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One Fine Day

By Terrel Seltzer

I heard that my son, Dave Jr...
You met Dave Jr, right?
This is great news.
I was notified Sunday that Dave Jr
will be tried as a juvenile for grand theft auto.
Congratulations.
911. 911.
Mommy.
Mom?
I'm really thirsty, Mommy.
OK.
OK. OK, sweetie.
- Good night.
- Wait. There's one more sip left.
- Half a sip. You don't need it. Good night.
- I do need it. I do need it, Mommy.
OK. Now good night for real, OK?
- Good night, Mom.
- Night-night.
I'm real excited about the field trip tomorrow.
- I love big boats.
- That's good.
- The Circle Line is big, right?
- Yeah.
Good.
Mom?
Sleepy time now.
Is Daddy coming
to my soccer game tomorrow?
He's gonna try, Sammy.
Honey, do you remember when
I explained to you that Daddy has
- a different schedule to other daddies?
- Yeah.
Well, musicians don't always know exactly
when they're gonna get a chance to play.
So... there's a chance
he might not come tomorrow.
But he's gonna try.
Yeah. He's gonna try.
I love you a million, billion, zillion.
Do you love him?
Huh, Mommy?
I will always love your daddy

because he gave me you.

Now go to sleep.

I can't sleep, Mom.

I had a bad dream.

In just two minutes you already
fell asleep and had a bad dream?

Sweetie...

I don't even think I knew her.

She's lyin'. I'd divorce her.

- Hi, Jack.

- Dad!

- Hi, Daddy!

- Hey! You maggot, you! Come here.

Watch your step.

- Maggie, be careful.

- It's all right. She does it all the time.

I can't believe your plumbing's not fixed yet.

- So what's up, Kristen?

- Me and Greg got married last Saturday.

- Oh, yeah. How's Greg?

- He's waiting in the car.

Waiting with an ulcer, hoping you'll say yes.

I need you to watch Maggie for me.

OK. I can do that till about six.

Would that help?

- Well...

- For the whole week, Daddy.

We were going on our honeymoon today.

But the nanny's gotta go watch her mother
have a benign tumor removed in Ohio.

Greg's parents are too old. Mine are too crazy.

Yours are dead. So that leaves you.

- Please, Jack, do this. Please!

- I would love to but I'm working on a story.

- You're always working on a story.

- Yeah. It's what I do.

The same old one about a good-time father
to whom responsibility is a dirty word.

Here's a hint. For an attempted manipulation,
like the one in progress, I'd have tried flattery.

Why am I always the grown-up?

Because at the start of the relationship, when
we chose sides, you chose grown-up first.

- This is how you want it.

- No. What I want
is just once for you to make a sacrifice
in your career for your daughter.
Come here, my little noodle.
My little creature.
Go pee. And wash your hands and face
and brush your teeth.
We're in a hurry cos we have to
take your friend Maggie to school.
- We can't be late because of your field trip.
- I hate Maggie. She thinks she's so funny.
- Maggie?
- Here's Maggie's doctor's number
and the number of a baby-sitter
who can help tomorrow.
She's got a walk-on part today.
One last thing. This is really important.
My neighbor was supposed to take Maggie
to school for me this morning.
She lives in my building... Jack. Jack?
- Apartment 501. This is her number.
- OK.
- Her name is Melanie Parker.
- Melanie Parker.
If you want her to take Maggie
to school for you...
If you want her to take Maggie to school,
bring Maggie to her house before eight.
If not, call Mel and let her know that
you don't need her to take Maggie. Jack? OK?
I'm gonna miss my plane.
- Maybe I should cancel my honeymoon.
- Don't cancel it.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah. Don't worry. Say hi to Greg.
- Bye, baby!
- Bye!
Bye, baby.
Bye, baby. Baby!
Come on, Mom.
OK. Press two, honey.
Where are they?
Want some more? Don't burn your hands.
We're havin' a Manhattan camp-out.

Why don't you just bang on the door?

We can't bang on the door of honeymooners.

- What time does your school start?

- I don't know.

It probably starts around nine. We're gonna get there a few minutes early just to be safe.

- What street's your school on?

- I don't know.

We're in trouble.

- I'm gonna miss the boat trip, aren't I?

- It won't go on time. We'll make it. I promise.

Let's run, just in case.

What's it say?

"The whole school is on the Circle Line.

Sorry we missed you."

That's a big "uh-oh," right?

Mom?

You must be Kristen's ex-husband.

- Hi, Sammy.

- Hi, Maggie.

And you must be...

OK. Well, you're not Sheila,

the actress/baby-sitter,

or Maggie's pediatrician, Dr Feldman.

Oh, there you go. "Don't forget to call

Melanie Parker." Underlined three times.

We're not quite together yet. Sorry. What do

you mean, I must be Kristen's ex-husband?

That's her daughter, and this is

a totally ex-husband thing to do.

You'd know because that's

a totally ex-wife remark.

You know, I have a day. Taxi!

Taxi!

Get those fish. Let's go. Come on.

Wait, wait, wait! You forgot your fish!

Pier 56, please, as fast as you can.

- I don't wanna sit next to him, Daddy.

- I don't wanna sit next to her, Mommy.

Come on. Over the top.

Would you please just take those? Thank you.

I don't know why you have an attitude. It's

your fault they'll probably miss the field trip.

- Not Central Park West. Broadway's faster.

- My attitude is derived from your attitude.
- Derived? You must be a writer.
- Let me guess. Your ex-husband is a writer.
No. My ex-husband is a musician.
I don't need to see that.
I already have an opinion of you.
And I of you.
Liza! Liza, thank God you're home.
- I need a huge favor.
- Melanie? Is that you? You sound awful.
Where are you? Don't answer. I can't talk.
I'm on the other line organizing a fun run.
No, wait. Don't hang up. I really need you to...
Bye, honey.
- Hello? Hello!
- Yeah, I'm here.
- What's the matter?
- There's this guy,
who obviously thinks a minor amount of
charm replaces integrity and commitment,
has not only ruined my day but Sammy's
as well. He's completely missed his field trip.
- My mom hates your dad.
- So? My dad hates your mom.
- So?
- So?
Hey, it's me. I just wanna know
if you're wearin' panties.
What color are they?
Lew, I need this photo approved now.
If I ever act interested in another man again,
would you please shoot me?
- No, don't take 57th across!
- Pink?
- Pink? Sure.
- When is Jack getting in?
No, I will not leave Sammy at the Ninth Street
drop-in center, Liza. He hates it there.
You're my sister.
How can you not watch him?
I have to meet my boss in 15 minutes.
Then I have this presentation, which
could add up to a huge promotion for me.
And you have no job, a nanny,

a cook and a housekeeper.

The nanny is taking Courtney
to Mommy and Me.

Angela is cooking all day for
our dinner party tonight. Berta is cleaning.

- And I'm working at the school this morning.

- What about later?

Later I'm getting dressed
for our dinner party tonight.

- Why don't you get a nanny?

- Because I can't afford a nanny, Liza.

You're with a girl, aren't ya? You dog, you!

A real superwoman. Can't open
her door, won't shut her mouth.

Excuse me. Are you talking about me?

The first lady. We're thinking
about doing a piece on her.

You're insulted because I said I had
a presentation and you don't work.

I do work, Melanie.

I am the CEO of this household.

I'm sorry I can't help you out.

But you're perfect. You'll figure it out.

OK. OK. Bye.

OK, OK. Stay with me. There are cars.

Oh, thank God! It's still here!

- This is it.

- That's not it. There's nobody in there!

- Maybe they're upstairs.

- Upstairs.

Sammy, wait for me.

