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# When We First Met

By John Whittington

Hi. Sorry to interrupt.  
I just wanted really quickly  
to say thank you so much for coming  
and for sharing  
such a perfect evening with us.  
It's been so perfect  
that I think the only day  
that could possibly rival it  
is the one that resulted in all of us  
being here in the first place.  
And that night was exactly  
three years ago today.  
And it was on that night that I knew I had  
met someone really, really special.  
Aw.  
It was the night when we first met.  
Excuse me.  
Whoa, Black Elvis. It's a good song.  
Oh. Cool. Going to Coachella?  
Excuse me. Coming through.  
What is she dressed as?  
- Whoo-hoo!  
- Hey, watch it, buddy!  
Whoo! Hulk smash!  
- Are you okay?  
- Oh, my God. I think so.  
You are A League of Their Own, right?  
- Yeah.  
- I love that movie.  
Okay. What character am I?  
I'm getting, like,  
a Tom Hanks vibe from you.  
- No?  
- No. I'm Dottie Hinson.  
I'm Geena Davis's character.  
- Okay, that makes more sense.  
- Are you my lesbian cousin Shannon?  
Yes. I was gonna ask if you wanted  
to join my softball team.  
- I have a second guess.  
- Who?  
- Are you Garth?  
- Excellent!  
You know, the key to doing

a good Garth impression  
is to make your mouth  
into a tiny little butthole.

That was good.

- Noah.

- I'm Avery.

It's nice to meet you.

So, what is your favorite drink?

Grapefruit juice with vodka  
and three maraschino cherries.

Okay. Where are you from?

All over the place. Kind of an army brat.

I don't really like that term,  
but that's what they call it.

Well, I was a regular brat,  
and I still don't like that term.

Let's see it.

Okay, so, it's a work in progress.

- Okay. All right.

- It's not totally done.

Ta-da!

- Oh, it's good!

- You hate it.

It looks drunk, admittedly.

- You're quite the artist.

- Thank you.

See what's going on over there  
between Sexy Grumpy Cat  
and the hipster Where's Waldo?

Look, they're gonna fall in...

Oh-ho! Now watch.

Everyone's gonna jump in.

Let's party! Whoo!

Whoo!

- Maybe not.

- Wow. Now they're making out in the pool.

That's kind of tacky.

Wait. I think I know that guy.

His name is Patric with no K.

- That's a bad name.

- We went on one date.

He literally spent the entire time  
teaching me about sea turtles.

Well, at least you know someone here.

I just came with my roommate, Carrie.  
And there she is,  
making out with Jell-O Shot Doctor.  
Hey, do you wanna get out of here?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Do you like jazz?  
- Do I like breathing?  
God, this place is so awesome.  
How'd you find out about it?  
Well, I kinda know a guy that works here.  
- Ooh!  
- It's me.  
- I'm that guy.  
- Yeah.  
- Did you get that?  
- I got that, yeah. Yeah.  
Actually, I am the piano man...  
who's got magic hands.  
Oh, my God!  
- So, is there anything you'd like to hear?  
- Mmm.  
Do you know any Count Basie?  
Whoa! You are a jazz fan.  
- I am, mm-hmm.  
- Wow. I love Count Basie.  
- I'm more of an Oscar Peterson fan.  
- Okay.  
His friends call him OP for short.  
Do you know him?  
- No.  
- He's dead, so you can't know him.  
Well, I appreciate a guy  
who knows his music history.  
In that case, sit back and relax  
and enjoy this Count Basie classic.  
Okay.  
This is not Count Basie!  
Uh-oh! Piano solo!  
You said piano solo, didn't you?  
- Oh, my God! New mission!  
- What's up?  
Okay, okay. Hey, do not forget  
to tip your piano man!

This is gonna be great.

All right.

These things are so much fun.

- Ready? Okay.

- Yep.

- No boring high school yearbook poses.

- What do you mean?

The whole point is to do something different in every photo.

I'm smiling.

I know this might come as a shock to you, but I've never actually taken a photo booth photo.

- What?

- Yep. I'm a virgin.

So be gentle with me, please.

- Virgin, huh?

- Mm-hmm.

Well, not anymore.

Come on. This is the best part.

- So we just stand out here and wait?

- Shh. Listen.

There's real film developing in there.

It's the sound of history.

How we lookin'?

Well, your technique could definitely use some work.

But you're cute.

- Hmm?

- Come on. Let's do it again.

Yeah, okay.

So, this is it.

- Wow.

- Yeah.

Your place is... is incredible.

- Honestly.

- Thanks.

Really? You've got one?

Yeah. Why? Do you play?

Oh, do I play?

Oh, you are so dead. I am a master.

- Really? You're a master. Okay.

- I am. Ready?

- No! Don't spin it!

- Is that a rule? I've never heard that.

Yeah, that is a rule.

- Aah!

- Ohh! Laser!

One step closer.

That's what you get for cheating. I win.

Whoo! Crowd goes wild!

Mmm. I haven't had Cookie Crisp  
in, like, ten years.

Oh. Best late-night food ever.

- It's the best.

- Mm-hmm.

So then I got the job at the piano bar,  
and the first night playing  
was just amazing.

So I dropped out of business school  
the next day.

You know what they say. Do what you love,  
you'll never work a day in your life.

Yeah, super-super-poor people say that.

- Can I get you another refresher?

- Yeah.

- Oh. She's gulping it down.

- A little bit more. Thank you.

Who's this? Is this your grandma?

Oh, no, that's actually Dorothy.

She lives at the retirement home

I did a fund-raiser for.

I organize benefits for charities.

So, like kids, the elderly, animals.

You name it, I do it.

Who are you?

And that was it.

That was the moment

I knew that it was love.

To Ethan and Avery!

Cheers!

Yeah. I'll take one. Thank you.

Mmm.

I'm gonna need two.

Ah.

Oh, a little boost.

Excuse me.

- I'm gonna go.

- Yeah.

Thank you. I'll be right back.

It burns!

Hey, Noah!

- Noah?

- Hey.

- Hey, you okay in there?

- Not so good.

My Aunt Cindy said you puked on her  
a little bit as you walked by.

She puked on me first.

Okay, I'm coming in.

- Okay?

- Oh, I wish you wouldn't.

I'm coming in.

Hey.

How are you?

- You dying in here?

- I'm...

I'm... so good.

You hit the open bar too hard.

You think this is about...

drinking?

This was about...

food poisoning.

Taquitos.

Or the seven-layer dip.

Why so many layers? You don't need seven.

- Ethan.

- Noah. How you feeling, buddy?

Oh, so good. I'm so glad he's here now.

Got you a Vitaminwater, some saltines.

I got Pepto chewables in the glove box.

Let's get this stuff in your system.

Mmm, yeah. Thank you.

You are a peach.

Oh. What are these, crackers?

Mm-mm-mmm. Mmm!

- Feel better already.

- Awesome.

Let me know if you need anything else.

- Baby, by the way, that speech?

- Yeah?

- It was beautiful.

- Thank you.
- Everybody in the room was so moved.
- I was so nervous.
- I love you so much.
- I love you.

Also, my parents want to team up for that Skype call whenever we have a chance.

So, um, just meet me at the laptop?

- Yes. I'll be right there.
- Okay.
- Feel better. Okay?
- Mm-hmm.

Keep your head up.

Okay.

You wanna go

maybe walk around a little bit?

- Just really slowly. Careful, careful.
- I'm fine.
- Okay. Okay.
- These aren't good.

Candid.

That's a candid.

Candid.

- Hey, Carrie.
- Hey, hon.

Noah. Haven't seen you in forever.

- Hey, Carrie.
- I've got a shoot tomorrow morning.

So I was wondering,

cool if I can leave a little early?

Maybe you can take Noah home.

He's a little... He shouldn't be driving.

- I'm fine.
- Candid.

You don't look fine. You look like shit.

You know, uh, honestly,

I- I'll take an Uber.

- Cool.
- Hey, Avery!

Oh. Yeah. One second.

Um, really? Are you sure?

Yeah. I-I'm actually not...

Feel better, okay? Thank you. Bye, Carrie.

- Bye.



