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# New York, I Love You

By Hu Hong

Hey, go to Williamsburg.  
You going to go to....  
Oh, I'm sorry, man.  
Uh, yeah. Sorry.  
Going to Williamsburg.  
North 6th and Wythe.  
Do you mind?  
I will just hang onto you.  
Can you just drop me off  
at Williamsburg Bridge?  
That's fine because I'm headed  
into the Bowery. Do you mind?  
All right, that's fine.  
We will just split a fare.  
Two stops.  
Yeah. Chamber Street.  
Just take the FDR--  
No, no, not FDR Drive.  
Not Chamber Street. No. Oh,  
my God. If you take FDR Drive,  
first of all, it's more of a  
fare. I do this every single day.  
It's an extra 20 minutes.  
I got to be somewhere.  
Take the FDR Drive, please.  
It's a lot faster.  
I think we can hang down  
the West Side Highway  
and make a left  
on Chamber Street.  
There's no point, though.  
There's going to be--  
Bleecker, guys.  
We're going Bleecker.  
No, we both want  
to go to the same area.  
Bleecker's going to take  
an extra hour.  
Bleecker Street is totally out of  
the direction. That's ridiculous.  
Both of you, out of the cab.  
Wait a second.  
Calm down, man.  
We're not going to get out. We will share

the same rate. We're not going to Bleecker.

Out of my cab.

[jazz]

[Man] Hey, sweetheart.

How you doing? It's me.

I'm doing good.

Thinking of you. Hey.

Yeah, I dreamt

about you last night.

I'm ready for you.

Had my Wheaties.

I miss you, too.

You ready?

Okay. I got some surprises.

Whoa. Magnifique.

[camera flashbulb pops]

[booth beeps]

Pardon. Excusez-moi,

mademoiselle.

[toilet flushes]

This yours?

Um, it is. It must have

fallen out of my bag.

It was on the floor

near the bathroom.

That was really nice of you.

How can I thank you?

I wouldn't mind

if you bought me a drink.

Great. What would you like?

Whatever you're having.

Two gin and tonics, no ice.

Losing your cell phone's

like losing your mind.

Do you come here a lot?

I do. A lot. Too much.

Long story.

Tell me.

I have got a ton of time.

[clears throat] I only saw

my dad once in my whole life,

right here.

When my mom

was pregnant with me,

she never told him.  
Just left him.  
Growing up, she had  
a lot of boyfriends.  
Went through one  
after another.  
Always left them.  
Every time she'd leave  
a man, though,  
she'd keep something,  
like a souvenir.  
Maybe a book or a necklace  
or a painting.  
When she left my dad,  
she kept me.  
I was her souvenir.  
Before she died,  
she gave me a piece of paper  
with his name  
and number on it.  
I called him up,  
and we met here.  
I said one thing to him.  
What did you say?  
"Dad."  
That's it?  
"I'm a gift for you,  
from Mom."  
Thank you.  
I walk past your  
flower room every day.  
I see you,  
but I say nothing.  
I'm so afraid to  
look at you. Oh, girl.  
You say I'm the strongest.  
I say you're the kindest.  
You ask me where I'm going.  
I point to the ocean.  
Oh, girl.  
Very touching.  
Lyrics to this song.  
Let me have a cigarette.  
Indian?

I think it's Japanese.  
Chinese.  
Chinese?  
Xie xie.  
[speaks Chinese]  
Incroyable.  
Which means "Thank you,  
I fuck, and you're off-key."  
[chuckles]  
He found my phone for me.  
Really? Very nice.  
Thank you.  
Gary. Nice to meet you.  
Ben.  
How are you, Benjamin?  
Just Ben.  
Thank you.  
Nice to meet you.  
I will leave you two alone.  
Have a seat. Sit.  
Sit down.  
We know each other?  
It's possible.  
You look familiar.  
New York's not such  
a big place.  
You study? NYU?  
I wish.  
I teach there.  
Am I a good teacher?  
You're a good teacher.  
Thank you.  
So what do you do?  
Thief.  
Could be.  
That is funny.  
Might be? Used to be?  
Will be?  
To be or not to be.  
Well, I'm a thief.  
I have been trying to steal you  
from your wife,  
but it hasn't worked so far.  
Can I get the bill?

You lost your wallet?

You lost your wallet.

Is this yours?

[laughing]

Wow.

Yeah, that's my wallet.

Merci beaucoup.

Money's gone.

I recently lost my wallet,  
but I managed

to get my money back.

A young man should never  
be without cash.

[chuckles]

Knock yourself out,  
young man.

You lost your wallet?

Did you lose  
my pictures, too?

Pictures?

How could I?

How did you get these?

I took these, like,  
five minutes ago.

Aren't you full  
of surprises today.

You took off your ring.

Ben, your keys.

Mm.

Ben, wait up!

[Man on speaker device  
speaking Gujarati]

[speaks Gujarati]

I have come into the city  
only to do this deal,  
so it better be good.

My customer  
wants natts, ASAP.

I'm in the middle  
of my wedding arrangements,  
but I came here to do  
this business with you.

Who are you  
getting married to?

