



Scripts.com

Just My Luck

By I. Marlene King

- Morning, Oscar.
- Morning, Miss Albright.
Finding a cab may take a while
in this mess. No umbrella?
Really think I need one?
Guess not.
Thanks. Have a good one.
Oh.
Nice. Bye.
First stop,
I need to be there
in four minutes, please.
Oh, yeah.
That's gonna happen.
Hi. Dana?
WNYH. You're caller seven.
Can you name our mystery song?
Oops. I did it again. Sorry.
That's right! You win!
Oh, that's like
five greens in a row.
The force is strong
this morning, boy.
Dana, it looks like
I'm running a little early.
So I'm gonna make a stop
at Balducci's. Muffin?
I am the master of my universe.
Positive energy, positive results.
Oh, perfect.
Taking the dog for a walk.
Good morning, Mr. Phillips. I want to introduce
you to the hottest band in New York City.
Magic time.
Oh, perfect!
Huh. Find a penny-
Uh, Mr. Phillips?
Excuse me?
Here we go. Lift.
Good.
Walk it around.
Bring it around.
Bring it around.
That's it.

- Hey, hold it, please.

- Oh.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Come on, baby.

Baby made a poo-poo!

Now, let's go.

Baby, your poo-poo's
costing me.

Happy?

- Hi. Good morning.

- Mm-hmm.

Sweet.

Oh, my gosh! Are you okay?

- What are you doing? Get off!

- I'm sorry. Are you o-

Look, I'm- Let me help you up.

Stop hitting me!

- Let me help you up! It was an accident!

- Oh, my God! Help!

- Hey, you! Don't move!

- This is not-

- Help! Help!

- This is not- not good. Not good.

- Somebody!

- Stay there!

- Let me help you up! Come on!

- Get that thing near me, and I'll smack it!

I need backup! 288 in the park!

Hey, you! Stay there!

- I'll get you!

- The button popped!

Green jacket, skull cap.

Pursuing on foot.

We're making music here.

We're not making chicken.

Well, get it done.

We need this done.

Sir, excuse me!

Good morning, Mr. Phillips!

- I have a brand-new-

- Got you!

- Mr. Phillips!

- Give me your arm, pervert!

- Take a quick listen!
- You smell like dog crap!
Officer, could you take me
to the 36th Precinct?
They're nice to me there.

You promise? 6:

Okay. I'll be the redhead
who looks like this.
In that case,
I'll be there at 5:30.
Okay.
Morning, Maggie.
Oh, what are you
so chipper about?
Brad Pitt and Jude Law
had a baby...
and I just met him in the elevator.
Braden & Company.
Can I help you?
Somebody ordered Balducci's.
Oh, yum. Excuse me.
What's happening on this body?
Is this a new coat?
Yeah. Can you believe it?
Sample sale. Fifty percent off.
- Ohh.
- And her coat met someone.
David Pennington. Owner of
the Boston Celtics David Pennington?
No, silly. It's his son.
Impressive. But I, too,
had a really great morning.
Apparently, Saturn
is in line with Neptune.
Dana, you know those things
aren't exactly factual, right?
Ooh! Ooh! And my new song
got a really polite rejection letter...
from Two Tone Records.
But you know what they say:
One door closes, and two doors open.
Speaking of doors, uh,
the Phillips meeting- When is it?

Now.

All right, I've gotta
go take notes.

- Okay.

- I will see you guys after.

- Bye. Can I have one of those?

- Do you want the bran?

Where is everybody?

Look, our SoundScans
last week were 470,000.

That's why we de-Yes, we deserve
to be at the front of the store.

Look, you tell him
because I said so.

You tell him Damon Phillips said so.

I'm hanging up now.

I thought we had a meeting.

Oh, they should be here soon.

If you'd care to-

Wait? This is a big insult.

D. Doesn't wait for anybody.

Yeah, that's right.

No one. Okay?

And he is furious.

Ain't that right?

It's true. I'm furious.

They should be here
at any second. I promise.

- Are you kidding me, people!

Sara! Sara, do something!

Oh, look! I just got
an I.M. From Miss Braden.

And it says she's doing
some final touches...
on an extra special presentation
for you, and she'll be right here.

Right.

Do you know how much Downtown
Masquerade Records made last year?

Yes. 507 million, gross.

Therefore, you know how much each
and every minute of my time is worth.
\$964.

Damn, that's a lot of money.

I didn't expect that.

Yeah, and that includes
the time that you're sleeping.

So even when I go poo-poo,
I'm makin' money?

- That's some expensive shit.

- Damn skippy.

So you see why I can't afford
to waste any time.

And this is wasted time!

I completely understand that. If you could
just give me a moment, then I will start.

Please. If it's not worth the minute,
then I will give you \$965.

Hmm.

Because personally

I think you're underpaid.

Hope you have

your checkbook.

- They brought him into custody.

- Charlie caught the case?

- Yeah.

- Charlie's crazy, you know.

- Oh, I can't believe it's raining again.

- Oh. Yeah.

Let me out! Let me out first!

- Sara!

- Yes, uh, Miss-

Right. No. Of course.

Wha- Right.

Damon. Damon, I'm so sorry
to keep you waiting.

Uh-huh.

With cheese. Okay.

I just need to get the files,
and we can start the presentation-

- No, no. We're done.

- Damon, please. The elevator was stuck.

What are you talking about? Miss Albright
just pitched me your entire P.R. Strategy.

It's brilliant. Especially
the part about the party.

Oh. A p-party?

Yeah, the masquerade

bash thing. I love it.

- Oh, you-you like that?

- Yeah.

It's a great way to showcase our talent and get a tax write-off and support a good cause.

And you know I can never say no... to a party.

What you say.

What you say. What you say.

Me too.

I love to par-tay.

Don't do that.

Got you covered, Mr. D.

Your car is right this way.

Masquerade bash?

Uh, I'm really sorry,

Miss Braden. I just-

I took notes at other meetings, and then I just improvised from there.

Well, looks like you've got a big party to plan.

Right. Right. Yeah.

Of course, you'll need your own office.

- Wh- Me?

- Your idea. You're in charge. Sara?

- Huh?

- Find Ashley a new office...

- and get her a company credit card.

- Thank you, Miss Braden.

Oh, please, Ashley.

From now on, it's Peggy.

- Peggy.

- Peggy.

And you are?

- Mail.

- Whatever.

And don't worry, Ashley.

I'll be watching your every move.

- Sara.

- Yes, ma'am?

Katy, I'm home.

Oh, hey, Jake.

Hey. Wow.

What happened to you?

- Fourth-grade boys.
- They're the worst, aren't they? Let me see.
- What's it stuck on with?
- Krazy Glue.

Huh, been there. At least you had a better day than me.

- Burger?
- Of course. Ketchup for you.
- Katy, where's my bun?
- Oh, it's in the oven, Grandma.
- She's got a bun in the oven?
- Hey, Jake.
- Hey, Aunt Martha.
- Now, Katy...

I'll be back after my shift at midnight.

Cool.

Stay out of trouble.

- Love you, Jake.
- Love you too.
- Katy, mind your cousin.
- I'll keep an eye on her.
- See ya.
- Ready?

Wait. Is it gonna sting?

'Cause I kind of like wearing it.

Well, it's not gonna sting if you hold still.

- Ow. Ow. Ow.
- Hold still! It's gonna be fine!

Hold still.

One, two, three-

There you go. There you go.

Well, hold on. Hold on. Hold on. All right.

- What do you say?
- Thank you, Jake. You're my hero.

