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How to Make Love Like an Englishman

By Unknown

(Richard) It's important

you understand:

it's not you, it's me.

What we have is so special.

I love you more than I can say.

But I'm sorry.

Truly.

Because- I fucked up.

Look...

I owe you an explanation.

But honestly, I don't

know where to begin.

Maybe there...

at the beginning.

You see, I grew up

above a great party.

(Music plays)

(Loud moaning)

(Woman) Oh, Gordon!

(Young Richard) Mummy?

(Gordon) She's-

she's in the kitchen.

Just what are you doing?

I'm waiting for

your mother to bring

out the hors d'oeuvres.

Now bugger off.

(Richard) After school,

I used to love to listen

to my father lecture.

(Gordon) Now the faculty would
have me teach it was Wordsworth,

Keats and Coleridge who,

in writing about love,

defined the Romantic Age.

And they've told

me to ignore Byron.

'Mad, bad, and dangerous to

know' was how one of his many

lovers described him.

He was controversial.

Now did you know, this esteemed

establishment told Byron that

he wasn't allowed to bring
his beloved dogs to college.
So he said 'screw the rules. '
He went out and he
bought himself a bear.
Brought it to class
on a chain and leash,
tied it up to that
very pipe just there.
So, you see, it was Byron
who defined the Romantic Age,
which wasn't about love.
It was about going your own way.
Defying authority and
following your heart.
Sticking it to the man and
as many women as possible.
Now that's- that is Romantic!
(Laughter)
And if the faculty don't
like me saying so, well,
they can take this job and
they can shove it. Because like
Mr. Bob Dylan, I ain't gonna
work on Maggie's Farm no more!
(Cheering)
(Richard) Dad hated authority...
and everyone loved him for it.
All I wanted was to
be just like him.
Forget the critics.
Let them have their opinions.
Let them publish their books
and brag about them at tedious
faculty parties, and let
university librarians
file those books away.
The faculty
has called this class:
'The Romantics
and Literary Theory'.
I want you all to forget the
second half of this sentence.
There's nothing theoretical

about the Romantics.
Where true love burns, desire
is love's pure passion.
It is the reflex
of our earthly frame
that takes its meaning
from the nobler parts,
and but translates the
language of the heart.
(Kate) Wakey, wakey,
Professor Haig.
Oh, shit...
it's Saturday, isn't it?
Now don't look like that.
Are you sure about this?
I mean, I make a terrible
first impression.
Will you relax, Richard?
My dad is gonna love you.
Really?
Yeah, you'll
have lots to talk about.
Yeah, corporate,
hard-nosed raider meets
libidinous Lit professor.
It's a match made in heaven.
I just want my dad to
meet the wonderful man
I've been dating for
the last six months.
Six months?
Broke your
record, didn't I?
- Done what?
- Easy.
Love is begun by time,
and time qualifies the
spark and fire of it all.
Relax. You're still
very sparky, darling.
Really sparky, I mean-
Well, my Liege, I must hie me
to Heathrow, thou to London.
Chimes of six o'clock sharp.

- Sure. Of course.

- Sharp.

Sharp. six o'clock. Chimes.

(Olivia) Sal, I've got to go.

Why? Because we've

been talking for so long,

I've lost track of

time, space and myself.

(Sal) Hello, Olivia?

(Doorman) Not to worry,

madam, I'll call maintenance.

We'll fish it out later.

(Sal) Are you there?

Can you hear me?

- Please don't.

- Hello?

Olivia?

(Cell phone vibrates)

Hoopla!

There you go.

Are they fishing your

phone out of the drain?

(Olivia) No, I told them not to.

I am cutting myself

off from the world.

Footloose and fancy-free.

Won't that be lonely?

An island all to yourself?

No.

Can I have a glass

of red wine, please?

(Bartender) Yes, madam.

No, I would populate the

island with all new people.

People that I actually like.

Yes, but then things change.

The people you thought you

like turn out to be as bad as

the people you left behind.

Soon you're moving to another

island and so it goes on,

ad infinitum.

You know my solution?

Get along with everyone.

Really.

Then why are you here alone in a hotel bar on a Saturday night?

Well, I certainly wouldn't keep you waiting.

Exactly. Because you never know what kind of-handsome stranger

I might start talking to?

I do desire we become better strangers.

Pulling out the Shakespeare.

Is that line successful for you normally?

I have my moments with it.

You know?

Comme si, comme sa.

(Doorman) Excuse me, sir.

Ma'am.

Oh.

Thank you.

You're so kind.

There you go.

Back on the grid.

Why is it the most helpful people are always around when you do not want any help?

Yeah, well, give him a minute, he'll be back with a shoemaker.

On the other hand, it is nice to be looked after every now and then.

- Mm-hm.

- The other day, I found myself opening a door for a man.

What happened to chivalry?

You know why guys open doors for women?

No.

So we can check out your arses as you walk by.

You're just full of all these amazing insights, aren't you?

I can tell within one
minute of meeting someone...
if I want to be with them.
How what about me?
Do you want to be with me?
Yes.
For one more minute.
Okay.
You've got a minute.
What are you gonna do with it?
(Kate) Olivia?
Oh, my god! Hi!
What are you doing here?
I- I was in Dublin in-
in the book festival,
and Dad called me and told
me that you were coming, that
he was meeting you here and that
I should come and surprise you.
Surprise! He flaked on us,
didn't he?
(Kate) Yes.
So how'd you two
make the connection? Hi.
You're
the famous Olivia?
My beautiful
sister, Olivia,
Olivia, my gorgeous
English man, Richard Haig.
- You look great.
- Thank you.
(Kate) So, me, my dad and my
mom are staying at this hotel
that we always stay at.
And my dad keeps running off,
saying he has like meetings
or appointments, whatever.
And finally my Mom gets fed up,
and she decides to tail him
one day to one
of his "meetings".
Ends up following him to
the other end of the beach,

where Livvy is
staying with her mom-
And all
hell breaks loose.
Our dad is
leading a double life.
Like raising two families
at the same time.
What a naughty boy.
(Kate) Right? Crazy.
Anyway, I take Kate to the
beach. I'm sitting there and I'm
trying to process everything,
you know? What my father did.
My poor Mom.
And the fact that I have
this little, lovely sister.
For me, I mean, I was stoked.
I always wanted a big sister.
And I decide the only
way we can protect each other
from this craziness is if
Kate and I make a pact.
No secrets.
Absolute honesty.
From this day forward, we would
tell each other everything.
Hm.
No matter what, always.
(Kate) And we have.
And we're like best friends.
So, Livvy,
how is your Allen?
What?
Ah.
Please, tell us about Allen.
He's great.
(Kate) Livvy's Allen is the
Allen Sloan, you know,
the romance writer?
- Really?
And Livvy edits his books
and they're totally in love.
Madly and totally in

love with a romance writer?

That sounds fascinating.

Well, no more than the
Romantics professor's passion
for his students, surely.

