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Two Night Stand

By Mark Hammer

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Shit, fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

Looking for homemade, fresh-baked goods?

Come to Terry's Country

bake shop in Red Hook.

- Home of "Family Circle's" magazine...

- ...with it's stunning natural beauty,

Fiji is the ideal holiday

tropical paradise for couples.

Well, Dave, while we didn't get the

white Christmas we were hoping for,

mother nature may have

a few tricks up her sleeve.

We're getting forecasts of a

hurricane-force blizzard coming tonight...

Oh, Megan, right where I left you.

- How adorable.

- You caught me red-handed.

I'm just... I'm such a sucker

for the classic American novel.

- Bad day?

- No, I'm just exhausted.

Yeah, I know, me too, right?

Maybe it's time... to get a job.

- You're telling me...

- Yes, I am.

I look for fulfilling work all the time.

I just happen to be taking a

break whenever you're around.

It's like studying when mom is watching.

Did you talk to your

parents about the lease?

Because the deadline's on the first and

Cedric is willing to take over if you...

Yeah, no, I haven't made a

decision on that yet, per se...

How did you not make a decision yet?

I mean, what did you do today?

Or what did you do this week?

I did Christmas.

- And I also started online dating.

- Seriously?

- Yes, yeah, shut up.

- No, I'm proud.

Meet anyone?

I said, started. I'm not a machine.

And, I also really like that idea of going Dutch on principle except, you know, I don't have any money so it's kind of more of an intellectual exercise.

Hey, where are you going?

You just got home.

Cedric's friend is having this birthday thing at this bar.

So then you're not cooking dinner?

No...

Yeah.

Do you want to come?

Well, it kind of depends on the cake situation.

Well, the birthday boy is single.

And he's not the brightest but he's pretty, so he's perfect for a one-night stand.

I don't know. Do you think I'm ready?

Who cares? I'm ready for you to be ready. I mean seriously, how long has it been? Aren't you horny?

Now see, I knew you two little freaks be having these type of conversations when I'm not around.

I knew it, especially you.

- Hi, Cedric.

- I knew it, I caught you.

Well, yes, no, I'm horny but I'm also... somewhat lazy, sometimes.

So the two counteract, like dueling wizards...

Not anymore. Tonight is the night.

- Faiza's setting me up.

- I'm thinking Ben.

- I like that, that's cool.

- Ben.

- Hello.

- Hi.

- What's up? ID please.

- I'm a girl.

No, I'm sorry, you look kinda young.

Take it like a compliment, all right?
Shit!
How did you lose your ID again?
You don't go anywhere.
Okay, wait, look,
I am old enough, I swear.
- Do you see that, right there? It moves.
- Oh, my God, Megan.
Hey, ID.
Oh, shit.
Awkward.
Hey.
- I heard you're doing good.
- From who?
I don't know, I just...
said that to be nice.
Chris, I think this girl's
trying to get by you.
Oh, no. This is... this is Becca.
Becca, this is Faiza
and Cedric and Megan.
Megan and I, we were together for a bit.
Is the abridged version, just like that?
You two coming in or what?
Nice to meet you.
Good seeing you, Megan.
I don't even want to
hear you guys say it.
Listen, if we knew that he was going
to be here I would have warned you.
This is a serious pattern,
I am regressing.
Last year I was in college and I was Chris's
fiance and I drank wine in restaurants.
And now I am at home all day in
my underwear, and I'm nobody's nothing,
and I can't even get into a bar.
What is happening to me?
I am going backwards!
I am Benjamin Button-ing!
He moved on, so what, so can you.
I say take a cab home,
get on that dating site, pick a cute guy.
No drinks, no dinner, just a hook-up.

You can't order it,
it's not edible arrangements!
Yeah, you can.
You have tits and the Internet.
- Cedric, back me up.
- Internet, tits. Let's go.
Desperate times call for desperate measures.
Go get them, tiger, you got this.
Right?
Nope.
Okay.
Fuck it. He moved on, so can I.
Hey...
Keeping it lowercase.
Keeping it casual.
Really?!
Okay. Come on.
The bar is so low, it's so very low.
I sound like a computer virus.
Awesome.
Okay.
Do you want to hang out?
Wait! Oh, shit.
Safety first.
Hey, there.
Oh, man, I was... I was just so sure that
I was going to see a close-up of a penis.
Yeah, me too.
Wow, you are really pretty.
Really pretty. Anyway, so this is me.
Soak it in,
and this is my apartment.
As you can see,
it's a magical wonderland.
So do I pass the test or...
Yes, I think so.
I've actually...
I've never done this before.
- Me neither.
- No, no, no, no, like I know...
I know that people say that,
but I really... I haven't, nothing.
I know, me either.
Good.

Okay, well, I guess then
I will see you soon?
That is awesome. I mean,
that is cool, sweet, I will...
That will be a very nice thing to happen,
Megan. I will see you soon.
Okay.
Okay, bye.
I cannot believe I am schlepping
to Brooklyn for a booty call.
That is fucking scandalous.
- I don't think it shut off right.
- No, no, the TV.
Is that a... is that a burglar alarm?
Did you sleep with your coat on?
Yeah, I get cold. Get the intruder!
Alarm reset.
- False alarm.
- Oh, that's so weird.
It's a bummer that it woke us up though,
but I should get going.
I had a great time, thank you.
It's... it's perfect for
what I needed, so...
Awesome.
Ambitious.
That's some alarm you got there.
Yeah, I don't even remember
even setting it... for 11:04.
Weird.
Morning, Megan.
Good morning, Alex.
It's... Alec, actually.
Yeah.
- What'd I say?
- Alex.
Do your way, one more time.
Alec. It's got a "C" at the end of it.
- Oh, yeah.
- Yeah.
- It's okay.
- Gotcha, sorry.
Well...
I had a blast, so...

thank you for having me.

