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Jack And Jill vs. The World

By Vanessa Parise

In fairy tales,
happiness is there for the taking.
Slay the dragon,
save the princess.
Live happily ever after.
Today, we're talking about booze.
Beer, spirits, plonk?
Some call it moonshine or screech.
Name your poison.
How much can you drink?
What does it make you do?
... segment brought...
you... Klubendorff Beer...
Once upon a time,
there was a young man named Jack,
and Jack took the pursuit
of happiness very seriously.
See, in Jack's world,
happiness came with a price tag:
fancy cars,
designer suits.
Jack had it all.
The only thing Jack never bought
was the old adage "The best
things in life are free. "
Can you blame him?
And by his standards,
he was a success.
Move it!
His happiness was
beautifully uncomplicated.
The part of Prince Charming
was not for Jack.
The condo, the clothes,
the car, the coffee,
the career... his life.
It all worked...
on paper, at least.
What's up, bird?
What are you doing,
just eating garbage?
Shitting everywhere?
Hey, man, I feel you.
Still, that flying thing.

That's gotta be pretty good, right?
Hello? Hi.
Can you hear me now?
What about now?
Oh, great. Yes.
I was calling you back
about that room for rent.
Uh-huh. Yeah, sure, hold on.
Oh! Shit!
Are you still there? Hello?
Ugh!
Ahem.
Nice kick.
Are you all right?
I'm sorry. I'm having...
I'm having the worst day.
Can you help me with something?
I'm, uh... I'm a little lost.
But in life, as much as you try to hide,
complications will inevitably find you.
You know that's
a subway map, right?
What? It's got streets on it.
Right, but it's mainly used for,
you know... the subway.
Okay.
When Jack met Jill,
he took their meeting at face value.
Hey, Jackass, we missed you.
There's some serious talent over there.
- Have we cast yet?
- Some maybes, but no.
Snack, crackle, pop.
She's our girl, George.
Trying to make a play here?
I'm just saying she's our girl.
'Cause if you are,
I'll tell Sally to cancel dinner.
What's dinner got to do...
Wait.
Is this another one of those...
Yeah. Yeah.
Yes, it is.
Sure, there had been other girls,

but Jack had been able to navigate through those situations unscathed. It's like our hormones are going "Boingo! Boingo! Time to be Mommy!" Boingo? Boingo? I don't think I've heard that expression. I've heard "Boing."

No, but that's the sound a kangaroo makes. You are so adorable! I'm gonna run to the little boys' room. But when I come back, I want to get to the bottom of this "Boingo Boingo" business, okay? Ah!

Excuse me.
Excuse me.
Do you mind?
We're holding for the voice-over.
"Welcome to the Klub."
And cut.
Jill, what happened to the lotion?
Excuse me.
Do you mind?
Oh! Oh, my gosh!
Cut.
Sorry.
Okay, first positions, everyone.
- Action!
- Excuse me.
Cut.
- I'm sorry.
- Cut.
- Cut!
- I'm sorry.

Look, here's what we're gonna do. She comes down, and the bathing-suit top has to stay on so she can roll to hand it. What we do is we double-side tape. Am I screwing up? I mean, if I had another arm, I could...

They're just figuring some stuff out.
Or she could go...
God, you'd think they were
solving world hunger.
It's much more important than that.
All right. We're gonna tie the top.
So I just made it to Manhattan,
so I'm still figuring it all out.
But I used to come here as a kid.
I'd beg my parents to take me here.
I'm just so happy to be here. Wow!
Oh! This is great!
So I was a sophomore
at Syracuse, and...
As much as he tried to fight it,
Jack couldn't helped
but be charmed by Jill.
...about acting, you know? So I quit.
I was outta there.
Intrigued by her.
I kinda miss Tupac already.
I left him with my parents.
You want to see a picture?
Whoa!
Man, he's looking good.
Isn't he cute? Mwah!
Is this the place?
Home sweet home.
You know, these hostels
are riddled with bedbugs,
crabs, stuff like that.
Hey, listen, you're not...
Itchy?
No.
Anyway, thanks for the ride.
Hey, little mama!
There it was.
Jill.
Things were about to get complicated.
Well... this is it.
Uh, bathroom, kitchen,
living area, TV.
That's, uh, that's my
bedroom over there,

and the extra bedroom
is right there.
There's a... bit of a view there.
Oh! It's gorgeous.
You like?
Wow.
Just until you find
something on your own.
Okay.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Just make yourself comfortable.
Please. Of course they've talked about it.
Of course you've talked about it.
That is not the question.
The question is how many, hmm?
Am I right?
Sally, let me guess.
You want a small family,
and, uh, George,
George wants you
to be a baby machine.
There's no such thing as the future #
It's all doubts and lovely dreams #
Come and listen to these screams #
There's no such thing as heroes #
Just a bunch of ones and zeros #
I used to think that having kids
was, like, a total copout.
I mean, everyone jumping on
the conveyor belt to do it
'cause they have nothing better to do.
I'm a career woman.
Gimme a break.
But now I know
there's more to it than that.
It's biological.
You want a coffee?
No thanks. I don't go there.
Why? What's wrong with it?
I try and buy fair trade coffee.
Oh.
Well...
I like this place.

