

UNTITLED O'SHANNON AND WARREN

Written by

Dan O'Shannon and Peter Warren

CAA
January 27th, 2015

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON a SCRAMBLED TV picture. After a beat, we hear the voices of ANDREW and CHRIS, both 12 years old.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Nipple.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Where?

As we pull back, we find we are in --

CHYRON: 1987

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

-- where they watch scrambled Cinemax. Andrew also works on his homework. Chris points to a shape on the TV.

ANDREW
That's not a nipple.

Chris tilts Andrew's head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Aah.

CHRIS
So are we going or not?

ANDREW
I vote no.

CHRIS
Well I vote yes, and since you broke my Atari, I get two votes, which is nearly double.

ANDREW
I didn't break it, I'm never buying you a new one, and we're not going to Phil Martinetti's party.

CHRIS
Fact: You broke my Atari. Fact: At Phil's last party, people made out. Fact: Ergo, if we go to his next party, we'll make out.

ANDREW

I'm not making out with you.

CHRIS

I mean with girls. I'm almost thirteen. I don't want to miss out on all of this.

He indicates the TV screen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(re: cryptic image)

Oh, yeah.

ANDREW

I'm pretty sure that's a car.

(then)

Besides, we were gonna sneak in the movies to see Hellraiser. The guy's got pins in his face!

CHRIS

Some things are more important than Hellraiser.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Andrew turns off the TV as his Dad, JACK, enters.

JACK

Hey guys, how's the homework?

ANDREW

Good.

JACK

Chris, your mom called, you gotta go home.

CHRIS

I didn't hear the phone ring.

(off Jack's look)

Hey, if you want me out, fine, but don't make my mom the bad guy.

JACK

Chris, go home.

CHRIS

See? Isn't that better?

Jack sighs and exits. Chris gets up and puts on his jacket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What's your paper about, anyway?

ANDREW
Jackson Pollock.

CHRIS
Who?

He holds up his encyclopedia, which shows a Pollock painting.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(points at the painting)
Nipple.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - THAT MONDAY

Chris and Andrew make their way toward PHIL (13).

ANDREW
Phil's been a jerk to us since
first grade, why do we want to go
to his house?

CHRIS
'Cause it'll be full of girls.
Also, maybe he has an Atari you can
break.

ANDREW
I didn't break your --

CHRIS
(loudly to Phil)
Hey, Phil! That mustache is really
coming in. From over there, I was
like, "who's the new teacher?"

Phil looks at his trace of mustache hair in his locker door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So, we hear you're having a party
on Friday.

PHIL
What's it to you?

Phil starts down the hall. Chris and Andrew follow.

CHRIS
Come on, Phil, everybody knows your
parties are rad. We wanna go.

PHIL
No.

CHRIS

You won't even know we're there.
What can we do to change your mind?

Phil pauses thoughtfully, strokes his upper lip.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Anything you want.

PHIL

Okay, you can both come, but you
have to bring a girl.

CHRIS

Can she have Scoliosis? Because my
cousin Melissa --

PHIL

No. Not just any girl. That one.

He points through a doorway into the music room, where we see
a girl gracefully dancing Swan Lake in a ballet class.

CHRIS

Who's she?

PHIL

She's new. All I know is her name's
Holly, she's from Los Angeles and
her older sister's, like, Miss Teen
California.

During the following, we are on Andrew looking at this girl.
Her name is HOLLY, and we're seeing a pivotal moment in
Andrew's life. As he takes her in, smitten...

PHIL (CONT'D)

I invited her, she shot me down.

CHRIS

Why? She saw the mustache, right?

PHIL

We were on the stairwell, the
lighting isn't good there. If you
get her to come, you're in.

CHRIS

But how are we supposed to --

ANDREW

She'll be there.

Phil crosses off.

CHRIS

What are you doing? I say we just forget it and go to the movies.

ANDREW

Some things are more important than Hellraiser.

As he watches her dance...

TIME CUT TO --

EXT. NEW YORK CINEPLEX - NIGHT

CHRYON: 2000

We see a poster telling us that HELLRAISER: INFERNO is now playing. Andrew, (now 25) stands in line, trying out ad slogans.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Okay, what do you think of this one? "Pampers: the diaper you need." That's all I got. It's either that or "Pampers: Because your baby is a sewage grenade."
(then)
Chris?

He looks to see that Chris is chatting up a GIRL in the line. No longer the awkward kid from 1987, Chris is fit, confident, but still utterly Chris.

