



Scripts.com

Life Partners

By Susanna Fogel

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Watch where you're going, bitch!
What? Thanks for cutting me off!
You almost took
my side view mirror off, slut!
You're lucky I have
to be somewhere,
or I'd fuck
your ass up right now.
Fuck you! Fuck you!
Did you call me a slut back there?
Yeah.
I don't even know
where that came from.
You ready to get proud?
Oh, dude. Dude.
I'm here. I'm queer.
Better get used to it.
Hmm. Mmm.
Oh, maybe I shouldn't touch you so
people won't think we're together.
Oh, yeah. Get off me.
Stop cock-blocking me.
Vagina-blocking?
No. Still cock-blocking.
Doesn't make sense.
There's two vaginas.
I don't know.
Nobody ever changed it.
Mmm, thank you for coming
to Pride with me today.
Thank you
for letting me sleep over.
I was way too tired to drive home.
As usual.
Wait. Hey. Get... Get up.
What? Wrong pillow.
You like this one, stupid.
Orthopedic.
Curvy. Fits your head.
Oh.
Oh, you're right. Oh!
No.
No.

Wait. No, what about that girl?
She's really cute,
and she lives two miles away.
You could...
You could walk over there.
And then if you don't like her,
you could just walk home. Mm-hmm.
All right. Maybe later.
Why not now?

Because it's 2:

really bad first impression.
She'll probably imagine me, like,
laying in bed flicking it.
Flicking. Yes. Yes.
Are you feeling yourself up?
I have this weird dent
in my left boob.
Is that a thing?
Like a reverse tumor?
What? Let me see.
No. I don't see anything.
I see it. Oh, God.
This is why
I don't have a boyfriend.
'Cause I spend all my time
having sleepovers...
and staring at my
lesbian best friend's boobs.
You don't have a boyfriend
because you're way too picky.
I just wanna meet a guy that I like as
much as you. Is that too much to ask for?
Yes. Yes, it is.
I hate everyone but you.
We're screwed.
Hey, I'm Shawneen,
and I'm from Omaha, Nebraska.
I've never really
considered myself pretty.
Yeah, right, Shawneen.
I don't buy for a second
you don't think you're pretty.
You're on a show called

America's Next Top Model.
You obviously think
you're pretty.
She reminds me of Amanda
from Cycle 3.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Her eyes, they're so weird.
Oh, Sasha. What?
Amanda's eyes look like that
because she was legally blind,
and I heard after the show
she went full-on blind.
Whoops.
Oh!
Do you want this? No. No.
I'm starting
a new case tomorrow.
It's my first one
without the partners.
I gotta be firing
on all cylinders.
Well, lucky me. I don't have
to fire on any cylinders...
to answer the phone all day.
I can crash here, right?
Uh, yeah, sure.
Thank you. Thank you so much.
Give me. Guys, quick question.
Is Vanessa looking over here?
Sasha, is she
talking to someone?
I don't know.
Jenn, look for yourself.
Jen, is she? Is she?
Yeah. She seems pretty
into some girl. God.
Well, you know what?
That's funny.
'Cause I hope some girl knows that
Vanessa isn't in the mind space...
to be monogamous right now, so...
Jenn, you have to get over this Vanessa
thing. It's been like six months.
I'm over it completely. I just think

it's funny that she said that,
and then she started dating someone
monogamously like a week later.

It's just, like,
insanely funny to me.

Is it not to you? Like, what?

Jen.

Oh. Oh.

Oh, my God, why is every
lesbian named Jen?

I know. It's annoying. That's
why I spell mine with two Ns.

I'm Jen 1.0.

Why do you say that like that's a
good thing? 2.0 is better than 1.0.

Maybe to you.

Could you not sit
so close to me?

I don't want anyone
to think that we're together.

Oh, my God.

Okay, but there's no one here that
we don't already know anyway.

I'm telling you,
there is no one left.

Well, there are
at least two people left...

because Paige and I both
have dates tomorrow night.

Thank you. Really?

Oh, that's... that's... that's great.

That's awesome.

Yeah, we got drunk and agreed to go
on Internet dates on the same night.

And she is going out
with a doctor.

Yeah.

What? What...

What is wrong with this one?

He just says douchey things
in his e-mails,

quotes a lot of movies...

and says things like,

"You betcha" and "Gotcha."

And in a couple of his photos,
he's wearing, like, T-shirts with
messages on them and slogans.
I think it's like his style.
Ew.
Sorry. It's fine.
I like the shirt, so...
It's great. That one says a positive
message. It's true. Mm-hmm.
What about you, Sasha?
Do we know her?
Who's your date with?
Um, well, you might.
Have you ever seen the show
To Catch a Predator?
Love that show.
Well, she was on it.
My date was on
To Catch a Predator.
She works for the agency
that catches the predator.
She... She goes online and flirts with old
dudes, pretending to be a 14-year-old.
Oh, my God. Please marry her.
She's a celebrity. Yeah. Yeah.
I might.
Oh, God, it's so funny.
I just always had this feeling that
everyone was gonna couple up before me.
I mean, it's fine. I just think
it's funny that I called it.
Hey, what's up? I'm Trace.
Sasha. Nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you too. What's up?
Not much. How are you? Oh.
I'm sorry I'm late.
Man, I had
an intense day at work.
Ooh.
What was intense about it?
I went on a sting today.
Took down a board on a 4chan.
Oh. I... What is 4chan?
Oh. 4... 4chan's

an anonymous message board.
Used to be
an image hosting site.
Now it's a hotbed
for pedophilia.
Crazy. Disturbing.
Oh, my God.
Are you okay? I'm sorry.
It's so fucking annoying 'cause, like,
I'm here, and I just want to drink,
and this guy is staring at me.
I think he recognizes me
from TV.
Oh, my God.
Oh!
Buddy, you got a pen?
You want an autograph?
No? Yeah, I didn't think so.
Weird.
You are so beautiful.
God, you're beautiful. Wow.
Who tells you you're beautiful...
other than me?
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's just...
It's really quiet in here.
All I can hear are mouth sounds.
I'm gonna put on some music.
Uh-oh. Are you a control freak?
What? No.
No? Well, I just thought
there's this...
and then you have,
like, four recycling bins.
Well, uh, I am
an environmental lawyer...
and clearly
a better person than you.
Well, I don't know about that.
I'm the best there is.
I wake up in the morning.
I piss excellence.
What?
Uh, Ricky Bobby,
Talladega Nights.

Oh. I haven't seen that.

Well, as long as
you've seen Lebowski.

Uh, well, I've seen
the first half of it.

What?

Are you saying you watched the
first half of The Big Lebowski,
then you shut it off?

I... I feel like
you're treating me...
as though I just told you
that I'm a sex offender.

Wow. That... I mean,
this is much worse,
I have to tell you.

My goodness.

- Are you married?

- What?

"Husband" is calling you.

Oh. No.

That's my best friend Sasha.
We just have this stupid joke.

Mm-hmm.

Okay, I'll prove it to you.

- Hi, Sasha.

