



Scripts.com

# Boys and Girls

By Andrew Lowery

Good afternoon, everyone. | This is your captain speaking.  
Sorry for the delay. A few more | minutes. Thanks for your patience.  
-It's been a half-hour late. | -It always happens.  
Every time we fly | out of New York.  
-We better not miss our connection. | -We only have two hours.  
-Can I help you? | -I don't know. Can you?  
-May I help you? | -Why are we behind schedule?  
Just a few more minutes. | Can I get you something to drink?  
I don't know. | Can you?  
Right this way.  
-Thanks. | -You're welcome.  
Hi. I'm Jennifer.  
-Wait till the last minute to pack? | -Nope. Got my first period.  
Good afternoon, everyone. | This is your captain again.  
We're making our way out and | we'll take off shortly. Enjoy it.  
Does it gross you out to know | that I'm bleeding right now?  
-Why should it? It's just biology. | -We could have sex right now...  
and I wouldn't get pregnant.  
-Do you have orgasms? | -That's none of your business!  
-You're still young. Are you ten? | -12.  
-Do you live in LA or New York? | -LA.  
Me too. My dad ran off, so my | mom and I moved to California.  
-Your parents still together? | -No. Yes!  
-What's that mean? | -They are getting back together.  
-That's great. | -Yeah, I have it all planned out.  
-You're getting them back together? | -I've already talked to my father.  
And I'm gonna explain to my mother | how the divorce is ruining my life.  
-Maybe they're not in love anymore. | -You have to work at love...  
...if you want it to last forever. | -Who says love should last forever?  
-They're married! | -They're divorced!  
They shared vows, made commitment. | They have responsibilities!  
-Someone needs to remind them! | -My mother says, if love is broken...  
...you just have to throw it out. | -That's what's wrong with grown-ups.  
-They're lazy. | -You're an idiot!  
-You're an idiot! | -You're ugly!  
Try breathing. Take a deep breath. | It'll help you relax.  
I'm not not-relaxed.  
This is just how I am.  
One, two, three, four, five...  
six, seven, eight, nine...  
Halftime!  
That's half time, with the Knights | leading the Gophers 14 to 7.  
It should come as no surprise | that this year's homecoming king....  
is the Knights' star quarterback | Cameron Fitzgerald.

And what good is a king without|a queen? Let's give a royal cheer...  
to this year's homecoming queen,|Jennifer Burrows!  
Bow down to my|queen and king!  
-Jennifer Burrows?|-Gopher!  
Do you mock my queen?  
I thinketh that you do!|And for that you shall die.  
Die!  
Die, Gopher!  
-Run the head over!|-No. No, don't!  
-Are you all right?|-My head.  
-You're gonna be okay.|-No, my head. Where is it?  
How's your head?  
Not so good.  
I'm so sorry.  
You don't remember me, do you?  
-No. Should I?|-No.  
We were on a plane|together once.  
My God! Ryan?  
You're Counting Ryan?  
Of course I remember you.|Once a month I remember you.  
I must have told that period on the|plane story, like, a million times.  
-Not me.|-You wanna go grab a coffee?  
What about your boyfriend,|the king?  
I don't have a boyfriend.|Hate commitments.  
Why limit yourself when there's|a world of possibilities out there?  
Maybe all those possibilities|distract you from what you want.  
-That's why I don't watch cable.|-What?  
-There's too many choices.|-Luckily your school has uniform.  
You might have to pick out an outfit,|and with all the choices...  
you might end up walking|out of your house naked.  
-That's dumb.|-Yeah, you're pretty dumb.  
-Don't call me dumb!|-Why not? It's true.  
You are, you're dumb.|Dumb, dumb, dumb!  
No. You're dumb!  
-So you wanna go?|-No!  
-Why not?|-Because this... us...  
-We don't click.|-Since when?  
Since now. Right now!|Does this feel like we're clicking?!  
I was only talking about|getting a cup of coffee.  
-Maybe decaf for you.|-It just doesn't make sense to me.  
-Fine.|-Fine.  
-What time is it?|-Time for me to leave for the airport.  
Impossible. I set my alarm exactly|one minute before you had to leave.  
I set mine three minutes|before, just to be sure.

-I love you.|-I love you.  
-Gopher boy?|-What's wrong?  
-Nothing.|-It is you.  
I don't believe it.|-Are you going to school here?  
Yes.  
-This is Betty. Betty, this is...|-Jennifer. Hi, how are you doing?  
-Gopher boy and I go way back.|-Please stop calling me that.  
Okay.  
Well, I guess I should get going.|-It was good seeing you again.  
-"Gopher boy"?|-It's a long story.  
Help!|-Is somebody there?  
A little help here, please!|-Somebody. Hello?  
Excuse me.|-Hello!  
-Are you all right?|-I'm fine.  
-You're Ryan, right?|-Yeah.  
I'm Hunter, your roomie.  
-What were you doing in the trunk?|-Right.  
Well, I got to the room first|here before you...  
and I thought it would be funny if|I popped out and surprised you.  
Surprise!|-And the rest is history.  
We haven't even known|each other for 20 seconds...  
and already we have a story.|-This is gonna be great.  
-So, how are you gonna tell it?|-Tell what?  
Our story.|-I know.  
You'll say I was gasping for air,|and you saved my life.  
-Well, l...|-That's a great way to tell it.  
Chicks love drama.|-You're good, man.  
-Thanks.|-Really good!  
I'm gonna have a hard time|keeping up with you. Come here.  
Man!  
Four years.  
So is she your|high-school sweetheart?  
-As a matter of fact, she is.|-Good for you.  
-Where's she going to school?|-Seattle.  
-God. Long distance.|-So?  
-Good luck.|-We don't need luck.  
We have a strong relationship. We|weren't together over the summer...  
and everything was fine.  
-What was she gone? A month?|-Six weeks, two days.  
You visited back and forth maybe 3|times, called each other every night?  
-Right. You have to put in the work.|-I've seen it happen a hundred times.  
Last year, every long-distance|relationship in my dorm...  
was over by the|second semester.  
-Just keeping it real.|-Next in line, please.

