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Anywhere But Here

By Alvin Sargent

My mother made an amazing amount
of noise when she ate her food.
It was as if she was trying to taste
the entire world.
Sometimes I just couldn 't stand her.
Sometimes I hated her.
Sometimes I thought
she was ruining my life.
What kept me going was knowing
one day I'd leave her.
Come on, baby, surfing safari
I'm gonna take you
Surfing safari
I'm gonna take you
Surfing safari
I'm gonna take you
Surfing safari
Let's go surfing now
Everybody's learning how
Come on and safari with me
-I hate this song.
-I Iove the Beach Boys.
-I hate them'
-How can you hate them?
-They're happy and sunny.
-You'II Iearn to Iike that.
That's what CaIifornia's aII about.
Next stop, SaIt Lake City.
SaIt Lake City, Utah.
-The capitaI, right?
-I don't care.
You do. Don't mumbIe.
You care. You're very good
at capitaIs.
-Idaho? Pooh Bear.
-Stop caIIing me "Pooh Bear. "
But you are my IittIe Pooh Bear.
Come on. Come on. Idaho?
-Boise. I don't wanna pIay'
-Do a hard one for me.
I don't wanna pIay.
-Oregon?
-PortIand. Too easy.
-It's SaIem.

-SaIem?
I don't wanna do this anymore.
I don't wanna be in Utah.
2000 miIes between us and Bay City.
Okay'
I miss Bay City.
This is Iike being kidnapped.
-I wish I'd been kidnapped at your age.
-So do I.
Grandma always said
Mom was a strange child.
-She's absoIuteIy moribund'
-Gwenn Purvis has cancer.
-That's worse.
-I didn't give it to her.
You didn't give it to her.
That's funny.
-You're gonna die one day too.
-But not in this town.
My mother never wanted
to stay in Bay City.
I think she married Ted...
...because he was so nice and clean.
Being an ice-skating instructor
made him seem cleaner.
She missed my real father,
who was Egyptian, dark and romantic.
One Christmas Eve,
I heard my parents argue.
I knew nothing until he was gone.
He left in our brown Valiant.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
You're awfuIIy quiet.
-You said we'd see a reservation.
-When we get to one, we wiII.
Don't mumbIe. How can you be
an actress if you can't speak?
I don't want to be an actress.
I bet we won't even stop in Las Vegas.
-That's what's wrong'
-You said you had his number.
I said we'II Iook him up, okay?

Your father left in
the middle of the night.
So what? You left my stepdad
in the middle of the afternoon.
-I miss Ted.
-He's boring.
-Why'd you marry him?
-None of your business.
-He ran around with other women.
-Not true'
You made it up. You wanted him to,
to catch him and get his money.
-You little snoop'
-And Ted's not a homosexual.
-I never said that.
-You did.
I inferred it, but I never said it.
"Light in the Loafers" isn't the same.
All right, Mother.
Ted said he loves you.
He was worried you saw other people.
You probably were.
That's it! I've had it with you'
You miss Ted so much, go find Ted.
Get out of the car'
-You said we'd see buffalo.
-Tough shit! Get out of the car.
Ted will teach ice-skating
for the rest of his life.
Cousin Benny will be
a mechanic.
Lois won't leave the bank.
Your cousin Hal drinks liquor.
Sybil and the baby can
barely breathe there.
I now have a job teaching
in the Los Angeles school system.
My M.A. in early education was wasted
in that dink junior high.
So forget about buffalo and Indians.
You're a beautiful girl
with great potential.
I won't let you be nothing
in a nothing town.

You are 14 years old.
You've always had food
and a place to live.
Stick with me, you always will.
I'm your mother.
And I know what is best for you,
because that is my job.
Your school is in Beverly Hills,
the best school district in the U.S.
You'll be a child actor,
while still a child.
You don't have a job
in the L.A. school district.
I will. I have an interview
and a great outfit.
-You hungry?
-I don't know.
-Excuse me?
-I don't know.
Great! So am I.
So. . . .
Look at that. Is it the most
beautiful car you've ever seen?
No. I hate that car.
I miss the Plymouth.
Baby, nobody misses a Plymouth.
-It's your color.
-It is, isn't it?
Look at this. It's so beautiful.
-How's it feel?
-Sublime!
-We can't afford this.
-I have savings.
I'll dip into my retirement fund.
This car doesn't belong in Bay City.
Neither do we.
We'll drive to Beverly Hills
in this car.
This place looks expensive.
I'll worry about that.
Now we're in Beverly Hills,
maybe we'll call you "Heather."
-It smells nice. How much is the room?
-It's \$1200.

A night?

I don't know that it's large enough.

-Do you have any viIIias?

-Not right now.

Mom, I'm tired.

Where wiII we sIeep tonight?

Sweet Pea, you are just as pretty
as these girIs on TV.

I think you're prettier.

Sweetie? Are you aII right?

You've been in there over an hour.

Okay, weII, I'm gonna go to sIeep
now. And I think you shouId soon. . .
. . .because you need your beauty rest.

Okay? Okay, good night.

I miss everyone in Bay City so much.

I don 't know how I'll survive
without Benny.

And my best friend, good little Mary.

Serious Mary, Benny and I...

... we were inseparable.

I made this for you.

It's tin and painted on one side
with goId dust.

-It's not reaI goId dust.

-Ann, we're ready to go'

Where do you want

the cookies and the sandwiches?

Mom, thanks.

You didn't give her aII the cookies?

CaII us from the road.

-You'II visit us.

-She doesn't have a pIace to Iive.

-Stop worrying about it, Ma.

-Even a job.

-She's got the schooI job.

-She does not, just taIked to someone.

When wiII you have faith in me?

When you see things as they are.

-Don't take any wooden nickeIs.

-Right.

Okay, thanks.

Sorry, Ted.

I'II write.

