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# The Kid

By Audrey Wells

I'm sorry. I can't seem to find  
my purse. I must have ten of'em.  
- Can you just ring mine first, please?  
- There's someone ahead of you, sir.  
I usually keep my change in  
my little change bear, but...  
That's almost interesting.  
How much is hers?  
- 5.26.  
- Just add it on, please.  
Hold on, hold on. If it's not  
in this one, it'll be in another one.  
- That'll be 9.65.  
- Thank you very much.  
- How sweet.  
- You didn't have to do that for me.  
- I didn't do it for you.  
Check some bags next time.  
Jerk.  
- How can I help you, Governor?  
- Some dirtbag...  
dirtbag... from  
the attorney general's office...  
had dared to mention  
the word "jail."  
Waaah.  
Waaah!  
- Somebody call the "waaambulance"!  
- What? What did you say?  
Governor, do you know what the number  
one killer of politicians  
under the age of 60 is?  
- No.  
- Self-pity.  
Now, Governor, I'll be more than happy  
to help you out of this mess...  
that you so willingly  
seem to have stepped into.  
- But you ought to do something.  
- What's that?  
- Stop crying.  
- I'll try.  
No, I mean right now.  
You're giving me a headache.

Excuse me, folks,  
anything more to drink?  
- Do y'all have any single-malt scotch?  
- Sure do.  
So, what do you do for a living?  
You wanna tell me about it? You know,  
comfort of strangers and all that.  
No.  
Oh. Must be something  
on the Internet.  
Or finance.  
Genetic engineering,  
maybe, huh?  
- I'm an image consultant, okay?  
- Okay.  
So you sort of  
troubleshoot for folks?  
You know, give 'em makeovers  
when they need revamping, right?  
Right.  
Hey, look...  
I'm flying to L.A. to start  
an anchor job in the local news...  
and I do not think that it's an accident  
that I'm sitting next to you.  
I see.  
So the cosmic purpose...  
of our meeting is for me  
to give you free advice.  
- What do I get out of it?  
- We don't know yet.  
But I'll owe you.  
- If I do it, will you shut up?  
- Quiet as the dead.  
Your hair's too big, your brows  
are too dark, your nails are too long...  
and your foundation's too orange.  
Your perfume's too sweet.  
It's the news, honey, not the prom.  
- I like your eyes...  
- Oh. Thank you.  
Bluer.  
Try the tinted contacts.  
But only when you're

anchoring or in L.A.

- When you're on assignment,  
take them out.

- What about my accent?

I'm always being warned  
to stop saying "y'all."

Don't ever stop saying "y'all."

Your "y'all" is your trademark.

Say "y'all," and you'll be  
promoted in six months.

Say "y'all" with a smile,  
you'll be famous in 12.

Well, thank you.

You're welcome.

Now, will you please shut up?

All right, let me have him.

Hello, Your Honour. How are you?

Good. Thank you.

Define "not exactly alone."

Your Honour,

was this mannequin inflatable?

You know if the press...

Dodged one bullet.

Listen, this is all  
gonna blow over.

Hey! Did you see the...

the...

Yeah.

Twelve cream pies are on  
their way over to the stadium.

Bob Riley expects you  
in the owner's box at 3:00.

Amy will meet you there.

And why are you wearing a yellow tie?

Janet. How could you know I'm wearing  
my yellow tie? You can't even see me.

I can hear the stress  
in your voice.

Whenever you're stressed,  
you wear the yellow tie...

which makes you feel all-powerful,  
so you're probably gonna yell at me...

which I'm not

in the mood for, so don't.

- Nice tie.  
- I am not stressed.  
There is nothing wrong with me. I just  
didn't get enough sleep last night.  
- Can I have today's work, please?  
- Take your phone off.  
You're with a human now.  
I did the ones and twos.  
There's a three, a four.  
I flagged the five in your mail.  
There's an eight on your desk to sign.  
And there's a ten  
standing in your office.  
Why did you let him  
in my office, Janet?  
He threatened me with a machete.  
He's your father, Russ.  
Wait 60 seconds and come in  
and tell me I'm late for something.  
- I hate you.  
- Fight fair.  
- That's a nice photo  
of you, uh, and Al De Niro.  
- Robert De Niro.  
Oh, it's a nice photo of you  
and Robert De Niro.  
Well, it would be,  
except that's Al Pacino.  
Oh.  
So, Dad,  
what can I do for you?  
Did you get the cheque  
I sent over this morning?  
Yes, yes, I did.  
But I didn't ask you for a cheque.  
I asked you to come over  
and help me lift a few things.  
Well, time is money, Dad...  
and my time is worth  
a lot more than a mover's...  
so I'm afraid the cheque  
is gonna have to do.  
Look, your sister and her family are  
coming over for dinner tomorrow night.

You haven't seen your niece and nephew  
in a long time.

- Uh, you may want some  
of those things in the attic.
- Like what, Dad?
- Some more of my childhood memorabilia?
- You never know.

How many times in the last 20 years  
that you lived in that house...

have I ever asked you  
for anything, hmm?

Anything at all?

Um, you're late  
for a very big meeting.

Dozens of irate and highly important  
people are clamouring for you.

There is pandemonium,  
I'm sure, somewhere...  
and you really must go...  
right now.

Good luck with the move, Dad.

Let me know how it goes.

Call Fred and see how the market closed.

Check the NASD AQ Bye.

That's perfect.

You look brilliant.

Completely and utterly gorgeous.

Don't look at me.

Look out there.

Have we signed a new client?

We made a bet. If I make him look  
handsome, I get a free hot dog.

- You're going to starve.
- Not a chance.
- Thank you.
- My pleasure.
- Just don't share it with jerko.
- No way.

Watch your cholesterol, hot dog boy.

Let me have that for you.

Hey, I worked hard for that!

Amy, those hot dogs will kill you.

Besides, we're about to have  
lobster in cream sauce.

I don't want lobster in cream sauce.  
I want hot dog in mustard sauce.  
Please stop biting your nails, Amy.  
Nail. I only bite one.  
Why do you care anyway?  
I care because you work for me.  
When you bite your nails,  
you're advertising weakness.  
Really? Advertising weakness  
with one little nail?  
- What's this advertise?  
- Nice.  
- Hi, Mike. Is he in?  
- Waitin' for you.  
Wait a minute.  
Wait a minute.  
Hello.  
- Hello.  
- I haven't seen you in a couple of days.  
- How have you been?  
- Fine. Now can we go in?  
No. This is the bit where you ask me.  
We're very late.  
I don't have time to...  
Go on. Give it a whirl.  
Hi, Amy.  
How are you doing?  
Fine.  
We're really late.  
Hey, the cavalry is here!  
Russ Duritz to the rescue!  
Here to save my sorry behind.  
Josh, look after him.  
- Good luck.  
- Yeah.  
Hi. I'm Josh,  
Mr Riley's assistant.  
- If you need anything...  
- I do.  
I need you to go up in the bleachers and  
find me a dozen 8- to 12-year-old kids.  
Eight boys, four girls.  
Five white, four Latino, three black.  
- Have 'em back here in three minutes.

- Okay.

I need to use

your Hi-8 for this one.

So why is everybody

busting my chops?

And the way I see this thing...

it's just a little

misunderstanding.

Okay, Bob, let me see

if I can explain to you...

how other people

see this little thing.

