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# Love Sick Love

By Ryan Oxford

There are so many things in  
life that I have control over.  
What music I listen to.  
How fast I drive.  
What dress I wear.  
I can walk down the street and  
control who I choose to look at,  
who I find attractive,  
or who I talk to.  
But what can't  
be controlled is love.  
Who I fall in love with,  
who falls in love with me...  
Or if anyone falls  
in love with me.  
Every person that I pass on  
the street could be the one,  
the one that will  
sweep me off my feet.  
And every person that passes  
takes with them a  
missed opportunity,  
and the happiness  
that only love brings.  
The only true happiness  
is found in something  
that I can't control.  
Love.  
The irony kind  
of pisses me off.  
Not bad.  
Not great...  
But not bad.  
That's better.  
However, that all changed when  
I met the man of my dreams..  
Norman.  
It's simply not possible,  
There's not a commercial  
space in this city  
that's over twenty years  
old that doesn't have  
some sort of code violation.  
Tell the inspector

we'll pay cash.  
That's called bribery.  
Is that a felony or just  
a simple misdemeanor?  
Every code in the  
city is cash driven!  
Tell him to put it in  
escrow or we're moving on.  
Mr. Molino has made it  
perfectly clear he's not in love  
with the asking until he gets  
an independent inspection.  
He wants to shave  
thirty percent off.  
Tell him we'll cut him in  
on the Ross-Feinman deal  
and then we'll see  
what he has to say  
about the codes.  
How are you in on Ross-Feinman?  
Wants to know what time you're  
picking her up for dinner.  
And don't say you forgot.  
I confirmed your reservations  
with you yesterday.  
I didn't forget about Dori,  
I forgot about Cara.  
I'm supposed to go  
to some bullshit art opening  
with her tonight.  
Cara's still in the picture?  
Yeah. It's complicated.  
Can you tell Dori,  
I'm in a meeting-  
That only works so many times.  
And how many times  
have I used it?  
'So many. ' She's on line three.  
I'm sorry about this gentlemen.  
I've got to take this call.  
Hello?  
Are you ready for tonight?  
Dori. Hi.  
Uh, oh. Something's amiss.

I can tell by your voice.  
There's nothing going on.  
You're flaking on me again.  
No, no, no... Of course not.  
Well, yeah. I sort of am.  
There's a big deal  
closing and I'm not sure  
what time  
I'm getting outta here.  
How about we just  
do a mellow dinner?  
Get take out.  
And if you need to  
take a call, then fine,  
you need to take a call.  
It'd be nice to  
see you, that's all.  
I really want to see you too.  
Really?  
Of course.  
Of course.  
Listen, I have to go.  
Tell you what.  
I officially owe you one.  
I'll call you in a few days  
and we can get  
together then, alright?  
Okay.  
Okay. See you soon.  
It's a little dicey around  
four-thirty, you know?  
You figure out  
the whole Dori thing?  
What? What?  
How long have you  
been with her?  
Two months?  
First of all,  
I am not with anyone.  
However, Dori and  
I have been passing time  
for the last four weeks.  
Oh that's nice.  
And how long have you been

'passing time' with Cara?  
Cara and I broke up eons ago.  
Oh, right, I forgot.  
You're just screwing Cara to  
her to help her get over you?  
Why are you busting my balls?  
Norman...  
You have to start  
thinking like a big boy.  
Look... Dori's happy.  
Cara's happy. I'm happy.  
You're the only one  
that's not happy.  
Come on...  
Feel 'the happy', man.  
I'm just saying...  
Dori, hi.  
Another complication.  
I'm sorry for bugging you.  
I was just thinking that maybe,  
after your deal closes,  
that you might want to-  
if you're not too tired,  
maybe you'd want to come over  
and celebrate?  
I'll wear that little red  
thing that you like so much.  
I think I may have  
tweaked my hip flexor.  
Well, I'll just have  
to be on top next time.  
Finding you has been...  
such a relief.  
Too much wine.  
What is it that you always say?  
The more drunk I get the  
better looking you get?  
That's it.  
I certainly don't  
need to be drunk.  
You could use a  
couple of shots though.  
Come on, Dori.  
Don't sell yourself short.

You're beautiful.  
Do you really mean that?  
Of course.  
Look into my eyes and  
tell me I'm beautiful.  
You guys are both beautiful.  
What am I going to do with you?  
Let's go away up north.  
Just you and me.  
My Grandpa Ed has a place  
in the mountains.  
He never uses it.  
I wish I could, but I can't.  
Oh... Come on. It'll be fun.  
It's in the middle of nowhere.  
It'll be a great escape  
from all the hustle and bustle.  
I'd never be able  
to take the time off work.  
You own the company.  
You can take all  
the time off you want.  
It sounds really good.  
But I have two deals  
closing this weekend.  
Maybe I didn't  
make myself clear.  
I'm asking you nicely.  
Would you please come  
away up North with me?  
Maybe we should take a  
little time to think about this?  
Please?  
Please, please, pretty please?  
With Dori on top?  
Wow!  
Please?  
Romeo?  
You know you can't go  
away for a week with her.  
It's not a week.  
It's a long weekend.  
You really drink that stuff?  
You can't really be this naive.

What?

Dori thinks

she's your girlfriend.

