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# Playing It Cool

By Chris Shafer

Did you know that when someone attractive  
enters your sightline  
your pupils dilate 20 percent?  
Or when someone falls in love  
their brain floods with dopamine?  
You know what else causes  
that chemical reaction? Narcotics.  
It's crazy, right?  
But that's the fun shit  
I'm learning right now.  
See, I've been hired to write  
this romantic comedy screenplay...  
and the problem is I've never actually,  
you know... been in love, so...  
it's slow-going.  
Yeah... intelligent.  
To help, I rely on this writer's trick.  
When other people tell me  
their tales of romance  
I try to imagine myself  
as the characters in the story.  
You know, the ones... in love.  
It's kind of a desperate attempt to feel  
something, I suppose. Anything, really.  
It's a little narcissistic,  
but it works.  
I think the closest I ever came  
would be the summer of '89.  
Kristin... my babysitter.  
We were deeply, passionately,  
madly in love for one glorious night.  
Until my granddad came home  
early from poker.  
God, could she dance.  
I think since then,  
all of my experiences involving love  
usually start out something like this.  
You know, I always did think  
you were pretty cute.  
You still got that boyfriend?  
- Yeah.  
- You guys in love?  
Then they lead somewhere like this.  
And then usually end up

something like this.

How about some back story?

- No, it's a RomCom.

- No... romance.

It's a favor for the producer,  
because the studio hates the third act.

This is gonna be huge. Okay?

They have... Ashley Tisdale  
from High School Musical  
and Matthew Morrison from Glee!

It's gonna be huge!

I can see the poster now, man.

- Morr-Ash.

- That's not a thing.

I just made it a thing.

Come on, play along!

Work your magic on this one  
because the same producer  
has a huge action job coming up.

- All right? Set in Malaysia!

- You know I'm dying to write action.

So, do the RomCom  
and I will get you the action job.

It's six weeks in Malaysia!

Malaysian women.

- You ever bang a Malaysian chick before?

- No.

Man... this cigarette is like  
an elephant's dick to them.

They're sweet and warm and genuine.

They're caring, beautiful women...

that you can rip apart!

Yeah!

And Swayze says to her,  
for the first time,  
because he's never  
been able to say this before...

"I love you, Molly. I..."

"I've always loved you."

And then Demi Moore  
says to him, "Ditto."

Remember that's what he said to her...

at the beginning of the movie?

Okay. It's no Terminator, but...

What? I'm s... wait, what?  
I'm sorry, you think Terminator  
is more romantic than Ghost?  
Yeah.  
Okay, you're messing with me.  
Oh, my God, you're not messing with me.  
- Okay, Terminator? Okay...  
- It's the same guy who did Titanic.  
Okay... this is...  
my head's gonna explode.  
I'll be back.  
And that's not a reference to...  
many people have said that...  
in the history of time.  
This is my buddy, Scott.  
We'd been friends since the day we met.  
Excuse me!  
You left your...  
Hey! You left your package!  
Hey!  
Hey, wait up!  
Shit!  
Shit. Don't hurt me, I'm a writer.  
I'm not gonna hurt you.  
Why are you running?  
- Because you were chasing me!  
- Because you left your package.  
On purpose... Oh, my God.  
Who leaves packages on purpose?  
You can't do that shit post-911, you know.  
It's my favorite novel,  
Love in the Time of Cholera.  
I leave it random places  
for people to find. It's...  
It's my art.  
- You're insane?  
- Yeah.  
- What's your name?  
- I'm Scott.  
- All right. Let's get your bag.  
- Holy shit.  
All right, what's up, N-word?  
So, the guy character  
has multiple personalities.

He meets the girl character,  
who has multiple personalities.  
And one of his personalities falls in love  
with one of her personalities.  
That sounds really good.  
It's terrible. It's full of clichs.  
It has a gay, best friend personality.  
It has a bitch, girlfriend personality.  
It has a feisty, Hispanic personality.  
It has a black, female,  
detective personality.  
Oh, there's even an act three  
running-through-an-airport scene.  
God, I love  
running-through-the-airport scenes.  
Okay, we gotta top that.  
Put them on a bridge.  
How romantic is that?  
You got two people on a bridge,  
maybe there's like a whole crowd  
following them and cheering... and like,  
- you know, maybe one guy's doing...  
- Yeah, I'm not doing any of that.  
- But like a slow clap, like...  
- I'm not doing any of that, Scott.  
Well, then you're not really  
making a RomCom.  
Look, if I'm gonna do this,  
I just wanna write something  
that shows love how it really is,  
you know? Not funny, not romantic.  
Okay... but that kind of  
sounds like a downer.  
Let me explain.  
Love starts out like this...  
I'm sorry, my palms get kind of sweaty.  
I don't care.  
I love you.  
And then he threw up.  
He tried to say it was food poisoning  
but I haven't been able to make love  
with the lights on since.  
You are so beautiful.  
I'm just lucky to have you.

But then quickly becomes more like this.  
I work with her! What do you  
want me to do, baby? Quit my job?  
No, I want you to keep  
eye-humping her all night!  
Baby, stop!  
Don't touch me with your sticky  
disgusting, reptile hands!  
You give away your most  
personal information  
only to have your secrets  
come back to destroy you.  
Stop being melodramatic.  
Maybe if you'd hit the gym once in a while,  
you wouldn't need that sob story.  
No wonder he threw up.  
How do I know this?  
Well, take my story, for example.  
There's no stronger force  
than a mother's love.  
I love you.  
She keeps you safe, secure...  
It's unconditional, right?  
And then without warning,  
the bottom falls out.  
And you're left to watch helplessly  
as your world comes crashing down.  
- Mom, where's the prize?  
- Mom's not here, son.  
That's what love does,  
it leaves you with Granddad  
to go to Chile with Phillip...  
and ruins a perfectly good cereal.  
And that's the last time I saw her.  
That's why every time  
someone has said...  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
- My response has been...  
I just don't see myself ever feeling  
the same way about you.

And there you have me.  
By the way, that's my heart.  
You know how some people  
wear their hearts on their sleeve?  
Well, I kicked mine out a long time ago,  
and now he just follows me around...  
chain smoking.  
Okay, so, like I said,  
it's been my life.  
But then I met this girl.  
Come on, Scott! Let's go, man!  
These people are obnoxious.  
Well, sorry there aren't  
any perfect tens here,  
but we're staying until they auction  
off that couple's Champagne bath.  
I don't care if they're all fours,  
but if I have to hear one more four  
talk about her vegan pet,  
my sperm are gonna start  
eating each other.  
- Shit.  
- Colorful.  
- It's a gift.  
- No, please, continue.  
- I think I made my point.  
- No, I don't think you're drunk enough.  
I mean, we're fours now, but a couple  
drinks from now... we might be sixes.  
Point well taken... cutting myself off.  
I think the rest of my night  
is going to involve online shopping  
and eating my feelings.  
Online shopping...  
I would have taken you for a porn guy.  
No, I'm off porn. It objectifies women.  
Oh, so that's a bad thing now?  
No, no, I'm not against women  
being objectified, per se.  
I guess I'm just sick of men  
not being objectified.  
Oh, I'm sick of women not being judged  
by how much money we make.  
I mean, if I spend an hour

