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A Glimpse Inside the Mind of Charles Swan III

By Roman Coppola

Not sleeping well?

No.

Hard time dealing with reality?

Always.

Feel the world is against you?

That nobody understands you?

Uh-huh.

Spending a good part

of your time daydreaming?

Rescue fantasies and the like?

Hmm?

Like you save the day or

save a girl from some threat or villain...

which you can easily overcome.

Frequently.

Say, a few times a day?

That's about right, doc.

Very good. Let's take a look inside.

Can you take your hat off, please,

and turn sideways?

Okay, it looks like about 70 percent

of your brain, this whole region here...

is concerned

pretty much exclusively with sex.

You're using about 20 percent

of what remains...

on your desire for power and money.

This small section here

is used to deal with bodily functions...

and also manage your affairs.

Affairs?

Like balancing your checkbook,

mortgage, et cetera.

Right, right. I get it.

Wait. I'm looking closer.

I'm seeing an additional area.

An active one, and this is usually

the area devoted to close relationships.

I'm noticing an older woman. Very old.

My grandma.

Right. And a young man.

That's Kirby, my best pal.

Hey, batter, batter, batter.

And a young woman?

Charles.

- My sister.

- I see.

And what is all this?

What are all these shoes?

I was trying to block that out.

Well, who do they belong to?

Ivana.

Why are the shoes all over the floor?

She threw them there.

Well, I understand, but why?

Because, uh...

she was leaving me.

I'm still in love with her.

I can't do this anymore!

I can't believe this is how you treat me!

You know that's the drawer

where I keep all my pictures.

That's the drawer

where we keep pictures of us.

I don't want to be in the same

fucking drawer as them.

I'm sorry, Ivana.

Can you just believe that I love...?

Oh, fuck. Typical shit.

Fuck.

Mother of Christ.

Fuck.

Come on.

Fuck.

I can not love as I have

loved and yet I know not why.

Is the one great woe of life

to feel all feeling die?

He would have loved this.

Charlie?

You were great, Penny.

Smart with a cute accent.

You're all pants and no trousers.

I loved it when you said that.

- And me?

- You were a pain in the ass.

But it was worth it.

Magnificent.

- Naughty boy.
You deserve
to have your heart broken by her.
Is that so?
How did it look?
Great man, just great.
I didn't know you could dance like that.
- Was Ivana here? Did she see?
- She's here. She was very impressed.
Was she sad?
- Devastated. Definitely.
- Good.
- He's just trying to get my attention.
- Ignore him.
He's a total asshole. This whole dying
fantasy thing is ridiculous.
He used to be so sweet. And charming.
Go ahead and unplug it.
I don't want to live.
I don't think I have the ability
to fall in love again.
To tell all my old stories.
And spend the time caring.
I guess I'm just gonna end up alone.
You gotta let your uncle rest, honey.
What did the doctor say
about my experience?
He said death fantasies
were pretty normal.
- This was not a fantasy.
- Take these pills.
It'll bring your blood pressure down.
Ivana didn't call, did she? Forget it.
I keep going over it and over it.
- My brain is so tired.
- Look. This came from work.
- Maybe that will get you out of your funk.
- I can't deal with this right now.
I do hope you're gonna do the cover
to my novel when you're feeling better.
- Of course I will.
- But I don't want any bosomed women.
No? Why not? What's it about?
- It's about my life, you idiot.

- Am I in it?

Maybe.

Tell me. Be honest.

You didn't like her, did you?

There are many things I liked about her.

She had a big personality, a charisma.

- She was a bitch.

- She was not good for you.

- But it was worth it.

- Really?

You don't think so? Yeah, you're right.

But how could I resist her?

Why? Because she was young

and she had perfect tits?

That is a sign of health. it has been

scientifically proven that...

- You're working yourself up.

- I didn't make this stuff up.

- Maybe you want what you can't have.

- And you want what you have?

I don't have to be here.

I have crud I'm trying to deal with.

You're right, you're right.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

The doctor said you need to relax.

Until we get these tests we don't really know what we're dealing with.

My chest hurts, it's hard to breathe, my left arm tingles.

Isn't that all a bad sign?

You're fine. They're gonna patch you up.

You could take a break. Go to Mexico.

Oh, fuck Mexico. The beds are hard. The toilet paper's hard. It's such a hassle.

Guess what. My dentist tells me

I'm getting a periodontal...

