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# Love, Simon

By Elizabeth Berger

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(indistinct conversations)  
(The "Oogum Boogum"  
song playing)

**SIMON:**

For the most part,  
my life is totally normal.  
- Happy birthday.  
- No!

**SIMON:**

handsome quarterback  
who married  
the hot valedictorian.  
And, no, they didn't peak  
in high school.  
- (car door closes)  
- (horn honks)  
I have a sister  
I actually like.  
Not that I'd ever  
tell her that.  
And last year,  
and 200 episodes  
of Chopped ago...  
she decided  
she wanted to be a chef.  
Which means we're pretty much  
all her test subjects now.  
Cute mini skirt  
With your brother's  
sloppy shirt  
I admit it girl,  
That I can dig it

**EMILY:**

- (spits)  
- Oh! Gracious. Oh, my gosh.

**SIMON:**

there's my friends.  
Two of them, I've known  
since pretty much

the beginning of time.

- Or at least kindergarten.

- No. No.

- **LEAH:**

- Okay. How 'bout that?

(crowd cheering)

One of them,

I just met a few months ago,

but it feels

like I've known her forever.

We do everything friends do.

We drink way too much

iced coffee,

watch bad '90s movies

and hang out at Waffle House

dreaming of college

and gorging on carbs.

(cheering continues)

You got me doin' funny things

Like a clown

Just look at me

When you wear

Your bell-bottom pants...

**SIMON:**

I'm just like you.

I have a totally,

perfectly normal life.

Except I have

one huge-ass secret.

Now go on

With your bad self

Ooh, ooh, now mercy,

Mercy on me

- (knocking on door)

- Hey! Morning! Oh!

- Hey!

- Sorry.

I didn't realize

you were masturbating.

Yeah, very funny.

Your sister's downstairs

making some

la-di-da pancake thing  
she saw on Top Chef,  
so we should  
probably go eat that.  
Great. I'll be down  
in just a second.  
Okay. Right after you finish  
searching the internet for...  
lingerie photos of Gigi Habib?  
(scoffs)

It's Hadid.

Right. I didn't realize  
she was your girlfriend.  
All right, finish up here.  
You got me.

(indistinct chatter)

- Morning, guys.
- Simon, have a seat, honey.
- Morning, Simon.
- You gotta eat your breakfast.

Please don't tell me  
that breakfast is the most  
important meal of the day  
because that is just so clich.  
You're better than that.

I was gonna say breakfast  
lowers LDL cholesterol  
and prevents  
fluctuating glucose levels  
- that lead to type two diabetes.  
- Oh!

Touch.

Nora. These are incredible.  
Cornmeal pancakes  
with blackberry compote.  
But they're not crumbly enough.  
Stop it. They're perfect.

(Nora sighs)

Eat up, Bieber.

- See you, guys.

**- JACK:**

**EMILY:**

by seven! It's TV night.  
(leaf blower whirs)  
Hey!  
Morning!  
It's Simon! I live right here!  
I like your boots!  
Okay, bye!  
- (sighs)  
- (horn honks)  
God damn.  
("Rollercoaster" playing)  
It was summer  
When I saw your face  
Looked like a teenage  
Runaway...  
- Yo!  
- Yo!  
Had the craziest dream  
last night.  
Hey, Nick, you have the  
craziest dream every night.

**NICK:**

I'm in this cave, right?  
Or maybe it's in outer space.  
David Beckham is there  
with these two contact lenses  
and then like, blue one or  
red one, like he's a sexy  
Morpheus from Matrix.  
And I don't know  
which one to pick.  
I don't know what to do  
with these things.  
Oh, my God. Have you guys seen  
Creek Secrets today?  
First of all, you are obsessed  
with that blog, so...

**LEAH:**

Becca Peterson  
got caught giving  
Ryan O'Donovan,  
an HJ in the pool.

That's the real reason  
they drained it.  
Man, our janitor needs a raise.

**LEAH:**

- And an HPV vaccine.  
- (Nick laughs)

**NICK:**

right?

**LEAH:**

remember?  
No analyzing dreams  
before coffee.  
(indistinct chatter)  
Hi, could we get  
four iced coffees, please?  
Oh, could you get Abby's  
with milk? She likes milk.  
- One with milk.  
- What are you, her barista?  
(chuckles) It's not hard  
to remember "with milk."

**SIMON:**

Hey I'm never the same  
It's a hundred miles an hour  
On a dirt road running away

**ABBY:**

- Hey.  
- Hey.  
(gasps) Oh, thank you.  
I am figuratively dying.  
So, Abby, last night I dreamt  
I put the wrong contacts  
in my eyes.  
- Another dream. You're like...

- **SIMON:**

You're like the love child of  
Sigmund Freud  
and Cristiano Ronaldo.

- Oh, my God.

- Thanks.

Now, look. I can't see anything  
and I'm stumbling around  
in this cave,  
crashing into stuff,  
and then, I wake up.

- That's it?

**- NICK:**

Maybe it's something that  
you're not seeing clearly.  
Like something that's, like,  
right in front of your face.  
What am I not seeing?

(exhales)

No idea.

("Love me" playing)

Ooh! Ooh!

(indistinct chatter)

Hey, would you like to  
Look outside sometimes?

No

I'm just

With my friends online

And there's things

We'd like to change...

We should be hot Pokmon  
for Halloween.

Oh, yeah.

But I get to be  
slutty Charmander.

Cool scarf, Ethan.

Hope it doesn't get caught  
in your vagina.

Great choice on  
the cargo pants, by the way.

It looks like you got  
gangbanged by a T.J. Maxx.

Whatever, fag.

(laughs)

**ETHAN:**

not even a challenge anymore.

**LEAH:**

Wish Ethan wouldn't make it  
so easy for them.

Yeah, well, at my old school,  
that would have been settled  
with a knife fight.

- (bell rings)

- Good morning, Creekwood High!

Come on, phones off!

There's a whole world  
to look at!

You can look people  
in the eyes!

(groans)

Gah! Yeah.

Stop with the selfies.

You're not all that.

- I'll see you guys at lunch.

- Yeah.

Wow! Simonay.

Look at those new kicks,  
my brother.

Where'd you get those? Where  
could I get a pair of those?

- I forget. Sorry.

- You forget?

Come on, you gotta let me  
know the brand!

I want to be sneaker brothers.

Oh, I see more phones!

Who took your phones now?

Me! Me! Me took your phones now!

You can get 'em at my office!

I can't believe we have to be  
off book, in like, two weeks.

Seriously, Sally Bowles  
never shuts the eff up.

**SIMON:**

you were talentless like me?

Here. Let me show you  
a thing or two.



**SIMON:**

just be living the easy life  
as company member  
number eight.

(Abby laughs)

Well, well, well...

If it isn't my fellow thespians.

Hey, Martin.

Hey, Spier. Hey, Abby.

Hi.

Excited to rehearse  
with you later.

Hey, uh, so, fun fact.

You know that Cabaret  
was actually based off a play  
called I Am Camera?

Then I Am a Camera  
was based off

this novel called

Goodbye to Berlin.

And Goodbye to Berlin

was actually based off

Christopher Isherwood's

- early years in Berlin.

- (bell rings)

Wow. That's awesome.

I have homeroom.

Yeah. All right.

Well, I think she

found that interesting.

Bye, Martin.

Bye, big boy.

(chuckles)

Suraj! Now.

Come on. You know the drill.

**EMILY:**

How about The Affair?

No. No. We cannot watch

The Affair as a family.

- Why not?

- Because it's all about sex.

Oh, well, God forbid we should  
watch people make love.

Oh, God.

Oh, my God.

You guys are so repressed.

Don't therapize us, okay?

We are not your patients.

- We're your family.

- **EMILY:**

If you were my patients, you'd be much more well-adjusted.

- Oh. Nice therapy burn, baby.

- Thank you.

- She got you.

- You know what?

We didn't see last week's episode of The Bachelor.

Yeah, how did that guy even become the bachelor?

Why?

Well, he's clearly gay.

- **NORA:**

- Really?

- He's handsome.

- That date,

where he took the girl to

the "make your

own perfume" place?

Dad! The producers

plan those dates.

He is so fruity.

He's so fruity.

He's a one-man pride parade.

Are you kidding me?

- He has more chemistry

- Just stop it.

with Chris Harrison,

than any of those girls.

(whispers) After this, I gotta show you something.

Okay?

Let's watch The Americans.

**EMILY:**

you here next to me.  
So your mother decided  
that we should make  
each other anniversary  
presents this year.  
You know, so they came  
from the heart, or some crap.  
Anyway, I decided to come up  
with this bad boy.  
Look at this.  
I present to you,  
a Jack Spier production.  
- (mouse clicks)  
- ("Heaven" playing)  
I don't need to be the king  
Of the world  
Wait, wait.  
Look at that!  
Oh, it's so good.  
As long as I'm the hero  
Of this little girl  
Look at this.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Heaven isn't too far away

**SIMON:**

(stops video)  
What are you...  
Look, this is your  
20th anniversary,  
so I'm gonna be super real  
with you right now.  
This looks  
like a fourth grader made it.  
And not even the smartest  
fourth grader in the class.  
Just, like,  
a deeply average fourth grader.  
What are you talking about?  
This is amazing.  
I got fade-ins.  
I got dissolves.  
- This is beautiful.  
- Get up for a second.

I'll help you. Trust me.  
We can make this good.  
We just gotta put in...  
you know, some home video.  
Maybe put in some better music.  
"Better music"? This was huge  
when we were young.  
Yeah. So was Bill Cosby.  
("Waterloo Sunset" playing)  
(cell phone ringing)  
Hey.  
Have you seen the new post?  
No. What? Oh, my God.  
You know, I'm never getting  
back in that pool again.  
Wait, no. About the closeted  
gay kid at school.  
What?