and change getting ready,  
I want to be ogled.  
I'm pretty much begging for it.  
Exactly, and I'm tired of being wanted  
for my body, but not my pocket book.  
We're drinking \$300 wine here.  
My money is no good?  
Oh, God, this girl's dangerous.  
Do you want to do a social experiment?  
Nice ass. You work out?  
Is that dress a Valentino?  
You know what this suit's made out of?  
Boyfriend material.  
That suit looks good on you,  
but I bet it would look even better  
balled up in a corner of a hotel room.  
Well, I'd love to travel more,  
but I have crushing student debt.  
God, sorry... I'm sorry.  
Oh, God, look at this guy, so stuffy.  
Do the... the blow job,  
the tongue-in-the-cheek thing.  
No, he's my boyfriend.  
- Hi, honey.  
- Darling, there you are.  
I have no idea what Stuffy said,  
because I went temporarily deaf.  
Where'd you go, homey?  
I was looking for you.  
You don't look too good.  
Oh, did you have the crab?  
Yeah, I had the crab.  
It's probably why I was on  
the shitter for so long.  
Okay, that sucked.  
Shake it off.  
Time to randomly text some chicks.  
Hey. I'm so glad you called.  
I didn't.  
I found that love is like a leak in a boat.  
It starts slow, with a drip,  
and if you don't plug it,  
it gets worse until you drown.  
And to fix it,



you should really find an expert.  
I want to tell him, "No, Mr. Policeman,  
this is not a thumbs-up moment."  
But yeah, it is.  
We all have different patches  
for the leak, and mine is sex.  
Which is about to erase all the traces  
of that girl from the charity event  
right out of my brain.  
Wait.  
Stop. Stop. Stop. I'm sorry.  
What the hell?  
Good question.  
Question for you,  
there was a girl here...  
she had brown hair,  
just a great, great, girl height.  
Perfect smile, red dress,  
kind of a whole happy thing going on.  
- Ringing any bells?  
- No. Sorry.  
Shit.  
Hey!  
What the hell were you doing?  
Listen, Erin, you're amazing,  
but is there somewhere I could drop you?  
She would go on to say  
her name was Regan.  
At least I think it was.  
Wow, I'm not good with names.  
Teresa, she could be a Teresa.  
Jenn with two N's, no, never.  
Mary, too plain.  
Shantiqua, highly unlikely.  
Chastity, fuck, I hope not.  
If there's one thing  
you should know about writers  
is that we don't suffer alone very well.  
It's why we write.  
It's why we form little groups.  
This is mine in action.  
Lyle, single, harmless deviant.  
The proud writer of the first 20 pages  
of 16 screenplays and 12 novels.

He needs a shower.  
Samson, married, graphic novelist,  
poems, short stories...  
kind of too old to be hanging out  
with us but we don't give a shit.  
Mallory, she writes and performs  
intensely personal one-woman shows  
she drags the rest of us to.  
We fuck sometimes... for research.  
Scott, you met him.  
Why do you need to know her name?  
I guess...  
I kind of wanted to say  
her name out loud.  
Oh, stop, it's a passing infatuation,  
that's allowed.  
Gee, I wish some guy thought about  
saying my name out loud.  
You mean like while he's playing  
with his dangly bits?  
- Yes.  
- Who says there are no more romantics?  
No, I actually think the whole idea of love  
is kind of unrealistic and outdated.  
- That's touching.  
- Well, make sure that goes in your RomCom.  
- You know how I kill infatuation?  
- With a gun?  
When I meet a hot girl,  
I'll just look for one flaw  
whether she's pigeon-toed  
or knock-kneed or just not very polite.  
I focus on that one flaw,  
until I'm not attracted anymore.  
You know? Works perfectly.  
How do you think I don't cheat on my wife?  
- I thought you did.  
- No wonder your marriage is so happy.  
Don't talk to me about happiness, okay?  
Because... thanks...  
- happiness and marriage don't co-exist.  
- Bullshit.  
There's a reason that Romeo killed himself.  
Suicide was the best option for this guy.

- Why?

- No. Romeo set the standard for love.

No, Shakespeare didn't know anything about love. The guy was a sexual deviant. He couldn't keep his hands off of himself. That's why his name was Shakespeare. It's true. Hardy, Dickens, Longfellow, all sex-starved pen names.

- E.E. Cummings.

- Updike.

- Margaret Atwood.

- Dean Kuuntz.

- Atwood and Koontz.

- Balzac.

Yeah, I see your point. Whiny teens killing themselves isn't love.

Love is what keeps fucking you long after the sex has dried up.

Stop! You guys are terrible!

Love is a real thing.

I was watching this Korean soap opera last night...

- Stop watching that shit.

- No, no, no, you guys are hearing this.

It was an episode of When the Pear Tree Blossoms, It Also Weeps.

So, basically there's this girl, Hana and this guy, Da e-jung.

And they've been reunited after years of separation.

They're like crazy in love.

I mean, it's all tea pouring and furtive glances, but you can tell they're like two seconds away from just ripping each others' kimonos off and getting seriously freaky.

Oh, God, remember how I told you how I put myself in other people's stories? Well...

And why is she here?

But now they're finally back together.

And she realizes

she has to tell him her secret.

She'd been born a man!

So she had to get this operation  
to be what she always knew  
she was in her heart...  
A woman. This is the part  
that literally blew my mind.  
Instead of rejecting her,  
he matches her confession.  
He had biologically been a woman  
but had science give him  
what he always felt he should have...  
you know, dude parts.  
And they just...  
touch hands.  
That's love.  
Fuck.  
Love will always find a way.  
Now that's...  
- Excuse me.  
- Oh, sorry.  
Scott could be right...  
but then Scott will also say  
that there's someone for everyone.  
And as much as you may  
think that's right,  
you can always find that one person that's  
so unusual to the natural order of things,  
you think that can't be true.  
But then, you're wrong again.  
Then everywhere you look, it's like  
googling awkward engagement photos.  
And you realize  
you're wrong a third time.  
You're that one person,  
you're the exception.  
There's someone for everyone...  
everyone except you.  
Is something on your mind?  
Oh... it's nothing. It's...  
Whenever you say it's nothing,  
it is never nothing!  
Can we talk about something else?  
Well, yeah, sure. I'm gonna have another  
prostate exam tomorrow morning.  
- Jesus!

- Would you rather talk about that?  
No. It's a girl. It's... nothing.  
If you're thinking about her, but you can't  
figure out how to talk about her,  
- it is not nothing!  
- I met her at some random fundraiser.  
I have no idea how to find her,  
so, nothing.  
Boy, I didn't know  
you were such a quitter.  
How am I quitting? I don't know anything  
about her I don't know her name.  
I don't know where she lives.  
I don't know what she does.  
- So... nothing.  
- You know what Colombo would do?  
Prove she's a murderer?  
Yeah, but first you'd have to  
figure out how to find her!  
Granddad was right. I needed  
to Colombo the LA charity scene.  
So instead of writing,  
I started googling.  
Scott, you like doing good shit.  
Want to come and do some research with me?  
All right, get your head in the game.  
Got your tie on, feeling smart,  
looking good. Let's find this girl.  
Charities are ridiculous. They like  
to fatten you up with their luncheons  
and hors d'oeuvres,  
and their dinners, and drinks,  
and then they want to sweat it  
back out of you with their 5Ks.  
Oh, hey, there.  
I see you at a lot of these.  
You're a very caring person.  
We need more guys like you.  
The truth is, I'm not as charitable  
as I probably should be.  
So I did what I do best, make shit up.  
I think that charity  
defines you as a man.  
Yeah, we try to come out whenever we can.

