

**The Royal Tenenbaums** 2001 US Gene Hackman, Anjelica Huston c. 6 min.

Introduction [49 - The Royal Tenenbaums Clip 1 - YouTube](#) [IMDb](#)

- **grammar points:** present perfect, must, as...as, 3° conditional, let's, shall, superlative, will, reflexive, past perfect, most of, could, imperative, since
  - **phrasal verbs:** get, standing up, go into business, run away, camp out, mad at survived on, come back, take on, put out, sleep over, dress up
  - **idioms:** have children, look, leave, fault, Well, just, raise children, two-part, early teens, hold it, turn pro, in a row, regular fixture, a bunch of
- .....

NARRATOR (Voice of Alec Baldwin):

Royal Tenenbaum bought the house on Archer Avenue in the winter of his 35th year. Over the next decade he and his wife **had three children**, and then they separated.

MARGOT:

Are you **getting** divorced?

ROYAL:

At the moment, no...but... it doesn't **look** good.

RICHIE:

Do you still love us?

ROYAL:

Of course I do.

CHAS:

Do you still love Mom?

ROYAL:

Yes, very much...but your mother **has asked** me to **leave**, and I **must** respect her position on the matter.

MARGOT:

Is it our **fault**?

ROYAL:

No...No...Obviously, we made certain sacrifices as a result of **having children**, but, uh...no, Lord, no.

RICHIE:

Then why did she ask you to **leave**?

ROYAL:

I don't really know anymore. Maybe, I wasn't **as** true to her **as** I **could have been**.

CHAS:

**Well**, she said...

ROYAL:

Let's just drop it shall we, uh, Chassie?

NARRATOR:

They were never legally divorced.

ROYAL:

Thank you, Pagoda.

NARRATOR:

Etheline Tenenbaum kept the house and raised the children, and their education was her highest priority.

ETHELING:

Yes, I'll hold, please...Thank you.

CHAS:

I need \$187 dollars.

ETHELING:

Write yourself a check.

ETHELING:

Bene. Si...Grazie mille.

NARRATOR:

She wrote a book on the subject.

CROWD:

Chas! Richie!

CHAS:

Uh, the gentleman in the blue cardigan, please.

BLUE CARDIGAN:

Thank you. I have a two-part question.

CHAS:

Go ahead.

NARRATOR:

Chas Tenenbaum had, since elementary school, taken most of his meals in his room standing up at his desk with a cup of coffee to save time.

In the sixth grade, he went into business breeding Dalmatian mice, which he sold to a pet shop in Little Tokyo.

He started buying real estate in his early teens and seemed to have an almost preternatural understanding of international finance.

He negotiated the purchase of his father's summer house on Eagle's Island.

ROYAL:

Hold it, Chassie. Hold it right there.

CHAS:

What are you doing? You're on my team!

ROYAL:

There are no teams!

NARRATOR:

The BB was still lodged between two knuckles in Chas' left hand.

Margot Tenenbaum was adopted at age two.

Her father had always noted this when introducing her.

ROYAL:

This is my adopted daughter, Margot Tenenbaum.

NARRATOR:

She was a playwright, and won a Braverman Grant of \$50,000 in the 9th grade.

She and her brother Richie ran away from home one winter and camped out in the African wing of the public archives.

RICHIE:

Hi, Eli.

ELI:

You said I could run away, too.

MARGOT:

No, I didn't, and don't tell anyone you saw us.

NARRATOR:

They shared a sleeping bag and survived on crackers and root beer.

Four years later Margot disappeared alone for two weeks and came back with half a finger missing.

Richie Tenenbaum had been a champion tennis player since the third grade.

RICHIE:

Do you copy, Anonymous?

NARRATOR:

He turned pro at 17 and won the U.S. Nationals three years in a row. He kept a studio in the corner of the ballroom but had failed to develop as a painter.

RICHIE:

Up... up...right...perfect.

WOMAN W/PAINTING:

Pagoda?

NARRATOR:

On weekends Royal **took** him **on** outings around the city.

ROYAL:

**Put** it **out** there.

NARRATOR:

These invitations **were never extended** to anyone else.

Richie's best friend, Eli Cash, lived with his aunt in the building across the street.

He was a **regular fixture** at family gatherings, holidays, mornings before school, and most afternoons.

The three Tenenbaum children performed Margot's first play on the night of her 11th birthday.

They **had agreed** to invite their father to the party.

CHAS:

What did you think, Dad?

ROYAL:

Mmm... didn't seem believable to me.

Why are you wearing pajamas? Do you live here?

RICHIE:

He has permission to **sleep over**.

CHAS:

**Well**, did you **at least** think the characters were well-developed?

ROYAL:

What characters?

They're just **a bunch of** little kids...**dressed up** in animal costumes.

MARGOT:

Good night, everyone.

ROYAL:

**Well**, sweetie...don't be **mad at** me.

That's just one man's opinion.

NARRATOR:

He **had not been invited** to any of their parties **since**.

In fact, virtually all memory of the brilliance of the young Tenenbaums **had been erased** by two decades of betrayal, failure, and disaster.

RICHIE:

**Go**, Mordecai.