You're welcome. My only concern is how we're going to sugarcoat this when we tell our grandkids how we met.

- Right?

- Yeah.

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

Hey, so do you want to grab breakfast or do you normally just take off?

Normally?

You said, "normally." Just...

like I do this so much that I'd have a normal and an abnormal version of it?

That's... yeah, that's not what I meant.

I have no idea how often you do this.

I told you last night that this is my first time doing anything,

- you know, remotely like this.

- Yeah, but come on.

Come on. What?

Megan, do you expect me to believe this was your first one-night stand ever?

Yes! Yeah, no, I mean, the only reason that I am here is because my roommate,

- she peer-pressured the shit out of me.

- Yeah, she sexiled you, or whatever, right?

Exactly, and yet I am sensing some distinctly judgey vibes coming from your side of the bed, which is odd considering the team work involved.

There's no judgey vibes coming from this side of the bed.

Honestly, I really admire what you did.

I wish more girls were that forward.

Forward? There we go with the slut thing again.

I'm not calling you a slut!

I'm calling you a girl who went over to a stranger's house at midnight.

If only there was a word for someone who does that.

Wow, you know what, screw you.

- That was a joke, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
- You invited me here, just remember that.
That's not quite how it happened
but it doesn't matter.
Look, can we please just eat breakfast?
I make oatmeal with a little smiley face
made out of jelly,
and it's not slutty at all.
You know what, save your oatmeal.
I think I'm going to take off.
But thanks for having me, it was awesome
to get to know you. Have a nice life, Alex.
Okay, cool, well, I'm just going to
assume that time was on purpose,
'cause I told you my name is Alec
with a "C" like a dozen times.
It wasn't on purpose, but don't worry.
You just have a stupid name.
Okay, cool, well, bye.
It was lovely having sex with you!
I wish I could say the same.
Sounded like you had a
pretty good time last night.
You know what?
Don't believe everything you hear.
Especially when it's something like,
"Hey, Alec, cool name."
What is that? It sounds like
the first draft of a name!
- Okay, fuck you, Megan.
- Fuck you, back.
Okay.
What?
Shit!
Imagine a sleeping little
angel-faced angel...
Okay, no, I'm the angel.
And this angel is being woken up
by a fucking junkyard dog
in a hot-girl body!
Okay, and that's my morning.
Look, I can't... Mom.
I will call you back.
Hi there, it's Alec, right?

What is it, a little snow outside? Yeah?
Well, New Yorkers... I don't want
to say that you guys are pussies
but seriously, you should see what
a winter in Minnesota looks like.
I'll get you a cab.
Holy shit, that is a lot of snow!
Hey, folks, I hope you aren't planning
on going anywhere anytime soon
'cause let me tell you something,
it ain't going to happen, okay?
We are seeing record snowfalls!
This thing came in overnight and has
New York City in a total whiteout!
We're talking about tens of thousands
of stranded holiday travelers.
The entire city transit
system is shut down.
The streets have not even been plowed.
The mayor's office is urging
people to stay indoors
and to avoid all nonessential travel.
So get cozy, folks,
because it's going to be a long weekend.
Faiza, you have to do something,
I cannot stay here. This is the worst.
Sweetie, are you even watching the news?
There's nothing we can do.
See how nice this is?
This could be every day.
But Cedric's an EMT, can he like...
helicopter me out of here or something?
Is that Cedric?
Is Cedric laughing at me?
No, no, no, no, no.
Okay, just make the best of it
and we'll rescue you as soon
as we can, okay, I promise.
No, no, no, no, I would not be here
if you did not slut me out!
Sorry, I can't hear you.
What?
I think the snow is messing with the...
with the sat... satellite.

- Okay, bye.

- Bye.

Faiza!

Grab that ass!

This storm is literally going to dump
all over the Tristate area.

Three to five feet of snow, maybe more.

In the poconos and the catskills,
we're talking up to 12 feet of snow.

It's the biggest blizzard
in the history of the world.

This is what I deserve, it's penance.

Wow, that is officially the worst review
my oatmeal has ever received.

It's what I get for slutting it up.

So you really think God made this
blizzard to punish you for being slutty?

No, I don't think God did it.

That's ridiculous.

I think my grandmother did,
and I just don't know how.

Right, that makes sense.

Well, I would prefer not
to spend the next 24 hours
in an uncomfortable silence with you,
so why don't we just pretend that
we never had sex? It didn't happen.

And then we can pretend
that it's just the weather
and not your passive-aggressive
magical grandmother.

No, that's like trying to get the toothpaste
back into the tube... you can't do it.

It is out there.

I have seen your penis.

You've implied I'm a slut.

Those are big things.

Did you just call my penis big?

No, no, I did not. I called the
implication of your penis big.

Well, it's still nice to hear.

You can't just... erase the
fact that two people had sex.

I think you underestimate us.

Hi, I'm Alec.

I'm Megan.

Megan, it's very nice to meet you.

What do you do for a living?

Oh, Jesus, that...

that's what we're doing? No.

Seriously, already?

We just started. Okay.

We are monitoring the
situation very closely.

We're experiencing massive shutdowns
all over the Tristate area.

That includes Dutchess County,
Harlan County,

Bronson County, Middlebrook County...
Monmouth County...

Wow, how the time flies.

Poughkeepsie... Montauk...

Bing... Bing... Binghamton,
New Paltz.

New Paltz.

What's the capital of New York?

All right, we'll try again,
but there are rules.

No upsetting questions.

- I didn't realize it was one.

- Well, now you do.

Okay, I am trying very hard
to think of a question
that could in no way be
construed as upsetting.

Do you like dogs?

Perfectly non-upsetting question,
good job... yes. I like dogs.

Me too.

I have to use the restroom.