His name's Chaim.  
Chaim in the mood  
For love  
[snickers]  
Where's my invitation  
for your wedding?  
Did you invite me  
to your wedding?  
Oh, I wish I had.  
with Hasidic people.  
I know nothing about them. They  
know nothing about Jain peoples.  
Strictly business. We don't  
come to 47th Street to chitchat.  
While you inspect the goods,  
I'm going to eat.  
Excuse me. Hmm?  
You can't eat meat, right?  
You Hindus?  
No, we are not Hindus.  
[clicking tongue] We are Jains.  
Hinduism is too  
materialistic for us.  
No meat, no fish.  
And what can't you eat?  
No pig, no shrimp.  
What else can't you eat?  
No onion, no garlic.  
No milk and meat together.  
No potato, no roots.  
Nothing that hasn't been  
blessed. Nothing too spicy.  
It is exciting the passions,  
you know.  
The Christians--  
they eat everything.  
They're like the Chinese.  
They never have to  
spend too much time  
picking a restaurant.  
That's why  
there are no Christians  
in the diamond market.  
How can you trust a person

who will eat anything?  
[snickers]  
This parcel's  
not so good.  
At least 20% rejection  
you have given me.  
How much?  
[speaking Gujarati]  
[Man in Gujarati]  
Too much.  
Way too much.  
I will give you 480.  
Why are you doing this  
to me?  
My children  
will be crying at home  
because after I do business with  
you, I have no money for food.  
I can't make  
commission on this.  
Maybe I can give my children  
some dry bread.  
I have to check  
with my customer.  
[speaking Yiddish]  
My customer  
says too much.  
No, he doesn't.  
I know  
you understand Gujarati.  
[chuckles]  
That's why I lied.  
And I know you know  
I know Gujarati.  
And I know  
you know Yiddish.  
I was speaking  
to an answering machine.  
Mazel.  
I'm sorry.  
I can't shake your hand.  
I'm not allowed  
to touch any man  
who isn't my husband.



Mazel.

And mazel for your wedding.  
Mazel for the dozen children  
you will soon have.

Thank you.

Is that your children?

Minesh and Paresh.

Where's your wife? Oh,  
she's not looking that good  
in the photographs  
these days.

Oi.

Last year she decided  
that marriage was a sin.  
Now she's in India,  
with her head shaved,  
going door to door,  
collecting food in the bowl.

She used to be my wife.  
Now I have to worship her.  
Don't worry. She's not  
the only one without hair.

I had to shave off  
all mine this morning  
Because I'm getting  
married tomorrow.

This is a wig.

Why? What is so wrong  
with women's hair anyway?

Why you all want  
to cut it off?

They wanted me to cut it off  
on my wedding night.

I said "No way."

Yeah?

It took 25 years to grow,  
And now,  
for the rest of my life,  
I have to wear  
some other woman's hair.

For all I know,  
you could be wearing  
my wife's hair right now.  
What do you mean,

your wife's hair?  
Most human hair in America  
comes from our temples in India,  
where women offer  
their long locks to God  
so that they can be sold to the  
West and you can have your wigs.  
While we are waiting  
for the Messiah,  
while we are waiting  
for Mahavir...  
your eyes will suffice  
to give tired men hope.  
This is not the proper  
etiquette in this neighborhood.  
What is this?  
[traditional]  
[Men shouting]  
[continues]  
[shouting continues]  
[Diamond Salesman]  
Rifka!  
Rifka!  
[Rifka]  
Mansukhbai!

**[car radio:**

in foreign language]  
[Man singing along  
in foreign language]  
[speaking French]  
Ah, oui?  
Ah, oui.  
[resumes singing  
along with radio]  
[sighs]  
Oh, I'm s--  
I'm so sorry.  
Wow, that's an entrance.  
Wait. Which way  
are you going?  
Uh, I was just gonna go over  
cross town to the East Side.  
Oh, I guess I can film

there, too. Okay, let's go.  
[speaks French]  
Thank you so much.  
You're welcome.  
[continues]  
[snoring]  
[tune on phone]  
Hello?  
[coughing]  
[Woman]  
David? Are you okay?  
Did I wake you?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, you can say that.  
Listen, he left me a message  
about a couple of music cues.  
Who?  
Abara, your director.  
Uh, okay, which ones?  
5, 7, 8, 12, 13.....  
Okay. Okay, great.  
What was the message?  
He hates them.  
You have to change them.  
Because?  
He didn't say.  
Oh, well,  
what do you think, Camille?  
Maybe you should  
talk to him directly.  
Mmm. Yeah.  
Yeah, I will call him.  
["Carnival  
of the Animals"]  
Hey, Camille.  
It's your favorite stalker.  
Did you talk to Abara?  
Yeah, we talked.  
He talked for, like, two hours  
about, like, composers--  
Wagner, Brahms, Gustav Mahler,  
Tchaikovsky, Dostoyevsky.  
That killed me.  
Dostoyevsky

isn't a composer.  
Are you okay?  
Never better.  
Great. Well,  
I need your address.  
Abara wants to messenger  
you something right away.  
Does he?  
[sighs]  
Hold on.  
Aw. It's on my phone.  
I'm a total idiot when it  
comes to numbers and addresses.  
My last girlfriend...  
Uh-huh?  
I couldn't remember  
her birthday.  
She broke up with me  
because of that.  
Yeah, well,  
you deserved it.  
Probably. But the upside  
is that I'm single now.  
So, dinner?  
[laughs]  
You're sleep deprived, David.  
No. I'm Camille deprived.  
I'm thinking  
Balthazar for dinner  
and maybe a little pastis  
for dessert.  
I'm thinking unemployment if you  
don't finish those cues on time.  
Give me your address.  
[keyboard chord]  
Hello?  
[Camille]  
Hey, did you get the books?  
I left them  
outside your door.  
Wait. What-- You were here?  
Why didn't you call?  
I knocked, like,  
a hundred times.