- Bye.  
Ooh. That had my Uber on it.  
You really are a mess.  
All right, fine. Let's go.  
Oh, they're so beautiful.  
Let's go, train wreck.  
Mm-hmm.  
You stole an Avery-Ethan plate? You dork.  
- Candid!  
- You delete that. Okay?  
Don't want any evidence  
that this ever happened.  
Nope. Sorry.  
I photograph weddings for a living.  
Capturing misery and regret is what I do.  
- Perfect.  
- What is your deal tonight anyway?  
It's kind of a long story,  
so I'd rather not get into it.  
Yeah, okay. Cool.  
Oh, you don't want to hear it?  
- Yeah, 'cause I don't want to tell you.  
- Okay.  
Fine. I'll tell you.  
All right?  
Frickin' drag it out of me, why don't you?  
It has to do with the fact that I'm...  
in love with Avery.  
Are you serious?  
Why would you go to a party  
celebrating their engagement then?  
I guess I just wanted to prove  
that I could do it,  
that I'm not gonna spend my life obsessed  
over the fact I missed my shot with her.  
- You're doing great with that so far.  
- You know what, Carrie?  
I am.  
I am, considering the facts,  
and I'll be doing even more better  
when I find my...  
- Dignity?  
- Oop!  
Oh!

Jack Daniel's.

- Okay.

- The nectar of the gods.

You're a real sad sack of shit right now.

Can I tell you a story?

Has to do with when Avery and I first met.

Just give me the abridged version.

It all started three years

and one day ago.

The year was 2014.

A time filled with hope and dreams.

I can still remember the exact pitch

of her laugh.

- That's not how it happened.

- I think you're mistaken.

No, I was at that party.

I was just... preoccupied.

Wait. Where are we?

We are at my home, sister.

No, this is a bar. I'm not your...

- Oh, I'm dr...

- Noah, get back in.

Oh!

- Je...

- You okay?

- I'm fine.

- Jesus Christ.

- No, I'm not Jesus Christ, I'm Noah.

- Oh. Okay.

- Get in the truck.

- No, I need to keep my buzz going.

Get... Oh!

- I'll take it.

- Seriously?

Think you should sit down.

Sorry. So sorry.

- There's my friend Max.

- Noah!

Oh, my God, you are drunk.

Gotta get you some help. Excuse me.

Can we get some ginger whiskey,

a blueberry Red Bull, and who is this?

You didn't pick up an escort, did you?

You are very lovely.

- Hey, I'm Max.  
- And I'm leaving.  
I have a photo shoot  
in Lafayette Park tomorrow morning.  
That's where I take my wedding photos.  
'Cause I am a photographer, not an escort.  
What a coincidence, 'cause my office  
actually overlooks that park.  
Oh, yeah! That big dumb building full  
of douche bags.  
Yeah. I'm the vice president  
of the douche bags.  
- You're obviously in great hands.  
- No, no, no, no, no.  
You gotta hear the rest of the story.  
'Cause this is the part  
that gets truly tragic.  
You know when you are about  
to fulfill your destiny?  
I waited too long, and then I got hugged.  
- You're so awesome.  
- Mmm.  
Oh, this is so nice to have  
a good guy friend, I can't even tell you.  
I left never knowing  
what went wrong.  
- Bye!  
- Bye.  
But I figured I would at least  
get a second chance with her.  
Until fate...  
kicked me in my ball sack  
the very next day  
when she met Ethan.  
Can I help you with that?  
And you know why  
she needed more cereal?  
Because I ate all of her Cookie Crisp.  
Like a... chubby, nine-year-old slob.  
Wow. Your mental recollection  
of that moment feels super-accurate.  
- Ethan has nothing on you.  
- He kinda does.  
- He's, like, the nicest guy ever.

- He's, like, Mormon nice.  
But that night, me and Avery,  
we had something, and it was real.  
We bonded. We were laughing.  
And she said I was cute.  
Okay, cute? You're clinging to cute.  
Noah, my little brother's cute.  
That doesn't mean I wanna have sex...  
I'm not...  
You get it.  
I get that you have sexual thoughts  
about your little brother,  
and I also get that you're mean.  
You can tell that I'm in  
an emotional state right now.  
Noah, relationships are all about energy  
and attraction and intangible things,  
things beyond your control.  
Okay, you may be a great guy,  
but you were never gonna  
be that guy to Avery.  
I just think it's, you know,  
time to move on.  
I've been telling him for three years.  
You have something on your lips.  
- Let me get it with mine.  
- Does that ever work for you?  
- Yes.  
- It does, yes.  
And with that, Max can take it from here.  
Feel better, Noah.  
It was lovely meeting you, by the way.  
We'll talk soon, at dinner or something.  
- Doubtful.  
- She's right.  
Why would Avery ever want to be with me?  
Look at me.  
Look at me, Maxie. I got a Play-Doh face.  
People love your Play-Doh face.  
I got a disgusting face.  
Noah, I hate seeing you like this.  
Let's get you out of here. On your feet.  
Whoo!  
Oh! Oh!

Help me help you.  
Ooh, here's a tip.  
Here's a tip from my tip jar.  
Don't fall in love!  
She's gonna rip your heart out!  
So sorry about my friend.  
You okay? You all right?  
- Focus. Focus.  
- Where are we going?  
I'm gonna go score us a ride.  
Just sit tight.  
- Um... Okay.  
- What are you doing?  
I'm... Okay, look...  
- I'm sitting tight, baby!  
- All right! Sit tight!  
Oh. My old friend the photo booth.  
Let's give her a spin.  
Yeah, still have these after three years.  
You truly are a sad sack of shit.  
If only I could have a chance...  
to do everything different,  
I could be the kind of guy she would want.  
I could be exactly the kind of guy  
Avery would end up with.  
Oh, son of a bitch.  
Mmm.  
What a crazy dream.  
Hey, little witch.  
Halloween was two days ago.  
Piss off.  
What the hell?  
Halloween lasts a week now?  
It's good to be a kid today.  
All right, 75 cents, your change.  
There you are. Thanks.  
Could I get a big-ass bottle of Advil  
and a blueberry Red Bull, please?  
No problem.  
Hey, um...  
- Could you tell me what day it is?  
- It's Halloween.  
Yeah, but, I mean... Halloween...  
has definitely already happened, so...

And what year is it?  
It's 2014.  
Now, do you need anything else?  
Yeah.  
Okay, uh...  
you know...  
could I just get my blueberry Red Bull  
so I can get going?  
Red Bull doesn't make  
a blueberry flavor though.  
Just makes one flavor. Red Bull.  
That's their flavor. Red Bull.  
Red Bull... Red Bull...  
Holy shit.  
You all right?  
Ohh!  
Hey, where you going, man?  
Max! Excuse me.  
Hi.  
Hey. Max? No? You know Max?  
Max!  
Yo. Over here.  
Corporate Asset Management.  
Please hold.  
- I gotta talk.  
- And I gotta listen.  
But you got 15 seconds, tops.  
Something unexplainable  
is happening to me, Max.  
Look at all these papers. They all  
have the exact same date on them.  
Where am I?  
How did I get here?  
What is happening to my life?  
Did I not tell you the day  
you dropped out of business school  
something exactly like this  
was gonna happen to you?  
- Exactly like what?  
- Like a quarter-life crisis.  
- No.  
- Yeah, you are.  
How many times did I tell you I could talk  
to my boss and he would offer you a job?

You and I, we're supposed to be the Anna and Elsa of the corporate assistant game.

- From Frozen?

- Max, I need my Diet Sunkist, yeah?

Five minutes ago, dummy.

Of course you can have a playdate at Julie's house, sweetie. Go, shit-weasel!

I'm on it, sir. He's a sweetheart.

But you're not an assistant.

You're a vice president.

- Not yet.

- You are though.

Okay, I'm working there.

Costigan assured me that within three years and an attitude for gratitude, I'll be at the top.

I'm investing in myself.

See this watch? Guess how much that cost. \$25,000.

Good guess. Wow, you know quality.

I bought it cash. Well, one percent down.

The rest is on extended layaway.

But it's a Breitling. It's so expensive.

Don't even know how to pronounce it.

Not too much.

I don't want to be too jacked, but I want to be able to tell time with ease.

Oh, my God.

It's her.

That's good! There you go!

All right, give me a natural one.

Cheese!

You guys are gonna love these in 30 years. Oh, yeah. Classic.

- Hey! Hey!

- There we go.

Uh, no. Reception's that way, buddy.