- I got it.

- No, I'm fine.

OK. Excuse me.

Go, go! Watch your step.

- It was the first boat. I'm telling you.

- There wasn't anybody on the first boat!

- Oh, no!

- It's OK. We can still make it. Goddammit!

Hey!

Hey, boat! Hey!

Hey, come here! Come back!

I got kids over here!

Come back! Hey!

I got kids here!

Goddammit!

Who wants to go on a boat
in the rain anyway?

I know. You did.

All right. Listen. Melanie.

I feel awful about this. I'm gonna
make it up to you. You too, kiddo.

All right?

OK.

Here's an idea. I watch the kids right now
while you do your presentation.

I heard you say you had one in 15 minutes.

And you watch her for me later today while
I do the column. It'll only take an hour or so.

Hi! Maggie Taylor calling.

I have an urgent message
for stupid Sammy Parker.

I'm not stupid. You're stupid.

I don't think so. I only let incredibly
responsible people watch my son.

I'm incredibly responsible.

- I'm hungry, Daddy.

- Want a Tic Tac?

- No.

- That's all I got.

Here, baby.

- What's that?

- A muffin. Thank you, Melanie.

You're welcome, sweetheart.

You were saying?

I was saying that maybe we could
just help each other out today.

Well...

Hey!

- Looks like you missed the boat.

- I guess we did.

I really don't need your help, but if I did,
you would be the very last
person I would turn to.

These are the class fish. They were
supposed to be back in the classroom at 8:30.

Now they are spending the day with you.

God, I am going to be so late.

I have such a day.

- A bus!

- But, Mom...

- Those aren't toys, honey.

- Mom, that's not your phone. Mom!

Don't be like that when you grow up.

She just drops off the... bag of cookies...

and tells me to keep 'em for a week.

How do you feel about the cookies, Jack?

Love the cookies.

Have a big problem with the...

- Cookie-maker?

- That's right.

The cookie-maker thinks

that all I am interested in

or all that I'm capable of handling

with respect to the cookie in question

is the...

- The frosting?

- Exactly. Exactly.

Just because the frosting is my specialty

doesn't mean that I can't do more.

I have many layers to me.

And they're not all vanilla, either.

I have chocolate in me.

I have a deep, dark chocolate...

I'm still hungry, Daddy.

- Darling, let Doc Martin and I finish.

- But what about the cookies?

Just a little while. OK?

I'm sick of angry, resentful...

fish...

who think that you owe them,

but who won't trust you for a second

to do anything for 'em.

- There are other fish in the sea.

- Yes, I know.

It's just... I wish I could find a fish

who wasn't afraid of my dark-chocolate layer.

And she'd have to love my cookie too.

You know, I think that my ex... cookie-maker

has turned me off to fish entirely.

I met a real piece of work this morning.

Tell me about her, Jack.

This fish was a fox.

She had her own cookie too.

But what a female dog.

She shoved her fish in my face...

In front of the cookie?

What's she doing with another fish anyway?

Is she AC/DC?

- What are you talkin' about?

- Fish... with other fish, in front of cookies.

Fish.

Fish fish.

I see.

- After you.

- No, after you.

- I insist.

- I insist more.

You can't make any noise in the office.

I have a really important meeting. OK?

- Don't touch that.

- It's empty.

Sammy, I'm really late and I don't

need you spilling anything right now.

- Please don't do that now.

- Why not?

Because I want you

to practice being super-quiet.

OK. Now stay next to me.

Here's your dinosaur.

- You're kidding.

- Please don't give me a hard time, Evelyn.

- I'm also 20 minutes late.

- 25 minutes late.

Mr Leland, as you might expect,

is displeased.

- What are those?

- The Haskell blueprints.

- Rob Wilding got them in ahead of schedule.

- He did?

Why would you bring a child here?

Remember when Sally brought her kid here

with the poison sumac?

Mr Leland just smelled the calamine lotion

and had to leave.

He does not have poison anything. He's not

even sick. He just missed his field trip.

- I don't think so.

- Five minutes. Please?

And I would be doing this because...?

Of our sense of solidarity.

We're both women, and this is
a tough office and a tough world...

- Five minutes.

- Thank you.

Evelyn, has Miss Parker come in yet?

- Miss Parker, you're late.

- Yes, I know. I'm sorry, sir.

- You're late.

- Let me go get the model. I'll be right in.

Sammy!

Oh my God.

Let me look at it.

Oh my God.

Evelyn, would you ask
Miss Parker to come in, please?

No.

She'll be right in.

Put this in the back room for me, please.

Go, go, go.

You! Get behind the desk and stay there!

I'm sorry, sir. I forgot. The model
is still in the model shop downtown.

I'm heading there right now to...

I went by there this morning to pick it up
for this meeting, but the shop was locked.

But I promise you, you are going to
love the model, Mr Leland, sir,
and today at two the people from
Yates and Yates are going to love it too.

- I assume you're ready.

- Of course.

There's something I'd like to show you.

Evelyn, bring in the Haskell blueprint.

What an adorable little boy!

Also, check if my amoxicillin prescription
still has refills available.

- Mommy...

- That's a good idea. Let's go find your mom.

I'm very sorry, sir, but someone spilled

my coffee all over the Haskell blueprints.

Oh my God.

Do you know that every Thanksgiving

I catch strep throat?

Healthy children can give you

strep throat from other kids

without your even going near them.

My sister sets up a kids' table

in the next room, and I still get strep throat.

We're going to go find his mother, sir.

She must work in the law offices

across the hall.

I'm sure she does.

Excuse me.

- Hello?

- You asshole!

- What?

- Get over here.

The mayor's called

a press conference at five o'clock.

While you were talkin' about pink panties,

your story was turning to shit!

You know, Miss Parker,

I don't need to remind you what the Yates

account would be worth to this firm.

- And, by extension, to you.

- No, sir.

Do you know what I think of

when I look at him?

- No.

- A carrier monkey.

He's not a carrier monkey, sir.

He looks like a healthy little...

I'll go find his mother.

Oh my God. What am I gonna do?

I'm really sorry, Mommy.

It's OK, sweetie. It's really not your fault.

It's Maggie's daddy's fault.

Slow down.

- This isn't a very good breakfast, Daddy.

- That's an advantage of being an adult.

You get to act like a kid

any time you feel like it.

Mommy would never let me have

hamburgers for breakfast.

You see what I mean?

- Hello.

- Who's that?

- Who's this?

- Who's this?

What are you doing

with my daughter's phone?

Damn. We must've switched. I'm Jack Taylor.

Our kids are in school together.

- "You Don't Know Jack" Taylor?

- That's me.

Oh my God! You're so adorable.

- I love your column.

- Oh, thanks.

- Are you married?

- I'm divorced. What's your name?

- Rita.

- Rita.

Listen, Jack. I've got to go get exfoliated.

- Now, Melanie has your phone, right?

- That's right.

- So what is that number?

- Pennsylvania 3317.

- Pennsylvania. So cute. 3317.

- My dad used to...

Darling, if you speak with her before I do,
would you do me a favor?

Her sister phoned me to see

if I would baby-sit Sammy later on.

But I'm in the middle of my Spring Spa Day
at Elizabeth Arden. I can't cancel now.

But tell her that otherwise

I would have been happy to baby-sit.

No matter what she thinks,

I have forgotten all about Sammy

putting my wedding ring up his nose.

- I'll tell her, Rita.

- You're adorable.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Hello?

- It's Jack Taylor.

- How did you get this number?

- You're holding my phone.
- This is so typical of you.
- Let's skip the hostilities and do messages.
- Fine.
- Your mother's at a spa day so can't baby-sit.

