



Scripts.com

Impulse

By Charles T. Kanganis

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Bugger, bugger, bugger!
Somebody shoot that sitar player now!
I don't care how beautiful
your tiny buns are,
you all look like cows in my lens!
Somebody get me an art director
who's not fucking color blind.
We are selling coffee.
Just like you do with your cigarettes
here in America.
We want to make sure we reach
ten and twelve-year-olds. Our future buyers.
Future buyers.
We were promised
the campaign would imitate GOT MILK?
But so far we've spent three million yen
in two days and what do we have?
Where are the pictures?
Where are the pictures?
I see camera. I see photographer.
I see models.
I don't see coffee. I don't see pictures.
I don't see pictures.
With all due respect,
what's happening out there
is way beyond our comprehension.
It's genius.
If all you want is pictures, take them.
They're yours. They're temps.
Take them back to Japan.
Put them on every bus
and every billboard that you can find.
If you're not happy with
what I'm doing here,
I'll shut down production immediately.
I can't say that.
Because of you.
You.
He just walked away.
- Coke?
- No.
Drinking.
- Go away!

- It's Claire.

Come in.

It's horrible out there, CD.

I can't find the right angle.

The lights are too hot, they're too cold.

I'm not feeling it. I'm not feeling anything.

Last week I was in Times Square
and one billboard caught my eye.

- Is it still there?

- The week before I went to Paris.

Now, that was perfection, CD.

The lines, the colors.

I asked for you. No, I demanded you.

Now sure, you may be a pain in the ass
and a drunk.

And you usually try to kill yourself
one or two times during our shoots.

- I know.

- But in the end,

brilliance.

I'm back! I love you all.

Harry, get me a nice crescent moon
across the bed.

Where's my favorite production designer?

I need some caramel-colored sheets here.

Let's make some magic, loveys.

Yeah? All right.

It's blurry.

Thinking.

Like

the world isn't real.

The only thing that is real
is what I want.

I can't stop it. No.

Whatever I do, it just... It just goes and goes
and goes and goes.

What's the point, you know?

Everything's a fucking lie anyway.

It's fucking pointless.

- Doc.

- Hello, Hector.

Still don't understand why you don't have
a big ass practice up in some penthouse.

You know, rich folks

pay you a lot more than the state.

- Yeah.

- Give a holler if you need a hand.

- Okay.

- Rachel's in a...

- Hell of a mood today.

- That's right.

- Thanks.

- You know the drill.

Okay.

I am taking my medication.

I am taking my medication. Look at me.

I'm taking my medication.

You just tell me what I have to do
to get out of here.

If you were locked in this little room,
you'd be crazy, too.

You'd be crazy, too. Anybody would.

I don't belong in here.

I don't belong here.

- What did they think?

- They're thrilled.

And that's just off the temps.

- What do you think?

- Brilliant. Bloody brilliant!

- Let's celebrate.

- I have more work to do.

And then I need to go home
and see my husband.

Back home to that husband of yours?

Come on, just one little drink

- with your Uncle Elliott.

- Well, you celebrate for both of us.

- Or how about a dip?

- Don't you dare! See?

- My husband knows you're harassing me.

- How do you know it's him?

Special ring tone. It's our wedding song.

That's so fucking sweet!

I think I lost a tooth.

I owe you one.

Hey, honey.

You just saved my new pair of shoes.

Well, I guess it went well as usual, then.

It was touch and go around noon,
you know,
but the twinkling lights of LA
made it all worthwhile.
That's great!
Do you want anything special tonight
for dinner?
Surprise me.
Let's see,
I found this new recipe for sea bass
- and I thought maybe I...
- I said surprise me.
- Okay, all right.
- I love you.
- Hey, you talking to me?
- You and only you.
I... Hello, Claire?
Claire...
- Thanks guys.
- Come on, girlfriend.
- One glass before you head out.
- To a great shoot.
So I take it no little pink-colored sticks yet?
No.
- And it's blue you want.
- It's been a year?
Over a year.
I need some beautiful women
to come and save me!
I'm drowning!
What's going on?
It's just tough, you know?
Trying to have kids.
It's difficult in bed,
just fertility tests and ovulation kits.
You know, it just becomes one lifeless act
to have children. It's hard.
You just need a little spice, girl.
Turn up the heat a little.
Yeah?
Things get boring with my wife and I.
We've been together since college.
When I sense some lazy action...
Cher.

