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Just Friends

By Adam 'Tex' Davis

Dear Jamie,
when we're together,
I feel like we're
not in high school,
but in our own little
Chris-andJamie world.
Whether we're watching
"Party of Five"
or practicing our cheers,
I feel like I can
just be myself.
Jamie, we've been friends
for a really long time,
but I want to be
more than that.
Oops! I don't think so.
Hoping to be
your boyfriend.
Sincerely, Chris Brander.
BFF!
I swear
By the moon and the stars
in the skies
I'll be there,
yeah
And I swear
Like a shadow
that's by your side
I'll be there
For better or worse...
- Raise your hand if your brother's a homo!
- Till death do us part...
- Get out of my room!
- Mom!
Stupid! Anybody ever hear
of privacy around here?!
- I swear
- You're the homo.
Jamie!
Yeah, I signed
your yearbook.
Oh, you feel the same
way about me?
Oh, you want a kiss?

Jamie,

I signed your yearbook.

Jamie,

I'm opening your gate.

What's up, guys?

- Class of '95.

- Mm-mm.

Hey, what's up, Leon, Trevor?

Great season. Great.

I love you.

- Hey, guys.

- Chris Brander, ladies and gentlemen!

- Happy graduation, Chris.

- What's going on?

I thought it was supposed to be
just the four of us.

The Palaminos decided
to throw Jamie

- a surprise graduation party.

- Oh, that's just great!

- Tonight's the night.

- Where is she?

I think I saw her go in the garage
with the football team.

- Sweet.

- Hey. No fear, Chris, huh? This is your

- chance to get out of the "friend zone."

- Yeah.

- Huh?

- Okay.

... for hip hop

this is hip hop for today

I give props to hip hop,

so hip hop hooray...

Jamie.

- Chris!

- Yay!

You came, finally!

I'm so happy.

Oh, come on,

come on!

Oh my God,

we graduated!

Whoo!

- God.

- Yeah.

What's up?

There's something I've been
meaning to say to you.

Jamie!

There you are.

- Hey, Tim.

- Shut up, chubs.

Funny guy!

Jamie...

- will you sign my yearbook, please?

- Can I do it later, Tim?

Can I do you later?

I need a beer!

I can't believe...

- I went out with him.

- You went out with him.

Jinx! 1-2-34-5-6-7, can't say
a thing till I say...

Come in.

- Oh, hi. Hi, Jamie.

- Hey, Dusty.

I was hoping

I'd find you here.

I didn't know

you played guitar.

L-I r-really...

- I really want to be a famous musician.

- Huh.

And, um,

I wrote you a song.

He wrote me a song!

That's so cute.

It's called

"Jamie Smiles."

Aw.

When Jam...

Hold on.

When Jamie...

He's crazy.

When Jamie...

God damn it!

Come on, Dusty!

Dusty, come here.

Maybe you should come back
another time when you're...

- Oh, no, I got it.

- You can come back

and then play it

for us later, okay?

- I really... I've got it. It's beautiful.

- Yeah.

- It is.

- Bye, Dusty.

Jesus.

Yeah.

Oh, I almost forgot.

I got you a little
something right here.

Okay. Now I know

it's a little dorky,

but I had to do it.

So look at it.

Will you put it

on for me?

- Now?

- Please, please? Put it on.

- Okay. Quickly.

- Okay okay okay okay.

- I think it's gonna fit.

- Yeah.

- Let's see.

- Okay.

- Here we go.

- Okay.

It's a little snug.

Oh my God,

isn't that so cute?

"Shakes come and go,

but friends are

furrr-ever!"

That's adorable!

Let's go show my mom.

She'll love it. Let's go

show her. Come on.

- Let's not. No no. Come on.

- Chris, she's gonna love it!

Just... just wait.

- Just... we're busy!

- Chris, are you okay?

Yes, I'm fine.

I just...

I signed your yearbook.

Um...

read it...

please.

Okay.

Please, God.

"Stud muffin, getting it on
in your love truck was hot!"

- Oh!

- Wait! That's not what I wrote!

This is Tim's yearbook.

- Chris?

- Oh my God!

Listen to this.

Listen to this.

"When we're together,
I feel"...

- Gimme!

- "Like we're not in high school, but we're
- in our own Chris-and-Jamie little world."

- Tim... okay.

Okay.

- "You're my best friend..."

- Please, don't read that.

"But I want to be
more than that"?

Ooh!

"Hoping to be
your boyfriend.

Sincerely, Chris Brander,
BFF."

It's a joke! That's a joke
between me and Jamie!

Holy shit!

Check out his shirt!

Aw, he's gonna cry.

See ya!

G'bye, fatty!

Chris!

Try a salad!

- Chris!

- Leave me alone!

Don't worry about it.
It happens to everybody.

Chris! We need to talk
about what you wrote.
Is that really
how you feel?
I don't know.
Maybe. Why?
Because that's the nicest thing
anyone's ever written me.
It was?
Yes.
I love you, Chris...
- like a brother.
- Hmm?
- We're friends, right?
- For sure!
Ah, you pussy!
Shut up, Tim!
Don't you people have anything
better to do?!
God! Just leave
him alone!
You jerks!
- I'll show you!
- Ooh!
I'll show all of you!
This town
is full of losers
and I'm pulling
out to win!
Chris!
Chris, come back!
- My name is Chris Brander!
- Chris, let's talk!
You remember that name!
'Cause I'm gonna be somebody!
I don't know what to say.
I mean,
the sex is good,
but I'm a person too.

I mean, I have
feelings and needs
other than
just physical!
Don't you have anything
to say for yourself?
I think you've pretty much
said it all.
You know what?
This just isn't working out.
Have a great life,
'cause Athena's out!
I don't know why you
just don't take me serious!
Wow!
I guess Athena's out.
God, can you
believe that?
I get dumped four days
before Christmas.
- I saw.
- Yeah, and yet, you did nothing.
Technically, that makes you
an accomplice.
Guilty as charged.
You know, in some cultures
they'd spank you for that.
Oh, I love to travel.
- Chris Brander.
- I'm Mandy.
Of course you are. You know,
I know a song called "Mandy."
Oh!
He shoots, he scores.
- Nice, nice!
- Yeah, Brander! Great job, Brander!
You're the bad bunny.
No. No, that's you.
You're the bad bunny.
Yeah.
Okay, that's enough
out of you.
Next time you call me,
you call me collect.

Okay. Bye-bye.

- So how'd it go last night?

- **Home by 10:**

Pants off in front
of the computer by 10:01.

Nice. What about Sheila?

Are you making any headway?

We'll see. I'm taking her
to lunch today...

Oh, whoa, whoa whoa.

Don't... don't do that.

- Okay? Don't do lunch.

- Why?

That's like the express lane
to the friend zone.

What the hell's
the friend zone?

See when a girl decides
that you're her friend,
you're no longer
a dating option.

You become a complete
non-sexual entity in her eyes,
like her brother.

Or a lamp.

I don't want
to be a lamp.

Yeah. Well, then don't be
her friend, okay?

Oh. Take that guy,
for example.

- You mean that couple?

- No no no.

No, I mean the guy that
wishes they were a couple.

- What is your point?

- My point is...

call Sheila, Ray.

Call her right now.

Move your day date
to tonight.

Play the entire thing aloof and no matter
what you do, kiss her at the end.

- 'Cause friends don't kiss.

- All right. "Aloof."

Hi.

- Straight to voicemail.

- Ouch.

Hope you're not too late.

You may already be girlfriends.

- Really? How will I know?

- Look. It doesn't matter, okay?

If you feel yourself
going there, walk away.

Where'd you come up
with this theory?

Some chick f'd me up
in high school bad.

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Excuse you!

I saw you flirting
with me out there.

How could you do
that to your boyfriend?

Who, him?

We're just friends.

Oh, no no no, I never said that, Lindsay. I
wouldn't do that.