It's not because she's upset about
Sammy sticking her ring up her nose.

His nose. Thank you. You have
a press conference at five. Goodbye.

Maybe we ought to arrange
to switch our phones back.

Tomorrow when we drop
the kids off at school. On time?

- Fine.

- Fine.

Maggie, when you grow up and you are
incredibly beautiful and intelligent
and possess a certain sweetness
that's like a distant promise
to the brave and to the worthy,
can you please not beat to a pulp every
miserable bastard just because you can?
Can you just not do that?

- OK, Daddy.

- All right.

- Let me help you.

- It's OK. I got it, I got it.

- OK, sweetie. Come on.

- Stupid American woman.

That guy called you stupid.

I am stupid sometimes, honey.

But I'd rather be stupid than sorry.

- How bad is it?

- Well, it's modular.

So it's conceivable I could
lift out the damaged portion
and replace it from the mockup.

- So I wouldn't have to start from scratch.

- Vincent, that's brilliant!

Sammy, honey. You cannot
run around here. OK?

- It won't be perfect.

- I'm thirsty, Mommy.

It's OK.

I know you, Mel. You won't be happy with less than perfect.

- Today I will.

- I can't get the straw apart, Mommy.

I don't even wanna think about what'll happen if I don't have that model by two.

- All right, then. I'll give it a try.

- Thanks.

Now, while I'm doing my column, you need to think of at least 600 fun things to do, cos the rest of the day is yours.

I already know, Daddy. I wanna go to the zoo and on a horse-and-carriage ride and to the carousel and to the Natural Museum of History and to The Cats...

It's Cats, not The Cats.

- Hi, Jack.

- Hey.

Hi, Jack. I didn't know you had a daughter.

- Yeah, this is Maggie.

- She's so cute.

- She looks just like you.

- She'll grow out of it.

- Why are all the girls talking to you like that?

- Like what?

"Hi, Jack."

- Hi, Jack.

- Hey, Celia.

See what she just did?

You know, I'm doing a story on men like you.

- Oh, yeah? What's the hook?

- Just an expression my mother used to use.

"Love your guy like a little boy and he'll grow into a man."

Jack! Get in here!

Fish! You're not gonna believe the morning that I have had already.

You look cranky. You back on that diet?

- Honey, remember Lew?

- We haven't seen each other in a long time.

I am cranky, Jack, and I ate a very good breakfast this morning.

- We're in big trouble on your garbage story.

- No, we're not.

- Come here, honey.
- It's OK. Go ahead.

This is Lois Lane.

She lives here in the newsroom.

Wow!

Wanna pet her, sweetheart?

Go ahead. She won't bite.

- You got a raging scoop disease, my friend.
- Which is what you love about me.

Stay here and play with the kitty, honey,
while me and your daddy go have a talk.

That's a girl.

- Let's go.
- Now, would you rather that I wasn't first?
- I'd rather you were right.
- I am right.

OK. Who told you that the mayor's reelection
campaign took contributions from the Mob?

- Manny Feldstein.
- Manny Feldstein told you, on the record,
"Newark trucking company
Grace and Marra, a Mob front,
made an illegal contribution
to the mayor's campaign."
- That's right. On the record.
- In exchange for the city sanitation contract.
- On the record.
- Awarded without bidding.

To Grace and Marra.

That's right. On the record.

Manny Feldstein's gonna say
he never talked to you!

- What? Hey. What?
- At the mayor's press conference today
- Hi, Jack.
- Feldstein's gonna say you made it all up.
- You didn't, did you?
- Of course not.

Manny told me he saw
the campaign accounts.
\$250,000 was deposited
in unnumbered accounts.
Freddy, hold page three.

We may have to print a retraction.

- Of what?
- You're gonna give me an ulcer.
- I can feel it. Couldn't you get two sources?
- Remember the Cardinal O'Brien story?
- We almost got fired!
- I almost got the Pulitzer prize.
It's real simple, Jack. Management doesn't
wanna clean up after you anymore. Not now!
- I'm a good reporter, Lew.
- No. You are a great reporter.
But sometimes you get too excited
and get me too excited.
And now I've given you
enough rope to hang us both.
And, Jack, nobody almost
gets a Pulitzer prize.
- They won't fire me. My picture's on buses.
- I said that.
Then they asked me
to lunch with Frank Burroughs.
- Dad?
- Frank Burroughs?
- "Frankly Speaking" is a popular column.
- He's a pompous, arrogant, humorless ass!
Who's won the Pulitzer prize.
I'm not gonna lose my job. I got alimony
and shrink bills, old college loans to repay.
- Daddy...
- One second.
I have a plumbing situation.
Now, Manny has been my guy all year long.
One second, darling.
I played bridge with his mother.
I took his niece to Cirque du Soleil.
Just one second. I had to sit through
him playing Tevye in dinner theater, Lew!
- Dinner theater!
- Jack!
I gave you this column, and I love you like
a son. But I can't cover for you anymore.
You've got six hours to that
press conference and no other leads.
Get Feldstein back on the record or find
another source to confirm this thing.

Otherwise we're printing a retraction.
And I guarantee you, Jack, it'll be your last.
That's fine. If you need me,
I'm at a different number today.
- Where are you goin'?
- To find Manny.
- Take care of yourself, kid.
- I will.

Hi, Jack. Listen. I really wanted
to say something to you, Jack.
I've noticed that you haven't
been dating for quite a while.

- Right.
- Actually, we've all noticed.

Hey, there we go. Hi.

I know that you're sensitive,
but frightened.

I'm gentle,
but brutal.

Think about it. Think about me, Jack.

I will.

OK.

Brutal.

Marla? Have you seen my daughter?

Have you seen Maggie?

- No, I haven't.

- Excuse me, please.

Have you seen my daughter? No?

Maggie? Damn it!

Hey, Jack.

Hi, Daddy.

"Hi, Daddy?" Do you do this with
your mother, this wandering-off thing?

- Yeah.

- Cos it's not a good thing to do.

Now I've gotta go talk to a guy downtown.

It's kind of a tricky thing

and I only have one shot at it, so...

- I can't come?

- That's right. What am I gonna do with you?

This is incredibly difficult for me, but you are
the absolute last person I can think of to ask.

I'm really in a bind. I could lose my job.

I know you're recording but...

Can you hold on a minute?

I know you're recording

but it would just be for an hour.

From two to three.

Come on, Eddie. You're his father.

Fine. Never mind. I'll think of something.

Are you at least coming to his soccer game?

Six. It would mean a lot to him.

- Mel!

- Sammy!

Sammy, get off of that.

Time out!

What is the matter with you?

You almost broke it again!

Why can't you play quietly for five minutes?

Don't you realize how important this is?

- I'm taking you to the drop-in center.

- I don't wanna go there.

- Too bad.

- Those kids'll beat me up.

- They won't.

- They will.

Well, you're just gonna have to be brave.

Vincent, I'll be back in an hour for the model!

When the little hand

gets between 4 and 5, that's 4:30.

- I'm sorry.

- You're not being punished. I'll be back.

- We can go to your soccer game.

- That's too long.

Sweetheart, I set the alarm and I'll be here

for you by the time it goes off. I promise.

- But I don't wanna go in there.

- But it'll be fun!

Look! It's Superhero Day!

Hey! Spiderman!

He can't come in here. He's not a superhero!

Oh, yeah? You guys sure about that?

- He doesn't look like one.

- He looks like a poo-poo crybaby.

When the big hand gets to there,

and the little hand gets to there,

- then...

- You'll be back.

Wait a minute.

Now you're wearin' Daddy's watch.

- But I don't have a costume.