- Okay, you're answering the phone,
which means you had just as
shitty of a date as I did.

Or you just got really wasted and
fucked him like an hour into it...

and he's already gone. Uh...

Remember that? What was
that guy's name, Cory...

- I'll call you back.

Cory, huh? That, um...

It only took Cory an hour?

I... Um...

I don't usually
do things like that. Um...

What were his moves?

It was, um...

You know what? I'm over it.

Okay.

It's fine.

We all have our Corys.

Mmmmmmm.

There you are.

How was your date?

Uh, you first.

Where do I start? Um...

Well, she is a baritone.

Um, she has a tattoo of the female symbol on her wrist, and her license plate says "BABY BOI," with an "I."

- Are you peeing?

- Yeah.

I love how you call me right before you pee... instead of just waiting the 10 seconds till you're done. Hold on one second.

You're on speaker now.

I'm brushing my teeth.

I think that my favorite part of the date...

was when she put up two fingers... and said... "Sit on it."

Ew!

What? Why? I don't know.

I think she thought she was flirting.

So, how was your date with "Gotcha"?

Was he wearing a message tee?

Um, he was.

And he quotes movies a lot.

I didn't even get most of the references.

Like, "I wake up in the morning and piss excellence."

Talladega Nights.

Oh.

Well, I guess we're gonna end up dying alone like planned.

Um, actually,

he asked me out again,
and I said yes.
I don't know.
I kind of had fun with him.
Oh. Cool.
When are you guys
going out again?
Tomorrow.
Which one of us is the lesbian?
Fuck.
Oh.
Hey. I didn't see you in there.
You didn't see
my car either, huh?
Well, it was blocking
my driveway, so...
Uh, I wouldn't say
it's blocking your driveway.
It's got
a pretty wide berth here.
Yeah, but you're over the line.
Over the line? Yeah.
This... The line.
Yeah, well, even if I were,
uh, over the line,
I don't think that means
you can just run into my car.
I'm gonna be late for work,
so can we just deal with this
later since we're neighbors?
I should report this
to my insurance today.
I mean, it's a brand-new car.
My wife would kill me.
You're insured, right?
Of course I'm insured. Okay.
I really don't see
how this is my fault.
Yeah. Well, you know,
we can just let the insurance
companies deal with all that.
Um...
Whoop. Okay.
Uh, there you go.

Thank you. Mm-hmm.
Um, drive safe. I always do.
You... You got it.
Grossman Properties.
Please hold.
Busy day?
Oh, yeah. Yeah.
Finished everything I had to do,
so I thought
I'd catch up on the news.
Hmm.
Will you make sure
this goes out today?
Yeah. Of course.
And maybe you can work on separating the
mail since you're not doing anything else.
Oh, I already did it.
Took like 10 minutes.
Okay, well, in general,
whenever you have downtime...
which I don't remember having
when I had your job...
But since you do,
it might be a good idea...
for you to read something
related to the company.
We just started construction
on five projects this week.
Are you familiar
with all of them?
Not yet.
But that's great advice.
Thank you, Valerie.
Great. Okay. Bye.
It didn't...
Oh. I'm sorry. That
didn't buzz you in? No.
Okay. Try again.
Uh...
Did you get it? No. It's still...
One more time.
Ow, I just...
It's been acting up all morning.
I'm sorry.

Got it?
Yeah. Thank you. Okay. Bye.
Hey!
Open up. I gotta
poop in your toilet.
Hi. Oh, my God.
Ah, Sasha, I'm Tim.
Hi. Oh, God. Yeah. Hi.
How are you? Mm-hmm.
I'm sorry.
Did Paige not tell you...
that I was crashing
your TV night?
No. It's okay.
Uh... Come on in.
I'm sorry that I was so gross
about the bathroom thing before.
I just didn't know anyone
else was here, and I...
Hey, everybody poops. Yeah.
Oh, good. You two met.
I'll go get the wine. Okay.
I'll go help her.
Nice to meet you.
Dude. Hmm?
Why didn't you tell me
Tim was gonna be here?
I didn't know
until like an hour ago.
He called me on his way home from
work, and I thought it'd be real fun.
Well, I wish you
would have warned me...
because then I wouldn't
have... worn pajama pants...
with a hole in the dick.
You're wearing makeup and real clothes.
You look pretty.
The guy is wearing a braided belt.
He's not judging.
And he knows we're
watching Top Model, right?
Yeah. He's never seen it before.
How fun is this gonna be?

My mom was my rock,
and she, you know,
gave me strength.
Wait, now, didn't her
mom abandon her?
Yes, but it's complicated.
I know that...
Okay, now, what does a tea
ceremony have to do with modeling?
Just watch it, and I'll
explain it to you later.
Okay. I'm gonna remember this when
I'm making you watch Lebowski.
You've never seen Big Lebowski?
Thank you.
I've seen the first half of it.
The first half?
It's actually pretty funny.
"Do you see what
happens, Larry?" What?
"Do you see what happens...
when you fuck a
stranger in the ass?"
Oh, right.
That's from the movie.
Okay.
Now, those two
are sisters, right?
Um, which two?
That one and the, uh... Wait.
They're not showing her.
Okay, wait. That one and
then that one right there.
Actually, they hate each other
'cause they're both Latinas,
and they know that one Latina's
gonna get eliminated soon.
Ah. I see.
Well, they're both hot. Right, Sasha?
That is your type.
See? Muy caliente.
I told Tim that you went out
with that Cuban girl recently.
Yeah.

Ah.

I mean, I don't... I don't even remember how it came up.

Yeah, we were talking about people who were living at home with their parents.

Oh, yeah. And I may have told Tim...

Yeah.

That you went out with, like, three girls recently that live at home.

Oh.

Wow. You told Tim a lot about me.

I'm sorry. Was that a secret?

Mm-mmm.

It's fine. Totally.

Oh. Sasha. Yeah?

I just wanna make sure that you can drive home safely.

Oh. I'm sorry.

Is Tim staying over?

Honestly, I don't... I mean, whatever you wanna do.

I... I... I... I don't...

I'm... I don't wanna...

I don't have to work that early.

Oh. Yeah. I... I don't wanna assume anything.

Hey. I'm sorry I'm late. I had to use the copier at work.

I don't think you've ever stayed late at work.

I didn't do it for the company.

I did it for the copier.

I'm making a little something for Paige.

She won her first big case at work today.

Oh, yea! Good for her!

That's awesome.

Some factory was dumping sludge near a school, and she had it shut down.

Oh, fuck that factory. God, Paige makes me feel like such a bad person.

I know. Isn't she so like

annoying Erin Brockovich?
"These are my boobs, Ed."
That's not the quote. Yes, it is.
I'm pretty sure it is.
I'm pretty sure it's not the quote.
It is so.
Well, anyway, I found a life-size
cardboard Julia Roberts on eBay,
and I'm gonna glue
Paige's face on it...
and throw her a little
surprise party tomorrow. Oh!
Are you guys free? Totally.
Actually, I was supposed
to have a date with this girl...
who's been writing me online
like every single day,
but then she... she just told me she got
back together with her ex-girlfriend,
so that's awesome.
It's like...
Yes, I'm free. I'm free.
Great. Okay.

