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Run & Jump

By Steph Green

...for tuning in to the
"Afternoon Show" on Radio Kerry,
with Andrew Morrissey.

Please be advised this is a
non-smoking area.

Smoking is not permitted...

- Hey, lads.

- How are you?

- Hi!

- She's here.

- She looks great.

- It's a big day for her.

It was Gary and Nigel.

Nigel was from over my way
somewhere -- blackburn or
something like that.

Do you remember this one,
Papa Schnitzel?

Fuck! Shit!

Oh, this bullocks thing!

So the sun goes down
and the world goes dancing
And the stars come out
and they all go dancing
And there is nothing
I'd like more

Than a twirl across
this rickety old floor
Here we are.

Here's the rabble.

Well, I don't know why,
but I just feel like dancing
You must be Dr. Fielding.

Hi, yes.

Thank you for having me.

Welcome to Ireland.

Oh, excuse me.

It's probably cleaner
than you remember.

- Should have put the bags here.

- Oh, sorry. Sorry.

Say hello to him, Paddy.

He's videoing already?

The sun goes down

and the world goes dancing
Doesn't look like he remembers.
If I could just move in front
of you there. Thank you.
Look what she made for you, Con.
I made it while you were away.
Than a twirl across
your rickety old floor
Hey. Come here.
Where is...
my blue extension lead?
Right.
Shall we leave your dad to have
a look around?
Come on, then.
Whoo!
Back in the cupboard.
Oh, yeah.
Noni, where are you
with that tablecloth?
Do you think he needs
a hand holding that camera?
You could play
doctors and nurses.
I have it.
Good girl.
I got this one 'cause
dad likes it.
It's a lovely one.
Oh, now, I have something
for you.
- Is it...?
- It is.
And money for your brother for
that swimming gear he wants.
Did you tell the doctor
you had a guest room?
He's a guest.
It's a room.
- Did you put the nutmeg in yet?
- Yes, of course.
Americans just look younger.
It's the teeth.
It is, too.

Mr. Casey, do you remember
the hospital explaining why I'm here?
Do you remember Dr. Sud
explaining why --
Mom wants to know,
are you a "vegimatarian"?
No, I'm not.
But thank you for asking.
Mr. Casey?
Can I ask what you're looking for?
I'm a squirrel.
There.
Mr. Casey?
No, no, no. Don't touch that.
Okay?
Please. It's very expensive.
There it is.
So, Ted, you're a psychologist.
- Neuropsychologist.
- Cognitive neuropsychologist.
- He's a brain doctor.
- Thank you, Noni.
- Yes.
- And you're a Professor.
Research Professor, yes.
Leading researcher,
in California.
- We looked you up.
- So you've done this before.
I don't normally do case studies,
but Mr. Casey's recovery
was very, very rare.
I'm Mr. Casey.
He's Conor.
You're paddy.
The university must have a lot
of money to do this sort of stuff.
Paddy.
It's very worthwhile.
My paper will be part of a book.
- And who sees the video?
- It's like in the hospital, Pat.
- It's stroke research.
- That's right.

You'll have to put on makeup
and a good bra
every time you come over, Paddy.
I assure you, netia,
I'm wearing a good bra.
So then what exactly
are you trying to prove?
I'm just here to observe
and document Conor's behavior.
We don't really start
with a hypothesis.
Thank God for that.
I was worried about bringing
a hypothesis into my house.
I mean, where would I put it?
What would I feed it?
Right, have we all got
everything?
Good. It's lovely.
You want some bread, darling?
I'll get bread.
I want it.
Conor.
Conor, look, could you pass me
the salt, please?
Just pick it up, son.
Pick it up.
It's all right.
It's okay.
- There we go.
- Thank you, love.
Conor.
Should be good for at least
two wishes.
Can I have another drink?
Here, love.
Next thing, she'll be running
a bed-and-breakfast.
It's twice the fee
if he stays here.
She'd be mad not to.
It's only two months.
Our son, the Guinea pig.
Oh, you're a lot more bothered

