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Dream Lover

By Nicholas Kazan

Hey, Ray. How's the wife?

Well, it...

How's the family?

The first case I see here
is Reardon vs. Reardon.

Will counsel please stand?

- We're petitioning. your honor.

- And for the respondent?

Mr. Reardon. I ask you again.

where is your counsel?

I fired him.

I no longer contest
any aspect of this divorce.

Mr. Reardon, this court was
prepared to render a judgment -

- quite favorable to your interests.

It was a mistake, your honor.

She can have whatever she wants.

- We were impossible.

We were like oil and water.

- I still love you.

- Me too.

That's what made it
so hard to leave.

- Till you hit me.

- I slapped you.

- I pushed your face -

- with your hand.

- Well, betrayal is not my best thing.

- Yeah, well, I know.

I'm not the only guy who gets upset
when he finds his wife sleeping...

I wasn't strong enough
to break away without it.

- He's a jerk.

- Of course he was a jerk.

It's not easy to find
someone like you.

Try harder.

Oh God. I'm already jealous.

I know you're going to find
the right person.

And when you do, she's gonna be
the luckiest woman alive.

- To a free man.
- Fresh meat on the market.
- Thank you.
- May you never sleep alone.

Thank you.

I told you not to marry her.

You two had absolutely
nothing in common.

Forget "in common" okay?

She wasn't his type.

Ray always went for brunettes.

You're telling me.

- You're Larry's wife.

- Picky, picky.

Plus, you're a lawyer.

That's right.

Ray likes artsy types.

He likes them thin
and dark and artistic.

Right. So are we talking
sex here or marriage or...

- What about love?

- Love?

But in the long term.

You're interested in a family, right?

I want everything-

The kids, the dog, the Volvo.

Whoa, slow down

on the family, sport.

First you get laid.

Then you get laid.

Exactly. There are many
many women out there.

- Lots of skinny women, even.

- Anorexics.

Yes. Dark angelic anorexics.

They're 33 years old.

Their biological clocks
are tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Come now! I'm ovulating!

I'm fertile today! Just today!

It kills me to say it.

but I'm going to agree

with Norman on this.

You are attractive, you are straight.

You are not overtly psychotic.

Oh, thank you.

Listen.

You just take your time.

And don't you be a slave

to your glandular reactions.

By the way, have I ever mentioned

that my family crest -

- is actually a big gland?

I rest my case.

I am down on my knees.

I am begging you.

All right.

This is humiliating.

Are you deaf?

I'm guaranteeing you

100% return in six months.

You're my friend, Norman.

Sure. That's why I'm

bringing you the deal.

I'm going to loan money once.

I'll do it again -

- sooner or later

I'm gonna lose a friend.

Great. Swell.

So... I'm floating facedown.

All right. Look.

I wanted to emphasize

the positive here.

The money's not just...

It would keep me alive

another 72 hours, okay?

would your friendship

allow you to do that?

I love this.

- How much?

- For the investment?

To save your life.

well, say 20 grand.

- I'll give you half.

- You'll save half my life?

This isn't good. Between friends -

Forget the whole thing.

No, I need the bucks.
It's just that I know you can afford more. And I'm wondering...
This isn't my job to rescue you from yourself, all right?
- You're going to regret this.
- What?
A year or two.
Fortunes could change.
You could come to me wanting something.
See what happened here?
It's the same with girls.
A little friendly advice.
Remember the girls I set you up with?
- Those women were...
- I'll do better.
The point is they told me what you give off -
You're lonely.
It's understandable.
But it comes off needy.
Just like I was here.
And it's bad technique.
- They said I was needy?
- Desperate.
So they're throwing me a party next week, okay?
- 34 years old and still an asshole.
- They said I was needy?
Forget that. I'm trying to tell you something.
I invited a girl - brunette. Midwest.
So forth - perfect for you.
No, please.
Tits? Did someone say tits?
Like pears.
And not the hard green ones, either.
The juicy Comice you get in the box from Oregon - Harry & David.
Norman, I'm coming to your party as your friend, all right?

But please promise me you won't
introduce me to any more women.
Exactly my point.
If you'd let me finish...
- Believe me. I can find her myself.
- Who says no?
A safe doesn't have to fall on me.
We still friends?
Can I go back to work now?
And thanks for the 20 G's.
Ten. Ten!
After completing the novel.
I went back to my work
on the particle accelerator.
What is that. Lycra?
Norman is the only person I know -
- who can turn his birthday
into a scam.
He's not paying for food, drinks.
He's providing the idiots who might
buy the work of this artist.
- Is that the artist. The cowboy?
- Of course that's him.
Guns and buns.
It's not that bad.
I guarantee you. If there are any
sales tonight - Norman's friends -
I bet he's gonna get a piece of it.
Speaking of which. Did he
come to you about this crazy -
The jackpot idea. 100 grand?
- Yeah.
- Yes. sir.
- He got the money.
- What?!

He must have. 'cause one day
he was hawkin' me.
I'm a harder sell
than you are, right?
I got two kids, private school.
Elaine's starting her own law firm.
- Penguin joke.
- So the guy says...
Again?

"Hey! where you going?"

- Are you Ray?

- Hey, did I...

I'm Cheryl. Norman's friend.

Right. That's right.

Good to see you.

Norman told me.

I know. I know.

