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Beastly

By Daniel Barnz

And the next candidate
for Buckston High School
Green Committee President,
Kyle Kingson.
True or false...
you are an aggressively
unattractive person.
Hatchet face, face-ache,
face like burnt lego?
Or did you only
just miss the beauty boat.
Any which way,
best embrace the suck.
Beautiful people get it better.
That's just the way it is.
So-So... what does this got to do
with running for
Green Committee President?
Not much. Except...
you'll never elect me 'cause of
my commitment to the environment.
I don't have one.
I want this for my transcript.
But what you got to ask
yourselves is,
should you vote for me just
because I'm the rich, popular,
goodlooking guy
with the famous dad?
And the answer is, hell yeah.
Palm of your hand, man,
palm of your hand.
Stellar Angels in America essay.
I appreciate all the extra time
you spent with me, Mr. Bernstein.
You hate that teacher's guts.
Whatever it takes,
'til the college recs are in.
Speech killed.
Speaking of killing, you see that
ball-biting, voodoo-tatted slut.
But really, who gives?
Stick to my mantra
steer clear of the witch.

I'll put it out of your head later.
What the shit?
Maybe it's just me,
but shouldn't whoever runs
the Green Committee
actually care about things green?
Or be green, like the rest of
your facially disabled coven?
Throw it to someone deserving.
Lindy Taylor's
only going for Treasurer
because she knew she couldn't win
President against you.
No, no, no. I...
But I think we're all hoping that
in the privacy of the voting booth
your bandwagoneers will stop
fearing for their social lives
and make the right choice.
And might I just add,
looks are important to you.
They're important to everyone.
Except you, clearly.
Appreciate the smear campaign
and kudos to you and
your bitchcrafty friend
for staging a little coup,
but if you wanted Prez,
you shoulda had...
Actually, I don't want Prez,
I don't know Kendra and
I don't let others speak for me.
But maybe that's just me being
the defensive scholarship kid. So,
best of luck tomorrow.
And it's nice to finally meet you
after three years.
How are you?
Not bad.
Elections today.
Great.
No, not you.
I was talking to my son.
- Did us proud.

- Yeah, all right.
Experimented with heroin too.
Terrific. Uh, wait, hold on. Jill,
I got to go.
Hey, I'm sorry, Jill got canned.
Yeah, it's probably the way
the baby ten looked on camera.
And she's a big-boned girl
to begin with.
People like people who look good.
Anyone who says otherwise
is dumb or ugly.
- Who's Jill?
- I told you about her.
I don't think so.
And I know this because
the last time we had a conversation
that lasted more than five minutes
was sophomore year.
I hear you.
Why don't you leave me alone?
When I told you
I had brain cancer.
And? Oh, shoot. Hang on.
Rob Kingson.
What?
Nothing. I say good night.
Why, 'cause you need to get home
to your sixteen children?
My three children live in Jamaica
with their father, which you know.
Do me a favor.
Save the sob stories
for your heart-to-hearts
with Mr. Clean.
You no vex me,
you stoosh ginnygog.
And next year's GC president
Kyle Kingson.
Josh Black, please report
to the principal's office.
Don't think it was a landslide,
if it makes you feel better.
And... and I'm sorry.

Is bullshit one word or two?

No, it's not...

And I want to make it up to you.

I get two Green Party VIP passes.

Scores you greenroom access,

that kinda thing. Want one?

- What's the catch?

- No catch.

- So I'd be like, going with you?

- Yeah.

What about your girl friend?

Deep-fried barbie doll

e-dumped me last night.

Hey, I don't know

what game this is, but I'll play.

Really?

Everyone deserves

a second chance.

Besides, you know what

they say about me, don't you?

Vicious gossip.

And only idiots screw

with witches.

Careful now.

Tell me you did not

get a cheap-ass rose.

Them no have the orchid.

They didn't have it?

I told you two weeks ago

to order it.

You tell me yesterday,

But listen.

"A symbol of humility,

the white rose also say,

'I am loyal and worthy of you.'"

WTF?

And it also means

I am loyal and worthy of you.

- Go blow a goat.

