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Just Married

By Sam Harper

Your attention, please. Flight 217
from Venice, Italy, now arriving at Gate 34.
Please claim all baggage
at carousel number two...
Hot! Hot!
I'll be by tomorrow for my stuff.
Oh. Call first, cos I might be
having sex with a complete stranger!
This is ridiculous.
Cheese and rice!
Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah!
Boy, you got it in there, didn't you, honey?
Thank you so much!
I need a ride.
Get out of my way.
Ooh!
Get in!
Try and keep it on the road for a change.
- Can't you get it any closer?
- I don't wanna scratch the paint.
What do you do here, Tom Leezak?
Just open the gate, Yuan.
You and Tom not together any more.
- Just open the gate, Yuan!
- OK.
That one looks heavy.
Get that junk wagon out of here.
Right away, princess!
Not one word.
- Are Mom and Dad home?
- No, they're at the Emphysema Ball.
Don't worry, Peewee.
We'll get this Tom mess cleaned up.
Sarah...
Kyle...
Kyle.
Kyle.
OK, I'm home, so you can
leave whenever you want.
Hi! This is Tom and Sarah.
We can't come to the phone right now.
because we're honeymooning in Europe!
Send a large wedding gift,
or we won't call you back. I'm serious.

Tom, Kyle. I got your message.
I'm sorry the honeymoon sucked.
Anyway, don't wig. I set up lodging in your place.
And when you get back, we'll do some Budweiser therapy.
Hi, Sarah, it's Peter.
I thought I might catch you in.
Tom, if you're listening, buddy,
I feel your pain.
- So where you been, man? You're on in five.
- I walked over. I had to clear my head.
So? What happened?
Well, I had the perfect relationship
that was ruined by marriage.
Have you saw it, right? We were perfect
from the minute we met. Right?
Yeah. In fact, it was nauseating.
Thank you, Fred.
Blue 28! Blue 28!
Set! Hut!
I'm open! I'm open!
Football!
Oh...
Sorry!
Are you OK?
Yeah. You had nothin' on it.
Cheers, Sarah McNerney.
Cheers, Tom Leezak.
So, what do you do
when you're not Joe Montana?
I work at KNR Radio,
your traffic information station.
So I have myself a real live radio host then?
No. Someday I'll be that guy.
Sports, hopefully.
Right now, I just do spot traffic reports.
On the graveyard shift. Every other week.
When the full-time guy's sick.
- You're that Tom.
- Yeah. You actually heard me on the air?
Yeah, I called in about a week ago.
Like, 3 am.
You said the Pasadena freeway
was all clear, so I took it,
and got stuck behind a jackknifed big rig

for, like, three hours. Yeah.

Sarah from Beverly Hills.

Who called me a... fathead.

We got pretty heated.

Very heated.

So, 3 am? That's actually past your bedtime, is it?

How do you know my bedtime? I was wrapping out an auction. I'm a gofer at Sotheby's.

Beverly Hills, Sotheby's let me guess marketing major, Stanford. Smartypants in the front row.

- Art history major, Wellesley, back row.

- Oh, back row.

Sweet! Me too. Communications, Burbank Community College.

- Wanna hear the fight song?

- No, thank you.

- Are you sure? I'm really good at it.

- No, really. Thanks.

That's a good choice.

McNerney.

You're not, by any chance, the daughter of Dan McNerney, part-owner-of-the-Lakers-and-Dodgers McNerney?

I'll take that as a yes.

Ready to get your ass kicked at eight-ball Leezak?

Oh-ho-ho-ho. You are dreaming, Wellesley.

I went to day care in a pool hall.

Oh. Pretty confident there, huh, fathead?

Bags, shh. Bags, shh!

- Wow.

- Yeah.

And that was it.

A month later, we moved in together.

Why the hell did we get married when we had loving each other so completely nailed?

I don't know. Ten seconds.

Why does anyone get married?

I mean, does it make sense to be with one person for your entire life?

People change. They grow.

You're on, Tom.

Maybe we'd still be together if I'd

gotten the proposal right, but, nope,
the proposal is critical, and I blew it.

Tom!

This is Tom Leezak

with KNR traffic at 2.06 am.

At this hour, there are approximately
seven vehicles on all Southland freeways,
so if you feel like skateboarding
down the 405, she's wide-open.

Stay tuned for another
traffic update in ten minutes
on KNR, your traffic information station.

And we're out. Look here, Tom.

You gotta focus, all right, man?

Forget about proposals.

Forget about marriage. All right?

Bags...

Do you have to grunt all the time?

You're just like a little pig with hair.

Look at me.

I'm the cutest doggy in the world.

I'm the cutest doggy in the world. Throw
the ball for me. I'll pull on your leg all day.

Bags, seriously, I will...

Bags, I'm reading.

Fetch.

It wasn't like Bags to chase pigeons.

This pigeon was cruel. It was...

Bags, he just... he just went for him.

He was taunting.

And... squawking.

Squawking?

Squawking.

I mean, at first, it was
more of a... more of a purring.

You know how they...

I mean, Bags... It got his attention.

He has a low tolerance for annoyances.

But then it turned into this, like, shrill...

You're Iying.

- What?

- Your nostrils always flare when you lie.

Flare! Flare!

They're not flaring. I'm not Iying.

