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# Lovers and Other Strangers

By Renée Taylor

Susan?

Wake up, Susan.

Mike, what is it?

- **It's 3:**

- I'm not getting married.

Remember what I said to you?

"If I ask you to marry me,  
can I take it back?"

And you said I could, didn't you?

I'm taking it back, that's all.

Look, I don't think I could be faithful.

Whenever I walk down the street,

I want to grab every ass I see.

That's not normal.

India's overpopulated.

The suicide rate is up.

We'll all be sterilized.

The air is polluted.

Is that the kind of world

you want to get married in?

Susan, someday maybe I'll get good  
and stoned...

we'll go off and we'll do it.

That way I won't feel like I'm married.

What do you say?

Give me a break, take the pressure off me.

Call off the wedding.

All right, Susan.

I've got to lay my cards on the table.

I wasn't going to tell you 'cause

I didn't want to hurt your feelings...

but there's something about you

that really bugs me.

You have very fat arms.

I tried. I really tried, Susan...

but it's getting close.

There's only three days left,

and I can't go any further.

You and Ritchie

going to pick up the tuxedos today?

You'll have to get the cufflinks

for the ushers, too.

Did I tell you I got a salad bowl

from Johnny and Wilma?

- It's from Tiffany's.

- No kidding.

Do you think he'll make the wedding?

- Who, Mike?

- No. Father Gregory.

- Mike's really uptight about the wedding.

- Not Johnny. Weddings make him sexy.

Wilma? Cool it with Dad.

What's the matter?

Don't you trust anyone over 30?

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson.

- Bernice.

- I always wanted to call you Bernice.

You should have been

at the Fitzpatrick wedding.

It was absolutely fabulous.

It was incredible.

They had a Michelangelo statue.

It was a little slave with an urn.

The champagne just simply spilled over.

It was marvelous.

A wedding like that... There you are.

Didn't I see you at Wilma's wedding?

- That's right.

- I never forget a face.

Busy, busy, busy.

I have to leave you. Help yourself.

- Everything's all right.

- Thank you.

- Look who's here.

- Here are my little girls.

- Dad.

- How are you, Susan, my sweetheart?

Hello, Wilma. How are you?

- Hi, Kathy.

- Sit down.

Wilma, a little champagne here.

I forgot. You don't drink too much, do you?

And a little for my baby. There you are.

Now, a toast to the bride.

- To the bride.

- To the bride.

Is everybody comfortable?

Look at me. I was so beautiful then.

Did I see you at Wilma's wedding?

- I'm Wilma.

- That's why you were there.

Busy, busy, busy.

I won't be too much longer.

- Is Phyllis better?

- Who?

Your roommate. Will she be well enough to come to the wedding?

- I hope so.

- Johnny looks the same as he does now.

Big Italian lug.

Don't complain, Wilma.

At least you're married.

If Mike makes half the husband that Johnny is...

I'll be satisfied.

He's won't go into your business.

I can tell you that right now.

Don't you worry, Susan.

He has to do his thing. I understand.

There's no gap here.

- Look who's here.

- Mike.

What a pleasant surprise, son.

Susan didn't tell us you were coming.

- I didn't know.

- You all know my brother, Ritchie?

Hi, Ritchie.

Wilma, I hear we got a great salad bowl from you and Johnny.

- It's from Tiffany's.

- No kidding?

Sit down, Ritchie.

I need the key to the apartment back.

Mike? As long as you're both here...

why don't you and Ritchie have lunch with us?

I'm sorry, Mr. Henderson.

We really got to split. Right, Ritchie?

- We'll be seeing you at the barbecue.

- Right.

Ritchie, we're expecting you

and your lovely wife.

So long.

- Good-bye, boys.

- Bye-bye, son.

Is Joan coming to the barbecue?

Barbecue? I don't know

if she'll make the wedding.

I love weddings.

They're such a family thing.

And when it comes down

to the real nitty-gritty...

that's all a man has. His family.

- Mike, do you want some more soup?

- No, I'm full.

- How about you, Frank? More soup?

- I don't want no more soup.

- Go ahead, Frank. It's good soup.

- All right, let me have some more soup.

Ritchie?

- Mike?

- No.

You're sure?

It's been a long time

since we all had a meal together.

- How's Nick?

- Who?

- Your roommate.

- Nick. He's fine.

Will we finally meet him at the wedding?

I promise you,

you'll see my roommate at the wedding.

A wedding is such a joyous event.

It's the joining of two people

together through thick and thin...

in a union of spiritual goodness,

forever and ever...

that only God can put asunder.

- You want some more veal, Mike?

- No, Ma.

- You want some more veal?

- I don't want no more veal.

- The butcher gave you good veal, Frank.

- Yeah, he's a good butcher.

It's not veiny.

I hate veiny veal.

So what's the story, Ritchie?

Get off his back.

Let him work out his own problems.

- Quiet. We're not talking about marriage.

- We're talking about divorce.

- If it was marriage, you could talk.

- But we're talking about divorce.

- So be quiet.

- Marriage is different from divorce.

So what's the story, Ritchie?

We're just not compatible.

- Hear that? They're not compatible.

- I heard, but I'm not listening.

Married for six years, all of a sudden they want to be compatible.

- It's a phase.

- These stupid kids today.

Don't know what to do with themselves, so they get a divorce for kicks.

That's what it is. Kicks.

It's 1970. It happens to a lot of couples.

There's nothing you can do about it.

- Never in our family.

- We don't believe in it.

Happens to people who don't give a damn.

Would the King and Queen of England get a divorce?

- Don't believe in it.

- It's why they're together.

They know what'd happen to England if they broke up.

- But our son believes in it.

- He wouldn't care what happened... to England or anybody.

It's 1970, so he's getting a divorce.

He was such a beautiful groom.

Everybody said it was made in heaven.

His grandmother was so happy she lived to see him marry.

Jackie next door has three kids, and he's never even been to college.

- Mike's not getting a divorce.

- I'm not even married yet.

So what's the story, Ritchie?

I think they're hinting at something.

They want to know the story.

- Where are you going?

- Upstairs.

Sorry to split, but we're not going  
to talk about marriage...

and that's the only thing I know about.

Right, we're going to talk about divorce,  
about which I'm an expert.

You're the only one

who's ever come close, wise guy.

Your brother's getting married.

How can you get a divorce?

Shut up, Beatrice.

Where the hell do you think you're going?

Joan and I talked it out,

and believe me, it's better this way.

Better?

- For who? Your mother?

- Your father?

- I'll tell you who it's better for. You.

- Always you.

- Do you know what's better for you?

- You don't know.

- Only you know.

- Did you listen when I told you...

- not to marry her in the first place?

- Listen to your father.

Don't you understand?

Joan and I are just not happy together.

Hear that, Beatrice?

They're not happy together.

I heard, Frank.

Who's happy?

Do you see me running around

dancing in the streets?

Do you see your father running around

dancing in the streets?

What, are you better than me?

