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I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!

By Paul Mazursky

Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower...
But if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.
- Beautiful. Is that Ginsberg?
- No, Tennyson.
But if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.
So to know God, to know man...
...you first have to know
what a flower is.
A flower.
But how can you know
what a flower is...
...unless you know who you are?
Who are you?
Do you know who you are?
We must find a way...
...to send our love messages
to them...
...before it's too late.
We must turn them on to love.
Send them love flowers.
Turn them into love junkies.
We must hug and kiss them
in the streets...
... in their houses, in their offices,
in their minds.
Harold.
Do you know
what happened this time?
- What?
- The earth moved for me.
Like in Hemingway.
Did the earth move for you?
No, I don't think so.
I didn't satisfy you?
Of course you satisfied me.
It was just that the earth
didn't move this time, that's all.

But it has moved in the past?

Oh, Joyce, you know,
many times, many times.

- When?

- Well...

You know, a couple
of weeks ago, it moved.

We must psychedelicize
their impoverished dreams.

Teach them how to live again.

Make them stop playing
the ego game.

Teach them how to die
so that they can be born again.

So that they can become
a flower again.

Harold?

Is your asthma bothering you?

I have a little tickle right now, yeah.

Harold?

- Do you wanna get married or not?

- Sure.

Well, then let's name a date.

I gave you an area.

An area is certainly not a date.

I know what an area is,

and I know what a date is...

...and an area is not a date.

- All right.

- I'll tell you something.

You've given me

enough areas in my life...

...but I have yet

to get a date from you.

I know from areas,

but what I want is a date.

Okay, when do you wanna

get married?

How about Thanksgiving?

Hey, look at that.

- What is that?

- Somebody...

Whose car is that?

I'm pinned in here. I can't get out.

Oh, my goodness.

Who would do a dumb thing like that?

- Well, that's stupid.

- Terrible.

You could maybe try to get out,
do you think, Harold?

- Harold?

- Help me back up.

- Sure, I will, darling.

- Because I'll never make it.

You know, Harold, my parents
were married on Thanksgiving.

I thought maybe

it would make them happy...

...if we had the same anniversary.

Go right, Harold. Try to go right.

- Yeah, okay.

- Turn to the right.

- Gee, I don't think you're gonna make it.

- I'll try.

- Well, try. Yes.

- Well, I can get right up close to it.

All right, keep going to the right.

- What?

- Harold, come on, now.

You're gonna hit that car.

Where is that son of a bitch?

Look at that. I'm pinned in.

Harold, what about Thanksgiving?

- For what?

- For what? For our wedding.

Can you imagine somebody...

...leaving a car like that

in a situation like this?

Boy, that is really smart.

Boy, that is really a clever way
to change the subject.

Don't be paranoid, Joyce.

I didn't make this situation.

Are you crazy or something?

Take me home.

- Oh, that's great. That's great.

- What?

I'm pinned in. I can't move.

Take her home. Where are you?

Harold, you could move
if you wanted to move...

...because man is the master
of his own existence.

You're afraid.

You are afraid to move, Harold.

Now, look, Harold.

Harold, I have made
my commitment to you.

I have given you my mind...
...and my body.

Joyce.

I am 33 years old. Now, that's not
an easy thing for me to say.

Will you please stop talking
for just one minute?

- Help me push this car out of the way.
- I just wanna know one thing, Harold.
- One thing, is all I wanna know.
- What?

Am I going to be your wife, or am I
going to continue to be your concubine?

- Don't give me that concubine stuff.
- It's all right.
- What is it going to be?
- You think I'm an Arab or something?

That's funny. Just to be funny now.

I'm asking you to answer my question.

Harold, you give me
an answer now or it's over.

Will you just help me?

Otherwise, we're gonna be
stuck here.

Self. You always think of yourself.

- I'm helping you now.
- You're not helping me.
- Put your hand behind...
- I had my hand here.
- What do you want me to do?
- When I tell you, push.
- Now, push when I say push.
- I'm doing that.

Now, I'm releasing the hand brake.

Now, push.
How about Labor Day?
For what?
For getting married.
Harold!
Oh, Harold!
Oh, Harold!
We're getting married. Labor Day?
You happy?
- Are you happy?
- Yeah, yeah.
I can let you use this
until we fix you up.
- You sure this is all you have?
- Yep. Belongs to my kid.
He was supposed
to take the night shift.
Big shot ran off to San Francisco
with a colored girl.
My wife's going crazy.
But, I mean,
I can't drive around in this.
I have to go to my office.
I have to go to court tomorrow.
I'm sorry,
that's all I've got, Mr. Fine.
And then suddenly,
tonight it all fell into place.
And he was...
He was like a man, Mama.
You know what I mean?
He was a man
who knew what he wanted.
Look, relax, she'll run fine.
- She'll run fine, don't worry about it.
- Yeah.
And jiggle the key when you get in.
- Harold, my mother is hysterical.
- Yeah?
What kind of a car is this?
It's all they have.
What? Are you telling me
that this is all that you have?
- I'm sorry. That's all we've got.

- Harold, come on, this is ridiculous.
It's only for two days, Joyce.
Well, you live long enough,
you see everything.

- Listen, Harold...

- Make sure you have my car soon.

- Leave that to me.

- Maybe we can get her to cater a dinner.
She may smoke a little,
but don't worry about it.
I was thinking
maybe a wedding breakfast.
You know, like Marilyn Bachrach had.
Good morning, Mr. Fine.