Ann! Come on
or I'll leave without you'
Benny'
Ben'
You destroyed the photos
of me in my underwear?
I did, Mary. I promise.
Let's go! We'll call from the road.
-I love you.
-I love you too, Grandma.
Ann! Just in case you find
a skating rink out there.
Thanks, Ted.
I love you. You're the best
stepdad a girl could have.
Here's a good one:
"Pool, walk-in closets. . .
. . .security, vaulted ceilings. "
-Vaulted. I love it.
-Excuse me.
I'm sorry. I couldn't help
but overhearing.
I thought I might help you.
I'm Gail Letterfine.
-Westside Realty.
-Oh.
-What do you want?
-Something in Beverly Hills.
-I'm Adele August. My daughter, Ann.
-Hi.
Hi.
She's not awake.
We're from Wisconsin.
-I don't know anyone from Wisconsin--
-I'm awake.
-You live in Beverly Hills?
-Santa Monica. Formerly Bel Air.
Formerly Brentwood.
I've had many former-lives in my life.
I'm fine now.
I'm single, I'm free and I love it.
-Most of the time.
-Excuse me.
-She wants to be an actress.

-Don't they all?
Operator.
Tell her it's her granddaughter,
and I'll pay her back.
What do we have along Beverly Vista?
Beverly Hills-adjacent.
It's not posh, but it's within
the school district.
What are you doing? You okay?
Gail found something.
She's raising three teenagers alone.
Husband ran off with an accountant.
Come with me while I pee.
She didn't say so,
but I think she has a glass eye.
It makes somebody interesting.
You know what I mean?
Interesting in a mysterious way.
You want a ride?
Ann, there you are.
Your mom wants you.
-I saw her.
-I think we might've found a place.
It's hard making changes,
but you have to get used to it.
-Life is full of them.
-Where did you go?
I was talking to you.
I come out and you're gone.
You didn't get the job.
It's in the bag, baby.
-Are you serious?
-Yes'
-I hate my hair.
-It's an asset.
-I want to cut it.
-Over my dead body.
Okay.
-Okay.
-Let's go.
-They're dressed for the beach.
-The smart girls are inside.
Baby--
I hate you.

We'll talk about that later.
Good luck!
How about "good luck" for me?
How do I look?
Just back off!
This is our new speech pathologist,
Adele August.
-She's from Bay City, Wisconsin.
-America's Dairyland.
-Wisconsin. George Franklin, history.
-History?
-Room 12 is to the right?
-I'll show you.
Thank you so much.
Not exactly Bay City,
but you get used to it.
Did they throw out that furniture?
Is that garbage?
Unbelievable.
Don't scratch the car.
On days off, we'd drive to relax.
We drove just anywhere.
She was in awe of the homes...
...and palm trees and movie stars
on public sidewalks.
She was in love with Beverly Hills.
-I like the circular driveway.
-I want the corner room.
-I'd climb out that window.
-I've got the one overlooking the pool.
That one's a beauty.
With the cute blue shutters.
Look at this house!
This is the house I want. Beautiful.
It says, "By appointment only. "
-It says, "Do not disturb occupants. "
-It'll be fun.
It's okay. It'll be fun.
Please think about it.
-You're the realtor?
-Can I help you?
What a-- He gave me a kiss!
-This is Calley.
-You must be the owner.

I'm Adele August,
and this is my baby, Heather.
Can I help you?
We have no appointment but my
husband, a doctor at UCLA--
-That's minutes from here.
-Exactly.
We drove by and had to stop.
We'd love to see the house.
-Do you mind?
-Not at all.
Here's my card,
and a setup on the property.
The house is from the 1920s.
It has all its original integrity.
We also have a wood-burning fireplace.
There are seven in the house.
There's so much light.
It's a very happy house.
-Happy, isn't it?
-Happy.
Here's a beautiful, bright bedroom.
There's the pool.
It's a lovely master suite.
No, it's my daughter's bedroom.
She's away at college.
-Where is she?
-Back East. Princeton.
I want to go to college back East.
-You must miss her terribly.
-But we're so proud.
Daddy will be here next week.
I want him to see this house.
I'll show you the master bedroom.
It's got a great walk-in closet.
It also has a fantastic
Jacuzzi tub. . . .
Hello?
-What's up, pervert?
-Who is this?
-It's Hot Stuff.
Ann.
-Hey, Benny.
-Where are you?

CaIIing from someone's bedroom.
What are you doing?
Hal's taking us to the park.
He got that new truck.
-Why are you whispering?
-How's Grandma?
She's fine. You're in
someone's bedroom?
I'II write. Get my Iast one?
Yeah, I got them all.
I Iiked the one where
she kicked you out of the car.
She's crazy. I think I might
kiII her in her sIeep.
-I have to go.
-Heather Ann. . . .
That was so much fun.
-You said we'd buy it'
-I said we might.
And that my father's coming,
he's a doctor?
Why were you in the daughter's room?
CaIIing Benny.
What? Ann'
I had to say your dad's a doctor.
She gets money from her husband.
She'd think I couIdn't afford it.
Oh, and Iike you can afford it.
You couIdn't afford the bathroom.
Be optimistic
Don 't you be a grumpy
When the road gets bumpy
Just smile and be happy
-Good morning, AdeIe.
-Morning, George.
-Grand CouIee Dam. Ever been there?
-No.
Hoover Dam?
No.
I'm not reaIIy into dams.
"I'II get a Iawyer and sue
for invasion of privacy.
-Stop reading my diary, Mother. "
-CooI.

-Did she say anything?
-Never did it again.
-I wish they'd leave me alone.
-I love being alone.
-Hi.
-Hi, Peter.
-You run good. You got good form.
-Yeah.
Not a cloud in the sky today.
-You ever read T.S. Eliot?
-What?
Four Quartets. Really good.
Why do you run with a book?
Balance, I guess.
Kariba Dam. It impounds
the Zambezi River, forms Kariba Lake.
-It's nice.
-I went to paint it after college.
You painted pictures of dams?

