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Dad

By Gary David Goldberg

Jake, honey,
it's time to get up.
Good morning.
Good morning, Bette.
It's a little chilly.
I'll put out a sweater.
Hmm-mmm.
Get dressed now.
I want to be there
when they open.
Okay.
I already put sugar in.
One is enough.
Here's your napkin.
You want that buttered?
There you go.
Good morning.
Watch your step.
The inspector's here.
Good morning, Mrs. Tremont.
Good morning, Mr. Korman.
Mr. Tremont.
Hello.
The Dodgers did
okay last night. Huh?
Yes.
What can I do for you,
Mrs. Tremont?
It says pork chops on sale.
Yes, indeed.
Just follow me right over here.
All of these in
this row right here,
on sale as advertised.
What about these
pork chops here?
Those are not
the ones on sale.
The ad just says
pork chops, Mr. Korman.
It doesn't have
their pictures
or their ID numbers.
It just says pork chops.

What is it that you want,
Mrs. Tremont?

I want these pork
chops at those prices.
You got it.

Jake.

Jake.

Uh...

Sorry to drop this
on you, John, first thing,
but I have one personnel
problem you should know about.
This kid we want to hire can't
decide between us and Goldman.
I know you hate this,
but I think you have
to step in
and use your
magic touch.

Oh, is he really that good?

I can't stand this
recruiting stuff.

All these kids out
of business school
think they're worth \$100,000
after one week on the job.

I hate their attitudes.

You know,

when I was that age,
I had to walk a mile in
the snow for a stock tip.

This kid's special.

I think you'll find
that out if you spend
a little time with him.

All right, arrange it with Kathy
for sometime later this week.

I'm booked for
the next few days.

Well, the Vale prospectus
is shaping up well
but management is resisting
our suggestions
that we provide data to

help investors understand
why the company
is so profitable.
They're afraid of giving too much
information to their competitors.
I don't know
why we're dealing with
this Vale guy anyway.
He's a shady character.
I think we're risking
the reputation of the firm.
If we turn him down,
we'll never get his business again.
There's a huge fee involved
and the banking division
needs the business.
I'm worrying about
my bonus this year.
Oh, mark that down.
I think that's the earliest worrying
about a bonus ever recorded.
Yeah?
It's your sister, Mr. Tremont.
She says it's important.
She's has to talk to you now.
Hi, Annie.
How are you?
I'm in a meeting.
What's up?
John, it's about Mom.
She's had a heart attack.
She's okay,
but it's pretty serious.
Can you come out?
Hey!
How was your flight?
All right.
The guy next to me
wouldn't leave me alone.
Once they hear you're on
Wall Street, forget it.
"What about this stock? What about
that stock? What about bonds?"
Yeah, I know.

Ever heard of a stock
called Chrometex?

Mario.

A guy in the math department
told me about it.

They make those heat sensors
for cryogenic capsules.

It's gonna be bigger
than the telephone.

No, it's not.

It's not?

No.

How's Annie?

How's she holding up?

Good. She's at home
with your father.

We can go there
first or the hospital.

Whatever.

Let's go to the hospital.

That's what I figured.

How's Dad?

To be honest, Johnny,
he's a little shook up.

That's why Annie's there.

She didn't want
to leave him alone.

So what's going on with Mom?

How serious is this?

Hard to tell with her.

You know your mother.

She won't admit she's
actually had a heart attack.

She's lying there
going into cardiac arrest,

she's claiming
it's indigestion.

She's blaming me.

What do you mean?

She said it was the sausages
I made for dinner.

She claims I was
trying to kill her.

Are you?

No jury would convict me, John.
Believe me.
I believe you.
I must really be
sick if you're here.
See, Mom,
that's why you're the best.
Not many people
would have gone for guilt
in your situation.
How you feeling?
Are you in any pain?
I'm staying alive
by willpower.
She'll tell you.
I've the willpower of
a woman half my age.
You underestimate yourself.
Did you see your father yet?
No, I came straight
from the airport.
When you see him,
don't say anything to him
about the heart attack.
Just tell him that something
went wrong with my insides.
Okay?
Mom.
Listen to me.
Just tell him it's something
with my insides.
He'll understand that
because I had
the hysterectomy.
Okay.
There's food in the freezer.
It's all marked.
If you have to go out,
go to McDonald's or Wendy's.
Someplace simple.
Mom, I don't think you
should worry about Dad now.
I think you should be
worrying about yourself.

You had a heart attack.

I'm not so sure

I had a heart attack.

It felt more like

gas pains to me.

Mom, for gas pains

they give you Tums.

They don't hook you up

to \$20 million

worth of machines.

Did you see the doctor

who was taking care of me?

Because I don't think

he was a real doctor.

He was wearing tight pants

with a big silver

belt buckle.

He can't be more

than 30 years old.

They'll let anyone

through medical school

these days.

John!

God, it's good to see you.

You stopped and

saw Mom first, huh?

Yeah.

How did she look to you,

John, really?

Like Mom.

Like she was gonna

walk out of there

dragging IV bottles with her.

Well, it was only gas pains.

I'm sure she told you.

Yeah.

And the willpower?

A woman half her age.

So you're up to date.

It was scary, John.

I mean it,

I thought we

were gonna lose her.

Where would you

like your bags, sir?
Uh, just put them right there.
Thank you very much.
No luggage in
the living room.
You know the rules.
I'll put them in
your old bedroom.
The living room
is still off limits?
Look at this.
Nothing changes.
You're kidding.
This place is going directly
as is to the Smithsonian.
Dad's out back, huh?
Yeah, in the greenhouse.
How's he doing?
Mario said he took
it pretty hard.
He's scared, John.
He's really,
really frightened.
I'm not sure he even
understands what happened.
What do you mean?
He's seen her, hasn't he?
No.
He was too scared.
I didn't want to push it.
I told him that she wasn't
allowed to have visitors,
and he seemed
okay with that.
Hello, Dad.
Hello, John.
Nice to see you.
You look good.
Good to see you, too.
I'm gonna be
staying here a few days.
I know.
Annie told me.
You heard what

happened to Mother?

Yeah. I was just at
the hospital. I saw her.

How is she?

Good.

Good.

She said to say hello
and tell you she was
comin' home soon.

Something went wrong
with her insides, huh?

Yeah, Dad.

Something like that.

The heat in your
old room doesn't work,
you know.

You may need
an extra blanket.

Okay.

The main thing for
you while you're here
will be to keep everything
on an even keel.

Mom has a schedule
and their life is
essentially one long routine.

Dad gets coffee in
the morning. Decaf.

And a sweet roll.

They start the day by clipping
coupons, making out a shopping list.

That's very important.

I have a list of pills
for you here.

When did he get so bad?

I saw him a year ago.

No, you didn't.

What're taking about?

I was here for Christmas.

Annie,

I think I ought to know.

All right,

I saw him two years ago.

A lot happens in two years.

Why didn't you tell me?
I told you.
You didn't hear me.
We tried moving
him to our place
but he wasn't comfortable.
It's an hour away, and we're
both working during the day.
At least here
he has his garden
and his greenhouse.
He knows the environment.
I can only stay a few days.
What do we do after that?
You can't stay longer?
No. I have a meeting
in Toronto, Tuesday.
I may have to go to Boston.
It's just not possible.
We're just gonna have
to bring someone in.
At least we have the time
to find the right person.
Dad just got old, John.
Yeah.
Well, Dad, maybe we ought
to hit the sack, huh?
Johnny.
I can't find my pajamas.
I don't know where
Mother keeps them.
Here you go.
Why don't you
put them on, Dad?
I'll do it.
You okay?
I miss your mother.
Well, she's getting
what she needs.
A good rest.
She'll be home soon.
Good night.
Good night.
Leave the hall light on.

