



Scripts.com

# Something to Talk About

By Callie Khouri

Something To Talk About

-Oh, my God!

-Don't do that!

-Make a noise.

-You'll give me a heart attack.

What's on the docket for today?

Daddy's coming to the barn

for a meeting with me and Hank...

...about the Grand Prix.

What for?

He likes to grind us every year

about this time. Makes him feel in control.

Where's the doodlebug?

Getting dressed.

Caroline, what are you doing?

-Can I ride?

-If we have time.

Where have you been all night?

Sleeping.

Mom, am I gonna ride?

If we have time.

Now, please, go finish getting ready.

-Go, go.

-Quick, quick.

Shit!

I'm sorry.

-I don't know what's wrong with me.

-You did it again.

We'll find you a new mother.

**KING FARMS:**

Harry, take the trailer to Mack's

to pick up Joe's Whimsy at 4:30.

Sheila will ride with you,

help you get squared away.

Tell Hank before you go, so he can be here.

No problem.

Hey, Raymond.

Good boy.

Good morning.

Caught you!

Were you trying to bribe Possum?

Hey, Gramps.

It'll make Miss Lily jealous,

and she'll dump you in the ring.  
You gotta save the treats  
for the horse you're gonna ride.  
Please, let me.  
I don't want to ride a pony.  
I want to ride a horse.  
-Hank says I'm big enough.  
-Hold on.  
First of all, you can win on Miss Lily.  
You're gonna win on Miss Lily.  
See? See how strong my legs are?  
I must put you down.  
Have mercy on an old man. Listen to me.  
You must learn  
to recognize your limitations.  
Gramps, why? I'm ready.  
I've been practicing. I know I can do it.  
Have you discussed this with your mama?  
You think I'd be here begging you  
if she had told me yes?  
Just put me on that horse,  
and I'll win the Championship, I promise.  
How come everyone thinks  
they can tell me when I'm ready?  
I'm supposed to tell you when I'm ready,  
and I'm ready!  
I'm running out of patience  
with you people.  
Don't get all worked up.  
Help Dub. Earn your keep around here.  
I gotta talk to your mama now.  
-Hank, how's it going?  
-Great.  
-Grace needs to see you.  
-Now?  
No, I must see her for a minute.  
After that, okay?  
-Yes, sir.  
-Good.  
Hi, Daddy.  
Have A Heart went on the market  
last week.  
Yeah.  
You know the one in California,

Jamie Johnson's horse?  
He won the Hampton Classic in September.  
-I know the horse. How much?  
-\$150,000.  
What's wrong with him?  
Nothing. Jamie's selling  
'cause of his divorce.  
Anyway, I bought him.  
You did what?  
I got a feeling about him.  
I think it's going to be his year.  
He's got Grand Prix champion  
written all over him.  
And I'm going to ride him.  
But, Daddy,  
without even discussing it with us?  
There's nothing to discuss.  
-What about Ransom? Hank is--  
-Mom!  
-Dub said I could ride Possum.  
-Not now. In a minute.  
Ransom's not ready.  
I don't have the same feeling  
about Ransom.  
You'll ride against Hank and Ransom?  
We won't enter Ransom.  
He can wait another year.  
Daddy, Hank will quit.  
Here's a good opportunity for you  
to utilize your people skills so he doesn't.  
-Hear me? You understand?  
-You can't do this.  
-It's not fair.  
-It's done.  
Now, roll with it.  
Goddamn! Shit! Son of a bitch!  
You watch that mouth now.  
-She can see you now.  
-Okay.  
Goddamn it, I quit. I don't need this shit.  
-Hank, wait.  
-I wish he'd die in a fiery car crash.  
I know. Get in line. Listen.  
No, you listen. I'm not sitting by

while he ruins my career.

This is Ransom's year. This is it!

-Give me time. I'll make him see reason.

-Like hell.

You can't do this to me!

Grace, is Daddy in there?

No.

Wait up.

I have a Charity League.

Did you know about this, Emma Rae?

What? The horse thing?

-Thanks for telling me.

-Check your machine.

Grace, wait!

God help me.

I can't believe it.

On to the business of our centennial  
cookbook. We want it to be our best...

...so I'll ask our committee chairman  
to bring us up to date.

Right.

Deadline for recipe submissions  
is the second.

Think about substituting  
vegetable shortening wherever it says lard.

I say this because Nell McGee's husband  
is recovering from heart surgery.

Lucy's going to take over for me  
until after the Grand Prix.

That's it.

-Names.

-Right.

The committee thinks that....

Well, we've looked at a lot  
of other cookbooks.

We've always been listed  
with our married names under the recipes.

Frankly, the practice of excluding  
our first names looks outdated.

So, I think we should list our names:  
first, middle and last.

That's all.

I always thought the way it was  
looked quaint.