- This is a classic mid-life crisis.

- Oh, come on, not from you.

I'm gonna give you

the number of my therapist.

Hey, I don't need some guy in wingtips to tell me that I'm suffering.

Ah, she hates me.

She doesn't hate you. She probably

just doesn't have time for your bullshit.
And what is the matter
with my bullshit?
And the winner is...
Charles Swan lll.
Mr. Swan won this evening
in the category of Best Kisser.
He was a nominee...
I'd like to thank the Academy of Sexy
Women for honoring me with this award.
I'm deeply moved to be recognized
by this extraordinary group of women.
You know, sometimes when I'd be
laying out a line of bullshit...
I didn't think anybody
was paying much attention.
It should've been
the Biggest Asshole award.
You're telling me.
This recognition.
It's personally very gratifying.
I don't know what else to say
except thank you.
Thank you, Charlie!
- Hey. Am I glad to see you.
- Hey, you look great.
I thought you were gonna be pale white
with drool and a paralyzed claw hand.
Talking out of the side of your mouth.
- I didn't think you were gonna make it.
- Oh, thanks.
I'm double-parked
in an ambulance zone.
It shouldn't be a problem.
It is really good to see you.
Thanks for coming by.
- Can I ask you something?
- Of course, man. Anything.
Do I have tits?
Do you have tits? What are you
talking about? Of course not.
She said I was getting tits.
Are you being honest?
- Heh.

- I gotta get in shape, man.
I'm so busted up.
Oh, zing.
Rewind. Did you guys break up?
What did you do?
She didn't want to be in
the drawer with the other girls.
Well, obviously. I totally agree with that.
I have no idea
what we're talking about.
She found some old stupid snapshots.
Of your ex-girlfriends?
Oh, my God, man, that's beginner stuff.
That's a dumb mistake.
Here's what we tell her. The photos...
She refuses to talk to me.
I'm so mad. I just hate her.
And then all of a sudden I'll remember
something that makes me love her again.
You know, an image will flash
into my mind. Like Halloween.
Right.
I remember I was Carmen Miranda
She was an Indian.
Tell me everything. Favorite food. Color.
Where you grew up. First car.
Pizza. Um, blue. Kansas City.
- More.
- More?
In high school
I went to the state finals.
The only I was good at was running
and then I started smoking pot.
- Heh, that's great. That's perfect.
- Ha, ha.
Come on. Dig deeper. More.
When I was 7 and my toothbrush
would get old and worn out...
I would make a little hole in the ground
and I would bury it behind my house.
I've been dreaming about you
my whole life.
Heh, I'm just a small town girl.
But you, you're the intriguing one.

- Did you always do art as a kid?
- Well, I always liked to draw.
My mom encouraged me.
And then I started taking pictures.
I did an album cover for Kirby.
And before I knew it, the thing just
took off, turned into a whole business.
I thought I was going to do my paintings,
but I did advertising instead.
Welcome to Swan Design.
- Heh.
- This is where it all happens.
That's Lance, this is Hicks.
Come back here.
I want to show you where I work.
Right this way.
Wow!
You're lucky.
I'm still trying to figure out
what I want to do.
- Is acting stupid?
- No, you should give it a shot.
So did you always
know what you wanted to do?
I've always been a daydreamer.
I know that much.
Like when I was young,
say, on the bus...
I'd talk to myself in my head
and imagine all sorts of scenarios.
Either with the girls in school
or whoever.
So, what would you do?
It would go something like this:
You'd be there, and a bad guy would
burst in and try to take you away.
Aah! Charlie!
I would reach into my shoe...
and pull out a poison dart.
Charlie, you in there?
Yeah, what do you want?
Marnie had a meeting set
with you 10 minutes ago.
- Not now. I'm busy.

- Sorry.
Charlie! Oh, my God. Charlie!
Charlie!
And then one hit.
Barn. And then I save you.
Stay the fuck out.
Heh, oh, my God.
And that's
how the rescue fantasy goes.
- Charlie. You're nuts.
- I know I am.
You're nuts.
We've passed the deadline
for the pizza redo...
and they're still not happy
with the cheese pool.
Fuck them.
Also we need to get started
on Kirby's cover soon.
We really need an idea from you.
Ugh, I'm sorry I just don't...
I don't have any ideas just yet.
Well, what can I do to help?
Get a researcher? Dig up some scrap?
Get one of the younger guys
to sketch something?
No, no, no. Just give me some time.
I'll come up with something.
I know you think
the new receptionist is foxy...
but Charlie, I have to be honest.
I don't think she's doing a very good job.
Well, let's not fire her just yet.
I say we give her a second chance.
I know that you're thinking
something terrible.
Just get your overactive imagination
working on Kirby's album cover, okay?
Well, I tried rope and twine
A corral of barbed wire
But they kept on escapin'
So I built the fence higher
Why does love need a prison
To keep an object of desire?