-So where are you living?|-Herman Hall.  
-I can give you some tips.|-Do you live there?  
No, but I do have friends there. |I live off-campus with my boyfriend.  
What?|You have a boyfriend?  
-Who?|-Michael Winters, he's a musician.  
-He's great.|-You're living with one guy?  
You've made a commitment that|prohibits choices in the name of love?  
Isn't it crazy what falling head|over heels can do to a person?  
-Next, please.|-That's me.  
I came as fast as I could. |What happened?  
-He dumped me!|-Why?  
-He fell in love with somebody else!|-God. Who?  
I don't know who and I don't care!|The point is that he dumped me!  
How did you find out? I mean, |did you catch them or something?  
-God. In this bed?|-No!  
God! No, no!|He just told me!  
-He told you?|-Yeah. We made that whole pact...  
that if you meet somebody else|you tell the other person.  
No one ever takes that seriously. |You say it to cover your own ass.  
I'm really lucky because my boyfriend|is really loyal to his pacts.  
-How did you find out?|-At the club.  
-Did he yell it over the music?|-No, no. It was the music.  
-No!|-Yeah. The same club where we met.  
It was the same club where we first|decided to move in together.  
The same stage where he first sang|"Jennifer, This Heart Is Made For 2".  
And I'm sitting there, watching him, |and thinking how much I love him...  
and how I can't believe that|I can love somebody that much.  
And then he sang this brand-new|song, a little something called...  
Jennifer, Jennifer|You asked me to be true  
What can I say?|I found someone new  
That's horrible.  
Actually, |it was pretty catchy.  
By the second chorus, |everybody was singing along.  
-What did you do?|-Nothing.  
I don't think I've ever felt this way|before. I'm a complete idiot!  
Why didn't I listen to my instincts, |you know what I mean?  
Hey, look on the bright side. |Now you get to move in with me.  
I know things look pretty horrible, |but it's just gonna take some time.  
-That's what my therapist says.|-To hell with your therapist, Amy.  
Because I just need|to feel better. Now!  
"Doo doo be doo" my ass!  
It's tough out there, man. |You don't know how lucky you are.  
-Betty and I broke up.|-What?  
-You're kidding. When?|-A couple of days ago.

-Why didn't you tell me?|-I don't know.  
I guess it's just now|kinda sinking in.  
This is great news.|Now you and "me" can hit the circuit.  
-"You and I".|-Right.  
-I don't think so.|-No, believe me.  
It's way easier with two of us.|You pretend to be my idiot cousin.  
All of a sudden, I'm sensitive.|You get drunk, come out too strong...  
I beat the shit out of you,|I'm masculine.  
-I don't think I'm ready for that.|-We could trade off.  
-You can hit me first if you want.|-It was two days ago.  
-I think I need a little time.|-I'm sorry. You're hurting.  
-Let's get drunk and see strippers.|-I'm not that hurt!  
-Please.|-I'm fine.  
Breaking up was the right thing|to do. We were just...  
going in different directions.  
-Hit me.|-No!  
-Hurry, before she leaves.|-Who?  
-You know her?|-Kind of.  
-Okay, then I'll hit you.|-No!  
-How you been?|-Good. You?  
Great.  
-So I see you're all settled in.|-Yes.  
-Did you get Fridays off?|-Yes.  
-I got Friday nights off.|-I'm sure you do.  
-Jennifer, this is Hunter.|-Hi.  
Well, I'd love to|stick around...  
but I have to go to the station to|pick up my cousin. He's an idiot.  
My whole family is, actually.|Me too.  
Yeah, me too. I'm an idiot.|I'll see you.  
I got dumped.  
Music man. Michael. |Dumped me.  
How's long-distance Betty?  
-I don't wanna talk about it.|-I just told you about my breakup.  
-I mean, it couldn't be worse.|-Why do you wanna know?  
-Misery loves company.|-No, you'll use it against me.  
Okay, maybe I might have done that|in the past, but I've changed.  
I have. I'm scarred now and|I look at life very differently.  
Okay.  
-You were right.|-The long-distance thing. I knew it.  
But not for me! I was fine with it.|I would go there, she would come here.  
If I told her I'd call her a certain|time, no matter where I was...  
-You would call.|-...I would call!  
If I told her to call me at a certain|time, I would always be home.  
I mean, I loved her. None of that|ever seemed like work to me.

-But it did to her, right?|-Yeah.

This one weekend, I was down there,|we were kissing each other goodbye...  
and her room-mate came by with her|boyfriend, both carrying laundry.  
And Betty just started crying.

I asked her, "What's wrong?"|She said:

We never get to do|our laundry together.

She was right. We never did our|laundry together, and that was it.

You broke up|because of laundry?

-I send mine out.|-Not laundry exactly.

Just all the things that couples|do together and should do together.

We didn't have the time anymore. |She couldn't handle that.

-Why didn't you move there?|-Scholarship.

-She could've moved here.|-Scholarship.

-So that was it?|-Yeah.

-She needed what I couldn't give her.|-No.

There's a lot of other things. Too|many differences make it impossible.

Michael and I didn't|agree on anything. Ever.

That's what I loved about it. |We fought, shouted...

had sex... That's what I miss!

-That doesn't sound very healthy.|-But what do you know about it?

-Excuse me?|-Who are you to judge me?

-See? I knew this was a mistake!|-What?

I'm just saying that you were|in an unhealthy relationship.

It isn't about having to like things|all the time. It's about surprises!

Love's exciting and it's thrilling|and it drives you so insane...

that you think you're gonna explode!|That's the whole point.

Then, I guess Michael|didn't get the point.

You've never been to her apartment?|That's some weird shit.

No, it's not!

She's just being careful. There's no|point introducing me into her world...

unless she feels secure in|our relationship. I admire that.

What are you doing today?

I've got a scuba diving|class at three.

Really?

No, that's a lie. I lied. I can't stop. |I'm lying about everything!

It started so I can impress girls. |And now I can't stop.

-You should see someone about that.|-Yeah, I am.

-No, you're not!|-See? I can't stop! I can't!

