



Scripts.com

13 Going on 30

By Josh Goldsmith

Move it, dorkus.
Okay, I think you're next.
I'll take your ticket.
Come right around this way.
Keep your back straight.
Put your books down
on your lap.
Now, look right up at the camera,
okay? Nice smile. Here we go.
Let me focus right over here.
Okay. Get you in.
That's good.
Swing around this way
just a little bit, Gina.
-It's Jenna.
-Look over here, Gina.
It's Jenna!
Oh, God.
Oh, no.
I've had enough already.
Hey, Jenna.
Matt, please. No more pictures.
Come on. It's your 13th birthday.
We gotta document it.
-Hi, Tom-Tom.
-Hey, Jenna.
Hi, Beaver.
How's everything at the dam?
-So how'd yours come out, Rink?
-Not so good.
Yeah, mine aren't so hot either.
-Tom-Tom, yours are great!
-Yours are the best.
God, you're so photogenic.
I'll meet you out front.
Do whatever you want. It's not
like she needs a play-by-play.
-Freakazoid.
-See you.
Jenna, could I talk to you
a tiny sec?
I told Chris Grandy me and the
Six Chicks were going to your party.
-And he said he wanted to come with.

-ReaIIy?

Yeah, it's too bad we can't make it,
because we reaIIy wanted to.

-Didn't we, girIs?

-TotaIIy.

-So, so much.

-We're so sorry.

Miss MeasIy's up our butts
with this group project...

...and Chris is gonna help us out...

...so I guess he can't come either.

-I couId write your report for you.

-Fabuloso.

You know, I can't believe
you invited those cIones.

They're my friends.

Six Chicks are not your friends, okay?

WeII, aI most. And someday

I'm gonna be a Six Chick.

There's six of them. That's the point.

There can't be a seventh Six Chick.

It's just mathematicaIIy impossibIe.

You're cooler than they are.

They're unoriginaI.

I don't wanna be originaI, Matty,

I wanna be cool.

-Want some RazzIes?

-RazzIes are for kids.

ExactIy.

-Arrivederci.

-Au revoir.

-Hey, sweetie.

-Happy birthday!

TeII us about your new

Iife as a teenager.

What did you do?

Are you wearing a bra?

-Go away!

-Oh, honey, what's wrong?

Wayne. SeIf-image.

-Jenna, it's going to be aII right.

-It is not, Mom! Look at me!

-This is not okay. This is fataI.

-It's not fataI, honey. It's reaIistic.

I hate my life.
You don't look like girls
in Poise magazine...
...but you're beautiful
in your own way.
I don't wanna be beautiful
in my own way.
I wanna look like these people.
Oh, those aren't people, honey.
Those are models.
' 'Thirty, flirty and thriving. Why the
I wanna be 30.
Well, you will be, honey.
But right now you're my
beautiful 13-year-old.
-Happy birthday!
-Oh, my God.
This is just part one of your present.
I got something else to give you later.
What is it?
You know how you always
wanted a Barbie Dream House?
Well, I decided to make you
your own Jenna Dream House.
-You made all this? Oh, Matty.
-Yeah.
See, that's you in your bubble bath,
reading your favorite magazine.
And there's your bedroom,
with a massive stereo...
...and every record ever made.
The good ones.
And there's that bum Rick Springfield
loafing on the couch.
And there I am, to make sure the
creep keeps his hands to himself.
Oh, almost forgot. Wishing dust.
It says, ' 'This wishing dust knows
what's in your heart of hearts.
It'll make all your dreams
come true.' '
They're here.
What do we do?
Oh, my God. Matt, I'm just

