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# Chances Are

By Perry Howze

Chances are cos  
I wear a silly grin.  
The moment you come into view.  
Chances are you think that  
I'm in love with you.  
Just because my  
composure sorta slips.  
The moment that your  
lips meet mine.  
Chances are you think my  
heart's your valentine.  
In the magic of moonlight.  
When sigh hold me close, dear.  
Chances are you believe the  
stars that fill the skies.  
Are in my eyes.  
Guess you feel you'll always be.  
The one and only one for me.  
And if you think you could.  
Well, chances are Your chances are.  
Awfully good  
Louie...  
There's something  
I have to tell you.  
Now?  
I'm in love with Corinne.  
I know.  
Dearly beloved, we are gathered  
together here in the sight of God  
and in the face of this company  
to join together this man and  
this woman in holy matrimony,  
which is an honourable  
state, instituted of God...  
Washington DC Enactment of the Civil  
Rights Bill by July 4th was assured today  
when Representative Howard Smith  
announced a meeting of the  
House Rules Committee.  
Mr Smith a Virginia Democrat  
made his announcement only 24 hours  
before the majority of Congress  
Louie?  
Louie?

Happy anniversary!

- You're dressed.

- Yeah, but I don't have to be.

Well, get undressed and get back  
in bed. I have something for you.

- Well, can't you give it to me here?

- No, I want to give it to you there.

Come on!

OK.

No, Louie. That's not  
the way I planned it.

So this is a planned thing.

Yes. I wanted to be here in bed when I  
gave you your anniversary present, because  
this is where it was made.

We're having a baby?

A baby?!

Philip!

To be happy for the rest of your life

Never make a pretty woman your wife.

Though from my

personal point of view

Philip!

I started without you.

Happy anniversary!

What is this?

A cherry tree. And it  
promises to bear fruit.

- Which is more than I can say for you two!

- You shouldn't have.

To my two favourite people.

Philip?

We're having a baby.

How are we going to break

the news to Louie?

Philip...!

- Are you working today?

- Lady Bird's launching a new petunia bed.

I'm the lucky stiff who gets to  
cover it. Not to be missed!

- Big interview? - Yes, I'm  
interviewing Lady Bird's gardener.

Philip, I think we'll

call the tree George.

Bye.

- Philip!

- Hey, now don't forget. 8 o'clock.

Remember my cousin Ann?

She was at our wedding?

- The one with the overbite?

- She's having them worked on!

She's coming up from

Charlottesville for the weekend.

- Maybe the four of us could get together.

- Louie...!

- Well, OK. Just thought I'd ask.

- Don't ask.

Good time...

Bye!

Mr Jeffries! Come in.

Come in, come in!

She is going to love these.

An excellent choice.

Give my regards to your wife.

And happy anniversary!

In view of the testimony of the witness and the arguments of counsel, I have decided to grant the defendant's motion to suppress the evidence.

Permission to approach the bench, Judge Fenwick.

Approach.

Your Honour, I won't have a case.

Without that evidence, the counts against Tony Bonino are out the window.

I have to follow the rules of evidence, Louie.

In my judgement a search warrant was required, therefore the evidence is inadmissible.

But he'll be back on the streets.

We know Bonino is one of the most cunning and powerful individuals in organised crime.

Are you quite through?

Court is adjourned.

Jeffries.

Listen, I've got something here.

- It's a tip or something.

- Yeah? What is it?

- Something on Bonino.

- Bonino?

- Interested huh?

- Oh, yes, I'm interested!

The beach, Roosevelt Island. 6.30.

Judge Fenwick! My God!

- Excuse me.

- Yes? Hi.

I have to get out of here.

How do I get back?

You just got here, hon.

You haven't been processed.

You'll get back. It just  
takes a little while.

- Wait at the end of the line, please.

- Uh, look, you don't understand.

I have to get back to my wife.

She's pregnant.

And my best friend, Philip...

he'll be lost without me.

And my job. I'll lose my job, my  
dinner reservations, my life.

We understand those  
things here. We really do.

Come with me.

Thanks. I've been feeling  
very strange lately.

What do you expect? Your body's a cream  
sauce all over Wisconsin Avenue!

Here it is, end of the line. Thank  
you very much, and please wait.

How are you doing? Fine?

Corinne!

- No, no, no. You're making a scene.

- Cori...!

All right, all right!

Come with me.

Good. Just one more thing...

Bye.

Here's your shot. Hold still.

OK?

Omar? Omar!

Hopeless case of attachment.

- They'll take care of you here.

- Thanks. Thanks a lot.

I need to go to Washington DC.

That's in North America.

I know where Washington is,

thank you. Boy or a girl?

- What's that?

- You want to be reborn a boy or a girl?

I don't want to be reborn at all.

I want to go home now, just as I am.

That's impossible. You're

between bodies right now.

Look, you're a soul, a spirit. The

only way to get back is to be reborn.

- You got a problem with that?

- I guess not.

- As I was saying, boy or girl?

- Boy.

- OK, there's an Eskimo woman giving birth...

