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# September

By Woody Allen

J'aime beaucoup  
de choses la campagne.  
J'aime les fleurs, j'aime les arbres.  
Um...  
Et quoi d'autre?  
Quoi d'autre?  
Oui, les collines peut-tre?  
Les animaux, les oiseaux.  
Oui, oui.  
Et pensez-vous que la campagne est  
plus tranquille que la ville? Par exemple.  
Oui, mais pas assez excitante.  
- Uh, quand j'ai venu ici...  
- Quand je suis venue.  
Oh, gosh. How many times  
have I made that mistake?  
It's common among my pupils.  
It's what they most often get wrong.  
Oh, what's the difference?  
If and when I ever get to visit Paris again,  
I'll have long forgotten all my French.  
- I must be going.  
- No!  
Stay. It's still early.  
- I mean, what are you gonna do at home?  
- Nothing special.  
Right. I mean, how many times  
can you putter around the garden?  
God!  
I can't believe my mother.  
She's out there...  
She's made friends with Peter and  
is trying to get him to write her biography.  
Her stupid life. "As told to."  
Oh, come on, now.  
She'll be gone in a couple of days.  
Yeah, that's what you said last week.  
Time passes and she's still here.  
Oh, look at this. She will not stop picking  
the flowers, which I asked her not to do.  
She doesn't even put them in water,  
so of course they die.  
Walking around in a snit  
is not gonna make the time go any faster.

When I ask Peter if he wants to go for a drive or walk, he's busy writing his novel.

But he's got plenty of time to stroll around the lake with her.

- You must admit she tells funny stories.

- See? Men.

She certainly hasn't lost her knack.

- Somehow I thought Peter'd be different.

- Lane, it's your mother.

- Is that when you dated Errol Flynn?

- Oh, I was too old for Errol Flynn.

I mean, I met him when I was 16.

For Errol, 15 was over the hill.

Lane, I invited the Richmonds for drinks tonight. I thought we might have a party.

What did you do that for? Peter and I were supposed to see the new Kurosawa film.

- Sorry. Why didn't you say something?

- I did.

That's OK. We can catch it another night.

OK, but it's only there tonight.

- Where was I?

- How we met.

Oh! It was like a bad movie.

We both hailed the same taxicab.

- We shared a cab and fell in love.

- And I know nothing about physics.

- So what did you talk about?

- Talk? By the time the meter hit \$3...

- ..she had her tongue in my ear.

- Oh! Lloyd!

How nice. I drop in to visit my daughter and she has a writer renting her cottage.

I'm trying to write.

I think my life story would make a sure-fire bestseller.

I know. I remember reading about your exploits in the paper.

You're too young, but anything, whatever your dad read, it's all true.

No, I remember your picture in the long defunct New York Journal-American...

..with an actor named

Jeff Chandler, who you dated.

What a memory.  
What a memory! That was Palm Beach!  
I love Palm Beach!  
That's where Lloyd and I were heading  
when I decided to stop off to see Lane.  
Um... I hadn't seen her, you know,  
since she... took the pills.  
God, that had to be six, eight months ago.  
Boy, what some people will do for love.  
Or the lack of it.  
Of course, I understand.  
I mean, if you've never had something...  
..and then you experience it  
and then it's taken away...  
Wow. Poor kid.  
Try and stroke the ball to the rhythm of  
the music. It'll give you a smooth motion.  
- Yeah, but the music's so fast.  
- Keep it rhythmic, and keep your eye...  
Steffie, Mrs Mason thinks  
she's got me an offer on the house.  
That's great. Congratulations.  
Two. Not great. But,  
after everything's paid off,...  
..there'd be something to put a down  
payment on an apartment in New York.  
I can get two for mine,  
and it's half your acreage.  
Well, I can't really afford to be choosy.  
At least I have a customer.  
I think. I hope, at least.  
Don't give it away.  
I can lend you what you need.  
No, Howard. Oh, God, no.  
Thank you, though.  
No. You've been... You've been  
incredible to me through all this,...  
- ..but I've gotta try and get my own life...  
- What can you do in New York?  
I don't know. I...  
Maybe my photography again. I was...  
Or sometimes I think  
about writing, but I don't know.  
It's awful, isn't it, at my age

to be floundering around so?  
I just... I don't know what I want.  
A child. I'd love to have a child.  
Lane, did you, by any chance,  
finish those chapters I gave you?  
- Yeah, almost. They're wonderful.  
- I thought about them. I'm discouraged.  
- You shouldn't be. You're wrong.  
- I just wanna start over, again.  
You can't tear up  
everything you write, you know.  
Otherwise of course you have  
to take tranquillisers to calm down.  
It seems so futile.  
I was supposed to be finished by now.  
Next week is Labor Day.  
I have to be back at my job the day after.  
If you wouldn't let  
my mother seduce you...  
Now, her life would make  
a fascinating book.  
Why? What's so fascinating  
about her frivolous existence?  
That she left my father,  
who was a wonderful man,...  
..for a gangster who beat her up?  
You think that's compelling?  
Was it the shooting? That wasn't  
fascinating. That was pathetic.  
Maybe it's that she's a survivor, and  
the book I'm writing is about surviving.  
You're right. She went on with her life,  
but I get stuck with the nightmares.  
Excuse me. Uh...  
Diane wanted some ice cubes  
and you seem to be out.  
Um, there's a... there's an ice machine  
just outside the back door.  
And you're wrong to think your mother  
didn't suffer terribly over that whole affair.  
Right. Poor thing  
She experienced a little hearing loss  
in her left ear from the gunshot.  
Noise trauma.

