



Scripts.com

# Addicted to Love

By Robert Gordon

We're getting straight gammas...  
...every half pulse at irregular intervals.  
Let's move to right ascension 23 hours, |5 minutes.  
What the hell is going on out here?  
Alpha Orionis is going supernova.  
Sometime in the next 100 million years.  
- Thursday. | - Excuse me?  
Thursday. It's going supernova Thursday.  
If Alpha Orionis | Were about to go supernova...  
...there would be silicon flashes...  
...neutrino emissions...  
Even in daylight, | We would be able to see...  
You predicted this?  
Excuse me, Sam, I know you're busy...  
...but it's almost noon.  
It's almost noon.  
It's noon, everybody. Let's go!  
Get in position! Let's go!  
What?  
What are you doing?  
You're pointing the damn thing down!  
Professor, | there's this other phenomenon...  
...that Sam gives his priority to at noon.  
Other priority? Now?  
Every day.  
What could be more important?  
Actually, this event isn't strictly celestial.  
"I love you  
"He loved me  
"Said the little blue man  
"And scared me right out of my wits"  
What is it?  
Remember I told you they were | going to pick a teacher...  
...to represent the district | at the school in New York?  
New York? You?  
That's great.  
Don't look at me like that.  
It's only two months.  
It's not like I'm going to the moon.  
Two months is a long time.  
You could come.  
You know I can't.  
You could take off work.  
You just never | Want to get out of this town...

...and see the possibilities.  
Everything I want to see is right here.  
You, the sky.  
I went to school|in that building right there.  
I hung upside down on this jungle gym.  
In 20 years, I haven't moved an inch.  
I fell in love with you on this junglegym.  
You know how much I want to do this,|but I love you...  
...so if you tell me to stay, I'll stay.  
Stay.  
Hey, Joe, hoist it up!  
It's got to be higher.  
Much higher.  
Higher.  
Mr. Green, what are you doing here?  
I was just on my way to the airport.  
Come here, Sam.  
Is Linda all right?  
Listen to me.  
Love can sometimes be|a very difficult thing.  
Listen up.  
"Dear Sam, this is the most difficult thing|I've ever done.  
"I'm sorry I don't have the courage...  
"... to do it face-to-face.  
"I never planned this, Sam. "  
Mr. Green, what is this?  
She left you. I'm reading her Dear John.  
"It's not you, Sam.|How can I make you understand?  
"Your life is set.  
"You have your stars|and your friends and the town, but...  
"... I feel like I'm just finding out...  
"... What mine is all about.  
"Oh, Sam, so many emotions|are surfacing as I write this. "  
Where is she, Mr. Green?  
She thought it would be best|if you didn't talk for a while.  
Let me finish this off.  
"You're my best friend in the world, Sam...  
"... so you must know|that this is the way I am.  
"I can't help it. It's my nature. "  
It's true, son. She's nuts.  
Where're you going? I'm not finished.  
The best part's coming up.  
Would you mind just checking?  
Two blocks down and to the left.

Thanks.  
I hope I'm doing the right thing.  
I'm sure you are.  
Honey!  
What is it?  
Can you get that?  
I'm taking a nap.  
I'm in the bath.  
All right.  
I hear you, God damn it!  
Are you OK?  
What's this table doing here?  
This better be goddamn good!  
You're ruining my beauty sleep!  
Damn you! Lay off the buzzer!  
Who is it?  
No problem here.  
Who is it?  
Morning, everybody.  
Morning, Linda. Morning, Tarzan.  
We are...  
...six minutes later than yesterday.  
That's six, carry the two. Good.  
Ah, there.  
See that?  
Medium smile, no teeth.  
Don't forget the vase.  
Got to get it perfectly centered.  
There? No.  
There? No.  
One more. Why not?  
Annoying, isn't it, honey?  
Grin all you want, monkey man.  
All you are is a passing meteor shower.  
You'll be gone soon enough.  
I feel sorry for you, you poor bastard.  
Carl, it's me, Sam.  
Calm down. I'm fine.  
I'm still in New York.  
We're great. Linda's very happy.  
We may stay a while. We're very busy.  
There's lots to do.  
Listen, Carl, I need you to sell my truck.  
Whatever you can get for it.

I'm just a little short of cash right now.  
I'm still here.  
Listen, Carl,|there's something else I need...  
...and Professor Wells|doesn't have to know about it.  
Hey, Linda. How you doing?  
You want to hear something funny?  
I saw this on the news before I came out.  
Fainting goats. I'm not making this up.  
There's this breed of goats.  
I don't know why, but...  
...they faint at the slightest thing.  
If they hear a loud noise|or a gun goes off...  
...they black out, fall right over,|one after the other.  
I thought you'd like that.  
Get off.  
I don't even have a chart for that.  
Get over here.  
Gotcha!  
Get away from here!  
I'm warning you! I have a gun!  
Oh, shit.  
What the hell are you?  
What do you want? Who are you?  
Excuse me. I asked a question.  
I live here. What do you want?  
I asked you a question.  
Don't touch that.  
Get away from that.  
Who the hell are you? What do you want?  
They'll hear you.  
What are you talking about?  
Your little Goldilocks and my ex-fianc.  
Hold it.  
Are you saying that guy,|that thing over there...?  
- What's your name?|- Mike.  
- What's your name, Mike?|- Sam.  
I'm Maggie.  
I'll be staying here a while.  
I sleep naked.|It's the only way I'm comfortable.  
So don't think of it as a come-on...  
...because if you so much as breathe|in my direction...  
...Will nail your Willy to that beam.  
Don't mess with my stuff,|don't get in my way...  
...and I'm sure we'll get along fine.