CHRIS

If you think about it, Pinhead is the real victim. His big weakness? Wanting to be loved. Also magnets.

Andrew rolls his eyes.

A CITY BUS pulls up alongside him and drops a couple of people off. Just as it's pulling away, Andrew looks up and sees a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN in the window.

This is HOLLY (25). The bus pulls away before Andrew can react, but by his look, it's clear that a bomb just went off somewhere inside of him.

ANDREW

Chris. Chris!

CHRIS
 (still flirting)
 Sometimes, I feel like *I'm* the one
 trapped in Pinhead's torture
 column, you know?

Andrew GRABS Chris by the jacket and drags him away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 What's wrong with you?!

ANDREW
 I just saw Holly.

CHRIS
Holly Holly?

ANDREW
Holly Holly.

CHRIS
 Where?

ANDREW
 On a bus. It pulled away before I
 could do anything. I can't believe
 it. She's in New York. I have to
 find her!

CHRIS
 How? You're going to ride the bus
 all day? The last time I took the
 bus a woman gave birth on me.

ANDREW
 It can't be that hard to find her.
 How many Holly Marcuses do you
 think there are in the city?

CHRIS
 I have no idea.
 (sincere)
 But I do know that if the two of
 you are meant to be, in some big
 cosmic way -- OOH THE LINE'S
 MOVING! HELLRAAIIISER!

They shuffle forward to get their tickets ripped, but
 Andrew's mind is clearly on a bus elsewhere...

TIME CUT TO --

1987:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - LATER THAT DAY

Holly sits at a table and opens her book. After a beat, Andrew sits next to her. Chris sits on the other side of him.

ANDREW

You're Holly, right? I'm Andrew.

HOLLY

Hi.

ANDREW

Hi. So what are you up to this weekend?

HOLLY

I'm getting my nose pierced. It's a right of passage in my culture.

ANDREW

Oh. Um, what culture is that?

HOLLY

People who are messing with you.
(off his confused look)
I'm kidding.

Andrew is a little embarrassed, but impressed. She's quick.

ANDREW

Oh! Right. Good one!

Chris passes him a note. Andrew opens it: *Smooth move, X-lax.* (NOTE: We're actually seeing Chris's writing pop up on the screen -- the forerunner to the way texts appear on screen today.) Andrew pushes the note away.

HOLLY

I have a dance recital on Monday so I'm practicing all weekend.

ANDREW

The whole weekend? You know about Phil's party, right? It's gonna be outrageous. Plus, since you're new, it would be a great opportunity to forge lasting relationships with your new peer group.

Chris slips him another note. Superimposed over the scene, we see the word *YOU* with an arrow pointing to a rendering of a butt. Andrew pushes it away.

HOLLY

I guess I could take a break -- oh, wait I promised my sister I'd hang out with her.

CHRIS

(jumping in)

Chris. Hi. Couldn't help overhearing. If you'd like to bring your sister to the party, I will personally make sure she's taken care of.

Holly considers this, as the bell rings. She stands.

HOLLY

Tell you what, if I can make it, I will.

She takes her books and crosses away.

ANDREW

Oh my God, it's actually happening.

CHRIS

If I make out with her sister, does that make me Mr. Teen California?

TIME CUT TO --

2000:

INT. AD AGENCY - NEXT DAY

Andrew paces around his small office at a mid-sized ad agency, a phonebook open in his arms. His graphic designer officemate, SABRINA (25), beautiful in an I've-Been-Up-All-Night-Designing-This-Steak-Sauce-Ad kind of way, watches.

ANDREW

(into phone)

Okay, sorry to bother you. Bye.

He hangs up.

SABRINA

Not Holly?

ANDREW

Not unless she is now a seventy year-old woman who thinks Brittany Spears is a robot.

He crosses her out in the phone book.

SABRINA

She does have a really weird bellybutton.

Andrew starts dialing another number.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

You've called, like, thirty people. Isn't this kind of crazy?

ANDREW

Sure, the kind of crazy that makes a great toast at your wedding. Incidentally, it's also how Pinhead found Kirsty in Hellraiser 2.

SABRINA

You realize you're comparing yourself to a monster.

ANDREW

I'm comparing myself to the --

TIME CUT TO --

CHYRON: 2015

EXT: NEW YORK CINEPLEX - DAY

ANDREW and CHRIS, now 40, emerge from the theater, shell-shocked. Chris -- pudgier, balding, closer in physical form to his 1987 self than 2000 -- has a BABY strapped to his chest.