What the hell is this?  
He talked to you  
about Dostoyevsky.  
"Please read."  
Is this guy crazy? Am I--  
Am I supposed to read these  
or eat them?  
Okay, David. I'm gonna put  
you through to Abara, okay?  
You can talk to him.  
[sighs]  
How'd it go with Abara?  
He just said  
"Read the books, Dave."  
"Don't use CliffNotes  
or Wikipedia.  
Just read them." So fine.  
I'm on a bench in Central Park  
with The Brothers Karamazov.  
[chuckles]  
Ouch.  
[coughs, sneezes]  
Bless you.  
Thanks.  
What? What's wrong?  
I can see the Dakota.  
Hmm.  
John Lennon...is my god.  
You know his song "Mother"?  
Yeah.  
I was a kid  
the first time I heard that.  
Why can't I write  
a song like "Mother"?  
Oh, I just  
sent you a picture.  
Oh, my God.  
Is that John Lennon  
standing behind you?  
What?  
I'm just kidding.  
I have no idea  
what you look like, Camille.  
Hmm.

Send me a picture.

No. No way.

Is that what you look like?

[Camille on machine]

If you're calling for Camille,  
please leave a message  
after the beep. [beep]

[David]

There are 1,784 pages,  
and it takes me four minutes  
to read one page.

four minutes a page

is 7,136 minutes,

which equals 118.9333 hours,

which comes to 4.955 days.

But you can round it off  
to five days without sleeping.

It's impossible. I quit.

I quit.

[no audio]

Goodbye, Camille.

[phone rings]

[ring]

Hello?

[coughing]

[ring]

[David on machine] Please  
leave a message after the beep.

[beep]

Hey, David. It's Camille.

You know, when Dostoyevsky  
was writing *The Gambler*,  
he signed a contract  
with his publisher  
saying that he would  
finish it in 26 days.

And he did it,

but he had the help

of this young stenographer.

This girl.....she stayed with  
him, and she helped him.

And afterwards,

they actually got married.

[chuckles]

Isn't that cool?  
That's how he met his wife.  
Anyway, I found this story  
in the preface  
for Crime and Punishment.  
So I was thinking that--  
And this would have to be  
between you and me.  
But I was thinking that  
I could read the books  
and tell you  
what's going on.  
That way, you could just  
focus on your music.  
But only if you're  
comfortable with this.  
And if you're not, you know,  
we can just forget it,  
and you can quit.  
But if you are,  
then open this door.  
Open...this door?  
Okay, a deal's a deal.  
Does this mean  
we're getting married?  
I have a lot of reading to do.  
Hi. I'm Camille.  
Hi. I'm David.  
[phone rings]  
Hello?  
Where?  
Thank you.  
That was kind of a powerful,  
intimate situation.  
What was intimate?  
Just now. Just-- We...  
Sharing the flame.  
I mean, that was--  
that was intimate.  
If you say so.  
Oh, come on now.  
You know what I'm  
talking about.  
Our hands almost touched.

I looked at you, and you  
lifted your head up slowly,  
and our eyes met.  
It was-- It was--  
It was intense,  
and it was intimate.  
Wow. Stop it.  
I feel naked.  
Yeah, well, you know what?  
I have that effect on women.  
I mean, not all women. No,  
not all women. [laughs]  
But it has happened before,  
so don't be alarmed.  
Yeah, I bet. Yeah. Don't  
ignore what's happening here.  
We're having some kind  
of powerful, weird alchemy,  
and you have to pay attention  
when that happens.  
This stuff is not  
to be treated lightly.  
Listen, I actually  
just came out here  
to have a cigarette,  
okay?  
And relax and do my thing.  
Okay. No. Sure. Sure. Yeah.  
So, uh,  
maybe another time.  
Yeah. But there may not  
be another time. Okay?  
I may never get  
this chance again.  
I mean, we may never,  
you know,  
be able to return  
to this-- this moment.  
Well, then, you should know  
that I'm married and happy.  
Right. Uh-huh.  
And where is he?  
Huh? Huh?  
He leaves you out here alone,



in the dark, without a light.  
I'm not feeling that.  
Well, he doesn't smoke, so--  
But you love him anyway.  
Yeah. Why not?  
Sure. Sure.  
He just abandons you, huh,  
to your mortal disease,  
and leaves you alone to suffer  
and die, when he's in there  
pretending to love you?  
I don't respect this guy.  
I think he's a coward.  
I think he's selfish.  
And forgive me for saying this,  
but I think any moment now, this guy's  
gonna open up his real self to you,  
and it's gonna be all--  
[roars]  
like, scary stuff's  
gonna come out.  
You know,  
I felt it right away.  
I felt it right away--  
that I think--  
I'm gonna say something  
a little bold here.  
But I think you might  
be married to the wrong person.  
I don't know that  
even if that were true  
that I'd tell you.  
Right.  
We're not exactly friends.  
No, we're not.  
No.  
That's true.  
But we did share a flame.  
Right?  
Speaking of.  
Oh.  
See? Look at that.  
See? You need me.  
You're walking away,

