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# The Angriest Man in Brooklyn

By Daniel Taplitz

Wait. Wait. Let me just-  
Let's get Daddy! Everybody get Daddy!  
Let's get your Daddy!  
It's not me. It's the camera.  
- It's not working.  
- If the camera doesn't work well...  
then I'm gonna take it home with me.  
- Oh, look at you.  
- Oh, my God. Ohh!  
Oh, my God. I can watch them all day long.  
Hi, Papa.  
What are you thinking?  
That I'm happy.  
Michael, you're on the air.  
Yeah, my kid goes to school  
in Staten Island...  
They got these new hockey masks  
and they shatter on impact.  
You want to sue somebody.  
You sue that knucklehead.  
Michael, Michael, Michael. They're  
flushing your tax dollars down the crapper.  
- What's the matter with you?  
- They shouldn't be making things like that.  
I took the kid to the doctor  
and the doctor told me-  
As Henry Altmann waited in traffic...  
on the way to his doctor's appointment...  
he mentally added subwoofers  
in small cars to things he hated.  
On his short list was also  
dog crap, car alarms...  
indecipherable parking signs,  
double baby strollers...  
ass-crack fashion, men's cologne...  
bubble gum, bicycles, hamsters...  
garbage trucks, neighbors,  
metal hangers, TV remotes...  
greeting cards, flip-flops,  
fliers for cheap haircuts, fat people...  
pigeons, The Weather Channel,  
smell of urine, new mothers...  
credit card offers,  
blocked phone numbers...

big umbrellas, F train, J.F.K., B.Q. E...  
A.T.M. Service fees,  
99 Cent Stores, radio personalities...  
networking, Starbucks, the Knicks...  
the Knicks, the Knicks...  
and God.

What the hell?

I ask you, what the hell?

That was a red light you ran!

Can't you tell red from green?

You took the test, right,

when you got your driver's license?

Remember that? Multiple choice,

number two pencil, dirty walls?

And what does red mean?

Does it mean "go"?

Does it mean slam into my car,

is that what it means?

- It-It was yellow.

- Oh, yellow!

Oh, yellow like your cab

or yellow like a daffodil?

Like a pretty little daffodil?

Does daffodil mean step on the gas

and hit my car in your country?

Is that it? Is daffodil your excuse

to fuck up my life?

Destroy my tranquillity?

- I- I- I- I...

- I- I- I- I...

No, I am gonna get your license revoked...

and have you sent back

to wherever the fuck you're from!

- Racist!

- Racist?

How can I be a racist?

I don't know what race you are.

- Uzbek.

- Uzbek? You're right.

I hate Uzbeks.

I hate them all. But particularly you!

You dead.

What? What did you say?

You too, mother-

As Sharon Gill  
stared at the woman and her pet-  
She was consumed with grief  
over her own cat, Harold.  
Three days ago,  
Harold had jumped out the window.  
Afterward, she learned that  
this was not uncommon with cats.  
The fact that Harold landed on his feet  
10 floors below was of little consolation.  
Oh!  
Sharon understood  
that Harold was a trigger.  
That she was emotionally exhausted.  
Ohh.  
Still, caring more for  
a dead cat than her sick patients...  
was clearly a case  
of clinical depersonalization.  
Open.  
Wider.  
Excuse me.  
No one had ever mentioned this reality...  
when she was a bright,  
shiny medical student.  
Uh, Doctor?  
When she believed she was going  
to save the world one patient at a time.  
Doctor.  
No one told her  
that care does not equal need.  
Care being finite, need being endless.  
Doctor! Move, man. Move.  
What care equals...  
is 15 minutes per patient.  
- Doctor, Mrs. Fine is in 4.  
- Who?  
Mrs. Fine! She's one of  
Dr. Fielding's patients...  
who you're covering, remember?  
And we got Wong in 3  
and Peterson in 9.  
Okay, all right.  
Listen, I just need a minute.

- But she's been in there over an hour!

- Uh-huh.

Sharon wondered, not for the first time...

if poor, dear Harold

hadn't made the right choice.

Yeah, it's me.

Aaron there?

Haven't seen him.

Did he leave me a message?

Nope.

Just tell him I'll be a little late

for the meeting.

Mr. Altmann.

I don't know when!

When I get there!

The doctor will be in to see you

as soon as she can.

He. Dr. Fielding is a he.

Yeah, well, Dr. Fielding has been

called away, unfortunately.

So Dr. Gill will be covering

his patients today.

- When?

- As soon as she can. She's very busy.

Now, please, put that gown on!

I don't need a gown!

I'm just meeting him... Her.

Oh.

What the hell?

I'm asking, what the hell?

I've been waiting here for over two hours.

I'm very sorry, Mr. Altmann.

It's just been a bit crazy.

- Who are you?

- I'm Dr. Gill.

I want Dr. Fielding.

I understand,

but he was sent away on an emergency.

Emergency. Bullshit! He just wanted

to get a jump on the weekend.

Sir, I was able to look over your scan...

Are you even old enough

to practice medicine?

Has Dr. Fielding gone over

the results with you?

No.

No, as in he hasn't called?

He thinks it's migraines.

I have headaches, bad ones.

- When did he say that?

- When I was here last.

That was before the scan?

Yeah.

What?

- Can you please sit down?

- Why?

- Because I would like for you to sit.

- Why does it matter?

- Because I need you to sit down.

- I need to stand.

Fine, stand.

The results showed a brain aneurysm.

Wow.

Mr. Altmann...

do you know what a brain aneurysm is?

My uncle died of one.

One minute he was brushing his teeth,  
the next, he was dead.

Didn't even have time to rinse.

It's a ballooning-out  
of an artery wall in the brain.

- And when it pops?

- That would be a hemorrhagic stroke.

And I'm dead.

The seriousness depends on the size  
and location of the aneurysm.

How big is it?

I'm an internist.

It's best if you speak to a specialist.

- You have the scan right there! How big?

- I understand.

- But there's a specialist, a neurologist  
at Brooklyn... - You know, right?

Dr. Bernstein. I already called.

I made arrangements...

