

The Guys' Girl

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FADE IN:

**SUPER: EIGHT YEARS AGO**

**INT. COLLEGE DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT**

In his boxers, RYAN HARPER bangs on his dorm room door. It's locked. Ryan is a college sophomore-- lanky but good-looking, confident but fidgety. Right now though, he just really has to pee.

RYAN

My bladder's going to explode! I  
know you guys can hear me!

Giving up, he KNOCKS on his neighbor's door. Nothing. He runs down the hall, knocking on every door while pinching his crotch to help hold it in.

The hall is empty. Thinking quickly, he opens the lone window at the end of the hall and unzips. A wave of relaxation washes over Ryan's face.

A girl SCREAMS.

**EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - MOMENTS LATER**

JENA MADURO (sophomore; indie-cute) strides purposefully towards the entrance to Ryan's building. Her clothing is soaked-- a magician's performance ensemble-- cloak, top hat, etc.

Ryan peeks down at her from the window above, feeling sorry-- not about peeing on her, but about getting caught.

**INT. COLLEGE DORM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The stairwell door BANGS open and out charges Jena. Ryan takes a step back. Sees the anger on her face. She charges at him, magician's cloak billowing behind her.

RYAN

I didn't know anyone was out there!

He backs away from her until he's up against his dorm room door. Nowhere to go. She stops in front of him. She flicks her fingers in his face, shaking urine on him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

YOU'RE GETTING MY PEE ON ME!

JENA

I'm just returning it to its  
rightful owner.

RYAN  
(wiping his face clean)  
I got locked out.

JENA  
I don't see how urinating out the window is the next logical step to being locked out.

RYAN  
It's 3 am-- what were you even doing down there?!

JENA  
I just broke up with this dick, but whatever. I go through boyfriends like tampons.

RYAN  
That's disgusting.

Jena brings her pee-soaked sleeve up to his face.

JENA  
Don't judge me. You're the one who's so cavalier about taking a leak onto a well-trodden pedestrian walkway.

Ryan's dorm room door opens. His roommate peeks out.

COOPER  
Were you knocking just now?

Ryan's grateful to be saved. He slides inside.

RYAN  
(to Jena)  
Well... see ya.

JENA  
I'm not walking six blocks like this.

# **INT. RYAN'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan sits outside the bathroom door. Jena is taking a shower. The door's cracked open a bit so he can talk to her. Cooper lurches over a textbook in the background. A Penn '04 pennant hangs on the wall.

RYAN  
What if you peed on me and we call it even?

JENA (O.S.)

What?

RYAN

Nothing!

JENA (O.S.)

Come in here-- I can't hear you!

Ryan and Cooper exchange a glance.

**INT. RYAN'S DORM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mirrors steaming up in Ryan's dirty bathroom. Jena's still in the shower, the curtain drawn. Ryan sits on his hair-caked bath mat. He considers Jena's pee-soaked magician outfit strewn on the floor.

RYAN

What were you even wearing? I mean, besides my pee?

JENA

(with a flourish)

I am a magician. You know-- parlor tricks and whatnot? I had a show at my boyfriend's frat-- ex-boyfriend, now, I guess...

RYAN

Show me a trick.

JENA

Never.

RYAN

Just one.

JENA

Tonight was disaster town. Total debacle. I'm done performing in public.

RYAN

So what, you're majoring in Magic?

JENA

Yeah, because we go to Hogwarts.

Ryan stares at her silhouette behind the shower curtain.

JENA (CONT'D)

English.

**INT. RYAN'S DORM - LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER**

Down in the basement. Wearing Ryan's oversized Penn t-shirt and shorts now, Jena loads her wet clothes into one of the many washing machines.

JENA

You owe me something juicy. Tell me an embarrassing story. Your deepest darkest secret.

RYAN

I'm your father.

JENA

Seriously. Do you eat your own boogers? Are you a bed-wetter? Do you save your toenail clippings?

Ryan pours in detergent, ignoring her. It makes her crazy.

JENA (CONT'D)

Do you say "I love you" on the first date? You have to give me something!

RYAN

Actually, it's so embarrassing to say "I love you" that I always have to use a silly voice when I say it.

Jena starts nodding quickly, knowing exactly what he means.

JENA

I hate it! It's this expression that's totally been co-opted by TV and movies and Pepsi and hallmark.

RYAN

(surprised she agrees)  
I always feel like I'm quoting Jerry Maguire when I say it.

JENA

One time I said "I love Jew" just to avoid the cliché.

Ryan nods, warming to her.

RYAN

"I love you too" is even worse because it's a rote obligation.

JENA

There should be a code that means  
the same thing as "I love you."  
Something unexpected and original.

They both stare off into space, thinking of codes.

RYAN

What about "Bananapants?"

JENA

That'll do.

She finishes loading the machine.

JENA (CONT'D)

Pay for my pee laundry.

**INT. RYAN'S DORM - THE COMMON ROOM - LATER**

Jena checks out the room-- posters of rock bands, Scorsese's gangster movies, and original art adorn the walls.

Cooper sits on the couch. He's trying to concentrate on a European history textbook but it's hard-- someone is having sex behind a closed bedroom door. And it's LOUD.

SORORITY GIRL (O.S.)

(sexual ecstasy)

Oh yeah-- gimme that beef jerky!!!

Cooper gives Ryan and Jena an annoyed look-- "see what I have to deal with?" Ryan introduces Jena like he's showing off a prize on *The Price is Right*.

RYAN

Cooper, this is Jena. We're  
becoming friends through the magic  
of urine.

Cooper looks Jena up and down.

COOPER

Do you like Japanese cinema, fine  
dining, and browsing travel  
bookstores?

JENA

Yes, yes, and sometimes.

Everything about Cooper is efficient: the way he dresses, what he says, how he acts-- efficiency born from an OCD-like personality. And he always wears a tie.

COOPER  
Friendship... approved.

JENA  
Wow, that's fast. Kim and Nancy are  
only my friends when they want to  
watch *Survivor*.

There's one final SCREAM from the sex room and then quiet.  
The third roommate emerges wearing only boxer briefs-- ERICH  
GRABOWSKI (in-shape, but slouchy). We catch a glimpse of a  
half-naked girl on his bed as the door shuts.

ERICH  
My exercise for the day is  
complete.

He starts thrusting his pelvis at Cooper before turning to  
Jena. He doesn't stop air-thrusting.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

JENA  
What's with your hands?

They're covered in clay. Erich mimes sculpting a woman while  
continuing to thrust.

ERICH  
I was sculpting her.

Jena raises an eyebrow.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
She was already naked for me. What  
was I going to do, not fuck her?

He hasn't stopped gyrating his hips.

JENA  
Are you going to stop thrusting?

ERICH  
I'll fuck you one day too.

JENA  
You guys aren't really my type.

All three guys give a "we'll see about that" nod.

**INT. JENA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

Jena finishes a complex slight-of-hand card trick in front of a mirror. Ryan barges in just after she finishes, disappointed he missed it. Jena shakes her head-- "never."

**INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The check comes. Ryan, Cooper, Erich, and Jena stare at it for a measured moment. They simultaneously dash for the door.

**INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

In pajamas, Jena and Cooper sit on the couch watching *The OC*. Jena holds up three colors of nail polish. After careful deliberation, he picks one. She agrees.

**EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Jena spits water at the guys in someone's fancy backyard hot tub. Floodlights come on. A HUGE GUY charges outside with a baseball bat. They jump out of the hot tub and run away.

**INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY**

Jena and Ryan tiptoe through the stacks. They take pictures of an unsuspecting college student scratching his crotch.

**EXT. COLLEGE GRADUATION - DAY**

Graduation caps fly through the air. We find the four of them in the crowd, caps still on, engrossed in conversation.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

Jena and the guys move into an old four-bedroom house in North Philly. Erich breaks a bottle of champagne on the front door. But instead of the bottle breaking, he breaks a hole through the front door.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

The living room. The decor is almost the same as college. The TV is slightly bigger, the furniture is slightly nicer, and there's slightly more original art on the walls.

**SUPER: PRESENT DAY**

After a hard day's work they converge on the couch, joking and ready to watch TV. Ryan dressed business casual, Erich covered in paint, Cooper in a suit, and Jena in a *Monty's Magic* polo shirt. They simultaneously open beers and relax.

THE GUYS' GIRL



**EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILLY - DAY**

An art deco high-rise gleams in the sun.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

A conference room on the 33rd floor with views of Philly. Ryan unfurls blueprints across a large central table.

The client, PHIL NOTOPOLOS (beefy yet well-coiffed) looks over the plans. He nods slowly, taking everything in.

Ryan exchanges a nervous look with his co-worker, BETH (late 20s, doesn't leave the house without dark eyeliner).

NOTOPOLOS

I have some adjustments.

Notopolos draws an octagon right on the blueprints. Ryan and Beth wince.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)

You know what I want from you? One word: a goddamn gazebo.

RYAN

Two feet from the swimming pool?

NOTOPOLOS

I didn't become the man I am today by taking no for an answer.

Ryan snorts. Beth quickly defuses--

BETH

Not a problem, Mr. Notopolos. It would be the greatest of all honors for you to let us make these changes.

NOTOPOLOS

(drawing another)

And I want another one in the solarium.

RYAN

...An indoor gazebo?

Ryan and Beth stare.

NOTOPOLOS

I'm big into symmetry. Less hard lines. More soft curves. I want a basement in my garage.

(MORE)

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)

And for all that is holy, please  
let's lose all these windows in the  
living room. You want me to watch  
football with glare on the TV?  
Don't you know I love football?

BETH

You're right, if we had only known  
you loved football... we would have  
made the living room a dark cement  
box.

NOTOPOLOS

Don't get cute with me. I hate  
cute. Is she getting cute with me?

RYAN

She can't help it. She's always  
cute.

Beth rolls her eyes.

NOTOPOLOS

(looking at Beth)

I'd say you're hot. Cute isn't for  
me. I hate cute. In fact, go  
through the plans and lose anything  
in the house that seems cute--  
Except the gazebo of course.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - LATER**

Ryan and Beth weave through cubicles together. Beth looks  
over Notopolos's blueprints-- covered in sharpie notes.

BETH

Is it weird that I sort of respond  
positively to his advances?

RYAN

(eyeing the blueprints)

We should add in other crazy stuff  
and see if he notices.  
"I don't remember asking for a hot  
tub in the kitchen, but I love it."

BETH

This is going to take all night.

RYAN

Oh...

BETH  
I'll send Amed out for Chinese and  
beers.

RYAN  
Actually I was thinking we could  
start tomorrow?

BETH  
(shaking her head)  
We're on-site with the Davidsons.

RYAN  
I have a thing tonight.

Beth smiles as she takes her hair down.

BETH  
What could possibly be so amazingly  
important?

RYAN  
(duh)  
It's bowling night.

Beth nods. She hands him half the blueprints.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(ready to make his case)  
Beth--

She puts a finger to his lips.

BETH  
Shhhhhh...  
(before he can protest)  
I have Spoon tickets tonight, but  
you don't see me weaseling. You're  
always ditching out-- you never  
think about how much more work it  
is for the rest of us.

Ryan makes a big show of thinking it over.

BETH (CONT'D)  
You're not weaseling out of this.

RYAN  
You are absolutely right, Beth. I  
need to take more personal  
responsibility in my life.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - LATER**

A cramped cubicle. AMED (early 20s, summer associate) works at his computer. Ryan tosses Notopolos's blueprints onto his desk.

RYAN

I need you to stay late today.

AMED

Tonight's my fantasy basketball draft, dogg.

RYAN

Guess what, dogg? You'll also be "drafting" these blueprints.

**EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT**

A run-down alley.

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT**

A strike. A BOWLING ALLEY RAT pumps his fist. In the lane next to him we find Ryan and Cooper watching him bowl. They finish beers.

The score boxes are set up for the four roommates: RYAN, COOPER, ERICH, JENA. The three guys have bowled the first frame. They're waiting for Jena. Ryan flips his phone closed.

RYAN

No missed calls.

COOPER

Pete.

RYAN

Did she call you?

COOPER

She's with Pete.

RYAN

...Pete. I'm drawing a blank.

COOPER

We've met him. Pete?

RYAN

I just keep picturing Pete Rose.

COOPER

He gave you that shirt.

RYAN  
My birthday shirt?

Ryan looks down at his birthday shirt: a stick figure baby saying, "Lordy, Lordy! My daddy's forty!"

COOPER  
Yeah. Pete.

RYAN  
That was six months ago. The same  
Pete? It can't be the same Pete.

Erich comes back from the bar with three new beers.

ERICH  
This is stupid. I'm gonna roll for  
her. She's not gonna win anyway.

RYAN  
It's Thursday. She should be here.

ERICH  
(takes her ball)  
Watch. I'll just roll it into the  
gutter every time. Same as her.

COOPER  
Erich--

ERICH  
I don't know how to say this, but  
I'm a cyborg sent here from the  
future with only one mission: TO GO  
BOWLING.

COOPER  
Give her five minutes.

RYAN  
Is this the reason she doesn't come  
to Trivia Night anymore?

ERICH  
(Austrian accent)  
"I'll be back... TO BOWL."

Erich DROPS the ball-- CRUNCH-- and goes to the bar.

RYAN  
And she missed movie night twice in  
a row. This is unacceptable  
behavior.

Erich comes back with a DRUNK GIRL on his arm.

ERICH  
Meet Nancy Allen. She'll be bowling  
in Jena's stead.

COOPER  
(points to the monitor)  
We already made it say Jena.

ERICH  
(British accent)  
"Until a trumpet fanfare marks her  
grand arrival, Nancy Allen will be  
Jena's designated bowler."

Annoyed, Ryan grabs the ball and rolls for Jena. Straight to the gutter.

RYAN  
I don't even like bowling.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

Back at home, the three guys play Wii Bowling. Next to Erich, Nancy Allen nurses a beer. Ryan rolls a virtual strike in the 10th frame. The score comes up-- It's a tie. 300 each.

RYAN  
Ahhh, much better.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

Erich raids the fridge and comes back from the kitchen with three more beers. Nancy Allen has passed out on the couch.

He finds Ryan staring at the TV, Wii remote in hand. We hear relaxing video game music.

ERICH  
Oh shit. That's him?

Ryan nods. All three guys stare at the TV.

COOPER  
Pete...

It's Pete's Mii character. He's got short, curly hair. Brown eyes. Stubble. A round head. A blue shirt.

RYAN  
He's been to our house enough times  
to have a Mii?

COOPER

I told you they're serious. Jena and I were watching *Gossip Girl* and she kept mentioning him.

ERICH

You're so gay.

Ryan zooms in so Pete's Mii takes up the whole screen.

RYAN

Pete's probably like "Hey Jena, let's make out."

ERICH

More like "Yo Jena, why don't you suck on my Pete dick?"

Pete's Mii stares blankly.

ERICH (CONT'D)

If you were Pete, you'd stick your Pete fingers in her vagina and be like, "What's up vagina? It's your old pal, Pete."

Ryan and Cooper laugh. Jena walks in from the kitchen. Ryan and Cooper wave to her. Erich doesn't notice.

ERICH (CONT'D)

If you were Pete--

RYAN

Uhhh--

ERICH

No no no-- if you were Pete, you'd want Jena to get in a car accident where her colon gets all fucked up so she needs a colostomy bag, then you'd be like, "What's up Jena, don't you like it when I use my Pete dick to fuck your colostomy hole?"