Honey, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm just really overwhelmed.
Promise we'll never lie to each other.
It's a promise.
I love you so much.
Listen, Sarah...
I wanna marry you, Tom Leezak.
I wanna marry you, too.
Why do you bring Dodge to front?
ParK at service entrance!
- Open the gate, Yuan.
- OK.
Here we go!
Whoo!
Well, well, well...
What a surprise.
- Welcome to the family, Tom.
- Thank you, Mrs McNerney.
Oh, you can call me Pussy now.
Thank you... Pussy.
Well, wonderful. Wonderful!
Yuan, champagne for everybody!
Knock it off, Dickie!
Peewee. My youngest daughter.
You little rebel.
And you, Tom Leezak. You're...
Well, wonderful surprise.
Thank you, Mr McNerney.
I... I just hope that I can...
be just all that I can be...
in this family.
Well, I love Sarah.
That's all I need to know.
You really missed the boat,
didn't you, Prentiss?
Yes, I did, Dan.
You bet your ass you did.
I should've been courting Sarah instead
of putting in 19-hour days at the office.
Anyway, congratulations. To both of you.
Seriously, from my heart.
Thank you, Peter.
- You're a lucky man.
- Hey, I know that.

Grab a flute of bubbly and rise.

Everybody ready?

- Why is Peter Prentiss here?

- Dad's doing business with him.

All right. Health, wealth, happiness.

Health, wealth, happiness.

All right, Peewee. Ten-yard out.

Leezak, give me a five-yard slant.

You got this, man. Don't worry about it.

- Calm down.

- What do you mean, calm down?

Why do bad things happen to good people,
Father? Where's that in your book?

- She's very determined.

- Not even Catholic!

- He's a Polack! No, he's a Polack.

- I know, and I warned you...

Let's see what Leezak's packing.

Ready? All right. And break!

- On one. Ready?

- Break!

You girls ready for this?

Down!

Set!

Ooh!

That was a hard one.

that was a dumber.

- Yeah!

- That's what I'm talkin' about!

- What are you doing, Willie?

- I slipped.

I still got my flag. I'm good. I'm good.

Oh, my Peewee. Always moving so fast.

You move in together after a month,
live together for nine months, and...

now you're engaged.

Oh, I know you love him, but, you know,
sometimes it takes more than love
to sustain a marriage.

You need to be old enough

to know who you are

and what you want and who he is.

Oh, Mom, he's wild and spontaneous
and hysterical and offbeat,

and on top of all that,
he's centred, and he's down-to-earth.
He's everything I want. And we have
this passion for each other that's...
Oh!
I'm jealous.
All right. First thing tomorrow...
we're gonna plan this wedding!
Hey, you.
So I guess everyone thinks
we're crazy for doing this.
Now when did we start caring
about what other people think?
Well, are you sure that you don't
wanna marry a guy like Peter?
If I wanted to know exactly what
my life would be from here on out,
I would marry a guy like Peter.
But I love not knowing.
I love our messy loft... your beater car.
I wanna start a life with you.
Sarah?
Go! Go!
Hi, Daddy.
Peewee... Marriage is like
a business investment.
Its long-term viability
is best established unemotionally.
Bottom line, Daddy we love each other.
That is all that matters.
Leezak.
Good night, sir.
Congratulations, Mr Leezak!
Big Daddy Leezak's in the house!
Oh, I hope she doesn't spook on you, man.
What do you mean?
I love Sarah, don't get me wrong.
But rich chicks spook.
A powerful daddy plus family money
equals expectations.
Expectations are like
a fungal rot on a marriage.
Our marriage is not gonna have a fungal rot.
We're gonna be happily married

every day for the rest of our lives.
Unless she finds out
that you slaughtered her dog.
I'll take that to my grave.
OK, if you change your mind
at the altar, just pass out.
I'm not going to change my mind.
OK. I'm just saying, if you do,
just hit the floor.
Thank you. But it's not gonna happen.
You're sure you're ready to
give up your grazing rights?
I'm not a grazer, Kyle.
What if you became one later in life?
I mean, over the next ten years,
you're giving up five hayrides per year.
So I can either be happily married
to Sarah, or have 50 one-night stands.
- Minimum.
- That's not even a choice.
OK, OK, let's move on.
Are there any chicks you didn't have
that you wish you had?
You are, like, the worst best man ever!
Peter!
I can't believe she invited Prentiss.
- Glad you made it, buddy.
- Hey, man.
Did she ever hook up with that yahoo?
Nah. They went backpacking in Europe once,
just after high school.
I don't think anything happened.
Whoa. You're getting married,
and she didn't share the roster?
She shared the roster.
Merrick... and Bruce.
What about Prentiss?
And you never asked again?
I won. It's irrelevant.
Oh. OK. As long as you're OK
with a bogus roster.
- It's not a bogus roster!
- Is he on or is he off?
He's...

- Shut up.

- Huh? Huh?

And you could've had Peter.

I did have Peter, and it wasn't that hot. OK?

Excuse me?

I was in Seattle, helping at an appraisal.

Ran into Peter. We went out.

I drank way too much,

and before I knew it, we... tussled.

You bad girl.

I wanted to tell Tom so many times,

but he gets so jealous you know.

Listen, it doesn't matter

that he doesn't know.

It's not like you guys were married,

and even if you were...

No, no, no. It matters to me.

