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Only You

By Wayne Allan Rice

...one to screw it in,
one to pass the bar.
She is unbelievable.
Here you go, AI. Merry Christmas.
Thanks a lot, Mr. Ross.
- Bert?
- Are those real?
Thank you, Mr. Ross.
You're drooling on my
future wife there, fellas.
Why, thank you, too, Cliff.
You really know how to
fuck up a guy's holiday.
If my wife looked like that,
I'd stay home every night.
If your wife looked like
that, she'd dump you.
Is that a candy cane in Santa's pocket?
It was her idea, the whole
Christmas card thing.
It's nice, isn't it?
Somebody get Hallmark. I'm
gonna make a fortune off this.
Hey, Cliff, does she have a sister?
I think she's an only child, AI.
- Clifford?
- Sir?
A little holiday appreciation.
Something extra. Keep it quiet.
Oh, sir, that's very generous, thank you.
Oh, they love your '70s theme.
Especially all those little lava lamps.
Oh.
You know, Clifford, it's
inventive minds like yours
that helped build this company
and shape the destiny
of our great nation.
Sir, we design dollhouse accessories.
Don't you ever, ever be modest.
Merry Christmas, son.
Excuse me, did you lose something?
Hey, buddy. I don't think so.
Oh, there she... isn't she something?

Oh, yeah.

When are you gonna learn that
there's just no future in flash?

- Future, you want future?

- Yeah.

I'll give you future.

24 hours in the future,

Tammy and I are going to be sitting
on the beach in a tropical paradise
plotting the next 50 years of our life.

- No, no, no.

- Now, that's future.

You know why that's not future?

- Why?

- Because I'm gonna tell you why.

Because flash doesn't last for 50 years.

You know what you need?

You need substance.

You really... substance...

Trust me on this.

I'm gonna find you substance.

I'm really good at this.

Let's just look for substance.

Sue Ellen from marketing.

She's got great legs and a
pension and health plan.

Okay, she's perfect for you.

Look, I am involved, buddy.

- Just an introduction.

- I don't need an introduction.

I found what I want.

Stop trying to fix me up, okay?

- Okay.

- I mean it.

Okay.

- Betty, you know Clifford?

- Mm-hmm?

Merry Christmas.

Hello? Hi, Linda? It's Cliff.

Oh, hi, Cliff. How's it going?

Great, great, Merry Christmas.

- Is Tammy around?

- No, I'm sorry, she's not here.

Okay, listen, will you tell her

the flight leaves at midnight?

She knows that, but I'll

pick her up at 10:00, okay?

Uh, Cliff, how do you want it?

Fast and hard? Slow and easy?

Standing up? Sitting down?

What?

She's gone, but there's

a note here for you, though.

I'll read it, "Dear Cliff",

sorry I can't make it. Something came up.

Have a good time.

"Call me when you get back. Love, Tammy."

Have a good... that's it?

I mean, there's nothing

about a relative dying,

a mother needing a kidney transplant?

Nothing?

What? No.

Her mother's as healthy as a horse.

Thanks, Julie.

Bye.

Hey, buddy. I've been looking for you.

Hey, I have this great idea.

You'll never guess...

This is... it's unbelievable.

I'm talking to Frank,

right, and it comes to me.

It's so... it's so simple.

You know what it is? Sheer, sheer genius.

Dollhouse landscaping.

Dollhouse landscaping,

isn't that unbelievable?

Look, we get teeny-weeny weeping willows,

we get little koi ponds.

We can even throw in some

live guppies for effect.

- What's the matter?

- Trip's off.

Tammy cancelled.

I'm not gonna say, "I told you so."

Good.

- I told ya so.

- I don't wanna hear it, Marty.

You know, it's your own fault,
your tunnel vision. You know that.
You know, Marty,
we're talking about spending
the rest of our lives with someone.
Why can't it be the person I want?
Why do I have to settle for less?
Well, I'll tell you why.
Because guys like us...
Look, guys like us don't end
up with girls like that.
Why not? Is that written down somewhere?
Is that a rule?
Why not? Tell me, why not?
You know what you need?
You know what you need?
You need someone you can trust.
You need somebody who's dependable.
If I want dependable, I'll marry a Volvo.
That's funny.
10 minutes ago,
I had two tickets to paradise.
Now I got nothing.
I'm sorry.
What the hell?
What do you want me to do?
You want me to hold ya?
You're scaring me, Marty. Go home.
Well, what are you gonna do?
Look, you have a wife and a
beautiful daughter waiting for you.
It's Christmas Eve,
go on home. I'll be fine.
- What are you gonna do?
- I'll be fine.
All right.
Merry Christmas.
Ho-ho-ho.
Merry Christmas.
Ho-ho-ho.
- Hello, fat man.
- Merry Christmas.
We're in a hurry.
I'm sorry, could you hold, please?

It'll be just another minute, Mrs. Stein.
Excuse me, who can I see
about getting a refund
- on some tickets, please?
- I'm sorry, could you hold?
I'll be right with you.
All right, everything's okay, Mrs. Stein.
Your seats are confirmed.
The kosher meal is a veal chop.
Meat gives Walter gas.
- Okay.
- Is there someone else here I could see?
I'm sorry, it's just me.
I'll be with you in a minute.
How about the vegetarian plate?
Vegetarian plate.
But no broccoli.
Sunray Tours. How may I put a
sunray smile on your face?
- Broccoli gives Walter diarrhea.
- I'm sorry.
And he likes the window seat.
That's nice. If I could just
get a quick credit here.
I'm sorry, could you hold, please?
I'll be right with you just as soon as
I've finished with these people.
Okay, Mrs. Stein. You're all set.
Okay? Great.
These are smoking section.
Walter has emphysema.
Jesus, Walter.
Can you hold, please?
I'll get you nonsmoking.
Look, Mrs. Stein, you and Walter
have a lot to work out here.
If I could just get a quick
refund on these tickets, okay?
- Thank you.
- Sure.
Um... oh, I'm sorry.
It says these tickets are
nonrefundable, Mr. Godfrey.
Yes, I know, but it's an emergency.