gonna put this away, okay?
So there's room to dance.
Put some music on.
Dad, you promised you were
gonna stay upstairs. Go!
Hi, guys. The party's downstairs.
Fabuloso.
-What is this?
-I'm not sure. It's Matt's.
Sorry, Beave-head. Majority ruIes.
Narrow, man.
Narrow, hopeIess peopIe.
-Freak.
-Robot.
I'm gonna go next door
and get my Casio.
Do whatever you want, Matt.
It's not Iike I need a pIay-by-pIay.
See you, Ioser.
Hey, I have an idea, girIs.
Let's pIay
Seven Minutes in Heaven.
You can go first,
because you're the birthday girI.
How does that one go, again?
WeII, you go in the cIoset, and some
Iucky guy's gonna go in there...
...and do whatever he wants
with you for seven whoIe minutes.
And guess who wants to go first.
-Who?
-Chris Grandy.
-No way.
-Way.
Before I forget,
where's our project proposaI?
-On the table.
-Thanks.
Remember, no peeking.
Keep that bIindfoId on.
And just so you know,
Chris Ioves going for second base.
Let's go. I think I can get
my brother to buy us some beer.

-I got the cheez doodles.
-Wait, give me that drink.
Thank you. Leave it, George.
Come on.
-What's going on?
-Jenna's waiting for you in the closet.
I thought you weren't gonna come.
Where are you?
Oh, Chris.
-It's not Chris, it's Matt.
-What are you doing here?
-Where's Chris?
-He's gone. Everybody left.
-What'd you do?
-Nothing!
-Yes, you did!
-I just went to get my Casio!
-Get out!
-Wait! Jenna, let me talk to you!
-Get out! No!
-Jenna, please, just come out!
I hate you! I hate me!
I hate everybody!
-Jenna, what are you talking about?
-I wanna be 30!
Just let me play you this song, okay?
It'll make you feel better.
I wanna be 30.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
I wanna be 30.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Thirty and flirty and thriving.
Mom?
Mom?
Dad?
What is happening?
Oh, what is happening?
What is going on?
' 'Jenna Rink.' '

'Jenna Rink.
Jenna Rink, Jenna Rink.'
I live here.
-Hi. Sorry we missed your call.
-Dad?
Well, not that sorry,
because we're in the Caribbean.
So we'll be back on the 18th,
so call us then. Have a good day.
You went on a cruise without me?
Oh, this is a dream.
This is a really weird dream.
-Hey, sweet bottom!
-Oh, my God.
I know you're there! And my parents
are totally gonna be home any minute!
Hey, where's the conditioner?
-You're naked!
-Well, not yet.
You could join me if you want.
Sweet bottom!
Can you hear that music?
Jenna? Can you hurry up
a little bit, please?
He made a commitment.
Jenna? Can you come over here?
I don't care if you have to
grab him by his testicles...
...I want him in New York
in 12 hours.
He needs to be at the party.
Hold on a second.
-Get in the car.
-I don't get in the car with strangers.
Get in the car.
We're gonna be late.
-I don't know you.
-Just get in the car.
-Not with strangers!
-You're being paranoid.
Sweet bottom! Don't make me
come down there and grab you.
Lucy Wyman. He has my number.
Could you please get in the car?

-Jenna!

-We are gonna be late.

Look, he made a commitment. He has my number. My name is Lucy Wyman.

Just go away!

Honey, I know I'm your best friend, but the slip dress is a little '97.

-Unless it's retro.

-Are you really my best friend?

-You're pregnant.

-Oh, no! Oh, my God, no!

Thank God. You scared me.

What did you do last night?

See, that's the thing. Something really strange is happening.

I slept in an apartment

I've never seen before...

...and there was a naked man in my shower and I saw his thingy.

Oh, God. Not his thingy.

Driver, could you please pull over, since we're here?

-Stop!

-Wait. I don't wanna get out of the-- I don't think you're listening.

Wait, hang on.

Wait, listen to me. I'm 13.

If you're gonna start lying about your age, I'd go with 27.

Wait! I know it sounds strange, but some weird dream is-- Like that!

Do you hear it? Did you hear that?

Would you stop being ridiculous?

It's probably just Richard.