and you need me.  
We share a flame. Thousands of tiny  
molecules are heating up right now.  
They're penetrating  
our brain.  
They're stimulating  
our sexual desire.  
I don't know about you, but I  
find that shit very romantic.  
And I'm so glad  
you walked over here  
because now I can feel  
a little bit more comfortable  
to tell you  
that I happen to be,  
uh, on the forefront  
of men  
able to find and locate  
a woman's G-spot.  
And I could  
do that for you.  
That's really generous  
of you. Thank you.  
It's my pleasure.  
Well, it's your pleasure.  
And what makes you think  
I haven't located it yet?  
Um, the way you hold  
the cigarette.  
It's a little high  
and tight, you know?  
What you have to do  
is you have to lower it.  
You have to bring it all the way down  
in there so it just sits comfortably.  
It rests there. If it's  
high and tight like that,  
the whole body  
gets restricted,  
and the plexus  
gets closed off,  
you know, and the vagina  
gets locked.  
Look, I just happen to know this

crazy, weird technique with the vagina.  
It's kind of cool, and I  
thought you'd be interested.  
But you have to  
be prepared.  
You know what I mean?  
Preparation is the key.  
I mean, it starts with a little  
walk. Just a short walk, like...  
You know, like, to, uh--  
like my apartment.  
It's a couple blocks from here.  
And we would walk,  
and I would tell you a few  
little elegant, classy jokes.  
You know, kind of getting us  
a little giggly,  
a little silly.  
You know? And then we'd share  
a glass of Burgundy. Burgundy?  
Yeah.  
We'd bask  
in the warm, gentle,  
romantic yet erotic  
glow  
of, uh, my spacious loft.  
And then  
I would undress you,  
and you would undress me.  
We'd stand naked before  
each other, and we'd kiss.  
I find-- I find kissing  
a very helpful,  
sweet way to-- to relax.  
And then, maybe I would--  
I would--  
I would bite your neck  
a little bit.  
Not-- Not hard. Just gentle--  
gentle little nibbles,  
like-- like a little kitty cat,  
you know?  
And then--  
And then you would feel

my hands kind of descend  
to your lower region,  
kind of, uh,  
finding their way,  
massaging the skin  
around your clitoris,  
which would even stimulate  
the arousal even more.  
All the time,  
I'm whispering  
delicate little poems  
in your ear, you know?  
And the blood  
from your body  
is-- is rushing  
to the wet internal walls,  
and my fingers  
would slide effortlessly--  
[laughing]  
Are you an actor or something?  
Or a comedian?  
You're a comedian.  
No. I, uh--  
I'm kind of a writer.  
Oh, you're kind of a writer.  
Yeah, kind of.  
You know, what about you?  
What do you do?  
I'm a hooker.  
[stammering, laughing]  
What exactly does that mean?  
That exactly means that people  
pay to have sex with me.  
Mm-hmm.  
So, if I wanted  
to, um...  
Here's my card.  
It's got my number  
and my Web site on it.  
So wow.  
You're, uh...  
That's why you're--  
Fridays is no good.  
Saturdays and Sunday

are busy.  
Weekends are...  
Avoid weekends.  
You know, I look forward  
to hearing from you  
and sharing another...  
intimate moment.  
Well, fuck me.  
[barks]  
[Young man, narrating]  
In New York City,  
there are currently  
and over 1,600  
registered pharmacists.  
On the day of my senior prom,  
one of them  
would change my life.  
Shit bums. They lose  
They couldn't hit a ball with an  
oar. Listen, this is on the house.  
I heard about what happened with  
you and that girl you were dating.  
Oh.  
I'm really sorry.  
And on prom night.  
Like there's gonna  
be other proms.  
Well, there's not  
gonna be another prom.  
Not now, not ever.  
She's a whore, all right?  
Crushing a young man's dreams.  
She's a snake fucking  
devil whore is what she is.  
She's got no right. It's-- It's really--  
It's all right.  
I mean, we only went out a couple  
months, and I'm okay with it.  
Here's the thing.  
I'm gonna help you.  
Come here for a second.  
I got something  
to show you.  
That's my daughter. She will go

to the prom with you tonight.  
It's the right thing  
to do.  
And that's not  
chopped liver, right?  
Nuh-uh.  
I was 17, and I'd only  
been to second base,  
but I felt like tonight  
could be my lucky night.  
Hey, kid.  
Hey, Mr. Riccoli.  
Hey.  
Call me Frank.  
Oh. Yeah.  
You look good.  
Thanks.  
Oh. Hey.  
[choir vocalizing]  
[slowing down]  
[stops]  
Listen, try to get her home

**by 12:**

She's gotta  
take her pills.  
[big band]  
Why are you stopping?  
That's my girlfriend.  
[chuckling]  
Hey.  
Hi.  
I'm sorry.  
I came with Gil.  
He's a film major  
at NYU.  
Oh, that-- that's cool.  
We're-- We're cool.  
Whatever.  
It's no biggie, you know?  
How's your, uh,  
swimmer's ear?  
Good. Better.  
[chuckles]

