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Table For Three

By Michael Samonek

Barkeep, what's
the drunkest I can get for, um,
two bucks?

For two bucks

I can let you drink
everything that spilled
on my overpour mat tonight...

Splatmat Special.

That sounds terrible.

Bring it.

- Third-wheeling it, huh?

- Huh?

Oh, yeah.

They're just friends from work.

You want some advice?

Watch your back
around those two.

- Watch my back?

- Couples are not to be trusted.

We just work together.

Yeah, it all seems innocent,
till one day

you're sitting in a bar,
telling a stranger about
how your life got ruined.

- You don't have to tell...

- It all started four months ago.

Karen Elizabeth Beale,
will you do me the great honor
of marrying me?

Look what you've done
to Alfonse!

Hey, you know,
it could have been worse.

How?

Technically she never said no.

Maybe it was too soon.

Too soon? We've been
dating for three months.

Almost.

I think anything under
a solid decade is impetuous,
if not downright irresponsible.

I'm sorry about this, man.

This is such bad timing.
I wish I could be here for
you right now, but...
No, I know. Look, it's fine.
I know how long you've
wanted this job, so...
Yeah well, if you ever
find yourself in central Germany,
you know,
shtop by!
Yeah, for sure.
Hey, do you mind?
We're having
a modern male moment here!
Take your time, Mr. Sensitive.
It's not my flight we're gonna miss.
Oh shit. Um, okay, I gotta bolt.
You sure you're gonna be okay?
Yeah, I'll be fine.
Oh, listen. Don't go falling for the
first girl that comes along, okay?
I know how you get.
All that hopeless romantic shit
will get you in nothing but trouble.
Trust me. Any shred of romance
that was left in me
was ground to
a bloody pulp yesterday.
Oh, good.
I mean, not good. I mean...
fuck, you know what I mean.
Well, auf wiedersehen.
Eat some schnitzel for me
or something.
Aye. Be well.
And stay out of trouble.
Echo?
La la la la #
La la la la #
Knock it off, fuckhead!
La la la la #
Asshole.
She won't let you out
for one beer?

Come on. What's that all about?
No, I'm not calling your wife a bitch.
No no no...
Hello?
Come on, man.
How long have we been friends?
Okay. How long have
we been acquaintances?
Scott Teller. I bought
your futon a few years ago.
Last night
I picked up the phone #
Late call said
you were alone #
Crying to me about #
All of the things that we said #
Apologized
for your ways #
Said that you hadn't
slept in days #
Said that you need me... #
Hey. I'm Nina.
Hi. Hi, Nina. I'm Scott.
I know this is
incredibly forward, but
I think you're really cute
and I was just wondering
if you'd maybe like to go out.
I'd love you.
I mean, I'd love to
go out sometime.
Not to say that I couldn't
love you at some point.
It's just, you know,
life is a very funny thing.
You never know what's
going to happen next.
Nina?
So I came back,
opened my mind #
Decided to
give you the time #
To make it up to me #
And not turn away...

I gotta get a roommate.

You know, the best way
for me to introduce myself
would be to do a monologue.

Okay.

As she leads me to her bed,
I see for the first time
piles and piles of pink panties.

Heh.

Harold just has difficulty
communicating with others.

- Mmm.

- Don't you, Harold?

Mmm...

My vagina is unto the world's
vagina!

I live just around the corner,
so I can visit all the time.

Thank you.

Ryan Beckett.

Mary Kincaid. Hi.

Hi. Scott Teller.

Nice to meet you.

So, this place is awesome.

I was looking for a change last year,
so I moved downtown.

I'm a senior product reviewer
for "Open Collar Worker."

It's a magazine for work-at-home
professionals.

How do you like working
from home?

I won't lie to you.

It gets Ionely sometimes.

Which one of you is interested
in the apartment?

- Actually...

- Both of us.

To be honest, I'm not really sure
about living with a couple.

No offense, but it seems like
it could get kind of awkward.

Is everything okay?

Yeah. We've just been

having a hard time
trying to find a place.
Yeah, and we're really into the whole
downtown loft thing, so...

Yeah.

- Are you okay?

- Hmm?

No, it's just your beard...

Yeah, that.

It itches like a bastard.

I don't know why I keep it.

Someone on the street yesterday
called me "Vermont Guy."

I keep meaning to shave it off,
but I guess I really haven't
had a reason to,
not since Karen...

but I don't want to bore you
with that story.

Uh, no. We're not in
any rush, Scott. Try us.

You can tell us, Scott.

Okay.

We sit around

Looking for flaws

in the diamonds #

We sit around spilling our
ice cubes on the lawn #

We sit around

fighting our way #

Through the darkness

And we waste our time

When we could be

righting every wrong #

And we trace heartbreak

where we #

Can see heartbreak

don't belong... #

Drum roll, please.

Here he comes.

- Yay!

- Hey!

Much much better.

Yeah, considerably less

"creepy shut-in" with this look.

That's exactly what I was going for.

Thanks.

Well, this was really fun meeting like this.

- We should get going.

- We should.

Hey, listen. Here is our card.

Yeah, call us sometime if you want to do something, or just talk.

Good luck with the roomie search.

Whoever you find is lucky to live with a guy like you.

Hey, guys, let's do it.

Why don't you move in?

Scott, are you sure?

You guys are the nicest people I've met, and let's face it... you're the nicest people I'm gonna meet.

This place is totally big enough for the three of us.

Scott, you are not gonna regret this!

We will totally keep to ourselves. It will be like

- having just one roommate.

- Yeah.

When can you guys move in?

- This weekend?

- Yeah?

- This weekend!

- Great!

I'll see you then.

- All right!

- Awesome!

Okay. See ya!

See you soon.

I can't believe how well our colors work together. We're both autumns.

Is that fate or what?

Uh, yeah. Looks great.

Give him a break, Mary.

He's only got one X chromosome,
which is why he is much more
interested in this bad boy!

Holy crap!

Well, I am just so glad to see
that you two stayed together.

Yeah, it really looked like
you guys

were on the ropes

there for a little while, so...

Well, fortunately Nerissa has
a high bullshit threshold.

Aww.

Come on, you two
scallywags, join us.

What?

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

I know I always do this.

I know I suck. I'm so sorry,
but it really isn't my fault.

I was driving here from work

and I was on the PCH and

the traffic suddenly stopped

and there was a turned-over beekeeper's
truck from some almond farm up north

and there was a cop

who was supposed to be

directing traffic

around the truck

and he's swatting at all the bees.

Everybody gets confused,

and there's like six more accidents

so there was honey

all over the cars.

Ted, it was not my fault this time,

I swear to God. It was not my fault.

Okay, calm down. We have

a couple of minutes.

Calm down.

Tat's the most ridiculous thing

I have ever heard. That's awesome.

I'm gonna use that one

the next time I'm late.

Are you accusing me of lying?

