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The World According to Garp

By Steve Tesich

Garp?

Garp.

Garp.

Garp?

Yes, Garp.

Sounds like a fish:

"My daughter got knocked up by a Garp! "

Find out if that's

the son of a bitch's first or last name.

- Was that his first name or last name?

- It was Garp.

Just Garp. That's the whole thing.

I think it was his last name.

- What was his first name?

- I never found out.

She never found out his first name?

- Jenny, you must know his first name.

- Technical Sergeant Garp.

I knew it! A goddamn soldier.

Technical Sergeant?

T.S. Yes. T.S. Garp.

That's my baby's name.

If I ever meet the son of a bitch,

I'll kill him.

He's dead already.

I don't suppose

you bothered to get married.

Married?

She never even met the son of a bitch.

I didn't want to marry. I wanted a baby.

But a wedding ring, dear...

I didn't need his ring, Mother.

I needed his sperm.

Don't you dare say "sperm" in this house.

- Where are you going?

- To get a job.

I'm a trained nurse

and I plan to continue my work.

Jenny!

In the war...

...which side was he on?

Was he on our side at least?

He wasn't on any side.

He was flat on his back in a hospital.

One night,
when he had one of his usual erections...
...I got on top of him
and he squirted it in me.
He ejaculated, and as a result,
I've got a wonderful baby.
I can't hear a damn thing.
Where'd she go? Winifred...
Oh, my God.
What a bod!
What a bod. This, gentlemen, is a bod.
I wish I was a girl.
If I was a girl, I'd take off my clothes...
...and stand in front of a mirror
and look at myself for hours.
The all-American bod.
Why can't a basketball player
father a child?
Everybody knows that one.
Get him, Bosworth!
Give me that!
- Where is it?
- I haven't got it.
Where did you put it?
Of course you can tell me what happened.
Come on in here.
I zipped it up too fast and it got caught.
I can see that.
We'll just have to unzip you.
I tried that already, but it hurts.
It's either that, or amputate.
We can't have you parading around
like a savage from Borneo.
It's all right. Hold on.
I'm going to put something on it.
I'll get you for this!
Jeffrey.
Leave it alone for a while.
Yes, Miss Fields.
What are you doing awake?
- Dada.
- No, not Dada.
Mama.
Say "Mama."

Ma-ma.

Dada's dead. He got killed.

No, let go.

Give this to me.

Let go.

Where did you get this?

Sick.

Even when they're healthy
they're sick with lust.

Bosworth.

Bosworth!

A word of warning, you filth monger!

If you expose my baby one more time
to cheap shots like this...

...I'll inoculate your jock strap
with bubonic plague.

It'll do such a job on you, you'll have
nothing left to scratch down there.

- Understand?

- Yes, Miss Fields.

Fine.

Well, good night then, Bosworth.

Sleep well.

- My father was a flier.

- I told you he was a tail gunner in a plane.

If he was in a plane, he was a flier.

- Was he real big?

- I don't know, I never saw him standing up.

Why not?

I'll tell you about it some day.

This is one course you won't be taking.

The text is dull,

and Stewart Percy is even duller.

I nearly fell asleep in his class today.

Maybe he didn't die.

- Who?

- My father.

He sure did. Dead and gone.

"Mythology."

I'll check out this class for you next week.

Long Ranger died.

- It's "Lone Ranger," not "Long."

- He died.

- Sorry to hear that.

- But he really didn't.
Everybody thought he died,
but he didn't die.
Maybe my father didn't really die either.
Not really.
I'm a nurse. I know. He died.
- Will I ever fly like Daddy?
- I don't know.
I remember flying.
When you were born, I was so happy
I threw you up and down, up and down.
- I remember.
- You were too young to remember.
I remember flying.
I went flying with Daddy last week.
Will you sleep or will you stay up
and think your weird thoughts?
I'll stay up
and think weird thoughts for a while.
All right. Fine.
Good night.
- I'll see you in the morning.
- Lf I'm still here.
You don't really need a father.
All the other kids have one.
If they all had trench mouth,
would you want that, too?
I'm tired of that answer.
I'm tired of your questions.
Good night.
Hey, over here, Stuey!
I know how to make babies.
I know, too.
How could you? You don't have a father.
You're a bastard.
But I'll teach you.
Monkey in the middle!
All right, first thing is:
I have a headache.
Oh, my head. I have a headache.
Not tonight.
Now, you're supposed to attack me
and pull my clothes off.
You sure?

Yes. And you're supposed to say:
"Every night you have a headache."

- Okay?

- Okay.

Not tonight! I have a headache!

Every night you have a headache!

No, don't do that. It tickles!

No, Bonkers! Stop it, Bonkers!

Go away, Bonkers!

Cushie!

No, Bonkers! No!

Stop!

Bonkers!

Bonkie!

Bonkie! Are you all right, big boy?

- What happened?

- Bonkie bit Garp.

I see.

Bonkie bit Garp.

At least the dog's got good taste.

- Does it hurt?

- Yes. A lot.

- You shouldn't tease Bonkers.

- He didn't!

- It hurts!

- Come on, you run along to your house.

Go to your mother. She's a nurse.

She can take care of it.

- What happened?

- Bonkie bit Garp.

All right, kids!

Fun's over.

Come on, Pooh!

Time for lunch!

Mom!

Garp?

- Garp, what happened?

- Bonkers bit me!

Son of a bitch!

He bit your earlobe off!

Mr. Percy said that I tasted good!

He did, did he?

Stay, Bonkie, stay. That's a good dog.

Smile, Cushie. That's right.

Now come on, Pooh. Smile.

This picture is going
to all our friends this year.

So smile and look merry.

Pooh, would you smile, damn it?

If you don't smile,
you'll never get a husband.

Damn it.

- My son is not dog food, goddamn it!

- Calm down, Jenny.

- Bonkers just got a little excited.

- Fine. I'm a little excited, too!

Where is Bonkers?

- What for?

- I'll want to take him and give him a shot.

- What for?

- So he won't bite people anymore.

- A shot'll do that?

- Sure it will. He'll be dead.

- You can't be serious!

- You bet your fat ass I am!

I'm warning you:

make him behave...

...or I'll make him dead as a doornail.

Come on, Garp.

- Good afternoon, Dean Blodger.

- Good afternoon, Jenny. Hello there, Garp.

Hello, Dean.

I understand

you'll be starting classes next semester.

We're on our way now

to enter him in a sport.

Really? What will you be going out for?

- Basketball.

- I don't know.

I'm sure you'll do splendidly.

Good luck to you!

Thank you very much.

- Why can't I decide what sport to take?

- Because you're too young.

I've looked into them all.

Basketball is the best.

I'm too short for basketball.

Garp, you want to play?

