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Definitely, Maybe

By Adam Brooks

Can I get you
to sign right here, please?
Okay. Here you go.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.
Hi, Will. Package for you.
I don't think anyone ever imagines
on their wedding day
they'll be part of the 46%
that doesn't live happily ever after.
Will?
Just heard we got the Quaker Oats account.
Way to go.
You must be completely psyched.
Then again,
I never thought I'd spend my days,
weeks and years working
in an advertising agency
trying to figure out how to get kids to eat
Cap'n Crunch instead of Froot Loops.
But Tuesdays and Fridays
are my favorite days.
I get out of work early, and I go pick up
my daughter, Maya, from school.
Now, it's a great feeling when you find
the right track to go with the day.
And today, I have found
the absolute perfect song.
Bitches, they can kiss my...
The other perfect song.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
But sometimes, no matter
how carefully you plan your playlist,
there is no right track for what awaits you.
- Come on, come on!
- Hey, what's going on?
Will, did you know there was gonna be
a sex ed class today?
Aren't they kind of young?
- Yeah! It was a total disaster.
- At least it got them reading.
There's a book!
"The 250 million sperm are ejaculated

"and begin their treacherous journey
towards the fallopian tubes!

"One hundred million are wiped
out instantly..."

I'm gonna find Maya.

Do you still have sex with Daddy?

- What are you talking about?

- Do you?

- You know, we will go home and talk...

- You do, don't you?

- We will go home and talk about this.

- I hate you, I hate you!

Stop pulling on me! I am trying
to get to the bottom of something!

We need to talk.

Which is when the man
removes his penis from his pajamas
and thrusts it into a woman's vagina...

Okay, but Mrs. Gallagher
didn't actually say "thrust."

- Yeah.

- Oh.

But what I don't understand,
Sammy Boigon's sister said
he was an accident.

I mean, how do you accidentally
thrust a penis into... Hi, Luis.

- Hey.

- How do you accidentally...

Stop saying "penis" and "thrust."

Just say "tinkle part" or "wee-wee."

Something cute.

- Explain how Sammy was an accident.

- That's complicated.

- Penis! Penis.

- Okay. All right, that's enough.

Okay, they...

It's not like his dad slipped
on a banana peel.

The accident was that Sammy's mom
got pregnant.

If they didn't want a baby,
then how come they had sex?

That's a very good question.

I guess you could say
that they were rehearsing.

- Was I an accident?

- No.

- I was, wasn't I?

- No.

You were completely and totally on purpose.

I knew exactly what I was getting into.

I think you should tell me

the story of you and my mom.

Why do you keep saying "my mom"

like I've never met her?

Well, because now that

you're getting divorced,

she's mine, not yours.

- Is that so?

- Tell me how it happened.

And the real story, not the,

"Oh, we met, we fell in love,

"and we decided to take all that love

"and make a family,

and that's how we made you."

You know something?

I'm gonna tell you the real, true story

of how me and your mother met.

- When I'm old enough.

- Yep.

- Look. I know love isn't a fairytale.

- Really?

Really.

Did you have another girlfriend

before you met her?

Come on, tell me the truth.

I had two serious girlfriends.

And then some other,

a smattering of other women that I dated.

You know.

What?

What's the boy word for slut?

They still haven't come up with one yet,

but I'm sure they're working on it.

You a vegetarian this week or not?

- Yeah, I am.

- Great.

I'm guessing
you weren't her first boyfriend.
Maybe it was some nerdy guy,
or maybe he was mean.
Or maybe
you were friends for the longest time,
and then just when you were
about to put your penis
into somebody else's vagina...
Okay. Good night, Maya.
...you realized Mom
was the only one for you!
Bedtime!
You still have to tell me
the story of why you fell in love with her.
I fell in love with her because
she was smart and beautiful and fun.
So now she's stupid and ugly and boring?
- Of course not.
- Then what's the problem?
- It's complicated, Maya.
- Everything with you is so complicated.
I bet that if you just told me the story,
you'd realize that it's not complicated at all.
That you just love her.
I know this is tough for you,
but what are you thinking?
That I'm gonna tell you this story
and it's gonna make everything better?
It doesn't work that way.
Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't.
Tell me and we'll find out.
No. Game over. It's time for bed.
No, it's not time for bed!
It's time for you to tell me the story!
- Maya.
- I need to know!
I need to know.
Fine! Fine!
I'm gonna tell you the story,
- but I'm not telling you who your mom is.
- Fine.
You're just gonna have
to figure it out for yourself.

- Good.
- And I'm changing all the names
and some of the facts,
but I just decided that right now.
- And then we'll see how smart you are.
- I like it. It's like a love story/mystery.
- Great. Sounds good. You ready?
- No.

No.

- Take your time.
- I will.
- I know you will.
- You go here.
- Princess pillow?
- Thank you.
- You bet.
- Okay.

I'm ready.

Once upon a time,
before e-mails and cell phones
and reality television shows,
in 1992 to be exact,
in a little town called Madison, Wisconsin,
there lived a young man
named William Hayes.

- Hey, Will, man, Happy New Year.
- Hey, yeah, you, too.

Now, this young man was deeply,
deeply in love with his college sweetheart.
Let's call her...

- Emily!
- Emily!

Emily!

- Hey.
- Hi.

Ten, nine, eight...

Hey, guess who's gonna be the luckiest guy
on planet Earth in about four seconds?

You.

two, one!

Happy New Year!

They were a perfect couple.
Except to really understand
how this young man

ended up marrying your mother,
you'll also need to know
that he had a very big,
incredibly embarrassing dream.

All rise
for the President
of the United States of America,
William
Matthew
Hayes.

You wanted to be President?
I'm just, I don't understand why you have
to work for Clinton in New York.
Why can't you just work for him in Madison?
Well, because they don't need me here.
They need me in New York.

They need him, Em. Will's the man.
I can't believe you're letting him go.
I mean, don't you know
about New York girls?

Besides being incredibly hot,
they have no problem with casual sex,
which by the way, I totally respect.

- What if Charlie's right?
- Charlie's never right.
- He's functionally retarded.
- I am worried New York's gonna change you.
- Change can be good.
- If we change together.

So, we'll change together.

Okay? It's two months in New York.

I'll be back before you know it.

Besides, we have a plan, right?

The other thing I can't believe is that
you'd risk leaving Emily here with me,
'cause I gotta tell you,

I've always had a thing for you...

And I have absolutely no scruples.

Wait! I almost forgot.

You have to give this to Summer.

She's the only girl I know in New York.

- I want you to meet her.
- Summer Hartley?
- Yes. Yes.

- That's her name?

She was on my exchange program
at Cambridge,
and all the guys wanted to sleep with her,
and you probably will, too.
Maybe you should mail it to her.

- That might be a better idea.

- No.

What is it?

Something I should have
sent her a long time ago.
I love you, William Hayes.
Okay. Go, go, go. Go be your brilliant self.
Emily sounds like she would
make a good mom.

- I just don't know if she's my mom.

- Why not?

Everyone knows that the girlfriend
in the beginning of the story
always gets dumped.

Which means maybe
Summer Hartley is my mother.
I'll never forget that day.
There I was, arriving in the city
I always dreamed about
to work on a campaign
that I believed in with all of my heart.
And on top of that,
I was positive that in just a few hours,
the campaign manager would realize
how brilliant I was.
And then I'd be writing speeches,
and then I'd be coming up with strategy,
and before long...

Will Hayes?

- Hey. Gareth Henderson.

- You're Gareth.

- Hey, how are you?