No. That's what's perfect about it.
You couldn't make that up.
You'd be surprised.
I am the master of excuses.
All right, what's
your best one?
My best one?
Dude, it would dazzle you
and I don't think
you could handle it.
I've got an idea.
How about we have a date,
Saturday night, 8:00, here?

You come at 9:

and dazzle me.

- This guy's got game.

- Yeah.

Uh, do we know this guy?

Leslie, these are my friends
from UCLA, Ryan and Mary.

- Friends? Really?

- Stop it, please.

Hi. And this is
our roommate Scott.

He is a good man.

Vouchers. I like vouchers,
but I gotta say no, because I'm not into
the one-on-one thing with a stranger.

Okay. Well, we'll all go,
all six of us.

- Right? Saturday.

- We're busy.

- Honey.

- No, we are.

We have that thing
with Phil and Barbara Griffin.

We could go.

- Yeah.

- Huh?

Yeah, sure.

Chaperones.

Are we on?

Uh, nnnnn... okay.

Why not?

But we're late
because of the bees,

- so...

- Bye.

Good. No chance for me
to say anything stupid.

I'll see you on Saturday...

- Oh, Leslie Green.

- Leslie.

- Scott Teller.

- Scott Teller.

- See you Saturday.

- See you Saturday.

- Bye.

- Bye.

See ya Saturday.

Scotty Scott Scotterton
over here! Scotterino!

Way to get back

in the saddle, partner!

- I'll say. Giddyup, huh?

- Huh?

Did you see that?

Who's got two thumbs
and is impressed?

- This guy.

- Yeah.

- You've been a bad girl.

- That'll work.

- That'll work.

- Yeah.

Oh! Aha!

The whisk.

You gonna take me
downtown, Officer?

- I'm taking you all the way down!

- Yeah!

There was a farmer

who tapped that ass...

...and Ryan was his name... oh!

I'm gonna take you take you home.

- Unh!

- Nice!

- Harmonies. What?
- Unh!
- Scott. Scotty!
- Huh?
- Nervous, buddy?
- Flutterbies?
- Mmm?
- Mmm?

Um, yeah, a little bit, I guess.

- I'd be nervous.
- I'd be going apeshit.

I'm talking fucking apeshit!

Yeah.

- Hi.
- Hey.
- Hey.
- Hi.

Hey! How are you?

- Flaming Gorilla Nipple?
- Uh, no, that's okay.

I see you guys
started without me.

Well, it was 5:

somewhere, right?

I don't even drink anymore.

Of course I don't

drink any less, either.

Hiyo! What are you drinking?

Probably just a glass of red wine.

- Mmm.
- Ooh.

Scotty Dog is not much
of a wine drinker.

- The tannins give him headaches.
- He's more of a beer guy.

Thanks, guys.

I can speak for myself.

Of course you can!

If there's anything

Scott can do,

it's talk... a lot.

Like, yap yap yap yap.

He is a regular little chatterbox.

Like a chihuahua.
Show her!
Yeah, come on,
say something, hotshot.
Oh!
Watch this!
This will be good.
Here it comes.
Really?
How have you been?
- Brilliant!
- The man should be a writer.
Hemingway
over here, right?
Guys, really, I...
- So how have you been, Les?
- Mmm.
Oh. Uh, I've been good.
Can't say I love being called Les.
- Oh! Hmm!
- I know what you're saying there.
I can't stand it when
people call me Mare.
- Yes.
- It's like, what am I?
- Right.
- Am I a horse?
- No.
- Am I some kind of horse,
- like a pony?
- Or like some kind of
mare or something,
you know?
Guys, I don't think this whole
double-date thing is working out.
We're gonna get going.
- What?
- Why?
You guys are shitfaced.
How dare you?
That is silly.
I am sober as a fucking judge!
I think it's fine.
They're just a little drunk.

We've all been there.

- Oh, thank you.

- Thank you.

Oh!

Oh, God! You know what
we gotta do?

- Say it.

- Mexican food.

- Unh!

- That does sound good!

We have to go get Mexican food.

It's so good.

- I don't know, guys...

- We should do it.

- Shall we vamanos?

- Yes!

- Si, senorita.

- Vamanos.

I know the best spot.

We could take a taxi.

- Yes.

- And that way
we'll get fucking hammered.

- So fu...

- king...

hammered! Oh!

I love the sound of this.

Oh, boy.

Somebody get this guy
a fucking drink.

- You should sleep with him.

- Sleep with him.

- He's awesome.

- Yeah!

They crack me up.

Everybody in the
bar have sex tonight.

Ryan, what do you do?

Mary and I are in contract law.

- We're both paralegals.

- Hmm.

But we'll probably be going back
to law school soon.

Oh? What school

do you want to go to?

Wait a minute.

Diddling?

Yeah, diddling.

- You know, with...

- I know what it means.

- I can't believe you just sat there.

- I didn't!

Well, Stanford's the dream,
but it's pretty expensive.

I know. Fuck yeah.

You okay, Mary?

Oh, yeah. Yeah.

- Stop it.

- Stop what?

Driver, turn left here.

It's quicker.

And you didn't say anything?

What was I supposed to do,
let Leslie know that a fingerbanging was
happening a foot and a half behind her?

That's not first-date material, bro.

I mean, come on.

I'm sorry. Please continue.

So have you guys
ever thought about
one of you going to school
while the other one works?

Uh-huh.

What, you mean like one of us go
and the other one stay?

- Mmm.

- Yeah, you know, take turns.

Yes! Yes!

Definitely!

Well, it sounds like
Mary likes the idea.

Mm-hmm.

Oh! Wow!

They're really drunk,
aren't they?

Yeah.

Uh, she's a little, uh...
tired, so I think we're just gonna

go home and hit the sackaroo.
You guys are cool
to get home, right?
Safely? Safely? Safely?
Yeah, we can do that.
Okay.
I will check you later, bro.
Let's go home.
- Hasta lasagna!
- Bye now!
That was weird.
You have no idea.
So, the three of you
spend a lot of time together?
Um, yeah.
I mean, we have.
Maybe that's a little strange.
Mmm. I get it. I've been the
third wheel with Ted and Nerissa
way more times
than I want to admit.
Well, tonight notwithstanding,
Ryan and Mary are good people.
Very perky, maybe
a little too perfect,
if you know what I mean.
Well, the way Ted explains it,
they might as well be the Antichrist.
- What?
- Oh, don't take Ted seriously.
He is a cynic with
a flair for the dramatic.
Nerissa says they're good people,
and that's good enough for me.
Well, next time we go out,
it's just the two of us.
Oh, so there's gonna be
a next time, huh?
Yeah. You can't let
tonight be the end of it.
I mean, this has
just been ridiculous.
What are you
doing tomorrow?

Something with you, I hope.
Wow, you really play
hard to get, don't you?
Okay, well, in that case,
you should come by

at 6:

I'm there.

Cool.

What?

Nothing. I just...

