



Scripts.com

Freaky Friday

By Heather Hach

Honey, wake up.

- No.

- Anna.

Greet the day.

Honey, you gotta wake up.

Ow!

That's it!

Oh!

I have had it!

- Aah!

Anna, hurry up!

:

What?

I'm ready.

:

Would you settle on a station?

:

Okay!

:

I'm going to get

a little stud here, okay?

:

I don't want my maid of honor
looking like a harlot.

:

Come on, Mom.
Everyone's got one.

:

Everyone?
Harry, everyone has one.

:

I can't believe you!
You're ruining my life.

:

You know what?
End of discussion. Feet down.

:

Okay.
If I can drive.

:

- Did you bring your permit?
- No. I can't find it.

:

- You can't find it?
- Ha ha!

:

What did you do with it, troll?

:

Why do you always have
to blame him?

:

You couldn't find
anything in your room.

:

Why do you always take his side?

:

Oh, look, Anna,
let's not do this now, please.

:

And fix your shirt.

:

- Look, there's Stacey Hinkhouse.
- Joy.

:

Hi, Stacey.

:

Hi, Mrs. Coleman.
Congratulations on your big day.

:

Thanks a lot.
Say hi to your mom.

:

- Okay, bye.
- Okay, bye. Hi, girls.

:

You never see Stacey anymore.

:

- How is she?
- Evil. She hates me now.

:

Why?

:

Would you leave
your brother alone?

:

See?
She always starts it.

:

Bye, honey.

:

Make good choices.

:

She had the same shirt?

:

Yeah, but this
looks okay, right?

:

- Sure.

- Yeah.

:

So it's cool?

:

- No.

- Oh, definitely not.

:

- Oh, kill me.

- Anna, what?

:

I can't believe it.

It's Jake.

:

He's gonna think I'm so stupid,

I can't even put on a shirt.

:

You've never even met the guy.

Guess what? He doesn't care.

:

He's not even looking.

:

He's totally looking.

:

- I think he's gonna talk to you.

- Shut up.

:

Oh! Thanks.

:

Sorry.

:

Why would I want
a leprechaun ice sculpture?

:

I'm not even Irish.

:

[Cellphone rings]

:

Could you hold on?

:

[Beeping]

:

Señora, Señora!
Cuidado!

:

Cuidado!

:

I am so sorry.
I'm so sorry, sir.

:

Mr. Bates, I don't
understand this "F".

:

You missed
the point of the book.

:

It's " ."
How could anyone miss it?

:

It's a blatant attack
on totalitarianism.

:

About a rigid society,

:

dominated by one all-powerful,
ego-tripping dictator.

:

My grade is final.

:

Except he had hair.

:

Anna!

:

Hello, Anna.

:

What do you have today?

:

Meat loaf.

:

Turkey.

:

[Humming]

:

Evan, I'm so sorry.

:

I had some car trouble.

:

Okay.

I thought you forgot about me.

:

I could never forget about you.

I see you every day.

:

What about tomorrow?

:

Is this new?
Am I gonna see you tomorrow?

:

You're gonna see me tomorrow,
but not next week,

:

because I'm going
on my honeymoon.

:

Oh, my God!
You're not coming back.

:

- All my therapists quit on me.
- I'm not gonna quit on you.

:

I'm gonna be available
on my cellphone.

:

I checked. There's no service
on the north side of the island.

:

It will be fine.

:

Okay.

:

I've had a better week.

:

You're counting the minutes,
aren't you?

:

No.

:

How many minutes are left?

:

.

:

All right,
this morning was good.

:

But then I got up.

:

Ohh!

:

Great.

:

No. No, no, no.
Absolutely not.

:

I said no salmon.

:

No, it has to be halibut.

:

Well, I don't care
about the extra cost.

:

- How much is it?
- [Cellphone rings]

:

Hold on one second.

:

Hello?

:

Hi, Harry.

:

No, you may not touch
the power tools.

:

Yes, I would consider the
lawnmower to be a power tool.

:

Okay.
I'll see you at home.

:

- Okay. Halibut.

- [Beeping]

:

Could you hold on one second?

:

Hello.

Dr. Coleman.

:

Yes, Elizabeth.

:

Yes, Elizabeth, I'll be
at the appointment tomorrow.

:

Okay, good.

:

And, Elizabeth, remember,
you are a smart, strong,

:

beautiful, independent woman,

:

and you don't need
a man to complete you.

:

Thank you.

:

Goodbye.

:

Excuse me.

:

Is this yours?

:

Thanks.

:

Tenor medium.

:

So, what do you play?

:

I play my dad's old Telecaster.

:

Nice.

:

Cute shirt.

:

Thanks.

:

So, you're in a band?

:

Sorta.

:

What do you mean, "sorta"?

:

Oh, we're still stuck
in our garage phase.

:

Ah, okay.

:

Well, if you ever get out
of your garage, let me know.

:

Yeah, totally.
You can come check me out.

:

I mean the band.

:

I'll be there, too,
if you want to come check.

:

I'm Anna.

:

Jake.

:

So, what do you say?
Do you want a ride?

:

Yeah, I'd like that.

:

Here you go.
You can wear my extra helmet.

:

Oh, I just realized
I have to meet my friends,

:

and they're waiting for me.

:

Your mom would kill you.

:

So dead and so grounded.

:

No, I get it.
Moms and motorcycles.

:

Yeah.

:

So, see you around.

:

Anna.

:

So, listen.

:

You like The Hives?

:

They're awesome.

:

Well, look,
I've got this import.

:

I was thinking if you wanted,
we could check it out.

:

Coleman.

:

One second.

:

If I were you, I would be
thinking less about boys

:

and a little more about
your honors qualifying exam.

:

I'm ready for the test,
Mr. Bates.

:

"Prepared" is to "you"
as "not" is to "test."

:

What does that mean?

:

Exactly.

:

[Engine revving]

:

[Tapping]

:

What are you doing?
Get out of my room!

:

Help me!

:

Mommy!

:

Stop! Anna!

:

Sing it on the second verse.

:

There she is.

:

Hey!
What happened?

:

Nothing.
Just taking care of my brother.

:

Thank you.

:

Mommy, Mommy, Mommy.

:

Come here.
Oh, sweetheart.

:

All right. Ready?

:

I'm gonna give you three.

:

No. Ready?
One, two, three.

:

Oh, honey, go back inside.

I'll be right there.

:

Anna!

:

Hold still, honey, hold still.

:

I promise there will be
serious consequences for her.

:

Hey, Tessie!

:

Hey, Dad, you're early!

:

- What?

- You're early!

:

I can't...

:

You're early.

:

Hold on.

I need my glasses.

:

Grandpa!

:

Hey, monkey!
Hey, hey, hey. Hey.

:

What is this?
One of them thongs?

:

I don't want to know.

:

What's up?
What's up?

:

- Hey, guys.
- You guys know these yard apes?

:

You're early.

:

What?

:

Glad you could make it.

:

I brought
an early wedding present.

:

What?

:

I thought I'd get
the author to sign it.

:

What?

:

- I thought I'd ask...
- I can't hear you. Hold on.