The only point I wanted to make -  
and I didn't mean to upset you -  
. . . is that some people are survivors and  
some let life's tragedies annihilate them.  
- This is just one of the cruelties of living.  
- And in your book that idea is moving.  
But the story of a 14-year-old girl  
who kills her mother's lover is... sleazy.  
And the trial was sleazy  
and he was sleazy.  
And my mother was  
completely unconcerned.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry. I'll get you those pages.  
And they're good, you know, despite what  
you think. I won't let you tear them up.  
- Very good. I'm very impressed.  
- You liked that?  
Oh!  
I didn't know  
you were a pool player.  
Now you know.  
Did you ever get a chance  
to play that record I got you?  
Yeah. Yeah, I did.  
I play it all the time.  
It's so beautiful.  
I was just listening to it last night.  
Somehow I knew you'd like it.  
Did I hear you say  
your book was about survival?  
Yeah, well, it's not really about survival.  
It's about, you know. It's about everything.  
Oh, really?  
Like the Encyclopaedia Britannica.  
Excuse me.  
I'd better get those papers and work.  
Howard, it's so unlike you to be rude.  
We don't need another book on survival.  
We already have the Boy Scout manual.  
Lane says he's talented.  
Well, if he's such a hotshot, why's he  
wasting his life on Madison Avenue?  
It's because writing beer and

deodorant ads is more within his grasp.  
I'm surprised at you.  
You're the kindest man, ...  
..and you can't bring yourself to say  
one good word about Peter.  
He's OK. I don't mean he's a bad person.  
But I can't stand that Lane  
gets so moonstruck over his line.  
- I mean, she blushes when he's around.  
- Now you sound jealous.  
What's the difference?  
She's going away anyhow.  
I knew that was bothering you.  
If you could have seen her at the  
beginning of the year when she came up.  
She was in such bad shape. She needed  
someone to take care of her so badly.  
She's very fragile.  
We used to spend  
long afternoons together, ...  
..winter evenings listening to music.  
It was such a pleasure watching her gain  
strength and begin to enjoy things more.  
I remember one night I was home alone  
after we'd seen a movie together...  
..and I noticed that I missed her and  
I couldn't wait to see her the next day.  
And that's when I realised  
I never wanted her to leave here.  
- Oh, Howard.  
- Thank you.  
I never said anything. I knew she was  
through a terrible time and not over it.  
I didn't think she was ready to hear  
that someone had become...  
..dependent on her.  
I didn't want to...  
I didn't want to say anything that would  
frighten her or cause her any confusion.  
Well, after all,  
I am much older than she is.  
So in the end I hedged and  
procrastinated and... obsessed over her.  
And over the right moment to speak.

Next thing I knew  
she was in love with that tenant,...  
..that sensitive young man who  
suddenly started occupying all her time.  
Well,...  
..one can see how  
having Peter on the premises, just...  
- - ..just the two of them for seven weeks,...  
..how she could fall very much in love.  
Never thought I could  
feel this way after Karen died.  
Hello?  
Steffie! It's your husband.  
He says it's important.  
Lane's changed towards me.  
She used to get such a kick out of me.  
She used to laugh at my jokes  
and tell me how pretty I looked.  
She's become so angry.  
What do you think, honey?  
This or the pink one, with the jacket?  
- This one.  
- You're the boss.  
Hey. Hey!  
Come here. Where you goin', huh?  
Boy, oh boy! Am I lucky I hailed that taxi!  
You're the only man I've known  
worth marrying since Lane's father.  
The others were just nothin'!  
Just nothin'. And the proof is, when  
they asked me to marry 'em, I said no.  
- I'm the lucky one.  
- You, lucky?  
You inherited a machine  
that's grinding to a halt.  
Between my ulcers and  
my gall bladder and my angina...  
The whole is greater than  
the sum of the parts. Remember? Hm?  
Said the bishop to the showgirl.  
- Sorry.  
- No, come in.  
- You wanted to borrow this pin?  
- Oh, yeah.

But I've decided on a whole other outfit  
so I don't think I'll need it.

- It's lovely. Where'd you get it?

- You gave it to me.

I did? What taste!

- Doesn't Diane look stunning?

- She looks great.

Try to have a good time tonight.

You don't wanna turn into a recluse.

I just really didn't feel up to  
having people over tonight.

You have to learn  
to put the past behind you.

What's done is done.

It's easy to say.

I know you wanted to go  
to the movies with Peter.

Is he a good writer? I mean, seriously,  
could he write my biography?

- Oh, Mom, don't be foolish.

- Foolish? I've been offered good money.

Peter's trying to write a serious book.

You shouldn't be distracting him.

God, he's always asking me  
millions of questions.

I don't think your memoirs  
are something you wanna make public.

Really? I'm not ashamed of my life.

Your mother was offered  
quite an advance.

Then she should find somebody else  
to write it. And leave me and Dad out of it.

I can't leave you out of it.

That's the part everybody's interested in.

You're exploiting an ugly situation.

You've become so touchy lately.

I mean, if your life hasn't worked out,  
stop blaming me for it.

Take the bull by the horns.

Make something happen.

I'm sorry. Not everybody's  
a human dynamo like you.

Your mother does have  
remarkable energy.