- Nice to meet you. We're walking, Hayes.
I brought my C.V. and a sample of some
speeches I wrote for Congressman Sweeney.
Fantastic. I cannot wait to peruse these
in my abundant spare time.
In the meantime, here's a sample

of the coffee and bagel order
I'll need filled immediately.
Wait!
You want me to get coffee?
At some point in our lives, we all get coffee.
Your time's now. Come on.
We're still walking, Hayes.
Have the coffee here by 10:00,
or Arthur's gonna kill me!
That means I'm gonna have to kill you.
I've killed before, Hayes.
- You should know that.
- What is this?
That is a cellular telephone
so I can get a hold of you wherever,
whenever, for whatever.
- Can somebody get me an aspirin, please?
- Watch it!
Glad to have you aboard, Hayes!
- Hi.
- What? Hi.
Four weeks from now,
voters of New York State
will select their next Democratic nominee
for President.
Now, if Bill Clinton wins,
I want you to all understand
that it's gonna be as a direct result
of the commitment and the energy
of every person in this room.
And I mean that. That's just a fact.
Now, that's how important the work is.
That each and every one of you is...
What am I doing here?
It's the new guy.
- Hey.
- Hey, is that the toilet paper guy?
- Can I get a pack of Morley Red, please?
- 3.25.
in Madison, Wisconsin.
So go back to Madison.
- Don't forget to write.
- That's right. Don't forget to write.
Hold it! Stop. Stop right there!

You smoked?

No. Yeah.

But I didn't mean to tell you that.

Listen. I was young, and I was stupid,
and I haven't smoked in years.

I promise you.

Is there anything else you should tell me?

Probably not.

- Can I get 10 copies?

- Put them on the pile.

No, they're for Arthur.

I need them like, 15 minutes ago.

So if you wouldn't mind...

You're the toilet paper guy.

Wait. Who's that?

- That's April.

Yes. I am, in fact, the toilet paper guy,
but feel free to call me
the bagel-and-coffee guy.

Or Todd in Accounting calls me Crystal,
which I'm pretty sure is a girl's name.

- How many copies?

- Ten. Please.

- These?

- Yeah, both of those.

What made you become
a Bill Clinton supporter?

I'm not. This is a money gig.

I get paid 12 an hour,
which is better than babysitting, which is
what I've been doing way too much of.

You're a Democrat, right?

Why does everyone have to be
a Democrat or a Republican?

I'm struggling with the copy machine.

No, hold on.

You're an Independent, aren't you?

I am nothing.

Why am I obligated to be something?

Why do I have to have an opinion
about everything anyway?

I mean, really,
what do I know about missile systems
or Social Security, or the tax code?

What about civil rights or women's rights?

A woman's right to do what she wants
with her body? What about that?

I do what I want with my body.

That's apathetic.

- I'm not apathetic.

- Yes, you are.

I'm not. I just know that these bozos
you're working for,
they don't care about anything more
than their own ambitions.

That's absolutely not true.

You think this guy, Bill Clinton,
is gonna make a huge difference?

- I do.

- He's gonna do what's already inevitable.

- Okay, that's where you're wrong.

- Don't make me staple your head!

You're wrong. He's gonna make
a difference with African Americans.

He's gonna make a difference with women.

He gets women.

- My God.

- I mean, look at his record in Arkansas.

Read his plans on health care.

Read his plans on education.

- Okay, or don't. You know, yeah.

- Oh, my God, I'm sorry.

- Yeah, I'm sorry.

- I just fell asleep.

- I'm really sorry.

- Yeah. That's fine.

Wake up to a new America.

- I believe you.

- This has been really interesting.

- Fine. You convinced me. You're nothing.

- I'm nothing.

So I'm here to repeat in front of all of you...

Hey! Listen up! Look up, everybody!

Yes, I was Bill Clinton's lover for 12 years.

Hey, somebody turn it up.

For the past two years, I have lied to the
press about our relationship to protect him.

The truth is, I loved him.

Now he tells me to deny it.
Well, I'm sick of all of the deceit,
and I'm sick of all of the lies.
Well, you're right about one thing.
He certainly gets women.
- This has been fun. Yeah.
- Bye, toilet paper guy.
Bye, copy girl.
Oh, my God. It never ends.
They just keep playing it
over and over and over again.
It's gonna blow over.
- Right.
People don't really care about this stuff.
- That's the thing.
- What I don't understand,
I've heard Bush has a mistress.
Everybody's talking about it, so why
is it okay for him and not for Clinton?
She's trashy.
I mean, her hair alone
is enough reason to go after Clinton.
Big deal. Everyone has their weaknesses,
you know?
Those chubby redheads
with the long, fake fingernails?
- That's what Daddy likes.
- That's just nasty.
Gareth, you are unfailingly repugnant.
Hey. That is a coincidence. I love women
that say "unfailingly repugnant."
You know what I love?
I love long-haired brunettes
with horn-rimmed glasses.
I have no idea why.
They're like kryptonite to me.
I got that one, too.
I got a thing for guys
who've got a thing for me.
You might wanna look at that.
I'm gonna propose a toast.
I am fine with that.
- To Bill and his weaknesses.
- Yes.

- To Bill.
- To Bill.
Hello?
Hey! It's me!
- Is that Emily?
- Is that Emily?
- Hi, Emily!
- Hi, Emily!
What's all that noise?
Nothing. That's just a couple of idiots
I work with making fun of me
because they don't have a beautiful
girlfriend that they're eternally devoted to!
You're drunk.
You're beautiful.
- You're horny.
- You might be right.
Emily? Come to New York.
You'll love it here.
It's the energy, the people. It's amazing.
Whoa, did you just say "energy"?
Will, you did not just say "energy."
What?
You're never coming back.
Hey, come on, now.
I just want you to come for a weekend.
You're right. I'm sorry.
Did you call Summer?
No. I left her a message.
She didn't get back to me.
Hey. You okay?
Yeah. I'm just really lonely here,
and I miss you like crazy,
and it's really hard.
Yeah. I know what you mean.
- Hey. What are you doing up?
- Mr. McCormack.
Come on, you've been staring
at that package for about a week now.
How was the rest of your evening?
Successful, I take it.
Oh, my goodness. I'm in big trouble.
I love this girl!
You know, that's usually a good thing.

It's hard enough to get elected
the first black President
without having Julia Roberts
on your arm at the inauguration.
That is an impressive mental leap, Russ,
going from a one-night stand
to being sworn in as President.
Open it.
I know you're dying to know what's inside.
Just her name alone, Summer Hartley,
is driving me...
Look it! You got a tear right there! I see it.
Come on through. You can do it.
Thank you. Yes.
- It's a diary.
- Sweet Jesus. Let me see.
No! Stop! Stop right there.
We're not gonna read this. We can't.
"The boys' dorm is across
the quad, their windows visible from ours.
"The evenings are hot and sticky.
"We are all half-dressed,
pretending we can't be seen by the boys.
"Some of us are bold. My new friend
"Emily is sweet
"and embarrassed by it all,
always waiting to see what I will do."
Don't stop! This is good stuff.
Where were you? Okay.
"It's our last night, and the plan has
been in place for days.
"Emily and I are the last to leave,
"and as we reach the stairs,
I grab Emily firmly by her wrist.
"She looks up at me expectantly
and I know what will happen next."
- Do you?
- I think I have a pretty good idea.
Oh, my goodness!
What are you doing?
This is good stuff, man!
Wait a minute.
Is that your Emily?
Good night, Russell!

She is a freak!

Put the picture back!

Wow.

Who is it?

- Will Hayes. I called earlier.

You a Jehovah's Witness?

No.

Christ, you're tall.

Hi.

- Come in.

- Okay.

Close the door behind you.

Lock it!

Summer said to hang tight.

She'll be back. She wants you to wait.

- What do you got in there?

- I don't know. Are you Summer's father?

Yeah. I'm her daddy.

- Drink?

- No. No. It's a little early for me.

Early. You're fresh off the boat, aren't you?

So tell me about yourself. What's your deal?

What do you aspire to?

What are your dreams?

What are your fancies?

What do you want to be when you grow up?

- Sit down!

- Okay.

What do you do now? You...

Wait, don't tell me.

You work for your daddy.

- No.

- No, don't tell me!

Wall Street. No!

You kiss ass to some fancy uptown law firm.

- Actually...

- No! I give up. What do you do?

I'm working for Bill Clinton.

He's running for President.

No.

I know who Bill Clinton is.

Yeah, in fact, I know more about Bill Clinton than his own mother.

- Really?