It's like living a lie. I cannot live a lie.

There will always be this

big fat elephant in the room with us.

Listen, Peewee, never tell him.

It's time to go, Sarah.

Come on.

- Got everything?

- Yes.

How are you holding up?

Pussy's a mess.

I'm just telling you right now, be prepared.

Wait.

- Oh! Ow.

- Ooh!

- Oh, are you OK?

- Yes.

- Are you all right?

- I'm fine.

This threshold thing isn't as easy as it looks.

Daddy got the big suite! Yeah, he did!

We're really married.

We're really, really married.

For ever and ever.

Do you feel like it?

I don't know. Do you?

I'm kinda tired.

Me too.

- I mean, hey...

- OK.

What's the matter?

It's our wedding night,
and we don't wanna have sex.

No... Well, it's OK.

We're tired. It's fine.

Baby, it's just that this is our wedding day,
something I've fantasized
about my whole life.

And now it's over.

Did you have wedding fantasies
when you were a little boy?

Kinda.

Oh, honey.

Oh, my God! Tomorrow my parents
are gonna know I'm not a virgin any more!

Sarah...

Oh... You haven't been
a virgin since college.

I know. I know. But tomorrow they're
gonna know for sure that I'm not a virgin.

And they're gonna know
that you deflowered me. Oh, God! Oh, no!

- Oh, honey!

- Deflowered?

That's what my mom always called it.

My mommy.

Oh, Sarah.

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey. Hey.

I love you. OK?

And we have our entire lives to have sex.

So it's OK if we don't do it tonight.

OK?

Now I kinda feel like it.

- Really?

- Yeah.

That was a sexy speech.

I, you know, turn it on
every once in a while.

Oh, bloody nose! Bloody nose!

Oh, hello, hello! Hello, hello!

Here you go.

You've been mine for one night,

and you're falling apart already.
I'm not gonna have to trade ya in, am I?
OK...
There you go. Just like that.
It'll stop the bleeding.
I look like a chimp.
You look gorgeous.
Let's go to sleep.
- I love you.
- I love you, too, baby.
Sweetie, our plane leaves in an hour.
- Argh! Argh!
- Ow!
OK, so that wasn't
the smoothest start to a honeymoon.
But tomorrow we will be at the foot
of the Alps at the Hotel des Reves.
- Yes, we will.
- It'll be totally perfect.
Yes, it sounds totally perfect.
But I can't wait until then.
Jimmy-crack-corn!
Close it, bitch!
There's a lock on the door
for a reason, Junior.
I'm claustrophobic, OK?
Do we have a problem?
- No.
- No, no problem.
- We're just waiting.
- Yeah.
Mm-hm.
Mexican food. That's an oxymoron.
Sweet Lord! Where does that come from?
- Let's just wait.
- Oh, my gosh.
.. has turned on
the "fasten seat belt" sign.
Kindly return to your seats.
OK... Breathe through your mouth.
Breathe through your mouth.
- No, it's really bad.
- Just do it!
Hurry up!

OK, OK, let me just...

Oh!

This is gonna work. This is gonna work.

- I'm gonna step on the toilet.

- OK, perfect.

- What?

- The crapper's got my foot.

- Wait. Let me help.

- Sarah...

OK, OK, one, two, three.

Return to your seats please.

- Be right out. OK, you OK?

- Yeah.

OK, wait. OK, one, two, three.

Return to your seats now, please.

Beat it, stew!

Return...

Playtime is over, children.

Return to your seats! Do you hear me?

- Let's flush it.

- I'll pull.

I can't get it out!

The captain has turned on
the "fasten seat belt" sign!

Wait, wait, wait. Here.

Ready? One, two, three.

Mesdames and messieurs...

- We can tell the grandchildren about that.

- Great story for the kids.

- Bonjour.

- How you doing that there, chief?

Can we get Lee car for Leezak?

Bonjour. Les reservations sont pour LeezaK.

Oui, mademoiselle.

- You never told me you spoke French.

- It was that summer abroad I backpack to Europe.

Ah, here we are. For Mr and Mrs Leezak.

Must be some mistake, no?

No, no mistake. Mr and Mrs.

What the hell?

- These sports scores are two days old.

- So?

So? You know perfectly well if I don't have
an up-to-date sports section,

work it throws off my whole day,
starting with my morning dump.

Honey, there's gonna be
satellite TV in the hotel.

Voila.

Ah. I wonder what kind of wheels we got.

I'm telling you, this is not the car.

I specifically ordered a compact.

This is a European compact.

No! This is a Ringling Brothers compact.

I've owned Tonka trucks bigger than this car.

Honey, I looked at the brochure,

and there was a Fiesta
on the cover, not a Bingo.

Aw. Baby needs a great big car
to make him happy?

We could really use a Dodge about now.

We could

really use a Dodge about now.

What was that?

You just sound so American.

We could

use a Dodge about now.

While I'm makin' a doody,

can you hand me my sports section and bare with that?

Thank you very much, ma'am.

Are you mocking me?

No. Baby, just floor it.

I am flooring it. If I pushed any harder,

my foot would blow through the floor,

and we'd be Flintstoning our asses there.

Ooh, whoa, whoa, turn here!

- You OK?

- Yeah. You?

Yeah.

If you'd told me about the turn maybe before we pass it,

I wouldn't have had to pull such a nascar crazy manuevere!

