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# Love, Wedding, Marriage

By Anouska Chydzik

[Soft marimba music]

- Ava, we've been dating  
for 21/2 years,  
and what I'm about to say,  
I've considered very seriously.

I sound like a lawyer.

I look in your eyes,

and I drown in them.

Drown in them?

Babe, you know I'm bad

with telling you how I feel.

Will you be my wife?

Will you marry me?

Can we get married?

Ava.

You can do this.

[Sighs]

It's, like, the little things  
that I really love.

I find it so adorable

that you can't make

a decision

without consulting

your horoscope.

I love that you watch the same  
sad movie over and over again,

hoping for a happy ending.

I love how you make

your coffee.

I love you, Ava, and I don't

want to spend another day

without knowing

if you'll be my wife.

So will you do me this honor?

Will you marry me?

- Brittany, Brittany,

this is Ryan.

Trust me,

you two have a lot in common.

Good to see you.

Where is Ava?

Go find your sister.

- All rise.

- Our wedding day was

the happiest day of my life.  
I was marrying  
the man of my dreams,  
and our happily ever after  
was about to begin.  
Charlie and I met  
once upon a time,  
when I was getting my PhD  
in psychology at Berkeley  
and he was working  
at a vineyard in Napa.  
We fell in love  
on the very first date.  
He took me to an art fair  
in San Francisco.  
The next day, he surprised me  
with a painting I had admired,  
and I was hooked.  
I believe lasting love  
is possible  
because of my parents.  
Their 30-year union  
is the reason I became  
a marriage counselor  
and why I was ready to make  
the commitment myself.  
[Glass shatters]  
- Mazel tov!  
[Applause]  
And that dimpled smile  
doesn't hurt.  
- So embarrassing.  
Thank you.  
[Old-timey jazz music playing]  
[Children laughing]  
I love you both.  
I love you both.  
I've known him my whole life,  
and I still love you.  
I can't even say that  
about anyone else,  
like, not even my own parents.  
- Okay, we love you too,  
Gerber.

- No, love, man.

Love.

That's what it's all about.

You know, from now on,

I'm gonna be

a one-woman guy.

- Per week?

- I'm serious.

Uh, hello?

We didn't actually...

- There he goes.

- Shelby, are you, like,  
avoiding me?

Come on, we were in the middle  
of talking about horses.

I love horses.

- You ready to get out of here,  
Mrs. Dalton?

- I should warn you:

I've been saving a few tricks  
for the honeymoon.

- Let's go.

- Okay.

[Excited chatter]

Ready?

- Yeah!

Oh!

Oh, you got smoked.

In your face.

You got rocked.

[Serene instrumental music]

[children laughing]

- Black.

Two sugars.

- Two orders,  
wheat toast with mayo.

Yum.

- The only way to eat toast.

- Your horoscope says,

"Today your positive

mental energy

"will ensure that everything

goes your way.

Take advantage

of your good luck. "

- That's great.

Maybe that means  
this year's harvest  
will be the vineyard's  
best vintage ever.

- Fingers crossed.

- How about  
you skip out early,  
take advantage of me tonight?

- Oh, I could cancel  
my last couple.

- I'll reschedule  
my afternoon.

**- See you at 6:**

Let's take a minute  
to validate those feelings.  
It sounds like Lloyd  
is feeling angry  
because Courtney took advantage  
of his credit card.

- She didn't take advantage  
of it.

She raped it.

At Saks.

She roofied it,  
bent it over, and...

- Okay.

Courtney raped your credit card.  
And Courtney is still angry  
because you slept  
with another woman.

- "A slutty, trashy whore"  
were my exact words.

- Obviously Courtney still  
has some unresolved issues  
about the affair.

- But 9 grand on shoes?

- Why should I suffer  
just because you're not rich  
like my father?

- If your father's so great,  
why didn't you marry him?

- He wasn't available.  
- I want you to think back  
to when you first met.  
What attracted you  
to one another?  
And I want you to make a list  
of all of the qualities  
that made you want  
to get married.  
The key to a successful marriage  
is to find those qualities  
that make you fall in love  
with your spouse  
all over again  
every day.  
- Oh, I know they're here  
somewhere.  
Where are they?  
Ugh.  
- Shelby, what are you doing?  
- Where do you keep  
all your stuff?  
- What stuff?  
- The meds!  
- I'm a psychologist,  
not a psychiatrist.  
I can't prescribe meds.  
- Jesus, Ava.  
That's the only reason  
I took this job.  
- I'm not even sure  
they've invented a drug  
to begin tackling your issues.  
- Don't judge my pain.  
You're my sister.  
Can't you at least  
refer me to someone?  
- If I referred you  
to a psychiatrist,  
they'd have you committed.  
- Would there be meds involved?  
- And a straightjacket.  
Did you mail out  
those invitations for me?

- For Mom and Dad's  
surprise party?

- Yes.

- I got the guest list  
right here.

- Thank you.

[Man and woman

arguing indistinctly]

Glad that's not my next client.

[Scoffs]

- Darlings.

- Hi.

- Hi.

What was all the yelling about?

- Just your mother's  
normal kvetching.

- Oh, would you stop  
talking like that?

This isn't a production  
of Fiddler On The Roof.

- Would you just relax  
and stop acting like  
some kind of meshuggener  
in front of our daughters?

- What does that even mean?

Jesus!

- Jewish.

- Okay, can we just take this  
into my office, please?

Right into my office.

Thank you.

Come on.

All right.

Bradley, Betty,

why don't you calmly express  
what's upsetting you?

- Well, I didn't want to have  
to tell you this, Ava...

- No, Betty.

Don't tell her.

It'll break her heart.

- I want a divorce.

- What?

- Both of you...

everyone, take a seat.

Ooh, everybody calm down  
and take a breath.

Okay.

Betty, what triggered  
this decision?

- Your sack-of-shit father  
cheated on me.

- We were separated.

We were separated at the time.

- Yeah, but he still managed  
to knock me up.

Did we conceive Shelby  
before or after your affair?

- Oh, my God.

Dad, explain.

- You were about three years old  
when we were relocated to London  
for my job,  
and I was working overtime.

It was hardly a recipe  
for a happy marriage,  
so we decided to separate...

- Which for your father  
meant doing it  
with the first woman  
he could find...

a minor detail he waited  
25 years to tell me.

- Okay, I hear you.

I understand.

You feel betrayed,  
and I'm not minimizing  
what happened 25 years ago,  
but is it really worth  
throwing away  
a long and happy marriage?

- What makes you think  
that I've been happy?

- Well, of course we're happy.

- Well, of course you're happy.

I've spent the best part  
of my life  
catering to your adulterous ass.



Now it's my turn.

I want to feel sexy.

I want to...

I want to have adventures.

- Okay.

Okay, Betty.

We're making some progress.

I want you both

to close your eyes,

take a deep breath,

and let's try and reconnect

with some of those feelings

you had

when you first decided

to get married.

- Ava, this Berkeley bullshit  
isn't gonna work on me.

- Mom!

- Look, I'm sorry, darling,

but I'm not gonna take

marital advice

from my 28-year-old

newlywed daughter.

- I'm a professional.

- And you're

a hopeless romantic.

You've been watching

Gone With The Wind

every Thanksgiving

for the last 25 years.

- It's a very long weekend.

- And I would give it up, honey.

Rhett Butler's

never gonna stick around.

- But they were

at cross-purposes.

- You know, the point is that

I am the voice of experience.

