**“Comet” By Sam Esmail**

DELL: This is not a dream.

This is not a dream.

Okay. Okay.

This is not a dream.

This is not a dream.

This is not a dream.

Not a dream.

---

DELL: How did I get here?

I don't know. Somebody

just transferred me here.

I don't wanna give you

my information again.

I just told someone 5 times.

Can one of you behave

like a real person, please?

I'm calling about...

Right, yes, I'm her son.

What kind of cancer

are we talking about?

What are our options?

What about a liver transplant?

Why not?

STEPHANIE: Ask about her Child-Pugh score.

Trust me.

DELL: What's her Child-Pugh score?

B. Uh...

STEPHANIE: What about her bilirubin levels?

If they're low enough, they

might consider yttrium-90.

DELL: Hold on. You have

really bad social skills.

Can you pretend to not

listen to my conversation?

Nobody likes that

guy. Don't be that guy.

Eyes on the prize. Yeah.

What about yttrium-90?

Her bilirubin levels are too high.

Okay, listen. I'm gonna get

on a flight in the morning.

Uh, so I should be at the hospital by 3.

Just have her call me

tonight, so I know I'm wanted.

Thanks.

Fuck.

STEPHANIE: This is about your mom?

DELL: Yeah.

STEPHANIE: How long are they giving her?

DELL: I don't know, a few years.

STEPHANIE: I'm so sorry.

DELL: Yeah.

STEPHANIE: What are you doing?

DELL: I gotta roll a joint before

the meteor shower starts.

STEPHANIE: Why?

DELL: We're about to watch a

fucking meteor shower. "Why. "

Oh, here.

That's for when you apply

to college in a few years.

Use me as a reference.

STEPHANIE: You're a postdoctoral scientist

at Tristana Pharmaceuticals.

DELL: Yup.

STEPHANIE: So you already knew...

DELL: Oh, that cancery stuff, yeah, I did.

Anyway, I should be able to help you

get you into a top ten

pre-med in a few years.

STEPHANIE: What makes you think

I wanna go pre-med?

DELL: Well, other than the fact that

you know what yttrium-90 is

when most of your

peers are still battling

to crack the mysteries

of parallel parking.

STEPHANIE: That's just because my mom...

DELL: Your mom died of liver

cancer. Yeah, I know.

Your book bag has a

cancer ribbon pinned to

what could only be a

picture of your mom.

She fits the age range.

And you guys have the same nose bridge.

Makes sense you wanting to

become a doctor that saves people.

Right? To make up for the doctor

that couldn't save your mom.

Then, with time, those

good intentions will fade

and it'll become about the

money like it always does.

And you'll become bitter,

like everyone always becomes.

And then you die, probably from cancer.

You know, because that's ironic.

STEPHANIE: Is there something wrong with you?

Probably, yeah.

Don't worry, I'm working on it.

I just fired my therapist.

She was such an idiot though.

She diagnosed me with

narcissistic personality disorder.

She said I'm under the grand delusion

that I'm the smartest

person in the world.

To which I responded,

"What if I really am?"

You know?

JOSH: Hey, over here.

KIM: Watch out!

You okay?

You alright?

DELL: This... this doesn't feel real.

KIM: What?

DELL: I feel like my life just flashed

before my eyes, you

know, like in a movie

where the main character

dies in the beginning

but he keeps going,

not realizing he's dead.

Hey, what's that movie I'm talking

about? You know what I mean.

It's like, um... What is it? It's...

KIM: Oh, um, sure, uh, yeah.

Like, uh, Bruce Willis

in "The Sixth Sense?"

DELL: Exactly. Yeah.

Wait, no. You know what,

I never saw that. Shit.

That's the twist that

everyone was talking about?

Bruce Willis dies in the

beginning of that. That sucks.

Ah, I really wanted to see that. Fuck.

KIM: I'm sorry. I guess I just

thought everyone had seen it.

DELL: No, don't worry. Now, I'm not that mad.

I mean I am, but I'll get over it.

That's a lie.

I'll probably harbor this

for a few months at least

and then, you know, we'll see.

See what happens.

Oh, that's cute. Do you

have an eating problem?

Oh, not like...

Sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

JOSH: Dude, come on, you do realize my date

isn't the one with the

eating problem, right?

DELL: Oh.

JOSH: Wha... Uh-oh, Kimberly's annoyed.

---

DELL: Kimberly.

Kimberly.

Hey.

KIM: How do you do that?

DELL: What?

KIM: I haven't seen you in a year

when I was literally

just thinking about you.

DELL: Oh, really?

KIM: Yeah. Because of that song.

I was listening to it

as I was walking here.

It reminded me of the hotel.

The one we stayed at for my

friend's wedding in Paris.

DELL: Yeah, yeah, Paris.

City of Lights and

pretension as I recall.

KIM: We had one of our biggest fights.

DELL: And that was your friend's

wedding from Wisconsin, right?

What was her name, Lenora or Lee Anora?

KIM: Sarah? Right.

DELL: I remember that wedding.

I remember that was the one where the DJ

played that Montell Jordan song twice.

I remember, the first time

we thought it was ironic

then we realized he just liked the song.

KIM: Definitely our biggest fight.

The beginning of the end, really.

DELL: Yeah.

Yeah.

---

JOSH: Look, It's like the Beatles, right?

I mean, I liked them when I was 5.

But at a certain point,

you just want something

with a little more nuance, you know?

Don't get me wrong. I could

handle them a little better

when they had Pete Best to ground them

but past that, I don't know,

they just got so pedestrian.

STEPHANIE: Do you come here a lot?

DELL: Do I come to the cemetery?

STEPHANIE: I like cemeteries. You

know, they're romantic.

Especially this one.

JOSH: Soccer is by far the most elegant sport.

Yeah, I read somewhere it's gonna overtake

football in America in the next 2 years.

DELL: Really? 2 years?

JOSH: A friend of mine described it.

DELL: Clock's ticking.

JOSH: He blogged, "Soccer's...

soccer's chess on a field. "

DELL: Do you have a vomit

bag... vomit bags on you?

JOSH: I'll send you the link.

DELL: I guess we could just... I'd

hate to throw up on a grave.

STEPHANIE: Why didn't you just go to

the Griffith Park Observatory

then to watch the meteor shower?

DELL: Oh, they have assholes

there too. Trust me.

There're assholes all over the city

But rarely do you get to be

next to one so spectacular.

JOSH: The only knock on him though, I have

to say, is that he's from New York.

I can't stand that place.

Seriously. It's so overrated.

DELL: Why? Because of all the bridges and

the culture and the history they have?

Who needs it? I'll take Orlando any day.

They got so many more T.G.I. Fridays.

JOSH: That’s why I love L.A. You know, Los

Angeles is just more modern.

It has a certain relevancy about it

New York just doesn't have anymore.

DELL: Kimberly, I was wondering

if I could have your number?

KIM: What?

DELL: Your phone number?

JOSH: Dude... she's with me.

DELL: No.

JOSH: Uh, yeah, she is.

DELL: No, she's not.

Not yet anyway. At best,

this is a first date.

And I'm shocked that that even happened.

I have nothing against you.

You might not be a bad guy.

Most likely you are but maybe

not. You're incredibly handsome

and you were probably very

handsome when you were a kid, too.

I think that explains your lack

of substance and personality.

Only because nobody's ever

really challenged you before.

So now as an adult you

think everything you say

means something, but it

means nothing actually.

You don't know what

you're talking about.

And it's really upsetting. And I

think she probably sees through that.

You're very pretty, but

you're shallow beyond belief.