I guarantee that she's  
telling all her gal pals  
about how her great new  
boyfriend is so special  
and she maybe

has found Mr. Right.

Dori's not like that.

She's well travelled.

International.

I've never said

anything to indicate that  
this relationship is serious.

You said you'd

go away with her.

That's saying it.

Seriously? There is a  
coffee maker over there.

We don't have soy.

Look. Some people  
like to lease cars  
and some people  
like to buy them.

And my lease with Dori  
is up in a few weeks.

I wash my hands  
clean of all this.

Oh shit, I forgot to call Cara.

Are those really real?

So now do you think I should  
give up like you did?

I didn't think so.

Hey... I'm a  
happily married man.

Really?

Are you really happily married?

Because I have never met  
a happily married couple.

My folks being at  
the top of that list.

Cara!

Hi!

You did?  
That is so funny.  
You're wrong.  
About the coffee.  
God I just love this song.  
It's so romantic.  
Don't you think?  
My heart is floating.  
I'm surprised such  
an expensive car  
doesn't have one of  
these things built into it.  
It's not a car. It's a Porsche.  
That is so typical of a man.  
What is?  
Drooling over a car.  
Sorry. Sorry.  
- A Porsche.  
- Thank you.  
I'm reading this book  
called 'The Twelve Steps  
to a Happy New Year. '  
Of course you are.  
What?  
He's a really smart guy.  
Dr. Fisher says that 'Men  
have a more difficult time  
expressing their emotions  
than women do. '  
You mean we don't  
cry all the time.  
I can try and make  
you cry if you want?  
So rather than expressing  
their emotions to a person,  
they'll express them  
to something else.  
A sports team, a stereo...  
A car...  
Something that  
can't respond back.  
So it's a woman's responsibility  
in a relationship  
to show the man how to get



in touch with his emotions.  
Dr. Fisher calls it  
"Guerrilla Training. "  
It's a really good book.  
Okay.  
Norman, relax.  
You have nothing to  
worry about with me.  
So do you want to listen  
to our song one more time?  
Knock yourself out.  
Come on. Hurry.  
Hey?  
Wait up.  
You gotta see this.  
See what?  
Shh.  
Isn't it beautiful?  
Look at it.  
Yeah.  
When I was little I used to  
imagine that...  
all my fears were  
in the belly of the sun  
and when the sun  
would finally go down,  
my fears would go down with it.  
Do you know what  
I was afraid of?  
No.  
Being alone.  
I love this place.  
I used to come  
here for the summer  
with my Grandpa Ed.  
He has a soft serve ice  
cream machine out in back  
and we would sit  
on the front porch  
and eat ice cream  
cones all day.  
What's your flavor?  
Ohh, I don't know.  
Mint chip, maybe.

You don't look like  
a mint chipper.  
What am I then?  
You're more of a Pralines  
and Cream type person.  
Pralines and Cream...  
I think they're sexy.  
It's not bad.  
Rub your fingers  
through my hair.  
That feels good.  
Do you know what today is?  
Friday.  
Funny.  
It's our anniversary.  
Our anniversary?  
It was two months ago  
today that you hired me.  
And as I recall, just three  
days later that you...  
fired me.  
And fire you I did. Twice.  
You violated some  
federal labor law I think.  
I think I violated  
more than that.  
Two whole months!  
You know, 'The Twelve Steps  
to a Happy New Year'...  
It says that if you can make it  
through all of the holidays  
with someone  
you've found your mate.  
Really?  
Yup.  
And if you can survive  
New Year's Eve  
then that says it all.  
That Dr. Fisher. I tell ya.  
We've only got Groundhog  
Day under our belt.  
President's Day, too, I think.  
That doesn't really  
count, though.

Father's Day is coming up.  
Ooh, it's been a long,  
long day.  
We should hit the-  
It's late. We should?  
How do you feel?  
I feel?  
A little bloated  
from the pasta...  
I'm not really an Alfredo guy.  
No. I mean about me? About us?  
You feel our connection, right?  
You know, it's hard for me  
to think that I'd be here  
if we didn't have  
some sort of connection.  
Yeah. Some feeling,  
somewhere. Right?  
I mean, we have fun together  
and you make me laugh.  
Make you laugh?  
Yeah. You make me laugh.  
Is that so wrong?  
Is that so bad?  
Make you laugh how?  
I dunno. Like 'Hardy har har. '  
Well then laugh it up,  
Mr. Backer! Laugh it up!  
I'll show you who's  
the funny one around here.  
Who's laughing now, huh?  
What's so funny now?  
I'll teach you to mess with me.  
Guerrilla training my ass!  
I am Kong.  
I love you.  
I can't believe  
I just said that.  
But I do. I said it.  
I love you! I love you!  
I love you, Norman.  
You're not going  
to say it back?  
We've had a lot to drink.