You see, to Joe Baseball Fan out there,

you're the guy that promised...

you would give five percent

of each ticket sold this season...

to establishing a baseball camp

for inner-city kids.

You're also the guy that gave

pictures to the press of kids...

actually attending this camp

which, in fact, does not exist.

Yet. I was intending

to get around to it, uh, eventually.

- Ah.

- I am a very busy guy.

No, Bob, you're not a busy man.

See, what you are

is a "stupid" man.

A very stupid guy

who only played Mr Charitable...

because you wanted to suck up

to city council...

so they'd build you

a brand new baseball park.

But guess what.

Bye-bye, ballpark.

Hello, jail.

- So what's your big plan?

- How do you feel about

chocolate cream pie?

Why? You gonna feed the kids cream pie

to get me out of this mess?

No. The kids are gonna feed you



cream pie and get you out of this mess.

- Huh?

- Bob...

prepare to be pied.

I deserve it!

More pie in the face!

Bob, the press

is gonna eat this up.

Amy, what do you think?

- Amy? Amy?

- You want to know what I think?

I think there's something  
very creepy about all this.

Amy, Amy, I swear to you...

I will make sure that the editing of  
this tape is handled tastefully, okay?

- I'm sure you will.

- No, I promise.

- We didn't do anything wrong today.

- No.

- We did the right thing by  
our client, Bob Riley.

- I love him.

Russ, today we shamelessly  
exploited innocent children...

just to help some crook

with his cash flow problems.

Are you gonna finish  
this last piece of yellowtail?

Russ, you should be concerned  
about this. You're turning 40 in...

- Thank you so much for bringing that up.

- You're at an age when...

- What, and you're not at an age...

Yes, we both are.

Well, we can't go around any more  
talking about what we're going  
to be like when we grow up.

We are up.

- Is that it?

- Yeah.

- You finished?

- Yeah, I'm finished.

Good.

Toshiya, if you get called  
a jerk four times...  
in the same day,  
does that make it true?  
- What, only four? Did you get up late?  
- Excuse me.  
- I'm asking Toshiya.  
- Just four times, a pattern.  
It have to be five times to be a fact.  
- Thank you very much.  
You see? There is hope.  
- Jerk.  
Thank you.  
Yo, Pedro, make sure  
this gets in the trash.  
Yes!  
That was fantastic! I can't believe  
you just did such a fantastic thing!  
Me neither.  
I must really be stressed out.  
Probably still in there.  
You are not going  
Dumpster diving to look for  
that stinky, fish-encrusted tape.  
You're right.  
I shouldn't go in there.  
I'm wearing a \$2,000 suit.  
Come on. I'll give you a boost.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Distract yourself.  
Honour your instincts.  
Look at the moon. Look at it.  
- What? Look at what?  
- Look.  
Isn't it lovely?  
It's big, it's beautiful, it's...  
revolving around the earth,  
proving once again...  
that the universe  
does not revolve around you.  
It's worth a look,  
if you ask me.  
Are you looking?  
- I looked.

- Look again!

- Okay...

Okay! Amy...

Quit fooling around,  
all right? I looked.

Now can we go?

- Come on, grumpy.

- Hey, will you stop?

I stopped.

I want to show you something.

Tell me if you think this is cute.

Oh! Look at the moon!

It's so big and round...

and when I look at it,

I'm all perky and excited and...

no one would ever know

that I'm almost 30! Ooh!

What do you think?

Cute or just stupid?

You know, Russ, just when I think

I've seen the worst...

that there's no possible way

you could be more of a jerk...

you outdo yourself.

And then...

just when I'm about to leave,

you do something.

Like tonight,

when you threw that tape away.

Then I get the tiniest,

briefest glimpse of the kid in you.

That's when I decide to hang around

for five more minutes...

see what happens next.

Bye.

Janet, I want you on the phone

with the alarm company first

thing in the morning, okay?

There is no way anybody

should ever get inside those gates.

Ever! As a matter of fact,

get 'em on the phone

right now, and you tell them...

- **It's 3:**

- Janet, I don't care if

**it's 3:**

They're supposed to be  
a 24-hour security service, okay?

I want the sensitivity  
set on ten.

I want electrocution.

I want charred flesh. Do you understand?

- Write it down. Janet.

- "Charred flesh."

- Write it down!

It was probably just some neighbourhood  
kid. I don't know why you're so upset.

- I'm not upset. I'm just mad.

- Okay. Mad. Not upset.

- You know, maybe we should get  
a new security company, okay?

- Uh-huh.

I want rottweilers.

I want big, scary rottweilers.

I want the guy

who trains the rottweilers  
to be afraid to come over here, okay?

- I want a moat with lava.

- "Moat with lava."

Trolls with that?

Evil ones?

No, Janet. No trolls.

- Hello? Uh. Russ. It's Dad. Uh...

- Hold on a second, Janet.

- Honey, I'm so sorry.

- I know I asked earlier...

but. Um. It'd be nice  
to have you here for dinner.

I know Joanne and the kids  
would love to see you.

And. Uh. Well. If your  
schedule opens up...

- Janet, I am going to bed.

- Good idea. Me too.

I do not wish to talk to you  
or anyone else...

on this planet  
for the next three hours.  
- Guess what. Neither do I.  
- Goodbye.  
"Rusty."  
Dad, you are really  
gettin' weird.  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey, stop! Stop!  
Come back!  
Come back here! Hey!  
Gotcha! Ow! Ah!  
Hey! Hey!  
Hey! Hey!  
Get it outta here!  
Look out, idiot!  
Move it, you jerk!  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Uh, uh, good evening.  
Uh, a kid just...  
ran in here a moment ago,  
and, uh...  
Any of you see anything?  
Can any of you see anything?  
For we can fly  
'Cause this kid who, uh,  
was just here...  
Up. Up and away  
- He...  
- See you later.  
Hey! Officer!  
The world's a nicer place  
in my beautiful balloon  
It wears a nicer face  
Uh-uh.  
Good morning, Doctor.  
I'd like to get right to the point,  
if you don't mind.  
I've got a meeting in ten minutes.

You're entitled  
to a 50-minute hour.  
Thank you, but I only require  
a five-minute hour...  
or however long it takes you  
to write a prescription.  
I see.  
Uh, we should talk about this.  
Why don't you sit down.  
No, thank you.  
I don't want to sit down.  
It all starts with sitting down.  
You sit down,  
and then before you know it...  
twelve years has gone by,  
and you're still talking about...  
the time you saw  
your mother naked in the shower.  
You saw your mother  
naked in the shower?  
No! I'm just saying  
I'm happy to stand, okay?  
Look, I-I-I don't want therapy.  
- I don't need therapy.  
- Why do you feel that way?  
Because I'm not like the other nutballs  
that roll through here, okay?  
I don't have a smoking problem.  
I don't have a drinking problem.  
I don't have a closet full  
of ladies' undergarments.  
Sit down, Mr Duritz, and tell me  
what the problem is.  
- No, you don't!  
- Mr Duritz, I'm not trying to trick you.  
I'm trying to understand  
your issues.  
Issue. Issue, singular.  
Just one.  
All right. What is it?  
For the last few weeks...  
I have been seeing  
a guy in a plane.  
Oh, I see.

Not that kind of seeing!

I mean...

I've been hallucinating  
a guy in a plane.

And these delusions, or whatever  
it is you people call them...  
seem to be getting worse.

Anyway, now I'm seeing a kid.  
And you think this kid  
is a hallucination too?

