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Shirin in Love

By Ramin Niemi

(film roll effect)
(music)
(police siren blaring)

Shirin:

Officer:

Officer Henderson, Miss.
License and registration,
please.

Okay.

I know it's here.

Um...

Uh, did you lose your license
and registration again, Shirin?

No, no, no.

It's in my purse.

It's got to be here somewhere.

Was I speeding again?

Oh, no. No, you weren't
speeding, not this time.

- But let me ask you a question.

- Uh-huh.

Does that big red sign mean
anything to you back there?

Now look, we don't want any
accidents out here, do we?

I forgot to stop again,
didn't I?

Uh-huh.

I'm sorry.

How's the writing going?

Well, I'm still gonna
write you this ticket.

I know.

It's just... well, the
writing's so...

Go on.

Different, you know?

Definitely has potential.

Potential?

I gave you the ninth draft.

I know that.

It's really, you know, raw.

You know, fresh is what I mean.
But, I thought we agreed that
Harry can't just kill his wife
because he's unhappy.
Well, maybe Harry... he
does need to do something.
You know what?
Maybe he kills her
then he tries to kill himself,
but through some way
he survives somehow.
Or maybe he just lets her go.
Yeah. Maybe he
just lets her go.
That'd be... maybe
he just lets her go.
Maybe he just lets her...
get the hell out of here.
(laughs)
(music)
- Hi Janet!
- Hi.
Hi.
...have until tonight.
Then, you'll be
hearing from my lawyers.
I've read all the books.
You've read them all
in one week?
Uh-huh.
And I wrote a review
on each of them,
although only one
was worth reading.
The rest were the usual fluff.
You say that like it's
a bad thing.
In The Storm is the
new Rachel Harson novel.
I'm sure it'll be a best
seller too, but I don't get it.
Have some kabob.
You've lost weight.
(speaking foreign language)

I have an offer for you.
We'll have the wedding here,
a big wedding, a
beautiful wedding.
In return, you will do a
big feature on Ms. Harson.
And we'll put it on the
cover of the online issue
as well as three pages
in the print publication.
Uh-huh.
You've been asking to
write feature stories.
Here's your chance.
Rachel Harson, The Real Story.
Darling, go and interview her.
Write classy stuff, and I
promise we won't change a word.
You know she doesn't
give interviews.
She hasn't met my daughter.
Right.
Shirin!
My dress!
Shirin!
(music)
Oh, shoot!
Oh.
Is that beer coming?

Shirin:

Thank you.
Hey, Vicky, it's me.
Um, I have an emergency.
No, not another fire.
Um, do you have any beer?
(music)

Vicky:

Hello.
Hi Vicky.
(speaking foreign language)
Who is this blondie?
Take it easy, man.

That's a patient.
She's a patient?
Yeah. I wouldn't mind
giving her a filling, huh?
I would love to adjust
her tailbone.
Chick, chick, chick, pow.
You're not even a doctor.
You're a chiropractor.
That's a glorified masseuse.
I make people walk
with beautiful forms.
What do you do?
Fill up their phenomenals?
Thank you so much.
Of course.
Oh, how romantic.
After all these years,
Mike still sends you flowers.
American men never do that.
Here.
Thanks, beautiful.
Ba ba!
Tastes so good!
Ooh!
(laughing)
Mike is so adorable.
He did such a
great job on these.
You should feel them.
- Oh, oh. No. I'm good.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah.
- Okay. Okay.
The tall one... the other
doctor... is he married?
No.
He's not married.
I'm Iranian. I got a chandelier
in my car hanging,
just chandelier just hanging.
Tone it down, man. You're
a little creepy right now.
I want to be married too!

I love her!
I could look at her...
one of her hair all day
and just wonder why did it wave
like this instead of like that?
What are you reading now?
Hmm?
Oh, it's a new
Rachel Harson novel.
Oh, she has a new one?
Yeah, In The Storm.
That's an advanced copy.
I love her.
It's her best yet.
Once I'm done reading it,
I'll let you borrow it,
and I'll bring you
some more beer.
Forget the beer.
Just bring the book
and the tall doctor.
(music)
(speaking foreign language)
Mom, please.
I don't want to.
- Come on.
- Not tonight, please.
(indiscreet chatter)
Can we get out of here, please?
Yes, honey.
We will shortly.
I just want you to meet Ali Ali.
We call him Ali Dobey.
I'm glad you found
something to look at.
- This is Shirin.
- Pleasure to meet you.
Great.
Pretty cute.
Uh well, I was a
human rights attorney,
and I... I gave it up to write.
She's a book reviewer
from the magazine.

This one?
Uh-huh.
A big fan
of Rachel Harson.
You do whatever
you want, honey,
as long as you quit
when we have children.
And you know I want
a lot of children.
Here's to Rachel Harson
and In The Storm.
I would say 50 is
the best for you.
Oh, come on...
(foreign language)

Mom:

that we're gonna have
grandchildren before too long,
and you're not gonna
disappoint us, are you?
I'll do my best.
Don't keep on
touching your hair.
Dr. June.
- Shirin.
- What are you talking about?
Shirin, come on, come on.
That's okay.

Mom:

about the wedding.
Let's have the music louder.
Spring me.
That's interesting.

Mike:

I'll go get you a water, okay?
I'll be right back, okay?
(laughing)

Woman:

this music?

(Thundering)

Ahh!

Whew!

William:

Help me.

I escaped.

Um, yeah. It's raining.

Uh, you should probably go...

- Open the door.

- Yeah, okay. All right.

Where... where do you
want to go?

Please don't send me back.

Uh, okay.

So you just want me to go?

Okay.

(starts car)

Just go.

- Just go.

- Okay. All right.

(music)

So, where are we
escaping to?

Just go straight.

If I go back,
I'm gonna kill them.

I'm gonna kill myself.

Okay. Straight it is.

And we're out of straight.

Any other suggestions?

Hello?

Awesome.

Pick up the phone.

(crowd talking)

Dude, I got a girl
in my car right now.

She's passed out
in the front seat.

