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And Then Came Love

By Caytha Jentis

[JULIE GRUNTS]

KLAUSNER:

Please, come in.

KLAUSNER:

little boy, Miss Davidson.

Thank you. Let's get to the point.

What do the tests reveal?.

Is this on or off the record?.

Sorry, force of habit.

Okay. While he may have ADD,

I wouldn't make the diagnosis quite yet.

I'd like to see him again

in about a year, though.

-However--

-Oh, boy, it's a "but."

There's always a but.

What is it?.

I don't spend enough time with him?.

Listen, I would spend all the time
in the world if I could but I have a job.

-I love my job. What's wrong with that?.

-Relax, Miss Davidson.

The best mother is a happy mother.

I'm a mother too, a working mother.

I only did clinical research
when my daughters were young.

But you're doing a wonderful job,
that's clear.

-Still, he does have unresolved anger.

-About what?.

There is no strong male figure in his life.

Well, I have a boyfriend.

He's a photojournalist.

-Pulitzer Prize winner.

-Congratulations.

Look, studies show
that father-figure absence...
...negatively impacts children,
especially boys.

There's a higher rate
of substance abuse, truancy--

I get it. It's my fault, you're saying?.

I can't do it by myself?.
My research said plenty of successful,
well-adjusted, happy kids...
...come from single-parent households.
No one's blaming you, Miss Davidson.
Of course you can do it on your own.
But do you really want to?.
It's my choice to be a single mother.
Otherwise, I'd just be single, alone.
Look, mother to mother,
the kid can only fill your void for so long.
And boys need a father figure.

JULIE:

Jake.
Jake.
Jake, come sit down and have your cereal.
What do you want for lunch today, sweetie?.
Horatio's daddy took Horatio
to the Yankees.
You and I go to the Yankees.
Lunch, what will it be, huh?.
He sat behind the dugout. He's so lucky.
Oh. Mom's gotta go to work,
you have to go to school. Lunch.
Ice cream.
[BELL RINGS]
Hey.
Have a good day.

JAKE:

Let go.
-Hey, Horatio, get off him.
-He started it.
Get back in line.
Get back in line.
Both of you.
Hey, Stuart, I got a phoner tomorrow
with Yusuf Islam.
-Some kind of terrorist?.
-Former pop star.
-Same thing.
-He used to be Cat Stevens.
Turned his back on a massive career

in the music industry...
...for a quiet life of devotion to God.
How do we get Mariah Carey to do that?.

MAN [ON INTERCOM] :
Stuart, Paul Libbin on line 2...
...about the new Rolling Stones
jukebox musical?
Tell him I'll return when I get
back to my office. Blech.
[CHUCKLING]
-What?. My mother bought me this outfit.
-I didn't say anything.
Couldn't believe I'd miss
the Easter parade.
-I have a luncheon in Jersey today.
-New Jersey.
It's a fundraiser for the library.
My mom's on the board.
Wanna come?. Please?.
Lovely ladies who lunch.
Possibly some poached salmon.
I think I'll pass.
[MICROPHONE SQUEAKS]
[CAROL CLEARS THROAT]

CAROL:

I guess we should get started.
I'd like to thank you all for coming today.
I hope everyone's enjoying the salmon.

DRIVER:

Have a nice day.
-You're late.

JULIE:

MONA:

everything I say, darling?.
I love that outfit on you.
-The shoes are another story.

JULIE:

As president
of the Friends of the Library...

...it is my great privilege to introduce today's guest speaker, Julie Davidson. So you couldn't take a whole day off and spend a little time with your mother?.

-You could have brought my Jake.

-He's in school, Ma.

Miss Davidson is an experienced and award-winning reporter...
...who writes the "Choices" column for Metropolitan Magazine...
...taking a fresh look at modern life decisions twice a week.

-How's my beautiful boy?.

-Oh, he's fine.

I'm taking his training wheels off--
I don't understand how you could leave that child in school all day long...
...with that very young girl to raise him. I could never do that, never.

-Although you know I had ambition too.

-Don't start with me, Mom.

She'll be reading excerpts from her recently published debut book...
...a collection of pieces from her column. I worked in your school, I volunteered for the hospital. But you two girls were always first. And I was fulfilled. Your father wouldn't have it any other way. By the way, the girls in the book group think you're a widow.

What?. Mom, how could you?.

I'd like to thank, ahem, Sally and Muffy...
...for the beautiful centerpieces. Didn't they do a nice job, everyone?.

Well, some of these women are not as open-minded as I am about your choice. People talk, you know. They would not understand...
...why my beautiful, successful daughter is not married.

I have a boyfriend. Ted.

Huh. Boyfriend at best, not a husband.

Well, that's exactly how I like it.
I don't need a husband, I need a wife.

CAROL:

Julie Davidson.

HORATIO:

Move.

Move.

FRANCIS:

-Francis.

-Great to see you.

-Yeah.

-Thanks for coming.

-Please, I wouldn't miss it.

-So how's Jake?.

-Oh.

Oh, he is adorable.

Ah. Wow.

What?.

Well, he doesn't look anything like you.

-Well, he's got my chin.

-Uh-huh.

You're really onto something, you know.

Donor insemination.

Who needs them, right?.

Well, just for the record,

I did try to find Mr. Right.

You spent the last 20 years

hanging out of a helicopter.

Well, I meant on my days off.

[BOTH CHUCKLE]

I even tried that online dating thing.

But frankly, anyone who's our age

who's still available...

-...there's a reason.

-But doesn't it kill you?.

Not knowing who the father is?.

I mean, these kids ain't no blank slates.

Well, I know what I need to know.

He's my son and I love him.

-What's that?.

-That's me and Daddy playing baseball.

-That's stupid.
-You're stupid.
Mommy says you don't got a daddy.
-I do got a daddy.
-Do not.
My daddy's taking me to the Yankees again.
He knows Matsui.
So?.
My daddy plays for the Yankees.
-Does not.
-Does so.
No way, because you stink at baseball.
You're a liar.
No, you're a liar
and my daddy is a Yankee.
Prove it.

HORATIO:

Ow!
-Linda, it's been a while.

LINDA:

Well, I just wanted to say
how inspired I have been by your work.
Some of the people you write about,
they really makes me wanna change my life.
-Wow. And how's that coming?.
-Well, what do you think?.
Of?.
Ah.
-That's quite a start.

LINDA:

Well, they were
my 40th birthday present.
Now, I could've gotten the new Z3.
But these get better mileage,
if you know what I mean.
[CELL PHONE RINGING]
Hold on, sorry.
Hello.
Oh, uh--
Oh, no.
Oh, uh, I'll be there immediately.

No, it's okay. If there's something wrong, I wanna get right on it. Okay, thank you. Uh, I'm sorry, ladies. Something came up, I have to leave. Just leave your books with your names. I promise I will sign each and every one of them. Where are you rushing off to?. You know my friend Joan. -I'm so sorry to hear about his father. -Excuse me?. Well, your mother told me. Tragic, on your honeymoon. -I've gotta go, Ma. -Give her Artie's number. Mom, I'm happy the way things are, plus I have a boyfriend. [WHLSPERLING] Get your priorities in order. A child needs a father. I got here as soon as I could. What happened?. Sit down, please, Miss Davidson. Relax.