No, I'm driving
through a tunnel.

Okay. One second here.

Hey, Francine, you look great.

- Thanks.

- That color really brings out your legs.

Hey, I don't even know you.

Yeah. Ho-ho-ho.

That's great.

Merry Christmas.

I can still see it.

I can still... rub harder!

Don't dab at it!

Rub it.

Rub, rub it, rub it!

Look, honestly, these pants
make me look fat?

- Well...

- You're fired!

- What?

- I'm kidding.

Ho-ho-ho! Who's got
a Christmas present?

I do.

How you doing, boss?

Merry Christmas.

- I look fat in these pants?

- Hell no.

Excellent! So you're
seeing your family

- for the holidays.

- Well, as a matter of fact...

- Wait. You want anything?

- No.

Go! Wait.

- Family.

- Parents are separated.

- Jersey's not my idea of a good time, so...

- Fabulous.

- Check this out.

- Yeah. Great. Good.

First up tonight, you've seen
her in the pages of magazines,
and well, the opening
of practically anything,
but what what you may not
know about this "it" girl...
is her humanitarian side.

Hey, everyone.

I'm Samantha James

and I'm here

with Mr. Cluck Cluck

and my new

best friend Wafoofi

and we're part of a kick-ass

humanitarian effort

to help promote vegetarianism

in third world countries,

which is really really

important.

Okay, and speaking of

really really important...

I have some good news.

I've been recording

for my new album

which I hope to have out

early next...

- I want that album.

- Hah! What?!

- Samantha James?

- Yeah.

No no no no. Listen to me

very carefully now.

Samantha James

is a crazy person.

Hey, you're the one that

used to diddle her, not me.

It was one date!

And I ended up in the hospital.

Have you seen this poster?

Huh? Have you seen...

- this poster?

- Yeah, with the fruit.

This is the hottest-selling

poster in the United States.

People love her.

They love her!

Oh, who loves her?

MTV just got her a new

reality show next year.

We time the CD release with the show,

we got a guaranteed hit

plus free promotion.

- She's recording over...

- I know where she's recording.

Good. Good.

Make me happy.

Go away.

Wait. Not you.

Wait!

You don't make me happy, I'm gonna

find somebody else to make me happy.

Loud and clear. Yeah.

Clear as a bell.

- Good.

- Okay.

What are you
still doing here?
Go!
Go get me lobster!
Go! Run! Lobster!
Run away! Run!
Daddy want a fish!
Uh, uh, uh
Yeah, uh uh,
eins zwei drei vier!
We might be
a world apart
World apart
But you're always
in my heart
Always in my heart
- When you look up at the stars
- Look up at the stars
- Feel my love from afar
- Afar afar
- Looking down like a shining star
- Shining star
- Dancing free with my guitar
- My guitar
- I don't know just where you are
- Where are you?
Love from afar,
love from afar
Feel my love...
Cut! Cut!
Okay, Ron, which jokester
changed the key on me?
No one, Samantha.
It's been the same key
for the last 43 takes.
Well, something's off then,
because I'm just not feeling it, okay?
God, I need my guitar.
- We need to mix the tracks separately.
- No!
My lyrics say "dancing free
with my guitar," Ron.
So, I'm gonna
be real, okay?

I'm not gonna let you
and Hong Kong Phooey up there
turn me into some poppy
bubblegum wannabe.

Okay?

I need to transcend!

Are you guys
even listening to me?

You guys are assholes,
you're assholes...

- Switch it off, guys.

- Ron, you're an asshole

You guys are assholes,

You're assholes.

She's all yours.

Chris!

Hey!

I can't hear you, Samantha.

I can't hear you, Samantha.

- Can't hear you.

- Oh.

Oh, light bulb.

There you go.

Oh my God,

I don't believe it!

God, I've missed you.

Oh... okay.

Wait a minute. Are you here
because you miss me,
or are you just here because your
boss wants to sign me?

Both?

That's cool.

Guess I missed you too.

God, I want to lick
your skin off!

- I prefer you didn't.

- But I want to.

Don't.

Ow!

Ooh, you're gonna get it.

You're gonna get it, baby.

- I don't want it.

- Bad kitty. Meow, meow.

- Okay.
- Oh! Listen, what're you doing
- over the holidays?
- I'm going to Santa Barbara...
'Cause Paris is throwing
a Christmas bash in Paris.
Okay, Paris isn't
gonna work for...
I'm gonna call my assistant
and we're gonna go tonight.
We can work and play.
Mreow.
Oh my God! I just wrote a new song.
You have to hear it!
This one's called
"Forgiveness."
Ahem.
Forgiveness
Forgiveness
Is more than
saying sorry
To forgive is divine
So let's have
a glass of wine
And have makeup sex
Until the end of
Time time time time
Time
Time.
So what did you
you think?
Ah!
I mean, my God!
Oh my God,
you're sweet.
- What is that?
- This is a taser gun.
My publicist gave it to me
to ward off stalkers.
Bam!
Ha ha ha!
Ooh, ahi tuna.
- You want some? Yummy yummy.
- I'll pass.

Ahi!
Oh, I'm so glad
KC got us back together.
Yeah, you're awful.
Hey, I have a great idea.
What if on our way to Paris
we stop off in Ireland
and find out
where U2 lives?
What if we got someone
like Bono to sing backup?
I'd be all...
Forgiveness is the way,
and he'd go, Forgiveness every day
only all Bono-y.
Wouldn't that
be amazing?
Ah! What if I added
more vibrato?
Forgiveness
Is more than
sayin' sorry
To forgive is divine
So let's have
a glass of...
Okay. Who's the genius
behind this?
The container said
"microwavable."
But the aluminum
foil wasn't.
Well, I'm not supposed to worry
about stuff like that.
I'm the talent.
Daddy, we're down.
Not exactly warm
out here, is it?
- How long till we're airborne again?
- Nice plane!
- Not till tomorrow.
- Ah, terrific. Where are we?
Not happy!
We're on a private field
an hour outside of Trenton.

Jersey?
We're in New Jersey?
Hey, wait a minute.
Am I being Punk'd?
Where's Ashton?
Ha!
Ashton!
Oh my God!
Ha ha.
You totally got me!
Ashton?
I love it that you're taking me home
to meet your mom.
Was this one of your
clever little plans?
Yes. I planned you
setting the plane on fire.
Surprise!
Ow!
Oh, my little boy.
Be right down.
La da da, da da
La da da da
La da da, da da
La da da da
La da da, da da
Da da da da.
I do not remember
Jersey being this cold.
Well, it's been uncommonly
cold this month.
We've gone through
seven bags of rock salt.
Your house is just
so quaint, Mrs. Brander,
I mean, Chris, you never told me
you were so provincial.
It's like a true
rags to riches story,
but I've always found the middle class to
be just so much more real.
I mean, isn't Chris great?
Yeah, he is a nice boy.
You know, he usually

flies us out to Los Angeles.

It's been, uh...

oh, nine, 10...

- It's 10 years. Yeah.

- 10?

since he's been home.

- All right. Good job, Dougie.

- Oh, hi, honey!

Oh my God.

- Mikey.

- Oh my God!

- Is that my Christmas present?

- Sam, my younger brother Mike.

- Samantha James.

- Samantha James.

Mike Brander.

It is an honor.

I have your poster

on my wall,

- but you are way hotter in person.

- I know!

- You have her poster on your wall?

- Yeah.

I slapped the ham

to it like an hour ago.

What ham did you slap?

Not the ham

that I just bought?

Oh, Mrs. Brander, do you have

anything else besides ham?

Because I'm on

the Perricone diet

and I need salmon

like now.

I love salmon. It's the prettiest

color for bedrooms.

- So relaxing.

- I'm gonna start drinking.

Um, does anybody want anything?

Some coffee?

Maybe some salmon

or something?

Just gonna...

yeah.