- I'm sorry.

The orchid was

this year's yellow ribbon.

It was a political statement.

Thanks for making me

look like an insensitive bitch.
I mean does it suck so bad?
No, it's... badass.
Did I ever congratulate you
on treasurer?
Probably never apologized for
my aholian election behavior either.
Well... two weeks ago
was the first and last time
you spoke to me in three years.
So, um... no.
Sorry on all counts.
Got to slave here all night?
Slaving all year.
Work-study?
Yeah. I'm saving
for the Machu Picchu trip.
But my shift's almost over.
Just in time for the real fun.
Yeah, right.
She blows it off.
Too cool for school?
Definitely not. Just...
Not your thing.
That, and... well, that.
What can I say?
I'm substance over style.
A dying breed.
Never too late to join.
Think I already
drank the kool-aid.
Always hope.
- Take a picture with me.
- What?
School newspaper.
But I'll need to approve it
before it runs.
Hold up.
- What else'll I do with it?
- "I'm worthy of you."
What?
What white roses mean.
Lamecore, I know.
And obviously not what I,

uh, thought you meant.
No, it's just...
See you later.
Don't be a stranger.
- What's with her?
- Pity mack.
Cause you got a flesh-eater
at 4 o'clock.
And here we go.
You actually bought it.
You bought that I'd hook up with you
the self-mutilated,
tatted Frankenskank
who publicly humiliated me,
almost cost me the election?
No dice, sunshine.
But hey, you can buy a ticket.
Or here's a secret.
Sometimes they let you
in just 'cause you're eye candy.
She eye-candy?
Rules are she needs a ticket.
Ah well, que sera, sera.
Spanish for sucks to be an ugly cow.
I only came to give you
a second chance.
- Guess I blew it.
- I Guess so.
But Kyle?
Best embrace the suck.
Relax. Kyle,
I already forgave you. Come on.
God, you're sweating like a pig.
You see the way she looked at me?
So what?
- I got to go.
- Kyle.
How are you feeling, Kyle?
Kendra? What're you doing here?
I'm here for everyone
who just missed the beauty boat.
What?
And all the self-mutilating,
tatted Frankenskanks.

It was Ajoke.
I didn't get it.
But pretty soon, you will.
You have a year to find
someone to love you.
Before the tree blooms again.
When the spring flowers bloom again,
the year is up,
And either the words "I love you"
will release you from the spell
or stay like this forever.
Like what?
No!
No!
No!
As aggressively unattractive outside
as you are inside.
Wait!
You have a year
to find someone to love you.
Or stay like this forever.
Dad.
Jesus, you scared me.
Don't turn on the light.
- Why?
- Please.
What's going on?
Why do you love me?
Kind of a question is that?
- Just answer it.
- Because you're my son.
But-But do you believe in magic?
Magic? What the hell are you...
Kyle?
His vision and hearing.
That's all you've got?
And, of course, his insides are just
as normal as-as they were before,
but the skin won't change
no matter what we do.
Now, what about skin grafts
or face transplants?
I mean, look at him, look at him.
He doesn't want to live life

looking like this.

We'd risk anything.

What?

Kyle, we are going to
find somebody else.

I'm not taking

"no" from Dr. Crap-For-Brains.

We will fix this.

Yes, because we'd risk anything,
including me dying.

No-No, that's not what I meant.

It just came out that way.

Or did it come out

because that is what you meant?

No.

Come on.

I have a surprise for you.

What do you think, Kyle?

It's private, safe.

People can't be spying
all the time.

Plus, I'm thinking I might get you
that motorcycle you've always wanted.

Where's your room?

It's right across the hall.

Don't worry. I will take care of
whatever you need.

Still need to get my stuff.

But we're keeping

the place in the city?

So I can crash there late nights
if need be.

Dad?

Yeah?

Hey, hey.

Okay, I have a four-o'clock call,
so I will check in right after that.

And Zola's right here. Okay?

Who're you?

Mary Poppins.

The tutor. Uh, your dad hired me.

I'm supposed to move in today.

Tell my father

he can carpe diem in hell.