So, 8:

Hey, Sasha. Mm-hmm.
That chick with the purple dick
is totally checking you out.
You should go sword fight her.
Oh. Uh, I think I need like five
more drinks before I do that.
Jen, I think we have a drink.
Do we not?
- Here you go.
- Here we go. Kick it down. Drink it.
I just found that, by the way.
She didn't, I swear.
Now, go sword fight.
Will you please
stop saying "sword fight"?
Only when you sword fight her.
Sword fight! Sword fight!
Sword fight! All right.
If either of you put this on

YouTube, you're dead to me.
I accept this duel.
Yeah! Whoo!
Oh, shit. It's 1:00.
I gotta go walk my dog.
Mmm.
I know that
I was drunk last night,
but I don't remember
seeing a dog.
No. He lives with my ex.
She and I just share custody.
D-Do I hear someone
in your house?
Oh. Yeah. My mom just got home.
- Hi, Mama!
- Hi, sweetheart!
Oh, I thought
this was your house.
I wish.
I'm still in school.
Please tell me
that you are not early,
because I'm so not ready yet.
Actually... Don't kill me, but can
we reschedule Top Model night?
Tim just surprised me.
He wants to take me out to dinner
to celebrate me winning the case.
He even sent a car
to pick me up.
Wow. I know.
I'm sure he saw it in a movie, but I
don't even care. How sweet is he?
Yeah, that's really cute.
I know. But I feel so
bad for bailing on you.
No. Oh, my God. No, don't.
That... Don't be silly.
That... That's what DVR is for.
Okay, thank you so much.
I love you.
I love you.
Hey. Hi.

Sorry. How creepy was that
that I sent a car for you...
and I wasn't in it?
I had to work late. Wanted you to be
able to celebrate and not have to drive.
I can't believe you did that.
Oh. Well, thank you.
The place looks amazing.
Oh, yeah. It's cool, right?
I guess they do
this whole local organic thing.
Yeah. Okay. Good.
Yeah, I'll put our names in.
Uh, we have a reservation, but...
What?
Why are you freaking out?
Usually with guys
I have to do everything.
I have to pick the restaurant,
make the reservation,
pick everybody up,
order the wine.
I wonder why those relationships
didn't last. Geez.
Your table's ready.
Okay, thanks. Come on.
Is this too Ellen Page?
No. But it is the boys' section.
Oh.
I wish Tim would wear
stuff like this.
It would look so cute on him.
Oh. Guess he just
likes message tees.
Did I tell you
about his shirt...
that says "Pizza Slut"
in the Pizza Hut logo?
Did you see this?
This is so you.
Oh, it's cute, but can you
really wear a jumper after 30?
What are you talking about?
We're not even 29.

Yeah, but we're
both about to be.
I don't think there's
a cutoff for jumpers, dude.
Okay, I just think
there is for some clothes.
You know when you see an older woman and
she's wearing striped knee socks...
and carrying a backpack
and still dyeing her hair red?
She just seems, like, sad,
like she's a sad person.
Yeah, well, I still don't think
there's a cutoff for jumpers.
Picture a 55-year-old
wearing a jumper.
Okay. I'll give you that.
That is sad.
My cutoff is 54.
I mean...
Where's the money, Lebowski?
So good. I want that
money, Lebowski.
Mmm.
Oh. You don't have to pause it.
No, no, no. I don't want
you to miss anything.
Okay.
Oh.
Missed it.
Sasha is with this girl.
Okay. That's... That's...
She's going back to her house.
It's so funny. It's so good.
This chick is really cute.
How do you know?
She sent a picture.
Oh. You wanna see it?
You guys do that a lot.
Is it annoying?
No, but this is, uh,
my favorite movie,
and I did watch the movie about the
blind girl riding horses... for you.

Wild Hearts Can't be Broken
is a classic.
Mm-hmm. Yeah.
Oh. Okay.
I'm sorry.
I'm gonna turn it off, okay?
No, no, no, no. You don't
have to turn it off.
No, no, no, no. No. No. No. I'm
turning it off. I turned it off.
In the drawer. Huh? Fine.
What do you think about that? Fine.
Still not off, but fine.
I... I'll take it. I'll take it.
I'll take it.
- It's in the drawer.
- Shh.
I mean, just because my car technically hit
his car does not mean that it's my fault.
No. He was blocking your driveway.
That's your house.
Yeah, what am I supposed to do,
not leave my home?
Ridiculous. I... I think
you should appeal it.
You're right. I should. It's like a
matter of principle at this point.
Absolutely.
Do not pay that asshole.
You're right. I won't. Fuck that guy.
Fuck him.
I'll have the chicken
salad on the croissant.
Hi. I'll have the ham and Gruyere
on rye, please. Thank you.
Oh, yum. That looks good.
How are things with Tim?
How's that going?
Really good. Couple of
months in, no obvious flaws.
Mmm. I mean, there's
one, but it's dumb.
What is that?
Well, he's not

the sharpest dresser.
I mean, he's not terrible. He's just a
little clueless. Like, he still wears Texas.
Oh, my God.
Let's stop by Nordstrom's
after this.
They have a great
shoe department.
Mom, it's just "Nordstrom,"
not "Nordstrom's." Oh.
And don't you think
it's, like, a little weird...
to be buying him clothes
this early into a relationship?
No. It's never too early...
to start giving men
fashion advice.
They need it.
We'll go to Nordstrom's.
"Strom."
"Strom."
We'll buy him something nice.
And when he wears it,
you have to be sure
to incentivize him...
to keep wearing it.
Oh, my God. That's disgusting.
Well, I'm just saying.
It's how I got your father to stop
wearing those Disney sweatshirts.
Are you paying together
or separate?
Separate.
Oh, my God.
Thank you so much, Mom.
Ohh! I can't believe
I owe so much money.
I-I must have checked the wrong
box or something on the W-2.
Those forms are so confusing.
Don't worry about it, honey. Dad
and I will take care of it online.
Are you sure? Yes.
Oh, my God, I feel so bad.

You guys already help me out
so much with rent and...
Honey, you know,
it's an investment, right?
It's all gonna pay off when
you get that big record deal.
I'll never forget when you won
that prize at graduation.
Your professor told me your daughter's
gonna be the next Patti Smith.
How's the album coming along?
It's good.
Yeah, I was gonna
work on it tonight.
Yeah? Yeah.
I can't wait for the day
I'm in a Starbucks...
and see your face
on one of those CDs.
I'll get to tell the clerk, "That's my
daughter, and I'll take a chai latte."
Or maybe you don't want Starbucks to sell
your stuff. Is that too corporate? Right?
No, no, no. No. Gr...
That's... Starbucks is great.
Oh, my God.
You need to do that more.
I'm serious.
I don't know what got into me.
You just looked so hot
in that shirt...
that it brought out
my wild side.
Buy more plaid.
What are you gonna do
this weekend without me?
Um, I'm gonna cry.
Duh. Then I'm gonna
visit my dad.
Oh. That's sweet.
I wanna meet him.
You'll meet him. I'm gonna throw
him a party for his 80th.
I'm sorry. No, it's okay.

