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What If

By Elan Mastai

I'm not saying
that it's a good explanation,
it's obviously a bad explanation,
but we can't just
leave things like this.
You have to call me back, okay?
Wallace, whatever happened,
I still love you.
[PHONE BEEPS]

AUTOMATED VOICE:

has been saved for 379 days.

[PHONE BEEPS]

Message deleted.

[POP MUSIC

PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]

[CHATTERING]

Yeah, that was supposed to be
an anonymous fridge magnet poem.
And here I am quietly judging you.
Oh, I can handle it.

I've humiliated myself
much more thoroughly
in front of people I actually know.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

[NEEDLE SCRATCHES]

[POP MUSIC

PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]

I'm sorry, I moved your poem.

I find this, like, weirdly addictive.

WALLACE:

CHANTRY:

ALLAN:

CHANTRY:

- Here it is. Here it is.

- Hi.

- Oh, did you guys meet?

- Uh, kind of, yeah.

ALLAN:

Chantry. She's an animator.

- Chantry, this is Wallace.

- You're Wallace?

This is the first time

he's been outside in, like, a year.

- Wow.

WALLACE:

Yeah, you do look pale.

I just assumed you were,

like, anemic or partially albino.

- It's both, actually.

ALLAN:

- like bear because of his broken heart.

CHANTRY:

Stop telling people

and stroking my face.

[ALLAN CHUCKLES]

CHANTRY:

NICOLE:

Uh, she's small, has brown hair, always
bragging about her eating disorder.

I'm Becky.

- It's been a while.

WOMAN:

It's so good to see you again.

That's just what she sounds like!

Can I give you a tour of the house?

[ALLAN SPEAKS IN SPANISH]

Come.

[BOTH SPEAK IN SPANISH]

CHANTRY:

To be fair, um,

I don't always like parties, either.

Awkward small talk is not my forte.

It's "fort," actually.

"Forte" is Italian, it means "forcefully."

And "fort" is French for "strength."
But I still say "forte" too.
If you say "fort,"
everyone thinks you're getting it wrong,
even though it is correct.
So is that, like, your thing?
Correcting people's pronunciation?
- Yeah, that's my thing.
- How's that going for you?
I have a dead-end job,
live in my sister's attic,
and I never go out.
Uh, correcting pronunciation
is my old thing.
Actually, my new thing
is over-sharing.
- Heh.
- Here, try some of Allan's beer.
Thank you.
You actually knocked yourself out?
- I think so.
- Wow.
And I'll tell you
something really weird.
My face is, like,
permanently damaged.
Like, if you look up here,
you can see there's, like...
- I think there's, like, a dent.
- Sort of like, uh, Quasimodo.
Yeah.
So, um, I've got to go
to the bathroom.
Do you need anything,
like some dental floss,
or, you know, um, expired aspirin?
No, but I've left
a matchbox in there,
and I was hoping women
could leave pubic hair...
[LAUGHS]
Uh, I'll just go around with,
like, a party tray.
No, they'll be in there.

It'll be fine.

- I'm stuffing a pillow.

- Okay.

[MOANING]

WALLACE:

- Oh. Hi.

I was just, um, leaving
without saying goodbye, like a dick.

Yeah. Yeah, that's totally
what I am doing as well.

- Heh.

- Oh.

- Where are you...?

- Oh, um,

I'm just, like,
a couple blocks west.

- Me too.

- Oh.

- Uh, would you like to walk together?

- Um, yeah. Sure.

Cool.

I read in the tabloids
that she's a cannibal
- and he faked Parkinson's for attention.
- I read that too. Crazy.

Awful people. Really.

Um, this is actually me here.

Oh. Right. Um, well, hey,
I had a really good time talking to you.
Yeah. Me too.

Which is rare, actually.

I'm usually not that social, so...

Well, um,

maybe you'd like
to talk again sometime.

Yeah, definitely.

We should hang out.

Yeah. It'd be lovely.

Okay, so, I'm gonna
give you my number.

- Okay. I will...

- Top secret.

Good.

I did not mean to stay out so late.
No, me neither.
My boyfriend will be worried about,
um, what happened to me,
so, you know, call me.
Yes. Thank you very much. Um...
- Nice to meet you.
- Nice meeting you.
- Cool.
- Good night.
Good night.
[SIGHS]
[SIGHS]

WALLACE:

I had a good time talking to you.

CHANTRY:

Yeah. Me too.
My boyfriend will be wondering
what happened to me.
[CHIRPING]
Hey, what's up, Felix?
[THUD THEN ELLIE GRUNTS]
- You all right?
- Just dropped an earring.
Your dinner's in the oven.
- Good night.
- What time will you be home?
If the date is good, midnight.
If the date is bad, 8.
Uh, no treats, okay?
And no horror movies.
And don't let him go up on the roof.
And don't sell his organs
on the black market.
Okay. I'm off.

WALLACE:

Take care. Have fun. Good luck.
[MAN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY
ON TV]

MAN 1 [ON TV]:

- Clear!

All right, mate, close your eyes.

MAN 2 [ON TV]:

Clear.

Aah!

Okay, you can open them again.

[GROWLING]

[DOOR OPENS]

[CARTOON MUSIC PLAYS ON TV]

[GROANS]

[SIGHS]

[INDISTINCT CHATTERING ON TV]

[MAN SCREAMING ON TV]

[ELLIE SIGHS]

CHANTRY:

Thank you.

NARRATOR:

as much pleasure

as ordering Westley around.

BUTTERCUP:

Farm boy?

Polish my horse's saddle.

I want to see my face

shining in it by morning.

WESTLEY:

As you wish.

NARRATOR:

was all he ever said to her.

Thank you.

[HORN HONKS]

MAN:

CHANTRY:

Hey. Um, no, I think we're okay.

Thanks. Yeah.

Sorry, I didn't see you there.

No, I also didn't see you

standing right next to me.

Hi, Wallace.

- Chantry.

- Yes.

- I'm here alone.

- Me too.

My boyfriend was supposed to come,

but he had to work late, so...

I like seeing movies by myself, though.

I think it's, um,

really cool you're here alone.

Oh, yeah. Super cool.

Yeah.

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

I don't think you can have Princess
Bride as one of your favorite movies
if you actually think love
makes you a worse person.

Well, no, it's irrelevant.

The Princess Bride
is a fairy tale.

In fairy tales, love inspires you
to be noble and courageous,
but in real life, love is just an
all-purpose excuse for selfish behavior.
You can lie and cheat and hurt people,
and it's all okay because you're in love.

I don't know
if you are actually cynical,
or just a super crazy,
romantic cheese ball.

You go see Princess Bride by yourself,
on a week night, like a total loser.
Yeah, well, your boyfriend ditched you,
and you still came all by yourself,
- so who's the real loser?
- Are you hungry?

CHANTRY:

you ordered fried pickles.
Pickles are disgusting.

Pickling is like embalming, basically.

Like, a pickle jar

is like a tomb for cucumbers.

I violated a tremendous amount

of corpses in medical school,

so I know that pickling

is not the same as embalming.

- You're a doctor?

- Uh, heh, no.

- Med school dropout.

- All right.

[CRUNCHING]

The whole premise of deep-frying

is it makes everything taste better.

- I don't like deep-fried food.

- French fries?

- Eugh.

- Onion rings?

- Fried chicken?

- Nope.

- Fish and chips?

- Gross.

Funnel cakes? Doughnuts?

Deep-fried banana sandwiches?

No, but Elvis ate those.

And something called Fool's Gold.

- What is that?

- I don't know exactly,

but I read on the Internet

that Elvis died

with 40 pounds of undigested feces

still in his intestine.

Thank you for telling me that

in the middle of dinner.

- You're welcome.

- Next time I take a bite,

- you can say "diarrhea."

- Diarrhea.

Is this something

you learn in med school?

Yeah. They go through the...

- All the famous people.

- All the famous people

and how much feces were left in

them at the time of their death.

- Marie Antoinette?

- Tons.

In fact, they had to guillotine
her intestine as well as her head.

Yeah. They just, like, moved the body
further along through the machine.

Who do you think weighs the feces?

I think, as the king,
it would've been, like,
a job that people fought for.

- Mm-hm.

- "Well, if I can't dress him,
if I can't make him look pretty for the
casket, can I at least touch his poo?"

