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# The Notebook

By Jeremy Leven

Excuse me.

Come on, honey, let's  
get you ready for bed.

I am no one special,  
just a common man  
with common thoughts.  
I've led a common life.  
There are no monuments  
dedicated to me.

And my name  
will soon be forgotten.  
But in one respect,  
I've succeeded as gloriously  
as anyone who ever lived.

- Looking good, Duke.

- Feeling good.

I've loved another  
with all my heart  
and soul and for me  
that has always been enough.

How's it hanging, Harry?

I keep trying to die,  
but they won't let me.

Well, you can't  
have everything.

Big day today.

You say that every day,  
you old devil.

It's a lovely day  
outside.

Let's take a walk.

I don't think so.

Well, we've got to get  
you out of this room.

Come on now, honey.

Some fresh air

- would do you good.

- Hello.

I'm sorry,

it's not a good day.

I don't think

she's up for anything.

Hello?

This is Duke,

he's come to read to you.

- Read?

- Mm-hmm.

No.

I don't know.

Oh, come on,

you'll like him, he's very funny.

Ahh...

All right now,

where did we leave off?

Oh, yeah, yeah,

it was the night of the carnival.

"Noah, was there with his friends,

Fin and Sarah."

- Noah?

- That's where they met...

June 6th, 1940.

Allie was

17 years old.

- Little man wins a prize.

- Damn!

- Thank you for playing.

- Ha, you're real funny.

Man, I clobbered

that thing.

I'm tellin' you,

these games are fixed.

- Hello.

- How are you?

Hi, what's your name?

Step right up here.

Over the hook, yeah.

Whoa.

- Who's this girl with Sara?

- Her name's Allie Hamilton.

She's here for the summer

with her family.

Dad's got more

money than God.

- Hi, Fin!

- Hi, honey.

Look, I won you a prize.

Oh, Fin, thank you!

- Oww!

- Yeah.

Hey great, huh?

Hey Allie, you want  
some cotton candy?

- Umm, okay.

- That would be so much fun.

You only get  
one chance, son.

- You want to dance with me?

- No.

- Why not?

- 'Cause I don't want to.

Noah, she's with us.

Hey Allie, you want  
to ride the Ferris wheel?

- I'd love to.

- All right.

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

- Noah Calhoun.

- What?

Works down at the lumber yard  
with Fin.

Oh...

Did you see he was standing like  
two inches away from my face?

Yeah, I saw.

That's Noah, though.

You know I'm surprised  
he even came over.

I think he likes you.

Hey what... jerk...

Get off me.

Don't touch me.

- Hey!

- Well, I... ugh!

- What are you doing?

- Hey, you can't do that!

I'll pay you  
when I get down, Tommy.

I'm Noah Calhoun.

- So?!

- So, it's really nice to meet you.

- Allie, who is this guy?

- I don't know, Noah Calhoun.  
- I would really like to take you out.  
- Friend! Do you mind?  
You can't sit more than two people  
in a chair, Noah.  
Okay, Tommy,  
all right.  
Get down, Noah,  
you're gonna kill yourself!  
Noah, cut it out.  
Now, will you  
go out with me?  
What?  
- No.  
- No?  
- No.  
- No?  
Hey pal,  
she just told you.  
Why not?  
I don't know,  
because I don't want to.  
Noah!  
What? Well, you leave me  
no other choice then.  
Oh my God.  
I'm not kidding.  
- Noah, stop fooling around.  
- What are you doing?  
- Noah, grab the bar.  
- I'm gonna ask you one more time.  
Will you...  
- or will you not go out with me?  
- Noah, you best come on.  
- God damn, my hand's slipping.  
- Then grab the bar, you idiot.  
- Not until she agrees.  
- Ah, go on out with him, honey.  
- Okay, okay, fine,  
I'll go out with you.  
- What?  
- No, don't do me any favors.  
No, no. I want to.  
- You want to? You want to?

- Yes!  
- Say it.  
- I want to go out with you.  
- Say it again.  
- I want to go out with you.  
All right, all right  
we'll go out.  
You think  
you're so smart, don't you?  
That wasn't funny,  
Noah, you idiot!  
No, it's okay,  
I'll take care of this.  
What are you doing?  
Please don't do that.  
Please don't do that, Allie.  
I can't believe...  
Oh God.  
You're not so cocky now,  
are ya?  
I'm gonna get you for that.  
Ah, maybe you will,  
maybe you won't.  
- Did he say anything to you?  
- Oh, yeah, will you look at that?  
It's that girl from the Carnival,  
right?  
Do you remember me?  
Yeah, sure,  
Mr. Underwear, was it?  
- Well, I...  
- How could I forget.  
Yeah, I wanted to clear  
that up with you,  
because  
I'm really sorry about that.  
It was a really stupid thing  
to do...  
crawl up a Ferris wheel  
to talk to somebody.  
But I had  
to be next to you.  
I was being  
drawn to you.

Oh... oh, jeez,  
what a line!  
You use that  
on all the girls?  
- No.  
- Right.  
I saw you the other night  
with little Miss Ribbons.  
- What are you doing tonight?  
- What?  
Or tomorrow night,  
or this weekend, whatever.  
- Why?  
- Why? Our date.  
What date?  
- The date that you agreed to.  
- No...  
Yes, you did.  
You promised and you swore it.  
Well, I guess  
I changed my mind.  
Look, I know you get some dirty guy  
coming up to you  
on the street...  
you don't know him.  
You don't know me,  
but I know me.  
And when I see something  
that I like,  
I gotta ha...  
I love it.  
I go... I mean,  
I go crazy for it.  
Okay, what are you  
talking about?  
Well, you.  
Oh, you're good.  
- What?  
- You're good.  
- No. No, you're getting me wrong.  
- You're good. You are.  
- You're fantastic.  
- I'm not.  
You really are.

I'm impressed.

- I'm not usually like this, I'm sorry.

- Oh, yes, you are.

I can be fun,  
if you want...  
pensive, uh, smart,  
uh, superstitious,  
brave.

And uh... I can be light on my feet.

I could be  
whatever you want.

You just tell me what you want  
and I'll be that for you.

You're dumb.

I could be that.

Come on, one date.

What's it gonna hurt?

Umm...

I don't think so.

Well, what I can I do  
to change your mind?

Guess you'll figure  
something out.

- You sure she's coming?

- Relax, pal, it's all set up.

We're meeting her  
for the late show.

Look... what did  
I tell you? Come on.

Oh my goodness,  
what a coincidence!

I need to talk to you  
for a second.

- He's here!

- Allie, you remember Noah, don't you?

- Yes, I remember.

- Yeah.

- Come here.

- Fin!

- Hi.

- Hi.

- It's nice to see you again.

- You too.

- You look great.



- Aw, thanks.  
Really, really great.  
You do look great.  
You look great.  
And I know I look great,  
so could we please go see this movie?  
- The show's about to start.  
- After you.  
You come back here,  
Li'l Abner.  
You ain't gonna catch me,  
Daisy Mae!  
It's Sadie Hawkins Day,  
I'm supposed to catch you!  
I'm faster than you.  
No, No!  
I'll get you!  
I'm going get...  
Here I come!  
You better run fast!  
You ketchum Polecat  
far and squar.  
Wait for me.  
What happened  
in that movie?  
- Here you go.  
- Thank you.  
- What are you guys doing?  
- Want to walk with me?  
Yeah, what's going on?  
- Yeah.  
- We're gonna walk.  
Do you guys  
love each other?  
Huh?  
Oh, I get it.  
- You guys do love each other.  
- Don't do anything I wouldn't do.  
Okay, good bye.  
- All right, all right.  
- Mmm...  
That was fun.  
Mm-hmm.  
I haven't seen a movie

in ages.