- A costume?

OK. How about...

Bessie the choreographer?

Five, six, seven, eight!

I don't have... You know,

I don't have a costume, darling.

Hey.

Hey, Maggie. Look, honey. Maggie.

- Hi, Sammy.

- Hi, Maggie.

- You said you weren't gonna bring him here.

- Well, I got desperate.

Me too.

So, looks like we need
two superheroes - and fast.

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, Mama said
Mama said, Mama said

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
Mama said, Mama said

I went walking the other day
And everything was going fine

I met a little boy named Billy Joe
and then almost lost my mind

Where do you get a bag like that?

Mama said there'll be days like this...

If those mean boys give you any more
trouble, first go to the teacher.

If she doesn't help, call me on the mobile.

And if you can't reach me, call 911.

Kick the mean boys in the shins.

- Bye!

- Bye!

- Thanks for doin' that.

- Sure. It's hard enough being a kid.

- It is excellent.

- And you would know.

- What's that?

- Nothing.

- Know what my mother told me?

- Gee, no.

"Love your guy like a little boy
and he'll grow into a man."

- She knew you were gay?

- I'm not gay.

- Then why the advice about loving guys?

- She hoped I'd meet a woman like that.

I can't stand those people who blame their
worst traits on everyone but themselves.

It's so '90s.

What are you talkin' about?

You're blaming your Peter Pan complex
on your mother.

- Do you have any friends?

- I don't have time.

That's because of
your Captain Hook complex.

- My what?

- Captain Hook complex.

- There's no such thing.

- Yes, there is. And you have it.

- Here's your phone back.

- Here's yours.

Thank you!

Hey! Feldstein!

- Hey!

- I can't meet with you right now, Jack.

Hey, Manny!

Manny!

- Hey, Manny.

- Please don't hit me.

- I won't. What's goin' on?

- I've been having thoughts.

- We already had our thoughts.

- Please don't yell.

You were the one who said to me
this garbage thing stinks.

I waited for a month for you
to get comfortable with this.

We print the story. It runs on the front page.

And now you tell me you are having
thoughts? What is the matter with you?

I've been having trouble with my medication.

You get the dose wrong, you get grandiose.

We talked about takin' down the mayor
and the Mob together. That's crazy.

- No, it's not.

- It is!

Now that I'm a little better regulated,
I realize they will kill me!

Hey, listen to me.

Don't do this to me.

All right? Look at me. Hey.

I'm the one who started your standing
ovation for "If I Were a Rich Man," right?

- I can't do it.

- You can do it. You're my guy.

I got a wife and a family. I'm their guy too.

You're hurting my neck.

Yeah. Oh, yeah. All right.

I'm sorry, Jack.

- All right. Gimme a name.

- I can't think of any names.

- Whose name is on the account?

- I don't know. I only saw numbers.

- Who set up the account?

- I don't know.

- Who set up the account, Manny?

- Eddie McCoy, maybe?

Maybe Eddie McCoy? How...

You know what? I'm gonna figure it out
myself. OK, Manny? Thank you.

- Hello?

- Mommy.

- What happened?

- I don't wanna stay here anymore.

And neither does Maggie.

- Sweetie, you have to, just for a little while...

- No.

What happened?

Spiderman kicked me

and She-Ra took Maggie's snack.

Let me talk to the teacher.

She's outside talking to the Hulk

about not using the F-word.

Sammy, you'll just have to be brave and...

- What's LSD?

- LSD?

Spiderman was talking to Maggie about LSD that he got from his brother. Don't move. Stay right where you are. You will both be picked up in ten minutes. No. Manny's a dead end.

- You get anything?
- McCoy probably set up the account.

As campaign manager, he wouldn't implicate himself.

- City comptroller?
- He'll never talk.
- How about the sanitation commissioner?
- Lieberman?

Metro!

- How do we get ahold of Lieberman?
- He's in Barbados.
- He's in Barbados.
- The sanitation commissioner in Barbados?
- During a garbage scandal.
- Maybe the mayor wanted him outta town.
- Metro!
- What?
- What's Lieberman doin' in Barbados?
- He's there with his new girlfriend.
- He's there with his new girlfriend.
- Which leaves his very angry wife.
- Bingo.
- I'm in the lobby. I'll be right up.
- Yeah?
- Jack, it's Melanie Parker.

We have a problem with our kids. They're OK but they have to be picked up right now.

- Can you do it?
- Me? Now?

I'd definitely jeopardize my career and my life if I picked them up now. But your press conference isn't until five. My presentation is at two. I gotta see Elaine Lieberman for some information.

- Can't you phone?
- Yeah...
- Great.
- Isn't there anybody else you can call?

- I wouldn't be asking you if there were.

- Yeah.

I could watch them both from three o'clock
until your press conference ends

if you'll watch them both

from now until three.

- You're asking me for help.

- It would appear that way.

I'll agree if you say

"Please be my knight in shining armor."

Jack, don't be a shithead.

Go rescue our kids.

This is hard for you, isn't it?

Are you agreeing or not?

You know, I got a day too.

Sorry. I'll meet you and the kids in my
office lobby at Rockefeller Center at 3:15.

- Fine.

- Fine.

Marla, tell Celia to get Elaine Lieberman's
home number and call me on my cell phone.

No...

What?

I forgot to tell you.

Sammy is allergic to shellfish and dander.

He's not allowed to watch commercial TV.

He has to hold your hand crossing the street.

Also, if you go to the playground,

check the sandbox first.

You never know what people

throw in there. Also...

OK. Bye.

Fine.

Fine.

Hello.

- Hi. It's me.

- Me who?

- Do you have the kids?

- What kids?

You didn't pick up the kids?

Oh, you mean those kids.

- I was just calling...

- To check up on me cos you don't trust me.

Sammy, no! Put the gun down.

You only asked me to watch Sammy
out of sheer desperation.

Part of you would feel safer with him at the
Ninth Street drop-in center with LSD. True?

No, that is not true. I only wanted to warn you
that Sammy can get into trouble faster
than you can make most women smile.

Are you flirting with me?

- Would you please just pay attention to him?

- I won't let him out of my sight.

Sammy! Hey! Guns aren't toys.

- It's not loaded.

- Goodbye!

Sammy, how long have
your mom and dad been divorced?

I don't know. It doesn't matter really
cos she said she'll always love him.

- Yeah? Hey, what's that?

- A marble.

- You get to see your dad a lot?

- Yeah, pretty much, usually.

He has a different schedule than
other daddies. He's a drummer.

But his favorite thing to do is watch me
play soccer. He's probably coming today.
He's taking me fishing this whole summer.
Just us. And maybe Mom will come too.

- Your dad's a drummer, huh?

- Yep.

- Sounds like a great guy.

- He is.

- Kurt, Jake, you remember Melanie Parker.

- Nice to see you. Nice to see you.

Well... voila.

I love this. This is... What is that?

- A vaulted...

- Vaulted pediment. Vaulted pediment.

- I love that.

- Yeah?

- But I need to see this with cars.

- You don't, Dad. Just use your imagination.

My imagination?

I have to see it with the cars.

Cars.

See?

- She's quite a little discovery.

- Yes, she is.

Why don't you join us
for drinks this evening?

Let's say 5:

I... I don't know if I can.

We'll talk about this project. From what I've
seen, you could bring a great deal to this.

- I'll be there.

- Terrific. That's great.

Hi. This is Jack Taylor.

I'm looking for Elaine Lieberman.

- You're trying to be like my dad.

- Am not.

- Daddy, who's that man on the bus?

- One second, darling. What?

- Who's that man?

- It says "Frankly Speaking."

Very important. Elaine Lieberman.