JULIE:

-Jake started a fight. -With who?. -With Horatio. -Is he okay?. -Jake's fine. Horatio's a little bruised. Naturally, his parents have been notified. Luckily for you, they're very understanding. -Especially given the situation. -What situation?. -This isn't the first time. -Well, with Horatio picking on him-- He started it. He told Horatio that his father was one of the New York Yankees. -Oh?. -During the winter, it was the Knicks. -Why is this the first I've heard of this?. -Do you have a neurologist?.

What?. Wh--?.

Of course not. Why would I?.

These types of learning disabilities
run in the family.

Oh, come on.

One in three families
has a learning-disabled child.

He's an active 6-year-old.

Come on, none of them can sit still.

-Boys will be boys, right?.

-Wrong.

It's worth looking into now,
before it's too late.

Medication can do wonders.

Okay, no. My son is not doing medication.

I need to see him now.

Well, whatever you decide...

...please know that violent outbursts
won't be tolerated here.

Next time, we will send him home.

And three strikes....

JULIE:

I don't believe this. How dare she?.

As if I don't have enough on my mind.

I hate this outfit.

This color is making me nauseous.

Miss Missy.

What does she know anyway, right?.

Wait till she has kids. She'll see. Punks.

I'm telling you,

it's that Horatio kid.

They say it's supposedly

one of the top schools in the city. Pah.

-I'm writing to the director. Medication?.

STUART:

Calm down, sit.

Sit.

Every parent gets called in.

It's a rite of passage.

Do you think it's too early to drink?.

I mean, who'd do that for a living anyway?.

Could you imagine cold season?.

A roomful of toddlers mewling
and puking in the nurses' arms.
They say it can run in the family.
-They?. Who?. What can run in the family?.
-The experts.
Everybody in my family
is above average IQ.
Top of their class. Learning-disabled?.
Stuart, could a person
with a learning disability...
...get a 1 560 on their SATs,
go to a top law school?.
Is this a trick question?.
-It's him.
-Who?.
That donor.
I picked good genes.
I picked Ivy League genes, or so I thought.
Jules, you didn't really believe
the B.S. he put in that profile, did you?.
Well, yes, it was verified.
It was a very reputable clinic, Stuart.
I did my homework. I checked it out.
I'm sure you did.
You're just more trusting than I am.
That's why you sleep at night.
What if he's a drug addict?.
Or an alcoholic?.

STUART:

Or an actor?.
Stuart.
Or a drama critic?.
"Williams College,
graduated with honors.
Wants to be a civil lawyer
to protect the under-served.
Dad's a corporate lawyer,
loves reading and sports.
Donating sperm to share the gift of life."
That's too good to be true.
Larry, it's Julie Davidson.
I need you
to track down someone for me.

It's, uh, personal and strictly confidential.

JULIE:

'maybe you'll headline in Harlem.'
I squint like I can read the letters
up on the Savoy marquee.
Instead of 'Musclehead,'
they spell out 'Happy Feet.'"
What happened in school today?.
I want you to read me
another book, Mommy.
Ohh. I can't. Mommy's really tired.
So?. I'm not.
Miss Missy said
you and Horatio got in a fight.
-He started it.
-Well, what did he do?.
He said my picture was stupid.
That's a mean thing for him to say,
but no reason to hit him.
You gotta use your words.
I did, I swear. I said he was stupid.
And then I counted to 1 0.
And then I hit him.
Well, next time, you walk away, okay?.
Now, did you tell him
your dad was a Yankee?.
Yeah. So?.
-So?. That's not the truth.
-Prove it.
Time to go to bed.

JAKE:

You're mean.

JULIE:

Yeah, Mom's so mean.
Why can't my daddy bring me
to the Yankees like Horatio's?.
Well, you know our family
doesn't have a daddy, you know that.
-You and I go to the Yankee games.
-It's not fair. I want a daddy.
Well, I wish

I could've given you a daddy...
...but there were no daddies available.
And Mommy wanted you so badly
I told the doctors I needed you right away.
Because you're the most important thing
that ever happened to me.

LARRY:

is Paul Cooper.
Last Known address: 34 Butler Road,
Scarsdale, New York, 10483.
But you didn't hear it from me.
I wanna keep my license.
Good luck, sweetheart. Larry Matthews.
Paul?.
Um, Dad?.
-Can I help you?.
-Um....
I sure hope so.
I'm trying to track down Paul.
-Paul Cooper?.
-Are you with the police?.
Oh, no, no. Of course not.
I'm Julie Davidson.
With Metropolitan.
The number-one news and lifestyle
magazine on the East Coast?.
A little too liberal for my taste.
But, uh, come in.
So, um, what do you want with Paul?.
Research for a story I'm writing
about lawyers.
Then I'm the one you should speak to.
Charles Cooper.
I'm sure you've heard of me.
No, it's Paul.
Then you're a lousy reporter.
Or you're a cop. And I'm thinking cop.
Because you look like a detective.
Thank you.
I'm not a cop.
Then what I don't get is...
...why would you wanna do a story
on a lousy loser?.

A bum.
A dropout.
I write about choices.
Even stupid ones?.
Look, you're not to use my name in this.
I don't want any further embarrassment.
Do you understand me?.
You've got nothing to worry about.
We haven't really heard from him in a while.
He sort of moves around a lot.
He's a freeloader. That's what he is.
His cell phone got disconnected.
[CHUCK CHUCKLES]
I didn't pay the bill.
I see.
Excuse me.
Do you really wanna talk to Paul?.
I don't even know anymore.
Listen, it's not easy being the son
of the mighty Chuck Cooper.
I should know.
He's living in Jersey City now.
Here's his address.
[HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING]

MAN:

Hey. Hi.
-Hi.
-Can I help you?.
Not unless you're Paul Cooper. Are you?.
Who wants to know?.
I'm with Metropolitan Magazine.
Look, I was gonna head across the street
to get a drink.
-Join me?.
-Sure.

MAN:

-Julie.
Shoot.
Oh.
Can I buy you a drink, Julie?.
Sure.
I'll have a glass of white wine, please.

And I'll have a Scotch.
So how can I help you, pretty lady?.
Um, I'm a reporter.
-For real?.
-Yeah.
And I'd like to ask you some questions.
Who's your friend?.
This is, uh, the very pretty....
Julie.
She's trying to pick me up.
Well, you are indeed the man,
Johnny Mac.
Wait, wait.
Aren't you Paul?. Paul Cooper?.
Not in this lifetime.
[BARTENDER AND PAUL CHUCKLING]
I can be whoever you want me to be,
sweetheart.
-You're looking for Paul Cooper?.
-Yeah.
That's him right there.
Mind if I join you?.
I'm Julie.
And you are...?.
A total loser.
Okay, but what does
your mother call you?.
I'm quoting my mother.
I'm sorry.
Paul.
Paul Cooper.
Are you some sort of angel or something?.
Hardly.
Yeah, my father's a bigtime
corporate lawyer.

