The Family Man

Transcript
Thirteen years ago as a college student

**JACK:** OK… I’m not even gonna say it Kate. Maybe it’ll be like I never left… Ok? Alright. Ok.

**KATE:** Wait. I have a really bad feeling about this.

**JACK:** About the plane? Do you think it’s gonna crash? Don’t say that...

**KATE:** Look, I know that we’ve talked about this a thousand times and we both agree that going to London was the right thing to do. But in my heart… this feels wrong. Don’t go, Jack...

**JACK:** You mean don’t go at all. What about my internship?

**KATE:** Believe me I know, I know what an incredible opportunity this is for you...

**JACK:** For us, Kate.

**KATE:** Right, for us. But… I’m afraid that if you get on that plane...

**JACK:** Look, we’re at the airport and no one ever thinks clearly at the airport so we should just trust the decision we already made. You’ve been accepted to one of the best law schools in the country, I’ve got this internship at Barclay's Bank. We have a great plan, honey...

**KATE:** You want to do something great, Jack? Let’s flush the plan… let’s start our lives right now, today… I mean I have no idea what this life’s gonna look like but I do know it has both of us in it. And I choose us. The plan doesn't make us great, Jack. What we have together, that's what makes us great.

**JACK:** I love you, Kate… and one year in London's not gonna change that. A hundred years couldn't change that...

Present day - Jack is a very successful businessman

**PAULA:** Last night was incredible...

**JACK:** Huh?

**PAULA:** I said last night was great.

**JACK:** You are an amazing lover.
PAULA: Thanks. You're not bad yourself.

JACK: I want to see you again.

PAULA: I'd like that, too.

JACK: Tonight.

PAULA: It's Christmas Eve, Jack.

JACK: So I'll pour eggnog over you.

PAULA: I have to go visit my parents out in Jersey.

JACK: Jersey? Do you have any idea what the traffic's gonna be like?

PAULA: That's why I'm taking the train. It was nice meeting you, Jack...

JACK: Mrs. Peterson.

MRS. PETERSON: Hello Jack. You don't have to stop singing on my account.

JACK: Well, It's because I'm shy, Betty. So, when are you going to leave that old corpse Mr. Peterson and run away with me?

MRS. PETERSON: You know you could never satisfy me the way he does...

TONY THE DOORMAN: Merry Christmas, Mr. Campbell.

JACK: How'd you make out this year, Tony?

TONY THE DOORMAN: Oh, about four grand. And a bottle of twenty five year old scotch from 9D. I'm putting it all in commercial paper like you said.

JACK: Good, but just until the Deutsche Mark turns…

TONY THE DOORMAN: Thank you Mr. Campbell.

JACK: Alright…

JACK: ...if Med Tech's shares fall any lower than forty three, we're in trouble with the stock valuation. So for god's sake please, watch what you say to your institutional customers... we still have almost a full day of trading before zero hour and I don't want any trouble... penny for your thoughts, Alan...
ALAN: Hmmn? Oh God I’m sorry, Jack… I was thinkin’ about… you know… Dee and the kids, I promised I’d be home for dinner. It’s Christmas Eve Jack.

JACK: Oh, is that tonight? You think I like being here on Christmas Eve, Alan?

ALAN: Well. Maybe...

JACK: Okay, okay maybe I do have a touch of tunnel vision this holiday season. But in two days we’re going to announce one of the largest mergers in U.S. corporate history. When a deal like this turns up you get on and you ride it `till it’s over. You don't ask it for a vacation… December 26th, after that there'll be so much money floating around here it'll be like Christmas every day. December 26th, people. If you'd like to celebrate that day, you all have my blessing...

ALAN: You're right, Jack. I'm-I'm really sorry.

JACK: No, I don't want you to be sorry, Alan. I want you to be excited. I want my gift to you to be the first gift you open this year. You know why?

ALAN: Why Jack?

JACK: Because my gift comes with ten zeroes.

ALAN: You're right—you're right. I'm focused… I'm there.

JACK: Good man. Everybody turn to page 12 in your prospectus…

Going home Christmas Eve

ADELLE: It’s only eight thirty? I’m disappointed… got some last minute shoppin’ to do?

JACK: You too? This holiday's about giving, Adelle. And I'm giving everything I've got to this deal, so in a way, I'm more Christmassy than anybody.

ADELLE: You're my role model, Jack.

ADELLE: Oh, and Oxford called...

JACK: Ooh, my suits are ready!

ADELLE: Hmmn hmm
JACK: Care for a lifesaver?

ADELLE: No thank you.

JACK: Help yourself. Kate Reynolds?

ADELLE: Her assistant said you could reach her at home after eight.

JACK: Kate Reynolds was my girlfriend in college. I almost married her...

ADELLE: You? Married?

JACK: Almost married... and almost a broker at E.F. Hutton...

ADELLE: Excuse me?

JACK: She didn't want me to go to London. We're standing at the airport saying goodbye and she asked me to stay.

ADELLE: So you left her?

JACK: It wasn’t easy.

ADELLE: Oh stop it, I'm getting all weepy.

JACK: I took the road less traveled, Adelle.

ADELLE: And look where it took you... I'm gonna get this gal on the phone...

JACK: No...

ADELLE: You almost married this woman. You're not even curious why she called?

JACK: She's probably just having a fit of nostalgia. You know, lonely Christmas Eve, call the one that got away, that kind of thing. I mean... why call her back and mislead her? This happened a very, very long time ago.

LASSITER: Eight thirty-five on Christmas Eve. Jack Campbell still at his desk. Now there's a Hallmark moment for you...

JACK: Peter. I don't see you rushing home to trim the tree.

LASSITER: That's because I'm a heartless bastard who only cares about money.
JACK: Well you know what? God love you for that!

LASSITER: I got a call from Terry Haight. Bob Thomas is nervous...

JACK: That'll happen when you're about to spend one hundred and thirty billion dollars on some aspirin.

LASSITER: Somebody's gotta nurse him through this.

JACK: Why are you staring at my breasts, Peter?

LASSITER: I need you, tiger…

JACK: Where is he?

LASSITER: Aspen.

JACK: Call Aunt Irma and tell her I won't be able to make it tomorrow.

LASSITER: You're a credit to capitalism, Jack.

JACK: Hey Peter, lemme ask you a question. An old girlfriend calls you out of the blue on Christmas Eve... what do you do?

LASSITER: You suddenly having trouble getting dates?

JACK: Ya.

LASSITER: Leave it in the past. Old flames are like old tax returns. Put 'em in the file cabinet for three years and then you cut 'em loose.

JACK: I'll leave from my office tomorrow in the afternoon. Call the group. Schedule an emergency strategy session for noon.

ADELLE: That'll be a nice little holiday treat.

Jack finally leaving the office

JACK: Good night, Frank.

FRANK: Hey, Mr. Campbell. Why didn't you call down, I would've had Joe get your ride.

JACK: I'm thinkin' I'll walk tonight.
FRANK: It's a nice night for it. I'll send your car home for ya.

JACK: That'll be fine.

FRANK: Merry Christmas to you, sir...

JACK: You too...

Jack meets Cash at the store

JACK: Eggnog?

SAM WONG: Dairy case. Five dollar.

CASH: Hey yo… hey bustin' y'all do the lotto here, right…? Y'all do the lotto here?

Shopkeeper: Ya.

CASH: Cool, `cause I got a winner baby, I got a winner! Ooo… certified, good as gold. I know, Lotto keep a lot of brothers down... but not cash money, you know what I’m sayin’? Don’t do me none, son ‘cause I’d be like… BANG on the lottery, you know what I mean? It’s all good! Relax son, relax son… I gottch you, I gottch you. Four numbers, check it… bust it, bust it: 6...14... 16...49... that’s a winner son. Two hundred and thirty eight dollars, B... Cheddar comin’…

SAM WONG: You draw in the lines.