It's the pretty book reviewer
in the purple dress

that was drinking too much
tonight at the party.

Long story...

I need your help, okay?
'Cause I... I don't know
what to do with her.
She's beautiful so
please call me back.

Woman:

at that. She's so drunk.
(laughing)

Woman 2:

last night.

- No.

- Yes. You were.

(laughing)

- This way.

- Thanks.

Uh... Is there anything
else you need?

You know, I think my
hands are... are full.

Oh, oh yeah.

Of course. Next time.

- For sure.

- Thank you.

Rick.. Rick, it's Will.

Pick... pick up, please!

I've got... this girl is in
my room right now, okay?

Yeah, the girl from the party.

(music)

She's now in my bed,

so um,

you got to...

you got to come here,

and you got to help me handle

this right now. Please?

Hey... hey, you need

to wake up, please.

Oh.

There you go.

Okay.

Ho... ho... ho.

I've got to take

your clothes off
'cause you're gonna get
pneumonia if I don't. Okay?
So, I'm just doing that.
An engagement ring?
Oh man.
Okay.
There ya go.
I can't...
(clears throat)
Okay.
There we go.
(foreign language)

Mike:

There was a guy here.
I'm gonna kill him!

Mom:

Mike:

no I'm not?
Uh, my... my fiancée was
in bed with someone.
- Calm down. Let me explain.
- Calm down?
Uh, my fiancée is in
somebody's bed!
Oh... oh my God.
I'm going dizzy.
Here.
Oh, thank you.
Uh.
Where is he?
I'm gonna kill him!
I don't know how this
happened, Mike. I swear.
What am I gonna do?

Mom:

Davidson this morning.
Shirin had a little
too much to drink
so she asked Rick to

give her a lift home.
And ended up in bed with him?
Oh my God!
(speaking foreign language)
- Here.
- Thank you.
Dr. June, you'll be very
happy to know
that as soon as he
brought her back to his hotel,
he went straight
to his boyfriend, Trevor.
You should never let
her drink in public!
Calm down.
Thank you.
(music)

Helen:

Ha. I knew it.
Sweetheart, that's a red hair.
Do you see any other red-headed
Asians walking around here?
Uh, major health code violation.
I'm not eating this.
Helen, I need to talk to you
about something kind of important.
I just found out my
mother is really sick.
I'm sorry.
That's terrible.
They don't think she's gonna
make it to her next birthday.
I need more wine.
It's empty.
Can I have... are you
gonna eat... that?
- Go ahead.
- Yeah? Okay.
Thank you.
Broccoli, the long ones.
It's like a combination between
asparagus and broccoli.
These are so good.

(slurping)

- Thanks, babe.

- All right.

Please be careful
and don't drive fast.

Oh, dad.

She couldn't drive fast
even if she wanted to.

I can't believe you'd rather drive
seven hours in this piece of junk
instead of taking
a one hour flight.

You know I hate to fly, and please
don't call Zuzu a piece of junk.

You know I don't want to
put my first car to sleep.

The keys are in
the ignition honey.

Oh yeah.

(starts car)

And you got the GPS, too?

Uh, yep, and I have
this just as backup.

Where's your ring?

Oh, uh, I'm sure
it'll pop up somewhere.

Oh my God.

You lost it?

How could you lose...?

Oh my God.

Do you know how long that
ring's been in my family?
Since my great-great-great
grandmother five generations!
Dr. June... Dr. June... don't
let your blood pressure go up.

I didn't lose it.

I just can't find it.

She didn't lose it.

She lost it!

No. She can't find it.

That's different.

Mike:

What's the difference?
No, no, no, no.
She didn't lose it.
She just can't find it.
But it's the same thing!
She lost it!
No, no, no.
It's not the same thing.
She just can't find it.
(foreign language)
She lost it.
(music)
Ooh, there she goes again.
Start the car!
Start the car!
(starts car)
(tires screech)
(sirens)
Officer Washington:
You know what?
Let me handle this.
Good morning, Officer Henderson.
It's coffee, okay?
It's coffee and I
spilled it chasing you!
I stopped at the
stop sign, didn't I?
No, ma'am.
No, you didn't stop.
You didn't stop
at the stop sign.
I sent your manuscript to
an agent friend of mine.
You know what?
My new partner is
sitting back in the car there.
It's not gonna work this time.
Oh.
That's all right. No, oh.
I know the number.
O six.
Let me tell ya.
Are you leaving town?
Yes, sir.

Are you leaving for a long time?

- Yes, sir.

- Good!

Officer Henderson, have you
thought about changing that ending?

(officer sighs)

Well, I thought about, you know,
when he kills her...

I thought maybe I'd make
that a dream sequence.

Oh.

Dream sequences are
kind of a movie thing. So...

I don't know.

You let me think
about it, all right?

Promise me.

If you stay off my
street for a few weeks,
I'm not gonna write
you a ticket, okay?

I promise.

Promise.

- You promise?

- Promise.

'Cause I don't want
to see you anymore.

Thank you, Marvin.

(starts car)

(music)

Driving,

Singing on the highway

Starin' at the skyline

Floating in space

Hey there

Scoot a little closer

What's your favorite color?

Posies in May

So lovely on my pillow

Spinning webs with rainbows

Sending telegrams to Mars

(thundering)

Just my luck.

GPS:

There is no left.
Recalculating.
Recalculating.
Turn left.
What? You want me
to drown in the ocean?
There's no left.
Turn left.
Ugh!
Sunday
Coffee at the bookshop
Sirens out the window
Oh, man.

GPS:

Where am I?
You have arrived
at your destination.
She lives in the middle
of nowhere.
Where the hell are we?
(raining)
(thunder)

Rachel:

May I help you?
Hi.
Yeah, my car broke down.
Can I use your phone?
Oh sure.
Come on in.
Thank you.
Oh.
I locked myself
out of my car.
Oh.
You better wipe yourself
off before you get pneumonia.
Clearly, that's not gonna work
so I'll get you a bigger towel.
Thanks.
Here.
- Thank you.