You think your mother and I are happy?

- You and Mom aren't happy?

- No.

Then why did you stay together?

- We're content.  
- We're content.  
These kids today,  
all they're looking for is happiness.  
Don't look for happiness, Ritchie.  
It'll only make you miserable.  
If I'm not going to be happy,  
I don't want to be married.  
Where the hell does he think he's going?  
You think you're smart.  
I'm telling you you're not smart.  
I know you're not smart.  
You're stupid.  
You think only married people are unhappy?  
- What about Eddie Shride?  
- Or Tommy Pizzo?  
- Or your Aunt Pauline?  
- Or Father Burke?  
- You want to end up like them?  
- Unhappy?  
Why do you think  
we all keep our families together?  
For happiness? No. For the family.  
- For the kids.  
- We don't have any kids.  
I told you not to have any kids.  
I told him not to have any kids.  
What about your nephew, Mark?  
You and Joan are his godparents.  
You got a responsibility.  
Who'll take care of him  
if, God forbid, we all die in a fire?  
We could all get killed  
crossing the street by a truck.  
- Or die of a heart  
attack in the living room.  
- Or get electrocuted  
in the bathtub.  
Believe me, dying is no picnic.  
If you're not going to talk intelligently,  
I'm not going to discuss it with you.  
For God's sake, Frank, do something.  
Don't tell me you won't discuss it.  
I'll take off my strap...



and give you a beating.  
I don't care how old you are.  
Don't you touch him.  
That's all you know, the strap.  
Where were you when he was young  
and really needed a good beating?  
- It's all your fault.  
- Don't give me it's my fault.  
It's your fault. You spoiled him.  
It's all your fault.  
I don't blame Ritchie. I don't blame Joan.  
I don't even blame you.  
You know who I blame?  
The Ecumenical council.  
Once you start monkeying around  
with who's a saint and who isn't...  
it makes the young people crazy.  
God, why did this have to happen?  
Maybe I wasn't a good mother.  
Is it my fault? It is my fault,  
isn't it, Ritchie?  
Stop it. It's nobody's fault.  
It's got to be somebody's fault.  
I want to know whose fault.  
We'll talk to him at the wedding, Frank.  
Joan will be there, too.  
Would you believe I lived with them  
till I got married?  
When they get started  
they can really put you away.  
You and Susan had the right idea.  
You lived together.  
You got to know each other.  
I grew up with Joan,  
too scared to do what you did.  
It was a different world.  
So we got married...  
and then we found out it was a mistake.  
But it's not going to happen to you.  
You got it made.  
What makes me so special?  
I'm walking down the same aisle you did.  
I saw our wedding pictures  
at Donaldson's today.

Yeah?

You look the same, Johnny...

- but I've gotten older.

- No, you haven't, honey.

But you have to keep in shape.

Remember, you haven't got four years  
in the Marines behind you.

Do you think Susan will be happy  
with Mike?

Why not? They've been making it for a year.

Could be just physical.

That's a good place to start.

I'll be right out, Johnny.

He and Dr. Edwardes were on a high,  
sloping roof.

And when he saw Edwardes plunge  
over the edge to his death...

he also saw the angry proprietor  
hiding behind the chimney, laughing.

The symbolism  
of the small wheel escapes me.

You are thinking that now, Dr. Murchison.

Honey, wait a minute.

Ingrid Bergman just found out  
who the murderer is.

- You've seen Spellbound  
four times.

- Six times. It's one of my  
all-time favorites.

Convicted as a sane man...  
and killed in the electric chair  
for your crime.

- I'm going to telephone...

- Boy, Ingrid Bergman.

What about Gregory Peck?

- He hasn't got your looks.

- That's true.

Wait a minute, honey.

You're going to make me miss the ending.

Okay, I'll wait.

Any husband of Constance  
is a husband of mine.

- All right. Goodbye. Good luck.

- Goodbye.

Good night, honey.

Come on, Wilma. I'm tired.

Are you going to make love to me or not?

- I owe you one.

- You owe me two.

How do you figure I owe you two?

Last Friday and the Wednesday before,

when your mother stayed over...

and you didn't want to make noise.

Okay, now I owe you three. I'm good for it.

What?

Come on, Wilma.

I'm not in the mood right now.

All right, if you really don't want to.

I don't want you to do anything

you don't want to do.

Don't you ever touch me again.

Will you put the cigarette out

and go to sleep?

- I can't sleep when I'm like this.

- It's all in your mind.

- It is not. I feel sexy.

- It's just nerves. Have a sandwich.

Come on, Wilma. In the morning.

I'm not interested in the morning.

It's not romantic in the morning.

- It's romantic now.

- To me it's work.

Look, it's Thursday already.

We haven't made love in 10 days.

We both work very hard

to make love at least twice a week...

so if we don't tonight...

there's going to be a lot of pressure on us

to catch up.

It wouldn't be that way

if you didn't nag me about it all the time.

Nag? I've tried

every subtle way of reaching you...

except showing stag films.

I get the feeling that you're trying

to make my virility look impotent.

- When did that feeling first hit you?

- The day I married you.

- I was dynamite with other women.  
- They were lucky to be there...  
with the record holder  
in three-second intercourse.  
Out of all the women in the world...  
I had to go marry  
an equal-time-orgasm fanatic.  
Read a couple of Ladies' Home Journals  
and all you can think is "Me, too. "  
And why not "me, too?"  
You really want to take over, don't you?  
Don't think I haven't  
noticed the new wardrobe...  
with the pants, the suits, the ties.  
You really look butch.  
Butch? I'm more feminine  
than you'll ever be.  
- All I want is a little tenderness.  
- Look who wants tenderness.  
I'll give you tenderness.  
There's your tenderness.  
You better decide  
whether you want to be a man or a woman...  
and then talk tenderness to me, Wilma.  
Or is it Willy?  
I tell you what.  
You decide what you want to be first,  
and then I'll be what's left.  
You think you're so masculine  
because whenever we have a problem...  
you roll over, you go to sleep,  
or get drunk, or try to act rough with me.  
I got a hot flash for you.  
Those tough Marine drill sergeants  
are the biggest fags in the world!  
What did you say?  
Don't you talk about  
the Marine Corps that way.  
Okay. They're the biggest latent fags.  
But they're not real men.  
A real man is warm and understanding...  
and tender, and gentle,  
and loving, and sensitive, and-  
And what's a woman?