- Hiya, Harold.

- Good morning, Murray.
Hey, I finally beat Jerry Ritzlin, 7-5.
My serve is starting to work for me.
And my elbow doesn't hurt anymore,
which means I am now hitting it right.
You know I was serving
with a bent elbow?
That's what screwed me up.
But now... coming straight over.
You okay, kid?
I'm fine.

- No, I'm okay.

- You've got that look.
What look?
You know, when you get fakakta.
Joyce and I
are getting married Labor Day.
That's great. That is just great.
I think it's the right move.
The right move?
You should've done it two years ago.
Labor Day, huh? No harm.
You are getting
a wonderful woman in Joycie.
Good morning, Mr. Burns.
Good morning, Mr. Fine.
Good morning.
Come here, you beautiful creature.
Oh, Murray.

I'm gonna attack you
before the wedding.
Oh, he told you. He told you.
- Half a cup of black, Joycie.
- Alrighty.
- Are the Rodriguezes here?
- They're in the other office.
- All right.
- Could I see you for a minute?
Would you prepare the Rodriguez file,
please, Joyce.
I've already done that.
Would you just read this
for a moment, Mr. Fine?
There you are.
"Mr. And Mrs. Bernard Miller request
the honor of your presence"...
They've got them already, huh?
But read on, read on.
"...at the marriage of their daughter
Joyce to Mr. Harold Fine..."
At the Twin Cantors.
- They really twins?
- Oh, yes.
Harold, they're very expensive...
...but they perform
the most beautiful ceremony.
Are they fraternal or identical?
Well, they're not identical.
No, I don't think that they are.
I'm just doing it for my father.
You see, I felt that
that's the least that we could do.
I feel that you really
don't want them.
If you don't want them,
I want you to tell me...
The very thought
of cantors in stereo...
...instead of a mono cantor
appeals to me.
Oh, Harold.
Oh, I love you.
- Hey, Joyce, where's my coffee?

- I love you.
- Please, no sex in the office.
- Oh, Murray. Honestly.
Would you send in
the Rodriguez twins... Family, please?
Yes, sir, Mr. Fine.
- You sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
Mr. Fine will see you now.
This way.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Hello, Mr. Rodriguez.
Well, I'm sorry
about the shortage of chairs...
...but this won't take too long.
Perhaps you'd be...
- able to sit over here.
Good, good.
Right, right. Now, then...
Mr. Rodriguez, I'm going down
to court in a few minutes.
I am going down to court
in a few minutes...
...and before I go,
I would like you all to know...
...to comprehend...
...the insurance company
want to settle out of court.
How much money, Senor Fine?
Well...
I would think it's safe
to assume that we'll get...
...about \$500 per person.
Now, there were 11 of you in the car,
so that would be around \$5500.
I ain't going to do it.
You told me \$ 100,000.
I told you we would sue for 100,000.
We're lucky to get that amount.
Remember, there were
11 of you in that car.
If that ever came out in court,
we might lose the case.

- But he hit us from behind.
- Yeah, but you had no rearview vision.
You couldn't see out the back.
Of course I couldn't.
The chickens were in the back seat.
That is also illegal.
It is not permitted in this country
to carry poultry in a passenger car.
No gallinas are allowed in this country
in a passenger car.
- You've gotta have them in...
- Harold.
Ma?
Ma?
- What's the matter?
- Yesterday, a living, breathing man...
...the picture of health.
Oh, Ma, no.
No, no, no.
- Mama...
- Sixty-one years old and they took him.
My father!
My poor, sweet old father.
What father? No.
Mr. Foley. Ed Foley, the butcher.
He had a coronary.
What are you trying to do to me?
You tell me a 61 -year-old man
has just died.
I thought it was Papa.
I don't understand
what he's talking about.
My father says he mourns
the death of your father.
- It's a mistake, Mr. Rodriguez.
- I see you want me to leave.
I didn't say that.
You can stay as long as you like.
No, I haven't time.
I have to help Mrs. Foley
with the funeral arrangements.
- Who?
- Bite your tongue.
He doesn't remember Ed Foley.

You hear, Joycie?
He doesn't remember
how Ed Foley saved his life.
When you were 2 years old, we had
a candy store in Boyle Heights.
You fell off the stool.
You turned blue in the face.
We took you for dead,
you don't remember?
And then Ed Foley came and...
God bless his soul. God rest him.
- And he took you in his hands,
and he breathed life into your mouth.
He saved your life
and you don't remember.
Yeah, I remember now.
I remember Ed Foley now.
- Oh, you see, now he remembers.
- Leave it there, will you, Mama?
All right, I'm going.
- You'll come to the funeral tomorrow.
- Yeah. Yeah, okay.
The wedding
is September the 5th at 2:00.
Wedding?
What wedding?
We're getting married, Ma.
I have a daughter.
Now I have a daughter.
My father congratulates you
on your wedding.
Very kind of you.
See, I didn't understand that.
My grandfather says it is too bad your
father couldn't have lived to see it.
The whole thing
is a misunderstanding.
You get to invite 100,
and we get to invite 100.
One hundred?
Harold, you heard?
Harold? One hundred.
My people in Los Angeles alone,
I got more than 100.

And what about my mishpokhe
in Philadelphia?

Speak to your father.

Maybe I could get 20, 30 more.

You've got one extra

now that Mr. Foley can't come.

Mrs. Foley, I forgot she's waiting
for me downstairs.

- Harold, you'll come to the funeral.

- Yes, Mother.

