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Two Weeks

By Steve Stockman

KEITH:

One, two. One, two.
Okay, that's good.
Ready, Mom?
Okay, how do you
want me to sit?
Any way you want.
I'm just glad you're
finally doing this.
All right. Go ahead. Start.
Great. So, why...
You're just gonna
ask me questions, right?
Hence the "why."
All right.
I guess I better be
careful answering
if this is gonna be
how you remember me.

STEWARDESS:

Mr. Bergman?
Your coffee.
Oh, right.
Thanks.
Is it okay?
Mmm.
You'd hardly know
it was instant.
Hey.
Hey.
When are the boys coming?
Uh, Barry's flying
the redeye tonight,
and Matthew's driving,
so I guess two days.
And, uh,
he's not alone.

WOMAN ON PA:

Welcome to Wilmington
International Airport.

Oh, great.
For your security,
do not leave...
How's she doing?
Sick. In pain.
She nods off a lot.
You better start reading.
Mmm.
There's an
instruction manual?
You're gonna
wanna read it.
Well, just too bad
nobody ever comes back
and tells these guys
if they got it right.
That's me.
Holy shit!
Well, if we study
the literature,
maybe we can grow
from this experience.
Absolutely. Yeah.
I own the whole
Good Tragedy series.
Enjoy your
Parasitic Infection,
Making the Most of Incest,
that was a good one.
I especially enjoyed
Congratulations!
Your Child's an Addict.
Will you just read it?
Oh, give me a break, Em.
This whole thing sucks.
Yeah, it does.
And I've been down here
with Mom and Jim
all by myself all week
watching it happen.
And I don't have
anyone else to talk to,
and so I went
to a bookstore.

Sorry.

Yeah, I know you've been working really hard, okay?

And I will read the book.

Okay.

They must have been happy to see you.

Yeah, they are.

I mean, there's only the two of them, and they really need the help.

No, I meant the bookstore.

Fuck you, Keith.

MAN ON TV:

This is News 6 at 11:00.

Southeastern North Carolina's

most watched 11:

Another missing persons case tonight with a Blaine County connection.

EMILY:

Keith's here.

Hi, Mom.

Hi, honey.

Glad you could come.

I had to get a few things settled.

Take care of a little business, remember?

Yes, I remember.

You're my oldest son, the one who called me every day this week.

Yeah, I was just...

I'm dying, not senile.

Yes, Mother.

Don't "Yes, Mother" me.

Hand me the clicker.

Thanks.

All right.

Go get settled.

KEITH:

your first oncologist?
You wanna know that
for posterity?
I'm a trained
film professional.
I'll ask the questions,
you answer them, okay?
Well, when I asked him
how I was gonna die,
he said my intestines
would clog up
and I'd puke myself to death.
Which turns out to be true.
But I figured,
for \$275 a visit,
I deserved a little better
bedside manner than that.
I'll be out for

the 9:

this morning,
but I'll be available
on my cell.
Leave the "B" calls
on voicemail.
Tell Swisher I need her
Cisco report by 3:30,

that's 3:

by email,
and I'll call you
if I think of anything else.
I'll be back as soon
as I can. Later.
You forgot to tell them
how to wipe their asses.
So, is it front to back
or back to front?
Either way is fine.
I like employees to have
a little autonomy.

Do Mom and Jim have DSL?

No.

No.

Well, listen,
I'll stay as long as I can,
but I'm really busy.

What time is it?

On the West Coast,

it's 5:

Up and at 'em, tiger.

Thanks for waking me.

Mmm-hmm.

You see Mom?

Not yet.

In that case,
thanks for waking me first.

I'll see her.

I'll see her.

I'm just waiting,

you know, to see

if she feels up to it.

If who feels up to it?

Keith, come on, you know

I hate all that stuff.

That's what being here

is all about,

blood, IVs, puking.

Yeah.

Listen, they're playing
your song.

EMILY:

Let's walk

to the bathroom.

I'm so sorry.

Here. Shh. No, stop it.

Hi, Barry.

Mom.

Thanks for coming.

Wouldn't miss it.

Hey, Barry.

Hey, Em.

Can you clean up the bed?

Sure.
My cowboy sheets.
Awesome.

EMILY:

Almost done.
You set in here?
Sure.
Keith, she's
puking up shit.
Yeah.
Look, the honest
to God truth,
I'm down here because
my mother's dying.
I want you
to do this for her.
Yeah, it's like her last wish,
something she never had.
Yeah, she really wants
highspeed Internet access.
No good.
She'll be dead by then.
Is there some kind of
rush fee I can pay?

BARRY:

dying-mother thing
really motivates people.
It's too bad you can
only use it once.
Do you think?
Here you go.
What's this?
A cheat sheet
from the hospice.
"The stages of dying."
They're coming tomorrow.
We have to be ready.
Haven't you seen
the bumper stickers,
"One day at a time"?
That's my philosophy.
You Hollywood guys,

always in and out of rehab.
You make me sick.
What is it, booze again?
It may be AA,
but it's also Zen.
Be in the moment.
Nothing happens
until it happens.
I can't affect the future,
so I choose not to worry
about it.
That's called denial.
Exactly.
In LA we call it Zen.
Kind of a mystical,
far-Eastern denial.
You know, alcoholics
can be like that.
Well, I'm not an alcoholic.
Well, not yet.
I know it's hard,
just listen.
"Death is a natural process.
"It is normal
to feel emotional."
Bullshit.
When it's my turn,
they're gonna have to
carry me out kicking
and screaming.
Denial.
Total.
No.
You said that I would
have the table...
I said you could
have the car,
not the dining room table.
It's an heirloom.
What am I gonna eat on?
Mom, none of us
really want the...
Hush, hush, hush, hush.
What about the armoire?