That's allowed. That's allowed.

What?

Damaged?

You don't know me.

Do you... possibly have headphones?

Thank you.

- Megan?

- What happened?

What happened, you happened.

What is that?

God!

Don't worry about it,

I'll take care of it.

No, no, no, no, you just... you step away,
you are not cleaning that up.

You will just hold it over my head,
go to your room.

I can handle this.

Gross.

Cold and gross.

- It just keeps coming.

- Hey, you gotta turn the knob!

No, I mean the punishments
from the universe.

It's a flood, it's practically biblical.

- Where the fuck is your plunger?

- It should be right next to the...

Shit, I let my buddy
borrow my plunger, dammit.

That's why you never let your
friends borrow plungers.

There's like a thousand reasons.

Look, just shut the door.

I'll deal with it later.

Hey, I just thought of an idea
that could fix everything.

Do you want to get high?

Yeah, me neither, that was just a test.

Didn't know if you were a cop.

Yep, I'm going to do it, I'm going to
get high. You don't care, do you?

Your apartment.

I'm warning you though,
you're about to think that I'm really cool.

My buddy made it. I don't know if you
can tell, but he smokes a lot of pot.

- I try to encourage his creativity.

- No, I think it fits you.

Sorry, I'd open a window,
but, you know...

It is a mystery why you
don't have a girlfriend.

Hey, I'm a catch.
I'll bet you 150 bucks
you're going to die alone.
Well, my future smoking-hot widow
will gladly accept your money.
Hey, I'm just saying, you could afford
to take the edge off a little bit.
It could be good for you.
You should embrace it.
I've gotten high before.
Not with me.
Fine.
It better make you funnier.
Yeah, smoke that shit.
So earlier you asked what I did for
a living and I kinda got a little feisty.
You, feisty? Can't picture it.
Well, the answer is...
I am less-than-employed at the moment.
I don't do anything.
See, last year I was able to say,
"I'm a premed student,"
which sounds kind of impressive, right?
But then I graduated and I'm
not allowed to say it anymore.
- I think your profile said premed student.
- Yeah, no, I just haven't changed it yet.
Didn't you make the profile
like two days ago? That's weird.
- What is this, like an interrogation?
- You got something to hide?
No, I just...
I think I'm just in that limbo phase.
It's not like your degree
has instructions on it.
Well... boom! Home run,
twins win the world series!
Well, your degree did say premed,
so you would think
something follows that.
What was that?
So...
Why did you major in premed if you
didn't want to go into medicine?

I always thought I'd change it,
but then I graduated.

- Wait, how does that happen?
- Easier than you would think.
- What do you do for a living?
- I work at a bank.

Fancy. Banking.

No, just bank. I'm an assistant manager.

How does someone like you get
into something that's so...

- Wildly exciting?
- Yes.

Yes. I don't know, I mean, you know,
like, when you're 17 and...

you just want to get out there and show the
world everything that you have to offer,
because you have all this stuff to say?

I don't know what that feels like.

I don't know. I never felt like
I needed a job to define my life.

Do you like your job?

Since when are you
supposed to like your job?

I think our generation catastrophically
misunderstands that.

Interesting.

I forgot the food,
I'm going back for it.

No, no, no. Please, allow me.

Now, I am impressed.

'Cause it's like a butler
that is also a rug.

For the man who has
everything except a rug.

You know, I used to
smoke back in college.

But one summer,
I walked in on my parents
smoking out of a vaporizer
and watching Italian porn.

- Oh, my God.
- Which is kind of
the greatest antidrugs PSA of all time.
That is awesome! Kinda gross, but...

- It is funny.
- Growing up...
all of my friends' parents
were divorced, you know?
But mine, they were always... so happy.
They were just so disgustingly happy.
It's a lot to live up to.
I think it kinda messed me up.
- My parents are still married too.
- Yeah?
- Good for them.
- What?
Yeah, when I was a kid I used
to wish that they'd get divorced
'cause I was jealous of all my friends
who got to have two Christmases.
- What?
- You should turn this off.
- You don't like this song?
- Oh, no, I love this song.
It's going to make me want to dance.
- Yes, you should.
- No.
- Yes.
- Trust me.
Oh, are you like a bad dancer?
Oh, no. No, no, no.
I am an epic dancer, but you see...
See, if you see me dance
you'll follow me around
like a little puppy dog and it'll
be embarrassing for us both.
So...
you have to stay here. For your
own safety, trust me on that one.
I'm so sick of you tonight
You never stay awake when I get home
Is something wrong with me?
Is something wrong with you?
I really wish I knew,
wish I knew, wish I knew
I'll give you candy, give you diamonds
Give you pills,
I'll give you anything you want

Hundred-dollar bills
I'll even let you watch
the shows you wanna see
Because you married me,
married me, married me
Marry me, marry me, marry me...
Okay.
So I would just like to...
frame the next question
in the context that
my diet doesn't normally
consist of junk food.
And with that in mind, hypothetically...
- Yeah?
- If one were to...
need to make use of a bathroom
how might one do that
in these special circumstances?
Stop smiling.
That's actually a great question.
Are these your creepy neighbors?
Are you the creepy neighbor?
You're totally the creepy neighbor.
Hey, Mrs. Lopan, it's Alec. I just
really need to borrow your plunger.
It's kind of an emergency.
That wouldn't happen to
be their mailbox, would it?
Oh, yeah, you know what,
they're probably away for the holidays.
You did not just laugh.
- It's kind of funny.
- Do you see this face?
This is my panic face. Do we understand?
- Yeah.
- Okay.
- We do.
- Good.
Okay, have no fear. The trusty coat
hanger is here to save the day.
Aw, shucks, I bet you say
that to all the girls.
We're just kind of on a clock here.
I mean, there's a plan "B,"

but it might sound kind of out there.

