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Shoot The Moon

By Bo Goldman

No, Marianne, honey, I don't want to look like a Spanish dancer tonight. I'm not particularly fond of that.

- Molly, please.

- She doesn't like that thing.

And she doesn't like pink.

- In fact, I don't think...

- She wants to wear red.

...I'm going to wear a barrette, Marianne.

No, you're messing my hair worse.

Molly! Molly! Molly!

Wait a second, darling, you can't put it on like that.

- No, look what you've done.

- No, Marianne, she doesn't like that.

- That's enough, everybody.

- She does!

- What do you know what she likes?

- That's enough.

- You like this...

- I mean it.

I don't think it's going to go with this. You look beautiful.

You be quiet for a second.

I think I'm going to wear...

Jill, I'm going to wear it down tonight.

What are you doing? Molly, don't...

No, no, Marianne, honey, no.

The blue one, the blue one.

No, honey, I don't want the blue one.

Wait, don't.

- She doesn't want...

- She does.

How do you know what she wants?

'Cause I know my mom.

That will look really pretty. Come on.

Honey, I'm not... I think I'm not gonna wear a barrette tonight. No.

She's not gonna wear a barrette.

She's gonna wear a bun.

No, she's gonna wear a little button.

- That's enough.

- No.

Mol, I know, but...

No, no, darlings.
Molly, what are you doing?
She's having it down.
- She's having her hair down, Marianne.
- No, Marianne, I have to go.
You guys, she looks fine!
Why don't you leave her alone?
Everybody, stop it now, please.
I have to get...
- Molly, you're not listening to me.
- Up or down?
I want some lipstick.
I know you want lipstick and I know that...
- Come on, Mom.
- No, me first.
Forget it, Mom.
You'll never get to the party.
Yeah, you guys are gonna
keep me here all night.
- Come on, Mom, just a little.
- All right, open wide.
No, Molly.
Not your mouth, your eyes, honey.
- No, I'm going second.
- Don't make faces, Molly.
You guys are always first.
- I'm going first.
- You're not going first. She's first.
It won't be easy
in the middle of all those people.
All I'll be doing is thinking about you.
Maybe I'll win. That would help.
You'll win. You're a winner.
Yeah. But even if I win, I lose,
if you know what I mean.
Forget us tonight.
Just try to have a good time.
Oh.
It's been so long since I had a good time,
I wonder if I still know how.
I hate the way I look.
I think you look really great, Mom.
Hey, Mol, give us a break, okay?
- How do I look?

- Like a hooker.

So do you. Do I look like a hooker?

No, you look beautiful.

You don't look anything like a hooker.

See, I don't look anything like a hooker.

What's a hooker?

Where are you, anyway?

- At home.

- Home?

I thought you were calling

from the gas station.

You shouldn't be calling me

from your home, George.

Get off the phone, for God's sake.

Okay. I'll call you tomorrow night.

Bye. Good luck.

Good night.

- That's enough, everybody.

- She does!

- How do you know...

- Put it down. That's enough.

- Go like this, okay?

- I mean it!

- Are you off the phone?

- What?

- I asked you if you were off the phone.

- Yeah, I was just talking to Jim.

Jim, huh?

Is that why you were whispering?

Yeah, that's why I whispered.

You better hurry. Mom looks terrific.

Hey, Molly,

will you go get me my red gloves?

They're in the bathroom.

You know where they are, remember?

You're wearing gloves?

I don't think gloves will look that good
with that dress, Mom.

Sure, they'll look great.

Wait till you see. They'll look real good.

- You look really nice.

- What?

- You look really pretty.

- You seem surprised.

Oh, forget it.

Is the dress okay?

- Oh, yeah.

- Yeah?

It's the one you wore last year, isn't it?

Oh, why? Does it still have wine on it?

Wine?

The wine that you spilled

when Peter Marx won instead of you.

You always remember the wrong things.

I'm not gonna be the type that's...

Well, what do you think, Sherry?

How do you think I look?

- You look great.

- No.

- Yeah.

- Nope.

I think, you know, it needs...

It needs something

to gather it up at the waist.

No, Mom, leave it like that,

all nice and smooth.

No, I need a thing.

Now whatever happened to that silk rope

that goes with my linen dress?

- I saw it somewhere.

- Molly hung it in between two big trees.

What? Where?

The dryer broke when it was Molly's turn

to do the laundry.

- Oh, no.

- She used it to hang out the wash.

What about your belt?

- Are you taking my belt?

- Yeah, come on.

- Yep, the Davy Crockett belt.

- The Davy Crockett belt?

- Oh, please.

- Yeah, it might look very good.

- Let's see what it looks like.

- Mom, that goes with jeans.

I know it goes with jeans,

but it might look very nice.

Now just take a look. What do you think?

- I think you look...

- What do you think? All right? Okay.

All right. Now everybody get ready for bed and Molly, honey, you have to go to bed.

- Come on, Mom, you promised.

- No, I didn't.

The show doesn't come on until 11:30 and you've got school.

You promised! You promised!

I had to go to bed last year.

- You didn't promise at all, Mom.

- Come on, Mom!

All right, all right, you can stay up.

You can all stay up, okay?

Oh, Mom! Mom. That's not fair.

She's only seven.

Brush your teeth.

Sherry, do your homework and, Marianne, don't forget your worm medicine.

I hate it! It makes my b.m.'s all red.

That's good.

That means they're coming out.

Jill, I want you to find your ballet slippers 'cause you got class tomorrow.

And, Molly, if you're gonna stay up,

you clean out that closet,

and you throw all that horrible underwear in the wash.

If the plumber calls, be sure and tell him that there's a leak

in the washing machine, okay?

Okay. And don't worry, Mom,

I'll take care of everything, okay?

Mom, is everybody...

- I'm always late.

- Mom, your face is pretty.

That's right. My face?

You guys,

why don't you just be quiet now?

You're gonna drive me crazy.

- I love your haircut.

- Thanks.

- Your bowtie's a little bit too skinny.

- No, it isn't. It belonged to Grandpa.

- It's a real one? Not a clip-on?

- Yes. I tied it myself.

Bye-bye. Bye-bye, darling.

And you really do look nice, Mom.

- I do look nice? Yeah.

- Oh, okay.

- All right. Be good now.

- Bye. Bye now.

Okay, goodbye, Dad. Bye, Mom! Bye!

Bye, Dad. Bye! Bye! Bye!

- She didn't look so bad, after all.

- I wonder what time the show...

Goddamn things.

I could shoot Tony Bennett.

This city could die from quaint.

That was a joke.

Not funny, huh?

I'd forgotten you'd stopped laughing.

Are you gonna

help me through this tonight or not?

Oh, Jesus,

will you look at all these people?

I knew I should have cleaned up this car.

- Faith, are you with me?

- Huh?

It's your night, George.

Try to smile, will you? There's Willard.

- Hi.

- Hello, George. Hello, Faith.

Hello. How are you? Where's Isabel?

She's inside already. Okay, George.

This is Scott Gruber

from Manning Publicity.

Congratulations on a super book,

Mr. Dunlap.

- What's all this, Willard?

- A little glamour, George.

A little icing on the cake,

a little pizzazz, a little hype.

Books are show business, too,

and, well, we do have the winner here.

Yeah, well, don't count your chickens.

He hasn't won yet.

- This must be the Mrs.

- Yes.
- Scott Gruber, publicity.
- Faith Dunlap.
I love the belt.
- Oh.
- Yeah.
- Okay, now, listen, here is how it goes.
- Here's how what goes?
- Patience, George.
- I want you to turn around...
Can I call you George?
George, turn around.
I want you to go back
to the head of the carpet,
and I want you to do
that walk-in again, okay?
What are you talking about?
From the top, you're gonna love it, really.
- Just try it, George. Do what he says.
- It's so phony.
We're gonna do a good publicity thing...
- For God's sake, smile.
- I am. I'm smiling.
This is George Dunlap.
The Court Game. Willoughby House.
That's Dunlap. Dunlap with an "A".
- And you are?
- That's George Dunlap and friend.
No, no, I'm not his friend. No, I'm his wife.
- Sorry.
- That's all right.
- Oh, look at that.
- Look at that.
- How fat she is!
- That's not nice.
- Your friend Tilly.
- Looks like Mom.
- God, she looks like Mommy.
- I thought that was Mom.
I thought that was Mom, too.
She has the same haircut and everything.
I thought it was her for a second.
- Oh, you look so pretty tonight.
- Oh, thank you.