My dad's fucking old.
It's funny.
He was a, uh, dirty old man
who slept with his secretary.
My mom's a slutty secretary
who slept with her boss.
It's totally funny.
It must be hard
taking care of your dad.
Hmm? I don't know.
I mean, we all end up taking care of
our parents at some point, right?
I just got a head start. Hmm.
I feel like my mom is trying to train
me to start taking care of her.
Mm-hmm.
She used to pay every time we went out
to eat, and then she just stopped.
Mm-hmm. It's not like I can't
afford a \$10 sandwich.
But it just feels
like she's saying...
"I'm done with this mom shit"?
Yeah.
Yeah. It's sad.
Hmm. I feel like no one's
taking care of me anymore.
Aw.
Other people can
take care of you.
Oh, it's Sasha.
No. I don't wanna go.
No.
Okay, I have to go. She's
gonna be so mad at me.
No.
Okay. Do I look like
I just had sex?
All right.
I will call you when I get to the hotel.
I love you.
I mean...
I knew it.
I knew you loved me.

I didn't mean for it to come out like that.
I knew you loved me.
So you didn't mean it? No.
So you love me? I...
So you don't love me?
You love me.
You love me. I meant...
You love me. I... You love me.
I don't know. Give me a kiss.
Let me see.
I love you.
No. I do.
All right. Yeah.
What time is it?
I feel like the pool closes at 10:00.
Oh, my God. I don't think
anyone's enforcing that.
This place doesn't
even have a staff.
God, I could have taken you to a
nicer place for your birthday.
What? Are you crazy?
This is perfect.
I love how it's
right off the freeway.
No, I'm serious. Every time
I drive by this place,
I wonder who
the fuck stays here.
Well, now we know.
Truckers and us.
I can't believe this is my
last birthday in my 20s.
We were just 25.
I know. It's crazy.
I'm a 29-year-old receptionist.
But you're not
a real receptionist.
You're a musician. I know.
But being a receptionist
is the only thing...
that anyone's paying me
to do right now.
Like...

I don't know.
If I died tomorrow,
my obituary would say,
"Sasha Weiss, 29, a receptionist,
was killed today."
Why would you be killed?
Because... I don't know. I'm 29.
Something really fucking
sudden must have happened.
God, I've been
feeling old lately too.
I feel like there are certain
things I can't do anymore,
like sit on the floor
at airports.
I still do that.
Oh, I still do it.
I just feel like
everybody's looking at me...
like, "That woman is too old
to be sitting on the floor."
Yeah. Growing up sucks.
No, it doesn't.
What? Don't you wish you were 21?
God, no.
I was so insecure.
But...
when you're 21,
it's... just easier.
Right?
It's okay to be
a receptionist...
and eat like shit and just
date people for fun...
and sit on the floor.
And remember, you and I used
to hang out all the time.
And we'd make stupid videos that
no one thought was funny but us.
Sasha.
Sasha, what's wrong? Nothing.
Ignore me. No.
Don't. No. Please, tell me.
Nothing. I just...

I miss that sometimes.
But what's changed?
I'm still here.
I'm not going anywhere.
We're still the only ones
who think we're funny.
Shut up.
Shh. Come here.
I love you. I love you.
Oh, my God. You're a genius.
Oh! Yes.
Fitz stickers. I knew you'd
love it, you fucking loser.
We're playing right now.
Duh. Do you know how long I've
been looking forward to this trip?
Oh, really? Yes.
Do you think Tim would
play Girl Talk with me?
He can't even be in the room
when I watch Real Housewives.
I know.
I have to binge on this
shit when I'm with you.
Oh, my God.
I can't believe I forgot.
I brought pink wine.
No! I did.
Oh, my God.
Do we have a wine opener?
Uh, no, darling.
It's a twist-off.
Mmm.
Oh, my God. Girl Talk.
Drunk Girl Talk.
Drunk Talk. Mm!
Girl Drunk. It's so bad.
Tim's calling you.
Ew! How dare you call me
during Sasha's birthday.
Ignore you.
Oh.
"Go find a clue
to your future career choice."

"On the sixth page
of the Yellow Pages."
What?
A pipe burst at Tim's
dad's retirement home.
He has to take him to a hotel.
I really feel like
I should call him.
Yeah. Call him.
It's okay. Go. Go. Call him.
I'm so sorry. It's okay.
Long day for investors
on Wall Street.
The Dow Jones Industrial Average
fell one and a half percent.
Hey! I was gonna take that spot.
I didn't see the name
"Bitch" written on it.
Get out of there! No!
Ugh. Seriously.
Okay, so you know that girl I told
you about? I met her last week.
And she's the one whose roommate
might or might not be her ex.
Yeah. Who knows?
Okay, well, I texted her
as soon as I met her...
and then never heard back.
And then I just got
a text just now...
saying,
"See you tonight at 8:00."
Is she texting the wrong person, or am I
supposed to be at some event at 8:00?
I don't know. Ask her.
Well, no, I can't ask her.
Because what if she texted
the wrong person?
And then I'm just asking
if she's inviting me out,
and then she's gonna have to re-blow
me off. Then don't text her.
No, but if she did
mean to text me...

and if she was just playing
it cool this whole week...
and then she's expecting to see
me and then I don't show up,
then I'm blowing her off.
I don't know, Sasha.
Oh.
I'm sorry. Too mature for this
now that you have a boyfriend...
and you spend the whole weekend
roasting a chicken together?
How do you know that?
You posted it on Instagram.
I'm just giving you shit.
Let me see that text. No.
No, no, show it to me.
I wanna know. No.
Well, maybe if I see it, I can
figure out what she meant.
It's fine. It's totally fine.
All right.
I mean... What?
That's how it's supposed to look.
Okay.
What are you thinking about?
Nothing.
What is it?
All right, I gotta talk
to you about something.
Don't freak out.
But...
I found something
on my back the other day.
What, like a mole? Yeah.
But...
But you're a dermatologist.
I... Yeah, well,
dermatologists can
also get skin cancer.
You have cancer? No, no, no.
I don't know that.
I don't know that. I'm waiting
on some results. I just want...
Show me.

I don't... It's gross.

I don't want...

Tim. It's gross. I

don't wanna show you.

I don't care. Whatever.

Tim, show me the mole.

Come on. Show it to me. Tim.

I don't wanna show you.

All right. It's near the top.

Should I be worried?

Yes.

I mean no.

I mean...

Yes, I'll marry you. Really?

Yes. Oh!

Oh. Oh, my God.

How could you do that to me?

You fucking asshole.

I wanted us to have a good story.

Don't you want a good story?

Fuck you.

Who wrote that on your back?

Dr. Schaffer.

With his little lady hands?

Those are the ones. Mmm.

Oh, my God.

Tim.

Now that you've said yes...

Mm-hmm.