Especially for the... the... art.  
It's, you know,  
it's one of those things...  
I started spewing tales  
of adventure, and outreach,  
and I didn't mean to lie, but I'm a writer,  
it's the way my brain works.  
Don't judge me.  
God, look at me, I don't even know  
what the hell I'm saying right now.  
- Nice to meet you guys. Thanks a lot.  
- I may have gone too far.  
But I'm having fun, they're having fun.  
No harm, no foul, right?  
But as time went on,  
I started to think it didn't matter  
how much of my time was donating.  
It wasn't doing any good.  
My search for her was a lost cause.  
That was my best time yet, bro.  
Doesn't matter, she's not here.  
What? That's what this is about?  
Come on, man, you told me  
we were doing research here.  
Maybe Scott was right. Maybe it was time  
to get my life back to normal.  
What was I doing?  
Hey, buddy. Look,  
just checking in on the script.  
Hey, seriously, I've got Ashley Tisdale  
breathing down my neck.  
She called me six times this week  
threatening to face-fuck my dog  
if she doesn't see a draft.  
I must have misjudged her.  
She doesn't care about charity at all.  
It's actually kind of selfish of her  
to put me through all this.  
I don't know why I keep trying.  
This is \$500 a plate.  
Meat or vegetarian?  
Yeah, we're gonna... can we...  
yeah... can we share a plate?  
Shared plate fee is \$500.

- I'll have the file.

- Same.

Enough about my work.

And thank you for all the other powerful testimonials that have been shared today.

I'd like to keep it going

with a truly great man

that I've only recently had

the pleasure of meeting.

I hope I don't embarrass him too much.

He's farmed coconuts in Cambodia.

- Holy shit! That's a real thing?

- He's helped lepers in South America.

Most recently, he singlehandedly

took the Abdu Ali...

Oh, shit.

Bring him up, big hand.

Smile, wave, yeah.

A little help, gang,

let's get him up here.

I'm gonna kill this guy.

Get up here. Get up here.

Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

Speech! Speech! Yeah!

Thank you. Thank you so much.

It really wasn't anything, though.

It was something.

No, believe me,

I'm not just being modest

when I say I really didn't do anything

that anybody else in my position...

wouldn't have done, so...

Don't worry, you're doing great, baby.

Give yourself

a round of applause, right?

- All right.

- You saved the frogs.

It wasn't just me. It wasn't just me.

It was a lot of people involved

a lot of hands in there.

- It was kind of like a hand orgy.

- Oh, God.

- You're not bombing.

- That's inappropriate.

And suddenly, there she was.

Okay, enjoy your afternoon.

Yeah!

- Nailed it, right?

- Like a coffin.

I had no idea you were  
such a philanthropist.

Now would be a good time to come clean.

I'm really just a sucker for a good,  
catered meal.

Lot better at these frog events  
than the rhesus monkey tapas dinners.

God, not the rhesus monkeys,  
they're a slush fund charity.

They sprinkle cute, little monkey photos  
all over the place like ruffies,  
and then they date-rape  
your checkbook. Bastards.

You sound very passionate  
about monkey rape.

Like you and frog orgies.

So, you here with the guy?

No, no. I'm here with work.

The company I work for bought a table.

We do urban planning and we're helping  
the host foundation with a land-use project.

I mean, it sounds boring,  
but it's actually really, really fascinating.

Sorry, I fell asleep, what was that?

Very funny.

Want to go for a walk?

Yeah. Yeah, I can walk.

- After you.

- Okay.

I've got a deadline right now  
that I can't seem to focus on.

You should try yoga.

Nature has decided my body  
won't bend like that.

Oh, no, but that's why you have  
to do it. It's good for you.

I know, I know. I think I avoid things  
that are good for me.

Oh, I see, the stereotypical,



self-loathing Good Samaritan.  
At least you do good things  
for other people.  
Okay, last chance, asshole.  
Just tell her the truth.  
Do you see right there?  
Where those two waves collide  
and become one?  
It's funny.  
It's like how... how far  
have you traveled?  
Years? Thousands of years?  
Lifetimes?  
For this one moment, right here,  
right now, to find each other.  
And then to crash...  
and go back out to sea  
in search of one another again.  
I'm just messing with you!  
Oh, man.  
- I got you.  
- You got me.  
To crash.  
- I was with you.  
- I know.  
- We had a moment!  
- You're romantic! What can you say?  
- I'm sorry. You froze up?  
- I could have kissed her.  
I just didn't want to pull the trigger.  
I didn't want to...  
ruin it? That doesn't sound right.  
Oh, my God. Are you gonna see her again?  
No. No. She's got a boyfriend. I'm gonna  
get out now before I embarrass myself.  
Okay, welcome back, buddy.  
That's the first reasonable thing  
I've heard you say in weeks.  
Hey!  
- You!  
- Hey!  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm just walking.  
I got a friend with me.

Scott... me and Scott are walking.

Hi, Scott.

Well,

have fun not embarrassing yourself.

- You gonna go check out those waves?

- No, I just pretend.

- Looks cool, though, right? You bought it.

- Looks very cool.

This is a little weird, right?

I know... you meant,

weird that you're stalking me?

I thought you were stalking me.

No, no. If I were stalking you,

you'd never see me. I'm very good at it.

Really? Because I live around the corner,

and I run the neighborhood watch.

So, you have been watching me.

You think you're pretty funny,

don't you?

I think I have promise.

No matter how much your brain

thinks it controls your mouth.

There's always gonna be

that override switch.

So, this might sound kind of nuts.

Maybe we should try running

into each other sometime on purpose?

Did you just ask me on a date?

No, no. I'm just saying

that we keep running into each other.

It feels like, I don't know,

fate wants us to hang out.

Good, because my boyfriend really

hates it when I go out on dates.

Sounds controlling.

Look, I think you're getting

the wrong idea about me as a man.

I think we should just be friends.

That's allowed, right?

Guy and a girl hanging out, no big deal.

No relationship stuff.

I'm lousy at relationship stuff.

Oh, don't worry, I have really,

really low expectations.

Then we should definitely hang out.  
I'm really good with low expectations.  
- Is that so?  
- Yes.  
In fact, I can pretty much guarantee  
that if we hang out  
you're gonna walk away  
completely unimpressed.  
Well, how could I say no to that?  
So it's a date.  
Sure, but it's a friend date.  
Fuck.  
Friend date... friend date.  
What the hell is a friend date?  
I want him to crawl inside of my vagina.  
I left my ovaries abandoned  
in the basement like potatoes.  
And they started growing arms...  
- ...and legs.  
- What are you doing? That's rude.  
This is a performance. Sit down.  
- Not there, back here.  
- What is that?  
It's a leg. No!  
Oh, my God!  
Yeah.  
Twist ending.  
- You are playing with fire.  
- No, I'm not.  
Thanks. There's nothing wrong  
with two adults hanging out as friends.  
Men and women can't be friends.  
We are squids and squirrels.  
- Are you saying we're not friends?  
- I'm saying we've slept together.  
So? Friends can fuck. Fuck buddies.  
Oh, really? Have you fucked Scott?  
Not physically.  
- What's with the German accent?  
- Don't change the subject.  
I think you're starting to like this girl,  
and you're just setting boundaries,  
- so you can push them.  
- No, I'm not.

If anything, I'm going out with this girl  
to prove she's nothing special.  
And she's just as ordinary  
as every other girl...  
Oh, my God, I can't believe  
you're about to say that.  
Present company excluded.  
I went on a friend date recently.  
This one's gonna be weird.  
So my friend tells me,  
"I'll come over,  
we'll watch a movie, hang out."  
Sounds normal, right?  
Now imagine you're me.  
- Oh, God.  
- Hi.  
And the next thing you know  
his tongue is halfway down your throat,  
and he doesn't stop there.  
- My penis hurts.  
- What was that?  
- My penis hurts.  
- Excuse me?  
My penis hurts.  
Then you'd better go home  
and take care of it.  
I want you to take care of it.  
That's not gonna happen.  
I don't even have to take off my pants.  
So my advice to you,  
if you really like this girl  
is take her somewhere in public,  
and don't blow it.  
- Wow.  
- Wow, is right.  
- It looks loud.  
- It does.  
It looks like an audio gang bang.  
That's the name of my band.  
That's so weird.  
December 8th.  
An amethyst wood star hummingbird.  
Fastest heartbeat in the world.  
Shit, this guy's heart beats so fast,

he's always on the verge of death.