Mike! Good to be home.

Oh, boy. Okay.

Hi. Yes, I know,
very exciting.

Hi. Hi.

Oh. Chris,
let's get it to go.

People are staring at me.

Oh my God...

plastic menus!

Well, this isn't gonna work,
is it now, Chris?

Chris?

Excuse me, but I was
wondering if you think
America will ever switch
to the metric system?

Well, that's
a very interesting...

- Oh my God! Chris!

- I don't believe this!

- Oh! God, you look great!

- I don't... you look great!

- Well, thank you! How you been?

- We're married.

- You're married!

- Married?

- Oh, yeah, we're married, we got a kid. TJ.

- We have a son. TJ.

- TJ!

- He looks like me. He's got Clark's eyes...

Oh my God!

Where does the time go?

He's like the creative mind kid, he's like,
brilliant and you can meet him.

- That's great!

- God, look at those teeth!

Those are some nice veneers
you got, my friend.

- Don't tell me that you're a dentist.

- A dentist?

- I totally sold out, dude.

- Hey, you and me both, buddy.

Hey, lover, aren't you

gonna introduce me, huh?

Yes!

Samantha, these are
my old friends.

This is Clark,
this is Darla.

Your names are
"Clark" and "Darla"?

- Yeah.

- Mm-hm.

Oh my God,
that is so cute!

I just wanna
eat you both up!

Okay, I am gonna go
to the little girl's room.

- Good.

- And then we're outie.

- Okay.

- Okay.

She's... uh, incoming.

Oh my God.

Check out that
girl's ass. Huge!

It was so nice
meeting you.

Mm. Darla.

She's adorable.

- And affectionate.

- Christ sakes.

- Chris Brander, ladies and gentlemen!

- Yes! You guys, so good...

Chris Brander?

Chris Brander?

Holy...

I saw you at the Grammys
sitting next to P. Diddy!

It's me Tim.

You remember?

Oh, how could I
forget you, Tim?

Hey, you got \$5
that I can,
like, have?

Yeah.

You keep

living the dream, Tim.

Done!

Buh-bye now.

- Class of '95!

- Class of '95!

Here's your money,

bitch!

- He looks good.

- Man, I can't believe...

wha... like what happened?

Where did you go?

Hey, you know...

just migrated west.

You know, I'm living

the dream out there, I guess.

I just stayed with my dad

for awhile, and...

yeah, hocked my soul

for a record executive job...

and started...

I mean I had an internship first

- a couple of years.

- Uh-huh, right.

Jamie.

Jamie?

- Chris, hi!

- Hi!

What are you

doing down there?

Oh, I'm just busted!

How are you?

Oh, shit. Hold on.

Wow!

Look at you!

Oh my God,

I can put my

arms around you.

- You look so great! Look at this body!

- Thank you.

- You're like a new man!

- Yeah.

These arms

and your belly,
and look at...
pecs, and...

Wow! Chris Brander.
God.

Jamie Palamino.

So, um... so how long
are you in town for?

Um, just the night,
actually.

Just one night, really?

You can't stay any longer?

No. I wish I could, but l...

Let's go, Chris.

There's pee on the floor.

- Yeah.

- Okay, um...

all right, well...

- it's really great to see you again.

- You too.

Oh.

Wow...

Just give me
a call sometime.

I'm living
with my parents.

Oh, I know.

I'm living with my parents.

Okay, bye.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Jamie Pal.

- Whoa!

She's like a box
of fine wine.

You would know.

You know, in high school
you'd never get a girl like that.

And now you get
whoever you want.

I bet you could
definitely hit Jamie Pal.

- Definitely.

- Okay. Okay.

- Excuse me.

- Oh yeah.

You go! Whoo!

- Hey!

- Hey!

Look, there is a chance that my flight might be delayed an extra day.

- What are you doing tomorrow?

- Um, nothing.

- Do you want to meet for lunch?

- You mean like a day date?

Yeah.

Great!

Chris! Chris!

- I'll pick you up at noon.

- Chris! Chris!

- Chris! Chris! Chris!

- Awesome, I'm really...

- I'm busy!

- I'm busy! Stupid dick!

- That sounds awesome. I'll see you then.

- Bye.

Let's go.

- What was that all about?

- Nothing.

It's just an old friend saying hi.

Yeah, well, let's keep it that way.

- It's not a handball.

- My handball.

Meow. Meow.

I used to know you when we were young

You were

in all my dreams

We sat together

in period one

Fridays at 8:

- Whoa.

- But I will wait for you

As long as I need to

And if you ever get

back to Hackensack
I'll be here for you.
Jesus Christ our savior
was born upon this day
To save us all
from Satan's power
When we were
gone astray
Oh, tidings...
Hey! Dumb-ass.
Wake up.
- Hey, wake up.
- Ah! Agh!
Morning.
Ow ow!
Agh! What?
I need you to
do me a favor.
What do you
want from me?!
I ran into Jamie Palomino
last night.
Oh, here we go again.
I'm not the same person
I was in high-school, pal.
You'll always be fat
to me, Chris.
What do you want from me?!
I need you
to detain Samantha.
I could do that.
- Chris, wait!
- It's a beautiful day.
What about Paris?
Look, Paris can wait. This is important.
You don't wanna be
- out of touch with your audience, do you?
- No.
No, well then, you need
to connect with your audience,
you need to feed off their energy.
After all, they're the ones who're
gonna be buying your album.
The problem is where

in New Jersey are we gonna find
a proper cross-section
of your fans?

- The mall?

- A mall!

That's a great idea!

- We have so much in common!

- I know!

- God.

- Let's do it to it!

Whoa! I am not
going with him!

Look, what better way to relate
to your fans than to go with one?

In we go.

Hey! You're not
coming with me?

- Hmm-mm.

- No, sweetie. You need to do this alone.

- I can't be your crutch.

- But l...

Watch your face!

Buckle up!

Great.

That's good.

That's looking good.

Great, guys.

Really good.

Mr. Palamino,

how you doing?

Well well well,

if it isn't

Mr. Valentine's Day!

This guy, every Valentine's Day,
he'd buy Jamie like a dozen roses.

Used to drive all

her boyfriends nuts!

Ha! Till we explained, of course,
it was just her little friend Chris.

Yeah,

I remember that.

You prick.

I see you still have the best
Christmas display in town, sir.

- Hey! In the state!
- Hey, Chris!
I'll be right out.
So, uh, how'd you
lose all that weight?
Like that retard
from Subway?
It was great
talking to you, sir.
Are you kidding me?
I rented the nicest Porsche
in New Jersey.
I'm just gonna play
this whole thing aloof
and she's gonna be eating out
of the palm of my hand in no time.
Gotta go.
Hey.
Wow! Porsche.
Girls must love this.
I hate this stupid thing too.
It's a rental.
So ostentatious.
It's all they had left.
Hmm.
- God, this place hasn't changed a bit.
- I know.
Are you sure that you don't want
to go someplace else?
- No, we can't leave. We have history here.
- History.
Oh my goodness,
I remember you two.
Oh, you're not
a chubby bunny anymore.
- Oh, my personal space.
- I'll be right back.
I've got a little
surprise for you.
Can't wait.
Haha!
Chubby bunny!
Ahh! Thanks for
reminding me I was fat.

So why did you disappear
on me 10 years ago?

Uh, listen, about that...

Where you

that mad at me?

Come on, Jamie. It was like

I'm not that pathetic

little dweeb anymore.

You were never

a dweeb, Chris.

- So, tell me about your job.

- Oh my God.

You know, once you get over

all the glamour, you know, it's uh...

- it's nothing but total insanity.

- Mm.

You know, if it's not Pink calling you, then
you got Good Charlotte...

it's Jay Z's birthday party, you know, and

I'm totally name-dropping right now

and I'd really like to stop.

Mick Jagger. How 'bout you?

You know, what happened to you?

