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# My Super Ex-Girlfriend

By Don Payne

- Move!  
- Let's go, let's go!  
We did it, right?  
Whoa! What the hell are you doing?  
- G-Girl!  
- It's G-Girl!  
Gun!  
G-Girl! G-Girl! G-Girl! G-Girl!  
Wow. If you could have any superpower,  
what would it be?  
The ability to blow myself.  
That's quite a visual.  
- But wouldn't it seem a little...  
- Gay?  
- No, not at all. Think about it.  
- Yeah, really? It seems that way.  
Oh, dude. Check her out.  
Ooh. Wow.  
What do we have here?  
Kind of uptight librarian on the outside,  
ready to rumble on the inside.  
- Go ask her out.  
- No. I'm not ready yet. I can't.  
Oh, Matt. You're killing me.  
Your last insane girlfriend dumped you,  
like, six months ago.  
I would have ploughed my way  
through half of SoHo by now.  
That's cos you're soulless and shallow.  
It is a blessing.  
Go over there. Talk to her. Do it.  
- Matt, say hi. Give me your bag. Come on.  
- OK, OK.  
Yes.  
All out. Be strong. Breathe.  
Eye of the tiger.  
Hi.  
Excuse me. I know I don't really know you,  
but you look like a very interesting person,  
so at the risk of totally humiliating myself,  
I thought perhaps sometime  
I might buy you a cup...  
No!  
It doesn't have to be a cup of coffee. It could

be whatever you want. A cup of anything.

Juice? Hey!

Hey!

Hey!

Hey!

Somebody stop that guy!

That's right. You better run, asshole!

Keep running, my man!

You don't want any of this. Keep running.

Yeah!

- What did you call me?

- Oh, shit!

What did you call me?

Idiot.

Come on! Get out of there.

Let's go! I know you're in there.

Get out of there!

Whoa!

Hey. How about it, huh?

So how about that cup of coffee?

Or it could be something more substantial.

- Like dinner?

- Yeah. That'd be great.

- Matt Saunders.

- Jenny Johnson.

Jenny Johnson. Wonderful name.

You got the whole alliteration thing going.

I grew up with a guy named

Francis Freddie Friedman.

A bit of a klepto, not the kind of guy you'd want over if you had spare cash laying out.

Yeah, right. Right.

So, um... May I get your number?

Oh, I'm sorry. I don't give it out.

Privacy issues. I'll take yours, though.

- OK. Actually, I don't think I have a pen.

- I do.

Thanks. Isn't this something women do just to blow off losers?

Yes, women do do that.

But that's not how I blow off losers.

Hey, Saunders, heads up.

- Oh, you have bad reflexes.

- You know, you're a danger in the workplace.

Do you have the bathroom layouts  
for the Beijing presentation?

- I'll take a look at those.
- I finished them up last night.
- Hey, Hannah.
- Hey, Vaughn.
- Looks good.
- Thank you.

What about... Is this OK?

It's a bit tight,  
but I talked to the structural engineer...

- How's your boyfriend? Isn't his name Rick?
- Steve. He's good.

He just got back from Milan. Look at this.

- Milan?
- Yes, his new Joe Boxer ad campaign.

Wow. He's buff. Are you into that?

I would think this is more your style.

What do you think?

Two months in a gym, a personal trainer and  
the right steroids, I look like that or better.

- Here you go.
- Thank you.
- What are you doing?!
- Huh?

Hey, Carla. Nothing. Just reshelving  
some reference material, trying to stay ahead.

- You were staring at her butt.
- He was?
- No. No, I was not.
- Yes, he was.

Hannah, as you know, we have  
a zero-tolerance policy for this behavior.  
I actually read that memo twice. I got it.  
You should be familiar with this part.  
Would you like to file a grievance  
at this time?

Um... I don't think so, Carla.

Because, as your supervisor, I am officially  
giving you that opportunity right now.

And I thank you for that,

but I think I'm just gonna let this one slide.

That's completely your decision.

- Will you sign a statement to that effect?

- Sure. Yes.  
You are lucky this time, Mr. Bottom Watcher.  
- Hello?  
- Matt? Hey. It's Jenny Johnson.  
- Hey, Jenny. I wasn't sure I'd hear from you.  
- So are we still on for dinner?  
- Dinner? Absolutely. That sounds great.  
- Is that a girl? A real, live girl?  
A great new Indian place on Madison  
just opened up. Eight o'clock?  
Indian? Love it. I'll see you tomorrow night.  
OK. Great. See you. Bye.  
Saunders! Do you have a date?  
Got a date. And it's a hot one.  
So the assistant curator job's  
really perfect for me.  
I was an art history major in college.  
It's the only thing I'm good at.  
At least, the only thing I'm good at  
I can make any money off.  
- That sounded like I was talking about sex.  
- No. No, it didn't.  
Believe me, I didn't mean sex.  
- I mean, I am good at sex.  
- I'm sure you are.  
- Now it sounds like I'm bragging.  
- No, no.  
I think I'm good at sex.  
I don't know, you decide.  
Me?  
But not tonight. It's our first date.  
Yeah.  
So what do you do?  
I'm a project manager at a design firm.  
We design and build private estates,  
libraries, hotels, that sort of thing.  
Yeah, right now, we're...  
- I'm sorry. Am I bothering you?  
- What?  
No. No. Um...  
I was just trying to listen to something.  
I don't hear anything.  
Excuse me. I'm sorry.  
I have to go to the bathroom.

Sure.

- Yo, how's it going?

- Well, she's a talker, yeah.

- Only question is, will you sleep with her?

- That's the only question, huh?

Yes. I'm not just talking about your date tonight. I am talking about life in general.

- That is the only question.

- What's going on there?

Uh, some big fire at 73rd and Broadway.

Everything's burning.

- Is anyone hurt?

- I don't know. Probably.

It's blocking my way to the gym.

My thoughts are with you  
in this time of crisis.

Wow! Oh, man!