I have done 30 years

of hard marriage,

30 years of lies

and deceit,

and in all that time,

you've never once

put the toilet roll

back on the dispenser.

- And after 30 years, you'd think she'd give it up, huh?

- Bradley, you can have that bathroom all to yourself, because I am moving in with Shelby.

- Ava, you can't let Mom move in with me.

- Okay, Mom, let's pause and assess the situation.

We don't have to make any permanent decisions today.

- Good-bye, Bradley.

Have a nice life.

- I refuse to live with Mom, Ava.

- Okay, we have much bigger problems here, Shelby.

- Yeah, like a 30th anniversary party for a divorced couple.

[Gentle instrumental music]

[door clicks open]

- Hey, babe.

### **It's 6:**

Time for our date.

I promise I'll hook up the dryer this week, okay?

- I don't care.

- What's up?

- Today was probably the worst day of my life, and that's not an exaggeration.

- What happened?

- My dad had an affair.

- What?

- Before Shelby was born, but my mom just found out, and now she wants a divorce.

- That was 25 years ago.

- They were still married, Charlie.

Oh...

They were so happy.

- So what are you gonna do?

- Technically I'm not supposed to treat them

because we're family.

- So don't tell them you're counseling them.

Do it without them knowing.

- Yeah, I could help them surreptitiously.

- Where you going?

- To see my mom.

- Now?

What about our 6:00 date?

- The first 24 hours of a separation are critical, Charlie.

[Door clicks shut]

[Touch-tones beeping]

[Line rings]

- Hello?

- Hey, Shel. It's me.

- Oh, my God.

You got to get up here.

She's driving me crazy.

[Door buzzes]

Welcome to hell.

- Ava, shouldn't you be home basking in your newly wedded bliss?

- Mom, are you sure moving out is the best solution?

- Well, I certainly can't live in the same house as my ex-husband.

Shelby, we need to move the couch to the window.

- Uh, I like it where it is.

- No, you don't.

- You can't possibly be considering getting a divorce after all these years.

- This is between me

and your father.

- Little help, please!

- Okay, I completely encourage your personal development, Mom, but you can take time to work on yourself and still be married.

- Well, it hasn't worked for me so far.

Maybe it's time

I made myself happy.

- Are you really upset about an old affair, or are you just using that as an excuse to leave?

- Ava, be my daughter, not my therapist.

- I'm just trying to understand the situation.

- It's complicated.

Why don't you ask your father these questions?

- I'm going to, but I really think you and Dad would benefit from going to see a counselor, and I can recommend someone great.

- I'm not really sure I believe in therapy.

- Excuse me?

- Oh, not you, honey.

I thought your therapy today was wonderful.

- Therapy can be really helpful.

I still go see my therapist once a month for maintenance.

- [Sighs]

Well, I'll go.

If it'll make you happy.

- I thought it was time to make yourself happy.

- I'm afraid that's all the time we have for today.

It's really important for me

to get to know more  
about both of you,  
so I'm gonna need you  
to fill out  
these premarital  
compatibility tests.

- Tests?

- More like questionnaires.

Don't worry. There are no  
right or wrong answers.

Just be honest.

- Do we answer them  
individually?

- Yes, and then I'll compare  
your answers  
to see how compatible you are.

So, Amy, you can stay in here,  
and, John, why don't you  
follow me out to reception?

- Okay.

See you.

- Thank you.

- Infidelity is one way  
to discover if you still  
really love your spouse.

Yeah.

You're welcome.

- Please tell me that was not  
a prospective client.

- No.

They changed their mind.

And what the hell  
is an angry pirate, anyway?

- Shelby.

- Back off.

- Give me my patient folders.

Give me...

- [laughing]

- I'm all right.

- Uh...

- They're confidential.

- Party pooper.

- I am locking  
the filing cabinet.

Have you talked to Dad?

I've been trying him  
all afternoon.

I can't get ahold of him.

- You think he cashed in  
his chips?

- Where do you come up  
with this stuff?

- I was an unwanted child, okay?  
I have issues.

And besides,  
his wife of 30 years  
just left him.

- I'm gonna run by the house  
and check on him.

Will you collect their tests  
when they're done?

- Sure.

I'll meet you there.

Wait.

Ava.

Mom and Dad, they're gonna  
work it out, right?

- Of course.

It's only natural for marriages  
to go through ups and downs.

- Okay, I just... I can't imagine  
them not together.

- Don't worry.

Once they get into therapy,  
they'll fall in love  
all over again.

Trust me.

[Playful instrumental music]

- You put B for number 20?

- Yeah, she said there were  
no right or wrong answers.

- I'd go with C.

- But she said to be honest.

- Do you want to get married  
or not?

[soft mischievous music]

- Dad?

Dad, are you here?

Dad?

Dad?

[Screams]

I know Tae Bo!

- It's okay.

I'm not gonna hurt you.

- Don't worry, sweetheart.

It's just the deli delivery boy.

- Matzo ball soup.

I'll just put it

in the kitchen.

- You scared me.

- My apologies.

- Why are you in the dark?

- It's the Sabbath.

- So this isn't

a sign of depression?

- Well, I'll just head out,  
then.

- Yeah.

Yeah, thank you,

deli delivery boy

from the local deli.

- I was so worried.

I called you all afternoon.

- I'm sorry, hon.

You know,

in the Orthodox tradition,

we're not allowed

to answer the phone.

- Ugh.

Would you knock it off?

You've never been

this Jewish before.

- I've always been Jewish.

- You've never been religious.

You were always the first dad

on the block

to go out and buy

a Christmas tree.

- Well, I wanted to be

a perfect father to you girls.

I still do.

You don't really need me

anymore.

You got Charlie.

And being Jewish is the only thing that feels familiar.

- Sometimes change can be positive.

You and Mom could use this time to improve your relationship.

- I just want things the way they were.

- I think you're using your spirituality to avoid dealing with the fact that Mom left.

- Are you analyzing me, Ava?

- No, no.

I'm just suggesting maybe you do something to make Mom want to come back.

- Well, I'm her husband.

This is her home.

That should be enough.

- I want a pony!

- What?

- Well, if you're not gonna act your age, neither am I.

- Glad to know you're alive.

- Hi, Shel.

- Who was the hottie?

- Nobody.

- Just the local deli delivery guy.

Oh, maybe Dad could hook you up.

- Ooh, I could go for some of those matzo balls.

- Shelby.

- Touchy.

What's with all the candles?

- Dad's being Jewish.

- So this is what it's like to be Jewish.

- Mom agreed to go see a marriage counselor.



- She did?  
- I could set you up  
with a fantastic therapist.  
- You think that would help?  
- I think I want to be Jewish.  
- What?  
- What?  
- You're getting a pony.  
I want a bat mitzvah.  
[Playful instrumental music]  
[door clicks open]  
- Oh, don't make  
any sudden movements.  
- Don't hate me...  
- Okay, knock if off,  
you two.  
[Laughs]  
Hi.  
I'm just kidding.  
- Dad, why don't you go get  
settled up in the guest room?  
- Oh, yeah, thanks, honey.  
It'll be fun to have  
some company.  
Huh?  
[Chuckles]  
- Ava?  
- I went over to go see my dad,  
and he was all alone  
in the dark.  
He's so depressed.  
- Is he moving in?  
- Only for a couple days.  
- Your father  
cannot live here, Ava.  
- [Sighs]  
It's only temporary.  
- Yeah?  
Then why did he bring  
his goldfish?  
- Couldn't get him to leave  
without Malcolm.  
- Malcolm?  
Really?

