Hello!
I don't even know
your name!
But I'm hoping
all the same!
This is more than
Just a simple hello!
Hello!
Do I smile
and look away!
No, I think I'll smile
and stay!
To see where
this might go!
'Cause the last time
I felt like this!
I was Falling in love!
Falling and Feeling!
I'd never
Fall in love again!
Yes, the last time
I felt like this!
Was long before I knew!
What I'm feeling now!
With you!
Hello!
I can't wait
till we're alone!
Somewhere quiet
on our own!
So that we can Fall!
The rest of the way!
I know!
That before
the night is through!
I'll be talking love
to you!
Meaning every word!
I say!
Oh, the last time
I felt like this!
I was Falling in love!
Falling and Feeling!
I'd never
Fall in love again!
Yes, the last time I Felt
like this! The very last time!
Was long before I knew!
What I'm Feeling now!
With you!
Come on, dam n it.
Hi.
U h... hello.
That's a real
sharp-lookin' outfit.
What time is it? My
watch is on the bed table.

- Ten to 12:
- No, no, it's 8:25.
The stem is broken.
It's three hours
and 25 minutes fast.
Why dont you
get it fixed?
I was going to,
but I got used to it.
Doesn't it mix you up?
No, I'm very quick with figures. Oh.
Why are you looking
at me like that?
Why do you have to
look so luminous?
It would make things easier
if you woke up with puffy eyes...
and blotchy skin
like everyone else.
I guess God just figured that
chubby thighs were enough.
Look, this isn't gonna just go
away. We have to talk about this.
Okay.
Where you going?
I wanna brush my teeth.
Dorothy, sit down.
Oh, by the way-
No, please, sit.
Dorothy,
in the first place,
I want you to know that what happened
last night was the most beautiful,
wonderful, crazy thing
that's ever happened to me,
and I'll never forget it
or you.
Doris.
What?
My name is Doris.
Your name is Doris?
Yes.
I've been calling you
Dorothy all night. I know.
Why didn't you tell me earlier? I
didn't know we were gonna end up-
And then I did try and tell
you, but you weren't listening.
When?
It was right in the middle
of everything.
It was incredible,
wasn't it?
It was... nice.
I mean, especially
the last time.
I know,
I'm an animal.
I don't know
what came over me.
I mean, I was- what- Wait, what
was wrong with the first two times?
Well, the first time
was a little fast.
And, um,
the second time-
Listen, I really feel funny
talking about this.
It was a very beautiful
thing, Doris.
There was nothing ugly or
disgusting about what we did.
Then how come you look
so down in the dumps?
Because my wife
is going to kill me.
Well, how's she gonna find
out? She knows already.
-You said she was in New Jersey.
-It doesn't matter. She knows.
How?
Was it as incredible for you
as it was for me?
Do all men like to talk
about it a lot afterwards?
Why? You think I'm some kind
of a pervert or something?
Oh, no!
I was just curious.
See, I was a virgin when I got
married. Well, at least sort of.
Sort of?
Well, I was pregnant,
but I don't count that.
Doris, that counts!
No, I mean it was by the man that
I married. Oh, I see. I'm sorry.
Oh, that's all right. See, Harry
and me were gonna get married anyway.
That just speeded things up
a little bit.
It turns out I get pregnant
if we drink out of the same cup.
What's the matter?
Nothing.
I-I-I'm fine.
I'm all right.
Doris?
What?
I think I'm in love
with you.
I mean, it's crazy.
It's really crazy.
I don't even know if you've
read Catcher in the Rye.
Oh, no, I didn't even finish
high school. There. You see?
I don't even care, and I'm
really a snob about education.
Of course, I should have
known this would happen.
When it comes to life, I have
a brown thumb. What do you mean?
I mean nothing I ever do
turns out right.
First time
- First time I had sex, I was 18 years old.
We were in the backseat
of a parked 1938 Dodge sedan.
Right in the middle of it,
we were rear-ended.
Oh. And you didn't have
any insurance?
No, that's not exactly
what I mean. I mean-
Oh.
Look, take last night.
You know what the radio was
playing while we were making love?
No. "If I Knew You Were
Coming, I'd Have Baked A Cake."
So? So that's gonna be our song.
Is it?
No.
I mean, other people would have gotten
"Be My Love" or "Some Enchanted Evening."
Me, I get "If I Knew You Were
Coming, I'd Have Baked A Cake."
What is it?
I really want to
take a bath now.
Oh, I'm so-
Oh, I see. I'm sorry.
It's okay.
Yeah. Okay. Oh, sure. I'll-
I'll wait out- I'll be out-
Wow!
We're in big trouble, Doris. Huh?
I really think I've
called in love with you.
- You wanna know what kind of luck I have?
- Yeah.
I'm happily married!

Are you Jewish?

No.

Then how come you feel so guilty? Don't you feel guilty?

You kidding? Half my high school became nuns.

I guess the Catholics have rules about this sort of thing.

Oh, yeah, we have rules about everything.

That's what's so great about being Catholic.

You always know where you stand.

I tell you, Doris, I feel like slitting my wrists.

- Are you Italian?

- What's with you and nationalities?

Nothing.

You're just so emotional.

I happen to be a C.P.A.

Oh?

I could be as logical as the next person. Oh.

Well, you don't strike me as the accountant type.

It's very simple. My whole life has been a mess.

Figures always come out right.

What are you?

Oh, I'm Irish.

Well, they're emotional. Why aren't you yelling or crying or something?

I did all of that before in the bathroom.

Crying?

Nope. Yelling.

I didn't hear you. I stuffed a towel in my mouth.

I'm sorry.

It's all right.