Give me some skin.

You know, I'm gonna take this.

This is definitely a, uh, choking hazard.

- All right.
- Bye.

See ya.

Not again! Oh!

So, where is he taking you?

A basketball game.

His dad's team is playing Philly.

Not sexy enough.

Home or away?

- Away.

- Let me guess.

On his private jet

which he flies himself?

- So wrong. He has a pilot.

- Speaking of dates. Hello?

We should try to find

the dragon lady one for the bash.

That way, she won't be all over us,

watching our every move.

Mm. Good luck. Men of Peggy's caliber

don't exactly take ads in the Yellow Pages.

Could you possibly

idolize her any more?

What? She's sophisticated, glamorous,

gets invited everywhere...

and never has to stay home

because she has nothing to wear.

- Right. Nothing to wear.

- Wee, wee, wee.

- Coming!

- I'll get it.

- I'm coming.

- I'm coming!

- Find an outfit.

- I found one.

- Ooh, ooh, ooh.

- Whoa. Who is that?

Down, girl. You're drooling on my doormat.

Oh, it's my next-door neighbor.

- Who?

- Shh. Antonio.

- Oh, hey, Ashley.

- Hey.

Your dry cleaning was delivered

while you were out, so I took it.

Oh, you are such an angel.

Thank you.

- I do what I can. Big date tonight?

- Kind of big. You?

Ah, every night is date night.

- Okay, I'll see you then.

- Thanks.

- Bye.

- Oh, hey, Antonio.

Are you free next Thursday?

I'm never free.

What do you have in mind?

Well, you won't want to miss this.

Masquerade Records is throwing
an outrageous promo party.

Food, fun, dancing...

and a blind date with my boss.

Your boss?

What's she like?

She's very smart, strong,
an independent woman.

- Is she good-looking?

- Of course.

Okay, look, if you think we'll hit it off,
then that's good enough for me.

Oh, you're the best.

Thank you so much. Bye.

- Bye.

- Oh, yes! A date for the dragon lady.

- Yes!

- You know, this isn't mine.

Whose is it?

Oh! Sarah Jessica Parker's.

- What?

- Not kidding.

I did not know Sarah Jessica Parker
lived in your building.

Oh, my God.

And look, it's Dolce.

Oh, my gosh.

I can return it tomorrow.

Let me look. Oh, yes.

Your size.

What are the odds?

- Don't be jealous.

- You know, this might actually look cute on me.

- You should totally wear it tonight.
- Well, of course.
- Yeah, I'm gonna need some chocolate now.
- I'm gonna need some milk.
I'm gonna go try on the dress.
I'm gonna go try on the dress.
Thanks.
Ay, ay! Asshole!
- Hey, watch it, will ya!
Sorry. Sorry. It's okay.
Yo, one, two, check.
Sound check.
- Hey, Jake.
- Hey, Mac.
Hey, hey! Hey, Jake!
Jake, how'd it go?
So, uh- So you got
Phillips the CD?
Uh, not ex- not exactly.
You know, we just had some
scheduling conflicts we had to deal with.
Jake, this has been
going on for weeks.
Guys, we're right on track.
Trust me.
There are even gonna be a couple
of "A" and "R" guys here tonight.
Hey, Jake. There's a clogged toilet
in the men's room.
Uh, and I'm looking forward
to plunging it, Mac...
but not until my shift starts,
which is in two hours.
Pretend it's a Grammy.
Grammy? Grammy it is. Okay.
So I'm gonna take care of this.
Keep up the energy.
Hit that "G," Tom. We're gonna
have a great show tonight, guys.
- Here we go.
- Thank you.
I thought we were taking a jet.
This takes us to the jet.
Oh, wow. This is definitely

going in my diary.

Good evening, Bayonne. Ashley,
where did you get that gorgeous dress?

Don't ask.

- Hi. How are ya?

- Hi.

Guys, you're on.

Gentlemen, enjoy the show.

Cocktails on us.

Ladies and gentlemen, give it up
for the hottest rock band in New York City!
McFly!

Keep on going. I got it.

- Oh!

- Let's get out of here.

Hey, fellas, come on.

You're firing me?

You don't even pay me.

Look, Jake, you're good.

I mean, you did find us.

- It's just-

- But? What's the but?

But we just think

it's time to go home.

No, you can't go back home.

We're this close, guys.

Jake, we haven't had
any lucky breaks over here.

And poor Doug misses his mum.

Yeah, he does. He cries every night.

One week. How's that?

How's that?

You give me one week.

And if I can't make it happen
for you guys by then, then I get it.

We're done. You can go back home.

No hard feelings. One week.

- Okay. One week.

- One week.

- One week.

- All right!

- Get some rest, guys.

- Mum's gonna have to wait
one more week, Doug.

One week.

So, did you?

Okay, David Pennington
is a gentleman.

- We kissed.

- Boring.

- Check please, Zuki.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

- So, was it a, um, normal kiss...

or was it a supernatural,

tingling in your toes...

butterflies in your tummy

sort of kiss?

It was... enough to get him

to ask me on another date.

Mm!

- Thank you.

- No, no, no, no. Uh-uh.

Uh-W-Wait.

What's that?

Senor Platinum

says lunch is on him.

- I can't stand this.

- What?

Now, on top of everything else, Peggy Braden
has given you worldwide buying power?

Okay, there's positive energy,

and then there's just plain dumb luck.

Here we go again. Maggie, you've known me
since seventh grade, right?

Okay, will you please

tell her that I'm not lucky?

Well, you were voted

prom queen at Franklin High.

- So?

- We went to Jefferson.

- That doesn't mean anything.

- Okay.

- What? Are you kidding me?

- Thank you, Ashley.

- Thank you.

- Thank you, Ashley.

- Thank you, Ashley.

- But face it, babe...
when they whacked you with that
lucky stick, they whacked you good.
You guys are silly.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Okay. All right. If you don't think
you have the luck gene...
then you wouldn't mind
taking a little test.

- Test?

- Yeah.

Test? Cool.

What kind of test?

- Ooh, sorry.

- Excusez-moi.

- Hi. One scratcher, please.

- Oh!

- What kind?

- You wanna pick?

- This is not a fair test.
I happen to be good at these.

- The green one.

It's a lottery.

Nobody's good at them.

- Dollar.

- Thank you.

- Guys-

- Come on!

I mean, seriously, this is silly.

- Do it. Do it. Do it.

- Fine. No peeking.

- Why?

- It's my scratcher now.

What'd you get? What'd you get?
What'd you get?
Five, 10, 15.

I told you I was good at these.
You are the luckiest
person in the world.
How do you do it, Ash?
How do you do it?
I told you. You just
scratch the silver boxes.

Scratch? You just scratch?

I could kill you!

Hey, watch it. I can't afford to be injured.

I've got a major event to plan.

And we have a walk-through downtown

with Peggy in 10 minutes.

Taxi! We have to pick up the presentation

boards. We're never gonna make it.

Negativity.

That's your problem.

- That's true. Bye, sweets!

- Make mama proud!

- Of course. Love you.

- Au revoir!

- How you feeling?

- Nervous.

- She's gonna love it.

- Okay.

- How about right here?

- Yeah.

- This place is amazing!

- Quick. She's ready.

- Hi, Miss Braden.

- Uh!

Sorry. Peggy. So, are you

ready to be impressed?

- I'm ready to have questions.

- Of course. I would hope so.

Okay, so we're going

for a carnival-like atmosphere.

We'll have an upscale mixture

of V.I.P.'s, celebs...

and record industry insiders.