JENA

Only on his birthday.

Erich turns around and goes with it-- never embarrassed.

ERICH

Where have you been?

She holds out her left hand. A diamond engagement ring sparkles. The guys don't notice. Ryan pushes her hand away.

RYAN

Get your own controller. I'm not  
your mom.

Jena's dumbfounded, but the three guys are back to the Wii.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

The foursome play Black Sabbath's *Paranoid* in *Wii Rock Band*. Nancy Allen is passed out on the couch. Jena plays guitar. She wails her solo right in the guys' faces. Her ring only inches from their eyes.

RYAN

(trying to drum)  
I can't see the screen.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - GARAGE - LATER**

The garage has been converted into Erich's art studio. There are several sculptures crafted out of junk. Erich glues their empty beers to an in-progress abstract beercan sculpture while Cooper, Ryan, and Jena cheer him on.

Jena opens a new can of beer like she's in a commercial. Slow and dramatic. The guys are oblivious to her ring. It's driving her crazy.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

The TV room. Getting drunker. Playing a card game. Nancy Allen is still passed out behind them. Jena makes a big show of turning over her card with her ring hand. She holds it up and moves it around elaborately in the air.

COOPER

We know what the jack of spades  
looks like.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

They're drinking and listening to music in the living room. Drunk Nancy Allen jolts awake and in a hazy stupor, she reaches for Jena's hand--

NANCY ALLEN

Your ring is so shiny...

All at once, the guys see the ring. Holy shit. Jena smiles.



ERICH  
Nancy Allen from the bowling alley,  
You have to leave right this  
second.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - BACK YARD - LATER**

Ryan, Jena, Cooper, and Erich hang out on the cramped back porch.

RYAN  
Pete?

JENA  
Pete.

Erich grabs Jena's wrist and slides the ring off her finger. She watches him inspect it.

RYAN  
You've been on like six dates.

JENA  
Try 8 months.

Ryan and Erich are shocked.

COOPER  
Told you.

JENA  
You guys ignored him at Ryan's  
birthday, so I just figured... why  
force it?

Ryan sits on a stool facing Jena, trying to process all this. He's stunned.

RYAN  
This is your first real  
relationship and you're ready to  
get married?

JENA  
(shrugs)  
He makes me happy.

ERICH  
You disgust me.

RYAN

We haven't even vetted him. This guy we barely know wants to be with you forever, and you already said yes?

JENA

I'm glad you guys can share in my joy like this.

COOPER

When Rachel and Ross got married you said, "This is the lamest thing ever."

JENA

I meant that you were watching *Friends*.

Cooper tries to cut a circle in the garage window with the diamond. Jena snatches it. Ryan puts his ear to her stomach.

RYAN

What is the current status of your uterus? a) empty or b) occupied by the tiny miracle of life that is the union between Pete's sperm and your egg.

JENA

c) I'm on fucking birth control.

Jena crosses her legs, annoyed.

JENA (CONT'D)

Can't you guys at least pretend to be happy about this? I'm starting real life! I'm a grown-up!

(they stare at her)

Like how excited I was for your architecture exams, Ryan?

(to Cooper)

Or when you passed the bar?

(to Erich)

Or when you had sex with your first black girl?

ERICH

Pete's black?

RYAN

Your boyfriends have always been extensions of us.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)  
We satisfy your emotional needs.  
They satisfy your vaginal and/or  
clitoral needs.

COOPER  
That's disgusting. Jena, we don't  
think about your vagina.

RYAN  
But marriage? You won't need us for  
anything.

Jena shakes her head. She won't buy into it.

COOPER  
Who are we gonna play Twister with?

ERICH  
Three dudes playing Twister is gay,  
Jena.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Ryan, Erich, Cooper, and Jena lie on the roof looking at the stars. The sky is pre-dawn. Erich throws an empty beer can off the roof. Down below, empty cans litter the backyard. They're all pretty drunk.

Ryan and Jena idly tap their feet against each other. A comfortable and familiar game for them.

JENA  
I didn't know he was going to ask  
me. We were walking along the water  
and he caught me completely off  
guard. He got down on one knee and  
all that. I always thought I'd be  
filled with dread or imagining my  
own decapitation if someone  
proposed to me. But it was the  
opposite.  
(afterthought)  
...which is unusual given my  
natural disposition.

COOPER  
Did you pause before saying yes?  
It's trouble if you pause.

JENA  
No pause. I shocked myself.

RYAN

You know my cousin Eva rushed into things with her first love-- they were divorced in two years.

JENA

You don't have any cousins.

RYAN

I know, but... you shouldn't get married.

Erich sighs with something weighing heavily on his mind.

ERICH

We should fuck before it's too late. Like one, final, meaningless hurrah.

JENA

Is it ever meaningful with you?

Erich shrugs.

RYAN

Face it, you're done with us.

JENA

I know this is the lamest thing in the world, but it was my first thought when Pete proposed. Will you three be my, um, bridesmaids?

The guys smile.

COOPER

(immediately)

'Twould be an honor.

ERICH

I'm not wearing a dress.

RYAN

(convincing himself)

Your wedding's gonna be badass.

JENA

And now that we're engaged, it means Pete isn't disappearing anytime soon, which means I get to incorporate him into other aspects of my life. And that means you guys.

They nod... sweet.

ERICH  
 Seriously though, no dresses.

**EXT. NORRISTOWN - NIGHT**

Ryan drives with Erich and Cooper through one of the many small towns West of Philly.

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's a big house. Ryan pulls into the circular front driveway. He's met by a hired valet who takes the car. The three guys ring the doorbell. It rings *Here Comes the Bride*.

With baited breath, JENA'S MOM (Mid 50s, pretty and petite) opens the door. She's wearing a Little Black Dress with a large whale-shaped broach pinned to her chest. She envelops the boys in a warm family hug.

JENA'S MOM  
 You're going to be the best  
 bridesmaids ever.

The guys smile. An older man in Tommy Bahama attire shimmies through the foyer.

JENA'S DAD  
 (singing *Here Comes the  
 Bride*)  
 "Da da da daaa"

JENA'S MOM  
 Stop singing! I told you-- you sing  
 too much!

Jena's dad confides in the boys, but loud enough so he's sure Jena's mom can hear him.

JENA'S DAD  
 And I told her if she knits me one  
 more scarf, I'd hang myself with  
 it. Am I right?

JENA'S MOM  
 Boys, promise me you'll always  
 appreciate gifts from your wives.  
 (to Jena's dad)  
 And change that doorbell. It's  
 tacky. I told you to change it!

Jena's Dad pointedly rings the doorbell. *Here Comes The Bride*.

JENA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Do that one more time...

He rings it again. As their argument continues, Jena comes out and pulls them inside. She's actually wearing make-up for tonight.

RYAN  
(soft, to Jena)  
Marriage is awesome.

JENA'S DAD  
(singing)  
*HERE COMES THE BRIDE!!!*

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

In the backyard there's a long table with citronella candles. The swimming pool glows blue. Friends and family mingle. Ryan and the guys pull appetizers from wandering waiters.

A passing CUTE BRUNETTE offers Cooper a friendly smile. He freezes up, awkwardly turns away, and bumps right into Ryan. Erich watches with dismay as she rolls her eyes and leaves.

ERICH  
The Academy Award for best  
documentary: "I Have no Balls, the  
Cooper Martin story."

Ryan spots Jena talking to a ruggedly good-looking guy with a popped collar. He's wearing sunglasses at night.

RYAN  
10 o'clock.

The guy poses for a photo with Jena. He gives a thumbs-up and points at her, like he's Lynndie England in those Abu-Ghraib naked Iraqi prisoner photos.

Ryan and Erich stare at this unbelievable douchebag. Could this be Pete?

Behind Ryan, Cooper, and Erich comes a normal-looking guy about their age. He too stares at the unbelievable douchebag.

PETE  
Look at that unbelievable  
douchebag.

Cooper turns around and smiles at Pete.

COOPER  
How goes it, Pete?

The other guys turn around. Pete gives them a sheepish smile.

PETE  
How's it going, fellas?

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

Pete cuts the line to the caterer's bar and grabs four beers. He keeps one and distributes the others to Ryan, Cooper, and Erich.

Contrary to their imagination, Pete seems like a genuinely nice guy. He looks kind of like his Nintendo Mii-- short. Round face. Big smile. He should be played by someone normal and likable to reinforce this normalcy.

PETE  
Glad you guys could make it. Good to see you again, Ryan.

RYAN  
What? Oh. Ah, you too. Thanks for the shirt?

PETE  
"Lordy, Lordy! My Daddy's Forty!"

All four take a sip of beer. Pete rocks on his heels. The guys look at each other-- who should say something first?

RYAN  
Is it weird that you're the fourth guy Jena's dated named Pete?

The guys watch his reaction, but he doesn't miss a beat.

PETE  
(playing along)  
She told me I was the eighth. She's only with me to continue the tradition.

They kind of laugh, half-liking Pete and half-annoyed that they half-like him.

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

Ryan entertains Jena and her parents. They're having fun. Across the party-- shoes off, pants rolled up, Cooper and Pete dip their legs in the pool.

PETE  
You don't seem like a lawyer. No offense.

COOPER

I have at least four more years  
before I become a complete a-hole.

(awkward silence)

So. Jena says you do web design?  
I've been known to dabble. I made  
this site, *kingshaq.com*? It's--

PETE

--Where Shaq has the crown and  
scepter? You type in a wish and  
King Shaq grants it? I LOVE THAT  
SITE!

Cooper's shocked.

COOPER

Did Erich put you up to this?

Pete takes out his iPhone. It immediately loads up King Shaq.  
It's just as Pete described-- A photoshopped Shaq with a  
crown and scepter. A curser blinks at us, awaiting a wish.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I can't believe you have the mobile  
app.

PETE

One time I wished for a reality TV  
show where OJ Simpson goes on the  
run and Deputy Shaq chases him  
across the country.

COOPER

That was you?!

PETE

So where's my show?

COOPER

Shaq is very discerning about the  
wishes he grants.

They laugh. From another conversation across the party, Ryan  
shoots Cooper a look-- STOP LIKING PETE!

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

Pete and Erich talk near the back door.

PETE

Oh, so your art is some sort of an  
off-shoot of neo-expressionism  
meets assemblage?



Erich's amazed.

ERICH

I hate that you're so awesome!

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

The living room. Ryan and Pete look at picture frames on the mantel. Jena performing magic for stuffed animals. Jena giving Barbie a haircut. Jena in elementary school-- complete with a pink and blue laser background.

PETE

Did you see Family Guy last night?

RYAN

Nope.

PETE

I don't normally watch TV.

RYAN

Was it funny?

Pete shrugs.

PETE

It's not a good show.

RYAN

No.

Ryan checks his phone. It's off.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Thought I felt it vibrate.

PETE

I hate that.

Pete checks his own phone just in case. Nothing.

PETE (CONT'D)

So, um. Jena says we have a lot in common.

RYAN

Oh yeah? Cool.

Pete waits, but Ryan doesn't offer anything else.

PETE

Yep.

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

Everyone is outside. Ryan, Erich, and Cooper stand to the side, quietly judging. Pete stands on his chair for a toast.

PETE

Thank you, everyone, for coming and making tonight special. I'm no good at public speaking, but here goes.

Pete pulls out several pages of notes. Ryan visibly slouches. Erich ribs Cooper.

PETE (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

Everyone laughs. Looking at him now, Jena's eyes almost sparkle. It's hard to tell how Ryan's feeling about it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Um. Cheers?

Our guys raise their glasses with big smiles plastered across their faces.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

Wii *Rock Band*. Ryan counts off R.E.M.'s *Orange Crush*, which the guys sing/play over this "Pete fitting in" part:

**INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT**

A tight huddle. Ryan, Cooper, Erich, Jena... and Pete.

RYAN

It's a trick question.

PETE

(no)

I'm telling you, it's a bear.

COOPER

It's definitely not a bear.

Ryan peeks out of the huddle. It's trivia night at their favorite bar. Other teams turn in answers to a mustached trivia announcer. Even the drunk sorority girls are done.

PETE

It's a bear. They did all these tests in the 60s.

Erich snorts. Cooper writes down an answer.

COOPER  
I'm saying monkey.

CUT TO:

TRIVIA ANNOUNCER  
It's a bear!

Jena squeezes Pete's hand. Ryan, Cooper, and Erich gulp down their beers.

TRIVIA ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
In 1962, a bear parachuted from  
35,000 feet and landed safely on  
Earth. His name... was JoJo.

COOPER  
(under his breath)  
Eff you, JoJo.

Pete stands up with a friendly smile. He affectionately squeezes Ryan and Cooper on their shoulders.

PETE  
No worries, gents. Another round?

The guys sheepishly nod.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Cooper, Jena, and Pete watch *Gossip Girl*. Pete wraps his arm around Jena. Cooper slides away from them, annoyed.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - GARAGE - EVENING**

Erich's art studio. Erich welds a bunch of old cell phones to a crowbar. Pete is watching him.

PETE  
I've got some gallery friends if  
you want to meet them.

Erich flips up his welder's mask.

ERICH  
No offense, homey-- I have trouble  
concentrating with you in here.

**EXT. MONTY'S MAGIC SHOP - DAY**

Monty's looks like the bastard son of LA's Magic Castle. Ryan, Cooper, and Erich walk towards the front door, carrying a Carvel ice cream cake.

**INT. MONTY'S MAGIC SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Jena's job. The guys find her selling a magic wand to an ACNE FACED KID. She's a sales person, not a magician. She turns around. Her face has a big smudge of ice cream on it.

THE GUYS  
Happy birthday!?

They glance over to the checkout counter. Pete's already there, passing out slices of his own ice cream cake to the other employees/magicians. Cooper holds out his cake.

COOPER  
Anyone want seconds?

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Ryan, Cooper, and Erich watch *The Dark Knight*. They hear rhythmic sounds of a bed squeaking from Jena's bedroom. Pete GROANS with intense pleasure. Ryan turns up the TV volume.

Engrossed in the movie, Erich speaks along with the TV:

JOKER (ON TV)  
"Why so serious?"

**END MONTAGE.****EXT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY**

A designer boutique tucked on a quiet street.

**INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY**

Cooper browses tuxedos. Erich tries to see into the dressing room. Jena and Ryan are off in the corner together. Jena stands at attention while two female ATTENDANTS take her measurements.

JENA  
So?

RYAN  
He's great.

JENA  
(relieved)  
Yeah?

RYAN  
We love him.

Ryan's tone changes.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
He does blink a lot, though.

JENA  
Pete?

RYAN  
Kinda weird.

JENA  
You think?

RYAN  
Blinks more than usual, I'd say.

JENA  
(with a smile)  
Fuck it. I'll dump him.

The shop attendants wince at her language.

RYAN  
He's all like--

Ryan blinks a lot.

JENA  
That's not so bad.

RYAN  
(still blinking)  
What's up-- I'm Pete.

JENA  
It's kind of hot.

He blinks faster. She punches his arm.

JENA (CONT'D)  
Stop it.

RYAN  
I can't.

She puts on a vampy tone and rubs her hands on his chest.

JENA  
You're turning me on.

An attendant beckons Jena towards a dressing room. Ryan watches her walk away. He's still blinking.

**INT. BRIDAL SHOP - LATER**

Jena emerges from the dressing room. Ryan, Erich, and Cooper perk up out of their bored reverie when they see her.

Jena pads softly across the carpet in her bare feet. The dress fits perfectly.

