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People You May Know

By Michael Mohan

["Fuel to Fire" playing]

Do you want me

On your mind

Or do you want me to go on

I might be yours

As sure as I can say

Be gone be faraway

Like fuel to fire

Roses on parade

They follow you around

Into the town we go

Into your hideaway

Where the towers grow

Gone to be faraway

Sing quietly

Along

Excuse me.

[phone keypad clicking]

Sing quietly

Along

[people chattering]

Hey!

Ah! Here's my handsome giant.

It's finally happening.

Yeah.

This guy tricked me. He's
gonna take me down the aisle,
take me off the market.

It's funny.

Oh, we have someone here
we want you to meet.

Yeah. All you have to do is just
Clooney charm the shit out of her
and you're gold.

Or you could just be
your charming self.

Oh, please. I Clooney
charmed you the day we met.

What? What are you
talking about?

I did. I gave you

Gravity Clooney,

with a little bit of

Three Kings mixed in.

You never even saw
it coming.
- You never Clooned anything.
- He was helpless.
[woman] I mean, a guy
comes up to me at a bar
and says that he thinks
I'm hot.
That's super strange.
He's probably a serial killer,
or, like, republican
or something.
If I'm gonna meet a guy
for the first time,
I have to be able
to Google him,
like, a deep Goog.
And the results that are not just
be, like, his LinkedIn profile.
Like, I wanna know as much
about him as digitally possible.
I wanna know his likes
and his unlikes.
Don't you mean "dislikes"?
I wanna know if he takes
selfies in the mirror.
'Cause if you don't
do your research,
the next thing you know you're
gonna be swept off your feet
and you end up
back at his place,
and you find out that he still
listens to Kings of Leon.
I mean, I don't...
I'm not in social media
at all... or whatever.
I'm in front of the screen so
much with my job as it is.
What do you mean?
I mean, I don't see
the point, I guess.
I talk to people that
I wanna talk to,

and when I wanna
talk to 'em.
Well, how are you ever
gonna meet someone?
Someday I wanna be able
to tell my children
that their mother and I
were at the same place
at the same time,
and she was so beautiful
that despite any fear or
social awkwardness
that I have
on a regular basis,
I had got up the courage
to go across the room
and say, "Hi, I'm Jed."
That's really sweet.
But in your
fairytale scenario,
you're completely basing it
on one thing.
Looks.
How superficial.
I mean, that's how
Will and Dave met.
They met at this bar
six years ago.
Spoiler alert.
Those two met on Match.
No.
Wait, what?
[laughter]
Seriously. Your mother and I,
we think that marriage
is this thing that
the younger generations
scoff at nowadays.
It's not cool to
get married anymore.
It's cool to grow a beard,
it's cool to sleep around.
It's cool to smoke a cigarette
made of electricity.

What's cool, two people
supporting each other,
without question.
Love each other...
without question.
Okay, I'm gonna stop
before I get too emotional.
Just know that
your mother and I
couldn't be more proud
to call you our sons.
Cheers.

[all] Cheers.

- I love you.

- I love you, too.

This is how we do it
This is my favorite song
from ninth grade.
Let's freak!

Sha-la-la-la

This is how we do it

[melancholy instrumental music]

You know what
makes me crazy?

I'm sorry. Can I say this?

You know what
makes me nuts?

The fact that
We could be together

Here together

Sharing our night

Spending our time

And you are gonna choose

Someone else to be with

It is fucked up how good
were, Franky.

I mean, that...

That was some Meryl shit.

- Mm-hmm.

- If there was a Best Performance by an actress
in a community
theater production,
you would win it.

And I hope that, you know, you would

thank me in your acceptance speech,
which you probably wouldn't,
you ungrateful slut.
- Thanks, Abby.
- I mean, I'm quitting.
I mean, who cares that
I was on Xanadu on Broadway?
Right? I mean,
what's the fucking point?
Hey, where's Phil?
He's at home, grading,
uh, or something.
Mid-term's coming up,
I think.
Okay.
Not to be rude or anything,
but what the fuck are you doing
wasting your talents here?
I mean, no offense
to the lovely locals.
I'm sure this place is like totally
gorg during the day and all,
but, shit,
if you were back in the city,
you would tear it up.
Thank you, but, this is...
You know, this is home now.
Speaking of, are you gonna
follow me back to the house?
Oh, babes, I wish I could.
I'm sure your house
is quaint as fuck.
But I have rehearsal
in the village, so...
But hey, could you please come down
and hang out with me some time?
We could go out,
we could get drunk,
you could crash at my place.
Hangover brunch in the morn.
You know, um...
It's hard to get away
on weekends, so...
Okay.

Well...

Whatever makes you comfy.

[engine idling]

[turns off engine]

Hey.

Hey.

[TV playing in the background]

[sighs heavily]

I really miss it.

Huh.

Honey, I do, too.

I tell you every weekend, those poppy
seed bagels from Black Seed...

- Phew!

- No, I mean, it's...

more than that. It's...

Every day was a new
possibility, you know.

A chance for something
to happen.

It's not the same here.

Right.

But, let's not forget
there is a lot that
sucked about it.

And here we're finally
on tenure.

We finally own.

And, yes,

it's not our dream house
totally, but...

it's better than
shelling out 3K a month
for that shoe box
we lived in, right?

Look. Can you see
what I'm not doing?

Touching both walls
at the same time.

It's a miracle.

I just think there's
something really beautiful
in knowing that we are
completely selfless

in making sure that
our kids
are gonna have
the best life possible.

Yeah?

Yeah.

You're ovulating, right?

[Phil moaning]

Oh, I'm cold.

Come to bed, hon.

I will in a minute.

Please stop wasting
your time on Facebook.

[upbeat music playing]

Cool. Thank you.

- Hey.

- Hey, how's it going?

- Uh, small drip.

- Small drip?

- Here you go.

- Thank you, Carl.

[Carl] No problem, Jed.

Got a quad americano
for Tasha.

You know how
I take my coffee,
but you don't even
know my name.

Um, it's Tasha.

I'm sorry.