**LEAH:**

Yeah, it's on Creek Secrets.  
People so busy  
Makes me feel dizzy  
Taxi light shines  
So bright...  
- Who do you think it is?  
- (exhales)  
I bet it's that sophomore  
with the rimless glasses.  
I get a vibe.  
- Actually.  
- Hmm.  
Maybe it's Parker O'Malley.  
I've heard he's, like,  
obsessed with Les Mis.  
Oh, gosh. Jeez. I gotta go.  
Bieber just took a dump  
on the floor.

**LEAH:**

- Feed him some rice...  
- Can I call you back?

**SIMON:**

I'm stuck on a Ferris wheel.  
One minute I'm on  
top of the world,  
and the next,  
I'm at rock bottom.  
Over and over, all day long.  
Because a lot of my life  
is great,  
but nobody knows I'm gay.  
Blue."

(exhales)

As long as I gaze  
on Waterloo sunset  
I am in paradise  
Every day I look at the world  
From my window  
But chilly, chilly  
Is the evening time  
Waterloo sunset's fine  
Waterloo sunset's fine  
Terry meets Julie  
Waterloo Station  
Every Friday night  
(clears throat)  
But I am so lazy  
Don't want to wander...  
Blue. Okay.

(exhales)

But I don't feel afraid

**SIMON:**

I'm just like you.  
For the most part,  
my life is totally normal.  
My dad was the annoyingly  
handsome quarterback  
who married  
the hot valedictorian.  
And no, they didn't peak  
in high school.  
I have a sister  
I actually like.  
Not that I'd  
ever tell her that.

And then, there's my friends.  
We do everything friends do.  
We drink way too much...  
So, like I said,  
I'm just like you.  
I have a totally,  
perfectly normal life.  
Except I have one  
huge-ass secret.  
As long as they gaze on  
Waterloo sunset  
They are in paradise  
Jacques.  
Waterloo sunset's fine  
Waterloo sunset's fine  
(panting)  
Hey. Morning.  
(cell phone chimes)  
(sighs)  
Nothin'.

**TEACHER:**

we're talking about.  
Can anyone answer for me  
how we find the value  
of "d-y by d-x" that I have  
written up on the board?  
Does anyone want to...  
Yes! Simon.  
Can I go to the bathroom?  
Sure, it's fine.  
Thanks.  
(sighs)  
Simon. Simon.  
- Yeah.  
- Can I get some fries?  
Oh, yeah. Yeah.

**GARRETT:**

the Oakwood Tigers  
score so many goals  
because they shave their legs.  
Garrett, I'm not gonna  
shave my legs.

It makes their kicks  
more aerodynamic.  
We can just do  
extra burpees, man.  
Whatever, Bram.  
Guys, I just found  
a press-on nail in my salad.

**BOTH:**

(indistinct chatter)  
Why is there no cell reception  
at this school?  
I swear to God.  
- Simonay, Simonay.  
- Hey.  
What are you doing?  
You can't text in the halls.  
How many times  
have I told you that?  
I can't have all my students  
Tinder-ing it up.  
That's my department.  
- Right.  
- (laughing)  
It actually is.  
I got a really hot date  
on Tinder tonight.  
She is cute!  
"Ew! Vice principals can't go  
on dates. That's gross."  
We're people too, Simon.  
We like to go out.  
We like to have a good time.  
We like to have sex.  
That's not a big deal, right?  
Yeah, no. No biggie at all.  
Actually. You know,  
I totally see you as a person.  
- Thank you. I appreciate that.  
- Yeah.  
- Thank you very much.  
- You're welcome.  
- Seriously.  
- Yeah. Yeah.

Could I just get  
my phone though?  
No. Unfortunately, I'm gonna  
have to keep it  
until after play practice.  
But you will get your precious  
after play practice, okay?  
I promise.  
So how's play practice going?

- **SIMON:**

- **MR. WORTH:**

**SIMON:**

**MR. WORTH:**

She doesn't like men.  
Willkommen, bienvenue  
Welcome im cabaret  
(laughs)  
Au cabaret, to cabaret  
[claps]  
Okay.  
Those aren't actual claps.  
My hands are tired! (chuckles)  
Okay! All right.  
That was...  
Cal, help me. That was...  
That was a start?  
That was a start!  
Is what it was.  
That was a start.  
You know, when Mr. Worth  
told me that no student,  
regardless of talent...  
(chuckles)  
...was to be left out of  
my production, I had my doubts.  
Yes, I did.  
(chuckles)  
Yeah.  
That's it.  
That's my whole speech.



**TAYLOR:**

Hi. That was  
the biggest train wreck  
our stage has ever seen.  
And Rob and Brienne  
were practically dry  
humping the whole song.

**MS. ALBRIGHT:**

Save the kissing  
for the cast party. All right?  
This is war. You're Nazis.

Okay? More anger.

Suraj, stop pretending  
that trumpet is your penis!

- My boy.

- (all laughing)

It is a rental.

I was an extra  
in The Lion King,  
and this is where I am.

Hey. What time is it?

Ten minutes since the last time  
you asked. Go.

One! Two! Three! Four!

**ABBY:**

**MS. ALBRIGHT:**

Oy, yoy, yoy, yoy, yo!

- Mr. Worth.

- Hey, what's up, my brother?

Hey, just here for my phone.

Oh, of course you are.

Of course you are.

How'd you enjoy  
being unplugged?

It was great.

- Great, right?

- Yeah.

This isn't life, man.

This is plugged.

- This is unplugged.

- Mm-hmm.

Plugged. Unplugged.

All right, Simon, I know that  
I'm hard on you. I really do.

**SIMON:**

But it's only 'cause I really  
see myself in you.

Uh... You know, I don't know  
if I'd say that.

No, I see it, it's obvious.

It's obvious.

I know there's a lot

- going on there, man.

- Yup.

And I bet you got  
a lot of questions.

Is there something  
you wanna say to me?

No.

You know my policy.

What does it say?

- "Open door. Open ears."

- "Open door. Open ears."

There's nothing  
you want to say?

- Nope.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- It's a great sign though.

- Thank you.

Thank you.

Now don't text and drive.

That's how my cat  
got murdered.

- Okay.

- (laughs)

I'm just kidding.

I don't have cats. I got asthma.

(sighs)

**BLUE:**

Is it the same as my secret?

If it is, when did you know?  
- Have you told anyone? Blue.  
- (horn honking)  
Okay.

**SIMON:**

I haven't told anyone.  
And, honestly, I can't even  
really explain why.  
Deep down, I know my family  
would be fine with it.  
Hey, what rhymes  
with "patriarchy"?  
That says "patriarchy" though.  
Oh, shit.

**SIMON:**

as liberal as they come.  
And my dad isn't exactly  
the macho type.  
I mean, Creekwood's resident  
out-gay kid  
seems to be doing just fine.  
When Ethan came out,  
no one even cared.  
Guys, I have something  
to tell you.  
I'm gay.  
Wow, really?  
That's really great, Ethan.  
Oh, my God. No way.  
Oh, my God, you are?  
I had no idea.  
What a complete surprise!  
Too much, Claire.

**SIMON:**

I was gay,  
it was a bunch of  
little things.  
Like this one recurring dream  
I kept having  
about Daniel Radcliffe.  
And then proceeded to have

every night for a month.  
I was obsessed  
with Panic! at the Disco.  
I can't. He's so cute.  
He's so cute.  
(clears throat)  
Come on,  
he's like Jesus and chocolate.  
Just look at him.

**SIMON:**

it really wasn't  
about the music.  
And then there was  
my first girlfriend.  
I think I'm falling  
in love with you.  
Wow. Thank you. Be right back.  
Wasn't my proudest moment.  
How 'bout you?  
How did you know?  
Warmly, Jacques.  
Fondly, Jacques.  
Jacques.  
(cell phone chimes)

**BLUE:**

If your proudest moment  
happened in middle school,  
that would be pretty sad.  
For me, I realized I liked guys  
watching Game of Thrones.  
My friends were all  
holding their breath  
waiting to see  
the Dragon Princess's boobs.  
I was crushing hard  
on Jon Snow.

**SIMON:**

I've never told anyone  
about my Daniel Radcliffe phase  
so now we're even.  
And for the record,

I think Jon Snow  
is an excellent choice  
for your sexual awakening.  
So I guess, if I want  
to find you at school  
I just have to look for  
the Game of Thrones fanatic.  
Wow.  
I was just listening to that  
M83 song "Reunion,"  
and it made me think of you.

**BLUE:**

my music taste is lame.  
Kind of have the same taste  
as my Aunt Sally  
who loves show tunes.  
Obviously, some of the things  
I've told you about myself  
are things I've never  
talked about with anyone.  
There's something about you  
that makes me want to open up.  
And that's  
slightly terrifying for me.

**SIMON:**

maybe I should be Jon Snow  
for Halloween.  
What about you?  
Who are you gonna be?

**BLUE:**

For me,  
Halloween's all about  
the Oreos  
with the orange frosting  
in the middle.  
- Hey, hey, hey!  
- Hey.  
Wow. Look at that smile.  
You're glowing, man.  
No.  
You are glowing.

You look happy.

Oh, just regular.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

Me too. I'm a little meh.

Why "meh"?

Oh, I had my big Tinder date  
last night. Oh, God.

She was not into it.

(chuckles)

At. All.

(bell ringing)

- Oh, come on. Too soon.

- No.

The bell is a buzzkill.

- See you, Mr. Worth.

- All right.

(Simon sighs)

Well, thank you  
for your help, Frulein.

You're welcome.

German accent for Cabaret.

Yup. Take care, Ms. Bradley.

Ladies.

Let's see what you got,  
interwebs.

**LEAH:**

your burnt tots,  
because you have  
horrible taste.

