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Roommates

By Max Apple

My grandfather had already lived a
lifetime before I first heard him whistle.
Boy, was I afraid
of him back then.
When he was only a little boy,
his parents died in Poland.
In the winter of 1895, he set
sail for the United States...
all by himself.
When he landed, he immediately
demanded an American name.
The guys at Ellis Island
called him Rocky.
They must have
known something.
He settled in Pittsburgh
where he married Mary Kahorsky...
the finest bowler
in Polish Hill.
They had two kids...
my Aunt Basha
and my father, David.
In 1957, he met my mother,
Helen. They married.
Seven months later,
I was born.
These things happen,
even in good Catholic families.
My only memory of my father was
when Pirate Bill Mazeroski...
homed to win
the World Series.
Rocky and my father
screamed like lunatics.
I hid under my bed thinking
something awful had happened.
It was about to.
Just after Christmas, I was told
my father had been killed...
in a place called Vietnam.
Even after my dad died, Mom and I
would visit Rocky every weekend.
She seemed to understand him
better than anyone.

Then in the summer of '63,
she was suddenly taken away as well.
I decided I was bad luck
to have around.
Dupa ranei pusci.
- Papa.
- He don't understand Polish.
"May your ass sprout boils
while you sleep."
See, I told her when Basha's
brother got killed in the army.
I said to Helen, "You're a widow with a
young son. You got to plan for the future."
But did she listen? People always
think they're gonna live forever.
So, what are we gonna do
about Michael?
Well, I suppose he could
stay with us...
and finish out
the school year.
We got three of our own already, Bets.
We're squeezing out the door.
- What about a church home? - That's not
a bad idea. Let the nuns take care of him.
He'd get a good education.
Rest of the boys would be his family.
- Geez, I don't know.
- Ah, face it, sweetie.
Neither of us got the room or the
money to take on another kid.
A home.
It's the best idea.
You can all stop talking.
My grandson is moving
in here with me.
Papa, you can't possibly do it!
I raised you and your brother, didn't I?
Didn't turn out too bad.
Your taste in men always stunk.
But nobody's perfect.
- That's unfair, Papa.
- Oh, stop calling me Papa.
Suppose we send you to a home, you fat

son of a bitch. See how you like it!

- Papa, be reasonable.

- Ah, reasonable.

Reason and family got nothing
to do with one another.

Michael's six years old. He comes
to live with you. He gets attached.

And then, God forbid, in two years, four
years, something could happen to you!

- What could happen?

- Anything.

- Anything? What? - Rocky,
you're not a young man no more.

You could get sick.

You're not gonna live forever.

Stop worrying about me,
'cause I'll bury all of ya.

- Papa, will you listen?

- The child stays!

Conversation over.

The man has the personality
of a clenched fist.

- I heard that!

- Stash, would you shut up?

Mikey, black or white?

The usual?

He'll have black too, Bolek.

It's on the house.

Am I coming to stay
with you now?

Well, if you want.

That's your decision.

Good. Settled.

For how long?

For as long as you need me.

Good. Settled.

How come you whistled at the
funeral? No one else did.

Well, sometimes when your
heart is broke...

it's good to whistle.

- Is your heart broke?

- But it's still beating.

Otherwise, I would

be dead too.

Mine too.

I can't whistle.

Well, that's easy. You just take
your lips, and you make an "O."

Now blow.

That's good.

You got talent.

You son of a bitch.

Mike!

- Come on. We're going over to Charlie's.

- I've got to go to work.

- Darn it.

- Ah, gee whiz.

Books, books, books,
all the time, books.

Ain't you gonna be a baker someday
like your grandfather, Mikey? Huh?

Just because it's right for me
doesn't mean it's right for him.

You know in this country,
a man can be any damn thing he wants.
All he has to do is work hard, pay attention
to the nuns and do his homework.

In that order?

Hey, you, more work,
less gawking.

Safe!

Peanuts, here's your peanuts.

Peanuts!

Hot roasted peanuts!

Peanuts, peanuts. Who wants to be
next here? Get your hot roasted peanuts.

Peanuts! Peanuts.

One bag here.

Hey, peanuts,
throw another one!

- Get it, get it, get it.

- I got it.

Get outta my way!

- Underneath ya!

- Ow!

Hey, you!

Give the kid back his ball.

Sit down, Gramps,
before I step on you.
- Give back his ball.
- You gonna make me?
Ow!
- My nose.
- Thanks, Grandpa.
I think... I think his
nose is broken.
Well, he deserved it.
He took my ball.
Well, hitting is no good.
You shouldn't hit.
Talk first.
Use the brains God gave ya.
Well, what if he still
doesn't listen?
Well, then you knock him
on his ass.
Gin.
You rushed me.
Hey, Rock. Someone
out front to see you.
- Mr. Holeczek?
- Yes. What is it, Sister?
You are the grandfather
of Michael Holeczek?
Yes, what's going on?
He's not hurt, is he?
Oh, God, Jesus, he's dead.
Worse than dead,
Mr. Holeczek. Damned.
- I'm gonna teach you...
- Ow!
Michael.
You recognize this?

"Week six:

Seventy-sixers plus three.
Seventy-sixers plus eight.
Seventy-sixers minus four."
Math?
Your nun that found it in
your desk teaches history.

It's not fair.
They go through your desks.
Well, they're nuns.
They can go wherever they want.
Fifteen years old,
already a bookie.
I am not.
I needed the money.
- What next? Robbing banks?
- I didn't steal anything.
Not yet.
Question of time.
I'm gonna be a doctor,
not a criminal.
You? You'll set fires
for insurance money.
- You'll be a white slaver.
- I will not.
- What do you know about
white slavers? - Never mind.
You're a kid. What the
hell you need money for?
What the hell is that?
- It's a birthday present.
- Birthday?
I don't even know
what day I was born.
Well, tomorrow's
Washington's birthday...
and I thought you and George Washington
could be born on the same day.
Oh, I gotta share it, huh?
Well, I got no use
for presents.
Well, maybe I didn't do it for you.
Maybe I did it for me.
Wow!
Dr. Holeczek.
- Stat!
- Coming through!
Clear.
Dr. Paulson, please call the page.
- We have V-tach.
- Recharge. Get Dr. Kelley.

- Charged.

- Clear.

Dr. Kelley

we have an emergency.

- Tell the intern I'll come as soon as I can. - Thank you, Doctor.

- Where's Dr. Kelley?

- Not yet. Excuse me...

- Take her out of here, please.

- Please, please, please, outside.

- Is he gonna be all right?

- He's gonna be fine.

Please come with me.

He'll be absolutely fine.