It says in your cup,
so I figured
it's probably either "Tasha"
or "Americano."

I'm Jed... Triplett.

- Tasha.

- I don't know why I said the last name. Sorry.

Oh. Lorino.

You know, I think I've actually
seen you in here before.
You're very courteous. Most people
just take up this whole station.

- You work around here?

- Yes.

I work at home,
which is by choice.
Well, I'm actually
a little late for a meeting.
But it was nice to
officially meet you, Jed.
Yeah. And I'll shoot you
a friend request,
if I can figure out how.
What?

I just signed up
on social medias.
Wait, you just got
on Facebook?

- Yeah.

- Well, welcome to the future, Jed.

Thanks.

[camera clicks]

[people chattering]

[woman] Hey,

I'll be over here.

[woman]...because they're gonna lose their
sponsorship deal with Hollywood Tan,
if we don't bump
the numbers.

We need a real yoga-girl
level push here.

[woman 1] They just won't approve
any of the content ideas we have.

We've suggested
motion, activation,
live Twitter Q&A.

All she does is
take selfies.

Tasha, call the guy in China,
buy 500,000 followers.

Oakley, we don't
have to do that.

Aren't you tired of
managing the digital lives
of C-list YouTubers
and DJs?

I wanna be posting
for Gosling.

We should be
creating campaigns
for Weezy, Yeezy, Jigga.
Maybe we're doing it wrong.
Maybe instead of
chasing clients
who already
have followings,
we build it ourselves.
So what?
Take someone like...
Kevin here and invest time,
energy, resources,
into growing his audience
across all social media
until he's seen as
an influencer?
This Kevin?
Pepsi won't pay
to see an Instagram
of whatever garbage
Kevin decides to eat that day.
Toyota isn't gonna
shell out \$10,000
for a vine of Kevin
driving his trash car.
Yeah. I don't own
a car, so...
Exactly.
Listen. You guys are all
really sweet kids.
And your parents probably
all really believe
you made the right decision
to not become doctors
or lawyers,
because the world is
"different" now.
But unless you love sleeping
in the room you grew up in,
and watching The Voice
with Grandma,
we're gonna need
better ideas than that.

[inhales deeply]
Essential oil spritz?
Essential oil spritz?
Just remember...
the line of over-confident
clever millenials
who think their opinion is
the only one that matters
is literally endless.
[soothing instrumental music]
[cell phone buzzing]
- [Jed] Hello.
- [woman] Hey, Jed.
It's Lucia from Condenast.
[Jed] Oh, hi, Lucia.
How are you?
[Lucia giggles] Could be
better, could be better.
Huge favor.
Our in-house guy
botched the job,
and you would be
saving my ass again
if you could pull
this project off today.
[Jed] Yeah, yeah.
Okay, um...
[Lucia] Wait, I'm sending
you the material right now.
I just need a standard six pack,
blue eyes instead of green,
and the junk needs
to be bigger.
[Jed] Okay, like,
a lot bigger, or...
[Lucia] A lot.
[Jed] Um, I can...
I can do that.
I can mess around with this
guy's junk, no problem.
Um, great.
And you need it by...
What did you say
you needed it by?

[Lucia] 9:

[Jed] Yeah, okay. All right.

Well, I better do it now.

I can do that. Yeah,

I can make that happen.

[Lucia] Talk soon, Jed.

[Jed] You got it.

[phone clicks]

[cell phone buzzing]

- [Jed] Hi.

- [Lucia] Thank you, thank you, thank you.

[Jed] Honestly not a problem.

Any time.

[Lucia] I'm calling you

next week. All right.

Bye, Jed.

[Jed] Okay, bye.

Oh, also, Lucia,

I mean, I don't know

if you'd wanna,

uh, grab a drink, or...

Hello?

Lucia?

[swishing]

Hey.

Are you swishing

coconut oil again?

Mm.

- Lights before I go?

- Mm-hmm.

Good talk.

[suspenseful music]

- Hey.

- Hey, Carl.

- Uh, drip with room.

- No.

I'm gonna have

a latte today.

Look out, world,

here comes Jed with

a vanilla latte.

No, I'll do a... I'll

just do a regular latte.

[Tasha] Hey, Jed.
Oh, hey, Tasha.
Sit down.
[softly] Shit, yeah, bro.
Hey.
So... How's life online?
Um...
Bigger...
I guess.
I love that picture
of you with Usher.
Oh, thanks.
Yeah. That, uh...
That was a fun night.
When was that?
Spring 2014.
- 2014?
- Yeah.
Hmm.
Really, really
nice work, Jed.
I mean, honestly you
have some serious talent.
What are you talking about?
It's simple.
That picture was taken
in April 2014,
and that cardigan
you're wearing
is from the Banana
Winter Collection...
of 2015.
It's physically impossible for
that moment to have ever happened.
Um...
Listen, Jed,
I think it's brilliant.
- You do?
- I'm not trying to expose your shit,
or decimate your
newfound digital life
or anything like that.
I want to help you.
Help me with what?

I'm very confused.

I'm interested to see if I can take someone like you, someone living in the dark ages of social media, and grow their following into a significant place.

Okay.

We already know that you're a gentleman.

You're obviously a gifted artist, and you're good looking, but not too good looking, so I really think people will identify with you.

Why don't I come over and you can show me how you do it?

[camera clicking]

Um... Loosen up.

[camera clicks]

Great.

- Good?

- Got it.

[chuckles] Wow.

Good job with the lighting.

Tasha, why are you interested in doing this with me?

Let me break something down for you, J.

Of the 7.2 billion people on Earth, three billion have Internet access.

2.1 billion are using social media right now.

You are a blank canvas.

We are measured by the amount of people who follow us.

Our relevancy is quantifiable.

Online currency is the new currency,

and the sooner that
we accept that,
the sooner we're
able to succeed.

Who am I more
likely to date?

The guy who has 56,000
Twitter followers,
or the guy whose avatar
is still an egg?

- I...

- It's simple.

You need to have an opinion, you need to
keep it short, and you need to have it now.

You need to engage.

You need to stay ahead.