We're supposed to make decisions like this together.

- Please.

Please.

- Okay.

But just for a few days.

[Knock at door]

Gerber.

- Hey.

- What are you doing here?

- Oh, buddy.

Where's Ava?

Hey.

- Hi.

- There's someone

I'd like you to meet.

Guys, this is Kasha.

- Nice to meet you.

- My wife.

- What?

- Huh?

- My wife.

I finally pulled the trigger.

- When?

- Today.

Charlie, you were right.

You know the moment

you meet your wife.

- Congratulations.

Ah!

Oh, my gosh.

- I didn't even know

you were dating.

- Buddy.

- You move fast.

- Well, I had to.

Her visa's up in a week.

If I'd let her go back

behind the iron curtain,

I might never have seen

my little Polish princess

ever again.

- There's no iron curtain

anymore, Gerber.

- Yeah, tell that  
to immigration.

- So... where did you meet?

- Oh, thank you.

- You are ridiculously cute.  
She's still working  
on her English.

- How did you meet her?

- Well, last night,  
I went to a bar,  
and I ordered a shot of vodka...

- Vodka?

- Vodka.  
In Charlie's honor.

- My honor?

- For a fallen comrade.

- But you don't even  
drink vodka.

- I know.  
That's the most amazing part.  
It was handed to me  
by this Slavic goddess,  
and at that moment, I knew.  
It was fate.

- Gerber, that is so romantic.  
Welcome to our country.  
[Laughter]

- Oh, thank you!

- Her English is great.

- Oh...  
We got you a wedding present!  
Uh-oh.  
Look what happened.

- Thanks, Gerber.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- It was nothing.  
Besides, us married folk  
should stick together.

- I hate Gerber.

- Doesn't he know  
we have to wake up early?

- He promised  
this was their last song.

- # We've been together  
since way back when #  
# Sometimes I never want to see  
you again, girl #  
Come on.

- # But I want you to go...  
know #  
- What do you want me to know?  
- # After all these years #  
- Yeah, sing it, girl.  
- # You're still the one #  
# I want whisper in my ear #

**all:**

# You're still the one #  
- # I want to talk to in bed #

**all:**

# You're still the one #  
- # That turns my head #

**all:**

# We're still having fun #  
# And you're still the one #  
- # I look at your face  
every day #  
- I can't take this anymore.  
- Thank God.  
Let's take the party upstairs,  
please.

- Ava!

Ava, you got to try this.  
I mean, you push a button,  
and the music comes out,  
and words, like, pop up  
on the screen and...

- # Deep in the desert #  
# I longed for the snow #

**both:**

# Still the one #  
- # That makes me laugh #

**both:**

# You're still the one #

- # My better half #

[gentle instrumental music]

- Hey, babe.

Come see me at the winery.

We'll have lunch

at the vineyard cafe.

- Charlie, Ava's here  
in the vineyard garden.

- He loves you.

- I wasn't doing that.

It's just a nervous habit.

- Right.

- I'm meeting the caterer here  
in an hour to discuss the party.

- You aren't canceling  
the party?

- No.

It's in three weeks.

They're gonna be

back together by then.

- I have total faith in you,  
babe,

but you may want to consider  
the possibility  
that they don't  
get back together.

- What kind of marriage  
counselor would I be  
if I took that approach?

Besides, my horoscope today  
said that I can achieve  
whatever I set my mind to.

- Here it is.

- Thanks, Adrianna.

- Charlie, your interview  
with Wine magazine  
is confirmed for 3:00.

Hi, Ava.

- Hi.

- I had a great time  
at the wedding.

You looked very pretty.

- Thank you.

- So I had this made  
for us.

- What?

- It's a belated  
wedding present.

- Wow.  
Okay.

- Our own vintage.  
We'll open it  
on our tenth anniversary,  
and, like our marriage,  
it will only improve with age.

- This was so sweet of you.

- It was, wasn't it?

- Come here.  
Thank you.

- [Smooches]

- Charlie.  
My dad's staying  
in the next room.  
[Breathing heavily]  
[Tapping]

- Ah, come on.  
Come on.  
[Tapping]  
[Pounding]

Bradley.  
- Oh, morning, Charlie.  
Yeah.  
Oh, I didn't wake you, did I?  
- Oh, no.  
I was up.  
- Dad, what are you doing?  
- Putting up a mezuzah.  
You didn't have one.  
- We're not Jewish.  
- It's crooked.  
- Yeah, well, it doesn't hurt  
to have a little blessing  
on your home.  
I thought Charlie could use  
some help with those pictures.  
- Uh, that really  
wasn't necessary,

and I prefer to do that type  
of thing on my own,  
and I'm actually quite obsessed  
with my paintings and...

- But it was very thoughtful  
of you to want to help.

- [Laughs]

- Oh, and, Dad, don't forget,  
you and Mom have a meeting  
with the therapist tonight.  
I've heard great things  
about him.

- Yeah.

- I'm gonna make some coffee.  
Bradley, do you want some?

- Is it kosher?

- I have no idea.

- Then I'll pass.

- I can't imagine  
why she left.

[Mischievous instrumental music]

- Betty.

Bradley.

Entrez.

There's an exercise  
I like to do  
with all my patients  
before they sit down,  
Sort of a ritual.  
So start out by taking  
short, quick breaths  
through the nose,  
like this.

[Snorting]

[All snorting]

Now I want you to shake out  
your body, like this.  
Then hop up and down like this.  
This is wonderful  
for igniting your chakra energy.  
Hop, hop, hop.

- More like  
ignite your sphincter.

- [Snorting]

- Shake out.

Shake out.

- Who's that?

- Adrianna.

I swear, if Gerber's not here  
in the next five minutes,  
we're ordering without him.

What's that?

- It's a Polish phrase book.

I thought it might help us get  
to know Kasha a little better.

- Yeah?

What's Polish for "green card"?

- Don't be so cynical.

They're in love.

- They don't even speak  
the same language.

- Did you know there are  
five love languages?

Not all of them are verbal.

- Seriously?

You're the one saying  
that marriage takes work,  
commitment...

- But the falling-in-love stage  
is the best part.

- Wow.

I guess the honeymoon is over.

- Baby, I fall in love with you  
all over again every day.

- Hi.

Sorry we're late.

- Okay.

- Mwah, mwah.

- Oh.

- Three.

- Three times.

- Thank you.

- Ha-ha!

Ha-ha!

Wonderful, you two.

Natural hoppers,  
the both of you.

Let's have a seat.



What I need to know  
is how you feel,  
right here, right now.

- Winded.

- [Clears throat]

I meant emotionally.

- I feel humiliated.

- Yeah, me too.

Oh, you might want to rethink  
that whole hopping ritual.

- I meant by your affair.

And now you won't even  
tell the girls about Ian.

I feel like the last 25 years  
of our marriage

was nothing but a sham,  
built on secrets and deception.

- She's got you there, Bradley.

- Excuse me?

- You had the affair.

She posted the first points.

What's your comeback?

- Are you keeping score?

- It helps me figure out  
who's to blame.

- Oh, yeah.

Mmm.

That is a perfectly cooked  
steak.

How's your dinner, babe?

- It's cost my arms and legs.

[Laughter]

- Um, it's arm and leg.

[Smooching]

It's an arm and leg.

- An arm?

- An arm and leg.

- And leg.

- It costs an arm and leg.

