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# **A Single Man: Making of a Single Man**

By Unknown

Waking up begins with saying  
'am' and 'now'.  
Jennifer, I'm not gonna tell you again.  
For the past eight months waking  
up has actually hurt.  
The cold realization that  
I'm still here slowly sets in.  
I was never terribly fond of waking up.  
I was never one to jump out of bed and  
greet the day with a smile like Jim was.  
I used to want to punch him sometimes  
in the morning he was so happy.  
I always used to tell him that only fools  
greet the day with a smile...  
...that only fools possibly  
escape the simple truth.  
That now isn't simply now.  
It's a cold reminder.  
One day later than yesterday.  
One year later than last year.  
And that sooner or later it will come.  
He used to laugh at me and then  
give me kiss on the cheek.  
It takes time in the morning  
for me to become George.  
The time to adjust to what is expected  
of George and how he is to behave.  
By the time I have dressed and  
put the final layer of polish...  
...on the now slightly stiff  
but quite perfect George...  
...I know fully what part  
I'm supposed to play  
Looking in the mirror staring back at me  
isn't so much as a face...  
...as the expression of a predicament.  
Just get through the goddamn day.  
A bit melodramatic, I guess.  
But then again...  
...my heart has been broken.  
I feel as if I am sinking, drowning...  
...can't breathe.  
Aren't you going to say something?  
Are you kidding? It's spectacular.

What are you doing?

Just stop it.

Stop it.

I don't think that you're quite ready for life in a glass house.

Drapes, old man.

You're the one who is always saying that we are invisible.

That's not exactly what I meant.

For the first time in my life

I can't see my future.

Every day goes by in a haze.

But today I have decided

will be different.

Finally. You know it's been

raining here all day.

I've been trapped in this house

waiting for you to call.

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong number.

I'm calling for Mr. George Falconer.

I'm sorry, I was expecting someone else.

Yes sir, you have indeed called the...

...correct number. How may I help you?

- This is Harold Ackerley.

I'm Jim's cousin.

Of course.

Yes, good evening Mr. Ackerley.

I'm afraid I'm calling with

some bad news.

There has been a car accident.

An accident?

There has been a lot of snow here lately and the roads have been icy.

On his way into town,

Jim lost control of his car.

It was instantaneous apparently.

It happened late yesterday, but his parents didnt want to call you.

I see.

In fact, they don't that

I'm calling you now.

But I thought that you should know.

Thank you.

I know this must be quite a shock.

It was for all of us.

Yes, indeed.

- Will there be a service?

- The day after tomorrow.

Well, I suppose I should  
get off the phone...

...and book a plane flight.

The service is just for family.

For family, of course.

Well, thank you for calling.

- Mr. Ackerley?

- Yes?

- May I ask what happened to the dogs?

- Dogs?

There was a dog with him but he died.

Was there another one?

Yes, there was a small female.

I don't know, I'm sorry.

I haven't heard anyone  
mentioning another dog.

- Well, thank you for calling Mr. Ackerley.

- Goodbye, Mr. Falconer.

Hello, Charley.

How did you know it was me?

Charlotte, nobody else calls me  
before eight in the morning.

I didn't call too early, did I?

You sound grumpy.

No, I have a headache.

Listen, I was going to call you actually.

Is too late to change my mind about tonight.

No, of course not.

I haven't seen you all week.

- I'm dying for a dose of you.

- I know, I'm sorry.

So great, I'll see you tonight.

I have to run.

I'm late for the work.

I'll call you later from school.

Alright, I see you then.

- Bye, kiddo.

- Bye, old man.

Good morning, Mr. George.

Sir, you don't look so good today.

Good morning, Alva.

No, I didn't sleep very well.

You forgot to take the bread  
out of the freezer this morning.

It stays fresh that way.

It was a little too fresh this morning.

There are some papers  
laid out on my desk...

...which need to stay there.

Please don't move them.

- I'm afraid my pen leaked all over the bed.

- It's okay, sir.

- Alva?

- Yes, sir?

Thank you, you're a wonderful.

This government, as promised,  
has maintained the closest surveillance...

...of the Soviet military buildup  
on the Island of Cuba.

Within the past week unmistakable evidence...  
...has established the fact...