It was my dream:

travel the world and paint.
What happened?
I don't know. "One dam thing
led to another dam thing. "
I became a history teacher.
But one of these days--
One of these days.
Oh, my God. Get away from my car'
Look what he's doing'
No. Stop it'
Look how deep--
Look what he did to my car'
Mom, it's just a scratch.
Just a scratch?
Do you know how much it costs
to fix "just a scratch"?
I can't work at this school.
I can't talk to you! No sympathy'
The tiles are all cracked.
Chipped.
We're sinking.
I have to keep us afloat.
Every time I think we're starting

to get somewhere. . .
. . .everything faIIIs apart.
Jesus'
Nothing works in this apartment'
It's just a scratch on the car.
Maybe if you got yourseIf. . .
. . .an after-school job
you'd know what I'm taIking about.
You don't know what things cost,
how to manage money--
What is that now?
-You didn't pay the biII, did you?
-I paid it'
Maybe I won't even pay the biII again.
Maybe we'II. . . .
We couId Iive. . . .
. . .in the dark. . . .
. . .Iike IittIe bears in a cave,
huh, Pooh Bear?
Just. . . .
Okay, Iet's go to Denny's.
Ann?
-Ann, where are you?
-I'm going to bed.
I reaIIy thought I paid it.
I reaIIy think I did pay it.
I Iove you. Say hi to Benny
and UncIe Jimmy and Aunt CaroI.
Lots of kisses. Bye.
Hi, Mom. How are y'aII doing?
What isn't fair?
I put her on because Ann
needs a decent home. . . .
. . .so we need cash for a down payment.
What I need from you is some heIp.
SeII my Iand, that's how.
It's the Iand that Daddy--
She hung up.
Grandma hung up on you?
Yeah.
-Let's dress up and go out to dinner.
-What?
You Iove that French pIace.
That's what we need.

We need a bed for me,
a desk, sheets, towels. . .
- . . .not to eat in a French restaurant.
-Honey.
My daddy used to say:
"When life's rough. . .
. . .and you only have a dime,
get your shoes shined. "
Get dressed.
They raised their prices.
Why don't the two of us--?
-Want to hear our specials?
-We know what we want.
-I'd like to hear the specials.
-We have veal St. Jacques--
We'll have two small salads
and share the veal, right?
I'm hungry. Why don't you
have the veal St. Jacques?
-I'll have the duck a l'orange.
-Any appetizer?
-I'll have the shrimp in garlic sauce.
-And to drink?
-Just water.
-Bottled. A big bottle, please.
Okay. Thank you.
Know what? I'm hungry
and we're not at Denny's.
So, if someone sees me eat
duck a l'orange. . .
. . .who knows what effect
it'll have on my life?
Sit up straight. You're slouching.
I took out a newspaper ad once.
" 15-year-old seeks home.
Neat, pretty, good student. "
I got 79 replies.
I never opened them.
I was afraid of the temptation.
-"Passion. "
-Our first Christmas away from home.
Do you customize scents?
No? That's a shame.
My mother paid enough of our bills

so we could buy presents.
Lavender. What do you think?
We didn't buy too much.
-I don't know what to get Benny.
-What did you get me?
-Nothing.
-You did.
What did you get me?
No, don't show me.
Ann, hi! Isn't it obscene,
aII this money being spent?
-I'm Janice PerIeman.
-I'm Ann's mother.
-She's my mother.
-Hi.
-You two look aIike.
-No, I look Iike my dad.
-Just his chin.
-I Iike your chin, I do.
I gotta go. My mother's waiting.
Christmas Day, we're having
a party from 4 to 8.
-WiII you come, both of you?
-Thanks. That's sweet.
ReaIIy? I'II teII you more at schooI.
Everybody's coming. Bye.
Everybody Iikes her.
She's on student counciI.
Her brother edits the paper.
-What does her father do?
-I think he's a doctor.
WeII, it might be fun.
-You wanna go?
-Do you want me to go?
It'II be a chance to show ourseIves
off. The car's looking great again.
Great.
Her mom looked very eIlegant.
You're eIlegant, Mom.
We both are. We've got taste, huh?
PeopIe see us and say, "That's an
attractive mother and daughter! "
Where do they Iive?
-Why are you doing this?

-Which one is it?
-That one. Now let's go home.
-Oh, my God!
It goes all the way around the block!
We're both going to a party.
Do you wanna talk to her again?
Just say Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to everybody.
I love you.
Give a big hug to Benny for me.
Okay. I love you. Bye.
I'm gonna go get dressed
and try on my new necklace.

Mom, it's 4:

Are you going to get dressed?
It takes you an hour to get ready.
The party will be over by then.
-You said you wanted to go.
-I want to get up the pine needles. . .
. . .and vacuum those closets.
Maybe wash the kitchen floor, because
I realized what will make me happy. . .
. . .is to look around this place,
and see it's spic-and-span.
It's one fun thing
we can do for Christmas.
Then you should go.
All your friends will be there. And
that boy, Peter, will be there, right?
-What are you going to do?
-Don't worry about me.
I've got a million things to do.
I want our first Christmas
in Los Angeles to be perfect.
Aren't things bad enough here?
Why are you doing this to me?
You're right. I'm sorry.
You want me to drive you there?
-Want me to drive you?
-No, I can walk.
All right. Well, then go.
Go ahead.