- Cher?
- Or Jake Gyllenhaal from Brokebaak.
I'm telling you, works every time.
You think?
I know.
Who's that?
Coming.
Who is it, anyway? Yes? Yes?
I didn't know it was Halloween.
I didn't think
that was for a few months, still.
Come on in, come on in.
I've got to get some stuff off the...
What are you doing, Claire?
- Claire, what are you doing?
- It's Lucia.
Lucia?
Jonathan's got some food on the...
I've gotta get the vegetables... All right.
- Sit down.
- All right.
Well, the...
I can smell the food is...
Maybe I should close the blinds
so the neighbors can't see.
Maybe we should charge them.
Claire, maybe we should go upstairs.
Maybe I should charge you.
Maybe I should pay, but...
Claire, what are you doing? Oh, Claire...
Claire's not here.
- I've gotta go deal with the rice.
- Let it boil.
Will you...
You're very nice, Lucia.
That's nice, Lucia.
Okay, but Jonathan's got some food
cooking for Claire.
I can...
Come on, Claire.
All right, now it's burning! Now it's burning.
Food?
Can you smell the food, Claire?
- Jonathan!

- Damn it.

Crap.

- You okay?

- Yeah, I'm okay.

Great, blasting sea bass.

Okay.

Do you...

Dinner's served.

- It's good.

- Good. Thanks.

Well,

you're obviously not feeling satisfied.

I didn't say that.

No, I told you that our age difference would catch up to us.

I did warn you.

Honey, that's not it.

It has nothing to do with it.

- Oh, really?

- Yeah.

I've been to your sets.

I've seen those perfectly chiseled twenty-somethings

- with their abdomens of steel.

- They're gay.

Half of them are gay.

The other half's gay.

They just don't know it yet. Okay?

It's difficult, I suppose,

with these hormone shots and everything.

It just makes it so... What's the word?

- Clinical?

- Clinical, yeah.

Clinical is the word.

Well, but it's okay. I mean, I suppose, it's just bound to happen anyway.

I mean, this is what happens

to couples, you know,

who've been married for a while.

The passion wears thin.

And we used to laugh.

Somehow we just have to establish a method to bring back the laughter.

I love you.

Well, I love you, too. But it's not about love.
It's about the thrill. It's about, for example,
when you walked in the door, I should have
- become Roberto to your Lucia. I...
- It was a dumb idea.

No, I mean...

It's not necessarily a bad idea.

I mean, in theory...

Honey, enough with the theory.

All right, all right, enough with the theories.

Hey,

I want to make a toast.

- To your new campaign.

- Thank you.

Good luck with that,

and I just want to say maybe

sometime when you're out of town,

and you're lonely

in one of your hotel rooms,

a certain Italian gentleman will turn up.

And he'll do all kinds of

very bad things to you.

To Roberto.

These brain scans tell us who is suffering
and who is not.

Now let me just say

that I don't believe that there is

any one person in this room

who can claim for themselves

the title of "normal." I know I can't.

I definitely have a touch of crazy in me.

We all do.

Delays in treatment

can lead to multiple personality disorder,

serious paranoid delusional states,

violent rages,

suicide, self-abuse,

rape,

and murder.

Son of Sam,

Charles Manson,

Aileen Wuornos,

Jeffrey Dahmer.

And it all begins here.

- Hey, you.
- Hi!
- You have a long day?
- Just like all of them.
- Did you eat?
- Yeah,
I grabbed something from the set
before I left.
- Don't forget to eat.
- Yes, Dad.
- How was your day?
- Office,
hospital, university, back to the office.
- You're still at the office?
- Yeah.
Gotta take some
time off tomorrow morning for a haircut,
so I just have to clean up a few things here.
Go to Beverly.
Claire, she's 65 dollars.
I mean, my guy is 12.
Honey, sometimes a good haircut
is worth it.
Are you sure you're at the office
and you're not cheating on me?
No.
Stop it.
What would you do if I was at the office?
What would you do if I was there
wearing nothing but an overcoat?
What would you do to me?
Well, I'm actually researching that
as we speak. Right now.
How would you satisfy me?
Well, Freud says
that in order to understand sexual fantasy
you have to first consider
more general aspects of fantasy.
- Then he goes on to say...
- Jonathan.
Claire, it's very interesting. If you...
Claire?
I need to finish these temps, honey.
Okay.

All right, well, night.

Same.

Roberto.

Roberto.

- I can't do that.

- Yes, you can.

No, I can't do that, Claire.

- I'd like to, but I can't.

- Yes, you can.

Claire?

- I can't do that.

- Yeah, can you just be quiet?

Just for a minute.

Oh, my God.