- You think he kept a bit?

- I'm sure he did.

In a matchbox or something, yeah.

Like, one of those little vials
you could wear around your neck.

Like, yeah, he had, like,
a little shit locket.

- Heh-heh-heh-heh.

- Yeah, yes.

CHANTRY:

with Ben for five years, and, like,
I get that guys don't want to hang out
with the girl with the boyfriend,
but it just sucks, you know.

It just makes you feel like
the only thing
that's interesting about you
is how you look with your clothes off.
I mean, like, it should be easier
to make friends if you have a boyfriend,
because there's no confusion.

Uh, so is that it?

That's your big pitch
to be my friend?

- Um...

- That was terrible.

Yeah, I know, I know.

I'm just...

I practiced in the mirror, and...

- Anyway...

- Friends?

- Yeah, why not? Friends.

- All right.

Is this how you make friends?

Like a business deal?

Yeah, actually. It's just my style.

- It's quite unnerving, but it's good.

- Heh-heh.

WALLACE:

What's shaking, hot pants?

You can't write,

What's shaking, hot pants."

Have you seen anyone wearing

hot pants in the last five years?

That homeless man who shouts

at people near the pool.

[COMPUTER DINGS]

WALLACE:

So I found this website

where they explain what

Fool's Gold is.

- You take

- Heh.

A loaf of Italian white bread,

you coat it in butter

and bake it.

[TIMER DINGS]

Then you hollow out the inside

and coat it

with an entire jar of peanut butter,

and an entire jar of jam.

Then you stuff it

with a pound of crispy bacon.

The website said it serves

eight to ten people, or one Elvis.

You know, a jar of peanut butter

has, like, 6,000 calories in it.

And bacon is not even a food.

Technically, it's just pure fat.

[BLOWS RASPBERRY]

re:

I can't confirm how much feces
were in Elvis's colon when he died,
but I did find out
how he discovered Fool's Gold."
They get on the jet, private jet,
fly to Denver, get to Denver,
order Fool's Gold sandwiches
to be delivered to the plane,
eat them, fly back to Graceland
without ever getting off the plane.

- Wow.

- And the best part is,
February 1, 1976?

The day my parents got married.

- Oh, no! Wallace!

WALLACE:

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

[SIGHS]

[MOUSE CLICKS]

ALLAN:

it starts dirty, it ends dirty.
A relationship that starts with a breakup
is doomed to end with a breakup.

- Who said that?

- Me.

You, after Vicky Cardero gave me
a BJ at her boyfriend's keg party
- and I wanted to ask her out.
- I recall you ignored that advice.
- What was the result?
- It ended dirty.

Gonorrhea-and-a-fistfight dirty.
This is not gonorrhea and a fistfight.
I'm not trying to break them up.
I just... I'm happy
just being friends with her.
Is this a good

housewarming gift for Nicole?
Why are you buying her a gift?
She's moving into your house.
Girls are weird about this sort of stuff,
and I'd rather overcompensate.
How much for the flying moose?
This dinner is a terrible idea.
Normally, I wouldn't care about you
tumbling into some mess with a girl.
I'd even rejoice at the statistically tiny
but mathematical possible chance
of a threesome, but this is my cousin.
I accidentally saw her labia one time,
immediately, explosive diarrhea.
Oh, but you are misreading
this whole situation,
because you can't interact with
a woman without sex screwing it up.
But I can, because I'm a grown-up.
And it's so adorable
that you really believe that.
More importantly,
if this was your bedside lamp,
do you think the warm glow would make
you feel more sexually experimental?
- Absolutely.
- What do you think?
I've got the same one at home.

DALIA:

that's ever happened in all of history.
Was it worse than when that meteor
hit Earth and killed all the dinosaurs?
Yes. My breakup is definitely
worse than a stupid meteor.
I just can't believe
that Rob cheated on you.
- With a grad student!
- No, I know.
Her thesis is probably
on how to be a rat-faced whore.
And I really liked him.
I'm so sorry.
I liked him so much, I don't even want to

sleep with his friends to get back at him.
I mean, I will,
but I'm not gonna enjoy it.
Do you think there might be, like,
a less skanky option for rebounding?
No. This is something
you have to do.
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]
- I don't want to wreck your dinner party.
- No, no, it's not a dinner party.
It's just, like, my friend, Wallace.
Stay. This Wallace guy
could be a good rebound for you.
Okay.
Please, go easy on him.
He's delicate.
- Hi!

WALLACE:

- Hey. I brought booze.
- Thank you! That's so nice.

WALLACE:

- You can take your coat off.
I will. Thank you very much.
Well, this place
looks just like I imagined.
- Really?
- Well, I mean,
yeah, I pictured more potpourri
and doilies and stuffed animals
- and things, knowing you, but, yeah...
- I put that away.
I know that it weirds you out.
Ben, Wallace is here.

WALLACE:

- Hey, Wallace. How are you?
Hi.
Oh. Oh. Sorry.
- No worries.

BEN:

- Thanks for coming by.

- No. Nice to meet you. Thank you.
- Hey, everybody.
- Hey.
Oh, um, Wallace,
this is my sister, Dalia.

WALLACE:

- Nice to meet you.

WALLACE:

- Hi.
[DALIA SNIFFS]
- You smell really good.
- Really?
Yeah. Or maybe
it just smells really bad in here, right?
No, he smells great.
But it is getting kind of oniony in here.
- Can someone open the window?
- Yeah, I'll get it.

CHANTRY:

Right over there.
So, Wallace, I'd like to get
your opinion on something.
- Uh, yeah?
- Europe.
The...? The continent?
- See?

BEN:

- Is it?

CHANTRY:

BEN:

- It is.
He is from that continent,
he should know.
Okay, look at a map,
any map,
Europe's not a separate continent,
it's clearly part of Asia.
Right. But, wait, so if Europe isn't

a continent, then why is it a continent?
Because Europeans were the ones
who decided what the continents are,
and they didn't want to get lumped in
with all the, you know, Asians.
Ben is trying to change the world
from the inside out.
Okay? Eurasia.
That's what they should call it.
- Europe plus Asia: Eurasia.

WALLACE:

- Who wants more wine?

CHANTRY:

- Um, in my glass.

DALIA:

And so, um, Ben, what is it exactly
that you do at the UN?
I'm part of an international consortium
of lawyers with a UN mandate
- to negotiate copyright standards.

WALLACE:

More importantly, are you trying
to sleep with my girlfriend?

CHANTRY:

and Allan invited me...
Uh, don't worry,
we're just talking "guy," okay?
They think we're talking about
international copyright law.
Okay.
Now, look, I have no problem with the
concept of Chantry having guy friends,
but if you're trying to move in...
No, no, God, I wouldn't do that.
I just want to be friends with her.
And with you.
Friends is fine. Okay?
I can do friends.
But you better not try

and put your penis anywhere near her.

- Okay.
- Every country has different laws, so it's a logistical nightmare, but I think it's important work, you know?
- I think it's worth it.
- That is impressive. Very impressive.
- Ah. Ah. Ah! Aah!
- Oh, shit.

BEN:

WALLACE:

BEN:

CHANTRY:

He's just rubbed his eye.
God! My eye! It's really burning.

- Did you cut the jalapeo?
- Yeah, I did.

WALLACE:

- Oh, my... Ow! Ow! Ow!
- Wallace, medical school!

BEN:

Okay, well, do you...? Saline solution.
Do you use contacts?

- I do. It's in the bathroom.
- Ben wears contacts.

WALLACE:

- Through that door!
- Yeah.

BEN:

- Okay, what can I do, honey?

BEN:

It's on that rag
and it's in the other eye now!
Aah!

CHANTRY:

I'm sorry! Just...

CHANTRY:

Over there!

[BEN GRUNTS THEN SCREAMS]

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

- Oh, my God!

- Ben?

- Are you okay?

BEN:

CHANTRY:

Okay, don't move. Ben!

[BEN GASPING]

- Do something!

- Call 911!

CHANTRY:

Okay, stay right there! Don't move!

WALLACE:

I'm sorry. You look fine.

BEN:

Aah! It hurts me! it hurts me!

[SIREN WAILING]

- Just be still.

- What if I'm paralyzed?

You're not paralyzed.

I'm gonna give you something
for the pain to help you relax.

Oh, my God.

What if I relax too much?