**SIMON:**

green banana,  
because you like  
disgusting things.

Wow, you guys are weird.

Yup. They're practically  
Cantonese twins.

- Siamese.

- Yeah. Siamese.

Yeah, agree to disagree.

I don't think

that's one of those things

where you can  
agree to disagree.  
- ...disagree.  
- It's just right.

**NICK:**

**BRAM:**

Man, I love those.  
Halloween ones  
are the best, right?  
Yeah.  
Er, so, guys, I have great news.  
My aunt's boyfriend  
just took off  
with her car  
and all her jewelry.  
Bram, that's terrible news!  
I know, but it's like,  
the third time  
it's happened to her.  
She has really bad taste in men.  
Anyways, my mom is going down  
to Orlando to deal with it  
which means I get to throw  
a Halloween party.  
- Awesome!  
- Yay!  
Nice!  
Thank you,  
Bram's dumb-ass aunt!  
All right, this is  
gonna be epic, you guys.  
I can bring  
my karaoke machine.  
All right, hey, guys,  
Halloween party Friday night!  
Friday night, Halloween party,  
okay? Bram's house!  
You really set this  
in motion, man.  
I know, right?  
- Hey, little guy.  
- Me?

Halloween party. Friday night.  
Bram's house. Be there.  
You're gonna  
freak him out, man.

**GARRETT:**

**LEAH:**

He's, like, nine years old.

**BLUE:**

we're in agreement on Oreos.  
That would have been  
a deal-breaker for me.  
On a totally different,  
non-cookie related note...  
is it weird that I have no idea  
what you look like,  
but I can't stop thinking  
about kissing you.

**TEACHER:**

Eyes on your own test.  
Don't stop on my account,  
Rob and Brianne.  
That's the most action  
I've seen in weeks.  
What do we got here? Ah!  
When we're done,  
it's gonna look  
like a real German sex club.  
Don't ask me how I know.  
Hey! Hey! The spray paint  
is for painting,  
not for huffing.  
You don't want  
to get good at that.  
Okay, do you guys think  
I should dye my hair grey  
- to play Frulein Schneider?  
- Sure.

**TAYLOR:**

is kind of like my thing.



I'm gonna go get a soda.

Do you want anything?

No.

**MS. ALBRIGHT:**

Simon! Hey, hey, hey.

- Hey, Martin.

- Buddy.

Hey, um, I used the computer  
in the library right after you.

- Okay.

- Mm-hmm.

Well, I went to Gmail,  
and it pulled up your account.

And I, uh, read  
some of your emails.

I know

I probably shouldn't've,  
but they were, like,  
right there. (chuckles)

So you'll be interested  
to know my brother's gay.

No. Martin, that wouldn't  
interest me to know.

Okay. Don't worry.

I won't show anyone.

Show anyone what?

Did you print my emails  
or something?

Oh, no, no. (chuckles)

I screenshot them.

- You screenshotted my emails?

- Mm-hmm. Yeah.

Let me talk to you for a second.

- Oh, Ms. Bradley.

**- MS. BRADLEY:**

- Did you feather your hair?

- No.

**MARTIN:**

This is a good section.

**MARTIN:**

Now, why the hell  
did you screenshot my emails?  
Ah, well, you and Abby Susso  
are good friends. Right?  
Yeah. We know each other.  
What does that have to do  
with anything?  
Well, I need you to help me  
talk with her...  
and hang out with her  
and stuff, you know?  
Why would I help you do that?  
Are you blackmailing me?  
Oh, shh! Okay. Don't be  
so dramatic here, Simon.

**SIMON:**

**MARTIN:**

Is that a Patagonia?  
Nice. I just like her.  
And I think  
that you could help me.  
Yeah, what if I say no, Martin?  
I mean, what are you gonna do?  
You gonna tell the whole school  
that I'm...  
You're gonna leak my emails?  
You're gonna post 'em  
on CreekSecrets?  
I just think  
that we're in a position here,  
where we could help  
each other out is all.  
So think about it.  
Good talk.  
You know, I never thought  
of a pepper  
- as being a vegetable...  
- (cell phone chimes)  
...but it makes perfect sense.

**EMILY:**

A little Mexican flair, huh?

**JACK:**

You hate the peppers.  
Don't you?  
No. The peppers are great.  
I'm just gonna get some air.

**BRAM:**

something off my chest.  
The other day, you asked me  
what I was wearing  
for Halloween  
and I said  
I wasn't dressing up.  
I lied. Truth is,  
I didn't want you to know  
what I was wearing  
because I don't want you  
to know who I am.  
Right now, these emails,  
they feel like  
this totally safe place.  
I'm just not ready  
for my whole world to change.  
I hope you understand.  
(indistinct conversation)

**SIMON:**

(sniffing)  
Okay, if you want me  
to help you with Abby,  
you cannot eat that.  
So you're gonna help me?  
Yeah.  
(chuckles)  
Simon, that is fantastic news.  
I really think that Abby and I  
are meant to be together.  
- Really? Do you?  
- Mm-hmm.  
It's not all about looks, Simon.  
Okay. So you're banking  
on your great,  
blackmaily personality

to get the job done?

- Where are we going?

- Your place.

We're gonna see  
if you have anything  
that doesn't scream,  
"punch me."

Actually, I've got swim lessons.  
Cancel it!

**MARTIN:**

call my mom first.

She has to approve everybody  
that comes in the house.

All right. Here we go.

All right. And here we are.

This is where the magic happens.

Wow.

Ooh. Correction. (chuckles)

This is where the magic happens.

I've been dabbling  
in close-up illusions.

Does Abby like magic?

No. Martin, I don't think  
she does like magic.

But, um,

there's a really thin line  
between laughing with someone,  
and laughing at someone.

And you are that line.

So,

if you want Abby to like you,  
what you have to do  
is you have to  
make her see you  
as more of a...

As sexy Martin!

Yeah! Yeah, I could be sexy.

You like dudes. Tell me.

What part of me  
do you find the hottest?

- No. I'm not doing this.

- No. Come on.

No, Martin.

I don't want to answer that.  
Look, if you said my shoulders  
I would dress to accentuate.  
You know?  
You know what?  
Here's your first tip.  
Ripped.  
Girls, they don't want  
to read your clothes.  
I think you're wrong  
about that one.  
How many of these do you have?  
Please, just stop! Hey! Stop!  
Look, I don't want your help  
in changing me.  
I want your help in getting  
Abby to like me for me.  
Look. Um...  
there's a party this Saturday.  
At Bram's.  
Do you want to go  
with my friends and I?  
Yes!  
Yes! So simple.  
Must be why  
they call you Simple Simon.  
Nobody calls me that, Martin.  
Hey, uh, do you want to,  
like, sleep over?

**SIMON:**

Oh, hello.  
Hey, what's up?  
- Nice, right?

**- LEAH:**

Good?  
This is, like, a new level of  
laziness, even for you.  
What do you mean?  
I'm Cristiano Ronaldo.  
And you couldn't  
even be bothered  
to fill in the letters

on the back?

No, come on. Give me that.

- You are a bully.

- (laughs)

(In a British accent) Hey. Don't talk about Yoko that way, man.

Because if you do,

you're out of the band.

Who are you guys

supposed to be?

John Lennon and Yoko Ono.

Oh! I thought she was the girl

from The Ring,

and you were Jesus.

Jesus? No. Why would Jesus be

wearing a white suit?

I don't know. You tell me.

You're the one who decided to

dress up like fancy Jesus.

Oh, my God. Okay. Come here.

- Turn around.

- I'm here.

- Turn around.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Is it good?

- Way better.

- Is it?

Yeah. Now, we need to do

something about this hair.

Maybe slick it back?

**NICK:**

It doesn't slick back.

Wonder Woman in the hizzy!

**NICK:**

I made up a catchphrase,

'cause Wonder Woman

doesn't have one.

"Hizzy" means house.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Right. Yeah.

- Yeah.

Oh, Abby, you look amazing.

Thank you!

Yeah. You look awesome.

I'm gonna go make  
those frozen pizzas.

**NICK:**

Yeah, I'll help.

That's a nice costume, for real.

Thank you.

What? Cristiano Ronaldo!

Nailed it.

Do you remember  
when we went to school  
dressed as Charlie's Angels?

Oh, my God, yes.

And Nick's balls fell out  
of his booty shorts  
when he, like, dropped down  
to do the gun pose?

Mm. Do you miss  
trick-or-treating?

What, you mean  
instead of, like,  
going to loud parties  
pretending to like  
the taste of beer  
and feeling too self-conscious  
to dance?

I don't know why  
you feel self-conscious.

I mean, you are very clearly  
the coolest person  
at our school.

I'm pretty sure you're  
the only one who feels that way.

But thank you.

(doorbell ringing)

Who's that?

I invited Martin.

- Martin Addison?

- (groans) Why?

Is this a Make-A-Wish situation?

(doorbell continues ringing)

No, he's cool.

Hey.

Oh, looking sharp.

What the...

**- MARTIN:**

- What are you supposed to be?

Isn't it obvious?

Ah! I'm a Freudian slip.

Abby. Wonder Woman.

**NICK:**

Hey, Nick, uh,

can you not rush me?

(laughing)

**ABBY:**

choose. There's so many.

That's like Netflix.

You know, trying to pick  
a film on Netflix.

I'm like... (groans)

"Am I in an Apatow mood,  
or am I in a Billy Wilder  
mood?" You know?

Ooh, play Drake. Yes.

Uh, no. Drake is, like,  
super played out at this point.

You can't play out a rap god.

Doesn't happen.

Impossible.

First of all,  
he's not a rap god.

And second of all,  
I'm looking for some Beyonc.

- Oh.

- I just can't find "Lemonade."

Hey. Here's an  
interesting question.

I love Beyonc.