Here we go. Hold hands.

Rosa... Rosa... Could you
just try to speak English?

- OK.

- OK.

- Hello?

- Hello.

Right, OK. I need...

I need... pronto... her.

- OK.

- OK? OK. Bye-bye.

No, no.

Rosa, listen.

- I need to find Mrs Lieberman.

- OK.

OK. If I don't find her, I could lose my job.

If you don't understand, say "OK."

- OK.

- OK.

OK. Bye-bye. Gracias. Bye-bye.

Gimme that marble! It's my dad's!

Give it! It's my dad's marble.

No. Rosa?

No, Rosa...

No, no, don't hang up.

- Do you speak Spanish?

- What do you need?

OK, great. Her name is Rosa Lopez.

Her boss is Elaine Lieberman.

I need to know where she is.

I'm Jack Taylor. I'm a reporter.

Elaine's her boss.

Say Elaine wants to speak to me very badly.

Jack Taylor.

- So?

- So give it!

- Give it!

- No.

Hey, guys. Guys! What are you doin'?

- Guys, what are you doin'?

- Mr Kelly? Mr Kelly.

Senora Lopez said Mrs Lieberman is at the Elizabeth Arden salon for her Spring Spa Day.

- Excellent.

- Dad!

What? You guys are being...

Oh, man.

- You're so stupid.

- Am not.

Are so. You ruined my dad's marble. He's not gonna want it with your snot all over it.

Yes, I will. I'll just wash it off.

You'll be fine. The doctor's just gonna pop it right out.

- How come you couldn't do it?

- It's a little nose, big marble.

But the doctor has this clamp thing that's gonna come up and just yank it right out.

And you are gonna be fine. You just gotta not worry about it and not think about it.

You gotta think about something else.

You gotta think about...

Hello, Sammy.

- Hello?

- Hi, sexy. I miss you.

Look, whoever you are,

this isn't Jack's phone anymore.

- Who are you?
- Who are you?
- No. Who are you?
- This is Celia.

I'm a friend of Jack's. And who's this?

- Absolutely nobody.
- Whatever.

Could you tell him Kristen called from the Bahamas to let him know her number there? And this is very important. Elaine Lieberman will only be at Elizabeth Arden's until 3:30. So if you could pass on those messages, we'd both appreciate it.

Your mom will kill me if I don't have you guys in the lobby by 3:15 on the dot.

- She won't kill you. She's not like that really.
- She isn't?

No. She just acts tough and mean cos she'd rather be safe than sorry.

- What does that mean?
- She says it when men try to open her door.

Yeah?

Go, go, go, go, go!

- Hi, you guys!
- Hey!

Your friend... Celia called to tell you...

- Sammy?
- It's OK. It's only an escalator.

Kristen called you from the Bahamas.

And also, Elaine... Lieberman will be at Elizabeth Arden's until 3:30.

- Great.
- Thank you so much for watching Sammy.

Really, you saved my life.

- Was he any trouble?
- No. Not at all.

Good.

So, everything worked out great.

I was sure you'd either show up three hours late or not at all.

- I'm not like every other man you know.
- I realize that. I was kidding.

No, you weren't but...

I'm not like every other woman you know.

- Really?

- Yeah.

You probably think I'm a real control freak.

And I'm not, at all.

Well, I mean, I do like things

the way I like them, but who doesn't?

And, anyway, in my life I'm the only one who

ever does anything so... what does it matter?

Maybe you should let somebody

help you out every once in a while.

Definitely not. I've got

all these balls up in the air.

If somebody else caught one

for me, I'd drop them all.

- But you're not a control freak?

- No. I'm a single, working mother.

OK. I have more work to do than time to do it.

So before we get into yet another lengthy

and exhausting thing, I have a career to save.

- Do you have any instructions for me?

- No, no. I trust you completely.

I don't suppose you could

switch your thing from 5 to 4:30?

I just found out that

I have a new thing at 5:30.

- I can't switch.

- I'll switch mine. No problem.

- OK. I'll see you guys at the soccer game.

- Bye, Jack!

- Thanks again, Jack.

- You're welcome.

I realize it's difficult,

what with Celia, Kristen, Elaine...

I know your name, Mel.

So what'd you guys do with Jack?

Quit kicking me, Maggie.

I wasn't gonna say anything about...

About what?

It's a secret. We're not supposed to say.

Secret about what?

- About your dad?

- And you too, Mommy.

Me too?

Come on, you guys. Tell.

A secret about me and Jack.

Does it have anything to do with feelings?

- What do you mean?

- You know. Feelings.

Like being scared or hurt or...

or happy and excited.

- Those are all feelings.

- Definitely about feelings, then.

Yeah. Definitely.

Switch.

- Sorry, Mom.

- It's OK, honey.

- So what'd you get?

- Frozen hot chocolate.

- You like chocolate?

- I love chocolate.

Daddy told Dr Martin that he's got deep, dark chocolate inside of him.

Really?

And that he'd like to meet a fish who wasn't afraid of his dark-chocolate layer.

I think I'm beginning to guess the secret.

- Are you mad?

- Not really.

- He should have talked about it with me.

- He was afraid you'd hate him.

Of course I wouldn't hate him.

Honestly, that is so silly.

You don't understand. This is an emergency.

I don't interrupt Mrs Lieberman during her bikini wax.

- Now listen.

- Don't bother with the cute face.

I have five sons. You make eyes at me like that, I make you pot roast.

Excuse me. Hello, Mrs Kempner.

Let me get your robe.

- Goodbye, Mrs Lieberman.

- Next week.

Down, please.

Is Mrs Lieberman here? No? OK.

- Hi.

- Hey. Hi.

Hey, is Mrs Elaine Lieberman

in here, by any chance?

It's OK. Sorry.

- Hi. I'm looking for Elaine Lieberman.

- She just left.

- Thank you.

- Jack! Is that you?

- Yeah.

- It's Rita.

Melanie's mother.

- Rita. Hey.

- Sorry.

- What a small world.

- I spent the afternoon with your grandson.

- He's cute, but a handful.

- I need to find Elaine Lieberman.

I wanna tell you one thing about Melanie.

Something you may suspect.

She can make you scream like you're having
a body wax. She's that frustrating.

Inside, Jack, she's mush.

- Mush?

- So you scream all you want.

- But just don't run away too soon.

- OK. All right. Bye.

Bye-bye. You're adorable.

- Mrs Lieberman?

- Right there.

Hey, Mrs Lieberman! Mrs Lieberman!

Mrs Lieberman! Jack Taylor! Daily News!

- Get in.

- All right!

I'm glad I finally found you.

- I have to ask you a difficult question.

- About my husband.

- Do you know about his business affairs?

- Are you referring to the illegal account?

- So you know about that?

- It's in his name.

- Yeah.

- I have the deposit slips.

- I don't suppose you'd...

- Go on the record?

- I know it's a lot to ask.

- Elaine Lieberman. E-L-A-I-N-E

L- I-E-B-E-R-M-A-N.

- I only have one request.
- Anything at all.
- Fax him a copy in Barbados.
- All right.
- Hello.
- Hi, darling.

Mom. Thank God. I'm in big trouble.

I have to have drinks with clients at 5:30
or I'll be fired. I have absolutely no childcare.

When are you done at Elizabeth Arden's?

Sammy! Put that down! You'll break it.

You only think about work.

What about your personal life?

Actually, Mom, today I thought a lot
about my personal life. Don't laugh. I did.

Come here, kitty, kitty, kitty.

Kitty?

Kitty! Kitty?

What do you mean, don't be
my usual self with him?

