



Scripts.com

Crazy, Stupid, Love

By Dan Fogelman

Oh, come on
Save room for my love
Save room for a moment to be with me
Save room for my love
Save a little
Save a little for me
Oh, I'm so full.
You were right,
I shouldn't have eaten all that bread.
Want to split a dessert?
You okay? You seem a little off.
Yeah, I'm just trying to think about
what I want.
Yeah, me too.
Why don't we just say it at the same time?
One, two, three...
- I want a divorce.
- Crme brle.
- You can't get away.
- Aah!
It's okay, that's my fault.
Come on, let's get you to bed
before your parents get home.
No puppy eyes, you little maniac.
Go brush your teeth.
Aren't you gonna say anything?
Almost 25 years of marriage
and you have nothing to say?
Robbie.
Hey, Robbie, have you seen
Molly's homework?
- Get out.
- Oh, my God.
- Close the door.
- Um...
Okay, Robbie, I'm really sorry,
and I didn't see anything.
Oh, my God.
You're not talking, and you know
that only makes me talk more.
But maybe that's good, you know?
Because maybe I'll just say it.
Maybe... Maybe I'll just tell you
I slept with someone.

David Lindhagen. From work.

- You met him at the Christmas party.

- Please stop.

The last person in the world

I'd wanna hurt is you.

If you keep talking, I'm gonna get out.

I think the fact that I did it,
it just shows how broken we are.

- Okay.

- How much we really... Cal.

Oh, my God! Cal!

Are you okay?

I'll leave tonight. I'll sign whatever you want.

Just please stop talking about it.

Okay.

I'm sorry you had to see that.

No, you know, I should have knocked.

Just for the record,

I think about you while I do it.

- Robbie.

- I have this picture of you...

...and I look at it the whole time.

- Stop it.

I love you, Jessica.

I am actually begging you to stop it.

And I know you're 17,

and I know I just turned 13...

...which is the same age

as your little brother.

But soon our age difference

won't even matter.

Which is good, because I'm pretty sure
you're my soul mate.

Okay, um...

- Listen, Robbie...

- We're home.

- Shit.

- Hey.

Hey, Mr. And Mrs. Weaver, how was...?

Oh, my God. Uh, what happened?

Mrs. Weaver said she wanted a divorce,
and I jumped out of the car.

- Cal. Honey...

- Well...

- Kids good? Everybody good?
- Dad?
- Oh.
- Oh. Hey, I didn't see you standing there.
- You're getting a divorce?
- Well, yes.

Uh, so, Jess,
did Molly get through dinner okay?
Yeah, yeah, she's...

- You jumped out of a moving car?
- I jumped out of a moving car.
- Did she fight you on broccoli?
- No, she didn't.

She always fights me.

- Sorry you had to find out this way.
- Sorry you jumped out of a car.
- I'm sorry if she fought you.
- It's okay.

I don't have any money.

Uh, sweetheart? Let's go to bed, okay?

Listen, why don't you grab your coat?

I'll drive you home. All right.

I don't care. I love him. I really do.

And, given the opportunity...

Yes, I would have his babies.

Seriously? Conan O'Brien?

You would do Conan O'Brien?

Oh, my God, yes.

Ew. Friend to friend, ew.

I don't know. Your life is so PG-13.

- My life is not PG-13.
- Oh, it so is.
- No, it's not.
- Yes, it is.

You've never left L.A. You pass the bar,
you're gonna be what, a patent lawyer?

Probably married to that human Valium,
Richard. I just...

Listen, I worry about you, is all.

So much potential...

...and you've resorted to fantasizing
about Conan "Ginger Junk" O'Brien.

- He's funny.
- He looks like a carrot, honey.

Who looks like a carrot?

Hi. Who looks like a carrot?

Conan O'Brien.

My friend Hannah here

thinks he's sexy.

That's weird, I think that your friend

Hannah is sexy.

Oh, my God. You did not just say that.

How old are you?

- What are you, a lawyer?

- Yeah. A little bit.

- Come on.

- I know.

- You are? Is she?

- Gonna be.

Don't you think you're a little old

to use cheesy pickup lines?

- Objection. Leading the witness.

- Ha, ha.

You're wearing that

like you're doing it a favor.

- Oh, God.

- That's a line.

Me sitting there for the past two hours not
being able to take my eyes off you is fact.

I mean, there's lots of beautiful women
in this bar. Your friend included. Hi.

I love you.

But I can't take my eyes off of you.

That's a fact, it's not a line.

I find you very attractive.

Do you find me attractive?

- She does.

- I don't.

- Tsk. You do. She does.

- Yes, she does.

- I don't.

- You do.

- You do.

- I don't.

- Hannah, can I buy you a drink?

- No.

- You say no a lot, don't you?

- No.

Oh, boy. Permission
to approach the bench?
Seriously?
Just, come on, let me deliver
my closing argument.
Sure. Proceed.
- Hannah, we live in a physical world, right?
- Uh-huh.
- And you're going to age, right?
- Mm-hm.
You're never gonna regret going home
with that guy from the bar that one time...
...that was a total tomcat in the sack.
But I can't guarantee
that you won't not regret it.
- That was a double negative.
- You're a double negative.
Okay. Hannah, can I buy you a drink?
Okay. You know what?
It's time to go home.
- Really?
- Mm-hm.
That's forward of you, but okay.
I'll do it.
I TiVoed Saw III.
So should I get my car or yours?
Should I pull the car around?
You been drinking? I'll drive.
- Liz?
- Coming.
- I'll have to call Nanna.
- Huh?
Oh. Noth...
So Stanford, huh?
Good for you. That's great.
I know your dad's really proud.
Yeah. Yeah, he's...
- Are you sure you're okay?
- David Lindhagen, God.
Okay.
I'm sorry. Sorry about that.
It's okay.
Um...
- Mr. Weaver?

- Hmm?

Um...

You're the nicest dad that I babysit...

Of all the, um...

You're really nice.

- That's very nice.

- And, um...

...I like Ms. Weaver,

I like her a lot. Okay?

But if she wants to divorce you...

...then I think she's batshit crazy.

Mm.

- Sorry.

- Okay. Okay.

I hope this doesn't make you
uncomfortable.

- I've developed, like, a little crush...

- Could you do me a favor?

Would you not mention to your parents
that Mrs. Weaver and I are, you know...

It's something we wanna tell them
on our own, okay?

Yeah.

Thank you, I appreciate that.

Have a good night.

See you soon

Another vodka cranberry?

I'm sorry. What?

- Another vodka cranberry?

- Oh, yeah. Yes, thanks.

It's no surprise

I've been by this place

a million times, never come in.

It's nice, lot of pretty girls.

Nowhere

This is my life

- Hey, guess what.

- What?

My wife is having intercourse
with someone who is not me.

Um, I'm sorry to hear that.

Oh. Thank you. That is very nice
of you to say. Very, very nice.

She just told me. I just found out,

so I'm a little raw. It's...
Ah, okay. Well, you're not listening.
Okay.
You wouldn't ignore me
if I were David Lindhagen.
My wife doesn't ignore David Lindhagen.
She screws him.
Screws him.
They make this, like, gurgling sound,

it's like:

Gay.
- Hey, Cal.
- Hey.
Hey.
Oh, I just, uh... I got the report
on the end-of-year financials.
- Good. Good, good. Really great.
- Oh, good.
You killed this quarter.
Okay.
- Cal, seriously.
- All right.
- Okay.
- Seriously.
Who told you
that Emily and I are getting divorced?
- You're getting a divorce?
- Yeah.
Amy heard you crying in the bathroom.
We all thought it was cancer.
- Oh.
- Thank God, man. Ha-ha-ha.
Yeah, just my relationship.
- Thank God.
- Oh...
Divorce.
- I'm so lucky.
- You are.
- I have to go pick out furniture now.
- Okay, okay. You go for it.
It could have been cancer, buddy.
Hey, everyone, it's just a divorce.
All right, buddy.

