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My Sassy Girl

By Victor Levin

- This is the story
of the first and last time
I ever fell in love.
Let me start
with a little background
so that you can
understand exactly
what I've been through here.
It's a boy!

- My name is Charles Bellow,
but you can call me Charlie.
I was born
in French Lick, Indiana,
which sounds like it could be
kind of a cool,
scandalous place to be from,
but it's not.

Uh, there's nothing French
and trust me,
nothing is licked.
My parents, Roger and Kitty,
are the nicest people
you'd ever want to meet,
and I'm not just using
an expression there.
If you met people any nicer
than this,
it would just upset you.

- Give the nice
lady a seat.

- OK!

- There you go.

- I was taught to emulate
that niceness,
and to reasonably expect
it from other people.
You can have my seat,
ma'am.

- Thank you, dear.

- Now, that second part there,
uh, that's where you can
get into a little trouble.
When I was accepted at
Vanderweil University,

it was the fulfillment
of a dream my parents
had had since...

- Oh! OK.

OK.

-...well, since
the very beginning.

- All right.

- A Bellow was going to college.

A Bellow was majoring
in business,
so that a Bellow could then
go on to become a middle manager
in a fine
American corporation...

Maybe even

the Tiller King Company,
whose tractors my father
repaired for a living.

I shared their dream.

I promised them

that I would not let them down,
that the Bellow-family boulder
was about to get a serious shove
up the evolutionary hill.

Hi.

Hi.

They were counting on me.

Lord, how they were counting.

Hi.

Hi.

Everything was on track
in my undergraduate years,
and I was lucky enough
to get into business school.
And then I got word that
my cousin Bart
had passed away... suddenly.

- Death, man.

Death sucks.

- Glad you were a
philosophy major there, Leo.

- Sorry. The death unit
was back in freshman year.

Meantime, we should probably
just try to cheer ourselves up
by sticking to
happier subjects...
like sex.

Wanna play the game, huh?

- Sure.

- Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes!

Yes.

- OK, OK, OK, OK.

Let's play this way.

Are there any women here
who you would not sleep with?

- Probably.

- Fair enough.

- Charlie, I'm a young male
at or near my sexual peak.

Don't hate me for following
my evolutionary blueprint.

- Oh, I do not.

- Hell, yes!

- I just, uh, I think it's--

I think it's suspect that
you could know in a second
whether or not you
would sleep with a woman.

For me-- For me, those
decisions take a little thought.

- That's why you've only slept
with 3 women in 4 years!

- What, are you taking notes?

- Yes!

- Damn you!

I just have other priorities
right now, you know?

- I mean--

- Whoa! Careful, Charlie!

If the death of your cousin
teaches us anything,
it's that we must live!

Live, Charlie! Live!

- Live, you say.

- Yes!

- Yes.

- Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

Yes!

In your dreams, pervert!

- I mean, you might like it!

It might even be good for you.

- It might.

- I mean, do you

seriously claim

there is no woman within your

field of vision at this moment

with whom you would sleep,

no questions asked?

- Excuse me, but you should be!

- OK, I'm sorry.

- I...

I'm outta here.

- Just go.

- Wow, you open big!

- Yeah, go ahead.

- Course she's hammered...

or not particularly

coordinated,

but very hot.

Good call, Charlie.

Definite "yes".

- I'm not even saying that

I would sleep with her.

- Well, you're staring at her

pretty good.

- I would talk to her.

Uh, I would, uh...

- You would, uh...

- Uh, get to know her.

Um...

- OK!

- You know what? You live

your way, I'll live mine.

- Fine!

- Fine!

- Go begin

to get to know her then.

- Not today. I gotta pay
a condolence call to my aunt.

- Ugh.

- Let her pinch my cheek,
tell me how much

I look like my cousin.

Oh! Besides, she actually has
a girl she wants me to meet.

- You see, Charlie?

Everyone you know,
even your bereaved aunt,
is telling you
the same thing.

Live. Yes.

- Thank you.

Whistle

- Yes, I'm free
and I'm loving it!

Train, where are you?

Whoo-wee!

Choo-choo!

Choo-choo-choo!

Ah!

- Hey! Hey!

- Get off me!

- Once in your life
if you are very lucky,
you will meet the person
who divides it...

into the time

before you met her

and the time after.

But she was, you know,
obviously big trouble,
and--and I would've just
left it at that, except...

- Hey.

Hey! Give the gentleman
your seat!

Ha!

- Give me a break, all right?

- You're welcome.

You're welcome.

Darling.

Purse.

Purse!

- OK.

Not--not touching
you inappropriately.

OK, good.

I'm holding your waist.

Very specifically avoiding...

Yes.

Don't want a lawsuit.

OK.

Oh! Hey, yeah!

Hi! 5th and 11th.

- Is she dead?

- What? No!

She-- No!

She's--

She's not, uh... she's OK.

- OK.

- It's my, uh, my sister.

She's... good.

Aw!

Very heavy girl!

Not fat, just muscular.

I would assume,

'cause you're dense, as in--

Not stupid,

I mean, heavy.

Hey!

Behind you, Einstein!

Open--open the window!

- What are you doing
on the fire escape?

- Just open the window, man!

- That's the girl from
before. You drugged her?

Are you crazy?

- No!

- Did anyone see you?

- Just the lobby guard
and the rickshaw guy.

- This is what happens
to the repressed ones.

One day they just snap!
Why'd you bring her here?
- She was passed out
in the subway!
- I said talk to her,
not knock her unconscious.
Just-- here.
Head first. Head first.
- OK.
- Watch her head.
- Just give ma second.
- Come on!
- OK, OK.
- Oh, there you are.
- OK, she likes me.
Oh, she smells
like tequila.
- Let's keep her alive.
- OK!
- This is a very limp girl.
- Oh boy!
Oh boy!
- Well, we're in trouble.
- Purse.
- So you brought her home?
- I couldn't very well leave
her on a subway bench, right?
- Which makes this,
technically, kidnapping.
- Eventually, she will wake up,
she will take the walk
of shame out of here
and that'll be that.
- So, did you
talk to her?
- Not really.
- What's she like?
Is she nice?
- I'm not sure, but...
I don't think so.
- Security.
Open the door!
- We aren't even in real jail.
We're in university jail.