I will.
Sleep well.
I don't usually eat that much
in the morning, Johnny.
It was good, though.
Thank you, Dad.
You do much cooking
at home, do you?
Not too much.
Since Sara and I split up,
mostly I eat out.
Yes, she was a nice girl.
Still is.
How's Billy?
Billy's fine.
He's up in Santa Cruz.
Freshman in college.
He came to visit one time.
Well, then you've seen
him more than I have.
Oh, look at this, Johnnie.
It's double coupon
day at Ralph's.
Tuna at two cans for \$1.38.
You can't beat that.
What do you pay
for tuna in New York?
Tuna?
I don't know.
Not two for \$1.38, I'll bet.
No, I don't think so.
No way, Jose.
Listen, Dad,
I'd like to talk to you
for a minute about Mom.
There's something you should
really try to understand.
Mother is sick.
It's not cancer, is it?
No, no, it's not cancer.
That cancer is a killer,
you know.
Your Uncle Ben
had five operations.

Didn't do one
damn thing for him.
I tell you,
if you have cancer,
you might as well
pack your bags.
Well, it isn't cancer.
It was a heart attack.
A serious one.
She'll be okay?
Yeah, she's gonna be okay.
But she's never
gonna be able
to work as hard
as she used to.
She has to learn
to take it easy
and you have
to learn to help her.
I'm always telling her
that she works too hard.
Johnny, she works too hard.
You're gonna have to
learn to do a lot of things
around the house
by yourself.
You see,
Mother's convinced herself
nobody can take care
of you except her.
We're gonna have
to prove her wrong.
That's right, Johnny.
I'm going to learn how
to do all those things.
You'll see.
We'll fool her.
Okay, Dad,
the first thing we have
to do here is, let's see,
"Separate the colored articles
of clothing from the whites. "
That's so the colors
from the dark stuff

don't get on the white stuff.
Oh, that's right.
I think that's the way
Mother does it.
Oh, good.
Good.
Then we know we're
on the right track here.
Al right, let's start off
with the coloreds, shall we?
Oh, that's colored.
Color.
White, colored, colored.
White.
Colored.
Colored.
What about this one?
That one?
That is white.
Okay, it's colored.
Dad, it's gotta be
one of those.
Maybe we should call Mother.
I'm going to make an
executive decision here.
I think It's colored.
Okay?
All right.
Let's see here.
What do you think we have?
"Uh, normal.
Delicate. Permanent Press. "
I'm going to go with "Normal. "
What kind of water
do we need?
"Cold-cold, cold-hot,
warm-warm, warm-hot. "
What the hell,
let's live dangerously.
Hot-hot.
All right.
What do you think?
I think it's white.
It'll be ready Thursday.

All right.

How hard was that?

Yeah.

What's the best way
to get to the market
from here, Dad?

Oh, I don't know these streets
very well now, John.

Mother drives us
everywhere we go.

You don't drive at
all anymore? Ever?

No, I can't.

My license expired
a couple of years ago.

You didn't get
go another one?

Well, they wanted me
to take a driving test
because of my age.

Oh, and you failed the test?

I didn't take it.

I was afraid

I couldn't pass it.

What are you talking about?

You're a terrific driver.

You always were.

Johnny, a good driver
knows when he's not
a good driver anymore,
that's all.

I couldn't remember
what you liked,
so I thought I'd put
out an assortment.

Great.

Well...

These are good.

I think I'd like to
see Mother, Johnny.

I'm not sure that's
a good idea just yet, Dad.

I mean, Mom's okay,
but they really like to, uh,

limit the number of visitors.
I'm her husband.
I should see her.
It's not right.
No, I'm not sure, Annie,
but if he thinks he's ready,
I don't know if we should
be standing in his way.
Pretty good.
He made me breakfast
this morning.
No, I'm serious.
I don't know, a box of granola.
It was good.
Yeah.
That sounds right.
All right, bye-bye.
Okay, Dad.
Annie's gonna talk to
the people at the hospital.
And she thinks we'll be able
to visit mom in a day or two.
Oh, good.
Yeah.
You know, Johnny,
I, I think I could do these.
What?
I think I could
do the dishes.
I made these cards
all color-coded.
There's a different
set of cards
for each chore.
For example, now,
these pink ones
are for dishwashing.
Go ahead, take a look and
see what number one is.

Number one:

"Fill sink with water. "

Right.

Number two?

"Put one squeeze
of soap in water. "
Right.
"Put dishes in soapy water. "
I made these for you
to study on your own.
This is great, Johnny.
There's no way
I could make a mistake
as long as I just
follow these cards.
You know,
you could market these.
I'm gonna have to show you
how to work
the stove here, Dad.
No, on second thought,
the stove is out
of bounds for now.
No stove.
And don't use the juicer either.
No juicing.
And stay away
from that blender.
No blending.
I think I'll work better
with this on.
Your mother doesn't
like me to wear this.
Thinks I look too tough.
Like Johnny Cash.
You don't mind
If I wear it, do you?
No, Dad, I don't mind.
Don't take your
guns to town, son
Leave those
guns at home
Bang, bang.
"Fill the sink. "
That is a professionally
waxed floor, Dad.
You can see yourself
in that floor.

No waxy yellow build-up.
You know what I think?
I think we owe
ourselves a reward.
What do you mean?
We should go out
and have a good time.
What do you say?
Okay.
Okay.
What do you and Mom
do around here for fun?
"I" 20.
"I" two-zero.
"0" 75.
Seven-five.
"B" 11.
"B" one-one.
Right there on top, okay?
"G" 58.
"G" five-eight.
Enjoying yourself, Johnny?
Having a good time?
You kidding me?
I love this.
I do it all the time at home.
Do they have air conditioning
in here, Dad?
Or a fan or something?
"I" 22...
Choo-choo!
I love when they do that.
They do that all the time?
"B" 4.
And after!
Boy, this really is too
much fun for one evening.
"I" 19.
Bingo!
Bingo!
Jake Tremont, is that you?
Hal McCarthy.
How are you?
You remember Gloria?

My son, John.
He's visiting from New York.
How do you do?
Bette here?
No, she's in the hospital.
No, it's okay.
She had a heart attack,
but she's doing fine.
Coming back strong.
That's the part
that's good to know.
Please give her our best.
We will.
Thank you.
You heard about
Nick Price, right?
He's dead.
Oh, yeah.
Nick, Robin, Dorothy, the twins.
That whole table.
Dead.
All of them.
All of them.
The whole table.
And Delores Patcher
from the table next to them.
Gone.
Dead.
Well, good seeing you again.
It's been a while.
A long time.
Nice to meet you.
Boy, they're
a breath of fresh air.
Don't mind them, John.
They're crepe-hangers.
Know their bingo, though.
You used to come
here a lot, huh, Dad?
Oh, at least once a week.
It was fun.
When was the last
time you played?
Must be three years.

You're kidding.
Why did you stop coming?
I don't know.
Your mother and I
used to enjoy having fun
as much as anybody, but...
We just stopped doing
the things we liked.
I don't know why.
Well, you should remember
the fun things
you used to do and you
should start doing them.
That's a good idea.
John, I'm going
to write that down.
I'll make a list of fun
things and I'll do them.
Yes, sir.
Bingo.
What?
I think you got bingo.
Hey, I got bingo!
Over here! I have bingo!
We were awesome tonight, Dad.
We won the "X," the "L"
and we were this
close to getting
the four corners. That would
have been the triple crown.
I'm worried about you, John.
I'm afraid you're
getting addicted.
You know, there's a bingo
game down in Palm Springs
somebody told me about.
Run by the Indians.
Big stakes.
We ought to check that out.
We should be able to win,
and win regularly at this game.
I got a computer guy in New
York I'm gonna put onto this.
Fabulous with numbers.