According to him

we're practically engaged.

- We are?

- Yeah.

I just love

a sense of humor in a man.

You know. I think laughter

is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Don't you agree?

In the right

circumstances, yes.

You know, it's strange.

I feel something.

- Do you feel something?

- I usually feel something.

No, not like that. I mean...

When two people fix you up -

"You two will be perfect

for each other".

Blah, blah. Splat, splat.

I mean, usually

it's just awful, right?

Right.

But just somehow.

Just this moment

we're having right now...

- This moment?

- Yeah.

Look. I don't want

to be forward -

- but would you, you know...

Like to go someplace else?

Yes, actually. I...

- would you excuse me?

- What?

I don't want to be rude, but there's

something that I must tell Norman.
So, you... all right?
Shit. Will you look
where you're going?
- This is wine. You've ruined it.
- Sorry.
Get your hands off me!
It's bad enough you ruined my dress!
I was just
turning away from...
- You don't like me.
- No. No, no, no.
What did he do to you?
He is just unbelievably rude!
You're not kidding.
I was trying to say
it was an accident.
- I was turning away...
- Save it!
Apologize first
and foremost to your girlfriend.
- and leave me alone.
- She's...
Oh, God.
Look, please. I'm sure
you're a wonderful person.
Hey, sport.
How do you like my party?
If you ever set me up
with another woman, I'm gonna kill you.
Sure. Why didn't you
say something before?
- Happy birthday.
- Thank you.
Oh, God. I'm embarrassed.
Last week, the wine.
Bitch of the western world.
Oh, right.
I'm sorry.
I have to apologize.
No, no, no.
No. I'm the one who spilled...
No. I'm a klutz.
Things like that

are always happening to me.
It embarrasses me.
And I took it out on you.
Plus, I'd just bought that dress.
I was trying to impress this guy.
Did it work?
Yeah. He was impressed
with what a bitch I am.
I'm... I'm really sorry
I ruined your evening.
If you want me to pay -
No. You did me a favor.
I might have gone for that guy.
I don't need that right now.
Besides, you changed my life.
I switched from French wine
to French water.
So. Anyway, sorry.
Thanks and... bye.
I'm Ray.
Lena.
Hi, Lena.
- Hi.
- Hi.
I know, I know.
It's junk.
I'm poisoning my body.
But I got the water.
Anyway. I believe in body wisdom.
If your body craves something
that's what it needs.
So what have you got here?
Lonely guy specials?
They have a very good
selection here.
I think the manager's
a bachelor.
You don't have a girlfriend?
The girl at the art gallery,
the one you made cry?
No, no, no...
No. She was trying
to rape me.
- Was this on special?

- I don't know.

How did you come to that party?

Are you a friend of Norman's?

A girlfriend of mine

knows the artist.

- Wild Bill Hickok?

- Yeah, he was kind of...

- You want to get a cup of coffee?

- \$23.17.

Or a glass of French water?

- Actually. I haven't eaten yet, so...

- Me, either.

So I'm V.P. sales.

I'm moving up.

Then the CEO decides he likes me.

I say no, but he's used to

getting what he wants.

I have to threaten to call his wife.

So, of course, he fires me.

He spreads the word.

It's a small community.

I couldn't get hired

anywhere in New York.

You should have gone to court

and filed some...

Sure. If, as he put it,

I wanted to hear -

- every guy in the company
testify that they'd had me.

I moved out here instead.

- What a terrible...

- Yeah.

- I've never done this before.

- Had supper?

Pick somebody up

in a supermarket.

You didn't pick me up.

We bumped into each other.

Still, you know what I mean.

Usually you meet somebody...

You work together.

Or a friend introduces...

Not just a complete... stranger.

Getting to know someone

is like peeling an onion.
- It makes you cry?
- No.
Layers and... more layers.
Well...
I think we should go.
I do business in Japan.
So where'd you learn
to speak it?
I studied it at Swarthmore.
I've forgotten most of it.
But I love the concept of Japanese.
Symbols, not letters.
This is it.
Where I live.
This was great.
Yeah. Thanks for dinner.
You think I could come up?
I mean, just for five minutes?
It wouldn't take five minutes.
The law doesn't matter.
This is politics.
Now, if we take him to court.
We'll win.
But because he has a vote
on the planning commission.
Right now he's
a better architect than you.
That's the law.
- Excuse me, sir?
- Not now. Sally.
Norman's on line two.
Sorry, Hal.
Well?
It's Wednesday. I got my
Wednesday afternoon golf game -
- and I'm out here
trying to track down some chick.
Nobody knows her, nobody.
Forget her.
Okay. Thanks for trying.
Thank you. Good night.
See you soon, sweetheart.
- Yeah. What do you want?

- I'm sorry.
- Hello
- Hi.
Lena. Hi.
- Hello?
- Yeah?
Hi. this is Ray...
Reardon from last night.
- Do...
- I remember.
I don't have
your phone number.
I don't know your last name.
So there was no way
for me to get in touch.
Do you wanna go out... come out?
Now or later or...
...meet someplace
or something?
Or do you have
a phone number?
- Hello?
- Come on in.
I'll be right out.
I was just taking a shower.
- Hi.
- Hi.
I have these same columns
in my office.
- I hope I'm not intruding.
- I don't mind.
I was waiting outside
when I saw you come in.
Why didn't you say hello?
- Well...
- It's strange, don't you think -
- Watching me
and not saying anything?
I know. I just...
- You were with that guy, so...
- Tony.
Yeah, and you kissed him
downstairs. And I just...
And you thought...