- I know.
This is so humiliating!
- Hey, Bellow!
Oh, I'm gonna be watching you!
You're on my radar!
- OK, um, I--I understand
and I thank you f-for
following due process on this--
- Go, Charlie!
- I respect what
you're doing. Thank you!
- Watch it, Bellow!
- Hello.
- Who are you?
- Uh, who are you?
- Who are you?
- Who are you?
- I'm the girl you abducted
this afternoon.
- Oh! Um, how did you
get this number?
- Oh, security was only
too happy.
I have all your information!
- Why are you
asking me who I am?
- I'm not asking who you are.
I'm asking
who you think you are.
- You know what?
I don't have time--
- Meet me at the Spike Gallery,
6th and 4th.
- Um, no.
- Why not?
- Because the
Tiller King representative
is coming to campus this week.
- Yeah, be there at 7:13.
- Definitely not nice.
- Charles Bellow.
- Charlie.
- Hmm.
I'll take a red.

- Ah!
- Red for the lady.
And for you, sir?
- Um, I--
I think the--
I think the white.
So red, yeah.
- OK then.
- So what happened?
- Well, you, uh--
- I can't hear you.
- You were completely drunk.
You almost fell
on the subway track.
I pulled you back
at the last instant.
You called me darling,
then you passed out.
I assumed responsibility.
I carried you back to my place
and somebody called security
on us-- on me-- on-- for you.
- I called you darling?
- Yeah.
- I think I remember that.
But I seriously
doubt the rest of it.
Jordan Roark.
- Rork.
- Roark.
R-O-A-R-K, Roark.
- OK.
- What are you studying?
- Uh, business.
- Are you smart?
- Uh, maybe a little.
I don't know.
- Well, most smart
people are smart enough
not to have
to study business.
Thank you...
for not leaving me on
the subway bench, Charles.

- You're welcome.

Um, and it's--

it's Charlie, please.

Uh, am I allowed to ask you why you were dead drunk in the middle of the afternoon?

- Goin' through a reckless phase.

- And wh-- by that, you mean...

- Don't know what it means?

- No, I--

- Guess you're really not smart!

- I know what the word means, I'm--I'm asking you what--what you mean.

- What do you care, Chuck?

- Charlie!

And um, I'm interested.

- Chuck. Chuck. Chuck.

Chuck, Chuck, Chuck, Chuck.

Chuck! Chuck!

- OK, um...

I'm gonna go, Jordan.

Uh, I hope that you get through your reckless phase and that you have a relatively happy and disaster-free rest of your life.

Um, goodbye.

- My fiance broke up with me.

Uh... Uh, it's OK.

Here.

- You carry an handkerchief?

What are you, an asthmatic?

- No, I-- Where I'm from, people carry handkerchiefs.

- Where are you from? 1850?

Is it clean?

- Yes.

- Fine.

Here.

- No, you--you can keep that.

- No, you take it.

- OK, I'll, uh...

Uh...

-...we can get them
away for a while.

- You want some?

- Yeah, thank you.

I, uh, OK.

Why did he, uh, why--

Why did he break up with you?

- Well...

I like bananas.

- You--

OK, um...

It's OK.

It's, uh... It's OK.

Uh...

Hi, um, uh, Manhattan.

Jordan Roark.

- Huh?

- No, no.

Just sleep. It's--

Uh, hi.

No, not you.

Uh, Jor--

R-O-A-R-K.

- Roark.

- That many?

OK, let's,

uh, start downtown.

- # Downtown... #

No, not here.

- No, man.

We don't know any Roarks.

- Bye now.

Have a nice night.

Anyone

Anyone

Anyone

- Hi. Good evening, sir.

- Good evening.

Um, do you know her?

- Yes, sir.

Were there any
other expenses, sir?

- Can I just get you to
tell me her name in case--
Just to make sure.

- Her name is
Jordan Roark, sir.

- Roark.
- Were there any
other expenses?

- Uh, no. No.
- Keep it.

The Roarks thank you
very much, sir.

- Yeah.
- Sir.
- Hi, Jimmy.

How was your day?

- Ah, you know, the usual.
Held some doors, said hello.

- Is she gonna be OK?
- Yes, sir.

- Can you give her
some aspirin, some water?
Yes, sir.

- Thank you.
- Uh, anytime there, Spanky!
- Ah, yeah.

5th and 11th.

Whoa!

- We now have dealerships
in all 50 states,
including Alaska and Hawaii.
Now, of course,
we made our reputation
on big, heavy farm machinery,
but we also
have a line of mowers
that is second to none.

What?

- Oh please,
oh please, oh please...
- Is there a Charles Bellow
in this room?

Damn it!

- Yes, sir.

- Mr. Bellow,

I believe you'd better go
with this young lady.

- I--I don't--

I don't...

I don't think

that'll be necessary.

- Oh, Mr. Bellow,

I believe you had better go
with this young lady.

Now, if there is anything
we prize

at the Tiller King Company,

is a man with the strength

to take responsibility

for his own actions.

- Yes, sir.

- Now...

- Hi!

- Hi. What--what--

What are you doing here?

- Come play with me!

- What?

- Come play with me.

It's a beautiful day.

- No, I-- First of all,

I was in the middle of a--

- No, I--I took care of that.

- Yeah, whoa!

What did that note say?

- Nothing.

- No, what did the note say?

- It said that I just found out

that I'm pregnant

with your child.

- No, don't scream,

'because it's gonna

make it worse.

- Why-- You don't--

You-- You--

Do you have any idea

what you've done?

That's--that's--

that's the Tiller King
representative in there.

That's my future in there!

- Really?

- Yes!

- How sad!

- I can't believe that you--

- Well, fine!

But as practical matter, Chuck,
you really can't go
back in there now.

So you might as well
spend the rest of
the day with me!

- Sometimes,
you start relationships
and sometimes they start you.

Here we go...

- Come on, little Chucky!

- Anyway, that's how ours began,
the way true love
generally begins,
with drunkenness, imprisonment
and the destruction of
a lifelong dream.

OK.

- It's OK!

Faster!

- \$60, \$80, \$100.

- Faster!

- I love this gig!

- Oh good!

I like that!

Keep going like that.