No, you know me.

- Nice try.

- I know that your name is Carrie.

You're Avery's best friend.

It was just last night

I was puking in the bathroom.

I almost passed out in your truck.

That truck right there.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Hey, Noah, what are you doing?  
- She's being weird, man.  
- I'm so sorry.  
You have to excuse my friend.  
He gets weird when he's hitting on chicks.  
Wait. Don't I know you?  
From Instagram!  
What's your handle? It's, um...  
- @CarrieGoFYourself.  
- Great.  
- Mmm.  
- No, no, you guys know each other.  
It was last night.  
We hung out at the piano bar.  
Right after Avery's engagement par...  
You guys...  
I feel like I'm going crazy right now.  
Like, what's happening? Am I crazy?  
- Seriously, dude, she said get lost.  
- What?  
Okay, weirdo? This is my day.  
- I said get lost.  
- Wait a second.  
If you don't know me  
and you don't know her,  
that means that last night...  
just... just didn't happen.  
Which means that...  
that tonight didn't happen.  
So I still have a chance to meet her  
before she meets him.  
And then all that means  
is that I just traveled back in time!  
Okay, Noah, seriously, stop.  
- Don't do this. You sniffing paint?  
- Okay, no.  
Listen, I'll explain it later to everyone.  
I'm gonna tell everybody about this.  
But right now I have someone to meet.  
- I'll talk to you soon.  
- Wait, what do you...?  
Oh, my gosh.



What an animal, that one, right? I'm Max.

We can talk about it all over dinner.

- Piss off.

- Okay.

I'll DM you later, CarrieGoFYyourself.

My apologies.

Give me a natural look. Just kidding.

Up top!

Whoo!

What is the plan?

Not Garth. He is too cute.

So what would Ethan wear?

Mmm.

Tonight calls for something

a little more... debonair.

Count Basie.

Searching Count Basie.

Dottie Hinson!

If it isn't the cutest catch...

Nope.

I'm Angus Young. AC/DC.

God! I feel like a damn dinosaur!

Worst Halloween ever!

Mistaken identity.

Thought you were someone else.

Oh.

Oh, God, it's Carrie. Shit.

Uh... Oh! Hey, Jell-O Shot Doctor!

- Yo, hey, Doc!

- Hey.

No, I'm good with that, thanks.

See that girl in the basketball jersey?

She was like,

I'm super into that doctor over there.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Figures. I am on it!

Okay.

Hey!

Okay.

- How are you?

- I'll come back.

- Okay.

- Yeah.

No pressure here.  
Just use everything  
that you've learned about her  
to make her fall in love with you.  
You're like a spy, Noah.  
You're like a love spy.  
You're like a sophisticated, charming,  
sexy, not-at-all-creepy,  
international... Uh-oh.  
- Hey, watch it, buddy!  
- Whoo!  
Hulk smash!  
You must be Dottie Hinson.  
Yeah.  
Ashby.  
Noah Ashby.  
So, what's your favorite drink?  
Mine is grapefruit juice  
with some vodka  
and exactly three maraschino cherries.  
That's my favorite drink too.  
- That's insane.  
- What?  
It's like we have some sort of...  
cosmic connection or something.  
I guess that means something.  
I don't know.  
You know, I forgot to ask you earlier,  
where are you from?  
You forgot?  
Uh, yeah.  
I'm kind of from all over the place.  
- Kind of...  
- An army brat? Yeah.  
I have such an appreciation  
for the armed forces.  
How did you know I was gonna say that?  
Just because your... your demeanor.  
And you said that you move around a lot.  
So... Oh, my God. Look at this guy.  
Hipster Waldo over there.  
Oh, my gosh, I think I know him.  
His name is Patric.  
With no K. Yes.

- Yes. You know him too?  
- You know...  
Oh, my God. They're gonna fall in.  
Oh, you were so spot on.  
Now they're making out in the pool.  
- So tacky.  
- I know, right?  
I ran into him once at this benefit.  
Oh, which one? I put on benefits.  
Which bene...? Um...  
It was a...  
Well, which one was it? I go to so many.  
It was Kids Without... Toes.  
Which is a big one.  
They say it's the harelip  
of our generation.  
That's so sad.  
These kids, they can't walk very...  
'Cause they don't have toes, so th-they...  
It's like they have hooves and...  
That's not important.  
What is important was,  
this guy cornered me about sea turtles.  
Sea turtles! Yes!  
I was like, Dude, I get it.  
They are our most elegant  
oceanic guardians.  
But it's not about turtles.  
It's about the toes.  
Or the lack thereof, in this case.  
It's so sad. It's so sad.  
How do you think tonight's going?  
It's going pretty good, right?  
I feel a good connection here.  
Do you like music?  
I mean, of course you do. You like  
breathing, right? Let's get out of here.  
You know, I'm thinking  
you look like a Count Basie fan.  
Yeah, he's my favorite.  
How did you know that?  
I was just getting  
Count Basie vibes from you.  
Uh-oh. What's this hand about to do?

You know this one?

I love this song.

You know his name

actually is William Basie?

Born in Red Bank, New Jersey.

Eventually won nine Grammys for hits such as Little Darlin' and Corner Pocket.

Of course, he did die

of pancreatic cancer in 1984.

Those are just a few small facts,

in case you wanted to know.

- You know a lot about Count Basie.

- Hey, I know my music history.

This is great!

- These things are so much fun.

- Okay.

- This is gonna be great.

- Ready for this?

- Yes.

- Pose hard.

Wow, you're really good at this.

- Have you done this before?

- I'm actually 100 percent self-taught.

- Wow.

- Yeah. I've never even had a lesson.

- Really?

- I'm a natural.

- That's amazing.

- Come on. This is the best part.

Okay.

That one is great.

A lot of first-time photo booth couples give off an obvious cute vibe.

- Mm-hmm. Nope.

- Not us.

Not us. We gave off a real, authentic...

- Sort of natural thing we have between us.

- Oh, sorry.

Drunken text from my roommate Carrie.

She says, Ugh. Made out with Dr. Douche and puked from too many Jell-O shots.

Home in two minutes

to come cry in your lap. Bad night.

- She's coming here right now?

- Mm-hmm.  
Okay, uh, I should... I should actually...  
I'm gonna get going, 'cause I'm...  
Really? She's gonna be here  
in two seconds.  
Okay, uh, do you have  
a back door or anything?  
I almost forgot.  
How do you think tonight went?  
If tomorrow you were to meet a tall,  
conventionally good-looking,  
successful guy,  
would this awesome connection we have  
still be what you're most excited about?  
- Sorry. What?  
- It doesn't matter.  
Avery, you should  
put a sock on the door.  
- I know you.  
- Mm-mmm.  
- I know you.  
- I don't know you. You're a stranger.  
No, you're the freak  
at my wedding shoot today.  
- Mm-mmm.  
- You two know each other?  
It's getting late,  
and I feel that alcohol is an issue here.  
This one seems...  
This is the psycho  
I was telling you about!  
The one who knew me,  
said he was at our house,  
claimed to be some sort of  
time-traveling nomad  
and spent last night  
in the back of my Bronco.  
Seems like she's a little...  
You didn't guess I was an army brat.  
You already knew that.  
- Because you're a stalker!  
- A stalker?  
- I knew it!  
- I'm not a stalker.

I'm wearing a tuxedo.  
Stalkers wear, like, trench coats  
and no underwear.  
And I am clearly wearing underwear. Look.  
- Oh, my God! Get out!  
- Rape! Rape!  
Rape? Why would you say rape? It's not r...  
- Carrie!  
- What we have tonight...  
that was cosmic, right?  
Don't touch her, asshole!  
Don't touch her asshole?  
Yes, Carrie! Hit him! Hit him!  
Hit him harder!  
Hit him in the balls! Hit him in the dick!  
Oh, my God.  
Oh.  
Whoo.  
Oh, looks like today's apology day.  
One sec!  
- Hi. Can I help you?  
- Hey, man, I just...  
I wanted to come by  
and apologize for me at the party.  
Oh, you're here for the party. Uh, cool.  
Yeah. Come on in.  
We're still setting up, but, uh...  
- You're having another party?  
- Grab a drink.  
You must be one of Avery's friends.  
Avery, your first guest is here.  
So, you guys go to high school  
together, or... Wait. Northwestern?  
- I'm coming.  
- What?  
Oh, my God.  
Hi.  
- Oh, my God.  
- What?  
You know what? I'm gonna go.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!  
It burns!  
It's him!  
- It's who? Who?