Let me tell you, you did such a shitty job with that tent.

Hey!

You wanna hear something fucked-up?

Yeah. Okay. Sure.

They did peer reviews at my work today.

Everyone hates me.

Listen to this.

"Sasha is bright and skilled"...

That sounds like a compliment.

"But this ability does not seem to be focused on her work here at Grossman Properties."

I bet you anything

Valerie wrote that.

That bitch is always
walking by my desk...
asking if I'm
"having a busy day"...
when it's obvious she doesn't think
that I look busy, 'cause I'm not.
Okay, don't focus
on who wrote what. Just...
Are you crazy? I have
to know who wrote what.
Like, who the fuck wrote this?
"Sasha can come across as irritated
when asked to do something."
Who are you?
Can I get a vodka soda with a
splash of cranberry, please?
You need to remember
that this is just your day job.
I know that it sucks and it's boring,
but this is what you wanted.
You wanted something easy and mindless
that you didn't have to think about...
so you could focus
on your music every night.
Yeah. No.
I know you're right.
How was your camping trip?
Uh, it... it was really good.
It was... great, actually.
Uh, Tim and I got engaged.
Wait. What? Yeah.
Paige!
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Wow.
I know.
Can you believe it?
Well, cheers. Wedding.
Yeah! Oh, my God! I know.
It's so crazy, right?
I'm gonna be your best man.
You...
So, you come here often?
Mm. Yeah.

Me and the mozzarella sticks
have a little thing going on.
Well, I hate to break it to you, but
they're kind of seeing somebody else.
I feel so betrayed. We didn't
want you to find out like this.
One time I had
two orders of these.
In one night. Oh.
No, I had one in the parking lot
and then I drove through again.
I'd be too embarrassed.
Yeah, I couldn't really bring myself to make
eye contact with the girl at the window.
What band is this? Oh, this
is my friend Kaya's band.
They're amazing.
I'll bring you a copy. Okay.
I'm actually playing
the drums on the CD.
Oh, no way.
Wow. I didn't know you played.
I am a musician too. Oh.
Well, I'm not really a musician.
I'm mostly a writer, and I've
been drawing a lot lately.
I'm actually working
on a graphic novel.
Mmm!
So are you, like, in a band?
No, not right now. I'm just... working
on writing some songs of my own first.
Nice. I hate it when bands go on
tour with, like, three songs.
Mmm.
Well, it is nice to meet
a fellow artist.
Yeah. I know. You too.
I had no idea.
Jenn never mentioned anything.
Well, Jenn doesn't know
everything about me.
We didn't really date
for that long.

Whoo!
Hey, Sasha.
Ow!
You bitch. That hurt.
Better be careful.
It's your turn.
We're paying by the hour.
Hey.
That's a really interesting tattoo
that you have. What does it mean?
I don't really
like to talk about it.
Oh. I just figured,
since it was on your neck...
Uh, so, how long have you and
Sasha been seeing each other?
Well, technically three weeks,
but don't tell anyone that.
We don't want anyone
to know yet.
Uh, why?
Uh, just dumb lesbian drama.
Jenn two N's dated Vanessa.
- For, like, a second.
- Yeah, but she would freak out anyway.
But we have a plan. I just
deleted Sasha on Facebook.
Yeah, we're gonna pretend like we don't
really know each other right now.
And then right when we're
ready to tell people,
we're gonna add each other back and
comment on each other's pages like,
oh, we just ran into each other.
I gotcha.
There are some nice houses
around here though.
Yeah, but I don't know. Do you think
the neighborhood's too sketchy?
You think this neighborhood
is sketchy?
Well...
I mean, yeah. There's, like, three
metal detectors in this bowling alley.

That's just the future.
Well, yeah, probably.
Yeah. The schools aren't very good around here either.
Oh, "the schools."
Just thinking ahead.
Well, whatever you decide, don't send your kids to private school, unless you want them to grow up with a silver spoon up their ass.
Well, what if you live in a really dangerous neighborhood?
I don't care. I'd still rather send my kids...
to a public school in the ghetto than a private school.
All kids that go to private school turn into conservative douche bags.
Tim went to private school.
I did.
We gotta go.
My dad's locking the gate.
Oh.
Oh, she just had to move back home for a few months before art school. It's temporary.
Bye.
What the fuck is wrong with that girl? I'm sorry.
I know you like everyone, and you think that I'm really judgy, but can you please...
I hated Vanessa. Thank you.
I'm so sick of Sasha wasting her time with these idiots.
When is she gonna date an actual adult?
Is everyone she dates that immature?
Vanessa's on the mature side.
Gotcha.
Can you not say "gotcha"?
I'm sorry. It's a pet peeve of mine.
You kind of say it a lot.
Oh. Okay. Sure. Sorry. What am I gonna say when she asks me what I thought of her?
Uh, just tell her you thought

she was a fucking bitch.

Ha-ha. And, you know...

What am I gonna say? "I really liked her neck tattoo."

You know, don't say anything. I don't know why you have to get involved.

Just say you're glad she's happy, wait for it to burn out. Which it most definitely will.

It has to, right? Yes. It will.

So stay out of it.

Yeah, I will. Oh, God, I just want to sit Sasha down and be like,

"The truth hurts, but as your best friend, get your life together!"

You know, you have to stop going out all night and dating girls like this...

and figure out what you

want to do with your life,

because you're gonna wake up one

day, and you're gonna be 35,

and you're gonna have no relationship,

you're gonna have no savings,

all of your friends are gonna be married

with kids and be miles ahead of you,

"and it's gonna feel like shit, and

I'm sorry, but that's the reality."

Yeah. That's not

staying out of it.

Well, obviously I'm not gonna

say any of that to her.

You two are

a really cute couple.

Vanessa seems, like, really confident

and, like, very sure of herself.

Yeah, I like her a lot.

That's great.

I'm so happy for you.

So, do you think

it's gonna be serious?

Could you, like, see yourself

ending up with Vanessa?

I don't know. I mean, it's

going really well. Yeah. So...

I mean, I know you don't know

her, but she's really cool.

Oh, I'm sure she is.

But, you know, you guys might be, like, just too different to really get each other.

What does that mean?

I don't know. Sometimes just really super creative types...

don't really mesh that well with people who are more, you know, traditional.

I'm traditional?

No. No, no, no, no, no.

You're just more, you know, organized.

Vanessa is like a total free spirit.

You know? Sometimes I'll wake up in the middle of the night, and she's up writing down a dream she just had.

And I've read a few of them.

Oh, my God.

Like, it's incredible.

They're complete stories.

Like, that's just how her brain works.

She dreams in stories.

So, does Vanessa want to be a writer, like for work?

'Cause she doesn't have a job right now, right?

Yeah, she's just taking some time to figure out what she really wants to do, which I respect a lot more than some people...

who just pick some path right out of school because they need stability.

Oh, do you need to slow down?

No. Do you?

No.

I'm fine. I'm good too.

Good. Good.

Hey. Hey, hey, hey.

Hey.

Why can't you just pay for the damage?