What if I lose control
of my bodily function?

What if I shit myself?

You know, that actually happens
more than you'd think.

It's the worst part of my job.

It's super gross.

Here we go.

BEN:

- Okay. Okay. Okay.

PARAMEDIC:

- Just lie still. Shh.

[BEN GROANING]

BEN:

Ooh.

Should you really be eating?

Stress makes me hungry. That's why

I can never be a fighter pilot.

I would be, like, 500 pounds, I wouldn't
even be able to fit in the cockpit.

BEN [SINGING]:

Holy night

Shh.

[ALL HUMMING]

So, what's the prognosis, doc?

He'll need the cast

for a few more weeks,

but the, uh, neck brace

is a precaution.

And he'll probably

be out in the morning.

If you're gonna spend the night,

I can wait here with Ben.

You guys get something to eat.

CHANTRY:

What are you getting?

Tuna salad. Yeah.

- I hate hospitals.

- Mm, me too.

I spent a lot of time

in hospitals as a child.

Because of all your deformities?

- Um, no, my parents met as interns.

- Right.

He does cardiology,

she does orthopedics.
He actually proposed to her on the roof
of Charing Cross Hospital in London.
That's romantic.
Yeah, until the affairs.
She cheated on him,
he cheated on her.
It was just a mess.
How old were you
when they got divorced?
Uh, 7, I think.
Oh, uh, you don't know how
to teleport, do you?
- No.
- Okay.
Then I apologize for the awkward
situation you're about to witness.
Hi. Um, sorry,
Chantry, uh, this is Megan, my, urn...
Well, my nothing in particular.

CHANTRY:

Nice to meet you.
Wallace, what are you doing here?
Are you sick?
No, um, Chantry's boyfriend
fell out of a window, but he's okay.
- Do you want me to look in on him?
- No. That won't be necessary.
I'm gonna go.
We only get 15 minutes to eat lunch.
Don't get the bagel
with smoked salmon,
or the tuna, or anything with seafood.
The company that stocks the machine
has failed four inspections,
but the manager's brother
works for the mayor.
I'm sorry, I've been on shift
for 18 hours and I'm really tired.
I had so much coffee, and when I saw
her, I thought she was your girlfriend,
and that made me want to cry.
It's weird I'm saying this out loud,

right?

- You are, and it is.

- I just want us to be friends.

Not today, but someday.

Whatever he said,

it wasn't black-and-white...

He hasn't said anything about you.

He's never even mentioned you.

Um...

Okay, uh, it was nice to meet you.

- I hope your boyfriend feels better.

CHANTRY:

That was my ex-girlfriend.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

Dude, you're really fishhooking me
over this new manual.

Is fishhooking good or bad?

- You enjoy being fishhooked?

- I've never been fishhooked.

- Take a guess.

- Probably not.

Definitely not.

Nobody wants to be fishhooked.

All those girls in high school
you fishhooked, they didn't like it.

They just wanted to have sex with me.

Uh, you. Uh, men. Men.

I'm off topic.

- God, I hope so.

- Uh, yeah. Manual.

Uh, it needs a lot of work.

So I'll give you, uh, another wee...

Uh, month.

Extra month. So make it, uh...

Make it right.

[SIGHS]

CHANTRY:

Hang on a second.

Seriously, Josh,

this is where we're doing it?

With the wood? Because I think

it might be cleaner someplace else.

- You're blocking the shot, so...

CHANTRY:

- Keep going, Josh.

- Douche.

It is total bullshit that Josh got the project manager job over you.

Everyone knows it's your design, and now Josh is acting like it's his.

- It's, like, sexism or something.

- Our boss is a woman.

Uh, I am so pissed that I gave Josh a ho-jo after the Christmas party.

It is kind of your tradition to give one of our coworkers a handsy for Christmas.

Shh!

Listen, guys, Holly offered me the promotion first.

- I turned it down.

BOTH:

GRETCHEN:

- Because I like being an animator.

[GIRL GROANS]

I do, and the project manager has to deal with so much more, like, hassle and paperwork and meetings,

and Josh is gonna end up stuck in Taiwan half the year.

Yeah, all that extra power and money and travel is gonna suck.

Stop. She doesn't want the hassle, okay?

She's got a great job, a great boyfriend, great friends like me, kind of you.

She's happy

just the way things are, right?

Right.

[SIGHS]

Oh, good, there they are.

Servings per pack, about 107.

- Oh, about.

- About.

Oh, okay. Heh-heh-heh.

Just in case you want to eat
all of it in one sitting.

That is not a good idea.

Please don't...

Please don't eat it all.

BEN:

I won't.

I wanna know

where the weird shit is.

Like, where are the animal parts
that you think are trash,

- but are actually food?

- Chantry, I've been waiting

for the right moment to, um,

talk to you about this,

but I think maybe it's better just

to stop building it up and just say it.

Okay. Is everything okay?

Oh, no, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Of course, yeah.

Um, okay so we've been

together five years,

and it feels like

our relationship is built to last.

No matter what the future holds.

I've been asked to take charge

of the European negotiation.

It's a six-month contract.

Um, but the thing is,

the team is based in Ireland,

so I would have to live in Dublin,

although I'd have to travel

around the whole, um, continent.

You mean the subcontinent,

- but that's okay.

- Right.

Look, this is important to me,

but there is nothing

more important than you.

So if you feel like,

um, the long-distance thing
is too much, I'll turn it down.
This is a huge opportunity
for you, right?
Lead negotiator?

BEN:

CHANTRY:

- Unh.

WALLACE:

Dude, I'm not saying you can't eat it.
I'm saying you'll get horribly sick.
But it wouldn't kill you.
You can eat your own poop,
but if you eat the poop
that you poop out
after eating the first poop,
it's so toxic, you'll die.
So you can eat your poop once,
but not twice.
- Unh!

NICOLE:

Okay, where did you get beer
at a children's karate tournament?
[MIMICKING] Where'd you get beer
at a children's karate tournament?
[IN NORMAL VOICE] So, Wallace, we
should get to know each other better.
Talk about the issues of our time.
Gay marriage, abortion,
can men and women really be friends,
or do you secretly
want to bang Chantry?
Thank you.
She has a boyfriend.
- Yeah, who you threw out a window.
- By accident.
Dude, listen,
Ben is moving to Dublin,
and your whole "if it starts dirty,
it ends dirty" thing is bullshit anyways.

The night I met Allan,
I was so into him,
it wasn't till I woke up the next morning
that I remembered I had a boyfriend.
Love is dirty, baby.
Sometimes it's downright filthy.
Oh, Christ.
Hey -
I need to wear something
to this company dinner
with our production partners
from Taiwan.
What do you think?
I think that's quite a dress.
CHANTRY [WHISPERING]: Do you think it's,
like, a little too slutty for me'?'
- No, nothing's too slutty for you.

WOMAN:

[IN NORMAL VOICE] Yeah, actually,
um, I would like to try on that dress.
We only have the one left,
and it's a size two.
- Are you a two?
- Yes.
- I'm gonna get the measuring tape.
- I'm a two.

[GRUNTING]

[FABRIC RIPPING]

Aah!

CHANTRY [WHISPERING]:

Wallace?

- Wallace!

- Yes?

CHANTRY [IN NORMAL VOICE]:

Um, are you alone?

Like, in the universe?

No, in the hallway!

Uh, yes.

Okay, um...

- Do you need me to get someone?

CHANTRY:

I need you to come in here.

What?

CHANTRY:

I'm kind of stuck.

So I need you to crawl under,
but keep your eyes closed.

- Really? Uh...

- I am in a state of undress.

- You need to close your eyes.

- Okay, okay.

Promise to close your eyes
and keep them closed?

- Yes, I promise.

- Hurry!

[SIGHS THEN GRUNTS]

CHANTRY:

- I... No...

CHANTRY:

- No, I just banged my head
because my eyes are closed.

Okay, so here's what happened.

I tried it on, and I think
it got hooked on my bra or something,

- and now I can't get it off.

- Right.

You're not gonna laugh, are you?

- I can't even see what's going on.

- Okay.

Okay, um...

- Are your eyes closed?

- Yes.

I think you need to move a bit.

There, yeah.

[CHANTRY SQUEALS]

WALLACE:

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

Um, turn around, turn to me.

Yeah.

[WALLACE GRUNTING]

- Thank you.