- Really?

- Huh-uh.

Not since

I was a little kid.

What?

No, I, uh...

I'm busy, you know,

I don't have a lot of time.

- You're busy?

- Mm-hmm.

I have a very

strict schedule.

My days are all

planned out.

I get up in the morning... breakfast,

math tutor, Latin tutor, lunch,

tennis lessons, dance lessons...

sometimes both...

French tutor, piano lesson,

then I eat dinner.

And after dinner

I spend time with my family.

And then I... I catch up

on some reading.

Wow.

Sounds like the road

to success.

Oh, you bet.

We're applying

to all these colleges...

umm... Radcliffe, Sarah Lawrence...

those are the ones we want.

- And who's we?

- What?

You just said,

"The ones that we want."

Oh, Mom and Daddy.

We decide

everything together.

Everything?

No, not everything.

But the important

things, yes.

And then everything else,  
you get to decide all by yourself?

- Don't be rude.

- I'm sorry.

Just trying to figure out  
what you do for fun.

What do you mean?

I mean...

I don't know,

I mean all those things  
are things you  
have to do, right?

So what do you do  
because you want to?

I just told ya.

I don't know.

This surprises me.

Why?

I just always figured  
you were kinda...

Kinda what?

Just...

- Free.

- What?

Free.

I am free.

You don't seem like it.

Well, I am.

Come here,

I want to show you something.

- Noah, what are you doing?

- Just come on.

- You're gonna get run over.

- By all the cars?

My Dad and I used

to come out here

and lay down and watch

the lights change.

And watch them go

from green to red to yellow.

You could try it,

if you wanted to.

- No.

- Why not?

Because I don't know...

will you just get up?

That's your problem,

you know that?

You don't do

what you want.

Okay.

What happens

if a car comes?

- We die.

- What?

Just relax.

Just trust.

You need to learn

how to trust.

Okay.

- Painting.

- Hmm?

You asked me

what I do for me.

- What now?

- I love to paint.

- Yeah?

- Mm-hmm.

Huh.

Most of the time, I have all these  
thoughts bouncing around in my head.

But with a brush  
in my hand,  
the world just gets  
kinda quiet.

Get out of the street!

Are you okay?

Why are you laughing?

Oh, that was fun.

Do you want  
to dance with me?

Sure.

- Now?

- Mm-hmm.

- Here?

- Mm-hmm.

Not supposed to dance  
in the middle of the street.

Who said dance  
in the street?  
And we don't  
have any music.  
Well,  
we'll make some.  
# Bum bum #  
# Bum bum bum #  
# Bum #  
# Bum bum #  
# Bum bum bum  
bum bum. #  
You're a terrible singer.  
I know.  
But I like this song.  
# I'll be seeing you #  
# In all the old #  
# Familiar places #  
# That this heart  
of mine #  
# Embraces #  
# All day  
and through #  
# In that small cafe #  
# The park  
across the way #  
# The children's  
carousel #  
- # The chestnut trees... #  
- Southern summers  
are indifferent  
to the trials of young love.  
- # The wishing well #  
- Armed with warnings and doubts,  
Noah and Allie gave a remarkably  
convincing portrayal of a boy and a girl  
traveling down  
a very long road  
with no regard  
for the consequences.  
They fell in love,  
didn't they?  
- Yes, they did.  
- Good.

I like this kind  
of story. Go on.  
After that night,  
Allie and Noah spent  
every waking hour together.  
And soon  
they were inseparable.  
- Noah, come on.  
- Your boat cannot beat me there.  
- That's really nice.  
- Mmm, mmm, mmm...  
"Beautiful dripping fragments.  
The negligent list  
of one after another,  
as I happen to call  
them to me.  
Or drink to them.  
The real poems,  
what we call poems,  
being merely pictures.  
The poems of the privacy of the night.  
And of men like me.  
This poem,  
drooping shy and unseen,  
that I always carry.  
And that all men carry."  
Not bad for Whitman.  
Hey, look,  
we got a visitor.  
I'm sorry,  
I didn't mean to interrupt.  
Well, don't apologize,  
come on up here, darling.  
We could use a little something here  
besides the smell of lumber.  
Dad,  
this is Allison Hamilton.  
Allison,  
I'm glad to meet you.  
- Allie.  
- Allie.  
Pleased to meet you,  
Mr. Calhoun.  
Well Mr. Calho...

What, am I old or something?

You can call me Frank.

- Here, come in and have a seat.

- Okay.

So, Allie.

Well, yeah, she is pretty, son.

- Yes.

- She's a lot prettier than you let on.

- Oh, is that right?

- No, it's not right.

Don't believe what he says.

- What is this you got?

- Umm, I... uh, I just...

I brought you something.

Let me see.

Let's have a look.

- Did you do this?

- Mm-hmm.

Well, that's beautiful.

Look at that.

That's a damn picture there.

Well, I know just where we can  
put that, thank you.

Oh, that was  
a lovely poem.

What was it?

- El...

- Whitman.

See when he was a little kid  
he used to stutter real bad.

- Dad...

- So... well, you did.

- I didn't know that.

- God. I stammered.

Stammered, stutter,  
what's the difference?

Couldn't understand  
a damn thing he said.

So, I got him to read me poetry  
out loud.

It wasn't  
very pretty at first,  
but then his stutter  
went away.

Well, it's a good idea,  
that poetry.

- Yeah, I thought so.

- Huh?

Unbelievable,  
unbelievable.

I'm a Tennyson man,  
myself, but he likes Whitman...

For some reason,  
I don't know.

Say, how would you like some breakfast?

Would you like some breakfast?

- Breakfast?

- Yeah.

**- Dad, it's 10:**

- What's that got to do with it?

You can have pancakes  
any damn time of night you want.

- Come on, you want some breakfast?

- Sure.

It was an improbable romance.

He was a country boy.

She was from the city.

She had the world

at her feet,

while he didn't have

two dimes to rub together.

Noah, come on.

Whoo!

Look at us.

What are we doing?

Do you think in another life,

I could have been a bird?

What do you mean?

Like reincarnation.

I don't know.

I think I could.

Say I'm a bird.

No.

- Don't do it.

- Say I'm a bird.

Stop it. Stop it now.

- You're not.



- Say it!  
- You're a bird.  
- Yeah.  
Now say  
you're a bird too.  
If you're a bird,  
I'm a bird.  
- Come on, darling.  
- What are you doing?  
Don't.  
Don't!  
Here we go,  
on the count of three, okay?  
Real easy,  
on three, ready?  
- Okay, okay.  
- One...  
- Two... two...  
- two...  
...three!  
- No! I can't.  
Get in the water!  
- Get in! I'm sorry.  
- Come on, chicken.  
Get in the water, baby.  
Baby, would you get in.  
- Get in the water.  
- I can't.  
- Go!  
- Get in the water!  
- One...  
- Come on, jump.  
- Two...  
- Three.  
Keep 'em together!  
No, no, no.  
- Get to your place.  
- Down here.  
And move.  
And keep it.  
No, don't move it!  
I don't understand  
what you're talking about.  
They didn't agree on much.