What are you scared of?

It's not your brain!

Just look at the scan and tell me!

It's big.  
And the location?  
Please, sir, I think it's best  
that we talk to a neurologist.  
The location?  
By the brain stem.  
Untreatable?  
It's not for me to say.  
You already have.  
How long has it been there?  
A long time, I'm betting.  
Why didn't they find it till now?  
Are you incompetent  
or you just don't care?  
- That's it, you don't care, do you?  
- No. No, no, no.  
- No what?  
- No, I do care!  
Bullshit! You're thinking,  
how inconvenient, how annoying...  
how difficult, how disagreeable.  
Poor little princess. Poor, poor you.  
Well, excuse me for dying!  
Sir, I need you to stay calm.  
It's bad for your blood pressure.  
- Please sit back down.  
- How long do I have?  
- I don't know.  
- Yeah, you do.  
- No, I don't.  
- It's all over your face like a pinched lemon!  
The Lemon Princess.  
You think you can hurt my feelings?  
You don't care, remember?  
This is just a job! You don't feel this!  
Probably takes a diamond commercial  
or a sick cat...  
to get some feelings out of you!  
Oh. Sick cats,  
is that what makes you tick?  
That's what makes  
the Lemon Princess get all wah-wah?  
Here I am, your sick and dying pet.  
Tell your fucking pet how long he has!

- I don't know.  
- How long?  
- I don't know!  
- How long?  
- Oh. I can't breathe.  
- Give me a number.  
A number.  
Give me a number!  
A number, a number, a number, a number.  
I'm not leaving here  
till I get a goddamn number!  
- Ninety!  
- Ninety what?  
Minutes!  
- That's your professional opinion?  
- Yeah.  
Well, fuck you!  
You asked.  
Ninety!  
Hey, see this watch? See it?  
It belonged to my father.  
He lived to 90!  
Ninety years!  
You wanna know what happens  
in 90 minutes?

**That's 6:**

I'm gonna be alive!  
I'm gonna be having a beer!  
And I'm gonna be smiling!  
I'm gonna be smiling  
because you will have been fired.  
That's right,  
I'm calling the C.E.O. Of this HMO...  
and getting your potty little ass canned!  
Dead prick!  
Doctor cunt!  
Oh, fuck me!  
Taxi!  
Yo, taxi!  
Downtown Brooklyn.  
Even though Henry  
knew 90 minutes was illogical...  
the more he thought



about her prognosis, her curse...  
the more it took on weight.  
What if? What if?  
He seemed to remember that  
there were four or five stages to death.  
What are you doing?  
Drive on the sidewalk!  
I don't wanna die behind a cement truck!  
Anger was  
certainly one of them. Check that.  
Was not denial another?  
What was he denying, the 90 minutes?  
What if he, Henry Altmann,  
really was going to die at 6:22?  
What the holy fuck should I be doing?  
Tell Mr. Altmann it's very important.  
Can you please just have him call me?  
Okay, thank you.  
- Is it true?  
- What?  
- Is it true?  
- What true?  
Everybody's going around  
saying you told some patient...  
that he has 90 hours to live.  
No!  
I didn't think so, 'cause that's crazy.  
That's...  
What?  
Nothing.  
- You did!  
- No, I didn't!  
- I knew it!  
- I didn't.  
- Everybody's saying you did!  
- Jordan, be quiet!  
- Told a guy he had 90...  
- Would you get in the room?  
I know! I know! He just kept yelling...  
"Give me a number!  
Give me a number! A number."  
And I couldn't breathe,  
and I panicked and I totally lost it.  
Apparently.

God, I... Ooh, I hated him.  
Well, that one I can't fault you on.  
We all hate our patients.  
What's wrong with the guy anyway?  
Cerebral aneurysm.  
And you let him walk out of here?  
- That wasn't the plan!  
- Christ!  
I was trying to send him  
to Bernstein, okay?  
Seriously, Christ, Sharon.  
I know, I know.  
I'm horrible. I'm a horrible person.  
I have been trying to get a hold of him.  
I've called his cell, his home, his work,  
and he just won't pick up.  
Why are you looking at me so funny?  
What's up with your eyes right now?  
Are you high?  
Not now. I'm serious.  
- For real?  
- Yeah, for real!  
Sharon, this is bad.  
There's gonna be consequences.  
You could get suspended.  
You could lose your license.  
He wasn't even my patient!  
He was Fielding's!  
I was just covering for him!  
"Oh, I wanna spend the weekend  
with my family.  
I have kids. I have a life."  
Stupid, back-stabbing motherfucker!  
- I warned you.  
- No, you didn't.  
Yes, I did.  
He said he was gonna get a divorce, okay?  
He said that he loved me. He...  
Human emotion, I find it very off-putting.  
Let's focus on the logic.  
Like the patient. What's the guy's name?  
Altmann. Henry Altmann.  
Okay, Henry Altmann.  
That's a great name.

That sounds like a very wholesome,  
nice family man's name.

I'm sure this is not the type of guy  
who's gonna freak out...

file complaints, just go totally nuts  
on you, trying to ruin your career.

Ohh.

Okay, I'm getting the impression  
maybe he is that type of guy.

This is bad.

This is miscommunication, is what this is.

I need to get him admitted  
to a hospital today, for his own good...

and then he's somebody else's problem.

Then he's Bernstein's problem. Right?

Can't hurt.

I have to find Henry Altmann.

A Dr. Gill has been calling for you.

- Where's Aaron?

- She said it was extremely important.

Where's Aaron?

In the meeting.

148 and 65 Charles Street.

There is a six-month advance on the one  
and a six-month delinquency on the other.

My long-lost brother.

What if you pick up  
the pending violations on 148?

- Garbage.

- And boiler.

- I have a question.

- About the boiler?

No, I need some advice.

A client, he just found out  
he has 90 minutes to live.

- What should I tell him to do?

- Henry, we really need to get back to this now.

- I know what I would do.

- What?

Cry.

For the first 20 minutes.

Then I'd go to that Thai massage place  
on York and get a blowjob.

I'd go to Temple Israel, pray a little,

make a nice big donation.