- Oh, you're welcome.
Oh. You know, why don't
you make the call later.
Come on with me.
Yeah, just follow me.
That's good.
Come on in.
Sit by the fire.
I don't want to bother you.
If you could just give
me a number for a taxi,
I'll go to a hotel and find
somebody to help me with my car?
You're not from
around here, are you?
No.
Los Angeles.
Because the closest hotel
is about 20 miles away,
no one is gonna come
out here in this weather.
Stay here tonight.
You can take care of
everything in the morning.
Oh, that is way
too much trouble.
No. Shh. I don't want
to hear about it.
Please, sit down.
Well...
I don't know. I really
shouldn't be drinking.
You know, if you have just
one keeps you very warm.
Okay.
There you go.
Thanks.
You're welcome.
So, what are you doing
around here?
Work.
I'm a journalist.
You're a journalist?
Well, not really a journalist.

I'm more of a book
reviewer for a magazine.
I'm looking for someone.
She's an author.
Her name is Rachel Harson.
Hmm.
May I ask why?
Uh, I'm writing a story on her,
although I'm pretty sure
she won't talk to me.
She seems like a
pretty difficult woman.
You know, that's funny. I've
heard the same thing about her.
What magazine did
you say you wrote for?
BH Style.
Have you heard of it?
No, but I'm... I'm not
a magazine person.
I'm sure it's very nice.
Uh, truth is, it's my first big
assignment so I'm a little...
So you're nervous?
Yeah (laughs)
Let's not talk about
work anymore tonight.
You're tired.
You need your rest.
Take that with you.
Okay.
You're very kind.
Oh, you have found me out.
(door opens)
This is my son's room.
Well, at least it was his room.
Oh, he's so cute!
Yes, he is cute.
Okay.
I'm so sorry.
I didn't even recognize you.
Why would you?
See that picture?
That was taken

30 years ago.

Anyway, you need
to get your sleep.

Good night.

Good night.

(music)

(coughing)

(distant talking)

- The emotion.

- Yes!

- So go to Kailee's.

- Okay.

I got a flat of little
teeny flowers.

Will:

Rachel:

there near the stones.

Just bring 'em back.

Everything's looking so raggedy,
and I've been out there every day.

Hi, Mrs. Harson.

(hoarse voice)

Oh, hi.

No.

No, not... not... no,
not you again. Uh-uh.

Rachel:

know each other?

Will:

I don't want to be rude, but we don't
want any journalists in my house.

I... I don't know what
you're talking about.

Don't strain your voice.

You know, this is my house.

She's a guest in my house.

Mom, she is a journalist.

You know what that means?

She told me

she's a book critic.

- Really?
- You know? Yes.

Will:

for a second.

Wait a minute!

Just sit down.

First of all, I'm gonna take Shirin and put her back into the bedroom.

Go on, honey.

You are really embarrassing me in front of my guest!

Really?

Shirin... how do you even know her name?

Why is she here?

She is not feeling well.

I think she has a little bit of a temperature, so she might have to stay a night or two.

Another night or two?

I don't want to talk anymore about it, okay?

Thank you.

She's cute, isn't she?

She thinks you're cute.

Here. Take that perfect tray and be nice.

Yes, ma'am.

I'm sorry to intrude.

- I'll leave.

- No, no.

I'm... I'm sorry.

I, um, you know... what happened back there.

Let's see if I can...

Man, you know, I knew that was gonna happen too.

- I'm sorry.

- It's okay.

It's kind of been one of those days.

Oh.

I'm sorry.

I'll, um... I'll get you
some more orange juice.

- I'll get you...

- Oh, no.

(coughs)

Shirin:

Where have I seen you before?

Um, I think... I think we met
at a... at a party one time.

Please, sit down. I don't
want you to ruin your voice.

- Thanks.

- Yeah.

Um, great.

Thanks.

Yeah.

Happy boy.

Huh? Oh. Yeah.

I don't know why my mom has
that...

Yeah, I wasn't quite as happy
as... as I looked here, but uh...

but I was an amazing
chess player, so you know?

A bit of a loner, you know?

Zuzu.

Huh?

What'd you call me?

Zuzu. My car.

Oh.

You dropped a grape.

Five second rule.

You can still eat that.

Thank you.

Yeah, I noticed that
you got the blue beetle.

Yeah.

I used to have a beetle.

Um, it was my first
car, so...

Thank you.

(car horn honking)

Oh, um, I got to take off.

Okay.

Yeah, but um...

- Thanks again.

- Yeah. Feel better.

Take it easy.

(car horn honking)

Please, tell your
friend not to honk.

Her name's Helen, mom.

It's been that way
for seven years.

I'll tell her. Bye.

(phone ringing)

Answer it!

I'm too hysterical!

Hello?

Yes.

Is she okay?

Thank you. Thank you
very much for calling.

Goodbye.

Well?

She is fine.

That was Rachel Harson.

Rachel Harson?

Herself?

Shirin is sick.

She has a high fever.

Great.

Great?

Are you out of your mind.

Don't you get it?

It's Rachel Harson, the writer.

She got her.

That's my daughter.

Rachel:

is a literary sensation
combining a magical
illumination of the ordinary
with exquisite lyricism
laced with elegance
and compassion.

A tragic love story which brings
to mind the best of Annie Poole. "

Oh, hey, the best
she gives it four stars.

(laughing)

Hey, you're not
supposed to be out of bed.

Oh, I'm feeling much
better, thank you.

Let me get a chair.

Yes, you have to eat!

- Thanks.

- Yeah.

You want some meatloaf?

Yeah.

Some meatloaf.

- Thanks.

- Uh-huh.

Um, I almost forgot.

You, uh... you left these.

Oh. Thank you. Thank you.

I'm always losing things.

I'm hopeless.

No, you are not, and I'm
gonna tell you why missy.

See this?

We just read the review.

You're a fantastic writer.

William, tell her how
good she is.

You're good.

(laughing)

Where did you go to school?

Uh, Oxford for
undergrad and then...

- Oxford.

- Columbia Law.

