

FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL

by

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INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

PETER BRETT (26) watches television alone in his dark, creepy apartment. A fake MUMMY lies in the corner. Vintage magician posters and a giant, creepy French Clockwork Orange poster adorn the walls. Cigarette butts, overflowing ashtrays and bottles of liquor crowd the table and a GIANT PLASMA TELEVISION adorns one wall. In the corner are a guitar and keyboard.

Peter sits, smoking, watching THE ISLAND with SCARLETT JOHANSEN. THE COLONY IS ADDRESSED BY A MAN ON PLASMA SCREENS THROUGHOUT THE COMPOUND

---Peter has made it so his computer is being mirrored on his GIANT PLASMA. He sits in front of his computer's camera so that his GIANT FACE is on the tv. He is wearing a Jacket and TIE.

PETER
(mimicking THE ISLAND)
The lottery will begin in twenty minutes. The lucky winners will get to smoke a gigantic joint.

Peter chuckles to himself and lights a joint, which he watches himself smoke on TV. He tries to make smoke rings.

We pull back to reveal, that he is wearing only the top half of a suit and boxers.

-- Peter's watching the Red Shoe Diaries. The part that Duchovny narrates.

-- Peter opens his fridge. It has nothing in it except for some old orange juice.

-- Peter's on his couch drinking old orange juice from the carton, smoking, watching an informational about a treadmill.

-- Peter's on the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
Yeah. I don't need the elliptical. Just the treadmill. Thanks. It's a Mastercard.

-- Peter's pulled the treadmill out of its box.

-- It's some time later. The treadmill is covered in ashtrays and various junk. Peter's on the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, that's great. Topher sounds really cool. I'm glad you're having fun. I'm OK. No, I'm fine. Seriously, I'm doing fine. I got a treadmill. Yeah. I miss you and I cannot wait to see you. Have fun at the wrap party.

Peter hangs up. He then hits the treadmill on and watches with little interest as a bunch of full ash trays, half-filled soda bottles, and papers go flying off it.

-- Peter sits on his couch drinking coffee watching Talk Soup. It goes to a commercial for "Comedy Mondays" and we see a brief promo for "GRACE IS ACES," starring "Emmy Nominee SARAH MARSHALL." Peter beams.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

He addresses a Muppet style DRACULA PUPPET in the corner.

PETER (CONT'D)

We're gonna get to snuggle in only twenty three days, huh Vlad?

-- Peter watches the Red Shoe Diaries again. As he does so, he bounces a ball against Duchovny's face.

-- Peter's asleep. It's 3:45PM. The phone rings. He lets it go to answering machine.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(answering machine)

Yo, it's your bro. Pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up.

(sighs)

Since your lady's not in for a couple more days, I was thinking you could let me and Liz take you out for a meal. I know you're there. Pick up pick up pick up pick up

Peter ignores the machine.

-- Peter's alarm goes off. The Cardigan's "Lovefool" begins playing. Peter HOPS OUT of bed.

-- Peter, in a nice suit and nice shirt, sits expectantly on his couch. The phone rings. Peter answers it.

PETER
Hey, sweetie!
(then)
Not for another week? Oh. No,
that's totally great. Say hello to
everyone for me. Love ya.

Peter leaves the room and returns seconds later wearing his old sweatpants and dirty T-shirt.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

Peter stands, scrubbing and singing in a STRANGE OPERATIC VOICE. The phone rings. He grabs a cordless next to the sink.

PETER
Hello? Hey Baby! Welcome Home!! I'm
just in the shower singing. I think
I'm zeroing in on Dracula's point
of view. Yeah, of course, come on
over. Love you.
(beat)
Hello? Oh, okay, see you in a
minute.

Peter hangs up and looks at the phone, a bit concerned.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A knocking at the door. Peter comes out from the bathroom, dripping wet, naked, drying himself with a towel. He opens the door for his stunningly beautiful girlfriend, SARAH MARSHALL (30). She enters as Peter continues drying himself with the towel, casually exposing his naked body.

PETER
(big, goofy smile)
Hey lover! Just scrubbing up for
you.

She can barely look in Peter's direction.

SARAH
Pete, as you know, I love you very
much. But...

Peter drops his towel.

PETER
Are you breaking up with me?

She looks down at the floor. Then she nods. Peter looks in complete shock. He sits down on the couch and tries not to hyperventilate.

SARAH
Why don't you put on some clothes
and let's discuss this?

PETER
(already teary)
I can't do anything right now.

SARAH
(sweetly)
Honey, I'm sorry...

PETER
(starting to lose it)
What is going on? I love you, I
love you, please don't do this --

SARAH
Just put on some clothes --

PETER
Will that make you not break up
with me?

Sarah touches Peter's shoulder. He roughly shakes her off.

PETER (CONT'D) *
I'm sorry, I'm just... oh god.

Peter sobs so hard that he begins to choke on his breath.

PETER (CONT'D) *
I'm in control, I'm in control, I'm
fine, let's talk. Why?

She starts to speak.

PETER (CONT'D) *
Just tell me why.

SARAH
(super rehearsed)
Pete, as you know, I love you very
much.

PETER
You already said that. Like in
exactly that tone.

SARAH

(still super-rehearsed)

But I've felt for a long time that we were growing apart and leading different lives. It's not that I don't love you, I do.

PETER

(ignoring her)

I love you too. Like so much.

SARAH

And that's really sweet. It's just that... I think my love for you has...changed.

PETER

Changed how?

SARAH

Become...weaker. You know? Like, a lot...weaker. It's like you're on the dock and I'm in the lake and I'm like, "jump in the lake" but you just keep staying on the dock.

PETER

What? I'll jump in the lake.

SARAH

I know you would, but it wouldn't be for the right reasons.

PETER

Why now? I told you, I've finally figured out Dracula's POV and you dump me.

SARAH

Now's the time while your life's on the upswing.

(then, back to super rehearsed)

While this is hard for me, I understand that it might be even harder for you. If you want to not see each other for a while I completely and totally understand.

PETER

Who's the guy? Is there someone else? Someone from the movie?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Please tell me it's not Dax
Shepard.

SARAH
No. There's no one. I would never
hurt you like that.

Peter begins weeping and moving towards her.

PETER
If there's no other guy it doesn't
have to be over, if there's no
other guy it doesn't have to be
over...

SARAH
(tearing up a little)
I've thought about this a lot,
sweetie.

PETER
I haven't seen you in so long,
you've forgotten what we have and I
forgive you for that. Just kiss me
one last time and I swear you'll
remember.

SARAH
I don't know if that's good idea -

PETER
Just please...

Peter wipes tears and snot off his face and pulls Sarah
towards him. He starts kissing her and desperately clutching
her. Then he starts passionately rubbing up against her. We
can tell she's not into it.

PETER
I love you baby. Do you remember
now?

Peter's getting more and more into it.

SARAH
(panicking)
There's someone else.

Peter pulls away and stares at her for as long as Universal
will allow.

SARAH
I should probably go.

She leaves.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter sits on the couch with his younger brother BRIAN BRETT (23). Three boxes of Camels sit in front of Peter, who smokes one as he drinks a fuzzy navel, clearly not his first.

BRIAN

Are you sure you don't want to eat something with that?

Peter shrugs indifferently. Brian OPENS Peter's fridge. There's an old piece of moldy American cheese. That's it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Your place has gotten really disgusting. I had no idea American cheese could sustain mold.

PETER

Can we please focus on the fact that the love my life has just dumped me? It's going to be OK, right?

BRIAN

It will be. But you're the only one who can make it better. Clean yourself up. You're like the walking dead.

PETER

BECAUSE I'VE JUST BEEN DUMPED!

BRIAN

You were doing great before Sarah. Honestly, you've been on a downward spiral ever since you two met.

PETER

That is not true!

BRIAN

Right out of the gate you wrote a kick ass song for Graces, you hooked up with the star, you were on your way. Then she took off like a rocket and you sat on your ass in this creepy theme restaurant of an apartment.

PETER

I've been working on my Dracula musical.

BRIAN

For five and a half years?

PETER

Musicals are one of the most complicated art forms. There's a story and songs and --

(then)

I don't understand why we're even talking about this.

BRIAN

Because this is why Sarah dumped you. When I met Liz, she wouldn't date me. Not because she didn't think I was a handsome and intelligent man, but because I didn't have my life together. So I quit pot, I went premed, I started doing yoga and now we're engaged.

PETER

You're like a fucking child bride.

BRIAN

Easy now. I'm not the one who made Sarah sleep with Dax Shepard.

PETER

(interrupting)

Get the fuck out of here. I'm serious. Right now. Get the hell out here.

BRIAN

Pete---

PETER

Get out Brian!!

Brian takes Peter's drink away, heads for the door. He begins to speak again.

BRIAN

When you sober up, Liz and I would love to have you over for a BBQ.

PETER

LEAVE!

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter lays in the bed, only his head free from the cocoon of covers. He is sweating profusely, and breathing in a way that is best described as panting. THE PHONE RINGS. Peter glances at the caller ID, but does not answer.

PETER'S MOM (V.O.)
(answering machine)
Peter, it's your Mother. Brian's
afraid you're going to kill
yourself. I told him he was
overreacting. But please call and
let me know you're OK anyway. We
love you.

Peter closes his eyes, desperate for sleep.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peter sits on his couch in the dark, wrapped in a blanket. He drinks wine with a straw from a giant box like it's a juice box and watches PROJECT RUNWAY.

HEIDI KLUM (ON TV)
You had a lot of potential, but you
just couldn't come through. I'm
sorry, you're out.

Peter burst into tears.

PETER
Auf Wiedersehen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Peter finishes preparing a beautiful steak sandwich. The oven clock reads 3:23 AM. He slices the sandwich and adorns the plate with some Kettle Chips. Satisfied, he stares down at his sandwich...and stares. Finally he reaches for it, but just lays his hand on to of it sadly.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Peter wakes up and looks at the clock. 6:17 AM.

PETER
You can do this.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Peter adjusts his guitar strap and removes his sunglasses, revealing haggard eyes. His MIXER (40s) speaks over the intercom.

MIXER
Late night?

PETER
Yeah. But I'm good. What do we have today?

MIXER
Three lead-ins, an exit and a walk down the street.

PETER
Alright, let's go.

The room goes dark and an image projects on a screen in front of Peter. It is silent footage of Sarah walking down the street. It lasts for EIGHT SECONDS, then cuts to black.

PETER (CONT'D)
Okay, let's do this.

The footage begins again, Sarah walking. Peter plays a VILLAINOUS SOUNDING diddy.

MIXER
Too dark Pete. Opening of the show.
You alright?

Peter takes a moment to consider.

PETER
Sarah and I decided to take some time apart.

MIXER
Oh my God man, I'm sorry.

PETER
It was a mutual...

MIXER
Dude, go home. I'll finish up today. It's not like we're composing a symphony here.

PETER
I'm a professional. I can do this.

MIXER
Alright, we got one more thing to
score.

He flips on sitcommy footage of Sarah kissing some YOUNG HOT ACTOR like Freddie Prinze, Jr. The audience goes WHOOOO. CLOSE ON Peter.

INT. THE CAT AND FIDDLE PUB - NIGHT

Peter and Brian sit outside at a table drinking. Peter looks dressed for a date, Brian is far more casual.

BRIAN
You look good. I didn't know you
owned a curduroy coat.
(then)
So, what am I doing here?

PETER
You're going to be my wing man.

BRIAN
Oh, no. I can't do this. This is not what you need. Come over to my house, Liz and I will cook up some stir fry, we'll watch *Lost*...

Peter sees two girls and winks at them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
That is just creepy. Don't do that
look.

PETER
(through gritted teeth
while smiling
flirtatiously)
I haven't done this in six years
Brian, I'm terrified, so shut the
fuck up.

BRIAN
You're embarrassing yourself. And
me.

The girls HEAD OVER to them.

PETER

Oh, am I?

LESLIE

This place is so crowded. Are these seats taken?

PETER

Not at all. Please, sit down. I'm Peter, this is my little brother Brian.

Brian waves, annoyed.

LESLIE

I'm Leslie. This is Ann.

Peter stands up to pull out a chair.

ANN

(as if a compliment)
You're gigantic.

PETER

Thanks. So what can I get you ladies to drink?

LESLIE

Amstel light.

ANN

Vodka sour.

BRIAN

Seltzer water's fine.

EXT. CAT AND FIDDLE - LATER

Brian and Leslie are singing the "Graces is Aces" theme song. Peter looks really embarrassed and very drunk.

LESLIE

So, Brian, what do you do?

BRIAN

I'm engaged.

LESLIE

Oh. How about you, Peter?

BRIAN
Give you a hint. He wrote a song.
(singing)
When you need a time-out just to...

PETER
(embarrassed)
Stop it Brian.

BRIAN
Just to catch your breath.

PETER
Stop.

Leslie joins in for the chorus.

LESLIE AND BRIAN
So many people in the world!

ANN
Hey! That's the theme from that
show.

BRIAN
"Grace is Aces." That's my boy
right here.

ANN
You wrote that? That was on a True
Love Sampler CD I got at The Coffee
Bean. I didn't even realize it was
a whole song.

PETER
Yeah. Yeah it is. CBS cut it down
to eight seconds.

ANN
That's so cool.

PETER
I'm glad you think so. It makes me
want to kill myself.

ANN
Oh.

BRIAN
My brother doesn't just sit on his
ass and collect royalties. He's
also been working on a rock musical
for six years.

LESLIE
Oh wow! What's your musical about?

PETER
Dracula.

Peter downs his glass.

PETER (CONT'D)
I think I should get going.

*

Peter stumbles to his feet to leave, rather abruptly.

BRIAN
Are you sure you can drive?

PETER
Yes little brother, I'm sure.

EXT. CAT AND FIDDLE

Peter gets on his SCOOTER. He starts off but loses his balance. He and scooter tip over onto the sidewalk. Peter's too drunk and tired to lift himself up.

