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# Blind Date

By Dale Launer

This is Rick Dees.  
If you want a song played,  
call the radio station right now.  
You park in an abandoned lot.  
You attend the movie.  
You come out to find that thieves  
have ripped off your stereo.  
This wouldn't have happened...  
... if you'd purchased the  
James Brown auto alarm! Listen!  
The James Brown auto alarm,  
scattering thieves near and far!  
The James Brown auto alarm.  
Get yours today!  
What are you doing?  
- Here.  
- Oh, never mind.  
Morning.  
Coffee.  
What time did you go home

**last night, 3:**

You look like you've been  
in a plane crash.  
- This may shock you, but humans sleep.  
- I know, I know.  
Gruen gave me a big project.  
I think it's some kind of test.  
Where's my depreciation schedule?  
I've lost my deprec...  
I think I have everything.  
Profit plan...  
...flow charts...  
- How much time do I have?  
- Four minutes.  
Walter.  
- You should wind down.  
- I'm getting something out of it.  
You won't believe  
what happened last night.  
You worked on your presentation?  
Not at all?  
I had drinks at The Blue Dragon...  
Don't tell me one of your sex stories.

- Bringing the embalmer tonight?  
- She's not an embalmer. She does hair.  
- No. I have a date with a gorgeous...  
- In the parking lot of the club...  
...I see this woman,  
maybe 35, kind of classy.  
I figure she's waiting for her car.  
So, what the hell, I talk to her.  
Turns out, she came in a limo. I say,  
"I've never been in a limo before."  
She stares at me for 30 seconds,  
then says, "Let's take a ride."  
In the limo, she pushes a button and  
a wall's up between us and the driver.  
She hits another button,  
a sunroof opens.  
Bar slides open.  
She pours us vodka,  
plays Sly and the Family Stone.  
Next thing I know, we slide onto PCH.

**Full moon, 2:**

vodka, limo, music.  
And I'm thinking...  
- I don't believe you.  
- We start to kiss.  
I slide my hand up her dress.  
What do I find? Garter belt!  
- All your women wear garter belts!  
- So I tell her I want her...  
...from behind, standing up,  
with my head sticking out the sunroof.  
So we start doing it.  
We're going 60, my head's out  
the roof, my hair's flying...  
This didn't happen. There was  
no limo, no woman, no sunroof...  
That's disgusting.  
I'm ashamed to know you. How do you  
get women to do these things?  
As you know by now, Yakamoto has  
agreed to entrust the management...  
...of all his personal  
and corporate assets to us.

No small thanks  
to the efforts of Harry Gruen.  
I'm sure Mr. Yakamoto's  
confidence in us...  
...will increase with the lethal charm  
you'll all exude tonight.  
A word of caution.  
He's very traditional.  
Old-fashioned ideas about women.  
Wives must follow certain rules.  
Can't speak until spoken to, don't sit  
until he does, all that crap.  
Meanwhile...  
...he keeps a stable of concubines  
you wouldn't believe.  
Anyway...  
...this is a very old-world guy.  
So watch yourselves, and keep  
your wives away from the mai tais.  
Okay, a few facts  
about the man. Denny...  
...show us Yakamoto's  
holdings for '85.  
Damn. Spreadsheets are still printing.  
Machine's been down.  
Okay, forget it.  
Walter, let's have your report.  
Yakamoto Worldwide has shown almost  
recession-proof capabilities.  
Even in a disastrous third quarter...  
...his fish oil conglomerate...  
...bolstered his net worth  
by some 27%.  
Walter, you look like shit.  
Where were you last night?  
I was here until 3.  
This is the money business.  
Image is everything.  
Look at you. This jacket is shit.  
See, men like Yakamoto don't make  
deals with the lint man, here.  
- Now look at Denny. That's a suit.  
- Armani, sir.  
- Take a few tips from him.

- Yes, sir.

We'll make a good assistant  
portfolio assessor out of you yet.  
See you at dinner.

- Who's he bringing?

- I don't know, sir.

God, I hope it's not the embalmer.

- Can I borrow your wife?

- Sure. \$50.

I'm serious. Denise bagged out on me.

I need a date. They don't know

Susie's my sister-in-law.

She'd do it, but it's our anniversary.

- Going to Spago's.

- I'm ruined.

Watch this. This guy'll make an offer.

- Have you decided?

- I can't go higher than 15,500.

No can do. It's 17,000 list.

What? You told me it was 18,000 list!

You made \$1000 off your brother?

I'm bankrolling your dinner at Spago's!

Stop it. You're scaring him.

You're scaring me. Jesus, you'd

cheat your own flesh and blood.

We'll talk.

- I'll make it up to you.

- You'll write me a check?

No, but I know this fantastic...

Stop! You're gonna recommend  
one of your psychotic friends.

I resent that, Walter.

You've set me up before, only you  
forget to mention one crucial detail:

She's a dopehead, a lesbian,  
keeps dead cats in the freezer...