Well, maybe that
you lived with him.
And he went
to buy eggs or...
Tony's a friend.
He's gay.
- Not that it's your business.
- No.
Well...
Something's changed
from last night.
Yes it has.
Why? What's the problem?
I like you.
That's the problem.
I really like you.
That's not a problem.
I haven't seen them.
I haven't talked to them. They're...
Are you sure
you want to hear this?
Yes.
My mother used to hit me a lot.
Big things, little things.
No reason at all.
Nothing put her
in a good mood like...
My father watched.
I realized
they never wanted me.
I left as soon as I could.
Never even sent them
a postcard.
- You're so beautiful.
- Don't say that.
- Why?
- Just don't.
Look, just 'cause
I'm halfway pretty.
Guys look in my eyes
and think they know me -
- like I'm their fantasy.
I'm just a regular
screwed-up person.

So when you say I'm beautiful,
it's like you're not seeing me at all.

- Yes. I am.

- No.

"Only God, my dear.

can love you for yourself alone -

- and not your yellow hair."

Yeats.

No boundaries.

Very dangerous.

I thought that's the way it was
supposed to be in the storybooks.

Storybooks are stories in books.

This is real life.

KYLZ.

It's 7.55 on a beautiful

Monday morning.

Oh, Christ.

I've got to go to work.

Oh, no, you don't.

You're the boss, right?

Call in well.

Take a day off.

That simple?

That simple.

I thought we might

take a shower.

- Yeah?

- A nice, long one.

Yeah.

We could make love

for an hour or so.

So we can just

keep on doing this.

For how long?

I'm so happy for him.

I mean it.

Ray, buddy, I have to tell you.

That is a beautiful piece of ass.

The most gorgeous creature

I've ever seen, and she chose me.

Does she have any sisters,

friends, fourth cousin, anything?

She burned her bridges

when she left New York.
Her only friends are...
just over there.
They're already
so happy together.
By the way. I think our friend
Larry's jealous of you -
- because you're
basically disgusting.
- You have it all.
- I do.
- I haven't danced so much since-
- She's strong.
Did you see her
twirling me around out there?
I'm sorry.
- It's nothing.
- Look at that bruise.
You and Ray like the rough stuff?
Why didn't you tell me?
I've got some equipment
I can lend you.
- No, no, no. I'm a klutz.
- Don't.
Jesus, look.
My parents dancing together.
Baby, let's never end up
like that, okay?
Congratulations!
- Jesus Christ.
- It's over.
Over?
It's just beginning.
You're not kidding.
Hey, Ray.
I hear you got married.
That's beautiful. That's gorgeous.
Who is she?
- Well, her name is -
- That's swell.
The girl of your dreams, huh?
- Did you get her here?
- Here?
At our booth.

Our most popular exhibit.
Well, maybe I should...
What? Are you crazy?
What, are you nuts?
You don't want to find out
you got the wrong one.
Let's go to the fun house.
She looks just like you.
Two years.
I love you.
I never thought...
...it would be possible for me
to have such a normal life.
My uncle used to say -
- Sissy? Aren't you Sissy?
- Excuse me?
Piru, Texas.
I'm Cora's sister.
I'm Lena Mathers.
Now Lena Reardon.
Dayton, Ohio.
I'm sorry.
Your voice isn't quite...
Just for a minute,
I thought...
- I'm very sorry.
- That's okay.
That's so strange.
This woman Sissy something...
That's twice that's happened -
Once in New York.
And now here.
She looks exactly like me.
Maybe she's my double.
My doppelganger.
She's the one who's really alive.
- I'm just...
- You don't feel alive?
Of course I do.
Only doesn't life seem
sometimes like this...
...very strange dream?
I hope I don't wake up.
I'll let you know.

That's it.
Okay. I'll talk to you later, then.
All right. Bye.
Hi. Who was that?
Debby from my dance class.
Stuff in her marriage is insane.
Have I met Debby?
No, 'cause, well, she's great.
But her husband is...
It's an unusual combination.
He's a psychopath
and he's boring.
That is unusual.
So. How was your day?
- Any news on the Mura job?
- No.
It looks good.
What's up with you?
I'm sorry.
I just haven't felt very...
It's okay.
I hope it'll come back.
It will.
The doctor said it'll take time.
So how's it feel?
It's like it's become
a business or something.
- You know, a partnership.
- That's what marriage is.
- Well, I don't like it.
- You're not the only one.
Plus I get these weird...
jealousies. Suspicions.
Oh, yeah? Like what?
That's normal. too.
Usually it's just a way
of driving yourself crazy.
But not always?
No. No, not always.
What are you saying?
Elaine has...
Sometimes everything's a clue.
And what you think is paranoia -
- is actually

heightened awareness.

- That's too bad.

- Not at all.

What's sauce for the goose...

I'm sorry.

I don't know what happened.

- Mr. Mura's never late.

- Don't even think about it.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

It's just, we've spoken

on the phone so many times.

And I never had any idea

you were so attractive.

Thank you.

But personally, I prefer

brains to beauty, don't you?