Yes.

Is he someone you knew from your past,  
from your childhood?

No, not from my childhood.

I've forgotten my childhood.

My childhood is in the past,  
where it belongs.

But doesn't want  
to stay in the past, does it?

Mr Duritz, I notice  
your eye is twitching.

- I don't have a tic.

- I didn't say you had a tic.

It's not a tic. I have dry eyes.

Why are you asking me about my dry eyes?

- Why are you so upset?

- Because I'm having hallucinations!

And I'm asking you  
to make them go away...  
with very powerful medication  
that I can pick up on my way to work.

Please, ma'am.

Mr Duritz, you will pick up  
your powerful medicine...  
and then you will...

go home and take  
the rest of the day off.

- Yes, ma'am.

- This is for a total of four pills.

They will help to keep you calm  
until tomorrow at 4:00...

at which time I expect  
to see you back here in my office...  
for an appointment,

which you must promise to keep.

Yes, ma'am.

You're having these  
hallucinations for a reason.

- Yes, ma'am.

- And Mr Duritz...

you need to figure out  
what that reason is.

Thank you.

The woman in question.

if I understand it correctly...  
she was your pilates instructor.

- Um. Well...

- Yeah, are you watching this?

- Unfortunately, yes.

- I mean. Not beautiful  
like you are. Honey.

- Oh, that's good.

- Why won't he just say  
what I told him to say?

- He's an actor. He's improvising.

- Give me his cell phone number.

They won't let him take  
his cell phone to the set.

Well, just get me  
any number, okay, Janet?

Coast Guard, the police.

Just get me a number before  
he spontaneously combusts.

Let me see if I can get  
the power taken out in Atlanta.

Okay, go.

Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, mm-hmm.

Okay, got it. Bye.

- You!

- Don't get mad. I'll clean it up.

Don't move!

Look, look, this has just gotta  
stop, okay? This is... This is wrong!

You can't just go around breaking  
into people's houses like this!

It's against the law!

I'm just gonna call  
the police now, all right?



Tell them...

Do I know you?

I don't know.

Why do you keep  
comin' back here?

I came back to get my plane.

- And then I saw the popcorn.

- Your plane?

My mom gave it to me for Christmas.

How'd you get it?

That is my plane, okay?

My dad just dropped it off  
over here.

Okay? It was in his attic for a  
long time. I've had that plane for 30...  
thirty years.

Then why does it have  
my name on it?

Look. Right here.

"Rusty."

Russell Morley Duritz.

I hate that stupid name!

How'd you know my name?

- Mother's name is Gloria.

Your father's name is Sam.

- How do you know all that?

- Your sister's name is Joanne.

- But everybody calls her...

- Josie.

- Josie.

Hi.

Hi.

Are you who I think you are?

I don't know.

How did I get here?

I don't know.

Holy smokes.

How old are you?

Forty in a couple days.

That is old.

I'm turning eight in a couple days.

Eight.

You're eight.

I'm eight.

This is scary.

No.

This is hilarious.

All right. I'm just going to  
the kitchen. I'm gonna make a sandwich.

There's safety in sandwiches.

See?

There's safety in sandwiches, see?

It's funny how he knew  
that we called Joanne "Josie."

But only I know  
the secret name...

I had for Aunt Cathy when she  
was having her epileptic spells.

Aunt Spazzy!

Safety.

Safety in a sandwich.

Safety in a sandwich.

Safety in a sandwich.

Safety...

Get out!

Okay, hallucination?

Get out!

- Am I having a nightmare?

- No.

You are not having  
a nightmare, you see.

You do not exist.

I am having a nightmare, okay,  
and my nervous breakdown.

This is my first nervous breakdown,  
so I'm not quite sure  
how they're supposed to go.

But I'm pretty sure that I'm dreaming,  
you understand? Dreaming! Dreaming!

Dreaming! Dreaming!

Okay?

I don't think you're dreaming...

'cause you're talking,  
and your eye is sort of twitching.

Hey! I don't have time  
to go crazy, okay?

So if you want me to go crazy,  
you're gonna have to get on the phone...

and call Janet just like everybody else  
and schedule an appointment!

Ah. Ah, good. Okay.

Make contact with the outside world.

- Hi, Janet. It's Russ.

- Hi. You okay?

- No, no, good.

Uh-huh. Nothing. Fine. No,

I just came upstairs to return my calls.

You wanna hear something funny?

I was downstairs and now I'm upstairs.

- Hey.

- You see...

- You dropped this.

- Russ. Hello?

Safety in a sandwich.

Safety in a sandwich. Safety!

Safety in a sandwich.

You are just a hallucination!

One that is about to disappear.

Prepare to disappear!

Prepare to disappear.

I'm sitting on the floor.

I'm taking

the very powerful medication.

Just waiting for it to kick in.

Prepare to disappear!

Disappeared?

Very powerful medicine

seems to be working.

I'm still here.

I'm not throwing your dismembered

enemies into the Dumpster.

I've got my limits.

Do you remember when I had you sign

those confidentiality papers

at the office?

- Yeah.

- And do you remember me telling you...

that if you ever said anything

to anyone about anything that

happens in this company...

that I would not only sue you,

but I would bring you to financial ruin?

Snore.

Okay, then.

You can, uh...

You can see him?

Yes, I, um, can.

You could see a little boy  
standing there?

Yes.

I'm pretty sure.

Okay.

This little boy is me at age eight.

And I want you  
to make him disappear.

- He's you?

- Yeah.

- At age eight?

- Mm-hmm.

And you want me  
to make him disappear?

Please.

- How was the therapist this morning?

- Do it, Janet!

- How am I supposed to make  
a kid disappear?

- Hey, you are the assistant!

Figure it out, okay?

You yelled at me!

That is great. That... That helps.

I feel I'm thinking more clearly.

I-I feel I-I'm just more in touch  
with my, my magic assistant powers.

Alakazam, alakazam.

Dalakazam kazoo.

Boom! Presto! Ha!

- Hi.

- Didn't work.

I should've worn  
my magic bra and panties.

Get in the car.

- I'm really disappointed in you, Janet.

- Oh, fired, I hope.

- No. Forget about your bonus.

- Oh, boo hoo. What about my dental?

My boss appears

to have lost his mind.  
Sure you wouldn't rather  
stay here with me?  
I'll be okay.  
Waaah! Waaah!  
Somebody call the "waaambulance"!  
What are you  
crying about anyway?  
I just wanna go home.  
Well, I'm trying  
to get you home, okay?  
- Am I in trouble?  
- You're gonna be in trouble  
if you wipe that snot...  
on my calfskin seat...  
Don't do it.  
Just try and remember  
where you live, okay?  
- You should know that.  
- Well, I don't know that.  
We moved 12 times.  
We move a dozen times?  
- Yes. A dozen is 12. We moved 12 times.  
- What happens?  
What happens?  
A big truck comes...  
they put all your stuff inside,  
and you move to another house.  
- Twelve times.  
- Look! There it is right there!  
Remember it now?  
- No.  
- Look, that's where we  
fell off the roof last year.  
That's the bush we fell onto.  
And that's where the really big possum  
crawled under the house.  
- Remember?  
- Yeah, that was one of  
life's big events...  
when the possum  
crawled under the house.  
- How could I forget?  
- You don't remember the possum?