Thanks. Feels good.
Cal? I just wanted to say...
Shit.
Can I back that thing
out of the driveway for you?
- Oh, no. I'll be fine.
- You have trouble in reverse, is all.
When I get settled, the kids can come
and take a look at my new place.
I think I'm having a midlife crisis,
maybe.
Can women have midlife crises?
In the movies it's always men having them
and buying ridiculous yellow Porsches...
...but, you know, I'm not a man.
Be sure to fertilize all this.
We got married so young, Cal.
And now I'm 44.
And it's so much older
than I thought I'd be.
There's a turnoff valve
for the sprinklers over there.
Last week, when I told you
that I had to work late...
...I went to see the new Twilight movie
by myself.
I don't know why I did that.
And it was so bad, Cal.
It keeps raining, you might
wanna turn off the automatic setting.
And we haven't been us.
Not for a long time.
And I don't know when you and I
stopped being us.
I mean, do you?
Maybe it's when
you screwed David Lindhagen.
Nobody wants to be alone
The heart beats happy
when it has a place
And if it doesn't have a home
It can come into my space
So you can be the one I love
I can be the one you long for

You can be the one I want
Hey.
Sorry I'm late,
I had to pick something up at Macy's.
- Oh. Don't even worry about it.
- A chardonnay.
I'm just glad you're here.
Wow.
I don't know. I don't know what happened.
Tough couple of days.
You know
when you don't see something coming...
Claire said I can't be friends
with you anymore.
What?
She said we had to choose
between you and Emily.
I chose you.
But she said no.
It's cologne.
Bernie?
- Are you breaking up with me, Bernie?
- There's a gift receipt in there also.
Bernie?
Bernie. Bernie.
I can be the one you long for
You can be the one
You know a word
that is not used very often anymore?
"Cuckold."
I'm a cuckold.
David Lindhagen cuckolded me.
He made a cuckold out of me.
He slept with my wife.
And I didn't know about it.
And that is the definition of cuckoldom.
David Lindhagen took my wife
and slept with her.
Thought I did everything right.
Got married, had kids, the house.
What do I get for it? I get cuckolded.
David Lindhagen cuckolded me.
He made a cuckold out of me.
Welcome to my spaceship

It's beautiful forever

Can you give me five minutes?

The heart's a lonely hunter

Interesting.

Hey. Jacob Palmer.

- Cal Weaver.

- Let me buy you a drink, Cal.

- Thanks, I have a drink.

- Sit. I'd like to buy you a drink.

Okay.

Guess what.

- My wife is having an affair with...

- David Lindhagen.

David Lindhagen. I know.

- How do I know that?

- I don't know.

I'm a total stranger. How would I know something so intimate?

- Lindhagen screwing with your wife too?

- No.

- Hmm.

- You wanna know why I know that?

Okay.

It's all that I've heard, Cal, for the past two nights. It's all anybody's heard.

You're going around and you're badgering people with this sad-sack loser sob story.

- I don't understand why.

- I don't need this crap.

- Cal, sit down.

- All right.

Look, I know that it sounds harsh, but it's true.

And you need to hear the truth. Okay?

Okay.

Cal, would you take that straw out of your mouth? Please.

That looks like

you're sucking on a tiny schwantz.

Is that what you want?

Is that the message you wanna send?

- No one's thinking that.

- Really?

- So permission to speak candidly, sir.

- Uh, think you've already gone there.
You're sitting there
with a Supercuts haircut...
...getting drunk on watered-down vodka
cranberries like a 14-year-old girl...
...and you're wearing a 44
when you should be wearing a 42 regular.
Honestly, I don't know if I should
help you or euthanize you.
Cal, you got a kind face.
You got a good head of hair.
You seem like a nice guy.
I wanna help you. I'm gonna help you
rediscover your manhood.
Do you have any idea,
like, where you lost it?
- A strong case could be made for 1984.
- Well.
We're gonna find it.
We are. I promise you.
And I promise you this too, Cal:
When we're done...
...this wife of yours...
...she's gonna rue the day
she ever decided to give up on you.
That's my offer.
You in or you out?
Why are you doing this?
Maybe you remind me of someone.
You in or you out?
I'm in.
Hey, fancy face, you wanna go?
Okay.
Century City Mall, food court,
After you, hon.
Good night, fancy face.
She will rue the day.
Set you guys up with some snacks
over here. TV's already on.
You okay?
Mm. Yeah. You?
Mm.
Can I tell you something?
Love sucks.

Yeah.

You in love, buddy?

- Well, if you must know...

- Ding-dong.

- Oh, hey, Jess. Thanks for coming by.

- Hey. Yeah.

What is she doing here?

Guys, I have to step out for a couple of minutes. Okay? All right? Okay.

Mom wants you to stay while she's out hooking.

- What?

- What?

Oh. Um, the place is nice, Mr. Weaver.

Thanks.

That's a very generous adjective.

- Honey.

- I don't need a babysitter.

She's only four years older.

You need to know that.

- She needs to know that.

- I know, I know, I know.

Man, are you growing up.

Look at him. It's unbelievable.

He's in love already.

Oh.

Molly. Say bye to Daddy.

- Wait, where are you going?

- I'm taking a class.

- That is great, Mr. Weaver.

- Thank you.

This is a difficult time for you, right?

And it's important to try new things.

Even things that you haven't considered trying before.

Mm-hm. Yup. Molly, I'm going.

Okay. That's my princess. Bye. Thanks.

- But wait. Dad.

- Bye, guys. See you in a bit.

Hey, Tiger.

- I love you so, so much.

- Jeez, Robbie.

I love you so much. Please?

What the hell am I doing?

What am I doing?
Hey, uh, everybody.
Everybody. Uh, if I could...
Thank you. A little toast.
I would like to thank you all for coming
to Hannah Banana's goodbye party.
And to my...
- ... Hannah Banana.
- Ha, ha.
You go into your cave
and you study your butt off.
Because if you do, I just know
that you are gonna kick that bar's butt...
...out of here. You know?
- Yeah.
It reminds me of an old story
my law professor told me...
Oh, dear God. Cheers, everyone.
Cheers.
Hey, Liz.
Listen, when my girl here passes...
...I'm gonna have another
little celebration right here...
...and I hope you can make it,
because it's gonna be a special night.
Okay.
- Did you hear that?
- Hear what?
- You heard that? "Special night"?
- Yeah. Yeah.
You think he's gonna propose?
At the El Torito Grill? God, I hope not.
Why, do you want him to?
I don't know, he's nice.
"He's ni..."? Hannah.
He's a sweetheart. Look at him.
- He bcc'd you?
- Right, yeah.
All right. Hannah, look at you.
Look at you.
If you end up with that,
what am I gonna end up with?
- Shut up. Come on.
- That shit's depressing.

All right. You know what?

I have to not big-sister you. It's fine if...

Jesus, really?

No. No. Not my life. Not my life.

I'm going. Okay?

So call me if you need anything. Bye.

You're awful. Bye.

Thank you for coming.

Um...

- You're late.

- Yeah. Sorry.

- Sbarro's?

- No, thanks.

Let me ask a question.

How much you got for clothes?

Um...

- What happened to your feet?

- What do you mean?

- These are my 407 s.

- Oh, they're 407 s.

- Can I see them?

- Yeah.

- These offer a lot of support.

- Right.

Whoa. Come on.

- What, are you in a fraternity?

- Are you insane?

You could have hit somebody.

What was that?

- I'm asking a question. You in a frat?

- No.

- Are you Steve Jobs?

- What?

Hold on a second. Are you the billionaire owner of Apple Computers?

- No.

- Oh.

Okay. Well, in that case, you got no right to wear New Balance sneakers ever.

- Come on.

- Mm... Oh...

Okay. All right.

One of the best parts

about being a guy your age...

Frankly, there aren't many, so you should really take full advantage of it. Uh-huh.

Is that you can rebuild your entire wardrobe with like 16 items.