:

Let's get out of here.

:

What do you have
under your shirt?

:

Ryan, could you?

:

- Oh, bummer.
- Not again.

:

Time's up!

It's after :

:

Mmm!

:

Hey, guys.

:

You're gonna spoil your dinner.

:

You know, this Dad thing
can be hard or easy.

:

Don't let her see you.

:

Good, now we can hear.

:

Speak for yourself.
I could use those little notes.

:

She hates when I pull the plug.
Get ready for the fireworks.

:

Did I say hello?

:

I must have missed it.

:

- Hello.
- Hello.

:

Get a room!

:

Go, go, go, go!

:

[Cellphone rings]

:

- This is...

- Just one second. One second.

:

Okay, but you owe me.

:

Hello.

:

Yes, this is she.

:

Oh, really?

:

Okay.

Yeah, great.

:

Thank you.

Thank you so, so much.

:

What?

:

You guys are never
gonna believe this.

:

One of the bands dropped out
of the Wango Tango auditions.

:

We are the first alternate.

:

Shut up!

:

That's awesome!

:

We have to check in at
the House of Blues by : .

:

We're on at :

:

- When is it?
- Tomorrow.

:

Tomorrow?

:

Tomorrow's Friday. That's
my mom's rehearsal dinner.

:

Anna, come on.
This is really important.

:

You know, don't worry.
I'll be there.

:

How can you? Aren't you
the maid of horror or something?

:

Honor. It's not the wedding.
It's the rehearsal.

:

Don't they make a big deal
out of the rehearsal,

:

like all your weird
relatives coming to town?

:

No, they don't.

:

There's my Anna Banana!

:

Give your Grampy Doodle
a big huggy-buggy.

:

Grandpa, over here.

:

Oh.

:

Hey, Gramps.

:

Don't worry.
I would never let you down.

:

Just don't cancel
the audition yet.

:

- I'm gonna talk to my mom.
- All right.

:

- We're screwed.
- Yep.

:

Yeah.

:

"I don't think he knows I exist."

:

It's stupid to think about him,
but I can't help it."

:

Jake! Ooh, Jake!

:

Get out of my room!

:

Oh! My... my...

:

Ah! Aaaaah!

:

She saw it.

:

I'm gonna check
out those Lakers.

:

I'm with you.

:

Mom!

:

Mom, did you see
what happened to my door?

:

I spoke to your principal.

:

What?

:

Just now on the phone.

:

Where's my door?

:

- Privacy is a privilege.
- Where is my door, Mom?

:

Your door will be
returned to you, Anna,

:

if and when you can explain...

:

You give me that door,
or I will kill myself.

:

Oh!
Can I watch?

:

- Harry!
- Shut up!

:

Aaaaah!

:

I think we can dispense
with the drama.

:

Maybe you can
calmly explain to me

:

why you were
in detention twice today.

:

Okay, I went to detention.

:

That was
because Stacey Hinkhouse

:

kept hitting me
with a volleyball.

:

When is this conflict with
Stacey Hinkhouse going to end?

:

Never, because she's
an insane, psycho freak.

:

You'd know that if you paid
a speck of attention.

:

Anna!

:

What?

:

I think you know I pay
attention, Anna.

:

Enough to know that you got
an "F" in English today.

:

Well, Mr. Bates
is out to get me.

:

Oh, him too?

:

Yeah.

:

He just looks
for ways to torture me.

:

Like today, the one time Jake
spoke to me, he totally...

:

Who's Jake?

:

He's just nobody.

:

You say
I'm not interested, Anna.

:

I'm interested.
Try me.

:

Okay, he's just this
really amazing guy, Mom.

:

Where'd you meet him?

:

Detention, but...

:

That's promising.

:

Do you see? Why do I
bother telling you anything?

:

Do you see? Why do I

bother telling you anything?

:

Okay.

Who's up for Chinese?

:

Aah!

You're ruining my life!

:

I'm moving out and never coming
back ever, ever, ever again!

:

- Hello. How are you?

- Hello, Pei-Pei.

:

Anna, Harry, you're so big now.
What happened?

:

Are you happy for your mommy?

:

About what?

:

Oh. [Laughs]
She's such a joker.

:

Who's catering?
Chinese food good luck.

:

- It's all planned already.
- Okay, how about me?

:

- I preordered the Peking duck.
- Joy.

:

- I know that's your favorite.
- Whatever.

:

- The wedding is in two days.
- Think about it.

:

See you soon.
Happy dining.

:

Anna, your door is
underneath the back stairs.

:

Like I didn't figure that out.

:

Stop groveling, man.
Let her come to you.

:

She'd come with a hatchet.

:

I think I'll
go check on that duck.

:

Anna.

:

Do you think
that your surliness

:

is the best way for you
to get what you want?

:

I'm sorry, Mom.

:

I really have
been stressing in school,

:

and I deserved every single one
of those trips to detention.

:

And I'm gonna apologize to
Stacey Hinkhouse and Mr. Bates.

:

I guess what I'm trying to say
is, I'll try and do better, Mom.

:

I'll really, really try.

:

All right, what do you want?

:

To go to this audition tomorrow

:

that we can never have
again at the House of Blues.

:

An audition, that's great.

:

Tomorrow? You mean
after the rehearsal dinner?

:

Well, during.

:

"During."
You mean as "instead of"?

:

Technically?

:

I need to talk to you right now.

:

- I'm gonna pass on that.

- Now!

:

Anna.

:

I am going
to make one final attempt

:

to understand
what goes on in your head.

:

Don't treat me like
your patients.

:

- What?

- All calm and reasonable.

:

Let's talk.

I want to understand.

:

I really do
want to understand, Anna!

:

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

:

Oh, Mama,

stay out of it, please.

:

- Mama.

- Okay, fine.

:

They're gonna pick one local
band to play at Wango Tango.

:

We were lucky to make this cut.

:

It's a once-in-a-lifetime
chance. Please.

:

Why can't I just go?
Please.

:

What I hear
is that my special night

:

means absolutely nothing to you.

:

I don't have to ask if my band
means anything to you.

:

It's clear
you think we're all noise.

:

Look, I'm a walrus.

:

- I do not!

- Do too!

:

Anna, I let you practice
in the garage.

:

Anna, stop.

:

What?

:

Let's talk about what
this is really about.

:

This is about your dad.

:

Mom, stop shrinking me.
It's not about Dad.

:

It's about the audition!
You're ruining my life!

:

Enough with the drama.

:

Anna, high school
is not that hard.

:

You couldn't last one day
in my high school.

:

I could, and I would do it
without getting a detention.

:

I'm sorry I'm the one thing
in your life that isn't perfect!

:

You think my life is perfect?

:

I know your life is perfect.

:

Your perfect job,
perfect boyfriend,

:

perfect patients who worship
the ground you walk on.

:

You need a serious
and bracing reality check

:

if you think my life is perfect!

:

You can cut me some
slack this once.

:

I am beyond
cutting you slack, Anna.

:

You are not
going to the audition.

:

- I am!
- No, you're not!

:

- Why not?
- Because I said so!

:

Cookie?