JULIE:

-Yeah.
For the weak and oppressed.
Plea bargains, golden parachutes,
billion-dollar bailouts.
Swell, huh?.
So naturally, I went to law school, Yale.
Right out of college.

While my friends spent a summer
kicking around Europe...
...I took the LSATs.
Rocked them, too,
but my dad, he wrote the application.
I think he wrote it when I was
in eighth grade. Can you believe it?.
I mean, he couldn't help himself,
and I was a freaking English Lit major.

JULIE:

-Yeah, it was his alma mater, you see?.
So being second generation?.
A huge deal to him.
Massive.

JULIE:

Right.
But I hated it.
I mean, law school, that scene?.
It wasn't me, it was him.
And I didn't wanna be him, I hated him.
Sometimes I used to wish I was one
of those inner-city kids with no dad.
That's messed up.
I know. I was pretty angry back then.
Back then when?.
When you were like, um, 6?.
Six, no. Like high school.
What were you like
when you were 6?.
-You serious?. Six?.
-Yeah.
Well, I think the formative years
say a lot about who we are now.
I mean, like me, I was a teacher's pet.
Okay.
Six.
-Did you like baseball?.
-Yeah, I like sports.
-Were you a good eater?.
-What?.
Uh, sorry. Um....
Uh, did you get in trouble in school?.

Okay, what is this?.

An interview or something?.

No, no, no. I just think you're fascinating.

-You do?.

-Yeah, sure, why not?. So 6.

I used to get in trouble.

I mean, nothing bad, really.

I just gave the teacher a hard time,
kind of a wiseass.

Too smart for my own good.

-That sounds about right.

-Huh?.

Oh, no. Nothing, nothing.

I have a 6-year-old.

You like kids?. You have any?.

No, I ain't that kind of guy.

Well, actually...

...now, I'm only telling you this
because I'm drunk and I don't know you...
...but I did donate sperm once.

-Ohh.

-Look, don't get all judgmental or anything.
I got recruited by a sperm clinic.
At Yale.

They were short on Ivy Leaguers,
so the brothers weren't stepping up.
Signed a few forms, took a blood test...
...they gave me a dirty magazine
and some fast money.

They wanted more,
but it weirded me out.

-So you couldn't cut it in law school?.

-I could cut it, I didn't want to.

What about the notion
of helping people...
...and maybe protecting
the under-served?.

Yeah.

Sure, but law school
isn't about helping people.

So then what?.

I transferred to business school.

Another bad idea.

So I tried vet school.

I like animals.

See, I just hadn't found it yet.

-Found what?.

-Flow.

-You ever hear of Csikszentmihalyi?.

-The psychologist?.

Yes, exactly.

I was a psych minor, philosophy too.

Anyway, I'm sitting in the middle
of Wildlife Epidemiology when it hits me.

-What?.

-How to achieve it, flow.

Acting.

[LAUGHING]

Are you for real, or just another way
to piss off the old man?.

No, seriously.

I mean, that was a nice perk.

One year,

I did summer stock in Williamstown.

I loved it. It's the only time

I've ever really been happy.

Felt part of something.

It was like the only way I could feel good
about me was to be someone else.

I understand that. I love the theater.

My best friend's a critic.

We go all the time.

-So, what's your problem?.

-The problem is it ain't happening.

I mean, I finally figured it out
and I'm failing, miserably.

I got cattle calls, bad auditions,
no auditions.

I mean, I knew it wouldn't be easy,
but I've been doing it for six months.

Six months of classes, workshops,
and nothing.

Not one acting gig.

I can't even get a student film.

-Six months?. That's it?.

-Yeah, but I can see the writing on the wall.

My girlfriend dumped me because she
doesn't wanna be with a struggling actor.

Not that I blame her. I no longer have
anything in common with my lawyer friends.
And every actor I meet, they're all....
Well, you know.
I'm getting old.
No, seriously, I mean, look at me.
What am I doing?.
Here I am with all these advanced degrees
and I'm washing dishes to pay rent.
Barely.
Maybe I should just go back, be a lawyer.
Uch. Blah, blah, blah.
I've heard enough.
Get over it.
Be the hero in your own life.
Heroes don't seek approval.
Especially from their dads.
-It just gets really hard.
-If it wasn't hard, they wouldn't call it work.
-If it was easy--
-Everybody would be doing it.
And if you're so old, why don't you grow up
and take some responsibility?.
Jeez, where do you get off?.
You're right, I don't.
Well, wait. I'm sorry.
I just had a really bad day.
It's my birthday.
I had this suck audition.
I'm all alone.
-Happy birthday.
-Please, stay a little longer.
Sorry.

TED:

Hey, sport.
Hey, so glad you're back.
How was Sri Lanka?.
Missed you, as always.
Hey, sport.
-Well, say hi to Ted.
-Hi.
Yeah, hey, look what I got
for the big baseball fan.

-The Yankees.
-That's right.
-Official Yankees merchandise, my friend.
-No way.
How about your first real ball,
bat and mitt, huh?.
It's a catcher's mitt.
Yeah, I know.
It was the most expensive one.
How's the bat?.
It's a little big for him.
-Cool jacket.
-Hey, great. How about a game?.
A little, uh....
Yeah.
Uh-huh. This is a nice spot. Huh?. Huh?.
-I'll set up first base.

TED:

I told you.
No.
I mean, uh....
Let's use something else. Hey.
Take my jacket.
Not Uncle Ted's
incredibly expensive camera bag.
Cute.
Here we go.
Uncle Ted bringing the heat and....
Oh-ho-ho-ho!
Nice. Nice. Nice for me.
Bring it on, okay?. Ready?.
Underhand this time?. Okay, here we go.
Oh-ho! In your face.
In your face, brother.
Maybe you should move in a little.
-Jake, keep your eyes on the ball.
-Just give me a good pitch.
Oh.
Ooh! My camera. My God, oh, my God,
oh, my God.
-Got another ball?.
-Uh, no.
It was just the one.

It was signed.

JULIE:

TED:

Hey, you'd think six weeks in the jungle would toughen you up for days like this.

-Sorry, babe.

-Well, no problem.

You were great with Jake.

I think he's really starting to....

You wanna come up?. Spend the night?.

Yeah?. Sleep over?.

Mm-hm.

Uh.... Yeah.

Thanks again for today.

Well, I thought it would be good to do something together.

The three of us.

It's good to feel part of a family for a change.

Yeah, it was.

I, um, got this message while I was away.

Old friend of mine,

well, a colleague, died.

He was a war photographer.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Where was he?. Baghdad?.

Phoenix. Home alone.

If he wasn't late on his alimony payments, they never would've discovered his body.