No sense crying
over spilt milk.
Yeah, you're right.
How come we feel
so terrible?
Because we're two decent, honest people,
and this thing is tearing us apart.
I mean, I know it wasn't our fault, but I-
I keep seeing the faces of my children
and the look of betrayal in their eyes.
I keep thinking
about my marriage vows,
the trust my wife
has placed in me...
and all the experiences
we've shared together.
And you know
the worst part of it all?
What?
While I'm thinking
all this,
I have this fantastic
hard-on.
I really wish
you hadn't said that.
I'm sorry. I think we should be
totally honest with each other.
It's not that. It's that
I have to go to confession.
You know-
W-We're both crazy.
You know that, don't you?
I mean, this sort of thing happens
every day to millions of people.
You don't use actual names
in confession, do you? No.
Doris, may I
ask you something?
Sure.
Would you go to bed
with me again?
Oh, George, I can't.
Why not? 'Cause we'd just
feel worse afterwards.
Oh, no. I'm over that now.
I just remembered something.
What? The Russians have the bomb.
We could all be dead tomorrow.
George, I think you're clutching at straws.
Doris, don't you understand? No.
We're two grown-up people.
We have absolutely nothing to be ashamed or afraid of.
Oh, my God Oh, my God!
Oh, my God Oh, my God!
What are we gonna do?
What are we gonna do?
Uh- Coming!
My hat. My bag.
What?
My hat My bag!
Be right there.
Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Where are you going?
Okay.
- Don't go in the bathroom.
- Why not?
That's the first place they'd look.
Oh!
Oh, hello. Oh, good morning, Mr. Peters.
- I've got your breakfast. Did you have a good night?
- Yes. Fine, fine.
Uh, y-you know, I think I heard an owl out here.
I'm a C.P.A. When you work hard all year, it's great to get back to nature.
I really loved it.
That's right.
Well, thank you, Mr. Chalmers. You're welcome.
Have a nice day, now.
Thank you. You too.
- Enjoy the view.
- Yes, I will. I'll just wander around by myself.
Doris?
Doris?
Have you got a woman in there?
It's okay. It was old Mr. Chalmers with my breakfast.
I was very calm. He didn't suspect a thing. He didn't ask about the girdle.
- What?
- Girdle.
Oh, great!
Now he probably thinks I'm a homo. Oh, well.
What do you care? I stay here every year.
Oh, yeah? How come?
I have a friend who went into the wine business near here.
I fly out the same weekend every year to do his books. From New Jersey?
He was my first client. It's sort of a sentimental thing.
Oh, I see.
Uh, Doris, I'd like to tell you something. Okay.
You probably think I do this sort of thing all the time.
I know I must appear very smooth and glib and sexual.
But since I've been married, this is the very first time I've done this.
Ah, sure. Don't worry.
I could tell.
Listen, would you mind if I had a little of your breakfast?
Sure. I'm not hungry. Thank you.
Even when I was single, I was no good at quick, superficial affairs.
I always had to like the person.
- What do you mean, you could tell?
- In what way could you tell?
- What? Oh.
Uh, well, it was just little things, you know, like when you tried to take your pants off over your shoes... and t
- tripped and hit your head on the coffee table.
- Just little things
- like that.
- It's great to be totally honest
with another person, isn't it?
- It sure is.
- Doris, I haven't been totally
honest with you. You haven't?
- I told you I was a married man with two children.
- You're not?
- I'm a married man
with three children.
- I thought it would make me
seem less married.
- All right, I didn't think
it through, all right?
- There's been like a lead weight
inside me all morning.
- I mean, denying little Debbie like that!
- I was under a certain stress
or I wouldn't have done it.
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
- Y-You understand?
- Sure. We all do
- dopey things sometimes.
- Well...
- I really should be going.
- The nuns are gonna be wondering
what happened to me.
- Nuns?
- Did you say nuns?
- Yeah, somehow it just didn't seem
right to bring up last night,
but I was on my way
to retreat.
- Retreat?
- Yeah.
- See, it's right near here.
- I go every year at this time when
Harry takes the kids to Bakersfield.
- What's in Bakersfield?
- His mother.
- It's her birthday.
- Doesn't she mind that you
don't go? No, she hates me. 'Cause I got pregnant. Her son had something to do with that. Yeah, she blocks that out of her mind. See, he was in his first year of dental college... and he had to quit and take a job selling waterless cooking. So now every year on her birthday, I just go on retreat. To think about God? Well, him too, sure, but also about myself... 'cause, see, I got pregnant when I was just 18, so I've never really had any time to just think. You know, I mean, about, well, what I think about. Never mind. I don't know what I'm trying to say. Sometimes I think I'm crazy. Why? Oh. Well, okay, like, take my life. Now, we live in a two-bedroom duplex in downtown Oakland, and we have a 1948 Studebaker, a blond, three-piece dinette set, Motorola TV. We go bowling at least once a week. I mean, what more could anyone ask for? But sometimes... things get me down. Oh, I don't know. It's dumb. I don't think
it's dumb.
You don't?
No.
You know, I can really
talk to you.
It's just amazing.
I find myself saying things to you
that I didn't even know I thought.
I noticed that yesterday right
after we met in the restaurant.
We had instant rapport.
Did you notice that too?
No, but I know
we really hit it off.
See, Harry's not much
of a talker, you know.
How 'bout your wife? Do
you two get to talk a lot?
Uh- Uh, Doris,
it's only natural...
that we should be curious about
each other's husband and wife,
but-but rather than dwelling on
it and letting it spoil everything,
why- why don't we-
why don't we do this?
I'll tell you two stories
about my wife-
one showing the worst side of her,
the other showing the best side of her.
You do the same thing about your husband,
and then let's Forget it.
Okay.
I'll go First.
I'll start with the worst side. Okay.
Phyllis knows about us. Oh, you
said that before. How could she know?
She's got this thing in
her head! Like a plate?
A plate? Oh, my uncle has one of those.
He was wounded
in the war,
and they put this steel plate in his head.
Now he says he can always
tell when it's going to rain.
I'm in big trouble, Doris. Why?
Because I find everything you say absolutely fascinating.
Come on tell me about your wife's steel plate.
No, no, it's not a plate.
It's more like a bell. A bell.
I could be a million miles away. If I look at another woman, it goes off like an alarm.
Oh, I see.
I just know that last night at exactly

1:
with her head going ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!
How do you know