Only, everyone will wear masks.

Interesting.

We'll have a deejay,

circus performers...

fortune-tellers,

atmosphere smoke and neon.

Over here will be the V.I.P. Area.

We'll have champagne-

only the best.

Dom Prignon served

by waiters on stilts.

And then a stage with Masquerade's
latest videos and professional dancers.
And over there, little alcoves...
with couches and with drapes
to give people privacy.
Overhead, sky dancers.
You know, I want people to feel
like anything can happen here.
It's gonna be a magical night.
- The hired dancers?
- Are doing their thing.
- And Phillips?
- Is happy and is going up in five.
Peggy, I've got it covered.
See that you do, my dear.
Oh, thank God.
Thank you so much.
I owe you big time.
So, which one is she?
Oh, she's the tall blonde one,
near the fortune-teller.
- Ah, very nice.
- Yeah, she's a little high-strung.
No problem.
It is gonna cost you extra.
You're terrible. But a doll.
Now go.
I have work to do.
So do I.
- Got another freeloader.
- What? No, no, no.
If they're not on the list,
they cannot get in. No exceptions.
I'm on the list. "Plus one."
I'm on the list.
It's the jacket!
- Hey, look this way!
- Ow! My foot!
- Sorry. They threw me.
- What a loser!
Of course I'm all right.
Just get the next one.
Yeah, I got these.
Uh, mm, is this

the Masquerade bash?

- Are you Ronald?

- Uh, yeah. Yeah.

- Th-That's me. Ronald.

- You're late.

- Dancers change in Room 5.

- Okay.

So go on.

Up to Room 5.

Hope these clothes fit.

Just as I thought. The Lovers.

Oh, fantastic!

- See, I told you, baby.

- Ashley!

Antonio. Peggy.

You two look like

you're hitting it off.

Yes, we really are.

Thanks for hooking us up.

- You set us up?

- Guilty as charged.

Well, thank you.

He is adorable.

Oh, my pleasure.

You two look made for each other.

That's what Madame Z just said.

- Did she?

- The Lovers.

Come on, baby.

Let's... dance.

Whoa.

Keep up the good work, Z.

You, come. Don't you want Madame Z
to tell you what's in the cards for you?

- No, it's okay. Save it for the guests.

- Ah, a skeptic.

No, it's just, how many times can you hear,
"You'll meet a handsome stranger"?

Hello? It's called a Tuesday.

What? You think that

good fortune is normal?

Just as I suspected.

What? What'd it say?

Am I gonna win a cruise?

'Cause lately I've been having
that cruise-winning feeling.
Not exactly. It says that good luck
has always spun your way.
Uh-oh. Be careful.
This card, the Wheel of Fortune,
it is upside down.
That means the wheel
may be spinning back.
Right. Yeah. I don't really have time
for the whole spinning wheel thing.
I have 500 guests and a broken
bubble cannon to attend to.
- So go.
- Well, keep up the good work.
People are loving it, Z.
Holy crap.
Yeah! Yeah!
Aren't they fantastic?
Now hear this!
- Now hear this!
- Now hear this!
Are you guys having a good time?
- Do you like the music?
- I love the music!
I said do you like the music?
Ain't nothin' like a Damon party!
And I want to thank you for comin' out
and supporting the Second Street Shelter.
As of right now...
we've raised \$270,000!
Give yourselves
a round of applause.
That's a lot of money!
It's not enough.
I promise you,
if you dig deep...
and show me some money,
I'll show you a good time.
Music!
Hit it! Come on! Oh!
Wha- Wha- Ooh, ooh!
Ooh, ooh!
Damn I'm good!

No, no, no, no, no.

- Where's the bubbly? Let's party, yo.

- Mr. Phillips? Excuse me!

Hey. I'm gonna see you at church.

What's up, man?

Hey, hey. The dancers are supposed to be on the dance floor.

- And the dance floor is that way.

- Uh, right. Sure.

I just-

I was just about to ask this lovely lady to dance.

- Oh!

- Oh, sucking up to the boss, huh?

The bo- Sorry.

You should go dance.

Go dance with him.

- Come on. You've earned it.

This party's amazing.

- He's kinda cute.

You know what? I will.

I deserve to have a little fun tonight.

Ooh. Bye!

Can I go dance? I wanna go dance.

Can I go dance?

- Please.

- Fine. Go, go, go. Play. Play.

- Hey, watch it, jerk!

- Sorry.

- I'm sorry.

- No. No. Don't- Don't be sorry.

I- I, uh-

What? I can't hear you.

It's too loud in here. Let me step outside.

- I have to go.

- What? Wait.

Look, I have to take care of one thing, but I promise I'll be right back.

- But-

- Just stay where you are. All right?

Okay.

Ashley, who was that?

Um, I honestly don't know.

You were just kissing that guy

you honestly don't know?

Yeah. Yeah. Oh!

- What?

- My shoe.

Oh, my God.

- What?

- My dress.

- My dress!

- At least you're wearing underwear.

That- That's what I'm trying to tell you.

This is the biggest party.

- Mr. Phillips? Excuse me.

- No, no, no, no.

The big-This is the biggest party.

Yes, we're throwin'-

Right. Hey!

- The kid! The kid!

- The guy cut me off! Somebody call 911!

- Unbelievable!

- Are you all right?

- Uh, uh. No. No, I'm okay.

- No, no, no.

- I'm okay. I'm okay.

- Somebody get an ambulance.

- Uh, no, really. I'm fine.

- Let me help you, man.

- I'm not hurt. Mr. Phillips.

- You're the luckiest son of a gun I've ever seen!

Mr. Phillips, you okay?

You all right?

I'm better than okay, man.

I'm alive!

- You saved my life, Spider-Man.

- It was nothing, really.

There's gotta be a way

I can repay you.

I'm just glad you're okay.

There's gotta be something

I can do for you.

Um, okay. You know what?

I don't want to put you out or anything...

but this band is exactly

what you're looking for.

- They're the hottest band in New York City.

- It's done.
- If you just-What did you say?
- I said it's done.
- You bring, um- McFly, right?
- Yeah.

Bring McFly by the office,
and we'll have a listen.

Okay.

- Say, kid, what's your name?
- Jake. Jake Hardin.

Jake Hardin, Damon Phillips
owes you big.

Yeah, I'm still here.

This kid saved my life, man.

Is it me,

or did I just get lucky?

She's choking! Breathe, Ashley!

Puke- Puke it up!

- Move it! Get out of my way!

- She's choking!

- Here! Let me help.

- She's red!

- Here.

- Somebody help-

- One more time.

- What was that?

- An olive.

Ash, Ash, look!

- No, I did not! Not me!

- Is she getting arrested?

- It's her! Her!

- Who?

Are they pointing at me?

They're pointing at me.

Come on.

Let's get her.

Excuse me.

- They're coming over here.

- Oh, okay.

Move it! Move it!

Out of the way! Out of the way!

- Ashley Albright?

- I'm afraid to say yes.

You're under arrest.

Is this about
Sarah Jessica Parker's dress?
Wait. I mean, no-
I'm gonna give it back!
Wait. I obey the law.
I like the law.
It's been a great night.
I almost got hit by a car.
- And I would-
- Step aside, sir.
Hey, what the hell's going on?
I mean, hello?
Sex and the City?
Sarah Jessica Parker
has so many dresses.
That was so last season.
Is she really gonna miss it?
You're a prostitute?
An escort.
I thought you knew.
I have never been so humiliated.
- Peggy, I-
- Thanks to you and your little alcoves.
"I want people to feel like
anything can happen here."
Oh.
- Oh.
- What are you grinning about?
- I know what's going on here.
- What?
- Where do you think he is?
- Where do I think who is?
Shh. The host.
- The host of what?
- Of this reality show.
Okay, I've figured it out.
You guys can come out
and tell me that I've won now.
- Are you insane?
- Hey, keep it down in there!
Did David Pennington
put you up to this?
- Huh? Did he?
- That's my seat.