- Lidocaine, 100 milligrams.

- I.V., Doctor?

No, into the heart.

Prepare a cardiac needle.

- Michael, the doctor will be here in a few minutes. - This guy won't be.

Dr. Lawson. 4-5-7-0.

Nice goin', Michael.

Going into normal sinus.

Dr. Holeczek, call on 2-0.

He won't listen to reason, Michael.

They turned off the water, the electricity, and his building's been condemned.

- But does he care? No, he says he's staying. - Tell him he can't.

I told him.

Stash has told him.

- Not Stash, you.

- The police have told him.

- The police? What police? - Oh, didn't I mention the landlord called the cops?

Look, he's got to be out by the end of the day or they're gonna use force.

- He's a harmless old man.

- Wait, wait, hold on a second. What?

- The old man's got a gun. - Michael, guess what? The harmless old man's got a gun.

Um, I'll be there.

Stand back there, please.

What took ya?

Basha, don't start. I'm here
in four hours from Columbus.

- Anybody talk to him yet?

- Who'll talk to bullets?

Stash, go get a doughnut.

Sorry, buddy, you're gonna
have to go around the block.

I'm... I'm his grandson.

Yeah, you Michael Holeczek?

Hey, mister!

Rock?

It's me, Michael.

I made ya a cup of coffee.

It's instant.

I don't got milk.

Here.

How'd ya heat water?

Before they turned off the gas,

I filled up a thermos.

I got provisions here.

I could last a month.

Maybe more.

- Rocky, what the hell do you think
you're doin'? - Readin' the paper.

I'll tell that to the cops outside.

Oh, for Christ's sake.

This is not a game, Rocky.

You can't stay here.

- How's your coffee? Okay?

- Wait a second. This was decided.

I asked you, "Do you want to move to Tucson
with Barbara and Stash." You said, "Yes."

- I changed my mind.

- Why?

- Why? She invites me to dinner,
your Aunt Barbara. - Yeah?

Well, she's makin' golombis.

What the hell? I say, "Yes."

Now, fat Stash arrives
in his new Cadillac.

New-used. And all the way there he's playing
this goddamn Barry "Maniloff" tape.

- "Low."

- What?
- It's Barry Manilow.
- Who's telling this, you or me?
So he's playing this goddamn tape and he's
talking about some goddamn golf game.
And on top of that he farts.
It's like a trombone.
And he don't notice it.
Jackass.
Well, he's talking
so goddamn much.
And he don't smell it.
He must be used to it. Anyway...
Dr. Holeczek,
are you all right?
Anyway, Stash is a jackass.
And I'm not living with a jackass.
Conversation over.
Finished.
Another thing. They tell me there's
a lot of old people in Arizona.
That could make for
a very difficult job market.
Dr. Holeczek, are you
in possession of the gun?
See?
"Luzzano bakeries,
Italian breads and cakes."
They're spaghetti makers.
But it's better than nothin'.
Wait, wait, wait.
You're lookin' for a job?
Yeah. Find me one.
I'll pay ya 20 bucks.
Okay, so you don't want to go to Arizona.
That's fine. Where are you gonna go?
- I'm gonna stay right here. - Rocky,
they're gonna come in here and get you.
Good.
I just wouldn't want to be
the first guy through the door.
Michael, what the hell's
goin' on up there?
How about if I find you

something in Bloomfield?

- It's a nice neighborhood. - Yeah, the Polanski brothers lived there, sons of bitches.

What's the matter with you?

I'm not goin' there.

What about Oakland over by the hospital?

- Nah, too expensive.

- I'll pay for it.

You will? With what?

"Grow with us. Sara Lee Foods."

I'd be happy to.

Rocky, nobody's gonna hire you anymore.

You're too goddamn old.

Get the hell outta here.

Who asked ya to come?

Go home!

Fine. You think I don't have things to do?

I got things to do. You do what ever you want.

You want to move to Columbus?

Why the hell would

I want to do that?

To live with me. What do you say, Rock?

You want to live with me?

- You got no beds.

- What? Of course I got beds.

A mattress on the floor is not a bed.

- That was the old place. I got a new place. - It's got beds?

- One. You get it. I'll take the couch.

- Where did you get the couch?

Rocky, yes or no?

I've lived in this place 50-somethin' years.

Your father was born here.

Your grandmother died in that room.

I'll play ya gin for the bed.

- I'll get the others to help us unload.

- Others? What others?

You think I rent the whole house?

Come on. I'll introduce you.

- You better lock the car.

- Don't worry.

Well, if they get in, they'll
come in through your door.

I made a deal. I give language lessons
in return for free rent.

- Polish?

- English.

Rock, this is Deng, Zhang, Liu, Fan and Toby.
They're students from mainland China.

- Guys, this is Rocky.

- Communists.

As my father would say, it beats sleeping
in a cave on a long march with Mao.

Your father never saw this place.

It's a water bed, Rock.

All right, now. Is this...

I'll give him this one here.

I'm gonna give ya...

No, I gonna give ya...

All right. Here.

- What do you need, threes?

- It's none of your business.

I'll give you whatever you need.

You thought I needed
threes? I don't need threes.

I know everything
you got in your hand.

No, I don't need no threes.

No, wait a minute.

Yes, I do. Great.

Nah.

I'll go this way. Oh! Oh!

- Here we go. - Rocky, take the bed.

I want you to have the bed.

I don't want that bed.

It's got water in it.

Okay, then you can
have the couch.

A deal is a deal.

The winner chooses.

Here.

All right. Here.

Rocky, I'm exhausted.

I need to sleep. I don't sleep.

- What do you mean, you don't sleep?
- I mean I don't.
- I have insomnia. - Well, you didn't have that in Pittsburgh.
- Well, I got it when I left Pittsburgh.
- You should see a doctor.
I am a doctor who doesn't sleep, but would like to try.
Touchy. Touchy.
Finally. Gin.
- You rushed me.
- I did not. Now take the bed.
- Two out of three.
- A deal's a deal. You take the bed.
Two out of three.
On that bed, I could get seasick.
I didn't know that opened.
Dr. Holeczek, would you give us a hand in 306?
- Not again?
- I'm afraid so.
Let me alone!
Get away from her!
- What's the problem?
- She keeps pulling out her I.V.
Mrs. Alberts. Mrs. Alberts, will you please?
Get away! No!
Hey! Will you listen to me?
Nobody's touching my hands.
Thank you.
You have cellulitis.
You're receiving ancef, which is a broad spectrum antibiotic... as well as glucose and sodium bicarbonate through this I.V.
You need, I repeat, you need this medication.
We need to keep you hydrated as well. Got it?
Okay, I'm a doctor, and I'm gonna give you the I.V. myself...
You're no doctor. You're a game-show host. I want a real doctor!