it was 1:
Because I have peripheral vision,
and I noticed my watch said 4:47.
Oh.
Well, okay, now, tell me, um, something nice about her.
Well... she made me believe in myself.
It's probably hard for you to imagine this, but there was a time I was very insecure.
How did she do that - make you believe in yourself?
She married me.
Oh. Yes, well, that was very nice of her.
Oh, no, no, no. I meant bolstering you up and all, you know?
Okay, your turn.
Tell me the worst story first.
Okay. Um-
Ooh, this is hard.
To pick one?
No, to think of one.
See, Harry's the salt of the earth. Everybody says so.
Look, you owe me at least one rotten story.
Oh, okay.
Uh-
Well, I don't know. This isn't really rotten, but
- Okay?
All right.
Now, this was on
our fourth anniversary.
We decided that we'd have some
people over to help celebrate.
So Harry doesn't
usually drink,
but that night
he had three beers.
It was after
the Gillette fights.
Well, I just overheard him
talking to some of the guys,
and he said that his-
his time in the army were
the best years of his life.
What's wrong with that? A lot of
guys feel that way about the service.
Harry was in the army
for four years,
and three of'em were spent
in a Japanese prison camp!
Okay. Now do you want to hear the
story about the good side of him?
Not particularly. Aw, come on. You have to.
I don't want you to get the wrong
impression of him. Okay, if you insist.
I do. Okay.
Harry's this, like, big,
heavyset kind of guy, you know-
I really wish you hadn't told me that. Why?
Oh no, don't worry.
He's gentle as a puppy.
Anyway, uh, last year
he got this great idea...
that he'd take Tony out
to fly a kite.
See, Tony's
our four-year-old.
And so they went out to the park to
fly a kite, but there wasn't any wind.
So it's about an hour later, and I
was on my way home from the laundromat.
I passed by...
and I see Tony
sound asleep in the car.
I look out in the park.
There's Harry all alone
in the park,
all red in the face
and out of breath,
and he's just pounding
up and down...
with this huge kite dragging
on the ground behind him.
Oh, I don't know.
It just really got to me.
Yeah, I know.
Helen has some nice
qualities too. Who's Helen?
My wife.
You said her name
was Phyllis.
I know. I lied.
Phyllis Helen! What's the
difference? I'm married!
Look, I was nervous. I was afraid
you'd try to look me up or something.
I didn't want to
leave any clues.
Is your name really George?
Well, of course it is.
You think I'd lie
about my own name?
Yes.
That would be crazy!
Well, you're
pretty crazy.
It's funny, isn't it?
Here we are in a hotel room,
gazing into each other's eyes.
We're both married, and we
have six kids between us.
Do you have
any pictures?
What?
Pictures of your kids.
Yeah, but I don't think
this is the time or place.
Come on, come on. If you show
me yours, I'll show you mine.
I keep mine in this little
folder we got free from Kodak.
Where's yours? You have
to take the whole wallet.
Ahh!
Ohh.
Is that the oldest one with
the glasses and baggy tights?
Yeah, that's Michael.
Funny-looking kid, isn't he?
No. What does he
wanna be, Superman?
No, Peter Pan.
I'm kinda worried
about him.
Why is this one's face
all scrunched up?
That's Paul. That was
taken on a roller coaster.
Isn't it
natural looking?
Right after that
he threw up.
Yeah, he's really, um-
I guess he- I guess
he takes after Harry.
No, both of us, really.
What's your little girl's name? Debbie.
That was on her second birthday. We were
trying to get her to blow out the candles.
She's got her hand in the cake.
Neat is not her strong suit.
Ohh.
You have great-looking kids, George.
Thank you.
So do you.
Thank you.
Okay, but this
is the last time.
Hello!
The seasons
have come and gone!
And the world
goes tumbling on!
Look what's happened
since I last saw your smile!
Hello!
Love's invited us
back here!
The same as she did
last year!
To come and spend!
A while!
And the last time I Felt
like this! The very last time!
I was Falling in love!
I was Falling!
Falling and Feeling!
I'd never
Fall in love again!
Yes, the last time I Felt
like this! The very last time!
Was long before I knew!
What I'm Feeling!
What I'm Feeling now
with you!
Be sure and tell me
before you come out.
Right now.
Wait a minute. Not yet.
I'm getting bored.
Okay, come on out.
IF I knew you were coming
I'd have baked a cake!
Baked a cake
Baked a cake!
If I knew you were coming
I'd have baked a cake!
How d'you do How d'you do How d'you do!
That's wonderful.
Happy anniversary,
darling.
Blow out the candles and
make a wish. All right.
What'd you wish?
I only have one wish.
What? That you keep on
showing up here every year.
What? You hate my hair, dont you?
I told you, I love your hair. Really?
I don't know. Next time I'm going
to go into the city to get it done.
How are the suburbs?
Oh, muddy, mostly.
Right now everyone's
very excited.
Next week they're gonna
connect the sewers.
It's not exactly the life of Scott
and Zelda, but we're surviving.
Uh, let's go over there.
Scott and Zelda, huh?
You started reading.
Oh, you don't know
the half of it.
I've joined the Book of the
Month Club. Good for you!
Sometimes I even take
the alternate selections.
Thank you.
Good evening,
Mr. Peters, ma'am.
Hello, Mr. Chalmers.
Nice to see you again.
Good to be back.
Well, how 'bout you?
Are you still in New Jersey?
No. We moved to Connecticut. Really?
We bought a barn and converted
it. Oh, what's it like?
Drafty.
Helen's got
the decorating bug now.
I have this mental picture
of her at my funeral,
as they're closing the lid to my coffin, throwing in two fabric swatches...
and yelling out,
"Which one do you like?"
That's the bad story about her. What else is new?
Oh, how's Michael?
Crazy as ever.
He had this homework assignment to write about what he did on his summer vacation.
Trouble was, he wrote what he actually did. What?
Tried to get laid.
He wrote in great comic detail about his unfortunate tendency...
to get an erection on all forms of public transportation.
The school almost suspended him.
You're crazy about him, aren't you?
He's a very weird kid, Doris.
You know what? I think that one really gets to you.
Come on, now.
Admit it.
All right, I admit it.
He's a nice kid.
There.
Was that so hard?
Mmm.
What was that for?
For everything.
For this.
For one beautiful weekend every year with no cares, no ties, no responsibilities.
Thank you, Doris.
Doris.
Gee, and I just got all dressed up.
Mmm.
Oh, somebody has
a rotten sense of timing.
Damn.
Hello?
Yes, this is Daddy!
Is there anything wrong?
Funny?
That's probably because
Daddy was just, uh, uh-
I have a frog
in my throat, sweetheart.
Uh... wh-
Oh, it came out, huh?
Ohh. Well, of course
the tooth fairy will come.
Well, tonight,
of course.
Well, sweetheart, I wish
Daddy could find it for you,
but I'm, uh...
I'm working.
Honey, does Mommy
know you called?
Oh, I'll try. Yes, I
love you too, sweetheart.
Yes, I do!
Very much Ye-
Okay.
Okay, bye.
Oh, God,
I feel so guilty!
Was that Debbie?
Her tooth came out,
and she can't find it,
and she's afraid the
tooth fairy won't know.
Oh, God, that thin, reedy little
voice! You know what that does to me?
Sure, that cheerful look on your
face doesn't fool me for a minute.
You think this is funny?
Doris, my little girl, said,
"I love you, Daddy,"
and I answered her in a voice
still hoarse with passion.
I get the picture, George.
Dont you ever
feel guilty?
Sometimes. Well, you never say anything.
Well, I just handle it
in a different way. How?
Privately.
Boy, something like this
really brings you up short.
I mean, look at this.
Look at me. Look.
I tell you, Doris, when she started
talking about the tooth fairy,
that affected me
in a very profound manner.
On top of which, I have
indigestion you won't believe.
It hit me that hard,
you know?
I have three children too,
you know, George?
What do you
want me to do?
It would be terrific if you
stopped talking about it.
It is only making you feel
worse. I can't feel worse!
That pure little voice
- No, you're right. Oh!
No, forget it.
Change the subject.
So t-tell me about the
good story about Harry.
He went bankrupt.
How can you go bankrupt
selling TV sets?
Harry has one little failing
as a salesman.
It's a compulsion to talk people out
of things that they can't really afford.
He kind of lacks
the killer instinct.
Actually, it's one of the things
about him that I like best.
Oh, listen. Something
just occurred to me.
Instead of my leaving at my usual time,
would you mind if I left a little earlier?
When did you have in mind?
There's a plane in half an hour.
You want to leave
23 hours early?
There's a connecting flight
from San Francisco in 90 minutes.
I know how you feel.
Really, I do.
I wouldn't suggest it if you weren't
a mother and didn't understand.
It wouldn't even occur to me
if-if this crisis hadn't come up.
I don't mean
Just the tooth Fairy.
She could have swallowed
the tooth.
It could be lodged
God knows where.
Uh... have you seen
my hairbrush?
Doris, I'm probably
doing you a big Favor.
If I did stay, I probably wouldn't be very
good company. I'm thinking of you too.
With the way I'm Feeling-
You probably understand.
You feel somewhat
rejected, right?
I understand.
Really, I do.
I just want you to know that my leaving
has nothing to do with you and me.
This is an emergency! I
have a sick child at home!
Will you stop?
This has nothing to do with
the goddamn tooth Fairy!
You are simply
feeling guilty,
and you wanna get
as far from me as possible.
All right!
I feel guilty, yes!
Is that so strange?
Doris, we're cheating.
Once a year
we lie to our families...
and sneak off to a hotel
in California...
and commit adultery!
Not that I want to
stop doing it.
But yes, I feel guilty.
I admit it.
You admit it?
You take out ads.
I'll bet you stop strangers
on the street!
You probably have
a scarlet "A" embroidered...
on your jockey shorts.
You go around
like an open nerve saying,
"Yes, I'm cheating,
but look how guilty I feel,
so I must really be
a nice guy."
Then
- Then to top it all, you have the incredible arrogance...
of thinking you're the only person
in the world with a conscience.
Well, that doesn't make you
a nice guy, George!
You know what that
makes you? A horse's ass!
I liked you a lot better before you
joined the Book of the Month Club.
Yes, I'll just bet
you did.
- Look, can we discuss this in the car?
- The car?
I really hate to ask you, Doris,
but I need a lift to the airport.
Cheer up, Doris. It's not the end of the world. I'm not leaving you permanently.
I'll see you next year.
No, I don't think you will.
Just because I have to leave early one year,
you're willing to throw away a lifetime of weekends?
How can you be so casual?
I don't see any point in going on. Don't do that to me.
Don't try to manipulate me.
I get enough of that at home.
What's the sense of meeting in guilt and remorse, huh? What joy is there in that?
Look, I have a commitment there. And you have none here?
Here? I thought our only commitment here was to show up every year.
Nice and tidy, huh?
Just two friendly sex partners that meet every year and touch and let go.
Is that it? So maybe I was kidding myself.
- I'm human.
- So am I.
But you're different.
You're stronger.
Y-You seem able to take care of yourself.
Listen, I'm gonna tell you something.
In the past year, I've picked up the phone to call you 10 times.
I couldn't stop thinking about you.
You kept slipping over into my real life, and it scared the hell out of me.
More to the point, I felt guilty.
So I decided that we shouldn't see each other anymore.
I wasn't even going to come, but I