JENA

Do you guys think it's too classy  
and elegant and hot for me?

She twirls in her classy, elegant and hot wedding dress.

ERICH

I'd bonerize you in that.

JENA

You'd bonerize anyone in anything.

RYAN

I'm simultaneously dazzled and  
entranced.

COOPER

I'm entrazzled.

We see the first crack in Jena's defenses. She actually blushes. Her hands go involuntarily to the ornate fabric.

RYAN

It's weird. I always thought we'd  
get married eventually. I mean not  
really, but kind of, like how we're  
safeties-- like both of us single  
at 40 and getting married?

COOPER

(miffed)

We were already safeties at 45.

JENA

I hedged.

RYAN

I mean, I always thought I wouldn't  
see your dress until you walked  
down the aisle. I mean not really,  
but... we'd get married because we  
were the only two single people  
left. But not really.

Cooper and Erich exchange a weirded-out look. Jena keeps on smiling, but it no longer seems genuine.

Ryan realizes he's being weird.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I'm joking. Do you know what a joke  
is? I could look it up for you.  
(to a shop attendant)  
Can you get us a dictionary?

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

Ryan stares down at the new blueprints.

RYAN  
This sucks.

Beth appears beside him.

BETH  
Maybe you should have helped me.

RYAN  
(patting her on the back)  
No, no-- you did a good job.  
(then)  
But I don't know what to do.

BETH  
You missed your chance, slugger.

RYAN  
(a mile a minute)  
I know! But I never wanted to fool  
around with her because if we  
fooled around then we'd break up,  
and if we broke up then we'd  
pretend to be friends for a little  
while, and if we pretended to be  
friends for a little while, then  
we'd be all awkward together and  
eventually everything would fall  
apart and we'd never speak to each  
other ever again.  
(deep breath)  
But now? She's suddenly capable of  
holding down a long-term  
relationship and it's with some guy  
we don't even know?!

Beth nods.

BETH  
I meant you missed your chance to  
impress the partners with the new  
Notopolos designs.

RYAN  
...that too.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

On the back porch. Ryan watches the lights go out in Jena's window. The house is quiet. He turns to Cooper and Erich.

RYAN  
Idea: we murder Pete.

COOPER  
(sarcastic)  
Repercussions: none?

ERICH  
I'm in.

Ryan speaks in a hushed whisper. He keeps glancing up at Jena's dark window.

RYAN  
He's stealing Jena. Pretty soon  
we'll never see her again. The four  
musketeers will be no more.

Cooper shrugs. He seems ok with it.

COOPER  
We'll go back to being the three  
musketeers. Like when D'Artagnan  
died at the Siege of Maastricht.

ERICH  
What the fuck-- "Spoiler alert?"

RYAN  
Listen. Pete's no different than  
us. He's like the three of us  
merged into one. Except also he  
gets to have sex with her.

ERICH  
She has three holes, we could  
totally do that.

COOPER  
She's our friend, not a prostitute.

RYAN  
I was thinking... what if we kinda  
sorta tried to break them up?

Erich's eyes light up.



ERICH

Oh shit.

Cooper starts shaking his head no. It only makes Erich nod faster.

COOPER

We have no right to interfere with her happiness.

RYAN

We're not interfering with her happiness. We're... redirecting her happiness?

COOPER

Remember that time you won two front-row tickets to Daft Punk-- my brother's favorite band of all time, but you told him you only had one?

RYAN

I wanted room to dance.

COOPER

This is just like that, but worse. You're being a selfish a-hole.

Erich is bouncing up and down. Can't contain his excitement.

ERICH

Shut up, Cooper! What if we gave Pete like ten Viagras and then slashed his tires. He'd die in a car crash and everyone at his funeral would be like, "that dead body has a crazy boner."

COOPER

(to Ryan)

What if we interfere and she never loves again?

RYAN

You're missing the point. We mess with her relationship and then a) they break up. It wasn't meant to be. Or b) she stays with him and their love is stronger for our meddling.

Erich shakes Cooper by the shoulders.

ERICH  
I love where this is going!

Erich starts pacing before Cooper like a trial lawyer giving a closing argument.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
In fact, no one should be allowed  
to get married without us fucking  
with their relationship!

RYAN  
If this were an 80's movie, we'd  
start a business called  
Relationship Fuckers.

Cooper stares up at Jena's dark window. Mulling it over.  
Erich can hardly contain himself.

ERICH  
(singing)  
"Who you gonna call?! Relationship  
Fuckers!"

Cooper sighs. He'll go along with it.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Ryan picks up the phone. Sitting on the bed, Erich keeps cracking up like a kid making a prank call, while Ryan shushes him. Cooper works on his laptop, ignoring them.

RYAN  
(serious, into phone)  
Hey this is Ryan Harper, I'm a  
friend of Jena and Pete's? Listen,  
we're doing this fun thing for the  
rehearsal dinner. It's called  
Pete's Most Embarrassing Moments?

Erich loses it.

**EXT. SPORTS BAR - SAME**

A fratty type-- apparently PETE'S FRIEND-- steps outside from a crowded sports bar. He's on the phone with Ryan.

PETE'S FRIEND  
That dude was on *Super Sloppy*  
*Double-Dare* back in the day. Kicked  
some ass. Did the obstacle course  
and everything. And he totally won!

RYAN  
How... embarrassing?

**INT. DMV - DAY**

At the front of the queue, Cooper steps up to a CUTE DMV CLERK. He seems unprepared for her cuteness. Still, he tries his best to do a suave, George Clooney-thing.

COOPER  
Hey pretty lady, I need you to bend  
the rules and get me a driving  
record...

She stares at him.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
(nervous)  
I called you pretty, did you hear?

CUTE DMV CLERK  
If you want me to break the law,  
you're going to have to hit on me  
harder than that.

Cooper thinks about it. Nope, that's all he's got.

COOPER  
Okay, gotta go.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

A HOT BLONDE sits in her cubicle talking on her headset.

HOT BLONDE  
I don't think Pete's ever done  
anything embarrassing.

INTERCUT with Erich wrestling the phone away from Ryan.

ERICH  
From the sound of your voice I can  
tell you're at least an Eight. Are  
you coming to the wedding?

**EXT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Binoculars up, Erich watches Pete get ready for bed. Erich speaks into a pocket tape recorder.

ERICH  
It's 10:35 PM. He's heading to bed.

Pete gets naked.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
(into recorder)  
His penis is medium to large in  
size.

He clicks it off. Then presses record again.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Nice.

**EXT. PHILLY STREET - DAY**

A friend of Pete's, FINKLER, walks down the street. He's on the phone with Ryan.

FINKLER  
Dude. What about "the thing that  
shall not be named."

RYAN (V.O.)  
Refresh my memory.

FINKLER  
Oh shit. That's one you've got to  
hear from the horse's mouth.  
(cracking himself up)  
"HONK HONK!"

**INT. MONTY'S MAGIC SHOP - DAY**

Jena restocks shelves with magic sets. Behind her, MONTY, an old man in a wizard costume, performs magic on a rinky-dink demo stage for a group of adoring children. Jena looks on, jealous.

Pete walks into the shop. He holds a blanket and sandwiches.

**EXT. A PARK - DAY**

Ryan and Erich, both with binoculars now, spy on Jena and Pete's picnic.

RYAN  
What do you think it means?

ERICH  
Maybe it's like a goose?

RYAN  
(trying it, dubious)  
"HONK HONK."

ERICH  
Or a car? A duck? A clown's nose?

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY**

A quiet street corner. Ryan, Cooper, and Erich are having coffee with a cute twenty-something, MINDY, Pete's ex-girlfriend.

MINDY

One time at P.F. Chang's, this guy totally grabbed my butt on purpose. Pete was like "hey!" and the guy got all up in his face and Pete kind of pushed him.

The guys exchange a look.

MINDY (CONT'D)

The guy slipped on a rice noodle or something and fell back onto a table. I think he broke his nose?

The guys are stupefied.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Either way, he really burned his face bad with wonton soup cause it spilled on him and he was like, "Ahhh My face! My face!"

(then)

I still hear his screams whenever I smell Orange Peel Beef.

RYAN

Pete should be in jail!

Mindy shakes her head.

COOPER

It was an accident?

MINDY

He was just trying to protect me. He didn't want to hurt anyone.

ERICH

He's a cold-blooded killer.

Pete's ex covers her face, acting it out again.

MINDY

"My face! My face!"

**INT. RYAN'S CAR - LATER**

Driving back home.

ERICH

We gotta do something. Make him snap-- Show Jena his rage.

RYAN

No. But we should tell her about this. She should know everything about him. Even if he's an accidental psycho.

COOPER

Gentlemen. What she just described was a non-event. We tell Jena nothing. We cannot blow our cover. But rest assured, at some point we will find out what we're looking for. Everyone has a secret.

ERICH

Pussy.

RYAN

You don't think we should tell her?

COOPER

I'd rather do nothing than do the *wrong* thing.

Ryan looks out the window as it starts raining. He nods.

ERICH

You gotta be kidding me!

RYAN

Cooper's right. Until we have something concrete, let's just make the best of it. He's a nice enough guy after all. Even if he did scald a dude's face with hot wonton soup.

Erich kicks his seat.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jena's Dad paces with a notepad.

JENA'S DAD

What about Italian Wedding Soup?

JENA'S MOM (O.S.)

Nobody wants to eat soup at a wedding!

JENA'S DAD  
SHE KNOWS I LOVE SOUP!!!

Pete smiles.

PETE  
Everybody loves a hot bowl of soup.

Dad storms out. Pete and Jena take a break from wedding planning. She tosses aside an ever-growing guest list.

JENA  
Please God I can't do this anymore.

PETE  
Let's just invite everyone we know.

She gets up and stretches.

PETE (CONT'D)  
And you're sure about the guys?  
Having them be bridesmaids?

JENA  
It's the only part I'm looking  
forward to.

Pete nods a little too quickly. Jena catches it--

JENA (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean--

PETE  
--I feel like they hate me.

JENA  
They like you.

PETE  
I can't make any headway when  
they're all together.

JENA  
You need to pick them off one by  
one. Like you're chasing a herd of  
buffalo... socially speaking.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

In the TV room. Ryan's on his laptop, tweaking house plans. Jena turns on the Wii and picks up the guitar.

JENA

You want to come to dinner with me  
and Pete? He's paying.

RYAN

Trying to buy my friendship?

JENA

That's Pete. The buyer of  
friendships. Imagine how much I  
cost him.

Jena hovers really close, soloing the guitar right in his  
face, sticking her tongue out like Gene Simmons from KISS.

RYAN

Should we go right now? I can have  
an intern do this. I'm a powerful  
man.

Jena jams on the guitar.

JENA

(Rock Opera singing)

*"Not 'til Saturday!! I'll get a  
table for three!!"*

Ryan's about to let it go but then he almost involuntarily  
stops her--

RYAN

(bad Rock Opera singing)

*"Actually Four. Can I bring  
someone? That I'm dating?"*

He seems to not even know why he's singing it. But he's  
obviously pleased with the results: Jena pantomimes breaking  
the guitar on Ryan's head, THE WHO style.

JENA

Holy crap!!! You're dating someone?

Um....

RYAN

Yeah. We're sexual with each other?

JENA

Have I met her?

RYAN

It's not my fault you categorically  
ignore my girlfriend.



JENA  
Dude! You're totally making this  
girl up right now.

RYAN  
Why would I do that?

She plops down next to him on the couch.

JENA  
(knowing)  
I don't even wanna know.

RYAN  
Well I'm not making her up.

JENA  
(dubious)  
What's her name?

After a moment...

RYAN  
...Beth?

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

Conference room. Notopolos is back, looking over the revised blueprints. Ryan, Beth, and Amed watch him nervously.

NOTOPOLOS  
I'm happy to say... I have no  
adjustments.

Ryan, Beth, and Amed breathe a collective sigh of relief.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)  
And that hot tub in the kitchen?  
How'd you know I hate to eat when  
I'm dry?!

Ryan winks at Beth. Notopolos ropes them for a group hug.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)  
I'm sad. Will I ever see you  
beautiful people again?

Notopolos takes out a digital camera. He sets the self-timer.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)  
Let's get a picture together. For  
Friendster.

BETH  
(mouthing to Ryan)  
Friendster?

Ryan laughs. Notopolos slides his hand to Beth's butt. Her eyes go wide as the flash POPS.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Ryan and Beth take down 3D renderings from the corkboard.

BETH  
Who's going to sexually harass me  
now that Notopolos is gone?

RYAN  
How about a date with me?

BETH  
That's the cheesiest harassment  
ever. At least say the word  
"sugartits."

RYAN  
I'm serious. Saturday?

BETH  
Wait, really?

She seems mildly intrigued by the idea.

RYAN  
Settle down. A double date. With  
Jena and What's-his-face. The  
fiancé.

BETH  
Don't pretend like you forgot his  
name.

RYAN  
So you'll come?

BETH  
I'll come. All night long.  
(playfully touching him)  
Now that's sexual harassment, baby.

**EXT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Walking down the sidewalk, Jena and Beth chat, keeping pace in front of Pete and Ryan.

JENA

Nice to meet you, Beth. It appears  
that you do, in fact, exist.

Beth glances back and gives Ryan a smile. Out in the street,  
a CITY BUS stops and the driver yells to Pete.

BUS DRIVER

Hey dude! Why don't you drive *my*  
bus! "HONK HONK!"

Pete waves, then realizes Ryan is staring at him. Pete  
suddenly tries to look confused.

PETE

He must think I'm someone else.

RYAN

I bet that happens a lot.

They eye each other.

**INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER**

The foursome sits at a table in the back.

RYAN

A toast. To Jena and Pete. May you  
live forever, but not like zombies.

Cheers. We see a moment of genuine gratitude from Jena, the  
kind of glimmer that doesn't come often with her.

Pete gives Jena a passionate kiss. Ryan glances at Beth. Beth  
stares slack-jawed at the intense, ongoing make-out session.

Ryan moves towards Beth for a kiss, wanting to match Jena.  
Beth leans away from him.

BETH

Settle down, settle down.

Reveal: a server waiting behind them. Pete and Jena are still  
tonguing each other.

RYAN

(to the server)  
We might need a minute.

**INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER**

A server comes out from the kitchen with appetizers. He  
delivers it to the table, where Pete's in mid-story. The  
table dynamic shows body language rife with tension.

PETE

We'd probably move in June after the wedding. June or July.

Ryan seems disturbed by this. He glances at Jena.

RYAN

Wow.

JENA

It's not definite.

RYAN

I can't picture you happy in Miami.

Jena shrugs-- she kind of knows he's right.

PETE

I go down there a lot for business. It's so great.

BETH

(half-making fun)

You a big roller-blader, Pete?

Ryan hasn't taken his eyes off Jena. He's grasping at straws and he knows it--

RYAN

What about Monty's Magic shop? You were salesman of the month.

JENA

It's only me and Monty.

Ryan picks at his food. We stay focused on him as:

PETE

I'm sure we'll be up to visit. Maybe after a year or two, when we get settled in. Unless we have kids of course. Heh-- just kidding. But I don't know, a kid could be fun.

Ryan takes a bite of food. Chewing a mussel.

JENA

Totally.

Ryan can't believe she's agreeing--

RYAN

Wha--

He starts coughing. Pete perks up.

PETE  
Are you okay?  
(miming)  
Do you know the international sign  
for choking?

Ryan waves him off. He's having a COUGHING fit.