- Yes, I do.

- No, you don't.

That Cushie could use a good sport herself.

- Over here, let's go!

- Hit the rebound!

Okay, let's get back on defense!

Let's go, set up number four!

Let's go, Chris. Set up on the base line.

- Give and go, guys. Move it up.

- Come on, Chris. Let's go! Weak side!

Come on, Danny, we got them.

- Watch him!

- Take the shot!

Swish! Nice shot!

All right, same thing! Bottom man down!

Let's go. Ready?

Ten seconds!

Hold him!

Five!

Four! Three! Two!

Okay, gentlemen, that's it.

Hit the showers.

Hey, Garp, how are you doing?

Why can't basketball players father a child?

Because they're ugly.

No, because they dribble

before they shoot.

- What's the definition of a brassiere?

- I don't know, what?

It's an over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder.

- And what's the definition of a girdle?

- I don't know.

It's a lower-decker-pecker-checker.

My father wore a helmet. He was a flyer.

- Can you fly?

- No.

Garp?

- Jesus Christ!

- What's she doing here?

- Spare me your modesty.

- Why can't Santa Claus father a child?

Because he comes down a chimney.

Garp, what are you doing in here?

We've got a big meeting tomorrow,
so no beating the meat tonight!
- I want to do what they do.
- Animals!
Garp?
Mom!
Garp?
Mom, help me!
Help! Mom, help!
- Dean Blodger!
- Who's on the roof?
I'm afraid!
Garp, I'm here.
I'm going to come up and get you.
Stay very still.
Hold tight. It's all right.
Get your mattresses!
Something to cushion the fall!
I wanted to fly!
I understand. It's all right.
Now carefully, give me your foot.
Get the mattresses close together...
...right next to the building
so he can fall on them. Hurry, boys!
Give me your free foot.
A little bit more over. There we are!
I've got you! I'm not going to let go!
All right? I'm not going to let go of you.
You'll be all right.
Quickly.
Now, slowly take your foot
out of the gutter.
That's a good boy. Take it out.
I've got you, son, I've got you!
Miss Fields.
- Yes?
- What about Dean Blodger?
Bring him in to the infirmary.
Let's go, boys. Everybody back inside.
Hey, everybody inside.
Get the mattresses.
You sure like trouble, don't you?
Thank God I caught him.
Yes, just in time.

What was he doing up there?
Pretending to be his dead father.
I wanted to be a father myself.
But I never got married.
Neither did I.
I always wanted a child.
If I could've had one by myself,
I would have.
But God, or nature, or whatever...
Well, you know, you need a man.
You know what men are like. Full of lust.
I can talk to you 'cause you're past all that.
- What?
- You're not well enough to walk.
It's a very nasty bump.
Anyway, the war was on.
I was a nurse.
One day, they brought in a tail gunner...
...who'd been wounded by anti-aircraft
in a raid over Germany.
A splinter of steel had lodged in his brain
and all he could say was his name: Garp.
For medical reasons I couldn't understand,
he also had a constant erection.
He deteriorated steadily.
Until one day,
all he could say was part of his name: Arp.
It was then that I knew
that he wouldn't last much longer.
His erections continued, however,
quite unabated.
I see.
- I'll just be going.
- Not yet.
You'd better rest.
Anyway.
Where was I?
He kept having erections.
Thank you.
He was dying. I wanted a child.
It was a good way to have one
without the bother of a husband around...
...who had legal rights to my body.
So, one night at work...

...when the wounded and maimed
were all asleep, I went to him.
He was asleep.
But his erection was there, as always.
I removed my undergarments
and climbed on top of him.
He woke up then.
He said the only word other than his name
that I ever heard him utter.
He said, "good." It didn't take very long,
and that once was all that was needed.
You raped him! You raped a dying man!
- Are you all right?
- No!
Yes!
I have to get home now.
You've been very kind.
I've never heard anything...
Good night.
And then he died.
He did die.
Really?
Really.
Will you throw me in the air
like you used to?
You're too big for that now.
Now you don't have a father, either.
You know, everybody dies.
My parents died. Your father died.
Everybody dies.
I'm going to die, too. So will you.
The thing is, to have a life before we die.
It can be a real adventure...
...having a life.
Garp! Careful of the undertow!
The undertow!
Be careful of the undertow!
- How do you do?
- Hi.
Hello, again.
Hope I'm not disturbing you,
running up and down here.
Nope.
It's distracting, isn't it?

Not to me, it's not.
What do you weigh, about 112 or so?
Pleased to meet you. 158.
On my way to 147.
Sorry about that.
My name is T.S. Garp.
- What's T.S. stand for?
- Terribly Sexy.
I used to be Terribly Shy, but I changed.
- I'm Helen Holm.
- Holm sweet Holm.
Our new wrestling coach here
is named Holm. What a hard-ass!
- We call him "Holm sweat Holm."
- He's my father. I'm his daughter.
We're the Holm team.
Take care.
Asshole.
Let's get them, Garp.
Next!
Do it!
- You're out of bounds.
- Concentration.
You walked right into that fireman's, Garp.
Come on!
Let's go!
Off the face!
Get him, Garp!
Reverse him! Roll him!
Two! Two there!
Ernie, congratulations.
You beat us on the takedowns.
- And we're lousy on takedowns.
- Thanks, Tom. We've got some guys...
- Nice job, Ernie.
- Nice, yourself.
He beat you on your feet.
He got all the takedowns.
And most of the falls.
Mr. Holm?
Hi, Jenny.
Mr. Holm, were you aware
of what was going on out here?
Garp wasn't really concentrating

in the first period.

- But it was that double-armed...

- It was lust.

Beg your pardon?

Lust.

Mr. Holm, you have a daughter.

I have a son.

- He's a fine boy. Good wrestler.

- He's also full of lust.

I can spot it a mile away.

He's lusting after your daughter.

I wouldn't worry about that.

Helen can take care of herself.

- After all, it's only natural.

- Diseases are natural, too.

It doesn't mean

we have to give in to them.

Keep an eye on your daughter, coach.

Hello, Garp?

Cushie?

So, what brings you home?

I'm visiting.

I'm stuck at this all girls' school.

So, I thought I'd visit here,

see how the boys are doing.

So, how are you?

I have this terrible headache.

- I'll see you.

- Take care.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Am I disturbing you?

- I think you like to disturb me.

You sure read a lot.

- I've always read a lot.

- Me, too. It'll ruin your eyes, though.

They're already ruined.

Ulysses

- You going to be a writer?

- No chance. I'm going to be a reader.

Maybe you'll marry a writer.

If I marry anybody, it'll be a writer.

But I doubt I'll marry anybody.

- You certainly won't marry a wrestler.