We bought that together.

Give it to Emily.

All right, then I get
to keep the table?

Done.

Fine.

Write that down.

I just wanna make sure
you all get your fair share.

What's next?

So, I read about
a new clinical trial
on the Web yesterday.

Now, I know it's a long shot,
but I emailed them.

And I thought maybe
we'll get a hit
before hospice comes.

Keith.

Then I got into
this chat group
that reviews local hospices,
so I know which nurses
to look out for.

Then...

Keith.

Honey, you can't
problem-solve your way
out of this one.

Well, I was just doing
what I can.

It's kind of a...

Zen thing.

I know, Emily told me.

Okay.

KEITH:

of my birth.

What story?

The one you tell me
every year
when you call me
on my birthday.

I don't.

Yeah, you do.

I do? How boring.

Okay. Um...

Well, you were my first baby
and you had a very big head,
which is not a good combo.

It was before Lamaze,
and so they just
put me in a room by myself,
and let me writhe there
until they thought
I was ready.

And then they gave me
a total block,
not an epidural or anything,
so I couldn't move
my arms and legs
and barely knew where I was.
And they tied down my hands,
and then two big nurses
pushed on me.

I didn't get to push
or be involved in any way.
And then, all of a sudden,
I wasn't pregnant anymore,
and I was back in the room
and your father was there,
and I started screaming,
"Where's my baby?

Where's my baby?"

And so, then the nurses
brought you in
so I could see you,
and then I started to cry
and my nose was running,
because you were
the ugliest baby
I had ever seen.

So ugly.

Yeah, but I got
better looking, right?

Jesus.

What time is it?

Oh, God, it's 6:

Forgot to change watch.
Hospice is here.
Best family reunion ever,
eh, Bar?
I'm very pleased that
we have Carol available
to work with you.
Oh, she's good.
Very, very good.
She was Gilda Radner's
hospice nurse.

KEITH:

How did that
turn out for her?
In the end?
Who?
Gilda.
She died.
I see.
Ouch.
So, uh, how long
do you think this
process will take?
Well, the process
is different for
each individual. It's...
Very different.
Very different, right. Yeah.
But, I mean,
if you had to guess?
Just for planning purposes.
Well, normally,
I'd expect that she'd
have very little time left.
Mmm-hmm.
But for a dying person,
your mother is looking
very healthy.
Uh-huh.
So if you had
to pin it down?
Well, I'd say

very little time.

I see.

Could I check in with you
on another thing?

Sure.

What happens with
the leftover morphine?

Keith!

Oh, well,
after the dying process
is completed,
we'll dispose of
remaining narcotics
according to federal law.

If you have any other
important questions,
please don't
hesitate to call,
day or night.
Carol will be

over at 3:

Thank you so much
for your help.

Thank you.

I call morphine.

Percodan!

Guys, I'm not
in the mood.

BARRY:

'cause you didn't call it.

I bet if we'd flown

Mom to LA,

we could've gotten

a bigger star's nurse.

I don't know.

I think Gilda's

top of the A-list

for ovarian cancer.

I was thinking

all terminal illnesses.

Oh, I see.

Why don't you both

shut the fuck up?
I mean it.
Cousin Eve? It's Keith.
Aunt Wilma? It's Emily.
Yeah, it has been a while.
Emily!
Not that well, really.
That's why I'm calling.
I'm sorry,
you want what back?
When did she borrow it?
No, not long,
I'm afraid.
Well, that would depend
on what you meant
exactly by "long."
Not long.
I'm supposed to be
in Singapore next week.
Okay read that back to me.
I'm getting
phone finger here.
Would you mind, um,
calling the Scotts,
the Weidermans
and the Parkers?
I really don't know
what to say to these people.
Well...
Sorry.
Hello?
Oh, sure.
Yeah, yeah. Hold on.
Uh, it's for you.
Hello?
Hey, Dad.
Okay, so I set
the nutrient IV
up into the portacath.
I'm sorry, what's that?
The metal valve
I've had inserted
in my chest,
opens right into an artery,

chemo gets in quicker.
You don't leak, do you?
Haven't yet.
It's one-way.
The morphine dispenser
hooks into the same line.
So, if you're feeling
any pain,
just press the button.
You wanna try it?
It's on a timer, so you can
give yourself a dose
whenever you need it,
but you can't OD.
The box only allows
one dose every
10 minutes to start.
What if I need more?
I can increase the dosage
and the frequency
as you need it.
Yeah, Keith?
Do we each get one?
Sorry.
I thought you quit
that stuff after college.
I did.
A grip on my last shoot
gave me this.
We were talking about
dying relatives.
It's good to see
you're dealing with this
in an open,
straightforward way.
Just takes the edge off.
Dad called.
Did they talk?
Yeah, 20 minutes.
What about?
She wouldn't say.

KEITH:

you and Dad split up?

Hmm.
I don't know.
What were we talking about?
Nothing, Mom.
Why don't you rest?
Don't start with me.
What were we talking about?
The antique clocks.
The antique clocks.
All right.
So I have divvied them up.
You can trade,
but no fighting.
Got it?
Got it.
Open that, after.
Oh.
And there's this.
You wrote your own obituary?
I had some time.
Um, do you have
anything for, you know,
the funeral?
Just cremate me. No funeral.
Do whatever you want.
I don't care.
I don't think
I can be there anyway.
Hey, Matthew.
Hey.
Hey, Matthew.
How was the trip?
My ass has been
asleep since Virginia.
I didn't even see
his lips move.
Come in and say hi.
And then I've got a book
for you to read.
Hey.
I'm giving you
the best stuff.
It's not who gets
what jewelry.