- Yep.
- What do you do?
- What do I do?
I drink!
Drink!
Be a man.
There you go! Isn't that better?
Swallow!
So tell me about Bill Clinton.
Hey. Wake up.
You want some aspirin?
- You must be Will.
- Hi.
I see you drank my boyfriend
under the table.
He's not your father?
- Is that what he told you?
Hmm.
He's my thesis advisor.
Oh.
What else did he tell you?
He was telling me how to be a real man,
as opposed to the sort of
- boy-man I seem to be.
- Did you learn anything?
Yeah, there's a lot of drinking involved.
Also cursing and fighting.
- Sex?
- Yes.
Although that's not what we real men call it.
What do you call it?
I have something for you.
This is from Emily.
- Haven't talked to her in ages.
- We'll be moving in together in the fall.
Uh-huh.
Oh, please! Daddy.
Oh, come on! No.
Oh, this is...
Did you read this?
I didn't.
- I read a page.
- A page.
- Two pages at the most.

- Two?

And the part about you and Emily
touching each other and kissing.

- Oh! That part, yeah.

- Incredibly descriptive. I felt like I was there.

You're a great writer. I mean...

I think you should keep it.

You should read it when you're lonely.

- I can't. It's your diary, so I can't do that.

- No, really, really. I just, I don't need it.

I've already got it memorized,

so I'll just leave it on the table.

Keep a hard copy.

That might be nice for me.

I wonder why Emily gave it to you
to give to me.

Hmm.

Hampton?

- Hampton?

- Are you gonna join us?

That's Hampton Roth.

He's an incredible writer.

- His book on the McGovern campaign is...

- Yeah.

- You...

- Yeah. We do.

Look, have you ever actually
had sex with a sexagenarian?

- I haven't.

- Well, then you shouldn't really judge.

Well, actually, I'm not judging. Look at you.

You're beautiful. You're sophisticated.

You're a very talented writer.

Thank you.

I mean, to please a woman like you,
it would obviously take a...

- Real man.

- Exactly.

- Hard to compete with that.

- Well, unless you're the competitive type.

- Yep, nice to meet you.

- Yeah, it was great meeting you, too.

I feel horrible about taking the...

Sorry.

I was just curious.
Hampton encourages me
to cultivate my curiosity.
He says it's the key
to being a good journalist.
Yeah.
Summer! Daddy's hungry!
- Speak of the devil. Better go. Yeah.
- Hmm.
Where the hell are you?
- Okay, bye.
- Bye.
Yeah, give us a call sometime.
We should all go out for dinner.
I'd... Yeah, I'd love dinner.
- Yeah.
- Hey!
- Are you gonna call her?
- Are you insane?
- Well, what are you gonna do?
- What am I gonna do?
I'm gonna keep my eye on the ball.
Emily and I have a future. We have a plan.
Which may involve
some type of threesome now.
Or foursome
if that old dude is still in the picture.
You're not helping.
I never should have opened that diary.
It's like Pandora's hot, sexy box.
What's a threesome?
- What?
- A threesome.
That's a game that adults play sometimes
when they're bored.
Whatever. So what happened with Emily?
Nothing. I wanted to wait
till she came for a visit,
and then I decided to do
something really dramatic.
It was just one week
before the primary, and I had graduated
from bagels and toilet paper
to signs and bumper stickers.

Jesus! Mercy!
Hold, please.
What am I doing here?
Move over! Another foot!
Go, another foot. Move over!
Over, over, over!
Just want to let everyone know
that the new signs are ready.
They're looking good.
I wrote three speeches
for Congressman Sweeney.
How's high school?
He's from Texas. His name's George Bush.
But he is not the President.
Instead, he's the eldest son
of George and Barbara
and considered a key
political advisor of the White House.
Bryant, well, you forgot to mention
the Texas Rangers.
Oh, okay.
Man, if this guy's smart,
he'll go back to baseball.
- No kidding.
- Anybody see Hayes?
- No.
- No.
Hayes! Where is Hayes? Hayes!
Is it true you graduated first
of your class at Madison?
- Yeah.
- All right.
- Come on. We're walking.
- We're walking.
Here's a list of Madison graduates
in the New York area.
These people earn 200 grand plus a year.
We have a \$10,000-a-plate fundraiser
on Monday with 15 empty tables.
I can't have that, Hayes.
I need you to sell five of them.
Hold on. No more coffee, bagels?
- We'll see how this goes, okay?
- Gareth.

- What?

- Thank you. I'm really happy right now.

- Okay, Hayes.

- Okay.

- There's the desk.

- Look at that. Yeah.

Yeah, that's funny, the toilet paper.

That's good because it's ironic.

Yeah, that's right, everybody. My desk.

Right here, I got a desk, and I got a list.

And I have a phone. And this empty basket.

No, no, no, I really don't agree
that the Governor has a character problem,
Mrs. Perleman.

Did you know that
marijuana use should be legalized?

Hello?

No, no, no, he wasn't a draft dodger.

Besides, did you know that
the majority of Americans believe
that the Vietnam War
was just a terrible idea?

Both legs.

Wow, I am sorry. You must miss them.

Yes, I understand your concern,
but I think you should remember
that the Governor comes from
a town called Hope.

And hope is exactly what he stands for, so...

No, no, I know it's corny, but I also think
that sometimes corny is exactly
what this country needs.

That would be wonderful. No, thank you.

Two seats.

Okay, great. Thank you, Mr. Bishop.

Yeah, the dinner's next Thursday.

Yes, when I spoke with Hillary this morning
she said that she wanted to get to know
our most important supporters.

No, I think you'd definitely
enjoy meeting her.

Yeah.

An entire table? No, that is very possible.
I'll put you down for one table, then.

That sounds great.

Okay, I look forward
to seeing you next Thursday.

Okay, thank you.

I just sold an entire table for \$50,000.

That's my guy, Will. My guy.

Toilet paper guy! Toilet paper guy!

Good evening, gentlemen.

Pack of Reds, please.

Christ.

Tell us the truth, my friend.

- Did that Clinton inhale or not?

- What does it matter?

That's like if your girlfriend catches you
in bed with another woman, then you say,
"But we didn't do it."

- What, is that gonna matter to her?

- Yeah, it does. Hi.

- Hello.

- Pack of American Eagles, blue, please.
for a pack of cigarettes?

They don't put as many chemicals in them.

- So those are healthy cigarettes.

- Something like that.

So if there's not as many chemicals in them,
they should cost less, not more,
don't you think?

They put saltpeter in your cigarettes,
which make them burn faster,
which make you smoke more.

Which means, at the end of the day,
your cigarettes actually cost more, not less.

Copy girl,

what I think you're actually paying for
is the picture of the eagle
and the pretty pastel colors.

Some reassuring idea about your lifestyle.

The rest is pretty much crap.

- You wanna bet?

- Sure.

- 20 bucks.

- I got 20 bucks.

Easiest 20 bucks I ever made.

- Really?

- Yeah.

That's funny.

In a minute, I'll have 40.

Okay, we have to inhale at the same time
for the same amount of time.

- Yep.

- Ready, steady, go.

- It's my birthday today.

- Happy birthday.

Why aren't you out celebrating?

My boyfriend, Lucas, was taking me out
for dinner and then to a party.

But at last minute, he gets a gig in Philly,
which, of course, he takes 'cause...

Truth is he's far more interested in being
the next Kurt Cobain
than being my boyfriend.

Who's Kurt Cobain?

You're kidding me!

What?

Smoke.

Oh.

- Look at that.

- Look at that.

- All right.

- No, come on.

The satisfaction of me being right
and you being wrong
is more than enough for me.

Well, I never welsh on a bet,
so I'll tell you what.

I'll take you out for dinner,
for a birthday dinner.

- What do you say?

- Like a date?

No, I didn't mean it like that.

Like an "I feel sorry for you
"because it's your birthday
and you have no plans" dinner.

- You know, one of those.

- Well, I'll tell you what.

You can take me to this party

I have to go to,

because there's no way

I can face going alone.

Yeah, I'm gonna go head over...

Whoa.

I think I'm a little out of my league here.

Yes, you are.

So Emily is what, like,
your college sweetheart?

- It's amazing how you do that.