- No, I don't want to be an Eskimo.

Son of an African chief. You'll

inherit ten wives on your 16th...

No! No, I have a wife.

OK. Uh, here's an

interesting situation.

Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.

- Great location.

- No. East coast, OK? East coast.

Pool or trust fund?! We can get

you there in three months.

I can't wait!

You're really in

a hurry, huh? OK...

Cleveland. It's the closest

I've got to Washington.

There's a woman about to

deliver there, Marlene Finch.

- Fine!

- Her husband's name is Roger, who's an Elk.

- He owns a dry-cl...

- I'll take it!

Oh, OK. She's going into labour!

You'd better hurry.  
How will we recognise each other?  
Don't worry. Go, go, go!  
Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute!  
I forgot! Your shot!  
You go to... You need... I...  
Omar? What happened?  
- He had to run.  
- He had to run?  
And? And what, Omar? And what?  
A... a...  
And you... forgot to give  
him his inoculation?  
He can't go through  
life without that.  
Sally, please...  
What if he remembers?  
This is a pretty situation!  
So you just assumed that  
nobody at Yale University  
or Yale Law School had any interest  
in checking out these six books  
in the last three months?  
No, I just...  
You are going to make some lawyer!  
You owe eighty-seven dollars  
and twenty-five cents.  
87.25. Can I put that  
on a credit card?  
This isn't a boutique.  
Cash only, or we'll  
hold up your grades.  
I don't have enough cash.  
I'm... I'm going home right now  
and my ride's waiting for me.  
Mrs Handy? The rare books room.  
- The Shakespeare folios.  
- Yes, Alex. What about them?  
They're fooling with the folios.  
- Fooling with the folios?  
- And fiddling too.  
- Go! Go to them!  
- Yes. Thank you.  
I'll take over here.

Oh dear Oh! Good heavens

God, is she always that awful?

Mom?

No.

I'm sorry.

I just didn't have enough cash, and she wouldn't take a credit card.

And... I can't get my grades.

My ride's waiting...

What? What?

This is bad.

- How bad?

- It's worse than I thought.

- How worse?

- A lot.

According to this, these books were never legally checked out.

Yeah, so?

So it means I can't charge you for them.

You beat the system.

Yeah.

- Alex.

- Alex?

Miranda.

Thank you. That was really sweet of you.

Consider it a graduation present.

- I'm not graduating.

- I am. Tomorrow.

Oh, yeah? Congratulations.

I got to go.

OK.

Bye.

- That wasn't really your mother, right?

- No.

- Have a nice life.

- Thanks. You too.

The Today show is here, they're setting up. We're not ready! It's not working.

Richard, calm down! It's just the panic before the storm.

Corinne, Eleanor Roosevelt's wig is missing.



What?! It's got to be here.

I'm sure we'll find it.

- Mamie Eisenhower's hair might work.

- Wrong party. She's a Republican.

- Have you checked Maintenance?

- No. I'm on my way.

Oh! When you go by

the Today show set,

casually see what Willard

Scott has on his head.

- Excuse me. Corinne, telephone.

- I'm not here.

- It's your daughter.

- Oh! I'm here.

- Hello, honey!

- Hi Mom.

Where are you?

I'm on the New Jersey turnpike.

I'm running a little late.

I'll be home for dinner.

Great! Are you alone, or are you

bringing the missing link with you?

Mom, we broke up months ago.

Well, I never thought

he was right for you.

I know. OK. I have to go.

Be careful, sweetheart. Bye-bye.

- You were right! Maintenance had it.

- Great.

- And look what I found.

- What?

Jackie Kennedy's earrings!

They were with the dinosaur teeth.

Inventory got 'em mixed up

when we switched buildings.

Corinne, you should

have been a first lady.

I was, once.

Corinne, can I go?

Sure. I'll see you

tomorrow morning at six.

Six? This is the opening of an

exhibit, not... a dairy farm.

You're right. I'll see

you at six thirty.

Six thirty.

- Good night, Joe. See you, John.

- Ms Jeffries.

Hi, handsome.

I'm having those dreams again.

The X-rated ones with Louie.

- Dr Bailey, you'd be shocked.

- What else? How have you been feeling?

Fantastic. It was Louie's

birthday on Saturday.

I baked him a cake with

little cherries in it.

I thought we agreed that you were

going to stop cooking for Louie.

It was his birthday.

It makes me happy to feed him.

The Egyptians fed their dead.

Not after 23 years.

Now, when you first came to me

you told me that you wanted to free

yourself from your attachment to Louie.

That you wanted to move on, that you

wanted to experience love again.

And we agreed that that meant

a fruitful relationship with a man

who has a body.

Now, can you do that much, Corinne?

Can you refrain from these

activities that, uh

perpetuate your fantasy?

I'll try.

Here's your favourite... Peppermint

Patty. Good night!

He raised a gull-like

cry in the air.

Thar she blows!

Thar she blows!

A hump like a snow hill!

It is Moby Dick!

I liked it so much better.

From the day I said goodbye.

And I tell myself I'm free.

But I'm only fooling me.