- It costs an arm and leg.

- How cute is that?

That is cute.

Oh, as I keep explaining  
to these officials,

that we had to get married  
in a hurry  
because her visa's running out.  
- You didn't actually say that.  
- You told me to be honest.  
- Yeah, but I meant tell them  
that you're so in love,  
you couldn't wait  
to get married,  
not, "Let's do it  
before she gets deported. "  
- Well, I can't think  
of a better reason  
to get married on the fly.  
Not like "I'm drunk  
and in Vegas"  
type deal, right, buddy?  
[Soft thud]  
Ow!  
That was one  
of your dumber ideas.  
- What was a dumb idea?  
- Oh!  
Charlie!  
[Mumbles indistinctly]  
- I'm so sorry, buddy.  
- Okay, now a little  
to the right.  
There you go.  
Ooh, bull's-eye.  
Whoop.  
No lookee.  
- Maybe you should go home  
and change.  
- Charlie, what's with you?  
- He's like Edward Scissorhands.  
# Clumsy #  
You got to live with that.  
Now I know  
why your first wife left you.  
Oh!  
- [Speaking Polish]  
- Okay.  
I'm okay.

I'm okay.

You're okay?

[Speaking Polish]

- First wife?

What... what's he talking about?

- You never told her?

- When do you intend  
to tell our daughters?

- I don't.

- Tell them what, Bradley?

- Nothing.

- Oh, for God's sakes.

You're not even gonna tell  
our therapist about Ian?

- This is a private matter,  
Betty.

He's a stranger.

- This is exactly your problem.

You're afraid of change.

You're afraid of anything new.

Do you know that he's eaten  
the same breakfast

every morning

for the last 30 years?

Oatmeal,

without even any fruit on it,  
the same bland, boring thing.

- I'm a traditionalist.

- Well, I am sick of it.

And until you are willing  
to embrace

the new possibilities

that life is offering you, I...

I can't be with you.

- I'm prescribing

a method of therapy

which I have found

extremely successful.

It's called

"Brush with Death. "

It means time apart,

during which you don't

see each other

or talk to each other.

And no phone calls.

- I'm in.

- I should have said something.

It was annulled, which is almost like it never happened.

I was drunk in Vegas.

I didn't even know the girl.

It doesn't count as a real marriage.

- I can't believe you kept this a secret from me.

- I didn't want to disappoint you.

- How could you do something so stupid?

- I was 22.

- That's old enough to know better.

- Technically that's only 2 times 11.

- In what, guy years?

I don't...

I don't care what you did at 22.

I care that you lied to me now.

- I didn't lie to you.

- By omission.

It's the same thing.

How am I supposed to trust you?

- [Sighs]

- A brush with what?

- Death.

A Brush with Death.

It's ridiculous.

Is that a way to save a marriage?

- His methods are a little unorthodox, but he usually gets great results.

- Excuse me.

I'm gonna go have a brush with death.

- You have to help me with this.

- What can I do?  
- I just figured,  
with your prior experience,  
you would know  
all about marriage.  
- Jesus, Ava.  
You can't punish me  
for something I did  
years before we even met.  
- It hurts knowing  
I'm not the only girl  
you ever wanted to marry.  
It spoils the fairy tale.  
- If it makes you feel  
any better,  
you're the only one  
I married sober.  
I'm sorry.  
You're the one, Ava.  
I love you.  
What can I do  
to make you feel better?  
- Help me with my parents.  
- Divorce is difficult, Ava,  
but my parents are happier  
now that they're not together.  
- Do you think if my parents  
get divorced,  
my Dad's gonna want to go home  
to an empty house?  
- You're just playing dirty now.  
- I just need you on my team.  
- Okay.  
I'm in.  
- Ugh.  
Worthless trash.  
- What did it say?  
- "Avoid all team sports. "  
- Dr. George was quite specific  
when he said "Brush with Death. "  
It meant no contact.  
- Yeah, but I figured  
you and Dad  
would probably respond better

to a more traditional method.

- Bradley.

You want to squeeze in a workout after this?

- Oh, I already got my squat thrusts in this morning.

- Please, you haven't thrust anything in years.

- Welcome, everybody, to Miraculous Marriages.

Freak out the fear!

Now, if I could get everybody to gather round.

Gather round.

Get over here!

Okay, people, eyes here.

First, let's start with our affirmation of the day.

Marriage to the max.

Marriage the max.

[Together]

Marriage to the max.

Marriage to the max.

Marriage to the max.

- Everybody.

Marriage to the max.

[Together]

Marriage to the max.

Marriage to the max.

- Wonderful.

Now for our first exercise,

we're going to start

a word association game.

I'm going to say a word,

and everybody is going to say

the first word

that pops

into their little head.

Now, remember,

say everything you feel.

There is no judgment here.

Let's start with you!

Newlywed!

- Commitment.

- Love.
- Wedding!
- Expensive.
- Cheap.
- Love!
- Cooking.
- Grateful.
- Oh, baby.
- Home!
- Sharing.
- Ooh, clothes.
- Husband!
- Hurt.
- Happy.
- Marriage!
- Can I just say

I love this exercise?

I actually use it  
in my own practice.

- Stop right there!

One word.

- Disillusionment.
- Disillusionment?

Already?

- Not us.

Them.

- This exercise is about us,  
what marriage means to you.

- Enough!

One word.

- Bliss.

"Bliss" is my word.

- Imperfections.
- Imperfections?

Are you talking  
about your first wife or me?

- I was talking about me.
- Whatever.

Your word blows.

- This a no-judgment circle,  
Ava.

- Next!

[Whistle blowing]

- Oh!

Thanks for catching me.

- I should have let you fall.

- I guess I would have  
deserved that, huh?

- Old habits die hard,  
I suppose.

- This is all about building  
trust with your partner.

- Oh!

Ava.

- Move faster, sir.

Girl in the green sweater,  
please don't hold  
your wife's hand.

- Go, team us!

Go, team us!

All right, baby.

- Love you.

- I love you.

- Maybe I should go first.

- Would you give me some more  
rope, you cheap bastard?

It's not even

your damn rope anyway.

- We have to use the line  
sparingly.

I'm not sure how much is left.

- Trust your partner.

Embrace the mountain.

- Good job, babe.

- Work together as a team.

Come on, Betty!

Freak out the fear.

Freak out the fear!

- Fear is freaking me out.

- Mom, come on.

You can do it.

- Come on, Betty.

- Bradley, this is too high.

I can't go any further.

- Come on, Betty.

Don't be such a baby.

- Fine.

That's real supportive.



- Betty, your ass  
is on my shoulder.  
How much more supportive  
do you want me to be?

- Then move.  
I don't need you.

- Fine!

- [Screaming]

- Mom, I'm coming!

- Ah!

- [Gasps]

- [Grunts]

[Whistle blows]

- Oops.  
Well, the good news is,  
you only have to wear the brace  
overnight.

- Yeah, and the bad news is,  
my wife tried to kill me.

- Charlie, come on.  
It was an accident.  
I got distracted.

- By your parents.

- What am I supposed to do,  
just stand back and let them  
throw their marriage away?

- They're the ones  
getting divorced.  
Why are we the ones  
suffering for it?

[Cheerful ukulele music]

- Oh, Moses,  
another one of Mom's  
indecipherable texts.

- Don't tell her we're going  
to the florist, please.

- "Getting coffee  
on Magazine Street. "  
So since Dad  
is staying with you,  
Shabbat at your place?