What makes you guys  
feel nostalgic?

You do?



I mean, I think everybody  
kinda likes Beyonc.

Grape soda makes me  
feel very nostalgic.

- What are you talking about?

- What makes you feel nostalgic?

Hey, Abby.

I bet you're gonna have  
the best costume tonight.

- Thanks.

- Nah, you're welcome.

(Martin mocking)

What the hell, Spier?

Hey, why is Nick  
still flirting with Abby?

**SIMON:**

Maybe you shouldn't have  
worn a dress.

You look like a drag queen  
rolled around  
in magnetic poetry.

(music playing)

Hey, Abby!

Whenever you need a refill  
of your drink,  
I'll be  
your designated bartender.

So don't worry.

Okay. Hey, Chloe, come here!

Yo, yo, yo!

Hey. John Lennon?

- Yeah. You got it.

- Nice.

And, um, Nick...

- You're Nick.

- No. No. I'm Ronaldo.

- Oh. My bad.

- Obviously.

Who are you supposed to be?

Oh. Uh... I am post-presidency  
Barack Obama.

So I'm just chillin' in  
Hawaii, drinking Mai Tais,

writing memoirs and hoping  
Trump doesn't destroy  
my legacy.

- (both chuckle)  
- That's awesome.

Thanks. Now let's go  
to the bar. Come on.

**BOTH:**

Hell yeah.

(rapping) My name is  
My sign is

- No, Garrett, no.  
- My number is

You need to let it go

Need to let it go

Need to let it go

Nah to the ah

to the no, no, no...

Whatchu gonna say?

All right, we should  
have a little toast.

No, thanks. I'm driving.

And Simon doesn't  
really drink.

No, I drink. It's cool. I drink.

- All right, that's my man.

**- NICK:**

You wouldn't even have a glass  
of Manischewitz  
at Leah's Seder.

It's Halloween, man.

It's a special occasion.

True that.

**BOTH:**

(gagging)

- You okay?

- (coughing)

(dance music playing)

You're good at this.

You got this.

Abby is the hottest

Wonder Woman I have ever seen.

**SIMON:**

The shit that I would let her do to me with that lasso.

Oh, I know, man.

Just, like, tie me up with that thing.

You're not into Abby, are you?

No, no, no.

I mean, it's not like I...

She's cute...

Yeah.

...but she's just not really my type.

Not because she's black.

I love black women.

Not like, you know, I have a thing for black women, I just love all women.

- Oh, oh. Oh!

- Oh!

- Oh, hey.

- Hey! Oh, hey.

Hey. Mm.

- I'm gonna go ask her out.

- What? No.

- No? No?

- No.

- You can't ask Abby out.

- Why not?

Because. She didn't tell you about Jonathan?

She didn't tell you about that?

- No.

- He's older.

- Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

- In college.

He's really experienced.

You know I've only had sex once, right?

I know that.

You know,

it's like no one tells you

how dark everything is  
and how slippery everything  
gets, and, you know,  
the parts you think  
are the right parts  
are actually  
the wrong parts and...  
All right, I'm gonna go eat  
my feelings away.  
Man, I'm sorry...

**NICK:**

Don't worry about it.  
Whoa, whoa.

- **BRAM:**

- Hey.  
Hey, you wanna play Beirut?  
Yeah. Sure.  
We just need two more people.  
How about you and me,  
and then, um...  
I insist.  
Abby and Martin?

- **BRAM:**

- **SIMON:**

- **MARTIN:**

- **SIMON:**

Let's play Beirut.  
- No, I don't...  
- Yeah. Let's do it.  
Come on, let's go.  
It'll be fun. It'll be fun.  
Good old competition.  
(chuckles)  
- Ready?  
- Yeah, I'm ready.  
Beirut. Right?  
- Yes!  
- (sighs)

Okay. Have you ever played  
Beirut before?  
Uh, totally. Yeah.  
Great. All right, so,  
two reracks, no blowing  
and two balls in the cup means  
that you have to  
take three, okay?  
Okay. Cool.  
I thought we were talking  
about a different game.  
We'll just explain  
as we go. Okay?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay. Got it.

**SIMON:**

- Maybe you should take these...  
- Oh.  
- You'll see better. Right?  
- Good idea. Yeah.  
- All you.  
- Raindrop!

**MARTIN:**

You got this one.  
Oh, is that...  
This is mine to drink?  
God.  
Oh!  
All right.

**ALL:**

(imitates explosion)  
Do we need a handshake?  
Is that...  
You get one of these in  
and we can totally have  
a handshake.  
Fly it away. Fly it away.  
Chug, chug, chug.

**- MARTIN:**

- All right.

(belches)  
As long as you love me  
We could be starving  
We could be homeless  
We could be loved  
As long as you love me  
(all cheering)  
Why can't I get  
Just one screw  
Baby, I know what to do  
But something won't let me  
Make love to you  
Day after day  
I get angry and I will say  
Hey, Bram. It's me, Jacques.  
Hey, Bram. I'm Jacques.  
Hey, Barack. It's me, Jacques.  
(sighs) Why did I pick Jacques?

**BOY:**

(girls laughing)  
("Monster Mash" playing)  
Oh.  
I'm sorry, I thought  
this was the bathroom.  
Sorry.  
- I'm starting to get so tired!  
- I am so tired.  
Hey, Martin, not now, man.  
All right?  
I've had a big night.  
Oh!  
Really? Really?  
(groans) I'm sorry.  
- Come on!  
- (Martin coughing)

**- LEAH:**

- I don't know.  
(Leah sighs)  
Willkommen  
- Are you serious?  
- Bienvenue  
Welcome...

Whoa. Careful.  
Okay, come on.  
We gotta get you home.  
- Look, we're so close!  
- Oh, my God!  
Wait, what?  
- Dude, my parents are still up.  
- Oh, God.  
- Oh...  
- Okay, you know what... Come on.  
I need you to think of  
something really sad...  
Uh-huh.  
Like, the documentary  
about how all the whales  
hate living at SeaWorld.  
Too sad!  
God. Okay, then just,  
you know what,  
don't say anything at all...  
And we'll ditch the barf shirt  
till tomorrow.

**SIMON:**

- **LEAH:**

- **SIMON:**

**LEAH:**

as possible,  
say as little as possible.  
(door creaks)

**EMILY:**

I know, I remember  
when I went to...  
Hey, guys!  
- Hey!  
- Hey!  
- Come talk to us.  
- Hey!  
- How was the party?  
- It was really fun.

- Was it?

- Yeah.

Aces.

**BOTH:**

Uh, well. Thanks for  
letting me stay over.

- **JACK:**

- **EMILY:**

You've been  
staying over 10 years.  
You don't have to thank us.  
Oh. Yeah, thanks.  
(whispers) Stop. Shh!  
John Lennon was wearing  
a woman's sweater.

- Mm.

- And he's drunk.

- Definitely.

- So how do we feel about that?

Well, he didn't drive drunk,  
and he's home  
before curfew, so...

Good. That's what I thought  
we thought.

Yeah, that's what  
we think, right?

- Yeah. We're good parents.

- Yeah, we're good parents.

Right?

(slow music playing)

The room stopped spinning.

Do you ever feel weird?

- Weird?

- Yeah.

Sometimes I feel like  
I'm always on the outside.

What do you mean?

Like tonight, you know...

I was at that party,  
and it was fun, but...

it kinda felt like



I was watching it  
from across the room.  
I don't know,  
there's this invisible line  
that I have to cross  
to really be a part  
of everything  
and I just,  
I can't ever cross it.  
I feel that way  
sometimes, too.  
Not tonight you didn't.  
Yeah, I was trying something.  
Yeah, sometimes I think  
it'd be so much easier  
to be one of these people who  
can just take a few shots  
and then hook up  
with whoever's closest.  
Yeah, I guess I'm just unlucky.  
Unlucky?  
Why?  
Because I'm not  
a casual person.  
What kind of person are you?  
I think I'm the kind of person  
who is destined  
to care so much  
about one person,  
it nearly kills me.  
Me too.  
It's getting late.  
Si?  
Yeah?  
Good night.  
Good night.  
(slow music continues playing)

**SIMON:**

so one of my friends  
likes the other,  
and he has no idea.  
I guess we all have secrets.  
Anyway, I've been

thinking about  
why I haven't come out yet.  
Maybe it's because  
it doesn't seem fair  
that only gay people  
have to come out.  
Why is straight the default?  
I have something  
I need to tell you.  
Mom, there's something  
I have to tell you.  
Can we talk?  
- Yeah.  
- Mm-hmm.  
I'm straight.  
I'm straight.  
I'm sorry, Mom, it's true.  
I like girls.  
(coughing)  
I like men.  
You get that  
from your daddy's side.  
I'm in love with Nick.  
I feel like I've been raising  
a stranger.  
Yes, absolutely, you have.  
I'm heterosexual.  
Oh, God. Help me, Jesus. Please.

**SIMON:**

I can't be sure  
this whole "being gay" thing  
is forever.  
Or maybe it's that there's  
not that much  
of high school left  
and part of me  
wants to hold on to  
who I've always been  
just a little longer.  
And then, when I go to college  
in Los Angeles,  
I'll be gay and proud,  
I promise.

("I wanna dance with somebody"  
playing)  
Woo!  
Ooh, yeah, uh-huh  
Yeah  
I want to dance  
Oh! I wanna dance  
With somebody  
I wanna feel the heat  
With somebody  
Yeah! I wanna dance  
with somebody  
With somebody who loves me  
Don't you wanna dance  
Say you wanna dance  
Don't you wanna dance  
With somebody who loves me  
Oh  
Oh oh  
Yeah, maybe not that gay.

**SIMON:**

who I'm promising.  
I'll keep ruminating.  
Love, Jacques.  
Shit!