You know, there was also
the mattress thing.

Huh?

She wanted me to get a new mattress
because I'd fucked other girls on it.

You know what? You guys deserve
each other. You're both crazy.

That's what I told her.

So how about my album cover?

Any ideas yet?

I thought it was different with her.

I'm sorry, Kirb. I can't concentrate.

I think of her every three or four minutes.

I hear you, man, but after some time
passes you'll start to forget.

I'd kill to have someone
to be in love with.

No, you don't.

She was over it, but I wasn't.

- I'm suffering, man.

- Sorry, brother.

Then I started to get intuitions
that she was seeing another guy.

Those are usually right.

You had no hard facts?

There was this one suspicious scene
partner dude from her acting class.

Right. And all that late night
rehearsal bullshit.

You know, there is one way you can
find out, but you can't go back.

- What's that?

- You bug her.

- Huh?

- You plant a bug.

What do you mean? Like tap her phone?

I can't do that.

Not saying you should. Just saying
there's a guy in my studio, he did.

That's crazy. I could never do that.

That's beyond the pale.

I agree.

- Find anything out?

- He got a divorce.

I'm not surprised.

Let me ask you, Kirb.

Can you love someone...?

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Sorry. Thought I heard something.

Never mind.

Can you love someone what?

Can you love someone
and hate them too?

You've heard about the battle
of the sexes, man. This is it.

Look at that.

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

- Let's take a closer look.

- Mm-hm.

- Is she looking at me or you?

- Howdy, ladies.

I'd say we could both use a bath.

Isn't that weird to get clean
in such dirty water?

Go, go, go!

God damn honey trap.

Sleazy bitches.

Here!

- You hit?

- Unh.

No, but I think I might have pulled
a muscle.

- You got a gun?

- No, I thought you did.

Shit. No gun.

Guess we're gonna have to lasso them.

Stupid lasso.

Fuck! We're outnumbered.

These women are really on a Warpath.

Well, partner, you can dig a hole
and crawl into it...

or you can face them like a man.

Are you a man?

Of course I am.

Show me.

Just aim and squeeze.

Ivana, can't we just talk?

No.

I'm hit.

- Clean through the heart.

- Savages.

You got any whiskey?

Bite down on this.

All right, this is gonna hurt. Unh.

Oh, God! Heh.

- It shouldn't hurt that much.

- Well, it does.

You can put your gown back on.

The doctor will bring the results.

I'm sorry to bug you here, but I told

Izabelle that I needed to see you.

Everything okay?

Not really.

All right, first I need to get you
to sign this extension.

Okay, that bought you
a few more weeks.

It's that bad?

Uh, yeah.

All right, now, um.

Basically running on fumes.

Now, you're feeling okay, right?

I think so. They're running tests
on my heart. I got these pains, unh.

- Serious?

- Yeah.

All right.

I don't want to bother you now...

but I've got some bills
that I need to review with you.

Okay, there's this one.

Samurai Helmet, 15,000 dollars.

You can't afford that.

I'm gonna return it.

But I have some work coming in.

Maybe coming in.

You just don't have any money.

Can we sell those old coins I bought?

We already did that.

All right, there's another new one
that's, ahem...

All right, ahem,

a tow truck company...
had to rent a crane, ahem...
to remove a car from
a record producer's swimming pool.
What the fuck is that?
Sorry. Can't we do one of those
insurance things with that?
It's just not done, Charlie.
It's just not done.
And after yesterday...
I'm thinking you're incredibly
irresponsible not to have a will.
Hey, hey, it's, heh, not what I need
to hear right now.
You okay? You suddenly
seem a little tense.
No. I'm a mess.
Can we make this about me
for a second?
Well, of course.
I spent the day
looking at shitty apartments.
Things between me and Karen are...
kind of fucked.
Hey, I'm so sorry.
We've been together 22 years,
man, 22 years.
I'm sorry to be acting like this.
No, no. Hey, look,
why don't you, uh...?
Why don't you stay at my place
while I'm still here?
Lupe can make you some nice soup,
you can relax.
Thanks, Charlie.
I might just take you up on that.
You've been good to me.
I was gonna say the same thing.
I think I heard
she looks something like this.
No?
Uncle Charlie,
what are you doing, heh?
- Are you sure?