Okay. Have a good day at work.
You have a good audition...
and whatever else it is you do today.
Fair trade coffee.
You heard of this, huh?
It eliminates the middleman.
Puts more money in
the hands of the grower.
You know about this?
Of course.
Doesn't everybody?
If everybody knows about it,
how come everyone doesn't buy it?
Not everyone carries it, I guess.
Downstairs. They sell
fair-trade blend downstairs.
I don't think that's the same.
Why don't more
coffee shops carry it?
It's all about profits.
Internationally, coffee prices have fallen,
like, 80% in the last decade.
Does that low-fat cup of crap
gotten any cheaper?
Do you know where to get it?
Ask a hippie. They'll tell you.
Do you get it?
- No.
- Why not?
'Cause, Jack.
Hippies scare me, all right?
Mister... Smith?
This is Jill, our trainee.
She's gonna sit in on this.
Is that okay?
- Hello.
- Hi.
Just a few questions.
Excuse me?
Why do you want to adopt this cat?
Is that a trick question?
No. No tricks.
Just a simple question
to get things rolling.

I like cats.
Is that your answer?
Yeah.
Is there something wrong with that?
We encourage details
usually, but that's fine.
"Likes cats."
Black cats. I like black cats.
They're soft and everything.
Small and soft and cuddly.
I like that.
Right.
"Likes black cats."
Innocence.
I'm especially fond of their innocence.
Have you ever worn
platform boots, Mr. Smith?
Plat-Platform boots?
Teased your hair,
put on make-up, that sort of thing?
Excuse me. What's...
Do you remember that band,
they had that splash in the early '90s?
I think it was, uh, Postal Partum?
That's my band.
That was you?
Really?
They had that huge crowd-pleaser.
They whole act where
they bit the kittens' tails off.
It was just pretend.
Drummers. They give me
the heebie-jeebies.
- Getting the hang of this?
- Yeah. No drummers.
Got it.
Hey, Dad.
Jack.
It's the first Monday
of the month, Dad.
Of course. Of course it is.
How you been?
Fine.
How's the job?

It's fine.
How's business?
Fine.
Fine.
I've been reading something.
I think this is right up your alley.
This is out of print,
so I was lucky to get my hands on this.
A History of Russia.
Riasanovsky.
That's great, Dad.
Thanks.
This Klubendorff's actually not bad.
Welcome to the Klub.
Anyway, I'm really grateful.
But I have to say that hawking goods
with all my shit hanging out
isn't my thing.
You're moving on?
Life's too short.
You gotta do
what makes you happy.
The thing is people don't know
what makes them happy.
They think they know
because we tell them.
Real happiness is bad for sales.
Are you happy?
Uh...
happiness is overrated.
Show me all your love
trapped inside #
Take me into your world #
And I'll try my best to get you high #
Take you on a moonlight ride #
Anywhere you like #
... in a pen with a herd of real sheep.
Yes?
Jill, can... can you come
out here for a sec?
Okay.
See...
the thing is, I like my space.
And, you know, you just moved in.

We're roommates.

So... there's a problem.

'Cause I'm a creature
of habit, you know?

I'm set in my ways.

And although they may
not be tremendously great habits,
they're still my habits,
and they work for me.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Okay.

'Cause I'm... I'm neat. I'm organized.

And now I got pink,
and there's veggies and...

So...

I don't think we should sleep together.

I mean, it was great.

You were great. I just... I really think
it just sort of complicates
the situation here.

And I, uh...

I'm definitely not into this obsession
everyone has
with finding their soul mates
and all that nonsense.

So that's not gonna happen here.

No love.

- Great.

- Jack.

Can I catch a ride?

Sure. Fine. Fine.

Lucy, can I ask you
a question?

Go for it.

How come every time I see you,
you're, like, different?

Different how?

The other day, you were, like,
some kind of Goth character,
and today it's like...

Is there some kind of rule
that says I gotta be one thing?

No.

Did you wake up this morning
and feel exactly
the same way you did yesterday?
No.
Hmm.
Okay, so...
how do you feel today, then?
Let's see.
Last night, I got skunked
by this loser in a linen suit
who looked a lot better in the dark.
So this morning while I was trying
to escape his waterbed,
I had this whole
self-loathing thing going on.
And by the time I got home,
I was full-on disgusted.
So I pulled this out, and I thought...
"Yeah. It works."
I don't know. When I feel like a robot,
I guess I'll dress like one.
Okay.
Can I ask you a question?
What?
Are you a barfer?
Excuse me?
Bulimic or something?
'Cause you're skinny and you eat a lot,
like, more than anyone I know.
I have cystic fibrosis.
Is that bad?
Not the greatest.
What does that mean?
Ahem. Well, it means that...
I don't absorb nutrients
like most people.
So I have to eat a lot.
And that's it?
Um... no.
There's a pulmonary component.
My lungs are building up scar tissue,
which eventually...
But some people
live to be in their 40s.