How'd you end up working at The Maple?

I don't work

at The Maple.

I mean, I work at The Maple

but I don't really work at The Maple.

- Yeah.

- I'm studying to be a teacher

so I'm living at home

and I'm working...

It's the coast.

Be right back.

What happened to him?

Five golden rings

- Four calling birds

- I don't care what your mommy said.

Three French hens,

two turtle doves

Oh, this is gonna be a great song.

"Mall People."

"Mall people,

they come and go...

small people,
they just don't know."

- How's it goin'?
- Fantastic.
- How's it going with Jamie?
- Treating her like
- every boyfriend she's ever had.
- You da man!
- So I wanna run an idea by you.
- No.

Since you're trying to hook up with Jamie,
what if I went to Paris with Samantha

- instead of you? That way you...
- No.
- You haven't heard the whole thing yet!
- No.

You know what, just... just think
about it and get back to me.

Ow!

- Oh my God!
- I gotta go.
- So, how's the coast?
- Super.

Here we go!

One grilled cheese
with ranch on the side
and one Sugar Mountain Supreme
for the chubby bunny.

Excuse me, um,
this-this... this isn't
gonna work for me.

But this is what
you always order.

Yeah. 10 years ago,
when I was a whale.

The pancakes are fine.

He's just kidding.

What?

- Be more rude!
 - She's rude! She's rude!
- I haven't had sweets
in 10 years, okay? Do you know
- what this would do to my stomach?
 - Relax, little girl.

I'll have the pancakes and you
can have my sandwich, okay?
I'll just enjoy
this glass of water.
I'm stuffed.
Good times.
Good times!
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Thanks again for lunch.
- Oh, I'll get your door.
Oh. Okay.
Shit.
- Whew!
- Yeah.
Well, it was great
seeing you again.
You too.
Yeah, glad I ran
into you last night.
Yeah, it was
a surprise.
Big surprise.
Yeah.
It's cold out here.
Yeah, it is.
It's like the South Pole.
It's like the deep South Pole
if there was one.
There isn't, though.
Um, thanks for walking
me to my door.
Yeah. Again, it was
great seeing you...
again.
- You, too.
- Yeah.
Take care. Uh...
Yeah, you too.
Oh, uh...
- Oh.
- That's good.
Ow!
- Take care.

- You too.

Hmm.

Stupid! Stupid!

Stupid!

What the hell?!

God!

Oh my God!

It's the South Pole!

It's the deep South Pole?

It's the South Pole.

The deep South Pole!

I don't think there is one,

but if there was one

I bet it would be

in the south!

- I left my gloves in the car.

- Oh.

- There you go.

- Thanks.

Hey, look who's here!

What's up, Hollywood?

- How the big date go?

- It was terrible.

I went in for a kiss,

but she wants a hug, okay?

Then I get caught in a sort

of kiss-hug limbo type thing.

I don't know what that is, then I

ended up shaking her entire body.

So y-you gave her

a body shake?

Oh, God! I should've just kissed her!

What am I doing?

It looks like you picked up right

where you left off.

You're back

in the friend zone.

Oh, f-f...

What?

Little problem.

Okay, she's got

a bit of a headache.

It's not that bad. Ha!

Oh my God!

What the hell
happened to her?
Long story short,
she fell.
Samantha, are you okay?
I'm gonna make bubble.
Dude, she's fine!
Look at her. She's having a good time.
She's got her toothpaste.
All you had to do was watch her for a few
hours. What did you do to her?
Nothing! She's just all
loopy from all the Vicodin.
Where did you
get the Vicodin?
Mom.
Blueberry!
Okay.
I'm gonna kill you.
What?!
You said detain her!
- You're a dead man, Mike!
- She's detained!
Eww.
- My balls!
- Oh.
You're dead.
No, Chris! No!
Chris...
Chris, no!
- My boss! Truce!
- Truce!
- Truce!
- Okay.
- Hello?
- Nyah!
Hey, Chrissy!
How's my future star doing?
Great.
She's doing great, sir.
So let me... let me...
let me say hi to her.
Uh, she's a little incapacitated
at the moment.

Oh, a little incapacitated,
that's my baby, that's my boy!
Look, when you two get back, I've got this
incredible marketing campaign
lined up for the spring quarter.
Our number one priority:
- Samantha James!
- Awesome.
Three two, one!
Ho-ho-ho.
- Yeah-ha-ha! Yeah!
- Merry Christmas!
It's a Palamino Christmas!
Again!
- Hello?
- Jamie.
- Hey.
- What's up?
Listen, you're never gonna believe this,
but I can't get a flight out.
- I'm stuck here another day.
- Oh.
I want to apologize
for earlier.
- Let me make it up to you.
- I taste good.
Do you want to go
ice skating?
- I thought you hated ice skating.
- I used to,
but you know, I'm actually
pretty damn good now.
I'm the MVP
in my league, in fact.
Come on, it'll be
like old times.
- Hello, Joyce?
- Mom? I'm on the phone.
Oh! Well, Chris, what are you
doing over at Joyce's?
No, Mom. I'm in the living room,
- and I'm on the phone.
- Oh.
Well, you know,

I was wondering
while I have you on the phone,
what would you like for dinner?
We-we have a choice between chicken
chow mein or pot roast.
Mom. Please.
Mom!
- Mom!
- What is it, peanut?
Where are my ice skates?
Oh, honey, I gave
those away years ago.
Are you serious?
I need them.
Well, honey, why would I keep them?
You're never here.
Besides, you-you weren't
terribly good at ice skating.
Well, I'm good now!
And I need my skates
to show off my talents.
Oh, well, honey,
I'm sure you can rent a pair.
Besides, you don't have
to show off for Jamie.
Just...
just be yourself.
Be yourself
Be yourself,
be yourself.
Now, come on! Mikey and I are
making snow angels!
I don't want
to be myself.
My snow globe collection.
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh...
- Oof! Stupid rental skates.
- Ooh!
You know what?
You're a lot better than before.
- I'm wearing figure skates from the '30s.

- Here, let me help you.

Okay, I can do it myself, okay?

I'm good. I'm good now.

Hey.

- So...

- So...

- How's the love life?

- Lame.

- Marty and I broke up a year ago.

- Ooh, another jerk, huh?

- "Another jerk, huh?"

- I'm kidding...

I'm just saying you
dated a lot of jerks
back in high school,
that's all.

So how about you? You in love
with anyone besides yourself?

No.

I've really just
been dating, you know?

Just trying to look
for my soulmate.

You didn't buy that,
did you?

Maybe you
should try harder.

Or I could try this.

Oh...

Hey guys,
it's Miss Palamino!

Yay!

Hi, guys.

Sarah and Joey
and Brett. Hi!

- What, you... you know these kids?

- Yeah, I substitute teach
their class.

- Hey, um, we're having a pickup game.

We could use some more bodies.

You guys play?

You know Chris is a great player,
but he has rentals.

- A good skater can skate in anything.

- Yeah!
I'm in.
Okay, guys. Keep it clean.
- Oof!
- Shoot it!
Get it in!
And goal!
- What was that?!
- You're pathetic!
I'm sorry, okay?
It's just these damn
rental skates.
It's fine. Just don't cuss in front
of the children.
Potty mouth.
Get him, Terry!
Ow!
He hacked me!
Wanna fight, punk?
- What, are you kidding me?
- Fight!
Fight! Fight!
Fight! Fight!
All right, all right,
break it up, break it up.
What is your problem?
She's just a child.
- That's a girl?
- Pussy!
- Yeah!
- All right!
Okay, listen. We're getting
creamed out there.
- It's his fault.
- You suck, Brander.
- Hey.
- I brand you "Suckster."
- Oh my... that's enough.
- Hey.
Now Chris is trying
his best here.
Sorry, Miss Palamino,
but he's just so terrible.
- I'm not terrible.