Cos no matter what I do.

I can't get over you.

A Mr Alex Finch to see Mr Bradlee.

Mr Bradlee doesn't

know who you are.

- I'm sure he would recognise me if...

- I'm sorry.

- May I help you?

- Can I... try him one...?

Goodbye.

Excuse me. I was wondering

if Mr Bradlee...?

I have a delivery for Mr Bradlee.

Hi, there. Morning.

Oh, good. You're here.

Thanks.

Who the hell are you?

I met you at Yale,

sir, where I went.

You gave a lecture and you told  
me to look you up when I got out.

I just got out yesterday, and here  
I am! I want to be a reporter.

How'd you get up here?

The elevator, sir. I...

I came up...

With me. He came up with me.

It's my very good friend...

Alex Finch.

I... I was editor of the  
Yale Daily News and.

I was a stringer for  
two years for Time  
and I can start tonight.

Now. Two hours ago.

He's very hot. He's... He could be  
our next Woodward and Bernstein.

Well, at least talk to him, Ben.

OK, Finch. Wait outside.

Right!

Thank you.

Mr Bradlee will see you now.

I'm sorry, Finch.

But did you read the one about

the kitchen workers' strike?  
If I hired you, the guys in this  
office would eat you for breakfast.  
Believe me, you need  
experience. Contacts.  
Find work on a small-town paper.  
Then, when you've paid your  
dues, know your way around,  
gimme a call.

OK.

Thanks anyway.

Bradlee doesn't know everything.

- Hi. Philip Train.

- Hi.

Philip Train...

Pulitzer Prize, 1979.

Wow.

Listen, I'm about to get a cab.

Can I drop you anywhere?

I have a car.

I can give you a ride.

I'd be honoured. Sir.

I've lived in

Washington all my life.

With the exception of six months  
in Bolivia. I married a tin heiress.

Can't remember why.

She used to call me Peeleep.

Anyway, I just got out  
of mistake number two.

Why don't you turn left up here?

Sorry.

- What are you doing for dinner?

- Dinner?

You're coming with me. My friends  
live just down the street.

Coming?

Yeah.

Hello, hello, hello!

- Nobody home.

- God, this is a nice house!

Hi, Philip.

Hello, honey. Meet my friend,

- Alex...

- You!  
- Miranda!  
- Finch.  
I don't believe this.  
This is incredible.  
Do you two know each other?  
Someone should start dinner.  
I'll do it.  
- Get him a drink!  
- Come in.  
OK.  
- What are you doing here?  
- I came down to get a job at the Post.  
- Well, how'd it go?  
- Terribly.  
But... things are...  
definitely picking up.  
So I started today. I'm  
interning for this judge.  
That's great.  
- First in her class in law school.  
- Philip...  
Second.  
Skipped high school entirely.  
Skipped a year.  
- I'm home!  
- We're out here.  
- Mom!  
- Sweetheart!  
Philip, that smells delicious!  
Sorry I'm late, but we've been  
looking for Dolly Madison's arm.  
- Poke holes in 'em, otherwise they explode.  
- Sorry, Mom!  
Mom? This is Alex Finch.  
- Hi, Alex.  
- Hi.  
Have we met before?  
- I don't... think so.  
- He's staying for dinner. He's homeless.  
Oh! Wonderful.  
I'll go change and be right back.  
- She's a curator at the Smithsonian.  
- And your dad?

He died before I was born.

- Sorry.

- And Philip's my godfather.

He's your mother's boyfriend?

No! No.

Well, unfortunately, my mother never really got over my father.

Look at this. Come here.

That's my dad.

Miranda where's that corn?

So what kind of lawyer do you want to be?

A public defender.

Supreme Court justice!

I like to fight.

Oh, honey, you'd better get some more ice.

- I'll get it.

- Thanks.

Thanks, Alex.

- So what do you think?

- I like him.

Philip!

I think we'll call the tree George.

Now, aren't they beautiful?

That... that didn't happen.

That's right.

My bowl! What's that doing here?

"Corinne Randolph and Louis Jeffries, joined in holy matrimony, May 18th, 1963."

Do you Louis Jeffries take Corinne Randolph to be your lawful wedded wife?

Shit!

What a coincidence.

That's a coincidence.

That's a coincidence.

Uncle Marsh!

Who the hell's Uncle Marsh?

Who is he?

"John Marshall Jeffries. "

Oh, good.

- Alex?

- Hold on!

- Corn?

- Thank you.  
Oh, honey, would you get the  
little silver corn holders?  
What corn holders?  
It's in the sideboard.  
Second drawer on the right.  
So they are!  
Good guess.  
So tell me, Alex, what  
does your father do?  
Al-ex!  
Oh, he runs a dry-cleaning establishment.  
It's called Finch's Easy-Clean.  
And he specialises mostly in  
goose down and suede and,  
you know, fine fabrics, but he's thinking  
about expanding into fur storage.  
I said, "Dad, that's  
not a good idea",  
because you don't have... the...  
"experience. "  
Come on Louie!