than Conor is.
He's already more himself.
I knew we just needed to get him
home, didn't I?
You did.
Come on. I'm waiting.
Hey.
They may let you sleep like
that in the hospital,
but we can't afford to heat
your bum all night.
I've missed you in this bed, Con.
I was, uh -- I was thinking
we could keep on working on this.
How's that sound?
Conor made these.
We have a distributor interested,
which means they'll be
in all the catalogs.
He sells dozens
of these windsor chairs.
It's beautiful.
And this -- well, this wood is
ash, while this is solid pine.
Morning, handsome.
Right.
Well, I'll let you two
get to work, then.
Okay.
Shall we try "s"?
Yes. "S".
- S-s-s.
- Good.
Go.
S-s... Soggy.
S-s... Sit.
- "I".
- "I".
Go.
"I".
- I...
- Want to do "j"?
"J".
Do "n".

As many words as you can.

This is just for my records,

Conor.

- Lenny's dad took our ball!

- Stop!

Stop, dad! Give it back!

Mine!

Week one -- Conor Casey, 38.

Bilateral anterior

cerebral-artery infarction.

Stroke has caused rare brain

lesions in frontal lobe.

Let go, dad!

Subject was in a coma

for one month

and in-patient rehab

the following four.

Rehab was conclusive.

Study will be observation

of subject only.

Upon return home, subject presents

primarily with agitation.

There was an initial focus

on finding something

he thinks he's lost

in his workshop.

"Relax."

"And smile just with your mouth.

And then raise your eyebrows

and drop your jaw.

Let out three hearty laughs."

What are you doing?

It's called laughter yoga.

Please stop.

Careful with those,

Papa Schnitzel.

Did Conor normally drive?

He did.

But he didn't drive normally.

This bloody adapter.

- I want a cookie.

- Hi, Christy.

- Hi, Vanetia.

- Go on.

All right.

We need two trolleys.

Can I have a euro?

- Hi, guys.

- Hey, there, loser. - Hey.

- How you been?

- Doing good.

We need two trolleys so I can buy
the items that start with "f".

We're not getting

a second trolley.

I want to sit in dad's trolley.

Can't. "N" is for noni.

I want to.

In you go.

Dad, can't this be an "n" trolley?

- No, it's an "f" trolley.

- Well, she's a little fairy.

We're not getting

a second trolley, okay?

- You're the fairy.

- Conor!

Give me the trolley.

- What are you doing?

- Get off.

- Conor, get off!

- Faggot.

Fudgepacker, friend of Dorothy!

Conor, you stop that

and get in the shop now.

Sorry about that.

Sorry about that.

Oh, for fuck's sake.

Hi, boys.

Who's Dorothy?

You don't want to know.

You all right?

There you go. Right in there.

4:

Third observed incident of
somnambulism.

Possibl--

Possibly parasomnia or other

symptomatic sleep disorder.

Do you have a family?

No.

Why?

I'm a scientist instead.

Want to play spa?

No.

I'm impressed with your
dexterity.

How many of those

have you made, Conor?

- Just need to make one more.

- Hello? Yoo-hoo.

More wood.

Come on, now, Freida the fairy.

Inside and get your hands washed.

Come on, Conor.

Dinner.

Oh, Conor! Don't!

I need more wood.

If you put it back together,

we can sell it and buy wood.

Have you -- have you made
anything we can sell?

What are these for?

Your mom and dad are here.

Come on. Dinner.

I-I-I don't like whiteness
anymore because --

Because there were a lot of
white walls in the hospital?

And up here.

I finished.

Good girl.

Conor's never gone a week
without making something.

Do you think he might need
a bit of privacy?

Mrs. Casey, I've left him alone
for hours at a time,
and there's no change.

I'm sure that Dr. Sud explained
the prognosis.

Conor will not return

to his old self.

- There's been too much damage.

- Okay.

Well, all I'm saying is he might need a bit more space, you know, without you looking.