Happy to.
Meantime, how about you cage the rage
and invite me in
for a nice, hot bowl of Dad sucks?
Saw right through that one, Oprah?
Yeah, it's a little gift I have.
Especially since I can't actually see.
- Hi, I am Will.
- Come in.
I'll get Zola.
She'll welcome you to hell,
fix you up with your own bedroom,
and explain what happened to me and-
and what I did to deserve this.
Oh, and please-please, hang with us.
Gouge the old man
for everything he's worth.
He deserves it.
You know what?
Obviously, he forgot
to spin the borderline hostile act
of hiring a blind guy
to tutor his creep show son.
As for learning calculus,
I think I'll take a pass.
Nice to meet you.
Sorry, I come back later.
How old are your kids?
Sixteen, thirteen, ten.
You just left them?
Can't get them green cards.
But you left them.
Parents do what
they do with what they know.
They were not very big
when I leave.
It was five years.
For my little one,
it is half his life.
There is a hole in my heart.
So I know your father will come.
I don't think so.
Rob Kingson. Leave a message.
It's me.

Could you do me a favor?
I, uh, I know we were
rescheduling for the next week,
or maybe it was
the week after, but...
Maybe we should...
Maybe we should
just not pretend anymore.
Sweet.
Kendra!
Kendra!
Kendra! Kendra!
I am begging you.
Please make it end. Please.
I can't do that.
But-But I get it.
L... I know what it's
like to be shit-ugly.
So-So you got me,
five months is enough,
I learned the lesson.
You learned nothing.
Find someone
who can see better than you can.
Seven more months
for someone to say, "I love you."
Please! Make this go away!
Sloan?
That sounded like Kyle, didn't it?
Weird. I suck not writing him back.
I suck more.
Well, but honestly,
with him gone, it's kind of a relief.
Like, I always felt like I had to be on
and mean, like really mean...
to keep him entertained.
And I know what you mean.
Hey.
Sorry.
And I'm sorry to spy on you, spying.
Unbelievable.
But it does sort a feel like
the death of romance unfolding
before your very eyes,

doesn't it?

Doesn't she have a boyfriend?

Yes, this is what I'm saying.

What happened to romance?

Sappy, soppy longhand love letters
and you really, really don't have
to keep listening to me, by the way.

Thing is that guy

they were talking about?

They're way off.

Personally I respect that
he called things as he saw them,
even if he did see them wrong.

Do you know what it really was?

What?

He was a shot of life.

You're kidding, right?

How do you do that?

I went to this dance and
some emo chick gave me a dart hex.

Bite me.

Oh hey, now you're up,
want to learn something?

- No!

- Be careful.

Lose your smarts, blondes
will be telling jokes about you.

My dad always said that
how much people like you
is directly proportional to
what you look like.

But they hated me.

High school unquestionably sucks ass.

You went to regular school?

At fifteen,
my friends lost their virginity.

I lost my sight.

But living hell has its upside.

- Like better hearing?

- Yeah.

And chicks dig blind guys.

Too bad they don't dig ugly guys.

How do you know?

Defying expectations,

Blindie keeps up
his bitchin' sense of style.
A holdover from my seeing days.
Point being, no matter what,
how you look matters?
Point being, it's not about
how others look at me,
it's about how I look at myself.
Mental Rubiks cube, I know,
but one day it'll make sense.
Ass-wipe.
You have the humor of a marmot.
So, I heard someone
sneaking in late last night.
Where'd you go?
Isn't the benefit of having
no parents that you have no parents?
Get off my back.
But, uh, you know,
since we last talked,
I've been thinking and...
is there any kind of eye operation?
'Cause I saw, like,
every doctor in the country.
Miracles only, but thanks.
So where did you go last night?
I went to see about this girl.
I'm so happy for you!
I didn't even talk to her.
Baby steps. You think
you might say, "Wassup?"
The benefit of you being blind
is you can't see
how I should so never say, "Wassup."
Baby steps. We must celebrate.
One, two, three. Wassup!
Fore!
One, two, three. Wassup!
Wassup.
Wassup!
- Here's a sandwich, Ben.
- Thanks.
How's your dad?
Stayin' out of trouble?