No, I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.
Are you telling me
I can't get my money back?
What's the matter,
you don't speak English?
She said no refunds.
Just hold on a sec, lady.
Look, when I bought these
tickets, I had a dream, okay?
Is it a long dream?
It was a romantic getaway for two.
That's what the ad said... two.
Not one, two, okay?
I mean, here, look at her.
Look at that. Look at her.
- She's very beautiful.
- Yeah, she dumped me, okay?
- Smart move.
- Stuff it.
Look, she's not going,
trip's off, she dumped me.
I want the money back.
It's as simple as that.
- It's company policy...
- I want my tickets to Shreveport.
- Here you are, Mrs. Stein.
- Look, I'm out three grand here.
I'll give you five for the picture.
- What is wrong with you?
- It doesn't say about the broccoli.
If Walter's not eating the broccoli,
I'm not eating these tickets.
If everybody will just give me a minute...
I want a refund.
It is a medical emergency.
A broken heart is not a medical
emergency, Mr. Godfrey.
These tickets are to Helsinki.
I'm warning you, lady. And you have
obviously never been in love, baby.
My personal life is none
of your business, sweetie.
- Maybe it's for the best.
- What? For the best?

How can it possibly be for the best?

It's not my fault things didn't work out with you and your girlfriend.

-Miss! -Maybe it's better now than five years from now.

Oh, is that supposed to make me feel better, Mrs. Freud?

- Miss!

- Because it doesn't, okay?

I'm sorry, I was trying to help.

You want to help, why don't you join the Red Cross?

You want a refund on your tickets?

- Yes, get me a refund.

- Call Santa's little helper.

Miss, I'm growing roots here.

Open that goddamn... open that door!

- Forget it!

- You are all the same! All you women.

- You're all in cahoots together.

- It's Christmas Eve!

Miss!

What?

Nothing, we'll go to Helsinki.

Merry fucking Christmas.

- Have you seen my wife?

- Merry Christmas, Daddy!

Kids!

Hey! Oh...

Ah, "It's a Wonderful Life."

Janie, Tommy!

Seen it.

Where did you...

Come back here, you drunken fool!

I want to live again!

Thank God.

Huh?

Oh.

Hi, Merry Christmas.

Clifford, Marty.

Oh, hi, Marty.

I feel terrible. My best friend in the whole world reaches out to me and I was too ignorant to see.

What are you talking about?
Look, Rosemary and I insist...
We insist that you spend
Christmas Eve with us.
No, I've already got plans, buddy.
No, we won't take no for an answer.
No, Marty...
Pal, there's nothing to be ashamed of.
A lot of people are alone Christmas Eve.
No, no, really, I got plans.
I'm all set up here.
I'm on my way out the door.
You wouldn't lie to your best friend.
Come on, would I be alone
on Christmas Eve?
Good to be around friends
on the holidays, isn't it, Ed?
Sure is, Cliff.
I mean, you really follow that
ball like nobody's business.
Mm-hmm.
- Sam?
- Yeah?
Can I get another one of those
Molson and shot things?
It's called a depth charge, Cliffy.
- Whatever.
- It's gone.
Eddie, why don't you
take over here, okay?
Okay.
Hey, little buddy. How about
a little Christmas cheer?
Just get Sevi a Jameson.
Turkey, then, Sam.
In a minute.
How about some coffee?
I'll have another.
Don't you think you've had enough?
Am I still conscious?
Yeah.
Then I'll have another.
What?
This girl over there. Her name is Amanda.

So?

- Her boyfriend just left her.
- Just get me another drink.
- I was dumped myself, all right?
- But, Cliff...

Just get me another drink, please, okay?

You don't have to be so testy, Sparky.

I'm sorry, Sam.

Would you mind if I sit with you?

Look, I don't want to be rude,
but I really don't want...

Oh, my God.

By all means, please.

Here we go.

Drinks.

Thanks, Sam.

Sure, Sparky.

Smooth, isn't it?

Yeah.

- What's your name?
- Clifford.

My friends call me Cliff. C-cliff.

C-cliff, I need to talk to somebody.

I'm here.

Something terrible
happened to me tonight.

- What?
- I'm sorry, I can't talk about it.
- It's too painful.
- Okay, that's okay. You don't have to.

Oh.

Ooh.

Yeah, I feel pain. I feel big pain here.

What happened?

Did your boyfriend dump you or something?

Oh.

Oh, that bastard.

No, his name was Max.

We were together for almost three years.

We were gonna spend

Christmas together in Rio.

Instead, I caught him
in bed with another woman.

You're kidding? That's awful.

How long had that been going on?

11 years. She was his wife.

Oh, the wench.

Gave that bitch the weekends.

Did she have to have him on holidays?

You give 'em the moon,
they want the stars, huh?

Cliff?

Yes?

That's very beautiful.

Oh, thank you.

You know, you're an extremely poetic man.

Well, you're not the first to say that.

- Can I be honest with you?

- Please do.

You have hair.

Yeah.

And incredibly sexy eyes.

Yeah, two of 'em.

- I feel...

- What? What do you feel?

Very attracted to you.

- Really?

- Yeah, I feel an incredible amount
of "electricity" between us.

I think that's just the alcohol talking.

Oh, I promise you, I am
not the least bit drunk.

- Okay.

- Whoa!

-Ow. -You know, you're in
no position, at this point,
to be attracted to another man.

It's too soon. You're too fragile.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

Don't you find me attractive?

Oh, God. I'm sure you get
catcalls from priests.

- It's just that...

- Mm, Cliff.

There's a flame burning inside me
and I need your flesh
to soothe the fever.

I could do that.

Well, then get me outta here now.

Oh.

Check, Sam.

Come on. Please, God, please.

Come on.

Come on, please.

Yes!

Hola.

Hola.

Hola, hola, hola.

Ah.

Mm.

Good morning, muffin.

- Mm.

- Mm.

What? What is it?

- Who are you? Who are you?

- What? Who am I?

You're kidding, right?

Where the hell am I?

And what was I doing in bed with you?

Oh, boy, we got a lot to talk about.

Wait a minute. What are you doing?

- Who are you calling?

- 9-1-1.

No, that's not necessary.

Please just put the phone down.

One more step and I'll scream.

- Just give me the phone.

- Back!

Okay, I'm not moving.

Okay?

Now, I gotta tell ya,

I'm a little disappointed

at your reaction this morning.

I mean, we did do more than exchange

telephone numbers last night.

You mean, I...

Several majestic times, yes.

Oh, this isn't happening.

- Amanda...

- Oh, God, you know my name.

Amanda, it is me, Clifford.

It's Big Cliffy.

The man you called
your holiday love bunny.

- Yes.

- Oh, I get it. This is a joke.
You're a friend of my brother's...

No, it is not a joke.

I don't even know your brother.

We're not friends.

I've never met your brother.

We met last night at Sam's bar.

We had a few drinks, we fell in love,
now here we are.

I'm sorry, I just can't remember.