Otherwise we'll just hang around here
all day talking about our silly lives.
Oh, gosh. I just had
the strongest memory of my father.
I'm going.
I'm sorry you never got to know
your grandfather, or your father.
But I know it means something to you
to find your father, sweetie.
I promise, we will.
-I'm going.
-Okay.
Maybe we can talk about your father
when you come back.
I'll be here. I'm not
going anywhere. I'll wait.
I'm sorry.
I thought I could go. . .
. . .but I couldn't.
You know what we need?
Some sugar in our blood.
You wanna get some ice cream?
-I don't want ice cream.
-Sure you do.
Is that what I want, Mom?
It would cheer us up.
Okay, Mother, let's get our sugar.
-And they've got a new flavor.
-Great. Let's go.
I'll get your jacket.
-Just one little--
-No. We're closed early today.
It's Christmas.
Christmas'
Merry Christmas, officer.
You're not working today?
You see that red curb?
See that "No Stopping" sign?
Oh, my God'
I'm so sorry. I had no idea.
She needed an ice cream.
-Don't blame it on me.
-I'm explaining to him--
-I hate it when you do this to me.

-Do what?
-It's our Christmas tradition.
-I didn't want ice cream.
-Ann?
-She'll be back.
-Excuse me, she won't be back.
-You stay by the car.
-Lady, wait by the car'
-All right'
Ann, come here.
Ann! Wait.
I told her not to park there.
I didn't even want any ice cream.
-She's trying to beat a ticket.
-She has lots.
-Now, now'
-Don't talk to me like a little girl.
You don't even understand.
I'll leave her one of these days.
I'm sure you will. But not today.
-Why not today?
-You should leave when you're calm.
When you're rational.
You leave her when you're ready
not to come back. Understand?
You from Wisconsin?
How do you know?
-Your plates. You living here now?
-Yes.
-Hi, Ann.
-Hey.
-I want you to register that car.
-Yes, sir.
-Get a California license.
-Yes.
-And pay attention to posted signs.
-Yes, sir.
When I roll by again,
I don't want to see your car.
-Yes, sir.
-Good.
Merry Christmas, Ann.
Let's move that vehicle.
Did he just wink at you?

That's an unusual law enforcement officer. What did he say to you?
He said never to do that to me again, or you'll be taken to prison.
You'll never see me again, and you'll have to eat ice cream alone.
-He didn't say the ice cream business.
-Yes, he did.
-He wants to adopt me, I'm pretty.
-Not funny. Don't do this again.
-Don't you do it.
-No, you.
No, it's you.
I was just trying to get out of a parking ticket.
-You didn't get one.
-Thanks, Ann.
Your fiancé will be back here to see if we moved the car.
I will always love that policeman.
He told me what I needed to know.
I'll always carry a soft spot for the Los Angeles Police Department.
I wish he had adopted me.
Grandma told me that my father got remarried and lived in Reno.
How many Hisham Badirs could there be in Reno?
Hi. Do you have a number for a Mr. Hisham Badir, please?
B-A-D-I-R.
Residence. H-I-S-H-A-M.
Okay, thank you.
Bye.
When I was young, my mother hummed one of my father's tunes...
...before we went to sleep.
He wrote my mother love songs.
Sometimes I would imagine my father coming to rescue me.
Hi, Ann.
Hello, Peter.
You got that isosceles triangle thing straight?

That baffles me.
I got a new trumpet.
You wanna see it?
-I'm working, Peter.
-Sorry.
-Your mom's really pretty.
-I'll tell her.
What's your dad do?
He's a songwriter.
I wrote some songs.
You wanna hear one?
Not now, Peter.
You wanna feel my pulse?
It's beating really fast.
Ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom.
Really fast.
I've told you,
the tiles are chipped.
No water pressure.
Cabinet's handles are broken.
You don't have a life.
Can't you fix--?
I am talking to you. Hey'
Mom, your pants'
I can't talk to you like this.
Listen, I am telling you that--
Not only is the tile chipped,
the carpets are filthy'
I've got a fungus on my foot.
Who lived here, a hockey team?
I can't live like this'
But you can live in an empty place
for six months with just a mattress?'
Damn it'
Turn it down'
I hate this place'
I hate my job! I hate my foot'
You're not having sex
with anyone, are you?
What?
-You know.
-No, I don't know.
-We have to move.
-We can't. We have a lease.

What do you mean, am I having sex?
We moved anyway.
Over the next year, we moved a lot.
We got used to it.
Oh, honey, let me help you.
-It's apartment number eight?
-Yeah, eight.
This one had furniture,
thanks to Miss Letterfine.
Gail and Mom
have become good friends.
It's so colorful.
My mom dragged me to an audition.
She wouldn't give up her fantasy
of me becoming an actress.
Ann?
We did our work and kept healthy.
--and exhale from your navel
to your backbone.
We went to the beach
and felt sorry for people back home.
-Where are you going?
-Over there.
-There's no one there.
-I need peace and quiet.
-You wanna be near that beach club.
-Yes, please.
Here's a good spot.
-You've a cute body. Show it off more.
-Show off your body.
-I plan to. Where are you going?
-Japan.
Heads up'
Sorry about that.
That's okay.
Ooh.
You're strong.
Wild thing.
Ann. Come here, sweetie.
This is Dr. Spritzer.
This is my daughter, Ann.
-Ah, a big girl.
-Oh, yes, we're more like sisters.
-So you're the actress.

-Not me. My mom is.
Silly, don't be shy.
He's an orthodontist.
He works with actresses.
He did Heather Locklear, her teeth.
I was telling him that
we were discussing your overbite.
She has a nice smile.
The bottom is strange.
They don't look so strange.
Josh! Come on!
Be right there.
-Adele, you play good ball.
-You too.
Take care of those teeth.
An actress has to smile.
-See you.
-See you.
That's probably his wife.
-Why did you talk about my teeth?
-It won't last.
-Mom? Mom!
-Here I am.
Guess what? Benny's coming.
-I missed you.
-Hey, come on.
Hi.
What do you think, Benny?
You got more Mercedes on one street
than all Wisconsin.
-Benny wants to see a movie star.
-Who?
-I don't care.
-How about the babes in Baywatch?
-Look, it's a perfect fit.
-Me too, with Donald.
Look, guys. Smile.
Let me take it.
Come back for a visit.
I'll teach you how to drive the truck.
I'd like that.
-You know what?
-What?
-Your boobs are getting big.