- You're excited, aren't you?
- Yes, I'm very excited.
Oh, every time George comes
to New York,
you know, all he can talk about
is you and the children.
Oh.
When am I gonna get
to see these wonderful children?
Well, actually, I have some pictures here.
No, no, don't bother, darling.
I can just imagine how fabulous they are.
- Yeah.
- When is non-fiction anyway?
Doesn't he look like one of those guys...
Yeah, on TV shows. Yeah.
Yeah. Like, Dad meets somebody from TV.
That's pretty neat.
Yeah. I wish he'd shut up
and get to the good awards.
I know. Yeah. Oh, look. Oh, look,
there's how they vote for the awards.
- See the guy get the award?
- Look, it's a pen. Yeah, he won.
- That's pretty neat how it's a pen.
- Yeah. Oh, yeah!
- Now get to the next one.
- Oh, here it is, here it is!
Be quiet! Be quiet, Molly. Here it is.
And now the moment
we've all been waiting for.
May I have the envelope, please?
Oh! Okay! He's up. Be quiet, quiet.
And the winner is...
And the winner is The Court Game.
George Dunlap!
Look! Look at him!
Wait! Oh, God, look at him.
- His necktie's all unstraightened.
- Yeah, it is.
Doesn't he look handsome?
- Oh, God, he's happy.
- Yeah, he is.
Daddy looks so nervous.

Oh, look at his face. So long.
Why doesn't he say something?
Talk, Daddy.
I never thought The Court Game
would be so good to me and my family.
If it wasn't for us,
he never would have gotten this far!
And I would also like
to share this award with my friend,
my helpmate,
that most thankless of occupations,
writer's wife.
I mean, my wife,
a lady so aptly named Faith.
- That's Mom!
- Mom! There she is!
Oh, look at Mom!
- That's Mom!
- Oh, doesn't my belt look great!
Oh, Jesus.
Look, they're kissing.
Look at them kissing.
My darling!
Why aren't you sleeping in your own bed?
Mommy hurt her back in the crowd
and I'm all pumped up. I can't sleep.
- I don't want to keep Mommy up.
- You've been fighting again.
Aren't you even gonna congratulate me?
Congratulations.
- Bye, Mom. Bye, Mom! Bye! Bye.
- See you later!
Okay, see you later! Hurry up! Hurry up!
- Bye.
- Bye-bye.
- Oh! My barrette! My hair!
- Forget it! Go on! Just run! Hurry up!
Hold on! Oh, God! Wait, wait! Wait!
Marianne's worm medicine!
Honey, make sure
she takes one after lunch.
Mom, she doesn't eat lunch.
She's on a diet.
What do you mean, a diet?

Well, then, give it to her teacher, honey!

- Bye!

- Bye!

Oh, God!

- What's the matter?

- What's the matter?

- I can't find my glasses. Christ!

- Well, where'd you leave them?

- I left them right here!

- You sure they're not on your desk?

I'm losing everything.

I can't find anything anymore.

Can't even find a goddamn pencil.

What do the kids do?

Use them for pick-up sticks?

And when I do finally rescue one,
it's chewed over like a piece of licorice,
it's got a point like a gumdrop!

What do the kids do

with my pencil points?

Stick them in their goddamn Jujubes?

Oh, George, please stop.

Stop what?

I can't find my goddamn glasses.

Where are my goddamn glasses?

How can I be expected to work
if I can't find my glasses?

Then don't work, George. Just don't work.

I'm late on a Sunday piece.

I've got the cover.

They're closed tomorrow.

Don't work, don't earn money.

- That way, we can all starve.

- Nobody's starving, George.

No orange juice.

Not even a goddamn glass of orange juice.

I've got the energy of a \$2 whore
in the morning. You know why?

The goddamn kids drink
all the goddamn orange juice!

Well, we ran out and I meant
to get some on the way back last night.

What? At 2:

has been perfectly fine for you lately.
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about the night before last,
George.
I was in town. I was working.
You were with your lady friend.
- My what?
- Lady friend.
Lady friend. What kind of a word's that?
It's like "fucking," only you don't
tell anyone about it! That's what it is!
Do you want to talk about it?
Don't you think we ought to talk about it?
I said,
"Don't you think
we ought to talk about it?"
No, George,
I don't think I wanna talk about it!
I think we ought to talk about it!
And I don't want to talk about it!
And I wanna talk about it!
- I'm leaving.
- Good.
- I'm packing my bag.
- It's already packed.
What?
It's on the chair upstairs.
I packed it last night.
Hi. Yeah.
Are you the service or are you Dr. Moore?
Oh, you're Dr. Moore's nurse.
Well, I'd like to make an appointment
for Jill Dunlap.
Oh, shit. No, not you.
Damn.
Yeah, she hurt her foot
in ballet class last week.
She's limping and she's getting worse.
No, I'm sorry. She doesn't even
get out of school till 3:30.
Piano lesson's at 4:15.
No, her sister. Yeah.

Oh, 4:

Thank you so much. Bye.
Hey, I'm throwing it out!
Hey, you guys, I said I'm throwing it out!
Go on! Throw your shit out!
I'm warning you, guys!
You get down here and eat breakfast
or I'm gonna throw this stuff out!
I don't want any breakfast.
Oh, hi, Molly.
- You getting out of bed, Mom?
- I'm tired.
You're never tired. Why are you so tired?
You slept in yesterday.
- I lost my sock and boot, Mom.
- Yeah?
- Your sock's in the bathroom.
- Oh, here.
Here's your boot.
Win a three-day, two-night vacation
at the magnificent MGM Grand Hotel
in Reno...
All right,

you have a 4:

And sit down.
We're gonna eat breakfast. It's ready.
I don't want any breakfast.
What do you mean
you don't want any breakfast?
Goddamn it, Jill! Oh. Oh, goddamn it!
I fixed the goddamn breakfast
and nobody eats it!
I'm tired of this!
He's here. He's at the end of the driveway.

One minute to 8:

He's been waiting there since 7:45.
Remember Monday,
he came all the way up the driveway?
Here comes the bus.
Okay, hurry up. Okay. Bye-bye.
- Bye.
- Bye, Mom. See you later.
- Hi, Dad.

- Hi, Dad.
- Hi. Good morning.
- Good morning.
You all right?
Come on, quickly.
Good morning, princess.
Are we gonna stop for hot chocolate
this morning?
- Sure, honey.
- What about the basketball gum?
Are we gonna stop for basketball gum?
Let's skip the basketball gum
this morning.
But, Daddy, you said yesterday
we could go to the crud shop today.
That's true, Daddy,
that's just what you said.
How about you, Marianne?
Are you desperate to go to the crud shop?
Whatever you say, Daddy.
Where are we going this weekend, Daddy?
Are we gonna see the basketball game
and watch Jim play?
Well, Jim's not playing this weekend.
He's hurt his ankle.
I thought we might go up north.
Jack London's house. The olden days.
Neat.
We'll be alone with you and no one else?
Is that lady gonna come?
Sandy? I don't know. Why?
Just wondered.
Stop.
No, I'm gonna have some chocolate milk.
Wait up.
What time is it, you guys?
Hey. How's the Dunlaps this morning?
Fine, thanks.
- How's Sherry?
- Terrific.
Takes the bus.
Likes to go with her friends.
Oh.
- Can I have a Coke?