Tell you what. The next time|I catch you lying...

I'll expose you for|the fraud that you are.

-You wouldn't.|-I would.

-You're not lying.|-I'm not.

-What are you really doing today?|-Dance class.

So my therapist keeps telling me|to expand my horizons...

but with this guy all I did was|pretend to be someone I wasn't.  
-And I can't handle it anymore.|-So you're breaking up with him.  
Yeah, but do you think|I'm being too cowardly?  
My therapist wants me to take more|responsibility for my emotions...  
but I just don't think this is the|right time for that, you know?  
It doesn't matter how you do it. |Phone, fax, e-mail, song...  
it's all the same message:|"Adios, amigo".  
Okay, but you have|to be nice about it.  
Amy, are you breaking up|with your boyfriend, or am I?  
I wouldn't call him my boyfriend. |I barely know the guy.  
-So don't worry about it.|-Yeah, but he just seems so sweet.  
-I don't wanna see him get hurt.|-I know.  
What are you doing here?  
I was coming to pick up Amy.  
Interesting.  
-What are you doing here?|-I'm Amy's room-mate.  
-Is she here?|-We need to talk.  
-We're not right together?!|-I'm telling you what she told me.  
-You shouldn't take it personally.|-Why do people say that?  
How can I not take it personally?|It's me she doesn't like!  
-Okay, fine. Take it personally.|-Why didn't she tell me?  
-She didn't want to hurt you.|-And you did?!  
No. I didn't know it was you.  
I knew it was a Ryan, but I|didn't know it was you, Ryan.  
-Well, this sucks!|- "Noli nuntium necare".  
-What?|-Latin. "Don't kill the messenger".  
You know what?|You're having too much fun with this.  
I'm trying not to!  
Try harder!  
Look, it's not funny.  
I'm not laughing at you. Chicks|love making us jump through hoops.  
-This isn't a hoop. We broke up!|-No, it's a test.  
She's testing you to see|how much you really want her.  
-You think?|-I know.  
You've gotta swim across the moat,|bust down the castle door...  
slay the dragon. No euphemism. |And sweep her off her feet.  
-You're right!|-Of course I am.  
You're absolutely right! We were great|together. I even made a chart!  
-I'm sure you did.|-It proved how perfect we were.  
Now all I have to do|is prove it to Amy.  
-What?|-You've gotta do more than that.  
-You've gotta weep. Openly.|-You should've quit while ahead.  
Squeeze the lids. Turn on the|sprinklers. You need the tears...  
of a man who can't breathe another|second without the love of his life.



Hold on.

I got just the thing. Here.

-What's this?|-Icy Balm.

A little dab under your eyes,|you'll sob like a miss America.

Wish me luck.|Today I learn second position.

Ladies!

Do you know that they rearranged|all the desks in the library?

-No!|-Yeah. It's completely different.

I spent 2 hours to find my desk, and|if it wasn't for the Diet Coke stain...

I wouldn't have found it at all.|They put it on the third floor.

Not the second, not the fourth.|The third. Number three.

-And that would be a bad thing?|-Please. It's a disaster!

-You wanna hear about the breakup?|-I totally forgot. Was it horrible?

-You think we can still be friends?|-I don't know. He seemed shook up.

-Poor guy.|-Wanna hear the weird part?

-I kinda know him.|-You do?

Yeah, we run into each other|once in awhile.

Do you think I did the right thing|in having you break up with him?

-I don't know.|-I do.

It was just putting|too much pressure on me.

-Yeah, I can see that.|-But maybe that's what I need.

What if that's him?

My God, you're crying!|He's crying!

Why are you doing this to me?|It's over. Do you understand me?

Ryan? Ryan! It's not so bad.|People break up all the time.

I can't see!

I think I'm blind!

Nice patch.

-Thanks. You didn't have to wait.|-I'm not waiting.

Can't a girl enjoy a lollipop in|front of the Free Health Center?

Who also feels maybe|a little bit responsible.

You didn't do anything.

I didn't put the Icy Balm in your|eye, but I did break up with you.

-Remember?|-Yep.

-Where are you going?|-For a walk.

-Try to forget today ever happened.|-Can I come?

What for?

Can't a girl enjoy a walk|with her ex-boyfriend?

Will the girl continue to refer|to herself in the third person?

-Did Ryan Walker just make a joke?|-I don't know. Let me ask him.

You know, you're pretty funny|when you're depressed.

-Well, get ready for comedy.|-Another one!

A few more, I'll take you back to|the clinic to fix your busted gut.

-You lost it.|-Not funny?

Let's put it this way: anymore|of those, and we'll break again.

Come on, this is it!|Round arms! Seven! Eight!

-How's it going?|-Get ready!

Eleven, ready spiral!

How are you doing?

Other way.

Pull out!

Excuse me. Question:|Exactly how far can you bend over?

-Do you come here a lot?|-Yeah.

-It's really beautiful.|-One of the greatest achievements.

You're the second person|to call me that this week.

-You know the only way to build it?|-Alien slaves from outer space?

Perfect planning. |And doesn't it make so much sense?

You examine a situation, you plan|a course of action, you execute it.

And everything works out fine.

But it doesn't.

Well, that's because most things|in life just aren't that simple.

Does that look simple to you?

You can't imagine how complicated|something like that is to create.

-I thought you used it as a metaphor.|-I did.

-For a relationship.|-Yes.

-Yeah, that's what I thought.|-I mean...

I know I didn't know|Amy incredibly well...

but it just felt like|everything added up.

-Are you a Math major?|-No, Structural Engineering.

-I'm done with it.|-Engineering?

Relationships.

They're just too much. |It's not worth it.

"Assentior".

-I hear you, brother. Latin.|-What is it with the Latin?

-My major.|-Latin?

-Yeah.|-Why?

-Why not?|-What are you gonna do with it?

I'm going to Italy for|my graduate school!

And after that?

I don't know.

See? You're amazing. |I could never do that.

-You mean not have a plan?|-Or something.

But... then again, why would|you ever need a plan?

I'm sure you've always had all you|wanted, whether you knew it or not.

