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Indy's Women: The American Film Institute Tribute

By Unknown

Get that thing away.
Has that ugly mutt had its shots?
Go for the shoes, bad shoes.
Last season's markdowns.
Oh, I never.
It's okay, sweetie.
There's a word for a woman like that.
And it's rarely used outside a kennel.
Okay, puppy, five minutes
to shop the first floor. Go.
-Here?
That's right.
Do you know about that list?
No.
-It's like that, but you know, l....
Oh, I need some blush.
Girl, I gotta be....
Complimentary sampler
of our new cream with any \$25 purchase.
How about you?
Would you like to get a facelift in a jar?
This is my face, deal with it.
Hey, Sylvie.
I'm looking at a woman right now
who should be in my magazine.

Caption:

between an outfit and a getup."
Heh, heh. Where are you right now?
You're not shopping, are you?
Of course, I deserve it.
I was in my office at 6 this morning.
I love Saturdays at the office,
no one there to distract me.
Hey, shouldn't you be
on your way here right now?
What time is it, anyway?
Mary, what are you doing?
Are you having sex?
Would I be on the phone with you?
Don't answer that.
I'm on my way upstairs for a manicure.
What time is your little do today?
Oh, for the third time, 1 2:30, okay?

And do not be late, Sylvie,
I need you here.
Please, when am I ever late?
-Ha.
-I'll see you 1 2:30-ish?
No, no, no "ish."
No "ish."
Hi, welcome to Saks.
Would you like to try...?
-Hello, Ms. Fowler, how have you been?
-Aretha needs water.
Sparkling or still?
Whatever. She drinks out of the toilet.
Tanya's ready for you, Ms. Fowler.
Are you Tanya?
-Yeah, that's me. Have a seat.
That's your name?
Or are you really Susie from Brooklyn?
If it's a long story, don't tell me,
I'm in a hurry.
I was born Eileen,
if you wanna know the truth.
I went to this numerologist who said...
...to change my life,
I should change my name.
I was working at Mr. Ronnie's
on Astoria Boulevard. Do you know it?
I don't get out to Queens
as much as I'd like.
The day I changed my name,
a limousine pulls up in front of the shop.
You're never gonna believe
who gets out. Madonna.
-I have to be at a luncheon at 1.
-Anyway, I can't believe it.
I look at her nails, thinking,
"What kind of butcher did this? "
So I gave her a manicure
like she's never had in this life.
Switch.
I use my own polish.
I mix my own colors. I have a gift.
The luncheon's in Connecticut.
That's a whole other state.

I put Jungle Red on her.
I'll never forget it.
Next thing, Saks is calling me saying
Madonna's raving about my manicure...
...and do I want a job.
-So you wanna try my Jungle Red?
-Hmm. Not bad.
I put this on one of the girls
behind the perfume counter.
She just moved to town, bang,
she's having an affair with a married man.
Who isn't? If you can't speed this up,
I'm gonna have to come back.
-What's your Wednesday like?
-Oh, I'll check.
The married-man thing is tricky, isn't it?
Especially when the guy's well-known.
He's some big hoo-hah on Wall Street.
I can never remember that guy's name.
Everybody knows him.
Wednesday, Wednesday.... Haines.
That's it, something Haines.
It wouldn't, by any chance,
be Stephen Haines, would it?
Uh, yeah, that's it.
Wednesday, 1 1 or 2?
You know, Wednesday isn't good.
I think I'd better get this
taken care of now.
Oh, great, okay.
So you're telling me that Stephen Haines
is having an affair with a salesgirl?
What do you think that's all about?
If you ever saw Crystal Allen,
you wouldn't have to ask.
Yes, buzz, buzz, I hear you.
I swear to God,
it scares me to come here.
I'll be a few minutes.
I parked on 78th Street
in front of a vacuum-cleaner store.
Don't let me forget.
-Why would you forget?
-I just heard something, Edie.

It was very disturbing.
I don't know, I almost rear-ended
somebody on the way here.
April, give Mommy her hat.
May, teach June how to braid
her hair like Mommy taught you.
And, hello,
don't we say hi to Aunt Sylvie?
-Hi, kids.
No way.
I don't want to.
-They love you, they love you.
She scares me.
Dora, I'm getting ready to leave.
I have a splitting headache.
You have aspirin?
Sylvie, what did you hear?
Where is my purse?
Come here, June.
-Wait, what's that supposed to be?
-Oh, I'm painting now.
Painting?
Wait, what about the pottery thing?
Weren't you taking
some puppet-making class?
Let me tell you something.
Weird crowd of people,
the puppet people.
I'd go insane living here.
I don't know how Alan does it.
Oh, Alan moved out.
Whoa, what?
Oh, it's okay.
He's down in a studio
on the eighth floor.
I thought he could use a little space.
-Dora!
-Let's just go, I can't focus.
Dora?
-Will you drive?
Sylvie, whatever you heard,
if it's about anybody we know...
...don't tell me, I mean it.
Of course I won't tell you.

It's too personal.
It's about someone we know, isn't it?
Mrs. Edie,
we're running low on breast milk.
Oh, I have the pump in my bag.
It plugs into the cigarette lighter
in the car.
Well, forget it, you're not driving.
How are you today, little Miss January?
How are you?
Forget it, let's go.
Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, sit, stay, lay down.
Hey, Maggie, did you remember
to polish the silver for the, uh--?
-Lunch?
-Yes, lunch.
-Yeah, yes, ma'am.
Oh, boy.
How did it get to be noon?
I have 60 women
on their way here for lunch.
I haven't even showered.
Did you remember
to pick up my dry-cleaning?
Yes, I remembered
to pick up your dry-cleaning.
What is wrong with this picture?
How lovely. Thank you.
Okay, dog, clean.
Bread, flowers and-- Oh.
Hey, um, do you know where the thing that
I made with the whatsits around the edge?
-Bowl with the freesias.
-Yeah, where is that?
Right in front of you.
Oh, yeah, I think the tortellini
will fit in that.
-What do you think, Uta?
-Oh, look at this.
The face of the Virgin Mary appeared
on a rag at a car wash in Los Angeles.
It's hard to believe that you were born
in a country that hands out the Nobel Prize.
That's Sweden.

How many times do I have to tell you?
I'm Danish.
Like the pastry.
-Mom, what's going on?
-Hey, honey.
You're supposed to help me
with my book report.
Oh, my God, I just completely forgot.
-I'm so sorry.
-It's due Monday.
Yes, but today is the luncheon for the park.
I'm co-chair.
Which is more important?
Some piece of grass or my education?
Molly, I don't know why you save
these things till the last minute, honestly.
-Uta can help you with your book report.
-That's her job.
Nicole Kidman has cellulite.
Where? Let me see.
-Oh.
I think they drew that in.
Let's do it--
We'll finish it after the lunch.
-No, we can't, I have to finish the--
-Sketches.
--sketches which are late.
-Then I've to pick up--
-Airline tickets.
Why do you always save these things
for the last minute?
Molly Jane Haines,
is that any way to talk to your mother?
Chocolate macadamia cookies.
No, that's like five points.
-Since when are you counting calories?
-Since I'm fat.
Since you're fat?
Oh, honey, you're not fat, you're perfect.
I'll just do the book report myself.
-Now, go take a shower.
-Oh, yeah.
She thinks she's fat.
Oh, your father called.

He wants you to have lunch with him
when you come back from your vacation.
My father wants to have lunch with me?
Don't remember the last time he wanted to.
He said it was important.
Oh, Maggie, I think I know
what this is about.
I think he's getting ready
to hand me the business.
-Know how long I've been waiting?
-Years, you've been waiting.
-Just years.
-Years.
-Oh, my God.
-Oh, my God.
Oh. Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, off, off, off.
Molly, how many times have I told you,
no dogs on the bed?
Lucy, off. Go on.
-Hey, Mom?
-Yeah.
How come you design clothes
you wouldn't be caught dead in?
That's what your grandfather
manufactures.
Those are his customers,
but they're not gonna be mine.
What's this?
That is a travel coffee filter.
Here they come.
The population of Salem has just dropped.
All right, all right,
keep your Wonderbras on.
It's just a mess now.
Who knows if it's gonna come out?
-It's a brand-new Lexus.
-It's gonna come out, it's from nature.
Just calm down.
She splattered breast milk
all over the dashboard.
-Do you have a rag?
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, here.
Maggie, Maggie, can you please put this
in the refrigerator for me?

I'll put it right next to the 2-percent.

Okay, thank you.

Oh, my God.

I can't believe you're here.

You know what? I don't know
that I've ever seen you in the daylight.

You haven't.

Hello, I'm Edie Cohen.

Natasha.

-Natasha...?

-Just Natasha.

Oh.

Well, very nice to meet you,
just Natasha.

Natasha's a supermodel.

I hate that word. Do not call me that.

It objectifies me.

I'm a person, not an accessory.

Okay, fine. You're not a purse.

I'm gonna go and get something to drink.

Don't talk about me.

She just finished anger management.

Well, what does she have
to be angry about?

-She's hungry.

-Oh.

When are you just gonna settle down
with someone who's right for you?

Like a man? Please.

You know that I accept you
as my gay friend.

Thank you.

But all of a sudden, half the world is gay.

Explain that.

