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While You Were Sleeping

By Daniel G. Sullivan

Ooh
Ooh
Yeah
This will be|an everlasting love
This will be|the one Ive waited for
This will be|the first time anyone
Has loved me-e-e
Ooo-oh
Loving you|is some kind of wonderful
Because youve shown me|just how much you care
Youve given me|the thrill of a lifetime
And made me believe youve|got more thrills to spare, oh
This will be|You and me
Yessiree|Eternally
Huggin and squeezin|and kissin and pleasin
Together forever|through rain and whatever
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah|You and me
So long as lm livin|True love lll be givin
To you lll be servin|Cause youre so deservin
Hey, youre so deservin
Youre so deservin|Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ooo-oh
Love, love, love, love
Love, love, love, love
From now on|From now on
From now on|From now on
From now on|From now on
From now on
Okay, there are two things that|l remember about my childhood.
l just dont remember|it being this orange.
First, l remember|being with my dad.
He would get these far-off looks|in his eye, and he would say,
Life doesnt always turn out|the way you plan.
l just wish l realized at the time|he was talking about my life.
But that never stopped us from|taking our adventures together.
He would pack up|our sometimes-working car,
and he would tell me|amazing stories...
about strange|and exotic lands...
as we headed off to|exciting destinations like...
Milwaukee.
lts amazing how exotic|Wisconsin... isnt.
But my favorite memories|were the stories...
that he would tell me|about my mom.
He would take me to the church|where they got married...

and ld beg him to tell me more|about the ceremony...
and about|my crazy Uncle lrwin...
who fell asleep|in the macaroni and cheese.
And l asked my dad|when he knew...
that he truly loved my mom.
And he said to me,|Lucy, your mother...
gave me a special gift.
She gave me the world.
Actually it was a globe|with a light in it.
But for the romantic that he was,|it might as well have been the world.
Well, the first time|l saw him,
he didnt exactly|give me the world.
lt was a $1.50 train token.
Uh, but l-l looked forward to it|every single day.
He started coming to my booth|between 8:01 and 8:15...
every morning,|Monday through Friday.
And he was just perfect.|My Prince Charming.
Well, weve nev-- Weve|never actually spoken.
But l know someday we will.|l know it. l just know it.
And l know that someday l will|find a way to introduce myself,
and, and thats|gonna be perfect.
Just like my prince.
Forty-five dollars for a Christmas tree|and they dont deliver?
You order $10 worth of chow mein from|Mr. Wongs, they bring it to your door.
Oh! Ooh, l shouldve gotten the|blue spruce. Theyre lighter.
Aah! Ooh.
Lucy!

Nature of claim:
H-How am l gonna put that on my|insurance? Theyre still pissed...
about the fire we had when Joe|Jr. barbecued in the stairwell.
- l missed that one.|- Oh, great sausage.
- Look, l-lll pay for this.|- Thats okay, Lucy.
My brother Julies|in the glass business.
Oh... l almost forgot.
Merry Christmas.
Ah, Lucy. You, you|didnt have to do that.
- Well, l wanted to.|- l havent even gotten|to my shopping yet.
Hey, Pop. Could l give that|bottle of Blue Nun you got...
from Cousin Ornella|to my probation officer?
Do you see weve got|some company?
- Say hello.|- Hello, Luce.
Nice, uh...

- sweater.|- Thank you.
lts over there.
Lucy, youre a nice girl.|Joe Jr.s still single.
Yeah, its a shocker.
- What do you have?|- Oh, the usual.
- Whats that?|- Mustard. Coke.
- Lucy! Lucy, Lucy, Lucy.|- Hi, Jerry.
- lm glad to find you here.|- l was hoping youd find me in Bermuda.
Bermuda?|Oh, thats good.
l am recommending you|for Employee of the Month.
The usual.
- Really? l didnt know there|was an employee of the month.|- Oh, yeah.
Supervisor Jerry Wallace|nominates Lucy Moderatz...
for Employee of the Month.
Lucy is never tardy,|always works holidays...
even if she has worked|the previous holiday.
Just because she worked Thanksgiving,|Lucy is willing to work Christmas too?
Jerry, lm not|working Christmas.
- Ah, youll get a nice plaque|with the mayors stamp on it.|- l didnt vote.
- You get to ride on a float|St. Paddys day.|- l hate parades.
- Did l mention extra holiday pay?|- l hate you.
Lucy.
Look, Violet is sick|and Celeste cant switch...
because shes got some|big family thing.
And l promised my kids|ld be there for them this year.
- lt stinks, Jerry.|- l know it isnt fair,|and l cant make you do it.
But, Lucy, youre the only one--
Without family.
Merry Merry Christmas
Christmas everywhere
Merry Merry Christmas
Christmas in the air
Christmas in Chicago
New York too
Way down in New Orleans
And right here with you
Merry Merry Christmas
- Santa Claus is comin to town|- Come on, Richie.
Jingle bells are ringin
- Hi. Merry Christmas.|- Mistletoes all around
Ye-- Uh--
Nice coat.|Merry Christmas to you too.
Youre beautiful.|Will you marry me?

l love you.
- Yo!|- Hey!
- Nice coat.|- lts Christmas.
- Look, l dont want any trouble. Oh!|- Shit!
Lets go! Lets go!|Lets go!
Somebody help me, please!|Sir? Sir? Sir? Are you okay?
Can, can you get up?|God, sir, this is not good.
Oh, god, mister, um,|can you--
Are you breathing?|Oh, god, you smell good!
Please wake up. Please.|Please. Oh, god.
Can you wake up?|Can you hear me? Um--
Oh, god!|Wake up!
Somebody help me please!
Mister? Mister! Theres a train|coming and its fast.
lts an express!
Oh, god!
Hi.
-All right, bring him down here.|-Bring him through here.|-l need a doctor here.
Dr. Stevens.|Dr. Jessica Stevens.
Hi, um, excuse me.|About two seconds ago, a guy--
- A man was brought in.|l-l, l dont know it.|- All right. Whats his name?
- l need to know his name.|You dont know his name?|- Hes right-- Hes right there.
-Why dont you--|-Okay. No, no, you cant go in--|-Ho, ho, you cant go in there.
- No, no, you,|you dont understand.|- Are you family?
- Family only.|- No, you dont understand,|cause l was--
You wait there.
Okay, guys,|what do we got here?
- Oh, l was gonna marry him.|- Get Dr. Ortiz here.
Dr. Memrack, l.C.U. West.
- Dr. Memrack, l.C.U. West.|- Come on, come with me. Over here.
- Let him hear your voice, hon.|- Okay.
Hi.
Um--
Everything is gonna be okay.|l know it.
- lts gonna be fine.|- Excuse me. ls that the woman|that saved his life?
- Yeah.|- Whoa.
lt gets even better than that.|Shes his fiancee.
Excuse me, maam. lm sorry,|but l need to ask you a few questions.
- O-Okay.|- Officer, may l interrupt you?|- Oh, sure. lll be right over there.
Thank you. Thank you.|lm Dr. Rubin.

