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Ruby Sparks

By Zoe Kazan

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There you are.

I've been looking for you.

Have you seen my other shoe?

What?

Why are you looking at me like that?

Go potty.

Scotty.

Come on, boy. Scotty.

Go potty, Scotty.

Don't look at me like that.

Yes?

Great way to start the day, right?

I think I'm gonna puke.

Mom said you went on a date last week.

How'd it go?

It was okay.

"Okay" as in you got laid?

Harry.

What?

She can't hear you.

Don't you wanna have sex,
like, ever again in your life?

Yes. I just don't think
that I'm the dating type.

Girls only wanna sleep with me
because they read my book in high school.

So?

So they're not interested in me.

They're interested
in some idea of me.

That's why you should keep working out.

That way, they'll want you for your body.

What does this thing
even do?

It turns you into a god.

Keep going.

Hey, I had a weird dream last night.

There was this girl and she was...

What'd she look like?

Just a normal girl.

Just a girl I made up.

Well, what happened?

She just talked to me.

That's depressing.
Actually, it was really nice.
Seriously? You don't even get laid
in your dreams? That's...
That's just sad.
Hey, how's the new book coming along?
I don't know. I get a good idea,
like why don't I write about my dad?
And then, bam, I start thinking
that it's the stupidest thing ever.
Who wants to read about,
"He was disappointed in me...
...blah, blah, blah"?
Also, I'm feeling ambivalent
about Scotty.
Yeah, he slobbers. He chews things.
He pees like a girl,
which makes me feel inadequate.
He needs to go outside a lot, breaks up
my day. That's why I'm not writing.
Do you think that's why you're not writing?
No.
Why do think you're not writing?
Can I have Bobby now?
Do you need Bobby now?
Yes.
Calvin...
...when's the last time
you saw a friend?
Harry. Yesterday.
No, no.
Someone other than your brother.
Uh, have you been giving Bobby
to your other patients?
No, Bobby is just for you.
Because he smells weird.
Calvin...
...when you were deciding to get Scotty,
what did we talk about?
What did you say your hopes were?
Do you remember?
That he would help me meet people.
A little louder, please?
That he would be

awesome and we'd take hikes and stuff.
And people would stop to pet him,
and I would meet them.
But Scotty gets scared
when people try to pet him.
Does that embarrass you?
No.
I wanna give you a writing assignment.
I can't write.
Okay.
This would just be for me.
I'd like you to write a page...
...about someone who sees Scotty
all slobbery and scared...
...and likes him anyway,
just the way he is.
You think you could
do that for me?
Can it be bad?
I'd like it to be very bad.
I first met Calvin
when he was 19 years old.
And he'd already been at the top...
...of The New York Times Best Seller list,
uh, for several months.
And I remember thinking:
"Who the fuck is this kid?
And, uh, how can I go back in time
and be him?"
A high-school dropout
with acne still on his chin...
...gave us what may very well become
a classic American novel.
Since then, of course,
we've all enjoyed his short stories...
...uh, including last year's novella,
Breakfast for Dinner.
But it was only when I sat down
and reread his novel...
...now available in a beautiful
10th anniversary edition...
...that, uh, I realized just how good a writer
Calvin Weir-Fields is.
We are lucky to have him around.

Ladies and gentlemen,
Calvin Weir-Fields.
Phenomenal, man. Just brilliant.
Thank you. Thanks.
Brilliant.
Thanks so much.
Calvin.
Hi.
You know that chapter where
Charlie goes to the whorehouse?
Did you dress the whores blue because
it's the color of his mother's apron?
I'm sorry...
How did you know
where to send your manuscript?
I looked it up.
Oh, of course.
Is it weird for you that you
used to be so successful?
There's the man.
Cyrus, you gotta remind me
about these things.
You have to check
your messages, buddy.
I would've worn something nicer.
No one cares what you're wearing.
You are a genius.
Don't use that word.
Mr. Perrotta, over here.
- Calvin always had talent.
- Over here.
But that, unfortunately, is not enough.
- Langdon, right here!
- All I did, really...
...was guide him in the right direction
and, uh, like, pass the baton.
Mabel.
What?
I'm Mabel.
Oh, do I know you?
No, no.
Do you want my number?
It's a one-off, that book.
Great.

It's the first album of an indie band.
Thank you.
It has that sort of
unselfconscious verve...
...that, um... That you don't, uh...
Then, of course, there's
the second album syndrome, which...
We don't talk about that.
Everyone loves this book,
but we wanna hear what you're doing now.
What matters is right now.
What are you working on? Are you?
They love you, then they throw you away.
I mean, if I'm gonna include anybody...
- It's actually easier...
...if you've only ever been mediocre.
If you've been at the top...
Hi. Sorry.
- Hi.
- It can kill you.
Yeah, Salinger
had the right idea. He...
Write what you can, then,
pssh, disappear, you know?
So I've had a drink.
But no coke. I didn't...
No coke.
I didn't do any coke.
Scotty?
Sorry I'm late, buddy.
Scotty?
Scotty, what the fuck?
Oh.
She's so cute.
What?
Your dog. She's so cute.
Oh, he's a boy dog.
He just peed like a girl.
Have we met before?
I don't think so.
Do you mind if I draw him?
Uh, but don't get too close.
He's a little scared of people.
You're an artist?

Yeah.
I'm super good.
Really?
What's your dog's name?
Uh, Scotty.
Are you Scottish?
No.
I named him for F. Scott Fitzgerald.
Who?
F. Scott Fitzgerald.
The novelist.
Great Gatsby.
I don't read a lot of fiction.
You've never heard of
F. Scott Fitzgerald?
Why? Is he really famous
and important?
Well, he's probably one of the greatest
novelists who ever lived.
Isn't that disrespectful?
What?
Naming your dog after him?
It's a little disrespectful.
No, it's a gesture.
Yeah, an aggressive gesture.
Think about it. You're a novelist.
You think this guy's the greatest.
So you name your dog after him
to cut him down to size.
This way,
you can put him on a leash...
...and yell "Bad Scotty"...
...and feel all superior
because you pee inside.
Kill your idols, man.
I'm all for it.
All right. Scotty.
Hang on.
This is beautiful.
Yeah.
Your dog might pee like a lady,
but I like him anyway.
Hey, what did you just say?
I like him just the way he is.