:

This isn't really a good time.

:

Now a good time.

:

[Speaking Chinese]

:

Okay, okay.

Thank you.

:

Anna, for one day,
the entirety of our life

:

is not gonna be
focused on you.

:

Yeah, it's all about
Ryan now, isn't it?

:

Anna!

:

Get away.

:

Honey!

:

"A journey soon begins,

:

its prize reflected
in another's eyes.

:

When what you see
is what you lack,

:

then selfless love
will change you back."

:

Whatever.

:

Honey?

:

- You okay?
- Yeah.

:

Whew.

:

Come on.

:

- Did you feel that?
- Feel what?

:

- There was an earthquake.
- No, there wasn't.

:

Yes, there was.

:

What are they talking about?

:

An earthquake.

:

An earthquake?

:

No.
There was no earthquake.

:

You didn't feel it?

:

No.
I don't think so.

:

:

:

Oh, God, I didn't get
the dry cleaning.

:

I'll have to do that on the way
home, and call the mechanic

:

and the florist.

:

Okay, better get up.

:

I'd better...

:

Why am I in Anna's room?

:

What happened last night?

:

Did I pass out in here?

:

Oh, I have no memory of this!

:

This isn't mine!

:

Those aren't mine!

:

That's not mine.

:

That's definitely not mine.

:

Aaaaah!

:

Anna, come here quick.

:

Mom's dead.

:

I'm dead?

:

Come on, hurry!

:

See?

She's not moving.

:

Oh, my God.

:

No, wait, it's breathing.

:

I'm not dead.

:

What?

:

Right.

Her chest is moving, honey, see?

:

You called me "honey."

:

Right...

:

Are you sick?

:

I hope so.

:

Or dreaming.

:

Hon.

:

Harry,
go get your own breakfast.

:

You can eat Anna's cereal.

:

My cereal.

:

Cool.

:

Hello?

:

Hello in there?

:

Wake up, honey.

:

Wake up.

:

Wake up!

:

That is it.

:

[Groaning] Oh.

:

Oh, could I just have,
like, one minute, please?

:

Honey.

:

Look, I think
something's happened to us.

:

What are you?

:

It's me. Mom.

:

You're not my mother.

:

Yes, I am.

:

Get away, you clone freak!

:

Don't you use that tone with me.

:

Oh, my God, you are my mother.

:

And you're not
who you think you are.

:

Look at me!

:

We seem to be inside each other.

:

I'm old!

:

I beg your pardon!

:

Oh, I'm like the Cryptkeeper!

:

Okay, that's enough.

:

Aah!

:

I want my body back.

:

And I don't want mine?
My wedding's tomorrow.

:

Oh, my God!
My wedding's tomorrow.

:

I can't marry Ryan.
Ew!

:

Okay.
Okay, okay, okay.

:

Okay what?

:

I have no idea.

:

Mom, maybe we should go
to the emergency room.

:

Oh, no.

:

All that will get us
is a -hour lockdown

:

in the psych ward
and a Thorazine drip.

:

No, we're not going anywhere.

:

Okay.

:

So you're in my body,
and I'm in your body.

:

Why don't we, like...

:

Yes, yes, I see
what you're saying.

:

A jolt.

:

Okay. You go over there,
and I go over here.

:

Okay, now when I say go.
Ready?

:

- Yeah.
- Go.

:

Hey, Mom, can I...

:

Okay.
Okay, that was stupid.

:

Harry!

:

I was just teaching
Mom some new dance moves.

:

What do you want, punk?

:

You cannot talk to him
like that.

:

He thinks you're his mother.

:

We're gonna to have to tell him.

:

We're not going to tell anyone.

:

They'll think we're crazy.

:

Maybe we are crazy.

:

I for one am not crazy.

:

I'm merely a grown woman
trapped in my daughter's body.

:

Oh, God, I am crazy.

:

Grandpa,
could you pass the milk?

:

Okay. Harry's still Harry,
and Grandpa's still Grandpa.

:

So it's just us.

What did we do wrong?

:

I don't know.

:

Grandpa, pass the milk!

:

Grandpa, pass the milk!

:

Earthquake.

:

Earthquake!

:

Earthquake?

:

House of Chang!

:

- Nobody felt it but us.

- Earthquake!

:

Earthquake, earthquake!

:

Honey!

:

Okay.

:

I'll take you.

:

I guess you're not ready yet.

:

Sweetheart.

:

What are you doing here?

:

I thought you said
you needed a ride to work.

:

Right, Mom.

:

I guess you better hurry up.

:

Get a grip.
I am not...

:

Darling.

:

Could you,

like, chill for a sec?

:

Sure, sure, I'll chill.

:

- You're going.

- I'll, like, go get your dad.

:

Alan, that's not our car!

:

The earthquake and then
Pei-Pei's crazy mother

:

pointing at me and you.

:

And what was she
mumbling about in Chinese?

:

She did something.
Some strange Asian voodoo.

:

What are we gonna do now?
I can't go to school like this.

:

You have to.

:

You're on the verge
of suspension,

:

and you have your honors
qualifying exam today.

:

All the more reason
to stay home.

:

I could go and
take the exam for you.

:

I'm sure a high test
would be simple for me.

:

Are you kidding?
You think you can be me?

:

Of course I can.
Watch me.

:

"Oh, everyone's out to get me.
You're ruining my life."

:

It's easy to be you.

:

I'll suck the fun
out of everything.

:

I do not suck the fun
out of everything.

:

- Fun sucker.
- Oh, this is ridiculous.

:

I will go to school,
and you will stay right...

:

- What?
- Evan.

:

- Evan? Who's Evan?
- My neediest patient.

:

I've been seeing him every day
for three years.

:

Ooh, bummer.

:

Maybe just my face
would be reassuring.

:

No way. Unh-unh.

:

I am not babysitting
some -year-old wack job.

:

What am I supposed
to say to the freak?

:

Nothing. You are in no way
to give anyone any advice.

:

That would be unethical.

:

Just listen attentively,
nod occasionally,

:

and if you must speak,
simply say,

:

"How do you feel about that?"

:

You're serious.

:

You really
want us to be each other?

:

We will get through
this morning as each other,

:

and we will go to the restaurant
at lunch and get switched back.

:

Go get dressed.

:

Well, good luck getting
dressed without a door.

:

Thank you.

:

[Anna screaming]

:

Oh, boy.

:

You'll get used to it.

:

What?

:

You pierced your navel?

:

Yeah. I meant to talk
to you about that.

:

- When did you do this?
- At Maddie's cousin's sweet .

:

Well, when you get
your body back, it's grounded.

:

And what are you doing?

:

I don't know why you never wear
these. They're cute.

:

Yeah, if you're selling Bibles.
And what did you do to my hair?

:

I've been dying
to comb these rats out.

:

Now you can see
your pretty face.

:

And what is this?

:

Oh, I fixed your jeans.

:

My patients are not
going to pay \$ an hour

:

to get therapy from a stripper.

:

All right.
I'll drab up.

:

I'll grunge down.

:

Go.

:

What's up?

:

[Radio stations switching]

:

Feet down.

:

Harry, could you settle down?

