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New York, I Love You

By Unknown

- 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'll 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'll 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'll 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've 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]
Increible.
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'll 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've 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 speaking device speaking Gujarati]
[Speaks Gujarati]
I've 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've given me.

How much?

[Gujarati]

[Man in Gujarati]

Too much. Way too much.
I'll 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.

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'll 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
'cause 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]

[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?

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'll 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.

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 759 drugstores
and over 1,600 registered pharmacists.

On the day of my senior prom,
one of them would change my life.

Shit bums.

They lose 2 to 1 again. One run.

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'll 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'll
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'll never, never stop?
Wait! That's my limo!
You've 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. 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
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 30 blocks to this bar?
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've 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]
- Here you go.
- Thanks.
You left that on.
Yeah. I'll 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. L...
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've 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've 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.
Come on, monkey.
[Chattering]
[Applause]
[Teya]
Daddy, Daddy!
Excuse me. All this for dry cleaning?
Yeah. Is tomorrow okay?
Why not? After 5:00.
You've been shopping.
Very expensive stuff.
I don't like to run out.
[Speaking Cantonese]
Your Cantonese is improving.
I've 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]
[Beeps]
[Man]
Hey, it's me. Can we talk?
Yeah, Peter. How are you?
Yeah, yeah, of course.
I'll 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've 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've 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'll 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
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've 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'll take the stairs.

You're going to kill me.

[Sighs]

Today of all days,
he decides he'll 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'll figure it out.

It'll 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?