You know, people with power
create trends,
and usually those people
are celebrities.

But I'm not interested
in celebrities.

I'm interested
in celebritization.

That's where you come in.

So, J, do you wanna
stay an egg?

No, I hate eggs.

Good. Me, too.

Okay. So, I've been
thinking about it,
and you have a really nice
start with your Facebook.

But females 25 and up
are the core users,
so there are really no character
or asset limitations.

You can really feel free to
open up and be yourself.

Show your sensitive side.

Twenty-three percent
of Facebook users
check their accounts
five times per day,

so you'll need to be updating consistently.

For the 18 to 49 age group, YouTube has a greater reach than any cable network.

So new video content will launch on our channel.

[man over phone] BuzzFeed, how may I help you?

Hey, can I have

Gibson's desk, please?

- This is Tasha Lorino.

- One moment, please.

Twitter, it's all about how you play it.

It's a total horse show, so own it.

[man] This is what they sent us, and I mean, it's nice.

These are last three approves.

Yeah, absolutely.

We're just gonna rule that out entirely.

[Tasha] Pinterest, we can probably stay away from, because you're not a mom or an antique collector.

Facebook and Twitter dominate social media, but their mainstream status makes the younger generation feel like it's old school.

Yup.

[Tasha] That's why we're gonna focus on Instagram. Your pictures and videos should be younger skewing though, and you should link it to your Facebook for greater exposure. Just please, please make sure that you stay on trend.

What about Snapchat?

[Tasha] Relax, we'll get there.

[Will] So, Jed,

what do you think?

Should we text it to you?

- So black?

- I think he agrees black.

Jed...

You are gonna

be the guy

that every dude

wants to hang with,

and every girl

wants to be with.

[man] You know, last time

I heard your voice,

I had a migraine

and the coke shit.

How's my favorite

online publisher?

Did you know NBC

bought it for 200 mil?

Can you believe it?

I'd be better though

if we were grabbing a drink.

I can't wait.

But first I need

a favor.

[message alert]

[Franky] In addition to the

three beds and bath upstairs,

you also have a full bath

off of the office downstairs.

You can always turn that into

an additional room if you want.

The house was built

in the '70s,

but the kitchen was

completely redone last year.

- Oh.

- And...

my favorite part

of the house,

the living room.

The natural light you get in here in

the afternoon is absolutely gorgeous.

I mean, you just can't find

anything like this in the city.

I mean, you just can't find
anything like this in the city.

[woman clears throat]

Mm-hmm.

I mean, you just can't find
anything like this in the city.

Hey, hope we're not too late
for the open house.

No, no. Please,
come in, take a look around.

Let me know if
you have any questions.

Sweetie, you play here, okay?

I'll be right back.

Are you a pirate?

- No.

- Are you a ballerina?

No.

All right. So what are
you supposed to be?

I'm a pirina.

Okay. Well, I didn't know
that was a thing.

It is to me.

My daddy says I can be whatever
I want when I grow up.

Well, he's right.

And what do you
want to be?

A therapist.

What about you?

Well, I, um...

I'm a realtor.

Ew.

Hey, we're sorry, but I don't
think it's gonna work out for us.

Oh, okay.

Uh, have a good day.

[Will] All right.

Adjusting to flaps here.

[Jed] Flaps adjusted.

Thank you, Jed.

What's this one?

Don't touch that one.
Tower, please have a better
friend prepared for me
that likes doing
more fun things.
Uh-huh. All right, Tower, why
don't you put on a pot of coffee,
French Roast for me.
Uh, we are coming in
for a landing.
And this is better
than a movie because...
Are you kidding me? Rifting is
the future of entertainment.
Movies are dead, bud.
We are landing
a stealth bomber together,
as a team.
That's incredible.
We're a team,
we're a virtual team.
You can't do that in
the movie theater.
I mean, this headset makes
everything better.
Do you jerk off
with these?
Did you put it
on autopilot?
It's just... We're coasting now.
We're fine.
What happens when
Dave is gone?
We have an understanding.
Virtual or not.
You understand?
Please don't
tell me anymore.
Of course.
I may look at some pornographic
material with these goggles...
Sometimes
those goggles, too.
But as long as it's

on the home page,
then I'm okay.
I can't search for specifics.
Like DILF, ass to mouth,
glory hole stuff...
which used to be
a fave of mine.
- No more.
- "Ass to mouth"?
Don't tell.
Don't even tell me.
I mean, I think you can just
say it and understand it.
Oh, and if I remember any performer
names, he'll leave me immediately.
Have you even
cleaned these?
Look, it might
sound unconventional,
but our jerk off
schedule is
what forms the basis
of our relationship.
- Trust.
- Yeah.
- Seems like you guys really got it right.
- Thank you.
Hey, I got invited to
an event tomorrow.
I've got a plus one.
- Ooh.
- I'm probably not gonna go.
An event, huh?
Is this...
Is this the Tasha thing?
- Yeah.
- Dude!
She has got your life looking
so incredible right now.
I mean,
I'm your closest friend,
and you are not
that exciting.
I'm bored right now

and I'm in a stealth bomber.
Yeah, but how exciting is it
gonna be when...
every girl who googles me
realizes I lied
on the Internet?
Dude, the ideal girl
is somebody
who would just think
that's hilarious.
Right?
I say go for it, man.
Have fun.
This is good for you.
Yeah.
I mean, go to
the party at least.
Well, are you gonna
come with me or not?
- I don't know. Dave's got this work...
- There's an open bar.
I'll be there for my best
friend when he needs me.
So I'll be there
with you,
and Dave's just gonna
have to understand that
we are also independent.
We are connected by the
heart, but separated by...
when there's free
alcohol involved.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Oh!
- Oh! No, no, no!
Oh, we are going
down, Jed.
We are going down. You gotta
stay focused in this thing.
Everybody relax back there.
Buckle up. Put your head
down between your legs.
[exhales] Jed, you got

one final chance.

No regrets.

I need you to

look me in my cold,

digital glass eyes

and tell me how you

feel about me, okay?

I'm... I'm glad that...