It's that bitch
getting any of it.
Oh, she's your
brother's wife.
I thought you hated her.
I never said that.
You did, actually,
at their wedding reception.
Egads! Was I drunk?
Well, I'm wiser now.
They're married,
for better or for worse.
Don't make him choose
between his family
and his wife.
Hi, Jim.
Oh, Julia. Come on in.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
All I did was
kiss a few boys.
You were in the janitor's
closet doing it
with Harry Wexler.
Yes.
My God, Harry Wexler?
But discretion was
never your strong suit.
If you hadn't published
their "lip ratings"
in the Nottingham Rag,
you probably could've
gotten away with it.
What is this?
Julia brought
a tuna casserole.
Tuna, noodles,
Campbell's cream
of mushroom soup.
Jesus.
I know.
What are you doing?
Everyone's gonna
start bringing food.

We have to
stay ahead of this
or we're gonna be buried.
Keith.

Keith, Julia's
Mom's best friend.
I see what you're saying.
We should probably
dirty some plates, too.
Good idea.

Gerald Henderson,
three lips out of 10.

He was not pleased.

And?

He had a little dick, too.

Oh, stop!

Yes, he did.

Stop!

Tiny.

I'm so sorry, Neat.

I've gotta
drive back tonight.

I could only
take the day off.

It's always good to see you.

They don't make
friends like us anymore,
do they?

No. Not anymore.

See you.

Yeah, see you.

Love you.

KEITH:

Thanks for coming, Julia.

What are you
talking about?

She'd come for me,
I'd come for her.

Well, thanks.

And the casserole,
it was great.

Is it gonna be in Syracuse?

After?

Yeah, that's where
the relatives are.
I'll be there.
And I'll call every day.
Don't you remember
your grandfather?

KEITH:

when he died.
Not at all?
You tell me.
Tell me about him.
He was a tailor.
He owned a dry-cleaning shop.
And your mother?
Nana was a housewife.
Um, a great cook.
Always entertaining.
This explains why
you can't sew or cook.
Exactly.
Luckily Nana
is still with us,
so I don't have to.
What?
Nothing.
All my grandkids
are about five.
Some of them younger.
Hey, you guys! Hey!
Daddy!
How was your flight?
Airplane!
Airplane, was there
an airplane
Yes, Daddy.
Yeah?
We slept on the airplane.
Did you?
No.
No?
No.
Hey.
Hi.

The redeye always seems
like such a good idea, right?

Oh, yeah. That's why
I'm gonna let you
do it all by yourself
next time.

Oh, yeah.

Come with me.

How you been, sweetie?

So, how're you doing?

Really?

Yeah.

I'm glad you're here.

Daddy, is Grandma sick?

Yes, she is.

Will she be

all better tomorrow?

I wish she were, Sarah,

but I'm afraid

she's pretty sick.

Is she going to die?

What do you know

about dying, sweetie?

Hanna had a fish that died,

but it got better.

I see.

Well, Grandma's

not feeling well,

but I know that she's gonna be

very, very happy

to see you guys. Okay?

Come in.

Grandma!

Grandma! Hi!

Hey, hi.

Come on up here. Come on.

Oh, my goodness, that was...

Oh, did you

make these for me?

Yeah.

Thank you so much!

Hey, Ben, did you

ride on an airplane?

BEN:

You didn't?

We came to see you

'cause you're sick.

Oh, I'm so glad you did.

Thank you.

Do you have any toys for us?

Sarah, that's not nice.

It's just fine.

I do happen to have

something for you.

Dad, in the top drawer

over there.

Something for Sarah

and something for Ben.

Let me see. Okay.

This is for you.

Oh, it's a shark.

And for Sarah I have a kitty.

What do you say?

Thank you, Grandma.

Oh, you're...

Thank you.

You're so welcome.

Give me a hug.

Oh, I love you guys.

Hey, guys, why don't you

go show Mommy your toys,

and then Grandma

can rest a little bit

Bye.

Bye, Grandma.

I got lipstick on you.

Bye, honey.

See you later, okay?

See you later.

Okay.

See you. Bye.

Goodbye.

See you.

See you.

Do you still want to go

to the beach today?

You sure? 'Cause maybe

we should go tomorrow.

Today.

Today.

Who is that woman?

With Barry?

Yeah.

KEITH:

That's Suzanne, his wife.

She flew in with the kids

last night, remember?

Don't be smart.

I just can't see too well,

that's all.

How you doing?

Ready to go home?

How long have we been here?

Forty-five minutes.

Not yet.

You sure?

You look tired.

You paid \$10 for parking.

I want you to get

your money's worth.

I'm good for

the 10 bucks, Mom.

Don't start, Keith.

Okay.

You don't get weather

like this every day.

That looks good.

It's no Motel 6, but...

We said you could stay here.

Right. On the floor?

Thank you.

Give me a break.

I can't believe

you're whining...

I'm sorry but what kind

of break did you give me

when I was in the hospital?

Did any of you

call or write?

You had your

adenoids out.
You were there
for three hours.
You know, it is so obvious
that I am not welcome
in this family.
Not one of you
cares about anything...
That explains why
you're rifling through
the jewelry box
so you can buy someone
who gives a shit about you.
I actually think of it
more as payment
for being forced to
hang out with you people.
I just came here
to help Matthew.
What's with
the "you people" thing?
Are we a cult now?