You were such a promising young girl,  
so bright, and you had my looks.  
Well, you had better bone structure  
than I did, but you lacked my height.  
And you had your father's intelligence.  
You gotta do something about all that.  
I mean, you're young, you're lovely.  
Of course, you dress like a Polish refugee.  
I don't feel too attractive these days.  
Peter thinks you're beautiful.  
And he's right.

- Does he?

- He sings your praises.

He's probably just being polite.

You really like him, don't you?

- I don't know.

- You've gotta be a little cool about it.

- You shouldn't let your desperation show.

- I don't think I have.

I always felt there was a fatal element  
of hunger in your last affair.

That's not true.

I don't think Jeff would have run  
quite so quickly back to his wife...  
..if he didn't feel a certain pressure.

I sensed it.

His name was Jack. And you were never  
here, so you don't know what happened.

Darling, don't be so defensive.

I base this observation  
on the time I saw you together.

And I'm not saying anything different than  
those high-priced psychiatrists have said.

When it comes to men, you're probably  
doing something to stand in your way.

- I probably am.

- Yeah.

Well, this is out.

Looks like I'm going to a luau!

Oh, my God. Look at me.

I gotta redo my whole make-up.

It's hell, gettin' older.

Especially when you feel 21 inside.

All the strengths that sustain you

all through your life...  
..just vanish one by one.  
And you study your face  
in the mirror and you...  
You notice something is missing.  
And then you realise it's your future.  
So that's...  
That's why I want you to find yourself...  
..while there's still time left to enjoy it.

- Hi.  
- Hi.  
- I guess I'm early.  
- The guests haven't arrived yet.  
Well, you look wonderful, all dressed up.  
It's starting to rain.  
Maybe it'll cool things off.  
Let's hope.  
Well, you look lovely.  
I said that!  
Thank you.  
- Did you know the, um...  
- Steffie...  
- Sorry. What were you gonna say?  
- No. What?  
- You looked like you were...  
- No, nothing.  
Thunder's getting close.  
Yeah.  
So, who's the history professor?  
The history professor? How did you know  
about that? Did we talk about that?  
Well, you mentioned to me one time that  
that might be the title of your book.  
The history professor was my father.  
He taught at a college  
in Connecticut and he...  
..he was fired during the McCarthy era.  
He was blacklisted. He had to do  
all kinds of things to keep us going.  
Like what?  
He supported us by playing poker  
and betting the horses.  
He sounds wonderful.  
Yeah, he was.

I see what you mean by a survivor.  
This summer went by too fast.  
I had such high hopes for this book.  
To tell you the truth, I'm floundering.  
Is this the first time  
you've tried to write a book?  
Oh, I've published a couple of short  
stories. Nothing... Nothing any good.  
I've never been able to do it full time. I've  
always been busy with other obligations.  
You don't want to hear about all this.  
You know, Lane showed me  
some of your short stories and...  
..I thought they were wonderful.  
It's funny.  
I've wanted to talk to you so often,...  
..but we never seem to be alone.  
We were alone.  
We were alone for a whole afternoon.  
Running into you at the local  
flea market is not exactly private.  
Well, we walked around together.  
You didn't say anything.  
No, I didn't, did I?  
Well, I felt awkward.  
At least you liked the record I found you  
so it wasn't a complete waste of time.  
It's so funny because I used to be in love  
with a boy who just idolised Art Tatum.  
Well, this was years ago  
on my first visit to Paris.  
He was a student and he played piano  
in a jazz club in the student quarter.  
He didn't speak any English.  
And we spent a summer trying to make  
each other understand our feelings.  
The funny thing was it didn't matter  
that we only knew a few words.  
Oh, anyway, that was years ago.  
I hate thunder. I don't care how harmless  
it is, I wanna get under the bed!  
- The air is full of electricity.  
- I'm serious!  
- Where is everyone? I heard voices.

- Hi.

- How do I look? Don't say "old and fat".

- Great.

Great. What time  
do the guests arrive?

Any minute. Let's get some more lights  
on. Did Lane make any hors d'oeuvres?

What were you two doing  
before we came down?

Excuse me? What?

I hope you weren't out on the porch.  
That lightning's getting close.

- Oh, no.

- No.

- Let's have some music.

- All right. Who wants what?

- Well, you know about me. Peter?

- Vodka.

- Stephanie, what do you want?

- Vodka, please.

Have you given any more thought  
about my memoirs?

They deserve better than me. They're  
too good to waste on a fledgling writer.  
You're patronising me.

- Lane says you think my life is trivial.

- I never said that.

- Lloyd, come on, dance with me.

- Oh, honey, I'm such a stiff.

If you can figure out the universe,  
you can figure out the box step.

All right.

See, there? You're terrific.

- I try.

I had so many things  
I wanted to say to you.

Oh, well, it's, you know... There are  
people coming over and people here, so...

- I don't wanna be pushy.

- No, you're not pushy.

I wish you'd been here  
for the whole summer.

Yeah, well, I couldn't.

I have obligations, too, so...

What is that record? It's terrific!

It's Art Tatum and Ben Webster.

- It's funny.

- What?

I made a complete fool  
out of myself when I met you.

- No! You didn't.

- I remember carrying on at great length...  
..about writing and metaphor and choice.

- I left no cliché unturned.

- No. Actually I just... No, I...

I just thought you were so sweet.

You reminded me of Paul,  
the boy that I knew in Paris.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Well, I'm very flattered.