Behind them, a poster indicates that they've just seen the 2015 Hellraiser Reboot (Google it, if you don't believe us.)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Best. Movie. Ever!

CHRIS

Whaddaya say, dumplings, few beers, come back and see it again?

ANDREW

I can't see it three times in one day.

CHRIS

Let me guess, you gotta go running home to the fiancée?

ANDREW

Actually, I do. And speaking of that, there's something I need to ask you.

CHRIS

Hit me.

ANDREW

You and I have been through a lot together. You've had my back my whole life.

CHRIS

Bros before, but supportive of and involved in the acquisition of intelligent, self-assured hos. That's how it's always been.

ANDREW

Chris, will you be my best man?

Chris melts.

CHRIS

Are you kidding me? It would be an honor.

He RUNS at Andrew to hug him.

ANDREW

(warning)

BABY BABY BABY!

They stop just short of smushing the baby between them. Chris turns around and pulls Andrew's arms around him in a back-hug. He rests his head tenderly against Andrew.

CHRIS

I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

TIME CUT TO --

2000:

INT. AD AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Andrew is back on the phone. His eyes light up.

ANDREW

Yes! Do you know what time she'll be home? Three hours, got it. Thank you so much, I really appreciate it.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I promise I'm not one of those
serial killers who's going to make
a dress out of your hair.

He hangs up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Why did I end with that?

SABRINA

What happened?!

ANDREW

That was her roommate! I found her.
I found Holly!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

2000:

INT. AD AGENCY - DAY

As before.

SABRINA

How do you know you got the right
Holly?

ANDREW

She's the right age, she just moved
to New York a couple of months ago,
she lives right near that bus
route, and her eyes are like little
green fairy forests.

SABRINA

She said that?

ANDREW

She didn't say they weren't. So
weird, I knew when I was dialing,
it was going to be the right one.

Andrew gets down on one knee in front of Sabrina.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Sabrina, there's something super
important I need to ask you.

SABRINA

(holding up her engagement
ring)

Already got one, dude.

ANDREW

As you know, I've always had your
back. When you left those mock-ups
on the G-Train, who went with you
to fight that bum for them? When
you got hammered at the Christmas
party and puked in Carlson's
office, who convinced everyone that
you had food poisoning? When you
got food poisoning in the middle of
our pitch, who convinced everyone
you were pregnant?

SABRINA

Do you know how awkward that was?
Carlson bought me a stroller!

Andrew gives her puppy-dog eyes.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I'll cover for you at the meeting,
just stop.

Andrew HUGS her.

ANDREW

You're the best.

SABRINA

Sounds like this girl's pretty
special.

ANDREW

She is. From the moment I first
saw her, I thought "that's the girl
I'm gonna marry."

(then)

Even on the bus, she looked the way
I remembered her. Beautiful,
elegant... breathtaking.

TIME CUT TO --

2015:

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Holly, now 40, is crammed into a way-too-tight-wedding-dress,
gasping for breath as Katie tries to wrestle her out of it.

HOLLY

I can't...breathe...

KATIE

Dammit, Holly, hold still!

She GASPS.

HOLLY

It's getting tighter! It knows it's
winning!

TIME CUT TO --

2000:

INT. AD AGENCY - DAY

Andrew races around his office, gathering his things.

SABRINA

Where are you going?

ANDREW

Tonight's the opening night of the New York City Ballet. Holly loves the ballet. I found a guy on Craigslist with tickets, which gives me three hours to go home, get ready, pick up flowers, meet this guy in the South Bronx, not get killed, show up at her door and take her on the most amazing second first date in history.

SABRINA

What happened on your first first date?

ANDREW

It's a long story. Sure you'll be okay in the meeting?

SABRINA

I'll be fine. I can't believe you threw together such an elaborate plan.

ANDREW

(as he exits)

I always have a plan.

TIME CUT TO --

1987:

INT. ANDREW'S ROOM - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

CLOSE ON Chris, standing in the doorway.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

We now see that Andrew has pushed aside his furniture, creating space on the floor.

He sits among a circle of items: a cardboard cutout of Hulk Hogan, an old teddy bear, the Michael Jackson album BAD, and a model of Robocop. Also on the floor are a couple of empty bottles and some throw rugs. Andrew intently lines up a bottle for a spin, carefully adjusting the angle.

