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3 Men and a Little Lady

By Charlie Peters

Mary, come
and eat breakfast.
Mama-a-popala,
mama-a-popala,
mama-a-popala.
Huh-hum, mama,
huh-hum, mama.
Oh, you're just the person
I've been waiting for.
- Good morning, buttercup.
- Good morning, Jack.
Help me pick a tie.
How's this one?
Too traditional?
Absolutely right.
How 'bout this one?
Too avant garde.
No.
- This one?
- I like that one.
What would I do
without you?
- Did you see my red shoe?
- Your red shoe?
I don't think
I have.
If I were a red shoe,
where would I hide?
Right over here?
No.
Here? No.
What about back here?
Nope.
Mary, honey,
your breakfast is ready!
- Are you going to the "inner"?
- The interview? Of course.
I'm going to meet
your teachers,
tell 'em what a
great kid you are.
- What should I wear?
- Let's pick something out.
Thanks.

I needed that.

Mary?

Go eat your breakfast.

Hurry up.

- Did you get that review?

- Yes, thank you.

I loved seeing that guy eat crow
after what he said about you.

- You take my reviews too personally.

- I don't think so.

When we're in a restaurant
and you see a critic,
you want to throw
your butter knife.

I would've got the last
guy if he hadn't moved.

Oh, you missed
a spot.

Hello, lovely ladies.

- Here's your breakfast, Michael.

- Thanks.

- Toast is done.

- Damn!

Jerry, I realize you're
trying to save money,
but we are building an
office for 12,000 people.
You can't put a bathroom
on every other floor.

What if they don't go
before they come to work?

Fine, okay.

I'll hold.

Morning, everyone.

- Can you believe how
people try to save money?

- Jerry again?

Yeah, the Albert Schweitzer
of real estate.

Oh, no!

- Look, my foot must
have grown last night.

- That's my shoe.

Thank God.

I thought it was me.

Mary, don't you
like your oatmeal?

- It tastes like rubber.

- It's supposed to.

- What a crock.

- Where did you hear that expression?

What a crock!

What?

What'd I do?

Finish getting dressed.

I'll fix something else.

Oh.

Did I say "over night"?

I meant "over light."

- You don't like my eggs?

- You kidding?

That's the best
part about you.

They're perfect
just like you are.

- Look. You did your hair.

- Someone noticed!

Are we ready
for the interview?

- Absolutely.

- Definitely.

What about your
commercial shoot?

They gave me
an hour off.

This is the school
we want Mary to go to.

I've been here the 5 years it
took us to decide!

They put less research
into the salt treaty.

- Primary school...

- "Is the first watershed
event of a child's life."

Have I said that before?

Not in the last 5 minutes.

- I'll be there.

- Don't be late.

Have I ever let
you down before?
Mary, while we're
talking with the lady,
- you'll be in a class
with other boys and girls.
- Okay.
Relax. This
isn't going to hurt.
I think we
better start.
It's getting late.
Yes, it is.
- You're the architect?
- That's right.
And you are
the cartoonist?
- Actually, I'm a satirist.
- Michael draws Johnny Cool.
- Oh, that cute kitten!
- He's really not a kitten.
He's a cat who symbolizes
the angst of the single man.
- I adore that little hat he wears.
- Mr. Holden is...
- The actor.
- But very stable. Not one of...
Michael, they know
actors are normal people.
Good afternoon!
Oh, my God!
I didn't mean to frighten you.
Forgive the makeup.
I'm in the middle
of a commercial...
for Fairlawn Margarine
about Count Cholesterol.
Probably seen me
on TV, huh?
How do you do?
Hmm? How do you do?
I had a hell of a time
catching a cab.
What? Oh!

Thank you.

Ooo! Look.

Mary's drawn a picture
of her family.

Isn't that wonderful?

That's wonderful, Mary.

Is that you?

Yeah?

- Is that your mommy?

- Yes.

- And who's that?

- That's my biological daddy.

Oh.

Who's that?

That's my one honorary daddy,
and that's my other.

We all live
together.

Okay.

Everybody put the tops
back on your markers.

Take your drawings
up to the front.

You have 3 daddies?

That's weird.

- How come?

- Julie has 2 daddies,
but not at the same time.

- Why not?

- You can't have more than...
one father at a time living
with you. That's the law.

What's the role
of other women?

- None whatsoever.

- Can't say I've ever
seen any in the house.

- Strictly professional.

- Then you're gay.

- Is she kidding?

- Gay!

How many women
this month?

- That's hard to say.

- I need a calculator.

We have a strict rule,
no overnight guests...

while Mary's
in the house.

This is a most unique
family environment.

As a school
psychologist,

I've told the committee
in no uncertain terms,
that I was most
impressed by Mary.

I found her to be a
delightful and happy child.

- Yes, she is.

- Thank you.

However, I must warn you
she's coming to an age...

when even slight
differences...

can threaten her
sense of fitting in.

The littlest things:

A parent's accent, how they dress.

While we think of ourselves
as progressive,

I'd be less
than candid...

if I said that 3 men without
any legal responsibility,
didn't concern me
a great deal.

- We have responsibilities.

- I know what you're trying to say.

I should be the one
to respond.

I know some of the
children in this school,
and their parents.

Family life is not easy.

Of all the fathers,
stepfathers, half-fathers,
no 3 men support and love

a child like these 3 men.
There is nothing
they wouldn't do for her.
I can only hope that
when it comes to fathers,
the children in this school
are as lucky as Mary is.
Yeah, you're in.
Congratulations.
Look at you.
What's the matter?
- Stuff.
- What kind of stuff?
I don't know.
I feel different.
- Says who?
- People.
Oh. Who cares
what people think?
- People think I'm different.
- You are.
Yeah, well, so,
see?
That's good.
Listen, let me
tell you something here.
It's okay
to be different.
You don't have to be
like everybody else.
- Okay?
- Okay.
Okay, now,
unfortunately, your daddy
has to go off and be famous.
But you...
a-ha-ha.
But you are mine
forever!
Anything you want.
Money's no object.
- Hamburgers look great!
- What can I get for you?
Do you have a penis?