It doesn't look quaint, Edna.  
It looks antiquated.  
What about tradition?  
If my name isn't there  
as Mrs. Franklin J. Caldwell Ill...  
...then how the hell is anybody gonna know  
who I am?  
Barbaranelle Caldwell, who's that?  
It could be his daughter.  
-You wish.  
-Shut up.  
Ladies, this isn't something  
that's going to be decided today.  
If there's no further business,  
this meeting is adjourned. Thank you.  
I'm proud to use my husband's name.  
The fact I'm still married to him  
is one of my greatest accomplishments.  
Your mother called. She wants to change  
the menu for the Grand Prix party.  
Why? Everyone loves it.  
She wants shrimp. She says  
she's sick to death of ham and barbecue.  
They've been doing it that way  
for 35 years. Why does it bother her now?  
Bring her over to my house  
and let me give her some lunch.  
Mom.  
I'm taking her to Miller's to be fitted  
for her riding habit. I promised.  
Wonderful! Who you gonna ride?  
-Possum.  
-Miss Lily.  
See you later.  
Is it because I don't have all my teeth?  
We're not discussing it.  
You have to wear them down.  
'Bye, darling.  
-'Bye.  
-'Bye, Aunt Rae.

**FIRST UNION:**

-Why do buildings have stories?  
-What do you mean?

Why do they say 20 stories  
or 50 stories high?

Good question. I don't know.

We'll look it up.

-Hi.

-Hey.

Mom, green means go.

Bichon Partners.

Eddie Bichon's office, please.

Eddie Bichon's office.

Hello, June. Could I speak to Eddie?

Hi, Grace. He's not in.

He said he'd be in a meeting  
for the rest of the afternoon.

Did he say where?

No. If he calls in,  
should I have him call you?

-No.

-All right.

The horse is being sold  
as part of the divorce settlement.  
Dad's got him down to the low two's.  
Dad wants me to go out to dinner  
with clients, so I'll be home by 11:00.  
Kiss the doodlebug for me.

Hey, Grace. It's me. This meeting  
took longer than we thought.

Dad wants me to go out to dinner  
with these clients--

That's Daddy's car.

Baby, wait here.

You're busted.

-Hi, Daddy!

-Get in the car.

Jesus Christ.

Get your ass out here, now.

Excuse me a second.

-Call 911!

-Good luck!

-Is that your nightgown?

-We came to get you.

Hi, tadpole. I'll put you in the car.

It's way past your bedtime.

What are you doing up?

Get in the car, Grace.

Sweetheart, are you in?

-Get in the car.

-No.

Will you please get in?

You're making a spectacle of yourself.

You are making a spectacle of me!

What is wrong with you?

-I saw you.

-What are you talking about?

I saw you.

The corner of Fourth and Union.

You know what I'm talking about.

I saw you.

You were with a girl in a red suit.

The same girl that's right in there.

Honey, I don't know

what you think you saw...

...but that was not me.

That's it? That's all I get?

You're gonna stand here...

...and lie to me in the middle of the street?

What?

What do you want me to say?

I want you to say good-bye to Caroline.

Where are you going?

Home to Daddy?

Fuck you, Eddie.

Kiss Daddy good-bye, angel.

"See you later, alligator."

"After a while," I meant, "crocodile."

Is Daddy in trouble?

Yes, baby, he is.

Don't worry.

He's in very big trouble.

Oh, Lord.

Well, this is just an unholy mess.

And the timing.

In the middle of this Wheeler Farm deal  
with Eddie and his dad.

If you're expecting loyalty from Daddy,  
forget it.

I'm not.

Believe me, I'm not completely deluded.



I always worried  
something like this might happen.  
If you were so goddamn worried,  
why didn't you say something?  
What was I to say? You marry a guy  
whose college nickname is Hound Dog.  
What did you think would happen?  
Oh, Emma Rae!  
Don't you think I feel like an idiot?  
I'm out there on the damn street!  
What am I supposed to do? I mean, what?  
You did the right thing. You did.  
I'm proud of you.  
I'll kill the son of a bitch.  
-Jamie, good to see you.  
-Good to be here.  
You better get it together.  
Daddy will be here in 10 seconds.  
Come in.  
Hey, Daddy. Here's your schedule.  
Troutman auction's at noon. A meeting  
with Mr. Yopp about the financing at 4:00.  
Don't be late.  
-What in sam hill's going on here?  
-What are you talking about?  
To succeed in business,  
you'll have to learn to lie better.  
Hey, Daddy.  
All right. I'm going to...  
...go see about some stuff.  
In your goddamn nightgown?  
Is that part true?  
Is this how you behave  
in front of your child?  
Daddy, please--  
You think you're invisible?  
We're having problems.  
Who are "we"? He wasn't  
in his goddamn underwear, was he?  
How will going around naked  
solve anything?  
You trying to humiliate your family?  
My God, her heart must be  
in a million little pieces.

No, her pride. Now, for God's sakes,  
don't get maudlin.  
It's just so awful.  
-I can't believe Eddie would do that.  
-I know.  
-What was he thinking of?  
-The same thing he was thinking with.  
Don't be vulgar.  
Are spoons on the right or the left?  
-On the right.  
-Left.  
I'm going back over there.  
She's probably had all she can take.  
-You get her squared away?  
-She'll be all right.  
-She say what happened?  
-Just a fight.  
Eddie's fucking someone else.  
-That for sure?  
-Yup.  
See you at noon.  
Hi, honey.  
Let's get caught up on these books  
before it gets any crazier.  
Mother, please. Now's not a good time.  
Just give me the receipts  
and I'll enter everything.  
Honey, he slipped.  
Please, I don't want  
to talk about this with you.  
Just know that this happens.  
It happens in the best of marriages.  
It doesn't mean that he doesn't love you.  
You have a daughter  
who is crazy about her father...  
...and he's crazy about her, God knows.  
He slipped...  
...and, crazy as it may seem,  
it's up to you to help him up.  
I don't believe I'm hearing this.  
You've gone about this in a way that'll  
have everyone talking for a long time.  
Let them talk.  
But, after this...