#... Counting all

my regrets about you #

Thought about me

Thought about all

the things we'd ever be #

Thought about you

Thought about me

Thought about all

the things we'd never be... #

Smile, would ya?

Whoa!

Come here.

I thought about you

Whoa!

Whoo!

- In her spare time,
she liked to write stories
for movies,
which she called "treatments".
Um, she would make me read them
while she watched.

- Turn the page, already!

- I-- Give me a minute!

- Aw! Parrots read
faster than you.

- OK, you know what?

I--I need to concentrate.

So...

- Hey!

Excuse me!

Hey! Don't throw your cigarette
on the ice like that!

- Why don't you
have me arrested then?

- I'd do better than that.

How 'bout that, huh?

Ow! What--

- Pick up the cigarette!

- I'm not gonna--

What's your problem?

- You're the only one here
that's smoking!

- "It's the year 2037.

"The heroine Rose
has travelled back in time
"to try advert
the Titanic disaster,
"but none of the pig-headed men
of the shipping company
"have listened to her pleas
"and the ship has sailed anyway
"and crashed into the iceberg
all over again,

"proving Rose's theory
that men never learn,
"they just keep on making
the same mistakes
"over and over again,
"but each time
in nicer... pants.
- Oh, Jack. You get on the trunk
and I'll get in the water.
- No, Rose.
I'll be fine.
I'll freeze to death.
At least you'll live.
- Oh, Jack, shut up, would you?
You're so damn dramatic.
You get on the trunk.
Stay close, darling!
- OK.
Tell the band to play on!
Women and children first!
- Aren't you cold?
- I'm fine!
Don't be
such a pussy, Jack.
I'm was king of the world!
- I have to say
I found the Rose/Jack
relationship a little troubling,
but I kept that to myself.
- What? What do you--
- Pick up that cigarette!
- Hang-- hang on!
- Get back here!
All I want you to do
is pick up the cigarette!
- You're a little bit nuts!
- Come here!
- Get away from me!
- Whoa!
- Charlie! Oh!
Are you OK?
- Definitely not.
- Hey! Fifty bucks
for your cart.

- I love New York!
- How's your head?
Is it OK?
- I hear a hum.
- So what did you think
of the treatment?
- The-- I think--
Uh, I think--
I think it's a love story,
and that they should
be nicer to each other.
- It's not a love story.
Charlie, it's a story about how
men can't handle big trouble.
- Um, well, I think
people are still gonna want
to see them kiss.
- Well, maybe people shouldn't
always get what they want!
- I tried to tell him...
- OK.
- Look, don't patronize me,
Charlie, OK?
You know what? Like I care
what you think anyway!
- Don't make eye contact.
Don't look. Come on!
- OK, you know what, Jordan?
I--I--I like you.
And the last 3 days have been,
uh, some of the most
interesting--
if not, painful-- of my life.
But my brain is haemorrhaging
and my career is ruined
and I just think it's
better if we part ways.
- Ha!
- OK, but your head'll clot.
And you know what?
Did you think that maybe
you were meant for better
than a career with
the Tiller King Company?

- No!

- Here.

- What? Where are we?

- You're fine.

You may have some
headaches for a while.

- No shit!

- Take Tylenol, not Advil.

And, uh, don't go
to sleep tonight.

- Really?

- Yeah, you have
a level one concussion.
Just in case.

- OK.

- And I think it would be best
if you didn't
see my daughter again.

- Um, you speaking as my doctor
or as her father?

- Jordan tells me
that you're the young man
that brought her
home the other night.

- I am.

- It seems to me that
whenever you two get together,
someone becomes separated
from his senses.
You're obviously
a bad influence on her.

- I'm a bad influence on her?

- Would you disagree?

- No, sir, I would not.

Thank you.

- I'm sorry about him.
You know, ever since
the fiance,
he's been really
overprotective and--

- Yeah, no, he's your dad.

Um, you know,
he's just lookin' out for you.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Um...

Take care of your head.

- Yeah, you too.

- You're intrigued by this girl?

- No, no, I'm not.

Who would be
intrigued by a hot,
mysterious, passionate,
possibly bi-polar, violent,
drunken, arrogant, rude...
woman?

- There are people.

- Don't go to sleep, man!

- Aw!

- Don't sleep! The doctor
said I gotta stay up.

- So don't go to sleep!

Leave me alone!

- The next few weeks
passed without incident.

Leo got to the Existentialists,
and rented Horny House-Fraus 6.

And I was making progress
rehabilitating myself
with the Tiller King Company.

Tomorrow's my birthday
and I want to spend it with you.
You decide how, but it has
to be the best birthday ever.

Humming

Humming

- Hey! Hey, kid, is this
a subway platform
or your own personal
piece of drawing paper?

- Mom!

- Um, he's like 5, Jordan.

- What did I do wrong?

- Some people are bad, Tommy.

- Well--

- Like Uncle Herb in jail?

- Hey, here's the game.

When someone crosses that

red line with their left foot,
I win.

Right foot, you win.

- OK, what do we win?

- I don't know

What do you suggest?

- A kiss?

- A kiss.

A kiss, everybody!

Can you believe it?

He wants a kiss!

- OK, OK!

You decide what then.

- I was thinking,

like, a slap.

- Like you need

a game for that?

- Well, you can slap me too!

- I don't want--

Why would I want--

- Just-- Shh!

Here we go. Here we go.

Whistling Pachelbel's Canon

Is that what you call a slap?

- I--I'd call it not wanting--

You didn't see what foot--

- Yes, I did.

- You were looking at me!

- Was not!

- He came from

the other direction!

- We never specified direction!

- OK, well, you're--

- Hey, no blocking!

Pachelbel's Canon

What?

#

Oh boy!

- Just stop!

- OK!

Stop it! Stop it!

- Truce! Truce.

- Truce?

- Help a poor marching

band get a new tuba?

All right! Thanks, man!

- You're too kind
for your own good.

- You know what?

I know...

that you don't
really want to hurt me.

- Well, I know that you deserved
every slap that you got.

- I know you don't mean that.

- Game over.

- I got you, don't worry.

- Here.

- You're falling.

Hey, got--

- What kind of
stupid idea is this? Whoa!

- Jesus!

OK, you're good.

- Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine.

- Just let go.