In fact, they rarely agreed on  
everything. They fought all the time.  
- Don't kick me!  
- Don't push me.  
And they challenged  
each other every day.  
But despite  
their differences,  
they had one  
important thing in common.  
They were crazy  
about each other.  
Okay,  
I have to go.  
- No.  
- Yes, I do.  
Allie.  
Daddy.  
Oh, Daddy you're...  
I didn't see you there.  
You kinda scared me.  
Becoming friendly  
with that boy down there.  
Yes.  
Bring him  
to the house on Sunday.  
I want to meet  
this young man.  
Okay.  
Good night, Daddy.  
Good night.  
Oh, boy.  
This bug goes  
"Daddy, I don't understand."  
He goes, "Well, in theory,  
we're both millionaires, but in reality,  
we live with  
a bunch of whores."  
Bishop Stevens  
told me that.  
Olivier, please remove the... the liquor  
decanter from in front of my husband.  
I think he's had  
a little too much to drink.

- I don't get it.  
- Pay attention.  
So, what do  
you do, Noah?  
I work at the lumber yard  
with Fin.  
Mainly milling and receiving logs...  
and stripping the bark.  
Oh, that's lovely, dear.  
Thank you.  
If you don't mind my asking, uh,  
how much do you make at your job?  
Uh, how much money  
do I make?  
Mm-hmm.  
About 40 cents an hour.  
Yeah, it's not much,  
but I don't need a lot.  
And I...  
I save most of it.  
Let's eat. Shall we?  
Yes! Oh,  
it looks delicious.  
So Noah, you and Allie have been  
spending a lot of time together.  
You must be very fond  
of each other.  
It's getting  
pretty serious, huh?  
Yes, ma'am.  
Well, summer's almost gone.  
What will you do?  
You know, Charleston's  
only a couple of hours away.  
But Allie's going  
to Sarah Lawrence.  
Didn't she tell you?  
No, she didn't  
tell me that.  
I just got the letter.  
I was going to tell you.  
It's okay.  
And Sarah Lawrence  
is in New York.

I didn't know that.

Anne, this conversation's  
too stuffy for the dinner table.  
Let the children have fun without  
bringing in the Spanish Inquisition.  
My lips are buttoned,  
right now.

I do know another joke about the Nun  
and the full standing bishop.

- Stop

- That wasn't me.

I'm leaving the table  
if you tell another joke.

Whoo!

I'm gonna do it.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

That child's got too much spirit for  
a girl of her circumstance.

Nah, it's just  
summer love.

Trouble  
is what it is.

- Mmm.

- Mmm.

Is that Allie  
out there?

Do you want  
to go somewhere?

Okay.

Wait here.

Allie!

Come on.

All right,  
take a step.

Step. No, don't...

All right,  
just stay there.

Don't open  
your eyes.

Okay.

The Windsor Plantation.

It was built in 1772.

- Rumor has it that Francis Marion...

- Mm-hmm?

proposed to his wife right here under  
these... uh, these steps.

- Huh?

- Watch out.

You be careful, these are broken.

Look at that.

This...

This place is gigantic.

Yeah, a gigantic

piece of crap.

It is.

But I'm gonna buy it one day

and I'm gonna fix it up.

All it needs

is a new floor.

And new walls

and a roof.

- Is that all?

- And plumbing and electric.

- And furniture.

- Yes, and furniture.

But it's right

on the water.

And there's a big

old barn out there...

I could turn that

into my workshop.

Well, what about me?

Now don't I get

any say in this?

You want a say in this?

Yes, I would.

What do you want?

I want

a white house...

- with blue shutters...

- Mm-hmm.

and a room overlooking

the river so I can paint.

- Anything else?

- Yes.

I want a big old porch that

wraps around the entire house.

- We can drink tea...  
- Whoa, whoa, whoa...  
and watch  
the sun go down.  
- Okay.  
- You promise?  
Mm-hmm,  
I promise.  
Good.  
- Where are you going?  
- In here.  
Wow.  
I can't play chopsticks  
if you're doing that.  
Oh, God.  
Oh, make love to me.  
- Noah.  
- Yeah?  
Um...  
I know I said that I wanted you  
to make love to me,  
- but I think you...  
- Yeah?  
you're gonna have  
to talk me through this.  
- Right. You all right?  
- Yeah.  
- Did I hurt you?  
- No, no.  
I'm just...  
I'm just having a lot of thoughts.  
I'm just...  
I'm just having a lot of...  
never mind.  
Like what are you thinking?  
What are you thinking, right now?  
You know,  
right this second?  
Uh.  
Did you know that this was going  
to happen when you brought me here?  
- No.  
- No?  
- No.

- No, you didn't think about it?  
- Of course I thought about it.  
- You did?  
- Uh-huh.  
- Well, what did you think?  
Uh, I'm talking  
too much, aren't I?  
Okay, okay,  
I'm just going to shut up.  
Mum's the word.  
Okay.  
- You all right?  
- Yeah.  
- Uh-huh.  
- All right.  
I just don't understand  
how come you're so quiet.  
You don't have  
one thought?  
I'm going crazy  
over here,  
but no, with you,  
everything's fine.  
You don't have  
a care in the world?  
I'm sorry.  
I wanted this  
to be so perfect.  
Now I can't shut up.  
I love you.  
Did you know that?  
I love you too.  
Yeah.  
You don't have to do this  
if you don't want to.  
No, no, I want to,  
I do.  
Noah!  
Noah!  
What? Fin,  
get out of here!  
Look, I'm sorry,  
but Allie's parents are going crazy.  
They got every cop in town

out looking for her.  
- You sent the police for me?  
- Yes.  
It is two in the morning.  
We sent the police.  
Thank God you're all right.  
Where you been?  
Mr. Hamilton,  
all this is my fault.  
Would you give us  
a moment please?  
I'd like to talk  
to my daughter.  
Alone, young lady.  
Thanks for everything,  
Lieutenant.  
You bet, John, anytime.  
You go straight home now,  
it's late.  
Sir, it's really  
not her fault.  
I lost track  
of time.  
Sit down.  
I'm sorry, Daddy.  
- Is he a rapist?  
- No.  
- Like what, mother?  
- You are going to stop seeing Noah.  
She is out fooling around  
with that boy till 2:00 in the morning  
and it has got  
to stop.  
I didn't spend  
17 years of my life  
raising a daughter  
and giving her everything...  
so she could throw it away  
on a summer romance.  
Daddy, come on!  
She will wind up with her  
heart broken or pregnant.  
- Anne, please.  
- Now, he is a nice boy.