I was busy looking at the map!

Somebody had to navigate.

Listen to us. We sound

like an old married couple.

Never again.

Just for the record, why did I

almost get us killed back there?

Because that's our hotel.

- It looks like a castle.

- It is a castle.

Then that's precisely why it looks like one.

- Let's go.

- OK.

This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Let's go.

Ohh. Look, baby, look.

It comes with free nuns.

- Bonjour.

- Bonjour.

- Bonjour. Merci.

- Bonjour. Merci.

- Bonjour.

- Bonjour.

Merci.

- Ah! Bonjour.

- Bonjour.

Merci. Bonjour. Merci.

Bonjour. Merci. Bonjour. Merci.

- Vous etes Americans?

- Oui.

Welcome to Hotel des Reves.

I am Henri Margeaux.

Nous sommes Sarah et Tom LeezaK.

- Leezak, no!

- Oui.

- The honeymooners?

- Oui.

- No!

- Oui. Why?

So fresh and young to have marriage, no?

No. We're married.

I almost forget.

Ooh, presents.

"Congratulations.

Have a wonderful honeymoon. Love...

Peter. "

That's a platonic "love".

Forget about Peter.

Here. Please enjoy.

Room, all upstairs.

Francois, les bagages, en haut.

Tout de suite, s'il vous plaitt.

Oh!

- Bonjour!

- Merci!

Ohh! Tell me this isn't your fantasy.

This is better than my fantasy.

Good, cos we're paying out the ass for it.

Honey, just for the record,

when you talk about money,

especially it coming out of your heinie,

it sort of kills the romance of the moment.

Right. Sorry.

Now fight your deep urge to be cheap,

and give the bellboy a large tip.

All right.

- Hey, do you guys provide satellite TV?

- TV in bar.

- So there's no TV in this room?

- TV in bar.

- Ask him if they have ESPN.

- Pour l'amour de Dieu.

Je lui ai dit, a monsieur,

que la tele est dans le bar.

Je crois que sa femme n'est pas vous.

C'est la tele.

He said the TV's in the bar.

He also said that if he were here with me,

he wouldn't be concerned with TV.

He makes a point.

- Oh, I gotta call Mom and Dad.

- Talk about killing the romance.

I told them I'd call. It'll just take a minute.

Hi, Mom? It's Peewee.

Oh, say hi to Pussy for me.

Pussy...

Tom says hello.

Yeah. Oh, it's so great.

Uh-huh.

"To Tom and Sarah.

Enhance thy honeymoon. Love, Kyle. "

I'll call you later, Mom. Bye.

Cheese and rice.

Is that a Thunderstick A200?

Since when did you become an expert?

- I told you about that night I had in college.

- You didn't tell me about the hardware.

Getting a visual?

We gotta charge this thing.

- That plug won't fit in a European outlet.

- I'll make it fit.

Come on.

Honey, Don't force it.

Are you OK? Are you OK?

Holy dude Jesus. Good thing that didn't happen when we were using it.

Oh, God.

Allez dans la cour,

s'il vous plaitt, tout de suite.

Come on! Come on, Thunderstick!

- Oh, no. OK, just leave it.

- Let's go, let's go, let's go.

My grandparents

installed the wiring in the hotel

before World War First!

It worked fine, until you young kids had to bring out your toys and ignore the sign!

That is the... the...

- That's in French, for christ sakes.

- That's because we're in France.

- Is there anything we could do?

- Pay the damages.

Hold on there, Jacques.

Je m'appelle Henri Margeaux.

Whatever! Look, this hotel gets guests from all over the world.

It's your responsibility to put some American on your signs.

He means English.

Sarah I'm trying to negotiate.

So I must make my hotel of dreams like every other Howard Johnson's, with a bright orange roof?

- It wouldn't hurt.

- Imbecile de cochon d'American.

- Cochon what?

- Stupid American pig.

Oh. Oh, yeah?

Well, I guess that makes you

a stupid French...

frog!

Oh, yeah. I said it. Frog!

You get out of my Hotel des Reves!

I wouldn't stay in this dump if you paid us!

- Let's go to the Ho Jo's honey.

- There are no Ho Jo's here Tom.

Sarah, please!

There is a farm up the road.

And they have a nice pigsty for you!

Yeah? Well maybe they'll have

a nice little bulldozer,

and we can finish this place off, tough guy!

And the credit card bill will be

a fat one, Mr Tough Guy!

Yeah? Well, we're keeping the champagne

and the cheese, Jacques-strap!

Let's go, honey.

What's wrong?

Where are we gonna stay, Tom?

Don't worry. This is like a vacation zone.

We'll find a place.

Now get your shit. Let's go.

What's the next place?

The next hotel with no vacancy

would be Schloss Hilliger Winterswald.

- How far is it?

- 120 kilometres.

In miles, please!

- I'm learning so much.

- Oh, me too. Me too.

Let me guess...

This is great. This is just what we need.

- Do you want me to drive?

- Honey, I can drive in the snow.

Turn off your brights, jackass!

Great. Now we get to freeze to death.

Look, we'll just... We'll sleep in here

and we'll dig out in the morning.

I'm so glad I get to hear the phrase

"We'll dig out" on my honeymoon.

Yeah.

Just get it over with now and blame me.