Well, what's God got to do with this, Claire?

Just shut up!

Okay, thank you, everyone!

That's gonna be a wrap.

Nice work, kids.

- Yeah, it's a pretty good image.

- Yeah.

We'll shoot the product in studio next week.

- Perfect.

- All right. See you then.

Hey, Jonathan, it's me.

I've left you a couple messages.

Where are you?

Anyways, we've finished here,
and I was gonna come home tonight,
but I'm just beat.

I'm gonna get a bite at the hotel
and I'll see you in the morning.

Where are you?

Please call me back. All right, bye.

Can I get you something else?

I'm not hungry,

but can I get another Black Label?

- Certainly.

- Thanks.

Black Label on the rocks.

Make it a large one.

Surprise me when I least expect it.

Yeah.

Hey, Roberto.

Hey.

I don't think I know you.

Don't think.

Drink.

I was wet the moment I saw you.

You know what?

The hell with you. It's too much trouble.

Go to hell.

Okay.

Hey.

How do I know

you're not gonna kick me in the balls again?

You don't.

You know, I have to be in New York

on the 23rd.

Think Roberto can make an appearance?

I like Roberto.

Ciao, babe.

- Hey, Doc.

- Hello, Hector.

I was wondering, Doc,

if I could sit in on one of your lectures.

- Just don't heckle me.

- Thanks, Doc.

- By the way.

- Yeah?

- Rachel's in a hell of a mood today.

- Hell of a mood today.

Why should today be any different, huh?

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Claire, why don't you just join the club?

- We all need them sooner or later.

- Very nice.

It's just dim in here.

I don't really need them.

I said that for years

before I finally broke down.

Let me tell you, this is night and day
compared to last night's boring fundraiser.

No, no, no. I thought Jonathan's speech
was a highlight.

I did try to lighten it up.

- Just a little soupon...

- Yeah, well, you succeeded.
- Now, the rest was boring.
- Speaking of which...
God, and that woman. What was that about?
The wine list, please. Garon?
Garon. The wine list, please.
Well, Paul was in a feisty mood tonight,
- wasn't he?
- I didn't notice.
Yeah. His insistence on paying the check
was forceful to say the least.
I think he was paying for it
because he was embarrassed
by Joan's behavior.
She's obviously jealous of you.
Did you notice that?
- I don't think that's the case.
- Yeah.
Sniping. She's sniping.
Her husband didn't say a word all dinner
outside of ordering the duck.
Forty-five dollars. No, thank you.
Honey, do you really wanna
talk about the duck?
- Blinds?
- I already closed them.
- No Roberto?
- Roberto?
That's okay.
All right, let's start with the photographer.
Who's available on the 23rd?
- Bill Anderson. He did the Altman campaign.
- Too financial. It's not what they want.
- What about a crossover guy?
- Like J. Hurley?
I talked to Hurley last weekend at a party.
This guy puts in anime
- in everything that he does.
- It sells.
- What do you think, Claire?
- No anime,
but I do think a music video photographer's
a really good direction.
You guys get me the crossover books.

We've got carte blanche on this deal,
so we want to be impressive early.

- Sounds good.

- All right, good work, kids. Thanks.

- Thanks.

- Thanks.

- Anything else, CD?

- Just the door, hon. Thanks.

Okay.

There's a small dress shop in the Village.

La Petite Boutique.

Leave the dressing room curtain
partially open.

On the first night, wear it.

Go out. Eat alone.

Somewhere nice. I'll be watching you.

Every move. Every step.

Before you leave the restaurant,
slide your panties off.

Leave them in a napkin.

The check is already paid for.

Leave a note for me at the front desk.

Tell me the room number.

Go up to your room.

Turn the lights out.

Leave the door unlocked
and the curtains wide open.

Do not look at me.

Don't look at me.

Your skin is so soft.

Why are you trembling?

- How much did the dress cost?

- It was cheap.

How much?

Three hundred dollars.

Three hundred dollars?

It's too bad you only get to wear it once.

Don't look at me.

I can be

anyone you want me to be, Claire.

Just be Jonathan.

- Be Jonathan.

- Be Jonathan. Be Jonathan.

Jonathan.

I can be Jonathan.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes. Yes.

Yes.

I love you.

- Hey.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- I know you're busy today,
but I just wanted to aall you
before you get into things
and say hi.

- Where are you?

- I'm at home.

I was thinking, maybe, you know,
when you're done with the shoot,
we aould go up to the aabin.

Yeah? 'Cause the weather's gonna be great,
and you know, just be nice
to get away for a long weekend, you know,
maybe spend some time together.