If you keep this up,
I'm gonna have to call an orderly.
- Will you call an orderly?
- I want to go home!
Cecilia, what's goin' on,
sweetheart?
- Cecilia, what's the problem?
- Which, which, which?
What's goin' on? What's goin' on,
Cecilia? It's me, honey.
What's the matter?
What's the matter, huh?
- What's the matter?
- My hands.
They're hurting my hands.
I once had such
beautiful hands.
I bet you still do.
Can I see them?
Will you show them to me?
You wonder why it hurts. Will you
send somebody to the pharmacy for me?
- Are you a doctor?
- I'm a social worker.
I'm the one that got this woman
off the street and into this hospital.
Are you gonna send somebody
to the pharmacy or not?
Okay.
I think these hands
are good-looking enough...
to handle an I.V. needle...
don't you?
Um, why don't we try this hand
this time? Is that okay?
- Sure. - Okay, thanks.
I'll come back and see you later.
All right? Bye.
Miss, I'd like a word.
What's the matter, Doctor? You ran out
of patients to restrain and perforate?
- Excuse me, that patient needed that
medication. - You needed a bedside manner.
- They teach that next semester?

- I happened to save that woman's life.
Yeah? What's her name?
Don't cheat.
If you saved Cecilia's life,
then you're responsible for it.
We both are.
Have a nice day, pal.
- It's about time.
- What the hell did you do?
Cleaned. The boys upstairs,
the communists, they helped me.
How am I going
to find anything?
- Dinner's ready. I made bigos.
- Heart-attack stew.
- Hurry up. Wash your hands so we can
start to eat. - Rocky, I'm a grown man.
I don't wash my hands unless
I want to wash my hands.
A footnote, ladies and gentlemen.
In 1909, the American labor movement
took a big step backwards...
when Samuel Gompers pulled his people out of
a meeting with the steelworkers...
because he didn't trust
Big John O'Reilly.
Wrong. Excuse me,
Gompers wasn't there.
Gompers had flu.
Half the damn country did.
We walked because John Reilly
was a son of a bitch.
- Please continue. This is fascinating.
- Sir, are you a historian?
Why? You got an
opening for one?
Ah, you see, I was there at the time
in the union hall on Forbes Avenue.
That's how I know he had the flu.
In 1909?
Hell, I'm in the union since 1907.
And today I can't get a job.
Would you believe it?
Why, they want younger.

Sixty-five.

Fifty-five, if you wanna
know the truth.

Let me ask you something.

Tellin' a man he's too old to work,
isn't that against the law?

- Yes, it is.

- There ya go.

I need a good mouthpiece.

And a lady outside, a student,
she recommended you.

So, when you got a moment,
I'll wait.

- What kind of job are you
lookin' for? - I'm a baker.

But I don't want nothin'
for nothin'.

You find me a job,
and I'll pay you 20 bucks.

- You're doing much better. - I feel like a
nightmare is over and I've finally woken up.

Keep that up, and we'll have to
release you at the end of the week.

Doctor, thank you.

Thank you so much for everything.

Hey, there.

Dr. Ho-lec-zek. It's on your
badge, pal. Hi, Cecilia.

Hi.

Look who I found. Scott?

Oh!

Oh! Oh!

- It's her son. He's been looking
for her everywhere. -Scott!

Hey, need a ride?

So, basically,
the Reagan Administration decided...

it doesn't want anything
to do with domestic programs.

They'll spend plenty on the military,
but nothing on social services.

So the money for social services
is supposed to trickle down...

from the private sector, which didn't

want the responsibility to begin with.

We have people living
on not even \$400 a month...

and they can afford
\$50 for medical care?

No, I don't think so.

- What?

- It's amazing.

I already know your politics,
and I don't even know your name.

Sorry, um, I get
a little carried away.

I'm Beth. My name's Beth Matthews.

What's yours?

- I thought it was pal.

- Yeah, sure. Whatever you want.

Turn right.

- You live here?

- I used to. My mother does.

I'm stopping by to pick up one of
her cars while mine's in the shop.

Oh, there she is.

Hi. It's just me.

I see that it's you. I'm wondering who
you brought home with you this time.

She hates my friends. She's always
afraid they'll steal something.

- Hi, Mom.

- Hello, dear.

Oh, Elizabeth, why don't you get
that hair out of your face...

so people can see
how pretty you are?

Mother, come on, um...

Listen, this is, um...

- I'm Judith Matthews. And you are?

- Michael Holeczek.

- Holeczek, that's a...

- It's Polish.

Polish? Ah, of course.

- Oh, but he's a doctor,
so it's okay. - Oh!

- Great house.

- Thank you.

Actually, it was built by my
parents as a summer home.

Oh, yeah?

They indentured half the blue-collar
labor force of Columbus to build it.

Elizabeth, you didn't even know them.

Besides, people were out of work.

They gave them jobs. Were you able to spend
much time with your grandparents, Doctor?

- One of them.

- How fortunate for you.

Um, Mom, listen, I don't want to interrupt
you or anything, but I've got to go. So...

Oh, yes, of course. You said something
on the phone about needing a car?

I'll have it back by Sunday.

Your stepfather and I were hoping
that you would join us for dinner.

He's not my stepfather.

He's your husband. And I'm busy, so...

- Mm-hm. Well, which car did you
have in mind? - Whatever is available.

There should be something
available after dinner.

- I guess we'll do it
another night. - What?

The thing... The concert.

- Oh. Yeah. No, it's okay. - I'm sorry,
I didn't realize you had plans.

- No, no, no, of course not.

- We can... It's not such a big...

- No, we can... Oh. - Come in the
house, dear. I'll give you the keys.

- Doctor, it was wonderful to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

Thanks.

You bet. You.

I raise two cents.

No, no. No two cents.

Nickel, nickel.

Goddamn communists.

I told you.

Minimum, nickel.

Nickel.