Dad, I'm home. Dad?
Come on.
Dad!
I don't have it.
Please, Victor, come on.
Just hook me up.
Just another week.
I just need a little more time.
No-No-No, I'm not screwing around,
you sorry-ass addict.
- Dad, not this again.
- I'm sorry, Lindy
Hey, shut up.
And you get out of here.
Victor, please.
We'll get you your money.
Give me and my brother our money.
Dad!
No!
Where is she?
You killed him.
Your daughter for my brother.
Someday I'll find her.
I wouldn't.
What do you need?
Come on, what do you want?
I want her.
I'm want to protect her.
I can protect her.
Please. Did you hear him?
If she stays with me,
she-she'll be safe.
I don't know who you are.
But if she leaves...
If she leaves...
cops will get these.
No. It's just too twisted.
So's killing a man.
But what's she gonna think of you?
Zola, remember.
Hunter, not Kyle. Hunter.
Hello, I'm Zola.
- Where is he?
- You can go.

I'm not gonna just leave you here.
With some stranger?
Son of an old friend.
For your safety.
Bullshit
and I can take care of myself.
- I let you say goodbye.
- No need.
How'm I gonna know you're okay?
You're not.
Deal is, I give up my life,
my whole life, school, friends,
everything, everything.
And in return,
you don't come see me,
don't call me, don't do anything.
Just stay away.
I screwed up,
keep screwing up, I know that,
but I don't know
what else to do...
You can leave.
So I'm here, okay?
Whoever you are.
You come near me, I taser your ass.
So that makes two of us.
- I got you food.
- Call someone who gives.
I'd really like to explain.
Please come out.
Inviting.
What?
This time go to Barneys,
get Manolos or whatever
sick-expensive kind Sloan
and her bimbots loved.
Everything you say to me about her,
everything I see,
tells me she's not the kind.
Prada, then.
To be bought.
I'm not trying to buy her.
You are. And she'll hate that.
So what, then?

What do you know about her?
You must think about her.
Me know you see who she is.
Go on. Think.
It's like you don't even know me.
This whole thing is all kinds of mess.
It's just a bad scene.
There's nothing remotely good
and I miss everybody.
I miss being able to go out and
get deli coffee whenever I want.
And the clinic.
And everything that made me me.
No, it's way screwed up and
he thinks he can give me a few presents
and, like, that fixes everything.
I know it's just for a little while,
but I'm hating it.
I hate missing school, hate my dad,
just hate hating.
And I know it's life or death
but I've been saving for
that Machu Picchu trip for three years.
You know, the first thing
I did in my life just for me,
just because I wanted to.
Lindy-Lindy journeys to
a wonder of the world
and finally seizes her moment and...
Jesus, what's your problem?
What's with the mask?
I didn't want to freak you out.
Sure. The ski mask
didn't freak me out.
I, uh, I-I got you Jujufruits.
Can I ask you something?
Why am I here?
Because you need to be protected.
But I can take care of myself.
You don't even know me.
But my Dad and-and-and your Dad...
I know, his mysterious
"friend from the past."
He wanted someone

they couldn't trace you to.
He's scared out of his mind
something will happen to you.
Because of how much he loves you.
Which he kept saying
over and over.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Thanks for the Jujufruits.

You're welcome.

The thinking thing killed. Killed.

Dear Lindy, I've been
thinking about letters recently.

The real kind. Longhand.

And how it's terrible that
nobody's writing them anymore.

And so I decided to start
one to you, today.

Now, you're doing what?

Seeing if I can build a greenhouse.

She's very into roses.

Each color means
something different, you know?

Yeah. Well, they all kind of mean,
I'm a guy who cries over chick flicks
and sleeps with stuffed animals.

I'm not here.

Hey. I'm Lindy.

Hi. Will. A pleasure.

I, uh... heard the game.

- You a Rangers fan?

- Die-hard.

I knew it. Guys' gal.

Guys' gal.

- Why don't you join me?

- Thanks.

Sure.

What's with all the tools?

Uh, it's Hunter's thing.

It's a structure on the roof.

Structure for what?