Nighty-night.  
What is all this stuff?  
Bugging equipment, cactus.  
Like listening bugging?  
Bugging who?  
Take a wild guess.  
Why would anyone want to do that?  
'Cause I want to hear|What goes on in there.  
Don't you want to hear|What goes on in there?  
No, I do not.  
Why not?  
'Cause that would be|an invasion of her privacy.  
Excuse me, Mr. Video.  
That's not a video.  
It's a camera obscura.  
It's pure light.  
I'm not spying.  
I just want to be with her.  
That's completely different.  
I know how you feel.  
You want him back so badly|that you can't stand it.  
It's like your guts|are twisting around inside.  
But bugging their apartment...  
What?  
I don't want him back.|I want him vaporized.  
Extinguished!  
When I'm done with him...  
...he'll be a twitchy little stain on the floor.  
Is that what you're doing?  
You're waiting|for her to leave him for you?  
Absolutely.  
Have you seen him?  
He is irrelevant.|Linda and I are soul mates.  
This is just a passing phase.  
They're going to break up tonight.|I know it.  
I'm listening.  
I'm an astronomer.  
It's my job to find patterns in things...  
...that seem completely random.  
I found a pattern.  
It's all in the data.  
The data.  
This data.  
"Mutual feeding activity. "

It's the number of times|that Linda and what's-his-name...  
...feed each other.  
You're counting.  
Not just that. Everything.  
Kisses, hugs, smiles, fights.  
They fight?  
Not yet.  
Long looks, whispering, shouting.  
They shout?  
You're missing the point.  
Tonight there's going to be a fight.  
They are going to break up...  
...and I'm going to be right here for her.  
Tonight this will all be over...  
...so you might as well start packing|your bags.  
That is the most pathetic thing|I've ever heard.  
I don't mean that trivially.  
I'm a photographer.|I've seen a lot of things.  
I once took pictures|of a man who ate his own legs...  
...and you would be the black sheep|of that family.  
What's your evil plan?|Squirt him with squirt guns?  
Throw rotten strawberries at him?  
You looked in my satchel?  
Yeah. Call a cop.  
You are a strange, tragic little man.  
Say what you want.|Linda and I are in love.  
Except for her boning my boyfriend...  
...you guys are the perfect couple.  
Listen, Catwoman, at the end of the day...  
...she is coming back to me,|and we're going to be happy.  
And where are you going to be?  
All alone somewhere,|hatching some little revenge scheme.  
Let me tell you something, Sam.  
Listen very carefully. Are you listening?  
The only way that girl|is coming back to you...  
...is if a blast of semen catapults her...  
...across the street|and through the window.  
I want you out.  
Not going to happen.  
I was here first.  
Put me down for half the rent|and get out of my face.  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.  
Why not?  
You paid for it.

You stole my money.  
You took everything I had to buy this crap?  
That was everything you had?  
What the hell is that for, anyway?  
It's pretty, Sam.  
There we go.  
You can hear them?  
Are they talking?  
What about?  
You wouldn't be interested.  
Let me hear.  
It's wrong, Sam.  
Just for a second.  
I just want to hear her sweet voice.  
Beg me.  
Please.  
Excuse me. Did you say something?  
Please let me hear.  
Oh, my God.  
He's killing her.  
He's killing her, all right...  
...and she's loving every minute of it.  
She's not like that.  
She likes to make love quiet|and slow and gentle.  
That girl of yours is a carnival ride.  
This is horrible.  
This is worse than I'd imagined.  
Want me to turn it off?  
No. I need to hear it.  
How very brave.  
He's making love to her in French.  
You know, Sam,|French men are very small.  
But not this guy.  
It's like Godzilla's tail.  
He could take down Tokyo with that thing.  
This has got to be|the longest orgasm I've heard.  
You want your charts?  
You enjoy making me suffer.  
Help me get him, Sam.  
Take the road less traveled.  
It'll make all the difference.  
Forget it.  
I will not get sucked into your nightmare.  
Whatever.



I think I can get this in stereo.  
Welcome to New York, spy-boy.  
Slim Jim?  
Let's see what Ken and Barbie|are having tonight.  
Squab.  
He marinates it for half a day|in a lemon-wine sauce...  
...and he braises it with sugar.  
Please be quiet. I have to concentrate.  
It's happening tonight.  
Smells delicious.  
I'll tell you a secret.  
It's not my recipe.  
I met an old man, and he said...  
...only prepare it for the woman you love.  
Later I found out he made it|for a party he catered.  
Five hundred people.|He's just bursting with love.  
You should go to his restaurant sometime.  
Good food, good people.  
Wait. Take the spoon like this.  
Just let her eat it, you maggot!  
It's the best thing I've ever eaten.  
Will you shut up?  
I love to watch you eat.  
She hates having people watch her eat.  
He's going down in flames.  
Here it comes.  
Oh, you know,|I heard the most amusing story.  
There is this... What are they called?  
Sheep.  
Yeah. A breed of goats.  
And when they hear a sharp sound,|they fall over.  
A sharp sound?  
Yeah. Anything.  
You clap your hands, and they fall over.  
That's my story.  
They pass out|When they hear a sharp sound.  
It's true.  
They just fall over on the ground.  
That's my kiss.  
That's my...  
Oh, not the food.  
I'll do it.  
I'll do whatever you want.  
This has to stop.