And maybe Roberto
will make an appearance.

Sure, sounds great.

- Claire?

- Yeah?

- Well, I love you!

- Are you talking to me?

You and only you.

Okay, have a good day.

You, too.

Hey.

- You need to leave.

- Why? Come on. Come over here.

Just go.

- What are you doing?

- Just get your shit and just go.

Just... Here.

- What's wrong with you?

- Get out, please.

I don't know who you are.

- Well, I'm Jonathan, you...

- No, you're not Jonathan.

- Get your stuff, and just get out.
- You asked me to be Jonathan.
You're not Jonathan. Get the fuck out.
You're not Jonathan. Go!
- What did I do?
- Please. Please just go.
- Well, I would, but what did I do?
- You did nothing wrong.
- I mean, I...
- I don't know you! Get out!
Just get out! Please, please.
- You got my other shoe?
- I don't know where your shoe...
I don't know who the hell you are!
Get the fuck out of my room!
Okay, okay. I'm going.
- See you later?
- Please, just go. Please!
All right.
Surprise!
Happy anniversary to you!
Congratulations.
- Hi.
- I'll get your stuff for you.
Happy anniversary.
Wow. Hey.
- In from the cold.
- I had no idea.
Party, party, party!
This is our song, honey!
Jonathan was so ambitious
keeping this a secret.
He just wanted so much to surprise you.
He's so sneaky. Did you even have a clue?
No. No idea.
The look on your face was priceless.
Joan, can I steal my sister away
for a moment?
- Yeah, sure.
- Come on.
Okay.
Where's Claire?
- Thanks for saving me.
- No problem.

I mean, she's nice, but, God,
she can talk your ear off.
Sometimes I feel like
I'm the only smoker left in Los Angeles.

- So, how have you been?

- Okay.

Hey, I was trying to lay low
so I wouldn't say anything about the party.
I mean, you know me.
It doesn't take much to get me to talk.
You all right?

What?

I cheated on Jonathan.

- Don't say another word.

- I didn't mean to.

God, just, Claire.
This is a big mistake.
Seriously, Claire. He's an amazing guy.
He's the best thing
that ever happened to you.
I mean, the way he cares for you,
other women would line up for.

- I know.

- Good.

Because you can't get back trust.
And you can't take away pain.
Believe me.
Claire.
Thank you. It was great to see you.
Thanks for drinking me
out of house and home.

- You behave yourself. Later.

- All right, honey, yes,

- I'll call you real soon.

- Okay.

- Okay?

- Good night.

Good night.

- Thank you.

- All right, see you later.

Sorry.

Yeah, you know, what can you do? I mean,
- you've been busy, right?

- It's no excuse.

I know, I know.

Next year, I'll be busy,
and I'll forget it, all right?

So I'm gonna go to bed.

- I'll be right up.
- I've cleaned up everything else.
- It's all good.
- Of course.
- Well, good night.
- All right, good night.

All right. I'll be asleep.

Simon Phillips.

We haven't officially met, but well,
I'd like to take this occasion to...

- Night, CD.
- See you tomorrow.

Hi. Simon Phillips.

We haven't officially met,
but I'd like to take this occasion
to really get to know you.

- Claire Dennison.
- Pleasure.
- Mrs. Claire Dennison.
- Yeah. I know.

I read the e-mail.

I mean, it's very well written,
very well composed, but yeah?

What happened to the spontaneous Claire?

I like the spontaneous Claire.

You know, you're not answering my e-mails
or my phone calls,
so I figure I'll come over, I'll protect you
from the rain, I'll take you out

- for a little dinner, a little wine.
- I can't.

Some closure.

Come on. Well, just one drink then.

You've got time for one drink.

I know you do.

- Simon, I can't do this.
- I know you've got time for one drink.
- I need a little clarity, here.
- What are you doing here?

Claire, let's just have the drink,

and then I'll go away. Yeah.

- You'll go away?

- Just like that.

You promise?

- All right, one drink.

- Great.

- You look beautiful.

- Thanks.

- Beautiful.

- Just follow me, okay?

All right.

- How are you, tonight?

- Great.

Tonight's special, we have the rack of lamb,
and my personal favorite,
the steamed bass.

It's a cassoulet of white beans...

- Okay, great.

...vegetables...

- Nice.

...and basil.

- Sorry, we're not eating.

- That sounds great, doesn't it?

- We're not eating.

- Sure.

I'm just trying to understand, Claire.

I mean, you moved so fast.

