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# Laurel Canyon

By Lisa Cholodenko

Want me to stop?  
No don't stop  
Do you want me to keep going?  
Yeah, keep going. Don't stop.  
Yeah!  
Ok, don't move. Don't stop.  
Fuck me!  
It's me, you don't need to pick up.  
I know you are busy packing.  
Just calling to say...hey..  
I'm kind of in a situation here.  
- What?  
- I finished.  
- You did?  
- Yeah!  
That was really good.  
What about you?  
Hmm... I'm fine.  
- Are you sure?  
- Yes.  
- Alright.  
- Yeah I'm good.  
My mother asked about April again.  
- Why is she so fixated on April?  
- I'm sure it's economic.  
I can't Lisa.  
I know! She is probably just trying  
to get a deal on rentals.  
Like the June rush,  
or something ludicrous.  
You want to change the plan?  
- No I don't. Do you?  
- No.  
I don't know why people  
get married in June anyway.  
I mean, what's  
wrong with January?  
I just never saw the reason to go  
out there. It's disruptive in my opinion.  
Alex should be here  
to finish your dissertation,  
and you should stay in Cambridge,  
if you'll be practising here.  
I'd rather be in Cambridge

absolutely, but the...  
Houseman institute is the  
best program in the country.  
I think you should  
reconsider psychiatry, Sam.  
it is a feeble discipline.  
If you're interested in brains,  
get to the thick of it...  
the grey matter.  
That's honest medicine.  
Why waste yourself  
on the hopeless?  
- So impressive Alex.  
- The empty Aelons.  
- It's a tremendous achievement!  
- Getting a Ph.D.  
- Well, I haven't finished it yet.  
- Genemics, my God!  
- Genomics.  
- Right, of course, genomics.  
How long are you staying  
with your mother?  
- We're not staying with her.  
- Oh, I thought you were.  
No. We're staying at her house.  
But she's not living there now.  
She's an executive, isn't she?  
Not exactly, she's in the  
entertainment industry.  
She's a record producer.  
That's right. Alex  
mentioned that once.  
Well, it seems you have  
everything under control.  
Definitely.  
We've covered everything.  
Think about my suggestion.  
Oh, and take care of Alex, please.  
We don't want her  
joining the Scientologists.  
Or the vegetarians.  
- Can we leave?  
- Yes.  
You can't leave now,

we haven't had the cake.

- Beautiful!

- Thank you.

You're behind by 40-

you have to focus.

- I am focusing.

- No you're not you're distracted.

I just don't read the  
dictionary, smart pants.

Can I get another juice?

Can I get another Scotch please?

I don't think you should worry  
about it anymore, honey.

I didn't plan on  
worrying about it at all.

It's not that much time.

Theoretically yeah.

I wish I had his ash.

What did she say, a wake?

She wasn't specific.

I don't know why you didn't  
call the black girl back?

Neither do I.

She could have made  
other arrangements, you know?

I know. I don't know why  
I didn't call her back.

I should have.

- Whose are the cars?

- I don't know.

- She is really weird.

- I know you told me before.

- I just want to reemphasize.

- Okay.

It's probably  
developmental disorder.

Sam!

- Rarefied strain.

- Why are you telling me this again?

- I just don't want you to be surprised.

- It's temporary!

I don't want you getting upset.

Anyone is tolerable  
for a few weeks.

Even the developmentally disabled.  
Come on. I need to pee.  
What time is it?  
God!  
Look at you!  
Oh man, you  
look great! Really!  
So do you.  
Sorry Alex,  
this is Jane, my mother.  
Hi nice to meet you.  
Nice to meet you too, finally.  
- It's a pleasure.  
- Thanks likewise.  
Hello I'm in,  
one of the crew.  
Ian, Dean, Rowan and Friip.  
This is my son.  
Sam. And...  
- Oh... Alex.  
- Alex, God I'm sorry.  
It's lovely to meet you Alex.  
As well you Sam.  
Let's go outside for a second.  
It's the shit I hate, you know.  
I give them a gorgeous record...  
...and they come back  
when there's no single.  
There's no thank you,  
there's no congratulations.  
Just go back in and find it.  
Otherwise...  
...I would not be behind like this.  
I'm never behind like this.  
Oh Jane,  
You're always behind like this.  
No I've changed.  
Truly I have.  
Take your time and finish  
the record. And...  
Stay in Malibu, alright?  
- No you can't stay in Malibu.  
- That's Ok. It's just a couple of weeks.  
- It's Bobby's.

- What do you mean it's Bobby's?  
- I gave the house to Bobby.  
- You gave the house to Bobby?!  
Just for a little while,  
until he gets back up on his feet.  
He doesn't have feet!  
- Bobby's a basket case!  
- No, I gave him a deadline.  
Oh, I'm sure that  
will motivate him.  
Look it's complicated, Ok.  
I feel a little guilty  
about this one.  
About what?  
I left him.  
- So you gave him the house?  
- It was the right thing to do.  
How can you break up with Bobby?  
I thought he was the real thing!  
Then I got to know him.  
- What do you want to eat?  
- Curry.  
We're going for a bite.  
Care to join us?  
- No thanks, we're exhausted.  
- No?  
Our loss, another time.  
See you Jane.  
See you in the morning.  
- Unless you want to...  
- See you in the morning.  
Nice to meet you.  
They don't have a single.  
I thought Sam would have  
explained how thing get.  
No, he just thought you'd be gone.  
I mean finished.  
It happens a lot in this business.  
Things shift, plans change,  
people get fired.  
- Sure of course.  
- Yeah what are you going to do?  
Things shift, plans change,  
people get fired.