- It's okay.

Should I hold that?

Here, hold this.

And keep your eyes closed.

[ALLAN MOANING]

Oh, I love you so much,

I wanna just rip off your arms and legs
and carry you

around in my purse all day.

I love you so much I want

to grind up your muscles

and organs and bones

and spread you on toast.

Mm! I love you so much I want to just
cut you open and scoop out your insides
and wear your skin around town
like an Allan suit.

[BOTH MOANING]

- Okay. Bye, Wallace.

- Bye, Nicole.

[TIMER DINGS]

THEN NICOLE SPEAKS IN ITALIAN]

Can I talk to you about something?

[NACHOS SIZZLING]

I just had sex.

I'm about to eat nachos!

It's the greatest moment of my life!

Unless you screw it up

with whatever you're about to say.

It's about your cousin.

She's my cousin. It's like incest.

Well, she's not my cousin.

But you're like my brother,

so it's like my brother asking my advice
on how to incestuously bang
my cousin.

No, I'm not. She...

She has a boyfriend.

Yeah. He's been over for Thanksgiving

and Christmas for the past five years.

Okay, let me break it down for you.

This perfect nacho chip is Ben.

He works at the United Nations as
an expert in international copyright law.
This moldy banana is you.
I have no idea what you do.
Every time you tell me, I fall asleep.
You know I write user manuals
for dedicated purchasing software.
[ALLAN SNORING]
- Like copyright law is so exciting.
- At least he's an expert in something.
What are you an expert in? Nothing.
"There are no people anywhere
seeking my advice on any subject."
Ben's been dating Chantry
for five years.
They live together.
They own furniture.
They have a cat. You have nothing.
You don't even have a plant.
You've been single
since that douche-bag Megan
broke your fragile little heart.
Okay, okay.
I broke up with Megan, all right?
She wanted to stay together
and work it out.
I said no, so I dumped her.
Of course you did.
Anyway, I get it. It's fine.
She's in a relationship.
Nothing's gonna happen.
You totally killed
my sex nacho high.

BEN:

So...
Keys,
wallet,
Passport, phone.
Keys, wallet and... Yes, this.
It's an open ticket to Dublin.
It's a five-hour flight.
It's already paid for,
so use it whenever you want,

even if it's just for a weekend,
even if it's just for a day,
even if it's just for a kiss.

- Okay?

- Mm-hm.

[HORN HONKS]

No, baby, baby, I got to go.

I got to go. The cab's here.

I'm so sorry.

I can't miss my flight.

Okay, I'm so late. Okay?

Okay, baby?

Goodbye.

- Love you.

- Love you too.

Bye.

[PHONE BEEPS]

BEN [ON RECORDING]: Hey, it's me.

Sorry I missed your call.

I'm in Berlin.

Hey, it's me. I'm in Munich.

[PHONE BEEPS]

Hey, I'm in Prague.

Fm in Amsterdam. Fm in Florence.

Hey, honey, I'm in Vienna now.

[PHONE BEEPS]

I got your message.

Cell reception in Athens is a mess.

- Did you get my postcard?

CHANTRY:

Why don't you call me right before you
go to bed, even if it's a weird time here.

I just want to hear your voice.

BEN [OVER PHONE]:

So I finally got my cast off.

My arm's all smelly and shriveled.

If I felt you up, it'd be like you were
cheating on me with my evil twin.

Please, tell me more

about how you want to molest me

with your creepy, rancid freak arm.

You'd love Dublin, though.

They've got us all staying

in the same building,
so the whole office
is basically living together,
but I've already made
some good friends.
It's nice, but I just...
You know, I miss you so much.
Yeah, I know, I...
I really miss you too.
Look, I got to go, okay?
I love you.
Okay.

BEN:

- Okay.

BEN:

- All right, talk to you then.

BEN:

- Bye.
- Sorry.
- No worries.
- Black for you, milk for me.
- Cheers.
- Ah.
- Yep.

WALLACE:

So is Ben settling in okay?
Yeah, he's great. He's doing great.
He's having a great time.
Are you having a great time?
Not really. I'm having
kind of a crappy time, actually.
- Sorry.
- Yep, this, right now,
this is the high point
of my social calendar.
Aw. See, that is sad.
I know. I've been thinking
about just starting drinking.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.

- Heavily.
- Heavily.
Do you need someone
to start drinking with you?
- Really?
- I'm very, very willing.
You want to help me
drown my sorrows?
Of course. Absolutely.
Done.

WALLACE:

Bottoms up!
[DANCE MUSIC
PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]
- Unh!
- Oh, my God!
- Horrible!
- Horrible!
- As always!
- And cheap!
All right, prospective person
at this bar for you.
I don't think anyone I'd like
would come to a place like this.
You're here, Wallace.
- Yeah, because you dragged me here.
- So?
Look at this girl. She's so pretty.
Oh, uh, yeah.
- Yeah? No, she's super pretty!
- Yeah. Oh, okay.
You want me to go tell her
that you have six nipples?
- Yeah. No, you know what?
- All right.
No, you know what? I'll do it myself.
It'll be easier coming from me.
- Thank you.

MAN:

- I'm sorry, hi. Um...

WOMAN:

Oh, wow.
You've got amazing teeth.
Um, sorry, can I buy
this drink for you?
Um, yeah, that's so sweet.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
Um, so...
Heh. Burn!

CHANTRY:

weirdest place you've ever had sex.
Um, bakery, night shift.
I will never be comfortable
eating a cupcake again.
[WOMAN MOANING]
- What about you?
- Um...
Ferris wheel.
Stuck at the very top.
We could see for miles around,
but no one could see us.
- Aah!
- Yes! Oh, yeah!
Thank you for being
so gracious in victory.
- Whoo! Uh-huh!
- Hand clasp of champions.
Rub it in.
[POP MUSIC
PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]
So how many serious relationships
have you actually had?
Four! Two in high school,
and one in college before Ben,
and then Ben.
- You?
- Six?
One in high school,
one the summer after high school,
three in college, and one since.
No, sorry, two since. So seven.
Are you usually
the dumper or dumpee?

Um, statistically, I'm a dumper,
but it's not like I've never been dumped.
I've just been really good
at knowing when to get out.

- You?

- No, I've never dumped anyone.
I always try to make it work.
You know, I haven't hit the bar scene
in, like, a very long time.
I thought it was gonna be the worst,
but that was surprisingly painless.
I'm just sorry
you didn't find true love tonight.
Ah, well, you can't have it all.
And what's the worst thing
that's ever happened to you?

Um, the worst thing
that's ever happened to me
is kind of the best thing
that's ever happened to me.
Megan, you met the other day,
I burst in on her making out with our,
frankly, gross anatomy professor,
and I was like,
"Wow, we actually are my parents.
We are almost both doctors,
and we already started cheating
on each other."
So I got out of there, and yeah.
So, in a way, that became
the best thing
that ever happened to me.
So, what is the worst thing
that ever happened to you?

My mom died
when I was in junior high.
Um...

She had breast cancer.
You don't realize how quickly
everything can fall apart until it does.
Makes you never want to give up
anything good ever again.
Can I change my answer?
The worst thing

that happened to me
is saying
my lame relationship drama
is the worst thing
that happened to me,
when something really awful
happened to you.
It's okay.
I like your answer.
Plus, I get to be part of
the worst part of your life now.
That's really good.
And for future reference,
when the answer is
your mom died of cancer,
you should really go first.
All right.
Thanks for the etiquette lesson.
No worries.
Good night, Wallace.
Good night, Chantry.

CHANTRY:

he has all these new experiences,
he's meeting
all these new people.
And then,
What's going on with you?"
And it's like, "Well, I'm in the middle
of my same old life,
except, whoops,
my boyfriend's out of the country."

TABBY:

Ugh!
So Dolly was telling us
about this Wallace guy...?
We're friends.
Well, no, I know, obviously
you guys are friends, but is he cute?
Should you be introducing him
to your single,
desperate friends like me?
No, no, I already called dibs on him.

Why?

He was supposed to be my rebound.
That's why it didn't work with Noel.
I needed a buffer
between Rob and Noel.
A buffer made of sex.

GRETCHEN:

You little prostitute.
- Dalia, you barely know him.

DALIA:

You hang out with him all the time,
so he's not a loser.
He hasn't made some
creepy move on you,
so we know he's not a creep.
He's vetted.