- I'm sure.
- Are her boobs bigger?
- Please.
No way.
I heard from your morn
that when she picks you up...
this is what she sees.
No way.
I'm back.
Music in the hospital is forbidden...
- but I told them you needed it for work.
- Good thinking.
All right, boys, here we go.
Set it up.
Remember, two 500s,
two hundreds, two
fifties, six twenties,
and five of the rest.
- I'm the top hat.
- I'm the dog.
I want the dog.
We don't have time.
Guys, we gotta go.
Come on. I'm not going to be
the policeman. Out in the hall.
Hey, listen.
The doctor, who's very handsome...
he's gonna call me as soon as
he gets your results.
I'm not worried.
I know you're gonna be fine.
Thank you, Izabelle.
I don't ever get to see you
and the kids as much.
Yeah. Me too.
Hey, hey, listen.
Saturday is Granny's 95th birthday party.
If you die before she does
it will be pathetic.
- Get your shit together.
- Heh.
Hey, Iz. What did Geronimo say
when he jumped out of the airplane?
Me!

Charlie, we are all pulling
for you to recover quickly.
But also we're needed you
and hoping you return soon.
Just a few things.
For the Christmas party...
everyone's into the idea of formal 30's,
so it's going to be black tie.
I'm thinking it's okay to spend
about 10 dollars each...
on gifts for the employee's kids.
Let me know if you disagree.
Saul said he already spoke with you,
but that he was serious about the will.
Let me know if you need
any help with that. Best, Marnie.
I, Charles Swan III, being of somewhat
sound mind and body...
do hereby make
my last will and testament.
Coco, my toucan,
should go to the best possible zoo...
with an appropriate fund to care
for her. She must have the best.
My Paddock 565
can be sold for this purpose.
My personal effects, artwork, clothing,
are to be disbursed...
handled, executed, whatever,
by my sister Izabelle.
I would also like that my sailboat
be repaired and donated...
No.
No, it should be burnt
and sunk in the harbor.
Hold on, heh.
- Come on, sweetie. It's time to go.
- Come on, Charlie.
- Ouch.
- Let's get you home, girlie.
You're a big fake liar.
I know that diaphragm wasn't there before.
Well, whose diaphragm was it?
Maybe Mabel's, or it could have

been that French gal from ages ago.
Shit. I don't know.
It doesn't matter.
It's like she was already over it,
and then just waiting for me to fuck up.
- And then poof.
- It just takes that one little extra push.
- First they spot somebody else.
- Then they wait for you to fuck up.
Then they split. Sharon did the same
goddamned thing to me. Remember?
It's like she was
always trying to bust me.
I've got a whole theory about that.
It's on my record.
One moment I'd do anything to get
her back, and the next I just wanna...
I just wanna kick her.
I know that's not a classy thing to say...
Want to hear my new bit? It's funny.
It talks about all this shit.
Listen.
You got anything for my cover yet?
I got the old noodle working on it.
Play it. It'll help me get some ideas.
Now, we've all heard a lot
about women's intuition.
But what a lot of you don't know is that
there is an organization called the SSBB.
The Secret Society of Ball Busters.
Don't fucking laugh, man.
My old lady, who I just broke it off with,
happened to be a charter member.
Now, the problem is
they're sharing information.
"Yes. I'd like to
report a man who's cheating on me. Yes.
Curly hair, 5 foot 7.
Yes. He is Jewish.
Oh, my God."
And it's like this.
They have a network of surveillance gear
which they use...
to bust the asses of the guys