You would gladly take it

to the next level.

That's what I heard.

[Tasha] Hey, I just wanted to make
sure you got the suit I sent over.

Um, and once you're dressed,

take a selfie

and 'gram it with the

hashtags I just texted you.

This thing is gonna have

a ton of influencers,

so we have to

play it right.

See you soon.

Okay, okay, okay, okay.

- Franky!

- Oh, my God!

Abby!

Why the hell am I waiting
in this rape alley for you?

What are you doing?

Here. I stole this

from catering.

- Put it on.

- Seriously?

Yeah. Change. Tell them

you are late for work,

and I'll see your cute

tush in there. Okay?

Wait. You said

you could get me in.

I said I could get in.

Oh, my God.

- Abby!

- Okay, Franky.

I know that little voice

in your head
is just telling you to
turn around and go home.
But do me a favor,
just ignore it tonight.
Babe, whatever happens,
it'll be because it was
meant to happen.
Okay?
That's my girl.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Hang on.
No, no, no, no.
Wait, Abby.
What are you doing?
No one wants to talk to
someone they can't fuck.
Hurry up.
I'm freezing my tits off.
Jesus!
[techno music playing]
Oh, look at that. Blond,
coming in, pretty hot.
Why did you leave out
the hashtags?
Excuse me?
I specifically wrote down the
hashtags that you needed to include.
We don't get paid unless
you use the hashtags.
How else do you think I got you
\$900 worth of free clothes?
I'm sorry.
I didn't know.
You look lovely,
by the way.
That's sweet.
Thank you.
- [sighs]
- [clears throat]
Oh, sorry.
This is my best friend, Will.
Nice to meet you.
By the way,

if anyone asks,
you're in
international finance.
Baller!
I don't know anything
about international finance.
Nobody does.
That's why it's perfect.
I'm gonna go
grab a drink.
[Will] Yeah, I wanna
get some food.
[sighs heavily]
[people chatting]
Excuse me, ma'am,
I got you a drink.
Franky Donegan.
Jed! [laughs]
How are you?
I'm good, how are you?
Good.
Thank you.
Wow, I have not seen you
since high school.
Actually that's not true.
We're Facebook friends.
We are?
Totally should have
known that.
I, um...
So, um...
Can I just apologize?
For what?
For not dancing with you
at prom?
I...
I don't remember that
at all.
Thank God. I felt horrible
about that for a solid decade.
You're off the hook.
So how do you two
know each other?
We were college roommates.

He walked in
freshman year,
had the entire DVD box set
to Friday the 13th.
We've been best friends
ever since.
He's a great guy.
Like, genuine.
I mean, look at him talking
to this woman, right?
He doesn't have a chance
in hell, He's gonna strike out.
But yet there he is,
at that.
He's got a lot of heart.
And dick.
He's got a big ass dick.
Like radius wise.
You know, it's perfectly
shaped for anyone.
It morphs to shape
your body.
Whoever, uh...
I'm his wingman.
- How am I doing?
- Subtle.
Yeah.
Oh, thank you.
- Got my...
- Oh, no. I'm good actually.
These are for me.
Oh.
Uh, international finance.
That sounds interesting.
Oh... [scoffs]
Yeah. It's...
It's boring.
Super normal.
Um, don't even talk about it.
Okay.
I'm actually here
with a few friends.
Do you wanna...
Uh...

Sure.

Hi. I found these like that.

Thank you.

Franky, this is Will
and Tasha.

- Hi.

- Love your dress.

Thank you.

How do you guys
know each other?

We went to
high school together.

Oh, we went to
college together.

- [Franky] Oh, cool.

- [Will] Yeah.

Shit.

- He's here.

- Who?

Usher.

No shit.

Okay, just relax. There's no
way he's seen the picture.

That picture's been liked
over a million times.

Yo, Usher!

- Will, come on!

- What?

[Jed] It's Usher.

Why?

- Just act like you know him.

- Oh, my God.

Jed, right?

Vegas.

- Usher.

- What's up, man, how are you?

I'm good. How are you?

Oh, man. Cool.

Listen.

I barely remember what happened
in the casino that night, man.

I don't remember
any of it.

I'm still hungover.

[Usher laughs]
Anyway. You know what?
Listen...
You mind
taking this picture?
- Yeah.
- Come on. All right.
I'm sober now.
- [Franky] There you go.
- [camera clicks]
Great.
Dude, you were
trending topic last time.
Just watch what happens
this time.
"Hashtag before the madness,
before the turner."
All right.
What's your handle?
Oh, it's @Jedtriplett.
Jedtriplett.
"Hashtag sober."
[laughs]
All right. Cool, man.
We should hang out.
Sure.
Uh... Hey, man,
put your number.
Okay.
- There you go.
- All right. Cool, man.
- Nice to meet you.
- See ya, Usher.
Hey, let's do
a quick dinner.
That's awesome.
We're gonna hang out.
Let's do a quick
photo maybe.
I'm Will...
[Usher] What's your name?
- [Will] Will.
- [Usher] Okay.
- We'll be back.

- [Will] Just snap away.

Just snap away.

- [camera clicking]

- All right.

All right, cool.

Ooh, let's do a pano.

- No, man.

- You don't wanna do a pano?

Why didn't you come
to any of the reunions?

Why would I wanna
hang out with people
that made me feel
insecure for four years?

Hmm.

Show them how wrong
they were.

I don't wanna hang my self-worth
on what other people think.

But I bet Oscar Williams
was there.

I knew it.

Yeah.

How could I forget that my prom
date danced with someone else
the whole night?

Jed, I'm sorry,
but let's be honest.

There was no way I was
getting you on the dance floor.

Well, actually...

Nah, never mind.

- What?

- No.

Now you have to tell me.

Okay, I can't believe I'm
gonna tell you this, but...

Let's say that I spent
a whole month
taking dance classes
after school
to get ready.

Dance classes, like...
swing?