- Let go! Let go!

- You want-- you sure?

OK, here.

- I'm fine.

- OK.

- Oh! OK.

- Here you go.

- Thank you.

- An amusement park, you know?

I love amusement parks!

- Yeah, but it's my birthday.

- I know! That's why

we're at the--

- Right.

- The amusement... park.

Come on! Come on!

First in 10 from the Jets...

- Why don't you think about it?

Want to keep track.

Boom. Thank you.

- You owe me one, Leo.

A huge one.

- T-minus 10 minutes
till music and fireworks.

- Mmm.

- It starts off kind
of slow, but it gets--

- Ha! Oh my god!

- Hands on your heads.

- Are you part of it? Because--

- I said hands on your heads!
What are you doing here?

- Uh, it's a very special
birthday celebration.
What are you doing here?

- I'm hiding out.

- Great! This is really great.

- I'm not happy about it either.

- Hands on your heads and move!

- Best birthday ever.

- "One should recall
what one owes--"

- Hey! Hey!

Was a crazy guy with a
machine gun part of the program?

- No.

- I'm just saying--

- But I asked for one thing.

- When have you not had a good
time at an amusement park,
besides this time?

- Shut up!

What is your relationship?

- We're just friends, sir.

- Bullshit!

One look at you two,
I know that's not true.

- Give me my jacket.

Where's my manual?

- I had a girlfriend too.

- Oh, I'm not his girlfriend.

- For a year and a half.

But then, when I enlisted,
she left me for this Frenchman!
Can you believe it?
A Frenchman!

We had a dog!
Yorkshire terrier.
Rufus.
But you know what?
Fuck Rufus!
'Cause he too
now seems to love the Frenchman!
- Uh, who do I--
- I gotta have my manual.
- Hello? Hello?
- Where's my manual?
- So tonight, at lights out,
grabbed my weapon,
and I came to kill them,
Rufus included.
But they weren't home.
I have the worse luck.
- I'm sorry.
Had we known, we would've
gone to Six Flags.
- I'm on hold.
- I got it! I found the manual.
- I change my mind.
I'm not gonna kill them.
- I'm gonna kill myself.
- Uh, well, that's
sad to hear, but if--
- You know, I heard when you
fire a bullet into your head,
your entire skull explodes.
You know, as opposed to this
sort of little, red bullet-hole
thing you see in the movies.
- What's the difference?
You're dead!
- Why kill yourself?
It's not gonna make her
come back to you.
- But it'll put me
out of my misery.
And it'll hurt her.
She'll never be the same.
- You're wrong, 'cause time
will pass, and she'll be fine.

- How do you know?
- Because that's
the way it works.
- How do you know?
- It has to be.
- So then I'm screwed.
If I kill myself, it
accomplishes nothing,
plus I'm dead.
If I don't, I get court-
martialled for desertion.
- Of the two, I would go with
the court martial though.
Good luck!
- You know what?
Your eyebrows remind me
of the Frenchman's
- Take me. Let her go.
- What?
- Jordan, it's been very nice
getting to know you a little.
Um, happy birthday.
- No.
- This is between you and me.
Let her go.
- Drop your weapon!
- I will not!
You drop your weapons!
- No, you drop your weapon!
- You drop your weapons!
- Wait!
- You drop your weapon!
- You can't make me!
- Yes, I can!
- You drop your weapon!
- No, you!
- Just wait a second!
Just please, wait!
- No, you!
- Wait a minute!
Listen to me!
You're girlfriend, she
broke your heart, didn't she?
- Yes!

- She left you.

She broke her promise
and betrayed you.

- Yes!

Yes, she did.

- Some of us are
meant to suffer!

Some of us are
led to believe
that we have
this certain destiny,
and then it just
gets snatched away.

But we have to stay alive.

Because we have to see...

how the story ends.

Right?

Please.

- Hey!

If you're smart

you'll stay with her!

She's a great girlfriend!

I can tell.

Suspect is down!

I say again:

suspect is down!

- We're just friends.

So that's what you think?

- Not exactly, um,

I--I--I hadn't--

I--I don't know what category.

- Listen!

We're seeing each other.

- We are?

- Of course.

- OK!

Her birthday was

an unmitigated disaster,

but all things considered...

- Come on!

-...I felt pretty good,

because I had seen

the depth of her soul,

and I found out
we were seeing each other.

- Gotcha!
- Hey! Let's do this.
- Oh, yeah!
- Oh!
- Aah!
- Whoops!

Oh! Wait!

Pachelbel's Canon

- Ow! Ow! Ow!
- Some days with her were...
painful.

OK, Rork wins

- Roark!
- So, are there
any questions about...
- But hours without her
were even worse.

Hi. Waiting.

- You look just like him.
- Uh, I've been told.
- You're his brother?
- Cousin.
- Ah!

I miss him and your aunt.
They came in here
every Sunday for years,
always took
the same table.
She's hardly
been back since.

- Um--
- You miss me?
- Yeah.
- Great. Thank you!
- Certainly.
- I have a present for you.
- Do you?
- Ta-da!
- Oh, good!
- What?

You don't wanna read it?

- No, I--I--

I most certainly do.

Thank you.

Bounty hunter.

- It's a Western!

And the outlaw's name is Chuck!

- The heroine was

a mysterious bounty hunter,

who arrived one day

from parts unknown.

- The Bounty Hunter!

It's good title!

- It's a great title!

- Read it.

- I'm not good at
reading and talking.

- Read it!

- OK, I'm reading it.

- Are you reading it?

- I am, uh, reading it.

- Just picture it, OK?

Come on! Come on! Come on!

Do-do-do! Do-do-do!

Oh, how you'll like it!

- She kills him.

What a shock!

Only then does she reveal

where she came from...

The future.

- Isn't it great?

- Ooh! It's, uh...

It is...

It's is...

Uh... question.

Why, uh, why does the heroine

always come from the future?

- Because I believe

in time travel.

I believe that in the future

it's already been invented,

and that there are people from

the future with us as we speak.

And I think that one day,

I will eventually meet

someone from the future.

- I'm sure you will then.

- I have another
present for you.

- OK.

What is that?

- You've been granted an
interview with the vampire.

A regional sales manager
named Mr. Phipps,
who will be selecting
Tiller King management trainees.
Drinks tomorrow.