**OK:**

Alex?  
Peekaboo!  
Easy on the vino, pal!  
Is everything all right?  
Excuse me.  
Louie!  
Oh, my God.  
I'm Louie Jeffries!  
I was Louie Jeffries!  
That means that that  
lady's my wife.  
And Miranda... oh,  
God, I kissed her!  
And Philip... my best friend.  
Philip...  
- Yeah?  
- Everything OK in there?  
Yes.  
Philip. It's great  
to see you again!

It's... great to see you.

Excuse me.

Well...! I hope it  
wasn't my cooking.

Car keys, maps,  
Corinne's sunglasses, and  
light bulbs.

It's my car.

It's my car.

- Great! It's my car.

- Alex!

Alex?

My deodorant. There's my mouthwash.

There's my books...

It's mine. It's all mine.

Whoa! Come on. It's all right.

Come down.

Watch your step, we're going up.

That's it...

Honey, do you really think it's  
safe for him to stay here?

All those things he was saying,  
all that running around!

He's had a rough day. He's  
just a little stressed.

Trust me.

OK. But make sure your  
bedroom door is locked.

Towels.

Are you sure that it's all right,  
me staying here the night?

You're welcome to stay  
as long as you like.

I'm sorry I ruined  
the dinner party.

You didn't mess it up.

You brought it to life.

Miranda...

Yeah?

Have you had a happy life?

Yeah. I guess so.

Is there anything you wanted  
that you haven't had?

My father.



He was a pretty great guy, huh?

That's what they tell me.

God, you sure have grown up nicely!

I'm glad you approve.

Good night!

Night.

Hi. I love the suit!

You shouldn't have.

- I wanted to. Your first power suit!

- Mom...!

Don't let Alex go anywhere.

I'll lock him in the tower with the other  
boyfriends who are trying to get away!

Love you.

- Morning.

- I didn't think anyone was home. I'm sor...

Well, I'm running a little late.

- How are you feelin'?

- I'm not quite myself, but I'm OK.

I, uh... I've... I've...

Yes?

I, uh...

I love orange juice!

I'm so glad.

I, uh... I... I bet your husband  
was a real orange juice man.

Yes, he was. He was  
generally fond of fruit.

- Excuse me! - He was handsome  
and witty too, I understand.

I mean, I... a man of high ideals.

Yes. He was all those things.

Oh, uh... Miranda  
left these for you.

You should help yourself to anything  
to eat, and make yourself at home.

OK.

Excuse me.

Dreaming of Louie every  
night this week.

My psychiatrist says I  
suffer from the halo effect  
the tendency of widows to  
idealise their dead husbands.

He says it keeps me from  
falling in love again.

He has a point but I can't imagine  
I'll ever stop loving Louie.

Cor-anda!

Corinne, you're never gonna  
believe this, but...

Miranda, this may come as  
a shock to you, but...

- Morning.

- Morning.

- I'm here to see Mrs Jeffries.

- She's in a meeting. Are you the caterer?

No. I'm... an old friend.

Oh. Just have a seat.

She won't be long.

Thanks.

Corinne I've developed the fine  
art of reading between the lips  
and I see nothing but  
budget cuts on the horizon.

No-one is happy about it.

They won't bend the rules this  
time my dear Not even for you.

It is eight hours before the opening and  
you're telling me they want to fire me?

Corinne, we are two million  
dollars in the hole.

And it was you who  
insisted... and I quote...

"The American people maintain  
an insatiable curiosity"  
about that eclectic group of women  
who fashioned everything from  
foreign policy to hemlines at home.

I still believe that.

We still have to pay  
back the emergency fund  
so another department  
can have an emergency.

- I know that!

- By Friday.

Friday? But it's Wednesday.

That's impossible!

Now look, you remember that friend  
of mine who I hate, Mavis Talmadge?

- Yes...

- Well, tonight at the opening,  
I want you to put the  
squeeze on old Mavis.

Why can't you?

Mavis Talmadge is not someone  
I'd care to squeeze.

No-one in Washington  
is as rich as Mavis.

She's her own corporation,  
her own... landmass.

Now, Corinne, Mavis  
Talmadge is the way to go.

I don't want to bother her  
and I don't feel well,

so I'll just come  
back some other time.

Alex!

Hi.

- Hi.

- What are you doing here?

I wish you'd told me you were coming.  
I could have arranged for a private tour.  
Come on in.

This is gonna sound  
a little funny, but  
I didn't come to see the museum.

I came here to see you.

I hope you didn't come all the way down  
here to apologise about last night.

No, I came to talk  
about something else.

I'm Louie.

What?

I'm not gonna beat around the bush.  
You're not gonna believe me, but  
there's something you should know.  
All right.

Our rainforests are being destroyed  
at a rate of 50 acres a minute!

Alex, do you want to borrow money?

Is this about Miranda?

In part.

Alex, I'm really sorry, but I have a lunch date in a few minutes.

Look into my eyes.

Does anything seem familiar?

- I beg your pardon?

- It's me.

Louie.

I'm back.