It was, like, this big!  
And it had  
really long teeth.  
He took our sneaker  
in his mouth and ran off with it.  
You've gotta remember that.  
Hey, I don't remember  
the possum, okay?  
I hardly remember  
living here at all.  
But you do, and that's  
all that counts. Get out.  
Wait.  
The house. It's different.  
- Bye, honey.  
- Who are they?  
What am I gonna do?  
What now?  
Hey, will you knock off  
the waterworks, okay?  
You know what the number one killer of  
kids under the age of 8 is? Self-pity.  
And you're already pitiful enough.  
Well, at least I don't do this!  
Nice.  
Chester! Here, boy!  
Come on, Chester!  
Chester!  
Here, boy!  
Come on, Chester!  
Chester!  
Come on, Chester!  
Chester!  
Here, boy!  
Come on, Chester!  
- Chester!  
- Kid, will you stop that yelling?  
- Chester!  
- Hey! Now!  
Where's Chester?  
- Who is Chester?  
- My dog.  
The dog I'm going to get  
when I grow up.

- Oh.  
- The world's greatest dog.  
The one who rides  
in the back of my truck...  
plays Frisbee,  
goes everywhere I go.  
- Chester!  
- Bad news, kid.  
- No dog here.  
- What do you mean?  
I mean no dog.  
There's no dog here.  
- I don't own a dog.  
- No dog? No dog?  
- I grow up to be a guy with no dog?  
- That's right.  
- Why don't I have a dog?  
- Because I don't want a dog, okay?  
I can't take care of a dog.  
I travel all the time for work.  
You travel for work?  
I grow up to fly jets, right?  
I knew it!  
I knew I would grow up  
to fly jets!  
Uh, no.  
- No, I don't fly jets?  
- Not really, no.  
- What do I do then?  
- You're an image consultant.  
What's that?  
Uh, it's...  
- What does a consultant do?  
- Consult.  
But what do I do?  
You don't do anything.  
You tell other people what to do.  
That's the fun of it.  
You boss people around.  
Like this. Stop talking!  
Shouldn't there be  
a lady here somewhere?  
What do you mean, a lady living here?  
No. I live alone.

I thought you said  
you were 40.  
I said I was almost 40.  
So?  
So, I'm 40,  
I'm not married...  
I don't fly jets,  
and I don't have a dog?  
I grow up to be a loser.

John Jacob

Jingleheimer Schmidt  
That's my name too  
Whenever we go out  
the people always shout  
There goes John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
Da na na na na na na  
John Jacob

Jingleheimer Schmidt  
That's my name too  
Whenever we go out  
the people always shout  
There goes John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
Da na na na na na na  
Wow!

Look at it! Man!  
Gee! Holy smokes!  
Holy Moses!

Look at the moon!  
- Wow! Far out!  
- Hey! Hey, hey, hey! Stop that yelling!  
- Holy Moses!  
- What are you doing up?

Look at it!  
It's huge!  
What is with you people?  
It's the moon, okay?  
You travel 30 years  
across time...  
and all you can do is stand out here  
and scream about the moon coming up?  
But you can see the man in the moon  
really good tonight!



Well, did he speak to you?  
Did he invite you up  
for a little bit of cheese?  
Did he blow fart bubbles  
out of his butt, huh?  
Because if he didn't,  
then there really isn't any reason...  
to be excited about the moon, is there?  
Sorry.  
I'll never get excited again.  
Obviously.  
Wait!  
Can I ask you a question?  
Why does the moon get,  
like, orangy sometimes?  
Because there is a, uh...  
a band of, uh...  
Just shut up  
and go to sleep, okay?  
Or better yet, go away!  
I knew it! I grow up to be a guy  
who doesn't know anything!  
And who doesn't have a dog!  
John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
That's my name too  
Kid?  
Good.  
Maybe Russ here can explain it a little  
bit better than I've been able to. Russ?  
Here's how we see things,  
Mr Vivian.  
Call me Vivian.  
Okay. Vivian.  
You're going public,  
you're making an IPO...  
your software's brilliant,  
and that's all great.  
But if you wanna make Fortune 500,  
you have to understand...  
that at a certain point, people are  
gonna want to get a good look at you.  
And that's where things  
get a little dicey.

Dacey. That's right.

Very, very dacey.

I don't see why I

have to change a thing.

Okay. Let's look at this.

- You live in a cabin...

- I won't cut my hair...

and I won't shave my beard.

Let me give it to you

straight, Z.Z.

If you wanna ride your cow to Farm Aid,

you don't have to change a thing.

But if you wanna make the front page

of the Wall Street Journal...

there is one thing you're

going to have to change.

The, uh...

To, um... Uh...

- Someone you know?

- What?

- Friend of yours?

- No!

It... It's a little boy.

- Hello!

- I don't know any little kids.

- I'm starving!

- Just tragic that parents...

would send their kids out

to beg like that.

- Very, very sad.

- I can't believe it.

- Russ!

Russ Duritz, I'm hungry!

Feed me!

Ugh! I'm hungry!

If you'll excuse me for

just a moment, please.

What are you doing here?

I thought you disappeared.

- I don't know how to disappear.

I'm hungry!

- Hello.

I'm Amy. Who are you?

I'm Rusty.

And who is Rusty?

- My nephew.

- Your nephew?

Yes. My sister's kid.

- The one who's going  
to college in the autumn?

- No. The other one.

Melissa?

Yes, Amy.

This is Melissa.

No, it is the other one.

- The one she doesn't like to talk about.

- Oh, I see.

Which completely explains  
why you never told me about him.

Maybe I don't tell you every thing.

So are you having fun  
with your uncle?

Not really.

He made me sleep outside...

he didn't give me

any breakfast...

and he doesn't have a dog.

That is a problem.

- You made him sleep outside?

- He slept in a tent.

- You've got a tent?

- It was his tent.

You didn't give him any breakfast.

He can stand to miss a meal.

Rusty, are you hungry?

- Starved.

- Let's go and get some bacon and eggs.

No, no, no, no.

Rusty can't have bacon and eggs.

I've gotta get him

back to his mom right now.

Don't forget Kenny's

this afternoon.

- Bye, Rusty!

- Bye!

Nice to meet you.

- Just get that moony look off your face.

- I like that Amy lady.

I bet she likes dogs.  
I don't know what's worse,  
the fact that I'm stuck with you...  
or the idea that I don't  
know what to do about it.  
Why don't we eat something?  
Why? Because you don't know what to do,  
you just wanna stuff your face?  
No, because it says to  
up there in the sky.  
Okay. Why don't we  
eat something?  
What can I get ya?  
Um, I'll have French toast,  
pancakes and bacon.  
- Just bring him something healthy, okay?  
- Sorry, sir.  
We only serve  
starchy, sugary, salty food...  
high in fat and cholesterol  
that tastes delicious.  
Comforts people  
deep down inside.  
Okay. I'll have French toast,  
pancakes and bacon.  
- You want a milk shake with that?  
- Chocolate, please.  
Extra whipped cream.  
- And for you?  
- You know, I think I'd just  
like the magic bean omelet.  
Aw, did somebody not get their  
coffee today? I'm gonna go get it!  
Maybe you can bring it  
before the diner disappears.  
What are you  
lookin' at, Sparky?  
Oh, man.  
- What are you doing here?  
- Having French toast,  
pancakes and bacon.  
That's not what I'm talking about.  
What did you come here for?  
I don't know.

My model aeroplane?