CASH: What're you talkin' about, B?

SAM WONG: You draw in the lines with a pencil! I know about this!

CASH: Yo, bust it… check the ticket son, check the ticket!

SAM WONG: No, you get out.

CASH: Yo, you ain't even looked at the ticket… you’re lookin’ at me son! Check the ticket, son.

SAM WONG: You get out now. You take the ticket somewhere else. Next customer in line...! Look, you get out or I call 911.

Mother: Oh my God!
CASH: Check the ticket, stupid… look at the ticket! Shit, I’m gonna make you call God! That’s my word… you best check that ticket fool!

JACK: Let me see that ticket.

CASH: Was I talkin' to you?!

JACK: Maybe I'll buy it from you. You know, make a little business deal.

CASH: Stupid ass white-boy in $2,000 suit gets capped tryin' to be a hero news at eleven… that whatch you wanna see? You wanna see Cash up in here? You want me to set it, son? Do you wanna die? Do you want to die?

JACK: No. Look, I'm talkin' about a business deal. Ok… I buy the ticket from you for two hundred dollars… I take it to a store where the guy behind the counter doesn't have a death wish… I just made myself a quick thirty eight dollars. Like I said, it's just a business deal.

CASH: Alright… ya, alright. You blew it, B… you blew it. The ticket was real. Damn, you had your chance too! Come on Jack, let's get outta here.

JACK: How'd you know my name was Jack?

CASH: I call all you guys "Jack." Here… nice doin' business with you.

JACK: Hey... What do you want to carry that gun around for, anyway? You're just gonna wind up doing something you regret.

CASH: You're talkin' to the wrong person about regrets, Jack.

JACK: I mean there must be programs out there, and um… opportunities...

CASH: Wait a minute, wait a minute... are you actually tryin' to save me? This is bananas… this man thinks I need to be saved, yo!

JACK: Everyone needs something.

CASH: Yeah? Well, what do you need Jack?

JACK: Me?

CASH: You just said everyone needs something.
JACK: I got everything I need.

CASH: Wow. It must be great being you.

JACK: I'm not saying you'd be able to do it without some hard work... some honest hard work... and possibly some medicine.

CASH: You know I'm really gonna enjoy this... you just remember that you did this, Jack, ok? You brought this on yourself... Merry Christmas.

Jack’s alternate universe

KATE: Mmmm... ten more minutes, Jack... it’s Christmas...

ANNIE: Jingle bells, Santa smells, Rudolph laid an egg... la la la, la-la la, la, la la, la la la...

KATE: Nevermind… who’s here? Who’s here…?

ANNIE: Rise and shine...!

ANNIE: Don’t you think we should open some presents?

KATE: I think we should give mama maybe five more minutes in bed. Wouldn’t that be fun? Could we do that...?

ANNIE: It’s Christmas, it’s Christmas! Let’s go down stairs...

KATE: What’s this dog doin’ on the bed?

ANNIE: Did Santa come?

KATE: Oh, Lord… I don’t know, we’ll have to go see. Jack...? Strong coffee.

LORRAINE: Oh, Jack. Merry Christmas, dear!

JACK: Lorraine... Ed...

BIG ED: Hey Jack you ol' bird dog. Merry Christmas to ya’.

LORRAINE: Talk to him, Jack. One day a year away from the Ponderosa... I don’t think that’s asking too much.

BIG ED: This is who I am. Tell her, Jack! For God’s sake you're the only one around here who gets me.
LORRAINE: I need some eggnog.

BIG ED: ‘Course you do sweet thing… it’s almost 8 o’clock in the morning!

JACK: Excuse me.

LORRAINE: Where are you going, Jack?

BIG ED: Josh! Annie! Giddy-up! Big Ed’s here!

JACK: Where’s my car!? Where’s my Ferrari?

BIG ED: What?

JACK: Where’s my Ferrari?

BIG ED: What the hell are you talkin’ about? (to Lorraine) What’s he talkin’ about?

LORRAINE: You got a Ferrari?

JACK: Look, look… lemme borrow your car?! And then, I promise I’ll have it returned.

BIG ED: My Caddy? Drive your own damn car!

LORRAINE: Oh just let him borrow your precious Cadillac, for god’s sake.

BIG ED: He’s got a perfectly good mini-van sitting out there in the driveway! Here… What the hell’s wrong with him anyway?

Jack tries to escape

JACK: Tony, thank God...

TONY THE DOORMAN: Sorry, pal. Entrance is for residents and guests only...

JACK: What are you talking about? Jack Campbell. Penthouse C. What’s the matter with you?

TONY THE DOORMAN: Uh-huh...

JACK: Mrs. Peterson! I think there’s something wrong with our man Tony here.

MRS. PETERSON: Who is this man?
JACK: Oh, come on! What is going on with you two this morning? Is this like a… Christmas joke!? Who is this man? Well, we’re on the co-op board together, Betty, and we fought side by side for garbage disposals. And every morning we exchange quasi-sexual witty banter… Ok?

TONY THE DOORMAN: Should I call the cops? I’m gonna call the cops...

JACK: No I’m gonna call the cops… You’re scaring me!

MRS. PETERSON: No...

JACK: Thank you… thank you for not calling the cops. Now I’m goin’ upstairs and get some sleep and then I’ll be fine.

MRS. PETERSON: Sleep you shall. Noblesse oblige isn’t dead. Not yet anyway… let’s get you some help. Surely there’s a shelter somewhere in this city.

JACK: A shelter?! Hey, hey… are you smacked outta your head!? I’m the richest man in this building… I’ve got twice the square footage you have… and I’m goin’ upstairs!

FRANK: Whoa, take a walk pal…

JACK: Oh… not cool…NOT cool! You wanna get cute? Get cute. I’m gonna go to my office and I’m gonna file a complaint to the manager of the building. I’m gonna have you fired Tony. And Mrs. Petterson? You’re on notice with the co-op board so you better just stop… whatever this is… that you’re doing. Oh, ya… oh, ya! Oh, come on!

Jack arrives at work

JACK: Frank, you won’t believe what’s been happening to me… is Adelle here yet? Where’s Mintz?

FRANK: The building’s closed pal. You’ll have to come back tomorrow.

JACK: Frank. Why do I feel the need to remind you that I’m Jack Campbell, president of the company.
FRANK: Look... I don’t care who you are. It’s Christmas and like I told you the building is closed.

JACK: I don’t think you heard me correctly. I am Jack Campbell. Jack Campbell... President!

FRANK: You have a nice holiday.

JACK: That’s my car!

CASH: Hi, Jack.

JACK: You stole my car!

CASH: Now I know this thing is really bizarre to you and you’re feeling quite shocked, but just hop in and I’ll explain everything to you, ok? Come on... come on. You’re probably gonna wanna buckle up, Jack. This thing moves.

JACK: What’s happening to me?!

CASH: Breathe into the bag, Jack. This kinda thing makes a lotta guys apt to throw up, I’ve seen it happen before, ok? So if you feel the urge, you roll down the window and do it out there. Try not to get so worked up, Jack. Ok? After all... you brought this on yourself.

JACK: Brought what on myself?! I didn’t do anything!

CASH: I’ve got everything I need. That sound familiar?

JACK: You mean because you thought I was cocky I’m now on a permanent acid trip?!!

CASH: Bag yourself, Jack. The way you intervened in that store last night. You did a good thing there, Jack. I mean it was incredibly impressive. All the way across the board to the upper echelons of the organization, let me tell you.

