It was groundbreaking.
I'm gonna test you on this later.
Okay. Driving Miss Daisy.
Hans. Very unexpected.
Do you remember how great it was?
Sassy! Love it.
- Is this a bad game?
- No!
- Okay.
- Keep going.
Sometimes I get self-conscious about my...

And:
Are you embarrassed
By this game I've started to play?
Okay. It's not a library.
I can go loud.
Two notes and you've got a villain.
I don't know what to say about it.
Totally brill.
I bet you didn't know that was all written for the movie. It was a score.
- I did know that one.
- Can't go anywhere.
Oh, my God. Okay, this one?
You have to check this out some time.
The Mission.
The score is genius.
It just comes from a totally different place. It's like...
I can't even... Just promise me you'll rent it and listen to it.
Renting.
Thank you.
It changed my world.
What?
Maggie!
- Why do I always fall for the bad girl?
- You didn't know she was a bad girl.
I knew she wasn't good.
Do you have anything
a little bit stronger?
Thank you. Let me rephrase this:
Why am I attracted to a person
I know isn't good?
I happen to know the answer to this.
You're hoping you're wrong.
She does something that tells you
she's no good, you ignore it.
Every time she comes through and
surprises you, she wins you over...
...and you lose that argument
with yourself that she's not for you.
Exactly.
And on top of that,
there's the old standby:
"I can't believe a girl like that
would be with a guy like me."
You know what she said
to me tonight?
She finished in Santa Fe
after two days...
...and has been staying with
whatever-his-name-was.
Which means she's been
right here in town.
When I spoke to her this morning
on her cell and she said:
"I'm looking out my window
and it's snowing."
She was in Santa Monica.
What did she do,
go to Weather. Com?
That must have made them
scream with laughter.
And in the meantime, I sent her
Christmas gift to Santa Fe yesterday.
I stood in line at FedEx
to make sure she got it on time.
Classic, right?
I don't wanna ruin your Christmas Eve.
You don't have to listen to this.
It's okay.
I like the company.
So how about some food?
Shall I make us
a little Christmas fettuccine?
- Sure.
- Listen.
I know it's hard to believe people
when they say, "I know how you feel."
But I actually know how you feel.
You see...
...I was...
...seeing someone back in London.
We worked for
the same newspaper.
And then I found out that he was
also seeing this other girl, Sarah...
...from the Circulation Department
on the 19th floor.
It turned out that he wasn't
in love with me like I thought.
What I'm trying to say is...
...I understand feeling
as small and as insignificant...
...as humanly possible.
How it can actually ache in places that
you didn't know you had inside you.
It doesn't matter how many
new haircuts you get...
...or gyms you join...
...or how many glasses of chardonnay
you drink with girlfriends.
You still go to bed every night
going over every detail...
...and wonder what you did wrong
or how you could have misunderstood.
And how in the hell,
for that brief moment...
...you could think that you were that happy?
And sometimes you can even convince yourself...
...that he'll see the light and show up at your door.
And after all that...
...however long "all that" may be...
...you'll go somewhere new.
And you'll meet people who make you feel worthwhile again.
And little pieces of your soul will finally come back.
And all that fuzzy stuff...
...those years of your life that you wasted...
...that will eventually begin to fade.
Well, fuck.
You need this more than I do.
That's what you're doing here?
You're getting over somebody?
Yeah.
This is me in good shape.
Is this the guy who sent you pages from his novel?
Yeah.
He needs me.
So he stays in touch?
All the time.
That makes it impossible to forget, which is great for him, sucks for you.
You see how great your life is compared to mine?
Okay, let's go.
I'm making you some fettuccine.
It is Christmas Eve, and we are going to sit out on that patio...
...gonna make ourselves a little fire, pop some bubbly...
...and we are gonna celebrate being young and being alive.
You with me, Simpkins?
Miles.
You really are
an incredibly decent man.
I know.
That's always been my problem.
Hi.
Okay, here it is.
Arthur's theme.
I think this is really good.
- I'm serious.
- No, I know.
I'm making him a CD of this tune.
Every time he hears it...
...it should give him the confidence to walk right out there.
- Okay?
- Yep.
Here we go.
Did I steal this?
- John Williams.
- I didn't write it, that's why.
- Okay, this is it for real.
- Okay.
- Here we go.
- Yep.
A little Arthur and the knights.
Right? It's cheeky.
It sounds like him.
I also wrote one that sounds like you.
You did?
Iris, if you were a melody.
I used only the good notes.
Iris lives next door
To Arthur
He's a doodle-ee-doo
- And also a doodle-ee-doo
- Scroodle-ee-doo
- A scroodle-ee-doo? I didn't know that.
- Yeah.
- And froodle-ee-doo
- And froodle-ee-doo
We both said "froodle-ee."
I'm impressed.
You are a prodigy.
A "doodle" prodigy.
Swoodle-ee-doo
So you're totally great.
Yeah.
This is a bitch.
Well, you must come to London
all the time for work, right?