You ever see the 1954

Devil Girl from Mars flick,
where they abduct virginal

teenage girls for breeding stock?
I'm just... It's a joke-joke. Sorry.
I haven't gotten out much.
I'm losing my social graces.
Rewind.
Hi. Will. Pleasure.
The building books
belong to Hunter,
an all-around, way-good guy
who's contemplating building
a greenhouse.
- A greenhouse?
- Yeah.
Rad.
Right?
Very funny.
So are we gonna, like, really meet?
- Like, now?
- No.
Okay.
You lived here your whole life?
No. Pretty recently.
I was living with my dad,
but he's the kinda guy
who can't really deal...
I wouldn't know anything about that.
And your mom?
Mine's dead. I never knew her.
So... no mom... Screwed-up dad.
It's too bad
we have nothing in common.
What's with the Korean TV?
You speak Korean?
- Fluently.
- Oh, really?
What are they saying?
"Bon Appetit."
She didn't say "Bon Appetit."
Oh, you speak Korean too?
I don't like to show off, but yes.
And Koreans do not say
Bon Appetit.
She said the Korean equivalent.
Which is what?

I hope you have a big appetite
such that you scarf food
and hurl chunks.

No that's the subjunctive.

I'll take Mom,
you take Perm Boy.

Game on.

So what's she saying now?

I love you, but when it comes to hair,
you are a clueless wonder
I can tell you for a fact
that is not what she said.

What Mom said was...

Hope Will isn't
your Korean teacher.

Do you, uh... do you miss school?

Like a natural-born wonk.

Cause, uh... I have classes
if you want to come.

Yes. I'd love to

- Tomorrow?

- Sure.

Well, great.

I guess good night then.

Hold up.

Pretty gruesome, huh?

I've seen worse.

We're having school today,
but you need to make it
seem like we didnt just start
a-and I need to look smart.

Lindy's coming.

Shut up. What're we studying?

Don't worry, I'll come up with
something graphic and humiliating.

No-No-No.

I need to know what it is now.

I need the answers in advance.

That's called cheating.

No, that's called trying
to get a girl to like you
while look like the lead
in a slasher flick.

- Shakespeare sonnet?

- Obvious.

- E.E. Cummings.

- Cliche.

What's cliche is the guy liking
school to impress the girl.

What about the Frank O'Hara poem
"Having a Coke with You"?

How do you know that poem?

I Googled

"modern poetry, impress girls."

But I need smart things to say.

Good luck with that.

I need another thinking thing.

Another thing Lindy'll like.

It's for this morning.

Please don't ask.

When my husband

wanted me to marry him,

he would weave me baskets.

Yeah, I really don't think

that's gonna work.

- What about chocolate?

- Oh, no.

Come on.

She will like it

when you are being kind.

Yeah, I suck at that

When you are being yourself.

What, this self or the jerk I was?

The man I know you to be.

How'd you do it?

I, uh, I just figured it out.

I love "Having a Coke With You."

- Shoot me now.

- What?

No, I mean, that's great,

that you know all about it

and will have

lots of smart things to say.

Blind man climbing.

- Could you just hang on a sec?

- Ow! Blind guy tripping.

- You're okay?

- Peachy.

Zola, thanks for getting these.
And by the way, I'm up the creek.
It turns out "Having a Coke with You"
is one of Lindy's favorites.
God, I'm looking forward to this class.

- Here you go.

- How'd you know?

Deli coffee, very underrated.

As I've always said.

Long-time green thumb?

No, no.

Actually my dad stuck me

in this house

so no one could see me.

And I thought I'd take the,

the ugly and

shameful thing and

turn it into something not.

Of course, not everyone

can necessarily see its beauty...

Just read.

Having a Coke with You

is even more fun than

going to San Sebastian,

Irun, Hendaye, Biarritz, Bayonne

or being sick to my stomach

on the Travesera de Gracia

in Barcelona

partly because

in your orange shirt

you look like a better

happier St. Sebastian

partly because of my love for you.

We be back.

We... Oh, yeah,

we be back. We be back.

Carry on.