:

Bite me!

:

Do you see what he
does behind your back?

:

Anna!

:

Mom.

:

Excuse me.

:

And while I'm apologizing,
let me just say to the whole car

:

how truly sorry I am

:

for being such an insane
control freak all the time.

:

You're not controlling, Mom.

:

I'm the one
who should be apologizing

:

for my flagrant disregard for

anyone's feelings but my own.

:

Well, at least you have
a great sense of style.

:

- Not like me.
- Enough.

:

Platinum, cool.

:

Don't even think about it.

:

Am I supposed to follow this?

:

It's nothing, darling.

:

One more day.

:

Yeah, it's great we're
getting married, isn't it?

:

Even though my husband died.

:

How quickly I've been

able to get over it.

:

Just pull up here.
Mom, out of the car.

:

If you manage to alienate
Ryan in my body.

:

I'll be nice.

:

But don't kiss him.

:

Oh, Mom, I just had breakfast.

:

That's disgusting.

:

Nice.

:

Okay. Here is the number
for the cab company.

:

I want you back here

at :

:

All right.

:

- Do you understand?

- All right!

:

What is that tone?

Are you using a tone with me?

:

Oh, my God.

:

Can I go?

:

Why?

What are you so anxious about?

:

Hey, Anna.

:

Do you know him?

:

Kinda.

That's Jake.

:

- No, no.

- You gotta give him a chance.

:

That is the last thing
I'm going to give him.

:

- You don't even know him.
- I know he's too old for you.

:

My God, he's coming over.
Say hi.

:

Say hi back,
or I break up with Ryan.

:

- Hi, Jake.
- Hey.

:

So.

:

Oh, this is my mother,
Dr. Coleman.

:

Hi.

:

Hi.

:

- It's a great bike.

- What?

:

Not like I've ever been on it.

I'm not allowed.

:

I mean I'm allowed

because I'm old.

:

I gotta go.

:

Bye.

:

Walk with him.

:

Harry, do you know who that is?

:

Anna's got a boyfriend.

:

K-l-S-S-l-N-G.

:

Okay, where are we going next?

Harry's school?

:

Oh, he can walk from here.

:

It's blocks!

:

Fresh air will do you good.

:

What about bullies?

:

Run fast.

:

Tess, look, really, it's
no trouble to drive him.

:

Whatever.

:

Hey, I've got The Hives for you.

:

I beg your pardon?

:

- The CD.

- Oh, yeah, that.

:

They're coming
to town next week.

:

- I was wondering if...
- That's a nice thought.

:

I'm sure with a haircut
you'd look presentable.

:

But I need to focus
on my schoolwork,

:

and truth be told,
you're way too old for me.

:

But thanks anyway, Jason.

:

It's Jake.

:

Hello.
Good morning.

:

Good morning.
Hi.

:

Hello.

:

Stacey!

Hi, how are you?

:

Oh, wonderful.

:

Stacey, what are you doing?

:

Run away.

:

- Are you okay, Anna?

- God!

:

I am appalled Stacey
would do something like that.

:

Yeah, shocker.

:

Oh, I am going
to be calling her mother.

:

Forget about that.
We'll get her later.

:

We saw you.

:

- Saw me what?
- With Jake.

:

- Give us the dirty details.
- Excuse me?

:

Did you make a move?

:

- Is that something I would do?
- It's something you should do.

:

No, no, no.

:

I don't believe
in physical contact

:

with the opposite sex
at all, ever.

:

Nothing.

:

And you girls would do
well to follow my example.

:

Well.

:

- Whoa, whoa!

- What?

:

Cold sore, cold sore.

:

- Where?

- I feel it coming on there.

:

- Big oozer.

- I don't care.

:

I'm thinking of you, really.

:

You.

:

Okay. Okay.

:

Good thing, I guess.

:

You need a ride home, or are you
gonna pick up the Volvo?

:

Oh, I will most definitely
be picking up the Volvo.

:

Ow!

:

Hey. How's it going?

:

- Uh! What?

:

Dr. Coleman's office.

:

Hi.
This is Dr. Dunn's office.

:

I am calling to confirm
your root canal appointment.

:

Root canal?

:

That's not fair!
They're not my teeth.

:

Okay, I'm not sure...

:

No.

No, I'm cutting the dentist.

:

- You mean you're canceling?

- Yeah, cancel.

:

Like I'm going to take
that bullet. Please!

:

Evan.

:

No. Boris.

:

Line .

:

- Thanks.

- There you go.

:

Whoa!

She's blind!

:

Oh, this sucks.

:

Wanna get that?

:

No way. I'm not answering
that thing again.

:

Good to see you.

:

Okay.

:

You're here.

:

Oh.
Yeah, I'm here, and you're here.

:

You look fantastic.

:

Why?
Are you canceling the session?

:

No, Kevin.

:

Evan!

:

Evan. Evan.

:

So, shall we go in here
and do it?

:

Are you gonna get that?

:

No.

:

Oh, so you
don't answer your phone.

:

I told you I wouldn't be able
to call you on your honeymoon,

:

but you lied to me.

:

You're a liar!

:

I'll get it.

:

Yo.

:

What?

:

\$? For what?

:

Halibut!

Ew!

:

What kind of caterer are you?

:

It's disgusting.

:

Well, I'm not gonna pay for it.

:

Okay, fine. Don't show up.

See if I care.

:

Yeah, I'm canceling.

:

Yeah, well, same to you, dude.

:

So, Ethan.

:

Evan!

:

Evan.

I knew that.

:

Bates. I've seen him before.
Where have I seen him before?

:

Like, every day
in this torture chamber.

:

So, did you talk to your mom?

:

Today is a lovely day
for a pop quiz.

:

All of you should have finished
reading "Hamlet" by now.

:

I'm going to ask each
one of you one question,

:

and you will be graded
according to your answer.

:

Oh, thank God it's "Hamlet."
I was in that play in high...

:

I just know the play.

:

Like that'll help you.

:

Mr. Waters, describe
the character of Hamlet.

:

Hamlet.

:

He's, uh...
he's one of the big characters.

:

I mean, he's Hamlet.

:

He's just bopping around,
doesn't know which way's up.

:

I don't think
the guy's got a clue.

:

You mean to say
that he is a man...

:

Yeah.

:

Who couldn't make up his...

:

- mind.
- Mind.

:

Exactly.

:

Very good.

:

All right.

:

- "B."
- Yeah.

:

Ms. Coleman.

:

Yes, Mr. Bates?

:

What are the central
conflicts in "Hamlet"?

:

Well, political, of course,

:

because Claudius usurped
his father's throne.

:

Oedipal, because of the
undercurrents with his mother.

:

Then there is the timeless
question of insanity.

:

Is he really seeing his father's
ghost, or is he simply mad?

:

That is seriously overreaching.

:

"F."

:

- "F"?

- "F."

:

Mr. Franelli, who is Fortinbras?

:

I started reading your new book,

:

and it just makes me feel
really depressed.

:

And how do you feel about that?

:

Depressed.

:

[Mumbling incoherently]

:

And how do you feel about that?