...from now on,  
let's make it a private family affair.  
If you want to talk about anything...  
...come and talk to your mama.  
We can do these books another time.  
I love you, honey.  
-Eddie's coming.  
-What?  
Daddy must have called him.  
What do you want me to do?  
-Keep him busy.  
-Okay.  
-Hi.  
-Hi.  
-Is she here?  
-Yeah.  
I'll get her.  
Grace, the lying,  
cheating sack of shit is here.  
I can't breathe.  
Oh, my God!  
What did you do?  
You said to keep him busy.  
He's busy holding his nuts.  
-Are you all right?  
-No.  
-Help me get him up.  
-You stay the hell over there.  
Don't worry, I wouldn't walk that far  
to help you up.  
God, Emma Rae,  
what's the matter with you?  
Consider it a blow for your dignity.  
What's dignified about kicking someone  
in the balls?  
I feel better.  
Grace, look....  
-I know--  
-No, you don't know.  
You don't know what it's like to be lied to.  
You don't know what it's like  
to be sitting there with your child...  
...while your husband is making out  
with someone on the street.

And you don't know how it feels  
to be made a fool of in front of everyone.  
So, please, don't start with "I know,"  
because you don't know!  
What I was going to say is  
that I know I am 100% in the wrong...  
-...and I don't blame you for being mad.  
-What a comfort.  
I don't want this.  
I don't want to be this person, this wife!  
Can you understand?  
I feel like an idiot.  
What if Caroline had seen you?  
-Do you know how close she came?  
-I'm sorry.  
I don't care if you're sorry.  
I'm not the kind of person  
who can just let it go. I want you to leave.  
-Do I get to say anything?  
-I'd really rather you didn't!  
Where is the doodlebug?  
She's not here. She's with Mother.  
You can't stop me from seeing her.  
I didn't know you were coming.  
She's at Aunt Rae's.  
You want to see her, go over there.  
I dare you.  
Will you tell her that I love her?  
-Whatever that means.  
-Oh, Jeez.  
-Are you addressing me?  
-Yes.  
Well, lick it, put a stamp on it,  
and mail it to someone who gives a shit.  
Okay, just trot here. Warm up.  
-Hey, sweetie plum.  
-Hey.  
-Hey, Possum.  
-Keep your mind on Miss Lily.  
-She driving you crazy over Possum?  
-Nope.  
Keep her in a trot!  
-Looking good!  
-Boring.

Slower, just a tad.

Hey, buddy.

I've been waiting for the right time to talk to Daddy about this, but....

-If it was up to me--

-But it's not, is it?

Look, I'm not going to leave

before the event, so don't worry.

But when it's over, I'm gone. Okay?

That's a good decision.

That's it.

There's one. See your distance.

Ride him into the base.

What do you think I'm doing?

Here we go. Missed it.

It was right there.

Come back and make him jump it.

Son, why don't you pipe down

and let me get the feel of it!

I've done this

since you were in short pants.

He knows what he's doing!

More than you do, you son of a bitch.

Hey, Grace!

I feel for you.

-Amen.

-Amen.

-Where's Caroline?

-At school.

Must be missing her daddy.

I'm sure she is.

We're involved in a real estate deal with Eddie and his dad.

Emma Rae mention anything to you about that?

I'm aware of it.

The Wheeler Farm project.

I'm very aware of it.

It's uncomfortable for all of us that you and Eddie are having problems...

...in the middle of what could be a very lucrative situation.

Yes.

I talked to Eddie again last night.

He wants to make amends.

He's willing to do whatever it takes  
to work this out.

-The marriage or the deal?

-Don't get smart with me.

It's a legitimate question.

-I'm talking to your sister.

-I know.

Just following along for the hell of it.

Listen, honey, I'm not saying  
he hasn't done anything wrong. He has.

But he's a good father and provider,  
and that's not easy to come by.

Then you marry him.

Look, child, people have survived  
worse tragedies than this.

You're a grown woman  
with responsibilities.

If you can't work things out,  
that's one thing...

...but you haven't even tried,  
and that I won't have.

Do you understand what I'm saying?

I think so.

You're telling me if I just eat shit politely  
with a knife and fork...

...and learn to swallow  
the handfuls of bullshit he serves me...

...then everything will be A-okay.

Is that it?

That's what you're saying, isn't it?

Isn't it?

Nice going. You handled that like a pro.

Watch out. I've had it with you.

All our friends complain that  
they never hear from their kids anymore.

Why can't that happen to us?

-You okay?

-Yes.

I'm just so....

What did I do?

I was going to be a large-animal vet.

I only had a year to go!

How'd this happen to me?

What's that?  
-The Chi O Sadie Hawkins dance.  
-That's right.  
Exhibit A. You asked him.  
What's your point?  
My point is none of this just happened.  
Let's face it,  
you weren't just hit by a truck.  
I have to go. Charity League.  
Another perfect case in point.  
I have a cookbook to put out,  
a daughter to raise...  
...and the Winter Grand Prix!  
I don't have time  
for the nervous breakdown I deserve.  
Please, don't ask me to stop and think.  
You're right.  
Forget it.  
I only asked him  
because he was a good dancer.  
Shoot.  
Wait. Can I talk to you?  
I've been trying to call you.  
-What is it?  
-I heard that you left Eddie.  
-Well, Lorene, you know....  
-You would tell me, wouldn't you?  
If there was anything  
that had to do with me, wouldn't you?  
Of course, I would.  
I'm so relieved. I knew you would.  
You know how Eddie and Tuffy  
have always been so competitive.  
I was having a really hard time with Tuffy.  
I mean, he wouldn't stay put,  
if you know what I mean.  
Nothing sparks a man's interest  
more than competition.  
-Really?  
-That's all it was, really. Just nothing.  
Really.  
If anyone wants to volunteer  
for the Christmas bazaar...  
...they can sign up tonight

or call me by the end of the week.