My usual self can't be all that bad
since I'm pretty sure Jack told
the kids he has feelings for me.

- He wants to ask me out on a date.
- Divine.

Maggie? Sammy, where's Maggie?

Take that out of your nose.

What is the matter with you?

Excuse me. And the thing is, I'm...

I think I could have feelings for him too.

Or at least I think I might be able to,
which is... it's a big step up for me.

Mom, could you hold on?

Maggie?

Well, I had no idea from that floating head
on top of his column that he was so tall.
And he's got good color in his skin,
which you also couldn't tell from the photo.
He really is altogether yummy, Mel.

- How would you know?
- Because he was just here, darling.

This isn't some horrifyingly elaborate
matchmaking scheme, is it? Maggie!

- Of course not, darling.
- Maggie!
- Oh my God. I just lost his daughter!
- You lost his daughter?
Maggie!
Maggie! Oh my God.
Excuse me. Have you seen a little girl?
Excuse me. Have you seen a little girl?
She's about six years old.
Excuse me, sir. Have you seen a little girl?
Excuse me! Have you seen
a little girl about six?
Maggie!
Have you seen a little girl about six?
Excuse me! Have you seen...
Maggie!
Maggie!
Maggie!
- Well, hello.
- Hi.
- Anything else you can tell us, Miss Parker?
- I don't think so. I just...
He's still not answering. I can't believe it.
One minute she was there...
- I understand but...
- You don't. I just met this guy this morning.
And I was horrible to him all day!
- Excuse me.
- You're shivering. Jimmy...
Why was I so horrible to him! I called him
immature and uncharming and irresponsible!
- I was my usual self, she said.
- I need to find my purse.
Excuse me, but I've lost a little girl!
I'm sorry.
She said "Don't be your usual self"
and I was my usual self!
And he took perfect care of my son while
I did my presentation, which went very well!
And then I lost his daughter!
How could I have done that?
- It probably wasn't your fault.
- I didn't even pay my bill from Serendipity!
Is that your mom?

Mrs Lieberman... Elaine...

You have saved my life.

Watch your head.

That was smart.

- Jack.

- Mike.

I love you, Lew.

I love this town. I love this job.

I love Elaine Lieberman.

- That's a lot of love for you, Jack.

- I gotta tell you. I met someone today.

- What are you talkin' about?

- I don't know how to describe her.

She's luminous. Her face is...

- You're talkin' about women.

- Yeah.

Your ass is on the line. Are you nuts?

That is under control. I have

Elaine Lieberman on the record.

And she has proof of a campaign account.

She's an angry wife. Her husband just sends her a sorry-gram and she's off the record!

- You have my word.

- Your word means nothing to management.

Make sure Elaine Lieberman

gets to that press conference.

Either she confronts the mayor

or I have to print a retraction.

Don't worry. Elaine's my girl.

I hope so, Jack.

Jack? I just had lunch with Frank Burroughs.

Very bright. Very funny. Very humble man.

- You love me, Lew. You know you do.

- Yeah.

Come on, Lois. Come on. Go ahead. That's it.

Hey, Lew? Lew!

- Where's Jack?

- On the way to city hall.

But I have urgent messages for him.

I can't sit here like this.

I gotta go find Jack.

He's gonna be at city hall

in 15 minutes. Come on, honey.

Uh-huh. Five o'clock. That's great.

Hang on!

Elaine, excuse me one second.

City hall, please.

- Look, I can't thank you enough.

- Duane! Please. City hall.

I'll do my best to get there. I was on my way to Staten Island so I might be a little late.

All right? Bye.

Duane! Hurry up.

- Hello.

- Mr Taylor? Lt Bonomo, 18th Precinct.

We found your daughter.

What?

- Excuse me. Have you seen Jack Taylor?

- No, I haven't.

Excuse me. You don't happen to know Jack Taylor, do you?

- Very well, in fact.

- You're... Celia, aren't you?

Yes. And you must be the one who lost his little girl.

- Hello! Maggie!

- Daddy!

- Hey! Hi.

- Hello.

Hey, I'm Jack Taylor. That's mine.

Thank you very much for watching her.

- It was my pleasure.

- I'm sure it was.

- Come on.

- I wanna play with the kitties.

I gotta go to a press conference. Hi, kitties.

Come on. Tag - you're it! Chase me. Let's go.

- No. I wanna play with the kitties.

- Come on. Red light, green light.

- Stop it!

- Let's go. Maggie, don't do this right now.

Don't you understand? If I don't get there...

- No, Daddy, no! Stop it!

- Do you want me to lose my job?

- You really love those kittens, right?

- Yeah.

OK. Come on. Come here.

Watch your head. There.

OK.

What are their names?

This one's Bob cos he looks like a bobcat.

And that one's Fred, and that one's...

I forget this one's name.

OK. Listen, Maggie. I know that this has been a rotten day for you, and I know all you wanna do is play with these kittens.

I don't blame you cos they're great.

But if I don't get to this press conference, I'll lose my job. And I don't wanna lose my job.

So we gotta work somethin' out.

We gotta make some kind of a deal here.

So... what if we talk

to this beautiful young lady and we ask her if maybe Bob can come to the press conference with us?

You mean keep him?

- Borrow him.

- But I wanna keep him.

- You'll have to ask your mother about that.

- She's allergic.

Oh, that's right. She gets all...

All right. You know what?

Bob can just stay at my house.

Where would he sleep?

You know that room with all the boxes in it?

We could clear it out. He could sleep there.

- That's a good idea.

- Yeah.

Of course you're gonna have to come over and visit every once in a while to check up. Make sure I'm feedin' him and everything.

- I will.

- Yeah?

Come here.

You know, maybe what we oughta do is put a bed in that room for you too.

Yeah.

- Cos he might get lonely.

- Yeah.

But he's not gonna get lonely with you there.

Let me take a look at this guy.

So this is gonna be our cat, huh?

- Bob.

- Hey, Bob.

Now can we get outta here already?

Mr Mayor! Mr Mayor!

Mr Burroughs?

Do you plan to sue

Jack Taylor and the Daily News

for the apparently false, unsubstantiated
charges they've made against you?

Hey, that's not a bad idea.

- Hey, Dad. That guy's on the bus too.

- Hurry, please.

- His picture's bigger than yours.

- You speak English?

Last question, please.

Excuse me! Excuse me.

Last question, please.

- Mom, you're not a reporter.

- I gotta do something.

- Mr Mayor!

- Mr Mayor!

- What are you gonna say?

- I don't know.

- Mr Mayor!

- Yes?

- You, on the right.

- I...

- What about Elaine...

- Lieberman.

- Lieberman!

- What about her?

She's my sanitation commissioner's wife.

She has nothing to do with this.

What paper are you with, young lady?

I believe Mrs Lieberman has spoken to Jack
Taylor and can back up everything he said.

Jack Taylor is a reckless man

with a gift for manipulating the truth.

I... I know Jack Taylor, sir,

and... and... and... and he is

pretty cocky most of the time

and he does seem to have somewhat of

a cavalier attitude, but at least he's honest.

I don't know what relationship
you have with Mr Taylor,
but you clearly know nothing
about politics or journalism.
That's it. No more questions. Thank you.
Melanie!

Look, Melanie. I got a kitty!
His name's Bob and Dad said I can keep him!

- Mr Mayor?
- Jack, Elaine Lieberman didn't show up.
- I know that. Mr Mayor!
- No, no, no, Mr Taylor.

The press conference is over.

Mr Mayor, you may be able
to strong-arm Manny Feldstein
and to buffalo my paper into printing
a retraction, and they may actually fire me.

- But we both know this garbage thing stinks.
- Pitiful, Mr Taylor.