- What's going on?

- It's G-Girl! She's doing her thing.

Are you serious? You lucky SOB.

I've never even seen her in person.

How does she look?

She looks...

- What?

- Blurry. But still pretty hot.

Yeah? What's she doing now?

She's spinning around  
like one of those things that spins.

Amazing. That's unbelievable.

Yeah. It's so cool.

Oh!

Yes. That's it, show's over.

She put the fire out. Fantastic.

G-Girl! G-Girl!

G-Girl! G-Girl! G-Girl!

Oh! OK.

And she's gone.

Flew off into the sunset. Amazing.

Unbelievable. Hey, why do you think  
they call her G-Girl?

I don't know, like, "gorgeous" or "G-force"?

I'm not really sure.

What do you think about "good kisser"?

I can't believe I missed that.

I'm eating Indian food.

Oh, wait, no, no. "Goddess woman".

- What about "G-spot"?

- I gotta go. Bye.

Whoo!

Huge line. Sorry.

It was a really, really long line.

- You got a little something on your chin.

- What? Oh. Oh.

- I hate when that happens.

- When what happens?

Mystery smudges.

- Gotta go to the bathroom.

- Um... You didn't just go to the bathroom?

Are you keeping track? That's kind of creepy.

- She sounds like a nutcase.

- So you're saying she's perfect for me?

Crazy women are attracted to you.

It's like you give off a scent.

You should do a background check on her.

What do you think? Shall we

keep these walls brick or make it stucco?

- Did you kick the plug?

- I don't know.

- Let me handle this one.

- All right.

- Don't do that.

- Don't do what? What are you talking about?

You mean this?

Hey!

Sexual harassment's a two-way street. Don't think cos I'm a guy you can manhandle me.

Hey! What the hell's going on here?

- Oh, no. Sorry, her...

- Steve.

Her computer had gone down.

I was plugging it back in.

- I'm screwing with you. I'm not worried.

- Oh. None taken.

- I missed you.

- I missed you too.

- Not here!

- Sorry.

See, Saunders? You need to be with someone

who appreciates you, like Steve here.  
Yeah. I'm looking for Mr. Right.  
Haven't found him yet, though. Not given up.  
- Steve Ballard. Nice to meet you.  
- This is Matt. You've met him, like, five times.  
- Oh, right, right. Sorry.  
- It's OK. I'm a very forgettable person.  
When I was growing up, I'd come down  
to breakfast and Mom would scream,  
call the cops on me.  
- It's a joke, right? Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
- It's a good one. Got me back.  
- Hey, baby, we should be going to lunch.  
Hey, Saunders, that woman is trouble.  
Do not call her.  
- OK, we're done.  
- What happened? We just started.  
That's it. No. I got a twinge.  
Dude, you should definitely call her back.  
- Yeah? You think I should?  
- Oh, yeah.  
Cos she's good to go.  
And you haven't gone in six months.  
Oh, yes. Plus, what's the downside?  
I don't know. She seems a little, uh...  
She's neurotic, you know. And distant.  
That's good. That's a good thing.  
Neurotic and distant is a very good thing.  
Yeah, neurotic women are hellcats in bed.  
Plus, if she's distant,  
you're both in it for the same thing.  
Coitus maximus.  
There's no, "Could she be the one? I'm falling  
hard for her" kind of crap to get in the way.  
It's just pure carnal nirvana.  
- Your argument's repugnant and intriguing.  
- That's kind of my thing.  
- Oh, hey.  
- Hi. Oh, wow. Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
- A rose.  
Different color roses mean different things.  
Red ones mean passion or love,



so this is great.  
But I'm not saying I think  
you're telling me that you love me.  
I mean, it's absurdly early for that.  
But you never know. Maybe someday.  
Or never. No pressure.  
Let me get us a cab. Taxi.  
Taxi!  
Hey, it's stopping.  
Here we go.  
You OK?  
At least we got a ride.  
Can we stop by the gallery?  
We opened a new show.  
Sounds great.  
Hey, thanks for stopping. Appreciate it.  
Wow.  
Wonder what she's looking at.  
Ouch! That's gotta hurt.  
So what do you think?  
It's interesting. And a little disturbing.  
I know. It's surprising  
how frightening things attract us.  
Matt, I have to help people every day,  
and nobody's ever helped me except you.  
You're my hero.  
I'm sorry. What is it? Tell me.  
It's your tongue. You're using it all wrong.  
- What are you talking about?  
- You shouldn't stick it out like a dead fish.  
You're supposed to flick it a little.  
I think that I was flicking it, wasn't I?  
I was doing that.  
- No. Not enough.  
- Really?  
I'm not used to having my tongue skills  
critiqued like this, OK?  
Maybe not to your face.  
Oh, man.  
Let me help you.  
Close your eyes.  
Now do what I do.  
So, uh... this is my place.  
I redesigned the space when I bought it.

- It's nice.

- Thank you.

This is the dining room.

Doesn't get a lot of use.

- Well, I could help with that.

- OK.

This is my fish. That's Biggie Smalls.

Hi, Biggie.

He's... he's never met a woman before.

Well, he's about to get an eyeful.

- Will you show me the rest of your place?

- OK.

I'll take you over to the kitchen.

That's the refrigerator.

I can get you a juice, a beer.

I'll make you anything. Yeah.

I'm not thirsty either.

- And this is the, uh...

- Bed.

Oh, that's a great sweater. Wow.

What a blouse.

Let me help with those buttons.

- I'm sorry. I need the, um...

- Oh, yeah. The bathroom? It's right there.

She goes to the bathroom a lot.

I'm ready.

That's what I call structural integrity.

All right! You should have  
been dressed like that all night.

You look great.

Let me help you with this.

Ooh.

- I must be a little nervous.

- It's OK.

I got a closet full of 'em.

Let me handle this one, though.

- Let's take care of these.

- OK.

Thanks.

Who'd have thought we'd have ended up  
like this after that day on the subway?