Can we get back to this now?

- Me, I think I'd kill someone.

- Why?

For the social good.

Some deeply evil schmuck.

- Like who?

- We live in Brooklyn. How hard could it be?

I got a joke. Hang on a second.

Man goes to see a doctor, and he's told  
that he only has 10 hours to live.

It's a terrible shock.

What's he gonna do?

So he picks up the phone

and he calls his wife, and he says...

"Honey, I'm gonna take you to the Four  
Seasons, the best restaurant in town...  
and we're gonna eat everything  
on the menu.

And then, we're gonna go

to the Rainbow Room...

where we're gonna dance all hours,  
like we were young again.

And then, finally, home,  
where we will make mad, passionate love...  
till all hours of the night,  
until, at last, at dawn...

I will die in your loving arms.

What do you think of that?"

And the wife says, "Easy for you.

You don't have to get up in the morning."

- Henry.

- What?

Tell your client to go home, make love  
to his wife one last time and be happy.

In the end...

all we have is family.

Family?

You're right.

Family. Thanks.

You're not gonna be billing us  
for this crap, are you?

Hey, hey, Henry, wait up!

- Where you going?

- Home.

You know, if you want out  
of the meeting just say so...  
or don't show up like you always do...  
but this bullshit is really annoying.

Is this gonna take a long time?

You know, you're getting worse.

You know that, right,  
that you're getting worse?

- I got a lot to do.

- In 90 minutes?

Less.

Family?

Yeah, family.

So, what, brothers don't count?

Because we got a lot of work to do.

I'm thinking, you know, immediate family.

Like Bette, Tommy.

What?

Well, uh, come on, Henry.

Bette and Tommy?

You and Bette have done nothing  
but fight for two years. And Tommy?

What do you know about family, Aaron?

The only family you've got is a goldfish.

I know your family, your immediate family.

Reconciliation in 90 minutes?

Take the Thai blowjobs.

- Ah! Okay.

- Yeah.

- I love you.

- Okay.

- See you around.

- You're still crazy.

Oh. Hey!

Where are you?

I'm trying to hail a cab.

I'm going to his office.

Look, I pulled the guy's file.

He complains about everything.

He's a complete crackpot,  
limited credibility, to say the least.

Now, do you want the big news?

- Yeah.

- I had Gary in Radiology take a look at the scans.

Turns out, this guy's already  
got bleeding through the wall.

He actually could drop dead  
at any second.

He could also live long enough to...  
end your career, destroy your life...  
and enjoy a splendid holiday in Tuscany.  
Fabulous.

I'm throwing a get-together  
for the following people...

Frieda Minkle, she was my first crush.

Mrs. Habenstein, my third grade teacher.

Thomas Friel,

he was my law school mentor.

Bix Field, my oldest friend. I sent  
you an e-mail with the complete list.

Yeah, I got it. Twenty-five people?

Is this some sort of post-midlife crisis?

No, it's more like a pre-shiva.

Just tell them it's extremely, extremely  
important to meet me at Juniors in...

30 minutes.

- You know that's insane?

- Just-Just get it done.

Write obit.

Get drunk.

Tommy.

Four years at Andover.

Four years at Penn.

Three years at NYU.

\$428,000 so you could fox-trot,  
so you could mambo?

Yeah, and who taught me to love dancing?

I love bagels! Doesn't mean  
you should be a bagel maker!

- So this is funny to you.

- No! And you know it isn't!

What I know is

if I don't do this now, I never will.

I had a thousand of these printed.

Look, "Altmann, Altmann and Altmann."

Not "Altmann, Altmann and Dancing Boy"!

Not "Altmann, Altmann and Twinkle Toes"!

You printed those for Peter.  
You didn't print them for me.  
I'm not Peter, Dad.  
Good luck ruining your life!  
Brooklyn Dance Academy, dancing that  
anyone can learn. Can you hold please?  
Uh... Shit.  
Brooklyn Dance Academy,  
dancing that anyone can learn. Hold please.  
Yeah... Goddamn it.  
Brooklyn Dance Academy, dancing that  
anyone can learn. How can I help you?  
- Yes! Is Thomas Altmann there?  
- Who may I say is calling?  
Henry Altmann.  
Tom, uh, Henry Altmann is on the phone.  
Shit. Sorry.  
God. From the kicks.  
What's he want?  
Probably wants me  
to pay him back for law school.  
Aren't you curious?  
Whatever my father wants,  
it can wait till we get back from Paris.  
- Tom.  
- Take a message!  
Again.  
In 30 minutes or less.  
At Juniors.  
No, I don't know.  
If you could just pass on the message.  
Thank you.  
Turn and push.  
Over there.  
Okay. Hi.  
Um, I need to see Henry Altmann.  
And you are?  
Sharon Gill. Dr. Gill.  
Do you have an appointment?  
I don't. I'm sorry, it's  
an emergency, so...  
- Sorry, but he's gone out.  
- May I help you?  
Hi. Um, I don't know.

I need to see Henry Altmann.

- I'm Henry's brother, Aaron Altmann.

- Oh. Hey.

Um, I'm Dr. Gill.

Pleasure. How can I be of service?

Is there somewhere private we can talk?

- Come on.

- Thank you.

Henry was fully committed...

to make tender love

to his wife one last time.

But there were concerns.

For one, he couldn't remember

the last time they'd done it.

A year ago? Maybe more.

Henry also wondered what was

the appropriate position for a last shtup?

He assumed spooning must be involved.

Then again, he had read

that condemned prisoners...

often asked for peanut butter and jelly

sandwiches as their last meal.

Certainly, the missionary position

was the PB&J of sex.

And, of course, there

was Henry's biggest concern.

Would he be able to raise the flag at all?

As Henry ran, he prayed,

not for a medical miracle...

but for the simple ability to get it up.

I know I shouldn't be telling you this...

and it's going against every protocol...

but, um...

your brother was diagnosed with a brain

aneurysm and is refusing treatment.

Oh, God.

Well, uh...

- are you his doctor?

- Yes.

Well, no. I mean, I'm filling in

for his doctor, Dr. Fielding.