So you're this hot chick,
and you've got cystic fibrosis.
Yes, but is there a rule that says
I have to be one thing?

Jack, have you ever thought
about getting a dog?

No.

Might lighten you up a bit,
get you out of the house,
meet other dog people.

The assumption here is that
I want to meet other people.

Jack?

Yeah.

Are you gay?

Yes, George. I'm gay.

No, because Sally
thinks maybe... maybe you're gay.

I just said I was.

No, you're not.

I just said I'm gay, George.

But you're not.

No.

Fine.

So Sally met this chick at yoga...

Hey, you remember that girl we hired
for the Klubendorff' commercial?

Oh, she's hot, buddy.

You should take a run at that.

I've been there.

You've been there been there?

She's my roommate.

Hey, how long have
you known this chick?

'Cause I saw this episode
of the X-Files once
where this girl goes out
with all these different guys
and then she sells their
organs on the black market.

Then he started
asking me all these questions.

Like, am I good?

Uh... yeah.

Yeah, that did come up.

And?

Well...

I realized that I didn't have a lot
of answers for him.

I mean, I don't really know
that much about you.

Well, I come from an island.

It's called the island of heart,
and it's surrounded
by the sea of intuition.

Really?

The days are short,
and the nights are even shorter.
And every dawn, a fresh breeze
blows away the static thoughts
and the dead ideas.

Mmm. Nice.

So I come from the planet Earth,
and my people are stubborn
and set in their ways.

Our ideas don't just
float in on a breeze.

We plant them in the ground
and watch them grow
into big-ass trees with big-ass roots.

I eat dreamers for breakfast.

Yeah, right.

You drink your breakfast from a can.

Molecules we fall apart

And slam together in the dark

The dark is where

the change is made... #

I love New York.

They turn into a deeper shade
of colors me and you #

In places we can safeguard

Where both our fighting world's collide

A beautiful electric ride

together mixed with cyanide #

Pow.

A place that we can both agree

Was meant for you and me #

She loves me, yeah, she loves me

I believe the light's above me #
An angel is dancing in my arms #
Hey there.
You in for a tune-up?
I am.
How long have you been here?
Hey, is the room service any good?
How's the food?
Do they turn your bed down at night
and leave the chocolate on the pillow?
All the nice hotels do it.
Hey, Wyatt, just so you know,
the kid and I, we're gonna want our beds
turned down at night
and a chocolate on the pillow.
And I'll take a newspaper
with my breakfast.
Do you want a newspaper?
Make that two.
Yes, ma'am.
Hey, kid, you should look into that.
Yeah, right.
- So what's your name?
- Holly.
- Got a boyfriend?
- No.
No?
That's crazy.
A pretty girl like you?
I got a boyfriend.
He's cute.
Is he better than David Beckham?
- Um, that depends.
- On what?
If you like pretty boys with frosted hair.
Jill?
Have you seen my roommate?
Hello?
Lame.
What?
Jill?
Are you asleep?
Uh-uh.
Do you ever think about dying?

Uh-uh.

What do you think about?

I think about wanting to learn as much as I can while I'm here.

Making an impact.

What do you think about?

Everyone forgetting me.

You can't let them forget, Holly.

You gotta fight.

We gotta fight.

Is that, uh...

Hippie coffee.

Jill didn't come home last night.

She didn't call.

No message.

Sound weird to you?

Well, if she's like, say, your girlfriend, then yeah, that could be a little weird.

But she's just your roommate, right?

Right.

Of course.

Madera fumbles.

It's a Tiger recovery at the 15.

Second and 3.

Hi.

Hey.

1:

Tigers down by 7.

This is a big play.

Have you ever climbed a tree?

No.

I want to climb a tree.

Okay.

Want to come?

Not really, no.

Why not? It'll be fun.

Fun is overrated.

Isn't this great?

No, not great.

Super great.

Now...

What is this, the tree of trust or just some shitty tree in Tribeca?

What are we calling this?
Checking to see if you still like me.
If I tell you what I want,
will you tell me what you want?
I want you to leave a message
when you're not coming home.
When you go back
to your island or whatever,
I want to know.
Deal.
Now me.
I don't want you to worry about me.
Uh...
I want to have fun.
Fun? Like climbing trees fun?
Exactly. I want it to be fearless.
I want to... start something,
mix it up.
Start a revolution!
Whoo!
What kind of revolution
are we talking about here?
I don't know.
We need a manifesto,
some rules to live by,
something to keep us on our toes.
What are you doing?
It's called holding hands.
It's something people do
to show affection.
Yeah, well, holding hands is...
Overrated.
But you're doing it anyway.
Hello.
- Be honest.
- Jill?
Did you hear me?
I said be honest.
What are you talking about?
The manifesto.
Be honest.
It should be rule number 1.
Write it down.
Okay.