MATTHEW:

She's just here to help.
Why is it always
about Katrina anyway?
What about Miss Perfect?
Emily's a mess.
Yes, I know.
Her mother's dying.
Oh, wait, mine is, too!
Look, maybe if
Katrina just gave her
a little space,
just took the night off...
You guys don't even try.
You don't even
reach out to her.
You know,
she has feelings, too.
Yeah, but if
she's here to help,
why should we

be reaching out?
I'm sorry, isn't she
part of the family?
It's her mother-in-law.
Look, I'm not trying
to tell you what to do.
Matthew, I'm not.
You know,
I've never seen you cry.
Oh, please, not again.
I cry.
When?
I cried at our wedding.
I sniff a little
at really sad commercials.
What, is there some amount
that I'm supposed to cry?
No. I just think
it's perfectly normal,
with your mother dying,
I mean...
I'm fine. Sherry, really.
Honestly, I'm fine.
I just...
I'm playing it as it goes.
You're not gonna give me
the Zen speech, are you?
Well, not unless
you make me.
I just think tomorrow,
you know,
when I leave, you're gonna
bottle this all up.
As soon as I cry,
I'll email you
the digital photos.
Come on. We have DSL.
Mmm-hmm.
Rice?
No, thank you. I have...
Good.
I want a sparerib.
Mom, you can't eat.
You'll get sick again.

It's got nowhere to go.
Do you want to sit
and spit, Mom?
What?
Gilda used to do it.
Carol told us.
When she, um...
When she couldn't eat,
she would chew the food
but not swallow.
Yeah. Sit and spit.
Let me sit and spit.
Okay.
Can I have a bowl,
please?
And the spareribs?
God.
I love spareribs.
I love Kung Pao chicken!
Matthew, that's enough.
Your eyes are bigger
than your stomach.
Mom, I'm 27 years old.
I think I can figure out
how much food I can eat.

ANITA:

No son of mine
could possibly be
27 years old.
He's older.
Well, that's true.
I am, too.
Sorry, Mom.
And you married
an old guy, too.
Oh, God.
You are all so worthless.
Oh, boy.
You can't say that.
You can't say that.
Why not?
Are you okay?
Shut it down.

The TV?
The IV.
But without the nutrients
you'll just...
Oh, Mom.
I asked Carol.
She said it would
make things go quicker.
Shut it down.
No one should
have to go through...
Mom?
Good night, Mom.
Well, actually,
we always planned
to stop at three.

KEITH:

Ah. Um...
As I recall,
it was a great
big bottle of Mateus,
which is a pink
kind of rose wine.
Your father got
a great big bottle
for Christmas one year.
He would make a candleholder
out of the bottle afterward.
Wait, wait, so,
Matthew was
an accident?
You make it sound so tragic.
Cancer is an accident.
Matthew was a blessing.
Matthew, I love you.
You sent us to
the circus with Julia
the day he was born.
When we came home,
you were there
with a new baby.
And you were always
so scared of clowns

after that.

Oh, yeah.

EMILY:

Let's go.

What are we doing?

The photographers
from House Beautiful

are here,

and we want the place
to look nice.

Right.

Hey, Katrina, can you take
that pile of sheets

to the laundry?

You know, I can't do anything
until I've had my coffee.

Okay.

Matthew. Hi, Matthew.

Hey, Mama.

Hey.

Good morning.

Dad?

Hi, Dad.

I try not to be,

but I am, sort of.

Who are you talking to, Mom?

ANITA:

My dad's talking to me.

"It is common for the dying
to converse with loved ones
that have already died.

"Be calm and reassuring,
and listen carefully."

Where is Grandpa, Mom?

He's there.

He's there.

Is there a window
open in here?

No.

ANITA:

I love you, too.

I love you, too. I will.
I will.
Come on, let's lie down.
No one's gonna believe this.

KATRINA:

nobody made coffee.
Will you help me?
Or that.
So we'll take two-hour
shifts at night, okay?
All right.
Here's the schedule.
Jim. Em.
And there are some holes
in the schedule
because I didn't know
if you could do them.
Yeah, I'll do my share.

BARRY:

Suzanne and the kids
are leaving tomorrow.
I'm thinking
I might go with them.
What?
Well, I don't know
how long this is
gonna take,
so I thought maybe
I'll work a couple days,
then I'll come back.
Wait, you're kidding,
right?
Look, Keith,
I've got responsibilities,
all right?
I was fine with a few days,
maybe a week even,
but I don't know
how long this is
gonna take, so...
Yeah, well, there is
that life-or-death

PowerPoint presentation.

I don't know

what I was thinking

telling you,

but I'm pretty sure

I was not asking

permission.

Don't you fucking

judge me.

Katrina, are you leaving?

Yeah, the hospital

needs me. So...

Aren't you in

human resources?

Yeah.

I just wish I could be here

to help nurse poor Anita.

We all do.

You ready?

Yeah.

Bye.

Bye.

Take care.

Yeah, you, too.

EMILY:

And I brought oxygen

and a catheter.

No. No.

Emily said walking

was becoming

more difficult for you.

It is.

Mom, you're not

throwing up anymore.

The only reason

to get out of bed

is to pee.

We thought it'd be

easier for you if you

just stayed in bed.

Okay?

Okay.

Never thought

I'd be sentimental about
the last time I peed.
She okay?
Uh, yeah, I guess.
She's just been sleeping.

ANITA:

where are you?
I'm here, Mom.
Who are you?
It's me, Mom. It's Keith.
You rest, okay?
You know what?
What?
Leave the Nintendo.
Sorry.

KEITH:

favorite child?
I don't have one.
Barry.
No.
Come on, admit it.
Look, I have spent the last
30-some odd years
trying not to play favorites.
And failing.
Come on, admit it.
No, I...
Well, Barry is
the responsible one.
Do you remember
that trip we took
to the Adirondacks,
when Smokey the dog
was so scared of thunder
he shit all over my car?
And who was
the only one to ride
with your dad
when I took his car?
Barry.
Barry.
Yes. You see?