Credit card.

What?

You see, the problem is that your head has like...

Like the proportions of a Styrofoam peanut.

The skin under your eyes is starting to look like Hugh Hefner's ball sac. It does.

Where are your wallets?

- I'm set for jeans.
- You're not set for jeans.
- These are fine.
- They're not fine.
- You have a mom butt.
- Why don't we just go to the Gap?

You know what? They have a s... Okay.

What are you doing?

Cal, be better than the Gap.

Be better than the Gap.

Say it.

I'm better than the Gap.

- Come on.
- God.
- Stop slapping me. Really.
- Okay.

You're beautiful.

He likes to slap me in the face.

- What are you doing later?
- Ha, ha. I don't know.
- I do.
- Do you?
- I know exactly what you're doing.
- Oh, ha, ha.

Seriously? Seriously?

- You ask her out like that?
- Yeah.

And that worked?

Yeah.

Feeling kind of stupid, but...

Wow.

Look at you.

Feel like I'm going skiing.

- Would you sleep with him?

- Jesus. God.

- Yeah, probably.

- Wha...?

You would?

That's... What?

What are you even saying?

You see what just happened, Cal?

Soon as you opened your mouth, Tiffany started doubting whether she wanted to.

That's the meanest thing anyone's ever said to me.

No. This is.

Your wife cheated on you because you lost sight of who you are as a man...
...as a husband, and probably as a lover. You're right, that's meaner.

Let's talk about how many women you've been with.

- Sexually?

- Yeah, no. I mean break-dance fighting.

One.

No. Not at one time.

How many total?

Don't say it. Don't say it.

We met in high school, okay?

Oh, boy. You're kidding me.

One woman? That's great.

- Emily is beautiful.

- I guess.

She was gorgeous.

She was one of those women...

...that could be wildly sexy and unbelievably cute all at the same time.

We had a little blip senior year...

I literally stopped listening at "Emily."

I think we should start approaching women tonight.

Are you ready to go?

I miss my wife.

- Hi.
- Hi.
- How are you?
- Good. How are you?
I'm great. I'm Jacob. What's your name?
- Oh. Amy Johnson.
- Amy Johnson.
- I'm Jacob Palmer. How you doing?
- Uh, great.
- Good.
- I'm Cal.
No. Not yet.
- Sorry. Amy, can I buy you a drink?
- Uh-huh.
Keep her company?
- I'd be happy to.
- Lf he gets handsy, let me know.
I wouldn't touch you
if my life depended on it.
- Uh, what was your name?
- Cal Weaver.
- Cal Weaver.
- No relation to Dennis Weaver.
- Uh... Uh...
- McCloud.
McCloud was a show in the '70s
that...
You're not talking about McCloud
again, are you?
Here we go, huh?
To all of our fallen homeys.
Well, I'm the fourth of five sisters.
- No. That's boring.
- Oh.
Not for your sisters,
but for my purposes, it's not gonna work.
- Okay.
- I have this friend.
And he thinks that you're way too pretty
to be interesting and that's hogwash.
- All right. You wanna get out of here?
- Uh, sure.
Giddyup.
Am I boring you? I'm totally boring you.

I'm...

How are you doing this, like...

...wildly sexy but unbelievably cute
thing that you're doing?

- Uh...

- It's weird.

- You wanna get out of here?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- Cool.

So Molly, who's 6 at the time,
can't find Mr. Bobo.

We're looking all over.

It's in the kitchen.

Mr. Bobo was in the kitchen the whole time.

Wanna get out of here?

Have a good night.

- Let's get out of here.

- Yeah.

- Let's get out of here.

- Okay.

- Let's get out of here.

- Absolutely.

- Let's get out of here.

- Okay.

- Let's get out of here.

- Okay.

Shit.

- You have a second?

- Hey, David. No. Because I'm swamped.

- You've been avoiding me.

- No. I haven't.

You ran in the other direction when you
saw me coming down the hall yesterday.

- You're very fast, by the way.

- I ran track in high school.

That must be it.

Hey, listen, I'm sorry
about you and Cal.

- No, you're not.

- No, I'm not.

I like you, Emily.

Do you have any idea
how much I like you?

Hey, David, you know,
I really have a lot to do.
I had no intention of falling
for a married woman...
...but all of a sudden we're having
lunch and I'm this accountant...
...who's waking up every morning
excited to go to work.
And that just does not happen
for accountants. Ever.
I checked with other accountants.
David, you know what?
You've been a great friend.
You noticed last month when I got
my hair trimmed and that was huge.
But look, trust me. You know...
I am saving you from disaster, because
you're asking to pre-board the Titanic.
Do you really want any part of this?
Do I really want any part of this?
- Emily? Your report's ready.
- Okay.
Okay, people. Here it is.
The Scarlet Letter
by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
A romance set in Salem in the 1600s.
It is about sin.
Forced to wear the scarlet A
to punish her adulterous behavior.
Dimmesdale's A is inflicted upon himself
in the form of a...
Mr. Weaver.
Mr. Weaver.
Are we interrupting?
You wanna talk about
The Scarlet Letter, Ms. Tafferty?
All right.
Well, the A they're both wearing...
...I think it stands for "asshole."
Wanna know why?
Because they fell in love...
...and love is for stupid assholes.
And this book is just about
a bunch of assholes...

...who fell in love, like assholes...
...then had to die, like assholes.
I'm sorry about all the "assholes."
You know what else might work?
A swear jar.
You know, a quarter per curse word.
Yeah, we'll definitely try that.
All right. Could help.
- Take care.
- Thanks.
- Seriously?
- Sorry.
Hey, I have to go back to the office.
You're gonna have to wait for me there.
Fine.
They're still making kids read
The Scarlet Letter, huh?
Yep.
You'd think somebody would have
written something better by now.
I guess I should take that down, huh?
I guess.
So how is he? You know.
I mean, l... Oh, no. I'm sorry.
Forget it. Just ignore me.
- Forget I ever...
- He's out a lot.
- A lot?
- Yeah.
Like...
Like "a lot" a lot,
or just like a little?
A lot.
Well, that's good. That's really good.
- Wanna get takeout tonight, honey?
- I mean, he's sad.
I can tell that he's sad.
Even though he looks better...
...I can still tell that he's not happy,
you know?
Yeah. Well, you know. Yeah.
I guess I'm pretty sad too.
I know.
I heard you crying the other night.

Didn't know what to do.

Oh, Robbie, baby, you're 13,
you're not supposed to know what to do.

I tried Googling it.

- You did not.

- Yep. I did.

- Well, what did you Google?

- I searched "Mom crying in bed."

What did Google say?

Just a bunch of weird videos
of moms in bed.

Ugh. Oh, God. Okay.

All right, that's enough. No more.

Do those parental controls work at all?

They work for me.

Because you're a disgusting teenager,
that's why.

- Hey.

- Oh, hey.

- Bill wants to see you before you take off.

- Oh. Uh, David, this is my son, Robbie.

Robbie, this is David.

- Um, we work together.

- How you doing, buddy?

- You all right to wait a little bit?

- Yeah.

Okay. Thanks, David.

So, Robbie, I hear

you're quite the soccer player.

So, David, I hear

you broke up my parents' marriage.

- You are David Lindhagen, right?

- Lindhagen.

- Yeah. Here's the thing, Lindhagen.

- Hagen.

Whatever.

In the end, she winds up
back with my dad.

He's a better guy than you are
in every category.

And she still loves him.

He's not gonna give up on my mom...

...like I'm not gonna stop
sending Jessica messages...