You and your little friend in the outfit.
Just pitiful!

What is pitiful, Mr Mayor, is that
if I had a few minutes more,
Elaine Lieberman would be here
with a canceled check for \$250,000,
from a very well-known Mob front,
made out to your reelection campaign.
That's a blatant fabrication! We both know
that no such canceled check exists!

You know, you're right. I'm confused.

There would be no check.

But there would be a deposit slip.

Wouldn't there, Elaine?

- Come here. Hi. Can I have that, please?

- Hello, Sidney.

All right. This is dated March 15 of this year.

It is a deposit slip for \$250,000.

That same day a deposit was made
into your campaign account for \$250,000.

But I guess that was just a coincidence.

The press conference is over! I said over!

How'd you discover the account?

- Elaine, what can I say?

- Jack, it was my pleasure.

- Can I see that document?

- In the paper tomorrow, Frank.

You guys wanna go

to the soccer game? Come on.

- All right. My public. Who first?

- Does your husband know you've done this?

My husband. Funny you bring that up.

He's in Barbados. B-A-R-B-A-D...

That was an excellent moment in my life.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

- Can we go to the soccer game now?

- Yes, sweetheart.

- Yeah, boy. Come here.

- I really am so sorry about Maggie.

- I don't wanna think what could've happened.

- Me neither.

I can't believe I was issued shellfish

and dander warnings. Sandbox alerts.

You laughed in my face

when I came to your office on time.

- I know.

- And then you lost my daughter.

It was the worst thing I could've done.

- I really am so sorry.

- So someone else is the irresponsible one.

- Yes, they are.

- I'd like to hear you say that for your kind.

- My kind?

- The ones with all the balls in the air.

- It's the least you could do.

- Of course I'll say it, Jack.

I was the irresponsible one. Taxi!

- Now say "I can't do everything on my own."

- Why?

Because with one sentence

you can restore my faith in women again.

- Of course I'll say it for you, Jack.

- OK.

- We'll never get a cab.

- You can't say it.

- Sure I can, but it won't be true.

- I'm waitin'.

- OK. I can't do everything alone.

- There. Great.

Even though my daily activities
year after year contradict that.

Unbelievable!

- You made me grovel for no reason.

- For a great reason.

You are an arrogant ball-juggler, baby.

First of all, don't call me "baby."

If you don't want your balls juggled,
don't throw them in my face.

- I never threw them in your face.

- You thrust your stupid column at me
as a lame excuse for my son
missing his field trip.

Balls in my face.

Big Jack Reporter can't possibly
concentrate on mundane details like
phoning to say "Thanks, but I won't need
you to take my daughter to school today."

And then you have to ask who I assume
is one of your many girlfriends
if she's wearing her panties,
as loud as you can! Balls in my face!

And now, in the midst of
my obvious remorse, you make me grovel?

First of all, I thrust my column in your face
because I thought you were the most
beautiful woman that I have ever seen, and I...

I wanted to make a good impression.

I forgot to call you this morning

because I, as opposed to you,

am not used to doing everything on my own.

As for the panties, that remark was directed
to my editor Lew simply to piss you off.

Come on, Dad. I've got a taxi. Can we go?

Hey. Look who got the cab.

- I think my dad likes your mom.

- Maybe my mom likes him back.

Men like you have made me the woman I am.

All the women I know like you
make me think all women are like you.

Oh my God. I almost forgot.

I've got a meeting. Drinks with clients.

It's 5:

Mom! It's the last game of the season.

It's for the championships, Mom.

The coach said every kid has to play
or they don't get a trophy.

Even the losers get one.

But you don't get a trophy if you don't play.

- I know, but it's on the way. We'll make it.

- Let go of it.

I can't let go of it. It's my job.

Hold this.

Could we go to the 21 Club instead?

21 West 52nd Street.

And don't try to take 14th
or 32nd or 44th across.

You can't make a left at this hour.

I know I can do this.

- No, don't take Broadway. Try Sixth Avenue.

- Great green gobs of...

- Greasy, grimy gopher guts

- But after 23rd because of the construction.

- French-fried eyeballs floatin' in a bowl of...

- Snot

Snot.

Here we go.

Why don't you hold the cab? If I'm not back
in 15 minutes, go on ahead without me.

- You'll take longer than 15 minutes.

- I can do this.

OK, baby.

Mommy, what if you don't come
and Daddy doesn't come?

Oh, sweetheart, I'm going to be there. You are
the most important thing to me in the world.

- Your job is.

- No. You are.

But I have to do this now.

Sammy, I know I've dragged you places and
left you and I've been a crazy person today.

But it's going to be better tomorrow. And

I promise I won't take longer than 15 minutes.

OK? Huh?

Hey, Sammy, come here.

Don't worry. She'll make it.

Let's get ready for soccer. Grab me that bag.

- Hello. How are you?

- I see my party.

I'm glad you could make it.

What's your poison?

- I'll just have some water.

- Nonsense.

You have some catching up to do.

She'll have a dry vodka martini, straight up.

Hey. What are you thinkin' about, kiddo?

I hope my daddy can come

to our soccer game.

Yeah.

Mommy hopes he can come too.

Last night...

Last night my mom thought I was asleep

but I really wasn't.

And I heard her say over and over: "Please let Eddie come. Please let Eddie come."

- Eddie? Who's Eddie?

- Eddie's my dad.

I hope he comes too, kiddo.

We were just discussing plans for an upscale amusement complex for adults.

- You know. With food and games and rides.

- No rides, Dad.

After drinks, we wanted

to take a drive to Stamford.

We were hoping to take a look at

a bad version of what we have in mind.

Before we head out, Melanie, maybe you'd toss out a few ideas off the top of your head.

Well...

Adult amusement complexes, up until now, have been somewhat cheesy.

Usually attached to popular video stores and...

What I'm thinking of is something a bit more exciting.

A drawing might help. Don't you think?

- I...

- I love drawings.

I don't have a...

OK.

Let's see. Something like...
Isn't that the little lost boy
from this morning?
With... You know...
You know... I can't do this now.
And I can't go with you
to Stamford now either.
Yes, Mr Leland, that is the little lost boy from
this morning. Only he's not lost. He's my son.
I have a child and he has
a soccer game in 20 minutes.
If he's late, he won't get the trophy. And since
I'm in here with you, he'll probably be late.
But what gets to me the most is,
instead of crying about it,
he's out there with a big old smile
blowing fish faces at us.
Gentlemen, if you're smart, you will want me
as much for my dedication and ability
as for the fact that I am going to ditch you
right now and run like hell across town
so that my kid knows that
what matters to me most is him.
And, Mr Leland, your real grounds for firing
me should be if I were to stay here with you.
- I like her.
- A lot.
Well, I probably lost my job! But at least
we still have ten minutes to get to the game!
Hey, shortcut!
In spite of everything, Jack, I do
sincerely apologize for losing Maggie.
That's OK. It happened to me this morning.
- You lost Maggie this morning?
- Yeah. She wandered off after the office cat.
It might have been helpful if you had
mentioned her tendency to wander.
Yeah, well, it might have been helpful...
Here we go. Up here!
.. if you had mentioned Sammy's tendency
to stick things up his nose!
- He didn't!
- Oh, yeah! Way up there!
The doctor had to use this plier-type thing.

It's called an alligator.

A tool I have come to know well.

- OK!

- Hey, get up. Here we go.

See? I told you we'd make it.

- Any other catastrophes?

- Lois Lane ate the class fish.

Why does that not surprise me?

- Sorry, Sammy.

- Lois Lane?

Come on! We gotta hurry up!

I gotta go to the bathroom.