Anyway, can I have your number?

KIM: Okay, okay.

DELL: What are you doing?

You just said all that shit.

Yeah, but it was just an observation.

JOSH: And you ask my girl out in front of me?

DELL: Oh, shit. Sorry, my mistake.

I see that now. I shouldn't have

done that. She's way too beautiful.

JOSH: What?

DELL: No. I just should be more of a realist.

I should know that

I'm a C, maybe a C plus

in the winter time when I

can cover up my body more.

And even though you're a douche bag,

you're still incredibly attractive.

So maybe it's only fair you two pair.

KIM: What? It rhymed.

DELL: She's right, it rhymed.

Let's... Can you just put me down?

This is embarrassing now for everyone.

KIM: Okay. Come on, Josh. The line's moving.

Let's... Let's just go. Come on.

JOSH: Oh, yeah...

DELL: Gotta get a good seat.

JOSH: The only thing wrong with you

is you're chicken shit. That's all.

DELL: That's not the only problem.

JOSH: Let's go. Excuse me.

Excuse me.

DELL: One of many.

KIM: You okay?

DELL: Yeah.

I shouldn't have talked.

That's when I get into trouble.

I'm sorry I made fun of your

sandwich bag. I didn't mean to.

Actually, that's not true, I did.

Sorry. I'm really nervous.

KIM: It's okay. I'm sorry he bothered you.

DELL: I was not nervous because of him.

KIM: Okay. Bye.

DELL: She is so...

Beautiful.

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DELL: Kim, come on, the wedding's in an hour.

You gotta get ready.

KIM: So... have you ever dreamt about me?

DELL: Dreamt about you?

KIM: Yeah.

You know, in the 700

plus days we've dated.

DELL: You ever dreamt about me?

KIM: So... Yeah, of course.

DELL: Oh, yeah? Like, uh, sex dreams?

KIM: At first, but then we had

sex, and that went away.

DELL: Ha. Is that how you

really wanna say that?

KIM: So I was all hot to trot for you

or whatever in the beginning.

And now, you know, reality has set in.

But that's not what I

meant. I meant like...

A dream, like ambiguous depictions

of what we are or were, or could be.

Stuff like that.

DELL: Can you stop already? I got it.

KIM: Why, I oughta...

DELL: Oh, hey, whoa.

Put that down. You're

gonna hurt yourself.

What are you doing?

KIM: I'm a give you what for.

DELL: Oh, yeah?

Yeah.

You good?

Okay. Okay.

That was fun.

KIM: Does it bother you that

you don't make me happy?

DELL: Always with the jokes.

KIM: I'm serious.

DELL: Seriously? You went from sex

dreams to not being happy?

KIM: False. I wasn't talking

about sex dreams, you were.

And secondly, I'm a girl,

so yes, we non-sequitur.

DELL: That's a little cliched.

KIM: I want a baby.

DELL: Point taken.

KIM: Seriously. Don't you want a baby?

DELL: Someday, sure.

But let's burn that bridge

when we get to it, okay?

KIM: See? Not making me happy.

How do you do that? How do you do that?

---

DELL: Oh, my God. She's beautiful.

She's beyond beautiful.

And she's real.

She seems funny, too.

And there's a hint of

crazy, I can feel it.

Beautiful, crazy, and funny.

Jesus Christ. She's perfect.

It's really annoying. Really...

KIM: That's two near collisions

for you now in a row.

Well, at least this one's nonfatal.

DELL: Okay.

KIM: Okay.

DELL: Okay.

KIM: Bye.

DELL: Uh, yeah.

What the fuck was that?

Wait. Wait.

What are we doing?

Are we in a chase scene

now? What are we doing?

Wait, just stop for a second.

KIM: So I thought I saw

somebody, a friend of mine

behind you coming over.

So that's why I turned

around and waited.

So what's the big deal?

DELL: It wasn't because you were watching me?

Because it looked like

you were kinda watching me.

KIM: No, it was because of a friend

that was behind you.

So they're not there now obviously.

Besides, you were being weird.

You were talking to yourself.

What were you saying anyway?

DELL: You say "so" a lot.

It's really annoying.

KIM: So...

Are you trying to make this awkward now?

It feels awkward now.

DELL: Awkward feels good to me.

KIM: And awkward feels awkward to me.

DELL: That's a little on the

nose, don't you think?

I'm not trying to fuck you.

If that's what you're

worried about, I mean.

I'm not gonna ask you out

because I don't believe in love.

I think all relationships

deteriorate into hate

indifference or... Well,

yeah, those two things.

KIM: My parents have been

together for 32 years.

And they're happily in love.

DELL: No, they're not.

KIM: Yes, they are.

DELL: No, they're not.

If they haven't divorced by now

probably means they've

just surrendered to the fact

that being apart isn't much

better than being together.

You know, the lesser of two evils.

Trust me, it's like an emotional

holocaust between your parents right now.

They probably have lukewarm

feelings about you too.

I'm Dell, by the way.

KIM: So, no offense, but I have

a-a thing about shaking hands.

DELL: Oh, my God. You are a little crazy.

That's great.

KIM: You're not impressing me.

DELL: I disagree.

KIM: You know, you should stop trying

to sound so smart all the time.

You just wind up sounding really dumb.

DELL: It's just I realized why

you date guys like that.

You have terrible taste in

men because you're superficial.

You're fooling yourself in the hopes

of finding something redeemable.

It's because of love.

That's your blind spot.

You gotta give up on that.

KIM: Wow. Okay.

Well, I thank you for

your insight, stranger

but I actually believe love is real.

I'm gonna go now.

DELL: Wait.

Can I still get your...

---

KIM: Hello, boyfriend.

DELL: Hey.

KIM: Hey, listen, Roxette's on,

and the good part is coming up.

Can I call you back?

DELL: Wait-wait, I just have to tell you

something more important really quick.

You know that book I've been reading,

"The Selfish Gene" by Richard Dawkins...

KIM: Leave the winter on the ground.

DELL: There's this fascinating

part I just read about memes.

He basically says that ideas are like

genes that self-replicate and mutate

like a cultural form of evolution...

KIM: Touch me now, I close my eyes...

DELL: I was thinking how that

applies to us, you know?

The idea of us, how we've

really mutated and evolved...

KIM: And it's a hard winter's day...

DELL: Right? because you think about it, we were

just dumb, young kids when we first met.

And then we broke up, got

back together, blah blah blah.

And now, we're this really

mature, loving couple

who's grown respect and

admiration for each other.

You know what I mean?

Kimberly?

You hung up on me, didn't you?

KIM: But it's over now.

From the moment we touched.

Until the time had run out.

Yeah.

---

DELL: Well, maybe you could.

Well, because I'd like her

to be at the best place.

Well, then maybe you can

introduce me to the head guy

at the cancer immunology lab.

Because I've taken an

interest, that's all.

KIM: Yes, mom, I meditated.

I meditate before every

date, but it didn't help.

Face facts, no one thinks

I'm special but you.

Well, I'm still technically on it.

But it's not working out, trust me.

He called himself a Bob Dylan song

and then proceeded to call

me a Britney Spears song.

I don't know what it means

either, but it sounds insulting.

DELL: No, not him. Uh, the one

with glasses, mustache.

Looks like a child trafficker.

Yeah, yeah, that's the one.

Well, if I...

I gotta go. I gotta go.

KIM: Can I ask you a serious question?

Do you think I have

terrible taste in men?

Okay, I'm back. Uh-huh.

Well, I'm at...

DELL: I have to talk to you.

KIM: I'm on the phone.

DELL: No, it's really important.

Really important.