I just realized I probably
should have waited
till the end of the date
to ask you on a second date,
'cause now there's no buildup,
there's no tension,
there's no mystery.
How great is that?

Wow!

- Hey!

- Scott!

Hi. We are so so
so sorry about last night.
Yeah, we were
way over the line.

I don't know what happens
to me when I drink.

- I just get so H-O-R-N-Y.

- Yeah,

and I am a total man-whore
after four cocktails.

We practice hot monogamy.

I'm what you'd call
a monogamist slut.

One of the pillars of our relationship.

It keeps it spicy.

- Mmm.

- Huh?

And it doesn't hurt that I rarely

- if ever wear panties for him.

- No it does not.

You must think

that we are total pervs.

The whole thing
must seem so tawdry.

Ooh! Tawdry.

Fantastic word.

- It's awesome, right?

- That is an awesome word.

Guys, let's just try to establish and
respect some boundaries, all right?

- Can do, Mr. Magoo.

- Absolutely.

And to make it up to you,
we made brunch.

I can see that.

I could see that from space.

- Diggith inneth.

- Bon apptit.

- We need more eggs.

- Eggsellent idea.

- My thoughts eggsactly.

- Guys, really,

none of this was
necessary. I...

Um...

you know, the less we talk or think
or remember about last night the better.

We just feel terrible
that we ruined it for you
with Lisa.

Leslie. And, um,
you didn't ruin anything.

We're going out tonight.

Wow,

two dates in two days.

Jesus H. Christ, Scott,

I thought we weren't gonna
rush into anything this time.

I'm not rushing into anything.

It's more of a do-over date anyway.

Whatever. It's like you want
to get your heart broken again.

Scott, uh, what about
the guy code?

You don't even call the girl the next
day, let alone go out with her.

You're never gonna
get rid of her now.

I'm not really a guy-code guy, Ryan.

I like to play it by ear.

Yeah. That's been
real successful so far.

- Mary!

- Dude, she's kidding.

She's kidding. I mean,
she is and she isn't.

I am and I amn't.

Look, thank you for breakfast,
but I'd like to drop the subject now.

- It's dropped.

- Like a bad habit.

- Like a hot potato.

- Like an atom bomb.

- Like a prom dress.

- Like a...

Well, it looks like

somebody got up

on the wrong side

of the bed this morning.

Your eggs are getting cold, Scott.

Other lightweight vacuums

are light on power.

That's why Dyson

engineered the Dyson Slim...

See you all later.

Wait!

- We have to come with you.

- Why?

To apologize to Leslie.

That won't be necessary.

I know, but it would just make

us both feel so much better.

Yeah. We got off

on the wrong foot.

Such the wrong foot.

Okay.

But you leave after the apology,

and absolutely no drinks.

Don't worry, we'll be good.

I'm even wearing panties today.

Ow.

It just keeps coming.

Look, I really want to spend
some time with her.

Alone.

- Right. Say, Ryan?

- Hmm?

What's the name of
the Canadian rock trio
that recorded the song
"Tom Sawyer"?

Why, Mary, that would be
Rush.

Which is exactly what
Scott is doing with Leslie.

Okay, you guys clearly
planned that, and that's just odd.

Come on.

She stood you up, man.

- Left you hanging.

- High and dry.

I feel awful.

This is obviously our fault.

Oh, man, this sucks.

So what do you say we go get
a drink or 12, nurse the wounds?

- All you can do, really. Right?

- Yes.

Shall we?

Hi!

Are you here to see someone?

Uh, yes. Leslie.

Leslie Galinsky?

No, Leslie Green.

Oh, Leslie G.

You must be Scott.

Come on in.

Thanks.

Oh, I'm sorry.

Invited guests only.

We're with Scotty.

I'm just a woodland nymph
with five lines, so...

- Bye.

- Thank you.
Oh, hey, you made it.
Hey, yeah, I did.
Sorry to drag you by work like this
but we've been
so pressed for time
I've had very little
social life lately.
- This is work?
- Oh, yes. I do costumes.
I am the seamstress
to the semi-stars.
Cool.
But I thought maybe you'd want
to see the dress rehearsal, so
I put together some snacks.
And I brought some wine...
and beer,
because I know
you are a beer man.
Is that cool?
Yeah. That'll do.
Okay, well, let's get a seat.
Leslie!
Leslie!
We're sorry!
We're so sorry.
- It's all on us.
- Our bad, not Scott.
- Oh my God.
- Leslie Green!
- Not Galinsky!
- No, you're cool, Galinsky!
Scott didn't do anything!
So if you were planning
on hooking up or making out...
Or going all the way
or whatever...
Full speed ahead!
Thumbs up
if you can hear us.
Groovy?
Dude playing Puck,
- you are awesome!

- Great!
- Scotty, we'll see you at home.
- They gave the thumbs up, right?
- Yeah.
- Okay.

Fantastic.

Again, I'm sorry
about Ryan and Mary.

Just forget about it.

I don't want to get worked up over it,
let some gut-wrenching, potentially
job-threatening embarrassment
ruin a good date.

Good date? Come on,
this is undoubtedly the best date
that I've ever been on.

Yeah, I kind of
impressed myself tonight.

Yeah. I mean, the bar
has been set ridiculously high.

I'm clearly gonna have to involve
air travel on our next date
if I even hope to top this.

Well I don't know about air travel,
but...

how do you feel
about a wedding?

Ours?

No.

Ted and Nerissa are getting
married in two weeks
and I'm the maid of honor.

And I don't have a date.

And I kind of don't think
I'm gonna meet anyone

I'm gonna want to go with
more than you before then,
so come with me.

Yeah, absolutely. Weddings
are a total turn-on for chicks.

You don't
stand a chance after that.

I like this.

- What?

- That I can tell you that I like you
and not have to worry
that I'm gonna regret it later.
No, you definitely won't.
I feel like I don't have
to play games with you.
I don't have to couch anything.
I don't even know
what couch means as a verb.
So, no,
you definitely don't have
to do that.
Leslie, time to go!
Oh, that's my ride.
I can take you home.
That's all right.
As great as this date has been,
I don't want to rush anything.
Me neither.
I'll call you.
- Okay.
- Good night.
Please, just shut up!
Hey! There's the man!
Mary, is everything okay?
Everything's fine.
Was it a good night?
It was great, after you guys
stopped shouting at us.
Oh, you did hear.
Good.
Yeah, they heard in Cucamonga.
What's with this plate?
Oh. Little accident on my part.
It's a long story.
I will replace that.
Nothing major.
Nothing major.
Were you guys fighting?
Hah! I told you,
we don't fight.
It's not our thing, buddy.
I think they're clean,
lamb chop.

I'll decide that, honeybunches.

Ryan, who were you

just yelling at to shut up?

What? No one. What?

So, Scotty, was it a good night?

- Did you tap that ass yet?

- Mary!

Aw, come on. Did you give her

the old hot beef injection?