You know, that's true.

The first time I really wanted|something and went for it...

it was Michael. |And it turned out great!

I just figured you being a junior,|you'd have it all figured out by now.  
-That's what you think, huh?|-No, but I'm dumb. Isn't that right?  
And uptight. And ugly,|if I remember correctly!  
No, I said all of that|before I was on Prozac.  
-You're on Prozac?|-I wish.  
It's a joke.  
It's okay.  
I should go. I still have some|more studying to do. Finals.  
Me too.|I'm gonna stay.  
All right.  
-So I'll see you around.|-Yeah.  
I'm sorry about Amy.  
It's okay.  
-Did you get all your classes?|-All but one.  
-The elusive one.|-Yes.  
-So did you have a good summer?|-Yeah.  
-I just went back to LA. You?|-Stayed here.  
Learned how to butter bagels|for a living. It's surprisingly easy.  
-You swipe it once back and forth.|-I take mine plain.  
-Of course you do.|-No regulations for the Internet!  
-So summer was good?|-Yeah.  
Everything's good.|It's good.  
Jennifer, are you okay?  
I pushed him away. I literally|did everything in my power...  
...to make sure that he dumped me!|-Obviously, you didn't like him.  
No, that's the thing. I thought|it was just a summer fling...  
but I actually started|to like him!  
Then why'd you push him away?  
I don't know. I just...  
-It's just such a pain in the ass!|-Yes. Yes, it is.  
What about you?|Did you get any this summer?  
-Well, l... no.|-You've got the right idea.  
You know, we should|do this again sometime.  
Not the whole crying thing,|but, you know... this.  
Sure.  
Good.  
Just another law suit.  
-Hello. Wanna go do something?|-No!  
-You haven't heard my proposal.|-It's the beauty of our friendship:  
I don't need to hear your proposal|to know that my answer is "no".  
I am the beauty in|our friendship.  
-I'm hanging up now.|-You can't.  
-Give me one good reason!|-'Cause...  
I've rigged an explosive device to|your phone, and your place will blow.

Well, I've been|burned before, so...  
Come on.|I can't study anymore.  
I'm getting too smart.|People will start shunning me.  
-Only if you beg me.|-I just did.  
In Latin.  
Come on!  
-You weren't gonna go.|-I was too!  
-You weren't going!|-Ladies first.  
Okay. Fine.  
Why don't I count for you?  
-Okay.|-All right.  
One.  
Two.  
-Three!|-Three. Here we go.  
-You know, I can't help you.|-You can help me at the bottom.  
Do you think I'd look good|with a goatee?  
No.  
Wait! This is crazy!|I'm not a natural dancer.  
-No one in my family is!|-Just move. Have fun!  
We're here to have fun. You, me|and that pubic hair on your chin.  
Just follow him and|do what he does!  
Where are you going?|It's this way, man!  
-This isn't so bad.|-Good!  
Come here.  
You've never been|with a woman before?  
I've lived with the monks my|whole life. Until yesterday.  
I walked into the monsignor's office,|turned in my rosary beads and  
collar...  
got my deposit back,|and now here I am...  
playing this strange game|of sticks and balls.  
-It's called pool.|-Pool.  
-I have so much to learn.|-I'll teach you.  
Here. Okay.  
No, put your...  
-Don't hurt him! He's a priest!|-I'm a priest!  
How would you like to have a religious|experience with that cue stick?  
Please.  
Run, father, run!  
So, do you wanna|come up and dry off?  
-I don't know. Is Amy there?|-Probably.  
-No, I think I'm just gonna go home.|-Gotta write in your diary?  
-Something like that.|-Okay.  
As much as I hate|to admit this...  
...I had fun tonight.|-Me too. It was good, clean fun.

Maybe we could go there once|a week and do our laundry.

It's cheaper than the place|I take mine to.

More alcohol.

What's up?

-Did you kids go swimming?|-Yeah.

That's great.|So what's going on now?

Because my plans|kinda fell through.

I invited Ryan up,|but he's going home to bed.

Really?

-I'm tired!|-He's tired.

Yeah.

I'm kinda... tired myself.

Actually, we should|get outta here.

Good night.

You coming?

I gotta hand it to you, man.|Very cool back there.

-Are you okay?|-Yeah, I'm fine.

She begs you to come up, and you|hold back. She's going nuts right now.

-I don't think so.|-Did you hear how she said "bed"?

-You can almost smell the linens!|-You're way off on this one.

-No, I don't think so.|-Are you in a hurry?

-No. Why do you ask?|-That's him! Get him!

Come on!

-Let's go!|-Better start praying, father!

-Who the hell was that?|-I have no idea.

Listen, best thing for you to do|is just forget it ever happened.

-Forgotten yet?|-No!

-How about now?|-Man, no.

Jeez, you're like an elephant.

Great. You're just|in time for cookies!

-They look good.|-No. Not those.

I thought it 'd be nice to have|a snack when you got home...

but I didn't know when that 'd be, so I|guessed and made a batch around 8...

but they burnt. So I did another one|around 9:30, and then they burnt.

So I waited a little longer before|the third batch, and now you're home.

It's perfect. They'll be ready|in about two minutes.

-Why are you wet?|-Ryan and I went dancing.

-Are you in love with him?|-What?

-Are you?|-No.

-I don't believe you.|-What? We're just friends.

-Yeah, but he's in love with you.|-Actually, no. I don't think so.

Then what do you do all the time|that you're together?

I don't know. We do stuff.|We talk about stuff.