Columbia Law?

Now, I'm learning how to write.

Hey, don't be so modest.

You are a very good writer.

Oh, that means so
much coming from you.

Thank you.

(laughs)

Do you write, too?

Um, me?

No, I, um... why?

Uh, your room.

All those books.

Oh, that's my fault.

See, I used to be
an English teacher

so I made him read all
the books that I love.

And it was horrible.

It was not!

Yeah. I didn't think a teenage
boy would read all the classics,
especially the ones
written by women.

He's a very unusual man.

Elizabeth Bishop is one
of my favorite poets.

I hope you don't mind, but I was
going through your collection
of poetry in your room, and
loved the notes in the margins.

This is not like the
big city, you know.

He had a lot of
problems as a teenager.

- I don't mean problems.

- It was boring.

I know... not for me but,
you know, for William.

Hmm.

Rachel:

I'd love to get the recipe.

Oh, well I just put it together.

It's his recipe. He is the chef.

Oh, you know, my father's
the chef in our house, too.

- Really?

- Um, shoot.

- You know what? I got to...

- You got to go to work?

Yeah. Um, you guys

enjoy. Okay?

And uh...

- I love you.

- I love you.

And um, yeah.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Here.

Have some veggies.

Then we'll have some tea.

He's so good looking.

He lives in that

lighthouse down the road.

When the weather is

really, really stormy,

he listens to the radio in case

somebody needs help.

Interesting.

His father died 12 years ago.

In a horrible storm.

The Coast Guard couldn't pick up
the signal because it was too weak,

and William left New York,

moved back here

and bought a whole bunch of

high tech radio equipment,

and he sits there and he

listens to the radio.

And he can hear even

the weakest signal.

I am so sorry.

I had no idea.

Oh, just like the

character from In The Storm.

I suppose I'm

revealing some family secrets.

Oh, no.

I am definitely

off duty tonight.

No, you write.

You write what you want.

You write the truth.

I don't have a problem

with that.

And I wish William
would just stop hiding.

(phone ringing)

Oh, I'm... I'm sure
that's for you.

- Do you mind answering it?

- Okay.

Mom:

It's me, mom.

How come you called
Mike and not me?

Be professional.

Don't forget why you're there.

Yeah, yeah.

I'm feeling a lot better.

Uh, I have to go now.

I'll call you tomorrow.

- Did you bring your cell?

- No. Please, don't worry.

Be sure to take some
good pictures.

(music)

(voices on radio) Jesse. This is
Jesse. Fishing vessel, this is Jesse.

Are you out there anywhere John?

About 3.5 miles
off the coast

right about where we...

(ocean waves)

- Morning!

- Hi.

So, I, uh, stopped by
the store this morning.

I got cinnamon hazelnut coffee.

We're all set.

Honey, you didn't have to
go to all that trouble.

It's fine.

You look like you're
feeling better.

Yeah. I am.

Thanks.

Good.

You know what, William?
Why don't you take Shirin
out for a lovely drive?

Oh no. I have to...

I have to get back
to L.A. so...

Yeah.

It's a long drive.

Yeah.

Honey, she came
all the way up here,
now don't you want to see
how beautiful everything is?

What a good idea to
get out and get some air!

What a great idea!

Mom, there's not... there's
not much to see. Really.

What are you talking about?

She's all the way up here, and
you're not gonna show her around?

Honey, wait 'til you see the beauty
of the landscape and the flowers.

So what do you think?

A good idea?

Okay. Good.

(music)

Shirin:

Rachel's work is so inspired.

This is magnificent.

This is the main setting
for Under Blue Skies, isn't it?

Yeah.

So what do you want
to write about?

Oh come on. You got a
novel in there, don't ya?

What makes you say that?

Maybe it helps that I
have a writer in the family.

So why'd you stop?

Who says I ever started?

Really?

Okay, I've written 600 pages, but I haven't touched it in nearly two years.

- Why not?

- Fear of failure probably.

What if no one wants to read it?

What if it's bad?

Just write another one.

Easy for you to say.

I need to move somewhere peaceful so I can write.

Definitely old enough to go out on your own.

How did you know I live with my parents?

I guessed.

I'm sorry.

I, um, the way you were dressed and uh, your mannerisms.

It was...

Well, just so you know, I didn't have much of an income after I graduated so I had no choice.

- I just decided...

- Yeah, I... I'm sorry.

That was none of my business.

(music)

You are so lucky.

Yeah, it's not too bad.

So, Mr. Adventure, why do you still live with your mother?

I don't live with my mom.

I live next to her.

Right.

Like... right next to her.

(laughs)

Next to her, and if you must know, the truth is is that, um, I live next to her because she's not well.

Oh.

I'm sorry.

Perhaps you're right.
Maybe I miss her
cooking just a little bit.
Anything else you
want to pick on.
Well, I mean, since you asked.
You should really
get some new clothes.
You don't dress very well.
Now, you're gonna go there?
All right. At least I don't look
like a dentist assistant, so...
A dentist assistant,
really?
- Uh-huh.
- 'Cause this is your sweater.
And you wear it well.
Thanks.
(music)
(waves crashing)

Rachel:

his own little world,
and Helen is one of
the few people in it.
He doesn't really meet
new people.
How long have
they been together?
Oh, I'd say about
seven years give or take.
You see, when he came back
from New York,
his spirits were really low.
He was drinking too much, and
he knew Helen from high school.
She was the manager
of the local bar,
which was his favorite hangout.
She was really a good influence.
She was his friend, kind of
brought him back to life.
Hmm.
So?

What about you? I mean,
do you have a boyfriend?
Are you...?
I'm actually engaged.
I lost my ring.
I'm an idiot.
His name's Mike.
Our families have known
each other since we were kids.
Now, he's a plastic surgeon.
Really nice guy.
My mom really loves him.
I'm very happy for you.
Thanks.
Okay, I'm gonna pry.
Why are you writing
for BH Style?
(laughs)
Because my mom's the owner
and because I'm a coward.
I think you're very special.
Thanks.
Let me get some coffee.
I don't know if you want any.
Ugh!
Rachel?
Rachel?
Oh.
You know, I was always afraid that
something like this would happen
when I wasn't with her.
I'm grateful you
were there for her.
You can't be there
all the time.
I'm glad I was there too.
(coughing)
I didn't know you smoked.
I don't.
(coughing)
Give me that.
It's a hospital.
(ocean waves)
You know,

the dialogue in Rachel's novels feel so authentic.