- What?

- Shitty.

That's super shitty.

- You want to play doctor?

- Yes.

Heart beats...

the ancient Chinese believed  
you were only given a limited number  
of heart beats when you were born.

You can spend them any way you like,  
but your heart uses them up  
when it beats faster like  
when you get angry or excited.

I wonder if it's the same for boners.

No, I can't find it.

Goddamn it, where is her flaw?

Nothing. You don't have a heart.

Miracle of science.

The problem with our little friend date  
is that it didn't feel like a friend date.

We're connecting.

I'm showing her a great time.

And at the end of the night,  
she's going home to him.

I'm basically Stuffy's wingman.

All right... I gotta get up  
early tomorrow.

Tomorrow's a farmer's market day  
which means the guy likes to get there early

- for the ripe tomatoes.

- Right, right, yeah.

I gotta go, too.

I got a late-night poker thing.

Cool, all right, well, this was...

this was fun.

- Yeah.

- Okay. All right, I'll see you soon.

- Okay.

- All right, good luck tonight.

- You, too.

- Bye.

What a s... goddamn it!

You dumb, dumb, dumb... dick.

What a... dick!

- Are you okay?

- Yeah. What's up?

My car won't start.

I'm so sorry you missed poker.

No, that's... what are friends for?

Speaking of,

what are you up to on Thursday?

Tell her you're booked,

busy, completely slammed.

Because I've got this charity event

to go to, but no one to go with.

Say anything, you're doing your taxes,

washing your hair. Oh, my God.

- Sounds good.

- Cool.

All right, right on, second friend date.

All right, yeah, yay!

All right, well...

I'll see you on Thursday.

- Okay.

- Okay.

That's a wave goodbye.

I mistake it for... a fucking high-five.

And now, I'm left to hear it echo

for the rest of eternity.

You high-fived her? Nice.

- Lane 13, don't throw the ball.

- Maybe she didn't even notice.

Sometimes when I'm playing with kids,

I go up high, and they just stare at me,

like they don't even want to touch it.

- In what world aren't you a pedophile?

- In this world.

Look, she definitely noticed,

it was terrible.

Well, at least you'll never have

to see her again.

Well...

- Come on, man!

- It's a charity! It's a charity!

Boom!

- Here's the deal, you look like hell.

- Like shit.

Shit, now you're stalking this girl,  
and you won't stop talking to us about her.  
And you're clearly sexually frustrated.

- Excuse me, hard up.

- Yeah, are you even masturbating properly?

Yes, I'm... no, I don't...  
I don't need to masturbate.

- You do need to masturbate.

- This is an intellectual connection...  
based on common interests.  
For people who have common...  
shared interests.

- Oh, my God.

- Okay.

Oh, my God. You're falling for her.

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

- Yes, you are.

Look, I'm sorry I don't believe  
in the fairy tale.  
But your idea of falling in love  
is what lonely people tell each other  
- and justify sticking it out.

- Lonely people?

No, bullshit, man. Love is amazing.  
It connects people. It makes  
the whole better than the parts.

- Oh, shit! Sorry!

- Hey, Lane 13, stop throwing the ball.  
Look at the divorce rate...  
people are petty, emotional whores.  
They don't pair off to connect, they do it  
to spread their misery, like STD's.  
What you're defending is an ideal  
that can't exist in an imperfect world.  
You are lying to yourself  
to try to prove that she's not special.  
And that's deceptive... to you,  
to her, to your connection.  
You can not get to the truth  
through deception.  
Mall's right, you're gonna ruin this,  
because you're a soulless, love hater.  
None of you know  
what you're talking about.

And don't over-romanticize things, because you read Love in a Time of Yellow Fever.

- Time of Cholera.

- It's pronounced ch-olera, by the way.

- It's cholera.

- Like chalupa.

So what's your big plan?

You're gonna wreck her relationship until you get bored and stop calling?

I don't know, Mallory.

I didn't even want to talk about this.

You guys are all getting on my case, you're dumping your man issues on me.

Did you just say "man issues"?

Man issues? Are you kidding me?

- Mall!

- Oh, shit!

- You're the one that is going out with her!

- Stop throwing the ball, lady!

Why don't you just go already?

Fucking go! Go already!

- Can I just bowl?

- That's it! No more!

Maybe they were right,

I had to end this.

But if I was gonna do it, I was gonna do it like a gentleman, in person.

Bring on the charity.

Nice suit.

- What kind of charity is this?

- I didn't... I didn't tell you about this?

You're lucky I'm wearing underwear.

I would have pegged you

for a brief guy. No?

- I'm thoroughly impressed.

- Are you?

Should I feel emasculated?

Maybe.

Holy shit.

- You totally did.

- No, I didn't.

- Yes, you did.

- No, I didn't.

You made a sound



during the Warrior 3 pose.

- What pose is that?

- Okay. Let me refresh your memory.

Oh, that noise, that was me.

I do it all the time.

What?

What's the deal with you and Stuffy?

That is not his name.

Isn't it, though.

I don't know,

we'll probably get married.

Probably? You don't sound so sure.

No, I mean, we talk about it, you know?

Every few months,

we kind of sit down and we discuss it.

Sounds romantic.

I'm not ready.

Why?

I don't know, I guess I just always  
thought it would feel a little different.

You know? Maybe it's not supposed to.

- And I'm fine with that.

- Okay.

Obviously it's none of my business, but when  
you say fine, it sounds like comfortable.

What's wrong with being comfortable?

Nothing.

Are you happy?

I'm happy,

and... he is stable...

and he is very passionate about his job,

and my parents love him,

my friends love him,

and he is everything that I need.

What about what you want?

You may check off all the right boxes,  
but you can't plan happiness.

Okay, describe your perfect wedding.

I don't know.

I've never thought about it.

San Francisco, outdoor wedding

at one of the city's heart sculptures.

50 people, modern ceremony,

trolley takes us from the heart sculpture

to the Tara for a reception,  
and a hell of a lot of Scotch.  
Why isn't he the one you're dragging  
to yoga and art shows?  
Who said I never asked him first?  
I like you.  
I like you.  
- Is that a bad thing?  
- Yeah, it's a very bad thing.  
I'm saying I have someone that I trust.  
Okay? Someone that I've built  
a life with and...  
God, whatever this is, it's...  
It's not gonna change that.  
- Yikes.  
- Yikes.  
Okay.  
- Wow, Debbie Downer.  
- Okay.  
- Okay. Okay.  
- Okay. Okay.  
I'll see you.  
- Okay... so, you should probably stretch.  
- Yeah.  
All right, enough.  
- Don't be such a pussy.  
- Yeah, man, don't be such a pussy.  
- Really, Scott?  
- What?  
No, Scotty's right.  
Do you know how long I waited  
for you to actually fall for a girl?  
And now you're just puttering around.  
I'm not the one staying  
in a bad relationship. That's not on me.  
When I met your grandmother,  
she was engaged to an Italian.  
You think that wop knew what to do  
with her? I had to steal her!  
I saved her! And when I die,  
I want to be buried right on top of her.  
Yeah, that's... that's pretty romantic.  
And you, you won't even fight  
for the girl you love.