Ah come on,  
where are you going?  
I shouldn't have said it!  
I'm such an idiot!  
Listen, you're over reacting.  
It's no big deal  
that you said that.  
No big deal?  
A woman tells you  
that she loves you  
and you say it's "no big deal"?  
Listen, I'm just saying  
I'm alright with you saying it.  
I'm okay that you said it.  
So you're okay that I love you?  
If you're okay with it  
and just having a hard time  
telling me, that's okay.  
I can help you.  
I want you to look deep within  
yourself when I ask you this.  
Okay?  
Do you love me?  
Come on...  
Oh my God! What is my problem?  
Why do I keep doing  
this to myself?  
Why?! You know what?  
Forget what I said  
about loving you.  
Forget it!  
- Where are you going?  
- I'm going to bed!  
Dori, let's not get  
all crazy, alright?  
Your bedroom is upstairs,  
down the hall!  
The sheets are in the wash!  
Happy anniversary, asshole!  
Holy fucking shit.  
Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey.  
Did you sleep okay?  
Yeah, I suppose. Considering.  
Sorry, you won't find any

reception way out here.  
Have a seat.  
Breakfast is almost ready.  
What kind of juice  
do you like? Apple or orange?  
Whichever is fine.  
Orange it is.  
Uh oh... are you still  
upset about last night?  
Yeah. I'd rather  
just forget about it.  
It never happened.  
Oh, we need to talk about it.  
It was our first argument  
and how we handle it  
will set the foundation  
for our relationship.  
It's critical we deal  
with this carefully.  
Now, I think we can  
both agree that alcohol  
played a big roll  
in our actions.  
However, I, for one,  
am not going to use  
that as an excuse.  
Albert! Play nicely with Dolly!  
So, with that said, Norman,  
I am really sorry for  
what happened last night.  
That felt better.  
How about you?  
Dori, what's the  
deal with the kids?  
My eggs! I hope you're hungry.  
I've fixed my world  
famous Denver omelette.  
To be honest,  
it's not really mine.  
It's my Grandpa Ed's...  
It's a secret family recipe.  
Oh, what the hell,  
I can tell you.  
I use Canadian bacon

instead of ham.

Albert!

Stop riling up your sister.

You know she's got asthma!

I find Canadian bacon holds  
its flavor better than ham.

Here. Take a bite.

I'm anxious to see  
what you think.

This is not really  
the weekend I had in mind.

Let's not forget  
our manners, Norman.

Those kids...

They don't have a father.

I figured it would be nice  
to bring them up here  
so they can enjoy the place.

That's very charitable of you,  
but did you have  
to pick this weekend?

- You've got a little something.

- - Jesus, Dori. Listen.

I gave up a lot to be here.

The least you could do is  
tell me we'd be babysitting  
someone's kids.

Hey Mom, when's breakfast?

It's ready. Go wash up.

Aren't they adorable?

Mommy! Albert is playing  
with his food.

Shut up!

Mommy! Albert said a bad word.

"Shut" is not a bad word.

'Shit' is.

Albert, what did I say  
about your language?

Now both of you  
eat your breakfast.

Hi. I'm Albert.

Norman.

Nice to finally meet you.

How are you with percentages?

What?

Do you know your percentages?

I'm doing them  
in school right now.

Yeah, I know my percentages.

Do you know them,  
know them as in 'real world'  
application know them?

Be nice, Albert.

Mom! I've got  
a boatload of homework.  
If this guy's shaky on his  
percentages then I gotta know.

I told you that  
I know my percentages.

What more do you want?

Are you done with  
your Denver omelette?

Sure.

Isn't Dolly a good girl?

The best.

You know, Mom, this isn't  
really a Denver omelets  
because you're not using ham.

I am using ham,  
just not American ham.

I'm using Canadian ham.

Where's Canada?

North.

Like by the North Pole?

Next to Santa Claus?

Yeah, sure. Right up  
next to Old St. Nick.

Oh, thank you for reminding me.

Dude. You're lying.

What are you talking about?

You know what

I'm talking about?

Santa Claus...

What's wrong with Santa Claus?

Norman!

I didn't say anything.

Jesus god?

Why don't you two

go outside and play?  
Can we give Norman  
his surprises first?  
Oh, I suppose we can.  
I'll get the balloon  
and the presents.  
I'm gonna get my special card.  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Valentine's Day, Dori?  
I know, I know.  
A holiday created  
by Madison Avenue.  
But I can't help myself.  
I'm a hopeless romantic.  
Don't worry if you forgot.  
You wanna go give  
Norman his card?  
I made this for you in class.  
And I made this for you with  
the help of American Express.  
I wanna open it!  
No! I wanna open it!  
Careful. Careful.  
Ooo, pretty.  
Look Albert, a sparkly bear!  
It goes right over here.  
And I know what  
you're thinking...  
That it's June.  
But all the men are wearing  
these things too now.  
They're all the rage.  
It's okay. You can go  
outside and play now.  
Finally. This guy is so boring.  
So, what do you think?  
I uh... wow! So many questions.  
What? You don't like the kids?  
So many questions.  
I know you might  
think this is crazy.  
And maybe I went about  
introducing them  
the wrong way, but...



Those are my kids,  
and they are part of me.  
I'm sorry I didn't  
tell you sooner  
but I was just afraid  
of how you'd react.  
Aww, come on. Look at us.  
A young couple, nice house,  
a couple of kids,  
just one thing missing...  
I got you. You should've  
seen your face! Priceless.  
Boy, you are a nut!  
A bona fide nut!  
So you'll stay?  
Dori. You can't expect me  
to get excited about -  
excited...  
The kids go to bed early.  
They do?  
Yes. They do.  
How early?  
Real early.  
Real early?  
Real, real, real early.  
Dori?  
Yes?  
How did the kids get here?  
So this is Grandpa Ed  
and Grandma Edna.  
Dori says you sell houses.  
That's nice.  
A realtor? What is that?  
A six weeks of school  
before they give you  
a crappy red jacket?  
I have a B.S. in finance.  
B.S. is right.  
Norman buys homes whose  
loans have been defaulted on  
then he renovates  
before reselling.  
It's very profitable.  
What do you do with the

family that's defaulted?