Like, one minute you're in,
the next minute you're out.

I've never done this before.

Okay, that's a good thing.

It makes you a decent human being.

You got any kids?

You've gotta take my feelings
into consideration in all of this, Claire.

I understand your feelings, okay? I'm sorry.

But I love my husband.

And that's good. That's a very good thing,
because I'm not saying
you shouldn't love your husband,
but there's also my feelings for you
because I feel for you.

- I have feelings for you.

- You can't.

Did you feel something for me?
Because we had something real there.
You told me, you know, everything.
I didn't make that up.
- The kisses, the touching...
- I don't even know you.
Well, you told me you love me.
You told me you love me,
and your kisses know me.
And your hunger knows me.
Okay?
Why don't we have lunch tomorrow,
all right?
I have plans.
I'll join you, okay?
They're with my husband.
I have to go.
Wait.
I'm a decent human being,
- okay?
- Get off me.
I promised you one drink.
Goodbye, Simon.
Don't do that.
- Hey.
- You on your way home?
I'm close by.
- You need anything?
- Yeah, could you stop by,
- pick up my dry cleaning?
- Sure.
I've got to go get my stuff anyway,
so I'll see you in a bit?
Okay.
I love you. Bye.
Bye.
Hey, honey.
Yes? Come in.
Can I help you?
Bizarre.
What's going on? What's going on?
Did someone send you?
May I?
Yeah.

- Simon Phillips.

- Jonathan Dennison.

Pleasure to meet you.

- Yeah, please.

- Thanks.

I mean, I've heard...

I've heard myths about them,
and I've read some things in books.

Doppelgangers.

But I never thought I'd find myself
sitting opposite my own
doppelganger, in his office,

- like this.

- Is there something I can do for you,
Mr. Phillips?

Yeah, my son goes to Cornell.

Yes, I went there.

It's my wife.

She's been having serious problems.

Bipolar issues.

And medication seems ineffective
at this point.

And Professor Samuels...

Samuels?

...told my son
that you were the best in the field.

He also mentioned our likeness,
but I never...

Likeness is an understatement.

An understatement, yes.

Likeness is an understatement.

Samuels. I can't believe he's still there.

Still there, still going strong.

What is he, 83 now?

Yeah, anyway, to get to the point, my wife...

She's here with you now?

No, I couldn't bring her. She... No.

Well, I'm running late, I'm afraid,
and I fly off to this
four-day conference in Chicago,
which I have to go to tomorrow.

- You and your wife?

- That would be wonderful.

That would be wonderful.

Thank you very much.

It's just so hard, I mean,
she's changed so much.

- This person I love...

- Yes, well, I really am

- in a bit of a hurry.

- I'm sorry.

- My wife is expecting me for lunch.

- I'm on my way.

- You're married, too?

- Yes.

This is her?

Wow.

Wow, she's beautiful. You really...

- You're a lucky man.

- Very.

Please, if you'll... I've got to get going.

This way, please.

Well, will you look at that.

It's...

I have an idea.

Why don't you come to lunch

- with Claire and I?

- I don't want to impose.

No, no, no. You see,

she won't understand that you're my double.

She has to see you,

to see the magnitude of our likeness.

- It's...

- Oh, okay.

This will be one heck of a surprise.

Yeah.

Hey, sorry I'm late.

I got caught up at the office,

and the traffic was horrible.

Well, I just got here myself.

I always get what I want.

I always get what I want.

I...

I always get what I want.

I have a surprise for you.

- What's the surprise?

- Turn around.

Surprise.

It's uncanny. Please sit down.

- I mean, I'm still amazed.

- Simon Phillips.

I recognized her from the photos.

- What photos?

- The photos at the office.

Mr. Phillips is...

Well, there's an old professor of mine,
who has requested me
for a seminar at the university
up in Oakland, next month.

I told Jonathan
that I didn't want to impose on this lunch,
but he insisted.

Well, of course. If I hadn't dragged him here,

- would you even believe a word I said?

- That is correct.

It's a very strong resemblance.

Excuse me. Yes, I have to take this.

Hello? Yeah.

- What are you doing here?

- Well, you told me you were married,

- but you left out one minor detail.

- You have your detail, now leave.

And spoil his fun? That would be rude.

I missed you, Claire.

I can't stop thinking about you,
can't stop fantasizing about you, I...

Haven't you missed me even a little?

Take your hand off me.

It was a big mistake.

- Don't be delusional.

- You really couldn't tell? Between us?

- Were you wet the moment you saw me?

- What are you doing? Stop!