Uh...

"Rule 1:

Done.

Good.

Bye.

Uh...

She's hanging up on me.

I'm gonna start hanging up
on people.

Yeah, you do it 'cause he understands,
understands #

Do it for the trouble

Yeah, you do it 'cause it's dark outside

Why are you so mean to this thing?

Time is a construct, Jill.

Some Roman dude took it upon himself
to measure shadows,
and then the rest of the world
is bound by these little ticks.

But is it accurate? Hmm?

When you're having fun, time flies, right?

But when you're stuck in traffic,
it stands still.

So is it infinite or completely limited?

It's both. But that piece of junk
just sits there and ticks.

Tick, tick, tick, tick.

It's like a... Chinese water torture.

Well, I wish it would just stand still.

It can't. Time is the enemy.

We age, we wrinkle, we die.

Anyone who tells you different
is living in a fairy tale.

Then let's live in a fairy tale.

I have to work.

Okay. Rule 2:

Whoa! Did you just kiss me?

You just kissed me.

- No, I didn't.

- Well, then what was that?

That was a... peck.

You're weird.

Yeah, you do it
'cause it's dark outside #
Yeah, you do it
'cause you haven't tried #
You seem happy.
- Happier... something.
- Do I?
Maybe it's Jill.
She's fun.
Young and fun.
And she doesn't want babies.
George...
let's do some pro bono.
Like Bono and The Edge bono?
This isn't painfully dull to you?
Let's take something on.
Coffee.
Fair trade coffee.
Let's do something for those guys.
I don't have time just to dream up
fantasy campaigns for fair trade coffee.
Why not, George?
Because, Jack, I'm not
Mr. Bachelor. I work hard.
And when I'm not working hard,
I'm spending time with my wife.
Don't scoff at me.
You're not better than me.
I'm not saying I'm better than you.
Sweeties, it's showtime.
I wasn't saying I'm better.
Yes, you were.
- No, I wasn't.
- Yes, you were.
Would you stop, please?
Doop used to be the hippest
hair jell out there.
I was using this product when I was
younger than both of you boys.
We've got to make Doop cool again.
We can do cool.
These guys are really cool.
Why don't you tell
Mr. Carlin what you have in mind?

Well, let's begin by acknowledging
that Doop is already cool.
We say let's keep the aesthetic.
It has integrity, history,
street credibility.
Let's look at some of the print
that used to move it off the shelves.
I don't know. It has to be hip.
What George is saying
is that Doop is already hip,
and the campaign
will simply reinforce that fact.
Other products may
come and go, sir,
but Doop... Doop... Doop
has always been there.
Bring back the old ads, huh?
Why would I pay you for that?
The man's got a point.
Not the old ads exactly, sir.
We would, uh, feather the campaign.
We need a new, fresh campaign.
I want youngsters in clubs and malls
and on street corners
talking about Doop,
talking about how it
holds your hair just so.
I want blogs and podcasts and viral.
I wanna go viral.
Well, why don't Jack and George
draw up some proposals
and give you some options?
I want options!
Okay, just a couple more questions.
How long have you guys
been together?
Is that a question from your list?
Sir, it's up to me
to determine whether
this bunny is going
to a safe and supportive family.
You would be surprised
how many people
make stews out of these guys.

Oh, I wouldn't dream of it.

We have grandchildren.

- 15.

- 16.

Oh, 16. That's right.

Wow. You're so lucky.

You guys have been

together a long time, huh?

You're old.

You're old people.

That's neat.

Sweetie, is there something wrong?

Can I ask you a question?

What's your secret?

Well...

we've both learned

to hold our tongue over the years.

And...

the nookie's

always been good, hasn't it, dear?

How's it coming?

Anything good?

"Doop and do it.

A little Doop will do ya."

See, that's good.

Right? It's classic.

"Dive into the Doop."

That's not bad.

Oh, this is good.

"Doop it and poop it.

Big Doop, bigger poop."

Oh, and this one.

"Doopy Doopy do.

Who fucking cares?"

Great.

It's coming along nicely.

Here. Read this.

Okay.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident,

"that all men are created equal

"and that they are endowed

by their Creator

"with certain inalienable rights

that among these..."

"...are life, liberty,
and the pursuit of happiness."

Right.

So?

So it doesn't make sense.

You can't pursue happiness.

I mean, if it read you have the right
to pursue your dreams,
and God willing,
that makes you happy,
that I could buy.