I wasn't drunk last night at dinner, and when I saw you and I saw the house, my memory came back of my last life.

- What are you talking about?

- With you!

I got my memory back and I realised... that I was Louie.

I am Louie!

I got recycled.

You look great, by the way.

Hey, I know it's hard to believe.

I mean, I... can't...

Try to see.

Get out of my office.

Corinne...

Get out.

- Hi, Alex.

- Hi.

- How are you? Feeling better?

- Yeah. Can we sit down and...?

- I talked to Bradlee this afternoon.

- Yeah?

About you.

Bottom line is, he won't hire a rookie.

- But I've got some friends, editors.

- Philip,

why are you going out of your way for me? I mean, you hardly know me.

I don't know.

Maybe it's like... with someone special...

You know that feeling that

you have like a confidant,  
or maybe, you know, a best friend?

You want a beer?

Sure.

Miranda's left molar.

That's my Miranda file.

It's beautiful.

You really do like her, dontcha?

You look like a family.

Well, we are, almost.

Just without, uh... some of the usual  
conventions of marriage... sex.

So, uh... you and Mrs Jeffries  
have never been together?

- No.

- But you love her.

Hopelessly.

And all these years you've never  
touched her and you've never told her?

You don't know Corinne... she's wired  
differently. She's not like other women.

The slightest push in the  
wrong direction might...

I don't want to rush her.

I think you've done  
the right thing.

Well, I've tried to take care of Miranda and  
Corinne the way I imagine Louie would've.

That's Louie. With the skinny legs.

Not that skinny.

Philip. You're not  
gonna believe this,  
but...

Um, sorry. Excuse me.

Hello? Oh, hi.

Research.

I'd better go.

Thanks.

Oh, my God.

This your first time as a human?

What?

I'm getting a strong

German shepherd vibration.

Uh... I used to be a lawyer.

Oh. Close!  
Do you know about past lives?  
We're all connected... it's all  
connected. Under the skin.  
You never know who's  
lurking in what body.  
Your wife could be  
your grandfather.  
You meet some guy who gets on your nerves,  
it's probably your mother-in-law!  
We keep meeting the souls  
we're attached to,  
for better or worse,  
life after life.  
Sometimes I wonder why I worry  
about past lives at all.  
I'm having so much  
trouble with this one!  
When you remember your  
past lives, it's like  
your emotions get spread,  
like a dangling nerve,  
all over the map.  
It makes it very hard to live.  
I know.  
Who were you?  
Oh, me? I was no-one special.  
Oh, we're all special.  
I mean, I wasn't Cleopatra or  
Hannibal or someone great or famous.  
Well, I know you weren't Cleopatra.  
I was!  
I don't want him in this house!  
Mom, you don't make any sense. Why all  
of a sudden does he have to leave?  
I have my reasons.  
End of conversation.  
What do you mean, "end of conversation"?  
What's he done?  
He's...weird.  
Mom, weirdness is not  
a criminal offence.  
If it were, you'd be  
serving a life sentence!

Miranda, we don't know a thing  
about him. He's a stray off the street.

- He could be a...

- Yale grad!

Look, once again I like someone  
of whom you don't approve,  
for your own peculiar and  
inexplicable reasons.

So you order him out like some  
Latin American generalissimo.

Where's my life in all this?

I'm sick and tired of  
trying to find someone  
who fits into your notion  
of Mr Right! He's not Daddy.

Nobody is.

He's leaving and that's final. Now,  
you go right downstairs and tell him!

You tell him.

All right...

I will!

Alex...

- Alex!

- Mom...

You look fabulous in Daddy's tux.

I'll get the car, Mom.

Oh, the first ladies were so  
fascinating as individuals!

Lou Hoover was a shot put champion,  
a geology major at Stanford  
and an accomplished linguist.

She and Herbert used to  
converse in Chinese.

This is Lady Bird.

Southern Democrats were furious with  
LBJ for his stand on civil rights,

so he sent his wife down  
South to campaign for him,

knowing that no southern  
gentleman could refuse  
to greet a southern lady...

and it worked!

Fascinatin'.

Something the matter?

No! Eleanor Roosevelt is  
my favourite first lady.  
She wore this gown the night of  
the president's inauguration.  
There was a concert  
at Constitution Hall!  
We want the people to know  
that the first ladies were more than  
just their china and their dresses.  
Oh, thank you!  
Aren't you going to introduce us?  
Mrs Talmadge, this is Alex Finch,  
a friend of my daughter's.  
Mr Finch.  
- Oh!  
- May I have this dance?  
Here.  
- May I have this dance?  
- Philip...!  
Where are we going?  
I take it it's something  
urgent and top-secret?  
- It's very important for me.  
- Right!  
Do you think it's possible...  
for Louie to come back?  
Oh, Corinne! We're not going  
to go to another seance.  
No, no! I mean, in  
another person's body.  
I have no idea. But  
somehow I don't think so.  
- Why are we discussing this now?  
- It's a very interesting question.  
Well, let's ask  
Mrs Lincoln. Mary...  
- Philip, I'm serious!  
- Well, so am I.  
Corinne, I can understand how a person's  
desires might lead her to believe that.  
It would be a dream come true.  
But the last guy to come back that  
I know about was Jesus Christ.  
You'll see Louie some day.