He'll come up with
a system for us.
You'll see.
We're gonna beat
these guys, Dad.
Oh, look at that.

It's after 11:

I'm sorry, I didn't mean
to keep you out so late.
It's okay.
It feels good.
It feels like New Year's Eve.
All that's missing
is Guy Lombardo.
He's dead.
Surprised Hal McCarthy
didn't bring that up.
Big day tomorrow.
Better get some sleep.
Good night, John.
Good night, Dad.
"B" 4.
And after.
There they are, Dad.
Hi, Dad.
Seen Mom?
How's she doing?
Yeah. She looks good.
She's a little feisty.
My mom?
You gotta be kidding me.
You ready to see her, Dad?
Oh, wait a second, Dad.
Let me...
I can't believe
how good Dad looks.
You really think so?
Absolutely. You've been
terrific for him, John.
He's been good for me, too.
It's been kind of fun.
I have a lead on somebody
to take over at the house.

It should only be
a day or two.
That's okay. I didn't know
what you were doing,
so I changed my schedule.
I can stay until
Mom gets home.
Really?
Yeah, no big deal.
Hi, Bette.
Are you all right?
Yeah.
You taking your
blood-pressure pills?
Are you eating?
Yeah, I'm fine, Bette.
I make my own bed now.
And I do the dishes.
John is teaching me to cook.
He's like a regular wife.
Just keep him alive
till I get home.
Thank you for
your confidence.
Mom looks good,
doesn't she?
Yeah, wonderful.
I never go anywhere
without my tubes.
I meant your color, Mom.
My color?
What are you, a decorator?
And don't call me Mom.
I don't call you Son, do I?
Stop trying to be so nice
to my mother, Mario.
You're gonna kill her.
Why are you cooking?
There's food
prepared in the freezer.
I told you.
It's just for
a little variety, that's all.
Last night we had salmon.

The night before
that we had coq au vin.
Your father doesn't
like foreign food.
It's not foreign.
It's just chicken in red wine.
He's not allowed
to have red wine.
Mom, it was this much.
I don't want him becoming
an alcoholic while I'm in here.
Nobody ever
became an alcoholic
from coq au vin.
Take it easy, Bette.
Don't get all excited.
You just concentrate
on getting better
and don't worry about me.
You hear?
You sure you
wanna come up, Dad?
It could be a long meeting.
No, I'll come up.
I'll be okay.
I could buy you a lunch here,
you could catch a movie.
I'll sit,
I'll read a magazine.
I'll be fine.
All right.
John Tremont to see
Vic Walton, please.
He's expecting you.
Dad, you sure you're
gonna be okay out here
with all this construction?
Sure, as long as no one
throws a drop cloth over me.
John, good to see you.
Pardon our mess.
No problem.
Good to see you, too, Vic.
This is my father,

Jake Tremont.
Dad, this is Vic Walton.
Nice to meet you,
Mr. Tremont.
And you.
We're gonna be
here about an hour?
I'd say.
All right, well, make yourself
comfortable here, Dad.
Wait a minute.
We don't have to leave
your father out here.
Mr. Tremont, why don't you
come in and sit with us?
I don't think that...
Don't be silly. Come on in.
Ralph, we've given you
every benefit of the doubt
and yet our projections
still come up 20%
less than yours.
How can you be so confident?
You've, you've never run
a business like this before.
And if you're wrong,
we'll be the laughingstock
of the industry
and you'll be off
on another deal.
Forget about
running the cannery.
It loses money
every day it's open
but the property it's on
is worth
at least \$50 million.
How can you be sure
of the \$50 million?
We think it's a stretch
to bring it to \$40 million.
I'd like to see some
supporting data.
If it's supporting data

you need,
Brian will give you a package
at the end of the meeting.
Now can I get
back to my case?
The real estate
is \$50 million
and we should
have no problem
turning around their
trucking operation.
They let the overhead
get out of hand
but we have
a schedule that shows us
cutting back 10% of
the administrative staff
in a few months.
Aren't you better
off just selling it?
And getting it
off your books?
There's no need to,
if we can make it work.
I don't think they
ever focused on it.
I think we can turn it.
The last piece is
food wholesaling,
which has been
a good sector thus far.
Now our cash
flow projections
for the division
may look aggressive
but we're comfortable
with them.
So, all in all,
the banks shouldn't have
any problem financing us.
Well, that was fun.
Johnny, what the hell was
goin' on back there?
Well, we were talking

about buying
a salmon cannery, Dad.
I didn't know you knew
about stuff like that.
Actually, I don't.
The guy coming to us
for money doesn't either.
We're just gonna
buy the company
and then close it down.
That's your job?
You buy companies,
then close them down?
It's a little more
complicated than that, Dad.
Take this cannery,
for instance.
Turns out to be
a lousy business.
It's third-generation
management,
and they've let it
run down terribly.
But they have
a small subsidiary
that's a real gem.
The cannery itself is sitting
on prime waterfront land.
So we buy the company,
close it down,
then we sell off the
subsidiary business,
then we sell the land.
You ever thought of maybe
running these companies?
There's no money
in that, Dad.
The world has changed, Johnny.
You wouldn't believe how
the world has changed.
When you were a boy,
you used to go to work
at Lockheed with me,
you remember?

I used to separate
all the nuts and bolts.
32 cents a day and all the
ham-and-cheese sandwiches I could eat.
You used to say
when you grew up,
you wanted to
work there, like me.
Now I guess you'd just
buy it and close it down.
You ever hear
from any of those
old Lockheed guys, Dad?
Rick Malinson?
Tommy Williams?
By the time I retired,
I was the last of us
still working there.
They all moved out.
To the Valley,
Palm Springs...
My last day,
I finished my work,
cleaned out my locker
and went home.
There was no one even
there to say good-bye to.
Next morning,
someone else doing my job
like I'd never been there.
The world is divided

into two groups:

workers and bosses.
I'm a worker.
Always have been.
I don't know, Dad, I think...
It's okay, Johnny.
There's nothing
wrong with it.
I'm a worker, that's all.
But you, you're different.
You like to be in control.
You like that responsibility.

You're a boss.

And Mom?

What do you think?

Okay, Dad.

"If you hit a parked vehicle
and cannot find the owner

"you must A:

a note on or in the car,
Wait for the owner to return

or C:

at the nearest house?"

Why are you doing this?

I've already passed

the written test.

I know, but you can't

be too careful.

One of these

very situations

may appear during the

driving portion of the test.

I want you to be ready.

If I hit a car in

the driving test,

it isn't gonna matter

if I "A:

or in the car or not. "

Very good.

Thank you.

We've come this far.

I don't want to see

anything go wrong now.

They want us to pull

ahead here. Go ahead.

Ease up, ease up,

not too fast.

All right, stop.

There he is now.

Jake Tremont?

Yes, sir.

Here. Right here.

Actually,

he's Jake Tremont.
I'm his son, John.
You probably don't
need to know that,
but now you do anyway.
You can't sit there
during the test, sir.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Uh, you can't be
in the car at all.
What are you talking about?
This is my father.
It's against the law.
I won't say a word.
You won't even know I'm here.
I can't administer the
test with you in the car.
Either you get out now,
or your father
gets a failing grade.
You going to be okay?
I will be
as soon as you go.
Before opening the door on the
traffic side of your parked car...
John.
I'm going.
Look for bicycles
and other vehicles.
Yes!
When waiting to
make a left turn,
give the right of way to cars
coming in the opposite direction.
Until all dangerously
close cars have passed.
On a highway with fewer than
four lanes in one direction
a passenger vehicle
towing a trailer...
Must travel in the lane
farthest to the right
or a specially marked lane.
Yes!