Yeah we just hadn't planned  
on a change of plan... so...  
Well who plans  
on a change of plan?  
I mean, it would be sort of  
paranoid. Don't you think?  
Want something to drink?  
- No thanks.  
- Look.  
I think you guys should stay  
as long as you want.  
Really, I want you  
to be comfortable.  
This has nothing  
to do with you.  
I'm really happy  
to have you here.  
- Want some?  
- No thanks, I'm okay.  
Sam?  
She is so embarrassing!  
She is fine.  
She's amusing.  
Oh yeah.  
Like a menstrual show.  
Come on...  
She is a little odd.  
Her presentation is a little odd.  
- But I think she means well.  
- I don't know what she means.  
It's like the never half.  
You made it sound like she  
was autistic or something.  
She is in a way. I mean she makes  
the same mistakes over and over.  
She is obviously very accomplished.  
Yeah the irony of all time.  
- I'm sorry.  
- What are you sorry about?  
Bringing you here.  
I should have taken that  
spot at Mass General.  
Dad was right we should  
have stayed in Cambridge.

- Stop it!

- I fucked up.

Why didn't you tell me

she was so successful?

I told you.

No you didn't. You hardly told

me anything about her.

- You hardly asked.

- That's not true!

- Sleep tight.

- Alright.

- You think Sam likes me?

- No, why would he?

There is nothing to like about you.

You are totally unlikable.

You bitch!

Come here.

Shit!

- I'm sorry, did I wake you?

- No.

I can't sleep lately,

my clock is fucked!

Hey you don't have to do that,

Carmela's coming on Friday.

No problem.

- Don't cut yourself.

- Hey, I got it really you're barefoot.

- Why are you up?

- I got to be at the hospital.

It's so early.

Yes, it's a real job.

- That's too bad.

- No, not so bad about it.

- We should spend some time together.

- Yes.

With Alex... She's sweet.

I think so.

Hey I got "Buck

seats at the Ball".

Maybe we could do that?

The four of us.

Get some wine, weed, chicken.

The weather has been fabulous.

I probably won't have time for



a while, but I'll let you know.

But thanks for the offer,

that sounds nice.

- That's your new guy?

- Yes.

- How is it going?

- Great!

He is a beautiful man.

I'm really happy.

We have a really

deep connection.

Probably deeper than

I've had with anyone.

- Even Bobby.

- Wow.

Didn't you have a deep

connection with that guy...?

- Randy?

- Randy?

Yeah Randy, the guy,

the roadie with the limp.

- Who toured with us when I was 12.

- Ronny.

Yeah I had a connection with Ronny,

but it wasn't particularly deep.

- What about Veronica?

- Veronica...

You got deep with her didn't you?

Veronica and I stopped having

sex after the third month.

Anyway...

Ian gets me, this is

completely different.

That's great.

That's great Jane.

Listen... Alex is

working hard on her dissertation.

I'd appreciate it if you could keep

it quiet while we're staying here.

Just keeping doors shut and stuff.

I think she would appreciate it.

I want her to feel

comfortable here.

Yeah so do I.

The situation is kind of  
foreign to her.

She is used to working  
in a... lab or in an office.  
Alone.

She is not used to  
being around people.  
She must get lonely.

Okay.

Come on Claudia, I'm not gonna slap  
some bullshit together for a radio.  
I don't work that way,  
you know that.

I hear you babe, but there's a slot  
open now, and we need to jump.

I got to have all my elements  
in place for the holidays.

- We need to move units...

- Christmas?

Oh Claudia, please  
don't take me there,  
Please don't depress me. I couldn't  
give a shit about Christmas.

Fuck Christmas

This isn't an action call,  
you know what you've got.

Why are you up my ass?

See this is why

we get into trouble Jane.

And this is why you always  
end up coming back to me.

God I love that woman.

- Where are we?

- 2 minutes.

Good. This is a locked  
ward, obviously,  
and these are the patients  
in the locked ward...

...some of whom you'll be getting  
to know intimately very soon.

I'm not stealing them!

Note my medication  
is still missing.

No it's down your sleeve!

Sarah Gowlyn, second year  
resident, extraordinary.  
Meet the new recruits.  
I think I'm bringing them down.  
Tell them it's not so bad.  
It's not so bad.  
You see it's not so bad.  
Alright. Onward.  
Christmas. A limited universe,  
depressing really.

- Increase the dose of Welbutrin.
- I'll increase the dose of Vicodan.

Move that, little lady in a track suite.

- Do you know what I think?
- I don't. I'm dying. Tell me.

I think I made a beautiful record,  
and the cowards will notice last.  
You are very deep.

- Do you think so?
- I do.
- When you're not talking.
- Fuck off!
- I'm sorry. Let me turn it down.
- No, it's fine, really.

So, what are you  
working on upstairs?

- Excuse me?
- You seem extremely absorbed.

I'm writing.

- A novel?
- No, my dissertation.

Great. What's it on?

- What's it on?
- Do you have a subject?
- Specifically?
- Yes.

We went to university.  
We can handle it.  
The genomic determinants of sexual  
behaviour in the drosophila fruit fly  
and its implications  
for Homo Sapiens.  
Really?  
The sex life of flies...