- You can be very sure of that.
Unless it's a wrestler who's also a writer.

- But a writer first and foremost?
- Yeah, a real writer.
- Like Joyce?
- Maybe.
He never made any money.
He worked as a clerk to support his family.
You've read him?
Did you know
he had a beautiful tenor voice?
No, I didn't.
He was 21 when he entered
the Feis Ceoil in Dublin.

- The what?
- The Feis Ceoil.
It's a Gaelic musical competition.
He was runner-up in the tenor category.

- Do you know who the winner was?
- No.
- John McCormack.
- Really?
- Do you always wear a sweat suit?
- Don't you like it?
Yes, I just wonder what you'd be like
without it. I mean, in a dress.
I spend a lot of time imagining things.
Part of my training as a writer.
All real writers imagine.
Good night, Garp!
Oh, my God.
Garp! You've no right to write this!
If you're going to write about me
and my personal life, wait till I'm dead.
While I'm alive, the subject belongs to me.
I might want to write about myself.

- Nothing's happened to me yet, Mom.
- Well, too bad.
Make up something then. Good night, son.
Good night, Mom.
- Sleep well.
- You too.
So, how do you know
you're going to be a writer?

It's just something you know.
What are you going to write about?
My life, once I've experienced enough.
You'll write, and you'll marry Helen,
and she'll read.

- Is that what you want?
- Maybe.

I guess I'd better give you something
to write about.
It's stuck.

- Is this your first time?
- No.

I thought so.

- Where's your thing?
- Where's what?
- Your thing.
- My thing? Don't you have a hold of it?
- No, your glove.
- My glove?

Look, I don't want babies.
No glove, no love.
You mean rubbers.
Pooh?
Poor Garp, you're about to burst.
Helen!
I'm gaining on you, Helen.
What's the matter?
- Watch where you're running.
- Sorry.

My short story!
It's my first short story.
I wrote it for you.
- You wrote it for me.
- Yeah.

What'd Cushie think of it?
Cushie?
Cushie.
She's not the type
to appreciate serious literature.
I don't know.
From what I saw of her, she seemed to
have a pretty good head on her shoulders.
Oh, boy!
We haven't got much time.

Men die young in my family!
I'm leaving! I'm going to New York
to become a real writer!
Oh, God.
Bonkers.
Bonkie, come on now.
Give me the paper.
Bonkers, give me that paper,
you hairy son of a bitch!
Bonkers, you chicken shit!
If I were a dog, you'd be dead!
What happened?
I had a fight with Helen.
With Helen?
And Bonkers, too.
I want to get out of here.
I want to go to New York,
become a real writer.
All right.
I've been thinking we ought to leave,
myself.
We've been here long enough.
Are you going to come?
I think it's a good idea.
Maybe I could write there, too.
- What's this?
- Bonkers' ear.
- His ear?
- Part of it.
Garp, are you up there?
Jenny Fields, are you up there?
Yes, what is it you want?
What the hell did that bastard son of yours
do to my dog?
There's blood on the porch!
There's blood everywhere!
He's under the house,
and he won't come out!
What did he do?
Garp bit Bonkie.
We've got oranges, fruits and vegetables.
Now all we need is some butter,
some milk, and...
...some coffee.

And we're also out of syrup.
Is that the latest fashion?
No, Mom, that's the oldest profession.
- Whores?
- Oh, yes.
How do you know?
Just a writer's instinct.
- I want to talk with one of them.
- Come on.
No, I want to ask her about something.
- About what?
- I want to ask her about lust!
Mom!
Oh, boy.
Pardon me. My name is Jenny Fields.
Are you a prostitute?
What's it to you?
My name's Garp.
My mother and I were just...
- Your mother?
- I'll be glad to pay you.
- Yes, you see, my mother...
- No.
I don't go for no kinky stuff.
You want any of that, go to 8th Avenue.
- She just wants to talk to you.
- What's your regular charge?
- Ask a few questions.
- Would \$10 be enough?
\$10?
- What's the usual?
- I don't know. It depends.
I'll give you \$20.
We'll go someplace where we can get
a cup of coffee, get warm and talk.
You pay for the coffee?
Of course.
What the hell. Go.
Mom, can we go now?
Do you feel anything?
Do you get any physical enjoyment from it?
Not when I'm working. Oh, sometimes.
Why do you think men like you?
- We've really got to go.

- Do you like her?
- She's nice, Mom, but...
- What is it about her that you want?
I don't mean just her sex parts.
I mean,
is there something else that's satisfying?
It's a combination.
How do you feel to be wanted in that way?
Does it degrade you
to have my son want you in that way?
Or do you think it only degrades him?
I don't know.
Do you want her?
Do you want her like you want Helen?
Is it the same kind of want?
You really want to have sex with her.
Well, do you?
Yes.
Of course I do.
All right.
Look, it's all right with me
if your mother wants to buy me for you.
But she can't come along with us.
- No.
- Absolutely not.
I will not have her watching us.
I am still a Catholic, believe it or not.
- You want anything funny...
- I don't intend to watch.
I've heard quite enough.
Thank you so much for your time.
You do what you want to do,
or what you have to do, I guess.
- Here.
- Don't give me money here!
Why not?
Because it's illegal, Mom.
- Why?
- Because it is, that's why.
That's silly.
It's her body. Why shouldn't she use it
the way she wants to?
Here.
I'll see you later.

Good night.
Thank you so much.
Your mother's weird.
You could say that.
Mom?
What are you doing?
Writing.
About what?
None of your business.
Just lay off me.
You've been hammering at me
ever since we got on the plane!
- I told you we should've stayed in Chicago!
- Come on, Rachel!
Don't "Rachel" me, Stephen!
Just don't "Rachel" me!
Get your mattresses!
Put your mattresses under!
Cushion his fall!
Jump! Jump!
Go ahead and jump!
Oh, my God! Stephen!
Rachel?
Remember Chicago?
Do you?
Remember these, Rachel? Do you?
I don't want them anymore!
"There will be other songs to sing
- "Another fall, another spring"
- Come down, Stephen!
"But there will..."
Watch out!
Well?
It's...
...a bit thin.
It's not quantity that counts.
Thank God for that!
This is good enough for me.
That's not very artistic.
I'm not an artist.
I'm a nurse.
It's about time I got back to it.
I want to be an artist,
and I want to know what you thought of it.