You were parked in our driveway.
You hit my car. You hit my...
- Okay, let's just... Let's calm down a second.
- It's okay, Tim. I got it.
You know what? The insurance companies are still trying to determine who was at fault here.
Okay, you know what? I'm a nice guy, okay?
I'm a fucking dad.
I'm not... I'm not trying to rip you off here. I just want what's right.
I'm sorry that you feel wronged in this situation.
Okay, you're unbelievable. Don't run over my kids next time you're texting and driving.
I do not text and drive.
Seriously?
Dude, she does it all the time.
I see her.
You... Da-da-da-da-da,
da-da-da-da-da. You.
Jesus.
Maybe I was entering something into my G.P.S.
Maybe.
Wait...
Hey. What's up?
Maybe we should just pay him.
What?
Well, we don't need to be in a fight with our neighbor over this.
Maybe we just give him a couple hundred bucks, you say you're sorry, we'll be done with it.
But I didn't do anything wrong.
I'm not saying you did.
I mean, although you're not really supposed to use the G.P.S. while you're driving.
Oh, so you do think it's my fault.
I don't know whose fault it was.
I wasn't there.
So, great. Good to know that when in doubt, you're not on my team.
- Paige.
- Just go. You're gonna be late for golf.

- You can't really be late for golf.

- Whatever. Just go.

Okay.

That feels good.

Yeah? You like that? Yeah.

It's my signature move.

"Signature move."

Yeah.

- You and Vanessa?

- Shh. no.

No. I...

Not yet. Nothing happened yet.

We've just been talking about it.

Good. You scared me.

You think Jenn

would really freak out?

Sasha, Jenn would die. Okay.

Okay. Fine.

I won't hook up with her then.

You know you can trust me

with this stuff, right?

What do you mean?

I mean, like, if something

has already happened...

between you and Vanessa,

and you wanted to confide

in me, you totally can,

and I promise I won't tell Jenn.

I have been hooking up with

Vanessa for a little while.

Okay. No judgment.

Seriously?

Come on. If lesbians

weren't allowed to date...

anyone their friends have already

dated, then we'd all be celibate.

Oh, my God.

Hey, Jenn. I was just with other Jen.

Fuck you.

Really, Sasha? Vanessa?

After I cried for months on your

shoulder about how badly she hurt me?

Oh, God. Oh, my God.

You weren't supposed to

find out like this.
What? So now that
Paige ditched you,
you're just gonna fuck anyone over
so you don't have to be alone?
Paige didn't ditch me.
Oh, please.
Wake up. You've been replaced.
And you know what?
You deserve it, because I have
never been this betrayed.
Oh, really, Jenn?
You've never been this betrayed?
Even when two of your exes
started fucking each other?
And, please, you're not some saint. You
slept with a married girl last year.
Cameron was in
an open relationship, okay?
You know what? This isn't about that.
This is not about that.
This is about our friendship,
which is over. So good-bye.
Oh, and you know what? Vanessa
doesn't shave her pussy hair...
or even trim it,
so good luck down there.
Oh, well, guess what.
I already know that.
I'm not even gonna...
Oh, my God. Jen...
Sasha, what's up?
You fucking told Jenn?
Hey. Hi.
Look, I'm sorry about earlier, okay?
I did not mean to take a side.
I don't know that guy.
Thanks.
Don't be like that. Like what?
"Thanks."
I didn't say it like that.
Okay. Never mind.
Enough!
I miss you, okay?

Okay.
Golfing was great.
Thank you for asking.
You're a fucking bitch.
Nora, hi.
I'm sorry that you heard that.
I was on...
I was, uh, researching our properties,
and someone said something...
This package needs to go out
to our China office immediately.
Right. Okay. I'm sorry.
Okay.
Hey.
Hey.
Look what I found
in the conference room.
Oh. Hi.
Hey.

Is it already 6:

Have you been here all day?
Yeah.
I just got totally absorbed
in my short story.
Pete stopped by to give me his notes, and they
just sent me in this whole new direction.
And Pete is the guy that you
met in the coffee shop, right?
The writer guy? Yeah, yeah.
And he teaches part-time
at the university.
They gave him this amazing
fellowship that, like, no one gets.
He has all these ins
at The New Yorker,
so he's gonna help me
submit this once it's done.
Cool.
Oh. Were you having wine?
Oh, yeah. Actually, it's... it's gone.
Pete just brought some earlier.
Oh. I thought it was
a work meeting.

It was, at first,
but then we hung out, and...
I don't know. I guess I hadn't told
him that I was gay or something.
People don't normally assume I
am, because I'm really feminine.
But, um,
at one point, he... kissed me.
What? Oh, my God.
Awkward.
Yeah. That's what
I would have thought.
I don't know how to
tell you this, but...
there was something there.
But...
you're gay.
I mean, I don't know.
I don't know. I feel like I've
been saying I'm gay for so long...
that maybe I just stopped getting
in touch with where I actually am,
you know, in the spectrum.
All I know is I owe it
to myself to find out.
Okay. Got it.
And I owe it to you
to be honest.
Not that I could have lied.
I'm just one of those people who's
not capable of a false moment.
All right. I got a cake mix, I got a
bottle of scotch, I got a face mask...
and a really weird jewelry-making
kit that I found at CVS.
So what are we doing first?
You think two N's
will ever forgive me?
Yeah. I mean, she'll probably hold
a grudge 'cause she loves drama.
Yeah, but so does one "N,"
even though she keeps saying she
doesn't want to get in between us.
As soon as two N's gets a girlfriend,

she's gonna forget all about this.

She was so mad.

You know, maybe I should
remember next time that...

if it starts off

with a ton of drama,

maybe I shouldn't go there.

That's probably

a good rule of thumb.

"Rule of thumb." Shut up.

No, I don't know.

Maybe I should date someone a
little bit more... More mature?

Okay. I was gonna say

more, you know, sure she's gay,

but, yeah,

what do you really think?

No, I just...

I think that you deserve to be with
somebody who's got their shit together.

Yeah, no, you're right.

Or at the very least someone

who doesn't go on and on...

about how good she is in bed...

while we're in bed.

What? Yeah, I know.

It's kind of hard

to stay in the moment...

when your partner keeps telling you that
everything she's doing is her signature move.

She did not. No. She did a lot.

Oh, my God.

Oh.

It's so late. I should
probably get going.

No, don't go. We're having fun.

I know, but Tim doesn't like it
when I drive home late at night.

Does he like it when you drive
home with your face like that?

Gorgeous. It's gorgeous.

I'm hideous. Don't touch me.

I promise you, you're gonna
get over Vanessa so fast.