No, the reproductive  
behaviour of the fruit fly.  
Excuse me.  
He didn't mean it, Alex.  
He's got low self-esteem.  
He had acne as a child.  
You cunts!  
There is not much in here.  
we've been doing take- out lately.  
That's okay.  
Is there a store nearby?  
- Why don't you join us  
- No...  
Seriously, Alex. You don't  
have to be polite with me.  
Polite isn't my thing.  
I'm sure Sam told you that.  
I wasn't being polite.  
I should just get some air.  
Air is good..  
Always better than  
a cocktail at this hour.  
I'll let you listen to  
the record some time if you want.  
Sure.  
I'd like to,  
I'd like that. Thanks.  
You'll be helping us out.  
It's like a psychic sauna...  
...in there at this point.  
We're wasted.  
Well, I'd love to listen but  
I don't think I'll be much of help.  
I don't really know anything  
about popular music.  
You sure do.  
Anyone with instinct knows about  
popular music. That's why it's popular.  
You strike me as someone  
with strong instinct.  
I guess so.  
But you know when you're repulsed  
or when you're turned on, right?  
I suppose so,

in general, I guess.  
That's all that it is. Either  
it pulls you in, or it leaves you cold.  
So you want some?  
It's great for the colon.  
No, thanks.  
They're definitely taking it?  
Okay. Thank you.  
Hi. I'm calling about the apartment.  
Okay. Alright, thanks.  
Everything alright?  
Yes.  
- What did you get?  
- Food.  
That's good timing,  
I'm famished. Get on.  
No, I'm fine.  
I need the exercise.  
You'll have a heart attack dragging  
that load up the mountain.  
No, I'm fine. Really.  
Jane asked me to get you,  
sweetheart. Get on.  
I promise I won't tell your parents.  
You really didn't have  
to get me, you know. I'm fine.  
Hold on to me.  
Tighter.  
- Where are you staying now?  
- Up in Laurel Canyon.  
It's just that the house that we're in  
was supposed to be empty, but...  
my mother is producing  
a record there.  
She went down  
because she left her boyfriend  
and she gave him  
her beach house.  
because...  
Anyway, it's convoluting  
and never interesting.  
No, it's definitely interesting.  
Really it's more a logistics  
issue at the moment.

That was you in the car, right?

Yes. You almost killed me.

- Yes... I'm sorry.

- You should be.

It's unbelievable. Every call I made,  
someone has was just having it.

It's fine, I'll stay here honey.

I don't mind.

But she's anywhere,

I mean, she...

she has no bounds

and you need your privacy.

She's not in my way.

I'm working in private,

- it's not a problem.

- What about the noise?

They're very respectful  
when the door is closed.

- And when it is not?

- Well, then it's open.

- Can you hear them?

- No, not really.

"Nor really"? That

was a "yes", right?

No, that means "No, not really".

What are you doing?

I'm just trying...

...to work it on.

Just trying on.

- You are?

- Yeah.

- Okay. Can she pick you up tomorrow?

- Yes, she said she could.

- Okay. Then, I'll start looking.

- Good. That'll be good.

We should look in the Valley.

It's cheaper and quieter.

North Hollywood or something.

Hey, Mickey is here with us.

They are all here.

I'm not talking about work.

I have a band with me.

You don't need to go out.

We made tofu steaks.

- Oh, sorry we missed that.  
- What have you got there?  
Pizza.  
Do you want some?  
Delicious. Real meat.  
- Whose girl is that?  
- She's Rowan's baby. China.  
Come here, you little brat.  
Are you cold?  
Meet my friend Alex.  
Say hello.  
- Wanna go with your dad?  
- Yeah.  
The dancer dad.  
- I guess you two drink?  
- Sure.  
Hi. Is Sam there?  
- Sugar?  
- Please... Thank you.  
I'm really sorry I woke you up.  
I'm usually up before 6:00.  
I overslept.  
Good morning. Sorry.  
- Shall we go?  
- Alex made coffee.  
- Do we have time?  
- I think so. I drive fast.  
Thanks for picking him up.  
I wasn't expecting  
to be apartment hunting.  
- I mean, we weren't.  
- It is not a problem.  
I'm happy to.  
It's right on my way.  
- That's convenient. Where do you live?  
- In the Valley.  
North Hollywood.  
- Why can't you stay up here?  
- It's a little tight with everyone.  
That's too bad.  
It's really nice.  
I'd sacrifice space  
to be up here any day.  
- Are you a resident?

- Second year.
- What do you do?
- I'm writing my dissertation.
- What on?
- Drosophila genomics.

She's an MD as well.

- Wow! That's very impressive.
- Not really.
- It impresses me.
- Thank you.

You must have a lot of patience.

I don't know, I couldn't imagine analyzing data all day,

It seems so...

...tedious.

It's not meaningless at all.

I didn't say meaningless. Did I?

My English is terrible, I'm sorry.

I said tedious, I think.

Well, same difference.

But I didn't mean that. I meant...

I don't know the word...

Serious. That's all.

It's fine, sorry. I didn't mean to...

No, I'm sorry, really.

I didn't mean the "assault"...

insult. We should probably go.

Well, it was nice meeting you.

- You too.

- Bye.

- Your girlfriend seems nice.

- Yeah.

She was tired.

She is usually more...

She is usually different.

A double degree.

She must love school.

Yeah. She got through fast.

She's really smart.

Yeah, she must be.

- And ambitious.

- Oh yeah.

Top in our class actually.

- Really?



- Yes.