I thought this was festival seating.

- Huh?

- This is real life, Ashley.

You not only cost me
my biggest client...

but I can't even imagine what they're
gonna say about me in the Post.

- Braden.

- That's me.

- You made bail.

- Oh, God, thank you.

- Thank you.

- Peggy, I'm sorry.

Oh, and in case
you haven't guessed...
you're fired.

- This way, ma'am.

- Is this your floor too?

- What did you say?

All right. That's enough.

- Hey, guys.

- Car ready, Tiff?

You know, they're just-
They're...

- a little nervous.

- Mm, go with 'em.

Jake? Jake?

- I'm sorry if that wasn't
exactly what you're look-

- What do you like about 'em?

They have a fresh take on retro,
like early Beatles meets Blink 182.

I'm surprised you don't talk
about record sales and demographics.

Well, it's funny you
should say that, actually.

I think a band that's good
will sell itself.

- An idealist and a purist. I like that.

- Yeah.

I used to be like that once,
but then I decided to become filthy rich.

Uh, okay, well, thanks-
thanks for the opportunity.

Look, kid, I believe in luck.

So I'm gonna send it out to a couple radio stations, see how it plays.

Meanwhile, you guys work on a follow-up, okay? You got two weeks.

- So, you're signing the band?

I spent eight minutes with you. Why would I waste that time if I wasn't signing the band?

Tiffany, call accounting and cut them an advance check and put them up in a penthouse.

- Okay.

- Now it's been nine minutes. Let's go.

All right. Bye.

Thanks. Thank you!

Congratulations.

Thanks.

Oh! Oh, my God!

Home.

Good morning.

Oh.

Do I need a bubble bath.

Hey. Whoa. Isn't that my-

We've gone through pretty much everything. It's all rated PG-1.

- That's right. We're gonna have to clear it all out.

- What? Oh, my goodness.

- This your apartment?

- Yes. Um, what happened?

- Flood.

- Flood?

Yeah, it's a, uh, technical term for a lot of water where it shouldn't be.

It's no big deal though.

We'll take care of it.

- Oh, thank you. Do you mind if I go in and change now?

- Hey, hey, fellas!

She wants to come in and change her clothes.

I don't get it. Why are you laughing?

Sweetheart, we got a grade-four mold infestation.

- You're lucky we found it.

- Lucky. Yeah.

Oh!

- Move it out!

- Easy!

- Do you have my furniture?

- Don't worry about that.

- Oh.

- We'll burn it before it can
contaminate anyone else.

We did manage to save these.

- This is it?

- That's it.

Check with the I.C.

We're gonna need another hose.

We're on it already.

We're gonna do a reverse hose lay.

Hey, you.

Are you okay?

- This is my new apartment?

- I know. It's pretty amazing.

Home theater, satellite TV.

And at night,

with the lights down low...

let's just say this place
is pretty mind-blowing.

Uh, yeah, it's pre- it's pretty mind-
you know, in broad daylight.

Well, the band is down the hall.

The bar and the fridge are fully stocked.

Oh, and just so you know,

D.M.R. Is a really nice place to work.

You know, like at some companies they

don't allow employees to date each other?

Here they do.

Date?

That'd be great!

I'm free all weekend.

Hey, you don't mind

if the girl pays, do ya?

Some guys have

this weird hang-up.

Ooh, gotta split. I'm late

for my erotic massage class.

Catch you later, Spider-Man.

Erotic massage.

Guys, thank you for letting me stay here.

Not only don't I have money...

but the dragon lady's blackballed me
from every firm in the city.

- Well, why don't you phone your parents?

- And admit defeat? No way.

- Yeah.

- So, where should I sleep?

- In your room.

- My room?

Mm-hmm. See, Maggie's room
is right here above the kitchen.

Thanks. And Dana's
is a Jennifer Convertible.

Yeah, so your options
are the La-Z-Boy.

- Mm.

- Soft and sturdy.

And my personal favorite,
the fabulous futon.

- Hmm?

- Perfect.

Well, I'll keep out of your way,
and you guys won't even know I'm here.

- Blow-dryer?

- Oh, yeah. On top of the radiator.

Thanks.

I never noticed. Is your cat all black?

- Yeah. Why?

- Just curious.

Well, this is nice.

We'll have fun.

Everything's gonna be-

Oh, my God!

- What?

- I have a zit.

I have a zit!

Girls, I have a zit!

Ash, are you okay in there?

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Oh, wow!

- Ashley!

- Oh! Oh! Oh!

Ash!

- Okay, who's the idiot?

- Nice work!

Ash? Are you okay, Ash?

Hold tight. Hold on. Sweetie?

I broke a mirror.

I broke a mirror. I know.

- Ah.

- I mean, guys, what is going on with me?

You know, I can't take

seven more years of this.

Ever since this masquerade bash,

it's like I'm the anti-Midas...

and everything I touch

turns to crap.

Okay, Ashley,

calm down, all right?

For some reason, the fates

have dealt you a lousy hand.

But the wheel always spins back.

Right?

You're fired.

Oh, my God. I need

to borrow some clothes.

Hello! Open up!

- Hello!

- Yoo-hoo.

- Yes?

- You have ruined my life!

What? Ugh, it's you.

Everything in my life was

perfect until you came around.

Wait a minute.

Was it really perfect?

- You know what?

Don't you psychoanalyze me!

- Whoa.

Okay, just work your voodoo

magic and give me my luck back.

Fine. Concentrate.

Gosh.

All right? It's back.

Now, please, go home.

- I got an early day tomorrow.

- No, no.

Do not patronize me, okay?

You and your cards screwed everything up!

Now you have to fix it.

I tried to warn you,
sweetheart.

Look, did anything unusual
happen at that party?

Well, besides the fact
that I tore my dress...
nearly choked to death
and the felony charges, no.

Yikes.

How about before that?

Well, I mean, I kissed a cute guy,
but that's hardly unusual.

Wait a second. You said that I could
lose it to someone else, right?

So does that mean that
he took my luck from me?

Maybe he needed it
more than you.

So he stole it? That little
whack-kissing bandit!

No, that is just my luck, okay?

And you're gonna help me
and tell me how to get it back.

Me?

Well, let's see. Uh-

If he took it from you with a kiss...
then it stands to reason-

What?

So wait. We're talking
20 professional dancers?

One of these guys' lips are the key
to getting my life back, guys.

- I don't believe it.

- Whoa!

- Hey, get off the sidewalk!

- Take it eas'!

- What am I, a target?

- See, it's ridiculous, right?

You can't get your luck back
by kissing a guy.