I know. In heaven.

Philip!

Why don't you find yourself a girlfriend?

You're so good-looking.

So we're in agreement,

Miss Talmadge?

- Mavis.

- Mavis.

That America's first ladies

deserve a place in history

as much as some of the

dopes they married.

Sure, they had the official power.

But the real power lies behind the

scenes. With women. Like you.

Two million dollars

will save this exhibit,

and the whole world will

discover America's first ladies

in the all-new Mavis

Talmadge Pavilion!

An excellent choice and

happy anniversary!

There you are! Dance with me.

- Oh, no. I'm a lousy dancer. - No, you've just never had the right partner.

- Where did you learn to dance like that?

- Inherited it from my dad.

They're supposed to be down.

Now you're mine!

Mavis!

My goodness!

Mrs Talmadge?

- Is there a doctor in the ballroom?

- Alex!

Still ticking.

Move back, everyone,

please! Get back!

Mrs Talmadge? Oh, my God!

- What happened?

- I don't know.

- I hope she's all right.

- Oh, she's fine. She's got a strong spirit.

What are you talking about?

I mean, she's practically dead.

Oh, but that's just her body.

Which, let's face it,

is no big loss.

- In the long run...

- What are you talking about?

She'll come back. People

do, again and again.

For instance, I could have

been someone you knew before.

- Yeah.

- Someone that... you loved.

Let's go.

I could have been your... father.

- I have to talk to you.

- Get... get... get off me!

Only if you promise to listen

to what I have to say!

Don't break that! It was Father's.

No! No! I'll... Good

night, good night.

You win. Good night.

Just relax. I'll leave.

I'm sorry, but this is important.

I had a pair of diamond earrings

with me the day I died.

They were for you.

For our anniversary.

How do you know about those?

I bought 'em from Mr Zellerbach!

How do you think I know?

I know everything

about you, darling.

I know that you love

peanut butter and rhubarb.

You're a psychic or one of

those kooks. A spoon-bender!

- No. You love Johnny Mathis!

- Get out of here,

before I scream so loud the

whole neighbourhood shows up

and I have you arrested for

impersonating a person!

And I know you did the Watusi

before Lucy Baines, remember?

Remember this?

Good night.

Oh. I forgot.

This is for you.

Louie?

Louie!

Are you OK?

Corinne!

Corinne!

- What's the matter?

- Down here.

OK. What?

I haven't done it in 23 years.

Wha...?!

That's... that, that's... it's OK.

It's like riding a bike. You never...

You never... forget.

You know... Don't worry. Corinne!

Baby, can you please...

open this door?

Because I'm really... uh...

Oh, God...

Good night.

Good night.

Oh, damn!

- Hiya, darling.

- Shhh! Mom's next door.

- What are you doing here?

- What does it look like I'm doing?

Miranda...

- What?

- It's way past your bedtime.

- Go to your room!

- What is wrong with you?

Is it me?

No, it's not you. I mean, yes,  
it's you, but it's not you you.

- Look, if you're not interested...

- I am interested. I'm very interested.

It's not that I'm not  
interested. It's...

Well, is there someone else?

- Huh?

- Yeah.

God!

Just... pretend this didn't happen.

OK.

God!

Louie!

Good morning!

Morning.

I thought we could have a picnic  
today in the Mall. Maybe...

take in the Lincoln Memorial.

Maybe, uh...

I can't. I mean,

I have to work tomorrow.

And I have this trial to sit in on,  
and I just don't have time.

It'd be fun.

Sorry.

Well, maybe some other time.

- Maybe... yeah.

- Maybe.

Thanks for thinking of me.

Dr Bailey,

I came here to tell you that

I'm interested in someone.

A man.

Well, he's almost a man.

What do you mean?

He's only 22 years old.

But it's not like I'm rushing into  
anything. I've known him for 26 years!

Corinne...

It's a little complicated.

Uh, is this someone that  
you've told me about before?

No.

We only met three days ago.

But you just said that  
you've known him 26 years.

He used to be a different person.

Uh... he's changed a lot.

Dr Bailey,

I don't know if it's just his body  
I'm attracted to or his soul,

or if it's just... me.  
I'm feeling  
generally  
attractive.  
The truth is,  
I'm so ripe, I'm about  
to fall off the vine!  
Well, I-I-I feel this is a very  
positive step. Uh...  
Now, I sense some hesitation  
in entering into a  
relationship with  
a younger man, but this  
is perfectly natural.  
Society inhibits us, but  
feelings are feelings  
and you are crossing a  
very important threshold.  
May the good Lord be with you  
down every road you roam.  
And may sunshine and happiness surround  
you when you're far from home.  
And may you grow to be  
proud dignified and true.  
And do unto others as you  
would have done to you.  
Be courageous and be brave.  
And in my heart you'll always stay.  
Forever young.  
Forever young.  
We used to love to come here,  
you and I.  
Louie and I.  
Do you remember?  
No.  
What do you remember?  
Uh... it's kind of like a dream  
coming back, bits and pieces.  
But I especially remember people  
that I really love, like you and Philip.  
Thanks.  
Come on!  
- There you go.  
- Thanks. How much?