Um? What?

I mean what do you  
with the families  
that no longer have a home?

Yeah. What do you do with them?

Um, well, that's not  
really my responsibility.

Making someone homeless  
isn't your responsibility?

Well it doesn't  
exactly work that way.

If you don't have a  
home you're homeless.

How exactly is it  
supposed to work?

You know, Norman, you should  
really think about trying  
to find these families homes.

Noted.

So what are your intentions?

Come again?

Your game plan, son.

What the hell's your game  
plan when it comes to Dori?

Um, to be honest  
we're not really  
technically boyfriend and...

We just celebrated our  
two month anniversary.

Oh! Congratulations!

Anniversaries are such a hoot.

So you both are intimate  
with each another already.

That's always fun.

Grandma!

Dr. Fisher says  
that a robust sex life  
can lead to a long  
and loving relationship.

And he wasn't just talking  
about heavy petting, neither.

He was talking  
about actual penetration

and a whole lot of it.  
Ed penetrates me all the time.  
What the hell  
were you thinking?  
What I was thinking was  
that it would be nice  
for you to meet the family.  
I didn't even know you had  
a family until ten minutes ago.  
Everybody has a family.  
Jesus Christ, Dori.  
A relationship is a give  
and take proposition.  
You can't just have  
sex from a woman  
and expect to give  
something in return.  
What on earth are  
you talking about?  
You know very well Albert is  
struggling with percentages.  
He could use your help.  
Oh, you need my math skills?  
Listen! Dori,  
you're a lovely girl.  
And I'm sure you're going to  
make someone very happy one day.  
But man o' man,  
you need some fucking  
big time professional help.  
That song?  
It's about a stalker.  
And Pralines and Cream?  
It's disgusting.  
So have a nice day,  
an even better life.  
I'll see you on the other side.  
What the?  
What happened  
to my steering wheel?  
What?  
What the fuck happened  
to my steering wheel?  
Your language, Norman.

Where's my fucking  
steering wheel!  
Oh boy. We have some  
degenerate teenagers in town-  
You sawed off  
my steering wheel!  
Are you accusing  
me of stealing?  
I'm accusing you of  
being out of your mind!  
You know how much this  
is going to cost me?  
I'll go find Grandpa, see if he  
can give you a ride into town.  
There's a general store there.  
A general store?  
This is a fucking Porsche  
not a stage coach!  
They have lots of stuff.  
You'd be surprised.  
'Keep it together.  
Where's my phone.  
Fuck! My phone's inside'  
Oh yes! Yes, yes, yes!  
Come on?  
Okay Andrew, pick up.  
Pick up Andrew. Pick up.  
Hola, que tal?  
Oh thank God.  
This chick is out of her gourd.  
Mom?  
Is that you?  
Stop fucking around.  
It sounds like you're in a well.  
More like  
another planet. Listen..  
Dori. She's a  
complete whack job.  
Oh, Dori, right.  
How's that going?  
Uh. Well, she's crazy, man.  
Are we talking "takes it  
in the two-hole" crazy?  
Skye, not too far.

Or "brings a friend  
into bed" crazy?  
More like sawing off my  
steering wheels crazy.  
Nah. Can't hear you.  
Dori thinks today  
is Valentine's Day.  
Did you say she thinks  
today is 'Valentine's Day'?  
Yeah. She's got hearts  
all over the house.  
It's June.  
That's what I said.  
Karma's a bitch  
don't say that word, honey.  
Yeah, you know what?  
Your sympathy is heart-warming.  
Well what do you want to hear?  
You leave me with all the work.  
That's not a very  
kind thing to do.  
Oh my god?  
Dude, this shit is  
getting weirder by the minute.  
You gotta get yourself up here.  
Eh. Back in the well.  
Can't hear ya.  
Get yourself up here!  
Well where's up here?  
Who are you talking to?  
Just checking  
my voice-mail on speaker.  
And I can see how  
a lot of men can feel...  
Well... Cramped,  
or even trapped,  
in a relationship.  
I don't blame them.  
Some girls, my God,  
they expect their boyfriends  
to give up everything  
to be with them.  
Not me.  
I understand the need

for Saturday night poker  
with the guys.  
"Don't smother your man",  
that's what I always say.  
Just let me love you, Norman.  
Let us love you.  
Is that so hard?  
Ouch!  
That looks like it hurt.  
Are you okay?  
What the fuck is going on here?  
It's Easter!  
Don't use that language  
in front of the kids.  
Fuck you and your kids!  
Untie my hands.  
Kids, leave the room.  
I wanna watch.  
Let's go wake up Grandpa up  
and find some Easter eggs!  
You're getting yourself  
into big trouble.  
You've gone too far, Dori.  
I'm calling the cops.  
What are you doing?  
Do you know how hard  
it is for a woman  
with two kids  
to meet a decent guy,  
let alone have him  
fall in love with her?  
Try E-fucking-Harmony.  
When a guy first meets a girl  
he's all, 'You're so  
beautiful, la, la, la. '  
Then the girl gets  
excited and thinks,  
'He might be the  
one, la, la, la. '  
Then she lets her guard  
down, invites him in,  
cooks for him, cleans for him,  
swallows for him, la, la, la.  
Then he sees the kids and POOF!