-Who's Richard?

-You drink too much.

Richard, your boss.

Brown, curly hair. British. Richard.

-Hello?

-Hey, sweet bottom.

You. You. Put on your pants and stop calling me 'sweet bottom.'

-Look, baby--

-And get out of my house!

Who is that?
I don't know his name.
I don't know what's happening.
Okay, Jenna. Jenna.
Just calm down, okay?
We have a meeting in 10 minutes.
I'll tell you what to do. Repeat after me:
I am Jenna Rink,
bigtime magazine editor.
-I am?
-Repeat it.
I am Jenna Rink,
bigtime magazine editor.
I'm a tough bitch.
-Say it.
-I am a tough bitch.
I'm gonna walk into that office,
I won't let anyone know I'm hung-over.
But that's not the point.
I'm not hung-over--
I'm gonna walk into that office
and not let anyone know I'm hung-over.
Because the future of Poise
depends on me.
Poise?
Oh, jeez.
Poise magazine. Thank you.
Good morning, Miss Rink,
Miss Wyman.
-Good morning. What's her name?
-Who cares?
Jenna. Please don't yell at me,
it's not my fault.
They need a decision right now.
-Just pick one.
-That one.
Love. Knew it. Genius.
Eminem's on the phone.
He wants a decision now.
Plain.
Peanut. Plain.
There's the dynamic duo! I trust my
executive editors are late again...
...because they were out

promoting us at parties.

-You got it, Richard.

-Richard. You're my boss.

That's right, baby.

Who's your daddy?

Wayne Rink.

Morning.

Two words:

Oh, you're not gonna go

to Fire Island this summer?

-Are you insinuating I'm gay?

-It's a joke.

Is there anything else you

need from me, Miss Rink?

You mean like a favor?

Sure. Like a favor.

-I need to find this guy in New Jersey.

-Okay.

I have his number.

-Ariene, will you leave us, please?

-Sorry.

Jenna's a little hung-over today.

Rough.

Okay, children.

I wonder which one

Holly Housewife is going to go for.

The 10th or the 11th secret?

Seven months in a row now

they scoop us.

I mean, it's like they've got

Sparkle-cams hidden in all our walls.

Richard, we're installing passwords.

We're building firewalls

on all the computers.

-Jenna fired Charlotte yesterday.

-Did you?

I guarantee she has friends

at Sparkle. She always took notes.

-She was a secretary.

-Yeah, whatever.

Our party tonight is now huge.

We need to make

an unequivocal statement...

...that Poise is stiII hot
and happening.
Now, we need a newsstand
circ anaIysis done immediateIy.
I aIso strongIy suggest we take apart
our F.O.B., overhauI the B.O.B...
...think about new heads, decks
and sIugs. Jenna, what do you think?
Can I go to the bathroom?
It's the naked guy.
'Jenna, girI, margaritas anytime.
Love you, Madonna.'
I'm friends with Madonna?
Here are your messages.
And your mother caIIed
from Barbados.
My mom caIIed?
I wish you'd toId me.
Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Rink.
I thought you said never
to bother you with famiIy caIIs.
-I did? I said that?
-PIease don't fire me.
No, no, I won't. It's not your fauIt.
I forgot that I said that.
Next time my mom caIIs,
Iet me know.
Yes, ma'am.
Oh, I have that information
that you asked for.
Matt!
The phone number
you gave me was his parents'.
I toId them that I worked for Visa
and he's in a Iot of trouble.
You Iied to the FIamhaffs!
He's in the ViIIage.
-Which viIIage?
-The-- Greenwich ViIIage.
Oh, right. Cool.
Wait! ShouId I cancel

your 2:
Sorry.

Excuse me?

Sir?

HeIIo?

Yeah, yeah. Hello. Yeah.

Hi, this is Jenna

and I'm looking for Matt.

I don't know if you're him,

but if you lived on Spruce Street...