- Carrie!  
- It's who?  
- Oh, my God, he's back!  
No, it's a misunderstanding!  
Why do you keep hitting me with trees?  
That's the guy from three years ago!  
That's the stalker from Halloween!  
That's the stalker?  
You don't understand.  
We're old friends, Ethan!  
How do you know my name?  
How do you know my name, stalker?  
You're right. I am a stalker.  
A- And I'm crazy, and I've got a bomb.  
- He's got a bomb.  
- You're right! I've got a bomb!  
I've got a bomb!  
I- It's fine. I'm sorry my bomb threat  
ruined your magical evening.  
Have a great life.  
Yeah? You'd better come back  
with more than a bomb next time, pal!  
Ethan! Less than a bomb.  
Less than a bomb!  
Okay.  
So, you woke up here.  
How did you get here?  
Look for clues.  
Okay.  
Peppermint patty. ChapStick.  
A receipt?  
For the peppermint patty  
and the ChapStick.  
Oh, my God.  
The photo booth.  
- Oh, shit. Sorry.  
- Dude!  
- What kind of car do you drive?  
- An Impreza. Why?  
Yeah, that's the one. It's getting towed  
right now, so you have time. Save it.  
That's my mom's car.  
Well, your mom has a sick whip.  
All right, come on.

Come on. Take me.  
Take me, take me, take me.  
Take me, take me...  
Holy shit.  
Oh, I owned your ass,  
space-time continuum.  
I traveled through time.  
- Max?  
- Yo. What up?  
Hey, what's up, man?  
Uh, I know you got  
a big date tonight, but...  
I need your help.  
Nope, that is not what I wanted to do.  
Hello?  
Yeah. Hey, sorry. I don't know why  
I hung up, but I do need your help.  
Uh, there's this girl.  
Her name's Avery, and...  
We are already so late.  
What if she meets another guy  
before I have a chance to get there?  
What are you talking about, bro?  
It's gonna be fine.  
And listen, I'm the one who had to cancel  
on Carla, JC Penney underwear model.  
Intimates, bro. She's got an old soul.  
Okay, dude, I'm serious.  
You get more girls than any guy I know.  
- I need your help.  
- You look good. Great start.  
Well, thank you.  
I appreciate you loaning me your shirt.  
But I don't know, man. I have...  
I have leather strips in my armpits.  
- This isn't me.  
- Exactly.  
'Cause Noah doesn't get  
that caliber of a girl.  
You gotta dress the part.  
You gotta be ahead of the curve, bro.  
You gotta feel it. Look at me.  
Man, what's up, girl? Try that.  
So something's funny off in the distance,



I squint, lick my lips and look at her?  
And you bring the attention back to her.  
This is stupid.  
It's great.  
- Are you doing a Joker impersonation?  
- No, this is like...  
- It was good.  
- That was... Okay.  
Did you think that was bad?  
I'll do it one more time.  
Follow what I do.  
What's up, girl?  
- What's up, girl?  
- Um, w-we'll work on that.  
assertive, ambitious, asshole.  
There's something about confidence  
that a girl just loves.  
They smell it.  
Girls are attracted to guys  
who know what they want  
and aren't afraid to go for it,  
which usually isn't you.  
And I don't like this part,  
but if all else fails, be an asshole.  
- Be an asshole?  
- Yeah. Not hard asshole. Soft asshole.  
- I gotta be a soft asshole.  
- Let me hear a soft asshole kind of dis.  
Your... Your goatee's...  
It... It's stupid. I've never liked it.  
Okay, wait.  
You have beady little satanic eyes.  
Wow. That makes me doubt myself,  
but in a sexy kind of way.  
'Cause girls can't resist a guy  
that makes 'em feel bad at first.  
What are the three A's?  
Assertive, ambitious, asshole.  
Soft asshole.  
- Keep the shoulders down. Let's do this.  
- Triple-A. Always there.  
Arr, matey. Hey.  
Don't talk to him.  
No, she's not in here.

- I'm gonna go check outside again.  
- No, no, no. You're gonna stay here.  
Be cool. Don't make it seem like you're chasing after her. Don't be a stalker.  
Oh, shit. There she is.  
I was supposed to stop that drunk Hulk asshole from bumping into her.  
I blew it. Great.  
It's not over. Okay? Maxie steps in now.  
I'm gonna distract her friend, the basketball player that doesn't know how to swim.  
No, she's a Dunkin' Donut.  
Oh! That's good!  
Yeah, it's pretty good.  
Anyways, look, engage your girl. Bring up her ex. Girls hate that. Stay close.  
Ooh! Can I talk to you privately about something in private?  
- Uh, about what?  
- We're gonna get her a club soda first. And then I'll talk to you about the private stuff.  
That's clever.  
Mmm!  
I like that jersey.  
And I am not afraid to tell you that. Yeah, I liked it a lot too until the Hulk smashed it.  
- I think it looks really good.  
- Thanks.  
What, are you, like, dressed as a tranny or something?  
No! No. I-It's from a movie.  
That's cute.  
Yeah, I don't really dig costumes. That's why I kinda...  
You came as nothing, which is really endearing.  
- Okay, bye.  
- No! Wait, uh...  
I'm gonna get you a drink. Okay?  
- Two beers, please.

- Hey, this one? Total marathon.  
But the stripper out front?  
Sprint. My speed. Know what I'm sayin'?  
Yep. Okay, thank you very much,  
Bill Cosby.  
But before you go, make her earn it.  
Don't just give it to her.  
Yo, what's up? Me again.  
So, this'll be fun.  
You tell me something about yourself,  
and if I find it interesting...  
Ding! I'm-a give you a beer.  
- What?  
- Are you deaf? You couldn't hear that?  
You know, I think I figured out  
who you are.  
- Oh, yeah?  
- Yeah.  
You are a giant,  
human being-sized asshole.  
Thank you for the beer.  
Have a great night.  
Wait. Okay, wait.  
- Be back, girl.  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Hey, where you going?  
- Anywhere that you aren't gonna be.  
Ew. I hate it when girls are this into me.  
And please, do me a favor.  
Don't talk to me like your ex-boyfriend.  
I'm not.  
If he talked to me the way you're talking  
to me, I would punch him in the face.  
- You would?  
- But you're a total stranger.  
So I could probably kill you  
and get away with it.  
- Go ahead. Shank me.  
- God, I wish I could.  
- Do it.  
- Okay, I will.  
- I don't believe you.  
- Okay.  
Whoa!

Great. Yep.

Yes, I'm fine. Thank you. How'd it feel?

That felt really great, actually.

- Can you at least help me out?

- Fine.

Here. Take my hand. I'll help you...

- Oh, my God!

- Whoo!

What the hell!

Whoo. Whoo!

- You dick!

- I'm the dick? How am I the dick?

- You're the one who pushed me in.

- You told me to push you in!

I told you to shank me in the ribs  
for emotional closure.

- You're the worst.

- You're the worst!

- You're the worst.

- No, you're the worst.

Now we're the people at the party  
that make out in the pool.

I don't care.

- You're the worst.

- Okay, here we go.

Okay. Yeah.

You know what?

I'm gonna put a sock on the door.

No, wait. Here, just...

Here. Okay. Bedroom's this way. Let's go.

Oh, not today, tree.

Oh-ho!

Oh, my God.

Twice. Okay.

Very good.

- Mmm.

- What are you doing?

Being the big spoon.

Since when do we spoon?

Since we started dating  
and fell madly in love.

What are you still doing here?

You hate sleeping over.

Okay, what's going on here?