How can you compete with that?

Amphetamines.

"Ecstasy", generic, ice...

We're not sure what he took.

The vital signs still haven't stabilized,

I'll be around.

Page if you have any questions.

- Do you want to start?

- No, he's yours.

- How you doing... Wyatt?

- I'm fucked up, okay?

I got these Nazis in a parking

waiting to bang me,

- and I am trapped in here!

- Okay.

How old are you?

Eighteen.

- Do you have any family around?

- No, don't I have any family around!

Leave my family out of here

you paranoid Nazi,

freakin' up in a white coat!

- Leave my family out of here.

- Get me a 511, fast...

Wyatt, sits down.

Sit down.

What the hell is a 511?

What the hell is that?

Is that a fucking code?

Is that a prison code?

Is that a prison code?

Don't take me out!

Please, God!

Don't take me out!

Please, don't!

- Please don't take me out.

- It's alright.

I'm feeling a horse at the gallop.

The tempo's shit.

- Am I right?

- Yeah, it's shit.

No, no... Let's go into it.

It's gonna have texture,

you know like... like ooze.  
sonic ooze.  
Alright. Sonic ooze...  
Okay baby, how about a horn insertion?  
Perhaps "Tijuana Brass",  
maybe. I heard Herb's in town...  
No, let's not go patronising.  
That's not patronising.  
I was accommodating.  
I was accommodating you.  
Cause I'm a better  
judge than you think.  
Sweet. That's it,  
That's the direction.  
I've overplayed it.  
No, it's not the bass. It's  
how much you get straight on the beat.  
- It should be faster.  
- No, I know what she's doing. Sultry  
She's going for romantic.  
Is it that what  
you're going for, Jane?  
A love song?  
Come on!  
Let him go!  
Those are mine.  
- What are?  
- Your tits.  
You're such a prude.  
Hello.  
Hi.  
- Am I interrupting?  
- Absolutely not.  
It is an unexpected pleasure.  
We were just discussing romance.  
Come on in.  
Sit down, come on.  
- I'll see you tomorrow.  
- Yeah.  
Have a good night.  
I really start to love this.  
But it's dated, you know?  
It's not dated, we just wrote it.  
It doesn't even have a date on it yet.

- Why are you so contrary?
- Cause you wouldn't respect me otherwise.
- Do you think so?
- Babe, I Know so.

I love a man who speaks his mind.

Even when it's bullshit.

Hey stranger.

Hey you.

What time did you

come to bed last night?

I tried to wake up you.

- But you didn't move.

- I didn't feel anything.

How did it go yesterday?

With the apartments.

Good.

What's established?

I saw some a few things.

Most of them are pretty disgusting.

I think it's gonna take some time.

I'm sure that there was something perfect in here, just ready to rent.

- So, how was work yesterday?

- Strange.

I had to deal with a 16 year-old bastard having an ecstasy-induced psychotic episode, and he thought I was Nazi.

Ironic.

- And upsetting.

- Yes, he was pretty upset.

This one looks good.

- Which one?

- This house.

In the Valley, on Greenleaf.

Right there.

- Were you in the studio for a long time?

- Nor not too long.

- Just taking a break?

- Yes.

Did you get much work done?

I think I'm pretty close to finishing.

No, on your dissertation.

Yes. It's going very well.

- Did you enjoy yourself?

- Where?

In the studio.

Yes, I did, actually.

It was stimulating.

Gee.

I don't know how you two  
just think of getting up so early.

It'd totally burn me out.

- Hello.

- Hi.

You're right on time.

He's friendly, he's a pussycat.

You see that? He likes you already.

Come on in, I'll show you the house.

I want you to take the gown  
out of your bag, Gloria, and put it on..

This isn't appropriate for public.

You don't understand the naked.

Naked is intimacy.

I am here with you.

There is no shame.

There is no separation.

And...

... I am not ill.

Yes, you are ill Gloria.

And I have no need for a green synthetic  
nighty used to conceal the essence  
of my simple skin  
and my aching soul.

in the barren desert that is this land.

I'm moving in with my son  
in Costa Mesa.

He thinks I'm lonely.

The truth is, he's lonely.

Sweet kid, he just  
can't seem to connect.

Me and my wife lived here 40 years.

It's lovely.

Really. It's really lovely.

You seem like a very nice person.

I Hope you take the place.

I don't know about trust.

Maybe she just needed a nap or something.

Believe me, she's been

belligerent with everybody else.

I dealt with her last year.

I just listened to her, really.

Well, listening

is better than medicating,

no matter what they tell you.

Can I tell you something?

Sure.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Hi, how are you?

- Fine thanks you?

- Fine thanks.

Did I leave you enough room?

Yes.

See you in the morning.

Another day at the office.

- All right?

- Hey. How you doing?

- Good. You?

- Okay.

Hey! Come on in the water.

It's delicious.

Maybe later. Thanks.

You're always welcome.

In fact more than welcome.

Obviously you're welcome.

It's your house.

I'm sorry.

It's not your fault.

Someone else got there first.

The house was gone.

It won't be the worst thing

to stay here a little longer.

It's comfortable.

Well, depends on

your definition of comfort.

I mean I'm hardly even here,

it's not for me. It's for you.

Is it?

- Can you give me some lemonade?

- I'll see at the some around.

- How did you sleep?

- I don't know.