ANDREW

(focused)

I'm practicing. I have a plan.

(then)

I'm gonna kiss Holly.

CHRIS

Are you crazy? Phil Martinetti will kill you.

ANDREW

No, that's the beauty of the plan. If I spin and land on Holly, I have to kiss her. Rules of the game. I just have to gain complete mastery of the bottle.

CHRIS

There's gonna be other girls there, you can kiss any one of them. Except Holly's sister. That's a big fish, but I think I can get it in the boat.

ANDREW

I'm still going for Holly.

He practices a few wrist snaps.

CHRIS

You can't control the bottle, it's impossible.

ANDREW

Is it? Pick one of these bottles, any floor surface, and a target.

CHRIS

Pepsi twelve ounce, shag, Robocop.

Andrew places a piece of shag on the floor, takes a breath to center himself, and spins the bottle. It comes to a stop pointing at Robocop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you two need a minute?

ANDREW

I told you I could do it.

CHRIS

I bet Michael Jackson would not be happy if he knew he was playing Spin the Bottle with a twelve year-old boy.

He sits among the circle of toys.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Let me try.

As he takes a bottle, there is a KNOCK, and Jack enters. He takes in the tableau, and leaves.

ANDREW

Great. That's gonna be a fun talk.

TIME CUT TO --

2000:

INT. HOLLY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

The door to the apartment is thrown open by NORA, Holly's slightly crazed-looking roommate.

ANDREW

Hi, I'm--

Immediately, she throws her arms around Andrew.

NORA

YOU ARE SO ADORABLE!

She drags Andrew inside.

NORA (CONT'D)

Seriously, this is so romantic. It's every girl's dream. A long lost love, seen from afar showing up on your doorstep? Sweeping you off your feet? Making you feel like a princess for even a moment? It's like, "why can't this happen to me?" You know? Like "I wish someone would call everyone in the phonebook to find me!" But it's fine. I'm fine.

ANDREW

So...Holly's not home?

NORA

She should be back any second. You guys grew up together?

ANDREW

Yeah, but we haven't seen each other since... well, it's a long story. And I thought that story was over.

NORA

That is so cute! Why aren't there more guys like you, you know? WHY? I mean, WHY?!

She laughs it off. Andrew is totally creeped. A key jingles in the door. Andrew stares, expectantly. A woman enters. Brown hair, green eyes...but she's not the woman on the bus. This is OTHER HOLLY. She stops short, seeing Andrew in her apartment, Nora holding her breath.

OTHER HOLLY

Hi?

ANDREW

Hi... You must be Holly.

OTHER HOLLY

Yeah?

NORA

KISS HER! KISS HER ALREADY, YOU IDIOT!

OTHER HOLLY

Can I help you?

ANDREW

No, I'm sorry. I...shouldn't be here, it's a long story.

NORA

Wait, that's not her?

ANDREW

Nope. It's a Holly, but not *the* Holly.

OTHER HOLLY

Should I be understanding any of this?

ANDREW

I was trying to reconnect with an old friend who has your exact name. I called everyone in the phonebook, and I thought I found her.

NORA

He was going to take you out to dinner and dessert and he was going to look into your eyes and talk about how your story wasn't finished because he's AMAZING.

Other Holly can't help but chuckle.

OTHER HOLLY

Wow, that was quite the plan.

ANDREW

I'm a planner.

OTHER HOLLY

Man, who knew there were so many Holly Marcuses in the city?

ANDREW

Right? If I ever have a daughter, I'm naming her Copernicus. Just in case anyone ever wants to take her to the ballet.

He flashes his pair of tickets.

OTHER HOLLY

I love the ballet.

A little moment between them. Over his shoulder, Andrew clocks Nora breathing down his neck.

ANDREW

Listen, this might sound super weird, and we've only known each other for about thirty seconds, but I have an extra ticket that's going to go to waste, and reservations at this dessert place. If you wanted to--

OTHER HOLLY

Let me get changed?

ANDREW

Really?

OTHER HOLLY

I've gone on dates with guys I've met online, is this really that much worse?

ANDREW

You're not afraid I'm going to make a dress out of your hair?

OTHER HOLLY

I wasn't until now.

Andrew smiles. She throws him a look as she heads to her room. Andrew turns to see Nora, sullen beside him.

NORA

I'm going to die alone, aren't I?