JENA  
I get it, Leslie Nielson, you're  
shocked. Hilarious. Why don't you  
do a spit take while you're at it.

Ryan gasps for breath.

PETE  
I know the Heimlich Maneuver.

RYAN  
(between coughs)  
I'm not choking.

Pete stands up.

PETE  
I'm an Eagle Scout.

JENA  
He's not choking!

Ryan's coughing fit subsides, but now he's panicked as Pete runs behind him and wraps his arms around his middle.

RYAN  
(calming down)  
Seriously Pete-- I'm talking, it  
means I'm breathing.

Pete starts to relax his arms, but then Ryan COUGHS one more time! Pete instinctively squeezes Ryan's stomach as hard as he can-- sending a hefty quantity of mussels, water, and wine out of his mouth and RIGHT ONTO JENA.

Ryan grips his stomach in pain.

PETE  
Looks like you were choking after  
all.

Glaring at Ryan, Jena slowly removes the bile-covered mussels from her chest.

RYAN  
You made me throw up.

Pete considers this. After a moment, he hands Jena a napkin. She gives the boys a tight smile and heads for the bathroom.

**EXT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan stands out in the cold. On his cell phone.

RYAN  
(into phone)  
We are a go for Relationship  
Fuckers. I repeat: we are a go for  
Relationship Fuckers.

**INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

Back at the table, Jena, Pete, and Beth eat their food.

BETH  
(to Pete)  
Have we met before? You seem so  
familiar...

PETE  
Would you believe I get that all  
the time. I think I just have one  
of those faces.

Ryan sits back down. He clears his throat and says something that he might have been rehearsing in his head for a while:

RYAN  
Pete, did you know Jena and I used  
to dine-and-dash at places like  
this? I think it reminded her of  
her shoplifting days.

PETE  
It's cheaper than paying I guess.

Pete smiles and takes Jena's hand. He's just too damn nice.

JENA  
(eyeing Ryan)  
We'd always leave a tip.

She glares at him. Ryan doesn't give up.

RYAN

Another classic Jena story: this one time she got drunk and told our buddy Winston she supported reparations because, and I quote, "without slavery we wouldn't have the internet."

Beth glances at a black family eating nearby, nervous. Meanwhile Pete's laughing at Ryan's story.

PETE

(to Jena)

You said that?

Jena stares daggers at Ryan. Beth changes the subject.

BETH

Hey, have you guys heard the new *Girl Talk*?

RYAN

(before anyone can answer)

Pete, did you know that Jena called me on the phone from Spain, long distance, to tell me that she got drunk and threw up down a Spaniard's pants?

PETE

(going with it)

*Los Pantalones del Fuego.*

Jena leans towards Ryan so the others can't really hear her. She knows what he's up to and she threatens him back.

JENA

You sure you want to climb this jungle gym, kiddo?

Ryan winks. Jena grins, always up for a challenge. She turns to Beth and adopts a very scholarly tone:

JENA (CONT'D)

Beth, did you know that as a young boy, Ryan used to wet the bed because the toilet was, and I quote, "too far away"?

Ryan gives Beth a look like-- "oh, please."

JENA (CONT'D)

Now he has what doctor's call "secondary enuresis."

Ryan shakes his head. Jena wiggles a victory dance in her seat. Pete watches, knowing he's missing some part of an inside joke.

Ryan accepts her challenge. He turns to Pete.

RYAN

Hey Pete. Jena moves her lips when she reads.

JENA

(to Beth)

When he saw *The Lion King*, Ryan laughed when Simba's dad died.

PETE

(kind of sad)

Mufasa?

They start making up lies on the fly:

RYAN

Jena... saves all her toenail clippings in a mayonnaise jar under her bed.

Pete frowns.

JENA

Ryan microwaved a mouse just to see what would happen.

BETH

For real?

RYAN

Jena eats live spiders because she likes the way their crawling tickles her stomach.

JENA

Ryan peed in a cup and then drank the pee and then he peed again and drank it one more time.

Pete and Beth both grimace. This is getting too weird.

RYAN

Jena went from doctor to doctor trying to find someone who'd surgically attach baby penises onto her nipples.



Ryan and Jena start kicking each other under the table, like a game of footsies gone horribly wrong. Pete and Beth exchange a look. What the hell is going on?

PETE  
(trying to ignore them)  
Beth, can I try your Rigatoni?

Pete tries her food-- delicious.

RYAN  
One time Jena took a dump in the  
shower and mashed it down the drain  
with her foot.

Jena taps her knife to her glass. DING DING DING!!! Everyone in the restaurant turns to her.

JENA  
Attention everyone! This man has a  
micropenis.

At every table, all conversation stops.

**EXT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER**

Ryan, Jena, Beth, and Pete are escorted out of the restaurant. Ryan spots Erich across the street. Erich gives him a thumbs-up and then ducks behind a car.

As if on cue, a good-looking DRAMA STUDENT (Buddy Holly glasses, UPenn sweatshirt) approaches Jena.

DRAMA STUDENT  
Don't I recognize you?  
(lowering his voice)  
...from my dreams?

Pete steps between them.

PETE  
Keep walking, Weezer.

DRAMA STUDENT  
And leave this gorgeous girl  
behind? Hey-- how about you show a  
little boob?

Jena flinches. As for Beth, she's slowly separating herself from the group. Pete grabs the Drama Student by the sweatshirt. Ryan tries to intervene.

PETE

Tell your story walking, little  
guy!

The Drama Student suddenly drops his suave act.

DRAMA STUDENT

(scared, talking fast)

Hey-- whoa-- I'm just a drama  
major. These two shady guys gave me  
eighty bucks to get in your face.  
Look, they're watching us right now  
from across the street...

The drama student points at Erich and Cooper, standing behind  
a car. They duck.

DRAMA STUDENT (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

They think they're hidden.

We can still see the tops of their heads.

RYAN

We can see you!

JENA

Ryan? What is going on...

Ryan shakes his head, feigning innocence.

DRAMA STUDENT

(squinting at Pete)

Hey man, do I know you from  
somewhere?

PETE

No.

Pete lets go of the drama student. He walks out into the  
street. He's smiling.

PETE (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Listen guys, I think we got off on  
the wrong foot here. Let's just  
talk about this.

ERICH

Stay back, psycho!

PETE

I won't stay back until I have your  
friendship!

He keeps walking across the street.

ON JENA AND RYAN:

They watch Pete cross the street and walk right into the path of an oncoming car. Brakes SCREECH. Pete CRASHES against the windshield and tumbles to the pavement.

JENA

Pete!

**EXT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER**

On a gurney, an unconscious Pete gets loaded into the back of an ambulance. A shaken Jena climbs in the back with him. Ryan, Cooper and Erich below her. Bathed in flashing red lights.

ERICH

This wouldn't have happened if he wasn't so crazy.

COOPER

I told Erich not to do it.

Erich looks at Cooper, annoyed.

RYAN

Should I come with you?

COOPER

We could all come. For support?

Ryan winces-- he doesn't want to get bundled in with them.

JENA

Yeah you guys have been so supportive lately, I think that's a great idea. Here, let me clear some room in the ambulance next to my unconscious fiancé.

The back doors close. The ambulance drives away, leaving Ryan, Cooper, and Erich alone in the middle of the street.

From the sidewalk:

BETH

Ryan. Take me home?

Erich checks her out. He elbows Ryan.

ERICH

Nice jugs, dude.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - JENA'S ROOM - DAY**

Jena packs underwear into a box. In fact, she's surrounded by moving boxes. Ryan, Cooper, and Erich stand in the doorway.

COOPER

Maybe we owe you an apology.

Ryan steps away to distance himself.

RYAN

"We," being Erich and Cooper, I think.

ERICH

The three amigos, we're here to say we're sorry.

RYAN

Two amigos actually.

ERICH

Jena, on behalf of all of us... we're sorry.

Jena straddles the box, really having trouble getting the ends to close. Her face is tight-- frustrated at the box, the guys, or both.

JENA

No apology necessary. Want to help me pack? It'll be fun.

The guys weren't ready for that. They nod, cautious.

JENA (CONT'D)

Erich, you build boxes. Cooper, could you start disassembling my bed? Ryan, pack with me.

Jena packs the next box with her back to Ryan.

RYAN

...We just wanted to make sure he's right for you. It's kind of our job to test him and be honest with you.

JENA

In that case I should tell you-- Beth is a phony hipster bitch.

RYAN

You're never going to like whoever  
I date. Just like how we'll never  
like whoever you date.

Jena dumps the last drawer of clothes into a box.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you want the truth?  
(after a moment)  
We're not quite comfortable with  
you marrying Pete.

JENA

Wow Ryan, what a shocking  
revelation. I didn't see this  
coming. What a twist. You're like  
the M. Night Shyamalan of friends.

Jena picks up a box and leaves. Music kicks in...

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

Wii Rock Band. Ryan sings Weezer's *Say It Ain't So*. It plays  
over the next few scenes.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

A cloudy rainy morning. Men load a moving truck with Jena's  
stuff. Pete and Jena load her car. Ryan, Cooper and Erich  
stand on the porch watching. Jena gets in the passenger seat.  
Pete slams the trunk. They drive away.

**EXT. FAIRMOUNT PARK - DAY**

Orange autumn leaves begin to fall off the trees.

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NORTH PHILLY - DAY**

Black leather couch, glass coffee table, simple green rug.  
Jena struggles to use Pete's 60-inch plasma TV. She tries six  
different remotes that work every device but the TV.

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Bored and alone, Jena practices magic in front of a mirror.  
She makes one of Pete's remotes disappear and reappear at  
will. It's impressive. She hears the door OPEN and she  
quickly tosses the remote on the couch. She smiles innocently  
at Pete as he limps in on a cast.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

On the way to his bedroom, Ryan passes Jena's empty room. Where she used to sleep. With the dust, he can even see where her bed used to be.

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jena plays poker with Pete and his buddies. They sign his cast. Jena's tries to enjoy herself with these new friends.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

The first snowfall dusts the house.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

Ryan adjusts the thermostat. He's wearing gloves. Even inside, his breath condenses in the cold air.

RYAN

It's up as high as it goes.

Erich sits on the couch, bundled in winter clothes. Cooper emerges from his room, dressed for work.

ERICH

(to Cooper)

You were messing with that thing last week. Trying to save money.

COOPER

I didn't touch it.

RYAN

(realizing)

What's today?

COOPER

The fifteenth.

Ryan's face falls. He knows what's up.

RYAN

Jena always paid for gas.

ERICH

Fuuuuuuck.

RYAN

(to Cooper)

Call them up.

COOPER  
You call them. I'm not calling  
them.

RYAN  
Suddenly you're too busy?

COOPER  
(holding up his briefcase)  
Actually I am. I'm being sued by  
Shaquille O'Neal for exploiting his  
likeness.

ERICH  
Oh shit you're going to be in a  
room with Shaq?

COOPER  
His lawyers anyway.

Ryan taps on the thermostat.

RYAN  
Ok, well, with that dumb site shut  
down you'll have plenty of time to  
call the gas company.

ERICH  
Somebody pick up the fucking phone!

COOPER  
It's not my fault she moved out.

Ryan catches Cooper's accusatory tone and matches it.

RYAN  
You were with Erich, you could have  
stopped him.

ERICH  
(to Ryan)  
You called me from the restaurant,  
dick.

COOPER  
I told both of you--

ERICH  
(warming his hands)  
Motherfuck, my left ball just  
shattered.

Cooper walks out the front door.

RYAN

Fine. Whatever. I guess I'm the responsible one now.

Ryan picks up the phone.

**EXT. PHILLY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

Jena and Pete climb the marble steps and walk through the immense front doors. Pete's on crutches. Jena helps him up.

**INT. PHILLY PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER**

Rows and rows of stacks. Jena slinks down an aisle, as quiet as possible. Pete hobbles noisily along behind her.

She puts her hand up. Pete stops. She gestures-- "one sec."

Jena sticks a high-end SLR camera through a separation of books in the stack. She takes a photo of a man picking his nose while he reads.

PETE

Is this supposed to be enjoyable?

JENA

(whispering)

People feel safe in a library. Each person is in their own quiet world. And we capture it on film.

PETE

You sure you don't want to go to a movie? The Ritz is showing a new, new, new cut of *Brazil*.

JENA

Shhhhhh.

PETE

You're the only person in the world who likes doing this.

JENA

Ryan went on Library Safaris with me all the time.

PETE

Library Safari, huh...

JENA

That's what Ryan named it.

Pete's getting sick of hearing about Ryan.



PETE

But there's no animals.

Jena ignores him. She snaps another covert photo-- a muscle-bound body-builder type woman using the outdated microfiche.

Pete leans towards her on his crutches, possibly showing off his bad leg for emphasis.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna throw this out there. I think Ryan and those guys-- like, yes, they're your friends, but also, they really want to have sex with you?

Jena doesn't take the camera from her eye. She speaks from the side of her mouth, humoring him.

JENA

I bet they wouldn't be bad in bed.

PETE

(trying to joke along)  
Are you thinking orgy, or one at a time...

Jena swirls an imaginary wine glass and samples it.

JENA

Ryan Harper-- rambunctious and silly... yet very passionate.  
Cooper Martin-- fastidious with just a hint of ineptitude. Erich Grabowski--

She cringes and shudders at the thought.

PETE

(he's had enough)  
Alright.

JENA

You brought it up.

Pete spots a generic MOM and her KID browsing magazines.

PETE

Hey that's a good picture.

She looks. The mom and kid just stand there. Jena's expression says there's nothing interesting about them.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Are you gonna take it?

Without much enthusiasm, she snaps their picture.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY**

A sprawling mansion sits half-finished on a hill. Twenty annoyed construction workers stand in a clump, looking down the hill at--

--Ryan, Beth, and Amed, breathing into their hands. It's freezing. Notopolos steps between them and the house.

NOTOPOLOS  
I have some adjustments.

**INT. NOTOPOLOS'S CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER**

Notopolos leads them through his half-finished monstrosity. Ryan and Beth hang back, talking softly to each other...

RYAN  
I thought we were done with this yo-yo.

BETH  
Can we just do his adjustments so I can go back to not speaking to you?

RYAN  
Oh, how professional of you.

Beth gives Ryan the finger.

NOTOPOLOS  
Goddamn hallways!

Notopolos is a whirlwind of energy. Ryan, Beth, and Amed absorb his "adjustments" with a tired acceptance.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)  
Too many hallways, not enough foyers. If I have to walk down one more hallway I'm gonna blow my brains out. It's like an intern designed this shithole.

Beth glares at Ryan, who in turn glares at Amed.

AMED  
I told you I had the draft. Got Dwayne Wade, bitches.

Notopolos takes Beth's hand. She twinges but forces a smile.

NOTOPOLOS

And I know you understand the  
importance of working out, seeing  
as how you possess a marvelous  
buttocks...

Beth quickly withdraws her hand and takes a step away.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)

...so you of all people should know  
my new exercise room'll never fit  
in this closet!

RYAN

(re: a builtin bookshelf)  
Why not add a secret passage while  
you're at it?

Notopolos balks at the idea.

NOTOPOLOS

Don't be ridiculous.

**INT. NOTOPOLOS'S CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER**

While Beth consults the original plans, a befuddled Ryan considers a STRIPPER POLE in the middle of the Notopolos' living room.

NOTOPOLOS

Are you telling me we can't push  
back that wall for an in-house  
strip-club?