Now they're talking Chinese!
English! English!
Hey!
English! When you play cards,
for god's sake, speak English.
No nickel. Two cents.
Let me see your hand.
Let me see.
Well, this hand is not
even worth two cents.
But go ahead! You want
to bet it, bet it anyhow.
- Okay, I bet two cents.
- Two cents.
Now you bet.
- Twenty cents.
- Oh, 20 cents.
Oh, 20 cents, very good.
I found this in the trash.
Well, that's where trash belongs,
in the trash.
I see your 20 cents.
And I raise you 250 smagoleons.
Smagoleons?
Rocky, I haven't
read it yet.
What's to read?
Dirty pictures.
That's not the point. It's mine.
I bought it. It belongs to me.
Excuse me. I have
to answer the phone.
You can't just throw things away because you
don't like them. They're mine. I live here.
- Hello? - Basha was right.
Nobody can talk to you about anything.
- Ah, just a minute.
- You used to listen to people.
To my elders. They're all
dead now. It's for you.
Nobody knows anything but you. Nobody
has an opinion about anything but you.
Hello?
Everything was normal:

blood chemistry, kidney function.
I guess her heart just got tired.
I should've taken precautions.
Should've had her on constant monitor.
She didn't do it on purpose.
I really liked her.
I did too.
It affected my judgment.
No. Bad things don't happen because
you care. They happen when you don't.
This is a switch: a doctor who
thinks he can save the world...
and a social worker
who knows she can't.
I don't like losing people.
Another round?
I better not. I have no
capacity for alcohol.
We'll have two more.
Sweet dreams
are made of these
Who am I to disagree
You travel the world
and the Seven Seas
Everybody's looking
for something
Oooh
- Michael, can I ask you
a medical question? - Sure.
Is this an erection
you're getting?
Let's go to your place.
I have a homeless couple
camped out in my living room.
- What about the bedroom?
- That's where we put their kids.
- Let's go to your place.
- Uh...
- All right?
- Sure.
Shh!
Come on.
- Turn on the light.
- No!

- But I can't see anything!

- You don't need to.

Shh! No lights.

- Don't you have a bed?

- It's taken.

- By who?

- Shh!

Sorry. Shh!

Michael, what's that?

- What?

- That sound.

- It's my roommate.

- Oh.

Shh!

Oh, I woke him.

No. We just have to be quiet.

- You sure? - Yeah.

He talks in his sleep.

Ow! Something's poking me.

Oh, it's you.

- Hi, Rock. I'd like you

to meet Beth. - Hi.

This is Rocky.

This is your roommate?

Will you give it a rest?

- I really don't get what you're so

upset about, Rock. - I'm not upset.

You didn't tell me that I was

moving into a bordello, that's all.

We got them in Pittsburgh.

They're a lot nicer than the basement.

I went out with a girl. We had a

few drinks, and I brought her home.

You never did that in your day?

In my day, a girl that drank,

you didn't bring home.

All right.

The Polish hook.

Big game. Big game.

Beautiful.

Hey, what about Colleen Kelly,

the one you used to go dancin' with?

Dancing and dupsing

are not the same thing.

Well, thanks to you,
we didn't get a chance to dupse.
Ah, you're lucky. The next thing,
she'll be suing you for breach of promise.
This isn't 1910. I didn't get her to come
home with me by promising to marry her.
Then she's worse than I thought.
Look, Rocky, let's start from scratch,
okay? I'll invite her over to dinner.
You two will hit it off
like gangbusters. I promise.
What do you say?
Don't talk to me
when I'm bowling.
I wonder what's keeping him?
Doctors work for a living.
- What are we having?
- Bigos.
- Oh, what's that?
- Stew.
Well, what's in it?
Beef, sausage, pork.
Didn't Michael tell you
I was a vegetarian?
Listen, we could make a salad.
You could also go up and eat
with the communists.
That's all they eat is rabbit food.
Mr. Holeczek, I just want
to have a nice evening, okay?
I got some coleslaw here.
Will that do?
Maybe I should just go.
Your decision.
I'd like to stay.
Also, your decision.
I'll wait for Michael.
Do ya play gin?
You mean, like cards?
Anytime this century.
- You're rushing me again.
- No, I don't mean to. It's just that...
I might be dead by the time
you make a decision.

Don't hesitate because your instincts here are very good.

- Ah, for Christ's sake, lady. You take so goddamn long... - Don't yell at me. Gin! Gin! I have gin!

- What? - Yeah. I have three kings and four threes.

That's gin, isn't it?

Isn't that gin?

No, that's scotch.

That's vodka.

That's... goddamn stupid, is what it is.

- Oh, it's nice to see you're such a good loser. - Lady, ya didn't beat me. Ya bored me to death.

You know, I just... You know what, I've been trying to...

I know that you... Just... Just tell Michael that I'll see him later.

Well, if you're comin' by, call first. Because at my age, I don't need surprises. Especially naked ones in the middle of the night. Mention it to Michael too.

- Tell him yourself.

- I would.

But since he met you, I hardly see him anymore.

Okay, I get it. Now I see. Um...

Listen, Mr. Holeczek.

I really like your grandson.

I like him a lot.

And he likes me, I think.

Is it so terrible that he has a girlfriend?

I never taught him not to have a girlfriend. I just hoped it would be a nice girl.

I'm not nice? Because I sleep with Michael? Is that it?

- If the shoe fits... - You know, Mr. Holeczek, it's not like your day. I mean, today men and women sleep together because they care about each other. Today men and women are

as responsible as a seagull.

- You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
and he should too. - No, I'm not.

I'm not ashamed of myself. And I'll
tell you something else I'm not.

I'm not a jealous old man who's
scared to death of being left alone!

Hey, Beth!

Beth, what's the matter?

Beth!

What happened?

She don't like me.

Beth! Beth!

Beth.

- I made you some oatmeal.

- No, thank you.

Well, what about lunch? I'll make you a
sandwich. What do you want, corned beef?

I don't want breakfast. I don't
want lunch. I just want to go to work.

Towels.

You know, we were doing good
until this girl come along.

This girl? Her name is Beth. Do you have
any idea how upset she was last night?

She tried so hard.

And you didn't even lift a finger.

You're selfish, you're stubborn
and you're rude!

- I don't have to take this.

- That's fine.

For now on, my business is my business.

Your business is your business.

We live in the same apartment,
but we run our own lives. Okay?

Attention shoppers,

Food Emporium proudly announces...

the grand opening

of our new bakery section.

Be sure to stop by and say hello
to Rocky Holeczek, our master baker.

- Maestro.

- Oh.

How's it going?

How's it goin'? I can't use sugar,
white flour or baking soda.
Everything that comes out of the oven,
it look like an old shoe.
- I'm not complaining.
- I hope not.
I had to threaten to sue
the entire chain to get you this job.
Huh!
You did 'em a favor.
Where's your grandson?
Who knows?
These days he's in love.
I've been looking forward
to meeting him. He's a doctor, right?
- You must be very proud.
- It's a living.
- Here, I owe you this.
- No, no, Rocky. You keep your money.
- It was my pleasure.
- No, no, no. A deal is a deal.
Listen, keep your eyes open
for a clean boardinghouse.
You find one,
I'll give ya another 20.
Rocky stayed with
the communists.
I spent the weekends
with Beth...
and found that I could sleep
without the sound of his snoring.
I took that
as a good sign.
Do you have a Social
Security number?
- Hi, Sharon.
- Hi, Mike.
It was nice to see you,
Barbara.
- Thanks a lot for everything.
- Oh, sure. Sure, of course.
See you later. Be ready in a minute.
I'll get out of here.
So, what do you

want for lunch?