I'm not sure I understand it.
Mom, it's very simple.
He can do wonders
when he's wearing his magic gloves.
If his wife is sad, he just touches her
with his gloves, and she's happy.
If his children are crying,
he just touches them, and they smile.
But he can't feel them!
He yearns to feel.
He can even hold off death
with his magic gloves, but he can't feel life.
So he takes off the gloves, and he dies.
But, he finally feels life
as he's flying into the arms of death.
I like that.
If that's what it means, I like it.
Let me see yours.
No, I've got to go.
That's not fair. I showed you mine.
You should show me yours.
What do you think this is?
"Doctor's Office" with Cushie?
- I have an appointment.
- With who?
Whom.
With whom is your appointment, Mother?
With him. He's a publisher.
He looks like a nice man.
I'll let him publish my book.
- Let him?
- Why not?
Bring that along, will you?
We can return it.
- Come along!
- Yes, Mother.
"In this dirty minded world
you are either somebody's wife...
"...or somebody's whore...
"...or fast on your way
to becoming one or the other."
I think so. Don't you?
To tell you the truth, I've never given
the matter much thought but...

Garp! Is that right? Garp?
That's right. Garp.
You didn't write about me, did you?
I wrote about my life. You're a part of it.
- But when I wanted to write about your...
- My son is also a writer.
Short stories.
Sexual Suspect/
I wanted a job, and I wanted to live alone.
That made me a sexual suspect.
I wanted a baby, but I didn't want
to share my life in order to have one.
That also made me a sexual suspect.
Oh.
- I wanted to express an inner longing...
- Well, I'll call you.
That wasn't fair.
You said I couldn't write about you.
Oh, my God.
Go away!
Well?
It's...
...so sad.
Really?
So sad!
That's great. I mean, thank you.
It's the saddest story I have ever read!
That's wonderful! I'm so happy.
I'm so sad!
Helen, do you know that this is going
be published in The Review
Mom's publisher said
that he'll publish my first novel, too.
Do you think I'll be a real writer?
I do. Oh, I do!
You said you'd only marry a real writer.
I did.
And I do.
I do, too.
It's sickening.
Every bookstore in New York
looks like this.
Every bookstore in the U.S.
What the hell does she know about lust?

She never felt it. Not even once.
Some authority she is.
It's like listening to a plant
describe the motives of a mammal.
It's the timing.
Timing. I thought writing
is supposed to be the writing.
In writing, it is writing.
In publishing, it's timing.
I'm stunned, myself. It upsets people!
I don't know about Jenny,
but I'm getting hate mail for publishing it.
It's dangerous stuff,
and dangerous stuff sells.
In one way or another...
... we have all been suspect...
... all of our lives.
We have been suspect as the weaker sex.
When we showed strength, we were
suspect as not being weak enough.
When we showed intelligence,
we were suspect of covering up...
... some defect in our femininity
with our brains.
Know what really gets my goat?
That she wrote about me.
I am known
as the bastard son of Jenny Fields.
Hello, how nice to see you again.
How are you doing?
- Very well, thank you.
- Yeah?
Thank you so much for everything.
What the hell. Am I in it?
- In a way.
- Yeah?
I'll read it.
She is going to be very, very rich.
And very, very famous.
- I get the picture.
- I don't think you do.
You're a wonderful writer.
Your novel is as good a first novel
as I've read.

I'm proud to publish it.

But your mother has written

a political manifesto.

She's a cult, not a writer.

Hi.

- Could you write something in there?

- Yes.

It's for Frank, my husband.

"Dear Frank, the kids are in the school,

the dog is in the yard...

"...and I am gone, gone, gone. Love, Ruth."

- I think you'd better write that.

- Thank you. I will.

We're neither little nor weak,

but a force to be dealt with!

The women of America,

hungry for a heroine...

... have at last found one in Jenny Fields!

The men of America

will soon find out what that means.

Mom!

I'm all right, darling!

You don't usually find homes this lovely

in this quiet a location.

Isn't this nice? Isn't this a beautiful street?

And the landscaping.

They've done lovely things with the lawn.

It's a lovely place.

Lovely.

Just the ticket for young marrieds.

And my firm will even

finance the mortgage.

My mother's paying for it.

She's become a firm these days.

What do you think, Helen?

Is it a home?

It's close to the college

where I'll be teaching.

And close to the supermarket

where I'll be shopping.

Just like our house.

I work, and my husband putters

around the house.

My husband doesn't putter. He's a writer.

His novel was just published:
Procrastination by T.S. G
T.S. Garp?
Not the bastard son of Jenny Fields?
I loved your mother's book!
Loved it.
I keep buying them,
and my husband keeps burning them!
And you write, too.
Isn't that nice?
You must be so proud of your mother.
I'm very, very proud of Mom.
You folks all right down there?
Yeah, I'm okay. We're all right.
But are you all right?
I'm fine.
You mind if I use your phone?
Sure, if you can find it.
Thanks a lot.
We'll take the house.
The chances of another plane
hitting this house are astronomical.
It's been pre-disastered.
We're going to be safe here.
- What's the matter?
- Nothing.
Yes, there is.
Nobody is buying my novel.
I'm starting my second
and the same nobodies...
...are going to line up
not to buy that one, too.
I've just read in Time magazin
...that my mother's book
has been translated into Apache.
Apache, Helen!
Not even Shakespeare or Dickens
has been translated into Apache!
She's timely.
She struck a chord women wanted to hear.
Reviewers took her to pieces.
They said wonderful things
about your book.
Yeah, but I don't want reviews.

I want an audience. A big audience.
One of my students
brought you up in class today.
He didn't even know we were married.
y started talking about Magic Gloves
What was the verdict?
They loved it.
One of them even called it a novella
instead of a short story.
I like that kid.
There's another kid
I'm sure you're going to like, too.
Really? What's he like?
Can't tell yet.
Quiet type?
Yeah, real. He's very young.
A real baby.
I invited him over to meet you.
When?
Should be here
in about seven and a half months.
Don't cry.
I'm the one who's supposed to be crying.
I've got to do everything around here.
I've got to cook. I've got to clean.
I've got to cry.
- He's in there?
- Yeah.
It's nice in there. I know.
Cute little bugger, isn't he?
It's our baby.
I've got to kiss our baby.
Come on, Duncan. Say "Dada."
It's easy. Da-da.
Anybody can say "Mama," Duncan.
Come on, quit torturing me.
Say "Dada." Say it!
All right, Duncan!
This is Technical Sergeant Garp.
Make it easy on yourself. Don't be a baby.
Say "Dada."
Hey, you! Wait!
Look, this is a residential neighborhood.
The residents are mostly kids

who can't look out for themselves.
So, it's up to us to look out for them.
This means that we have to follow
the speed limit.
Yeah, yeah.
Stop, you son of a bitch!
Every time we come here,
there are more people.
Boy, they take advantage of her.
I wonder who they all are.
Moochers, hangers-on.
This is what happens when you become
rich and famous. That's why I avoided it.
Garp?
How lovely to see you!
You look wonderful.
Helen. Hello, dear.
Hello, Duncan.
How about a hug for Grandma?
Say "Grandma."
No.
Well, come on inside.
I'll take you upstairs.
Hi.
Hi.
- Who's that?
- Somebody Mother introduced me to.
Back to your basic hospital white?
Yes.
Come on upstairs.
I'll show you your rooms.
Hi, my name's T.S. Garp.
Don't touch me! Don't touch me!
- Alice dear, it's all right, darling.
- He touched me!
- I'm sorry. All I did was touch her.
- It's all right.
She can't bear
to have a man's hand touching her.
- Boy, has she got problems.
- Yes, she does.
It's going to be hard
to avoid being touched, isn't it?
Yes, it is. That's why she's here.