I don't believe
how hot these guys are.
Oh, great!
Now you're encouraging her?
Oh, no. I'm just here
to observe and mock.
Guys, I'm just trying to get my life
the way it was again.
Okay, how are you even
gonna know if you kissed the right guy?
Oh, I've got a foolproof test.
Oh! Hey, hey, that's him!
Oh, yeah.
All right!
Oh, my God!
It's definitely him.
Oh, my gosh!
Ashley, he's married!
Ashley!
Michael!
- I suppose that's your sister?
- No, no, muffin, muffin!
Tomato. Sorry.
You ruined my wedding!
Ooh, yeah.
Okay, push, push, push!
- Excuse me. This'll just be a minute.
- Come on.
Sorry.
Here. Here.
Thanks anyway. It's all right.
- Oh, Dana?
- Hmm? What?
Thank you so much.
Feel better.
Please, please, please, please.
Why?
Hi. I'm Dave.
Hey, Lance.
Can you hear me?
Hi. How are you?
Um, okay, here goes.
Oh! Ow!
Girls.

He bit my tongue.

Here.

Oh, come on. Oh.

Ooh! We still have one left.

- Tom Guthrie.

- Spit out the ice, Ash.

- Mm.

- Tom Guthrie.

We've looked for him at, like,
three different addresses already.

Yeah.

You know, you're right.

I'm like the rest of the rabbit
after they cut off its lucky foot.

- I should just give up.

- Come on, Ash. It's not that bad.

Yeah, so you've kissed
a dozen bacteria-ridden strangers.

- You know, you still got your friends.

- Oh, thanks.

But it's probably best
that we no longer touch.

But I love you.

Oh, you love me?

I'm gonna get you.

I'm gonna kiss you.

Pancakes!

Hi, kitty.

Hey, Ash. It's me, David.

Uh, big art opening tonight
at Station "A" Gallery.

- David Pennington!

- Meet you there at 7:00? Don't break my heart.

David Pennington. Another date.

- I'm not going.

- Why not? It's a chance with a great guy.

No. It's a chance
to get hit by a bus. Maggie...
your black cat
is crossing my path.

Not good.

Come on, Pancakes. Don't be scared
of the superstitious, mean lady.

I'm not superstitious, but it's true.

I mean, it's bad luck.

Dane, how's my scope?

Leo. Leo.

- "Your moon is in Uranus."

- Ooh.

Doesn't sound pretty.

He could have canceled.

Isn't that proof enough...

that this whole bad luck thing
is totally bogus?

I don't think so.

Ashley, unlucky girls...

don't get asked out by one of Us Weekly's
most eligible bachelors.

Unlucky girls sit and watch their
more fortunate friends get asked out...
while they sit at home and watch Oprah
and eat last year's Halloween candy.

- That's true.

- You're right.

Of course I'm right.

Go get ready.

You know what?

Maybe I'm not cursed. You know,
I'm just looking at things the wrong way.
And these setbacks
could just be opportunities.

- Of course.

- Exactly.

- Because when one door closes-

- Two others open.

Okay. I'm turning over a new leaf,
and my good luck starts now.

Good.

It's okay.

Oh-

Did you just put that
back in your eye?

- It was my last one, guys.

- That's really gross.

Ow! My eye!

But, you see,

I- I'm on the list. I'm "plus one."

David Pennington, plus one.

- Hi, David.
- There he is. See? There he is.
- Oh, hey.
- David Pennington. There.
No, no, no. There.
She's- She's with me.
Thank you. Oh!
Ooh.
I'm okay. Fine.
Come on.
I got a surprise for you.
Oh, my God.
Would you look at that big, ugly...
- brown pile of-
- Uh, Ashley-
It looked like it came out of the rear end
of an elephant.
- Ashley.
- Huh?
Uh-
Meet my mother, the artist.
- Hmm.
- The artist.
Hi, Mrs. Pennington.
You know, you look
so much younger in person.
Not that I mean
you're old or anything.
David, if I'm going to listen to this,
I'll need vodka.
Good idea.
- Waiter.
- Yes, sir.
Sure. Hmm?
No, thank you.
David, darling, that awful man
from the Times is here.
It's him.
- That son of a-
- Excuse me.
Yeah? Oh, um, the waiter.
He was just-
- More your type? I totally agree.
- Wha-

- Mother, please.
- Um, if you two don't mind,
I'm gonna run to the ladies' room.
You! Finally.
- Excuse me?
- You're gonna keep your tongue
in your mouth at all times...
- 'cause this is strictly business.
- What?
- Give me back my luck. Come here.
- What the-
- Let go of me.
- Just- Uh-oh.

From the bowels of this
mortal coil come... the mud men.

- Kiss me, damn it!
- Let me up! I'm in the show!
- I am a mud man.
- I am a mud woman.

We are mud people...

and he is our mud king.

- Heart attack! I know C.P. R!
- I'm not having-

He's not breathing!

He's totally breathing!

No, he's not.

It's a cardiac reflex thing.

- I need to give him mouth-to-mouth.
- I can't breathe.

Mmm.

He's gonna be okay.

- Sorry.

- Lucky you were here.

Lucky you know C.P.R.

Yeah. You know what?

That's me. Lucky.

You know, I'm feeling
kind of- Oh!

Oh.

Irreplaceable!

It's ruined.

This is ridiculous. It was just mud.

You must have met my twin sister.

She was in here the other night.

She's the bitch.

I'm the nice one.

- What can I get you?

- Um, can I just have a glass of water?

No buy, no sit. See?

Can I use the bathroom?

N-No buy, no bathroom!

Okay. Great. Fine. Fine.

I'm leaving.

I'm leaving. Oh, are you all
enjoying the show?

You know, the real me
doesn't have days like this.

As a matter of fact,
maybe I'm not even here right now.

This is all probably
a- a dream that I'm having...

induced by a-
a deep-tissue massage.

- Yes. A massage that I won at a charity raffle.

- Shut up.

That looks good.

Are you done with that?

No. That was a joke.

I'm not gonna eat your scraps.

Gosh! Maybe just some bacon.

Mmm! Mmm!

I don't know what she's doing.

Mmm! Mmm!

Oh, my God.

I'm like a coyote.

Perfect.

Oh, not the salt.

Just so everyone knows...

I think what I'm about to do is completely
ridiculous, but it can't hurt, can it?

Come on.

- My eye!

- Oh, my God!

Oh! Oh, my-

- It was an accident. I'm sorry.

- Miss, I think it's, uh...

- time to go now.

- Oh, my God. All right.

I'm sorry.

It was an accident.

- I think we're clear.

- Thanks for that. Sorry.

- I couldn't help but overhear your, uh-

- Oh, meltdown?

- Yeah. Broke. Jobless.

And I just ate le jambon d'tranger.

- What?

- A stranger's bacon. I thought it would sound better in French.

- Oh.

- Guess not.

You looked a little hungry. I thought you could use this. Turkey on rye, extra mustard.

Oh. Yes. Thank you.

- Thanks. Um, nice to meet you.

- Okay. Yeah.

I'm gonna-

Look. I know of a job- if you're looking for one.

Really? What's the scam?

- No scam.

- Well, do you want me to join your religion or something?

No. No religion stuff.

It's just a job. You know, a bad job.

Crummy pay for crummy hours.

That still doesn't answer my question. What's the scam?

Let's just say I know what it's like to be S.O.L.

- S.O. L?

- "Shit out of luck."

What makes you think I'm S.O. L?

Just because I spilt the salt back there?

Yeah.

Oh!

Look. Where you are right now, I've been there.

Been there? I lived there.

I was kind of the mayor of there.

I'm Jake.

Ashley.