ANN
Need some help there?

PETER
(oddly coy)
Maybe.

ANN
C'mon. let's get you home.

Ann helps Peter and his scooter up off the ground.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - AFTER

Post-sex, Peter and Ann lay beside each other awkwardly.

PETER
(numb)
Wow. So I guess it's really over now.

ANN
We can do it again if you want?

PETER

No. It's just...she'll never take me back now.

Peter begins to cry. Ann looks at him awkwardly.

PETER (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm sorry. I just ended a relationship and I thought if I had sex with you I'd feel better.

ANN

Are you crying?

PETER

(weepy)

I'm sorry. I'm just clearly not ready yet. You're a lovely girl, but it's not safe for you to fall in love with me. I'm not someone you want to be with.

ANN

That's okay. I have a boyfriend.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

C.U.: Peter SCRUTINIZES HIS LIPS

A GRANDFATHERLY DOCTOR enters. Peter quickly sits back down.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Hello Peter, great to see you again. What can I do for you?

PETER

Well. I guess it's a long story. Ummm. I just got out of a five and a half year relationship. So, last night, like an idiot, I slept with somebody I don't know at all. She claims she has a boyfriend, but there's really no telling how many people she's been with, possibly thousands. So... do you think you could take a look at me?

DR. ROSENBAUM

(comforting)

Of course.

(MORE)

DR. ROSENBAUM (CONT'D)
But I do have to tell you, this
isn't really what I deal with on a
day to day basis.

PETER
But you're my doctor.

DR. ROSENBAUM
I'm a pediatrician Peter.

PETER
I appreciate that, but I woke up
feeling like, some pressure on my
lip.

DR. ROSENBAUM
(understanding)
Okay. Let's take a look.

Dr. Rosenbaum gives Peter's lips a good look over.

DR. ROSENBAUM (CONT'D)
Where do you feel this pressure?

PETER
Pretty much my whole lip area. Do
you see anything?

DR. ROSENBAUM
Everything looks fine. You're good
to go. Have fun.

PETER
Thanks, but no thanks. I am done
being irresponsible.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Peter and the woman are having sex. Both are enjoying
themselves. As she gets closer, the woman leans up to his ear
and whispers.

NAME GIRL
Say my name.

Peter smiles, begins to speak, but hesitates.

NAME GIRL (CONT'D)
Say my name...please.

Peter's brow furrows.

PETER
(barely audible)
...baby...

NAME GIRL
My name...

Peter mumbles something.

NAME GIRL (CONT'D)
What?

She abruptly stops.

NAME GIRL
You don't know my name do you.

PETER
What!? Of course I know your name.

NAME GIRL
Then what is it?

PETER
Darlene.

NAME GIRL
You fuck.

PETER
What? I bet you don't remember my name!

NAME GIRL
Peter.

PETER
Ha. Wrong! It's Joel.

NAME GIRL
Ohmigosh, I'm so sorry.

PETER
It's OK. It's bound to happen.
Joel's not the most memorable name around.

NAME GIRL
I feel like such a hypocrite.

PETER
It's OK.

The girl and Peter start kissing again. Peter guiltily stops kissing.

PETER (CONT'D)
 You were right. My name's Peter.
 I just lied to cover up the fact
 that I didn't remember your name.

NAME GIRL
 What is wrong with you?

PETER
 I'm sorry.

*

The girl leaves.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

*

Peter, well drunk, and an equally DRUNK GIRL do shots.

*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

*

Peter has sloppy sex with the Drunk Girl. They finish.

*

PETER
 That was lovely.

*

*

DRUNK GIRL
 Uh huh.

*

*

PETER
 (sexily)
 See you in a sec.

*

*

*

Peter GETS OUT OF BED, WALKS INTO THE BATHROOM and THROWS UP
 for a very long time.

*

*

INT. BEDROOM - 2 NIGHTS LATER

*

Peter is having sex with a different girl. She looks up at
 him sweetly.

HI GIRL
 Hi.

PETER
 Hi.

He continues moving for a few seconds. She touches his face.

HI GIRL
Hi.

 PETER
Hi.

He continues. She looks him deep in his eyes.

 HI GIRL
Hi.

Peter stops.

 PETER
Can you please stop saying that?

She doesn't say anything. They recommence lovemaking.

 HI GIRL
 (against her will)
Hi.
 (then)
It just comes out. I'm really
sorry.

 PETER
That's fine.

They continue to make love.

 HI GIRL
Hi.

 PETER
Hi.

 HI GIRL
Hi.

 PETER
I can't do this.

 HI GIRL
Yeah, me neither.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A nurse draws Peter's blood. In the background, a KID runs by closely followed by the KID'S MOM and the PEDIATRICIAN who's holding a syringe.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Brian and Peter are mid-hike.

PETER
Honest to God, enough is enough.
You were right. No more
meaningless sex.

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT - 2 DAYS LATER

Peter is in bed with a model. She just looks at him with total apathy. She does not move at all.

PETER
Do you like what I'm doing?

MODEL
Yeah.

He continues, she does not change expression.

PETER
Are you sure?

MODEL
(blankly)
I love it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A different girl. She is on top.

POTTYMOUTH
C'mon you fuckin' pussy. Fuck me.
What's the matter, you don't like
girls you faggot. C'mon. Fucker.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Peter is the only adult without a child in the pediatrician's waiting room. He reads HIGHLIGHTS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Rosenbaum enters the room looking quite serious. Peter looks up at him nervously.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Peter. I think we need to talk.

Peter's eyes grow wide and panic sets in.

PETER

Oh no. Oh my God.

DR. ROSENBAUM

(getting angry, dropping
the grandfatherly shtick)

Your tests came back negative! Not that that matters since it takes at least six weeks for any virus to appear in the bloodstream. You're wasting my time and you're driving yourself crazy! It's not healthy. Also, your insurance doesn't cover any more blood tests for this year.

PETER

(humiliated)

I know. God, I know. I just...I'm not used to this Doc.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Go away for a week and get your head together.

PETER

Where would I go?

DR. ROSENBAUM

I'm not a fucking travel agent.

PETER

I can't afford it.

DR. ROSENBAUM

(pouty, making fun of him)

I can't afford it.

(then)

Yes, you can. Your song is everywhere. I can't get it out of my fucking head.

PETER

The checks come when they come.
It's not as much as you'd think.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Why am I discussing this with you?
Then see a psychiatrist. I don't
care.

PETER

You know what? Last summer Sarah
and I played in this couples
basketball tournament. We lost to
Snoop Dog and Dr. Dre, but we got a
gift certificate for a free trip to
Hawaii.

DR. ROSENBAUM

I don't give a shit.
(then)
You want a lolly?

PETER

I don't think so --

DR. ROSENBAUM

Great. Then get the fuck out of
here.

Dr. Rosenbaum holds his hand up and walks out.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter's on the phone holding a gift certificate and brochure.

PETER

(into phone)

Hi. I'm calling to redeem a voucher
I got last year - for a week in
Hawaii. Sure. 60792. Peter Bretter.
Oh, it might be under Marshall,
Sarah Marshall. Yes, she is
delightful. Ummm, no, I'll be
traveling alone. No actually, we're
not together any longer. Non-
transferable? But...I mean, it was
a couples tournament, I played as
well. I actually scored most of the
points. Yes I see. That's fine.
Thank you.

Peter hands up, frustrated. He looks long and hard at the
Hawaiian Brochure. It looks like paradise.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to himself, resolute)
You know what? Fuck this.

INT. TIFFANY'S JEWELRY - DAY

Peter stands at the counter debating with a nicely quaffed saleswoman. He holds an engagement ring.

PETER
What do you mean you won't take it back? She left me. What am I supposed to do with it? It's unused.

SALESWOMAN
I'm sorry sir. That's last years cut.

PETER
What does that mean? I thought a diamond was forever.

SALESWOMAN
Please don't raise your voice sir.

He looks her up and down, then looks at the security guard, who is not paying attention.

PETER
(whispering)
I will raise my voice if I goddamn well please. Because you are not the boss of me!

Peter leaves.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

Peter walks out of a pawn shop with a wad of cash.

INT. LAX - THAT NIGHT

Peter wears a GARISH HAWAIIAN SHIRT and shorts as he sits and waits in the packed terminal with a single duffel bag.

PETER
(on cell phone)
I got five thousand dollars.

BRIAN (V.O.)
How much did you pay for it?

PETER
Twenty two thousand. But I just
don't care anymore. It's last
year's cut.

BRIAN (V.O.)
You sure you don't want me to come
with you? Say the word and I'll be
there in a second.

PETER
No, I think this is something I
have to do alone.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Fair enough. Go out there, relax,
meditate, keep it clean.

PETER
That's exactly right, bro. I'm
keeping it clean. No "Island sex."
That's the whole point, I need to
get my shit together. Hawaii is a
sex free zone. I'm retaking my oath
as a gentleman.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Peter sits squeezed in the middle seat of the packed flight, watching a rerun of Seinfeld on the monitor. As the studio audience laughs, Peter does not laugh. A Flight attendant comes by, and Peter holds up his empty plastic cup. He speaks too loud because of his headphones and inebriation.

PETER
I'll take another Mai-Tai please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(whispering)
That'll be six dollars.

Peter struggles to access his pocket in the cramped quarters. After checking each pocket, he finally produces a wad of cash. The Flight attendant takes his empty cup and heads down the aisle. Seinfeld comes to an end and Peter sits back and closes his eyes. THEN HE HEARS IT THROUGH THE HEADPHONES:

PETER'S VOICE
(singing)
*When you need a time-out just to
catch your breath...*

Peter opens his eyes. GRACE IS ACES is being rerun. He watches the opening credits: A MONTAGE OF SARAH MARSHALL IN VARIOUS FUN SCENARIOS THROUGHOUT CHICAGO. A Cubs Game. Taste of Chicago. Laughing through a wind storm.

The flight attendant returns with the drink. Peter immediately produces a ten dollar bill and hands it to her. He points at the SLEEPING WOMAN NEXT TO HIM.

PETER
She wanted one too.

He takes his Mai-Tai and drinks.

EXT. KAHULUI AIRPORT - MAUI - ESTABLISHING

Peter's airplane touches down in Maui.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

This is one of the most breathtaking hotels in the world. The cab drives down a huge entrance lined with burning tiki torches.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Peter makes his way through the lavish lobby. Soft Hawaiian music plays in the background. It's gorgeous. ANGLE ON: A beautiful young woman who's name we'll learn is RACHEL checking in a couple as Peter waits.

RACHEL
Aloha and welcome to the Waikiki
Embassador. Please enjoy a
complimentary lei and POG juice.

Peter smiles as Rachel puts leis over the couple's heads.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Just married?

NEWLYWED
How'd you guess?

*

RACHEL
You got that magic newlywed fairy
dust all over you.

Peter turns away, startled to be tearing up. Rachel waves him forward

RACHEL (CONT'D)
How can I help you. Sir?

PETER
(composing himself)
My name's Bretter, Peter Bretter.
I'm checking in, but I don't have a
reservation.

RACHEL
I think we're all sold out, but let
me check.

She calls back to MICHAEL, her manager, who is in the office.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Michael? Do we have any rooms
available?

Michael pops his head out.

MICHAEL
I don't know. You should probably
check the computer Rachel.

She turns her back to Peter and FLIPS MICHAEL OFF, then begins checking the computer.

RACHEL
How long did you want to stay?

PETER
I don't know. It depends I guess.

RACHEL
That's a brave way to travel.

PETER
Either brave or stupid. If you have
a room it's brave. If I end up
sleeping on Kahalui Highway it may
have been stupid.

Peter nervously laughs. Rachel doesn't.

RACHEL

Unfortunately the only room we have available is the Kapua suite. It's available for four nights.

PETER

And how much is that?

RACHEL

Six Thousand a night.

PETER

Wow. I see. Yeah. Might be a little out of my price range. Sorry.

RACHEL

Don't be. It's a lot out of mine.

PETER

It's too bad. I was hoping for a complimentary lei and POG juice.

RACHEL

Those are only for the newlyweds.

PETER

Well, you have a beautiful hotel --

Peter gestures toward the opulent surroundings. The water, the view, and SARAH MARSHALL. SHE GLIDES THROUGH THE LOBBY BEAUTIFUL AS EVER, HAIR STILL WET, IN A BIKINI TOP AND WRAPPED IN A TOWEL. SHE HOLDS THE HAND OF HER NEW BOYFRIEND. This is WILLIAM PENLY (28), the best looking man on the planet Earth, also still wet, shirtless, wrapped in a towel. Peter stares wordless, stunned, mortified. Rachel notices.

RACHEL

Yeah. That's Sarah Marshall from Grace is Aces. She checked in yesterday.

Peter can barely speak. He does not break his stare.

PETER

She's my old girlfriend. We broke up three weeks ago.

SARAH LOOKS OVER FROM THE LOBBY. SHE LOCKS EYES WITH PETER. She smiles a curious/terrified smile and begins to approach.

PETER (CONT'D) *
Oh, God. They're coming over here. *
(deep breath)
I can handle this, right?

RACHEL
Well...I don't know you sir.

PETER
I wish I wasn't wearing this shirt.

RACHEL
Fair enough.

PETER
This is a living nightmare. *

Peter looks at her like a helpless animal.

RACHEL
(quickly)
Undo that button.

He does. She takes another look.

RACHEL (CONT'D) *
Maybe not, maybe not.

But Sarah has arrived. It is instantly incredibly awkward.

SARAH
Well...this is a coincidence. I
hope.

Long beat. Finally, Sarah begins to laugh uncomfortably.

SARAH (CONT'D) *
Please tell me this is a
coincidence.

PETER
No, I actually came to show you my
shirt.

Behind the desk, Rachel subtly winces. Sarah smiles.

SARAH
Seriously though, what are you
doing here?