that are on their shit list.
What's going on?
We're picking up a pattern
of indiscretions.
Shit. Pull up the report.
Not these two turkeys again.
What'd they do this time?
- What the fuck are those assholes doing?
- I told you. They're dogs.
I need visuals on five!
- Zooming in.
- Tighter.
Engage audio enhancement.
Just pour your phone number
into my coffee.
Look at me. Don't break eye contact.
It's bad luck.
Well, if I can't get your phone number,
then you should take mine.
- Go hot.
- Coordinates three-two-niner.
- Prepare to fire.
- Roger. Standing by.
And, fire.
- What the fuck is this?
- Jesus.
Get in here now! Move your asses!
Fuck!
God. What the hell was that?
That was pretty close.
Those harpies can eat you alive.
Who wants popcorn?
They got away.
We have to scramble the chopper.
Doesn't fit. They don't fit.
The bullets are too small.
Do you think the guns are too big?
Sorry I didn't sit by
and let them eat you for breakfast.
Who are you?
I'm with Counter SSBB.
You two were about to be terminated.
Let's hit it.
You ever notice how it's the dog

that cowers that gets smacked?

The one that growls on its hind legs
can take a leak wherever it wants.

- Right.

- So, what now?

The next sound you hear
is gonna be the strafing of the .50 cal.

Because they're coming after us.

With the whirlybirds.

Damn it. They're good.

Stop the vehicle or we will open fire.

They're really goddamn good.

I'm into it.

- Really? You like it?

- I love it.

Sorry to interrupt.

Hey, I'm a big fan by the way, Mr. Star.

- Thanks, doc.

- Got my test results?

- Should I split?

- No. Stay. Please. Great news.

The symptoms you've had can be a sign
of myocardial infarction, a heart attack.

However, you'll be happy to hear
that your chest pain's merely pyrosis.

- Heartburn.

- That was not heartburn.

The inflammation of the esophagus
can be very painful.

I'll give you a list of foods
to watch out for.

And I've always found
that this works quite well.

Turns? That's it?

Congratulations, Mr. Swan.

How about my brain.

Did you run any tests on that?

- So I'm okay to go?

- Hundred percent.

Good luck. Keep an eye on the stress.

Hey, by the way,

I really dig that comedy bit.

- Thanks. Do you wanna hear the rest?

- In the car, Kirby.

- Can you drop me home?

- Yeah. Yeah.

Hey. Get some rest. Okay?

Thanks, Kirb.

What is your problem?

It's easy. You take the pictures
and then you put them in the garbage can.

I put them in the drawer
so you wouldn't see them.

That's just crap from my past.

What the fuck

you going through my stuff for?

I was looking for the picture of us.

Come on. You know that's the drawer
where I keep all my pictures.

I don't wanna be in the same fucking
drawer as them.

I'm sorry, Ivana.

Can you just believe that I love you?

How can I believe anything you say?

What now?

The whole diaphragm thing?

I thought I explained that.

I thought you forgave me.

Tsk, I'm sorry, Ivana.

I really am.

Sweetie?

Hey.

- Hey.

- Hmm.

Jesus.

- Saul?

- You're not in the hospital.

Aw, shit. I forgot.

- I'm sorry. I'll go.

- No, no, no. No. Stay.

Go back to sleep.

I can't sleep. I can't do anything.

- I know.

- Heh.

You Okay?

Uh...

I love my wife.

But she's so heart...

Hard, ahem, to live with.
She wants me out.
She's decided. And that is the deal.
Don't you think deep down
Karen wants it to work?
You guys have been together forever.
And the kids.
She's been unhappy.
Kind of like she was just waiting.
You know, waiting for the kids
to get a little older.
Waiting for me to lose...
almost all desire for her, whatsoever.
Did she lose patience with you?
Ivana started losing patience with me,
man.
Oh, yeah. Exactly.
That's the beginning of the end.
I've been thinking about the Greek Isles.
There's so many beautiful girls there.
I wanna be free.
To lay whatever girl
who might be interested...
in a old balding business manager.
Do you ever stop wanting
the sexy young ones?
Hmm.
Desire is about as close to happiness
as I'm gonna get.
Good Morning, Lupe.
Guten Morgen, Mister Swan.
You look very good, healthy.
Thank you, Lupe.
I feel good.
Today is going to be a great day.
A fresh start.
Yes, Mr. Swan.
Hello, my friend.
Come with me
you pretty, pretty thing you.
There you go.
Is my friend still here?
He left early.
Coffee?