She must rely on your help, right?

Next question.

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to pry.

It's just Rachel really knows how to capture this place, you know?

The sea, the villages where the fishermen live.

She has such strong insight into the pain her characters are feeling and yet there's such optimism and romance in her writing.

I'm sure she'll be happy to hear your analysis.

You, on the other hand, I can't quite figure you out.

I mean, if Rachel bases all her characters on real people, where do you fit in?

You're James, from In the Storm.

Absolutely not. No.

(laughs)

There's no way Rachel bases a sailor on me because I put one foot into a boat, and I turn green.

Yeah.

And my father, on the other hand...

that guy was a fisherman.

So Rachel wrote about your dad.

I don't know.

Maybe.

I mean, can you imagine, I had to grow up in this... this fishing town.

My father's this great fisherman, and I get sea sick the

minute I... I step in a boat.
It was a disaster.
I think you turned out
all right.
Will you come sit
next to me?
You just seem so far away.
Please?
I don't bite, you know.
I'm just...
So, William,
where did we meet before?
What party?
Most guys don't greet me with,
"Oh no, not you again. "
Yeah, it was a... it
was like a month ago.
Some fancy Persian party
in a Beverly Hills mansion.
Darling, I promised Roya that we're going
to have grandchildren before too long,
and you're not going to
disappoint us, are you?
I'll do my best.
Don't keep on
touching your hair.
Oh yeah.
My mother's party.
I had way too much
to drink that night.
Uh, yes you did.
I don't know why my mom buys
all these dreadful paintings
when they're such great
artists in L.A.
- Couldn't agree more.
- Uh-huh.
I'm Sylvia Nelson, the purveyor
of second rate dribble
you tore apart in your magazine.
Uh, oh gosh.
Did I do something stupid?
No.
I mean, yeah, you really

were wobbly. But uh...

I'm glad you found
something to look at.

- This is Shirin.

- Pleasure to meet you.

Great.

She's pretty cute.

Oh, well I was a
human rights attorney,
and I... I gave it up to write.

She's a book reviewer
for the magazine.

- This one?

- Uh-huh.

And a big fan of Rachel Harson.

You are a terrible liar.

You're just like my dad.

Your left eyebrow
goes up when you lie.

What do you mean?

Yeah. Look, you're doing
it again. Right now.

Doing it right now.

Silly.

Uh, great.

Excuse me,
but what about me?

- Uh.

- Since yours is full.

I think we just established that
you can't handle your alcohol, so...

Whatever.

(pours drink)

To new friends.

To loveless marriage.

Wow.

I mean, sorry.

There is nothing worse than a
relationship that's convenient,
comfortable and boring.

Right?

I'll drink to that.

Man, so what's our problem?

I don't know,

but I do know you don't need
anymore of that.

No, I do not need
anymore of that.

(laughs)

I told my fianc about you.

He asked me why I'm
so interested in a guy
who lives off his
mother's income,
sits around playing
with his radios all day.
Sounds like a smart guy.

I'd listen to him
if I were you.

I'm not stupid.

It's this the reporter in you
trying to get more out of me.

Oh my God.

Will you stop with
all the reporter crap?

Look at me.

You always avoid looking
at me directly in the eye.

No, I'm looking
at you right now.

No, you're not.

Look at me.

(music swells)

(phone ringing)

Mike?

Shirin, is everything all right?

I'm on my way.

That... that's not a good idea.

What?

I'm having trouble hearing you!

Don't worry.

Everything is taken care of.

AAA will tow your car
back to L.A.

I'll be there within
an hour and then...

That's definitely
not a good idea.

What?

Are you okay?

Yeah, I'm fine.

Will you stop rushing me?

You always do that to me.

Shirin, what's going on?

Nothing.

I'm just having a

really tough day.

It's really busy here.

Can you just come tomorrow?

What?

No, I can't come tomorrow.

I'm already on my way.

Just meet me at the

local hospital, okay?

What hospital?

Sweetheart, what's the matter?

Oh.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Sorry I'm late.

- Late for what?

I'm not going anywhere.

These are for you.

Oh.

Wild flowers.

They're my favorite.

William picks them for me.

I had a feeling about that.

You look a lot better.

Compared to what?

Did I scare ya?

Yeah. You did.

You look... I don't know,

different, beautiful, rosy.

Your cheeks are all a flush.

It must've been the

rush to get over here.

My fianc, Mike,

is coming to pick me up,

so I came to say goodbye.

Goodbye?

How about the interview?

Oh no. You don't worry
about the interview.
Please, just concentrate
on getting better.
You saved my life.
I want to do the interview.
I do.
Write down your questions and
put 'em on a piece of paper.
Give 'em to William, and
he's my right hand man.
It'll be fine.
- Rachel, I don't...
- Do not argue with me.
It's a losing battle.
I thought you knew that.
Thank you for everything.
I'm gonna be fine.
I wish I had some
coffee and some cookies.
You know what?
Get me a vase
from that nurse that
has that mustache.
(laughing)
Don't tell her it's for me.
She doesn't like me.
- Oh gosh. All right.
- Okay?
- I... I'll get her.
- Okay.
Okay.
Bye-bye.
I'm looking for
Ms. Rachel Harson.
One second.
Yes, uh, room 241 to the
left and the immediate right.
Thank you.
Hi.
What?
What do you want?
No, I just... okay.
(giggles)

(typing)

(typing)

You write on a typewriter?

What are you doing here?

I came to say goodbye.

Oh.

(ocean waves)

It's pretty, isn't it?

You should see it at night.

if the skies are clear you can

see every star in the sky.

I don't know what to say.