- What?

- Shabbat dinner.  
It's like Thanksgiving

for Jews.

The whole family gets together  
to eat and argue,  
but they do it every week.

So is it at your house?

- No, it's not at our house.

- You're a bad Jew.

- Shelby, I'm not Jewish,  
and neither are you.

- You better hope God  
didn't hear you say that.

- Crap.

Mom found us.

- Hi, babies!

I have exciting news.

- You and Dad  
are back together?

- No,

I'm going to Thailand...  
and India, China, Japan,  
maybe even Tahiti.

- Oh, let's grab this table.

- But Dad hates to fly.

- Oh, I'm not going  
with your father.

- And how long will you be gone?

- About six months.

- So I'll have the apartment  
all to myself again?

- How could you do this  
to Dad?

- It's always been my dream  
to travel.

Well, you got to go to France  
your junior year of college,  
and Shelby had those two months  
when she went missing in Mexico.

- Ay de mi.

Tiempos mas buenos.

- Your father's been afraid  
to travel,

and this is my chance  
to see the world.

- This isn't like you, Mom.

- No?

No, it's not like me at all.

I always do

what everybody else wants.

One day, you'll understand.

- No, I won't, because I would never give up on my marriage.

- Like Miss Perfect would ever have marital problems.

- Actually, I just found out that Mr. Perfect has been keeping a big secret from me.

- Is he cheating on you with his hot assistant?

- Shelby.

- Charlie's not cheating on me.

- How do you know?

Do you monitor his calls, check his texts?

- No, 'cause I'm not a psycho.

- Such an amateur.

- Charlie would never cheat.

- That's what I thought about Dad.

- Men aren't perfect, honey. They're just men.

- All of them?

- Yes, dear, all of them.

- Damn.

- Mwah.

Mwah.

Bye, babies.

- Roses or orchids for the centerpieces?

What do you think?

- I think we should sincerely contemplate changing the theme of this party, Ava.

- Shelby, come on.

I need help.

- Yeah, you do.

Mom's leaving in ten days,  
and the party's in two weeks.

What are you gonna tell  
people to say?

"Surprise, Bradley.

"We know

you're getting divorced,

"but we wanted to celebrate  
the milestone

that you didn't reach anyway"?

- They'll work it out!

- You should seriously  
consider therapy.

- I've tried group therapy.

I've even tried that whack job  
of a therapist  
who told them

not to communicate.

- The Brush with Death.

I heard it's very successful  
in the long run.

- But I don't have the long run.

I've got about a week  
to fix this.

- You have to fix it, Ava?

- Who else?

- How about your parents?

- Well, they haven't exactly  
been very effective  
left to their own devices.

- And how has their separation  
impacted your relationship  
with Charlie?

- Who?

- Your husband.

- Oh, no.

Charlie.

He's fine.

He's great.

Well, actually, I just found out  
he deliberately hid from me  
the fact that he'd  
been married before.

- So discovering  
in quick succession  
that both your father and your  
husband were keeping secrets  
doesn't have any great  
significance for you?

- Okay.

I know where you're going  
with this,

but can we just stick  
to the issue at hand?

- Then your husband's previous  
marriage is not an issue?

- Not presently.

No.

Can we get back to my parents?

- Did you consider  
the possibility  
that divorce could actually be  
the best thing for your parents?

- [Laughs]

Seriously, though,  
what do I do?

- Let go.

Let them work it out  
for themselves.

- [Sighs]

By the way, do you lock  
your filing cabinets?

[Rumbling]

You hooked up the dryer.

- Bradley did it.

- Oh.

- Not that I don't appreciate  
all the help,

but sharing a house

with your dad

isn't exactly how I envisioned  
married life.

- This has been hard on me too,  
Charlie.

- Well, I miss my wife.

[Rumbling]

- Oh.

Hi.

This a bad time?

- Hi, Dad.

- Bradley.

- Thanks for hooking up  
the dryer.

- Oh, it feels good to be handy,  
you know.

I know Chuck's busy.

- I would have gotten to it  
eventually.

- Yeah, right after you finish  
putting up the shelves  
in our bedroom?

- [Laughs]

- Excuse me.

I'm gonna take a shower.

- Did you talk to your mom?

I mean, did you tell her  
how sorry I am  
about the ass thing?

- Um, I didn't get a chance,  
actually.

She seems to have made  
some travel plans.

- Yeah, but your mother  
hates to travel.

- Actually, it's always been  
a dream of hers.

- She never mentioned anything.

- Did you ask?

Did you ever ask what she wanted  
or if she was happy?

- She never complained.

I just assumed  
that everything was fine.

- I don't think this is just  
about the affair, Dad.

Do you?

- So where's she going?

- Thailand.

- When?

- In ten days.

- Oh, no.

She's gonna miss  
our anniversary.

How long is she going for?

- Um, she didn't say exactly,  
but she plans on making  
a couple of other stops  
along the way.

- How long, Ava?

- Six months.

- Six months.

It's over.

She's really left me  
for good.

- Dad, you'll get her back.

You just have to show her  
how much you love her  
and remind her  
how special she is to you.

Can you please try  
and cheer my dad up?

Maybe take him out  
for a drink or something?

I need to stop my mom  
from leaving.

We'll get the two of them  
together.

We can talk it through.

- That's a bad idea.

Group therapy sure didn't work.

- [Groans]

I'm running out of options,  
Charlie.

Please help me.

You owe me for making me  
wife number two.

- Fine.

I'll help you out one last time,  
but you got to agree  
to never mention that stupid  
Vegas wedding again.

- Deal.

[Lively mandolin music]

- Here we go, gentlemen.

- Hey.

Oh, I can't drink this.

- Oh, yeah, you can.

I know the owner.

He's a big-time Jew.

Only serves kosher.

- Oh, thanks, Gerber.

I didn't know

there were Irish Jews.

- Oh, yeah.

- Yeah?

- So this is great.

A night out with the boys.

- Yeah.

I got to tell you,

you got to leave the old ball

and chain at home sometimes.

Although I can't complain.

I love being married.

I have never had this much sex

in my life.

No, forget trolling bars

to get laid.

Get married.

Hello.

- You don't have sex

all the time.

- Oh, yeah.

Whenever I want.

Every which way.

- I miss my wife.

- Aw.

- Look, Bradley, I'm sure

you guys will work it out,

and if you don't...

- Yeah, be a man.

Bradley, there are plenty

of other chicks in the sea.

Eastern Europe is teeming

with beautiful young women

just dying to marry

a rich American.

- Let's not get ahead

of ourselves here, Gerber.

- 60 is the new 30.



I saw you over

at the karaoke machine,

ripping it up,

going to work.

[Tarzan yell]

Dude, Slavic hotties will be

all over your Johnson.

Yeah, they will be lining up

for a man with your experience.

- You think?

- Absolutely.

- Bet you find

a nice Jewish girl.

Uh-oh.

- Wouldn't Betty just love that?

- Oh, I know the perfect place

to celebrate your

newly anointed single status.

- Where?

- Got any dollar bills on you?

- Ah!

Let's have shots for everybody.

- We are gonna put

some boobs on your face.

Okay?

- Okay, just this one time.

Yes.

- Booby in your eye.

- I know the separation's

hard on you, Ava,

so I really appreciate

your show of support.

I should be netting the web

in no time at all.

- I just figured if you're gonna

be gone for six months,

you need to be

internet and email savvy.

Now we can keep in touch.