Uh...
Hip hop.
No! [laughs]
What? No!
I wanted to
impress you.
This might be the greatest
thing I've ever heard.
Oh, we were so close!
If we'd just had
more time...
Hey, where...
Where are you going?
I don't know.
Let's find out.
You coming?
[man] Welcome to
Time Traveler's Adventure,
Brooklyn's premier Escape Room.
All devices must be
placed in the dropbox.
Prepare to be transported
into another world.
Hopefully it's one
you want to be in.
And remember,
there's no turning back now.
Oh! Thank goodness
you're all here.
Something terrible
has happened.
Dr. Schultz has
gone missing,
and he left this note
for all of you.
"If you're reading this, then
I'm lost in another dimension."
[gasps]
"I must have made a
breakthrough with my research.
But there's no way
for me to get back.
Unless you can help me
travel across

space and time.
My only hope is..."
[sighs and mutters]
I was doing so good.
Ah! It just cuts off there.
I don't...
All right. I'm just filling in
for a friend, so...
I've known Dr. Schultz since
I was a little girl.
He gave me
my first stethoscope.
He's not that kind
of doctor.
We can't let Dr. Schultz
and his work
disappear into
the dark abyss.
How do we save him?
I found it. I'm good.
Okay.
"You have one hour
to solve all the puzzles,
and decipher the clues
of my research,
and return me
to the present.
Otherwise, the wormhole..."
Wormhole. Okay.
"...wormhole will open up
and swallow you into
oblivion... oblivion...
oblivion..."
- [timer beeping]
- Good luck.
[upbeat music]
The room is identical.
"Look for what's in the past.
It'll help you in the present."
This is the present.
We're in the past.
We're in the past!
[timer beeping]
We're in the past!

Congratulations!
You saved me.
[all cheering]
[Jed] Holy shit.
[Franky] Not bad, huh?
[Jed] How are we even
in this place?
[Franky] I have a friend in
luxury real estate.
This place has been on
the market for years.
[Jed] That's a good friend.
[boat horn honks]
You remember when
we would spend
maximum an hour a week
in front of the computer?
"You have died of dysentery."
You remember that?
Oregon Trail was the best.
Think about it.
We are the only generation
that straddles the line between
the analog and digital age.
Like my older brother
totally missed it,
and my younger sister can't imagine
a second without the Internet.
Growing up now is like
making your diary public.
And then inviting people
to comment on it.
I remember having to make a
collect phone call on a payphone.
And someday I might
have to retell that story
to my grandchildren,
who won't believe it.
I used to have to write
things down on paper.
I remember having
to read handwriting,
and that wasn't fun.
I remember having to talk to all

my friends' moms when I called.

I've had to wait more than a second to see a photo before.

I think I might owe Columbia House like 60 bucks.

Okay, well,

you're a bad person.

Don't tell anyone.

I remember having to talk to people face to face.

Ugh! That's the worst.

[Jed] So, what are you up to?

You know, besides saving people from wormholes.

Um...

I'm an actor.

Really? You stuck with it.

Yeah, I just...

I just finished a run of my last play off...

off Broadway, and...

now I'm just, uh,

looking for my next gig.

That's great.

I mean, to be able to help people escape like that.

That's really cool

you stuck with it.

I admire that.

Let's be honest. I wish

I was doing more of it.

You should.

You're great.

Jed, it's not that easy.

What, don't you go

on try-outs?

You mean auditions?

Yeah, whatever.

I mean...

You live in New York.

You should...

have plenty of

opportunities, right?

I'm still hungry.

You know, I had a crush
on you in high school.

- No, you didn't.

- Mmm.

And you just
weren't interested.

You did not have a crush
on me in high school.

Mm. I did.

All the girls in Drama did.

You were the cute, quiet guy
who ran the light port.

Oh. Sounds really sexy.

It was.

I don't even know how to
deal with these feelings.

What are these feelings?

Regret. It's pure regret.

I wanna get ahold

of Dr. Schultz,

and I wanna get ahold

of his time machine.

All right.

You get his time machine.

What do you do?

Travel back in time,

get laid before I turn 22.

I said I had

a crush on you,

not that I would

sleep with you.

You're right.

I took that hypothetical
situation too far.

Yeah, well, I mean, I just
can't give it up to every guy

that defies the laws of

physics for me.

I totally understand.

And that's what I love

about you.

Is that you don't just

settle for any time traveler,

like every other girl does.

Whoa! Oh, God,
it's getting late.
I should get home.
Try-outs tomorrow.
Yeah. You gotta...
do those try-outs.
This should be my Uber.
Well, it was good
seeing you.
It was good
seeing you.
Yeah.
Oh, this is yours.
Thank you.
Of course.
I'll get your door for ya.
Thanks.

- Good night.

- Yeah, good night.

["Love Is Not Allowed" playing]

Quick, before your
Nose begins to drip
Allow the heart
To take another sip
Out of the fucking way.
Quick, before my mind
Begins to slip
Deny the urge to make
Another grip
Love is not allowed
To those who run
Nor is it the power
Of the one
Put your cares a
And hopes away
And save them
For a rainy day
Until the world is
Swallowed by the sun
Love is not allowed
To those who run
Nor is it the power
Of the one
Put your cares

And hopes away
And save them
For a rainy day
Until the world is
Swallowed by the sun
[phone chimes]
[sighs]
[phone chimes]
[Tasha] So I did some
research and I think I found
the Broadway director
that we need to target.
He's up and coming,
he interacts with
most of his posts,
and he has a play day
viewing in three months.
So he's likely to be
casting right now.
Got it.
Are you sure you
wanna do this?
What's the point in
having all these followers?
[Tasha] Amen!
[Jed] "Congrats on
all your success,
but you will regret
not casting
@frankydonegan in
your next show."
Hashtag discover Franky?
["Too Late" playing]
You ask me to wait
But we have to escape
No time to take it slow
"@JedTriplett, no one cares about
your girlfriend's terrible acting."
"@frankydonegan was supposed
to audition for his last play,
but couldn't because
her grandma got sick.
She deserves a shot."
Hashtag, discover Franky.