- Mary, what the hell?

- Did you make like Sam the Butcher

- and bring Alice the meat?

- Jesus, Mary.

Mmm. This sex talk have me

heap big in the mood.

Oh, I love it

when you talk caveman.

That was, uh,

Indian, dear.

No, don't be silly.

Indian is like,

"Oh, curry in a hurry,

Mr. Curry Man."

Native American Indian.

- Oh.

- Oh.

- Geronimo.

- Mmm.

- Come here.

- Ooh!

- Good night.

- Good night.

Take me to your wigwam,

Chief.

I'm gonna trade you \$27

worth of trinkets for that ass.

Hi-ya hi-ya...

Put me

on the bearskin rug!

Here's some wampum.

I got it!

Hey, Scotty Dog,

phone!

- Hello?

- Hi, Scotty Dog!
Hey, Leslie. Have you been talking
to Mary for the last 20 minutes?
Is that a problem?
No, it's just... they were
acting really weird last night.
In fact I'm beginning to think
they're just weird in general.
What were
you guys talking about?
Oh, you know, girl stuff.
So, what are you doing Friday?
Do you want to hang out?
Yeah, I'd love to.
I hear you like the batting cages.
- Where did you hear that?
- I have my sources.

So, Friday at 7:

And by the way,
I have now asked you out twice.
I know,
and I'm way behind.
I have to log at least twice
as many as you
if I'm going to feel
even remotely like a man.
Well, get to work, lazybones.
I'll see you Friday, okay?
- Okay.
- Bye.
Bye.
Jesus, you guys hungry
or something?
Oh, I don't know, Scott.
Maybe we're just being weird.
Yeah, weird
that you would say that,
because I've been
feeling weird lately.
That is so weird!
- That's weird.
- Weird.
Guys, is something going on?

Is this, like, a thing?
She heard you tell Lisa
that you think we're weird.

- Leslie.

- Leslie! Fuck!

Why do I have such
trouble with that name?

I do too. It's like,
Lisa, Leslie...

But you had no right
to hear that.

I was just in the process
of hanging up the phone
and making sure you'd
picked up the call,
and that it was connecting,
and...

Scott, come on.

Do you think we're weird?

Yeah. Yes.

If you want to know the truth, yes,
I think you guys are a little weird.

Us?

I'm sure.

Scott, I was a Gerber baby.

And I am from Marblehead,
Massachusetts...

- Idyllic!

- Born and raised.

- Yeah.

- Scott, what is so weird about us?

Well, okay, for starters,
the whole no-fighting thing.

That's... it's just odd.

We're not into

the conflict thing, Scott.

I'm just curious. Do you want us
to break up or something?

- Right?

- No, I don't want you to break up.

But it's just that
normal couples fight,
and it's very healthy
for the relationship.

Now I'm just confused.
I mean, I don't even know
how to do that.
Okay. Just... here, come here.
Okay. Mary, you sit here.
Ryan, you sit here.
No no, guys, get...
trust me here.
Sit apart.
There.
Now, clearly
there was something
going on last night,
so let's draw from there.
All right?
Now, tell him what you think.
Okay.
Ryan,
- you were being a dummy.
- Okay, uh,
I appreciate that you're speaking
from a place of anger right now.
- Thank you.
- No! Okay, look.
Tell her what you were
really thinking last night.
Okay. Uh, I...
Mary, I wish that you
would shut your trap, uh,
about the toilet seat.
- Yes, very good.
- Blabbermouth.
Nice. Okay now, Mary,
your rebuttal.
Um,
Freak.
Twat.
- Ass hat.
- Bitch.
Shitheel.
Strumpet.
Jerkoff.
Queef waffle.
Nagfucker.

Tampon wrapper.

Mama's boy.

Bloody fucking cun...

Ow! Oh!

You know, in the UK that word's not really that big of a deal.

I know.

But this is an important lesson on escalation.

You can't go from a slap fight to a C-bomb.

And look. You had a fight and you're not breaking up.

- No.

- No, no.

Scott, you're right.

We have a lot of issues that we've repressed and you're right, we need to work on that.

Yeah. Thank you, Scott.

I think it's clear that we both learned a lot tonight.

I can't tell you how much you mean to us, buddy.

Wow. Well, that's really nice.

I'm just so glad we found you.

Aw, come here.

Oh.

Let's go, let's go, it's on

Let's go, let's go along

Let's go, let's go...

- What's up, roomie?

- Whoa!

- Hey.

- You okay there, buddy?

Do you want to move on to free weights, blasts those delts?

- Pump your lats?

- Pound your glutes?

What do you say?

Uh, no thanks.

I'm done.

- What a coincidence.

- We're done too.

Yeah.

But you guys just got here.

Hey, we work hard, not long.

- That's how we roll.

- God damn right it is.

Where are you headed?

Mind if we come with?

No, it won't be necessary.

My head's kind of hurting, so I'm gonna go get some aspirin or something.

Golly.

Didn't think it was a crime to want to spend some time with a friend.

Yeah, I mean if you want to be alone, be alone.

- We're history.

- Past tense.

- Ghosts.

- Hasta lasagna.

- Peace out...

- Okay, later.

Okay.

Well, what time will you be home?

Let's go, let's go, it's on

Let's go, let's go along

Let's go, let's go, we'll get it on

Let's go, I'm going off

Let's go, let's go right now

Let's go, we're going out

You'll never know until you go

Just what it's all about...

Damn, you're good.

Our kids would be Hall-of-Famers.

We had three dates.

You've got us having kids?

- Just an expression.

- You never know.

- You moving?

- I have to.

My apartment building

is going condo.

How long do you have

before you have to move?

Mmm, like 40 days.

Leslie...

I know this sounds crazy and we
haven't known each other that long,
but... move in with me.

What?

I'm serious.

You can have
your own room and...

you know,

it'll be like we're roommates.

Oh my God.

I mean, what about

Ryan and Mary?

To be honest,

it's not really working out.

I'll give them plenty of notice
and it'll be fine.

L-I don't know.

I mean, I... I guess

I just need to think about it.

This is so out of the blue, Scott.

I'm gonna need, like,
some time to...

- I...

- Yeah.

I... I think...

we should go back

to your place right now.

Okay.

'Cause I don't want

to wait another minute.

- Okay?

- Mm-hmm.
Happy birthday to me.
It's just right here.
Okay, now...
Let me check to make sure
Ryan and Mary aren't here.
Okay, well, hurry up.
Hurry up. Hurry up.
Oh, hey!
Where are you going?
I was going to get us
something to drink.
Oh.
Well, there is no time
for that.
Where is your bedroom?
I like where this is heading.
Slow down. What are you doing?
Slow down.
Hold on... watch out.
Why are you going outside?
Surprise!
For he's a jolly good fellow #
For he's a jolly
good fellow #
For he's a jolly good fellow #
Which nobody can deny... #
- Stop! Okay, that's fine. Stop.
- # Which nobody can deny... #
Yeah, stop.
- Who planned this?
- That would be us.
- Chicka chicka boo-ya!
- Hey!
Happy b'day.
Did you take that picture
while I was sleeping?
You just looked
so peaceful.
We figured since you don't have any
friends that throw in a rockin' party,
it'd be a great way for you
to make some new ones.
- Right?