- He's a nice boy, but he's...  
- He's what? He's what? Tell me.  
He is trash, trash, trash...  
not for you.  
Trash?  
Don't touch me!  
Now that is enough. You are not to see  
him anymore. And that's final.  
- No, it's not final.  
- Yes it is.  
- No, it's not final!  
- Allie!  
You're not going to tell me  
who I'm gonna love.  
- Love?  
- Yes Daddy, I love him.  
I love him.  
He's not suitable  
for you, baby.  
I love him.  
You are 17 years old,  
you don't know anything about love.  
Oh, and you do?  
You don't look at Daddy  
the way I look at Noah.  
You don't touch  
or laugh.  
You don't play.  
You don't know anything about love.  
Noah?  
Noah?  
Hey, hey.  
You leaving?  
Oh my God,  
I'm so sorry.  
I don't even know what to say.  
I'm humiliated.  
- It's all right.  
- No, it's not.  
- Yeah.  
- No, it's not.  
Shh...  
No.  
- I'm gonna go.

- No, I don't want you to go.  
I got to think  
about some stuff.  
What do you  
got to think about, huh?  
Come here  
and talk to me.  
Talk to me!  
About what?  
You want...  
you're going away!  
You're leaving.  
And I'm staying here.  
And I'm so happy  
that you're doing it,  
but you're gonna have  
a million things to do.

- No.  
- You got so much ahead of you.  
- Don't talk like that.  
- It's true.  
I'm not going to have  
nice things, fancy things.  
It doesn't...  
It's never gonna happen for me.  
It's not in the cards for me.  
I don't have  
to go to school, okay?  
- Yes, you do.  
- I can stay here.  
No. Do you see, that's exactly  
what I am talking about.  
Then you can  
come with me.  
- To New York?  
- Yes.  
What am I going  
to do in New York?  
Be with me?  
Yeah.  
I don't know.  
We don't got to figure all this  
out tonight, ya know?  
We'll finish out the summer and we'll

see what happens.  
You saying you want  
to break it off?  
What I'm saying we see how it goes  
later on.  
Are you breaking up  
with me?  
I don't see  
how it's gonna work.  
I see...  
Please don't do this.  
You don't mean it.  
Oh hell, well if you're  
going to do it,  
why wait until  
the summer ends, huh?  
Why don't you  
just do it, right now?  
Huh?  
Come on.  
- Come on.  
- What are you doing?  
Do it!  
Do it!  
Do it right now.  
Do it!  
Stop it!  
Oh!  
You know what? I'm gonna do it.  
It's over.  
Okay? It's over.  
- Come here.  
- Don't touch me.  
I hate you,  
I hate you.  
I'm gonna go.  
Why don't you, why don't you  
just go. Get out.  
Leave!  
Go! Go!  
No, no, just wait a minute. We're not  
really breaking up, are we?  
Come on.  
This is just a fight

we're having,  
and tomorrow it will be  
like it never happened, right?  
- Going?  
- Gone.  
Well, she must have  
been devastated.  
She was.  
He was only trying  
to do the right thing.  
Yeah.  
But what he really should have done  
is just told those parents  
to go to hell.  
Just stick it  
where the sun don't shine.  
Yeah, you're right,  
probably should have.  
The next day,  
Allie woke up  
to find her world  
completely changed.  
What's going on?  
We're going home.  
- We're going now?  
- Mm-hmm.  
No, we're not supposed to be leaving  
for another week.  
Get dressed and then come and have  
some breakfast, dear.  
Willow will pack  
your things.  
Why, I'd be happy to pack your things,  
Miss Allie.  
I don't want  
you to pack my things.  
I don't want you to touch my stuff.  
I'm not going.  
- Yes, you are.  
- No, I'm not.  
- Yes, Allie, you are.  
- No, I'm not.  
Allie, you are going whether  
you like it or not.

Now, even if Aaron  
has to throw you over his shoulder  
and drag you the whole way,  
you're going.  
Excuse me.  
- All right, let's go.  
- Come on.  
We have to have all these  
done by lunch.  
Come on, get on!  
You shouldn't be standing around.  
Here we go.  
Let's go.  
Come on.  
Fin!  
Where's Noah?  
He's out  
delivering a load.  
- What's going on?  
- I'm leaving town.  
- Leaving?  
- Yeah.  
- When?  
- Now, right now... like today.  
Look, I need you to tell Noah  
something, okay?  
I need you  
to tell him that I love him.  
And tell him  
that I'm sorry for everything, okay?  
Look, I was up all night  
with him, Allie.  
I've never seen him  
so low.  
It's over. Don't make it any harder  
than it already is.  
No! No, it's not over.  
Fin, we had a fight  
last night.  
No, we said some things we didn't mean,  
but it's not over.  
- It is over.  
- No.  
Leave it alone.

Let it go.  
I'm coming.  
Mama, I'm coming!  
- Look, he understands.  
- But...  
It's hard,  
but he really does.  
Summer's over  
and it's time to go home.  
If he wants to talk to you,  
he'll write. If not?  
Okay.  
Okay, can you just... can you just  
tell him that I love him, then?  
- Can you do that?  
- I'll tell him.  
Thank you.  
Bye, Fin.  
She's gone.  
Summer romances end  
for all kinds of reasons.  
But when all  
is said and done,  
they have  
one thing in common:  
They are shooting stars...  
a spectacular moment  
of light in the heavens,  
a fleeting glimpse  
of eternity.  
And in a flash,  
they're gone.  
Noah was desperate.  
He wrote to Allie  
that he was sorry and stupid  
for breaking up  
with her.  
He wrote to tell her that he still loved  
her, and he wanted to see her.  
And that if she would write back,  
he would come to wherever she was.  
He wrote one letter  
a day for a year...  
365 letters,

but they all  
went unanswered.  
Hey Fred!  
Nothing?  
Sorry.  
All right,  
thank you.  
Finally, after a year  
of silence,  
he decided to put it all behind him  
and start a new life.  
So he wrote  
a farewell letter  
And he and Fin  
packed their bags  
and headed for Atlanta.  
Noah! Noah!  
Noah!  
Come on,  
listen to this!  
A state of war has existed  
between  
the United States and the...  
The Constitution  
of the United States,  
against all enemies,  
foreign and domestic.  
Noah and Fin  
enlisted together.  
And after two years  
of chasing Rommel  
through  
the North African desert,  
they were deployed  
to Patton's Third Army in Europe.  
Go!  
Fin!  
Do I contradict myself?  
Very well then,  
I contradict myself.  
Allie was in her  
third year of college  
when she volunteered  
as a nurse's aid.

To her, the broken men  
with shattered bodies,  
who filled the ward  
were all Noah.

Or someone who fought  
beside him in the jungle  
or frozen  
snow swept road.

I'm gonna lift you up.  
Ready?

There we go.

Now, I'm gonna bring  
this leg over.

- Set it on the stool.

- All right.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

Miss, can I  
ask you a question?

Hmm?

I noticed that you  
aren't wearing a ring.  
And I was wondering  
if I could take you out.

- Excuse me?

- On a date.

Now, before you go  
and say no,  
I'll have you know that  
I am an excellent dancer  
and my intentions  
are completely dishonorable.

Okay, okay

"Casanova," come on.

Let's just  
get you better,  
then we'll talk  
about a date, okay?

Would you get  
a load of him?

Oh my gosh,  
he is dreamy.

- What is he doing here?

- Mmm.



He's staring at you.

Oh, miss?

I'm all better.

Now, how's

about that date?

Allie was surprised

how quickly

she fell in love

with Lon Hammond.

He was handsome, smart,

funny, sophisticated

and charming.

Hey!

He also came from

old Southern money,

and was

fabulously wealthy.

What?

# Hya! #

Oh, what's happening?