Whatever you gave me,  
it took me down.  
I felt full drugged.  
You were drugged.  
- I don't like downers.  
- No, you weren't liking the uppers either.  
I told you not to call my house.  
Look, I have to contact your family  
while you're underage. It's the law.  
My mom is gonna kick my ass.  
I mean, she's freaking now, but she's gonna  
torch my ass when I get out of here.  
Why are things so wrong  
with your mom?  
I don't know.  
You seem like you do.  
She doesn't get me, alright?  
She's in my face over my grades,  
my hair, my friends, tattoos...  
All that sort of shit, you know.  
I can do nothing right.  
So why should I care?  
- Fuck!  
- What?  
- I missed a punch, fucked up.  
- Mickey, sweetheart.  
Could you just keep that  
to yourself next time,  
...let him play through?  
Let me talk to him.  
Sorry, that's not quite there  
but that's the direction.  
So it's okay?  
We'll finesse it in the mix.  
We'll make it work.  
What do you think?  
- Truthfully?  
- No, lie to me.  
Yeah, truthfully.  
I'm not feeling it.  
Not feeling it?  
I'm sorry.  
No, it's okay, don't apologize.  
Just tell me what you mean.

I don't know what  
I mean exactly. I just...  
I mean I...  
I guess it's just not pulling me in.  
or it feels like its not pulling them in...  
...exactly...  
...or enough.  
I don't know...  
They I don't seem... inspired.  
Inspired...  
Progress report.  
Excuse me?  
"Progress report"?  
no "hello, How are you?"  
Jesus, Claudia.  
you're really warming me up.  
What?  
I love capitalism as much  
as the next guy, Claudia,  
but this is off the tracks.  
Your commerce has so fired my ass  
I can't even sit up straight.  
Listen Jane. The age of the queer is never  
happening okay? Get real, this is commerce.  
Honestly Claudia,  
do good to your own soul.  
Pushing for Christmas radio play  
will never maintain anything  
but a lot of shit  
wrapped in paper. I promise.  
I don't know what happened,  
Jane, you know?  
We used to be on the same pitch.  
I don't know what happened either Claudia.  
I guess you started exercising.  
I gotta go.  
Bitch.  
Cunt.  
Can we just say how  
lovely Jane looks today?  
Can we just have  
a moment of appreciation  
for our sweet, lovely Jane?  
Get the fuck out of my chair.

I had a math teacher  
in high school  
who was sort of my mentor.  
You know, I was one of those Science geeks,  
my mother wasn't really around, so...  
he took me under his wing and,  
and he convinced me  
that I should be a doctor.  
which seemed  
the right idea at the time.  
- I guess I needed to prove myself.  
- To who?  
Who were you trying  
to prove yourself to?  
I don't know...  
My math teacher.  
Your math teacher?  
You went through Harvard  
Medical school for your math teacher?  
No, I guess I was trying  
to prove myself to myself.  
You know, I needed to prove  
that I wasn't a loser.  
A loser? Why would  
you think you were a loser?  
I was around a lot  
of losers growing up.  
Not the worthless type  
of loser, or bad person...  
just lost,  
people of loose hands.  
I didn't want to be that.  
I wanted to be anything but that.  
You're everything but that.  
I set up a meeting with his mom.  
It's not protocol,  
but I think it will help.  
Is he still violent?  
No, he was never violent.  
I thought you had to restrain him.  
No, I sedated him.  
- Oh, I thought he was psychotic.  
- Huh? No...  
He had a psychotic episode.



He ODed on a methamphetamines group.  
He's not psychotic in general.  
When did you start reading  
the "Spin" magazine?  
I am not to reading it.  
- Are you just looking at it?  
- I'm skimming it.  
Is it helping?  
Yes, it is informative.  
- how a spelling book?  
- Yes, something like that.  
Getting the basics.  
a light survey  
of popular culture.  
- Are you teasing me?  
- Yeah  
Should I read the "Journal of Medicine"  
or the "Harvard Review"?  
Would that be more appropriate?  
- Or something more scholarly?  
- Oh come on, Al.  
I was teasing.  
I could have harassed you  
about that porno magazines  
but I didn't even bring it up.  
Come on, I don't care  
about the porno magazines.  
- I just didn't know you liked jugs.  
- Oh God.  
- Sorry I don't have enormous breasts.  
- Please stop it.  
Your breasts are fine.  
Your breasts are perfect.  
Really.  
Yes but who has had 72 lovers?  
Where did you come up  
with that number?  
I am guessing,  
from what you said.  
I am 16 years older than you.  
It's a lifetime of fucking.  
And I'm not apologising.  
My past isn't about you.  
- That is cold...

- No, it's not, it's clear.  
Will you keep me in my place?  
I don't want to keep you anywhere.  
You're free to move around.  
But I'm not moving,  
for your information.  
You can keep working  
in tough clothing, Jane,  
but I know you're  
madly in love with me.  
That's irrelevant.  
Okay. I'm tired baby, you know.  
- You're up early.  
- I know, I'm not happy about it.  
Do you need some Valium?  
I don't want to get  
back in that shit again.  
Yeah, that wouldn't be good.  
Try swimming. Helps.  
- So, how are you? How's work going?  
- Good.  
- Just not sleeping enough myself.  
- I am sure.  
- Hospital's been busy.  
- Lots of psychos, huh?  
No, just a lot of...  
...pain souls.  
Listen, I appreciate  
your interest in Alex.  
I meant to tell you that.  
I really like Alex, I like  
her a lot. She is smart.  
I know I was a little protective of her  
when we first got here,  
I just wasn't sure how  
she was gonna deal with...  
...your scene.  
I think she's dealing  
just fine with my scene.  
I think she likes it.  
I mean, obviously...  
She's getting stunned with you  
and she's reading "Spin".  
I don't read "Spin".