Yes.
Yes. Yes.
"...pooled into his eyes as though...
Rushed back like blood...
Calvin flushed with..."
You're a genius.
I thought we weren't gonna use that word.
You are really, really super fucking smart.
"I'd like it to be bad."
I'm glad you found something
that inspires you.
Inspires me?
It overwhelms me.
I literally cannot sleep or eat.
All I want I do is write.
I mean, I almost didn't come here today
because I didn't wanna be away from her.
Oh, God.
What?
Oh, my God.
Oh, I can't say it out loud.
It's too stupid.
I love it when you say stupid things.
Oh, no, this is really profoundly stupid.
Okay.
Ugh.
Okay, so the guy I'm writing...
Yeah, what's his name?
Uh, Calvin.
I'm gonna change it.
Uh, anyway, there's a lot of me in him.
What I'm trying to say is...
...it's almost like I'm writing
to spend time with her.
Who?
The girl.
The one I'm writing. It's...
I go to sleep at night...
...just waiting to get to my typewriter
so I can be with her.
It's like...
It's like I'm falling in love with her.
That's wonderful.
I can't fall in love with a girl I write.

Why not?
Because she's not real.
Isn't she? Are you sure?
No. Yes.
She's some motherfucking product
of my imagination!
Oh, Lila treated me so badly.
I know.
Who leaves someone after
their father dies?
Someone who couldn't
love you properly.
Someone who is a heartless slut.
Okay.
Well, tell me about her.
I don't wanna talk about Lila anymore.
Well, I meant this girl that you're writing.
Tell me about her.
Ruby.
Ruby Sparks.
Twenty-six years old.
Raised in Dayton, Ohio.
- Why Dayton?
- Sounds romantic.
Ruby's first crushes were
Humphrey Bogart and John Lennon.
Cried the day she found out
they were already dead.
Ruby got kicked out of high school
for sleeping with her art teacher...
...or maybe her Spanish teacher.
I haven't decided yet.
Ruby can't drive.
She doesn't own a computer.
She hates her middle name,
which is Tiffany.
She always, always roots
for the underdog.
She's complicated.
That's what I like best about her.
Ruby's not so good at life sometimes.
She forgets to open bills
or cash checks and...
Her last boyfriend was 49.

The one before that was an alcoholic.
She can feel a change coming.
She's looking for it.
Looking for what?
Something new.
Feels good, right?
Can we stop a second?
Why? You all right?
Hey, Sue.
- Yeah?
They didn't have paprika,
so I got cumin.
Shh, shh!
They're the same thing, right?
Miles went down.
If you wake him, I will beat you.
Calvin? You need to thank me
because I cleaned your oven.
Thank you, Susie.
Oh, my woman.
Okay. You're sweaty.
Get your mitts off of me.
Susie, did you happen to sha...?
You didn't tell me you were getting laid.
Harry.
I'm just saying.
He claims to be writing too much
to haul his ass to our house.
But turns out,
he's just getting too much poon.
Harry, I swear to God...
I'm not getting any poon.
Oh, yeah?
Whose is that?
You tell me.
Oh, my God. Scotty.
It's Scotty's?
- No. Scotty...
Don't let the baby touch that.
Miles, don't...
Suse, he likes it.
- No, he doesn't like it.
Scotty's been dragging them in.
He seems to love it.

He goes through
my weird neighbor's garbage.
So that's a random dirty bra?
- It's dirty.
That's gross.
You made him cough.
Calvin, don't put it away.
Throw it away.
I swear, if your mother knew...
Calvin, what is this?
- What's what?
Nothing.
Harry, get over here.
Uh, please, don't.
Are these panties?
Fuck off.
I swear,
Scotty's been dragging them in.
Right. Scotty.
Shut up.
Calvin, throw these away.
Hey, Susie, I'm gonna check on Harry.
- Okay.
Tell him we have to go soon.
- Okay.
So?
Where do you see this going?
Well, I don't know. I just started.
This is a love story, right?
Who reads love stories?
Women.
And I'm telling you,
no woman's gonna wanna read this.
Why not? It's romantic.
Quirky, messy women whose problems
only make them endearing are not real.
Period.
What do they say,
"write what you've been through"?
Write what you know.
Exactly. Write what you know.
I've known girls like Ruby.
Yeah?
Who?

Girls.
Lila?
Not fucking Lila.
You've had one relationship.
For five years.
You never even lived together.
I'm telling you, Calvin,
the honeymoon shit, it doesn't last.
I know that.
Women are different up close.
I love Susie...
...but she's a weirdo.
Sometimes, she's mean as fuck
for no reason.
She's a person.
You haven't written a person, okay?
You've written a girl.
All right, whatever.
Writers don't show their work
to people at this stage.
I might not even finish it.
Because...
And don't, like, tell people about it.
Listen. I'm not saying you can't write.
I'm saying...
...you don't know jack shit
about women.
Don't let those leftovers go to waste,
okay, skinny?
Gym tomorrow?
Uh, I'm seeing Cyrus.
Maybe Friday?
Friday.
- I know.
- You okay, bud?
Yes.
This thing is dripping everywhere.
How are you supposed to eat this thing?
What?
You're so not my type.
What do you mean I'm not your type?
I usually go for guys
who are a little more, um, assertive.
I'm assertive.