...that make her feel uncomfortable.
Hey. You ready to go, honey?
- Can we order Chinese for dinner tonight?
- Yeah. Sure, honey.
Hi, David. Get your stuff.
- Bye, David.
- See you.
You're not gonna be able
to feel your arms.
I'll be fine.
Jesus Christ.
Look, let's face it, Cal, all right?
The war between the sexes is over,
and we won, okay?
We won the second women started doing
pole dancing for exercise.
But even though we won,
they still deserve our respect.
Make them feel beautiful, listen to
their problems, open the door for them.
Would you put on some clothes, please?
- I'm sorry, is this bothering you?
- No, it's not.
My schwantz is in your face.
If it's not bothering you, we got a problem.
- Okay, it bothers me.
- I don't care.
You gotta take control
of your manhood, pal. You know?
You want something, you take it.
You don't like something, you say it.
I take what I want.
David Lindhagen certainly took
what he wanted, didn't he?
And I can guarantee you this:
He is opening the car door
for your wife right now.
What, you passing out?
Oh, boy.
- I think you're ready, pal.
- For what?
To talk to a pretty lady,
and take her home and show her your gift.
No. No, I'm not.

You're ready as you're ever gonna be.
You play your strengths, pal.
That's all any of us can do.
I'm mysterious.
I'm, you know, good in bed.
And you are a, uh...
...you know, stable and employed adult.
Jesus.
You see this lady over here at 9 o'clock?
You want me to hit on her?
No, I wanna hit on her.
The one behind her.
Oh.
- She's a fox, right?
- Mm-hm.
You think she came to a crowded bar
to have a quiet drink alone? She's hunting.
She's just looking for an opportunity to
settle for a responsible and stable adult.
And I'd like her to settle for you.
Oh. Well, thank you for the ego boost,
but you know what?
Just because I've watched you
pick up women...
...doesn't mean I know how
to pick up women.
- Ever see Karate Kid?
- What does that have to do with anything?
When he's teaching him to wax on and off
but really to fight?
You want me to fight someone?
What's the first thing I do
when I go up to a girl? I buy her a drink.
Yes, always. Without fail.
You buy her a drink.
Even if she doesn't want one,
you insist.
- And do I talk about myself?
- Never.
Never about yourself, always her.
- Because bar banter?
- Is boring.
So you put the impetus on her.
She has to be the interesting one.

"Impress me.
Impress me with how interesting you are."
It's a big game. Game.
Creepy, creepy little game you play.
- That's judgmental, isn't it?
- Mm-hm.
At the end of the night
do I ask them to come home?
No, you tell them to come home.
They have no choice in the matter.
It is your choice and they are so overjoyed
to have had the opportunity...
...to make sweet, sweet love to you.
Oh, my God.
You did, you Miyagi'd me.
Honk.
Take your ring off. Let's go.
Just no talking about your kids, your job,
David Lindhagen, don't you dare.
Shut up, shut up. Just shut up.
- Hello.
- Hi.
Hi. Hi.
- Who are you?
- Hey. I'm Kate.
- Kate, you mind if I introduce you to my...?
- I'm Cal.
- I got this. Pleased to meet you.
- Hi.
And this is my friend Jacob.
He was just leaving.
- Oh.
- Oh.
So that's one way to treat people.
So can I buy you a drink, Kate?
- Oh. No, thank you.
- I'm gonna buy you a drink anyway.
Grey Goose, right?
Rocks. Two limes?
I'm five years sober.
- What can I get for you?
- Nothing. Nothing.
Go away, we're good.
Please don't come back ever.

- Ahem. So, what do you do, Cal?

- I don't know. What do you do, Kate?

- I asked you first.

- I asked you second.

Seriously, what do you do?

Seriously, what do you do?

Are you really not going to tell me what you do?

Ah...

- Uh, okay, I'm a teacher.

- Boring.

Come on, you gotta keep it interesting.

Interest me.

Uh...

- I studied at Oxford for five years.

- Boring!

Wow. Teacher with an alcohol dependency who studied at Oxford.

Blah, blah, blah. Bleh.

England. Yuck.

I think my friends just got here.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

- Okay, I'm in corporate insurance.

- Oh, God.

I have children, plural.

My wife was cheating on me with Lindhagen...

...which I wasn't supposed to tell you.

Nice to meet you.

- What were you supposed to tell me?

- I don't know. I don't know.

I was supposed to say that you are the perfect combination of sexy and cute...

...which is actually something that I used to say to my wife.

But now it's become corrupted.

And I have 18 layers of clothes on.

I'm wearing a shirt and a tie and a sweater and a suede jacket...

...that just seals in all the heat.

Seals in all the juices.

It's all sweat under here.

This is just sweat from here down.

This sweater, this is called slim cut,

but it feels like a scuba suit.
And I'm looking at your breasts.
What's that about?
You think I'm the perfect combination
of sexy and cute?
That's what you picked up
from what I just said?
Mm, mm.
- So this is my crappy apartment.
- Oh. Ooh.
Dumpy. That I had to move into
after my wife left me.
I love how you're being so honest.
- You like that?
- It's so different. It's so hot.
Okay. Okay.
- Aah! Ha, ha.
- Wow! Wow!
- More.
- Okay.
- Wanna hear something really hot?
- Mm-hm.
I've only had sex with one woman.
In my entire life.
- Honest or not honest?
- That's honest.
More! Tell me more.
I'm a little worried you have AIDS.
Just a little. Just a little bit.
It's okay, I'm not worried.
Oh, my God, this is so much fun.
What do you wanna do with me?
Oh...
I wanna show you off to my ex-wife
and make her really jealous.
Whoa, man.
Phew. Ha, ha.
You gonna call me?
Okay.
Yeah.
Wow, that is a great dress.
Where'd you get that?
Thank you. A store in Beverly Hills.
Really? Beautiful.

It was a gift from my grandmother.

- Really?

- It's a Krugerrand.

It's from South Africa.

I love it.

And I told him never to assume anything.

And I've been to Maine, so that's a sixth state. So I've been to six states.

- Oh, I love Maine.

- Oh, yeah, it's beautiful.

- Have you been to Waterville?

- I have, yeah.

Greece, Italy.

Greece, Italy?

Wanna get out of here?

- You're driving.

- I am.

I have never experienced that in my life.

- Pretty great.

- Are most women like that these days?

- God bless technology.

- God bless it.

I went and met this girl the other night.

She was heckling me the whole time we...

I felt like I was doing it with the two old guys from The Muppet Show.

- Ha-ha-ha. Statler and Waldorf.

- I was into it.

And she was like, "Look at this frown on your face. What is that?

You're so serious. What, it's serious to kiss me? It's supposed to be fun.

Oh, my God, if it's gonna be hard work, why don't you just stop?"

Hello?

Hey. Hot guy from the bar who hit on you is here.

Tsk. Liz, I'm studying.

You should be studying the ceiling of his bedroom.

I am eating a caramel apple.

In what world, honey?

Please, turn around. No.
Come on, take a break.
It'll be good for you to get out.
And by get out...
...I mean have hot guy from the bar knock
you into his headboard until you see God.
What is wrong with you?
You should be studying the curve
of his...
Okay, goodbye, Liz.
That too much? Hello?
Look, I gave him the cologne
like you told me to...
...and I don't think we should really
just dance on his grave.
I just thought you'd wanna know
what I heard about your old pal Cal.
What about Mr. Weaver, Mom?
Um, just, apparently, Mr. Weaver
has become a real ladies' man.
- What?
- Claire.
She should know. She babysits for him.
She's almost an adult. Lots of young
women in and out of his apartment.
She's too young for this.
I don't like this S-E-X talk in front
of the K-l-D-S.
First of all, they can spell.
Second of all, I'm just saying.
I think we were right in choosing Emily.
- Oh, um...
- Why are you following me?
Madison, I just had a question for you.
Okay, Jessica, what's up?
It's kind of on the personal side.
Yep, my lips are:
Seals. My lips are seals.
Okay. Um...
My question, and I don't mean to be blunt or
insulting, but let's just call it what it is.
You're always sleeping
with older guys, right?
- Always.

- Oh, um...

So my question for you, Madison,

is, um, how do you do that?

I mean, how do you get them to see you

as not just a kid in high school, you know?

But as someone that's mature,

and old, and that's...