London?
Never.
New York?
Not really, but that's easier.
Do you go there often?
Rarely.
Long-distance relationships
can work.
Really? I can't make one work...
...when I live in the same house
with someone.
So this could be
a good solution for you.
Oh, man.
Okay.
Let's say we just make this happen.
We commit to flying back and forth
as much as we can.
Yes! It's doable, definitely.
And then let's say
in six months we hit a wall.
Like, I can't constantly
be away from work...
...or the girls can't deal with you
leaving so often.
And we start to feel the tension.
We know this isn't gonna work...
...so we start fighting because
we don't know what else to do.
And then, after a long, tearful...
At your end... Phone call...
...we just... We say goodbye.
- Thank you.
That'll be it, for real. It's not like
we'll ever bump into each other.
And then what's left?
Two miserable people...
...feeling totally mashed up
and hurt.
Or...
Thank you.
Or maybe we should just...
...realize that what we've had these
past few weeks has been perfect.
And maybe it won't
get any better than this.
Maybe we're trying to figure
this thing out...
...because it makes us
feel good to feel this.
Maybe the fact
that I'm leaving in 8 hours...
...makes this far more exciting
than it might actually be.
Maybe.
You are, seriously,
the most depressing girl I've ever met.
I know.
I have another scenario for you.
- Good.
- I'm in love with you.
I apologize for the blunt delivery.
But as problematical as this...
...fact may be, I am in love.
With you.
I'm not feeling this
because you're leaving.
And not because it feels good
to feel this way.
Which, by the way, it does...
Or did, before you went off like that.
I can't figure out
the mathematics of this.
I just know I love you.
Can't believe how many times
I'm saying it.
And I never thought I'd feel this way
again, so that's pretty phenomenal.
And I realize I come
with a package deal:
Three for the price of one. And my...
...package, perhaps in the light of day,
isn't all that wonderful...
...but I finally know what I want,
and that, in itself, is a miracle.
And what I want...
...is you.
I wasn't expecting "I love you."
Can you not look at me like that?
I'm trying to find
the right thing to say.
I think if the obvious response...
...doesn't immediately
come to you, we can...
...just...
We should just...
...talk about something else.
Like, possibly,
what a complete ass I am.
I do recall you promising me
you wouldn't fall in love with me.
Must pay better attention.
I've never met a guy
who talks as much as me.
But could you just for now...
...be quiet?
Please?
How many of his movies
are on that list of his?
About 15. I love it.
I don't know how I've never seen
The Lady Eve before.
Barbara Stanwyck is dazzling.
- And she's so sure of herself.
- And sexy.
Really sexy! You know,
every movie he's told me to see...
...has this powerhouse woman in it.
- Wonder if he's trying...
...to tell you something with that.
Okay, sorry about that. Boob graze.
That was accidental.
Accidental boob graze.
I'm sorry.
- Changing subject.
- Okay.
Arthur has requested...
...that you write some lyrics
for his theme song.
What's the matter? Who is it?
It's Maggie.
Hello?
Hi.
I'm doing okay.
Actually, Maggie,
I'm a bit tied up at the moment.
I don't know.
What time could you be there?
All right, I'll be there.
Oh, no, no. Like, a half-hour.
Maybe a little longer.
Okay, bye.
She misses me.
You see? She came to her senses.
- We should get the bill.
- No!
No, no, take your time.
I can wait till you're finished.
- I'm finished.
- No.
- You didn't get to your spicy tuna yet.
- I'm fine, really.
You can go. I can get this one.
I'll see you later at the Writers Guild.
I mean, if you can still make it.
I gotta get all the way to Silver Lake,
but I'm gonna try to be there.
Anyway, I'm bringing the music.
I mean, I really wanna be there...
...but I don't know how long
this is gonna take.
I'm sorry.
It's all good. Don't worry.
- Good luck.
- Thank you.
Hello.
Oh, Jasper! I'm just reading
your pages.
No, I hadn't forgotten.
I've just been busy, that's all.
That's not true. I was gonna call you when I'd read...
What kind of surprise?
No, I don't see a box or anything.
Yes, I'm sure.
Hold on, let me just check the kitchen.
No, not in there.
Well, I'll go and check the gate.
Yes. Well, when did you send it?
I found your Christmas present.
This place suits you.
Yeah, right.
No, really.
So you are eventually gonna look at me, aren't you?
Hello.
I came here because I had to see you.
Had to.
Oh, Jasper, I really don't understand this.
I mean...
I was right there for three years!
Remember? Square peg, round hole?
- What?
- That's what you said.
That we weren't really right for each other.
We were a square peg and a round hole.
I don't remember that. I just know I hated when you were gone.
And also, I have never checked my e-mails more.
It was driving me crazy that I wasn't hearing from you.
I don't want to lose you, babe.
Lose me?
This is too confusing.
Come here.
I screwed up.
Miles, haven't you ever screwed up?
I made a mistake.
I was stupid and impulsive.
He wasn't what I thought.