Well, you already got that,  
and we're still screwed up.  
We're even more screwed up  
than we were before.

- What am I gonna do with you?  
- What do you wanna do with me?

I want to put you  
on a diet, chubby!

Fix you up so you aren't  
such a pathetic loser.

This is what I do  
for a living, okay?

Making people look good  
is what I do.

Problem is...

there's so much to do with you,  
I don't know where to start.

Well, I'd like to not get  
my butt kicked so much.

Kids are always laughing at us.

It sorta hurts my feelings.

Why didn't I think of this before?

This is what you came for, okay?

I just gotta teach you  
how to fight. By the way...

they're not laughing at us,  
they're laughing at you.

When you get to be me,  
they laugh, they die!

- They laugh, they die?

- Yes.

You laugh, you die!

You laugh, you die!

You laugh, you die!

Pow! Pow!

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Pow! Pow! Pow!

- Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

- Okay, okay. Okay, okay, shut up! Shut...

- Hey, guess what.

- What?

- I gotta pee.

Are you sure you know someone

who can teach me how to fight?

Yeah, I think

I could find somebody.

Isn't it cool how we both

have to go at the same time?

Yes. I'll cherish this moment

for a lifetime.

- I'm just gonna have one more piece.

Just one... Just one more piece.

- What do you think of this one?

- Hey!

- It's too short.

- Oh, God.

Please tell me that's not... Hey.

You're five weeks away

from defending your title.

- What are you doing eating pizza?

- But I... I'm a nervous eater.

- Beat it.

- You'd be nervous too if you was

getting married tomorrow.

Yeah, I'd be nervous

that my bride would dump me

because I'm a big, fat tub of lard.

- Hi, Giselle.

- Hi, Russ.

- What is that? Is that 20 more pounds?

- No.

- Hey! Put the...

- Damn, he won't even let you eat, huh?

- Does he look like he needs any pizza?

- Who is he?

This is Russ's nephew, Rusty.

Oh, I didn't know you had two nephews.

- How do I look, baby? Look.

- Mmm, like Adonis.

Hey, hey, Adonis. Adonis.

- What?

- Can I use your boxing ring?

I wanna give pudge-boy here

some lessons.

- Maybe you could step in,

show him a few moves.

- Yeah, I would be glad to.

That way, you can punch  
his lights out the next time  
he tries to call you pudge-boy.  
Groovy!  
First things first. You tryin'  
to get knocked out or something?  
All right, well, then get your hands  
up then. You gotta protect that chin.  
I pop you on that chin, that's it.  
Remember, this is number one, this is  
number two. You punch one, two.  
One, two. Go ahead. Try it.  
One... That's it. That's it.  
- Get out of the way.  
- Come on.  
Come on. Good.  
Come on. Come on.  
- You hit me.  
- Yes, unfortunately, I did hit you...  
and I'm not gonna beat myself up  
about it.  
Or maybe I will. Come on.  
Fight. Yeah.  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on, kid.  
Fight. Come on. Come on.  
- Hit him. One, two. One, two.  
- Go on, Rusty. Punch his lights out!  
- Hey. Whose side are you on?  
- Throw it. Throw it.  
Whoa, whoa!  
Take it easy, little Tyson!  
What are you gonna do next,  
bite his ear off? We don't  
hit 'em when they're down.  
- They hit me when I'm down.  
- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,  
whoa, whoa! Who? Who? Who?  
- The kids at school.  
- Kid's havin' some trouble at school.  
Well, why didn't you say that, Russ?  
I'm teachin' the boy boxin'.  
He don't need that.  
He needs street fightin'.

Why don't you show him that WWF  
scissors hold? Show him that one.

- Here we go. Ready?

- Whoa!

Now that I can use.

Get off me.

Have you noticed

how alike those two are?

Makes sense.

They're related, right?

I suppose so.

Russ Duritz's office.

How may I help you?

- Yeah, it's me. What's up?

- Oh. It's you.

I hadn't heard from you in four hours.

I'd assumed you were dead.

- Hey, how's mini-you?

- That's hilarious, Janet.

- What's up?

- You got 19 messages, last count.

- You want 'em?

- Let me have 'em.

Let's see, uh...

Bob Riley.

Bob Riley. Not Bob Riley.

Not Bob Riley. Bob Riley.

Bob Riley. I'm sure there's another one  
in here. Just a second.

Here's Bob Riley.

Hey!

Hey, Amy. Where are you going?

My place for some ice cream.

See you there.

- Ice cream?

- Bye!

- Can I ask you a question?

- Sure.

Are you our girlfriend?

That's a funny way of putting it.

Mostly, no.

- Can I ask you a question?

- Sure.

Are you our nephew?



Mostly...

no.

- But you are related, aren't you?

- Uh-huh.

- How close?

- Pretty.

How close is pretty close?

Pretty darn.

Oh, my God.

- Hi.

- He's your son.

- What?

- He's your son! You have a son!

Hey! Whatcha... Get off! Hey!

And all this time

you never even breathed a word!

And you're some deadbeat dad who had visitation rights today or something.

- Amy, do you know how...

- And who's the mother, anyway?

Don't tell me. I don't wanna know.

I know. It's that Swedish chick, isn't it?

Yeah, that Ingesborg or Smorgasbord or whatever her name is.

- Inga?

- Not that I care, of course, about who or where or what you do!

- Amy, he is not Swedish.

- And I'm not his son.

Honest.

Then who are you?

Russ?

Because I've been watching the two of you together, and I swear to God...

there's something very...

strange going on.

- We have to tell her.

- We are not going to tell her.

- Tell me what?

- Come on. Do it!

Hey! Zip it!

We're not gonna tell her, okay?

Besides, she won't believe us anyway.

She'll just think you take after me.

- Then do the knuckle.

- That's not gonna convince her.

Then tell her something

only I would know, and then

she can ask me about the same thing.

- Like Aunt Spazzy.

- How is that gonna work? Think about it.

- Then show her the scar.

- Anybody could have a scar.

- What about the birthmark?

- Well, that could be a coincidence too.

- I know she'll believe us.

- She is not going to believe us.

- I know she'll believe us.

- She is not going to believe us.

- She will!

- She won't!

- She will!

- She won't!

- She will!

- Hey!

I wish I was standing

on a carpet.

- Told ya.

- Amy.

...aboard that ship in...

...which process the potatoes

into a variety of products.

- Stop biting.

- Leave me alone.

I'm advertising terror

and bewilderment.

Holy smokes. Ninety-nine channels,

and there's nothing on.

How can this be?

I have no idea.

Look at him.

He's so embarrassing.

You're not embarrassing.

You're adorable.

Then.

You're adorable then.

Stop picking!