- Where you going?

- Where they going?

- See you later, sweetheart.

- Oh dear, look at that.

Allie, I've been thinking a lot about

why we shouldn't get married.

Okay, I give up,

why shouldn't we get married?

Well see, that's the thing,

I couldn't think of anything at first.

And then, it just dawned on me.

Your parents...

- My parents?

- Absolutely.

- Your old mom and dad.

Thank you for that.

Mom?

You see, the problem is

that they love me.

- I'm exactly the type of man

- They do.

- they want you to end up with.

- Really?

You know, I'm wealthy,

I'm from the South, I got a decent job.  
You know, I'm an incredible dancer,  
I'm a really smart guy.  
You look great.

- I like to think...

- So what's the problem, huh?

- Now just this, if you marry me...

- Mm-hmm.

Now listen close.

- If you marry me...

- Mm-hmm.

then you will have lost a life long  
battle of defiance against them.

Oh my goodness,  
what are we going to do?

- I do not know.

- Huh!

Hey, band,  
you feeling all right?

# Hey, band,  
you feeling all right?! #

# Ooh bop sha bam,  
shi bimmy bop #

- # Oh bop sha bam, shi bimmy bop #

- You say it!

- # Ally ally ally ooh #

- # Ally ally ally ooh #

- # Olly olly olly ooh #

- # Olly olly olly ooh #

- # Whooly ooh #

- # Whooly ooh #

- # Whooly ooh #

- # Whooly ooh #

See Allie, I think...

damn it, I think you have to marry me.

- I think you need to marry me.

- I do?

- Yes you do.

- I do, why?

Because if you do,  
you parents will always know  
the unhappiness that you feel for  
not being able to disappoint them.  
I think you may

have overlooked one minor detail.

And what's that?

Well, you see you have to  
get their permission first.

And I think you may have overestimated  
their affection for you.

Is that right?

- Mm-hmm.

- Oh, I don't think so.

Then why not?

Oh, 'cause I asked them  
already and they said yes.

What?

One more thing.

I love you.

Will you marry me, honey?

I know I kid around a lot,  
but I'm crazy about you.

Marry me? Make me  
the happiest man in the world.

Yes. Yes!

- Just hold tight.

- Where are you going?

Oh my God. Mama.

Okay, stop the band.

Excuse me. I'd like  
everyone here to know  
that this young lady  
and I are getting married.

She agreed with all her heart,  
but couldn't understand  
why at the very moment  
she said yes,

Noah's face  
came to her mind.

Hey, Noah, yeah!

Oh, good to see you.

Let me see you.

You bleeding anywhere?

No?

- Everything good?

- Yeah.

Oh, I love you.

Come on, there's something

I got to show you.

- Come on.

- All right.

What's going on?

What is this?

Here.

I sold the house.

- You sold the house?

- Yup.

Gotta be out

by the end of the month.

Between that and your GI Bill,

you ought to be able to get it now.

- Get what?

- Your dream house.

- The Windsor Plantation.

- Dad...

Now, don't Dad me,

I don't want to hear about it.

I already talked to the bank,

they're gonna give you the loan.

- Well, I can't let you sell your house.

- It's done.

It's a good thing.

You should do it.

Wait a second. You sell the house,

where are you gonna live?

With you, dummy,

what do you think?

Somebody's got

to help you fix it up.

Noah took a look

at the house,

but only saw

one thing...

Allie.

He decided right there

to fulfill his life-long dream.

He would rebuild the old house

from the ground up.

And when Noah went to Charleston

to get the building plans approved,

fate stepped in

and dealt him a sweet card.

Stop the bus!  
Stop the bus.  
Sorry, Mac, I can't stop the bus  
until I get to the depot.  
No, no, no, please stop  
the bus now. Please!  
Do you understand  
English, pal?  
No one gets off till we get  
to the depot. Now sit down.  
- God.  
- Hey!  
Watch it, screwball!  
What are you doing?  
Hey!  
How old is your daughter now?  
- Well, you mind.  
- He's right over there.  
Baby, hello.  
- Oh!  
- Hold it.  
Oh, come with it.  
After seeing Allie that day,  
something inside  
Noah snapped.  
He got the notion  
into his head  
that if he restored  
the old house  
where they had  
come that night,  
Allie would find a way  
to come back to him.  
Some called it  
a labor of love.  
Others called it  
something else.  
But in fact,  
Noah had gone a little mad.  
- Excuse me.  
- Would...  
It's time to eat.  
Lunch will be served  
in the Sun Room today.

The melon is good.  
I had a bite.  
Did they ever  
see each other again?  
Noah and Allie?  
Now you don't want  
me to spoil the end of the story  
before I get  
to the good part, do you?  
Where did I leave off?  
I shall not want.  
When Noah's father  
died in November,  
the house  
was all he had.  
He leadeth me down...  
In time, Noah  
finished the house.  
Okay, smile.  
Here we go.  
He took a good look  
at what he had accomplished,  
got rip-roaring drunk  
for 10 days,  
thought seriously  
about setting it on fire,  
then finally  
put the house up for sale.  
I'm prepared  
to offer you this much.  
He had a number  
of interested buyers,  
but he always found a reason  
not to sell it to them.  
No.  
Either the bids  
were too low,  
or if they met  
his asking price,  
he felt it was worth  
a lot more.  
It's a lot of money,  
but I'll take it.  
\$50,000.

- That's more than my asking price.  
- That's right.  
It's a great deal more.  
He told the man that offered him  
\$5,000 over his price  
that no one in his right mind  
would do that  
and he wouldn't have  
a lunatic living in his house.  
He worked out his frustration with life  
on the creek every morning.  
And in the evenings,  
to temper the sting of loneliness,  
there was Martha Shaw.  
Martha was a war widow  
who lived in Quail Ridge,  
a town away.  
So you want to go out  
tomorrow?  
I got to work.  
Well, we could  
down to the river if you want to.  
Next week, sometime.  
Maybe we could  
take a drive somewhere?  
No.  
Well,  
I'm just asking you.  
What do you want, Noah?  
What do you mean,  
what do I want?  
From me.  
Sometimes when you talk to me,  
you don't even see me.  
Look, a woman knows  
when a man looks into her eyes  
and sees someone else.  
Now you know I want to give you  
all the things that you want,  
right?  
But I can't,  
because they're gone...  
they're broken.  
All right?

Is the veil too much?  
Are you kidding?  
You look perfect!  
You're the most  
beautiful bride.

- You look gorgeous, honey.  
- Thank you.

Wait until Lon sees you in this dress,  
he's gonna go crazy.  
He won't be able  
to take his eyes off you,  
or his hands.  
Oh, you're bad!  
Have you seen  
this morning's paper?  
The "Daily Journal" says  
that you are going to be  
- the social highlight of the season.  
- Of the season?

This is gonna be a celebration the likes  
of which this town's never seen!  
She doesn't plan,  
she plots, doesn't she?  
- Mama, look, the Governor's coming.  
- He better. Let me see.

Oh, boy.  
- All right Savannah, where are we at?  
- We're 82 now.  
- Memphis, where are at?  
- We're 89 now.  
89, great,  
up from 85.  
- Sir?  
- Yes.