Ha, ha. No.
You're stubborn. That's different.
I had this one boyfriend...
...who told me I wasn't funny...
...but that I have a good sense
of humor...
...because I laughed at his jokes.
Why would you date a guy like that?
I was young.
You must have things you regret.
Not really.
Everything's been perfect so far.
Oh.
So that's what you're looking for
in a guy?
Douchiness?
I don't know.
I guess I was looking for you.
It just took me a while
to find you.
Ruby.
Jump!
What did you think
the first time you saw me?
I thought you were
the most beautiful girl I ever saw.
Were you disappointed
when you got to know me?
How can you ask that?
I'm such a mess.
I love your mess.
The first time I saw you, I thought:
"Look at that boy.
I'm going to love him
forever and ever and ever."
- What if you get sick of me?
- I won't.
I promise.
Hello. Shit.
Shit.
Hello. Damn it.
Okay. No.
Hello.
Cyrus.

Where the fuck are you?

Uh, sorry.

I was writing, I fell asleep.

I'll be right there.

Look, if you aren't ready
to talk about this, it's fine.

No... No, no.

I wanna show you what I have.

I think you're gonna be really excited.

Of course, I'll be excited. Okay, uh,
here's what I'll do. I'll push my lunch.

Okay. All right. Well, uh, if I leave now,
I should be there in 15 minutes.

All right.

If there isn't any traffic.

Oh, damn it. Scotty.

What?

Uh, nothing. Uh, my dog has to pee.

I'll, uh, put him in the backyard.

- I'll take him out.

Great. Thank you.

- Cal?

Cal?

Hello?

I missed you in bed last night.

Did you get some good writing done?

- Are you there?

Oh, God.

- Hey, you want a bite?

It's Crispix.

- I think I lost him.

God, it's happening.

It's really happening this time.

They're gonna hospitalize me.

What's wrong?

They all thought I was so smart,
but it turns out I was just batshit.

Calvin?

What the fuck?

Calvin.

It's not real. It's not real.

It's not real.

Okay, you're dreaming.

You're dreaming.

You're dreaming...
...and you're going to wake up...
...right now.
Oh, shit.
Calvin? Are you mad at me?
- Oh.
Oh, God. It's not real.
It's not real. It's not real. It's not real.
Doctor...
Hi, Dr. Rosenthal. It's Calvin Weir-Fields.
Something has come up...
...and I'd appreciate it if you called me
as soon as possible. Thank you.
Ruby?
Hey.
Um...
I thought you might be hungry,
so I'm making you some eggs.
Mm.
What's wrong?
Oh, nothing.
Nothing, uh...
Are these, by any chance, yours?
Yeah, of course, they are.
Who else would they belong to?
Oh, my God.
Are you seeing someone else?
Oh, no.
No, no, no, I'm not...
I'm not seeing anyone
other than you.
Will you excuse me?
Remember how Dad used
to say I had an overactive imagination?
Are you saying Ruby is in your house?
I started seeing her this morning.
It's like that movie Harvey,
except she's not a giant rabbit.
It's not like she knows
she's imaginary, either.
She thinks we're in the relationship
in my book.
It is freaking me out.
I'm in the middle of a meeting.

But this is an emergency.
I may be losing my mind.
Just give me one sec. Just...
Harry. Harry.
There's no possible way
that Ruby's in your house...
...because she's not a real person.
I know objectively she is not real,
but I'm telling you...
...I can see her, I can smell her.
When she touched me, I could feel it.
She's making eggs in my kitchen.
Actual eggs.
That's great.
Calvin, I am at work.
I'm in the middle of a very important meeting.
I cannot deal with your shit right now.
Listen to me.
I want you to leave the house...
...see a friend. A friend
who can't see your imaginary friend.
If this is still an issue tonight,
we'll talk, okay?
Okay. I'll phone a friend.
Sorry about that, I was...
Kobe's having a barbecue this weekend.
You got plans this weekend?
It's Calvin.
Weir-Fields. From high school.
Yeah, the writer.
I sat next to you in Spanish class.
Uh, actually, I gotta go.
Where are you going?
Out.
Where?
To the store.
What for?
To get some stuff.
Can I come?
No.
Why not?
Because.
Please?
No.

Please?

- Point-nine KCRW.

Up next, tickets for KCRW members.

If you haven't won anything from us
in the last 90 days...

I hear they're doing
a zombie film festival at the cemetery.

You wanna go? We could do a shot
every time someone gets bitten.

Okay. Bye.

Bye? Where are you going?

Nowhere.

Caf Figaro. I've got this friend.

It won't take long.

What am I supposed to do?

Stay here. Enjoy the shops.

I'll be back soon.

When I didn't hear from you
right away...

...I figured you had lost my number
or something.

At least that's what my roommate said
must have happened.

Oh, no, I didn't lose your number.

Uh, actually the, uh, night I met you...

...I started writing something,
so that's been really consuming.

The night you met me?

Am I?

Never mind. Ha, ha. Never mind.

Um, am I in it?

I can't really talk about it.

Right, of course.

But if I am, like, when it comes out
in stores and stuff...

...will you tell me which character I am?

You're not in it.

Right, but if I am?

I will let you know.

Okay. Awesome. Awesome.

So, um, do you do this a lot?

Do what?

Meet up in the middle of the day for sex.

No. No, that's not...

I just wanted someone to talk to.
Oh.
Right. Right.
Well, men never
just wanna talk to women.
I do.
If you say so.
Uh, heh, are you even legal?
I mean, not to drink, but, yeah.
Of course. Do you, um...?
Do you wanna go someplace?
Hi.
Sorry, what?
Do you wanna go to my place?
Hi.
Sorry.
I'm sorry.
What's going on?
Am I interrupting?
I thought I heard something.
Do you wanna get out of here?
- Calvin.
Do you know this girl?
Yeah. Hi, I'm Ruby, Calvin's girlfriend.
I don't think we've met.
Uh, no.
Um, I'm Mabel. I was just going.
You can see her?
Yeah, she can see me.
I can see her.
You can see her.
Let's not make this worse, all right?
Sorry, I didn't know.
Did Harry put you up to this?
What, your brother is in on this?
What?
Ruby, it was very nice meeting you.
Calvin, have fun writing.
Who the fuck was that?
Can you see her?
Calvin, who was that?
Can I see her?
Can he see me? What are you...? Stop.
What's wrong with you, man?