- What?

The way you take the simplest statement,
and then you twist it with
a completely negative connotation.

- It's really, actually, impressive. I'm amazed.

- I didn't mean to do that.

- But I understand. I get it.

- I actually think it's very sweet.

- See, you did it again.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- I don't even know I'm doing it.

It's probably hard for you to imagine
a relationship based on mutual respect
without even the slightest hint of
whatever you call it, masochism.

Well, if your deal with Emily
is so gosh darn wonderful,
then why don't you just marry her?

What's stopping you?

Nothing.

- Wow.

- Wow.

She gets it tomorrow. I made a reservation
at some fancy French restaurant
on the Upper East Side.

Oh, my God. You're doing it
in front of a room full of strangers?

- Yeah, I am. What's wrong with that?

- No, nothing. I think it shows confidence.

What are you gonna say?

- I'm still working on it. I don't know.

- Oh, you should work on it with me.

You should practice with me.

I'm really good at that. I will be Emily.

I'm Emily, your college sweetheart.

Is there something you wanted to ask me?

- Emily...

- Wait! You've got to get down on your knee.

No, I'm not getting down on my knee.

She'll like it.

She'll like seeing you down on your knee.

- I'm not getting down on my knee.

- Such a mistake. Okay.

- Emily.

- Yes, William.

Don't make me laugh. Emily,

will you,

um,

marry me?

- No.

- Oh, my God.

Well, what do you mean,

"Will you, um, marry me?"

I haven't seen you in weeks!

You don't look happy or excited

about the prospect of our marriage!

You're asking me to give up my freedom,

my joie de vivre

for an institution that fails

as often as it succeeds?

And why should I marry you, anyway?

I mean, why do you wanna marry me?

Besides some bourgeois desire to fulfill

an ideal that society embeds in us

from an early age to promote

a consumer capitalist agenda?

Oh!

Oh, my God!

- You should've got on your knee!

- Just shut up!

Here.

I wanna marry you

because you're the first person

that I want to look at

when I wake up in the morning

and the only one I wanna kiss goodnight.

Because the first time

that I saw these hands,

I couldn't imagine

not being able to hold them.

But mainly, when you love someone

as much as I love you

getting married is the only thing left to do.

So will you...

Um...

marry me?

Definitely. Maybe.

I have to think about it.

Walk me home?

- Do you want a cup of tea?

- Yeah. I'd love one.

Hey.

How come you have so many copies

of Jane Eyre?

- It's a long story.

- Really?

It seems to be about 300 pages or so.

Seriously, why?

For my 13th birthday,

I wanted a pair of gold stud earrings,

and instead my dad bought me

a hardcover copy of Jane Eyre.

And inside, he wrote a beautiful inscription,

which I could care less about at the time

seeing as I was so pissed

about the earrings,

which was tragic as it turned out 'cause

it was the last present he ever gave me.

What do you mean?

He died three weeks later in a car accident.

Jesus. That's awful.

I'm sorry.

- Have you ever read it?

- No.

I read it every year or two.

Each time it's different.

It tells me different things.

Anyhow, when I went away to college,

my mom sold our house

and somewhere along the way,

Jane Eyre got lost.

Now, every time I pass

a second-hand bookstore,

I look for the copy that my dad
bought me for my birthday.
I know I'll never find it.
It's stupid, but it's become this,
like, weird superstitious little...
- It's not stupid.
- Thanks. Hobby.
What are all these?
Oh, these are the ones
I found that have inscriptions.
"With love and hopes and dreams
of second chances. Alice."
What is this?
This is Kurt Cobain.
This is Nirvana. Do you like it?
Yeah, I do.
You think it's ridiculous
that I want to be a politician, don't you?
- Yes.
- Thank you.
No, no, I get the whole politician thing.
It's easy to like you.
That's true. That's very true.
I just wonder if you want people
to like you a little too much.
That's also true.
I should want them to hate me.
I'm gonna start working on that right away.
You got any tips for me?
No, but you're off to a great start.
- Yeah?
- I'm hating you already.
Good.
What do you wanna be when you grow up?
I mean, you're too smart
to be making Xeroxes
- and babysitting.
- No.
- I don't know!
- Whatever else you do.
I don't know,
and I don't know how to know. You know?
You know what I really wanna do
is I wanna go to all those places

that I know nothing about.

I've been saving money.

But I can't even get it together to do that.

Probably because I'm stuck in a rut
with this guy.

You should dump him.

I know that's none of my business,
but you're too good for him.

You are.

- You know what's really cool?

- I don't.

We can just sit here

and we don't have to worry about

- flirting or all the attraction stuff.

- All that stuff.

Very cool.

Yeah.

I got to go.

Dumbass!

- Oh, God.

- There he is!

- Told you he wouldn't be long.

- Hi! I wanted to surprise you!

- I took the red-eye!

- That's incredible!

I was just telling Emily how Arthur sent you
to Albany as part of the advance team.

- Advance team.

- Yeah. How'd it go?

- How'd it go? Man, it went great!

- Great.

- Great.

- Great.

- Are you okay?

- Oh, yeah, I was just getting a little exercise.

- I ran up the stairs.

- Okay.

I'm going to the office. It's...

Got a big day. Nice meeting you.

- And you.

- Okay.

Okay.

Good luck.

- Hi.

- Hi.
- Here.
- Yeah.
Hey.
- It's weird. Your tongue tastes different.
- What?
It tastes different, your tongue.
- That is weird.
- It's not bad. It's just different.
Maybe it's the tap water here.
Or the pH balance...
I don't know what I'm talking about.
Told you New York was gonna change you.
- Could we maybe go for a walk?
- Yeah.
- Just to get some air?
- Yeah, you could see New York.
I would love that.
So, did I ever tell you...
- I was gonna...
- Oh, sorry. No, go.
- What?
I was gonna say, did I ever tell you
about the day my dad proposed to my mom?
No.
Well, Dad was on his way
to meet my mom to propose,
and he runs into his ex-girlfriend,
Caroline Hopper.
And they're talking,
they're looking at each other,
and all these old feelings,
they start coming up.
And he's thinking,
"I could run away right now
with Caroline Hopper,
"be a happy man."
"All I have to do is kiss her."
But instead, he looks up,
and he sees my mom
walking around the corner.
And that moment he knows
that he had no reason to be afraid.
You understand?

Am I Caroline Hopper in this story
or your mom?
Oh, my God! I'm your mom!
- Emily, when I saw you this morning...
- Will, please.
...I knew...
- Put that back in your pocket.
- Just stand up, Will. Stop.
...with absolute clarity.
- Wait, wait, wait.
- I have no reason to be afraid.
- Let's think about this.
- I'm not afraid of this.
It's just like the day that my...
Will!
I slept with Charlie!
I thought we had a plan.
Well, you had a plan, Will.
You have a really big plan!
- Pretty sure we both had that plan.
- I just can't keep pretending
- that I want to be part of it anymore.
- You were there
- when we made it.
- And I didn't know how to tell you.
How do you tell someone
that you care about
that you don't want the same things
- they want anymore?
- The best way?
Definitely having sex with the roommate.
It was cowardly, and I'm sorry.
Oh, good.
You're killing me.
No, I'm not. I'm letting you go.
'Cause if we stay together, Will,
we're gonna be miserable.
I'm gonna hold you back from all these...
- That's not true.
...incredible dreams that you have.
And then, eventually,
you're totally gonna hate me for it.
- No.
- Yes.

Will, I don't want that,
and you don't want that.
Trust me.
You're gonna be just fine, Mr. Hayes,
without me.
Wow.
Yeah.
Wow.
Here is Tom Brokaw in New York.
Good evening. Bill Clinton may have
been wounded in New York,
but the big question tonight is,
to what degree?
Because, after all, he is the big survivor,
indeed, the victor
in the New York primary
and by a comfortable margin.
Goes 'round the moon
I see the passion in your eyes
Sometimes it's all a big surprise
'Cause there was a time when all I did
Hey.
Congratulations.
I hear they asked you to stay on.
You must be very happy.
Yeah, yeah, he did, and I am.
Very, very happy.
Really? Why do I feel
like I should hide the razor blades?
And the staplers and those scissors?
I'll be fine. But this song,
it's an excellent cure for the will to live.
I know. What about the dancing?
Make that end.
I'm sorry about the other night.
It's okay. I just didn't think
that Lucas would approve.
- Or Emily, for that matter.
- Well.
Besides, you and me,
it'd kind of be like cats and dogs.
Yeah. Yeah.
- Oil and water.
- Sandpaper and bare ass.