Well, first off, I have a huge rack.

Uh, yes, you do.

You don't have a huge rack.

No.

- Wait, how old is he?

- Old.

Like really old?

- Like parent-old.

- Nasty, Jessica.

Yeah, because

that's what I was thinking, right?

- Rock on.

- Thank you.

- You are so dirty.

- Yes, I know.

Oh, okay. You gotta force his hand.

You know what I mean?

Go TMZ on his ass.

- Not following.

- A dirty picture.

- Oh. Oh.

- Make this face:

- Jeez, Madison. Stop.

- What?

You put that on his radar and he won't see you

as a little girl anymore, that's for sure.

- Hey, what's going on?

- Hey. We don't know.

Behold.

Jessica Riley, you are my soul mate.

- The love of my life.

- Ha-ha-ha.

I have marked myself with a scarlet J

for you, Jessica.

Get down from there.

- Nathaniel Hawthorne... Are you mad?

- I am your babysitter. You get down.

Oh, my God.

- What are you thinking?

- Like the scaffold?

Took me like four weeks to make it.

It has wheels.

This has got to stop, Robbie.

- You'll learn to love me, I promise.

- No, I won't.

- Because I'm four years younger?

- Because I love somebody else.

Who is he?

He's older.

And I didn't want my parents to find out.

You know I'll kill him if he hurts you.

Yeah, I know.

Okay, Robbie, this has to stop.

Okay? No more.

Grow up.

I'll see you around.

Unh. Okay.

Okay.

So you're seeing Mom tomorrow
at my parent-teacher thing.

Yeah, no biggie.

What's with all the moping?

Uh, nothing. It's just...

There's a girl.

- A girl, huh?

- Uh-huh.

You like her?

I like Pringles.

I mean, this girl...

...she's incredible.

She's my soul mate, you know?

She doesn't even care.

But she's your soul mate, right?

Yeah.

Well, you just don't give up on her,
right?

Why not? You did.

I didn't give up.

Okay, it's more complicated than that.

I'm a different guy now.

You're not different.

You just have different clothes.
It's not that simple, kiddo.
- What kind of crap is that?
- Watch it.
You love her or you don't. I know you do.
I'm serious, Dad. I just need some
inspiration right now. All right?
Go get her back.
Wow, how old are you?
Wow.
You look great, Cal.
Oh. Ha, ha.
Well, it turns out I've been buying the
wrong size suit for like 20 years, so...
Oh, well, whatever.
You, um... You look great.
Thanks. You always look great.
Oh, thanks.
- So I spoke to Nanna yesterday.
- Yeah, me too. How'd she sound to you?
Um... Like Nanna. She worries about us.
What teacher is this?
Ms. Tafferty. She's the one he pulled
the Scarlet Letter asshole routine on.
Mm-hm.
God, he's such a weird kid.
- I kind of like him, though.
- Mm-hm.
Yeah, me too.
Glad we switched babies at the hospital.
Me too. That other one's in jail, probably.
So how's it going with David?
Oh, you know, it, um...
It wasn't, um...
That didn't mean anything.
- I mean, you know, if...
- No. No, I know.
You seeing anybody?
Me?
Mm-mm.
Oh, you know. Well, you hear things,
you know, so...
No. No. Not real...
You know me.

Yeah, well...

No.

I miss you, Em.

I made an effort when we were younger,
didn't I?

I mean, miniature golf and dancing.

You were such a great dancer.

I had to be.

You were such a good miniature golfer.

I just... I don't know. I guess I got lazy.

I got...

I got boring, is what I got.

No.

And I'm so mad at you.

I'm really mad at you for what you did.

But I'm mad at myself too.

Because I should not have jumped out of that car.

I should've fought for you.

Because you fight for your soul mates.

Least, that's what my 13-year-old son
tells me.

He's a really strange kid.

He scares the shit out of me.

I miss you too.

Mr. And Mrs. Weaver?

No way in hell.

- Cal, what are you doing here?

- Oh, you two know each other?

Yes. Yeah, right. We've met before, yes.

- "We have met before"? Seriously?

- Mm-hm.

So I'd like to introduce you
to my wife, Emily.

Hi, I'm Robbie's mom.

She's your wife again. How convenient.

So shall we enter?

- Okay.

- Why don't we?

Yeah, let's do that.

I'm sorry. I'm playing catch-up.

How do you two know each other, exactly?

- Um...

- Um...

Maybe your husband should tell you.

We... I think we met at last year's parent-teacher conference, wasn't it? Did I miss it? Did I miss the parent-teacher conference thing last year? Yeah. I don't remember. Why don't we just, uh, focus on Robbie? Yes. Yes, let's do that. Let's... Let's focus on Robbie. As you know, Robbie's shining moment... ...was when he set a school record for cursing in an eighth-grade English class. Asshole. Ha-ha-ha. You're familiar with this word, Mrs. Weaver. Yes, I am. And I've spoken to Principal... Asshole. As in someone who tells a woman that he'll call and never does. Hmm. Asshole. As in someone who uses honesty to get a woman into bed with him... ...but is actually full of shit like the rest of them. - This is not about Robbie. - Mm-mm. Asshole. As in someone who allows a woman to go downtown for 45 minutes... ...because he's nervous. - All right, all right, all right. - Ew. Ew. Oh. You know what? Know what? No. Here's the deal. - She's an alcoholic. - Aah! - Oh, God. Okay. - That's... I'm sorry. - I'm sorry. God. - I gotta go. - Aah! - Oh, my God. Emily. God. - Emily, Emily, wait. - Leave me alone, Cal. I'm sober five years, asshole!

Okay, yeah, I did. I did.
I slept with our son's eighth-grade
English teacher.
I know. I know.
And I cheated,
so I have no right to be angry.
Not the point. When we were
married you were the only woman...
...that I had ever slept with...
...and now I have had sex
with nine different women... God.
Nine?
Nine?
Wow.
You showed me.
I wasn't trying to show you.
I was trying to move on.
But I don't want to.
You've always been the only one.
Tell her she's the perfect combination
of sexy and cute, asshole.
You said that to her?
I did, yes.
Who are you?
I'm your soul mate.
What a clich.
You, get over here. Come on.
Yeah, yeah, give it up. Give it up for her.
Aw.
I'm so proud of you, baby.
I had my doubts, of course.
Hannah, I did tell you that tonight would
be a special night if you passed the bar.
So, Hannah...
...I would like to formally ask you...
...in front of all our friends
and colleagues...
...if you would like to become...
...a permanent lawyer at the firm
of Watkins, Goldberg and Schmidt? Huh?
How about that? Ha, ha. To you.
Whoo!
What?
- I ju... Um...

- What, what is it?
I thought that you were gonna propose
for some reason.
- What?
- Yeah. I know. I'm just...
It's just, uh, I'm a little thrown.
I'm sorry.
I didn't realize that you thought
that we were there.
Oh, no. God, no. Don't be silly. I just...
I need some time, I think...
...to figure out how I feel about us,
you know?
Brrp. Long-term.
You need some time?
You need some time to figure out
how you feel about us? Okay.
Honey?
- Wow. Ha-ha-ha.
- Ha, ha. Wow.
- Ahem.
- Wow. Huh.
Wow.
This is actually really funny.
I'm just... Next level.
- Is this yours? Is this yours?
- Yes.
Mm. Mm.
Honey?
- Is this gin?
- Yes.
- There's, like, no water in that.
- Yeah.
- Great.
- Mm. Aah, I hate gin.
Wow, you know what?
Thank you, Richard.
Honestly, thank you very much
for your job offer. I will consider it.
Hannah Banana.
- Whoo! Ha, ha.
- Banana. Hannah.
- Do you wanna buy me a drink?
- Yes.

- It's nicer that way. Right?

- You.

You remember me?

Yeah.

- You still find me attractive?

- Yes.

Still wanna take me home?

Yeah.

Let's go.

Just one look

And I fell so hard

Here.