He was dead two days

when he was subpoenaed.

-Jules.

-Yeah?.

Let's get married.

Ted.

I don't wanna die alone.

Well, hey, who does?.

-Wait, are you serious?.

-Absolutely.

I know it's good for you and the kid.

Well, yeah, but you're on the road

all the time.
It's quality that matters,
not quantity, right?.
Ted, I don't know.
I know I'm not conventional
husband material...
...but that's a good thing.
And we have so much fun together.
And I like knowing you're here
when I come home.
Stability.
I don't wanna just be
your boyfriend anymore.
I wanna be part of your family.
I don't know, Ted. Marriage?.
I won't even make you
change your name.
[CHUCKLING]

JULIE:

Yeah.
So, what happened next?.
And so it occurred to me that the only
fair solution was to burn it all. Everything.
[PHONE RINGING]
I started with the books,
but the curtains caught fire.
And the flames spread
through the entire house.
MAN [OVER INTERCOM] :
I'm really sorry, Julie...
...but there's a Jenna 's mom
on line 2 for you, really insistent.
Something about taKing the Kids
to the museum?
Tell her it's fine but he has to take a nap.
Absolutely takes a nap.
-Tell her I'll call her later.

MAN:

Mom, I'm on deadline. Gotta go.
Uh, I'm sorry.

MAN:

Also, your 1 1 :

Julie Davidson.

Oh, no. What happened now?.

Ohh.

But this is only strike two, right?.

Yes, I'll have the nanny

head over right now.

KlKl:

JAKE:

-Jake, stop.

-No.

Give me the keys,

time to go home.

I don't wanna.

I wanna go back to the park.

-Your mom is gonna give you a big time-out.

-Wow, what's the problem?.

-Jake, now.

-Whoa, man.

-Who are you?. I don't talk to strangers.

-I'm not a stranger.

I'm the Southside Samurai.

[MAKING KUNG FU NOISES]

[KlKl LAUGHS]

-Here.

-Thanks.

-You're funny.

-No, man, I'm Paul.

-Hey, is this your building?.

-Yeah.

Do you mind if leave something inside

for Julie Davidson?.

-That's Mommy.

-No way.

-Uh-huh. I swear.

-How do you know Julie?.

-She saved my life one night.

-Wow.

Now you can officially tell her

I'm an actor.

Really?. Have you been in anything

I would know?.

Not unless you saw
the Williamstown production of Medea.
I love Euripides. He's so intensely tragic.
I go to NYU. I'm a philosophy major.
Well, this is my first official,
barely-paying part in a play.
-On Broadway?.

-No, on Kennedy.
In Weehawken.
-Do you like Yu-Gi-Oh?.

-Yeah, man. I got all their CDs.
-Hey, do you like Nintendo DS?.

-Uh-huh.
Ohh. Check this out.
All right?.

Would you mind
giving this to Julie for me?.

You might as well give it to her yourself.
Here she is.

PAUL:

JULIE:

-Uh, you.
-I guess that means you remember me.
I have that effect on women.
-Paul, I got you to the next level.
-Oh, cool, man, let me see.

JAKE:

-Hi.
So, uh, I got a part.
Oh.

PAUL:

-Great. Congratulations.
I told you not to give up.
-How'd you find me?.

-This guy at that bar, he gave me your card.
And then the ladies at the office said
I'd just missed you, so I figured I'd come....
Anyway....
I don't know, I just thought

we kind of connected that night.
And I was hoping you'd come see it.

-The play.

-Me?.

Or your critic friend.

-Ah. Yeah.

-Can I come see Paul in the play?.

We'll try. I'll try.

Wait. Mommy, I wanna show Paul
my Yu-Gi-Oh cards.

Mommy wants to spend
some time with you.

-I wanna show Paul my Yu-Gi-Oh.

-Listen to your mother, Jake.

-You know, I should go.

JAKE:

-Please, Mommy.

-Hey, I've got a great idea.

Paul, come over tomorrow when
I babysit and we'll get you a new pack.

-Really?.

K1K1:

He usually goes to sleep
within the first hour. You free?.

Sure. I mean, if that's okay with you.

You don't mind, Julie.

I've brought friends before.

An Elemental Energy Booster Pack.

Come on, Mommy, I'm starving.

I want mac and cheese.

Time for a coffee?.

Yeah.

K1K1:

We'll go right around the corner.

Montreal and Toronto?.

Well, if you think it's worth it, it's fine.

Okay, bye.

I suppose I should be honored
that you didn't cancel.

Well, I should have. I leave in less
than two weeks for a 10-day book tour.

I'm completely overwhelmed.

What's so important?.

Lunch. With your mother.

And you'll never catch a man
dressed like that.

-Four, please.

-Four?.

-Never mind, I see them.

-Them?. Who's them?.

You remember Joan?.

And this is her son Artie.

-You remember me telling you about Artie?.

-It's a pleasure to meet you.

Artie has just returned to New York City
to be closer to his mother.

Artie's a CPA for the Heart Society.

And this is my oldest daughter, Julie.

Julie, who works

for the Metropolitan Magazine.

I'm quite sure

you are familiar with her work.

-I'm a big fan.

-Thank you.

Mom, I'm on deadline.

I don't have time for--

Food and family?. Sit.

JOAN:

Artie just ran the Boston Marathon.

-You did?.

-It was his 20th marathon.

-Eighteenth, actually.

-Tell Julie your time.

-He got an award, a medal.

-Everyone got a medal, Mom.

My Artie is very modest.

Please, tell her the time.

-3:

-Wow. You are modest.

Julie ran one of those marathons
in Central Park.

The Susan G. Komen, only a 5k.

Where's the waiter?.

You know, Julie, Artie just moved back to New York after living in Chicago. He was with one of those Big Three accounting firms. It's "" Big Four,"" Mom. And I hear you're quite the uncle. Takes the nephews to football games. Basketball, actually. Knicks fan. That's really why I left Chicago. Can somebody flag down a waiter?. I need to lose 93 words by 3:00. Did I tell you Julie has a little boy?. No father.

-I've gotta go.

-Julie.

It's nothing personal.

I usually don't do lunch, I have a deadline.

-I understand completely.

-I'm sure you're a really nice guy.

My mother tends to forget

I already have a boyfriend.

In fact, he may just be a fianc.

[MONA GASPS AND CHUCKLES

THEN CLEARS THROAT]

-You're gonna get married?.

-Um....

Not exactly.

This is how you tell me?. Julie.

Did you hear that?.

My daughter's getting married.

Ooh!

[KNOCKING]

PAUL:

-Got the cards?.

Bam.

-You again?.

-Hey.

-You like the Yankees?.

-Absolutely, man.

We're not gonna be watching

boring baseball all night, are we?.

[PAUL CHUCKLING]

PAUL:

Ohh.

I won't be late.

What's up?.

What do you wanna do first?.

JULIE:

this nature-versus-nurture thing...

...and there's no consensus.

Whether it's environmental
or parental or genetic.