Semantics.

No, no. No, no, no.

It's philosophy.

Happiness is intangible, an emotion.

You can't pursue it.

Okay, so you're saying
that one of our core values is flawed?

That's exactly what I'm saying.

Okay, so rule 6 would be...

Abandon the pursuit of happiness
and its false promise.

Okay, read 'em back to me.

"Rule 1:

Be honest."

Good.

"2:

"Rule 3:

and not our enemy."

Okay.

"Rule 4:

"Rule 5:

"Wage a sustained campaign
against ugliness.

"And rule 6:

Abandon the pursuit of happiness..."

Are you all right?

"...of happiness and its false promise."

I am a robot
Among the millions of robots
I eat my sugar and watch my TV
Lots and lots
Without caffeine, I can get pretty mean
Talk shows, new clothes
are my vitamins
Don't bother.
Advertisements lead me to
The promised land
Come on
Whoo!
- No, no.
- Dance with me.
Jill, there's people here.
And we can get there again
If we feel our feelings
Feelings, feelings
I'm not dumb
I'm just numb
I'm not dumb
No. No. Absolutely not. No.
I'm just numb
Come on
Wow.
Jill.....
What? She's doing her thing, you know?
She doesn't care.
That's likely the root of her problem.
I am lame
Oh, my God!
It's a dancing robot!
Look!
What is it?
And he sweeps me away
in his big, boring silver bullet.
That's not good enough
for you, princess?
No, I was hoping for
a chariot and unicorns.
Something a little less predictable.
You want less predictable?
There.
What?

A '66 Corvair.
Jack! Where is it!
I got rid of it.
Oh, you didn't! Why?
I don't know.
It was a lot of work.
I love it.
It was always breaking down.
How about we never do that again?
Hi. This is Jill's mom.
- It's your mom.
- What?
"We haven't heard from you in a couple days,
Sweet Jane. Give us a call."
Wait, wait! It's your dad.
"We really miss you."
Okay, okay, okay!
Give it to me.
What?
I miss them.
No, it's sweet. I just...
I don't have that.
What are your parents like?
This...
is my dad.
This was supposed to be
my "birds and the bees" talk.
- Hmm.
- Granted it came a little late in life.
Oh! Uh, wait.
To truly understand
the anatomy of anal retention.
Read this.
And if I ever thought
of doing something
really, really bad,
I believe this was meant
to cure me of that.
And that's how I was raised.
One book at a time.
Hey.
Leave him next to go #
Hold on #
To what you can

Give it up #
You can go #
'Cause I don't have a right #
A second of this space #
Let's pretend we're down #
To an hour that's stolen #
So hold on #
To what you can #
Let's pretend we're down #
To an hour this time

Got it.

Okay.

Read this.

Now, today they call them terrorists.

In the old days,

they were anarchists,

but otherwise, it's

exactly the same way

as it was a hundred years ago.

Everybody blowing themselves

to smithereens.

Oh.

Well, thank you.

It's great to meet you.

- You ready?

- Yeah.

Give us a call now.

- Bye.

- Bye-bye.

Thanks.

Lovely girl, Jack.

That's it, son.

Lovely girl.

I like him.

I can see that.

He loves you, Jack.

He's just not good at showing it.

You should cut him some slack.

Is that one of our rules now?

That's a good idea, Jack.

Perfect.

Rule 7:

Oh!

How about meter maids?
I gotta show compassion
to meter maids, too?
Banks, phones,
insurance, meter maids.
You don't have to show
compassion to them.
We create a haven.
Free of fights, expectations, fear.
Free of noise, damn it.
Horns, alarms, things that go boom.
A library of the mind.
Where the voices of
doubt are frowned upon.
Now let's take them to a place
where we're all understood,
where's there's no pain,
no arguments.
A place...
where no one is wrong.
Because deep down,
we all want to be understood, right?
Guys, women, teenagers...
even old people.
Everyone is silently pleading.
"Just hear me."
George, could you give us a minute?
Exceptional work, Jack.
Now we can all live together as one
in perfect peace and harmony.
Mr. Doop is a big account,
and Mr. Doop is interested in making money,
not saving the world.
Get it together, Jack!
But I'm trying to elevate here.
You're off Doop.
All right, hold on!
What are you smoking, dude?
That was a big account.
And we're supposed to be a team.
That wasn't team.
I'm sick of this mire of mediocrity!
Mire of... What?
We're bullshit artists, George!