- Professor Falconer?

- Yes?

There was a student here this  
morning asking for your address.

My address?

- Did you give it to him?

- Yes, sir.

I did.

I hope that's okay.

I realize that I probably shouldn't  
have but he was very nice.

Before I knew it he...

Your hair looks great up like that.

I really fits suits you.

You always look so beautiful...

...really fresh...

You have such a lovely smile.

- Arpge?

- Sir?

Really beautiful.

...that a series of offensive missile sites...

- Good morning, Don.

- Good morning, George.

Good morning, George.  
Good morning, Grant.  
You look awful.  
What have you been doing?  
Look around you, Grant.  
Most of these students aspire to  
nothing more than corporate job...  
...and a desire to raise coke-drinking,  
TV-watching children...  
...who as soon as they can  
speak start chanting TV jingles...  
...and smashing things with hammers.  
- You're really scaring me today, George.  
Don't tell me. You have  
easy time with these students.  
I found them staring at me  
in a kind of bovine stupor...  
...as if I were lecturing in  
a foreign language.  
Remind me why we shouldn't  
all just be annihilated.  
You seem to think this is all a joke.  
We're living in a world where  
nuclear war is a real threat.  
I don't understand how  
that doesn't concern you.  
You're serious, aren't you?  
Yes, I'm serious.  
George did you even read the article  
I gave you on bomb shelters?  
Our is almost done. We had 3  
contractors work on it...  
...so none of them know what we've got.  
I'm having the outside of it landscaped  
so no one will find that it's there.  
Really?  
If word gets out that  
you've got a better shelter...  
...then everyone will try to get in  
when something happens.  
So?  
There will be no time for sentiment  
when the Russians fire a missile at us.  
If it's going to be a world with

no time for sentiment Grant...

...the it's not a world  
that I want to live in.

After Many a Summer Dies the Swan.

I think you've all...

...read the Huxley novel I assigned  
more than three weeks ago?

How does the title relate to our story?

- Yes, Mr. Mong.

- It doesn't.

It's about a rich guy who's too  
afraid that he's too old for this girl...

...and thinks that a young guy...

Russ.

Russ?

Yes, Mr. Hirsch.

Sir, on page 79, Mr. Propter says that...

...the stupidest text in the Bible is  
they hated me without a cause.

Does that mean the Nazis were  
right to hate the Jews?

- Is Huxley an anti-Semite?

- No.

No, Mr. Huxley is not an anti-Semite.

Of course, the Nazis were  
wrong to hate the Jews.

But their hating the Jews  
was not without a cause.

It's just that the cause wasn't real.

The cause was imagined.

The cause was fear.

Let's leave the Jews out o  
this just for a moment.

Let's think of another minority.

One that...

One that can go unnoticed if it needs to.

There are all sorts of minorities,  
blondes for example...

...or people with freckles.

But a minority is only  
thought of as one...

...when it constitutes some kind of  
threat to the majority.

A real threat or an imagined one.

And therein lies the fear.  
If the minority is somehow invisible...  
...and the fear is much greater.  
That fear is why the  
minority is persecuted.  
So, you see there always is a cause.  
The cause is fear.  
Minorities are just people.  
People like us.  
I can see that I've lost you a bit.  
So tell you what? We're gonna  
forget about Mr. Huxley today...  
...and we're gonna talk about fear.  
Fear, after all, is our real enemy.  
Fear is taking over our world.  
Fear is being used as a tool of  
manipulation in our society.  
It's how politicians peddle policy.  
It's how Madison Avenue sells us  
things that we don't need.  
Think about it.  
Fear of being attacked.  
Fear of that there are communists  
lurking around every corner.  
Fear of that some little  
Caribbean country...  
...that doesn't believe in our way  
of life poses a threat to us.  
Fear that black culture  
may take over the world.  
Fear of Elvis Presley's hips.  
Actually, maybe that one is a real fear.  
Fear that our bad breath  
might ruin our friendships.  
Fear of growing old and being alone.  
The of that we're useless and that  
no one cares what we have to say.  
Have a good weekend.  
Sir! May I talk to you for a minute?  
Why don't you always  
talk to us like that?  
I don't think it went over very well.  
Man, fear of things gets  
to me all the time.