Can we hear
your specials?
This table's
a little wobbly.
Give us a minute.
Mary, that's a very adult word.
Where did you hear it?
Jenny said her father
and brother have a penis.
Peter, you're
the architect.
You explain it
to her.
The penis is...
the urinary and
copulatory organ...
of the male mammal.
It's composed
primarily...
Thank you.
- What?
- Did you memorize that?
I bet he says that
to all the girls.
Mary and I are
going to wash our hands.
I can't believe
she said that.
- I didn't know about sex
until I was in college.
- I'm stunned!
- I was exaggerating.
- I'm talking about Mary.
She's not
a baby anymore.
That one word was
like a trumpet...
announcing
her adulthood.
- First comes penis, then...
- Pete, can you say it louder?
She's susceptible
to the outside world,
- boys, sex.

- You're overreacting.

Yeah, what's a genital
here and there?

Be quiet.

They're coming.

Stop, Peter,
stop.

I can't.

My lips are stuck.

- It tickles!

- I can't get 'em unstuck.

- What are you doing?

- His lips are stuck.

Whoa! Whoa!

Boy, that was
a close one!

- Good night. I gotta go.

- Good night.

You two
are crazy!

It's time for you
to go to bed, little lady.

- Have sweet dreams.

- Okay.

Hi, Stan.

How you doing?

- Hello, gorgeous.

- Hello, darling.

- Look what Mary made for you.

- What a talent.

Love, I need
to talk to you.

I did something wrong
last night, didn't I?

- I missed a cue at
the end of the first act?

- Sylvia, relax.

You were your
brilliant self.

I have been asked
to direct...

"Midsummer Night's Dream"
at The National.

Really?

Oh, congratulations!

I want you
to play Helena.

- Me?

- Yes, you'll be sensational!

- Will you do it?

- I'd love to do it.

- But?

- Mary's starting school here.

Take her. We do have
schools in England.

- Her family is here.

- Your roommates, you mean?

- They're more than roommates.

- I realize that.

It's a
wonderful offer,
but it's a crucial
time for Mary.

It's not because of
our relationship, is it?

No, not at all.

My asking you
is purely professional.
I never let my emotions
interfere...

with my professional
decisions.

Except, of course,
when I'm horny.

Look, I won't pretend
that I don't adore you,
or that I wouldn't
give anything...

- if you'd finally agree to marry me.

- I know,

but I have to consider
Mary's needs.

And what about
your needs?

I'll think about it.

There you go.

What's this button?

Don't touch that.

That's the delete button.

- How do I get it to move?

- Move the cursor down.

Try it.

- I did it.

- Good. That was easy.

- What about Mary's new shoes?

- Got 'em yesterday.

Mary has a dentist

appointment Friday morning.

I've got my

cooking class.

- Jack, can you cover it?

- Yeah.

Who's coming to the airport

to pick up my mother?

Your mom? Damn, I have

that kidney operation.

- What about you, Pete?

- Michael, I'll give you

\$1,000 if you'll do it.

I would, but I've got

a meeting with my, um,

publisher!

I thought you had

a date with Laurie.

That's tomorrow.

- I like Laurie.

- So do I.

Been a while,

huh, Michael?

- How's it going?

- That's what we're going to talk about.

- Ooo, time to fish or cut bait, huh?

- That's really romantic.

You'd be surprised

how practical women are.

No matter

what they say,

a woman wants to be

swept off her feet.

- Like I swept you off your feet?

- Knocked me off my feet.

Women want security.

You know
what I want?
I want a man to make
a fool of himself over me.
I'd make a fool of myself
over you any day.
Michael, you're not breaking
up with Laurie, are you?
We have to shake
our relationship up.
Nothing shakes up
a relationship like... marriage!
Who said anything
about marriage?
- I don't know if I like
this attitude around Mary.
- How come you're not married?
- Oh...
- Oh...
- Oh...
I'd like to get
back to the penis.
We never did
cover that.
Come along, before
you're permanently warped.
- Thank you for coming.
I can always count on you.
- Sure.
- Darling!
- It's wonderful to see you.
- Welcome, Mrs. Bennington.
- Michael.
- Peter.
- Oh, yes.
Jack wanted to come,
but he was busy.
Spreading his seed,
no doubt.
- How is Mary?
- You won't believe
how much she's grown.
Michael?
What?

No furniture?

- Oh, thank you, Michael.

- Peter.

Look. It's
the biological one.

Mom.

Why when you say it,
does it sound frightening?

Great to see you.

You're looking... so close.

I hope you can stay
for a while.

- Mother's staying at The Plaza.

- I'm leaving the day after tomorrow.

Gee, so soon?

Come along. I've made
your favorite biscuits.

Oh, good shot,

Mom.

Don't you think you
can stay longer?

- I tried to change her mind.

- Did someone leave a window open?

In you get, darling.

Lie down. That's it.

Lovely.

Tomorrow, we can do
anything you want.

Can we toss
a Frisbee?

We'll discuss that
in the morning.

Would you like me
to sing you a lullaby?

I want a rap song.

Oh.

I need a drink.

Have you
seen Jack?

I think he went out
with Cassie.

Damn. He promised
to rehearse this scene.

I've got to

do it in class.

He probably
forgot.

Yeah.

Sylvia, wait a minute.

I'll do it with you.

- You?

- Sure, why not?

I rehearsed with Jack.

I was a terrific Lady Macbeth.

- What's the play?

- "Rainmaker."

Well, where

do you want me?

All right.

Stand here.

- You're sure?

- Yeah, this is great.

- Then here.

- All right.

Ah,

I'm Starbuck?

Unless you want
to play Lizzie.

Starbuck

will be fine.

Starbuck is a very
dynamic, passionate,
very charismatic man.

Right.

- You ready?

- Ready.

"Let me ask you, Lizzie,
are you pretty?"

What's

the matter?

Nothing, nothing.

Just be natural.

You're being
a little too large.

Okay. Natural.

I can do that.

Natural.

"Let me ask you, Lizzie,

are you pretty?"

- No, I'm plain.

- "You don't know you're a woman?"

- I am a woman! A plain one.

- "Every woman is pretty."

Not me.

"Close your eyes, Lizzie.

Close 'em.

Now say,

I'm pretty."

- I can't.

- "Say it!

- Say it, Lizzie."

- I'm pretty!

What'd you do

that for?

It's...

in the script.

Well, no.

Actually it says,

"He kisses her."