I don't care about right or wrong anymore.  
This must stop.  
All you gotta do is nudge him.  
Just graze him like that.  
Sorry.  
You're sorry?|You should be goddamned sorry.  
You think you can trample|a person and say you're sorry?  
Well, you can't.  
You can't trample on somebody's|life and say, "I'm sorry. "  
There ought to be|something more you can say...  
...When you walk all over somebody.  
And you're throwing food everywhere!  
I think we took a detour|from the plan there.  
I really hit him, didn't I?  
You smacked him one, all right!  
How'd it feel?  
Great!  
What is your plan?|What do you want to do?  
I just want his dignity, that's all.  
I want him penniless, hopeless,|loveless, finished off.  
I just wish him very, very ill.  
How ill are we talking here?  
I'm not saying I want him dead.  
But, should that occur,|people die all the time.  
Why should he be any different?  
Just thinking on my feet, though.  
I don't have to decide|the death part right now.  
I can wait and see how I feel...  
...once his dignity's a thing of the past.  
Am I boring you?  
Thank you, Anton.  
Maybe I shouldn't have hit him.  
He's just in love.  
He's just in love, the same as me.  
Define love.  
Why?  
Because every other word|out of you mouth is "love. "  
I'd like to know what it is...  
...this magical ideal of yours. Define it.  
Well, it's like, I don't know.  
It's like all your life you walk around...  
...With this feeling of emptiness|in your stomach.  
You feel completely hollow.  
And when you're in love, you feel...

...not hollow.  
It's like without it, there's nothing.  
A shell. A cavernous emptiness.  
Forget it. You can't define it.  
When I was a kid, my father had this dog.  
It started to get weak and sickly|so he took it to the vet.  
The doctor examines it and says...  
...a maggot must've laid eggs|in the dog's butt.  
He says there's not much they can do.  
The baby maggots have crawled up|and started to grow...  
...and eventually they're going to eat|the dog alive from the inside out.  
He says it should be put to sleep|because it's an old dog, anyway.  
But Father won't do it.  
He takes it home.  
He puts it on the bed.  
He starts to reach up into the dog...  
...picking out the maggots with his fingers,|one by one.  
It takes him all night,|but he gets every last one.  
That dog outlived my father.  
That's love, Sam.  
You're not that tough, Maggie.  
I can tell you're not that tough.  
And you can forget|about a career with Hallmark.  
Won't he miss the card?  
He won't know what hit him|till the bill comes...  
... 'cause he only uses his platinum.  
I'll just take everything in this whole area.  
You know Anton's having an affair?  
He is?  
That's what Linda's going to think.  
Where are you sending them?  
To my Nana.  
The old battle-ax|should get a kick out of this.  
How much to put lipstick on the monkey?  
Is that for you or for him?  
I don't touch the monkey.  
I don't want to have anything|to do with the monkey.  
How's 40?  
For 50 I'd strap on a garter|and wax her legs.  
Lovely lipstick, darling.  
Honey, you can't be treating me this way.  
We've known each other too long.  
You can't even look me in the eye.  
What? You're in love?

You're in love with that man?  
That man could never make you happy.  
What the hell is that? Shit!  
Good God! Kiss him, baby!  
Get this goddamned monkey off my back!  
Give that man a hand!  
OK, that's fine.  
No problem.  
Greta thanks you. I thank you.  
Hello, sweetheart.  
Here we go. The target's home.  
You know bankers.  
They want to know every little thing.  
What do they know|about the restaurant business?  
Are we packed?  
Hey, why don't we forget|about the Hamptons...  
...and spend the weekend in bed?  
There, that look!  
She sees it.  
Stay with her.  
Go back to her, Sam!  
Stick to her.  
Relax.  
Anything you wanted to tell me?  
What?  
What's that on your collar?  
Turn it up. I can't hear them.  
Oh, that.  
You'll never believe this.  
I'm walking through washington Square...  
...and there's this stupid man.  
You know, some guy with a monkey.  
A street performer?  
That son of a bitch, yeah.  
The monkey jumps on me|and won't get off my back.  
You're kidding.  
The people all around, they are laughing.  
And the monkey is kissing me, kissing me.  
I think it peed on me. It stinks.  
What is she laughing at?  
I don't know.  
What do you think of the story?|I'll show you what I think.  
I'll get you.  
Let's forget about the Hamptons.

It's going very well, don't you think?  
Drink up, buddy, |'cause tonight we're going in.  
There they go.  
We want to go to the Long Island railroad.  
Idiot never even changed the lock.  
Close it.  
It's so much smaller than it looks on TV.  
In the couch.  
What?  
In the couch. Don't make it obvious.  
- You're kidding. | - Just do it.  
Why were you wearing them?  
Authenticity.  
What are you going to do?  
Receipts.  
Why are we whispering?  
I don't know.  
Mine.  
Mine.  
Mine.  
Mine.  
Perfection, yes?  
Voil.  
This is comfortable.  
This is what you wear to walk about...  
...With everything swinging freely.  
Look at me. I am so fabulous.  
I am so beautiful.  
Witness my matted chest hairs.  
They are nice, no?  
What do you think?  
You look...  
Look at this.  
I love you, Linda.  
I hate you, Anton.  
I got to make the bed.  
Sure. Right.  
Can you clean the kitchen?  
We should get out of here.  
I think we should talk.  
Nothing to talk about.  
Yes, there is. Something happened. | I would like to talk about it.  
Nothing happened, Sam.  
OK? Nothing happened.