- Oh-

- Livvy. Be nice.

Yes, Kate.

Would either of you like
a little taste of my steak?

(Kate) No, thanks.

It's very tender.

You're unbelievable, aren't you?

Sorry?

Of course, on the verge
of graduating, going home,
she's the perfect catch
for you, isn't she?

- Hey!

- I get it, I get it.

He's hot and funny and smart
and he's got the suave accent!
But all I see is a Lothario
with an eternally wandering eye
who simply charmed the
pants off you. Literally.

Livvy, what
are you doing?

Kate, I know, this feels
like love, but no, no, no, no.

This is not love,
this is a fling!

How do you know?

What are you even saying?

Obviously, you are looking
for for a father figure,
but in our case, it
means a self-centered,
cheating womanizer
whose not to be trusted!

And you're just so
young, you can't see it.

Really? How young were you when
you ran off with Anwar, huh?

We thought I was pregnant!

- Well, I am.

- What?

- What?

I- I wanted to tell

you earlier, but-

Pregnant, with a- with a baby?

Yeah. I wanted to

tell you another way,

but this is so weird,

I just-

No, this is the perfect way.

This is really the perfect way,

I think- yeah, that's-

that's great. Really great.

Well, that

was so heartfelt.

Livvy! Livvy, thank

you so much for supper.

Remind me never

to do this again.

I'm just gonna go

outside and get some fresh air.

- What do you mean?

- Excuse me. Air.

Yeah. Run.

- Richard!

- Yeah.

- Richard!

- Yeah! I'm here.

Look, I know I just dropped

a bomb on you back there.

So, right here, right now,

I'm giving you the out.

I just want

some air, that's all.

You just need

some time to think.

It's-

it's fine. I get it.

So, I'm moving to L.A.

Oh.

I got a really cool job

at a venture capital firm.

You're full
of surprises today.
You'll love L.A. It'll be
like Cambridge-ish, but with
a lot of palm trees and like,
chicks with tans and stuff.
Oh, honey, you're all clammy.
Really, I just need
some air, that's all really.
Okay.
Yeah, okay. I'll be back in
there, go ahead. You go.
- Richard?
- Yeah?
You're gonna be a great father.
Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
Did you have a good
dinner then, sir?
(Vomits)
(Knock on door)
(Gordon) Oh, where the
buggering hell have you been?

I said 6:

Sorry about that, Dad.
Didn't realize your grumbling
ran on such a tight schedule.
Bloody miserable
out there as usual.
Agh, agh, agh, don't touch that!
Oh, good god,
Dad, I'm not five-years-old.
(Joan) Hi, Richard, dear.
Hello, Joan.
How's everything?
Oh, just terrific.
Thanks for asking.
You still boffing
the Yank totty, are you?
Yes, she's
a great girl.
Bright, beautiful, ambitious.
You mean, a
horrible little upstart,

determined to 'go places'.
So tell me, when are you
going to start going places?
Oh, good god, please don't
start with this again, Dad!
(Gordon) I mean, come on, when
I was your age, I mean I'd been
the head of the department
for seven years!
Yeah, and it made
you so happy, didn't it, Dad?
All right, what's
the grievance today?
Split infinitive on the news?
Too many women with jobs?
It's his waterworks.
He's got to go back into
hospital next week.
Stop talking
about my cock, woman!
Tell me
something, Dad.
Why did you and Mum get married?
Now, what kind of an
inane question is that
for a Thursday evening?
For a man who revels
in reckless promiscuity,
your four marriages do
beg some questions.
Your mother
fed me regularly.
She pleased me
half-decently now and then.
What more could a man want?
Oh, I don't know, friendship?
Someone to see the world
with, have a laugh with.
Maybe even start a family with.
Good god, man,
you've fallen for that
little slice of American pie.
Dad.
Now you listen to me,

this might be the most important
bit of advice that
I ever give you.
American women may be fun in
Victoria Secret when you
first met 'em. But as soon as
they get their claws into you,
they stop fucking
and start eating.
And the only ass you're
gonna get is a fat one!
Why'd I open my mouth?
American women invariably
become spouters of self-help
attitudes, addicted to designer
labels, dieting and frozen
yogurt. Overall, thoroughly
nasty selfish, vain creatures.
That don't fuck!
Thank you for
your fatherly advice.
Good night, Joan!
(Gordon) Bugger off, then!
See if I care!
Kate! Kate!
Screw Cambridge!
I'm in.
- Really?
- Really.
- Really?
- Yes.
Welcome to the world, Jakey.
It's a beautiful world.
Ooh.
Do you need the boobies now?
Do you want the boobies?
Yes, he's a boy
after my own heart.
Okay, family.
Here we go.
Here you are, Jakey.
Welcome home.
A modest 'little house'
your granddad bought your

mom out of guilt.
Don't fall in the pool.
(Kate) I won't.
You probably will
never meet anyway,
he has a very bad habit
of never showing up.
(Kate) Hey.
All right.
Oh, I'm gonna call Livvy.
Can you take the baby?
Sure.
- Okay.
Okay.
I know it's easier to read the
critics and the Cliff notes,
but forget about them.
Read the poems.
Put the time in.
After all, nothing
will come of nothing.
What was that from? Hm?
(Camera clicks)
Anyone?
Hey, there you go!
(Daryl) Yeah, I'm having
trouble getting on the WiFi.
What's the password again?
I think
they're all on Prozac.
(Angela) Did you hear
from the university yet?
Um, no, they
went with the other guy.
(Angela) I told you
to kiss ass more.
Angela, please.
Well, I'm sure something
will open up soon at ULA.
Yeah, well, one
can only hope, can't one?
In the meantime, I'm
glad that you're still
slumming it here with us.

You city college lot
don't pull any punches, do you?
We will go sixteen
rounds with anyone.
Bring it on.
(Loud car horn)
Arsehole.
(Jake) Asshole.
Never let me hear
you say that word, Jake.
The word is arsehole,
not asshole.
Can you say arsehole?
- Asshole.
- Yes, elongate the 'A'.
There we go.
I'll get them.
I'll get them.
Oh, where-
Momma.
No, Momma's at work.
She'll be back later.
Momma.
No, that's Hummer.
Hummer.
Hah, well done.
Hummer.
(Kate) Pull over.
(Brian) What? I can't-
- Pull over! Pull over!
Listen to this voicemail.
(Richard) I thought he was
saying 'Momma', then I realized
he was pointing at one of those
absurdly oversized tanks
driven no doubt by
some idiot with an absurdly
undersized penis.
Jake-
(Brian) This is
not an oversized car.
(Kate) He knows.
(Phone rings)
Hey there, sexy.

Where are you?

- I'm in New York.

- Oh-

(Alan)

Honey, do I look chunky?

Didn't mean to call

you sexy. Wrong person.

No, I look good.

(Olivia) Hah-hah, very funny.

Is Kate there?

She's not back yet. Still
banking, busy counting things.