KIM: I'm on the friggin' phone.

DELL: Have you ever cried at one of

these things? I was wondering.

KIM: Mom, I have to go.

Something weird is happening.

One of what things?

DELL: These meteor shower things.

KIM: Cried?

DELL: Yeah, you know, like tears

of joy, that kind of thing.

KIM: No. I've never cried

at one of these things.

DELL: Neither have I. Ever, ever.

In fact, I don't

understand people that do.

It's kind of bullshit,

happy crying is, isn't it?

What are your thoughts on that?

KIM: So I was on the phone.

DELL: So, yeah, you were on the phone.

Sorry. Was it important?

KIM: More important than your question?

DELL: Yes.

KIM: Yes.

DELL: My mistake. Sorry. I'll

never interrupt you again.

KIM: Thank you.

DELL: Okay.

KIM: Well...

I should get back to my

date. He's probably...

DELL: But I just wanna keep talking to you.

KIM: What?

DELL: I wanna keep talking

to you for multiple reasons.

I mean, you're beautiful, but

it's more than that. I promise.

KIM: That's very nice, but I should go.

Maybe I'll see you in the

winter when you're a C plus.

DELL: See? I knew it. I knew you

were superficial. I told you.

KIM: The only reason that you're talking

to me is because you think I'm hot.

DELL: Yeah, but the only reason why you

won't is because you think I'm not.

KIM: Fine. Give me a reason why I should?

DELL: I was saying, "Don't miss her. "

Earlier, when you saw me talking to

myself. I was saying, "Don't miss her. "

I'm always so afraid I'm gonna

miss the important things in life.

Something about you has given me a

heightened curiosity to know you better.

And that is a near

impossible feat when it comes

to me because I hate

getting to know people.

But I can tell you're

not like the others.

KIM: What others?

DELL: People.

KIM: People? You can tell I'm not a person?

DELL: Yeah, you're not phony like them.

Also, I didn't say you were

hot. I said you are beautiful.

When is this dumb thing gonna happen?

KIM: It's a beautiful night though.

What?

DELL: I never know what that

means when people say

that it's a beautiful

night? What does it mean?

KIM: So... well, to me

means it's comfortable, familiar...

Yet deeply moving.

DELL: Right, no... I feel you

like, uh, like getting stoned

and listening to Steely Dan.

KIM: No. Nothing at all like that.

DELL: No... I know. More like...

Yeah, like...

Floating down a serene lake in a rowboat

when the sun is setting or

rising... or when the sun is

being a part of nature.

KIM: Stop speaking.

DELL: Okay.

KIM: It's beautiful when the

weather is not hot or cold.

Kinda like you don't notice it.

Kinda like it's perfect because

everything is so balanced.

You don't even feel it.

And while you're

feeling that non-feeling

you look up in the sky

and you almost think that's why.

Because how everything is right

now, all the stars and planets

and us and the ground,

and the cells and molecules

right now... is exactly the reason

why now is comfortable.

DELL: You're a now person.

KIM: True.

DELL: Yeah, see, I'm a

5-minutes-from-now person.

Because 5 minutes from now,

a gust of wind could come in

and blow H1N1 in everyone's eyes.

KIM: Right. Except that's highly unlikely.

DELL: Or 5 minutes from now,

an earthquake could erupt

and swallow us all whole.

KIM: Right. Except that...

No, shit, that could actually happen.

DELL: Yeah. The point is I'm way too

anxious about what could happen

5 minutes from now to

be content with now.

Can't do it.

KIM: What if something good

happens 5 minutes from now?

Can't that happen?

DELL: No.

KIM: What did you think was gonna happen

5 minutes before you met me?

DELL: I'm just really paranoid

I'm gonna miss it.

I miss things a lot.

KIM: I don't care if I miss it because...

DELL: You're a now person. Got it.

KIM: So another weird thing.

I don't mind your pessimism

as much as I usually mind pessimism.

DELL: That's great. I hate people

who think I'm too negative.

KIM: Also, I like your hat.

DELL: Yeah, I'm probably gonna

fall in love with you.

KIM: Wow.

DELL: That's it?

KIM: What were you hoping for?

I'm going to fall in love with you, too?

DELL: No, but... Well, yeah.

KIM: So all that stuff about not

believing in relationships...

DELL: Oh, that's just a pick-up line.

Do we have a deal then?

Cause you said you believe in love.

I don't. Let's put it to the test.

Date each other. Me and you.

In a relationship. Let's do it.

KIM: Why the hell am I shaking your hand?

---

KIM: I should be scared to death

of who you are as a person.

Instead, I'm scared

to death of weddings.

Death. Literally.

I'd probably have a coronary

right as I'm walking up the aisle.

DELL: Oh, God, please invite

me to your wedding.

I would love to see that.

KIM: Well, that's morbid and telling.

DELL: Yeah, well, if snuff films

were readily available

I'd probably watch them, not gonna lie.

Is that a deal breaker for you?

KIM: No, because for some reason

I still happen to be in love with you.

No, it's because you didn't think

that you'd be the one marrying me.

DELL: You don't smoke weed. What

are you doing? Don't do that.

KIM: So do you still love me?

DELL: I tell you all the time,

if you died right now

I'd visit your grave every single day.

Not every day, that's crazy.

KIM: That doesn't answer the question.

DELL: Of course, I love you.

KIM: It never sounds real when you say it.

Like it doesn't exist.

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KIM: So what are you doing here?

DELL: Going up north.

KIM: Why would you do that?

DELL: I don't know.

KIM: You don't know?

DELL: I'm... I'm kidding. I'm

going to meet someone.

KIM: So right, okay.

How's your mom doing?

DELL: She's actually fine.

I can't believe I haven't

talked to you this long.

Yeah, turns out her

doctors are huge idiots.

So I kinda took matters in my own hand.

I figured out a way to dose

her with that experimental drug

we've been developing in our lab.

KIM: Wait. Are you allowed to do that?

DELL: No.

KIM: Wasn't that extremely dangerous?

DELL: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

KIM: She's fine now?

DELL: Yeah, completely. She's

in remission. So...

KIM: Dell, that's great.

DELL: Yeah.

KIM: I mean, other than the

totally-unethical-recklessly-

risking-your-mom's-life part.

That's... that's, You... you saved her.

DELL: Yeah, I guess.

We should probably keep

that between us... by the way

Because there's a good chance

what I did was illegal... ish.

KIM: Right.

DELL: Oh.

CONDUCTOR: All aboard.

DELL: Right. We should probably...

KIM: Okay, right.

Well, still, wow.

I can't believe you're

curing cancer now.

Does that mean you've

stopped hating people?

DELL: Not at all.

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DELL: Kill Zelda Fitzgerald.

Right?

KIM: Who is that?

DELL: Really?

KIM: I don't know who that is.

DELL: F. Scott Fitzgerald's annoying... wife.

KIM: Oh, really?

DELL: Yeah.

KIM: Oh.

DELL: I'd definitely marry Rita Hayworth.

KIM: Great hair.

DELL: Hair, right. Guys love her hair.

I definitely have to

shit out of this one.

KIM: Olga Kordinstitch? Who is that?

DELL: I don't know. I've just

always wanted to fuck an Olga.

KIM: I would definitely marry Tupac.

DELL: Kimberly Shakur.

It's got a good ring to it.

KIM: I would definitely "F" Edward R. Murrow.

I picture him starting up sex with

"Good night, and good luck. "

I'd probably laugh so much

that I'd have an orgasm

right then and there.

From the laughter, you know?

DELL: I lied about not seeing

"The Sixth Sense. "

KIM: You saw it?