But you can't talk about it with anyone or you just sound like a fool.

- You can't even talk about it with Lois?

- I don't think she's afraid of anything. Everyone's afraid of something, Kenny.

What are you afraid of, sir?

Cars.

How can you live in Los Angeles and be afraid of cars?

Maybe you can't.

Sometimes my fear of things can almost paralyze me.

It's like I get really panic stricken and I feel like I might explode or something.

- May I ask you a personal question, sir?

- If you like.

Do you ever get high?

- How old do I look to you?

- Have you ever taken any drugs?

Of course, Kenny.

Like what?

I don't feel I should be discussing this with you on campus Mr. Potter.

It's the only way I get by sometimes.

- Have you ever tried mescaline?

- Not my drug of choice.

I shaved off one of my eyebrows once on mescaline. Not a good look for me.

- Sir?

- I looked in the mirror.

Big mistake if you're high on mescaline.

I decided that my eyebrows were taking over my face.

Before I knew it, I had shaved one off.

I wore a band-aid over my eye for about six weeks while my brow grew back.

Very embarrassing.

- You didn't take it again after that?

- Kenny, have you been listening to me?

I shaved off my eyebrow.

I wanted an experience Mr. Potter, not a career on stage.

If you ever want to get high sir, I usually have some dope.

You're really mad aren't you?  
I'm sorry, sir. I guess you don't feel  
very comfortable talking like this.  
What makes you say that?  
Lois thinks you're kind of cagey.  
Like this morning...  
...when you were listening to all that  
crap we were talking about Huxley.  
Well, not all of you.  
I didn't notice you open  
your mouth once.  
I was watching you.  
You let us ramble on and on  
and then you straighten us out.  
But you never really tell us  
everything you know about something.  
Well, maybe that's true up to a point.  
It's not that I want to be cagey.  
It's just that I can't really discuss  
things completely openly...  
...at school.  
Someone would misunderstand.  
I tried that today.  
It didn't really work out.  
What was it you wanted to get, sir?  
Nothing. I was on my way  
to the dean's office.  
You mean you walked all the way  
down here just to talk to me?  
- Why not?  
- Well...  
I think you deserve  
something for that, sir.  
Here sir, take your pick.  
- It's on me.  
- Thank you.  
I thought you'd probably pick blue.  
- Why blue?  
- Isn't blue supposed to be spiritual?  
What makes you think I'm spiritual?  
And you? Red?  
- What is red stand for?  
- A lot of things.  
Rage, lust.

No kidding?

Well sir, I...

I guess I see you around.

Hello?

What are you up to, kiddo?

Just trying to finish up a book.

How's your day going?

Fine.

I was just leaving school and wanted to know if you needed anything for tonight.

Thanks, you're sweet.

But I think I'm all set.

Be a darling and...

...pick up gin for me, Tangueray.

I love the color of the bottle.

You love what's in it.

What time do you want me?

Perfect. I'll see you then.

I'll see you then.

Bye, Geo.

Bye, kiddo.

Beautiful.

- Yes, Mr. Potter?

- Are you going somewhere, sir?

That is usually why people get into their cars.

No, I mean are you going on vacation or something?

- What?

- I saw you cleaning out your office.

What exactly is it that you want, Kenny?

I was just hoping that perhaps we could get together for a drink or something sometime.

Why is that?

I don't know, sir.

Because I think you might like it.

And...

...because you seem as though you could use a friend.

- Oh really?

- Yes, sir. You do.

They may be right.

It will have to be another time.

I'm late.

But thank you for the invitation.  
And thank you for the talk earlier.  
And stay away from the mescaline.  
Hello, Mr. Falconer.

- Hello. How are you today?  
- I'm fine, sir.  
- Do you need to get into your box?  
- Yes, I do.

Follow me.

Here you are, sir.

If you could please sign here...

- Thank you.  
- Thank you.

So explain your friend Charlotte to me.  
What would you like to know?

I don't know.

You seem very intimate I guess.

Like you were once  
together or something.

- You haven't slept with her, have you?  
- Yes.

And?

A few times when we were young.

I wouldn't say that it  
meant nothing to me...

...but it certainly meant  
a great deal more to Charley.