That's all right, ma'am.

Your son already paid.

- What was Miranda like at ten?

- At ten? Precocious.

Opinionated. Fiercely independent.

She got braces then, which

she removed with pliers

after wearing them

for about an hour!

I remember Philip telling her, "All great beauties must suffer and sacrifice!"

You...!

Hi!

I want to have at least...

two more.

Babies?!

It's not too late, is it?

No...

Can we start... tonight?

Are you sure?

I asked him is there anybody else, and he said yes.

To me, that's pretty compelling evidence.

- He admired your molar.

- What?

Yesterday at my house. Your X-rays.

You know, one minute he's there with you and the next minute...

And I think I'm in love with him.

I know it sounds ridiculous.

I've only known him a few days,

but I mean, I've never felt

this way for anybody before.

I mean, if he asked me to marry him I'd say yes.

The weird thing is, he treats me like I'm five, like I'm his daughter or something.

Well, don't give up.

These things take time.

Believe me!

- Philip...

- What?

Why don't you just attack Mom once

and for all and get it over with?

That you?

What's he doing here?

Philip! What are you doing?

Hi!

Creating the most spectacular  
veal parmigiane!

Soon.

I'm gonna go upstairs  
and take a cold shower.

Uh, Miranda called. She's  
gonna be working late.

- Can I help?

- No.

God, you look beautiful!

Philip, you got a haircut!

- What's the occasion?

- You.

Oh, Philip!

Oh, God!

Oh, the gorilla!

Tell him about the time you were a  
gorilla at Miranda's birthday party.

And scared them all  
practically to death!

I think we'll spare him that one.

How am I doing?

- More champagne, cherie?

- Mais oui

Philip, you've outdone yourself!

This is one of the greatest  
meals I've ever had.

Thank you, Alex.

I'll drink to that!

You must be exhausted.

You certainly look exhausted.

You look out of it. I wish  
you didn't have to go.

Me too!

Thanks for everything.

We'll see you. Feel better!

Sometimes we walk hand  
in hand by the sea.

And we breathe in

the cool salty air.  
You turn to me with a  
kiss in your eyes.  
And my heart feels a  
thrill beyond compare.  
Then your lips cling to mine.  
It's wonderful wonderful.  
Oh so wonderful my love.  
My dessert! My peach cobbler!  
Sometimes we stand on  
the top of a hill.  
And we gaze at the  
earth and the sky.  
I turn to you and you  
melt in my arms.  
Here we are darling  
only you and I.  
What a moment to share.  
It's wonderful wonderful.  
Thanks!  
Oh so wonderful my love.  
- Philip!  
- It's not what you think!  
That's good!  
You smarmy little bastard!  
Philip, no! Philip...!  
Philip!  
This is not what you think!  
It's something else entirely!  
Alex is Louie. Reincarnated.  
I didn't believe it  
either at first.  
- Oh, Philip, isn't it a miracle?  
- He told you that?  
- Pass yourself off as her dead husband?  
- No!  
Very cute!  
No!  
Philip!  
- Stop it!  
- Get off!  
- No!  
- I am Louie!  
It's true! It's me!



He can prove it. Go on, honey!

Oh, spare me "honey". Corinne...

He's got you figured out.

All he wants is your money.

You're wrong. He wants my body!

- I'm Louie!

- Yeah, and I'm Cleopatra!

- You're not.

- Stop it!

You fight like her, though!

Stop it, stop it!

Listen! Listen, you

stubborn son of a bitch!

The day Corinne and I got

married, at the altar,

you told me you were

in love with her.

- What are you, CIA?

- Do you deny it?

No.

Philip...

Oh, Philip!

Now, look, I'm just a

dumb newspaperman.

I believe Monday follows Sunday,

I believe that summer follows spring.

I believe in God and glasnost

I believe in things you can touch.

In my whole life,

I have never met

a more devious or clever scoundrel.

Now get out of here

before I throw you out!

Philip!

Philip! Philip!

What did you do that for?!

He was trying to kill me!

He's twice your age and in

his heart attack years.

- You could have killed him!

- He's just passed out.

How could you?!

Whose side are you on, anyway?

Yours! But I could never have made it

through the last 23 years without Philip.

- He's sleeping like a baby. Can't we...?

- No!

I am old enough to be your mother.

Now go to your room, Alex!

Go to my room.

Oh, Philip!

Dear Philip!

If anything ever  
happened to you, I...

I must have been out of my mind.

Forgive me my darling.

I'll be there at midnight.

Come on, Sleeping Beauty.

Oh, God! Oh...

Shoes off...

Wha...?

Oh, Louie!

"Louie"?

Philip?! What are you doing here?

I'm not sure.

- Whatever just happened was...

- A miracle.

We almost... We could have...