TIME CUT TO --

1987:

We are CLOSE ON the 1987 music video for Tiffany's I Think We're Alone Now.

INT. PHIL MARTINETTI'S BASEMENT - FRIDAY NIGHT

The video is playing on a large TV. Andrew, Chris, Phil, and assorted PRE-TEENS are gathered. Kids talk, eat, look through the extensive VHS collection. Phil approaches Andrew and Chris.

PHIL

I don't see Holly.

ANDREW

She'll be here.

CHRIS

And she's bringing her super hot sister -- but don't get any ideas, 'cause the Chris-man has dibs.

PHIL

We had a deal. If she isn't here soon --

HOLLY (O.S.)

Hello?

Andrew sighs with relief, as Holly tentatively comes down the stairs. Before he can approach her, Phil swoops in.

PHIL
Hey, cool, you made it!

HOLLY
Katie, come on.

KATIE, Holly's nine year-old sister, follows Holly into the basement. Slightly awkward.

KATIE
(petulant)
I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

HOLLY
They're not strangers, they're my friends.

KATIE
You don't have friends.

HOLLY
(to Phil)
This is my sister Katie. She can be a handful.

PHIL
She's fine.
(to Katie, as though talking to a toddler)
Hi there! Welcome to the party.

KATIE
Did you put mascara on your mustache?

PHIL
(hiding embarrassment, to Holly)
Can I get you something to drink?

HOLLY
Margarita, rocks, no salt.

Phil looks at her blankly.

ANDREW
She's kidding.

He and Holly share a smile.

HOLLY
Maybe some ginger ales, thanks.

PHIL

Great.

Phil crosses by Andrew and Chris.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Good going, nimrods. How are we supposed to play Spin the Bottle with a kid around?

ANDREW

Don't worry, we'll take care of it.

Phil crosses away.

CHRIS

(re: Katie)

I don't get it. How could she be voted Miss --

ANDREW

(annoyed)

Different sister!

(them gravely)

Chris, there's something super important I have to ask you.

INT. PHIL MARTINETTI'S LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Chris and Katie sit on the floor playing Don't Spill the Beans. Chris drops beans into the pot.

CHRIS

... two, three, four.

KATIE

You're dropping them on my side, Loser!

CHRIS

I'm not the loser.

KATIE

You're the one stuck playing with a kid instead of kissing girls.

CHRIS

Yeah? You're the one who's playing with the one who's playing with a kid. So what does that make you?

KATIE

The kid?

CHRIS
I rest my case.

INT. PHIL MARTINETTI'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We're in another part of the basement, by the laundry area. As Andrew tests out bottles from a crate of empties, he hears Holly and another girl, DESI.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Have you done this before?

DESI (O.S.)
What, Spin the Bottle? Yeah, a few times.

Andrew backs away to remain unseen, but listens.

DESI (CONT'D)
What about you?

Holly shakes her head.

DESI (CONT'D)
You're not scared, are you?

HOLLY
I'm not scared, I just... I'm just not sure I'm ready. You know, to kiss a boy. Can I just do it on the cheek or something?

DESI
Yeah, if you want everyone to make fun of you.

HOLLY
I knew I should have stayed home and practiced. I have a recital on Monday, I'm gonna be up so late. Uch!

PHIL (O.S.)
Come on, we're starting!

Holly and Desi cross away, leaving Andrew to think about what he's heard.

TIME CUT TO --

2000:

INT. NEW YORK CITY BALLET - LATER

Andrew and Other Holly sit, waiting for the show to start.

OTHER HOLLY

You know, of all of the guys who've shown up at my apartment because they found me in the phone book while tracking down another girl...

ANDREW

I'm the nicest?

OTHER HOLLY

I was going to say "tallest." Dave was the nicest.

They laugh. There's chemistry here.

ANDREW

This might sound super lame, but maybe this is how it was supposed to work out. Sure, you're not the Holly Marcus I thought I'd be on a date with, but maybe you're the Holly Marcus I was *supposed* to be on a date with. Who's to say who *the* Holly is, anyway?

She smiles. He's winning her over.

OTHER HOLLY

I like that.

The lights dim, and then go in for a KISS. The music starts. They look to the stage, both feeling the heat of a spark.

ON STAGE, the dance begins. Suddenly Andrew notices that the third dancer from the left is HOLLY. As Andrew sees her, we see a familiar look on his face, and:

FLASHBACK to 12 year-old Holly dancing in her ballet class, the first time Andrew ever saw her.