God, please.  
You were not that drunk last night.  
Remember? I texted you at midnight.  
Had a shit day at work  
and my mother was harassing me  
about when I'm gonna finally find  
a decent dude.  
Which isn't gonna happen  
if you and I keep doing this shit.  
If you weren't so good at sex,  
this would have ended a long time ago.  
Wait, what's that?  
We're good at sex with each...?  
Oh. Yeah. Okay, that's cool.  
Okay, on the count of three, what is,  
like, our favorite position, sexually?  
One, two, three.  
Is it doggie style?  
Is that our favorite?  
Can you just get dressed? 'Cause I'm  
busy today. You really can't stay here.  
Yes, I will get dressed.  
But did you want to have  
morning sex real quick?  
- Just to get the day started?  
- Here.  
Don't forget your, uh, leather pants.  
Oh, my God.  
I went full asshole.  
Oh, great, it's you.  
Oh, great, you.  
What the hell is...? Hey, what's up?  
Why are you...? Why's he here?  
Hey, man. Uh, Noah, right? Yeah.  
That's right.  
- Haven't seen you around. How's it going?  
- Mm-hmm. It's going...  
How does he...? How do you know Avery?  
Uh, we're her friends,  
which is more than you can say.  
Why don't you take your frosted tips,  
get on your douche bag-mobile.  
We'd all appreciate it.  
Oh, my God.

- That's what I drive now?  
- Oh, I see what he's doing.  
Awesome.  
Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm ready.  
Oh, thank you.  
What are we doing? We CrossFitting?  
Pilates? Hot yoga? I'm down.  
Just a little park run today, actually.  
That is, if Carrie can keep up.  
Yeah, if Carrie can... That's... You are...  
Ethan's funny.  
You know, I was just actually saying  
to a personal friend of mine  
that I don't run in a park setting enough.  
So I'll join you guys.  
Oh, okay.  
- Come on.  
- All right. Whoo!  
Let's go. Let's go. A-let's go.  
Come on. All right.  
Uh... Good one, Noah.  
Oh, God. Oh.  
These pants are not breathable.  
Ethan, you're barely sweating.  
Yo. Yo. Hey, Ethan.  
I'm thinking we should get  
to know each other a little better, right?  
You're probably married with kids now?  
Uh, single.  
Actually, just got out of a relationship.  
You and Stacy broke up. I'm so sorry.  
Man, she... she seemed like the one.  
That's too bad.  
Are you okay?  
We can slow down  
or take a break if you need to.  
I don't need a break.  
You might need a break.  
In fact, I was thinking let's...  
let's get physical! Yeah!  
Okay. Diggin' the energy. Let's go.  
All right. Now we're talking.  
Let's, uh, hurdle this thing.  
Whoo. Yeah.

Good idea, Noah. Try some harder ones.

We're going harder.

We're gonna do a harder one.

Yeah, okay. All right!

Watch the ankles.

Okay.

Here we go. Whoo!

Yeah.

Aaah. Aaah!

- Quickly! Quickly! Quickly!

- Right behind you.

Ethan, you have so much energy.

- Stepping it up on this one.

- All right.

- Whoo!

- Yep.

Oh!

Oh!

Yeah. Oh, that hurt.

Oh, yeah.

Oh, I think I'm gonna need  
some face stitches.

Are you sure?

Just looks like a little scrape.

I- I feel like it's...

it's worse than just a scrape.

I think you and Carrie should just  
go ahead without me, and Avery and I...

Actually, it's not that bad.

If you guys wanna keep going,

I have a first aid kit in my truck.

- I'll make sure he doesn't bleed out.

- Okay.

Thanks, Carrie. Feel better, all right?

- Yeah, feel better.

- Ice it.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

Come on.

Look. Look what's happening. Right now.

She's escaping with him, and she...

she hates me.

She doesn't hate you hate you.

You're one of those guys

girls sleep with sometimes,  
and as a result,  
we wind up hating ourselves.  
Okay. What can I do to change that?  
You're the guy  
who strolls in for a quickie,  
then you disappear for two months.  
What?  
I have no control over any of this.  
I make a decision, and then I wake up  
three years later with the consequences.  
Way to take responsibility, pal.  
Oh, hey, look.  
Look, look, look, look, look.  
I'm just trying to be the type of guy  
that Avery would want to be with.  
Noah, if you're screwing with me,  
I will cut your nuts off  
and wear them as earrings.  
Carrie, I am being 100 percent real.  
Candid.  
You look like shit.  
So you're saying  
you're in love with Avery?  
No, dude, just no.  
What do you mean, No, just no?  
Okay, all due respect, I'm pretty sure  
the closest you've been to love  
is taking photos of strangers at weddings.  
Oh, yeah? Well, you drink coffee  
with whipped cream in it,  
so I can't take  
anything you say seriously.  
It's comforting me.  
And I know emotions don't penetrate you,  
so you wouldn't understand how this feels.  
It's not like I've never had  
my heart broken before.  
Well, I have a hard time believing that,  
because every time we've talked,  
you've been pretty impenetrable.  
- Really?  
- Mm-hmm.  
Because this is easily



the longest conversation we've ever had.  
Let's just say I learned to...  
What, move on?  
Yeah. Something like that.  
I mean, there has to be a way that  
I could prove I'm as good as Ethan is.  
Those two are just buds.  
Right. Yeah, buds.  
Because I've been love-blocking them  
since the second we met.  
They're like love magnets,  
and no matter what happens,  
they're gonna smash into each other  
over and over and over and over.  
Okay, I get it.  
You're extremely threatened by Ethan.  
He's stable, he's secure.  
As long as I've known Avery,  
she's been driven,  
but, yeah, she wants the home  
with the white picket fence, family.  
She's a sucker for all that.  
It's not really my thing.  
You're absolutely right. Yes.  
I have to be that guy.  
It makes... It makes perfect sense.  
She wants someone to build a future with,  
and that's what Ethan can give her  
that I can't.  
Yet.  
I could totally be that guy.  
I went to business school,  
for Christ's sake.  
Okay, Avery. You want something different?  
I understand. Well, I'm about to be  
the man of your dreams.  
Come on. Let's go.  
I'm ready.  
Okay.  
Yes.  
Oh, yeah. Uh-huh.  
Perfect.  
Max?  
I'm here for a job, my man.

You gorgeous son of a bitch.  
Get in here, bro.  
Yes. I'm so proud of you.  
I've been waiting for this so long.  
Me and you are gonna run this place  
together someday.  
- I hope so.  
- Max.  
Go get my lettuce cups already.  
All right. Right away, sir.  
Okay, no. You handle the mail.  
Turn in my rsum.  
I'll go get the lettuce cups, okay?  
All right. Thanks, buddy.  
Also, real quick. What are lettuce cups?  
Uh, it's lettuce  
but in the shape of a cup.  
Okay.  
No, no Hulk smashing.  
- Hulk smash.  
- No more smashing.  
Hulk sitting. That's what Hulkie's doing.  
Okay, let's get this good stuff in ya.  
Let's get you hydrated before you barrel  
into a crowd full of innocent strangers.  
Okay? There you go.  
- Hulk drink.  
- Yes, Hulk drink.  
Good Hulk. Doing good, Hulk.  
There he is.  
Best costume of the party award.  
Angus Young? AC/DC?  
You just made my night complete.  
Thank you so much.  
For those about to rock,  
we salute you.  
Thank you so much for this.  
Best Halloween ever!  
Yes, it is.  
Oh, you're still doing that walk.  
Very good. Right?  
So this is all anyone really wants, right?  
Someone to support and take care of them.  
Someone secure who's also, like...

like a mythically nice person  
to be the rock in their time of need.

Right?

There she is.

There's that girl I was telling you about.

Dottie Hinson.

They're calling your name. You're on deck.

- Oh, am I?

- Mm-hmm.

You are a patriotic toddler?

I am the American dream.

Are you?

- Okay. I like that.

- Hey.

Do you wanna hang out  
and then get a house in the suburbs,  
adopt a golden retriever,  
have 2.8 kids together?

I mean, I do like dogs.

- Maybe we should get a drink first.

- That's probably a good place to start.

Yeah.

Excuse me.

- Garon.

- Hey, Noah.

We'd like to order  
your most expensive bottle of wine.

- Ooh, you're fancy.

- Mm-hmm.

Noah, that's a \$500 bottle of wine, dude.

Then we would like your most  
reasonably priced bottle of wine.

So \$95?

Yeah. Uh-huh. Yes.

- That's perfect.

- Coming right up.

This is really nice.

- You just think this is nice?

- Yeah.

This is gonna be one of the best nights  
of your life.

I can deal with best night of my life.

And it's starting right now.

Whoo!

Thank you.

All right. That was good.

Right now we're gonna dedicate  
this next tune to my main man, Noah,  
and his beautiful,  
lovely new lady friend, Avery.