What a New Year's!

"The champagne's in the icebox."

I'm sorry. Seriously, I know someone.

Nadia Gates, Susie's cousin.

- Ted, I don't want to hear it.

- Don't you trust your own brother?

No argument there.

But, no bullshit, Nadia's amazing.

She's just moved back to town...  
...and wants to meet people!  
- What's she like?  
She's a sweetheart, good sense  
of humour. You'll love her!  
I won't love her  
because this won't happen!  
Suit yourself.  
But I highly recommend her.  
Talk about the kiss of death!  
- Call us if you change your mind.  
- I won't!  
Hi. Is Chloe there?  
Do you have the rifle range's number?  
Never mind. Look, I'll just  
call her later. Thanks.  
- Hello?  
- Is she reasonably pretty?  
"Reasonably" doesn't begin  
to describe it.  
I'm looking at her picture now.  
She's an honest-to-God knockout.  
Ted, just this once, please.  
The truth.  
Susie, tell Walter Nadia's pretty.  
She's very pretty, Walter.  
- When was the picture taken?  
- Four years ago.  
Four years? She could've been  
disfigured in four years!  
- She could've gained 100 pounds!  
- She's gorgeous! Stop it!  
I almost forgot!  
Don't get her drunk.  
She loses control completely.  
But don't get her drunk. If you do...  
...she loses control!  
Loses her inhibitions,  
or she pees on the floor?  
What's "lose control" mean?  
Oh, you know, she gets real wild.  
She gets real wild!  
All right! I may kill you later,  
but I'm doing this now...

...before I change my mind.  
- Walter?  
- Yeah.  
Come on in.  
I'll just be a minute.  
I hope you don't mind  
helping me with my suitcase.  
I'm moving out of here.  
I'll be staying with a friend.  
If you feel like it,  
a friend's having an art exhibit.  
If we have time before dinner,  
maybe we could go?  
Yeah, no problem.  
Well, here goes, Walter. Ready or not.  
Oh, damn it!  
This has been going on all night.  
There may be some matches over there.  
Let me look.  
It may be over there.  
Here.  
Now this is a blind date.  
Here's your chance to run for it.  
Your very last chance.  
You missed your chance.  
I'm glad.  
I had no idea.  
Do you know this artist?  
I've met him once.  
He's Susie's friend.  
I mean, coming was her idea.  
We can go.  
- I don't have any obligation to him.  
- No, come on.  
We're both adults, aren't we?  
I thought I was.  
I don't know. Maybe I'm not now.  
Can I ask you something?  
Yeah, I guess so.  
Why didn't you have a date tonight?  
Is there something I should know?  
I can't imagine why you don't  
have a date every night of the week.  
Know what? I was thinking

the same about you.  
- Come on, I'm serious.  
- Me too. I was thinking that.  
I asked you first.  
I stopped dating  
about three months ago.  
I was involved,  
but it didn't work out.  
Boy, how it didn't work out. So I was  
living in Baton Rouge with my mama.  
And you're my first date.  
But you almost weren't.  
Susie talked me into it...  
...I'm glad to say.  
So how about you?  
Well, my date backed out  
at the last minute...  
...I'm glad to say.  
You want some candy?  
I'm not much of a candy person.  
That's good.  
I always was a candy person.  
Some people drink,  
some people do drugs. I do sugar.  
This looks Japanese.  
"Master and Concubines"?  
It's Yakamoto.  
- What is?  
- The big business dinner tonight...  
...is for this Japanese industrialist  
new client of ours.  
He's old-world Japanese.  
His wife's like his slave...  
...and he keeps concubines.  
- You're kidding.  
- No. His wife knows all about it.  
It's traditional or something.  
Tell me something.  
Are you into those traditions?  
No, I'm actually a  
one-concubine kind of guy...  
...actually.  
- Good.  
So, what was it that made you



break up with this guy?

- What do you mean?

- What was he like?

Psychopath. Like that guy over there.

What's wrong?

That's him! That's my psychotic  
ex-boyfriend David.

There. The guy in the goofy bow tie.

He looks okay to me.

He's been chasing me

for three months. I moved twice.

I think he's coming over here!

Watch it. Please just hide.

Just relax.

Hello, Nadia.

- David, don't start anything.

- I just want to say hello.

Hi, I'm David.

- Walter.

- She has every reason to be upset.

I was so in love,

I made a total asshole of myself.

Apology accepted. Nice to meet you.

- How long you been dating?

- None of your business!

It is my business.

There's not a night that's gone by...

You son of a bitch,

are you drilling her?!

Shut up and leave her alone!

Wait, I want to talk to you.

I'll find you!

- I have an idea.

- Yeah? What?

Thank you.

- Okay, Walter, what's going on?

- Well...

We have about half an hour.

Indulge me.

- You like guitar?

- Oh, yeah, I do.

- We're set. How's the level for you?

- It's basically cool.