She's real.
Oh, no. Ruby!
Ruby! Ruby.
Get away from me!
Ruby! Ruby!
Get away! Get away!
Ruby!
Ruby, please, listen to me.
Let go!
Stop!
Listen to me. Calm down. Ruby.
Get away from me!
- Hey, you okay?
You want me to call the police?
No. Thank you.
He's just being a complete asshole.
Are you sure?
Yeah.
Thank you, I'm fine.
Ruby.
You stay away.
God, I should have known.
You've been acting like such a freak... Stop!
Let go of me!
Put me down!
Put me down or I'm gonna scream!
Ruby.
Stop it!
Put me down!
Ruby?
Oh, my God, stop! Ow!
Shh! Stop it. Oh, do not bite.
Do not bite.
Listen to me. Shh, shh.
There is a lot that is new here,
more than I can tell you.
I'm having trouble processing it all,
okay?
Then talk to me about it.
Don't go on a date with another girl.
I wasn't on a date.
What is going on with you?
I don't know. I'm sorry.
Oh, I'm just having trouble...

...wrapping my head
around the reality of this situation.
That you're here.
That you're real.
It all seems pretty incredible.
What?
Kiss me, stupid.
Holy shit.
Mm.
Look, I know it's a lot to take in,
but you have to believe me.
She's real.
I don't know how or why...
...but she's here and she's real.
And I like it.
"Real" as in other people can see her.
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
We've been to restaurants.
We take Scotty for walks in the park.
People talk to her. She's very friendly.
That's impossible.
It's apparently not.
What does Dr. Rosenthal say?
Are you fucking serious?
People have shrinks
for when they start seeing things.
I'm not seeing things.
Calvin, call him.
I can't.
I told him when she was a character.
He won't understand.
Call him or I'm telling Mom.
He'll think I'm crazy.
You might be crazy.
The situation is crazy.
I am not.
Do you hear...? Hi.
Do you hear yourself? Do you?
Do you hear yourself? Really?
There's no way that you're sleeping
with a girl that you made up.
Hey, so, uh, she doesn't know
that I wrote her...
...so don't say anything

about the manuscript, okay?

Yeah, okay.

Hi, Ruby. Great to meet you.

Can we call the doctor now?

Harry.

- Calvin!

Oof! Hey.

What took you so long?

Hey, Ruby, this is my brother, Harry.

Hey.

Harry. Hi.

Hi.

Hi. It's great to meet you.

Hi.

I've heard so much about you
from Calvin.

You're Ruby.

You're Harry.

The painter from Dayton, Ohio.

Yep.

Yep.

Are you staying for supper?

I'm making meat loaf.

She's an amazing cook.

Yeah. Can I talk to you a second?

Outside?

Okay.

What did you do? Hire some actress?

Craigslist? This isn't funny.

I told you, she just appeared.

You're a writer, not Ricky Jay.

I know that.

There's gotta be some logical explanation.

Love isn't logical.

No, but you know what is?

Physics. Or metaphysics.

People don't appear out of thin air.

She did.

How?

I don't know how.

It's love. It's magic.

Okay.

What are you doing?

Calling your doctor.

Don't.
Harry. Harry.
Give me that.
We might... Give me the phone.
Harry, listen to me, please.
Remember what you told me
when you met Susie?
I certainly didn't pretend I invented her.
You said that she was your dream girl.
That's what happened to me.
Heh-heh-heh.
Harry, don't laugh at me.
Has it occurred to you
that she might be an imposter?
Some girl wanted to get close to you,
somehow got her hands on what you wrote.
You're the only one
who's read my manuscript.
So unless you're playing some joke...
Okay, okay, okay.
Let's say you created this person.
Everything you wrote about her came true.
Even the smallest things?
Yes.
Have you tried writing more?
No.
Write something about her.
Why? She's perfect.
Write something about her,
see if it comes true.
If it does, then you're right
and this is a fucking miracle.
And if nothing happens...
...maybe we go to the police.
Don't call...
Just go in there and act normal. Go up.
You act normal.
I'm not gonna say...
We're gonna go upstairs
and check on something, uh, online.
Were you guys
getting stoned out there?
Okay, here's where I left off.
It has to be something

we notice right away, okay?
Something obvious.
What she's wearing?
Yes. Yes.
What she's wearing.
What was she wearing?
Was it pink?
I got it.
Okay. Okay.
Write that she speaks fluent French.
Yeah, just put it down.
I'll do it.
I... Shh.
I'll be right back. I have to do something.
No, wait, hold it.
Calvin.
Bottle of vino.
Great. Your brother looks like
he could use a drink.
I have to say,
that's the best meat loaf I've ever had.
Thank you.
It's a family recipe.
I can't really take credit.
So your... Your family's in Ohio?
Yeah. Actually, my parents died
when I was a baby in an accident...
...and I got moved around a lot.
I guess the habit stuck.
I've lived in nine cities in six years, so...
Nine?
Yeah.
Wow, that's a lot of cities.
I'm so sorry. I'm totally
monopolizing this conversation.
No. This is fascinating.
Please, keep going. Please.
What nice boys.
Your mom must be so proud.
It's hard to raise a decent guy.
Oh, I think a person would have to do
something pretty amazing...
...to produce a good woman.
Okay. Great.

Uh, you guys like each other.
I think Harry has to go now.
Right, buddy?
He can be such a control freak, right?
- I'll be right back.
- Good night.
See you soon, I hope.
Hey. So?
Get in the car.
What?
Get in the car.
Why? What?
That was insane!
Harry...
This is insane.
You manifested a woman with your mind.
Mom's gonna fucking freak.
Whoa, you can't tell Mom.
Why not? She loves all this New Age shit.
Seriously...
...you can't tell anybody.
Not Mom, not Susie. No one.
This is amazing. How can I not tell?
They'll think she's a freak.
We're gonna pretend she's your girlfriend?
She is my girlfriend.
Seriously?
Why not?
Your girlfriend.
Stranger things have happened.
I don't think so.
I think this is pretty much the strangest
thing that's ever happened, ever.
You gonna marry her?
Have kids with her?
I don't know.
But wouldn't that be like incest?
Or mind-cest?
I don't care.
I love her.
Please don't ruin this for me.
Promise me, no one.
Fine.
Thank you.