Is this the cat shit
coffee that I ordered?
It's called Kopi Luwak.
It's more like a marsupial.
Hmm, how weird.
Do I have any calls?
You know whoos sister called...
Ivana's Sister?
What does she want?
She want to pick up Ivana's stuff.
No, I can't believe it...
She's sending her sister?
Why can't she come...
I'm not going to eat her.
How ridiculous.
You're supposed to not get stressed.
No one else called?
There was another
call, but they hung up.
From who?
I don't know they just hung up.
- A woman?
I don't know,
I couldn't tell you.
Thank you, Lupe.
It's okay.
You know, I'm going
to forget about girls.
I'm going to take this opportunity
to read great literature,
get in shape again, and oss.
What did you think of her, Lupe?
She was like a child.
She had more growing up to do.
That's why we were good
for each other. I loved her.
I know...
She hasn't been eating.
I'm worried about her.
Beautiful bird, why aren't you eating?
Today is going to be a great clay, Lupe.
A great clay.
- Yes, it is, Mr. Swan.
Hi, Stacey. It's Charlie. Charlie Swan.

I heard that you called.
Well, don't you think
she should call for herself?
Right. Uh-huh.
Well, I disagree with you.
What the fuck, Stacey? This is crazy.
She can't have her sister
do her dirty work for her.
Tell her if she wants her fucking stuff to
get her fat ass over here and come get it.
No. Well, yes, I'm angry.
Only because I still love her.
Well, I can't accept that,
especially coming from you.
You don't know what she put me through.
And I still love her.
Look, Stace,
I'm sorry I got upset with you.
You just have to understand
what I'm going through.
Right. Right.
Okay. Will you tell her
I'm still thinking about her?
I don't know if she heard,
but I had a health issue with my heart.
Yes, I'm serious. No, no, no. I'm fine.
I'm all better now.
Maybe you could let her know
I'd like to tell her in person.
Okay. Okay. I understand.
But only if you let her know
I'm being cool about everything.
Okay. When you wanna come by?
Tomorrow is soon.
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Her ski stuff's here somewhere. Mm-hm.
Wait. Are you telling me she wants
her ski stuff because she's going skiing?
Well, what the fuck, Stacey?
I can barely even shave in the morning
and she's going skiing.
Who's she going with?
Goddamn it, Stacy. Don't be evasive.
She's going with a guy. Isn't she?

Oh, God.

This is the worst phone conversation
I have ever had.

Hey. Oh, no, barnacles.

I'm being attacked by barnacles.

Happy birthday, Grandma.

I brought you flowers.

- You look great for 95!

- Who are you?

I'm Charlie. I'm your grandson.

I'm Mary's son. Your daughter.

I'm her baby.

You're her baby?

You're Charlie. I know who you are.

You're not a baby.

Oh, I wouldn't be so sure.

- What?

- She's 95.

I'm just joking, Grandma.

Izabelle, are you married?

Yes. Grandma, look.

I have three kids, a dog and a husband.

A dog?

- She can't hear you.

- When are you getting married?

- Don't give her a hard time.

- Grandma, damn it, I'm married.

You're never gonna believe this.

Her sister calls,

tells me she's going skiing.

Got to be that actor from her class.

I never should have encouraged it.

Let's not talk about her. It's over.

Face it. It's probably for the best.

- You never liked her.

- That's not true.

She's beautiful. She's funny.

She's full of life.

I didn't think she was

that great for you.

What about that is

not great for me?

- Know what? This whole thing's boring.

- Yes, it is. It's boring. Forget her.

You're not the only person, Charles.

- What's wrong with you?

- I'm in a bad mood. I'm sorry.

Why are you wearing those glasses?

Did Martin hit you?

- No.

- Because I'll kick his fucking ass.

Martin did not harm me.

He's not capable of that.

Tsk.

Oh, Iz, what happened?

"Dear Miss Swan, we regret to inform
you that the Orpheum Press...

is electing not to publish your
manuscript."

Oh, sweetie, I'm so sorry.

Sweetie, there are other publishers.

They're the one that I wanted.

They published my last book.

Oh, they're stupid.

I am so... I'm so disappointed.

Come here. It's okay.

Don't cry. Don't cry.

I'll beat them up for you.

Where?

Oh, where is my pizza?

Where's my pizza?

I ordered it an hour ago

Where's my pizza?

Hey.

Everybody,

in case you don't know this man...

this is Charles Swan lll, the dude

who was going to do my album cover.

Charles.

I need your help, man.

Charlie, listen to me.

I'm telling you this is a mistake.

I know it is.

It's a mistake I'm gonna make.

- You can't go back.