That's what we do!
We sell shit for a living!
For once in my life,
I was trying to tell the truth!
I'm sorry, George!
Shit, man! It's just a stupid hair gel!
Would you stop running like a sissy!
I can't afford to have you
go through a crisis, Jack.
I have to bring home the bacon now.
Sally's pregnant.
Damn, man.
Why didn't you tell me?
It's early, first trimester.
You're not supposed
to say anything.
It's amazing.
You are going to be happy.
It was beautiful
when we sat in the twilight,
laying our plans.
You were gonna work in the world...
the living world.
The lone messenger
of emancipation...
Thank you, Jill.
You'll do fine.
Thanks for coming in.
When?
Excuse me?
Well, when am I gonna do fine?
'Cause it's been months
of these meetings, and nothing.
Sweetie, we're all asking that question.
You start at the bottom,
and then you claw your way up.
And claw my way up? Great.
You're new in town.
Give it some time.
Those two jokers
got the Doop campaign?
Yep.
Jack!
Jack!

Hey!
Just go!
Hey, Jill.
What are you doing? You're so...
What's wrong with you?
What? Nothing happened.
That car just almost hit you!
Relax. It's no big deal.
It is a big deal.
It's a huge deal. It's your life.
Doesn't that mean anything to you?
Whoa, whoa.
What are you talking about?
Nothing's important to you.
- Jill, it's okay.
- No!
Here. I made you lunch.
I don't think it was... Jill, wait.
Jill, wait!
What the hell just happened?
Hey, George...
how does this relationship
nonsense usually work?
Usually, you go on a couple of dates,
see if you like each other.
Eventually you have sex.
Right. I, uh...
I sort of skipped the whole dating thing.
So what then?
And then, if you're
happy with the action,
you become boyfriend and girlfriend.
It's really fun for, like, three months,
and then you realize it's work.
Then you dump her.
Or not.
Okay, let's say not.
You move in together.
I did that.
Right.
Well...
Then you get married.
You start your trajectory of acquisitions.
Knives, forks, juicer, barbecue.

You move to the 'burbs. You buy a house.
You pop some kids out.
You fight, you cheat,
you separate, divorce,
you split the shit,
and see the kids on weekends.
Then you start all over again.
It all sounds so promising.
It's just an outline, Jack.
Time can take its toll
on the best of us #
Look at you,
you're growing old so young #
Traffic lights may
catch you in the evening #
Tilt your head and turn it to the sun #
Is she still here?
She never left.
Waiting on a new set of lungs.
Decided on the transplant.
She's gonna be happy to see you.
Excuse me.
Do you mind?
Klubendorff.
Dream on, guy.
Welcome to the Klub.
"Be back soon."
"Be back soon."
What the hell does that mean?
... here on the streets
to talk with John and Jane Q Public.
about the meaning of life.
What is the meaning of life?
- The meaning of life?
- Yes.
Uh...
What kind of a name is Jack?
He sounds old.
It's a stupid name.
Holly!
There's no Jack, Jill.
What makes you say that?
Because everyone lies to me.
I'm not lying to you.

Well...
he never comes and visits you.
He doesn't call you.
You don't call him.
Boys are stupid.
Everything is stupid.
Holly, you need to buck up.
No, I don't.
I'm tired of bucking up.
Bucking up is so stupid.
I want lungs that work.
All right #
I can say what you want #
I can do all the things that you do #
I'll make it all up to you#
I'm still in love with you #
I'm still in love with you #
Hello.
Jill? What the hell!
Where are you?
Hey, babe!
Hey, hold on.
There's someone here
that doesn't believe you exist.
Say hello to Holly Goodman.
Hello.
Hi.
Hi.
Who's this?
That was Holly Goodman.
Remember that name, Jack.
This kid's going places.
Holly Goodman.
Who is she?
She's a friend.
Jill, where are you?
It sounds like you're in
an airport.
Hey, Jack, um...
we need stickers.
Stickers?
Yeah.
Remember the manifesto?
Oh, right. Yeah.

The manifesto.
How could I forget?
Yeah. So, um,
we want them to say
"Stupid" on them.
Stickers that say "Stupid."
And we want...
a thousand of them?
- 5,000.
- No, we want 5,000 stickers.
You want 5,000
"Stupid" stickers?
Yeah.
What...
Jack...
I'm sorry.
I had to go away again.
Is everything all right?
- I'm worried about you.
- Yeah. yeah.
Everything is...
everything is fine.
Don't be worried, okay?
I'm gonna come home soon.
Okay.
Remember the stickers?
Love you.
He doesn't know you're sick.
- Love you?
- Yeah.
Not "I love you." Not "Love ya."
Just..."love you."
Yeah. Hard to say.
- I don't know.
- But you and Sally...
Right from the start.
Love at first sight.
Boingo boingo.
Yeah.
I don't think boingo boingo
is quite my speed.
Yeah. Hello?
I'd like to order some stickers.
Where were you?