- Suckster! Suckster! Suckster! Suckster!
- Maybe you should call it a day.
- No, I can do this!
- Suckster! Suckster. Suckster! Suckster...
- Hey!

I'm a really good skater,
little girl!

Watch! You might
learn something!

I'm taking this one.

Me?

Ah!

Chris, no!

Ahh!

No!

No slap shots!

Suckster! Suckster!

Suckster! Suckster!

Suckster!

Suckster! Suckster!

- What a schmuck.

- Don't worry, Chris. You're gonna be fine.

Oh...

- Wow.

- Well, it looks like I was

- in the right place at the right time, Miss...

- Yeah.

Palamino?

Jamie Palamino.

- Dusty Dinkleman?

- Ah, yeah.

Actually, I go by

"Dusty Lee" now, but yeah.

- "Dutty Nee?"

- Thanks for saving me.

Yay, Dusty!

- You remember Chris Brander?

- Eeh.

- Boo...

- Oh, yeah.

Seen better days, I guess, huh, pal?

Hey, listen, I don't

want to make this weird,

but you look incredible.

- So do you.
- Really glad you dropped in.
Ow!
Cool...
Sorry about that, buddy.
Here we go.
Late '20s.
Male Caucasian
with multiple lacerations on lower
mandible and possible concussion.
Transport en route,
over.
- 104.
- So, uh, Jamie,
- you still living in town?
- Oh, yeah, I just moved back.
Oh, really?
Me too.
- It's a small world.
- No kidding.
Jeez, you know,
I cannot get over
how great you look.
Oh, pfft. Me?
Look at you!
Yeah, I guess
my skin cleared up
and I lost my stammer,
but I still play
a mean guitar.
I'm actually only doing this part-time
till I can make it in music.
You know, Chris is in the music business
too. He could probably help you.
Oh, hey.
Easy there, Gretzky.
Shh.
You know, we should hang out,
you know, have lunch sometime?
I would love
to have lunch.
Um, where can I give you
my phone number?
Just write it on this.

Jamie Palamino.
This is bullshit!
You haven't aged a peep.
What do you know
about Dusty Dinkleman?
- You mean Dusty Lee?
- Yeah.
Works in the building,
drives ambulance. Why?
Well check this out.
So I'm out with Jamie again...
Another day date?
Yes. Anyway,
we're having
a great time
and then Dusty shows up
out of nowhere,
and then Jamie
gives him her number.
Hey, didn't Dusty have like
a huge crush on Jamie?
- Uh...
- Yeah, you got some
competition there, Chris.
I mean, Dusty is a really nice guy.
Yeah, well Jamie
doesn't date nice guys.
She puts them in
the friend zone
and then tortures
the shit out of them.
I don't know. Jamie's come
a long way since high school.
I think she
might be maturing.
Maturing?
So that's why
she went with Dusty.
She wants
a sensitive guy...
more like the old me.
Well, if she wants
Mr. Rogers,
then I'm going

to show her
the biggest pussy
she's ever seen.
Yeah.
Okay, we're done.
Now, uh...
you're gonna need to wear this
for the next few days
until those stitches
are ready to come out.
And here you go. Huh?
Just like your old yearbook picture.
Feel my love from afar.
Come in!
- Can I come in?
- I just said that.
I brought magazines.
Ugh, these are old.
- Flowers?
- Those are daisies.
- How about snacks?
- Carbs? Are you kidding me?
I can't eat that crap.
I'm just trying
to be helpful.
Well you're not.
So vamoose.
- I guess I'll just leave you now.
- No, wait wait.
I'm sorry I'm being
such a biatch.
It's just that I'm supposed
to be in Paris and I'm not,
and I'm going out of my mind
with boredom!
I mean, my Sidekick
broke and l...
I haven't had sex
in, like, forever.
And I'm so horny.
I'm horny.
Wait a minute.
- How old are you?
- I'm 22... 20... 19...

I'm... I'm 18.

Eighteen.

So do you really have
my poster on your wall?

- Yeah.

- Do you ever like...

All the time.

How many times in a day?

- Eight.

- Eight?!

Eight? Oh my God,
that's hot.

- You're hot.

- I know, I know.

- Oh, ow.

- Are you okay?

Oh, my back
is killing me.

Oh, I could
give you a massage.

Oh, would you mind?

Not at all.

- Oopsie, I'm naked.

- You're naked.

Do you have any oil?

Right back.

What took you
so long?

- Show me what you've got, baby.

- Okay.

Baby, ooh!

Ooh, more more!

- Okay, enough. Enough!

- Okay.

Oh, yeah.

Hey hey.

Merry Christmas, neighbor.

Gee... hey!

- Ooh, yeah.

- Mikey likey,

- Mikey likey, Mikey likey, Mikey likey...

- Yeah...

Oh! Where the hell
have you been?!

I was getting you food.

- Are you wearing braces?

- It's not braces.

It's a retainer

and it's not that bad.

- Ha, you look like a doofus!

- Doofus!

Doofus! Doofus!

Doofus! Doofus!

Doof...

Chris?

Mommy.

So pretty.

Honey, look what

just came for you.

It's a "Get well soon"

card from Jamie.

- Boo.

- Oh yeah?

What do you

think of that, huh?

It's hugs and kisses, dude.

Mom writes that on my cards.

That's because

I love you both so much.

Thanks, Mommy.

Oh, God.

Truce!

Total pussy.

You're the biggest pussy

on planet Earth.

It's you.

- Hello?

- Jamie!

- Chris! How are you feeling?

- So much better.

Listen, I know

it's Christmas Eve,

- but do you have any plans tonight?

- No.

Well...

the revival theater

in town

is showing Nicholas Sparks's

"The Notebook."

Huh?

- Hello? I'm on the phone.

- Really you want to see "The Notebook"?

Yes, because I love
sentimental tear-jerkers.

I'm gonna friggin' puke.

Just a second.

- You are so dead. Do you hear me?

- Whatever, dude.

- What're you doing over there?

- Faggot.

- Nothing.

- Ooh, that's my call-waiting. One second.

- So, anyway...

- Hello?

- Hey, Jamie. It's Dusty.

- Hey, Dusty.

Hey, listen, just...

Dude, I think

she left you hanging.

It's probably just an important
business call. Get off the phone.

- What, the bar ran out of curly fries?

- Get off the phone.

Dude, are you gonna
boink Jamie tonight?

Yes.

Are you happy now?

All right.

- Dude, "The Notebook"'s so gay.

- Get off the phone!

- Sorry about that.

- That's okay.

- So anyway, what do you say?

- About what?

Going to a movie tonight?

Then maybe later

we can go for some,

uh... herbal tea.

Okay, sure.

Um... You know what?

You're on my way to the theater.

Why don't I pick you up

at like 7:

- It's a date.
- Homo.
- Bye for now.
- Bye.

Mom! Mom! Truce!

- Paris, here we come!
- Mm.
- But I'm not ready to play a gig.
- Of course you are.

No. No.

No!

- This is a bad idea, Chris.
- God, I'm so stupid!
- No you're not, baby.
- Here I am, trying to nurture this artist,
yet you're this
pop bubblegum sensation,
and that's okay.

Paris, here we come!

But I am an artist.

I am an artist!

Hey! I am an artist!

- Let's go do this.
- Are you ready for this?

I was born ready, bitch.

- I'm really excited about this.
- Yeah, me too.
- Yeah.
- Okay, let's do this.

Yeah.

- Hey! Wait! You're not coming with me?
- Of course I am.

Mike's just giving you
a ride to the gig.

I'm gonna stay here, I'm gonna do
some administrative work
and I'm gonna
meet you there.

It's open mic night
at The Coffee House.

Coffee House is lame, dude.