RYAN

(like a diplomat)  
I'd like to think your "strip club"  
could fit in a room this size.  
Without any changes.

NOTOPOLOS

What about the champagne room?

RYAN

We're not making these changes.

NOTOPOLOS

Then I'll find someone who will.

RYAN

The room is fine! There's plenty of room. It's the perfect strip club size.

NOTOPOLOS

Show me.

Notopolos sits on a workbench. He gestures Beth towards the pole.

BETH

Oh no.

NOTOPOLOS

Prove it, baby. Dance for me.

BETH

Yeah-- you first.

NOTOPOLOS

Screw it! We bulldoze everything.

Beth looks offended, disgusted, and enraged all at the same time. Her eyes plead with Ryan-- what am I supposed to do with this creep?

Notopolos heads for the stressed-out CONTRACTOR. Ryan and Beth watch him discuss the situation. After a moment, the contractor shrugs and starts YELLING to his crew.

Ryan and Beth watch in growing horror as heavy machinery GROANS to life.

RYAN

Wait!

CUT TO:

**INT. NOTOPOLOS'S CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan cautiously swings around the stripper pole. He has no idea what he's doing. Beth hides a laugh.

Notopolos returns and slowly nods. Intrigued.

Ryan whips around the pole again, gaining speed. He launches his legs in the air-- CRASH! He hits the ground. But he turns it into a sexy tiger pose and slinks back to the pole.

NOTOPOLOS

Now we're talking...

**EXT. NOTOPOLOS'S CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Amed walks through the house while talking on his cell phone.

AMED

King Shaq? No, it's not a  
basketball site. It's this awesome  
website where Shaq grants wishes.

Amed turns a corner into the living room. He stops and  
stares.

AMED (CONT'D)

Yo, can I call you back?

Ryan is gyrating HARD against the stripper pole. Fifteen  
WORKERS in hard-hats clap along to a beat. Ryan somehow pulls  
off a tight spin move. The construction workers chant.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Go Ryan! Go Ryan!

Ryan pops up and does another spin.

RYAN

Tell me it's my birthday!

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Go Ryan! It's your birthday!

Notopolos bops his head to the beat, pleased. Ryan spots  
Beth's face-- He catches a slight grateful smile from her.

**INT. MONTY'S MAGIC SHOP - AFTERNOON**

All alone, Jena closes up the shop. When she's sure no one's  
around, she shuffles a deck of cards three times. On the  
third shuffle, the deck disappears from her hand.

MONTY

Outstanding prestidigitation.

FRPT-- she drops the cards from her sleeve. Old Monty hobbles  
toward her from the back room.

MONTY (CONT'D)

May I present an idea to tickle  
your fancy? How'd you like to run  
the demo magic show next week?

JENA

(gathering the cards)  
I'm tickled all right, but... no  
thanks.

Monty nods, skeptical.

JENA (CONT'D)  
It's your name on the sign after  
all.

MONTY  
If you change your mind, it's all  
yours. Don't forget to clean the  
rabbit cage before you go.

He leaves, passing a rabbit cage filled with poop. Jena  
stares at the rabbit. Its nose twitches.

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

Pete and Jena having dinner. The clinking silverware covers  
the silence. Eventually--

PETE  
How was work?

She measures the pause. Decides not mention Monty's offer.

JENA  
Good.

They resume eating in silence.

PETE  
We should go to an Eagles game  
sometime.

JENA  
Definitely.

Jena reaches for a magazine. She flips through it.

PETE  
Any good articles?

Jena shrugs. Pete's feeling uneasy at the silence.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I'm not too boring for you, am I?

JENA  
Absolutely not.

She goes back to her magazine.

**EXT. EXPRESSWAY - EVENING**

Beth drives Ryan and Amed back towards the city.

**INT. BETH'S CAR - SAME**

Ryan, adrenaline still pumping from his stripper moves, dances in the passenger seat next to Beth.

BETH

Nice moves. You really took one for the team.

RYAN

I know. Now I don't have to do anymore work on that shitty house.

(then)

Hey. What if I asked you on a real date to make up for the Jena one?

Beth doesn't react.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Just you and me, two on the town. Starting over. I see us miniature golfing. Then maybe we eat at a sketchy hole-in-the-wall restaurant beloved by pretentious food critics. We end the night with a water balloon fight at Independence Hall. I'll even call you Sugartits if you want.

Beth half-smiles at him and he keeps rattling on. Excited.

RYAN (CONT'D)

And it'll have nothing to do with my friendship with Jena or making Jena jealous. I won't mention her the entire time.

BETH

You mentioned her just now.

Amed leans up front from the back seat.

AMED

She got you there, dogg.

Ryan's unnerved to have him butting in.

BETH

I don't want to go on another date with you, Ryan. Especially not the terrible one you just described.

RYAN

Beth--

BETH

Instead, you and I are going to  
work on a special project together.  
After hours.

Ryan catches her look. He shuts his mouth, pleased.

AMED

(doesn't get it)  
Oh shit, dogg! You thought you were  
gonna get the booty but instead you  
got more work!

**INT. BETH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Ryan and Beth make out in her elevator.

**INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Ryan and Beth stumble into her loft, still making out. It's decorated Vice magazine chic. Eclectic and hip. A sharp contrast to Ryan's simple living conditions.

She slinks towards her bedroom area. Ryan glances at the kitchen fridge. There's a fund-raising thermometer, half-full on its way to \$10,000.

RYAN

It's a balmy five thousand dollars  
in here.

BETH

When I save enough money, I move to  
Brooklyn and kiss the city of  
brotherly love goodbye forever.

Beth sits on her bed. She makes room for Ryan. He jokes:

RYAN

Wait a minute, this isn't a work  
project.

Beth opens her bedside drawer. Throws a condom at Ryan. He catches it, slightly unnerved.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You don't waste any time.

Beth unzips her dress...

BETH

Come on...  
(ironic seductive)  
I know your cock is curious.



Ryan shifts his weight from foot to foot. Things seem to be moving a bit fast for him.

RYAN  
Hey you know what they say,  
"Curiosity killed the cock."

She gets under the covers and makes room in the bed for him.

BETH  
You know me. You don't have to be  
scared.

RYAN  
You're the one who should be  
scared... of orgasms. Multiple  
ones.

But he's still just standing there.

**INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Beth and Ryan in bed together, under the covers. Ryan's still really tense. Beth stops kissing him.

BETH  
What's wrong?

RYAN  
Nothing. I'm just, you know,  
getting ready. Warming up. Hey  
why'd you decide to become an  
architect anyway? Did you--

Beth puts her finger to his lips. She reveals her laptop from her night stand.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Wait. Now we are doing work?

BETH  
I had a boyfriend who had issues...  
like the ones we're having now.

RYAN  
There's no issues.

BETH  
This always helped.

She loads a website: YOU MUST BE 18 TO ENTER.

RYAN

I could touch your breasts some more. That usually works.

The porn site loads: *www.bangbus.com*. She plays one of the preview clips.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What if we-- okay that's a vagina.

ALEJANDRO (ON COMPUTER)

Alejandro here. This week we found this gorgeous librarian named Brie. She was just walking down the street minding her own business-- until we convinced her to get on our bus and do the nasty!

Beth starts kissing Ryan's neck. He closes his eyes.

BRIE (ON COMPUTER)

(over-the-top ecstasy)

Don't stop, don't stop!!!

Beth reaches under the covers.

ALEJANDRO (ON COMPUTER)

We're bringin' you over 500 of the finest hos. We pick 'em up on the street, fuck 'em on the bus, and dump 'em in the gutter.

We hear sounds of DIRTY SEX from her computer, and the sounds of TRAFFIC as the bangbus drives around.

BRIE (ON COMPUTER)

I'm a bad librarian! Bad librarian!

Then the bangbus cameraman pans to the bus driver who turns around-- it can't be...

RYAN

Oh fuck!

Ryan scoots away like in a horror movie.

PETE (ON COMPUTER)

Pound that pussy!

ALEJANDRO (ON COMPUTER)

Watch the road, Pete!

PETE (ON COMPUTER)  
How can I take my eyes off that hot  
wet kitty?!

Close up on Pete, the bus driver. The same Pete. Jena's Pete.

PETE (ON COMPUTER) (CONT'D)  
It's just sliding up and down your  
rock hard cock, hombre!

ALEJANDRO (ON COMPUTER)  
All aboard the bangbus!

PETE (ON COMPUTER)  
"HONK HONK!!!"

Ryan screams! Then his screams of terror change to screams of excitement. He jumps up and down on the bed.

RYAN  
THIS IS AMAZING! BETH! YOU'VE MADE  
ME THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

He jumps on top of her and starts making out, hard.

BETH  
(taking a breath)  
Works every time.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

SOUNDS OF SEX from within the guys' house.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

The sound comes from Ryan's laptop speakers. Ryan, Cooper, and Erich stare at screen. A car in the video HONKS.

COOPER  
That's dangerous-- he should watch  
the road.

ERICH  
(unfazed)  
Wow, that's totally Pete. I can't  
believe I never made the  
connection.

RYAN  
You've seen this before?

Erich picks up the laptop, still playing the porn video.

ERICH  
I'll be in my room.

**EXT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY**

Jena pulls into her parents' driveway. The boys are waiting for her at the back door. She parks the car. Not happy to see them. She doesn't get out right away-- considering how to handle their appearance.

Ryan holds a burned DVD.

Jena sets her face and gets out of the car. Before the guys can even say hello...

JENA  
It's girls only.

The guys are confused.

RYAN  
We have something to show you.

JENA  
I'm already late.

She tries to outflank them and get to her parents' door. Ryan blocks her. He waves the DVD.

RYAN  
It's important.

Ryan pushes DVD into her hand. Cooper gently touches her arm.

COOPER  
It's about Pete. Watch it in private.

Jena shakes him off. Cooper flinches, hurt. Jena goes inside.

ERICH  
What a bitch.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - LATER**

Jena tosses THE BOYS' DVD onto the kitchen table. She's a ball of anxiety, fretting about tiny details in her dress.

JENA  
Let's just tell them I'm having uncontrollable diarrhea. No one questions that.

JENA'S MOM  
Aunt Hester drove all the way from  
Boston for this.

JENA  
She's 84-- she'll understand a good  
leaky bowel movement excuse.

Jena's mom actually laughs, but--

JENA'S MOM  
Just do this for me.

JENA'S DAD  
The girl doesn't want to do it!

JENA'S MOM  
(snapping at him)  
Everyone's already here!!!

JENA'S DAD  
I don't blame her! Who wants to  
spend time with a bunch of old  
ladies?!

JENA'S MOM  
Stay out of it, Harry!

Jena sighs and walks out of the room.

# **INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

A wedding shower. Jena's surrounded by two dozen women,  
mostly her mom's age. She'd rather be anywhere but here, but  
at least there's presents.

AUNT HESTER  
You were always such a free spirit.  
I never thought I'd live to see you  
settle down. I'm so happy for you.

Jena's mom squeezes Jena's arm. Jena forces a smile. She  
opens another gift.

JENA  
Oh no. What's this? A naughty gift?

She holds up a pair of blue lacy underwear. The older women  
giggle to each other.

JENA (CONT'D)  
(mock scolding)  
Aunt Hester!

AUNT HESTER  
Hey, it's something blue!

All the women laugh. Jena sighs. She drops the underwear into a pile of various kitchen appliances, towels, and cutlery.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - LATER**

An exhausted Jena staggers past her dad.

JENA  
I've officially become the girl I  
hate.

Her uninterested dad sits at the table reading the paper.

JENA (CONT'D)  
Hey-- where's my DVD?

The table is empty. The DVD is gone. Jena's dad shrugs.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - SAME**

The TV room. Jena's mom gently places JENA'S DVD in the player. She turns to the room with a smile.

JENA'S MOM  
The boys made a movie for Jena.

Her friends and relatives lean in. They can't wait to see it.

The disc slot closes.

Jena's mom frets over the two remotes. Confused.

JENA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
I can never remember which one...

She presses play. The DVD player makes a noise...

But nothing happens.

JENA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Harry! I can't make it work!

JENA'S DAD (O.S.)  
Video 2!!! Jesus Christ!!!

Jena's mom smiles to the guests. She's got it now.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME**

Jena walks down the hall towards the TV room. She's starting to get suspicious. She walks faster...

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - TV ROOM - SAME**

Jena's mom switches remotes. She presses a few buttons and finally something comes on the screen. Everyone sighs with relief.

PETE (V.O.)  
Aww yeah, dude! Pulverize that thing!

Jena's mom flinches. She doesn't quite know what to make of that, and then the camera man turns away from Pete and---

JENA'S MOM  
Oh, Applesauce!

Jena's mom fumbles with the remote. The guests stare in shock at the TV. SOUNDS OF SEX fill the house.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)  
Watch the road, Pete!

PETE (V.O.)  
I'd rather watch your veiny dick destroy that bitch's asshole!!!

Aunt Hester gags.

From the doorway, Jena stares at the image of her fiance in a porn movie. She can't even process it. Her dad appears behind her. He squints at the bangbus video and puts on his glasses.

JENA'S DAD  
Is Pete driving the bangbus?  
(catching himself)  
I mean-- a bus? What is this thing?

Jena cringes away from her dad as...

PETE (V.O.)  
"HONK HONK!!!"

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Poker Night. Texas Hold'em. Pete and four friends sit around the kitchen table, drinking and laughing and smoking cigars.

The final card drops. Pete and the other guy with cards stare each other down. An enormous pile of chips in the pot.

PETE  
All in.

The pile doubles in size. All eyes on the other guy.

FINKLER

Gentlemen. This is the hand to end  
all hands.

The apartment door opens. A pissed-off Jena throws her winter coat on the couch and stands behind Pete. He motions for her to be quiet and stay back. Instead, she picks up his cards.

JENA

He has pocket kings.

WHEELER

I fold.

PETE

What the fuck!

He whirls on her, pissed. She gently squeezes Pete's nose.

JENA

(super-soft)

"Honk honk."

Pete freezes. The other guys exchange a glance.

FINKLER

Dude. I think she knows.

#### **INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

In the kitchen. Poker night's obviously been cancelled. Pete cleans up the kitchen-- tossing beer cans, wiping the table. Jena follows him everywhere.

PETE

They're a small company and they  
needed extra help.

JENA

"Extra Help" usually means overtime  
at your computer.

PETE

It's once a month. The rest of the  
time I'm doing their web stuff.

JENA

Porn web stuff?

PETE

99 percent of the web is porn,  
Jena!



JENA  
Not *King Shaq*.

PETE  
It's part of the job!

JENA  
Why didn't you tell me?

PETE  
Maybe because it's really  
embarrassing?

Pete stops cleaning and tries to explain it to her.

PETE (CONT'D)  
If I code a baseball stats site,  
I'll play in their fantasy league.  
I'm there for them. Just like I'm  
there to drive the... bangbus.

JENA  
Jesus, Pete!

PETE  
Well I don't see how it's any  
different than if I drove a regular  
bus.

JENA  
You spend all that time in Miami  
with girls who-- they're not even  
real, they're dolls, their stomachs  
are flatter than mine, their asses  
are firmer, and their boobs are  
bigger, and--

PETE  
Everyone has bigger boobs than you.

She's stunned for a moment.

PETE (CONT'D)  
But the point is I love *your* boobs!  
I love *your* stomach! I love *your*  
ass!

He tries to hug her.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I love *you*, Jena!