I've never read "Spin".  
Look, she found her own way into  
the studio. That had nothing to do with me.  
Yes, it's always  
like that with you, isn't it?  
They always just happen  
and find their way and...  
What's that supposed to mean?  
It means you're charming. That's all.  
Someone's looking out for you.  
And there ain't who's looking  
out for you? I'm sorry, come on!  
Your life is pretty good  
from my prospective.  
- Well, I worked for what I have.  
- And I haven't?  
You're so stuck on the negative.  
- I'm not stuck on the negative.  
- Yes you are.  
It's like you've completely blocked  
out all the fun we used to have.  
I've not blocked it out.  
It's all filed.  
Hey, what about  
the trip to Vera Cruz?  
Yeah. When Ronny went to jail?  
No, before that.  
When we were on his boat.  
In the storm? That was fun?  
- That sucked!  
- No it didn't, it was exciting.  
and even you thought  
it was exciting at the time.  
I wasn't excited.  
I was hysterical!  
There's a huge difference  
between hysteria and excitement.  
Are we ever gonna  
have a relationship?  
We're having a relationship.  
Here we are...  
...having it.  
Look, Ian has got  
a room at the Chateau.

We could stay there for a while  
and you'll have the place to yourself.  
No, I think you should stay.  
Alex's still looking for an apartment  
and we need something  
permanent anyway.  
So just stay.  
Why don't you ask her?  
Maybe she wants to be alone.  
I'm sure Alex wants you to stay.  
I mean she can't stay  
away from you as it is.  
He's gonna give her a frontal lo.  
No, he will give her Thorazine  
and then lock her up.  
I think she wants to be locked up.  
Exactly.  
...make your analysis  
with three general patterns  
of emotional response.  
Rage  
it is the response  
to the primary stimulus  
of thwarting.  
- Should I be embarrassed for us?  
- I am.  
You're gonna have another?  
I should probably go.  
Come on, Golan.  
How often do you get the night  
and the morning off?  
- I'd stay for another.  
- Okay.  
...is the emotional response to love  
and usually the result of  
a show of affection.  
Tom, can I use your phone?  
Yes, that's in there.  
- We'll do very well together.  
- Absolutely.  
For a while.  
Cannot you get  
past your cynicism?  
I've just broke up

with somebody, baby.  
I thought you forgot all about it yet.  
- Hello?  
- Al?  
- Who are you with?  
- Just some of the resident.  
I'd like to leave, but...  
...Sara's driving and  
I don't want to be rude.  
Do you want to come down?  
No, I'll see you  
when you get home.  
Alright.  
You're ageist.  
- That's what it is.  
- Oh, please...  
Then what are you afraid of?  
Breaking your heart.  
Running your ass  
to the ground, buddy.  
Why do you want to ruin it  
with this domesticity?  
Because...  
...I've never met a braver woman.  
I'm deeply, deeply attached to you.  
Looks like we've got company.  
How you doing, Alex?  
- Okay, I think.  
- Are you getting some work done?  
No, not tonight.  
- Where's Sam?  
- Out.  
- Without you?  
- Well, I didn't want to go.  
So pour yourself a drink.  
Spend some time with us.  
Yes, go get a drink  
and come back out.  
- Are you sure?  
- She's sure, I'm positive.  
Oh, I will have another whiskey sour  
while you're at the bar.  
So will Jane.  
Cheers.

Tasty, huh?

It's a good combination.

You made it perfectly,  
you could be a bartender.

- Want to come in?

- No, that's okay.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, I'm okay.

Oh, you've just  
washed your hair...

- No, I haven't.

- So?

So, I just don't want to get wet.

Really?

- You seem like you do.

- Cut it out.

What? She wants to swim,  
she's afraid to get wet.

I am not afraid.

You wanna have it!

Shit!

- I can't believe you!

- See what I have to put up with?

- It's not so bad, is it?

- That's freezing!

That's because

your clothes are wet, silly.

You really are a jackass, God!

No name calling now.

We're all adults here.

- That's better ain't it?

- That's definitely warmer.

I'd rather be in here

than out there in that cold world.

You're so polite, Alex.

It's okay to leave the ivory tower  
and live a little.

Yes, I can drive.

- Are you sure you're not drunk?

- I am not. I drank less than you.

No, you did not.

Do you want to kill me again?

I didn't kill you

the first time, did I?

Goddamit, you're flustering me.

Turn it to the right.

- I know how to open a door.

- Apparently you don't.

- Didn't break up the lock?

- You should let me drive.

Get in.

Sara...

Yes.

I think we should

take the higher road.

And what would that be?

Sublimation.

Is that okay?

It's intellectual.

- I know.

- And not very honest.

And neither satisfactory.

Satisfying.

I think you know what I mean.

Al?

You up?

- You up?

- I am now.

Can we talk?

- Are you okay?

- Yeah.

I'm just...

...wondering about something.

Okay.

Why does your father

hate psychiatrists?

He doesn't hate psychiatrists.

Okay. So...

- Why does he hate me?

- He doesn't hate you.

What are you talking about?

He thinks you're great.

Why are you so concerned about  
what my father thinks suddenly?

He's a puritan.

He quotes Proust and wears tweed.