Well, tell her to call
me right, right away,
because I have something
really big to tell her.

Well, no secrets
in the family, pray tell?

I can't believe that

I'm about to-

(Kate) Richard. I don't know
why this is so hard for me.

I've been trying to
tell you now for weeks.

Allen's asked me to marry him.

I'm in love
with somebody else.

You're what?

We're getting married!

Don't act so surprised
that somebody asked me.

Who- who is it?

Who are you talking to?

Answer the question!

Who is it?

I just did!

Who's on the phone?

Hello?

- Kate! Kate!

I have to call you back!

(Disconnects)

What? Hello?

I was just, I mean,
I was really young, okay?

Really young.
Not that you're not, of course.
But I really thought that I
loved you, but clearly I was
working through Daddy issues.
And then I got pregnant,
and you were just trying
to do the right thing.
And you've always been a really
good father, but let's face it,
you never really loved me.
But Brian does.
Brian? Brian? That
little idiot from the office?
He likes to talk to me
about start-ups and acquisitions
and exit strategies.
I mean, all the stuff that you
think is so boring about me.
It is boring! God!
Why do you have to be so
goddamn English! Talk to me!
You can leave me,
but I am not leaving that boy.
Brian, pff, little-
Richard, why can't
you just talk to me?
Now, I know two years
in the pool house makes me look
a little inert, but
I'll say two things.
First, your Mum and Brian hated
me being there, which was
the most wonderful incentive
to stay. And secondly...
I wanted to be close to you.
(Misty) Good mor-ning!
I think you're gonna
want to see this.
Oh, Misty.
Is the Big Bad
Professor awake yet?
(Jake) Dad, get up!
Breaker, breaker!

You got your ears on?
- Um- okay-
- Are you awake?
- It's Jakey, just-
Dad, get up.
Are you having a sleepover?
Hi, Jakey! Good morning!
Where are you?
Can I come and play?
Just a second, Jakey!
- Hey, Misty.
- Hi.
Would you mind just skedaddling
for now? It's my son.
Your son? I love kids!
I babysit!
Sorry about this.
The perils of parenthood.
- It's okay, it's okay.
- Come and see me
during the week.
- When?
- Make it a surprise.
Ooh! I love surprises.
Okay, I will.
Okay. Goodbye!
(slap)Whoo!
- Who's that?
- What? Oh, just a friend of
mine, a very busy lady.
She had to leave. There you go.
Aren't these
uncomfortable?
That's why girls love
it when you take them off.
Come on, let's
get some pancakes.
Dad, get on with it.
So, there we were.
And then, last week,
everything went pear-shaped.
(Misty) I have the
papers you asked for.
Will that be all, Professor?

For now. Yes, thanks.

Great.

(Angela) Excuse me.

Newest member of the
TA of the Month Club?

How dare you
insinuate such a thing.

You have a visitor.

Be nice.

Send her in.

(Piggott) Thank you.

Professor Piggott,
what a delight!

How's your
father these days?

Loving life, he is.

Happy as a clam.

It's good to hear.

Well, I received your
application for the
position at the University.

I was in the area, so
I thought I'd just pop by
and invite you to a
soiree I'm giving tomorrow.
Splendid.

The faculty will
be there, of course.

I thought it might be a good
idea for you to come by and
just sort of butter them up.

Not me, by the way.

I consider myself
lavishly buttered.

Oh, well,
that's good to know.

So we'll
see you there?

Wouldn't miss
it for the world.

(Allen) Dusks in Killarney just
sold its five millionth copy.

You are unbelievable!

(Allen) What?

Here I am splayed out
like an open-faced sandwich
so we can have a baby.
And all you care about-
(Nurse) Mr. Sloan?
(Allen) Oh?
(Nurse) Would you mind signing
a copy of your book for me?
Of course.
Did you like it?
Are you kidding?
It was great.
Really? Is that Desiree
with two 'E's or one 'E'?
Ow! What the hell was that for?
Oops, it slipped. Can I
have my phone back, please?
There you go. You can do it,
just concentrate.
Nice big swing.
That's it.
Dad, I suck.
No, you don't, you don't.
You look great, just-
(Brian) Oh, who's here!
Jakey, what up, dog?
Yo, give me some love.
Blow it up, blow.
(Jake) Goat busting!
(Brian) I got a fist thing!
Agh!
Not so loud. Now we just were
playing a little ball here.
Oh, right, right,
sorry, sorry, sorry.
Okay. So-
Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
What are you doing?
What are you doing?
Dude, you're a righty. You gotta
switch your hands around.
Come around there.
Go ahead.
Head up. Keep your eye

on the ball. Hit it to Dad!

Owwww!

- Sorry, Dad!

- It's okay! Agh!

Are you okay?

Are you okay?

I'm okay, son.

I'm all right.

It's just an
occupational hazard.

(Brian) Yeah, that
looks pretty bad.

Oh, this? It's okay.

- Hey!

- Hey.

- Did you remember Atlanta?

- Yeah. No. Atlanta?

Brian and I,
four days, conference,
we leave the day after tomorrow?
Good, sounds good,
I'll be there.

- Well, no, you'll be here.

- Well, I'll be here, but-

- Yeah. Here's Jakey's schedule.

- Great!

I left a copy in your room,
and another one on the fridge.
All right, that's good.

- So, um, yeah.

- All right, I'm on it.

- Okay.

- Jawohl, mein Fuhrer.

Okay.

Saul, I understand, but
I strongly believe that three
slates is enough, it's enough.
Come on.

(Loud moaning)

You!

Dr. Collins!

You miserable son of a bitch!

(Knock on door)

(Richard) Yeah!

Jesus.

Come in.

Shouldn't you be at work?

Covering the Asian markets.

Oh, hey, by the way,

I can get you in on a pretty sweet no-load. These guys are killing it right now.

I can get you 15%, 18%, you just say the word.

The word is no.

What is it you want? I'm busy.

This letter came for you, it's about your green card.

Sorry, bro, I opened it before I saw who it was addressed to.

Just read it, Brian. Thank you.

I mean, you've opened it, just read it.

All right.

'This is your final warning.

If you and your spouse fail to attend your interview next week, deportation proceedings will be initiated. '

Blimey, mate.

Looks like you could be in a spot of bovver with the bobbies!

Keep working

on the accent, Brian.

Close the door on the way out.

- Cheer-ee-o!

- Shut up!

I love the dentist.

I'm not drooling am I?

(Assistant) Hello, Mr. Haig.

- Thank you.

You can't drink alcohol when taking this medication.

- Really?

- Yes.

- No?

- No.

Absolutely not. Wouldn't dream

of it. Thank you so much.

- No alcohol.

- Good.

- We'll see you soon.

- Can't wait.

Look forward to it,

thank you so much.

- No alcohol.

- No alcohol.

- I mean it.

- I mean it, too.

Okay, let's go this way.

Anytime you feel like it, jump

in and lavish me with praise.