My name's Roberta.

I'm Garp.

- You're Jenny's son!

- Yes, I am.

I just finished reading your novel.

I think it's wonderful.

I adored it.

- What happened?

- It's all right.

Garp just frightened Alice for a bit,
but she's fine.

I'm sorry. All I did was just touch her.

It's all right, darling.

It's all right, everyone!

Just go back

to what you were doing before.

Everything is fine!

Barbara, it's all right.

Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

He's my son.

What's her problem?

- She's an Ellen Jamesian.

- What does that mean?

You don't know what an Ellen Jamesian is?

No. What?

She's taken a vow of frowns or something?

She has no tongue.

- What do you mean, she has no tongue?

- I mean she has no tongue.

It was cut off.

Oh, Christ. I'm sorry.

It was cut off on purpose.

Because of what happened
to a little girl named Ellen James.

Two men raped her

when she was 11 years old.

They cut off her tongue

so she wouldn't tell...

...who they were or what they looked like.

Some of these women formed a society
in her honor.

You mean, this Ellen James Society
doesn't speak, as if they had no tongues?

No, I mean they don't have any tongues.

The women in the Society
have their tongues cut off.
To protest what happened to Ellen James.
You mean, they actually
have their own tongues cut off?

- Yes. The society...

- Mom, I don't want to hear about this shit!
You're a little short on sympathy.
I've got a lot of sympathy
for a girl who gets raped.
But God, this is self-mutilation!
Suppose the next time there's a rape, I cut
off my prick and wear it around my neck.
I got a good idea, too.
Why not cut off your tits?
That way your armor will fit!

- It's all right.

- Jesus Christ!

No sense making things any worse
than they are.

- This whole house is full of...

- I know.

Everyone here has something missing
or some wound that won't heal.
And your mother tries to nurse them
back to health.
She's a wonderful person.

- Are you visiting somebody here?

- No, why?

You just seem like
the only normal person around the place.
Oh, I don't know.
Pardon me.
I hate to use a corny line like this,
but haven't I seen you before?

- You like football?

- I used to watch it quite a bit.
You might have seen me.
I was a tight end
with the Philadelphia Eagles.
Number 90? Robert Muldoon?

- I had a great pair of hands.

- Yes, you did.

- Goodbye, Helen.

- 'Bye, Roberta.

Duncan, a kiss for Grandma?

- Can you say "'Bye, Grandma"?

- 'Bye, Grandma.

- When are you due?

- How did you know?

I'm a nurse. I know.

When's what due?

Helen's expecting.

No, she's not.

Yeah, she is.

- Oh, boy.

- Helen!

How wonderful!

- Have a lovely trip back.

- We will.

- I'll send you the book when I finish.

- I'll call you when we get home.

- Drive carefully.

- Goodbye, darling.

Goodbye, sweetheart.

- I did it again.

- You sure did.

If it's a girl...

- 'Bye, Duncan!

- Bye-bye, sweetheart.

Pretty nice Halloween party?

Death scared me.

- That wasn't death. It was just a costume.

- It scared me.

- Nobody's scared of bears.

- And bears are scared of nobody.

Except death.

What's gradual school?

Gradual school?

Yeah. Mom says she teaches kids
that go to gradual school.

Gradual school is where
you gradually find out...

...that you don't want to go
to school anymore.

Who's Mommy talking to?

I don't know.

Who do you think she's talking to?

Damn you, Duncan!

- Leave him alone!

- I got you, I got you, I got you!

What going on out here?

- Walt's scared of death, Mom.

- No, he's not.

- I am so.

- Inside, Duncan.

- Roberta called.

- To wish us a Happy Halloween?

That's right.

- We should invite her over next weekend.

- I just did.

I don't want your names on these.

I just want to know why you've selected
this particular literature course.

Anonymity promotes honesty.

That's it. I will see you Tuesday.

Michael Milton.

The thing that's really hard is that
I'd love to have kids.

Of course I can't.

And they won't let me adopt.

Jenny's doing all she can.

We're taking the case to court.

- I love kids.

- Me, too.

I didn't know I loved them so much
until I became a woman.

Had I known, I would've had some
while I was still a man.

Duncan and Walt are crazy about you.

Well, you know how I feel about them.

What's the matter?

It's just one of those
raging hormonal attacks.

Son of a bitch!

Hey, you stop!

There was a stop sign there! Right?

You're supposed to stop.

You're supposed to come to a full stop.

There could've been kids playing there.

A pregnant woman. An old man.

Right?

We are civilized people,
and civilized people obey the rules!
You Neolithic dipshit!
Get off me! What are you doing?
What was that all about?
- He's been terrorizing the area for years.
- You don't think that was overreacting?
Fuck!
That son of a bitch ran
that same stop sign.
You have one hell of a way
of making converts to civilization.
The only thing you've inherited
from your mother...
...is your natural ability to piss people off.
That was a dreadful film.
I love dreadful films.
Whoever made this dreadful film
is a friend of mine.
I wish I had friends who wrote
dreadful novels, novellas, and short stories.
Practically a whole window to yourself.
- How about that?
- I like it.
Hi, teacher.
Hi.
Who was that?
Just one of my gradual students.
I wish you wouldn't do this.
- The kids love it. It's like flying.
- It's dangerous and silly.
Ta-ranta-ranta-ra!
- I'll send the sitter out.
- Roger and out.
Hi.
Hi.
- You know, I've just been reading this.
- Really? How do you like it?
I love it. It's awfully sad.
- I've read everything you've written.
- Really?
What does the T.S. stand for?
Terribly Sad.
It used to be Terribly Sexy, but I changed.

- I don't think so.

- Really?

No.

- How old are you?

- 18.

Is there any word in the English language
as sexy as that?

How old are you?

Dirty 30?

Are you really 18?

I promise.

I wish I had known you
when you were 15.

I wish I'd known you when you were five!

I wish we grew up together as kids.

That way, I could see you flat-chested
and watch you as your breasts grew.

You'll get to see my breasts sag,
my teeth fall out...

...and my hair turn gray.

It's not as exciting but...

Our youth is gone, isn't it?