- Yeah!

No no, that's very funny,
but I have lots of friends,
just not in L.A.
right now, okay?

Were you a part of this?

This is what Mary and I
were talking about on the phone.
You know, right before
you called us weird.

- Mmm, yeah, thanks again for that.

- Yeah.

How did you even know
it was my birthday?

Well, you left your driver's license
on the counter a couple days ago...

And so you just...

you just picked it up?

Dude, she wanted to know
your middle name. What...

- It's Paul.

- Paul.

Everyone, it's Paul.

Paul!

Do you two have any awareness of what
personal space and privacy are?

Is the idea of keeping your
pesky noses out of my business
so impossible for you
to fathom?

Good night, everybody.

Thank you for coming
but there's no party!

Good night.

Scott!

Scott?

Scott!

How could you do that
to Ryan and Mary?

They went to all this trouble
to throw a party for you and...

granted, I guess the people
they invited

aren't the coolest people on the planet,

but they seem really nice.
Can't you just be thankful
that you have such good friends?
Leslie,
you don't understand, okay?
There's something very very wrong
about Ryan and Mary.
What?
What did they do?
Well, they...
and...
It's hard to explain, okay?
But... they're freaks, all right?
Wow. Okay, well remind me never
to throw you a surprise party.
Leslie, wait, sorry.
Please...
I'm sorry.
Could you just wait?
Everyone?
I... I am... I'm sorry about all this.
Um, I hope you stay.
Please stay.
It'd mean a lot to me.
Um, I'll be honest:
I, uh, I...
I don't have any friends
right now in L.A.
So I didn't tell the few people
that I do know about my birthday
because I was afraid that I would
look like a complete loser...
um...
if I didn't have anybody
to celebrate with.
I, um,
I'm glad you're all here
and I hope you'll stay
and forgive me for
lashing out at you.
And let's have some fun.
DJ, drop it like it's hot.
Die now, die #
Die now, die

Die now, die! #
Die now, die... #
- I'm sorry.
- It's okay.
You're not gonna leave, are you?
I'll bet the DJ can play
some Norwegian black metal,
maybe some Limp Bizkit.
Uh, Limp Bizkit is
a deal breaker.
I can't wait #
My love #
Tell me what it's all about #
Sporty Spice.
- Oh!
- Look at that... cute.
Holy shit, he really does live
with them. I thought you were kidding.
Honey, you promised, remember?
- I need to talk to you.
- Hi, I'm...
Hi.
Aww!
- Thank you, thank you.
- Mwah!
Hey, Ted, you have history
with Ryan and Mary.
Can I talk to you
about them?
You're going to want something
much stronger than beer.
Okay, I'm not even going to tell you
what I had to promise Ted
to get him here.
You know, it's not that
I mind doing it, but...
I'm not gonna tell you.
The joys of
a long-term relationship.
Girl, you have no idea.
No, I don't.
Oh, speaking of which,
what's going on with that one?
Yeah, that's the thing.

Um, Scott asked me to move in with him.

Jeez, he doesn't waste
any time.

Wait a minute...

what did you say?

Well, I'm kinda leaning
toward yes.

Not again.

Are you serious?

- It's different this time.

- How? How is it different?

Because I'm going to wait to
commit to a decision...

Good... wait.

- Until after we go
to your wedding together.

A week? You're going to wait one week?

That's the difference?

A week is long...

- ish.

Oh my God.

Have you even...

- No. I know.

- So you're going to live here and...

- No, it's his birthday tonight.

- Okay.

And so I'm thinking, you know,
if he plays his cards right,

- like...

- Oh my God.

Oh my God!

Okay, well, then

we're going to need this.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Let's open that.

- Let's open it

'cause we're both

gonna be busy.

Damn near killed her!

- We need to talk.

- You get the olives?

How can you think about olives
at a time like this?

Well, what am I supposed to put
in my martini, love? A pork chop?

Just shut up and come
with me to the bathroom!

Okay.

Have a cocktail.

See? They even go
to the friggin' can together.

Let me ask you one thing:

Have you ever once seen them apart?

No, I guess not.

Not really.

No, of course not, because they,
my friend, are a couple monster.

- A couple monster?

- They go to lunch together;

they go to the gym together;

they go to bars together;

they commute together.

I heard they share a cubicle at work...

not an office; a cubicle.

That's not right.

And the sick part

about it is,

because they spend

all of their time together,

they have absolutely nothing

left to talk about...

nothing to keep them from

going lighthouse crazy.

- That's why they latch.

- Latch?

Back when I knew them, they spent

all of their time with this girl,

um, Amy. Amy was like

the buffer between them.

She was their third wheel.

She was the one they

could talk about their day with.

She was the one

that they could deflect

all their weird fuck tension onto

instead of each other.

- So what happened to Amy?

- Don't know.

She got wise, got out. Maybe they cooked and ate her. Who knows?

But the important thing is, dude, you are the new Amy.

And from what

you've told me

about them trying to screw up

your dates with Leslie...

I didn't say that they were trying.

They just... they nearly did.

Think about it:

If you end up with Leslie,

they are out of the picture.

They are clearly not

going to let that happen.

And let me tell you

one more thing:

If I wanted to make you

look like a loser

in front of a potential girlfriend,

this is pretty much exactly

the party I would throw for you.

Happy birthday, Amy.

And that's when

I realized they were trying

to sabotage my relationship

with Leslie.

I don't know, man.

Sounds like they were just maybe

trying to keep you from rushing it,

like they said they would do.

You're listening to Ted?

Leslie told you he was a cynic.

Plus you planned

to kick 'em out.

That's a pretty douchey move.

Hey, whose side are

you guys on anyway?

Right now?

Don't answer that until

you hear the rest.

Well, thanks again for
helping with the table.

Have fun, you two.

Drive safe.

Yeah, get home
carefully now.

Well, that was some party.

Mmm.

Well, gosh,
that was fun, huh?

Wasn't that fun?

Tables are inside;
guests have all left. It's all good.

Say, Leslie, do you need
a ride somewhere, honey?

It doesn't matter how far it is.

We'd be happy to take you.

Oh, I think I'm gonna
stay for a little bit.

Wonderful!

You know, we need to make sure
that we do this all the time,
the four of us just hosting
these little shindigs.

- Mm-hmm.

- The four of us?

Oh, we heard the big news and
we could not be happier.

I mean, this place is plenty
big enough for four.

- When you moving in, Lisa?

- Leslie.

- God damn it.

- It's okay, honey.

Hold on, guys. There's some stuff
we need to discuss first.