- I have to find out what's going on.

- I'm spinning out, man.

- You don't listen.

Sanchez, grab the case, man.
You don't listen.
What did you mean when you said
I wasn't going to do your album cover?
The label wants to talk to other
designers. It's not what I wanted...
- Oh, bullshit. Are you kidding me'?'
- You missed the deadline.
I've never made a deadline in my
whole life. What the fuck, Kirby?
Don't say fuck to me and don't
give me shit about what I can't do.
You're the one acting like a dipshit
this whole time. Fuck you.
No. Fuck you.
Let me see the goddamn wire tap.
Forget it. Sanchez, put it back.
No, actually, you know what?
Lay it on him. Let the train wreck
leave the fucking station.
Why is it so hard
to get a goddamn album cover?
Going down the rabbit hole.
Last time I used this it fucked me up
for four months, dude.
All right.
The antenna, you plug it in here.
You keep it as high as you
can to get the best possible reception.
This is a transmitter.
- Gotta get it within earshot of the bitch.
- Don't call her a bitch.
Oh, okay, whatever you say.
Uh, this is a squelch. It'll give you
about 100 yards line of sight.
Uh, um, now,
are you sure you want to do this?
It's all yours.
Lupe.
Lupe? Calm down.
Something
terrible has happened. - How terrible?
Poor Coco is dead.
No, no, no. Oh, God.

I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
Oh, God.
Now I don't have anything.
You dirty rat. Go ahead and try.
Leave a message at the tone, see?
Charlie, it is Marnie.
I haven't heard back
from you all day.
Tonight is the Christmas party. Please
don't forget. Wear your tux. Goodbye.
It's Stacey.
I'm coming by to get Ivana's
ski stuff and shoes after work.
You can leave it by the garage door,
okay? Thanks, Charlie.
Alex, what is wrong with this picture?
There you go. My man.
Here. Keep it.
We're in this thing together, Alex,
you and me.
You always take really good care of me.
I really appreciate it. Thank you.
Hey. Hey.
Hey. Hey, what are you doing?
Oh, hey.
Oh, hey, stop, man! Stop!
Hey, Bobby, get down here.
I need some help.
This guy just busted the front door.
Stop. Stop.
Damn it.
Hey, stop! Come back here.
Hey! Hey!
Whoa, whoa!
What the fuck!
Really? How about some of that?
- Asshole.
- Taxi. Taxi. Taxi.
Thank you.
Hey, man.
Can I buy some drugs from you?
You know where I can get some coke
or some grass?

Heh, no.
But I have a friend who sells caviar.
Beluga, from Russia.
Perfect. Take me there. Yay!
Andrei, where are you now?
Eight hundred bucks? Wow.
This shit better be good.
It's the best. Beluga from Caspian Sea.
I brought here myself.
Only the best for me, right?
- Heh.
- Only the best, heh.
Hey, oh, here.
Thank you.
He seems pretty
drunk, I should've ask for more money.
Yes, he's hammered.
11700 for you. 10011 for me.
See ya.
I want to get drunk.
- You seem like you already are.
- Bullshit.
Mm.
Oh, yeah.
Mm, mm.
Oh, yeah.
- Heh, do you like it?
- Great.
Exactly. See, you get it.
That's why I'm so mad at her.
She never gave me a chance to explain.
Okay, yeah, yeah. Just keep going.
God, I'm an asshole.
What I'm about to do
can never be forgiven.
You're not going to hurt somebody?
Maybe somebody hurt me.
Did you think of that?
Maybe somebody hurt me.
Get out of here!
No, no, heh, ha, ha, look, look.
It's just a headphone.
It's fine. It's fine. Everything's fine.
Just keep going. Here. More vodka?

Here's 100 bucks. I want you to wait
right here. I'll be right back.
Here's more.
Fuck. Prickle.
Taught me
about passion, about truth.
I thought
I'd never be able to... To feel again.
Then you came into...
And now that you're in my arms
I'm never gonna let you go.
Do you see that?
There's someone outside the...
Outside the window, behind that tree.
Oh, my God.
It's my ex-boyfriend behind that tree.
Charlie?
Who is this guy?
- Who am I? Who are you?
- Stephen, go back inside.
So this is time alone?
Act one, scene two.
We're rehearsing, you idiot.
Buddy, she wants you to leave her alone.
We're working.
Are you asking me to kick your ass?
- Oh, my God.
- I studied Wing Chun.
Shut up and just go inside.
What are you doing here?
Trying to find out the truth.
And now I know.
You're going skiing with him.
Are you drunk?
What's with the headphones?
You loved me in the beginning.
Don't you understand?
I don't want to be with you anymore.
And yes, I'm going skiing with Stephen.
- I didn't change.
- That's your problem.
You loved me before
and then you just changed your mind?
I don't know what you want me