You just gotta
get back out there.
Oh.
Hi.
Lucas is bringing fireworks.
Tim, no.
Paige, maybe.
Thank you for getting that.
How much do I owe you?
Um, nothing. I think I can
afford some frozen water.
Um, hey, there's this
new lawyer at my firm.
She's really cool, and she's gay.
Oh.
Yeah. Her name is Angelica.
She's really pretty.
You know,
she's got her shit together.
Angelica.
Well, I guess if,
I don't know, we're free,
we can get a group or
something together. Yeah.
Um, I invited her here today.
Oh. It was super last minute...
'cause she doesn't really know
anybody in town, but no big deal.
Yeah. You didn't tell her it was a setup,
right? No. Not at all. No pressure.
But, you know, wouldn't hurt
if you guys fell in love...
and we went on double dates
and lived happily ever after.
Okay, psycho.
Do I look too much like a lesbian?
You are a lesbian.
Yeah, but I don't
want to look... gay.
You're, like, offensive
to yourself.
I mean, I'm not offended.
- Is that her?
- Yeah. Isn't she pretty?

Why is she so dressed up?
She just came from work.
She rich?
That's a really fancy bag.
I don't know. I don't know
her that well. Come on.
Sasha, let's just go say hi. No. I don't
need to make a big deal out of saying hi.
Just, you know, if we
cross paths, then I'll...
Come on. No. Shh!
Sasha... Shh!
So has Sasha ever been with a dude?
Lucas, she's gay.
Well, she flirts with me.
Brian, she's gay.
Now, that's my type.
Oh, hey. Also gay.
Your party sucks.
No. Sasha, chill.
Is she coming over here?
Hey! Hi. Hi, Paige.
Thank you for coming.
Thank you for having me.
Oh, Angelica, this is Sasha.
Sasha, Angelica.
Hey. Hi.
So you just came from work.
Oh, yeah. I had to go in to finish
up some stuff this morning.
Blows.
Actually, I didn't mind it. I know
this is nerdy, but I love my work.
Oh.
What do you do?
I'm a receptionist.
And a really talented musician.
I'm gonna go play beer pong.
I love beer pong. Cool.
Oh!
Even better. Does that count?
Of course that counts.
"Does that count?"
Of course that counts.

She drinks P.B.R., she plays beer pong, she is the perfect woman.
Brian, you're just... You're drunk now.
We need a new player.
Does anyone want... Angelica, you want to get in there?
- I'm in.
- Come on up.
Cool, Tim. Cool, man.
I don't think we need another player.
You don't want to get your suit all...
Ah, screw it. I hate this suit.
messed up.
You're really good at this. You should, uh, give me some tips.
I think I'm actually gonna just sit this one out.
I'm just gonna finish my beer.
Sasha, this is for you.
I call it my signature move.
Oh! Angelica! Get it.
Yeah.
More. More!
Oh!
Crap. I am such a klutz.
Be right back.
That's commitment.
It's okay. Sasha, you should go help her clean up.
It's fine. I think she's got it.
Sasha, you should go help her clean up.
It'll give you guys a chance to talk.
I think she's got it.
I'm gonna go get some chips.
Sasha...
Sasha. What?
Sasha, why are you not trying, like, at all? What are you talking about?
I thought you said there was no pressure.
There isn't, but you're, like, being rude.
How am I being rude? She doesn't even know it's a setup.

You told her it's a setup. I just thought
you guys would really like each other.
Why? Because you know
she's not my type.
Well, maybe that would be good for you.
Good for me?
You know what I mean. You were
the one who was just saying...
that you wanted to date
someone more mature.
You're the one
who keeps saying that.
I'm sorry that I don't like the one person
that you've ever tried to set me up with.
You were really picky when you were
single too, remember? Not like this.
Oh, you're saying that you would have
liked the male equivalent of Angelica?
Yes. That is such bullshit.
No, it's not. Yes, it is.
You're saying that if a man showed
up at a barbecue in a suit...
and was saying things like, "Oh, crap.
I'm such a klutz"...
and was hovering all over you,
you would have been into that?
Angelica...
Thank you.
Angelica, please, you have to believe
me, this has zero to do with you.
This is all about me and Sasha.
Honestly, it doesn't even matter.
I'm too old for this shit.
But... See you at work.
Thanks for the invite.
I don't even know why I try.
What do you mean?
Just be honest with me.
If you don't want to change anything
about your life, just say that.
Admit that you're happy dating
22-year-olds and going out every night,
and I will stop putting myself
out there trying to help you.

I never asked you
to put yourself out there.
Hmm. Okay. Then stop calling me every
day complaining about your life...
and then not do anything about it,
because it's a little confusing for me.
Okay. Fine.

Guess I should have known that as soon as
you found someone else to couple up with...
that you'd be done with me.

Sasha, that is not fair.

Okay, yes, I'm less available
to you now than I was before,
when there was no one else in my life and we
talked every night till 2:00 in the morning,
but that was always gonna change
when one of us met someone.

I mean, you don't talk to your friends till 2:00
in the morning anymore. You stop needing that.
But you still have that.

What?

You...

You still talk to someone

at 2:

It's just Tim now.

Nothing changed for you.

It just changed for me. Can
you acknowledge that, please?

Hey.

Who wants some more s'mores?

Why don't you tell him?

You tell him everything else.

Did I fuck something up?

Good evening.

Can I take your order?

Yeah, can I just have, um, an order
of mozzarella sticks, please?

Oh, I'm sorry. We are out
of mozzarella sticks.

Would you like some
curly fries instead?

Excuse me?

Ma'am?

Hey. Hey.
Are you still thinking
about that fight with Sasha?
That's so crazy she got so mad just
'cause you're trying to set her up.
You know, when I came into this
to prove to myself that...
Did they say why they're making
them swim in the shark tank?
It's just funny. Oh.
What's a booty tooch?
It's one of Tyra's sayings. It's when
you stick your butt out in pictures.
It's like the new smize.
Smiling with your eyes.
Oh. Yeah.
I don't look at my lupus
as a handicap.
I look at it as a beautiful part
of me that makes me unique.
Yeah, right. It is a handicap.
Hope you have enough energy
to swim away from those sharks.
You're so funny.
You're, like, the funniest
person I've ever dated.
Are you Paige Kearns? Yes.
You've been served.
Oh, he's taking you to court?
Good thing I'm a lawyer.
Okay. Please tell me
you're not serious.
Ooh. I am. Come on, Paige. You
really care so much about this,
you're gonna take our
next-door neighbor to court?
He sued me.
You hit his car.
You didn't pay him for it.
I knew it.
I knew you thought I was wrong.
Why'd you lie to me?
'Cause it's easier
than disagreeing with you.

You can disagree with me.
Can I? Like, right now?
I am not mad at you because you're disagreeing
with me. I am mad because you lied to me.
Okay. Oh, great. So now
you're just walking away.
I can't talk to you sometimes. You
never see anyone else's side... ever.
You always get your way. It's
like every time we fight,
I have to be
the one to apologize.
- I'm not gonna do it this time.
- Oh, really? I always get my way?
Paige, I let you
fucking dress me.
I do not dress you.
You can't even admit that?
This is just who I am.
- Well, then you suck.
- Great. Now you're just being a dick.
Maybe I just found my dick.
Whatever! You know, I deserve
to be with somebody...
who appreciates me
the way that I am.
And if you can't do that, then...
Gotcha.
A package does not
just disappear, Valerie.
I know. I'm trying to figure it out. FedEx
keeps telling me there's no record of it.
- Let me see the package log.
- No. I'll do it.
- What are you guys looking for?
- A package that was sent to China.
I don't even see any international
shipments on this log.
You know what? I am actually a
little bit behind on that log,
and FedEx loses packages
all the time, right?
Rarely. And this one
cost us a job.