That's all.

Thanks. Anyone else? Yes, Lucy.

If everyone would sell  
at least 10 raffle tickets, that'd be great.

If you don't think you can,  
we need to know, so call me or Edna.

Thank you. And Grace.

I was wondering if anyone else here  
has fucked my husband.

Hello.

Lorene told me how kind he was  
to help her out by sleeping with her...  
...to try to make Tuffy straighten up,  
so I was just wondering...

...if this is a regular service  
he provides to all my friends?

-This isn't the appropriate time--

-I know that!

It's not the time for me to tell you  
your husband keeps half the hookers...

...in town in high heels,  
but I'm asking anyway!

If there's anyone who, for any reason,  
has had any kind of sex...

...with my goddamn husband,  
I think I have a right to know!

You're losing it.

I'll start.

-Who do you think you are?

-Sit down.

Kitty, did you know that Bill had an affair  
with Dr. Davenport's dental hygienist?

That's not true!

Eleanor, you slept with George MacMurry  
in Antigua. Lucy told me.

-That's enough!

-I won't dignify this with my presence.  
Can't we be honest with each other?

You're supposed to be my friends!

If your friends won't tell you the truth,  
who will?

I mean, who do we think we're kidding?

Leave me alone! I want to be by myself!



It was the best meeting  
we've had in years.  
What are you doing?  
You almost busted up every marriage  
we know.  
You can help them.  
You're such a Good Samaritan.  
Oh, come on, Grace! We can't do this!  
Can't we just get some help, or something?  
George and Trudy went through this.  
They got some help.  
They worked it out.  
Trudy's on Prozac.  
Well, don't we know any normal people?  
No one springs to mind.  
All right, Grace. What?  
Do you want a divorce?  
Is that what you want?  
I'll do whatever you say.  
A divorce?  
Is that what you want?  
Is that what you want?  
No.  
Do you want to go into therapy?  
Tell me what you want to do.  
I don't know. You want  
an answer right this minute?  
You call the shots, Grace.  
You think you're high and mighty,  
but let me tell you this:  
If I live long enough, and I will...  
...I'm going to pull you down  
off that fancy horse of yours...  
...and shove your face in the muck.  
So help me.  
Better go.  
Hey, Jamie.  
-Is Grace here?  
-Yeah, she is.  
Can I speak to you for a second?  
-What are you doing here?  
-Sleep.  
It's late. Come back to bed.  
I want to sleep here.

-You can see Possum in the morning.  
-Let me stay.  
-I'll read you a story.  
-I want to stay here.  
You're too big for me to drag around.  
-Say good night to Possum.  
-Good night, Possum.  
-Mom?  
-Yeah, baby?  
Are you gonna get a divorce?  
Oh, honey.  
My sweetie.  
Don't you worry about anything, okay?  
Please don't worry.  
Everything's going to be okay.  
All right? I'll work everything out.  
-Is she okay?  
-Yeah.  
Thank you so much.  
I didn't even know she was out.  
-I'm gonna hit the hay.  
-Good night.  
She comes down every night  
and visits Possum.  
-She's worse than I was.  
-She's a great kid.  
I wouldn't talk  
on that speakerphone anymore, though.  
-Jeez, I'm unfit.  
-No, you're not.  
It's going through all this shit  
that makes you crazy.  
How long were you two together?  
Ten years.  
Did you find you'd lost your ability  
to think rationally?  
I'm here because of a custody battle  
over a horse. Does that tell you anything?  
I think next time, I'd rather get shot.  
Don't sugar coat it on my account.  
-Do I sound bitter?  
-Not at all.  
-How did you like California?  
-Great, if you like natural disasters.

My life is a natural disaster.  
Are you still up?  
Not technically.  
-That guy is so nice.  
-Yeah, he is.  
I want to have him over for dinner.  
Is that weird?  
Why would it be weird?  
I don't know, you know....  
You have people over  
for dinner all the time.  
You're the world's greatest hostess.  
Why are you acting shy?  
I'm not.  
I think you should just give him a call  
and ask him what he likes to eat.  
If he says, "pussy,"  
tell him to come on over.  
Goddamn, Emma Rae, you are so vile.  
Well, do something, will you?  
Do something drastic.  
Yeah, like I haven't already.  
I'm going to bed.  
Good night.  
I know you're disappointed in me.  
No, for you, sweetie, not in you.  
Will you take some advice  
from an old lady?  
You've got to take this bull by the horns,  
so to speak.  
-Will you see him?  
-We're supposed to talk tonight.  
-Where?  
-Houston's.  
He wants to go somewhere  
where he thinks you won't make a scene.  
Deep in his heart,  
he knows there is no such place.  
Oh, no. You meet him at home.  
-And if I were you....  
-What?  
I'd make him something special  
for his supper.  
I think it's more complicated than that.