Oh, hey, so you can,
like, change her.
I guess.
You could, like, tweak things
if you wanted.
Tweak? What do you mean?
I don't know, like anything.
Big tits, long legs...
I like her little legs.
Know how many times I wanted a button...
...to make Susie stop doing
all the annoying shit she does?
I mean, you could get blow jobs
whenever you wanted.
Ruby loves giving blow jobs.
Now, but what about
in a couple months or days?
Women are mysterious creatures.
I still look at Susie like:
"Who are you? Who are you?"
I know Ruby, Harry. I wrote her.
So you can make her,
like, do anything.
For men everywhere...
...tell me you're not gonna
let that go to waste.
I will never write about her again.
Calvin?
Hey.
So did he like me?
He loved you.
Stop, stop, stop.
Hey, if it's my mom, please don't...
Hello?
Hello, is anyone there? I don't...
Hi, Mom.
Oh, hi, sweetie. Hi.
I wasn't sure you were there.
What do you want, Mom?
I was wondering if
you're gonna make it up this weekend.
I told you we can't this weekend.
We're busy.
Oh, with what?

Busy with what?
Your brother says
you haven't been writing.
He doesn't know.
You've been with this girl for months.
I haven't even met her.
I'm beginning to think she doesn't exist.
What? No. I mean, yes.
So when can I meet her?
Soon.
Next weekend?
Harry and Susie will be here.
Come on, please?
Look, we have plans.
I'm gonna call you later, okay?
I'm driving.
Why can't we go to Big Sur?
Uh, well, we'd have to find someone
to watch Scotty.
We could take him with us.
I don't know. Mort...
Their house is weird.
You don't want me
to meet your mom.
Of course,
I want you to meet my mom.
I'll invite her down for Christmas, okay?
Hey, you know that coffee shop
on Dwyer? The new one?
Yes.
I was thinking maybe
I could try to get a job there.
Well, I told you, I'm happy
to support you while you paint.
Honey, I'm sort of tired.
Okay.
Let's turn out the light, then.
It's just, maybe if I wasn't around,
you could get more writing done.
Weren't you working on something
when we first met?
Calvin?
What are you doing?
Just packing for Big Sur.

Really?

Yeah.

Wow, look at this place.

All right, this is it.

You asked for it.

You have nothing

to worry about.

Look, why don't we stay

somewhere else tonight?

Just you and me. There's a thousand

bed-and-breakfasts around.

Honey, it's gonna be great.

It could be romantic.

Finally.

Hi.

You're here!

Hi.

Hi.

Hi.

Okay.

Hi, Scotty.

Hi. Come on. Come on, Scotty.

- Okay.

Hi.

Hello. Hi.

Hi. I'm Ruby.

Hi, Ruby.

Hi.

Wow, your garden is so amazing.

All the plants have medicinal purposes.

- Medicinal.

- Yeah.

That is very cool.

Whoa.

This is incredible.

Yeah.

He started it in 1980

and he just keeps adding to it.

It's his masterpiece.

Mort built all of this?

Yeah.

Can you believe it?

Yes, I can.

And this is where we live.

Oh, my God.
This is so beautiful.
Wow.
I feel like I'm in some kind of temple.
Oh, my God,
I can't believe you said that.
Calvin, she is so intuitive.
What? What? What?
Mort got this wood from Amish land.
It was blessed.
And the bricks come from an old
Catholic school that was torn down.
That's incredible.
Stairway, bedroom.
That's where Harry will sleep.
This is my study. Don't go in there.
I'm re-alphabetizing.
And this is where you'll be sleeping.
Oh, it's like a little nest.
Uh, Mom, we're in here?
There are no doors.
No one's interested
in your business, honey.
Well, this is the bathroom.
We have our own well.
This is Mort's workshop!
He makes driftwood furniture!
Mort!
Mort, honey, they're here!
Hey!
Welcome!
That's a good boy, good boy.
He is such a good boy.
So, Ruby...
...did you go to art school?
No, I didn't train formally.
I just sort of picked things up
here and there.
That's right. Just do it.
You learn more that way, eh?
I mean, look at Calvin, eh?
Right, hijo mo? Ha-ha-ha.
Um, Mort, could you
not feed Scotty?

Aw, don't worry. He loves it.
It'll upset his stomach.
Dogs love human food.
They do.
- No, they don't.
- They do.
I painted when I was young.
Did you?
Yeah.
Calvin never told me.
Well, their father didn't approve.
Because she painted porn.
Nudes.
In positions.
It was basically porn.
I think they are very sexy, Harry.
Mort's been encouraging me
to take it up again.
You should do it, Mama.
You're very good at it.
Lovey.
You're good at everything.
- Lovey.
Everything is so good, Mama.
- Oh, sweetie.
- So good.
- Okay.
- Let's go, let's go.
One minute left. One minute.
First word!
A little word.
No, big word.
Uh, if. It's.
Uh, and.
It's.
Uh, the, the, the.
Well, uh...
What.
What.
What?
What.
What.
Thank you, Mort.
You're on our team.

Second word.
You're on our team.
- Uh, redwoods.
- They're not gonna get it.
You and me. Not them. Us.
Us.
- We, uh...
- Us.
A girl's, uh...
The T's and butt, um...
Ugh!
Babies! Girls?
Oh, boy.
Women!
Women?
"What women."
Mort.
"What women."
What Women Want?
What Women Want.
Oh, they won!
What Women Want? Who picks that?
Come over here.
You're so good.
Mort? He picked it?
I love you. Oh, my God. You win the prize.
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
I'm a traitor.
- But that was against the rules!
Calvin.
Calvin.
I forgot to tell you.
Your mom said that she was gonna
teach me how to bake a pie.
She says we can just go out in the garden
and pick the berries ourselves.
Isn't that amazing?
She didn't used to be like this.
Like what?
When Dad was around,
she wore polo shirts and cooked meat.
It's like she's been brainwashed.
I think she and Mort seem really happy.