PETER

I don't know. I've felt like there was an alien trying to burst through my chest for the past three weeks, so I thought I'd get out of town.

SARAH

I know what you mean. William and I are here because we used that coupon that I earned. How was your flight?

PETER

I don't know. It was a flight. I ate peanuts.

*

*

An awkward pause. Peter finds the strength to look at William and extend his hand. William reaches out to shake.

ANGLE ON: Peter's POV. A series of EXTREMELY TIGHT close ups of William's muscles flexing with the extension of his arm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Peter.

*

William shakes with a friendly smile. He speaks with a slight accent.

WILLIAM

William. It's nice to meet you. Are you staying here as well?

PETER

Actually, William, it doesn't look like...

RACHEL

(interrupting)

I was able to book that room for you sir, four nights.

PETER

You were?

RACHEL

Yes sir, the Kapua Suite.

Peter looks at her, confused, but she offers back a confident nod. Peter goes along with it.

PETER

Excellent. And you say that's one of the nicer suites, yes?

Rachel is mildly amused at his posturing.

RACHEL

Yes Mr. Bretter. I think you'll find it acceptable.

PETER

Marvelous.

(to William)

I am staying here as a matter of fact. Just a quick five-day trip.

WILLIAM

Great. Well if you'd like to have dinner with us one of the nights...

SARAH

(interrupting)

William!?

WILLIAM

What?

SARAH

He doesn't want that.

PETER

No. No. That's very gentlemanly of you, William. But you two should enjoy your vacation. I'll be just fine on my own.

(to Sarah)

Good to see you, Sarah.

SARAH

Thanks Pete. Have a good trip.

She touches his arm, and then walks away, William in hand. When she is out of sight, Peter nearly collapses.

RACHEL

You okay?

PETER

(very faint)

I'm fine, I'm fine. Look, thanks for bailing me out, but I still can't afford the room.

RACHEL

No one can. It's just for people like Elton John or the kids from that 70's show. I don't think anyone's gonna be popping in to stay there in the next four days. You can use the room, you just can't let anyone know.

PETER

(distracted)

Wow. OK, sounds good.

RACHEL

You need a key card to activate the electricity.

PETER

Great.

RACHEL

But I can't give you one. It'll register with the system. I'm giving you a janitor's key instead. No room service, no phone and you'll have to clean up after yourself.

PETER

Why are you doing this?

RACHEL

She's here with a guy already? That's fucked up.

PETER

(in agreement)

Right?

Rachel hands him a key.

RACHEL

Have a good stay.

PETER

Thank you. So much.

(checking her name tag)

Rachel Jansen. Thank You.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAY

Peter's on the phone with Brian. TRACK HIS ATTITUDE. BRIAN IS BOTH PROTECTIVE OF HIS BROTHER. "SHE'S SUCH A BITCH." "SHE'S NOT COOL, BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU." "KNOW IT ALL GUY." "JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE ENGAGED AT 21. YOU GOT LUCKY." "I'M A RESPONSIBLE."

PETER

She's fucking here! With some
fucking Calvin Klein bullshit
trash!

*

BRIAN

That is a nightmare.

*

PETER

I can't believe she would cash in
that free travel voucher. She
never uses any of that free shit --
do you know how many unused Razr
phones she has in her closet? She
makes bank. Why the fuck does she
need a free week in Hawaii?

BRIAN

I don't know, it's hard to turn
down a free trip. But what you
have got to concentrate on is
getting control of yourself.

*

*

*

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*

PETER

Who's side are you on?

*

*

BRIAN

She is not cool. There's no doubt
about that. But you have got to
get control of yourself.

*

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PETER

Are you kidding me? My ex-
girlfriend of five years is here!
With her new boyfriend!

*

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BRIAN

Why don't we think of solutions?
Aren't there any other hotels on
the island?

*

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*

PETER

She saw me check in. If I left it
would be like I was running away.

BRIAN

That's totally insane. *

(speaking to Liz)

What's that babe...oh, wait. Liz
says, you have no choice. If you
leave, she's in the power position.
If she's uncomfortable, she should
be the one to leave. *

(then, back to Liz) *

I don't know, I think he can leave
if he wants to. *

PETER *

Hello? Can you talk to me please? *

BRIAN *

I can if you start thinking
rationally. *

PETER *

Liz is right. I am fucked.
Fuckety fuck fuck. *

BRIAN *

If you want me down there, I will
come. *

PETER *

Thanks, bro. Fuck! *

Peter hangs up. He sees the valet looking at him oddly.

PETER (CONT'D) *

Your hotel is really beautiful.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

William and Sarah ride alone in the elevator.

SARAH *

How is he here? This is a
nightmare! *

WILLIAM

Well, that was certainly
unexpected.

SARAH

Will you please stop talking like
that!!

WILLIAM

I'm never going to play an American
if I don't work on my accent.

SARAH

Just not now. Please.

William concedes and speaks in his natural British accent.

WILLIAM

If you want to switch hotels,
that's fine with me.

SARAH

If we go, that'll make it even
weirder. This is such a nightmare.
(then)
Why on earth would you invite him
to dinner? It's ridiculous!! It's
crazy!

WILLIAM

Really? I think it would have been
more awkward not to ask.

SARAH

Are you kidding me? What is wrong
with you!?!

WILLIAM

I don't know, we're all adults. I
certainly wasn't trying to make
things any more uncomfortable.

SARAH

William, it's been three weeks...I
mean, it's been emotionally over
for a long time, but we need to
physically not see each other for a
long, long time.

WILLIAM

I understand.
(with a smile)
I just figured I took this perfect
woman from him, I should at least
buy the guy dinner.

SARAH

(fake annoyance)
OK, very charming.

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INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter heads down a long hallway looking for his room. Finally he reaches the last door. He double checks the room number, then inserts his key.

INT. KAPUA SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks into the incredibly dark KAPUA SUITE. He tries to move around, but almost instantly knocks into something. We hear him shuffle about, then another large THUNK.

PETER

Ah! Fuck!

INT. GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Peter POINTS to a group of candles.

PETER

Tell me about these.

CANDLE SALESWOMAN

These are from the Kona Candle Company. Island Breeze. Each one is hand-dipped.

PETER

Do they shed a lot of light?

CANDLE SALESWOMAN

I don't know.

PETER

I'll take thirty of them please.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Now in a wrinkled white linen Banana Republic outfit, Peter strolls through the hotel's lush grounds and approaches one of the restaurants - Humuhumunukunukuapua'a. It is an intimate candle lit barge floating on a salt water lagoon. The Maitre 'D approaches Peter.

PETER

I'd like a table for dinner please.

MAITRE D'
Wonderful, and will your wife be
joining you?

No. PETER

MAITRE D'
Your girlfriend?

Peter's lip starts to quiver. He shakes his head "no." Clearly a romantic spot, the Maitre D' can't hide his pity.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
I see. Right this way.

He leads Peter through the small restaurant to a table in the back...RIGHT NEXT TO SARAH AND WILLIAM. Peter gives them a small smile, tries to play it nonchalant, and takes a seat.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
Enjoy your dinner sir.

PETER
Could I get a Mai-Tai please? With
a rum floater.

MAITRE D'
I'll tell your waitress.

He leaves Peter alone, feet away from his worst nightmare. Peter takes a piece of bread and tries to seem comfortable.

ANGLE ON: Sarah and William try to continue their dinner. Sarah makes a special effort not to look at Peter.

SARAH
(forced)
Do you want to take the road to
Koolau? I hear it is lovely.

WILLIAM
I'm asking him to join us.

SARAH
Do not ask him. For me, do not ask
him.

WILLIAM
You must trust me. This is an area
within which I have a fair amount
of expertise.

SARAH

We can take the road to Koolau. Or
maybe get a couples massage?

WILLIAM

(calling out)

Peter? Would you like to join us?

Peter looks over from his table.

PETER

No, you two--

WILLIAM

Nonsense. Please. Join us.

Peter considers. Hesitant, he rises and walks over. Sarah gives William an angry glare. As Peter arrives she forces a smile.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I know that this isn't the most
comfortable situation for any of
us, but I just thought since we're
both here trying to enjoy our
vacations, we should address this
sooner than later.

PETER

Why are you talking like that?

WILLIAM

Like what?

PETER

In that weird British accent?

WILLIAM

No. Ha. No, this is my real accent.
When I first met you I was working
on my American.

PETER

I knew I sensed something off when
we first met. I thought it was
because you're sleeping with Sarah,
but it must have been the accent.

Awkward beat. Peter does not sit.

PETER (CONT'D)

So you and Sarah were in the movie
together?

WILLIAM
Oh, no, I'm not in it.

SARAH
He's the writer.

WILLIAM
Did some acting back in Jolly Old.
I also run a few clubs and DJ some.
You know. A bit of this, a bit of
that.

PETER
(feigning knowledge and
interest)
Cool. What clubs?

Sarah looks at Peter like 'what the fuck?'

PETER (CONT'D)
I like going clubbing.

WILLIAM
Mainly in London. You know
'Canvas'?
(off Peter's non-reaction)
Filthy Dukes, Gucci Sound System,
Young Turks? All those guys from
Ministry of Sound.

PETER
Right. Totally.

WILLIAM
You're a musician I hear.

PETER
Everything I write's for shit.

SARAH
Peter.

PETER
Sarah.

Peter motions to the waitress who has brought a Mai-Tai.

PETER (CONT'D)
I think that's mine.

She brings the drink over. Peter DOWNS the drink and turns
it over on the table like a giant shot glass.

PETER (CONT'D) *
 (to William) *
 Seriously, though. Thanks for *
 trying. It was very mature of you *
 and I appreciate it. *

INT. KAPUA SUITE - LATER *

NOW CANDLELIT, this is the nicest room you have ever seen. A *
 BABY GRAND PIANO, a PLASMA TELEVISION, and more space than *
 anyone would know what to do with, all facing the ocean. *
 REVEAL Peter, amidst a pile of empty minibar bottles, *
 SOBBING. It continues for some time. THE PHONE RINGS. *

RACHEL (O.S.) *
 Peter? *

PETER *
 Sarah? *

RACHEL (O.S.) *
 No, it's Rachel. Jansen. From the *
 front desk. *

PETER *
 (flirty) *
 Oh. Heyyy. *

RACHEL (O.S.) *
 What's going on up there? We're *
 getting complaints about a woman *
 crying hysterically. *

PETER *
 Oh. Sorry. That was just...I'll *
 keep it down. *

RACHEL (O.S.) *
 (knowing) *
 Are you okay? *

PETER *
 I'm fine. I'm sorry. I'll be quiet. *

Peter hangs up the phone. He takes a deep breath. Then he *
 breaks down again, this time crying in DEEP SILENT HEAVES. *

INT. KAPUA SUITE - MORNING

Peter wakes up, still dressed and in the fetal position on the floor. THE SUN BLAZES THROUGH THE WINDOWS. He checks out the clock: 7:15 AM. He picks himself up.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

*

Peter walks through the lobby which is filled with people - A family eating breakfast, a couple in bathing suits heading for the beach, a father putting water wings on his pudgy son. Another couple sharing a smoothie. AN OVERLOAD OF FAMILIES AND COUPLES EVERYWHERE. A CACOPHONY AND FAMILY AND COUPLY SOUNDS. He spots a breakfast restaurant which overlooks the water and approaches.

HOSTESS

Are you by yourself today sir?

PETER

I am. The patio would be nice please.

HOSTESS

I'm sorry sir, the patio is reserved for parties of two or more.

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - MOMENTS LATER

Peter has been seated literally right next to the Pancake and Waffle station. CHILDREN loudly wait in line. The hiss of whipped cream being dispensed is maddening. Peter SIPS FROM A LARGE, CLEARLY ALCOHOLIC DRINK. A YOUNG COUPLE who wait in line gingerly approach.

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PHOTO MAN

Hi, I'm sorry to bother you, but would you mind taking a picture of me and my wife.

(back, to his wife)

Sounds awfully nice huh baby, "my wife."

PHOTO WOMAN

Sure does "my husband." I love you my husband.

PHOTO MAN

Love you my wife.

PETER
Sure, of course. Just there, in
line?

PHOTO MAN
Please.

They pose in line holding their plates as the waffle
attendant begins to spray their waffles with whipped cream.
Peter FUMBLES WITH THE CAMERA AS THE PILE OF WHIPPED CREAM ON
PHOTO MAN'S PLATE GROWS MOUNTAINOUS.

PETER
I think I've got it now.

PHOTO MAN
(growing frustrated)
Take the picture!

PHOTO WOMAN *
You know, we don't really need a *
picture of this -- *

PHOTO MAN *
("patiently" explaining) *
You don't know what pictures are *
good until you've taken them all -- *

He takes it and hands back the camera. Photo Man uses his *
fork to place a huge dollop of Whipped Cream on his wife's *
plate. The photo man snaps a picture of Peter. *

PHOTO MAN (CONT'D) *
What's your email. I'll send it to *
you. *

PETER *
That's alright. *

PHOTO MAN *
C'mon. What is it. *

PETER *
Spookypete@aol. *

PHOTO MAN *
Alrighty, spookypete. Have a great *
rest of your day. *

INT. FRONT DESK - LATER

Peter wanders through the lobby. He spots Rachel at the front desk and approaches.

PETER

Hey. I just wanted to thank you again. And whenever you need me out, just let me know.

RACHEL

I actually checked this morning, you're good for a couple days, and I think a room should open up if you decide to stay. How are you doing? Any better?

PETER

Good. Just trying to figure out what to do with myself. Everything is sort of couply here.

RACHEL

Well, it is Hawaii. Do you surf?

PETER

I appreciate that, but no. I've always thought I had a surfer's body though.

RACHEL

Great... well, if you want, you could take a surf lesson. Jack's out by the beach, he's a good teacher.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Peter lays on his board in the completely flat water. Jack bobs beside him. He is pudgy, grungy, Caucasian but wildly tan. The kind of ageless man between thirty and fifty.