You don't have to say anything.

I, um,

I... I want... I want

to say something.

Ever since I met you, I...

(cell ringing)

It's my fianc.

Yeah, of course it is.

He's probably trying to make sure

he gets you to the church on time.

- Always in a hurry, so...

- I would be to if I was him.

What are you writing?

Um, this is, uh... this is

my mother's manuscript.

I'm pretty much her

official typer now.

Can I take a peak?

Can I trust you?

You already have.

It's her most recent work.

It's beautiful.

(cell ringing)

Oh.

I really have to go.

Yeah.

I'm glad you liked this.

You have something you

want to give me, right?

Here, um, it's not why I came.

No, of course.

I know there's

something going on here.
I just don't know what it is...
yet.
Goodbye.
(music)
Bye.
(Persian music)
(sentimental music)
This is crazy!
You're moving into the apartment
of somebody you just met.
You don't even know her!
What if she's a serial killer!
Mom, you need to relax.
We've been Skyping.
It's all fine.
Skyping?
That's not talking.
Nader, do something.
What can I do?
My head is fine.
Give me a hug.
Bye.
I should've done this years ago.
(starts car)
Did you see the way
she was dressed?
She gave away all
her beautiful clothes.
What have we done
to deserve this?
Thank you so much.

Girl:

We'll see you in six months.
Yeah.
Have a good time you guys.
You have a simple
exciting concept.
For a novel, that's not
enough, but for a movie,
it could be just what
the studios want.
High concept.

Ooh, that's what I've got?
High concept?
I got concept.
High concept.
Uh, is something bugging you?
You want to talk about it?
You know I got nieces your age.
I'm getting married
to a very nice guy
who I've been with
for a very long time,
but I met someone new.
Um-hmm.
Uh-huh.
The first one,
very successful,
and the second one,
married but not so rich.
Kind of.
I mean, he's got a long term
girlfriend, so...
I knew it. I knew it.
You know why?
'Cause we police officers got
a good sense of psychology.
So what do I do, Dr. Freud?
What do you do?
Hell, you just run off with me!
(laughs)
Marvin.
Okay.
Only if you let me drive.
Oh, hell no.
Not the way you drive.
Deal's off.
Uh-uh.
That ain't happening.
Maybe I need more courage.
Well, hell, let's
drink to courage.
And to all the writers
in the world.
(music) You said
you're leaving, Today

Dale:

ya, I never seen you looking like this.

Everything okay between,

uh, you and Helen?

No shit.

I thought you two

were gonna get married.

Ahh.

You got another one, huh?

I do, and she's getting
married to somebody else.

Is she pretty?

Oh, Dale, she's gorgeous.

You know? She's... she's pretty,
and she's clumsy.

Wow. Sounds like

you're really into her.

She live around here?

No.

That's tough.

Hold onto her.

This one sounds like the one
you don't want to let slip away.

Bye boys.

(music)

(cell message)

Will:

Listen, I have some
bad news about my mom.

I, uh, wish I could've
heard your voice.

I miss you.

(music)

I wasn't expecting you today.

Rachel died last night.

Darling, I'm so sorry.

Why are you smiling?

Do you think the son
will give you an exclusive?

I'll send a photographer
with you.

Mom, put the phone down!

Mom?

This is a private funeral.

No press.

No television.

Nothing.

I'm invited, and I'm going.

I'll get a driver to take you.

No. You don't get it, do you?

I don't want a camera!

And I definitely don't want

one of your photographers

posing as a driver!

Mom:

gonna get there?

Don't worry.

I'm Sasha Kapalov

from Russia.

I take care of you.

This is homemade vodka.

You relax.

You don't feel a thing.

I don't drink.

You don't?

I can't hold my liquor.

I hold it for you.

Don't be silly.

Everybody drinks, huh?

No, thanks.

Okay.

(speaking Russian)

Flight attendant: Please

fasten your seat belts.

Flight attendants

return to your stations.

We're expecting some

serious turbulence up ahead.

Oh, oh, ho.

(music)

I'm sorry about Rachel.

Thanks for coming.

I almost didn't make it.

Um, I tried to get here sooner.

I'm really sorry.

Don't apologize.
She... she'd be happy
you were here.
I'm Helen.
Will's girlfriend.
Aren't you going
to introduce us?
Oh, I'm sorry.
This is, um...
this is Shirin.
She's a friend of the family.
Nice to meet you.
Well, it was great to meet you.
Yeah.
Likewise.
If you don't mind, I'm gonna spend
some time with Rachel by myself.
(tennis being played)
Yeah!
Yes! Aha! See?
You can't beat me, brother!
(foreign language)
Come on now!
Don't make me nervous, baby!
You know that
position makes me crazy.
- You can do it!
- All right.
See what you got.
Shirin?
Yeah?
- Ahh!
- Shirin? What is this?
What is this?
What was that?
Next time, I get Vicky.
You get Shirin, huh?
- Ya!
- Shirin?
(laughing)
Whew!
Shirin!
I'm sorry!
I'm sorry! I'm trying!

Game, set, match.
Loser buys drinks.
Let's go.
(starts car)
Beetle just went through
the stop sign.
No, it didn't.
Yes, it did.
No, it didn't. Not today.
Didn't happen.
Trust me. Trust me.
It didn't happen.
- Well, what?
- You didn't see it.
Hey, Dad.
Shirin, what are you doing here?
Uh, I just thought
I'd stop by and say hi.
You play tennis?
You hate tennis.
Yeah, I know, and it was really
hot out, and Vicky and Ed
kept smashing the ball at me,
and I kept missing
'cause I'm really uncoordinated.
You know that about me,
and look, I'm just really
trying to make everybody happy,
but I can't. So, I don't know
what the... I just...
Please sit down and
tell me what's going on.
Why did you marry mom?
What's the matter, Shirin?
I just know you're unhappy
every time you're around her.
I don't want to
make the same mistake.
So don't.
The truth is that you do
not need a lot in life.
Find the man you love.
But you never answered
my question.

