

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 he 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.