I know what you're going through.  
I'm going through the same thing.  
Get this straight, pal. I'm not like you.  
I don't care what you're going through.  
If I thought you and I were alike|in the most trivial way...  
...I would tie a rope around my neck.  
I'm sorry.  
Last night wasn't us, Maggie.  
I know. I'm glad you know.  
Maybe we should just,|I don't know, call it a day.  
You know what's going to happen to her,|Sam?  
He's going to make her feel|like she's the only woman in the world.  
When he looks at her,|it'll be just like a kid...  
...looks at a Christmas tree|all lit up and shiny.  
For the first time,|she'll feel like she's really been seen...  
...and really loved.  
And then...  
...and then three weeks later...  
...she'll find a pair of panties in the couch.  
Then she'll learn that she was|just a steppingstone.  
That he was just using her to get a visa.  
It'll change her, Sam.  
I understand.  
You know what's always bothered me?  
I can't see the side of her face.  
I can never see the left side of her face...  
...When she's standing here|in the kitchen...  
...because of these things in the window.  
So help me move this over a little bit.  
Good?  
A little more.  
Good.  
What?  
I saw the sign about the job.  
I don't want a half salt shaker on the table.  
You go and refill it immediately.  
Pardon.  
Il faut tout leur apprendre!  
Nothing here for you. Go.  
Why?  
Do I need a reason in my own restaurant?  
Of course not.  
I don't like your face, that's why.  
Just go.

Wait.  
Why did you do that?  
Why did I do what?  
The flowers.|Why did you move it like that?  
I wanted them to be|in the middle of the table.  
Why?  
Because it was...  
...it was just something that I had to do.  
Perhaps at heart you seek perfection, no?  
Yes, perhaps I do.  
Almost done?  
Almost.  
Good work.  
Why don't you stop for a moment?  
I know who you are.  
It took me a little while, but I figure it out.  
Dry off your hands.  
It was you who attacked me that day.  
Couldn't see your eyes,|but I don't forget a face.  
You didn't put an address down|on your application.  
You are homeless, aren't you?  
That's OK. Don't be ashamed.  
You know, I was hungry myself once.  
I would see a rich man, a man I envied...  
...I would want to strangle him.  
But that's not the way I found.  
You must better yourself.  
Don't be ashamed.  
Give me your hand. Come on.  
I like a man who fights for what he wants.  
But if you ever mess with me again...  
...I'll rip out your eyes and rape your skull.  
Excuse my French.  
Was a good punch, huh?  
Solid.  
It was nice.  
So you did all his dishes|and got punched in the face.  
What was your thinking there?  
I'm missing something.|What was your plan?  
No plan. I just wanted to face him.  
I wanted to be|in the same room with him...  
...to talk to him.  
In my mind, he was like a god.  
Now what do you think?

Well, it's not like he's God God anymore.  
He's more like a volcano god or a sea god.  
One of those sub-gods.  
Maggie, I think he likes me.  
One thing, though.  
He said something|about having sex with my skull.  
He says that to everybody.  
Don't worry about it.  
Sorry.  
I don't like the sound of it.  
I don't like the image that it conjures.  
I can't honestly say I blame you, Sam.  
So I let go with my hands...  
...and I fell off the top|of the junglegym face-first...  
...and I broke this tooth in half.  
I'm laying on my back,|blood all over my face...  
...the kids are yelling,|the teachers are freaking out...  
...and I look up, and there she is.  
She's just looking down at me...  
...With this worried little smile on her face.  
I swear to God, when I saw her,|the pain just went away.  
Once I took pictures|of a bunch of ducklings...  
...Who imprinted on a gardener.  
They thought he was Mama...  
...and they used to chase him around|all day...  
...While he drove around|on his lawn mower.  
That's exactly what it feels like.  
It's like she's branded on my brain.  
What happened to this guy...  
...is that one day he forgot|the ducks were there.  
He put the mower in reverse,|chewed them to pieces.  
Don't you know any happy stories?  
There he is.  
That's him!  
Let's get him!  
Our work is done.  
Midgets coming out of the blue.  
I had to protect myself with one of them.  
Midgets coming out of the blue?  
Yeah.|Little children shooting perfume at me.  
From their guns.  
Perfume from their guns?  
Yeah. Water guns?  
Squirt guns?



Yeah, I think. Squirt guns.  
Spooky, huh?  
Wait, the loaf, I think it's burning.  
Look at him trying|to weasel his way out of it.  
He didn't do anything, Sam.  
Anton,|don't you think it's a little peculiar...  
...that little children would be shooting|perfume at you?  
I thought it was something|American kids do.  
A fad, I don't know.|We should have some salad.  
It's very expensive perfume, Anton.  
I used to wear that perfume.  
Good call, Sam!  
Last week you had lipstick on your collar.  
From the monkey.  
And now perfume...  
...from squirt guns|from rich New York kids.  
What are the odds...  
...of something like that|happening to one person?  
I don't know. Ask a mathematician.  
Ask your old boyfriend,|the Milky way man.  
That's you, Sam.  
What are you getting at?  
You're driving me crazy.  
Anton,|I want you to promise me something.  
Just promise that if you were|ever doing anything...  
...that you would tell me.  
Why are you even thinking of such a thing?  
Maybe we could work it out.  
I just couldn't take it|if you were lying to me.  
Sweetie,|Why would I have sex with a hamburger...  
...When I can make love to a steak?  
Oh, come on.  
Forget about it.  
She's this close, Sam.  
This close.  
Bring some cups and saucers.  
And bring some other bottles.  
What did I miss?  
I think we're getting to them.  
I definitely think|that we're getting to them.  
Did you get the sweet and sour?  
Look, my darling...  
...I wanted to show you|how well my hands fit on my knees...  
...and to give you a little kiss.