We're off and away
And we're off and away
And we're off and away
My love will dream
In the water
Two hearts out of control
For so long we could have
Been better
It's too late
It's too late, I know
My love will dream
In the water
Two hearts out of control
For so long we could have
Been better
It's too late
It's too late, I know
[phone chimes]
It's too late
To let you go
He responded.
"That Franky D must be
something special.
Hopefully she's
in the tri-state area.
My casting people
will reach out."
[cell phone vibrating]
It's... She's call...
She's calling me.
Oh, God...
Hey.
Did you start
a Twitter war for me?
You're like the Helen of Troy
of social media.
Jed, I... I don't
know what to say.
- I mean, thank you. I...
- Well, I can't...
I can't believe it worked.
But you totally deserved it.
I mean, I remember
watching you in high school,

and you were
so captivating...
I was wondering maybe...
We should get a drink
some time soon.
You know, like,
maybe after the audition.
Um, to celebrate.
Yeah, that sounds like fun.
[Franky] "But every time I
spread my legs, don't you know,
I'm the one with the power?
I...
I'm the one with the power.
I'm the one with the power.
I'm the one with the power."
[exhales heavily]
[gibbering vocal exercises]
"Do I sleep with men
for money?
Sure.
But every time I do it, don't you
know that I'm the one with the power?
I'm the one with the power."
This looks nice.
What's the occasion?
[clears throat]
There's no occasion.
I just read an article
that says if you want your
husband to mow the lawn,
you have to do the dishes.
So this is me
doing the dishes.
Oh, but not really, because
you'll be doing those later.
Oh, you think so, huh?
No! Is this the dish
from Bologna?
Maybe.
I love you.
I love you.
[laughs incredulously] Wow!
So, uh, what were you

working on when I came in?
Oh. Um, I have
an audition next week.
Mm. I didn't think
that they, uh...
started up until the fall.
It's for another
theater company.
There's more than one?
It's in the city.
So why are you
going in?
You're right.
I thought we
talked about this.
We did.
We did.
When we lived in the city and I
wouldn't get a part, it was...
it was like someone else was
telling me I'm not good enough.
But here it's...
It's me. It's like I'm telling
myself I'm not good enough.
I'm not gonna get it.
If I did, you know, I'd...
want to make it work.
How long would
the play run?
These things are indefinite.
It could be three months,
could be three years.
So you're going to deliver
our child mid-performance?
I'm not even pregnant yet.
Can you just be
supportive of me?
Franky, I've been supportive
for six very long years.
I mean, acting? Really?
Is it so important?
It's just so vain.
And I'm sorry that it didn't
happen before, but it didn't.

So can we just get on
with our lives?
So just because you say
I didn't make it,
I should just give up
and just walk away?
No, no.
You're changing priorities.
And don't make me out to seem
like some sort of asshole
for saying "What the fuck"
right now,
because of a decision
that we made together.
It was your decision.
My idea, our decision.
- Then I made a mistake.
- Oh, isn't that convenient?
You don't think you could have come to
that conclusion, like, two years ago?
You know what? You don't
have to be so selfish.
"Selfish"?
I'm shaping the minds
of America,
and you have your head
wrapped up in some sort of
failed fantasy.
You teach humanities
at a state college, Phil.
You're not
fucking Hawking!
[sighs]
- That wasn't cool.
- [cutlery clatters]
Kombucha, on tap.
You're welcome.
Hey, Oakley.
Oof. That is bad.
Come see this.
Three million plus
on Twitter.
One million plus
Instagram

Whoa! Four million on Facebook.

Who is this?

Nobody.

Just a regular guy.

So this is a Kevin?

Exactly.

Trying to prove me

wrong, huh?

Where are you taking this?

You'll see.

Good work, Tash.

[coughs]

Sorry, I'm still trying to train myself
to drink kombucha without gagging.

You know...

[Oakley exclaims]

Are you doing anything?

You guys know kombucha

is good for you, yeah?

Get those bowels moving.

Gotta ride on

the 'bucha train.

Sweetie, delete that.

- Abby?

- Franky!

Well, how did it go?

Oh. Yeah, no.

I didn't audition.

I'm not up for this.

Oh.

What are you

doing here?

I help out here

when I have the time.

Danielle?

Go get 'em.

["Two Of Us On The Run" playing]

There are two of us

On the run

Going so fast, every doubt

We had is coming undone

And falling behind with

Everything we left there

We held on

For far too long
And now we pass so many
People on the road
Franky!
[music continues
over headphones]
[incoming call]
Hey, J,
do you have a minute?
Hey, yeah.
What's up, Tash?
I'm just plugging away
on a deadline.
Um...
We've become friends over
the past few months, right?
Yeah.
What, are you trying to
tell me it's over now?
No. No.
It's just... Well, you know,
I don't want you to get hurt
is all.
[Jed] Well, why
would I get hurt?
Well, you know because of
Franky's situation or whatever.
No, I don't know.
[Tasha] Her being married?
I...
I didn't know Franky
was married.
Shit.
I just thought you knew.
Um...
J, it's not your fault.
She doesn't have a relationship
status on her Facebook profile,
so really there's no way
you would have known.
[Oakley] Tasha,
get your ass over here.
Listen, I gotta run, but...
talk later, okay?

[line disconnects]

Thank you.

What's the temperature
in there?

Frigid.

This is my fourth
audition today,
and I feel like I've bombed
ever single one of them.

You'll do great.

Thanks.

[knock on door]

Good to see you.

Hey, Jed, I know I wouldn't
normally say this,
but, please put on
some pants.

It's just been tough to
do much today.

Here you go.

Whoo! All right.

What are we doing tonight?

Um, I think I'm gonna...
sleep.

Okay, I get it. I'm sorry
that this girl was married.
I feel terrible for you,
seriously.

It's my job
to take you out
so you can
forget about it.

Besides, do you know
how hard it is
to get a same day bro pass
from your fiance?

It's unheard of.

I wouldn't,
'cause I'm not married.

It's impossible.

[cell phone vibrating]

That's where you
keep your phone?

Yeah, I'm not

gonna get that.

- What?

- I'm not gonna get it.

- Jed, you are gonna get that.