Come on...

all right!
Think fast. Boop!
Oh!
Ow!
And I swear
- By the moon and the stars...
- Jesus.
- In the skies...
- Looks like the Michael Bolton starter kit.
I'll be there
And I swear
Like a shadow
that's by your side.
Showtime.
Come on!
How long does it...
- Mistletoe.
- Hello.
- Oh my God!
- Jamie! How are you?
You've grown into such
a beautiful young woman,
hasn't she, Chris?
Ding-dong.
Dusty. Hey. Why?
Are you kidding, man?
I love "The Notebook".
I mean, listen,
I know it might sound
a little corny,
maybe even a little femme,
but I find something
so resplendent
in the simplicity of Nicholas Sparks'
writing, you know what I mean?
Nice outfit, by the way.
Rock and roll.
Carol?
Oh my God.
- Carol...
- Dusty, oh my goodness.
- This is old-home week.
- Oh, absolutely.
- Is it okay that Dusty came?

- Oh, it's awesome that Dusty came.

Thank you.

- Okay.

...in the hospital. We got...

- Dust!

Hey, let's hit the road.

Well, you kids

have fun.

Oh, Carol, why don't

you come join us?

She's vacuuming.

W-well, I'd love to, but l...

I wouldn't want to impose.

- Oh, no imposition at all!

- No.

We'd love to have you,

wouldn't we, Chris?

Yeah, rad.

Awesome.

Mom's coming.

That's good.

- There's a group now.

- Yes!

- It was us. It was us.

- Oh, my darling.

Oh my sweetheart.

I love you so much.

- How much time do we have?

- I'm not sure.

Last time it was no more

than five minutes.

I love you, angel.

What happened to me?

This is so gay.

Oh, Dusty...

Son of a bitch!

Huh?

Peanut.

Oh, no.

Forgiveness...

Show us your tits!

- Is more than saying sorry.

- Hey! Ashlee Simpson!

Forgive this!

Dusty, what kind
of car is this?
Carol, this little Japanese princess
here is called the Prius.
I think it's so neat
that you kids
care about
the environment.
- I love the environment.
- But honey, don't you drive
a Range Rover?
Aren't those bad?
Well, I had a really
nice time tonight,
and I hope we can
do it again soon.
Hey, Dusty,
thanks for comin'.
Oh, listen, man, it was
my pleasure, really.
Thank you all for having me.
It was so nice.
And hey, before I forget,
make sure
that you rinse that thing
at least twice a day, okay?
Your mouth is
a disgusting open cesspool
with germs and bacteria.
Now put that back!
- Christopher, put that back.
- Put it back!
Thanks.
Hey, anyone want
some cocoa?
Oh, Carol,
you are so sweet!
And I would love to do that,
except I volunteered at the hospital
so that Paul could spend
Christmas Eve with his family.
- So, I kinda gotta get going.
- Aw.
That's a drag. God!

Hey, Jamie,

what about you?

- Ready?

- Give me a Cougar roar. Cougar roar!

Aw.

Cookie Monster says

the Cougars are

great big cookies

at the top of the jar.

Ladies and Gentleman,

the amazing Chris Brander.

Oh my gosh,

I remember this.

He juggles three tennis balls,

but gets bored very quickly

and wants something else.

Shh-shh-shh, clear!

Clear!

No kissing!

That's right, Jamie Palamino,

you're my best friend!

I love you, Chris Brander.

Mwaha!

Mwaha, mwaha, mwaha!

Oh, your mom's car.

You see, this is more like you.

Yeah, I'm gonna take it

back to L.A.

- What?

- Guess what I found?

- No, the tape I made you?

- 1995.

- "The Summer of Like."

- Put it in.

Dun-nun-de-dun

de-dun-dun-dun

Oh, God.

- Oh!

- Oh my God,

I just peed a little.

- Good night, guys.

- Good night, Chris.

What's up?

- Little problem.

- Where are you?
- The Metal Shop.
- What?!

Hey! Hey, ow! Ow!

- That's it, bitch. It's on!
- Come on!

Ah! I'm gonna kill you!

Not so funny now, bitch, huh?!

- Not so funny now?!
- I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Christmas, Christmas,
the happiest day of the year...

Kudos on the
Christmas cookies, Mom.

Thanks, pumpkin.

I'll be back in an hour.

Where sleigh bells ringing
and go jingle-ling

As we're dashing

through the snow

Christmas, Christmas

So, Jesus,

hear our song...

- What's up, Dude?
- Quiet, she's sleeping.

I'm going over
to Jamie's.

- Did you boink her yet?
- Shut it.

If she wakes up,
tell her I went to meet Bono.

- You're gonna meet Bono? I wanna come.

- No, you walking void,
it's a lie, but if she wakes up
just tell her I'll be back in a bit.

- Fine!

- Fine!

- I love you.

- I love you too.

Christmas,

Christmas

- The happiest day of the year

- Mike!

Oh, God!

Spreading
Christmas cheer
We wish you
a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year
This is pathetic!
Good tidings we bring,
to you and your kin
Good tidings for Christmas
- And a Happy New Year
- Oh shit!
Thank you, guys.
Thank you.
Encore! Encore!
Encore!
Okay, all right,
one more time.
- One more time. Okay.
- Oh yeah!
Here we go.
You guys, you know,
Christmas is the time
for giving.
And the most precious gift
that you can give...
- is your heart.
- Aww.
Jamie Palamino,
this is my gift to you.
When Jamie smiles
It takes me miles
From where I feel unsure
When Jamie smiles
I realize
She's no ordinary girl
Hm-mm-mm...
No ordinary girl
Oh-oh-hhh...
- Where's Chris?!
- I'll never tell you anything!
Oh yeah?
- He's with his lover.
- Deck the halls with bows of holly

Fa-la-la-la-la
la-la-la-la
'Tis the season
to be jolly
Fa-la-la-la-la
la-la-la-la
Dude, Jamie's outside.
What are you doing up here?
I'm getting my butt
kicked by Dinkleman,
that's what
I'm doing up here.
You see him play that guitar?
It's like he has 15 fingers.
Everybody loves him.
I can't compete with this guy.
You can't compete with this...
are you kidding me?
You're Chris Brander!
You're Hollywood. You date models!
He's Jersey.
He skis in his jeans!
It's Dinkleman.
It's Dusty Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman!
- Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman's going down.
Dinkleman...
is going way down.
Atta boy.
Now you get out there
and you tell Jamie how you feel!
- Let's do this.
- Atta boy.
Good ol' Chris Brander,
ladies and gentlemen!
... Looked down
on the Feast of Stephen
When the snow
lay round about
Deep and crisp

and even
Brightly shone
the moon that night
Though the frost
was cruel
What the...
It's the most wonderful
time of the year...
The jig is up!
Run!
You son of a bitch!
Samantha!
You're here! Shit!
There she is.
There's the little slut
you've been
banging behind my back!
- Me?
- Not you, wrinkles. Her!
- Who are you?
- Oh...
- I'm Samantha James, bitch!
- Don't shove me!
- You're a whore! Santa's little whore!
- Get off!
- Santa's little whore!
- Cat fight!
- Get out!
- You're gonna pay for this.
I'm gonna get you fired!
Hope you enjoy
unemployment, dickweed!
Get off me, God boy!
But Samantha, What about the words
to your song? "Forgiveness"!
Forgive this, asshole.
Oh...
I hate this town!
Call me.
- Chris?
- Yeah.
- Little problem.
- Hm?
Duck!

- Ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho!

- No! Not Santa!

Whoa!

Flaming reindeer.

Wow! You don't see

that every day.

Hey Chris, it's Samantha.

I just talked to my sponsor

and I owe you

an apology.

It's Samantha...

Call me...

It's Samantha!

Hello, Joyce?

Joyce?

Go away.

Go away!

Mom, I said

I have a tummy ache.

Well that was

an interesting Christmas.

I'm sorry. I'll pay

for everything.

I'm not here

to collect.

What are you doing here?

I want to talk to the guy

who wrote me this.

Wow.

- Mmm... want some more?