And bring your brother. Bring Herbie.

I don't know where he is.

I haven't seen him in three months.

Herbie is with the bums in Venice.

Well, anyway, I'm glad

you're coming to the funeral.

It's gonna make Mama very happy.

Hey, I'm going to the funeral

because it's making me happy.

A funeral is a happy thing, Harold.

In death, there is always rebirth.

Yeah, well...

What is this, a hippie supermarket?

Yeah. See...

See, these things are for sale.

You can buy these things here.

See the clothes?

There, those clothes are free.

They're old.

They're new to him.

Really what you're trying to say,
it's a form of Communism.

No, no, no, it's like love.

- You think I should buy something?

- Only if you need something, Harold.

Yeah, well, maybe I'll buy a book.

Hey, Harold, this is a groovy book.

"Quotations from

Chairman Mao Zedong."

Yeah.

- How much is that?

- That'll be a dollar, please.

- I'll take it.

- Thank you.

- It's for you.

- Oh, thank you.

Incidentally, I almost forgot
to tell you...

...that I'm...

I'm getting married.

Oh, that's groovy.

That's so groovy.

- To Joyce.

- Oh, Harold, that's great.

That's great.

He's just a kid. It's a stage.

When I was at NYU Law,

I lived in Greenwich Village.

Hippies. Used to be beatniks.

I saw those kids.

It's an act of rebellion.

I hope that's all it is.

He's probably got

a different girl every night.

I should have it so bad.

Look at that. Look at that one.

Unbelievable.

Oh, my darling,

a year's salary for 10 minutes.

Murray.

- Murray.

- What?

- What is your definition of love?

- What?

In relationship to marriage.

What love? Love is 10 minutes.

Love is before. Marriage is after.

You meet a girl one night, don't know
if you'll make it, that's love.

When you wake up in the morning,
that's marriage.

- Now you're talking about sex.

- Oh, no, Harold.

Marriage offers a man

the most beautiful moments in life.

You don't know

what a family is like.

Nobody can describe to you

the feeling when you see your first kid.
It's like... It's like nobody
ever had one before.
It's... Oh, my God.
Oh, I'd like to lily your lollies.
Oh, where do they come from?
What do they want from me?
Can't you stop for a second, Murray?
When they stop, I'll stop.
They know you're looking at them,
driving you crazy, and they love it.
How can you tell me
how beautiful marriage is...
...when you mentally rape
every woman who passes by?
What has my looking
have to do with my marriage?
- It's dishonest, Murray.
- No, it's not, Harold. No, it is not.
I love my wife and I love my kids.
And I love you.
You're an animal, Murray.
You're an animal.
Herbie will be right out.
Hi.
I'm Nancy.
How do you do?
Groovy car.
- Glad somebody likes it.
- What a beautiful day for a funeral.
Mars and Neptune
are at the 10th angle.
You're lucky.
And Mr. Foley's lucky...
...because by tomorrow
Saturn starts ingressing into Aries.
Pardon me, did you just say
that you knew Mr. Foley?
No. Herbie told me.
And he sounds like a beautiful man.
He picked Herbie up in his arms
and he breathed life into him.
- It's a beautiful thing to do.
- What are you talking about?

When Herbie fell off the stool
when you had a store in Boyle Heights.
He saved Herbie's life.
- He saved my life.
- You too?
- That man was a saint.
- Where did you get all this from?
You don't know how much
this funeral means to him.
Herbie is the most sensitive man
I've ever known.
- But then, all Scorpios are sensitive.
- Hiya, Harold.
What...? What...?
What are you trying to do to me,
kill your mother?
I'm wearing the traditional
burial outfit of the Hopi Indians.
It's beautiful.
Foley was a Catholic, not an Indian.
It's all the same.
It's all man and God. It's love.
Herbie.
Herbie.
Let me buy you a nice new suit.
Just for the funeral.
This is what I'm wearing, Harold.
Herbie, look...
...I realize that I'm a square.
- I know that, I know that.
- Yeah.
But you gotta understand
that there could be two sides to this.
I mean, you think?
How is Mrs. Foley gonna feel...?
I mean, how is she gonna feel
when she sees...
...Tonto at the cemetery?
Hey, Harold, I am not
wearing this to bug anybody.
I'm wearing it because
it's the right thing to wear.
Well, take that fakakta feather
out of your hair...

...and wash that stupid paint
off your face!

- Really uptight.

- I am!

Uptight, or whatever that is.

Okay, okay. I'll tell you what.

I'll let you have

the feather or the paint.

You'll let me have the feather
or the paint?

Right.

Take the feather out of your hair.

Okay, put the feather back and
cover up the paint with your hands.

What do you think? I'm asking her.

Okay, get rid of the paint.

Wash it off. Hurry.

- I'm doing this because I love you.

- Yeah, fine. Great.

Where are you going?

- To the funeral.

- But you've never met Mr. Foley.

But I've never been to a funeral.

We are not going to the Ice Capades.

A man... A man, a human being,
is being buried under the ground.

But death can be

a beautiful experience.

And I want to experience

everything that's beautiful.

You're going crazy.

Mrs. Foley, we'll have transportation
within the hour.

- Oh, I hope so.

- They're in arbitration right now.

They wouldn't let him live in peace,
now they won't let him die in peace.

God help me,

I don't know what to do.

Forty years I've taken care of people
in their hour of need.

If you ask me, the unions are getting
as bad as management.

In the beginning, we needed unions.