...and if your favorite shirt is a gray
veIour one, I need to speak to you.

Hello? Hello? Hello? You know what?

I got none of that.

If you're here from Ming Gardens,

ring twice. If not, I really don't want it.

You're not Chinese.

-Matt?

-Yeah.

You're taII. You're different.

-Yeah.

-You don't know me?

That's weird, because

yesterday you were there.

No, it wasn't yesterday,

because I'm not 1 3.

-Jenna.

-Yes!

-Jenna Rink.

-Yes! Matt, it's me!

-Hey.

-Oh, Matty!

Come on in.

You stiII take pictures?

Yeah. You know, it pays the biIIIs.

Hey, Jenna, what are--?

Why are you here?

Matty, I toId you. Something

reaIIy weird is happening.

Yesterday was my 1 3th birthday

and then....

And then today I woke up

and I'm this.

And you-- I mean, you're that.

You get it?

Are you high? You been smoking pot?

Doing X? Falling into a K-hole?
-Are you doing drugs?
-No. No. Look...
...I was sitting in my closet
and I skipped everything.
I mean, it's like a weird dream.
I can't remember my life.
You need to help me
remember my life.
-Me? I can't do that.
-Why not?
I don't know anything
about you, all right?
I haven't seen you since high school.
-What?
-We're not friends anymore, Jenna.
-Matty, you're my best friend.
-No.
Okay. It's cool.
-It's cool.
-Is it warm in here?
It's-- Maybe I should open
a window.
I need fresh air and a glass
of water and a fluffy pillow.
Have a seat. I'll get you some--
You want a glass of water?
-You want ice in that?
-I want a fluffy pillow!
A fluffy pillow, coming right up.
Sorry.
You all right?
Jenna, I think you should go back to
your apartment. I'll help you find it.
We went separate ways. We went
to different colleges, different careers.
Well, what about Christmas?
Didn't you wanna see me then?
I think I saw you through a frosted
window once, six years ago.
-Six years ago?
-Yeah.
Wasn't I home last Christmas?
I don't know. Doesn't your crowd

do Saint Barts for Christmas?

I don't know.

Is this you?

Yeah. This is where I live now.

Okay, so nice seeing you.

Good luck.

-Okay?

-Okay.

-Bye.

-Bye.

Matt.

Who is Saint Bart?

The most depressing years of my life.

Our high school yearbook.

Matt, was I a Six Chick?

Yeah, you were pretty

much their leader.

There's Tom-Tom. I wonder

what happened to her.

Last I heard, you were still good

friends. I think you even work together.

Lucy. Oh, my God, yes.

She's Lucy Wyman now.

She looks so different.

Yeah, she's pretty big into the

whole plastic surgery movement.

-I was the prom queen.

-Yep.

-And I went with Chris Grandy.

-Yep.

Oh, this is incredible. I can't believe it.

I got everything I ever wanted.

Yeah, Jenna, you got it all.

Congratulations.

It's your phone.

-Hello?

-Hi, Gramercy calling to confirm...

...your limousine pickup

for 8:

My-- Yes, my limousine for 8:30.

I will be prepared to take

my ride at that time.

Oh, can you tell me where

I'm going?

-The Palace, 27 Wall Street.

-Thank you.

I'm going to a party in a limo!

Great. Looks like you're back to your old self. I should probably go.

-You don't wanna go to the party?

-No, I gotta work. Thanks.

Shoot, I forgot you have a job.

-It's kind of cool we both have jobs.

-Totally.

Well, if you decide you want to come, it's gonna be fun. 27 Wall Street.

Okay, great. Thanks, Jenna.

Bye-bye.

Matt.

-Yeah.

-What if this isn't just a dream?

What if what I wished for actually happened?

Then you got everything you ever wanted. You might as well enjoy it.

All right, Jenna.

-Matty.

-Yeah.

-Arrivederci.

-I'll see you.

-Matt.

-Yeah.

Au revoir.