thought at least I owed you an explanation, so I came. When you walked through the door, I knew I couldn't go through with it, that no matter what the price, I was willing to pay it. You better get on your plane. I love you, Doris. I'm an idiot. I suspect I'm deeply neurotic and I'm no bargain, but I do love you. Will you let me stay? Oh, the last time I Felt like this! I was Falling in love! Falling and Feeling! I'd never Fall in love again! Yes, the last time I Felt like this! Was long before I knew! What I'm Feeling now! With you! What I'm Feeling now! With! You! No, of course I haven 't left Helen. I'm on a business trip. I come up here every year. I am not running away From the problem. Of course I know it's serious. I still don't think that's any reason to call me long distance and try- Yes, I saw a doctor. He said- He said it's no big deal. He said every man has this problem at one time or another and-
Look, if we have to discuss this, you might as well learn to pronounce it correctly.
It's impotence, not im-po-tence.
It is not something you have to nip in the bud!
Yes, of course I'm gonna try to do something about it.
Would you let me handle this in my own way? Would you pl- May I-
I'm gonna be fine, all right?
I'm gonna
- I'm gonna be okay. I can feel it. I know it.
I'm seeing someone out here who's an expert.
I'm gonna hang up now!
Good-bye, Mother!
Hello, Mr. Chalmers.
Afternoon, ma'am.
George?
Be right out, darling.
How are you, lover?
Guess what.
Oh, my God!
What did you do to yourself?
Well, I can't take all the credit.
It was sort of a mutual effort.
George, when you haven't seen an old Friend in a whole year, isn't it customary to give 'em a kiss hello? What?
A kiss?
Kiss?
Oh, yeah. Oh, sorry.
Oh. Ohh.
You okay, pal?
Oh, I 'm fine.
I'm fine. I'm just a little surprised. You're surprised.
I insisted upon visiting
the dead rabbit's grave.
George, how come you're wearing your robe and pajamas in the afternoon?
I'm rehearsing a Noel Coward play.
Is there something on your mind?
Uh, no, not anymore.
No.
You must be eight months pregnant.
Exactly.
Oh, come on!
It's not all that tragic.
We can find some other way to communicate. Great. Great.
You got any ideas?
Is there something else bothering you?
No. Mm-mmm. No.
Well, you know, every year it is always a little awkward...
when we first meet.
We manage to take care of that with a lot of heavy breathing between the sheets.
Uh, Doris, uh-if we're not gonna do it, do you mind if we don't talk about it?
No, I just meant maybe we need something else to help break the ice.
Well, I'm wide open to suggestions. Okay.
How 'bout this?
How about if, uh, if I tell you some deep, dark secret about myself...
that I've never told anyone before, and then you tell me some secret about yourself.
- I've had enough surprises.
- You're gonna like this one.
I've been having sex dreams about you.
Oh, yeah?
Almost every night too.
What kind of sex dreams?
That's what's so strange.
They're always the same.
I mean, we're making love,
but it's always underwater.
It's in caves, grottos,
swimming pools,
but always underwater.
Isn't that weird?
I think it probably has something
to do with my being pregnant.
Always underwater, huh?
Come on.
You tell me some deep,
dark secret about yourself.
I can't swim.
I'll start with
the good story about her.
You've never done that
before. You must be mellowing.
Doris, do you mind?
No, I don't mind.
We went to London,
and as we were checking
into the hotel,
there was a man in a formal
coat and striped pants...
standing at the front entrance of the hotel.
Helen handed him her suitcase
and breezed into the lobby.
The man followed her in and politely explained
that not only didn't he work at the hotel,
but that he was
the Danish ambassador.
And without batting an eye, Helen said,
"Well, that's marvelous! You can tell
us the good places to eat in Copenhagen."
And he did!
The point is,
it doesn't bother her at all...
if she makes
a total ass of herself.
I really admire that.
And what is it
that you don't admire?
It's that damn
sense of humor of hers.
Good. These are always
the stories I like best.
We'd been to a party,
and we'd had
a few drinks.
So we went to bed
and we started making love,
and nothing happened.
I mean, for me.
I mean, I couldn't-
Well, you get the picture.
Yeah. It was no big deal.
I mean,
we laughed about it.
Then about a half hour later,
just as I was going to sleep,
Helen turned to me
and said, "It's funny.
When I married a C.P.A., I always thought
it would be his eyes that would go first."
Well... she was just trying
to make you feel better.
Well, it didn't.
Some things aren't funny.
What I'm trying to say is the thing
that bugs me the most about Helen...
is that she broke
my pecker.
- You're impotent.
- Slightly.
That's five people
who know.
You, me, Helen and her mother.
Who's the fifth?
Chet Huntley. I'm sure her mother has
given him the bulletin for the 6:00 news.
Honey, when did this happen? Happen?
Doris, we're not talking
about a throughway accident.
You don't wake up one morning and say, "Shoot,
the family jewels have gone on the blink."
It's a gradual thing.
And how's Helen
reacting to it?
We haven't
discussed it much.
I got the impression she regards it as
a lapse in one's social responsibility.
Rather like letting your partner down
in tennis by not holding your serve.
I'll be all right.
The patient's not dead,
just resting.
Doris, that statement hardly
calls for congratulations.
No, I need help
getting up.
Is there anything I can say that
would make you feel any better?
You can say anything you want
except, "It's all in your head."
I'm no doctor, but I have
a great sense of direction.
What shall we talk about?
Anything but sex.
How do you feel
being pregnant?
Oh, catatonic,
incrédulous,
angry,
pragmatic and...
finally maternal.
Pretty much in that order.
Your vocabulary is improving.
Oh, you don't know.
You happen to be speaking
to a high school graduate.
No kidding. How come?
I was confined to my bed for the
first three months of my pregnancy,
so it shouldn't be a total loss,
I took a correspondence course.
You're really something,
you know that?
- There's kind of an ironic twist to all this.
- What?
I didn't graduate from high school
the first time because I got pregnant.
Now I did graduate from high
school because I got pregnant.
I don't know. That kind of
appeals to my sense of order.
Harry still selling
real estate?
No. Insurance.
He likes it, though.
Gives him a chance to look up
all his old army buddies.
Are you comfortable
in that position?
When you're in my condition, you're
not comfortable in any position.
Come on.
Sit over here.
Oh, that's good.
Now, tell me,
how are the kids?
They're fine. Michael just got
a job with the Associated Press.
Really? Oh, that's
terrific! Isn't that great?
Gee, I feel so proud of him.
What?
George, why are you
looking at me like that?
No reason.
I ju- It's too-
I was won- uh-
Fir-First I was try-
Nothing Forget it. It's all right.
Just, uh, tell me the
- tell me the other story about Harry.
You know.
George, what is it?
You're still doing it.
It's obscene!
What is?
When I touched you just now,
I started to get excited.
What kind of a pervert am I?
Staring at a 200-pound pregnant woman, and I'm getting hot.
Well, I'll tell you something.
That is about the nicest thing anybody's said to me in months.
It's not funny, Doris.
I really got to ya,
huh, fella?
Uh, would you excuse me?
That's incredible! Are you as good as I think you are?
How good do you think I am? Sensational.
I'm not as good as you think I am.
But that piano's been sitting here for 10 years, and you've hardly touched it.
Why tonight?
It beats a cold shower.
You mean, you play to relieve sexual tension?
You don't even get this good without a lot of practice.
You're gonna be exhausted. That's the idea.
I've got a better idea.
Come on.
Doris - Come on. It's all right. It'll be okay.
But-
But you can't-
Well, I know that.
Well, then how-
Well, we can work something out, can't we?
Oh.
What- What is it?
Aah For God's sake, what is it?
Doris, what the hell is the matter?
If memory serves me correctly, I just had a labor pain.
You can't have. It must be
indigestion. No. There's a difference.
Indigestion doesn't
make your eyes bug out.
You can't be in labor.
When- When's the baby due?
Not for another month, but-
Oh! Oh, my God! What have I done?
What have you done? I brought
this on with my selfishness.
Oh, don't be ridiculous. You
had nothing to do with it.
Doris, don't treat me like a child.
Will you stop getting excited?
Excited? I thought I had
problems with my sex life before.
Can you imagine what this is gonna
do to it? Just- Will you just-
Ohh. Oh,
I think I'd better lie down.
What kind of a man am I? What kind
of a man would do a thing like this?
May I say something? Doris, I
appreciate what you're trying to do,
but nothing you can say
would make me feel any better.
I'm not trying to make you feel
any better. I'm gonna have a baby.
I know that.
No. I mean now.
I have a history
of short labor.
Oh, no no, no, no!
No, no, no, no!
Oh, no no!
How do you feel?
Like I'm gonna
have a baby.
-Maybe it's a false alarm. It's a false alarm. That's all.
-No. No.
No. Now, just get a hold of yourself,
honey, and get on the phone...
and find out
where the nearest hospital is.
Hospital?
You wanna go to a hospital?
George,
like it or not,
I am going
to have a baby!
But we're not married.
That's going to look odd.
Will you get
on the phone, please,
and find out
where the hospital is!
- Well, where are you going?
- To the bathroom!
Why?
It's hard to explain.
Hello. Mr. Chalmers,
this is George.
Uh, where's
the nearest hospital?
Uh, well, it's- it's my wife.
Something unexpected came up.
She got pregnant, and now
she's gonna have the baby.
That far?
All right. Look. Get him on
the phone right away, will ya?
Doris, are you
all right?
Doris? Doris,
answer me!
I'm busy!
Oh, Jesus!
Hello? Yes, yes!
Uh, hello. Uh... hello.
Um, I'm here at the Sea Shadows
Inn just outside of Mendocino.
I was in my room before, and I heard
this groaning from the next room.
And, um, well,
I knock on the door,
and I found this lady- who I've
never seen before in my life-
uh, in labor.
Do you have to know that?
George Peters. So
- George Peters. Peters.
I don't know. I didn't time them.
Three or four minutes apart, I guess.
I don't know.
All right.
Uh- Uh, hold on.
Doris? Doris,
who's your doctor?
Joseph Harrington.
Uh, Joseph Harrington.
In Oakland.
In, uh- in Oakland.
534-0711.
534-0711.
Um- Yes, uh, I-I have a car. I'd
be glad to take her over there.
Sure. Uh, could you
- could you just answer one question?
Would
- Would erotic contact in the last stages of pregnancy...
bring on premature-
No reason. Just
interested. Just, you know-
Okay. I'll get her right
over there. Okay. Bye.
All right. It's okay. They're gonna call your
doctor, and he's gonna meet us at the hospital.
We're not gonna make it to the
hospital. My water just broke.
Oh, my God! We're gonna have
to find a doctor in the area.
Oh, my- Ohh, my God.
You look awful!
What if we can't find one?
You're not gonna faint, are you?
Doris, I'm not a cabdriver! I
don't know how to deliver babies!
George, this is no time to start
acting like Butterfly McQueen.
- Now, you just get on the phone
and find a doctor.
Ohh.
Hello. Uh, Mr. Chalmers,
where's the nearest doctor?
Well, get
- Look. Get him on the phone for me, will you?
This is an emergency.
It's all right. It's okay. Hold
on. Hold on. It's okay, baby. No no!
This will teach you to fool around with a
married woman! Shh what's the matter with you?
Get that down! Get down Get
down! Put that down!
Calm down. Relax. Just
keep that down. Hel-
What do you mean,
his answering service?