Well, look who's here.
Yo, Dad.
Yo, Billy.
Well...
I was down
at the American Express
office in Tecoman
and I got a letter
from Aunt Annie.
Told me that
Grandma was sick.
So I hustled back.
I figured you might need
some help, Grandpa.
Never mind
helping your Grandpa.
When was the last
time you ate?
Why are you Americans
so obsessed with food?
Excuse me, senior.
You're not...
You know, when in Rome...
What were you
doing down in Mexico?
Semester break.
A bunch of kids
went down there.
You look good.
I think you've grown.
Dad, you say that
every time you see me.
And I stopped
growing two years ago.
How's your mother?
She's fine.
In her third year of law,
top of her class.
It's embarrassing
when your mother
has a higher grade point
average than you do
but we're working that out.
Send her my best.

How about you?
You know? How's business?
You know.
The same.
You win some,
you lose some.
Knowing you, I'm sure you're
winning more than you're losing.
When you finish with that,
you can wash it down
with a piece of cake.
He looks really good.
What's been going on?
Well, we've been spending
a lot of time together.
Quality time, huh?
They say it's good
for parents and kids.
Maybe you and I should spend
some more time together.
Take it easy, Dad.
Let's not get carried away.
This place looks great,
Grandpa.
You've added a lot.
You look good.
I'm gonna name this
one after you, Bill.
Butter, anyone?
You want some butter, honey?
I would like to make a toast.
Uh-oh.
A lot's happened
in the past two weeks.
We've overcome
a lot of adversity,
overcome a lot of pain.
Pulled together as a team.
And now we're taking
time to say thanks.
That's beautiful, Mario.
It's my regular
halftime speech.
Actually,

I just wanted to say
how happy I am to see
the family together.
It's a thrill for me, too.
Are you finished?
My chicken's getting cold.
I'm finished.
Very good.
I'd like to make a toast.
Hmm.
Well, hey, Dad.
To my lovely bride.
Your bride?
Did you have
a drink today, Jake?
Before you came home, Mom,
we had a couple of
glasses of coq au vin.
To my lovely bride.
Bette, you're back in
the bosom of your family,
where you belong.
It's good to be home.
Hear, hear.
Well said, Dad.
It's good to have
everybody here, too.
I can't remember
the last time
we had John and
Billy together.
Billy looks good.
I like that earring.
Think I should
get one of those?
Yeah.
It's very nice.
I have a pin that goes
with that if you want.
Oh, leave him alone, Mom.
He looks fabulous.
I bet the girls are
falling all over themselves.
Don't worry about me.

This isn't at
all embarrassing.
I hear the dorms are
co-ed now. Is that true?
Yeah our dorm's co-ed.
Good thing they didn't have
it when I was in school.
I never would've got
any studying done.
Some student you were.
Mario was an
excellent student, Mom.
He was a physical
education major.
He didn't read books,
he ran laps.
Yes, but good students
like me read books
and ran laps
at the same time.
Now John was
a good student.
Thank you, Mommy.
From kindergarten on,
every Saturday we'd
go to the library.
Get out four books.
You'd read them,
we'd go back,
get out another four books.
It worked, too.
I learned how to read.
You did more than that.
So how does it work?
Are the girls on another floor?
How do you find them?
Somebody hose
this man down.
What is it, Dad?
What's the matter?
I'm just happy.
Let's try to make it easy
for Grandma and Grandpa
while you're here.

Okay?

Sure, you get so used
to hearing it,
you don't even
realize it's on.

It was on, believe me.

My fillings are
still rattling.

Sorry.

So when do you have
to be back at school?

I don't know.

I may not go back to school.

I'm thinking of going
back down to Mexico
to live for a while.

What's the big attraction
with Mexico?

All the people in Mexico
are trying to come here.

Did you know that?

A lot of kids from school
are down there.

They've got a little
community going.

It's, uh, it's fun.

Okay, it's fun,
but believe it or not,
you may want

a job someday, Bill.

Lying on the beach in Mexico
is not going to help prepare
you for anything.

Unless you want to
be a mariachi singer,
in which case it's a
work-study program.

I could say

I went to college.

Nobody checks.

I'll say I have a B.A.

I'll say I have a PhD.

Might as well do it right.

Two PHDs.

One in chemistry,
one in physics.
I have to go back to New York soon,
and I'd like this settled.
What's your mother think?
She said I should use
my best judgment.
I'm not sure how
I feel about this.
We should talk
about this a little bit.
I, I don't see why.
We haven't talked
about it up until now,
and I think I know
what I want.
Johnny, something's wrong.
Would you come
here and take a look?
That'll be all for now,
Mr. Tremont.
You can get dressed
if you like.
Is he all right?
Yes, he's fine.
It's a very
painful procedure.
No getting around it.
Any idea what
the problem might be?
Could be any of
a number of things.
I suspect small growths
in his bladder.
The question is,
are they malignant?
Will the tests you've
just done tell you that?
Not completely.
The fact they're bleeding
is not a good sign.
So this is serious?
Yes. I think we should schedule
him for exploratory surgery.

If it were serious, Dad,
they wouldn't have
let you out of there.
They would've
cut you right open
and operated on the spot.
I wouldn't be
surprised at all
if it were just a cyst.
Just a cyst?
Right.
I don't even think it's
worth telling Mom about.
Why worry her for nothing?
Whatever you say, Johnny.
You're the boss.
He told you, didn't he?
Of course, he told me.
Well, then you know
it's nothing serious.
If it wasn't serious,
you'd have told me
about it yourself.
Look, Mom, you're supposed
to avoid any stress right now.
I was afraid you might
get upset about nothing.
That's why I didn't tell you.
I'm sorry. Maybe I was wrong,
but that's what I was trying to do.
He says it's just a cyst.
That's right.
That's a fairly
simple procedure.
Yes, it is.
Mother, I'd tell you if there
was anything wrong.
I would.
Okay.
Do I walk around
like this, John,
with the back open
and all the nurses here?
Yeah. It says right here

on the admission slip,
"Dress is informal. "
There you go.
You need to sign this, Dad.
What is it?
It just says if anything
happens to you,
I get your catcher's mitt.
I don't have
a catcher's mitt.
Sorry.
Bad joke.
Dr. Santana ordered
this medication.
It's just something
to relax you.
If you have any left over,
I'd like a little.
Guess you have to pay extra
to get one with a personality.
What time is it?
About noon.
Not much longer.
Nope.
Is this comfortable
for you, Dad?
Fine.
I'm gonna let you rest now.
That stuff's gonna
really mellow you out.
Okay.
Don't forget,
if you need anything,
just ring the buzzer here.
I guess this is it, huh?
You're gonna be okay.
You know, John,
I see men now,
they hug.
We've never hugged.
Wanna give it a try?
I do.
I love you, Johnny.
I love you, too, Dad.

Well, Mr. Tremont,
I'm afraid it's cancer.
Cancer.
Yes. There were
several malignant tumors.
I think I got 'em,
but we have to do
some chemotherapy.
We won't radiate.
Not with a man with
your father's age.
Maybe this is
a silly question,
but are you absolutely sure?
Yes.
A virulent form, too.
It's a good thing
we went in and got
it when we did.
Listen, Dr. Santana.
Whatever you do,
don't mention
cancer to my father.
He's terribly anxious and
frightened about that word.
It's beyond
anything rational.
Calm down, Mr. Tremont.
You'd be surprised what these
older people can take.
Their children tend to
underestimate them.
I don't underestimate him,
Doctor.
I want to be the one
to tell him, that's all.
It's cancer, isn't it?
Mom, I told you.
It's a cyst and they
took it out. That's all.
I want to go see him.
Mom!
Mom, you can't go
see him right now.