Ain't life grand?

- Matt?

- Yeah?

Do you mind if I get on top?

Trust me, it's better that way.

Are you ready?

- OK.

- OK.

Here we go.

Wow.

OK, I get it.

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Whoo! Whoo!

Oh, goddamn!

OK, now I need a break.

Agh!

I'm sorry. I'll get you a new one.

- A bed or a penis?

- Both.

There are three moments

I will remember until the day I die.

One, the look on my father's face  
when I graduated from Harvard Law School.

Two, helping a beached  
mother whale give birth.

And three,  
you and me together, here, tonight.

Don't speak to me again, ever.

Uh-oh. Oh, no.

Water, please. Got a big night.

No, no, no.

Don't tell me. You have invaded the  
female nation and spread your democracy.

What can I say? She's completely  
different than I thought she was.

- Hot, though, right?

- Unbelievably hot.

I don't even know if I should tell you this.

I don't know if you can handle it.

I can handle it. Please?

- She broke my bed.

- Wow.

Busted it to pieces.

- And that's a good thing, right?

- Yeah. That's a good thing.

- I'm gonna see her again today.

- What are you talking about?

No! You have sex with her once  
and then you move on.

Not if you get on the greatest ever roller  
coaster, you don't. You get back in that line.

Get in line, ride two or three more times,  
throw your hands in the air and scream.

But soon you're gonna end up nauseous.

Hey, guys.

- How are you guys doing?

- Keep that safety bar clamped down.

OK, I think you are gonna like this.

I have a little present for you, Saunders.

- Anything for me there?

- No. No, Vaughn.

- You have nice ears.

- Thank you.

- No lobes, though.

- An imperfection. We all got 'em.

Not me. Hey, so I downloaded some

Chinese phrases for you, for the presentation.

- What do you think? Thought it might help.

- That's great.

- I thought it would help.

- You're the best, you know that?

I know. I am.

Well, I gotta get going.

I'm going to see Jenny.

- You're seeing Jenny? Again?

- Yeah. Yeah.

- Oh. Things must really be going well.

- She broke his bed.

Thanks. That was really thoughtful of you.

- Oh, no problem.

- I'll see you two later.

- See you, Matt.

- Look after her, OK?

I will.

- Man, he's seeing Jenny again?

- Just a few more times.

- Matt Saunders? We're gonna take a ride.

- Wait a second! Hey! Wait!

Hey, now, look.

I don't appreciate being manhandled...

What's going on?

- Mr. Saunders, thank you for your time.

- OK. Now, who are you?

Who am I? Do you watch television,

Mr. Saunders? Read the papers?

- Use the net for anything other than porn?

- You're that Bedlam guy.

- Professor Bedlam.

- The "supervillain".

Please, I am not super, I am not a villain.

I'm just a regular man, like yourself,

with 10,000 times more money,

intelligence and taste.

OK, so what do you want from me?

Are you seeing anyone, Mr. Saunders?

Are you asking me out? Ow!

I want you to tell me everything you know

about your new girlfriend.

- Jenny?

- Yes. Jenny.

Where does she like to go?

What does she like to do?

What music does she listen to?

Is she afraid of bugs?

Is she a dog person or a cat person?

- Does she wear panties...

- OK, now, look. Hold on just a goddamn...

Now, look.

It's gotta stop with the slapping, all right?!

I just don't feel real comfortable telling you,

a total stranger, someone's private habits.

You gotta understand that, right?

Of course.

Please, someone! Help! Help!

Save me! Please!

Weasel!

Hey! Help! Yeah, you! You!

Get somebody from the Park Service!

Oh, jeez!

No! Help me! Oh, no!

Oh, my God!

- G-Girl! G-Girl, you saved me. Thank you!

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- Whoa! Hold me! Hold me!

- Don't look at me!

- But I just wanted to...

- Don't look at me!

OK, yeah. No looking. Got you. Roger.

Wow.

Looks like little Jenny's  
been cashing in on her superpowers.

Idiot! We don't want her to know  
we dropped by.

Ah.

Perfect.

So I'm falling,  
I mean, hurdling through the sky.  
And just as I'm about to bite it,  
and I mean out of nowhere,  
she just catches me  
and sets me right on the ground.

It was unbelievable.

The weird thing is, though,  
that Bedlam guy,  
he kept asking me about you.

- Do you know him?

- No, how could I know him?

- That's what I was thinking.

- So what was she like?

G-Girl?

I didn't really get a good look at her,  
but to tell you the truth,

- she wasn't really what I expected, you know.

- In what way?

- I don't know. She just seemed a little...

- Brainy?

- Not really.

- Exotic? Effervescent?

No, I kind of got this vibe  
she was a little nuts.

Nuts?! Maybe she was a little bit preoccupied,  
having searched the entire city to save you  
from being squished like a bug  
on a windshield!

You girls all really stick together, don't you?

I like it. You're like one big gang.

- Rule number one about crossing the street?

- Look both ways.

That's right.

Jenny!

- One of you call 911!

- I'm fine. I'm fine. That was close.

I'm fine, I'm fine.

- You're not fine. How can you be fine?

- Look, Matt, I can walk.

Don't move. You probably have  
internal bleeding and don't know it.

- No, not even a scratch.

- You are in shock.

Did anyone see this? It's like a miracle.

Truly, it's like a miracle.

I mean, are you sure that you're OK?

I mean, you seem to be walking fine.

Yeah.

This is the first time  
that I've ever brought anybody here.

- Ever.

- Really? Wow.

Yeah, it seems like a really great place.

I'm still just kind of wondering  
what the hell happened out there.

I know.

I didn't expect to do this.

At least, not yet anyway.

- But it's good. It's good.

- OK.

Cos what we have is so very, very special.

- I trust you.

- OK.

There should be nothing hanging between us.

Especially not this, don't you think?

I don't know what you're talking about.

I'll have to show you.

You look nice without your glasses.

You look good with them too.