Look at that haircut.  
I look like Herman's Hermits.  
And I "shpeak" like I got  
a mouth full of "shpit."  
Well, of course you do.  
Doesn't the fact that I'm  
a pathetic dweeb make you despise me?  
No.  
Why?  
Do you despise you?  
When I look at him,  
all I see are awful memories.  
Memories I have been spending  
most of my life trying to forget.  
I'm sorry.  
Hello? Kenny.  
Nauseous about the wedding tomorrow?  
My God, the wedding tomorrow.  
Hang on a minute.  
Wedding tomorrow.  
What am I gonna do with him?  
- We'll take him with us.  
- What?  
To an important event? Are you out  
of your mind? Take him with us?  
This is an important event  
with people who respect me.  
- He's gonna humiliate me.  
- Hey!  
- Ohh.  
- Hey! I forbid you  
to bond with this boy!  
What, Kenny?  
Who got sick?  
Thank goodness your nephew  
replaced little James.  
None of the other children  
was fat enough to fit in his clothes.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
Don't worry about it.  
- Yeah. Yeah. Yeah  
- Yester-me. Yester-you  
- Yesterday  
- Ooh-oo

What happened to  
The world we knew  
When we would dream and scheme  
-And while the time away  
- Don't worry.  
Just take it off and shove it under  
the table when no one's looking.  
- Really?  
- Yeah.  
- Where did it go  
- Where did it go  
That yester-glow  
- Ha-ha.  
- Hello.  
- How are you?  
- When we could feel  
the wheels of life  
Turn our way  
Yester-me  
Yester-you  
Yesterday  
- I know. Ohh...  
- I had a dream  
So did you  
Life was warm  
and love was true  
- Two kids who followed all the rules  
- Holy smokes.  
- Russ! Russ!  
- Yester-fools  
-And now. Now it seems  
- Excuse me, Clarissa.  
- You're interrupting us. We're dancing.  
- But it's really important.  
- Not now, kid.  
- But it's really, really, rrrr...  
Werejust a cruel and foolish game  
we had to play  
- Drivin' you crazy, huh?  
- Yeah.  
- Yester-me. Yester-you  
- It's different when they're your own.  
Speaking of which,  
- Yesterday

when you gonna give up your evil ways  
and settle down?

- As soon as you become  
available again, Clarissa.

- When I recall

- I'm serious.

- So am I.

- What we had

I feel lost

I feel sad

- With nothing but the memory of

- Amy, I have a question.

- Oh. Yester-love

- A big one.

- Okay.

-And now. Now it seems

What about that pretty woman

you came with today?

- You mean Amy? Nah, we work together.

- Those yester-dreams

- I've known her for a really long time.

- I know we haven't known each other  
very long.

Don't worry about me.

When I meet the right person,

I'm sure I'll get around to asking.

- Yester-me. Yester-you

- In case I never get around to asking...

- Yesterday

- Somebody's making a move right now.

Oh. Come on and sing it

Yester-me

- Yester-you

- Amy...

- Yesterday

- Will you marry me?

Oh. Yester-me

- Yester-you

- Okay, let's go.

- Hey!

- Yesterday

- Let me go, you big jerk!

Wait a minute. Stop.

He asked me a question.

- Don't you want to know  
what I was going to say?  
- No.  
- No?  
- No. He had no right  
asking you what he did, okay?  
- You and I aren't even...  
- Well, we are!  
- Since when?  
- MYOB!  
- What?

Mind your own beeswax.

Do you or do you not want to know  
what I was going to say?

- What were you gonna say?  
- Yeah, what were you going to say?

Try it again.

Less practised indifference.

More warmth.

- What were you going to say?  
- What were you gonna say?

So you want to know  
what I was going to say.

- Take a walk.  
- I'm the one who asked her.  
- Just go away.  
- What were you going to say?  
- I was going to say...  
- I'll have to think about it.  
- Oh, really?  
- Yes.

Because, impossibly,  
what had previously seemed to me...  
to be the worst idea in the universe  
has, over the last 12 hours...  
transmogrified into  
not such a terrible idea...  
opening a very small  
window of opportunity for you.

- For me?  
- Yeah.

Ah. And what if I didn't want  
to take advantage of this opportunity?  
A part of you obviously

wants to, and it is that part  
of you that is causing me...  
to think about it.  
Are you...  
asking me...  
to think about it?  
Wait. Wait a minute.  
If you'll just wait, I...  
I'm gonna go get the valet... the car...  
the car from the...  
But now. Now he was ready  
to start feeling the love.  
Oh. Yeah. Before the game this afternoon  
with the visiting Orioles...  
Riley invited a dozen kids to barrage  
him with chocolate cream pies...  
as a way to say. "I'm sorry. "  
for what he claims is a simple case  
of miscommunication.  
Uncle Bob knows how to party!  
This is so much fun!  
- Some of these guys...  
- So you crawled through the Dumpster  
behind the bar after I left.  
I shot that.  
I'm part of this.  
Tell me, do you know for certain  
that he turned the funds over...  
or is he maybe still sitting on them?  
Poor little Amy.  
Mixed up with a rotten boss...  
who feels obligated  
to his clients.  
- Do you know that the number one  
killer of young men...  
- Russ!  
The person I am pitying here  
is not me.  
Look, it's all my fault.  
I made the big, stupid mistake.  
I thought you'd change.  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm really sorry.  
Do you want to know what the saddest

part of this whole thing is?

You could have been great.

Man. Man!

When do we ever stop blowing it?

Russ, we've gotta change.

We have to change.

That's pretty cool,

how we both have to, uh...

- It's our birthday tomorrow.

- Yeah, I know.

- Could I ask you a question?

- Sure.

- What happens next?

- What do you mean?

I mean to me.

Between being me and becoming you.

What happens?

- Do I ever do anything right?

- Well, sure you do.

You do a lot of things right.

- Like what?

- Well...

you make it through

grade school alive, barely.

In high school,

while you're still a loser...

you're no longer stupid.

You work your butt off

and you get good grades.

Very good grades. You end up

winning a scholarship to UCLA.

- I'm smart?

- Very smart.

But you're still a loser.

Hop in.

Scoot over.

In college, things start

to get a little bit better.

You join the track team,

find a speech therapist...

you continue to work your butt off...

and you graduate

at the top of your class.

You eventually go after



a master's degree in business.  
Where I work my butt off.  
Story of your life, kid.  
The good news is that, while you are  
currently a pathetic dweeb...  
eventually you grow up to be me...  
a high-powered, affluent chick magnet.  
Who doesn't have a dog or a chick.  
Is that how you see me?  
A dogless, chickless guy?  
- With a twitch.  
- Right.  
- When do I get that?  
- I forget.  
- When do I learn how to drive?  
- When you're 16.  
- When do I get a car?  
- When you're 18.  
When do I get a hickey?  
- When you're 17.  
- When do I find out what a hickey is?  
Not tonight.  
Russ?  
- Yeah, kid.  
- I get what you do now.  
I mean, I get what I do.  
When I grow up, for a living.  
- I figured out how to explain.  
- Let me hear it.  
You help people lie  
about who they really are...  
so that they can pretend  
to be someone else, right?  
Yeah.  
See? That's not hard to explain.  
That's pretty good.  
- Good night, buddy.  
- Good night, kid.  
This is ABC-7 Los Angeles.  
Now. Eyewitness News.  
Good evening. Everyone. And welcome.  
I'm Harold Greene.  
Good evening. Y'all.  
I'm Deirdre Lafever.

Tonight's top story: Another high-speed chase on a Los Angeles freeway... this time involving a mother of eight in a stolen minivan. The chase started about 8:30 this evening when police first no... I know. Thanks, Don. See you tomorrow. I heard the "y'all." It works. Well, it's Mr Image Consultant. So, what do you think? Don't tell me. My hair's still too big. No, it looks good. Can I buy you a cup of coffee? Comfort of strangers and all that? If what you're telling me is true... that has got to be the strangest thing I've ever heard. Makes perfect sense to me.

- It does?