- Thought about it?

- Uh-huh.

- Yeah?

- I want you.

- Guess what?

- What?

- I've got the best news.

- Yeah?

I've been accepted

for a surgical residency...

- at the University of Pittsburgh

Medical Center. - You were?

- That's great! Congratulations!

- Isn't it?

That's... Pitt. Wow, that's
really prestigious, isn't it?

Crozier and Kalina

are there, right?

- How'd you know that?

- I mean... I asked.

People do their residencies at different
hospitals... So, when do you go?

- September.

- Huh. And how long is...

A residency cardio/thoracic
is eight years.

Wow.

Yeah.

So you're leaving, huh?

Wow, I'm really happy for you.

Um, I'm sad for me, but...

What do you mean?

You know how I feel about you.

No, not really.

Well...

I... I'm not sure

what comes next.

Yeah. You know what?

I probably shouldn't take a lunch break
today 'cause I have an awful lot of work.

- No, no, I'm starving. - Why don't we
just do it another time? Okay? Okay?

I'm really happy for you.

I really am.
You can't catch me!
So, uh... Pittsburgh, huh?
Yeah. Isn't it great?
If you don't mind my saying,
you don't look that happy.
No, I'm thrilled. It's everything
I want. It's perfect.
Good. Settled.
Done.
That girl that, uh,
you like so much...
What's her name?
Beth.
That one.
Is she thrilled?
I don't know.
- What, she don't like Pittsburgh?
- I didn't ask.
Ohhh!
I thought it was
more serious than that.
- So what, do you expect me to ask
her to marry me? - God forbid.
You don't even like her, Rocky.
You're right.
Saying good-bye to that one
would be no problem... for me.
So what're you gonna do?
You're gonna stay in touch?
- Sure, we'll stay in touch.
- Well, that's good. That's good.
- Weekends?
- Weekends, talk on the phone...
- Holidays?
- Absolutely.
Oh, good.
That's good.
- At first.
- Huh?
Well, you're busy, she's busy.
I mean, you both work.
And these visits,
ya know, they stop.

The telephones stop.
But what the hell?
You'll both meet other people.
You can bet your ass
she will.

- To love and to cherish.
- To love and to cherish.
- Until death do us part.
- Until death do us part.

Michael, may I have the rings?

I made him chocolate milk.

Mm-mm. No way.

- What's that for?

- I know what you did.

Phooey. Young people
should get married.

Keep 'em off the streets.

Hey, Rock.

Wanna trade?

You're a very good dancer,
Mr. Holeczek.

Well, glad you think so.

Now, let me lead.

Oooh! Come on, now.

Come on!

Oh, dear. I haven't done
the polka since college.

Oh, thank you, Mr. Holeczek.

I wanted to ask you...

is there a...

a phrase that a hostess...
would say in Polish to her
guests as they're leaving?

Dupa ranei pusci.

Dupa ranei pusci.

Oh, dupa ranei pusci.

Oh, that's lovely.

What does that mean?

"Go in good health."

Go in good health.

Perfect. Dupa ranei pusci.

- Dupa ranei pusci.

- Dupa ranei pusci.

Thank you.

Dupa ranei pusci.

- Dupa ranei pusci.

- So long.

- Congratulations.

- Oh, thank you.

Dupa ranei pusci.

Oh, yeah? May your ass
sprout boils too!

Come on. Let's get outta here.

Hear what she said to me?

Oh, thanks so much for coming.

I'm glad you could be here.

You look beautiful.

- I changed my mind, that's all.

- Why?

- They need me at the bakery. - They
can get someone else at the bakery.

The communists are starting
to play decent pinochle.

They'll play against each other.

Michael, there is nothing for me
in Pittsburgh. Everything is here.

I like the apartment.

I like those boys upstairs.

I got a job. I even like
the goddamn water bed.

I'm a happy man.

Go. Be happy too.

- And you bet I will.

- Good. Settled.

Conversation over.

Good morning, Columbus. Welcome. So nice
to have you with us this morning.

Our guest today is the oldest
working baker in Columbus.

He's a master baker at
the Natural Food Emporium.

Welcome, Rocky Holecz-check.

- Holeczek.

- Holeczek. Excuse me.

Now, Rocky, you've been here
three years now in Columbus.

- What brought you to our
fair city? - My grandson.

Oh, well, Rocky
has family here, then.
No more. He left.
Oh, well, I'm sure
the two of you keep in touch.
He works. I work.
Who got time?
Oh, well, then,
you really don't have any...
I'm sorry.
Did I wake you?
My grandson,
he married a local girl.
- No. You watching it again?
- Elizabeth Matthews.
Oh, well, that's wonderful. You see,
Rocky does have a connection...
But I wouldn't step in the mother's
house, you paid me.
Oh, well, when we come back,
Rocky will have some...
Can't sleep, huh?
Would it help if I cursed
at you in Polish?
We're in the kitchen with master
baker Rocky Holeczek.
Rocky, how about some tips
for our viewers?
Uh, maybe a few of those
old-world secrets.
If I gave you secrets,
they wouldn't be secrets.
Well, how about a
simple bread recipe?
Your oven's too small.
Rocky, we've only got 30 seconds.
Could you give us something here?
You're a very excitable
young man.
Eh, for the folks
at home, Rocky.
Okay. Bread.
You take a hundred
pounds of flour.

Eleven quarts of water.
And yeast.
How much?
I won't tell you.
We could go visit.
No, this is the way
he wants it.
He has his life.
We have our life.
Yes! Aha! Oh-ho!
- Wow! Good throw. Nice throw.
- That's really wonderful!
Hey, Rock, did you like that?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Not bad, not bad.
So who's up? Who's up? A guy could
get antlers waitin' for you guys.
- You're up, Rock! It's you!
- It's me?
- It's you. Yeah. You're up, Rock.
- Why didn't you say so?
Here comes the Polish hook.
- All right.
- All right, Big B, here we go.
Let's see it, Rock.
You all right, Rock?
Yeah.
- You sure? - Yeah, I'm all right.
I'm all right, sure.
Might be something I ate.
- Okay.
- Whew!
- All right. Let's see it, Rock.
- Let's go.
All right.
Here we go, babies.
Polish hook for ten.
Oh! Rocky!
Where is he now?
Back at the house?
Yeah. We're keeping
an eye on him...
to make sure he doesn't try
and sneak off to work.