- No. Gallon's my limit.

Oh, excuse me if I'm not
one of your stick models.

"I'm Chris Brander. I hang out
with Good Charlotte and Pink.

- I go to Jay Z's birthday party..."

- Okay, okay. All right.

- Thank you very much. I get it. I was lame.

- Yeah.

Actually, I was nervous,
but uh, more importantly,
does this hat

make me look fat?

So...

is your life everything
you'd hoped it'd be?
I always thought that
if I had a huge career
and famous clients
and tons of money
that I'd be happy.
And the truth is...
I was right.
I love it.
Especially the money. Ooh.
You're so bad!
What about you?
Let's put you in
the hot seat, huh?
Where do you see
yourself in 10 years?
Um, well, I see
myself teaching.
And I see myself
getting married
and raising a family.
What?
It's gettin' late.
Why don't I
take you home?
Or...
I could sleep over
like old times.
God.
- Hi.
- Wow.
- Ahhh.
- Ahhh.
- Here we are.
- Yeah.
Yeah. Hmm.
This is it.
You're finally gonna have sex
with Jamie Palamino.
Oh God, look at that face.
Look at that body.
Why are you smiling
like a friggin' idiot?

Go on, make a move.
Make a move!
What's on your mind?
Bush.
President Bush,
The First Family, really.
Dude, you're killing me!
This is the girl of your
dreams. Ravish her!
But what if she doesn't
want to be ravished?
What if she wants to stay friends? Friends
don't ravish each other?
Friends watch
"New Year's Rockin' Eve."
I wonder who's
hosting this year?
Chris, can you put your feet on mine?
They're freezing.
Yeah.
Hell yeah.
Her feet aren't even cold.
This is it.
Don't even think about
how weird tomorrow's gonna be.
- Chris.
- Oh, God. Oh, God.
What're you doing?
Where're you going?
- Is everything all right?
- Oh, everything's fine.
Yeah. You okay? Uh, you need
another blanket or anything?
- No, I'm fine.
- Ah.
You're not gonna make
a move, are you?
- Good night, Jamie.
- Good night, Chris.
You don't deserve a penis.
God, and we had
this great night
and we were laughing
and we were showing each other

old pictures and...

- Did he try anything?

- No!

- Did you try anything?

- No, but I put myself out there.

I mean, I wore

the sexy white shirt

and I did the whole cold-feet move

and we slept in the same bed.

What the hell is wrong with you?

I mean, why didn't you sleep with her?

- Oh, I know. I had her.

- I mean, are you two

on the same menstrual

cycle yet or what?

I don't know,

I don't know, I don't know.

Maybe I just don't compare

to these L.A. Girls.

Look, the timing just

wasn't right, you know?

I'm... I'm laying there.

I'm about to make my move

and then suddenly

it just hits me.

Where's this going?

What happens after

we sleep together?

Does she move to L.A.?

Do I move back here?

Jesus, Dude. I thought you just

wanted to sleep with her.

Maybe he just wants

to be friends.

Maybe he's gay.

I can't just sleep with Jamie Palamino.

We have a history.

- We're... we're... we're... we're...

- Friends.

God damn it!

I'm right back in high school again,

you know?

I gotta follow my own advice.

I gotta just walk away.

No, put me on the 3:00.

The sooner I get out
of here, the better.

- You sure about this?

- No.

When Janice
smiles...

- Janice?

- I realize

She's no ordinary
Girl.

Hey listen.

I gotta hang out
with my friends
over there, okay?

- I'll talk to you tonight.

- Whoo!

- What's up, homies?

- You tell me.

- What's with the nurse?

- Oh, Janice.

Oof, another bee
in the hive, my friend,

- just another bee.

- Well, what about Jamie?

What about her? I mean, hey,
it's great, right? Two biggest
geeks back in the day
now finally have a shot with the hottest
chick in high school?

- You can't write that stuff, my friend.

- Hey, are you kidding me?

Oh, come on, man.

Cut the nice guy routine.

I know what you're up to
and I am all for it.

I mean it is gonna be
sweet revenge on Jamie Palamino
for keeping us in the friend zone
all those years.

Oh, yeah, you wish you were
in the friend zone.

I was in the friend zone.

Friend zone's mine.

- Dusty, popcorn's ready.

- Copy that, I'm mobile.

- Listen, I gotta run.

- The man's juice!

You guys have a nice time.

It's been nice seeing you.

Have fun with Jamie. I know I will.

Clark, always a pleasure.

- Dinkleman.

- Son of a bitch.

So we're looking at
day cares.

And Darla's got this one picked
out for TJ and it's great.

And you know, don't get me wrong,
I want the best for my kid.

I mean he deserves
the best

but Tiny Tots is just too...

oh, Mariah Carey!

What the hell

are you doing?!

This is a

Pontiac Grand Prix!

I'm sorry, okay?!

But I can't let Dinkleman
get away with this!

I refuse to sit back and let Jamie
get used by another asshole!

You could've asked!

L.A. Guys are so dramatic.

- I'm sorry!

- Okay.

- Christmas, Christmas...

- Oh my God.

You know, one good snowfall
and you won't see any of this.

Where sleigh bells ringing
and go jingle-ling

Spreading

Christmas cheer.

Hi, Mr. Palamino.

How are you?

Come to destroy

the rest of the house, huh?

Look, I'm really sorry
about yesterday.

- Ho-ho-ho.

- And that.

Look, I know you hate me, but I need
to speak with Jamie. Where is she?

- She's gone off with Mr. Lee.

- Dry cleaner?

- No. Dusty, you jackass.

- Where are they?

- I've been workin' on the railroad...

- No, Chris! This way.

All the livelong day

I've been workin'

on the railroad

Just to pass

the time away

Can't you hear

the whistle blowing?

Rise so early

in the morn'

- Dinkleman!

- Can't you hear the captain shouting?

- Chris, what're you doing here?

- I need to talk to you.

Dusty!

Yes!

- I really need to speak with you!

- This next number

- is for your favorite teacher and mine.

- Let's go.

She put this wonderful concert
together for all of us.

Give a big round of applause
to Miss Jamie Palamino.

When Jamie smiles

It takes me miles

From where I've...

God, I still can't believe
he wrote me that song.

Oh I can. He's been working on that song
since high school, remember?

It's like the stalker's

national anthem.

Not to mention I already heard
that song today,
only it was Janice's eyes
that made him smile.

- Janice? Who's Janice?

- A nurse with really big boobs
that works at the medical center. A girl
I saw him kissing earlier tonight.

Dusty's a Jersey player,
Jamie!

He's out
for revenge on you
for putting him in the friend zone
in high school.

What are you
talking about?

The guy's looking
for the anger bang!

Amazing! That's exactly
what he said about you.

- Don't you see what's happening here?

- Oh, I don't know.

The guy's just
out-playing me, that's all.

Oh, it's about you!

Now he's out-playing you!

- W-what am I, a game?

- No!

Would you guys like
to join us in a carol

- to celebrate the birth of our Lord?

- No!

My God, don't!

Dusty! Don't!

- Dinkleman!

- What is the matter with you?

This is a Christmas
concert for children!

- You liar!

- Suckster's not your boyfriend, is he?

- No, he's not!

- 'Cause we like Dusty.

Dusty! Dusty!

Dusty! Dusty!
- Ugh!
- Dusty! Dusty! Dusty...!
Ooh!
I'm being framed!
I'm being framed!
- Dusty!
- Dinkleman!
Man, when you come back to town,
you come back to town!
Huh? Huh?
Look, don't sweat it.
W-w-we'll go
to The Maple tonight
You can apologize
to Jamie
and everything will be just...
just peachy.
Okay, yep, good.
Thanks, Clark, for everything.
See you in another 10 years.
Guess not.
How'd it go with Jamie last night?
You boink her?
That would be a no.
Raise you hand
if your brother's a homo!
All right.
Keep in touch!
You believe that?
Not one taxi, not one.
Stupid town.
I gotta take the bus!
Dude, bus sucks!
Yes!
I am outta here!
So long, Sucktown!
Kiss my ass!
Hey, Mr. Bus Driver Man.
Hey...
pull my finger.
Come on, pull my finger.
- Aw!
- Yoo-hoo!

