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Uptown Girls

By Julia Dahl

Some fairy tales are true.
Most other stories we make up | to help us deal with real life.
It all depends | on your point of view,
but here are the facts.
There was once a princess | who lived in a castle
high above the streets | of an enchanted kingdom.
The king and queen | were long gone,
but they left her | with their treasure
so that she could stay | a princess forever.
On the eve | of her 22nd birthday,
a great celebration | was planned.
Molly's machine. | Speak your piece.
Oh, birthday girl, | pick up, pick up, pick up.
Huey and I | are just sitting here waiting.
You better be on your way. | - Money down she's still asleep.
Molly, wake up!
Molly's machine. | Speak your piece.
Hey, Molly, it's Justin here.
Callin' from the studio | to wish you a happy birthday...
Give me five more minutes, | baby, and I'll rock your world.
Love ya!
You can't turn the hallway | into a greenhouse, Miss Gunn.
Good evening, Mr. McConkey.
Please say hello | to your wife for me.
Bye. Have a nice night!
I've alerted the management | company about this.
Oh, my.
I put the flowers upstairs for you, | but this is out of hand.
Got a girl, Tony?
Not one that could fit | into this dental floss.
Be a darling and send all this stuff | to the Salvation Army!
You're the greatest, Tony!
Molly? | - Hey, Ingrid, it's me.
Where the hell are you? | - I'm sorry. I passed out.
I was watching TV. | - That was a premeditated nap.
You did this to me on purpose.
You're my best friend | in the whole universe.
How could you possibly think | a thing like this?
It's like stabbing me in the heart. | Thank you!
Forget it, okay?
I didn't want to tell you, | but our little night out has grown.
Huey and I are here | with a few of your closest friends
waiting to wish you a...
Happy birthday?

Happy birthday.

I tried calling you from home.

The girly to end all girlies | is in the house.

Happy birthday, Molly.

We got you, Molly! | - We got you, didn't we?

You did. I thought it was | gonna be just us guys going out.

Hell, no! What kind of friends | you think we are?

Look at this. | This here is a party, right?

You're 22?

I just turned 19 | and I thought I'd kill myself.

You look good, though. | Buy you a drink?

No, thanks.

I wanna connect the dots, baby. | Look at the babes, Molly.

They're, like, beautiful | and natural and sexy, right?

Beauty like that is universal.

They really do look young, huh?

The thing I love about women | is that you are willing
to accept each other | for who you are.

There you are, sweetie.

You remember Julie and Holly | from the MOMA Junior Committee?

Happy birthday. | I love your solid hair scrunchy.

Thanks. | - Issey Miyake?

Home Depot.

You can get Botox injections | for that forehead wrinkle.

Face Factory. | No appointment necessary.

Why would I have | a worry wrinkle?

Why would you think | anyone would care?

Excuse me?

I had shoes like yours once, | when I was five.

That was what, | like three days ago?

Try three years.

Excuse me, Thumbelina,

but you're still a little underage | to be clubbing, aren't you?

You're a little overage to be | wearing a lampshade in your hair.

Bright idea?

You brought your own | personal soap?

You want to pick up | bacterial meningitis or polio,
you go ahead | and be my guest.

Whatever diseases | you're already carrying
probably make those | sound like a joke, anyway.

There you are. I finally found | your little monster butt.

Come here!

I know you have trouble | reading something as simple
as a sign on the door, Goey Huey, | so let me help you.

This is the "ladies'" room.
Really? What's your excuse? | - Give me my purse.
My boss' kid. | They can't keep a nanny.
They fired their | third one this month today.
She had dirty fingernails. | It was her or me.
That hurts. | - Where's my purse?
In my hand.
Ing, am I hideous? | - What?
As my best friend, | it is your duty not to lie to me.
Please tell me, | am I turning into a hideous hag?
You can have any guy here | with the snap of a finger.
What's gotten into you?
Oh, my God.
Molly, let me show you something. | Come here.
Sit down. | - Great. You again.
I want to thank you all | for having me here.
I've heard there's a birthday tonight. | Where's that birthday girl?
All right. | This one's for you.
The lights beam | down from the stars
And it takes my breath away
And the tears of glee | in my heart
End up voicing words to say
All I feel is invested in this...
Oh, my God. | Who is that?
That's my boy Neal Fox.
I found him playing | at a dive in the Village.
He's smokin'.
Can I have him | for my birthday?
No, Molly, I brought him here | so Roma could check him out.
Besides, he's 100% girly free.
He's celibate, like Morrissey. | He's all about the music.
You wouldn't know real music | if Mozart hit you on the head.
Quiet, the both of you.
Quiet? This place is so loud, | it is giving me a migraine.
My call of love
Then she'll rise with love...
Mom!
No, your mom's over there | talkin' to my man Nas.
We been tryin' | to sign him for months.
Could you please keep it down? | - Mom, I wanna go home now!
Night, Molls. | - Bye.
Good night, Molly! | - Bye!
I finished my new record and... | - That's great, Duncan.
Nice to see you. Where is he? | "- , , , "give me your two cents.