-Why? You have me for that.|-It's nice to have a guy's opinion.  
About who has the best pizza|and who has the best tits?  
Gino's Pizzeria, Susan Sarandon.|-Why are you acting so weird?  
You're the one who's acting weird.|-You're the one spending...  
all your time with a guy that|you're not even interested in.  
My therapist thinks that|you may have some issues.  
-You're talking to her about me?|-Of course I am. I worry about you.  
Listen, if you ever|need to talk, I'm here.  
-I left her number on your pillow.|-Whose?  
My therapist's.|-Good night.  
See that guy there? He's the kind|of guy who walks with his feet...  
if you know what I'm saying.  
-Come on, you do it.|-Okay.  
-She likes crackers in her soup.|-No.  
-What do you mean, no?|-That's wrong.  
-No, it's not!|-Yes, it is.  
-Why?|-It's a judgement.  
-Some people don't eat crackers.|-Exactly.  
No, the point is to judge where|there's no judgement to be made.  
-It's a non-judgmental judgement.|-No, no. That's stupid.  
No, it's not. It's funny.|-I'm laughing.  
Yeah, 'cause it's stupid!  
Wanna hear something even more|stupid? I'm going on a date tonight.  
-Really?|-Do you think I'm nuts?  
-No, I think it's great.|-Really?  
-Yeah.|-You should bet back in the saddle.  
No, I'm the kinda cowboy|that doesn't like to ride.  
-See? That one's not funny.|-Yeah, I know.  
Ladies.|-How are we doing?  
Hey, it's beautiful out, huh?  
No, I'm not good at that kinda thing.|-You should call Hunter.  
After investment banking, I decided|to do something for myself.  
I sell for ten years. I reached|a point in my life, I said...  
"I don't wanna do|all the work".  
Jen! Thank God|you're here, sis!  
Billy, what's wrong?|-Kurt, this is Billy, my brother.  
-Billy, this is Kurt.|-Nice to meet you, Billy.  
-I was telling her about my boat.|-There's no time for boats!  
-Why? What happened?|-It's mother. She's sick!  
My God.|-What happened?  
-I just told you. She's sick!|-Sick how?  
Yeah.|-Sick how?  
You know!|-Sick like the last time!  
No, I wasn't there last time.|-Explain it to me.

There's no time for questions!|Mother is sick. We have to go!  
Sorry.

-Are you insane?|-You were great!  
"Sick how?"|I felt like such an idiot!  
Ryan, you were great|in there. Really!  
Thanks.

Thank you.

Man!

You know, next time I was thinking|about trying it with a limp.  
Baby steps, Ryan.|Baby steps.

-Tonight? No, it's tomorrow night.|-No, they changed it.

-Who did? Ryan?|-No.

-Well, I can't go.|-Why not? What are you doing?

Staying in!|I was planning on staying in.

I was gonna give myself a manicure,|a pedicure and do a conditioning.

-Can't you do all that this afternoon?|-No, because I have class.

I have to talk to my professor|about my paper due on Monday...

that I was gonna finish while my|nails were drying and proof later!

So that everything would|be done before the party.

-Can't you do all that tomorrow?|-No.

Tomorrow I'll be rushed and tired,|and I have to get everything done!

-I can't believe they changed it!|-It's Friday. You got all weekend.

What's that supposed to mean?

That's like on Monday|saying you've got all week.

Yummy.

-What do they want?|-Who?

They. The chiquitas.

I'm busting my ass trying|to fit into their mold...

of what makes an interesting guy.|I cannot figure out what they want.

What do you want?

I don't know. Get laid. Have fun.|Have someone love me for who I am.

And who is that exactly?

You're absolutely right. What's|wrong with being from the country?

A simple kid raised on fresh eggs and|good values who had to get up...

at the crack of dawn every morning|with a dog named Lucky by his side...

...to help his pa with the cattle.|-Hunter...

you're not from the country.

Jeez, Ryan, what do|you want me to say?

"Hi, my name's Steve. I grew up in the|suburbs with two working parents...

two sisters and a two-car garage.|I have no real identity...

nor do I have a clue what I'm doing|or what I wanna be. Wanna go out?"

-Your name is Steve?|-The whole point of college...

...it's where you reinvent yourself.|-It's where you define yourself.

-Your name is Steve?!|-Yes.

And I'm not so crazy about Steve. | Why would anyone else be?  
-That's who you are! | -Really? It's just that easy?  
Then drop the cool guy act and go tell | Jennifer how you really feel about  
her.  
What?  
But you'd better do it quick, | before she leaves with that guy.  
I don't feel that way | about her.  
Seeing her with that guy | right now doesn't bother you?  
No. She goes on dates all the time. | We talk about her dates.  
-And you're fine with that? | -Yes!  
-Honestly. | -Yes.  
Okay, then how come you're | here all by your lonesome, huh?  
If you're waiting for a girl to do | all the work, you are mistaken.  
-They don't do things that way. | -Excuse me. Is your name Ryan?  
-Yeah. | -You're in my Statistics class.  
Nice.  
What are the odds?  
You're Engineering, right? | I'm Electrical.  
Not me. My major.  
Can you believe how much work | they give us? But I like it...  
because many people float like | negative ions with no place to go.  
I'm a laser. I know what I | want and I go straight for it.  
I feel like there's an armature | spinning in my head.  
-You wanna sit down? | -Sure.  
Actually, I was just leaving.  
-It's because I'm too forward? | -No. Not at all.  
There's just these two assignments | that I've been putting off.  
I told my girlfriend that I would | meet her twenty minutes ago.  
-You have a girlfriend? | -Yes, I do.  
-Now I feel really so stupid. | -You're not. I really have to go.  
Hey, sis!  
-You okay? | -Yeah, I'm great. Thanks, Billy.  
So I'm gonna take off, then.  
-Okay. | -See you, bro.  
-So, how did you get rid of him? | -We fooled around for a while.  
-Then I said I had an early class. | -Wait. You fooled around?  
Hold on. When we're talking | about fooling around...  
are we talking about | fooling around or...?  
We're talking about... | fooling around.  
-It's not like we had sex. | -I didn't say that.  
-Couldn't find a condom. | -You would have?!  
Yeah. Probably.  
I have midterms coming up. | I gotta relieve the stress somehow.  
-That's amazing! | -What?



That on any given date the possibility|exists that you'll have sex with a guy.

Isn't that the point of dating?|Possibilities?

It's not like I know what's gonna|happen in advance. I don't.

Sometimes it 'd be a whole lot easier|to have sex than have to sit there...

...and think of something clever to say.|-Okay, granted.

I haven't been in that situation|in a long time...

but I just can't sleep with|somebody unless I like them.