Why did you marry mom?
Back home,
your mom was in love
with a rich Iranian surgeon.
In fact, when he got engaged
with someone else,
she wanted to get rearranged.
So, what does she do?
She proposes to her
college professor.
Me.
Your mother was an
excellent student,
beautiful, rich,
the whole thing.
Of course, I couldn't believe
my luck, and I said, "yes. "
Before I knew it, you arrived.
(music)
So I was part of the mistake.
No, no, no, no.
You were the most
wonderful thing
that could ever happen
in my life.
The only thing that I'm
sure I have done right.
(music)

Will:

now who the real writer is.
I didn't know how to tell you,
and I was kind of embarrassed,
but it feels so good to finally
be able to tell someone.
Hey, Will, you there?
Please leave a
message after the beep.
Oh, God.
I hate leaving voice messages.
Um, but I have so much
I want to say to you.
Uh, thank you so much
for my present

but mostly for trusting me.

Mom:

Expect a call from my lawyers.

Why do you dress like a beggar?

This is a brand new outfit...

Never mind.

We need to talk.

Of course, buttercup.

How much did you pay for it?

Mom.

Darling, don't make that face.

Tell me.

What's going on?

Well, um, I think

you should know that

I've decided not

to marry Mike.

Do you have any idea how many

women would give their right arm

to marry Dr. June?

I'm sorry.

I can't go through with it.

Okay. What is it?

Another woman?

So, he had a little adventure.

Come on.

He had a little fling.

Let's be a big girl.

Actually, it's nothing

like that.

I'm just not in love

with him.

- You don't love him?

- No, that's not what I said.

I love him.

I'm not in love with him.

This isn't a romantic novel.

It's a legal contract.

You're getting married.

How many couples do you

know that got married for love

and are now divorced?

I'm in love with William,

Rachel Harson's son.

What?

That nut case who stares at the stars
and plays with his radio all night
is in love with my daughter?

Unfortunately, he's
involved with someone else.

So, I'm out of luck.

My daughter has gone cuckoo.

Uh, hi.

Sorry to bother you.

Uh, I'm here to see Shirin.

(phone beeps)

Yes?

Who?

Really?

On my way.

I have to go to a meeting.

Not a word about this,
promise me my dear, to anybody.

Fine. Fine.

I won't say anything.

I'm Shirin's mother, Maryam.

Hi, I'm... I'm William Harson.

I, uh, didn't have an appointment,
but I'm here to see Shirin.

It's kind of personal.

I'm so sorry,
she's not here,

but I would
love to speak with you.

Would you join me for lunch?

Uh, yeah.

Maryam:

to forget about her.

I can't.

Ma'am, I'm in love
with your daughter.

She is a married woman.

She's what?

She went through with this?

At the last minute, I agreed to
drop the plans for a big wedding

because she was in such a hurry.
Can you believe it?
She went to Vegas.
No, I... I can't.
She got married in Las Vegas?
On a bridge over a canal, one
of the most beautiful hotels.
She got married
in a mall casino?
I thought it was
very romantic.
In Vegas?
And fun.
Really?
Please, have some more kabob.
I'm sorry to be the bearer
of bad news,
but a handsome man
like you,
well surely you'll have no
trouble finding someone else.
Yeah.
Shirin told me everything.
What do you mean she
told you everything?
Everything.
So... you know?
I was shocked,
but you know,
mothers and daughters,
no secrets.
If the public finds out
about this, I'm ruined.
Do you understand that?
You have to understand that
we didn't... we didn't plan this.
You know?
It just... it started off as a joke and then
we... we just kind of went with it, and...
You call something
like this a joke?
We never meant
to deceive anyone.
I promise you.

But you did deceive.
I should've never
trusted Shirin.
You're not gonna
publish this, are you?
I want to be fair.
Will you tell me your side
of the story
and please have some more
Ghormeh sabzi.
(knock on door)
- Hi.
- Hey.
Forgot your keys again, huh?
You look very wild.
Where did you get that dress?
This is for you.
What are you talking about?
Come on. Let's go inside.
No. I can't do this.
I can't... I can't marry you.
What do you mean,
you can't marry me?
It's another guy, huh?
It's that guy from the
lighthouse, that hippy kid?
Shirin, how could you?
Mike, you're the type of guy who
almost any woman would love to have.
Right, but not you.
I'm sorry.
I have to go.
Uh-huh.
(sighs)

Will:
please.

Girl:
Yeah. Yeah.
I can't remember it right now.
I never heard that one before.
That's funny.
Hmm.

It is funny, and it's true.
Sometimes, I go by William,
and then other times,
I go by Rachel.
I'd prefer to call you Rachel.
(meowing)
(laughing)
Naughty.
Um-hmm.
Most people want to
call me Rachel these days.
Yeah?
Why don't you come to my
place and tell me about it?
She isn't worth it.
If you only knew, but I
tell you what I will do.
I will drive you home.
Sure you will.
You dumped Mike for this?
Naughty night?
What the hell?
There must be some kind
of mistake.
Only in your choice of men.
Revolted.
This isn't like him.
Which part?
Picking up sleazy bimbos
or driving through
storefront windows?
(television playing)
Bev, I'll call you back.
You are a monster!
- Sweetheart.
- Don't call me that!
I'm resigning, and I demand
you publish a letter of apology!
I was just about to
say congratulations.
You're not even giving
me a chance!
How could you do this
to your own daughter?

Calm down, darling.
I thought you'd be thrilled.
Thrilled?
Please.
Let's not be too
theatrical here.
After all, this is BH Style.
We do our best
to get the truth.
We're not just about
fashion and gossip.
No, no.
We're about selling magazines.
Whatever.
The fact is, I made
him confess his sins,
and I was kind enough
to give you the credit.
You spent days at their home
and came back empty-handed.
He told me everything
in 20 minutes.
What are you talking about?
He came by, asked to have
lunch and told me everything.
I don't believe you.
He wanted this to be a secret.
I never meant to deceive anyone.
After I published my first novel in
New York which was a huge disaster,
I went home and I wrote
Before The Morning.
My mother, Rachel,
she loved it,
and she wanted me to
send it to publishers,
but I only agreed to do it
if she put her name on it.
So, we did.
So, my mom's book
became a huge hit.
I couldn't go back,
and then I became Rachel
Harson, the author.