Then back to this night as she shines for a captivated audience, none so captivated as Andrew.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

2000:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY BALLET - LATER

By the stage door, Andrew stands with Other Holly.

ANDREW

You promise you're not upset? If you need to punch me in the face, I'll understand. But I should warn you: I'm a bleeder. And I tend to puke at the sight of blood. And puking makes me faint. Ball's in your court.

OTHER HOLLY

It's fine. I've been single in New York long enough to know that you're going to get ditched at the ballet by a stranger sooner or later.

ANDREW

Thanks for being so cool.

OTHER HOLLY

Go get her.

She throws a look over her shoulder at HOLLY, who has just emerged from the stage door into the cold. Andrew gives Other Holly one last smile and heads towards her.

ANDREW

Holly.

She turns. It takes her a second, but she gets there.

HOLLY

Andy?

ANDREW

Hey...

She HUGS him.

HOLLY

What are you doing here?

ANDREW

I live in New York and I was in the audience and... I saw you dance! You were amazing!

HOLLY

Wow, were you here alone?

ANDREW

No, I was actually... on a date.

HOLLY

Ballet? Good date. Romantic. So where is this broad?

ANDREW

(fumbling)

She had to take off, her grandmother is... pregnant.

HOLLY

Aw man, that's a really weird bummer. So how are you? How's your family?

ANDREW

Well, my dad died a few years ago.

HOLLY

I'm sorry.

ANDREW

My mom's starting to date. If you want to grab a drink, I can tell you what it's like to be your mom's wingman.

HOLLY

I would, but I have an early matinee tomorrow. Kind of tough to stay en pointe when you're hungover.

ANDREW

Oh. Right, sure.

KATIE, now 22 and roughly as subtle as a tornado, storms up.

KATIE

You were great! Okay, I know I've said this before, but what is with George's tights bulge? It looks like he's smuggling tropical fruit in there.

HOLLY

Andy, you remember my sister Katie?

KATIE

Holy crap, Andrew? You look good! I always thought you'd grow up... doughier.

HOLLY

Anyway, thanks for the invite. Maybe some other time?

ANDREW

Sure. Here's my number, in case you want to find me.

He gives her his card.

HOLLY

Advertising, huh?

ANDREW

Yeah, copywriting. Making America love ranch dressing, one slogan at a time.

HOLLY

That's perfect.

ANDREW

How so?

HOLLY

Oh, just... you always saw the best in things. Good to see you, Andy.

Holly starts to leave with Katie.

KATIE

And once again, the ice queen returned to her tower, safe from having any fun at all...

HOLLY

I have to work in the morning!

KATIE

You always have to work in the morning. And you always will. That's just who you are.

HOLLY

What do you want from me?

ANDREW
(bursting)
PANCAKES!

They turn.

HOLLY
What?

ANDREW
Pancakes.

HOLLY
Yes, we heard you.

ANDREW
There's this diner three blocks
from here that makes the best
pancakes in New York. No drinks.
Just pancakes. Dancers need carbs,
right?

A beat. Holly looks at Katie.

KATIE
Actually, I just remembered that I
have to, um, oh, hello?

She picks up a fake phone call and trots away.

HOLLY
Pancakes, huh?

ANDREW
The best you'll ever have.

HOLLY
Pancakes do sound kind of great
right now. Lead the way.

She turns and starts to cross off. Andrew looks to the heavens and mouths "THANK YOU," then hustles after her.

TIME CUT TO --

1987:

INT. PHIL MARTINETTI'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The bottle spins on the basement floor. It stops, pointing at a boy named KYLE. The kids "oooh".

PHIL

Okay, first kiss of the night!

The girl who spun the bottle, AMY, leans in and dishes out the most innocent twelve year-old kiss possible.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(to Andrew)

Go.

Andrew picks up the bottle, bounces it in his hand, feeling its heft. Hours of practice are about to pay off. His eyes on Holly, lines up his shot and... hesitates.

KYLE

Go on!

Andrew gathers himself to spin, but he can't go through with it. Instead, he spins it to another girl, SOPHIE, who squeals with delight and jabs Andrew with a kiss.

PHIL

All right, new girl.

It's Holly's turn. After a nod of encouragement from Desi, she closes her eyes and spins. It ends up pointing to Phil. Andrew notes the reluctance on Holly's face.