I must have had too much
to drink last night.

You're telling me
you don't remember anything?

What you're telling me is...

What you're telling me is you
don't remember anything...

Anything... that happened last night?

- Sorry.

- I don't believe this.

I mean, I was so good last night,
I'm screaming my own name.

They're gonna have to change
the springs on the bed...

- Look, Biff...

- Cliff.

My name is Cliff.

Whatever. Let's just
forget about last night.

Could you call me a taxi?

- Amanda?

- Yeah?

There is something you should know.

Yeah?

You see, last night, you were very...

You were very, very upset.

And, well, you asked me to take you away.

Oh.

Honestly, you don't need to explain.

No, I think I do.

Oh, I get it.

You're worried about what kind of guy
I think you are for bringing me to a...
Hold that... a hotel.

- No, that's not it.

- You're married?

Well, you don't have to worry.

Your wife will never find out.

No, that's not it either.

- You see...

- Good-bye, Biff.

I don't think a
taxi's gonna get you home.

Wait, wait, muffin!

Do that again and you lose a finger.

Amanda, what do you have waiting
for you back in Chicago?

American

Airlines, how may I help you?

- Max?

- How do you know about Max?

You keep forgetting,
we got very close last night.

How could he do that to me?

I keep asking myself the same question.

He didn't even call.

Amanda, you have to forget about him.

He's probably in Rio by now,
working on his suntan,
sipping on coconut teasers.

By the pool with that
selfish wife of his.

That son of a bitch.

Think he's wondering about where
you're spending your Christmas?

You think he cares? I don't think so.

Where was his concern last night
when he knew the condition
you must have been in?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

For all he cares, I could have been
picked up at that bar by some lowlife
sleaze monster rapist.

Exactly.

Amanda, look at it out there.

I mean, 85 degrees...

beautiful, white, sandy beaches.

Palm trees swaying gently in the breeze.

But it's up to you.

You can spend your Christmas alone
in cold, snowy, crime-ridden Chicago...

or in this paradise here with me.

I don't have any clothes.

Oh, I've got a pocketful of cash.

Well?

Don't rush me, I'm thinking.

Now you just think

about what's best for you.

There isn't anybody waiting
for me back home, is there?

Just those deep, painful memories.

It is terrible being alone
for the holidays.

It's the worst.

You aren't a psycho
or anything like that?

I'm a registered voter.

Okay.

Okay?

- Okay.

- Okay!

- Look at the fish tank!

- That's huge!

A great, big, sunny sandbox
surrounded by water.

That's how we see ourselves.

Francine, I'd like you
to meet Clare Enfield.

She's from Sunray Tours.

- Nice to meet you.

- Hi, nice to meet you.

She'll be taking photographs
of our beautiful Mandalay Resort.

If there's anything at all you need,
Francine will take care of you.

- Thank you.

- Good luck.

So I'm sure you have done millions
of these brochures before.
This is the first one, actually.
Oh, I'll make it as easy as I can.
Thank you.
How about if you see the pool first?
I know that woman.
Come on, Cliffy.
What do you want to do first, honey?
Feliz Navidad.
Oh, Cliffy, you have a way of making
me feel ever so much happier.
Honey, when you're happy, I'm happy.
- I'm ecstatic.
- We'll take that one, too.
Yeah, we'll take it.
Just what do you do for a living?
I'm a... a designer.
Architectural consultant, actually.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Oh, I love guys with creative minds.
Is any of your stuff on display
at the Art Institute?
Oh, you go there often?
Actually, I've never been.
Oh, 'cause my stuff's
all over that place.
You know what I think, honey?
No.
I think fate brought us together.
Actually, it was the tequila.
Yes, that's true. Tequila and fate.
To dreams.
You wait long enough,
there's a pot of gold
at the end of every rainbow.
I always knew it could be like this.
My best friend thought I was crazy,
but I knew it was just a matter of time.
I mean, all the best things in life
are worth waiting for,
aren't they, honey?
I know, it's perfect.

I mean, flaming torches,
swaying palm trees,
vintage wine,
and the food... I mean, look at the food.
There's romance in the rice.

At this moment...

could you ever imagine even
wanting to be somewhere else?

I'll be right back.

- Hello?

- Jeannie? Hi.

- Are you in trouble?

- No, no, no, I'm good. I'm fine.

- Did Max call?

- No, no, he hasn't.

Oh, okay, well, when he does,
will you give him a message?

Yeah, sure.

Tell him I'm at a beautiful resort
having a great time
with a fabulous-looking guy
half his age with a full head of hair.
Okay, you have to hold real still.

I know it's heavy.

Perfect. Thank you.

Um, no, no, no.

I'm sorry, that's not...

- Oh, my God.

- It is you.

Oh, my God. Hey, I'll
get your money back.

- No, no, no, you don't...

- I will, I swear!

I do, I do understand. I do, I do.

A broken heart is definitely
a medical emergency.

- Yeah, I know it is.

- Really, no, I've been there.

- I've had a broken heart.

- Well, I'm sorry.

- Hey, I've had a broken heart...

- Will you just calm down for a second?

It's definitely medical. It's like...

Of course it's medical, but...

It's like swine flu or something.
Will you please just hold still?
Thank you. Look, if it weren't
for you, I wouldn't be here.
It's not me. It was company policy.
No, no, what I'm trying to tell you
is it all worked out.
- You're not here alone?
- No, and I owe it all to you.
That and the fact they don't pick
up garbage on Christmas Eve.
Look, I owe you a drink. Cliff Godfrey.
Uh, Clare Enfield.
Nice to meet you.
Cliffy?
She looks different in person.
Oh, that's not her.
I mean, that's her, it's
just a different her.
Oh, well, the important thing is
you didn't eat the ticket, right?
Right.
Is he with you, too?
I gotta go.
I love the way the moon
reflects off your hair.
It's so... it's so reflective.
Mm, I feel like doing
something spontaneous.
Spontaneity? I love spontaneity.
Especially when it's not planned at all.
- Ta-da.
- Oh, good.
You wait right here.
I'll go get the suits, okay?
We don't need suits.
We don't?
'Course not. Damn things
take forever to dry.
Damn, I lost an earring.
It must have fallen off.
They were my favorites.
Don't worry, tomorrow I'll turn this
place upside down to find it, okay?