I really like this song.

This was a good choice. Yeah.

- Good song. You never hear this song.

- Mm-hm. Mm-mm.

Love this song.

Cheers.

How good it feels

Ugh.

That's not my drink.

Your love

Mm. Mm.

Ugh.

It's not my favorite. Thank you.

Forever

And always

- So is this how it normally works?

- What?

You put on the perfect song,

you make them a drink.

And I knew

And then you sleep together.

That you

Um...

Yeah.

I'm very nervous.

I'm getting that.

Okay. Because I know I seemed confident

back at the bar...

...but that was mostly just

because I was cold and wet...

...and trying to be dramatic

a little bit.

You're adorable.

No.

I am sexy.

- I am R-rated sexy.

- Mm-hm.

Okay, I know what happens in the PG-13 version of tonight, all right? I know.

It's that I get really drunk and then I pass out.

You cover me with a blanket, kiss me on the cheek, nothing happens.

But that's not why I'm here.

I am here to bang the hot guy that hit on me at the bar.

- Jacob.

- Jacob.

- Are people still saying "bang"?

- I do.

We are gonna bang. Hmm?

This is happening.

- Take off your shirt.

- Why?

Please, will you take off your shirt?

I can't stop thinking. I need to just...

- Okay, okay, okay.

- All right, okay, okay, okay.

Fuck.

Seriously? It's like you're Photoshopped.

Can I...?

Aah. You have cold hands.

- Now you take off your dress.

- No.

- Yes.

- No. Not with that going on. No, thank you.

Is there dim lighting somewhere?

Oh, God.

Okay, so then what do we do?

What happens now? Like, logistically?

- What's your move?

- What do you mean, what's my move?

- What's your move? Your big move?

- I got lots of moves.

- What's your big move?

- I'm not telling.

- Tell me your move.
- You're not ready for the big move.
- Yes, I am.
- You can't handle the big move.
- Tell me your big move.
- I work Dirty Dancing into the conversation.

Dirty Dancing?

- Can I sit down, please?
- Yeah.
- Can I put back on my shirt?
- No.

Why Dirty Dancing? What do we do?

Do we watch it?

You know the big move at the end where
Patrick Swayze picks up Jennifer Grey?

- Yeah.
- I can do that.
- Okay.
- So I tell girls I can do the move.
I put on the song "Time of Your Life."
I do the big move.

And they always wanna have sex
with me.

Oh, my God. That's the most ridiculous
thing I've ever heard.

I agree. But it works every time.

That would not work on me.

Oh, God, this is ridiculous.

I don't wanna do it.

Come on.

This is beyond ridiculous.

- Run and jump.
- No.
- Yeah. Come on.
- No, thank you.

Thank God I'm drunk. Here we go.

'Cause I've had the time of my life

And I owe it all to you

I've been waiting for so long

Now I've finally found someone

To stand by me

Ahem. So do you prefer to do it here
or in the bedroom?

The bedroom is preferred.

Mm-hm. Yeah, okay. Let's go there.

This pillow...

...forms perfectly

to the shape of my head.

Yeah.

Is this one of those foam pillows
from Brookstone?

Yeah.

- Yeah? Oh.

- Yeah.

I always wondered

who buys those kind of...

The hot guy from the bar buys these.

Of course.

- Jacob.

- Mm-hm, Jacob. Sorry about that.

Good.

I'm sorry, continue.

You don't have one of those ridiculous, um,
massage chairs, do you?

- You do?

- No.

- Yes, you do.

- Yeah, I do.

- Ha-ha-ha. Oh, my God.

- I don't. I don't. I do.

Who would have that?

I would. I have that.

- How much was it?

- Five thousand dollars.

Ask me how many times I've used it.

- How many times have you used it?

- Twice.

That's \$2500 a massage.

Twice.

- Where is it?

- It's in the garage.

Can I sit in the massage chair?

I hate it.

The Home Shopping Network. But I'm addic...

I buy... I'm just the worst.

- Do you have a Slap Chop?

- Yes.

- The knife that cuts through the penny?

- Yes.

- Ha-ha-ha. What else do you have?

- Coin Bears.

Coin Bears?

You don't have Coin Bears.

I have a whole set from each state.

You have 50 Coin Bears?

- They have a coin in their foot.

- You stay up nights.

I am wildly unhappy.

I'm trying to buy it,
and it's not working.

- Were you smart in school?

- A little bossy, yeah.

But I won a spelling bee
and my dad cried at the spelling bee.

- No way. That's nice.

- Mm-hm.

- What word did you win on?

- It was so stupid.

I love curling up with
a rich cup of coffee.

What, you think coffee and sleep
don't mix?

Well, they do if it's High Point.

It's decaffeinated.

And the flavor is marvelous.

Do you have that mold that makes cakes...?

I have calf pants.

I have pants just for my calves.

Calf pants.

Oh, my God.

Could you do me a favor?

- What?

- Will you do me a kindness?

Mm.

Will you ask me something personal
about myself?

Hmm. Okay, fine. I'll do it.

And then we bang.

Yes.

What's your mother like?

My mom is very beautiful.

Um... Very vain.

Very smart.
Cold.
And your dad?
Um...
He died a long time ago.
He was such a sweet guy.
He was probably too sweet.
Very successful in business.
He made a lot of money,
which is why I have all this stuff.
But he was soft.
Just too soft, too sensitive.
And, you know, Dad,
he couldn't really handle my mother...
...and didn't really make an effort.
Hey, Jacob, it's Cal.
Where are you?
Remember the first woman I picked up,
that teacher?
Well, I have a story to tell you
about her.
It's been a week. I haven't heard
from you. Should I be concerned?
I am imagining you suffocating
under a pile of women. Call me.
Oh. Yeah, hey, it's me again.
Left like a hundred messages.
Listen, if this is a Miyagi thing,
I'm not getting it, so...
Call me back, please. Thanks.
- Been to St. Louis?
- No, I haven't.
I always dreamt of playing shortstop
for the St. Louis Cardinals, actually...
...but I couldn't hit a curveball,
so I did the next best thing.
Yeah, you became an accountant.
Right. Exactly.
I mean, the money's not as good,
but there's less travel.
Mm. Ha, ha.
- I was gonna be a ballerina.
- Really?
So tell me, what is it with women

and ballerinas?
I just pictured myself in the ballet.
It's not like I had
a lot of training or anything.
I mean, I actually never really
had a lesson...
...and, um, haven't seen a ballet.
You've never been to the ballet?
- Mm-mm.
- Wow.
- I'd love to take you to the ballet.
- You'd love to go to the ballet?
I didn't say that. I'd love to take you
to the ballet. I'd drop you off.
Later on I'd pick you up
and we could go to a ball game.
Oh, I get it.
- Ha, ha.
- I had a lot of fun tonight.
You like sushi? I know this really
great little sushi place...
I don't eat sushi.
That we're never gonna go to
because I hate sushi.
Oh, hi. Hi, Jess.
Uh, this is my work friend, David.
David is an accountant.
David, this is Jessica, my babysitter.
Uh...
So, you know, everything looks great.
Spreadsheets.
Spreadsheets.
See you at work.
Yeah, see you at work.
So how was dinner?
- Oh, well, you know, it was just for work.
- Yeah.
- That's a really pretty dress.
- Thank you. What do I owe you?
Do you know that your kids
are the only ones that I babysit for...
...that wanna stay awake so that they
can see their dad when he gets home?
Yeah, I mean, they fight with everything

they have to keep their eyes open.
And don't get me wrong...
...no, your kids are really excited to see
you when you get home too, Ms. Weaver...
...but not a lot wanna stay up for Dad.
Honey, what are you trying to say?
Batshit crazy.
Jessica, uh, what...?
- Let me give you...
- I don't want your slutty money.
Sweetheart, what's the pro...?
What's wrong?
"Slutty money"?
Kids.
Kids. Ice cream.
- I knew it. I knew it.
- Yeah. I'll be right back.
Oh, shit. Oh, God.
Hello?
- Hi, Cal.
- Hi.
Um...
So...
...I'm just calling, um...
...because I'm in the basement...
...and I'm trying to get
the water heater working, um...
...because the pilot light's out
and I don't know how to relight it.
So I'm sorry to bother you.
No, no. It's fine. That's fine. Call me...
I'm glad you called about this.
- I'll just walk you through it, okay?
- Okay.
All right, so there's a gray door.
You see the gray door?
- Yeah.
- Okay, just slide that down.
Okay.
There's a red button
with the word "push" on it.
I wrote the word "push" on it?
So you push it.
And you turn it to the right.