Right.

Do you want

to try it again?

Okay.

- You ready?

- Ready.

Close your eyes.

- Say, "I'm pretty."

- I can't.

- Say it, Lizzie.

- I am pretty.

Um,

Jack should

be doing this.

He's the actor.

I was terrible.

You were doing

so well!

I was totally

unbelievable.

I thought you were

very believable.

Oh, my God.

I thought this
was against the rules.
No one's home.
- Except Mary.
- And she's sound asleep.
- Laurie, I've been thinking about us.
- Have you?
I think that it's...
time for us to...
to fish or cut bait.
All my life, I've dreamt
of a man saying that to me.
Sorry. I don't know
where that came from.
Aaah! There's
snakes in my bed!
Ah, Mary!
- You remember my friend, Laurie.
- It's nice to see you.
We were just making,
ah, ah,
what were
you saying?
Snakes!
Snakes, a-ha.
- There are no snakes in your bed.
- Maybe rats.
No rats, either.
- I'll be back.
- Bye.
- You're looking tired.
- I'm not.
You're looking
sleepy.
I'm not sleepy.
- Is everything all right?
- Why do you ask?
You seem tense.
I don't know.
Sometimes I feel like my life
is one long improvisation.
I don't have time to think,
plan or take it in.
Things are thrown at me

and I react.

I keep asking myself,

"Am I a good mother?"

Every mother asks

herself that.

- Did you?

- Constantly.

- Really?

- You're a wonderful mother.

All you need now

is a husband.

Romance is the last

thing on my mind now.

I'm not talking

about romance.

I'm talking

about marriage.

What's happening

between you and Edward?

He proposed to me.

And?

Edward is a

wonderful man.

In some ways,

I love him very much.

But... something

keeps me from saying "yes."

Would that something happen

to be a tall architect?

- What do you mean?

- You're wasting your

time with that one.

Why do you

say that?

Some men are never comfortable

with their feelings.

They can't open up.

He does with Mary.

He's wonderful with her.

That's different.

If you think you can get

him to open up to you,

then, by all means,

marry him.

You'll find you've
wasted precious time...
waiting
for nothing.

Mary, turn off the TV
and go to sleep.

- No!
- We leave her with you...
- and she's crazy.
- She's going through some weird phase.
- It's no different than before.
- It's a lot different!
- Things have got to change around here.
- I heard you.

It's not healthy for a guy
to get excited and have to stop!

- She wouldn't stop
bothering us all night.
- Give me that.

Laurie finally left.

I'm pulling the plug.

I've got a life, too,
you know!

Shit!

- You said the "S" word.
- I didn't. Ah, shit!
- Are you listening?
- I'm electrocuting myself.

What is going on?

What are you doing up,
young lady?

Excuse us.

What started
all this?

I think we're getting
into some uncharted territory.

- Is it mine or yours?
- It's me.

I'll take that one.

- How's Mary?
- Asleep for now.

What's the matter
with her?

We're getting a taste

of tough things ahead.

- Adolescence!

- Puberty.

- Puberty was my favorite stage.

- I'm serious, Jack.

So am I! That's one
thing I was good at.

How long do you think we're
gonna be able to do this?

- Do what, honey?

- Live like this.

Me, you, Mary.

It's worked so far,
hasn't it?

It was necessary
at first.

And now you're such a
big star you don't need us.

That's not fair,
Jack.

I don't think
we're meeting...

Mary's or my
or your needs.

What needs are you talking about?

Passion, marriage,
children, sex!

You took the words
out of my mouth!

I'll talk to Mary
about sex if you want.

- Not sex for Mary, sex for me.

- Uh-oh.

Time to dust off
the old penis speech.

- I never have it with me
when I need it.

- I'm serious!

I want to get married.

I want more children.

This must be
limiting for you.

It is.

That's the problem.

If Mary and I
hadn't moved in,
- you'd be in different places now.
- We'd be married.
We'd be divorced.
You saved us a fortune.
Joke all you want,
but Mary needs a
more normal environment.
She's very confused
and so am I.
Okay, I'll live up
to my responsibility.
You want
to marry me?
Jack, be serious.
I am! We had
a child together.
What do you say?
- Want to sleep on it?
- She did that once.
Hey, shut up!
Do you want
to marry me?
No.
No?
But thank you
for asking.
Whew!
That was a close one.
Jack, you're a wonderful
man and a great father,
- but you'd be a terrible husband.
- I can live with that.
Besides,
I don't love you.
Not romantically.
You don't love me either.
- How do you know?
- I know.
- Maybe he does.
No, he's not
that good an actor.
I know you

too well.

- I could fool you.

- Never!

I never know what
to do with my hands.

My hands are always
giving me away.

I didn't
come down here...

expecting the 3 of you
to draw straws for me.

A lot of things
are changing.

It's time
we face it.

Come in.

- Oh, Peter! Is Mary all right?

- She's fine.

Last time you came
to the theater,
she had a raisin
in her ear.

- That was Jack who put
the raisin in her ear.

- I should've known.

That's a
very pretty dress.

Thank you.

- What brings you here?

- You.

- Me?

- You're right. We haven't been...

paying enough
attention to your needs.

There's something that
I wanted to say to you...

without Michael
and Jack around.

What is it?

Well,

I think you should get
married and have more kids.

If they're like Mary,
you should have a dozen.

I just wanted you
to know that.

Whatever you decide,
I'll support you.

Is that all?

Well, make sure
you pick the right guy!

Don't just rush
into it.

I'm not rushing
into anything.

That's what everybody thinks
when they're doing it.

- This is a huge step.

- Maybe it's time

we take some huge steps.

Picking the wrong person
is the worst mistake.

- I know.

- Do you?

- How many times have you been married?

- Once.

What?

When?

We've spent all
this time together,
and you've never
told me.

Well, it was
a long time ago...

for about

an hour.

- Do Jack and Michael know?

- Jack knows.

No one else?

My ex-wife has
a dim recollection.

Obviously it was a
wonderful experience for you.

One that can never

be equaled,

not without bloodshed,

anyway.

- Look.