Don't let the death of your mother  
haunt you for the rest of your life.  
- Get on with things!  
- That has nothing to do with this.  
Look, love is like your 401k,  
it matches your investment.  
You love a little, you're loved little.  
All right,  
I think we need to tell him the story.  
What story? Wait, do you guys  
hang out without me?  
Look, I never had a granddad, okay?  
Don't be selfish. Tell him.  
It was 1943.  
I was in San Diego, I was in the Navy.  
Then I saw her.  
Every man in the bar  
was lined up to talk to her,  
but I didn't let that deter me.  
Her eyes sparkled.  
Her lips were like two perfect,  
red roses.  
It was fate,  
and I couldn't deny fate.  
Time stood still as we danced.  
The music, the lights...  
she felt like sunshine in my arms.  
She looked like a princess...  
and I was her prince.  
It was magic.  
Granddad, this sounds  
like a Disney cartoon.  
Really? A Disney cartoon, you pussy?  
This was a man stuff.  
I shipped out the next day  
and I never thought I'd see her again.  
My dearest, I do not know  
if I will ever see you again,  
and as you know, I am already engaged.  
I am sorry, my love,  
if we could be together,  
I would turn the world on its side.  
But I am to be wed  
on the 3rd of January.

And at that exact moment  
a fleet of U-boats blasted our ship.  
But not even Nazis  
can stand in the way of love.  
I had to get back to her.  
I swam shark-infested waters.  
Scaled the sea cliffs  
of Canada's Labrador Coast.  
Raced across plains, deserts,  
and burial grounds.  
It was the longest  
three days of my life.  
Excuse me, what the hell  
do you think you're doing?  
That kiss changed everything.  
And after that,  
the Allies turned the tide of war,  
and we lived happily ever after.  
That's a beautiful story, Granddad.  
- It's not your granddad.  
- Whatever.  
See, women, they want to be fought over.  
They like to feel desired.  
Just seems like if she felt half  
of what I feel, she'd explode.  
Well, you feel all these things, but...  
I mean, you're not doing anything.  
- Which makes him a what, Scotty?  
- A pussy.  
That's right. You're a pussy.  
Hey! What's wrong with you?  
- I'm sorry!  
- Where'd that rock come from?  
- Wait, who are you?  
- Some pussy just broke our window.  
- What are you doing down there?  
- Sorry, sorry!  
- Hey! What's going on?  
- Sorry, guys, I'm looking for her.  
- Why?  
- Yeah, why?  
I was just seeing if you wanted  
to do something... with me.  
Like what?

- Anything.
- What time is it?

**- Midnight or 1:**

- It's kind of late.
- Yeah, it is kind of late.
- Thanks. Thank you.

But is it too late?

So... what now?

I don't know.

I was kind of improvising back there.

I didn't think you were gonna come with me.

So, you don't do this all the time?

Well, you'd think,

given how smooth that was.

You spend a lot of time down here?

Training to be a longshoreman

in case that charity circuit dries up?

Honestly, I don't think

they're ready for this much man.

- Oh, really?

- Yeah.

I did spend a lot of time down here, though,  
as a kid. My granddad took me here a lot.

We'd walk up and down the docks  
we'd pick a boat, pretend to own it,  
name it, and then list  
all the places you'd sail to.

My granddad was great at it, too.

He'd pick names like Helen of Troy  
or the S.S. Excalibur.

Sail to places like Sea of Cortez  
and Zanzibar, you know?

And what about you?

I was the captain of the S.S. Heman,  
and we had set a course  
for Castle Grayskull.

- Nice.

- Yeah, yeah.

Bit of a novice when it came  
to charting aquatic courses.

Oh, you two must be close.

Well, he pretty much raised me.

Yeah?

Yeah.

Okay,

you own one of these boats.

Top place, where you going?

Oh, gosh, I gotta say Costa Rica.

- Costa Rica? Really, why?

- Yeah.

I don't know, I guess I've always  
just wanted to go there.

You know... exciting nightlife,  
culture everywhere. Tropical fruits.

Okay, so... your top destination  
has endless exotic fruits,

- a place that never sleeps...

- Yeah.

...and a population  
that predominantly speaks Spanish.

Okay...

I can do this. I can do this right now.

Follow me.

Very clever.

Life is too short, you know?

Holding a grudge against the Captain?

I don't know what you're supposed  
to do with a grudge.

- Do tell.

- I'm kidding.

No, you're not,

there's totally a story there.

You're really not gonna tell me?

Okay, come on,

help me find a birthday card.

My dearest daughter...

may you live all the days

of your life... happy birthday.

If Christmas isn't in your heart...

you'll never find it under a tree.

- Happy birthday.

- This isn't a joke.

- Who's birthday is it?

- Mine.

- It's your birthday?

- As of 30 minutes ago.

- Right now?

- Yeah, right now.

Well... happy birthday.

What? No cash? You're a cheap ass.

Isn't buying a birthday card  
for yourself a little depressing?

Should we get one of those  
"cheer up" ones?

It's... it's not supposed to be from me.

It's supposed to be from my dad.

When I was little, he died a couple days  
before my birthday. So...

- I'm sorry... what happened?

- He killed himself.

But then, on my birthday,

I got a card from him.

He had sent it before he died,  
and he'd said that he was sorry  
and that he loved me.

Love is a little messed up sometimes.

So, you know, every year on my birthday

I pick out a card  
that I think he would get me...

and I sign it from him.

And this might be it.

- No boobs, no bone?

- It wasn't that kind of kiss.

It was emotional, but wasn't about sex.

I'm so confused. I don't know  
how to translate what you just said.

What did her tongue taste like?

What are you doing  
with your girlfriend there?

Deflating her, and this is  
my carpool lane associate.

- Oh, really?

- Yeah, do you want to finish her off?

Yeah, sure.

Hey! Whoa, stop!

You're lucky I have two of these.

It's my view that if you don't screw her soon  
you're gonna screw it up for both of you.

You know what? You would both be  
better off if you just forget about her.

You know, I have a short story that's exactly

perfect for this moment right now.

Mallory, do you want to come

help me find it?

I don't know. I don't think anyone's  
ever gone in your van on purpose

- so I'm not gonna be the first.

- What the eff!

Lyle! If you're gonna move your house,  
you have to tell everybody in the group.

Can we just stop calling it a house?

Do you mind?

Sorry, Scott, do you want to come  
in here and help me find something?

It's got a steering wheel, it can  
make turns. It can go to different states.

- Careful.

- It has a license plate.

Pass.

It's like I was saying,  
sexual tension can cloud a man's mind.

When the dick takes over,  
the brain shuts off.

- Are we still... are we on this?

- Both sides.

It's writers 101, women want romance,  
men want climax.

One good orgasm, this guy's got all  
his questions answered. Every single one.

I'm sorry. Do men honestly think  
that sex is the answer to everything?

- Yes.

- Yeah.

And it's also a time-tested shortcut,  
since the dawn of man.

If you can bang a girl, and forget  
about her, then she's forgettable.

Yeah, that's poetry.

Hey, just forget about her. Move on.

Hey, he cannot forget about her, okay?

He's already built her up  
as his mysterious forbidden fruit.

So, unless he unravels the mystery,  
she'll haunt him, you know,

until the end of time.



I've got a story about a serf. Okay?  
The serf was in love with the maiden...  
but he never told her,  
so she married another.  
The serf vowed to forget her,  
and to never be a slave to love again.  
Became a cold bastard,  
he was unfulfilled. He was empty.  
There had to be more. So he became  
a monk, looking for the Divine.  
He ran to ends of the earth,  
searching for the spiritual fulfillment  
of the boundless and the everlasting.  
After many years had passed,  
and he'd finally cleared his mind  
of all the earthly thoughts  
when he opened his mouth for the first  
word that popped into his mind.  
And it was... her name.  
Gee, Grandpa, that was great.  
Why don't you tell the story about the time  
you got drunk and tried to finger me.  
Okay, here it is.  
It's about this Russian astronaut who fell  
in love with the mistress of the czar.  
- Lyle, I'm telling a story.  
- Yeah, no, it's the same story...  
because he couldn't have  
the girl he loved, right?  
So he ends up taking the space mission  
and he ends up floating off in space,  
alone... without her, going crazy.  
Are you done? Are you finished?  
Well, he'll probably run out  
of oxygen at some point.  
So then, that would probably be the end.  
Well, the point of my story is that  
you can't just forget about her...  
- you have to answer the question.  
- Yeah, mine, too. It's the same story.  
And then after that,  
you suffocate out in space.  
Same story.  
Frogs are becoming extinct

throughout the rainforest.