No, I have to go back now.
I just couldn't concentrate.
Okay, you wait here, I'll go back, okay?
No, I'll go. It'll save time.
No...
When I come back...
I don't want to see you wearing these.
Okay.
I'm turning into a prune here.
Think spontaneity, Cliffy.
I would love to go for a ride.
What do you do?
Oh, I'm an entrepreneur.
A businessman, you might say.
- Big business?
- Big business.
Come on, let's go.
He's naked.
Let's kick 'em in.
Hey, mister, what are your
clothes doing in the hot tub?
Shit.
Hey, folks.
Ah.
- Cliff.
- Hello, darling.
I found my earring. Isn't that terrific?
That's fantastic.
Forgive me if I don't jump up and down.
Why are your clothes all wet?
Well, it's a long story,
but I was under the impression
that you were going
to return to the Jacuzzi.
I didn't know you were going to
stop off here and have a beverage.
Oh, I'm sorry. I just
lost track of the time.
Well, these things happen.
And who are we?
Dmitri, he helped me find my earring.
Oh, that's wonderful.
If we ever lose anything
again in the future,

I'll be sure to contact you.

Let's go, honey.

- Cliff?

- Yes?

Why don't you go back up to the room
and get out of these wet clothes
and I'll just finish up my drink
and we can pick up where we left off?

Okay.

Okay, you hurry, okay?

Okay.

Ladies, the woman...

the woman for the night.

Tonight.

The lovers.

They had the same priest,
and he said, "Father, we have sinned."

He said, "Well, I can't
let you back into the church"
unless you abstain from sex for a week."

Blast off.

Oh, God. Morning, honey.

Morning.

What happened?

I needed you last night, Cliff,
but you looked so exhausted,
I just couldn't bring myself to wake you.

Great.

So I slept in the tub.

You were out cold.

Honey, do me a favor.

Next time, wake me, okay?

Okay.

Why don't you go down to the beach
and reserve us some chairs?

Right away, dear.

Here, look at that.

Look at that.

Room with a view.

All right, Frank, Jr.?

What?

If you tunnel out of this...
you're gonna be building sand
castles without a shovel, okay?

Okay.

Why does it have to be so sandy?

I suppose you forgot the suntan lotion.

Frank, Jr.:

Where are we going?

Perfect.

This is good.

Thanks.

Ahem.

Oh, sorry.

- Thank you.

- Gracias.

- Thank you.

- Si, senior.

- And thank you.

- Gracias.

- Whoa.

- Ay, ay, ay.

- Oh, my God.

- I'm in love.

Wow.

My God, you are beautiful, aren't you?

The chairs are facing the wrong way.

Which way?

- This way.

- Okay, right away.

Excuse me? Would you mind

just scooting up a little bit?

Thanks a lot. Thank you.

Okay? Perfect.

- Ah.

- Could you put my chair down for me?

Sure, absolutely.

That okay? Great.

Ah.

Would you rub some oil on me?

Sure, absolutely.

Okay.

Thanks, honey.

Okay.

- Frank?

- Huh?

Frank, Jr.'s gone.

Maybe he buried himself.
That little rat.
Frank!
Hey, lady.
Hey, you're getting sand on me!
So?
- Son...
- Frank, Jr.!
Come on. I'm very sorry.
That's okay. That's okay.
- You okay, honey?
- Yeah.
Good.
Ah.
I'm thirsty.
Okay.
Whatever you like, dear.
You stay there.
Don't come out anymore,
you understand me?
- Okay.
- All right?
Oh, yeah?
And no more shovels.
Stay right there.
Ugh, Frank.
Here's the bucket.
Psst, psst. Hey, kid.
Knock yourself out.
- Hey, bartender.
- Be right with you, sir.
Give me one of your pineapple specials.
Si, senior.
You really gotta try one
before you leave this place.
- I will, thanks.
- Yeah. Hey, name's Anthony.
- Cliff. How you doing? Nice to meet ya.
- Good.
Listen, I couldn't help but
notice your chick on the beach.
- Man, she's hot.
- Yeah, she's very pretty, isn't she?
I mean, really hot.

How'd you like to join us
for a little volleyball?
We could use another set of...
Aw, thanks. Volleyball's not really...
Uh, not, uh... it's not my game.
Come on, have one drink with the guys.
- Really, it's...
- No, I'm all set here.
Bartender, thanks a lot.
What's the problem? Would you
just have one drink with us?
No, really, I'm all set here.
Bartender, I'd like you to
line up a round for my pal...
I'm all set. Next time, okay?
Excuse me there, fellas.
- Oh, we were just leaving.
- Good.
They want to take me out for a sail.
Do you wanna come?
I'm not much of a sailor, honey.
There's not much room in the boat anyway.
Well, then everything
works out perfectly.
Bye, Cliff.
Bye-bye.
Bye.
Come on, guys.
Last one there pushes.
- Have a good time.
- I will!
Yeah, I think we're gonna need flippers.
- Sorry, sorry.
- Watch it.
- Hey, my hat's all...
- Hey, pal.
- You doofus!
- Oops, sorry.
How you doing? You out there diving, huh?
Pretty calm, no riptides? No sharks?
Huh? No sharks, huh?
- No sharks.
- Good.
Wouldn't want to have to kill

anything I wasn't gonna eat.

Well, just watch out for the kelp.

- The what?

- The kelp beds.

Oh, right. The old killer kelp.

Killer kelp, I like that.

Oh, my God. You didn't give me mouth-to-mouth, did you?

No, I did, I did.

That's all right,

Mrs. Polansky, I've got it.

- I did.

- Oh, thank God.

Ah! Get it off me! Get it off me!

You're okay, you're okay.

Are you okay?

Here.

Oh, thank you.

I don't know how to ever repay you.

Well, the brandy was \$5.75. The mouth-to-mouth was on the house.

What were you doing out there anyway?

I was on a shoot. I'm a photographer.

I thought you were a travel agent.

No, I just took the job at Sunray so I could shoot their brochure.

As soon as I get on my feet,

I'm gonna stop

sending people to Helsinki.

- Drink your brandy.

- I can't.

I'm still choking on kelp.

I close my eyes, I see kelp.

Well, don't close your eyes.

Think about something else.

I can't.

Oh, my God. There's Meryl Streep.

- Where?

- Right there. There's Meryl Streep.

- That's not Meryl Streep.

- I know, but it looks like her.

That's her nose.

Yeah, but look at her chin.

I mean, she looks like...