Who's your date?  
Make-A-Wish.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
You know, it was her dream  
to go to prom,  
and I said, "Of course I will  
make your dream come true."  
I want to dance.  
Uh, we should--  
we should talk first.  
I want to dance.  
[Man in singsong voice]  
Everybody clap your hands.  
[all whooping]  
Check it out, y'all.  
[laughs]  
How low can you go?  
Can you go down low?  
All the way to the floor?  
How low can you go?  
Can you bring it  
to the top?  
Like you will never,  
never stop?  
Wait! That's my limo!  
You have got your own wheels.  
[laughing]  
[laughter]  
[sighs]  
Want to walk me home  
through the park?  
Through the park?  
Thanks.  
I had a really  
good time tonight.  
Me, too.  
I should probably  
take you home.  
Make a wish.  
[chuckles]  
I really can't think  
of anything right now.  
Come on.  
Take my panties off.

Come on.  
Yeah, that's them.  
Okay, now take  
your pants off.  
Hurry.  
Come on.  
Come here.  
Grab my legs.  
That's it.  
[moans]  
[creaking]  
Mmm, it's morning.  
[giggling]  
Oh, fuck!  
Motherfuckers.  
[Boy] I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
They lose it in the 9th--  
these rat bastards.  
They lost it 8 to 7.  
Them Yankees need some  
pitching. Hi, Daddy.  
Hi, baby.  
Listen, I, uh-- I really want  
to thank you very much.  
There are not too many young  
men like you left in this city.  
Well, it's my pleasure.  
Yeah, New York actresses--  
they drive you nuts.  
Actresses?  
Last year,  
she played Helen Keller.  
She walked around the city  
for two weeks, blindfolded.  
You know, to get  
the feeling of the part.  
Broke her nose twice. Now she's  
doing this thing downtown--  
what the fuck--  
Whose Life is it Anyway?  
Anyway-- Anyway, she's doing 20 hours  
a day in a chair now.  
Central Park covers



almost 843 acres.  
It is 6% of Manhattan.  
There are also 127,000  
Method actresses in New York,  
which is 2%  
of the population.  
And on the night  
of my senior prom,  
these two elements  
came together  
to make one perfect wish  
come true.  
God, I love New York.  
[Man vocalizing]  
And here I am  
The only living boy  
in New York  
[chuckles]  
All right, guys.  
I'm done.  
I'm out. Yeah.  
Thanks, man.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
You look like you're gonna  
have a heart attack.  
That was nothing.  
[chuckles]  
You know what?  
Give me a sec, all right?  
Just gonna go say bye.  
My man.  
All right.  
That's for you.  
Now, with a little bit  
more practice... [laughs]  
I ain't practicing.  
You had me going.  
Hey.  
[chuckles]  
You're good.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
All right.

Let's go.  
[thinking] I don't know  
why I said I'd meet him.  
I know I gave him my number,  
but when?  
When we said goodbye?  
Oh, yeah.  
It was at the bar.  
[scoffs] I didn't realize  
we were gonna go home together  
at that point.  
Idiot.  
Why did I do that?  
Why did I act like that?  
I'm only gonna have  
two drinks tonight.  
I'm not gonna have sex  
with him. I don't want to.  
I really don't.  
God, I had no intention  
of going home  
with him or anyone.  
When he sat down next to me,  
it was so clear  
we weren't each other's style  
that it wasn't even weird.  
And since there was no vibe,  
we just started talking  
without thinking anything,  
and then I don't know  
what happened.  
[Man, thinking] It's a  
bad idea with this girl.  
What am I saying?  
She's not a girl.  
I have no idea  
how old she is,  
but she's not a fucking girl.  
Why am I walking  
I'm not in a good space  
for this.  
Yeah, she was beautiful. Yes, she  
had a great body, and she's smart.  
Was she even drunk?

I don't even know.  
I don't even know what she was.  
Does it really matter?  
Ow. Am I imagining things,  
or is my dick itching?  
No, no, no.  
It's just these pants.  
They always rub me  
the wrong way.  
God, that was sexy.  
It was beyond sexy.  
I felt like I was in  
a damn Bertolucci movie.  
[coins jingle]  
What is wrong with me?  
Why am I so fucking nervous?  
This is ridiculous.  
Let's just get in a cab.  
No, you're too early. Shit!  
I need a cigarette.  
[Woman]  
I don't think I was drunk.  
Although I definitely had  
red wine teeth when I came home.  
I'm sure he found that  
really attractive  
as I sat at the bar  
yammering about myself.  
Oh, no wonder he was so  
excited when we got home.  
I finally shut the fuck up.  
[scoffs]  
Yeah.  
I hardly said a word the  
rest of the night after that.  
It was good,  
but there's nowhere  
for it to go.  
I think it would have been fine  
if it was just sex,  
but it took another turn.  
Something happened. I  
don't know what zone that was,  
but both of us

played into it.  
It's good  
we're gonna do this--  
have a couple of drinks  
and get straight.  
Let him know  
I know what this was--  
nothing.  
God, I hate that window.  
I don't want to see the  
innards of the subway system.  
Makes me feel sick.  
Just get me there.  
[people chattering]  
Hi. Can I get a Jameson?  
Great.  
[laughing]  
[no audible dialogue]  
Here you go.  
Thanks.  
You left that on.  
Yeah.  
I will look at it later.  
[no audible dialogue]  
Madame.  
Thank you.  
This is not the room  
I wanted.  
I don't find it comfortable  
so near to the street.  
The noise.  
[grunting]  
I can carry my bags.  
That is my job.  
This is good.  
I was hoping it would snow.  
Then the street is quiet.  
The world goes quiet.  
[heavy accent] I don't  
think there is snow.  
You're not American.  
No.  
No, we're not so many of us  
American in this hotel.