JACK: Please just tell me what’s happening to me! In plain English... without the mumbo, jumbo.

CASH: This is a glimpse, Jack.

JACK: A glimpse? A glimpse of what!?
CASH: Well you’re gonna have to figure that out for yourself and you got plenty of time.

JACK: How much time?!

CASH: As much as it takes… which, in your case, is probably gonna be considerable.

JACK: Ok, look… Look, I just want my life back, ok? You wanna talk turkey? Let’s talk turkey! How much money…?

CASH: It doesn’t work like that and I can’t tell you why.

JACK: Why not?

CASH: Because you have to figure this thing out for yourself. Are you listening to me?

JACK: Figure it out? Figure it out? Figure out what?!

CASH: Let it come to you, man.

JACK: I don’t have time for this right now. I’m in the middle of a deal...

CASH: Oh well, you’re working on a new deal now, baby.

JACK: What’s this?

CASH: Open it.

JACK: What’s this, some kind of a signal? Will you come whenever I ring it?

CASH: Now you gotta get outta the car Jack.

JACK: But what do I do?

CASH: I’m sorry, I just can’t spend any more time with you. I got some other business I gotta take care of…

JACK: You did this to me, you can’t just leave me like this.

CASH: Ok. Look, you wanna get some air? Let’s get outside, get some air we’ll walk and I’ll explain everything to you, ok?

JACK: Thanks, man...
CASH: Sure...

Jack returns to his alternate universe

JACK: Excuse me. Do you know where Merrison Street is?

ARNIE: Jeannie! I found Jack...

JEANNIE: Oh, there you are stranger. Where you been?

ARNIE: You look terrible... Truth is I expected ya. Kate called and asked if I knew where you were... so. Oh, I know. I put the Barca-lounger in the center of the room. It’s throwin’ everybody off. Waddaya think?

JACK: It’s a great room... great room.

ARNIE: You and me, buddy, we know how to live huh?... come on... come on, Jack... come on. Come on, buddy. Take a seat. Are you okay? I mean, ah... you take off Christmas morning, you know, you don’t tell anyone where you’re goin’...

JACK: We’re friends?

ARNIE: Talk to me...

JACK: I’m having kind of a bad day.

ARNIE: You know, I read somewhere that the suicide rate doubles during the holiday... What am I saying that for? You don’t wanna hear that... come on...

ARNIE: Is it trouble at work?

JACK: I don’t think so.

ARNIE: Well it’s not Kate, is it? You see, huh? It’s like we’re inside each other’s heads...

JACK: Kate’s my wife...

ARNIE: Just keep sayin’ it over and over again Jack, like a mantra. Keep sayin’ it. Look, you know you fit the profile exactly. Your thirties, house, kids, financial responsibilities. You start thinking... this isn’t the life I dreamt about. Where’s the
romance, you know? Where’s the joie de vivre? Suddenly, every lingerie ad in the Newark Star Ledger represents a life that you can’t have...

JACK: It’s just two kids, right?

ARNIE: C’mon, c’mon… Alright sometimes it feels like you gave up the whole world, I know that, but look what you’ve got! Look at that… four bedrooms, two and a half baths, and a partially finished basement… kids. Look, you know what? You probably don’t want to hear this right now but remember last summer when I almost had that thing with Arnie Jr.’s speech therapist. You remember what you said to me? Don’t screw up the best thing in your life just because you’re a little unsure about who you are. Okay? Go get ‘em tiger.

KATE: (into phone) Could you hold on a second…? Um, never mind because… because he just walked in. Thank you… thank you. Do you have any idea what you put us through today? You walk out of here at 7:30 in the morning, you don’t tell me where you’re going, or even that you’re going, and I don’t see you ‘til hours later. I called all of our friends… I had the state troopers looking for you! I was on the phone with the hospital for god’s sake! What kind of man leaves his family on Christmas morning without a word about where he’s going? What kind of a man does that Jack!?

JACK: I dunno… could you please stop yelling at me?

KATE: Where were you?

JACK: I was in the city.

KATE: The city? New York City? Why?

JACK: Because that’s where I live.

KATE: Don’t start Jack… don’t.

JACK: Look, you don’t understand. I woke up this morning here… and this is very strange, because… this isn’t my house…

KATE: Ahhh!
JACK: ...those aren’t my kids... I’m not “Dad”... I’m not a dad? You’re not my wife...

KATE: You know what, Jack? It’s not funny this time because I am really mad. I mean really mad! I mean it... I... I... don’t even...

ANNIE: What’s that? I like it... thanks, Dad!

JACK: That’s mine. Hey! I need that back... she took my bell.

KATE: You missed the whole thing. The pancakes and the presents... you spent six hours putting that bike together for Annie and then you didn’t even get to see the look on her face when she opened it... You missed Christmas, Jack.

JACK: I’m sorry.

KATE: You know what, we don’t even have time for this. At least you’re ok... I’m ok... we’re ok... but we gotta go get dressed for the Thompson party. And you are not wearing that. I don’t care how hilarious you think it is...

JACK: Party? No, no... I’m not going to a party.

KATE: You look forward to this party all year. What is it with you today?

JACK: Believe me Kate. I really don’t think that going to a party is the right move for me at the present time.

KATE: Ok, Fine. You know what, then, you just do whatever you wanna do.

JACK: What are you doing?

KATE: Telling my mother that she doesn’t have to stay with the kids.

JACK: Why not?

KATE: Because you’ll be here.

JACK: I’ll be ready in ten minutes.

JACK: Oh! This is... this is just sub-par.

At the Christmas party

EVELYN: Kate! Jack!
KATE: Evelyn.

EVELYN: Come in! Hey everybody, Kate and Jack are here!

CROUD: HEY!

KATE: Jeanne... whooo... Merry Christmas.

JEANNE: Merry Christmas.

EVELYN’S HUSBAND: Hey Jack, merry Christmas.

EVELYN: So... like the dress...?

JACK: It’s lovely...

EVELYN: I thought I saw you notice it at the kids’ recital.

JACK: It’s lovely... it’s lovely.

ARNIE: There he is. Hey Jack... happy holidays, man.

JACK: Ya...

ARNIE: Jack, c’mon over.

BILL KRAMER: Hey, Jack.

ARNIE: Cheers, baby...

NICK: You guys see Van Horn last night?

BILL KRAMER: Oh, beautiful...

ARNIE: 32 points!

NICK: That kid’s gonna take the Nets to the championship.

JACK: The Nets? Are you kidding? They suck... but they’re due. They’re certainly due.

BILL KRAMER: So, tomorrow’s the big day, Jackie...

JACK: Okay... why?

BILL KRAMER: My triple bypass. I’m goin’ under the knife tomorrow. I... I told you that, right?
JACK: Triple bypass? You really think you should be eating all that?

BILL KRAMER: Eh? Figure I'm goin' in for a cleaning tomorrow, might as well load up on the fried stuff tonight, right...?

ARNIE: That's good thinking, Bill. Have another drink... you know? Some fried pork, mashed potatoes... He'll be dead by morning.

NICK: How 'bout a cigar, Jack?

JACK: Ah... no thank you, I'm cuttin' down...

NICK: C'mon, c'mon... they're American made, not Cuban.

JACK: Oh, really?

NICK: Ya... c'mon

EVELYN: Finger food...?

JACK: Very nice.

NICK: Thought you'd like 'em.

JACK: Superb.

NICK: How 'bout you, Arn?

ARNIE: I'm alright, thanks.

EVELYN: Finger food?

JACK: No thank you, I'm fine.