It was a long time ago in London.

I love Charley.

- And We were very close friends  
but that's all. - Well, I'm confused.

If you sleep with women  
then why are you with me?

Because I fall in love with men.

Because I fell in love with you.

Anyway, doesn't everyone sleep with  
women when they're young?

- I haven't.  
- You're joking.

No, I'm not.

It was just never anything  
that interested me.

Well, you're awfully  
modern aren't you?

You know, I think that was the first thing that I noticed about you...  
...was how sure of yourself you were.  
How can you be so sure about everything at your age?  
You think I'm sure of myself?  
Of course, you are.  
I'm finished now.  
Thank you.  
Yes, Mr. Falconer?  
Is there something else we can help you with today?  
I can't find my check book and I need some cash.  
Not my day I'm afraid.  
Excuse me a minute.  
Mommy says bushy eyebrows are pedestrian, but I think yours are pretty.  
I think yours are pretty too.  
Why do you look so sad?  
Would you like to meet Charlton Heston?  
Ben Hur.  
He's our scorpion.  
Every night we throw in something new to him and watch him kill it.  
Daddy says it's like the colosseum. So my brother Tom put on all the columns in here.  
He wants to be a set designer.  
He hasn't eaten the spider yet...  
...cause he's still full from the moth we gave him last night.  
Daddy says he wants to throw you in to the colosseum.  
No kidding?  
Why?  
He says you're light in your loafers...  
...but you aren't even wearing loafers.  
I think my brother Tom is light in his loafers too...  
...but he wears Keds.  
He made me do a hair conditioning treatment on my hair with eggs.  
Does it look shiny?  
Sweetheart, what are you doing

bothering Mr. Falconer?

She's not bothering me at all Susan.

How are you?

I'm glad to see you George.

George, we're having a few people  
over tonight for drinks...

...and would love to have you  
join us if you could.

- Thank you. That's very kind of you but I  
have plans. - Another time then.

Jennifer, let's let Mr. Falconer get  
back to his banking.

Goodbye, George.

Bye, Susan.

Bye, Jennifer.

- May I help you, sir? - I'd like to buy  
some bullets for this gun, please.

Yes, sir.

This is a really old gun, sir.

We have a two for one sale on  
handguns at the moment.

- Perhaps one for the little lady?

- No thank you. Just the bullets, please.

- Here you go. Anything else?

- No, thank you.

That would be \$2.29, sir.

Thank you.

I'm sorry. I hope she  
didn't growl at you.

She goes a little crazy sometimes when  
I have to leave her in the car.

She's perfect.

What's her name?

India.

Let's go there.

You little baby.

I used to have smooth fox terriers.

You don't see them very often.

The very smell of buttered toast.

She's still a puppy isn't she?

Well.

- Have a nice evening.

- You too.

Good night, India.

- I'm sorry about that.
- No, It's ok.
- It's my fault. I'll get you another pack.
- It's ok. Don't worry.

No, no I insist.

Thank you.

I'm sorry about the broken glass.

- Here you go.
- Thanks man.

You want one?

No, thanks.

Actually, yes.

Why not?

Thank you.

- Carlos.
- What did you say?

Carlos. You asked me my name.

Are you okay?

Yeah.

Yeah, I'm sorry.

You're really something.

You have an incredible face.

Enjoy that. It's a great gift.

Your Spanish is perfect.

Thank you.

I should have used it more.

Well...

It's not too late.

What are you doing?

Aren't we going somewhere?

No. But, thanks.

You know, it's the smog that makes it that color.

I've never seen a sky like this before.

Sometimes awful things have their own kind of beauty.

Could I have another cigarette?

Sure.

- Are sure that you don't want to go for a drive? - I'm sure.

- Where are you from?

- Madrid.

Madrid?

How did you get here?