Turn up the monitors a bit

and we'll be there. Thanks.

- How are you?

- Good, Stanley. How are you?

Did you bring your guitar?

No, I brought something better than a guitar.

- How you doing?

- Hi, how are you?

Good, good.

You ever hear him play?

He's really fantastic.

Relax...

...sip a little champagne.

I don't think I should drink.

The last three or four times I...

I mean, it sort of makes me go crazy!

Well, one little glass isn't gonna make you go crazy.

This is our first toast.

To auspicious beginnings.

It's really good.

Stanley Jordan, take two. Rolling.

So, what made you think to stop by here?

I recorded here when I thought

I wanted to be a musician.

I played guitar. But I really don't have time for it now.

I played all the time. I went to the bathroom carrying a Stratocaster.

I drove my mom nuts. I got tendonitis.

Why did you give it up?

Well...

Because if you want to be a musician...

...you're guaranteeing yourself a life of poverty and obscurity...

...unless you're talented like Stanley.

And...

...I got a good job now...

...good car. Next year,

I'll be able to get a condo.

I don't know.

It just kind of made sense.

We're gonna be late.

Let me give you a little...

Oh, I'm getting bad.

I'm starting to feel the champagne.

That's okay.

Feel away.

Come on.

Hi, I called for Davis,

for two, please.

- Joseph, table six.

- Follow me, please.

Please don't touch the flowers.

The arrangement is very expensive.

These things don't smell.

They're no good anyway.

- Sorry. Oh, my God.

- It's all right.

- You sure?

- It'll be fine.

- Lovely looking girl.

- Thank you.

- You know my wife.

- Yes, hello.

Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Gruen.

Thank you. Do you think you could

find me some safety pins?

Safety pins?

No, I don't think so.

There's a lot of roast beef in here.

Would you care for a cocktail?

- A bottle of your finest champagne.

- Very good.

Thank you.

Oh, my God.

That's Yakamoto.

Good evening.

- My wife.

- Very nice to meet you, Mr. Yakimoto.

Yakamoto.

Mrs. Yakamoto.

- How lovely you look.

- Thank you.

That's incredible.

She's like a geisha girl.

Cupcake, would you excuse me  
for just a minute?

Business.

- They still do that in Japan?

- I don't know...

Walter, you old dog.

- Denny Gordon, this is Nadia Gates.

- How do you do?

- Hi.

- I gotta hand it to you.

This is the most exciting  
woman in the place.

Thank you. Nice tie.

Where did you get it?

I don't remember. Probably  
one of those places over on Rodeo.

- Where's that?

- You don't know where Rodeo is?

No, I know where it is.

I just wondered if you did.

What happened to your pocket?

- Oh, we had a little...

- That's the new style.

See? Oh, that looks nice.

- Aren't you forgetting your date?

- My date? Oh, right. Yes.

I do hope that we'll meet again.

"Denny Gordon, supervisor,  
real estate analysis."

How did you get that?

It fell out of my pocket.

- You pressed it in my hand.

- I don't think I did that.

- You put it right in my hand.

- You see...

- Why? Did you think I'd call you up?

- Come on, you know how it is.

No, I don't think

he does know how it is.

He's not a vain slimeball pig  
that's led around by his dick.

I guess that just about  
sums it up, huh?

All's fair in love and...

She's right. You really are  
a slimeball pig.

Hey, Denny! Your ex-fiance,  
she just took a hike.

Oh, jeez.

Honey?

Sweetheart!

I'll be right back, sir.

You look lovely.

Thank you.

Pumpkin?

- My boss, Mr. Gruen, is watching us.

- Where is he?

- Boy, that was...

- You shouldn't have any more.

- Are you ready?

- Yes, we are.

Will you order for me, please?

We'll start with

the tuve de veau au vin...

Which soup?

We'll have the crme de concombre.

Vgtable?

This one right here.

The gratin dauphinois?

A bit of a clash with the  
veau au vin rouge, don't you think?

Excuse me. Come here.

Can I ask you something?

Do you really speak French  
or just bullshit menu French?

- I trained in Paris.

- Oh, good.

What did you say?

I told him to stick a skewer  
up his ass and flamb himself.

- What did he say?

- He called me a slut.

Now, just a goddamn minute here.

What did he say?

"Your taste in women  
is as bad as your French."

How do you say, "Step outside"?

This is a...

Excuse me.

I said, "The champagne tastes like horse piss."

He said, "I should know," which is quite a good comeback.

- What the hell...?

- Oh, my God!

- I'm sorry.

- What did he say?

I don't know. I don't speak French.

He insulted my date.

It's all Henri's fault. He's French.

Hey, Mr. Y.

If you don't mind,

that is the loveliest necklace.

It's so pretty. Where did you get it?

I don't speak English.

He insulted my date, Nadia!

- Oh, my God.

- Go back to your seat.

- She can't talk?

- They're our guests.

- I just asked about the necklace.