- We are not getting high again.

- Yes, we are. No, I'm just kidding.

The windows of this building,
they don't really work right.

So we can go out the window,
climb up to the roof

go to the other side and then get
in through the Lopans' fire escape.

Okay.

Maybe just you should do this.

I'm not breaking and entering alone!

The whole reason we're doing this is for you.

- Why do you have that?

- My grandmother left it to me.

Yup, all style complaints go to her.

I see. Sweet.

Let's do this.

You couldn't just shit in the sink?

What's wrong?!

It's frozen shut! It won't budge!

- We gotta go back.

- There is no turning back!

- What the fuck?!

- Go, go, go!

Are you kidding me?

Hey, are you fucking insane?

I'm going to have to pay for that!

I had to! They will totally understand.

- Look, you are a ruiner.

- I am not a ruiner!

Sorry, I gotta pee, I had to.

- You understand, you understand.

- No, no, no, no, no...

You are an asshole in so many languages!

You understand.

Oh, yeah, this pee feels so good.

- Whoops, sorry, false alarm.

- Oh, yeah?

Oh, God.

Just so you know,

I'm giving you the silent treatment too.

I just didn't know if you could tell
and I wanted you to know.

Hey, I think we've solved the
mystery of the clogged toilet.

Wait, what?

No, I told you I would do that!

- What is this?

- No, it's nothing.

- What are you doing? That's gross.

- Give it back.

Megan, this was in a toilet,
that's gross, okay?

If you had a problem with the reading
material you could have just said something.

It's just some stupid article.

It wasn't stupid, though.

It was spot-on.

How pathetic is that,
it's so pathetic...

Do you really think my name
sounds like the first draft of a name?

Yeah.

Like a good first draft, you know?

Like it's really close.

And did you really fake it?

- What are you talking about?

- Last night.

You know, when you were making
what I would describe as like
banshee-esque screams of pleasure,
and then this morning, you called into
question their authenticity? So...

What happened to like,

"Hey, let's just pretend we never had sex?"

Yeah, I'm over that.

Why are you even

thinking about this again?

I haven't stopped thinking about it.

Oh, all right, well, see,

I just said those things to hurt your
feelings because you hurt mine, you know?

Yeah, I don't really buy that

because I think women

are most honest actually when they're
trying to hurt somebody's feelings.

Fine.

But this can't be the first time that a woman's faked it for you.

- Definitely was.

- You made your ex come?

- Yep, pretty much all the time.

- Yeah, that often?

And did she come before or after you?

Usually we...

We would come simultaneously.

At the same time.

- Yeah, yeah? Bullshit.

- I'm telling you, it's true.

That's mean.

No, it's nothing to be ashamed of either, it's really hard to do.

For guys it's so easy, it's just, you know, it's just friction.

But for girls there's a whole lot of intangibles down there.

And it's bad that we fake it.

It's not good for you, it doesn't help us.

It doesn't help the next girl.

Oh, but you're a really great kisser.

- Yeah, you've got that down pat, it's just...

- Practice on my hand a lot.

- ...the other stuff.

- A lot.

- But I had a good time.

- Okay.

Well, yeah, let's talk about this.

So, what... Yeah, what did I do wrong?

Okay, it's not about what you did wrong, it's just how people sync up.

You know, how they fit together.

- And we didn't sync up well?

- Do you think we did?

Well, you know, it's the first time, it's awkward. You don't know what to say, you don't know what you're touching.

It's awkward.

It's not like that changes after the first time.

Well, I mean eventually they

learn what you like more, but...
you can never talk about it openly
'cause guys are so sensitive.
Suggesting just the tiniest thing
and it freaks them out because then they
think you've been thinking that every time,
and then they get mad that you
didn't say something earlier
and you didn't say something early
because it would have been too soon.
So the only thing that
there is to do is train them
to recognize different levels of moans
without them realizing you're doing it.
In my experience.

- Wow.

- It works.

- Or maybe it's just me.

- No, it's like camp, you know?

You go and you have to do
this activity with a partner
but you can't say anything so you're
just kinda stumbling your way through it.

- Yeah, it's just like camp.

- Yeah.

- What camp did you go to?

- Holy shit.

I just had a great idea. Do you feel it,
the two of us? It's a pretty
good opportunity right now.

- What... what is?

- This... right here.

- I'm not...

- You don't get it? Okay.

Look, listen to me, so we're trapped.
We're like this incredible experiment
right now, we're lab rats.

We've had sex, but we don't have
feelings for each other, right?

And as soon as that
snow clears, you're gone.

- Like Mexico-gone.

- We don't know any of the same people,
so we're probably never going

to see each other again.

Yes.

So we can use this time to
be honest with each other,
and we can give each other advice
and constructive criticism
to make each other better lovers
for the next person that comes along.

Okay, firstly, you cannot
pull off the word "lovers."

- I think I can.

- Secondly,

what you are proposing is potentially...

it's a horrible... it sucks.

It's a bad idea... Don't... What?

Are you kidding me?

This is the best idea I've ever had!

- That's so sad!

- Look, Megan, listen,

you can't just like

drop a bomb on me like,

"Hey, maybe you've never made a girl
come in your entire fucking life,"

and then say you don't want to
talk about it. I want to talk.

Guys can't handle constructive
criticism about that stuff.

- You'll get all pissy...

- No.

I promise you that I will not
get pissy if you don't.

What do you mean if I don't?

Oh, did you think this was just like
a one-way street, or something?

- You think you have pointers for me?

- Well...

Yeah, a thing or two

crossed my mind, but...

I guess you'll never know, will you?

- Jesus, fine, all right, I bite, go.

- Okay, great, this is good.

Now, this is not just you.

I want to make that clear.

Okay, the lights-off thing.