- No Cokes.
- Gee!
- Shut up, Molly.
- Daddy, you said!
- Three hot chocolates, right?
- You got it.
- What about the basketball gum?
Molly, you've got a hot chocolate.
How much crap can you eat before school?
- A lot.
- You said...
- Molly!
- Oh, Jesus!
- Oh, Molly.
- I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to spill it.
- Molly, you're so stupid!
- Oh, God. Oh, come on.
Watch what you're doing.
Oh, it's okay. I got it. No problem.
My pants!
- Lookit, stop that.
- We're gonna be late for school.
All right. All right,
I'll write you a note, for crying out loud.
- You're so...
- You already made enough mess as it is.
- Molly, you're so dumb.
- I need more napkins.
- Great kids.
- It's gonna stain!
A real handful, huh?
- You're so dumb!
- Can I have more chocolate?
I want to be able to get
my Guinness Book of World Records.
You know how I want to do that.
I'm gonna...
I'm gonna do it.
- No, I'm gonna give you one.
- Give me one, please.
- Here you go. Here's the note.
- Come on.
- I'm the note-taker.
- Okay, here you go. Go! Go on!

Have a nice day!

- Bye, Dad!

- Bye!

- Hey, don't forget to wash the car!

- Come on, hurry, we'll be late.

Jesus, how does she do it?

I'm sorry. I didn't do it.

Can I still have my dog?

No! Fool that I am!

I should have remembered!

- Okay, go, I got six.

- Hey, that's not fair.

- Shut up.

- Those slippers will never come off
as long as you're alive!

But that's not what's worrying me.

It's how to do it.

These things must be done delicately
or you hurt the spell.

- Run, Toto, run!

- Catch him, you fools!

- Three, four, five, six, seven.

- What is it, Jill?

- It's Daddy with a policeman.

- Okay.

What is it?

What Jill said. Daddy with a policeman.

What do you mean, a policeman?

It's Daddy, all right, with the cop
from in front of the school.

All right.

Well, then somebody better let them in.

- I wonder what he wants.

- Well, we'll find out.

It's okay, honey. I'll get the door.

- Hello, George.

- I've come for my books.

Tonight?

I said I'd be here Wednesday at 8:00.

I'm a little late.

This is Officer Knudson.

He couldn't get away till now.

Oh.

Well, come on in. Come on in.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Sorry, Mrs. Dunlap.

No, no, that's quite all right,
Officer Knudson. How are you?

- Fine. Thanks, Mrs. Dunlap.

- Right.

Leo suggested I bring an officer along.

- Who's Leo?

- Spinelli. My lawyer.

Oh. Yeah, yeah.

- Well?

- Well.

Well?

Well, everything's all set for you
in the study, so...

No, no, no, kids. No, honey.

Now you have to go upstairs.

Now, all of you.

- Oh, please?

- Do your homework. Go on. Run upstairs.

I don't want to hear about anything.

Turn off the TV set.

- I don't have any homework.

- Molly, find the, you know,

the toothpaste, the Crest, it's on my shelf.

Brush your teeth.

- Go on. Hurry!

- Oh, come on, Mom.

I don't want to go to bed.

Coming home, Dad?

So, well...

Well, we'll be all right, I promise.

Well, of course, Mrs. Dunlap.

- Well, I'm sorry about all this.

- I don't mind, honest.

Well, then how about some coffee?

Would you like some coffee?

- I don't mind if I do.

- Good. And, George, you?

- What?

- Some coffee?

- No, thanks.

- Tea?

- Thank you, no.
- Well, can I help you with anything then?
That's okay. I'll do it myself. Thank you.
Well, let's go get you your coffee.
Right this way.
So, help yourself to the cream and sugar.
I appreciate it. Do you mind if I smoke?
Huh? No. No, no, no, no, please do.
- May I join you?
- You bet you.
No, I don't think
I've seen you at school, have I?
- Yes, ma'am. Been there every day.
- I guess I haven't.
- What?
- Huh?
- Oh, been there.
- Yes, ma'am, every morning.
- So, you been out this way before?
- No, ma'am, this is a first for me.
Oh. Yeah.
Yeah.
Well, I guess I better get on with this.
If you'll excuse me.
Ma'am.
Where's my Cassell's?
You left it in that restaurant
in Provence, remember?
What restaurant?
George, remember that one
with the terrible piano player?
Oh, yeah. He had a man
who sang Beatles songs in French.
Yeah, that's right.
- I think I'll wait in the vehicle.
- Sure thing.
You always had such a pretty smile.
I'm sorry, you know, about Knudson,
but Spinelli insisted it was a good idea.
You know, my lawyer.
That's okay, George.
The policeman seems very nice.
We have to be grown-up, I guess.
Yeah, I guess.

Grown-up, sure,
we should be grown-up by now, George.
Hello? Oh, hi. How are you?
No. No, no indigestion. Are you kidding?
How can one afford indigestion
with Mouton Rothschild? Huh?
Oh, yeah.
Yeah, I slept like a baby.
No.
No, alone.
Oh, well, I can't.
You know,
there's somebody here right now.
Somebody?
No, no, no, no, Jerry, you go right ahead.
Jerry?
Oh, I can't go, Jerry.
It's a stay-at-home kind of night,
you know,
washing the hair and everything.
Next week. Well, yeah, maybe.
Yeah. Yeah, I'll be here.
Sure, okay.
Yeah, okay.
Okay.
Yeah. Bye-bye, Jerry. Bye.
Jerry? Jerry fucking Miles?
No fucking. We only had dinner.
- You ate dinner?
- Sure.
- You ate dinner with an insurance man?
- Why not? It was lovely.
- He's nice, a perfectly charming fellow.
- You drank wine with him?
Yes, I drank wine. Good wine.
I can't tell you how many premiums
it must have cost him.
But you hate wine.
Well, I'm developing a taste for it now.
You always drank milk.
Don't you remember that waiter who said
milk and meat would give you cancer?
That's why I'm drinking wine now.
Who would have thought

a goddamn insurance man?
We have to be grown-up about this,
George, right?
Would you like to say goodbye
to the children?
"The children"? What's that?
"The children." Sounds so legal.
Jill, Marianne, Molly!
- Bye, Daddy.
- Bye.
- Good night. Bye, Daddy.
- Are you gonna read the books?
Where's the policeman?
Did Mom do something wrong?
No, no, darling. He couldn't...
He just came to help Daddy get his books.
Where's Sherry?
She's spending the night at Joanne's.
Oh. I'll walk you to the car.
Don't bother.
Well, all right. Kids, go on upstairs now.
It's cold out. Go on, hurry up.
Good night, Mrs. Dunlap.
Thanks for the coffee.
Anytime.
You out here alone with the children now?
Yeah.
I'd get some bolts on those doors
if I were you. Front and back.
- Goodbye, ma'am.
- Bye.
- Real pretty, isn't it?
- I thought you didn't like the beach.
- Is this the back way?
- No, this is the front way.
The front way's the scenic way.
I thought we'd go in this way.
The backs just a regular driveway.
Next time, let's go the back way.
Yeah, the back way's okay for us.
- Is he gonna be there?
- Who?
- Doesn't she have a little boy?
- Oh, you mean Timmy.

Timmy?
Timmy's with his father.
But isn't it pretty?
You getting sand in your shoes, Dad?
Don't you hate the sand in your shoes?
I thought you'd like this.
The beach and all,
the boats and everything.
No, a regular driveway's good enough
for us, Dad.
I thought this way was prettier.
Isn't it pretty? Jesus!
Sure, sure, it's pretty. Real scenic.
Yeah, very scenic.
Yeah, it's pretty all right.
Very pretty, Daddy.
The beach and the boats and everything.
Very pretty.
Is it always this hot?
Is she pretty?
Hi. Molly, Jill, Marianne.
Well, do I pass?
Well, aren't you going to say hello?
- Hi.
- Hi.
Hi. Come on in.
Well, go on. Go on in.
I was looking for you at the back door.
Daddy likes the front way.
He likes the boats.
I've got lemonade
and chocolate chip cookies.
How's that sound?
- Great.
- Yeah, great.
Yuck.
Oh, God.
Oh, I miss him. It's not worth it.
Hello? Oh, hi, Mom. How are you?
How's Dad?
I see. You sure?
Well, you know, I was reading
about this holistic health spa,
and they really seem to be doing

these wonderful things.

No.

Yeah, well, do it your way.

I wouldn't dream of interfering.

They're fine. They're fine.

They're away with George
for the weekend.

Yes, I know who she is.

Well, I can't afford
a big-city lawyer, Mother,
but the lawyer that I have
is supposed to be very good.

His name is Katz. It's Sheldon Katz.