Roosevelt understood that.
Some man, that Roosevelt.
Would you take care of Mrs. Foley
for a minute, please?
Excuse me, dear.
I can still see him
standing behind the counter.
God bless him.
- He loved his work so much.
- Oh, yes, yes.
I'm sorry to have to burden you
with these details.
Oh, where is the deceased now?
That's in the Valley, isn't it?
North on the San Diego Freeway.
Unfortunately, Mrs. Vincent...
...we are having
a slight transportation problem.
The drivers are out on strike.
Think of him. I'll never forget.
God rest his soul.
He'd never let me
buy anything a day old.
Oh, my Ed...
Hello, Papa.
I loved him like a brother.
- I know. I loved him like a husband.
- I know.
Dear Mrs. Foley...
...I am truly very sorry indeed.
I would like you to accept
my sincere condolences.
You remember my son Harold?
- Yes.
- And this is my...
What kind of
meshuggenah outfit is this?
I'm wearing the traditional
burial outfit of the Hopi Indians.
- What LSD clothes he's wearing.
Now LSD clothes
he's wearing to a funeral.
To a funeral, he wears his Indian suit.
You hate me that much?

I love you, Mom. I love you.
- Don't contradict your mother.
- I'm not contradicting her.
I could die right here.
He wants me in a box like that.
You'd be happy
if I'm in a box like that.
Would you have any way of getting
the deceased over here to our premises?
A Volkswagen?
I see.
Well, we'll do
the best we can, Mrs. Vincent.
Thank you.
- You hate me, that's why.
- Mama!
Mama! Mama, not in front
of Mrs. Foley!
- Everything is gonna be just fine now.
- Oh, yes, you'll see, Edna.
We'll be there in a few minutes.
My Harold will take care of everything.
- Let's get in the car.
- Don't worry, Edna.
You rotten scab!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
You hippie scab!
I was doing 35, officer.
What happened, a hippie die?
We're part of a funeral procession.
This is all perfectly legal.
- I'm a lawyer.
- Do you have a smog device?
I don't think so. This is a loaner.
- You have seven days to get one.
- Right.
- Have a good day.
- Thanks.
- I love you, sir.
- He's only doing his job, Herbie.
I'm only doing mine.
Well...
...we lost the procession.
We're gonna have to hurry.

- What...? What cemetery is it at?

- I don't know.

Maybe there's an address
on the casket.

Is this the Foley funeral?

No, sir.

You can get out that way.

Oh, now, there's a cemetery
on Centinela.

Tell me when we get there.

- Oh, I think that's Centinela.

- No, no, that's Florence.

- Well, it looks like Centinela.

- Let's give them a lift.

No, we have no room.

But they could sit in the back.

Yeah, that's all I have to do,
give hippies and weirdoes lifts.

Don't you worry, we'll find it.

Don't you worry, we'll find it.

Don't you worry, we'll find it.

Oh, sh...

If this isn't it,

I have to get some gas.

- This is it.

- See, I told you he'd make it.

My goodness.

Herbie, this was not
the happiest of circumstances...

...but I'm glad that I saw you.

And I'll see you at the wedding.

- Oh, yeah. Yeah, sure. I'll be there.

- Oh, good.

And be sure to bring
your friend with you.

- Joyce, would you come on?

- Good night, now.

- Good night.

- I'm coming, I'm coming, Harold.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Oh, darling, I hope your headache
is better in the morning.

I love you.

Going to Laurel Canyon?

Oh, aren't they lovely.

Hello. Are you going down
to Laurel Canyon?

- Yes.

- Oh, thank you, but I see a friend.

- Bye-bye.

- You guys going down to La Brea?

Yes, but we only have
room for one.

All right. Thanks.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Where's Herbie?

- Herbie met Love Lady.

What, and he just left you
alone like that?

Don't you know it's dangerous
to hitch by yourself out here at night?

There are sex maniacs driving in cars.

Perverts. I see them in court
every day, believe me.

You'll sleep in here
and I'll sleep on the couch.

Plenty of room. Total privacy.

Just like a private room in a hotel.

The bathroom is off the bedroom,
so there can be total privacy.

This is going to be nice.

And it's right near the Pleasure Dome.

- What's that?

- Oh, it's a dress shop.

I work there on Saturdays.

I didn't know you worked.

- Is this interesting?

- What's that?

"Sexual Aberrations
in the Human Male."

Well...

Interesting?

My first year out of law school,

I did research for a firm...

...that was defending a homosexual.

- A very prominent man.

- Did he get off?

Fortunately, yes.

- What's a shoe fetishist?

- A shoe fetishist?

Well, generally speaking,

a shoe fetishist...

...is a person who has

a sexual problem in relation to shoes.

Boots and shoes, you know.

- That's illegal?

- In public it is, yes. It's a perversion.

Next step, they'll be taking

teddy bears away from babies.

Oh, well, I don't know about that.

Listen, would you

like to have a drink?

I don't drink.

Well, I do. It's been a long day for me,

and I have a very busy day tomorrow.

And my bed is made up.

I'd rather sleep in here, Harold,

because I'd like to watch TV.

- Are you sure?

- This is cool, right here.

Right. Right.

You know, you can turn

the sound right up.

- It won't bother me.

- Oh, no. I just watch the pictures.

I don't dig the sound.

You have a picture fetish, huh?

I guess.

Well...

...good night.

- Good night.

Now, look...

...you have my personal guarantee

that this...

- Oh, I beg your pardon.

- That's all right.