I'll hold them for you.

OK...

I don't know what the explanation is,  
but I like it already.

Unless it's one of those Crying Game things?

It's not that, is it? I mean, I'm from Denver.

Just wait.

You got a G-Girl costume on.

That's...

Kind of went all out, didn't you?

And you even dyed your...

Oh.

Wow!

Are you kidding me?

Oh, man. This is incredible.

- But you can't tell anyone!

- Yeah, nobody except Vaughn.

He slept with a Victoria's Secret model,

I've never heard the end of it.

- This will blow that out of the water.

- No! Nobody.

Matt, you have to promise me

you'll never, ever tell anyone.

- Fine, you got it.

- No matter what, you will never tell anyone.

Hey, I swear.

Say you'd rather have a chain saw

shoved up your ass than tell.

- Is that actually a possibility?

- Say it!

I'd rather have a chain saw

shoved up my ass than tell.

OK.

So this Bedlam guy, he's like

your arch nemesis or something?

Uh-huh. He's been a pain in the butt ever since we had this falling out in high school.

- You guys went to school together?

- Mm-hm.

Wow.

By the way, his name's not really Bedlam.

It's Barry. Barry Edward Lambert.

Bedlam, get it?

Back then, we were both kind of outcasts.

Everybody else hated us.

Nerd alert! Here come the geeks.

So we looked out for each other.

It's only natural

that we spent a lot of time together.

We really liked each other.

It was close to the end of our junior year when I decided it was about time



to get the virginity thing over with.  
I mean, Barry was harmless enough.  
I figured it might as well be him, right?  
He was having some trouble  
getting his pants off.  
And that's when it happened.

Jenny!

Come on!

This is not how I planned this evening.

Oh, my God. Look at that.

It's so cool.

- What are you doing?

- Isn't it amazing?

Don't. It could be dangerous.

When I got back to school,

even with a wig,

people noticed

there was something different about me.

Hi, girls. Ooh, my glasses.

And it worked for me.

Hey.

Ugh!

Unfortunately, Barry and I grew apart.

He stopped talking to me.

And then ignored me totally.

Anyway, things got worse between us

after I graduated.

I committed to being a full-time superhero

and he fell into the evil mastermind business,

yada-yada-yada. That's my story.

Wow.

And this whole time,

I just had this weird feeling

that there was just something

a little off about you.

- Really?

- You just had a secret, that's all.

- A supersecret.

- Now we both do.

- May I ask you something?

- What?

I just think it could

maybe be a fun thing to try.

It's kind of a request.

Sure.

- Be right back.

- OK.

Is this what you had in mind?

Oh, yeah. That's it.

Matt Saunders,

you've been a very, very evil boy.

I think you need to be brought to justice.

Yeah. I have been known

to bend a rule here and there.

Total unrelenting justice.

Hey! Wow! Shit!

- Don't let go, all right?

- Oh, no.

Oh, yeah, you got me.

Scared you.

Wow.

Wow, we are high.

- We are really, really high.

- Oh, yeah!

Jenny, you know, as fun as this is,

I'm feeling just a little bit emasculated here,

with you kind of carrying me around

like a toy poodle. But don't let go.

Careful. Where are you going?

Careful. Come on. Fly right.

Be careful.

- I've always wanted to try this.

- Try what?

That? Wow.

I'm not sure that's gonna work up here.

It's draughty too.

What if I do this?

- You're not wearing any underwear.

- Yeah. I thought it might be easier that way.

- Isn't this fun?

- It is fun. Yeah.

Puts a whole new twist on the mile-high club.

Ready?

Whoa. Not ready!

- No!

- Just go with it.

- Yeah, but...

- I know, I know! Don't stop! Yes.

- No!

- Yes!

- Oh, god, no!

- Yeah!

Jenny!

Yes!

Yes!

Don't ever do that again!

G-Girl's hair before.

Watch and learn.

Her body is made

of the toughest substance known to man.

But I know your secret.

All right, now. G-Girl's hair after.

Yes! Yes!

- Saunders, what's wrong?

- I got a splinter in my finger.

- Let me see.

- It's no big deal. I can get it out, I just need...

- Come here. I'm good at this.

- What are you gonna do?

Hold on.

Hey, how did you do that?

Well, I have my ways.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Jenny, what...

What are you doing in New Jersey?

I called your office

and found out where you were.

I thought I would surprise you.

- Are you surprised?

- I am surprised. I wanted to...

Thanks. Good to see you.

Let me introduce you to Hannah Lewis.

- This is Jenny Johnson.

- Hi. It's really nice to finally meet you.

- Saunders talks about you all the time.

- I do.

- I feel like I already know you.

- Really?

Cos I feel like I'm just getting to know you.

OK. Hey, um... Got an idea.

Hannah and her boyfriend Steve, I was

thinking, maybe we go out this weekend,  
just the two couples, two happy couples,  
hit the town? What do you say?

- Great.

- Great.

Great.

Oh, OK.

Bye.

I'm sorry, guys. I have some bad news.

- You got a little something right there.

- Oh, thank you.

Steve can't make it.

He had an emergency thong shoot.

- A thong shoot emergency?

- Yeah, well, you know,  
one bad wedgie can be fatal.

Yeah.

Where's our stupid waiter? Sir!

Hold on. Something's going on.

The Pentagon has confirmed

an errant test missile

is in fact on a direct course

for the tristate area.

So far, all attempts to detonate or intercept  
the missile have been unsuccessful.

Great. Perfect.

If it strikes within the city,  
the death toll could reach into the thousands.

- That does not sound good.

- Yeah, it sounds serious.

Maybe somebody should do something.

Mm-hm, yeah, like the air force.

It's their job, right?

So, Hannah, how long

have you and Matty known each other?

Well, we started working together at Cockrum  
about three years ago.

We're getting reports of sporadic  
looting from the Bronx to Staten Island.

The government has urged people  
not to panic and to stay in their homes.