A woman is strong,  
and responsible, and brave, and-  
And what? And what?  
A woman is very...  
I don't know what a woman is.  
I don't see any difference  
between us anymore.  
At the wedding,  
we'll rent an extra room for the kids.  
By then I'll be a little rested.  
We'll order some champagne.  
It'll be like a second honeymoon.  
How's that sound?  
All right, honey.  
Good night. Put the light out.  
Remember, now you owe me three.  
- Susan, you're...  
- Rare.  
- Wilma?  
- Medium.  
- Johnny?  
- Same as mine.  
Mother's is medium-rare,  
and Kathy's is medium-rare.  
Mike's I won't start till he comes.  
Someday we're going to move to Florida  
so I can barbecue all year round.  
I don't understand...  
why you can't put  
the Trepannis with the Hendersons.  
Because oil and water don't mix. Bernice,  
the Trepannis are Italian, New York.  
Hal's relatives are Irish, Bridgeport.  
- Johnny, don't tire yourself. Take it easy.  
- All right, guys. Come on. Let's go.  
Boys, you're going to wear your father out.  
- Son, how do you like yours?  
- Charred.  
Remember me?  
- What's the matter?  
- Ritchie's getting a divorce.  
That's too bad. I'm sorry.  
I said I was sorry.  
What's that got to do with us?

If you don't get married,  
you don't get a divorce.  
Are you just going  
to be uptight all the time now?  
Maybe.  
What do you want to do?  
Call off the wedding?  
- That's right.  
- Go on just as we are?  
Why not? It's been beautiful  
for a year and a half.  
- You mean it?  
- Yeah, okay.  
That's it. Let's go home.  
Wait. There's just one thing.  
- You see that man over there?  
- You mean the Charcoal King?  
That man is going  
to get up tomorrow morning...  
put on his striped trousers,  
and wait for my mother...  
who will be putting on her \$900 dress  
from Bergdorf Goodman.  
And they will go together  
to our family church...  
to greet over 100 people who are  
coming to see him give the bride away.  
You're trying to make me look  
like the bad one.  
It won't work.  
I owe you nothing, baby, you get it?  
I'm not talking about me.  
I'm talking about that man...  
who has taken over  
the Grand Ballroom of the Stoneridge Inn...  
hired musicians, paid for 150 dinners,  
I'll pay back every penny.  
I've got about \$20. Take it as a deposit.  
Don't give it to me. Give it to him.  
That's all you have to do.  
I will. You're damn right I will.  
- This charred enough for you, son?  
- Mr. Henderson, I'm Phyllis.  
- Who?

- Susan's roommate...  
the one she's been living with  
for a year and a half.  
Let's walk a little.

- If you don't believe me, ask-  
- I believe you. No gap.

When Susan walks down that aisle  
in her white bridal gown...  
Virgin Susan meets Father Gregory,  
that's hypocrisy.

We're, like, married already.  
I don't want to go through with this sham.  
Do you understand?  
I understand, Mike. Sit down.  
There's no gap here, Mike, believe me.  
Maybe it was all right in your time,  
but it's not right for Susan and me.

- We don't live lies anymore.  
- We have two girls.  
You're two brothers, aren't you?  
Maybe if you had a sister...  
you'd understand about mothers  
and daughters and weddings.  
Weddings aren't planned  
a few months ahead.  
Weddings are planned  
from the time the girl is about six.  
Susan went to her first masquerade party  
at eight...  
dressed as a bride.  
Please.  
What would you rather do, Mike?  
Run away to Canada?  
I sure would.  
It's up to you, Mike.  
All you have to do is weigh your own hurt  
against the hurt of all the others...  
and then do what's best.  
But whatever you decide, I'll understand.  
No gap.  
- Did you tell him?  
- I told him.  
Where do we stand?  
In front of Father Gregory.

- Don't do it for me.  
- I'm not doing it for you.  
I'm doing it for a little  
eight-year-old girl...  
who went to her first masquerade  
dressed as a bride.  
- He told you that?  
- You never did.  
Is there anything else I should know?  
Just that I love you, you son of a bitch.  
- Mother, the barbecue's going beautifully.  
- Kathy, if we place-  
I have nothing more to say  
about the Trepannis and the Hendersons.  
Don't ask my opinion, Bernice.  
Don't ask my opinion  
about the seating plan...  
or anything else connected  
with your daughter's wedding.  
Do something. You're so good with her.  
Don't worry, Mother. I'll handle it.  
- Are you in there?  
- No, go away.  
Let me in. I want to talk to you.  
There's nothing to say.  
Nothing. It's all nothing.  
- Goodbye, Hal.  
- Goodbye, Kathy.  
I love you so much. You're my whole life.  
I can't live without you.  
I couldn't live without you. I love you.  
You didn't mean what you just said.  
There's nothing to say.  
Nothing. It's all nothing.  
I don't want it anymore.  
I promise you,  
as soon as Susan gets married...  
I'll ask Bernice for a divorce.  
You promised that last year  
and the year before.  
- This time will be different.  
- "As soon as Wilma has another baby. "  
- Please, Kathy.  
- "As soon as Susan gets married. "



She's getting married, Hal,  
and where's mine?  
This could be dangerous.  
Bernice might hear us.  
I don't care anymore.  
I never want to see you again.  
If you let 10 years of love end  
in a bathroom...  
I'll lose all respect for myself.  
- Goodbye, Hal.  
- Goodbye, Kathy.  
I love you so much. You're my whole life.  
I can't live without you.  
These few precious moments  
we have together are everything.  
They are precious.  
My knee.  
Sorry, Kathy. Get up.  
You're hurting my muscle.  
Why must it be sordid like this?  
Sordid?  
How could you call this sordid?  
You can't help who you love  
and who you don't love.  
I love you, and I want you to be happy.  
And I don't love Bernice,  
but I want her to be happy.  
And I do love my children,  
and I want them to be happy.  
But I don't want my wanting Bernice  
to be happy...  
to take away from my love for you.  
But my wanting my children to be happy,  
while not taking away my love for you...  
will make Bernice happy,  
and therefore make the children happy.  
I want everyone to be happy.  
Everyone.  
- That could be my biggest fault.  
- I want everyone to be happy, too.  
Bernice is really a wonderful girl.  
That's why it's hell for me.  
She's so boring.  
I know.

All she's interested in is making a home for me and the kids...

the PTA and Bloomingdale's, the A&P and the Girl Scouts.

- I want that, too.

- But you're such a vital person.

I am.

- Why don't you tell Bernice?

- Because I don't want to hurt her.

- Do you want to hurt me?

- Of course not.

Somebody has to get hurt.

In a situation like this, somebody has to get hurt.

Do you want Bernice to get hurt?

No, I don't want to hurt Bernice.

- Do you want my children to get hurt?

- No.

- I don't want to...

- Then who should get hurt? Me?

- I feel nauseous.

- Don't get sick on me, please.

- I can't help it.

- Kathy, please.

I'll tell Bernice. I'll tell her Saturday night, after the wedding.

Jerry, how would you like to take Susan's cousin to the wedding?

- A cousin? Are you kidding?

- He'll do it. He doesn't have a date.

You're both single.

Who knows? You might hit it off.

Wait a minute. I know it's your wedding, but Saturday night's a Saturday night.

Why shouldn't I score?

I don't want to waste a Saturday night.

Of course she's great-looking.

Just your type.

- I don't like to gamble. - Why don't you take her for a drink tonight?

- Okay, if you think I can score.

- That's entirely up to you.

- What's up to him?

- Where they meet.