- Hi, lm Lucy.|- Dont tell me about passes!
- Where the hell is he?|- Dad, dont embarrass me.|- Ooh, hes so pale. My god!
- What is this?|- This is my son. How is he?|- How depressing!
- You cant come bursting|into this unit!|- Hell be all right, right?
-Right?|-What happened? Whats going on?|-Hes in a coma.
- On Christmas day.|- Jesus!
- His vital signs are strong.|His brain waves are good.|- Brain waves.
- l think hes gonna get through this.|- Are you a specialist?
- How did this happen?|- Um, he was pushed from the|platform at the train station.
- Whos she?|- Shes his fiancee.
- His fiancee?|- Yeah.|- Peters fiancee?
- Peters engaged?|- Yeah, l thought--
- No, you dont understand.|- Wait. Wait.|- Hold it.
- He wouldve told us, right?|- Now, please. Please.|- He shouldve told us.
- Maybe he was busy.|- Too busy to tell his own|mother hes getting married?
- No, no, no, dont yell at him.|- lm not yelling at him.|lf only Jack were here.
- Grandma?|- ls she okay?
Shes got a little heart problem.|Shes had three attacks already.
- They werent attacks.|They were episodes.|- Oh, geez!
-Nothing wrong with her hearing.|-Excuse me, Doctor.|What is she doing in here?
-Hey, buddy. She saved his life.|-You saved his life?
- Yeah, yeah, but, l--|- l thought he was pushed off|a train platform.
- She jumped on the tracks.|- You jumped on the tracks?
- Yeah.|- Doctor, its supposed|to be family only.
- She is family.|- Shes the fiancee, you idiot!
- Okay, look, l-lm sorry. You,|you, you dont understand.|- lm awfully sorry. We havent...
seen him for a long time,|so we didnt know.
l always wanted him|to find a nice girl.
lm so glad he found you.
Oh, Peter.
- What-- Why did you say that?|lm not his fiancee.|- Say what?
- Why did you tell me that you were?|- lm not engaged. lve never|even spoken to the guy.
What? Well, down-- downstairs you said,|you said you were gonna marry him.
Ah, geez,|l was talking to myself.
Well, next time you talk to|yourself, tell yourself youre|single and end the conversation.
- What am l gonna do?|- l dont know.
She held me so tight. l-l-- You know,|l couldnt-- l couldnt tell her.

- l know.|- Excuse me, nurse.
- ls there a pharmacy in the hospital?|- Uh, what, what do you need?
Elsie. She wants,|uh, nitroglycerin.
- Oh, for her heart problem?|- Problem? Problems!
You know somethin,|l think you saved her life.
ln fact, l think you saved|the whole family. Bless you.
Why dont you come with me.|lll take you down there.
So, tell us how|you met Peter?
Ma, she doesnt wanna|talk about that now, okay?
Why not? We could all|use a nice story.
- How do you know it was nice?|- Of course it was nice.|Why shouldnt it be nice?
What about that other girl? Whats her|name? The one he met in the bar?
Whats that got to do|with the price of eggs?
- Ashley Bartlett Bacon.|- Ox.
All l know is she was pretty|high and mighty for someone|named after breakfast meat.
Well, he has a nice girl now.
So, did you-- did you|steal him from Ashley?
l bet it was love|at first sight. Right?
l have a sense|about these things.
- Elsie, let her tell it.|- She is telling it.
l bet that he picked you up|in that fancy car of his.
What was it about him that,|you know, that first struck you?
lt was his, uh, smile.
Theyre caps.|Six hundred bucks a tooth.
Shh.
Well, um--
We saw each other,|and, um...
he, uh, smiled.
And--
And l knew that...|my life would never be the same.
So--
Tomorrow night, 8:00.
What?
l got lce Capades.|l know a guy.
Huh.
Hi.
Um--|Bet youre wondering...
what lm doing here|in the middle of the night, huh?
Well, l-l thought|l should introduce myself.
My names Lucy.|Lucy Eleanor Moderatz.
l think you should know your|family thinks were engaged.
Never been engaged before.|This is all very sudden for me.

Um--
What, what|l really came here,
uh, to tell you|was that, um...
l didnt, l didnt mean|for this to happen.
l, l dont know|what to do.
l mean, if, if, you were awake,|l-l wouldnt be in this mess.
Oh, god. Not that|lm blaming you. Sorry.
lts just that, you know,|when l was, when l was a kid,
l always imagined|what l would...
be like|or where l would be...
or what l would have|when l got older.
And, you know,|it was the normal stuff.
You know, ld have a house|and family and things like that.
Not-- You know, not that lm,|lm complaining or anything.
Cause, you know, l have,|l have, l have a cat.
l have an apartment,|um--
Sole possession of the remote|control. Thats very important.
lts just...
l never met anybody that|l could laugh with, you know?
D--
Do you believe in love|at first sight?
Nah, l bet you dont. Youre|probably too sensible for that.
Or have you ever like|seen somebody and,
and you knew that if only|that person really knew you...
they would, well, of course, dump|the perfect model that they were with...
and, and realize that you were|the one that they wanted...
to just grow old with.
Have you ever fallen in love with|somebody you havent even talked to?
Have you ever been so alone you spend|the night confusing a man in a coma?
Bryan Lynch.|Mr. Bryan Lynch,
please call|Amber Lynch at 2617.
Oh, my god.
Bye.
- Lucy!|- Hi.|- We didnt know you were here.
- Hi.|- Hi. Were you here all night?
Youre like me.|l could always sleep anywhere.
And believe me, she has.
Wait to go, Gram!
- So, hows Peter?|- Oh, well, hes got more color.
- He has some color.|Looks like he has some color.|- Yeah.
Well, l, l have to go, so it|was great to see you guys again.
- Tell her. Go on, tell her.|- Yeah.
We didnt get to, uh,|celebrate Christmas, so, uh,
it would be nice|if you could join us.

Oh, um-- Oh, l-l-l would|love to, but l, l cant.
- Jacks gonna be there.|- Thats right.|You havent met Jack yet.
- No, not yet.|- Oh, hell be so happy to meet you.
- So youll come tonight?|- l, l, l really shouldnt|because l have to work.
-l cant.|-Well, look here. Put your phone|number and address down there.
- Midgell call you|and talk you into it.|- Okay.
And heres another card|for when you change your mind.
Were in the estate|furniture business.
We buy furniture|from dead people.
Okay. All right, well|l have, l have it.
- So, bye. Bye.|- Bye, dear. See you later.
Bye.
- Maam? Excuse me, maam.|- What? What is this?
lm sorry, Mrs. Callaghan.|These are your husbands things.
- Hes not my husband!|- lm sorry. Your fiancee.
Uh, youre Peters fiancee?
- Okay.|- Dalton Clark.
Colleague of Peters at Lubel,|Parker, Jacobs and Fink.
- l have to go now.|- Oh, hes a great guy.
Hes had a tough year. What,|with the accident last month and all.
- Accident?|- Well, of course it was an accident?
l mean, it wasnt my--|Did he tell you it was my fault?
Were playing basketball,|all right? l carry a pencil!
- lm a lawyer! l do that!|- Okay.
- Jesus, whats he telling--|- lts gonna be okay.
- So whats the big deal?|- Whats the big deal?
Jerry, they think lm their|future daughter-in-law.
And the grandmother,|then shes got this heart thing.|And if l tell her the truth,
shes gonna have a heart attack,|and shes gonna die,|and its gonna be on my head.
Well, then, go along with it.
And when Peter comes|out of the coma,
the familyll be so happy|they wont care that you lied to them.
Theyll probably even|thank you for it.
Just mustard!
- Okay. What if he doesnt|come out of his coma?|- Well, then whos to know?
- l dont know. Oh, no.|- Ah. Look, look, Lucy.
When my mother found out l|was getting married to my wife,|her intestines exploded.
- Now, you tell them now--|- Oh, my god.
- Huh, you might as well shoot Grandma.|- Oh!
Come on, Mel.
Mel.