- Mrs. Casey.

- Just a bit of space, Dr. Fielding.

Keep up the pace!

Come on, Casey!

Keep at it!

Keep going!

- Simon, Lenny, Fergus, Mike.

- Congratulations, Simon.

Hey, Lenny.

That's how he likes it.

- Is he under?

- Yeah.

I stressed that little fish place in town.

- Oh, it's nice.

- You know, it's nice lighting. - Yeah.

And, um, about, you know, two days ago, I get a text, and suddenly, it's -- it's a tea.

As in a cup of tea?

No, as in an afternoon tea.

Sandwiches.

You know, cake, tea.

And I just thought, um, you know, "What does he mean?"

What does -- what does that mean?"

It's like some sort of --

it's like a downgrade.

Ohh.

Where?! Where?! Where?!

Papa Schnitzel, wake up!

- Con.

- Yeah?

Conor.

Papa Schnitzel.

Come, sweetheart.

Conor, get off, get off, get off me!

Conor, get off me!
It's okay.
It's all right.
It's all right.
You were sleepwalking.
Okay?
Okay.
All right.
We just have to leave it
behind this time.
I don't think so.
In you go. Go on.
I want to break that camera,
Dr. Fielding.
I swear to God.
When it's too late to go home
And you're tired of being alone
I can see it in your face
I can see it in your face
When you're running out of time
And you need some...
I won't break your camera,
Dr. Fielding.
I swear to God...
Again.
Thank you.
That would be good.
Uh, Mrs. Casey?
Vanetia, for Christ's sake.
Two weeks of "Mrs. Casey" is
long enough.
And I'm gonna call you Ted...
Ted.
Where did the "Schnitzel" thing
come from?
Oh.
Well, the Schnitzels -- they were
this Austrian family
Conor and I met on our honeymoon.
They were always
ridiculously cheery.
"Impossibly optimistic" is how
Conor described them.
- That's funny.

- Hmm.

I've been Schnitzel-ing the shit
out of it, haven't I?

- Night.

- Good night.

Week 3, tape 9 -- second family
outing to the store.

Oh, this zip keeps sticking.

Sorry, Noni, you're gonna have
to go like that.

Okay.

Going outside.

Going outside!

Did you see that?

Will he ever get the money
thing?

You know, never mind.

Don't tell me.

I don't want to know.

Sympathy Susan alert.

Who's sympathy Susan?

You poor thing.

How are you coping?

How is he today?

Must be desperate.

I hate pity.

It is like someone wrapping a wet
blanket around you when you're cold.

And that woman can talk.

- Vanetia Casey!

- Ah! Susan!

How are you coping?

Brilliantly, thanks!

Oh, and have you met

my what's-ologist?

This is Dr. Fielding.

Hello, doctor.

I have heard about you.

You're from America.

I could tell by the tan.

You wouldn't get many around

here with a tan like that.

How's poor Vanetia?

I mean, there's probably no recovery

from this, is there, doctor?
- Well, I --
- I doubt it very much.
I mean, my brother knew
somebody who -- and so young.
I mean, it's so shocking.
How are you getting on there?
I should actually...
What is that Conor?
Come on. Let's go.
This is you, Ted.
Contaminations continue, mostly
when Conor is distracted or tired.
Obsession with making wooden
spheres continues.
Come in.
Can you come
into the kitchen, please?
I need to talk to you.
Ted...
I saw the birthday
card in your room...
"For a special boy."
So, you...
Yes, I did.
A colleague of mine arranged it.
It's completely inappropriate.
And this was his idea
of a joke -- a terrible joke.
So you think it's a joke...
Having drugs sent to this house?
Not me!
A friend --
not even a real friend.
It was more of a-a colleague.
So you had drugs sent to a house
with two kids in it?
I know.
You had marijuana sent to a house
where you should be working
in a professional capacity.
I will completely understand
if you feel that --
Ted, you get it out now.