How about that?

I'm 30.

Dirty 30.

Why dirty?

I don't know.

- Maybe we should move.

- Why?

I mean,

there's nuclear power plants nearby.

Crazy drivers everywhere.

Strangers.

What strangers?

We haven't had any strangers, but I mean...

...strangers can come between us.

Did you seduce that babysitter?

Oh, for Jesus Christ! That really gets me!

- Sorry.

- I should hope so.

- Let's make love.

- I don't think so.

- Don't you think I want to?

- No, I don't think I want to.

- I do. I really do.
- I don't. I really don't.
I want to finish reading this story.
You're reading another writer in my bed.
That's adultery!
You see, a stranger has come between us.
Mike Snow. That's catchy.
- Michael Milton. Is that his name?
- Yes.
It sounds like a flavor
in a gay ice cream parlor.
Strawberry Swirl, Chock-full of Chocolate,
Mocha Madness, Michael Milton.
He's not gay.
His writing is nowhere near
as good as yours.
- Does he write sad stuff, too?
- Hardly.
He's one of my gradual students.
He's bright enough, he's just...
What?
I don't know.
Young, maybe.
He's just young.
Very bright, but young.
How young? 17?
No, not 17.
- Is he a teen?
- I don't know.
Let's go look at the kids.
We looked at them last night.
I know.
But I really feel a need to look at them.
For both of us to look at them.
All right.
Let's go look at the kids.
I just really love it.
What?
Being a father.
Being a husband and a father.
Oh, I really adore it.
I will never ever write anything that lovely.
I have talent as a writer...
...but I'm a natural at only two things:

Wrestling...
...and being a family man.
Come on, family man.
Help! Help!
They're coming!
Kill them. Kill them.
You're wounded. As soon as
you're wounded, you become a villain.
- That's the rules.
- I'll become the villain.
- You're a disgrace to your tribe.
- And the scum of the earth.
It's time to die, Sir Scum.
I'm going to revenge my uncle's death.
You and who else?
Me and him. Ready, Sir Walt?
Ready, roger and out, Sir Duncan.
Sound the charge.
Got you.
What's the matter, Walt?
What's wrong?
You guys always get to die. I never get to.
You can't. Someone has to rescue
the fair maiden.
- I want to die, too.
- All right.
With his last dying breath,
Sir Scum manages to crawl forth...
...and fling his vile blade.
Sorry about that.
We have to end the war
because of a pot roast. Isn't that a pity?
Don't moan, if you want to eat dinner.
- Dead men don't eat.
- Dead men don't bitch, either.
I've got to go. It's late. Goodbye, darlings.
Sure you can't stay?
No, I have to go and have a heartbreak
in Manhattan.
He's young, he's handsome...
What can I do?
Maybe this time it'll work out.
Maybe so. I'm a hopeless romantic
in a male chauvinist world.

'Bye, darlings!
- Having some trouble?
- Looks that way.
Can I give you a lift someplace?
Where to?
Is your apartment clean?
Pretty clean.
If anyone finds out about this, it's over.
Do you understand?
- It's a small town.
- It's not that small a town.
You've been sleeping
with Marge Tallworth.
She's in Dirckson's
Drama through the Ages.
That's how small this town is.
You've been doing your homework,
teacher.
I like you calling me "teacher."
It underlines the difference in our ages...
...and reminds me why I'm doing this.
So, you can keep it up.
Not here.
Only in your apartment.
And only if it's clean.
It was just one of those days, Helen.
I saw the kids get up.
I saw them go to school.
I saw you go to work.
The kids and I played a great game
with Roberta.
Ta-ranta-ra!
- We beat him, Mom.
- We did. We killed him!
Oh, boy, did they?
Then we talked about the fact that
I have never written a Christmas story.
- It was my idea.
- It was. Story credit goes to Duncan.
It's going to be called:
A Child's Christmas with a Whale
It's about this little lame girl...
...who runs across a beached blue whale,
still alive, and she helps him.

And I get to do the drawings.
Walt gets to do the illustrations.
Do you realize how good he is?
This is going to be a real family project.
Sometimes you can have
a whole lifetime in a day...
...and never even notice
that this is as beautiful as life gets.
I just feel happy that I noticed.
I had a beautiful life today.
I even died and lived to tell about it.
What a day!
What a day!
Down. Set. Hut. Hut.
- You got it.
- No fair. No tackling.
Oh, Walt, isn't this lovely? Look at him.
What's he saying?
Boo-hoo.
- Did you really do them yourself?
- Yes.
Duncan did the eyebrows on the whale,
but I did the rest.
Your daddy used to draw.
Not as well as you.
Down. Set. Hut. Hut.
Get him, Helen. Keep tight with him.
Oh. Hey. Hey.
Sorry.
Garp.
Come on, Dad! Let's go!
Garp.
- How old are you, Granny?
- Old as the hills.
Really?
That's right.
You'll be old, too, someday.
"Old Man Walt."
It's not bad, being old.
It's kind of nice, actually.
You can have cake and ice cream,
and you don't have to worry about cavities.
You're done with school.
And if you're very lucky,

you'll have many, many friends...
...and many, many memories.
And you can think about them.
Would you like that?
Can I go swimming?
Of course you can, darling.
Just don't go in over your knees.
Okay, Duncan. Come on. Come on.
Time out. Time out. Just five.
What was that all about?
A new constitution?
They had a crisis.
Ellen James wrote them a letter
begging them to disband.
And stop getting other women
to hurt themselves.
Good for her!
They took a vote and decided to continue.
They'll have an Ellen James Society,
and Ellen James is against it?
It's their right to do what they want.
She sent me a picture of herself.
- So this is the little girl.
- She's not little anymore.
She doesn't want anyone to know
what she looks like now, or where she is.
There still are men who would hurt her.
Poor kid. She not only has to hide,
but she's got to feel responsible...
...for women whacking their tongues off
in her name.
I'd help her if I knew how
or even where she is, but I can't find out.
- Can I have it?
- What?
- The picture.
- Why?
Don't know.
Walt!
Watch out for the undertow!
Be careful of the undertow!
How's your fellow in New York
working out?
It isn't. He says I make him feel

sexually ambiguous.

Can you imagine?

I'm sorry.

I'm going on a cruise next Friday,
for two weeks. The Club Med.

Maybe things will change.

Oh, God.

Some of my hate mail.

This one hopes that I'll get gang banged
by the Oakland Raiders.

There are a lot of sick people out there.

Your mother gets even worse than these.

You writing anything?

No.

If I could write, I'd feel better. Maybe.

What's the matter, Roberta?

I don't know.

I think I'm developing female intuition.

I don't know. It's probably nothing.

- You coming?

- In a minute.

Toad? What toad?