W:
- No, no. Wait. Wait a second. You don't understand.
This is an emergency. She's
in the last stages of labor!
Well, get in your car and drive
down to the goddamn pier and get him!
Just get him!
It's okay. It's all right.
Relax.
He's- The doctor's on his boat,
but he's just down- down the road,
and, uh- and, uh- Chalmers is
gonna drive down there in his-
God- in his car
and get him.
He'll be right here.
What?
What? What? What? What?
I feel the baby!
No!
George, I'm scared.
Honey, do something.
- I'll be right back.
- George, don't leave me.
- I'm right here, baby. I'm right here.
- George!
What are those for?
We're gonna have a baby.
- "We"?
- Yeah, but I'm gonna need your help.
Give me your hand.
Look into my eyes.
You're gonna be fine.
There's nothing to worry
about. We're together. Okay.
You think I play the piano well? Yeah.
Wait till you see
the way I deliver babies.
Hey, man.
What do ya say?
Mmm. So... wanna fuck?
What? You didn't understand the question?
Of course I did. I just think it's a
damned odd way to start a conversation.
Oh. Gee, I thought it was
a great little icebreaker.
Arent you horny
after your long flight?
I didn't fly. I drove. From Connecticut?
No. From Los Angeles. We moved to
Beverly Hills about six months ago.
Ohh. How come?
A number of reasons. I got tired
of standing knee-deep in the snow...
trying to scrape the ice off my
windshield with a credit card.
Besides, there are people here with a lot
of money who don't know what to do with it.
And you tell 'em? I'm what
they call a business manager.
- How's it goin'?
- Can't complain. Why?
You look kind
of shitty.
Is everything
all right?
When did you start dressing like an indian?
You look like a refugee from the Sunset Strip.
Oh, no. I've gone
back to school- Berkeley.
Why?
Why?
You mean, what do I want
to be when I grow up?
Well, you have to admit it's a bit
odd becoming a schoolgirl at your age.
Hey, listen. You think it's easy being
the only one in your class with clear skin?
What made you do it? Actually, it was
a dinner party that made me decide.
Harry's boss invited us over for
dinner, and I just freaked. Why?
Well, I'd spent so much time at home
with the kids that I really wasnt sure...
I was capable of carrying on an intelligent
conversation with anyone over the age of five.
So, anyway, we went, and I got
seated right next to the boss.
But, you know, I surprised myself.
I mean, he talked and I talked.
It was just like
a regular conversation.
I thought everything
was cool,
till I noticed that he was looking
at me in kind of a weird way.
I looked down at his plate and discovered
that all the time we had been talking,
I'd been cutting up his meat for him.
That's when I decided that
I'd better get out of the house.
Yeah, but why school?
Oh, I don't know.
I felt restless and undirected, and I
thought school would give me some answers.
What sort of answers? You
know, like where it's really at.
Jesus.
What?
That expression.
Okay. I wanted to find
out who the hell I am.
You don't get answers
like that from the classroom.
Well, I'm not in
a classroom all the time.
I'll tell ya, the protests
and demonstrations... are a learning experience in themselves. Protests against what? The war. Didn't you hear about it? It was in all the papers. Demonstrations aren't gonna stop the war. Oh, really? Have you got a better idea? Look, I didn't drive all the way up here to discuss politics. Well, so far you've turned down sex and politics. Would you like to try religion? I think I'll try a Librium. Jesus. Ohh. Honey, why are you so uptight? That's another expression I hate. "Uptight"? There's no such word. You remind me of my mother. When I was nine, I asked her what "fuck" meant. You know what she said? "There's no such word." And now you know there is, you feel compelled to use it in every other sentence? What is bugging you? "Bugging" me? I'll tell you what's bugging me. The blacks are burning down the cities. There's a Harvard professor telling my kids the only way to happiness... is to become doped-up zombies. And I have a teenage son with hair so long that from the back, he looks exactly like Yvonne De Carlo. You know that's a sign of age, don't you? What is?
When you start worrying about the declining morality of the young. Yes, there is nothing you can do about it. We can start setting some examples. As I recall, when you were a little younger, you were not exactly a monk about that sort of thing. That was different. Our relationship is not based on a casual one-night stand. No. It's been 15 one-night stands. It's not the same. We shared things. My God. I helped deliver your child. Remember? Remember? I consider that our finest hour.