DELL: Of course I saw it. Everybody

saw it. It's amazing.

Who didn't see "The Sixth Sense?"

KIM: Why would you lie about that?

DELL: I read in a woman's magazine

that every relationship

whether it be short term, or long term

there's usually, like, one big

lie relative to that relationship

and I just... I wanted to

get mine over with, I guess.

KIM: Why would you want to get

a jump start on the lying?

DELL: Because...

KIM: Because of five minutes from now.

DELL: Well, yeah...

KIM: You're assuming that

we're in a relationship

or going to be when I'm

still technically on a date

with someone else.

Which I should probably be

getting back to by the way.

DELL: What about the handshake? We

shook hands. You can't do that.

KIM: I was leading you on.

DELL: That's really fucked up.

KIM: That's the business.

DELL: Well, what about a friendship?

Actually, what am I talking about?

I definitely don't want

to be friends with you.

KIM: I was raped. In high school.

By the quarterback...

of the football team.

DELL: Jesus.

KIM: I know.

DELL: That is a terrible lie.

KIM: Hey! How do you know that's a lie?

DELL: You were raped in high school

by the quarterback of the football team?

I don't think after-school

specials are that cliched.

You couldn't have gone with,

like, a cornerback or defensive end

or something?

KIM: Well, I was just trying

to get mine over with.

DELL: Get what over who?

KIM: My lie to you.

DELL: You can't.

KIM: Why can't?

DELL: Because I saw it coming,

because we just talked about it.

KIM: You’re very good at this.

DELL: You've got to wait until I'm in

a completely vulnerable position

where I'd really fall for it.

KIM: That sounds really dangerous.

DELL: Oh, yeah, that's the

problem with relationships.

KIM: Danger?

DELL: Or worse.

KIM: Worse?

DELL: You could change the other person.

KIM: You're a very broken man, Dell.

DELL: In theory.

Speaking of broken men,

your goateed Philistine

is sashaying toward us.

KIM: Run!

DELL: What?

KIM: Run!

DELL: What?

KIM: Run!

DELL: Well, that's settled.

Wanna hit?

KIM: No way. It has a weird effect on me.

For some reason, when I'm high,

I think people can't hear me

and I start speaking really loudly.

---

KIM: Do you remember

memorizing phone numbers?

I don't remember the last time

I memorized a phone number.

DELL: I don't either, actually.

Remember checking the

newspaper for movie showtimes?

Remember that?

KIM: Or writing people those notes in

those, like, folded-up triangles

and then putting them in their lockers.

Do you think kids still do that?

As opposed to just e-mails or texts?

DELL: No way. It's all

about e-mails and texts

with those goddamn hugs and kisses.

I hate those things.

Whenever anybody e-mails

me hugs and kisses

I wanna just e-mail them

back oral and penetration.

KIM: Are we old? Are we

talking like old people?

Are we on the verge of

joining the sweatpants culture?

Was I just saying something?

What? Was I?

DELL: Give me that.

KIM: Why?

DELL: Give me that.

Okay, that's it for you.

I think you should start

drinking some coffee.

Okay?

KIM: See, that's why I hate time.

DELL: I believe I want to

have sex with you now.

KIM: I believe I share in that belief.

DELL: Hey, uh, uh... Okay.

We gotta get ready. Come on.

KIM: What the F? I thought

we were gonna make it!

DELL: I know, but we gotta go, Kim.

Really.

What's that?

What is that?

You ordered Chinese food? Who

orders Chinese food in Paris?

Kim, they're going to have

dinner at the wedding, you know?

The wedding that we're supposed

to go to in half an hour.

And you just ate lunch. You're not full?

KIM: What does that have to do with anything?

DELL: Oh, Jesus. This is the pot talking.

You shouldn't have smoked. I

knew it. You gotta get ready.

What are you doing? You made me promise

to get you down there

on time no matter what.

You warned me you would do this.

KIM: See, this is why I hate time.

I can't enjoy my sesame

chicken because of it.

DELL: Kim.

KIM: Wish I could just stop it or something.

Or at least just make it

pause when needed, like now.

Or better yet, just get

rid of it altogether.

DELL: You wanna get rid of time?

How would you do that?

KIM: You know how there's time-based art?

Movies, music, plays,

it's all time-based art.

There's a beginning,

and a middle and an end.

You have to see it from

the beginning to the end.

You're restrained to that timeline...

That way of experiencing it.

But then there's paintings.

No beginning, no middle, no end.

You see what you want to

see when you want to see it.

No restrictions, it's just there.

DELL: Okay, so you want life

to be a painting? Great.

What?

Thanks.

KIM: So, do you know you really love me?

So, what's in your pocket?

DELL: My wallet.

It's stuffed with our

saved movie ticket stubs

because I'm a romantic like that.

Can you please get ready?

KIM: Shhh! Can't you see, I'm

trying to touch my toes?

DELL: I really don't want to be that

couple that's always late for things.

Can we please not be that couple?

At least for the tenure of

our relationship? Please.

KIM: You did it again!

DELL: What? What, I'm just saying

I want us to respect time.

KIM: Not that.

DELL: Okay, what then? What did I do that

I did twice now and still not know?

KIM: You said "the tenure

of our relationship. "

You keep speaking about our

relationship as if it's ending.

DELL: Okay. You see how this

relates to the time thing?

Why don't you take your own

advice and instead of seeing

a beginning, middle, and end,

just see it as a painting.

Kimberly! What are you

doing? We're going to be late!

And I'm gonna somehow get

blamed for it, I know it.

---

DELL: What are you reading?

KIM: Roald Dahl short stories.

So, is it about a girl?

Is it about a new girl

you're going up north?

A new girlfriend you're not telling me

because you think

it'll make it awkward...

DELL: Right… yeah.

KIM: So, right. Okay.

New girl.

DELL: I love Roald Dahl. He's the best.

Which one are you reading? And

are you sleeping with anyone?

KIM: The one about Hitler. And yes.

DELL: Shit.

I didn't know he wrote one about Hitler.

KIM: Uh... kind of. It's about this doctor

that saves this woman's life.

She's on the verge of death

through the whole delivery.

And this doctor is so determined

to save this woman's life

and the life of her unborn child, right?

But, it turns out that

the child is Hitler.

DELL: Okay, uh...

Did you just give away the ending?

KIM: How was I supposed to

tell you what the story

was about without

giving away the ending?

DELL: What are you talking about? Just say...

It's a story about a

doctor who saves a woman

from a potentially fatal pregnancy?

KIM: Because that's what the story is about?

DELL: It is.

KIM: False, birdbrain. That is

not what the story is about.

It's about the irony

that the baby's Hitler.

DELL: Okay, you're mad.

KIM: I'm not mad.

DELL: You're mad 'cause of the girl.

KIM: I'm seeing a guy. Jack.

DELL: You're seeing a Jack?

KIM: He's an executive at MTV.

Looks like a cross between

Salvador Dali and Dwayne Wayne

from "A Different World," which is hot.

DELL: That's a weird combination.

I gotta go to the bathroom really quick.

Well, that... fucking...

---

DELL: Hurt.

KIM: What?

DELL: You hung up on me. What happened?

KIM: Because.

DELL: Okay, you realize that's not

an answer to my question, right?

KIM: What is it that I can

help you with, sir?

DELL: I don't know. Have I told you how much New

York reminds of why I hate L.A. so much?

KIM: No, please do, because

the New Yorker who opines

the inferiorities of Los Angeles

is bursting with originality.

DELL: I'm serious, Kimberly

we gotta move here,

it is the fucking best.