What am l doing?
- Lucy!|- Hi, Saul, hi.
- You made it, huh?|- Yeah.
- How you feel?|- Okay. Okay.
Come on, keep me company for a while.|l dont like to smoke in the house.
- Okay. lm trying to quit.|- Listen-- You want one?
Thats good.|Here, sit down.
-They dont bother you, do they?|-Uh, no, no, lm fine.
Did you know that|l was Peters godfather?
Really? l-l thought you|had to be Catholic for that.
- Ox fudged it over.|- Oh.
He donated 50 folding chairs|to Father Sheas bingo night.
You know, being a godfather|is very important to Catholics.
lt means youre practically|part of the family.
Well, youre lucky.|lts really important...
to have family around|this time of year.
Are you, uh-- l mean,|are your parents with you?
No, no. My, my mom died|when l was really young...
and, uh, a couple of years ago,|my dad got sick...
and, uh, we moved from lndiana|to Chicago so he could|go to a research hospital.
Research. A medical term|for very expensive, huh?
Yeah. Yeah, exactly.
l-l-l had to quit school and|l started working for the C.T.A.
And, um, about a year ago,
he decided he had had enough|research, and he passed away.
-My wife of 51 years passed away|two years ago, February the 9.|-lm sorry.
- Yeah, it was a rough time for me.|- Yeah.
But Ox got me through.
- Youre good friends?|- The best!
Lucy, the Callaghans,
well, they took me in|as part of their family.
ld never let anyone hurt them.
Neither would l.
l believe you wouldnt.
Lucy? You came?
Hi, Saul. Oh, this is great!
Hey, come on in, you two. lts freezin|out here. Elsie made her eggnog.
- Word to the wise: Drink soda.|- Okay.
Ox, Mom, look whos here.|Lucy came!
- Oh, my!|- Hi. Hi, Mary.|- lts gonna be like Christmas.
- Come on in. lts cold out there.|- These are for you.|- Oh, sweetheart, thank you.
- Weve got the most wonderful dinner.|- lt smells so good. Hi.

This is so beautiful.
- Thats Peter on the right.|- Hes so sweet.
- Oh, yeah, the squirrels.|- Eggnog everyone.
Ma, where are you?|lm serving your eggnog.
lm getting my camera.
- Come on, everybody.|Get close to the tree.|- Oh, Christmas pictures.
- Lucy, come on.|- Come on, Lucy.|- Come on, lets go. Lets go.
l-l dont want-- l-l--
Watch the birdie.
- Oh, Ma, take it again. l blinked.|- Well, youre lucky. lm blind.
- Oh, yeah. l love it.|- Oh. Excuse me.
- l dont drink anymore.|- Oh.
l dont drink any less either.
- Perhaps l should.|- You got me. You got me.
- Oh, look at this.|- Oh, more presents.|Okay, lll take these two.
- What is this?|- Whoopsie, whoopsie.|- Open it.
- What is that?|- Turn em over.
- Pierced? Really?|- Mm-hmm.
- Oh, my god! Thank you. Thank you.|- Well go to Walmart on Monday.
Dont thank me. lf it was up to me,|l wouldve gotten you a Barbie.
- Oh, did you like that?|- More presents. Oh, boy.|- lsnt that wonderful?
- We hit the jackpot.|- Ma, this is for you.|- Thanks, dear.
- A present.|- Oh. To Ox from Uncle Al.
- Who the hell is Uncle Al?|- Uncle Al. You know,|Uncle Al from Buffalo.
- You remember Al.|- Remember, Ma? You remember Al.|- To Lucy from Santa.
Remember Al?|He was here the night--
Once again as in olden days
- Happy golden days of yore|- Seven bow ties, l bet.
- Aw, you shouldnt have.|- She made these.
Faithful friends|who are dear to us
Will be near to us|once more
- Oh, the gold watch! l love it!|- Someday soon we all be together
- Oh, sweetheart, its so expensive.|- Hey, from Louie.|l got another bow tie.
- lf the fates allow|- Oh, Gram, these are so great.|Thank you.
- Until then well have|to muddle through|- Hey.
- Somehow|- So pretty.
- So have yourself|- You remember Uncle Al, dont you?
- Yeah, yeah.|- A merry little Christmas now
- l never really got him anything.|- He had a little moustache.
- He was Daddys friend, right?|- Yeah. Yeah!
- l know an Uncle Ed.|- No, Uncle Al.
This is Callaghan.|Leave a message...
and lll get back to you.|Ciao.

Hi, its Ashley. Ah,|Lisbon is absolutely gorgeous.
But lm cutting my trip short because l|have been doing a lot of thinking, and--
What the hey?|l will marry you.
- Jack! Hey, buddy! Whoa!|- Hey.
Shh. Jack.|Dont wake Lucy.
Who-- Whos Lucy?
Lucys Peters fiancee.
No, thats not|Peters fiancee.
- You havent met her?|- No.
Well, shes great.|Youre gonna love her.
You know what, kid,|maybe lll stay the night.
- Dont eat my cereal in the morning.|- Oh, so its Marys special cereal?
The last time you took|the toy surprise, remember?
- Good morning.|- Oh, god.
Oh. Oh, you scared me.
- Sorry.|- Um, good morning, Jack.
Um, l guess l dont|remember meeting you.
Well, its probably because|weve never met.
That might have something|to do with it.
Ooh. Cab.|l have to go.
lm really-- lm really late|cause l have to go.
But, um, l-- lt was nice|to meet you, Jack. So, good-bye.
- Lucy.|- Okay, look, l-l know that l--
- Hey.|- Hmm?
Welcome to the family.
Oh, thank you.
Bye.
We pray that the Lords|healing presence...
will be felt by those who|are sick, and by their families.
Especially Jo-Jo Goreki,|Peter Callaghan,
Craig Little|and Peggy Dunne.
We pray to the Lord. Lord--
Lord, hear our prayer.
O God, You call us to live|as one family.
- So, whos this Lucy?|- Save us from the mere,|pragmatic views of today.
- Shes your brothers fiancee.|- That we may be the proof|of Your gentleness.
Youd think if Peter|were getting married,
- We ask this through Christ our Lord.|- he would have announced it|in the Tribune.
- We read the Sun Times. Amen.|- Amen.
- So why did she sneak out this morning?|- She has a job.
l like Mass better in Latin.

lts nicer when you dont|know what theyre saying.
- Did you get the Bourbeau estate?|- Got it.
- What about Downeys?|- Got it.
- Himmelsteins?|- Yeah.
- Did you get Van Allan?|- Himmelsteins took too long.
- Aah, for Christs sake, Jack.|- Stop swearing!
- Look, youre runnin the business now.|- Theres something ld like|to talk to you about.
- Talk about that later, okay?|- Talk about it now.|He cant kill you in church.
- Will you please pipe down?|- Hey, be nice, pally. Were in church.|- Hey.
- Youre disrupting the Mass!|- Who made you the Pope?
- Ox!|- How did Joe Kelly get to be a lector?
- He takes marijuana.|- Amen.
- Hi, Luce.|- Hi, Lucy.
Hi, Lucy.
Come on,|you stupid wing nut!
Oh, your mothers--
Excuse me?|Do you live here?
Live here?|l own this place.
Oh, great. Um--
Well, then you would know|the woman that lives in 201.
Know her?|lm dating her.
Hmm.
Very clean.
Kitty?
Kitty?|Rich kitty?
Come here, mealtime.
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty.|Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty.
Kitty?
Kitty? Food.
Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty.
Come here.
Come here.|Come on, honey.
Where are you--
Oh, lm so sorry.
- Nice shot.|- Oh, um--
lll get you some ice.|lm sorry. l wasnt expecting anybody.
- Hey, howd you get in here?|- Um-- Oh.
Uh... key?
Key? Oh, you stay here|a lot, huh?
Oh, you know, feed the cat.
Peter doesnt have a cat.
Ohh.