- Darling! Oh.
- Peter, I didn't know you were here.
- Hello, darling.
I was...
just leaving,
Edward.
Think about it.
I will.
We can't force Sylvia to marry
somebody we choose for her.
All we're saying is that
she wants to get married,
so let's introduce
her to some nice guys.
If it's a friend, it'll
make things easier on us.
That's true.
- Good. Read the list.
- Okay. Carl?
- Carl is too short.
- He won't be a threat to Mary.
She's bigger.
- What about Bill?
- I like Bill.
Don't we need someone
a little more elegant?
Moose?
Probably not.
- Denny.
- Denny's a great idea.
- Denny's always broke.
- What about Jim?
Someone a little more mature
than Mary would be preferable.
- Slim pickings.
- Glad I'm not searching for a husband.
I'm looking better.
- Greg?
- Too young.
- Matt?
- Too old.
- Trevor?
- Too fat.
Bill? Billy-Bob?

Billy-Joe?

- Peter, we're not asking
you to marry the guy.

- What about Edward?
He's English.

- So is Sylvia.

- Nah, that's one of those
actor-director things.

They never last.

Trust me.

- You know what I'm thinking?

- What?

I'm thinking I'd like
to have another child.

Maybe two more.

Maybe even a dozen!

I'd like

to have children.

Really?

You didn't before.

I must be growing up.

I thought you liked
those opening night parties.

The hotels,
the stars!

- I thought that was the best part.

- I lied.

You're the best part.

I love you,

Sylvia Bennington.

Marry me.

I'm getting married.

I'm getting

married!

I'm, I'm...

I'm getting married.

Ah, no!

Sylvia, there's
no more milk.

- I'm getting married.

- Don't overreact. I can get some milk.

- I think she's serious. You serious?

- I'm very serious.

- You're getting married?

- Yes.
- To someone specific?
- No, to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
- We spent all night
and couldn't come up with squat.
- What?
Never mind.
- Who is he?
- Edward.
Yes!
Sweetheart, come on,
he's a director.
Why him?
Because he asked me,
and because
I love him.
I've got so much to do.
We're being married in England.
- When?
- Soon.
Edward's directing
"Midsummer Night's Dream,"
- and I'll be doing it with him.
- Anything for me?
Jack!
Aren't you
happy for me?
Yeah, yeah,
of course we are.
How many times does
a lady get married, huh?
- 2, 3 times at the most?
- Just once for me.
Where are you
going to live?
London.
- London, England?
- No, London, New Jersey.
And Mary?
I'm taking Mary
with me.
Mommy, I can't
find Sabrina.
I'll be right there,

darling.
Look, I know
this is sudden.
It's not easy for me,
either.
I love you all
very, very much.
I'm counting
on you.
I really need
your understanding!
It's the best thing
for everyone,
so try and support me
in this, will you?
Moving to London?
I don't want to go to England.
Sometimes we
gotta do things...
that seem
kinda hard at first.
Most of the time they
turn out to be great.
- No, they don't.
- Sure, they do.
- Like you.
- What do you mean?
When you first showed up,
we weren't sure we'd like you.
Why not?
All you did was
eat, sleep and cry.
Look how great
it turned out.
But I'll never
see you again.
We'll come visit you
and you can visit us.
Not every day.
No, not every day.
I'll tell you what.
Close your eyes.
- I don't want to.
- Come on, close your eyes.

Are you cheating?

Are they closed?

Okay.

Can you see us?

- No.

- Then you're not looking hard enough.

Look real hard,
way in the back.

Can you see us now?

- Yeah, I can see you.

- There you go.

- What are we doing?

- Michael's drawing.

- What's Jack doing?

- Jack's looking in the mirror.

You are watching
basketball on TV,
yelling at Jack for not
cleaning up the kitchen.

See? That sounds
about right to me.

Whenever you need us,
you close your eyes real tight.

You look for us,
and we'll be
right there with you.

Sit on my lap.

Remember,

don't open it...

unless you're prepared to love
and care for what's in it.

- What is it?

- You won't know until you open it.

You're wonderful
with her.

Broadway's nothing compared
to children, the toughest audience.

- Glad you could come, Edward.

- Good to see you, Peter.

Michael, I adored your
cartoon this morning.

What astonishes me
is the way a satirist,
like yourself,

can draw in one frame,
what it takes 2 or 3 hours
in a play to accomplish.
I like to think I touch upon
the deeper issues of society.

- Jack, how are you?
- Unemployed.

I meant to explain
why I didn't cast you.
You don't...
It's all right.

- Why didn't you?
- That's all right.

I realized that Jack
is far too...
large an actor
for that part.
Your comic expertise would've
thrown the play out of balance.
I loved your last
commercial, by the way.

- The laxative one?
- You were hysterical.

I don't want to sound
conceited,
but a lot of people really
believed I was constipated.
As I did. Truly.

Thanks.
That means a lot to me.
I think
we need drinks.
I think
we need shovels.
This is crazy.
All I'm doing is
talking about myself.
Can I fill your
drink up for you, Ed?

- You don't mind if I call you Ed?
- Not at all.
- I opened my present.
- You did?
- What is it?

- A picture of a horse.

- You've got to love
and care for that horse.

- It's only a picture.

My kind of horse.

- Home in England, it's a real horse.

- It is?

You got her
a real horse?

Thank Edward.

Thank you,
Edward.

Jack, Edward
gave me a horse.

- You made her day, her year.

- Edward?

It can be dangerous to bargain
for a child's affection.

- I'm sorry?

- Would anyone like my
liver mousse hors d'oeuvres?

You buy her a horse,
what's next?

Two horses?

Three horses?

They're made from
fresh goat liver.

Then what?

A motorcycle, a car?

Pete, put one
in your mouth.

- Where does it end?

- I see your point.

You've never been around
a kid before, have you?

No. Like yourself, I've
never had a child of my own.

Raising a child is
not as easy as it looks.

- It doesn't look easy.

- It isn't.

They see through people
quicker than adults do.

I think

we should eat.

I'm sorry

about Peter.

I don't know what

he thought he was doing.

I can handle him.

My favorite was when

he said he really thought...

Jack was constipated

in that commercial.

- Can you believe that?

- What a crock.

Are you saying you didn't

think I was constipated?

- Are you saying that?

- Don't take it personally.

What do you know about acting?

You act constipated!

Peter.

What you did today

was totally uncalled-for.

What did I do?

You acted like

a spoiled child!

Well, I don't

like the guy.