- Ah!
- Calvin!
- Watch out!
- Come on!
- Come down here!
- Hey, Calvin!
Calvin! Calvin!
- Let's go!
- Watch out!
- The water's great, man, come on.
- It's beautiful!
No, thanks.
Oh, it's so fun.
You're missing out.
I promised Langdon
I'd finish his book.
Why don't you
come up here with me?
Okay, enjoy yourself!
Mort, be careful.
Asteroid!
Yeah!
- Yeah!
- That was beautiful.
Now do it with me. Do it with me.
Calvin, honey?
Are you okay?
Yeah. I'm fine.
Okay.
I'm really glad you brought her.
It means a lot to me.
Okay.
Dinner's in a half hour.
But, hey, Harry, Harry, Harry.
You wanna see my impression of Scotty?
Yeah.
That makes me laugh.
Wanna see my impression of Scotty
when he's really angry?
Yeah.
That's so wrong.
He's an intellectual.
Oh, that is good.
Uh, don't make fun of Scotty.

Oh, calm down.

Hey, come on. Take it.

- Oh, my God. You look so cute here.

That was such a classic.

I told you I don't want it.

You should try it. It's really mellow.

- It's all right. He doesn't need it.

His brain is big enough.

Yeah, no, it's big.

It's so big, he can...

Just with his thoughts, he can just...

He thinks it and:

Harry?

- Just...

- Just...

- Honey, not here.

One thought.

I mean, he just can just, poof.

He just, poof.

Harry, I think you've had enough.

Oh.

Ha-ha-ha.

What are you talking about?

I'm talking about I love you.

- What?

- Yay, someone is ready for bed.

- Yeah, I'm definitely ready.

- Let's go.

Well, this was a great dinner.

Ooh!

Here, let me... Let me help you.

You know what, Mort?

I think you've done plenty.

Uh...

- Yeah. Good night.

- Great, great.

You okay?

Yeah, you okay?

Go.

- I'm fine.

Big Sur, everybody.

- Come on, crazy.

- I love this place. Love you.

I think I'm gonna go inside

and, uh, talk to him.

Okay.

I'm sorry.

No, it's okay.

As long as I know

he isn't like this all the time.

He isn't.

Oh.

Good.

Ah.

Look.

- Is that you?

- Heh, yes.

Wow.

And that was Jack.

He's so handsome.

Yes, and very, very serious,
just like Calvin.

He was a golfer?

- Ruby?

Wha...? Hey.

Ruby, bed.

Right now?

Yes.

Why won't you take it?

I want you to have it.

What's going on?

Calvin won't accept my present.

Why not?

Mort works hard on his furniture.

- Yeah.

I call it the Lone Pine.

That's beautiful.

Don't you like it?

Of course he does. It's a great chair.

Come on, sit down, sit down.

Just feel the wood.

Calvin...

Skinamarinky dinky dink

Dinky do

I love you

Skinamarinky dinky dink

Dinky do

I love you

I love you in the morning
And in the afternoon
Honey, I'm trying to read.
Ruby?
You read your stupid book
all weekend.
Your mom and Mort were trying so hard.
I'm sorry.
You don't have any friends.
I have you.
I don't need anyone else.
That's a lot of pressure.
I'm so lonely.
No. Don't say that. Please.
What do we do?
How do we make it better?
Maybe I could take an art class.
Great.
An art class. Get out of the house.
It's good.
And I think I should start spending
some nights at my apartment again.
Your apartment?
One night a week.
As an experiment.
Okay.
Hi, Scotty. Come here.
The teacher's just amazing.
It's kind of an older group,
but the talent level's really high.
I think I'm gonna learn a lot.
How was your night?
Terrible.
I'm sorry.
I don't think this experiment
is gonna work for me.
There has to be space
in the relationship.
Otherwise,
it's like we're the same person.
Listen, it's one night a week.
I think you can handle it.
I've gotta take a shower.
Come on, baby.

Hello?

Hi.

Hi. Where are you?

Um, a bunch of people from class
decided to go out, so we're at this bar.

When you coming home?

I don't know. We just got here.

I cooked.

Sorry, no. You know,

I think that we're just gonna eat here.

I mean, we already ordered, so...

So when are you coming home?

I don't know. Your place is kind of far
and we're drinking, so...

You know, I might be kind of late.

Why don't we just see each other
tomorrow?

Calvin?

Yeah.

Okay. Um, have a great time.

Calvin, I wanna come home.

No.

I have to pee.

Stay.

I miss you right now.

Oh, Calvin.

- I'd rather not talk about it.

- I'm sorry.

I always thought you walked alone.

No man walks alone from choice.

Where are you going?

To get the phone.

Can I come with you?

Two for the 7:

It's sold out. There's a 9:00.

Take a walk first?

Two for the 9.

Look at this.

Hello?

Look who answered their phone.

Cyrus, hey. Sorry, I've been busy.

No worries, man. Busy writing?

Uh, yeah.

Yeah? Good, that's great.
I keep telling them you're working on it.
The publishers are getting anxious
about the new book...
Right, the new book.
You seemed excited about it a while back...
I'm out right now...
Any progress since then?
Can I give them some time line...?
Cyrus, I'm gonna call you back.
What?
Ruby?
Ruby!
Hey. Hey, hey. What happened?
I turned around and you were gone.
You let go of my hand.
I... What?
You let go of my hand.
What...? I had to pick up
the phone.
I know, but you let go.
Ruby.
You didn't even notice I was gone.
Ruby.
Sweetie, you have to calm down.
I'm gonna get you some water, okay?
No.
No.
I'll be right back.
Hi, dummy.
Hi.
Aah, he's chasing me.
Ha-ha-ha. No.
Miles. Yay, Miles.
Thanks.
- He's a water baby.
Can I ask something?
- I'm coming to get you.
Shoot.
What if I told you I was writing again?
- Oh, no, he kicked me.
Hey, that's fantastic.
What's it about?
Um...