JACK

That really sucks dude.

PETER

Yep. It was pretty bad.

JACK

That's the difference between us and them. Men are like this...

He moves his hand in a straight and steady motion.

JACK (CONT'D)
Women are like this...

He moves his hand in a wild and erratic zig-zag.

PETER
That's for sure.

JACK
Paddle, padddle, paddle, paddle,
paddle...

Peter paddles furiously as a tiny ripple passes through,
taking him nowhere. The conversation continues.

JACK (CONT'D) *
I was married for twelve years. One
day she told me she didn't love me
anymore. I told her that was cool,
we didn't have to get divorced; but
she did anyway.

PETER
Oh. I'm sorry.

JACK
It's alright. She still lives with
me. In my experience, the right
thing always happens bro. PADDLE, *
paddle, paddle, paddle...

Peter paddles furiously for another tiny ripple. Jack gives
him an extra shove which pushes the board at most six inches
further.

JACK (CONT'D) *
Good one! I think that's good for
today. That'll be sixty-five *
dollars.

INT. KAPUA SUITE SHOWER - LATER

Peter sits on a seat in the candle lit shower letting the
water pour down on him. After a moment, he examines the THREE
BOTTLES next to him on the seat.

PETER
Hello Avena Coconut Bath Gel.

He pours a dollop onto his hand, which he lowers below frame. He closes his eyes. When he opens them again, SARAH stands before him, nude in the shower. She gives him a seductive smile and lowers out of frame. After a moment, fantasy Sarah rises to whisper something close into Peter's ear. He closes his eyes.

SARAH

You'll never be with me again.

Peter opens his eyes to find that now both Sarah and William are nude in the shower with him. Sarah washes William.

WILLIAM

Be sure and get all of my contours.
I like my contours nice and clean.

Peter watches for a moment in disbelief, then begins smacking himself in the head.

PETER

Get out of my brain!! Let me be!!

Lathered bath gel splatters errantly like Hitchcock's Psycho. *

INT. KAPUA SUITE - LATER

Peter rants on his cell phone to Brian.

PETER

So not only have she and fucking
Oscar Wilde Brad Pitt Tony Blair
Mcgee completely ruined my
vacation, I can't even masturbate
anymore!

BRIAN

Why are you so focused on sex? *

PETER

You get sex everyday. You've
forgotten what it's like to have
the tap suddenly shut off. Just
because you were lucky and found
the right girl at twenty-one -- *

BRIAN

It's not luck. There's no such
thing as luck. I just became a
responsible adult. Why don't you
do something cleansing for your
body, like yoga? *

PETER
Yoga? I hate yoga.

BRIAN
You can't hate something you've
never tried.

PETER
I don't know. There's a girl at
the desk I could ask out.

BRIAN
And have yet another empty fling?
Trust me. Yoga will clear your
head. Do you need me to come out
there? Would that help? I'll come
out there.

PETER
Maybe... if you want to. That
would be nice.

BRIAN
I can't come out there. I have
MCATs in a month. But if you
really need me. I will.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

The yoga studio has a beautiful view of the beach and ocean.
Peter, bleary-eyed, walks into the studio, drink in hand.
The passive-aggressive, incredibly fit, FEMALE YOGA
INSTRUCTOR comes up to Peter.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
No alcohol in the studio.

PETER
(baldly lying)
Yeah, I know. This is just coconut
juice.

Peter DOWNS the rest of the drink. The Instructor CLAPS and
PUTS on music.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Alright, would everyone please grab
a mat?

Peter GRABS A MAT when in walks Sarah. She makes eye contact
with Peter.

SARAH
I didn't know you did yoga.

PETER
There's a lot you don't know about
me. Where's William?

SARAH
Hiking the volcano.

PETER
You let him go off alone?

SARAH
Of course. He's very outdoorsy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Peter's is putting on athletic clothes. Sarah's in bed.

SARAH
Where are you going?

PETER
I was thinking of taking a tennis
lesson.

SARAH
You can't leave. Let's have in
room couple facials!

PETER
OK, cool.

Peter immediately starts get back into his robe.

BACK TO THE YOGA STUDIO

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Alright, I'd like everyone to
breathe deeply. Breathe in,
breathe out. Let's start nice and
easy with downward facing dog.

Instantly EVERYONE SNAPS INTO DOWNWARD FACING DOG. Peter
tries to follow suit.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Make sure to arch your back and
keep it nice and flat.

The instructor comes over to Peter and adjusts his position.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) *

Let's loosen up here. *

PETER *

I'm trying. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR *

Arch it and keep it flat. *

Peter tries to do what she's saying. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) *

No. More like this. *

She adjusts Peter some more. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) *

Try and listen. Arch it while *

keeping it nice and flat. *

PETER *

Those are opposing ideas. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR *

No they aren't. *

(then) *

Warrior One! *

Everyone JUMPS UP into Warrior One. Peter tries to follow. *

SARAH *

(whispering to Peter, *

trying to be helpful) *

Suck in air as you jump. *

PETER *

(whispering back) *

I know that. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR *

Warrior Two! *

Everyone JUMPS INTO Warrior Two. Peter tries to follow. *

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) *

(to Peter) *

When you breathe make sure to put *

your belly button against your *

spine. *

(Peter's breathing hard) *

No, not like that. Belly button *

against your spine. *

PETER
What does that even mean?

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Maybe you should just practice your
breathing.

PETER
I've been breathing for twenty-six
years. I think I know what I'm
doing.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
(whispering to Peter)
No need to become contentious.
This is suppose to be a zone of
peace and calm.
(to the class)
We're now doing handstand.
(pointedly at Peter)
For those who don't think they are
up to it, feel free to rest your
legs up against the wall.

Everyone GETS INTO HANDSTANDS, including Sarah who's in a
PERFECT HANDSTAND. Peter STRUGGLES TO GET his LEGS ABOVE HIS
HEAD.

PETER
It's harder for me because I have
more leg and body.

Peter manages to get STRAIGHT UP.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to himself, doused in
sweat)
Yes!

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR
And now, let's DROP DOWN to locust
pose.

Peter, in attempting to drop down, FALLS, knocking over
SEVERAL WOMEN, including Sarah. Peter tries to regroup and
help the women up as the instructor approaches angrily, picks
up Peter's Coconut shell and smells it.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
This is why there is no booze in
the fucking yoga studio asshole!

Sarah looks at Peter annoyed. He rises to leave, and as he does he gives an awkward, apologetic martial arts bow.

*
*

INT. FRONT DESK - LATER

Peter approaches Rachel who works behind the desk with Michael, who is on the phone.

PETER

Hey there.

RACHEL

You find something to do?

PETER

Went surfing, per your recommendation. Found that I am a very good paddler. Amazing really. The standing doesn't really interest me that much.

(she chuckles)

Then did some yoga and accidentally kicked my ex-girlfriend in the face.

*
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RACHEL

Nice work. So, what can I do for you?

*
*

PETER

I was actually wondering what you were doing later?

*

RACHEL

I'm going to the barbecue.

PETER

Barbecue?

RACHEL

It's the 4th. We put on a big fireworks show and a cookout. It's fun. Would you like to go?

PETER

Yeah...yeah I would. That sounds great.

RACHEL

Great. That'll be fifty dollars, but everything is included except alcoholic drinks.

She hands him a ticket. Peter, a bit confused, pulls some money from his pocket.

PETER
I'll see you there?

RACHEL
I'll be there.

PETER
I'm looking forward to it.

RACHEL
Good.

Peter smiles and heads off.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - SUNSET

*

Another beautiful sunset is underway as Peter follows a tiki torch lit path to the beach. He wears another slightly garish Hawaiian shirt. Ahead of him, the Fourth of July BBQ is underway. Rachel greets him.

*

RACHEL
Glad you could make it Peter.

PETER
You look beautiful.

RACHEL
Thanks. So, I'll take your ticket.
(Peter laughs)
No, really. I need your ticket.

*

*

He hands over his ticket.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
The bar is over there. Appetizers
are being served now, followed by
a dinner featuring traditional
Hawaiian fare, then fireworks.
(Peter nods, confused)
Have a great time.

*

*

*

She tears his ticket and puts a bracelet around his wrist. A family approaches.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hello Andersons. So glad you could
make it. I'll be happy to take your
tickets.
(MORE)

*

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The bar is in the corner, a dinner featuring traditional Hawaiian fare will be served shortly, followed by a nice fireworks display.

Pete stands for a moment and watches her tear their tickets.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Can I help you with something else Peter?

PETER

No. Um... I'll just grab a drink.

He walks into the BBQ, dismayed. Family after family. Couple after couple. On his way to the bar he passes Sarah and William.

WILLIAM

Hello sir. How's it going?

PETER

Fine. Great. How's your eye?

SARAH

It's fine. You actually missed it by a little bit, so that's good.

PETER

Cool. So how's the rest of your day been?

WILLIAM

Great. Hiked the Volcano. Real Nasty bugger. Came back for a quick dip in the Pacific, grabbed Sarah and took a drive around the Island. Had some fresh fish at a little stand at the side of the road.

Peter looks at Sarah skeptically.

PETER

You ate fish from a stand at the side of the road?

WILLIAM

She was quite adventurous.

PETER

Are you serious?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

Sarah and Peter at a Chinese restaurant.

SARAH
But no scallions.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

A mexican restaurant...

SARAH
Please, no sour cream.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

A sushi place...

SARAH
Nothing raw please. Do you have
chicken without the Japanese sauce?

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

*

And we're back...

SARAH
It was amazing.

PETER
Wow. Well, good for you guys.

PHOTO COUPLE approaches.

*

PHOTO MAN
(to Sarah)
I cannot believe this. I'm sorry to
bother you, but you are our
absolute favorite. Would you mind
terribly taking a picture with my
new bride and I?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SARAH
No, not at all.

*
*

PETER
I'll take it. It's better if she's
in the middle.

*
*
*

William stands aside as Peter takes the picture. *

PHOTO WOMAN *

Thank you so much Ms. Marshall. You
are a delight. *

SARAH *

Well thank you. *

Peter hands back the camera to Photo Man. *

PETER *

Well...I think I'll go grab a
drink. Have a good night. *

WILLIAM *

Nice seeing you Peter. *

As he heads to the bar, he spots Jack sitting alone on the
beach beyond the rows of tables. He heads over.

PETER

Hey man.

JACK

Aloha Petey. *

PETER

How do you do live near your ex-
wife? Just being near Sarah is
making me insane. *

JACK

Yeah, we actually live together
still, but what are you gonna do?
Sit it, Pete. I'm just taking a
fiver. *

Peter takes a seat on the ground next to him. Jack is smoking
a big joint and drinking a beer. He hands Peter the joint.

JACK (CONT'D) *

Sarah Marshall. You were hitting
some hot shit! On screen, she's
like cute girl next door, but like,
in person, BAM!! You know? *

Peter takes a hit of the joint.

PETER

Let's change the subject.

JACK
I actually gotta get back. I'm
helping prep the pig for the Luau
tomorrow.

PETER
Shit. You're the only person I know
here. Maybe I'll just head back
upstairs.

JACK
You wanna help me out in the back.
It's pretty fun.

PETER
I do like to cook.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR BACK GROUNDS - NIGHT

*

CHAOS. THE WILD SCREAMING OF A PIG. Peter AND THREE LARGE
SAMOANS HOLD DOWN A SQUEALING FIGHTING PIG. JACK STANDS
THERE WITH KNIFE.

JACK
Are you holding him tight?

PETER
I can't do this!

KEMO
Just hold him!

Jack moves in to make the fatal slice. Peter LOSES HIS NERVE
and lets go.

SAMOAN
What the fuck?

The pig bucks. Jack drops the knife.

KEMO
Don't shake hands with him. HOLD
HIM!!

Jack grabs the pig.

JACK
Pick up the knife!

SAMOAN
Pick up the goddamn knife! We
can't have a bloody pig running
through the hotel!

Peter picks up the knife.

PETER
I can't do this!

JACK
It will be cathartic!

PETER
I've seen Babe like fifteen times!

JACK
We're all part of the cycle of
life!

PETER IS HOLDING THE MACHETE CRYING HYSTERICALLY.

KEMO
DO IT!! WHILE THE BLESSING STILL
ECHOES IN IT'S EARS!! SEND HIM
HOME!!

PETER
OH GOD!! I'M SORRY!! I'M SO
SORRY!!!! AAAAHHHHHH!!!!

He stabs furiously below frame as blood splatters his apron.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter sits watching the fireworks display, clearly disturbed
from the pig killing incident. Rachel approaches.

RACHEL
Hey, there. I heard you let go of
a pig.

PETER
Yeah, well then I got the knife and
I slaughtered it. Do you have a
boyfriend?

RACHEL
No. Single.

PETER

Good. I mean... that surprises me.
So, do you want to maybe go out
tonight?

RACHEL

I have plans tonight.

PETER

Oh. Of course.

Rachel considers.

RACHEL

Me and a bunch of the hotel staff
are headed over to Lazy Joe's.
You're welcome to come if you're
interested.

PETER

What's Lazy Joe's?

RACHEL

It's a little dive bar.

PETER

Really? Cause you don't have to...

RACHEL

Don't make this weird. Do you wanna
go or no?

PETER

I'd love to.

RACHEL

Cool. Go put on some regular
clothes and meet me out front.

Peter laughs. Rachel isn't kidding.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - LATER

Peter sits at a table with Rachel in the beach shack dive
bar. The Samoans who helped slaughter the pig are the band.

PETER

It's a steady gig working on the
show. But I've been a little short
on inspiration.

(hesitant, then:)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
So I've been working on a rock opera.

RACHEL
Oh yeah? I didn't know they made those anymore.

PETER
That's the thing. Remember the first time you saw "Tommy?"

RACHEL
I don't remember what that is. What's your rock opera about?