But what's more interesting...

I never thought online dating  
was for me until I tried it on a dare.

- Hello.

- All right, I need to talk. Are you busy?

No, no.

This friend thing has gotten off-track.

- It was the kiss, wasn't it?

- It's everything.

I've got such a huge pit in my stomach.

I can't eat, I can't sleep.

So... it was a good kiss?

That is irrelevant, okay?

That shouldn't...

- We can't.

- I know. I know, it's messing me up, too.

You think we should just have sex,  
get it out of our system?

We are not having sex!

Well, you're not offering any solutions.

I'm just trying to be helpful.

Helpful to yourself.

How does you getting laid help me?

I've explored every other option.

I can't just be friends.

I'm not getting a sex change and I refuse  
to die out in space or join a monastery.

How are those the only options?

- I'm open to suggestions.

- Well, I don't have any.

That doesn't mean sex.

All right, the kiss was a mistake.

Look, if this thing between us,  
if it's nothing, if it's just infatuation,

- maybe sex will cure it?

- Stop it.

- So, what will it be?

- Some cold turkey.

No, I don't want cold turkey.

I want a hot... open-face sandwich.

No, nothing hot.

I want something steamy.

- I want soup.

- He'll have gazpacho.  
We don't do gazpacho.  
The menus are right there.  
Okay, I'll pick. I want ice cream.  
Oh, something sweet?  
And a little bit bad for you.  
We're out of ice cream.  
- Of course, you are.  
- Sorry.  
Could you bring us  
some whipped cream and jelly?  
Whatever.  
Wow, what do you got  
up your sleeve, Copperfield?  
Are you on that new condiment diet?  
- There you go.  
- Thank you.  
Okay, I'm getting excited now.  
Voil.  
Ice cream.  
Oh, God.  
My whole life,  
I've felt guilty after sex.  
Guilty for everything I said  
and done to get there.  
- So.  
- So.  
But the thing I learned is when you  
actually care about the person,  
you don't feel guilty.  
Welcome back, Cap.  
You know I couldn't even...  
I couldn't even eat this stuff  
until last night. Look at me now.  
- I hope you don't think it means something.  
- Of course, it means something.  
You bet your ass, it means something.  
You feel it, too, I can see it.  
Yeah, I feel something, but I told you  
last night, this can't happen.  
Come on, you can't say  
you don't feel differently now.  
Yeah, but it always feels like this  
at first. Like with my boyfriend,

and all the other guys before him,  
and then eventually it becomes...  
ordinary.

Ordinary?

You think last night was ordinary?

No, I think last night was amazing.

But that's not the point.

It was amazing, so what's the problem?

Screw those guys, they're not me.

Yeah, but what about the next guy?

Is that gonna be amazing?

- The next guy? There's already a next guy?

- No, the metaphorical next guy.

God, now I gotta go meet  
my boyfriend for lunch.

Your boyfriend?

Wait, wait you gonna tell him about us?

What? No, I'm not gonna tell him  
about us. That I screwed up?

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

It's the truth! Do you want me to tell him?

No, I don't want you to tell him.

I gotta go.

Fine! You know what?

I thought this was special.

You're telling me it's ordinary. I guess

I was wrong. Enjoy all your next guys.

Sounds like you gotta give her more space.

You know? You're crowding her.

- Yeah.

- Shut up, you don't get to talk.

- The dude's got a point... got a point.

- What do you mean, he has a point?

You're the one that told me  
sleeping with her was the only way.

No, I said that sleeping with her  
would give you the answer.

I didn't know you were gonna lose it  
and start acting needy.

I'm not needy. We had a connection.

So, dude, you take a girl home  
for the first time and sleep with her,  
and you wake up in the morning  
and she's trying to...

you know, re-arrange your life.  
How... how would you react to that?  
You gotta fix that, man.  
Shit, I'm needy.  
Hey, it's me.  
- Truce lunch?  
- I didn't know we were at war.  
Well, I guess this is me  
waving the white flag.  
I'm glad you called, actually.  
You are?  
Look, I am so sorry about the other morning.  
I completely panicked, you know?  
No, I'm sorry. It's completely me,  
I was so out of line.  
You freaked out a little bit,  
and then that made me freak out  
and then you freaked out more.  
And everything just got, you know...  
freaky.  
I know, but maybe  
you were right about things.  
About you being in something  
for the wrong reason  
or feeling differently about us?  
Or both?  
Give me one good reason  
why you and I belong together.  
I feel like the universe is pushing me  
in a certain direction. And...  
God... All right, you know when...  
your friends tell you stories about their  
break-up or their pet dying, whatever?  
I do this thing where I imagine  
myself in the story.  
I feel like I can't do it now,  
without you in it with me.  
- Oh, my God.  
- It's a sign.  
- It's not a sign.  
- It is. Trust me.  
- I do, that's what scares me.  
- Hey! I knew that was you.  
Shit, it's the last guy I need to see.

Where you been? I haven't seen you  
at any of the monkey dinners.  
Yeah. My schedule's been crazy.  
And I'm talking to the event coordinator  
at the Assist-a-Sister craft sale  
but she said that she'd never  
even heard of you.  
I'm all, screw that, sister,  
he's on the board of directors.  
Then she showed me her business card  
and she's on the board of directors.  
Liar's block... it's like writer's block,  
but for shitheads.  
I'm not technically as involved in the charity  
scene as I may have led you to believe.  
- What does that mean?  
- Well, charity events don't pay the bills.  
I go when I can, I just don't go  
as often as I'd like to.  
Or claim to.  
- What do you do, exactly?  
- I'm a writer.  
You've been lying this whole time.  
No, no, no, no, don't think of it like that.  
Although it is technically accurate.  
Africa? Rainforest? The frogs?  
I want to take your drink  
and throw it in your face.  
I did help with the frogs!  
I shouldn't be here.  
God, I'm such an idiot.  
I really did!  
I met a frog scientist at...  
I don't care about the frogs.  
Fuck the frogs!  
You look like shit. What are you,  
method writing or something?  
- I'm a fraud.  
- Don't go to a dark place, man.  
RomComs are supposed  
to be funny, remember?  
Look,  
it's not that hard, man. Check it out.  
Boy meets girl, right?

Shit happens, right?  
Boy, girl, do it... happily ever after.  
That's not the way the world  
works, Bryan. It's a shit show.  
And you didn't draw hair on the girl,  
I don't know which one is the dude.  
Fine, I'll give you hair. What kind of hair  
you want? You want a Beyonc look?  
You want like a Dolly Parton thing?  
Puff, you want a flat-top?  
No, you know what?  
That's perfect, that's what love is.  
It's this simple thing in our brains  
and you try and put it in the world  
and it gets decimated.  
You can't even draw love on a napkin,  
without it looking like two dudes 69-ing.  
You're right.  
You can't put love on paper.  
You have a better chance of bleeding  
your heart out through a paper cut  
- then through a pen.  
- What? Is that deep?  
No, it's from another client's script.  
I don't think it's good,  
but everybody wants it.  
Bidding all day on it,  
because he finished the script.  
RomComs aren't true.  
They're what we wish were true.  
And right now, what I wish was true,  
is that you would meet your damn deadline!  
And I really wish we weren't  
having this conversation.  
Okay. So, what I'm seeing  
is you're distracted,  
can't write, can't meet your deadline,  
because of a girl!  
So let's get a new girl!  
How about that? Good?  
Distraction from your distraction?  
Let's head over to this party  
I was gonna go to.  
I don't know