She dodges his arms. He doesn't get it.

JENA

You lied. It's worse than fucking  
some girl on a bus.

PETE

How can you say that!

JENA

I'd rather you fuck them and tell  
me the truth!

PETE

Sex is much worse than lying.

JENA

Only cause you're a guy. Watch--  
you like imagining some random  
guy's dick in my mouth?

PETE

Honestly, it's not in my top five  
sexual fantasies.

JENA

Oh, you wouldn't want two dudes  
using me as a jungle gym?

PETE

Come on.

JENA

You wouldn't like turning my vagina  
into a four-man co-op?

Pete opens and SLAMS a cabinet.

PETE

Fine, you know what? I'd love it if  
you fucked some dickhead just to  
get back at me. It would be a  
shining example of your blossoming  
maturity.

Jena's had enough, she storms away. Pete follows her, not  
ready to let it go.

PETE (CONT'D)

In fact-- I would pay cold hard  
cash to see you fuck some dude!

JENA

Shut up!

PETE

I've got a great idea! How about I  
drive you guys around while you  
film it in my BANGBUS?!

That's too much for her. She storms out the front door.

JENA

Go jerk off to yourself on the  
internet.

**INT. JENA'S CAR - LATER**

Jena speeds across the city, weaving through traffic.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Jena's car careens into the driveway.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

She storms through the empty house, grabbing two beers from  
the fridge.

JENA

Ryan! You and I are getting drunk  
right this second.

But when she opens Ryan's door, he's not there. It takes the  
wind right out of her sails.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - TV ROOM - LATER**

Jena sits on the couch, alone. Doesn't quite know what to do  
with herself. She cracks a beer.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - LATER**

Coming towards the house, Erich pulls a wagon filled with  
found garbage. He's wearing one of those camping headlamps.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Erich comes into the TV room to find Jena sprawled on the  
couch. Her face lights up the way only a drunk person's can.

JENA

(slurring a little)  
Erich! What are you doing tonight?  
Let's throw meat into the dog park.  
Watch the dogs go nuts.

Erich realizes Jena is surrounded by 6 empty beer cans.

JENA (CONT'D)  
 "Dog Wars!"

Erich grins.

ERICH  
 I got a lot of catching up to do.

Erich grabs a full bottle of Jack Daniels from a hiding spot behind the dictionary. He starts chugging. Jena laughs and tosses him a Wii controller. He catches it one-handed, mid-chug.

# **INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Sunlight pours into Beth's loft. Ryan and Beth eat breakfast together. Comfortable closeness. They're both feeling good.

On the kitchen table, Ryan's cell phone starts VIBRATING. It's a text from Jena: "Can we meet?"

He glances at the door, then Beth.

BETH  
 Are you kidding me?

Ryan stands up. Gets his coat.

RYAN  
 It's my Aunt... Grandma.

BETH  
 ...I made breakfast.

RYAN  
 Aunt Grandma. It's a term of endearment. She needs me to pick her up at the train station.

As he leaves, Beth shrugs and takes a bite of his food.

# **EXT. COFFEESHOP - DAY**

It's sleeting outside. Through the front window we see Jena and Ryan sitting close together at a tiny bistro table. Jackets drying on the backs of their chairs.

# **INT. COFFEESHOP - SAME**

We stay close on Ryan's face throughout:

JENA  
 I had sex with Erich last night.

After a long moment, Ryan finds his words. A tiny voice escapes from his mouth.

RYAN

Oh.

JENA

I was just so mad about the stupid--

RYAN

--Bangbus. The Bangbus.

JENA

And you weren't home and I didn't know what to do and I got drunk and now-- I'm messing everything up.

Ryan says nothing.

JENA (CONT'D)

It's nothing-- I mean, he's Erich. It's kind of weird that it never happened before, right? It's never complicated with him. But I shouldn't tell Pete, right?

He's still trying to absorb everything.

JENA (CONT'D)

(filling the silence)

I think we can make it work. It's just a job, right? But I shouldn't tell him. Do you think I should tell him?

Ryan finally finds his voice.

RYAN

Would you excuse me for one moment?

#### **INT. RYAN'S CAR - LATER**

Ryan drives through the snow and sleet. He keeps changing the radio station, punching the buttons harder and harder until he's literally just pounding on the dashboard and the horn.

#### **INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - GARAGE - LATER**

A NUDE EUROPEAN MODEL is posing for Erich. He's in the middle of constructing her form out of found garbage.

ERICH

Arch your back a little bit more?

RYAN (O.S.)

Erich!

Ryan runs in and stops short. He wasn't expecting to see a naked woman. He stares at the model.

NUDE MODEL

(with accent)

He is creeping me out.

ERICH

Cover up, Famke.

Famke wraps up in a towel.

RYAN

(to Erich)

Come inside for a second?

ERICH

What's up, dude?

RYAN

I want to talk to you, *dude*.

ERICH

(duh)

I'm in the middle of something.

Ryan stands there between Erich and the model. Erich holds up two things for Ryan to choose: a rubber band and a small tire.

ERICH (CONT'D)

I can't decide. Which one of these is a more accurate representation of the female vagina?

RYAN

Fanta's or *Jena's*?

Erich slowly puts down the junk.

NUDE MODEL

My name is Famke.

Erich glances at the model for second, then back to Ryan.

ERICH

(soft; to Ryan)

Jena raped me. I'm the victim.

RYAN

Did you file a police report?

ERICH  
(shrugs)  
She was ok. Not great.

Famke pouts...

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Not like you, baby.

She rolls her eyes.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Stop it baby, you know you are.

He gets a smile out of her. Ryan snaps at her--

RYAN  
You! Get out of here!

She waits for Erich's cue. He nods-- get out. She goes inside. When she's gone...

ERICH  
Dude, Jena was Edward Crazyhands.  
And her labia? Great ratio of inner  
to outer. Tremendous.

The specifics hit Ryan like a cinder block to the stomach.

Cooper walks in from the house.

COOPER  
Hey, there's a naked girl in our  
kitchen.

RYAN  
Not now, Cooper.

COOPER  
(to Erich)  
Was she the one in your room last  
night? It sounded like you were  
strangling a manatee.

RYAN  
Stop.

COOPER  
She kept yelling "Pump me! Pump  
me!" You were like a gas station  
attendant.

ERICH  
"Fill 'er up."

Their laughter makes Ryan snap.

RYAN  
He fucked Jena, alright!?

Cooper can't process this. He thinks back on the day.

COOPER  
Impossible. I spoke to her this  
afternoon.

RYAN  
Oh weird, she didn't mention it?  
Maybe it's cause she's too  
embarrassed.

Erich suddenly takes offense.

ERICH  
It's embarrassing to fuck me?

COOPER  
Wait a minute--

RYAN  
You drove a stake through my heart,  
Erich.

COOPER  
You had sex with Jena?

RYAN  
(to Erich)  
You're the Van Helsing of friends!

COOPER  
(confused, to Ryan)  
Wait-- you like her too?

ERICH  
You think it's embarrassing to fuck  
Erich Grabowski?

RYAN  
(to Cooper)  
And you!!! When did you start  
liking her!?

COOPER  
The burden of proof isn't on me--  
She's awesome. Who wouldn't like  
her?

Erich pulls down his pants and underwear.



ERICH  
Is my cock embarrassing?!

RYAN AND COOPER  
(averting their eyes)  
Come on!

Erich shuffles towards them, his pants still down.

ERICH  
That's the problem with you two. We  
all like her, but your dicks are  
never out. You keep them all folded  
up in your little boy underpants.  
Air your balls out once in a while.

COOPER  
This is unacceptable behavior!

ERICH  
Yeah-- I fucked her and you know  
what?

He pulls up his pants.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Now it's out of my system. You guys  
should do the same thing.

Cooper looks away.

COOPER  
I'm moving out.

Ryan whirls.

RYAN  
What!?

ERICH  
Pshh. Whatever, bitch.

COOPER  
I only stayed friends with you two  
because of Jena.

RYAN  
You're not moving out!

COOPER  
So she's the only one allowed to  
break her lease? Because you like  
her?

RYAN  
You guys are killing me.

ERICH  
It's a dog eat dog world, buddy.

RYAN  
That doesn't mean anything.

ERICH  
Well every dog has its day.

COOPER  
You think I actually like bowling  
with you two? It's utterly  
pointless. Every time you knock  
them down they just come back up.

Ryan ignores him-- his beef is with Erich.

RYAN  
Nothing you say means anything. You  
just spit out other people's ideas.  
(re: sculptures)  
Like all this.

ERICH  
You want to dance, little man?

Ryan ignores him and gestures to Erich's work.

RYAN  
I took a dump this morning and I  
realized I made something more  
beautiful than anything you've ever  
done.

ERICH  
Hit me. I dare you.

Ryan shakes Erich's sculpture of the nude model.

RYAN  
This? It's... garbage!

He knocks it over. It breaks into pieces.

Erich takes a swing. He decks Ryan in the eye. Ryan falls  
back into a pile of garbage.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, how original!

Erich stomps away. Ryan gets up, his eye red and squinting.

COOPER  
This is all your fault for-- for--  
redirecting her happiness!

He wipes some blood from his nose, flicks it onto Erich's  
"sculpture" and walks out the door.

**EXT. DINER - DAY**

A diner near an I-95 onramp. Through the window we see Ryan  
sitting at a booth. He looks like shit. The waitress refills  
his coffee but he doesn't even look at her.

Pete enters the diner. Ryan waves him over to the booth. He  
sits down.

PETE  
What's up, dude. I'm glad you  
called. It's great to see you.

RYAN  
I'm glad you-- your leg looks  
better.

PETE  
(genuine)  
I really appreciate that.

Pete notices Ryan's bruises.

PETE (CONT'D)  
You alright?

RYAN  
I've been better.

PETE  
Man, your friends are crazy.

RYAN  
I know, right?

Pete drums on the table with his fingers.

PETE  
Live and let live.

RYAN  
Yup.

Ryan begins to ball up a straw's wrapper.

PETE  
Did you see Family Guy last night?

RYAN

Nope.

PETE

I don't normally watch TV.

RYAN

We already talked about this.

PETE

Oh.

Ryan stops fidgeting. He puts both hands on the table and looks Pete in the eye.

RYAN

I like you, Pete. Which is why I feel obligated to tell you something.

**EXT. DINER - SAME**

We watch the rest of the scene from outside, through the diner's window. Ryan talks and Pete listens.

And then Pete gets up and leaves, tears in his eyes. Through the diner window we see Ryan sitting there. Expressionless.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

Ryan stares out the window. Not focused on anything.

BETH

Hey you. I found a singer for my ironic deathmetal band. His name is Arturo Satan. He's fifty and has like eleven piercings. Pretty authentic, right?

Ryan keeps staring.

BETH (CONT'D)

Um. Want to go do your stupid date tomorrow? Mini-golfing? Ping-pong. All those retarded date sports.

RYAN

Maybe.

BETH

Um... Okay. Dinner on Saturday?

He hasn't glanced at her.

BETH (CONT'D)  
And what about getting into a  
choreographed knife fight with a  
rival dance crew on Sunday?

RYAN  
(still not listening)  
...Maybe.

Beth watches him for a moment. She tries to make eye contact with his reflection in the window. He doesn't even see her.

BETH  
Cool.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Ryan drives up. He sees Jena's car parked on the street.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Ryan steps lightly through the TV room.

RYAN  
Jena?

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan steps into his bedroom. Jena's in his bed, eyes puffy from crying. There are balled-up used tissues everywhere but the trash. Snot on the sheets.

JENA  
Pete left. He went down to Miami.  
He won't even talk to me.

She slides over so he can sit on the bed. He keeps his distance and chooses his words carefully...

RYAN  
Erich must have told him what  
happened.

Jena nods sadly. Ryan thinks for a second.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
If I were you, I wouldn't even get  
into it with Erich. He's not worth  
it.

JENA  
I'll just be secretly furious at  
him my entire life. It's more me.

He slowly nods, hiding his expression from her for a beat, processing what he just got away with.

JENA (CONT'D)

No?

RYAN

Yeah, best just to move on.

He finally sits beside her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jeners. And I'm sorry I left you hanging in the coffee shop.

JENA

You could've told me in person... You're my best friend-- when you find out my fiancé makes porn, I want you to be there for me. Instead I had to sit with a bunch of old ladies I don't even know.

RYAN

Aunt Hester?

She wipes snot with her sleeve. Ryan passes her a tissue.

JENA

She threw up in our piano.

She blows her nose. It's red and puffy. She wipes her eyes.

JENA (CONT'D)

Sexy, right?

Ryan takes the balled-up tissue and arcs it into the trash. Score. Jena crumples another one and takes a shot--

RYAN

At the buzzer!

The tissue bounces off the rim and lands on the floor. Jena pulls the covers over her head. After a moment, Ryan grabs a flashlight from the bedside table and follows her under the blankets.

#### **INT. UNDER RYAN'S COVERS - SAME**

Lost in the folds of Ryan's blankets, Ryan and Jena lie face to face. Lit by the flashlight between them.

Ryan gently touches Jena's left hand...

RYAN

No ring?

Sure enough, her ring finger is bare. She shrugs.

JENA

Am I a bad person?

RYAN

Only on opposite day.

JENA

I'm sad Pete left, but also half relieved.

RYAN

Maybe it's okay to feel that way?

JENA

Like we'd be sitting together on a Sunday morning reading magazines. And it's like, "is this it?"

RYAN

Isn't it?

JENA

I don't know. And then I think, "am I just trying to sabotage something because I'm scared out of my mind?"

RYAN

You didn't sabotage anything.

He gently rubs her shoulder.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I've been such a penisface.

He gently brushes some hair out of her face. She tests out a smile.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be nice if this were it? Just the two of us under here.

She doesn't react. Ryan decides to push a little more...

RYAN (CONT'D)

No one else.

Jena scooches closer to him.

JENA

I want to murder Erich in the face.

The sting on Ryan's face only lasts a fraction of a second before he hides it and plays along with her.

RYAN

I hope Erich gets tetanus from one of his sculptures.

JENA

I hope he gets rabies and some little boy has to put him down.

RYAN

I want to make Erich a jellyfish sandwich and when he eats it I'll say, "feel that sting? That's jellyfish, baby."

JENA

I hope Erich becomes a raging poopoholic.

RYAN

I hope he gets Lupus.

JENA

...that's like an alcoholic but with poop...

#### **INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - SAME**

In the hallway, Cooper moves a box out of his room. He stares into Ryan's bedroom, at the lump of blankets that is Ryan and Jena. From his point of view, it looks like they're making out.

He drops the box-- BANG-- and walks out.

#### **INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY**

Jena's old high school bedroom. Painted black. It's covered in stickers and posters of 90s bands. Pavement. Bikini Kill. Superchunk. Hole. Ryan examines a loose photo of Jena during her chubby goth phase. She snatches it away and buries it in a drawer.

They're almost finished unpacking. Ryan grabs a stuffed animal from Jena's bed. Paddington Bear. He makes it dance on the bed.



JENA

Watch out. I humped that guy all  
through middle school.

Eek-- Ryan tosses it away. He picks up Teddy Ruxpin, the  
talking bear. Ryan animates the bear's mouth with his hand.

RYAN

(Teddy-ruxpin voice)

Please have sex with me, Jena.

She rolls her eyes, but can't help laughing.

**INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY**

Jena waits by the counter, looking a bit depressed. Her  
wedding dress is folded over her arm. Ryan gets her attention  
from across the store.