EVELYN: Ah, c'mon, as soon as I put 'em down, you're gonna grab a couple... you always do...

JACK: I'm ok...

EVELYN: Let me. They will melt in your mouth... Good?

JACK: Fabulous!

KATE: ...at the end of this whole thing, she made me this hand embroidered sweater... really lovely.
GROUP: Oh, how nice!

KATE: So I'm slipping it on I notice she's misspelled the word “lawyers.”

Group: Oh, oh!

KATE: I spent the entire day walking around with a sweater that said, “Non-Profit Layers Do It For Free.”

JACK: So you're a lawyer...? A non-profit lawyer... Pro bono... you don't get paid at all? Nobody makes a dime?

KATE: Jack...? Anyhoo...

Back at home following the party

KATE: I better go wake my mother, ok... Here you go...

JACK: Ah, I don’t think so...

KATE: She’s your dog, Jack.

JACK: No, she's not.

KATE: You're right; she's the kid's dog. Maybe we should go wake Josh and make him walk her.

JACK: If you could take a dump sometime in this century then we could go home where it’s warm. If I can even remember how to get home... you remember, don’t you girl?

JACK: Hello? Hello! HEY! Uh... that baby’s crying...

KATE: And...? Don’t give me that look, Jack, Tuesday's your day and you know it. And listen, try to get Josh to day care on time, okay?

JACK: Holy mother of god!

ANNIE: You’re not really my dad, are you?

JACK: No, I’m not. I work on Wall Street, you know with the big buildings...? I live in an apartment with a doorman, and I can buy almost anything I want... This isn’t my life... it’s just a glimpse...
ANNIE: Where’s my real dad?

JACK: I don’t know... But don’t worry, he loves you and I’m sure he’ll be back very soon...

JACK: What are you doing?

ANNIE: They did a pretty good job.

JACK: Who did?

ANNIE: The aliens... in the mother ship. You look just like him.

JACK: Uhh... thanks... slightly better looking though, right? Oh, no... you’re not gonna start crying, are you? I don’t think I could really deal with that right now.

ANNIE: Do you like kids?

JACK: On a case by case basis...

ANNIE: Do you know how to make chocolate milk?

JACK: I think I could figure it out.

ANNIE: Promise you won’t kidnap me and my brother... implant stuff in our brains?

JACK: Sure.

ANNIE: Welcome to earth.

ANNIE: This is where babies go when their parents are at work.

JACK: Check...

ANNIE: Just push the red button.

JACK: Do I get a receipt or something...?

ANNIE: I have winter camp until four and ballet class until five thirty.

JACK: Five thirty. Ok.

ANNIE: And try not to be late because kids don’t like to be the last one picked up.
JACK: Got it. Good tip.

ANNIE: Bye...

JACK: Bye...

JACK: Hey! Annie! Where do I go now?

ANNIE: Big Ed’s.

JACK: Big Ed’s Tires? Why...?

ANNIE: ‘Cause you work there.

JACK: You mean I sell tires... That’s what I do. I’m a tire salesman...

Jack is on his way to work

JACK: Good Lord...

BIG ED: Jack my boy! Hey, guess who I played bridge with two nights ago...? Hell, you’ll never guess. One Sydney Potter. That’s Sydney Potter, CEO Buy Rite Transport. Only the third biggest truckin’ outfit in the state. Anyhoo, he’s looking for a new parts supplier... we can handle volume like that, now can’t we Jack?

JACK: I’m gonna have to get back to you on that... Ed.

BIG ED: Right on...

JACK: Right on...

JACK: Excuse me; do I... do I have a private office somewhere in the building?

KENNY: Uh... sure Jack...

JACK: Where is it?

KENNY: Oh, ah... it’s... right back... right back there.

JACK: Thank you.

JACK: Ahh... oh no... You must have needed this everyday. What are you smiling about...? ’88...? I was in London in 1988... You never went to London.
ESTELLE: Jack, you’re needed in mag wheels, customer waiting!

JACK: ...I was the number one junior sales associate for E.F. Hutton in 1988. Did you know that?

KENNY: Ah, no… no, I didn’t... that’s great.

JACK: That’s the kind of thing you can really build on... you know?

KENNY: Uh huh...

JACK: I mean sales has always been a feeder for M and A. Always...

KENNY: Uh huh... ah well, look... here we are, mag wheels...

JACK: Oh.

KENNY: Hey Jack, are you sure you’re okay?

JACK: Well, I’m just a little confused right now about why I work here...

KENNY: Uh... I just started here last Tuesday.

Jack is in bed watching CNBC

CNBC REPORTER: ... the closing tick was a mildly bullish plus seventy six. Much of the market’s action today was fueled by the latest round of merger mania to hit Wall Street...

CNBC REPORTER: ...when Global Health Systems and MedTech Pharmaceutical announced their intentions to join forces in a massive one hundred and twenty two billion dollar stock swap deal, the largest ever in the health care industry. When asked about the possible anti-competitive implications, Global Chairman Bob Thomas referred reporters to P.K. Lassiter and Company President Alan Mintz, the original architect behind the deal...

JACK: That’s my deal!

CNBC REPORTER: Ironically, Mintz first met Thomas at a Lamaze class...

JACK: What!?
CNBC REPORTER: ...while coaching their pregnant wives, Mintz and Thomas struck up a dialogue and two months later, the deal with MedTech was born...

JACK: He wasn’t the architect, I’m the architect!

CNBC REPORTER: In other business news, U.S. Labor Department officials announced today that two hundred and seventy-five thousand new jobs were created last month...

KATE: The kids are asleep... the kids, hon... Honey? Sweetheart, I said the kids are asleep...

JACK: Well that’s just great... those little monkeys can be a real handful...

JACK: Hey! I was watching that!

KATE: Not tonight.

JACK: Please leave my socks alone... wait... you want me?

KATE: That is the general idea, ya...

JACK: Oh well maybe we should grab a bottle of wine first? Kind of break the ice...

KATE: That’s very funny, but it’s ten thirty. By eleven o’clock you’re gonna be snoring like a monster, but... that’s very sweet... I’ll remember that for next time.

JACK: Whatever you say... honey.

KATE: Ya...

JACK: Oh God, you’re beautiful...

KATE: Thanks, Jack...

JACK: No, I’m... I’m serious... you’re really stunning...

KATE: This is good stuff; I want you to keep this up...

JACK: I mean you were always a very pretty girl in college, there’s no question about that. But this... you’ve really grown into a beautiful woman...

KATE: How can you do that?
JACK: What?

KATE: Look at me like you haven’t seen me every day for the last thirteen years... ‘K wait, don’t move, don’t move… stay right there… I got something. Good night sweetheart...

KATE: Ok, we’re almost outta here.

ANNIE: Mary Janes, Mom. You promised.

KATE: That’s right, I did promise. Ok, alright… we’re gonna stop at the kids’ shoe department first, and then I gotta pick up my watch from the battery store, then I’m gonna go to the linen store...

JACK: Why don’t we go to all the stores?! Every single store in this godforsaken shopping mall. Wouldn’t that be exciting?

KATE: You know what, why don’t I take the kids you just stay here and hang out in the men’s department…? C’mon, hon…

SALESMAN: It’s perfect for your frame... why don’t you try it on?

JACK: You might wanna take an inch outta the back… lengthen the sleeve...

KATE: You look amazing in that suit... I mean... really, wow... off the charts great.

JACK: It’s an unbelievable thing. Wearing this suit actually makes me feel like a better person. I’m gonna buy it...

KATE: It’s two thousand and four hundred dollars?! Are you out of your mind? C’mon, let’s go...

JACK: She got those shoes...