- What stuff?

- Yeah, what kind of stuff?

I mean, I'm assuming
she'll live in your room,
go in a fourth on rent and utilities,
buy TP when it's her turn.

And besides that, what is there
really to discuss?

Look, this is not how
I wanted this to come up.
Mmm, why not?
How did you want it
to come up, Scottsdale?
Were you gonna
shoot us an email?
Or maybe you were
gonna blog it on... your blog?
Can we just talk about this
another time?
Scotty Dog, you seem
a little tense.
Are you sure you're okay?
Darling, I think maybe we should discuss
this under the light of a new day.
You know, honey,
you're right.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Let's go.
- Good night, roommates.
I'm so sorry that happened.
No, I'm sorry.
I said something to Nerissa
and she must have said
something to Mary
without realizing it was...
whatever it was.
I'll talk to them
tomorrow morning.
Oh, that's it, Farmer Jack.
Oh, shit.
Just wait.
- Oh!
- We'll miss the fall!
- Mmm!
- Ahh!
- Ryan? Hey hey, Ryan!
- Ahhh!
Mary, listen to me.
Okay, tonight,
I beg you, while Leslie's here,
could you please not...

- Please...

- Please don't.

- Sounds like... how many syllables?

- Is it bigger than a breadbox?

Please don't have sex
while Leslie is here.

- What?

- Why not?

Because the sound...
the noise that you two make,
it's... it's insane,
both in the volume
and the graphicness.

Scott,
have you been listening to us
have sex?

Shh! No, I haven't been listening.
I can just hear it.
How many times, Scott?

Every.

All right? I turn my music up,
but I can still hear it.
This is creepy.
If we had known
that you were eavesdropping
on our sex...
I know what you're trying to do.
You're trying to break me and Lisa up...

- Leslie!

- Hard name.

- It is.

- It is, yeah.

We are not trying to
break you up, Scotty.
We are just trying to
slow you down.
Like we said we would, pal.
No rushing, remember? Huh?

- That deal is off.

- God damn it, Scott!

No one wants to see it
work out between you and Leslie
more than Ryan and I, but you are
screwing everything up.

What... what am I screwing up?

You asked her to move in with you
after two dates.

- Two!

- Come on, man.

Couldn't scare her away any faster
if you told her you were
a Nazi sympathizer who's into
fondling puppy balls!

- Or a chronic masturbator.

- You know, with a Scott fetish.

- Into she-males!

- Furrries!

- Bukaki.

- Tentacle porn.

Ahhh!

Ooh!

It was

for your own good.

This is for my own good.

Ahhh!

- I got you. Just get...

- Eat less cake, bitch!

How dare you, sir?

- Oh, I got you.

- No, no!

Don't let him go!

Ahh!

I got him!

- Scott!

- Ahh! Bad!

- Oh, shit.

- Ha ha!

Oh, God,

this was fun.

Oh, it is never

a dull moment here.

- Let me tell you.

- I'll admit

that this probably looks

kinda bad...

Yeah, but you know,

just playing.

- Tomfoolery.

- Shenanigans.
- Rough-housing.
- Little, uh...
no big biggie.
You know, you want some cake?
No, thanks.
I'm gonna go.
It was great
to see you, Leslie.
- See you soon, roomie.
- Can I drive you home?
That's okay.
I know this looks insane,
but it's like they said, you know?
- Just playing around.
- Mmm! Ahhh!
- You're delicious.
- No, you're delicious.
We're still on for
the wedding next week, right?
- You're like a cupcake!
- I don't know.
Listen, Leslie, this is not me.
Okay? None of this is.
Just please give me one more chance
without anybody else around,
- just me.
- We're still on for the wedding.
I'll see you at the wedding.
You want
to hang out before?
Let's just stick with the wedding.
I mean, you've got this thing
going on with your roommates that
you need to work out.
I know, I will. Promise.
- Okay.
- Okay.
Bye.
Come on! Yeah!
- Harder!
- Get there, get there, get there!
- Oh! Hi!
- Hey!

Great party, isn't it?
Huh? Ha ha!
You two are sick.
I want you out of this apartment.
I want you out of my life!
- Really?
- We love you!
I didn't see them at all
that last week.
I assumed they'd just
gone away for good.
Well, did they?
Does herpes?
No.
What the fuck
are you doing here?
Who invited that guy?
Who says "fuck" in church?
It's fine.
Try not to worry about it.
Okay.
- Yeah, go.
- I'm...
- Okay. Sorry.
- It's fine.
It's fine, right?
Well, that was
a beautiful service. Ha ha.
Aside from your little outburst,
yeah, it was lovely.
Yeah, I'm sorry about that.
I just couldn't believe they had
the gall to show up here.
- Who?
- Ryan and Mary.
I did the guest list with Nerissa.
Ryan and Mary weren't invited.
Yeah, like that would stop them.
Where the hell did they go anyway?
- Who?
- Ryan and Mary.
Okay, I have to
do photographs.
Just stay here and try to be...

sane-ish.

I can't wait...

Aha!

What are you two doing here?

Making out.

What does it look like we're doing?

Weddings make me

so horny.

Of course! Everything makes you horny.

Toaster ovens make you horny.

You were not invited.

That is never gonna stop us from

helping out our good buddy.

Friendship does not wait for

an invitation, mister.

And besides,

we have a contract.

This contract...

is null and void,

same as our friendship.

- Unappreciative asshole!

- Yeah.

Scott, what are you doing?

Leslie, I didn't bring this gift

but it has my name on it.

Why would that be?

You see, Ryan and Mary

placed this gift

with my name on it

to set me up to

make me look bad.

How does the gift

make you look bad?

See, it's not a gift.

It's a trap. It's probably a box

of tainted pork

or dogshit or angry bees.

- I have to get rid of it.

- Are you completely insane?

- No, I...

- Young man,

any reason you're absconding

with the gift I brought?

I... I'm sorry, but this

isn't your gift.

I assure you, it is.

- Scott?

- Now look, you bizarre human being...

- Okay, Scott, you're making a scene.

- This package contains

- a ridiculously expensive...

- Just give him the gift.

- Give him the gift. Give him the gift!

- It's Leslie Green's date.

- I remember placing it on that table...

- Why's he picking on Dr. Cooper?

- An hour ago!

If you don't believe me,

make a complete ass of yourself

and open it!

Oh, we're way beyond

the complete-ass situation.

- Leslie!

- Oh!

Oh my God.

What the fuck?

Oh!

Leslie, come on.

Look, this isn't me, okay?

- The... I'm not usually like this.

- What are you usually like?

Normal, I swear.

This is Ryan and Mary, okay?

- They're trying to keep us apart.

- Why would they want to do that?

Because they need me.

They need a third wheel

to keep sane.

That's why they keep trying

to scare you off,

so they can have me

all to themselves.

And how did you come up

with this incredible theory?

Actually, Ted said it.