Huey said this guy | is practically a monk.
What the hell | are you trying to prove?
The only reason you're looking | at this guy is because you can't have him.
He's a rock 'n' roll | poet sex god.
You'll toss him in a week.
No, Ing, this one's different.
I can feel it.
That was good.
Kid, I haven't heard | blue-eyed soul like that
since Jeff Buckley's record.
See what I'm sayin'?
What did I tell you, Roma? | He's smokin', right?
You did good, Huey. | - I need eight hours, Mom.
If I don't get eight hours, | my immune system crashes.
Record something more up-tempo | I can get on the radio.
Let's go. | - Work it out with Huey.
Go...
That's what I'm talkin' about. | She gets it.
I get it. | You don't get it.
Wait... | - Neal, you need to get it.
I think we got ourselves | a Grammy!
I hate that...
Kids! Always hogging | your attention.
Hi. | - Hi. Birthday girl.
Yeah, happy birthday. | - Thank you.
Is this demo thing for real?
She's about to sign you! | I can feel it in my bones.
Rocket to the moon, baby. | Rocket to the moon.
Oh, my.
Are you really | Tommy Gunn's daughter?
Seriously?
Can you hold my purse, please?
Yeah. | - Thanks.
Jesus!
I guess there is | a certain family resemblance.
His guitars are in there? | - You wanna come see?
Yeah.
Can you just wait here | just one second, please?
Thank you. | - Yeah.
Right.
Welcome | to Le Chteau Chez Molly.
Nice.
What on God's earth is that?
Mu. | - Don't you mean oink?

No, "Mu" means "pork" in Thai.
He was going to be my curry dinner | one night in Bangkok,
but we fell in love.
If you wait here,
I will fix us some | bonbonnières confiseries.
Oh, my God.
Looks like you found it | on your own.
I can't believe it!
This is it.
This is the acoustic Muddy Waters | gave Tommy Gunn.
He played it at Budokan. | - Summer of '88.
Daddy's little girl
That's you.
Paints the world | with her magic wand
Please don't sing that song.
"Molly Smiles. | He opened the show with it.
For me
And then he | and my mom died.
Listen, I didn't mean to...
Okay. Yeah.
So what's next?
How about dessert?
Am I gonna be able | to pronounce it?
I don't know.
Can you say...Pez"?
I'm just not supposed | to act impulsively, you know?
Part of my whole sobriety thing.
Made a vow, | haven't broken it yet.
Pez.
I haven't had a drink | in 224 days.
I'm also not supposed to have | romantic relationships my first year.
Pez.
It's called | the Law of Contrary Behavior.
If I want a drink, | I don't have one.
If I want to skip a gig, | I force myself to go.
If I meet a girl | and I want her to come over...
...I send her home.
Pez.
Those are vows | I haven't broken.
Ships crossing like ghosts | in the night
Night names, | unremembered faces in sight
Took what we can | in need to survive
Oh, my God, I love it!
It's the most | lyrically advanced thing I've done.

No, purple means | rock 'n' roll royalty,
and it picks up | the highlights in your eyes.
You're too hot for those | earth tones you've been wearing.
What about the song? | Is it too fast, too slow, what?
It's kind of like the same thing | over and over again.
Is there, like, a hook | or a good chorus or something?
A hook? | - Yeah.
I don't do hooks. | - Okay.
I'm not a sell-out. I don't | wear purple and I don't do hooks.
I said okay, okay?
Names... names unremembered, | faces in sight
Molly, I thought you were dead.
Neal's in the other room. | - That guy is still there?
You always do this. | When are you gonna grow up?
He's never going to leave.
All he does is mope | and play these loser songs.
Help me, please.
I don't know how to get rid of this guy | without breaking his heart.
Hold. | Just a minute!
Oh, my God, | I'm being totally suffocated.
Yeah?
Can you take those off?
Ing, I'll call you.
Baby...I'm not a love machine.
No, my boxers... | can I have them back, please?
Thanks.
What's going on?
Listen, I've got to go. | - Go?
Go where, go?
Home, Molly.
The place where I live, | where I have a life,
where I do my laundry, | get sleep, try to make music.
Why can't you | make music here?
This is a world gone mad,
like I've stepped | through the looking-glass.
There's a week's worth of leftovers, | a month of laundry.
Look at this place. | - We'll call maid service.
"You" call maid service. | I've got to rejoin the human race.
No!
I don't understand.
Listen, I just feel | like I'm suffocating.
I need some air. | - We can open the windows.
It's not about the windows. | I need my shirt back.
Damn! I forgot | to get new strings.

I have, like, | five gigs this week
and I have not done | a single thing.
I have got to get to work. | I'll call you later, I swear.
Oh, my God.
This place is beyond | its normal grotesque.
It's post-nuclear.
Ninety-eight messages?
Molly, your machine | has 98 messages on it.
Write them down for me, | will you?
He's gone. | I have no life.
What?
"Of course you have a life.
"I don't need to tell you that.
That's what you're | supposed to say to me.
Sorry.
As your best friend, | it's my duty not to lie to you.
Besides, | you wanted him gone, remember?
I did?
What are all these | final notices?
I'm gonna call him.
I think now is | a good time to call him.
Would you hand me the phone? | I'm gonna call him right now.
Focus for one second.
Your electric has been canceled | and so has your gas.
Who pays your bills?
Bob.
Bob who?
I don't know. | My parents' guy Bob.
Your phone's dead.
These rooms...
...sound so empty | without the sound of his music.
Bob's number | has been disconnected.
Oh, God.
I'm sure it's little consolation, | but you're not the only one
who got taken, Miss Gunn.
Bob Kopalski had ten clients,
assets equaling over \$100 million, | when he disappeared.
You're telling us | that none of it's insured?
What a disaster. | Thank God for the residuals.
Actually, Kopalski took such heavy | advances on the royalty income
that by the time | the account recoups,
Miss Gunn will be | on Social Security.
Where does someone disappear | with \$100 million?
The best we can guess | is South America.