You just don't understand
how much better it is...

...being in a relationship with a woman.

If we're lost, we both ask for directions.

When we watch TV,

we watch one show at a time.

Nobody drinks out of the milk carton

or asks you to pull their finger...

...or obsesses over their decreasing ability
to piss 30 feet.

-And when we have sex--
-Oh, no, my....
--neither one of us wants it
with the lights on.
Are you jealous yet?
Hey, you owe me a hundred bucks
to have my car detailed, okay?
And tell me, Dorothy Parker...
...how much longer am I gonna have to wait
for your second book, huh?
I'd like to print an excerpt
before I'm dead.
You see, you don't just dash off a book
full of sharply observed, hilarious...
...yet deeply intelligent essays,
to quote The New York Times.
Yeah, that was six years ago.
Let's get on with it, huh?
She's a little distracted.
Did you see her date?
Hm.
So is Mary in here?
It's just so generous of you to open
your gorgeous home for Central Park.
Your mother was chair
of the women's committee for many years.
Yes, and it's very important to her
that I carry on the tradition.
-And me, of course.
-Well, of course.
I don't know
how you manage things in your life...
...and still make time
for your charitable work.
-Oh, well, pharmaceuticals.
-Oh, heh, heh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
There's a champagne buffet
out on the lawn.
Barbara, please help yourself.
-Oh, amazing, you're here on time.
-Hey, what do you mean?
I'm always on time.
You're the one who's late.
Will you put that thing away?

So impressive turnout. Congrats.
-Well, thanks for opening up your Rolodex.
-Hey, what are best friends for?
-What's wrong? Nothing.
-What's wrong? Nothing.
-Why are you asking?
-You looked at me funny.
-What's going on?
-Nothing.
Yeah, something. Your eyes just shifted.
-You're not telling me something.
-I tell you everything.
And what's with you,
and your tense shoulders up to your ears?
Oh. Okay, I wasn't gonna say anything...
...but I think my father's getting ready
to hand me the, uh....
-Business?
-Yes.
-Wow. Is that a good thing?
-Of course, yes, it's a great thing.
It's a fantastic thing,
it's just a lot to take on.
I have to talk to Stephen.
He's not gonna be thrilled.
Stephen, right.
So where is he on a Saturday afternoon?
The office, where he has been
almost every day and night...
...for the last month,
working on some hedge fund.
Hmm.
-Really? Ahem.
-Yeah, but in 24 hours...
...we are gonna be sipping cappuccino
at the Piazza San Marco.
-Are you sure you're all right?
-I'm fine. I'm just kind of hungry.
I'll get something to eat.
-Oh. Oh.
-Oh.
-No, that's okay.
-Lucy.
-Take this.

-Oh, no.
You have to.
You can come work for me.
-Oh, my.
-Take the card.
-No, I won't do it.
-Please take the card, sweetheart. Take it.
No carbohydrates at all, which is fine...
...because the human body
does not need them.
-Hey, cute dress.
Thanks.
Cool shades.
-There you go.
-Thanks.
Cheers.
Edie, that's a lot of food.
Where are you putting it?
Well, I might as well tell you.
You'll find out soon enough.
I'm eating for two.
-Aw. For crying out loud, Edie, jeez.
-Oh, my God.
-Don't you ever say no?
-How many kids do you need?
-What's happening?
-Edie's knocked up again.
Oof. Ugh.
-Are you sure?
-Of course I'm sure.
-I wanna keep going until I get a boy.
-Don't we have enough of those?
You know what?
You two don't understand.
There's absolutely nothing
more thrilling...
...than knowing that you're actually
growing a human being inside of you.
Right, Mary?
Well, you know,
I was going through some junk...
...in the attic the other day,
and I saw this box labeled "jars."
Yes, I am a jar saver.

And I open up the box, anyway,
and I look in there, and it's not jars.
It's just a whole pile
of Molly's baby clothes.
I just picked up one of those little rompers,
I could just feel the tug on my uterus, so....
What are you saying?
You're thinking about having another baby?
I don't know, you know. I'd never thought
about having more than one, but lately....
Maybe since I know the gate's closing,
I don't know.
-What?
-Nothing.
Something.
I've gotta pee.
For the 10th time today.
I'll be right back.
-Edie.
-What, uh, are you doing?
I wasn't gonna say anything,
but now I have to.
Mary is like my sister.
I told you, Sylvie, I don't wanna know.
Oh, it's about Mary?
-This is in the vault, right?
-Vault.
-Stephen is having an affair.
-Oh, my God. How do you know?
The new manicurist at Saks told me.
He's fooling around with some woman
who works behind the perfume counter.
-The spritzer girl?
-Yeah, can you believe that?
What do you think she sells?
Chanel No. Shit?
So, what are you saying?
You wanna tell Mary?
Of course not, but she's talking
about having another baby.
Oh, this is very dangerous, Sylvie.
What if the story isn't true?
How much can you trust a manicurist?
Oh, they know everything.

Manicurists and florists.
It's frightening how much information
those people are carrying.
I don't think we should say anything.
It could come back to haunt us.
-The affair could be over for all we know.
-True.
Besides, I don't know anyone
who's gotten into trouble...
...for keeping their mouth shut.
I mean, I know things about my friends.
And I mean, things.
Me too.
-Cheap hand towels.
-Let's go.
Right.
Oh. I forgot to pee.
Hey!
-Oh, no.
-Thank you so much.
-Oh, everything was wonderful, Mary.
I must have the name of your caterer,
so yummy.
Oh. No, I made everything myself. I think
people appreciate the personal touch.
You cooked?
Oh, Mary, how could you?
What were you thinking?
Now we'll all have to do that.
And not all of us are you.
Anyway, congratulations
on a successful event.
Phone for you. It's him.
Bye.
Bye.
Hey, honey, they're almost gone.
It's safe to come home.
Since we're leaving
in the morning tomorrow...
...let's just eat out, and....
Stephen?
Ste--
Stephen,
it took forever to plan this trip...

...and we both really need a vacation.
Yeah, no, there has to be some way.
All right.
Okay, I'll call the travel agent.
I guess, uh, Venice will still be there.
When are you coming home?
Oh, okay, then I won't wait up.
All right, bye.
That goddamn office
is sucking the life out of him.
-Well, something definitely is.
-Sylvie.
Come on.
-We didn't mean to be listening in.
No, no, it's okay.
Thank you so much for coming.
It meant a lot to me.
Are you gonna be okay?
I would stay, but we carpooled.
I'm so sorry,
I've got the little ones at home.
No, no, I'm fine. I'm gonna be fine.
Okay.
Goddamn it.
Ned, you gotta back me on this.
It's time to stop talking down
to our readers.
That's the way CACHE is gonna distinguish itself.
You talk about branding the magazine.
How about we become
the thinking woman's fashion book?
Bring on the provocative writers.
We stop putting little Hollywood twits
on the cover.
Yes, I know the twits sell,
but, Ned, you hired me for a reason.
Let me do my job.
This time next year,
you'll look like a genius.
-Mary's on three.
-Uh, Ned, I got Ralph Lauren on the line.
I gotta go.
So how was lunch with Dad?
How does it feel to be head

of your own design house?

-He fired me.

What?

Yeah, my own father.

He said I was spreading myself too thin
and that it showed in my work.

Excuse me, but designing
the perfect little frock...

...for a woman to wear home
from hip-replacement surgery...

...is not exactly my work.

Oh, honey.

Come to my office,
the Grey Goose rep was just here.

We'll open a bottle and bitch about the men
who don't believe in us.

What? Is Ned riding you again?

Oh, I mean, that's just absolutely absurd.

That must feel terrible.

-Why doesn't he just trust your vision?

-Well, it's a crisis of confidence.

I can feel it.

I need to pull a couple of great writers
onto this magazine, and fast.

Well, you can do that. Stop at nothing.

I love you, you know that?

Whoa. Well, you wouldn't if you saw me.

My hair looks terrible.

Could you get me into Saks for a haircut?

Is that okay?

Don't go to Saks. They'll butcher you.

Hey! Hey!

Wait, what are you talking about?

That woman just did the rudest thing.

Your hair always looks great.

-Anyway, love you, mean it, bye.

-Mary.

Mary?

Women.

Hello, I'm Mary Haines, and my friend
Sylvie Fowler called ahead for me.

Yes, she did.

We can squeeze you in, but not for an hour.

-I'm really sorry.

-Oh.
Oh.
Well, can I get a manicure while I wait?
-Let me check.
-Okay.
Let's see.
-Okay, Tanya's had a cancellation.
-Great.
-First table, straight back.
-Okay, thank you.
Oh.
Okay. Tanya?
Tanya?
-Hi, they told me to come right back here.
-Oh, sure, have a seat.
Well, let's have a look.
Oh, my, what have we done
to ourselves?
Oh, I retiled my bathroom.
-Seriously?
-Yeah.
Oh, God.
Oh, I was thinking
about something neutral.
Wanna maybe take a walk
on the wild side?
-How about this? Jungle Red.
-That's a little too much for me.
How about this? This is nice.
French Fawn, whatever. Okay.
What's that perfume you're wearing?
-Something my husband gave me.
-Oh, where have I smelled that before?
I know. That's the same stuff
that my friend wears.
She works the perfume counter
downstairs.
Expensive stuff.
But she's got expensive taste, that one.
-Her name's Crystal Allen.
-Who?
My friend at the perfume counter.
That girl needs a man with money.
She's got one now too. Married, though.