- Oh, God.
- Yeah, yeah. No, you got it.
- Oh, my gosh.
- Looks great on you.
Can anything else-
I mean, to be honest...
I'm not really dressed for
a job interview right now.
For this one
I think you'll be fine.
- Okay.
- Wanna check it out?
- Why are you so nice?
- Why-Just- Look. I mean...
shit out of luck-
That's my thing.
...put me in this position.
- You're gonna love her.
- This is not fair. Listen.
- She's great.
- I don't need another loser waitress here.
- Okay, Mac. Okay.
You won't be sorry.
- I didn't get it.
- No, no, no, no, no. No, no. It's not that.
You can have the job,
but it's my old job.
So?
Well, see, I- I'd hoped he would hire you
as a waitress or something.
My old gig was kind of a- like a janitor,
food delivery person, toilet attendant.
I'll take it. I'll take it.
Whoa! God!
Whoa! Whoa!
Whoa. Oh!
Oh!
God.
Oh! Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Ow! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh.
Oh! Oh!

Oh!
What the-
I'll clean that up.
Come on, boys.
Move it or lose it. Let's go.
There we go.
Before Phillips will release the album,
he wants to see you play a larger space...
- like the Knitting Factory.
- Oh!
See if you can hold a big crowd
for an hour, create some preheat. Huh?
- Yeah! When?
- I don't know.
Guys! Listen. Carley, turn the radio up.
- No way!
- That's it! That's it!
Let's celebrate.
Burgers and fries on me.
All right.
Hey, sweetie. You, uh, scamper up
that ladder and- and fix that light.
- Well, I'm not so good with-
- Thanks.
Heights.
That's McFly,
a new British invasion band-
Phillips will tell us tonight. In the meantime,
we have to focus on fine-tuning-
Whoa.
Track-
See, that's not good.
She should have gone up
without the bulb...
then brought down the old one,
because now she's gonna be juggling-
Eh! Hey!
- You know where the broom is.
- Yeah. I'll-
And she should have turned off the light
first because now she's gonna be-
Electrocuted.
- Oh, my God.
- Hi.

Hi.

So, other than, uh, you know, getting zapped, how's the job working out?

- Oh, I can't complain.

- That's good.

No. I mean I'm literally not allowed to complain. I had to sign something.

Oh. I remember that.

- This is cold, so it'll help.

- You're very handy with this stuff.

- Thanks.

- Ah, that feels good.

- Is that toothpaste?

- Yeah. It's an ancient Chinese remedy for burned fingers.

Yeah. It pays to be prepared.

I've got everything in this backpack.

I have first aid, extra socks.

- Isn't that a bit defeatist?

- No, it's being a realist. You've been out there.

Hey. Let me see your cell phone.

Why?

- What the-What is this?

- Oh. Flip it like that.

Like that.

Address book.

"Bergdorf's, Bendel's and sushi."

Are you nuts?

Unlucky people need hospitals.

Also, never call 911.

They take forever.

Fire responds. They're great.

National Poison Control Center.

Ask for Lou. He's very good.

You know what? Um...

this backpack has seen me through just about everything.

And...

I think it's time to pass it on.

- Oh. No, no, no. I couldn't.

- No. No. Honestly, I think you should have it.

- Please. You need it more than I do.

- Thank you.

Uh, I better take this.

- Oh, yeah. Sure. Of course.

- Hey, Katy. How's my girl? What? Your key? You checked the doormat? Um, okay. What-What if I pick you up, take you to the new place? Yeah. You'll love it. It's huge. Okay. We'll have pizza. It'll be fun.

- I gotta run.

- Okay. Uh, yeah. See ya, Ashley. Uh, it's just a- It's a girl. Yeah. No. Hey. Guys. Guys. Guys. Come on.

- Hey, guys. Sounds good.

- How you doing? Thank you.

- What's going on?

- Look, Jake. The Knitting Factory fell through.

- What?

- Oh, you're joking.

- That sucks.

- But "Five Colors" has been gettin' great radio play... so I decided to book our boys at the new Hard Rock Cafe Times Square. No way!

- Who's your boy, huh? This is big!

- Beauty!

This is-This is big. How's my follow-up coming? We're-We're working on it.

- Uh-

- All right. That's good. Don't let me stop you.

- Sounds good, guys. Congratulations.

- All right. Have a good one.

So, um, Jake, when are we gonna hear this amazing follow-up?

- When you guys write it.

- Right.

Hey, Jake. You got a delivery. Over there.

Hey. Isn't that that bird from the bowling alley?

- Yeah. The electrocuted one.

- Hey, Jakey.

Danny, let's work on your vocals
for "Too Close for Comfort."

I think we're on the right track.

Just tighten it up a little bit.

Okay. We're-We're gonna take it
from the second verse.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- Oh! I'm sorry.

- It's okay.

- Thanks. Oh!

- I got it. I got it. I got it.

- I'm- I'm sorry about-

- No. Don't worry about it.

Come on in.

Check out this song.

Sounds great, Tim.

- They sound good.

- Yeah. Yeah. They do, don't they?

- Yeah.

- So, did you hear we're playing
the new Hard Rock?

- Wow. That's great.

- Yeah. Well, besides the fact
that it's a huge space...

I'm probably not gonna
be able to fill it...

- and I'm kind of dead.

- It's tough, but not impossible.

So, you think maybe, uh,
you'd want to go to coffee later...
or something maybe?

Yeah, um-

That'd be nice.

Oh. There she is.

- Oh. Is- Is that Katy?

- Yeah.

She's cute, huh?

She picked out this jacket.

- Oh. Nice.

- Yeah.

- Looks like a tramp.

- What?

What? Camp. Camp. She looks like someone I went to camp with.

- Yeah.

- Strange.

Weird.

You know, I- I better get going.

Uh, Mac wants me to reset the rat trap.

So, should I call you tonight?

Um, yeah, about that-

Oh, geez.

Um, yeah. Some other time maybe.

I have other plans.

- If that's cool. Sorry about that again.

- That's okay.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Oh!

- Thanks for the ride, Jake.

- Yeah. Hold up one second.

Um, so I'll see you later?

Tell Aunt Martha I'm gonna send

Bernie with the car to pick you up.

Don't forget your homework.

- Yeah, yeah. I hear ya. Later.

- All right. See ya.

Oh, no, no, no, no.

Don't do that.

Don't open the umbrella.

Not inside.

Very unlucky.

Oh! Oh!

- Bernie.

- Yes, sir?

Back it up, will ya?

Oh, God.

You know, there's a poncho in that backpack.

I didn't even think to- to look.

Can I give you a ride?

I only live 29 blocks from here.

Uh, at least take my umbrella.

I already have one.

You know,

I got a washer-dryer, uh...

microwave popcorn,
satellite TV.

No. I- I-

I really shouldn't.

Look. I don't do this
for just anybody, but...

I'll even throw in some hot chocolate
with those little tiny marshmallows.

I love the tiny marshmallows.

How about you toss
the lightning rod and get in?

Oh.

Thank you.

- Nice place.

- Yeah. Um-

We should get you some dry clothes.

Here. Let me get this.

- Oh, thank you.

- Laundry room's that way.

Bathroom's right over there.

Uh, kitchen's right here. Go whichever way
you think you should go.

- Thanks.

- Yeah. Sure.

Mind if I throw some of my clothes
in with yours?

No. Not at all. Wow.

Laundry room in your apartment.

- As far as I'm concerned,
that's when you know you've arrived.

- Yeah. It's pretty cool.

You know what?

I should wash this too. Hold on.

Okay.

Oh. Oh, shoot.

- Toss this in for me, will ya?

- Um, yeah. Sure.

Thanks.

- Oh. I should get this. I'll be right back.

- Okay. I'll be in here.

Since when does a washing machine
need an L.C.D. Screen?

Okay.

Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh.

What is going on?