Just want you to know that

you have my personal guarantee...

...that door will not open tonight.

I mean, you know,

you have no need to worry.
You're in here and I'm in there,
and you have no cause for concern.
Why are you afraid of me?
Who's afraid? I'm not afraid.
I won't come in.
- Well, I'll say good night.
- Good night.
Hi.
I wanted to make you
some breakfast.
Fine.
But I have some things
to clear up at the office.
And I don't need any breakfast.
Thanks very...
You better go. You better go.
Well, I don't have to be
at work until 7.
Can I hang around
and listen to some music?
Yes. Yes, okay.
But if the phone rings...
...don't answer it.
Don't answer the phone if it rings.
All right. Bye.
Yeah, very nice, very nice.
Yeah.
Thanks.
Better get a smog device.
I got a warning.
- Here.
- That all the cops got to do?
Why don't they find my kid?
Ran off to San Francisco
with a colored girl.
My wife's going crazy.
- Yeah, I know.
- I don't know what to do.
I don't know where to look.
Here he is.
- What's the matter?
- Hi.
Nothing's the matter, darling.

We came to see you.

We have to finalize the seating.

We called you on the phone,

but you didn't answer.

I went to pick up my car.

- Yeah, what'd they charge you?

- Eighty-nine bucks.

- For a fender?

- He can afford it.

Yeah, when Roosevelt was alive,
you could buy a whole car for \$89.

Come on, come on.

Let's go in already.

- I don't get it.

- All right.

- I know.

- I know, I know.

Oh, Harold, they had a sale today
on instant at the Safeway.

- Here, I bought you a jar.

- Thanks.

Oy, my feet are killing me.

Here, help me with my coat,
will you, Ben?

- Place looks nice.

- Really nice.

Harold?

I didn't see you all day.

Well, I was very tired
after the funeral, you know.

- My mother's in there.

- Oh, let's live dangerously, huh?

Plenty of time for that
after the wedding.

- I told you so.

- Her ears.

You got some ice water, Harold?

- Sure, Pop. I'll get some for you.

- Thank you.

I love this sofa.

Let me know when
you don't want it anymore, Harold.
Joycie, have you given any thought
to redecorating, you know?

Well, why? We'll probably
be buying a house right away, anyway.
Where exactly
are you thinking of looking?
Oh, Beverly Hills.
They have the best school system.
Absolutely.
In Beverly Hills you pay
through the nose.
But your taxes are very low.
I've decided I'm putting
Aunt Tanya next to Murray.
She doesn't talk
to the rest of the family...
...so maybe she'll get along
with Murray.

- Let me just see the list for a minute.
- Here, Pop.
If they charged for ice water,
I'd be a pauper.
- Remember the candy store...?
- Better get down to work.

Now, we're inviting
the Twin Cantors to the dinner.
So our side of the family gives up
a seat for one cantor...
...and Joycie's side gives up a seat
for the other cantor.

- Great.
- Oh, it is.
It'll be a great honor
to you and Joycie.
Now, where should we seat them,
do you think?
Mama, are you planning to go through
the entire list now?
Well, I'm not leaving
the seating to the caterers.
I've got enough troubles
without that.

- We had 40 people at our wedding.
- Yeah?
I don't even know half the people
that are coming to this one.

- Look. Look, I found some brownies.
- They look fresh baked.
- Do you have saccharine, Harold?
- Oh, I have some in my purse.
Oh, you're a darling. Thank you.
Well, looks like a nice brownie, Harold.
From Rubins?
I don't remember.
A small bakery on Fairfax.
Better than Rubins.
Better than Rubins? That's a brownie.
This is delicious.
They're very good.
They're...
They're groovy.
I wish Herbie was here with us now.
He loves sweets.
Herbie is a very sweet boy.
Do you know what I think?
I think that this is just a stage
that he's going through, that's all.
To a funeral he wears his Indian suit.
Oh, these are really good.
Thank you.
- One more.
- Ben.
- My last one.
- All right.
Ben.
Benjie.
What was his name?
What was his name,
your cousin from Milwaukee?
You know what he did?
What did he do?
He came out of the bathroom.
What did he do when he came out
of the bathroom?
Don't say bathroom and I won't laugh.
I said it!
Take me.
Take me.
Remember? Remember?
Oh, Harold, take me.

Harold.

I wanna play miniature golf.

Where's Harold?

You know, I just can't.

I've tried. I can't take the pills.

I blow up like a house.

It's really such a drag.

These pills are so groovy.

But a diaphragm, forget it.

It's just the worse.

- Listen, thanks for coming in.

- Harold!

Hey. Hi.

Harold, this is Anita.

Oh, my God, you look just like
a guy I used to go with.

- Yeah?

- You're a little better-looking.

- Oh, thanks.

- Nice.

What?

I came to thank you for the brownies.

You're welcome.

I came to see you.

- Groovy.

- Yeah. Groovy.

- You're very pretty.

- And so are you.

Yeah?

You should've told me

what was in those brownies.

Thank Alice B. Toklas. It's her recipe.

- Yeah?

- She wrote a freaky cookbook.

And she turned my parents
into junkies.

- She did?

- Oh, yeah.

- They were...

- Excuse me. I'll be right back.

- Can I help you, sir?

- Yes.

I'd like to see something in
a minidress. Something lightweight.