If you hadn't insulted Henri and never talked, we wouldn't

be spending the evening in a snowball.

I'm sorry. Next time, I'll try to be a little bit more refined like your friend Peter.

- Good night, Tom.

- Good night, Sarah.

Are you gonna hate me forever?

Mmm...

I don't know. Hm...

Wanna get drunk and make out?

Well, that's not gonna get me drunk, but we could make out.

We could get injured doing this.

I'll settle for a cuddle.

Just let me get the shifter out of my ass.

OK.

Sarah... It's morning.

Oh, my God.

- Oh, my...

- Oh, my God.

It's incredible.

- Let's just stay here for the rest of the trip.

- Fine with me.

- Hey! Help!

- Excuse me!

Hey!

Blue car, blue car!

- Oh.

- It worked.

We can catch the two o'clock train to Venice and go straight to the Gianna.

- Our reservation isn't until Tuesday.

- So we'll stay a few extra days.

I just put an entire castle on my credit card.

We can't afford to stay at the Gianna for a few extra days.

So I'll call my dad up, and he'll lend us the money.

No, there's no possible way I'm taking money from your dad. Pride is the crutch of the insecure.

You are not taking the money.

I am taking the money.

No, we don't need to take the money.

This is about us now.

Listen my dad told me about this nice little pensione in Venice...

Pensione?

- Grobes Scheibhaus.

- Excuse me.

Could you just drive?

Please just let me call my dad.

No! This is our honeymoon, not his.

So it's fine to just stay at a pensione that your father recommended?

But we're staying at the Pensione Funicello, and we'll gonna have a hell of a good time.

I can't take this any more! Honeymoons are supposed to be all champagne and room service and lovemaking!

We haven't made love!

No. What do we get?

We get evicted from a five-star hotel and, to boot, I'm yelling at you!

We're yelling at each other.

We're not yelling at each other. I'm the one that yelling. I'm sorry, I wanna go home. Maybe we should go home.

I know this honeymoon hasn't been perfect, but I'm sure the pensione is gonna be fine.

Look, we'll check in, sleep late, eat pasta, gaze out at the Piazza del... something-something.

It's gonna be heaven.

- Pensione Funicello?

- Si, si.

- Are you sure this is correcto?

- Si, si.

How bad could it be?

Aw, crap.

Hey...

We're in this together, right?

Do you have four men staring at your boobies right now?

Che bella! Vieni qua, ragazza!

No.

Yeah, just...

You know, we'll try it for one night, and if we don't...

Live.

.. like it, we'll, you know,
go somewhere nicer tomorrow.

- Grazie.

- Grazie.

This is actually happening!

We're never gonna forget this honeymoon.

Mm-mm.

Sorry.

Buonasera.

Di su, di giu, dentro, sopra,
fuori, sotto, non ce la faccio piu!

We can show those paisanos how it's done.

Cockroach, cockroach, cockroach!

Oh, honey! honey, honey! I'll get him!

OK, OK, OK.

Let's get outta here, please!

- We're checking out!

- I don't wanna touch it!

Get it off me!

Thanks for the help, Daddy.

I miss you.

OK. Bye.

Honey, he wants to talk to you.

Can't you just tell him thank you from
all of us here at the gorgeous Gianna?

Shh.

Hello there, Mr McNerney.

Please bear in mind that
our daughter loves him, Dan.

Listen, Leezak, I don't expect
a cracker like you to ever measure up
to anything approaching what I'd consider
a good match for my daughter.

But I'll tell you what I do expect.

I expect you to pay me back in full just as
soon as that silly-ass radio show of yours
yields any kind of reasonable income.

Goodbye, cracker.

Ass-bag!

- What was that?

- He called me a cracker!

A cracker, honey!

He did not.

That surprises you? Your dad hates me.
"Well, wonderful, wonderful. "
He's got your whole family
praying that this marriage fails.
That's not faired mom's never said a bad word about you.
Wow, Pussy's never insulted me!
Now I feel loved.
Like your father's never judged me?
No, he hasn't. Not once.
Maybe we should just have sex.
Call me crazy, but I'm just
not in the mood to make love.
I'm not, either. But we haven't had sex once
since we've been married,
and there is something
very, very wrong with that.
And I have to tell you...
Why are you laughing? It's not funny!
I'm sorry.
I'm concerned.
Let's go to sleep. We'll get a good rest,
we'll sightsee tomorrow.
Be fresh in the morning.
Fine.
And then we'll have sex.
Imagine Ernest Hemingway sitting
right over there at the Caffe Florian,
just sipping a single malt,
dreaming up his next masterpiece.
Those birds are psychotic.
History doesn't interest you at all, does it baby?
Huh? Yeah, it does. I wasn't an art history
major, though, so it's not like...
You don't have to be an art history major
to appreciate art.
- Whoa, whoa.
- What? What?
Do you hear that?
The bells? No? What is it, honey?
What?
- What?
- Ahh...
- What?
- Shh!

What are we listening to?

What? What? What is it? I can help.

- It's a message from God. It's a mes...

- God?

There's a ground ball...

Jackpot!

Honey, we still have to see the Tintoretos.

Oh, the church art is unbelievable,

but it all kinda looks the same to me.

You know I love sports.

I mean, I'm a sports freak.

But how often are we in Europe?

How often are the Dodgers on TV in Europe?

You're right. You go watch sports.