(Angela) Copy that.

- So glad you could make it.

- Oh, thank you.

- Here you are.

- Yes, oh, wonderful.

Please help

yourself to refreshments.

My wife made her

famous cheese balls.

Please be sure to try one and

compliment her accordingly.

Will do. Mm.

There are some very,

very important people here.

I'd like you to meet them.

- Mm.

And they are your

kind of people, Richard.

Come this way.

My dear colleagues,

this is Richard Haig.

This is Professor Vale,

Professor Bates, Professor Berg,

Professor Ng and

Professor Jones.

Can we do that again?

I forgot your names already.

(Laughs)

(Jones) It is a damn shame we

didn't hire you, what was it,

three years ago?

Three years, two months and
17 days. But who's counting?

(Laughs)

(Vale) I met your father once.

- Oh, yeah?

He delivered a fascinating
lecture, a retort to Terry
Hirst's hermeneutical reading
of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Wish I'd been
there for that one?

Where are you from in England?

And are you a Rich or a Dick?

I'm a Richard.

(Vale) Took a
structuralist stance-

(Jones) You know, the missus
and I, we love it over there.
We go every summer.

- You do? Great.

(accent) Cheers again, mate-y!

(Laughs)

- Now, Richard, I wanted
to let you know that these
fervent minds here have taken
great care looking over your
application materials,
Never trust an Englishman
that doesn't drink, Richie Boy!
...on an epistemological level.
Academics,

yap, yap, yap, yap.

(Piggott) I do have one small
question for you, however.

This one is the
biggest yapper of them all.

- How are the romantics
relevant to today's students?

You want me to
answer this question now?

I'm sure we'd all enjoy
hearing just a taste of
one of your lectures.

A taste?
A mere amuse-bouche, is all.
Why not the whole meal?
Why don't you come down
and see me in action?
You know, I happen to
be free on Thursday.
Christ, what about that?
I see you've
already met my wife.
(Chuckles)
Just gonna go outside
for a moment here,
just jump in front of a bus.
(Angela) Where are you going?
You didn't even say goodbye.
That's true.
Bye!
I wonder if he
was flirting with me?
Oh, my god!
(Crash)
Oh, shit!
Oh, bollocks!
(Siren)
Shit.
Good evening, Officer.
Oh, boy, have I been drinking?
(Laughs)
Oops.
I drink every night.
(Laughs)
How about you.
Oohh!
Can't we all just get along?
Thanks.
Oh.
Thanks
again for bailing me out...
and for the silent treatment.
(Kate) Don't talk to me.
I still can't believe it.
- Can't believe what?
- I wasn't talking to you.

And I wasn't talking
to you, my darling,
little fornicating ex-wife.
- Shut up, Richard.
- Allen dumped me.
What a small world, my-
my wife did exactly the
same thing.
She used to adore me.
Where, oh where did the love go?
She turned 30 and wised up.
So, uh, what's going on?
Why are you here, Olivia?
(Kate) Thank you so
much for helping out.
It's the least I can do.
Helping- helping out?
Helping out with what?
I needed to know that Jake was
gonna be looked after, fed and
driven by a responsible person
with a valid driver's license.
Fine, why her?
Livvy offered to come at
a very difficult time for her,
to bail us out of the
mess that you put us in!
You know what?
I've had enough of this.
You know,
you say 'I' a lot.
Really?
Well, I know that Jake loves
having you around, but I'm
getting phone calls from
your immigration attorney!
Because you don't ever
bother to call him back!
I can't be in your
life any more!
I'm enabling your
degenerate behavior!
And what is the point
of all this right now?

Richard, if you want me
to pretend like we're happily
married, so you
can stay in this country,
you better get it together.

(Cell phone rings)

Yeah.

(Gordon) Gotcha.

I woke you up, didn't I?

Dad? Is that you?

You know, there are
no time zones in China.

Did you know that?

The whole bloody country
is on Peking time and
that's the way it should be.

We should all
be on Peking time.

- Don't be a daft prat.

The whole world should
be on London time.

Okay.

What do you want, Dad?

How's the little turd?

Don't call him that.

Come on, you're
far too bloody sensitive.

All right, great
to hear from you, Dad.

Why don't you go
badger Joan, okay?

She's not here.

Oh, shit! Okay,
I gotta go. Goodbye.

Richard Haig.

Thank you.

(Ernesto) So your interview's
Monday. It's the forth quarter
now, two minute warning,
you got no timeouts left.

What the
hell're you talking about?

If your ex-wife won't
show up to your interview, it's

gonna be Hail Mary time, baby.
Okay,
so, did you
get a full-time job?
I'm doing my best.
Have you recently joined
any terrorist organizations?
Applied all over.
Fingers crossed.
Have you ever been arrested?
Um... DU I.
When?
How many years ago?
Friday.
I mean, they can't kick me
out of the country for that,
can they?
Jakey's a U.S. citizen.
You see the people in
my waiting room? The kid,
born here. The parents, illegal.
They're deporting the parents!
Oh, yeah, it's Game seven...
win or go home time.
All right, look.
You join a recovery program now.
- What? Recovery?
- You do the ten
mandated sessions the court's
gonna give you for the DU I.
Ten? That's gonna take me weeks.
Hell week, baby,
two a days. You get your
ex-wife to your interview
and you get a great job.
You do all that and you
get the ring, baby. Okay?
Yes...
of course.
Usted puta!
(Door slams)
(Car starts)
Ay!
(Crash)

Oops!
Everything all right?
Yeah. Why?
Want to borrow my car?
Okay, if
you're not using it.
(Deep sigh)
(Car starts)
That's good!
That's good! That's good!
Oops!
It's okay.
Wait! Wait! Wait!
What?
Did Kate tell you about
the one-way system at pick-up?
Uh-huh.
No, I didn't think so.
It's okay.
All right, Toots, step on it!
Oh, boy.
Stop sign! Stop Sign!
Car! Car! (Car horn)
Agh, Jeez!
Where the hell did you
learn how to drive?
Mexico.
(Cell phone rings)
Can you please get that?
Where's my phone?
Where's my phone?
I'm waiting for a very-
- Sorry, it's down here.
Hello?
(Assistant) Olivia,
I have Tim Prince from Creative
Management Lit for you.
Okay.
Can't he dial
a phone by himself?
Ssh!
(Tim) Hey, babes!
Hi!
Yeah, oh, listen,

so sorry about Allen. Awful.

Thanks, Tim. Thank you.

I caught my ex-wife in
Downward Dog with my tantric
teacher coming out of her
Central Eye. Do you feel so-
Angry!

Who the

hell is this guy?

(Tim) Okay, listen, babes, if
anyone can go from editor to
author, it's you, and I mean
that. Now I got your sample
chapter. Give me a day or
two to look it over.

- Of course.

- I'll be gentle, I promise.

Who says

I like it gentle?

That's my girl. Okay,
gotta jump. Bye, babes.