And start rolling.
Hap-hap-hap,
Happy birthday!
Come on, now!
Happy Birthday!
Hap-hap-hap,
Happy birthday!
You didn't have to do this.
Happy, happy,
Happy birthday!
Do you want to dance all night?
Go on. Blow out the candle.
You know the drill.
Do you want to dance all night?
Now go on.
Go and get your gear.
- It -- it really was from a friend,
by the way. - Okay.
I don't think you are.
Are you?
No, nothing came out.
Oh, there you go.
Definitely some got in there.
You know.
Conor used to be a night owl,
if you can believe that.
He stayed up late last night,
actually.
He was watching some...
Animal show on the TV.
He's obsessed.
What?
I thought you didn't want
to know things.
It's been a month.
Guess I should
start knowing things.
Animals demand less of him.
He can relate to their --
their simpler emotions.
No mixed feelings,
so no psycho-drama.
There's nothing but drama
from where I'm standing.

"Sundowning" means he gets more confused in the evenings, right?

I like that one.

"Sundowning."

Hey, no yawning.

It wasn't -- not a full yawn.

You're trying to swallow it back.

Okay, I yawned a little teeny bit.

I know.

Peddling.

Peddling?

Yeah. Cycling.

I think it's gonna rain.

Aye, it's much more fun

in the rain.

- Go on.

- No. No, thank you.

Don't do that.

Slow down!

Slow down!

You're going too fast!

- I haven't ridden a bike in a while.

- Come on.

And it's very wet. I don't think

I've ever ridden one in the rain.

- All right, how about --

- Mmm!

This is so good.

How about, uh...

"Conor Casey's stroke of bad luck:

Or a tale of two Conors"?

You know, something catchy.

I want our chapter to stand out.

Well, unfortunately,

it'll probably be something

a little dryer.

Such as?

"The impact of extensive medial frontal-lobe damage on theory of the mind."

What's theory of the mind?

- You're right. It's boring.

- No.

- No.

- I really do want to know.
It's our capacity to understand
our own and others' mental states,
our ability to guess what someone
else is feeling or thinking.
I know.
"Dr. Do-little",
as in loves animals and...
Does very little.
Ted.
Ted.
Ted.
What?
Aah! Now stop that!
Lenny! Connor!
Lenny, Lenny, Lenny, Lenny!
Lenny! Easy! Lenny, easy!
Get up! Come on!
Lenny! Stop that!
Why do you play that?
Conor!
It's never a dull day.
Have we got our balls?
God. Whose is this?
Do you -- do you mean
that animals talk to us?
- Oh.
- Is that what you're saying?
I'm not saying animals
talk to us.
They don't, but they do
talk to each other about us.
What do they say?
All kinds of things.
How we smell.
Over a million visitors a year.
22 dedicated people.
Welcome to...
Remember the man who used
to fix things around here?
Hmm?
The red rocks of the universe
come down to earth.
Do you want to see what Bob's doing,

and maybe we can fix it next time?

It's early morning at the zoo --

Hola!

- Gorgeous.

- Ol!

Ol!

Do you need any help?

No, I'm fine.

Now sit yourself down
and tuck in.

Hey, Ted's not wearing
a costume.

All right, give him a mustache,
then, baby Schnitzel.

Oh, I don't need a mustache.

I'm -- I have one.

All right, come on,
everybody eat.

I'm not sitting beside Penny.

His name's not Penny.

Conor.

I just want a word with you
for a minute.

It has probably been a banner
for yourself.

Good lad.

Ted, can you pass the guacamole,
please?

I think she used permanent pen.

Did you?

So -- oh, did I tell you this woman
walked into the hospital yesterday?

She had no trousers on.

Girl like, "good Mary!"

She had a bum bag on.

You know what a bum bag is?

We were spared some of the
detail in the front, anyway.

She's, um, throwing her curses
around, as usual.

She threatened --

no, she didn't threaten.

She cursed my firstborn child,
when I have him.

Then she...

What? Like a what?