Writing again.
All right! Meow! Meow! Meow!
Oh. Hi.
How's it going?
Good.
Her tits?
No.
She wasn't happy.
So I made her happy...
- I'm a queen!
...and now she's like this
all the time.
What are you asking me?
If it's moral? I don't know.
It's obviously working.
Think of it like Prozac.
But how do I know it's real?
It's not, okay? She's not.
She i... She was.
Oh, no.
I want to be what's making her happy...
- I love you, baby.
...without making her happy.
So write "Ruby went back to normal."
No big deal.
I'm a puppy dog swimming in the water.
I think she was gonna
leave me before.
Help. Help. Oh. Ha-ha-ha.
Susie left once.
When? Why didn't you
tell me?
You had a lot going on.
And she came back.
But I still think about it.
I could lose her any moment.
Step on a crack,
break your mother's back.
I'm thinking about
going away for a few months.
By myself.
Where do you wanna go?
I don't know.
Um, somewhere far.

You could send me postcards.
I love getting mail.
Or I might hole up here in the house,
not even go outside.
Cool.
We could build a pillow fort.
This is your proving ground.
Start with you, Michelle.
- Yes.
- You have a superior walk.
I can see you doing runway, but...
- Thank you.
What are you doing?
We have Langdon's party.
Who?
Langdon Tharp.
The writer. His book party's tonight.
Hey, I was watching that.
Yeah, for days.
It's a marathon.
You were always asking me
to make plans for us. I did.
Don't quote me to myself.
I am allowed to change my mind.
I don't want to fight about this.
Fine, great! Let's ignore it, then.
Now look at Sheila.
Sheila has such a unique look.
And I think that's wonderful.
We've all noticed it.
We love your energy.
Sally made a really interesting
choice using that big tease...
...but it was too much.
She's not afraid to be bold.
I'm sorry.
Everything's been so
up and down lately, you know?
It's like my internal compass
is just gone.
Maybe I should talk to someone.
You used to see someone, didn't you?
Uh, Dr. Rosenthal.
Maybe you should go back.

I thought we were
talking about you.
Yeah, yeah, we are.
Maybe you're right.
Maybe I just need to get out.
See people. Be social.
This party's gonna be fun.
Langdon. Hey, Langdon, hey.
Welcome to my cult.
Cal, you have to talk to Adam and Mandi.
Who?
Adam and Mandi. The producers
who wanna take over your option.
Please, check your messages.
Cyrus, this is Ruby.
Hi.
Ruby.
Cyrus. Nice.
This is Saskia.
Hi.
Okay. Come.
Hi.
Stay there, I'll be right back.
You wanna write
the screenplay yourself?
Oh, of course. Yes, absolutely.
Who else would?
I don't know. I've never written one.
My God, you're such a genius,
you'd pick it up like that.
I've been telling him that.
He doesn't like that word.
Who'd you wanna play Charlie?
- I mean, that's the question, right?
- Yeah.
You should come
and talk to me about it sometime.
Now, Adam and Mandi come in
with experience from documentary films.
Yeah.
Everything they touch is authentic.
They make it real.
Grounded in reality and...
We treat narrative the exact same way...

You saw the baby documentary they did.

Yes.

Okay. Genius.

- Made me wanna have a kid.

You have no idea how many people
told us the same thing.

Well, it's true.

Can you hold this just for a second?

No, sorry, I'll be right back.

Yeah, absolutely.

Great to talk to you.

Okay.

Talk to you in a bit.

Okay.

See you later.

Okay.

Excuse me. Sorry.

Cal.

Lila.

I thought you were in New York.

Uh, no, Landgon's helping me
publish my novel.

You finished your novel.

I know, it's a big surprise, the, uh...

The dilettante finished something, right?

I never said that.

What about you? Are you writing?

Sure.

Good. Great.

I hear you're seeing someone?

Yeah. She's here.

Excuse me.

Is she a writer?

No.

No, a painter.

That's great.

It's very, um, unthreatening.

You think I was threatened by you?

No, Cal, why would you be?

You're a genius.

You like my pool?

Do I know you?

I don't think so.

What are you doing at my party?

You tell me.
You come with someone?
Calvin Weir-Fields.
Ah, the boy wonder.
So are you one of those girls
who only dates famous writers?
Why? Are you a famous writer?
Do you happen to have a name?
Ruby.
Ruby.
And what do you do, Ruby?
Nothing.
How refreshing.
What do you do in your spare time?
Not much.
You know, I was thinking,
I was just thinking...
...tonight would be perfect
for a swim.
I don't have a suit.
Is that a problem?
Never mind. I don't know why
I thought maybe you'd be happy for me.
How was I anything but supportive?
I read every draft.
I took you into my group.
I introduced you to Langdon.
Begrudgingly.
What? I literally can't hear you.
Begrudgingly.
You weren't curious about me.
You never were.
You just had this image
of who I was.
And anything that I did that
contradicted it, you just ignored.
What image? Where you left me
as soon as I wasn't successful?
You think I gave a shit
if you were famous?
All that I wanted was for you,
I don't know, to care about me.
Care about you?
You left weeks after my father died.

Do you wanna talk about caring?
Oh, God.
Do you know what people say?
You were impenetrable.
"How could you love that person?"
I tried to help.
You refused to let me in.
And I say, "I have no fucking clue!"
The only person that you wanted to be
in a relationship with was you.
So I let you do that.
Wow.
You really let yourself off the hook,
don't you?
Goodbye, Cal.
Goodbye.
Have a great life.
Come on.
It's nice and warm. Swim to me.
You can keep your underwear on
if you like.
Come on in.
No peeking.
All right, I promise, I won't peek.
All right.
Mm.
Oh, boy.
Writing is sensual. It's, uh...
You should see me when I write.
I'm like an Olympian.
- Oh, really?
- I wield my pen...
Your pen?
...like a lightsaber.
What's going on here?
Calvin.
We, uh... We thought we'd take a dip.
Care to join us?
What was that?
What was what?
You know what.
Grow up.
Scotty.
Hey.