His hotel.

- OK, that is great news.

Um, where did you get this?

- Your mailbox.

- You went through my mail?

Why would you go--

That's illegal! You're not--

- Are we gonna argue about that?

- Yes!

- Or are you gonna have
a great dinner tonight,
wake up tomorrow and have
an amazing interview
and call me the second
that it's done.

- What a city, huh, Charlie?

- Yes, sir!

Yes, sir, Mr. Phipps.

- You know,

I can never remember.

Is the Bronx up
or the Battery down
or the Battery up
and the Bronx down?

- First one, I think.

- Right! Right!

Sure!

- Drinks, gentlemen?

- Diet Pepsi, please.

- And for you?

- 2 Diet Pepsis, comin' up!

- So, Charlie!

Your dad works at the
maintenance facility
in French Lick?

- Uh, 27 years, sir, yes.

- Looked him up.

He is a model employee.

I mean, you only wish
every employee was cut

from the same cloth!

if you're a chip off

that block, let me tell you,

I think your chances

are pretty good indeed.

- Uh, that is--

- All right!

- Diet Pepsi for you.

Diet Pepsi for you!

Oops!

And a double tequila for me!

Charlie, push over.

- You two know each other?

- Uh, this, uh,

this is Mr. Phipps.

This is Jordan Roark.

We are-- She--

We're--

we're seeing each other.

- Well!

- Oh!

- It's a pleasure to
meet you, Miss Roark.

- Oh, well the pleasure
is all mine, Mr. Phipps.

- To the Tiller King Company!

- Yes, indeed!

- Oh boy!

- Oh!

Oh.

Dmitri!

Can I get another one?

- Right away!

- Oh, I'm sorry,

did you-- anything else?

- No, no, no.

We're good.

- Uh, Mr. Phipps--

- How did you two
meet each other?

- Uh--

- Well, it depends
on who you believe.

Either I got drunk and passed
out in the subway platform,
or he drugged me.

- She's so silly!

- I see!

- Tequila? Double?

- Yes, thank you!

To the Tiller King
Company! Whoo!

- Righty-o!

- Cheers!

- Righty-o!

- Um, as I was, uh...

- Ah!

-...saying about
the annual report, uh...

- Dmitri! Another!

- Got it!

- Oh, there I go again.

Anyone else?

- No.

- No, thank you.

- Oh boy!

- Um, I, uh--

- How long have
you two been together?

- Oh, not very long.

We're still in
the beginning phases.

I haven't seen his penis yet.

- There you are!

- Ha ha!

Tequila double.

Thank you!

Hey! Do not lose that bottle!

- I won't!

- To the King Killerton...

Tiller King,

King Tiller. Whatever!

Cheers.

Oh god!

- She's, um--

- That is wrong, but so good!

- She's-- She's uh...

She's gone through

a lot recently.

- Charlie?

- Yeah, yeah.

You're-- You OK?

Oh, OK.

It's OK. It's OK.

- Oh god!

- I should get her--

- Can I help you?

- No, no, no!

It's easy as pie.

Um, a pleasure, sir.

Really, I look forward to, um,

to--to hearing from you and--

- Give me a call.

- I'm gonna get her

outta here. I'm sorry.

Bye!

- To the Killer Ting!

- Shh!

- I'm concerned, Charlie.

I mean, I get it.

This girl's smart,

she's interesting,

she's insanely hot,

she's making you live.

So what I'm going to say,

should be heard within

that context.

OK.

She's a friggin' nut!

She's bent on destroying you

in every way possible,

your physical person,

your emotional person,

your personal person!

Add those things up,
that's a whole person!
Now, there's something
to be said for being
exquisitely tortured
and financially bled.
As long as
it's by the right girl.
What bothers me
is that while you do perform
many of the traditional
functions of a boyfriend,
you are not,
it is my understanding,
sleeping with her.
Is that correct?
- You know, it is possible
for two people
to have a relationship
without sleeping together.
- Yes, and they have
a word for that.
Friendship.
- Oh, sure, yeah!
Where'd you get that?
Your German porn collection?
Everything will work
itself out in due time.
She is still getting over
her break-up.
- Forget about the sex then.
Let's just talk about what
the sex brings with it:
mainly, a little emotional
investment on her part.
In the absence of which,
she could really wind up
killing you, Charlie.
- OK, all right.
On the reasons-to-
stop-seeing-her side, we have
One, on-going physical danger.
Two, high likelihood
of a broken heart.

Three, uh, career sabotage.
Four, she is clinically insane.
Five, she seems to enjoy
my pain.
Six...
14-piece match set of
Louis Vuitton emotional baggage.
Seven, I haven't even
kissed her yet for god's sake!
Uh, 5, 6, 7...
Eight, she's ruining my life.
- And the reasons
to keep seeing her?
- I'm in love with her.
- Hello.
- I'm sorry about the interview.
- Yeah, I really wish
you hadn't done that.
I couldn't let you just give
your life and your brain
to those people.
- I want to give my life
and my brain to those people.
- No, you don't!
Just think of it as
me saving you from yourself.
- I see.
Come on, Charlie,
that's why human beings exist!
To save each other
from ourselves.
- It's an interesting theory.
- I still wanna
make it up to you.
Tomorrow's our 33rd day
since we met.
- Is it?
- Meet me at
Arts and Sciences, Room 105,

at 1:

tomorrow afternoon.
And bring a single red rose.
- No! No!

No! You know what?
You can't--
You can't, uh,
just boss me around, you know?
Enough is enough.
Hello? Are you there?
Are you there?
Hello? Hello?
OK.
- Aw, crap!
Uh...
OK, uh, one single red rose,
like she said.
Pachelbel's Canon #

Whatever she was going through,
it was beyond anything
in my experience,
and beyond my ability to fix.
I had no right to judge her.
If I chose to stay with her,
knowing the risks,
all I could do
was give her love and respect...
and see how the story would end.

- I don't wear underwear
on days I play the piano.
- Really.
- Should we get out of here?
- Yeah.
- Uh--
Aw, my feet are killing me.
- I could give
you a foot rub.
- No, no, we'll
just exchange shoes.
- What?
- No!
No!
- Fine!
- Fine!
- # Dum-dee-dum-
dee-dee-do-dee #

These aren't gonna work.