Get away from me, please. You are rude.  
But I love you, my little lamb. | I must have you.  
My love is throbbing | at quite a fevered cadence.  
You cannot have me.  
My love is reserved for another.  
You cannot mean...  
Yes, the Milky way man!  
No! Anyone but him.  
This is a man who can predict | puffer cluster emissions.  
To him I am nothing.  
A little, teeny... I'm a worm.  
I love his emissions.  
Not every man...  
...can be a Milky way man.  
What will you do now?  
Forlorn, I will roam the earth by myself, | thinking of you...  
...and pausing occasionally to have | the sex with the skulls.  
That's good.  
Now be quiet about that...  
...or I will make you eat | another one of those pecans!  
This is very good.  
Look how I'm licking my fingers. | You like that?  
I like everything. I am French.  
Ordering!  
I've been dying for one of these all night.  
Can I ask you a question, Anton?  
Sure you can.  
How do you like America?  
Why do you ask?  
You're French.  
Do you ever miss it?  
Do you ever get lonely | for your own country?  
I was never so much French | since I've been here.  
You know Superman?  
That's me, I'm Superman.  
And France was like Krypton.  
On Krypton everybody was Superman.  
You make a nice sauce.  
Everybody make a nice sauce.  
You say hello to a nice woman | With your French accent...  
...and everybody says, "Hello! "  
But here on Earth, the moment I arrived...  
...I knew this was the place | I had special powers.  
I talk about my little town...

...and the bankers open their checkbooks|and say...  
..."How great, charming,|and exotic you are, Anton. "  
I could read the phone book to a woman...  
...and they become hypnotized,|Wet as morning daisies.  
Here I have these powers.  
Back home, I was nothing.  
But here, I'm Superman.  
Hip-hip, America!|Hip-hip, land of freedom!  
Now you, you're not French.  
But it's OK, you know?  
You still have opportunity in this country.  
Yesterday, he had no job, no future.  
But today, a step-up.  
A little step, but a step.  
Soon you can afford a place|to live and get a girlfriend.  
I have a girlfriend.  
No, really. Pretty girl?  
She's the most wonderful woman|in the world.  
She must love you a good deal.  
You think women only want men|for their money?  
No, not just money.  
Power also, and success.  
Don't fool yourself, dishwasher.  
They want a man|Who takes what he wants.  
I don't think that's true.  
Listen.  
My girlfriend was seeing a man|When I met her.  
I took her back to my place,|and I ask her about him...  
...very innocently, of course.  
Of course.  
She had many wonderful things|to say about him.  
How nice and devoted, how gentle he was.  
So I started to probe in very subtle ways...  
...about how strong, powerful,|and successful he was.  
I was very good.  
In no time,|We were lying together on my couch.  
I think she wanted me|to force her away from him.  
You could see it in her eyes.  
She wanted the battle.  
She was crying, too,|but she was kissing me.  
Later, of course, she came like a rocket.  
Don't worry about the glass.  
I won't charge you this time.  
Anton, he's here. Matheson.

Matheson? Are you sure?

Table nine.

Oh, my God. It's him.

Go.

I'll take care of him.

Did you bring them?

What I just did was the most|revolting thing I've ever done.

Harold Matheson,|the food critic for the Times.

Big step.|Are you sure you're ready for this?

Everyone!

I Want everyone to do a good job tonight.

I want everything perfect.

Didier, I can see this is not good!

And you, dishwasher,|you don't drop a dish tonight.

I want everything perfect for the bastard.

Heaven for the pig.

Gimme, gimme.

I've created a monster.

I asked your steward for a Chenin Blanc...

...and he brought me this.

You have any idea how that happened?

I took the liberty, Mr. Matheson.

It's from my private reserve.

You know, if I had a suspicious mind...

...I'd think you're trying to get|on my good side.

I thought you would enjoy the year.

I'd say that your little ruse|is working very well...

...especially if you could locate|another bottle.

Well, certainly. Excuse me.

We might find a bottle or two.

Enjoy your meal, Mr. Matheson.

I've just come back from France.

Whereabouts are you from?

It's just Beaucaire.

It's just a small province|in the south of France.

Oh, Beaucaire.

I know that. Isn't that near Nmes?

Is that near Nmes?

Excuse me?

Is that near Nmes?

Yes, it's near there.

Oh, my God!

Did you see that?

I remember.

It's a little to the south and over the hill.  
Yes, it is on the other side of the hill.  
It's a little south.  
The look on Matheson's face.  
What are you smiling about?  
I'm sorry.  
Its legs were fighting|in his mouth like this.  
Everything I had is in that restaurant.  
It's not that bad. I have my job.  
Your teacher's salary|Won't pay for the toilet paper!  
That's because they don't|pay teachers what they're worth.  
In some parts of the world-  
Linda, don't go there.  
Do you mind if we don't have|this discussion again right now?  
Thank you, Anton.  
- Don't be angry.|- I'm not angry.  
She's angry.  
What if they close me down permanently?  
What would you do?  
What do you mean?  
I mean,|if I couldn't afford this nice place anymore?  
You can always find work.  
You can go back to modeling-  
He was a model?  
What if I couldn't find work?  
Then what?  
What would you do if I were poor?  
I would sit out on the curb|With you all day...  
...and sell pencils.  
Then when it got dark, we would crawl...  
...into our cozy refrigerator box|and make love all night...  
...and then sell pencils again at sun-up.  
Where are you going?  
Where's he going?  
What's he doing?  
Talk to me.  
He's getting something off of a shelf.  
What is it?  
It's a ring. Oh, no!  
What does it look like?  
It's a circle of diamonds with a...  
A big, fat opal in the middle?  
I'm familiar with it.  
Ton visage, ton corps...