Mmm, gnocchi. Gnocchi sounds good.

Anyone want to share a gnocchi?

I'm sorry, but what if

the air force can't stop it?  
Somebody else might need to step in.  
Maybe somebody deserves one night out  
without having to deal  
with some impending disaster.  
I think someone has earned it. Don't you?  
Are you on a diet?  
What are you gonna order?  
I don't know. I mean, shouldn't  
we be leaving? Is this safe here?  
Sir! Can we get some service here?  
I mean, I'm filling up on baguette.  
I think everybody's preoccupied  
with what's happening.  
Maybe if someone  
could just take care of the problem,  
everyone can have a better night,  
a smoother night, know what I mean?  
- You'd like that, wouldn't you?  
- Yeah, I'd appreciate it.  
In fact, I'd superappreciate it.  
All right. Fine!  
Is she OK? Where is she going?  
She's fine. She gets stressed.  
I have her looping around the block.  
Too late for a mass evacuation, the situation  
is dangerous and potentially catastrophic.  
But all the citizens of New York can do  
is sit, wait and pray for a miracle.  
We're now getting a live picture of the missile  
as it approaches the city.  
It appears certain that... Wait, what is that?  
It is G-Girl!  
- She is approaching the errant missile.  
- Love that girl!  
My God!  
She just kicked it.  
She just deflected the missile  
away from the city.  
We're safe! We are safe!  
G-Girl! G-Girl! G-Girl!  
You know, Matt, there are some things  
I don't need infravision to see through.  
Sorry, what are you talking about?

You and that slut from your office - Hannah.

She is not a slut.

That is a terrible thing to say, Jenny.

- You want to screw her, don't you?

- No. No, I do not.

I don't believe you.

Can I say something?

Her boyfriend's a male model, OK? A model.

I don't think she'd be very interested  
in a guy like me.

I see your point.

So you want to screw her, you just can't,  
because she's got a boyfriend.

No, I'm just saying that we're friends  
who work together. We're work friends.

Don't lie to me!

- What the hell did you do that for?

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I'll pay for that, I swear.

OK, don't... d-don't do that.

Don't cry, OK? It'll be OK.

I know I get a little crazy sometimes.

It's just...

I love you so much.

OK... OK...

- Hey.

- Hey. How's it going?

Oh, sorry.

Look at her. She's like a cheerleader  
from Spank Me University.

Dude, what's wrong?

You look like shit.

Let's go with the lighter weight today,  
shall we?

I'm actually thinking that  
my first impression of Jenny was accurate.

- Oh, no.

- Yeah, complete emotional basket case.

- Needy, jealous...

- Mm-hm. Jealous.

...control...

- Controlling. A trifecta. Perfect.

The truth is, I don't even love her.

I'm in love with somebody else.

You're in love with somebody else? Who?  
Is it me? Oh, my God, it's me, isn't it?  
I feel the same way. I totally...  
That's not a good sign, is it?  
- Who are you talking about?  
- I don't wanna say. Not until I've told her.  
But, I mean, first I have  
to break it off with Jenny.  
- God knows how I'm gonna do that.  
- OK, come with me. Listen.  
There are only two ways to successfully  
break it off with a woman.  
You can either be a jerk or a weenie.  
Now, the jerk route is simple. You're like,  
"Hey, babe, listen up. I'm dumping your ass."  
Just like that. It's quick, it's easy, it's painless.  
- I don't think you have the balls for it.  
- Well, what's the weenie route?  
OK, good. Weenie route. Let's go with that.  
Sit real close, keep it romantic, OK?  
Keep a kind of a sparkle in the eye,  
take her hand. Give me your hand.  
You say, "Sweetheart,  
I think we need to take a little time off  
from the relationship to re-evaluate things."  
Don't return any of her calls  
for a year and a half.  
Pretty soon she'll give up  
and you'll be in the clear.  
I can't believe I actually listen to you.  
Another thing. Make sure you do it  
after you've had sex with her.  
It's really difficult the other way around.  
I was thinking, maybe we should  
take a little time to...  
re-examine where this is going.  
My God.  
Are you breaking up with me?  
No. No. Not at all.  
I mean, I just... I think it would be wise  
to try and evaluate where we stand,  
just to make sure we're on the same page.  
So you're not saying that we should  
start seeing other people or anything?

No. No.

No, I'm not saying that.

OK, good. You scared me there for a second.

Although seeing other people might eventually be a part of the evaluation process.

Oh, my God.

You are breaking up with me.

- Jenny, it's not you, OK?

- Shut up!

I know exactly what it is.

It's that slut from your office, Hannah.

- You're sleeping with her.

- I am not sleep...

- But you want to!

- Jenny, now, hold on a second, OK?

You're such a liar!

Look, I am not a liar, all right? You wanna know the truth? It's not Hannah, OK? It's you.

You're needy, jealous, manipulative.

I can't take it anymore.

- It's crazy.

- Don't call me crazy!

See? That's the kind of thing I'm talking about. I can't handle that on a daily basis.

Well, handle this.

What are you doing?!

You are so gonna regret this.

Oh, man.

- Wednesday? Thursday?

- No. No.

Friday? Saturday? Sunday?

Brunch? In the day?

Don't speak to me.

Oh, well. Look at it this way.

The hard part is over.

I don't know. She said I'd regret it.

Don't worry about that. They always say that.

Yeah?

I guess you're right.

You know, there's something that I've been dying to tell you ever since I found it out.

- Found out what?

- I just need you to promise me...

- I promise.