- That's gross. That's just gross.
 - You'd be the ass.
- Yeah. No, thank you.
- I'd be honored.
 - Lennon and McCartney.
 - They were good together.
 - Yeah, while it lasted,
- and then they couldn't even be friends.
- I think we can, at least, manage that.
 - I think we could.
 - Enchant.
 - Yeah. Salud.
 - Come on, let's dance.
 - No.
 - Why?
 - Okay.

You ready?

- Yeah.

Guess that's it for Emily.

I can't believe that

she rehearsed with Charlie.

- I can't believe it, either.
- That leaves April. Maybe Summer.
- Anybody else?
- I was too busy.

I was too busy working on the campaign.

Anyway, when Clinton got elected,

Russell and I started our own

consulting firm,

and we worked on campaigns for everybody.

City council, state senate.

We even did one for the local dog catcher.

That's very interesting, Dad,

but what about girlfriends?

- What about Mom?
- Well, I started dating again.
- But nothing serious.
- What about April? What happened to her?

Well, a week after Kurt Cobain died,

she broke up with her boyfriend.

She went traveling.

She traveled all over the world,

just like she always dreamed of doing.

And she says

that it was because of something
that I said to her on her birthday.
Anyway, we started writing postcards.
We started writing letters.
And before I knew it, even though
we were separated by entire worlds,
we became great friends.
It was 1994,
and New York was full of new life.
More jobs, more money.
That was the start of the Internet.
And overnight, everyone in Manhattan
had a cell phone.
Can you hear me now?
Which they never put down.
And then, our old boss, Arthur Robredo
gave Russell and me our first big break.
- This just came for you.
- Thanks.
I had finally made it inside the room.
- Gareth.
- Hayes.
Good morning.
Hey, let's get this party started.
What's the word from upstate?
For the first time,
New York was coming to me,
instead of the other way around.
"The most endangered species in our nation
"isn't a big woodpecker
or some freshwater fish.
"It's the tongue in our heads!
"Listen to the truncated
bastard language of today.
"The average vocabulary is a third
of what it was 100 years ago.
"Words fall out of our mouths
and die at our feet!
"The landscape of vocabulary
is being hacked down
"and grubbed up by the dribble
of pop culture,
"poisoned by lazy obscenity..."
Will?

"... infantilized by
a youth-obsessed media..."

- Hey.

- Hey.

It's my favorite man-boy.

You look very manly.

Well, thank you, thank you. That's the aim.

- How's Emily?

- Emily.

She's starring in
somebody else's diary now.

Oh.

- How's the Professor?

- The Professor is wonderful.

- He's funny.

- He dumped me for a sophomore.

Told me it was for my own good.

Everybody seems to be
using that line these days.

What have you been up to?

I'm writing these really dumb items
for New York Magazine.

Waiting for my big break.

"And 'syntax' isn't
what Nevada brothels pay the IRS."

- I'm gonna go listen to the Professor.

- Sure.

Nice glasses.

"Listen to your kids if you can."

Thank you.

- Scotch, rocks, please.

William Hayes!

From... Don't tell me!

Wisconsin! Yes, the Cheese State.

Very nice of you
to come to our little shindig.

- I'll have another, please.

- Pleasure.

Yeah. Summer tells me you're writing
speeches now for Arthur Robredo?

- She tells me you're dating a sophomore.

- No. Actually, it's two freshmen,
which, on a good day,
add up to a sophomore, I suppose.

Walk with me. Why would you
wanna work for a hack like Arthur Robredo?
As I recall from our first encounter,
you're a man of principles and ideals, even.
Don't tell me you're just another
yuppie puppy in an Armani suit.
You were wonderful, darling.
Is he being nice? You being nice?
- Nice? Yeah, he can handle himself.
- Sure, I can handle myself.
First of all, Arthur Robredo is not a hack.
He's worked his way up from the streets.
He was a cop, an entrepreneur.
He's a putz.
This is exactly what my book is about.
Here. Read it. It's free.
Beauty, ideals,
love don't mean squat anymore.
- It's all about power and money.
- I've read every single one of your books,
and you're completely obsessed
with power and money.
That's because he doesn't have any.
Right, babe?
Babe, I am about the love.
- As you know.
- Yes.
That's why you keep me around.
To keep that rampant,
rapacious ambition of yours in check.
I have a thought.
Why don't you use that newly acquired
scintilla of power and influence
to get Summer here
to write an article about your man Robredo?
That way Summer gets a break,
and you get the word out.
- What do you get, Hampton?
- Yeah.
I guess it's the love. More of the love.
Yeah, that's what I'm about.
More love.
I knew Summer would be back.
- Did you?

You know what? At first,
I didn't want Summer to be my mom.
But now I'm kinda liking her.
Did you ask her out on a date?
Uh-uh.
I wanted to, but I couldn't
'cause she was writing the article.
- Wow. This is pretty good.
- Will, this is really good.
Are you sure
it didn't seem like a puff piece?
No, it's perfect. It's absolutely...
You know, there's one part, though,
that kind of bothered me.
"William Hayes,
"Robredo's chief speech writer,
is both intense and boyishly handsome."
- Boyishly? I mean...
- Yeah.
You know, I originally wrote,
"William Hayes has seductive eyes
and the intriguing looks of someone
"whose clothes you wanna rip
from his very body,"
but the editor made me change it.
There's just no room for truth in journalism.
Did you always want to be a journalist?
No. Until I was 16, I wanted to be an actress.
I wanted to sing on Broadway.
Wow. Really?
Yeah, really. Is that hard to believe?
Well, aren't actresses needy and emotional
and, you know, insecure?
That sort of thing.
What are you saying? That I don't need?
That I don't have emotions?
- I'm an incredibly needy person.
- I'm not saying that.
- I'm a very needy person.
- You know what I'm saying?
I'm saying I would love to hear a song.
- I'm sorry?
- Give us a song.
- You want me to sing you a song?

- Why not?
- You have a favorite?
- Yes.
- You do?
- Yeah.

Okay.

How glad the many millions
Of Timothys and Williams would be

- I'm a William.
- Don't interrupt.

To capture me
But you had such persistence
You wore down my resistance
I fell
And it was swell

Wow.

Will you please put it on?
You know, it really isn't so bad.
You know what the funny part is?
It's \$1,000.
I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie
Frank Sinatra, Linda Ronstadt.

- Why?
 - A whole bunch of these.
- Well, if you look on the back,
they all have one common song, which is...

- I've Got A Crush On You.
- Every one of them.
- How's it going?
- Still got a lot to do.

Yeah, me, too.

- Yeah, I'm about done.
- Yeah, me, too.

The world will pardon my mush
'Cause I've got a crush, my baby, on...
Was I snoring?

Uh-uh.

You know what I've never done?

What?

I've never spent the whole day in bed
with a really great guy.

Me, neither.

I'm serious.

I always think of something

more important to do.
I'm a workaholic.
It's really bad.
Will you spend
the whole day in bed with me?
We do nothing.
Oh.
Hi, this is Summer. Please leave a message,
and I will call you back.
This is Dr. Levenstein
from the Columbia Presbyterian
emergency room. We have...
Emergency room? Hello?
- Mr. Roth has had an aortal rupture.
- What does that mean exactly?
Think of it like a tire blowing out
on the highway
after going too fast for way too long.
How's that, Mr. Roth? Are you comfortable?
I make a living.
Come on, sweetheart, give me a smile.
I've waited my whole life to do that joke.
Poor Hampton.
Ow!
Summer's come.
- What's he doing here?
- Hello, Hampton.
Hello.
One thing they've left intact.
No, no, no, no, no, no,
don't mention grassroots.
Don't mention osmosis.
It's killing me
that you're going out with the kid.
Really? It's not the booze
or the cigarettes or the sophomores?
- That has nothing to do with this.
- Nothing to do with it.
Listen, I want you to know
I've donated my organs to medical science
except for one, which is for you.
- Sweetie, that's so kind.
- No, no, not that.
My heart, stupid.