He's gone.  
La. La. La.  
You never even told  
me you had kids.  
Had I told you then you  
would have never said 'yes'  
to coming up here, right?  
That's what I thought.  
See, the problem with men is  
that they tend to react more  
to the situation  
rather than the person.  
You should fall in love  
with the person regardless  
of the situation.  
Now, you might be  
asking yourself,  
'How do I get to know someone?'  
Good question.  
That's where  
Dr. Fisher comes in.  
In 'The Twelve Steps to a  
Happy New Year' he says that...  
'Different holidays naturally  
evoke different  
emotions in people.  
It's important to experience  
all of those emotions  
in order to really  
get to know someone. '  
Now obviously you're not a  
big fan of Valentine's Day...  
But what's not to  
love about Easter?  
Enough is enough!  
This is insane!  
Is he ready? Can we come in?  
Okay kids. It's time.  
Oh yeah?  
There's one!  
Here's an orange one!  
I found it!  
No wait. It's mine!  
Hey kids, no fighting

on Easter. Alright?  
How's he doing?  
Needless to say,  
the honeymoon's over.  
And now the real work begins.  
You people need  
major fucking help!  
Your language, Norman...  
My language, Dori? Blow me!  
Mom!  
Grandpa never asked  
if he could use my bat.  
Now I'm sure  
Grandpa didn't mean  
to take it without  
your permission.  
I certainly did not.  
And I'm sorry.  
Oh my goodness.  
I almost forgot my pie.  
I see snow on the  
table, Grandma.  
Whoops!  
Thank you for reminding  
me about my manners, dear.  
You're welcome.  
Dori, what did you do  
differently with this chicken?  
I changed the marinade.  
I used lemon and  
garlic this time.  
Oh. It's simply wonderful.  
How do you like it, Norman?  
So many times I would try  
to do something fancy  
and I would ruin  
the taste of the meat.  
I've tasted something  
like this before.  
But I can't remember when.  
It was Jackie's seventy  
eighth birthday party.  
That's right.  
The village threw a



party and it was catered.  
Chirpin Chicken!  
Oh, Ed. Don't be a putz.  
Chirpin Chicken!?  
Are you sure you  
don't want anything to eat?  
It's organic.  
No dinner. No desert.  
That's right.  
No dinner, no dessert.  
Was it Rhonda's Rotisserie?  
I don't think so.  
Mommy, he stuck  
his tongue out at me!  
Now, would you please have  
a little something to eat.  
How can I be expected to eat  
if I can't use my hands?  
Albert can feed you.  
Yeah. Open up.  
Come on. Open up!  
I wanna feed him!  
No! I get to! Mom!  
Mom!  
Hey, hey - kids!  
I know! It was Conrad's  
Crispy Catered Chicken.  
Conrad died in ninety three.  
It was ninety five...  
I remember.  
I wanna feed him!  
No! I get to!  
- Mom!  
- Kids!  
I am a grown man.  
I refuse to be fed by a child!  
I remember!  
It was Billy's Broiled,  
Shake and Baked Chicken!  
That was it!  
I remember that.  
Dolly's having an attack!  
Dolly's having an attack!  
Grab her inhaler

in the drawer. Hurry!  
Hurry Grandpa! Quickly!  
It's gonna be okay.  
It's okay.  
Here, dear.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
Would you help me  
get her ready for bed?  
I'll draw her a bath.  
It's okay.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
Here comes the plane.  
Open up!  
- Oh come on...  
- It's so good.  
Come on! Come on!  
Come on!  
Who are you people?!  
You're all crazy!  
You're... psychos!  
Maniacs! All of you!  
I'm going to have  
all of you arrested!  
Please? For god sakes,  
somebody help me.  
I gotta go - I gotta pee?  
Thank god...  
I gotta take a piss.  
Who is it? Who's there?  
Albert, is that you?  
Help me up.  
What is wrong with you?  
The children need their sleep.  
Now you show  
some consideration.  
Now go back to sleep.  
Morning. Hey hon. Is he up?  
Not yet.  
I cut the chain to forty feet.  
Yeah. That feels about right.  
Eww. Yuck!  
Watch it kids.  
Norman had an accident.  
Ha ha! He wet his pants!

Oh good. You're awake.  
I made breakfast.  
I can heat some leftovers  
up for you if you want.  
I'm only going to ask you once.  
Do you want breakfast or not?  
Yes.  
Yes, what?  
Yes, please.  
Remember kids.  
Always say 'please'  
Okay!  
I think it's Daddy time.  
Let's all wish Norman  
a happy Father's Day!  
Happy Father's Day!  
Happy Father's Day!  
I wanna play baseball.  
I wanna play beauty salon.  
Remember kids,  
this is Daddy's day.  
So he gets to do  
whatever he wants.  
Good. Because I wanna kill  
each and every one of you.  
How about a special  
Thanksgiving dinner  
to celebrate the occasion?  
That's a fucking great idea.  
Happy Thanksgiving.  
Happy Father's Day!  
Time for daddy to go bye-bye.  
I'm scared.  
Jesus! You scared the shi-  
You scared me.  
You're scared too? Good.  
Help me find Nibbles  
and we won't be scared.  
Nibbles?  
Nibbles? Who's Nibbles?  
One of mommy's old  
boyfriend's gave him to me.  
He makes me not so scared.  
Your mom's boyfriend?