- Why wouldn't your 8-year-old self... time travel here to give you a hand? I mean, you're obviously in trouble. It'd straighten you out. You think he's here to straighten me out? Well, of course. You didn't think it was the other way around, did you? Maybe he's here for you to teach him some things... but maybe he's here for you to remember some things. Ever thought about that? Not till just now. No. Darlin', look. You're turnin' 40 tomorrow. You haven't acquired a single thing of real value in your life.

- And no, no, money doesn't count.

- Hey...

You're virtually friendless,

you barely talk to your family...  
and you've just lost  
the only woman in the world  
who's ever meant anything to you.  
Who? Amy? Please.  
Look, she's not the only woman  
in the world, okay?  
She... She works for me.  
She's neurotic.  
She bites her nails.  
Nail.  
This one.  
Oh, my God.  
Excuse me. Um, while he's  
gettin' a clue, could I... could I  
get a warm-up, please? Thank you.  
Okay. Don't stop. Go on.  
- What's it like?  
- He keeps asking about his future...  
my past.  
- Haven't really told him much.  
- Good.  
"Good"? You think that's good?  
Why? What would you do?  
Wh... If little Deirdre  
was suddenly here...  
burstin' out of her St Mary's uniform,  
askin' me what comes next?  
Yeah.  
I'd say, "Baby, don't you  
worry about a thing.  
Everything is just gonna be great."  
I-I mean, how many of us  
turn out the way we think we will  
when we're kids, really?  
I-I mean how many of us  
grow up to be astronauts?  
Or prima ballerinas?  
We just all do the best we can.  
Time for me to take big Deirdre home.  
You know, if you wanna learn  
about your childhood,  
seems like you're online...  
with a pretty good source,

you know what I mean?

Yes, I am. Deirdre, thanks  
for taking the time to help.

Well, don't ever stop  
asking for help, Russ.

You just might get it.

- Thanks.

- You take care.

Bye, y'all.

Bye.

Hi, Janet, it's me.

I'm sorry to call so late.

It's okay. Russ.

I think I'll recover.

I just want you to cancel  
all my appointments tomorrow  
and move 'em to Friday.

-Anything else?

- No, that's it.

- Okay. You've got it.

- No, wait.

There is something else.

I want you to find out why the full moon  
looks orange sometimes when it rises.

- Okay. Sure.

- Thanks, Janet. Good night.

Hey, kid. Rusty.

- Hi.

- Hey.

Wanna help me with something? I think  
it might get you back to your time.

- Sure.

- Good.

Anything about me?

Yeah.

Anything that'll take me back.

You know how I like  
to find caterpillars...

and put 'em in jars

and feed 'em...

and watch 'em make cocoons?

- No.

- And then one day...

they break out,

and it's really cool.  
No. Not a clue.  
But keep goin'.  
Tell me some more stuff.  
Remember last summer  
at Josie's birthday party...  
when I got Parmesan cheese  
stuck up my nose?  
- Got any sixes?  
- Nope. Go fish.  
- Got any fours?  
- Negative. Go fish.  
Got any sevens?  
Tell me some more  
about Dad.  
Sometimes...  
he lets me help him  
work on the car.  
But if I do something wrong,  
he yells at me.  
Sometimes he buys me  
ice cream afterwards.  
But still,  
I don't like messing up.  
Like last week,  
I lost a screw.  
I was afraid to tell him.  
I found it later on  
in my pocket.  
Look, I still have it.  
I'm afraid  
to give it back to him.  
Got any nines?  
No.  
My homeroom teacher last year  
was fat Mrs Kinkelman.  
She was so much better  
than Mr Lupus.  
He had that purple bump  
on his face.  
I don't remember the bump guy.  
What grade was that?  
How come you're asking me  
all this stuff?

'Cause I'm  
forgetting something.  
I'm forgetting this one event  
that meant something to me...  
and if I can remember that one thing,  
maybe I can get you home.  
Are you sure it's not  
the purple bump?

- It's not the bump, kid.
- It was a pretty big bump.
- Tell me more about second grade.
- Why?

Nobody had a bump  
in second grade.  
My best friend was Tim Wheaton,  
until a few months ago.

Remember him?

- No, I don't.
- His house smells like fish sticks.
- No.
- Well, he was my best friend...

until he started  
hanging out with Vince...  
and these other creepy guys.  
He threw a rock at me, and we  
haven't been friends since then.

- He threw a rock at us?
- Oh, yeah.
- Why? What happened?
- Oh, those guys get together...

every recess in the corner  
of the playground yard...  
where they like  
to pick on kids.

Back behind the kindergarten.

Yeah. Where the yard monitor  
can't see you!

- Where that big sliding board is?
- Yeah, the really huge one!
- You remember it!
- Go on. Don't stop.

There's four of them,  
and if they don't like you...  
they make your life a nightmare!

And the worst thing about them  
is they're really mean to animals.

Especially this one  
three-legged dog.

Tripod!

Tripod!

The dog's name is Tripod!

I know the dog's name!

I know everything, kid.

I know why you're here!

This is the event!

Vince Kajinski, the fight!

It's the fight!

It was my eighth birthday.

It was 32 years ago.

Today!

Ha-ha-ha!

Holy smokes.

Look at the car!

Look at your clothes!

Holy smokes.

- Holy smokes!

- Holy smokes!

- We did it, kid!

- Am I home? Is it really 1968?

No doubt about it, kid.

What time's recess?

**- 10:**

- Hang on, kid.

We've got 15 minutes

to change our life.

Okay, now listen.

This is gonna happen real fast...

so you gotta remember

what Kenny told you, all right?

- One, two, one, two.

- One, two...

- Keep your head down, keep swingin'.

Look, look, look!

There's the really big slide, remember?

It used to be a lot bigger.

Here's what I remember:

Some really bad guys

tie up that three-legged dog, Tripod.

When you try to stop 'em,

you get really thrashed.

Oh, no. Do I save him?

No. You go down

after only one punch...

thereby solidifying

your reputation as a loser...

for the next eight years,

all the way through high school...

and ruining our life

from that moment on.

Oh, holy smokes.

Any second now, Vince Kajinski

and his cohorts are gonna

come around that corner.

- Look. There they are.

- Hey, boo!

They're gonna say something to you

to get you to come over there.

Once you get back there,

they have Tripod tied up.

- Any questions?

- Yeah. What's a cohort?

Hey, Rusty,

come over here.

It's your birthday, right?

We got a present for you.

Look, kid. You don't have

to do this at all.

- You don't have to fight today.

- Come on. Hurry up!

No. If I don't

go against them today...

I'll have to fight tomorrow

or the next day...

and today,

you're here with me.

That's right.

I'm here with you today.

I can do this.

You can do it.

Don't be afraid.

Here I come!



I'll be right here.

What took you so long?

- Come on, Rusty.

- I just saw it...

- Yeah, hurry up.

- A big surprise.

It's really far out.

Come on, man. It'll be great.

Why don't you go?

- Yeah.

- It'll be fun. There's your present.

- Cool, huh?

- What are you doing?

- This stinkin',  
three-legged dog is worthless.

We'll see him run.

Light the firecrackers.

Let the dog go.

You guys are dirtbags.

- What did you call us?

- Dirtbags!

- Good shot.

- Look at flabby.

- We rule.

What a dope.

- That was far out.

- Right on.

- Yeah, right on.

- We rule.

- Wait, Vince.

Turn around.

Oh, that's how it's gonna be.

- Come on, Vince. Get him!