It's enough already with L.A.

It's like a mix of moral

nihilism and Disneyland.

KIM: So are you.

DELL: Hey, did I tell you the proof of concept

on our drug passed with flying colors?

There's actually a bidding war

between a few pharmas right now.

Looks like we could be licensing

it for close to 25 million.

Money for soul seems like...

KIM: An even swap, yes, it's not

like I'm not happy for you

but you did already tell me

this all this morning, remember?

DELL: Did I really?

KIM: Uh-huh.

DELL: Oh shit, my short-term

memory must be shot.

What with the smoking pot and whatnot.

KIM: I'm your new second-term

girlfriend, man

aren't you supposed to be,

like, impressing me still?

DELL: Your second-term

boyfriend just told you

he made his bosses close

to 25 million dollars today.

KIM: I'm not materialistic.

DELL: I know that, but 25 million dollars

sort of, I don't know,

makes that sound retarded.

KIM: Okay, seeing as there's no

new information in this call

I am going to go. I'm

almost at the gun range.

DELL: Hey, don't you think it's cute that

you own a gun card and I own a pot card?

KIM: Now you sound retarded.

DELL: Listen, we should probably

stop saying retarded.

I'm starting to feel like an asshole.

KIM: Oh, is that just now starting?

DELL: What's going on? You sound off.

KIM: You're off.

DELL: No, no, no, I'm serious.

Your cadence is all over the place.

You sound a little like Miss Teschmacher

when she betrayed Lex Luthor.

Something's wrong, I can tell.

What's going on?

KIM: Oh, God, this is gonna blow.

DELL: What's going on?

Oh, shit, this is bad, isn't it?

This is like infidelity bad.

I definitely heard a silence just now!

What is going on?!

---

KIM: You okay?

DELL: Yeah, you okay?

KIM: So... it's been a while.

DELL: Yup.

KIM: I'm glad you're finally here.

DELL: Yeah, me too.

KIM: I've been trying to get a hold

of you for a long time now.

Do you want a tour of the place?

DELL: No.

KIM: Oh, okay.

Seriously?

DELL: Oh, yeah. You know I don't care

about stupid shit like that.

KIM: Right, sorry, I've

adjusted to normal people

so your presence is gonna

take some realignment.

DELL: You moving?

KIM: Uh, no, kind... kind of.

Um, do you want anything,

by the way? Like, uh...

DELL: I want to talk.

What?

KIM: Nothing, for a second I...

I forgot what you looked like.

DELL: For the record, I've never

forgotten what you looked like.

---

KIM: Okay, chill out, okay. I

didn't sleep with anyone!

DELL: Okay, did you see and/or touch

another man's penis in any way?

KIM: Really? Out of all the

things you want to know

this is what you wanna ask me the most?

DELL: What kinda question is that. Of course

that's what I want to know the most!

KIM: No. Penises were not involved.

DELL: Were your boobs and/or vagina...

KIM: No. It was texts. That's all it was.

DELL: I should never have gone

against my own advice.

I should always be the better

looking one in the relationship

but I just sort of

hit an impasse on that.

KIM: Honestly, gosh, Dell, do

you really think that that...

DELL: Who was it?

KIM: It was my in-between ex... Jack.

DELL: Jack, the MTV exec?

Are you fucking serious?

I thought you hated MTV!

Isn't he short?

KIM: He's not tall.

DELL: Wha... Are you seriously defending him?

You can't call him short, you

have to go with "not tall?"

Jesus, you like him? Why

the fuck are you being

so sangfroid over this shit?

You're being way too easy on yourself!

You should know I'm standing in

the middle of a monsoon right now.

KIM: Well... so, maybe I

should let you go then?

DELL: Why? Because I'm standing

in the middle of a monsoon?

KIM: No, because you... Yes,

because you're standing

in the middle of a monsoon!

---

DELL: Um...

KIM: Are you okay?

What are you staring at?

Oh, my thesis.

That reminds me. I've been

keeping articles about you.

They said that your drug

led to major breakthroughs

in cancer treatment. It's amazing, Dell.

Your mom, especially, must be proud.

That's me and...

DELL: Jack.

How long have you guys been engaged?

KIM: So... what are you talking about?

DELL: You've boxed up a lot of old

kitchen appliances over there

which means you've

either declared a fatwa

on General Electric or you're

wedding registering the fuck

out of your friends and family.

You've been fidgeting with

your ring finger non-stop.

You're also giving me that

look like you're trying to think

of a lie real quick.

KIM: I might beat the shit out of you.

The wedding's in a few weeks.

DELL: Question is, where's the ring?

KIM: It's getting sized.

DELL: Huh.

Question number two,

why didn't you tell me?

KIM: I was going to tell you

before you did your whole

annoying MacGyver thing.

DELL: Yeah, I don't think that's the

reference you're looking for.

Does Jack even know I'm here?

KIM: Trust me, he knows you're here.

DELL: What does that mean? Why did you scoff?

KIM: What scoff? I didn't scoff.

DELL: You scoffed.

You guys fought about me coming.

I'm actually kind of flattered,

didn't know yours truly

could threaten the evil

prince of the MTV generation.

KIM: First of all, Jack's leaving MTV.

His article in Esquire was

optioned by George Clooney.

DELL: Yeah, well, I won my fantasy

baseball league last year.

KIM: Let's not talk about Jack, okay?

DELL: I'm happy to not talk about Jack.

What's the smoking rule in here?

Is he making a face? Is that a...

That's just how he looks.

So, I had a very vivid dream

the other night about us.

KIM: A vivid dream? What was

it about, this vivid dream?

---

DELL: It was a dream of memories.

Uh, conversations that we've had.

KIM: I saved your life.

You owe the person that

saved you, don't you think?

---

KIM: You had a dream that was

really a series of memories

of conversations we've had?

DELL: Yeah, don't hurt yourself,

it's not that complicated.

Cause to the brain, there's

no difference between

reality and dreams.

They were just memories

of us over the years.

---

DELL: What if I don't subscribe

to a culture of indentured servitude?

KIM: You can't unsubscribe.

It's a thing of nature

it's here to stay.

---

DELL: They weaved in and out of each other

like those M.C. Escher drawings.

So, one second I'd be on that train

that time we got back together

after our first breakup

another second I was on

the phone in New York.

The last time we ever

talked to each other.

But they blended together like a...

KIM: Painting?

---

KIM: I saved your life.

If it weren't for me, you

would have been run over

by that car.

You would have been splat

just like my timeless

life painting thing.

---

DELL: And they were all real...

But there was one moment

in the dream that was, um...

Well, it... it... it

was one we never had,

it was the only one.

KIM: What was it about? This made-up moment?

DELL: It's gonna sound weird,

but it was us talking

after not having

talked for however long.

KIM: So, wait, I'm confused. It was...

DELL: This moment. This moment

that we're having right now.

So me coming over, seeing your

apartment, your life with Jack

and reconnecting...

---

DELL: Oh, God, I feel sick.

I blame L.A. for this.

This is what happens when you

fall in love in Los Angeles. Fuck!

So, what is this? Are

you breaking up with me?

KIM: I don't want to, no.

DELL: But you like this Jack guy, right?

Do you realize Jack Tripper was one of

my favorite characters in all of fiction

and you've forever ruined his good name?

Shit! Can I...

Shit, I can't even order

a Jack and Coke anymore!

A vodka soda!

A vodka soda? My life is ruined!

KIM: Okay. We should just

get off the phone, okay.

You're mad, and any words we exchange

now are gonna be bleak at best...