I got it.
And then just put the match in.
Oh, there it goes.
Just have to slide the gray door
down again and you're good to go.
Oh.
Well, thanks, Cal. I appreciate your help.
Oh, you know what? Just call anytime
with stuff like that. That's...
Oh, yeah. Uh...
Yeah. Oh.
Sure.
So I'll talk to you soon.
Yeah, and, um...
Thanks again.
No, that's... My pleasure.
Don't want you to blow up the house.
Bye.
Bye.
- Dad, can we go to McDonald's?
- Uh, no.
Why not?
Check it out.
Only reason they play them
is they're catchy.
- Thank you.
- Here you go, sir.
Now, does it come in sheets...?
Oh, yeah, it's a 4 by 8.
Standard 4 by 8, your 3/4 inch stock. Yeah.
- Now, this is for my wife.
- Oh. That's nice.
It has curtains.
- Oh, hey, Cal.
- Hey, Bernie.
- Hi, Mr. Riley.
- Hi, Mr. Riley.
- How's it going?
- Oh, good.
I'd love to catch up,
but I'm doing something to the house later.
Kind of in a rush.
Thanks for the cologne.
Do you know if this is chintz?

- Hello?
- Cal.
- Jacob.
- Oh, my God, it's alive.
Hey, sorry I kind of dropped off
the grid there, pal.
You left me in my hour of need,
my friend.
Yeah, well...
...I'm in a bit of a situation.
A pickle, if you will.
- I got no one else to call.
- Ha, ha.
- I met a girl.
- Oh, really?
I'm spending all this time with her
and she is a game changer.
She's a game changer? No way.
So much so I'm going to meet
her mother right now.
A mother and daughter. That's very
Wilt Chamberlain-esque, even for you.
- What is the matter with you?
- Ha, ha.
I don't know what to do.
I need some advice.
You might actually have to answer
some personal questions about yourself.
You gotta smile a lot.
You've gotta be charming.
Definitely don't be yourself.
That's what you've got for me,
don't be myself?
- Ha-ha-ha.
- Great. Thanks for nothing.
Do you wanna get a?
Do you wanna get a beer next week?
You have my number.
And, you know, don't worry about tonight.
You'll be fine.
- Good for you, by the way.
- See you, buddy.
Honk. You gotta get that fixed.
- Okay. All right.

- Let's go.
Va-jay-jay.
... out of this fourth inning
with just one run in.
He's right on the verge of a big hit
knocking him out of the game here.
He's staying in there,
very competitive today.
No, no, no. Daddy, Daddy, Daddy.
No, leave him. Let him go.
He can handle it. Let him go.
Honey! Get out of my purse.
Stay out of my purse!
Do not take those keys! Do not take those
keys! I'm not letting you take those keys.
You're not following your father!
Stop it!
No! No! Let your father handle it.
You're not to see that man again!
That man's a pervert!
- Stay out of it!
- No!
Is that pervert sexting you?
Hey, baby.
What are you wearing?
Dad's here. I have to blindfold you.
- Why? What's he doing?
- Just come on.
Hate this. Bad.
Is this something
I'm gonna have to clean up?
Mom, no, don't worry about it. Keep going.
- Honey, honey, I really can't see.
- Mom, I got you.
Two. Right now we're on the ground.
One more step.
- Three.
- Three. Yay.
Mom, no more steps.
We're on the ground.
Mom, relax.
It's your husband, not al Qaeda.
Hi, Em.
Oh, hey. Can I take this off now, please?

- Nope, not yet.
- Oh, what's this?
- I hear you, gigglepuss.
- Do it.

May I have your attention?

Many years ago, in the hallway
of Woodside Middle School...

...Cal Weaver saw Emily Boyle
for the first time.

Cal, are you seriously gonna do this
in front of the kids?

Mm-hm.

If anything goes wrong I'm supposed to
take her upstairs and put the TV on loud.

All right. Well, we may as well wait
for your daughter.

- She's right here.
- No, no, no. I mean our other daughter.
- Hello?
- Nanna.
- Hi, guys.
- Hi, sweetheart.
- Hi.
- What's going on?

Oh, I don't know. Some game.

He won't let me take this dumb blindfold off.

- Cal?
- Is that him?

What are you doing here?

- What are you doing here?
- Wait, do you guys know each other?
- What's going on?
- What are you doing here?
- Hey, Nanna.
- Hi, Robbie.
- Hey, Nanna.
- Hi, cutie.

Jacob, it's so nice to meet you.

I've heard so many wonderful things
about you from Nanna.

- I'm sorry, what's a Nanna?
- I am.

I couldn't say Hannah.

How do you know my dad?

She couldn't say her H's at all.

Okay. I'm having trouble understanding what's going on right now.

- Dad, this is Jacob, my boyfriend.

- No, it's not.

- I was bringing him over to meet Mom.

- No. No. No, no, no.

- I wanna see the boyfriend.

- I can't breathe.

Can I take this off?

Cal, what are you doing

with a daughter that's grown up?

I was 17. That's why we had to get married so young.

- You should have told me.

- Never wanted me to talk about my children.

- Um, I'm gonna go watch TV now.

- That's fine. Why don't you go do that?

- Yeah. Can I come?

- No.

So you guys, like,

really know each other, then.

Oh, screw it. This is ridiculous.

- Honey, he's really cute.

- No, he's not.

Look at you. You're really a mother?

I don't believe it, sister.

Let me get this straight.

So you guys are a thing.

You guys are a couple, right?

You guys are together?

- Yeah.

- No way. Break up right now.

- Daddy?

- Please don't call him that.

- Cal, that's not gonna happen.

- Then I will mess you up.

- Dad.

- Cal.

- Cal.

- Jessica?

Bernie?

Daddy, no.

I let her babysit for you,

you son of a bitch.

- She's only 17 years old.
- What are you talking about?
- Oh, God.
- No idea what you're talking about.
- Aah!
- Bernie.

Daddy, no. No, no, no. Stop it.

- Dad.
- Jacob! Oh, God.

Stop it. He didn't do anything.

- He doesn't know.
- Is your back okay?
- Know what?
- Know what?

Is this some kind of a skit?

Because I'm lost.

- Argh!
- No.
- Aah!
- No, no, no. Daddy, Daddy.

He didn't even know

that I'm in love with him.

- With who?
- With him.
- You pointing at me?
- You pointing at him?

She's pointing at him? Oh.

Wait. My dad is the older guy
you've been seeing?

- I knew it. You...
- He doesn't know about the naked photos.
- What?
- Jessica.

You made him naked photos? Seriously?

- I'm gonna beat you till your brains fall out.
- Timeout, timeout. Hold on.
- But I love her.
- Jessica's the one you're in love with?

Excuse me, Emily?

- You left your sweater in my car.
- Oh.
- Who are you?
- David Lindhagen.

- David Lindhagen?

- David Lindhagen.

Okay.

- Is this a bad time?

- Yeah.

- Unh.

- Jacob.

Know how much pain and suffering
you caused my friend?

- Stay the hell away from my daughter.

- Ow.

You stay away from my daughter.

- I don't even know you.

- Stop it.

Oh, my God. That is not...

What are you grabbing?

- Really? Really?

- Come on.

Let go of me! Let go of me! Let go of me!

- Come on, she's my daughter.