Narciso Rodriguez is just amazing.
The guy she hooked,
his picture's always in the business pages.
For Crystal, that's like the classifieds
for a husband.
I can never remember that guy's name.
Everyone knows him.
-That's a beautiful ring, by the way.
-Oh, thank you.
On the wrong hand, though.
-It's the right hand.
My girlfriends gave it to me.
We gave each other one.
Haines, that's his name. Stephen Haines.
I was there when she met him.
Oh, boy, what a performance.
This Haines guy walks up
to the counter...
...serious type, expensive suit,
good-looking, little thinning on top...
...and he says he wants to buy
some perfume for his wife.
"What type of woman is she? "
Crystal says.
He says, "The kind that smells like soap."
Which I thought was sweet.
But for Crystal, it was a challenge.
So then she says,
"Would you prefer something sexier? "
And she runs her eyes up and down him...
...the way a big cat looks
at a slow wildebeest.
I felt kind of bad for the guy.
He didn't stand a chance.
So then she picks up
the tester bottle of Jezebel--
That's the stuff you're wearing.
--she sprays it on her wrist and her arm
for him to smell...
...he starts sniffing around.
I guess he liked it more than he planned.
To tell you the truth,
I think this was a game for Crystal...
...until he took out his credit card,

and then she recognized his name.
And then what happened?
She really pursued him.
Then they just started seeing each other.
He takes her for nice dinners,
buys her clothes...
...sends her flowers in a vase.
-You know, the kind you keep.
I don't think that....
I don't think that, um....
I'm....
I just remembered
that I have to go somewhere.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
Was I talking too much again?
You know, I just try to entertain my clients
when they're sitting here, Mrs...?
Haines.
Oh, God.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
I'm so, so sorry, I had no idea.
Oh, me and my big mouth.
Is there anything I could do--?
No, just stop telling that story. I mean it.
I'll never mention it again.
I promise, I promise, Mrs. Haines.
Donna.
Good dirt. Oh, my God.
Hello, it's Mary for Sylvie again.
Is she still in that meeting?
Yes, if you could please have her call me
as soon as she gets out. Thank you.
Am I late?
I'm sorry, Mom.
I heard what happened.
Your father is a real shit.
I ordered you a gimlet.
I know,
you don't drink in the afternoon...
...but you will eventually,
so why not start now?
You wanna see a bad facelift?
Helen Danvers, 2 o'clock.
She looks like she's re-entering

the Earth's atmosphere.

Honey, what can I do?

Do you want me to punish Daddy?

-Mom, Stephen's having an affair.

-What?

I can't believe those words

came out of my mouth.

-That just makes me sick to my stomach.

-Who is she, one of your friends?

No, she sells perfume at Saks.

She's a spritzer girl?

I mean, how could I not have known?

Three months ago,

he bought cowboy boots.

I just can't believe this is happening to me.

I thought we were happy.

-What are you gonna do?

-What do you mean?

-I'm gonna tell him to move out.

-Well, that's not very smart.

Someone once said...

...that when you don't know

what to do, do nothing.

Mom, my husband of 13 years

is having an affair.

I mean, do they talk about me

when they're in bed?

Do they laugh at me?

Please don't tell me to pretend

that nothing happened.

You have no idea how this feels.

Well, let me try.

It feels like someone

kicked you in the stomach.

It feels like your heart stopped beating.

It feels like that dream.

You know, the one where you're falling

and you want so desperately to wake up...

...before you hit the ground,

but it's all out of your control.

You can't trust anything anymore.

No one is who they say they are.

Your life is changed forever.

And the only thing to come out

of the whole ugly experience...
...is no one will ever be able
to break your heart like that again.
I can't believe you never told me that.
I wanted you to love your father.
Jeez, I mean, who was she?
Some little skank who sold fabric.
I met her once.
She wore too much makeup
and her bra straps were always showing.
-What did you do when you found out?
-Nothing.
Nothing?
I had a smart mother too.
Mary, that girl does not mean
anything more to Stephen...
...than the fabric whore
meant to your father.
If he loved her, believe me,
you would have felt it.
I can't fake it, Mom.
I can't be anywhere near him right now.
Then this is what I think we should do.
It's spring break.
We'll go away for a couple of weeks.
There is nothing like a heavy dose
of a man's mistress...
...to make him miss his wife.
What do you think this is,
some kind of 1930s movie?
That's ridiculous.
Can I remind you of something?
You have a daughter, just like I did.
This is not just about you.
Call Stephen.
Tell him I invited you and Molly
up to the cottage in Maine.
We'll leave tomorrow.
And I wouldn't discuss this
with any of your friends.
They'll all want to help,
and before you know it...
...you'll be taking care of them
instead of yourself.

Oh, my God.
I'm so sorry for you, baby.
But it's nice to know
you still need your mama.
Was that a sunrise we just saw?
Because I'm on the wrong side
of that thing.
Alex, stop complaining.
I just thought Mary could use a few pals
to take her to the airport.
You know why I don't
cultivate friendships?
So I don't have to take anyone
to the airport.
At the next intersection, make a left turn.
-Who the hell was that?
-The navigation lady.
She's always calm. She never talks back.
My husband's in love with her.
All right, I'm sensing something here.
Something's not being said.
-What's going on that I don't know about?
-Nothing's going on.
What would make you say that?
Alex, what is your take
on Mary and Stephen's marriage?
Um....
It looks perfect on the outside...
...but there's definitely something
going on there.
You know Mary doesn't like
looking at the cracks.
She's too busy filling them.
Our girl is all blue sky.
But sooner or later....
Why?
Mary doing somebody? Heh, heh.
-What makes you think it's Mary?
Eddie.
-Is Stephen having an affair on Mary?
-Oh, for God's sake, Eddie.
-What a mouth.
-I didn't say anything!
Is it somebody we know?

-Vault?
-Vault.
-Spritzer girl, Saks.
-No.
-Oh, my God, how's she taking it?
-Oh, she doesn't know.
What do you mean, she doesn't know?
What is wrong with you two?
We're in the vault, she's not?
Drag her ass into the vault.
Look, I have been struggling
with this for days, okay?
Mary and I have been best friends
since college.
-I think she should be told.
-Uh, yeah.
Or we just don't say anything.
Sylvie, Mary has to know, okay?
Now, that's the right thing to do.
You want me to tell her?
Because I'll tell her.
I don't have a problem with it.
Hi.
Hi, I could've taken a cab.
No, no, I know you sent, you know,
Molly to be with your mom.
And why should you
go to the airport alone?
All right, so you have all
the numbers at the house.
All the information.
-Oh, will you call the vet please, Dr...?
-I will, Dr. Jones.
Oh, and the guy from the place
is coming to fix the....
-The sink, at 2.
Next week, Tuesday at 2.
-Okay.
That too.
Oh, hi.
-Hey.
What are you guys doing here?
-Just get in, okay?
-Come on, get in.

-No, let's get out.

Mary, there's a reason

why we are all here with you today.

Sylvie has something

she wants to talk to you about.

This is really hard, Mary, okay? I--

Oh, is this about the perfume bitch?

You knew and you didn't tell me?

Right now, honest to God,

Mary, I'm so hurt.

-You?

-Yeah.

This isn't happening to you,

this is happening to me.

I was trying to figure out how to tell you.

I'm not saying I didn't--

How can you not tell me?

All right, all right, all right!

It's out in the open, okay?

Fine, what I wanna know is,

what did he say when you confronted him?

I didn't confront him.

He doesn't know I know.

-What do you mean?

-Mary, that is ridiculous.

I'm not proud of it.

What are you saying?

He's supposed to know that you know.

Okay, okay! All right, I appreciate
all of you trying to help, I really do.

But please, don't dissect and analyze
every square inch of this right now.

I can't take it.

Just be there for me silently.

Okay, let's go.

I should not be operating
heavy machinery right now.

-Hey, Mom?

-Mm-hm.

-You know what'd be really cool?

-What?

If you and I
got mother-and-daughter tattoos.

Nice try.