**TAYLOR:**

after swimming with dolphins,  
we fly to Saint Martin  
for New Year's.  
Anybody else,  
Christmas in the Caribbean?  
Staying here.  
We have a classic  
Spier tradition  
of French toast  
on Christmas Eve.  
I'm going to an unheated  
vacation house  
in the middle of nowhere.  
As is our bleak  
family tradition.  
(winces) Ow! Ow!

Oh, man. Oh.  
You okay?  
Oh, yeah, that's a paper cut.  
Overdramatic.  
Um, Simon, do you know  
where the bandages are?  
Yeah. They're just  
in the supply closet.  
Okay, do you mind showing me?  
Be right back.  
He's like a nurse, this man.  
Okay, I don't actually have  
a paper cut.  
I know that, Martin.  
You're a very bad actor.  
What, you think this is funny?  
Simon, look,  
I don't wanna have to  
leak your emails, all right?  
But I will.  
Look, you cannot  
bring Blue into this, okay?  
If he found out  
that my emails got leaked,  
he'd get totally freaked,  
all right?  
He'd never talk to me again.  
Yeah, probably not, you know?  
The Internet's a freaky place  
to meet people.  
- Yo.  
- Hey!  
Hey!  
- Fun movie! Freak.  
- Freaky Friday.  
- That's a fun movie!  
- Freaky, freak, freaky.  
- Yeah, freaky-deaky Dutch!  
- She's a super freak

- **BOTH:**  
- You guys are weird.  
I need a Band-Aid.  
Those programs are a bitch.

Erm, yo. Martin was having  
trouble running his lines  
and we were thinking  
we could go  
to Waffle House  
and go over 'em.

- Really?

- Yeah.

That would be great.

I'm insky.

- Good work, Spier.

- Go to hell, Martin.

(cell phone chimes)

**BLUE:**

if I were a betting man,  
I'd say you were  
drunk emailing me  
during that last letter.

Don't worry. I liked it.

As for coming out,

I know what you mean  
about wanting to wait  
till college.

But our emails  
have inspired me.

I'm going to tell my family.

So thanks, Jacques.

Love, Blue.

(indistinct chatter)

Yeah.

**MARTIN:**

- Madame.

- **ABBY:**

(chuckles) Simon...

How the thespians  
rehearse, right?

**LYLE:**

What can I get you?

Lyle! You guys know Lyle?

We have Latin together.

**ABBY:**

Hi. How's it going?  
Actually, we had Bio together  
last year?

**- SIMON:**

- It's Simon, right?  
Yeah. Yeah, sorry,  
I don't, um...  
It's okay.  
It was like a big class,  
and I have a good memory  
for faces.  
What can I get you guys?

**MARTIN:**

on being here for a while.  
So, we're gonna start off small  
and go larger.  
Probably get some bacon first,  
some sausage. I'd say...

**ABBY:**

too strange and extraordinary.  
Much! And much too distracting!"  
Wow.  
And you never did any acting  
at your old school?  
No. Can we get back to...  
And yet,  
you're from D.C., right?  
Yeah. Can you give me  
my next cue, though?

**MARTIN:**

did you move here?  
Because my parents got divorced  
and my aunt found us  
an apartment in her building.  
Why'd they get divorced?  
Why does it matter, Martin?  
Are you writing a book  
about girls

from a broken home in D.C.?

So?

I thought that my dad  
was the greatest person  
on the planet.

But it turns out that he's  
just a sad, tired loser  
who hates his job,  
drinks way too much beer,  
and cheats on his wife.

To make up for all the stuff  
that I just mentioned, so...

Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

Yeah.

You deserve the father  
that you thought you had.

You know what, Abby?

You deserve  
a goddamn superhero.

Okay, thank you.

Let's get back to the...

Say it.

What?

I wanna hear you say  
"I, Abby Susso,  
am an incredible young woman  
and deserve  
a goddamn superhero."

I'm not gonna say that, Martin.

Okay. Well, um...

I won't stop until you say it.

**ABBY:**

- What are you...
- Excuse me.
- Waffle House patrons!

**- ABBY:**

- Pardon the interruption.

**- BOTH:**

I would just like to say  
that Abby Susso here  
is an incredible young woman.

Martin, please.  
And deserves  
a goddamn superhero.  
- Okay, okay...  
- That's right. Abby Susso!  
Abby Susso is an incredible  
young woman!

**ABBY:**

Incredible young woman,  
and deserves...

- A goddamn superhero.  
- A goddamn superhero.  
- A goddamn superhero!  
- A goddamn superhero!  
A goddamn superhero!

Yeah.

All right.

(claps)

Breakthrough. Yeah.

Okay, you can all go back  
to your meals. Thank you.  
Please sit down. Please.

- (Martin clears throat)  
- (Abby sighs)

Well...

Well, let's get back to...

- my entrance into your song.  
- I'm gonna take five.

**MARTIN:**

proudly presents...

I'll be right back.

...a beautiful woman

coming straight from England."

Sally Bowles, everybody."

Hey.

Were you in Bio when they did  
that identifying leaves test?

Yes. And Joel Winslow  
ate that poison ivy.

Because Doug Fogerty told him  
it was pot.

- Right. (laughs)



**- SIMON:**

I think he just wants  
to be liked 'cause...  
you ever notice that he has  
extra pens in his backpack?  
Like, you know,  
he's just waiting for the day  
that someone comes up  
to ask him for a pen?  
And then he can be that guy  
to give 'em a pen.  
You see everything,  
don't you, Simon?  
I don't know.  
But Simon means  
"the one who hears"  
and Spier means  
"the one who sees"  
so you put that all together  
and pretty sure that means  
I was just destined  
to be up  
in everybody's business.  
I've gotta get back inside  
and scrub down  
some waffle irons.

- Duty calls.

- Indeed.

I'll see you in there.

Yeah, I'll see ya.

(cell phone chimes)

Hi.

**BLUE:**

tonight for Hanukkah.

If you are thinking,

"But Hanukkah isn't

for another month!"

Well, you are correct.

Welcome to navigating

divorced parents.

Take holidays

where you can get them.

And my dad's staying at the  
same crappy motel as always.  
We'll do all our  
horribly awkward traditions.  
We'll light the menorah  
and I'll silently pray  
that the sprinklers  
don't go off.  
That's happened twice before.  
Would you believe I'm  
considering doubling down  
and turning  
this whole awkward mess  
into a coming out thing?  
Do you think I'm crazy?

**SIMON:**

I don't think you're crazy.  
I think you're crazy brave.

**ABBY:**

annoy the crap out of me.  
But he's actually kind of  
a cool person.  
I've been meaning to ask you  
about your parents.  
I just didn't wanna say anything  
when we were actually  
in the restaurant.  
I wasn't sure if you  
wanted to talk about it.  
Yeah. No, I don't mention it  
a lot  
because it kind of messes  
with my image.  
What kind of image?  
The girl who is excited  
to start a new school  
senior year.  
Girl whose life didn't  
just end,  
like, three months ago,  
who's angry and sad  
all the time.

Girl who still believes in love.

Come on.

You still believe in love.

Maybe.

Have you ever been in love?

I think so.

Abby.

Yeah?

I'm gay.

Oh.

You can't tell anyone though.

Nobody really knows,

and I don't really want people  
to find out.

I won't. I promise.

Okay.

You surprised?

No.

- So you knew?

- No.

But you're not surprised?

Do you want me

to be surprised?

I don't know.

Okay.

Well, I love you.

So...

Love you, too.

(sighs in relief)

- (turn signal beeping)

- There's no one behind us.

You don't have to put  
your blinker on.

- Okay, just being safe.

- Yeah.

**SIMON:**

it goes okay with your dad.

Whatever happens,

you inspired me.

I came out

to my friend tonight.

And I never would have

done that without you.

Maybe we should ride  
this bravery train  
and reveal our identities.  
I'm dying to know who you are.  
Love, Jacques.  
(cell phone vibrating)

**BLUE:**

It was insanely awkward.  
But also, kind of fine.  
And you got it backwards.  
It's you who inspires me.  
But I'm sorry,  
I'm just not ready for us to  
know each other's identities.  
Love, Blue.

(hums the Jaws theme)

- Hey! What are you doing?  
- (growls) I'm a fry shark!  
- Yeah!  
- (laughs)

- **MARTIN:**

- **ABBY:**

- **MARTIN:**

- **ABBY:**

I didn't even know  
you were coming near.

**MARTIN:**

what day it is?

- **ABBY:**

- **MARTIN:**

**BOTH:**

I guess I'm being loved,  
right? Right?  
Yeah.  
Hey, what do you get

when you get black and Jewish?

- What?

- Bluish.

**ABBY:**

Simon?

Since when does Abby find

Martin so goddamn funny?

Yeah, it's crazy.

**NICK:**

this is stupid.

I'm just gonna tell her

that I like her.

And I've been thinking

the whole

sexual experience thing,

it's not that big of a deal.

And, actually,

I've been practicing, right?

I got this thing online.

It's really cool.

It's called a pocket puss...

Abby likes Martin.

She told me herself.

- (scoffs) But he's Martin.

- I know.

**NICK:**

- I'm gonna try.

- Hey, wait, wait.

What about Leah?

What about Leah?

**SIMON:**

- Leah's in love with you.

- No, she's not.

Are you kidding me?

I mean, come on.

The way she looks at you

and how she's been all jealous

ever since Abby's been around?

And she blushes every time

you come into the room.

Look, you and Abby...  
it's never gonna happen.  
But you and Leah...  
I mean, you could be  
incredible together.