She can meet you tonight.  
She better not be a dog.  
There's 10,000 chicks waiting for my body.  
Where?  
You tell her where. Here's Brenda.  
Hello, Jerry. This is Brenda.  
- Hello, Brenda. This is Jerry.  
- Where?  
- The action place.  
- Where?  
Alan's on Greenwich Street. 9:00 sharp.  
Fine. Bye, Jerry.  
He has a strong voice.  
Very masculine.  
What'll it be?  
A gin and coke.  
- Together?  
- Yeah.  
Smooth.  
- Jerry?  
- Brenda?  
Come on. Let's go over to the bar.  
- All right.  
- All right, Brenda?  
It's very nice of you to ask me for a drink  
when you don't know me.  
A man's got to gamble.  
Excuse me.  
- What are you going to have?  
- Same as you.  
Same.  
So you're Susan's cousin?  
We're close. We went through  
the Columbia riots together.  
- You went to Columbia?  
- No, I was just an outside agitator.  
That's heavy.  
There's a table.  
Come on, we'll be more comfortable.  
I'll get the drinks.  
Excuse me.  
Excuse us.  
Here we are.  
This is much more intimate.

I love out-of-town weddings, don't you?

The ride over, the sleepover...

- Mike and Susan are really lucky.

- In a way...

but I'm not sure if I dig

the whole marriage scene.

It's all right for some people, I guess.

But I don't know if it's today.

You know what I mean, "today"? Today.

Today is, you live free. Man, woman, love...

You don't need a diploma, do you?

In a way you might be right.

This friend of mine was going

with this Cuban guy...

who knew this girl who had a friend

who used to date Che Guevara.

He was really down on marriage, too.

- Did you see the movie?

- No.

- Me, neither.

- I think he made a mistake.

- Che?

- No, the bartender.

- He put in gin instead of rum.

- No, that's what I ordered. Gin and coke.

Have you always been single?

Name me one married couple

you know that's happy.

The Burtons.

- You know the Burtons?

- Not exactly...

but one day

I was sitting in Ryker's Restaurant...

and her chauffeur came in

to get her a container of coffee...

and I saw her sitting in the limousine.

Let me tell you something.

She looked very content.

I never take a blind date. Never.

But this time I'm glad I did.

You're even better than Mike said you were.

You know what you are?

- You're not disappointed?

- Not me. No, sir.

- My God.

- What's the matter?

I left the gas on in my apartment.

The whole apartment is liable to blow up.

Do you mind?

I don't know how I could have done that.

- Did you read this month's Cosmopolitan?

- No.

Helen Gurley Brown

says that if you go to a man's apartment...

after just beginning a relationship,

you're just asking for trouble.

- Really?

- But I don't agree.

How can you generalize

about a thing like that?

Right.

Who you are, who the person is,

and what your particular needs are...

can't help but color your true feelings.

- That's why I'll wait for you out here.

- What?

- I'd rather wait for you out here.

- Why?

I don't feel like going

to a person's apartment...

when I hardly know the person.

Not that anything's going to happen.

It's just the idea of the thing.

- You know what I mean.

- But I told you, it's just the gas.

Gas. Really, how corny can you get?

Corny? You smoking? No smoking inside.

Move out of the way.

Cover yourself.

The whole building could blow up.

You ready?

My God! It is gas.

It's lucky we came back.

- I'm sorry. I thought...

- No, I understand.

What a nice decor.

Sends off very good vibrations.

Very masculine. How much?

- \$165.

- Gas and electric included?

Yes.

As long as we're here,  
why don't we sit down for a while and talk?

- About what?

- Life.

Life? Okay.

- Can I make you a martini?

- No, thanks. I had enough at the bar.

How about some pistachio nuts?

They're very good.

- How do you feel about pot?

- Pot?

I definitely think it should be legalized.

The only reason

I personally don't take it...

is because I don't think

a person should use an outside stimulus...

when they could be turned on by the world.

Brenda, let me tell you something about pot.

When you take it...

your taste buds become so vividly sensitive

that a grapefruit tastes like caviar.

Your whole ability to touch, to love,

to see, to understand...

to feel, to know, is magnified...

till you could split the universe open

like a walnut...

and know its secrets.

- Okay, let me have some.

- I don't have any.

I had some. I used it this morning

when I was cooking.

Because of the fuzz. Didn't want them

to catch it. I made an omelet.

Do you believe the man is the love object

and the woman is the other?

What?

Did you read

The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir?

- No.

- That's what Simone says...

but I don't agree.

Why do I have to be the other?

I have as much right

to be the love object as the man does.

- What do you think?

- Okay.

- Is your building rent-controlled?

- No.

- How much do you pay?

- \$150.

Could you please take your hand off?

I'd like to cross my legs.

Brenda, take off your clothes.

Take off all your clothes.

- What? You kidding?

- I'm kidding. Of course I'm kidding.

Can I speak frankly?

This friend of mine was going with this chap

she picked up in Central Park, at the zoo...

and she spent the whole weekend with him.

It was a very full two and one-half days.

You know what I mean by full?

Full? Yeah. You mean full.

Right. The sexual thing was there...

but don't get me wrong,

so was the spirituality.

- Did you read The Prophet by Khalil Gibran?

- No.

"I am you, and you are me, and we are one. "

They were one.

At his house, her house,

all over town, they were one.

He was supposed to call her Monday.

A whole week goes by and he doesn't call.

So next Friday she bumps into him again,

same place, in front of the snake house.

So he says, "Let's go to my place. "

Can you imagine?

When he hadn't even called?

- Terrible.

- It was a very full two and one-half days.

But you want

to hear something really depressing?

Not only didn't this guy call her,

he never even bought her a coke.

I could never respect a man like that.

- You know what I mean, Jerry?

- Yes.

- Do you?

- Yes.

Brenda, where are you going?

What are you doing? What's the matter?

- Will you take me home, Jerry?

- But why?

I don't want to end up like my friend,  
the one in the zoo.

But we were having such a nice time.

Okay.

- You don't have to take me home, Jer.

- No, that's all right. That's okay.

I do like you, but this is our first date...

and I don't believe

in fooling around on the first date.

That may be old-fashioned,

but those are my values.

- You understand?

- Of course I understand. I respect them.

After all, there are more important things  
in life than sex.

Thank you, Jerry.

I know we met just a couple of hours ago,  
but just what do I mean to you?

Am I just a passing train

you want to board for the night...

or are you attracted to my inner being...

and this night could be the start

of a meaningful relationship?

The second one.

Thank you for taking me home, Jerry.

- But, Brenda-

- You'll see. You'll be glad we waited.

Listen, I'll...

- Hello, Father. It's Beatrice Vecchio.

- Hello, Beatrice.

I hope the weather holds up

for Mike's wedding.

I hope so, too, Father.

Mike's such a good boy.