And I loved him for that.
He's been like that
his whole life.
He's just always there
for whoever needs him.
But is he my favorite?
Well, I...
I love you all equally,
but it's impossible
to love you all the same.
All right.
I'll be back
in a couple of days.
No kiss goodbye for me?
You know what?
I'd stay if I could.
I'll be back
in a couple of days.
Yeah, sure.
This isn't that
important, anyway.
Blow me. All right?
You're both freelance.
I'm the only one
with a real job.
Look, Barry,
whatever you need to do.
You can blow me, too.
I'll call you from
San Francisco tonight.
What?
Nothing.
It's your call.
I'm doing the best
I can here.

JESSICA:

BARRY:

What does "blow me" mean?
It means see you soon.
Oh.
Listen,
what time is the HP

meeting tomorrow?
What do you mean
it's canceled?
Who canceled it?
What do you mean I did?
Did what?
What?
Listen, you cannot
cancel my meetings
without even...
Are you...
Well, who's gonna cover...
They are?
Hang on. No, not you.
So what you're saying is...
You're my assistant.
You can't fire me.
What do you mean,
"It's real life"?
Yeah.
Yeah. I guess.
Yeah, hold.
Will you be mad
if I don't come home
right now?
Of course not.
Because, I mean,
this is just work.
The other thing's real life.
Yeah, I know.
What? No.
Yes, we're done.
Yes.
Well?
Yeah, I'm gonna stay.
You guys go on ahead.
I'll call later.
Okay.
You're doing
the right thing.
You're awesome.
Okay. Come on, guys.
Go with Mommy.
It's time to go.

Where's Mommy going?

Bye, Savannah.

Mommy...

JESSICA:

Blow me!

Excuse me. Yeah,

I need to get my bag back.

I'm sorry, sir.

Your bag has been checked.

That's it right there,

you can just grab it.

Sorry.

Oh, come on.

Security.

GUARD:

right there, sir!

Oh.

Put the bag slowly down.

Put your arms in the air.

But this is my bag.

I'm not trying to

sneak it onto a plane.

I'm trying to take it home.

WOMAN ON PA:

Welcome to Wilmington

International Airport.

For your security,

do not leave bags unattended.

Hey, Em.

Why don't you go

take a break?

You know,

walk around the block

or something?

I can't.

Yeah, you can.

Just take my cell phone.

Matt and I will be here,

and we can keep

an eye on things.

No, I promised her.

I said I'd be here.
Well, this could take days.
You can't just
stay in the house.
I promised.
Well, I promised
I'd take the couch.
Oh, my God.
Does Sherry know?
No, but what I was
trying to say was that...
Well, where are you
gonna put it?
It doesn't go
with anything you own.
Yeah, enough about the couch.
My point was that...
Even I wouldn't promise
to take that couch. Yuck.
Even if you recovered it,
it's still a big
piece of shit.
Okay, the couch is gross.
We know the couch is gross.
What I was trying
to say was that...
My point was that we all,
you know, promise things
to dying people
in moments of weakness.
And... Well,
just take a break.
She'll be fine
for 45 minutes.
I can't. I promised.

JIM:

It's a mother-daughter thing,
I guess.
Okay. I guess.
It's Barry.
How are you gonna
get it to California?
Now, a \$5,000 bail

seems pretty fair to me.
You did try to steal
your own suitcase.
Fucking crackers.
Actually, I'm kind of glad
that you can't leave
the state.
Blow me.
Attaboy.
Patients on a high dose
of morphine
develop tolerance,
and the pain
can be intense.
So, I'm increasing her dosage
to eight milliliters
and the frequency
to five-minute intervals.
Anita.
If you can't press
the button,
we can press it
for you, okay?
Mom?
Mom, what do you need?
Do you want
more morphine, Anita?

KEITH:

Maybe something's wrong
with the pillow.
I don't know, Mom.
I don't know
what you need.
Hug her.
What?
Hug her.
I'm right here.
I'm right here.
I'll sit with you, okay?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Jim?
What?

What are you doing?
What am I
supposed to do, hmm?
You people,
you're like locusts.
You come into my house,
and you just take over.
It's just, she's our mother.
You know?
She's my wife.
I mean, we've been together
for 13 years.
I didn't know.
You didn't know
that it'd been that long?
You didn't know
that I loved your mother?
Or you didn't even know
that I was here, hmm?
Just go downstairs,
all right?
I'll be fine tomorrow.
Hey.
Anything?
She was moaning a little.
So I've been
hitting the morphine
every 10 minutes or so.
She didn't wake up?
No, that was it today.
She stayed
for the grandkids,
but that was it.
You think?
Yeah.
We bought these because
they're indestructible.
They're gonna be worth
something someday.
They're real wood.
I know you kids don't like
some of these things,
but they're important.
They've been in the family

for years.
You can sell some of them
if you want to,
but you cannot give them away.
They're much too valuable.

KEITH:

like the couch?

Oh.

You are gonna
thank me one day
for making you
take that couch.

You just wait.

Yeah, sure.

It's Yom Kippur Friday.

So?

It's the Day of Atonement.

Well, since we're
only half Jewish,
I like to think of it
as the Morning of Atonement.

I take the afternoon off.

This is like the Christmas
of Jewish holidays.

I'm thinking we should
get a rabbi in
to come visit Mom.

Mom?

Yeah.

Our mom?

I'm just...

It's something
I'm thinking about,
that's all.

Hello, dear.

Hi.

You must be Keith.

Yeah.

I am your mother's friend,
Sylvia.

Oh, please, come in.

Oh, no. I won't trouble you,
but I brought you this.