-Shut up'

Mary GriIIing and Juney Eastman:
getting reaIIy big ones.

-Don't be gross.

-Boobs aren't gross. They're loveIy.

Shh'

You are so gross'

You got a boyfriend?

Maybe.

Who?

Do you go to bed with him?

Mm-hm.

Three, maybe four times a day.

What about you?

You getting Iaid, Benny?

Susie?

Ew.

You put the wood to Susie Goodman?

Uh-huh.

-Three, sometimes four times a day.

-Oh, stop'

TeII your mom and everyone
to come out.

We've got our eye
on a house near the water.

And teII her how brown Ann and I are.

We don't look bad, do we?

-No, you look reaI brown.

-And teII her how heaIthy we are.

-You've aIways looked heaIthy.

-Yes, but not this heaIthy.

Here, this is for you.

And have a great fIight, sweetie.

Bye.

Bye.

-Bye.

-Thanks.

Say heIIo to Ted for me.

Is he seeing anybody?

Ann?

Ann?

Ann?

Ann?

I can't find my daughter'

-Mom? Mom?
-Where did you go?
-I was right here.
-I was looking for you.
Don't you ever do that again'
Do you hear me? I couldn't find you'
It's okay, Mom.
I'm right here. I'm right here.
-You get it.
-You get it.
You get it'
You get it.
Hello?
Just a minute.
-For you.
-Who is it?
Who's speaking?
-Josh Spritzer'
-Oh, my God'
The guy from the beach.
The orthodontist.
Hi! Yeah, of course I remember,
at the beach.
I've thought of you too. I'm surprised
you tracked down my number.
Oh, I wrote it on the football'
That's so naughty of me'
Oh, I'm so sorry.
Separations can be so painful.
Yeah, when I broke up with my ex,
I could barely breathe.
Yeah, well, tonight?
No, tonight's not good.
How about tomorrow?
I love that place. 7:00.
Great. See you then.
Okay.
Me too.
I've been feeling it all day.
It has been in the air all week.
What to wear, what to wear?
Focus. Shoes.
It'd be bad to have wrong shoes with
the right guy. I'm going shopping.

-Rob Roy.
-Thank you.
-Martini, straight up.
-Thanks.
Olive?
I love olives.
-Cherry?
-Yeah.
Pooh Bear?
Sweetie?
Sweet Pea?
Hi.
Hi.
-You okay?
-Where were you?
Finding out I didn't die in Bay City.
Oh.
-"Oh" what?
-I don't know. What time is it?

5:

We just clicked.
We just clicked, sweetie.
-Let's go watch the sun rise.
-I need to sleep.
-I'm starving.
-I have school.
-I'll tell you all about him.
-It's the middle of the night.
He's more than just a dentist.
He's writing a screenplay.
Come on.
Come on, sweetie. Just this once.
Come on.
That's a girl.
Did he say he loved you?
Well, grownups don't say things
like that right away.
Especially if they've been married
before. It takes a little time.
But. . .
. . .he did do something. . .
. . .that grownups do sometimes that
shows that they really care about you.

What did he do?
Honey, it's something that--
It's something. . .
. . .that adults do in bed.
Sometimes. I mean, not everybody.
Especially in Bay City.
Ted never did it?
Please, I was lucky
if he'd take off his ice skates.
-Did my father do it?
-Let's not talk about it, sweetie.
It just shows you're serious.
You just don't--
-You don't do it with every woman.
-Really?
It's difficult for you
when I feel something, huh?
I had that dream again.
I cut off your feet,
and I couldn't get you to leave.
Sweetie, I'm never gonna
leave you. Don't worry.
You don't have to cut off my feet.
I understand.
I'm not a doctor of psychology
for nothing.
You're not a doctor
of psychology, Mom.
What time is it?
I wanna hear his voice.
We made the right choice coming here.
It was hard in the beginning,
but look at us now'
And look at this day'
Look at this place! Look at you'
You're gonna be getting braces soon.
When your teeth are straight,
your face will be just perfect.
Good morning. It's me.
Adele.
Did I wake you?
I just want you to know I'm still. . . .
I'm sorry, sweetie, you are sleeping.
Go back to bed.

CaII me Iater? Okay.
Oh, and Josh,
I'm reaIIy looking forward to Sunday.
The opera.
I must have misunderstood.
I thought you said you had tickets.
No, you don't have to apoIogize.
I understand.
Okay. Go back to bed.
CaII me Iater.
Oh, and you know what?
This has been super speciaI
for me, Josh. Yeah.
AII right.
Go back to bed. TaIk to you Iater.
Sweet dreams.
I Iove you.
HeIIo?
HeIIo?
Mom? Mom'
What do you think?
Is it too much for the opera?
-You're going to the opera?
-Yeah.
When are you going?
Josh said it's pIaying next week.
He hasn't toId me what specific date.
-Which one? Red or white scarf?
-I don't know.
-You have taIked to him? He did caII?
-Honey, he'II caII. He said he wouId.
He's a BeverIy HiIIIs dentist,
they're busy. Low heeI? High heeI?
HeIIo?
Is it him?
-Oh, Jesus'
-What is it?
Where's Mama?
Is she in the hospitaI?
Is CaroI with her?
We wiII. Of course, we wiII.
-Who was that?
-It was UncIe Jimmy.
Grandma's had a stroke.