Which one is Art Tatum  
and which is Ben Webster?

Art Tatum's the piano.

See, and I always felt foolish  
all the time because...

- Why?

- ..I was very taken with you right off.

I love all the music from that era. You  
don't have any Benny Goodman, do you?

Uh, not here.

Or Coon-Sanders Nighthawks?

- Now, please don't panic when I say this.

- No.

I just think that you're incredibly lovely.

Peter, don't. Don't, please.

Let's just stop this before it's too late.

You know, I can't.

I just... I just feel flushed  
and... and my heart is pounding.

- - Oh, there are the Richmonds.

Get it, will you, Lloyd?

- Oh, Howard!

- Oh, it's pouring out there.

We were expecting the Richmonds.

Let me get you a drink.

Hi, Howard. Hi. Oh, the Richmonds

must be stuck. You're wet.

Yes, I know.

Look, my old Ouija board! Look!

They take too long. What you want is a computerised Ouija board.

That way you can punch up any dead person you wanna talk to.

- Howard, you did say Scotch?

- Ask Lane to dance with you.

- Me?

- Mm-hm. She'll be thrilled.

- She's got a big crush on you.

- I don't dance.

That's what everybody says.

Come on. She's been so blue.

- Lane?

- Yes?

Go ahead. Go ahead!

Uh, Lane, uh, Peter was just asking me...

..if I'd ask you to dance with him.

Oh! No, thank you.

Oh, yes, thank you.

That music is fabulous!

I used to go to Harlem to hear music like that.

I was dating a disc jockey.

He used to call records "sides".

- - I have two left feet.

I'll get that. I'll get it.

You just enjoy yourselves.

- Is she bothering you?

- No, not at all.

- I like her energy.

- It's the record you got at the flea market.

- I didn't know you liked jazz.

- You like Prokofiev.

Yeah, but not to dance to.

The Richmonds aren't coming.

Their house is flooded.

Really? Then maybe

we can go to the Kurosawa film.

- In this storm?

- Well, you know, maybe.

Let's not let it kill our evening.

The Richmonds aren't coming.  
We're lucky. They're so boring!  
- Then why did you invite them?  
- Uh-oh. Oh, God!  
- This could last for hours.  
- Lloyd.  
- Just light some candles.  
- OK. I'll get some matches.  
I love walking around  
in the pitch-black.  
I think I put my hand in the guacamole.  
Lloyd! The Richmonds are  
flooded, the electricity's gone off.  
God is testing us and I, for one,  
am gonna be ready. Where's the vodka?  
T.  
O.  
M.  
I don't know any Toms.  
Oh, wait a minute.  
Are you that dentist in Hackensack  
that tried to rape me when I was 15?  
No? OK.  
OK.  
One more try.  
N.  
Ooh, I.  
C.  
Oh, God. Nick.  
Wait a minute. Are you in this room?  
Is your ghost in this room,  
bullet hole an' all?  
You were so bad.  
But so gorgeous.  
Do you still comb your hair  
like you were in Sicily?  
Well, we had some good times.  
It was hectic.  
It was dangerous.  
And then it ended.  
I think it's clearing up.  
Yeah?  
Please don't move away from here.  
I have to.

You know, I should never drink.  
My head really spins.  
How are you gonna drive home?  
Same way I always do:  
..thinking about you.  
You know, in all the time I've known you  
I don't think I've ever seen you drink.  
No.  
Although the year after my wife died  
I was never sober.  
Of course, on the faculty of the school  
where I work, it's... hard to tell.  
I'm gonna miss you so much.  
I'm gonna miss you, too,...  
..but we'll always stay in touch.  
You know what I'm saying.  
Howard, please.  
I have to...  
When you got that offer today  
to sell the house, I...  
..I realised suddenly...  
..we wouldn't be sharing  
those winter evenings again.  
Yeah, but you knew I was only up here  
to get well, and not permanently.  
Is the difference in our ages  
awkward for you?  
I'm in love with Peter.  
Isn't that the most ridiculous thing?  
Considering I don't think  
I even have a chance with him.  
I did for a while.  
I keep telling myself that maybe  
it'll still work out all right somehow.  
And why Peter and not you?  
No reason worthy of you.  
How often I've wanted to touch you.  
Please. Please, don't.  
Now that I've embarrassed us both...  
Let me make you some coffee. You're  
gonna have a terrible hangover tomorrow.  
I don't play this game that well  
in the light, let alone the dark.  
Look how much it's cleared up.

You can see a billion stars.  
It should be nice tomorrow.  
So tell me,...

..is it true you worked on  
the atomic bomb?

No.

Did Diane tell you that?

Yes.

Not at all.

I did one small, unrelated project  
at Los Alamos many years ago.  
But when she's describing me to people  
I'm the father of the A-bomb.  
What branch of physics  
are you involved with?  
Something much more terrifying  
than blowing up the planet.  
Really?

Is there anything more terrifying  
than the destruction of the world?

Yeah.

The knowledge that it doesn't  
matter one way or the other.  
That it's all random.  
Originating aimlessly out of nothing and...  
..eventually vanishing for ever.  
I'm not talking about the world.  
I'm talking about the universe.  
All space, all time, just...  
..a temporary convulsion.  
And I get paid to prove it.  
You feel sure of that, when  
you look out on a night like tonight...  
..and see all those millions of stars?  
That none of it matters?  
I think it's just as beautiful as you do.  
And vaguely evocative of some deep truth  
that always just keeps slipping away.  
But then my professional  
perspective overcomes me,...