And now he has the perfect girl



from a nice Catholic family.  
Never had a problem with Mike.  
Now this thing with Ritchie.  
Did he happen to mention to you...  
anything about this business  
with him and Joan?  
You know I'm not allowed to divulge  
what's said in the confessional.  
I'm sorry, Father.  
Would you like to hear my confession now?  
- If you wish.  
- Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.  
It's been three days since  
my last confession.  
I listened to gossip twice,  
and I exaggerated four times...  
and I lied to my husband when I told him  
that I couldn't make homemade macaroni...  
because I burned my hand  
and couldn't roll the dough...  
but actually I could have.  
It was a small burn...  
and I could have rolled the dough,  
but I wasn't in the mood.  
I usually make the dough  
the day before, anyway...  
then leave it overnight in a cool room.  
- I see. You say one "Our Father"-  
- And I said "hell" twice...  
and I yelled at the insurance man...  
and I didn't apologize to my sister Pauline  
for not answering her phone call.  
Should I confess that I asked you  
to divulge Ritchie's confession?  
I don't remember you asking.  
Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.  
It's been about five or six years  
since my last confession.  
What made you come after all these years?  
My son, Michael,  
is getting married Saturday...  
I figured it's a nice gesture  
for the parents...  
to receive communion.

That's why I...

- You know.

- I see.

And what were your sins during that time?

I swore a lot at my wife...

and I didn't come to church on Sundays

because I got bursitis in my knee...

and it hurts a lot when I kneel too long.

- Yes?

- What?

Six years is a long time.

Is there something else you'd like  
to confess?

No, that's it.

Have we tried enough for you?

- I'll miss you tonight.

- Come on. It's only for one night.

I'm going to miss you, too.

Let's have our honeymoon now.

Name it. I'll go anywhere.

The bridal suite of the Stoneridge Inn.

- You wouldn't. You're too straight.

- Try me.

Beautiful.

- You're still going to marry me?

- I'll let you know after the honeymoon.

We'd like the bridal suite.

- The bridal suite?

- We're just married.

- How long will you be staying?

- One night.

I can let you have it, then.

But you'll have to be out in the morning.

We have a wedding reception  
in the afternoon.

The Henderson wedding.

We'll be out.

Would you like to sign "Mrs. "?

It's the first time.

The bridal suite for Mr. and Mrs. Defalco.

Do you believe this?

This is our honeymoon night.

Let's go to bed.

I'm not coming out till I'm married.

- Hi, Phyllis.

- Hi, Nick.

You're the most beautiful girl  
at the wedding.

- Are you married?

- Yes.

You looked so beautiful at the church.

Phil and I are having a terrific time  
at the wedding.

Hello, Kim. Hello, Carol.

Carol's agreed

to sing anytime you want her to, Bernice.

How nice. Hal, did you hear that?

Carol's agreed to sing.

Yes. Later, little girl.

You look thin and worn-out, Johnny.

- Is Wilma taking good care of you?

- Fine, mama.

That old bitch never lets go.

In his Analysis of Compatible Marriages,  
Wilhelm Reiker says...

that the problem of the mother-in-law  
is dependent on the maturity of the wife.

Wilhelm Reiker's a fag.

I'll tell you what marriage is all about.

- That's what it's all about.

- They're beautiful boys.

- Where did you go on your honeymoon?

- Aruba.

Aruba.

- Want some more soup, Frank?

- Yeah.

I'm getting worried, Frank.

Joan isn't here yet.

- Don't worry about it. She'll get here.

- I hope so, Frank.

- You must be Mike's roommate.

- No, Mom.

- Jerry, how about another drink?

- No, I better get back to my girl.

- I'm going to score tonight.

- Is she worth 20 years?

Not her. Brenda.

The one sitting next to Wilma.

Hi, Joan.

I'm sorry I missed the wedding.

You look beautiful.

So do you.

- How'd you come up?

- Train.

- Nice ride?

- Very nice, yeah.

What did I tell you, Frank?

Weddings bring out the best in everybody.

- Why did you miss the wedding?

- I wasn't going to come at all.

- Did you tell your parents?

- Sort of.

It's not right to keep their hopes up.

You laughed at me

when I prayed to St. Rocco.

He's the saint of fixing things.

And he knows

that no matter what Ritchie says...

that deep down in his heart he loves Joan,

and he'll always love her.

We'll see.

Jerry, I don't know if it's the champagne,  
the wedding ceremony...

Susan and Michael,

but do you feel what I feel?

I felt it in New York.

Jerry, I hoped you would,

but I never dreamed-

- I know. Yes.

- Do you come from a large family?

No, I'm an only child.

Coming up in the car,

do you remember the little red farmhouse...

with the big sheepdog sitting on the lawn?

There must have been four

or five kids running around.

Yes, I remember.

That's where we stopped for gas.

- Don't you think that's the way to live?

- That's nice.

- So what's the story, Joan?

- Didn't Ritchie tell you?

Not the whole story.  
He said you two  
were having some compatible difficulties.  
It's nothing to be ashamed of. Believe me,  
it happens to the best of people.  
Shut up, Beatrice.  
- So what's the story, Joan?  
- It just comes down to this:  
Our problems are so overwhelming...  
because of all the hurts  
and disillusionments...  
that have built up over the years.  
Everybody's got problems.  
Take a look at this wedding, Joan.  
Everybody's carefree  
and having the time of their lives.  
Anthony and Anita, cheek to cheek.  
Anthony has not said one word to Anita  
for two years.  
But they're still together.  
And David and Loretta kissing.  
You know what the people  
in the family say about David.  
That he's a little funny.  
You know what I mean? Peculiar?  
We don't really think he is.  
It's just his way...  
to lock himself up in his room  
all day Sunday and play with his cats.  
- Who's to say the man's a degenerate?  
- Or worse.  
- But they're still together.  
- Carmel and Vinny hugging.  
When Vinny and Carmel first got married...  
they lived with Vinny's parents  
because he was out of work a lot...  
and Carmel was always being picked on  
by Vinny's mother.  
She used to blame Carmel  
for Vinny's laziness.  
One night, Carmel told Vinny...  
that if his mother made one more remark,  
she was going to smack her.  
And Vinny started yelling,

"Don't you dare lay a hand on her. "  
Carmel said, "Go to hell, both of you,"  
and stomped out.

Vinny chased her down the block  
and grabbed her by the hair.  
And Carmel spit right in Vinny's face.

Then he started choking her  
by the throat over the open window.

And the super had to come up  
and pick Vinny off Carmel.

And they're still together.

I don't want somebody pointing  
to Joan and me in a couple of years...  
telling some miserable story ending with  
"But they're still together. "

You understand?

- So what's the story, Joan?
- Won't you ever give up?
- Not till I get the story.
- My birthday, for instance.
- Do we have to go through that again?
- What about your birthday?

I asked Ritchie  
to get me a book for my birthday.

- What kind of book?
- It was a book about Spain.

You know, with colored photographs.

- I've always had this big thing about Spain.
- They don't get divorced in Spain.