I'll make you come. Right now, shut up.

- I'm gonna make you come.

- Get off me.

I know you want it.

Why don't you laugh
like I said something funny?

I don't find this funny.

Laugh anyway,

or I'm gonna tell him everything.

Yes. Yeah, yes, I will. Okay, bye.

Sorry about that.

Sorry, but well, you know, the university has to reschedule these classes, so...

- I really must, I've got a flight to catch.

- No lunch?

- My wife is expecting me.

- My card

with my cell phone,

and the home number on the back.

You call me if you have any questions.

- Yeah, I will. This your cell phone?

- It is.

Okay, thanks.

The pleasure is all mine, Claire.

- Have a nice flight.

- Thank you.

Waiter, waiter. Some water, please.

I still think we need to go

with a younger director.

Someone who speaks to the audience that we're trying to get a hold of.

Hurley just doesn't get it.

- How old is Hurley, 32?

- Thirty-two has nothing to do with it.

What do we need?

He's hip, he's fresh, he's edgy.

- I don't have time to deal with...

- Sam. Sam, the deal is done, okay?

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Picking up.

- Hi, Mrs. Dennison.

Your husband pick up your clothes already, this afternoon.

- Jonathan.

- Hey, honey.

- They cancel your lecture?

- You're home!

Perfect timing.

Look at this.

- Smells good.

- How did you get in here?

What do you mean? I used the key.

What key?
What key? The one that,
the one that's outside, under the pot.
What are you talking about? The key.
Look at this. I made this beautiful
mango reduction wild salmon.
I'd appreciate it if you'd leave now.
Well, fine. I mean, I'll leave.
Yeah, okay, I'll leave.
After we have dinner, all right?
Come on. Sit down.
Come on. Sit down. Come over here.
Sit down. Don't make me do this by myself.
I opened up a wonderful Sancerre for us,
and I'm behaving.
We'll eat. Okay?
We'll reminisce about old times,
San Francisco a little bit, New York,
and then I'm gonna go away.
I'm going to just disappear, forever.
- No, you won't.
- I promise you.
Man of my word.
I'm gonna go.
Unless, of course,
you decide you want me to stay.
Get out of my house.
Oh, my God.
I really nailed this mango sauce.
And the fish is seared to perfection.
What? Me?
Well, you know, I was a lonely kid.
I didn't have any siblings.
Mommy and Daddy, they were long gone.
But I love the water, so when they died,
I inherited all this money.
What sign are you, anyway?
Wait. Don't tell me, let me guess.
Aries?
Virgo?
Gemini? Maybe a Gemini.
Leo. Leo the lion, right?
Still pretty clean.
It's really nice here with you.

I just want to say that. I...
Anyway, I'm a man of my word,
and I said I'd leave, so I'm out of here.
This bird's gotta fly.
Wanna show me out to the door?
Sure.
After you.
After you.
Why? Are you afraid that I'm gonna see
that knife behind your back?
Okay.
Tell me something, Claire,
if you could blink or wiggle your nose
or do something cute,
would you choose me or Jonathan?
That's my foot.
I only have one regret in my life.
Marrying Jonathan isn't it.
Answer the phone, answer the phone.
Please answer the phone.
Come on.
God, no.
Well, Mrs. Dennison,
there must have been something
that gave him the idea
you were more than friends.
I didn't say we were friends.
It was business.
Maybe you were flirtatious
without realizing it.
Maybe after a few drinks in a hotel bar,
you and he became familiar.
You know what? You're really rude.
I called you guys for help.
I don't need this.
What about the dry cleaning?
Are you making
a separate complaint on that?
These are signs of a stalker.
If for any reason, known or unknown to you,
he may feel that you like him in any way,
he might be acting on it.
Have you received an unusual amount
of e-mails or phone calls from him?

No.

So what do I do?

- Start by changing your locks.

- What are you guys gonna do?

Well, actually, we can't do anything, unless there's an assault on you.

A premature restraining order will only agitate him more, and it's not really gonna protect you.

Don't answer his e-mails, stop taking his calls.

If you ignore him, he should go away.

And if he doesn't?

You really are gonna have to call Claire back after dinner because she has something very important to tell you.

Very important.

Yes, I miss you, too.

- I love you.

- Are you talking to me?

You and only you.

All right,

I'll talk to you in the morning, okay?

- Night, Claire.

- Okay.

Just a normal conversation with my wife.

That's weird.

- That's...

- What do you mean?

A normal conversation...

Wow.

Hey, hey, hey, what do you want?

You hungry? You must be hungry.