- **LEAH:**

- What's up?  
So I have something  
to tell you.  
Nick just asked me  
to get dinner  
before the homecoming game.  
Okay.  
No, like, Si, he was like...  
He came up to me  
and he's like,  
"Do you wanna go get dinner?"  
All right, and I was like,  
"Sure, are Abby and Simon in?"  
And he was like  
"I was thinking it could just be  
the two of us. Like, a date."  
That's amazing.  
It is?  
Yeah.  
Leah, come on.  
I know you're into him.  
(scoffs)  
What?  
All that stuff  
that you were talking  
about the night  
after Bram's party,  
about, you know,  
being so into one person  
that it almost kills you.  
You were talking about Nick.  
Uh...  
So you think  
I should go out with him?  
Yes. Yes.  
Okay.

- SIMON:

- LEAH:

**SIMON:**

you're not gonna regret it.

It's gonna be great!

(all cheering)

Let's pull out

your claws, Grizzlies!

Oh!

(laughs)

Simon, that Almont QB

is insanelly hot.

We can talk about stuff

like this now, you know.

Yeah, I still don't know

if I really quite

figured out how.

- Seriously?

- Yeah.

We gotta practice.

All right. Simon.

- Yeah?

- Do you think

that quarterback is lookin'

fine in those hot pants?

He's lookin' pretty fine.

No. No. No.

Fine! Good.

Put your body into it.

Fine! (grunts)

That was really good.

- That was so good.

- Thanks.

Hey, check it out.

It's the Waffle House guy.

**SIMON:**

Whoa.

- Lyle?

- I don't know. Could be.

- I don't know.

- Do you think he's...

I don't know.  
Okay, well,  
you should talk to him.  
I'm gonna go get a coffee.  
Look, you are fine!  
(mouthing) You got this.  
Hi.  
Hey. If it isn't  
my favorite waiter.  
Ah, there he is.  
The guy who sees everything.  
- Yeah.  
- (chuckles)  
Hey, I wouldn't have taken you  
for a homecoming guy.  
Oh, just here for the coffee.  
Of course. Yeah, it's all  
about the cappuccinos  
and camaraderie for this guy.  
- (clears throat)  
- (laughs)  
I'm glad you're here.  
You are?  
Yeah.  
'Cause I wanted to  
ask you something.  
I was gonna ask you  
the other day  
and then I was, like,  
too chickenshit.  
What's Abby's deal?  
I know you and her  
hang out a lot.  
Are the two of you  
like a thing, or...  
No.  
No, uh, we're just friends.  
I could never be just friends  
with someone that hot.  
Yeah!  
Every day is a struggle.  
(sighs) I gotta go. I'll see ya.

**MASCOT:**



Little birdie told me  
you're into bears!  
(growls)  
(mascot laughs)  
Dude! It's me!  
(grunts)  
I'm the Creekwood bear.  
Of course, you are.  
Thank you.  
Not a compliment.  
Hey, um... I figured out  
my next move with Abby.  
Great, that's good for you,  
Martin.  
I just wanted to run it by you  
real quick.  
No, Martin, look.  
I've been helping you for weeks  
and I am sick and tired  
of helping you  
mess with my friends' lives.  
So why don't you  
just do that shit  
that you did at Waffle House?  
That went great.  
So you're saying  
I should go for it?  
It's kind of a big gesture.  
Go big or go home!  
Right, Martin?  
Go big or go home.  
I like that.  
Thanks for the pep talk, man!  
Gotta get amped up.  
(grunts) Come on!  
(cheerleaders whooping)  
(marching band playing  
"Bad Romance")  
(players yelling)

**MR. WORTH:**

We're gonna take ya!  
(singing to "Bad Romance")  
Claw, claw, claw, claw, claw

Claw, claw, claw,  
Claw, claw

**AARON:**

I didn't know  
you like football.  
He's just here  
to check out the packages.  
Didn't your mother  
ever tell you  
not to grab your micropenis  
in public?  
Could we get some hummus  
for that baby carrot?  
- (laughs)  
- Shut up, man.

**- SIMON:**

- What's up? Hey.  
- How was dinner?  
- It was good.  
Yeah, uh, we got  
soup dumplings.  
That dumpling place  
I told you about?  
Yeah.  
You know, maybe you could go  
with Martin.  
Why would I go with Martin?

**ANNOUNCER:**

for the national anthem.  
This goes out  
to all the refugees.  
And my vocal coach,  
Monica Lewis.

**MAN:**

O say can you see  
By the dawn's early light  
What so proud...  
What the hell are you doing?  
Sorry. Hi.  
Hi, everyone.

Uh, sorry to interrupt.  
Why are we interrupting  
the national anthem?

**MARTIN:**

But I have something to say...  
that's a little more important  
than the national anthem.  
No offense, America.  
Abigail Katherine Susso...  
when you transferred  
to Creekwood High School,  
just a short three  
and a half months ago,  
you not only transferred  
into a new school,  
you transferred your way  
into a new heart  
belonging to me.  
My heart. Right here.  
And whether it was being  
your partner in pong,  
or your Waffle House warrior,  
I have cherished...  
the 135,300 minutes  
that we've spent together.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
135,301 minutes.  
And I know that you're  
this smart, talented  
perfect creature.  
And, uh, I'm just a sweaty  
schlub in a bear costume.  
But like old Bogie used to say,  
it's a "crazy mixed-up world."  
So, Abby,  
without further ado...  
will you go out with me?  
She's too hot for you, assface!  
Excuse me. Sorry.  
Just say yes. Say yes.

**ABBY:**

I am so sorry.

I don't feel that way about you.

You don't?

No.

But I really like  
hanging out with you  
and I don't know, maybe we could  
still be friends, you know?

Yeah, uh...

Are those doves?

(crowd gasps)

No, no, hey, hey! Suraj!

Hey! No, no!

She said no! No, don't.

(crowd laughing)

Yo, I thought you said  
she liked him.

Not the ceremonious  
dove launch I was hoping for.  
But still uplifting to free  
some birds.

Yeah.

Okay, uh...

Enjoy the game.

Nice try, Martin!

And way to go, Martin!

You gave it a shot! Right?

(all cheering)

That was terrible.

Don't worry, people will get  
over it in a few weeks.

(glass shattering)

(bear growls)

MARTIN (imitating Trump):

This is Donald J. Trump.

Martin Addison can't come  
to the phone right now.

Hey, Martin, it's Simon. Again.

Um, look, I wanna make sure  
you're doing all right.

I know it's been tough  
since, uh...

Well, you know since when.

Um, listen. Just...

Just give me

a call back, okay?  
I just wanna  
make sure you're okay.  
- (knocking on window)  
- (yelps)  
Hey! What you doin' in there?  
Really?  
I need you to help me decorate.  
Untangle these for me, will ya?  
This is not cool. I'll be down  
in a minute, okay?  
- What's not cool?  
- I'll be down in a minute.  
The fact that you're on  
a ladder next to my room!  
I can still clearly see you.  
All right, there you go.  
Okay. Merry Christmas.  
(computer chimes)

**BLUE:**

I'm drinking eggnog and packing  
to go to my dad's cabin  
on Lake Rabun.  
I'm pretty sure  
there's a photo of it  
on the Wikipedia page  
for "middle of nowhere."  
Middle of nowhere.  
I'm going to  
an unheated vacation house  
in the middle of nowhere.  
Oh, shit.

**BLUE:**

electricity  
and definitely  
no cell service  
so this will be my last email  
for a while.  
It should be a real  
rite of passage.  
A dad and his gay son  
pretending they like

to fish and trying to find  
things to talk about.

It's gonna to be  
an excruciating two weeks  
without you, Jacques.

Love, Blue.

**SIMON:**

gonna need some good music.  
So I'm sending a list  
of the seven best  
Christmas songs of all time.

Of course it includes  
David Bowie's

"Little Drummer Boy,"  
and Smokey Robinson  
& The Miracles'

"Christmas Everyday,"  
but the number one song  
you're gonna need,  
and trust me,

I know this sounds  
a little bit twee...

("Someday at Christmas" playing)

Someday at Christmas  
Men won't be boys  
Playing with bombs  
Like kids play with toys  
One warm December  
Our hearts will see  
A world where men are free  
Ooh

Someday at Christmas  
There'll be no wars  
When we have learned  
What Christmas is for  
When we have found  
What life's really worth  
There'll be peace on Earth  
Someday all our dreams  
Will come to be  
Someday in a world  
Where men are free  
Maybe not in time

For you and me  
But someday  
At Christmas time  
Someday at Christmas  
We'll see a land...  
(cell phone ringing)  
- Si, have you seen it?  
- Hey.  
Seen what?  
CreekSecrets.  
You need to look  
at your computer right away.

**MARTIN:**

Creekwood students,  
Simon Spier  
has a secret male pen pal.  
Because he's gay.  
Interested parties  
may contact him directly  
to discuss arrangements  
for butt sex.  
Ladies need not apply.  
We should all probably be  
talking about this  
instead of Martin Addison's  
homecoming debacle  
which was actually  
kind of sweet,  
and romantic,  
if you think about it.  
Sincerely, Anonymous.

**LEAH:**

**SIMON:**

**- LEAH:**

- I gotta go.  
Si?  
I saw it.  
I already reported it.  
They're gonna take it down.  
It's too late.

No, there's people  
who've already seen it, so...  
it doesn't really matter.  
It's true.  
I'm gay.  
Oh...  
So what are you gonna do?  
I don't know.  
You could deny it.  
Why the hell  
would I deny it, Nora?  
I'm not ashamed of it.  
You've just never really  
said anything.  
So what?  
What does that have to do  
with anything?  
What the hell  
are you talking about?  
(sobbing) Sorry.

**SIMON:**

off the grid  
and you won't see this  
until you're back,  
but something's happened.  
You're gonna find out  
who I am.  
And someone posted our emails.  
Please don't freak out.  
Please, Blue.  
I need you to promise me  
you won't disappear.  
(computer chiming)  
- (cell phone vibrating)  
- (exhales)

**NORA:**

let me open my present.