- You are foolish and silly.

- Leaving so soon? Sit.

- Go jump on your concubine.

Did you hear her? I have no concubine.

Walter, get this woman out of here!

No, no. Don't do that.

Why don't you walk

over there, Nadia? Here.

Oh, take it to her.

I hope this doesn't undermine your confidence in us.

- I worked very hard for this job.

- We can sort...

- What's going on out here?

- Oh, my God.

- Please, come back to the restaurant.

- Mrs. Gruen, hi.

Mrs. Yakamoto.

- She doesn't speak English.

- Just get out of here!

Mrs. Yakamoto, I have your hair.  
I'm going to just  
slip it under the door.  
Got it?  
I'll tell your husband  
you'll be out in a minute.  
Don't take that  
concubine stuff from anybody.  
- I no speak English!  
- You a California resident?  
- I no speak English!  
- Know what you're entitled?  
I no speak English!  
California law states you're entitled  
to 50% of your husband's assets.  
Fifty percent?  
Mr. Gruen, please. I'm very sorry.  
I had no way...  
Walter, go away. Just go away.  
Bottle of Meyer-Fonn Barsac.  
Hors d'oeuvres, on the house?  
Sir, I can't begin to tell you  
how dreadfully sorry I...  
Attention! Attention, everybody!  
Mrs. Yakamoto needs  
a good divorce lawyer now...  
...because Mr. Yakamoto  
is worth over \$100 million.  
- Miss.  
- I'll kill her!  
Harry...  
Don't touch me. Please.  
Did you hurt yourself?  
Do I have to say the words?  
- I'm fired?  
- Fired?  
I only wish we were in the Army...  
...so I could have you shot.  
- Yes, sir.  
Twice.  
That was so much fun!  
My face is numb.  
What do you wanna do now?  
There's a party down the street.

Let's go!

Are you insane? You destroyed my life  
and now you want to go to a party?

- You don't like me, do you?
- I've never hit a woman before, but...
- Let's make up.
- That won't work.
- Of course, it will.
- It won't! Now stop it!
- Nadia, I'm driving the car!
- Let's do it! Let's do it right now!
- We're on the freeway!
- Who cares?

I'm driving 55 miles an hour, here!

Will you, for chri...

Stop it!

- Stop, please!
- You're frowning again.

Stop it! For chrissakes,  
there's a car behind us!

Gotta do better than that.

Someone's getting out of the car.

Sit over there.

- David!
- What? This is...
- Car trouble?
- You following us?
- I'm worried about her.
- I'm taking her home.

You let her drink? Son of a bitch,  
don't you know she can't drink?

- Nadia, get out of the car!
- Stay in the car.
- Hey, that's a... That's a \$500 bra!
- I'm gonna kill you!

You were gonna drill her.

I'll kill you!

Can't we just talk about it?

Honey, stay in the car.

- I'll stay in the car.
- You don't love her like I do!
- I believe you!
- He doesn't love you like I do!

What are you doing?



Get out of my car! Hey!  
That son of a bitch!  
I'm gonna kill you too!  
Walter, what...  
You son of a bitch, I'll kill you!  
Damn bastard!  
Jesus, that guy's a maniac.  
He was really trying to kill me.  
Why'd you break up?  
You must be the best match  
since Bonnie and Clyde.  
Come on.  
I'm sorry.  
I really am. I...  
It was a cheap shot.  
- I wasn't crying about that.  
- What are you crying about?  
I just saw David chasing you  
around the car, and I got sad.  
Me too.  
Do you have a Kleenex?  
A handkerchief?  
Here.  
I hate it when my eyes get all puffy.  
I get all stuffed up. I look terrible.  
Are my eyes puffy?  
Can we stop so I can blow my nose  
and wash my face?  
I gotta go to the bathroom.  
Yeah, sure. Okay.  
Thank you.  
- Can I help you?  
- Fill it with unleaded.  
- Super?  
- Regular.  
Let me say two words:  
Engine knocks. Rings and valves,  
\$900. Check, please.  
You can pay me now  
or pay my service manager later.  
- Fill it with unleaded.  
- Super?  
The guy wants super.  
- She's not in there.

- What?

The girl who came with you?

She's at Freda & Freddie's.

The disco.

Where's the ladies' room?

Thank you very much.

I'm looking for my date.

She's a brunette with a red dress on,  
really pretty.

And she came in

the bathroom here and, see...

She was in the bathroom

at the gas station.

She took a long time.

I went to get her and she was gone.

And the gas station guy said...

...that she came in here.

I figured she went into this...

I'll wait right here

at the bar for her, okay?

Bartender, can I get

a Perrier and a soda? I mean...

A Scotch and soda.

Something like that.

Can I buy you a drink?

She had a thing with her ex,  
and she got a little emotional.

She started crying and wanted  
to stop at a gas station.

So we stopped next door.

She took a long time.

When I went to get her, she'd left.

The guy said she came here.