It's a Mexican wafer.

I've got no idea what that is.

She goes -- she tells -- she says to Dr. Muldoon -- she goes, um, "I'm a virgin."

- Fajita. - Fa-heet-as.

- Fajitas.

And I'll tell you something.

It was the best she ever made.

You know that? What a word?

"Best." No. She always is good.

- S, seor.

- And you'll remember what I told you, won't you?

- S.

- Are you sure?

- Stand for no nonsense, you know?

- Oh.

And be true to yourself, lad.

- Okay?

- Okay.

Oh, Paddy, do you think I was a flighty, lankish lass?

I never said you were flighty.

I said you were mental.

But I also knew you were mental about each other.

Jesus Christ, Paddy.

Come on, you cheeky thing.

Come on.

- Good night.

- See you, love. - Bye-bye.

- What are you doing up late?

- I can't sleep.

Yeah?

Come downstairs and have a dance with me.

Dancing?

At this hour?

Are you mad?

- Come on.

- No.

Come on, Ted.

You must know this one.

No. Sorry.

Conor looked like he was
fighting off 10 men when he danced.

He said:

"An empty dance floor is
a wound that needs healing.

It's not about us.

It's about letting our bodies do
their thing."

Come on.

Just a bit of hip movement.

Come on, Ted! You must be able
to move something.

No, I... really can't.

You're lost, my friend.

All right, I-I-I can do this.

That's very good, Ted.

Come on. Dance.

Please.

I'm not dancing.

- Come on.

- You don't want to see me dance.

- Please, I do.

- No, no, no. No.

But you know, you know

It's a little trick you do

Why...

I'm a little tricky, too

So we should work it on out

Work it on out

Should we not give in?

Should we not give in?

You know, you know,

There's somebody waiting for you

You know, you know,

Waiting for a wonder like you

Dr. Fielding.

Hey. Tara.

- How are you?

- Uh, fine, thank you.

Good.

- Do you want to grab a coffee now?

- Oh. No, sorry.
They don't know I'm gone.
You're not a hostage, Ted.
Oh. I don't mean that.
- We're going to the zoo.
- Right.
Conor's fixating on animals.
And it's Vanetia's birthday.
Yes. It is.
- So, I'll see you soon.
- Bye.
I can sit in the backseat,
Ted.
- What's that?
- Oh. You'll see.
Noni, come on.
Alley-oop.
Happy Birthday.
Give it to me there.
Presents after food.
It's a family policy.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
What is it?
A new adapter for the car stereo.
Look.
It's a spand.
Spoon hand!
It's for petting the animals.
Put that in your notebook
and smoke it.
Lenny.
Voices in the street
Footsteps on the concrete
Guess I hear just every sound
On the ground
From my window view
I know a color blue
- No, no, no.
That can bite so very hard
The day apart
So soft!
Hello, fella.
Hello, little fella.

Picture fresh as water clear
Days have passed without you here
Street lights dancing in the dark
Across the park
Brother sparrow
To my window
Brother sparrow
Come tomorrow
To my window
What happened was I was.
- Hold it. - Let me get the door.
- Oh, yeah. - But, no.
Here's your purse.
- So... - Mine.
- ...Saturday night I move in and out.
- Yeah?
- Conor was with me.
Anyway, I said to Conor...
So you established the back
of the car.
The back of the car, in the boot
of the car fast asleep.
He absolutely...
- Really?
- But then...
Okay. Great.
So, it was chasing him 'round.
Where's my table?
Surprise!
I'll take her.
Come here, please.
- They're your friends, too.
- I have stuff to do.
You need to step up, Conor.
You know, you can't keep retreating.
Conor.
You're the father.
You're the husband.
If you don't, somebody else
will step in and play those roles.
Paddy, this is not the time or the
place. Let's get back to the party.
A stroke doesn't give you an
opportunity just to act...

to ignore the needs of your family.

How much time have you spent
on them stupid round jobs?

- Paddy, leave it!