Will you listen to me?
You can't expose yourself
to that kind of stress.
If he was all right,
you'd let me see him.
Oh, come on, Mom.
John's only thinking about
what's best for you.
You know that.
You got to listen to him, Mom.
Come on.
This is my husband
and I'm gonna see him.
Now, either you're gonna
drive me or I'm gonna walk,
but I'm goin'.
Dad?
What is it?
What's out there?
There's nothing, Dad.
You're in the hospital.
It's fine.
There's nothing the matter.
Billy, go get
Dr. Santana right now.
Just do it!
Get her out of here.
What's the matter
with him?
Jake, it's me!
Why doesn't he know me?
Jake!
Mr. Tremont, I'm Dr. Santana.
Do you know who I am?
I'm fine.
I'm just fine, thank you.
He's in shock.
Give him 25 mg Librium IM
and check his vitals
every two hours.
Yes, Doctor.
This is fairly standard
with older people.
They often go into delayed

shock even after minor surgery.
This is standard?
Do you have any idea
what happened in there?
I'm sure it was a frightening
experience for you,
but what you got
to understand is
that what we're dealing with here
actually is a form of senility.
He wasn't senile
when he came in.
Why should he
suddenly go into senility?
Senility is a very strange thing.
It comes and goes.
You get a stress situation
like this and it just crops up.
I'm sure, with proper
rest and medication,
the situation
will correct itself.
What do we do
in the meantime?
Nothing.
What do you mean
"nothing"?
No tests, no consultations?
We just wait?
We wait for him to respond
to the medication.
He'll be fine.
Don't worry.
Did you tell my father
he has cancer?
You have to understand,
Mr. Tremont,
I have an ethical obligation
to my patients.
He had a right to know.
I'm not quite sure what it is
you want me to do, Mr. Tremont.
Dr. Ethridge,
I don't have a lot of

confidence in Santana.
And you're the
hospital administrator,
and I just want
you to know
that this
doesn't feel right.
Dr. Santana is a
fine young surgeon.
It seems to me that
he's been very thorough
and professional in
your father's case.
I told him not
to say anything
about cancer to my father
because he's very
frightened by that word.
He went ahead
and told him anyway.
Well, it's always a
difficult call for a doctor.
He has to balance the
will of the family members
with the patient's
right to know.
I'm sure he had no choice.
He had a choice.
He could have listened to me.
I know my father.
And what's happening
to him right now
is a direct result
of Dr. Santana's
poor judgment.
Why did you strap
his arms down?
To keep him from
hurting himself.
He's been flailing around
pretty good with those hands.
Yeah, well, I'm his son and I say
he doesn't need these things.
Give us a call

when you're ready,
and we'll put
him back in bed.
I don't believe it.
Hey, dad, how you doin'?
What is it?
Does he always look like this?
Look, hey, look, look,
I've brought Annie.
And I got Billy here.
Huh?
Hey, Dad.
How are you feelin', Dad?
Can you hear me?
Hey, Grandpa, it's me, Billy.
How you doin'?
God, John, I can't stand
to see him looking like this.
What is it, Dad?
What's the matter?
That would be
absolutely adequate, I think.
I gave him a sedative.
That should calm him down.
How long had he
been like that?
The whole time we've been here.
At least half an hour.
Did he seem depressed?
Jesus, Doctor.
It's a good thing
you're not a detective.
Yeah, he seemed
depressed.
What the hell do you
think is going on here?
I meant more than usual,
Mr. Tremont.
He's been sliding every day since
he's been in here. And you know that.
Mr. Tremont...
You're not gonna tell me
that this is normal behavior.
This particular manifestation

of the depression is unusual,
true, but the sedative
will bring him around.
A sedative?
The man is hallucinating.
He's crying nonstop.
He doesn't recognize
anyone in his family,
and you're giving
him a sedative?
And why didn't you give
him some Sucrets, too?
Maybe he has a sore
throat you can fix!
We've scheduled your father
for release tomorrow.
You can pick him up
anytime after 12:00.
What do you mean, "release"?
Are you trying to tell me that
my father has recovered?
Well, no, of course not,
but medically speaking
there's nothing more
we can do for him.
We cannot hold
hospital beds
for patients who cannot
profit from medical care.
How would we know?
He's never gotten
any medical care!
You have to understand,
Mr. Tremont,
while his condition is stable,
basically he's custodial.
What exactly
does that mean?
I'll tell you
what that means.
That means they don't give
a shit if he lives or dies.
He's not custodial!
God damn it!

What kind of word is that
to describe a person?

I don't think...

Just calm down.

You want my father
out of here?

Well, let me tell you
something.

I want him out of here
more than you do.

You're not good enough
to take care of him.

John,

what are you doing?

Mr. Tremont...

Don't you touch him.

This is very unnecessary.

I said I'm taking him home.

Mr. Tremont,

this is very unfortunate.

What do we do now?

I don't know.

We may have no
choice but to...

No, I don't want
to do that.

I don't wanna put
him in a nursing home.

I don't either, John,

but we have to do something.

If you take Mom
out to your place,

I'll take care
of Dad at home.

Wait a second, John.

You can't handle
him in this condition.

I think I can do it.

I can do better than
the hospital did.

I can stay and help.

No.

Why not?

I'll take care of him.

He's my father.
Well, he's my grandfather.
And I'm your father.
Great. Now that we
know who everyone is,
can we talk about
what's best for this man?
I don't want you
here right now, Billy.
You don't have to see this.
Dad, I am not a kid.
Look,
I want you gone.
Go back to school,
go back to Mexico.
You're in the way here.
Don't you understand?
Yeah, I understand.
I want to talk to him.
It's not a good idea now,
Mom, really.
Annie's right, Mom.
Come on,
get in the hearse.
You'd like that,
wouldn't you, Mario?
I meant "get in the car,"
Mom.
It was a slip of the tongue.
Okay, Mom, okay.
Come on, come on. He'll be all right.
He'll be all right.
John's gonna
take care of him.
Here we go, Dad.
We got a score yet?
Huh?
This kid Gooden is fabulous,
isn't he?
He kind of reminds
me of Bob Gibson.
You know,
a real competitor.
What is that?

Did you get that, Dad?
All right.
Here we go.
A club soda.
Well, we've got to work
on your technique here.
That's all right.
A little home-cooked meal,
that's what you need.
Remember how you
used to tell me
that all the great
chefs were men?
Well,
I think you're right.
Wait till you taste this.
Come on, Dad.
All right.
What's that?
Too big, you say?
Hmm, all right.
Here.
Try this.
Come on, Dad,
take a bite.
Come on,
there you go.
All right!
We have a sale here.
Well.
Let's push our luck.
Here. Wash it down
with this, Dad.
Dad, don't bite the glassware.
House rules.
You just didn't like
that place, did you?
Neither did I.
Here you go.
One more bite.
There you go, Dad.
All right!
We're going
to be okay, huh.

Here you go, Pop.
That's better.
All right, Dad.
Hang on a second here
and I'll have you
all settled in.
Let me grab these
and I'll be right back.
Why are we here, Ed?
Why aren't we
at the farm?
What?
You know they'll be
mad at us if we stay,
you know that.
Where's the owner
of the house?
This is your house, Dad.
What are you talking about?
Mandy is out of
the pasture again, Ed.
I'm worried about her.
Well, don't worry, Dad.
I'm, I'm sure she's okay.
You think so?
I do.
Hand me that 18 wrench there,
by the chicken wire.
That ought to hold it now.
Look.
A good night's sleep is
what we need here, Dad.
Isn't that's what you
always used to say
when we had a problem?
"Let's sleep on it. "
Well, we got ourselves
a problem here, Dad.
Let's sleep on it.
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Dad, where are you?
Dad?