You have a visitor.  
Well, hello.  
Baby, I didn't know you were coming.  
I'm... I'm so sorry,  
I should have called.  
Baby, what are you talking about?  
You don't have to call.  
- Guys, could you give us a minute?  
- All right.  
Yes, sir.



Miss Allie.

Ma'am.

So what's up?

I don't paint anymore.

I used to paint

all the time.

I really loved it.

- I didn't know that.

- Yeah.

So paint.

I will.

- I'm gonna start.

- Great.

Is everything okay?

I need to get away.

Okay.

I need to take care  
of a few things.

I need to clear  
my head.

Okay,

should I be worried?

- No, I don't think so.

- Oh, that's reassuring.

Listen, are you  
all right?

- Yeah.

- Okay, then go.

Take your time,  
do whatever you need to do.

It's okay to be nervous,  
all right?

It's normal to get  
cold feet before your wedding.

No, no second  
thoughts, huh-uh.

I love you.

I'm going to be back from Seabrook  
in a couple of days, okay?

- Seabrook?

- Yeah, Seabrook.

Hello.

I saw your picture  
in the paper,

the one with you  
and the house.  
And I just wanted to come  
and see if you were okay.  
I mean, I wasn't  
in the neighborhood or anything.  
I just...  
So are you okay?  
Okay, good.  
I'm a stupid woman,  
I shouldn't have come.  
You want to come in?  
Okay.  
This is a good story.  
I'm glad you like it.  
I think  
I've heard it before.  
Yes.  
Perhaps more than once?  
Doctor needs  
to see you.  
- Me? Now?  
- No, him.  
But he hasn't finished  
reading his story.  
I'll read some more  
when I'm through with the doctor.  
This shouldn't take  
too long.  
- All right.  
- Don't you go away.  
I'll be right back.  
While you waiting, maybe you'd like  
to play the piano for a few minutes.  
You do like that.  
- I do?  
- Mm-hmm.  
- I don't know any tunes.  
- You can read music.  
- No kidding?  
- Mm-hmm.  
Who are you?  
I'm Dr. Barnwell,  
one of the new attending physicians.

We haven't met,  
so I thought I'd examine you myself.  
Okay, so I see here  
that you've had two heart attacks  
over the last 18 months.  
Yeah, minor ones,  
I think one was angina.  
- Okay, any complications?  
- Nope, feel fine.  
Okay, deep breath  
for me.  
Okay, one more time.  
And deep breath.  
And one more.  
Terrific, terrific.  
You still taking your medication?  
- Every day, twice a day.  
- Good, good, good, good, good.  
Okay, you can  
put your shirt on.  
So I understand that you  
read to Miss Hamilton.  
Yeah, to help  
her remember.  
- Hmm.  
- You don't think it'll help?  
No, I don't.  
She remembers, Doc.  
I read to her  
and she remembers.  
Not always,  
but she remembers.  
But senile dementia  
is irreversible.  
It's degenerative.  
After a certain point,  
its victims don't come back.  
Yeah, that's what  
they keep telling me.  
Well, I just don't want  
you to get your hopes up.  
Well, thanks, Doc,  
but you know what they say?  
Science goes only so far

and then comes God.  
Then comes God.  
Damn, I forgot to turn the page for her.  
You through with me?  
I guess they flipped  
that page.  
No, that she's playing  
by memory.  
His name  
is Lon Hammond, Jr.  
Hammond?  
As in Hammond Cotton?  
As in Hammond Cotton.  
Well, your parents  
must love him.  
He's a really good man, Noah.  
You'd really like him.  
You love him?  
Yeah, I do.  
I love him very much.  
Well, that's that.  
You marry Lon  
and we can be friends...  
right?  
Right.  
Are you hungry?  
Do you want to stay  
for dinner?  
Umm...  
I have to warn you,  
I'm a cheap drunk.  
A couple more of these and you're gonna  
be carrying me right out of here.  
Well, you go slow then, I don't want  
to have to take advantage of you.  
You wouldn't dare.  
I'm a married woman.  
Not yet.  
What?  
Why are you  
looking at me like that?  
Just memories.  
This room.  
This...

is this where we...  
This is the room?  
Huh...  
- I'm full.  
- Me too.  
"Oh how your fingers  
drowse me.  
Your breath falls  
around me like dew.  
Your pulse lulls  
the tympani of my ears.  
I feel a merge  
from head to foot.  
Delicious enough."  
It was real, wasn't it?  
You and me.  
Such a long time ago,  
we were just a couple of kids.  
But we really loved  
each other, didn't we?  
I should go.  
Goodbye.  
Do you think  
you could back tomorrow morning?  
There's some place  
I'd like to show you.  
Please.  
- Okay.  
- Okay.  
She had come back into his life  
like a sudden flame,  
blazing and streaming  
into his heart.  
Noah stayed up  
all night  
contemplating the certain agony  
he knew would be his,  
if he were  
to lose her twice.  
Oh, I do wish I could  
figure out the end of this story.  
The children are here.  
Children?  
- Not yours, his.

- Oh...

Do you mind?

Why, I'd love

to meet them.

Come over here.

- Hi, Daddy.

- Sweetheart, how are you?

- Hi, Daddy.

- Hi, Maggie.

Hi, I'm Allie.

- Hi, I'm Mary Allen.

- Mary Allen.

- Nice to see you.

- Nice to see you.

- Hi.

- Hi, Maggie.

Maggie, how are you?

Hello there, honey.

Hi, Davanee.

- What a pretty name.

- Thank you.

- Oh...

- Oh, how cute, thank you.

- And who's this?

- Edmond.

Hi, Edmond.

You know, I think

I'll run on up

and take my afternoon

nap, all right?

- Come on, honey, let's go.

- There you go.

- All right. Good.

- Thank you.

I'll read some more later.

All right, thank you.

I'm so happy

to meet you all.

- Goodbye.

- Bye, bye.

- Nice to meet you.

- Goodbye.

Bye.

- She seems good today.

- She is good.  
I don't know, there's  
something about today.  
Maybe it's a day  
for a miracle.  
Daddy, come home.  
Mama doesn't know us.  
She doesn't recognize you.  
She'll never understand.  
We miss you.  
This is crazy,  
you living here.  
Yeah, you know we'll all help with Mom.  
We can take shifts visiting.  
Look, guys,  
that's my sweetheart  
in there.  
I'm not leaving her.  
This is my home now.  
Your mother is my home.  
- Hello?  
- Hey, there.  
Hi, who is this?  
It's Lon,  
who were you expecting?  
Uh, nobody, I...  
I just... I'm just surprised.  
How... how did you find me?  
Well, there's only one  
hotel in Seabrook.  
And when you didn't call,  
I got worried.  
Where you been?  
Are you all right?  
You know, I feel like an idiot, 'cause I  
called your hotel about a hundred times.  
I'm fine.  
Anything you want  
to tell me?  
- No.  
- No?  
No.  
Okay.  
Lon, I love you.

Call you tomorrow?  
Okay.  
Noah?  
Noah!  
Hey, there.  
Well, we better get going,  
the rain's coming in.  
- You like it?  
- It's spectacular.  
It's like a dream.  
- Do you want to feed them?  
- Yeah.  
What are they all  
doing here?  
I don't know.  
They're supposed to migrate  
to the Guatemala sound.  
They won't stay here?  
No...  
they'll go back  
where they came from.  
You're different.  
What do you mean?  
Just the way you look.  
Everything.  
You look different too,  
but in a good way.  
You know, you're kinda  
the same though.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
And you really did it.  
- What?  
- Everything.  
The house...  
it's beautiful  
what you did.  
Well, I promised you  
I would.  
Great.  
We got to go.  
Noah!  
Why didn't you  
write me?