In the warm New York

we are drifting back and forth

between each other

like a tree breathing

through its spectacles

and the portrait show

seems to have no faces in it at all,

just paint
you suddenly wonder
why in the world anyone ever did them
I look at you
and I would rather look at you than
all the portraits in the world
I need more time.
Magic can't be undone.
But I might have a shot
if I had more time.
Can't, sorry.
Okay. I pissed you off.
You wasted me.
But there's got to be something
you can do.
Come on, help me.
I can't. And I wouldn't.
You still don't think about
anyone but yourself.
You're wrong.
I do think about other people.
I think about Lindy
and what her life is like
and I think about
a woman who can't see her kids
and a man who can't see, period.
So he cares now?
Yeah. Yeah.
Okay, I'll keep trying with Lindy.
But please give Will his sight,
Zola her family.
It's the least they deserve
after being trapped
in this hell with me.
I'll help them. If you succeed.
And Kyle, good luck.
- I got your CDs.
- Thanks.
Just some guy at my old school.
- Kind of a jerk, actually.
- Really?
Yeah, we were
on this committee together,
so that's why I have his picture.

I mean... Looks-wise,
he doesn't suck.
Oh! He knew it, too.
Same old, same old:
Jerks are exciting
and my type falls for 'em.
- Did you fall for him?
- Not that I fell for him.
Every once in a while,
you kind of remind me of him.
Not that you're a jerk.
Anyways, he disappeared. Rehab.
Oh, it figures. The addict's daughter
falls for the addict.
So you did fall for him?
No, I mean, I just talked to him
his last night.
For, like, a minute.
You know, the truly
ridiculous thing is,
I might have, kind of, sort of,
actually thought he,
a little bit, liked me... ish.
Of course he did.
Oh, please.
He was completely on the in
and I was not, am not.
That's why I like you.
Yeah, well... same.
Anyways, being on the in
isn't all that.
Isn't that what people on the out
say to make each other feel better?
Yeah. But it also
happens to be true.
Something about him...
What?
Underneath all the bullshit was...
I don't know.
What?
Good.
Good?
So, I mean, are you still into him?
Like you said, you don't want to be

the girl who falls for jerks.

Yeah. But he-he's not.

Right. He's a decent guy at heart.

That's what I'm thinking.

But still kinda... wrong.

Yeah.

I don't know.

You know, that something underneath,
it's catnip for sappy tools like me.

To be the one who uncovers it.

Do you want to go somewhere with me?

Usually, if I'm out

this time of night,

I'm looking for my dad,

mace in hand,

counting by primes.

Counting?

It keeps me from getting scared.

Oh. Fortunately,

scary guy's right next to you.

So there's that.

What about when people see you?

They don't. I got it down.

I was good at blending in too.

This way.

You taking me to the park?

You'll see. Come on.

The zoo?

Hear that?

The animals. Water lapping.

In some nearby street,

a man is whispering...

"I love you."

Do you hear that?

What?

Somewhere there's a baboon
scratching his ass.

Why are we here?

This place is important to me.

It's still here.

What is it?

When I was in kindergarten,
my dad offered to take me
anywhere I wanted.

We came to the zoo.
He bought me
all the toys and candy I wanted.
And at the end of the day,
he told me my mother had left.
I haven't seen her since.
After he told me,
I ran away and hid in here.
And saw this movie.
It's about this mother elephant
whose two babies die.
Plague or something.
She misses them so much
that when she's migrating back
a year later...
a year later...
she finds her babies' bones.
Can you imagine that love?
No.
I never brought anyone here before.
Seven, eight, nine...
ten, eleven, twelve...
It feels like I've known you forever.
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...
The sun's coming up.
I think...
I think I love you.
Maybe I should let her go.
At least she'll be safe
in Machu Picchu.
She has been jonesing
for that trip forever,
even without being stuck here.
But every day,
she like you more and more.
But not the way I like her.
- Move your hands. My turn.
- Sorry.
I don't stand a chance.
She's still talking about
running away. And...
I-I know you guys want out, too.
- Desperately.
- No.