-I'm Jenna, by the way.

-Yeah, I know. I'm Becky.

How old are you, anyway?

-Thirteen.

-Me too.

Used to be.

Why are you talking to me?

-Why not? We are neighbors, right?

-But you usually ignore me.

-I like your shoes.

-Thanks.

I like your dress.

It's because I've got these incredible boobs to fill it out.

-I like your bag.
-Thanks.
You should come by sometime.
I've got a zillion of them.
-Really?
-Yeah, it'd be totally cool.
Hey, Becky?
-Can I ask you something?
-Yeah, sure.
Can you tell I'm wearing underwear?
Because I totally am.
I think that's kind of the point.
Try it. It's soft-shell crab.
Thanks.
Hi, Tom-Tom.
Oh, God, no one's called me that
since I had my nose job.
-You had a nose job?
-Yeah, and yours is better.
Anything to drink, ladies?
-An apple martini.
-Can I have a lemonade, please?
Oh, wait. Make it
a piacola, not virgin.
Do you wanna see my ID?
Totally have it.
There you two are.
Lucy, very nice.
Sort of a dangerous mermaid look.
And you.... Barbie meets Britney.
You look just
'scrum-diddie-umpcious'!
I know. I mean, thank you.
Everybody Wang Chung tonight,
right?
Here you go.
Thank you.
-I'm sorry, it's late.
-We're keeping you up, are we?

It's only 11 :

It's 11 :

and I'm at a party. It's so cool.

It's 11 :

This is a disaster.

It is?

Speaking of disasters,
what is she doing here?

-Who?

-Sparkle's editor in chief, Trish Sackett.

I've o'clock and headed our way.

Hi, girls. Our J. Lo issue is selling

like hotcakes. How's yours doing?

My God, are things so bad you had
to come to our party to eat free food?

Put some crab

in your purse for later.

You might want to keep some
of that biting wit for your magazine.

Or you could change the name
to something more appropriate...

...like Poison or Pitiful.

Whatever's more pathetic.

You know what?

You are rude and mean and sloppy
and frizzy. I don't like you at all.

Well, fortunately,

I don't care about being liked.

-I care about winning.

-This is delicious.

Ladies.

Do I smell?

Do I have bad breath?

-Am I malodorous in any way?

-No.

People seem to be running for the exit
like someone set off a stink bomb.

I don't smell anything.

I think he means

the party is a stinker.

A dud. A flop. A zero

on a scale of one to 10.

Maybe if somebody

played something else.

-Something with a melody.

-Play whatever you want.

All I know is if those people don't start dancing really, really soon.... Here's to early retirement. Matty! Matty, come here.

-Hey.

-Matty, come here.

'ThriIier.' Matty.

Me? No, no, no, no.

Take that thing away.

-''ThriIier.' Come on.

-No way.

Come on, man! Go!

Jenna, no way.

Come on, let's go.

I don't remember those moves.

I haven't done this in 15 years.

What are you, crazy?

Tear it up, dude!

-Come on, Matty.

-All right, all right.

Okay, here we go.

Go, Ariene!

Come on, let's go!

Let's go, Jenna!

Go, Richard!

-Jenna. I'm sorry, I gotta go.

-What do you--?

-I'm sorry.

-Wait. Don't.

Matt.

Groove on, baby!

I adore you!

-Miss, wait! Miss, wait!

-Your credit card. Your credit card!

-Thank you.

-To being 30.

-I've decided it's gonna be awesome.

-Of course it is.

You're thin, you're hot, you can get any guy you want, 'biatch.'

Not to mention, biatch, the hottest magazine editor in the world.

Second hottest.

-Tied for first?