- Hold on, let me finish, this is serious.  
- I need you to promise me that you're not...  
- I promise. I won't tell anybody. Tell me.  
You know Jenny?  
Yeah.  
She's G-Girl.  
Bullshit.  
Bullshit.  
Apparently, this old dog  
still has a few tricks left.  
Oh, my God, you have been doing G-Girl!  
- I know! It's unbelievable. Me.  
- Incredible.  
- I can't believe it.  
- Knuckles.  
Imagine the heat I'll have  
with the women when they find out.  
Wait. Whoa. Isn't she gonna mind  
you revealing her secret identity?  
I warned you, Matt Saunders!  
No!  
Watch it, dumb-ass!  
- What's wrong?  
- Nothing.  
What could be wrong?  
Everything's great. Never better.  
Tell me.  
OK. I, uh... I broke up with Jenny.  
You were right. I mean, she is  
totally deranged, off-her-rocker crazy.  
I should have listened to you  
from the beginning.  
Why don't you lay off  
the crazy women for a while, huh?  
Come here. I'm sorry.  
Hey, Hannah.  
There's been something that I've been  
meaning to tell you for a long time.  
Yes?  
It's about you and...  
- Sorry. Are you OK?  
- Out. Now.  
I'm going through a weird phase.  
- I saw that!

- What? No, it was nothing, Carla.  
Nothing? You knocked her down! You hit her!  
- Was there groping? Did he grope you?  
- No, it was an accident.  
An accident? OK, like a fender-bender?  
Here, we need to talk. Come here.  
Listen, my friend.  
You are headed for some serious trouble.  
- Don't make excuses. That's the first mistake.  
- OK.  
You have got to get your mind out of the gutter long enough to nail this presentation.  
- I hear you, homegirl. I got it.  
- What? What did you just call me?!  
What? I don't know.  
If the company doesn't get this project, we're going to take a major hit.  
You really have a problem. Call my therapist.  
OK, I'll call him... her.  
- Matt.  
- What?  
- Phone call.  
- Oh, man.  
That boy has a major case of the hornies.  
Yeah?  
There's the young kid that zooms around in here. Did he do something?  
- It's just up here.  
- Looks like they broke in, fried the camera and then blew a huge hole through the wall.  
- I've never seen nothing like it.  
- Don't make no sense.  
We got a lot of nice cars - his is the only one they took.  
Bitch.  
Somebody went to a lot of trouble.  
You know who could have done this?  
No. No, I don't.  
- Somebody with a grudge against you?  
- Grudge? Against me?  
No. No, I don't. I'm sorry.  
- We'll let you know if it turns up.  
- OK.

- Let's get to the paperwork.  
- I wouldn't hold my breath on that, sir.  
Gentlemen...  
If you look closely, our model here...  
What the hell...?  
Oh, that's just great.  
Oh, shit! I just got that fixed.  
Sorry, just came to use your telescope.  
Nice and dark, isn't it?  
Wait a second. Is this all because of you?  
Yep, that'd be me. Ah, yes.  
There we go.  
Come and have a look-see.  
I don't see any...  
- That's real mature.  
- Save you a fortune in parking.  
Why are you doing this to me?  
I mean, you're supposed to be the good guy.  
I am the good guy. You are the bad guy.  
It's been a pleasure seeing you,  
but I got a big day at the office tomorrow.  
I've got an important presentation to make,  
so I need to get some sleep.  
I'm gonna have to say good night. You might  
be the hottest girl I've ever gone out with,  
but you wanna know something?  
You're the craziest, hands down!  
- Really?  
- Aargh!  
Dick?!  
Will we begin soon?  
I'm so sorry you've been kept waiting.  
I apologize. It's very rude.  
Just a few more minutes, please.  
- Hi. Excuse me, hi.  
- Glad you could join us.  
Can you tell me why you're wearing a hat?  
- No.  
- Why am I not surprised?  
- Hi. How are you?  
- We can finally begin.  
- Gentlemen, I give you Matt Saunders.  
- You OK?  
I'm fine. I'm fine.

OK, gentlemen...

OK. Our design integrates classic architectural ideas from the history of Chinese culture and transforms them into a contemporary 21st century esthetic. But you can see clearly that functionality has not been sac...

Sac...

Sacrificed, as you can see here by the multiple entrances to the central multipurpose courtyard area.

Exactly. Exactly. Right.

And with a total capacity for...

You are one sick bastard!

Oh, man. I am so, so sorry.

Thanks.

- You gotta laugh to keep from crying, right?

- Vaughn, shh!

Sorry.

Man, no woman's ever done that to me, and I actually am a dick.

OK, all done.

I am so sorry that you got fired.

What happened in there?

Why did you...

It's hard to explain.

Let's just say it's a good time for me to leave.

- Where are you going?

- Don't know. Don't care.

Look, if there's something wrong, I'd like to help.

Look, Hannah. Please just stay as far away from me as possible, OK?

If something were to happen to you because of me,

I wouldn't be able to live with myself.

Oh, damn!

May we come in?

Nice place.

You broke her heart, didn't you?

What do you need? Why are you here?

I'm in the middle of a project.

The same as you -

to get her out of my life for good.  
I want you to help me neutralize her.  
Hey, whatever she's done to me,  
I'm not gonna help you kill her.  
I didn't say "kill", I said "neutralize".  
It's a neutral word.  
"Kill" is "kill". This is Switzerland.  
I have developed the means  
of permanently stripping her of her powers.  
No powers?  
So she'd just be another average,  
everyday, run-of-the-mill, crazy ex-girlfriend?  
Yeah. That's gotta be better.  
- So what would you want me to do?  
- Draw her out into the open.  
Help me get her when her guard is down,  
when she's vulnerable.  
Look, I don't mean to offend you,  
but you have a reputation for doing things  
that most people would consider to be...  
No-nos?  
Yes.  
Yeah. Nothing to worry about. I'm retiring.  
- From supervillainy?  
- Yeah.  
That's good. Look, if you're going to retire,  
why not just forget about her?  
That's what I'm gonna do.  
I'm leaving town.  
Because that woman, she just won't  
leave me alone. She's obsessed with me.  
She has harassed me at every turn  
and she never, ever stops.  
So when you finally realize that she is not the  
woman who is ever going to forget about you,  
- then you give me a call.  
- OK.  
All right?  
Or you can email me  
at "professorbedlam.com".  
It's all one word.  
I think I'll just, uh... give running away a try.  
It's Matt.  
Please leave a message.