- Well, I must admit,

I am a little nervous.

- You are?

- Well, it's been a long time

since I did anything

this exciting or brave.

I can't remember  
the last time I did anything  
without your father.

- Or you could do this with him.

- Dad travel?

He has a hard time  
going to the mailbox.

- [Laughs]

I just know he's devastated  
without you.

[Bluesy rock music playing]

- [Slurping]

- Chase it!

- Yeah!

- Oh!

Who's next?

- Oh, my God!

- Here's Bradley!

- Aren't you just a little sad  
that your marriage is over?

- Well, of course I am, Ava,  
but your father's incapable  
of change or even compromise.  
And I refuse to be unfulfilled  
any longer.

- Why didn't you say anything  
before?

- I suppose I was  
too busy worrying  
about everyone else's needs  
to think about my own.

[Indistinct chatter]

Doesn't that sound like...

[loud thud]

What?

- I'm all right.

I'm okay.

No problem.

Oh, you know, Charlie,  
you're my bestest,  
favoritest son-in-law ever.

- Really?

'Cause you're, like,

my very favorite  
most father-in-law ever.

- Oh, come on,  
give me a hug.

- Bradley Gold.

- Did you hear that?

That sounded like my wife,  
except I don't have one anymore.

[Laughter]

- Exactly what did you have  
to drink tonight?

- I don't know, but I'm sure  
wasn't Manischewitz.

[Laughter]

- You should be ashamed  
of yourself.

- What?

- What the hell  
is wrong with you?

- How was I supposed to know  
your mom would be here?

- I told you I was gonna try  
to get the two of them together.  
This is your idea of helping?

- You told me to cheer him up.

Trust me,  
tonight he was so happy.

- Please tell me you did not  
take my father Hot Chicks Live.

- We didn't go  
to Hot Chicks Live.

Gerber's way too cheap  
for Hot Chicks Live.

- Gerber was with you?

I hope you took a cab.

- I guess chauffer duties were  
in their marriage arrangements,  
'cause Gerber's wife  
drove us home.

And she's great,  
and they're having sex...

great Polish sex,  
whatever that means...

whenever he wants.

- Show up at your daughter's house this time of night, drunk as a skunk.  
I mean, what do you have to say for yourself?

- [Burps]

- [Snickers]

- Thank you, Bradley, for validating a very difficult life-altering decision I've just made.  
I now know absolutely for certain that leaving you is the smartest thing I've ever done.

- Mom, you don't mean that.

- Yeah.

- Do you know that I discovered tonight at this strip club?

- No, please enlighten me.

- I thought you said you didn't take him to a strip club.

- No, I said I didn't take him to Hot Chicks Live.

- I learned that there are women in this world who want me.

- Oh, they don't want you, you idiot.  
They want your dollar bills.

- You know, there's a nation in Europe that has a lot of pretty Russian Jews who want to have sex with me.

- And time for bed.

- Too bad that you don't have the balls to fly out there and meet them.

- Well, then I'll just have to ship them in.

- [Screams]

- Mazel tov.

- Oh!

I squished my fish.

Oh, no.

- Dude, did you say you were gonna ship your balls?

- Poor Malcolm.

- This is what I'll be missing?

- Mom, please.

- Hey, Bradley, when I'm cavorting naked on a Fiji beach with my Polynesian Adonis, I shall try to remember to send you a postcard.

[Door slams]

- Oh...

I think that went well.

- I...

- "I" what?

- I love you.

- Do you realize that what you did tonight brought my parents closer than ever to divorce?

- What I did?

I was just trying to cheer him up.

I was helping you.

But if you hadn't tried to interfere tonight, none of this would have happened in the first place.

- Charlie, my parents are getting divorced.

I have real problems.

- You know, maybe we should stop focusing on your parents...

Nice shelves.

And start focusing on us.

- Uh, what's that supposed to mean?

- Well, for one thing, it's been a little difficult to have sex

with your dad staying here.

- Oh, I'm surprised you noticed.

You've been so busy  
texting with Adrianna.

Work must be crazy.

- You're the one  
who's too distracted  
with everyone else's problems  
to even have sex  
with your own husband.

- [Sighs]

It's not been that long  
since we've had sex,  
and I've been busy.

- Well, you're not  
doing anything right now.

- Ugh, Charlie,  
if you think I'm gonna  
sleep with you right now,  
you're even more drunk  
than I thought.

Oh!

Is it really too much to ask  
to replace  
the toilet paper roll?

Is it really that difficult?  
What is it?

A genetic predisposition  
to measure your shits  
against the amount  
of toilet paper left?

Oh!

And just so you know,  
I did not fall in love with you  
again today.

[Tranquil instrumental music]

- Morning, beautiful.

I made your favorite.

Black coffee,  
two sugars.

Wheat toast with mayo.

Truce?

- Truce.

I have to cancel  
the surprise party.

- You can't save

every marriage, Ava.

- I feel like such a failure.

- Promise me

you're done intervening.

- I have no other choice.

- Promise?

Meet me tonight for dinner?

- Mm-hmm.

I can tell that some

positive changes

have taken place

since our last session.

What's going on?

- When we left here, I began  
to make that list you suggested.

I dug really deep,

and I realized the main reason

I was attracted to Courtney

was because her family was rich.

- Perhaps you were looking

to Courtney

to provide emotional security.

- Well, mostly I just liked  
the fact she drove a Porsche.

- And I realized

what I liked about Lloyd

was that he wasn't rich.

I knew that if I married him,

it would really piss off

my father.

- Excuse me?

- Once we were finally honest  
with each other,

it was like this huge relief.

So we've decided

to get a divorce.

- And we just wanted to come  
here in person to thank you.

- To thank me for what?

- If it wasn't for you,

we could be stuck

in a lousy marriage for years

without knowing any better.

- Please, don't mention it.

- Oh, I just got four winks  
on Match. Com.

- I already got a date.

- I need the guest list  
for the party.

I have to cancel it before  
I meet Charlie for dinner.

- You've seen the light.

I am taking Mom speed dating  
tonight,  
show her what the single life  
is really like.

- Genius.

- I have my moments.

- Hey.

- Hi, John.

- Do you guys  
have an appointment?

- No, things didn't really  
work out with Amy and me.

- Oh.

So you're here to talk about it?

- No, actually,

I was wondering  
if Shelby was available  
for dinner this evening.

- Mm. No.

I saw your test scores.

- Cares more about your marriage  
than you do.

That's why you got to talk  
to your woman  
and find out  
what's the trouble.

- Amen, brother.

Amen.

[Door clicks open]

- Rough day?

- Rough week.

- Why'd you have an affair, Dad?

- You know,

that was a long time ago.

I never would have done it

if I thought your mother and I



were gonna be reconciled.

But...

I'm miserable, Ava.

I can't sleep.

I can't eat.

I just want her back.

- Don't worry, Dad.

We'll get her back.

You and me together,  
we'll do whatever it takes.

Why don't you go  
get an early night?

- I just haven't been able  
to sleep since she left.

My mind keeps me awake,  
keeps racing.

- Charlie has sleeping pills.

- You think that's safe?

- Of course.

I'll go grab them.

- Well, how many do I take?

- Two, and you'll sleep  
like a baby.

No!

I said two, Dad.

- From what I remember  
about babies,  
they wake up a lot.

Good night, pumpkin.

[Mischievous music]

[indistinct chatter]

- I'm not sure about this  
speed dating thing, Shelby.