A book, to me, means love...

because when you give a book  
about a romantic place...

it's like saying that all the days of your  
life should be as romantic as Spain...

and surrounded by a cover of happiness.

So I mentioned to Ritchie that I wanted it.

That's all she talked about day and night  
for a month.

You always forget my birthdays.

I reminded you, that's all.

Maybe I felt like getting you  
something better than a book.

- Yes, but this time I wanted a book.
- So what did you get her for her birthday?

- Nothing. I forgot what day it was.

- You always forget.

Frank, you're the same way.

Maybe you make such

a big thing out of it that I want to forget.

- I can't see the logic in that.

- I said, "Be sure to get me a can opener. "

I got you the book, anyway, didn't I?

I got her the book, anyway, didn't I?

For Christ's sake!

What I'm trying to find out is,

what's the story?

I see the party's petering out.

- Jerry, do you know-

- Yes.

Do you know where Mike and Susan

are going on their honeymoon?

Isle of Aruba.

Aruba's all right.

I personally like Trinidad.

Trinidad?

What are you doing?

It's these new locks. This is my room.

This is my bed.

That's my rug and my chair.

- Are you close with your family?

- My family?

I see my family on holidays, weekends.

I love a man that loves his mother.

Mother? I love my mother.

Do I love my mother.

I think we should go back to the wedding.

Back to the wedding?

Why? They won't miss us.

Did you read The Prophet by Khalil Gibran?

Yes. I know.

"I am you, you are me, we are one. "

I think it's too soon for us

to be one, Jerry.

When two people feel about each other

the way we feel about each other...

it's never too soon to be one.

- You think I'm being too middle-class?

- You said it.

- Are you sure?  
- Positive.  
- Let's go to my room!  
- What?  
- Let's go to my room.  
- What for?  
I just feel freer there.  
Somebody might walk in on us.  
Nobody's going to walk in on us.  
I have the door locked from the inside.  
I just don't feel I can let it go here  
the way it wants to be let go.  
All right. We'll go where you can let it go.  
Yes. Let's go.  
- Okay. I'll go first.  
- Okay. You go first.  
Wait five minutes and then come.  
Put your jacket on.  
And don't turn on the light  
until I'm out the door.  
All right. Five minutes.  
Why do we fight?  
I don't know, honey. We must be crazy.  
We've got so much going for us.  
We really love each other.  
What makes us do it?  
- We should be like this all the time.  
- Yeah, I guess you're right.  
I can't think of any married couple  
that has as much going for them as we do.  
What makes us fight like that?  
We should try to remember  
so it never happens again.  
I think it all started  
when you said I was faggy.  
Did I say that?  
You know I think you're the most  
masculine man I ever met.  
I guess I was just hurt  
because you called me Willy.  
You must admit that it's really butch  
to call somebody faggy.  
You shouldn't have told me  
you were dynamite with other women.



But you had just implied I was impotent.

Yes, but you said all-

All I'm interested in is getting mine.

Aren't you?

Aren't you?

You see, honey,

that's the kind of thing that starts it off.

You going tit for tat.

- I'm not going tit for tat.

- Yes, you are.

Stop it, John.

Want to know why you can't stand

for me to have the last word?

Because you seem to have forgotten...

that I am the man

and you are just the woman...

and the man is the boss.

Says who?

- Says you, the day we were married.

- I was just humoring you.

I said if it was so important to you,

I would let you be the boss.

What do you mean,

you would let me be the boss?

- I am the boss.

- Don't be juvenile. There is no boss.

- I'm the boss, and you know it.

- There is no boss, and that's final.

And I don't want

to hear another word about it.

We are equal.

- You and I are equal?

- That's right.

- Come on, equal. Put them up.

- What?

Come on, I'll knock you right off.

I'm sorry. I didn't...

- Come on, who's the boss?

- Will you stop it?

- Who's the boss?

- There's no boss.

- Who's the boss?

- I am.

- Who's the boss?

- You're hurting me.  
You're going to wake up the child.  
- Who's the boss?  
- You can torture me, but I won't say it.  
- Who's the boss?  
- You are.  
- Let go of me.  
- And who won?  
You did.  
You shithead.  
Who is it?  
- It's me.  
- Who?  
Brenda, will you let me in? It's Jerry.  
Brenda, I want you.  
Do you think we're doing the right thing?  
Yes, we're doing the right thing.  
- Will there be a victim?  
- What?  
Did you read  
Kurt Vonnegut's The Sirens of Titan?  
I didn't have a chance to.  
He says, "I was the victim  
of a series of accidents, as are we all. "  
- Will there be a victim with us?  
- No, there'll be no victim.  
- Could you help out a little here?  
- Jerry, this isn't right.  
- The middle of a wedding.  
- That's what makes it so exciting.  
- Then let's go back to your room.  
- What?  
- Let's go back to your room.  
- What for?  
I don't want anyone seeing you  
come out of my room in the morning.  
They'll think we spent the night together.  
What are they going to think  
if they see you coming out of my room?  
That's different.  
I'm never sure what happened...  
when I see a girl come out of a man's room.  
Please, Jerry. For me. For Brenda.  
But we're here already.

Brenda, take it easy.  
I'm not happy, Johnny.  
The only woman you ever loved  
is your mother.  
Watch it, Wilma.  
It seems to me, if you're so  
frightened of being castrated...  
you should go to the source of your fear  
and then work it out with her.  
That's right. Then you and your father...  
should make a special call  
on your grandmother.

- Where do you think you're going?
- Away from your mouth.
- No, you don't.
- Yeah? Try and stop me.
- Get away from me.
- Johnny, please.

Will you get away from me?  
Get away from me.

- Was it something I said?
- Come on. Will you knock it off?

Please, let's work this out.  
Look, I'm upset.  
Are you kidding?  
Will you quit acting helpless?

- You're like a rock.
- Okay, then get out of my life.
- Get out.
- Don't worry, I'm going.
- Soon as I get the key in the door.
- All right. Go.

Where do you think you're going?  
No, you're not going-  
Why did you make me hit you?  
I didn't want to hit you.  
I never hit a woman in my life  
till I met you.  
Johnny, I'm sorry. I feel awful.  
Just awful. I'm sorry. Do you forgive me?  
You started it. You called me a shithead.  
I didn't mean it. Please.  
Please forgive me.  
I'll never be able to forgive myself.

It's my sister's wedding.  
We were going to be so happy.  
I ruined everything.  
Please forgive me.  
- Who's the man?  
- You are.  
- And who's the woman?  
- Me.  
And who's the boss?  
I really think you should give that up.  
It's a very baby thing.  
If you want me to have a happy marriage  
and you want to be my friend...  
then you've got to acknowledge  
that the man is the stronger one.  
You have to surrender to me.  
Then I'll be king of the jungle.  
But as king I will rule tenderly.  
But I can't rule tenderly  
until you surrender to me first.  
Okay, I surrender. Now make up with me.  
Isn't he adorable?  
You're my great, big, strong...  
teddy bear king...  
what I loves...  
and I'm the little surrendering baby bear...  
what you loves.  
What?  
Okay.  
Give a woof. Come on.  
Does you woof me?  
Honey, I woof, woof you.  
"Sometimes I look at a man  
and he's a chair, a rock, a tree. "  
- What? - It's what Monica Vitti  
said in L'Avventura.  
Let's rest.  
What for? We haven't done anything.  
Please. I'd like a moment  
to reflect about things.  
What things?  
Would you stroke my hair?  
Not like that.  
Like this.