He's known as "the Butcher."

They make the best
divorce lawyers, Mother.

Well, George is my business, Mother.

I mean, really, I just wish you...

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry.

I'm very sorry.

I know how you feel, Mother.

I know.

Yeah, well, give my love to Dad, will you?

And kiss him for me?

And love to you, Mom.

Yeah, okay. Bye-bye.

Yeah. I'm sorry, too. Yeah.

Okay, bye.

Hand me one of the bones down there,
would you, please?

Here you go, Bingo. Eat that, boy.

You don't want it?

Save it for later.

You bring your 12-gauge with you?

I'll be right there!

- Oh, hi. Are you Mrs. Dunlap?

- Yeah.

- I'm Frank Henderson.

- Yeah?

We spoke on the phone
about the tennis court.

Oh, my... Oh, my God.

I believe you said

the first of this month, didn't you?

Yeah, I did, but...

Oh, Jesus, that was such a long time ago.

You don't want the tennis court no more?

Well, yes, I want the court.

I've wanted that court for five years.

- Five years is a long time to wait, huh?

- Yeah.

- It's \$1,000 to start.

- \$1,000?

Yeah, well, that's what we discussed,
Mrs. Dunlap, on the phone, if you recall.

You see, \$1,000 is sort of
a guarantee there, it's a deposit,
and I set this time aside for you.

I turned down some other work.

- Hope you understand.

- Oh, yeah, I understand and...

I mean, I want you to go ahead
with the court. There's just one problem.

- What's that?

- Well, I haven't got the \$1,000.

Well... Well, that's real hard for me
to believe, Mrs. Dunlap.

Yeah, well, my husband left me.

- Oh.

- Yeah.

So right now I'm knee-deep in lawyers and
separation agreements and child support
and it's just a bunch of shit.

So it's hard right now.

I don't know when I would pay you.

I just... I would. I really would.

That's probably not good enough
for you, right?

Well, I'd like to give you a hand there,
but...

Yeah.

No, I got a partner back there and stuff,
and he's always raving at me
about one thing or another.

- You know how it is.

- Yeah, sure, I understand.

Well, listen, never mind.

It would have been real nice,

and I'm glad you came by.

I hope we haven't taken up
too much of your time.

- Oh, no, no, not at all.

- Really?

- Okay. Well...

- Here.

Thanks. Thanks a lot for coming by.

- You bet.

- And...

- It's good to meet you.

- It's good to meet you, too.

I'm real sorry about this.

- Yeah, me, too.

- Yeah?

- Well...

- Well.

- Where were you gonna put it?

- What?

- Oh, out there. In the grove.

- The court.

- Oh, yeah, that's a good spot.

- Yeah.

- Well, look... Sorry.

- Oh.

Here's the jacket. Is everything there?

- That's a good guy there.

- Oh, this is just crazy.

- Well, I am sorry.

- Yeah.

So...

What?

Let me ask you,

when would I get my \$1,000?

At the end of the month,

and then I'd give you a note for the rest.

- Okay.

- Okay?

- What? What?

- I'll do it.

- You will?

- You bet.

That's great.

That's good. I'll meet you

out in the grove in a couple minutes.

Okay.

Get the loader out, Rick.

You got a check?

Oh, no, not exactly.

- Oh, for Christ's sake, Frank.

- Will you get the loader out?

Okay, okay.

- Her husband left her.

- I see.

Besides, I like her.

Her or her ass?

I hadn't noticed her ass.

How many chimneys are there?

- One, two, three, four.

- I was just trying to be funny.

- A dirty rock.

- Look at the water.

- Yuck.

- Throw money in there.

Spooky.

- They say it was really beautiful once.

- What happened?

The night before Jack London

was to move into this house,

somebody set fire to it.

- Who set fire to it?

- They don't know.

Could have been one of the workmen.

Could have been somebody jealous.

He was a very great author. I don't know.

Then what happened to him?

Jack London lost everything,

all up in smoke.

But he still had his wife.

- Second wife.

- She loved him a lot.

He was everything to her.

What happened to

Jack London's first wife?

I don't know, Jill. I don't know.

What about his kids?

Did he have any kids?

- There were children, weren't there?

- I'm not sure.

The leaflet says two.

What does it say

about the children, Marianne?

Nothing. It doesn't say anything

about the children.

I guess he forgot about them

after he married his second wife.

Such an important man.

That's all that's left?

- Just a rock.

- It's a pretty rock.

- How old was he when he died?

- Forty.

- Not old.

- No, not old.

But he never stopped working,

he never stopped writing.

Jack London was a wonderful man.

- You bet he was, Dad.

- He was a wonderful man.

Yeah, he was a wonderful man.

Let's go. The trail closes at 4:00.

Yeah, you know, you put them in together.

What a rotten thing. Get enough?

Get enough? Cut it out. Cut it out.

Come on.

Look at that. Look at that.

Romeo and Juliet.

- What do you mean?

- That's the longest good-night in history.

- He was just tucking us in.

- I'll help.

You take your shower, George.

I'll come back later

and kiss you good night, okay?

Why don't you kiss them now?

Sandy, you are bossy.

Yes, I am.

I want a little time with Daddy to myself.

You have a lot more time with him

than our mother does.

Yeah, and she doesn't

make us go to bed so early either.

Your mother and I do things differently.

- See you in the morning. Good night.

- Good night.

I bet you wanna make love to Daddy.

Yes, I do. What's wrong with that?

What's it like making love to Daddy?

Making love to your daddy

is a rare and beautiful thing.

Get into bed, Marianne. All right.

- Good night.

- Good night.

But what's it really like?

What's it really like?

It's like eating ice cream.

- Good night.

- Good night. Good night.

It's like eating ice cream?

- I bet it's disgusting.

- Good night.

Here we are. Bye.

- Bye. Bye.

- Bye, kids.

- You better get in. You're gonna get wet.

- Bye.

- Okay, what do you want?

- I want a Super Starburger,

a strawberry shake,

double French fries and apple pie.

- Jill?

- I want a Happy Starburger with cheese,

- a vanilla shake and two apple pies.

- You can't have two apple pies.

Why not?

I'm having one instead of my French fries.

- You can't have two apple pies.

- Then Molly can't have French fries

- and an apple pie.

- I can so! That's what I had last time.

If you can have French fries

and an apple pie,

- I can have two apple pies.

- That's not fair.

- Shut up, Molly.

- Shut up, yourself.

Shut up, both of you!

It's almost 6:

I'm supposed to have you home by 6:00.

- Okay, what do you want, Marianne?

- Nothing.

- What do you mean, nothing?

- Nothing. I'm not hungry.

You've got to have something.

You haven't eaten.

All right, I'll have two Superstars,
a chocolate shake,

- double French fries and a cherry pie.

- She can't have that if I can't, Dad.

Never mind!

Hi!

- Mommy.

- Did you have a good time?

Great, get inside, get inside.

Hi, Marianne. Come on, hurry up.

Here, I'll get them.

- It's Sherry's birthday next week.

- Yeah.

I thought maybe

she could spend the day with me.

I have tickets for the Ice Capades.

- Well, you better discuss it with her.

- I already did. I called her at school.

- She said she didn't want to go.

- Well, I guess she doesn't want to go then.

Well, I thought perhaps

you could speak to her.

Oh, I don't think so, George.

I think this is between you and Sherry.

I have a present for her.

A portable typewriter. An Olivetti.

Oh, that's nice.

She really wants a typewriter.

- I'll come by with it.

- Okay.

The other night,

when I picked up my books,

I may have taken

a few of your cookbooks by mistake.

Oh, don't worry about it, George.

You know me.

They were mostly decoration anyway.

And besides, I think

- I'm changing the dining room around.

- Yeah?

Yeah, I think I'm gonna put
a big rya rug in front of the fireplace.

- What about the couch?

- Well, I thought that I'd...

I'd put that behind the rug
in front of the fireplace.

- How did you know about the couch?

- It's the last thing we talked about,
when we were talking.

George, I'm sorry.

This is Frank Henderson.

- How do you do?

- Frank, yeah, this is my husband.

- Was my husband.

- Hello.