It's a long story.  
I met a guy from LA at the  
hotel where I worked...  
...who told me I could live with him  
and that he could get me an agent.  
But he never realized that  
I have a Spanish accent.  
I like your accent.  
You speak very well.  
- How did you learn English? - My mom had  
an American boyfriend when I was little.  
Is your mother in Madrid?  
Yes, she is.  
She cuts hair.  
She cut my hair before I left.  
Do you like it?  
- I thought it made me look like James Dean.  
- You are better than James Dean.  
Really?  
Thanks.  
No one has ever picked me up  
and not wanted something.  
I think you picked me up.  
This is kind of a serious day for me.  
Come on. What could be  
so serious for a guy like you?  
I'm just trying to get over  
an old love I guess.  
My mother says that  
lovers are like buses.  
You just have to wait a little while  
and another one comes along.  
I have to go.  
You're a nice guy.  
I hope you find...  
...someone like you.  
Thanks.  
I'm going away.  
It's your turn to change it.  
Yeah, I'm not changing it.  
It's your turn.  
Besides, you never like  
what I put on anyway.  
I'll give you five dollars if you



change it. I'm too old to get up.  
You're only old when it's  
convenient for you to be old.  
What are you reading anyway?  
Oh God. Not that depressing crap again.  
It's for my class.  
What highbrow work of fiction  
might you be reading?  
Don't be so smug.  
Man, what a life he has.  
- Don't you just envy him?  
- Why?  
Because he can sniff  
anyone's arse he wants?  
Nice.  
No, because he just does what he wants.  
Like yesterday...  
...I was standing in the front yard  
and Susan came over to talk.  
And that little brat of hers  
Christopher came...  
...running over waving that  
damned gun of his around.  
And our little dog walked  
right up, hiked his leg...  
...and peed all over Christopher's  
new tennis shoes.  
All over Christopher actually.  
And of course, I had  
to act like I was upset  
It was so perfectly executed  
you should have seen it.  
After all the times those kids  
have tortured that poor dog.  
I mean, you should take a  
lesson from him. They don't...  
They don't stay up all night worrying.  
They figured out how to get the two  
of us to do exactly what they want.  
They are basically very sophisticated  
little parasites when you think about it.  
Well, the dumbest creatures are the  
happiest. Just look at your mother.  
He's really just living the moment.

It's like now.  
What could be better than  
being tucked up here with you?  
If I died right now it would be OK.  
Well, it wouldn't be OK with me so why don't  
you shut up and go change the record.  
Good answer.  
You know what? I was thinking  
about taking them up...  
...to Denver with me next week  
if it's okay with you.  
It's my mom.  
She loves them.  
Probably that recognition  
of a similar mind.  
You stay there, old man.  
No, I did not forget the gin.  
I'll see you in ten minutes.  
Christopher, would you  
like it if I killed you?  
I don't know.  
If you keep this up  
we're going to find out.  
So, why don't you go home  
and stop shooting people?  
I'm so happy to see you.  
Come on in.  
It smells wonderful.  
I'm very hungry. Where is Lois?  
I gave her the night off.  
I'm cooking myself.  
- You are?  
- Yes, I'm trying something new.  
- Charley darling, 'you cooking' is new.  
- Don't be smart.  
I'm in a good mood tonight.  
I'm going to be fun.  
I've already made two  
New Year's resolutions.

**Resolution one:**

that of awful ex-husbands...  
..and children who don't give a damn.  
- And the other one?

- One what?  
Resolution.

**Resolution two:**

drinking and screw it all! So come on...

...mix me up a drink.

I'll have a gin and tonic, please.

- And watch out baby!

- Coming up.

- It was sweet of you to come tonight.

- Sweet had nothing to do with it.

- I needed to see you.

- Come off it.

Whenever you do something sweet  
you're too ashamed to admit it.

Here is to our early  
New Year's resolutions.

Cheers.

What are your resolutions by the way?

To let go of the past completely,  
entirely, and forever.

Light me up, will you?

Darling, you dont look well.

Do you remember that little  
heart attack you had last year?

- It wasnt a heart attack.

- Well whatever it was darling...

...you dont look so hot.

Im fine.

I never felt better.

- I'm a little tired. I haven't  
been sleeping... - Geo, it's normal.

You were with Jim for 16 years.

I think about Richard every day.

Its hard being alone.

At least you have a job and a life.

Lets have a bit of dinner shall we?

Because Ive worked so very hard.

- What are you talking about? - Seriously,  
there no such thing as old anymore.

The other day one of my students  
has called me a senior citizen.

I wouldn't mind if old didn't exist...