- No, I'm not gonna get it.

This is the universe reaching out
to you in the form of Usher.

You don't screen

Usher's phone calls.

You can screen

CeeLo's phone calls.

- I'm not picking it up.

- You pick that phone up.

No, I'm not gonna

pick it up.

Okay, I...

I hear you.

You just kinda wanna be

sad, sad Jed tonight.

I'll leave you be.

[Usher] Dude,

"Hashtag discover Franky."

Genius, man.

[whispers]

I'll fucking kill you.

Hello?

Hello? Jed?

Hello.

- Jed.

- Hey, Usher.

[whispers]

I don't know what to say.

You're trending again, bro.

[whispers] Speaker phone!

You gotta get off

your phone and get out.

Let's get out, man.

Yes. I'm actually with

a friend now, so...

Great. Bring him.

Is he down?

Uh, let me check.

Uh, are you down?

- What?

- I don't know. Just generally speaking.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, I'm down.

Yeah, he's down.

- Almost too down.

- Way down.

All right. Listen, I'll
text you where we'll be.

Just come straight to
the VIP.

Okay now, then.

Um...

- [whispers] Bye!

- Bye.

- Okay, Jed?

- Yeah.

What did international
pop superstar Usher
have to say?

He...

just wants to see if we
wanna go hang out with him.

Oh, he wanted to see
if we're gonna...

Yeah, if we wanted
to hang out?

Yeah.

In case we didn't want to
hang out with Usher.

Yep.

- Usher?

- Mm-hmm.

Yeah, I feel like
we should.

I just don't wanna make it
a crazy night.

No. Okay. Yeah.

All right.

Well, we better, uh...
cover this up, huh?

Let's get some pants.

[door opens]

[door shuts]

I am so sorry.

Um, actually...
there's something
I wanna say.
No, you don't have to.
I was a dick.
I...
Please let me say it.
Okay.
Franky, it's...
become...
very clear to me
that we want
different things in life.
- I know what you're gonna say, and you don't...
- Franky...
And it is unfortunate
that it's taken till now
to figure that out.
And, um...
you know that I have
so much love for you.
I can't be with someone
who is wondering if their
life would be more fulfilling.
I... I just...
I wanna be with someone
who wants the same
things I want.
But I want the same things
you want, babe.
I do. It's...
all I want.
And today I realized
that was a dream
I once had.
What about in 12 months?
You start to get
that itch again,
and you start
wondering what if...
I won't. I just...
We're gonna have a baby
by then anyway.
In fact, you know,

maybe I'm not...
making myself clear.
I think it would be...
irresponsible
- to bring a child...
- [cell phone rings]
[exclaims]
- I'm turning it off.
- No, just take it.
- No, I'll put it off.
- Please take it.
I need a breather.
Hey, Abby,
let me call you back.
Hey, I'm so sorry about
my behavior earlier,
and you can cut me out
later for it, but first,
you ought to get
your tits behind a bit
because it's between you
and another girl.
What?
Good night. Good night.
Good night.
You heard me, bitch.
This isn't funny, Abigail.
It's no joke.
They're gonna
call you tomorrow.
Girl, you were amazing.
I told you. If you come to the
city, you'd totally tear it up.
I told you that, right?
You remember?
I can't believe this.
Oh, my God. Um...
Abby, let me call you back.
No, you better take me
as your date to the Tonys.
Stop talking.
Stop talking.
Okay...
Bye.

[techno music playing]

[Jed] Oh... Oh...

Get down.

There you go.

[Will] Is this the after-party?

This place looks
like shit.

[Jed] No, this is the after
after-party, buddy.

Okay.

Let's get you down here.

- Here.

- [grunts]

Ah, there you go.

Okay.

Oh.

[sighs]

Will...

- Will.

- Yeah?

Why didn't you tell me
that you and Dave met
on the Internet?

I was embarrassed.

I...

I didn't...

want you thinking that I
couldn't get a guy like Dave
in real life.

But it's only
been better, man.

Because

things were staggers...

- No, it's...

- Stag... Stag...

Staginat.

Stagnant.

Things were stagnant.

And then, a couple of guys
reached out to me
on Grindr.

I left it open,
and Dave saw.

And he got crazy jealous

and then he locked it up.
Smooth sailing.
[Will snoring]
[clicking]
[birds chirping]
[melancholy music]
[sighs]
No, no, no, no, no.
No, no!
No!
Shit!
[knock on door]
What the fuck?
So all of this
happened overnight.
It was the last
four hours really.
And you decided it was a
good idea to use my picture?
I told you. I don't remember
anything from last night.
Yeah. Well, they're picking
apart all of your posts.
Every photo, every tweet.
All that we built.
How could you
let this happen, J?
What were you thinking?
I wasn't!
How can we fix this?
One guy started a petition to get
you kicked off of Instagram.
Another guy is claiming that you
doctored his original photographs
and he's threatening
to sue you.
Do you know how
serious this is?
It's bullshit. I mean...
I did everything
you told me to do.
Yeah. Well, they don't
think it's bullshit.
They started a hashtag.

"How pathetic.
Do us a favor and
go kill yourself."
Hashtag unfollow Jed.
"Yeah, if my son grew up
to be like this guy,
I'd shoot him
in the head."
Hashtag unfollow Jed.
Wow.
Somebody took the time
to write that.
Yesterday I had the support
of a million people.
They don't even know me.
I'm gonna
take the post down.
Fuck these people, Jed.
[pensive music playing]
[Abby] So you'll be sharing
the futon with moi.
The, um...
shower's in the kitchen.
Well, the stove doesn't work.
[dishes clatter]
Welcome back
to the city.
Thank you for letting me
stay here, Abs.
I promise as soon as I find a
place, I'll get out of your hair.
Oh, no worries, love.
And I'm sorry about the mess.
It's just...
been so busy I haven't had
the time to clean, you know
how it is.
[Franky sobbing]
Oh, babes.
It's all right.
Are you okay?
You're okay.
Hey...
You stay here as long

as you need, okay?
Thank you.
You're not the first person
whose marriage didn't work out,
and you're not
going to be the last.
It's almost like a pre-req
to true adulthood.
I just never thought
this is where I'd be.
I feel like...
I'm constantly being reminded that
everyone else has their shit together.
I mean, every time
I pick up my phone,
someone's getting married,
or having a baby,
or going on vacation
to Bali.
Don't forget about all those
marathons people run.
It's all artificial, Franky.
All of it.
Everything people put up.
I mean, I do the same shit.
I need everyone to know that my life
couldn't possibly be going any better.
Truth is, I haven't even
worked in three years.
Why didn't you tell me?
I work full time at
that casting agency,
and I spend most of my time pruning
my profile like a bloody bonsai tree.
I mean, I could have
learned Mandarin,
or how to change a tire.
There's something else I've
been meaning to tell you.
I'm not actually Australian.
What?
[laughing]
Oh, God!
Of course I am,

you silly bitch.