Hello. Hello, honey.|Fluffy!
Hello, Fluffy.
You must be so hungry.
Mm.
Are you gonna get that?
Uh, no, lm, lm gonna|let the machine get it.
Hello?
lts for you.
Hello.
Okay. Bye-bye.
Um, that was the hospital.|They say its customary...
for friends and family|to come down and give blood.
Lets go together.
You know what? l think maybe|we should take your truck.
Oh, no. We oughta take|Peters car.
- Okay.|- You know where its parked, dont you?
Oh, yeah, l, uh--|Yeah.
- Hmm.|- Hmm.
Hey, well have to get|your picture for the mantle.
- Of, of me?|- No, of you and Peter.
- lm, lm not that photogenic.|- l doubt that.
All right. Now, l want you to sit here|and sip this, or youll get woozy.
- When did you start seeing Peter?|- September 17th.
- Three months. Thats quick.|- You have no idea.
- Thats fast. Thats a fast engagement.|- Miss!|- lm fine.
- Wait, lm not finished with you!|- Oh, l got it. l got it.|l got it.
Ooh.
What the hell hes got a TV for?|Hes in a coma, for Christs sake!
Ox, shh. He might|hear you, you know.
Then get him a radio.
- Maybe hed like us to sing to him.|- Maybe Lucy knows his favorite song.
- Puff, the Magic Dragon.|- Dragon.
- Oh.|- Dragon.|- Huh?
- Which one of the Three Stooges|was Peters favorite?|- Curley.
Curley! Hah!
- Hes everybodys favorite.|- No, l like Shemp.
- Favorite ice cream.|- Baskin-Robbins.
- Favorite baseball team.|- Chicago.
- Cubs or White Sox?|- What the heck is going on?
Why are you asking her|all these questions?
Dont ask me,|ask her boyfriend.
That isnt very funny,|you know.
- No, no, not this boyfriend.|- Hes--
Joe Fusco.

Joe-- Joe Jr.
Mm-hmm, thats right.|Mr. Joe Fusco, Jr.
He said that|you were intimate.
Yeah, well, he also said he invented|aluminum foil. Hes delusional.
He was very lucid|when l talked to him.
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.
- Ma, you okay?|- You see what you did?
- What did l do?|- Now, if she wanted|to prove it, shed prove it.
Peter has one testicle.
- No way.|- Way.
About a month ago|there was an accident...
and he was playing basketball and his|friend had a pencil in his back pocket.
Eww!
Maybe, um--
No.
- Oh, no!|- Well, somebodys gotta look.
Dont look at me.
- No.|- Yeah, maybe, uh--
lts not--|lts not my, uh, uh--
Okay, lm his mother.
Oh, Mom! Eww!
Well, look at|the bright side.
Hes got more room|in his Jockey shorts.
Ma!
- Who is it?|- What gives?
- You stood me up.|- For what?
- Our date.|- What date?
To the lce Capades.|l had to eat your ticket.
l never said l would|go on a date with you.
- Yes you did. Yes you did!|- No, l didnt. No, l didnt!
- Did too! Did! Did!|- Didnt! Didnt! Didnt!
- Who is it?|- Lucy, its Saul.
- Oh, my god.|- What, are ya two-timin Joe, Jr.?
lm not two-timing.|l never one-timed.
- Hey, lll fight the guy.|- Hey, get in the closet.
- Not a word.|- Nice panties.
Hey.
l like boxer shorts, but,|uh, lll try these, eh--
- Sorry.|- Have you got company?
- No. TV. lts on... next door.|- Oh.
Um... you, uh, want some coffee|or tea or something?
No, no.|Not a-- Not a thing.
- Lucy, theres something|you should know.|- What?

Well, the night you visited|Peter, l was outside the door.
l know the truth.
Sorry, Saul. You now, you do--|You dont have to worry, cause|lm gonna tell them everything.
Dont tell them a thing.
Remember the day you said youd-- youd|never do anything to hurt the family?
- Yeah?|- Well, since they met you,|they figure they have Peter back.
Now, if you tell them the truth,|eh, itll take him away again.
They need you, Lucy.|Just like you need them.
Now, look,|l know youre a good girl.
And l know youll do|the right thing.
- Thank you.|- Yeah. Yes, you will.
Oh-Oh, oh, by the way,|how did you know about the--
Peter with the one, uh--
Ahh--
You know something?|l dont wanna know.
- Bye.|- Ooh!
- Oh, god! Whatre you-- What--|- Aah!
- What are you doing?|- l slipped.
Youre trying on my shoes?
No! When l fell, my foot went|like that, right into the shoe.
- Who is it?|- lts me, Jack Callaghan.
- My god, doesnt anybody|use a phone anymore?|- l do.
lm not talking|about 900 numbers.
Who told?
Hi. So, more questions?
No, l have an engagement present|for you.
Uh, you really|shouldnt have.
l didnt.|lts from my parents.
Oh.
lts furniture.|You want me to bring it up?
Hey, was that Saul|l saw leaving?
Whats that?
- Cat.|- Big cat.
Um, l th-- l think y--|l think you should, um,
bring it to, uh, t--|bring it to Peters apartment.
- You dont know what it is.|- Well, you know,
anything would look nicer|in Peters apartment.
You know what?|lll come with you.
Ooh!
You know what?|l think you parked too clo--
You know, l think you parked|too close to the other car.
Had to. We gotta|unload the furniture.
Ready for your surprise?

Oh, that is great.
That is so great.
- You like that?|- Yeah.
Too bad. Ox bought you|the love seat.
- Oh, lm sorry.|- Dont be. l made this.
- This? No, you didnt.|- Shocking, isnt it?
- Can l sit in it?|- Rock out.
My god, this is perfect. You should|go into business or something.
Well, then it gets tricky.
Oh, yeah, working with your dad|and everything, right?
The business used to be called|Callaghan and Sons,
and then when Peter went off to|law school it became Callaghan and Son.
lf l were to leave,|itd just be Callaghan.
- Lets take a second here|and unlock the doors off--|- No-No, l got it, l got it.
- Oh.|- See? Here we go.
Oh, this technique.
lts always very, very,|very modern technique this way.
E-Excuse me, uh, sir,|what apartment?
Uh, 57G.
Well, sir, lm sorry, but guests|have to be announced, ya know?
Well, lm with her.|lm helping her.
- So?|- You dont know her?
No.
Bu-But lm new here.
Oh, well, shes Peter|Callaghans fiancee in 57G.
Ohh! Oh, yeah.
They told me about her, sir.|Shes scary.
Tell me about it.
- Ooh!|- Be careful.
Uh, maybe we should, uh,|angle it a little bit.
Um... l think its wedged.
Why dont you step back for a little|bit? lm gonna try an old trick.
Whats-Whats the trick?
- Push it really hard.|- Kay.
- Okay, okay, push.|- l did.
Do you want me|to help you now?
- All right, a little help|would be good.|- Kay.
Kay. One, two, three-yah!
Ow! Ooh!
Ooh.
l think the sofa|should go right there.
Oh, no!|No, no, no, look at this!
ldiot just blocked me in.

But l told you|not to park that close.
Aaah!
Hey, check the meter.|See what time it is.
Um, its six oclock.
They can pretty much stay here|all night if they wanted to.
All night, huh?
Um, good night.
You just gonna leave me|here with the truck?
Basically, yeah.
Well, maybe l oughta|walk you back.
What for?
For protection.
Oh, no, lm fine.|lm okay.
For me. l dont want|to be here by myself.
This is Chicago.
- You look cold.|- Hmm?
- You look cold.|- Wha--
Probably because l am cold.
- How about you?|- This jackets reversible.
- lm wearing the warm side now.|- Oh, l see!
You need a better coat.
What? This was my dads.
Ahh, then hes|probably freezing.
He passed away.
- Sorry.|- lts not your fault.
Passed away last year.
l dont even|remember my mom, so--
What was he like?
He was a lot like me.|Dark hair, flat chest.
What do you remember|most about him?
Oh-ho, that. Okay.
Um, well--
He liked maps.
Yeah, l live by maps.|My trucks filled with them.
He used to hear of a place|on the TV,
we would pull out the atlas,|wed find where it was.
Wed route out this, like,|little way to get there.
lf there were one place in the|world where youd go, where--
- Florence.|- ltaly, ooh.
l havent delivered any furniture|to Florence yet, but lm told its nice.
- Yeah.|- l take it youve never been there.
Well, you know, the El doesnt exactly|make it all the way to Florence, so--
Oh, but l do have...
- my passport.|- You have your passport!