What the fuck is that?
If the lights are off, like you requested
and I so gentlemanly obliged,
I could be having sex
with anything, literally.
But I don't want to be
having sex with anything.
I want to be having sex with you.
Not you specifically,
but like the universal you.
Lights on? Wow. All guys feel that way?
I can only speak for me
and my friends, but yeah.
Duh, girls hear that more than hello.
That's what you got?
All I'm saying is that we're young
and we're hot-looking people, and we
should embrace that shit while we have it.
All right, fine!
Guys like to do it with the lights on.
Noted, awesome, shocked.
What else you got?
- Do you want more?
- Do you have more?
Yeah, I do. Okay...
What else do you do that I don't like?
Okay, yeah, you do this thing
where you stand up from the bed
and you kind of turn halfway around
and then you get undressed
as fast as you can all at once
and it's like you're getting ready
for a physical or something.
I've never had any complaints about how
rapidly I undress. Most guys like naked me.
I love naked you. Naked you is
awesome to look at and touch.
What I mean is that you could make
the getting-naked-there part a little...
like... What's up? Boop.
Then you take your bra off the side.
You could even imaginary pole,
just bring it,
smack it. Bring it down...

- Oh, God!

- Bring it up.

Do the little ass thing
with your underwear.

"Hey, I dropped something, my panties."

You can flick it up. You could catch it.

Then I don't care what you do with it.

Actually that wasn't terrible.

You should put on heels and try it.

Yeah, you're right, this is weird.

No, no, no, man-up, finish.

Just get ready for an onslaught.

Okay, that definitely didn't
sound like it was in the vein
of constructive criticism but
I will continue, nonetheless.

Look, all...

I'm saying is that guys like undressing.

And you could make it more of a...

- thing.

- Okay.

Okay. Lastly, when I was inside of you,
you started doing this thing...

you started helping yourself a little bit
and it kind of made me feel
like I was being benched.

- Second string.

- Noted.

- Okay.

- Duly noted. Is it my turn?

- Yeah.

- Don't ever do that.

- Okay.

- That's the international thing.

Okay, I don't know who first taught guys to
do the "alphabet with their tongue" thing,
but it kind of makes me feel like I'm
Helen Keller being fucked by her teacher.

And that is not a fantasy of yours?

There was a moment, one moment during
foreplay in which I was maybe close to coming.

And I believe I subtly
pointed this out for you.

- Do you remember what it was that I said?

- "I'm close to coming."

Yes. And then after I said that,
you switched up what you were doing.
Just what was your thought process there?
I mean, honestly, I thought I
was doing like a finishing move.
Kind of like a Mortal Kombat thing like,
"Finish her!" And like really hit it, but...

I thought I was doing something
like that. It's not...
Next time, just, you know, keep on
doing what it was that you were doing
because you got her
to third and you can...

- you can get her home.

- Okay.

You waited for me to undress you,
which is unnecessary
and also a little weird because I'm
not your mom tucking you into bed.
You kept trying to give me hickeys,
which nobody likes.
Oh, and you went like way too fast,
like you were drilling me for oil.
You know, like my whole body was like...
And then... you did find my G-spot,
but kind of like a drive-by,
which was cool, but then you kept going.
And I so wanted you to stop.

Oh, okay, all right.

When a girl is helping herself,
that's a good fucking thing. My ex
was weird about that too, and it's...
it's not like we're competing on some
awesome erotic Japanese game show;
we are having sex.

You know, like, embrace the team spirit.
Oh, and last night, when we were done,
you retreated to the other side of the bed
like you planted a bomb down there.
So next time, just hold the girl,
count to like ten.

It'd go a long way, that one.

You can thank me later.

Other than those things,
you were a perfectly adequate lover.

- Adequate, wow, thank you.

- Yeah.

Adequate's not really...

- See, I knew this would happen.

- ...a compliment.

- I told you this was a bad idea.

- That's cool.

It's a fine idea, I'm good. I'm like Teflon,
baby, nothing sticks to me.

We should totally check out the
news though for some updates.

As you can see, this storm is showing
no signs of slowing down!

I want you to look at something.

Behind me is the empire state building,
but you can't see it.

All you can see is snow.

I bet you a 150 bucks Rick Raines
is fully erect right now.

It's like an incredible
disappearing act... What's that?

That's funny.

Okay, I'm hearing that that's actually
not where the empire state building is,

- but it does show you the...

- Is it cool if I take a shower?

No. Yes, it's fine.

The towels are... on the floor.

Reporting from the streets of
New York City, I'm Rick Raines.

I just got off the phone
with the governor's office
and they told me this storm
is a real motherfucker...

- That was quick.

- I can't say that? Okay.

What if we tried again?

- I can't take any more critiques.

- No, no, I mean, what if we...
tried again.

Tested our theories for science.

For...

science.

Yeah, I think it would
be really helpful for me.

Because I'm more of a hands-on learner.

Yeah, we could... we could do that.

Good. Okay.

And the channel of
communication stays open.

We say whatever's on our mind,
that's the deal.

Okay, we should film it.

No? Too far? Sorry.

- How should we start?

- Okay, so normally,
on date situations, there would
be more of a build-up here, right,
but since this is strictly a hookup
scenario I think it'd be fine if you just...

It's not bad.

Okay, see, the lack of sheets kind of
makes it look a little crack den-y.

Which is great for like a
role-playing scenario but...

Yeah, it was laundry day.

Okay, get over here.

- Okay.

- They should label it or something, right?

I think it's inside out actually,
but it's fine.

- That's good, yeah, where were we?

- Good, right here.

A fan of the bed push. That's a classic.

Oh, no, no, no, shoes and socks first.

There's never a good time
for it so, you know...

- Get them off.

- Oh, God.

Good compromise. I like that.

Thank you. I'm like the UN of doing it.