I'll say it again.  
Make him something special he won't  
forget, ever. Here. Make him that.  
'"Poached salmon  
with mint mustard sauce.  
'"Olive oil, honey, teaspoon....'"  
-My God, but this is--  
-No, it's not lethal in that small dose.  
It will, however,  
make him as sick as the dog he is.  
You must tell him you've done it,  
or it won't help.  
I always told Lloyd that  
if he hit me where I lived...  
...he could expect the same from me.  
I just think of it  
as homeopathic aversion therapy.  
Sometimes a near-death experience  
helps them put things in perspective.  
Yes, ma'am.  
-Sugar?  
-No, thanks.  
-Who's that Gramps is on there?  
-That's Pride's Soldier Boy.  
That's when he won the Grand Prix.  
Why do you do that when Gramps rides?  
-Do what?  
-Stand up and give that little wave.  
It's just one of those things that happens.  
First time he came in there, he was looking  
so handsome, I stood right up.  
Then it got to be kind of a tradition.  
Oh, God!  
-Hi.  
-Hi.  
-What are you making?  
-Salmon with mint mustard sauce.  
-Salmon with mint mustard sauce?  
-Aunt Rae gave me the recipe.  
She assures me it's unforgettable.  
Everything you make is unforgettable.  
Please, don't start trying to charm me.  
That's not what this is about.  
Want a drink? I'm getting a drink.

I don't know what we're doing.  
What, this?  
Oh, yes, you do.  
You know what this is?  
This is the start of my punishment.  
I didn't come here to fight.  
You said you wanted to get together  
to talk, so talk.  
I wasn't going to do this.  
I wasn't even going to get married.  
Here it comes.  
How many times will I hear:  
'I wasn't going to get married,  
I was going to be a vet'?"  
-That's right.  
-Why the hell didn't you?  
Because, Eddie, I got pregnant, remember?  
Nobody made you quit.  
-Then why did you get married?  
-Why'd you ask me?  
-Why?  
-You're the one who's still dating!  
Honestly, Grace,  
I didn't think you'd say yes.  
That didn't come out right.  
Grace, that is not...  
-...what I meant--  
-I wanted to know.  
Do you think I wanted this?  
Like I had it planned?  
Plan? The way you tell it,  
you gambled and lost.  
No, that's the way you tell it.  
-I mean, I miss Caroline.  
-You should have thought of that.  
Did you think about her?  
Tell me, what goes through your mind  
as you're slipping it in?  
Will you stop it? Stop it!  
You won't believe this,  
but I'm not happy either!  
Jesus Christ! Give me a break!  
They don't tense up when I touch them.  
They don't stiffen up.

What are you talking about?  
You know what I'm talking about!  
You never touch me.  
-That's not true!  
-It is, too, true!  
-When have you laid a hand on me?  
-That's not the point!  
It is, too, the point!  
Maybe if you kissed me  
the way you kissed that girl...  
-...I'd be more inclined to....  
-To what?  
To what? You can't even say it anymore!  
Don't lay that on me.  
There's nothing wrong with me.  
I have orgasms every day. I've just  
gotten used to having them without you.  
That's just great!  
That's exactly the point, Grace!  
What's happened here?  
Grace, how did we get this far gone?  
What happened to us?  
That's what I want to know.  
I've wanted to know for a long time.  
If you don't love me,  
I wish you would just say so.  
I know I'm a disappointment.  
I'm a disappointment to myself.  
Do you think this is what I want to be?  
I've done exactly what's expected of me  
all my life.  
I work for my father and so do you.  
Look at us. We've both turned into exactly  
what we swore we'd never become.  
We used to like each other.  
We used to make each other laugh.  
It used to be so easy.  
What happened to  
Sunday under the covers...  
...dancing in the den  
after Caroline had gone to bed...  
...and making love after two hours' sleep.  
Whatever happened to you wanting me?  
I mean, you know me.

I'm not one of those guys.  
I'm a decent person.  
You know me.  
I'm the guy you fell in love with.  
You know me.  
-I've done something so wrong.  
-Forget it. It's okay.  
It's not okay. I think we should....  
-I don't feel good.  
-We should take you to the hospital.  
-There's something in the fish.  
-There's what?  
In the fish.  
Which hospital?  
We're almost there!  
We're almost there! Oh, God, hold on!  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.  
Oh, my God.  
Look at you.  
Is he going to be all right?  
Oh, honey.  
I just don't know what's gotten into you.  
How could you listen  
to that silly old woman?  
Come on.  
We'll clean you up. This is terrible.  
We'll go to the bathroom.  
-Mother.  
-Don't "Mother" me. You're a mess.  
Yes, I'm a mess. Look at me!  
I'm an outrage, a disgrace, a failure!  
-Don't say that. You're not a failure.  
-Yes, I am!  
I hate myself! I hate my life!  
I ignore my husband!  
I drive away and forget my child!  
I have failed at all of it, Mother!  
Eddie, myself, everything! Everything!  
Grace, you have to get a grip on yourself.  
This is not just about you.  
You have your daughter to think of.  
Is this what you want her to see? Is it?  
Honey...  
...you think I don't understand,