ANDREW

Is anyone else tired of this game?
Who wants to watch Ghostbusters?

The others shout him down. Holly tentatively leans in and gives Phil a fleeting kiss. She pulls away a few inches, then hesitates, before plunging back in with a heartfelt, lingering kiss. The kids WHOOO! Holly's arms go around Phil's neck. Something has woken up in this girl, and Andrew missed his chance to be the awakener. The kiss breaks.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(grabbing the bottle)

I'd like to take my turn again.

As other kids grab for the bottle, Chris appears.

CHRIS
 (whispering)
 Andrew! Andrew! We have a little
 situation.

Before Andrew can process this, there is a SCREAM from Holly. We now see that Katie has entered, her hair is jagged and patchy. She's given herself a haircut. (NOTE: her hair might resemble the shorter haircut worn by her older self.)

HOLLY
 (furious to Chris)
 What did you do??

CHRIS
 She said she always cuts her own
 hair. She told me she was good at
 it!

HOLLY
 She was LYING, you idiot!

Chris gasps.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 My mom's gonna kill me!

Andrew reaches in to adjust Katie's hair.

ANDREW
 Maybe it's not so --

Holly bats him away.

HOLLY
 Just get away! Why did I listen to
 you two? Katie, how could you do
 this?

KATIE
 It's better!

Holly grabs Katie's arm and drags her up the stairs. Chris sits in the Spin the Bottle circle.

CHRIS
 So what'd I miss?

PHIL
 Get out. Both of you.

CHRIS
 But --

PHIL

Out!

As the two leave...

TIME CUT TO --

2015:

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Holly, now in a dress that makes her look roughly like the cake at an Armenian wedding, leans next to a changing room curtain. She looks at the price tag on her dress.

HOLLY

Ten thousand dollars?! Is this made of cocaine?

KATIE (O.S.)

It's a *wedding dress*! It's supposed to be the most expensive dress you've ever bought.

HOLLY

This would be the most expensive *car* I've ever bought. And it only gets worn once!

KATIE (O.S.)

You know, there was a time when you understood romance.

HOLLY

I still do. I just don't get why we all have to buy into this commercialized idea of romance. Why can't it just be about you, the person you love, and everyone you care about around you? Who needs a special, one-time-only dress? Who needs a veil?

She grabs a veil off of the rack.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

What even *is* a veil? Wouldn't you be worried if your bride literally has to have a bag over her head just so you'll marry her?

Katie rips the curtain open, furious. She's in a GORGEOUS wedding dress.

KATIE
 Enough. I will not have you
 Hollying all over this!

But Holly is totally awestruck by the sight of her.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 What?

ROSE (O.S.)
 You look so beautiful.

REVEAL: ROSE (25), staring at Katie with tears in her eyes.

KATIE
 (similarly emotional)
 Right?

Rose crosses to Katie and they KISS. Holly can't help but be a little moved.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (re: Holly's dress)
 What do you think of that one for
 you? I made Holly put it on so I
 could see them together.

ROSE
 It looks like it's eating her.

HOLLY
 It feels like it!

KATIE
 Alright, let's get out of here.
 Holly's right, this place is way
 too expensive.

HOLLY
 No, it isn't. Don't listen to me.
 It's your wedding. This should be
 the most perfect day of your life.

Holly pulls a dress from the rack and hands it to Rose.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 Here. This one might be perfect
 for you.

Rose takes the dress and goes behind the changing curtain.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 (to Katie)
 I'm sorry I've been such a handful.
 (MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I want you to be happy, I really do, but you guys haven't known each other that long and believe me, I know what it's like to get swept up in all that emotion, and you're so sure you've found the one and it's gonna last forever, and... and I'd just hate to see you get hurt, that's all.

KATIE

(moved)

Aww. Trust me, this is the right thing. But thank you.

They hug.

HOLLY

I love you.

KATIE

I love you, too.

A beat in the hug.

HOLLY

(whispers)

At least consider a prenup.

KATIE

(whispers)

You're wrecking it.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Andrew is headed down the street, when we HEAR a text coming in. He reads on the go, and we see the text, from Chris, on screen: *Auditioning strippers for your party*. We also see a picture of Chris between two strippers. All are doing duck lips. The baby, still in the Bjorn, seems distracted by the nearest breast.