:

She and her best friend
aren't speaking, Doctor.

:

And in her diary,
she keeps mentioning this boy.

:

How do you feel about that?

:

Well, I'm worried.

:

You read her diaries?

:

Oh, that's gross!

:

That's bad.

"Bad Mom" award.

:

But I'm concerned, Doctor,
that she and this boy might be,

:

I mean, you know.

:

Stop! Stop!

:

Nothing is going on
between her and this guy.

:

If there was, she wouldn't be
writing about it.

:

She'd be out there doing it.

:

Her best friend
probably isn't talking to her

:

because she probably
likes this guy, too.

:

And he probably flirted
with her a little,

:

but he secretly
likes your daughter.

:

He hasn't made his move yet
because that wouldn't be cool.

:

So now her best friend is
acting like some psycho freak.

:

Okay?

:

That's very interesting.

:

I never would have
thought about it that way.

:

Cool.
Guess we're done.

:

Mr. Bates, may I please
speak with you?

:

I think that would be fairly
pointless, but go ahead.

:

By what stretch

of the imagination...

:

I mean, like, how could I,
like, get an "F"?

:

What mistakes did I make?

:

Grading is subjective.

:

That was
a college-level analysis.

:

And you're qualified
to make that assessment?

:

I most certainly am.

:

Well, in the words of Hamlet,
"What's done is done."

:

That's "Macbeth,"
you know-nothing twit.

:

Bates.
Elton Bates.

:

Griffith High School.

:

How do you know that?

:

Well, you asked me,
I mean, my mom to the prom,

:

but she turned you down.

:

This is not
an appropriate subject.

:

You're taking it out
on her daughter, aren't you?

:

I don't know
what you're talking about.

:

It was a high school dance.

:

You've got to let it
go and move on, man.

:

And if you don't, I'm sure the

school board would love to hear

:

about your pathetic vendetta
against an innocent student.

:

Oh, and by the way, Elton,

:

she had a boyfriend,
and you were weird.

:

That was amazing.
You totally destroyed him.

:

I don't think Elton Bates
will be giving me much trouble.

:

That's so weird about your mom.

:

- Oh, yeah, what did she say?
- About what?

:

- About the audition.
- Oh, right. She said no.

:

What?

:

Well, it is
her rehearsal dinner.

:

Don't you think
that's rather important, too?

:

And you told her?

:

You told her this chance
would never come again?

:

- She sympathizes.
- Don't give us this.

:

She is totally
ruining our lives.

:

You're the culprit.

:

Yeah, your mom
has never cared about our music.

:

Never cared?

:

Never cared?

:

Who do you think paid
for those guitar lessons?

:

And did she ever hear
a "thank you"? No.

:

Come on, you said it yourself.

:

Your mom hasn't paid
attention to you

:

since she started
dating that guy.

:

That's not true.

:

Well, you talk about it enough.

:

I do?

:

What is up with you today?

:

You act like you don't even
care about this band.

:

Look, girls... guys,
if it were any other night.

:

Whatever, Anna.

:

God.

:

[Tires squealing in distance]

:

[Car horns honking,
alarm sounding]

:

[Rock music blaring]

:

- You picked up my car!
- Yeah.

:

Get out of the car.
I'm driving.

:

Oh, my God.
What have you done to me?

:

Do you like it?

:

Get out of the car right now!

:

Do you have your permit?

:

No.

:

My hair.
It's gone!

:

What have you done to my ear?

:

Mom, it's an earring!

:

Take it out right now!

:

No.
It looks cool.

:

Don't start with me.

:

Those clothes
are going back tomorrow!

:

Why? Everyone likes them.
You look great.

:

I look like Stevie Nicks.

:

Who's he?

:

- What are you doing with this?
- I'm eating.

:

You cannot eat fast food.

:

Why not?

:

Because it will
go down your throat

:

and drop instantly to my thighs.

:

- Oh, come on.
- Watch the road.

:

Oh, this food may make
you blow up like a balloon,

:

but it will do nothing
whatsoever to me.

:

Oh, Mom!

:

Oh, God, this is good.

:

Mom, that's not fair.

:

My first french fry
in eight years.

:

I can hear
the "Hallelujah Chorus."

:

Road!

:

Oh, hi, hi.
You back so soon.

:

Sexy new look for you,
Mrs. Coleman.

:

You look hot.

:

- Two for lunch?

- No, Pei-Pei.

:

We'd like to speak
to you about something

:

we think happened
to us at your restaurant.

:

- Something that sucks.

- Let me handle this.

:

Okay.

:

When we woke up this morning,
we weren't ourselves.

:

Yeah.

:

Oh. Mama!

:

Hey, hey!
You come back here.

:

Hello, hello.

:

Did you give them
the fortune cookie?

:

What did she say?

:

Oh.
She's crazy.

:

Well?

:

She don't know what
you're talking about.

:

Okay, let's have lunch.
Let's eat.

:

You know exactly
what we're talking about.

:

Let's hit her.

:

Okay, okay.

:

I cannot fix it.
Only you can fix it.

:

When the fortune come true,
then you go back.

:

What fortune?

:

From the fortune cookie.

:

You find the answer
in each other.

:

When the fortune come true,
then you go back, okay?

:

No big deal.

:

You mean, we're stuck
in this suck-fest?

:

You're not going to do anything?

:

How about % off catering?

:

No, Pei-Pei, we have a caterer.

:

Actually, Mom, there's something
I forgot to tell you.

:

Okay, good idea, how about I do?

:

- What did that fortune say?
- Like I remember?

:

- I don't remember, either.
- Oh, I hate this!

:

I don't wanna get married at !

:

It's not even legal!

:

I want my room back.
I want my friends.

:

I want to eat whatever

I want when I want.

:

Mommy.

:

I know, sweetie.
It's a hard day.

:

We'll get through it.

:

Breathe.
Deep breath.

:

We'll go home
and find the fortune.

:

[Cellphone ringing,
beeping]

:

- Make it stop!
- Oh, my organizer.

:

It's been going off all day.

:

Parent-teacher conference!

:

I completely forgot!

:

You have to be at Harry's
school in minutes.

:

No!
I hate teachers!

:

You have to go.
I'll go to your school.

:

I'll take your exam,
and everything will be okay.

:

Okay, let's go.

:

Mom?

:

Yeah. Whatever.

:

Mrs. Coleman.

:

All right, let's do this thing.

:

Okay.

:

Well, what can I say
about Harry?

:

He is a sweet boy.

:

But he's having a little
trouble with bullies.

:

So?

:

That's character-building.
Kid needs to toughen up.

:

He's kind of a wimp.

:

So, that's it?
I can go?

:

No, not exactly.

:

Harry's very bright,

:

but he's having a
problem applying himself,

:

particularly in Math.

:

So, hold him back.

:

I mean, he's short.

:

He'll fit in,
you know what I mean?

:

Well, you know,
he's very good in English.

:

I had the class write an essay
on who they admire most,

:

and he wrote a wonderful
paper about your daughter.

:

So, what'd she say?

:

She showed me the paper
you wrote about Anna.

:

- You saw that?

- Mm-hmm.