...tu es moi, je suis toi. | Je t'aime, mon amour.

What is that?

- The bastard. | - What?

Would you like to be my wife?

Here.

Nana!

So you found me.

I get 50 pounds of flowers | delivered to my door...

...and I call the florist...

...and he gives me your name | and this charming address...

...and the earrings and the perfume...

...and the television set, for Christ's sake.

What's got into your head, girl?

Too much? You didn't like them?

It's one thing not to call | your mother for ages...

...but to hide from me for two months.

You better be found | lying dead in the gutter...

...if you know what's good for you.

What is that? | Your tits look like hard little rocks.

Cut it out.

As for you...

...taking my little girl away from me.

Come here now!

I'm Margaret's Nana.

It's such a pleasure to finally meet you, | Anton.

I'm very happy to finally be meeting you, | too.

If we hurry, | We can get you some vanilla custard...

...at Di Roberti's before it closes.

The spoon goes in right side up, dear.

We weren't brought up in a barn.

Nana, you got something | in your teeth right here.

Here, hand them to me.

Oh, you little bitch!

Oh, dear, it's late.

I think I better be getting home.

You have to go already?

I've got a yoga class in the morning.

But first, I want to take your picture.

Move in closer.

Put your arm around her, Anton.

Put your arm around her.

Maggie, don't make a face.

I'm not.

She always makes a face | When you take her picture.

I do not.  
For Pete's sake, just act natural.  
Why don't you give her a kiss, Anton?  
It's my mistake.  
Don't be shy. Come on.  
You can do better than that, Anton.  
Yeah, Anton, you can do better than that.  
Did you see a flash?  
God, I hate these things.  
Come on, kiss.  
All right, Maggie, dear, |Will you take care of the check?  
Just spend the night with us.  
In that Bohemian hell hole?  
How long were you in our |hell hole before we got there?  
Not very long. |I just straightened up a little.  
Listened to the radio.  
What radio?  
Oh, the radio.  
What was on the radio?  
Some little radio play.  
More like a soap opera.  
I'm ashamed to admit |I listened to that silly thing.  
- What was it about? | - Who cares?  
I want to hear more about the both of you.  
I'm interested, too.  
Let's see, it was two characters.  
A Frenchman and a girl.  
In the beginning, he's on his way home...  
...and she's upset about something.  
It turns out she thinks |he's having an affair.  
And he says, "I didn't, I didn't! "  
And she says, |"Well, how do you explain this?"...  
...and shows him some undergarments |she found in the couch...  
...and some other things he can't explain, |and he denies it.  
Then she says something about monkeys.  
I really couldn't follow that.  
And then there was silence for a bit...  
...and then he confesses.  
He what?  
He confesses.  
He was seeing another woman...  
...an investor or something. |It was a little confusing.  
Come on, let's go!  
Then what happened?

He starts crying and begging her|to forgive him...  
...and she says a certain four-letter word...  
...more than a couple of times|and storms out.  
I didn't know you were so interested|in this kind of thing.  
We listen to that show all the time.  
Watch your fingers.  
I've got it.  
Good.  
Look at him.  
All right.  
I can't. I have to go.  
I'm waiting for a call. Shit.  
Qui est I? Who is it?  
Anton? I'm Mr. Green.  
Linda's father.  
How are you? Come on.  
Can I offer you something, a cup-  
"Anton, you hurt me very badly.  
"All I asked for was honesty,|and you betrayed me.  
"I had hoped... "  
Ah, hell...  
I can't believe it. We did it!  
Why?  
We did it, Sam!  
All this time,|and we weren't even here for it.  
What are you going to do now?  
She left suddenly, right?  
So she probably went someplace familiar.  
To the hotel where she was staying before.  
You're probably right.  
What are you waiting for, Sam?  
Go get her.  
Now?  
Yeah, now. What's the matter with now?  
I can't. What would it look like?  
Who cares? She's not thinking straight.  
She'll buy anything.  
What's the big hurry|to get me out of here?  
Look, if you don't want her after all this...  
Of course I do.  
I don't care about that.  
It's your business.  
I still got some work to do...  
...and, no offense,|but I really miss my privacy.



I thought we could just take|a minute to say good-bye.  
I mean, it feels kind of strange to not...  
You have to wreck everything, don't you?  
Are we done saying good-bye yet?  
You're still here.  
No, she does not want to see you.  
You are not welcome.  
You try and sneak in here again,|and you're going to jail.  
How dare you, you salopard?  
I rape your skull!  
Dishwasher!  
I knew it was you.  
Anton, hi.  
Is that any kind of greeting|for your old boss?  
How are you?  
I've never been better.  
Every day is a holiday,|every night the Fourth of July.  
Oh, good. Well, I better be going.  
I'm lying.  
I feel terrible.  
I broke up with my fiance.  
My restaurant is gone,|and I'm running out of money.  
I'm sorry.  
Don't worry. Don't be sorry.  
Do you have a place yet?  
Not yet.  
You'll stay with me, then.  
Why? You don't even know me.  
I know one thing.  
That last night at the restaurant...  
...everyone is running around, even me...  
...but I notice you in your little room.  
You were not looking out...  
...you were not staring|stupidly like the rest.  
You just kept working like a rock.  
You're a good man, good friend.  
What's your name, by the way?  
Mike, I'm a nervous wreck.  
I'm not doing well on my own.  
I feel vide.  
It's like somebody|has thrown away a piece of me.  
How do you say vide...  
...When there is nothing inside something?  
Hollow.