She looks like Bette Davis.
Can't use her. She's dead.
What do you mean? Why not? So what?
So, it's my game. I make up the rules.
Okay, it's Meryl Streep.
That's a quarter you owe me.
My life, I owe you.
You saved me from a kelpy death.
Well, maybe they'll name a
drink after you at the bar.
Yeah, the Clifford...
Kahlua and kelp, no ice.
Nobody saw me pull you out of the water.
If they have, they've
already forgotten it.
Hey, mister!
You the one that almost drowned?
Yeah, but I'm fine now. Thank you.
You got a license?
A license?
To be a kamikaze kelp pilot!
You think that's funny?
Look, I'm sorry about the other day.
I was a real jerk in your office.
That's all right. You got dumped.
I've been dumped before.
You seem to have bounced back
pretty quickly.
- Where is, uh...
- Amanda.
- Jesus, what time is it?

- **Uh, 5:**

I gotta go. She's probably worried sick.
Thanks a lot again, okay? All right.
Hi, Cliff.
- Something wrong?
- Of course not.
Why would anything be wrong?
- Where have you been?
- Sailing.
Sailing for seven hours?
What did you do,
circumnavigate the globe?

What's that supposed to mean?
I thought we were spending
the day together, that's all.
I didn't know you were going off sailing
with a bunch of half-naked Sinbads.
They happen to be nice guys.
I don't care if they're
decorated war heroes,
I brought you here so that you
and me could be together.
What are you...
Who are you calling?
Flight reservations, please?
That is not necessary. Now, will
you put down the phone, please?
Hello, seniora?
Clifford, I don't like possessive guys.
It's a major turnoff.
I think I'll just go back to Chicago
before we end up hating each other.
I didn't mean to be possessive.
I'm sorry, okay? I was just worried.
That's all, honey, okay?
I'm sorry if I overreacted.
Why don't you just
put the phone down, baby?
I'm sorry, I was... it's my fault.
- Never mind.
- Attagirl.
Why don't you just go in
and get a nice dress on,
and we'll get a light bite to eat, okay?
- Okay.
- Good.
But I have to call home first.
- Do you mind?
- No, you call home.
What I mean is I need a little privacy.
I'll meet you down at the bar.
Okay, sure.
Why don't I just wait for you
right out in the hallway?
- Okay.
- Okay, bye.

I'll just be a little teeny minute.

Okay.

- Hello?

- Jeannie, hi.

- How's it going?

- Great. Oh, it's beautiful here.

- Max called.

- He called?

Yeah, he was pretty upset.

- How upset?

- Very. He never thought you'd leave.

Great.

Well, he shoulda thought about that before he took his wife instead of me.

Get a life.

Brats.

- All ready.

- Great, I'm starving.

I don't feel like eating.

Yeah, well, I gotta eat.

I wasn't hungry at all, really.

- No hands.

- What?

- No hands.

- No hands? What do I do with them?

What is this?

Oh.

Oh, it's sexual soccer. Yeah.

I've heard about this. I like this.

Oh, my God.

Ah-ah, no hands.

15-minute extra penalty.

Oh, God. Yeah?

- Your turn.

- Oh, okay.

Um, where...

Mm, mm.

Yeah, mm.

This is nice... this is nice material.

Mm.

Mm-hmm, wait...

- Ouch.

- It's cheating, I know. I can't help it.

It's cheating.

Mm.

Oh, yes.

Oh, my living God!

Mm.

Clare, hey.

Hey, you feeling better?

- Knock-knock.

- Who's there?

- Kelp.

- Kelp who?

Kelp, kelp. I'm drowning.

- Where'd you hear it?

- From the housekeeper.

- Where's your roommate?

- She's water-skiing.

- So you're free?

- I guess so, yeah.

Do you want to help me out?

Sure.

Actually, do you want
to go sailing with me...

- What?

- And smile a lot?

The hotel promised me a model
and he didn't show up.

I've done this ocean, Clare.

Look how calm it is.

You won't even know you're on a boat.

I get seasick in a water bed.

Cliff, there's no wind.

We'll be lucky if we get three knots.

- Please?

- No.

- Please? Please?

- No.

Looks like the wind picked up!

What was your first clue?

What are you doing up there?

Tsunami watch.

I have it under control. Really.

Why don't you come back

here and sit down?

Okay.

You got it, Cliff.

You know, this isn't
my first time on a boat.
I got it, no problems here.
No problems.

Okay.

You relax, you'll have fun.

Okay, I'm relaxing.

- What are you doing?

- Taking pictures.

- Who's gonna drive the boat?

- You are.

- Uh-uh.

- Here, give me your hand.

- Nope, I'm not driving the boat.

- Give me your hand.

- No!

- Give me your hand!

-That's the tiller. Hold onto the boom line.

-All right.

That's the halyard. You don't
have to worry about that.

- Where, where?

- Right there.

- You see that piece of string?

- Yeah.

Just make sure it's
pointed back toward us, okay?

Okay.

We'll take one roll and then we'll go in.

- All right, hurry up.

- You're doing great.

12 frames? 24? 36? How many...

Oh, settle down.

You have to take off
one of those life jackets.

You look like a lunatic.

Here, here.

Okay.

- Cliff?

- Yeah?

Smile.

Yeah.

Look, no smile, no shore leave.

- That's fine with me.

- Okay, I'm smiling.

- Yep, this is fun.

- Okay.

Tell me what you do in Chicago.

I design furniture.

Contemporary or traditional?

Um, dollhouse.

- Seriously?

- You want jokes, you make 'em.

No, no, no, I'm not doing jokes.

I mean, that's a creative job.

It's full-time. I'm jealous.

Move a little bit to your left.

- Okay.

- Smile.

Wait a minute.

How's this, eh? Eh?

Good.

This is great, really.

I'm getting the hang of this thing, huh?

Oh, this is perfect. This is perfect.

- Thank you so much.

- This isn't bad.

A little bit more to your left.

Now look back at me.

Clare! Look, look, look!

- Okay, smile.

- Look! Will you look? Will you look?

- Fix it!

- Oh, my God, here.

Give it to me!

Your string thing's not straight.

- Yes, I know! I know!

- Shouldn't we do that thing that sailors do

- when they want to turn around?

- Tack?

- I thought you took a course.

- I did, Sail By Mail.

- You've never done this before?

- I graduated!

What'd your manual say to do

when you're about to hit

the Rock of Gibraltar?

Jump! Come on!

What about the kelp?

- Don't worry, we weren't hurt, okay?

- We're okay.

-Hey, hey,

the boat had a faulty tiller.

- That's right.

- Oh, si?

Yeah, the vector thing got all messed up with the tiller thing...

It's just very lucky I had a

lot of sailing experience

because I was able

to minimize the damage.

That's right.

"Halyard vector"?

What's a faulty tiller anyway?

Well, we got out of it.