Is she gonna be aII right?
I don't know. Baby. . . .
Oh, honey.
There was an accident.
Benny was kiIIed riding home
in Jay Brozek's truck.
I will remember you
Will you remember me?
I felt so sad.
I had lost Benny.
But I was also losing what was once
the only place in the world for me.
Now the streets weren 't as wide.
The trees seemed lower...
...and the houses smaller.
You look reaI good.
But you're different.
How?
I don't know.
-Just. . . .
-You seem different too, somehow.
I'm bigger.
I can speak some German.
That's "How's the weather today?"
I Iike that.
So. . .
. . .do you think you'II come back?
I don't know.
Now that I'm here. . .
. . .I don't know.
You know what I think?
If you stayed, sooner or later,
you'd be just Iike your mom.
AIways wanting to go away.
I'm caIIing Iong distance.
TeII him I caIIed again.
Has he gotten my messages?
TeII him that I'm out of state.
TeII him again.
And that I'II be home on Sunday.
Thank you.
Mary Grilling was right.
We were different.
But some things stayed the same.

An anger had been around
for a long time.
-It was God's way.
-Shut up about God's way'
Jimmy, don't. I'm sorry, Reverend.
Maybe we should start dinner.
-Sit down. I'm gonna barbecue.
-Why don't you start?
My Uncle Jimmy was ready to explode.
I could feel it coming.
So, Adele, do you like California?
Very much.
What's your day like, back there?
Well, I work a full day at school
with my students.
We live in Beverly Hills,
so it's a commute.
I'm in the car two hours a day--
-You know, we all work.
-That wasn't necessary.
-Anyone want another drink?
-Of course you work, Jimmy.
But you've got Mom's house now
and the RV.
-Could we not have any fighting?
-Your life isn't that difficult.
If I'd had half the help
from the family. . .
- . . .you were lucky to get--
-I wanna show you something'
Don't talk like that.
I wanna show you the mortgage
to the house that I'm still paying'
You know who helped me
when I was by myself with a child?
Nobody. Nobody helped me.
I wanna show you the deed.
Look at it or shut your damn mouth'
Nobody talks to me like that.
Ted, take me to the Holiday Inn.
Make your calls there.
I know you need to get laid. . .
. . .but can't you hold off--?
Adele! Adele!

-Your sister's boy is dead.
-Stop this, goddamn it'
Back off. Come on, we're going.
Ann.
We're going'
You can stay here if you want.
I'll make up Benny's bed for you.
He would love that.
Ann.
Not again, Mother.
Get me the telephone.
Get it yourself,
if you even paid the bill.
Please hand me the phone.
He doesn't wanna talk to you anymore.
Don't you get it?
Christ.
Mom.
Rise and shine. It's time to get up.

It's 7:

I have to get to school, you have
to get to work. Get out of bed.
You've been in bed all weekend.
You can't do this.
Okay, I'll drive. I can drive.
Get your big ass out of bed'
Go away.
No contract, no work.
No contract, no work'
Hey, Adele.
George, this is your chance'
Put down the sign and go.
Go paint a dam somewhere.
Girls.
-Hi.
-Hi, Ms. August.
Hi.
You shopped?
I thought you had to picket.
I can't work there. I resigned.
I'm a woman of leisure now.
-Let's celebrate.
-You can't quit. We need money.

They didn't pay me enough
to carry a sign.
That's why you carry the sign. You get
more money if you carry the sign.
No. They carry the sign
because they like to struggle.
Some people need to struggle.
Struggle, that's what someone taught
them. Get out there and struggle.
But we did not come
to Beverly Hills to struggle.
-We need to pay rent.
-That's true.
Maybe you'll have to get a job,
instead of doing nails all afternoon.
We're studying for a French test.
You shouldn't have quit your job.
-"I am your mother, am I not?"
-I guess so.
Tammie has something she'd like
to say to you en Anglais.
"Auditions. Caucasian female.
12 to 16.
Hostile, withdrawn, loner. "
-You can handle that, right?
-Why are you doing this?
You could do a little scene from
Terms of Endearment or Clueless'
You could all do a scene
from Clueless, like, totally'
That would be cool.
I don't know those scenes.
I don't wanna be an actress.
I don't know why I'm here.
Neither do you.
Would you rather have stayed home?
Been one of those girls,
sitting on the porch. . .
- . . .listening to trucks on the highway?
-You're acting crazy again.
Who knows the names of cities
but has never been to one?
Who dreams of hotels
but has never sat in a lobby?

Ann, we're going.
-Where are you going?
-See you.
-I'll call you.
-Bye, Ms. August.
-Call me.
Ciao.
All right.
Where is it?
Where do you want me to go?
All right.
I circled it. I can call.
I'll do it myself.
They'll want you to do improv. . .
. . .but it should be related
to the material.
Yes?
Hi, I'm Heather Ann August's mother.
-So has she finished her audition?
-She's in there now.
-Can I watch her?
-No. We can't interrupt.
-Just a little tiny bit.
-Excuse me?
-She'd really like for me to watch.
-I'd rather you didn't.
-Okay.
-Okay? Thanks.
I need Karen.
Karen?
What a man.
What a meal he made of me.
Doing that thing
that adults do in bed.
Not many men know how to do it. . .
. . .but when they do it. . .
. . .it means they really love you.
They wouldn't just do it to any woman.
It means they'll buy you a house
with blue shutters. . .
. . .and make life easy for you.
He's gonna take us
to the music center. . .
. . .the opera.

I Iove the opera.
He never returned my call.
I didn't understand.
Oh, God, Life is so shitty'
The whole world is so shitty.
Beverly Hills, what a bummer.
But. . .
. . .so what?
Like my daddy always used to say:
Be optimistic
Don 't you be a grumpy
When the road gets bumpy
Just smile and be happy
Don 't wear a long face
It's never in style
Be optimistic and smile
Mom?
I'm sorry,
but I was doing an audition.
It just came out. I didn't plan it.
I didn't do it to hurt your feelings.
You weren't supposed to be there.
I said not to come.
I didn't even want to go
to the audition.
You embarrassed me
in front of my friends.
I don't know what to say.
It just-- It just happened.
They wanted me to--
Nobody would even know it was you.
I wake up,
and I don't even wanna be here.
Who'd want to be with you?
You're just a crazy, middle-aged,
unemployed teacher. . .
. . .with a child to support.
Why can't our lives just be normal?
You know, I get so scared sometimes. . .
. . .I wanna go find my father.
You should find your father.
Maybe he can give you a normal life.
Hi, Miss Letterfine. It's Ann August.
I'm all right.