Your mother said
it's your favorite.
Oh, thank you. What is it?
Tuna casserole.
I made it with
cream of mushroom soup
and some of those
fancy canned onion rings,
right on top.
Wow. Hi, I'm Matthew.
Hi, Matthew.
This is great.
Oh.
I'm gonna check on you
again tomorrow.
Okay, all right.
Bye.
Bye.
Matthew, it was really
nice of you to tell that lady
that you love that stuff.
What are you talking about?
Mmm. You want some?
No, thank you.
Come on, we are never
gonna get this place
cleaned out.
Why would she keep her
expired driver's license
from 1987?
Let me see that.
Oh, it's a good picture.
We should keep this.
Come on.
Mr. Ruthless is in the house.
What about these?
I don't know.
They're so Mom.
What the hell? Look.
I especially like this one
of you with your mouth open,
chewing on a hot dog.
It was a tofu dog.
Of course it was.

Hey, guys,
look at this.

"Dr. Vannick, chemo,
"blood test, chemo,
"support group,
blood test."

Jesus.

She had an appointment
every day for
the last three months.
That's a lot of work.
After five years of that,
I wouldn't want
surgery either.

No.

No.

I'm sorry. It feels
like grave robbing.
Jim, if that money
goes to probate,
it'll be tied up for a year
and the lawyers will get 10%.
I don't know.

Jim.

By next week,
you're going to be
up to your ass
in medical bills.

Yeah.

All right. I'm in, okay?

Well done.

Good.

Good.

How's it coming?

Well, I got pretty good
when I skipped school,
but it's been a while.

Forgery's like
riding a bicycle,
you never forget how.

I've heard.

What do I get to do?

You're driving
the getaway car.

Ready? Let's go.
If you hear gunfire,
make sure the engine's
running and the doors
are unlocked.
How is Mrs. Bergman?
Not well.
Fine, thanks.
She's fine, fine.
She's not well enough
to come in.
She has a bit of a cold.
Right.
So she asked us
to close her account
for her.
Just a moment.
I just want to say
how great it is
to be working
with the two
surviving Stooges.
We were supposed
to say, "Not well."
Well, yeah.

JIM:
of being here...

BARRY:
She's dying.
We're not supposed
to tell her she's dying.
Here she comes.
Hmm.
We know.
You know?
I told him.
See, the thing is...
It was all my idea.
I talked them both
into coming here.
I know...
I know we should have

done it when
she was feeling better,
but I didn't...
Bedelia's sister works
at the cancer center.
Uh-huh.
Please tell Ms. Bergman
that we all hope
to see her in here again
real soon.
Oh.
Thank you.

JIM:

Thank you.
We will.
Bedelia will cut you a check.
Oh, well, thank you.
You know,
the confessing thing
worked for you,
but next time,
just rat out Barry
'cause he's already
got a record.
Blow me.
Well,
The Dying Experience says
religious support
can be very comforting.
To who?
No, "whom."
Well, I guess I just
don't find rabbis
all that comforting.
But rabbits are
comforting, though.
All soft and fuzzy.
We could get one of those.
Your mother's
not very religious.
Well, maybe if we had
someone here...
Em, she's comatose.

The books say
that nobody knows what
comatose people can hear.
Besides, Mom doesn't like
rabbis all that much.
The last time she set foot
in a synagogue was
Matthew's bar mitzvah.
Yeah, me, too.
I'm not exactly clear on
why I even had a bar mitzvah.
To piss off Dad.
To piss Dad off.
Oh, yeah. Hey, you guys
remember Aunt Eva's rabbit?

EMILY:

Is she the one who lived
at the junkyard?
Yeah. But she didn't
call it a junkyard,
she called it an antique yard.
Died a multimillionaire.
Excuse me.
We should have visited
more often.
Will you guys
just shut up?
Mom's dying.
That's what religion is for.
I'm calling a rabbi.
Does anyone wanna
fight about it?
No.
Emily's my best friend.
I talk to her
two or three times a day.
I love her to death.
Em, I do.

KEITH:

But?
Well...
But I don't know that

I did her any favors
making her my best friend.
Especially during the divorce.
She took everything on
like it was her job
to support me.
I would come home
and discuss my dates
with my 14-year-old daughter.
She seemed so grown up.
I remember we were on vacation
at Raquette Lake,
right after your father
and I separated.
And you were
fooling around with
that married cop.
You knew about that?
Well, she was
very grown up,
but she couldn't
keep a secret
to save her life.
Yeah, well, hmm,
that was a long time ago.
She keeps secrets
better now, right?
Keith?
Uh...
Mom?
It's okay
to let go, Mom.
We'll really miss you,
but it's okay.
I'm right here.
I'm right here.
Shh.

KEITH:

so late, Carol.
I can increase the morphine
and the frequency.
Well, what happens
if she gets too much?

In the hospitals,
they tend to err
on the side
of a few more days of life.
But, in hospice, we leave
that up to the patient
and their families.
So too much morphine...
It's up to you and your mom.
She's not very responsive.
Increase the dosage.
Okay.
How about this?
That was
Uncle Abe's daughter's.
How do you know that?
Who's Uncle Abe?
It's real silver.
"Hong Kong. Silver plate."
It's crap.
We can't leave it.
I am not keeping this stuff.
If you leave it,
I'm gonna sell it.
It's sentimental.
Not to me.
Me, either.
Fine, I'll take it.
Thank you.
I guess that's it then.
I'm gonna stash my stuff
in my luggage.
Yeah.
Me, too.
I can go to U-Haul
and get you some boxes.
Thanks.
Arnie, I don't want to
take advantage
of the family relationship,
but...
So, can we get it down
to \$650?
Great, thanks.

She wants to have them spread
on her father's grave.
Yeah, well, so it's an
Orthodox cemetery. So what?
Oh, uh...
Yeah. Well, we wouldn't
want to piss off
a whole field of dead people,
now would we?
Yeah, well, we'll talk
about it, okay?
Yeah, yeah. Great, great.
Thank you. Thanks, Arnie.
Bye.