DELL: I can't believe this. You used to

never want to get off the phone.

KIM: No, I used to want to get off

the phone, I just used to not.

DELL: And now you can't wait

to get off the phone.

KIM: I don't even know what we're

fighting about anymore, okay.

If you wanna yell at me about

Jack, fine, but I'm too tired

for another one of your meta arguments.

DELL: I don't deserve to be treated like this.

I thought you were supposed

to be my indentured servant?

Whatever happened to that, huh?

KIM: So, what are you

talking about right now?

DELL: I'm talking about that-that

prescription to life thing.

KIM: Right, except it's

subscription to nature.

DELL: Whatever.

KIM: No, you’ve got this backwards,

kid, I saved your life.

DELL: But then I saved your life.

When were on the train, we ran into

each other, and we got back together.

KIM: You mean, when you stalked

and followed me onto the train?

DELL: I saved your life because

you got off at Chico.

You weren't supposed

to get off at Chico.

You were supposed to go on to Portland,

but because of me you

got off at Chico instead

and you weren't on the

train when it derailed.

DELL: You could have died.

KIM: No one died, Dell.

DELL: The point remains...

KIM: No, that's not the same, okay.

You would absolutely have

died had I not saved you.

Plus, I saw that car coming. I knew it

was going to hit you, and I saved you.

I knowingly saved you.

DELL: Yeah, well, that's starting to

feel like a minus, not a plus.

KIM: Be that as it may, you didn't

know you were saving me.

You were just trying

to get back in my pants.

DELL: No! I was trying to get you back!

Which just happens to include

getting into your pants.

KIM: So yours was a sinister

doing, mine was pure altruism.

DELL: But I knowingly saved you too.

KIM: We just went over this, pothead...

DELL: You were supposed to get

off at Portland to meet Jack

but I knowingly saved you from him.

Except I didn't, did I?

---

DELL: Fuck!

I should have told you I loved you more.

When we were together, I mean.

I was also such a dick to you

but I just thought you'd find

it endearing for some reason

like... like people feel

about Don Rickles or Mussolini.

It's not an excuse, it's just a reason.

Anyway, I'm sorry, okay.

KIM: I need a drink. In a bad way.

DELL: There's a bar car here,

they sell drinks. Let's go.

KIM: No, doesn't that mean we have

to walk in between the cars?

No, I can't do that

while the train's moving.

DELL: Oh, don't be such a pussy.

KIM: Said the dick.

DELL: Besides, the world's at war

right now, so I think we should...

We should take every little opportunity

to put ourselves in harm's way.

Alleviate some of the guilt, you know?

KIM: No, no, there's all the scary

noises that the train makes

and what if I fell?

I don't have the best

relationship with gravity.

KIM: Put your iPod on and

play something calming

that'll drown out the sound,

and I'll hold your

hand. So you don't fall.

Come on. Come on.

I won't let you go. I promise.

---

DELL: Have you ever tried asking someone

"Where's my fucking

money?" You ever done that?

KIM: You mean, like at random, or

when I'm actually owed money?

DELL: No, at random obviously.

KIM: Right, I don't know what I was thinking.

DELL: It's fun, you should try it. Ask me.

Ask me where's my fucking money?

KIM: Where's my fucking money?

DELL: Where's my fucking money?

KIM: Oh, no, motherfucker.

Where's my fucking money!

DELL: If I don't get my fucking

money right fucking now...

KIM: Where's my goddamn

money, you motherfucker?

DELL: What the fuck?

Jesus.

KIM: That was really fun.

Wait. It's just that...

Say what you were going to

say, and then, after you say it

maybe we should, like,

not talk for a minute.

You know, like, let a whole minute

pass by without saying something.

But go ahead and say

what you were gonna say

and then we can start right after that.

DELL: I'm really gonna miss you tomorrow.

---

KIM: So, wait, you're saying you

dreamt this conversation?

A conversation that didn't

take place until now?

DELL: I'm saying I dreamt a bunch of

conversations, including this one

which led me to come here,

because it made me think

about how much I regretted...

KIM: Do you regret meeting me, Dell?

DELL: No, of course not.

KIM: I'm glad we dated. I needed to date you.

Before you, I only dated guys

that looked good on paper.

DELL: Yeah.

Wait, what?

KIM: You were really, really smart,

but also selfish, crass...

Not always in an

entertaining way, mind you.

You hated your job and life

and you were completely

comfortable being miserable.

You're horrible on

paper. And I loved you.

Being with you made me realize it...

Doesn't have to look good

on paper to feel good.

---

DELL: What kind of sandwich...

KIM: PB and J.

DELL: Of course.

KIM: What's your favorite word?

DELL: Comet.

KIM: "Comet?"

COMET: Right.

KIM: Not like "proliferate," "ensconce"

"kerfuffle," or "serendipity. "

"Comet?" Like...

"comet?"

DELL: Yeah. Exactly like that.

KIM: What about your least favorite word?

DELL: I don't strongly dislike any word.

I sort of have a love-hate

relationship with the word

"fingerfuck," but that's

technically two words

and I like each one separately.

KIM: So, do you ever wish you

could, like, control society

for a couple of minutes?

Like make them all

hate MTV or something?

DELL: I don't think MTV is as

important as you think it is.

KIM: You're so wrong. MTV is so manipulative.

It's like a drug which you

get hooked on at age twelve

that you can't wake up from until

you're probably, like, thirty

when you finally realize

how awful it really was.

But by then, it's too late.

They've, like, won.

You've watched all their commercials

during their week's sweep.

DELL: I believe it's "sweeps week. "

KIM: You don't deserve me. I can tell.

DELL: That's perfect. I want

someone I don't deserve.

KIM: You think you've won me.

I can't believe you think

you've won me already.

DELL: Are you kidding? You

ditched a much prettier man

to stay with me. I've

definitely won you.

KIM: You're so wrong, my friend.

---

DELL: Holy shit.

KIM: You are so easily amused.

Cause of the boots,

huh? Sarah's stupid idea.

Louis L'Amour is her favorite

novelist, so, here we are.

You know I just realized. I

don't even know why we're here.

I don't even like Sarah.

Fire?

Just let me have this,

and then we'll go.

What are you doing?

This feels like a dream...

---

DELL: I love it when you look out windows.

CONDUCTOR: Sir...

Did you damage the bathroom

about thirty minutes ago?

DELL: Well, I'm obviously going

to tell you that I didn't.

CONDUCTOR: Sir.

DELL: What?

CONDUCTOR: I'm gonna have to ask you

to get off at the next stop.

Don't let me find you

on here after Chico.

DELL: Okay.

CONDUCTOR: You got me?

DELL: Yes, sir. I'm sorry.

KIM: I don't even wanna ask.

Looks like our little

tryst is about to end.

DELL: Get off at Chico with me, please.

We can have an hour to two hour talk.

And then if you want, I'll get

you another ticket to Portland.

KIM: An hour to two hour talk?

That's a long time, Dell.

DELL: Well, I'm not meeting anyone so.

KIM: Wait, what?

DELL: There's no... girl.

KIM: So, wha... what was this?

Just another one of your

stupid mind games, Dell?

Why did you lie? And what

happened to your hand?

You're always hiding things!

I'm sitting somewhere else.

DELL: Now, listen, wait...

No, no. Stop, stop, stop.

I'm sorry. I lied because I

thought it'd make it easier, okay?

KIM: You thought it'd make it easier?

DELL: Yeah.

KIM: You thought it'd make

what easier exactly?

DELL: Talking to you.

KIM: Why would it make it easier?

DELL: Because I didn't think you'd talk to me

if you knew I was trying to get you back.