These just came in.
What size does she wear?
It's for me.
Well, I don't know
if we happen to have your size.
I'm a perfect 12.
These are 12s.
Thank you.
Don't look at me.
I think he wants it to go
to a Halloween party.
I hope so.
Miss.
- Did you find something you like?
- Yes.
Yes, I like this one.
Is there anyplace I can try it on?
- Right over there.
- Oh, thank you.
I can't help it. I can't.
Have a cookie.
- Alice Toklas?
- Chocolate chip.
- Miss?
- Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
Do you do alterations here
in the shop?
Yes, we do. Anita!
What I'd like to get would be to
get this just about two inches shorter.
About like that.
Well, Anita does the alterations.
- Anita, can we shorten this about...?
- No, that's it. Right there.
- Two inches?
- No, no, no.
That's not your color.
I have a butterfly.
I know.
I know.
It's a monarch, isn't it?
Yeah.
Yeah.
I never got that close to a butterfly.

Wait a second.

Hello, Harold?

- Yes, Ma.

- You sound like your asthma is worse.

No, Mama, the earth just moved.

So where did you disappear to?

Stop it.

Oh, listen, I changed my mind.

I'm not putting Aunt Tanya

next to Uncle Murray.

She's got that bladder trouble,
poor thing...

... so I'm gonna put her closer
to the door.

Listen, Harold,

I picked up some of those...

Go to sleep.

I picked up some of those brownies.

You know, it must be a different bakery.

Oh, they're terrible.

Rubins is better than those.

So anyway, I ordered the Jell-O mold.

It's gonna be a green Jell-O
with cherries.

"Blessed be you, Harold and Joyce,
who come in the name of the Lord.

We bless you

with the blessings of God.

We pray that these blessings may rest
gently and lovingly upon you both.

Praised be thou, O Lord, who has
blessed these children of Israel...

...through the covenant
of holy wedlock...

...and beneath this
chuppah canopy"...

You look very pretty, Joyce.

You do. You look very pretty.

- This means a lot to you, doesn't it?

- Harold!

Wait a second, Mama.

I'm talking to Joyce.

I'm sorry, Joyce.

This is wrong.

I know I shouldn't do this,
but I have to do it.
It's better.
- It is better.
- Better?
You don't really know me.
I don't know me.
I know I should've thought of
all of this before, but I didn't.
Stop it, Harold.
You'll never forgive yourself.
I'd never forgive myself
if I ruined her life.
Dear Joyce.
It's not in there.
There's nothing to find in there.
There are no people there,
only machines.
Garbage-disposing machines,
dishwashing machines...
... television machines being watched
by people machines.
We have left the machine.
And by so doing,
we are opting for survival.
Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower...
But how can you know
what a flower is, Harold...
...if you don't know who you are?
Who are you?
Do you know who you are?
I'm trying.
Guru, I'm really trying.
When you stop trying,
then you'll know who you are.
Well, I...
I'm trying to stop trying.
Good.
I'm reminded of the story
of a holy man in India.
One afternoon, Siddhartha...

...returned from a nearby village,
and he had gained an insight...
...how the excretory force
had to be reversed, actually...
...so that the relationship of the apana,
the excretory energy...
...to this basic contraction
of the hatha yoga.
One must never overlook
the importance...
...of the control
of the excretory energy.
The Mula Bandha,
which had puzzled him for years...
...the root contraction,
famous heart of the hatha yoga...
...had opened as a new wave.
This is beautiful.
Kiss me.
- First time in my life I feel free.
- Not hung up on possessions.
We just need natural things.
Oh, get that out, we don't need that.
We don't need all this.
- Am I being real?
- You're being real.
- Am I being a real person?
- So real.
Now I know it. Got it.
- Harold?
- Oh, my God, I gotta be real.
Kiss me.
Kiss my eyes.
Kiss my neck.
Kiss my ankh.
- You sure?
- Yes. Kiss it.
Kiss my ankh. Kiss it now.
What's going on here?
Oh, just two people
enjoying each other's company.
- Just being, that's all.
- Girl looks pretty young.
- Will you step outside, please?

- Certainly, certainly. Be a pleasure to.
Excuse me. Lovely evening.
Check the car out, Harry.
- And how old are you, miss?
- Twenty.
- And how old are you, kid?
- I'm 35 years of age, sir.
Thirty-five years old,
that is my age.
Car's almost brand-new.
Registered in the name of Harold Fine.
Yes, that is me.
My name is Harold Fine.
Allow me to show you
my driver's license.
I have it here. It's my car.
All this fur is... There.
There's a photograph of me
to prove what I'm saying.
It's not stolen. It's my own car.
I bought it with money I earned
when I was leading a terrible life.
This doesn't look like you.
No, that is because, if you'll
permit me, my hair is longer now.
Before, it was short,
as in the photograph.
- So there's little resemblance.
- Take off the headband, please.
It'd be a pleasure
to take it off for you.
- There. There, it's off.
- Pull the hair back so it looks shorter.
Yes. I'm doing this
because I love you, sir.
It's him, all right. And he is 35.
Yeah, I am. I'm 35, Harold Fine.
Thank you very much indeed.
It's lovely to see you.
- Let's go, Harry.
- No, wait, please. Wait, please.
You don't have to do
what you're doing, you know?
Thank you very much.