- Oh, you'll love it.

You can squeeze in 50 bad dates  
and only sacrifice one night.

- Oh!

[Laughs]

Well, welcome, all.

Now, you'll have five minutes  
to speak with your date.

When I hit that buzzer,  
the man must move on  
to the next woman.

Under 35s to my right.

Over 35s to my left.

Ladies, please,  
take your seats.

[Laughs]

- Come on, Mom.

Let's go.

[Line rings]

[Phone ringing]

[toilet flushes]

[Phone chimes]

- [snoring]

- [sighs]

[Touch-tones beeping]

[Line rings]

- 911.

Is this an emergency?

- Hi, I think my dad  
overdosed on sleeping pills,  
and I need an ambulance  
right away.

- A marriage is forever.

Fidelity is essential.

A shame my ex-wife  
didn't agree.

Yeah, she left me.

- Oh.

- At least she thinks she did.

[Laughing]

[Buzzer buzzes]

- Men, y'all better move.

- I think you're in  
the wrong section.

The under 35s are over there.

- A cougar's calling.

Rawr!

[Buzzer buzzes]

- Child, didn't you hear  
that buzzer?

Time to switch.

Get over here.

- I really like squirrels.

You like squirrels?

- I think I heard the buzzer.

- I'm so nervous.

I hate these things.

- Hmm.

- Ava!

Ava!

Are you okay?

- Yeah.

- Bradley.

What happened?

- How many sleeping pills  
did he take?

- Uh, I don't know,  
but the bottle was empty  
when I found it.

- My bottle of sleeping pills?  
That was practically full.

- One of you can ride with us.

- I'll follow in my car, okay?

- Okay.

[Phone ringing]

- So do you want to go home  
and slit our wrists now  
or get drunk first?

- Hi, Ava.

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

Oh, we're coming.

We're coming.

- I never should have left  
my pills out.

I just didn't see this coming.

Did you?

- Me?

No.

- Where is he?

Where is he?

Is he all right?

- It's okay.

Doctors are in with him  
right now.

- It's all my fault.

I'm a horrible wife.

- I can't believe he actually  
tried to kill himself.

- Shelby.

Not now.

- He's recovering nicely.

- Oh, thank God for that.

Can I see him?

- Of course. Go in.

Nurse, show her in, please.

I have to tell you, though,  
we did find

some very small traces  
of the drug in his system.

In my opinion, this was not  
a suicide attempt.

- Oh, that's a huge relief,  
Doctor.

Thank you so much for your help.

Thank you.

- You're welcome.

We'll keep him here overnight  
just to make sure,  
but he should be fine to leave  
in the morning.

- Okay.

- All right.

- It's just so strange.

You said the bottle  
was empty, right?

- Yeah, I think.

- Either it was empty  
or not.

- Mm.

It's not that simple.

- What's not that simple?

It was empty, or why else  
would you call 911?

- As a precaution.

- Ava, what are you  
talking about?

- I've always wanted to try  
the food here.

I hear their Jell-O  
is fabulous.

- I may have  
slightly exaggerated

the number of pills  
that he took.

- Exaggerated?

- I'm gonna go find  
the cafeteria  
and that hot doctor.

- Oh, you're not  
gonna like this.

Um...

I knew my dad didn't take  
the whole bottle,  
but he was having  
a lot of trouble sleeping,  
so he took three  
to help him fall asleep.

- And the rest of them?

- I flushed them  
down the toilet.

- You did what?

- I know.

I'm not proud.

- Jesus, Ava.

What the hell is wrong with you?

- I was desperate, okay?

My dad has been just devastated  
since the separation,  
and I needed to do something  
to bring them together.

- You promised me  
you were done interfering.

What you did was illegal.

If anyone found out,  
you could lose your license.  
You could even go to prison.

- Charlie, you're making it  
sound way worse than it is.

- No, Ava,

I'm telling you how it is.

- Their 30th anniversary  
is coming up...

- I can't believe this.

- Why are you walking away  
from me?

- How dare you think you can

just manipulate people  
to get your way?

- I'm sorry, but I did it  
for my parents.

- No, you didn't do it  
for them.

You did it for yourself.

- I was only trying  
to help.

Charlie, where are you going?

- I can't believe  
this is who you are!

[Somber piano music]

- I'm dead, aren't I?

- No.

Very much alive.

- Are you sure?

Because for me,  
heaven is where you are, Betty.

I love you so much.

And I'll do

whatever you want me to do.

I'll get on a plane  
to Thailand.

I'll pick up a tapeworm  
in India.

I'll even come clean  
with the girls about Ian.

But I want you to be happy,  
Betty,

and I want to be part  
of that happiness.

- When I got that phone call  
tonight,

I realized that you're not  
a part of that happiness.

- Oh.

- You are  
that happiness to me.

Mm.

- Mm.

- [Laughs]

- [Snorts]

[Laughter]

- Mom's gonna spend  
the night.

You need a ride?

If it's any consolation,  
I thought it was  
an inspired idea.

- Thanks.

I'll remember that when I get  
the divorce papers.

- No, I'm serious.

That took major balls.  
I have a newfound respect  
for you.

- Somehow that makes me  
feel worse.

- Excuse me.

What room is Bradley Gold in?

- Just a second.

- Isn't that  
the deli delivery guy?

- Yeah, his wife, Betty,  
called me.

I'm his son.

- It's room 412.

- 412.

Thank you.

- How old are you?

- 25.

- Me too.

When's your birthday?

- May.

- I'm June.

- Busy month.

- Is there a July?

- How long have you known?

- Lan came to me  
right after your wedding.

- How come you didn't  
say anything before?

- Oh, I was shocked.

- In our dad's defense,  
he didn't know about me.

My mom kept his identity secret.

I mean, I only found out,

well, after she died

a few months ago.

- That sucks.

- Yeah, yeah,  
it really does.

- Sorry.

So when were you planning  
on telling us?

- He was working up to it.

- I realize that I have  
some apologizing to do,  
and, Ian, I know that I  
missed out on, well, everything.

But I'd like to make it up  
to you if you'd let me.

- And all this time,  
I thought I was an only child.

- You might still wish you were.

[Melancholy country music]

- # Laid our blessings  
on the ground #  
# The softening sound #  
# Draws us closed again #  
# Stay,  
stay and watch the coals #  
# Till they cease to glow #  
# Like empty promises #  
# Why #  
# Why did you go #  
# Why did you go away #  
# Why #

- Oh, thank you.

[Laughing]

- # Why did you go #  
# Why did you go away #  
# Babe #

[knocking]

- Hi.

It's your wife.

Remember me?

- I'm not sure who you are.

- [Sighs]

I know you're angry,  
but you didn't tell me about



your whole Vegas wedding,  
and I still forgave you.  
So maybe this is my  
total screw-up moment  
you just have to forgive me for.  
You planning on coming home  
anytime soon?

- I can't answer that  
right now.

- You can't just ignore  
our marriage, Charlie.

- The way you have?

- I'm a therapist.

Helping people is what I do.

But this was personal.

My parents were separating.

- Yeah.

- [Sighs]

The anniversary party's on  
for tomorrow afternoon.

Will you be my date?

- I'm not really in the mood  
to celebrate.

- Is there something else  
going on?

I mean, you and Adrianna  
seem awfully close.

- If that's the person  
who you think you married,  
then what are you  
even doing here?

- Aren't we worth fighting for?

- What are you fighting for?

Your marriage or me?

- It's the same thing.