- That's what I thought.

We didn't know if it was sleeping, or whatever, and so he was like:

"Why don't you throw a rock at it?"

And I was like:

you throw a rock at it.

By this point,

we were only 7 years old.

I didn't know if I was right or left-handed--

- I bet the water isn't very deep. What do you think?

- Uh, I was-- I was kind of in the middle of a--

I don't know.

I don't have any way to--

- Why don't you come sit up here and tell me what you think?

- That's not gonna help me fi--

It's kind of dangerous, actually.

We can go to tourist information, or maybe on the Internet.

- Charlie, don't be such a wuss!

I just wanna know how deep it is!

- I'm not a wu--

There's a sign!

It's forbidden!

- Yeah, OK.

Just finish your story.

- Whoa!

- Whoopsie!

- Why me?

- Well, that's surprisingly deep.

Charlie!

- OK, OK.
- Was that deep enough for you?
- So it's true?
- What?
- You don't wear
underwear on recital days.
- I never lie.
- Oh, wow!
Oh! Damn it!
- Yes! Yes!
- Sorry.
I'm sorry!
- Great!
- Um, sorry.
- Jordan.
- It's late.
- Could be worse.
- Good night, young man.
- It's OK.
- I--I'm sorry.
- I said goodnight, young man.
- Dad, enough, OK?
I'm allowed to have
whoever I want over.
- I'm sick and tired of it.
I've had it!
- I don't want to
hear it anymore!
-...loss of control
over yourself!
I told you not to
see him anymore!
Do you understand me?
- What you're trying
to do is not helping.
- How do you know what
I'm trying to do?
- You know what--
- I'm trying to make
you responsible...
I've seen faces around #
- I didn't hear from her
for a couple weeks.
While many often

bring me down #
Three weeks, actually.
Spin me around... #
And 4 days... 9 hours,
20 minutes,
6 and a half seconds...roughly.
This crazy situation's been
runnin' my mind... #
To satisfy my superstitions #
You see me runnin'... #
- I have to go to the bathroom.
- OK!
With superstitions #
- Whoa!
Need contradictions #
For my superstitions #
- Hello.
- It's me.
- Hi.
- Come to the restaurant
near the park.
Now.
- Uh, why?
- 'Cause there's someone
I want you to meet.
- Who?
- A guy.
- I can't.
- Why not?
- I am out with a girl.
- No, you're not.
- Yeah, I am.
- Are you on your way?
- No, I'm not coming!
Nice penis. Gotta go!
- That was really, really nice.
- You should've called me.
Why didn't you call me?
- I know,
I shouldn't be drinking.
- I told you!
- Hello?
- Hi!
I'm Jean-Jacques.

It's nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

- Please, have a seat.

- Were you really
with a girl?

- No, I was with a guy.

- I knew it.

- Well, uh, Charlie,
I've heard a lot about you.

- Have you?

- I understand you're
a good friend of Jordan's.

- That's right.

- Would you excuse me, please?

- Where's Charlie?

- He left.

He said he had to study.

- Oh.

- You were right.

I liked him very much.

In fact, he gave me 10 rules
to follow in our relationship,
which I thought was
a little odd, but generous.

- What were they?

- Let's see.

First, don't let her drink.

When she does,
use the fireman's carry.

Be prepared to go to jail.

- Don't expect
a lot of help from her dad.

Whatever you think
is gonna happen next,
you're wrong.

If her feet hurt,
exchange shoes with her.

Learn to say
the following phrase
over and over to yourself:
It's all part of the charm.
On your 33rd day together,
bring her a single rose.

Give it to her

in her recital class.
If she says she's
gonna kill you,
don't assume
it's a metaphor.
She likes to write.
Encourage her.
And finally,
your time with her
will be the happiest
you've been in your life.
Enjoy every second.
- Hey, watch out!
- Charlie.
Wake up!
Hey, wake up!
- What?
Attention passengers on...
downtown platform.
- What kind of diction
is that?
How could anyone
understand you?
- Should I make the
announcement at all?
Because I could
easily forget the whole--
- I would rather,
if you're gonna do
something nice for someone,
that you did it
properly and well.
- This PA system is
50 years old!
If the queen of England made
the announcement
you wouldn't understand it!
- The queen wouldn't step foot
in this shithole!
- I'll tell you what.
You make the announcement.
We'll see if
you can do any better.
- Well, it couldn't

be any worse, right?

Let's see.

- Charlie? I'm sorry.

He's just a guy my father
made me go out with.

- Sorry!

- Every second

I was with him,

I was wishing it was you,

and that's why

I called you tonight.

I couldn't take it anymore.

- That's him!

- Charlie, I need you.

Please, come to the
station master's office, OK?

She's this rat-faced
woman, all right?

But she'll let you in.

OK? She's on the second floor.

Charlie, please, just come
to the station master's office.

I'm sorry.

Just don't...

Don't leave me.

Charlie!

- Charlie!

Praise Jesus!

All right?

You can go now.

Wait! Who said
you could hug me?

- Nobody!

- I like the way
you handle me. Come on!

- That night, all she wanted
to do was dance.

You and I

Alone in the night

Dancing to the rhythm

Of a love shining so bright

I can't take my eyes off you

Tell me darling

if it's true #

The skies smile
from high above #
I'm in love #
Takin' a chance #
That this
restless summer night #
Gave us a fine romance #
- Whoa!
When you're near me #
I fall like
an evanescent star #
Smiling from high above #
I'm in love #
- But unfortunately she
drank too much and passed out.
I'm in love #
I'm in love #
Sir...
Would you mind, uh, taking
the long way through the park?
- Hey, Charlie!
How's it goin'?
- Good, Jimmy!
Thank you.
- OK. Oh!
Oh, here we go.
- She's-- she's--
- OK!
- OK.
- Hello, Miss Roark.
How you doin'?
- Good.
- Thank you.
- Yep! See you
next Thursday!
- Hello.
- Are you thinking about me?
- Yeah, um,
are you feeling beter?
- Yes.
- What are you
laughing at?
- Write me a letter telling
me how you feel about me.

In truthful prose that is
deeply moving and not baroque.

Don't overwrite.