You're very photogenic

when you're terrified.

Thank you.

How about a few more shots

while the light holds?

- No, you're out of your mind.

- Please? Strictly land-based.

Absolutely not.

Do you play tennis?

Do I play tennis?

Come on, come on.

Give it up. Give it to me.

I got it.

Come on.

Hey!

We surrender!

Great!

Don't take my picture.

Sorry.

Look out!

Clare! Clare, help me, we're gonna crash!

You play volleyball?

- Uh, no.

- Just checking.

Frank, Jr.:

Hey.

- Friend of yours?
- That's my buddy.
Can I get in there?
Hey, buddy. What's your name?
Frank, Jr.
Nice to meet you, Frank, Jr.
Hey, you wanna build a castle?
Yeah? Ready?
Ho!
Oh!
Smash it!
Frank?
Hmm?
There's a grownup inside
the pen with Frank, Jr.
Don't worry, his teacher said
he had trouble communicating
with kids his own age.
Just you and me, kid.
We gotta bust out of here.
Where's that shovel?
You got that shovel, kid?
I'm tellin' ya, we gotta get out.
You and me, buddy.
Ah!
Build the guard tower, come on.
Wait a minute, cap... wait a minute.
No, wait a sec. Okay, here we go.
Okay.
Okay, wait a minute.
Okay.
Oh, that one didn't work so good.
Mine never work.
- Kick it!
- No, no, don't kick it yet!
All right, go ahead. What do you think?
Go ahead.
What do you think, Frank, Jr.?
It's not perfect.
Not perfect?
Thanks.
Really, really, thanks.
If this brochure gets me work...
Telly Savalas, Telly Savalas.

What are you talk... he's got hair.

He's too short, he's too

fat, he's too young.

- But look at the nose.

- You don't get anything for that.

- That's not Telly Savalas.

- All right, all right.

- How about dinner?

- What?

Um, for this brochure,

I need, like, a dinner...

- Like a fancy restaurant...

- Dinner, Jesus.

I made reservations on the dinner cruise

for me and Amanda. I gotta go.

Cliff, I had the best day.

I finally got up on one ski.

Whoa.

But then I had a face dive

and I drank a lot of water.

Why are you all dressed up?

We were supposed to have dinner

on the dinner cruise, remember?

Oh, I'm sorry.

We were having so much fun,

I just lost track of the time.

It's dark out. You don't need a watch.

I mean, what is wrong with you?

Nothing's wrong with me.

I said I was sorry.

Clifford, it was an honest mistake.

Why don't you just eat a banana

and mind your own business?

Cliff, that's not polite.

Yeah, Clifford. Lighten up, huh?

Go swing from a vine, pal.

Cliff, I don't like

the way you're acting.

Amanda, I'm not acting.

What?

Oh, hi.

You still need me?

Um... need you?

Yeah, you know, dinner

for the brochure thing?

Uh... yeah.

Yeah, okay, where?

Uh...

The Fiesta Room?

The Fiesta Room? Okay, great.

- What, an hour?

- Great.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Oh, hi.

You look great.

What, you got a date later?

No, it's for the picture.

It has to be a romantic dinner shot.

Oh. Which one?

- Um, right there.

- Okay.

- You want to pour the champagne?

- Okay.

All right, setting the timer.

Okay, we have two minutes.

Uh-oh, pressure's on.

Okay, how do you

want me positioned? Here?

Uh, there is good.

It's gotta be a little more romantic

than that, don't you think?

Should we just scooch over a little bit?

- Okay.

- This kind of thing?

All set.

Great.

How about my arm around you?

- Great.

- Okay.

Hold hands, that kind of thing?

Wanna look there or at each other?

At each other.

Okay.

Excuse me.

Excuse me, are you Clifford?

Yeah.

I was asked to give you this, senior.

Thank you.

Is something wrong?

No, it's just Amanda. Where were we?

Um, well, you had your arm around me.

I mean, I'm not gonna jump every time she snaps her fingers, right?

That's probably wise.

I mean, a man's got to draw a line somewhere, right?

Absolutely. It makes sense.

I mean, you don't, you get taken advantage of, and it's gonna take a hell of a lot more than some goddamn note to get me to forgive her, right?

- Absolutely. The flash.

- Right, right.

- We were gazing.

- Gazing.

Cliff.

Cliff, there you are.

Didn't you get my note?

Yeah, I got it.

I feel terrible at how thoughtless I was and I'm just really sorry.

Hi. I just wanted to give you this.

Shake it.

I saw it and it reminded me of you.

Well, I'll see you back at the room.

Bye.

Look at it.

Is that not the most...

beautiful gesture you've ever seen?

Can we finish this later?

And three and four and five and six.

You're jumping, you're running.

Do you have this in a different color?

I'm sorry, I don't work here.

Oh, right. You're that photographer.

Right.

You know, with your face, you should try something longer.

Sometimes the right pair of earrings can really change your life.

See?

Very nice.

Nice dress.

Uh, thanks.

Haven't seen you around in a while.

Oh, Amanda and I have been...

ordering a lot of room service.

Oh.

- How's the brochure coming?

- It's coming, you know?

It's hard to find reliable models, but...

Well, I've got to meet Amanda right now,

but I could give you, like,

an hour or something later on.

Mm, I'm running late

for a shoot, but thanks.

Bye.

Get off all the fat.

Clap and jump and clap and jump.

Honey, I want to ask you something.

What?

I was gonna wait until

the New Year's party,

but tonight after, you know, the music,

the lobster, and everything,

it's all too perfect.

What is?

Honey, how long have we known each other?

A week?

Actually, it's six days,

but it does feel like

a lot longer, doesn't it?

What's your point?

My point... my point is that time

is insignificant

to people like you and me

who are so deeply connected to each other

and have this mutual trust

for one another.

And, naturally, out of that trust

comes a certain compassion.

And then that compassion segues naturally

into a sort of firm...

commitment, doesn't it?

Cliff, if you wanna ask me something, just ask it.
I love that about you, just the way you're so direct...
- Amanda Hughes?
- Yes?
Telefono for you.
You can take it at the bar.
I'll be right back. Thank you.
Okay, I'll be right here.
Hello?
Hey, bucklehead, it's me.
Max!
Where are you?
Oh, I'm so happy you called.
Amanda, wait...
Amanda, darling...
That's just great.
Just great. Well, I wish you lots of luck and I hope you both drop dead.
You thirsty?
Can you believe it?
He goes on vacation with his wife and falls back in love with her.
They're going on a second honeymoon.
That no-good, good-for-nothing, two-timing son of a bitch.
Couldn't be better.
Good. Honey, I've been giving it a lot of thought.
I think we should live together.
I'm the one who should be celebrating.
I want to be with you through good times and bad.
Through sickness and in health,
- for better or for worse.
- I don't even know what I saw in him.
I know I'm getting ahead of myself, but if the answer is yes, he's the one who lost out.
You could be moved into my house by Wednesday.
-I feel good. -Don't worry, I have plenty of closet space.