It's one of the things  
I love best about New York.  
Everyone came  
from somewhere else.  
Yeah.  
Well, I hope you will be  
very comfortable here.  
Please call down  
if you need anything.  
There are no flowers.  
Is it possible  
to have flowers in the room?  
Violets? Or...  
I love violets.  
I'm not expecting you  
to buy them, of course,  
if you, uh--  
if you don't have them.  
I'm sure  
I can find some violets.  
[knocking]  
Come in.  
How did you do that?  
[chuckles]  
I didn't do anything.  
You must have  
requested them.  
They were downstairs  
in lobby.  
I didn't.  
All the better.  
Incredible.  
[chuckles]  
So you're lucky, no?  
These violets  
were waiting for you.  
Are there any other  
miracles I can perform?  
Oh, I doubt it.  
[clears throat, sniffs]  
What-- What's happened?  
[grunts]  
Here, here.  
[groans]

Oh.  
I'm s-- I'm sorry.  
Here, here, here.  
No, no. Come on.  
[coughs]  
Put your head back.  
[groaning]  
[groans]  
Are you in pain?  
It's not my business.  
Fr--  
From your back?  
Wait here.  
[knocking]  
[knocking continues]  
I have something  
for you.  
Please?  
[grunts]  
The mystery of the violets  
is solved.  
My father is, um--  
My father is manager here-- at hotel.  
He's very happy  
you have returned to hotel.  
He's very big admirer  
of yours, madame.  
He says he heard you sing  
many times in Paris.  
Please thank him.  
[Woman singing opera]  
Paris is place  
I wish I visit.  
Would you like me to open?  
Perhaps.  
[continues]  
Would you join me?  
I don't...  
Please?  
[continues]  
[cork pops]  
Sant.  
You seem so sad.  
No one so young

should be so sad.  
Do you still sing?  
Hmm?  
Never.  
Mmm.  
I'm sorry.  
I should love  
to have heard you sing.  
Mmm.  
You are too cold.  
Surely.  
No? [chuckles]  
How can you bear it?  
Don't know how  
you can bear it.  
[thud in distance]  
[continues]  
I'm sorry. I--  
I don't see anything.  
Did you see something  
in the street?  
Would you like me  
to close the window, madame?  
It is very cold.  
Yes.  
Please close the window.  
The manager is very happy  
that you have returned  
to the hotel.  
He remembered  
your love of violets  
and hopes you enjoyed them.  
He's a great admirer  
of yours, madame.  
Says that he  
heard you sing  
many times in Paris.  
Yes.  
Please thank him.  
[sighs]  
Artist?  
Painter.  
I see the paint  
on your hands.

Mm-hmm.

I'm a painter, too.

Already there's been some  
serious interest, you know?  
People like my stuff.

I mean,  
they really like it.

You have been here long?

It's not easy here.

I see things everywhere.

Don't you?

It's all new.

On the walls,  
on bridges,

I see things.

I get my palette  
from the sky.

I wait, and I paint.

Don't you think,  
when you first come here,  
you come because this  
is the capital  
of everything possible?

Ah, for a while,  
it can be.

[Girl] I can make  
the buildings dance.

Whole cities move  
because of me.

It's how you look  
at things, Teya.

You see a city between  
the buildings.

Mm-hmm.

You see the shapes  
they cut out in the sky?

Mm-hmm, like Mommy's teeth.

[hums]

Oops.

That's okay.

My umbrella's  
out of control.

Boing, boing, boing.

It's everywhere.



You like that dog? Imagine  
if we were in a huge umbrella,  
if we were living  
in a huge umbrella.  
That would be so weird,  
because then we're going  
to see a green  
or any color all the time.  
Why's that squirrel  
chasing the other squirrel?  
Because he loves her.  
Then why is she  
running away?  
Because she's scared.  
Hmm. Can we go  
to the fountain now?  
The fountain? I don't  
remember where the fountain is.  
Do you?  
Oh, no! Oh, no!  
[yells]  
[Girl laughs]  
Mommy doesn't let me  
eat hot dogs.  
[Man]  
You want sushi?  
Seaweed's gross.  
Then it's our secret, okay?  
All right.  
[children laugh and yell]  
Bracelet fell in.  
Excuse me.  
Yeah?  
We couldn't help but notice  
how good you are with her.  
Oh, thanks. Thank you.  
It's so unusual  
to meet a manny.  
And a good manny,  
at that.  
What?  
You know, a male nanny.  
Well, thank you. Thanks.  
Excuse me.

Teya.

Tey. Come, baby.

Let's go now.

Time to go. Come.

[Teya] The sun's a boy,  
and the moon's a girl.

[Man]

Exactly, Tey.

El sol, la luna.

La luna.

Yeah, that's right.

I like when they're  
both out. Yeah?

They make all these  
pretty colors,

and it's kind of like purple,

hot pink and regular pink,

and they sort of, like,

play tag with each other

while they still can.