KATE: Those shoes were twenty five dollars. C’mon, take it off, alright? We’ll go to the food court and get one of those funnel cakes you like. (To Annie) Your Daddy’s a crazy guy...

JACK: No… no. Do you have any idea what my life is like?

KATE: Excuse me?
JACK: I wake up in the morning covered in dog saliva... I drop the kids off, spend eight hours selling tires retail... retail, Kate. I pick the up kids, walk the dog, which by the way, carries the added bonus of carting away her monstrous crap... I play with the kids; take out the garbage, get six hours of sleep if I’m lucky, and then everything starts all over again... so, so... what’s in it for me? Where are my Mary Janes?

KATE: You know it’s sad to hear your life is such a disappointment to you.

JACK: I can’t believe it isn’t a disappointment to you! Jesus, Kate, I could’ve been a thousand times the man I became. I could of been one of the richest... Forbes... How could you do this to me? How could you let me give up on my dreams like this?! Really, I wanna know!

KATE: Who are you?

JACK: Alright look, I’m sorry. I’m sorry I was such a saint before and I’m such a prick now. Maybe I’m just not the same guy that I was when we got married...

KATE: You know what, maybe you’re not. Because the Jack Campbell I married would not need a two thousand and four hundred dollar suit to feel better about his life, but I’m telling you if that’s what it’s gonna take, then buy it. Jesus, we’ll take the money out of the kids’ college fund.

JACK: Forget it... we’ll get a funnel cake. It’ll be the highlight of my week...

JACK: Listen, I’m really sorry about that back in the store. I... I don’t wanna fight with you...I just sometimes wonder how we ended up here, you know? I mean back in college, did you see us... here...?

KATE: Life has thrown us a few surprises I’ll give you that.

JACK: It really has, hasn’t it? Ya, so if you had to... what would you say was the biggest surprise? Just outta curiosity, I’m just askin’.

KATE: Well, Annie for one.

JACK: Surprise. We’re pregnant... Yeah... that must’ve been... I mean that, that was… that was a very unexpected moment… but what are you gonna do, hmn?
KATE: I think it turned out alright, don't you?

JACK: Ya, I really like Annie.

KATE: Well good, Jack. Maybe we'll keep her.

JACK: No, I love her... I love Annie. Look, I'm just... we had a lot of good times, didn't we?

KATE: Do you remember the place on Charles Street where we used to go to?

JACK: Charles Street? In the Village. When we were living in Greenwich Village... Ya, ya, ya... great times, great place. Why did we ever leave?

KATE: You can't really raise a kid in an apartment in the Village... and then there was the whole trek out to the hospital and that didn't help either... You were great. Surviving the heart attack was one thing...

JACK: You had a heart attack?

KATE: Hey Jack, stop that. 'Cause, I am... I'm still mad at you... who knows what would've happened if you hadn't stepped in at the store.

JACK: That's why I work for Big Ed. That's why I work for Big Ed. So we had a baby, Big Ed had a heart attack, we bought that house, and I've been working for him ever since... Sayonara, Wall Street. Our life in a nutshell...

KATE: If you want to look at it that way...

JACK: How would you look at it?

KATE: A great success story...

Jack out bowling

JACK: Damn...

ARNIE: Jesus, Jack, what are you doin'? It's a league match, alright? Where's your follow through? Where's your stance?

JACK: You know what, I'm doing the best I can.
ARNIE: Ya, it’s alright. Why… why am I so competitive all the time!? You can still pick up that spare...

JACK: You’re Jack Campbell. You’re better than this sport. You shot the rapids at Kenai. You ran with the bulls in Pamplona. You jumped out of an airplane over the Mojave Desert, for Christ’s sake. You can do this… you can do this… Yes!! Victorious! Alright… high-five…

ARNIE: You’re up, Sly.

EVELYN: Hi Jack...

JACK: Evelyn, right?

EVELYN: Very funny. I saw you out on lane twenty. What do you got, the flu or something?

JACK: Something like that, ya.

EVELYN: Need a nurse?

JACK: Are you a nurse?

EVELYN: If that’s what you want...

JACK: Wait a minute… don’t’ run away. Are we…?

EVELYN: Are we what, Jack?

JACK: Well… is there something going on between us?

EVELYN: Are we finally being honest?

JACK: It would help me if we were.

EVELYN: Okay, you’re right. We’ve been dancing around this for years... here goes… When I get dressed for a party and I know you’re going to be there… let’s just say I don’t go strapless because my husband likes it… I’ve got six sets of snow tires piled up in my garage and I won’t even drive in the snow… and our kids just happen to be in the same ballet class every year? So, if you’re asking me whether I’d like it to be more, the answer is yes… and Kate would never have to know.
JACK: Do I have your number?

EVELYN: Steve's out of town with the kids this week. Why don't you just stop by...

ARNIE: Hey Jack, you're all flush.

JACK: I feel good.

ARNIE: I guess that seventy-one took a lot outta you.

JACK: No... I just saw Evelyn Thompson.

ARNIE: She is relentless.

JACK: She wants to have an affair with me.

ARNIE: She said that?

JACK: Pretty much.

ARNIE: What is it about you?

JACK: So... if you would write down her exact address?

ARNIE: Whoa... whoa... hold on a sec. You're not actually thinkin' about cheating on Kate, are you?

JACK: Well, it wouldn't really be cheating, Arnie... It's complicated.

ARNIE: Alright, maybe I haven't been as good a consigliore as you've been to me, ok, but hear me out on this, ok? A little flirtation is harmless but you're dealing with fire here... alright, man? The Fidelity Bank and Trust is a tough creditor. You make a deposit somewhere else, they close your account... forever. Alright?

JACK: Arnie, I don't want your head to explode, but... I'm telling you, those rules don't apply to me.

ARNIE: I'm... I'm not talkin' about rules, Jack... alright? I'm talkin' about... There isn't a guy in Union County who wouldn't give his left nut to be with Kate, alright? She's amazing and your gonna fuck it up. Just think about that... alright?
KATE: Hey, honey. How was the game?

JACK: Long, boring, and generally pretty sad. Arnie seemed to enjoy it... sort of. Hey, where’s that chocolate cake...?

KATE: Do you mean this chocolate cake?

JACK: That’s my piece. I was saving it because I got nauseated by that pre-cooked, mini mall rotisserie chicken.

KATE: Mmm, mmm... it’s good...

JACK: Gimme that cake.

KATE: No way.

JACK: C’mon.

KATE: Sorry... it’s too important to me.

JACK: Ta daaa! I want that cake!

KATE: You want this cake!? 

JACK: I want it... Thank you...

KATE: It’s good, right?

JACK: The kids asleep?

KATE: Say it to me, Jack...

JACK: What...?

KATE: You know what I like to hear...

JACK: Yeah, baby, I know what you like to hear...

KATE: Then tell me...tell me, tell me!

JACK: You’re a bad girl, baby... You make me so hot...

KATE: What...?

JACK: Not it...?

KATE: Nice, Jack... sweeping me off my feet.
JACK: You make me hot…

KATE: Come on it’s time to get up, honey… go… go…

JACK: Good morning, Joshy.

KATE: Happy anniversary, honey. Now listen, before you do whatever crazy stunt you’ve got planned I want you to open mine first.

JACK: Maybe I should wait.

KATE: No! C’mon… c’mon… open it.

JACK: Zeena…

KATE: I found it at an outlet store. Look, I know it’s a knock-off, but I think it’s gonna look great on you… Enjoy it, sweetheart…

JACK: You’re probably expecting something from me. Here’s the thing. I hadn’t really planned on giving you your… anniversary gift until tonight. You know, anniversary’s good all day…

KATE: What are you talking about? You can never wait all day. You can’t even wait ‘til it’s light out. C’mon…

JACK: I know… I know that’s me… It’s true… but, umm… it’s funny, I…

KATE: You forgot. You actually forgot our anniversary.