I'm sorry to disturb you so late. . .

. . .but is my mom there?

No.

I-- WeII--

She left a little while ago,
and I was just wondering. . . .

Never mind.

I'm so sorry to bother you.

All right.

Bye.

We didn 't speak.

We've never spoken about that day.

My mother was trying to cover up
her feelings with orange paint.

I felt so alone.

I missed Grandma.

I missed Benny.

I never stop missing Benny.

-Go on, call. You want to.

-You have his number.

You have a right to call your dad.

I bet he's really nice and just
hasn't had the nerve to contact you.

Do something.

He did give you a rabbit's foot
to remember him by.

-I'll do it.

-No'

I'll do it. It's okay.

I'll dial and you talk.

-Just get it over with.

-Don't worry.

It's gonna be okay.

Don't worry.

-It's ringing. Don't hang up.

-Don't hang up'

Don't hang up.

Hello?

Ann, say something.

Hello?

Mr. Badir?

Yes.

Is this Hisham Badir?

Yes. Who is this?

-This is Ann.
-I'm sorry?
Your daughter. Ann.
-Hello?
-Well, Ann.
-How are you?
-I'm okay. A little taken by surprise.
I'd really like to see you.
Dad?
-I wasn't exactly ready for this.
-Do you think I could see you?
-I heard you remarried.
-You did?
Someone in Bay City told Uncle Jimmy.
Do you have any children?
Yes. A daughter.
I have a sister?
What's her name?
Tamara.
She's 9.
So. . .
. . .does Tamara know about me?
-Do you ever think about me?
-Ann...
...do you need my help in some way?
What?
Do you need some money?
That's a terrible thing to say.
I just wanted to talk to you.
You're my father,
and I thought I could see you.
-I thought your mother asked you--
-She didn't ask me to do anything.
-Why would you say that?
-You know your mother.
Yes, I do. And this is not
about your money.
She has nothing to do with this.
Ann...
...I don't know what to say.
Look, I'm in the middle of something.
Can I--?
You're not even glad
that I called, are you?

You don't care
if you ever see me again.
You don't give a damn about me,
do you?
You know, I'm sorry I called.
Listen, Ann--
-You're better off without him.
-Who needs him?
Sue the bastard for child support
or something.
Hello?
-Hello?
-Ann.
Yeah, Peter?
I wanna kiss your lips.
What for?
I don 't know.
If you can't think
of a better reason than that. . . .
-What?
-I've thought of another reason.
I'm wild about your warm lips.
And I wanna squeeze....
I wanna squeeze you tight.
I wanna be one with you.
Yeah?
I wanna part your lips with my tongue.
And then what?
Tell me, then what?
I don 't know.
Well, come on over.
-Is your mom home?
-No.
So?
-Maybe we should go out some night.
-No.
Come in.
What about that stuff
you were saying on the phone?
-Where'd you learn that?
-Just in a book.
Why don't you take off your clothes?
All right.
Don't you wanna talk first?

-It's not even dark outside.
-So?
Do you wanna put on some music?
AII right.
Are those initiaIs on your underwear?
Yeah. My mom has that done.
InitiaI freak.
Take them off and bring them to me.
I wanna kiss you.
Okay.
Okay!
Wow.
That summer I turned 17.
And I started planning my escape.
My mom finally found a job
she liked at a convalescent home.
She was good at what she did.
At last, she had a captive audience.
That was a good one.
WaItz.
And where's that tongue going
on the "L"?
It wouId heIp
if we had snazzier Iipstick.
Okay? Get some perky Iipstick.
Make that pucker. Let's try it again.
I appreciate how you are
with my mother, with everybody.
-She's coming aAlong.
-I'd Iike to taIk more.
-Can I take you to Iunch or dinner?
-Thanks.
-TeII you about the carpet business.
-Sometime.
Bye, guys.
I bagged a ziIIIion groceries.
You must be tired.
I appreciate you going with me.
I couIdn't deaI with it aIone.
Every time this guy asks me out,
it's just so sad.
He's so nice.
When my wife died,
I started eating out aII the time.

-How was the pot roast?
-Nice. It was nice.
-You ever going back to Wisconsin?
-Not for the world.
-Was it that bad?
-It's a dead end. So we left.
I sometimes think about
picking up and leaving.
Whenever new carpets come in. . .
. . .I believe that somewhere
in the pile. . .
. . .there's one that flies.
It's been put there for me.
A beautiful, handwoven
16th-century Persian rug. . .
. . .from A Thousand and One Nights.
I sit down, wave goodbye
to everyone in the store. . .
. . .and fly right out the door.
My carpet's flying
back East to college.
Better tell your carpet
to drop you at UCLA.
I'd like to go back East.
-Since when?
-I've been thinking about it.
Independence. Sounds like her mother.
She's not going back East.
She's going to UCLA.
No, I'm not.
Honey, the hourly wage, bagging
groceries at the supermarket. . .
. . .won't pay for an Eastern college.
I'll apply for financial aid,
and Grandma will help.
She knows about this?
She said when the time comes,
maybe she could help out.
-I'd like to go away to college.
-Why?
I wanna get away.
You wanted to leave Bay City.
I wanna leave Beverly Hills.
-End up back in Bay City?