Dad?

Dad?

Dad?

What the hell
are you doing?

Oh, Dad, here,
let me help you.

All right, all right.

It's okay.

Come here, Pop,
come here.

No.

Ouch!

Ow!

Dad,

I'm gonna lift the bed.

Crawl out.

Come on, Dad, crawl out.

Dad, come on.

Okay, now.

I've got you.

Shh.

Come on.

Shh.

I got you, Dad.

It's all right. It's okay.

Shh.

I got you, I got you.

I got you.

Mr. Tremont?

I understand you
put your father back
in the hospital.

I'm very sorry.

Yeah.

I thought it might
be difficult for you
to care for him
at home.

It's really not the place
for him right now.

Well, he can't be at home
and he can't be here, right?

Maybe he can just hover

overhead in a helicopter.
It's very hard, I realize
for children
to understand
that their parents
have gotten old.
To know what
that really means.
I know what that means,
to be old. It means
most people would
rather you were dead.
Mr. Tremont, you have to understand
that doctors are only human, too.
We can't solve
every problem.
We can't save every patient.
We work in a system where
old people tend to sometimes
fall through the cracks.
What is it you want?
Why are you here?
There's another doctor
here at the hospital.
I think he might be
better than Dr. Santana.
What?
I'll deny ever
having said that.
He's a fine man.
I'd like to see
if I can get him
to take a look
at your father.
Mr. Tremont?
Mr. Tremont?
How are you,
Mr. Tremont?
Let's get a few
more studies.
Please order an EEG and let's look
for any metabolic abnormalities.
Order calcium-magnesium
and liver function tests.

I'm not sure exactly
what caused it,
but right now,
I'm inclined to go along
with the diagnosis
of a seizure.
The question is,
what caused it?
And why is he
still comatose?
If you want to have
another consultation on this,
please do so.
No, that won't
be necessary.
Well, having said that
don't get the impression
that we're going to
sit by and do nothing.
We won't.
We've just done a series
of tests and we'll do more.
It's just that right now,
we're really shooting in the dark.
We really appreciate
your honesty, Doctor.
It's strange.
You know, the LP we did
showed up an elevated
protein in the spinal fluid,
but the CAT scan showed
no evidence of
a stroke or tumor.
Those tests should
have been done
a long time ago,
shouldn't they?
We'll keep him in ICU,
that way he'll be
monitored at all times.
And I'll check in and
see him twice a day.
I'm going to move in here
with him, then, if it's okay.

I'm afraid, that's entirely
against hospital regulations.
Well, if it makes you
feel more comfortable,
I think it's a good idea.
How long do you think
you can keep this up?
I don't know.
I'm just goin'
one day at a time.
I sit.
I talk to him.
I talk to myself.
I talk to people passing by.
I have this idea
if I'm sitting there
and I'm talking,
he won't die.
What are you going
to do when he does?
Annie, I don't...
You're the only one who
hasn't accepted it, John.
Why can't you let him go?
I can't explain it.
Maybe I want to be
there to mark the end.
I don't know.
To prove he was here.
To prove I was his son.
What more could you
possibly have done?
Annie, that man got up
every day of his life
and went to
a job he didn't like.
We didn't ask him to.
He just did it because
he was the father
and that was
the deal he made.
He didn't ask himself if he
was satisfied or happy.
He didn't even know

he had the right.
Somehow part of
that deal was that
we'd care for him
and watch over him
when he got older.
I screwed that up.
John.
I got embarrassed by him,
by the way Mom
dominated him.
By the way he got old.
Embarrassed that I had
a marriage that failed,
a job that didn't
make sense,
a son I'd barely recognize
if I passed him
on the street.
Maybe this is more
for me than for him,
but I'm gonna be
there when he dies.
And I'm gonna kiss him,
and I'm going to cover him,
and I'm gonna
mark the moment.
I owe him that.
When did you
get back in town?
I never left.
I'm staying with some friends.
I didn't want to
leave Grandpa.
You've been coming
here every day?
Whenever you leave,
one of the nurses calls me.
I usually stay
a half-an-hour or so.
I guess I dozed off.
Sorry.
Where am I, Johnny?
You're in a hospital, Dad.

I think I could have
guessed that one.
Why are you here?
Was there an earthquake
or a car crash or something?
He speaks?
Yes, he does.
It's something he
learned as a child.
Go, uh, go page
Dr. Chad right away.
Please, please.
Why was she
looking at me funny?
Uh, she's-she's part
of the hospital, Dad.
She's, uh, a nurse.
She's, uh... As a matter of
fact, these are all nurses.
This is Molly, this is J.J.,
uh, this is Annie.
This is my dad.
Well, Mr. Tremont.
What can we do to
make you comfortable?
Well, to start with, you could
take out these pipes and wires.
Then maybe I could
have something to eat.
I feel like you've
been starving me here.
Okay, but we'll have to
start you off very slowly.
Don't forget you really
haven't eaten anything
in quite a long time.
Maybe that was what
was wrong with me.
Have you thought of that?
All the tests are positive,
the vital signs stable.
This is the profile
of a healthy man.
What happened?

What's goin' on?
I've seen people recover
from comas before.
Very often we
never find out why.
I have some theories
in this case.
Nothing that I'd
want to see published.
Like what?
It is entirely possible
that he was so fearful
of the cancer
that his brain froze up,
stopped producing
a vital chemical
or enzyme that he needed.
Somehow with that last
variation of the IV mixture
we got lucky and he
replaced that enzyme.
I see.
You know,
if we were back home,
we'd say that it was
not that at all.
But rather,
it was your love and caring
that called your father back
from where he'd gone.
I think that I like
that one better.
Me, too.
Here they are.
What's goin' on, Dad?
What are you looking for?
Your mother and I
are starting a new
life together, Johnny.
We need some new clothes.
Hey, nice day.
How you doing?
I don't know, Dad.
What do you suppose

Mom will say about all this?
She'll probably laugh and call
me crazy, but she'll laugh.
We haven't had enough
laughter in our house
for the past 10 years.
What do you think of that?
Thank you.
Thank you, thank you.
Ladies, ladies,
the show is about to begin.
No matter how
stimulated you become
during the performance,
please remain in your
seats at all times.
The house is proud to present
the star of our show,
the late sick man and
almost corpus delicti,
back from a successful
tour of the Caribbean,
Gorgeous Jake.
Give him a big hand.
Come on, give
him a big hand.
Here we go.
Also his faithful companion, Billy!
Ladies and gentlemen, Billy!
What is this?
What's it for?
This is my outfit for
bicycling in Venice
down on the beach.
And maybe roller skating.
And this? This is my
baseball-watching outfit.
See?
I think I'll wear it mostly
only in the house.
Actually, I'm going to go
see a few of the games,
but not in my outfit.
That's good to hear, Jake.

Wait.

There's more.

Let me see that again.

Oh, I'll piss my pants!

Tell them to stop.

I'm dying!

I never heard of anybody
dying from laughing, Bette.

But wouldn't that be nice?

I tell you, Johnny,

he's not the same.

Maybe his hormones got
mixed up with someone else's.

You know what goes
on in these hospitals.

Nobody would believe
he's a 78-year-old man

who almost died
a few weeks ago.

You've got to talk with
somebody, I'm serious.

Mom,

he's just having fun.

Not bad.

I shot a 94.

It's a one-hole course,
but still...

It's a wonderful day.

How about I take us for
a drive after breakfast?

Ah, it's a good idea.

Maybe Mom will
come along with us.

I'm not going to
drive with him.