PETER
Dracula. And eternal love. And I have this vision of doing it with both puppets and actors together. Or like, puppets with human eyes. I keep going back and forth on that.

RACHEL
Sounds weird.

PETER
(awkward)
Yeah. So... what kind of music do you like?

RACHEL
I don't know. Whatever's on. These guys are good.

PETER
Yeah.

RACHEL
And who's that girl who dances...

PETER
I'm not sure.

Peter chuckles quietly.

RACHEL
What?

PETER
No, it's just... I never got that. Not knowing what kind of music you like.

RACHEL

I don't know. People care about different things. Like how you don't care what clothes you wear. Okay, I'm gonna grab us another round.

PETER

Oh no, please. I'll get it.

RACHEL

It's alright. Kemo sneaks me drinks for free.

*

PETER

You sure? You want me to hold your purse or anything?

RACHEL

You don't need to dote on me. I'm not that girl. Do you always do that?

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - FLASHBACK

FLASHBULBS go off everywhere. Peter stands A few steps behind SARAH on the red carpet, holding her purse.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

SARAH! OVER HERE!! SARAH!! SMILE!!
WHO MADE YOUR DRESS?!!!

An agent comes over and kisses her on the lips.

AGENT

Good luck tonight Sarah. You look beautiful.

SARAH

Thank you so much. Gucci did an amazing job.

*
*
*

He sees Peter and extends his hand.

AGENT

Good to see you Ron.

*

Peter shakes without correcting him. Sarah motions to Peter. He reaches into her purse, takes out some lipstick and hands it to her. Immediately a photographer SCREAMS at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER
GET OFF THE RED CARPET SO WE CAN
TAKE PICTURES OF THE CELEBRITIES!!

INT. LAZY JOE'S - NIGHT

And we're back...

PETER
I guess so. Maybe.

RACHEL
Well stop it. You're in Hawaii.
You've got to relax.

She heads off. Peter finishes the last of his beer. He looks around the bar for a bathroom.

INT. LAZY JOE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter stands at a urinal. He looks in fascination at the wall in front of him which is adorned with a large plexiglass covered bulletin board filled with polaroids of drunken female patrons flashing, and sticking out their tongues. He smiles, amused until his eye finds a picture which disturbs him. IT IS A POLAROID OF RACHEL FLASHING HER BREASTS. MICHAEL ENTERS and takes the urinal next to Peter.

MICHAEL
She's a cutie, right? I hear she put you up in the Kapua Suite?

PETER
(a bit nervous)
No. No she didn't.

MICHAEL
Yes she did, she just told me.

PETER
Are you trying to trick me, cause I don't want to get her in trouble.

MICHAEL
Awww. You're sweet. No, we stow people up there all the time. It's always empty.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - MOMENTS LATER

Peter returns to the table, Rachel is already back with the drinks. He sits and takes a drink.

Rachel is standing with three slightly strung out Surfer dudes at the bar. Peter approaches.

PETER

Hello.

RACHEL

Peter, this is Walnut, Rico and Marc. They work at the hotel.

PETER

Nice to meet you all.

They nod and sip their beers.

WALNUT

We're going fishing later, you guys want in?

PETER

It's already almost midnight.

RICO

Night fishing is when they least expect it.

MARC

Their guard is down.

Peter looks to Rachel.

RACHEL

I think we'll pass tonight. See you guys later.

She hands Peter a beer and leads him back to the table.

PETER

They seem nice.

RACHEL

They're meth heads. They go spear fishing every night at two in the morning. There used to be four of them.

(Peter laughs)

I'm not kidding.

PETER

Oh, man. Hey, did you know there's
a picture of you flashing in the
men's room?

*

RACHEL

Oh yeah. Kemo took it. I was so
wasted.

PETER

Haven't you asked him to take it
down?

RACHEL

Obviously, but he says it will ruin
the balance in the collage. Hey, I
have a surprise for you.

PETER

Really? What?

The band brings their song to an end and the lead singer
speaks into the mic.

LEAD SINGER

For our next song, we have a
special guest from the mainland.
Singing a number from his Dracula
Musical, please welcome Peter
Quint.

Scattered applause. Peter looks at Rachel and shakes his
head, resigned. He heads to the stage and takes a seat behind
the piano.

PIANIST

Be nice to her.

Peter sits, but leans into the mic before he begins.

PETER

Really, I can sing something else.
I think out of context...the
Dracula voice might be...

RACHEL

(calling out)
DRACULA MUSICAL!!!!

She claps, and the crowd joins in.

PETER
(nervous)
Alright.

Peter begins playing the piano. He signs in a strange Dracula voice.

PETER (CONT'D) *
*It's getting kind of hard to
believe things are going to get
better. But having you here now I
see things are going to be
brighter. Feeling you here now I
know I just might make it through.
Loving you this long has made me
believe in forever. And with you
these dreams I've forgotten might
some how come true...*

Just as the bar starts to get used to the weird song, the music takes a dark turn and Dracula seems to get angry.

PETER (CONT'D)
*And when Van Helsing comes calling
I swear to the Lord I will slay
him. He'd take you from me but I
swear I won't let it be so. His
blood will run down my face once he
is decapitated. His head on my
mantle is how I will let the World
know...how much I love you.*

Peter and Rachel make eye contact. She smiles a smile we haven't seen before. Their gaze lingers as MICHAEL has a seat at her table. They speak while Peter is singing.

MICHAEL
Weird song. But he's cute.

RACHEL *
I don't know. He's kinda weird.

PETER
Die! Die! Die!!!!
(sadly)
I can't.

Peter finishes. People clap kind of. Rachel gives him a standing ovation. Peter is touched that Rachel is clapping for his obviously strange performance. They share a smile. *

EXT. WAIKIKI - THREE AM

Peter and Rachel take what should be a romantic walk through Waikiki. However, Waikiki at 3:00 am is not a romantic place. The street is peppered with drug dealers and prostitutes, many of whom are transvestites. Every few feet, Peter waves off being given a flyer for Strip Clubs.

RACHEL

So, yeah. I pretty much quit my life and moved out here for him. Mr. Perfect Surfer Stud. Thought I'd pick up classes at University of Hawaii, but I was also working full time so...

PETER

So, what happened?

RACHEL

After about three weeks he told me he wasn't ready for a commitment. I moved out the next day, he left for the tour and that's that.

PETER

What an asshole.

RACHEL

He was just a boy. I can see that now. Though I would like very much to beat the shit out of him someday.

Peter chuckles. They pass a STRIP CLUB. THE DOORMAN tries to coax them inside.

STRIP CLUB BARKER

You guys want a couples show? Anything you like. Private rooms. One of you, both of you, any combination you can think of.

PETER

No thank you.
(to Rachel)
You wanna go sit on the actual beach?

RACHEL

Sure.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter and Rachel sit on the beach and talk.

PETER
Don't you ever think about going
back?

RACHEL
No.

PETER
Why not? I mean... you could still
finish school.

A transvestite and a man return from having sex.

RACHEL
I hated L.A. Besides, I think it's
better not to think about the
future. Right now, I work at a
hotel. There doesn't have to be a
future in it.

PETER
That's such a cool attitude. I wish
I could be that mellow.

RACHEL
Stay here long enough and you will.

RICO AND MARC EMERGE FROM THE OCEAN HOLDING HARPOONS AND
CARRYING SEVERAL FISH EACH. THEY RUN UP THE SHORE TO RACHEL
AND PETER.

RICO
FISH! We caught a shitload of fish.

MARC
Snuck up on them!! Caught em!! You
guys want to have some fish with
us?

RACHEL
Where's Walnut?

Long beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I think I should probably get home.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL

Rachel PULLS UP to drop Peter off.

PETER
You want to hang out tomorrow?

RACHEL
If I get a break, why not?

PETER
Cool.

Peter waits to kiss her.

RACHEL
Well, are you getting out or not?

Peter gets out. Rachel drives off with a wave. Peter waves back.

INT. KAPUA SUITE - NEXT MORNING

Peter wakes in bed with a smile. Sun streams through the windows. He looks at the clock. 6:00 AM.

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - LATER

Peter eats his breakfast at a table that is RIGHT NEXT TO THE KITCHEN. We watch him as he eats, though every couple of seconds, our view is blocked by the swinging doors.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Peter heads over to the surf shack where Jack is dealing with a young kid and his dad. He spots Peter.

JACK
Hey Bro-sepe. What's up?

PETER
Wanted to see if you were available for a lesson, but looks like you're busy.

JACK
Wanna fool around on a kook-board?
It's easy.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter walks backwards in his fins to the shorebreak. He waits for the next whitewater, then clumsily flops onto the board.

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Out of breath, Peter finally paddles up to the surfer who sits on his board waiting for the next set. It is WILLIAM, shirtless and fit.

WILLIAM

Hello there.

PETER

Jesus Christ. You surf too.

WILLIAM

No, never tried. It's easier than it looks though. Growing up I was a proper little skateboarder, so my balance is pretty good.

PETER

Well, good seeing you. I'm just gonna paddle a little more, try to get some exercise.

Peter begins paddling with purpose. Sadly, he is working against the current and does not move at all.

WILLIAM

I owe you an apology. For the other night at dinner. I totally overstepped my bounds. You need to move at your own pace, and I'm sorry for trying to force the issue.

Peter is momentarily taken aback by William's compassion.

PETER

No prob.

They bob for a moment in silence.

WILLIAM

It's just that when Brittany and I got divorced it was so amicable...I guess I just wish that good fortune upon everyone.

PETER
You were married?

WILLIAM
Oh yes. Seems like a lifetime ago now, but yes. We're the best of friends. I met her on my program in England, when I was twenty. She used to spin at Chocolate Sauce.

*
*

PETER
Wow. And what...what "program" was this?

WILLIAM
It was called "Fancy Boys."

Peter tries not to chuckle.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Yes I know. Tough title. Believe me, I didn't audition for it. Got "discovered" in a coffee shop. One minute some older gentleman is asking me if I want to be an actor, the next I'm all over the BBC playing How's your Father with the Constable's son. Funny how things go.

*

Peter and William share a laugh, then silence. Finally:

PETER
(begrudgingly)
I don't blame you for anything.

WILLIAM
I'm glad. And for whatever it's worth, I thought you guys had ended things before I ever...

Peter tenses a bit.

PETER
Hadn't we?

William gives Peter a look which conveys volumes.

PETER (CONT'D)
(growing tense)
Jesus man. I believe you're trying your best, but for a British dude you sure are low on tact.

*

A large wave is approaching. William sees the wave and begins paddling to catch it.

PETER (CONT'D) *
 (tentative)
 That wave looks a little big. I'd
 be careful.

WILLIAM
 It couldn't be worse than this
 conversation. I think I'll manage.

William positions himself perfectly and is swept up by the wave. Nimble as a gazelle, he leaps to his feet. Peter watches with disdain as he rides towards the shore, a bronze Adonis. William turns back and gives Peter a smile which is not returned. Then...BANG! William's board smashes into a rock, sending him crashing beneath the wave. Peter can't help but laugh. He waits for William to surface. And he waits. And waits. William does not emerge from the water. Instead, only the top of William's board can be seen protruding vertically from the water, a sure sign he is trapped below.

PETER
 Shit.

Peter ditches his board and begins swimming for William.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Peter follows the board's leash down towards the reef and sees William, panicked and struggling, leg trapped in the reef. He reaches out a hand towards Peter, who grabs it and tries to pull him up. William does not budge, but lets out a silent scream of pain. After a furious effort, William's leg breaks free from the reef and the two head for the surface.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The pair emerge from the water. *

WILLIAM *
 AAAHHHH!!! *

PETER *
 Sorry. Can you paddle? *

WILLIAM *
 I think so. *

The two head towards shore, William paddling, Peter swimming. *

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Peter helps the hobbling William to shore where Jack is giving the young kid pre-surf instruction. He runs over.

JACK
You alright there, brother?

WILLIAM
I can barely move my leg.

JACK
Well I can see why.

He points at Williams leg, and we now see that a large CHUNK OF REEF is stuck in his leg, protruding through the skin.

PETER
(gagging)
Oh my god!

JACK
You better pull that out.

William tries, but even bending is excruciating.

WILLIAM
I can't do it.

Peter turns to Jack.

JACK
(calm)
I'm not a doctor, legally.
Besides, he could sue me and the hotel.
(to Peter)
You do it.

PETER
I'm not good with...stuff like this.

WILLIAM
Please Peter, get it out of me.

Peter winces and grabs the exposed coral.

PETER
Ready?

WILLIAM
Do it....AAHHHH! That hurts!

PETER
It's almost out.

Peter is oddly enjoying pulling the coral out.

JACK
It looks like you should pull it
the other way.

PETER
Oh, right.

Peter pulls it in the other direction and wrenches out the rather large piece of coral as William screams in pain. They all look down at Williams leg, which actually seems okay.

WILLIAM
Thank God. It actually doesn't look
too bad.

Then, BLOOD POURS FROM THE WOUND. Peter turns white.

PETER
(weak)
I don't feel so...

AND HE FAINTS.

*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Peter wakes up laying on a large bed and sees Sarah standing over him, concerned. As he slowly regains his consciousness, he smiles at her and glances to his side. There next to him lays William, leg bandaged and asleep.

PETER
(groggy)
What's going on? Is he OK?

*

SARAH
He'll be fine. They gave him some
stitches and painkillers. You
passed out. The doctor said you
were dehydrated. Have you had any
drinks today.

*

*

*

PETER
Only like twelve Mai Tais, but
those have juice in them.
(then)
(MORE)

*

*

PETER (CONT'D)

Why am I talking to you? Your
boyfriend just apologized to me for
sleeping with you before we broke
up.

SARAH

Oh, Christ. I'm sorry. Just relax
for a minute. You shouldn't be up
and around...

PETER

I don't want you touching me.