Come on,
it would change your whole image.
What's wrong with my image?
Never mind.
So I can still get
the tattoo, though, right?
Yeah, right after I get my nose pierced.
How come you never just hear me?
I hear you, honey, I hear you.
You want a tattoo,
and you're not getting one.
I'm gonna go watch television.
Oh, Mol. Molly, come on,
stay out here with us.
It's a gorgeous day.
Is there anything I'm allowed to do?
You know, Mom, I think
it's gonna be warm enough this afternoon...
...to go for a swim.
I'll have to put on a bathing suit.
Men, they can just parade around
without a care in the world.
At what age do women
start covering themselves with tarps...
...just for a stroll on the beach?
-Oh, it's Stephen.
-Don't answer it.
Let him think you're doing something
incredibly interesting without him.
God, I hate the game-playing.
-It does feel good to get some control.
-Of course it does.
He's called three times a day
since we've been here.
He's practically begging you
to come home.
You can see where his heart is.
This would be so much easier
if I didn't love him.
There should be a pill that you can take
to make love go away.
Why would you wanna
make love go away?
It's hard enough to find it

in the first place.
It's Stephen.
All right, you can answer it now.
Hello? Oh, Stephen.
I'm dying to see what she looks like.
Okay, listen, Sylvie,
I'm just gonna put it on the record.
This is a bad idea.
We don't have a plan, you don't know--
-Oh, my God, would you look at that bag?
-So pretty.
Sylvie, I need an advance.
I am not going to enable you.
Finish your damn book.
Can I have this bag, Mommy?
Mommy, I'm tired of shopping.
Can we go? I wanna go.
We can't go.
Aunt Sylvie is stalking somebody.
When she's finished, we can leave.
I hate this store!
April?
I want you to listen to me.
I'm gonna say something
very important...
...and I want you to remember it
for the rest of your life.
Nobody hates Saks.
Now, let's do what we came here for.
Mommy, can we get something to eat?
Fragrances, this is Pat.
-She's with a customer.
I'm hungry.
-Can we eat somewhere soon, Mommy?
-Oh.
I'm starving.
Crystal.
Phone for you.
It's a guy.
Wow.
-She is fine.
-Oh, Jesus, Alex, not now.
-We've seen her, now let's get out of here.
-Not on your life.

Yeah, I'm with Sylvie.

Hello?

Stephen.

I was hoping it was you.

How have you been, baby?

I missed you this week.

Well, it's cruel and unusual punishment
to be without you this long.

I say we make up for lost time.

What if I cook us

a romantic dinner tonight?

The big white square thing with the fire
coming out of it is the stove.

Shh. Oh.

No, baby, of course.

No, no, no, your work comes first.

Don't worry.

I'll just save you a piece of cake
with a candle on it.

-Phew.

-Huh.

Oh, I didn't wanna tell you,
because I didn't want you to make a fuss...
...and I'll have other birthdays.

I would-- No, no, no.

I would feel terrible taking you away
from important business.

Are you sure?

Oh, baby, I am one happy girl.

Okay, I'll see you at 8.

You know where. Mwah.

That stupid wife.

Ever since she's been gone to wherever,
he's been acting like a lost puppy.

I have an audition at 4:00.

Apparently now I'm cooking dinner.

How did this all happen?

You volunteered.

Oh, sorry, Pat, but I gotta go.

Can you find something to do tonight
so we can have the apartment?

Fine. And good luck on your audition.

Uh, excuse me.

Can I get some help, please?

-I was just leaving, but Pat can help you.
-Oh, I was told to ask for Crystal Allen.
Ow, give me that.
Oh, no, no.
-Is that you?
-Yeah.
I've heard you have a special way
of knowing what a customer needs.
Really? And where would you hear that?
-Around.
Pretty.
I've been wearing Chanel No. 5
since my christening.
I'm thinking of changing.
What would you suggest?
Hmm. Probably nothing too subtle.
You're right about that.
You always know exactly
where you stand with me.
No, I want a perfume
to be a reflection of my personality.
Smart, fearless, clever, loyal...
...protective of friends,
ruthless if crossed.
I want that.
You shopping for a perfume
or writing a personal ad? Ha, ha, ha.
A friend of mine
is wearing something new.
Her husband bought it for her here,
I think.
Edie, what's the name of that perfume
that Mary Haines is wearing?
-You know, the one Stephen bought for her.
-Ah.
Stephen Haines.
Maybe you waited on him.
He's good-looking, receding hairline.
Platinum card.
Maybe that rings a bell.
Oh, we know you're screwing Stephen,
and Mary is a friend of ours, so you stop it.
-Just stop it!
-Shh.

So he cheated on you,
and still you said nothing to him?
This is not modern, Mary.
Ever since I got back from Maine,
it's all flowers and foot rubs...
...and, "What can I do for you today? "
I mean, maybe my mother is right.
Maybe the affair was no big deal.
Maybe treating it that way
actually is the more modern thing.
-When did you become French?
-I'm not sleeping with him.
-Good. Make him suffer.
-Sylvie, let's stop talking about me, okay?
-How's everything with Gary?
-Oh, it's over.
He pressed his jeans.
-You are too choosy.
-No.
Yeah, and you know why that is?
You're afraid to choose.
-No, I am not.
-Yes, yes, you are.
Excuse me, I chose once, remember?
It was all very nice
until my career took off.
"Sylvie, I'm happy for you."
He said, "I want you to fly.
I just don't think I can be with a woman
who has that kind of wingspan."
-That was just him.
-Excuse me, no.
I'm sorry, men have a hard time
being with a successful woman.
So we shrink to fit, like you.
-What are you talking about?
-Yeah, like you were gonna be Donna Karan.
And then you put on the brakes
because you could eclipse Stephen.
When you fall in love, you don't think
about how it's gonna work out, Sylvie.
-You just go with your gut.
-Oh, please.
Like my first date with Stephen,

when he gave me that pumpkin.
Thank God it was Halloween.
That was an irresistible thing,
to be given a pumpkin on your first date.
-That's weird.
It was charming, you know.
Carving a pumpkin?
-We carved it together.
We were a really good team.
You know, 13 years.
Good afternoon, La Perla.
-Thirteen pumpkins.
That is what you think about
when it's all falling apart.
It's the pumpkin. The pumpkin matters.
I hate Halloween.
All those strangers at the door.
You know, someday, when you are not
looking and you're not thinking, Sylvie...
...you're gonna meet the man
you wanna marry.
I'm the man I wanna marry.
That's the problem.
Ooh, hey.
Sylvie, what do you think of this?
-On you?
-Yeah.
-Really?
-Yeah.
Stephen might get lucky tonight.
Mrs. Haines, it's been a while
since we've seen you.
Time for a new robe?
Hello, Grace. I'd like to try this on.
-Really?
-What is everyone's deal?
-What...?
I think this is your size.
All right, I admit that I underestimated
the value of the slut factor in the bedroom.
Great. Maybe he'll leave some cash
on the nightstand.
Oh, I just don't understand
why they put fluorescent lighting...

...in dressing rooms.
Why would a woman buy anything
if it looks like her thighs...
...were hit by a meteor shower?
How are you doing in there, Ms. Allen?
-Do you need another size, another color?
Oh, no, I like it.
Don't go too far. I'm gonna need you.
No problem, Ms. Allen.
Okay, wow, is this just too much?
I mean--
No, it's-- I think I'll go out,
and just get some other options, huh?
Is there a mirror with better light?
-Yes.
Out here in the hall.
But you probably don't wanna go--
I'm not shy.
Hmm.
I've got to say, you're my first customer
who's had the courage to try that on.
Do you have those cutlet things?
-You know, I need some lift.
-Oh, yeah.
I think I have to take this.
How much money is it?
It's ltalian handmade lace.
That's why it's \$650.
Does it come in any other colors?
-Champagne.
Ah. I love champagne.
I'll take it in a champagne as well.
Will that be cash or charge?
You take personal checks?
No, but I'd be happy
to open up a store charge.
It only takes a few minutes
to do a credit check.
Credit check.
I don't have time for a credit check.
Hey, what if I gave you the number
of someone who does have a credit card?
And I'm sure if you called him,
he'd be happy to give it to you.

We can try that.

-What's the gentleman's name?

-Stephen Haines.

He's a friend of the family.

Mrs. Haines is a client of ours.

In fact, she's in the dressing room
right across the hall.

Would you like me
to have her approve this for you?

No.

No, no, no.

Um, you see, I don't think
that would be in very good taste.

You see, I'm relatively new in town,
and I haven't had the pleasure...

...of meeting Mrs. Haines yet.

I would hate for this
to be our first introduction.

I'm sure you understand.

I do understand.

-I'll phone Mr. Haines.

-Thanks, sweetie.

Oh. You don't think it's flattering?

-Is that what you're thinking?

-Mary.

She's here,
in the dressing room across the hall.

Crystal Allen.

What?

-How do you know?

-I saw her talking to the saleswoman.
She's spending a fortune, and, Mary,
she's putting it on Stephen's account.

Oh, that's not true.

If he's paying her bills, Mary,
it means he's still involved with her.

Well, I'm just gonna go home.

Can you just help me out?

Are you leaving?

-Help me off--

Mary, go in there.

-Help me off with this thing.

You've been running away
from this whole thing.

-What are you afraid of?
-Of being made a bigger fool, Sylvie.
Listen to me, that woman is working
her way into another person's life...
...and it happens to be yours.
And if you don't stand up to her
and face her...
...it's a matter of time before she's
carving the pumpkin with your daughter.
Now, I'm giving you permission
to behave badly.
You go in there and kick her ass.
-Go on.
-Okay.
-I'll be your cornerman, you just go.
-Go.
Go.
Go on.
-You can do it.
-Okay, I can't.
-Go.
-I can't do it.
Oh, shit.
-Excuse me?
-Are you kidding me?
-Excuse me?
-Are you--?
I'm Mary Haines.
Right, um.
Well, this is awkward.
-I guess he finally told you.
-No, no, no.
He never mentioned you,
but I've known about you.
-Really?
-Yeah.
-I'm surprised I haven't heard from you.
-Well, it's not my style.
But since you were in the vicinity,
I thought I'd introduce myself.
Um, look, Mrs. Haines, I am really sorry
for what this has done to you.
And I know Stephen
never meant to hurt you.