EMILY:

for coming, Rabbi.
Well, I'm actually
an assistant rabbi.
But I guess, after 26 years
as a Navy chaplain,
I know a thing or two.
Is there a prayer
or something
we should say for her
for Yom Kippur?
Why, she doesn't
need a prayer.
She just needs
to get well.
Anita?
Can you hear me?
You're going
to be all right!
Now, I was a Navy chaplain
for 26 years,
so I know a thing or two!
You'll be fine, okay?
You look good!
Now, take care, you hear?
Well, when Matthew was little,
he liked to get up
in the middle of the night
and come get in bed

with Mommy and Daddy,
which drove Daddy crazy
because he was
a very light sleeper.

KEITH:

Well, there was a closet door
right outside of his
bedroom door,
so, at night, we would tie
the doorknob from the closet
onto the doorknob
of his bedroom,
and that was
the end of problem.
What if there had been
a fire?
Oh, my God.
How did I raise
such a bunch of wusses?
You guys, you grew up
without seatbelts,
breathing secondhand smoke.
I spanked you
a couple of times.
Yes, I think I even had
an occasional glass of wine
when I was pregnant,
and you all turned out fine.
Except, of course,
for the psychological damage.
Let me give you
one really great lesson,
don't judge us too much.
We didn't do it all wrong.
We did the best we could.
And so will you.
That's all there is.
Don't overthink it.
Not me.
Especially you.
You read the book?
No.
None of them?

Nope.

So you're not dealing
with this at all?

Don't "big sister" me.

Why not? I'm your big sister.

I'll deal with it

my own way.

Katrina and I talk.

Uh-huh.

Leave it alone, Em.

There's no food in this house
invented after 1967.

You left your cell phone.

Yeah.

Don't you think

we should bring it?

Do you want to find out

your mother died

in the cereal aisle

of Sir Buy A Lot?

Nope.

Wait a minute. Excuse me.

That orange juice is on sale.

Well, do you have

a Sir Buy A Lot club card?

No.

Then I'm afraid

it's not on sale.

But the sign on the shelf

said that it was just on sale.

Well, that's

club members only.

Fine, so, um,

how do I join

the Sir Buy A Lot club?

I hear it's very

tough to get in.

Well, that's right.

Look, the woman next to you

just scanned a spare card

for somebody.

Well, that's against

store policy.

I'm seeing a no-win here.

I'm having
a bad week, okay?
And my mother
brought me up to believe
that there is, uh,
a solution to every problem
if we all just
try hard enough.
So tell me, please, please,
who do I have to fuck
to get the Sir Buy
A Lot club price
on my orange juice?
I've never been thrown out
of a grocery store.
You get used to it.

KEITH:

What?
Regrets.
Yes.
Regrets?
I regret that
I won't be around
to torture you like this
when you're old and sick.
Hey, hey.
So, how do you feel
about your mother dying?
Come on, Mom.
I'm waiting.
Fine. I'm thrilled.
This is a growth experience
second to none,
and I thank God every day
I get to go through it.
You're not gonna answer me,
are you?
This video's not about me.
Bowel obstruction's gone.
Mom, um, took a shit.
Great. Let's wake her up
and feed her breakfast.
No, it's not like that.

Look. No, babe,
I know you don't
get along with them, but...
They respect me.
They just don't always...
No, they do listen to me.
It's just not a good time
to bring shit up, okay?
Mom's...
Yeah.
Yeah.
I'm scared.
I just wish you were here.
Her heart rate,
pulse and breathing
are steady and strong.
But she hasn't eaten
anything in three weeks.
Yeah.
She's been off
of IV for days.
She had a lot of swelling
from the disease and
steroids she was on.
Swelling is just
water collecting
in the tissues.
Maybe that has something
to do with it.
So...
So she's like a camel,
living off her hump.
Could be.
What if she's
getting better?
Keith.
Seriously.
You know, maybe starvation
is some kind of cure
for cancer.
Keith.
No. What if...
What if it's the morphine
and the starvation

that are killing her?
What if we're doing
the wrong thing?
Come with me.
What if we're doing
the wrong thing?
No. Come on.
Look.
That's cancer.
She's got so much in her,
it's coming out.
You fix one
bowel obstruction,
another one grows.
I didn't know.
You can't do anything.
We tried it all before.
We're doing what
she wants, okay?
So, anyway,
I have started to prepare
a list of things
that I want you to do
in your lifetime,
things that I won't be here
to make sure you do.
You know, kind of a model
of how to live.
A mother can't be too careful.
So, this is yours.
I've made some
for each of you.
I've just begun, too.
It's gonna get bigger.
Much bigger.

MATTHEW:

Why would we play this?

EMILY:

her favorites!

MATTHEW:

I can't even stand listening

to it right now.
Is this Neil Diamond?
Tony Orlando and Dawn, 1973.
I'll handle this.
I mean, it's just,
you don't play
something like this
at a memorial service.
Sometimes you do.
Some...
This is our mom's
memorial service
and you want...
What are you
kids doing?
He doesn't want me
to put this on the tape
for the memorial service.
And she loves this song.
Well, she loves
the Oscar Mayer
wiener song, too.
Do you wanna put that
on the memorial tape?
Would you like
one man's opinion?
Absolutely.
Not really.
Why don't we save it
for your funeral?

EMILY:

an original for what it is,
but if somebody like U2
decided to remake it,
suddenly it would
seem brilliant.

MATTHEW:

when they announced that
on their Web site.
Punch out.
I'm okay
for a couple of hours.

Nah, it's cool. I'm up.
Well, maybe you should

wake me at 3:

Barry's turn.

Okay.

Did you give her morphine?

Oh, shit!

It's been 10 minutes.