She probably went into this bathroom.

It wasn't like I was trying to  
look in. I was trying to find her.

Come dance with me.

- This is the girl. Right here.

- Five dollars, please.

- I know you're a good dancer.

- No, I really don't wanna dance.

- Stop, it's not funny.

- Come on.

I'm sorry.

Let's just go.  
Please. I'm sorry.  
All right, you ready for this?  
- Let's go now.  
- Please, Walter.  
- Hi, I just wanted to come by and...  
- David, don't...  
I came by to apologize.  
I still love her very much.  
What? So you can drill her?  
You son of a bitch!  
You bitch!  
We're leaving. Now!  
You son of a bitch!  
Let's go before the cops show up.  
Come on, come on!  
Move it, move it, move it.  
Get in. Get in!  
How much?  
- Cash or plastic?  
- Cash!  
It's \$12.50.  
What's going on over there?  
I wanna talk to you.  
Get out of the car.  
Just get out of the...  
Get back inside, you stupid idiot!  
Your ex's hobby is killing people.  
What's his profession?  
- He's a defence lawyer.  
- For who? Jack the Ripper?  
It's not funny.  
I'm taking you home.  
Where do your friends live?  
They live on Elm and East Hill.  
Your friends live  
on Elm and East Hill?  
No, the party.  
I'm not taking you to any party!  
Party!  
I'm gonna take you home.  
To Baton Rouge?  
I'm taking you to your friends' house.  
Where do they live?

- We have to get on the freeway.  
- No! No more freeways.  
It's the only way I know  
how to get there.  
- What's the exact address?  
- I know the house.  
- I'm getting on the freeway.  
- Where's the hole?  
But if you make one move...  
You listening?  
If you make one move  
that makes me nervous...  
...I'll put you out at the first  
intersection. Understand?  
Don't frown, Walter.  
Here's the house. Right...  
Okay, here, stop. Right here.  
When was the last time  
you saw these people?  
About six years.  
Listen to me.  
Listen. Listen to me.  
You absolutely sure this is the house?  
Absolutely.  
Jesus!  
Hey! Stop! Get out of there!  
Come here a minute!  
Your beautiful car.  
Look at the bright side.  
What the hell else could happen?  
- Nadia, just stay out of this.  
- Shut up, bitch!  
Your wallet.  
- Oh, shit! The cops!  
- Drop the gun!  
There was three girls.  
One of the girls put a gun to my head!  
She had a knife in my crotch!  
Get out of the freaking car!  
One had red hair standing straight up.  
Both had leather jackets,  
and one had a big tattoo!  
How much did you drink tonight, sir?  
Good.

Head back.  
Eyes closed.  
Arms out.  
Palms up.  
With your left hand,  
touch the tip of your nose.  
Good.  
Now the other hand.  
Now, keep your eyes closed.  
Raise your right foot  
eight inches for 10 seconds.  
God, I feel horrible.  
Dare I hope that you sobered up?  
Oh, I drank. I drank so much.  
Yes, you did.  
And the dinner party... Oh, God.  
- Walter, I'm so sorry.  
- Well...  
...I know I feel a lot better now.  
I just have this chemical imbalance.  
It's like an allergy to alcohol.  
It makes me crazy, that's all.  
Is that so?  
Look, Walter, I know you hate me.  
So just listen.  
Take me to my friend Cathy's house.  
I know the address.  
I won't ever bother you again.  
I'll kill you!  
Great!  
- I thought we'd lost him!  
- What fun would that be?  
- David!  
- Hold the tray!  
You son of a bitch! You wanna play?  
Fine, I'll kill you!  
Actually, if you'll just  
drop me off at the nearest hotel...  
- And end this glorious evening?  
- I told you I was sorry.  
It's barely midnight.  
Don't you wanna boogie down?  
Dance all night? Tear up the town?  
I just wanna lie down

in a nice, cool place.  
I just remembered! There's a party!  
I know somebody mentioned  
a party at Elm and East Hill.  
I don't wanna go to a party anymore.  
My friends are nice, quiet people.  
They'll bore you.  
We'll just have to  
liven them up, won't we?  
Seen some traffic, pal?  
- Walter, listen to me.  
- What?  
Party pooper.  
- Please, Walter.  
- This is great.  
- How are you?  
- Walter Davis, rocket scientist.  
I'm thirsty.  
Thank you.  
Walter Davis, gynaecologist.  
- I know these people.  
- Great! Let's mingle.  
You can't juggle pt.  
Oh, my God!  
- You came after all.  
- Walter Davis, interior decorator.  
- Did you do the Leland house?  
- We did the upstairs in '60's kitsch.  
- Beanbag chairs, lava lamps. Amazing.  
- We have to go there now.  
That's a great suit, Grant.  
106 at the Forum,  
24 seconds left in the game.  
Lakers down by one.  
Magic pumps, shoots.  
Lakers win in overtime, folks!  
Boston fans?  
Do I hear a mambo?  
Come on, Nadia.  
It's mambo time!  
Listen to me!  
Come and dance with me, darling.  
Walter Davis, brain surgeon.  
Walter Davis, mambo king!