Matt, it's Hannah.

Are you there? Please pick up.

I... I need your help.

Something really bad's happened.

- Oh, God, I guess you're not there. Bye.

- Hannah!

Who is it?

It's me, Matt. Open up.

Hannah. Are you OK?

What did she do to you? Is she here?

- Is who here?

- G-Girl!

G-Girl? Like the superhero?

Yeah, G-Girl the super...

Why did you call me?

- Steve was cheating on me.

- Oh, thank God.

What?

Thank God that you found out  
sooner rather than later.

I am sorry.

Yeah, I caught him in bed  
with another woman.

Actually, two other women.

Maybe three.

I don't know - I didn't really get a good look.

- Three?

- Yeah.

Wow.

Steve was so good-looking  
and he loved jazz and rock-climbing.

He took me to nice places  
and gave me multiple...

I don't really need to hear that.

The thing is,

I never really had any fun with him.

Not like I have with you.

You've been

a really good friend to me, Saunders.

Hannah, the thing is,

I don't wanna be just a friend any more.

- You don't?

- No.

Look...

Hannah, my life has been really crazy lately.  
But it has made me realize  
what's most important to me.  
Seeing you at work every day, that was  
always the thing I looked forward to the most.  
You're the smartest,  
most beautiful girl that I've ever met.  
And I'm completely  
and totally in love with you.

Oh.

Oh, that was great. Didn't hurt at all.  
I probably shouldn't tell you this,  
but this might be the best moment of my life.  
That's not fair. I was gonna say that.

Oh.

Hey! Sweetie!

Matt?

I hate you, Matt Saunders!

Get down!

Why did G-Girl throw a shark at us?

I can't tell you.

And she was so pissed off.

Have you done something?

- Are you in trouble?

- No. Well, yeah.

And as long as I'm here, so are you.

You gotta get outside the city.

Go someplace and hide.

San Diego. Tahiti. Utah.

No, not Utah, Utah sucks. Anywhere else.

But you gotta go someplace,

lay low for a while.

- I don't understand.

- Look.

If I ever see you again,

this will all be over, OK?

If?

Matt, wait.

- Oh, it's you.

- Come in. Wait here.

- Right here? Where?

- What? Right here.

- OK.

- Over there.

Wow.

Look, I'm here cos I need your help, OK?

I just need to know how we're gonna stop her.

I have spent the past ten years trying  
to analyze the source of G-Girl's power.

It is a unique type of radiation  
that permeates every cell of her body.

Yeah, I know about the meteor in high school.

She told me. I know.

- She told you that?

- Yeah.

Did she talk about me?

I mean, she said you guys were friends,  
you had a falling out.

Bullshit! That meteorite  
changed everything between us.

But now, I've got something  
that will totally level the playing field.

That?

The rock?

No, the ham. Yes, the rock.

A special rock.

It was a rock that gave off the radiation.

I now have a rock  
that will absorb the radiation.

So if you got Jenny  
close enough to this thing...

It'll draw the radiation from her body,  
sucking it out of her like a sponge.

Draining her of her powers permanently.

OK, so what do you need me for?

Why can't you just get her close to it?

With that superhearing of hers?

No, I need someone who can lure her to it.

Someone who she has no cause to fear.

A weak and powerless simpleton.

An idiot.

No, all of these invoices were  
returned. None of them have been paid.

Call back.

And these two are supposed to be...

Hi.

Hi.

What's this?



It's just a little something

I thought I'd bring by...

- Flowers?

- Yeah.

You think flowers

are going to make me forgive you?

No. No, I do not think that.

I don't think that at all.

Then what the hell are you doing here?

OK, look. To be honest, I realize that

I've made the biggest mistake of my life.

I'm desperately in love with you and I'd

do anything for us to be together again.

I would.

Oh, God.

They're beautiful.

- I'm sorry.

- It's OK.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

What do you think about today after work

you come by my place around seven

- and I'll make us a nice dinner?

- Seven? I'd love to.

Matt?

Matt?

- Oh, my God!

- Hey, Jenny.

Matt, it's beautiful.

Oh, what is that? Is that for me?

It is. It's a little something I got you cos...

I wanna apologize

for the terrible way that I've treated you.

- It just wasn't right.

- You're so sweet. You didn't have to.

- It's true, I'm sorry.

- What is it?

No peeking, OK? I want it

to be a surprise. Let's have a toast.

You are amazing.

To second chances.

To second chances.

The man's not bad.

He might have a future in our business.

You know, deep down,  
I had a feeling that you'd realize  
your mistake and come back to me.

You are wise.

- Do you wanna know a secret?

- Sure.

That's why I didn't kill you.

Matt?

You are the sweetest guy I've ever met.

- Oh, no, no, I'm not.

- Yes, yes, you are.

You're sweet.

Yummy.

Matt?!

What are you doing here?

Me?! What are you doing here?

You said your life was in danger.

And what's she doing here?

- Who's that? Do we know her?

- I don't know her.

I don't know her.

You know how you tried to steal my  
boyfriend by being such a big, fat whore?

- It didn't work.

- Jenny, stop. Let me handle this.

- Are you back with her?

- No.

- What?

- Yeah.

Look, it's very complicated, OK?

How could you do this?

You told me you loved me.

Hannah, please, just do me a favor, OK?

Just leave.

I mean, just try to have a little self-respect.

You're starting to look pathetic.

Matt! You are not... Oh, my God. There you  
are. Thank God. I've been calling you all day.

Playoff tickets. Amazing seats. You and me.

- Not now.

- Tonight. Third base line. Yahoo!

- Now is a terrible time, OK?

- Hey, what's in the box?

- Stay away from that box.

- You know, Hannah,  
why don't you just run along before I have  
to kick your ass back to Munchkin Land?

- Stay away from it.

- It looks big, it might be a nice present.

- Are you threatening me?