What? You don't know anything
about my husband.
I do know that a woman never steals
another woman's husband.
They usually go willingly.
Well, it sounds like you have
a lot of experience in that area.
You know, Stephen is a very smart man.
He's just way too smart
to take someone like you seriously.
I mean....
Mrs. Haines,
I know so many women like you.
You have your fancy friends
and your nice houses...
...your calendars are full of social events
and shopping dates and charity lunches...
...to make you feel like you're
doing something with your lives.
But eventually,
you stop paying attention to your men.
They get lonely.
And they come looking for someone
who makes them feel appreciated again.
And believe me,
they take that very, very seriously.
You know, I came in here with...
...I admit, just a ridiculous idea
that if you and I ever met...
...and you saw
that I was an actual human being...
...and not just some stray thought
out in Connecticut...
...that you might actually feel
a little bit of remorse.
One woman having that transcendent
moment of connect with another.
And that you might realize the scope
of the damage that you've done...
...not just to me, but to a family.
I have no idea what you just said.
I know, yeah. So I'm gonna put this
in terms that you can understand.
You are gonna stop seeing my husband.

I guess that's up to him, isn't it?
Listen, let me give you
a little bit of a tip.
Stephen....
Stephen would never like anything
that, uh, trashy.
Well, if Stephen doesn't like
anything I'm wearing, I take it off.
You were great, Mary.
Get me out of here.
Who are you, Stephen?
-Tell me, what's going on?
-Oh, she is really giving it to him.
And he is not saying much,
because, really, I mean...
...what could this cheating,
lying bastard say?
What else? What else?
Oh, so they argue some more,
and then Mary gets very quiet...
...and she says,
"Stephen, do you wanna be with her? "
-Oh, good move.
-Yeah.
Force his hand.
And he says, "Mary, I love you."
Oh, yeah. Oh, please, predictable.
But I think Mary started listening to him.
So he keeps talking.
He says he never meant
for the affair to turn into anything.
And he tried to end it more than once.
Men get themselves into things,
then they don't know how to get out of it.
But here's
where he makes his big mistake.
He says he kept seeing Crystal
because he felt she got dependent on him.
-And that he didn't wanna hurt her.
-Hurt her?
That's exactly what Mary said,
then she makes her big mistake.
She says, "How could you not see
that she's just after your money? "

Oh, she blew it.
The last thing a man wants to hear is that
his wife is the only one stupid enough...
...to love him for himself.
Nobody knows how to argue.
I should run a school.
So now he asks her the big question.
Is there any way they can put it all
back together again?
You should have heard him.
It would have broke your heart.
Oh, who cares?
Do we still have jobs or not?
Mary said she wants a divorce.
-What did he say?
-He says...
...he'd wish she'd take some time
and think it over.
And that he would spend
the night at a hotel.
-What did she say?
-She threw her wedding band at him.
Oh, that's bad.
-Oh, that's very bad.
-Yeah.
Where the hell's my address book?
I have a woman who keeps offering me
a job. Barbara somebody.
What are you doing?
You can't desert them now.
Oh, my God. Shh.
I hear something.
That's it.
We're on a sinking ship, Uta.
I have a cardinal rule.
Never get attached to the family.
This is exactly why.
And that, Uta, is why the revolutionaries
threw tea into Boston Harbor.
I need to eat something.
That's low-fat, low-carb, fat-free....
There's fruit everywhere.
-Where's the junk?
-You don't let me buy any.

Why don't I fix you a drink?

All right.

I think you both should know

Stephen and I are splitting up.

Yeah, he's been having an affair.

-Get out of here.

-I don't believe it.

Yeah, yeah.

And let me tell you

how stupid I am, okay?

I had myself convinced

that it was no big deal.

Just a little chapter, not the whole book.

And if I just put the old blinders on,

rose above it...

...everything would work itself out.

Bullshit.

I mean, it's not like I was deliriously happy

every single day...

...of this marriage, you know?

But did I screw around? No.

I could have, by the way.

I really could have

because men have come on to me plenty.

All right, once or twice.

But I thought about it,

because this just in:

Thirteen years of sex with the same man

can be a little bit boring, all right?

I mean, Stephen had his bag of tricks

and I knew them all.

But did I complain?

Did I go out

and bang the Federal Express guy?

And let me tell you something else.

Stephen does not know

how good he had it.

There is nobody, and I mean nobody,

who's gonna give that man...

...a better time in bed than I did.

I could suck the nails out of a board,

and that is a fact.

Oh, God.

God.

You can't think straight right now.
You know what I do
when I have a problem?
Before I go to sleep, I tell myself
I'm gonna wake up with the answer.
And that does it. I do.
You try it.
You go on upstairs
and get a good night's sleep.
And tomorrow morning,
it'll all look better.
Oh, Maggie.
Go on, you'll feel better.
I love you guys.
She's not gonna dump him.
I know how she feels about that man
and how he feels about her.
He'll be back in this house
by the end of the week.
I don't understand.
Why did this happen to me?
Oh, sweetie, listen.
Listen, it happens
in every relationship, okay?
Eventually,
somebody betrays somebody else.
It's either in a big way
or in a million little ones.
It's just the nature of it, okay?
Oh, Jesus.
Oh, God.
-What am I gonna do?
-You'll figure it out.
We'll figure it out.
Come on, we need to pull out
the big idea here.
We should focus on the cover.
How to get it to pop.
Okay, what about this for a cover blurb?
"The 45-Minute Orgasm."
Forty-five minutes? Who has the time?
Listen, I really wanna make a statement
with this issue.
It's time to cut ourselves away

from the herd, talk up to the reader.
I thought we already were.
What about the piece we did
on living an authentic life?
Oh, come on.
We tell women
to feel good about themselves...
...and then we print 15 pieces
on crazy diets.
We run ads for wrinkle creams,
the models are 20 years old.
-We're driving women mad.
-Okay.
I know I'm the new kid,
but here's what I would do...
...if I were in charge of CACHET.
I would tie each issue to a theme.
Brand it.
By branding each issue,
we brand the magazine...
...giving it a more unique identity
on the newsstand.
I would make sure
that each theme had an edge.
A sense of humor.
For instance, the revenge issue.
How to get it, who to stick it to...
...the fine art of holding a grudge.
We put an actress on the cover,
someone young, hot.
And we make the whole thing irresistible.
We become the guilty pleasure
of the publishing world...
...and that is how we turn it around.
Come on, Annie.
Revenge? It's so retro.
It's old-think.
Don't we all have better things to do?
It's the opposite of what I'm talking about.
But I would buy that magazine.
Uh, I think we should take a break, okay?
Let all this percolate.
We'll pick it up after lunch.
Just think about it.

It's a good idea.
Let me tell you,
editors, they live in fear of a girl like that.
They walk into your world, you're thinking,
"Wait, am I out of the loop here? "
-I mean, "Am I missing the trends? "
-Climb higher.
-Can't we take a break?
-No breaks.
What are the two most feared words
in English?
-"Pool party."
-"Keep climbing."
Wait a minute. Let me down, okay?
Thanks.
Hey, Bailey Smith, right?
Sylvie Fowler.
We met at the MTV Awards.
Oh, right, right, right, yeah.
So how are things
in the hot seat at CACHET?
Well, I'm not gonna be happy
until I take a nice big chunk out of Vogue.
-You know how I'm gonna do that?
-How?
By putting star writers
on the magazine, like you.
Oh, well, that is a nice compliment,
but I'm not for sale.
-I'm really happy at The Post.
-Excuse me, but I don't know why.
You made a reputation
writing brilliant profiles...
...and now
you're writing gossip for a tabloid.
Wait, I am syndicated.
I don't have to worry
about money anymore.
You know, anyway,
I write about people, not fashion.
That's what I want you to do.
Write about interesting people
in your own irreverent way.
You'll sell magazines.

I hear your circulation's down.
And didn't you have
some staff defections last week?
Some people can't take the hills.
You know, um, I would consider
doing some pieces for you...
...but I would need something in return.
Well, you name it.
-Yeah?
-Yeah.
Well, I'm doing a series of columns
on high-profile New York marriages.
I hear one of them is breaking up.
Oh. Oh.
-You know who I'm talking about.
-I don't know anything.
And who cares, anyway?
Oh, come on.
Messy divorces sell more papers
than presidential campaigns.
Sounds like you've written a story.
What you need me for?
You know I need confirmation
from some ironclad source.
I'm sorry, I can't help you.
Just because you wouldn't do
a favor for me...
...doesn't mean I won't do one for you.
One of my spies said
they saw your publisher last night...
...having dinner with Talia Greene
from Harper's Bazaar.
Wait, I am not worried, okay?
Ned wouldn't replace me.
He's completely committed
to my vision for the magazine.
Sure, I'm sure.
But it's just that I heard that there
was some heavy wooing going on.
Bailey, do not print that, okay?
What little staff I have left
would smell blood.
It would completely destroy
my credibility at CACHET...