:

Well, don't tell her I like her.

:

Well, why not?

:

Because we have
too much fun fighting.

:

You know, kid, you are way more
twisted than I thought.

:

Good try!

:

- Oh, man!

- Loser!

:

Good luck flunking.

:

Stacey, I want to talk to you.

Come here.

:

Why this falling out?

:

We were best friends
in sixth grade.

:

I know I got
involved with my music,

:

and you became involved
with your cheerleading,

:

but why does this
have to be World War III?

:

All those years

:

of trick-or-treating
and sleepovers.

:

Don't you remember any of it?
I know I do.

:

I mean, how do you
feel about that?

:

All right, let's all

take our seats for the test.

:

Sit with me?

:

Communication.
That's all it takes.

:

Hey, there you are.

:

Ooh! You again.

:

Look at you.

:

Love the hair.

:

Got a surprise.
You're gonna be happy with me.

:

I seriously doubt that.

:

Great dress. Sexy.

:

Oozing sore!

:

I don't see anything.

:

Makeup! Great stuff!

:

Hey, take it easy, stud.
Save it for the honeymoon.

:

You know what?
We have to go anyway.

:

Oh, no, I have to get
that fortune thingy.

:

No time.
I've got my sweater on.

:

No, no.
I have to...

:

We have to leave.
We'll spoil the surprise.

:

- Watch your step.
- Okay.

:

- Watch your step.

- Okay.

:

- Watch your step.

- Okay!

:

- Still got your eyes closed?

- Yeah.

:

All right, okay, relax.

Open them.

:

You're on

"The Dottie Robertson Show."

:

They had

a last-second cancellation.

:

I got you on.

:

To talk about that book?

:

Break a leg.

:

I didn't want to say anything.

:

We're ready for you now.

:

I know you get nervous,
but you're gonna be great.

:

I'm gonna barf!

:

Go get 'em!

:

- Watch your step. This way.
- I'm sorry.

:

- I'm not that person.
- Right there.

:

There you go.
Oh, sorry.

:

Now, makeup's gonna
come to you, sweetie, okay?

:

What is this thing?

:

"Through the Looking Glass.
Senescence."

:

Se-nes-cence?
Seeny-sincey?

:

What?

:

"The sum of
the areas of the shaded regions

:

in terms of 'D' is equal to
A, 'D' squared times the sum

:

of pi divided by four minus
'D' divided by two.

:

B, 'D' squared
times the sum of pi cubed

:

divided by 'D' minus two."

:

Now, what is pi again?
Three-point-something?

:

Oh, this is ridiculous.

I've never used pi.

:

Anna's never gonna use pi!
Why is it called pi anyway?

:

Okay, focus.

:

Or "C, 'D' cubed minus
the sum of pi squared.

:

Psst!

:

Miss Brown,
she's copying my test!

:

- Hey, cheater.
- I did not cheat.

:

That Stacey Hinkhouse
is conniving.

:

It's your business.

:

I did not cheat.
Don't you smirk at me.

:

If you're so perfect,

:

why are you
in detention all the time?

:

I'm not in detention.
I work here.

:

What would you say if I told you
I could help finish your test?

:

Really?

:

Yeah.

:

You know, my publisher doesn't
think anybody's gonna know

:

what the word
"senescence" means.

:

Do you know what it means?

:

No.

Please do sit still.

:

Okay.

:

All right, they keep
the tests in the file room.

:

We're going through here?

:

They're so burned out
they won't notice. Trust me.

:

All right, all right, all right.
Coleman.

:

Anna Coleman.

:

Oh, my gosh, thank you.

:

Now hurry up
and finish your test.

:

You really are something, Jake.

:

I'll watch the door.

:

Back from commercial in .

:

Loved your book.

I actually read this one.

:

That makes one of us.

:

Ready and three, two.

:

Hi. Welcome back.

:

We're here with
Dr. Tess Coleman,

:

author of
"Through the Looking Glass,

:

Senescence in Retrograde."

:

So, Doctor, tell us
about your new book.

:

Well.

:

I wrote it.

:

Yes, you did.

:

But tell us,
what got you interested

:

in the physical and
intellectual exhaustion

:

that seems to overcome
those of us

:

who are, let's say,
no longer .

:

Senescence, like senile!

:

Old people!

:

Got it!
Got it!

:

And let's face it,
we are tired much of the time.

:

That's why I've been craving
caffeine all day.

:

I thought I was dying.

:

But you still haven't answered
the fundamental question.

:

Why are we so tired?

:

Well, of course we're tired

:

because of our demanding
and hectic...

:

Do you want to know why adults
are so tired all the time?

:

Because they spend
their time obsessing

:

about these stupid, lame things

they don't really have to do.

:

Like cooking.

:

I mean, have you never
heard of takeout?

:

And cleaning?

:

Let's don't and say we did!

:

And quality time with your kids?
You know what?

:

Quit bugging 'em!

:

Leave 'em alone!
They like it!

:

I don't remember reading
any of this in your book.

:

Hello? It's called
reading between the lines!

:

Oh, my God.

:

What?

:

That's my mom.

:

Try listening
to the Yeah Yeah Yeahs,

:

The Vines, The Breeders.

:

And if you're excited
about something,

:

why do you have to hold
it in all the time?

:

You know, just scream about it!

:

Okay, do this with me.

:

Let's just say this
cute guy asks you out.

:

What are you gonna do?

Whoo!

:

Whoo!

:

Whoo!

:

That was pathetic!

:

You keep all that bottled up,
no wonder you're getting old!

:

I'm serious!
This guy's hot!

:

What are you gonna do?

:

God, your mom's cool.

:

I can't hear you!

:

Whoo!

:

Oh, she is dead.
Worse than dead.

:

She will spend the next year

:

in a phoneless,
dateless, Amish existence.

:

I've gotta get home.

:

I've gotta get home.

:

Listen, I need you
to give me a ride.

:

I thought your mom
didn't want you on a bike.

:

You're a little
too virtuous, kid.

:

You know what?
I'm late for my second job.

:

Just give me the ride.

:

I know my mother
will understand.

:

I'm gonna be honest with you.

:

You seem really different than
the person I thought you were.

:

I saw what you
did to Stacey's test.

:

I think you're right.

:

You're too young for me.

:

But I don't know why I did that.

:

It's really not like me.
Honestly.

:

Good luck, Anna.

:

Come on!
They'll let her retake the test!

:

Ohh!

:

That's the first time Tessie's
work hasn't put me to sleep.

:

I might even read
one of those books.

:

Hey, is Dr. Coleman
coming out soon?

:

Dottie had her escorted from
the building minutes ago.

:

But she rocks, doesn't she?

:

Look, she signed my butt!

:

- Whoo!
- Yeah!

:

Can I have
a quad-choc-caramel latte?

:

Mrs. Coleman?

:

Jake!

What are you doing here?

:

I work here.

Hey, I caught the show.

:

Man, you sure were great.

:

Thanks.

:

How was Anna today?

:

I mean, was she nice to you?

:

She was stressing a little,

:

but you know how it is
with school.

:

Okay, 'cause if she wasn't,
I'd have to punish her.