He drove too fast before.

I hate to think what
he'd be like now.

Don't you worry your
pretty little head, Bette.

With old Jake Tremont
behind that wheel,

you're as safe as if you
were in your own bed.

And it's almost as much fun.
What on Earth are
you looking for?
Nothing. I want to see
if I can still do a pushup.
I'll call these
"old man pushups. "
What about it, Bette?
You want to hit the beach?
I'll go, but only
in a taxicab.
I don't want to
go in a cab.
We'd probably wind
up in Santa Monica.
That town is an outside
old people's home.
On every corner,
a doctor's office or a bank.
I'd like to drive to Venice.
Maybe to the pier.
Get in a little fishin'.
Oh, I used to like fishin'.
Where's all my fishing gear?
I think I put it away
in the garage.
About 35 years ago.
I'll get it.
Well, whatever's
going on with Dad,
I think it's pretty terrific.
Oh, come on.
It's going to be okay.
Johnny, I'm scared.
He's talking about
people I don't even know,
or people
I'm sure are dead.
He says we live on a farm
in Cape May, New Jersey
and he wants us
all to go back there
because it's harvest time.
What?

Dad.
She told you, huh.
Yeah.
What's goin' on?
Take me for a ride.
John, I need to talk.
Johnny...
what chance is there
that Mother and
I have four kids
and we live on a farm in
Cape May, New Jersey?
I don't think there's
much chance, Dad.
No chance that I have
a little fa-farm there?
Right next to
Bill Sullivan and Ira Taylor
across from my brother
Ed and Gene Michaels?
I don't have
four kids there?
You and Annie and
Hank and little Lizbeth?
As far as I know, Dad,
you've been living here
in LA about 25 years.
Held a regular job at
Lockheed till you retired.
Before that,
we lived in Plainfield
and you worked
for Lockheed there.
I know you must be right.
I mean, how can you be
in two places at once?
I've got to tell you,
my life there is as real
to me as we are here,
just sitting and
looking at the ocean.
Stop me if this
gets too technical
or too fantastic.

Your father is what
Laing would call
a successful schizophrenic.
Over the years,
he hasn't been getting
enough pleasure
out of his daily life,
so he's isolated
his greatest joys
into a dream.
He's created
a personal experience
more to his liking.
An alternate coping system.
How long has
this been going on?
Hard to say yet.
At least 20 years,
maybe more.
Incredible.
You realize, it takes
an extremely intelligent,
strong-willed,
and imaginative individual
to do this successfully.
Where is my mother
in all this?
Is she just shut out?
No, she's there.
She's younger. You all are.
You're frozen in time.
She's very supportive,
very sweet.
I take it that's not
always the case here
in this world?
She has her moments.
The problem is
your father's participation
in this world
is totally tied up with
your mother's approval.
Since his recovery,
he's been a happy person.

The walls dividing his two
worlds have broken down.
And he's bringing
into his everyday life
the joy In living
he's kept separate
all these years.
If your mother doesn't
go along with him here,
he'll just fade away again.
Hello, all you
beautiful people.
Oh, it's a wonderful day.
Let's go to the beach.
Maybe I can do some jogging
on the bike path.
What will people think
if they see you like this?
Who cares?
We got to get
over the feeling
that we're old fogies.
And also stop worrying
at what people think.
You sure as hell
don't see any of
the young people
asking us what to wear.
I'll go with you, Dad.
Good boy, good boy.
Don't worry about me.
I'll run over to Newark,
pick up some things
for the farm.
Hey, Ma, Ma, I told you
what the doctor said.
It's very important that
you support him right now.
Making that kind of remark
won't help anything.
The man is living in
another time zone.
I think it should be pointed
out to him. That's all.

I've explained,
this is just a dream.
A very well-defined
and lovely dream world.
Dad's learning how to
separate the two right now.
He's trying.
I don't care what you say.
It's not normal.
Something has
happened to him.
This man is not your father.
I think this is the
real Jake Tremont.
He's just been
hiding for 50 years.
Hello.
I'm Jake Tremont,
this is Bette Tremont.
We're your neighbors
across the street.
Of course.
Can I help you
with something?
No. No, no, no, just wanted
to introduce ourselves
and say howdy.
Well.
This is Christopher.
What do you say there,
young guy?
Say hi to Mr.
and Mrs. Tremont, Chris.
Hi.
Hi.
We're home all the time
if you ever need
anyone to baby-sit.
Oh, how nice.
Thank you.
No, no, no,
that's a lying dog.
That one. That's a good
example of a lying dog.

That's-that's Speedy.
Yes.
Yeah, he's, he is fast.
Look at that.
Look at him race.
Let's...
Maybe if we put...
Well, hi there.
We're Jake and Bette Tremont
from up the street.
Wanted to say hello.
Brought you
a little cake.
Come on in.
Oh, thank you.
Go ahead, Bette.
Good morning, Mother.
Where's Dad?
I don't know.
Probably out pole-vaulting.
Did you hear any
strange noises last night?
No.
Why, did you?
I thought
I heard something.
Must've been the wind.
Close the door
They're comin'
in the window
So how's it going
with Dad?
The doctor thinks he's
making a lot of progress.
He keeps coming
into my bed at night.
He won't leave me alone.
Your father's always been
a highly sexed man,
but since he came back
from New Jersey, it's insane.
When we first got married
and I told my friend Fanny
Hogan the things we were doing,

she told me to leave him
and notify the police.
I told the priest
in confession,
he said he'd pray for me.
Fat lot of good that did.
You know, when your
father gets excited,
police, priests, prayers,
nothing is gonna stop him.
Oh, grow up.
I'm a little teapot
Short and stout
Here is my handle
Here is my spout
When I get
all steamed up
Hear me shout
"Tip me over
and pour me out!"
Oh, bingo.
There.
You know,
I just realized something.
We don't speak Japanese.
You just realized that.
We should have
one night a week
where we try to learn
about a new country.
We should eat food
only from that country
and speak that
country's language.
We should do that.
No, we shouldn't.
"Where is the train station?"
"Where is the train station?"
What are you doing?
I'm trying to find
the train station.
I think this is good.
This is working.
I'm beginning to

feel very Japanese.

Oh, uh, yeah, Annie,
give us some facts, please.

Costumes, right?

"The Japanese

costume for women

"is hardly different

from that of the men.

"In many districts, the

peasant women wear trousers

"and raincoats like

their husbands.

"This, coupled with the

absence of beard in the men,

"often makes it difficult

for a newcomer

to distinguish

between the sexes. "

I don't know about

you guys,

but I'm very nervous

about a country

where you can't distinguish

between the sexes.

Mario.

I'm serious.

That happened to

me in a bar once.

John, John, you tell us

about, uh, agriculture.

All right.

"In this land of mountains,

barely 12% of the entire

surface can be cultivated. "

Pass the rice, please.

Only if you ask in Japanese.

"Pass the rice, please. "

You're welcome.

Come on, Mom.

Get in the spirit.

No.

No.

No.

Billy, you-you go ahead.