No. Of course. Yes.

I didn't endure the four years

at Swarthmore in order to -

- You went to Swarthmore?

- Yes.

- So did my wife.

- Really?

- So. What year were you?

- Swarthmore? '83.

Well then. Did you know

Lena Mathers?

I don't think so. No.

But those years were crazy.

Between the frenzy

for grades and jobs and...

Then in the middle

of all of that,

the president of the college.

Sam Shaw.

Died of a heart attack

as he was speaking to us.

I hardly remember

my best friends.

Mr. Mura.

It's beautiful.

- We're going to Japan.

- We are?

You got the Mura job?

- That's great.

- It is great.

This building is going to be like
nothing else in the whole world.

I'm so proud of you.

By the way, what year
were you at Swarthmore?

'84. Why?

This woman who works
for Mura, Celine Rogers.

She was there at the same time.

- I don't remember her.

- No, she didn't remember you either.

Remember Sam Shaw?

- Who?

- Died of a heart attack.

He was a classmate.

God, he died of a heart attack?

It's scary, isn't it?

Someone my age.

Bad things can just
come out of nowhere.

Exactly.

Can I help you find something?

Is your real name Sissy?

- What?

- You heard me.

You mean am I really this other
woman who looks like me?

Like a sci-fi thing -

we've been switched or something.

Not like sci-fi, like real.

Like are you really her?

I don't know, Ray.

I never studied philosophy.

Questions like that
make my head hurt.

I forgot to have Sally
go to the bank.

I need some cash.

No problem.

Now, you tell Mr. Mura he can't keep
you long or I'll die of loneliness.

I will. Bye-bye.

Ray.

Kiss me.

I love you, Lena.

I love you.

I love you, too.

Bye.

We welcome you back to WTXE
right here in Piru, Texas -
- home of the sawed-off shotgun.

If you don't like our music,
leave town.

Hello. I'm the executor
of a very large estate.

I'm trying to find someone
who used to live here.

Do you recognize her?

First name or nickname
is Sissy.

Never seen her.

Thank you.

There you go.

- Out of state?

- Yeah.

Land speculation or what?

Think people are put on earth -
- for the sole purpose to
drive other people crazy?

My father

had my mom put away.

And he's the one
that made her lose her marbles.

Do you know her?

Sissy.

Hope she's nothin' to you.

She's my wife.

Figures.

- She run off and leave you?

- No.

Well, give it time.

Is that what she did to you?

She did things to me

I can't even pronounce.

Sorry.

I'll give her this, though -

She always had it in her mind
to marry somebody rich.
Gotta go to work.
What's her name?
- Her real name.
- You don't know.
Thelma Sneeder.
Does she still have family here?
Most folks
find this stuff out beforehand.
Go up that road there.
A right on Branch.
Left on Hickory.
It's the third house.
Tell her hi from Buddy,
you hear?
- Mrs. Sneeder?
- Yes.
Oh, my God. It's Ray!
Yes, ma'am.
- Is everything okay?
- Yes.
Come in.
Come in quickly.
Is it safe
for you to be here?
- Safe?
- With your job.
I'm sorry.
I'm misunder...
You don't have to pretend.
Sissy wrote us all about it.
- What do you want?
- Come see for yourself.
You got any
recent pictures of Tina?
I do, actually. Yes.
Well. I'll be.
Put her there, Ray.
It's good to finally meet you.
Could you go and get us
some coffee, hon?
Surprise!
Thank you.

I'm glad it's over.

Dad.

Come see the baby.

I'll get those.

- Y'all need any help out there?

- No. thanks.

I'm in the CIA?

I had to give them some reason
why they couldn't visit.

What about that story

of your mom beating you -

- and your father watching?

Not true.

But there's lots of different kinds
of abuse within a family.

Right, okay.

But if the things

that you tell me aren't true -

- then what is true, Lena?

Who are you?

I'm your wife.

Called her Sissy 'cause we wanted
to have another child - a boy.

Of course, we never did.

But Sissy was always

so, so beautiful -

- that it didn't really matter.

Still, when she wrote me

that she was -

Wrote us!

Of course.

That goes without saying.

Well, then say it.

She wrote us

she was changing her name.

Well, naturally, I was insulted.

We both were.

But it was kind of

a women's lib thing.

Women change their name

for a man when they get married.

So why not change it

for their own sakes?

But she'll always

be Sissy to us.
Your parents seem like
perfectly decent people.
Yep.
Why'd you hide them?
They're stuck...
in Texas, in poverty.
Can't you feel it, they were
this weight dragging me down.
If I'd have stayed there -
- I would've married that guy Buddy.
I would've had his kids.
Would have drunk beer
every night -
- till I got really fat,
ugly and bored.
So I invented myself.
I made up Lena Mathers
and I became her.
They say you replace every molecule
in your body every seven years.
I changed my name eight years ago.
No more Thelma Sneeder.
Aren't you gonna give me
credit for it?
Doesn't it at least seem brave that I became
this completely different person?
It makes me look at you
in a completely different way.
Me or you?
Isn't the real question
who are you?
Are you really Ray Reardon -
- or is that the name
your parents hung on you?
Oh, you've always been a good boy, you've
gone along with who Ray was supposed to be.
Done what
Ray was supposed to do.
But who are you?
Where are you really from?
What do you really want?
I'm tired.
And I want to go to bed.