I think his name  
was Eric or something.  
Who's Eric?  
What happened to him?  
Mom keeps all that  
stuff in the closet.  
Who does all  
this stuff belong to?  
Other men that  
Mom has brought home.  
She keeps on to find daddies  
but they always keep on leaving.  
One time, told me  
that he saw mommy  
and this man napping  
naked together.  
And Mommy told me that when  
grown-ups nap naked together  
that means  
they love each other.  
Have you napped  
naked with girls?  
Yeah. I have.  
How many times?  
Let's just say I like  
to take a lot of naps.  
Look there's Mommy  
with white hair.  
Doesn't she look pretty.  
How long ago were these  
pictures taken?  
I don't know.  
I wasn't born yet.  
She gave all of these men  
little sparkly  
bears like yours.  
All of them?  
Yes. She says it's like  
giving them her heart.  
What happened to them?  
I don't know. We always  
play the 'voting game'  
on News Year's Eve.  
Voting game?

Like Survivor.  
Have you seen  
'The Biggest Loser?'  
Those people are so fat!  
They are?  
I like fat people.  
They're funny.  
After the voting game,  
I think they just go home!  
Norman? Where are you going?  
Where are you going, Norman?  
Norman, don't leave.  
I'm going over here, Dolly.  
I'm going right  
over here, Dolly.  
Mommy gets really sad  
when the men leave.  
She sometimes even cries.  
Why would someone keep  
Mommy's heart  
if they don't love her anymore.  
It's complicated, Dolly.  
Sometimes grown ups  
do silly things  
that don't make any sense.  
You'd give back the  
bear, wouldn't you?  
I would.  
I only want mommy  
to have a husband  
so I can just have a daddy.  
That's all.  
Don't worry, Dolly.  
It'll happen someday.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
Yes. You deserve a good daddy.  
Thank you Norman, I love you.  
Hey! Wait! No! Stop!  
Grandpa stop!  
He was running!  
Dori, listen to me.  
I get this.  
I get where this is going.

Stop! Stop!  
It's all beginning  
to make sense, okay.  
You've had a rough  
go of it with men.  
What did Dolly tell you?  
Nothing, really.  
I mean nothing  
I didn't already know.  
I saw the boxes, Dori.  
You're just thinking  
about Albert and Dolly.  
I get that.  
You're just trying to do  
what's right for them.  
And guys like me? Guys like us?  
You know, we...  
We've never made  
it easy for you.  
We're never thinking  
with our right heads.  
We're selfish, and we  
forget there's emotions  
wrapped up in this stuff.  
And we don't realize that  
we can hurt people's feelings,  
and believe me...  
If I've hurt you,  
I'm really sorry.  
Really?  
Yes.  
I'm really, really sorry.  
He's full of it.  
No, I'm not.  
I'm giving it back, Dori.  
I'm not like those other guys.  
I'm giving it back.  
I'm giving back  
your heart, Dori.  
So let's end this  
thing right now.  
Let's put it behind  
us and move on.  
What do you think?

Enough is enough.  
Don't! It's not  
what you think, Dori.  
Who the hell is Cara?  
You son-of-a-bitch!  
After all  
I've done for you! How!  
How dare you do this  
to my and my family!  
You son-of-a-bitch!  
You asshole!  
So?  
Who would like to begin?  
I'll go.  
Do you love her?  
Who?  
Cara? Do you love her?  
No.  
Oh, so you're just  
screwing her, is that it?  
Maybe I'll just call Scotty  
Griffin from the General Store  
and start screwing him.  
How would that make you feel?  
Oh, I like Scotty Griffin.  
He always has a warm  
smile on his face.  
We're not even together.  
Yeah, you made that very clear.  
You're just screwing her.  
I mean you and me, Dori.  
I'm not with you!  
I'm not with Cara!  
I'm not with anyone!  
How can you say that  
we're not together?  
We. Are. Not. To-gether.  
After everything  
that I've done for you.  
You're such an asshole.  
That's not getting  
us anywhere -  
Fuck you too, Grandma.  
I've done everything

you've asked me to.  
I've put up with all  
of your crazy shit.  
Norman, is this because  
you're afraid of commitment?  
It's because she's  
fucking kidnapped me.  
It's because she's beaten  
the shit out of me  
and shackled me to the floor.  
It's because she's ripped  
the steering wheel  
out of my fucking car!  
Does Dr. Fisher have  
a chapter on that one?  
You do nothing  
but finger point.  
When are you going to start  
owning up to your mistakes?  
- You cheated on me, Goddamn you!  
- For the love of God, woman!  
You're putting up walls  
and retreating into yourself.  
I'm retreating because you  
scare the shit out of me!  
Do you remember when I took  
you to see Taming of the Shrew?  
It was our third date?  
Oh! Was that you?  
You were walking back  
from getting us  
drinks our eyes locked  
and you had  
a look on your face.  
What was it?  
What was that look?  
I don't know, Dori.  
I love you?  
You love me?  
Your tits looked good  
in your dress?  
Any of those right?  
Was there ever a chance  
for you to love me?