JACK: I’ll fix it. I’ll go out right now and I’ll get you something. I’ll make it right.

JACK: Let me know if there’s enough chocolate in there sweetheart.

ANNIE: Not bad.

JACK: Ok.

ANNIE: I shoulda warned you. Dad always does something really special for their anniversary.

JACK: Like what?

ANNIE: One year he had a star named after her.
JACK: He had a star named after her? Well, that’s nice, but isn’t that a little corny?

ANNIE: Mom liked it.

JACK: Maybe there’s a jewelry store back at the mall. I could pick her up a pair of earrings or something.

ANNIE: That’s good but... you did forget the anniversary.

JACK: That’s right… and that is a major oversight… Ok, ok… so if I’m Kate… I can’t afford the finer things; my husband’s career is definitely a crushing disappointment to me… I’m trapped in suburbia… Did he ever take her to the City?

ANNIE: Now you’re gettin’ the hang of it.

At the restaurant in NYC

KATE: Jack… can we afford this place?

JACK: I’m taking my baby out for our anniversary, damn the costs...

JACK: We’ll have the tureen of quail breast with shiitake mushrooms to start, then the veal medallions in raspberry truffle sauce and the sea scallops with pureed artichoke hearts.

WAITER: Very good, sir. And may I say those are all excellent selections.

JACK: You may… Also, we’ll have a bottle of Lafite, ‘82.

KATE: Honey, that’s an 800 dollar bottle of wine.

JACK: We’ll just have some red wine, by the glass.

KATE: You are so not off the hook yet, slick.

JACK: But I’m gettin’ close, right? You wanna dance?

KATE: I don’t think there’s dancing here, Jack.

JACK: Sure there is… c’mon…

KATE: Not bad for a tire salesman from New Jersey.
JACK: I have my moments.

KATE: You gotta try one of these...

JACK: God I missed that taste... I need to tell you something.

KATE: Okay...

JACK: I think it may help us but there's a slight chance it could make things worse. I'm living someone else's... I feel like I'm living someone else's life. I remember I used to walk to work, and ah... I had a warm Bialy in my hand... a hot cup of coffee from Dean & Dulluca... the crisp feeling of the Wall Street Journal... the smell of leather from my briefcase... I used to be so sure about everything... confident, you know? I knew exactly who I was and what I wanted. And then one morning I woke up and suddenly it was all different...

KATE: Worse, do you mean...?

JACK: No. Well, maybe a few things, but mostly just different... and that's ok. But, I never used to be like this, Kate. I was the guy who had it all figured out. I had no doubts, I had no regrets.

KATE: And now...?

JACK: Now... I don't... I don't have it all figured out.

KATE: Me neither.

JACK: But you always seem so certain.

KATE: Do you think there aren't mornings when I wake up and wonder what the hell am I doing in New Jersey...

JACK: Ya...

KATE: Ya...

JACK: Ya...

KATE: My office is a dump, I answer my own phone... and you've seen my pay check.

JACK: Your pay check is a disgrace to pay checks.
KATE: Can you imagine having a life where everything was, just easy...? You know, like, where you ask for things and people just bring 'em to you...

JACK: It's wonderful...

KATE: I think about it, too... I do. I wonder about what kind of life I would of had if I hadn't married you...

JACK: And...?

KATE: And then I realize I've just erased all the things in my life that I'm sure about. You... and the kids...

JACK: Good things...

KATE: Ya... what are you sure about?

JACK: I'm sure that right now there's nowhere else I'd rather be than right here with you.

At a hotel in NYC

KATE: Oh... Oh, Jack...

JACK: You like it?

KATE: This is beautiful. (surprised) Oh! You know Champagne makes me do crazy things...

JACK: I'll just fill yours up to the top.

KATE: I don't know how you did it, Hoss, but you pulled it off.

JACK: I'm out of the doghouse?

KATE: Way out.

JACK: Happy anniversary sweetheart.

KATE: You may even get lucky tonight, Jack.

JACK: You're so beautiful...

KATE: I already told you, you were gonna get lucky.
JACK:  My god, all this time... I never stopped loving you...

KATE:  That’s all I wanted to hear...

The next day

JACK:  I’m gonna wear the usual today. What are you thinking? You want to come to work with Dad? Help me sell some tires? It’s fun… I’m pretty good at it. Who’s this? Who’s that? Who is that? Who’s on that tie? That’s grandpa. Yes...

KATE:  Jack! Have a great day...

JACK:  For the money, this is hands down the best radial we carry...

MAN:  Okay, I guess I’ll take ‘em...

JACK:  You won’t regret it... Tommy! Would you set Mr. Conlin up with four B.F. Goodrich G-Force T/A’s... and, um... give him ten percent off for having the best costume...

TOMMY:  Right this way sir, follow me.

ESTELLE:  Remember our Valentines Day special. Alan’s set alignment for free.

KENNY:  Hey, how are ya doin’ today?

LASSITER:  It just blew out on me... Do you, ah, have a tire like that? I seem to have some sort of a blow out here.

JACK:  Why don’t you let me take this one, Kenny?

KENNY:  Okay, chief.

JACK:  Peter Lassiter...

LASSITER:  Do I know you?

JACK:  Not exactly. I’ve seen you on CNBC. You look taller in real life...

In the tire office

JACK:  …truth is, Mintz was so busy timing his wife’s breathing he didn’t realize that MedTech needed Global more than the other way around. Ten days, two
weeks tops, they would’ve approached you with an offer, and I’m willing to bet anything it would’ve been a hundred and thirty billion, not a hundred and twenty-two... The trouble is, Peter, you had a pussycat running the show. What you needed was a doberman.

**LASSITER:** I’m impressed. I really am... Now, about my car...

**JACK:** Sure. We’re going to have to special order that tire so it’ll be ready in a couple of days.

**LASSITER:** Alright, this is my office address... Why don’t you drop off the car yourself?

At Jack’s old office

**LASSITER:** We’re really more of a boutique operation, as you can see...

**JACK:** But you’re not interested in boutique dollars... I get it...

**MINTZ’S ASSISTANT:** He’s expecting you, Mr. Lassiter...

**LASSITER:** Alan, this is Jack Campbell... the one I was telling you about...

**ALAN:** Oh, of course, Jack.

**JACK:** Mr. Mintz.

**ALAN:** No no no, just call me Alan... we like to cultivate a very casual atmosphere around here...

**JACK:** I can see that, Alan.

**ALAN:** Yes, well what can I tell you... do you have kids?

**JACK:** Uh... actually, yes. Two of 'em... good ones.

**ALAN:** Great, great... why don’t you have a seat? Ah, Peter mentioned to me that you’re an avid CNBC watcher but he didn’t say whether you had any actual Wall Street experience?

**JACK:** I was a sales associate, at E.F. Hutton.

**ALAN:** A broker? Really. And now you’re in the tire business?
JACK: That’s right. And auto supply...

ALAN: In the retail end, I understand.

JACK: Uh... we get about sixty percent of our business from automotive service.

ALAN: And do you mind me asking what kind of sales you did last year? Just, ballpark...

JACK: We did one point seven million in total revenue...

ALAN: One point seven? That’s great… and what do you project for this year?

JACK: I think we’re gonna have a banner year. Sales are up almost twenty percent in the first quarter and we just landed a major trucking company account.

ALAN: Oh you did? Great, that’s terrific… so that puts you, what? Just a tad over two million?