Bye!

Fascinating exchange.

How can men move
on so quickly?

What?

Just like a switch
for you, isn't it?

You flip it off, then you turn
to the next one, you flip that
one on, and when you get tired
of that you just flip another.

Like a pilot in a cockpit,
flip, flip, flip, flip.

What the hell

are you talking about?

Wishful thinking, Richard.

I wish I was like that.

Eyes on the road!

'Do not enter'! (Car horn)

Wrong way! Wrong way!

Left, left, left!

- Oh, relax, relax.

- I am, I am very relaxed.

- You're like an old lady!

- Oohh!

You men, you'd rather just go out there and have sex, than work things out.

Yeah. Guilty as charged.

But your hornyness is nothing but a big mask for you to hide behind.

And what's wrong with a big mask? Huh?

- Let me ask you something.

- Yeah.

How can you teach the Romantics, when you can't even have a real feeling? Is irritation a real feeling?

I mean, listen to you flirt on the phone with some guy who's calling you babes.

- Oh, please.

- Oohing and ahhing.

No, I like it gentle.

Good lord.

Anwar would think you were having an orgasm.

I do not sound like that when I- Anyway, you should

hear some of the stupid noises you guys make when you're- You can't even say the word, can you? Come on.

What do we sound like?

For example, you have the bear- Ah-aa.

(Grunt)

- I can see your tonsils.

- Then you have the sports commentators.

Oh, yeah?

(Rapid Spanish)

Gooooooooal!
What kind of men
have you been with.
And then
there's the quiet one.
(Squirming)
You finished?
- No.
- Of course.
And then the worst one, the
worst one is the Tourette's one.
- What?
- You know, shit, fuck!
I love you, fuck me!
Oh, motherfucker, bitch!
I love you.
Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!
Hey, that's
sounded like you, Dad.
Ah.
I heard him once
on the Walkie Talkie.
(Chandler) Mr. Haig,
do you have a minute?
Of course, I do.
Come on, Toots, this way.
(Anita) This morning, Jake said
he had a question about the rules.
He asked if he was allowed to
use the Special Alphabet.
Oh, boy.
I didn't know what that was.
So we asked if he was
allowed to say the 'A' word.
Oh.
Then he asked,
Can I say bugger? Crap? Dummy?
And when he got to 'F', he said,
Am I allowed to say frick?
Because I know I'm not
allowed to say fuck.
It was at that point,
that I sent him to
the principal's office.

Then what did
you say for 'G'?

Goddamn.

(Chandler) Mr. Haig, how is
Jake adjusting to your new...
living situation?

- No, no.

- No, no, this is not
what it looks like or what it
sounds like. No, no, no, no.

(Chandler) We don't need
to have an explanation.

- I think there's
been a misunderstanding.

I would never-

- You've said enough.

Oh, wonderful!

I'll walk to the curb.

Mind your hands!

What are

you doing here?

What am I doing here?

Um, I'm just gonna get
some delicious productos
Latinos. Hah-hah.

Hah-hah, yeah.

And maybe a manicure?

Or a bikini wax.

Bye! I'll see you later.

You take care.

- Whatever.

- Bye.

(Wendy) We have two
new members today.

We have Cindy and Richard.

So, Cindy, you want to-

(Cindy) Hi, I'm Cindy
and I'm an alcoholic.

(Applause)

Thank you, Cindy.

Uh, Richard?

Hi, I'm Richard,
and I'm not an alcoholic.

I'm English, a country with- a

few thousand years of history.
And part of that history is the
communal practice of having a
drink in the pub.

Now I know it's not your fault
a few sad, sorry, pilgrims
arrived here and infected
your country with a message of
Puritanical masochism. But it
is your fault you've all taken
it onboard quite so earnestly.
So you chaps go ahead.

Knock yourselves out!

But just know this, the first
thing I intend to do when
this hour is up, is hit
that bar across the street
and have a nice cold one.

(Chad) Good luck with that!

Thank you, Chad.

How are the Romantics
relevant to you?

(Male Student) Yeah, you know,
the only reason I'm taking
this class is so

I can get my GPA up,
so I can play baseball
at Arizona State, so-
How about you, Stacy,
how are the Romantics
relevant to you? Hm?

(Stacy) They're not.

(Snoring)

You have been such a
wonderful audience, I can't
wait to see you all next week,
when I shall be lecturing
naked wearing a sombrero.
It'll be so wonderful!

Fuck me.

(Tim) Olivia!

Hey, babes!

There you are!

Oh, Tim, hi!

(Tim) How are you, beautiful?

Okay,
about this...

This rocks!

Really?

It is smart, it is funny.

Oh, I love Jenna.

Jane.

You might
wanna change that.

Sex sells, 'Jane' makes
me think of a nun in a wimple.

God, but you're so talented,
you're so beautiful, too,
and trust me, that helps, babes.

I'm gonna take you to the stars.

I am going to take
you to the stars.

All I ask is that these
shoulders be the ones you
stand upon. Watch the silk,
though, huh?

(Cell phone vibrates)

Hello?

(Ernesto) Richard, listen,
they've assigned
your case for investigation.

Really?

What does that mean?

You're under surveillance
by an undercover federal agent.

- Jesus, fuck!

- Relax.

Sorry. Sorry.

Shit, he's here tonight.
He just flashed his badge.
Don't fumble the ball now!

All that matters is
that you exhibit good
moral character, okay?

(Wendy) Okay, everybody!

Grab a seat!

Okay, so, Chad, I believe
you wanted to start us off?

(Chad) I'm Chad, and

I am 13 days sober.

Yeah! Way to go,

Chad! Woo-hoo!

All right, so why don't
you tell us how that feels.

(Chad) Well, you know,
it started by not going-
Uh, Wendy?

Excuse me, Wendy?

Just a moment there, Sorry,
everyone, can I say something?

Sorry, Chad, I didn't mean
to interrupt your moment
of glory there.

Um, my name is Richard.

And I'd like to amend my earlier
comments about the drinking
habits of the English.

I mean, just because the entire
country hits the pub after work,
doesn't mean we can't all be
alcoholics. Because we are.

We are inebriates,
national disgrace.

Um, what else?

Oh, I'm married, very happily
so, oh, and I have a son, a
beautiful, little
son called Jakey.

Born here, in this country, a
country which I love and has
such meaning to my heart.

(Wendy) So, Richard, with all
of that to lose, why would you
get drunk and then get
behind the wheel of a car?

Yep. Well, there you have it.
I'm an alcoholic.

Oop, I'm Richard, alcoholic.

(Cell phone vibrates)

Sorry. Yeah.

Jakey-

Jakey, no, no, no, no.