TABBY:

Well, is he funny or smart?
He's definitely smart.
He's not funny.
He's, like, kind of, like, bantery.
He's kind of like a male version
of Chantry, actually.
- Oh, wait, so he's Mantry?

TABBY:

DALIA:

- No. No, We're not...

TABBY:

sex with her sister's man-twin.

ALLAN:

Option one, make a move on her.
Bold, direct.
If you're lucky, you hook up,
she feels guilty, breaks up with Ben.
If you're unlucky, she's furious,
ends your friendship.
- So be sleazy?

- Yeah.

WALLACE:

ALLAN:

Even if she goes for it, she'll
resent you for getting her to cheat.
She'll break up with him, but she won't
go out with you because you're...

- Sleazy.

- Yeah.

Option two,
be the guy she goes to for advice.
The downside is you have to listen
to her talk about Ben.
The upside is you can slant your
advice to slowly turn her against him.

- So be conniving?

- Yeah.

- And that'll work?

- Maybe.

Maybe she'll see through it
and think you're...

- Conniving?

- Yeah.

Option three, patiently wait it out.
Either the distance
gets to them and they break up,
or it doesn't, and they get married,
live a happy life,
with you always on the outside,
looking in, quietly pining indefinitely.

- So be pathetic?

- Yeah.

That sounds fun.
It's got the advantage
of not being unethical,
but the disadvantage of being...

- Pathetic.

- Yeah.

So your advice is be sleazy,
conniving or pathetic.
Well, when you put it that way,
it doesn't sound like very good advice.

[ALLAN SHUDDERS]

WALLACE:

Aw...

- Oh, my God.

- Do you like it?

Um, well,

it's not my engagement ring.

- It's whether she'll like it.

- I think she'll love it.

WALLACE:

Then you're made for each other.

Why'd you get all snaky when we
were talking about Wallace earlier?

I... Ugh.

Come on.

Look, you just, like...

You don't have the greatest
track record with guys. That's all.
You think I'm gonna break his heart
and mess up your friendship?

No.

So you think I'm not
good enough for him?

Obviously not.

That's obviously not what it is.

Some of us

aren't as lucky as you and Ben.

Some of us want a guy
that doesn't make us feel like crap.

There is a fourth option.

- Yeah?

- Be honest.

Tell her how you feel.

It might ruin the friendship,
but at least you

stood up like a man

and expressed your feelings.

Wait, I'm sorry.

Since when does being a man
involve expressing your feelings?

Did I miss a memo?

Because if I recall,

being a man meant
hiding your feelings forever.
Like Bruce Willis. You never see
Bruce Willis expressing feelings.
The most you ever get out of Bruce
is a hint of melancholy
- at the edge of a smirk.
- Do you think Bruce
would be happy just being friends?
A hundred percent honesty
is the foundation of any relationship.
You are a hundred percent honest
with Nicole?
- Yes. Yep.
- About everything.
New Orleans, 2006?
What was her name?
Uh, Favia?
Yeah, she did look like a woman,
to be fair.
Ninety-nine percent honesty
is the foundation of any relationship.
You know, it's not worth the risk,
not if it means losing her as a friend.
- Well, so then it's option five.
- What's that?
You move on.
[CHATTERING]
Hello.

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

Hello, welcome.
Welcome to our engagement party.
We are so happy to have everybody
we care about together in one space.
Here's the thing, we both
really want to get married, but...
But we hate weddings. Every wedding
I've been to has completely sucked.
Sorry, uh, Aunt Cathy,
Uncle Drew and Olivia.
And we don't like long engagements,

so we are getting married
here, tonight.
[CHATTERING]
Zella is our registered civil officiant.

NICOLE:

I got your wedding dress altered.
I hope that's okay.
Becky's gonna be
Nicole's maid of honor.
- Wallace...

WALLACE:

...is gonna be my best man.
Thank you very much.
Everyone stay away
from my Uncle Herman. All right.
[APPLAUDING AND CHEERING]
Okay, I... Like, I don't need you
finger-combing my wisps. I'm serious.
- You look pretty.

WALLACE:

I've been sent to get an ETA.
- Oh, is that Wallace?

WALLACE:

Just come in.
Oh, wow, you look amazing.
Yes. Becky, seriously,
if I don't get some alcohol,
I'm gonna panic.

WALLACE:

- No, no, no, you stay.
Becky's more nervous than I am, and
frankly, it's wiggling me out. Now, go.
You, stay, talk to me.
[SIGHS]
- So...
- So?
- So.
- What?
Why are you torturing yourself

over a ten-second conversation with
Chantry that would answer everything?

It's your wedding day.

- Can we talk about you?

- Exactly. It's my wedding day.

As best man,

it's your job to keep me calm
so that I don't crawl out that window
and go and bang a sailor.

- Where are you gonna find a sailor?

- At the dock.

God, what's the best-case scenario?

"Wallace, I love you. Let's have sex
forever until we die having sex"?

That is the best-case scenario.

Okay, and what's

the worst-case scenario?

"Wallace, you shit-drizzling liar.

This whole time, you've just been
trying to put your junk inside my trunk."

Anything involving the phrase
put your junk inside my trunk"

actually would be

the worst-case scenario.

Look, the one thing

I like about getting married
is that you get to stand up
in front of everyone you care about
and state, for the record, that you
believe in the best-case scenario.

It terrifies me,

but that's why the outfits
are so nice.

[DOOR OPENS]

Okay.

[MENDELSSOHN'S "WEDDING

MARCH" PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]

- Thanks.

- Cheers.

[NICOLE WHOOPS]

[CROWD CHEERING]

ALLAN:

I got her! She's mine! My wife.

Yeah. Mommy!

WALLACE:

I can't believe no one stopped that.

Nice.

And I learned a lot of lessons that night
about gambling addictions

and identity theft

and the Romanian legal system,

but the most important lesson

I learned was from Nicole,

and it was about friendship.

I love you, Nicole.

Oh, so much fun.

WOMAN 1:

WOMAN 2:

Look at you.

You didn't even practice.

DALIA:

Whoo! Go, Wallace!

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

To those of us who begrudgingly
call Allan a friend...

[MAN CHUCKLES]

...it seems impossible that any woman
could handle him for an hour,
let alone a lifetime.

And then you meet Nicole,

and that is the good news here.

Um, if these two can find each other,
then there truly

is somebody for everyone.

The bad news is that one day,

they will procreate,

and their hideous offspring

will obviously cause the Apocalypse.

But tonight,

we celebrate the good news.

I remember the night
Allan and Nicole met,
and that instant connection.
You know, if you're lucky,
it happens once in a lifetime,
and if you're unlucky,
then you have to come to weddings
and hear people like me
talking about it,
and assume that we are all
hopeless romantics.

Um...

It's very easy
to be cynical about love,
but this, tonight,
this is hard.

So to Allan and Nicole,
for making the hard way
look easy.

ALL:

WOMAN 3:

WALLACE:

All right, thanks, everyone.

Um...

Yep. That's it.

[POP MUSIC

PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS]

[LAUGHING]

Perfect timing.

[INAUDIBLE DIALOGUE]

Are you sure?

It's so near here for me.

Oh, yeah, no, I'm all about
the door-to-door service.

- Heh.

- Okay.

- Let me out?

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

Unh. Oh, gosh. German cars.

Good night.

Wallace, you clean up nice.

Yes, so do you.

- Okay.

- Good night.

CHANTRY:

Bye!

- Bye.

- Bye.

Great. Thank you very much.

Listen,

I don't think it's a good idea for me
to come inside with you.

- What?

- Heh. Don't get all mad.

If you're gonna get mad,
I guess we could make out,
- but we are not having sex.

- Uh, no.

Um, I'm not sure that's a good idea.

Why? Because I won't
have sex with you? Pfft.

That's really nice, Wallace.

Uh, no, that's not what I meant.

[CHUCKLES]

I know, I'm just kidding.

Oh, right.

What part are you kidding about?

- All of it.

- I'm very confused by this conversation.

Fine, let's go inside.

[DALIA MOANING]

- Dude, my sister. Sweet score.

- Um, no, this isn't what it looks like.

Well, okay.

Yeah, it is, it is what it looks like.
She's super-hot. Plus, she's 99 percent
genetically identical to me, so...