-DeaI.
And speaking of hot....
Mr. Hotty behind you is totaIIy
scamming on you right now.
He is not. He's totaIIy cute.
-ShouId I go taIk to him?
-You're not married.
Good.
Hi.
CouId I borrow your ketchup?
Sure.
I actuaIIy came over here...
...because I think you're reaIIy cute.
-So do you wanna go out sometime?
-Yeah. Can you drive?
Time to go. What, do you wanna
go to jaiI? I meant that guy.
The man? Oh, gross.
No more daiquiris for you tonight.
You can never find a taxi
in this neighborhood.
Oh, my God. It's the naked man.
-Hey, beautifuI.
-He thinks I'm beautifuI?
-WeII, he shouId. He's your boyfriend.
-My boyfriend?
Why is that Iady asking
for my boyfriend's autograph?
Thank you so much.
He may not be
the best New York Ranger...
...but he's the Ranger
with the best ass.
Jenna?
-Oh, my God. Matt. Hi!
-Hey.
How are you?
I'm sorry about the other night.
-Beaver, is that you?
-Hey, Tom-Tom. How are you?
You Iost aII your baby fat.
-How does the Beave stay warm?
-Yeah, it's good to see you again too.
I aImost didn't recognize you.

Did you get a nose job?
I can't believe you're here.
What're you doing?
I'm-- I'm actually-- I'm doing
some shopping with my....
Jenna, this is Wendy, my fiance.
-I'm Jenna.
-Matt told me about...
...his blast from the past.
It was really sweet of you to stop by.
Matty's the sweet one. I don't know
what I'd have done without him.
-I'm sure you'll be fine.
-Are you a photographer too?
I see you guys have spent
so much time talking about me.
-Wendy's an anchorwoman.
-Anchorperson.
I do the weather for WWEN
in Chicago.
Matt and I were just talking about him
finally joining me in the Windy City.
-You're moving to Chicago?
-We were just discu--
We haven't really--
Is that Alex Carlson?
Jenna, sorry. Sorry I'm late.
Well, hi.
-Hey. Who are you folks?
-Hey.
I'm sorry. This is my good friend Matt
and this is his friend, Wendy.
-Fiance.
-Right. So weird. And this is....
You're Alex Carlson. Nice to meet you.
You're a great hockey player.
-I'm a big fan.
-Thank you.
You want me to sign your shirt or
your forehead? Now, I don't do butts.
I'm just joshing you. Sorry.
I crack a lot of jokes after we win, on
account of I'm in such a good mood.
Okay, well, we should

probably get going.
-Nice to meet you.
-Nice to see you folks.
Nice to see you folks. Bye.
You mind if I steal her
from you for the night?
Nope. I actually had my eye
on something better inside...
...so I'll see you guys later.
Have a good night.
Excuse me one second. Lucy?
Should I go to his place alone?
Yeah. Why not?
Go play. You deserve it.
Play. You mean
like games and stuff?
Yeah, games. All kinds of games.
I couldn't wait to see you tonight.
You wanna play a game?
-Do you have Battleship?
-Yeah, I have Battleship.
I'll show you my destroyer.
-I call the red board.
-Well, I call the blue board.
What?
Okay. I know. I forgot.
I owe you one raunchy striptease.
Oh, God.
Oh, gross.
Who's got the moves
on the ice and off the ice, ice, baby?
Wait! Wait! Wait! I don't wanna see
that thing again. Put it away.
Put it away!
God.
We can play Monopoly!
We can play Parcheesi!
He didn't have Battleship.
He didn't have any games.
Boys are so stupid.
Becky, it's even worse than you think.
How come the ones
that you like never like you?
Well, you have to fight for what