Hey, sweetness.

Hey, Mommy.

Hi.

Nice outfit.

Did you pick that out  
yourself?

Yep. And the bracelet matches.

It does.

Ed's over there. He's  
got a snack for you.

No, thanks.

You're going to get hungry.

Nuh-uh. I had a hot dog.

You need to be firm  
with her, okay?

She needs the discipline.

She needs you.

She misses you.

Um...

pick her up

again tomorrow?

Okay.

Okay.

Come on, monkey.

[chattering]  
[applause]  
[Teya]  
Daddy, Daddy!  
Excuse me. All this  
for dry cleaning?  
Yeah. Is tomorrow okay?  
Why not?

**After 5:**

You have been shopping.  
Very expensive stuff.  
I don't like to run out.  
[speaking Cantonese]  
Your Cantonese  
is improving.  
I have been studying.  
Have a nice night.  
[speaking Cantonese]  
\$25.  
[traditional Chinese]  
[coughs]  
Hey, how are you today?  
Good.  
I want to paint you.  
You know, portrait.  
Um, would you like--  
Come with me?  
Why me?  
I don't know.  
I really don't know.  
I can't.  
Please.  
Okay. I'm sorry.  
I'm going to give you  
my address.  
If you change your mind...  
I'm waiting for you.  
[speaking Chinese]  
[TV drones]  
[Man] Hey. You  
looking for something?  
I looking for the painter.  
What?

The painter.  
The painter is dead.  
You want apartment?  
[shutter snaps]  
[traditional Chinese]  
[grunts]  
Can I help you?  
Oh, thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Well, I guess  
this is useless.  
Aren't you the one who's always  
filming in the coffee shop?  
I thought I was being  
more discreet.  
I guess my secret's out now.  
If you ask for permission,  
you never get it, so...  
So you like to break  
the rules, then?  
A lot of people  
give me trouble.  
Well, I will be  
the exception for today.  
Oh. City's full  
of surprises, right?  
Yeah.  
[car approaches]  
[car door closes]  
[cell phone rings]  
[cell phone rings]  
[beeps]  
[Man]  
Hey, it's me. Can we talk?  
Yeah, Peter. How are you?  
Yeah, yeah, of course.  
I will get it to you  
in the morning.  
No, they're very  
important clients.  
No. Losing a client  
is not an option.  
Shit.  
Yeah.

And?

Thank you.

No, I don't care. Tell him  
to postpone the opening.

Yeah, yeah, of course.

And if their lawyer  
tries to contact you...

[muffled chatter]

[Woman chatters]

Yeah. Oh.

[dogs bark]

[Woman]

What do you see?

[Man] No, don't mention  
the second offer.

Not yet.

No. Okay, Peter.

You, too. Thanks.

You know, this is what I have  
always liked about New York--

These little moments  
on the sidewalk, smoking,  
thinking about your life.

Makes you appreciate  
the city better.

You can watch the buildings. You can  
feel the air and look at the people.

Sometimes meet somebody  
you feel like you can talk to.

You can talk about what?

Things you can say  
to a stranger.

[chuckles]

You know, when there's  
no past, there's no guilt.

Have you ever made love  
to a perfect stranger?

[chuckles]

Now you're teasing me.

I believe I am.

Well, I mean...

No, not exactly  
a perfect stranger,  
if you mean someone

I wouldn't know at all.

[laughs]

It's sad.

It's sad? Why?

Because there's almost  
nothing more exciting  
than fucking somebody  
you don't know.

[laughs]

Right?

You don't know  
their name,  
barely saw  
their face.

Don't.

Don't tell me your name.

You know what? As soon as  
I finish this cigarette,  
I have to walk back  
into that restaurant  
and sit down again  
in front of my husband.

And?

And he won't look at me.  
And he won't notice I'm not  
wearing a bra under my dress.

No bra?

No panties, either.

Oh.

No underwear?

Not today.

I feel sad for this  
poor, lonely husband  
who can't see his wife's  
hidden talents.

Don't you think he's like  
every man, though?

He's typically blind and  
bored by his very own wife,  
ready to fantasize about  
the first unknown woman  
he hasn't fucked yet.

Am I bothering you?

Not at all.

Yeah. And you say that because  
now I have turned you on, right?  
You want  
to take me to bed.  
Do you want  
to take me to bed?  
Yeah, I probably do.  
Aw, come on. All right, why  
are you telling me all of this?  
Because tonight I  
want things to change.  
Chain smoking's  
a bad thing.  
Who knows?  
Maybe we will meet again.  
Thank you.  
Enjoy your meal.  
[sighs]  
I love you.  
I love you, too.  
Okay?  
A heart that's full up  
Like a landfill  
A job that  
slowly kills you  
Bruises that won't heal  
[no audible dialogue]  
What the hell  
happened to you?  
I was doing downward dog,  
and then I went  
into chakrasana,  
and that's when it happened.  
What's a downward dog?  
Yoga.  
Oh, yeah. You know,  
I remember you used to be  
really loose and limber.  
Mr. Riccoli, can you just  
fill the prescriptions now?  
I didn't mean loose like--  
I know what you're saying.  
I just have somewhere to be.  
Right.