- Mambo with me, darling!  
- Would you care for another...  
I hope Walter and Nadia  
are having a good time.  
You lie down in a quiet room,  
and I'll call a cab.  
What is all this? I thought  
you were Ms. Party-All-Night.  
This is a great fucking party!  
You'll thank me in the morning.  
Let's do it.  
Let's do it in the coats!  
Right here in the fur coats, honey.  
Why don't you do now what you're  
going to do later anyway?  
Just pass out.  
Come to me, baby!  
Nadia, my little minx.  
You've come back to me.  
You can't get rid of me that easily.  
I'm gonna rip your head off!  
So I take her to my house,  
watch a movie, kicking back.  
She's about this tall.  
Sort of like that one.  
Can I help you?  
I need my suitcase out of here.  
I called a cab.  
- I wanna talk to you!  
- Hey, go call somebody.  
I'm gonna freaking kill you!  
Get up, you big...  
Call them!  
- Walter, no!  
- Shut up!  
- I'm not worth it.  
- Shut up!  
- Dance!  
- What?  
I said dance, scumbag!  
Moonwalk!  
I hate that shit!  
He's got a gun!  
Step up to the line, sir.

Hands over your head.  
Straighten up. Look straight ahead.  
Here. You're allowed two phone calls.  
My brother was just  
in a serious accident. I...

- What do you drive? I have a car...  
- Have a nice day.

Buckle up, Walter.  
You're in enough trouble.  
It's the law!

Home?

I warned you not to let her drink.  
You'd better get a good lawyer  
or you'll go to jail for a long time.  
You're lucky you didn't kill anybody.  
Bad hangover?

Serves you right.

New car?

God!

- Sorry about your car.  
- Just get out.  
- Thanks for bailing me out.  
- I didn't bail you out.  
- Teddy, what did you say?  
- I said I didn't bail you out.  
- Well, who did?  
- Nadia.

What?! Wait a second!

- You smashed my rear window!  
- Where is she?  
- For chrissakes, she's staying with us!  
- I want you to take me to her.  
- She didn't go to her friend's.  
- Where is she?

**It's only 7:**

- I'm feeling sick again.  
- She's in the guest room.  
- What is it?  
- He wants to talk to Nadia.  
- But it's only 7:30.  
- Look, Walter's out of control.

Can you hear me?

- Yes. Who are you?



- It's Walter.  
Walter, are you dead?  
God, you look dead.  
How much do I owe you for my bail?  
I don't wanna be obligated  
to you for anything.  
Tell me how much I owe you.  
I'll go home and write you a check.  
- Can we discuss this later?  
- I don't have much time.  
- Don't shout.  
- I wasn't shouting.  
I know. I thought you were going to,  
and I couldn't stand it.  
I go to court a week from this Friday.  
After that, I'm told  
I'll probably go to jail...  
...for at least two years.  
I'd rather kill myself  
than have you visit me in jail.  
So tell me how much I owe you...  
...and then I never  
wanna see you again.  
Ten thousand dollars!  
Now get out of here,  
you ungrateful monster.  
Ungrateful?  
I'm ungrateful?  
I should be grateful after  
what you did to me last night?  
After what I did?  
What did I do to you?  
You did a lot of things,  
to a lot of people.  
I just happened to be a part of it.  
A big part, I recall.  
- You got me drunk.  
- I didn't get you drunk.  
- You bought the champagne.  
- You didn't have to drink it!  
That's a cheap shot, Walter.  
A real cheap shot.  
I drank it because you  
seemed sweet and generous.

Somebody I could fall in love with.  
I thought you were special.  
I really did.  
I'm sorry you got fired.  
I'm sorry you got arrested.  
But you know why I'm most sorry?  
I'm sorry that you're not so special.  
That you're mean and self-pitying...  
...and that you don't give  
a damn about how I feel.  
And I feel shitty, Walter!  
Oh, God.  
Where you going?  
Want me to drive...? You want a cab?  
You're right.  
Without a great lawyer,  
he'll probably go to prison.  
He's planning on defending himself.  
He'll definitely go to prison.  
Will you defend him?  
Why would I do that?  
Because you're greatly responsible,  
that's why.  
You do have a point.  
I am greatly responsible.  
Not good enough.  
If you do, I'll live with you.  
Still not good enough.  
- Okay. Goodbye.  
- I'll defend him on one condition.  
What's that?  
Marry me.  
I feel guilty about what I did  
to Walter, but not that guilty.  
Possession of an illegal firearm.  
Assault with intent to commit murder.  
Ten years, minimum.  
- Yes, Lupa.  
- Miss Gates wishes to see you again.  
- Have her wait.  
- Yes, sir.  
You should know this up front.  
I don't like you anymore.  
And I certainly don't love you.