**EMILY:**

tell you you need to shave.

**JACK:**



you're gonna keep cooking?

**NORA:**

make dinner tonight, too.

- **JACK:**

- What's this for?

Oh!

This one, Sherlock.

There you go.

**NORA:**

Bluetooth headphones.

- Do you like the black?

- Oh, I love it.

**EMILY:**

know if you liked...

This is great.

- They have other colors.

- He said he likes it.

- **SIMON:**

- Okay. I have the receipt.

He's good.

Actually, I did want to talk  
to you guys about something.

What is it?

Uh, well...

**JACK:**

you got somebody pregnant.

No, you're pregnant.

- Yeah. Yeah, I'm pregnant.

- **JACK:**

He's got that glow about him,  
baby.

**EMILY:**

No. Uh...

I'm gay.

Honey.

And I don't want you guys to

think anything different.

I'm still me.

Of course you are.

- Oh, Simon.

- Yeah.

So you're gay?

Which one of your

old girlfriends turned ya?

Was it the one

with the big eyebrow...

- Jack.

**- NORA:**

Dad, can you ever

shut the hell up?

I'm kidding.

- It's not funny.

- I'm kidding, Nora.

Just open up your gift. Please.

**EMILY:**

- Nora, I got you this.

**- NORA:**

That's for you.

No, that's for you.

That's from me.

It's a Cuisinart.

I love it. Thank you, Simon.

**SIMON:**

happy New Year.

I haven't heard from you,

so I'm going to assume it's

because you have no service.

I came out to my entire family

on Christmas.

It didn't go great.

And I've been avoiding

my friends

the whole break

for all sorts of reasons.

Change is exhausting.

I feel like

there's nowhere to hide  
from all the newness  
of everything.  
Except here. With you.  
Please write to me.  
As soon as you get  
even one bar of service.  
Breakfast burrito?  
Thanks.

**EMILY:**

Come sit down.  
I'm gonna be late.  
(sighs)  
Hey, guys.  
Hey, Simon, we need to talk.  
So Abby and I hung out  
on New Year's Eve, and...  
you see, now we're together.  
That's awesome. That's great.

**NICK:**

But then we got to talking  
about why it took so long.

**ABBY:**

that I have  
a boyfriend in college  
named Jonathan?  
- Why'd you make that up?  
- Look, Martin...  
he was the one who wrote  
that CreekSecrets post  
about me.  
He screenshotted my emails  
and he's been using them  
to blackmail me for months.  
What does that have to do  
with us, Simon?  
He told me  
that if I didn't help him  
get with Abby, he'd out me.  
And I...  
That's why I had to

keep you guys apart.  
So you made up a bunch of lies.  
And that's why  
you convinced me  
to go on that date with Leah?  
You know, to keep me away  
from Abby?  
So, wait. Running lines  
at Waffle House  
and beer pong at Bram's,  
all of that was just to  
pawn me off on Martin?  
I'm not  
a piece of meat, Simon.  
You know how hard it was  
for me to start over.  
I trusted you.  
(sighs)  
Hey, come on, Leah.  
I'll take you to school.  
Leah. Leah, please.  
Listen, listen.  
I know I messed up, okay?  
But I knew you were  
in love with Nick.  
- And I thought that maybe...  
- Just stop it!  
You know what? You are  
insanely stupid, Simon.  
I was never in love with Nick.  
I was in love with you!  
(gasps)  
Look...  
We're... We're us.  
Yeah, well...  
(sighs) Sorry.  
I've been trying to tell you.  
That night I slept over,  
I was trying to tell you.  
You wanna know  
the funniest part?  
It's that all these years, you  
being so picky with girls,  
I thought that maybe it was

because you might  
like me, too.  
And then, you know,  
you told me  
I should go out with Nick  
and I realized you were just  
never gonna see me that way.  
I can deal with you  
being gay, Si.  
But you set me up  
to get my heart broken  
when you thought  
I was in love with Nick  
and that just makes you cruel.  
- (car engine starts)  
- (Simon sighs)  
(students murmuring)  
You all right?  
Hanging in there.  
Uh, for the record,  
when I was saying that we have  
a lot in common, you know,  
I wasn't really... That's not  
what I was talking about.  
Gotcha.  
Just FYI, just for the record.

- **SIMON:**

- All right.  
Hey, Jackie.  
Did you date me  
because you think  
I look like a guy?  
No. No, I actually  
broke up with you  
because you don't look  
like a guy.  
Oh. Oh, okay. Thanks.  
Welcome.  
(sighs)  
(rap music playing on phone)  
Yeah! Hey, Creekwood!  
This one's for you, Spier.  
Hey, Ethan.

- Oh, yeah!  
- Oh, yeah.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh.  
You like that,  
don't you, Spier?  
- Yeah.  
- Oh, yeah, Ethan, Simon likey.  
(Aaron and Spencer moaning)  
You have something  
you wanna say to me?  
I said do you have something  
to say to me?  
(turns off music)  
- I'll take it from here.  
- Hey, Ms. Albright.  
Don't "Hey, Ms. Albright" me.  
We're not friends.  
You're not gonna  
braid my hair  
or paint my nails.  
Get your ass  
off the table now!  
You sweaty, hormonal virgins.  
You know what? You're about to  
be suspended for so long,  
that by the time it's over,  
you're gonna be  
the fat, bald, unhappily married  
wildly mediocre nobodies  
you're destined to become.  
You can't talk to us like that.  
Actually, I can,  
'cause I just did.  
And you know why?  
Because you're just those two  
assholes that did  
that shitty thing  
in front of the whole school.  
And guess what?  
Nobody feels sorry for those  
assholes, especially me.  
Now, walk.  
Mr. Worth's office now.  
Bye.

Uh-uh. That's mine now.  
I'mma sell it.  
Get my tubes tied.  
(scattered laughter and chatter)  
(inaudible conversation)  
Why does Mr. Worth  
have to talk to us?  
I mean, can't we just  
let this shit go?  
Hey, I'm sorry, Ethan.  
None of this ever happened  
when just you were out.  
You know what they say,  
one gay's a snooze,  
two's a hilarious hate crime.  
You could've told me  
you were gay.  
I guess I didn't think  
we had very much in common.  
(scoffs)  
You're telling me, Simon.  
It's not like  
your all-hoodie wardrobe  
rocks my world.  
(Simon chuckles)  
I don't know.  
Maybe I was jealous.  
You've been out  
since you were 16.  
It always seemed  
so easy for you.  
Easy?  
Are you kidding me?  
My mom still tells  
my grandparents  
about all the girls I'm dating  
when we go over to their house  
for dinner, every Sunday.  
She says it's 'cause  
they're old and religious,  
and it's just easier that way.  
I don't know,  
maybe that's true.  
But you should hear her voice

when she talks about the girls.

All right, boys, come on in.

Come on.

All right,

just stand right here.

(speaks French)

Get up.

Okay, these gentlemen

have something

that they would like

to say to you.

- We're sorry.

- Our bad.

That's right.

'Cause at Creekwood High,

what do we believe in?

**BOTH:**

And "tolerance" means

we respect

Simon and Ethan's choice

to be boyfriends.

- We are not boyfriends.

- Yeah. No.

Hey, whatever you wanna

call it,

it's fine with me. Seriously.

We call it "two people

that are not at all

romantically involved."

Yeah, I get it.

Keepin' it casual, man.

I can dig, seriously.

Oh. Simon. Hey, can we talk?

I don't have anything

to say to you.

Please, please.

I just wanted to say

that I was sorry, okay?

I didn't know or think

that people still did

shit like that.

And I got in a lot of shit

for Homecoming,



and I wanted everyone to focus  
on something else, you know?  
I just didn't think  
it was gonna be a big thing.  
I don't care if you didn't  
think that my coming out  
was gonna be  
a big thing, Martin.  
Look, you don't get to  
decide that.  
I'm supposed to be the one  
that decides when  
and where,  
and how and who knows  
and how I get to say it.  
That's supposed to be  
my thing!  
And you took that away  
from me.  
So, well, can you please just  
get the fuck away from me?  
(sighs)  
(computer chimes)

**BLUE:**

I know who you are.  
Jacques a Dit.  
That's what they call  
Simon Says in France.  
Very clever.  
I'm sorry, Simon.  
I can't do this anymore.

- **SIMON:**

- **BLUE:**

**SIMON:**

Everything's falling apart.  
(takes deep breath)  
(sobbing)  
I mean, I haven't even  
talked to her.  
I haven't even

seen her at school.  
Anyway, I guess  
I'll see you in class, right?

- **GIRL:**

- **CAL:**

Later.

- Hey.

- Hey, Simon.

Is it you?

Are you Blue?

No. No, it's not me. Sorry.

I know you've had  
a crazy couple days.

You wanna talk about it?

No, I'm sorry.

I shouldn't have asked.

- No, don't worry.

- Sorry for bothering you.

[door closes]

Did you know?

I knew you had a secret.

I mean, when you were little,  
you were so carefree.

But these last few years,  
more and more...

it's almost like I could  
feel you holding your breath.

I wanted to ask you  
about it, but I...

didn't wanna pry.

- Maybe I made a mistake.

- No. No, Mom, you...

You didn't make a mistake.

**EMILY:**

There are parts of it  
you have to go through alone.

I hate that.

As soon as you came out,  
you said, "Mom, I'm still me."

I need you to hear this.

You are still you, Simon.

And you are still the same son  
who I love to tease,  
and who your father depends on  
for just about everything.

And you're the same brother  
who always compliments  
his sister on her food,  
even when it sucks.

But you get to exhale now,  
Simon.

You get to be more you  
than you have been...  
in a very long time.

You deserve  
everything you want.

My boy.

Hey, Leah.