Why?

It wasn't over for me.

I waited for you

for seven years.

And now it's too late.

I wrote you 365 letters.

I wrote you every day

for a year.

- You wrote me?

- Yes.

You...

It wasn't over.

It still isn't over.

Oh...

You got

to be kidding me.

All this time,

that's what I'd been missing?

Let's do it again.

Noah.

Noah.

Wake up.

- Wake up.

- Um-mmm.

- Um-mmm.

- Mm-hmm.

- Mm-hmm.

- Mmm...

- Hi.

- You're trying to kill me, woman.

- Huh-uh.

- Mm-hmm.

- Mmm...

- Mmm...

I need rest.

I need food

so I can regain my strength.

Okay, what do you want?

Umm... umm...

some pancakes.

Okay.

And bacon.

- Okay.

- And some chicken.

She's the one,  
isn't she?  
Can I meet her?  
I'd really like to meet her.  
I don't know if that's  
a good idea, Martha.  
So this is Martha?  
Hi, I'm Allie.  
I've heard  
a lot about you.  
I've heard  
a lot about you, too.  
You want to come in?  
Are you sure?  
Yeah, yeah,  
Noah's just saying how hungry he was.  
And, you know,  
you could put on a pot of tea.  
Come on in.  
Come on in.  
It was nice meeting you,  
Martha.  
- Nice meeting you too.  
- Goodbye.  
Take care.  
She's sensational.  
She really is.  
I'm really glad  
that I came, Noah.  
I'd forgotten  
what it's like.  
For the first time  
since I lost Richard,  
I feel like I've got something  
to look forward to.  
Mmm...  
Lon is on his way here.  
I'm afraid your father spilled  
the beans about Noah,  
and when Lon didn't hear  
from you again last night,  
he decided to come.  
Well, that's great.  
That's just terrific.

You, me, Noah and Lon,  
one big happy family.

Tell me about  
the letters, Mother.

- Is it true?

- Yes.

You watched me  
cry myself to sleep  
for months and months  
and you never  
said anything.

- How could you do that?

- I'm sorry.

- You're sorry? You're sorry?

- Yes, I am... I am sorry.

Because of you,  
my entire life is ruined!

Okay, yes,

I stole your letters.

It was wrong,  
but stop being dramatic  
and at least take some  
of the responsibility.

You came down here.

You knew what you were doing.

You knew this would happen.

Oh, so now I'm a tramp?

You are unbelievable.

Unbelievable.

Go on and get  
some clothes on.

Let's take a drive.

Let's take a drive? Why would I want  
to go anywhere with you?

Because I might know you  
a little better than you think.

And I don't want  
you waking up one morning  
thinking that  
if you'd known everything,  
you might have  
done something different.

What are we  
doing here, Mama?

Do you see  
that man, there?  
Mm-hmm.  
Don't look like it now,  
but 25 years ago...  
oh my goodness,  
he was really something.  
We were out of our minds  
in love, let me tell you.  
Wow.  
Well, naturally,  
your grandfather was furious, so...  
we decided  
to run away.  
We didn't even make the next town  
before the police picked us up.  
But that was then.  
You know sometimes  
when I'm in the area,  
I just stop here  
and I watch him,  
trying to picture how different my life  
might have been.  
I want you to know  
that I love your father.  
- Mama, I'm...  
- No, goddamn it, this is important  
and you need  
to hear it. I do.  
He is a wonderful man.  
He is good to me  
and I don't deserve him.  
I love him, Allie,  
I do, I love him.  
I know.  
Oh, God.  
Oh, this is just  
very embarrassing.  
Oh, I'm a stupid woman.  
Look at me,  
the big old bawl-bag.  
It's crazy.  
I don't even know  
who that person is.

Oh, boy.  
Okay.  
Allie!  
Here.  
I hope you make  
the right choice.  
Interesting morning?  
Yeah.  
Lon's here in town.  
He's here?  
Yeah, we saw  
his car on the way,  
at the hotel.  
Huh.  
I see you  
got my letters.  
Finally.  
What are you  
going to do, Al?  
I don't know.  
We're back to that?  
Are we back there?  
What about the past couple of days?  
They happened, you know?  
I know that they happened,  
and they were wonderful,  
but they were also  
very irresponsible.  
I have a fianc  
waiting for me at a hotel,  
who's going  
to be crushed  
- when he finds out.  
- So you make love to me  
and then you go back  
to your husband?  
Was that your plan?  
Was that a test  
that I didn't pass?!

No, I made a promise to a man, he gave  
me a ring and I gave him my word.  
And your word is  
shot to hell now,  
- don't you think?

- I don't... I don't know.  
I'll find out  
when I talk to him.  
This is not about  
keeping your promise,  
and it's not about  
following your heart,  
it's about security.

- What is that supposed to mean?

- Money!

- What are you ta...

- He's got a lot of money.

- Now I hate you, you smug bastard.

- Well, I hate you.

- If you leave here, I hate you.

- You wou...

- Hate you if you leave here.

- Have you been paying attention  
to anything that's happening?

I guess not.

I think I must have misread

- all of those signals.

- I guess you did.

You're bored.

You're bored and you know it.

You wouldn't be here  
if there wasn't something missing.

You arrogant  
son of a bitch!

Would you just  
stay with me?

Stay with you?

What for?

- Look at us, we're already fighting.

- Well, that's what we do.

We fight.

You tell me when I'm being  
an arrogant son of a bitch  
and I tell you when you're  
being a pain in the ass.

Which you are  
99% of the time.

I'm not afraid  
to hurt your feelings.

They have like  
a two second rebound rate  
and you're back doing the next  
pain-in-the-ass thing.  
So, what?  
So it's not gonna be easy.  
It's gonna be really hard.  
And we're gonna have to work  
at this every day,  
but I want to do that,  
because I want you.  
I want all of you,  
forever, you and me, every day.  
Will you do  
something for me?  
Please?  
Will you just picture your life for me?  
30 years from now,  
40 years from now, what's it look like?  
If it's with  
that guy, go! Go!  
I lost you once,  
I think I could do it again,  
if I thought it's  
what you really wanted.  
But don't you take  
the easy way out.  
What easy way?  
There is no easy way,  
no matter what I do,  
somebody gets hurt.  
Would you stop thinking  
about what everyone wants.  
Stop thinking  
about what I want, what he wants,  
what your parents want.  
What do you want?  
- What do you want?  
- It's not that simple.  
- What do you want?  
- It's not...  
Goddamn it,  
what do you want?  
I have to go.