I don't blame you.

Do we have to have sex?

But no kissing.

All rise. Court is now in session.

Judge Harold Bedford presiding.

Be seated.

Mr. Walter Davis.

Thank you. Yes, Your Honour.

I understand you refuse  
to be represented by counsel.

That's correct.

Are you suicidal, Mr. Davis,  
or just plain stupid?

Probably a bit of both, sir.

Your Honour.

I see.

Mr. Davis, it would be a humongous  
understatement to tell you...

...how passionately I disapprove  
of your actions.

In fact, I'd be equally  
critical of a physician...

...planning to perform  
brain surgery on himself.

- Yes, Your Honour.

- "Yes, Your Honour" doesn't do it.

Let the public defender  
handle your case.

- That won't be necessary, Your Honour.

- Oh, shit.

- Sorry I'm late. I got it from here.

- Mr. Davis, would you explain this?

I'll represent Mr. Davis, Your Honour.

I was speaking to Mr. Davis!

I was under the impression...

- What are you doing?

- I'm doing this as a favour to Nadia.

- Ensuring I go to the gas chamber?

- If you're not calm, I can't help.

- Please don't let this man help me!

- Order in the court!

One more outburst,

and I'll hold you in contempt.

- You all right, Agnes?

- Yes, Your Honour, I'm all right.

Will counsel please

approach the bench?

Hey! Your...

This is...

What the hell's going on?

Not complicated. I decided

he shouldn't defend himself.

- Bullshit. What's on your face?

- I was in a fight.

- With whom?

- Mr. Davis.

- I don't want complications.

- Since when?

I offer you a proposition.

- If you find my defendant innocent...

- Stop.

You're crazy, trying to bribe

a superior court judge.

I'll stop practising law

in your jurisdiction.

- I don't believe you.

- I swear on Mother's grave.

- Your mom's playing golf at Bel Air.

- I meant future tense.

- Go out of state. Say, Alaska?

- My heart's set on somewhere tropical.

- Change your name.

- Not practical. I'm getting married.

You could honeymoon for

five or six years. All expenses paid.

- I don't think that would...

- I won't press my luck.

- One more thing.

- I knew it.

The wedding's at your house.

Invite all your influential friends.

If I practice law in another state,

I want to drop some big names.

- Anything else?

- That's it.

I'll be breaking the law for

the first time, but it's worth it.

Thanks, Dad.

- Jesus.

- Sorry, Your Honour.

What did you tell him? What?

You can't railroad me into jail  
so you can have a shot at Nadia!

- Quiet!

- Don't believe him! He's crazy!

- He's trying to steal my girl!

- Order!

Order in the goddamn court!

Sorry, Agnes.

I find the defendant not guilty.

Case dismissed.

- Take a 20-minute recess.

- All rise. Twenty-minute recess.

Congratulations.

- What happened?

- You're a free man.

- Now you can congratulate me.

- What for?

Nadia and I are getting married.

And you're the one  
who made it possible.

- Where's Nadia?

- Baton Rouge, telling her mom.

In the last few days my reality  
has been tested to the limits, but...

- Telling her mom what?

- She said to give you this.

You are so lucky.

Why are you so unhappy?

You guys go ahead.

I'm gonna walk a while.

**"Dearest Walter:**

You may not believe it...

... but I am sorry

for the trouble I caused you.

I hope someday you'll find it  
in your heart to forgive me.

You're a special person, Walter,  
and I'll miss you a lot.

Love, Nadia.

Oh, P.S. I hope you start

playing the guitar again. "

- Hello.

- Susie, it's Nadia.

- Hi, where are you?

- Still in Baton Rouge. How's Walter?

He seemed pretty good

when I talked to him on the phone.

He asked about you.

I told him you were...

- ... deliriously happy. Did I lie?

- No.

Oh, honey. Just get out of this thing.

You're just gonna ruin your life.

I can't. I know it sounds crazy,

but I made a deal.

Look, I'll call you

when I get in. Bye.

- Who's that?

- It's Nadia.

How is she?

She's deliriously happy.

- What is it, darling?

- Air.

The air here's so wonderful.

I just love it.

What, no merry-go-round?

You promised David

a first-class wedding.

- A wedding, not Disney World.

- Don't be a shitheel, Harold.

Your only son doesn't

get married every day.

He's your son too.

It's time you take half the blame.

- Mom! Dad!

- See? He even gives you top billing.

Your soon-to-be daughter-in-law.

- Hello.

- How do you do?

- Well, let me show you to your room.

- Okay, fine.

What do you think?

She isn't at all

what I thought she'd be.

What did you think she'd be?

Blind.

- Plan to have children?

- Naturally.

- I know what to get you for a present.

- What's that?

A vasectomy.

The house is far too large  
for us without David here...

...but we're so emotionally attached.

We bought it in 1953...

...the year after

Harold became a judge.