Can't you just sue?

My God, | how could he do this to her?

He'll be back. | They always come back.

If he does, he'll be looking | out the back of an FBI van
on his way | to a long prison term.

It'll be years | before you see a dime, if ever.

Mr. Feldman, as a lawyer,

may I please ask your advice

as per what to do in the meantime | as far as, you know, money?

Get a job?

"Dear prospective employer,

"although I've had | no previous employment, ever,

"the following is a partial | but significant list

of personal recommendations, | including contact information.

The Dalai Lama, Tibet?

900-thread count | Egyptian cotton.

No man can resist | Egyptian cotton.

Tibet is a country, Molly, | not contact information.

Why not add "earth"

in case someone | needs to know where Tibet is?

This is not a rsum.

It shows I'm a people person.

Focus on the interview.

Hello. | Pleasure to meet you.

I will work overtime, weekends, | holidays, Yom Kippur, Christmas.

You name it, I will be here. | - I'm sure that won't be necessary.

Ingrid says you guys met | at Darlington?

I was valedictorian there | two years in a row.

That's so neat.

Tell me, what is the price | on a set of these?

\$1,369 plus tax.

You're in denial. | You're broke, remember?

Trish, hon, tell me, do employees | get a discount around here?

Ten percent, and some employees | are among our best customers.

I'll take them. | Ing, this is the greatest job ever.

Who is it? | - It's Molly!

I was just out shopping | in the neighborhood.

At midnight? | - It's the city that never sleeps.

You can't do this. | I have to be at the studio at 9:00.

I can't act like a kid anymore. | - Really?

Neal, I haven't seen sheets | like this since the third grade.

Rocket ships?

You wouldn't have my jacket in there? | It's like my lucky jacket.

I never get onstage without it. | I left it behind the other day.

No.
I guess you're gonna have to | come over and look for it.
I can't disappear | from the world again.
I can't lose myself in this obsessive- | compulsive irrational behavior.
Feel.
Excuse me? | - Feel.
Egyptian cotton...
...900-thread count.
All right, I'll tell you what.
Maybe we can, like, | date, okay?
Okay.
But it's gonna have to be | a mature adult relationship with...
alarm clocks in the morning... | - I love alarm clocks.
...and work during the day.
We eat with silverware, | knives and forks...
...drink out of glasses...
...do the dishes.
Is it bedtime yet?
Molly, wake up.
I'm sorry.
It's not going to work out.
You spent all night at that guy's | house doing God knows what,
then you come here | and crash at work.
I can't believe you did this to me | after all the strings I pulled.
I know that I'm | an undeserving creep,
but can we please | talk about it over lunch?
No! Our lunch date is canceled. | You can't afford lunch.
Fine, see if I care. | I'll live off of water and sunshine.
You won't have to.
Once again your main man | is gonna come through for ya.
You're gonna get me | a record deal.
Not exactly.
Hi! | - Oh, my God.
You're my new nanny?
Hi, Laraine. | - It's Ray.
Nobody calls me Laraine.
Okay, Ray, I'm Molly.
We met at my birthday party, | remember?
You're late.
By, like, a second.
By three and a half minutes.
I have to take my Aciphex | by 4:26, and it's...4:18 right now.
We'll take it when we get home. | - That's when I take my Colitin.
The agency must really be | getting desperate.

I actually am uniquely qualified | for this position,
having spent so many years
developing my skills | as a people person.
Mission accomplished?
Fruit punch?
Why don't you | just drink cyanide?
At least it's quick.
Damn.
Hang your coat up in there.
What is this, "The Shining"?
Who is that? | - Nobody.
What's wrong with him? | - None of your b-i business.
Shoes!
This is your room?
There's no fooling you, | is there?
It's so...
...orderly.
These are so neat!
I remember when there were | only four models.
I can't believe this. | She's beautiful.
Look at these legs. | - That's Pliing Polly.
Put her back!
How cool is this?
Look at this little tea set!
You don't touch that unless | I happen to invite you to tea.
Look at these cute little scones.
Get away from there.
Well, I say, Lady Sassafras, | would you like some "crme frache"
to go with | your darling pastries?
You just got your germy drool | over my plastic scone, you freako.
Kid, have you ever been | to a shrink?
Since I was three.
What?
Good afternoon, Miss Ray. | Dinner is ready.
There's just nothing | like good help.
You missed a spot.
Isn't doing the dishes what the maid | is supposed to be for?
She doesn't know how to dry | without leaving spots.
You don't know how to dry | without destroying the environment.
For every roll | of paper towels you waste,
a tree in the rain forest dies.
I'm gonna die of botulism
from the germs on that gunky | towel, you tree-Ioving hippie.
At least I don't prefer tofu | to normal hamburgers.

I'm not the one who's gonna get | mad cow disease and go nuts,
though you don't seem to have | a brain to fry in the first place.
Maybe not, but at least I'm not | holding the germ-infested towel.
Give me that plate.

No, sorry. | You might infect it.