- I'll take you.

- Why don't I take her?

So, Maggie, you know that lady,

Celia, from your dad's office?

Yeah.

- Is she your daddy's girlfriend?

- No way.

She wants to be, but she isn't.

He wants somebody who would love
his cookie too, and Celia's not the type.

Let me get that other sock for you.

There's no king when love is the thing

Play the same rules

In a heartbeat, a wise man can be a fool

Through the darkest hours

When all is said and done

It has the power

You go from lonely to the lucky one

Cos love's funny that way

No matter who you are

Oh, it can shake your faith

Or it can break your heart

Yeah, yeah

There we go.

Give me that.

That's my cat.

So maybe you and Maggie could
come over for dinner after the game.

Order out a little Chinese or something.

- Oh, thank God he's here.

- Dad!

- So what do you say?

- I don't think so. It's been a long day.
OK. Yeah, I'm a little... a little tired myself.
- I should go over and say hi to Sammy's dad.
- I like to watch the game on the sidelines.
OK.
- It was a good day.
- Yeah.
OK.
All right. Come here.
What? You can't even look at me?
This is the second game
you've made it to in two years, Eddie.
- Look, I'm here, aren't I?
- Daddy!
Are you staying for the whole game?
- You bet I am.
- Cool!
I'm gonna play my best.
You watch me. My really best.
That's great.
Go get 'em, tiger.
Come on. I saved us a seat.
Here, Daddy.
Hey, Dad!
Part of the reason I came
was to tell Sammy in person
that I'm not gonna be able
to make our fishing trip this summer.
- You can't do this to him, Eddie.
- I got a gig playing with Bruce, Mel.
Can't you see how much he needs you?
Come on, Mel. You can't
expect me to pass this up.
Mom! Hey, Mom! Look!
Yes!
Let's go, Maggie! Come on! Maggie, let's go!
Down the alley! Right down the alley!
Watch that kid! Bodycheck him, Maggie!
- But that would be rude, Daddy.
- That's not rude! That's sports!
That's it!
Hey! Hey! Come on!
- What's with that guy?
- Get that kid!

- Good game there, Sammy.

- Thanks, Jack.

- I'll see ya.

- Thanks for everything.

You too. I'll see you.

OK. Are you ready?

OK. Hang on.

You were great.

So I'll see you real soon, OK, big guy?

OK.

- Bye, Mel.

- Bye.

- Hey. Let's get your rain stuff on. OK?

- OK.

Let me see your trophy.

- Wow! Do you think that's real gold?

- Yeah.

- You do? What is that on his head?

- A soccer ball.

OK. Are you ready?

- Should we try to get a cab, Mom?

- No. I kind of feel like walking.

- In the rain?

- So? You're dressed for Niagara Falls.

Have I told you lately that I love you?

Have I told you there's no one above you?

Fill my heart with gladness

Take away my sadness

Ease my troubles, that's what you do

For the mornin ' sun in all its glory

Greets the day with hope and comfort too

And you fill my life with laughter...

Mom, I'm hungry.

I'll be right there, honey.

All right. That's a deal.

Give me this one. Come here. Good night.

- Good night.

- He'll be right here in the box, OK?

- OK.

- All right.

You know, when me and Melanie

were in the bathroom,

she asked me if Celia was your girlfriend.

- She did?

- Yeah. She really likes you.

- Good night.

- Good night.

She told you she likes me?

It's so obvious, Daddy.

Night.

Did she say anything else about me?

I don't know, Daddy. I'm pretty tired.

I'm gonna go to sleep now.

Yeah.

- What'll you do about those fish?

- What?

We gotta go buy new fish.

- Now?

- Yeah, now.

Sammy can't go back to class tomorrow
without those fish. Mrs Fineman'll kill him.

- I'm in my pajamas!

- I know, but we gotta help him out.

Like the sun

At the end of the day

We will give thanks and pray

To the one

Have I told you lately that I love you?

Have I told you there's no one above you?

Fill my heart with gladness

Take away my sadness

Ease my troubles, that's what you do

Take away my sadness

Fill my life with gladness

Ease my troubles, that's what you do

- Hi.

- Hi.

Maggie insisted that

we bring Sammy some new fish.

Thank you.

- Do you guys wanna come in for a minute?

- No, no. We don't wanna intrude.

OK. Well...

Yes. Here they are.

- OK.

- OK. Thank you.

Come on, Dad.

- Come in. Please.

- OK. For a few minutes.

Hi, Jack!

Sammy!

What do you weigh?

- Wanna come see my room?

- OK.

- You're investigating my apartment.

- Not as neat as I would've thought.

It's only neat on Sundays

when my mother comes for brunch.

If she sees it like this, she shakes her head,

which means she's unhappy

with my life choices.

And then she lets out a sigh that means she'd

have rather gone to my sister's for brunch.

- You guys wanna watch a video?

- Yeah!

- How about The Wizard of Oz?

- Yeah!

You can get all snuggled up on my bed

and watch for a little while.

- I wanna watch it all, Mommy.

- It's too late.

You can watch for as long as it takes us

to drink one cup of coffee.

- Two cups of coffee.

- We'll see.

It's always such a dilemma

when you have kids.

After Sammy's dad and I got divorced, I put

up pictures of him all over Sammy's room.

I wanted to reassure him that, no matter what,

his dad would still be in his life.

- You want cream, or...?

- No, that's fine.

- Sammy talked about him all day today.

- I'm sure he did.

- Is he really a rock'n'roll drummer?

- He's touring with Springsteen this summer.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Springsteen? Wow.

You know... I'm beatin' around the bush

here and there's something I gotta ask you.

Yes?

Why did you spend all day flirting with me if you meant to get back with your ex-husband?

What?

I spent the whole day disliking you intensely.

You were flirting with me. You even told the kids you wanted to ask me out.

- I never told them that.

- Yes, you did. That was your big secret.

They told me. It was all about you and me and going somewhere and feelings.

You were going to ask me out.

The big secret was that Sammy got my marble stuck up his nose.

And I never once even thought about asking you out.

- I'm so sure.

- I don't know why I would even want to.

You said I was the most beautiful woman you'd ever seen.

- That was a line.

- That was not a line, Jack, and you know it.

You wanted me ever since

I knew you were a writer...

You wanted me ever since the drop-in center when you saw me put my watch on Maggie.

For someone so disinterested in the other person,

- you sure do remember every detail.

- You remember better than I do.

- I do not.

- Yes, you do.

- What would you do if I kissed you?

- You wouldn't.

What would you do if I did?

- Do you wanna kiss me?

- I wouldn't have mentioned it if I didn't.

Fine.

You're just... reelin' me in, aren't you?

You're like Roy Scheider at the end of Jaws.

The minute I open my mouth, you're gonna drop a big bomb in there.

Then you'll wear my teeth around your neck.

So you're admitting you're a big shark?

I am admitting that I am...
scared of getting close to anyone again.

I'm just as scared as you are.

- Don't bite.

- I won't.

- Mommy.

- What?

Can you fast-forward for us?

That mean lady is on and we hate that part.

Sweetheart, you know how to fast-forward.

- The remote's broken.

- And she's stealing Toto.

There. She's gone. OK?

This is the colored part. You love this part.

- Wait.

- Yeah. OK.

No, let's do this right.

Let me go in and freshen up so I feel
more like a woman and not a dead mommy.

- OK.

- OK?

Why don't you go in and

go sit over there and...

close your eyes, lay your head back

and anticipate my return.

OK.

Or you can go in and watch The Wizard of Oz
and wait for me to come back.

Yeah, OK.

It's stopped raining.

Jack?

I wonder what they're doing.