Yeah. That's how I feel.  
I feel so hollow.  
You would be doing me a favor, really.  
Just one drink.  
I can't go back to|that empty apartment by myself.  
I will die. Please.  
That's it. No more.  
You must try this one next.  
It's a sexy little Margaux from '83.  
I was going to give it to Matheson...  
...to help wash down the bugs.  
Mike, I don't know how she found out.  
I was going to tell this|other woman good-bye, anyway.  
I only slept with her to help|the loan for my restaurant.  
It's not like I cheated, you know...  
...and it was only once with this woman.  
And I hardly came at all...  
...just a fraction of what I'm capable.  
I thought of Linda the entire time.  
If that can be twisted|into something terrible...  
...I'm surely the only sane man|in a world gone mad.  
Don't you think?  
I really couldn't say, Anton.  
I'm going to get her back, Mike.  
She needs me.  
I have to get her back.  
This is really good.  
I'm sorry. It is.  
Time for bed.  
I have modeling work|Waiting for me tomorrow.  
A step down, yes,|but Anton Depeux isn't proud.  
Look at me, Mike.  
I haven't gained a pound|since my modeling days.  
I'm going to be just fine,|and you don't worry about me.  
I guess I better be moseying on, then.  
Let you get your beauty rest.  
Please, a little longer.  
You know,|the crme caramel is almost done...  
...and I have a very nice wine|for my friend Pierre.  
I'll be right back. Here you go. Please.  
Wait there.  
Maggie, come to the window.  
Please, this wasn't my idea.  
Maggie, don't be angry with me.

Maggie, look at him. | How could I leave him?  
I haven't done this in years.  
How is it in English?  
"Our Father, who art in heaven... "  
"Our Father, who art in heaven... " | I miss my father.  
"Hallowed be Thy name... "  
"Hollow... hollow... "  
"Hallowed be Thy name... "  
Stay out of my business.  
After you, Abner... and Evelyn.  
Marching good. We're being a snake.  
A snake. We're looking good.  
Now be an elephant.  
And marching and two and...  
Oh, my God!  
Sam, it is you.  
You're here because of me?  
God, Sam, I can't believe | you're actually here with me.  
I can't, either.  
If only you knew | What I've been going through...  
...the last couple of days.  
Listen to me, feeling sorry for myself.  
You know what I miss?  
I miss noon.  
Me, too.  
Sometimes I look up and wave at the sky.  
- The kids think I'm nuts. | - I know.  
Of course you do.  
You've been watching me | through your telescope...  
...all the way from Archer's Bluff.  
Sam, you're the best.  
How could I ever leave you? | What was I thinking?  
Why did you?  
I don't know. I'm nuts.  
That's what my father says.  
That's not a real answer.  
I know.  
Why did I ever leave you, Sam?  
You're so generous and kind and honest.  
Linda, | you don't know everything about me.  
Of course I do.  
You're my Milky way man.  
You're in love with that man?  
You're breaking my heart!

Get him off! Come on!  
Kiss me, Sam, please.  
I got a stud.  
That I didn't know.  
Linda, let's go!  
I got to go.  
Come to my hotel tonight.  
The Evangeline, eight o'clock?  
Eight o'clock. I'll be there.  
Let's give that man a hand.  
Thank you, thank you.  
Go to hell! Take anything you want.  
Don't forget the TV!  
And don't forget the sofa also!  
Voleurs! Fascistes!  
How dare you?  
I'll rape your skull, you salopard!  
Look out.  
Anton, what's going on?  
Credit card bastards!  
They say I owe them thousands.  
I never used the card.  
Help me find my other shoe...  
...because if I find my other shoe, |I will be just fine.  
I have a nice little |modeling job waiting for me...  
...With a nice little agency...  
...and after I get my money, |I'm going to go down...  
...and wipe it in their disgusting |credit card faces!  
You can't keep Anton Depeux down...  
...because Anton Depeux |is going to be just fine!  
Look at me now, you credit card bastards!  
What, a pimple?  
Tell me it's not a pimple.  
Is it a rash or an allergy?  
It's called a chronic allergy.  
It's from food or mold, |like shellfish, strawberries-  
Strawberries?  
I haven't touched any of...  
...of those... for years.  
Well, can I get you some ice or heat? |Ointment?  
Look! Look! Look!  
I am... look...  
There you go.  
There you go, lover.

That's what I want to hear.  
Hold it! Stop!  
We need to talk.  
So how was your date with Linda?  
You looked cozy. I'm happy it worked out.  
You were there?  
I miss you, Sam.  
We were like girlfriends.  
This isn't about him anymore, is it?  
Who, him?  
You know, call me a hopeless romantic.  
I just hate to let him out of my sight.  
Where are you going?  
Nothing worse can happen to me.  
I have to see Linda.  
This is very painful.  
Maybe now isn't a good time.  
You don't look your best.  
What if she's seeing another man, Mike?  
Another man touching her hair, her hips...  
...her pink panties.  
Oh, God, her pink panties.  
The one with the little...  
You think me pathetic, don't you?  
Yes, I do.  
With Linda, |the worst moments of my life...  
...Were the happiest I've ever known.  
Even as the world was crashing |around my shoulders...  
...I had the most extraordinary |times with her.  
Yet I only knew her a brief time.  
Your woman, how long do you know her?  
A few weeks.  
A few weeks? Love comes swift and hard.  
Not a few weeks. Since we were kids.  
You just said a few weeks.  
I did. I said that.  
I didn't say you didn't.  
But I did. I said that.  
How did you two meet?  
Common interests.  
When will I meet her?  
We're actually not together anymore.  
You didn't get along?  
No. We had a great time together.