I don't even know  
what that word means.  
That is such a shame,  
because you have no idea  
what you're missing.  
Can I just say something?  
Of course, Norman.  
You know... What you said,  
that last thing.  
What?  
Uh, I mean...  
Maybe I am missing something.  
I mean it's not like  
I have everything figured out.  
Take these holidays.  
I haven't really been embracing  
them to be perfectly honest.  
What are you getting at?  
I don't know! Hey!  
Why don't I take charge  
of one of the holidays?  
So now you want  
to do a holiday?  
Yeah! Hey, why don't we  
celebrate Mother's Day?  
Yeah, right. It's a little  
too late to be sucking up.  
I'm not sucking up.  
What would Dr. Fisher say?  
Well, that's a good question.  
Dr. Fisher always says you  
need to forgive your partner.  
Forgive Dori,  
this relationship has no hope  
unless you forgive Norman  
and give him another chance.  
Yeah. Come on, Dori.  
Let me rally the troops.  
Make you breakfast,  
bring it to you in bed.  
I'm not saying I have  
everything figured it out,  
but I'm saying  
I'm willing to try.

These holidays mean  
nothing to you, Norman.  
I know. But they  
mean something to you.  
And that means something to me.  
Please, Dori. Let me show  
you what I'm capable of.  
It'll be nice.  
Come on, let's pick up the pace.  
Your mother's going to love it.  
Aren't these flowers beautiful.  
This isn't really  
a Denver omelet  
because the ham  
isn't from Denver.  
Yeah, we covered that already.  
All right.  
Let's go. Get in.  
Ready Mommy?  
Happy Mother's Day.  
I picked the flowers.  
I stirred the eggs.  
Beautiful!  
Happy Mother's Day!  
Well?  
Well I'm not going to lie.  
It's pretty spectacular.  
And to think you doubted me.  
I don't know what to say.  
Dori - you don't  
have to say anything!  
Oh you son-of-a-bitch!  
You bastard!  
Norman! Norman! Fuck!  
Norman! Come back here!  
Norman! Norman!  
You come back here right now!  
You come back here right now!  
Norman! Norman! Come back here!  
Norman! Norman! God damn you!  
Get back here! Norman!  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck you, Norman!  
Norman! Norman, please!  
Dolly's having an attack!

She can't breathe!  
She needs her inhaler!  
Please Norman!  
Please Norman!  
Fuck you, Dori.  
Please. I'm begging you!  
Norman, she's gonna die if  
she doesn't get her inhaler.  
Please! Please! Please!  
I'm begging you! Please!  
Please! She's gonna die!  
I'm begging you!  
Dolly's going to die?  
Norman please hurry!  
I am! I am!  
Where is it?  
It's in the drawer  
below the breadbox.  
Okay, I got it!  
Hurry up, Norman!  
What are you doing?  
Dolly needs you!  
Don't fuck with me!  
She needs you! Just hurry up!  
I promise I won't do anything.  
Okay. I'm just doing  
this for Dolly.  
Hurry up!  
Don't you fuck with me!  
I got the inhaler!  
Unlock the door, please!  
Just unlock the door!  
Please, just open the door,  
toss the inhaler in  
I do that then you'll  
hit me in the head  
with a microwave  
or something. No way!  
Just open the door!  
Get in the closet!  
Norman!  
I'm not coming in until  
everyone gets in the closet!  
Trick or treat.

Can we open up  
one present? Please?  
Not now. Maybe later.  
This is important.  
As you may have noticed,  
Daddy and I have  
been having some  
relationship hiccups.  
And I'm certainly not  
here to place blame, okay?  
Although I'm not  
the one who cheated.  
But as always, I'm going  
to put our relationship  
in the hands of  
my beloved family.  
So I want you all to  
give this very careful?  
Stop touching me!  
I'm gonna have to put you  
to bed right now, am I?  
No?  
We'll do our usual scoring.  
One out of ten, ten being best.  
Since there's five  
of us, it'll be?  
What about me?  
Don't I get a vote?  
Let's say if he gets a total  
of forty points, he'll stay.  
Anything less and, well...  
Be sure to cover  
the Nativity scene.  
It has sentimental value.  
I remember. I remember.  
Hold on a second?  
What's that for?  
Don't you think forty is uh-  
Forty out of fifty  
is a tad high?  
She deserves a  
fifty out of fifty.  
And it upsets me that you  
think I should have to settle.

Come on, Dori. It's not settling  
that much - thirty-five?  
It's still above average.  
So you're okay with  
being just average?  
Above average.  
Wow. Okay then.  
Let's all vote on this slightly  
above average relationship.  
All we need is  
seven points per person  
and we can keep this slightly  
above average family together.  
It's 10pm.  
Do you know where  
your children are?  
Ooo, we gotta get  
the kids to bed.  
It's getting late.  
Okay. We need to get started.  
Thirty-five points it is.  
Who's first?  
Four!  
Grandpa starts  
things off with a four.  
Who's next?  
A four?  
Only reason why you're even  
getting that many is  
because I've seen Dori smilin'  
around you a couple of times.  
Ed's never even taken the  
time to get to know me.  
What I know, I don't like.  
A four.  
Moving on.  
Okay. My turn. My turn.  
Albert, buddy. Whazzup?  
You know, when you first  
got here, I was like,  
"Wow! Finally mom  
brought home a ten. "  
A ten! Yes!  
Hi five, little buddy!