Why don't you get your plastic | baggie and dig up some penicillin?

No! | - Come on.

Give me the plate! | - You want it?

How bad do you want it?

Get a broom.

You get a frickin' broom.

When you work for me, | you leave when I say you can leave.

For your information, | I do not work for you.

I am employed by your mother.

Yeah? | Take a look around.

Do you see her anywhere?

News flash... you're not gonna

unless you make an appointment | with her assistant

or hang around her bedroom door | at 3:00 in the morning.

In the meantime, | you're workin' for me.

Is that so?

News flash, Mussolini...

I quit!

Swinging door.

Are you all right, Miss Gunn? | - Just great.

Baby!

Baby, what are you doing outside | all by yourself?

How did you get locked out?

Mama's had a day.

I've lived here for 20 years. | How can you do this?

Aside from that...

This is a family building, | Miss Gunn.

I suggest you find somewhere | you'd be more welcome.

Like Los Angeles.

You will be allowed back | into your apartment

only so long as you are accompanied | by a management representative

and only long enough | to gather your belongings.

That is, those personal belongings | we don't insist on holding

as collateral for the rent | and utilities you owe.

You are otherwise barred | from the premises.

I know this is | a big change for you,

but it'll feel like home | in no time at all.

This is the bedroom... | my bedroom, of course...

but there's plenty | of drawer space if you need it.

I can't believe those creeps | would throw a destitute woman
into the street.
Chivalry is so dead.
This is the bathroom. | I hung up your towels for you.
I've been here | a thousand times.
You know the kitchen.
Julie and Holly come over | Thursdays for our weekly bake fest.
Mondays, Penny and Ethel come | so we can do yoga with Rajiiv
right here in the living room.
But this is going to be | a problem.
Ing, don't you think it's weird | that Neal hasn't called me?
No, but I think it's weird | that you're wearing his jacket.
I told you just bring | the essentials, Molly.
You can't keep all this stuff.
And he definitely has to go.
Mu, what are we gonna do?
Downsize, Molly. | Purify.
Streamline, | find your center.
You're right, Ing.
We're gonna get you the best | housewarming present ever.
Don't be silly.
It's gonna be hard enough on you | coming up with half the rent.
Wonderful, girls.
Tomorrow we start rehearsing | for next month's recital,
but I think we still have | five minutes.
How about a little freestyle?
You sure looked great | out there.
I just, you know...
Yelling at you | the other day and all...
I'm sorry.
What are you doing here?
I called Roma, your mom...
...and she said that if you said | that it was okay,
I could have my job back?
You're on probation.
Act your age, | not your shoe size.
How come you left | dance class so early?
That freestyle at the end | looked like so much fun.
Freestyle is for moronic little kids | and hippie freaks.
It's fun.
Fundamentals | are the building blocks of fun.
Says who?
Mikhail Baryshnikov, | who I'm sure you've never heard of.
Ballet is about precision, | discipline, and poise.

They made us take ballet | at Darlington.
I couldn't wait to get out there | and make up all my own moves.
Figures. | Such a sloppy doofus.
Figures. You're such | a pill-popping little tyrant.
Don't ever do that | to me again.
You're hurting me. | - You hurt me.
Take it back.
Take it back.
Fine.
I take it back.
It's a good thing you did.
Otherwise you wouldn't | have gotten your surprise.
Surprise.
I really hate surprises, | and I sincerely doubt
there's anything you could give me | that I don't already have.
There's no harm | in trying, is there?
Ray, are you all right?
My glands are swollen. | I'm having an allergic reaction.
My immune system | is crashing.
Mu stayed with you | one measly little night.
Come on.
And that's all | he's gonna be staying.
Wasn't it fun, though, | sneaking him in and out for his walk?
It was like a real, live adventure. | You know you had fun.
I'm not a swineherd, kook.
Excuse me. | How much is this putter?
This putter is not for sale. | Sorry. This is a mistake.
You don't golf. | - Tiger gave this to me.
Essentials, remember? | You've got to get rid of this junk.
It's essential.
Twenty dollars. | - Ten.
Sold.
Can I talk to you for a second? | Come through here.
Do me a favor, all right? | Watch your step.
This is Kelli. | Kelli, this is Molly.
Pleasure to meet you.
Looks almost as good on her | as it does on you, doesn't it?
Goey! Looks like Mu isn't | the only pig you hang out with.
Go away!
It must be really hard | getting rid of all this neat stuff.
No, I'm actually loving it.
Really? | - It's very refreshing.
Everybody, once in their life, | should do this
and slough off all the bad... | Wait!

Sorry. This is...mine.

No, I just bought it. | - How much did you pay?

Thirty dollars. | - My friend Rosella gave it to me.

I'll give you 50. 75!

Enough!

We're downsizing, remember?

Sloughing off the excess | to find our center.

You want this, Molly.

Close your eyes | and repeat after me.

I want this.

Miss Gunn?

We're ready to pack this room up | for storage, ma'am.

Can I have just | five more minutes, please?

Okay, sure. | - Thank you.

Is that you?

Dad's a rock star?

Was.

He's dead.

Bet this stuff | is worth a bundle.

I can't just sell it, Ray.

It's my parents' stuff.

No, you're gonna box it up so it | can lay in storage gathering dust.

God, you're pathetic.

That man in the library | in your house...

...nurse said he's in a coma | from a massive stroke.

