

“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.

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.

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.

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 we 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.