- You never gave him a chance.

- He's not right for Mary.

No one supposes that

he's as perfect as you are.

I'm only thinking

of Mary.

You're not! You're

only thinking of yourself,

how you're going

to miss Mary,

how someone else will

be with her when you're not.

You haven't once thought

of what she or I need.

Not true.

Do you know how hard

today was for me?

It was very hard.

I needed a little
support from you.
All I got was a helping
of your bruised ego.
You're a
selfish bastard!
I'm selfish?
I didn't leave my baby on
a doorstep at 6 months old.
- They're really starting
to hate each other.
- Don't kid yourself.
I still love the first
woman who hit me.
Remember the day I got Sabrina,
and you left her
on the bus?
Remember that?
Do you remember the day
she fell in the pond?
- You dropped her when you
were smiling at that lady.
- I did?
Yes, I did.
I forgot that.
Me and Sabrina
have a connection.
When you're in
England with Sabrina,
it'll be like you're
there with me. Deal?
Will you
miss me?
Will I miss you?
Mary, I love you.
You're the most perfect
thing I've done in my life.
- What do you mean?
- Someday I'll explain.
Right now, you should
go back to bed. Okay?
I'll see you later.
- Well.
- There, sweetie.

- I'm gonna miss you.
- I'm going to miss you, too.
Okay, sweetie.
Okay, you be
a strong little girl.
Help your mother,
right?
I will.
Okay.
- Call when you get there.
- We will.
Are you going
to the wedding?
Nope.
- You?
- Nah.
I got deadlines.
You?
No, I have that
TV movie in Brazil.
I don't think I can
watch Sylvia get married.
It'd be like watching
our family end.
Let's have a party.
Yeah?
What kind?
The kind we used to throw
all the time.
I like that idea!
We could even have
it on a school night.
Yeah! It'd be like
our return to bachelorhood.
- Enough?
- That's great.
- Hi, how are you?
- Fine.
- Is this fun, or what?
- Yeah!
We gotta make up
for lost time, fellas.
Why don't I
take the blondes?

I'll take
the brunettes.
I guess that
leaves me the redheads.
- Excuse me. Would you like to dance?
- Sure.
You're gonna have
to keep up with me.
- I'm one hell of a dancer.
- Oh!
Ahhh!
Are you okay?
Oh, don't worry.
Look. Every picture,
she gets cuter and cuter.
- Did I tell you what
Mary said last year?
- Only until May.
I'm gonna get a drink,
then we can start on June.
I did some of
the work myself.
- This bookcase is from a farm.
- Where?
- What did you say your name was?
- Allisia.
I'm Peter.
The farm was in Vermont.
It's old,
from the 18th century.
I like it.
When are you gonna paint it?
Wanna dance?
Rubber Duckie
Joy of joys
When I squeeze you
you make noise
Rubber Duckie
I'm awfully fond of you
Here it is.
My speciality,
liver mousse
and poached eggs.
An attractive

combination.

- It's great.

- Don't you like it?

- I love it, but we do have a cook.

- I like doing it.

Try it, Edward.

You'll like it.

Whoever taught you to

hold your teacup like that?

I don't know

anybody here.

- I thought Glenn was coming.

- His kids have measles.

- Martha?

- She had to make

an asparagus costume for Tommy.

So much for life

in the fast lane.

What are we

doing here?

Having a great time.

Can't you tell?

- Why aren't we in England?

- Ah, Michael.

I spoke to Mary.

I could sense

she was not happy.

She said she was

having a good time.

I know what

I'm talking about.

My parents sent me

to camp every summer.

The counselors made us

write postcards home.

I'd be sharing a cabin with

a guy who collected farts,

and I'd be praying the

whole place would burn.

But I'd always write what

a good time I was having.

Believe me,

you guys,

our little girl

is miserable.
I'm going to England.
You can stay here
if you like.
I'm going.
What's this thing run on, batteries?
The last one
they had.
I hate England.
I always have.
As long as we're here,
look on the bright side.
You're right.
I'm sorry.
- The toilet paper's like Reynolds Wrap.
- That's a start.
It's so damn cold, the only
thing that's warm is the ice.
- You know what I hate most?
- What?
- The way they use
words like "schedule."
- And "vitamins."
- Other side, Pete!
- Damn!
- Want me to drive?
- Relax.
We're lost. I haven't
seen a road that's marked.
What's that noise?
- Do you think it's the engine?
- Uh-uh.
The next road.
I can't hear
a word he's saying.
Okay, I got it.
On your right,
you'll see two large
trees and a gray stone,
which my wife says
reminds her of a tortoise.
In between
those trees...
is a long,

narrow road...
with a shallow brook
running alongside...
...and a short hedge
full of white blossoms.
Now, don't take
that road!
Let's get out of here
as fast as we possibly can.
Maybe we should
have called first.
Don't worry about it.
This'll be more fun.
This is it? It's so huge.
Looks like
a hotel.
Wow, look at
this place.
Family money.
Yeah.
Hey.
The Medieval version
of permanent press.
How do you take a leak
in one of these things?
Carefully,
very carefully.
Come on.
There she is!
Look, it's Michael
and Peter!
My life is complete.
- Yea!
- Yea!
- We missed you!
- Missed you more.
Welcome.
- Good of you to come.
- Edward.
Hi, Sylvia.
- Where's Jack?
- Making a movie.
- He got a job?
- Yeah.

We thought we'd
surprise you.
You certainly did.
It's wonderful.
- You must stay with us.
Is that all right?
- Of course.
How did you find us?
It was no trouble at all.
I'm not surprised.
- My horse's name is Slamdunk.
- Let's go see him!
- You'd probably like to unpack.
- Oh, sure. Sorry.
Barrow, show
these gentlemen...
to the guest rooms
in the west wing.
Very good, miss.
- Not bad.
- Nice.
The water closet
is in here, sir.
You were very
well behaved before.
Well, we're all
civilized people.
- Michael! Peter!
- Hey!
What'd you
bring me?
Did we bring
anything for Mary?
- I can't remember.
Look in that suitcase.
- Yeah!
Look at that,
and Jack sent you
a makeup case.
It's just
like his!
Dinner will
be served...

promptly at 8:

gentlemen.

- Sure we're not overdressed?

- Trust me.