..a less wishful,  
more penetrating view of it,...

..and I understand it for what it truly is.  
Haphazard,...

..morally neutral...  
..and unimaginably violent.  
Look, we shouldn't have  
this conversation.  
I have to sleep alone tonight.  
That's why I cling to Diane...  
..and consider myself very lucky.  
She's warm and vital  
and holds me while I sleep.  
That way I don't have to dream of  
photons and quarks.  
I have a question for you, Richard.  
Your daughter hates me.  
Our daughter...  
..hates me, and I love her.  
She's my one child,...  
..and I want her to be happy.  
She never got over  
the shooting, you know.  
See, now, I'm a tough cookie.  
I can file and forget.  
Rap once if you hear me, Richard.  
I want her to forgive me.  
So you speak to her. OK, Richard?  
You two were so close.  
She loved you so much.  
You rap if you hear me, Richard.  
Rap, Richard.  
Rap once.  
Rap.  
I love those old songs.  
Between the music,  
the candlelight and the drinks,...  
..it feels like we're in some exotic place.  
Mm.  
I should never drink. My head swims.  
What are you doing?  
I've wanted to touch your face  
since the first time we met.  
What do you want me to say to you?  
Soon we'll be going  
in separate directions.  
Peter, you must know  
that this is impossible.

Lane is my best friend. She's crazy about you. I don't think I could ever do that.

- And she's become so attached to you.

- Please.

I already feel guilty enough because I led her on.

Not on purpose. I just wasn't thinking about anyone but myself.

She's told me about all the time you spent together.

I know about all your walks and talks by the lake, under the stars.

She's told me all that.

I felt very lonely.

I needed some company, and my marriage broke up.

I was losing confidence that I could write this book.

I needed a voice to keep me from panicking.

But you made love together.

I didn't understand how vulnerable she was until it was too late.

I know it's my fault.

Would you... Would you have become serious about her if I hadn't come along?

I don't know. Maybe.

You do funny things when you feel empty inside.

Look,...

..I'm married.

You know, my kids come home from camp in a week. I have a life.

I know.

But is it the life you want?

Is it?

- You've been flirting with me for weeks.

- Please, just go away.

My husband's a wonderful man.

Oh, he's bewildered because I wanted this summer apart.

He's a radiologist.

He takes X-rays, but...

..I never let him take them of me

because, if he looked inside, he'd...  
..he'd see things that he wouldn't  
understand and he'd be terribly hurt.  
Somewhere along the line I just...  
..I just started going through  
the motions of my life.  
Steffie...  
I've just... I've just longed so  
to hear certain things said to me again.  
I want so much to respond,  
but I can only run.  
- Don't run.  
- I can only run.  
That's all I can do.  
I knew you cared about me.  
That's why I couldn't look at you when  
you were around because I felt so guilty.  
I wanna kiss you right now.  
You can't. You can't because  
there's too many problems.  
This is just out of the question.  
Out of the question.  
We're gonna be discovered.  
Just please go away.  
It's out of the question.  
Time for me to go home.  
Sorry about the Kurosawa film.  
I made some coffee before.  
D'you want me to heat it up for you?  
No, thanks. I'd rather stay drunk.  
Maybe you'd better.  
I'm supposed to work tomorrow.  
You've been in such  
a strange mood all night.  
Did you know that the universe  
was haphazard, morally neutral...  
..and unimaginably violent?  
Peter...  
What happened to us?  
What do you mean?  
You know, we were getting so close...  
..and we... we shared all that time...  
..and, um...  
..and that night at the lake...

I mean, did I... Am I misreading the signs?

Maybe you did.

I can't let myself get involved right now.

I'm gun-shy from my marriage and...

..I'm unsettled about my life, my work.

Can I help?

They're my problems.

I don't wanna cause you any suffering.

You're doing so well.

You need to think about your future.

Yeah, I know.

I know you're right. I...

It's silly, but I just...

You know, I have these dreams

that, when we're both in New York,...

..you know, we'd...

I don't know.

You know, we just... We feel things

so similarly so much of the time,...

..and that's so rare.

I don't... I'm sorry, I'm really tired.

I don't know what I'm saying.

The funny thing is that I'll probably

wind up calling you at 3am in New York...

..to keep me from going off the deep end.

- Hi. Can I give you a hand there?

- No, that's OK.

Listen, I had a talk with Peter.

And he doesn't wanna

get involved right now.

And that's OK. I understand that.

He's... You know,

he's got a lot of problems.

But I... But maybe things

will be different later on. You know?

I'm glad that things are

out in the open anyway.

You know, I do feel better.

We'll both be living in New York.

Who knows? You know,

anything could happen.

Who could that be?

Hello?

Oh, Ken. No, she's right here.

One second.

Ken, listen. I told you the lights were out and the phone was out. I couldn't call you!

Right. Yes.

I still don't know. I'm thinking about spending some time in New York.

Please don't bring that up now.

It's late and I'm tired.

Let me call you tomorrow. Good night.

Oh, God.

I didn't know you were still here.

I heard your voice.

Peter, we're not alone.

Steffie, I love you.

From the first day.

We could be alone.

I can't spend the night in the guesthouse.

Maybe not the whole night,...

..but we could have

some of it alone together.

Oh, God.

Would you?

Look, if...

If this means anything to you,...