Are you gonna tell him?

It's not that easy.

- He needs to know.

- He told me his wife died of cancer.

You even mention the word to him,

he gets up and walks out of the room.

- Get out of my way! Get out of my way!

- Where are you going?

I didn't say you had cancer.

I said it might be cancer.

Calling me names isn't gonna make it go away. For that you need an operation.

- Rocky, you're coming to Pittsburgh.

- I'm not listening!

- You'll stay with me.

- My ears don't work!

- I'll do it at my hospital. I'll get the best people. - Get out of my way!

- Everything will be taken care of.

- Son of a bitch.

Son of a bitch.

Whoopee!

- Rocky!

- Whoopee!

- Can we just go back in the house like two rational people... - Get away from me!

- If it's time for me to die, I die. In the meantime, I work. - And talk this over?

I just wanna do a biopsy. Can we just do a biopsy? Will you just listen to me?

- You son of a bitch!

- Will you stop... Rocky!

Hey, give me the... God!

Will you let go?

Rocky!

Get the hell out!

Who asked you to come?

Not me!

He won't even listen to me.

I'm a doctor. He has to.

I know, baby,

and you're terrific.

But your bedside manner still leaves a little to be desired.

It's not your fault.
It's genetic.
It's open.
Oh. I thought you was
one of the communists.
Nah, a liberal Democrat.
Not a communist.
Gave my husband
a cold shower today, huh?
Yeah, well,
the hose was handy.
I didn't have a gun.
You both have
the same ugly feet.
Since when do they have
beauty contests for feet?
Do you mind if I make
myself a cup of tea?
I don't got milk.
If he sent you here to talk me into
that operation business, forget it.
Michael doesn't
know I'm here.
Personally,
I think you're old enough...
to choose a quiet exit,
if that's what you want.
I have to admit, though, you never struck me
as someone who believed in a quiet anything.
Well, maybe I lived long enough.
Yeah, maybe.
Michael doesn't think so.
You ever tell him
that you love him?
He tell you?
You two. You don't talk, you just do.
You expect everybody else
to figure it out.
He still doesn't understand why
you wouldn't come with us to Pittsburgh.
We weren't gettin' along.
Oh, come on.
That's ridiculous.
You love to fight, both of you.

Was it me?
Marriages don't need
third wheels.
Families do.
You took care of him
his whole life.
Let him take care of you now.
He wants to.
He really needs to.
Tsk. And you wouldn't
be a third wheel.
You'd have to settle
for fourth or fifth.
The third wheel's
on the way.
He's resting.
You'll be able to see him shortly.
Lie still. You'll be
able to talk soon.
Everything's fine.
The tumor was benign.
Shhh!
- What? - Will you bring
me the newspaper?
The classifieds.
Is there a newspaper anywhere?
I think I can find one.
The patient would like the "help wanted"
section of the classified.
Rocky loved to remind me
that the suburb we lived in...
had been the largest pig farm
in Pennsylvania.
Hey, Mr. Holeczek.
He grumbled a lot, but there were now
two reasons he was glad to be around.
Mo, you don't have to
drink the whole thing...
- but at least drink half of it, okay?
- All right.
- Rocky, Rocky, Rocky!
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
- That's what all the girls say.
- Rocky, it's Willard.

He's 101 years old today.

He loves Scrabble, ice cream...

- Take off that silly hat, moron.

- and miniature golf.

Happy birthday to you, sir.

Okay, about that warm weather...

- Dupa ranei pusci. -in the Northwest that's been around for a couple of days...

May your ass sprout with boils while you sleep.

Rocky, when's your birthday?

Birthday?

Don't got one.

Who's my anesthesiologist? I don't want Crowell. I asked for Fredericks.

- Cereal, Daddy?

- Yeah. Don't make a mess, kiddo.

- Why can't he fly a day earlier?

- You want some breakfast?

No, I'll grab something later.

I don't want Crowell.

- Who else is available?

- Braid my hair, Mommy?

- Just a minute, sweetheart.

- Oh, no, no, not Gibson.

He never shuts up.

Oh, geez.

I'll get it.

Look, tell Fredericks

it's my first time out, okay?

He's had enough vacation.

Come home a day early.

- Bump him into first class.

- Had enough, huh? Okay, I can see that.

- And who are my techs?

- Rocky, I prepare food there.

Um, listen,

can we just, um...

Why don't... Why don't

we do it later?

- Just sit now, okay?

- And who's doing profusion?

- Buy more and throw away. In my day, we saved everything. - How come?

Because we didn't have a goddamn thing to begin with, that's why.

- Did you have Barney?

- Barney? Who's Barney?

- The dinosaur.

- Dinosaur? No.

No dinosaurs.

We had rats. Big rats!

- Were they pets?

- Pets? No.

No pets. We had jobs.

- It was an innocent question. - I don't wanna hear about shortages. Talk to Mercy.

Okay, finish up, guys.

Mama's running late. Go get your stuff.

I'll be in in about 45 minutes.

I'll handle it myself.

Jesus! I feel like Frankenstein lookin' for a brain.

Daddy, are you finally gonna get to cut somebody open all by yourself?

Better believe it, kiddo.

It's about goddamn time.

- Michael, come on.

- I gotta go.

If you don't mind the company,

I thought I'd go into the city today.

Sure.

Here.

What in the hell is that?

His name's Harold.

He's my favorite.

- But why you giving him to me?

- 'Cause you never had a pet.

Oh, Mo!

Your kids, they make me crazy.

Well, mine is pretty.

Yours is too fat.

You need to plant a garden, my friend.

It does old men good to see things grow.

I'm a baker, for Christ's sake.

- Was. Was a baker.

- Ahhh.

The problem is you have
no one to fight these days.

I'm useless, Bolek.

I go looking for work,
and they wouldn't even talk to me.

Why should they?

Work is for the young.

Bullshit.

These are our years
to enjoy, so enjoy them.

Bolek.

I feel like I'm waitin' to die.

One of your fans
wants to say good night.

I love you, Rocky.

Aah, you're not
too bad yourself.

Okay, bedtime.

Good night, Rocky.

Good night, Rocky.

You're not
too bad, either.

Everything okay?

Lisa's a little warm. You're right.

She might be coming down with something.

I didn't know Mo snored.

Yeah.

I wish you got to spend
more time with them.

Me too. Hawaii.

This summer.