They accepted a competing bid
because ours wasn't in on time.
Tim and I had a fight.
Oh, honey.
What did he do?
Shithead. I know.
Sasha.
Hey.
Hi!
Oh.
Yo. Hey.
Is Paige here?
No. No, just me.
What's new? Uh, not much.
Yeah? I got fired.
Oh, shit.
Shit. Sorry.
Paige didn't tell me.
Oh, she doesn't know.
I haven't seen her
since your barbecue.
Oh, man. I, um...
Wow. I knew you guys got in a
little fight over the setup, but...
Oh. That's what she said
it was about?
I'm guessing maybe
that wasn't the whole story?
Yeah. Yeah.
She has a way of doing that.
So then she probably didn't
tell you that...
we got in a fight.
She's staying at her mom's.
Really? What happened? Um...
Okay. Sorry.
It's none of my business.
No, it's fine. It's fine.
It's all right. It's...
It's kind of a long story,
but basically we're both
waiting for an apology.
From Paige?
Good luck with that.

Sorry about your job.
Yeah. There's nothing
like, you know,
getting fired from
an entry-level job...
right before
you turn 30 to just...
make you question everything.
Well, I wouldn't... I mean, I hope it's
not making you question everything.
Who cares about that job? You got
your music. That's the point, right?
I mean, that's your passion. Well,
it kind of has to be your passion...
when you spent your whole life saying
it's all you ever wanted to do, and...
your parents spent a shitload
of money on music school and...
I couldn't even quit
if I wanted to.
Do you want to? Whatever.
It's a little late
to turn back now.
Well, you know,
that is what I did, actually.
I used to want to, uh... I used
to want to work on Wall Street.
Really?
Wall Street was
my favorite movie as a kid,
and I went to business school
for a year, actually.
If you want to talk about
expensive schools, there you go.
What happened?
Uh, I fucking hated
business school, so I quit.
I figured better to turn back now than spend
the rest of my life hating it, you know.
So where's your girlfriend?
Mia? She's not my girlfriend.
Please. She will be. She's
hot, and she worships you.
Speaking of worship, that

girl should be on a throne.

Damn.

Oh, my God. She's so desperate.

I was never that crazy

when I was single, was I?

I can't picture you single.

Yeah? Well, you don't

have to, baby.

Breathtaking.

Yeah, it's pretty. I still

don't know about a strapless.

I just feel like

it's falling off of me.

Oh, no. You're being crazy. They're

gonna make it fit like a glove.

See? This thing is not moving anywhere.

Mom. Okay. Okay.

Oh.

Oh. Whoa. Watch out. Watch out.

Where you going? Oh, honey, please do

not check to see if Tim's called again.

Come on. Let's stay on task.

Is this a yes? Maybe?

Mom, it's been two days. I mean, I haven't not

spoken to him in two days since I met him.

Well, why don't you let him

come to you in his own time?

Yeah, but what if

he doesn't call me?

I'll just give

you ladies a minute.

Thank you. He will. Come on.

Men are like children.

They'll do whatever you want.

They just have to think

that it's their idea.

Come here. Look at this. Do you

think he's gonna let that go?

Well, he might if you're scowling

like that. Come on. Smile.

We only get to do this once!

Hopefully.

Can we just

do this another time?

I feel weird looking at wedding dresses
when I'm not even speaking to my fianc.
Oh, come on. Let's do a couple more.
So is this a yes or a maybe?
- No. I don't like it.
- Now you're just being dramatic.
If you want my advice...
I don't want your advice.
You should listen. Twenty years from now,
when you look at these wedding pictures,
a strapless dress
will be so much more elegant.
What is with you
and a strapless?
I don't like it.
It's not me. It's a clich.
It's not flattering, and I'm
not wearing it for my wedding.
Fine. Why didn't you
just say so?
I've been trying to, but every
time I try to say something,
you just talk over me, and you
insist that you're right,
and it always
has to be your way.
Tim?
Tim?
Tim?
Hey, can I talk to you
for a second?
Oh, uh, guys, go in the
house right now, please.
Go right now. Oh. No, no, no.
I'm not gonna do anything. I...
I just wanted to tell you...
that I was texting
when I hit your car.
I know that it's...
I know that it's really dangerous, and
people have been killed like that,
and I need to stop, but first,
can I just pay for your bumper?
Yes.

Yeah. Yes, you can. Thank you.
Bear!
Hey.
How are you?
What are you doing here?
I just wanted to come hang out.
Oh.
I left you a message saying I'm not free.
Did you not get it?
Dude, I don't even know where
the fuck my phone is right now.
How high are you?
Ta-da!
I'm making you
matching mittens tomorrow.
You're gonna look so cute
in Alaska.
Alaska?
Oh, shit.
I forgot to surprise you.
Wait. Does that make sense?
Forgot to surprise you?
Anyway, Tegan and Sara are doing this
secret concert series in Alaska,
and for a week, you stay
in an igloo and do Molly,
and every morning you wake up, and
they're performing with, like,
a chorus of Latin monks.
What do you mean? They're Latin
American, or they sing in Latin?
I don't know.
Maybe they're not Latin.
Well, I can't go anyway, because
I really need to find a job.
You can do that
when we get back.
I mean, you can get
any receptionist job.
You've got, like,
eight years experience, right?
Yeah. Mm-hmm. I know.
Whatever. It's just till
you're done with your album.

I don't know if that's
what I want to do anymore.
What do you mean?
I thought music was your dream.
Yeah, I know. My dream
was to be a musician,
not spend every day
having panic attacks...
and sitting behind a reception desk for
eight hours wanting to blow my brains out.
I just think I...
I've tried so hard
to hang on to this goal,
and I'm wasting my life.
I...
I don't know. I just want
to be happy, and I...
I think I need to find
a job I don't hate.
But can't you do that
after we get back from Alaska?
Come on.
Please?
No. Stop it.
I'm sorry. That... It's not your fault.
I just...
I can't do this.
Alaska?
I know. You just said that.
No, I mean,
Mia...
Call voice mail.
Sorry. I don't understand.
Call voice mail.
Sorry. I don't understand.
Fuck it.
Hey, bitch!
Just tell me. I hate surprises.
No. You'll just have to
find out tomorrow.
You can't not tell me what song
you're gonna sing at my wedding.
Okay, fine. I'll tell you.
You know that song that's like...

No. Nope. Not happening.

Okay. Fine, fine, fine.

Sorry. I'll tell you.

Did you know that the Hanson
brothers are still making music?

Sometimes I just want to...

- Please, just tell me, Sasha.

- Okay, fine. I'll tell you.

But first I have

a really serious question.

Hang on.

Do you think that Tim will
be jealous of my tux?

No.