to say to you.
You're crazy. You're selfish.
Go away. It's over.
How could you be so sweet to the
toothbrushes and such a bitch to me?
What are you talking about?
You know, Ivana, I was thinking.
It was kind of a sad thought.
I'll meet someone and it won't be you.
And I'll fall in love with her...
and I'll have kids
and a happy family...
and then I won't love you
like this anymore.
And I'll miss it.
And I'll miss you.
I can't bear not loving you.
It will really be totally over between us.
And then much later...
I'll see you again and you'll
have grown older, and I'll be old.
And I won't even care.
You'll just be a wrinkly old lady
with gray hair.
And I won't even care anymore.
I don't want to not love you.
Come here.
I could tell you that I hate you.
That you mean nothing to me.
And part of it's true.
But part of it's not.
Thank you for everything
that you gave me.
Our experiences, the times we've had.
Even the bad ones.
It all adds up to my life.
Me too.
Good bye.
You know, I always imagined
a much different ending for us.
Of course you did.
I'd be in a tux, like this.
And a spotlight would come on.
And you'd enter stage right

in a sparkling gown.

Mwah!

Hey, I want to get my shoes back.

Okay?

Oh, yeah, of course.

Your shoes, you got it.

Merry Christmas, everybody.

Ho-ho-ho, Merry Christmas.

There we go, try some of that.

Merry Christmas, good to see you.

Hi, sweetie, Mwah.

- You made it.

- Yes, I did.

- Uncle Charlie.

- Merry Christmas.

Hey, there they are, whoa.

Ugh, barnacles. Aah, help,

I'm being attacked by barnacles.

Hey, Charles. Mwah, Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas, sis.

- Thank you.

For what?

I have fucked up so much recently.

I heard about what you did.

Thank you for sticking up for me.

The cops came looking for you.

I told them your car was stolen.

Oh, quick thinking.

Tomorrow I'll take you to impound
to pick it up.

You're crazy,

but I love you so, so much.

I love you so much.

Is, uh, is Kirby here?

- There they are.

- Charlie. Merry Christmas.

- Oh.

- It's so great to see you two.

Swan, I ran your numbers again.

And things are not as dire as I thought.

So there's hope for me?

There's always hope.

Hear about Karen and I?

Going to Greece for Christmas.

Saul is so sweet.
He put the plane tickets in my cereal box.
What do you think of that?
Merry Christmas, Kirb.
I love you, man.
Happy Hanukkah, Charlie.
I love you too, brother.
- Holy shit.
- What?
I think I'm in love.
I just met this girl over there?
I think she's perfect.
- You think she's the one, huh?
- I think she could be.
- That's fantastic.
- Yeah.
Folks, listen up. We have some business
to discuss in the conference room...
if everyone can please
head in there now, chop chop.
Including you.
I've been asked to present this gift
by the employees of Swan Design...
to honor a very special person.
To know him is to be
exasperated by him.
Ladies and gentlemen,
little Charlie Swan III Junior.
Which I guess makes him
Charles Swan IV.
I have an idea for your album cover,
it just popped in my head.
Yeah? What is it?
It's everything.
Everything plus the kitchen sink.
Morning.
Looking good.
How are we doing?
You have to figure it out.
- Hey. Looking good.
- Excellent.
- Looking sharp. How are you feeling?
- Great. Great.
I'm Charlie Sheen

and I play Charles Swan lll.
I'm Jason Schwartzman
and I play Kirby Star.
I'm Katherine Winnick and I play Ivana.
I'm Bill Murray. I play Saul.
I'm Patricia Arquette. I play Izzy Swan.
I'm Liam Hayes and I wrote the music.
I'm so happy that you're finally free
You jumped the fence
But you didn't take me
I'm in this jungle here all by myself
I got this song and not much else
Violet voyage on an endless sea
You couldn't stay and I couldn't leave
But if I had to do it all again
I'd love you twice as much
As I did then
So much music