It's very kind of you, officer.
You don't have to do
what you're doing.
You know, you don't have
to wear a gun.
I used to wear a gun,
in my heart, not on my hip.
I had hatred and violence in me.
Didn't I, sweetheart?
You know that.
I had hatred and violence in me.
Now, listen...
Don't go. Do you know
where you're going?
Do you know who you are,
where you are?
Flower in the crannied walls,
I pluck you out of the crannies...
Oh, pluck yourself, Jack.
Why don't you get a haircut
and an apartment.
But I have an apartment.
I mean, I choose to live here.
I don't have to live here.
Well, you'd better not be here
when we come back.
Well, listen,
you've been through a lot.
- You have been through hell, Joyce.
- Yeah.
You know, Murray, I've been thinking.
This may sound silly to you,
but maybe what I should do...
...is go to one of those
computer mating places.
Where you just fill out a form,
then they handle...
...the whole thing impersonally.
- Now, what do you think?
- Totally wrong.
Totally wrong?
In my opinion, you have just gotten over
a long-term engagement.
What you need now

is a nice, hot affair.
Forget the intellect. Enjoy yourself.
Have some sex.
I'm gonna keep my eyes open.
- That's a healthy attitude.
- You know something?
At my age, I finally know
what I don't want.
This is growth, isn't it?
I know what I don't want.
I don't want another Harold Fine.
That's what I don't need,
another Harold Fine.
- Free Press?
- Just ignore her.
Turn your stomach.
Looks like a gypsy,
for heaven's sake.
Some kind of perverse need
to cause attention.
Would you like to buy a Free Press?
- Hey, Murray.
- Harold.
- Hey, Joyce. Joyce, you look groovy.
- Harold! Oh, Harold!
I forgive you everything.
Come back to me.
You're a sweet person.
You have love in your heart.
- I love you, Harold. I love you.
- Joyce...
- Beat it, you hippy freak!
- I love you, sir!
- We have to go.
- Harold, come back to me.
- Come back to me. I love you!
- Joyce. Joyce!
You love Harold Fine. He no longer exists.
Let go of my beads.
He exists. You're standing right here.
I love you.
- Come back to me.
- Joyce, let go of my beads.
- You're hurting my neck.

- Harold, I love you.
- Joyce...
- Oh, please, Harold. I love you.
- Let go of my beads.
- Let's start from the beginning.
Let's start all over again, Harold!
I love you, Harold! Harold!
- This... Nancy.
- Yes, darling?
There's nothing about Warhol in here.
You know, Herbie said
it's the best picture he's ever made.
- Who's in it?
- Nobody. Just teeth.
Just teeth?
- Whose teeth?
- You know, teeth.
Animal teeth, insect teeth,
false teeth.
- Just shots of teeth.
- Oh, what a fantastic idea.
What an incredible conception.
Teeth, teeth and yet more teeth.
Teeth.
Is it in black and white
or color or what?
That's what's so groovy
about it, Harold.
I think it's whatever
you want to see in it.
- I think he's a genius, Harold.
- Yes, yes.
Yes, he's a genius.
Herbie said that
there's one sequence...
...in which they split the screen
about 32 times.
One for each tooth.
- Let's go tonight, Harold.
- Listen, I'd sooner take a bath.
- I'd like you...
- You know what...
- I wanna take a bath.
- No.

Yeah, I really
wanna take a bath, Nancy.
Hey, come here, baby.
I wanna have a bath with you.
Yes, could you tell me what time
Mondo Teeth starts?
- Time?
- Groovy.
- Are you sure you don't wanna go?
- I want you to take a bath with me.
- Rub my neck in the bath.
- Hey, Harold. Harold.
I want to see Mondo Teeth.
- How long is the movie?
- Six hours.
- Six hours?
- I'll see you after the movie.
- I'll rub you after the movie.
- I can't stay in a bath for six...
How are you gonna get there,
anyway?
- Hitch.
- Hitch?
Nancy, you know
I don't like you to hitch.
Don't get uptight, Harold.
I'm not getting uptight.
I just don't like you to hitch, that's all.
Anyway, if you get a hitch,
get a hitch from a lady.
Make sure she's not a dyke.
Mondo Teeth...
Oh, I could give her a mondo.
Hey, honey.
Oh, I'm so glad
you changed your mind.
It's so groovy in here.
It's totally groovy.
Oh, it's much better
than Mondo Teeth.
I'm totally immersed.
Totally immersed in liquid.
It's fantastic.
- Oh, honey, you're gonna love this.

- Hey, you're beautiful.
I just wanna shake your hand.
- I'm Big Bear.
- I don't think I know you.
I know you.
What a beautiful thing you've done.
- Oh, that's very nice of you.
- Hey, this is Love Lady and El Greco.
You're beautiful, Harold Fine.
Actually... It's very nice of you.
I'm trying to take a bath.
- Can I join you, man?
- No.
- I didn't know it was a bath.
- Yeah, that's what it is.
- Harold Fine, you're beautiful.
- Thank you, you're very sweet.
Would somebody get that?
- What is it?
- It's a telephone.
Oh, I'm sorry, man,
I've taken a vow against machinery.
Maybe...? Could somebody could...?
I'll get it. I'll get it.
Just a second.
I'll get it. I'll get it.
What, is this a water trip?
Excuse me.
Hello?
Hello. Yes. Oh, hi, Murray. Hi, hi.
The Rodriguezes?
Listen, Murray, listen.
- I am truly sorry about that.
- Here he is.
I'd appreciate
if you'd handle that for me.
That's the man
I was telling you about.
- Hello.
- There you are.
Okay, Murray, whatever you want.
- That's man in the water.
- He's a water tripper.
- How are you?