I saw " Brideshead

Revisited" 3 times.

Has someone died?

Not yet.

Peter, Michael,

let me introduce you.

This is Dierdre Coleman,

with the foreign service,

and Wilfred Blair, director

of the national theater.

Edward's told me

about your commune.

- How do you do?

- And Reverend Hewitt,

who'll be marrying us.

How do you do?

Is there more salmon?

Peter and Michael,

friends of Sylvia's.

- Yes, but is there any more salmon?

- Yes.

There is

Sylvia now.

Peter, there's someone over

here I'd love you to meet.

Elsbeth, I'd love you

to meet Peter Mitchell.

Miss Elsbeth Lomax.

- How do you do?

- Miss Lomax is from Guernsey.

Oh, where the

cows come from.

- Mr. Mitchell is...

- An architect.

Well, then,

do you align yourself

with the post-modernists,

- or are you more of a classicist?

- What?

Prince Charles is having war

in this country with...

- Ooh, bang!

- Sorry.

Um...

No, uh...

There's some roe
on your nose.

- Oh, goodness. I'm sorry.

- It's all right.

What is it

that you do?

I'm the headmistress
of a girls' school...

in West Riding.

You may have

heard of it.

The Pileforth
Academy.

Pileforth?

I can't say that I have.

We've turned out England's
finest young ladies...
since the 18th century.

Excuse me.

Mary'd like to see us.

Oh, sorry.

Lovely to meet you.

Nice meeting you.

I think he fancies you.

Don't be such

a rogue.

- What makes you say that?

- He asked to meet you.

- I know Peter pretty well.

- Do you?

- A woman has to walk
a fine line with him.

- How so?

She has to make it very clear
that she's attracted to him,
but she can't come on
too strongly.

Say no more.

You ever get the feeling

you're being watched?

- I make up stories about them.

- She was...

on the cover

of "Rolling Stone."

- We brought super-chunk peanut butter.

- From New York.

- Yeah!

- Okay.

Wait here.

I'll get it.

- Oh, Peter. I was just...

- Hi.

- I'm sorry.

- No, what were you gonna say?

Is everything

all right?

Towels, blankets?

Everything is fine.

- You look great.

- So do you.

Well, Sylvia...

You know how you want

to say something...

and then

you don't,

and then by the

time you say it,

it's been such

a long time.

One time, Sandra,

my assistant,

- she never told me this guy called...

- What is it...

you want to say?

I'm sorry about what

I said before you left.

So am I.

I overreacted.

You have a pretty

good right hook,

but I deserved it.

I was out of line,

way out of line.

Ahem.

I beg your pardon, miss.

Lady Eastwick is leaving.

- I have to go.

- It's all right.

Jack, how's
the movie going?

Fabulous role,
Michael.

Kind of a South
American King Lear.

I don't want
to talk about me.

- Where's Mary?

- Asleep.

How's she doing?

Is she any bigger?

Has she got the
accent down yet?

She missed us.

She misses you, Jack.

Tell her

I miss her, too.

- Gonna make it to the wedding?

- I don't know, Michael.

I really need the work,
and I'm pivotal to the plot.

We need you here.

Fruit of the Loom,
you're on!

I gotta go.

Bye-bye.

Not so splendid as
your mighty erections,
I imagine.

- Did I frighten you?

- I was expecting Mary.

Little Mary, yes.

What a delightful,
if somewhat wilful child.

She'll make an excellent
Pileforth student.

She's going
to your school?

No, not immediately,
but eventually.

- She wouldn't like it.

- What makes you say that?

Boarding school is
definitely not for her.

Tell me, are you
always such a slave...
to your instincts?

No, not usually.

Don't underestimate what
Pileforth can do for a lady.

After all,
I am a Pileforth
girl myself.

Oh, that's
reassuring.

In fact, I'm going
back there this morning.

I was just
wondering...
whether
you'd like to, um,
visit.

No, but thank you.

No.

I hope you don't mind
my saying this,
but you seem to be
a little distracted.

Do I? Well,
you're right.

I'm very confused
right now.

I can't make any sense
out of anything.

Really?

How do you mean?

Well, you're a woman.

- You are correct.

- Tell me something.

How can a man
look at a woman...
and not realize how

he feels about her?
Do you understand
what I'm saying?
I must admit to not being
the most worldly of women,
but I can assure you
I'm not oblivious...
of the ways
of Eros.
If I'm so attracted to her,
why can't I tell her?
Perhaps those of us
who have...
navigated the river
of life singly...
are wary of
rocking the punt.
I don't know
what to do.
Well, tell her.
Seek the
auspicious moment...
and, um, tell her.
Colder, colder,
colder,
colder.
Warmer,
getting warmer.
Warmer, warmer.
- Isn't this fun?
- A splendid game.
I can see why
so many cherish it.
Warmer, hotter.
Very hot!
Very hot!
For God's sake,
what have you done now?
I'm terribly sorry.
Do you have any idea how
important these letters are?
- I made him play.
- I told you not to play
your games in the house!

Leave them alone!
Barrow,
get me some towels.
I'm sick of rearranging my life
because of a child!
Now go to your room!
He doesn't like me.
He's always yelling at me.
He yelled at me
this morning...
when Miss Lomax
was measuring me.
When she was what?
Measuring me
for my new clothes.
What new clothes?
A blue jacket,
a patch right here...
like the other
girls wear.
She means a uniform.
Miss Lomax was measuring
Mary for a school uniform.
- Why?
- I think Edward's...
planning on sending Mary
to that boarding school.
Those places are
like reformatories!
I think we should
check this out.
- Do you like it here?
- It's wonderful, sir.
Hi there.
It's a
Stepford school.
So,
the skeptical American
has changed his mind...
and come to judge
for himself.
- We had some time.
- So we came up.
Oh, you must be hungry.

Come, let me satisfy
your appetite.
What's the usual age
of a girl who comes here?
The usual age of an
enrolling student is 8.
We have made exceptions for
children as young as 6 or 7.
That sounds very young.
But the system has worked
for more than 200 years.
We take great care
of our girls.
We have a registered
nutritionist...
who supervises
all our meals.
Didn't you enjoy
your lunch?
- I've never tasted anything better.
- You haven't touched it.
- This is where the girls sleep.
- Nice.
Well, it's not
exactly the Hilton,
but it's certainly
conducive to study.
I spent many a happy night
in this dormitory.
This is the room...
where the late Duke of Pileforth
used to kennel his hounds.
I can tell.
Look, it's not as cold
as it might first appear.
You know,
sometimes beneath
the most rigid surface...
lies a surprising fervor.
What's the matter,
darling?
I'm concerned
about Mary.
She'll come around.