I told you he was crazy,
mentally unstable,
self-destructive.
Lots of writers are.
So sad.
Uh, hello, William?
I don't know what's going on?
I've called you five times.
Please call me back.
There's so much I want to say.
I... I read the article.
I... I'm so sorry if I
hurt you in any way.
I... I don't know why you're
not responding to my calls.
Can you please call me?
I miss you.
(knocking on door)
Who is it?
(knocking on door)
- Hi.
- Hi.
Can I come in
just one minute?
- Yeah, yeah.
- Thanks.
What happened to you?
I thought it would
be more your style.
I thought you'd like it.
You know, hippy.
It's interesting.
Shirin, ever since I
met you, I fell in love.
I can't look at
any other woman.
Please, take me back.
I'll do whatever it takes.
No more boob jobs.
Just nose jobs.
I...
Shirin, let's get married.
Mike, I... I can't.
Wait, wait, wait.

Hold on.

Let me show you this.

Look at this.

- Mike, what are you doing?

- You're gonna like it.

- Mike?

- No, you're gonna like it.

You're gonna like it.

Hold on. Huh?

(laughing)

Come on!

Smiley face.

You can't say no to that.

You're crazy.

Put your pants back on.

It was Ben's idea, but I mean, it worked, right?

It is working.

Oh. I missed you.

(Foreign language)

Congratulations.

Excuse me, officer, uh... any problem?

Oh, no sir.

No sir.

I'm a friend of Shirin, and I just, I couldn't get off today, and I just wanted to stop by and say hello.

Oh, of course.

You're welcome.

Shrin told me about you.

The promising writer, right?

Oh. I'm working on it, sir.

I'm still working on it.

Please, please go have some champagne.

Thank you, but I'm still on duty, and I really shouldn't.

Come on.

It's only champagne.

Besides, how often does my daughter get married, huh?

(laughing)

(speaking Farsi)

I am speaking Farsi.

(speaking Farsi)

Whoa, you speak Farsi, too.

(laughing)

(music)

You look great.

Will:

the house at any price.

I really feel sorry
about what happened.

Thank you.

I know people
are angry with you,
but it doesn't really
make any difference,
and your novels have brought
me so much happiness.

It means a lot.

I hope you write more.

I mean, I don't know if you know
how much they mean to people
who still haven't found
that special someone.

It's okay.

I can't help it,
but I have to quote
a poem from the very
famous Persian poet, Hafez.

Who said...

(foreign language)

Don't worry. He always
gives big speeches,
plus I'm still expecting
more important people.

(foreign language)

Aren't you proud of me?

Sure.

Any particular reason?

Silly girl almost left the
doctor for that crazy writer.

I saved her.

Maryam, what have you done?

What do you mean?
You heard me. What did
you do to save the marriage?
Nothing.
He came to see Shirin.
I took him to lunch
and made him talk.
Trust me, it wasn't easy.
What did you do?
Hi, how are you?
You didn't really think Shirin
could write that story, did you?
All's well that ends well.
Right darling?
Let me translate this
poem for American friends.
That means I have never heard
a better and more beautiful
sound than the sound of love.
Excuse me, sir.
Is everything all right?
As a matter of fact,
sir, it isn't.
We need to talk.
Okay.
There's not gonna be
another one.

Man on phone:

you gonna do now?
I think I'm gonna disappear.
Mike, do you take
this woman
as your lawfully
wedded wife?
I do.
Shirin, Shirin,
do you take this man
as your lawfully
wedded husband for life?
Shirin, would you commit
yourself to this man, Mike,
and remain faithful to him
for the rest of your life?

Shirin, would you commit
yourself to this man
and stay faithful to him
for the rest of your life?

Excuse me, please.

Excuse me, please.

Stand back.

Excuse me.

Excuse me, please!

Excuse me!

- Excuse me!

- What's the hell is going on?

Excuse me, sir.

Excuse me!

Uh, you, you're under arrest.

- What are you talking about?

- She's under arrest!

- For what?

- You can't do this!

I can do this!

I'm a police officer!

You can't come here and do that!

She has 300 outstanding tickets,
and she's under arrest! Ma'am.

You can't do that now.

This is a wedding!

No, no, no! Sir!

Stop it! Ma'am, you're
under arrest. Come with me.

Mike, do something!

Ma'am, come with me, please!

That's not right!

Uh, I have a lawyer!

Jose, I got a lawyer.

Jose!

Step back!

Would you please step back!

Step back, please!

Please step back!

Mike:

Call the police! Dial 911.

Where are you going?

You can't her!

This is a party!
Call the police!
(indiscreet chatter)
Stop it!
Would you mind telling me
what the hell is going on?
Well, first of all, I'm probably
gonna lose my job over this,
but a writer has to be fearless,
you know what I mean?
That's what you said, isn't it?
I'm pretty sure I was
talking about writing, Marvin.
Well, your dad told me
exactly what's happened.
Do you know William
came to visit you,
but your mother persuaded him to
go to lunch with her instead?
She told William
that you betrayed him.
- This is discrimination!
- Discrimination!
It's discrimination!
Now, it seems like he loves you.
Do you love him?
It's up to you, Shirin.
Uh...

Mom:

My lawyers will destroy you!
For once in your life,
mother, shut up!
(crowd oh's)
Well...
Nader, do something!
What are we waiting for?
Let's do it!
(music)
I didn't write that article.
I had to tell you myself.
My mom tricked us both.
You didn't come all the way up
here just to tell me that, did ya?

God, look at you.
You never looked
more beautiful.
I'm gonna say what
you're supposed to say to me.
I love you.
Will you marry me?
(music)
Yes.
Shirin, do you take this man
as your lawful wedded husband?
I do.
As of this moment, I
pronounce you husband and wife.
You may kiss the bride.
(Persian Music)