**INT. BRIDAL SHOP - LATER**

In front of a mirror, Ryan's wearing a pink tux with a pale-  
blue ruffled shirt. Jena struts in wearing a hideous fuchsia  
ball gown.

Ryan side-steps closer to her. They try to keep straight  
faces while looking at their ridiculous reflection.

RYAN

If we got married, I bet we'd have  
a surprise wedding-- Like tell the  
guests it's a massive pajama party,  
then surprise!

JENA

People'd be like "what's going on,  
I came to this party to sleep in my  
Go-Bot pajamas." And then we bust  
out the vows.

Their eyes catch in the mirror. They quickly look away.

JENA (CONT'D)

Better go presto-chango out of  
these things before they make us  
buy them.

RYAN

Yeah--and, um, then we'd actually  
have to get married.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - DAY**

Erich's car pulls into the driveway. Famke's with him. Erich stops short when he sees Jena sitting on the front steps.

ERICH  
(to Famke)  
Stay here, baby.

**EXT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

We see it on Jena's face-- she doesn't want to deal with him.

JENA  
I'm just waiting for Ryan.

ERICH  
Listen, I'm really glad I caught you. I feel like we haven't hung out in a goddamn eternity.

She looks around for something to be doing. The porch is empty. She starts pulling a loose thread on her jeans.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Pull that enough and the whole thing'll unwind until I see you naked. Again.

He winks. Jena ignores it. Behind him, Famke rolls down the window.

FAMKE  
Get my jacket and let's go, Baby!

Erich's eyes flash over at Famke for a second, And then he's back on Jena. Jena can only raise an eyebrow in response. Erich actually looks nervous for some reason. He fidgets.

ERICH  
I've been thinking. About us. And what happened. You know? And... my feelings. The ones inside of me. About you. I don't know.

Feelings aren't his strong suit. Jena glances past him and watches Famke re-apply smokey eye-liner.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
It's like I have a boner... in my heart?

He looks like a confused puppy, tender and stupid.

JENA  
Get over yourself.

Erich looks stunned, but then he reverts to his old self.

ERICH  
Whoa. Damn, girl-- you thought I was serious? Bitches be stupid! Ha! You are one conceited ho-bag, Jena!

JENA  
You've got bigger balls than I thought, to say this shit after what you did.

ERICH  
What'd I do? ...Other than rock your world...

She doesn't answer.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
What'd I do?

She just stares at him, hating him.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
What the fuck did I do?!

She heads inside.

# **INT. DOWNTOWN LAW FIRM - DAY**

Cooper answers his RINGING office phone. His desk is immaculately clean. Inbox empty, outbox full.

COOPER  
Cooper Martin.

ERICH (V.O.)  
Cooper Martin, Esquire? I've been in a work-related accident and want my settlement now now now!

COOPER  
That's not what I practice. I'm hanging up now.

INTERCUT with Erich, in the car with Famke.

ERICH  
(getting serious)  
Ryan told Jena I told Pete.

Cooper wrinkles his forehead.

COOPER  
I can't quite parse that sentence.

ERICH  
Jena thinks I told Pete about the  
night I romanced her vagina.

COOPER  
...did you?

ERICH  
Fuck no! Ryan's lying about me just  
so he can romance her vagina!

Cooper loosens his tie.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Why should he get her? What makes  
him so special?

In fact, Cooper takes his tie all the way off.

COOPER  
I think *Relationship Fuckers* just  
got a new client.

He cracks his neck. He hasn't been this casually dressed in  
years.

**EXT. SCHUYLKILL EXPRESSWAY - DAY**

Ryan's car. He drives Jena away from the city. They listen to  
music. Ryan keeps glancing over at her, something on his  
mind.

JENA  
What?

He just smiles. She smiles back and shakes her head.

**EXT. WOODED PARK - DAY**

Ryan parks at the top of a steep hill. The only car in a snow-  
covered winter wonderland. Ryan drags a simple wooden  
toboggan out of the trunk.

**EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - LATER**

They push the toboggan to the edge of the steep hill. Ryan  
passes her a bike helmet. She takes it from him. They  
exchange a warm smile.

RYAN  
Safety first.

They put on the matching helmets. Jena solemnly bangs her helmet against his.

JENA  
For those who are about to sled, we salute you.

Jena sits in the front of the toboggan. Ryan hesitates. How should he sit down? He lowers himself onto the toboggan. Jena reaches behind her and pulls him close. His chest now flat against her back. Crotch to butt.

JENA (CONT'D)  
Seatbelt!

Ryan wraps his arms around her stomach. Holds her tight. Deep breath and--

**EXT. GIANT HILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan and Jena tear down the hill together on the toboggan. Faster and faster until they hit a bump.

They soar through the air, tilting sideways and then PFOOM-- they eat it. Tumbling down the hill, a cloud of snow and limbs.

They squirm in the snow. They're both caked from head to toe. Completely frosted over.

JENA  
Cold cold cold cold cold...

RYAN  
The helmet does nothing!

They roll towards each other.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Keep me warm, big bertha.

JENA  
I got snow up my shirt.

RYAN  
I got snow in my pee-hole.

JENA  
Melt me, big boy.

He rolls on top of her. They're laughing. Rosy-cheeked faces inches apart, their smiles fade.

RYAN  
Hi.

JENA  
Hi.

He closes his eyes. She does too.

RYAN  
I'm cold.

JENA  
Me too.

He leans forward. She does too. Their lips touch.

They kiss.

It starts small and turns into a frenzy before she stops. He does too.

RYAN  
Is this ok?

JENA  
I don't know.

RYAN  
Ok.

JENA  
Maybe.

RYAN  
Yeah.

JENA  
I've made a lot of bad decisions lately.

RYAN  
Oh.

JENA  
Not that this is a bad decision.

RYAN  
No. No.

JENA  
But what if it messed up our  
friendship?

RYAN  
It could.

JENA  
Who would we confide in if we break  
each others' hearts?

Ryan leans closer, his lips again within inches of hers.

RYAN  
I could take it.

She whispers.

JENA  
I'd mash your heart up like play-  
doh and then put it through that  
machine that makes it a long hollow  
tube.

Now he whispers in her ear.

RYAN  
The Fun Factory.

JENA  
But minus the fun.

He kisses her again. She lets him do it for a moment.

JENA (CONT'D)  
What are we doing?

RYAN  
Exploring each other? Like Lewis  
and Clark.

JENA  
I can't believe you're making out  
with an engaged girl.

RYAN  
I think it's technically adultery.

JENA  
I can't believe I'm engaged.

He sits up. Pulls her up with him. Holds her close. It starts  
to lightly snow.

RYAN

Listen. I want to tell you  
something kind of embarrassing.  
Actually, saying it is kind of the  
most embarrassing thing ever?

JENA

Hit me.

RYAN

Okay. Here goes...

SHUSHHHHHHHHHH!!! A blue plastic sled comes to a stop next to  
them. It's Cooper and Erich. They grin like super-villains.

COOPER

(innocent)

Oh, you're sledding here too?

ERICH

(like a maniac)

Hope we're not interrupting.

Ryan can't take this right now. He throws a snowball at them.  
Erich catches it and dramatically crumples it to the ground.

ERICH (CONT'D)

"Who you gonna call?"

Ryan shakes his head-- please no...

COOPER

Jena, would you like to know some  
fascinating news?

RYAN

Don't--

COOPER

Ryan's the one who told Pete. About  
Erich. To make him leave. Because  
he wants you all to himself.

Jena scooches away from Ryan.

JENA

You told Pete?

RYAN

(quietly)

Yeah but I have good news too.

JENA

No, no, no-- what?



RYAN  
There's good news too!

JENA  
You told Pete!

COOPER  
Not very neighborly of you, Ryan.

RYAN  
You don't understand.

Jena turns on all three of them.

JENA  
All of you! You guys made me hate  
Pete! All three of you are  
sociopaths!

Cooper and Erich don't say anything in defense.

JENA (CONT'D)  
(to Erich)  
Give me your keys.

Erich shakes his head.

JENA (CONT'D)  
I'm not riding back with any of  
you.

She reaches for his pocket. He smacks her hand.

ERICH  
Eat snow, ho.

She DECKS him in the face crazy hard. Caught by surprise, he falls. She snatches his car keys from his pocket.

RYAN  
Jena, wait!

He trudges up the hill after her, but he keeps falling.

**EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Jena climbs into Erich's car. She starts the engine but waits, breathing heavily. The "door ajar" chime BINGS at her.

She makes up her mind. Just as she's about to slam the door, Ryan grabs it. She snaps at him.

JENA

Suck it, Harper. This whole time--  
you've been trying to do me since  
you met me.

RYAN

Give me one chance to explain and  
then you can never talk to me  
again. Please?

JENA

You probably don't even like  
Library Safari!

She drives away, jerking the door from Ryan's hand. Kicking  
up a ton of snow that cakes Ryan head to toe.

**INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT**

Ryan rides the bus alone. Head against the window.

**EXT. BETH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Cold and alone, Ryan waits on Beth's front steps. He blows  
into his hands to keep warm.

An OLD LADY gets out of a taxi, punches in the building code,  
and goes inside. As the door closes, Ryan discreetly props it  
open with his foot.

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ryan rings Beth's doorbell. Eventually he hears steps from  
within. The door opens a crack. Beth squints in the light.

RYAN

I'm sorry I've been a bastard. I  
just want to sleep, and maybe do  
some crying.

BETH

Go home, Ryan.

RYAN

Maybe I could just come in and you  
could hold me? That would be nice.

BETH

No.

Notopolos appears behind Beth.

NOTOPOLOS

Oh, hey Ryan. We havin' a fuck party?

Wearing a fuzzy robe, he opens the door all the way. Beth shrinks, embarrassed to be caught with him.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)

Check it out--

He pads back into the apartment where there's now a stripper pole.

NOTOPOLOS (CONT'D)

Portable! Bought it on the internet!

He does a twirl move. Ryan searches Beth's face.

BETH

(weak smile)

Hey, you only live once, right?

He isn't in the mood to joke with her.

RYAN

What about me?

BETH

This has nothing to do with you.

Notopolos throws his leg around the pole.

NOTOPOLOS

Recognize this move, Ry-guy?

Ryan ignores him.

RYAN

I can't believe in the damaged state I'm in, between my psycho roommates and what's happened with Jena, that I come over here for a little sympathy, and you're... pole dancing with Mr. Indoor Gazebo?!

Notopolos polishes the pole with his buttcheeks.

BETH

You know what, Ryan? It's not always about you.

She closes the door.

**Wii Rock Band Music Cue:** Ryan sings The Pixies's *Wave of Mutilation*.

**INT. TAXI - NIGHT**

Ryan sits alone in the back of a cab. Watching the city lights go by. Up front, the cabbie speaks Farsi into his bluetooth headset.

CABBIE  
*Farsi-Farsi-Farsi-Farsi* crying in  
my back seat *Farsi-Farsi*.

RYAN  
I'm not crying.

CABBIE  
(laughing)  
*Farsi-Farsi-Farsi-Farsi*.

Ryan rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

**INT. 3625 SPRUCE STREET - NIGHT**

Ryan trudges through the empty house. The living room is a mess. He methodically cleans up beer bottles, take-out containers, and video game paraphernalia.

**INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY**

Empty. One bedroom. Remodeled kitchen. Ryan signs a lease.

**INT. MONTY'S MAGIC SHOP - DAY**

Monty finishes his stage act to a spatter of applause. He walks up to Jena.

MONTY  
My vacation's next week. I need you  
up there.

Jena looks at the stage. At the kids milling about.

JENA  
Actually, my mom is really sick and  
I need to take care of her. I'm a  
loving daughter. So I guess this is  
my two week notice?

**INT. RYAN'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ryan hasn't unpacked yet. He sits on a box and eats Chinese takeout by himself.

**EXT. DOG PARK - DAY**

Jena walks by herself with a bag of raw meat. She throws a hunk of ground beef at a group of dogs. They fight over it. She sighs. It wasn't as much fun as she hoped.

**INT. DOWNTOWN ARCHITECTURE FIRM - DAY**

Ryan walks up to Amed's cubicle. Before he can speak--

AMED

No way, dude. No way. I am not drafting any more shit for you. I've got plans.

RYAN

Oh. I was just seeing if you wanted to hang out.

**INT. RYAN'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY**

Amed is helping Ryan unpack. He jabbers on about fantasy basketball. Ryan sorts through boxes filled with Library Safari photos, brochures, and ticket stubs. Memorabilia of the guys and Jena. Amed grabs a photo of Jena.

AMED

Yo, that's the kind of ass I'm talkin' about. That girl is fly. Did you ever tap that? A little tippy tappy? Come on, dogg...

Ryan tunes him out. He finds a shoebox labelled FLORIDA. It's filled with pictures of the three guys with Jena on vacation. They're all so happy. There's even a dumb picture of Jena and Ryan pretending to get eaten by the Jaws statue at Universal Studios.

The nostalgia seems to eat at Ryan.

AMED (CONT'D)

I can't believe we never hung out before. We are now straight-up bros. I'm serious, brometheus. Bromide. You give me a bro-ner.

Ryan stares at the shoebox lid for a long time. FLORIDA.

**EXT. MIAMI - DAY**

No snow here. Warm sun and palm trees. Ryan steps out of the airport, wearing his puffy winter jacket and long pants.

**EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY**

The Don't Walk sign blinks on. After a moment, Ryan steps into traffic and holds up his hand. A short bus screeches to a halt inches from his hand. Through the windshield we see Pete in the driver's seat.

It's the Bangbus. Eventually Pete pulls the lever and the bus door opens.

**INT. BANGBUS - DAY**

Pete drives around the city. Ryan sits shotgun.

PETE

What do you want? Did another one of your roommates have sex with my fiancée?

RYAN

No.

PETE

...did you?

We hear moaning from behind them. Ryan glances back.

RYAN

Can you guys cool it for a sec?

In the back, a CAMERAMAN shoots the tattooed ALEJANDRO having sex with a BANGBUS GIRL. They're in some exotic sex position, glaring at Ryan, annoyed.

ALEJANDRO

Who the fuck is this guy, Pete?

PETE

(looking back)

Just keep, um, pounding that pussy!

Ryan and Pete face forward again.

RYAN

What I came down here to tell you is--

BANGBUS GIRL (O.S.)

Fuck me, fuck me!

RYAN

(concentrating)

--is that she still loves you. Jena loves you.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry for meddling. It was a shitty thing to do and I'm a shitbird for doing it.

Pete keeps his eyes on the road, considering this.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

That's right, squeeze my balls with your tight asscheeks.

PETE

So where does that leave you?

RYAN

I'm happy if she's happy.

PETE

Are you just saying that?

RYAN

I came all the way down here to tell you this. She needs you. She made a huge mistake and she knows it.

ALEJANDRO

Pete, check it out!

PETE

(without looking back)

Work it, stud.

RYAN

When I see her with you, she's happy-- the kind of happiness my friends and I can't give her. I don't mean sexually. Although I'm sure that department is great.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

I'M GONNA CREEEEAAAMMMMM!

RYAN

You're meant for each other.

Pete smiles. Alejandro taps Ryan on the shoulder.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

Yo, stowaway-- you want some of this?

Ryan glances back and considers the hedonism before him.

RYAN

Nahhh.

ALEJANDRO

Suit yourself.

BANGBUS GIRL

...Fag.