KIM: So what was this? Is this

a plan to win me back?

DELL: Yes, it was. It was a whim

that turned into a plan.

KIM: How did you even know

I was on this train?

DELL: Because I've... I've...

I've stalked you.

KIM: You could've called, Dell.

You haven't talked to me in a long time.

DELL: I know.

KIM: You have my phone

number, you have my e-mail

but you haven't contacted

me once, not once in months.

DELL: Just... Look, I know a

great public library in Chico

where we can talk. We can

talk about all of this.

KIM: You wanna go to a

public library to talk?

That seems counter-intuitive.

DELL: Well, they have a talking area.

KIM: You happen to know of a public

library in Chico with a talking area?

DELL: Yeah.

KIM: First, answer my question.

How come you never proposed?

DELL: Come on, Kim, you broke up with me.

KIM: How come you didn't fight for me?

DELL: It felt like the end

of days when you left.

I ate Ramen for months.

I had a huge sodium imbalance.

I barely got through it.

I didn't think I could do it again. Felt

like my fucking world was gonna blow.

KIM: So me leaving you constitutes

your world blowing up?

DELL: Yes. It does actually.

CONDUCTOR: Next stop, Chico.

DELL: Please, come on.

I want you to do this.

---

KIM: Why wouldn't you want this forever?

I'd like for once to understand

why you wouldn't want this always.

DELL: It's always as scary.

There's a finality to it.

I just don't ever want you

to feel like a limitation.

Okay, let me go a different way with it.

Why are girls so scared of cockroaches?

Cause you think they're gonna

hurt you even though they can't.

Just like I'm afraid

"always" will hurt me.

They're both irrational.

KIM: False on so many fronts.

DELL: Why?

KIM: Girls are afraid of cockroaches

because they're gross

and they carry disease,

proven by the fact that

they were one of the biblical plagues.

Also, they also love to

lay eggs in your vagina.

Secondly, it's not

irrational to think that

commitment can hurt you...

Because it can.

Know that when you steal

a girl's twenties...

It's dangerous business, buster.

You're officially on

notice, Mr. Pink Lighter.

DELL: Duly noted, Mrs. Pink Lighter.

KIM: Nope, can't call me that.

You don't want to marry me, remember?

DELL: I didn't say that.

KIM: Where's my phone?

Where's my phone?

Where's my fuckin' phone?

DELL: Why don't I call it?

KIM: Why are you acting like that?

DELL: Like what?

KIM: Uncomfortable.

In the two years we've known each other

I've rarely seen you uncomfortable.

DELL: I... I'm not.

KIM: You are.

You're hiding something from me.

DELL: Ah, God, you just got

too stoned, Kimberly

And I thought we were going

after your last cigarette.

What're you doing?

KIM: What're you hiding?

You know something?

DELL: There's no "something. "

You just got too high.

KIM: You best motherfucking

believe there's a something.

There's always a something.

Okay? This is not the

first time I've felt that.

DELL: Felt what?

KIM: You...

Saying something like you've slipped.

DELL: I didn't slip...

KIM: Like a cartoon character

on a banana peel.

DELL: You know what? You're actually

starting to freak me out.

There's nothing going on.

KIM: Well, it's about time you're freaked.

Okay. I hate always feeling like

the freak in this relationship!

DELL: Why're you doing this?

KIM: Because there's something

you're not telling me.

Okay. I know you, and I know

when you get uncomfortable.

And it's so rare that I've formed

an acute discomfort detector on you.

Now, are you gonna tell me what

it is or are you going to force me

to be late to my own annoying

friend's Louis L'Amour

goddamn western-themed wedding?

DELL: Kimberly, let's not do

this. This is paranoia.

Hey. Kim.

Look at me.

Keep looking.

You're right. You're right.

There is something I've

been wanting to tell you.

---

DELL: In the dream, I told you

I wanted to be with you.

I wanted you to leave Jack and

to walk out the door with me.

KIM: Wow.

DELL: Do you feel that?

KIM: What?

Okay, calm down. Maybe

you just need some air.

Let's go up to the rooftop.

---

So, what else happens in this dream?

Do I... Do I go with you?

All happily ever after and the like?

Or do I slap you and

tell you to be gone.

DELL: I don't know, actually. We

were looking at each other

and I went to kiss you

and before our lips touched, I woke up.

---

KIM: What?

---

KIM: Maybe I never saved

you that night we met.

Maybe you did die, hit by that car.

And this is just some afterlife fantasy

playing out in your head.

---

KIM: What?

DELL: Something feels weird.

---

KIM: Remember how I used to love

flipping the pillow over

to feel the cold side?

DELL: Yeah.

KIM: That's what our relationship felt like.

Constant tossing and turning

looking for that perfect balance.

Sometimes it was there,

and other times...

DELL: I know, I know.

KIM: You always expected us to break up.

Why was that?

Is that because of your dumb

five-minutes-from-now rule?

DELL: You know, after we stopped talking

the five-minute rule started shrinking.

It went to four minutes, to

three, then two, then one...

---

KIM: Let's go up to the rooftop. Come on.

---

DELL: I thought my unconscious was trying

to tell me something, you know.

By dreaming that dream a few nights ago.

Coming here, talking to you.

That might close the

gap, that last minute.

KIM: Or...

Or none of this is really happening.

This could still be your dream.

Dum dum dum

---

KIM: Fuck!

DELL: What? What happened?

KIM: Fuckin' bird carcass on my windshield!

DELL: What? Okay. Slow down,

tell me what's going on.

KIM: I'm saying a fucking bird just

committed suicide on my windshield!

DELL: What? In the middle of our conversation?

What does our conversation

have to do with anything?

DELL: It must mean something.

It must mean that the... that the...

Maybe the bird was

commenting on our situation.

KIM: Commenting?

You think this is commentary?

DELL: Definitely, I mean, it's

something, the universe

cosmos, all that, via the

bird, sent us a signal.

Yeah.

KIM: Okay.

I want you to listen to me

very, very carefully. Okay?

DELL: Okay, you're gonna be mean. Aren't you?

On this already horrible call,

you're gonna be mean on top of it.

KIM: You are very, very, very...

You know what? I can't

even say "very" enough

so just imagine an infinite

number of "verys. " Okay?

DELL: Well, I don't have that

kind of imagination.

I barely picture odd numbered things.

KIM: Well, freakin' try, okay?

Cause that number of

"verys" precedes sick.

Sick.

S-I-C-K.

DELL: Told you you were gonna be mean.

And condescending, as if I

didn't know how to spell sick.

You are not being a

nice person right now!

KIM: So, I'm at the gun range.

DELL: This is a nightmare.

Sartre was right,

"Hell is other people. "

KIM: I should go, I've got my goggles on.

DELL: You did this on purpose, didn't you?

You wanted me to find out when

I was three thousand miles away.

You were telegraphing all the signs

like you were Samuel fucking Morse.

You wanted me to know. That's

the part that hurts the most.

KIM: Why would I want that?

DELL: Because maybe your

feelings for him are real.

How long has it been going on?

KIM: About a month.

DELL: A month! Oh shit!

I'm so sorry for interrupting

the honeymoon period.

I hear those are the best

parts of a relationship.

KIM: I-I'm gonna go, okay,

I've got my goggles on...

DELL: Yes, I fucking heard you.

Enough with the goggles already!

Jesus Christ! How're you

gonna get off the phone

and just go about your

day after this, huh?

KIM: Because I don't think

all of our conversations

need to necessarily feel good.

DELL: They should feel bad then?

KIM: They should be whatever

the conversation should...