..I really want to, but I...

I just love this room. It's just perfect.

We could knock this wall out and make one big room.

- That's a thought.

- It's big enough as it is. I love the size.

OK, whatever.

- What about fishing?

- The lake has bass, Lane told me.

Of course, you can always stock the lake.

It seems so inane to dump fish into a lake just to pull 'em back out again.

- No dumber than golf!

- Your wife's not a golfer!

Gimme a break.

That's Diane Frazier. I used to have such a crush on her when I'd see her picture.

- Diane Frazier? Wasn't she...

- She was a model, playgirl.

She was always at the Stork Club

or El Morocco with some tennis player.

- Those people lead such exciting lives.

- Yes, don't they?

- It's gonna be great to get out of the city.

- I'm so excited about buying a dog.

Our co-op doesn't permit dogs

and I've always wanted a pit bull.

I'd love to go upstairs

and take some measurements.

Lane, is it OK to go upstairs?

Oh, well, my mother's

still sleeping up there.

- Really?

- Yeah. She's a late sleeper.

I don't think I ever slept past noon.

- She'll be up soon.

- Maybe we could see the barn?

Could you show us the barn?

I know Mr Raines has some questions.

OK. You know where it is, don't you?

Just follow that path out of the house.

I'll join you in one second.

I just wanna finish up.

- They gonna buy?

- Looks like it.

That's great.

Lane, Howard called, and the stand

that sells the corn you like is open again.

- He's gonna bring some over.

- Uh-huh.

What's the matter?

Why are you so depressed?

I just think about Peter all the time.

Lane, just don't. Don't.

I think he's gonna

write that book on my mother.

God.

They're all supposed to go out today

together. If she ever gets up.

Oh, she's up.

She said she'd be a little late.

- Lane, could I speak to you?

- Yes.

- We need you to answer some questions.

- OK.

Their final offer is 175.

175? You said two!

That's as high as they'd go.

This area isn't what it was.

But I've really been counting  
on that money.

- Are you sure?

- I'm sorry.

- - Yeah?

- Hi.

- Hi.

Um, Diane said they'd be a little late.

I'll let them know that you're here.

You've really been avoiding me.

I think you should leave  
and go back to New York.

I'd like to know what's going on.

I'm having a hard time and, even  
though she tries to hide it, Lane is, too.

- Don't say that.

- She thinks about you all the time.

- And you?

- Naturally, I think about you.

And yet you avoid me.

- Will you write Diane's biography?

- Believe it or not, I'm thinking about it.

Why? What happened

to the book about your father?

I know. I...

It just isn't coming. I told you that.

I've been beating my brains out  
about it all summer long and I...

I don't know. It's lifeless.

And then I hear all these sensational  
anecdotes and stories. You know?

This woman's had an incredible life.

I mean, the shooting alone is a book.

- Lane doesn't want it written.

- I'm not so sure.

If I do it, I can protect her.

Somebody's gonna write it.

Look, Peter, just put yourself  
in her place for one minute.

Here's this 14-year-old girl. Her mother leaves her father, who Lane adored,...

..and moves in with this thug, who beats up Diane, and Lane ends up shooting him. It's completely wrecked her life. You don't wanna put her through it again. You know, people staring at her as she walks down the street. I don't know. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I don't... I just feel so... guilt-ridden. I'm just very tense. Oh, Peter, please don't do this. Oh... Steffie. Let's... Let's go to Paris together. "Let's go to Paris together." My God. You really are a writer, aren't you? This is why I have to stay away from you. Because you just make my head... spin. I just can't... I can't do this. I can't... Oh, my God.

- I guess we should have knocked.
- I always worry about rabies.

I read about a woman bitten by a squirrel in Central Park and she got rabies. Nothing like that ever happens up here. What bothers me are not the raccoons but gnats. They drive you crazy. You don't have a big insect problem here, do you, Lane? Lane?

- But you do have mosquitoes?
- Naturally, with the pond.

Well, mosquitoes are rare. Aren't they, Lane?

- Lane?
- It's... It's usually very pleasant.
- I imagine the frogs'd eat the mosquitoes.
- If the snakes don't eat the frogs!

Is it OK if we go upstairs?

Yes, um...

Sorry. I'm getting a headache.

I'll rejoin you in a few minutes.

OK, but hurry. There are many questions

Mr and Mrs Raines have.

Yes. Now, what about hornets and bees?

This is the country,

Mrs Raines, not midtown Manhattan.

Oh, my God. I just can't

believe that happened!

- It was my fault.

- Oh, Peter, please! I just can't handle this!

Lane. Lane, I'm sorry.

Lane. Lane, I'm sorry. Please forgive me.

- Lane!

- Has this been going on long?

No. No! Please. Jesus.

- Are you in love with him?

- It's not what you think.

- What do you mean?

- Lane, I just don't know what I've done.

- I just don't know what I've...

- A lot of things make sense now.

There's nothing to make sense.

Absolutely nothing to make sense.

So many times I saw

you and Peter looking at each other.

No, don't do that. Just don't do that.

This is my fault. Stephanie's not to blame.

- Leave us alone.

- I'm sorry you found out like this.

There's nothing to find out.

You're making it worse.

There's not nothing.

Let's get this out on the table.

I want Steffie to go with me

to New York or Paris.

Peter, the summer's over. I'm going back

to Philadelphia. I miss my children.

I can't play these games.

I've been married too long. I just...

I don't know what I am.