That's your father, huh?

Was.

He's a vegetable now.

Soon he'll be nothing.

That's kind of harsh.

It's a harsh world.

Watch where you're going!

Neal, I really hate talking | to your machine.

Where are you?

I'm still holding on | to your jacket for you.

I know you've been going crazy | trying to reach me,

but I've been | in a transition right now.

I'm, like, Miss Proletariat now.

Mop the floors, spank the brat, | pick up the paycheck on Friday.

I am a woman. | How about you?

Shit!

Get under the tail.

I'm not putting my hand | under his heinie.

Do you want him | to stay here or not?

Oh, God! | Oh, my God!
I'll get him!
Very good. | Now come out of plough.
Very nice. | Breathing. Good.
Pull up under. Very nice. | Molly, out of plough.
Come on, Molly. | Let's go.
Could you please help me? | This is starting to hurt.
Oh, my God.
73...beautiful.
74,
75...very good.
76,
77...
Let me put a few more on.
Ing, here we go.
Waist.
Molly, you get to be in charge | of the chocolate chip cookies.
They're already mixed, | so all you have to do
is put them in the oven | and time them.
Salmonella.
You're letting her do this?
Relax, girls. | It's just cookie mix.
How badly | can she screw it up?
Put it out now! | Put it out!
I'm trying!
Oh, gosh! | This is Neal's jacket!
Put it out! | - Get it out!
Take it back!
Oh, my God! | - Take it back now!
What are you doing, Ray?
Have you gone mad?
There is never, ever an excuse | for hitting another person.
What's going on?
She was laughing at me | because her "au pair"
said that my new nanny | was a slutbag whore.
Go!
I'm sorry. | Sorry.
You've reached Ingrid.
Please leave your number | and the time of your call.
Be specific.
Hi, it's Neal calling for Molly.
I hope this is | the right number.
I love Ingrid | with all my heart
and all her cute | Martha Stewart-wannabe friends,

but it's a real estrogen-fest | over there.
A girl needs a testosterone injection | every once in a while.
Not that I think | of you that way.
You're super-sensitive.
Don't be a silly goose.
Please let me | patronize the arts.
Well, actually...
I just signed a deal | with Schleine Records.
Oh, my God. | What?
Oh, my God! | Neal, that's incredible!
That's amazing! | Why didn't you say anything?
I would have, but this is | the first time tonight
I've managed | to get a word in edgewise.
I...
So how did you seal the deal?
Ships crossing like ghosts | in the night
Names unremembered, | faces in sight
Take what we can | in need to survive
I know this one. | This is the deep one.
Words exchanging kisses | i i
Leave me scarred, | feeling confused
I'll see what unfolds
Don't hide what I need
Girl, now, I love you so
Sheets of Egyptian cotton
Sheets of Egyptian cotton
Sheets of Egyptian cotton
Sheets of Egyptian cot...
I guess I looked | deep down inside
and...found that inner hook.
You certainly did...
...and that calls for...
...an outer hook to go with it.
What's that? | - Your lucky jacket.
My lucky...
What have you done to it? | - A few minor improvements.
Improvements? | - Yeah.
You mutilated it! | - No, I fixed it.
Look how great this is. I told you | purple was your magic color.
We have to talk.
Those are the four | most hateful words in English.
I can't see you anymore.
I'm sorry about the jacket. | - It's not about the jacket.
I just can't see you.

That's all.

Right. You just do | the rock star's daughter
so you can tell | your pop star-wannabe mates,
then ride off into the sunset | with your crummy guitar...

It's not like that. | I'm just not in a place...

Ray, can you | turn that down, please?

Thank you.

You're supposed to put | the cream in before the sugar.

I'm not having cream. | I can't gain weight.

My ballet recital | is Friday night, remember?

Right. I remember.

I invited you to afternoon tea. | The least you can do is be polite.

Why are you buttering | my plastic scone?

Why are plastic scones on the table | when we have real food?

You thought they were cute.

Are you still moping | over that disgusting guy?

Other people | always let you down.

Why don't you forget them | and do something for yourself?

Like what?

I don't know. | Something you're good at.

And I don't mean shopping.

Maybe some of us | aren't good at anything.

Every grownup | is good at something.

My bad.

I don't see any grownups | around here.

What's so great | about being a grownup anyway?

So I can turn out like you?

You're scared.

Sometimes when Mu hears people | walking by outside the door,
he gets this funny expression | and runs into the bathroom,
like he thinks | they're coming to get him.

That's how you look.

Where are you going?

If you refuse | to have a nice time with me,

I'm going to have fun | by myself.

Two hundred plis isn't fun, Ray. | It's slave labor.

Fundamentals are | the building blocks of fun.

Right. I forgot.

What is with | this music, anyway?

It's like a soundtrack | to slit your wrists to.

It happens to be Mozart. | - It happens to be depressing.

If we're gonna have fun, we need | to listen to music that's fun.

I hate to break it to you,

but this junk is not music!