But...  
then you opened  
your potty mouth.  
Potty mouth?  
Mom?  
Just this once.  
'Fuck' six times,  
'Mother fucker' four times.  
'Cocksucker' five times,  
'Cocksucker mother fucker'  
eight times.  
'Son of a bitch' three times,  
'Shit'...  
Eleven times...  
And you told mom  
to 'blow me' once.  
I'm not sure what that means  
but I can tell it's bad.  
Oh, and I'm not  
including the word "poo"  
because Dolly and I  
are allowed to say it.  
Ha-ha! He said poo!  
Alright fine, minus one point  
for having a potty mouth.  
That's a nine.  
And speaking of potty,  
I don't want a dad  
who still wets the bed.  
Okay, now... That's not fair!  
So that's minus another point.  
That's a total of twelve  
points. Who's next?  
And twelve of thirty-five  
is what percent?  
What?  
You said you were  
good at percentages.  
Twelve of thirty-five  
is what percent?  
Do you or don't you  
know the answer?  
Give me a quick second.  
I have to...

I'll take that as a no.  
I give him a seven out of ten.  
That's seventy percent! Ha!  
And like Dolly couldn't  
have gotten that one right.  
Nice try.  
Oh lookie here.  
A rifle.  
What I've always wanted.  
Wait-wait-wait!  
Don't I get a chance  
for rebuttal or something?  
Grandma, you're next.  
On a commercial break.  
Come on!  
We gotta get this going.  
Commercial break.  
Hit the Pause!  
I'll give him a ten.  
Yes! A ten! Loving you, Edna.  
Great, Grandma gives him a ten.  
You've got twenty one points.  
Dolly you're up.  
Out of ten points, how  
much do you like Norman?  
Of all the daddy's that  
mommy has brought home  
I like Norman the best.  
Wow? Even better than Hans?  
Excuse me.  
The child was talking.  
I'm going to give him  
the best number ever.  
And I thank you, Dolly.  
I always knew you?  
And the best number  
is five and a half.  
What?  
Five and a half because  
that's how old I am.  
Five and a half.  
Aww lookie here!  
I guess I was good this year.  
Hold on! Hold on! Hold on!

Dori still gets a vote?  
Fat chance!  
You only got twenty six points.  
Twenty six and a half.  
There's no way Dori's  
gonna give you a nine.  
Right?  
Norman. Believe me  
when I say this  
that no one wanted  
this relationship more than me.  
God, you made me so happy.  
Grandma?  
Kids. Gotta go to bed.  
- But I wanna watch.  
- No.  
- That's not fair.  
- No.  
It's past bedtime.  
Albert! Come on.  
I never get to watch.  
Norman...  
I have tried and tried  
and tried with you.  
But if I pull away  
from the fairy tale  
I have to be  
honest with myself.  
Dori, please don't do this.  
For the first time in  
my life I'm wondering  
if true love is even possible.  
Dori, please listen to me.  
There was something there.  
We had something, it was there.  
No there wasn't.  
I was foolish  
to think otherwise.  
You're out for one thing  
and one thing only.  
Just like those other men.  
I'm not like those other men.  
You're just like  
those other men.



No. I'm not.  
See... look. I'm not.  
I'm not like those other men.  
I'm giving it back, Dori.  
I'm giving back your heart.  
See?  
Take it. Take the bear, Dori.  
Please, take the bear Dori.  
Please Dori. Take the bear.  
Please! God!  
Dori, take the bear?  
Stop it! Alright!  
It's fucking over!  
I'm telling  
you right now man...  
back the fuck up!  
You won't do anything!  
I'm not fucking around.  
I will blow her head off!  
Give me the keys to the collar.  
Give me the fucking keys!!!  
You can dangle there and  
rot in hell for all I care.  
Fuck! Fuck!  
God damn it,  
you fucking people!  
You lied to me, Norman.  
Are you fucking kidding me?  
You've been nothing but a lie.  
I never lied about  
the way I felt.  
Happy fucking New Year, Dori.  
How does love happen?  
With all the random  
people in the world,  
how do two of them  
meet, connect,  
and then fall in love?  
A couple might feel  
passion, or lust,  
but it's not the same.  
True love is strength and  
security and it's forever.  
I loved you, Norman.

I truly loved you.  
As we go about the chaos  
of our daily lives,  
we're left wondering how, when,  
or even if it will  
ever happen to us.  
But it happens.  
At a completely random,  
but perfectly precise moment,  
two people connect  
and fall in love.  
It doesn't happen very often.  
That's why you have  
to keep looking.  
And the search for love can be  
a very scary and lonely journey.  
Sad to say - some hearts  
get broken along the way.  
But I still believe in love.  
I still believe  
there's someone out there  
who will sweep me off my feet.  
I know there is.  
There's got to be.  
I just have to keep looking.  
Maybe I will call  
Scotty Griffin.