No, I feel better than good.
I feel great.
I was gonna wait, but I can't anymore.
He's gonna wish that... jewels!
What do you say?
I love them.
Say yes. Make me the
happiest man in the world.
Yes!
Play it, Ricardo. Kiss me, you fool.
Gotcha, gotcha, gotcha!
Hey, guys. Kind of day makes you
feel glad to be alive, doesn't it?
- What are you doing?
- What does it look like?
Packing.
I'm leaving, Cliff.
What? Wait...
did I say or do something
to get you upset?
'Cause if I did, I'm not aware of it.
Honey, wait, just stop
packing for a second.
Darling... look, if we're
gonna live together,
you're gonna have to learn
how to communicate with me.
- Stop following me.
- Amanda, please, just talk to me.
Tell me what's going on.
We'll work it out, okay?
- Look, I move around a lot.
- Okay.
It's who I am. Don't take it personal.
That is not communicating.
It's perfect communication.
Wait, okay, obviously
something is bothering you.
You're upset. We'll work
it out like lovers.
We're in love, remember, honey?
Get off of my suitcase!
What happened to our plans?
Everything we talked about last night?

- Remember?

- Please, I don't want to argue.

This isn't arguing.

This is communicating.

Okay? Remember? Wait.

Amanda, stop!

Now, before you walk out

that door forever,

there's something you should think about.

I know why you're doing this.

I'm not the kind of guy you're
used to dating, I understand that.

And you are scared to death

that you're falling

in love with me, aren't you?

For the first time in your life,

what you're feeling, it's real,

and that scares the hell out of you.

But if you walk out that door,

chances are that you will never, ever
meet anybody like me again.

Now, Amanda, darling,

are you willing to take that chance?

Bye, Cliff.

- Good luck.

- Thanks.

You are ready for the big

New Year's party tonight?

No party for me, Reuben.

My girl did a tap dance on my heart.

Oh, I'm sorry to hear about that,

but there's a lot of that

going around lately.

To love.

It really stinks, man.

Uh-oh, you getting

a head start on tonight?

No, I'm hoping to choke on an ice cube.

I mean, I don't get it.

She just packs up her stuff and leaves.

One minute I'm ordering monogrammed

towels for the bathroom,

then it's back to a table for one.

It wasn't meant to be.

They should have those words
tattooed across my eyelids.
Sean Connery.
Right there. Look at the hairpiece.
Look, I don't want to be cheered up, okay?
I wanna feel pain.
It helps me get my mind off the fire sale
I'm gonna have to have
to pay for the trip.
Miss, how come you're not getting
ready for the big party?
Oh, I'm not real big on New Year's Eve.
I'm just gonna stay in
my room, watch it on TV.
Look, I know I should be
minding my own business,
but I'm a bartender,
so it is my business.
Your girlfriend, she dump right
on top of your head, right?
And you, you're gonna see the
new year in on the television.
Come on, come on. The two
of you should get together,
go to the party, have a good time.
It makes sense.
Why not? You want to go?
Come on, it's fun.
Mm, I'd hate to miss
that TV thing is all.
I'm sure I can call somebody
and have it taped for you.

Come on, 9:

Um, all right.
- Great. Thanks, Reuben.

- 9:

All right, thanks.
You're a sweetheart.
I know this. I know this.
Eh, sweetheart. I know, I know, I know.
- Happy New Year.
- Happy New Year.

- You look great.
- Thanks.
- How you feeling?
- Uh, good. Balloons make me happy.
- Oh, wait, pictures.
- What?

Step right over here. Pictures, everyone has to have a picture.

Okay.

- Hmm, that's good.
- Oh, my God.
- Now put your arm around her.
- Okay.
- Okay, ready?
- Yeah.

Okay, great.

- Terrific.
- Thanks.
- Thank you very much.
- Happy New Year.
- That'll be a dollar.
- What?

Dollar.

Thank you.

- Oh, it's terrible.
 - Come on, come here.
 - No, I take bad pictures.
 - No, no, I've take worse. Come on.
- Oh, you look good. I look... funny.
- Ugh.

- You want something to drink?
- Yeah.

Can we get two, please?

Thank you.

Happy New Year.

Beats sitting at home watching it on TV, huh?

- Come on, let's dance.
- No, I can't, sorry. I don't know how.
- Sorry.
- What do you mean?
- I can't dance.
- I don't care if you're a good dancer. I can't... no, I can't.

No, but I can't dance at all.

I don't want to dance.

Please don't make me, okay?

I don't...

All right, how do we start?

Um, take a step.

- Take another step.

- Okay.

Take another step.

- What's the matter?

- You're dancing.

No, I'm not. This is dancing?

Well, it is. Look what they're doing.

- They're laughing at me.

- No, they're not.

Thank you.

- Uh...

- What? What's the matter?

It's... no, it's good. You just seem a little tense to me.

Oh, all right. I'll loosen it up.

You're doing great.

Wonderful.

Okay, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

Let's dance.

It's a beautiful night, isn't it?

Sure is. Look at the stars.

There's the Big Dipper.

- Where?

- Right there.

That's not the Big Dipper.

That's the Little Dipper.

No, it's not. It's the Big Dipper.

- No, it's the Little Dipper.

- No, no, no, you're wrong.

It is the Little Dipper.

You're wrong.

Okay, it's the Big Dipper.

Here, make a wish.

What'd you wish?

- I'm not telling.

- Why not?

- 'Cause it won't come true.

- Come on, tell me what you wished.
- Forget it.
- Just tell me what you wished, all right?
It's not a big deal.
You know that wish I made outside?
It just came true.
Okay, it's that time.
It's about 30 seconds till midnight,
so go grab your partners, go get
your hats and your noisemakers,
and let's count down!
Hats, we need hats.
I'll be right back.
Cliff, I thought about what you said
and I do want to spend my life with you.
Let's start the year off together.
Happy New Year!
- Oh, it's so hot.
- I know.
- All these people.
- I know, just think of something else.
Excuse me, sorry.
Look, Mia Farrow.
Right there, Mia Farrow.
Cliff, I'm not stupid.
I know who Mia Farrow is.
That's not Mia Farrow.
No, I know. It's a game, honey.
- Excuse me.
- I'm sorry.
Excuse me.
Oh, hello.
- I hate coach.
- Son, please.
I know, I've given the flight
attendant my credit card.
- She's checking on the first class.
- Mr. Godfrey?
Will you please stop that, young man?
- Yes.
- There are seats available.
Oh, wonderful, thank you.
But your credit card
will only cover one upgrade.