I'll go see the Tintoretos.

- Honey...

- Yeah?

Is this a loving act of generosity,

or am I gonna pay for this later?

Does it make a difference?

I'm gonna make this up to you huge. Huge.

Tonight, everything is your choice.

Dinner in a church, if you want.

- I Meet you at the hotel.

- Love you!

I love you.

Grazie. Grazie, grazie.

Grazie, goddammit.

Buongiorno, Fredo.

Buongiorno, Mr Peter Prentiss.

Buongiorno. Come stai?

Bene, bene.

Peter?

- Peewee? What a surprise!

- What are you doing here?

- In Venice?

- Yes.

In Venice Nextron's buying out Ferrugia Chocolate,

the deal that I'm working on so they sent me in to close the deal.

- Did you get that cognac I sent you?

- Yes. I thought it a tad inappropriate.

I'm sor... I didn't, uh...

I'm just trying to be the gallant loser here.

- Peter...

- Why don't we celebrate this great coincidence?

I'll take you guys to dinner.

I'm on my honeymoon.

- My honeymoon.

- Right, right, right.

See? Yeah.

I can be so thick sometimes. I'm sorry.

I got a lot of work to do anyway,

so I'm going to disappear.

But you guys have fun.

Oh... Peter, wait.

I'm...

I don't mean to be rude.

You couldn't be rude if you tried.

How's the honeymoon?

It's good? It's a dream?

- It's great.

- Yeah?

- Oh, yeah, great.

- Where's Tom?

Oh, he's at the, uh, the church

with, uh... with...

He's a huge history buff. Yeah.

- It's good you guys share that passion.

- Oh, yeah. Yeah.

Uh, well... Bye.

Fredo, I need to know where

that little signora is at all times.

Very bold, Mr Prentiss.

Grazie.

The Dodgers won! The Dodgers won!

The Dodgers won, honey.

See? I knew you were gonna make me pay

for watching the game.

No. No, it's not that.

We need to talk.

About what?

Have you always told me the truth?

Yeah. Except the time I told you

I liked your brother Willie.

- This is serious.

- I am serious. I really don't like him.

- Marriage is built on honesty and trust.

- I totally agree.

OK. Did you ever do something
that you wanted to tell me about,
but you couldn't
because you felt bad about it?
And the more time went on,
the harder it got for you to tell me,
and then it turned into this big fat lie,
so you kept not telling me about it...
Did you talk to Kyle?

- No. Why?

- No reason.

- Does Kyle know something that I should know?

- No.

- You covered your nose.

- I had an itch.

You were hiding flared nostrils.

What do you have to tell?

OK...

It's just...

when Bags died,

he didn't exactly die

the way that I described it.

Him chasing the squawking pigeons

off the balcony?

That.

What happened?

Well... OK, I'm reading my magazine,

and I'm really I'm focusing, and I'm really into it.

And along comes Bags.

He comes trucking over,

and he starts tugging on my ankle.

And I was, like, "Bags, I'm... " I was like...

I think I even said "I'm trying to focus. "

And he looked up at me and gave me the

"Hey, are you gonna play with me or not?"

I was, like, "Yeah, I really just

wanna read, though, Bags. "

And... and...

he started pulling at my ankle again,

and so I grabbed the ball

and I was, like, "Go get it, buddy. "

I threw the ball over my shoulder, it went

out the window, Bags dove, and he died.

You killed Bags?

- It was an accident.
- And you lied about it all this time?
- Actually, it was more of an omission.
- No, it was more like a lie!

Where are you going?

- I have to figure out what to do with this.
- What does that mean?

I can deal with you being cheap and

I can deal with you being a shitty driver.

I cannot, not deal with you being a liar!

Wait a second.

This whole thing started with you
wanting to talk about something.

Well, I don't wanna talk about it right now.

So you feeling guilty about something, too.

Yes, there is something I "omitted"

that I don't wanna talk about right now.

You want a marriage

based on trust and honesty?

Well, here's your chance! Come on!

Yeah, yeah, you got it! I can see it! Bring it!

I slept with Peter Prentiss.

What?

- I slept with Peter...
- I heard you.
- I'm sorry.
- I need to hear everything.
- No, you don't.
- Yes, I do. That's what I do.

That's what I do.

I need to know everything.

Where you were, what you, what he did,

how small his wiener was. Everything.

- I was helping on an appraisal in Seattle...
- I don't wanna hear it!
- You slept with that...
- It was a long time ago.
- When?
- Before we...
- Got married?
- Yes!
- Engaged?
- Of course.
- Got together?

- Yes... No, no.
It was right after we met.
My parents were pressuring me to...
Aha. Imagine my surprise.
I was confused. I'm in Seattle.
He asked me out to dinner.
The champagne is flowing...
Please, try not to break into song.
My feelings for you were very, very strong,
and I needed to know that they were real.
I wasn't brought up to manage
feelings like that very well.
Yeah. You had a real tough upbringing.
- I need some air.
- Yeah? Me too.
Happy now? You broke it.
By the way, Peter's staying at the hotel.
That's funny!
- Hooker!
- Murderer!
- What's the score?
- 3-2, top of the ninth.
Are you American?
Good guess.
Where's Tom?
We don't feel the need to be
with each other all the time.
OK.
I just find it odd that
you're spending so much time apart
on your honeymoon.
Are you OK?
Peter... just go, please.
Go.
Sarah, Sarah...
- Why are you still here Peter?
- I'm not gonna leave you here like this.
Listen, I have a car. I'm having
a quick drink at a friend's house.
Just take a ride with me.
You know? Catch your breath.
I'll take you back to Tom.
- Champagne?
- Sure.