Is there someone else?
I need to know what's going on.
Okay.
You were at the airport.
Where did you go?
Tell me, Jill.
I'm sick.
What do you mean,
you're sick?
I have cystic fibrosis.
What? What?
What... What... What is that?
Well, it's...
I have trouble breathing,
and that's why
I'm constantly coughing and...
That's why I eat like a freakin' pig
and I don't gain weight.
See? It's not all that bad.
How long have you had this?
I was born with it.
Is it...
Is it fatal?
Eventually.
What is eventually?
Like ten years or more or less.
I mean, they're finding out
new things about it all the time.
Come here.
What is this?
What does this say?
What the hell does that say?
"Be honest."
It's rule 1!
Damn it!
This scar is a fleck
on my porcelain skin #
Tried to reach deep,
but you couldn't get in #
Now you're outside me,
you see all the beauty #
Repent all your sin #
Your main man...
I chose to feel it,

and you couldn't choose #
I'll write you a postcard,
I'll send you the news #
From a house down the road
from real love #
Live through this #
And you won't look back #
Live through this #
And you won't look back #
Live through this #
And you won't look back #
Here.
You might want to file these.
There's one thing I want
to say, so I'll be brave #
You were what I wanted,
I gave what I gave #
I'm not sorry I met you,
I'm not sorry it's over #
I'm not sorry there's nothing to save #
I'm not sorry there's nothing to save #
Hey!
Hi!
I got more crap.
Let's see, I got Doritos.
I got Ben and Jerry's.
Hey, look. They got a new flavor:
Couch Potato.
You didn't think that was funny?
Couch potato?
Take it back to the joke factory?
Okay.
What are you gonna do, babe?
I'm gonna go home.
Home, huh?
What about your career?
What career?
I'm a Klubendorff' girl.
Come on.
You're doing your thing.
And you've got friends.
I mean, I'm not gonna
tickle your toes or anything,
but I'm here for you.

I just need to take
a step back and... reevaluate.
Reevaluate, huh?
Okay.
Here.
Reevaluate this.
What are you doing?
- Come on.
- Oh, my God, Lucy! What are you doing?
You gotta let it out!
I can't believe you right now!
I don't want to be sick anymore.
Come on.
I don't want to be sick anymore.
So that's where she's been hiding.
Can you die from it?
Apparently.
Yeah, 30's, like, old.
It's a raw deal, my friend. I'm sorry.
What are you gonna do?
I don't know, man.
What are you gonna do?
What?
I'm not gonna do anything.
She lied to me, George,
and that was rule number 1: No lies.
So she lied.
Do I look like Florence Nightingale?
You're an asshole.
You're dumping her 'cause she's sick?
She'll get over it.
It's not her I'm worried about.
The girl made you happy.
Oh! What the...
Oh, come on!
So I went to my truck
this morning,
and someone had stuck a sticker
right over the gas tank.
- That's terrible.
- Yeah.
Guess what it said.
"One nuclear bomb
ruins your whole day"?

It said "Stupid."
Just..."Stupid."
Somebody... thinks
your truck is stupid, obviously.
I'm gonna bring in the client
and make a recommendation.
G-R-E-A-T.
- Excuse me?
- Great.
Like... whoopee.
If you don't like your job, quit.
If you don't like my work, fire me.
You know, it's always
more pleasant for everyone
if you make the appearance
of liking your job.
I just conceptualized
a commercial for pre-laid carpet.
So just how excited
would you like me to be?
Okay, so you guys
are at an amusement park,
and you're all having a great time,
roller coasters, cotton candy,
the whole shibui.
Except one of you has your period.
Now, which one of you
wants to have your period?
- Oh, I will.
- I will.
Okay, you. Fantastic.
So you have your period,
and you guys are,
like, her best friends,
and you know about this new tampon
that's completely discreet
and totally comfortable,
and you, like, school her
on how cool this new tampon is.
So I want you to improvise
a little scene,
and don't stop until I say.
Okay? All right. Go ahead.
Oh, my gosh, I'm so excited.

It's the Humper Bumper.
Oh! I want to go, but l...
What? What, what, what?
- My period.
- No way!
I feel really bloated.
What are you using?
- Pads, but...
- You're not!
I'm... I'm... I'm sorry.
I'm gonna have to stop you there.
Uh, hello.
Is there a problem?
Is it just me,
or is this really, really stupid?
Good luck.
Wow.
Meow.
Anyway, uh, sorry to interrupt you.
So, uh, new tampon and...
Ferris wheel, roller coasters... go.
It's over?
Sorry to hear that, son.
Don't... Don't do that.
What?
Don't "son" me.
What should I call you, then?
I don't know.
How about my name?
Jackson Randall Forthright.
Randall was your mother's idea.
I never cared for the name, but...
I wanted to make
your mother happy.
That's all I ever wanted was to...
make my family happy.
She left a void in both our hearts, son.
As your father,
I should have done more to fill you up.
I regret that now.
Sometimes life just
tosses you a knuckleball,
and you think you got your eye on it,
but it floats on by.