:

You punish her?

:

No mom who listens to The Vines
would punish anybody.

:

- You like The Vines?
- I got the bootlegs!

:

Shut up!

:

Whoo! Whoo!

:

Whoo! Whoo!

:

Oh, Anna Banana, it's you.

:

- Where's Mom?
- She ditched us at the studio.

:

Harry, get down from
the table this instant!

:

I'm imitating Mom.
You should've seen her today!

:

She was so cool!

:

Whoo! Whoo!

:

Ramones?

:

Love.

:

White Stripes?

:

Can't stand 'em.

:

I know! Me neither.
I mean, get a bass player.

:

I love this song.

:

Am I so lame that I would
love "Baby, One More Time"?

:

No, this cover's a classic.

:

I gotta go.

:

What?

Don't go.

:

No, no.

I have a wedding rehearsal.

:

Okay, whose?

:

Mine.

:

Are you serious?

:

I wish I wasn't.

:

You're not really
getting married, are you?

:

This was so fun, and I'm
gonna remember it forever.

:

- Okay, but you can't...
- Jake...

:

Look, I don't know
what's going on.

:

I don't know what
this whole thing is.

:

I feel like I know you.

:

I have to go.
Really, I just...

:

Please.
Just please.

:

Let me at least
give you a ride.

:

Okay.

:

Here you are,
you little monster.

:

Okay.

:

Tess!

:

Tess!

:

Tess!

:

Where have you been?

:

You needed to be dressed
a half hour ago!

:

You tell me where you've
been, young lady!

:

Young lady?

:

Role-playing!
Her idea.

:

New therapeutic technique.
Switching points of view.

:

If I switch with Harry,
do I have to wear a thong?

:

[Mockingly]

Earthquake! Save me!

:

Get back here, you little.

:

Where do I even begin?

:

Could it be your
career-killing TV appearance,

:

your nonstop partying
with my car and wallet,

:

or, perhaps, my body's
makeover from hell?

:

Are you listening
to a word I'm saying?

:

Yes.

:

And get that cheap stud
out of my ear.

:

Mom, he is so awesome.

:

- Who?
- Jake.

:

Please, Mommy, can I
go out with him? Please?

:

Not in Ryan's
fiancée's body, you can't.

:

What am I supposed to
do in Ryan's fiancée's body?

:

Go to this thing tonight?
Be you?

:

That's today.
What about tomorrow, Mom?

:

I really don't want
to get married.

:

I don't think you're thrilled

:

about me getting married
either, Anna.

:

Why?

:

Why can't we talk about this?

:

What is it about
Ryan you don't like?

:

He's fine.

:

But he's not your father.

:

Mom, look, I don't wanna talk
about this now.

:

Time's running out to talk
about it. Please, tell me.

:

Mom, do what you want.

:

Marry the dude.
Just don't make me do it.

:

Tess?

:

[Mockingly]

Privacy's a privilege, Anna.

:

Tess?

:

Go.

:

Yo, sup?

:

I'm not really
a prying kind of guy,

:

but I was wondering
what you were doing

:

on the eve of our wedding

:

straddling some guy on the
back of a big, black Harley.

:

Hello?
It was a Ducati.

:

Is there something

you'd like to tell me?

:

Some fantasy you're trying
to get out of your system?

:

Because I'd like
to know about it now.

:

I just needed a ride.

:

I didn't really
even know the guy.

:

I didn't know what...

:

He's a friend of mine, Ryan.

:

He likes me.

:

And my mom wouldn't
let me go out with him,

:

so I just had to beg her
to check him out for me.

:

And she did.

:

And she actually came to find

:

that he's a very
together young man.

:

And she approves.

:

Really?

:

Really.

:

Snap!

:

Uh-huh.

:

So, let's do this thingy!

:

- You mean our wedding rehearsal?

- Yeah, whatever.

:

Excuse me.

:

Ooh!

:

What are you doing?

:

Shotgun!

:

I want to talk to your mom.

:

- Are you insane?

- I know I am.

:

What are you thinking?

:

How can you entertain ideas
about you and a woman her age?

:

What are you talking about?

She looks great.

:

Really? Wow.

:

No!

You have to disappear!

:

I know
it's unconventional, okay?

:

And I know nothing can happen.
I'm not stupid.

:

I just want to know her.

:

I want to talk to her.

:

Do not come near
my mother or her fiancé!

:

Do you understand?

:

I don't understand anything.

:

For God's sake, you really need
to find someone your own age.

:

Anna, you're beautiful, okay?
But you're not her.

:

Stop it! Promise you'll
leave my mother alone.

:

Anna Banana!

:

I'll give you one thing.

:

I'll give you one thing.

:

He definitely likes you
for your mind.

:

Come on!
Come on!

:

All right, let's do this.

:

Oh, well, there we go.

:

Oh, I'll have one.

:

- What are you doing?
- Nothing. Did you bring it?

:

Right here.

Can you get away?

:

Well, I'd love to.

:

It's just that
I'm meeting thousands

:

of -year-old people.

:

Those are Ryan's parents.
Hi.

:

- Doesn't make them any less old.
- Ryan.

:

Do you think I could borrow
my mother for just one minute?

:

Sure.

:

Ow!

:

Okay, there's gotta be
some clue here.

:

"A journey soon begins,

:

its prize reflected
in another's eyes."

:

Okay, that was the switch.

:

Oh, let me see.

:

Okay, blah, blah.

:

"Lack, then selfless love
will change you back."

:

So that means
we're stuck like this forever.

:

Now is not a moment
for your negativity.

:

Let's try to be selfless.

:

Give me your hands.

:

I'm being selfless.
Are you being selfless?

:

Yeah, I'm being selfless.

:

You're not doing a good job.
We're still here.

:

Oh, right.
So now it's my fault.

:

Why is everything always...
It's Jake!

:

He must've followed us.
Mom, what're we gonna do?

:

Mom?

:

Mom!

:

Shh! Shh!
Don't scream.

:

Just listen to us.

:

We are half a block
from the House of Blues.

:

Tell 'em you're going to
the bathroom, do the song,

:

you'll be back before
they know you've gone.

:

I tried to learn your solo,
and I suck.

:

Two bands have gone,
and they both blew.

:

We might have a chance
if you come.

:

When I say I can't,
you don't know the half of it.

:

Don't make me do this.

:

What are you doing?

:

If Ryan sees you here,
it will blow everything.

:

I know.
I'm sorry.

:

It's just,
when I look into your eyes...

:

Stop it!

:

Jake, believe me, it is not
me you like, it's Anna.

:

No, you're the exciting one.
The musical one.

:

Actually, I learned it from her.

:

I'm tone-deaf.

:

- Tess?
- Shh. Don't move.

:

Tess?

:

Oh, found it!

:

- Found what?

- My earring.

:

I thought I lost it.

:

Anna's friends decided to crash.

:

You guys!

:

You know anything about this?

:

Well, I think they're trying
to get Anna to go to an audition

:

which had to be tonight,
but I said no.

:

She had to stay here.

:

- You're kidding.
- No, that's how it went down.