And this diagnosis is definite?

I'm afraid so.

He... He was just here...



and I was awful.  
You didn't know.  
I knew something was strange.  
But with Henry,  
there's always something sort of strange.  
He had a son, Peter. Great kid.  
Died two years ago  
in a hunting accident, of all things.  
Henry's never been the same since.  
We used to have lunch together every day.  
He would bring  
a brown paper bag in and we...  
Two sandwiches.  
One for him, one for me.  
We talked about everything.  
And now we don't talk  
about anything anymore.  
Wait. Ninety minutes.  
How can you be sure it's only 90 minutes?  
That's a misunderstanding.  
How do you misunderstand that?  
The important thing is  
we find your brother...  
and get him admitted  
to a hospital immediately.  
He went home.  
Bette, it's Aaron.  
I'm on my way to your apartment.  
Call me back on my cell.  
It's an emergency. Any instructions?  
Oh, um. Make sure that he remains calm.  
Nothing that raises his blood pressure.  
- Like?  
- Anger.  
And you've met my brother?  
Henry, I thought you were working late.  
Frank, hi. Get out.  
- What's going on?  
- He needs to leave!  
He's our neighbor!  
No, no. I need you alone.  
Why?  
Because we have to have sex immediately  
and then cuddle.

What, are you nuts?

No, no. I just wanna have a moment,  
a husband and wife moment.

It'll be a good thing, a family thing.

I don't have a lot of time.

- I really think I should go.

- You stay.

- Go!

- You're staying!

Stop that! I don't care how crazy you are,  
we are not having sex.

Oh, but, Bette, listen...

I know the last two years  
have been tough...

and I didn't deal well with, you know...

and I've been erratic

and often pissed off at things.

- You think?

- But it doesn't mean I've stopped loving you in my own way.

And in the end, what is there?

Family. Our family.

And this is our default position,  
me and you.

And making love to you is my way  
of telling you I know what's important.

We can do it in the kitchen, if you like.

What the hell is the matter with you?

- Can't I make love to my wife?

- No.

- Why the hell not?

- Because sex isn't some magic switch you pull...

just because you're feeling  
a momentary twinge of guilt.

- Guilt? What guilt?

- About being horrible?

- Who said I was horrible?

- Oh, I thought that part was obvious.

- What's he still doing here?

- I-I really-

You know what? Stay!

You always were a little bit of a jerk...

but you were an amusing jerk.

But since Peter, you're just a jerk!

I lost a son, for Christ's sake!

And I didn't?  
You just can't honor the son we lost...  
and you drove away the one  
we do still have!  
Tommy doesn't deserve that!  
This has nothing to do with Tommy!  
You never accepted his life choices!  
Ballroom dancing is not a life choice...  
it's a Tuesday night on a Fiesta cruise!  
- Fuck you!  
- Yeah.  
- Oh. You still want that husband and wife moment?  
- Maybe.  
Do you even remember  
the last time we had sex?  
- Yeah! Um...  
- Well, I don't!  
Because I have sex all the time,  
just not with you!  
Frank?  
- No way!  
- Why not Frank?  
Duh. Standards.  
What standards?  
He's not in your league!  
He's not even playing the same sport!  
We love each other!  
Oh! Puke! Ohh!  
He is patient, kind and here!  
So's a spaniel! Get a pet!  
I wish you were dead!  
- Well, it's your lucky fucking day!  
- Ohh! Ohh!  
Tompkins and Kane.  
There's a big tip in it if you can  
get us there in under five minutes.  
Not possible.  
Of course it's possible.  
Speed, run red lights.  
But, no, there's no need to speed, right?  
- It's a medical emergency.  
- We don't wanna get into an accident.  
They have cameras at the lights.  
I would receive tickets.

- How much is a ticket?

- \$50.

- I'll give you \$100.

- \$400.

- Does the seat belt work?

- \$175.

- \$300.

- No?

- \$200.

- \$400.

It's not a race. This doesn't work.

- \$175.

- \$300.

- \$200.

- \$250.

- I'm a doctor.

- All right, there's no need for speed, right?

- Oh, my God!

- Fast, but not stupid fast.

- \$225.

- Done.

- Give me your money.

- What?

- I left my wallet at work.

- \$225.

You'll be okay.

Just charge me for the minute, come on.

Just give this to me.

You just take too long.

- That's a lot more than...

- Here you go.

Okay, so what did we just talk about?

See, this is not what we discussed!

This is an emergency!

I know it's an emergency,

but my life's important too!

- Just go faster!

- I don't wanna die!

Brooklyn Dance Academy, dancing that anyone can learn. One minute, please.

No! Oh, fuck!

I have to go get the door.

Brooklyn Dance Academy, dancing that anyone can learn. How can I help you?

It's Henry Altmann again.

Is Tommy there?

No, I'm sorry. It's his break  
and he went to go get a slice of pizza.

- How long?

- Till he's back?

- Yes.

- Hard to say.

- Try.

- I really couldn't.

Try! Listen to me, ballerina boy!

You find Tommy,

you tell him to call me right away...

or I swear, I'm coming down there,  
dead or alive...

and shoving that "Anybody can dance" tutu  
down your throat!

Hello? Hello.

Fuck!

He's got issues. Yeah.

Oh, my God! This is...

Shit!

Okay. Thank you. Oh.

Are you always this passionate  
about your work?

- Hi, Bette.

- Oh, Aaron, thank God you're here.

This is Dr. Gill. Dr. Gill, Bette.

- Your fucking brother-

- Sharon.

She's a pretty one. Come in.

I've gotta talk to you.

Come in! Come in!

Henry, call me back as soon as you  
possibly can. I've just heard the news.

Why didn't you tell me?

You just went on and on about sex,  
for God's sake.

You know Frank

doesn't mean anything to me.

I love you!

Sharon took in the

habitat of her difficult patient.