He doesn't know anything about us.

Do you think that we should

have got married before?  
Before when?  
Before coming out here?  
He runs along with low-class people,  
spends all my money on drugs  
and ends up in a mental hospital!  
I'm so close to letting go on him.  
I might give up my rope here.  
I think that what's going on  
with Wyatt is complicated.  
and I don't think that your anger  
is helping him with his problems.  
My anger?  
I'm not angry. I am furious!  
Because it's all about me, see?  
It's all about me.  
I won't tolerate this disgusting,  
degenerate behaviour,  
and the disrespect for me  
and my values, and what I stand for!  
he/she hears, Mrs. Jones.  
Give your values a rest for a second.  
Your kid's in trouble.  
May your shade be sweet  
and float upon the lakes  
May your shade be sweet...  
Jesus, Claudia.  
Gimme a fucking break!  
No, my relationship with Ian  
has nothing to do with this.  
It's none of your business anyway.  
No, it is not slowing anything down.  
These conversations  
are slowing us down.  
I can't believe I'm hassled into this.  
That was totally patronizing.  
Claudia? It's Ian McKnight.  
Lovely, thanks. Listen...  
I don't know why you're so  
fascinated with our sex life,  
but for the record,  
Jane's an amazing shag.  
We're more to the point...  
We're just about done with your "single",



and I'm sure you'll be orgasmic  
when you hear it.

so let's give the telephone  
a little rest, shall we?

- Cheers.

- Great.

You're a fucking diplomat.

This is it. It's going to hell.

Fuck her.

Who the fuck cares?

We'll take it somewhere else.

Okay. You hire a lawyer.

- That's all I wanna finish.

- What, with the lawsuit?

No, with that song.

- Which song?

- The song I've just played to you.

- It's a ballad.

- So what?

- Do you want me to hand them a ballad?

- That's right.

You're kidding, right?

Tell me you're fucking kidding.

I'm not fucking kidding.

Alex was right.

Alex was right...

The other song  
doesn't pull you in.

It pulled me.

Pulled me right across the room.

I am serious.

- Is it about Alex?

- No.

Alex knows nothing about this,  
She's into flies and domination.

Determinism.

- Ian?

- Jane?

Do you like it?

- Jane?

- What?

- Did you?

- Yeah.

I said I did.

Well alright then.  
Let's just finish  
the record, darling.  
I can't stand to watch Claudia  
wind you off any longer.  
It's starting making me jealous.  
I could look in your face  
for a thousand years  
It's like a civil war  
of pain and of cheer  
But if you were a horse  
I could help you with your chains  
I could ride you through the fields  
by your fiery mane  
May your shade be sweet  
And float upon the lakes  
where the sun will be  
made of honey  
I cried diamonds while you burnt  
cause no one here can save you  
Oh sorry. Excuse me.  
Hello, Sam? Hold on one second.  
Where?  
No, I can't hear you.  
There are a lot of people there?  
Yeah, I guess like  
fifteen, twenty or so.  
Shrimp Cocktail  
and something else.  
No, I don't see any crab cakes...  
- Do you want to come up?  
- No I'd probably quit.  
No, stay.  
Yes, I am sure.  
Okay, I will.  
I promise.  
- Were you trailing me?  
- Maybe.  
Why didn't you catch up to me?  
Sara?  
I was sublimating you.  
You should not be in a band.  
You might work in a bank.  
I'm not usually

so aggressive.  
I don't believe that.  
I am not.  
I just...  
...I don't really know you.  
I just feel connected to you. I feel...  
I feel safe with you,  
like it's okay to be honest.  
It's just one of those things.  
I'm just attracted to you.  
And it's not just because  
I think you're incredibly sexy.  
I think that you're  
incredibly attractive too, Sara.  
You do?  
Yes, I think about you.  
Trust me.  
A lot.  
How do you think about me?  
- How?  
- Yeah.  
Do you think about  
having sex with me?  
Yes.  
How?  
How do I think about  
having sex with you?  
Do you think about me  
going down on you?  
Yes.  
- That's part of that.  
- Me too.  
I think about how you taste.  
I'm sure you taste sweeter.  
- Do you resist me?  
- No.  
- Do you give yourself over?  
- Yes.  
- Completely?  
- Completely.  
That gets me on.  
You're easy.  
No, with you I am.  
So, do I get to...

...do I get to work  
on you for a while or...  
...or do we just fall asleep?  
You can work on me  
all night long.  
I mean, you're with someone.  
Why would I let myself  
fall in love with you?  
Oh, I'm like... just  
an object to you? Just like  
a piece of ass?  
- Just looking to get laid?  
- Yeah right.  
God... you're like a girl.  
Thanks. That's really flattering.  
It is. Maybe that's why I like you.  
You're having a sexuality crisis?  
No.  
I am not having any kind of crisis.  
You're lucky, do you know that?  
I don't know that.  
Why am I lucky?  
You can control your heart.  
- Thanks for coming, Darla.  
- Good night. Thank you.  
- Sounds amazing.  
- Thanks.  
- I'll get the rest by this week.  
- Yeah, no problem.  
Good-bye.  
Hello? Yeah, it's Ian,  
in the penthouse.  
We need another bottle  
of Chateau Marmont.  
Sorry... Dom Perignon.  
Cheers. Thank you.  
I heard it's more comfortable inside.  
I think it's one  
of the best records I've done.  
I know it's the best  
records you've done too.  
I didn't say "the best".  
- She said "the best", didn't she?  
- I think she said "the last".