- How did he know your name?

- Noah.

- What did you do?

- We're gonna miss you around here, bro.

This entire evening is dedicated to you.

- You like Count Basie?

- I do. I love him.

Luckily,

that's basically all that Danny knows.

So what did he mean when he said  
that they're gonna miss you?

- I used to work here.

- Oh, you did?

Yeah, that piano bench right there,  
it's still warm to the touch  
from my butt cheeks.

I got a hot butt.

I don't know if you know that or not.

- No, not yet.

- You check it out?

Why would you quit though?

This place is amazing.

I'm just taking  
an extended leave of absence  
to live a more grown-up life.

Oh. So, like, boring?

I'm wearing  
a red, white and blue onesie right now.

Do I look like the kind of guy  
that would aspire to live a boring life?

No.

Very not boring.

What the hell?

What?

What, am I fat?

I'm fat now. Great. I'm fat now.

Great, I'm fat!

This is all working out, isn't it?

Ohh...

It's comfort weight.

Oh!

Noah, you're a boss.

You have arrived.

Hi, Mr. Noah.

Hey, babe, you're up.

I'm way up. I am so up.

I missed you last night.

Oh, that is so, so good to hear.

Mmm.

- You want some breakfast?

- I would love some.

Okay.

Oh.

I love our house. It's awesome.

It's large, you know, yet kind of cozy.

And obviously I'm wealthy, but this is tastefully decorated. It's not gaudy.

Are you okay? You're acting weird.

Oh, I'm okay. I've never felt better.

Oh, I almost forgot.

Look what came

just in time for the party tonight.

Okay.

What do you think? Too cheesy?

That is the most beautiful plate

I've ever seen.

I love it. You're big-spooning me.

It's perfect.

And I love the message too. Forever?

Oh, my God! Look at this ring!

Oh, what?

I'm, like...

I'm a rich dude.

- I know.

- Oh, I am good to you, huh?

- Come in here.

- Okay.

- Yeah. Mm-hmm.

- Mm-hmm.

Oh, come on. Mom! Dad!

Carrie. What are you doing here?

Well, I'm not trying to win house guest

of the year or anything,  
but I did pick up your engagement photos  
from the lab.

- Ooh.

- She's a... You're a house guest.

She lives here with us.

You're our house guest. Okay.

Oh, well...

not for very long.

Okay.

I kind of have some really,  
really exciting news.

Not to one-up you,

but my gallery showing was last night,

and I sold my entire collection of photos.

- That is so exciting.

- Wow.

- Congratulations.

- That is huge.

What will I do without you?

This house gets so creepy

when Noah's traveling and I'm home alone.

What? No.

No, it's not creepy.

And no one's gonna feel alone.

Not in this house.

You know what?

You could stay here as long as you want.

If it makes Avery happy,

it makes me happy.

Mmm! Goddamn, that coffee is good!

Oh, my God.

This is my favorite car.

This is my, like, all-time fav...

Of course I would have this car.

It makes perfect sense.

Uh-oh, uh-oh.

Uh-oh, that dog's barkin'.

That dog is a-barkin'.

Right.

So you're gonna be home

on time today, right?

For the party? Of course. Yes.

I'm excited.

- This is a big deal for us.

- Yeah.

Let's make some memories. Right?

Sorry about this. 7:30 in the morning.

Yeah, here. Don't forget this one.

- You left it on your nightstand.

- I have two phones.

I know.

No, decli... All right.

- Now this one. Okay.

- Incoming call from...

No, thanks.

Sorry. Uh...

- Incoming call from work.

- No, I don't wanna answer.

- Where's the button to...

- Incoming call from work.

I don't know how to... No, thank you.

- Incoming call from...

- Decline the call!

Hello? Anyone here?

Someone tell me where I sit?

What the...? Okay.

- Hello?

- Surprise!

Congratulations, Noah.

Ever since your first day as an assistant,  
no one has worked harder  
or wanted it more.

Son, you've earned this.

- Earned what exactly?

- This.

Your new office,

Mr. Senior Vice President.

This is my office, huh?

Mr. Chun came from Shanghai  
specifically to be here for this.

Congratulations, Mr. Ashby.

This is great news.

With our biggest accounts,  
your success is our success.

It's a ton of Chinese.

Thank you so much.

I speak Chinese?!

That's so cool!  
I don't even know what I'm saying.  
Well, according to most prognosticators,  
with our large-cap portfolios  
outperforming this bear market...  
What is Mandarin for  
Get a room, you two?  
...it should elicit fortuitous returns.  
Absolutely right.  
Whoo.  
Holy shit! I know some big ass words!  
I don't know what you said.  
Yes. You seem happy.  
He's so awesome!  
So I'm happy. Is this kid great?  
Let me give you a tour of the place,  
Mr. Chun. Show you under the hood?  
- All-star.  
- Thank you.  
Thanks a lot, Terrence.  
Thanks a lot, Darryl. Bill.  
I know your names. Big Jeff.  
Little Tony. Hey, Claudette. Rob. Carl.  
- Thank you, Courtney.  
- So great.  
Sharon. She's got a sick kid.  
I feel bad for her.  
I don't know how I know that.  
I know everyone's name.  
Max! What's up, my man? Whoo. We did it.  
Yeah, we. Did it. Yeah.  
Yes, we did.  
Do you mind if I steal you from the parade  
and talk to you real quick?  
Uh, yeah, sure. Come on.  
Welcome to Noah's lair.  
Ooh, this is sweet, dude.  
Whoa.  
Look what we got here.  
Mr. Senior Vice President.  
- May I?  
- You may.  
- Ah.  
- This is cool, right?



I... am accomplished.

- Yeah.

- It's pretty incredible.

- Mm-hmm.

- That's cool.

- Are you okay?

- Hey, do me a favor.

- Can you look at this on my back for me?

- Sure.

What am I looking for? That mole?

Yeah, I'd get that checked out.

No, look for the knife

you stabbed me in the back with

when you stole my promotion.

I've been busting my ass

for three years trying to get this.

This has been my plan, Noah. It's my plan.

What are you talking about?

That's good.

Play dumb and act like it wasn't me

who got you a job here in the first place.

Me who doctored

your pathetic little rsum.

I literally begged Costigan

to hire you here.

Okay. Then there has to be

something that I could do.

You know? I'm the senior VP.

- You're my best friend...

- Friend?

No, no, no, no.

We haven't been friends for years.

You used to be chill, really cool.

And then you turned into

a corporate ass-kissing piece of shit!

So we're what? Enemies?

Fuck you.

Oh, uh, can I borrow your pen?

Yeah.

I'll leave you two.

I lied.

Oh, my God.

It's just from stress eating.

Oh. Um, sorry to bother you, sir,

but you shouldn't be in here right now.  
You're 20 minutes late  
for the meeting with the Avalon execs.  
You know what? I think...  
I am gonna need an hour of personal time.  
- Thank you.  
- Uh, it's...  
That's impossible.  
Closing this deal will pay for  
your wedding and your honeymoon in Fiji.  
I'm gonna go to Fiji with Avery?  
That would be pretty awesome.  
When will this meeting be over with?  
- In an hour.  
- Good.  
- Then you have your flight to Charlotte.  
- I'm going to North Carolina today?  
You return late afternoon,  
and then you prep for...  
Just let me see that. What is this?  
It says that I'm booked every day  
for the next three months.  
What if I bailed on that business trip  
and took a very well-deserved half day?  
Sir, no. You would be fired instantly.  
Seriously, do not do that.  
Remember Davis? He's homeless now.  
I drive by his tent  
on the way to work every day.  
It's kind of cute. He's got his dog  
out there and everything, but...  
Anyways, congrats on your engagement.  
You're a lucky man.  
I'd like to go over a couple of quick  
scheduling changes that you've got.  
Omaha on the 15th...  
I made it. I made it.  
So, sorry I'm late.  
Have you guys seen Avery?  
Sorry I'm late. Have you seen...?  
Those snacks look good,  
but I can't have any.  
I'm putting myself on a diet.  
Have you guys seen Avery at all?

Avery's parents. Really nice to meet you.

- Meet us?

- Again.

Nice to... It's good to see you.

Honestly, it's good to see you.

Cousin Shannon.

Wow, you do look like Garth.

I could tell.