I don't know what I've done.

I just... I'm not who I thought I was.  
I'm beginning to think  
that antique fair will be too crowded.  
You're getting cold feet  
about driving to East Hope.  
I am not. I just thought  
today's the wrong day.  
We could postpone it. You and Peter  
could work on the book around here.  
You know, Peter, I think we could do  
a whole section on Las Vegas.  
I know so many great  
Sammy Davis stories. He's the best.  
- Did ya tell Lane about our conversation?  
- Oh, yeah. Listen, darling.  
Lloyd and I have decided  
that we wanna live here.  
This house is our idea of heaven.  
I fell in love with it the moment  
I stepped inside. It was like coming home.  
I know you're off back to the city,  
but whenever you wanna use it, it's yours.  
You know, weekends  
or the summertime. Whenever.  
You're gonna need a sweater.  
I better go up and get one.  
I don't understand.  
You know one of my first  
projects? I'm gonna put in a pool.  
I never, ever liked the pond  
because there's live things in there!  
Your mother's a wonderful swimmer.  
I took her swimming in Santa Fe.  
She outdid everybody.  
- She's got perfect legs for a bathing suit.  
- What are you talking about?  
We're gonna move back here.  
We've discussed it  
and decided to move back here.  
Lloyd loves Vermont  
and I have always loved this house.  
- And if...  
- You can't move back here.  
- Why not?

- Because I'm about to sell this place.  
- You're selling it?  
- I told you...  
- Wait a minute. Since when?  
- I've mentioned this three times at least.  
- You have?  
- Don't you ever listen to me when I talk?  
Do you only care about  
what you have to say?  
Why are you getting so nasty?  
I got people here right now - buyers.  
They're looking at it.  
Well, Jesus, wherever they are, just go  
and find them and tell them the sale is off.  
- What?  
- You can't sell it. It's gonna be our home.  
You can't tell me that now.  
What are you talking about?  
This is the family house.  
How can you sell this place?  
You don't own it.  
- Well, who owns it?  
- Uh.... I do.  
Well, I mean, we do. You and me.  
Your father and I bought it.  
But you gave it to me years ago. I told you  
then I might sell it and divide the money.  
- You said great, you could use the cash.  
- Was I sober when I gave it to you?  
- You said it was mine.  
- To live in, darling, but not to sell.  
To live in? What does that mean?  
To maintain? To repair? To keep up?  
Am I the caretaker?  
I've said a lot of things in haste. When  
it comes to practical matters, I'm a dodo.  
I can't afford to move  
without selling this house.  
I've run up too many debts.  
It's expensive being sick.  
- Nobody's throwing you out in the cold.  
- I've been counting on this money.  
I haven't been working in two years.  
I've used up everything. I've borrowed.

Darling, it's as simple as this:

my plans have changed.

- What?!

- We want to settle here.

Your father and I bought this house.

He'd have wanted it to stay in the family.

- Can't we discuss this later?

- You're such a phoney!

He bought the house, not you,  
and I've kept it going!

- Lane!

- Couldn't you have just stayed away?

Lloyd and I are not young.

We wanna settle.

Who knows? Maybe we'll hate it  
and in a year we'll move.

My life is just not worth all the trouble!

Everyone, just stop it!

Diane, Lane has been through so much.

- Don't get angry, sweetheart.

- She doesn't care what she says to me.

- Like I'm to blame for everything.

- You are!

- OK, calm down.

- I'm calm, Lloyd. I am calm.

We all make mistakes,  
but what's done is done.

And if your life didn't turn out,  
don't keep accusing me!

You're the one who pulled the trigger!

I only said what the lawyers told me to.

- What an absurd thing to say.

- It's not absurd. It's the truth!

I don't think this is the place  
to have that discussion.

I'm just wrecked!

And you come and go with no guilt!

I don't wanna hear any more of this.

Stop it right now.

It's her excuse for a life wasted,  
thrown away to spite me.

- That's not true!

- Yes! Out of spite! Pure spite!

Maybe things could have been different

for me if I didn't have to go through that!

- Excuse me. Could we see the attic?

- Get out of here!

- Pardon me?

- Get out of here! Please, just leave!

- Diane! Relax!

- Get out of here now!

- Diane, just relax.

- OK, take the house.

- I didn't realise it meant that much to you.

- That's enough.

I said she could have the house!

Now can we go?

That's enough!

There are things I might do differently  
if I had them to do over, but I don't.

My head is splitting open!

OK, I'm sorry for all the fuss.

We all make mistakes.

Lane, can I have the sleeping pills back?

- I don't know where they are.

- They're not in the medicine cabinet.

- What's the difference?

- That's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

What are you talking about,

"what's the difference"? Where are they?

I have no reason to get up tomorrow.

Then you're just gonna

have to make up a reason.

What about your plans to move to New  
York and set up a photography studio?

You're so damn angry.

If I haven't made it as

a photographer by now, why would I?

I don't know. You'll just

have to try harder, won't you?

So...

..you and Peter are

in love with each other?

We just became very attracted

to each other. These things happen.

- You knew how much I cared about him.

- It happened by itself. I didn't instigate it.