but I've had my troubles, too.  
It was a long time ago. I never said  
anything, but I did want to make sure...  
...if you or your sister found out,  
you'd be proud of how I handled it.  
Proud? Are you out of your mind?  
How the hell could we be proud  
that you were oblivious...  
...to what was going on.  
What are you talking about?  
Come on, Mom, please!  
You were right there.  
Mrs. Pritchett. Annie Pritchett.  
You mean you didn't know about that?  
At least Caroline will see  
that I didn't sit back and ignore it.  
Wait.  
Get a lawyer.  
LOW COUNTRY LOCKSMITHS CO.  
Mother, something's wrong with the door!  
Nothing's wrong with the door!  
Don't call me "Mother"!  
Then open the goddamn thing!  
Go to hell.  
Georgia, what's goin' on? Open the door.  
Go over and rap on Annie Pritchett's door.  
What are you talking about?  
Have you gotten into the apple wine?  
I am talking about  
your extracurricular activities!  
I am talking about your lying,  
cheating extracurricular activities!  
I do not cheat!  
I may have fooled around,  
but I never cheated.  
How could you do it?  
She was my friend.  
And don't think there weren't times  
when I had thoughts, too...  
...because there were.  
But never once, not once,  
out of respect for our marriage.  
What thoughts?  
Frank Lewis.



-Who?

-Dr. Lewis!

Do you know that after all of these years,  
he still has feelings for me?

He said that I have beautiful hips.

Honey, I wouldn't hang any hopes  
on something somebody said 40 years ago.

Last week he said it!

When I took Aunt Rae in,  
I had my yearly physical.

He said it last week!

That's enough!

Goddamn it, open the door!

I won't tolerate this disrespect!

Don't you talk to me about disrespect,  
you self-centered old goat!

Self-centered?

Haven't I given you  
everything you've ever wanted?

Do you think you would have had  
this kind of life with Frank Lewis?

The life I would have with Frank Lewis  
would have included respect.

My own daughters are ashamed of me.

I'll tell you something.

I am ashamed of you.

-Why?

-You are a humiliation!

Our little girl's life has fallen apart...

...and all you can tell her is  
it's bad for business! You are a disgrace!

You drink too much.

And you laugh too loud at your own jokes.

I'm going to tell you something:

Wyly, you fart in your sleep.

You do. I have put up with all of that  
because it was part of you...

...and I loved you

and I was proud to be your wife.

But I'm not proud anymore!

And if you attempt...

...to walk across this threshold,

I'll call down to the barn...

...and I'll have those boys come up here

and throw you out on your ass!  
You missed a really good time.  
But you had quite a party yourself.  
Mama, I'm so sorry.  
After 38 years,  
a little break will do us all some good.  
Is he still roaming around  
out there in the yard?  
Yeah.  
Why can't he just go to a motel?  
It's a territorial thing, Mama.  
He's probably out there pissing on trees.  
It's not fair, Possum.  
But next year, I promise.  
I wish I could help you.  
Me, too.  
I can get you drunk.  
Okay.  
'"Irreconcilable differences.'"   
Sounds better than, '"Nobody cares  
anymore and we just want it over with.'"   
I'd say that sums it up.  
What would she say?  
She would say that I was cheating on her.  
Were you?  
Seeing anybody now?  
No. Absolutely, no.  
It's not as much fun  
when your marriage is on the rocks, is it?  
Speaking of which....  
It never was much fun.  
Does she drink?  
No.  
Doesn't drink alcohol at all?  
Well, a glass of wine sometimes.  
Then she drinks.  
Don't write that down.  
Grace is not a drinker.  
Was she drinking  
when she made the attempt on your life?  
That was not an attempt on my life.  
That was an attempt on my other life.  
What about your daughter?  
How will she feel seeing her daddy

every other weekend?

Grace wouldn't do that to Caroline.

Wait and see.

-She'll use the kid against you.

-You don't know her.

Wake up, Eddie.

Divorces don't happen in church.

No guts, no glory.

See what I'm saying?

Yeah, I see what you're saying, Jack.

This is a big mistake.

I'm sorry. I wasted your time.

I'm sorry.

Just act like I said something so funny  
you're about to die.

I'll sit here like I'm waiting  
to zing another one in.

-What's so funny?

-I have that effect on people.

Listen, Grace, can you get a ride home?

I got it.

Thanks.

I wouldn't let her drink any more.

-See you tomorrow.

-Have fun.

I don't know about you, but I've had about  
as much fun as I can stand.

Why don't we head on out of here?

Is this where you wanted to go?

No.

Well, where did you want to go?

I don't know.

I don't really feel like going home yet.

-I'd invite you to my place for a nightcap--

-Okay.

Okay.

I haven't been here for a long time.

-I wasn't expecting company.

-Everything looks smaller.

It's close quarters in here. Want a drink?

Yeah.

God, I used to play in here  
when I was little.

Some glasses here, somewhere.

Then later...  
...I lost something in here.  
I was 16. Or 15? No, 16.  
The year I rode Miracle Child  
in the National.  
He was here with his parents.  
Everybody was away at the auction.  
-Would you like another drink?  
-Yeah. Thank you.  
God, I remember I was so nervous.  
I was standing right in this very spot...  
...with my back to him,  
looking out the window.  
I wanted something to happen,  
but I didn't know what to do...  
...or say, so I just stood here...  
...hoping and waiting...  
...for him to make his move.  
And?  
And finally he did.  
Sorry, sorry.  
-What's wrong?  
-Nothing.  
Damn you, Eddie! Damn you!  
I have nothing to feel guilty about.  
I wasn't the one who was unfaithful.  
-Am I right?  
-Right.  
I want to do this. I really want to.  
Yes.  
It figures that the one time  
I want to do this...  
...you'd find a way to take the fun out of it.  
I'm not doing this for revenge!  
You are not for revenge.  
-Let's get that straight.  
-Okay.  
That's not what's going on here.  
What is going on here?  
I have absolutely no idea.  
Come here.  
This is crazy.  
It's crazy. I've been wanting to do this.  
I can't believe I'm about to say this.