They share a long look and Sarah's chin starts to tremble.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened Sarah?
I understand it's over. I really
do. I just would like to understand
what I did to make you cheat...

SARAH

You didn't do anything Pete. You
were great.

PETER

Not great enough to keep other
dicks out of you.

SARAH

I will never stop caring about you.

Though the conversation grows in intensity, both try not to
wake William.

PETER

I know and we'll be friends forever
etc. and so on. Can we please just
cut the bullshit! You owe me that.

SARAH

Fine. Because Peter, it got hard to
keep taking care of you when you
stopped taking care of yourself.

PETER

Oh, c'mon.

SARAH

For God sakes, you were drunk at
the 10:00 am Yoga class!!!

PETER
It's been a rough little period.

SARAH
You've stopped even trying to make things better. You drink, and you smoke, and you sit there alone in your apartment watching Rocky Horror Picture Show.

PETER
It's inspirational.

SARAH
It's fun one midnight every three years, anything more than that is fucking weird, I'm sorry. Peter, there was one week when you were sweatpants every day.

PETER
I did not!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

SIX QUICK SHOTS OF Peter LOUNGING ABOUT HIS HOUSE IN THE SAME SWEATPANTS, BUT DIFFERENT T-SHIRTS. ONE FINAL SHOT OF Peter IN ONLY BOXERS.

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And we're back...

SARAH
I want to have FUN Peter. We stopped having any fun. We were "supportive" of each other, and that's it. Someday I'm going to be married and be a mother and my career will be over and I want to look back and think "Damn, I had a good time."

PETER
Part of being in a relationship is "for better or for worse." You're supposed to be comfortable being there for me even if I'm depressed for three or four years.

SARAH

For better or for worse is MARRIAGE
Peter. Get it? I'm not doing "for
better or for worse" in my
twenties. I'm looking for "for
better."

PETER

Well, great. You and your fun
husband have a super duper fun
life.

Peter leaves.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

Peter exits the elevator, perturbed and spots Rachel at the
front desk. Rachel spots him and begins singing.

RACHEL

(doing his Dracula voice)
*And when I see Von Helsing I swear
to the lord I will slay him. That
shit gets stuck in your head man.*

PETER

Look, I want to thank you for the
room and everything, but I think
I'm gonna take off.

RACHEL

What are you talking about? You've
got the Kapua Suite for a couple
more nights, for free. What are
you, some sort of moron?

PETER

No. I just... I don't know what I'm
doing here.

RACHEL

Saving people's lives, that's what
I've heard.

Peter shrugs it off with a bashful grin.

PETER

It was an accident. I wasn't
thinking.

RACHEL

I bet that was nice. C'mon, I'm off at seven. You want to go to Lazy Joe's?

*

PETER

Look, I loved Lazy Joe's. Seriously, it was great, but if I'm gonna stick around, maybe we could go for a hike or a drive. Someplace far away from my ex-girlfriend. I heard something cool about Koolau Mountain.

*

*

RACHEL

Oh, yeah. All the tourists do that. I've never been. Sounds like a pain in the ass. Plus it's like a three hour drive, we'd have to leave by three at least.

*

*

*

*

*

*

PETER

It's only two now, can you play hookie?

*

*

*

RACHEL

I don't think so.

*

*

Peter looks over to Michael in the office.

*

PETER

Michael, do you need her here? I wanna take her on a hike.

*

*

*

Michael smiles at Rachel

*

MICHAEL

How lovely. No, I don't need her. She's all yours.

*

*

*

Peter gives Rachel a smile.

*

RACHEL

(almost begrudgingly)
Alright. I'll have the concierge hook us up with a map.

*

*

*

*

PETER

Cool.

*

*

EXT. THE POOLS OF HANA - LATER

Rachel hikes in front of Peter, who breathes rather heavily.

RACHEL
How you doing back there?

PETER
Awesome. I don't think I've ever
been this covered in sweat. It's
like I have a fever.

RACHEL
Told you it was pain in the ass up
here. We could be at Lazy Joe's
right now.

They walk a few steps further and are now overlooking a
BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL which cascades into a pool below. They
both stare out, Peter is in awe. He closes his eyes.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - FLASHBACK

Peter and SARAH stand at the top of the Santa Monica
Mountains overlooking the city. She reaches out and touches
his hand.

EXT. HANA - DAY

And we're back. Peter looks pained.

RACHEL
You okay?

PETER
Oh, yeah. Fine.

RACHEL
You sure? Are you gonna throw up
again?

PETER
No, really I'm alright. I just...
I'm a fucking mess.

RACHEL
You're not even touching the mess I
was.

*

PETER
Well, thank you.

RACHEL
No I'm serious. I mean, I got a
back tattoo.

Rachel shows him.

PETER
Wow. Is that...a potato with a
knife in it?

RACHEL
It's supposed to be a human heart.
Jack did it for me when my
boyfriend left, but he was fucking
wasted.

PETER
You must love Potatoes. You should
get some tater tots too, right next
to it.

RACHEL
(playful)
Fuck off.

Peter laughs. Beat.

PETER
I don't know. It's funny, but being
hurt like that makes me feel kind
of...impervious to pain.

RACHEL
Nothing left to be afraid of.

PETER
Exactly. Jumping off this waterfall
ain't gonna hurt me as much as she
did, so what's there to be afraid
of?

RACHEL
So jump then.

PETER
(off guard)
I meant that as a metaphor.

*
*
*

RACHEL
Why should it be a metaphor? Back
up and jump, man.

PETER
Is it safe?

She JUMPS OFF the waterfall. Peter watches the pool with
concern until finally she resurfaces, laughing.

RACHEL
(calling up)
I can't believe I survived that!
You coming or what?

PETER
You must be crazy!!

RACHEL
I can see your vagina from here.
Jump!

Peter closes his eyes and winces.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
JUMP!!!

Peter takes a deep breath and begins his leap from the
waterfall. However, about halfway through, he loses his nerve
and his body seizes. His feet do not jump, but instead, slip
out from under him. He slams down hard onto the edge of the
cliff. He manages to grab onto a tree root before plummeting.

PETER
I'm okay!! I'll just let go.

RACHEL
No! It's like, really dangerous
now. If you fall straight down,
you'll hit the rocks and kill
yourself.

PETER
SO WHAT DO I DO?

RACHEL
Can you pull yourself up?!?!

Peter tries, but is too weak and his grip is awkward.

PETER
No.

As Peter hangs in peril, we see several VERY YOUNG Hawaiian kids leap off the Waterfall and fall out of frame behind him.

RACHEL
Well, maybe put your feet up
against the cliff and like...shoot
yourself off.

PETER
Like a frog?

RACHEL
I don't know, but that sounds like
a plan.

Peter awkwardly puts his legs up against the cliff face like a frog. As he does so, the PHOTO MAN and PHOTO WOMAN jump off and fall out of frame past him.

PETER
Okay, here I go.

RACHEL
Good luck.

PETER
I'm scared.

The group of swimmers below watch the hanging Peter. They begin to chant.

SWIMMERS
JUMP!/JUMP YOU PUSSY!/I'M A KID,
YOU'RE A GIANT!/YOU'RE TOTALLY
GOING TO DIE!

PETER
(laughing)
This is ridiculous.

He launches himself backwards and plunges into the pool below. After a while, he emerges with a huge smile.

PETER (CONT'D)
You saw me, right?

RACHEL
I witnessed it. I was there.

The two tread water about a foot apart, exhilarated. THEY KISS.

EXT. FOOD STAND - LATER

Peter and Rachel sit on benches outside of a small local food stand. They eat fresh fish and rice, silent and happy. A large bowl of dirty looking water is also on the table. The sun sets on the horizon.

PETER
I'm feeling very calm.

RACHEL
It's the Kava.

He touches her hand on the table.

RACHEL
I'm not a romantic person.

Peter begins to pull his hand away, but she softly grabs it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
This is amazing.

*

Peter smiles to himself.

PETER
It's nice to hear that word mean something.

RACHEL
Hmmm?

INT. SPAGO - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah have dinner with another couple.

SARAH
The asparagus is amazing.

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah walk out of a screening with Johnny Knoxville.

SARAH
You were amazing Johnny.

INT. BOUTIQUE - FLASHBACK

Peter waits on a chair in a shi-shi boutique.

SARAH (O.S.)
Okay, you ready?

Peter looks up from his magazine.

PETER
Ready.

Sarah emerges from the dressing room holding her CHIHUAHUA which is wearing a TURTLENECK SWEATER.

SARAH
Amazing, right?

EXT. FOOD STAND - CONTINUOUS

And we're back...

PETER
I guess...I don't know, you're sincere.

Peter dips his bowl in the dirty water and takes another sip.

PETER (CONT'D)
(smiling)
My mouth is numb.

*

RACHEL
Mine too. I can't feel my lips.

Peter looks at her for a moment.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
What?

*

Peter leans in and kisses her softly.

PETER
Anything?

RACHEL
No.

They share a smile and she feeds him a bite of rice.

PETER

Thank you.

RACHEL

That was pretty bold of you.

PETER

Yeah. That's just how I roll.

RACHEL

Don't ever talk like that again.

She shakes her head at him, then takes his face in her hands and kisses him deeply.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter makes his way happily through the lobby. As he passes the front desk, Michael waves him over.

MICHAEL

So...how was the hike?

PETER

Great. Thanks for letting her out.

MICHAEL

So listen, I have some bad news.

PETER

What's that?

MICHAEL

Dakota Fanning and her people checked in unexpectedly, so naturally, they're going to be staying in the Kapua Suite. I packed up your stuff for you.

PETER

Oh. So does that mean... I should leave?

MICHAEL

Well, we did have one suite open up in the new wing, but it's fifteen hundred a night.

PETER

I'll take it.

MICHAEL
You really like her?

*
*

PETER
I just think your hotel is lovely.
That's all.

*
*
*

INT. STANDARD ROOM - LATER

Peter, still stoned, enters a dark standard room and sets down his bag. He shimmies out of his clothes and climbs into bed. As he readies to sleep, he hears the faint SOUNDS OF SEX coming from the room next door. He listens for a second. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AS THE SOUNDS CONTINUE, AND WE SEE:

EXT. HANA - SUNSET

Peter and SARAH gaze out at the waterfall cascading into the pools below. Someone is swimming in the pool. IT IS RACHEL, and she is nude. Peter stares at her mesmerized, only to be interrupted by Sarah.

SARAH
I'm hotter than she is. It's a
fact.

Sarah holds up Maxim's Hot 100. Sarah's at number 24. Peter looks into her eyes for a long beat, and then leaps off the waterfall, landing with a great splash into the pool below. When he surfaces, Rachel is waiting. They KISS. Suddenly, we hear:

*
*

SARAH (CONT'D)
YES! FUCK ME WILLIAM! YOU'RE
AMAZING!! UYOU'RE THE BEST EVER!!

*
*
*

WILLIAM
RIGHT-O!!! RIGHT-O YOU FILTHY BIRD!

*
*

Peter's face drops. He flicks off the lamp and buries his face in the pillow. THE MOANING CONTINUES. PETER BANGS ON THE WALL.

*
*
*

PETER
SARAH MARSHALL AND WILLIAM
WHATEVER, THIS IS PETER BRETT.
PLEASE SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

*
*
*
*

The sounds of sex abruptly stop.

*

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM

William tries to continue having sex with Sarah.

WILLIAM
(whispering)
We can just be quiet.

SARAH
(whispering)
I can't do this.

WILLIAM
(whispering)
Well then I'm going to jerk off.
I'm sorry, sweetie, but if I don't
it's just really going to hurt.

SARAH
(whispering)
Just go, it's fine.

William gets out of bed and goes in the bathroom.

INT. BREAKFAST RESTAURANT - MORNING

Peter sits at a table right next to the men's room. A man walks out holding his toddler's hand. You can see the stink from the bathroom hit Peter's nose.

FATHER
Feel better?

TODDLER
A little.

A waitress approaches the table.

WAITRESS
Welcome back Mr. Bretter. Here's
the drink list.

PETER
Actually, I think I'll just have
some coffee and a grapefruit juice
please.

She looks at him surprised.

WAITRESS
Very good sir.

Peter looks out towards the patio and spots WILLIAM AND SARAH EATING BREAKFAST. William is blackberrying. A BIRD LANDS ON THEIR TABLE. Sarah cringes a bit.

SARAH
Not while I'm eating please.

It grabs a piece of bread on the table and begins eating. THREE MORE BIRDS LAND ON THE TABLE and go for the bread. Sarah slides back from the table.

SARAH (CONT'D)
SHOO!!

The birds do not leave, but instead, SEVERAL MORE ARRIVE.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(cringing)
Please leave me alone.

Sarah looks far too scared. A BIRD LANDS ON HER SHOULDER AND SHE SCREAMS. She grabs her granola and heads inside.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It's a goddamn aviary out here.

WILLIAM
Alright, honey. Let's move inside.

William and Sarah walk into the restaurant and sit down. Peter WALKS UP TO THEM.

PETER
(oddly sincere)
I just want to apologize if I disturbed your lovemaking last night.

Peter HEADS OUT.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter walks up to Rachel.

PETER
That was pretty great yesterday.

RACHEL
So the Koolau pools were nice. I surrender.
(then)
I'm sorry about Dakota Fanning.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm glad you decided to stay
though.

*
*

PETER

Are you around tonight?

RACHEL

I'm off at seven...you want to go
to Lazy Joe's?

PETER

I don't actually. I had an idea.
Have you ever been to the nice
place here, Humuhumunukunukuapua'a?

RACHEL

Are you kidding? That place is such
a rip off. Thirty bucks for some
fish? The Cajun fish sandwich at
Lazy Joe's is six bucks.

PETER

If you wouldn't mind, I would like
to take you on a proper date. It's
been a long time since I've had a
proper date, and I think it would
be exciting.

Rachel considers.

*

PETER (CONT'D)

I mean...I did stay and all. And
that room ain't cheap.