- Yes, l do!|- With you?
Yes. Well, just in case l need|to quickly leave the country,
- you need to have--|- Thats perfect. Thats great.|Oh, youre right.
Youre not very photogenic|at all.
Just joking.|There arent any stamps in that.
Yeah, well, l havent|gone anywhere yet.
But, you now, lm planning|a trip to Florence really soon,
so, you know, lll go.
Thatll make your dad|very proud.
Yeah.
You know,|in a very small way,
you kind of remind me|of him a little bit.
l see. So, he was a classy guy,|always a gentleman.
- A working man who--|- Who just stepped in doggy poopy.
Ohh!
Thats, now thats classy.|Thats classy!
All right, tell me more.|Whered you grow up.
God, youve just become|Mr. Chatty this evening.
Fact of the matter is,|lm about to start shivering,
and making conversation|keeps my face from freezing.
Thank you. l had, um,|l had a good time.
- Oh.|- Mm.
S-S-Slippery here. Come on.
Got this far. lll take you|the rest of the way.
Well, you gotta watch out.|A little icy.
So, um, you gonna go|see Peter tomorrow?
Oh. Whoa-oa-oa! Whoa!
Wow!
- All right--|- Do not take me with you!
- No, its all right.|lts not too bad, yeah.|- You got it?
- You got it? Okay.|- Yeah.
Wow. Get this--|This is t-- This is big.
This-- There we go.
- Okay!|- All right. Are ya all right?
This is-- Oh-- Mm.
Mm.
- All right?|- Yeah.
- l think were all right now.|- Okay?
- Yeah. lts just, uh--|- Okay.
- Over this way? Okay.|- This way.
- Ow! Ohh!|- What was that?
Was that my pants|or my muscles?
Oh! Give me your hand.|Give me your hand.
- Whoa-ho!|- Okay. Come on!

- Hmm.|- Oh, man!
You have an extra pair|of pants in your apartment?
lf you fit into my pants,|l will kill myself.
- You dont have to follow me.|- No, you block the wind.
lll wait til|ya get inside.
Well, good night.
Night.
So lll see you|when l see you?
Yeah.
All right, Lucy,|its either me or him.
Him.
You dont have to answer|right away.
lm having an affair.|l like Jack.
- Whos Jack?|- Peters brother.
- So?|- So he thinks lm engaged.
- To who?|- To Peter.
Lucy, l really dont|have time for this.
Oh, no, no, no, no, no.|You have to tell me what to do.
- Tell the truth.|- lf l tell Jack|that l lied to his family,
he will never|speak to me again.
And-And-And Ox and Midge|and Mary and-and-and Saul--
Saul? Whos Saul?
Hes a next-door neighbor.
But you know what?|Actually, he knows.
Lucy, youre born|into a family.
You do not join them|like you do the marines.
You have to tell me|what to do.
Pull the plug.
- You are sick.|- lm sick?
Youre cheating|on a vegetable.
Down and dirty.
Are you gonna fold?|Youre not gonna fold.
Ooh, he is staying in|with a pair.
Very impressive.|Very bold, confident.
Full house.|You are unlucky at cards.
But lucky in love.
Member in like, uh,|fifth or sixth grade,
l was starting to get|really good at poker, and, uh,
goin home|with lots of lunch money?
l got to know the principals|office really well.
He always used to say to me,
How come you cant be|more like your brother Peter?
Well, you know what?|l was all right with that.
l had no problems with that|because l was proud of you.

And l was never envious|of anything that you had.
Until now.
lll cut the deck.|High card gets Lucy.
All right, well go|best out of three.
So, Lucy, have you and Peter decided|where youre gonna go on your honeymoon?
l went to Cuba.
Ricky Ricardo was Cuban.
- Didnt Peter look great today?|- Oh, that kid.
- You know, he should have|been an actor.|- Hes tall.
All the great ones were tall.
Lucy, you think you can find me|a nice girl for Jack?
- Oh, Mom, come on.|- Well, l-l-l-l--
l really dont know Jacks type,|so lm not one to, um--
l like blondes.|Chubby ones.
- Alan Ladd wasnt tall.|- Marshal Dillon was six-foot-five.
Well, we all know|who Lucys type is.
These mashed potatoes|are so creamy.
You like brunettes.
l could never make|a good pot roast.
You need good beef.
Argentina has great beef.|Beef and Nazis.
John Wayne was tall.
Dustin Hoffman was five-six.
Would you want to see|Dustin Hoffman save the Alamo?
- These mashed potatoes are so creamy.|- Spain has good beef.
- Mary mashed them.|- Cesar Romero was tall.
Cesar Romero was not Spanish.
l didnt say Cesar Romero|was Spanish.
- Well, what did you say?|- l said Cesar Romero was tall.
- We all know hes tall.|- Well, thats what l said.
Cesar Romero is tall.|Thats all l said.
So if you need any help|with history, dont call me.
Now, remember, honey, if youre free|for New Years, we want to see you.
Thank you very much.|l had a great time.
- Us too.|- Thank you. Bye.|- Thanks for coming.
- Bye.|- Bye-bye, Lucy.|- Bye-bye. Good night.
Hey, look, you guys.|Youre under the mistletoe.
- Kiss her, then.|- Yeah.
- lts mistletoe.|- lts tradition.|- lts Christmas.
Come on, idiot. Kiss her.
- There ya go.|- Oh, yeah.|- Bye.
- Good night. Bye.|- Good night.|- Good night.
- Good night.|- Come on, Mary. Were both|on dish detail tonight.

Regular fare.
- One token, please.|- Oh, my god! Mary!|What are you doing here?
Hi. Do you guys wanna--|you wanna come through?
- We can?|- Yeah, absolutely.
Transfer, please.
- Hi.|- Hey, whos this?
- lm Mary. This is Beth.|- Hi.
Um, Marys-- Marys my, um--
Lucys going to marry|my brother Peter.
What? Lucy,|youre gettin married?
Well, it hasnt really|been announced.
So its a little awkward for me|to say anything, and, um--
- The train. Your-- Okay.|- The train. Okay.|Uh, lll see you later.
Thank you for coming.|lts nice to meet you, Beth.
- Girl, are you pregnant?|- Yes, lm pregnant, Celeste.
Lucy, youre not tellin me whats|goin on! Youre not givin me details.
- Whats goin on?|- Okay, Celeste.
Celeste, you have to have sex|in order to be pregnant.
But l thought you were engaged.
Well, were-- Were waiting.
Waiting?
Peter? Hi, its Ashley.
ls, is|this machine working?
Look, lm back in Chicago|and, uh, lm kind of shocked|that you havent called me back.
Look, l really would, uh, like to hear|from you, and ld like to see my cat.
Call me.
New Years Eve|hasnt been the same...
since Guy Lombardo died.
l love a clarinet.
You know, nobody plays|a clarinet anymore.
Guy Lombardo didnt play|the clarinet.
l didnt say Guy Lombardo|played the clarinet.
- You know, your Benny Goodman,|- Hey, Pop.
- he could play the licorice stick.|- We got the Van Allan estate.
- Hey, way to go. Attaboy!|- Oh. Thats great.|- Congratulations.
- Thats great. Attaboy.|- Way to go.|- Hey, everybody.
Lucys pregnant.
How did you find out?|What do you mean shes pregnant?
- How do you know?|- Where have you been?|- Thats what Beth said.
- We heard it at the token booth today.|- Jack, do you know anything about this?
Go up to your room.
- Who is it?|- Joe Jr.