- Lenny is a disgrace.

- If Lenny is gay...

- Penny!

I'm not Penny!

Thank you.

Well, at least it wasn't the python.

Come on.

Throw it on the roof.

- Yeah, come on.

- Throw it up.

There's a spot right there.

Hey. Come on.

Shit. Come on.

- Hey.

- Hey.

It broke. I-I threw it away.

Netia.

You scared the living
shit out of me.

Has something started
between you and Dr. Fielding?

No.

Look...

What happens when he leaves, Netia?

Conor will still be here.

So will I.

And so will the kids.

And we'll all be fine.

Lenny doesn't seem fine.

Lenny's fine with Ted.

In fact, Lenny is closer to Ted
than he is to Conor.

And that doesn't strike you
as a problem?

Of course it's a fucking problem.

Don't pretend you're thinking
about Lenny, Tara.

Light.

Love.

Start... again.

Start again? Sure.
We can start again if you want.
Conor, the phone's off the hook.
Did someone call?
Mom.
Well, I'll call her back.
What did she say?
Dad's dead, heart attack.
Lenny?
- Lenny?
- I said I'm not going.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Can I have the red, please?
Thank you.
Nobody ever drinks that.
Nora, you do know you can come and stay
with us anytime you want, don't you?
I think your house is
a bit crowded as is.
- Vanetia.
- Right. Right, Vanetia.
Your old paddy was mad about you.
He was mad with me
the last time I saw him.
No, no, no.
He was mad with the world.
Con's as near to his old self
as I've seen him for a while.
You wouldn't believe it.
Maybe you would.
It's the final thing, right?
Earliest memories.
I know I'm getting good with this.
He is not a case study.
He's not a Guinea pig.
He's your husband,
and he's alive.
I'm sorry, Netia. I know
you're grieving a husband, too.
Ted!
Ted, I need a lift to the race.
Come on.
Just leave me here.
Okay.

Good luck.

Conor?

Morning, Conor.

Did...

Dad like the old me?

I don't remember him...

Being so angry when I was small.

Your dad just got cranky
with life as he got older.

It wasn't you.

- It'll happen to us all.

- Do you think...

He knew...

I knew...

He was just cranky?

He knew.

There was a house halfway
'round the world

And I was invited in for a
small taste of gin

There was a hallway a thousand
birds long

But the biggest one of all was
in a cage too small

I asked the caretaker 'cause
he was their maker

He looked at me and laughed,
took another sip from his glass

He said, "open up your ears
and hearts

You put a big bird in a small cage,
and he'll sing you a song"

That we all love
to sing along

To the sound of
the bird that mourns

To the sound of
the bird that mourns

Conor?

Conor, baby?

Conor.

Conor?

Well, we rolled into town
into sweet new Orleans

To the apple bell bar
there's a hole in the wall
The ceilings weren't tall
the floors were the ground
But the sound that you would
make would just warm their hearts
Well, it was quarter to 12:00,
and the boys walked in
They got their black suits on,
and the songs would begin
You open up your ears and hearts
You put a big bird in a small cage,
and it'll sing you a song
To the sound of
The bird that mourns
- Go, Lenny! Go, Lenny!
- Go, Lenny!
- Come on, faster! Go!
Come on, go, Lenny!
Yeah! Come on, Lenny!
Go! Go! Go! Go!
Come on, Lenny! Keep at it!
All right, come on!
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Come on, Lenny! Keep at it!
Yeah! Whoo!
Hey, Lenny! Lenny!
Good job!
To the sound of
The bird that mourns
The bird that mourns
You put a big bird
in a small cage,
And it'll sing you
A song
You put a big bird
in a small cage,
And it'll sing you
a song
You put a big bird
in a small cage,
And it'll sing you
a song
Tough luck, guys.