Is that sort of what you had in mind?

Yeah, that's good. That's pretty good,
you got the hang of that...

Good.

I have sensitive nipples.

That one is really sensitive.

- Any notes?

- No.

No!

If there is one thing that you take away from this whole experience... never.

- Sorry, I was trying to cool you off.

- My dad used to give me those.

- And now I am just thinking about my dad.

- That's gross, I'm sorry.

That's better.

That is... much better.

Japanese alphabet.

Thank you, Rosetta Stone.

- Holy shit!

- That was awesome!

Hey.

Up and at 'em.

Wake up.

Hey.

We fell asleep.

Yeah, is that a problem?

I don't see what the educational purposes of it are.

Plus, I'm hungry.

- We're going to starve.

- Not if you like mustard.

Why don't you have food?

Well, I had food, and then we ate it all when we were really high.

Oh, yeah.

Three-year-old banana?

Oh, here we go.

This might have to last days.

- We'll ration it.

- Okay.

This is good. All right, we just need to get creative.

Give me like... give me ten minutes,

- I'll figure something out.

- Okay, but don't hog.

All right, you want to go back to bed?

Let me figure it out.

Special delivery.

Where did you get these?
Don't worry about it.
These are your neighbors' noodles!
These are contraband noodles.
You threw such a hissy fit about
the window and now look at you...
- you are a common thief.
- I know.
And, for the record, I actually
thought it was pretty badass
- when you broke that window like that.
- Thank you, I did too.
You might not be the worst person
in the world to be stuck with.
Right back at you.
So were your parents doctors?
Oh, I thought maybe they were and
that's why you rebelled and
didn't want to do it anymore.
- So what happened?
- It doesn't matter.
Yeah, it does, come on, you can tell me.
- It wouldn't even make sense to you.
- Everything makes sense to me.
It's the burden of being a genius.
I can't help it.
It's not...
It's not that I stopped
wanting to be a doctor.
So you do want to be a doctor.
No, I mean, I didn't change my mind.
- I never wanted to be a doctor, ever.
- Then why would you go into premed?
Okay.
So...
I was engaged once.
Once. Sounds like I'm writing a memoir.
I was engaged recently.
We dated through high school,
followed him to NYU.
When I had to pick a major, I...
I never actually planned on needing it.
I just wanted to be a wife and a mom.
See, people always look at you funny

when you say something like that
'cause they feel bad for you, or they...
Megan, I'm not... I'm sorry,
I wasn't trying to look at you funny.
No, it's fine. You're missing
out on something, but...
I don't know, I mean...
It worked for my parents and I
always thought that I'd do the same.
- And then the universe called my bluff.
- What happened?
He cheated.
Yeah, and sadly that wasn't
even the deal-breaker.
I wanted to work through it,
but he... wanted out.
He said that he wanted to find a
girl with... more of her own life.
Dropped the word "ambition" a few times.
Yeah, I've had that word thrown
at me a few times too.
- Believe it or not.
- I believe it.
Ambition is such bullshit.
Seriously, it's just
chasing vapor, like...
whatever it is that you think that you
need like that job or that gold star,
blue ribbon, fancy desk, nice office,
like it doesn't... like once you get that,
you're going to be confused because
you're not going to be as happy
as you thought you were going to be.
Then you're going to be
sitting there being like,
"Why aren't I happy?
I have this... I got the desk."
Because there's another desk. Like there's
always going to be something more
that your ambition is telling you
that you need, so it's the next thing,
and then when you get that,
there's another thing. It's an endless cycle.
You're forced into retirement.

You're kicking and screaming.
Next thing you know, you're in a big house,
you've got four-and-a-half bathrooms,
you don't even have a
ping-pong table and you're dead.
Let's fucking go blow shit up!
Like you're dead.
I just blacked out for a second.
Thank you for staying with me on that,
I didn't know if I was going to
come out the other side.
Blowing up stuff always helps.
So what happened with that guy?
Nothing.
A semester later
I graduated with a degree
I had no intention of using.
And here I am.
So you've really never had
a one-night stand before?
I have told you this like 100 times.
Well, you should know,
they usually don't last this long.
Well, that's a bummer.
Wow.
- That guy is so screwed.
- What do you mean?
You said that he met you
in high school, right?
So, he thinks that you're
a certain type of girl,
and he thinks that he will meet
that same type of girl later
in his life when he's ready.
But...
when he's ready,
that girl's not going to be there.
He has no idea how rare you are.
- What are those?
- What?
Those?
You're giving me googly-eyes.
You totally are,
you're giving me googly-eyes!

I'm just really thirsty right now,
so those are my thirsty eyes.
You look thirsty too.
I'm going to get us some drinks.
Can I pull a classic girl move and confiscate
your biggest, comfiest sweatshirt?
- And I promise, I will not steal it.
- Yeah, one sec.
Please be a cross-dresser.
I found some peach schnapps.
The bottle was a little dusty
but I think the liquor is still... good.
So where's Daisy?
San Francisco.
You're with her?
That's a tough question to answer.
No, it's not.
See? You just did.
Megan, here.
Look, let's talk about this.
You have the place to yourself, and,
boy... Do you make the most of it.
When does she get back?
She was supposed to get back this
afternoon but her flight got canceled.
I heard about that.
Apparently there's this
huge fucking blizzard.
You know, I always wondered what
it would be like to be the other girl.
It feels better.
Not great, but undeniably better.
Hold on.
Thank God, it stopped.
Let's take a look at some
of the outside stuff.
We're looking at the New Jersey transit
making local stops all day long.
Here in Menlo Park...
- Can I show you something?
- Please just leave me alone.
I'm not mad.
How can I be?
I didn't ask and you didn't lie.

I wanted meaningless sex and I got it.

Let me show you this.

Please.

Read.