- It's lovely.

- Thank you, my dear.

Where are you and David  
planning on living?

We haven't really decided yet.

I think David likes San Francisco.

I thought you had in mind  
something more tropical.

We really haven't decided on  
a place yet. Miami, maybe. Honolulu.

- I understand you're from the South?

- Louisiana.

I love the South. I played  
the front nine at Augusta once.

- Did you let Rambo out?

- Yes, sir.

Jesus Christ.

Good doggie. Nice doggie.

Oh, shit.

She's lovely.

And bright.

To marry him,  
she must have a screw loose.

What is that dog barking about?

Jordan.

Rambo! Shut up!

You'll wake up  
the whole neighbourhood!

- Rambo!

- Jordan!

- Yes, sir?

- What's with that dog?  
- I don't know, sir.  
- Do something!  
Come here, Rambo.  
What the hell's got into you?  
Stop that! You keep quiet  
or I'll call the vet...  
...and he'll cut them off  
and you'll bark like Cyndi Lauper.  
Help!  
Somebody open the door!  
Rambo, shut up!  
- Rambo, shut up!  
- Jordan, shut up!  
Come on, Rambo.  
I want you to be quiet, you hear me?  
What the hell are you doing?  
Planting corn!  
What the hell do you think?  
I can't stand him. He's an idiot.  
Let's go back to bed  
and forget him, okay?  
Maybe if we think hard, he'll go away.  
If he leaves me this house,  
I'll sell it.  
Tomorrow, yes.  
Good night.  
Miserable mutt!  
Would you like some hot cocoa?  
Rambo can protect us  
when the neighbours try to lynch us.  
I'm gonna kill that damn dog.  
What the hell was that?  
Oh, it must have been the wind.  
There's no wind.  
- What?  
- What?  
Great.  
Darling, my door's locked.  
I guess the wind...  
David, it won't work.  
Now good night!  
Great.  
Here's Johnny!



You all right, Agnes?  
Look at me!  
I'll have to take another shower.  
I hate this! Jesus!  
Walter?  
It's not funny, David.  
Jesus.  
Plant seeds in my pocket.  
Great. I'm filthy.  
Why, what did you do that for?  
There you are, you filthy beast.  
How did you get out?  
Right. Come on.  
Back in the pen you go.  
You gonna move or aren't you?  
- What's that?  
- It's for Miss Gates.  
I'll take it.  
Why's he so happy?  
Hard to say. Last time he acted  
like that, he'd run over the cat.  
Hello. Good morning.  
- You look very happy, David.  
- So do you, darling.  
This is for you.  
Love you!  
Nadia, do you mind  
if I eat this last chocolate?  
Sure, Mama.  
These are filled with brandy.  
You didn't eat this whole box?  
I didn't?  
Shut up. Shut up!  
Dearly beloved...  
...we are gathered here  
in this beautiful home...  
...on this beautiful day...  
...to witness the uniting  
of two beautiful souls...  
...in holy wedlock.  
Marriage is a sacred commitment...  
...designed on Earth  
and sanctified in heaven.  
Without the institution

of marriage...  
...mankind would still be  
in the Dark Ages.  
Consider the marriage symbol,  
the wedding ring.  
A perfect circle,  
without beginning or end...  
...signifying God's  
eternal love and devotion.  
For where would we be  
without God's love?  
Cheap shoes.  
You all right, Agnes?  
And let us be ever mindful  
of the consequences of our acts.  
God is watching.  
Oh, Lord, she did eat them all.  
Have you been drinking?  
The time has come...  
...for David and Nadia  
to make this commitment.  
Do you, David,  
take Nadia to be your wife?  
- I haven't finished. To have and to...  
- I do.  
- In sickness and health,  
till death do you part?  
- Do you, Nadia, take David...  
- Wait.  
Is it indelicate  
to ask what's going on?  
- I don't love your son.  
- Me neither. What's your point?  
- Take deep breaths.  
- Screw the guests!  
- This will take time. Have champagne.  
- I know we had a bargain.  
- Play some music, and kill the dog!  
- Honey...  
What's this about a bargain?  
People shouldn't marry  
because of a bargain.  
Would you just...  
Come back here and finish this!

Stop the music!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
maybe you can help me with this one.  
Say two people are gonna be married...  
...and one doesn't love the other one.  
The other only thinks  
he loves the other one...  
...because the other one  
really loves another.  
Are you with me?  
If two people don't love each other  
should they get married?  
There you go.  
- If one adored the other one...  
- But she didn't love him!  
...would die for her,  
she'd learn to love him.  
But she loves another man  
and would always think of him.  
- Not if he's dead! Not now, Father!  
- Would any of you...  
Hold it. Hold it.  
The only way to get this resolved  
is to take a vote.  
All those in favour  
of Nadia and David...  
...not getting married, say "aye."  
Nadia! Get your mouth away from him!  
Listen to me! Nadia!  
Get your hands off of him!