The photographs of Henry's family,

in particular...  
made her want to vomit.  
"Look," they said, "I am a family man.  
I am a man that is capable of love."  
She reminded herself  
that Hitler was also capable of love.  
At least for his dog.  
Which reminded her of  
her love for her cat, Harold.  
All in all, the family photos  
had the decided effect...  
of making her hate Henry even more.  
Do you have family, Dr. Gill?  
No. Not really.  
Well, Mom and Dad in Wisconsin.  
But, you know, divorced, married.  
Thrice!  
Thanksgivings are a mess.  
Guess, uh...  
Guess I don't know "normal."  
The only normal people there are  
are the ones you don't know very well.  
Yes, Jane.  
No, I'm looking for Henry.  
No way. Really?  
Okay. Thanks.  
What?  
He's throwing himself a party.  
Whoo-hoo!  
Henry!  
- Henry!  
- Bix?  
I know. I know, I know.  
I put on a little weight.  
Yeah, you're a whale.  
Ah, you were always a charmer.  
- Where are the rest?  
- Rest of what?  
The people who are supposed to be here.  
- Well, traffic's terrible. How many you expecting?  
- Twenty-five.  
Oh, well, hey, I'm here.  
Two old warriors from P.S. 20.  
Go Knights.

- How long has it been, like 33 years?

- Forty-three.

No! What prompted it?

Not that you need a reason  
to call an old buddy.

Not that we do, you know, call.

- I'm dying.

- Right. Long as you don't need any money.

Because I am broke-o.

No, no, just dying.

Right. Who isn't?

Soon.

Oh.

For real?

For real.

'Cause I thought you were talking  
metaphorically, you know?

'Cause I feel like

I've been dying for years now.

Brain aneurysm.

I have a brain aneurysm and...

Oh, Henry.

Oh, Henry, I'm sorry.

Oh, buddy, that sucks.

Yeah.

- How much time they give you?

- Hour and a half.

That's it?

Apparently.

And you wanted to spend it with me?

I'm touched. No, I'm touched.

Because old bonds are the strongest, right?

- Yeah.

- And I know what you're going through...

because last year I had kidney stones...

and before I passed them,

I felt like I was gonna die.

You know,

they say it's worse than childbirth.

- You got two kids, right?

- Had.

Yeah, I got your Christmas card

like 12 years ago.

Oh, you looked so happy.

Me? I never had kids.  
But I think it was for the best  
because I got to explore my passions.  
I'm a gamer. I'm kind of a minor  
celebrity if I say so myself.  
Dagon they call me.  
Ever hear that name, Dagon?  
- No. Dagon, no.  
- Yeah, that's what they call me.  
You remember that girlfriend  
that you stole from me in high school?  
What?  
Gloria.  
Remember you stole Gloria from me?  
Who?  
Gloria Cameron.  
Remember? Redhead.  
- Beautiful skin like milk.  
- No.  
Oh, come on!  
You really don't remember her?  
- What the hell are you talking about?  
- Love.  
Love! How you squashed it!  
I tell you I'm dying  
and all you can talk about is you?  
You and some high school crush  
from 40 years ago?  
- I wanted to get it off my chest!  
- And you had to wait till now?  
Not my fault it's now or never!  
You really don't remember her?  
This is insane! I'm sorry you turned  
into some lonely, pathetic fuck, Dagon!  
But I have to go. Fuck you!  
Fuck you!  
- No, fuck you.  
- Go fuck yourself!  
Henry knew that  
Brooklyn Dance Academy was far across town.  
The idea that he'd not  
be able to find it in time...  
and die on Flatbush Avenue  
was unappealing.



But he needed to tell his son  
how he felt about him.  
He needed to tell him that he loved him.  
He needed to do this now,  
before it was too late.

I need a camcorder,  
and I need one quick.

Hmm.

W-W-W-W-W-W-W-W-W-W-

Mmm.

What type are you interested in?

It doesn't matter.

Just one of those.

- Hmm.

- Mm-hmm.

- The, uh-

- That one! The little one right there.

P-P-P-P-P-P-P-

Panasonic or the...

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

- Fujitsu?

- No, that one!

Oh, the Samsung.

Oh! Yeah, the Samsung.

I'll take it.

W-W-W-W-W-W-W-W-

- Warranty?

- No, definitely not.

How do I get it to work?

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

First, you have to charge the...

B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-

- Batteries?

- Batteries.

Yeah, okay.

How long will that take?

- F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-Four hours.

- Oh.

Why does the world hate me?

Do you have one

that's ready to go right now?

Well, the, um...

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

- Fujitsu-

- Mm-hmm.

Or the...

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

Fuji.

Oh. Which one do you recommend...

the F-F-F-F-F-Fujitsu or the F-F-F-F-F-F-Fuji?

F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-

- Fuck you.

- Bravo.

Uh, so, I guess I'll head back  
to the office, see if he's there.

Maybe he went home.

I'll go see if he's at home.

- Well, uh-

- Sharon, don't give up.

Okay.

So I told her I'm fine.

Catch across the street there.

Sharon was lost and exhausted.

With regret, she considered

all the stupid things that she had done...  
in the last two weeks.

All the stupid things  
that had led her to this sad state.

Dr. Gill.

Uh, yes, Dr. Fielding.

Perhaps you would like

to take a look at those viral slides?

Do you have plans for this weekend?

No. Why?

What about-

What about the Friday before?

Uh, why?

Felicity's parents are coming into town,  
and it's our anniversary...

so I was wondering

if you could cover for me on Friday!

Oh, shit!

Oh!

I just came just now.

That was stupid!

Anybody here know

how to work a video camera?

I used to be a studio executive.  
- I know video.  
- Really?  
You know how to work this kind of camera?  
I owned one like it.  
You trying to sell it?  
No, no. I need you to record me. Here.  
Ready to roll, boss.  
Tommy, by the time you see this,  
I'll be dead.  
- Cut!  
- What?  
How do I turn it on?  
Press the fucking record button!  
Check. And action.  
Tommy, I'll make this as simple as I can.  
I love you. That's my rock bottom.  
That's my immutable.  
My damned and naked soul.  
I loved you  
from the moment you were born...  
all red and covered in mucousy stuff...  
until this moment right now.  
They say that love is pure and generous.  
It's not.  
It's small and selfish.  
You know, I wanted you at the office...  
because I couldn't envision anything finer  
than having you next to me.  
Altmann, Altmann and Altmann.  
What a dream.  
What you wanted, what you dreamed,  
I didn't want to hear it.  
I was wrong.  
I hope you can forgive me.  
I pray for your happiness.  
Whatever swanning around you wanna do...  
you have my love and my blessing.  
I'm sorry this only came clear to me  
now that I'm dying, but...  
that's how life rolls out.  
The only people who don't look back  
with regret are idiots and psychopaths.  
And I got a lifetime of regrets, boy.