I must be really tired.

Oh, God.

We killed her.

What do we do?

Nothing.

Nothing.

Oh, Mom.

I always thought
if I could picture it,
that meant it was going to be.

Like on an airplane,
if I could picture
getting up on the other side,
then I knew I would be safe.
The funny thing is, I can...

I can...

I can picture
the rest of my life,
how I will be at 70 and 80
and 90, like Nana.

Then why don't

I get to live it?

I wanna see

how it turns out, damn it.

I can't stand not seeing
my grandchildren grow up.

I haven't been bad.

Not worse than anyone else.

Not really.

I deserve to see

how it turns out, don't I?

To Mom.

To Mom.

I've got to make a call.

Um, Carol? What...

No. No way.

I give you the letter.

The letter.

The letter.

"Dear Keith, Barry,

Matthew, Emily,

"I have never made a secret
of my love for you

"or how important
you are to me,

"but maybe I've never
come right out

and said, 'Thank you.'

"Thank you for turning out
to be such fantastic people.

"Thank you for

putting up with me

"even though I upset
your lives through a divorce
even I can't explain.

"And thank you

for being there for me
in all the best ways

"that kids can be there
for their parents.

KEITH:

you'll be sad now,

"because, after all,

I am your mother,

"but we've had a lot of fun
and good times

"and that's how I'd like
to be remembered.

"Use your own judgment
about the memorial service.

I like it small,

"but it seems to be
more your decision

on saying goodbye than mine."

I love you.

"On the next page,

I've divided up

"all the important items

that can't be shared.

"I trust you to share
the rest equally.

"Much love.

"I'll always be with you.

"Mom."

All those days
when you lay here
unconscious,
I felt like when
I was talking to you,
it was like
you were really there.

And now...

Now, I don't feel...

I don't feel...

I don't...

Uh...

Goodbye, Mom.

It's normal out,
isn't it?

Yeah.

The most important thing is,
you guys need to stay close.
Your kids need to know
each other,
the way you knew your cousins
when you were growing up.
You guys will
stay together, right?
After I'm gone?

KEITH:

We'll miss the guilt.

No, that'll ride with you
the rest of your life.

Hey, what are you doing?

Matthew.

Hey, Matthew.

I've got a headache.

Well, join the fucking club.

I don't feel well.

I'm going home.

Come on,

we've got stuff to do.
Yeah, you mean
you've got stuff you
want to order me to do?
Well, yeah, kind of.
The three of you
treat me like
I'm 10 years old.
You hate my wife,
you don't even
give her a chance...
You know what?
I'm fucking sick of it.
Look, come on.
We'll make a cup of coffee
and we'll talk about it.
Would you stop
trying to control me?
All right?
My mother just died,
I don't feel well.
And I'm going home.
What are we gonna
do about it?
You're the oldest.
Order him to get a divorce.
Nah, probably wouldn't work.
Well, Dad's Uncle Stanley
didn't talk to his brother
for 48 years.
Really?
How'd they patch it up?
Well, they didn't.
Stanley got run over
by a bus when he was 90.
Very uplifting.
Thank you, Em.
I'll see your Percodan,
and I'll raise you
one Dilaudid.
Hi, I'm meeting my mother,
and I didn't see her
come off the plane.
Sir, this is

the luggage office.
Right.
She's about this big,
coming in on the 2:45
from Charlotte.
And she's probably
addressed to me,
that's Keith Bergman.

KEITH:

for setting this up.
Don't mention it.
Thank you.
No.
Harriet.
We feel terrible.
I know.
She was a good woman.
Yeah.
Excuse us.
Are you still going to
go ahead with,
you know, after?
Well, what would
you do, Arnie?
Spreading her remains would
clearly violate
the Orthodox Jewish laws
against cremation.
Of course, your mother
always did pretty much
what she wanted.
There is that.
Look, today's Friday.

Go out after 3:

nobody will be there.
Just don't tell anybody.
It's locked.
Ooh, I don't know.
Those spikes look
pretty sharp.
Yeah, you're right.
Why don't we just

toss the box over and run?
No, I'm just saying.
Look, can we not take
all fucking day
discussing it?
I'm not climbing
the fence.
Great. Well,
suggest something else.
There, it's not so bad.
Give me the box.
Hey, Keith, how did...
Shit.
Oh...
How did you get there?
I told you
I wasn't climbing over.
There's a break
in the fence over there.
There's a...
A little help?

EMILY:

Did you get directions?
I've been here before.
How hard can it be to find?
It's right next to
a tall tree.
Is this it?
No, I think
it's over there more.
This is it.

KEITH:

Huh.
Yeah, it does look
kind of familiar.
What, with our
grandfather's name
on it and all?
Give me the box.
No, I got it.
Wait. Keith, give me the box.
I got it.

All right, great.
Can I have it?
No.
Can I have it now?
No, I got it.
Just give me... Keith.
Let go of it.
Give me the...
Guys. Guys.
Give me the box, Keith.
Nice work, men.
At least it's open.
Wait, what's this stuff?
I thought it was all
supposed to be ash,
but what's this?
Bone.
Oh, man.
What do we spread it with?
Um...
Well, our hands,
I guess.
Really?
We're already wearing her.
Let's just pour it.
How do we know
that that's really her?
I mean, they could've just
given us anyone, right?
It's that, um...
Wow, it's the portacath,
that thing that
the IV went through.
Wow.
It's Mom.
It's Mom.
What are you doing?
I'm keeping it.
No, you're not.
We're throwing it away.
Keith, throw it away.
No.
No. Why
Just toss it.

Why

Keith, throw it away, please.

No.

You're not keeping it.

KEITH:

Don't make me throw it away.

It's okay.

Hey.

It's okay, man.

We're here.

We're all here.