I cannot bear that.

- OK.

- I'm gonna write

a letter to you

telling you how

I feel about you.

- Are you?

- Mm-hmm. And believe me,

my letter is going to be

extremely well-written.

- I'm sure.

- So work hard on your letter.

Otherwise you're gonna be

embarrassed by the comparison.

- I will!

- Bring it to Central Park.

I'll meet you at the

promenade at 2:

- OK.

- Write well.

- Yeah, um, you too.

- Oh, I will.

- What?

Do you suppose

someone could be heard

from all the way

at the other end?

- Yeah!

Well, no.

May--

Maybe. Maybe.

It's very far.

I think-- I think if you had one

person who was extremely loud

and the other person

had good hearing.

- Go over there.

I'll scream something from

here and answer if you hear me.

- You want me to go

all the way down there?

Just so you can...

- Yeah.

- All the way down
to the end?

- Yes.

Charlie!

Can you hear me?

Charlie, can you hear me?

I'm sorry!

I'm so sorry, I--

I can't help it.

I--

I can't help it!

I thought I was different!

I thought I was stronger,
but I'm not.

- Why do we have
a cocktail shaker?

Were you crying before?

- It's a time capsule.

Give me your letter.

- Why?

- We're gonna put 'em
in here and bury them,
and exactly a year from now,
we're gonna come back
and we're gonna dig it up,
read the letters, and maybe
then we'll have the answer.

- What's the question?

- The question is,
are we going to be together?

- Well, I'm glad
that's the question.

Why do we have to wait
a year to find out?

- I explain it in my letter.

- Which I have to wait a year
to read.

A year is a long time.

A lot can happen.

- Yeah.

We'll meet back here,

under the tree,
exactly a year from now.

At 2:

I put a record on #
- Good?
- Yeah.
Put it on and sing along
with you #
Sing along with you #
Come on.
And that's OK by me #
That's OK #
You take the first one.
Because in a way I'm free... #
- We could ride together.
- No, I'll take the next one.
If I don't say goodbye to you
now, I won't be able to.
- Then don't.
- I have to.
- Why?
- It's in the letter.
I will try #
- Right.
And dry my eyes #
And I'm OK
if we're drinkin' #
Grab a beer
and disappear with me #
Disappear with me #
And I put a record on #
I put it on
and get it one with you #
Get it on with you #
- Jordan?
- Charlie!
This time #
Charlie?
You'll find #
Where are you?
Charlie!
Some other
gonna mess your mind #

It's too late or too soon #
Some other gonna come #
Come too soon #
Put it on #
I will try and dry my eyes #
Put it on #
- I knew what she'd be thinking.
We were meant to be separated.
So that's how we broke up.
Among my goals
for the next year,
were to improve myself for
when we got back together.
It wasn't gonna be easy.
I had what you call
"poor hand-eye coordination",
and no natural buoyancy.
Oh!
But what I lacked in ability,
I made up for in determination.
Within 6 months,
I was beating Mr. Snapperstein.
- Oy!
- I could swim the crawl.
And, my kendo instructor
stopped calling me
"He Who Dies Repeatedly".
I filed a Hail Mary application
with the Tiller King people.
But I didn't hold out
a lot of hope.
As a backup,
I took Estate Planning,
which was only slightly
less boring than actually dying.
Leo met new
and interesting people.
Um, this was before anyone peed.
My feelings for Jordan
didn't diminish at all.
But then, I didn't want them to.
- Oh!
- Whoa!
- You have to go out

with other people.
You can't just sit
around waiting for a year.
- Because it's unwatchable!
- Jordan.
- Why not?
- Because what would
be the point?
- Twelve.
Just go out with
12 regular girls,
as a personal favour to me.
- Eight.
- Ten
- Ten.
- I mean, I wouldn't mind...
She won't stop
to teach them all... #
- Sort of like an MBA
in the mind, huh?
- Yeah.
- Um, um, uh...
- If you knew that, you wouldn't
have done that. Or would you?
- Um...
- I'm sorry!
- I, uh, OK.
- C-H-E-R-R-I-S
- Tremendously...
- Yeah, I don't think
this is gonna work.
- Anyway, it made
the time go by faster.
Finally, the day came.
I-- I was a little nervous.
A little bit, you know.
Slightly on edge.
- Want me to go with you?
- Why would I--
Why would I possibly?
- OK.
- But thank you.
- That's the bathroom.
- I know!

I was, of course, early
and she was, of course, late.
I didn't start to worry

until 2:

Uh, by 3:

to wait just a little longer,

but by 4:

I had to face facts.
She wasn't coming.
And there was
only one thing to do.
- Dear Charlie.
Hi. How was your year?
Charlie, I have some things
to tell you.
When we first met,
I said that my fiance
had broken up with me.
That was a lie.
Truth is he passed away.
All he said in his note
was that he was sorry,
but that there was
too much pain.
I was devastated.
I couldn't accept it.
You know, I began to drink,
which, as you've seen,
I'm not very good at.
Oh, and I was frequently brought
home by strangers in taxi cabs,
and that's why my father
acted the way
he did towards you.
Honestly, if you ever get to
know him, he's a very nice man.
I was very close
to my fiance's mother.
I tried to go see her
a little while after he died.
She said she had a great guy

she wanted to introduce me to.
I couldn't bear
the thought of it.
And then I met you.
You reminded me of him.
You were both strong and kind
and confident...
in your own way.
Charles Bellow.
- Charlie.
- Hmm. You even look like him.
And there were
many other parallels.
They were small,
but they seemed important.
He and I met
on a subway platform.
Just as you and I met.
Like you, he carried
a handkerchief.
I was very sick at the time
and he took care of me...
like you did.
As you and I
got to know each other,
I felt the cloud begin
to lift a little bit.
I thought this was because
of the similarities
between you and him.
And so I decided
that you and I
would do everything
he and I had done.
That way, it would be almost
like he had never died
and the pain would stop.
Because on
our 33rd day together,
he brought a rose to my class,
I asked you to do the same.
Because he and I planned
our future under this tree,
I chose it

for you and me as well.
Because he and I had
a favourite restaurant...
Cheers!
I brought you there.
And because he died
in the ocean...
I pushed you to go in...
and then saved you.
All of this was crazy
and selfish and wrong, I know.
But grief can make us crazy.
Anyway, it didn't work
And at a certain point,
I realized I didn't like you
because you were like him.
- Whoa!
- I liked you
because I liked you.
But every time
I started to be happy,
I would stop myself.
It felt wrong to be happy.
It felt wrong to let go,
to just forget about him,
even for just a minute.
It felt like
I was betraying him.
All I could do was hurt you
and that's not me, Charlie.
That's not me at all.
And someday,
I hope I can show you as much.
Something had to be done.
In order for us to have
a chance in the future,
I had to make a break
with the past.
And for this,
I needed time.
I hope I've healed during
our year apart.
And that I'm sitting with you
while you read this.