Please tell me you're not in love with him.
I can't do that.
Can I have a cigarette?
Just a dying man's last request.
Not happening.
God, you're such a drama queen.
Nobody's dying.
What do you care
if I'm in love with him, huh?
You're the one who set us up, remember?
Yeah, well, I kind of figured
you'd chew him up and spit him out.
You're such a sweetie.
You're a sweet guy, you know that?
- I read the Robredo piece.
- Yeah.
The guy's been in New York politics
for over 20 years
and all you can dig up
is that his daughter had an eating disorder?
What are you saying, Hampton?
Do your job.
I can't believe
we're finally gonna meet the President.
- Look at that.
- Look at it.
We've come a long way
from that hotel room on 8th Avenue.
Thank you very much.
I don't believe it! I don't believe it!
Which idiot forgot to check the menus
and the programs?
There's no union seal
on the menus or the programs.
Are you serious?
The hotel workers won't let anybody
into the building.
The Teamsters
won't set up the satellite feed!
Has anyone seen Robert Klein?
I was with him like an hour ago.
Now he's gone.
I think he was completely plastered.
How are we supposed to know

where Robert Klein is?
You're not gonna believe this,
but there's a hailstorm in Chicago.
Who cares about Chicago?
We do.
The President's coming in from Chicago.
- Okay, okay.
- We can't worry about that right now.
Let me ask you a question.
How could you let this happen?
- What? What are you talking about?
- Why are you jumping down her throat?
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
Guys, guys, guys, guys, hey!
Hey, deep breath, okay?
Look, let's just ask the hotel,
see if we can use the Internet connection
and find a printer.
- I'll call Klein's agent.
- Great.
Gareth, have a drink.
You, I don't know who you are,
but your fly's down.
Be great if you wore underwear.
I'm gonna go check the weather in Chicago.
Table seven's up. Six pasta. Two fish.
Get it out the door, now!
He may not be in your union,
but he still happens to be
the President of the United States.
Remember him? So if I was you,
- I'd get your men off that truck and in this...
- Gareth!
You can't talk to a Teamster like that!
Come on.
- This guy...
- Everything's gonna be fine.
Look, look, check it out.
I downloaded a copy of the union seal.
If you could just please
paste it onto a menu,
make 500 copies, use a union shop.
We're gonna be home free, here.
Copies? You want me to make copies?

Well, at some point, we all make copies.

Your time is now.

That's not funny, Hayes. That's very...

Yeah, that's real mature.

Where are you going?

I'm walking! Back in half an hour.

What a dick.

- Yeah.

- William Hayes?

Speaking.

I'm watching you right now.

And I know all about you

and your friend Robredo.

In fact, I know so much,

I could bring you both down.

Really?

- Who am I speaking with?

- Why don't we meet, and you'll find out?

- Where are you?

- I'm close by.

I don't have a lot of experience with

whatever this is.

You're getting warm.

You're hot.

You're hot.

You are so hot!

I got you!

I thought you were gone

through the summer.

No, I thought so, too,

but this crazy thing happened.

I mean, I was camping

on this beautiful beach in Crete

with all these really cool people,

and there was this guy that I liked, Paco,

brooding and sexy,

monosyllabic and totally my type.

One night I'm dancing with Paco

and he kisses me,

- an incredible, deep kiss.

- Spare me the details.

- And what do I do?

- I don't know. What'd you do?

I start crying.

- I mean, tears are rolling down my cheeks...
- Of course you start crying.
...which he doesn't notice 'cause, of course,
his hands are all over my body,
which felt nice,
which made me feel even more upset,
'cause in a flash
I saw our entire relationship,
from present to future tense.
I mean, the incredibly hot start, with Paco
basking in my love and admiration...
- What are we doing here?
- I just got to pick something up.
Just take a second.
And then the inevitable moment,
and I don't know why it...
- Hello.
- Hi.
I don't know why it happens,
but it always does,
when all that love and admiration
would start to irritate him
and he'd find some way to hurt me.
I mean, sure, after, he'd be sorry.
So...
I decided to unlock his beautiful lips
from mine,
remove his hand from my ass,
- and I walked away.
- Good move.
- I walked away, Will! From Paco!
- Good move.
- No one walks away from Paco!
- I like the story.
And it felt life-changing.
And I realized I had to tell someone.
When I realized who that person was,
- it was so unexpected.
- Here we are, sir.
It's like when something is staring you
in the face
and it's like you're too blind to see it.
What's that?
I have some news for you, too.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Why are you so upset?
Don't you think it's a little weird we've been
writing each other for however long
and somehow you neglect to tell me that,
A, you've fallen in love,
and, B, you've fallen in love!
- I told you I was dating someone.
- Dating someone.
You just bought
a diamond engagement ring for someone!
I'm sorry.
I think I was just nervous to tell you.
Why would you be nervous to tell me?
I don't know.
I love this girl so much.
I'd just really like you to be happy for me.
I can be happy for you.
Of course I can be happy for you.
Poor April.
She's like the character in the story
who's always been the friend.
Then she realized
she doesn't just want to be the friend.
She wants to be the girlfriend,
except it's too late.
What do you mean?
Weren't you listening?
She came home for you.
There's union seals
on all the menus, my friend.
The weather cleared in Chicago.
The President will be here by 8:00.
Where's Russ?
Gonna meet you and Arthur
in the restaurant.
I'm funnier over here.
I can't stop my leg
You're early.
Good to see you.
- You look great.
- Thank you. You, too.
- That's a nice tie.
- Well, you'd know.

So, the magazine asked me
to do a follow-up on Robredo.

- Great.

- Yeah, it is great. It's also...
It's...

You just read it.

- You already wrote it.

- Yeah.

- He did this?

- Yes.

They actually got a friend an early parole.

You know what?

I think it happened such a long time ago,
and you're way ahead in all the polls.

Yeah, see, I don't think that's gonna matter,
because he's the tough-on-crime Democrat.

That's...

When people read this...

Summer, listen to me.

If you hand this in, we won't survive it.

I think it'll be a big deal for about a week,
and then the storm will pass...

I'm talking about you and me.

"Candidate Brought Down
by Speechwriter's Girlfriend."

- Come on.

- I'm just doing my job.

I didn't do it the first time around.

And if I didn't write this,
somebody else would.

Let them.

Hey, don't hand this in, okay?

You already did.

Mr. Arthur...

Yeah, sure.

I really liked Summer.

I can't believe

she turned out to be such a...

- Heartbreaker?

- No.

- Opportunist? Double-crossing...

- Uh-uh.

- Bitch.

- Maya.

How could she do that to you?
It's like she said. If she didn't write it,
someone else would have.
And it was the truth.
So did she? Did she break it?
What?
What happened when the article came out?
You screwed up, man.
You really screwed up.
Please save it.
I don't need to hear this right now.
Whenever I figure out whatever
I'm supposed to learn from all this,
- I'll write you a letter!
- Yeah, can't wait.
So I lost my girl,
I lost my job, and I lost my friend.
And for a long time,
nothing seemed to matter.
But I wasn't the only one with problems.
I did not have
sexual relations with that woman,
Miss Lewinsky.
I never told anybody to lie.
- Hello?
- Are you watching?
These allegations are false.
April?
Yeah, April. Who'd you think it was?
Are you watching or not?
Of course I'm watching.
You think he did it, don't you?
I don't think, I know.
Look at the picture of her. I love her.
She's so his type.
So, what took you so long
to finally call me back there, red?
I thought I lost you.
- Feels like years.
- I'm calling you now, aren't I?
Yeah.
How are you? What's doing?
I got a new roommate, Olivia.
And I'm working at a bookstore.

But I've been thinking about

going back to school.

Cool.

Hey, did I tell you that I hate my job?