- We still can.

- I have to go!

- Good night.

- No! No, I'm not gonna let you go.

What are you doing?

I'm finding out once and for all what  
it feels like to hold the woman I love,  
have always loved,  
and will always love,  
till the day I die.

I love you, Corinne.

Why didn't you ever tell me?

- How could I?

- All these years,

Louie was always there with us.

Every moment.

In your heart.

In my heart.

In the air.

But I don't feel him here now.

No.

Mother?

Miranda?

Miranda...!

- Morning.

- I don't believe this!

This is amazing! This is wonderful.

I have to go.

I want details.

Congratulations!

What happened to Alex?

Miranda! Psst!

Miranda!

Hi.

All rise!

This court is now in session,

the Honourable Judge

Harrison Fenwick presiding.

Morning.

Please be seated.

- The clerk will call the case.

- Your Honour,

the case of the United States

versus Lawrence Garber.

Without that evidence the counts against

Tony Bonino are out the window.

Bonino is one of the most cunning and

powerful individuals in organised crime.

- Request permission to approach.

- Alex...!

I know about you and

Anthony Bonino.

It's all right.

Step aside.

So, still on the take?

Young man, I don't know who

you are or what you want,

but you're making a grave mistake.

Now, I suggest that you turn around and walk

out of here without saying another word,

or you're going to find

yourself in big trouble.

I worshipped you, you son of

a bitch. You let Bonino walk!

Marshall, step him back!

He suppressed evidence  
against Tony Bonino, and...

Oh, my God!

.. it would have put him behind bars  
for life! It was May 18th of 1964.

- It is Louie, isn't it?

- And, and... shit!

- Roosevelt Island!

- Roosevelt Island!

My camera! The day I died!

The court recesses until 1 o'clock!

- The camera. Get the camera, Corinne!

- Let him go!

Alex!

Alex...!

Oh, God!

It's not that I don't love you.

I do. I always will.

But...

people change.

Not as much as you, generally, but  
we've both changed.

You're just not my  
husband any more.

Last night I found out something about myself  
that I never would have known if it...  
wasn't for you.

That I love Philip.

And I only hope with my whole heart  
that some day you'll forgive me.

Forgive us.

Oh, darling, can you hear  
anything I'm saying?

Excuse me, ma'am.

It's time for his injection.

Just a little something you  
should have had a long time ago.

I feel better now!

Where the hell am I?

In the hospital. With us.

Do you know who I am?

You're Mrs Jeffries.

You're Miranda's mother.

Everything's gonna be fine.

Hey, pal.

You gave us quite a scare.

How's your head?

Still on. I think.

Miranda!

Hi.

You don't remember any of it?

No.

The last thing I remember is Philip  
inviting me to your house for dinner.

And you and I... getting the  
corn out of the refrigerator.

Then it gets a little  
foggy after that, but

I think it was something like this.

Alex... what about that  
other girl you're seeing?

What other girl?

So, Finch, where did  
you get that picture?

I can't reveal my  
source, Mr Bradlee.

I mean, I really can't.

You're a tough nut  
to crack, Finch.

You're gonna make one  
hell of a reporter.

You start Monday.

You look so beautiful.

OK, it's time.

Come on. Philip's  
waited long enough!

- Mrs Jeffries?

- Yes, Alex?

I'm gonna go get the bouquets.

I just want to say congratulations.

You and Philip make a great pair!

Thanks, Alex.

You know, you're the first  
boyfriend of Miranda's

I ever really liked!

Philip?

- Yeah?

- I have something I have to tell you.

Now?

I'm in love with Miranda.

I know.

Well, here we are again.

I guess it must be fate.

We've tried it on our own.

But deep inside we've known.

We'd be back to set  
things straight.

I still remember when.

Your kiss was so brand-new.

Every memory repeats.

Every step I take retreats.

Dearly beloved, we have come  
together in the presence of God  
to witness and bless  
the joining together.

After all the stops and starts.

We keep coming back  
to these two hearts.

Two angels who've been  
rescued from the fog.

And after all that  
we've been through.

It all comes down to me and you.

And this is meant to be.

Forever you and me.

After all.

When love is truly right.

This time it's truly right.

It lives from year to year.

It changes as it goes.

On and on away it grows.

But it never disappears.

After all the stops and starts.

We keep coming back  
to these two hearts.

Two angels who've been  
rescued from the fog.

And after all that  
we've been through.

It all comes down to me and you.

I guess it's meant to be.

Forever you and me.  
After all.  
Always just beyond my touch.  
Though I needed you so much.  
After all what else is living for?  
Whoa, after all the  
stops and starts.  
We keep coming back  
to these two hearts.  
Two angels who've been  
rescued from the fog.  
And after all that  
we've been through.  
It all comes down to me and you.  
I guess it's meant to be.  
Forever you and me.  
After all the stops and starts.  
We keep coming back  
to these two hearts.  
Two angels who've been  
rescued from the fog.  
And after all that  
we've been through.  
It all comes down to me and you.  
I guess it's meant to be.  
Forever you and me.  
After all