-So you think I'm a slut?|-I didn't say that!

-We're just different.|-Yeah, you sleep with no one.

-So?|- "So"?

Do you know any other single|20-year-old college guys...

who never sleep with anyone?|Who don't even try?

-Maybe you're trying too hard.|-Ryan, you don't try at all.

I just think that it might be|making things weird between us.

What are you talking about?

Are we friends?|I mean, am I your friend...

or have I just become|your girlfriend substitute?

-Are you serious?|-Yeah.

It's like, with me in your life,|you never have to try.

It's the beauty of our relationship.|You'll just never get hurt again...

as long as you pretend|I'm your girlfriend.

Yeah.

Maybe we shouldn't|hang out anymore.

Ryan!

I'm so sorry.|I didn't mean that.

-Yeah, you did.|-No!

I love hanging out with you. You're|my favorite person in the world.

-I don't wanna change anything.|-Maybe you're right.

No, I'm wrong! You're just waiting|for the right girl to come along...

and you don't take sex lightly.|I think that that's a great quality.

No, I think I am hiding|behind you or us.

-There was this girl at the party...|-A girl girl? You didn't tell me.

-I just blew her off!|-Why?

I don't know.

-I should have given her a chance.|-Yeah. You should have.

Well, you still can.|And why not, right?

Yeah. Why not?

-So, is she cute?|-Yeah, I guess.

-Is she cuter than me?|-No!

She's thinner.

Let me get this straight.|You think that's totally normal?

Yes!

I have the exact same top.|How come it looks better on her?

Because she's anorexic, has fake|boobs and a personal trainer.  
Are you saying I should|get my boobs done?  
-Yeah, totally.|-Okay. Come on!  
-You can't say this ain't fun!|-No, can't I?  
When's the last time we did this?|Just you and me. It's nice.  
-Amy, of course it's nice.|-I have an idea.  
What if you had to, you know, fail|a couple of classes and move back?  
Would that be so bad?  
I mean, it's just that Italy's|so incredibly far away!  
Yeah, that's the beauty of it.  
What about me? What am I|supposed to do next year?  
Nothing. |Just like you did this year.  
Maybe with me gone, you'll get off|your fat ass and have some fun.  
I don't wanna do nothing without|you. And I don't wanna have fun.  
-And I have a great ass.|-You do. No, you have a great ass.  
-What are you doing?|-I'm kissing you.  
God. I'm so sorry. |I'm sorry.  
I don't know why I did that. |I just really wanted to kiss you.  
-My God! I'm such an idiot!|-Amy? Amy, it's...  
Hey, buddy, watch this.  
It's like a bridge.  
It is a bridge.  
Yeah, you're absolutely right.  
-Is Katie coming?|-She's gonna meet us at the bar.  
Really? This is great. |This is great!  
-She'll experience the new me.|-This ought to be good.  
No, I'm serious. No more lies. |It's like you said, buddy.  
I don't need to pretend|for someone else to like me.  
-That's good!|-What you see is what you get.  
Hunter unplugged.  
Don't you mean|Steve unplugged?  
-So Megan seems nice?|-Yeah, she is.  
That Paul guy... didn't you go out|with him a couple times before?  
-Yeah. It's working out.|-Good for you.  
Jen, Megan here has never been|to the automotive museum.  
Imagine that.  
Did you read how the zoo animals|tried to reorganize their cages...  
in alphabetical order? Apparently|the aardvarks started it.  
That's right. |But the zebras vetoed it.  
-Yeah. How did you know?|-I don't know.  
-I don't get it.|-Me neither.  
So, Katie, how are|you liking Berkeley?  
-It's a bit overwhelming, you know?|-Katie's a double major here.  
-I don't know how she does it.|-How do you do it?

I can barely juggle|napping and sleeping.  
This may sound weird, but I spend|a lot of time with the elderly.  
-That doesn't sound weird.|-It sounds a little weird.  
When you're sitting with someone|who's been through two wars...  
marriages, kids, grandkids,|money problems and disease...  
getting a B on a Biology exam|just doesn't seem like a big deal.  
I think we should do|what the Eskimos do:  
kick the old people out of the igloos,|leave them for polar bears and  
storms.  
The minute they can't go on the|big hunt, you gotta get rid of them.  
I mean, otherwise they'll|just suck us dry. Bastards.  
-You're kidding, right?|-No, not at all.  
And take away their driver's|license too while you're at it.  
What?  
So you're not allowed to have an|opinion anymore? I did what you said!  
I wasn't just agreeing for|the sake of it, I wasn't just...  
making things up so it would look|like we had something in common.  
I did what you said.|I was being honest.  
Yeah, but you don't have to say|everything that comes in your head!  
So now I'm being too honest?|I don't know what you want from me.  
I don't know what|anyone wants from me.  
So, what happened?  
The whole beauty of Paul is that|he was never going to settle down.  
Then he fell in love with me. Nothing|worse than a bad boy gone soft.  
-Don't I know it?|-He stopped drinking, taking drugs.  
-He even stopped cheating on me.|-No wonder you dumped him.  
It just wasn't working out,|you know?  
-What's up with what's her name?|-Megan.  
-Whatever.|-It's okay.  
-That's it?|-What am I supposed to say?  
Well, do you like her?|Is she the one?  
I don't know.|I'm working on it.  
-You're the one who wanted to go.|-I thought I would feel better.  
-And?|-I don't know.  
-It's such a lot of bullshit!|-Bullshit?  
Show me a movie that takes place|6 months after they get together...  
...when everything falls apart.|-Jennifer...  
It's just that I don't think that|any of us know who we really are.  
So how are we supposed|to know who Mr. Right is?  
How do you know he's Mr. Right?|Is it because you wear black...  
drink cappuccino,|you both have tattoos?  
Who here has ever|been dumped?  
And who here has|dumped someone?  
We've all been in love. But we|never know that it's not true love...