I just started thinking about you...
...and wishing and hoping
that you would just forgive me.
Will you, Miles?
Will you forgive me?
You know what I was thinking?
When you get back to London...
...maybe we could sneak off
somewhere together.
Maybe Venice.
You and me in Venice
could be good.
Do you mean that? I mean...
Are you free to do that?
Darling...
...I've just traveled halfway across
the world to see you, haven't I?
Yeah, that doesn't exactly
answer my question, so...
Are you not with
Sarah anymore? I mean...
...is that what you've come here
to tell me?
I wish you could just accept knowing
how confused I am about all this.
Okay, let me translate that.
So you are still engaged
to be married.
- Yes, but, I mean...
- Oh, my God.
Okay, this was a really...
...close call.
You know, I never thought
I'd say this, literally never...
...but I think you were
absolutely right about us.
Very square peg, very round hole!
- You cannot mean that.
- The great thing is I actually do.
And I'm about three years late
in telling you this...
...but nevertheless I need to say it.
Jasper...
Wait. I need the lights on.
Jasper...
...you have never treated me right.
- Ever.
- Oh, babe.
You broke my heart.
And you acted like
somehow it was my fault...
...my misunderstanding,
and I was too in love with you...
...to ever be mad at you, so I just
punished myself! For years!
But you waltzing in here
on my lovely Christmas holiday...
...and telling me that
you don't want to lose me...
...whilst you're
about to get married...
...somehow newly entitles me
to say...
...it's over.
This... This twisted,
toxic thing between us...
...is finally finished!
I'm miraculously done
being in love with you!
I've got a life to start living.
- And you're not going to be in it.
- Darling...
Now I've got somewhere
really important to be...
...and you have
got to get the hell out.
- Now!
- What exactly has got into you?
I don't know.
But I think what I've got
is something slightly resembling...
...gumption.
Iris...
...you're a knockout.
Thank you.
- And may I say, so are you.
Did I do my tie okay?
I haven't worn one in 15 years.
- It's perfect.
- I like this Hugo Boss.
He cuts a nice suit.
I've got something for you.
Forgive me. The last time
I had a date, this is what we did.
It's beautiful.
If it's corny, or if it's
going to ruin your outfit...
...you don't have to wear it.
I like corny.
I'm looking for corny in my life.
- That's a nice line.
- It's all those movies!
Okay, let's do it.
Let's get this embarrassment
over with.
Okay.
- Mr. Abbott?
- Yes, sir.
We're all ready for you.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Mr. Arthur Abbott!
- Oh, hi!
- Arthur, you made it.
Thank you. Thank you too.
Thank you very much.
I'll take you up, Mr. Abbott.
Go on, go for it.
I'll do it.
The man is a rock star.
Hi!
Sorry I'm late. The Maggie thing
took a little time, but it is over.
Finished, kaput.
You look beautiful.
Thank you.
Thanks.
Thank you, thank you.
I'm...
I'm absolutely overwhelmed...
...that I could climb those stairs.
He did great.
I came to Hollywood
over 60 years ago...
...and immediately fell in love
with motion pictures.
And it's a love affair
that's lasted a lifetime.
When I first arrived in Tinseltown...
...there were no cineplexes
or multiplexes.
No such thing as a
Blockbuster or DVD.
I was here before conglomerates
owned the studios.
Before pictures
had special effects teams.
And definitely before box office
results were reported...
...like baseball scores
on the nightly news.
He is so fantastic.
- Iris?
- Yes?
What are you doing
New Year's Eve?
I'll be back in England
by New Year's Eve.
You know, I've never been
to England.
- I've never been to Europe.
- No?
If I come over there, will you go out
with me on New Year's Eve?
Love to.
We're not gonna make a bigger deal
out of this than it already is.
No, we're not.
It's not like we're never
going to speak or e-mail or...
- No set rules.
- None.
So now I'm just gonna
kiss you for the millionth time...
...and say, "Be seeing you."
Be seeing you.
Take care of yourself.
Did you have a good holiday, miss?
Yeah.
Great.
Maybe the best ever.
Amanda Woods...
...welcome back.
Turn around!
Turn around and go back, please!
- Did you forget something?
- Yes! Yes.
Can you go any faster?
This lane's tricky.
It's gonna take a bit.
It's okay, just stop.
Madam?
Madam!
Graham?
Graham.
You know...
...I was just thinking...
...why would I ever leave
before New Year's Eve?
That makes no sense at all.
I mean, you didn't exactly
ask me out...
...but you did say you loved me...
...so I'm thinking I've got a date.
If you'll have me.
I have the girls New Year's Eve.
Sounds perfect.
I'm coming to get you!
You look just like an angel
on the top of the Christmas tree.
You got so big. Give us a kiss.
Come and tell me all about
your Christmas presents.
Go sit with Miles.
Sweetie.
- I challenge ye.
- Me?
The love train
is leaving the station.
- Happy New Year!
- Happy New Year!
Happy New Year!
Happy New Year, everybody!