And that's the ball game!
Oh, my God. Oh, my God, I love this song!
No, wait, I really shouldn't...
I can't... No, listen.
Bernardo Salviati can actually
trace his family back to Machiavelli.
Huh.
Oh, wow. That's a big house.
Nextron's thinking of buying it,
turn it into a resort complex.
Buongiorno, Bernardo!
Peter, hello.
Good to see you.
Bernardo, Sarah McNerney.
Ciao, Bernardo.
Tell me, pretty one,
what brings you to Venice?
Oh, I'm on my honeymoon.
- Your honeymoon?
- Yeah.
- She's so young to be married.
- Why does everyone keep on saying that?
Where is your husband?
Oh, I'm going to meet up with him...
you know, later.
Yeah. Yeah.
I was married for 27 years
before my wife passed away.
Believe me, the first months
are the most difficult.
Bernardo here's a little bit of a romantic.
I love that.
Let's have a drink.
Please.
You're on the radio? That's awesome!
So, when are we gonna go back
to do the neenoo-neenoo-neenoo?
Whoa, yeah. I can't do that.
Don't tell me all the cute conversation
and air-humping is leading nowhere.
No. Oh!
OK, you mean when are we gonna...?
Ah! OK.
All right, so I'm gonna go and hit the...

and then we'll... do that thing.

- Cool.

- OK.

I'll be waiting!

Whoa!

And the hits just keep on comin'.

Ciao. Can I get the key to 309, please?

And do you know

if my wife's up in the room?

A good husband knows

where his wife is at all time.

And a good maitre d'

answers questions when he's asked.

Look, I'm not gonna pay you for an answer.

In this case, you should.

Your wife is in a car on her way

to Salviati's... with Mr Prentiss.

Mr Peter Prentiss?

Of course. What's Salviati's?

One of the oldest

and most beautiful estates in Venice.

- Maybe Mr Peter will buy it.

- Of course Mr Peter will buy it.

All right, where is this place?

You can't go. You will be shot on sight.

OK. That's...

Uh, when are they coming back?

Your wife and Mr Peter

are out for the evening.

You know what? Nah.

I'm not gonna be waiting here

for her when she gets back.

Oh, no!

Precipitevolissimevolmente.

I wanna say that word!

- Alla tua salute.

- Salute.

Sarah, Sarah. Sarah, maybe we

should switch to water, huh?

I think we should go find Tom now.

That was the longest freakin' piss

in Italian history.

Hey, Wendy.

Uh, I couldn't find you in the crowd.

That's cool. You ready to go?
Uh, yeah. Listen, um...
Why don't I just walk you back
to your hotel and drop you off?
That sounds like a plan.
OK. Um, what hotel are you staying at?
What hotel are you staying at?
Uh, the Gianna.
Oh, my God! Me too!
Yay. Wow.
Um...
Oh, my God. This is like a Twilight Zone.
I couldn't agree with you more.
We're here.
Damn, I don't have my key.
Can I use your phone?
My... my phone?
Yeah, to call downstairs. For my key.
Yeah.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, slow down there.
I think you got the wrong room.
Oh, my!
Oh, God.
Insult me, radio man!
I'm on my honeymoon.
Ew.
Yeah, ew.
- I'm telling you...
- You pig!
Grazie. Thank you.
Grazie. Buonasera.
What? What?
- What?
- I can't take this any more.
I'm on my honeymoon!
Calm down. You were just doing
the same thing with Wendy.
You have no right to be angry.
- You slut!
- Excuse me?
You had your tongue down his throat.
I saw it out the window!
Did you see me slap him, then?
Don't give me that.

Some part of you wants him! Just say it!
Fine. I'm not gonna lie any more.
Certain things would be easier,
given his background.
And a small part of me thought that
I wanted that once. A very small part.
Why would you invite him
on our honeymoon?
I didn't invite him.
I don't know how he found us.
Oh, yeah? Well, maybe it was magic.
No, Peter must be a warlock.
That's yours.
Yeah, sure. It matches perfect
with my red leather panties!
OK, I met a woman at a bar.
Nothing happened.
You picked up a total stranger at a bar,
brought her back to our honeymoon suite,
and took off her disgusting red bra?
Nothing happened, I swear.
No, the bra just jumped off
her bare naked breasts.
Sarah...
You sit there and make me feel guilty
for a kiss, a kiss that I didn't even want for the first place!
Don't tell me you didn't want it!
You wanted it! I could see from
the balcony that you wanted it!
I'm sorry. Oh, my God.
Son of a biatch!
- Oh, my skull is on fire!
- Oh, oh, oh, OK...
- Who is it?
- Room service.
Just... You just...
- No, go away!
- Listen, I'm leaving.
Last chance. Come with me to Seattle.
Hello, Peter. So glad you could join us.
Welcome to the honeymoon from hell,
shitheel!
What are you doing, Tom?
I think it's time for Peter and I to tangle!

- See? You have no future with this lunatic!

- Shut up!