- How are you? Yeah.
- You that guy, man?
- Thanks very much.
I considered his manhood at all times.
I really did.
- That was always in my mind.
- I know.
- Well, you know that.
- You're a gem. Listen.
It's over. I know that.
What? You think Harold
is the first man who ever did this?
Believe me, it happens every day.
I never told you this, Joycella,
but my Ben had his fling too.
- Really?
- We were only two months married.
What happened?
Well, this fancy governess...
Oh, what am I...? "Governess."
What? She was a maid, you know.
Well, she used to wheel
this baby around in the park.
And while she was wheeling...
...she was wiggling her behind
at my Ben.
Oh, Ben was a handsome man
in those days.
- He ran off with a governess?
- Maid. Maid.
- But he came back.
- Well...
They all come back.
Oh, you must have been
so terribly hurt.
Joycella, women are built for hurt.
Don't worry.
The hood's okay, Mrs. Fine.
That'll be 3.20.
Thank you, George.
So how's the family?
Well, to tell you the truth,
Mrs. Fine...
...I've been having a little trouble

with my daughter.

Why? What's the matter?

Well, about a month ago she ran off to San Francisco with a white boy.

- My wife's going crazy.

- Yeah.

Good morning, darling.

Good morning.

- Good morning, Harold.

- Oh, hi. Hi.

Good morning.

"That which is called ego-death is coming to you.

Remember, this is now the hour of death and rebirth.

Take advantage of this temporary opportunity... ..to obtain the perfect state, enlightenment.

Concentrate on the unity of all living beings.

Hold onto the clear light.

Use it to attain understanding and love.

If you cannot maintain the bliss of illumination... ..and if you are slipping back into contact with the external world"...

Oh, hi, Harold. Wanna get in?

Oh, no, thanks. No.

Groovy, groovy.

Hey, look what you've done to the rug.

I'm sorry.

Why are you painting him?

- Because I like him.

- Yeah? What about me?

I like you too.

Is there anybody you don't like?

- Hey, Harold.

- Hey, Herbie.

- When did you get here?

- Last Thursday.

- Very, very, very groovy scene.

- Yeah, groovy.
Yeah.
Yeah, very groovy, yeah.
Yeah, this is really groovy.
Groovy. This is groovy.
- This is really...
- Harold.
Very groovy.
I'm really dragged.
That was a bad scene in there.
What?
- I can paint anybody I want to.
- Yeah?
You're really uptight about me.
- I dig you.
- You're making a marriage scene.
I thought you wanted
to be free, Harold.
You bet I wanna be free.
But I wanna be free with you alone.
But you're so possessive
you're making me uptight about us.
Your attitude is very unhip.
My attitude is unhip?
Don't give me that.
Don't... Listen, I'm probably
the hippest guy around here.
I got a house full of strangers.
I got cats, I got dogs,
I got pot, I got acid...
...I got LSD cubes.
I've got this thing here.
Don't tell me about hip.
I am so hip it hurts.
That's how hip I am.
It's very unhip
to say you're hip, Harold.
And it's very unhip of you
to tell me that I am unhip.
All right, come on in, everybody!
Come in.
Come in! It's open house.
Come in! Come... Ma?
- Ma. Ma.

- Where's the telephone?
- Ma.
- Where's the telephone?
There used to be a phone over here.
Did you see it?
- Where?
- Ma, don't do that. That's bad scene.
- Ma, what are you doing?
- What am I doing?
I'm calling the Veteran's Administration.
They'll know what to do about you.
It happened in Korea,
who am I kidding?
Information, give me the V.A.
I'm calling Section Eight.
- Don't do it, Ma, please!
- "Don't do it. Ma, please"?
Look at this place.
I never saw such a mess.
- It's a pigsty.
- No, Ma, listen...
That'll teach you
to run around barefoot.
What is this? Who is this?
What is this?
Is this one of your new friends?
Shame on you. Go on a diet.
All I eat is grass and acid.
- He eats grass and acid.
- Hi, Mom.
Oh, dear, Ma, that's very bad.
- Why did you hit Herbie like...?
- Don't argue with me!
Take these. I'm cleaning up.
- Great for you to visit...
- Cats, he's got in here.
Don't give me orders
in my own home.
- This is a stove, not a bed.
- This is a hip home, Ma. I don't like...
- Bad trip. Bad trip.
- Ma.
- Don't give me orders here.
- Oh, brownies!

Hey, don't eat those, Ma.
They're Alice B. Toklas brownies.
I love you, Alice B. Toklas.
Who is Alice B. Toklas?
- Gertrude Stein's friend.
- Oh, yeah, Gertrude Stein.
She used to live on Oakwood.
- Oh, hi, Mr. Rodriguez.
- Good morning, Senor Fine.
- We hate to bother you in your house...
- Come in, man. Come in.
Hello, hi, how are you?
Herbie, baby.
Come on.
- Have some brownies.
- That's okay.
"Blessed be you, Harold and Joyce,
who come in the name of the Lord.
We bless you
with the blessings of God.
We pray that these blessings may rest
gently and lovingly upon you both.
Praised be thou, O Lord, who has
blessed these children of Israel...
...through the covenant
of holy wedlock...
...and beneath this
chuppah canopy of marriage.
As by the wedding ring you symbolize
your marriage bond"...
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Excuse me.
- Ben!
- I knew it.
I knew it.
I knew it.
Hey, where are you going, man?
I don't know.
I don't know!
I don't know and I don't care!
I don't care!
But there's gotta be something
beautiful out there!
There's got to be.

I know it!

Hey! Hey, I know it!