...and then I really am out the door.
I know, it's incredible, isn't it,
how a little piece of gossip like that...
...has the potential
to actually unravel an entire career?
Because, really, when you think about it,
where would you go if you left CACHET?
This is the last time
you're picking the restaurant.
If they're gonna plaster your life
in the paper...
...you would think
they would at least run a decent picture.
Especially next to that Crystal.
Shouldn't she have to have a permit
to wear a dress like that?
You're awfully quiet for a change.
Oh, tough day at work, is all.
She's here.
-Hi.
Hi.
-Alex picked the restaurant, right?
-Heh, heh, heh.
-Of course.
-That looks good.
So everybody's seen it, right?
Okay, no big elephants on the table.
Just when you thought
it couldn't get any shittier.
Okay, do you wanna have a big laugh
about it right now, huh?
Or you wanna run off with a woman?
-If you did, this would be the place.
-Maybe a margarita and a woman.
I like that.
I think it's gonna be okay, ladies.
She's turned the page.
Yeah, I've turned the page.
I hired a lawyer today.
Mary, um, don't you think
maybe it's too soon for lawyers?
Let things settle down.
A month from now,
everything could look different.

-What?

-I know.

Okay, I'm gonna take a risk here
and say something that may be....
There are two sides to every story.
Any one of us is capable,
under the right circumstances...
...of making a very big mistake.
Right? Right?
And a good marriage counselor

might ask:

"And how were you culpable
in this marriage? "
Well, I married an asshole.
That's how I'm culpable.
Which side are you on?
-I'm not taking sides.

MARY:

I'm on your side.
-My money's on you.
-All right.
Okay. Here's what I wanna know.
I wanna know how somebody
like Bailey Smith faces herself in the mirror.
I wanna know how somebody can make a
living feeding off of somebody else's pain.
Mary, it's my fault.
Okay.
Bailey Smith knew
I was about to be fired...
...and she knew
that I needed her on the magazine.
So she practically blackmailed me.
I didn't give her any information.
She had all the details already.
She just said, "Nod if it's true."
And that's all I did, is nod.
I was in a terrible position.
I was scared.
You know, people do terrible things
when they're scared.
And this is terrible.

I know that. I know.
What is going on with you?
Guys, I'm fighting for a job
that I've worked for my whole life.
What was it that you said, Sylvie?
You said that betrayal is inevitable
in any relationship.
I thought you were just talking
about marriage.
This is so much worse.
You don 't have
what it takes to run a company like this.
Now, take a walk and never look back.
My father will never let you
get away with this, Ramona.
I'm sleeping with your father.
Who knows moisture better than Dove?
For God's sakes.
Middle of the afternoon.
Your daughter's gonna be home
from school any minute.
You want her to see her mother
in her bathrobe again, huh?
I don't look at clocks anymore.
It's very liberating.
Haines residence.
Oh. Hello.
Heh, heh.
Sure, I still recognize your voice.
Well, me?
Holding down the fort.
Uh....
I'll see if she's still here.
-It's Mr. Haines. He's on the phone.
-Oh.
Tell him I'm not here.
I'm a bad liar. If I were any better,
I'd be embezzling from you.
I don't wanna talk to him. I'm busy.
Okay, look, I'm the housekeeper.
I cook, I clean, I run errands
and that's it.
I'm not your secretary.
I'm not your mother.

I'm not your pal. I'm not involved.
Now, you get over here
and take care of your business.
Hello, Stephen.
I haven't talked to the appraiser.
I'll do it next week.
Let's go. Get out of here, come on.
Oh.
Well, I'm sure she'd love
to carve a pumpkin with you.
Well, thank you for the invitation,
but I think you two are....
You'd be better off on your own.
Because I wouldn't have the first idea
how to be around you right now, Stephen.
No, I already told you, it's over.
No marriage counselor.
I'll have Molly call you.
Oh, sweetie.
Oh, I am so sorry.
I didn't mean for you to hear that.
Mary, I know you're there.
Why won 't you return my calls?
We have to talk about this.
Hey, it's bad form
to screen calls, Mary. Pick up.
Pick up.
-May I help you?
-Ahh!
What do you think you're doing...
...sneaking up on me like that?
What are you doing
casing the house like a Jehovah's Witness?
I am looking for Mary, okay?
I've left her a lot of messages,
and she hasn't called me.
-She's not here.
-Where is she?
Out of town.
-What about Molly?
-Molly is at school.
That's where the kids go
during the week.
Heh, heh. Cute.

Are we done? I have a lot to do.

Besides, your Pradas
are wrecking my perennials.

It's Jason.

-Are you serious?

-Yeah.

Ask him if he likes me.

No, you.

Oh, man.

Who's that?

One of my mom's friends.

-You'd better go.

-Okay, well, see you later.

See you.

Hey.

Small world, isn't it?

So why aren't you in school?

I didn't feel like it today.

Huh.

So this is kind of a new look
for you, huh?

I leave the house in my uniform.

And then after school,

I change into the stuff I hid in my backpack.

A lot of the girls do it.

Oh.

Clever.

You wouldn't happen

to have a cigarette, would you?

Thanks.

Hey.

-Does your mom know you smoke?

-No.

And don't tell her.

I do it so I won't eat.

Your weight is fine.

I hate my body.

I wanna look like the models

in your magazine.

Nobody looks like those girls, okay?

Not even them.

They're all airbrushed and retouched.

Then why don't you just put

regular people in there?

I know it's hypocritical.
Life is complicated.
Yeah, I'm just starting to figure that out.
Do you wanna talk about it?
No.
Okay.
How old were you when you had sex?
Thirty.
It was horrible. It hurt like hell.
And it was totally embarrassing...
...because we had no idea
what we were doing.
We were up in his room one night.
Big Farrah Fawcett poster
staring down on the bed.
Star Wars sheets, it was....
It was just tragic.
I didn't have sex again
for a really long time.
But then I met somebody,
and it was worth the wait.
We were crazy for each other.
And then magically,
and it was all really easy.
Basically, you're telling me exactly
what my mother would say...
...if I could even ask her.
Don't have sex until you're in love.
No.
No, I've had pretty great sex
just for the hell of it.
I won't lie to you.
But there's no sex like the kind
you have when you love somebody...
...and they love you back.
You'd make the coolest mother.
Really? No, I wouldn't.
Really?
I don't know,
kids don't seem to take to me.
You'd be a great mom.
Not like mine.
I can be in the same room with her,
and it's like she's not even there.

Listen to me, Molly.
I know you're going through a tough time.
And if there's anything you ever
wanna talk about, just call me, okay?
Promise you'll call me.
Tell me you promise.
I promise.
Okay.
So where is your mom, anyway?
All right, everyone,
take a deep, cleansing breath.
Look around.
Respect the power of nature.
This is why you have come to the Camp.
Let it heal you.
So divorce?
How many?
Hold on, I'm coming.
Don't start without me.
Oh, my God. I'm sorry.
I'm just not used to getting up at the crack
of frigging dawn. Excuse my French.
Is this the time you always start?
Because I'm pretty sure
the lake will still be here at noon.
We always canoe at dawn.
I always fake my orgasms.
That doesn't make it right.
Let's go.
Lift.
Swing.
-Hoist.
Oh, God.
You've got to be kidding.
Turn.
March.
Oh, please. God.
-Forget it.
-Oh!
I already tried it.
Oh, you scared me.
And how bad an idea was this
in a place with a padlocked refrigerator?
Leah, right?

Right.
Mary. I mean, I am just so hungry.
I'm starving. You need the Hubble
Telescope to see what they put on our plate.
This place makes Betty Ford
look like Disneyland.
And I ought to know.
I ran screaming out of Betty twice.
Look at that.
Oh, no. No, thank you.
How did you get that in here?
They even took away my Altoids.
I made friends with Buck, the ranger boy.
Another-- Guess what.
--aspiring actor.
I thought I had left them
all behind in la-la land.
You know, where your dentist
is writing a screenplay...
...and your gardener's playing Willy Loman
down at a dinner theater in Torrance.
He got me the joint, I took his headshot.
Are you an agent?
What do you think?
-How long have you been an agent?
-Oh, since 1852.
At LCM, they call me the Countess.
I can turn anybody into a star,
even our little ranger boy.
And why not? Look at him, he's so cute.
He's cute, I'm bored,
my guesthouse is empty.
Who knows, he could turn out
to be the next Michael Douglas.
Another dirtbag who left me, by the way.
So, what are you in for?
Oh, well, I just ran away from home.
I got fired from all my jobs.
Wife, mother, daughter.
And I broke up with my best friend,
which, you know, that was the worst.
-I just bailed out of husband number four.
-Four?
-No, five.

-Five?

I keep blocking one of them out
because he tried to kill me.

-What?

-We were on a ski lift in Aspen and I "fell."

-What did you do?

-Oh, believe me, I took care of him.

By the time I was done...

...there was nothing left but the hair plugs
and the asphalt on the driveway.

-Ooh, shh. Shh.

-What?

-Why do you keep getting married?

-Oh.

In the end, that's really all there is.

Okay. All right, give me that thing.

Haven't done this

since I was a freshman in college.

I ate an entire tube of toothpaste.

Wait.

Okay.

All right.

All right, here's the thing.

I'm just a good person, you know.

I just am.

I really try to do the right thing, I do.

I try to--

You know, I let the person

with the one item go ahead of me...

...in the grocery line.

I give money to homeless people.

I recycle.

I never cheat.

Okay, well, once, I cheated.