- Stop it!

Come on!

- Get him!

- Come on! Get him!

- Up against the wall!

- Come on, Vince!

- Stop!

- Come on, wimp!

Are you gonna cry?

- One, two.

- Gonna run to your mom?

- One, two.  
One, two!  
- Say uncle! Say uncle!  
- No.  
- Apologize!  
- No.  
Say uncle!  
Apologize!  
Uncle. I'm sorry.  
Yes! You won.  
- Holy smokes! You did it!  
- Yabba-dabba-doo!  
Ha-ha!  
Yabba-dabba-doo is right.  
- You won the fight. You really did it.  
You won the fight.  
- I did it. I did it!  
That's all!  
I did what I had to do.  
Everything's gonna  
be different now.  
Yeah, I guess so.  
Over. That is all. Yes.  
That's all, right?  
- Oh, no.  
- What?  
It's not over.  
This gets worse, kid.  
Much worse.  
What are you talking about?  
I won the fight.  
It wasn't the fight.  
That wasn't it.  
It's not over.  
Ice on the eye, son.  
Mr Branch, I put all  
the reports on your desk.  
Mom. I'm sorry, Mom.  
I'm sorry.  
Oh, it's okay. It's okay.  
I'm sorry you had to come in,  
Mrs Duritz.  
We all know  
you haven't been well.

Please, don't punish him,  
Mr Branch.

It's his birthday today.

- Mom, Daddy's home.

- Daddy?

Gloria.

What are you doing?

Are you out of your mind?

- I'm fine.

- Come on, dear.

- I'm fine.

Shh, shh, shh.

Get you inside.

You stay there!

Please don't scare him.

He's had a hard day.

Gloria, the doctor said  
you weren't to leave the house.

- What is the matter with you?

- I'm sorry.

How could you do this  
to your mother? What are you  
trying to do, kill her faster?

- What?

- We're gonna lose her.

God, and you pull some stunt  
like you did today. You're killing her!

I found the screw, Dad.

The screw.

- Stop cryin'.

- Here's the screw, Dad.

Look! Here it is.

Here it is. I found it.

- Just stop cryin'.

- Please, Dad, look at the screw.

- Here it is.

- Stop crying!

Stop.

You gotta grow up, now.

Do you understand?

- Yes, sir.

- Grow up. Grow up!

Mom's dying.

- I know.

- Soon?

Yeah.

Before your next birthday.

Did I do it?

No.

No, you didn't do it.

It's not your fault.

Dad was just saying those things  
because he's scared.

'Cause he knows that he has to  
raise you alone, and he  
doesn't know how to do it.

I thought you never cried.

Not since my eighth birthday.

Guess I'm starting up again.

- How come?

- 'Cause I just figured out  
where I got that twitch from.

Somebody call  
the "waaambulance."

Yeah. Yeah.

Gonna need 'em now, huh?

Come on. You wanna  
get outta here?

Let's go.

Let's go get something to eat.

Okay. But I'm eating  
whatever I want.

This is disgusting.

Let me have some of yours.

- Hey!

- Hey!

- You don't seem all that mad.

- About what?

That we didn't  
change anything.

Like the fact that we're still gonna  
have to fight Vince Kajinski...  
every week

all through grade school?

- Yeah.

- And we'll still be ugly  
through high school?

- But not stupid.

- Not stupid.  
And that we spend  
our college years...  
as a chickless, dogless jerk  
with a twitch?  
And still not have  
a family when we're 40?  
Yeah.  
What's done is done.  
Yeah.  
But, hey, this is our birthday.  
Okay?  
Happy birthday, kid.  
Cheers, kid.  
Hello, boy.  
How are you doin'?  
- Who are you?  
- Chester, come on, boy.  
Did you hear  
what he just called his dog?  
Chester.  
Can that...  
be that?  
- No way.  
- Can't be.  
Here you go.  
You like the old plane?  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah.  
You did all this.  
You put that plane  
on my doorstep.  
Yeah. Yeah, I thought that was  
a particularly nice touch.  
Yeah. It was.  
I bet you got a lot of questions.  
- Yeah.  
- Well, I wouldn't worry about it.  
You got 30 years  
to figure 'em out.  
Right now I gotta go.  
Family's waitin'.  
It was especially nice  
seeing you again.

- I'll see you.

- See ya.

Bye.

Holy smokes.

We did it.

- Holy smokes!

- Holy smokes!

- We did it!

- We did it!

Yeah-ho-ho!

- I'm okay! We're okay!

- We're okay!

We're okay!

- You're a pilot.

- You're a pilot.

- You're a pilot.

- No, you're a pilot.

- I'm a pilot.

- We grow up to be pilots!

We grow up to be pilots!

Hey!

- Did you see our dog?

- What's his name?

- Chester.

- Chester, the world's

greatest dog!

- The world's greatest dog!

Yes! Hoo-Ha, Hoo-Ha...

One, right, left, left...

- Did you see our family?

- Yeah.

Wild.

That old lady

looked familiar.

Yeah.

I thought so too.

- Look at us go.

- Yeah.

Look at us go.

I am not a loser!

Look at us go.

Kid?

Bye, kid.

Thanks.

Hello?

I'm here.

Russ?

- Russ?

- Hi, Janet. I'm back here.

I'll be out in a second.

Hey, a couple of questions.

Why am I not at the office?

Why are you not at the office?

- And where have you been?

- Did you call my dad?

Yes, I told him you'd be there Sunday  
to help him move.

He almost had a heart attack,  
if that was your intention.

What about the plane tickets  
to Hawaii?

I booked 'em. Two first-class seats.

**You leave at 2:**

Thank you. Got a pen?

Change these names on here.

Use my credit card.

Russ! Ha-ha-ha!

- I love it, I love it,  
I love it, I love it.

- Aloha, Janet.

I love Hawaii.

I love Hawaii!

Do you want to come in?

Yes.

Your love

Lifted me higher

Than I've ever

been lifted before

So keep it up

Quench my desire

And I'll be at your side

Forevermore

- You know your love

- Your love keeps liftin'me

- Keep on lifting me

- Love keeps liftin'me

Higher

Higher and higher  
- I said. Your love  
- Your love keeps liftin'me  
- Keep on  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
Lifting me  
higher and higher  
Listen  
Now once  
I was downhearted  
Disappointment  
was my closest friend  
But then you came  
And he soon departed  
And you know he never  
showed his face again  
- That's why your love  
- Your love keeps liftin'me  
- Keep on lifting me  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
- Higher. Higher and higher  
- Higher  
- I said. Your love  
- Your love keeps liftin'me  
- Keep on  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
Lifting me higher  
and higher  
All right  
Ooh. Ooh  
I'm so glad  
I finally found you  
Yes. That one-in-a-million girl  
And I'll whip  
My loving arms  
around you. Honey  
I can stand up  
And face the world  
- Let me tell you your love  
- Your love keeps liftin'me  
- Keep on lifting me  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
Higher  
- Higher and higher



- Higher  
- I said. Your love  
- Your love keeps liftin'me  
- Keep on  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
Lifting me higher  
and higher  
- Oh. Now sock it to me  
- Liftin'. Liftin'. Liftin'  
- Come on. Now. Lift me up. Woman  
- Love keeps liftin'me  
Keep my life goin'  
Higher and higher  
- I said. Keep on lifting  
- Liftin'. Liftin'. Liftin'  
Lift me up. Woman