You're not ready.

-Yes, I am.

-No, you're not.

Face the facts. You've got a broken heart.

Deal with it.

I don't want to be this crazy thing  
you did one night.

Oh, shit.

If we don't do this,  
what do you want to do?

Oh, God.

I'll say one thing:

You Southern women

sure are easy to please.

Comes from centuries of being bred  
to keep our expectations low.

Wait a second.

Caroline, wake up.

I have to tell you something.

Baby, you'll ride Possum, okay?

Did you hear me?

No, not right now. Tomorrow, sweetie.

Do you know I love you?

Yeah.

-Good night, my sweetie.

-Good night.

Yes!

Crown Royal Winter

NATIONAL GRAND PRIX

He tends to back off on the first fence.

Keep him in front of your leg.

Keep him in front. Trot him to the end.

Let him see the course.

-Hey, bug.

-Hey, Daddy.

-You look like a winner.

-I do?

Hi, Eddie.

-Ready to go, Caroline?

-Come on, Daddy!

I'm right behind you.

You'll feel him go into it,  
so just support him at the vertical.

-Ladybug, I'll go watch.

-Okay.  
-Have fun.  
-All right.  
Stay really focused.  
Listen to what Hank says.  
Mom, just go in and watch.  
I want to do this by myself, please?  
-I love you.  
-I love you.  
A great effort, but a disappointing  
four faults within the time allowed...  
...for number 184,  
our defending champion, Amanda Forte.  
It's time.  
Our last exhibitor  
in our \$2,500 Youth Jumper Classic...  
...is number 170, Caroline Bichon...  
...riding Silver Bells, affectionately  
known to most of you as Possum.  
Possum is a thoroughbred gelding...  
...who here in 1981,  
with Emma Rae King riding...  
...was our amateur  
Jumper Classic champion.  
Ladies and gentlemen, here's Silver Bells!  
Don't forget to breathe.  
Come on.  
That's it. Don't override him.  
Yes.  
A clean ride for Caroline Bichon,  
number 170.  
Good going, young lady.  
There you go, honey.  
There's your accomplishment.  
It's her accomplishment, Mama, not mine.  
Carrying on that family tradition.  
First Place goes to number 170...  
...Caroline Bichon, riding Silver Bells.  
That's my granddaughter.  
Let's have a round of applause  
as our riders take their victory gallop.  
Mama gave me this the first time I won  
in my 14-and-under class.  
Thanks for letting me ride him.

Sure, sweetie.

Daddy.

-You were great!

-It was so fun!

Caroline, come over here.

This is my granddaughter.

-Pretty great.

-She was incredible.

-You see how she just knew?

-Yeah, I did.

You know, it's hard not seeing her.

She misses you, too.

Why doesn't she go home

with you tonight?

-Really?

-Yeah.

She wants to see Daddy ride tomorrow.

I'll have her back to you in the morning.

Why don't you just bring her to the show?

Okay.

Thanks.

-'Bye.

-'Bye.

-Where's your mother? Where's Grace?

-She's busy.

All right, here we go.

One, two, three.

Hank, come here!

What's wrong with Hank?

You're the only one who loves me today.

-You love me?

-I love you.

My peanut loves me.

I want to talk to you.

Just a little drop now.

More.

Just a skosh more.

Keep going.

There.

-I could use one of those.

-Here, Ma.

Thank you for coming out

in the middle of the night.

-Doc, she okay?

-Yeah.

You get to be that age,  
you get a little excited...

...you drink a little too much punch....

She's fine. She'll probably outlast us all.

That's good. That's wonderful.

Now, you call me if you need to  
and good luck tomorrow night.

-Doc?

-Yeah.

Let me ask you something.

Did you say she had beautiful hips?

Yes, I did.

I meant for....

Well, she has.

Stop it, Daddy!

It's all right. I boxed in the Navy.

I wrestled in high school.

-Drive carefully.

-Thanks a lot.

That no-good son of a bitch.

Come on, Daddy.

There's more ass to kick tomorrow.

You can rack out at my house tonight.

You've been sleeping in the barn too long.

Can't even sleep in my own goddamn bed.

-I talked to Hank.

-You got him all squared away?

-Good. He's not going to quit?

-No.

-Good.

-He's going to ride Ransom.

What?

Now how can you say

a fool thing like that?

It's the right thing to do.

The right thing is I'll do exactly

with my goddamn horses...

...as I goddamn please.

Hank will ride.

Baby, why do you think I been doing this  
for all these years? My health?

Don't you have a loyal bone in your body?

I'd love to see you win,



but you'll have to do it fair and square.

Wait a minute.

The stable manager is telling the owner  
what to do?

No.

I quit.

I'm going back to finish vet school.

Oh, she quit. Well, I'll be damned.

I'm telling you this as me.

I understand.

Come on, Grace.

Didn't that feel good?

You girls, I swear.

Ladies and gentlemen,

we are setting up for our final event:

The \$100,000...