No, Jakey, just tell
him, just tell him-
tell him just to calm down.
(Wendy) Okay, no
more cell phones.
(Crying) Hey, hey, I'm here,
I'm here, it's okay, it's-
I am so sorry.
It's all right, don't worry,
don't worry.
Ssh. I know, I know.
Come on, Jakey, calm down.
Calm down, just breathe.
There you go.
Breathe, breathe, okay, ssh.
Relax, use your words.
I had a bad dream.
Then I woke up, and Mommy
wasn't here, and you were gone!
Aw. I'm really sorry, okay?
Hey, you know what
we're gonna do?
We're gonna blow that
bad dream away. Okay?
(Blowing)
Here let me catch it.
And then-
Pooww!
Look how it's all gone.
Okay. Give us a hug.
All right.
Where's Teddy.
Oops. There he is.
All right, let's go to sleep.
Come on. Say good night.
Good night.
There you go,
my little warrior poet.
Go to sleep.
Dad, you and Mom are never
gonna live together, are you?
No.
I'm sorry, but if you're
ever upset about anything,

anything at all, you go talk
to your mom or talk to me.
Or Brian?
Only if I'm stuck down a
mine and your mom's in a coma.
Oh, my
god, I'm so sorry.
I- I was completely useless.
It's okay.
I can't even take care
of my little sister's child.
How hard can that be?
Right?
Have you ever felt like
everybody else has gotten their
shit together, but you?
I mean, my little sister
has, even you have.
Huh. Well, I
wouldn't go that far.
Look, it's just a lot different
when it's your own kid.
Well, I wouldn't
know about that, either.
I made some soup.
Would you like some?
It's horrible.
Sure. I love horrible soup.
I know, it's horrible.
I can't even make a soup right.
Oh, boy.
You know, you're
a really good father.
Oh, yeah, sure I am.
Richard, I am giving you a
compliment. Just say thank you.
Thank you, Olivia.
I like it
when you say my name.
You know, it's funny,
most women adore me to begin
with, and then end up hating me.
You, on the other hand,
hated me right off the bat,

but now I think you despise me.

No, I despised

you at the beginning.

Now I just loathe you

a little sometimes.

Wow.

I packed your toothbrush,

your pajamas, and-

Hey, guys!

What's happening?

Where are you going?

My sleepover.

Oh, yeah, the sleepover.

Of course. All right,

well, give us a kiss.

Have a good night.

There you go, soldier.

Thank you so much.

Okay, good night.

(Friend's Mother) Let's go.

- Good night.

(Friend's Mother)

Enjoy your night out.

(Knock on door)

Hello?

(Tim) Oh, there he is.

What's up, Rich?

Hi, Richard.

Yeah,

great, well done.

Leaving now, yeah.

Sorry about that.

Yeah.

He's a little weird, huh?

(Car starts)Bye!

(Tim) Hey, I'll be

back for more, huh?

- Bye, babes.

Had to

leave early, did he?

Well, he did stay

until he got the job done.

That was good of him.

Yeah, he's gonna come

back tomorrow and bring a
friend, so we can
all do it together.
The more the merrier.
Oh, for Christ's sake,
we were working and then he
went surfing, you idiot. Now
where is that bottle of wine?
I could use a drink.
Come on up.
Here you go.
Apology accepted.
Oh, good.
To friends.
A bit old for
homework, aren't you?
Well, it's never too
late to perfect new ways of
boring one's students.
So, you must be very excited
to have Tim all over you...
so to speak...
about your book.
Well, tonight
he tore me to pieces.
Ooh.
It's hard to
be judged by others.
It's very difficult to stay
true to your own voice,
when everybody else wants
you to do something else.
Made me think of Allen.
All the notes I gave
him through the years.
It must have tortured him.
So it's not all bad then.
I'll be honest. I always
thought he was an arrogant,
little shit whose books
are vapid and hackneyed.
And all I could ever think
about when I skim-read them...
was you.

Me?
You.
Yes, and what
could've been worse:
being married to him or
editing his schmaltzy drivel?
They both sucked.
Do you know who he's screwing?
My gynecologist!
My gynecologist!
I mean,
I actually thought
that he was coming to our
appointments because he cared!
But no, he wanted
to see the doctor!
Maybe you're
better off without him.
Think about it, you're smart,
you're funny, you're beautiful.
Terrible driver,
but I'm sure you'll find
someone to overlook that.
You're just saying that.
Well, you are smart,
you are funny
and you are very,
very beautiful.
(Brian) What the
hell happened to my-
- Oh, shit!
- My nuts! Ow!
Oh, my god! No!
They said they weren't
coming back until tonight.
(Brian) It's a good thing
it's a military vehicle.
- Oh, my god!
- This is crazy.
Okay, I gotta go to the
house. Back to the house.
Buenos dias, Pedro!
(Pedro) Buenos dias, senora.
(Kate) Do you have

the keys, sweetie?
Oh, you know what? I think
I left my phone in the car.
Hi.
You're naked.
If you're wondering
where Jake is,
he's at a sleepover with Josh.
Why are you naked?
Ssh, Richard's
sleeping in his house.
I'm just gonna go and
swim a little bit more.
(Angela) Hey, how's
the lecture coming?
I've passed kidney
stones with greater ease.
Well, don't over think it,
just be honest, pithy, simple.
You know something?
I think you're the first
woman I've ever
really been friends with.
Well, that's a little sad,
Richard, but very touching.
What brought about the
sudden onset of sincerity?
I slept with someone and-
it actually meant something.
Well, that's great.
Who?
Olivia.
Are you kidding?
Richard, why don't you go down
to your green card appointment,
take out your samurai sword
and disembowel yourself?
What is wrong with you?
Are you trying to get deported?
I mean, Kate is gonna kill you!
Well, Kate's not
gonna know about it, is she?
I mean, I'm not gonna tell her,
and Olivia's not gonna tell her.

They are sisters, Richard!
Close sisters!
And close sisters talk.
I gotta get over there!
- You better move!
- I'm going!
Oh, god!
Oh, god! Oh, god!
Kate, hi, how's everything?
Good?
Olivia told
me everything.
Oh, she did?
I think it's awesome
that she's started writing.
And she said you were really
nice to her when I was away.
Oh, wonderful.
You know, I know I've been
kind of a bitch to you lately.
Oh, that's okay.
And threatening not to come
to your green card meeting
was totally out of line.
I'm sorry.
Yeah, live and let live,
forgive and forget, all of that.
- We're cool?
- We are so cool.
Okay.
Do you want to
get me some lemonade?
- Good idea.
- Thanks.
Okay, great.
Oh, god, where is she?
You smoke?
(Whispers) I can't stop
thinking about last night.
Nor can I.
We have to tell her.
No, no, no.
This is not the time. Olivia!
The cigarette's gone to your

head. Get back in the bushes.

(Jake) Dad? There's a funny, old man here that wants to see you.

- What?

Dad! What are you doing here?

Why in bugging hell have you been ignoring my calls?

Well-

Oh... hello.

This must be the young totty.

Kate, my father.

Oh, my goodness, Mr. Haig!

It's so nice to meet you.