I used to love what I do,

and now I feel like a complete hack.

- Are you seeing anyone?

- Me? Am I... No, no. Absolutely not.

In fact, I haven't had sex

since Clinton was re-elected.

Why bother? He's having enough sex

for the entire country.

Easy. Easy now.

Hey, maybe you should

follow his lead and seduce an intern.

You know, it's funny

that you should mention that.

There's a fetching young intern

who just started a week ago.

Great. Ask her out.

I should, shouldn't I?

But I don't think I will.

You see, I don't want a fling.

I want the real deal.

Forget about the real deal.

You don't find it, it finds you.

What does that mean?

I don't know what that means.

It means that you get to a certain age

and then you're ready.

You know, you're ready for kids

or a commitment or, you know...

- Sir.

...a mortgage.

- Table's ready. Okay.

- Thanks.

You know what I mean?

And the person that you're with then,

they become the one.

So you're saying it's not who, but it's when.

- Exactly.

- Okay. All right.

So there's never been a guy, ever,

that made you think, "This is it."

"This is him. This is the one."

No.

Okay, then why aren't you out there,
you know, enjoying yourself?

I am.

- You are?

- Yes.

Right now I'm seeing this guy, Kevin.

- Kevin.

- Kevin.

Who the hell's Kevin?

Where did... How come you never,
you know, mentioned anything about him?

I'm mentioning him now.

Oh, God! They have fresh mint tea.

I love fresh mint tea.

I love beer.

It depends upon

what the meaning of the word "is" is.

If it means "there is none"

that is a completely true statement.

Hey, this is April.

I want to talk to you about your birthday.

Call me.

Hello. I hope this is the right number.

It sounds like you.

It's Emily!

I'm in New York, and I was thinking
maybe we could get a cup of coffee
and catch up.

My number...

Hey, it's April. I still need to talk to you.

Please call me back.

I mean, don't make me come over there
and hurt you.

Okay, I'm coming!

God, I'm coming.

Yeah, I get it.

What are you doing in there?

- Is this what you're wearing?

- What?

It's your birthday party.

Everybody is waiting for you.

Oh, Christ.

Five minutes, okay? Five...

I'm down.

- Are you okay?

Yeah. I just need to lie here for a sec.

I see you've been eating noodles.

Hey, everybody, he's here!

Thanks.

Hi.

Oh, my God! I didn't think you'd be here!

I couldn't miss your birthday.

We came all the way up from Washington.

Happy birthday, gorgeous.

That is a beautiful woman right there.

You had your chance, pal.

Hayes.

Come on.

- It's great to see you.

- Yeah. You look...

Homeless, I know.

- Where's Kelly?

- She's right over there.

It's her first night out

since the baby was born.

Congratulations.

Iran-Contra. Arms for oil, no problem.

But a little "oralness"

and you're headed for impeachment.

- No politics!

- Maybe he should be impeached.

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Wait! Did he say that?

- Why not? I put my faith in him. We all did.

- You love him.

I thought he was gonna be different

than the other jokers,

but this guy,

he can't even define the word "is."

What happens if they give him

one of the hard words, like "truth"?

- I'd vote for him again.

- In a heartbeat.

Will's a lot of fun.

Yeah, let's fill up the tub

and drop in a toaster.

That should be a good time.

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, dear Will
- Where is he? Where's Will?
- I don't know. I was just talking to him.
You missed your birthday cake.
Uh-oh.
- And I baked it.
- You baked it.
Do you remember that song?
In your apartment?
Come as you are, as a friend
As a known enemy
- "Memory," not "enemy."
- I know, I know, I know.
- Somebody had too much to drink.
- No, I didn't.
I didn't, I didn't. I didn't.
- Yes, you did.
- I did.
- God, you're beautiful.
- Thank you.
What?
The thing is...
The thing is...
Is that I like you.
I've always liked you.
"Like."
That's pathetic. It's so puny.
"Love" on the other hand...
You'd run away from a word like that.
I love you.
I'm in love with you, April.
- Why didn't you ever tell me?
- Come on.
You know exactly why I never told you.
You'd never be interested in me.
You're an idiot.
- Stop.
- What?
- Not like this.
- Like what?
Look at you, Will, you're a mess.
Why couldn't you have told me

when you had your shit together?

- My shit is together.

- Your shit is a mess.

You're a mess.

My shit is a mess?

That's interesting, coming from you, April.

You could do anything on earth,

and you work in a bookstore.

What's that all about?

At least I tried. I went out there and I tried.

Look, I'm just saying this as a friend,

and I swear, it's just as a friend,

but maybe you should go out there

and, you know, get some help.

Go to rehab or life rehab

or something like that.

I don't even know if they have

that sort of thing, but if they did...

Okay.

...you know, you could be

a prime candidate for that.

- I should go to "life rehab"?

- Yeah.

Get off my front porch!

April?

You're right.

It is complicated, isn't it?

I mean, you're in love with April,

who used to be in love with Lucas,

and then she fell in love with you,

but you were in love with Summer,

who was always really in love with Hampton.

And now that you're in love with April,

she's in love with Kevin.

And no one's in love with you.

That's complicated.

Yep.

Then what happened?

Jane Eyre, Random House, 1943.

It's a beautiful edition,

known for the cover illustration.

But there's a really nice dedication inside,

with a quote from the book.

"To my darling daughter, April.

'The human heart has hidden treasures
- "'In secret kept, in silence sealed..."'
- "'In silence sealed
"'The thoughts, the hopes
the dreams, the pleasures
"'Whose charms were broken if revealed'
"From your loving father."
- Hi, Olivia.
- Hi, Will.
- How you been?
- Good.
I haven't heard any of your long
sorry messages in a while.
Those were delightful, weren't they?
Sorry about that.
- April here?
- No, she's at school.
- School?
- Yeah.
- She started grad school at NYU.
- Great. Wow.
- If you want to wait, she'll be home soon.
- I'd love to.
Make yourself comfortable.
I have to finish this application I'm writing.
- Good luck.
- Thanks.
Hey.
How you doing?
Kevin.
Will Hayes.
I'm just waiting for April.
Are you the same Kevin
that she mentioned a while back?
I hope so. Unless she's collecting Kevins.
Kevin, phone!
Anyway, I'm pretty sure I am the only Kevin
who's actually living with her.
Do you know what you want yet?
- No.
- No?
Will?
William Hayes?
God.

- It is!

- Summer.

You look beautiful.

Believe it or not,

I've been meaning to call you.

- I'm pregnant.

- You're what?

- Really?

- Can you believe it?

- Please, sit. Congratulations.

- Thanks. Thanks.

Who's the lucky guy?

- Sam Knowles.

- Okay.

But he's basically out of the picture.

- He didn't make the cut, huh?

- Yeah.

Well, I don't need a guy. I never really did.

You were about the closest I ever got.

No, really, when I was with you,

I thought, "This is it."

But I screwed it up.

- No, you didn't.

- I did. I so did.

Listen,

I'm having a little party Sunday.

- I want you to come.

- Oh, boy.

Will you come? Please?

You know, I'll see if I can make it.

- I really want you to.

- I'll make it.

I want to make amends

with anyone I ever hurt.

And I figure it'll take about nine months,

which is perfect timing.

- And she's off. Bye.

- Bye-bye.

William Hayes.

- Dad, maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

- What?

Telling me this story,

this mystery love story.

- What if I don't like who my mom is?

- Of course you'll like who your mom is.
And you don't have to wait long to find out,
because that very night...
It's Summer, isn't it?
And you're not my father.
No wonder you didn't want to be with her.
Take it easy, Maya. It's just a story.
And this one has a happy ending.
How does it have a happy ending?
You and my mom, whoever she is,
you're getting divorced.
What's the happy in that?
Okay, you know what?
I think we should stop now.
No!
Then how about a nice cup of tea?
If you want, I'll still continue with the story.
Does that sound good?
- Maya?
- Okay.
Dad?
I can't believe you smoked
and drank and were such a slut.
But I still love you.
Thanks.
All right. All right.
No, no. Don't eat it yet!
Not till we get to our bench.
You're in a good mood.
Well, I think I discovered
who my mom is in the story.
- Really?
- Really.
- Well, who is it?
- Not telling.
So the last time we saw William Hayes,
he had just discovered that
the woman he truly loved, April Hoffman,
was in love with another man.
I know. Shocking.
Meanwhile, he accepted an invitation
to the home of his ex-girlfriend,
Summer Hartley,
who, if she does turn out to be my mother,

I'm running away to Canada.