You just used a...
a sports metaphor.
I could punch you
in the arm if you like.
Let's not overdo it.
I think your mother felt
that running away was her best option.
Can I help you?
Is this the cystic fibrosis place?
Yes.
I'm looking for Jill.
Do you know her?
- Yep.
- Is she here?
Uh, no, she's not.
I'm Jack.
I'm a friend of Jill's.
Mm-hmm.
Does she ever mention me?
Can't say that she has, no.
She coming back... sometime?
I sure hope so.
We love having her.
Okay.
Hi.
I understand you're interested
in adopting a dog.
How's the... robotic routine going?
You still jamming?
We have a few standard questions
to help us determine
whether you're a good candidate
before we release
the dog to your custody.
Okay.
Why do you want to adopt this dog?
Lucy, is she here?
No.
But you guys still talk, don't you?
Sometimes.
Does she say anything about me?
Look, if you want
to talk to her, call her.
Do you want

to answer the question?
What was the question?
Why do you want to adopt a dog?
Why didn't she tell me?
She did.
Sooner.
She tells people she's sick,
and that's all they see.
I guess she wanted to come first.
She thought if she'd tell you,
you'd leave.
Weird, huh?
Look, l...
I know I screwed up.
I know.
If you tell me she doesn't love me...
then I'll leave her alone.
But if you think...
there's even a chance...
Port Authority.
She's going to Hollywood.
Today?
Yes.
Hey!
What about the dog?
If you shit or piss, it's over.
You understand?
Come on!
Come on! Move, please!
Move it! Please!
- There you go.
- Thank you.
A painful reminder that
you're not mine anymore #
Anymore #
Move it!
Move!
Time is my friend.
Uh, rule... rule...
What rule is that?
Time is my friend!
Now let's move, baby!
All of the things
that I thought were so easy #

Just got harder
and harder each day #
December is darkest #
In June there's the light #
But this empty bedroom #
Won't make anything right #
Well, out on the landing #
A friend I forgot to send home #
Who waits up for me #
All through the night #
Calendar girl #
Who's in love with the world #
Stay alive #
Calendar girl #
Who's in love with the world #
Stay alive

Hello!

I dreamed I was dying
as I so often do #
And when I awoke #
I was sure it was true #
I ran to the window #
Threw my head to the sky #
And said whoever is up there #
Please don't let me die #
But I can't live forever #
I can't always be #
One day I'll be sand #
On a beach by the sea #
Pages keep turning #
I'll mark off each day with a cross #
And I'll laugh about all that we've lost #
Calendar girl #
Who is lost to the world #
Stay alive

I can quit, or you can fire me.

If you fire me,

I get a better severance,

and you'll come off

looking like a sweetheart.

You're fired.

Thank you.

What's up, bird?

So this is it.

Anything you want to say to me, hmm?

Adios.

- Hey, what's going on up there?

- I don't know.

Hey.

What's going on?

Bomb threat.

Someone called in saying they're waging
a campaign against ugliness.

What?

Apparently, our building
is a crime against beauty.

I thought it was a nice building,
but hey, to each his own, I guess.

There's fire trucks here.

There's police everywhere.

Hey.

What are you doing here, Jill?

Holly wasn't convinced

you were real,

so we dragged her down here

to see for herself.

What do you think?

He's okay.

Always a pleasure, Jack.

Lucy.

Well, I got the manifesto here.

You added one.

"Always be willing to
admit when you're wrong."

I ran it past the girls, and, uh...

they think it's a good one.

You miss me?

Yes.

Good.

Sorry.

I'm sorry, too.

For people who are pursuing happiness,
the six-figure salary,
and all the mumbo-jumbo
that goes along with it,
they would probably say
that Jack was crazy.

Mexico or Canada?

Hang on.

Jill, you know that's a subway map, right?

Mm-hmm. It's got streets on it.

Left or right?

Umm, left!

Of course, I could have given you all

a book on the subject,

and probably the prince

would have saved the day,

But maybe real life

is better than make-believe.

Love isn't the fairy tale,

let's be honest.

After all, it's rule number 1.

We are here to take the blame

To take the taunts and lift the shame

We are here to make you feel

It terrifies you, but its real

It will keep you up all night

And in the flood of morning light

Spilling out across your room

You say the words will get there soon

The revolution wasn't bad

We hit the streets with all we had

A tape recording of the sound

Of the Velvet Underground

A K-Way jacket torn to shreds

And a dream inside our heads

And after changing everything

They couldn't tell we couldn't sing

After changing everything

They couldn't tell we couldn't sing

They couldn't tell we couldn't sing

And that changes everything

I am a robot

Among the millions of robots

I eat my sugar and watch my TV

Lots and lots

Without caffeine,

I can get pretty mean #

Talk shows, new clothes

are my vitamins #

Advertisements lead me to

The promised land

Money-hungry corporations #
Agents of eternal disintegration #
Come on #
I miss the good old days when #
The government was our friend #
And we can get there again #
If we feel our feelings