So there's a new study that said
that siblings might determine--

-Jules, Jules, Jules.

-Yeah, what?.

-Shh. That's enough about work.

-Well, it's not really about-- No.

I don't know. I've got a lot on my mind.

I loved writing the book.

-But the book tour, it's....

-Well....

It's a necessary evil.

Gotta promote the book, right?.

JULIE:

Yeah.

But....

You don't have to do it
if you don't want to anymore.

Work, I mean.

If we got married,
you could go freelance, like me.

Or stop.

Maybe we could both stop, you know,
take a hiatus.

Maybe write a book together.

You, the words. Me, the pictures.

What a team.

I don't know. I need the benefits.

-Could you really do that?.

-Absolutely.

And stop being so practical.

I've seen the world.

I'm ready for a new
and exciting adventure.
Family.
You two could move in here.
Or we could move to the country.
Or some other country. New Zealand.
And ta-da.

JULIE:

Oh, my God, it's beautiful.
Yeah, well, it's not traditional,
but then again neither are you.
-Julie.
-Oh, Ted.
-Will you marry me?.
-Oh, Ted. Stop it.
What?. I'm totally serious.
This isn't you. This isn't us, is it?.
It can be. Come on, why not?.
You mean you'd change your whole life
in a heartbeat, just like that?.
Yeah. I'm ready.
I'm, uh, really ready.
I'm....
Look, take the ring out for a test-drive.
Wear it around, see how it handles.
Think about it.
I've got a flight, 6 a.m. tomorrow.
I'll be back Monday night.
So you have until then.
[JULIE LAUGHING]
Hey.
-What time is it?.
-Where's Kiki?.
She had to leave. Her roommate
was freaking out about something.
-How much do I owe you?.
-Nothing. Just come to my show.
I don't mind paying, really.
-Do you mind if I crash here tonight?.
-Yes.
Well, the PATH trains aren't running.
Take a cab. I'll give you the money.
It's really late and my roommate hates when

I wake him. I'll leave first thing. Promise.
Okay, you can stay.
How's that coming, anyway?.
Okay. I'm kind of stuck
in a couple of places.
What's the problem?.
I'm having trouble
with the balance, you know.
How sincere, insincere,
confident, nervous.
I love Wilde.
You wanna run some lines?.
You don't mind?.
I'm not tired.
Gotta warn you, though,
I haven't done a play reading in a long time.
Okay. I'm Jack Worthing.
You'll be Gwendolyn?.
I'd probably make a better Lady Bracknell
at this point, but it's your show.
Okay.
Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.
Pray, don't talk to me
about the weather.
When people talk to me
about the weather...
...I feel certain
that they mean something else.
And that makes me so nervous.
Well, I do mean something else.
I thought so.
In fact, I am never wrong.
And I'd like to be allowed
to take advantage...
...of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence.
Yeah, slow down, buddy. I think
Worthing would be a little more subtle.
[JULIE CLEARS THROAT]

JULIE:

I would certainly advise you to do so.
Okay.
Miss Fairfax, ever since I've met you...
...I've admired you more than any girl

I've ever met since I met you.

Better.

Yes, I am quite aware of the fact.

And I often wish that in public
you had been more demonstrative.

For me, you have always had
an irresistible fascination.

Even before I met you,

I was far from indifferent to you.

We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing,
in an age of ideals.

And my ideal has always been
to love someone of the name of Ernest.

[JULIE LAUGHING]

I'm sorry.

There is something in that name
that inspires absolute confidence.

The moment Algernon first mentioned to me
that he had a friend called Ernest...

...I knew I was destined to love you.

-You really love me, Gwendolyn?.

-Passionately.

Darling, you don't know
how happy you've made me.

Oh, shit.

Uh, I'm sorry. I--

Just acting.

No big deal.

Good night.

[SLGHS]

[PAUL GROANS]

-Wanna watch Barney with me?.

-Oh, man, Barney sucks.

-Mommy, Paul said a bad word!

-Shh!

Telling is bad. Shh.

[INTERCOM BUZZES]

-Hello.

STUART [OVER INTERCOM] : Hi, it's Stuart.

Come on up.

Where's your DS?.

-What's that?.

PAUL:

I know that. I mean, what is it?.

-Justice, dude.

JAKE:

It means being fair.

I always wanted to make sure

I had the law on my side.

Mommy, look. I want one too.

Mm. Great. Time to go.

[KNOCKING]

JULIE:

-Don't ask.

Puppy.

Wanna come to my room?.

And you are...?.

-This is Paul.

-I met Julie in a bar.

-He's Kiki's friend.

-Ah.

-Hey, you're Stuart Blakerman.

-Guilty as charged.

PAUL:

-Naturally.

Man, I really enjoy your work.

I read you religiously.

What you wrote about Henry IV
at The Public, that was so....

I'm so-- Exactly!

Bravo. A brilliant performance
of an actor kissing butt.

You think so?. I'm still trying to perfect it.

-Doing anything?.

-The Importance of Being Earnest.

-Oh, where are you doing that?.

-Jersey.

-Jersey.

PAUL:

-Producers hope to bring it to New York.

STUART:

-Hey, would you come see it?.

JULIE:

Get me the information.

Maybe I'll send someone.

-Anything for a friend of Julie's.

-He's not a friend.

Well, thanks. Guess I better be going.

Thanks again for letting me stay last night
and helping me rehearse.

No problem.

[INTERCOM BUZZING]

Oh, my mom.

-Ooh. Can I meet her?.

-No.

-Come on.

-No.

Hey, it's nice to meet you.

"Thanks for letting me stay"?.

Why do I have a trainer?.

I could never have a body like that.

MONA:

-Hey, Mom, come on up.

I mean, that body is just genetics
or chemically enhanced.

Is Paul Spider-Man, Mommy?.

No. Paul's not Spider-Man, honey.

MONA:

Hmm.

-Do not see that show.

-Why not?.

JAKE:

-Oh, my favorite grandson.

I'm your only grandson.

Can I see the big whale first,
Grandma?. Please?.

Yes, but go get a sweater first.

It's always cold there.

-Hi, Mom.

MONA:

"The Epidemic of Permissive Parenting."

I just found it interesting, that's all.
-Hello, Mona.
-Hello, Stuart.
So, what do you think of the good news?.
What news?.
Oh, you got a new ring?.
Getting married.
You?.
No, silly. Julie.
Wow.
To Ted?.
-Who else?.
-It's not definite.

STUART:

I'm at a loss for words.
What do you mean?.
You are getting married.
-I'm getting a daddy?.
-Ted?.
I don't know.
Jake, go get your sweatshirt, please.
-But--
-Now.
Mom, I wasn't planning
on telling him like this.
I thought he already knew.
What were you waiting for?.
The honeymoon?.
So is there a ring?.
Oh, what a beautiful emerald?.
That is a beautiful ring.
Didn't think he had it in him.
I don't know why you have to always make
these potentially pleasurable...
...mother-daughter moments
so confrontational.
Are your periods regular, darling?.
-Mother.