until it's over. |What if there's no "one"?  
Or "two", or "three", |or "four" or "five"?  
What if there's no such thing |as true love...  
but we're too afraid to admit it, |so we keep on dressing up?  
We keep on pretending to be |something that we are not?  
We keep turning our lives |upside down, losing ourselves...  
in something that we hope is better |than what we think that we are?  
What if that something |that we're looking for...  
just doesn't exist?  
-Are you okay? | -Yeah, fine.  
I was just working on |my fear of public speaking.  
Why does everything |just have to be so...  
...just so? | -I don't know.  
-You're shaking. | -You let me drink all that caffeine.  
-I don't know what's wrong with me. | -Maybe you're getting your period.  
Yeah, maybe.  
Wait a second...  
No.  
-Where are you going? | -Class.  
No, you're staying right here. |Where I can see you.  
-I really have to go. | -You never go to class.  
-I know. That's why I have to go. | -Wait. I'll make us breakfast.  
It's okay. I'm late.  
I'll see you later.  
Is this about Megan?  
No.  
I'm gonna tell her.  
Maybe you shouldn't.  
We'll talk about |this later. Okay?  
Yeah, okay.  
Stay as long as you like, and |you know where everything is.  
Jen!  
Jen!  
-I have to talk about what happened. | -Amy, it's okay.  
No, it's not okay. But it is okay, |because I've been thinking about it...  
and I think what happened is that |you're my best friend and I love you...  
and I got jealous when you were |spending so much time with Ryan...  
and then with you graduating. |And then I think in a weird way...  
I was trying to keep things the way |they were, and I did that...  
because I was afraid of losing you. |Isn't that amazing?  
Yeah, without therapy! |I came up with it on my own.  
I was thinking about all the time |we spent together, then it hit me:  
by kissing you, I was trying |to prevent change.  
But maybe change isn't |always catastrophic.

Before we met, I didn't know you at all, right?

-Right.|-That was a change.

That was a great change!|I loved that change!

Who knows? Maybe I'll kill myself by midterms next year...

but, then again, maybe I won't. |Maybe it'll be okay.

That's the beauty of change. You never know how it will work out.

-So everything's okay?|-Yeah, never been better.

-You know Ryan's in your bed?|-Yeah.

-You know he's naked, right?|-Yeah.

-You know I'm curious, right?|-Yeah.

So? What happened?

I think I was afraid of losing him.

Megan!

I'm the one who told him to start dating, and then he did.

I didn't get to see him much, then the thing with Paul happened...

...and seeing him with Mary...|-Megan.

Whatever. |I just wanted to be with him.

It was a huge mistake. |Huge, big, fat mistake.

We're friends. |We're great as friends.

-What are you gonna do about it?|-I have no idea!

He takes this so seriously, and the last thing I wanna do is hurt him.

Go to hell, Ryan! |Go to hell!

What if I'm in love with her?

-Are you?|-I don't know. Maybe.

-What does that mean?|-I don't know. I just...

don't want things to be weird with us.

Buddy, if you're looking to me for answers, I'm flattered...

but you've come to the wrong place.

If I just pretend nothing happened, I'll be lying to myself...

about feelings |I might be feeling.

But if I tell her how I am feeling, she'll run. That's what she does.

I know that better than anyone. |That's the last thing I want.

Being yourself, not being yourself. |Welcome to my world.

-Does this feel weird to you?|-Yes!

-Maybe we should talk about this.|-I think that would be good.

Things might get strange between us because of what happened last night...

...and I don't want that to happen.|-Me neither.

'Cause we're too good together to let that come between us.

-It was a mistake.|-You think so?

-Yes.|-I think you're right.

I think that we just got carried away in the moment and...

...you know.|-Yes.

Last night was really special to me, because you're really special to me.

But that's all it was. |It was an incredibly special night.

I got worried that maybe we'd give it more importance than we should.  
No. I'm totally with you.

Great.

-You didn't tell Megan, did you?|-No, no.

-It's probably better not to.|-Yeah.

-I feel so much lighter. Do you?|-Yes.

-You wanna go fill up on vittles?|-Sure.

Actually, I shouldn't. I'd like to, but I still have some studying to do.

-Really?|-Yeah. It's pretty important.

-Okay. You call me?|-I will.

-Yeah?|-Yeah.

This is Ryan. Leave a message.

Hey, it's me.

Where have you been?|What's going on?

Okay. You know|the number. Bye.

-This is Ryan. Leave a message.|-Hey, it's me again.

Guess I thought I might catch you|at home. Is everything okay?

Would you call me back, please?|All right, bye.

Ryan Walker, where the hell|have you been?

-Where have you been?|-Studying.

What's going on?|How are you?

-Good. Busy.|-Yeah, me too.

I'm all done. It's "Goodbye, Berkeley" and "Hello, real world".

You wanna go do something?

No. You know, I should|really get back to studying.

Okay.

-So I guess I'll see you around.|-But I'm gone in a few days.

Guess you won't have time|to plan my "bon voyage" party.

-Yeah. Italy.|-Yeah.

-You must be excited.|-You know me.

Any excuse not to shave|under my armpits.

-I'll be here.|-Yeah? When is your last exam?

-Do you wanna go celebrate?|-No, I'm leaving right after it.

Okay.

I guess we'll talk.

-What's going on?|-What?

-What? This. What is this?|-I don't know. Nothing's going on.

Really? I ran into Megan, and she|told me that you broke up with her.

Is that what this is about?|I told you not to tell her anything.

Yeah, I know.

-Well, are you upset?|-No.

-So what's going on?|-I don't know! Things are different!

But I thought we|talked about that.

I thought that we said that we didn't|want anything to be different.