...but I'm not sure senior is

what I'm aiming for either.  
It's all becoming so bland.  
It's not why I came to America.  
It's like a complete breakdown  
of culture and manners.  
The young ones have no manners.  
The other day at the car wash  
a young man looked me up and down...  
...and actually asked me if I  
was a natural blonde.  
- What did you say?  
- I looked him straight in the eye...

**...and said:**

if I stood on my head...  
...I would be a natural  
brunette with lovely breath.  
- You didn't!  
- I did!  
And the amusing thing was  
that it went right over his head!  
You know, you had a mouth on you  
even back in London.  
Do you remember that old lesbian  
who threw her drink over your head...  
...because you asked her if  
she was hung like a donut.  
Geo.  
We could always go back to London.  
The two of us.  
- No, thanks.  
- You know you miss it.  
I miss it sometimes.  
Maybe if Jim had lived.  
He loved being in England. He asked us  
to stay the last time we were there.  
Do you really think you  
would have moved?  
I don't know. It's silly to even talk  
about it. It was only a fantasy.  
What's this?  
It's my mother's wedding ring.  
I found it a drawer  
when I was cleaning out.

Charley my dear, you and I are  
both in need of another drink.

Wait!

Wait, wait!

I love this!

- You're insane!

- Come on, old man!

Don't move.

Thank you.

- Very smooth cigarette move.

- I've always wanted to do that.

You don't even smoke.

Well, not for the last  
sixteen years. Jim hated it.

What's to stop me now?

It's not as if he's gonna to kill me.

This is so nice, lying here with you.

Don't you ever miss this?

What we could have been to each other?

Having a real relationship and kids?

- I had Jim.

- I know, but I mean a real relationship.

Geo, let's be honest, what you and Jim  
had together was wonderful but...

...wasn't it really just a  
substitute for something else?

Is that really what you think  
after all of these years?

You think Jim was just some  
kind of substitute for real love?

Jim was not a substitute for anything.

Do you understand?

There is no substitute for Jim...

...anywhere!

And by the way, what is so real  
about your relationship with Richard?

He left you after nine years!

Jim and I were together  
for sixteen years!

And if he hadn't died we  
would still be together!

What the hell is not real about that?

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I know how much the two  
of you loved each other.  
I suppose I'm just jealous that  
you and I never had that kind of love.  
Actually, I've never had that  
kind of love with anybody.  
I don't think Richard ever loved me...  
...except for the way I looked.  
And Clay...  
I don't know. You raise  
a child and love it...  
...and then when they are  
old enough they just leave.  
Charley, there is nothing  
wrong with your life.  
You just like feeling sorry for yourself.  
It's one of your great pleasures.  
And it's not one of yours?  
You're as pathetic as I am.  
Feeling sorry for myself is definitely  
not one of my great pleasures.  
Well, it's not one of mine either. I don't  
like feeling sorry for myself one bit.  
I tried to hold onto  
Richard for so long...  
...even when it was obvious to  
everyone but me that it was over.  
And now Clay is grown up.  
I mean, what am I doing here Geo?  
Tell me, what?  
You have plenty of friends.  
You'll be fine.  
Yes, I have friends.  
But none of them need me.  
And yes I have you and if you weren't such a  
goddamn poof we could have all been happy!  
I only have you now  
because you lost Jim.  
Soon I'll lose you to someone else.  
It's not as easy for a woman.  
I've done everything the way  
I was supposed to and...  
...all I have to keep me  
company is a bottle of gin.

Maybe you should try  
donuts with your gin.  
Screw you.  
Charlotte, you are dramatic.  
I swear you really almost had me.  
A tiny tear was beginning to  
form in the corner of my eye.  
Now stop it.  
You are still  
breathtakingly beautiful.  
When you can be bothered  
to get up and out of bed...  
...and you stop whimpering about  
everything for five minutes.  
Go to London.  
Change your life.  
If you're not happy being a woman  
then stop acting like one.  
You have all the answers.  
No, I don't have any to mention.  
If you're so smart why don't you  
have something new in your life?  
Take that position at Stanford.  
You complain about that little school  
but you could go anywhere you want.  
I think what I've done  
has been worthwhile.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
I shouldn't have said that.  
As much as I dread it, I think  
I will go back to London.  
Why do you dread it?  
When I lived in London last I was  
young. I was fresh, I was everything.  
Coming to America was such a dream,  
it was the icing on the cake.  
Going home is defeat.  
None of it really worked  
out the way I'd planned.  
Most things don't work out  
the way people plan.  
You're just living in the past. You need  
to start thinking about your future.  
Living in the past is my future.