So she dumped you

but you still live with her?

- She didn't give it to me yet.

- I don't understand.

And honestly, I don't care.

Three weeks ago she asked

me to look for her wallet

and when I was looking for her

wallet I accidentally found this.

I didn't know what to do.

So I gave her her wallet back at lunch

and then the next day she left for tour.

Tour? What is she, like...

- She's a DJ.

- Of course.

Of course, she's like the

coolest girl imaginable.

I made that profile because I wanted

to have something to throw in her face

whenever she wanted to pull the trigger.

- And I know that's very immature.

- You could have broken up with her.

Yeah. Yeah, I thought about that.

People talk about how great

it is to be single and that's...

bullshit, joining the single party.

It's not a party, it's a bunch of people

sitting around in the dark, texting.

Your complaints about how slow the

plowing is going in outer boroughs

such as Queens and Brooklyn

are not falling on deaf ears.

And we're hearing from

the sanitation department

that they're getting

that done right away.

And I did something stupid,

and I'm sorry.

Report that the subways and buses

are starting to run, as well.

Excuse me.

Most of the storm is pushed up
into the Shenandoah Valley...

Megan, wait. Hey...

Come on, I didn't...

what was I supposed to do?

I didn't even know that

you existed, I don't...

Look, I don't want her,

I want you. I want you.

And what makes you

think that I want you?

You're just some funny guy

that works at a bank.

I think you severely overestimate

your ability to break hearts.

Come on.

- Oh, my God, Megan!

- Hey.

Hey.

Is that my duvet?

- Hi.

- Oh, God.

- You guys are monsters.

- God!

How was your date?

You looked so tired

I wanted to let you sleep.

Hey, what are you... doing?

- Daisy, we should talk.

- Yeah, I know.

- I found the note in the trash.

- I have the note right here.

When did you find this?

When I was looking for your wallet.

- By accident.

- I see what's going on here.

You read this, and then you wanted

me to come home and find this

slutty little lipstick haiku so that

you could be the one that ended us.

It's not a haiku,

there's not enough syllables.

- You are a child.

- Yeah.

Look, Daisy, we both know that we weren't right for each other.

And I think we both knew that for a long time, but it's fine.

We were just scared that the perfect person wasn't out there for us.

And what if they're not?

I think they are.

Okay, so what now?

I can move my stuff over to Kevin's place.

He owes me for a plunger.

Okay.

Let me know when you're out.

Hey, Daisy...

Can I ask you something?

Yeah.

Did you ever... fake it?

Wow. A year together.

Done. And that's what you're thinking about right now?

No, I'm thinking of all kinds of stuff right now.

I'm thinking of memories and feelings and...

But I just need to know if...

Did you do that?

Yeah, I'm sorry. I got lazy.

But you shouldn't have faked it, okay?

Because that's not helping anybody.

- You gotta communicate.

- What happened to you?

Tell her, talk to her.

Megan, Faiza has something she wants to tell you.

Okay.

Listen, normally I'd wait to bring this up until after you'd recovered a bit, but Cedric and I sort of enjoyed having the place to ourselves

- the past couple nights.

- We did.

And I wasn't sure that we would, 'cause I am so used to you

always being here, you know?
Like... nonstop,
all the time.
But... baby, help me out, please.
Yeah, basically we were just thinking,
what if you moved out,
you know, like what would that be like?
And you have to understand,
you can stay here as long as you need,
until you get on your feet.
A couple of days, three days...
However long you want.
- Four days.
- Okay.
No, I think...
I think it's a really good idea.
- You do?
- She says she does.
Look, I only moved to
New York because of Chris.
And I thought that if I went home
it would just be admitting that.
So I stayed and made sure
that the Internet wasn't lonely.
I needed a kick in the ass.
Cool, so do you know
what you're going to do?
No. No, I have no fucking clue. No idea.
Do you know what this means?
That this is our last
New Year's eve as roommates.
Awesome.
Yeah, hey, so I realize this
is probably word-for-word
something that a crazy
person would say, but...
I met a girl on your website
a few nights ago and...
I think I can save us
both some time here.
Yeah, no, I don't need her address,
I just need to know her last name.
I'm sure it was magical, but we can't
give our customers' personal information

to anyone other than the police.
So, provided you're not a cop,
is there anything else
I can help you with today?
Nope.
It's not just a show for kids.
Anybody can get into it.
You know, it's for anybody who
cherishes friendship, adventure.
There's this one character, her name
is Applejack, she's my favorite.
She's such a fireplug.
She kind of reminds me of you, actually.
I think I lost you there.
Excuse me? Hello?
I'm just going to put this out here,
but you're kind of a fucking
terrible conversationalist.
- I don't know if... if ever...
- I think it's because you are so...
captivating.
- I am just intimidated as fuck.
- Oh, no, there's nothing to be scared of.
- Excuse me.
- No, no, no, please, please. Goddammit!
Okay, yeah, all right, great.
Son of a motherfucking bitch!
Motherfucking son of a fucking bitch! Fuck!
And now is the moment
you've all been waiting for...
Megan.
Long time no see.
It's... it's Ben.
From... from bio class?
How are you here? Do you know Faiza?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'm good buddies with Cedric.
We're going to get more booze.
Have fun you two!
You! You are the dumb, pretty guy!
Thank you?
I was supposed to bang you.
This is the universe correcting itself.
So, where'd you decide on med school?