lm not here.
l know that trick.
Hey, my old mans|got a set of keys.
That is illegal,|and you know it, Joey.
- Ta-da!|- l told em to give me...
the same ones they use in the|winners circle at Arlington.
Theyre beautiful.
But l cant accept them.
l could move in here. l bet you Pop|would knock 50 bucks off the rent.
l have six months left to live.
Aw, youre just tryin|to make me feel better.
- lts that other guy, isnt it?|- What do you mean?
l seen the way you look at him.
What? How do l--|How do l look at him?
Like you just seen|your first Trans Am.
Aw, here, take em.|You can lay em on my coffin.
Thank you.
Are you wearin|the black bra? Ow!
l love black underwears.
- Jack.|- What are you doing here?
- Youre going to a party.|- Yeah, my friend Celeste|is having a party tonight.
Great. Hey, lll drive you.
Oh, you know what? lts really|not that far. lts-- lts fine.
No, no, no. No.|Come on, come on.
Okay, but its,|its really not that far.
l move a lot of things|with this truck.
- So, is, um, everything okay?|- Why? Why wouldnt it be okay?
- Youre just acting really weird.|- No, no, lm not being weird.
- Yes, you are.|- No, lm not being weird.
- So, what about Peter?|- What about Peter?
Peter is going to have a lot|to deal with when he wakes up.
- Lucy! Hi. How are you?|- Hi!
Oh, come on. Come in. Hey, everybody.|Lucy and her fiance are here.
- Lucy! Hey, hows it goin?|- Jerry, you know Peter, right?
Thank you. Hi.|Take his coat, Cindy.
- Peter?|- l gotta talk to you.
Geez, he looks good.
Thats not Peter.|Thats Jack.
- Uh, whos Jack again?|- Peters brother.
- Peters the guy thats in a coma.|- Yeah.
-So then why did you bring Jack?|-l didnt bring Jack.|He followed me here.
- So Jacks the fiance?|- No, Peter.
- Peter doesnt even know you exist.|- l know.

- So Jack is Peter?|- Yeah.
- Lucy--|- Yeah?
They have doctors|for this kind of thing.
Excuse me. Uh! Thats spiked.
- Thank God.|- You shouldnt have any.
- Why not?|- Because its not good for the baby.
- Wait a minute, will ya?|- lts freezin! Watch out.
Uh, this whole evening did not|work out well at all, and, uh--
Oh, and lm supposed to share|some responsibility in that?
No. Now-- Would you|slow down a little bit?
Look. lt was just|a misunderstanding,
- and on top of the Joe Jr. thing--|- Excuse me?
- lts nothing.|- No, no, no. Theres no nothing now.
What Joe Jr. thing?
- The leaning thing.|- The leaning thing.
- Yeah.|- Okay.
Um-- What do you-- What do you|mean by the leaning thing?
- Because he gave me flowers?|- And then you leaned.
- And then l leaned.|- Yeah.
Okay. How did l lean|when l leaned?
- How were you leaning?|- Yeah.|- lt was a lot different than hugging.
Huggings very different.
Hugging, that involves|arms and hands,
and leaning is whole bodies|moving in, like this.
Leaning involves wanting...
and accepting.
Leaning--
Hey, Luce.
ls this guy bothering you?
No, no.
Are you sure? Cause it|looks like hes leaning.
Thank you. See?
lll be right over here|if you need me.
Okay. Thank you very much.
l know karate.
Okay. Now-- All right.|What about the other thing?
The other thing?|The other misunderstanding?
Why did you think|l was pregnant?
Well, Mary said that she|had heard something like that.
- And you believed her?|- l didnt have any reason|not to believe her.
So the only reason your brother|would want to marry someone like me...
- is if l was pregnant, right?|- No, no.
Good night.
Fact is, youre not|really Peters type.

Yeah, Jack? All right,|whose type am l?
- Thank you.|- Look, its a great idea,|you and Peter.
lts just not obvious|to the whole world, thats all.
You know what, Jack? lve had|a really lousy Christmas.
Youve just managed|to kill my New Years.
-lf you come back on Easter,|you can burn down my apartment.|-Hey, come on, Lucy.
-What do you want from me, Jack?|-l want you not to be unhappy.
And what are you, the happiness|guru, Jack? Are you happy?
Because l dont remember you having|had a conversation with your father.
l mean, you do want to leave|the business, dont you,
or is this just like|another miscommunication|that we are having here?
What do you know|about my family?
Spending a week with em|does not make you an expert.
Spending a lifetime with them|hasnt made you one either.
Yeah, well, l know that keeping|your family happy gets complicated.
Would your father be happy knowing|youre sitting in a token booth,
planning vacations|that you arent taking?
No, he wouldnt. Youre right.
But you have no idea|what its like to be alone.
Hey, you have Peter.
l dont have anybody.
Happy New Year!|Happy New Year!
Good night.
Happy New Year!
Happy New Year.
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
Well take a cup|of kindness yet
ln days of auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear
Ox, they called me and told me|to get down here. What happened?
- Hes awake.|- Oh, that-- Oh.
Will the Byers family|please meet in the solarium?
- Will the Byers--|- Boy, will he be glad to see you.
Yeah.
Peter?
Peter.|Your familys here, Peter.
Wh-Who are you?
My god.
Hes got amnesia.
Lacunar amnesia is a condition|in which memory loss...
is localized and patchy,
limited to isolated events.

- Selective amnesia?|- Okay. Exactly.
Um, lm sorry. You-- l-l need to tell|you something that is really important.
- l-l was never--|- Pregnant?
- Huh?|- We know. Jack called us.
- Jack.|- Hey. So hes come out of it, huh?
- Oh, lm so glad youre here.|- Excuse me. Doctor? Hes up again.
All right, lets go.
Hey, Jack, l am so glad|youre here.
- Saul!|- Now, listen. Let me handle it.
lm too old a friend and too old|a person for them to kill.
- lll take care of it, all right?|- Okay.
- And lll do it right now.|- Okay.|- Come on. Lets go.
Right behind you.
- How you feelin, champ?|- l dont know.
- Hi.|- Hey, you remember her?
- Should l?|- Look closely.
She looks|a little familiar. Why?
- l think its coming back.|- l think so.
Whats coming back?|Tell me. Tell me. What?
- You have amnesia.|- l do?
Peter, youre engaged.
- To who?|- To Lucy.
Lucy? Whos Lucy?
- You dont remember, do you?|- Excuse me.
- Got some Jell-O for you today.|- Do l like Jell-O?
- Yum!|- l think hes had enough|excitement for one evening.
- Lets all go home.|- Hang in there, champ.
- Good night, honey.|- Good night, Mom.
- Oh, its so good to see you!|- Mom!
- He looks so good, you know?|- Hes going to be fine.
l think he looks wonderful.
- All right, well be back.|- Jack, you too. Come on. Lets go home.
- Saul, where have you been?|- What, lm not allowed|to go to the bathroom?
- Saul!|- lm handling it. l will tell them.
When? When?|On my golden anniversary?
- Lucy, lll tell them!|- Youd better tell them!|- l said ld tell them!
A, B, C, D, E, F, G
Jack, youve been|really great this week.
Yeah, like, uh, when l accused|you of lying to everybody.
Or when l accused you of having|a relationship with Joe Jr.
Or when l thought you were pregnant|and l announced it to all your friends.
Youve had a really busy week|this week, havent you?
Look, Jack, l, um--

Starting tomorrow, uh, things...
are probably gonna be|kind of different.
Yeah.
l just wanted you to know|that youve become, uh,
a really good friend.
Okay.
Good friend. Lucy!
Yeah?
l didnt mean, uh, what l said|about you and Peter.
l think you two are gonna make|a really terrific couple,
and, uh, lm really glad that|you wont be alone anymore.
- Good-bye.|- Bye.
Jack, is that you?
Hey, Pop.
- Brought you some doughnuts.|- Youre a savior.
Your mothers got me eatin|these fat-free bran muffins.
They taste like plywood.
- Catchin up?|- Yeah, its been almost a week|since l read the obituaries.
You know, we missed a lot of good stuff|the day after Christmas.
Been a hell of a week,|hasnt it?
Life is a pain in the ass.|lll tell ya. You know?
You work hard, try to provide for|the family, and then, for one minute,
everythings good.
Everyones well.|Everyones happy.
ln-- ln that one minute,|you have peace.
Pop, this isnt that minute.
- What do you mean?|- Um--
You remember that rocking chair|l made for Grandma?
Are you kidding me? lts so|fancy, she wont even sit in it.
This fancy chair, two months ago|l sold three just like it.
lve sold two dining tables.|l got orders for six more.
Thats a good side business.
This is not a side business.|This is... good business.
Wait a second.|You dont want my business?
No, l dont.
- How long have you felt this way?|- A long time.
Well, why didnt you|say something sooner?
l couldve sold the whole damn thing|to Uncle Eddy for twice its value.
l couldve taken your mother|on the cruise with Kathie Lee Gifford.
Youre not mad at me?
Are you nuts?
You are nuts! You wanna|make rocking chairs.
Oh, hey, Mrs. Fletcher|finally went, huh?
Her dining room alone|has got to be worth 40 grand.