It doesn't have to be yours.  
You're a man.  
And you're a bore tonight.  
Can't we just feel sorry for  
ourselves a little bit longer?  
Let's have another drink.  
- I don't think so. I have to go. Come on.  
Walk me out. - Please, please!  
- Come on, I have to!  
- No, this was such fun! No.  
When will I see you again?  
- Aren't you going to England?  
- I'll never do that!  
It's far too much effort.  
Besides, I don't think Jim would want me  
to leave you here in LA all alone.  
Don't worry about me. I'll be fine.  
I've got all the answers. Remember?  
What are you doing this weekend?  
I think I might just be very quiet.  
You never really did take me  
seriously, did you George?  
I tried to Charley. Remember?  
A long time ago.  
It didn't really work out, did it?  
No, Charley.  
Sleep tight.  
Patrick, a beer and a  
packet of Lucky Strike, please.  
Excuse me.  
It's too hot in there.  
Yes, it is.  
- Would you like a cigarette?  
- No thanks, I don't smoke.  
- This place is really crowded.  
- Well, it is Saturday night.  
It's usually as bad as this.  
People normally just stop by and pick  
someone up and then head on down the beach.  
Yeah. It's pretty wild out there.  
I'm surprised the cops  
don't break it up.  
- Is it always like that?  
- Since the war ended.



It's pretty great actually.

It's kind of pagan.

- I'm Jim.

- I'm George.

Pleased to meet you Jim.

I'm sorry, I'm supposed to meet some friends but I can't find them.

I just needed to get out of the house but the lure of a cold beer got to me.

Do you live hereby?

Canyon.

- For how long?

- Since 38.

- Where are you from?

- Colorado.

I really like it here.

It's close to beach.

I think I might stay after

I'm discharged.

I don't know, maybe

I'm a bit of a pagan.

- After you.

- No.

Sorry.

- Well, hello.

- Hi.

Do you buy me a drink?

I think I'm taken.

Too bad, too bad.

Do you want another beer?

Patrick, a bottle of scotch and a pack of Lucky Strikes to go, please?

Patrick, cancel that.

Well, hello Mr. Potter.

Hello, sir.

- What are we drinking?

- Scotch.

Okay.

I come here all the time. I live just around the corner, but then you knew that.

On Camphor Tree Lane.

You're still carrying that around.

One must always appreciate life's little gifts.

So, what are you doing here?  
- Just out for a ride on my bike.  
- Is that all?  
I don't know.  
Were you looking for me?  
Maybe. I don't know.  
I feel like my head's  
stopped up with stuff.  
What kind of stuff?  
Like, the stuff you were talking  
about today in class.  
That is definitely not important.  
No, it is important.  
Your class is great.  
But somehow we always seem  
to get stuck talking about the past.  
The past just doesn't matter to me.  
- The present?  
- I can't wait for the present to be over.  
It's a total drag.  
Well, tonight is the exception.  
What?  
Tonight, yes!  
The present, no!  
Let's drink to tonight.  
Tonight.  
So if the past doesn't matter and  
the present is a total drag.  
What about the future?  
What future?  
Cuba might just blow us up.  
Death is the future.  
I'm sorry.  
I don't mean to be depressing.  
It's not depressing.  
It's not depressing, it's true.  
It may not be your immediate future  
but it's what we all share.  
Death is the future.  
You're right, I guess.  
If one is not enjoying one's present  
there isn't a great deal to...  
...suggest that the future  
should be any better.