- I'll be back later.

- Okay, Frank.

Who's he?

- Just somebody helping out.

- Helping out?

- He's building our tennis court, George.

- Tennis court?

Yeah, that's right. Out in the grove.

I don't want any goddamn tennis court
at my house.

What do you mean, "your house"?

We kind of think that it's our house,
George.

- Ours?

- Yeah, me and the children.

This is my house. I fixed up this house.

Well, you're not at this house anymore,
George, remember?

You walked out feet first, or maybe
there was something else preceding you.

- This isn't your house yet!

- George, it's getting late.

The children have school tomorrow.

We'll talk about this
some other time, okay?

Okay, it's all yours.

- Sherry!

- Oh, bug off!

- Get it in reverse!

- Yeah.

- Watch out, Mom!

- Okay.

Cut the gas off.

Good for you.

- Don't put it in gear, though.

- No.

- No, Marianne. No, this isn't a toy.

- I know it's not a toy. I know.

- You quit?

- Yeah.

How about these two we're sitting on?

Hey, I want to leave this end open.

I was thinking about having

a little gazebo, you know,

- like you see at Wimbledon.

- At what?

Yeah, I thought we'd run the mesh

right up to this point and then

we'd have this tennis house.

A summer house.

You know, like the Japanese.

Where the children can have iced tea

and chicken sandwiches.

The Japanese?

Yeah, and they could bring their friends.

Play tennis all day here.

Lucky kids.

I was thinking

it would be beautiful, Frank. Well?

- Well, it'd be unusual.

- No, no, no, no, I didn't ask you if,

wait a second,

if you thought it's gonna be unusual.

I asked you if you thought

it was gonna be beautiful. This is bad.

Yes, ma'am, it'll be beautiful.

Well, anyway, listen,

would you like a beer?

Would you like something to drink?

A Coke?

- Yeah, a beer would be good.

- Beer.

- Yeah.

- Okay.

Stop!

- Marianne.

- I didn't do it that last time.

I gotta go to the bathroom, okay?

Hey, what are you doing up there?

- What are you looking for?

- Beer.

- Beer for Frank?

- Beer for both of us.

- You drinking beer?

- Sure I am.

You know, I was thinking maybe
we ought to ask Frank to stay to dinner.

I think we could

get the wall done by dinner.

- Why don't you ask him?

- No, I think you should ask him, Sherry.

- He likes you.

- You think so?

Yeah, I do. So why don't you ask him?

- Oh, I don't know. Ask him yourself.

- Come on, Sherry.

Okay, I'll ask him on one condition. Yeah?

That I get to eat dinner with you guys
and none of the other kids get to come.

- Why?

- Okay, it's a deal.

Now, let's see,

I wonder if he likes chicken.

Doesn't everybody like chicken?

Chicken's obviously very good, isn't it?

Yeah, that's what I'll give him.

I'll give him some chicken.

I hope we have some in here someplace.

Oh, God, where in God's name

did our thighs go to anyway?

Maybe they're in the freezer?

Didn't I put a chicken in the freezer?

Is it that turkey? Oh, God!

God, it's that terrible old Easter turkey.

I don't want to give him this.

- This is the worst.

- Hey, relax, will you, Mom?

He's only a guy.

- How many glasses of wine have you had?

- Oh, I know.

- How about a cup of coffee then, Frank?

- I'd love a cup of coffee.

Oh, good. Oh, Sherry, why don't you

get out some of that nice brandy.

You'll have some brandy,

won't you, Frank?

Yeah, yeah, go ahead.

Sherry, go ahead and get the brandy.

- Which brandy is it?

- The one in the green bottle.

- That's Daddy's brandy.

- That's all right. Just get it, Sherry.

- I don't know, Faith. I had this wine and...

- Oh, no, no.

But the brandy makes the coffee
taste better and the coffee makes
the brandy taste better. I don't know.

Maybe it's the other way around.

Anyway, why don't you
just have some, Frank?

Will you join me?

Yeah. I'll join you, of course.

- I think I'll do the dishes.

- Oh, that's all right, honey. Leave them.

It's time for you to go to bed, anyway.

Go to bed? It's only 10:00.

Sherry, you've got school tomorrow.

How about a big glass of brandy, Sherry?

Milk!

Can you get it yourself, honey?

- What's this "honey" shit all of a sudden?

- Sherry, that's enough of that.

Good night, Frank.

I'll see you in the morning.

- Okay.

- And I'll see you soon.
Good night.
- Here's one for you, one for me.
- Thank you.
How about a cigar to go with that, Frank?
Well, no, thank you,
I really don't smoke cigars.
No. Well, I...
I haven't got any...
Come on, Mom,
you know what he smokes.
That's great. I'd love a cigar.
Oh, good.
Well, they're just in the other room.
- Okay.
- I'll be... I'll be right back.
You want me to stay here
or come with you or...
Oh, no, no. You stay... You stay there.
You're comfortable, aren't you, Frank?
Comfortable?
Makes no difference to me.
- Good. I'll be right back.
- Okay.
Oh, I'm sorry. Well, I mean...
- Well, here's your cigars.
- I can't smoke all of them.
I know. I'm sorry.
- Any one'll do.
- This one?
Sure.
- Yeah.
- In your mouth, huh?
Thanks. Excuse me.
Well...
- You got any music?
- Music?
- I see you got a stereo.
- Oh, yeah. Sure, we have some.
How about the March of the Children
from The King and I?
- I don't believe I know that one.
- No, I'm just kidding. It's a joke.
It's one of Molly's favorites.

- Oh, yeah, I love this song.

- Yeah, it's great.

You wanna dance?

Dance?

- Don't you dance?

- Not in a long time.

Why?

Oh...

- I'm just a little nervous.

- Nervous?

- Scared.

- Why?

'Cause it's been a long time

since I've danced

or been alone with a man

other than my husband.

Can I kiss you?

No, I don't think so.

I mean, yes.

- Timmy's coughing.

- I'll go.

I'll do it. You stay where you are, love.

- What's the matter, Timmy?

- I can't breathe.

- Do you want some Coke?

- It's too warm.

Good for your stomach.

I think I have to throw up.

Well, don't. Come on, come on, come on.

It's okay, it's okay.

- Where's Mom?

- She's sleeping.

- Where's Daddy?

- What do you mean, Timmy?

- Daddy.

- He's in Los Angeles. You know that.

- You're sleeping over?

- Yes. Of course I am.

Don't you want to go home

and be with your own children?

Thanks.

He's okay now.

You coming back to bed?

- I would have gone.

- That's okay. You always go.
Sean never did.
Do you miss him?
Never.
Even when I was with him, I was Ionely.
I never have that feeling with you.
And I knew I wouldn't
as soon as we got going.
I don't like being alone.
I mean, I can stand it, of course, but...
I want a friend.
You're my friend, George.
I like you.
I love you.
And if you don't come through,
I'll find somebody else.
Mom, I'm having an appendicitis attack!
- Sherry, you have a fever.
- No, Mom, it's my pancreas!
- Pancreitis.
- Go back to bed.
- It's gallstones, Mom, believe me.
- Oh, Sherry, you do not have gallstones.
Now, just go to bed
and drink the tea with honey,
and I'll make you a nice rice pudding.
- Mom, I don't want a nice rice pudding!
- All right, then, Sherry.
Don't have a nice rice pudding.
I hate Daddy.
What's the matter?
I hate Daddy.
Sherry?
Are you all right?
Why did Daddy leave us?
Well, I don't think he left you.
I think he left me.
- I'm never getting married.
- Oh, Sherry, don't say that.
What's the point?
Well, when two people love each other...
It's... I don't know.
It's like going through doors and...
At first,

you go through the doors together.

And...

Then one person gets ahead.

But if they love each other,
why don't they wait for each other?

I don't know.

- It's all Daddy's fault.

- No, Sherry, it's no one's fault.

No one's to blame. It's just time.

Do you wish for you and Daddy?

No.

- You and Frank?

- No.

You stopped wishing?

Oh, no, I hope I never stop wishing.

No, it's just that when you get older,
you learn to take things as they come.

- Your Daddy always says...

- What does Daddy say?

"Wishes are sometimes all that we have."