- I'm almost sorry we're going back.

- Home is home.

- Undertoad.

- There's no toad under the water.

Boy, you are something, Walt.

- Did you hear that, Dad?

- What's that?

Walt thinks there's a big toad
under the water.

You know, undertoad.

First there was the gradual student,
and now the undertoad.

- Come on, Walt's a fine kid.

- I know. He just can't talk.

Can I help you?

What is it?

God, you're one of them. Listen.

You've got the wrong house,
and the wrong guy. My name is Garp.

It's my mother you want.

I know all about it. I think
it's a hideous thing that you've done.

I didn't know you knew.
You can talk.
Why can't basketball players have kids?
- Because they're guys.
- Daddy's a guy.
But Daddy has Mommy.
If Daddy had Mommy,
but he was a basketball player...
...why couldn't he have kids?
But he's a Daddy, and she's a Mommy.
That means they do have kids, right?
You're so dumb. It's a joke.
You didn't say it was a joke.
- Where's your handkerchief?
- I don't have one.
Here. Take mine.
- How come we're eating out?
- Because it's fun!
Hear that, Walt? We're having fun.
What's Mom going to eat
when she comes home?
Shut up and eat!
This sure is fun, Dad!
Garp?
Duncan!
Walt!
Oh, God.
Hello?
Hello, Helen.
iWhere are you?
- What the hell do you care where we are?
You call him, Helen.
And you tell that wimp...
i... it's all over.
- Of course I will.
You call him, and you say:
"Good-bye." On the phone.
No last fucks for the road. On the phone!
Come home.
I feel horrible without all of you here.
Walt had a cold this morning.
He should be home.
Home! What home?
We're going to go to a movie.

I just can't see you right now.
Will you cut that shit out?
We'll be home later,
if we come home at all.
The word "'home'" keeps coming up,
but it doesn't sound the same anymore.
Get in the goddamn back. Get in there!
- Oh, Michael, damn it, will you listen?
iYou can't, Helen. You just can't.
iNot like this.
- I said, it's over.
I've got to see you one more time.
I'm coming over. I'll be right there.
You can't! Michael!
- I don't feel like a movie.
- Me neither.
Too bad, let's go.
- Guess what?
- What?
I think we're still having fun.
- I've got to see you, Helen!
- You must go. You can't come in.
Then get in the car with me.
- No, Michael, please!
- I brought some champagne.
- Just for a minute.
- We're not going anywhere!
I know.
I just want to sit and talk with you.
Give me the keys.
Give me your car keys and I'll get in
the car for a minute, but then you must go.
I'll be right back.
Let's go.
- The movie's not finished yet.
- It's finished when I say it's finished.
It's real macho time!
- Stop quoting Roberta.
- I'm quoting Granny.
- He is, he's quoting Granny.
- I don't care. Come on.
Go fuck yourself!
There. I've had two glasses of champagne.
You have to leave now!

I can't. I just can't.
I told you, the minute anyone found out
about this, it was over.
But you're all I've got.
I broke up with Marge.
You broke up with Marge too late.
Be a man, Michael.
You started it. Now be a man and leave!
It's like being underwater.
Yeah, and you know who lives underwater.
The terrible, the ugly, undertoad!
If we could have just one more time...
- Michael!
- We wouldn't have to leave the car.
Oh, my God. Is that what you want?
I always wanted you to.
Oh, God!
Please?
If I do it, will you leave then?
- Do you promise?
- Yes.
- Promise?
- I promise.
Make it fly, Dad. We want to fly.
It's like a dream.
You got a nice tan.
That's all I got.
I came as soon as I could after your letter.
The cruise was a disaster, anyway.
I'm glad you're here.
How are they?
We need you here.
There's a lot of healing yet to be done.
Are you okay?
It was fine.
No, it wasn't. It was a bore.
I missed you all,
and I couldn't wait to get back.
Come on in. I'll take you up to your room.
The doctor says he'll be fine...
...once they take the stitches out
of his tongue and unwire his jaw.
At least he's better off than...
- What was his name?

- Michael Milton.

Yes, Milton.

I mean, I had mine removed surgically
under general anesthesia.

But to have it bitten off...

It's a nightmare.

It's lust.

What the hell's the matter with you?

You think you're the only one around here
with a broken heart?

Is that what you think?

Well, you're not.

Look around you!

This house is full of them!

And mine is one!

Laurel!

Now, hold on to it.

- Got it?

- Yeah, I got it. You can let go now.

The more the wind blows,
the more you can let out.

Hey, you! Dildo!

Is this the nuthouse

where you're keeping my Laurel?

- Stay right here.

- Okay.

Laurel is here...

...but we're not exactly "keeping her."

- Bullshit, you big dyke!

- I am not a dyke. Is Laurel expecting you?

- Fuck you, you douche bag.

- That's all you men understand, is violence.

I know what sort of creeps
hang around here.

It's a big lesbian scene!

What are you?

The man of the house,
or the court eunuch?

Laurel! You in there, you bitch?

Hello.

I know who you are.

- My Laurel's not your type, sweetie.

- Perhaps she's not your type, either.

Listen, goddamn it! If you don't get

Laurel's ass out here, I'm going to...

Randy!

- Are you all right?

- Baby, you found me.

I don't think I can drive the fucking car.

That's all right, I can drive.

You just never let me.

I guess Randy needs me.

- Easy!

- Sorry, baby.

Crazy dyke blindsided me.

I'll tell you honestly, son.

I think you've been behaving very badly.

I've been watching you,

and I've been talking to Helen.

What happened happened.

Your blaming her

isn't going to change that.

She's hurt, and you're hurt.

And you just keep pouring salt

on the wounds.

That's no way

for the son of a nurse to behave.

Heal yourself, damn it!

And help her heal herself,

before it's too late for both of you.

Come in.

Did you see the doctor?

Did he take out the stitches?

Can you speak?

I miss you.

I miss you, too.

I really miss you.

Me, too.

I miss Walt!

Me, too.

I want another child, Garp.

- You do?

- Yes. Don't you?

Of course!

As soon as possible!

I'm so, so sorry!

No, I'm sorry.

- No, I'm so...