if my heart's into it, Bryan.  
Fuck your heart, man!  
I'm talking about Champagne and blow jobs!  
Let's go meet some girls.  
Let's roll them up.  
Let's glaze 'em like doughnuts.  
No shit, cross my heart,  
I tell the guy to get out of my house.  
He leaves a book on the table.  
I make a call, two weeks later...  
Hunger Games.  
Hey, man. Tequila?  
What am I doing here?  
The girl I love is probably screwing  
some other guy right now.  
Probably sweat-staining  
the sheets with pleasure.  
Coining new words  
with orgasm after orgasm.  
God knows that's what I'd be doing.  
Hey, man. I think I'm gonna take off.  
- You didn't find a distraction?  
- No.  
I honestly don't know what I felt.  
But It was kind of like my heart  
was drowning.  
Maybe she's not the one.  
Maybe my body and my instincts,  
and the whole universe  
are just lying to me.  
I don't even know  
what makes sense anymore.  
Come on, man, please open up.  
Just talk to me for a second?  
All right, all right, look...  
Sometimes when I'm searching for,  
you know, porn to masturbate to,  
if I'm looking for girls that are a lot  
like the girl that I'm seeing,  
that's a good sign. All right?  
- Okay.  
- So, ask yourself,  
if you do that. I gotta go, man,  
I'm in the middle of something.



Lyle! That's not advice. Come on, man,  
give me like five minutes, be a friend.  
- All right.  
- Look, look, look...  
You've gotta go to her.  
Tell her how you feel.  
- She knows how I feel.  
- But did you tell her you love her?  
I don't think she believes in love.  
To be honest, I don't know if I do.  
Doesn't matter, as long as you feel it.  
Look, she loves these little cat kisses.  
They're so cute.  
Look, I have needs and you're blocking  
those needs right now.  
Go talk to Mallory,  
she loves your little issues.  
Thank you. Thank you.  
She won't return any of my calls.  
She's ignoring my texts.  
Why are girls so crazy?  
Men, men make us crazy.  
You know what I mean, though?  
You're with this crazy person,  
and they're making you crazy.  
You just want to shake them  
- and show them what you see!  
- Yeah, I've been there.  
How'd you handle it?  
- Me? I didn't do anything.  
- Nothing?  
You must have done something.  
How strong were your feelings?  
- Pretty strong.  
- The guy from the play?  
No, he was too needy.  
Some other guy.  
All right, if you had to go back  
and do it all over again,  
- would you tell him how you felt?  
- I don't know. It might hurt.  
Yeah, but doesn't this hurt?  
What if he felt the same way?  
I love you.

- Shit.  
- I love you.  
I should've told you.  
I thought you knew.  
And that's why I never told you.  
- Where's our script, bitch?  
- Yeah, where's our script?  
I'm gonna slit your throat  
and penetrate your mind.  
Yeah.  
- Hello?  
- I need to tell you something.  
- I'm engaged.  
- What?  
I've been a total mess and I'm sorry.  
It's been all my fault.  
- I've projected all of my fears onto you.  
- Why would you do this?  
Because he's the one steady thing  
in my life. It's time.  
It's time? That's your reason?  
You don't love this guy.  
What are you doing? God! Stop it!  
This is a mistake. I know you don't see it  
right now, but I promise you will regret it.  
- Oh, my God.  
- I love you.  
Are you out of your mind? Oh, my God!  
- You better find my goddamn ring!  
- I'll buy you another ring!  
- All right, move! I'll find your ring.  
- Jesus Christ! Watch where you're stepping!  
- If it was bigger, it'd be easier to find.  
- Oh, really? Do you hear that a lot?  
Here!  
Jesus Christ! Why do you have  
to complicate everything?  
Me? You called me!  
Why didn't you just text?  
I don't want you to marry this guy.  
Why him? Why now?  
- Give me one good reason.  
- It makes sense.  
- What do you want to hear?

- That you love him.  
You want to hear that I love you.  
I can't give you that.  
I want to put my face in a waffle iron.  
- I want to jump in front of a Maglev train.  
- No, you don't.  
Maybe you're pitying yourself  
a little too much here.  
Pitying? It's not pity. I'm hurt.  
Okay, but what about... her?  
I mean, you know, you put her  
in a pretty tough spot here.  
She's marrying a guy she doesn't love.  
She put herself in that spot.  
Yeah, and you went after a girl  
that has a boyfriend.  
I mean, you kind of  
brought that on yourself.  
If you really love her,  
maybe you should... let her go.  
- Who's side are you on?  
- I'm... I'm on love's side.  
Oh, my God...  
Scott, I don't need some romanticized  
metaphor right now, all right?  
Okay, just trying to help.  
Really? And where'd you gain  
this amazing insight into love?  
You've been in love with the guy  
from the book store for two years.  
You haven't done shit. At least  
I tried, I put myself out there.  
Look, Vince is obviously straight.  
No gay man thinks that Terminator  
is the most romantic movie of all time.  
Plus, I did the whole  
Ghost-ditto line thing on him.  
Nothing. So I think it's pretty safe  
to say if he's gay, he'd be all over this.  
You're lying to yourself. You run around  
leaving this romance book for people to find.  
That doesn't make you an expert in love.  
That book is my art.  
Okay, I bet not one person

who found it ever read it.  
Wait a second, you never read it?  
You told me you read it.  
Don't make your Scott face.  
If it's that important to you, I'll read it.  
If it's that important to me?  
I got pink eye  
- from a charity dunk tank for you.  
- You didn't write it.  
Oh, my God, you are so self-absorbed!  
That book changed my life!  
It inspired me to write!  
To... to accept myself, Jesus!  
- Come on, man, don't do this. This is...  
- Christ!  
I've seen you run through Mallory.  
I've seen you dismiss Lyle.  
You barely ever visit Granddad.  
The entire time I thought I was exempt.  
For some reason,  
I thought I was the exception.  
- Really? You want to go there over a book?  
- What's the name of the book?  
E... Eternal Love and Leprosy.  
I'm kidding!  
It's... Love and the Time of Cholera.  
Love in the Time of Cholera.  
90 percent.  
Well, Mr. Screenwriter...  
I am just so glad  
that I'm not in the movie of your life.  
- What's that supposed to mean?  
- You're the lead, right? You're the star.  
But it'll never be a great romance.  
Do you want to know why?  
It's only about one person.  
You didn't write the book!  
Hey!  
Hey! It's me!  
Jesus! Did you just throw a rock at me?  
Shit! Head's up!  
Sorry. You can't marry him.  
You want logic, I'll give you logic.  
One, you don't love him.

Jesus, do not do this.  
The sex is better with me.  
I know, I have first-hand experience.  
- Who is it?  
- It's no one!  
It's not no one! I'm the one!  
Third,  
he hates hearts. He hates museum hearts.  
He's gonna hate San Francisco hearts.  
He hates my heart,  
because my heart smokes...  
What's going on out here?  
Oh, God, look at him!  
Your kids are gonna look like that?  
- Look, do you want me to call the cops?  
- No, just go inside, he's drunk.  
- Call 'em, bitch. Call the cops!  
- Look, I swear to God, I'm gonna...  
Gonna what? Stand up there  
and talk me to death or come down here  
- and stuff my balls in your mouth.  
- Right.  
Third! I love you.  
There's no one else, I know.  
I've looked.  
Have you got a problem, punk?  
You're trying to harass me  
and my fiancée, are you?  
She doesn't love you, man.  
Let me show you what happens  
when you're drunk.  
Beat his ass!  
Yeah!  
Unfortunately,  
this is what actually happens.  
She doesn't love you, man.  
What is wrong with you?  
I just bought these at Barney's!  
He asked me to move in with him.  
We're gonna elope in December.  
- You hate me.  
- I don't hate you.  
I nothing you.  
Oh, Scott.