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Cinnabon, Sbarro's, Aunt Annie's Pretzels.

**INT. BROOKSTONE - DAY**

Wearing a Brookstone company polo shirt, Jena helps a uni-browed PICKY CUSTOMER decide between two robotic cat food dispensers.

JENA

The Pet Oasis is our best-selling water dispenser. Your cat will love it. I think that's even on the...

She finds the slogan on the box: "Your cat will love it!"

PICKY CUSTOMER

Will the water taste fresh?

Jena takes his shoulders like a doctor delivering bad news.

JENA

I'm sorry, but your cat lacks the cognitive ability to distinguish stale water from fresh water.

Over the picky customer's shoulder, she spots Pete. He's wandered into the store. He spots her. She's frozen in place.

He comes toward her and she snaps out of it.

JENA (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a moment?

(then, to Pete)

Anything I can help you with?

They stand there, a few feet apart. Careful not to get too close. But not too far, either.

PETE

I'm interested in, um, a massage chair?



**INT. BROOKSTONE - LATER**

Pete and Jena sit side-by-side in matching high-tech massage chairs. They nervously toy with the controls, adjusting the vibration settings throughout the conversation.

PETE  
Giving up the magic dream?

JENA  
Gotta pay the bills.

PETE  
I never got to see you do a trick.

JENA  
(not a chance)  
...maybe someday.

PETE  
How've you been?

JENA  
Really good actually.

Not what Pete wanted to hear. She realizes and...

JENA (CONT'D)  
What about you? Are you... back?

Pete's chair starts vibrating on high.

PETE  
(vibrating)  
Jena. I came by to apologize. About Miami, and not telling you about the bus, but mostly-- I shouldn't have disappeared on you like that. It-- I made a huge mistake.

JENA  
(vibrating like crazy)  
No you didn't. I was a bitch.

PETE  
(vibrating)  
I quit the bangbus. I thought maybe we could... do you want to get a Cinna-bon or something?

She glances out into the mall. Fresh Cinnabons look good. She offers a shy smile and nods. Pete's happy. They enjoy their massages.

**INT. JENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER**

Jena's mom makes pasta sauce. Jena dips her finger in the bowl and tastes it. She thinks for a moment, but then asks:

JENA  
Mom? Why'd you marry Dad?

JENA'S MOM  
I don't know. I just did.

Jena waits for more but that's it.

JENA  
Good mother-daughter talk. I guess  
it's back to the Cosby show for  
life advice.

She heads out of the kitchen.

JENA'S MOM  
(a mom-like Cosby  
impression)  
"Wait just a minute, Rudy."

Laughing, Jena comes back.

JENA  
Whoa-- where'd you pull that from?

JENA'S MOM  
I was just like you. The wild  
child. But your father tamed me.

JENA  
Gross.

JENA'S MOM  
It wasn't like a big thunderclap  
and angels singing. Baby ducks and  
hearts. None of that stuff. But  
something was different with him.  
(then)  
I see it in the way you look at  
Pete.

JENA  
Yeah...

JENA'S MOM  
Pete is "the one," right?

JENA  
...Yeah.

Jena's mom picks up on the hesitation. She softens.

JENA'S MOM

So he's your one-percent man?

JENA

Is that a accountant thing? What is that?

JENA'S MOM

Most people are *almost* perfect for anyone. There's probably only a one percent difference between your father and all the guys I didn't marry. But it's that one percent that makes our love real.

JENA

You guys fight every second of every day.

JENA'S MOM

I don't know. It's... how we communicate. Nobody fights like your father. It's how I knew he was my one percent man.

Jena considers this. Her mom smiles.

JENA'S MOM (CONT'D)

(Cosby voice)

"Want some Jell-o Pudding for dessert?"

Jena offers a placating nod and wanders out of the kitchen.

**INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Pete and Jena watch football. Eventually--

PETE

We should go to an Eagles game sometime.

JENA

Definitely.

Jena changes the channel.

**EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

A rundown street. We focus on the only well-lit building.

**INT. ART OPENING - NIGHT**

A few middle-aged art collectors mill about, ignoring Erich's impressive garbage sculptures. It's mostly hipsters. Ryan checks out a sculpture of a naked woman. Erich's model, Famke, puts her hand on his shoulder.

FAMKE

It looks like me, no?

Ryan pushes his fist through the tire at the sculpture's crotch.

RYAN

It's surprisingly realistic.

FAMKE

I am so proud!

Ryan spots Erich over by the bar, looking nervous and somewhat depressed.

**INT. ART OPENING - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan cautiously approaches Erich.

ERICH

Nobody's buying my shit.

RYAN

I told you it sucked.

ERICH

(with a smile)

Fuck you.

RYAN

Blow me.

Erich cocks an eyebrow.

ERICH

Didn't think you'd show.

RYAN

Hey, there's someone I want you to meet. He's rich and has bad taste.

Ryan steers Erich straight up to a man who turns around as they approach. It's Notopolos with Beth on his arm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Phil Notopolos, this is Erich Grabowski, the artist.

Ryan takes Beth aside.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Are you guys for real?

BETH  
(shrugs)  
He's got a hot tub in his kitchen.

RYAN  
(re: Beth and Notopolos)  
I give this three months.

BETH  
Ha. Two at most.

Meanwhile, Erich and Notopolos have really hit it off.  
Notopolos takes him by the shoulders, man to man.

NOTOPOLOS  
You sculpt pussies. I like that.

**INT. ART OPENING - LATER**

Erich and Ryan getting wine at the open bar.

RYAN  
How're the new roommates?

ERICH  
Good. Actually... Retarded. Two  
Canadian twin brothers and a grad  
student who likes Weird Al. I might  
kill myself.

There's a sudden commotion at the door. Ryan and Erich turn  
to see--

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL coming into the gallery.

ERICH (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. The Big Aristotle.

Cooper comes in right behind him. He spots Erich and Ryan,  
then whispers something to Shaq.

Ryan and Erich take a step back as Shaq approaches them. Shaq  
stops right in front of them. He squats down to their level.

SHAQ  
Yo. Cooper says he's sorry.

RYAN  
Shaquille O'Neal?

SHAQ

Cooper made a wish, and that wish  
was for you to accept his apology.  
And as the new voice of King Shaq,  
I'm here to grant that wish.

**INT. ART OPENING - LATER**

Erich pours three glasses of wine. Cooper, Erich, and Ryan  
stand by the bar.

COOPER

Yeah. For the first time in my  
life, I didn't back down. So when  
his lawyers showed him the site, he  
flipped out. Loved it. Now he does  
the voice.

Across the room, Shaq towers over everyone at the gallery.  
Erich takes a deep breath, savoring the moment.

ERICH

It's good to see you homos.

Cooper smiles tentatively. Erich gets between them and hugs  
each of their shoulders.

ERICH (CONT'D)

We're all victims of life, bros.  
(a very deep realization)  
You know that expression, "bros  
before hos?" It's bullshit.

RYAN

"Hos before bros?"

They're still testing each other out, getting comfortable.

ERICH

You know. I just need a taste of  
everything.

COOPER

Forget her.

Ryan puts on his best smile.

RYAN

Seriously. I had no idea. I wasted  
so much time with that girl. She  
was like this black hole in my  
life. Sucking up all my time for  
nothing. For real... But now?

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I've never been happier. I'm even  
doing all my work.

He takes a sip of wine. There's a pause while the guys decide if he's serious. Eventually Erich holds up his glass.

ERICH  
To the three dumbest motherfuckers  
in the world.

Not the best speech, but Ryan goes with it. They cheers. A passing BRUNETTE smiles at Cooper. Ryan and Erich are shocked: Cooper smiles back.

COOPER  
Hi, I'm Cooper.

She smiles and introduces herself. Shaq gives a thumbs up.

**INT. ART OPENING - LATER**

The opening is winding down. Cooper talks to his new lady-friend. Erich and Famke make out next to her sculpture. Amed talks to Shaq.

AMED  
Yo, dogg. I drafted you in a middle  
round, but you're killing me.

Shaq shrugs. He's literally two feet taller than Amed. Amed points up at him, furious.

AMED (CONT'D)  
Listen bro, I don't like losing in  
Fantasy Basketball.

SHAQ  
My free throw percentage isn't a  
secret.

Apart from all this, Ryan sits alone on a bench.

And then Jena walks in. She wears her magician's costume from the beginning-- hat, cloak, and wand hanging from a belt.

Ryan sees her, and for a moment he can't hide how happy he is to see her. But he quickly regains composure and looks away. Then Pete comes in behind her.

On seeing Pete, Ryan tries to look engrossed in his phone.

Jena and Pete begin to walk around the gallery. Ryan gets up and keeps pace with them. He's always on the exact opposite side of the gallery.

He watches Jena hug Erich. Even Pete's shaking hands. Famke gives kisses all around.

ERICH  
Thanks for hooking this show up,  
hoss.

PETE  
Don't mention it.

ERICH  
"Honk Honk," right, motherfucker?

PETE  
(shaking fist, joking)  
"Why I oughta!"

Jena's not really paying attention. She's looking for Ryan. She sees him, head down in his iPhone. She quickly looks away.

Ryan senses something and looks up-- but Jena's not looking. Instead... Pete's coming over. Ryan takes a step back, but-- Pete hugs him. Holds it for a while.

PETE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You've made me the happiest man in  
the world. I owe you everything.

RYAN  
...best of luck.

Ryan looks over at Jena. They make eye contact.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Listen Pete, I've got to go.

PETE  
Stay!

RYAN  
I can't.

Pete clasps Ryan's hands.

PETE  
I love you, man.

**EXT. ART OPENING - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan hurries outside like he's running from the cops. He presses his back against a wall and hides there.



The city lights look beautiful in the distance. He takes a deep breath. Hey, it could be worse. He starts walking.

**INT. ART OPENING - SAME**

Pete comes back to Jena.

PETE

Love that guy. He better still be your bridesmaid.

She's on edge, uncomfortable, but confused.

JENA

Why would I do that?

PETE

I mean the guy came all the way down to Florida just to talk to me. He convinced me to come back. Give it another shot.

The wheels are turning in her head-- Ryan went to Florida?-- but, she keeps a mask of calm.

JENA

You didn't come back on your own?

PETE

(shrugs)

I'm here, aren't I?

She can barely get the words out. Like the rug's been pulled out from under her.

JENA

Ryan told you to come back for me?

PETE

He's so awesome.

Jena doesn't move a muscle.

PETE (CONT'D)

I was so wrong about that guy. You pick good friends.

Jena bites her lip.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey, isn't this art cool?

She's paralyzed. Pete stands between her and the door.

JENA

Yeah.

PETE

Art is fucking awesome.

Erich and Cooper have been watching this whole exchange. They look at each other.

ERICH

One last Relationship Fuck?

COOPER

For old times' sake?

They bump fists.

ERICH

Pete, let's get drunk!

Erich escorts him towards the bar and gives Jena a pointed look over his shoulder. Cooper taps her on the arm.

COOPER

Hey idiot.

Jena doesn't look at him.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Go. Find. Ryan.

Erich and Pete disappear into a crowd. Jena has a clear path to the door.

She snaps into action. An entire bicycle is part of one of Erich's sculptures. She climbs across a velvet rope and rips down the bike. She throws her leg over the seat and rides out the door. Everyone stares at the broken sculpture.

NOTOPOLOS

I have to own this!

In the crowd, Pete hears Notopolos.

PETE

Erich! Making money! This is truly a great day.

Pete and Erich cheers.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - SAME**

Jena peddles as hard as she can. Looking for Ryan. Her long magician's cloak flapping behind her.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - LATER**

She rides past the park. No sign of him.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - LATER**

She peddles slower now. Losing hope. But then, in the distance, she spots the massive Public Library.

Ryan sits on the steps. She stops in front of him, suddenly realizing she has no idea what to say.

RYAN

Cool outfit. Does it still smell  
like urine?

JENA

Why'd you go get Pete?

He glances at her left hand, at her ENGAGEMENT RING. It's back. He looks up at her, his face steeled.

RYAN

I didn't do it for you.

Jena idly and self-consciously fiddles with the ring.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I screwed a nice guy over and I  
wanted to make things right.

Jena shakes her head no.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He's great.

JENA

That's it? That's why?

RYAN

Yup.

JENA

What was the good news, that night  
we went sledding?

RYAN

It was dumb.

JENA

I don't care-- what was it?

RYAN

I don't remember.

JENA  
What was it!

RYAN  
Who cares! Pete's back! You're  
getting married! Mazel tov!

She searches his eyes for the truth. He doesn't back down. Feeling like an asshole, Jena's breath comes faster and faster until suddenly she's peddling away as fast as she can.

Ryan watches her go. He could definitely catch her if he ran right now... but... She's gone...

**EXT. GRAND STREET - NIGHT**

Jena pumps the peddles as fast as she can. She sails over the smooth street, trying to outride anything and everything. Suddenly she starts wobbling. She looks down at the wheel-- she has a moment to register what's happening and then--

--The front wheel separates from the bike. BAM! She hits the cement hard. The bike skids down on top of her.

**EXT. GRAND STREET - SAME**

Jena rolls over to the sidewalk and sits up. Her knee is scraped and her hands have bits of gravel embedded in them. She's about to lose it-- could this night get any worse?

She takes her cellphone out of her purse. It's smashed.

JENA  
Fuckballs.

RYAN  
Ouch.

She looks up. She can't hide the hope in her eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry about the bike. I forgot I  
sort of loosened the wheels on  
Erich's bike after you guys-- you  
know...

He makes a sex motion with his fingers.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
For revenge.

He sits down next to Jena.

She starts to softly cry. Ryan scooches towards her. She wipes her face with a handkerchief but it's not enough. She pulls on the handkerchief and more appears from within her sleeve. She keeps pulling until a good three feet of rainbow handkerchief has blossomed out of nowhere.

JENA  
(teary-eyed)  
Tada.

She wipes her face with the magic handkerchief.

RYAN  
Was that a trick? For me? Did you  
just do a trick for me?

Jena shrugs.

JENA  
I decided to give magic another go.  
It makes me happy.

Ryan takes her hand and gently starts removing the embedded pebbles. She watches him do it.

He takes the last pebble out of her palm. She opens and closes her hand. It feels better.

RYAN  
My question for you is this...

He starts removing gravel from her knee-- reaching across her body to do it. She sits perfectly still, watching him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Do you think a buffalo could beat a  
gorilla in a fight?

A soft smile from Jena.

JENA  
Definitely not.

RYAN  
You're crazy. A buffalo has so much  
mass, it would crush the gorilla  
with a single charge.

JENA  
Gorillas have quick lateral  
movement. It would snap that  
fella's leg right off.

He tenderly wipes the dirt and grime from her knee.

RYAN  
We're talking about the American  
Bison, right? It has deadly horns.

JENA  
Gorillas have thumbs.

Without missing a beat:

RYAN  
I can't be your best friend  
anymore.

JENA  
I know.

They sit on the curb in silence for a moment.

For the first time in the film Jena looks nervous. She looks down at the tiny pile of gravel Ryan removed from her hand and knee.

Their breathing is audible, heavy. Ryan touches her cheek. He can only whisper.

RYAN  
Bananapants.

Jena whispers back.

JENA  
...What?

RYAN  
I bananapants you. Remember?

JENA  
...remember what?

RYAN  
Are you really going to make me say  
it?

JENA  
(smirking)  
Say what?

Jena grins. Ryan wraps his arms around her and they kiss.

CUT TO BLACK.