Yeah. Well, those McMurphy boys, they|were movin in before the deed was done.
- Thats their problem.|Theyre too pushy.|- Very pushy, yeah.
- Well call them next week.|- Youll call em next week.
Thats right.|lll call them next week.
- Okay.|- Do l get a doughnut?|- Uh, lm sorry.

- Birth date:
Social Security number:|144-60-6894.
You love her. You just...|dont remember her.
- Can l talk to Peter alone?|- Everything okay, Saul?
-Senior class president, 1981.|-l just wanna talk to my godson.
- Let me take that for you.|- Thanks, Mom.|- Well be back.
- Okay, well see you later, honey.|- You sure, Saul?
- Yeah, yeah, sure.|- See ya, son.|- See ya, Dad.
Peter, lve known you|since you were born.
lve been to every major event|in your life from Cub Scouts to--
well, to the day you discovered|hair on your schmeckel.
You got a good education.
Youre very popular|with all those friends of yours.|You make a nice living.
And everybody knows|youre a good-lookin kid.
But, Peter, youre a putz.
- Excuse me?|- Now, look, lm your godfather.
l mean, l love ya. l couldnt love ya|any more if you were my own son.
But the fact of the matter is|youre-- Well, youre a putz.
ls there a point to this?
Lucy.
Peter, theres something...|you have to know about her.
You see, she--
Well-- Uh--
Shes--
You know--
Shes not only your fiancee,|shes your guardian angel.
Yeah! Peter,|she saved your life!
Now, shes comin to see you today,|and l want you to do yourself a favor.
l want you to look deeply into her eyes|and listen with the heart of a man...
who has just been given|a second chance at life.
And after two minutes, if youre|not madly in love with her,
why, tell her you wanna break up,|and you can go back to being a putz.
But if in the two minutes you see what|the rest of us only took seconds to see,
you will propose to her|for the second time...
and marry her before she|has a chance to escape.

Uh, before she comes, take|a little time and think about...
what an old putz just told ya.
All right?
You know, if l was 40 years|younger, ld marry her myself.
That is, if shed convert.|Hey, thats a joke.
Oh, l know that.
- Lucy!|- Hi.
- Hi.|- Um.
l came to bring you|back your things.
Would you like a sandwich?
No, no. lm okay. Thanks.|Can l get you anything?
l wish l had my own clothes.
Well, l like your, um,|blue pinstripe.
- Double-breasted?|- Yeah.
- Yeah, thats my favorite too.|- Really?
Yeah.
Please sit down.
l, l saw a picture of you, uh,|when you saved the three squirrels.
Oh. They never call.|They never write.
That was a long time ago.
Yeah, l guess we, we dont get to do|many heroic things as an adult, huh?
Oh, thats for sure.|You do, though!
Oh, no. Jumping in front|of that train was unusual.
l dont think lve done anything|truly heroic in my whole life.
- l chased a purse-snatcher once.|- Well, thats something.
l pretended|to pull a hamstring.
Well, most guys probably wouldnt have|chased after him in the first place.
l mean, l work at the El.|Believe me, l know.
You give up your seat|every day in the train.
Well-- But thats not heroic.
lt is to the person|who sits in it.
And you always gave me something|to look forward to every day, so--
You know, you do|remind me of someone.
lts probably you.
Thank you.
Uh, uh, maam! Excuse me.|Excuse me, maam, uh--
What apartment?
- Youre new.|- Yes, maam. What apartment?
lm going to Peter|Callaghans apartment.
Uh, and your name, please?
Ashley Bartlett Bacon.|l am Peters fiancee.
Youre not his fiancee.
- Huh?|- Huh?
Hey, lookin good!

Yeah, well, theyre movin me|to the second floor.
Great.|Mind if l drove?
Uh, no problem.|Uh, see you by the elevators.
- All right.|- Okay.
- There we go.|- Oh. Uh, its a little drafty.
Here. l brought you|some contraband.
Oh. Chocolate peanut butter.|Thanks.
- Hey, Lucys pretty terrific,|isnt she?|- Oh, yeah.
- Were engaged, you know.|- Yeah, l heard that.
Now this l remember.
Everything is better. Everything|looks better, feels better.
Even this chocolate|peanut butter tastes better.
Good. lts fudge mint.
Whatever. lm reborn.
lf you were a priest right now,|ld confess everything to you.
No, no, dont confess. lm|trying to be positive right now.|Just eat your ice cream.
l dont even know what my secretary|sent Mom and Dad for Christmas.
lt was a fruit basket. Now,|look, l dont wanna get in--
- lve never been faithful to a woman.|- lm gonna leave.
Remember the squirrels?
Dont even say it.
First l knocked them out|of their nest with a rock.
- Peter.|- Then l saved them.
Eww. Did you say|any of this to Lucy?
That was in the past. lm making|a clean start with Lucy. She is--
She is-- She--
What is she? Shes--
ld say that she gets under your|skin as soon as you meet her.
She drives you so nuts you dont|know whether to hug her or, or|just really arm wrestle her.
She would go all the way to Europe|just to get a stamp in her passport.
l dont know if that|amounts to insanity...
or just being really,|really likable.
No, thats not it.
But shes gotta be|really special. Shes gotta be.
And l can spend the rest|of my life finding out why.
l dont have to know now.|l dont have to know tomorrow.
l, l dont have to know|in a year or ten years.
l dont-- l dont have to-- l dont|have to have all the answers today, or--
Maybe someday lll have a clue,|but it doesnt mean l,
l cant make|a lifetime commitment.
Does this make any sense?
Not really, but thats|common after a head injury.

My shoes.
Ah. Oh, hi.
- Whatd they say?|- Who?
The Callaghans.|Are-- Are they inside?
You missed em.
- Well, what was|their reaction to the news?|- l didnt tell em yet.
What do ya-- What do ya--|What do you-- What do you mean,|Saul? What a--
What a--
- Now what about Peter?|- Well, l didnt tell him either. l--
- What? Saul, you said|you were gonna handle this.|- lll handle it.
- This is handling it?|- This is handling it.
- Saul?|- Listen-- What?
- Youre fired.|- Fired?
- Sorry.|- Pardon me.
Huh!
- Two, please.|- Four, please.
Dr. Biloxi.|Dr. Biloxi to l.C.U. North.
Dr. Biloxi.|Dr. Biloxi to l.C.U. North.
- Thanks.|- Youre welcome.
- Ashley!|- Scumbag!
Youre engaged?
May l remind you|that you proposed to me?
You said no. We broke up.
No, no. l was confused.|We stepped back.
- You moved to Portugal.|- Yes, well, well, l, l didnt|think you were going...
to run out and marry the first|bimbo that you came across.
- Lucys not a bimbo.|- Lucy?
- Lucy who?|- l dont remember.
Liar!
l dont remember proposing.|l was in a coma. l have amnesia.
Amnesia?|Oh, well, now thats rich.
All right, fine.|l want my stuff back.
Fine. Then l want|my stuff back.
- What stuff?|- Your nose.
- You cant take my nose back.|- l paid for it.
Well, then, here.|You paid for these too.
Oh, keep em.|lm a changed man, Ashley.
Go ahead. Go ahead and marry|her, you one-balled bastard.
Holy buckets, Peter.
Movin on to|greener pastures.
- Yeah!|- You got it, pal.
Yes, the doctor|will be right there.
- Lucy, they moved him.|- They moved him?