You know, we're all up here isolated from

the world. Unpredictable things happen.  
The truth is...  
..I flirted with Peter,...  
..I wanted him to want me,...  
..but I didn't think it would go very far.  
I just wanted to know  
that I could be wanted.  
And he seemed very challenging.  
You know, he's very clever  
and busy with his novel.  
And he's charming and smart and...  
Then slowly I began to see how...  
..very vulnerable he is and...  
..he's so uncertain.  
And my heart went out to him.  
And I began dreaming about him.  
What's gonna happen?  
Are you gonna go away with him?  
I can't. No, I can't do that.  
It's... It's not so easy  
when you're married with... kids.  
That's something I wouldn't know.  
Now give me those pills.  
Tomorrow will come  
and you'll find some distractions.  
You'll get rid of this place.  
You'll move back to the city.  
You'll work. You'll fall in love.  
And maybe it'll work out  
and maybe it won't.  
But you'll find a million petty things  
to keep you going,...  
..and distractions  
to keep you from focusing on the...  
On the truth.  
I don't know what the truth is  
and you don't either.  
I just wanna swallow all of this Valium.  
Well, it's hard to die from Valium.  
It takes about a million.  
- I'll take 'em all.  
- Stop it. Stop it.  
You're behaving like a petulant child.  
If you really wanted to die,

you would have done that the last time.  
I'm so lonely.  
OK, stop it, and just give me the pills.  
You really wanna die?  
No.  
No.  
That's my problem.  
I... I always wanted to live.  
Where the hell is everybody?  
Where is everybody? Boy, the going  
gets rough and everybody vanishes.  
Lane, we're leaving!  
Lane! God, I hate this outfit. I look  
like one of the Hundred Neediest Cases.  
You look beautiful.  
You know, I'm gonna miss this place.  
Hadn't realised how pretty it was up here.  
It's so tranquil.  
And it's been in the family for so long.  
It's the closest thing  
I can think of to roots.  
It might have been nice.  
Dear, it's my age talking.  
Never mind.  
Never mind. It's not in the cards.  
Palm Beach will be fine.  
The place is unimportant  
as long as we're together.  
Oh, Lloyd.  
Lane, we're leaving for Palm Beach.  
If you need me,  
we're staying with the Chasens.  
And let's not have a wake over what  
happened before. It's over and done with.  
Life's too short  
to dwell on our tragedies. Right?  
Besides, I'm sure we all  
said things we're sorry for.  
We're all temperamental.  
Otherwise, we wouldn't  
all be so fascinating.  
I'm sorry if I caused you any grief.  
OK? I wasn't thinking.  
Oh, well. It's over now.

Lane,...

..you always liked this,...

..and I want you to keep it.

Stephanie,...

..this is for you.

I saw you admiring it  
and I'd love you to have it.

Thank you.

Jesus! Look at my hands.

Now, really, I am too young for liver spots.  
Maybe I could merge them into a tan.  
What do you think?

- Can I help with the bags?

- Oh, my God! I forgot.

Howard, just in time to say goodbye and  
help with the luggage. I'll get the door.

Lloyd, put that hanging piece on top,  
I beg you. Everything'll be mussed.

Thanks, Howard.

Terrific. The door's open.

Lane, let them get it, honey.

Come here. Come here.

Now... No, never mind. You know where  
we're gonna be, with the Chasens,...

..so if you need me for anything - your  
hair looks just darling down like that -  
..you call me. D'you hear me? OK.

And tell Peter that  
I've got to rethink my memoirs.

If I come up with a fresh approach,  
then I'll call him.

Goodbye. Be a good girl.

Oh, God. Have you got my make-up kit?  
It's got my diaphragm in it.  
Isn't it silly? I still travel with it.  
It's like a lucky charm.  
Maybe I should donate it  
to the antique fair!  
Will I see you again?  
I think you should leave.  
I'm going to stay with Lane  
and then go back home.  
It's funny. You meet somebody  
under strange circumstances.

You fall in love and then  
you go off in separate directions.  
Peter, please don't make this hard for me.  
- Please.  
- I feel so empty.  
You haven't even gone yet and I feel like  
I've lost something I'll never find again.  
I'm so disappointed in myself.  
Steffie.  
Time will pass  
and you'll forget this summer.  
And you? Will you forget it?  
I'll try.  
It won't be easy, but I'll try.  
Now she's off to Palm Beach  
as though nothing had happened.  
Well, I really should be going, too.  
My debts.  
I have to manage the final sale.  
All the details.  
Lane, I want so badly  
to tell you not to worry.  
Howard.  
And that I'll take care of you,  
that nothing would make me happier.  
I've gotten so used to  
having you in my life.  
- You're all that gives it meaning now.  
- Howard, don't. Don't.  
- I'm sure that...  
- I can't.  
..when you leave here...  
..I'll never see you again.  
But I really did grow to love you.  
Lane.  
I came to say goodbye.  
I think it's better  
if I head back to the city tonight.  
You haven't finished your book.  
It's finished.  
What a sad tone in your voice.  
I loved all the time we spent together.  
And I appreciate your faith in me and...  
..the encouragement.

I'm sorry I couldn't live up to it.

Well...

Take care of her, Howard.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Would you like some tea?

No.

- It's chilly.

- Yeah.

It was chilly when I got up this morning.

In a few days it'll be September.

I know.

There are so many things to do,  
selling a house.

It'll keep you busy. That's good.

When do you have to go home?

In a couple of days I'll go back.

The kids need school supplies  
and new shoes.

- Sweet kids.

- Yeah.

Oh, Steffie.

Soon you'll leave here and  
you'll start all over again in New York.

There'll be a million things  
to keep you busy.

It's gonna be OK.