-Really?

-Yeah.

I was playing Monopoly.

I was the little top hat,

and I moved it a couple extra spaces there.

But I was just a kid,

so that probably doesn't count.

So why am I going on and on about this?

What was my point here?

Oh, boy, a talker.

I'm gonna have to figure this out,
you know.

I am.

I gotta figure out why...

...at this particular juncture,
my whole world has come tumbling down.

Can you not bogart that, please?

Thank you.

I've spent an entire lifetime
trying to be everything to everyone...

...and somehow,
somebody is always disappointed.

You know, my dear, sometimes
there's a reason why people's paths cross.

Let me give you

Leah Miller's secret to life.

Don't give a shit about anybody.

Be selfish.

Because once you ask yourself
the question, "What about me? "...

...everything changes for the better.

I mean, after all, who are you?

What do you want, Mary?

Oh. Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Hi, I'm looking for my mother,
Catherine Frazier.

How's she doing?

She's still in some pain,
but that's to be expected.

She's in there.

-Oh, thank you.

-Right there.

It'd be nice up in your room at this time....

Mom?

Mm-mm.

urse.

Get you something for the pain.

-Mom?

No.

Mary.

Over here.

Oh, Mom. Does it hurt?

I just spent thousands of dollars

to look rested.
Of course it hurts.
You look great.
Oh, thank you, thank you.
I just can't believe you did this.
Have you looked around lately?
There are no 60-year-old women.
I was the only one left.
No, Mom,
I'm happy you did what you wanted to do.
Really, really.
What have you always said to me?
Don't look back, no regrets.
I'm so full of shit.
I have plenty of regrets.
I regret I never accomplished
anything of my own.
I was ambivalent.
And frankly, I wanted things.
A big house, beautiful clothes.
It was easier to get status from your father
than to get it for myself.
I know I failed you in a lot of ways,
Mary.
But probably none more than that.
No, Mom.
Do you wanna have
a little bit of tea there?
Thanks.
Well, I've been thinking
about going back to work.
Not for Dad.
I wanna design my own collection.
Whoa.
-What brought that on?
-Hitting bottom.
Having nothing left to lose.
I highly recommend it.
If it wouldn't blow out 80 stitches,
I'd be smiling now.
I don't wanna take on
more than I can handle.
Just a small collection.
-Where are you gonna get the money?

-I'll find some backers.
-What about my inheritance?
-Oh, no, Mom.
I never did anything with it.
What could be a better investment
than you?
No, that's not why I came here.
Oh, please. I'm in no condition to argue.
You know something?
Someday, when I'm sitting here
with my head in a helmet...
...I hope my daughter has as much love
for me as I do for you right now.
Huh.
You are even more full of shit than I am.
Yeah.
Ned, please, um.
I know.
It's not the strongest issue I've turned out,
but next month is a whole different story.
Bailey Smith is writing a profile
on Christiane Amanpour...
...and Alex Fisher is getting me
some advanced material on her--
Ned, you can't do this.
Nobody turns a magazine around
in under a year.
Just give me three more issues, okay?
I have got this great idea.
How about we do a whole issue
on revenge?
How to get it...
...who to stick it to...
...the lost art of holding a grudge.
How to construct the perfect rumor.
The 10 best random acts of getting even.
And we'll put a hot young actress
on the cover.
Yes.
Thank you.
Yeah, I think it'll be brilliant too.
Okay, then.
I'll see you in the morning.
Hello?

Hello?

Molly?

Where is everybody?

Where is everybody?

Here.

Hey. Oh, Maggie.

All that fabric from Italy?

The whole dye lot was off.

I had to completely recut a pattern
and the fit model didn't show up.

But it is going to be good.

Maggie, it's gonna be so good.

-Where's Molly?

-She's out there.

What is she doing?

Well, she says

she doesn't want to be a woman.

Hey, Mol.

Wow.

You've got quite a little bonfire
going there.

I started it off with the slenders
and now I'm adding the supers.

That's the trick.

Wouldn't it be just great if when
you're born, they give you a rulebook...

...so every time you came up against
something you had no idea how to handle...

...you just look it up in the book
and there would be the answer?

You know,

I used to feel sorry for the kids in my class.

Every other weekend with Dad

until Mommy's boyfriend sleeps over...

...then Dad gets you two in a row.

I used to feel sorry for them.

Now I'm one of them.

Listen, Molly,

I know that I haven't been here for you.

And I'm very sorry about that.

We have a lot to talk about.

I can't talk to you like I talk to Sylvie.

-You've been talking to Sylvie?

-She's been helping me.

Well, I wanna help you.
Why won't you let me help you?
Because all you'll do is tell me
that everything is going to be fine...
...and it's not.
Dad's living in an apartment
that barely has any furniture.
That Crystal woman
is coming over all the time.
She doesn't even call first.
Then she leaves stuff behind.
A dress, a purse.
I don't think
he even really likes her that much.
He's just lonely.
He misses you.
Molly, I can't.
I just can't.
I know, I remember.
I used to watch you get ready
to go out with Dad.
And you'd let me put on your dresses
and your high heels...
...and draw on some lipstick.
I wanted to be you.
I'm gonna go call Sylvie.
Hey.
-Hey.
-Mary.
I wanna know
what you're talking to my daughter about.
I promised her I wouldn't discuss it.
She's having emotional problems,
now you decide to be discreet?
I thought she needed a safe place.
I'm the safe place, okay?
That is my job, not yours.
I'm the mother, not you.
-She said she loves me.
-Yeah, you never have to say no.
You show me the stretch marks,
and you can do all the mothering you want.
And what is this, casual Friday?
It's Wednesday.

Yeah, I know.

-What's wrong?

-Nothing.

-Something.

-Look, let's just drop it, okay?

I didn't mean to cause problems.

I was just trying to help.

Don't you ever get tired of saying that?

How dare you reprimand me for stepping in where you should have been all along.

You have not been there for your daughter, Mary.

You've not been there for anybody.

You're not willing to face the hard stuff.

Don't you criticize me.

Let me ask you something.

Now that Molly trusts you, are you gonna betray her like you did me?

Do you have any idea how hard it is to be your friend?

I tried to make it up to you.

What more do you want?

I wanna know how you can sell out your best friend.

I hope that job is worth it, Sylvie, because it's all you've got.

I quit my job.

-What?

-What else could I do?

I was making terrible compromises.

I can't believe you quit.

How could I be so out of whack that I sold out my best friend?

You were in an impossible situation.

Of course you'd wanna keep your job.

It's what you do, and you're great at it.

It's nothing compared to being responsible for a child.

-I don't know how you do it.

-Come on, I'm a terrible mother.

Look what I'm passing down from my own.

I can't even talk to my own daughter about sex.

Well, it's easy for me.
I wasn't there changing her diapers.
-I mean--
-I know, you are helping me out.
You're doing me a really big favor.
Thank you very much.
Goddamn it. Thank you.
Anything I can do.
You have a huge job, huge.
I'm so glad I never had children.
That's the last impermissible thing
you can say at a party.
That you don't want children.
Well, I'm gonna have a dinner party
and then you can say that.
Oh, my God, I'm exhausted.
We're a mess.
I like your hair, though.
You know what?
I got my divorce papers today.
Oh.
All I have to do is sign,
and I can't seem to be able to find a pen.
Mary, look, it's the 21 st century.
It's okay for people
to fight for their relationships.
You know what this feels like?
It feels like
that phantom limb syndrome.
You know that thing where you lose a part
of your body, like an arm or something...
...but you still have the sensation
that it's there.
Well, you know,
I'm sure Stephen feels the same way.
Oh, no,
I'm not talking about Stephen and me.
I'm talking about you and me.
Fan out.
Hi, remember me?
Oh, Mrs. Haines.
-My nails are a mess.
But why wouldn't they be,
with what I've been through?

-Do you have time?

-No problem.

It's the least I could do.

-Mary?

Sylvie.

Oh, hi, how have you been?

Oh, fantastic.

I just had the most fabulous facial.

So how's it going with you-know-who?

Oh, absolutely fantastic,

like we never skipped a beat.

And the sex is just off the charts.

I am so jealous.

It's the whole sneaking-around thing
that gives it its yummy edge.

There's nothing like having an affair
with your estranged husband...

...to put the spark back in things.

-Oh.

-Oops.

Oh, my God, I'm such an idiot.

I better go,

before I put my foot in it again.

Great seeing you, Mary.

-Call me, okay?

Sure.

Well, that was awkward.

You don't still see Crystal, do you?

You have to forget what you just heard.

My life's been complicated enough
this year.

It's all safe with me.

-Now, have you decided on a color?

-Yes.

Jungle Red.

Are you sure, Tanya?

Oh, God, I can't believe he's seeing her
behind my back.

I'm practically living with the man.

Doesn't anybody respect rules anymore?

My father's taking me home now.

God almighty, you scared me.

I gotta go.

He said I should say good night.

-Oh, well, come give me a little kiss.

-That's okay.

-Oh, come on.

We just spent

the whole weekend together.

It's hot in here and I have my coat on.

All right. Well, good night.

-Good night.

Uh....

Good night, who?

-I asked you to call me Aunt Crystal.

-I don't want to.

Hey, you know, I have bent over backwards
to be nice to you.