You'll see.

I'm nervous
about tomorrow.

- Don't you want to get married?

- Of course I do.

I think so.

Yes, I do.

- Why do you ask?

- Everything's going to be fine.

You son of a bitch.

You're sending Mary to that school!

- What are you talking about?

- We went to Pileforth.

He's planning
to send Mary there.

In 5 or 6 years,
that's a possibility.

- No, next term!

- That's not true.

- He's lying.

- Rubbish.

- Why was Miss Lomax measuring Mary?

- Was she?

- For a uniform.

- A gift. She asked me if
she could give Mary a blazer.

- Why?

- With the presents we'll get,
Mary might feel left out.

- That's a very sweet thought.

- I thought so.

What a crock!

Did you come here
to stir up trouble?

Darling, it's just
a misunderstanding.

It's not a misunderstanding.

You can't trust this guy.

He's lying!

You have no
proof of that.

I don't need any proof!

I feel it.

Who bloody cares?

Edward, I made it!
Hallelujah.
Sylvia, you can't
marry this guy.
Why not?
Tell me, Peter.
I want to know.
For Mary's sake.
You may not
like Edward,
but I love him and
I'm marrying him.
I'd tell you not to come,
but Mary would be crushed.
For her sake,
please, do come.
But as far as I'm concerned,
stay out of my life.
- Hi.
- Hi.
You haven't lost
your touch with women.
Ever think about making
an instructional video?
What'd you want to say?
I know a lot of people
don't take me seriously.
They think I'm conceited,
self-centered;
I can't see anything except
what's happening to me.
Please correct me
if I'm wrong.
I will.
Look, Pete,
I've lived with you
for 7 years now.
I know you as well
as anybody, better.
These last 5 years...
with Mary and Sylvia
and Michael and me,
you have been the glue
that kept us together.

We depended on you.
We made you the father,
and it worked.
But it's kept you
from admitting...
how you feel
about Sylvia.
You love her,
don't you?
Why do you say that?
Don't you?
Aw, come on, Pete.
- Say how you feel.
- Okay, I love her!
I knew it!
I wish they had a category
like this on "Jeopardy."
- What's holding you back?
- I don't know.
You know!
- You, for one.
- Me?
- You're Mary's father.
- So?
You're my best
friend, too.
You kiss Sylvia
all the time.
- You always tell her
how much you love her.
- That's actor stuff.
Well, I always figured you
and she would eventually...
You were there.
She said I didn't love her that way.
She was right. I don't.
Not that I couldn't fool her.
You do love her that way,
and she loves you!
She loves me?
- Then why is she marrying Edward?
- You never asked her!
Yeah, but you...
But what, Pete?

I'm scared.
Of what, getting
married again?
Yes! I love Sylvia.
Okay, I said it.
I love her so much
it's making me crazy,
but I'm scared of screwing up
like I did the last time.
I'm scared of
hurting Sylvia,
Mary, you,
and Michael...
and me.
It's tough being
papa bear, isn't it?
I love you. You're
a very special man.
If anyone deserves
to be happy, it's you.
If you love her,
you've gotta go for it.
You can make it work,
believe me.
You're
a good friend.
I'm a great friend.
What's this good shit?
- I'm going to Pileforth!
- Think this through.
- I think too much.
- He does.
- I love Sylvia.
- Then tell her!
I gotta prove
the guy's a fraud.
How?
There's gotta
be files,
something to show that
he's sending Mary there.
- Suppose you're wrong?
- Your words, Jack,
"If you want something,

go for it. "

- Jack!

- There you are, baby doll!
I knew you were coming.
I told Sabrina you would.
Where are
you going?
I'll be back.
I love your mom.
He's been
really weird.
Is there
someone there?
Mr. Mitchell!
What are you doing
in my closet?
Sometimes a man
has to be alone.
And sometimes
he needs companionship.
I'm sorry, but...
I've gotta be totally
honest with you.
Let's just lay it out
right on the table!
Oh, I'm glad that
your infatuation...
has at last
found a voice.

- It has?

- We have no more excuses now!
We are creatures
of the night.
We are children
of la luna!
Wait, we're breaking
the rules of propriety.
Oh, rules, rules, rules
are made to be broken!

- Oh, kiss me!

- What about the girls?
They can't have you!
I've never met
your family.

I've never asked
your father's permission.
My father's
a doddering old fool!
There's something
I have to tell you.
I'm impotent!
I find that
so charming in a man.
Miss Lomax...
Elspeth...
Oh, shut up
and take me!
- Am I everything you expected?
- And more... much more!
No! We can't,
not tonight!
We mustn't let
one night of passion...
cloud our entire
relationship.
I understand
what you're saying.
As hard as
it may be,
we must control
ourselves!
Good night.
Oh, you are
a true gentleman.
Damn it!
Damn!
Darling, where have you been?
We have so much to do.
I wanted a few
moments by myself.
- Feeling nervous?
- A little.
It's quite natural
to feel nervous.
In less than
2 hours,
you'll be leaving a whole part
of your life behind you,

and entering
a lifelong contract...
that will change everything
you've ever known.
Thank you, Mother.
I feel much better.
That's what
mothers are for.
The good news is,
I've got the proof.
The bad news is,
I'm still a long way away.
Jack and I are
cooking up a plan.
- Just get here.
- The cavalry just showed up.
I'll be there.
Wait!
Stop!
Am I glad
to see you!
Mr. Mitchell!
What are you doing here?
I'll explain.
Let's go.
We've got to stall the wedding
until Peter gets back.
- I'm ready.
- You with us?
- Yes!
All right,
we've got one hour.
- This way, vicar.
- I haven't finished my breakfast.
Where are you
taking me?
They've moved
the ceremony.
- I'm driving you to a new church.
- Who are you?
That's an interesting
theological question.
Who are
any of us?