Here we go.

You know,

I seared the salmon to perfection.

Let's get a nice big bite for you.

I cooked it for Claire tonight.

No more? What?

You didn't like it?

Probably thought it was underdone, right?

On you.

Want to know how I prepared it?

Listen to this.
First of all, I caught the fish myself
because I'm a fisherman, you know?
I went out there, and then
I gutted it with this knife.
And then, I
seasoned the carcass
with a secret ingredient,
which you don't possess,
called love, baby. Love.
Yeah.
And then, what can I say?
We wined and we dined,
and then I fucked her
in every room of the house.
On the carpet, in the kitchen, everywhere.
I filthied the whole place up. Yeah.
And she was hungry.
And it was love, baby. It was love.
You know how I know it's love?
Because she whispered in my ear,
"I love you, I love you, I love you,
I love you."
No tongue. Just pure love.
Just her lips.
What is the matter with you, Jonathan?
What the fuck is wrong with you?
You've got no passion.
I get nothing from you. No fucking reaction!
You're cold. You've got...
I mean, Claire is warm.
And she's...
She's so soft, she's so...
She's like liquid gold.
You dried her up, didn't you?
Probably with 10 years
of that overcooked salmon.
What happened to you?
Jonathan, what happened to you?
I... have certain emotional blocks.
I'm a flawed human being.
I'm a prisoner in my own mind.
What do you want?
I wish I could be more like you.

Yeah.

I wish I could be free.

I know.

Jonathan, you can't be me.

You can't be me, Jonathan.

Hey, hi there, this is Dr. Jonathan Dennison.

Is Sal there, please?

Password, password, password.

Claire.

Freud.

Impulse.

Impulse.

Yeah. Gotcha.

What have we here, Dr. Jonathan Dennison?

Inside your mind.

- Too modern, I need more classic.

- It's Simon Phillips.

Take a message.

It's the tenth time

that he's called in the last hour.

- Tell him I'm in a meeting.

- I did.

Well, tell him again.

You guys, the colors are all wrong.

We need a new photographer.

I'm not taking this to the clients. Sorry.

I need new books in an hour.

- Hello.

- Hi.

May I help you find anything in particular?

Yeah, I'd like to get these lenses

changed to clear, if I may.

- Sure.

- How long will that take?

- That will take about an hour.

- Great.

- Great.

- See you then.

Oh, Claire?

Where are you?

You upstairs?

You wanna go sailing this weekend, honey?

You what?

- You wanna go sailing?

- No, no, no.

I mean, I... You know I don't...

You know.

You know I get seasick.

But I'll watch. I like to watch.

- I like to watch you.

- You're weird.

What? Hello?

This is Claire Dennison of Image Engine.

Please leave a message,

and I will return your aall

as soon as possible.

I mean, I'm just waiting

for you to answer the phone and...

You know?

That's fine, I can keep leaving messages.

I can leave a hundred messages.

Pick up the fucking phone!

Please leave a message,

and I will return your aall

as soon as possible.

Is this how it's gonna be?

You're not calling me back?

Is that how it's gonna be

when we're together?

'Cause you'd better get ready,

because I'm coming over,

right now to see you.

You don't treat me like this!

I don't deserve to be treated like this, bitch!

Pick up the phone, Claire.

Pick it up. Pick it up, Claire.

This is Claire Dennison of Image Engine.

Please leave a message,

and I will return your aall

as soon as possible.

Pick it up, Claire. Pick up the phone!

Pick up the phone, Claire. I can't take this.

Pick up the phone.

Oh, my God.

Hello?

All he wanted was one last kiss, Claire.

Don't, don't run from me, Claire.

It's Jonathan. It's Jonathan.

It's Jonathan, baby.
What are you doing?
You're acting all crazy. I mean, look at me.
Who do you think I am? Relax.
What is wrong with you?
Okay, okay, come here. Come here.
Are you clear now? Are you clear now?
It's Simon. No, it's Jonathan.
It's Jonathan. It's Jonathan.
It's me, babe. Come here.
Don't make... Don't make me...
- Come here.
- Let me go!
Come here.
- Please.
- Come here.
Please.
- Please, let go!
- Let's go upstairs.
- No!
- Yeah!
- That's good.
- No.
- Yeah.
- No.
- Okay.
- No.
- Come here, come here.
- No.
No.
- Right here. That's right.
- Please.
Okay, yeah.
Yeah.
This...
Okay...
God, God.
Shit.
I can't believe...
I can't believe he did this to you.
I can't believe he did this to you.
I'm gonna kill...
I'm gonna kill him for this, baby.
I'm gonna kill him. Okay?