JACK: That’s right. And that would make us number one in our market...

Excuse me I’m gonna get a glass of water. Look, I know our paltry little two million dollars in sales is about what you spend a year on office supplies. And some regional trucking company account is nothing compared to a multi billion dollar merger...

ALAN: I’m not trying to knock the tire business.

JACK: It’s okay, Alan. I get it. I’m in your shoes, I’m thinking exactly the same thing... but here’s the deal. Business is business. Wall Street, Main Street, it’s all just a bunch of people getting up in the morning, trying to figure out how the hell they’re gonna send their kids to college. It’s just people... and I know people.

ALAN: I’m sure you do...

JACK: Take you, for instance... You have a certain energy about you, it’s an active kind of energy… I wouldn’t be surprised if you drank about sixteen Diet Cokes a day. You’re an excellent father, but you feel guilty about the time you spend away from home. You drink bourbon, but you offer your clients scotch... and your wife decorated this office...
LASSITER: He certainly seems to have your number.

JACK: You're a little tougher, Peter. For one thing, you like expensive things.

LASSITER: That's easy. You've seen my car.

JACK: You smoke Hoyo de Monterreys. You're a scotch man, single malt, not because it's trendy but because you've been doing it for the last forty years, and you like to stay with what works. You have two great loves in your life, your horses and this company... and, you're a man who prides himself on finding talent in unusual places...

LASSITER: How would you know that?

JACK: Because I'm here. I'm prepared to do whatever it takes to get this job. I'll start wherever I have to start. I'll park cars if I have to... the biggest part of judging character is knowing yourself and I know this... I can do this job, I can. Give me a chance, Peter, I won't let you down.

LASSITER: Alan, why don't you show Jack around.

ALAN: This is our war room. We did seven major deals in here last year, three of them hostile.

JACK: Seven?

ALAN: Ya... you get a kind of a feeling you know from, ah... can we cut the shit here for a minute? What did you do? How did you get that information? Did you go through his wallet? Did you surf some net? It doesn't really matter because that circus act you pulled back there may have dazzled Lassiter... it doesn't cut any shit with me at all. Even if you get this job, which I highly doubt, let me give you just a little word of warning... Peter Lassiter gets tired of his pet projects very... very, very quickly. I've got that big office in there because I've proved myself to him year after year after year and nobody is going to come in here and turn the old man's head. Especially not some tire salesman from New Jersey. So if your cautious, and you're quiet... you watch yourself, you stay away from Lassiter, and maybe I'll think about keeping you on here after he gets bored with you. Do we understand each other?
**JACK:** Alan! God, you really are different, aren’t you...

**ALAN:** Excuse me?

**JACK:** I mean... wow... I’m impressed, I’m impressed. Good for you.

**ALAN:** Are we understanding each other?

**JACK:** Yes, Alan. I understand you.

**ALAN:** Ok, then.

**JACK:** Good.

**ALAN:** Good.

**JACK:** Okay. Alan...

**JACK:** Keep your eyes closed. Hold on. Go ahead, open your eyes. Welcome to Xanadu... It’s pretty incredible, isn’t it?

**KATE:** It’s like a museum. So what’s the big surprise? You didn’t rent this for the weekend, did you?

**JACK:** Think bigger.

**KATE:** For the week?

**JACK:** This place is a perk, Kate.

**KATE:** A perk…? For what?

**JACK:** A company called P.K. Lassiter and Investment House uses it to attract new executives... I’m going into arbitrage, honey. It turns out I have a knack for it.

**KATE:** Jack, what are you talking about?

**JACK:** I’ll be making twice what I’m making now. Plus, a hefty bonus and that’s just a start... and, we can live in this apartment practically rent free until we find a place of our own.

**KATE:** Are you out of your mind?

**JACK:** I don’t think so. This is going to be a better life for all of us. We can put Annie and Josh in private schools...
KATE: Annie goes to a great school, Jack.

JACK: I’m talking about the best schools in the country here, Kate...

KATE: Jack, what could you possibly be thinking about? What about… what about my job?

JACK: Well, this is New York City, it’s like the needy people capital of the world. Your Jersey clients aren’t a tenth as pathetic as the ones you could find here...

KATE: I can’t even believe you’re talking about moving back into the city, Jack. I thought the reason that we left was because we didn’t want to raise the kids here?

JACK: No, no… this is the center of the universe. If I were living in Roman times, I would live in Rome, where else? And today, America is the Roman Empire and New York is Rome itself --John Lennon.

KATE: Jack.

JACK: Listen. Ok… you know something? I’m detecting, like a funky tension here… and this was supposed to be a happy day, so guess what? I don’t need this. I don’t have to live here. Forget it… I’ll commute… I’ll drive to work...

KATE: In traffic, Jack… it’s over an hour each way. That’s like three hours everyday. When are you ever going to see the kids?

JACK: Kate. You’re not understanding me. I’m talking about a perfect life. A great life. Everything we pictured when we were young. The whole package. You said so yourself, life has thrown us a few surprises, and so we made sacrifices. Well guess what? Now I can finally get us back on track… I can do that, Kate. I want to do that. I need to do that as a man… for all of us. Please just think about this, for one second. No more lousy restaurants, no more clipping coupons, no more shoveling snow...

KATE: Then get a goddamn snow blower, Jack! Don’t go get a new career without even telling me about it. Don’t take Annie out of a school that she loves… and don’t move us out of a house that we’ve become a family in...
JACK: You’re… Don’t you see? I’m talking about us finally having a life that other people envy.

KATE: Oh, Jack… they already do envy us.

Back at home in New Jersey

JACK: From London to New York…? I came back…

KATE: When you got on that plane I was sure it was over. I left the airport afraid I’d never see you again. And then you showed up the very next day… That was a good surprise… You know, I think about the decision you made… Maybe I was being naive but I believed that we would grow old together in this house. That we’d spend holidays here, have our grandchildren come visit us here. I had this image of us all grey and wrinkly, and me working in the garden, and you repainting the deck… But things change. If you need this, Jack, if you really need this, I will take these kids from a life they love, and I’ll take myself from the only home we’ve ever shared together, and I’ll move wherever you need to go. I’ll do that because I love you… I love you and that’s more important to me than our address… I choose us.

Playing outside with Annie

JACK: Oh… I’m gonna chase you… you can’t catch me… no you can’t… oh… I fell down.

JACK: Oh, Annie. I love you.

ANNIE: I knew you’d come back…

In the garage

JACK: What are you doing?

ANNIE: Ringing my bell…

JACK: Four ninety nine?! It’s just salt for god’s sakes…

CASH: It’s 99 cents, darlin’… Outta ten.

JACK: You…!
CASH: Jack! What’s up? How you feelin’, baby?

JACK: Why are you here?

CASH: Here’s your change, darlin’. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ‘oh’ 1. Is that rock salt? Look at you, man. Went and got all domestic and everything... You really figured some things out, huh?

JACK: You’re not sending me back...

CASH: Everything okay...?

TEENAGE GIRL: Yeah...

JACK: Hey! Did you hear me...?!

CASH: Wait a sec.

JACK: I’m talkin’ to you.

CASH: You see that? Character... and for what? For nine bucks? I mean that’s just so disappointing.

JACK: I am not going back, do you understand me...?!

CASH: Ok, relax, Jack.

JACK: You can’t do this. You can’t keep coming in and out of people’s lives, messing things up... it’s not right.

CASH: A glimpse, by definition, is an impermanent thing, Jack.

JACK: I’ve got kids, I’m goin’ home...

ANNIE: Is it morning yet?

JACK: No, honey. Go back to sleep. Take care, Annie. I’m going back to the mother ship...