Thank you.

Wow. Okay.

Well, now that I have your attention,  
if anyone has seen my beautiful fiance,  
please let her know that her presence  
is requested at the piano,  
where I would like to kick things off  
with a song that I played for Avery  
on the night we first met.

Ohhh.

I used to do this for a living.

That's not how the song goes at all,  
so let's try that again.

Is the piano out of tune? Something...

All right. A-one more time! Hit it!

I, uh, must be rusty.

But, you know, the jet lag is kicking in.

As soon as Avery joins the duet,  
I feel that I will have my groove back.

Has anyone seen Avery, by the way?

Hey, dude.

- That was beautiful.

- Thank you.

- I don't believe when you say that.

- Good.

Been a while since I've played.

Have you seen Avery anywhere?

She's with Ethan.

What?

Holy shit. What happened to him?

We think it might have been the taquitos.

Right, Ethan?

So what happened?

Did your flight get delayed,  
or did you hit traffic?

I am so sorry.

I truly tried to get here as fast as...

Okay, why is he here exactly?

I'm-I'm leaving anyway.

Um, don't eat the taquitos  
or seven-layer dip.

Poor thing, wait. You wanna lay down  
on our bed for a minute?

I think he wants to probably lay down  
in his own bed.

Here. Here you go, big guy.

We'll get you some fresh air,  
some Pepto chewables.

I have 'em in the glove compartment,  
so I'll take him.

Are you sure? But you just got here.

I'm sure everybody wants to say hi.

- Maybe Carrie can take him home.

- It'll be quick.

- So... You look so good, by the way.

- Thank you.

- Thanks.

- I love you so much.

Okay. Let's go ahead and get you home.

Forever.

Please don't puke in my back seat.

Um...

Look, I'm sorry. I'm...

I mean,

those taquitos are a silent killer.

No. No, it wasn't the taquitos.

- Was it the seven-layer dip?

- It was...

- Look, I made it up. Okay?

- Oh, did you?

Because I'm a liar, okay? I'm no good.

I even stole a plate.

What kind of asshole steals a plate?

A beautiful plate.

I've never stolen anything in my life.

I don't know what's come over me.

I've just become this... terrible person.

- You're too nice.

- No.

If that makes sense.

Like, I, you know... Sometimes I'm like,  
Ah, Ethan. I don't really like Ethan,  
because he's such a nice guy.

No, I'm not. Okay?

I've been coveting thy neighbor's wife  
in my mind.

Hey, not cool!

It isn't cool, and I would recommend  
that you stop doing that.

I'm just gonna... I'm gonna tell you,  
I might have told Avery  
that I'm in love with her.

What? Oh!

Did you catch your nose?

Did you break your nose?

Is your face okay?

Look, I...

I deserved that.

Okay? I'm...

I'm sorry. I...

I know I have... I have no right  
to say these things. I just...

Ever since I met her, I've felt like...  
you know,  
it should have been Avery and me,  
and if I didn't tell her,  
she would never know.

I'm sorry.

What did she say when you told her?

She said she wished things were different.

Noah...

do you mind if I just have a quick...  
just like a... just a quick nap?

Just a...

Yeah.

Go ahead, buddy.

I'm gonna regret this.

There you are.

Avery texted you like ten times.

She went to bed worried.

Well, I've been driving around all night,  
thinking about how I've ruined  
all of our lives.

At least you kept it light.

Oh, are you okay?  
Why doesn't Avery love me?  
You've known this whole time, haven't you?  
Why didn't you say anything?  
Um...  
Noah, I know she cares about you.  
Deeply.  
But, no, it's...  
it's not love.  
And she'll probably do...  
whatever she has to do to make it work.  
I just think she doesn't want to f-fail.  
Hey, it's not you. You're a good guy.  
Sometimes relationships are about...  
intangible things.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yep. You've said that before.  
I have?  
Kinda.  
I like it when we talk.  
I like it when we talk.  
But you're right.  
Avery deserves to be happy.  
Yeah.  
And she should be with the right guy,  
even though that right guy isn't me.  
So I have to fix it.  
I have to go back in time and fix it.  
What? What?  
Where you going?  
To play Cupid.  
What?  
Okay.  
Weird life, Noah.  
- Now...  
- Where's the emergency?  
- It just looks like a party.  
- Yeah.  
It's a... It's a party emergency.  
- Look, I know we just met.  
- Technically, we didn't meet.  
You came banging on my door,  
screaming you needed my help.  
I do need your help, because tonight is

the first night of the rest of your life.

What?

Honestly, thank you for coming.

- This is gonna be great.

- What? Wait.

You stay right here,

and you're gonna save the day.

- Okay? Easy. I'll be back.

- What do you mean?

Okay?

- Whoo!

- Hey, watch it, buddy!

Whoo-hoo! Whoo!

- Hulk smash!

- Oh, my God.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Uh, wow, uh...

- Great costume.

- Yeah, it's from A League of Their Own.

I actually haven't seen the movie.

Yeah, I haven't seen it either.

I needed a last-minute costume,

and my friend Carrie had it laying around.

Did you say it wasn't your favorite movie?

- Who are you?

- This is Norm. He brought me here.

- Do you guys want a drink?

- No, it's Noah.

And I think you guys should talk.

Honestly.

'Cause there is a connection here.

I'm gonna mingle. I love this song.

I love this party. So...

Whoo!

I'll get my own drink. You should

really see A League of Their Own.

I'm disappointed that you haven't.

All right.

Thanks, Noah.

- How long have you known each other?

- Uh, like eight minutes.

What?

So let me guess. You are a Dunkin' Donut?

- Two bucks for you, sir.

- Mmm.

Not one person at this party  
has gotten that. You're good.

- Thank you.

- You're Cupid.

- Oh, good one.

- Mm-hmm.

Cheesy.

Well, at least I'm not that guy.

All right, I can guarantee this is  
gonna be gross, and you get it first.

Hey, I'm Noah.

Carrie. Nice to meet you.

- Do you wanna do shots?

- Uh... yeah.

Uh... okay. Let's go.

Come on.

Comin' in.

Here you go. One for you, one for me.

Aw! So cute.

- Thank you.

- Scored us the whole bottle.

- What made you come up to me?

- I don't know.

I thought that you had a familiar face.

I'm wearing goggles.

You can't even see me.

I love this song.

You wanna dance?

Uh... yeah.

You think you can handle all this?

- You think you can handle all of this?

- I can't.

It's a dance-off.

Sorry.

Sorry.

Looks like this party's dead.

You wanna go somewhere else?

Yeah. I think I know a place.

Let's go get Ethan and Avery. Should we?

- Let's do it.

- Let's do it!

It's so bright.



It is.  
I mean,  
of course they'd be naturals at that.  
They look good together.  
They do.  
Cute.  
That's their first kiss.  
You play piano.  
I got honorable mention  
in a talent show once.  
Oh, really?  
And you play Oscar Peterson.  
Well, you don't play OP. OP plays you.  
That is true. That is true.  
All right. Not bad for Cupid.  
So did Avery get you into him or...?  
Avery's music knowledge  
is 100 percent stolen from me.  
If it were up to Avery, she'd be listening  
to Jonas Brothers or Linkin Park.  
Peruse at your own will,  
if you want to get schooled.  
Okay.  
- This is your playlist?  
- Mm-hmm.  
There are some deep cuts in here.  
So you...  
You're the one that likes jazz.  
Yes.  
And you like A League of Their Own.  
I hand-made her costume.  
So the foosball table in your living room  
is yours, not Avery's.  
How'd you know I had a foosball table  
in my living room?  
Avery.  
She told me earlier.  
Candid.  
Right. Um, I'm probably cross-eyed.  
- Hmm.  
- No?  
That's what I look like in my prom photo.  
- Oh.  
- I know.