- How is she?
- Georgette? Ooh, she's very healthy, very noisy and very spoiled. Don't you feel guilty leaving her alone when you go to school? No. Harry's home a lot. How does Harry feel about all this? Oh. When I told him I wanted to go back to school to get some identity, he said to me, "You want identity, go build a bridge, invent penicillin. Just get off my back." I always said Harry had a good head on his shoulders. That was supposed to be the bad story about him. How's Helen? Helen's fine, just fine. Hmm. Why don't you tell me a story that
shows how really rotten she can be?
That's not like you.
I know, but it seems like we need
something to bring us together.
I thought a really lousy story about
Helen would make you appreciate me more.
Okay. As you know, she has
this funny sense of humor.
By funny, I take it you
mean peculiar. Right.
And it comes out
at the most inappropriate times.
I had just signed this client
- very proper, very old money.
Helen and I were invited to his house
for cocktails with him and his wife.
Well,
it was all pretty awkward,
but we managed to get
through the drinks all right.
Then, as we were leaving, instead
of walking out the front door,
I walked
into the hall closet.
Well, that wasn't so bad.
Anybody could've done that.
My mistake was
I stayed in there.
You stayed in the closet?
I wasn't sure anybody
had seen me go in. Aha.
I guess I figured I'd stay in
there until they'd all gone away.
All right. Maybe
I didn't think things through.
I was there a minute before I realized
I had probably misjudged the situation.
And then when I came out, the three
of them were just staring at me.
Well, it was pretty awkward, but I probably
could've carried it off except for Helen.
- You know what she did?
- What?
She peed on the carpet.
She did what?
Well, not right away.
First,
she started to laugh.
Her face was all screwed up.
She was holding her sides.
Tears were streaming down her cheeks.
And then she peed all over the carpet.
What did you say?
I said, "You'll have to excuse my wife.
Ever since her last pregnancy,
she's had a problem."
Then I offered
to have the rug cleaned.
- Did that help?
- No. They said they had a maid, and it wouldn't be necessary.
You think this is funny?
Listen.
I've been meaning to tell you this for a long time.
I just love Helen.
Would she come off any worse if I told you I lost the account?
Oh, George, when did you get so stuffy?
Stuffy?
Yeah.
Am I stuffy because I don't like my wife to urinate on my client's carpet?
Well, I didn't mean just that, honey, but-
Well, look at you. You just scream establishment.
I am not a faddist.
- What do you mean? - I mean I have no desire to be those middle-aged idiots...
who walk around in bell-bottomed trousers and Prince Valiant haircuts...
saying "ciao."
Well, I wasn't just talking about fashion. I was talking about your attitudes.
My attitudes are the same as they always were. I haven't changed at all.
Oh, yes, you have. You used to be kind of, well, crazy and insecure...
and a terrible liar,
but awfully human.
Now you
- I don't know. You just seem so sure of yourself.
- That's the last thing I am.
- Oh, yeah?
I picked up one of Helen's magazines the other day, and there was this article...
telling women what sort of orgasms they should have.
It was called "The Big 'O."
You know what really got me about that?
This was a magazine my mother used to buy for its fruitcake recipes.
Well, the times, in fact, are a-changing, darling.
Too fast.
I don't know. Twenty, thirty years ago, we had standards.
Maybe they were black and white, but at least they were standards.
Now-
It's so confusing.
Well-
That's at least a step in the right direction.
When did I suddenly become so appealing?
When you went from pompous to confused.
All right.
Now, tell me, sir.
What's your pleasure?
A walk by the ocean...
or a good book...
or...
me?
You. Oh, I thought you'd never ask.
What?
Doris, you're not wearing a bra.
George,
you're so 40s.
I'm a very
old-fashioned man.
Next, you'll be telling
me you voted for Goldwater.
I did.
You're putting me on.
No. Of course not.
What are you doing?
If you think I'm going to bed with any
son of a bitch who voted for Goldwater,
you're crazy.
Doris, don't do this to me. Not now.
How could you vote for
a man like that? Yuck!
Can we discuss this later?
No. We'll discuss it right now.
- Why did you vote for him?
- Because I have a son who wants to be a rock musician.
What kind of reason is that? The best
one I can come up with in my condition.
I'm sorry, George, you're gonna have
to do a whole lot better than that.
All right. He wanted to end the war,
okay? Sure, by destroying the country.
He never said that. That's the trouble
with you people. You never listen.
It's a civil war. We have no right
being there in the first place.
Oh, I'm so sick
of hearing that liberal crap.
We have the bomb. Why don't
we use it? Are you serious?
You're damned right I am. Wipe the
sons of bitches off the face of the earth.
Oh, my God! I don't know anything about you!
- What kind of man are you?
- Right now, a very frustrated one.
All this time, I thought I was
going to bed with a liberal Democrat.
Wait a minute. You told
me you worked for Stevenson.
That was years ago. So what
happened? What changed you?
I grew up. Oh, yeah? Well, as far as I'm concerned, you didn't turn out too hot.
Let's just forget it, huh?
Oh, I'm not gonna forget it!
I mean, being stuffy and old-fashioned is one thing, but being a fascist is another. I am not a fascist! Well, you're advocating mass murder!
Let's just drop it. No, I'm not - I'm not going to drop it.
You stand for everything that I'm against.
Maybe you're against the wrong things.
But you used to believe as I do.
Now, what happened?
I changed!
But why? Because Michael was killed!
How?
He was helping a wounded man onto a Red Cross helicopter, and a sniper killed him.
When?
We got word during a Fourth of July party.
Helen went completely to pieces.
I thought I was in shock and that I'd feel it later, you know?
I never did.
I've never shed a tear.
All I've ever been able to feel is blind anger.
I never shed a tear.
Isn't that something?
He was my son.
I love him.
And for the life of me... I can't seem to cry for him.
Oh.
Doris, I'm sorry.
No.
About-
About everything.
I've been a bit
on edge lately.
Just seems
to be one damn-
Dreams make promises!
They can't keep!
They can swindle you!
While you sleep!
And the morning
Finds you!
Wondering why!
It seems!
When we're young
in dreams we trust!
Maybe growing up
is just!
Kissing certain dreams!
Good-bye!
You know, it's amazing how good
it can be after 21 years, isn't it?
Well, if you add up all the times
we actually made it together,
we're still
on our honeymoon.
Did I tell you I'm a grandmother? No.
But I think you picked a
weird time to announce it.
Congratulations.
Thank you.
Anyway, you're the youngest-looking
grandmother I've had a peak experience with.
Well, my mother thanks you.
My father thanks you.
My hairdresser thanks you. And
my plastic surgeon thanks you.
When Harry says, "You're not the girl I
married," he doesn't know how right he is.
Didn't Harry like your old nose?
Harry thinks this is my old nose.
He never noticed? No. Isn't that pathetic?
I mean, a new dress or something, I
could understand, but a whole nose?
Well, to be totally honest, I don't see any difference either. Well, I don't care. It's sure different from my side. Makes me feel more attractive. Anyway, that's this year's bad story about Harry. Have you got one about Helen? Well, there was this loud party next door. Helen couldn't sleep. And, uh, she didn't wanna take a sleeping pill... because she had to get up at 6:

So she took a couple of pills and stuffed them in her ears. What? During the night, the pills melted. Then the next day, while the doctor was digging the stuff out of her ears, he said, "You know, these can be taken orally." Helen just laughed. She didn't care. I'll tell you something. If that's the worst story you can tell about your wife, you must be a very happy man. Well, let's just say I've discovered the potential for happiness. Yes, Liz? No, honey. It's 60 guests, not 16. There's no problem. We've catered parties for her lots of times. It-I know, but she puts little tables around her swimming pool, and then there's room on the patio for the buffet.
Right.
It's a brunch.
Right. That's okay.
Sure.
Uh, Liz,
did Harry call?
Okay. You know
where to reach me, huh?
I'm sorry. It was a busy weekend,
and I had to leave a number.
Does Harry know you're here? No.
Harry still thinks I go on retreat.
Don't worry.
I'm not worried. Yeah?
Then why are you frowning?
I'm getting bad vibes again.
Again?
Yeah. When you first walked in, I
picked up on your high tension level.
Then after we made love, I sensed
a certain anxiety reduction,
but, uh, now I'm getting
definite negative feedback.
When did you go
into analysis?
- How did you know I was in analysis?
- Just a wild guess.
What made you start?
My value system changed. One day,
I took a look at my $150,000 house...
and the three cars in the garage and
the swimming pool and the gardeners,
and I asked myself, "Why?"
I mean, did I really
want the whole status trip?
So I decided to try to find out
what I did want and who I was.
So you went from analysis
to Esalen to Gestalt...
to encounter groups to
transactional to nirvana, huh?
Just because some people are trying
to widen their emotional horizons...
doesn't make the experience
any less valid.
I've learned a lot.
So I've noticed.
For one thing, you've learned to talk as though you're reasoning with somebody...
about to jump
from a high ledge.
Okay, okay. I know sometimes I tend to overcompensate for my emotionalism.
Occasionally, there's a loss of spontaneity. I'm working on that.
Well, I'm glad to hear it.
What else have you learned?
That behind the walls
I've built around myself,
I'm a warm, caring,
loving human being.
Well, I could've
told you that 20 years ago.
Tell me. How's Helen reacting
to your voyage of self-discovery?
Well, at first, she tended to overreact. Oh, yeah? In what way?
She threw a grapefruit
at me in the supermarket.
Listen. It's only natural that there'd be some interpersonal conflicts to work through,
but now it's cool.
- Helen's into pottery.
- Oh. And what are you doing for a living?
We live very simply, Doris.
We don't need much. What bread we do need,
I can provide by simple, honest labor.
Like what? I play cocktail piano
in a singles bar in the Valley.
Yes, Liz?
No. No. Tell 'em that's our final offer.
Oh, that's a lot of bull. I know it's a good piece of property,
but he needs us more than we need him.
Well, if he doesn't like it, tell him to shove it. And don't worry. He won't.
Okay, hon. Thanks.
Anything else?
All right. Well,
I'll be at this number.
Okay.
I'm buying another store.
Why?
- Money.
- Is that why you went into business? To make money?
No. I wanted power too. I take
it you are for womens liberation?
- Hey, I'm for any kind
of liberation. - That's a cop-out.
Women have always been exploited
by men, and you know it.
Doris, we've all been shafted,
and by the same things.
Look. Let me lay this on
you. I go to a woman doctor.
Oh, yeah? First time she
gave me a rectal examination,
she said, "Am I hurting
you or are you tense?"
I said, "I'm tense." She said,
"Are you tense because I'm a woman?"
I said, "No. I get tense
when anybody does that to me."
See what I mean? Well,
I don't know about that,
but I do know in this country,
nobody takes a woman seriously...
until she has enough money
to back up her mouth.
Hey, I think
it's great to have a hobby.
A hobby?
We grossed a half million the first year.
Doris, don't misunderstand me. If thats
what you want, I'm very happy for you.
I'm just not
into the money thing anymore.
Do you ever get the feeling
we're drifting apart?
No. In many ways, I've
never felt closer to you.
I don't know. Somehow it seems
to me our lives are out of sync.
Look. We all realize our potential
in different ways at different times.
The important thing is, does what you
do give you a sense of fulfillment?
Well, I'm working on it. And
you have everything you want?
With one minor exception.
Somewhere along the way, I
seem to have lost my husband.
- Lost him?
- Well, I don't know if I lost him...
or I simply misplaced him.
He left home four days ago, and
I haven't heard from him since.
How do you feel about that?
George, do me a favor.
Stop talking as though you're leading a human
potential group. It really pisses me off.
That's cool.
What's cool?
For you to transfer your feelings
of hostility and aggression from Harry to me.
As long as you know that's
what you're doing. You know something?
You're really beginning
to get on my nerves.
That's cool too.
Jesus.
I mean it. At least it's honest.
Total honesty is the key to everything.
Really? Are you being
totally honest with Helen?
- I'm trying.
- Oh, yeah? Have you told her about us?
No, but I could. I think today
she's mature enough to handle it.
George,
you're full of shit.
I can buy that.
I mean, if you're being totally honest.
Believe me. I am
being totally honest.
Well, at least it's a start. And what about all that other garbage? "I don't know if I lost him or simply misplaced him." What kind of crap is that? Right. You've got a point. So how do you feel about all this? You're doing it again! Okay. I think— Don't tell me how you think. Tell me how you feel. Like I've been kicked in the stomach. What else? Angry. Hurt. Betrayed. And, okay, a little guilty. But I'll tell you something. I really resent the fact that he's making me feel guilty. Why do you feel resentment? Well, look. I didn't marry Harry because he had a good head for business. Okay. So it turns out that I do, or maybe I was lucky. I don't know. The point is, I don't love him any less just 'cause he's a failure as a provider, so why should he love me less just 'cause I'm a success? Have you told him you still love him? Love him. What's he think I've been hanging around for 27 years for? Would it be so hard to let him know you understand how he Feels? Right now it would, yes. Do you want him back? I don't know. But ask me again tomorrow, and I'll probably give you a different answer. Why?
Because tomorrow
I won't have you.
- I'm always with you in spirit.
- Thanks a lot.
It's kind of difficult to put your
cold feet on somebody's spirit,
especially when
they're 400 miles away.
Is that a proposal,
Doris?
Are you interested?
Are you?
I've always thought
we'd make a nice couple.
You didn't
answer the question.
I was the one
who proposed.
Well, don't look
so panicky, George.
I was only
three-quarters serious.
Well, when you're completely
serious, ask me again.
I bet you say that
to all the girls.
No.
Thank you.
You hungry?
Yes.
Well, you're in luck.
Because today, your lunch is
being catered by the chicest,
most expensive French delicatessen
in all fan Francisco.
How did we swing that? The
owner's got a thing for ya.
It's out in the trunk
of my car. Can I help?
Why, you could set the table
and turn on some nice music...
and when I come back,
make me laugh, huh?
I'll try.
Don't worry.
If you can't make me laugh, just hold my hand.
Hello?
Uh, no, she's not here right now. Who's this?
Harry? Um-
Uh, would you
- would you just hold on for a minute, please?
Hello?
Harry, we're two mature adult human beings, and I've decided to be honest.
No. Doris is not here right now, but I'd like to talk to you.
Because I know that you and Doris are having a pretty rough time right now, and-
Uh, we're very close friends.
I've known Doris for 20 years, and I feel that through her, I know you.
We've been meeting this same weekend for 20 years.
The retreat?
Uh, yeah.
I'll, uh
- I'll get to that in a minute, but, um, first I'd like to tell you something, Harry.
She loves you.
Well, I just know. Look. Maybe if I told you a story she told me this morning, maybe it would help you understand.