Wow! Oh, sorry,

I'm soaking wet.

I need a shower anyway.

Oh, and who is this other vision of loveliness?

I'm Olivia.

I'm Kate's sister.

Sis- Blimey...

bookends.

(Kate) Well, come inside,

I'll make you up a room.

No, no, no, it's okay, Dad, come with me. Come to the guesthouse.

- Are you sure?

- No, that's okay, Kate.

- I think I'd rather go-

Dad, come with me!

You're staying with me!

- Are you sure? -

I promise you, all is good.

- Nice to meet you.

- You, too, and-

(Richard)

Why exactly are you here?

I'm visiting you and the little turd- fellow.

What's it bloody look like?

Well, I don't really know.

I mean, Jake, meet

your grandfather.

Yeah I'm your granddad. I've got

something for you that I brought
all the way from England.
Would you like to see it?
Now that is a model
of H.M.S. Defiance.
Wow.
God, Dad, you never
let me used to touch that.
- Well-
- Okay, I'll be right back.
Well, hey! Wait a minute,
where you going? You can't bear
to be in the same room with
me for two minutes, is that it?
No, that's
not it, Dad, not at all.
Can I keep it?
Of course, you can
bloody keep it, it's yours.
But don't put it in the
bath, because it'll sink.
- Look what I found!
- Way cool!
Where shall we put it? Here?
- On the top.
- Yes, on the top.
Hello, my lovelies.
All I'm asking is, can you wait
until Monday morning at 11:00?
Why?
My green
card interview...
and then after that,
you can tell her
what you like, okay?
(Jake) Dad, I need to go pee.
Come on then.
Hey! Where the bloody
hell are you two going?
- Come on, hey, Jake!
- Gotta go for a pee, Dad.
Hey, Jake, whip
it out, come on!
Dad, you can't

pee off the pier.

Jake, who are you gonna
listen to? Your dad, who
for some bugging reason has
turned into a boring old fart?
Or your grandfather,
who's lived a rich and full
life and doesn't take
shite from anybody?

You.

Sorry, Dad.

- There you go. Come on up here,
there you go, up you go.

Wait. Come on, you, too!

If you're still my son, that is.

All right, on three.

One, two, three,
there that's it.

Well, somebody had their
vitamins this morning. Huh?

You know, there are
coconuts over there?

Great isn't it?

There you go.

Beautiful.

(Coughs) Oh, dear.

All right, all right, all right.

That's good stuff. I'll
put on some tunes, huh, guys?

Aw, look at this.

This is paradise, man.

You've ended up in paradise.

You know, they must be freezing
their bollocks off in England.

(Laughs)

Why are you really here?

Well, Joan
left me, silly cow.

Well, I'm sorry.

Truly.

Oh, well, well that
makes me feel so much better.

I mean, God almighty,
thank you for those

profound words of sympathy.
Well, it's a
lot more than you
ever said when Kate left me.
Well, I warned
you about her.
She was a rampant,
little Yankee trollop.
You know what, Dad?
Of course, Joan left you.
You're a misanthropic,
misogynistic asshole who
doesn't give a fuck about
anybody, least of all the poor
saps who you got to marry
you in the first place.
Is that it?
Is that all you've got?
And you did it all in the name
of some misguided credo called
'fun', which you brainwashed
me with in the first place.
Guys, dig this song?
(Both) Bugger off!
That's it then,
is it, Boy Wonder?
So you finally got it
off your chest, have you?
You know what, Dad?
Why don't you just
bugger off for once.
For once.
Why don't you be
the one to bugger off.
Brian, go back to my wife.
Go on.
Just- just go back.
(Wendy) Thank you for
that wonderful sharing.
Seriously, this has been
absolutely a marvelous session.
I've learned so much.
Give yourselves a
big hand, everybody.

(Applause)

Wendy, I was wondering
if you could sign my form to
show that I've done
the ten sessions?
I'm sorry,
Richard, I can't.
Why? I mean, I came, I did
the whole 'I'm an alcoholic'.
But it's not about
just saying the words,
you have to actually mean them.
Ay-yay-yay.

Cindy, right?

I just spent the last week
listening to that drivel,
so some witless, little
ninny will sign a piece of
paper to say I'm an okay kind
of guy! Absolute bollocks.
Sorry. Excuse me.

Hey, you wanna get a drink?
Actually, maybe not, I've got
a grueling lecture in an hour.
How about a joint?
Just kidding. Bad joke.

I didn't want my son to find it.
I don't touch the
stuff, it's my dad's.
He likes to puff.

Okay.

(Cindy) Good luck
with your lecture.

Thank you.

I want you all to imagine
you're at Cambridge University.
The year is 1807.
You walk across the quad of
Trinity College into the lecture
hall where you find your
fellow classmate, Lord Byron.
Who in defiance of college
rules about dogs has brought
a bear to class instead.

You know what?
Forget about that.
Why are the Romantics
relevant today?
Hm?
Honestly, they're not.
Stacy got it right.
And Dwight, he can't stop
thinking about home runs and
fastballs when he reads
Byron and Coleridge.
Because-
we're teaching words.
Words, but we're not
teaching meaning.
I've got it all wrong.
I can tell you about
Byron and his bear,
Wordsworth falling
in love with his cousin.
Coleridge falling in
love with cocaine.
I can tell you what's
behind the words from them,
but I can't tell you what's
behind those words for you.
Because this
class is about you,
learning to
find your own meaning,
your own voices.
Go read the poems, but know
this, that at this moment,
you are the Romantics, you
are the relevant ones.
Let Byron, Coleridge,
Wordsworth inspire you
to do your thing,
to go your own way.
Stacy, quit texting.
Call him, right now.
Dwight, go play ball. Ignore
anyone who says no, you can't.
Follow your hearts,

do good things, be bold,
and above all else,
stick it to the man.

(Chuckles)

Well, Dad, I totally fucked
up my audition in that job.

I stuck it to them, all right.

I stuck it to myself
in the process, too.

Hey, listen, you silly old sod,
you just bolted before I could
apologize. Why are you
so thin-skinned these days?

All right, call me back.

(Knock on door)

Four Thousand Dollars
should cover it.

What?

Your Mustang, Richard,
it's got sienna red paint
there all on the back fender.

Unmistakable.

1954 MG TFs do not
come cheap, my friend.

Absolutely not.

Can I give you a check?

I'd prefer cash.

I want to be the first to
congratulate you. Welcome to
the English department of the
University of Los Angeles.

Yes!

Oh, good!

Thank you, boss.

Might as well do the
other side as well.

Let's go have a pint.

A pint of what? Oil?

Hardy-har, I'll always
laugh at your jokes.

Hey! I got the job!

ULA! Knock it out of
the ballpark. Home run.

Congratulations!