Taking that clerkship in Queens?  
What a fool  
not telling my father to fuck off!  
Like the old man would ever love me!  
Pushing your mother away.  
What a ball-less coward I am.  
And then there's your brother.  
Why?  
Lord, why?  
I mean, what kind of God?  
What kind of world!  
It's a stinking con game!  
You grow up being told,  
"Wait for the sweets and the roses."  
Then they hit you with a pickax in the ear!  
Grief, they say you pass through it.  
Bullshit!  
They say, "Don't get angry.  
Let it go. It's killing you."  
I say, "Fuck that!"  
Anger's the only thing they left me!  
Anger is my refuge!  
It's my shield!  
Anger is my birthright!  
I got a lot to do.  
In 90 minutes?  
Less.  
Family?  
Yeah, family.  
So, what, brothers don't count?  
I know the last  
two years have been tough...  
and I didn't deal well with, you know...  
and I've been erratic  
and often pissed off at things.  
But it doesn't mean  
I've stopped loving you in my own way.  
Family.  
Slow, quick, quick, forward, side, close.  
Back, side, close, forward, quick, quick.  
Slow, quick, quick, slow-  
There's a Bette Altmann on the phone.  
Hey, Mom, what's up?  
Have you seen your father?

About two years ago.  
He hates me, remember?  
- Oh, he doesn't hate you.  
- Well, fooled me.  
Tommy, he's sick.  
He has a brain aneurysm.  
What?  
- Where is he?  
- I don't know. He-He stormed out of here.  
What do you mean  
you don't know where he is?  
He's not at a hospital?  
We're trying to find him.  
- Shit!  
- What?  
He called me earlier.  
What did he say?  
I didn't take the call.  
Shit.  
All right. Listen, sweetie.  
If he calls again,  
you find out where he is...  
and you let me know  
as soon as possible, you understand?  
Is he gonna be okay?  
I don't know. Just call me.  
When Henry regained  
consciousness, he learned something.  
He learned he couldn't  
even tell his son he loved him...  
without boiling into rage.  
Hello?  
Hey, Mom.  
Look, I am having the worst day of my-  
I told you.  
I'm not licensed in Wisconsin.  
I can't-I can't write prescriptions.  
Mom, Mom, Mom, please,  
I just need somebody to talk to.  
Mom, will you please just-  
Okay.  
Okay, fine, I'll-  
I'll talk to you later.  
Then they hit you with a pickax in the ear!

Bullshit!

They say, "Don't get angry.

Let it go. It's killing you." I say-

Wait! Wait!

Ohh!

- Where is he?

- Who?

The man in this video, where is he?

- Who are you?

- I'm a doctor.

You're doing a great job on that guy.

I am not his doctor, okay?

I was just covering for somebody-

You know what?

No, I am his doctor.

I am 100% responsible for this man.

So please just tell me where he is.

He had some kind of episode,

but then he got up, walked off.

Listen, where did he go?

Come on, this is important.

May or may not be important to him.

Certainly ain't important to me.

Uh, cash. I have cash for you.

Does it look like I need money?

Oh, come on!

I have more. I'll go get it.

What kind of doctor doesn't have money?

This ain't Toronto.

Pills. Pills.

I got pills. I have, uh-

I, uh, have O.C., fluff, muff,

whatever you call it.

What?

I know a pill popper

when I see one. Come on.

That's everything.

So it's important to you.

Please.

You know, more than a few people have

survived jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge.

All depends on how you hit the water.

Wait, wait, wait.

He went to the bridge?

Autumn in New York  
Why does it seem so inviting?  
Autumn in New York  
It spells the thrill  
of first-nighting  
Glittering crowds and  
shimmering clouds  
In canyons of steel  
They're making me feel I'm home  
Autumn in New York  
Henry!  
Henry, stop!  
- Oh, fuck!  
- Ohh.  
What?  
What are you?  
I ask you, what are you?  
Are you my thorn?  
My nemesis?  
Is it necessary for you  
to torment me until the very end?  
Have you no humility, no humanity...  
no fucking manners?  
I just-I just wanna help you.  
Now I have to jump.  
I'm not even over the water!  
- Oh, God!  
- Wait. Come back.  
- I lied about the 90 minutes!  
- I don't have a brain aneurysm?  
No! No! Yes! No, you have that!  
About the minutes, I lied!  
I exaggerated, okay?  
You started yelling at me!  
You made fun of my cat!  
He died!  
He jumped out of the window!  
What?  
You told me  
I was gonna die in 90 minutes...  
because your cat jumped out a window?  
Everybody has a bad day!  
Please, this is-this is my bad day!  
Bullshit!

Oh, God. Oh, God.

Okay.

I do pills. I do too many pills.

Painkillers, they make me erratic.

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

Okay, uh, I was having a stupid affair...

with your doctor, Dr. Fielding, okay?

The jerk left early for the weekend...

dumping all of his patients on me!

And I know I wasn't very empathetic.

I am an emotional hedgehog, but-

Fuck! I wasn't always like this!

Okay? I used to love my patients!

That is why I went into medicine!

Oh, God. No, no, please!

Oh, God.

It all comes down to this.

If you jump...

both of our lives are completely...

irrevocably fucked!

You gave me 90 minutes.

It's not up yet.

Can I please...

please just take you to the hospital now?

Ninety may not mean much to you,

but it means a lot to me.

It's what? It's meaningless!

It made me stop...

see what I've become.

It's how long you bake a turkey breast!

You're right.

We're both irrevocably fucked.