Anyway, have fun
making out with my sister.

Um, actually, just FYI,
if you do go through with this,

you can be pretty much
absolutely positive
I will never, ever, ever, ever
have sex with you ever.
Bam!
Ever!
Um, I'm sorry.
Dalia, I... Look, I think... I think
you're great, but, um, I can't do this.
Heh. Great?
You think I'm great? I don't...
I don't throw myself at guys,
like, ever.
I made an exception for you because
you were cute, and you think I'm great?
- Great?
- Um...
- Get the fuck out!
- Sorry.
- Um...
- God, get your...
- Get out faster!
- Okay, I'm going!
- Ow!
- I can't believe I got a Brazilian for this!
- Goodbye!
- Jesus!
[LINE RINGING]
BEN [OVER PHONE]: Hello?
- [WHISPERING] Ben. Hi.
- Hi. Are you okay?
- Hi.
It's the middle of the night there.
[IN NORMAL VOICE]
I'm really good.
- I'm really just a little bit drunk.
- Okay, but...
And I'm wearing
such a fancy, fancy dress.
- I see.
- Um, hang on a second.
- But...
- Hang on a second.
Listen very closely, okay?

- Okay.

- Really closely.

But...

- Do you hear that?

- Mm-hm, I can, but...

That's the sound of me unzipping
my very, very fancy dress

- Well, that's good news.

- that I happen to be wearing
really cute panties under.

- You are?

- And also, like, a bra
that totally, totally matches.

- Chantry...

- Can you picture me in them?

[WHISPERING]

Hey, can you picture me out of them?

I... I... I definitely can.

The thing is, I'm just in the, uh, middle
of the Brazilian presentation now.

That's not to say I, um,
don't fully support the concept.

It sounds very interesting.

And, um, I would love to continue
discussing it at a later time.

Okay, I'll confirm. Bye.

[PHONE BEEPS]

Sir. Please, carry on.

- It's good?

- Oh, yeah.

DALIA:

happened with Wallace the other night.

CHANTRY:

I'm respecting your privacy.

He's a big, stupid, fat jerk.

I hate him.

Okay.

He propositioned me.

He said, like, dirty, disgusting
things he wanted to do to me.

Me, your little sister.

That's so terrible.

I know, and so I told him,
"I'm not that kind of girl,"
and he just, like, flew into a rage,
and he attacked me and tried to break
all my fingers and poke my eyeballs out.
So the cops had to come
and pull him off me.

- The cops came?

- Yeah.

And then he just shot them all
in the face, and they all died.
And some of them had kids
and they'll never know their father.
He didn't even care.

He was just, like, laughing
and shooting them all,
and he had a huge chubby.
And then he said he was gonna
come to your house and kill you
while you were sleeping.

Yeah, that sounds
exactly like Wallace.

Have you talked to him lately?

No.

So he didn't say anything about me
completely humiliating myself
in front of him?

No.

He's a big, stupid, ugly jerk,
and you shouldn't be friends
with him anymore.

Okay.

Look how pregnant
I can make myself look.

[CHANTRY LAUGHS]

You want to feel my baby?

It's so hard.

- Oh, my God, it kicked!

- Shut up. Heh-heh.

I'm gonna make you raise it.

[BOTH LAUGH]

HOLLY:

I'm firing Josh.

The Taiwan team hates him,
nobody listens to him.
On the plus side, I hear
he's banging enough Taiwanese girls
to qualify for
the douche-bag Olympics.
So there's a silver lining.
That's, um, unfortunate.
I need someone full-time in Taiwan
to clean up Josh's mess.
I want it to be you.
I mean, this whole thing
is your concept.
If we had had you as project manager
from the start,
- we'd have saved a lot of time.
- Honestly, I just...
I don't even know if I would enjoy
being the project manager, so...
You get an apartment, car,
language lessons.
- Yeah.
- Obviously a raise.
I need your answer
by the end of the month.
And to be clear, this is the last time
I offer you a promotion.
Okay. I got it.
Holly, um...
I'm gonna think about it,
I promise.
[SIGHS]

CHANTRY:

this thing about how, um,
when, uh, they were trying
to name Cool Whip,
they came up with 10,000 ideas.
Like, they brainstormed
10,000 ideas.
And none of them
were as good as Cool Whip?
No, Cool Whip was the best.
That's what they said.

And they said, "Just try to, like,
think of, like, ten of your own,"
just to see, like, um, how hard it is.

- Cool Puff.
- Puffy Whip.
- Creamy Dream.
- Zit Topping.
- Angel Puff.
- Angel Gas.

Bruce Springscream
and the E-Foam Band.

- Puffin' Lovin'.
- Dump That Puff on My Face.

Whip-Master Cool
and the Puff Brigade.

NICOLE:

- Stuff Me with Puff.
- Sir Puff-A-Lot's Whipped Foam.

NICOLE:

Non-Hodgkin's Cream-Foam-A.
- Shove This Shit on Food.
- Whip-Whippy-Whippy Pippitins.

[ALL LAUGH]

- So how many is that?
 - I don't know.
 - Yeah, it's not that hard.
 - No.
 - No.
 - Let's go swimming!
- [ALLAN GRUNTS]
- I didn't bring my suit, did you?

NICOLE:

ALLAN:

NICOLE:

[GRUNTS]

NICOLE:

ALLAN:

Are you gonna come get me?

Aah! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

ALLAN:

Ow! You're hitting me!

NICOLE:

ALLAN:

- Ooh! It's cold! It's cold!

NICOLE:

ALLAN:

It's cold.

ALLAN [SINGING]:

It's cold!

NICOLE:

Allan!

Ow! Don't!

Do you want to go swimming?

Yeah.

Do you think it'll be cold?

Yep.

You've got a tattoo.

Yeah.

- Yeah, it's, um...

- it... I know, it's...

It's your mom, right?

- Oh, God!

- What?

Something just...

Something just touched my foot.

- Okay.

- No, it was really gross.

WALLACE:

- It's not funny.

WALLACE:

That was funny.

Oh...

- Oh, wow.
- Oh, yeah. Wow.
[WALLACE CHUCKLES]

CHANTRY:

Wallace?

WALLACE:

Yes?
I'll look if you look.
Okay.
Where are our clothes?

WALLACE:

- No, the fire's right there.
Yeah, they took our clothes.

CHANTRY:

Oh, God.
The car is gone.
God, how'd it get so cold?
it wasn't cold at all before.
It was, like, a warm night.
Okay, um, you keep the sleeping bag
and I will figure something out.
No, I can't let you just, like,
spend the night on the sand,
like, all cold and wet
and naked like a walrus.
[LAUGHS]
Do you think that's funny?
Do you think this is, like,
some hilarious prank
played on us by our wacky pals?
Because I don't.
I thought you were trying
to lighten the mood
with a mildly amusing joke
involving a walrus.
I'm sorry if I misunderstood the
seriousness of your walrus reference.
Don't be an asshole.
- I'm not being an asshole.
- You are. You are being an asshole.

You're not taking this seriously, and you're treating it like a joke, and it's not. There is a line, a line that should not be crossed, and they crossed it. And you know what? Treating it like a joke is being an asshole. I'm not treating this like a joke, and I am not being an asshole. Allan is being an asshole, Nicole is being an asshole, and right now, you are being an asshole. Me? I'm standing here with a branch. A branch that cuts down zero percent of the wind-chill factor on my dick. I've got a branch, you've got a sleeping bag. How does that make me an asshole? - Fine. - Fine? What does "fine" mean? Fine! It means we'll share.

WALLACE:

Ah.
- Chantry?
- What?
They brought our clothes back.

ALLAN:

- Mm-hm.

NICOLE:

Hey, you guys have fun last night?

ALLAN:

Hey.
- Sleep well?

WALLACE:

[PEOPLE LAUGHING]
[BOTH SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

CHANTRY:

Ben.

Chantry?

[JULIANNE SCREAMS
THEN CHANTRY GASPS]

BEN:

the Argentinean team.

She lives in the apartment
next door.

A bunch of us went for a drink after
work, and I was just helping her home.

Ben, I'm not accusing you
of anything.

JULIANNE:

You need not worry about his fidelity.

I'm not some beautiful
but morally corrupt Argentine girl.

Why didn't you tell me
you were coming?

Because I wanted
to surprise you.

Surprise.