Uh, a few months ago, Doris was supposed to act as den mother... for your 10-year-old daughter and her Indian Guide group. And Doris was a little late. She was hung up at the store, and she got home about two hours late. When she walked into the house, she looked in the living room, and you know what she saw? A rather overweight, balding, middle-aged
man with a feather on his head...
sitting cross-legged on the
floor, very gravely and gently...
telling a circle of totally
absorbed girls what it was like...
to be in a World War II
Japanese prison camp.
And she turned around and went
outside and got in her car...
and thanked God for being
married to a man like you.
Are you still there, Harry?
Yeah, well, look. Sometimes married
people get into an emotional straitjacket,
and it's kind of hard for them to express
how they truly feel about each other.
Total honesty
is the key.
Yes, I've known Doris
for 20 years,
and I'm not ashamed to admit that
it's been one of the most intimate,
satisfying experiences
of my life.
My name?
My name is
Father Michael O'Herlihy.
Right. Oh.
It never changes, does it? About
the only thing that doesn't.
I find that comforting.
Even old Chalmers
hasn't changed.
He must be 75
by now.
You remember when we first met? Even
then, we called him old Chalmers.
He must've been the same
age then that we are now.
That I don't
find so comforting.
We were very young.
Yeah.
Have we changed much?
Oh, sure we have.
I grew up with you. Remember all
those dumb lies I used to tell?
Yeah. How about me?
Have I grown up too?
I had the feeling you were
already grown up when we met.
Why is it every time I look at you,
I want to put my hands all over you?
That's another thing that hasn't
changed. You always were a sex maniac.
I'll start a fire.
Okay.
You know, I figured out with
the cost of firewood today,
it's cheaper to buy furniture,
break it up and burn it.
Are things that tight?
No. I'm okay.
I've been doing some
teaching at U.C.L.A. Ah.
What? Music?
Accounting.
With the way things
are happening out there,
it seems that figures are still
the only things that don't lie.
Doris, why'd you
sell your business?
How did you know about
that? I'll tell you later.
What made you do it?
A chain bought me out.
It was just the right offer
at the right time.
But what do you do with yourself
now? Oh, I read and watch TV...
and visit my grandchildren,
play a little golf.
You know,
all the jet set stuff.
I thought
you loved working.
Well, there
was another factor. Harry had a heart attack. It turned out to be a mild one, but he needed me at the time, so-
Besides, it's not like I'm in permanent retirement. There's a local election in a couple of months, and I've been approached to run. On what ticket? Independent. Figures. Harry's okay now?
Oh, yeah. He runs four miles a day and has a body like Mark Spitz. Unfortunately, he still has a face like Ernest Borgnine, but-
How's everything with you and Harry emotionally? Comfortable. Comfortable? Well, that's not such a bad state to be in. That word's been given a bad reputation by the young. Where's your luggage? Still in the car? I didn't bring any. I can't stay. Why not? Look, I have a lot to say... and a very short time to say it, so I'd better start. In the first place, it turns out that... Helen found out about us 10 years ago. When did you learn that? Two months ago. And she never confronted you with it before? No. What made her tell you now? She didn't. We have a very close friend, Connie.
- Did- Have I ever
mentioned her? - No.  
Well, Connie told me.  
All those years, and she never  
even hinted that she knew.  
I guess that's the nicest  
story I've ever told about her.  
- Your wife is an amazing woman.  
- She passed away, Doris.  
I lost her six months ago.  
It was very fast.  
I'm sorry to blurt it out like that. I  
couldn't think of a graceful way to tell you.  
It's so strange.  
I never even met Helen, and I feel  
like I've just lost my best friend.  
Are the kids okay? The kids are  
great. If it weren't for them,  
I don't know if I'd have  
gotten through this whole thing.  
I wish you'd tried to  
reach me. Well, I did.  
That's how I found out  
you'd sold the store.  
They gave me  
your home number, and I-  
I let the phone ring four  
times, and then I hung up.  
But I felt better knowing  
you were there if I needed you.  
Oh, I wish you'd spoken to me.  
Well, I didn't want to intrude.  
I didn't think  
I had the right.  
That's just terrible.  
We should've been together.  
You know, I've been thinking  
about us a lot lately,  
everything we've been through  
together, things we've shared,  
times we've  
helped each other.  
Did you know we made love 113 times? What?  
I figured that out  
on my Bomar calculator.
I think it's wonderful when people know each other that well. You know, there's nothing about you I don't know. You take two sugars, right? No. One. Okay. Uh-
Oh, well, okay. Maybe I don't know everything about you. You know, I don't know who your favorite movie stars are. And I couldn't remember the name of your favorite perfume.
- I racked my brain, and I couldn't think of it.
- That's funny.
It's My Sin.
But I do know that in 26 years, I've never been out of love with you. I think that's incredible.
So what do you say, Doris? You wanna get married? Married? We shouldn't even be doing this. I'm serious.
Oh, my God. You are.
Well, what'd you think I was, just a summer romance? A simple yes will do. There is no such thing, my love.
What is it?
I was just thinking of how many times I've dreamed of your asking me this. You know, that's pulled me through a lot of bad times. I wanna thank you for that.
What did you say those other times? I always said yes.
Why are you hesitating now? Do you realize I'm offering you the opportunity...
to marry a man who has known you for 26 years...
and can't walk by you without wanting to grab your ass?
You always were a sweet talker.
Doris,
will you marry me?
I can't.
Why not?
I'm already married.
You feel you have to stay with him because he needs you?
No. No.
It's a lot of things.
Affection.
Respect.
And a sense of continuity.
I mean, we share all the same memories.
It's comfortable.
Goddamn it. I was the one who brought you back together six years ago.
Why did I do such a stupid thing? Why was I so generous?
Because you felt the same way then about Helen as I do now about Harry, that's why.
And besides, if you hadn't, you might've been stuck with me for good, and that idea scared you to death.
You always could see through me, couldn't you?
But that's okay, 'cause...
I've always loved what I've seen.
Well, I want you now.
You can still have me once a year, same time, same place.
Doris, I need a wife.
I'm just not the kind of man who can live alone.
What I'm trying to say is that without you, I'll probably end up with Connie.
Look, she knows all about us, and, uh, she's not the kind of person... who would go along
with it.
I guess what I'm
trying to say is that...
we'll never
see each other again.
Doris, for God's sake,
mARRY me.
I can't.
I wish there were something I
could say that would make you...
burst into tears
and run away with me.
Well, you know us Irish.
We never cry.
Yeah, well-
I have
to catch a plane.
Who were
your favorite movie stars?
Laurence Olivier.
Marlon Brando.
Cary Grant.
Lon McCallister.
- Okay. I'm back,
goddamn it.
- What about Connie?
- Connie is 87 years old.
What? Look. I wanted you to marry me,
and I figured if you thought somebody
else wanted me, I'd stand a better chance.
Okay. Maybe I didn't
think things through.
I was desperate, okay?
Look. I don't even wanna discuss it. I'm
back, and I'm gonna keep coming back...
every year until our bones are
too brittle to risk contact.
Hello!
It all started with hello!
On an evening long ago!
When an unexpected smile!
Caught my eye!
Hello!
If I'd smiled
and looked away!
We would not
be here today!
To never say good-bye!
For the last time
I Felt like this!
I was Falling in love!
I was Falling!
Falling and Feeling
I'd never Fall in love again!
Yes, the last time
I Felt like this!
Was long before I knew!
What I'm Feeling now!
With you!
Yes, the last time
I Felt like this!
I was Falling in love!
I was Falling!
Falling and Feeling!
I'd never Fall in love again!
Yes, the last time
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