I tried to tell you so many times,
lying here like this.

I'd say to myself.

"Now, Lena, tell him".

I wish you had.

I was afraid...

...if you knew the real me...

...I'd lose you.

- You be a good girl now.

- Have a safe trip.

- You make her feed you.

- She does.

- Goodbye.

- Bye-bye.

If you're not divorcing me, I'd like
to send them money every month.

- Sure.

- Then we're okay?

Look at me.

Tell me it's the truth.

You know it is.

No matter who you were
and no matter who you are.

No matter who you will be.

I'm going to love you.

From now on better than ever.

I love you.

Announcing landing
of Flight 250 from Piru, Texas.

Now better than ever.

You're late, Ray.

The show's already started.

Ray! Ray, my boy!

You're looking grand!

You like these, huh?

And this?

Tell me, Ray. Tell me true.

Am I the girl of your dreams?

Actually...

Of course not!

Look! Looky here.

Some guys look at the eyes.

Some guys look at the thighs.

I just look at the purse.

How about that?
You like it, Ray?
Sure, you do!
Recognize her yet?
And now, the moment
we've all been waiting for.
The moment which will determine
Ray Reardon's fate...
Here she is, folks!
And last but not least, it's...
Baby Bob! Yeah!
For those of you who
don't remember Bob Baby -
- from last year's cutie-pie contest.
Well, he wasn't born yet.
Okay. And now it's Tina.
Cute as ever. Yeah.
And... Lena. Cuter than ever.
That's right.
All right, come on now, that's it baby,
don't serve it, baby. Feel the burn.
Attagirl! Okay.
And... Pinhead Ray, that's right.
Pinhead Ray with the perfect life.
He's got the perfect wife.
The perfect family.
Why, he's got everything
a man could possibly want -
- except a Wednesday afternoon
golf game.
And, well, a cute young mistress.
But never mind that now.
He doesn't have time
for any of these things -
Stop it, Norman.
That's not funny.
Exactly my point. According to the
East German judge Lena, it's not funny.
So now we come
to our legal beagle Elaine -
- and her client Bernardo
from West Side Story and...
A post. That is a
great post, by the way.

And now
let's turn the camera on...
This guy, yes!
This is a stupid guy.
This is a guy
who can't make a living.
- This is... This is...
- A pain in the ass!
A pain in the ass!
Thank you, Ray, thank you.
This is a guy
who's going nowhere fast.
- This is... This is...
- A pain in the ass!
A pain in the ass again.
Thank you, Ray, yes.
Will somebody stop him?
A pain in the ass!
Stop me? I can't be stopped.
That's enough, Norman.
For Christ's sake!
No one has to tell me twice.
Hey, where's the beer?
So... how's everything?
- Since we talked this morning?
- Come on.
Now come on, I haven't seen Lena in a while.
She looks great.
You're right, she looks great.
Four months after giving birth.
She looks really great.
- Very great, and I'll be honest with you...
- Yes?
No, I won't, actually.
I changed my mind
and I will not be honest.
Because it's just that...
I think I saw somewhere.
Where, for them,
giving birth is like
having an affair.
It gives them a glow.
A glow, yes.
So she's alive again in a whole

new way, and that's beautiful.
A glow?
You, by the way, can kiss my ass.
And that'll make us both happy.
It's the strangest thing.
See for yourself.
- Well, Bernardo?
- It doesn't look like him to me.
I rest my case.
He doesn't look like
either of his parents.
I think he was switched
in the hospital.
I'm sorry.
Is that what happened?
Did some drunken nurse
switch you?
There you go.
Good night.
Good night.
Good night, sweetie.
I can't.
I told you I couldn't.
Of course I want to.
It's just...
You just have to be patient.
Yeah?
I absolutely guarantee it.
Yeah, okay.
Okay.
Bye.
Debby.
She wants me to go see
those male strippers.
That should be fun.
- Could you try her again. please?
- I just did, sir...
Keep trying her every
ten minutes until you reach her.
Yes, sir
but it's Wednesday.
I have that funeral tomorrow
so I'm leaving early.
Just keep trying, please,

until you go.

Yes, sir, of course.

Fuck it.

I love these late dinners
after the kids are asleep.

You have a bruise on your leg.

- Christ.

- Where did you get it?

My shrink says I should -

Why do I always

have to go through this?

I'm clumsy. I bruise easily.

And I don't want to talk about it
every time I bump into a chair.

Did you cook this?

No, it's takeout.

- Why didn't you cook?

- What?

Why didn't you cook?

Cause cooking gets boring.

Why didn't you cook?

I work all day.

What's wrong with you?

I hope you enjoy
these psychotic episodes.

- So you go to his place?

- Excuse me?

You fuck him at his place?

What are you talking about?

Open it up.

Did your secretary tell you

I called today?

At noon.

I was out on site.

I called back all afternoon.

I had this fantasy

of coming to your office -

- and screwing your brains out
on top of your desk.

I guess the fantasy

was misplaced.

When you weren't there,

I went to my shrink's -

- and then I went to Debby's.

If you don't believe me,
call Debby.

Want to call her?

Go ahead.

The machine.

And you didn't
leave a message.

You want to leave
a message? Here.

You're sick.

Get some help.

Ray.