- No.

No, it's not.

You want a husband so when your  
patients ask if you're married,  
you can tell them yes.

And that way, it'll validate  
all the advice you give them.

I feel like the worst thing  
we did to our relationship

was get married.

- Sorry to interrupt you guys.

Charlie,

it's your conference call  
to discuss the new chardonnay.

They're on line two.

- Thanks.

I have to get this.

- Got any tequila over there?

- What, you want a shot?

- Just hand me the whole bottle.

- You know why I think Charlie  
gave you the wine

for a wedding gift?

- Is this really relevant, Dad?

- Could be.

He told me once that  
when the grapes are growing,  
the winemakers  
purposely stress them out  
by depriving them of water  
and giving them  
an overabundance of sunshine.

Now, this weeds out  
the weak ones,  
and only the strongest  
and best survive,  
and those are the grapes  
that make the finest wine.

Now, the greatest love  
survives the harshest  
of conditions.

And surviving that turmoil  
is what makes a marriage strong.

- Thanks, Dad.

But I still want the tequila.

- [Laughs]

- Dude, better get dressed.

Come on.

Don't want to be late  
and ruin the surprise.

- I'm not going.

[Door clicks shut]

- [Speaking Polish]

- [Speaking Polish]

I left the toilet seat up.

It's a work in progress.

- Tell me about it.

- You know, buddy,  
you're always welcome here,  
but how long

are you planning to stay?

It's just Kasha's parents  
are coming to visit  
and her two brothers  
and three cousins.

- Are you all right  
with that?

- Absolutely.

When you get married, you don't  
set limits on what love means.

Okay, but that shit is weird,  
dude, with the bread  
and the mayo.

I bet you're the only person  
on Earth  
that eats toast that way.

- Dad, are you sure  
you can drink that?

I don't think it's kosher.

- Well, I'm taking  
a more relaxed approach  
to things these days.

Besides,  
we're celebrating.

Your mother and I just booked  
a trip to Thailand.

- Wow.

- Exotic trips,  
exotic cuisine...  
how will you survive?

[Cork pops]

- Tums.

- Lan's gonna housesit  
for us.

- What?

How come he gets to?

- Because he's older,

sweetheart.

- By a month.

- Sibling rivalry.

Started already.

- Don't worry about it, Shel.

I'll invite you

to all the wild parties.

And you won't even

be responsible for the cleanup.

- Brother, where have you been  
all my life?

Come with me.

I'll show you where Dad

hides the good booze.

- Is Charlie meeting us  
at the winery?

- It was nice of him to  
invite us to the wine tasting.

- It's not you guys  
he's upset with.

- Well, best get going.

- Betty.

- Yes?

Oh, thank you, darling.

I'm just gonna run upstairs  
and update my Facebook status.

- I hate to see you go,  
but I love to watch you leave.

[Brassy jazz music]

- Bradley, did you take  
your antacid?

- No.

- You know how white wine  
affects your stomach.

You won't be able to sleep.

- With any luck...

[together]

Surprise!

[Laughter]

- Are you two  
responsible for this?

- You two should be grounded  
for lying to us.

- Are we really grounded?

- She's not my mom.  
- Well, I don't believe it.  
- Well, I just want to thank  
you all for being here today.  
30 years is no mean feat,  
and I'd be lying to you  
if I told you that we hadn't had  
a few bumps along the road.  
- Or mountains.  
- But I just want to tell you  
how lucky I feel  
to have this woman  
by my side  
and how I love her even more  
for sticking with me  
during those trying times  
when even I might have left me.  
So I just want  
to propose a toast  
to the love of my life,  
to Betty.

- Betty.

- Betty.

- Betty.

- L'chaim.

[Applause]

[Melancholy flute music]

- This will help.

Charlie running late?

- I don't think

he's gonna make it.

- Will you two?

- I don't know.

I don't know what happened.

- Yeah, I mean,

you ignored him

by prioritizing your parents,

sex-starved him,

and then you went

psycho criminal on his ass.

I can see

where it gets confusing.

- [Sighs]

I did try apologizing.

- Trying to get him to come  
to your parents'  
anniversary party  
so you don't lose face  
in front of the family  
is a lot like apologizing.

- When did you get so smart?

- Is Ava Dalton admitting  
that she doesn't know  
everything?

- Yes, yes.  
Okay, I admit it.  
I'm not perfect,  
and I don't know everything.

- Well, I've known that  
for about 25 years.  
I think there might be  
someone else  
you need to mention it to.

- Oh, say good night  
to Mom and Dad for me.

- I should open  
my own practice.

- There you are, darling.  
I've been looking for you.  
This is Jeremiah,  
Rabbi Stevens' son.  
And this is my daughter Shelby.

- Hi, Jeremiah,  
Rabbi Stevens' son.

- Nice to meet you.

- Have a seat.

- Thank you.

- I think you may find you have  
quite a few things in common.

- So you're Jewish.  
Wait a minute.  
My dad told me about you.  
Aren't you  
the wandering degenerate?

- And aren't you  
the sponging sister?

- It's "slutty sponging sister,"  
if you don't mind.

- No, actually,  
I don't mind at all.

- [Laughing]

[Spirited piano music]

- I'm so sorry, Charlie.

- Before you start apologizing,  
I have some things to say.

Okay?

About eight weeks ago,  
you promised to love me  
in sickness, in health,  
and all that other stuff.

Remember?

Well, I have some amendments  
to those vows.

Do you promise to fall in love  
with me every day,  
even when we fight?

- Yes.

- Will you swear  
to have sex with me  
at least twice a week,  
sometimes twice a day  
when the mood strikes?

- Oh, yes.

- And finally,  
do you accept the fact  
that I'll probably never, ever  
in the next 50 years  
remember to put a new  
toilet roll on the dispenser?

- [Laughing]

I do.

- Let's go back.

Let's show these people  
that we know how to make  
a marriage work.

- No.

- No?

- A marriage isn't official  
until it's been consummated.

- I knew there was a reason  
why I married you.

[baby cooing]

Who's the most beautiful baby  
in the whole wide world?

- Look at Mommy.

[Brassy jazz music]

- # How lucky can one guy be #

# I kissed her

and she kissed me #

# Like the fella once said #

# "Ain't that a kick

in the head" #

- Oh, and just so you know...

Ah!

- I'm a big boy.

Didn't use to be.

- Focus.

And action.

[Laughter]

- # My life

is gonna be beautiful #

# I've sunshine enough

to spread #

# It's just like

the fella said #

- Are you wearing a yarmulke?

- Yeah, you like it?

I had to dig around

in the basement to find it.

I haven't worn one

since I was a kid.

- Nice.

Very... Jewish.

- Well, that's the look

I was going for.

- Physical contact

make you uncomfortable?

- No, I just don't hug

strangers,

most particularly,

men I don't know.

- He's more comfortable

sleeping with women

he's just met.

- It's "slutty sponging sister,"

if you don't mind.



- No, actually,  
I don't mind at all.

- [Laughs]

Sorry.

- All right, cut.

- Did we get it?

- What the hell?

Oop.

- # If this is just  
the beginning #

# My life

is gonna be beautiful #

# She's telling me

we'll be wed #

# She's picked out

a king-size bed #

# I couldn't feel any better #

# Or I'd be sick #

# Tell me quick #

# Oh, ain't love a kick #

# Tell me quick #

# Ain't love a kick #

# In the head #

[music stops]

[Gentle violin picking]

[lively orchestral music]