I feel fantastic!
And I feel fantastic about you.
Now what we did, making love-
no, listen, please, hear me out.
Kate and I have been
separated for two years!
Why should we feel bad?
We're grown-ups!
And if Kate doesn't like it,
she can bloody well just go-
hey, you! Ah, Brian,
okay, okay, in the vault.
Ah, Kate.
Olivia-
my best friend-
total trust-
No secrets!
We- we we're gonna-
You know what?
If you want him, take him,
but get out of my house!
Well, now, maybe- okay.
Thank you.
Ernesto, sorry I'm late.
Where's your wife?
Not coming.
She sends her regards.
Okay, strike one,
she's not here.
Strike two, you failed
the recovery program.
We may be 0 and 2, but we're
gonna swing for the fences on
the University of Los Angeles.
Morning, Officer Lewis.
(Officer Lewis) Why has it taken
nearly three years to
schedule this interview?
Well, my client never
received all of the
notifications from ICE.
Is this your
handwriting, Mr. Haig?
Some of it is,

some of it's also my son's...

working on his cursive.

Can you explain this?

Yes, well,

that's not my fault.

Pain killers, dental surgery.

My client's done ten sessions of a recovery program to show his good character.

(Lewis) Where's the letter of completion?

In the mail with bue-locks written on it?

It's

bullocks, actually.

Officer Armstrong?

Please describe how Mr. Haig tried to offer you marijuana.

(Cindy) The other night, as I was leaving the recovery center, Mr. Haig asked me if I wanted some marijuana.

- Oh, pfft.

- Under California law, distribution of marijuana is a felony.

That's true.

What is it you say,

Mr. Haig? Cheerios?

(Richard) There you have it, the whole sorry saga.

Ernesto did do one thing to justify his exorbitant fee.

He got me this one hour with you.

I'm so sorry.

I'm so sorry, Jake.

(Officer) Time's up.

Jake, please,

I really am so sorry.

I love you, do you hear me?

I am so sorry.

That is no country for old men.

The young in one another's

arms, birds in the trees.
Those dying generations
at their song.
So what's Yeats saying here?
He's a 60-year-old man looking
at young people, screwing and
living, blissfully unthinking
about their own mortality.
Yeats knows he's
just an aged man,
but his dreams are of Byzantium.
(Cell phone vibrates)
Hello?
(Hospital worker)
This is Memorial General,
we need to talk to you
about your father.
What the buggering hell
are you doing here?
You hate hospitals.
(Gordon) I do, I hate
bloody hospitals.
But I love the nurses.
(Chuckles)
How's my little Jake?
He's all right, Dad.
You know I-
I don't think I could
have done what you did.
You stuck with that boy through
all the muck and bullocks.
You're a better
man than I, Gunga Din.
I don't know
about that, Dad.
Are you still shagging the
Yank totty's sister, are we?
No, I blew that one.
Threw away a
pearl beyond price.
And totty, and totty's sister,
none of us are talking.
It's all a big mess.
Marvelous bloody place, they're

livin', eh? California eh?

Mm-hm.

Sunshine, beaches and girls.

(Chuckles)

Marijuana.

God, how the buggerin hell did
I miss out on that for so long?

You came.

You saw it once.

It all goes so fast.

These buggers here, they
don't think I've got long.

Well, it's all a
load of bullocks, really.

What is?

You know, there's nothing
honorable in misery, Richard.

Carpe diem!

Boff and be merry!

Now listen...

you listen to me carefully.

This might be the most-
(Both) important bit of
advice I'll ever give you.

For God's sake, man,
go and get your bloody girl.

Go on.

Bugger off.

Hey, Richard...

You remember my epitaph.

Of course I do, Dad.

Of course I do.

(Thunder and rain)

Byzantium is the
place he longs for.

He needs to make this journey.

I'm gonna sort this
all out, I promise you.

Okay, Jake?

- How?

I'll Skype you tomorrow, okay?

Is she talking to Olivia yet?

Olivia's book launch
is here next week and Kate

isn't even going. She's
icing everyone out, even me.

All right,
see you, Brian.

(Richard) Yeats knows that
unless he makes this journey,
unless he defies
logic and authority,
unless his soul claps
hands and sings out loud...
He is nothing more than a
tattered coat upon a stick.

(Laughs)

You old bugger.

There is a country for old men.

(Connect tone)

Ernesto? Richard Haig.

Como esta?

Adios!

(Jake) Hey, Dad.

Hi, Jakey.

Go to the door and
tell me what you see.

Okay.

Oh, look at you, boy.

Oh! Look at you.

Richie!

Thank god you're here, dude!

Oh, thank god. Thank god.

You can let go now,

Brian. That's okay.

(Jake) Can you believe it,

Mom? He's really here.

- Hi, Kate.

- Hey. How did you get here.

Uh, I just came
across the border.

It's an old trick of mine.

What if you get caught?

I won't, I'll be

gone before they know it.

Hey, remember my

lawyer, Ernesto?

He's gonna sort this

whole mess out, okay?

Yay!

Don't you worry. Probably
gonna cost me a fortune.

And look, Kate, we can't
keep going like this.

Jakey needs his mom and
dad to be adults, right?

Yeah.

Look, I'm sorry,

I'm sorry we hurt you.

Olivia wanted to tell you and
it was my fault she didn't.

But you're sisters, come on.

Cut her some slack.

Life is so short, Kate.

Like my dad used
to say, carpe diem.

Let's boff and be merry.

Ay?

- Okay.

Great.

Great.

And one last thing...

can I take a shower?

Please?

(Brian) He really stinks.

(Clinking glasses)

Thank you

everybody for coming.

I would like to thank

my agent Tim Prince.

I would also like to thank

my ex-brother-in-law Richard,
he was the inspiration for the
burnt-out recovering alcoholic
cop who saves the day.

(Laughter)

Although he doesn't know
it, so let's not tell him.

And lastly, I would like to
thank somebody very special to
me who couldn't be here today.

Which is nobody's

fault but mine.
(Kate) Hey.
I'm so sorry.
So sorry.
- I'm sorry, too.
Let's never fight again, okay?
Come here.
Let's go back inside.
Just give me a
minute, all right.
Okay.
(Richard) Hi.
You came!
Piece of cake.
I came because I love you.
I came because I need you.
I need my son.
I need my family.
That's why I came.
You want to
hear something crazy.
What?
I knew you'd come.
It's irrational.
It's romantic.
You and I, we've only
had moments, now we have time.
I spent my whole life in
opposition to this man.
Honestly, he never did
a bloody thing for me.
Except this.
Asking me to scatter
his ashes here.
And it saved my life...
because it brought
me back to the people I
love most in this world.
Even you, Brian.
You're the man, Richard.
Well, there comes a time,
and there's always a time,
and I guess this is the time.
So, Jakey, shall we

set Grandpa free?

Okay, Dad...

enjoy paradise!

(Jake) So, how long
are you staying?

Okay, Jakey,
listen to me here.

I have to sort out
a few things first,
but maybe marrying
your aunt might help.

What?

Well, I
am down on one knee.
Then get up
and kiss me again.