- Hey.

- What's up?

What are you doing?

Just going for a run,  
you know.

- Daily ritual.

- Yeah, you've never done that.

Have too.

But you're wearing jeans.

They're my running jeans.

Simon, you're about to pass out.

(panting) Okay, fine.

I'm not going for a run.

Hey, Leah. Please, listen.

Look, I know, okay?

You didn't want anyone  
to know you're gay.

No, that wasn't just it.

I fell in love with someone.

That guy in the emails...

I love him.

And I knew that if Martin  
leaked our emails,  
it'd scare him off.

I'm sorry.

I know what I did  
was messed up.

You're my best friend.  
If I'm your best friend,  
then why did you come out  
to Abby and not me?  
Think it was easier.  
I've known Abby for six months,  
and I've known you  
for 13 years.  
And I knew that if I told you,  
that everything  
was gonna be different.  
I really wanted things  
to stay the same.  
Tell me about this guy  
you love.  
- You sure?  
- Yeah.  
It'll help me kill off  
Hetero Simon in my mind.  
- You don't have to kill him off.  
- He's dead, Si.  
Hacking him up with  
a mental machete as we speak.  
(chuckles)  
All right. Fair enough.  
So, I call him Blue.  
Hey, Si.  
Yeah?  
(sighs)  
How long have you known?  
Like, I really started to get it  
when I was around...  
thirteen?  
Four years? Four years of...  
eating dinner together,  
four years of  
going to movies together.  
Four years of  
walking Bieber together.  
I'm sorry.  
I shouldn't have missed it.  
No. Hey, no, Dad.  
All those stupid jokes...  
Well, I know

you didn't mean 'em.  
It doesn't matter.  
I shouldn't have missed it.  
But...  
in case the message  
got lost somewhere I just...  
I just want you to know  
that I love you.  
(crying) And I'm really  
proud of you.  
I wouldn't change anything  
about you.  
Hey. Shit, Dad.  
Hey, stop crying.  
I'm trying. I'm trying.  
Oh, God.  
Come here.  
How's that video  
for Mom coming?  
- Good.  
- Good, good.  
Good.  
You don't know  
how to export it, do you?  
Can you help me  
with that, please?  
Yeah.  
- Okay.  
- Let's go.  
Hey.  
I thought maybe we could  
sign up for Grindr together.  
You don't know  
what Grindr is, do you?  
It's Facebook for gay people.  
Not what it is.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I present to you  
20 years of bliss.  
(video playing)

**EMILY:**

Simon and I did it, yeah.  
- I just helped.

- It was mostly me.

**EMILY:**

Yeah, right.  
Really? Really?

**EMILY:**

you did this.  
I panicked  
and bought you a watch.  
That's okay.  
You can give me  
somethin' later  
that I can't get in the store.  
That's really gross.  
- Oh, guys, just look.  
- Sorry, just pay attention.  
Just look at baby Bieber!

**NORA:**

**EMILY:**

**SIMON:**

of Creekwood High School,  
As anyone with a half-decent  
data plan already knows,  
a recent post  
on this very website  
declared that I was gay.  
The delivery left something  
to be desired,  
but the message is true.  
I am... gay.  
For a long time, I was killing  
myself to hide that fact.  
I had all these reasons.  
It was unfair that only  
gay people had to come out.  
I was sick of change.  
But the truth is  
I was just scared.

**COACH:**

Let's go!

**SIMON:**

it was just a gay thing.  
But then I realized,  
no matter what,  
announcing who you are  
to the world  
is pretty terrifying  
because what if the world  
doesn't like you?  
So, I did whatever I could  
to keep my secret.  
I hurt the best,  
most important people.  
And I want them to know  
that I'm sorry.  
I am done being scared.  
I'm done living in a world  
where I don't get to be  
who I am.  
I deserve a great love story.  
Disclaimer, this is about  
to get romantic as eff,  
so anyone adverse to  
gratuitous feelings  
kindly click over  
to the BuzzFeed quiz  
or resume the porn  
you paused to read this.  
Did you even use the ladder?

**SIMON:**

once wrote  
that he felt like he was stuck  
on a Ferris wheel.  
On top of the world  
one minute,  
at rock bottom the next.  
That's how I feel now.  
I couldn't ask  
for more amazing friends,  
a more understanding family.  
But it would all be

so much better  
if I had someone  
to share it with.  
So, Blue...  
I might not know your name  
or what you look like.  
But I know who you are.  
I know you're funny  
and thoughtful.  
That you choose  
your words carefully  
and that they're  
always perfect.  
And I know that you've been  
pretending for so long  
it's hard to believe  
you can stop.  
I get it.  
Like I told you  
at the very beginning,  
I'm just like you.

- **GIRLS:**

- **SIMON:**

**SIMON:**

after the play,

**Friday at 10:**

you know where I'll be.  
No pressure for you to  
show up, but I hope you do.  
Because you deserve  
a great love story too.  
Love, Simon.  
Willkommen  
Bienvenue  
Welcome im cabaret  
Au cabaret  
To cabaret  
(audience cheering)  
(all gasping)  
Okay. They're not



paying me enough for this.  
(indistinct chatter)

- **ABBY:**

- **LEAH:**

- Oh, my God!

- You were amazing.

I'm not even kidding.

- You were, like, insane.

- Thank you!

- What's up?

- Baby!

(laughing)

**ABBY:**

(clears throat)

- Hey, Simon.

- Hey.

Do you wanna go to  
the carnival with us tonight?

Yes.

- Yeah?

- **SIMON:**

**LEAH:**

Get in here, Leah!

**LEAH:**

Thank you.

- We'll be right here.

- Yeah.

- Go get him.

- All right.

- Yes!

- Woo! Yeah!

Go, Simon!

- Spier, Spier, Spier!

- Woo!

That should last a while.

**GIRL:**

I bet he's waiting

for the other gay kid.

Where's Dana?

She'll love this.

**ABBY:**

Proud of you.

(students cheering)

- Yeah, buddy!

- Yeah!

You got it! Woo!

**ABBY:**

**ALL:**

(cheering continues)

We love you, Simon!

(all cheering)

Yo. Can you just...

Come on, no.

(all whooping)

Okay. That's your

last ride ticket, buddy.

**MARTIN:**

Simon, it's me.

I'm Blue. I love you.

- No, you're not.

- No, I'm not. I just...

This is so brutal.

Here. I'll tell you what.

I got a couple...

How much is it?

- It's four tickets, four bucks.

- Perfect. Okay. There you go.

Last one's on me.

Got it.

Last call for the Ferris wheel!

Oh, no, I can't watch.

I can't watch this, babe. No.

This is awful.

- Okay, Dora.

- Wait, wait.

Can I sit there?

I was kind of waiting

for somebody.  
Yeah, I know.  
It's Bram!  
It's you.  
It's me.  
But that night at the party...  
Yeah.  
I was drunk and confused.  
And it ended, like,  
a minute after you saw us.  
And you're Jewish.  
Yeah.  
Which is cool.  
And I'm black too.  
And gay.  
It's kind of crazy, huh?  
I didn't think you'd come.  
Me neither.  
Until I was walking towards you,  
I didn't think I had it in me.  
(all murmuring)  
Are you disappointed  
that it's me?  
No.  
(all cheering)  
(cell phone ringing)  
Hey.

**LEAH:**

CreekSecrets?  
There are six new confessions,  
all signed.  
Listen to this.  
"My parents didn't come  
and see me in Cabaret.  
They hate that I wanna be  
an actor.  
I don't know if they'll ever  
be proud of me.  
Taylor Metternich."  
Wow.  
You're a trendsetter, Spier.  
Now, come on, get in the car.  
We need to go.

- Good morning!  
- Ah, there he is!  
- Morning, Simon.  
- Top of the morning, kid.  
What's this?  
- Nora's specialty.  
- Mm, coconut?  
- Yeah.  
- You look good.  
- Have a good day, honey.  
- You too.  
- Is it good?  
- It's delicious.  
- I'll see you guys.  
- What, you're not gonna eat?

Bye, Simon.

("Wild Heart" playing)

- Mornin'.  
- Mornin', buddy.

No one will ever

Read the letters

Or the lies that I told

From the years

I was changed...

- Good morning.  
- Hey! How you doin', Leah?

Pretty good. Pretty good.

Why did they have to go

And run

From the dream far away

Were we there? Was I brave?

Ooh, ooh!

Hey!

Hey.

- Morning.

- Morning.

Everybody in?

- Yes.

- Oh, yeah.

All right, it's too beautiful

a day,

so I think I'm gonna actually  
take us on a little adventure.

- Yes!

- Woo!

That's exactly what I need!

**NICK:**

Wild heart

Wild heart

Wild heart

Wild heart

Wild heart

Wild heart

When we met

Everything seemed all right

I turn and sing

On the sidewalk

Cut straight through

The moonlight

I loved those days

We didn't get out of bed

Left your taste in my mouth

Your strange voice in my head

Oh I wanna hear it again

Expect that we're caught

In a love song

So loud, oh, yeah

No not so typical love song

'Cause it hurt us

Again and again

So say that

I really need you

So bad, oh, yeah

No, not so typical

Love song

'Cause it hurt us

Again and again

Hey

La, la, la, la, la

You leave the city

And chase bullet holes

That's actually starlight

In those rare moments

You and I were brilliant

We were gonna be all right

God I loved those days

We couldn't get out of bed

With your taste in my mouth  
Or your words in my head  
And now I wanna  
Hear it again  
Expect that we're caught  
In a love song  
So loud, oh, yeah  
No, not so typical  
Love song  
'Cause it hurt us  
Again and again  
So say that  
I really need you  
So bad, oh, yeah  
No, not so typical  
Love song  
'Cause it hurt us  
Again and again  
(instrumental music playing)