You're going to take anything

Ted says seriously?

But it makes sense.

They say they're trying to keep me
from rushing into
anything with you, but...

But we were rushing.

I mean, the fact that we were even
considering moving in together
after a couple of nice dates...
that's rushing.

I mean, I was willing
to consider it

- because I...

- "Was"?

Why are you speaking in
the past tense like that?

Because I don't know you, Scott.

I don't know you at all.

- But it's Ryan and Mary...

- Scott.

Leslie won't return
my phone calls.

I haven't been back
to the apartment.

They're probably up there
waiting to strike again.

- Jackals!

- Well, they did kind of have a point.

- What point?

- About the rushing it with Lisa.

- Leslie!

- Ooh, sorry.

Maybe they really thought
they were doing the right thing.

I mean, sure, they're a little strange,
but you know,

their hearts were
in the right place.

Have you heard a word
that I have said?

Have you?

"Have you"!

Oh!

Oh, golly,

did we wake you?

Yeah, what lousy friends

we must be.

Of course, you know all about
being a lousy friend, huh, Scott?

Me?

After everything we've been through...
the good times

We helped you rebound, man.

We were just trying to help you like
we promised you we would
and you treated us

like... like we are a couple of raging
lunatics or something.

I'm sorry.

Just put your keys
on the counter.

Both of them.

We only had the one.

Of course.

Why would you need two?

You probably share a toothbrush.

You'll be happy to know we'll
be packed out by tonight.

- Super.

- You'll never hear from us again.

"We will not..."

I want you to sign this contract.

You said that I will not
hear from you again.

I want to make it official.

There, prick.

Thanks, bitch.

- Choke on it, ass.

- Shhh!

We have a contract.

Ryan?

It is a tragedy
that we can't talk to Scott
'cause we can't tell him
where Leslie's going.

That is a shame.

I heard that she's leaving L.A.

- I heard the same thing.

- What?

Oh!

No no, there's something that
you two know and you're not telling me.
Fine!
Now tell me.
We overheard Leslie
talking to some friends at the wedding
- after you left.
- You stayed after I left?
- Duh.
- Open bar, dude.
Come on.
She said she needed to
get out of L.A.
And she decided...
to go work with her sister.
- Where?
- If we tell you,
you have to promise
to forgive us, huh?
Fine, I forgive you.
You're forgiven.
- Now tell me.
- Not so fast.
I got it.
By signing here,
you acknowledge that we have acted
entirely in your best interest.
Fine. Fine.
I'm willing to buy that for now.
And that we really do care
about you as a friend.
Okay, yes. Whatever.
And if you go after Leslie,
we get to come with you.
No no no!
No way. Nah!
Dude, your piece-of-shit car
will never make it. You need us.
And company.
No one likes to travel alone.
- Huh?
- I can rent a car.
And trust me, traveling alone
really beats the alternative.

Hmm.

Suit yourself.

It just would have been such
a great opportunity
for Ryan and me
to explain to Leslie
that we caused all of this
and not you,
but, hey, we don't...
Seriously?

- Yeah.

- We want out of this friendship.

That means no loose ends;
no unfinished business.

- We seek closure, nothing more.

- Nothing more.

Huh?

Okay, we'll go together.

Just whatever...

whatever it takes.

Just tell me where she is.

Okay, I'm gonna need you to sign here
and initial here and here and here.

That one too.

- Good eye.

- Thank you.

You guys are sick.

Okay. Now...

tell me where she is.

She went to work for
her sister's theater in Oregon.

Okay, where in Oregon?

You're gonna find out
when we get there.

- Wiki-wiki road trip!

- Yeah!

Blau!

The love we have #
Will never fade away #
If ever two hearts were
meant to be #
Forever in love #
It's you and me #
Every Ionely heart

Every Lonely moment #
Feels like eternity #
Ah ooh #
- # The life we... #
- Oh oh oh.
- You're tailgating.
- I'm not, sweetheart.
Please back up, dear.
Damn it, woman,
I know what I'm doing, shrew.
- Assrod.
- Harpie.
- Nancy boy.
- Slut.
- Fartknocker.
- Whore!
Fuckstick!
I fucking love
this fighting shit.
- I do too. It's amazing!
- Ahh!
Scott, what's the plan
with Leslie?
I don't really have a plan;
I'm just gonna play it by ear.
Scotty, you gotta
have a game plan.
We made a plan a long time ago;
we've stuck to it.
How do you think we've been
together all these years, huh?
Just because you've done
something for a long time
doesn't mean you're doing it well.
Yeah, look at the Clippers.
Hi-yo! Ha ha!
- Burn, right?
- Watch it, laughing boy.
I was talking about the Clippers.
I wasn't talking about us. Jesus Christ.
Ryan, pull off here.
Let's stay for the night.
Dude, we're, like,
not even halfway there.

If we stop now, it's gonna take us
two days to get there.

I know.

I've got a plan.

Ho ho, you've got
a plan now. Okay.

- All right, Mr. Plan.

- Okay.

- Room service.

- Land shark!

Ow! We were thinking
since we're on vacation,
maybe we should get
a little drinky-poo!

I'll go, but only with Ryan.

- What?

- Huh?

I want to go out for a beer,
but just us guys.

Well, do I smell funny
or something?

Tonight I'll go out with Ryan;
tomorrow I'll go out with Mary...
alone.

Why?

Because couples do things
separately.

Well, did you ever think
that maybe we just enjoy each other's
company more than most couples?

Most couples spend a good
percentage of any relationship
sick of each other's face.

That's just part of
being in love.

Ha! Ha, hmm.

That is not a part
that I'm interested in...
but I do want that drink.

You...

Well, what do I do?

I got a stripper pole
in my bedroom #

And I like the way

you drop it low #
What you tryin' to do,
shorty? #
Oh, I can tell that
you're down for whatever #
If you think that
you can handle me #
I'm trying... #
I never really took you
for a stripper type.
Oh, no, I've never been
to a strip club before.
Oh, 11.
You've only seen
I mean, you know, in real life.
I've seen more on, you know, TV
and magazines.
Internet... ho!
Oh... 13.
- Two.
- Why is this an odd number?
I saw one of my grandma's
when I was a kid.
I wish I hadn't asked.
Nana; Mary, naturally;
uh, Wendy Harper; Tracy Price;
Theresa What's-her-name;
and, uh...
and these strippers, yeah.
Even number! Boom.
And these other girls were, what?
Exes?
No. No, Mary's the only girl
I've ever dated.
Uh, they were girls Mary and I
had three-ways with.
- You've had three three-ways?
- Seven.
Seven?
The other four were with...
I should have known.
Oh, thank God you're here!
Oh, I see you're already out looking
for a better offer, you motherfucker!