But it sure is fun | to dance to!
Cut it out!
You look like a spastic hyena!
What are you doing? | What is your problem?
Let me go!
What are you doing?
Grow up.
Where are you going now?
I have about a million | last-minute errands to run
and a date with this | normal adult guy I met.
He's in computers.
Ing, I am so sick | of all of these rock 'n' rollers,
overpaid jocks, | and supermodel bitch boys.
You know, I thought maybe,
just maybe, you'd remember | we had plans tonight.
Green tea tasting | at the Asia Society, remember?
If I never have a drop of tea again, | it would be too soon.
Please, go without me. | You'll have fun, Ing.
I'm already a half-hour late.
We were supposed | to go together.
I RSVP'd over a month ago.
It's too late | to invite anyone else.
We're roomies, Ing. | That's why I pay half the rent.
It doesn't mean I owe you | every minute of my free time.
Owe me?
You mean, for free yoga or nearly | burning down my apartment?
Owe me? Is that what you | think of our friendship?
Only because you think friendship | is having total control over my life.
Unfortunately, you don't know | how to run your life, Molly.
Fortunately, | that's not your problem.
Not anymore.
Look at you.
You got rollers in your hair. | Is that your new style?
I forgot. | I was in a hurry.
Just playing. | Come here.
Huey, my suitcases.
My bad.
Your room is that way. | Put your bags in there.
I got your bed made up.
Sorry. I'm sorry. | - It's okay.
Okay. Thank you | for taking me in like this.
Don't even trip. We all know | Ingrid can be a little anal.
It's all good. | Besides...
life with Huey | is one big party.

Party time!
That's what I'm talkin' about.
Your turn.
Bravo!
Beautiful.
Lovely.
Yeah!
Molly, no!
Hi, Roma.
It's me... Molly.
Ray's nanny?
Yes, of course.
I was at your birthday party. | - Yeah.
I'm a fan of your father's.
He had that one song... | What was it?
With your name in it. | - Yes.
I was just wondering, | 'cause it's my night off...
who's watching Ray?
She's at some | ballet thing or other.
Oh, God.
It's her recital? | I have to get over there.
I'm sure it's over by now.
I've arranged | to have a car pick her up, okay?
Excuse me for a moment.
I'm sorry. | Go ahead.
Rise and shine, Ophelia.
Hello, my little sugar pie. | How you doin'?
Isn't it your day off?
Indeed it is.
And it's yours, too.
No school, no homework, | and especially no fatal illnesses.
Let me see this.
Look at this.
Perfect 98.6,
only 20 degrees | above the temperature
of the beautiful day | awaiting us.
I'm not going anywhere, | especially with you.
Oh, yes, you are.
We are going to sit | in giant teacups
and spin round and round | in circles until we puke.
Are you on crack?
We're gonna have fun.
I can't believe | I let you talk me into this.
You are gonna so love | Coney Island, Ray.

Giant teacups you sit in.
It's a ride, Ray, | like the ones at Disneyland.
Haven't you ever been | to Disneyland?
You've never been to Disneyland? | - Why don't you alert the media?
Haven't you ever been | to an amusement park... ever?
Oh, my God!
Ray, you are so psyched! | - Whatever!
Say it, Ray. | Say, "I am so psyched.
I'm psyched, okay?
Then you're gonna | have to pay the toll.
It's like passing | through the gates
before you can get | into the Emerald City.
Let me go. | Are you trying to murder me?
You have to eat one, | or they're not gonna let you in.
They're toxic, you maniac.
They have dead rats | and nitrates.
Do you want to ride | the Spinning Teacups or not?
N ow swa ow
Swallow.
Wait.
She's alive.
She's alive!
The operation was a success, | ladies and gentlemen!
She's alive!
Excuse me.
Why is it so dead around here?
The rides don't run | till the season starts.
The season?
You're a week early.
Thanks.
Let's go home.
The last time I saw my mom | and dad, I was eight going on nine...
eight years, six months, | and three days,
almost as old as you are.
They were going on tour, | leaving me behind for the first time.
They didn't want me | missing any more school.
When they came to my room | to say good-bye,
I wouldn't open the door, | so they left.
I fell asleep.
The next thing I knew...
...my nanny was waking me up | in the middle of the night
telling me | their plane had crashed.
You're lucky. | - Lucky?
That you were mad.

When you're mad, | you don't miss people,
and if you stay mad, | it's like you never knew them at all.
That way you don't | have to feel sucky about it.
You were lucky.

Night.

I wasn't mad, Ray.

I was confused.

Everyone was talking to me,
and I couldn't understand | a word they were saying.
Then their voices | became a blur...

...and soon I couldn't even | recognize their faces.
They were like these blobs.

Then they started | to grow fangs...

...and their eyes | became green.

I knew I had to run away.

I packed my knapsack,

got on the train, | looked up at the map,
and decided that I wanted | to live in Coney Island.

I thought | it was gonna be a real island...

...and I could hide away there like | Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.
Imagine my surprise.

The Teacups was the only ride | they'd let me on by myself.

I got on it and started | spinning myself round and round.

I feel like I'm still there,
spinning round | and round and round,

and the ride won't stop,
and I won't dare get off.

You were right, Ray.

I am scared.

But you're scared, too.

You're as scared as I am,
and I thought maybe...

I thought maybe if we...

...could go together...

Morning, cutie.

You hungry?

You're up a little early.

What are you doing here?

I happen to work here.

What are you doing?

Don't forget the sugar, sugar!

Just breathe.

Lady!

Lady, that water | is contaminated, you know.