Oh, my God! That is horrible!  
You were actually worse than that.  
You were this.  
Wait. Cross-eyed and droopy. Huh?  
Oh.  
I... I think you look good.  
I'm really glad I came out tonight.  
Yeah, me too.  
I almost didn't.  
Why?  
Ah, I'm going through this, like,  
really weird breakup.  
I knew he'd be at the party,  
and I wasn't sure how I'd feel about him.  
You know, you either want to strangle him,  
make out with him, cry in the bathroom.  
You... He was at the party?  
Yeah.  
Who was he? Was he the AC/DC guy?  
No. No. But...  
Was he Hulk smash?  
No. I believe  
you made fun of this guy though.  
Jell-O Shot Doctor?  
What?  
I- I-I did not know that.  
That's all right. How would you know?  
You ever keep spinning around  
in the same relationship  
over and over and it's just going nowhere?  
Yeah. Yeah, I've been  
in that relationship before.  
Hey! Guys, come take pictures with us!  
- Nah.  
- Mmm, yeah.  
- Oh, yeah, yeah.  
- Let's do it. No, come on.  
- Yep.  
- Be a team player.  
You're wearing a jersey,  
for Christ's sake. Come on.  
- Get in here.  
- Come on.  
- Come on.

- Ready?  
- We're all very happy.  
- Whoo!  
Okay, now we're a little scared.  
Now Carrie just vomited.  
Ugh.  
Now Carrie fell out of the...  
- Now we hurt Noah.  
- Sorry, sorry. Oh, no!  
Where the hell am I?

**It's 6:**

Aaah! Whoo! On a scale of one to titties,  
how epic was last night?  
W- We're friends, right?  
What are you talking about?  
We're best friends.  
I mean, technically,  
you did go home solo yet again,  
but what's important is  
we shared a kick-ass experience.  
I brought home Haley, the dietitian.  
Old soul.  
Hey, where's Avery?  
Avery's probably with Ethan.  
- So they're dating?  
- Yep. Engaged.  
So, um...  
where's Carrie?  
Her friend?  
Uh, I don't know.  
I haven't seen her in a few years.  
You said she got back with her ex  
and fell off your radar.  
What's with all the questions, bro?  
Jell-O Shot Doctor?  
No, she says that they...  
that-that she doesn't like him.  
- So that can't...  
- What's wrong with you?  
What are you talking about?  
I'm talking about me and Carrie, Max.  
I- I'm talking about fate.  
Fate is a tricky lady.

When you try to figure her out,  
you just get more confused.  
All I know is the mistakes I've made  
and the ladies I've laid  
have made me who I am today.  
If I were to go back and  
relive it differently, I wouldn't be me.  
And I like me.  
I thought things were supposed to happen  
for a reason.  
That's what strippers and idiots say.  
Things happen randomly  
for no reason at all.  
But they create opportunities, Noah.  
And you learn from those opportunities,  
even the missed ones.  
The question is,  
can you recognize that next opportunity  
when it matters the most?  
I've been watching these speeches online.  
Really inspirational.  
This kid, 15 years old.  
Not a lot of subscribers, but...  
Noah!  
I made us breakfast,  
most important meal of the day!  
Gotta go!  
- Noah?  
- Wow.  
Hey, you just missed Avery and Ethan.  
Everything okay?  
Carrie, for the past three years,  
I've been pining over  
what I thought was destiny,  
but no matter what I would do,  
Ethan would end up connecting with Avery,  
and I would always seem  
to connect with you.  
'Cause this whole time,  
it was meant to be me and you.  
Wasn't it?  
- What the hell are you doing?  
- What do you mean?  
- Jesus!

- Okay, I thought...

I thought this was the moment  
that-that-that...

when our mutual feelings  
would come together and...  
blossom.

What are you talking about?

- We've barely hung out.

- That's not true, exactly.

A long time ago, we met at that party.  
We had a great time, I wound up getting  
back together with my ex-boyfriend.

Yeah. Why did you do that?

What kind of question is that?

There's been times when you've hated me,  
and there's been times  
when you've hit me with trees.

And then there's been times  
when... you've been my only friend.

And there has to be one moment  
over the past three years  
where you thought about us.

And you wondered.

Okay, maybe.

But... I don't know.

I'm getting ready for a date.

With who? Jell-O shot guy?

- His name is Phil.

- Phil is a stepdad name.

You ready?

What's up, player? Phil.

Hey, Phil. Noah.

- All right. Two minutes?

- Yes.

Cool.

Well, are you happy?

You know what? We're late.

Where you going? Hmm?

Avery and Ethan's engagement party?

No, actually, that was last night.

No, it's tonight. It's supposed to be...

Oh, my God, of course.

I got Avery and Ethan together  
one day earlier this time.

So... Shit!

Oh!

Goddamn time travel.

What?

You were right.

Relationships are about intangible things.

They're about moments.

The real moments

and who you share them with.

And the realest moments

that I've had over the past three years

have been with you.

You know, I know you don't understand,

but I'm gonna fix this. Okay?

I'm sorry. I... Bye, Noah.

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

Well, hey, hey, yo.

- Hey, Chad. What's up?

- Hey, Noah.

- Where's the photo booth?

- Uh, what photo booth?

That one.

- It's right there.

- No, the one with, like...

- The mahogany, the wood and the...

- Right. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

They got rid of it. A while back, man.

What?

- Sorry?

- No.

That-That can't happen.

I- I don't know what you're talking about.

I'm stuck here.

The girl I love is dating someone else.

Is that what you're saying?

Yeah. Story of my life.

No, it's not the story of your life,

because you're not a time traveler, Chad!

Can I get a drink?

Classic Noah.

Welcome to Boogie Booth.

Three, two, one.

Get ready.

Three, two, one.

You're doing great.

- We're almost done.

- Hey.

What are you doing in here?

Obviously,

I am taking a personal photo collage  
of hopelessness.

Okay.

- What are you doing here?

- What do you mean?

We came to see you play.

And you didn't show up to our party  
last night, so we were worried.

Hey, buddy. Yikes.

You need a water? I got you.

- No. Give me...

- Thanks, honey.

Come on.

What are you doing taking photos  
in a piece of junk like this?

Well, it's the only one they have, so...

Your photo booth at home  
takes way better photos.

What?

Something happen to it?

Oh, my God. Do you have any idea  
what I went through to get that thing?

- You got me the photo booth?

- Yeah.

- Why?

- Because we're friends.

Oh, my God.

It...

It makes perfect sense. I need you.

What?

I need you in order to meet Carrie.

I was supposed to meet you  
at the Halloween party,  
and everything else was supposed  
to happen after that.

Here. Got you a ginger ale.

Oh, you really are perfect.

You guys are perfect together.

I gotta go back

and I have to do everything  
exactly how I did it the first time,  
and not change a thing.

Because everything  
does happen for a reason. Right?

Or maybe it doesn't.

Or maybe Max was right.

- Or maybe I'm just a stripper.

- What?

I love you.

I'll see you at the engagement party.

Oh, my God.

- He knows it was last night, right?

- I don't think so. He's very drunk.

Oh!

Oh, my God.

You look so good in here!

One last time.

- Whoo! Hulk smash!

- Jesus.

Are you okay?

It's the sound of history.

Wow. You really like Cookie Crisp.

I love it. You should get more.

**Tomorrow. At 1:**

And don't go to the store right down  
the street. Go to the one on Third.

Wow, that's very specific. Thank you.

Oh, my God,

it is so nice to have a good guy friend.

It is.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- Cheers!

- Cheers.

Cheers.

- Thank you. You too.

- Thank you.

Hi. Oh, my God. How are you?

Candid.

Oh, Noah.



Hey, I haven't seen you in forever.  
It's been a while, huh?  
I've been, um... been traveling a lot.  
Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
- Cool.  
You, uh... You look good.  
Oh. Thank you.  
You look good.  
Thanks.  
So, do you believe all that?  
Believe what?  
All that stuff about them  
finding each other  
and falling in love all in one night.  
I don't know.  
I mean, normally I'd call bullshit, but...  
some things are meant to be.  
Yeah.  
You know,  
I know you probably have like a...  
a photo shoot or something cool tomorrow.  
But did you wanna go get  
a drink or something?  
Oh, you wanna ditch?  
Yep, I wanna just leave  
and not say goodbye to anyone.  
Just disappear. Vanish.  
I'm catching a vibe  
that you also want to do that.  
Are we shits for leaving early?  
Uh... Mmm.  
Nah. They don't need us anymore.  
- You like jazz?  
- No.  
I'm kidding. I am jazz.  
- Well, then come on. Let's go.  
- Yeah?  
Candid.  
No, that's mine. That's my thing.  
Seems like it's my thing now,  
I'm holding the camera.  
- No, that...  
- Candid.

Okay.

I've done that already. We're good.