And what drove you apart?  
Another guy.  
She loves another man?  
No, she hates him.  
She hates his guts.  
Anton, I'm sorry. I have to go.  
You're not coming with me to see her?  
You're on your own, sport.  
What in the world are you doing?|I didn't even come close to him!  
I'm so sorry, Anton.  
I'm so sorry.  
Linda. Where is Linda?  
It's all right. I'm here.  
Linda Green!  
Nice and slow.  
I got you.  
Go back.  
I almost killed him, Maggie.  
I was trying to protect him|from somebody...  
...Who I thought was you,|and I almost killed him.  
I broke his arms and his ribs.  
For what?  
I was going to ask you about that, Sam.  
Not that I'm ungrateful.  
Stop it, Maggie. Just stop it.  
I was just curious about that.  
This isn't about him anymore.|This is about us.  
You and me.  
I love you, Maggie.  
Oh, God, don't do this.  
I love you.  
- What are you doing?|- And I know you love me.  
Why are you saying that?  
- I know you love me.|- Don't do this, Sam.  
You're crazy about me.  
You should go home.|Just get on a plane and go.  
I won't hurt you, Maggie, I swear.  
Look, I am trying to be nice, and you...  
I don't love you, Sam.  
I don't have one iota of feeling|for you whatsoever.  
Then what were you doing this morning|Watching me and Linda?  
He wasn't there.  
Why were you there?  
It's none of your business|anymore what I do or why.

You were there watching me...  
...because you care about me,|because you have feelings for me.  
You want to know why I was there, Sam?|You really want to know?  
Pictures.  
Pictures of you and Linda.  
I told you I want him finished off.  
It doesn't have anything to do|With you and me.  
I told you, stay out of my way.  
That's it?  
If that's what you want,|that's what it's going to take.  
Fine. Let's get it the hell over with, then.  
Thank God, Mike. Thank God you're back.  
Scratch me, Mike, please.  
Scratch my chest, my face, quickly.  
Why?  
Please, I'm not kidding. I can't stand it.  
Why should I help you?  
For the love of God, Mike!  
What did you do, Anton?  
You must've done something|terrible to deserve all this.  
What did you do?  
I don't understand|What you're talking about.  
Confess, Anton!  
Have you gone mad?  
I'm begging you.  
Just for a moment.  
Just one scratch.  
Look at you.|You've lost everything you have.  
Your money, your love, your self-respect.  
You're broken, Anton.  
You're repulsive!  
Is this what you want? Is this enough?  
No, huh? You want more?  
All right.  
Do it, Anton. Confess.  
Confess what?  
That you hurt people!  
Who, Linda? Yes, I cheated on Linda.  
I admit it, but why should you care?  
You were using her, weren't you?  
What are you talking about?  
Just admit it!  
That you were using her|to stay in this country...  
...just the way you used Maggie!

I never told you anything about Maggie.  
Who the hell are you?  
I'm the Milky way man...  
...and I know everything.  
You're going to hurt yourself.  
You're killing yourself.  
Here. Let me help you.  
How's this? You enjoying the show?  
Maggie was my angel.  
She brought me here, in America.  
I was nothing before I met her.  
Just a waiter in a little caf in Paris.  
Yeah. I used her.  
I used her terribly.  
But I didn't think it mattered...  
...because I was...  
...sure that I would grow to love her.  
I thought if I could just love her, then...  
...it would be all right.  
The shame would go away.  
You can't choose who you love, Mike...  
...or whoever the hell you are...  
...and I love Linda.  
I love Linda.  
More than anything!  
Who the hell do you think|you are to judge?  
Who the hell do you think you are?  
I'm nobody, Anton.  
I'm nobody.  
Nobody to nobody.  
Linda, we need to talk.  
Hello? Yes, please.  
I need to be scratched on my face,|my chest, and my back.  
Please. Hello?  
It is an emergency call. I swear.  
Hello, mister?  
Say we're even.  
- What?|- Just say it.  
Yes, we are even.  
Good.  
So how ya been?  
Here! I'm here, Linda!  
Oh, baby! Look at you!  
Oh, God!



Oh, honey!  
I love you.  
You're everything to me.  
Bad dog! Go away!  
So I saw this episode of Lassie today...  
...and Lassie was accused|of a crime she didn't commit...  
...and the ranger was coming|to put her to sleep.  
How's Lassie going to get out of this one?  
Well, the little boy found out|that the ranger was coming...  
...and he told Lassie that...  
...that she had to go away, far away.  
For her own good.  
But Lassie wouldn't leave.  
See, Lassie just couldn't leave the boy.  
What did he do?  
He told her that he never liked her.  
He said, "I hate you.  
"I hate you, Lassie. You're a bad dog.  
"I hope I never see you again. "  
That must have made Lassie sad.  
Yes, it did.  
Lassie trotted off...  
...very sadly.  
But you know what happened?  
Lassie came home, Maggie.  
Did the little boy make it with Lassie?  
Yes, he did.  
You can hear them?  
Are they talking?  
- What about?|- You wouldn't be interested.  
I just want to hear her sweet voice.  
Oh, my her, all right.  
He's killing yours is a carnival ride.  
This is worse than I'd imagined.