*
*
*

RACHEL

Classy. Okay, I'm in.

*
*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

*

Sarah is getting dressed for dinner when William enters from
the bathroom, looking rather sharp in a Fred Perry Zip Up.

*
*

SARAH

I thought you were going to wear
the shirt I got you?

*
*
*

WILLIAM

Not tonight, I wanted to rock me
new Fred Perry. Sharp, right?

*
*
*

SARAH

It's alright...but I thought it
might be fun to get dressed up for
dinner. Not be in exercise
clothes.

WILLIAM

It's Hawaii. Everyone dresses so
casual.

SARAH

I just thought... since I bought
the shirt for you.

WILLIAM

I love the shirt you bought me.
Really, I do. It's beautiful. But
it's like a shirt to wear in a club
in New York. It's not exactly
appropriate for here. That's all.

William walks into the bathroom, Sarah takes a seat on the
bed. She puts her head in her hands and takes a deep breath.

EXT. THE IVY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah have lunch on the patio with SARAH'S PARENTS.
PETER shows off his slightly too tight fitting gayish shirt.

PETER

Thanks, Sarah got it for me.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - FLASHBACK

Sarah and Peter BOWL with some friends. Peter shows off his
OVERSIZED BOWLING SHIRT which reads "SARAH'S MAN."

PETER

Sarah made it for me.

INT. SKI LODGE - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah order hot Chocolate at a ski lodge. Peter
wears a slightly ridiculous KNIT SKI HAT.

WAITRESS

(slightly sarcastic)
Nice hat.

PETER

Thanks. My lady got it for me.

Sarah beams with pride.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And we're back... William emerges from the bathroom, still wearing his Fred Perry and finds Sarah on the bed, eyes welling with tears.

WILLIAM

Don't be upset. Fine, honey, I'll wear the shirt.

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - NIGHT

Sarah and William walk into the beautiful restaurant. They head towards the bar. Sarah stops in her tracks. She sees PETER ordering from the Bartendress, looking truly handsome. They lock eyes. Peter steps aside, revealing RACHEL on his arm.

WILLIAM

Man, this resort is small.

Sarah leads William to the bar, where Peter and Rachel are waiting. Peter and Sarah share an awkward smile.

PETER

Well...hello there. Sarah, William, this is Rachel.

SARAH

(trying)

Nice to meet you.

The Bartendress brings over a bottle of wine and two glasses. She pours Peter a taste.

PETER

That's great, thank you.

She begins to pour. Peter turns to Sarah and William.

PETER (CONT'D)

Would you guys like a glass?

WILLIAM

Oh, we couldn't.

SARAH

I'd love one.

PETER (CONT'D) *
 (to Bartendress) *
 We'll take two more glasses please. *

She finishes pouring and William raises his glass to toast. *

WILLIAM *
 To new friends. *

They smile and cheers. The Maitre D' approaches with two *
 menus before anyone has had the chance to drink. *

MAITRE D' *
 (to Peter) *
 Your table is ready sir. *
 (to Sarah and William) *
 It will be about fifteen minutes *
 for your table, I'm sorry for the *
 delay. *

WILLIAM *
 Please, enjoy your dinner. Thank *
 you for the wine. *

PETER *
 (offhanded, polite) *
 You're welcome to join us. *

SARAH *
 (immediately) *
 Okay. *

Everyone stops, sort of stunned. *

PETER *
 Oh. Okay...great. *

WILLIAM *
 No, you two are on a date... *

PETER *
 No, it's fine. Join us. *

SARAH *
 ("sweetly" to Rachel) *
 Are you sure you don't mind? *

RACHEL *
 Not at all. *

MAITRE D' *
 Wonderful, I'll set up two more *
 places. Follow me. *

The two couples follow to the table. Rachel and Peter walk
about three feet in front of William and Sarah.

ANGLE ON: Peter and Rachel.

PETER
I'm sorry. I mean... I didn't think
in a million years she'd say yes.

RACHEL
It's fine.

PETER
Are you sure it's not awkward for
you to be around her?

RACHEL
Please... you've met like four of
my old boyfriends.

ANGLE ON: William and Sarah

WILLIAM
This is ridiculous.

SARAH
You wanted to have dinner with him
the other night.

WILLIAM
He's on a date.

SARAH
(in denial)
So are we. And now it's a double
date.

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

Our foursome sit at the table drinking their wine. Peter has
been waxing poetic about the Hana trip. Sarah tries not to
look pained. All are GETTING LOOSE from the wine.

PETER
It was amazing. I leapt off the
waterfall like some sort of
Hawaiian cliff diver. It was
remarkable.

Rachel subtly shakes her head.

PETER (CONT'D)
I didn't know I had it in me. I
couldn't have done it without
Rachel. She's fantastic.

Rachel is mildly annoyed by Peter's posturing.

RACHEL
(completely sarcastic)
I had heard about men like him in
comic books and greek myth, but to
see it up close was a real honor.

William laughs as he drinks his wine in silence. Peter takes
the hint and tries to temper his bragging.

PETER
How about you guys? Having fun?

SARAH
Well, we've been sort of limited by
William's leg, but we did have a
REALLY romantic night last night.

WILLIAM
We ordered room service and watched
"Oceans 12."

Sarah shoots William a look

SARAH
Once that movie gets going it
really sucks you into a world of
chaos and romance. It's amazing.

WILLIAM
You fell asleep halfway through.
(to Peter)
Did you go to the fish stand?

PETER
We did. It was probably the most
romantic meal of my life.

This stings Sarah, and even Rachel feels a bit bad. The
waitress passes.

SARAH
Could we have another bottle of
wine please?

INT. HUMUHHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

Another bottle. Everyone is GETTING DRUNK. Sarah goes on and on about Australia.

SARAH

It was magical. They say it was a British Prison repository, but I found the people delightful.

RACHEL

Sounds great.

(to William)

And you must be proud to get your movie made.

WILLIAM

(barely paying attention)

Oh... it's actually not my best work to be honest with you. I wouldn't be surprised if the fucker went straight to the telly.

Sarah looks at William annoyed. An awkward pause.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(to Rachel)

Not to change the subject, but that is a lovely dress. It's very Zac Posen.

SARAH

Since when do you care about fashion?

WILLIAM

Since I modeled for the International Armani campaign.

SARAH

You never told me that.

WILLIAM

(clearly drunk)

Well... it didn't involve you so I assumed you weren't interested.

Peter and Rachel share a look at the tense exchange.

RACHEL

Well, thank you for the compliment.

The waitress passes. *

WILLIAM *
We'll take another bottle of wine *
please. *

INT. HUMUHHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

A couple bottles later, and getting drunker. Our foursome sit *
in silence, awkwardly eating and drinking their wine. We hold *
for ten seconds too long. William's Blackberry buzzes. HE *
CHECKS IT, AND LET'S OUT AND ODD, MISCHIEVOUS LAUGH. More *
silence. The waitress passes. *

RACHEL *
Could we have another bottle *
please? *

INT. HUMUHHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

ALL ARE VERY DRUNK, and still drinking. William takes an
errant sip which dribbles down his shirt. William lazily
wipes it everywhere. Sarah watches on bemused.

SARAH
What the hell? Aren't you gonna try
to get that out?

WILLIAM
It's fine.

He wipes it in further.

SARAH
Jesus Christ William, get some
seltzer water.

PETER
Let the guy be. It's his shirt.

SARAH
I bought it for him yesterday.

WILLIAM
It's Hawaii. Anything goes. *

RACHEL
Why do you guys always think being
mellow is the same as being lazy?
Go get some fucking seltzer water.

SARAH

Thank you.

WILLIAM

You know what Rachel, that's a fair point.

(calling out)

Seltzer please!

Sarah looks annoyed and takes a long sup of wine. The waitress arrives with a CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE and some SELTZER. William clumsily goes to work on trying to get out the stain.

RACHEL

Ohmigod that looks good. *

She picks up her fork, prepares a bite and absentmindedly feeds it to Peter. Sarah tenses.

PETER

(in heaven)

God I love Hawaii.

SARAH

It is great here. But for like a week tops. Anymore than that I think I would go crazy. This is where you come to hide from the responsibilities of the real world. It's like neverneverland or something. *

Sarah looks at Rachel almost challengingly. Peter begins to speak up for Rachel, but she squeezes his hand and smiles.

RACHEL

(to Peter)

Volcano cake, huh? Sounds dangerous. I was so nervous when you ordered it.

She FEEDS ANOTHER BITE TO Peter, SMILES AT SARAH, THEN GIVES HIM A LONG DEEP HISS. She looks Sarah dead in the eye.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I like living here.

A very tense moment. TWO WELL DRESSED MEN APPROACH THE TABLE.

WELL DRESSED MAN 1

I'm sorry to interrupt, but we're huge fans.

SARAH
Well that's awfully nice --

WELL DRESSED MAN 2
(to William)
You were our absolute favorite
Fancy Lad!

WELL DRESSED MAN 1
The scenes with you and the
Constable's Son... transcendent!

William looks up from his now very wet white shirt with a smile.

WILLIAM
Oh thank you.

WELL DRESSED MAN 2
Me oh my, I didn't know there was a
wet t-shirt contest tonight.

Man 1 slaps Man 2 on the arm, embarrassed.

WELL DRESSED MAN 1
Well we don't want to interrupt.
Enjoy your dinner.

They leave giddily.

WILLIAM
That was nice.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

*

Peter and Rachel STUMBLE through the lobby. Rachel stops at the elevator bank with her to go box. Peter hesitates.

PETER
Do...do you want to come up? I'm
sorry, I don't mean to be --

Rachel KISSES HIM. The door opens and they fall into the elevator, DRUNK.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The doors shut. She pulls back with a smile.

RACHEL
I'm really tipsy.

She laughs and gives him another kiss. She then notices the camera in the corner of the elevator and waves at it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hi, Michael!

★

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Rachel come through the door. She opens the to go box and takes the cake in her hand.

PETER
What are you doing?

SHE SHOVES IT IN HIS FACE AND BEGINS TO LAUGH.

PETER (CONT'D)
(covered in cake)
I can't believe you just did that.

★

She begins to make out with him, both of their faces covered in cake. Peter picks her up and takes her towards the bedroom. He hesitates.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're not too drunk?

★

RACHEL
Stop being so fucking sensitive!

He kisses her and carries her into the bedroom.

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM - LATER

Sarah and William lay in bed, both DRUNK. Sarah stares at the ceiling as William tries to sleep. Something catches her ear. THE SOUNDS OF SEX can be heard from Peter's room. Sarah loses her breath. She looks over at the sleeping William. She climbs on top of him and tries to commence lovemaking.

WILLIAM
(groggy)
What are you doing?

SARAH
Make love to me.

She begins to kiss his body. William begins to rouse. He kisses her back and she moans TOO LOUDLY. William notices.

WILLIAM
What was that?

SARAH
Don't stop.

Sarah heads beneath the covers. Something catches his hear. The sounds of sex coming through the wall. Something registers in William. Sarah comes up from beneath the covers. As she begins to ride him, she again moans WAY TOO LOUDLY, as if trying to project RIGHT BACK THROUGH THE WALL.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Peter and Rachel are having DRUNKEN SEX. Rachel hears the moaning through the wall, she stops.

RACHEL
Shhh. Listen.

Peter hears Sarah's moaning.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Must be newlyweds.

*

SARAH MOANS LOUDER. Peter tries not to turn dark.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I think I can beat her.

*

Peter looks at her intrigued.

PETER
You think?

She listens to Sarah's moans.

RACHEL
I don't know. Make me.

She kisses him deeply.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Now RACHEL AND PETER can be heard even louder through Sarah's wall. She turns up the heat and begins screaming. A growing cacophony of ingenuine moaning volleys through the wall.

SARAH
 YES!! YES!! I'VE NEVER FELT
 ANYTHING SO GOOD!! THIS SEX I'M
 HAVING IS AMAZING!

William looks at her, disgusted as she carries on. Finally he stops moving. It takes her a second, but eventually Sarah notices.

SARAH (CONT'D) *
 What's wrong?

WILLIAM
 Get off me.

SARAH
 What?

William pushes Sarah a little too forcefully off him. She rolls off the bed onto the floor. BOTH ARE STILL VERY DRUNK.

SARAH (CONT'D) *
 What was that? *

WILLIAM
 I think I may have made a mistake
 coming here with you?

SARAH
 Excuse me?

WILLIAM
 You still love him.

SARAH
 I do not!

WILLIAM
 You should have seen yourself at
 dinner. You were like a fucking
 desperate housewife. *

SARAH
 You should have seen yourself at
 dinner! I felt like I was with a
 mute. All you said was how
 beautiful her dress was!! I mean,
 who the FUCK is ZAC POSEN?!? *

WILLIAM *
 You know what, Sarah? Ask me that *
 in five years. *
 (then) *
 (MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You are not acting like a woman it
is wise to be dating.

*
*

SARAH

When I met you I thought that you
were one of the smartest people I
had ever known. And the more I get
to know you, the more I realize how
lucky you are to have that accent.

He gets out of bed and heads into the bathroom, tripping on
his way. Sarah is left alone as the sounds of Rachel and
Peter can be heard louder and louder through the wall.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Rachel lay next to each other, post-coital.

PETER

(softly)

Hey.

RACHEL

Hey.

PETER

I think I'm falling in love with
you.

Pause.

RACHEL

You don't have to say that.

PETER

I know I don't.

RACHEL

Peter, look. When I first saw you,
I thought, why am I so attracted to
this guy? I don't know him, he's
not my type, frankly he's way
doughier than the guys I normally
go for. Yet I totally hope he's
here alone. I haven't felt like
that in a long time, and honestly,
it's been really fun. Don't cheapen
it by trying to make it more than
it is.

Peter looks over at her and smiles.

PETER

Okay.

She closes her eyes and snuggles up to him.