Oh, well, thank you anyway.
Where are you going?
First class, silly.
It's okay, I'll just be nearby.
I'll bring you back some free stuff.
Remember what I said
about the Mile High Club?
Ladies and gentlemen, this
is American Airlines flight 861,
nonstop service to Chicago.
If this is not your destination,
now would be a good time
to leave the plane.
Flight attendants,
cross-check and prepare for departure.
Here you go. And one for you.
Can I get you anything?
Um, excuse me.
Do you know where the gentleman
who was sitting there is?
Why, yes. He got off at the airport.
Just been dumped, huh?
Me, too. It's a bitch.
You know, nursing a broken heart
is something I highly
recommend doing in pairs.
I can't believe he left me.
Say, those are some very
nice earrings you have on.
Yeah.
I'm into precious gems.
It's what I do. Diamonds, mostly.
- Diamonds?
- Yeah.
Excuse me.
Certainly.
Ahem.
You know, my friends call me Scooter.
- Scooter?
- Yeah.
It's a funny story how I got the name.
I used to have one.
Tell me about the diamonds again.
Well, you know, they come in many shapes.

Clare?

Clare?

Clare, I know you're in there.

Please... please open the door.

Look, what can I say?

I'm sorry about last night. Because I am.

I have no excuses.

I deserve whatever I get.

Amanda and I, we split up.

I know you've heard it before,

but this time I left her for good.

I mean, she's on a plane

back to Chicago now.

I had to come back. Clare...

I just wanted a chance. Please, I...

I want us to be together.

Just try, please.

Open the door, please.

The woman who stays

in the room, where is she?

She checked out.

Are you okay?

Yeah, thanks.

You'll be all right.

May I see your tickets?

I'll just check on those accommodations.

Excuse me, is Clare working today?

I'm sorry, she's not

working here anymore.

- What?

- Let me get you a brochure.

I see, well, is there any way that

I could get in touch with her?

- I wouldn't know.

- Just a telephone number, an address,

anything like that would be a

great help, if you could, please.

We don't have that kind

of information here.

-I see. -And even if I did,

I couldn't give it to you.

Yes, I understand, but I tried...

she's not listed in the phone book.

Any help that you could give me,

- I would really appreciate it, please?
- Look, I'm sorry, I can't-
I need to get in touch with her.
I'm sorry to be rude, but
please, can you please help me?
There's really nothing I can do.
Let me check those flights.
Here's my card.
If anything changes, Cliff Godfrey, okay?
Hey, buddy. Welcome home.
Sorry I didn't get right
back to you last night,
-but we had the tradition of taking
down the tree... - It's all right.
- It's all right, Marty. - ...and if Rhonda
doesn't break at least one ornament,
- she's not happy.
- Marty!
Sorry.
- What's the matter?
- Nothing.
Doesn't matter.
All my life, I'm waiting
for the right girl to come along
and when she finally does,
I don't even notice her.
Then I notice her and I screw her over.
For what? A walking magazine cover.
I'm a complete loser, Marty.
Well, you...
You'll get no argument from me there.
So what?
So what? Maybe...
Maybe you do, you know, do this thing.
You're this guy. You get to
date the magazine covers.
You do it for 20 or 30 years, so what?
I mean, that's a great thing.
You know, you date them
and then you get old
and then you... don't.
So what?
What am I gonna do, buddy?
Mr. Godfrey, call on line two.

It's Lisa.
Would you take a message, please, Maria?
Thank you.
Lisa? Now who's Lisa?
Mr. Godfrey, the woman
says it's important.
She's calling from Sunray Tours.
Hello?
How come you didn't have to dress up?
Yeah?
All right, turn around.
You all look great. You come
over here and switch places.
That's better.
Are you hot in that thing?
All right, you look really good.
You just need one thing.
Good morning, Target shoppers.
Don't forget, for the next 15 minutes,
there's a bull's-eye special...
Come on, lady. I got football practice.
Me, too.
Hey, Larry, come on.
Stop moving there, will ya?
Dad.
Whoa.
Mom, Larry gave me a wedgie.
I did not.
All right, you guys. Knock it off.
I mean it this time.
Nobody moves a muscle, you got that?
Shut up, you little rug rats, and smile.
Or else no TV.
Good morning, Target shoppers.
Don't forget, our after Christmas sale
will be extended throughout February,
and please disregard
the rest of this announcement
as it does not pertain to you.
Clare, it's me, Cliff.
Look, I know you don't want
to hear anything I have to say,
but I'm gonna say it anyway.
I don't know how to apologize enough

for what happened the other night.
I have no excuses. I am an idiot, I...
Attention, Target shoppers,
there is a bull's-eye
special sale on tube socks
in aisle three.
Um, Clare, I just didn't
know what I wanted...
Hey! Hey! You!
I didn't know
what I wanted, but now I do,
and it's... it's you. It's only you.
You've gotta believe me.
- That is so beautiful.
- It's stupid.
Clare, I could spend all day
apologizing on this ridiculous thing...
Hey, wise guy!
I'm sorry, I am,
but I am being chased around
by this angry security guard
and I just want you to know...
Hey!
Why don't you ever talk to me like that?
I don't have a loudspeaker.
Clare!
- Good luck, Clare!
- Cliff?
Clare?
Cliff?
But I want Clare! Clare!
I don't know why. I mean... Clare!
Okay, I know him. He's a friend of mine.
That's right.
You actually know this guy?
- Yes, yes.
- Yeah, pal.
I'll do this, okay?
He broke the manager's microphone.
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'll take
full responsibility for it, really.
- I'm sorry.
- All right, all right.
Just don't let it happen again.

- He won't.

- All right.

Look, Clare, I've got
to tell you something.
I don't want to hear it.

Clare!

I just...

I just need to you to know
that I love you.

Uh, testing, one, two.

I'm sorry, did you say something?

I said I love you!

Should I turn it off?

No.

Sorry, I just couldn't hear you.

There's all this noise.

I said I love you!

Testing. Hello?

I love you, too.

Guess we gotta come back next week.

Oh, shut up.