What do you mean, what'd I get?

I get what I always get.

Hey, what... Where did you get those?

- Didn't you want them? I got a whole box.

- She stole them, Mom.

- Why did you do that?

- I like them.

- Well, you can just put them right back.

- But I can't.

- Why not?

- I ate nine already.

Oh, let me see those.

Oh, honey, are you all right?

Come on, Molly, what are you doing?

You know I have to go

into Mr. Millers' every day,

- and you know I can't do that.

- Hi, Sandy.

- Hi, kids!

- This is Sandy, Mom.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Bye, Sandy.

- Bye.

Bye.

What do you think, Mom?

Do you think she's pretty?

I don't think she's pretty. She's all skinny.

She looks like a clothes hanger.

I don't know. I kind of like her clothes.

They're designer clothes,

aren't they, Mom?

- Get in and shut up!

- I don't think she liked her clothes.

- Yeah, just give me a lighter.

- This is very cool here.

Can I have the cigarette in my mouth?

No, will you put it in my mouth?

Faith!

- What are you?

- I'm not gonna give it to you then.

- Put it in my mouth. Go ahead.

- Why are you doing this?

Faith!

I'll get it later. I'll get it later. Later!

Oh, God. Oh, dear.

- Where's Sherry?

- She went to the city.

Mother took her to the ballet

for her birthday.

Oh, I see.

- What's that?

- Frank's lunch. He loves Syrian bread.

- What is he, an Arab?

- No. He's not an Arab.

- I brought Sherry the typewriter.

- What?

The typewriter I told you about.

The one for her birthday.

Oh! Oh, yeah, that's great.

- No, I want to give it to her.

- Okay.

- Okay, I'll be back.

- All right, sounds good.

Incidentally, the next time

Sherry goes out of town...

- Yeah?

...I'd like to know.

Out of town? She's just with my mother
for her birthday, George.

I'm really sorry.

- That's the tennis court?

- That's it.

That clay's gonna run like molasses.

You should have used en-tout-cas.

En-tout-cas?

Well, if I could spell it, I would've used it.

Tennis courts are tricky things.

You can't just rush into them.

And if you're gonna build one,
you might as well do it right.

Frank and I are doing just fine,
thank you, George.

I'll bet you are.

- How much is he sticking you?

- You mean what's his price?

Frank's very reasonable.

Glad to hear that 'cause I'm not paying
a nickel for that piece of shit
you call a tennis court.

Who's asking you to, George? Oh, God.

Listen, I have to go, okay?

Frank's beer is getting warm.

Look what I got you.

Hey, buddy! It looks like shit!

You couldn't play horseshoes
on that volcano!

- What?

- Oh, just ignore him.

Don't pay any attention to him.

- But what the hell's he saying?

- I said fuck you!

What'd he say that for?

I don't know.

- Hello, George.

- Hi.

- I brought Sherry her typewriter.

- Now?

George, it's late. Look, it's no use.

She really doesn't want to see you.

- But it's her birthday.

- Why don't you just leave the typewriter?

No, I want to give it to her myself.
But she doesn't want to see you, George.
I want to give my kid her birthday present.
Your kid doesn't want
her birthday present!
- Five minutes, that's all.
- She's very angry with you, George!
- Yeah? I'm angry.
- About what?
About you roundheeling on a tennis court
with some overage redneck hippie!
I think you better go, George.
I want to give my child
her birthday present!
Your child doesn't want
her birthday present!
- Just go, George.
- No. This is my house and that's my...
Look, George. I'm not gonna listen to
any of this anymore!
And you're in violation
of our separation agreement!
- My lawyer said...
- Fuck your lawyer, George!
You fuck your lawyer!
- I'm giving my child...
- Stop it!
...her birthday present!
- George!
George! George!
- George, stop!
- Come here!
Jesus Christ! George! No!
George! Oh, no! Oh, God!
- No! Don't! Don't! George!
- This isn't your house!
Stop it, George, please!
How do you like it? How do you like
being locked out of your own house?
- George!
- Get out of here!
George, come on! Molly! Molly!
Come here! Help me, Mol!
Pull! Pull the chair.

Stay away from me! Stay away!
Get out of here! No!
You fucker! Help! Help!
Pull it out from under there, Molly.
- I'm trying! I'm trying!
- Molly!
Go away! No, Daddy!
No, Daddy, please! Stop it!
Molly! Molly, come to the back door!
Molly...
Molly! Come around to the door!
Molly! Here, Molly, right here!
- Sherry... Sherry.
- No... No.
Honey...
You bastard.
Talk to me.
Hurry up!
Honey...
Please, honey.
- Forgive me.
- The chair, right there!
Okay, honey, get the bolt! Hurry up!
All right. Okay.
Give me a chance.
- Sherry?
- Oh, Mom.
Honey.
Want something to eat, Daddy?
I could make you a hamburger
with onions.
Do you want a Band-Aid
for your hand, Daddy?
- Sherry?
- Get out.
I thought we had a separation agreement,
visitation rights.
- But this incident, Your Honor...
- What incident? No police report.
I would like to make a stipulation
that we not be dragged into court
every time it pleases Mrs. Dunlap
or her attorney.
Stipulate one, Your Honor,

that Mrs. Dunlap be restrained...
Your Honor, is Mr. Spinelli gonna make
a presentation here?
Mr. Dunlap, your insistence
on limiting Mrs. Dunlap's custody
during vacations seems poorly timed.
This Christmas
the children will reside with their mother.
And as for you, Mrs. Dunlap,
to deny the father the right
to take the children to school
three times a week seems
an unnecessary hardship.
If he so wishes, and he is the only
father the children have right now,
why shouldn't he enjoy that privilege?
- Do you understand, Mrs. Dunlap?
- I do.
I mean, I will.
- Mr. Dunlap?
- I agree, Your Honor.
You'd better.
I don't want to see either of you two
in here again.
We bring in Sherry.
We show the welts from the hanger.
We expose the broad.
- What broad?
- The one he's shackled up with.
- Let me work him over.
- Work him over?
Right. Put him in Soledad
with the beaners and the Schvoogies.
- No, Sheldon.
- No? Why not?
Just no.
You want your house,
you want your kids, right?
What do you think they're gonna do?
That dago lawyer of his is not known
for his Christianity.
And the iron maiden on the bench
is no bargain either.
What do you say, Faithie?

- I say I'll think about it.
- You better. Here he is now.
Mr. Dunlap wants to pick up the children

tonight at 7:

- He has a late appointment in the city.
- Under no circumstances.

No, Sheldon, it's all right.

I'm not gonna be home, anyway.

What do you mean

you're not gonna be there?

My father's sick.

- What's the matter with him?

- I don't know.

He's back in the hospital for more tests
and they're keeping him there.

Are you gonna stay up there
for a few days?

Yeah, I'll be back Monday at 4:00.

Mrs. McGovern's gonna sit,
so you can pick up the kids
whenever you want to tonight, George.

- I'll bring the kids up to your parents'.

- Oh, no.

- Yeah, I will. It'll be easy.

- Please, George, it'll be okay.

Well, give Dad my love. And tell him
I'm gonna come up and see him.

- No, George.

- I want to!

George, come on, George.

Please, George.

Let me take care of it, will you?

Dad.

Dad.

Hi, Dad.

- Where's your mother?

- She's outside.

- How you doing, honey?

- Oh, I'm okay.

You, too, George?

- Good to see you two together.

- Thanks, French.

You are together?

Sure.

Sure.

I mean, we are.

You wouldn't shit me, would you, George?

No.

Oh, I miss that house.

How's the house?

- Terrific.

- It needs some work.

"Terrific," "It needs some work."

- Well, you two better get together.

- No, George is right, Dad.

And when you get out, you'll just...

You'll come by one Sunday,

like you always do, you'll bring your tools.

Cut it out.

You two are a couple of lousy liars.

You're right.

We're broken up, Dad.

Yeah. Do you forgive me, Daddy?

Not a chance.

George. Come here.

- What the hell is going on?

- I don't know.

You going up to the Berryessa

this spring, George?

Sure.

Look out for the big rock.

The smallmouth like to lay around it.

What big rock?