- Come with me.|- Where?|- Downstairs.
- Lucy.|- What? Oh.
- Lucy.|- Hi, Peter.
- Hi.|- My god, you look really good.
- l feel really good.|- Um--
You know what? Facing death|makes a man evaluate his life.
And lve been thinkin about mine,|and l havent liked what lve seen.
lve seen a man who has|courtside tickets to the Bulls,
a, a lucrative|investment portfolio,
an apartment on La Rue|du Faubourg, Saint Honore.
- Where?|- Paris.
But lve also seen a man|who has no one to trust.
No one to want|to have a son with.
You were there when l|needed someone the most.
You gave me|a second chance at life.
Took a coma to wake me up.
My family loves ya.|l might as well love you.
Lucy Eleanor Moderatz,|will you marry me?
Wanda? Wanda?|Are you all right?
- Um--|- Honey? Wanda?
Your hairs lookin|very big tonight.
Why, thank you.|l love your new cologne.
Yeah, its called Paris Guy.|lts from France.
- Nice.|- How ya doin?
Hey, are you goin|to see Lucy?
Yeah.
She is the best-lookin|chick in this building.
Hey!
But you are the best-lookin|chick on the third floor.
- Joe Jr.!|- Phyllis!
No? This one?
This one? Oh!
l dont want any flowers from you,|l am not wearing black underwear,
and l definitely do not|want to move in with you, Joe--
Jack.
Well, l dont have any flowers,|l wouldnt mind seeing|the black underwear,
but under the circumstances, l dont|think we should move in together.
l thought you were Joe Jr.
l get that a lot.
- Do you wanna come in?|- Yeah.
- Yeah?|- Yeah.
- Wow. So thats...|- Wow.
- the wedding dress, huh?|- Hmm?
The wedding dress.

lt works good as a tie too.
Ow. Yeah.
l just wanted to give you this before|all the presents started to pile up.
l was droppin off some furniture in|Little ltaly. l look in a window, and--
Florence.
Florence.
Thank you.|lts really beautiful.
And l wanted to say that|l think that Peter...
is a very lucky guy.
Thank you.
l had to say that because youre|gonna be my sister-in-law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha. Well, l guess well be|seeing a lot of each other then.
- l better get goin.|- Yeah.
Hey, Jack. Jack!
Yeah?
Can you give me|any reason...
why l shouldnt|marry your brother?
Oh.
l cant.
- Whats this?|- lts a wedding invitation.
Wait a minute.|This is your wedding invitation.
So?
Whom are we marrying?
Jerry, Peter Callaghan.
The coma guy?|Are you insane?
Yes, Jerry, lm insane.
Every day l go and l sit|in a booth like a veal.
l, l work every holiday.|l go home to a cat.
And now a rich and handsome man|has asked me to marry him,|and l have said yes.
Okay, okay. That makes me|a raving, total lunatic.
The wedding|is tomorrow, Lucy.
l know its tomorrow, Jerry.|But you know what?|l even wish it were yesterday.
Because you know what?|That would mean that today|that l would be on my honeymoon,
that l would finally have|a stamp in my passport,
and that it would say|ltaly on it!
What happened|with the other guy?
He didnt want me.
- Maybe she forgot.|- A woman doesnt forget|her wedding day.
Maybe shes stuck in traffic.
This isnt-- This looks--|Does this look ridiculous?
- No, you look fine.|- All right. All right.

- Well, you got the rings?|- Yeah, l got the rings.
Whats the matter|with you, Jack?
You suck.
l suck, or the outfit sucks?
lts a toss-up.
What do you need?
- Oh.|- Oh. Here she is.
Shes just a little nervous.
Youre not kiddin.
Shes lovely.
Dearly beloved, we are|gathered here today to join--
l object.
Oh, gee--
l, l, l didnt|get to that part yet.
l would have to object too.
- What about you?|- Oh, lm-- lm thinking.
What the hell is going on?
l am in love with your son.
l know.
Not that one. That one.
Jack, what the hell did you do?
He didnt do anything.|He didnt do anything.
lt was me. lt was all me.
Um, Elsie, how you doin?|You doin okay?
Um, do you remember|that day at the hospital?
Of course you remember that day|at the hospital. Well, um,|there was a little mix-up.
Um, l saw Peter get pushed onto|the tracks, and, uh, l saved his life.
But when l got to the hospital,|they wouldnt let me see him.
So, um, the-- someone told the|doctor that l was his fiancee.
Only, um-- Oh.|lts not true.
l was never engaged to Peter.
Why didnt you|say something?
Because l didnt know|how to tell you.
We never even met until|that day on the tracks.
And, um, its just when we|were in the hospital room,|everything happened so fast.
And l couldnt tell you|the truth.
And then l didnt wanna|tell you the truth because, um,
the truth was that|l fell in love with you.
You fell in love with me?
No. No-- Yes.|All of you.
l went from being all alone|to being...
a fiancee, a daughter,

a granddaughter,|a sister...
and a friend.
l might have saved your life|on the tracks that day.
But you know what?|You really saved mine.
You allowed me to be|a part of your family,
and l havent had that|in a really long time.
And l just didnt want|to let go of that.
So even though it was just for a little|while, l will love them always.
lm very sorry.
Oh, um, and lm very sorry|about your carpet.
What about my carpet?
- Peter Callaghan is engaged to me!|- Oh!
- l object to this wedding.|- Get in line.
And l object to your objection.
- Whos that?|- Ashleys husband.
You proposed to|a married woman?
Yes. And l was in a coma|when my brother makes a play...
for my-- sort of my fiancee.
- Peter, how could you do this?|- You promised me.
We were better off together.
Hold on, hold on.|Just hold on right there.
Hey, Luce, l just wanted|to say that, uh,
lm sorry things didnt|work out with that guy.
And, um, you know,|right now...
you should get in touch|with the child within, and, um,
explore your feminine side,|and, um,
you know, dont start eatin cookies|and cake and stuff like that,
because youll blow up|like my Aunt Roberta, you know.
And-- You deserve|better than that.
So--
So, um, how are things goin|with, uh, Miss Third Floor?
Shes--
Oh, Joey. Joey.
Hmm?
- Do you have any cookies?|- No.
You know what? We can|try on some of my shoes.
- Okay.|- All right.
- Hey.|- Hmm?
- Last day, huh?|- Yeah, hmph.
- lm sure gonna miss you.|- lm gonna miss you.
- Oh, well see each other.|- You better.
- Of course.|- All right?|- All right.
- All right.|- Bye.
See ya.

Lucy.
l need to ask ya a question.
Get down on your knee.|lts more romantic.
Hes proposing!|Let him do it.
l am letting him do it.
Can l come in there, please?
l cant.
Not without a token.
Hes doin it!
You knew?|Howd you know this?
Marry me?
Yeah.
l love you.
l love you back.
Ah, thats nice.
lm so happy.
So, l had planned to marry Peter,|but l married Jack instead.
Thank goodness|my father was right.
Life doesnt always turn out|the way you plan.
But Jack, Jack gave me|the perfect gift:
a stamp in my passport.
He took me to Florence|for our honeymoon.
l guess you might say|he gave me the world.
Peter once asked me when it was|that l fell in love with Jack,
and l told him, lt was|while you were sleeping.