RACHEL

I'm going to have a really bad hang
over tomorrow.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter wakes to the sound of Rachel gathering up her things.

PETER

(groggy)

Where are you going?

RACHEL

I have to work.

She kisses him on the forehead and heads for the door.

PETER

I meant what I said last night.

She stops and looks at him. She sighs, defeated.

RACHEL

Look...I'm pretty sure I feel the
same way. Okay?

Peter's face lights up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Don't give me that hungry puppy
look, it's so nerdy. You're leaving
tomorrow.

PETER

Can I see you tomorrow?

RACHEL

I get off at seven. Try not to
stand me up.

She smiles and leaves.

PETER

Could you just throw me the Advil?

*

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter bounces out of the elevator and heads towards the buffet. On his way however, he spots WILLIAM sitting alone in the hotel lobby, a large suitcase sitting next to him. He heads over.

WILLIAM
(looking up from his
magazine)
Hey. How are you?

PETER
(chuckling)
A little tired this morning, mate.
What's with the bag?

WILLIAM
This lad's headed home.

PETER
(shocked)
What? What are you talking about?
What happened?

WILLIAM
Just not the right match, mate. Bad
timing.

PETER
Bad timing?

WILLIAM
To be perfectly honest Peter, I
don't think she's over you. *
Anyways, alright, that's me out. *
(they shake hands) *
I think if we'd met under different *
circumstances we'd be mates. *

They share a smile. *

PETER *
I think so too, William. I think *
so, too. *

William walks off, turning back for a final smile. As soon as *
he is gone, Peter BOLTS FOR THE ELEVATOR. *

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Sarah have sex. They are both crying hard.

SARAH

I'm so so sorry about hurting you.
You're the best thing that ever
happened to me and I fucked it all
up.

PETER

It's OK. I understand. We all
make mistakes. The important thing
is to love each other.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Sarah are sitting in bed, post-coital. Sarah's
asleep. Peter's blissed out. He checks his watch. He
carefully extricates himself from the bed.

SARAH

(half-asleep)
Where are you going?

PETER

(whispering)
I'll be right back, baby. I
promise.

He leaves.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

Peter gets out of the elevator. He sees Rachel sitting on a
couch, waiting. He composes himself and approaches.

PETER

Rachel. I can't hang out tonight.
I've had an absolutely amazing
time, but I don't think I'm going
to be able to do this.

RACHEL

What's with that weird artificial
voice?
(imitating a recording)
"To leave a message just press one
or wait for the tone."

PETER

Sarah has come to her senses and I
just think that I owe the five and
a half years we spent together the
chance for us to work things out.
I'm sorry.

She looks at him in disbelief.

RACHEL

Okay.

PETER

I didn't mean to hurt you. That was
the last thing I intended.

Rachel shakes her head at him with disappointment, but stays
very calm in the way only a livid woman can.

RACHEL

Alright, well. Thanks. And good
luck.

PETER

I'm sorry...

RACHEL

It's fine. I didn't expect anything
from you. I don't even know you...

PETER

Don't say that.

RACHEL

... but can I offer you a
suggestion? I'd be real careful
about your ladyfriend.

PETER

Excuse me?

RACHEL

I don't know how trustworthy she
is.

Peter tenses.

PETER

You know what? I'm sorry I hurt
you, but that's not necessary.

RACHEL

Good luck.

She walks away.

*

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - NEXT MORNING

Peter and Sarah sit on the PATIO of the buffet overlooking the water. Peter IS IN HEAVEN. Sarah looks down at her food.

PETER
This is breathtaking. It's
paradise.

Sarah gives him a half-smile. Peter notices.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

*

She puts down her knife and fork and gives Peter a look that is all too familiar. Before she can say anything, Peter JUMPS UP.

PETER (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK? HOW COULD YOU
FUCKING DO THIS TO ME? YOU'RE THE
FUCKING DEVIL!!! YOU GODDAMN
WHORE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU
AGAIN YOU STUPID BITCH!!!

*

Other diners watch on in horror as Peter runs out of the restaurant.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

*

Peter runs to the front desk. Rachel is not there, so he approaches Michael.

PETER
Is Rachel here?

MICHAEL
No. And you're an asshole.

Peter runs to the elevator.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter sits on his bed, phone at his ear.

PETER
(into phone)
Please call me back.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
 I need to talk to you. Please. Call
 me back. I'm sorry. It was just a
 hiccup! I'm going to keep calling.

*
 *

He hangs up the phone in frustration and checks the clock.
 10:45 AM.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 It doesn't end like this. Not
 again.

*

INT. AIRPORT - 9:00PM

Peter is at the Hawaiian Arline's counter.

AGENT
 We're very full. All we have is one
 seat in business class, which
 is...\$1259.

Peter reaches into his pocket and removes a wad.

PETER
 I'll take it.

The agent types away.

INT. GATE 19 - MOMENTS LATER

*

Peter is pulling on his shoes as he arrives at the gate. He
 sees Sarah in the short boarding line and stops. She turns
 around and the two lock eyes. She slowly heads over.

*
 *
 *

SARAH
 What? You have more names you want
 to call me!? Or do you just want to
 kill me?

*
 *
 *
 *

PETER
 I don't think I made myself clear.

*
 *

SARAH
 You said "I never want to see you
 again you stupid bitch."

*
 *
 *

PETER
 I'm sorry I said those things.

*
 *

Sarah looks at him, confused and guilty.

*

SARAH
Peter, I don't know what to do. Not
at all.

PETER
One thing I know is that this has
been the worst month of my life --

SARAH
Me too.

PETER
And the other thing I know is that
we should not be together.

Sarah nods, tearing up a little.

PETER (CONT'D)
I am sure that the next time we run
into each other it'll be weird,
because I don't really want to see
you again --

Sarah and Peter laugh, sadly.

PETER (CONT'D)
But just know that I really, truly
hope you find everything you're
looking for.

SARAH
I hope you do too.

PETER
Goodbye.

SARAH
Goodbye.

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT BLDG - NIGHT, 6 YEARS AGO

Peter and Sarah stand inches apart.

PETER
Can I kiss you?

SARAH
We work together? Do you think it's
smart?

PETER
Not at all.

He leans in and kisses her tenderly. Their first kiss.

*

INT. CAB - LATER

Peter dials his cell.

PETER

Rachel, It's Peter. Please call me
on my cell. I know I keep calling,
but I want to see you and I'm
sorry. Please. I'm sorry. Bye.

He hangs up. Then lets out a LONG, FRUSTRATED YELL.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - LATER

Peter walks into Lazy Joe's with purpose and heads into the
bathroom. After a long beat, a loud BANGING is heard from
within. KEMO heads into the bathroom to see what's up.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

*

Peter makes his way to the front desk, his face now BEATEN
and BRUISED. Rachel holds up a hand before he can speak.

*

*

RACHEL

I don't want to talk to you right
now.

*

*

*

PETER

Please, can I just...

*

*

RACHEL

You don't need to explain, I get
it, just leave me alone.

*

*

*

PETER

Rachel I made a terrible mist---

*

*

RACHEL

(cutting him off, yelling)
LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!!

*

*

*

Michael walks over from the office to check on the commotion.

*

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I understand you're "a mess right
now." I get it. I was a mess too. I
slept with a couple people I was
disgusted to wake up next to.

*

*

*

*

*

Michael looks at her, hurt.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Not you Michael.

(back to Peter)

I get it, okay? But it doesn't
excuse acting like a complete
asshole. It doesn't.

PETER

I meant everything I said.

RACHEL

You told me you loved me. Then you
put your dick in another woman's
vagina. Do you understand that?

PETER

It wasn't just a vagina. It was a
woman I was with for six years'
vagina. I was so confused! Please
believe me! Imagine if it was your
ex-boyfriend, how would you feel?

RACHEL

He's not my ex-boyfriend he's my ex-
husband.

PETER

What!? He was your husband?

RACHEL

For like six weeks and then we got
it annulled. We haven't seen in
each other in like forever.

(then)

Don't try to turn this around on
me!

PETER

Look, I don't know what to say
about that at all! But I don't
think I care. I know I'm crazy, but
you're crazy too! I'm begging you,
be crazy with me. I'll be sane with
you. We can be a great team.

RACHEL

What? What does that even mean?

PETER

(continuing)

...You're not happy here!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

You're not that laid back!! You
should be in school and you know
that!

RACHEL

Get it through your fucking brain!!
You shouldn't be with anyone!
You're a lunatic! You fucking
sucked me in then you treated me
like shit! Why would I want you?

PETER

You're right. I don't know what I'm
thinking. I'm acting crazy again.
I'm being codependent and selfish
and bizarre.

RACHEL

I don't really know what "co-
dependent" is. All I know is I
want you to leave. Don't write me.
Don't call me. Don't text me. Don't
email me. Get it?

He backs away from the counter.

PETER

I won't bother you anymore.

RACHEL

Get off my island.

He leaves.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Peter sits with his bags watching the sunrise. It is clear he
hasn't slept.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Peter closes his eyes as the plane takes off, leaving Hawaii
behind.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter enters his dark apartment and sets his bags down. He
flicks on a light and looks around his apartment, littered
with bottles of booze, overflowing ashtrays and dirty
clothes. After a moment, he goes and gets a garbage bag and
BEGINS TO CLEAN.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - NIGHT

Rachel and Michael approach Kemo at the bar.

KEMO

Hey. Sorry about beating up your
Howlee Boyfriend.

RACHEL

That was you?

MICHAEL

Don't apologize. He was a Bigfoot
looking bastard.

RACHEL

I don't care, but why?

KEMO

He came in and stole your picture
from the bathroom. He said some
bullshit about how you're an angel
and should be treated with respect.
It was hard to understand him cause
I had just punched him in the
esophagus.

Rachel takes this in.

FADE TO BLACK:

CHYRON UP: SOME TIME LATER

INT. STEVE ALLEN THEATER - NIGHT

THIS EXTREMELY SMALL THEATER IS PACKED with people. A
DRACULA PUPPET HOLDS CENTER STAGE, illuminated by a lone
spotlight. He is being operated by PETER, who wears a black
UNITARD and FACEPAINT for as not to be seen by the audience.

DRACULA

*...And I will shower my body in
Garlic. I will deprive my taste
buds of blood. I'll stare in the
mirror until I can see my
reflection. I'll leave shadow
behind and walk with you in the
sun!!*

A spotlight illuminates another puppet, which looks slightly like Rachel in Victorian garb, standing on a balcony. Another puppet, a SUCCUBUS which looks oddly like Sarah as a witch, hobbles on stage and signs to Dracula

SUCCUBUS

*How could she want you, you're not
even human? How could she want you,
you're not even a man?*

DRACULA

*I don't care what you say, nasty
wench, of my love, for it is love
that will save my damned soul!!!*

PYROTECHNICS GO OFF, and SEVERAL BAT PUPPETS SWOOP DOWN FROM THE RAFTERS SINGING. The full cast begins to enter as in the FINALE OF LES MISERABLES. The audience starts to laugh hysterically.

BATS

*Fly to you! I'll fly to you!! Until
the end of time I'll fly to you!!*

ACTORS DRESSED AS ZOMBIES AND GHOULS RUN DOWN THE AISLES

ZOMBIE CHORUS

*Run to you, I'll run to you. Until
the stars don't shine I'll run to
you!!*

SEVERAL VAMPIRE WOMAN EMERGE FROM THE CURTAINS!

VAMPIRESSES

*Drink from you. I'll drink from
you! Until your blood runs dry I'll
drink from you!!*

DRACULA

*BE WITH YOU, JUST BE WITH YOU!! I'D
FORSAKE THE LORD JUST TO BE WITH
YOU!!!*

They reach a remarkable crescendo. Everyone singing their own parts over the other until finally their lyrics unify!

ALL

*TO BE WITH YOU!!! BE WITH YOU!!!
UNTIL I START TO CRY I'LL BE WITH
YOU MY LOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVVVVE!!!!!!!!!!*

The crowd erupts in laughter and applause.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER

Peter, in jeans and his black UNITARD, face half clean like a raccoon, holds court and greets the audience as they leave. HE IS APPROACHED BY RACHEL. Peter is stunned.

PETER

Rachel. Wow, hi. What are you doing here?

RACHEL

Some kids at school were talking about some hilarious Dracula musical.

She motions to two REALLY GOOD LOOKING 19 YEAR OLD GUYS WAITING ACROSS THE LOBBY.

PETER

You're back in school? That's great.

RACHEL

Sort of. I'm at Santa Monica City College. I don't like being surrounded by eighteen year olds, but, what are you gonna do? The parties can be pretty good. Anyway, the show was great. So funny.

PETER

Thanks. I didn't realize it was a comedy, but once someone pointed that out to me, it sort of opened everything up.

RACHEL

Well, it's great you got it up on it's feet. How's the TV show going?

PETER

I actually ended up quitting, which was terrifying. Had to move to a smaller apartment in kind of a scary neighborhood, but here I am.

Lingering beat.

RACHEL

You never called or anything.

PETER
You told me not to.

She smiles. He grabs a flyer and hands it to her.

PETER (CONT'D)
Well listen, I should probably say
some hellos, but my email address
is on the back. Let me know if you
want to go to Lazy Joe's sometime.

*

She laughs. He smiles and moves on to some other patrons.
Rachel and walks out of the theater with her friends.

SECONDS LATER Peter'S PHONE VIBRATES. He reaches into his
pocket, removes his blackberry and checks his email. It
reads: "TURN AROUND."

Peter smiles, turns around and, there she is, right behind
him. She grabs him and kisses him hard.

RACHEL
You're not stalking anyone else,
are you?

PETER
Nope. You're not married?

RACHEL
No.

PETER
Then maybe this has a chance.

They kiss a bunch more.

THE END.

OVER THE REST OF THE CREDITS we see all of the sad, funny and
embarrassing photos our photo couple snapped of Peter
throughout the week.