Good point.
I've often suggested...
my congregation ask itself
that very question.
And if, in fact,
we exist at all.
I have a syllogism
that answers that problem.
It goes like this...
All pigs exist. I exist.
Therefore, I am a... pig.
That's not right.
I've got it!
All people exist.
All pigs exist.
Therefore all
people are pigs.
No, that's
not it either.
I was under the impression
that Sylvia knew...
that Mary was to be
enrolled for next term.
She has absolutely
no idea.
How extraordinary.
All they said was,
"The vicar was ill."
We'll have
to find another.
You can't swing a dead cat
around the English countryside,
without hitting
a vicar.
More news from
the vicarage.
They're sending
a replacement.
Oh, there
you are.
It's hard to believe
that it's taken 5 years...
to realize my true
feelings for her.

I'm sorry if
I misled you.
Say no more.
All is fair
in love and war.
You're a very
attractive woman.
Oh, I know.
We've got to get you to
the church before the wedding.
We shall succeed!
I know a shortcut.
You'll never
get that out, lad.
Do you have a car
we could use?
A horse?
Anything that moves?
Ahem.
Bride or groom, sir?
Just a guest,
thank you.
I think that's
the church up there.
I certainly hope we haven't
missed the champagne.
Vicar, wait!
This isn't
the wedding!
What?
What a joyous event...
we have come here
to celebrate this glorious day.
I look like
a dork.
You don't look like a dork.
You look very beautiful.
Edward give you
the ring?
- Yes.
- Where is it?
It's in my pocket.
Peter's not
here yet.

He will be.
It's not right
without him.
You're too young now,
but one day you'll understand.
I understand now.
Do you?
Peter loves you.
Keep everybody happy.
The vicar's not here yet.
I'm starting
a wave.
Oh, vicar!
We're grateful you could
come on short notice.
Not to worry.
I love weddings.
People are always
so... hopeful.
- No, this way.
- Oh, yes.
Oh!
What time is it?
Oh, you look lovely,
darling.
We're going to have to
go ahead without them.
But who'll
give me away?
Oh...
Sit down.
Oh, what a
beautiful girl!
It's never too late,
you know.
You can always
change your mind.
I'm available.
Just kidding.
Dearly beloved,
we are gathered
here today...
to join in
holy matrimony...

Edward...
and...
oh, dear.
Sylvia.
Sylvia,
of course.
I knew a
Sylvia once.
She... uh...
uh... no.
She's dead.
That's not you.
Anyway, uh...
to join in
holy matrimony...
Ed and Sylvia.
You don't mind if
I call you Ed, do you?
You're doing
splendidly!
Thank you.
I can't see!
I don't know
where it is.
She had it just now!
You're doing this on purpose.
I'll handle this.
Darling, where did
you have it last?
It was on
the pillow.
We can't
wait forever!
Oh, dear, this
does not bode well.
Does anyone...
have a ring?
Here.
I have one.
There's the chapel!
Oh, dear.
I hate this part.
It is, after all,
in the rule book.

If there be
anyone here...
who knows of
any reason,
any reason
whatsoever...
It may not seem like an
important detail to you,
but you never can tell in
the immortal scheme of things.
One man's pie...
and all that.
So, if there
be any doubt,
any doubt at all,
we might as well...
lay it out on
the table, right now,
why these two
lovely people...
should not be joined
in holy matrimony.
Speak now...
or forever hold
your peace.
Anyone?
I think it's
safe to continue.
Oh, wait!
Is that your hand up,
back there?
Yes, you.
The lady
in the back row.
2nd, 3rd, 4th,
5th from the left!
I'm sorry. It's your hat.
Looked like your hand...
Can we please
get on with this!
Where do they
get these hats from?
Imagine,
a piece of millinery...

almost kept you
from getting married.
Hang on!
Good show!
Without further adieu,
with the power vested in me...
by Almighty God,
I now...
pronounce you...
man and wife.
About bloody time!
You may kiss
the bride.
Why aren't you inside?
Is it too late?
Go on in.
I'll explain later!
Come on,
vicar!
Vicar!
Sylvia!
Don't marry him!
What are you doing?
- He got it!
- What?
- He went to Pileforth.
- I got the enrollment list.
- Mary's on it.
- Not this again.
You shut up!
Tell her, Elspeth.
It's true.
You lied to me.
This is not
the time or place.
You lied to Mary.
Peter was right.
I was going
to tell you.
Tell her now.
I only did it out
of concern for Mary.
On the road with a play
is no place for a child.

Why didn't
you tell me?
I didn't want
to burden you...
while you were dealing
with the wedding.
What I did
was wrong,
terribly wrong,
and I apologize.
What a crock!
You little shit!
That's it!
I'm getting out of here.
Come along, Mary.
Sylvia, wait!
Please!
Let me finish.
Marry me.
Marry you?
Why, Peter?
For Mary's sake?
Is that why you want me
to marry you?
You don't have to
do that now.
I'm going to New York. You can
see Mary as much as you'd like.
It's not for Mary
I'm doing this...
I'm doing it
for me!
I love you.
No, you don't.
Yes, I do.
I love you.
I love the way you walk.
I love the way you laugh.
I love the way you get nervous
and bite your lower lip,
like you're doing now.
I love the way
you love Mary.
I even love her

liver mousse!
I love you.
If there were no Mary,
if there were nothing else,
I'd still love you.
And I'd want to make Mary
all over again with you.
Am I making a big enough
fool of myself?
Yes.
I love you, too.
Lovely performance,
Peter.
Forgive me for bringing up
a sticky point, darling,
but we are
married now.
Oh, God, he's right.
We are.
I beg to differ
with you, young man.
- Who are you?
- Never mind.
The ceremony is not
quite official yet.
Shut up, you old fool!
Did he call me
an old fool?
Oh, I can't
believe my ears!
Ooo, ooo!
Boy, that hurt!
Hold this for me,
will you?
And you said I
couldn't fool you!
Yeah, well...
Lousy actor, eh?
Constipated?
Well, in your face, pal!
Here you go.
Don't be frightened.
Here we go.
Teeth.

Thank you.

Oh...

Mom...

I've died and
gone to hell.

Vicar, will you
marry us?

Certainly.

Who are you?

By giving and receiving a ring
and by joining hands,
I pronounce that
they be man and wife.

You may now
kiss the bride...
again.