MONA:

I was so irritable
when I was perimenopausal.
I'm going to play more baseball games

with Ted?.

-I don't know, sweetie.

-Because that last game really sucked.

-Jake.

-Where did you get that word?.

-From Paul.

MONA:

Does his mother know he speaks
that kind of language?.

Wait until I tell Horatio
that I'm gonna get a daddy.

You got any more surprises for me,
Julie Davidson?.

I don't think there's anything else.

Here they come now.

Oh, my God, Ted, they're beautiful.

Well, I'm not used to being spoiled
like this, really. It's too much.

More?. Oh, gee.

Oh, wow.

[READS NOTE]

Uh, never mind.

Ted, thanks so much.

Me too. I'll see you soon.

Bye.

Who died?.

So my assistant is making reservations,
you going?.

-Where?.

-Weehawken, the new off-Broadway.

Are you?. You hate Jersey.

It's Oscar Wilde. I can't resist.

Besides, it's the opening.

May be our only chance to see it.

It's beneath you.

Did you see Puppetry of the Penis? I did.

Come on. Why not?.

Because....

-Because--

-I think I know.

And I think you wanna go.

And I think you are a naughty girl.

You can't hide behind that ring.

You're totally wrong. I love Ted.
And I think it's you
who's the naughty boy.
Touch.
Come on. It'll be fun.
Besides, with you getting married,
it may be our last hurrah in a theater.

WOMAN:

See, I don't have a problem.
Go. Go!
[BOY CRYING]
Darling, you have no idea
how happy you've made me.
-My God, that was perfect.
-You think so?.

KIKI:

PAUL:

Excuse me. Excuse me!
Your son just pushed my boy
down the slide.
-Did not.
-Did so.
-Your son's a bully. He should be on a leash.
-He's not our son. I'm just the nanny.
Whatever. Just keep better track of him.
My boy could have gotten very hurt.
Are you kidding me?. Your boy is fine.
-Watch him.
-Watch him?.
-You want me to watch him?.
-Jake, let's go someplace else.
-Mothers. They can be so overprotective.
-She's totally doing her son a disservice.

JAKE:

-I thought you were gonna slug her.
-I'm on edge. I'm nervous about the play.

JAKE:

-You'll be great.
-I hope I don't forget my lines.

You'll be great.

-Jake?.

-Oh, my God, where is he?.

Jake?.

-Jake!

-Here I am.

You don't ever do that again.

That's not cool. Do you hear me?.

KIKI:

Hey, where are you going?. Stop!

JAKE:

Leave me alone.

-Leave me alone. Unh!

-Oh, shoot.

KIKI:

-Are you okay?. Jake, Jake, you okay?.

You all right?. Oh!

It's okay. It's okay. Ew.

It's okay.

Everything all right?. Are you all right?.

Oh, my poor baby.

Everything's fine, Ms. Davidson.

He needed a few stitches.

His tooth is loose, so you probably want to get him to a dentist.

I'm gonna have a cool scar.

[ALL CHUCKLING]

What happened?.

I fell when Paul was chasing me.

-I'm sorry. It's all my fault.

-No, it was all my fault.

JULIE:

-Paul did nothing wrong.

It was an accident. He tripped.

Jake was running really fast.

Oh, well,

you need to watch him better, huh?.

Maybe not be so distracted.

What were the two of you thinking?.

What was I thinking, trusting you?.

[KlKl SCOFFS]

Fine. This job is so not worth it.

And you?.

Does the tooth fairy come
when it's just a little loose?.

I guess we'll have to find out.

So I fired her. I mean, I had to.

It could have been a lot worse.

Only problem is, I don't have time to--

Is there a chance you could pick him up
after school tomorrow...

...and spend some time with him?.

Yeah, I'd love to, but I got lunch
with my editor tomorrow...

...and Photoshop all afternoon...

...and then my flight.

Yeah, yeah, it's okay.

My mom will do it, I'm sure.

She lives to be my savior.

Why don't you let me be your savior?.

[KNOCKING]

-Who's that?.

-I have no idea.

What are you--?.

How did you get up here?.

-I'm sorry. Can I see him?.

JULIE:

-No. He's asleep.

PAUL:

-Who the hell was that?.

-It's okay. Just give me a second.

[WHISPERING]

Who is this guy?.

[WHISPERING]

Oh. Uh, it's-- That-- That's Paul.

Um, Paul works with Kiki.

-They-- With Jake and Kiki.

-Kiki.

Paul, this is Ted.

Ted, Paul.

-Hey.

-Hey.

Wow. Your work sounds incredible.
Yeah. It's always an adventure.
Tomorrow night, I'm heading off to China
to photograph the Great Wall.
So you've found it.
Well, it's pretty hard to miss.
They say you can see it from....
No. I meant flow. In your work.
Csikszentmihalyi.
Chick sent you where?. I'm sorry?.
[JULIE SLIGHING]
She's great, isn't she?.
Yeah.
Yeah, she is.
[YAWNING]

Oh, it's 2:

Damn.
Missed the last train.
So where you sleeping?.
[PAUL GRUNTS]
I'll tell you what.
You can crash at my place.
She gets up too early anyhow.
I'll show you my book on Marco Polo.
Whoa!
Mommy, the tooth fairy
brought me a Nintendo DS.
-What?.
-I got a dollar and a DS.
Wow.
It's just like Paul's, Mommy.
Is Paul the tooth fairy?.
Paul's not the tooth fairy.
Let's get ready to go to school.

JULIE:

Whoa, whoa.
Grandma's gonna pick you up
tonight, okay?.
-Okay, I love you, Mommy.
-I love you too.
Okay, bye.

PAUL:

Miss Fairfax, ever since I've met you...
...I've admired you more than any girl
I've ever met since I met you.

[AUDIENCE LAUGHING]

We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing,
in an age of ideals.

And my ideal has always been
to love someone of the name Ernest.

There's something in that name
that inspires absolute confidence.

The moment Algernon mentioned to me
that he had a friend called Ernest...

...I knew I was destined to love you.

-Do you really love me, Gwendolyn?.

-Passionately.

Oh, darling, you don't know
how happy you've made me.

WOMAN 1 :

WOMAN 2:

WOMAN 3:

That was so funny.

WOMAN 4:

Yeah, he did good.

Hey! You made it.

-Oh, wow!

STUART:

-You look great.

-Oh, thanks. I--

-Oh, I'm sorry. Okay.

-You were great.

-Really?. You know, I felt great.

-You should.

It means so much to me you came.

I'm so happy.

Really. Very nice work.

STUART:

PAUL:

Hey, come with me to the cast party.

Meet everybody.

-It's at a bar across the street.

-I don't know.

-Will there be warm beer and stale nuts?.

-Stalest.

Julie, come on. How can you resist?.

[SINGING "" LOVE IN VALN""]

-Dance with me.

-Oh, God, no.