Yeah, I've thought that before.  
But the thing is you just never know.  
Look at tonight.  
Actually...  
...I feel really alone most of the time.  
- You do?  
- Yeah.  
I've always felt this way.  
I mean we're born alone, we die alone.  
And while we're here we are absolutely,  
completely sealed in our own bodies.  
Really weird.  
Kinda freaks me out to think about it.  
We can only experience the outside world  
through our own slanted perception of it.  
Who knows what you're really like?  
- I just see what I think you're like.  
- I'm exactly what I appear to be.  
If you look closely.  
You know the only thing that has made  
the whole thing worthwhile...  
...has been those...  
...few times that I've been able to really,  
truly connect with another human being.  
I had a hunch about you, sir.  
- You did?  
- Yes, sir.  
I had a hunch you might  
be a real romantic.  
You know, everyone  
keeps telling you that...  
...when you're older, that you'll  
have all this experience.  
Like it's some great thing.  
That's a load of shit.  
I think I've actually just  
gotten sillier and sillier.  
- Really?  
- Absolutely.  
So, all your experience is useless.  
No, I wouldn't say that.  
As our friend Mr. Huxley says:  
Experience is not what happens to a man.  
It is what a man does

with what happens to him.

- Let's go swimming.

- Okay.

- What?

- It was a test.

I thought you were

bluffing about being silly so...

...I said to myself I'll suggest doing something completely outrageous.

And if he resists, if he even hesitates then I know he's full of shit.

Well, I wasn't.

Were you?

Hell, no!

Come on sir.

I'll help you down.

Let's go.

Come on, sir.

Sir?

Sir?

That's enough for now, sir.

- I'm fine.

- I'm cold. Come on.

Can we go back to your place, sir?

Of course.

Where else?

- Where else.

- Are you out of your mind?

- What's the matter?

- You can't get home like that!

We're invisible, don't you know that?

You know sir, they ought not

to let you out on your own.

You're liable to get into real trouble.

I excel at it.

Your forehead is bleeding.

The bathroom is just down the hall if you would like to take a shower.

Aren't you taking a shower too, sir?

I'm fine. I'm English.

We like to be cold and wet.

First, I think that we need to take care of that cut, sir.

Do you have any band-aids?

- Going camping, sir?  
- I'm fine, really.  
Stay there.  
I'll be right back.  
Sit up.  
Tilt your head back.  
Well sir, I'm afraid this  
time you don't have...  
...the excuse of mescaline  
to explain your band-aid.  
I think we should get you  
out of those wet clothes.  
Yes, sir.  
- You're not too cold?  
- I'm great.  
- Would you like a drink?  
- A beer, sir. If you have one.  
I'm afraid that's all we have.  
Two beers coming up.  
- You live here all by yourself, sir?  
- I do now.  
I used to share this place with  
a friend. He was an architect.  
Man, guys my age dream about the  
kind of setup you've got here.  
I mean, what more can you want?  
You get to be left alone and  
come and go as you please.  
Is that's your idea of the perfect life?  
What's the matter, sir?  
Don't you believe me?  
If you're so keen on the  
idea living by yourself...  
...where does Lois fit into this plan?  
Lois? What's she got to  
do with anything?  
I got the impression that you  
and she were together.  
Not really.  
She is kind of cool and...  
...we're good friends but...  
I think what you really want to  
ask me is if we sleep together.  
- And do you?

- We did. Once.  
- Why only once?  
- I didn't say only once, I said once.  
Come on, the last thing I want to  
talk about right now is Lois.  
What time is it?  
My watch seems to have stopped.  
Do you want me to go?  
You must be kidding.  
Go, get us another beer.  
Is that an order, sir?  
You're damn right it is.  
Pathetic.  
Did you say something, sir?  
Why are you here?  
Why did you get to the office and  
ask secretary for my address?  
I just wanted to see you  
someplace other than school.  
Why?  
Sometimes I think I'm crazy cause I see  
things so differently than everyone else.  
I feel like I can talk to you.  
To be honest sir, I was also  
worried about you today.  
Me?  
What's to be worried about?  
I'm fine.  
I'm...  
I'm fine.  
A few times in my life I've had  
moments of absolute clarity.  
When for a few brief seconds...  
...the silence drowns out the noise...  
...and I can feel rather than think.  
And things seem so sharp...  
And the world seems so fresh...  
...as though it had all  
just come into existence.  
I can never make these moments last.  
I cling to them...  
...but like everything they fade.  
I've lived my life on these moments.  
They pull me back to the present...

...and I realize that everything is exactly the way it was meant to be. And just like that it came.