Feels nice.

- Jerry?

- Yes?

- Shall I tell you how I feel?

- Yes, Brenda.

I feel that I'm queen of the universe.

The waves part, and they engulf me...

and the sea foam is warm.

Kiss me.

- How do you feel?

- Warm. Warm like the sea foam.

- Then tell me.

- What?

- That I am yours.

- You are mine.

Thank you. Say it again.

Look, can we stop all this talking?

What is all this talking? Let's just do it.

- Do it?

- Come on.

- Do what? I don't follow.

- What do you mean, you don't follow?

- You know what I mean.

- No, I don't. What?

- Sex.

- Sex?

That's all it is to you? Sex?

I love you. I opened myself to you...

and you led me to believe

we had something good, something real.

What do you mean, I led you to believe?

I just thought

we were going to have a little fun.

What about

the little red farmhouse and the sheepdog?

- What about Trinidad?

- Look, let's forget the whole thing.

Okay, let's forget the whole thing.

Thank you.

Thank you for the sobering

and degrading experience.

Why don't I ever have any luck? Either

I get a girl, she gives me the brush...

or she gives me a tease,

or I wind up with some nut.

What's the matter with me?

- Can I speak frankly?

- Yes.

It's obvious that you're just a slave  
to your erections.

And what about you?

You don't love me. You never loved me.

What you're in love with is this wedding,  
and any usher would do.

I've been a bridesmaid many times.

I was once even the maid of honor.

Let me tell you something.

This is the closest I've ever gotten  
to any usher.

- You mean that?

- Sure I mean that.

You're not just any usher.

You're special.

- I am?

- Sure.

What about me?

What about you?

- Aren't I special?

- Yes.

Yes, you're special. You're very special.

So what happened?

You got something on the side...

- and she found out about it?

- No, Pop.

Come on. You can tell me.

I never told you this before,  
but I strayed, too, when I was young.

Don't get me wrong, I never looked for it...

but sometimes you're walking along

and it falls in your lap.

- Look, Pop, that's not the reason.

- It happens to everybody.

I love your mother,

but sometimes you need a little stimulation.

Thank God she never felt that way.

But there was this one time

that your mother found out about it.

Her stupid sister Pauline

opened up her big mouth and told her.  
She walked out on me for four days,  
but she came back.  
Where was she going to go?  
So what happened, Joan?  
Some girl vamped him?  
- No.  
- Joan, you can tell me...  
because all men stray, even Frank.  
It's a mortal sin, but it happens.  
I left him for a few days, but I came back.  
- Where was I going to go?  
- Mother, Ritchie would never cheat on me.  
So what, Joan? Tell me, please.  
Ever since I was 15,  
I loved Ritchie from afar.  
And the whole time we went together,  
I was just floating on air...  
and we had so much fun together...  
because we both loved the beach  
and things.  
We were always kissing and hugging.  
Everyone said how great we looked  
on the dance floor.  
So I really thought we'd get married  
and live happily ever after...  
but I guess we just weren't that lucky.  
I knew it was the real thing,  
because I loved everything about him.  
I loved the way he moved.  
Sometimes I'd just spend hours and hours  
and watch him move around.  
And his hair...  
You're going to think I'm crazy...  
but I loved the way  
his hair smelled like raisins.  
When he kissed me, I never told him this...  
but the best part about being in his arms...  
was that I could get a  
good whiff of his hair.  
I don't know if it's me  
or Ritchie that's changed...  
but it's just no big deal anymore...  
to feel him or smell him.

I don't know, Pop.  
I was too young when I got married.  
I didn't know who I was or what I wanted.  
When we first got married, we cared.  
We're strangers.  
We're all strangers...  
but after a while you get used to it.  
You become deeper strangers.  
- That's a sort of love.  
- No, that's habit. I want more than that.  
- More, more, everybody wants more.  
- Why don't they go out and get it?  
- Because there is no more.  
- There's got to be more.  
More.  
You think I don't understand  
what you're talking about, don't you?  
I understand.  
There were times with your mother  
when I thought...  
maybe I didn't do justice to myself.  
You know what I mean, Ritchie?  
I love your mother, but I never thought  
she was as intelligent as I am.  
That used to bother me a lot.  
Everybody wants to be married  
to somebody on his own level.  
A couple of years  
before I married your mother...  
I met this schoolteacher.  
Her name was Mary Rose.  
A real society girl.  
We had everything in common,  
the same interests...  
the same mentality.  
And I used to think that  
if I had married Mary Rose...  
maybe I wouldn't have yelled  
and screamed so much around the house.  
I figured that...  
I would have been a different person  
if I had married her.  
But she wouldn't go out with me...  
so I married your mother.



When I married Frank,  
he was very handsome.  
And clean. He was so clean.  
That's why it came as a big shock to me  
on my wedding night to find out...  
what a physical person he was.  
You know what I'm talking about, Joan?  
- Sex.  
- You said it, not me.  
It's very hard for me  
to talk about these things.  
I was so nauseous on my wedding night  
with you-know-who...  
but I didn't say a word.  
I just ran into the bathroom  
and locked the door...  
because I don't like to make a scene.  
- You mean, you never enjoyed sex?  
- What's to enjoy?  
Love isn't physical. Love is spiritual.  
Like the great love that Ingrid Bergman had  
for Bing Crosby...  
in The Bells of St. Mary  
when she was a nun, and he was a priest...  
and they loved each other from afar.  
But Frank didn't want to know.  
It's very hard for a man  
to understand how a woman feels inside...  
although I tried to understand Frank.  
Not that there's that much there  
to understand.  
That's why I was so hurt when he strayed.  
But you know me, Joan.  
I always try to look on the bright side.  
I just said to myself:  
"At least she's the one  
who'll be nauseous now. "  
Your mother and I had what you'd call...  
different sexuality outlooks.  
Don't get me wrong, nothing abnormal.  
We had two sons, right?  
But she used to lock herself  
in the bathroom at night.  
That's when I would think about Mary Rose.

You know, Ritchie,  
the best thing about the past is...  
you forget what it was  
that could have made you happy.  
And for the past 15, 20 years...  
your mother and I have been

**like I said:**

- You got to find things in common.

- Like what, Pop?

Like food, for instance.

Your mother and I are interested  
in various types of food.

A roasted chicken,  
a leg of lamb smothered with onions...  
a Yankee pot roast with lots of brown gravy  
and little baby baked potatoes.

- There's always something to talk about.

- What?

Like who just got married, who died...

who just had a baby,

how much we should give.