You better get out of there.
That's pure sewage | you're in, there.
Did you hear me? | Did you hear me?
Yeah, I heard you! | - That water's filthy!
If you don't get out, | I'll call the police.
I'm getting out.
A hundred and one degrees.
Sick as a dog.
You better hope | you don't get radiation poisoning
from that toxic pond scum.
Take two Echinacea
and a Benadryl | for your sinuses.
Okay. | - Call me if you need anything else.
Stay here, Mu.
Where are you going?
I don't know.
Maybe the library.
Is that where you went | last night?
I'm not gonna bother him.
I'm just gonna sit quietly | and read or something.
You can read out loud.
I think he might like that.
He's a vegetable, Molly.
Chatting it up with my dad isn't | gonna do anyone any good at all.
You're the doctor.
It's not gonna do any good.
I saw this show once on TV
about all these sick people.
The ones where their friends | and families talked to them
held on ten times longer | than the ones left all alone,
and that is a fact.
Do you swear?
I swear.
Pinky promise?
Don't touch.
Germs. Sorry. | - Germs. Right.
Wanna come?
Can I help you | with something?
She's going to go talk to him | for a little while.
You know...privately?
I can't think of what to say.
There's an all-time first.
Hey, Dad.
I know I haven't...

Well, what I really wanted | to tell you was about my new pet.
It's really Molly's, | my nanny,
but the thing is,
it's a pig...literally.
His name is Mu.
He's from Thailand.
He's really clean, | I have to admit,
even if he is a pig.
Anyway, what I'm really into | these days is ballet.
You and Mom used to say | that it was old-fashioned,
but I swear it's really cool.
I'm already doing | "changements" and "chanes..."
you know, when you spin | and spin and spin.
It used to make me dizzy.
Now I'm only dizzy when I stop.
What a one-hit wonder | that slut turned out to be.
It's his first single. | It just dropped.
It's been playing in my head | for weeks, and it sucks.
What is this?
This is so '80s | it makes my hair pouf.
Hold up. Listen.
I produced this video, | and the '80s are back.
I don't know | where you've been.
Listening to Tchaikovsky, | Mozart, and Chopin.
You wouldn't know real music if I | hit you on the head with it, Gooey.
You're gonna stop | calling me Gooey.
So?
What do you think? | - What is it?
It's a tutu, silly.
For what, a midget?
No, for a little girl | named Ray.
Her year-end dance recital | i i
The costumes are so boring, | I figured I'd surprise her
with something | pretty spectacular.
He's wearing the jacket!
That's my jacket! | I made that jacket!
That was my idea!
He is the Lizard King | reincarnated.
No, listen to me. | Look at me.
I'm the lizard king.
This guy, he's nothing | but an illusion.
He ain't real. | Everything he is, I made.
You want real, | you want substance,
look no further | than what you got in front of you.

I'm the lizard king.
You're right, Huey.
True friends, true hearts.
That is what counts in life.
That's right. | Hit me one.
Give me some love.
That's funny. | I wasn't expecting anyone.
Go see who it is.
Hey, man.
What's going on?
Hi. 81 st and 5th, please.
When did it happen? | - He passed away this afternoon.
I'm so sorry.
You promised.
Miss Gunn, Mrs. Schleine | is waiting for you in the study.
I'm so sorry, Mrs. Schleine. | - Thanks for coming, Miss Gunn.
Are you kidding?
Nothing could keep me away | at a time like this.
Last week's pay | and a month's severance.
Severance?
We're letting you go.
"We"?
That's right. | Me and Ray.
We. | Good night, Miss Gunn.
I'm sorry, but I'm not leaving | without an explanation.
I don't know what's been going on | between you and my daughter,
but she has made it clear | she never wants to see you again.
She must be going | out of her mind with grief.
Actually, she's taking it | rather well.
I was at my staff meeting when I | got the news about my husband.
I came home to find Ray | finishing her homework.
She's been very calm | and level-headed about this whole affair.
You call that taking it well?
Do you know what "tage" | your daughter's at in ballet?
Or that she was banned | from her science class
for stealing a formaldehyde pig | so she could give it a proper burial?
The tea set you got her...
it's exquisite and beautiful,
but do you know | how she likes to have her tea,
how many lumps... | one, two... cream, sugar?
And the point | of your little tirade is...
You're right.
You don't know what goes on | between me and Ray
because you don't know very much | about your own daughter.

I know my daughter well enough | to respect her wishes.
You don't give her respect.
You give her whatever she asks for | so you don't have to deal with her.
She's eight years old.
She is not 28.
Please remember that the next time | you show her some respect.
It's my muse. | - Getting in your way again.
Molly, I came here to see you.
For what?
I haven't been able to write | a single decent song
since we last saw each other.
Molly, I'm sorry. I was trying | to take a step forward,
but I took two steps | backward instead.
Why don't you take | one step sideways?
Then we can stop doing | this silly little dance.
So that's the Molly M.O.
When I'm not ready, | you hunt me down.
When I try and make it work, | you're not interested.
Ever since we met, | it's about what I'm doing wrong...
...but I'm not the one | with the problem.
You are, | you and your selfishness.
All you do is take.
I've got nothing for you | right now, so...
maybe it's time to start thinking | about someone other than yourself.
Till then...
Good morning, | ladies and gentlemen.
Now we'll start the bidding | on this important collection
representing a vital chapter | in American musical history.
Tommy Gunn was an essential | member of several landmark bands.
He scored a solo hit | with "Molly Smiles...
Maybe we should wait a few minutes | till everyone shows up.
I'm afraid this is about as good | as it's going to get.
We have here Tommy Gunn's | signature acoustic,
which he played with his first band | in Haight-Ashbury.
Bidding starts at \$2,500. | Do I hear \$2,500?
2,500. | - I have \$2,500.
Do I hear \$2,600? | - 2,500?
2,600. | - Thank you.
2,500?
I'm sorry. We put out feelers, | but unfortunately
the excitement generated | by Mr. Gunn's memorabilia
fell somewhat short | of expectations.
I have 3,000.
3,000 going once,

3,000 going twice...