I'm not kidding.

- He died last year.

- Yeah.

- You heard?

- I read about it in The Times.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- God. Died in his office. Heart attack?

- Yeah.

I always imagined

that he'd make a more theatrical exit.

What they didn't say was he was

on the couch with the dean's daughter.

- Jesus.

- I'm kidding.

Actually, he was completely alone and

it was hours before the janitor found him.

- You want a drink?

- I'm sorry.

- You must miss him.

- I do, yeah.

These are for you.

- Oh, Will.

- Yeah.

They're beautiful.

So are you.

- Summer.

- Will.

Don't mess with me.

I can see where you're going with this.

In a second, you're gonna

say something impossibly charming.

- Really?

- Yeah. It's gonna be great.

And then you're gonna sweep me off my feet

and we all know where that's going.

- Can't a girl miss a guy?

- And you know that's gonna end badly.

Yeah, she can,

but I just don't really have time for the pain.

- So let's just skip all that, why don't we?

- Okay.

Fair enough.

Can we be friends?

- Yeah! Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Shake on it? Okay.

- Let's do that. All right.

You know what?

There's someone here I want you to meet.

Yeah. Come with me.

They're an old flame of mine,
and I think you guys are really gonna,
you know, hit it off.

Emily.

I'm gonna put these in some water.

- You look...

- You look...

You look great.

- Why are you in New York?

- I live here.

I took a job
with the city education department.

- I called you.

- I know.

- I've been meaning to call you back.

- Liar.

- I had lost your number.

- Of course.

- No, it's true. You know what?

- Will...

Okay, give me your number, right now.

I'm gonna put it in my cell phone,
and that way I'm never gonna lose it, okay?

My number is 212-664-7665.

Six, six, five. See? Now I got it.

And I'm never gonna lose it again.

- Oh, no, go ahead, go ahead.

- Sorry.

- Hello.

- Hey, it's Will.

I'm really sorry I lost your number.

I just had the weirdest flash
of a whole life,
one that never, ever happened.

What did happen to us?

- You slept with my roommate.

- Oh!
I'm sorry.
If I remember correctly,
I believe it was my "plan," wasn't it?
- The plan. Remember that?
- Yes, the plan.
Who talks like that?
No, it wasn't the plan.
I was scared of you and your dreams,
and then after we broke up, I just felt lost.
I still feel pretty lost,
especially when it comes to relationships.
Yeah.
Yeah, I've been... Me, too.
Did you ever think
that maybe we just needed a different plan?
Wait! Stop! Stop right there.
Now, go back.
Okay, stop. Now go forward, slowly.
Now here it comes.
There! Right there!
That's it! That's how I figured it out!
That's what Mom does when I'm upset.
She fluffs up my hair
and tells me to be brilliant
or shine like the sun,
and it always makes me feel better.
- Sounds like a great mom.
- She is a great mom.
So you're absolutely positive,
walking toward us right now?
Absolutely.
Is it?
- Mom! Mom!
- Hey!
I'm so glad it's you.
- Well, who else would it be?
- Nobody.
- Good morning, Will.
- Hey, Sarah.
Mom, can Dad come with us to the zoo?
Yeah, if Dad wants to come, sure.
You know, I love the zoo.
Let's go to the zoo.

- Guess what, Mom?

- What?

We learned all about sexual intercourse
at school yesterday.

- Really?

- Really.

Really.

I love penguins.

Me, too.

Me, three.

Did you know that penguins mate for life?

Although, Mr. Monell told us

that sometimes the husband

and wife penguins get separated

'cause of their migraine patterns.

- Migratory.

- Migratory.

Well, sometimes they're apart for years,

but they almost always find each other.

Do you know

what the husband and wife penguins do

after they find each other after all that time?

Throw back their heads,

flap their flippers

and sing as loud as they can!

Okay. All right, munchkin. Let's go!

Hey, monster, that was fun today.

I'll see you on Wednesday, okay?

See you later.

Dad!

- Thanks for telling me the story.

- You're welcome.

- I forgot to tell you the happy ending.

- What is it?

You.

- Hey, I love you.

- I love you, too.

Go catch up to your mom, okay?

All right, bye.

Are you all right?

Yeah?

Mr. President! Hey, Mr. President!

Will Hayes, I worked on the '92 campaign.

Hi. I'm looking for April.

Check that they have
legal representation, okay?

- Right.

- Thanks, John.

I can't believe you're doing this.

- This is great.

- Thanks.

- Still smoking?

- I quit.

- Me, too. Still live in the same loft?

- Living in Brooklyn.

Always on the cutting edge.

- Dating?

- Not at present. You?

- I got divorced.

- I know.

I heard. I'm so sorry.

Why?

You always said marriage was overrated.

Yeah, and you never listened to me.

You were always with the rings.

- Is that why you and Kevin never...

- Oh, God, Kevin. No. Kevin...

Something always seemed
to be missing with Kevin.

I don't know.

It's weird. It was never quite right.

You know?

Yeah.

- It's good to see you.

- You, too.

I have something for you.

Thank you so much.

How did you find it?

I mean, where did you find it?

That's the difficult part to explain.

This is gonna sound bad.

I've had it for a while.

How long?

Years.

Many years.

I meant to...

I meant to give it to you.

I wanted to give it to you.

I just...

I couldn't. And I don't know why.

I dropped it off once. I mean, I tried.

Kevin was there and...

Hey, there is no excuse, and I'm sorry.

It's inexcusable.

- I think you should go, Will.

- April?

I think you should go.

You never gave it to her? After all that time?

I know. I know.

- But it was from her dad.

I know. I know.

And then you just left?

Yep.

How come you changed all the names except hers?

What do you mean?

In the story, you know, like Mom became Emily, and Summer's that Natasha lady who writes for that magazine.

But you didn't change April's name. Why?

Why are you so concerned with all of this anyway?

Because I want you to be happy.

You know,

I'm happy.

Trust me, Dad. You're not happy.

Put your coat on.

- Taxi!

- Taxi!

She said something was missing with Kevin,

which means

it might not be missing with you,

- which is good news, right?

- Could be.

Could be.

Did you know that 35 people try to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge each year?

Most because of broken hearts.

I'll keep that in mind.

Hello.

- Hey. Hi.
It's me, Will.
April?
What are you doing here?
Uh...
Go on, tell her.
Who's that?
That would be my daughter, Maya.
That's kind of cheating, isn't it?
Bringing your daughter?
What am I supposed to do now?
Well, you could let us in.
I don't think she's gonna let us in.
I think you're wrong.
Come on, let's go. Let's go.
A little while longer.
She's going to let us in.
Okay, kiddo, here's the deal.
I'm gonna count to 30, okay?
And if she doesn't let us in,
we're gonna go home,
and we're never gonna talk about this again.
- Deal?
- Yeah.
Ready?
- One, two, three...
- One, two, three...
...four, five, six...
...four, five, six...
...14, 15, 16, 17...
...14, 15, 16, 17...
If she lets us in,
tell her the story like you told me.
- And then she'll know.
- Know what?
I can't explain. She'll just know.
...25, 26, 27...
...25, 26, 27...
- Twenty-nine.
- Twenty-nine.
Twenty-nine and a quarter.
Twenty-nine and a half.
Twenty-nine and three-quarters.
What comes after that?

Time to go.
But this wasn't
what was supposed to have happened.
- I know.
- I really thought
she would have heard through the intercom
and let us in,
or run down the stairs and say...
What story?
What story?
- I kept the book...
- Yeah?
...because it was the only thing
that I had left of you.
- You must be Maya.
- You must be April.
So what happens now?
You invite us inside,
and we tell you the story.
Okay.