I fixed up your room,

I made you that amazing dinner.

Who screws up macaroni and cheese?

That's not the point.

The point is that I make an effort.

Why don't you make an effort?

What's your problem?

I don't like you.

Come on.

What kind of stupid answer is that?

Everybody likes me.

What would your father say

if he heard you talking to me like this?

I don't think he cares.

Why, what'd you hear? What'd he say?

Nothing.

Oh, by the way,

I won't be here next Friday.

My mother's having a fashion show.

Yeah, it's something she's always

wanted to do, and now she's doing it.

My father thinks it's great.

He finds the whole thing

kind of sexy, in a way.

You know, a woman

coming into her own and all that.

At least that's what I heard him say.

Well, enjoy your bath.

Stephen!

I don't know what they do in your country,

but you don't throw the tinsel in clumps.
We place it. We place it.
Okay, I'm ready to go.
Oh, my God.
This is it, the big day.
Look at you.
I don't know how you are
so calm and collected.
-You must be freaking out inside.
-Uta.
No, I'm really okay.
I always imagined myself doing this.
I guess I just stood in my own way,
you know?
Listen, kiddo.
It doesn't matter what happens tonight.
What counts is that you showed up.
I always knew
there was someone else inside of you.
Thank you, Maggie.
You know, I just love you.
Okay. Here I go.
I'm going.
And, Uta, you'll drop Molly in an hour.
-Yup.
-All right.
Maggie, can it be?
Are you involved?
Oh, shut up.
Here, decorate.
You should be on the Discovery Channel.
It's got too much blue.
We gotta get her a different....
I see that. Just give me a second.
All right.
-Mary.
-Hey.
-Excuse me just a second.
-Mom, can you believe the turnout?
All the best boutiques are here.
If I throw up, will you hold my hair?
It's going to be great.
By the way,
your father stopped by earlier...

...and said to tell you
he didn't think you had this kind of talent.

-Fantastic.

-Don't be bitter. It leads to Botox.

Listen, I'm not sure about
the opening sequence of the show.
And I think you need to reconsider
where you place the coats.

Mom,

when you said you'd underwrite me...

...I didn't think it meant
that you'd be popping by...

...every five minutes
with helpful suggestions.

But you said you'd value my input.

That's what you say when you take a lot
of money from someone, Mom.

Nobody ever means it.

Now, go find a seat.

Just take a look at those coats again.

Skinny.

Don't bother Mary.

Okay.

Hey. Oh, honey, what are these?

They just came.

They're from Dad.

They're from Dad?

Hey, hey. Fingers crossed for me, okay?

Okay.

-Mom?

-Yeah.

This is really cool.

Excuse me.

Hi, Edie.

You look very rested, Catherine.

Thank you.

Oh, Mary, I am so proud of you.

Okay, Mom.

Everything was beautiful.

Okay, Mom.

I guess I'm just living a little vicariously.

Maybe even jealous.

A little competitive.

-Mom, more than I need to know.

-Okay.

I'll take Molly home.

Mary.

Mary.

All right, tell it to me straight.

What did you think?

It was transforming.

But it doesn't matter what I think.

This is the lady whose opinion counts.

Glenda Hill, meet Mary Haines.

This is the head buyer
from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Hello.

-Oh.

Wow, I didn't realize you were coming.

Well, I don't ordinarily crash fashion shows,
but Sylvie called me, insisted that I come.

Said I'd be missing something if I didn't,
and she was right.

Really? Really?

I don't know what to say.

It's a small collection,
but I find it fresh and forward.

I assume you'd be open to some changes
for the Saks customer.

Hemline here, maybe a jacket there.

Saks Fifth Avenue
is gonna order my clothes?

Well,

we'll start with the New York store...

...and if the clothes do well,

we'll expand to all 59 stores.

And of course,

we need everything shipped by spring.

Are you geared up for that?

I think she's a little shell-shocked.

-Would you mind if I think about it?

-Think about it?

Well, don't think too long.

What do you have to think?

-I have to think about it.

-What is there to think about?

Mary.

It was so amazing,

and we're so proud of you.
And I am so sorry that I won't be able
to stay longer to help you celebrate.
But my water just broke.

What?

-Are we in the right place?

-Are you all right?

-Hang in there.

-Here comes another contraction.

-Oh, my God.

-Oh, God.

The contractions
are only a couple of minutes apart.
Every baby comes faster
than the one before.

-My last one came in just two hours.

-It's okay.

Excuse me, our friend is having a baby.
We need a room now,
so we need you guys to hurry up.

-Does she have insurance?

-She doesn't need insurance.

Have four, get the fifth one free.

Get her a room.

Oh, I feel another one coming. Ah!

-Another one.

-They're a minute apart.

One minute? She's got a minute.

-She's got a minute.

NURSE:

I'll take you right to the delivery room.
And who's the birth coach?

-I am.

-Oh, no, no, I want Alex to do it.

-What, me?

-I think it'll be a good experience for you.

Don't worry, I'll help you through it.

-Oh, oh.

-Oh, my God.

This is gonna be a big baby.
Don't point that thing at me, Edie.
It's loaded.

Come on, honey. Come on.

Let's go.
Glenda Hill? She is an arbiter of taste.
She's a big deal.
Why didn't you jump on that?
-I don't think I want such a big order.
-You don't wanna be a success?
Depends on how you define it.
I mean, I would be very happy
with just a little boutique business.
And I have a daughter
who really needs me.
Your daughter looked at you today
in a new way.
You gave her a mother who got something
for herself. That's important.
Remember when they said
we couldn't have it all?
We can have it all.
The question is, do we want it?
I don't want it all.
I just want a nice piece of it.
I don't want it all either,
because it's exhausting.
We can handle anything.
We'll be each other's wives.
Do you know how loveable you are,
Sylvie Fowler?
Do you have any idea
how loveable you are?
Funny you say that, because I met a guy.
-You met a guy?
-Yeah.
I'm thinking of giving him
my real phone number.
-How did it feel?
-Oh, I don't know.
-I think it was because--
-No, no, no.
No thinking. How did it feel?
I felt like-- I felt like--
I couldn't talk. I had butterflies.
Like that time I found my dog
at the pound.
-Aw.

-We're very close. You better come inside.
I want my husband!
Where the hell is that schmuck?
He's coming, for crying out loud!
You are not doing the breathing right.
What is so complicated?

It's like this:

Somebody get here
before her head spins off.
I've got your back.
It's okay.
-Hey, is that Jungle Red?
-Okay.
Nice.
Focus on my voice.
Focus right on my voice.
Focus on my voice.
-Here comes another contraction.
Okay, now, Edie, use it.
Use it, Edie, just use it.
I am never having sex again.
Sew me up right now.
Okay, so you got through that one, honey,
you got through that one.
-How's she doing?
-We're a couple pushes away.
-This baby has a big head.
-Oh, can you see it?
Oh, God, it's the head.
Okay, okay, okay.
It's me, it's me.
Hello. Stephen?
A strong one is coming.
-Mary, Mary.
Oh, okay. Hold on, okay.
Edie, see that Christmas tree?
Just focus on that Christmas tree
and send all your pain right there.
That was a good one.
I'm not gonna make it. Oh, God.
Edie's having a baby.
Can I call you back?
No, don't hang up. Talk to him.

-Alex, I just--!
-Oh, my God.
He wants to go on a date.
-Good.
Good? I don't think
I can get past everything.
You can get past it, just like Alan did.
-What? Whoa, back up.
-Come on.
Oh, don't look so shocked.
Five years ago. It just happened.
When Alan found out,
it nearly killed him.
And that nearly killed me.
But he forgave me.
Not right away, but he did.
And you know why?
Because he's a good man.
He knew I loved him.
And I love him and he loves me.
And we love the kids.
And now I'm gonna stop
because I am so exhausted...
...and I want this kid out of me
right now.
Get it out!
Okay, Stephen, here it is, here it is.
I'm gonna own up to my part in all this.
How could I share myself with you
if I had no idea who I was?
I want things now that I've put aside,
and I'm gonna get them...
...and anybody who is a part of my life
is gonna have to want those things for me.
But this is gonna be hard.
This is hard work
because trust doesn't happen overnight.
And if you can accept all of that,
I will see you Tuesday at 8.
That's all I have available, I'm very busy.
-We're crowning.
-I gotta go.
Okay, ladies.
Get her shoulders, get her knees.

-Her shoulders and her knees.
-Okay.
-One more push, Edie.
Here we go.
Congratulations.
It's a boy.
Oh, my gosh, Edie.
You did it.
-You did it.
I did.
I did it.
Edie had a baby.
So beautiful.
Look at you. You have a boy.
Oh, my goodness.
Hi, little boy.
-Hello, little baby.
-Sweet boy.
I think real beauty is real authenticity.
And it's pretty much as simple as that.
I think a sense of humor
is really a beautiful thing.
People become beautiful
when you feel their confidence.
Because the beautiful thing about being
a woman is that we are so many things.
Honestly, it takes some cultivation
to know who you are...
...with all the mixed messages
and different kind of cultural demands...
...of who you should be.
Be kind to yourself.
Because I promise you,
it will come and it will evolve...
...and you will see just how spectacular
your "differences" are.
Being a woman is a gift.