Um...  
What the hell--  
Who you with?  
Birth control? What  
the hell are you doing?  
Oh, come on.  
No, listen,  
I'm just saying that,  
you know, I think, Lydia,  
personally it's time  
for you to have babies.  
What are you, kidding me?  
What's wrong with you?  
I'm out of here.  
What'd I say?  
What did I--  
You used to be nice.  
What happened to you?  
Whoa.  
Hey, Lydia, come on.  
Talk to me. What'd I say?  
Hey, I'm sorry.  
What the hell did I say?  
Babies.  
[Man]  
You're picking on me again.  
[Woman] I just don't understand  
why I'm always the one  
who has to initiate  
everything.  
Not true.  
We don't go anywhere.  
You don't take me  
anywhere.  
I took you to  
the park last week.  
Come on. I'm talking about  
outside of the city.  
Name one place  
in the past two years  
outside the city that  
you have taken me to.  
Beach in the Hamptons.  
That's where we met,



and you hated the Hamptons.  
I'm talking about  
a road trip,  
or a canoe trip, even.  
A bike trip.  
Will you stop  
with the phone?  
Just name one.  
Exactly.  
What?  
If you could go  
anywhere in the world,  
where would you go?  
You know where.  
Come with me.  
What are you doing?  
I just bought tickets.  
We're leaving now.  
We are?  
Are you out of your mind?  
I don't have anything  
with me right now.  
Well, I will buy you  
a toothbrush.  
In Rome.  
Coach is fine.  
Lift your feet.  
You don't lift  
your feet.  
I'm lifting my feet.  
No, you're shuffling.  
The doctor said you  
should lift your feet.  
I'm lifting, I'm lifting.  
You want you should fall down,  
break your other hip?  
At least then the pain would  
be the same on both sides.  
Equal. Everything always  
has to be equal with you.  
I'm a democratic  
sort of fellow.  
Well, see how  
democratic you feel

when you fall down  
and break your other hip.  
I'm not breaking any hips.  
Is there some place  
you got to get to later?  
What is your hurry?  
My hurry is I want to get  
there before next week.  
At the rate you walk...  
You want faster?  
Divorce me and get yourself  
a younger man.  
Tom Cruise, perhaps.  
You think you're funny?  
I do, as a matter of fact.  
Then what would you do,  
Mr. Smarty-pants?  
Mr. I'm so independent,  
I don't need any help  
opening the pickle jar.  
I got caught in a pickle.  
You'd still be putting on your  
jacket if it wasn't for me.  
[horn honks]  
Go ahead, hit me,  
why don't you?  
Want to run me down?  
[scoffs]  
All the time, honking like  
they own the place.  
We could have driven.  
Who could have driven? You?  
You're going to give me  
a heart attack now?  
What's the good  
of having a car  
if I never get  
to drive it?  
You can't drive. You can't  
even read the street sign.  
I still have my license.  
Only because  
that girl at the DMV  
took pity on you.

All that flirting  
with her, oh.  
It was embarrassing.  
Brighton Beach Avenue.  
As if you didn't know  
what street this was.  
I know what street this is. Of  
course you know what street this is.  
You think I don't know what street  
this is? Did I say you didn't?  
I was reading the street sign.  
A regular Evelyn Wood  
I married.  
Hurry up, it's green.  
The light's going to change.  
Step up.  
Okay.  
You sure?  
We're not in any rush.  
I said I'm okay.  
Don't walk so fast.  
I don't want to have to  
call an ambulance.  
I don't want to think about trying to  
make that cell phone she sent us work.  
Did you call her?  
She called me.  
What did she say?  
What do you think she said?  
"How are you? How is Dad?  
What are you doing?"  
And what did you  
say to her?  
I told her we're doing the  
same thing we do every year.  
Good.  
She said she sent us  
a card, and did we get it.  
Did we get a card?  
Did you see any card?  
Maybe it just  
didn't get here yet.  
She probably sent it late.  
Don't criticize.

I'm not criticizing.  
You are criticizing.  
I'm just saying,  
she probably forgot  
and then remembered  
at the last minute.  
You wait and see.  
The postmark  
will be yesterday,  
as if it could get here  
from France in one day.  
Where are you going?  
I don't want  
to take the ramp.  
Well, the ramp is easier.  
I will take the stairs.  
You're going to kill me.  
[sighs]  
Today of all days, he decides  
he will finally kill me--  
Do away with me by making me  
take the stairs.  
Give me a heart attack,  
just watching you  
take the stairs.  
They have smart police  
these days,  
like the cute one on CSI.  
They will figure it out.  
It will make headlines--  
Man kills wife  
on 63rd anniversary,  
walking up stairs.  
[grunts]  
[wheels rattle over boardwalk]  
Hey, hey!  
Hoodlums!  
They ought to arrest them.  
Let's go have lunch.  
Let's go. Come on.  
Let's go.  
I'm coming,  
I'm coming.  
Lift your feet.

I'm lifting.  
No, you're shuffling.  
Lift your feet. Lift.  
I'm lifting, I'm lifting.  
All right. Come on.  
I fixed your hat  
a little bit.  
You're looking okay  
with your hat.  
Yeah.  
Looking pretty  
good-looking to me.  
[Man]  
Look at me.  
Look at me.  
I look terrible.  
I don't understand  
what happened.  
Happened. What happened?  
[no audible dialogue]  
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