- Great.
- Jamie!
- Whoa, miss, miss. W-w-whoa.
- What? What, what, wha...
- what, Chris? What do you want?
- I just want to apologize.
I'm sorry.
I was out of line, okay?
- You're an asshole.
- Oh, my... I was...
Hey, I'm gonna get you a cab
and take you home, huh?
- She's so sensitive!
- You blew it. I'm winning.
- You're the Devil.
- So go ahead, just go sleep it off.
You'll be right as rain
in the morning, brother.
Chris, you're drunk!
Go home!
I'm not drunk.
What's this?
Ooh.
"Simply Dusty"
Is there any other kind?
That's adorable.
Do you know what else
is adorable? You two.
Hey! Stop bringing Dusty
into your problems, okay?
Dusty and I are fine.
- Dusty and I are friends.
- Right!
- Not for too long, I hope.
- Yeah...
Wait, what?
Slow down.
What did you just say?
Jamie, listen, I've been
meaning to talk to you.
L... about our
relationship.
Maybe we could take
the next step or something?

Dusty, can I be honest with you?

- I think you're a really nice guy.

- Thank you.

I think you're funny
and charming and sweet,
and I just don't have
those feelings for you.

- You're kidding.

- No.

Whew!

Okay, 'cause... cause I wrote you
that song and everything,
you know, and I worked
really hard on it
and what kind of girl would you be if you
didn't put out for the guy that wrote

- you that song, you know what mean?

- Huh?

F-this. I'm mobile.

Ah-ha!

I'm gonna miss him!

- Oh!

- Ow!

- What? Heh.

- Eh!

Get off me, Chris!

Why are you here?

Why do you keep
messing with my head?

I messed with your head
for three days.

You've been torturing me
since the sixth grade!

So that's what
this is about?

Because I wouldn't screw you
in high school? Get over yourself!

Oh, after years of you
being the biggest tease,
trust me,

I'm so over myself.

Oh, so now

I'm the tease.

I practically

throw myself at you
the other night
and you did nothing!
And now you know
how it feels.
I'm outta here.
Yeah, there you go.
Just walk away like you always do!
Oh, no no no.
I'm-I'm not walking away.
I'm running back
to my great life in L.A.!
- Great. Well, have fun.
- Oh, you have fun...
being the girl
who peaked in high school.
- Ooohh!
- You slap like a cheerleader.
Bye, Chris.
And stay out!
I've always wanted
to say that.
How did you
get in here?
My bodyguard
let me in.
I was making cookies.
Oh, I was trying
to be all domesticated
like that skank you were
banging behind my back.
Please leave me alone.
No, sh-sh-sh-sh!
Hugs and kisses!
It's all good, baby,
it's all good.
By making me jealous on purpose
you inspire me to write the best songs,
you know,
full of angst and hate!
You like that.
You and I are gonna be
the greatest musical
manager team

since Jessica Simpson
and her father...
only we get to "mreow"
and they can't,
'cause it's illegal.
I looked it up.
This is the new and improved
"Forgiveness."
Forgiveness
Is more than
sayin' sorry
Are you sorry?
Ha ha!
Forgiveness.
- No.
- No?
- No more.
- But I've forgiven you!
- It's just like the song...
- Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh...
This isn't about you.
It's cool, you can have other girls.
I like girls.
Darla!
I don't want other girls.
I want one girl.
- That's not you.
- Hmph.
Look.
I'll call...
Ouch.
- Why don't you like me?
- It's a little hard to answer
with a taser in my balls!
This is about Santa's
little whore, isn't it?
Ooh yeah,
it's go time.
Hey, hey, hey!
It's not go time!
This isn't how it works,
Samantha.
You can't force or-or torture
someone into liking you.

Ooh, the big speech.
No! You just have to put
yourself out there
and hope that they
like you back.
This isn't a game!
This is my life!
Oh, yeah, well,
this is my life!
Okay? I'm sorry.
I'm not the most
boring person ever!
Okay? I'm sorry
I'm not poor!
I'm sorry...
I'm sorry I don't
have a fat ass!
I'm sorry I'm not...
where're you going?
Missed the last
train home
Birds pass by to tell me
that I'm not alone
Well, I'm pushing myself
to finish this part...
Hey! Hey,
where is she?
I handle a lot
walking on this
It's in your eyes,
open your eyes
Open eyes,
open your eyes
Open your eyes
Open your eyes.
Hi.
Jamie.
Look, Jamie!
I said a lot of really crappy
things the other night
and I'm sorry about that.
I haven't been a very good friend
to you and I'm sorry, okay?
I just... the truth is

I'm-I'm afraid to be your friend
'cause I'm always
gonna want more.
But then I got
to thinking that-that
I'd rather have you in my life
as a friend than not at all.
You know what?
That's a lie too.
Why are you back here?
Because I want
to take you on a date.
And I don't care if it's
in the day or at night
or whenever, as long
as it's a real date.
And I want to tell you how beautiful
I think you are inside and out.
And I want to have
babies with you
and I want to marry you
and I love you.
Jamie, I always have.
Mmm. Ow!
Sorry. Just, uh...
Unbelievable!
Suckster's making out
with Mrs. P!
What is she thinking?
- Hey, Sarah, do you want my last cookie?
- Oh, thanks, Brett!
Hey, Joey, do you want
some of my cookie?
Don't mind if I do.
- You're such a good friend, Brett.
- The bestest!
Ahh.
Oh, shit!
I swear
By the moon
and the stars
In the skies
I'll be there
And I swear

Like the shadow
That's by your side
I'll be there
For better or worse
Till death
do us part
I'll love you with every
beat of my heart
And I swear
Oh-hh
Hahh-aah...
I'll give you
everything
I can
I'll build your dreams
With these two hands
We'll hang
some memories
On the walls
- And when
- And when
Just the two
of us are there
You won't
have to ask
If I still care
'Cause as the time
turns the page
My love won't age
at all
- And I swear
- And I swear
By the moon
and the stars
In the skies
- I'll be there
- I'll be there
- And I swear
- And I swear
Like the shadow
that's by your side
- I'll be there
- I'll be there
For better

or worse
Till death
do us part
I'll love you with
every beat of my heart
- And I swear
- Oh, yeah
And I swear
By the moon
and the stars
In the skies
- I'll be there
- I'll be there
And I swear
Like the shadow
- That's by your side
- That's by your side
- I'll be there
- I'll be there
- For better or worse
- Better or worse
- Till death do us part
- Oh no
I'll love you with
every beat of my heart
And I swear
I swear
Oh, whoa, I...
Swear.
Mike!
Forgiveness
Is more than
saying sorry
Sorry sorry sorry
Forgiveness
Means accepting
people's flaws
Flaws flaws flaws
To forgive is divine
So let's have
a glass of wine
And have makeup sex
Until the end of
Time

Forgiveness
Does not mean
compromising
Let's forgive
and forget
And solve this
African debt
Just like
the Cheshire Cat
Who says, "Mreow!
You're running out of time!"
Time time time time time,
wreeow!
Forgiveness
You'll always be
fat to me, Chris!
Forgiveness
God damn it!
Come on, Dusty.
Forgiveness
Not happy!
Forgiveness
Hello, Joyce? Joyce?
Oh my God!
Then said Jesus,
"Father, forgive them
for they know
not what they do."
If you haven't forgiven yourself
something, how can you forgive others?
I won't apologize.
I don't forgive you.
You can forgive,
but you can't forget.
Where are you?
Forgiveness
Time time time time
time time time time.