I know I owe you an apology,  
but I can't talk right now.  
- I had a really rough night.  
- If there's one universal law...  
beyond relativity and string theory  
and M-theory, it's this.  
- Things can always get worse.  
- Granddad died.  
I'm sorry.  
So death comes as a reminder.  
It grabs us and shakes us,  
opens our eyes.  
And our focus is changed...  
shifted... revised.  
To the finder of this book...  
This book changed my life,  
so I wanted to share it with you.  
I'm gonna tell you this one from my point  
of view so you can put yourself in there.  
...the song, the memory...  
So the story goes,  
a guy falls in love with a girl  
the second he meets her,  
but it takes him a lifetime  
to finally get together.  
When they do, they end up on a boat,  
and they realize the only way they can  
stay together is to never go ashore,  
so they raise the yellow cholera flag  
so no port will take them,  
and they drift out to sea until the end.  
And it makes you realize,  
there are people in your life  
so important  
that they dwarf everything else.  
And it's up to you  
to figure out who they are.  
If you had to give up everything else,  
and spend the rest of your days  
on a boat...  
who are the must-haves?  
The ones you can't live without.  
Figure out your own list  
and then do everything you can to let them

know how much they mean to you.  
I hope it's not too late for me.  
Okay, first things first.  
Split-personality RomCom, let's do it.  
Just because I wear a badge,  
doesn't mean I can't feel.  
It's too late, he's Heisman-ed you  
into the friend zone.  
Oh, it's useless,  
she could never love us.  
You're just saying that,  
because we're crazy.  
Oh, he's no different than us.  
Everyone has all these  
different faces to hide behind.  
Love is just as crazy.  
It changes everything, okay?  
It could be like a red,  
red rose, or a machete.  
It's like what they say,  
love is a many splintered thing.  
It's not splintered.  
It's "Love is a many splendored thing."  
Splintered sounds painful.  
It's that, too.  
Yeah, it's that, too.  
I don't really know  
what's happening here.  
I just finished a screenplay.  
It's very emotional.  
All right, time to celebrate.  
Scott and I had made up.  
- Congratulations, man.  
- Thank you.  
I got you something.  
100 Years of Solitude.  
- Oh, God.  
- Don't read too deeply into the title.  
I'm pretty sure there's only a small chance  
that you'll die alone yourself.  
Yeah, well, that's the good thing  
about being a writer, right?  
You get to choose your own ending.  
Mallory had finally given

her friend-date a real shot.

- I'm gonna get us drinks.

- Great.

You guys are cute.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Get out of here, I'm busy.

Okay, we're good.

- Samson and Lyle were...

- Gentlemen.

- Samson and Lyle.

- Congratulations.

Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you for coming.

And Bryan was elated  
to cash his commission.

Congratulations. Great work,

and not a moment too soon

because they pushed the start date up  
for the action movie two weeks.

That deserves a drink.

I watched Terminator again.

Oh, yeah.

Yeah, and you're right.

I'm sorry, you're right.

It's actually a...

weirdly romantic film.

Cheers. So...

I wanted to personally come down  
and give you a first class ticket  
to six weeks

of first-class Malaysian pussy.

You know, sometimes I can get something  
stuck in my head a certain way,  
you know, and then...

I can miss all the other ways  
it can be.

Ditto.

No, no, no, no.

Don't open it. I'll get more money.

Even with my boat pretty full...

There was still something missing.



Time to write my own ending.  
I've got a wedding to stop.  
All those 5Ks I ran finally paid off,  
seeing as how I have to outrun this clich.  
Hey! Don't you have a bunch  
of heart sculptures somewhere?  
- Oh, yeah, buddy, we have hearts.  
- Great. Take me there.  
- Which one?  
- All of them.  
- Are you crazy or something?  
- Something.  
- Sorry, guys, this cab's taken.  
- Yes, we know.  
- Gabriel told us what you are doing.  
- We want to see all the hearts, too.  
She's the only thing I think about.  
And I can't get her out of my head.  
- Sounds like she doesn't love him.  
- That... that's what...  
I like you guys.  
Excuse me,  
did you happen to see a wedding here earlier  
with a girl that was like... perfect?  
I'll see what you want me  
to see for 50 bucks.  
Okay, let's go, guys!  
Wait, you're gonna bust up  
some dude's wedding? Hell, yeah.  
Sometimes when you're chasing love it feels  
like the whole world is on your side.  
We are gathered here today  
to celebrate a marriage.  
If there's anyone here  
who objects to this union  
let them speak now  
or forever hold their peace.  
That's the last one  
at the end of the pier.  
She's gotta be there.  
Even my imagination  
took a kick to the balls.  
- Gabriel, what's that big arrow?  
- That's Cupid's Bow.

- Why didn't we go there?
- You specifically said heart sculptures.
- That, my friend, is not a heart.
- But those shoot hearts.

Let's go. Let's go. Let's go.

Hi.

What are you doing here?

- I came to stop you.
- Oh, then you're a little late.

Yes, I can see that.

You know, there's like 100  
of these heart statues.

I wrote a whole speech on the plane.

I was gonna make a big scene.

Yeah, well, you need  
to work on your timing.

Did you marry him?

No.

I was standing there looking at him,  
and it just felt wrong...  
for both of us.

- Maybe that's a sign.
- Stop.

All right, this is serious.

You shouldn't even be here.

Look, I know you're upset with me,  
but I feel like we met each other  
at a very strange point in our lives.  
I think you were in the wrong relationship.  
I couldn't sustain one if I had to.

But I feel...  
something strong.  
I feel different.

And... I think we deserve  
to find out what that is.  
We deserve to be as far away  
from each other as possible.

Wait! Why? Why?

Look at us!

You lie about saving frogs  
and cleaning Third World drinking water!

And I cheat on boyfriends,  
that's who we are.

We're both disasters,

neither of us deserve love!  
Then we're perfect for each other.  
We're flawed. We're a shit show.  
We're two people full of flaws.  
Oh, my God. That's your pitch?  
Damn, dude, that shit ain't workin'.  
Look, love is fucked up,  
it's confusing, and it's terrifying,  
and it's... it's painful, it sucks.  
But I'm looking at you right now...  
I want to risk it.  
I know it could be a mistake. I know  
we could make each other miserable.  
But if we have even the slightest  
chance of being that one time...  
I'm willing to regret you  
for the rest of my life.  
God, I hate you.  
I love you, too.  
I really hate you. I hate you.  
Everybody has their own ideas about love.  
They have their philosophies,  
and facts and rules of how it works  
and what you're supposed to do,  
but none of that shit matters  
because love isn't a thinking thing,  
it's a feeling thing  
and this is what it felt like for me.  
Live your own story, and don't worry,  
I promise I won't put myself in it.  
Pour some honey on the world  
For sweeter soul before you go  
Paint some color in your heart  
You won't end what you don't stop  
In faith plan this all one night  
I was drunk, you were dressed in white  
And we talk down on the beach  
I slurred my speech, you kiss my cheek  
Hearts and rainbows in the sky  
For you and I  
Oh, my mind  
You know I love to see you smile  
Each and every time  
It blows my mind

And you know that life goes on  
With the tops and downs  
its twists and shouts  
Help me understand the world  
You're the sweeter soul I've ever known  
Now there's color in my heart  
For a brand new start, here we go  
Hearts and rainbows in the sky  
For you and I  
Oh, my mind  
You know I love to see you smile  
Each and every time  
It blows my mind  
Hearts and rainbows in the sky  
For you and I  
Oh, my mind  
You know I love to see you smile, woman  
Each and every time, woman  
It blows my mind