- Stop it. Stop it.

I'll kill you.

So...

Okay, wait. Which one of you
is Lindhagen again?

Hagen.

I'm just gonna write,

"Domestic disturbance, all clear."

Thank you, officer.

Just simmer down, okay?

We all have arguments.

But if you're gonna fight, just do it inside.

Keep it in the family, okay?

I will kill you.

Let's go.

- Daddy?

- Now.

- Daddy?

- Now.

Cal.

Come on.

Honey.

This guy is a lowlife,
he is a womanizer.

- That's ironic.
- Excuse me?
I know him.
I have witnessed him in action.
- And you are not to see him anymore.
- Dad, I'm not gonna stop seeing him.
Okay. Okay. Well, then we have
nothing more to talk about.
- You're being unreasonable.
- Get out of my house.
This is not your house anymore.
Well, you made damn sure of that,
didn't you, sweetheart?
- Bye, Nanna.
- Bye, cutie.
She's all yours, David.
- Fantastic.
- Nice.
Go big or go home, right, bud?
Go home, Dad.
- Did you see the headline today?
- What?
It says that you should call your dad.
No, it says,
"Let's move on child obesity." Ha, ha.
No, it doesn't.
- I'm not gonna call him.
- No, it says you really should.
Can I get you another?
- What time is it?

- 2:

In the afternoon.
"Two-thirty" would have been sufficient...
...but thank you for the judgmental tone,
cocktail servant.
I'm sorry...
Sorry for being a dick.
Nice sweat suit.
What do you want?
- Uh, can I sit down?
- I don't know, can you?
Are we gonna be adults about this,
or we gonna...?

"Are we gonna be adults about this?"

- It would mean a lot to me if we could talk.
- Are you still seeing my daughter?
- Yes.
- Then I have nothing to say to you.

Been hanging out here a lot?

Sometimes.

- You been missing a lot of work?
- I have a lot of vacation days.

You know what? You have a lot of nerve.

Do you wanna do your shot?

She probably spit in it,

so, no, thank you.

Your kids miss you, Cal.

You're hanging out with my kids?

That's great.

Teach Robbie how to objectify women.

He'll love that.

You know it's his eighth-grade graduation next week.

You gonna go to that?

Of course I'm going.

I just didn't know. You haven't really been around. I don't think he knows either.

I haven't been around for him?

That's what you're telling me?

You know,

he's not my biggest fan right now.

- He thinks I stole his soul mate.
- He worships you, Cal.
- Is the parental advice over? Because if so...
- I'm in love with her.

I love her.

I don't know what I was doing before this.

And I don't know what to do about it.

It's not something I can really stop.

- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- You love her? You love Hannah?
- Yes.

Tell me about it.

Tell me how much you love her.

I'm just...

Look, Cal, it's not something
that I wanted, okay?
I looked at people who were in love...
...and I thought
the way that they were behaving...
...and the things that they were doing
and saying...
...they appeared pathetic, honestly.
And I spent all this time with you,
I'm trying to make you more like me...
...and it turns out I just wanna be...
I need that drink.
You gonna make me do this?
I gotta really do this?
I had Hannah when I was 17.
I taught her how to ride a bike.
I taught her how to drive a car.
And I'm glad for you.
I'm happy for you, that you've changed.
I think it's fantastic
that you're a better man.
But I've seen too much already.
- No. I know. I know too much.
- I know. I know.
And it's Hannah.
And she's too good for you.
I agree.
I'm never gonna give you my approval.
You're a good dad, Cal.
Yep. Yep.
She spit. She spit in that.
Guys, I need you to pay attention.
Do not cut the line. I need everyone
to stay in your positions, okay?
Guys, check your ties.
Make sure everything is nice and neat.
Ladies, when you're on stage...
Mommy, look. Robbie's name.
Excuse me. Is this open?
- How close?
- Yeah, that's fine.
Good afternoon.
Welcome, parents, family and friends.
We're so pleased to have you here

to celebrate this graduating class.
And now, to introduce
our first student speaker...
...our very own Kate Tafferty.
- She's pretty.
- Ugh.
Our first speaker is not only
the class salutatorian...
...but is also...
...one of the most spirited young men...
...I've ever had the pleasure of teaching.
Ladies and gentlemen, Robbie Weaver.
- Whoo!
- Robbie!
Welcome, class of 2011.
Our time as middle schoolers
has come to an end.
We can't fight it anymore.
We're getting old.
All my life I wanted to grow up.
I wanted to grow older
so people would take me seriously.
It all sounded so good to me.
Growing up, getting a job,
getting married.
But...
...it's all a scam.
And love?
That's the biggest scam of all.
I was in love.
And I know that makes some of you laugh
because I'm only 13...
...but whatever. I was.
And I used to think, and really believe...
...that there was one true love
for everyone...
...and if you fought hard enough
for that person...
...your one true love
would always work out.
It sounded good to me when I was younger,
but it just doesn't work that way.
- There is no such thing as one true love...
- Stop.

Shit.

- Oh, boy.

- Okay.

All right. Ahem. Excuse me.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

- What are you doing?

- What are you doing?

I was wrong, Dad.

There's no such thing as...

I, uh...

Um...

Oh. Well, here's the thing:

My son's graduation speech sucks.

That's not a joke.

In fairness, I didn't know

where he was going with that.

But I think we can all agree...

...it was headed

in a kind of depressing, um, way.

My son... Not him, my actual son.

Believes in grand romantic gestures.

He believes in the existence...

...of one's soul mate.

And it's easy to just look

at a 13-year-old and say:

"You don't know what you're talking about.

You are wrong."

But I'm not so sure.

I met my soul mate

when I was 15 years old.

We went out for ice cream.

After, my dad started teasing me

about my first date, the way dads do.

And I told him, "Dad, it's no big deal.

I'm gonna be going out with a lot of different
girls on a lot of different dates."

And that is the first time

that I ever lied to my father.

I met my soul mate

when I was 15 years old...

...and I have loved her

every minute of every day...

...since I first bought her

that mint chocolate chip cone.

I have loved her through the birth
of my three perfect children.
I have loved her
even when I've hated her.
Only married couples
will understand that one.
And I don't know if it's gonna work out.
I don't know what's gonna happen.
I'm sorry, Robbie, I can't give you that.
But I can promise you this:
I will never stop trying.
Because when you find the one...
...you never give up.
Do you have anything you'd like to say?
I still love you, Jessica.
And I love you, Emily.
I loved you ever since you first
changed my sister's diaper.
I loved you when you came into
my bedroom and I was under the covers...
- Stop him.
- No, no.
- What's he talking about?
- I'm not ashamed of it.
Okay, we're good, we're good.
Oh, there's your mom. Let's go say hi.
Hey.
Oh, I'm so proud of you.
There she is. My perfect girl.
Hi.
Okay.
So I bought a firearm...
...from a shady Internet site...
...and I am prepared to shoot you with it.
Come here.
Take care of her.
This is gonna be fun.
This is gonna be fun.
I'm gonna talk to my friends.
Go hang with the other high schoolers.
Go ahead, see if I care. I don't care.
I'm really glad you came.
So am I.
You were a really good babysitter,

Jessica.

I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable.

- I thought you weren't giving up.

- I'm not.

But I just figure...

...you like my dad...

...and in a few years I'll look like him.

I'll come for you then.

That's not a bad plan.

But...

Well, until then...

...just a little graduation gift

to get you through high school.

Thanks.

So...

Can you...?

- Why...?

- Take care, Robbie.

Holy crap.

- He looks pretty happy.

- Yeah.

- God, I hate that haircut, though.

- Ick.

- I know. He looks like a sheepdog.

- Mm-hm.

Oh, my eyes! My eyes! My eyes!

It's been a really hard year.

How so?

Yeah, there were a couple little blips,

I guess.

- I know.

- I guess I just, you know...

Really what I want to say...

...is that I'm so glad you bought me

that ice cream.

Me too.