Traditional Japanese sports.
What do you have for us?
"The sumo wrestler must reach
the weight of 300 pounds
"before he is allowed to don
the traditional sumo
diaper and compete. "
That's a great idea.
Get them as fat as you can,
then put a diaper on them.
John, you don't find
those guys attractive?
Mario, I'm starting to
worry about you.
Honey, would you
pass me the...
W, w, wait a minute.
Pass, pass...
What do you want?
The rice? Here.
What about the fish?
You want that, too?
Here.
What about the soy sauce?
And some tofu?
No, I can't take this, Jake.
I don't want this.
I don't want to
know Japanese.
And I don't want to know
the neighbors' children.
Mom, would you just...
Stop.
I've had it.
I've tried so hard
to make it work,
and you know that I have.
But since he came
out of hospital,
it's been like a loony
bin around here.
Costumes and jogging
and sex at all hours.
And a make-believe

farm in New Jersey!
I'm telling you this man should
not be let loose in the street.
Dad is perfectly fine.
He's just trying
to enjoy himself!
I didn't live my life
to end up like this!
With a crazy person as a
companion in my old age!
You know
better than that.
The doctor said
Dad is not crazy!
As a matter of fact,
he's very impressed
he didn't go insane
just hanging around
you for 30 years!
Oh, don't.
Please don't.
Don't say those things
to your mother.
Please.
We're family.
That's all that counts.
Let's love each
other and forget.
And please don't fight.
That kills me
when I hear you
talking that way.
Why?
Why are you doing this?
You're just gonna shove
him back down again.
That can't be
what you want.
I want my husband back.
He wants his life back.
He's loved you
for 50 years.
Can't you let him
have what's left?

I'm scared, Jake.
I don't know who
you are anymore.
I don't recognize you.
I know.
You look at me
or people look at me
and they see this old man.
But inside, honest to God,
Bette, I feel 19.
And act it, too, I guess.
This other life, Jake,
it hurts.
Was it so terrible
here with me?
We just got off
the track a little.
A lot.
You're asking me
to turn my back
on our whole life together?
Oh, no.
I'm asking you to
remember the life
that we wanted to have.
God, Bette.
You took it all on by yourself,
didn't you?
And I let you.
You were so good.
I'm asking you to let go a little.
Open up.
Not just to me,
but to the world.
We used to have such
good times, remember?
We used to dance together
all slow.
You were such
a wonderful dancer.
And I want to dance with
you again before I die.
Don't talk about dying.
That's okay.

We're all going to die.
Dying is not a sin.
Not living is.
Good morning, Mother.
Good morning.
Nice outfit.
Your father likes it.
Mr. Tremont?
I have some news.
It's not good.
What is it?
Well, of course it's not
the same in all cases,
but it seems, uh...
It's okay, good doctor,
you can tell me the truth.
Cancer's back.
It's spread.
It's in the lymph system.
How long?
It's difficult to say.
Different patients
respond differently.
Dr. Chad?
I don't know.
Hey, Dad, what are
you doing up so late?
Waiting for you.
Why?
You realize your mother
and I separated
before you were old
enough to stay out late?
I think I feel
deprived of my divine right
as a father to worry.
Do you want me go out
and come back in again?
No, I want you to sit
down and talk to me.
What would you
like to talk about?
I'm trying to think of
something I can tell you.

Some fatherly advice you
can take back with you.
Some insight.
I can't think of anything.
I think it's me.
I think it's...
I think it's tough for guys
my age to reach out.
You know, every time
we see each other,
it's always on the fly.
You're going or I'm coming,
or we're at
somebody's wedding.
We're always talking over
suitcases and backpacks
or holding little
sandwiches in our hand.
I don't know a lot
about you.
Well, um,
let's see, I'm 5' 11",
I like sports,
I'm into bikes...
Don't do that.
Don't, don't make a joke.
You know, we always do that.
We come close
to, to saying something real
and then one of us
makes a joke.
Talk to me.
Tell me about Mexico.
I like it there.
It's not like school.
There's no pressure.
Uh, the people are
real and thoughtful.
Um...
the days have kind of
a nice rhythm to 'em.
You have a lot
of friends there?
Yeah, there's

about five of us.
You know,
we live as a group.
We take turns workin'.
We share everything
we make.
We share the cleaning,
the housework.
It's a real family.
The other guys
from your school, too?
Well, two of the
guys are girls.
The world has changed, Billy.
You can't believe
the way the world
has changed.
Why was making money
always more important to you
than me or Mom?
Oh.
You said you
wanted to talk.
All right.
Because, uh, that's what
I thought a man was.
What I thought a father was.
Some guy who wore a suit
and made a lot of money.
All right, that's too easy.
Because I liked
the power of it.
I liked being the guy
who got the job done,
the guy who
everybody comes to.
And something had to give
and it was my family.
Well, I would never do that.
I would never run
away from my family.
Leaving was the toughest
thing I ever did.
It didn't seem like it.

Well, that's because
we tried to make it
look normal.
That's what all the
books said to do.
The "normal" divorce.
But there was pain.
A lot.
There still is.
I've missed you, Billy.
And you may not need me
or even want me around.
But I'd like to stay
in your life.
I'm your father.
I guess there is some
advice I'd like to give you.
To give to a guy
who's about to
take on the world.
What is it?
Be forgiving.
Hi.
How's he doing?
Okay.
He slept a little.
You've been
here all afternoon?
He does better
when I'm here.
Come on, let's go down
and get something to eat.
The doctor
will be here soon.
I don't want to miss him.
Go ahead.
I'll come get you.
Come on.
Where's Mother?
She went down with Billy
to get something to eat.
Oh, good.
How you feelin'?
Perfect.

Yeah, I can tell.
You know what I've
been thinking about?
What?
1947 World Series.
What?
Isn't that crazy?
I know, I mean,
at a time like this,
I should be having
very deep thoughts.
I'm trying,
but all that keeps going
through my mind is
old ball games
and old TV themes.
Bonanza.
Oh, this is great, Dad.
What about the
'47 World Series?
How's that fit in?
It produced one of
the great moments
in baseball history.
They were between
the Yankee centerfielder
Joe DiMaggio,
the Prince of Players,
the Star of Stars,
and the Dodger left-fielder,
Al Gionfriddo,
a second-stringer.
He only played that day because
the regular left-fielder,
Carl Furillo, got hurt.
Do you know this story?
Tell it to me.
Well, in the sixth game,
bottom of the sixth inning,
it was 8-5, Dodgers.
Two on, two out.
Up steps DiMaggio.
Hit a smash,
deep left field,

had home run
written all over it.
Everyone in
the stands knew it.
I knew it. DiMaggio knew it.
It was perfect.
But here comes this
little Gionfriddo guy.
He's racing
after the ball.
And he doesn't realize it
was hit by Joe DiMaggio.
At the last possible moment,
he jumps.
Reaches over the rail,
robs DiMaggio of a
three-run homer. Hmm.
It was an incredible catch.
It'll live forever.
But...
then comes the
really amazing thing.
DiMaggio was just
approaching second base
when he sees Gionfriddo
make this catch.
He got so upset,
he kicked the dirt.
How do you like that?
This man who never
showed any emotion,
he was human after all.
And it took Al Gionfriddo
to bring it out.
You know what
that means to me?
What?
In America,
anything is possible
if you show up for work.
Sometimes I wish
I'd held you more
when you were a kid.
I wish I kissed you more.

You did fine, Dad,
just fine.
Do you know how
much I love you?
Yeah.
A lot has happened,
Johnny.
Some good, some bad.
But when I look at you,
I know,
I must have done
something right.
Honey, I'm gonna
put these in the car.
Okay.
Did you talk to Mom?
Yeah. Mom will stay
here for now.
At least till the middle
of next month.
And then we'll see.
All right.
I think she'll be okay.
How you holding up?
I miss him.
Yeah, me too.
Go ahead,
I'll catch up with you.
I need a minute.
Go ahead.
Um...
Grandpa...
we just wanted
to take some time
to say good-bye our way.
I, I guess it's your way.
Um...
and this seemed like
the right place to do it.
Because there's so much
of you in here.
So much that's
alive and growing.
Which is still

how I think of you.

It's going to be funny.

Yeah.

Grandpa, I love you
and I miss you already.

Dad and I are here
and we're together.

This is good.

This is a good idea.

I feel better.

Me, too.