Marriage is a wonderful thing...

if you can just learn  
to enjoy your wife for whatever she is.

They're giving the busta, Frank.

Better get back, Pop. It's late.

- We'll talk some more, huh?

- Yeah, we'll talk some more.

I've got something I've been saving up  
for this moment. It's your wedding present.

It might interest you  
to know that there's \$1,850 in there.

You might recall  
that when your brother got married...

I only give him \$1,500,  
but that was in 1964.

Since then,  
you got to figure that since 1964...  
there's been what you'd call an inflation.

So this way I'm giving you  
the same thing as I gave Ritchie.

- You got it?

- Thanks, Pop.

- Let's split.

- Yeah.

Was it worth it?

I'll let you know later.

Mom, we're leaving.

Be good to my little boy.

I dreamed, but I never realized.

I hope you're not disappointed.

Should I tell you how I feel?

The waves have subsided,

but I am still full.

And you?

**Do you believe:**

"I am what I do, not what I say. "

Albert Camus.

Or "I love, therefore I do. " Bishop Pike.

- I'm having trouble keeping my eyes open.

- Then shut them. Take a nap.

- No, it's all right.

- Go on.

It's very hard for me to sleep

when there's someone in my bed.

Sleep is evidently more important to you  
than the act of oneness.

I sensed the futility and doom of it all  
when we first met.

We both sensed it.

- I suppose that's what drew us together.

- I'm sure of it.

Maybe I gave too much too soon. Is that it?

I should have held back more.

You wouldn't have judged me so harshly.

Brenda, I don't judge you.

- You're going to give me a call?

- Sure.

- You still have my number?

- Yes.

What is it?

I wrote it down. I have it written here.

I think it began with a six

or with an area code.

What is it?

Seven...

two...

eight...

- Phyllis, that wasn't so bad, was it?

- It was a nice wedding. Thank you.

Take care of my little girl.

Now each of you

has a faithful companion for life.

Flowers.

- Susan, here I am.

- Over here. To me.

Poor Kathy.

This is evidently a hard time for her.

Be an angel. See if you can't cheer her up.

- Why don't you do it?

- No, you go.

You have a way of comforting her.

- Now?

- Now.

I love you truly

Truly, dear

Kathy, are you in there?

I can't bear to see you unhappy.

Will you let me in?

I want to talk to you.

Goodbye, Hal.

I can't go on like this anymore.

You've got to tell Bernice

about us right now...

or I don't know what I'll do.

Sit down.

Kathy, you mean a lot to me,

but let me tell you something about myself.

I could go to Bernice and

tell her about us...

and maybe she would forgive you...

even though she'd certainly never speak  
to me again.

But that's not important.

What is important...

You have every right

to want something more...

than what I've been giving you,

just as Bernice has every right...

but here it is in a nutshell.

I'm the kind of man  
who, when confronted with the fact...  
that I've been married  
to the same woman for 30 years...  
who has given me two wonderful children...  
it becomes progressively  
more difficult for me to know that...  
I've given her any more unhappiness  
than I've already given her.

- What I'm trying to say is-

- That you'll never leave Bernice.  
That we'll never see each other,  
or have each other...  
- or hold each other in our arms again.  
- Not necessarily.

What are you trying to say?  
Are you going to tell Bernice about us  
or not?

Kathy, it's not that simple. You see...  
You, Bernice, and I are  
three of us in a boat.  
It's my boat and it's your lake,  
but Bernice has the oars.  
Phil has asked me to marry him, Hal.  
Phil has asked you to marry him?  
Have you been fooling around with Phil?  
I could never, not when  
I'm in love with you.  
You must have done something  
for him to ask you to marry him.  
Did he kiss you?  
Yes. I kissed him.  
Did he touch your breast?  
- Did he touch your breast?  
- Yes, Hal, but I...  
Why, Kathy? Why?  
Didn't you tell me to go out with other men?  
- Yes, but-  
- He wouldn't go out with me anymore...  
if I didn't at least let him do something.  
Life stinks.  
Nobody can ever be happy.  
- You're not happy. Bernice is not happy.  
- I think I can make Phil happy.

- Screw Phil.

- You don't mean that.

No, I don't mean that. It's just that...  
every time I think everything's worked out,  
something complicates things.

Now there's Phil's happiness  
to worry about.

- All right, what did you tell him?

- I told him that I have to think about it.

There's nothing to think about.

You can't marry Phil.

- Why not?

- Because I have too much pride...  
to go sneaking around corners  
with a married woman.

- What have I been doing?

- That's different.

- I was married before I met you.

- But I have nothing.

I can't go on like this. There's no end.

If you don't tell Bernice about us  
right after the wedding...

I'm going to marry Phil.

I see. You're going  
to force me to make the decision for you.

You have to make your own decision...

just like Bernice has

to make her own decision...

and Phil has to make his own decision.

What about you, Hal?

Don't you have to make a decision?

- I have made my decision.

- What have you decided?

I've decided to try to find a new way...

to help Bernice

to find the strength to leave me...

yet giving you the option

to end it all by marrying Phil.

If Bernice isn't aware enough

to make the move that's right for her...

and if you can't call on your resources

to resist me...

then responsibility rests not with me...

not with you, Kathy, not with Bernice,

but with Phil.

- Bye-bye, Joe.

- Arrivederci.

- Ciao, Frank.

- Ciao.

Good night, Mom and Dad. I'm leaving.

Joan, you let Ritchie drive you back to New York.

Okay, Mother.

You can buy her a new book.

So what was Joan's story?

Ritchie's hair stopped smelling like raisins.

That's it? That's her story?

- And she was shocked that you've strayed.

- For crying out loud.

- What did you have to tell her that for?

- It came out in passing.

- Why does she have to know our business?

- I was trying to make a point.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

All right.

- Arrivederci, Bea.

- Arrivederci, Pauline.

- Stupid Pauline.

- What are we going to do?

What can you do?

You live and learn.

- You got to take the good with the bad.

- What can you do?

- You live and learn.

- You raise a boy.

- You teach him values.

- That stupid Pauline.

Teach him a family.

- You got to take the good with the bad.

- Life is for the living.

I could have broken her head.

- I can understand her wanting to leave.

- That's how life is.

But I can't understand her leaving.

I think I'll have my wedding cake now.

I don't understand how you spend half your life in the bathroom.

You followed him there...  
- and shot him from behind a tree.  
- That's enough. That story is ridiculous.  
You'll make a fool of yourself.  
A love-smitten analyst  
playing a dream detective?  
There've been no dreams for days.  
You going to watch television  
on our honeymoon night?  
It's almost over.  
You'll be identified by the man  
that arrived.  
There are people who saw you  
on the train...  
I'm not getting married.  
Remember when I said to you,  
"Mike, if I ask you to marry me...  
"can I take it back if I want to?"  
You said I could, didn't you?  
I'm taking it back. That's all.  
Taking it back.  
Dr. Peterson was a rather stupid woman.