- You'll tell.

- You'll show me.

Oh, George, I ought to

kick your ass around the block.

Do it, French.

What are you doing lying around here

for anyway?

- They got me lassoed, George.

- Fight it. God damn it!

- I'm trying, I'm trying...

- You're dying on me, for Christ sake!

- I need you!

- Oh, thanks, George.

- I'm here, French. Stay with me!

- You're doing okay, George.
- Stay with me!
- Relax. It's okay.
Stay with me! French! French.
Get away from here! Get away from him.
Get away.
- Wait out in the corridor, please, sir.
- French.
Ma'am?
I'm awful sorry, Charlotte.
He was a wonderful guy.
Hello, Charlotte. I'm sorry.
Thank you.
Do you want me to ride
with you and Faith in the car?
- There's no room.
- No room or no place?
No place.
Maybe he can squeeze in with us, Mother.
Yeah, it's okay. I'll ride with Uncle Ned.
Suit yourself.
- Bye, Mom.
- Bye-bye.
Oh, I forgot to get a flower.
You want to come with me
to get a flower?
Mr. Dunlap is right over here.
Yeah, I'd like that table.
Oh. Certainly. Right this way.
- Your waiter will be right with you.
- Yeah.
What are you doing here? I thought
you were staying at your mother's.
I had enough of my mother.
What are you doing here?
- I was up at the lake.
- All this time?
- Well, I like the lake.
- What were you doing up there?
Nothing. Just watching the bass.
Do you mind if I sit down?
Has your mother got any plans?
What is she gonna do? Is she going away?
- Do you want your food served here, sir?

- Yeah.

No.

I don't think that's enough dill for you.

George, you know, I'd like to be alone.

Would you bring me some more dill,
please?

- And for you, madam?

- No, nothing. I'll have some of his.

Why don't you order some dinner, Faith?

You mean you want me to
get my own, huh?

- No, I'm not that hungry.

- Good. I'm not so hungry, either.

No, no, here, I'll take that.

Thank you very much. Yeah. Okay.

Here, George, give this a try.

- Want a piece?

- Yeah.

Yeah, give me some dill on that.

- Sure. Is everything all right?

- Fine, just fine, thank you.

- How about some dessert?

- I'm on a diet.

- I'm trying to lose seven pounds.

- You look fine to me.

Well, I'm not losing it for you.

- The waiter heard you.

- I don't care about the waiter.

- Now, Faithie.

- Don't "Now, Faithie" me, George.

It's over. All that's over, remember?

- Just dismiss it?

- You left me, George.

- You threw me out.

- You left me because you were
screwing Sandy

and everybody knew about it.

And, finally, I knew about it.

I don't know what the hell you were doing

- spending nights at our house, anyway.

- I paid the bills, didn't I?

- We're very grateful about that.

- Don't put me down. I've worked hard.

- I've worked hard.

- And I worked hard with you.
You'd come off that train
and I'd have the children in bed
and the ice out and the coq au vin and the
pot-au-feu and the Christ knows what else.
And then I'd sit there
and I'd listen to your stupid office politics,
and I'd advise you
and I'd coddle you and fuck you,
and then I'd be up at 6:00 in the morning
and I'd have the children off
- and out of your way!
- Is that so?
- Well, let me tell you something.
- Hey, pipe down, buddy.
- We're paying for our dinner, too.
- I'd come off that train
and you were always so goddamn nice.
And, yes, you were a good cook,
and, yes, you were a good mother,
and, yes, you could lay it on
for my old college buddies.
And, yes, you were smart about elections.
You wanna know something?
I was in awe of you.
In awe of me?
What the hell does that mean?
You, the children! Four children!
You raised them
with the back of your hand.
You made it so goddamn easy.
- You raised them, too, George.
- Bullshit! I was never there.
I was a bystander, an outsider in all this.
- All this what?
- All this life!
I was sitting with my thumb up my ass,
sharpening pencils,
praying that some dumb editor
would give me a pat on the back
for a profile on some...
The fucking greenskeeper at Pebble Beach.
You were changing diapers
and scraping shit off walls.

You were creating lives!
What was I doing?
Studying the fucking Bermuda grass.
And counting the goddamn dimples
on a golf ball.
Don't you understand? I worshipped you.
Well, then for God's sakes, George,
why didn't you treat me that way?
You were always yelling.
You were always so angry.
- You have such a terrible temper!
- But you know I don't mean it.
- Tell that to the children, George.
- I was afraid. Don't you understand?
- Afraid of what?
- I couldn't hack it!
I felt like I was swimming
the English Channel
with a 50-pound weight around my neck.
- That's my mother's line.
- Yeah, well, your mother's done
- a lot of drowning.
- You leave my mother out of this!
I'd be glad to! Your mother was
a lousy mother and a lousy wife!
- Did we decide on dessert?
- Well, then tell me about Sandy!
Does she fuck you
morning, noon and night?
Forget about Sandy. What about him?
The redneck?
The who?
Sam Stud, the character
with all the cotton in his crotch.
- Do you do it on the backhoe?
- You talking about Frank?
Frank. What a name. Frank.
I had a counselor at Scout camp
named Frank.
Franks always love the outdoors.
- Well, this Frank isn't bad indoors.
- Jesus Christ!
Hey! Give us a break, will you?
You know what it is

that I love about Frank, George? He's you!

He's you 15 years ago.

I don't know

what the hell happened to you!

Did you have to become such a shit heel

just because you're a big success?

- Don't you see any good in me at all?

- Not at home! Not a lot!

Why is it that you're the only one

I can't get along with?

- Everybody else loves me!

- Oh, yeah, I know!

Like eating ice cream, isn't it?

Just like eating ice cream!

Come back here.

Faith, I said come back here!

- I'm not coming back to you!

- Oh, come on, Faith, give him a chance!

- Butt out, Bubbles.

- Watch it, fella!

- You watch it!

- Stop it, George!

Stop it, George! She'd rather fuck Frank!

- You asshole! Fuck you, woman, fuck you!

- Bitch!

- Give my wife the finger?

- Apologize to the lady!

- I'm a woman! I'm a woman, George!

- Apologize to the woman!

- Harold, apologize!

- She gave you the finger! Go on!

- You deserve it, you prick!

- All right, stop it. That's enough now.

- Okay, I'm sorry.

- Please, please.

Please, please.

Sit down over there, please.

This is a restaurant, not a gymnasium.

Do you mind?

Enjoying a nice quiet fight with my wife.

Please, have it at your table, would you?

Sit down. Come on, sit down.

Can I get you a little brandy on the house?

Two doubles.

Mrs. Dunlap, would you like to order now?

- Yeah, I want a lobster.
- One pound or two?
- Three.
- Okay.
- And some wine to go with it.
- Yeah.

We have a new Chardonnay in.

And, of course,

there's the lovely old Gewrztraminer.

- Both.
- Both?
- You heard her, both.
- Certainly.

I think we won.

Did we?

No, let go of me, George.

- I wonder what it was.
- Don't, George. Don't say that.

But why?

'Cause it's just not... Don't.

Stop it, George. You're embarrassing.

Oh, really?

How do you feel

about the Gewrztraminer?

- What? The who?
- The Gewrztraminer.

I thought it was a trifle authoritarian.

- And just the least bit Lufthansa, ja?
- No, George, that's the worst accent

I've ever heard.

- Oh. Well?
- Where are the children?

Stop it! They're next door.

Where do you think they are?

Oh, well...

- Well?
- Well... Good night, George.

Well, look, where's your room? I mean...

Twenty-seven.

No, George. You can't do that.

- Why?
- Twenty-seven's my room.
- No, it's my room.

- It's not your room, George.
It's my room. Twenty-seven's my room.
There must be some misunderstanding.
Oh, well, George, I think you just better
get yourself another room, huh?

- This is my room.
- You can't stay here, George.
You can't spend the night here.
- Half of this room is mine.
- No, you can't spend it here, George.
Oh, no, George. No.
- This was crazy.
- What was crazy?
Me, here with you.
- What's wrong with it?
- Everything.
- It was wonderful.
- It was crazy.

Why?