Okay, I need to go
to my apartment now,
and stuff old socks in my ears
so I don't hear your lovemaking
through the wall.

And I'm keeping this meat.

BEN:

Sorry, you... You startled me.

This isn't how I planned
to welcome you to Dublin.

Are you still startled?

Should I get you some warm milk?

Welcome to Dublin.

[CHATTERING]

So, um, I was reading this thing
about, uh,

how when they were trying to come up
with the name for Cool Whip,

- they brainstormed 10,000 ideas...

- What is Cool Whip?

It's a kind of processed cream.

Comes in a spray can.

- Ah!

- Or in a tub.

I've had the Cool Whip.

I prefer the fresh whipped cream.

Well, when they were trying to come

up with the name for that product,

uh, they brainstormed

10,000 ideas,

and they said try to come up with ten

of your own just to see how hard it is.

Like Puffy Whip,

or Whip... Wiffy Puff.

Puffy Air. Whippy Air.

Um, Cow Mixture?

- Sweet Dreams?

- Sweet Dreams.

Cotton Vul-candi-cow?

It could be one.

Cloudy Cow?

So you must be

really proud of our Benji.

- Yeah.

- He has the Brazilians on the run.

Heh-heh-heh. You know he has

the whole negotiation in his hands?

We're so happy that he's able

to stay another six months.

And his Portuguese

is really coming on.

He's going to be so good

by the time we get to Rio de Janeiro...

BEN:

I haven't accepted the offer yet.

Obviously, I was planning

on talking to you about it first,

but I mean, I love it here.

Not just the work.

The people, the culture, the music.

You never asked me

to move here with you.

When you got the job,

you never asked me to come.

I didn't want to ask you
to quit a job.
- And I mean, you never offered.
- You never asked.
Well, okay,
I'm asking you now.
I mean, there must be
animation companies here.
I couldn't do that to Holly.
She's been generous
giving me this week
to make my decision.
Okay, so take the job.
it doesn't have to be a bad thing.
You'd be in Taipei, I'd be here.
We can meet in the middle.
Like in Toronto?
No, like Tel Aviv,
Istanbul, Mumbai...
It'll be a story
we can tell our kids.
- It's romantic.
- Sounds lonely.
Look, I'm just trying
to make this work, okay?
Don't you wanna make this work?
Did you guys want to borrow
some of my balls?
I think someone sharted
and it might be Mrs. Cole.
Everyone, check.
Check. Sham check.
You can look it up
on Urban Dictionary.
Fail. You couldn't find that stone
if it was in your kidney.
I can see your back acne
through your blouse.

WALLACE:

spewing out joy like a shit Santa.
- Yep.

WALLACE:

Nicole's spending the night
at Becky's.
We had a fight.
First fight as a married couple.
Ta-da! You want a beer?
Sure.
So, um...
I'm sorry, okay?
I let Nicole talk me into it,
even though I knew it was a bad idea.
I'm not like you.
I can't hook up with somebody
if they're already with someone else.
It's wrong. It was wrong
when my parents did it to each other,
it was wrong
when Megan did it to me.
It was wrong when you and Nicole
did it to her ex.
You don't think the fact
that we got married kind of justifies it?
Not unless you want to be married
to someone who doesn't mind cheating.
Hey, that's my wife, okay?
Nicole talks a good game, but she's
been hurt like everybody else.
Her ex was a dick.
He treated her real bad.
It's complicated.
All this love shit's complicated.
And that's good.
Because if it's too simple,
you've got no reason to try.
And if you got no reason to try,
you don't.
Oh. Oh... Wait, I just described you.
You know what? Maybe you're right.
But either way,
you're an asshole, Allan.
Hit a three-pointer!
[SIGHS]
[KNOCKING]
- Hi.
- Hi.

Come in or whatever.

Uh...

I just jogged over here
to feed the cat.

If I don't shower right away
my pores get all clogged
and I get this, like, zit nest
on my forehead.

So, uh, why are you
feeding the cat?

So it doesn't starve to death.

- But why can't Chantry feed it?

- Because she flew to Dublin.

She flew to Dublin?

Yes, of course she did.

You like her.

[DALIA SCOFFS]

You like Chantry.

Get in the shower.

I can see your blackheads from here.

No, don't get all snooty with me
just because you're so busted.

Look,

I'm not in love with your sister.

You are a nice-ish guy,
and you're amusing,
but Chantry loves Ben.

They're gonna get married
and live happily ever after.

You're just gonna be this guy that she
was friends with for a couple months.

"What was his name...?"

Walter? I don't know."

So you just need to do whatever
you need to do to get over it, okay?
Because it's never gonna happen.

WOMAN [OVER PA]:

Dublin and thank you for flying with us.

[DOORBELL RINGS]

Okay.

She's gone.

Is she coming back?

[WALLACE GRUNTING]

[THUNDER RUMBLING]

CHANTRY [ON RECORDING]:

Hey, Wallace, it's Chantry.

I'm getting on a plane right now,
and I'm wondering

if you're free for lunch tomorrow
at, like, noon,

at the George Street Diner?

Uh, there's something

I want to talk to you about.

Shit! Shit! Shit!

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Taxi!

George Street Diner!

Shit!

Excuse me!

[EXHALES SHARPLY]

[DOOR OPENS]

CHANTRY:

- Hey.

Oh, my God,

what did you do to yourself?

Oh, um, ninja attack.

Oh! The stupid ninjas.

- I know.

- I hate them.

Me too. Very annoying.

Oh, thank you.

I'm good.

- How you doing? Heh.

- Hi.

So I went to Dublin, right?

- Right. Yes.

- Yes. Listen...

There's a bunch of stuff

going on with me

that I haven't told you about

because...

...I haven't been sure

what the right thing to do is.

Wallace, your face

just looks terrible.

Oh, no, don't worry about it, really.

Um, what were you gonna say?
Okay, so... Just that...
I've been having to do
a lot of big-picture thinking about...
Wallace, seriously, I cannot concentrate
because of your mangled head.
What did you do to yourself?
Did you hit yourself with something?
Car accident?
Did you walk into a door...?
Ben punched me.
I flew to Dublin.
Why did you fly to Dublin?
To tell you how I feel about you.
- That's not why.
- Well, I wanted to be honest with you.
You could have been
honest with me any time.
You flew to Dublin
to break up me and Ben.
Right?
Uh...
How long have you felt this way?
Pretty much since the clay we met.
So...
...when I said "I have a boyfriend
and I just want to be friends"
and you said that's what
you wanted too, that was a lie?
- No. No. I wanted that to be true.
- But it wasn't.
- You never wanted to be my friend.
- We are friends.
I haven't just been trying to
put my junk inside your trunk.
I told Ben you weren't that kind of guy,
but you're totally that kind of guy.
God, he must think I'm such an idiot.
You must think I'm such an idiot.
- Of course not.
- I trusted you.
I trusted we were
what we said we were: friends.
But you can't be friends

if you're skulking around
waiting for some opportunity
to screw them.
No! Look...
What are you talking about?
I'm not...
It's not like you've caught me
bathing in orphan blood
or masturbating in your kitchen.
I just...
I like you a little bit more romantically
than I let on.
It's not a crime.
And if it is,
you're not exactly innocent.
What's that supposed to mean?
You crossed all the same lines I did,
and I was single. You weren't.
I've never cheated on anybody.
And now you're making me feel like
I somehow cheated on Ben?
Wait. Hold on.
I'm making you feel like that?
What, and you did nothing
that I might possibly misconstrue?
That night on the beach?
"I'll look if you look"?
I mean...
What, did you tell Ben about that?
That was a mistake.
This was a mistake.
- I'm leaving.
- Please...
- No, Chantry, please...
- No, I'm leaving the country.
- You're moving to Dublin?
- No.
I've been offered a job in Taiwan.
I'm putting my career first.
So I'll be gone soon,
for a year.
Maybe more.
It's a really big promotion.
Congratulations.

See you around, Wallace.

- Uncle Wallace?

- Not right now, Felix.

FELIX:

- Felix, I said not right now!

I'm having a bad life.

What are you doing

that's so important

that you don't have time

for your nephew?

I'm not the kid's dad, all right?

- He's your responsibility, not mine.

- Fine.

I'm a bad mom.

And when Felix grows up,

he can blame me

for all his problems

and the circle of life can continue.