My dearest Allie,  
I couldn't sleep last night because  
I know that it's over between us.  
I'm not bitter anymore, because I know  
that what we had was real.  
And if in some distant  
place in the future  
we see each other  
in our new lives,  
I'll smile  
at you with joy  
and remember how  
we spent a summer beneath the trees  
learning from each other  
and growing in love.  
The best love  
is the kind that awakens the soul  
and makes us  
reach for more,  
that plants a fire  
in our hearts  
and brings peace  
to our minds.  
And that's what you've  
given me.  
That's what I'd hoped  
to give to you forever.  
I love you.  
I'll be seeing you, Noah.  
It's beautiful.  
It's a beautiful story.  
Yes, it is.  
I don't know why,  
but it makes me feel sad.  
I know you feel  
lost right now,  
but don't worry,  
nothing is ever lost,  
nor can be lost.  
The body sluggish,  
aged, cold,  
the embers left  
from earlier fires.  
shall duly flame again.



Did you write that?  
No, that was Walt Whitman.  
I think I knew him.  
I think you did.  
Shall we go in?  
I'm feeling a little chilly.  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
Well, who did  
all of this?  
I did, with a little help  
from my friends on the nursing staff.  
Oh...  
I've never seen  
anything so beautiful.  
Neither have I.  
Shall we?  
- Some grape juice?  
- I'd love it.  
Ah, so many pills.  
How sick are you?  
The sickness has become  
a relative term for me.  
I think of it now as more a general  
wearing out process.  
To you.  
So what happened?  
In the story,  
which one did she choose?  
Okay,  
the way I see it,  
I got three choices.  
One, I can shoot him.  
Two, I can kick  
the crap out of him.  
Or three...  
I leave you.  
Well, all that's no good.  
You see, 'cause...  
none of those options  
get me you.  
And in spite of everything,  
I love you.  
I love you too.

I meant what I said  
when I gave you that ring.  
I did too.  
I did too.  
It's just that when I'm...  
when I'm with Noah  
I feel like one person  
and when I'm with you  
I feel like someone totally different.  
Look, it's normal  
not to forget your first love.  
I love you, Allie,  
but I want you  
for myself.  
I don't want to have  
to convince my fiancée  
that she should be  
with me.  
You don't have to.  
I already know  
I should be with you.  
And they lived happily  
ever after.  
Who? Who did?  
Oh yes,  
of course.  
I remember now.  
It was us.  
- It was us. It was us.  
- Oh, my darling.  
Oh my sweetheart.  
I love you so much.  
Oh, my baby.  
Noah, Noah.  
I love you, Angel.  
- What happened to me?  
- Nothing.  
You just went away  
for a little while.  
- How much time do we have?  
- I'm not sure.  
Last time it was no more  
than five minutes.  
Okay.

Hey, I brought along  
an old friend.  
# I'll be seeing you #  
# In all the old  
familiar places #  
# That this heart  
of mine embraces #  
# All day through #  
# In that small cafe... #  
- How are the children?  
- Oh, they're fine.  
Now,  
they were here today...  
Little Noah, Davanee too.  
They're getting so big.  
- #... carousel, the chestnut trees #  
- Oh, boy.  
- # The wishing well... #  
- How fast the time goes.  
Mm-hmm.  
It flies right on by.  
Oh yes, it does.  
# In every lovely  
summer's day... #  
Will you tell them  
I love them?  
- # That's light and gay #  
- Of course I will.  
- # I'll always #  
- And that I'm sorry.  
# Think of you that way #  
- I'll tell them, sweetheart.  
- # I'll find you #  
# In the morning sun #  
# And when  
the night is new #  
# I'll be looking at the moon #  
# But I'll be seeing you... #  
Remember that story you were  
reading to me?  
Why, yes.  
Do you think that  
I could be her tonight?  
Would that be

all right?  
You know what  
we could do?  
Maybe we could get a car  
and we could go for a ride.  
Why could get out of here  
and just go someplace, you want to?  
I don't think so.  
Not tonight, darling.  
Come on, why not?  
Wait a minute...  
why did you call me darling?  
I don't know you.  
What's going on here?  
Am I supposed to know you?  
- Allie... Allie, sweetheart.  
- No, no, no!  
Hey, Allie, I love you,  
stay with me, don't leave...  
No!  
- Who are you?  
- I'm Noah, I'm Noah and you're Allie.  
What do you want?  
What are you doing here?  
- Come on, baby.  
- Don't come near me!  
- Don't you come near me!  
- Allie... Allie, I...  
Help! Help!  
- Help me!  
- Calm down, Allie, calm down.  
No, no, not you!  
Calm down, Allie! It's all right, sugar,  
come on.  
- No! Let me go!  
- It's all right, baby. Just calm down!  
- No! Leave me alone.  
- Calm down, Allie, it's all right.  
- Somebody help me!  
- Now calm down.  
- Help!  
- Doctor!  
Talk to me.  
- Somebody help me!

- Calm down!  
- Give her two cc's.  
- No! No!  
Calm down, Allie.  
- Calm down, Allie, yes.  
- One, two...  
...three.  
- Allie, it's all right. It's all right.  
- Okay, okay, okay.  
Okay, now take a look.  
Let's take a look.  
One... oh, she's fine.  
- Good. Just breathe.  
- She's fine. She's fine.  
Stay calm, just breathe  
in and out, come on.  
- Relax...  
- You're going to be okay, Allie.  
- Relax.  
- Allie?  
You're fine, honey.  
Shh...  
# I'll be seeing you #  
# In every lovely  
summer's day #  
# In everything  
that's light and gay #  
# I'll always think  
of you that way #  
# I'll find you  
in the morning sun #  
# And when  
the night is new... #  
# I'll be looking  
at the moon #  
# But I'll be seeing you #  
# I'll be seeing you #  
# I'll be seeing you. #  
Morning, Mr. Calhoun.  
Mr. Calhoun?  
Call Dr. Von Pettit  
and USC, okay?  
I've got no BP, I got no pulse.  
I've got nothing.

Let them know we are in full arrest.  
Call me on my cell.  
Okay, will do.  
We talked about this.  
It's all right now.  
Come on, come on, precious.  
Okay, yes,  
come on, let's go.  
It's okay, baby,  
come on.  
You know Mr. Holmes.  
Just try it.  
Oh, Mr. Calhoun.  
Welcome back.  
- How do you feel?  
- Fine. Fit as a fiddle.  
- Where you going?  
- I was just taking a walk.  
I can't sleep.  
Well, you know you're not supposed to,  
it's against the rules.  
Yeah, I know.  
You weren't really  
going for a walk, were you?  
You were going  
to see Miss Allie.  
I just got out  
of the hospital  
and I miss her.  
Mr. Calhoun,  
I'm sorry, but I can't  
let you see her tonight.  
Now you're gonna have  
to go back to your room.  
As for me,  
I'm gonna  
go downstairs  
and get myself  
a cup of coffee.  
I won't be back  
to check on you for a while,  
so don't  
do anything foolish.  
Hi.

Noah.  
Noah.  
Hi, sweetheart.  
I'm sorry I haven't  
been able to be here to read to you.  
I didn't know  
what to do.  
I was afraid  
you were never coming back.  
I'll always come back.  
What's gonna happen  
when I can't  
remember anything anymore?  
What will you do?  
I'll be here.  
I'll never leave you.  
I need to ask  
you something.  
What is it,  
sweetheart?  
Do you think  
that our love  
can create miracles?  
Yes, I do.  
That's what brings  
you back to me each time.  
Do you think our love  
could take us  
away together?  
I think our love  
can do anything we want it to.  
I love you.  
I love you, Allie.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
I'll be seeing you.  
# La la la la #  
# Da da da da #  
# Dum ba da #