:

I know it's not important to you

:

and that she's just a girl
in a stupid band.

:

Look, Dr. Coleman, dude,
I'm really sorry,

:

but couldn't we borrow
Anna for minutes?

:

We'd never ask you, or
anybody for anything ever again.

:

I am appalled at you two.
I clearly said...

:

Go.

:

What?

:

Go.

:

Ryan.

:

What are you still doing here?
Go! Right now!

:

Thank you so much!

:

I told you he wouldn't
totally ruin your life!

:

Mister Dude, you rock!

:

Thanks, Mitch.

:

Are you mad?

:

No.

:

Do you, like, not want
to get married now?

:

No.

:

No, I don't, not if you're gonna put me in this role.

:

What role?

:

The role of insensitive stepfather

:

who couldn't care less or thinks it's a stupid band,

:

or any of the preposterous things you just said.

:

How can you say I don't care? I'm not that guy.

:

If that's who you think I am, this is never gonna work.

:

When I fell in love with you, I knew you came with a family,

:

and I respect the hell out of that.

:

You've always
put the kids first.

:

That's exactly how it should be.
That's how I want it.

:

I never pushed Anna
because I want her to like me

:

on her own terms,
in her own way.

:

Wow.

:

That's very cool.

:

Yeah.

:

Now, what are you
still doing here?

:

What do you mean?

:

You should be over there.

:

That's where you ought to be.
Cheering her on.

:

That's where I want you to be.

:

Go on. Go.

:

I can hold down the fort here
for minutes.

:

Wish her luck for me.

:

Okay.

:

Whoa, hold it.

:

Oh, you're not serious.
No!

:

Okay, great.
I've got I.D. For once.

:

Thanks.

:

So, it's a good crowd out there.

:

Anna, what are you doing?
What's wrong?

:

I can't do this.

:

Since when do you get nervous?

:

No, I really can't.

:

Come on, you rock
harder than anyone I know.

:

Well, the rocking may be
in short supply tonight, girls.

:

- What do you mean?
- I'm just not myself.

:

Anna, I know you're stressing.

:

We all are, and I know that
maybe it won't be brilliant,

:

but we'll forgive each other.

:

We'll find some way
to laugh about it.

:

Right now, I just really want us
to take this shot, okay?

:

We'll still love you,
even if it blows.

:

Yeah.

:

Okay, okay, okay, I'll try.

:

I mean, how hard can it be?

:

So don't forget

:

we changed the chord
progression in the first verse

:

from C-C-D to C-D-C.

:

You play notes?

:

I mean, I just thought we
could play in the key of "rock"!

:

Yeah, okay.
Let's fix your hair.

:

Yeah, what's with the bun?

:

Mrs. Coleman!

:

Jake, stop!

:

You're running away from him.

:

Jake, if you like me at all,
you will just leave me alone.

:

Yeah, but...

:

Please, no!

:

Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome to the stage

:

the next act in the KllSFM
Wango Tango auditions,

:

from right here in Los Angeles,
let's give it up for Pink Slip!

:

Do something!

:

- What are you doing?
- I can't do this!

:

No, it's okay.
I unplugged you.

:

Just fake it.

:

I don't even know
how to do that.

:

You can't tell me you never
went to a rock concert.

:

- I saw the Stones once.

- Great!

:

Just go out and act like Keith!

:

Keith, right, yeah.

:

Richards, Mom!

:

I knew that.

:

Just go act like Keith.

:

Act like Keith.

Not the behavior?

:

No, just the playing!

:

Now get out there!

Your solo's coming!

:

Whoo!

:

Anna, you rock!

:

It's early, but I think
you are definitely in.

:

All right!

:

- Are we in?
- Yes!

:

Oh, it was terrifying.
I had no idea what it takes.

:

- The guts.
- Thanks.

:

It's exciting.
Your music.

:

- It's not noise?
- Most definitely not noise.

:

Oh, my God!
Ryan!

:

Anna?

:

My first wedding
went like this, you know.

:

My first wedding
went like this, you know.

:

- Like what?
- She ran away with the florist.

:

Whole thing
went right down the tubes.

:

Don't make me hurt you.

:

There she is.

:

Look, look, look.

:

Mom, what's wrong?

:

I have to ask you
to do something for me.

:

Sure, whatever. After what you just did for me, anything.

:

It needs to happen before the toasts and speeches.

:

Okay.

:

Clearly, we're not switching back tonight.

:

I need you to tell Ryan you need to postpone the wedding.

:

What?

:

No, listen, I can see you're not ready for this.

:

And I can wait.

:

I guess I was so happy,

:

I wasn't thinking about what's best for you and Harry.

:

But, Mom.

:

If he loves me like I think
he does, he'll wait, too.

:

He'll understand.

:

He'll be very sweet
and gracious about it.

:

But please.

:

Just please let him know
that I love him.

:

And be as kind as you
possibly can for me.

:

Okay, Mom.

:

I know exactly what to say.

:

I'll be along in a minute.

:

You should sit down.

:

[Glass dings]

:

Hi.

:

I guess
I'm gonna start the toasts.

:

So, three years ago,

:

we had a really bad thing
happen in our family.

:

We lost a father and a husband,

:

and I didn't think we'd ever
be able to get over it.

:

But then...

:

This guy next to me
came into the picture.

:

And everybody could see
I was happy again.

:

I was singing
in the shower again.

:

Not well, I might add.

:

But I was still really worried
about my kids, Anna and Harry.

:

Whether they'd be able to accept
a new man in their life.

:

And now I know how Anna feels.

:

And what she feels is that...

:

No one could ever
take the place of her dad...

:

Because he was
a really great dad.

:

But somebody could be
part of a new family.

:

Its own kind of cool,
new, little unit.

:

And that for someone
as special as Ryan,

:

that we would all
just make a little room.

:

Anna really wanted her mom
to know that.

:

Earthquake!

:

Yeah!

:

And I am so psyched to be here!

:

I guess all I'm trying to say
is, Ryan, welcome to our family.

:

To the bride and groom.

:

What the hell just happened?

:

Trust me,
you don't want to know.

:

Thank you for everything.

:

I love you.

:

I love you, too.

:

What?

:

Go.

:

Go.

:

Hi.

:

Listen, I feel really stupid.

:

You know, it's just

yesterday was freaky,

:

and, I mean, I see your mom,
and I like her.

:

I mean, not "like her" like her,

:

but, you know, I mean,
like her as your mom.

:

Listen, do you think we could
just rewind this whole thing

:

and start again?

:

I'd like that.

:

You know, I've been thinking
about that kiss.

:

Kiss?

:

Remind me again how I did it.

:

In front of your mom?

:

It's okay.

She owes me.

:

Hey, why don't you ask
that girl to dance?

:

No way!

:

- Come on, go on over there.

- Stop bugging me.

:

Boy, it's true.

Youth is wasted on the young.

:

You go ask her, you old fart.

:

Now, wait a minute!

:

Why, if I was your age, oh!

:

Cookie?

:

Well, why, yes,
I don't mind if I do.

:

Mama! What are you doing?

:

Mama!

:

Grandpa! Harry!
No!

:

Okay!