...Crown Royal Winter National

Grand Prix Jump-off.

Our ring crew is raising the fences...

...and shortening the course

for our final round.

-Daddy?

-Yeah.

Can I go and see Ma?

She's right over there.

Please.

Okay, go see your mommy.

-Stay with your mommy.

-Okay, I will.

Honey, I'll walk you.

Have a Heart, trained by James Johnson,  
is a top West Coast competitor.

You know Eddie, I had a flash.

I'll alert the media.

I'll bet that one day you and Grace  
will make fantastic grownups.

-Want a drink?

-Sure.

I'll go get something to drink.

Ladies and gentlemen...

...let's begin with our first rider,  
number 232...

...Mary Ting, riding Monte Carlo.

Mary Ting on Monte Carlo

with one rail down and a time of 36:07.  
Now, number 208, King's Ransom,  
of King Farms, Wyly King, owner...  
Give him the ride of his life.  
...ridden by Hank Corrigan.  
Ladies and gentlemen, King's Ransom.  
That's a clean ride for King's Ransom,  
number 208...  
...Hank Corrigan with a time of 35:58.  
-Good ride, son.  
-Thanks.  
And now, our final competitor.  
Good luck, Daddy.  
There's no luck to it. It's all skill.  
Oh, my God.  
It's just a man on a horse,  
baby girl, nothing more.  
Just a man on a horse.  
Unfortunately, number 226, Wyly King...  
...had the last rail down on  
that difficult triple, with a time of 36:18.  
That moves Wyly King  
and Have A Heart into third place.  
But still a win for King Farms  
with number 208...  
...King's Ransom,  
becoming this year's \$100,000...  
...Crown Royal Winter  
National Grand Prix champion!  
Good job, Ransom!  
It's not about the horses.  
Come on, honey.  
Come on home.  
We did it! I didn't do it, but we did!  
Hank is the man of the hour!  
Everybody do it.  
I'm not going to be the only one.  
-Here you go. Well done, sweetie.  
-Thank you.  
You've got to love that about Daddy.  
Even when he loses, he wins.  
To vet school.  
Eddie, where's your drink?  
I don't know my ass from Bakersfield.

Or is it shit from shinola?

Either way.

You take him back with you.

Next year, take him in there yourself.

I'll pay you your rate.

When you're ready, I'll sell you half of him.

I do one decent thing a year,  
so I suggest you take me up on it.

Come have a drink at the house.

You've earned at least that.

Let this horse rest.

-Congratulations.

-Thanks.

I heard you and Eddie  
were getting a divorce.

How did you hear that?

Edna told Nadine, who told Kitty,  
who told me she saw Eddie...

...with Jack Pierce,  
the meanest divorce guy in town.  
You should hire him if Eddie hasn't.

When Betsy and Bo Barkley split,  
he screwed her to the wall.

I mean, she got squat.

Eddie, could I have a word with you?

-Frank, how are you?

-Hi.

Mary Jane Reed just told me...

...you were seen  
with Jack "Mad Dog" Pierce.

Couldn't you be more discreet?

I can't stand it being all over the barbecue.

-It's probably in the newspaper.

-You're right.

You're right.

Come on.

Let's take care of this right now.

Let's get this sorted out.

Let go!

I can't believe you're doing this.

Back it up.

Walk it.

-A fitting end.

-I really am sorry, Grace.

Dance with me.  
Come on, sweetie.  
Come on, let's dance.  
You didn't think you still had it.  
You looked good out there tonight.  
I looked all right.  
I was proud of you.  
I was proud of you, too.  
Daddy, I'm sorry.  
Don't be.  
I'm not.  
Son, you were lucky  
to get her the first time.  
It was a damn miracle.  
Come on, Ed.  
If you were a total piece of shit,  
I wouldn't give you such a hard time.  
-That's not as easy as it used to be.  
-What is?  
God, Grace!  
I'm going to go see a horse about a man.  
I need to talk to you.  
I had fun tonight.  
Me, too.  
If I could go back....  
If we could just get back  
to where we were before...  
...I would go.  
Would you?  
How would we make sure we didn't end up  
right back here?  
It would be different.  
I'd talk to you before things got....  
I wouldn't do the things  
that you can't take back.  
It's not just about that.  
It's my fault, too.  
And I'm sorry.  
I want to be different, too.  
I just don't want to...  
...come to the end of my life

**and have to say:**

'I wanted to be different...

'"...but I chickened out  
when I had the chance.'  
And I feel like this is it.  
This is...  
...my chance...  
...to become someone that I can be...  
...proud of.  
And I don't want to blow it.  
I think...  
...you and Caroline  
should move back home.  
I'll get a place of my own, okay?  
I think it'd be better for her.  
For all of us.  
I love you, Grace.  
I love you, too.  
You can use the door.  
-See you.  
-Take care.  
Bet you're glad to be rolling.  
Well, it's been interesting.  
I'll see you next year.  
I'll be here.  
SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE  
I'm meeting Melissa for supper,  
you and Caroline want to come?  
Sorry, I can't. I have a date.  
A date? Or a "date" date?  
A first date.  
-Later.  
-See you tomorrow.  
-Hi.  
-Hi.  
How was school?  
It was great. You're early.  
You finally said yes to dinner.  
I figured it better be good.  
Poached pears?  
Yeah, with Chantilly cream.  
You first.

**SOFTTITLER:**