Oh, my gosh.

Oh, no!

Stop! Please stop! Stop!

Um, off.

Off!

What are you, possessed? Oh!

- Everything okay in there?

- Yeah! Everything's fine.

- Okay.

- Oh!

What is going on?

Okay. Water off.

Water off! Oh!

Oh, God!

Off! Off!

No, not spin!

Oh, my God.

Hello?

Oh, my God. Oh!

- Stop! Please stop!

- Okay. Uh-

I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry.

I got it. I got it. I got-

How'd you do that?

Uh, there's a- there's an off button
on the L.C.D. Screen.

What can I say? I am a pathetic
disaster, and I give up.

- You give up?

- I give up. I don't care anymore.

You know what?

It feels great.

You know what? I gave up years ago.

It's my secret to happiness.

Oh! Wait a minute.

Wait a minute.

- Play fair.

- Oh.

- Ow.

- Oh, no.

- Oh, man.

- Your eye?

- You're done.
- I'm sorry.
No.
Oh, cool!
Oh, am I interrupting something?
- Hi, Katy.
- Hi.
- Wait. You're Katy?
- Last time I checked.
Hi. I'm Ashley.
No. No, that's not a problem.
I'm on it. Yeah.
So, Jake tells me you're a loser.
What? I'm not a loser.
That's cool.
I'm a loser too.
Anyway, it's just like a term of affection,
not a permanent condition.
- Oh.
- You just haven't had any good luck. That's all.
No, no. It's great.
I love these
little marshmallow things.
So do I.
Okay. Yeah. Yeah.
We'll talk later. All right, sir. Bye.
- Oh, my God.
- Hot.
- What's the problem?
- Oh, Phillips wants the new
song ready before the concert.
- And?
- And we don't have shit.
I mean shoot.
We don't have shoot.
We don't have to tell Aunt Martha
about this, do we?
Don't stress it.
I'll write you a kick-ass song.
Oh, so you're a-you're a songwriter now?
Very funny.
- You could be more supportive.
- This is serious.
- This is my life we're-

- Guy- Guys-
- No shoot.
- No shoot. That-
Uh- I think I can help you out.
What do you have in mind?
Well, I have this friend-
What a song.
I totally understand. If you don't
want to use it, it's cool.
No. No, it's great.
Just a few little adjustments.
Hey, Harry.
Double the tempo.
Danny, Tom, why don't you
kick it off tight and rough it up a bit?
- Ashley.
- Yeah?
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
Hey.
So I hear a rumor that, uh,
you have another hit for me.
Well, it's, uh- it's rough,
but I got a good feeling, sir. Yeah.
Sounds good. Positivity.
That's what I like.
Oh, yeah. Congratulations
on, uh, selling out.
Selling out?
You mean the Hard Rock?
We sold out the Hard Rock?
- I BlackBerryed you.
- I don't have a BlackBerry.
- Tiffany, get him a BlackBerry.
- Yes.
- There's a line around the corner
of people just hoping to get in.
- Ah?
Hey, hey, hey. I don't hug people,
but, look, bro.
You saved my life twice. Once
at the masquerade bash and- and now.
I- It was
a great night for me too.

I mean, ever since then I've been about the luckiest guy in the world.

Look. Come by my office later.

- It can't be.

- I got some ideas.

- Okay.

- Geez.

Jake. Jake is the guy I kissed at the masquerade bash.

- Uh-uh.

- Yes.

- No.

- Yes.

- No.

- Yes.

Yes! That's great. He's hot.

You don't understand.

If I kiss Jake...

it's hello,

fabulous carefree life.

And that's a problem?

- Well-

- Go.

- Ashley.

- No, no, no.

Um, I have to go now.

Uh, now?

- Whoa!

- Oh, my God.

Taxi!

Sorry. I was just checking something.

Five dollars. Yes.

- Thank you, luck.

- Ashley?

Miss Braden.

Listen. I am so sorry for-

- Antonio?

- Hey, Ash.

- Hi.

- How lucky that we ran into you.

I feel just horrible about those things I said to you.

No. Stop. You were right

to blame it all on me.

Then let me blame you for bringing this sweet,
wonderful, iron-tushed man into my life.

Yes. We're getting married, baby.

- No way!

- It's true. I bought him the ring.

- Well, good for you guys. Congratulations.

- Ashley...

I want you to come back
to work for me.

- Are you kidding?

- I can't lose you. You are my good luck charm.

I- I don't know what to say.

Well, we have a huge pitch tonight.

St. Regis at 8:

So, say you'll be by my side...

and say you'll be wearing something
appropriate to your new vice president title.

Oh, my gosh. Yes. Yes.

Thank you.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Oh! Yes! My luck is back!

Oh, my God.

- Hello.

- Ash?

Anyone want some late lunch?

- Hi.

- Hi.

Hey. I have some surprises.

Ta-da! Last one in stock,
and just my size. Lucky, huh?

- Yeah.

- And I went to Miyakami
and got two orders of everything...

'cause I thought we could use
a little celebration.

- That's nice.

- Oh. Yeah.

What's wrong?

The band isn't
gonna do Maggie's song.

What? Why not?

Phillips is superstitious.

- Come on.

- He thinks that new groups...
should only perform music
that they've written themselves.

- That's crazy.

- No. It's just bad luck.

Look. I'm sorry this is happening.
I didn't have anything to do with-
Ashley, stop. It's not your fault.
It's life. Right?

Come on. We gotta get going. We gotta get
there before they go on. I want to wish them luck.

- You're still going?

- Oh, yeah. We have V.I.P.

Tickets. Why waste 'em? You?

Um, actually, I'm not. I have, um, a meeting.

- Job interview?

- Actually, it's a funny story.

- Um, Peggy rehired me.

- Ashley!

I am so proud of you.

You totally stuck it out,
and it all got better.

Are you sure

you're gonna be okay?

Of course.

What choice do I have?

If you dwell on

all the bad things in life...

- you miss out on all the good things.

- It's getting late.

- Well, have fun.

- Good luck on your meeting, Ashley.

Thanks.

Bye.

Cool!

- We're down front!

- Wow!

- So big!

- So many people.

Look how many people there are.

- Hottie, mate. There's a hottie there.

- Yeah.

I hope it goes well.
All right. Guys, guys. Final touches.
Dressing room now. Come on.
- Let's do this. Come on.
- I'm so nervous. I'm so nervous.
Hey, Nick. Nick.
How are ya?
Oh, bollocks!
You look very nervous.
- Thank you. I appreciate that.
- Want some herbal tea? We have some.
Thank you.
That would be great.
The monitors hot
for Danny and Tom, right?
- The input for the reverb
in the distortion pedals?
- Two and three.
Good. And just remember.
The switch-outs at three, five and nine.
- Right. Right.
- Someone could fall down
in this. I'm gonna shut it.
Whoa!
Hello?
Jake? Guys?
Cab! Taxi!
- Oy!
- We're never gonna get a cab at this hour.
Think positive.
Hey. Guys.
Jump in. Come on.
Ashley.
- Let's go. We don't have much time.
- What are you doing?
I can't stop sweatin'.
Shocking!
- You guys ready?
- Yeah. Stoked.
Yeah. Born ready.
- My eye!
- My "A" string.
Danny, look at me.
You can see, right?

See, please?

Two minutes, you guys.

Good luck.

Two minutes?

I- I need some ice. I need some ice.

Hello!

Guys, I'm here!

Okay. Look. I know you guys
are nervous. That's fine. Just-
Hold that thought.

Good idea.