KATE: Hey...

JACK: Hey... These past few weeks, I know I’ve done some... some unusual things.

KATE: It’s been interesting, that’s for sure.
JACK: I’ve done some good things too, though, haven’t I?

KATE: You’ve been Jack Campbell. And that’s always a good thing...

JACK: I need you to remember me, Kate. How I am right now, at this very moment. I need you to put that image in your heart and keep it there, keep it with you no matter what happens.

KATE: Are you okay?

JACK: Ya… ya, please, just promise me, you have to promise me Kate because if you don’t, then it’s like it never happened and I don’t think I could live with that.

KATE: I promise...

JACK: Promise me again...

KATE: I promise.

JACK: Ok.

KATE: Now come to bed.

JACK: Soon...

PAULA: Waiting for me by the door, huh?

JACK: Paula...

PAULA: Merry Christmas...

JACK: Wow. Christmas? It’s not Christmas...

PAULA: It’s whatever you want it to be, Jack...

JACK: It’s not Christmas…

PAULA: Jack? Jack!

In New Jersey

MAN: Can I help you?

JACK: Is Kate here? Does Kate live here?!

MAN: Kate? No, there’s nobody named Kate here.
JACK: Of course not.

MAN: Are you ok?

JACK: No...

Jack driving back to NYC

JACK: Hello?

ADELLE: Santa Clause, where are you? Everybody’s here.

JACK: Adelle?

ADELLE: You’re a half an hour late. The emergency strategy session? Trip to Aspen? Is this ringin’ any bells? Everybody is panicked here, Jack. Jack?

JACK: I’ll be there in twenty minutes...

ALAN: No, no… I’m not gonna go talk to them until I have something to talk to them about. Steve? Steve? I don’t care if it’s Christmas Day… we’re in a crisis here. Wait a minute, Jack just walked in, I’ll call you back. Jack! Thank god, that you’re… your here. All you alright?

JACK: What’s going on here?

ALAN: What’s going on… well, it’s not good. Bob Thomas has been secretly talking to a European drug company, Jack, and we don’t know which and they’re gonna let Bob buy a minority stake and at the same time let him keep running the entire company. And Global knows, Jack, they know, I don’t know how they know… but they know… and they are up in arms. And they think somehow we should have been prepared for this… prepared. Oh, God. We’re in trouble.

JACK: You know something, Alan. Somewhere inside of you… there’s a much more assertive person.

ALAN: Is this another one of those Sun Tzu “Art of War” tricks?

JACK: No.

ALAN: So what are we gonna do, Jack? Jack...?
JACK: I'll tell you exactly what we're going to do. You're going to do whatever you have to do to find out which European company he's been talking to. Then I'm going to clean myself up, fly to Aspen, and drink egg nog with Bob Thomas. His wife and kids will be playing in the background in the snow while I convince him that the European company is the devil and Global is the answer to his prayers... Then I'm gonna spend four hours skiing. Alone. Completely and utterly alone. I'm going to do that because that is my life, that's what's real, and there is nothing I can do to change that...

JACK: For Manhattan... Kate Reynolds... I need an address too...

At Kate's NYC apartment

LORI: It's very fragile so I wanna be really careful with it, ok? It's valuable. It's over three hundred years old. Only you'll probably need a few guys to carry it. And the painting is also very, very old so take extra care... it means a lot to Kate. Okay, I appreciate it. Ya? What...? Are you from the moving company?

JACK: I'm Jack Campbell... I'm an old... friend of Kate's.

LORI: Kate! Some guy is here!

KATE: Hey Lori, did you call the airline like I asked you to do?! Jack!

JACK: Kate...

KATE: God, it's been a long time.

JACK: You look great.

KATE: Thanks. I... come on in, come on in... I'm just doing some... Lori, do you know where that box is?!

JACK: I'm sorry...

KATE: No, no, no... don't even, you know what... Jack... please, I don't even care... Oh, great, thank you.

JACK: What's going on?
KATE: I'm moving to Paris... hey Lori, have you seen that box? It says “Jack,” on it and I put it with the rest of the Salvation Army stuff...

LORI: Do you want me to look for the box or call the airline, Kate?

KATE: Hey, kind of under a little pressure here.

LORI: Hey, kind of giving up Christmas day for my ex-boss here.

KATE: Didn’t seem to mind offering to help when she was opening the Prada bag I gave her.

LORI: Maybe it’s by the wardrobe boxes...

KATE: Thank you.

JACK: So, you’re moving...

KATE: Ya, to Paris. My firm has an office there and I’m going to be heading it up.

JACK: Paris... Paris, France?

KATE: That’s the one...

JACK: So you’re not at a non-profit firm?

KATE: Oh, God no... not with what they pay me...

JACK: Are you married?

KATE: No, I never got married, Jack. You?

JACK: Not exactly... Look, could we take a minute here? Maybe go get a cup of coffee or something...?

LORI: I’ll go for a cup of coffee!

KATE: Yes! I found it!

LORI: Congratulations. You’re earlier flight was cancelled, but I got you out of Kennedy on United at seven.

KATE: Excellent.
LORI: Am I good or what?

KATE: Yes, you’re brilliant. Thank you. Here you go. It’s just some old stuff of yours...

JACK: Do you ever think about us, Kate? About what might have happened...?

KATE: Jack, I’ll tell you what... if you’re ever in Paris, I want you to look me up and we’ll go have that cup of coffee, ok? Or caffae... or café au lait... Oh, no, no, no, no... don’t close that up or I will never find that box again.

Jack leaves Kate

JACK: Make a right here.

Driver: Sir, you’re gonna be late for your flight.

JACK: We’re not goin’ to the airport.

Jack at the airport to catch Kate

COP: You can’t leave this here. You can’t park here!

JACK: Kate! You can’t go! Don’t get on that plane!

KATE: Jack?

JACK: Please... let’s just go have a cup of coffee. That’s all I’m asking for. I’m sure there’s another flight to Paris tonight.

KATE: Jack, what are you doing here? Do you need closure? Because if you do after all these years... you got it! I’m ok... I’m fine... I was heartbroken, Jack, but I got over it... I moved on. And you should move on too. Okay? I’m sorry... I just can’t... I’ve gotta go. I’m sorry Jack. I’m sorry, excuse me.

JACK: We have a house in Jersey! We have two kids, Annie and Josh... Annie’s not much of a violin player but she tries really hard. She’s a little precocious but that’s only because she says what’s on her mind. And when she smiles... And Josh... he has your eyes. He doesn’t say much but we know he’s smart... he’s always got his eyes open, you know, he’s always watching us... sometimes you can look at him and you just know he’s learning something new...
it’s like witnessing a miracle... the house is a mess, but it’s ours... after a hundred and twenty two more payments it’s gonna be ours... And you... you’re a non-profit lawyer.  That’s right, you’re completely non-profit.  But that doesn’t seem to bother you... And we’re in love.  After thirteen years of marriage we’re still unbelievably in love... You won’t even let me touch you until I’ve said it.  I sing to you... not all the time but definitely on special occasions... Excuse me... We dealt with our share of surprises and made a lot of sacrifices, but we stayed together... You see, you’re a better person than I am... and it made me a better person to be around you... I don’t know maybe it was all just a dream.  Maybe I went to bed one lonely night in December and imagined it all.  But I swear, nothing’s ever felt more real... And if you get on that plane right now, it’ll disappear forever.  I know we can both go on with our lives.  And we’d both be fine.  But I’ve seen what we can be like together... and I choose us... Please, Kate, one cup of coffee.  You can always go to Paris.  Just please, not tonight...

**KATE:** Okay, Jack...

**JACK:** Ok...