What do you want, Ray?

I know what you want.

Pretend it's all a dream.

Sorry I'm late, everybody.

Are you the temp?

- Yes. sir. Alice Keller.

- I'm Ray Reardon.

I guess my secretary left.

Have we met?

No, sir.

I don't believe we have.

Yes, we have.

Wait, you're...

You're friends

with my wife, right? Lena?

Sure, you are.

Lena Mathers.

You were at our wedding.

Tell me.

Hi.

What a nice idea
to meet in the park.

You recognize that woman?

You hired a temp
to be your friend?

A person's supposed
to have friends, right?

Everyone has friends.

When you told her what the job was, you
were laughing and making fun of me.

She didn't understand.

See, it wasn't

just that I became Lena -
- and Lena happened
to meet you.
I chose you.
I first saw you
five years ago in New York.
A party on the West Side,
Riverside and... 90 something.
I saw you.
And somehow I knew.
I knew you were it.
I was still married.
Then later I heard
you'd left your wife.
A friend of mine,
Mimi Moore, knows Norman -
- and so she got
information from him.
Information?
The kind of things you like.
What kind of woman you like.
Wait a minute.
So you've pretended -
Just a few things.
Just the outside.
It's like putting on new clothes
or a new perfume.
Personality is a perfume?
Sure.
Perfume's intended
to attract somebody.
But it's not the thing
you fall in love with... is it?
I don't know.
Is this the end?
I can't keep opening
my heart to you and getting...
Isn't that what love is?
I don't mean passion.
Love.
Isn't an act of faith.
Loving someone -
- despite having to put up
with things which are intolerable?

Opening your heart...
...again... and again?
She's right.
I mean, are you perfect?
No, but you want
to be loved anyway, right?
Love her anyway.
It's how we save ourselves.
By loving people.
I could tell you
some stories about Elaine.
It's just... I feel like a fool.
We're all fools in love,
aren't we?
Follow your heart.
- Thanks, man.
- Yeah.
This is what friends are for.
Hal, they're being
very generous.
I just don't need the work.
You should lower the pitch.
All right, okay.
On that other matter, forget it.
Let's settle.
Yeah, okay.
He's always in the car.
Just a very...
Also, Sally, we should call
Mr. Mura, please.
Yes, sir.
Your wife's Visa bill came here
instead of the house.
Lena handles the money.
Why would they have sent...
Apparently it's a new card
and they made a mistake.
Pay it.
I'll ask her about it tonight.
- Do you want to look it over?
- No.
Should I?
What day of the week
was May 27th?

A Wednesday, sir.

- Would you call my house, please?

- I did, sir. She's not home.

- Try the Hotel Chanticleer.

- Yes, sir.

Lena Reardon, please.

She checked out.

You got the keys?

Good girl, Tina.

Hi, sweetie, be careful.

- Hi.

- Hi. I put a snack on the table.

Good.

He's a good boy.

- Jeanne, take the kids out.

- What?

- Take the kids outside, please.

- Where will I take them?

- Anywhere. The park.

- Yes. sir.

Come on, Tina.

Come on.

Tina, come on.

Is it really necessary
to throw a scene every single day?

What's that for?

You threw away the bill.

What bill?

Hotel Chanticleer
every fucking Wednesday!

I threw it away?

Let me ask you this:

Why weren't you more careful?

Why didn't you get

a second diaphragm?

Leaving evidence around

like this, it's sloppy.

Why didn't he use a prophylactic?

Sometimes we do use

a prophylactic.

And sometimes I just

give him a blow job.

I always knew

you were abusive.

I do you, you do me.
- Who is it?
- Don't you know?
Can't you guess?
Debby.
- Debby's an answering machine.
- That's right.
Just a woman's voice -
someone saying they're Debby.
Who the fuck is it?
You know him better than I do.
Well... in some ways,
you know him better.
In other ways,
I know him better.
What? Aren't I telling you
what you've always suspected -
What you've always
wanted to hear?
What else do you want to hear?
You want to hear
how good it was?
- Stop it.
- It was fucking great.
His cock is so huge.
He makes me come
and come and come.
And the amazing thing is, really, -
- all this time,
you never suspected.
All what time?
The whole time, Ray.
Even before we were married.
All my bruises.
The whole time?
What about the kids?
Are they mine?
- Do you know?
- Of course I do.
Whose are they?
I love them,
and I raised them.
Yes, you have.
But I'm still not gonna tell you.

Is that all?
Wednesday.
Wednesday.
Norman's fucking golf game.
- Mr. Reardon.
- Who are you?
I'm Dr. Shteen.
Lena's psychiatrist.
What happened?
Where's my wife?
Lena called. She was hysterical.
I am here to evaluate
your mental state.
- My mental state?
- If you're a danger to your wife.
We can have you committed
for 72 hours' observation.
Get the fuck out of my house,
you son of a bitch!
Officer!
Take it easy.
What the fuck's this?
Take him away.
You will be held
for observation -
- according to Welfare
and Institutions Code 5150.
You may use the telephone,
wear your own clothes -
- and you may petition the court
at any time for your release.
I don't care what kind
of law you practice, Hal.
I don't care what it costs.
I want out of here right now.
The law? Fuck the law.
And now, babycakes, the moment
you've all been waiting for -
- the moment which will determine
Ray Reardon's fate.
Here she is, folks!
That's right, Ray!
It wasn't your second wife.
It was your first.