- Whoo!

- Air fre-Air freshener.

Oh, by the way, have you seen
Harry anywhere?

He's- He's not here?

Hello?

- Okay, guys. Spread out, find him.

- All right.

- Nick. Nick.

- Harry.

- Yeah.

- Uh, have you seen- have you seen Harry?

- Who?

- Harry the drummer.

- Who?

- Uh- Harry!

Harry!

Harry.

- Harry.

- Get out of here!

- Pervert!

- Sorry.

D.M.R.'s got the money, baby!

Excuse me, sir. Could you make a left
up ahead? Union Square's always a mess.

I can't believe

you blew off Peggy Braden.

She'll get over it. If Jake's bad luck
is half as bad as mine was...

then we don't have much time.

Harry. Harry, are you in here?

- Hey. Has anyone seen Harry?

- No.

- Excuse me. Has anyone
seen Harry? The drummer.

- No.

- Harry!

- Has- Has anybody got a 20 on the drummer?
What's he look like?
Yeah. I don't know.
They all look alike to me.
Harry!
Harry.

- Harry.

- Start the show!

Harry.

- He's not here.

- We want McFly!
He's not here either.
Ah, but then- No, no. No, no, no.

- Jake, baby!

- Hey!

I understand the drill- keep 'em waiting-
but the natives are gettin' restless.

- We thought it was normal
to go up a half hour late.

- Jake.

Jake, we can't find Harry anywhere.
He's not upstairs. He's gone.

- Checked the loos. He's not in men's or women's.

- No.

There something
you want to tell me, Jake?
We-We have a problem.
Hello?
What the hell is that?

- Oh! We're so late. Come on! Come on!

- Oh, my gosh!

Thank you! Wait. You guys.
You guys. Backstage is this way.
Come on. Hi. Excuse me.
Watch out, buddy.

- Come on!

- Hold on a second, girls.
Catch up, Dana.
You got the passes.
Let's go!

Hello.

Hello.

And I, for one...

am not looking forward to going
out here and telling this angry crowd...
that the band decided
not to play.

Oh. That won't be me.

That's gonna be you.

Unless you get your boys
out there now!

Mr. Phillips,
without a-a drummer?

- No way.

- It won't work.

Hey, guys. I used to be the, uh, backup
drummer for, uh, Whitesnake.

- Whitesnake? Hell, yeah!

- There you go. Here's your drummer.

- Wait a minute.

- We're not gonna go out there without Harry.

- It's not gonna happen.

McFly doesn't play...

you'll be lucky enough
to manage...

- a high school marching band.

- Jake.

- Get out of the way.

- We got a problem. We need a new band.

- Cancel the limo.

- Get out of the way, please. All right. Now go.

Ashley, now's not a-

- What the hell is this?

- Shh!

And in nine, eight, seven-

- Oh, no.

- Who hit the smoke?

Five, four, three-

Whoa.

Two-

Whoa.

Is that- Is that Harry?

Get started, baby!

We're on. We're on.

No way. The freak went on without us.

I don't believe it.

Hey. Do me a favor.

- Play Maggie's song.

- Absolutely.

Hey. Let's kick it off

with "I've Got You."

Yeah. Definitely.

Come on. Let's go.

- Phillips is gonna be pissed.

- Who cares?

Harry. Harry, we're playing

"I've Got You."

Ashley. Thank you.

You're welcome.

- Are you okay?

- Yeah. Yeah. I'm okay.

Oh, I'm proud of you.

- Katy!

- Yes!

- They're great!

- It's good!

Danny! Whoo!

I thought I told you
not to play this song.

Well, I guess

I'm not superstitious.

But I am.

I should fire you, Jake.

But it works.

It works. Good job.

Thank you.

They're playing my song!

- Whoo!

- Whoo!

Is that the sound
of them clapping...

- or my nervous system shutting down?

- No. They're clapping.

Hello, Times Square!

- Congratulations!

- Ashley, thank you!

- Great to be here, everybody.

Oh. Who wants to meet

my friend Mr. Dom Prignon?

- That would be the '94?

- Yeah!

- The '95! Yeah, baby!

- Yeah. That's okay.

All right, guys.

Champagne time! Everybody.

McFly on three. On three.

Champagne time.

One- Help me out.

One, two, three!

McFly!

All right. Danny. Everybody.

Get over here. Come on.

Come on. Come on. Let's go, baby.

Ashley.

- Come on. Let's go celebrate.

- Hey. Um, not now.

What's wrong with you?

You look miserable.

Maggie,

I think I've fallen for him.

That's great.

What's the matter with that?

I don't know. I mean, the feelings

I have generally lead toward kissing.

So kiss him. Kiss him!

I can't.

Oh, Ash.

Please don't tell me

you still believe in that stuff.

More than ever.

And I can't not kiss him.

- I gotta go.

- What? Where are you going?

Grand Central.

I'm gonna visit

my parents for a bit.

I have to sort things out.

Give me a hug, you.

Have fun, okay?

And be careful.

Okay.

Bye.

Gather round. Gather round.

Of course.

You waitin' for a train?

I'm just saying if you are,
you might as well give up now.

- Jake, please.

- With your luck...

there's gonna be an announcement
that due to some freak accident
all trains have been canceled.

Then you're gonna go outside
and wait for the bus...

at which point the acid rain will commence-
perhaps even acid hail.

Listen, Jake. I can't see you.

Okay? It's for your own good.

Luck changes, Ashley.

You know?

You know, I- I kissed this amazing girl
at this masquerade party.

No. Listen. I swear I'm not crazy, okay?

Our luck did get switched.

And it still is.

Here. I dare you not to win.

So you think meeting me
was unlucky?

No. God, I'm lucky
to have met you.

Okay?

But you deserve my luck.

- You put it to better use than I ever did.

- Well, I don't want it anymore.

- Are you crazy?

- I want you to have it.

- No. Go away.

- It's been great...

but I'll be fine without it.

How do you know that?

Because I'll have you in my life.

A few bumps and bruises along the way
are a small price to pay.

Tag. You're it.

Oh, no. You're not

gettin' away with it that easy.

- Oh, yeah?
- Not a chance.
So now who?
Who cares?
Ew! Gross!
You leave a kid sitting in a limo
so you can make out?
You take me from a perfectly good party
with really cute rock stars...
I pop a shoelace,
swallow my gum...
and now I'm stuck here
watching you two play tonsil hockey.
- Good grief!
- Katy.
I am so glad you're here.
Why are you guys
looking at me like this?
Hold still. Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!
Oh, I've been slimed!
- Try this. You'll like it.
- It's fun.
Cool.
So, where were we just, like-
- Ow.
- Ow.
Twenty-five bucks?
No freakin' way. I'm rich!
Oh, yeah! I'm rich!
I'm taking the limo, okay?
This I gotta show Grams.
I definitely hit the jackpot.
- Hey, Bernie!
- Thank you.
She deserves it.
- Pizza?
- You're on.
So, you think you can
adjust to life without luck?
- Right now I've never felt luckier.
- Me too.
- Do you believe in karma?
- Karma? Ash, you kidding me?
One time I helped an old lady across the street.

Next day, I found a hundred-dollar bill.

- Ash, that's luck.

- Karma.

- It's luck.

- Karma, karma, karma.

- Luck, luck, luck.

- It's karma.

- It's luck.

- Get the door.

Why, thank you.

Hey.

Quarter.

Hmm. Seems we still
have our luck.

- Who cares?

- Absolutely.

Hey! Shut the valve!

The pipe is broken.