No!

No.

Henry!

Oh, shit! Ohh.

When Henry Altmann fell from the bridge...

time had slowed.

And it occurred to Henry

that life didn't have to be a burden...

that life was short and fragile and unique.

And that each hour, each minute...

each second could have something to offer.



Something beautiful and astounding.  
The fact that this only occurred to him...  
seconds before he would  
hit the water and die...  
made him very, very angry.  
Come on.  
God!  
Would you just come on?  
Oh, God! Oh, God!  
Holy shit! Oh, my God!  
Will you help me, motherfucker!  
Okay! Okay!  
Ohh. Okay, you got it. You got it.  
Oh.  
Hey, hey. Follow my finger.  
Do you know your name?  
Henry.  
Do you know what day it is?  
I've wasted so many of them.  
No. Do-  
Do you know who the president  
of the United States is?  
Are you trying to piss me off?  
'Cause I'm having a goddamn moment here.  
Okay.  
What time is it?  
It's time to get you to the hospital.  
- What time is it?  
- Now, please don't get angry.  
- I need you to remain calm.  
- Uh-huh.  
- It's not good for you to get angry.  
- I know.  
It's not good for your health,  
for your blood pressure-  
Would you please  
just tell me what time it is?  
Okay. Okay.

**6:**

Thank you.  
That's 19 minutes.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Where are you going?

Gotta go see my son, Tommy.  
Okay. We'll call.  
He can meet us at the hospital.  
No.  
What do you mean, no?  
Why, no?  
'Cause I have to see him first.  
Okay, where is he?  
Brooklyn Dance Academy, Williamsburg.  
- Williamsburg?  
- Yeah.  
Henry, come on, you can barely walk.  
Does it mean that much to you?  
Yes.  
Okay. Okay.  
I will help you get to your son.  
But you have to promise me  
to stay calm and to not get angry.  
And afterwards,  
we go directly to the hospital.  
No drama. No complaints.  
Okay?  
Come on.  
I got you. Okay.  
Right there.  
Excuse us. Excuse us. Sorry.  
- Move!  
- Would you just be calm!  
- Sorry. Mazel tov.  
- Thank you.  
Oh. Taxi! Taxi!  
No, wait!  
Wait, wait, wait! Stop! Stop!  
Hey!  
Okay. Okay, walk.  
We're going to Williamsburg.  
Kent, near Metropolitan.  
- Have a good one, man.  
- Yeah, you too.  
Your call has been forwarded  
to an automated voice messaging system.  
- Henry Altmann.  
- Is not available.  
At the tone, please record your-

Excuse me.

We're in an enormous hurry,  
so as fast as you can.

- Do you have any cash? I'm flat broke.

- Yes, some I got.

We'll make it worth your while.

And can you also please  
turn the heat on back here?

Is it me or is it getting colder in here?

Excuse me. Excuse me, sir.

We're not getting much heat back here.

Why-Why are you going so slow?

It's green. The light is green.

- It was yellow.

- It's green!

No, yellow.

Like daffodil, yes?

- We gotta get out.

- What?

No, no, no. Nobody going nowhere.

You made my life bad.

You threaten me, you threaten my license,  
you threaten work, and now...

Now you in my cab.

- Do you guys know each other?

- We've met.

- Jew.

- Goat herder.

- Racist!

- Ah, you-

All right, all right!

Calm, calm, calm. Everybody calm.

We-We can talk about this.

- Talk no. Kill yes.

- What?

- I will kill him. He dead meat.

- Oh, you don't have the balls!

Henry! Calm down!

- Calm this, motherfucker!

- I'm calm!

Motherfucker! Now, you dead!

No, now, you dead!

What is happening?

- Come on. Come on.

- Come on, let's dance!  
Yes, we go on, motherfucker.  
I am a board certified  
doctor of internal medicine...  
and I really don't like it  
when people don't listen to me!  
When I say, "Stay calm"...  
I... mean... calm!  
Is that so damn hard to understand?  
- No, not at all.  
- Then get in the damn car!  
Are we stealing this cab?  
Do you wanna see your son by 6:22?  
- Yes, ma'am.  
- Then get in the car.  
You don't own a car, do you?  
No. Why?  
Okay. Okay. Okay.  
Relax. Relax.  
Relax, yeah. How?  
You're just as bad as your brother.  
You drove Aaron?  
He didn't approve of the way  
the cab driver was driving.  
Well, he can be a bit timid.  
He sure loved me.  
I was so lucky to have  
a younger brother like that.  
It's a gift.  
That's why I wanted two kids.  
- Did your two boys love each other?  
- I think so.  
- In their own way.  
- Yeah?  
They were very different.  
I-I was an only child.  
It must've been lonely.  
- I didn't think so.  
- Really?  
Now how do you feel?  
You wonder who's gonna be there  
when something happens.  
Like dying.  
Do you see this?

I see it.  
Punch it.  
Oh, yeah!  
- Okay. Okay-  
- Yeah, yeah, yeah!  
Calm, calm, calm, calm!  
Yeah!  
License and registration, please.  
Officer, I'm Dr. Sharon Gill...  
- and this is a medical emergency-  
- License and registration.  
I understand.  
This is my patient, Henry Altmann.  
- He needs brain surgery.  
- Do you have a license?  
No, I don't. Not on me.  
This your cab?  
No. Yes!  
Well, it's my uncle's.  
No?  
- Yeah, I got nothing.  
- I got this.  
- What are you gonna do?  
- Tell him the truth.  
Oh, this ought to be interesting.  
Officer, a little over an hour ago,  
this cab hit my car.  
Then I went to the hospital and Dr. Gill  
told me that I had a brain aneurysm...  
- and I had 90 minutes to live.  
- From the car accident.  
No. Then I went to my office  
and this guy was telling a joke...  
about a man having sex with his wife  
one last time, and I thought...  
"Hey, that sounds like a good idea.  
I'll go home and try it with mine."  
I get there and there's my wife  
sitting with my neighbor.  
Turns out they've been shtupping  
the whole time and I had no idea.  
So I get out of there  
and I go to Juniors...  
and I invited all these people to say