I thought we said that having sex|was just a huge mistake.  
It was weeks ago now. I thought|we'd go back to being just friends.  
-Why was it a mistake?|-What?  
You and me. Why was that|a mistake? I'm curious.  
We've already talked about it.|You wanna go over it again?  
No, you wanna talk?|Let's talk!  
Was it a mistake because anything|like real intimacy freaks you out?  
Or just that I'm not|good enough for you?  
Ryan, you kissed me,|and I responded...  
but I wouldn't have done it if I thought|it was going to end our  
friendship.  
And neither would I.  
Ryan, if I could take|it all back, I would.  
Take it. It's yours. Put it on the shelf|with all your other one-night  
stands.  
Why are you doing this?  
That night was as much a surprise|to me as it was to you...  
but being with you is like going|to a place I had never been before!  
Then, after you fell asleep,|I just laid there, staring up...  
at those cheap fluorescent stars|you have stuck on your ceiling...  
and after awhile they just|started forming a pattern...  
this weird pattern that linked|together our entire relationship.  
And everything seemed clear to me,|like one logical progression.  
We're the greatest plan ever made,|and I had nothing to do with it!  
You made me feel that maybe I didn't|have to keep planning anymore...  
because it felt like|I was actually living...  
and that for once I wouldn't have|to work so hard at being happy.  
That it could just happen.  
Nothing will ever|hurt me as much...  
as your reaction|to that same experience.  
-Ryan...|-What? What?  
You wanna go to the library and|pretend like nothing happened?  
I can't do that.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.|I don't know what to say.  
Look, you don't have|to say anything.  
I have to go.|Have fun in Italy.  
-I'm gonna miss you so much!|-I'm gonna miss you too.  
E-mail me about|anything, okay?  
You know, school, food,|tall dark handsome Italian guys.  
-I want to know everything.|-Okay. You gotta stop crying now.  
Yeah, you stop crying.  
I'm the one looking down the|barrel of a very lonely final year.  
Jennifer?

Jennifer.

-Where are you going?|-Italy.

-Right now?|-Miss!

-How are Ryan's exams going?|-Good. They're going good.

-He's doing okay?|-He's doing great. He couldn't...

That's a lie. He's in love with|someone who's not in love with him.

-How do you think he is?|-Are we gonna go?

I love you.

-Hi.|-Hi.

-Are you a friend of Jennifer's?|-Yeah. I'm Amy.

Amy? Yeah, I've heard of you,|of course. Nice to meet you.

And your name?

What's your name?

My name?

Yeah. You know, it's...

it's Steve.|My name is Steve.

It's nice to meet you, Steve.

Going to Europe|for the summer?

-Yeah. I just graduated.|-Congratulations.

-Thanks.|-In what?

-Latin.|-Latin? How interesting.

What are you gonna do|with that?

I have no idea.

Don't worry. I spent four years|at college studying English.

-I didn't have a clue.|-Really?

Really.|Now I run my own company.

You'll figure out|what you want.

Why was it a mistake? Was it|because anything that gets close...

to real intimacy|freaks you out?

-Stop the van!|-What?

-Could you please stop the van?|-I can't pull over!

-Pull over, I'm getting out!|-I can't. We're in the freeway!

Ryan?

Nothing will ever|hurt me as much...

as your reaction|to that same experience.

Am?

-What are you doing here?|-I don't know.

What's wrong?|What happened?

I don't know.|I just... I just can't...

Is somebody here?

-Yeah.|-Who?

It doesn't matter.|Just tell me what's wrong.

Amy, who's here?

-Hunter?|-Hunter?!



-Hunter!|-It's a long story.

-Hunter, where's Ryan?|-He's on his way back to LA.

-He was catching the 4:00 shuttle.|-4:00?

-Which airline?|-Sky Southwest.

Thank you.

Hunter?

You can call me Tiger.

Good afternoon, folks.|-Sorry about the delay.

We'll be headed out for|the runway in just a minute.

-Can I help you, sir?|-I don't know. Can...

you bring me a glass|of water, please?

I'm sorry, sir. You're gonna|have to wait till we're airborne.

It will just be a few minutes.

"Te amo."

"Te amo", Ryan Walker.

-I think she's talking to you.|-Please, you have to take your seat.

Did you hear what I said?

I love you and I'm not going to Italy.|-I'm staying here with you.

-It's too late.|-No.

Everything that you said|about that night, I felt it too...

and it scared me.|-I was scared to lose you.

But I was even more scared|to let myself love you...

because every time I let love in,|somebody takes it away...

and it just hurts so bad.|-But I'm tired of being afraid.

Ma'am, I need you to turn around|and put your seatbelt on.

I just made the most important|decision in my entire life...

and you want me|to put on the seatbelt?

Yes, I do.

Okay.

What about six months from now?|-How do I know you'll be happy then?

How do I know you'll be happy?|-How do we know anything?

-The plane isn't gonna crash?|-We're gonna crash?

I'm not asking you again. You're|required to fasten your seatbelts!

I need you. That's a really|hard thing for me to accept...

but it's a whole lot easier than|imagining my life without you.

I wanna do laundry|with you, Ryan.

But you send|your laundry out.

-Not anymore.|-You wanna switch?

Yeah!

Will you two please sit down?!

-What? What is it?|-The laundry thing is a metaphor?

Don't worry.|-I'll show you how.

-One, two, three, four...|-Try breathing. It'll help relax.

...eight...|-Trust me.

That's lovely. | My mother wears the same scent.  
Looking for something | in particular?  
I got it.  
So sorry. | I'm really...  
Actually, I was in the market | for some cheetah pants.  
My God.  
You're all Victoria's | Secret supermodels.  
-What are you doing in our room? | -All the other rooms were full...  
and I had to change, so...  
-This is where we get changed. | -Right.  
Don't let me stop you!  
You're funny. | And we love funny guys.  
Have you ever been | with four women before?  
Once I had lunch with my mom | and her three sisters...  
but I don't think that counts.  
Thank you.  
What?  
-No, that's not me! I swear! | -We know. It's us.  
-Supermodels fart? | -Yes.  
How do you think | we stay so thin?  
Does it turn you on?  
Yeah.  
-You do it. | -What? Fart?  
Yeah.  
-Don't you wanna turn us on? | -Yes.  
Yes, I do.  
Okay.  
Fart.  
My uncle died this way. | He shot an aneurysm and...  
Less talk, okay?  
-More fart. | -More fart, come on.  
What? | Where are you going?  
Didn't I turn you on?  
And there you have it. Every night | for the last week, same dream.  
So, what do you think | it means?  
I don't know. | Were you breast-fed as a child?  
I knew this was a mistake.