- Push me one more time and you'll find out.

Oh, yeah? What are you going to do?  
Squash me with your gigantic feet?

- That's it!

- Don't touch me!

Just do me a favor and leave  
and take Hannah with you...

- Oh, my God.

- Oh, my God! You're G-Girl.  
You have been doing G-Girl?

- Vaughn, open the box!

- Go! Go! Go! Watch the van!  
Open the damn box!

Aargh!

- It's not much of a present.

- Agh!

I'm sorry.

You bastard!

Matt, that's a weird rock.

Ah.

A happy ending for everybody.

Well done, Mr. Saunders.

You did this? You helped him?

I'm really sorry.

You did throw a shark at me, you know.

Besides, Bedlam's gonna retire. It'll be OK.

You idiot!

Looks like you're done, honey.

You always thought  
you were so much better than me.

Now it's my turn.

Now I'll be the one with the powers.

You'll be just plain old Jenny Johnson.

We're having a moment here.

- Not so tough now, huh?!

- Hannah, don't let her touch the rock!

Hannah!

Oh, no! Hannah!

I can't even see her. We gotta get down there.

Oh, man!

I think she's dead, Matt.

- I'm sorry. Let her go.

- We gotta dig her out!

- We gotta start the grieving process.

- Are you crazy?

- Come here. Give me a hug, bear cub.

- You!

I thought you were just a jerk!

Now I find out you're really stupid.

Teaming up with Barry?!

You broke my heart

and now I'm gonna break your everything.

Hey!

Let go of my boyfriend, you crazy bitch!

Bring it!

Oh, man!

Yes, girl fight!

Stupid!

Matt!

No!

Hannah!

Hannah, are you OK?

Oh, no!

You rat!

Oh, Matt. Matt, Matt, are you OK?

Uh-oh.

Wow!

Hannah, stop. Come on, stop.

- Are you OK?

- I'm fine.

I'm fine too. I thought I twinged my knee,  
but I'm all right.

Come on. Forget about them. Let's go.

Come on.

They're gonna kill each other. This way.

- Hey, it's you.

- Are you with them?

As a matter of fact, I am.

They went down there.

Stop!

Look at yourself.

You're terrifying these people.

Jenny... Jenny,  
this has gotta stop right now, OK?  
Please.  
Just give me that, OK?  
There you go. Just give it to me.  
Wow. That was a lot heavier than I thought.  
Hi.  
Look, God knows  
I don't want you mad at me, OK?  
And I'm sorry if I ever hurt you.  
And yeah, I know what we had  
was something special.  
And at times it was great.  
But it wasn't love, all right?  
And deep down, you know that.  
You're a great girl.  
And you deserve to be with the perfect guy.  
- You do.  
- I do.  
And I know who the perfect guy for you is.  
And he's here, right here, right now.  
Professor.  
- What?  
- Barry?  
- Go on, Professor, tell her.  
- Tell her what?  
She's my mortal enemy?  
I want nothing but her destruction?  
- Come on, Barry, please.  
- Please stop calling me Barry.  
It's true. This guy,  
he's got a shrine to you in his house.  
There are pictures of you  
all over the walls, just of you.  
This guy, he is hooked on you.  
He really is.  
Is that true?  
Come on. You gotta open your heart to her.  
It's now or never.  
It may be a little true.  
OK, OK, that's a good start.  
Come on, Barry. Barry, come on.  
All right, all right!  
It's completely true.

I love you.  
I've always loved you.  
But if you love me so much, then how come  
you're always trying to hurt me?  
Because you hurt me. Because you  
broke my heart into a billion pieces.  
You ignored me.  
You left me behind.  
So I thought if I had the powers,  
you may learn to love me  
the way I have always loved you.  
Are you sure?  
Do you really love me?  
Oh, yeah.  
It's over. Can you believe it?  
I'm free. You were great.  
I can't believe that fight.  
I still think she'd kick my butt,  
but I got a few good punches in.  
You saved my ass in there.  
You were wonderful.  
And I'm really sorry  
I didn't explain things to you sooner,  
- but I was just trying to protect you.  
- I totally understand.  
Good.  
- Oh, my God, my hair.  
- Oh, it doesn't look that bad. You can fix it.  
Here, try this on.  
Thanks.  
See? Adorable.  
- Yes, you are.  
- No, not me.  
- Come here.  
- Agh!  
- Tight.  
- Oh, I'm so sorry.  
- It's OK.  
- I'm still getting used to all of this.  
You and me both. And you know, we're going  
to have to talk about the relationship too.  
- Talk? You mean...  
- Your powers.  
Just cos you have 'em doesn't mean

you have to use 'em, you know what I mean?

You're a little scared of me.

What? Scared?

No, come on, I'm not scared at all.

Come here.

Are you ready?

Yeah! I am. I'm ready.

OK. Here we go.

OK, all right, I got it.

- Hold on, I think I tweaked something.

- Oh, you poor baby.

What the hell were you doing?!

Sorry. Sorry.

Oh.

I brought it down for you.

Peace offering.

You've done so much for us.

We couldn't be happier.

- How...? How...?

- Asteroids.

Most of that will just buff right out.

- I'll fix that.

- I could trick it out for you.

Rocket launchers, laser cannons,  
voice-activated battle armor.

Do you hear something?

- No.

- There's a 747 in trouble.

It's a 727. Time to go to work.

You need a hand?

- A hand?

- Yeah, any help?

I never had any help.

- Could be some heavy lifting.

- Yeah?

- OK.

- Yeah? Really?

- Yes.

- Yes! All right! Whoo!

OK, ready. Whoo! Here I go.

Yeah!

- Love you, honey!

- We'll be waiting!

What are we gonna do with this stuff?

Wanna get a beer?

- Sure.

- Let's do it.

My God! You really do have superpowers.

Yeah. Well, it helps  
when you haven't used them  
in two years, three months,  
one week and four days.

OK, now. I got one more in me. Here we go.