I'm doing the best I can.

Which is all any of us can do,

except you.

You are not doing

the best you can do! You...

[GASPS]

What's wrong? What's wrong?

Are you choking?

Okay, I'm gonna try and Heimlich you.

Unh. Okay. Again.

[ELLIE GASPS]

- Big one!

- Unh!

WALLACE:

Oh, God.

[ELLIE PANTING]

Ellie, you know

you're not a bad morn, right?

It wasn't my plan that you should be

my son's primary male role model.

But you are.

DALIA:

Mm... Mine.

Gross.

This expired months ago.

Yeah, it's probably Ben's.

So that's it?

You're just gonna throw it away?

Let me guess,

we're not talking about salsa.

I just think you're making
a huge mistake.

- You really think Taiwan's a mistake?

- Yes, I do.

I think you're totally
screwing up your life, actually.

[DALIA SIGHS]

Or not, maybe?

I just don't have any idea
what I'm doing.

I'm gonna be all the way over there,
and I'm not gonna have anybody.

I'm gonna be all alone, and I'm gonna
have all these responsibilities,
and then...

And you're gonna be so far away.

And Ben and...

And there's, you know...

Wallace?

Yeah.

Yeah. Have you heard from him?

No, but I think

I messed it up really bad.

I called him a liar.

And I think that I might be the liar.

- No.

- Yes.

I mean, I think it might count as lying
if you lie to yourself.

No. Come here.

WALLACE:

turned out for the best.

I'm, um...

I'm going back to med school.

- I sent in my application today.

- Oh. So you just gave up?

Mm? No.

I'm not giving up. I'm going...

I'm getting back to the life

I was supposed to have by now.

When you're old and wrinkled

and your penis doesn't work anymore...

Not that it's in great shape now.

But in that old, wrinkled, dickless future,

will this seem like the right call?

Yes. I'll think dropping out of med school because of a girl was stupid.

Not chasing after a girl who doesn't want me was definitely smart.

I'm a doctor now.

I've saved probably millions of lives, because I'm brilliant.

I cured the zombie epidemic.

You remember that?

I found the cure,

so you can all be grateful,

shut up and stop

questioning my decisions.

ALLAN:

WALLACE:

Well, it was supposed

to be a secret,

but loose lips over here

knocked me up.

- Oh, shit!

ALLAN:

You got a baby in you!

NICOLE:

- Congratulations!

Oh, that means the Apocalypse has really started.

- That's great!

NICOLE:

And you're the first person we told, so you can't be mad at us anymore.

You have to forgive pregnant people
for anything they've ever done to you.

- It's like a federal law.

- Deal.

Wow.

I can't wait to meet this kid.

NICOLE:

Yeah. And...

...we're having a going-away party
for Chantry,
and you should come to it
to say goodbye.

No.

No, we already said our goodbyes.

[CHATTERING]

- Wallace?

- No.

- It's nice.

- So slutty.

- No, it's not.

- Yeah, it is.

No, I think mine are normal
and yours are tiny.

[ALL LAUGH]

GRETCHEN:

I don't want you to leave.

- No.

- Me neither.

I'm sorry I'm late.

CHANTRY:

Bye. Skype me.

Be careful.

Take care of yourselves.

- I'm never gonna Skype.

- Call me tomorrow.

DALIA:

Bye.

CHANTRY:

- Hey.

- How are you?
- I'm great. How are you?

WALLACE:

- Good.
- Um, so your new job
is going to be amazing.
- Um, and you get to live in Asia.
- Yeah.
- I hear Taiwan is incredible.
- Yeah, and you're gonna
go back to med school.
- Yeah. Yes.
- That is so great.
- You think so?
- No. Actually, I've always hated doctors,
so I pretty much think
you've become the Antichrist.
- Right. And Taiwan is shit.
- That was... Everything I said
a second ago was a lie.
- And you're gonna have
an awful time because
- Chantry means "syphilitic woman."
- Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.
- Well, at least it will be accurate.
- Yeah, right. Exactly.
- Yeah...
- So how long until you see,
um, people just as, like,
slabs of meat that you can cut up
and sew back together,
and not, like, actual people
with, like, real feelings?
- Oh, God,
hopefully as soon as possible.
- I mean, I've been practicing at night
on tiny, defenseless animals
and homeless people.
- Oh, good. That's actually what
homeless people are there for.
- Yes, I know.
- Yeah.
- They're all just bodies in waiting.

- Especially for a sociopath.
Especially for... Yeah, that...
But that's been my goal,

as you know:

just to feel nothing.

Yeah, it wouldn't be
such a bad idea sometimes.

- So Dublin...

- It's okay.

No, it's not. I'm really sorry.

It was stupid, and I know Ben is
a good guy and he didn't deserve that.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

So are you two okay?

I'm not sure.

About anything.

So I got really creative
when I was cleaning out my fridge.

- Did you?

- And, um...

I, uh...

I made you that.

It's, um... It's Fool's Gold.

I even coated the loaf in butter
as you are supposed to.

That's the real thing.

I can't believe you did this.

This is your going-away present.

[PAPER TEARING]

I don't know what to say.

So I've thought a lot
about something you said.

About how,

when you realize how quickly
everything can fall apart,
it makes you never want to give up
anything good ever again.

Whatever this is between us,
it is good.

It is so good.

It is actually the best thing
that has ever happened to me,

and I don't want it to be over.

I don't want it to be over, either.

I kind of wish, you know, like,

we could invent

a time machine or something.

- If we ever invent time travel...

- Yeah?

...I would go back

to the night we met.

- You would?

- Yes.

What would you do differently?

Nothing.

Me too.

[PLANE ENGINE ROARING]

Hey, Walter.

- Wallace.

- Oh, sorry.

It's just so weird seeing you here.

Yeah, really weird.

- Where have you just come in from?

- Taiwan.

You've been in Taiwan

this whole time?

Yeah, I was, and then I was doing

some traveling with my, um, fianc.

You got engaged?

Uh, yeah.

- Wow. Yeah, no, me too.

- Oh!

I don't know why I did that.

I have nothing on this hand.

So who is the incredibly lucky guy?

He's just this dude who stalked me

all the way to Taiwan.

That's a coincidence. I followed

my fiancée to Taiwan as well,

but I made out with her sister first.

I'm a bad-arse.

Come here.

[HORN HONKS]

- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

CHANTRY:

DALIA:

I'm so happy you're home!

[CRYING]

She loved it.

WALLACE:

Mm.

Three!

[ALL SCREAMING]

Oh, please,

he's not even a real doctor.

He's a real doctor.

He finished his degree.

- Allan, in Asia. We're not Asian.

ALLAN:

- Wine, please.

NICOLE:

After you have a baby,

if you eat the placenta,

does it count as cannibalism?

You know that's not

a medical question, right?

If a baby's hand is bigger

than its face, will it have cancer?

No, it just means your baby

has massive hands.

[BABY FARTING]

- Oh. What's going on here? Hoo-hoo.

- Oh, Jesus.

Oh, it smells bad. Wait, can you write

us a prescription or not? Oh, God.

There goes my husband.

I can't believe you have a husband.

- It's crazy.

- You're weirding me out.

WALLACE:

CHANTRY:

WALLACE:

Careful. Give me your hand.

- You're up here alone, like a total loser.

- Yeah, but who's the bigger loser?

Me for escaping up here,
or you for agreeing to marry me?

- No, that's me.

- Heh-heh.

If I fell, do you think I'd die,
or just become massively paralyzed?
Probably just paralyzed.

CHANTRY:

You'd have to stay married to me.
If you didn't, people would be like,
"He divorced his wife after she became
paralyzed from the waist down."

- From the waist down?

- Yeah.

So everything would still work
down there, though, right?
Yeah. I mean, I wouldn't be able
to feel anything, but...

I really don't even need you
to feel anything now.

I don't want the sex
to be too good

- right away.

- Mm-hm.

I'm intentionally being much worse
in bed than I actually am
so that it can just
keep getting better forever.

But, like, very slowly,
over many, many decades
so that we hit our sexual peak
in our 90s.

Yeah. That's the plan, actually,
is if the last time we have sex is also
the best and that it actually kills you.
That wouldn't be
such a bad way to go.

- We should head back soon, right?

- Yes.

Or we could stay here

for another minute.
Or maybe like forever.