-I didn't say that.
After all this time?
After all that I've sacrificed?
You two ever been to the grunion run?
No, Jack. I have to say,
we have not been to the grunion run.
-What's a grunion?
-It's a little coastal fish.
It comes ashore at high tide
and lays its eggs in the moonlight.
And then it dies.
Another example of a mother
giving her life for her child.
-Some die. Not all of them.
-I'd love to see that.
-I'd like to take you.
-Great.
-I like him.
-He gets on my nerves.
He likes you. If he asks you out,
I hope you'll go.
-He asked me to go to Las Vegas.
-You should go. You might have fun.
He is not my type.
He's not my idea of fun.
Go to Vegas. Take a chance. You don't
have to fall in love with him.
-Or even sleep with him.
-Oh, thank you.
-You could win the jackpot.
-All right. I'll go to Vegas.
Fine. Just stop it.
But you're going to UCLA. It's a
state school, all we can afford.
And I don't want
another word about it.
Jackpot. . . .
She didn't know I'd already
applied to Brown in Rhode Island.
Peter wanted me to go to Berkeley, but
my heart was set on the East Coast.
My grades were good. I thought
I could get a full scholarship.
I liked the part about the noble soul,

but do you really read Nietzsche?
I read Nietzsche.
I don't really read Nietzsche.
He'd be a crazy friend to have,
don't you think?
Besides, I think people who really
read Nietzsche are kind of. . . .
I don't know.
Kierkegaard, though, he said that--
Where's the mail?
Right there.
You opened it.
How else will I know your plans?
After all, I'm only your mother.
Why would you confide in me,
thank you very much?
Go ahead, open it.
I'm sure you'll be very happy.
Providence, Rhode Island?
Could you have gotten
any farther away from me?
I just don't understand.
After all these years of hard work. . .
. . . would it have killed you to stay,
show some respect and appreciation. . .
. . . to those who worry
and sacrifice everything for you?
I'm not going anywhere'
Wanna read my mail? Read it carefully.
I only get some of the tuition.
We have to pay part of it,
and we don't have that.
Read it'
Parents' contributions.
God, I wanted it so bad.
Pooh Bear, it's not
the end of the world.
It is the end of the world'
Maybe not for you but it is for me.
-We could get an ice cream.
-No'
Can't you understand?
I wanna go away to college. . .
. . . be on my own and you on your own.

I know you're scared to be without me,
but I can't help that.
I feel bad about that. . .
. . .but I don't want that job anymore.
Let me live my own life.
Let me go.
Good day.
You went through a stop sign.
Driver's license
and registration, please.
You wanna take the license out?
Oh, my God!
What?
You ran after my daughter
on Christmas. You winked at her.
Do you remember?
Oh, yeah. I remember you two.
I know what you told her.
She hasn't been the same.
She might've been right.
It hasn't been perfect.
-Nobody's perfect.
-Exactly. I make mistakes.
Sometimes, maybe, I'm a bit selfish.
Maybe, sometimes, a bit irresponsible.
The lights go out sometimes.
But I'm trying.
That's the point. I'm trying.
It's hard.
I'm sure it's hard for her.
Your license?
I should've helped her find her father,
but I knew he'd disappoint her.
I tried to find her another one.
That's impossible.
-I'm sure it's hard.
-She tell you anything good about me?
-I did a lot.
-I need the license--
She's always had a warm home,
food, clothing.
I got her in the Beverly Hills
school system. She tell you that?
-Give me the license, please'

-All right'
Thank you.
She could be an actress.
She wants to go away to college.
She says I gotta let her go.
It's always been just the two of us,
and that's very hard.
I don't get it.
Doesn't she know
that I would do anything for her?
I mean, I love her.
She is the reason I was born.
Doesn't she understand
I would do anything for her?
Then you know what to do.
Yeah.
I'll tell you what.
This is what I'll do for you.
I'll let you go.
-Okay? Here's your driver's license.
-Thanks.
Watch the signs.
Please.
-And have a nice day.
-You too.
It's beautiful.
-It's your color.
-It is, isn't it?
-It makes you look so thin.
-Well, that's good'
-Honey.
-What are you doing?
You're early.
I wanted to surprise you.
-It's beautiful'
-Janet just bought our car.
-You're selling the car?
-SoId.
This is Ann, who's going to Brown.
I was telling her all about you.
I love this car. I was in a friend's
car, and your mom drove past.
I saw that "For Sale" sign. . .
. . .and a voice in my head said,

"You have to have that car. "
I can't afford it, but it's
the car I see in my dreams.
Why are you doing this?
What do you mean I'm going to Brown?
Sweetie, we can afford it.
I worked it out.
I saved a little
and with the car money--
I'm applying to UCLA.
UCLA is for surfers
and wannabe starlets.
She's a serious student.
You can't sell the car.
We'll make it work.
At least for this year.
We'll worry about next year next year.
We're good at that.
I'm gonna drive it away now'
You can't. That's our Mercedes.
It changed our lives.
Good luck, Janet'
Good luck to you, Adele.
Thank you again'
I'll come see you at Christmas.
In the spring, when you come,
I'll have that house at the beach.
The one I've been looking at,
with the blue roof.
You bring somebody home with you.
Somebody that I don't know.
Somebody that I'll like.
Okay. I will.
I have to go.
You look elegant.
Look at you.
You never were
a small-town girl, honey.
Thanks for knowing that, Mom.
And wear your seat belt, okay?
And make a list of all the books
you're reading so I can keep up.
I love you.
I love you too, sweetie.

Bye.

Be optimistic

Don 't you be a grumpy

When the road gets bumpy

Just smile and be happy

Go!Go ahead'

Even if you can 't stand her...

...even if you hate her...

...even if she's ruining your life,

there's something about my mother.

Some romance.

Some power.

And when she dies...

... the world will be flat.

Too simple, too fair...

... too reasonable.

You pack quite a wallop there,

big fellow'

-Are you okay?

-I'm fine, thanks.