-Come on, it'll be a goof.

-Oh, come on. I feel old enough as it is.

I'll dance.

-No. That's okay.

-Come on.

Go.

-Thank you. I really gotta be going now.

-Please. Wait.

One song, okay?. Promise?.

One.

[BAND PLAYING A SLOW SONG]

-Oh, come on.

-Hey, you come on.

What are we, in junior high school?.

And by the way, where were you
when I was in junior high?. Pre-K?.

Aww.

" I know you're lonely."

[SINGING]

I Know you're feeling lonely

You know, it doesn't bother me.

-What?.

-The age thing.

[JULIE SIGHS]

Hey, one dance.

You promised.

So, um, Jake like my DS?.

Yeah, but he thinks
you're the tooth fairy now.

[PAUL LAUGHING]

JULIE:

-Hey, it's all right.

Just relax a little bit.

So, what's up with Jake's dad?.

He must have really hurt you.

What?. What?.

Did I say something wrong?.

No. I just gotta go home.

[GAME BEEPING]

-Morning. Want some coffee?.

-I can't keep this up.

Maybe some coffee will help.

Jake, darling, will you leave Mommy
and me for a moment, please?.

I love Jake.

You know how much I love him.

But I can't keep this up,
staying in the city and all.

I have my own life.

-I know, Mom. It's just temporary.

-I'm not a young woman anymore.

-I can't keep running around--

-I know. I get it.

I'm working on it.

I'm leaving work early today.

You need a husband.

Jake needs a father.

That ring on your finger,
does it mean anything?.

I'm going to take a shower,
and I'm going home.

Okay?.

[SIGHS]

[KNOCKS]

-What are you doing here?.

-I feel terrible about last night.

I just wanna make sure we're okay.

We're fine, okay?. You need to leave.

JAKE:

-Hey, buddy.

Look, I got up to the next level.

Oh, cool. Let me see.

-You gonna pick me up from school today?.

-No, Mom's picking you up.

-Can't Paul?.

-You know, I can help you out. No problem.
Hey, Paul, you wanna be my new nanny?.

-Paul's very busy with the play. He can't.

-You know, my days are free.

No. Absolutely not.

-Why?.

-Because it's a terrible idea.

-I mean, you being Jake's nanny?.

-What, are you sexist?.

Who else you got?.

-This is insane.

-Great.

PAUL:

Cool, man.

MONA:

my glasses out there?.

No, Mom, I don't know where they are.

Okay, fine, whatever.

I'll call the school this afternoon.

Just go, come on. Go. Now.

Okay, we gotta leave in seven minutes
for school. Let's go.

Paul left his backpack, Mommy.

Paul?.

Uh, Jake's foul-mouthed friend.

That's quite a big backpack for a little boy
like that, don't you think?.

I hope you're not sending him to school
with a pack like that.

He'll have a back like mine.

JAKE:

Paul's not a little boy, Grandma.

He's not?.

Not relative to Jake, of course.

I'd like to meet this Paul.

-Sure, Mom. I gotta go.

-Julie, think about what I've said.

Your son needs a father, not a nanny.

Okay, Mom.

[SLGHS]

[BELL RINGS]

-Hey, Paul.

-Hey, man. What's up?.

-Look, you gotta see my tattoo.

-Oh, that's-- Love your tattoo.

JAKE:

-Oh, whoa, no, no, wait.

Hi.

Hey, I'll race you to the front.

Last one there is a rotten egg.

[JAKE LAUGHING]

[PAUL LAUGHING]

[PAUL MAKING KUNG FU NOISES]

PAUL:

Ah! Ohh!

I thought I might find you two here.

-Mommy.

JULIE:

[JULIE LAUGHING]

What a great surprise.

Hey, you know, you're just in time.

JULIE:

-A tickle fight.

JULIE:

What?. Aah!

[ALL LAUGHING]

JULIE:

JAKE:

Nice catch, Mommy.

[JAKE LAUGHING]

JAKE:

Yay! Whee!

I see. You look good there.

JULIE:

Ahh.

JAKE:

That was the best day ever. Right, Paul?.

-That was really fun today, Mommy.

-Yeah, it was.

-I love you, Mommy.

-I love you too, angel.

-Is he already out?.

-Big day.

-He really had a great time.

-So did I.

Did you?.

Have a good show tonight.

So I'll pick him up tomorrow, 3:00?.

Mm. Sure.

[SIGHS]

A View From the Bridge...

...marking the triumphant Broadway return
of-- Get ready for it.

--Jude Law.

Excuse me. I just said, Jude Law.

I'll take that as a no.

Stuart, I'm in way over my head.

I don't know what I'm doing.

I'm at my best

when I'm struggling for air.

-I'm not talking about work.

-Neither am I.

Oh, my poor dear, sweet, beautiful,
terribly confused Julie.

Monogamy is merely anachronistic
Victorian propaganda.

Maybe so,

but monogamy's what's best for Jake.

Besides, there's no "-ogomy" going on.

It's not like that.

Seriously, though.

What's best for Jake has to include
what's best for Jake's mom.

Jake. Ha-ha.

STUART:

Ooh! Little big man.

Guess what. I just got hired
for a production of The Misanthrope.

-You did?.
-In Boston.

STUART:

That's great. That's a very difficult play.

I know. I leave Friday.

It's only for six weeks.

Wow.

Boston. That's a step up
from Weehawken, right?.

-It certainly is.

-Hey there. Jake.

-See you later.

-Bye, Paul.

""Step up from Weehawken.""

I'm worried about the Yankees.

You think they'll make it
to the Series again?.

I sure hope so, man.

You can watch it with me.

I bet I can talk Mommy
into letting me stay up late.

Oh, man, you can't talk her into that.

Sounds like fun, though.

I wish you could be my daddy
instead of Ted.

Your mom is marrying Ted?.

Jake, it's Grandma.

Grandma. Jake.

Jake, where are you?.

-Hi, Grandma.

-There you are. Mwah, mwah, mwah!

-Who are you?.

-That's Paul, Grandma.

Paul?. Do I know you?.

Paul. Paul. Where have I heard
that name before?.

-You have a friend--

-He's my new nanny.

Nanny?.

Julie never tells me anything. I don't
know what goes on in that head of hers.

I'm not even sure

if she's engaged or not.

Perhaps I'm not the only one
with whom she's evasive.
Come on, Paul.
I wanna go back to my room.

PAUL:

Yeah, I'll be right there. All right.
-He seems very attached to you.
-Yeah, I kind of have that effect on kids.
-You went to Williams?.
-Yeah.
You know, Jake's biological father
went to Williams.
-His what?.

MONA:

He would be about your age.
-Late 20s?.
-Excuse me?.
The D-O-N-O-R.
Hey, sorry I'm late.
I had this phone a call and....
What's the matter?.
-Where is Jake?.
-He's inside with your mother.
Were you ever gonna tell me?.
I mean, you-- You weren't, were you?.
Paul.
Hey, slugger, how you doing?.
Know what time it is?.
-What time?.
-It's bath time.
Go get a book
so Mommy can read to you.
I don't wanna take a bath.
Jake, you have to, please.
No, I'm not dirty.
I took a bath yesterday.
Jake, you didn't take a bath yesterday.
-Did so.