- Mary, come on.
- Son of a bitch! Asshole!
Look, Ryan's not scamming.
And trust me, this is not the kind of
place one goes to for a better offer.
I turn my back for one second
and you are out philandering
with strippers?
- I am not a prude, Ryan.
- Yeah, no shit.
Excuse me, Scott, but this...
this is beyond
the pale, okay?
Simply beyond the pale!
Mary, look, okay?
I don't know how you got here,
but you have to leave. You have to
show Ryan that you trust him.
Well, how can I trust him
- when he's sporting a chubby?
- Okay.
Mary, come on!
Come on what?
You want me to act like it's no big deal
that my man's at half-mast?
- It is a big deal.
- We're just having some guy time.
All right?
He'll keep it in his pants.
Uh-huh.
- I promise.
- And if it's any consolation,
as you can see, I am
completely flaccid now.
We all are, Ryan.
We all are.
Don't wait up for us, Ryan.
I was...
I couldn't find the...
I was just trying to...
If you guys see
my gym-membership card,
just...
give that to me.

Okay.

I'm gonna go.

Okay, have fun.

Let's fall in love

Let's fall in love

Everything I see around

Reminds me of...

My God, this place is
like an advertisement
for choosing a partner
at a young age.

I am getting hepatitis
just being in here.

That's the spirit.

Look, I want you to have a conversation
with one of these fine gentlemen.

- Why?

- Because

I want to see how you talk
to a man that isn't Ryan.

Scott, this is silly.

Can we just go home? I can't...

Hey, there, pretty lady.

Can I buy you a drink?

Scott?

Could you just give us
a moment, please?

Sure.

You have to get rid of him!

He is trying to get in my pants.

So? He's not going to.

It's not like you're tempted to
sleep with him or anything.

I'm tempted to
fuck his brains out.

I'd fuck him;

I'd fuck that guy;

I'd fuck the guy air-guitaring
back there.

I'd fuck everybody I could
see right now

because I just want the chance
to be with somebody else!

This is the reason I cannot be

trusted without Ryan around me
at all times.

Just once I want to be with another guy
without Ryan in the room.

Can you understand that?

I am so sick of fucking the same person
over and over and over
and over again.

Wow.

That was frank.

She's gonna take a rain check
on the whole talking thing.

Thanks, though.

Watch it. I...

- I'm gonna need another.

- Yeah.

Excuse me?

All I'm saying is that...

both of you clearly
have some issues
that you're not addressing
with each other.

But what happens if we address them
and then we break up?

Look, relationships take work...
real work.

You can't just pretend
that everything's okay
so you don't have to
deal with the hard stuff.

You have to be brutally
honest with each other.

Doesn't that hurt?

It can.

Love hurts,
but it's worth it.

And that's why I'm chasing
after a girl
who probably won't
even take me back.

Because if there's even the slightest
chance that she will,
I have to risk it.

We can't play it safe

all the time.

That's what it is with Ryan and me,
isn't it?

We play it too safe.

We're so afraid of this thing failing,
that we don't deal with it.

- Anuptaphobia.

- Fear of being alone.

Why'd you do this?

- Do what?

- Try to help us,
our relationship.

Well, at first it was

because I figured

the only way I was going to get
you two lunatics out of my life
was if you got

your shit together, but...

actually I like you guys a lot,
and I want you

to be happy.

You're a good friend, Scott.

- Um, about the mnage thing...

- Mm-hmm?

I don't know if you two
ever talked about,

you know, me in that way...

Oh, no! Never.

Okay, good, because
that would have been

- a little weird.

- Yeah.

Any particular reason why not?

Well, this is it.

This is where Leslie is.

Are you ready?

- Not in the least.

- Well, good luck.

Okay, dude,

no more skateboarding
with your costume on.

If I have to fix your butt again,
I'm gonna kick it.

Capisce?

Okay, now get out of here.

Go.

Hi.

Hi.

What are you doing here?

I wanted to clear some things up.

Can we talk?

Uh, okay.

Okay.

But just not here. Just...

I've never been stalked before,
so if you can give me, like,
an idea of how long this might take,
'cause I only have

I'm not stalking you.

At least not in the creepy way.

There you are! Hi!

There's nothing creepy
about this at all.

- Hi.

- Hi, Leslie.

Um, Mary and I just...

wanted to make it clear
that we did do everything
Scott said we did.

We thought we could control
everything for him;
take away the risk
of getting hurt.

Thank you guys.

I've got it from here.

Just like we've been trying to do in
our own relationship for years.

- But you can't do that.

- Nah.

Nobody can.

A wise man once said to me,
"Love is all about
taking chances, even if it hurts."

- So...

- Which is why

Mary and I...

Have decided...

To split up.

- Just for a while.
- It's just a trial thing
to see if we're really meant
to be together.
So if we can take a chance...
Maybe you guys
can too.
It was really great
meeting you, Leslie,
and we are sorry
about all of this.
But I have a hunch you two
are going to be just fine.
Hasta lasagna.
So you're not a total psycho,
but your friends are?
Yeah, something like that.
Can I buy you lunch?
I am pretty hungry...
and broke.
So yeah, okay.
But this does not mean
that I am moving in with you.
- Right.
- And sex, is like, way down the road
and we're not even
kissing anytime soon,
and we have to completely start over
from, like, the very very very
very very very beginning,
and there's no guarantees.
That's exactly what
I wanted to hear.
Okay.
Okay.
- I'm glad we talked.
- Yeah, me too.
Hey!
And the Oscar goes to...
Oh, you were fantastic.
No, you were fantastic
and they totally bought it.
Well, love is all about
taking chances,

even if it hurts.

Give me a fucking break!

"Oh, we're gonna break up. We're just gonna give it a trial break-up.

A little trial break-up thing..."

"Just to see if we really are meant to be together, you know."

Oh my God.

Ha ha ha!

- Oh.

- He'll be back.

Well, I live in Los Angeles

She said, "You drive in this horrible traffic?"

Man, you can't hear above the racket

From downtown

From downtown

- # From downtown #

- # Down down down #

Couple nights

sleepless later #

She says "See the fire burn in the city tonight

Under lines of factory lights"

From downtown

From downtown

- # From downtown #

- # Down down down #

I got too much of the city

Of my Los Angeles

Well, I live in Los Angeles

Yeah, well, I live in Los Angeles

You know that

I live in Los Angeles #

Well, I live in Los Angeles

Well, I live in Los Angeles

Yeah, well,

I live in Los Angeles #

Downtown

You know that

I live in Los Angeles #

Downtown #
Well, I live in Los Angeles #
- # From downtown #
- # Los Angeles #
Downtown #
- # From downtown #
- # I live in Los Angeles #
Downtown #
- # From downtown #
- # I live in Los Angeles #
Well, I live in Los Angeles #
From downtown #
From downtown #
From downtown #
I've got too much
of the city #
- # Of my Los Angeles #
- # Downtown #
Yeah, I live in Los Angeles #
Yeah, well,
I live in Los Angeles #
You know that
I live in Los Angeles #
Yeah, well,
I live in Los Angeles #
Les.