- Who's that guy?
- I don't know.
Lenny?
Lenny?
Oh, hey, do you know Lenny?
Oh, my God!
Lenny? Lenny? Lenny, wake up!
Lenny! Come on!
Hello?
- Conor, come on.
- No.
Conor, it's your son.
Come on!
Please come with me.
- Tara.
- He's all right.
Is Noni here?
Is Noni with Nora?
Yeah, thanks.
He's in here.
Is Ted here?
No.
He just left.
Thank you, Tara.
It's okay.
- I'm sorry, mom.
- Honey.
Ted?
I'm just collecting
some of Lenny's things,
and then I'm gonna go
straight back.
Ted?
I just, uh, need your signature
on these forms.
Right, uh, here.
And here.
And this is a duplicate.
It's a technicality,
to wrap things up.
Are you sure you haven't
wrapped things up already?
I can come back for them.
Signatures.

All right.

Ted?

Hey.

Ted, are you mad at me?

No. Of course not.

It's just...

You've barely come out
of your room since, you know.

I-it's work.

I fell behind.

I've had so much to do.

That's all.

I've actually been meaning to say
congratulations on winning your race.

I don't know if you could hear me,
but I was screaming my head off.

- I could.

- I really got into it, didn't I?

Yeah.

Yeah.

I thought you were... Heroic.

You should make friends
with mom again.

I've been giving you
two months, Conor.

Please will you come
into the house?!

- No, I've got things to do.

- You've got things to do?

I've got things to do.

I've got so much to fucking do!

Just stop shouting.

"Stop sh..."

Aah! Stop that!

I want you to come in,
please.

Stand still. Noni, please.

Just stand still! No?

Listen, stand still.

Now, do you want to fall down
the stairs?!

You said, "pig."

Now you get pig.

I cannot be dressing and

undressing you six times a day!

- Look at me!

- No! No! No!

And a-a quick, uh, you know,
around the world or something.

- I can't? - You can.

- Okay. - Okay?

Promise?

- Oh, God. Fierce.

- You are?

- Yeah.

- You're going out?

When Con and I looked at something,
we saw the same thing.

Have you ever had that
connection with someone?

For a short time.

A long time ago.

Now it's all brains all the time.

Pretty much.

Well, brains demand less of you.

I need to ask you something.

Hi.

You've reached Vanetia Casey.

Sorry I can't talk right now.

Please leave a message
after the tone.

Vanetia.

I just can't.

Vanetia!

- No.

- Vanetia!

- Wait!

- No.

Vanetia!

Vanetia!

Please!

Vanetia!

Vanetia!

Mom?

Mom?

Mama Schnitzel!

- What's going on?

- Nothing.

Mom was just playing spa.
I want to sleep with dad.
You can sleep with me.
Come on.
Ted says he wants to stay.
Did he tell you that?
I'm sorry, Con.
It's best you leave.
Do you love Ted?
Do you?
So do I.
Do you love dad?
New dad.
So do I.
Let's take Ted for a drive
before he leaves.
When it's too late
to go home
And you're tired
of being alone
I can see it in your face
I can see it in your face
When you're running
out of time
And you need
some piece of mind
I can see it in your face
I can see it in your face
I don't know why
for me it's hard to choose
But it's the truth
that I'm in love with you
But sometimes love alone
is not enough
And I'm stuck here
in the middle of
When you ask
about my day
I just tell you
that it went okay
But you see it in my face
You can see it in my face
When we're walking,
you hold my hand

And we laugh about times
we've had
You can see it in my face
You can see it in my face
I don't know why
for me it's hard to choose
But it's the truth
that I'm in love with you
But sometimes love alone
is not enough
And I'm stuck here
in the middle of
I lie awake
while you're asleep
Think about what might
have been
I wonder if
I'm missing out
On things that I
should know about
But then I think
of what we have
And I don't think
that it's that bad
In fact, I think
it's really great
So why do I
feel this way?
I don't know why
for me it's hard to choose
But it's the truth
that I'm in love with you
But sometimes love alone
is not enough
And I'm stuck here
in the middle of
I don't know why
for me it's hard to choose
But it's the truth
that I'm in love with you
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