I don't know. Why are you

analyzing this so much?

DELL: Oh, I'm not analyzing you yet.

I'm just giving you my

initial gut reaction.

KIM: Can I please get off the phone with you

and not feel like shit...

DELL: You hurt me!

You really hurt me this time, Kimberly.

I wanna break up with you.

I don't love you.

KIM: Dell, that's not what you want to say...

DELL: That is what I want to

say actually. I don't...

I don't love you, Kimberly.

Honestly, I don't know

if I ever really did.

And you definitely didn't.

If you're capable of making

choices that knowingly hurts

the other person, that's not love.

KIM: Okay, you're mad, you're mad...

How can you say that?

DELL: Reality is I could have

met any number of girls

to be with for a few years.

That was your lie. Alright?

Texting Jack behind my back.

It came when I least expected it.

I fell for it hook, line and sinker

and it fucking hurts.

That was your lie.

Bravo.

KIM: Okay, fine.

You wanna hurt me? You wanna be right?

Fine, go ahead. Be right.

DELL: All I ever wanted was the truth.

KIM: No, no, you wanna be right.

No. Truth is not what you're after.

Because if you wanted the truth,

then you would have to accept

the fact that I do...

DELL: Who is this?

NURSE: I'm sorry, is this Dell?

DELL: Who's this?

KIM: Yes, hi. This is Nancy.

I'm your mother's nurse.

We met a few times.

DELL: Yeah.

NURSE: I'm really sorry to

have to tell you this.

Your mother passed away.

DELL: What? That's impossible.

She's been okay for years now.

Her cancer's been in remission.

NURSE: She had a heart attack.

DELL: Heart attack? Why?

NURSE: Sometimes these things just happen.

---

KIM: This feels strange.

Not what I expected my train

ride to feel like at all.

DELL: What were you expecting?

KIM: I was expecting to

read that short story.

DELL: The Roald Dahl one?

You already read it though.

You know the ending.

KIM: Sometimes it's not

about knowing the ending.

It can't be the same

like it was the last time.

It has to be different or we'll

wind up right where we started.

DELL: I know. I know.

I promise you a change.

I promise, okay?

---

KIM: You know, I'm falling out

of love with you, right?

DELL: Just shut up for a second, please.

KIM: What do you wanna tell me, Dell?

DELL: Kimberly...

I used to find it annoying

when you said "so" all the time.

It bugged the shit out of me.

And I love it.

I love it now.

After we have sex and

you shrug your shoulders

and you say, "I'm here all week. "

I love that.

I love that a single

strand of your hair can fall

so perfectly to the side,

and you don't even know.

I love the little blue

veins behind your eyes.

I love your eyes.

Knowing you goes down as easily

the best thing that's

ever happened to me.

Easily.

If I were a restaurant,

you'd be my special

but nobody could order you

because I'd just want you

to be mine, just all mine.

Not in like a biblical,

slavery-owning sense

or, uh, the pimp-prostitute dynamic of,

"You be mine, bitch!"

but... but, just in that...

You're my love. You're my love.

But my favorite thing of all.

I like you because you like me.

I think that says a lot about

how great you are as a person.

So, um...

KIM: Dell.

Believe me.

Believe me when I say...

You almost had me.

---

DELL: Is it weird to imagine that one day,

this will all be old to us?

This walk, us meeting.

It'll just be an old memory.

KIM: That sounds...

Sad.

DELL: Hey, I gotta ask you

a really big question.

I don't know if you can handle

it. It's... It's really big.

KIM: What?

DELL: Forget it. It's stupid.

KIM: What?

DELL: Forget it.

It's a stupid joke. You'd

probably even figure it out by now.

KIM: Why would I know the joke?

DELL: Because I've already said it.

KIM: When?

DELL: Earlier in the conversation.

KIM: When? Hey, come on. I'm so confused!

DELL: Sometimes I wanna stop

people on the streets...

KIM: Who?

DELL: Anybody, from all walks of life.

On their way to work,

to the gym, to school!

I wanna stop them all, grab them like I'm

grabbing you right now.

KIM: Right now?

DELL: Right now. I wanna look

right into their eyes

and I wanna ask them

one simple question.

Where's my fucking money?

KIM: I think I'm going to

fall in love with you too.

DELL: Are you crying?

KIM: Shut up.

---

KIM: There's still my theory...

...that this is just part

of that strange dream.

And so...

...even if we do kiss,

you'll just wake up

and it'll all be over.

DELL: This can't be a dream.

KIM: What if it is?

KIM: What're you doing?

DELL: Something's wrong.

I know it, Kimberly, I know you.

You have circles under your eyes.

You were the type of girl

that could sleep through wars.

And despite that, you're

still looking so beautiful.

More beautiful than ever, in fact.

It's usually a sign you wanna remind

the world that you're a sexual being

because your man's not

picking up the signal.

You've checked out of this

relationship, haven't you?

You're not happy.

Also, you're listening to Roxette.

I know that means the

beginning of the end.

And let's get real for a

second about the ring, alright.

You're not having it sized.

I'm sure you had your ring-size

burned into Jack's memory years ago.

Fuck, I still remember it, 4.5.

You didn't wear the ring because

you didn't want me to see it.

Don't marry him, okay. I want you back.

I know you want me back

too. That's why I'm here.

That's what you've been wanting

to say to me this whole time...

KIM: Dell.

DELL: What?

KIM: I'm pregnant.

DELL: What?

KIM: Morning sickness has been keeping me up.

I just really love Roxette.

And I dressed this way not to

announce to the world anything.

It was you.

I wanted to look good for you.

Because no matter how

bad our relationship got

I wanted to say thank you from

the bottom of my heart for it.

Because I needed it.

I needed you in this life.

That's what I wanted to say.

DELL: I gotta... I gotta sit down.

KIM: I'm sorry.

I'm not leaving Jack.

I love him.

DELL: Wow. You're pregnant.

I didn't see that coming.

Do you know what it is yet?

KIM: Not yet. Hoping it's a girl.

DELL: Uh, I almost proposed to you, you know?

When we were in that

hotel room in Paris.

I even picked out the

ring. I had it with me.

I was about to give it

to you, and then I took it

and I flushed it down the toilet.

I keep replaying that moment

over and over again in my head, I…

KIM: Why are you crying?

DELL: I'm just happy to see you.

And it's such a beautiful night.

I feel like I'm in the wrong world.

Cause I don't belong in a world where

we don't end up together. I don't.

There are parallel universes out

there where this didn't happen.

Where I was with you,

and you were with me.

And whatever universe that is

that's the one where my heart lives in.

I wanted so badly to go back into

that dream I had the other night.

I tried so hard... to go back to sleep.

You know, I never thought

love was real. I didn't.

And now I think life

isn't real without it.

That sounds like a really

bad greeting card...

KIM: Don't. Don't make it a joke.

Truth?

I think you always believed in love.

DELL: This is so stupid.

So irrational.

Why am I so hell-bent

on getting you back?

You fucking hate Pixar

movies for crying out loud.

You still have an AOL account.

I don't wanna be with

a person like that.

Why does it feel so

impossible to let you go?

It's an addiction, you

know. That's all it is.

It's a biochemical

addiction. It's so stupid.

If you think about it

relationships are all

totally narcissistic.

Basically, you're just looking

for someone who'll love you

as much as you love

yourself. That's all it is.

KIM: No, it's not.

DELL: Yes, it is.

KIM: No, it's not.

DELL: No, it's not.

I don't know anything anymore.

But I know I do love you.

KIM: Dell...

DELL: Just give me a minute, okay.