MONA:

Listen to your mother. Now.
-Mom, what did you do?.

-What did I do?.

Take a look in the mirror
and ask yourself that question.
So you think you can reinvent
the wheel, huh?.

-What wheel?. There's no wheel.

-Don't you get smart with me, young lady.

I don't care how you did it or why.

You were incredibly selfish...

...when you decided to bring
that child into the world.

But you gave me a beautiful grandson,
so I was selfish and forgave you.

But you....

Motherhood is selfless.

It's about putting children first.

You may not approve
of every decision I made...

...but you didn't see me run off
having fun at your expense.

Children come first.

Please, Mom. Being a good mother
has nothing to do with being a martyr.

It's not a punishment nor a badge of honor.

It's a choice.

And nothing is more important to me
than Jake's happiness.

Nothing.

This is about you. What is this?.

A column or a resignation?.

Both.

Jeez, who am I to write about choices
when I make all the wrong ones myself?.

I'm a bad person, okay?.

I'm a bad, bad person.

Aren't we being a tad dramatic?.

A, I knowingly bring a child
into the world without a father.

B, I cross the line, break the law
just to satisfy my own curiosity.

And C, I end up falling for the guy
who I completely deceived...

...while another man is asking me
to marry him.

I mean, who does that?.

Have you read this rag that we write for?.

I'm not saying you made
the smartest decisions...
...but its pages are filled with people
who've done a hell of a lot worse.
Frankly, that's why I read it.
It's comforting.
I just need to simplify my life.
Learn from my mistakes.
When I'm finished with the book tour,
I'm going to quit my job...
...and I'm going to freelance,
and I'm gonna marry Ted.
[SLGHS]
[SOOTHING MUSIC PLAYING]
Hey.
-Aw. I missed you so much.
-Missed you too.
Hey, I found this amazing little temple
in Shaanxi...
...where we could have
a traditional Buddhist ceremony.
-It could be so beautiful.
-But we're not Buddhists.
And how would my friends get here?.

We could just throw another party here.
We could let your mother throw one.
Throw it at her country club.
Let her have her glory. And I spoke to my
travel agent about honeymoon packages.
-I'm thinking Thailand.
-Thailand?.

Yeah, it's beautiful this time of year.
You'd love it.
And I spoke with my friend
who sits on the board at Dalton.
Jake's as good as in.
Wow, you've taken care of everything,
haven't you?.

Well, I just wanna show you
that I'm totally committed.
What's the matter?.

Ted, I can't do this. I can't marry you.

I love you. I do. But I--

I can't.

Why not?. I mean, I'm talking about changing my whole life for you.

And you would be miserable.

You don't know that.

-I thought this was what you wanted.

-I don't know what I want anymore.

-Why?. I mean, is there someone else?.

-No, no, it's not that.

Well, what?. Christ, Julie.

You gotta let someone in.

I know.

This isn't easy for me either, but I really wanna try.

You know, I think you and I, we're so good for each other in so many ways.

You're probably right.

Oh, come on. Come on, Julie.

You keep it.

[BELL RINGS]

-Jake!

-Where is Paul?.

Mommy took the afternoon off.

We can do whatever you wanna do today.

He was gonna teach me to spitball.

Well, Paul is not gonna be your babysitter anymore.

-Why, Mommy?.

-Let's go get some ice cream.

-He said he'd be here today.

JULIE:

I know. It's not his fault but he got a job and it's really, really far away from here.

But Mommy is gonna find you the perfect new nanny.

-What about that?.

-It's not fair!

Well, I'm sorry.

Jake! Jake.

Jake, you stop!

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Jake, what are you doing?.

Turn this music down.
Oh, my God. You killed her.
She's just pretending.
Is it time to go home yet?.
Yes. It's time to go home.
Mom, it's me.
I need your help.
I miss Paul, Mommy.
Me too.
Come with Grandma, darling.
-Grandma, did you get cable yet?.
-What's that?. Go. Now, get out of here.
You've got those, dear?.
-Thanks, Ma, for doing this.

MONA:

...when you finish your tour...
...why don't you take a leave of absence
and let me take care of you too?.
I can't quit.
It's the only thing I know I'm good at.
Jake, you and Grandma
are gonna have a wonderful time...
...while Mommy's working.

JULIE:

for the last time.
He looked around the room,
wondering why it had taken him so long...
...to realize that it was time to leave."
Thank you.
Hey, mwah, thanks for coming.
I'm so glad we start with Manhattan,
kind of ease into the whole thing.
Nonsense. You're great.
Everybody loves you.
-That's because they don't know me. Hey.
-Wonderful.
But what a zoo. I almost came to blows
with a fellow patron of the arts.
And she was a real bruiser.
[ARTLE CHUCKLING]
-I hope you were fighting over my book.
-What else?.

Artie, this is a very good friend of mine,
Stuart Blakerman.

Nice to meet you.

Julie boring you with her humdrum life?.

Not at all. Nice to meet you.

I'm sorry, I'm half asleep. I stayed up
too late watching Emma on PBS.

-Me too. I'm a sucker for Austen.

-So am I.

Very pretty eyes. Very pretty eyes.

Yeah, very beautiful.

-Everything going all right?.

-Why wouldn't it be?.

Just checking.

May I speak to Jake, please.

Yes, of course.

Jake, come talk to your mother.

So I hear Artie came to the reading.

How did you find...?.

Yeah, it was sweet of him.

-Good catch, eh?.

-Absolutely.

MONA:

So where are you off to now?

Boston. Two readings.

-Boston.

- Yes, Boston.

Julie.

-Yes, Mom.

-Do what is best for the child.

-Mom, I--

-Julie.

Listen to your mother for once.

Talk to your mother.

Mommy.

[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

JULIE:

-Yeah, what can I do for you?.

-Is Paul Cooper around?.

-Can I say who's inquiring?.

Julie Davidson

from Metropolitan Magazine.

One moment.
Hey, wait.
Yeah.
Um....
Could you tell him...?.
This is much harder
than I thought it would be.
If you want comp tickets,
I'm sure he'd be happy to help you.
It's not that. Um....
Thanks anyway.

WAITRESS:

-Cappuccino, please.

WAITRESS:

-Thanks.

PAUL:

Hey.
Mind if I join?.
You an angel or something?.
Hardly.
So, uh, how's Jake?.
He misses you. Bad.
So do I.
I miss him too.
And you.
[SIGHS]
Paul, I didn't mean to betray you.
I-- I just....
I wanted to know you.
For Jake, at first.
And later, for me.
It was wrong...
...and I've been trying to find a way
to say I'm sorry...
...and nothing's good enough.
Some writer, huh?.
So, what do we do now?.
Translation done by DBAZ '07