You should have stayed
with Martha.
Come on down!
Come on!
Give her one last dance!
Hi, sweetie.
How are the kids?
I miss them.
Just peachy.
Want to go for a walk?
I can't believe
they let us out together.
Oscar will protect me.
A facility this expensive...
What if I fly into a rage
and attack you?
You're sedated.
I am?
I don't feel sedated.
That's because you're crazy.
So, what are you doing here?
Friday's your hearing.
I wanted to tell you.
Whichever way it goes...
Whichever way it goes?
I'm not dangerous.
I'm not crazy.
They aren't going
to keep me in here.
I just wanted to say...
Ray?
In spite of everything...
I love you.
I really, truly love you.
Norman will be disappointed.
Yeah. You've seen
who I really am.
You've seen more
than anybody ever...
...and you kept on loving me.
You're a psychopath.
Probably.
A psychopath can
still love somebody, can't they?

- Your Honor.

- Counselor.

My client's been off medication for 36 hours?

Yes, of course.

The staff should be bringing him in any minute now.

Mr. Reardon, you requested this writ hearing.

Yes, Your Honor.

You're being incarcerated against your will.

And, Dr. Spatz, the hospital recommends?

It's a perplexing case.

Your Honor.

I suspect an atypical psychosis, but I need more time to evaluate.

- 180 days additional?

- Wait a minute.

Considering the danger to his wife.

That's what I'd recommend.

Mr. Reardon, you understand this is a legal proceeding.

But I find it very useful if the patient testifies first.

- Your Honor, we'd prefer...

- I'd be glad to.

You're saying your wife created a character and identity -

- so you would

fall in love with her.

And she was guided by your friend, this Norman.

Who she slept with throughout your marriage at this...

Hotel Chanticleer.

And she'd call him sometimes on the phone -

- and pretend it was this fictitious girlfriend Debby.

This sounds so crazy, but...

No, no, no. Not at all.

But the discovery

of all this in such a short time.

I mean...

I hit her.

I've never done that before.

And the idea that I pose -

- some sort of permanent danger
to her is just ludicrous.

I understand.

I think any of us

making that sort of discovery...

Right.

Now let's see what

the other side has to say.

I'd like to call Dr. Shteen, please.

Dr. Shteen,

as Mrs. Reardon's psychiatrist,

do you find that her husband

poses a threat to her life?

I've thought so for some time.

Mrs. Reardon has been seeing me

for several years...

...and on many occasions.

she's had visible

and very alarming bruises.

When I asked her about them,

she said that her husband hit her.

- That's bullshit.

- Mr. Reardon.

I've advised Lena frequently

to go and see the police.

So when this latest

incident occurred...

Your Honor, may I?

I told you before -

I never hit that high.

- She's done this to herself.

- I'll take care of it.

It's a fucking frame-up.

Then Mr. Reardon's accusations

about you and his wife...

Look, I'm an asshole, Your Honor.

Can I say that?

All right, see. I've always

been an asshole, but this...

Even if Lena wanted me...
I probably couldn't resist,
to be honest.
Once I could have.
I mean, look at her.
But to carry on this long?
Ray is my friend.
Besides, every Wednesday
afternoon for the last ten years -
- I've played golf.
I brought some letters
from my golf buddies.
Some...
And these bruises,
have you seen them before?
Sure.
And are you aware of any other
examples of violence.
Particularly towards women?
What was that?
Ray's first wife Martha -
when they broke up, he slapped her.
I'm sorry.
Your Honor,
that was 4 1/2 years ago.
So noted. Counselor.
And your name.
- Debby Tribbium.
- And what is your relationship?
I'm just... I'm a friend
of Lena's from dance class.
And she calls me
on the phone sometimes.
Have you met Mr. Reardon?
Sure, a couple of times.
I had dinner there.
Once I dropped by.
She's lying. I've never met her.
She's a fucking temp.
Debby, do you work
for a temporary agency?
- Excuse me?
- Do you?
I own a cookie shop

on the North side.
Chocolate chip, oatmeal raisin.
Okay, then. Describe
the Reardons' apartment.
It's a penthouse apartment
with cathedral ceilings.
The living room is on the right,
kitchen's on the left and...
All right.
Mr. Reardon.
You're a distinguished architect -
- without a blemish
on your record.
There's no history
of mental illness.
I'm sane, Your Honor.
You look sane.
You sound sane, sir.
But everything you say
seems to be a delusion.
Frankly, I'd like to believe you.
But without a witness -
- or some sort of corroboration...
But, Your Honor.
What about her bills?
The Hotel Chanticleer
every Wednesday?
\$133. \$379.
Mrs. Reardon?
Your Honor, I went
to this Hotel Chanticleer.
And I have a letter
from the manager -
- saying he's never
seen me before.
That I'm not
the Lena Reardon he knows.
Then who's responsible
for these charges?
I must have used that credit card
once or twice and then lost it.
I didn't realize it was missing
until a few days ago.
I called the company, and they

sent over copies of the charges.

If you'd like

to compare signatures.

- That's not necessary.

- What?!

- I'm sorry, Mr. Reardon.

- You're sorry?

- You're sorry?

- Relax.

This is my life

we're talking about.