good-bye to them and only one guy shows up...  
and he's pissed off at me  
for stealing his high school sweetheart...  
- who I don't even remember!  
- Calm. Calm.  
So I go across the street  
to buy a video camera from this nice guy.  
A little bit-D-D-D-D-But still a good guy.  
Not the fastest salesman.  
And I give the video camera to a homeless  
guy to videotape me talking to my son.  
And I get a little upset  
because after law school...  
he decides to be a dance instructor  
rather than a lawyer.  
- The homeless guy?  
- No, my son.  
I had all these business cards printed up.  
But what can you do?  
I got upset and then I passed out.  
And when I came to,  
I jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.  
That's when she shows up.  
She jumps in the East River.  
She fishes me out.  
That's why we're wet.  
Then we got picked up  
by the same cabbie who hit me earlier.  
She maces him  
and that's how we got this cab.  
- Weird, huh?  
- Yeah.  
You weren't kidding  
about him needing brain surgery.  
No, no, no, not at all!  
- Oh, thank you. Thank you. Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
Please step out of the vehicle.  
Wait, wait, wait, wait!  
Um... hold on. Okay.  
Please This, uh-This is-  
This is the hospital.  
Just ask for Dr. Jordan Reed.  
Dr. Jordan Reed.

- Okay?

- Okay.

This is N.Y.P.D.

You know a Dr. Gill and a Mr. Altmann?

Holy shit!

- What hospital?

- Maimonides.

- Follow me.

- Yes, sir.

- Try to keep up.

- I will try, sir. I will try.

Thank you so much, Officer.

- You're not gonna follow him, are you?

- Oh, fuck, no.

Yes! You go, girl!

Whoo!

- Did he call?

- No.

He might not try you here again.

- What if he dies before I talk to him?

- Don't go there.

Well, I didn't take the call.

It's not your fault. He's-

He wasn't always.

Like, when I was seven,

he taught me how to play gin rummy.

I hated it 'cause I could never beat him.

So he taught me how to cheat.

He was so big and loud and fun.

Then Peter died.

And I left.

And everything changed.

He used to be so affectionate.

He was like a major hugger.

Hasn't done that in a while.

Sweetie.

Maybe he's calling the apartment,

or going there.

Think we should wait there?

**Well, 6:**

Yeah.

Go on.

I gotta wipe this car down, torch it.

- Really?

- No. No.

But I'll probably park it  
next to a fire hydrant.

- Henry.

- Yeah.

It'll be all right.

- Sharon?

- Hey.

Can you call Bernstein  
and have him prep a room for Henry Altmann?

Sure.

Is everything all right?

I don't know.

Why does it seem so inviting?

Hi.

Hey, Dad.

Hey, Tommy.

How you feeling?

Uh... I've been better.

For now, I'm okay.

Remember that time on the bridge  
when I was a kid?

- What time?

- With this?

No.

Come on, you were humming,  
singing it, and-

And what?

We started dancing.

- Did we?

- Yeah.

Show me.

You're good.

You should do this for a living.

I missed this, kiddo.

What time is it?

**Uh, 7:**

And you will notice...

you're still alive.

That's nice.

Yeah, it is.

Would you wanna know



when you were gonna die?  
No.  
But if you did...  
what would you do  
if you knew how long you had?  
I would try and figure out  
how to be happy.  
Then why don't you?  
Maybe I will.  
If it's all right with you,  
I'm gonna close my eyes now.  
No one expected Henry to survive one day.  
Instead, he lived for eight days.  
It was sort of like the Hanukkah miracle.  
In that eight days,  
he had long talks with his wife...  
shared one last brown bag lunch  
with his brother...  
and cheated his son at gin rummy.  
My tombstone will say,  
"Henry Altmann, 1951 dash 2014."  
I never knew till now,  
it's not the dates that matter...  
- it's the dash.  
- The dash?  
You little shtarker.  
You already knew that, didn't you?  
Kind of.  
You picked your own path.  
You lived your life,  
even though it pissed me off.  
I'm proud of you, kid. Gin.  
- That card was up your sleeve.  
- No, worse.  
For eight days,  
Henry Altmann never got angry even once.  
Except at the very end,  
when he told death to go fuck himself.  
And then he turned his thoughts  
to things that pleased him...  
and sailed away.  
No one expected  
Sharon Gill to go back to her old life.  
And, indeed, she did not.

On the same day, she quit her job...  
her pills and Dr. Fielding.  
And then signed up to work  
at a free clinic on Bergen Street...  
where she could spend  
more than 15 minutes per patient...  
and be the doctor  
she always wanted to be.  
By summer, she felt she kept  
her promise to Henry to be happy.  
Enough to adopt a new cat...  
and to begin to date again.  
What about you guys?  
Any plans for this winter?  
We might go on a bike tour in Hawaii.  
No, I don't bicycle well.  
Dad didn't teach us.  
Henry hated bicycles.  
What? Why?  
He considered them predatory.  
All right, speaking of, huh,  
who's got Henry?  
Yeah, let's do this.  
I do. I do.  
- Mom, will you?  
- Brown paper bag.  
- He's a simple man.  
- I love it.  
As Henry Altmann prepared to go into  
the East River for the second time...  
he added "Being in the East River"...  
to the list of things he hated.  
But he also felt at peace...  
secure in the knowledge that somehow...  
he would live on in the hearts  
of those who loved him.  
Hey! What the fuck  
do you think you're doing?  
What the hell?  
I ask you, what the hell?  
What do you think we're doing, littering?  
What are you,  
the River Beautification Patrol?  
I ask you, do you think we're sprinkling

fairy dust all over Brooklyn?  
Are you the Fairy Dust Police?  
Are you one of those guys  
that hates anything that tinkles?  
Have you no humility?  
No fucking manners?  
It's ashes, you moron!  
A ground-up friend,  
husband and father, you asshole!  
If you can't understand that,  
why don't you come over here?  
- Leave it alone!  
- Come here and talk to us!  
What, you don't have a father?  
You don't have a father?  
Yeah, you better run! You better run!  
Fuck you!