You see?  
You save the best for last.  
I know it's not the last.  
Don't go.  
- You should get some sleep.  
- We never sleep.  
Why have you got  
your clothes on?  
What are you talking about?  
You look so much better  
with them off.  
Come on.  
We have been  
entertaining you for a while.  
So why don't entertain us?  
What do you want me to do?  
Finish it.  
Look... you give her an inch  
and she takes a mile.  
I think we should stop.  
Babe...  
Come on... not now.  
Sorry.  
No, you're right.  
I didn't...  
Sorry.  
Can I talk to you for a second?  
You should be with her if you wanted.  
I don't want to be with her.  
I want to be with you.  
- I want you to be with her.  
- I can't be with her.  
- Why not?  
- She's Sam's girlfriend.  
So what? They are about to break up.  
I mean, it's obvious.  
She's throwing herself to us.  
I don't know if she's throwing  
herself, but I can't do it.  
Look... I've done the worst shit in my life and  
I'm glad I have, because I've enjoyed 99% of it,  
but I'm not gonna screw my son's girlfriend,  
I'm not gonna lay there  
and watch you do it either.

Who's gonna know?  
I'll know.  
Why it took you so long?  
Sorry.  
I was squashing the grapes.  
It's back here.  
- Is everything alright?  
- Yeah.  
Sort of.  
Put it there.  
No worries.  
Is this the party?  
What are you doing here?  
You're a sick pig, you know?  
Look, nothing...  
You're a fucking greedy punk.  
Okay mate. Slow down.  
- Who the fuck do you think you are?  
- Sam, stop it!  
Stop it!  
Jesus Christ, Sam! Stop it!  
What are you doing?  
What am I doing?  
What the fuck were you doing?  
Are you alright,  
darling? Oh, shit!  
It is not what you think it is.  
- You're so lost your shit!  
- It's not her fault! It is my fault!  
No, it is my fault.  
Well, that's not my fucking fault!  
You're not getting  
away with this.  
- I'll get away!  
- Shutting me up!  
For Christ's sake! You're gonna  
reduce it, tonight? Get some therapy,  
Finally, please, get some help!  
- You should get some therapy!  
- I'm not the one who needs it!  
- That is exactly your problem!  
- My problem?  
You're unbelievable!  
This is why I'll never come back here again.

There is always something  
out of control with you,  
You're like a 2 year-old,  
like a fucking mismatch!  
How did you get to be so rigid?  
At least I'm living in reality.  
- At least I have some dignity!  
- Dignity?  
- Jesus! Why you are so afraid?  
- What are you talking about? You're insane!  
Jane? I'm sorry. Can I  
ask you to step outside?  
Fuck you, Phillip.  
- I'm sorry. Can I get you some ice?  
- Yes!  
I know, I know...  
It was my fault.  
It just happened.  
Things like these don't just happen!  
You've just got out of the bed with her!  
- I didn't sleep with her. I just kissed her.  
- I don't want to hear the details!  
I don't know what happened.  
I got caught up.  
I got confused.  
Confused?  
Psychotic is more like it!  
I didn't think.  
I didn't think...  
- I had never learned...  
- Learned what?  
- This.  
- This? What is "this"?  
How to fuck up!  
Oh you've fucking  
mastered it out of the gate!  
It didn't mean anything to me!  
I don't want them!  
I don't feel anything for them.  
I don't want them.  
I don't want either of them.  
I Want you!  
I want to be with you,  
you fucking asshole!

You fucking stupid fucking asshole!  
Stupid asshole? I'm fucking  
keeping this together!  
I'm trying to keep this together.  
I Wanna make it right!  
- How you doing? Right?  
- Yeah, okay.  
I wanted to apologise.  
No, we finished with  
that sorry business already.  
I'm sorry for getting you  
into this situation.  
You didn't get me into anything.  
I got myself into whatever I got into.  
I was just curious about you.  
And I about you.  
You're the least likely person  
in the world for me.  
- Are you insulting me now?  
- No.  
No, not at all.  
Oh, a compliment...  
I think you helped me.  
Okay, positivity.  
You helped...  
...opening me up.  
I would have opened you up  
further if I'd had it my way.  
- That's disgusting.  
- No, not really. It's honest.  
- You should look in your manners.  
- I know.  
I am trying...  
Believe me.  
I want to tell you something.  
Alright.  
It doesn't matter  
who's right or wrong.  
I made mistakes.  
A lot of them, I know that.  
I deal with them every day.  
But I think the hardest thing I'll live with  
really, is knowing how much I disappointed you.  
I haven't been



a very good parent.  
I know that.  
I fucked up.  
But I've always loved you.  
You're my baby. man.  
Yeah... I see he's pooling...  
You've got a lovely accent, Sara.  
Very compelling.  
Where are you from?  
What a coincidence.  
I'm eating a "bagel" right now.  
I know.  
It's Sara, from Israel, for you.  
Hi.  
I just wanted to make sure  
you're okay.  
I'm just taking  
a mental health bath.  
Oh. How is your mental health?  
Haven't quite gotten on mine yet.  
I'm still dealing  
with everyone else's.  
It is not true  
the thing you said last night.  
The thing I said last night?  
The thing about my heart.  
It's not true at all.  
I can't control my heart.  
I mean...  
...I wouldn't want to, even if I could.  
Sara?  
- Can I call you right back?  
- Yeah.