Andrew stops to reply: *Auditioning new best man*. Unseen by him, ahead on the street, Holly, Katie, and Rose emerge from a restaurant. Holly carries her unfinished lunch in a tinfoil swan. She hugs the other two women, who head off in the opposite direction of Andrew. Holly turns and starts walking Andrew's way at the exact moment he pockets the phone and takes a step forward. They nearly collide. Had he not responded to Chris's text, he'd have missed her.

ANDREW

Holly?

HOLLY

Andy.

ANDREW

When did you...?

HOLLY

I've been back for about a month.

ANDREW

Wow. Good -- I mean I guess that's good. Is it good? Sorry, it's just weird seeing you.

We HEAR the text signal from Andrew's pocket. He ignores it, though we still see Chris's text: the word *You* with an arrow toward the graphic of a butt.

HOLLY

It is good. It's great. I came back to start teaching dance. Continuing the proud tradition of turning young girls into driven, single-minded, graceful knots of anxiety.

ANDREW

That's really nice. Some of it.

HOLLY

How are you?

ANDREW

Me? Oh, fine. Work's good...
(drops the flip attitude)
I'm engaged.

HOLLY

(reeling invisibly)
Congratulations!

ANDREW

Thanks.

Awkward beat.

HOLLY

I should probably get going, I'm late for a meeting.

ANDREW

What kind of meeting?

HOLLY

People who use lame excuses to get out of awkward conversations.

ANDREW

Right. It's nice to see you.

HOLLY

You too, Andy.

They hug, then head in their opposite directions.

SABRINA (O.C.)

Andrew!

Andrew looks up as Sabrina -- his friend / co-worker from 2000 -- crosses the street toward him.

ANDREW

Sabrina, hey!

They kiss, slide arms around each other and continue walking. We see that in 2015, Sabrina is Andrew's fiancée.

SABRINA

Who was that?

ANDREW

Crazy thing, it was Holly.

SABRINA

Whoa, you mean *Holly* Holly?

Andrew nods.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

(examining his expression)
Was it weird?

ANDREW

Well, yeah, a little.
(off her concerned look)
Come here.

He kisses her. They continue walking.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That was a million years ago.

TIME CUT TO --

1987

INT. ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrews sits, lost in thought, dejectedly spinning the bottle. We hear a KNOCK and the door opens. Jack enters.

JACK

I was gonna ask how the party went,
but maybe another time.

(off Andrew's look)

You want to talk about it?

ANDREW

Is it okay if I say no?

JACK

Of course.

(a beat, then)

Hey, did I ever tell you about when
I was trying to get your mom to go
out with me?

ANDREW

What does that have to do with me?

JACK

Nothing, I just got reminded of it.
I did everything I could to get her
attention, but nothing worked.
Spent a lot of nights sitting in my
room, thinking it was the end of
the world.

ANDREW

So what did you do?

JACK

Hmm?

ANDREW

What finally worked?

JACK

Well... pancakes. I don't know why -
- it just popped into my head. I
asked her if she felt like going
out for pancakes, and I got lucky --
she just happened to be in the mood
for pancakes.

(off Andrew's disappointed
look)

I know, not helpful.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(then)
How bad was it?

ANDREW

Well, she'll never talk to me again.

JACK

You never know.

ANDREW

Oh, I know.

A beat.

JACK

I'm sure it feels that way right now, but the thing is, everything could change tomorrow. That's the thing about life. It's always moving. There's no giant "The End" that appears in the sky and makes everything freeze. It doesn't end when you lose the girl...

INT. BAR - NIGHT - 2000

JACK (V.O.)

It doesn't end when you get the girl.

We are in what we may assume is Andrew's favorite watering hole. Andrew and Holly stand at the bar waiting for drinks. They hold hands, are barely aware of the world around them. Sabrina, Chris and Katie sit in a nearby booth. Sabrina looks Holly up and down.

SABRINA

Damn, I gotta start doing ballet.

CHRIS

(to Katie)
So, Katie, are you seeing anybody these days?

KATIE

I just got out of a long relationship. Right now, I'm just looking to have fun.

Chris practically keels over. They clink glasses, as Andrew and Holly return to the booth with drinks.

CHRIS
(sotto, to Andrew)
I'm so in.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - 2015

Outside the bridal shop as Andrew and Sabrina are walking away from Holly.

JACK (V.O.)
There's no such thing as "never".
As long as you live, the story
just... keeps going.

Andrew looks back over his shoulder for a second at Holly before walking on with Sabrina. His face says it all: uh oh.

END OF ACT THREE