- Because we're not together.
- Well, we're here, aren't we?
I don't know.
Call it a weak moment,
or I guess you could just call it
whatever you want.
What's wrong with it?
My father died and I wanted you.
But I can see tomorrow. Yeah.
You playing one-on-one with Sandy's son.
- You with Sandy, she with you.
- Stop, please.
I was never right for you, was I, George?
It was like I sang all the music,
but I never knew the words.
You knew the words.
You were a good mother.
But I forgot how to be a good wife.
Oh, Jesus, George.
I loved you. Jesus, God, I loved you.
I loved you 'cause you could love.
You made me feel loved when I was a girl.
You helped me grow into a woman.
Just now, for a minute there...
I don't know, you made me laugh, George.

You were kind.

Yes, you're right. I'm not kind anymore.

No.

Me either.

You're kind to strangers.

Yeah. Strangers are easy.

Molly threw up her clair.

I'll be right there, Sherry.

I think you better go, George.

Oh, come on, Marianne.

- Be quiet, all right?

- Shit!

- Come on.

- Oh. Watch it.

- Marianne, I'm not playing.

- Hey, don't be a baby about it.

- It's my tennis court as well as yours.

- It stinks.

Look what I got for you.

- What did you get for me?

- Right here, your favorite.

Oh, a piece of corn! Thanks.

I love corn. With butter on it.

- What do I get?

- A kiss.

- Wanna go dance?

- What?

- You heard me. Do you wanna go dance?

- I'm too young for you.

- Come on.

- You got all these handsome lads

standing around here,

you wanna dance with me?

- Yeah.

- Well, I tell you what.

You give me a minute with these steaks,

I'll dance with you.

Okay.

- Now what do you want?

- What? I just want to put

a little salt on mine. 'Cause I like mine

with lots of salt, and I like them black.

- That one over there. Black and crusty.

- All right.

- That'll be mine, okay?
- Whatever you want, you got it.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.

Okay.

- This it?
- Yeah, this is it.

Exactly.

- You wanna dance?
- Why not?

Okay.

Sherry, watch these steaks for me,
will you?

Give them about five minutes.

- Then flip them, okay?
- Okay.

No, I get to go. Come on, Marianne.

It's my turn! Give it to me.

Sherry, why don't you come over here
and dance with us?

- Oh, come here.
- Sherry, come on.

If you don't come over here,
I'm gonna come over there
and hug you with no mercy. Come on.
Come on.

- Now I got both of you.
- Yeah.
- Frank spending the night?
- Maybe, yeah.
- Just tonight.
- Just tonight. He brought his toothbrush.
- That's a big bag for a toothbrush.
- What do you mean?
- I mean, I saw his bag.
- Looks like he's gonna stay awhile.

Now wait a minute, Sherry.

I'm not moving in
so don't go jumping to any conclusions.

Am I jumping?

What do you mean, Sherry?

You fucked Daddy last week
and you fuck Frank this week.

- Who are you gonna fuck next week?

- That's enough!
- Wait a minute. Sherry...
- No, leave me alone!
- You're not my father!
- Sherry!

Sherry!

Sherry! Sherry! Wait!

Sherry!

Sherry!

Don't be dumb, Sherry, come back!

Sherry, I'm sorry! Wait a minute!

Sherry!

Sher!

Sherry!

- Six of diamonds.

- Okay.

But your mother can see your cards.

- Quit helping.

- You're a cheater.

- I'm not cheating.

- Oh, four.

- You want me to tell you what to play?

- No.

- I don't want you to tell me what to...

- What's that?

- Good move.

- I'm not sure.

Yes, okay.

No, I'm not gonna play...

I'm gonna play that,

which is the three of diamonds.

- Three of diamonds.

- The three of diamonds.

- A big six.

- Oh, no, I didn't mean to make that play.

- She wouldn't make her play.

- That's a mistake.

- No. All right.

- Well, sorry.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

George, are you gonna play some more?

I think it's time for you to go to bed.

- You're a little tired, aren't you?

- One more game.

No, sweetheart.
Let's get the cards all up, okay?
Are there any on the floor?
Look and see. No?
You get them all?
I thought it was you.
What's the matter?
Nothing.
You took a walk?
By mistake.
I brought you your birthday present.
- Here. Has all the letters.
- Is it electric? I hate electric.
It's not electric.
Have you got any paper?
Oh, never mind.
You wanna come inside?
It's not dinky at all.
- You slept with Mommy up at Grandpa's.
- Yes.
You fuck Sandy
and then you fuck Mommy.
- Please.
- Please, what?
I don't think I have to take that from you.
- Well, you haven't much choice.
- Oh, I don't?
Well, I could just leave your little ass
to freeze down here.
Good.
Honey, please.
My little ass hasn't frozen yet!
Please, I'm sorry.
You're always sorry.
I just don't wanna get zapped
with a hanger again.
Please. Sherry, please, please.
Why did you leave?
Do you love her more than Mom?
Something happened
between me and Mommy.
- What?
- I don't know.
I've got to figure it out.

You've been staying at Sandy's a month now and you haven't figured it out?

I like it at Sandy's.

You mean you like sleeping with her more than Mom?

She's so...

Bony.

What about what's-his-name? Timmy?

Yeah?

- You love him more.

- No.

Is he good at cards?

He's fair.

- What were you playing?

- Hearts.

- Did he shoot the moon?

- No, I did.

- You're lying.

- He shot it twice.

Are you gonna take him on trips?

Remember the trip we took to SeaWorld?

- Mommy got that speeding ticket?

- You yelled at her.

- She told that cop off.

- Sandy wouldn't.

Mommy's crazy, huh?

Yeah.

Do you hate her?

Oh, no.

You love her.

Yeah, I guess I do.

Why don't you tell her that?

I can't.

Are you gonna let her get a divorce?

I think I'm gonna have to.

- What happens to me?

- I'll love you more.

- Why?

- Because I'll have more time for you.

I'll be closer to you.

I think you'll be closer to Timmy.

It's Daddy!

Sherry.

Sherry, you all right? You okay?

Okay, huh?

I know. I know. Where did you get that?

- It's my present from Daddy.

- Yeah?

- Do you like it?

- I like it. Do you like it?

- It's not electric.

- Well, it's what you wanted.

Sort of.

She okay?

- You don't like it?

- Just the opposite.

- Well, what do you mean?

- You did it. You really did it.

- Did what?

- The court. The tennis court.

- How you doing?

- How are you? Good.

So what do you think?

- What do I think about what?

- The court. What do you think?

Oh! Oh, the court. Yeah.

The court looks good.

Yeah?

- You really like it?

- I do. It adds.

That really pleases me.

I was anxious, somewhat,

- there to know how you feel.

- I like it very much.

That's good. Can I offer you a drink of wine or something?

My partner over there brought back some really nifty tequila from Mexico.

- No, thank you.

- You sure?

Well, let me know

when you change your mind.

- I can tell Sherry likes your typewriter.

- You certain?

- Oh, absolutely.

- Good.

Well, we did the whole thing for \$12,000.

- No kidding.

- Yep, no kidding.
The Bradleys paid 20.
I don't think theirs is half as good.
I've seen the Bradleys'. You're right.
You got yourself a good contractor.
Oh, yeah. Frank does very careful work.
You'll have to come over and play
sometime. You and Sandy.
What do you mean?
I mean, we have to work this thing out.
Be grown-up about it, remember?
Yeah, sure. Be grown-up about it.
Don't you want that?
Yeah.
Would you like to meet
some of Frank's friends?
- Not now. Maybe later.
- Maybe later.
So why don't you try some of that tequila?
It'll put hair on your chest.
I've really got to go.
You'll see.
- You're going to be okay.
- Sure.
What are you doing?
Hello.
You fucking... George!
Come out of there, you son of...
Son of a bitch!
I said get out!
You worthless bag of shit!
Get out of there!
You son of a bitch!
Stop it!
Please! Mommy, no!
Mommy, stop it! Get somebody to stop it!
- Stop it! Stop it!
- Mommy, help him!
- Oh, God! Stop it! Stop!
- Somebody help her!
Frank, stop it!
Stop it.
Who the fuck do you think you are?
Don't! George!

Faith?
Faith.
English