- Great. That's really...

- Give me those drugs.

[Franky] Really funny.

[Abby] It was like the worst American accent ever.

[Franky] It was.

It was actually the worst.

[Abby]

It was pretty bad, right?

Why do you do what you do?

Um, I guess

I would argue

that what I do is

a form of sociology.

Social media doesn't even

know what it wants to be yet.

Civilization is gonna

look back at our tweets

and our status updates

and they're gonna look

like cave drawings.

I bet you'll write an

interesting book about it.

[chuckles]

You know, three quarters

of the population

didn't read a single book

last year.

I definitely wanna do something with

all this information. I just...

I hope it's something more

relevant than writing a book.

You're something.

Um, so I've been thinking about how

we need to respond to all this,

and it needs to be aggressive.

You know, I think that we

really tell these people...

Tasha.

Just let it go.

I liked that

you used my picture.

- Oh, my God.

- What?

- Tasha.

- What?

There's only one way
out of this.

What are you talking about?

Um, where should I
put the phone?

Um, we can acknowledge
the camera from time to time.
Right? Like it's a home
movie or something.

And then you post it, 'cause
that's what you do best.

It'll be flawless.

Oh...

Shit.

I didn't...

Tasha...

[door opens and shuts]

[exhales]

[melancholy instrumental music]

[line ringing]

[buzzing]

Hey, Jed, it's Franky.

I...

saw what happened online,
and I just want to see
if you're okay.

I didn't know if you
wanted to talk about it.

I hope you're well.

Hey, uh...

I need you to sign something
for the Veep account.

You know you need to take
the caps off the bottles
before you
recycle them, right?

There was a memo about it.

I'm aware.

How's it going
with your Kevin?

You were right.

It was a bad idea.
Fucking Kevin.
Oakley...
What are we doing here?
We're not helping anyone.
Tasha, take a seat.
All my aunt ever wanted
was a kid.
And then one day
it happened,
and he was gorgeous
and smart and
basically perfect.
And then they found out
he had cancer.
And it was a bad kind and they
couldn't afford treatments.
So she went online.
Just started writing daily
entries about their struggles,
what made him laugh that day,
not asking for anything.
Soon people started
to share her story.
Soon people
started to realize
that this was an actual family that
they could reach out and help.
Soon the 100,000 people that
were circulating their story
came together and raised enough
money to get him through treatment.
If it wasn't
for social media,
none of that would
have been possible.
You just gotta keep
your perspective.
It's the most valuable
thing you got.
- Hey, Carl.
- Hey, dude.
Drip coffee.
Here you go.

Thanks, Carl.

- Oh, shit.

- I'm sorry.

- Jed.

- Mina?

So what the fuck happened?

I was drunk.

Forgot to take off
a layer, and...

Forgot to turn on
a filter, I think.

No, I mean, why did you
start lying about yourself?

Is this her?

Yeah.

She's cute, man.

Have you ever been asked
to sum up
who you are and...
define your whole
existence within
just a couple of lines...
a photo...

I might know how that feels.

I guess I just didn't think.

The real me wasn't enough.

Well, for what it's worth,
I think that the guy I met
at the engagement party
was a lot more interesting than
your digital doppelganger.

Hmm.

It says here
that she's single.

What?

Yeah, she updated it
22 hours ago.

Her relationship status
says "single."

Thirteen people
"liked" that.

Let me see.

Oh, I hope you're not offended
that I unfriended you, by the way.

It's like nothing personal.
["We Belong" playing]
You belong
To my heart
Before you came
Just an ache in my chest
The blue in my veins
Oh, so easy to feel you
So that's what I come to
[Jed] The fear of
being myself
caused me to forget
who I am.
No more lies.
No more excuses.
Posting every hour
for the next 24.
Until you came to me
Until it came to be
[Jed] Sincerely doing my best
to seamlessly integrate myself
into a picture.
Was lonely.
I wanted to belong
to something.
Until you came to me
[cell phone vibrating]
I gained millions
of followers,
but hurt a friend
in the process.
Sorry for losing sight
of what was in front of me.
Never meant to hurt you.
[Tasha] Manipulating
an authentic person
just to see if I could...
Not my proudest moment.
See you
at the coffee shop, J.
Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.
[Will] I'm not scared
of getting married.
Just terrified of not being the

partner my husband deserves.

Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.

[Dave] I look in
the mirror every day and
all I can see is
my ten-year-old self.
Wondering if I'll ever
feel like an adult.

Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.

[Usher] Not everything
we see online is true.
But the way we
treat each other
is impossible
to misinterpret.

Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.

[Jed] The most
honest we can be
is when we acknowledge
ourselves as liars.

Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.

Franky, have you been
online today?

No. Why?

It looks like your friend Jed
has started something bonkers.

We belong to
Where we're going
Where we're going
We belong to
Where we're going
Where we're going
We belong to
Where we're going...

He posted again.

Oh!

Those poor kids right in
the throes of puberty.

That's me.

At my high school prom.

"I never thought
I'd be this happy again
until I saw her
12 years later."

Hashtag Truthful Tuesday.

Damn, that's some
romantic shit.

We belong to

We belong to

Where we're going

We belong to

Where we're going

Where we're going

[instrumental music playing]