All of us?

- Yeah?

- Promise.

Rocky in Waikiki. You ever
seen him in a bathing suit?

I think he probably
showers fully dressed.

You excited about tomorrow?

Nervous. Heart surgeons
aren't supposed to get nervous.

No. Just too macho to admit it.

Your patient's lucky to

have you as his doctor.
Ask him after the operation.
I bet that I could
help you relax.
Yeah?
How're you gonna do that?
Uh, I have an idea.
Just a little... idea.
Oh, tell me.
Gin?
No.
- Be sure there's some 8-0s.
- Okay, could you get those for me, please?
Respirator closed all the way.
Let's begin.
Do you think I got the piles?
Ah, it's doubtful.
But that's what you had.
Yeah, but it's not contagious.
- We're on full bypass.
- Full bypass.
Cross clamp on. Cardio-plegia on.
Slush, please.
Flow is 300.
How much would you like?
Give me a thousand.
Rocky, we're out of Tylenol.
I'm gonna run down to the drugstore
and get some. If my office calls...
would you tell them I'm sorry
and I'll be there in about 45 minutes?
Be right back, sweetie.
Okay?
Defibrillator up.
Charge to ten.
Charged.
Fire. What's the rhythm?
You have complete heart block
to sinus rhythm.
- Okay, let's start ventilating.
- Ventilator's on.
- Wean from bypass.
- We're weaning, down to one liter.
We're off pump.

Can we get some air in here?

- They're doing brain surgery without an M.R.I.? - There was no time.

- The patient was 240 over 130...

- My wife. It's my wife!

- Fixed pupils in the left side.

- Where's the CAT scan?

Your wife has a subdural hematoma.

Unless we relieve the pressure...

- There's a hemorrhage at the stem!

- We made the only call we could.

Forget about it.

- What are you doing?

- I'm going in there.

- You got the best neurosurgeon in this hospital operating. - Without a CAT scan.

- Look, you're not making any sense.

- Don't touch me!

Doctor, please.

- It's my wife.

- I know that.

And you're not helping her.

Now, let the surgeon do his job.

"In order to save my own life,
I didn't want to have to...

They're gone."

Daddy, what does that say?

It says...

Where was I, honey?

- Right here, Daddy.

- "I said, I'm coming."

What's that say?

Sweetie, here.

Stay with Rocky for a second.

Come up into my lap.

- Rocky, is Mom gonna be all right?

- Are you kidding?

Absolutely.

Your wife never really
had a chance.

The bleeding in the brain stem
was uncontrollable.

I'm so sorry.

You kids know

how to whistle?
No? It's not hard.
Just make an "O" and blow.
That's good. You got talent.
Mo, come sit next to me.
My babies. You must
be very brave now.
You're all I have left.
Damn it.
"Do it this way.
Do it that way.
The lunch isn't right.
The floor isn't clean."
My floor isn't clean?
You've got a problem, old man.
Mmm. Boy,
these smell good.
Why did Mrs. Johnson leave?
- She don't like me.
- Big surprise.
Do you think feeding...
Wait a minute.
What are they called?
"Pop-Tarts."
Feedin' this...
Oh, God, this crap!
Feedin' this to growing children?
Your mother would never permit it.
- I'll call the agency when I get to the
hospital. - Yeah, well, do me a favor.
Tell 'em, just for a change, to send
over somebody that's not afraid to work.
- I'll ask 'em to send someone
who's deaf. - Yeah, very funny.
Daddy, braid my hair?
Uh, Daddy's late
for work, sweetheart.
It's our day to carpool.
There's a list of numbers
in the phone book.
Uh, call one of the other parents.
See you tonight, kids.
Okay, who wants berries
on their pancakes?

- Me, me, me!
- You, you. You got 'em.
I don't need this.
If he wants to do it himself,
I'll let him do it.
Al diablo con todos ustedes!
(Go to hell all of you!)

I got a call from your
patient, John Samuelson.
He said you brushed him off. He said
he asked for an E.K.G., and you refused.
You know Samuelson. He gets the hiccups,
he's in here for a battery of tests.
Well, what is the problem
if he pays for them?
If you don't want to deal with a patient,
then refer him to someone else who will.

- Simple as that. - Fine. I'll get back
to him this afternoon.

Michael...
have you ever considered
taking a little time off?
- Why? - I'm not
a psychiatrist...
but in my opinion, you're showing
some symptoms of clinical depression.
Walt, my wife died. I'm a little upset.
Can you try and understand that?
I made a mistake. I'm sorry.
It won't happen again.
Oh, well, thank you very much.
This tea is nice and hot,
just the way I like it.
Daddy, will you come
to my tea party?
Let Daddy finish putting this together,
and you'll play with it and have fun.

- Please!
- Not now, sweetheart.
When will Daddy play with me?
I don't know, Lisa.
How about some more tea?
I don't got milk.
Michael?

Did you ever, uh, get in touch with
John Samuelson like you said you would?
No, it slipped my mind.
I'll call him right now.
Don't bother. He was
rushed by ambulance...
to City General Hospital
this morning.
A third-year med student diagnosed
an angina in the emergency room.
Yes, that's much better.
Get all that hair
off your neck and your face.
Let me see. Oh, yes,
that looks very pretty.
Now you look
like a little lady.
Oh, don't do that, hon...
Well, that's the way
I'd wear it.
I'm surprised your daddy hasn't called,
knowing he was going to be working late.
Daddy works late every night.
- Who wants to do some baking?
- Me, me, me!
It's after their bedtime.
Well, it's cookie time
in Pittsburgh.
- Come on, Grandma, it's fun.
- You can make any shape you want.
No, thank you. It's gonna take
hours to clean up as it is.
Well, I don't like it.
At this hour, any kind of father
would be home putting them to bed.
Maybe Daddy's dead too.
No, your daddy just had to work late,
that's all. All right, kids. Come on.
What about our cookies?
We have to eat 'em.
Before bed?
What, are you nuts?
Pajamas now.
Cookies tomorrow.

Let's go.
Lady, one more word from you...
and I will knock you
right on your ass.
That-a-boy.
Put this on you, heh?
Okay.
Rocky, do I got ugly feet?
Well, let me see.
No. No, those feet,
they take after your mother.
They're beautiful,
just the way she was.
Good. Settled.
Oh, my God!
Oh! Have you got a fire
extinguisher or something?
- For what? For smoke?
- Of all the stupid, idiotic...
You senile old fool! You could've
burned the entire house down.
Lady, it's been
a long night. Go home.
God, this situation isn't just pathetic,
it's... it's dangerous.
Judith.
What a surprise.
Oh, Michael.
What are you doing here?
I came to visit the children...
but it's obvious I'm going
to have to rescue them.
And you, as well.
What do you mean?
What is that supposed to mean?
We'll talk when you're
capable of listening.
Capable? I'm listening.
You wanna talk? I'll listen.
- What happened?
- Something overcooked.
Take a shower. Your children
shouldn't see you like that.
Leave it.