I'm aware of that, sir.

And I'm doing you a favor.

If you weren't in this hospital,
your wife could have put you in jail.

But this is not
what this is about.

Don't you see what she's doing?

She's stolen my children.

She's stolen my house.

And she's manipulating you.

Mr. Reardon, that's enough.

- Get your fucking hands off me.

- I'm warning you, sir.

Fuck you. All right? You've already
made up your fucking mind.

Very well, then. Proceed.

Just watch it.

You have no idea

who you're dealing with.

She lies to me, and she tells
a different lie to you.

I'd be happy to take
a polygraph test.

You're right she'd take it.

She'd pass. too.

She is a machine.

I'm a machine. You married me.

I married you. And I loved you.

And you're fucking killing me!

Get your hands off me.

- Your Honor, please.

- I am not that dumb.

Here. Take this.

They don't let us
wear these in here.
Get your fucking hands off me,
you son of a bitch.
How we doing today, Ray?
God bless pharmaceuticals.
Know what my daddy says?
My daddy says
there are no accidents.
That we all get
exactly what we want.
Your daddy's wrong.
Talk about it.
Family makes you crazy...
and friends ease the pain.
Right, John?
Yeah. That's what friends are for.
That's what fr...
Friends...
It's Ray.
Visit me soon.
Don't tell anybody you're coming.
Go to bed.
Ray.
Ray, it's Elaine.
I'm here.
Is it all right
if I take him outside?
You're safe.
With the drugs he's on,
he couldn't hurt a fly in December.
Come on.
You called me, right?
I'm sure it was you.
Well, look. I've been doing
some work on my own -
- to get you out of here.
But this is a very weird
legal area.
Thanks for coming.
You know why
I'm in here, right?
I was wrong about Norman.
And I think it was Larry.

- What was Larry?
- Larry's been fucking Lena.
Is that possible
for a long time, four or five years?
It's possible, but I...
It's more than possible.
It explains...
It would explain...
I think the two of them
are trying to get my money.
- And go to New Zealand.
- What?
What?
He bought a house in New Zealand
without my knowledge.
It was a down payment
we couldn't afford.
And when I found out about it -
- he told me it was some kind
of an investment.
- Don't ever tell him you know.
- I won't.
Make his life misery.
Believe me.
I want to retain
your legal services.
Is there any way you can be forced
to reveal this conversation?
- No.
- Good.
Then tell me
if this will work.
What?
Lena, it's Elaine.
I'm out here visiting Ray.
No, he's sedated.
He's silent.
But he did say this one thing.
He said
you made a mistake.
I don't know.
But he kept repeating it.
He said you made
a big mistake.

You forgot something.
Yeah, that was all. Okay.
Yeah. You too.
I don't know, Ray.
Maybe, maybe not.
Okay. Ray. I'll see you soon.
Good luck.
Billy? Billy, wake up.
Talk about it.
What's my name?
- John?
- What's your name?
- John.
- Do you want \$100?
- American money?
- You bet.
I'll remind you every night.
And one day
I'll tap you on the knee -
- and you'll know
what to do, okay?
Okay, John.
I'm ready. I'm right as rain.
Ready as Robert.
Don't worry about me, John.
Hi. He's over there.
Ray?
That's how he is.
Go ahead.
- Timber!
- Jesus, Billy!
Who woke you up?
Get off of me!
Get off of me!
Your old boyfriend Buddy.
His father had his mother committed.
Is that where you got the idea?
Maybe.
So everything was planned?
Well done.
I just think it's wonderful
that you've come.
Thank you so, so much.
I came because of some bullshit

you told Elaine.
There's a flaw in my plan?
Speaking of plans. I must ask -
- are you really going
to New Zealand with Larry?
Larry? When I'm done with him,
he'll wish he was you.
What are you gonna do
with my kids?
Take your kids away from you
and tell them you died.
- Or maybe I'll just leave them.
- I don't think so.
You still don't have the faintest clue
who I am or what I do.
Likewise.
God, you are so beautiful.
Ravishing.
- You okay?
- Never better.
Never, never better.
What are you doing?
This is the last time
we're gonna see each other, right?
Right.
I want to thank you
with all sincerity.
I've been sleepwalking
my whole life.
And you've woken me up.
And I feel alive now.
- You're fucked.
- Yes, but I'm alive and inspired.
You saw your plan
with such clarity, such ruthlessness.
- Well done.
- Let me go.
- No.
- I'll scream.
- No, you won't.
- Why won't I?
'Cause everyone will come running.
And you won't get it.
- Get what?

- What you want...
What you deserve.
And you deserve to know
the flaw in your plan.
You were so good at it.
And you might want
to do it again.
Okay, tell me.
- Kiss me first.
- What?
Kiss me, and I'll tell.
Only it has to be a real kiss...
... something to remember.
We don't need Oscar.
We don't need anyone.
Kiss me...
...then I'll release you.
Who are you, Lena?
Who will you be when you die?
- You don't have the guts.
- Don't I?
No, Ray. You're too practical.
What about the consequences?
There are no consequences.
That's the flaw in your plan.
I'm crazy.
You've driven me crazy.
That was the whole idea.
Crazy people aren't responsible.
Crazy people aren't
legally responsible.
Not guilty
by reason of insanity.
In a year I'll be sane again
and they'll have to let me out.