But if I'm not...
It's not because
I don't love you.
Because I do.
And it's not because
I don't miss you.
Because I miss you already.
It'll just mean
that I'm not better.
And that the story
isn't over yet.
Will you wait for me, Charlie?
Can you wait?
With all my heart,
I hope you can.
Love, Jordan.

- Sir, is everything OK?

- Yes.

Oh, yes.

Forgive me for staring.

When I was younger, I would've
tried to be more discreet.

But at my age,

I don't pretend anymore.

What's the point?

- I understand.

- So it's OK

with you if I stare?

- Stare away if you'd like.

- That's great.

Thank you, thank you.

- Is this your tree?

Yes.

Well, not exactly,

but this tree

and I have a secret.

- You do!

So do this tree and I.

- Is this your rock pile?

- Yes.

- What does it mark?

- Well...

A year and a day ago,
my boyfriend and I,

we buried letters here.
We promised to meet back
a year later to read them,
but I didn't show up yesterday.

- I see.

- What's your secret?

- Tell me, have
you been back here
since you buried
the letters?

- No.

- Do you know what's
happened in the meantime?

- No.

- Look closely at the tree.
Does it look as
you remembered it?

- Oh, uh, at first I thought so,
but now I'm not so sure!

- Four months ago,
the tree that was standing here
was struck and killed
by lightning.
The young man who replaced
the tree comes here quite a lot.
We've spoken once or twice.

- You can traumatize
the roots. I read it.

- What are you,
Martha Stewart?

- He tells me
it's very important
that there be a tree here.
Do you suppose he's the one
with whom you buried
the letters?

- Yeah.

- He's very nice.
Very strong in his way.

- Yeah, he is.

- Now, does the fact
that you've come here today
mean that you're healed?
Yeah, I read your letters.

I'm sorry.

It's very wrong of me,
but it gets very boring just
coming, sitting here sketching.

Besides, I told you,
old people just do
what they want.

- It's OK.

- So... are you ready
to be with him now?

- Well, I wouldn't have
come if I wasn't ready.

- Great.

That's wonderful.

Come on, I want you to
read the letter and call him.

I'll help you dig.

- Uh...

- What?

- Well, I'll read his letter,
but I'm not gonna call him.

- What are you nuts?

After all you've been through?

- If it was meant to be,
I would've been healed
by yesterday.

- What kind of nonsense is that?

Yesterday was one day ago.

Your healing was
off by one day?

- One very important day.

Destiny has spoken.

And to search for him,
would be like trying to
shape and mould destiny
and that just can't
be a good idea.

- Just suppose that the
shaping and moulding of destiny
is in fact your destiny.

- Ha! I never thought
about it like that.

- I'll tell you what destiny
means if you really wanna know.

That's the least I can do
for you letting me stare.

- What does it mean?

- Destiny is the bridge
you build

to the one you love.

- Yeah, but if it's meant to be,
it's meant to be, right?

- Aw!

I've been hearing people
say that to me for 78 years,
and I gotta tell you,
it really pisses me off!

OK, I'll leave you
to your letter.

It's not polite
for me to stay.

Besides, you're going to cry.

It's very moving.

He must've written
many drafts.

I wish you a story
with a happy ending...
and the wisdom to look for it.

- Thank you.

- I got the job.

- That's fantastic, Charlie!

- That's unbelievable!

- Yeah, you have no idea.

Um, here's the thing.

- Yeah?

- Uh-huh?

- I don't wanna work for
Tiller King.

- Why not?

- I--I'm sorry.

I ju-- I don't.

- Well, wha--

What are you
gonna do then?

- I'm gonna live.

Dear Jordan,

This is the story

of the first and last time

I ever fell in love.
And of the beautiful,
complicated, fascinating woman
who inhabits my soul.
I'm pretty sure
you're gonna leave me tomorrow,
so I better say this
while I have the chance.
Whether we're together or apart,
You will always be
the woman of my life.
The only man I will ever envy
is the man who wins your heart,
and I will always believe it was
my destiny to be that man.
If we never
see each other again,
and you're out walking one day
and you feel
a certain presence beside you...
that will be me...
loving you...
wherever I am.
- I mean, should I
just forget about her?
I should forget about her.
Because, realistically,
it's-- I mean...
Realistically, could we
ever really be together
is the question, you know?
And where is the line between
romantic and delusional?
And how--how do you know
once you've crossed
said line, you know?
Do we live in the physical
world that we can touch,
or do we live in the world
we create in our minds?
You should be a business major.
Excuse me, I said sparkling.
- Oh, there she is!
Oh, you've gotten

even more beautiful.

- Oh, please!

You've not aged a day!

- Oh!

So, how are you?

- I'm good.

Yeah.

- Somewhere in heaven,
my son is sad.

- No. No, no, no.

He's not.

- Oh.

No, you're right.

He's happy for you.

I'm happy for you.

- Thank you.

- So, shall I tell
you about this boy?

- Oh--

- He's the one I wanted
to introduce you to
a year and a half ago,
but neither of you showed up.

He's a business student.

- Aunt Sally!

- He's very, very smart.

So handsome.

Jordan.

This is Charlie.

- Oh...

- I'm-- I'm sorry.

Am I--

Do you two know each other?

- And that's how
the story ended.

Or, in a sense, how it began.

- I told you I'd meet a man
from the future.

- Not bad, huh?

And as for the question
of destiny,

all I know is that even
when destiny really wants
to accomplish something,

it can't do it alone.
You still have to go
to that restaurant.
You still have to show up.
You still have to build a
bridge to the one you love.