Leave it alone!

Just go away.

Dr. Robinson.

I have it right here.

I want the children

for the summer.

- You couldn't handle them for a week.

- Oh, I could. Could you?

- I've advised my client...

- You talk to me, not him.

- Considering the circumstances...

- What circumstances?

- She could sue for custody of her grandchildren...

- Oh, come on. Judith, Burt...

in a court of law

and undoubtedly win.

When it comes to child care, most judges
are not partial to incompetent geriatrics.

- You can kiss my ass.

- Or drunken doctors.

Michael, I want what's

best for you...

but I also want what's

best for those children.

And I think what's best for them

is to spend the summer with me.

Let them be my responsibility.

Give yourself some time.

I should think it would be a...

a big relief for you.

We're on full bypass, Doctor.

Cross clamp on. Cardio-plegia on.

Slush, please.

Flow is 300.

How much would you like?

What?

I said, how much

would you like, Doctor?

Michael, they need a flow rate.

Doctor?

Michael, are you all right?

Take over.

Mike, they're asleep.

Finally.

What?

Family takes care of family.

It's only for three months.

You let that woman

have those kids...

for even three days,

you'll never get 'em back.

When?

They're coming to see Lisa

graduate from preschool next week.

- So there's no party?

- After the party.

- After the party?

- After the party!

After the party.

Well...

when they go, I'm goin' too.

Who the hell are you?

I thought I knew.

- Okay, look up here. Now

make bubbles. - Whoa, hoo!

Great.

Okay, you're next, Mo. Come on.

- Ice cream! Who wants ice cream?

- I do! I do!

Can I do that too?

Absolutely.

Why are you

letting her take us?

Because your father knows

what's best for you.

We're going to have

a wonderful time.

Oh, thanks, Michael.

Bye.

Why are we stopping?

I don't know. It doesn't...

It doesn't sound right.

- What's the matter? - I don't know.

I have no... I don't know.

What happened?

Gee, I don't know.

The car just up and died.

- Do we have gasoline? - Yes, we have

gasoline. I bought gasoline, but...

- And oil? - Yeah, well, oil. Hopefully we're not burning any oil.

- Well, it's just something.

- What do you think's wrong?

- I'm not a mechanic.

- Well, Burt.

For goodness sakes. I thought you were gonna take care of all of this.

I did take... I took it in for its 7,000... Yeah.

- What is it?

- Fudge ripple.

In the gas tank?

Call a cab.

- We'll take it all the way to Ohio if we have to. - Come here.

Come on out here.

You guys know anything about this? Lisa?

Stay out of the street.

Will you watch them?

Get your things.

- This is so annoying!

- The garage will pick up the car.

And that taxi?

When I spoke to them, they said they would be here in five minutes.

Rocky.

- Rocky!

- Stop him!

Rocky!

- Well, you let him get away.

- What was I supposed to do?

Well, I'm calling the police. That madman just kidnapped my grandchildren.

Where are you going?

Hi. Turn left.

Go up that street.

What do you think you're doing?

You think you can just take them?

- Why not? You're giving 'em away.

- Knock it off!.

- Where are my kids?

- They're at their mother's grave.
You don't know where it is, do ya?
You haven't been back here
since the funeral.
Oh, Michael.
We have.
The kids come,
they plant flowers...
and I walk around here
and say hello to my friends.
They don't say much back,
but that's all right.
They talked too much
when they was alive.
There's your kids.
They're down at the
bottom of the hill.
Michael...
I remember
sitting in a room.
I seen a look on this
brave kid's face...
and he's wondering what the hell
is gonna happen to him.
I see the same look
on those kids' faces.
They're wondering where
the hell their father is.
Go say hello to the living.
Hi.
Hi.
How are you two doing?
Okay.
Lisa?
She thinks it's her fault.
- What?
- That Mom's dead.
'Cause I got sick.
What about you? Y-You
think it's your fault too?
Maybe.
Well, it's not.
I miss Mom as much as you do,
but it's not your fault.

It's nobody's fault.

Come here.

Lisa, come here.

- I love you.

- I love you too.

- I love you very much.

- I love you, Daddy.

We're gonna be fine.

We're gonna be okay.

Well, I see you found them. Good.

Come on. Let's get them

back to the house.

I've arranged for a car

to take us to Columbus.

- They're not going.

- What?

My kids are staying with me.

Michael, we discussed this.

Now will you be reasonable?

Reason and family got nothing

to do with one another.

Michael, I will take you to court, I swear.

I will not have my grandchildren raised...

Conversation over.

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Rocky

Happy birthday to you

Now what in the hell is this?

- It's your birthday, Rocky.

- We baked you a cake.

Birthday?

I don't got no birthday.

When you were admitted, a nurse asked

you a whole bunch of questions.

One of them was, "When were you born?"

I'm afraid you answered.

I lied.

Blow out the candles anyway.

Give him a boost, would you, Sue?

Goody.

Help him out, Mo.

- Yea! - Yea!

- Yea!

I'm gonna taste this cake.
Uh-oh.
Oh!
That's not my recipe.
It's Beth's.
It's not bad.
Who baked it?
Daddy. We helped.
Daddy? You should've
been a baker.
I think one in the family's enough.
I'll eat this... later on.
Okay, kids, we gotta let
Rocky get his rest now.
Okay, let's go outside
and play quietly now.
Listen to what Susan
tells you, okay?
How're we doin'?
You wanna read the paper?
Let's see what we got here.
"Classified."
"Auto... auto...
baby-sitter... baker."
Hey, what do you know!
The Luzzanos are still in business.
They still need a master baker.
Interested?
Nah, who could work
for them?
What else we got here?
"Chinese bakery."
Chinese bakery? You know
anything about Chinese bread?
Damn communists.
They don't eat bread.
Here's a good one. "Experienced cake
designer. Regal Bakery. Weekends only."
That sounds pretty good.
I'll mark that.
Michael.
What?
I've...
always... been proud of you.

Hey. It's okay, Rocky.
You can let go now.
I'm all right.
I can do it alone now.
You can let go.
Shhh.
I love you.
Good-bye, Grandpa.
I drive the car pool
every Tuesday.
I try to be home
for dinner every night.
And Sundays are still
cookie time in Pittsburgh.