- Oh, no. I'm sorry.
You can order a nice glass eye
for any occasion.
Is that really true?
Yes. For Valentine's Day,
you can have one with a heart.
A flag for the Fourth of July.
- A turkey for Thanksgiving?
- Lf you insist.
I know what I want.
For Christmas, I want a glass eye
like one of those crystal balls they have...
...with snow inside of them.
I tip my head back like this,
and then like this...
...and then there's snow falling in my eye.
That sounds wonderful.
Listen.
Is Daddy writing again?
Oh, Duncan!
I see a man with one leg.
I wish you'd reconsider.
I want it published.
People used her. They took her life away.
- You're using her, too.
- I'm just helping her state her case.
Maybe, but you also want to get
at the Ellen Jamesians.
You want to hurt them.
No, I don't. I just want them to stop
what they're doing. Ellen wants that, too.
- Have you talked with her about it?
- No, I couldn't find her.
I don't know where she is.
You have a fine reputation as a writer
of serious fiction. This is serious stuff.
But it is not fiction.
It's a long, merciless attack.
You're a publisher, John, not a critic.
You just publish it.
I see a man with one arm!
As a friend, I'm warning you:
you'll be sorry you ever wrote this.
I'll take that chance. Just publish it!

He's got a dog with him.
At least change the title.
I want it Ellen.
t Ellen, and that's
'Bye, Uncle John.
Goodbye, Duncan.
Garp? Garp!
Is it all over?
Yes.
Is it all right?
It's not an "it." It's a "she."
And she's all right.
She's just a quiet little girl.
She's got the hiccups.
- How's Helen?
- She's fine.
She wants to name her Jenny.
That's a beautiful name.
Yes, it's about time we had another one.
I've been Jenny long enough.
Come here.
Say hi to your baby sister.
Hello.
Say "Duncan."
Can I go in?
Can't you stay a couple more days?
No, I've got to go.
I've delayed the campaign long enough.
I wanted to be here to deliver the baby.
Now, it's done.
We need a granny around the house.
Well, I don't want to be
the granny around the house.
- I don't see what you see in politics.
- A mess, that's what. And I don't like it.
So I'm trying to clean it up a bit.
The woman I'm supporting
would make a damn fine president...
...and she's only running for governor.
Goodbye, darling.
I did a fine thing, son, having you.
I'm kind of glad you did too, Mom.
I never needed a father!
Ever since I began running for governor

of New Hampshire...
... I've been the one
who gets introduced at these rallies.
With the election day so close...
... I want to reverse that,
so that win or lose...
... I'll be able to say later on:
"That was the year I got to introduce...
"...Jenny Fields! "
I am Jenny Fields and...
It seems that most of you know who I am.
I only wish that...
Help me get her into the car!
Hello?
Yes. Yes, it is.
Oh, God!
Yes.
Yes, he is. I'll get him.
Garp?
Oh, Garp.
I tried to look after her. I did.
I kept warning her
to stay away from crowds.
It's hard to protect her in a crowd.
I hated crowds.
I kept warning her. I did.
If I'd seen the man with the gun...
If I'd only seen him a second,
just a split second sooner...
...I could have blocked the shot.
I would have done it.
- I know.
- I loved her so.
She scared the hell out of me once,
but I thought she was a fine woman.
I saved her boy's life.
- Really?
- Yep.
Caught him when he fell off the roof.
Just plain caught him.
Death's like that.
It just plain catches you.
How's the basketball team, coach?
- I'm a wrestling coach.

- Changed jobs, eh?
No, I'm retiring.
Don't say that.
You've got a long life ahead.
No, this is the last year
that I'll be coaching.
I'm off to Florida.
Garp wants to take over.
Take over what?
Coaching.
What do you coach?
It's going to be held

at 5:

But I'm afraid you can't go.
What do you mean, I can't go? I'm her son.
It's just for women.
You see, it's going to be
the first feminist memorial funeral.
And they aren't going to allow any men.
A man killed her. They're very upset.
I'm upset! She's my mother.
I warned you about your book, Garp.
The Ellen Jamesians are sending
threatening letters to me.
Me, too. So what?
- There's been enough violence.
- They're furious at you.
I know these women. If a man shows up...
- A man is showing up.
- You just want to make trouble.
No, I don't.
I'll tell you what I want.
I want my mother alive again.
But since I can't have that,
and since I miss her terribly...
...I want to be around as many people
as possible who feel the same way as I do.
I'm going to mourn her death alone
for the rest of my life.
But right now, I want to share it
with as many people as I can.
There was a voice in the land.
But now that voice has been silenced...

...by a madman's bullet.
Jenny's voice has been silenced.
But her words have been passed on
to each one of us.
And we now can speak for ourselves.
Because she taught us how.
I grieve, not because I'm afraid
that we won't be able to continue.
We will continue.
I grieve because I loved her.
Because we all loved her.
She was our mother.
And therefore, we are now orphans.
She was our home,
and now we are homeless.
Arp!
- I had more to say, but l...
- Arp!
Pooh!
Everyone, please sit down.
Silence, please!
Silence in the house!
I know, that's my book. I really don't...
You're an Ellen Jamesian. Thank...
You're Ellen James?
I just want to talk to you. Wait...
You're not taking Donaldson's class.
That's a real bore.
What shall I take?
I'm not sure.
What the hell is
"Global Development Studies"?
I'll have to sit in on that one
and let you know.
That must be the babysitter. I'll get it.
- Hi, Mrs. Garp.
- Hi, Jimmy. Come on in.
Hi, Jenny.
- What's your name?
- Jim.
The movie should be over by 10:30,
so we'll be home by 11:00.
I left the number of the theater
by the phone in case you have any trouble.

- Bye-bye.
- 'Bye.
'Bye, Mom. 'Bye, Dad.
That's a babysitter?
I thought we were going to the movies.
Where are we going?
I see.
We're going to stay here
and look at the kids.
This is some date.
Do you miss writing?
Not at all. If I do, I'll start again.
You know what I really love, though?
Thinking about everything.
How we met.
All that.
- You can't live in the past.
- I'm not.
But I can live in the present,
and think about the past.
You're supposed to do that
when you're old and gray.
To hell with that.
When I'm old and gray,
I probably won't remember my past.
You've got to be young when you do it.
It's really nice, you know?
To look back and see the arc of your life.
It's all connected.
How you got from there to here...
To see the line, you know?
It really has been an adventure.
I'm going to start teaching again.
I'm going to take up hang-gliding.
This is what you had in mind all along.
And I bet I know what we can do later on.
We'll go look at the kids
when they're asleep.
Helen Holm.
Go!
Go, Martin. Come on!
Take him down!
That's it. Good move!
Ten seconds!

Come on, Martin. Ride him!
Come on, Elmer.
Same man, the bottom.
Get off your back, Virgil.
Tie him up underneath. That's it.
Ten seconds!
Behind him, Marcus!
Five seconds!
Behind him. Bring him down!
Pooh!
Get someone! Quickly! Get a doctor!
Get an ambulance!
Oh, God, please!
We're taking you to a hospital in Boston.
Everything will be fine.
Helen?
Remember.
What, my love?
Everything, Helen.
Yes, my love.
I'm flying, Helen.
Yes, my love.
I'm flying.
Ta-ranta-ranta-ra.