Just a surprise,
I got into both my top choices
but now I'm simply
just trying to decide.
It's a big decision and...
and obviously my dad has opinions...
Megan, Megan?
- You know, it's just...
- Police!
Megan? Megan, right?
Any noise complaints
go to Faiza or to Cedric,
because this is their apartment now.
Actually they're asking
for you specifically.
What's up, dog?
Megan Pagano?
You want to step in the hall with us?
Why?
Officers found this
in the Lopans' bathroom.
You don't understand.
This guy is a psychopath.
He's setting me up! He is setting
this whole thing up! Which I realize
is exactly what a crazy person would
say but that explains my situation.
He is so crazy that he is
forcing me to sound crazy.
- Do you see what he's doing?
- Ma'am...
Did you, or did you not,
break in through the window of
Mr. and Mrs. Lopan's apartment?
You got a little...
Some...
Okay, got it.
Pretty.
Which one of you is Megan Pagano?
You made bail.
Wait, that's... that's impossible.
I haven't even made a phone call yet.
She can do that?
She can refuse my bail? Are you serious?

Okay, look, I just...
I need to talk to her.
You can only visit during
visiting hours,
and if, and only if,
the person wants to see you.
Which I'm going to guess she doesn't,
being that she would rather remain
locked in jail than see your face.
Wow... rude.
Okay, well, what if I told you that
I helped her break into that apartment?
Then would you lock me up with her?
Yeah, that's how police stations work.
- Are you being sarcastic?
- Are you serious?
- I need to talk to her!
- Oh, okay then.
Five, four, three, two, one!
Happy New Year!
How about these two? Are they
special enough to post your bail?
Oh, my God, what happened?
- Just take me home.
- Here.
Hey.
- Who is that?
- I'm sorry.
But I didn't know your last name.
What was I supposed to do?
Literally anything but this!
Okay, you're upset, but, Megan,
you felt something and I felt something.
What I felt was Stockholm syndrome.
Hey, hey, I can't let you walk out
another door without listening to me.
Why are you doing this?
You have a girlfriend.
That's over now. Look,
Megan, hey, let me explain.
I should have told you about her,
and there were times last night
I wanted to tell you about her
and I should have, but...

there was other times last night that I forgot that other people even existed.

And I know that sounds stupid,
'cause your friends are staring at me like my fucking dick is hanging out.

- I'm sorry, it was funny.

- Sir?

Okay, let's wrap this up. The cop's not happy, let's keep the cop happy. Megan?

- You put me in jail!

- I'm sorry.

For like criminals!

He's got about five seconds before he finds out firsthand.

Okay, fine, fuck, shit.

Look, not directed at you, and not directed at you.

Look, I messed up.

I messed up, but I am really, really sorry.

But you can't stop us before we even realize what we could be.

And we should figure that out, maybe...

Maybe we hang out, we don't...

we realize we don't like each other.

Maybe you're very intimidated by my dancing, or maybe I find out you're like... really racist.

Okay, that was a hypothetical.

Look, all I'm saying is that there's a lot of stuff that I don't know about you and there's a lot that we need to talk about.

I spent two nights with you, and that's not enough time.

Give me more time, please.

It was a little shaky in the middle but he finished strong.

I'm touched. Megan, what do we think?

- I think you put me in jail.

- We're still on that?

Look, hey, hey, come on. Some day you're going to laugh about this.

I promise that you're going to find this all very funny some day.

Okay, let's make a deal.

You give me your number, and leave.

And the minute I laugh about it,

I'll let you know.

Stay as long as you want.

That guy was nuts.

- Can I hang out with him?

- Cedric!

I'm just saying, I don't meet a lot of funny people.

Okay, funny people

don't drive ambulances.

Shit.

Hello?

You are kind of an idiot, do you realize that about yourself?

You good?

Yeah, I've heard that.

- You know that was all me, right?

- No, it was not.

What the fuck are you talking about? It was.

Keeping it in the spirit of constructive criticism, the next time you want to win a girl back after doing something stupid, like practice your speech, or something for the next girl, because...

I'm going to be honest...

yours just fucking sucked!

Shit, it was... I was embarrassed for...

- What?

- It's way too soon.

- Way too soon.

- That's fair. That's totally fair.

Okay, I'm sorry that I put you in jail, but have you thought about what that's going to do for your street cred?

Yeah, of course I have, that was like the first thing I thought of.

Going to get that shit tattooed.

And you don't have to worry about

the Lopans pressing charges

- 'cause I took care of 'em.

- Did you murder the Lopans?

- It had to be done.

- You did it without me?

I think I'm ready for that kiss now.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

You taste like prison.

- Is it really snowing again?

- Oh, yeah.

Look at 'em, a million tiny,
little matchmakers.

Thank you, snowflakes.

So... your place or mine?

I don't have a place anymore.

Me neither.

- You are a catch.

- So are you.

The piano makes the sound

You play so quietly

These love notes, letter bombs

You send them back to me

Doors and windows break

But not this melody

These not so subtle signs

This house can't make us stay

Didn't I warn you, didn't you want to

Make me feel this way?

Didn't I warn you?

You know I've loved you from the start

But this house can't make you stay

Sometimes these things just fall apart

We might never be the same

Maybe I can never be

everything you'll ever need

But I can put my arms around you

If we tear this down

Line up every stone

Will memory disconnect us

from all that came before?

'Cause sometimes our own hearts

Rewrite these histories

To keep themselves from breaking

Is that all we need?
Didn't you warn me, didn't I want to
Make you feel the same?
Didn't you want me?
You know I've loved you from the start
But this house can't make you stay
Sometimes these things just fall apart
Could we ever be the same
Maybe I can never be
everything you'll ever need
But I could put my arms around you
Something here's still beautiful
Something only we know
Nothing's lost if
We can find it in time
Find it in time
Call up the general, call in the major
We need you now
Weren't there warnings
from headquarters?
Oh, no
Call up your mother, call in the tigers
You know I've loved you from the start
No, this house can't make us stay
Sometimes these things just fall apart
This will never be the same
Maybe you can never be
everything I'll ever need
But could you put your arms around me?
You know I've loved you from the start
But sometimes these things
just fall apart