Tom, you're acting a little crazy!

Maybe it's cos I just got hit in the head
with a ten-pound ashtray!

I gotta warn you, Leezak. I studied
karate with a Chinese grandmaster.

Yeah? Well, I hope he showed you
how to pull a fire poker out of your ass!

Tom, put the poker down.

Fredo, call the police!

Polizia!

Move, move, move!

You sat at our wedding!

You heard us take our vows.

And you still had the nerve
to show up on our honeymoon
and try to have sex with my wife!

Run, you coward!

You stay away from my wife!

I didn't...

- Please, stop! That's my husband!

- Signorina, si calmi.

- Maybe they were right.

- Who?

Everyone. They said that
we were too young,
and that we needed to get
to know each other better.

Maybe they were right.

Maybe love isn't enough.

Peter Prentiss vi ha pagato la cauzione.

What did he say?

Peter just bailed us out.

Well, that's just jim-dandy.

Forget it.

- I'm going home.

- Yeah, me too!

Passports, please.

Are you leaving with any fruit,
vegetables or currency in excess of \$10,000?

No. No, but my husband does have
two pounds of hash hidden in his rectum.

The first sex I had on my honeymoon

was with a man named Santino.

And you're laughing?

Excuse me, stewardess. Can I...?

Uh, can I get one of those, uh...

doughnut pillows?

Yeah, right away.

Sweet girl.

Excuse me. Sorry.

Argh!

I feel like we've been married for 50 years.

Oh, you should be so lucky.

- Tell me how Peter ended up in our hotel.

- Tell me what really happened with Red Bra.

What? What? What are you looking at?

- I hope you used a rubber.

- No, I didn't! It didn't get that far.

- I hope Peter used one though.

- They don't sell condoms that big.

Ha, ha, ha!

That's funny. You hear that?

We got a comedian on the plane.

- You want me to make you laugh?

- Yeah.

You think I'm reall funny I'm moving out when I get home.

How funny is that?

- Great!

- The second we get home.

- I'm done talking now.

- Me too.

And that was it. Game over.

- What's up?

- She came back to the apartment.

- Is she there now?

- No, she left.

- Did she say anything?

- She took all her stuff.

That can't be good.

Oh, and she left you this.

What's that?

Beer?

Come on, man. You're getting divorced.

Breakfast beer is a must.

- I need to talk to my dad. Give me a lift?

- Sure.

Gonna tell me
what you're chewing on?
I just don't know if love is enough any more.
What do you mean, "enough"?
I mean, even if Sarah and I do love each other,
maybe we did need more time
to get to know each other.
So... what you're saying here is
you had a couple of bad days in Europe,
and it's over.
Time to grow up, Tommy.
Some days your mother and me loved each
other. Other days we had to work at it.
You never see the hard days
in a photo album.
But those are the ones that get you
from one happy snapshot to the next.
I'm sorry your honeymoon stunk, but that's
what you got dealt. Now you gonna work through it.
Sarah doesn't need a guy with
a fat wallet to make her happy.
I saw how you love this girl.
How you two lit each other up.
She doesn't need any more security than that.
Thanks, Dad.
Is it over?
Not even close.
What you do here, Tom Leezak?
You no allowed here no more.
Open the gates, jack-in-the-box.
Me no jack-in-box! You jack-in-box!
Go away now!
Don't make me break my foot off in your ass.
Look, Yuan, I just need to talk to her.
Relationship over. She no like you any more.
- Open the goddamn gate!
- Shut up, Kyle!
Look, Yuan, did she actually
say those words to you?
She say you have KiKi with bimbo.
Same thing.
We are not leaving this intercom.
until Sarah herself confirms
that she is shitcanning Tom!

We're not.
All right, that is damn straight!
This is my wife! Now open up the gate!
Can't we give the guy a chance to explain?
Don't even think about it, Dickie.
Here's the deal either you're gonna open the gate,
or I'm gonna open the gate.
Either way, I'm coming in!
- We'll sic the hounds on you, Leezak!
- Bring 'em on, Willie!
What's going on?
You leave me no choice!
I'm gonna have to ram the gate!
Oh, I am so down with that!
- What we do now?
- Call the cops.
We call SWAT team on your ass!
I'm ramming the gate! I don't know if you're
hearing, but I am going to ram your gate!
- What is the commotion in here?
- Tom ram gate.
What the hell is this?
It's go time.
That is one strong gate.
Tom?
Look, Yuan, Willie,
whoever else is listening...
You don't want me to be with Sarah,
and I can't change that.
I don't know where we're gonna be
in ten, 20, 40 years.
I don't know who we're gonna be.
I don't know if I'm ever gonna
be able to give her all of this.
There are a million things that I don't know.
But there's one thing that I do.
And that's that I love Sarah.
And I am going to love her
day in and day out
for the rest of my life.
Now, will you please...
please...
open the gate so I can tell that to my wife.
I'm sorry, man.

Sometimes when it's over, it's just... over.

Drop the love bomb, baby! Yeah!

Now do you get it?

I love him, Daddy.

Then go get him.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I'm sorry.

- Me too.

I miss you.

I miss you, too.

I miss wrecking airplane bathrooms
with you.

I miss sleeping with you inside a snowball.

And torching hotels in Europe.

I miss doing time in prison with you.

- Do you wanna try to...?

- Definitely.