75,000! | I have an offer of 75,000...

from a buyer who wishes | to remain anonymous...

for the entire collection.

Well? What do you say?

It's up to you.

Frankly, I can't envision | a much better result
from selling it off piecemeal.

This is everything that he's | left behind in the whole world.

This is my dad.

I'm sorry.

Just get rid of it.

Molly, where are you taking me?

The fellas are waiting for us | at the club.

The fellas can wait, Huey.

This is important.

Hold up. | Molly, please.

They better have | a defibrillator up there.

Goody, suck it up. | It's good for your heinie.

Welcome | to Le Chteau Chez Molly.

This is... | - It's my new apartment.

This way is the kitchen area,

and over here | in this direction,

you'll find the very private, | secluded bathroom section.

Fabulous, huh?

You're standing in the living room, | which, coincidentally,
happens to be...

...the bedroom.

It's got potential, huh?

As a detention cell | for convicted felons, maybe.

Molly, this isn't you.

I can't afford me | anymore, Huey.

Nobody's kicking you out. | You can still stay with me.

I really have to stand on | my own two feet right now, okay?

Okay.

Hello?

Roma, how would I know | where Ray is?

What's going on with Ray?

Hold on one second.

Thanks.

Roma? Hi. | It's Molly.

Miss Gunn, I know | that you've been let go,

but is there any chance that | you've seen my daughter today?

Are you sure?

Ray didn't come home | from school.
She's been missing ever since.
I thought | that she might have...
If you hear from her, | please let me know.
Huey, talk to her.
You all right? | - I'm fine, thanks.
It's nice to see you again. | - You, too.
I really miss you. | - I miss you.
These are crummy circumstances.
Molly Gunn? | - Yeah.
How you doin'? | - Good.
Good to meet you. | - Same here.
I saw that kid Neal Fox's video. | Didn't you create his look?
No, I just fixed his jacket.
I don't know why | everybody's talking about it.
Do you do pants, too?
Cool leather ones | that aren't over the top?
I'm hoping you can hook me up | with a jacket.
Not the same one, obviously, | but with a similar vibe.
Guys, thank you. | You're very sweet.
It was sort of | a big accident, yeah.
It's a hell of an accident. | What do you think?
I would love to. | - Cool.
Done. | - Pants, too.
Guys, Garth Brooks | wants to meet you.
You're kidding. | - He's over there.
Excuse us. Mr. Brooks? | - Okay. Yeah.
Let's go. | - Awesome.
Thanks.
No, that's yours.
Molly, I just spoke with her.
She's almost ready | to meet with people,
but she wants | to talk to you first.
You can have | your job back, you know.
I don't think so.
You and I...
...we're gonna be friends.
Okay?
Grownups never stay friends | with kids.
I don't see any grownups | around here.
I do.
You know the Dalai Lama?
I've always thought of myself | as a people person.
Most Fashion Institute applicants | would kill for references like yours.

Seems to me | you could skip school
and find work with one | of your designer friends.
It would be more fun than | toiling away here for four years.
Fundamentals are | the building blocks of fun...
...I always say.

Oh, God.

Man, she's gonna kill me.

I'm really sorry.

Okay. Sorry.

Please call me | and I will call you,
and thank you.

Have a great day. Bye.

She always does this to me. | She's not coming.

If you'd quit wiggling your ass,
it wouldn't have fallen off | in the first place.

Coming through.

Excuse me.

To conclude our program, | we present a special performance...

Are you okay? | - By Laraine Schleine.

And to accompany Miss Schleine,
we are pleased to present | a very special guest.

How's it going?

There's someone here today | who lent us a bit of her magic,
and now we'd like | to give some of it back.

This was Tommy Gunn's | favorite guitar,
and I'm going to sing you | the song he wrote
for his favorite person | in the world.

This one goes out | to Molly Gunn.

Daddy's little girl

Paints the world | with her magic wand

Daddy's little child

Breathes new life | to the morning time for me

Though we're apart

Her thoughts follow me

When I come home

Molly smiles with the dawn

Molly smiles

And she radiates a glow | around her halo

When she plays, | Molly smiles

On a summer day

Molly smiles

A new day, | Molly smiles

Daddy's little girl

Ties a ribbon | around my heart

Daddy's little child
Waves good-bye | to the ocean tide
That sweeps me
Though we're apart
She's a part of me
Molly smiles | with the dawn
Molly smiles
And she radiates a glow | around her halo
When she plays, | Molly smiles
On a summer day
Molly smiles
A new day, | Molly smiles
Molly smiles | with the dawn
Molly smiles
And she radiates a glow | around her halo
When she plays, | Molly smiles
On a summer day
Molly smiles
A new day, | Molly smiles
Every story has an end,
but in life,
every ending | is just a new beginning.
Nothing's wrong | when Molly smiles