All he wanted was one kiss, you know?

That's all he wanted. One kiss.

And now, I'm gonna kill him.

- Do you know what kind of car he's driving?

- No.

We'll take you down to the hospital,

so they can file a complete report.

And then we'll bring you back here,

so you can get cleaned up.

A car will be parked across the street

until we pick him up.

Do you want to call your husband

before we go?

No.

- I want to tell him in person.

- Okay.

Claire.

Claire.

Claire?

Wait, wait, wait. What are you doing?

What are you doing?

This is my house!

It's my house!

Claire!

Claire, it's Jonathan!

What's happening to me? Claire!

- Hey, you safe on the ground?

- A couple minutes early.

What do you say I swing by the office,

take you out for an early lunch?

- I'm home, honey.

- You all right?

Yeah, I'm fine.

I just want you to hurry home.

I'll be right there. Don't move.

I'm not angry, okay?

- I'm so sorry.

- No, no, there's nothing to forgive.

It's an honest mistake, my dear.

I mean, how could you have known

it wasn't me, right?

Stop.

The man

has serious emotional problems, okay?

He simply lacks an ability
to restrain his impulses.
The modern mind is overwhelmed
by the primitive mystery.
And I'm going to make sure
he rots in hell for a long, long time.
- I'm sorry.
- Stop saying you're sorry.
I mean, maybe you could explain to me
how he was
so similar.
Or, you know, was there some kind of...
Was there something
which was discernibly different?
- You couldn't tell?
- No. No.
Come here. It's okay. It's my fault.
I put too much pressure
on wanting to have a child.
I drove this to you.
- Don't leave me.
- I did this to you.
- Please don't leave me.
- Okay.
I'm not gonna leave you.
I'm never gonna leave you, okay?
Hey, chief.
Dinnertime.
You've gotta be quiet, man.
Everyone can hear you. Dinnertime.
- Rachel's in a hell of a mood today.
- What did you say?
Rachel's in a hell of a mood today. Yeah?
- Dr. D?
- Rachel's in a hell of a mood today.
- Rachel's in a hell of a mood today.
- Dr. D.
Rachel's in a hell of a...
Okay.
- You good?
- It's all on you, Dr. D.
- Music. You want music?
- Oh, yeah.
Yes?

This is Dr. Dennison.

Yes, one moment, please.

Hello?

- Let's go. Come on.

- We'll go to my sister's.

We're going to the cabin. Let's move.

Let's go. No phone calls right now.

- Okay, hold on.

- Come on.

- Hello?

- Where's Claire?

Jonathan? No, Claire said
you guys were going to the aabin.

Pick up the phone, Claire.

Claire. Pick up the phone.

Pass me your plate, will you, honey?

Pass me your...

Honey, I'm going to go
and run you a nice, hot bath, right now.
Here, finish the wine, and then I'm gonna
give you a nice rubdown,
and you're gonna go to sleep, okay?

Damn, I made a mess again.

- Okay, I'm going to run you that bath, okay?

- Okay.

- Thank you.

- I love you, honey.

"What are you doing?"

"Running a bath for my wife."

"She's not your wife." "Yes, she is."

"No, she's not."

"You look pathetic in those clothes."

"They're not my clothes." "They are now."

Now you put those glasses on,
and you be a good little boy.

You go downstairs,
you finish doing the dishes,
and you put her to bed.

You be a man.

It's too late now.

Where is he?

Where is he? Where is he, Claire?

Claire?

Where is he? Claire?

It's me. It's Jonathan. Jonathan. Jonathan.
You're gonna tell me
where he is now, okay?
Trust me now. Claire?
Where is he? Tell me.
I need to know where...
What happened to you?
Did he do that to you? Claire?
Did he do that to you? Where the fuck is he?
Claire. Get the gun, Claire.
- Fucking...
- Get the gun.
Okay, I'm up. You fucking coward.
Use that gun and shoot this fucking animal.
Pull the trigger, Claire.
- I want you to hand me the gun...
- No!
...and call the police.
- You do not
- give him the fucking gun.
- Give me the gun.
You do not give him the gun, Claire. No!
You shot him. You shot him, Claire.
Okay.
You got me.
Put down the gun, baby.
What are you gonna do? Shoot me?
You can't shoot me. You love me, baby.
Oh, God. Oh, my God.
Are you okay? You okay?
Oh, my God, I love you.
Are you talking to me?
You and only you.
- There you go.
- I got you.
It's okay.