Kidding. Kidding.
Look, even if
she does go on the trip,
you still have a couple days
to ratchet up the romance quotient.
Just try to put yourself
in her shoes.
This is all so strange for her,
but me know she'll say
those words, "I love you."
It's just the year is almost up.
Just take her to whatever
bad-boy country house Daddy's got.
Daddy don't got.
Just the lake cottage.
Just the...
Oh, for Christ's sake.
Would you buy a frickin' vowel? Go!
Seriously?
After you.
So, are you, uh,
dying of boredom yet?
No.
It must have been so great
as a kid coming out here.
My dad got bad reception down
at the lake.
He could only take it
for about forty-five minutes.
But those forty-five minutes...
they were awesome.
My Dad was a teacher.
You know, before my mom died and
he lost it.
Do you miss your dad?
Not right now.
In the past few months,
living away from my dad...
not spending every second
worrying about him,
I mean, not trying to
fix everything for him,
Just not totally losing myself.
That's why I wanted to go away

on that trip in the first place.
I guess this cage set me free.
Is that a "thank you"?
- Let's go down to the lake.
- Okay.
I've been writing something for you.
- What is it?
- A letter.
I'm sorry. This-This ring is only...
Hello?
Which hospital?
Okay. I'll... I'll... I'll call you back.
My father OD'd.
You have to go to him.
All aboard!
- Thank you.
- Go, go, go!
- I'll call you.
- He's gonna be fine.
Okay. I'll call you. And as soon as
he's better, I'll come back.
And everything will be all right.
And Hunter...
Yeah?
You're a good friend.
Don't. Don't read that.
Don't read that.
Don't read that.
Dear Lindy, I've been
thinking about letters recently.
The real kind. Longhand.
And how it's terrible that
nobody's writing them anymore.
And so I decided to start
one to you, today.
And I'm going to write to you
every day for a long, long, long time
because I think-
I think I might be in danger of...
falling in love with you.
Hey, it's me.
Uh, my dad is gonna be okay, but
I really want to talk to you
about your letter.

Where are you?
Look, I don't understand.
You wrote me this letter.
Why don't you call me back?
Because I'm "a good friend."
What's going on?
Hunter...
I'm out of time.
Call her back.
Why, because I'm "a good friend?"
Yup.
And not calling her back,
what good that do, huh?
She even called me.
Why won't you talk to her?
The last time I talked to her,
she told me she's hurt.
And "hurt" is girl-speak for,
"Call now, bonehead."
She don't know what to do,
so she go back to school
to go on the trip.
Lindy!
What're you doing here?
I had to see you before you left.
- You wrote me that letter.
- I know.
- And then you didn't call me back.
- I'm sorry.
You knew what was going on with me.
I was being dumb.
- I just was scared you didn't...
- Didn't what?
Love me.
And I didn't think you could.
Because of how ugly I am.
And I should have known better,
that that's not who you are.
You took one look at me
and still said you'd seen worse.
Somehow... when I'm around you...
I don't feel ugly at all.
It's because you're not.
Go.

You deserve it.
Nothing's gonna change
while you're gone.
That I can promise.
Go.
Go.
Hunter.
I love you.
Kyle.
Hunter!
Kyle!
Sorry, I'm looking for someone,
I don't mean to be rude.
- I get it.
- Thanks.
And sometime, you'll tell me
what happened to you.
- I-I met someone.
- That's great.
She reminds me of you.
And she showed me
that love can change you.
Do you think love change you?
Of course.
Then you'll believe the story
I'm about to tell you.
Where is he?
It's about a guy, good-looking
on the outside, ugly on the inside.
And there's a curse.
Love-Love changes him.
Everyone knows that story.
What if it wasn't a story?
What if it were true?
What?
Can you imagine... that love?
Can you?
Yeah.
It's you.
Wake up. Wake up.
Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.
It's a dream, right?
It's must be.
But happy.

Very damn happy.

Mr. Kingson, your new intern
is coming up in the elevator,
I thought you might
want to meet her.

Just so long as
she's easy on the eyes.

Well she's a bit odd looking.

No dogfaces, no dumpy frumps.

But her reference said
no matter what you throw her way,
she can always work magic.