Hey! You're hurting me.
Explain what you were doing.
You left me alone at a party
where I didn't know anyone.
I found someone to talk to.
In your underwear.
Would you have been mad
if I had been in my bikini?
You weren't wearing your bikini.
Do you know what it looked like?
My agent was there.
My ex was there.
Lila was there?
Why didn't you tell me?
I was too busy getting you
to put your clothes back on.
You're supposed to be my girlfriend.
I am your girlfriend.
So act like it.
I'm sorry I wasn't acting
like the platonic ideal of your girlfriend.
Jesus, you can be
such a fucking prude.
I don't want you skinny-dipping
with men?
Because you don't want me
doing anything!
You have all these rules
and you don't tell me what they are...
...until, whoops,
I've broken one.
And then you get to be
disappointed with me?
Okay. Uh, do you wanna know my rules?
Don't fuck other men.
Don't let them think about fucking you.
Now I'm responsible
for what people think?
Yes, you are responsible. When you act
a certain way, it leads people on.
When you take your clothes off at a party,
people think you're a slut.
So I'd really prefer if you didn't do that.
Is that clear enough for you?

Fuck you!
I'm not your child!
You don't get to decide what I do.
Wanna bet?
What?
I'm pretty sure I could make you do
whatever I want.
What are you gonna do, Calvin?
Tie me up?
No.
I don't have to.
Calvin...
...I'm gonna call a cab.
Let's talk tomorrow, okay?
Calvin.
Fine. Go.
What was that?
You didn't feel that?
Aah!
What is that?
What the fuck is going on?
Calvin.
Aah! Oh, my God, something is happening.
Here. Read.
What is this?
My book.
The one I haven't been
working on.
Wanna see?
Is this some sort of joke?
No. It's pretty serious.
You're writing about me?
No, you can't write about me.
That's private.
I'm not writing about you.
I wrote you.
I made you up.
What?
I had a dream about a girl.
So I wrote it down.
I gave her a name.
Ruby.
I wrote all kinds of things about her
and then one day I woke up and she...

You were living in my house.
I can make you do anything...
...because you're not real.
You're sick.
Calvin?
Listen to me.
If this is how you think about people...
...then you are in for a long,
lonely, fucked-up life.
Do you hear me? Calvin?
See. "Ruby speaks French."
I told you I could
make you do anything.
I write it.
You do it.
Skinnamarinky dinky dink dinky do
I love you
Skinnamarinky dinky dink
Dinky do
I love you
I love you in the morning
I love you.
I'll never leave you. I love you.
I'll never leave you.
I love you. I'll never leave you.
I love your mouth. I love your nose.
I love your butt. I love your eyes.
I love your belly. I love your ears.
I love your cock. I love your nose.
I love your mouth. I love you so much.
I'll love you forever
and ever and ever and ever.
You're a genius. You're a genius.
You're a genius.
You're a genius.
You're a genius. You're a genius.
You're a genius. You're a genius.
You're a genius.
Rub...
Calvin?
Calvin.
You okay?
She's gone.
It's okay, buddy.

Okay.
Nothing helps.
When was the last time you wrote, Cal?
I can't write.
Sure you can.
That's what you have over every other poor schmuck out there with a broken heart.
You can write about it.
And who would wanna read that?
Lots of people.
Why not?
You got a pretty great story.
Everyone will think I'm crazy.
No.
They'll think it's fiction.
This is the true and impossible story of my very great love.
In the hope that she will not read this and reproach me...
...I have withheld many telling details.
Her name...
...the particulars of her birth and upbringing...
...and any identifying scars or birthmarks.
All the same,
I cannot help but write this for her.

To tell her:

"I'm sorry for every word
I wrote to change you.
I'm sorry for so many things.
I couldn't see you when you were here.
And now that you're gone,
I see you everywhere."
"One may read this and think it's magic...
...but falling in love is an act of magic.
So is writing.
It was once said of Catcher in the Rye:
'That rare miracle of fiction
has again come to pass.
A human being has been created
out of ink, paper and the imagination.'
I am no J.D. Salinger...

...but I have witnessed
a rare miracle.
Any writer can attest...
...in the luckiest, happiest state...
...the words are not coming from you,
but through you.
She came to me wholly herself.
I was just lucky enough to be there
to catch her."
Thank you.
Doesn't his imagination just,
uh, blow you away?
I mean, where does he come up
with these ideas?
Right?
- Yeah.
Genius.
I don't know.
I don't know.
How are you?
What's up?
It's beautiful, Calvin.
Thank you.
Most of my patients don't take
my assignments this seriously.
I know you hoped that, by writing this,
I would realize that it never happened.
That I imagined her.
But the thing is...
...I don't need to make sense of this.
I don't care
if there's no good explanation.
I need you
to believe me anyway.
Just take the leap.
At least imagine how it could be true.
For me.
I'll work on that.
Go potty.
Scotty. Scotty.
Scotty.
Oh, hi.
Sorry.
Hi.

Sorry, he's mine.

It's fine. He's so friendly.

What's his name?

Scotty.

Scotty. That's funny, that's...

That's the name of the dog
in this book.

Have you read it?

Did you like it?

Sorry. Did you say something?

Yeah, I just asked if you liked it.

Uh, what did you think?

My friend who lent it to me
thought it was kind of pretentious...
...but I really like it so far.

Have we met before?

I don't know.

You seem really familiar.

Maybe we knew each other
in another life.

Or maybe we just go
to the same coffee shop.

What do you do
besides go for walks with your dog?

Um...

I'm a writer.

What do you write?

So that's why you
look so familiar.

Maybe.

I was kidding about
my friend calling it pretentious.

It's okay.

Can we start over?

Yes.

May I sit down?

Oh, please.

Just don't tell me
how it ends, okay?

Promise.