you want. Rule number one:
Love is a battlefield.
That's deep. Really deep.
-Good luck with fractions.
-Have fun at work.
To the office, Tom.
'Fifty-seven ways to have an orgasm.'
'Fifty-seven ways to have an orgasm.'
-I didn't know there were 57.
-'Touch-her-there underwear.'
No.
'He loves you, but....'
-'He loves your butt.'
-Yes.
-'He lies, he cheats...
-So typical.
...what are you doing wrong?'
There's no easy way of saying this,
so I'm just gonna come out with it.
The circles are in.
Our numbers are dismal.
We're below 600,000 total circulation.
Sparkle is closing in on a million.
I've come off the phone with corporate
and they have dropped the R word.
Redesign?
Redesign Poise?
Wait. Sparkle copies everything
we come up with...
...and we have to redesign?
That's bullshit.
Well, either we redesign and bring up
our numbers or they pull the plug.
Richard, redesign is a death sentence.
No, it's not. It's a chance
to have some fun.
Let Sparkle have all our
secondhand, stale, grody ideas.
We'll open up the F.O.B.,
overhaul the B.O.B.
It's time for us to prove
we have some poise left.
Well, I shall be leaving it
to my dynamic duo...

...to come up with something
utterly fabulous.
We have two weeks,
four hours and 30 minutes.
-I have your urgent messages.
-Let's hear them.
Well, okay.
Emily Pratt called
and wanted me to tell you:
'I can't believe you scooped my story
on Vivienne Tam, you backbiting bitch.
That was a new level
of sleaze, even for you.
I hope you die in one
of her casual pantsuits.'
Oh, my God, that was so mean.
Miss Lewis called. She said,
'I hope you choke on your own bile...
...you pretentious, conniving snake.'
-Maybe I should read them myself.
-Good.
Oh, great.
-Miss Rink's line.
-Put that little bitch on the phone now.
Please don't take that tone.
I'm just her assistant.
Tell her to call Todd.
'Sweet bottom, you seem uptight.
Let me come over and give you my....'
-Yes.
-Alex is on line one, Miss Rink.
Oh, gag me. Can you
please tell him I'm busy?
Okay, but he wants to know
what time would be good for dinner.
How about in 10 zillion years?
Ask him how that works.
-Okay, I'll ask.
-Okay.
-Yeah?
-I'm sorry to bother you again.
-Pete Hansen is here to see you.
-Who?
Tracy from the

art department's husband.

Oh, okay. Sure.

I was just dropping off Tracy's lunch,
thought I'd say hello.

You brought Tracy her lunch?

That's so sweet--

What are you doing?

What's wrong, Pooky?

'Pooky'?

Pukey. You're married,
and to a girl I work with.

Well, that didn't stop us from rattling
some desk drawers loose last week.

So come on.

Lie down and take a memo.

Listen, hire the best photographer,
and I don't want Jenna to find out.

-No. Roger that.

-Okay?

God, what is up with her lately,
anyway? I mean, she seems so lost.

I have no idea. I'm getting
so sick of having her around...

...with this crazy new act
she has going on.

You know how she stole
Charlotte's idea and then fired her?

I say we go ahead
with our own presentation...

...and let her fall on her ass.

Oh, God, yeah.

Okay, you're not Cajun.

-Wanna go for a walk?

-Sure.

I still can't believe
you're getting married.

In two weeks.

Is she your soul mate, Wendy?

My soul mate? I don't know if I believe
in those. I think that's kind of naive.

But you get goose bumps
when you're around her...

...and butterflies?

No, I haven't gotten crazy like that

about a girl since high school.
Matty.
What--? What happened to us?
I mean, how come
we never stayed friends?
I don't know. I forget.
No, what happened?
I don't know. I can pretty much
peg it to your 13th birthday party...
...when you were playing that game.
Spin the Rapist?
Seven Minutes in Heaven.
Everybody ditched.
And that is the last thing I remember.
We don't have to get into this.
It's a long time ago.
-It really doesn't matter anymore.
-It matters to me.
Just tell me.
You came out of the closet...
...and I started to sing
my birthday song to you.
And then you picked up
and threw at me...
...with impressive force, I might add...
...the dream house that I spent
three weeks building for you.
And then you just stopped
being my friend...
...and you never spoke to me
again after that, ever.
I'm so sorry.
Forget it, Jenna. It was a long
time ago. It doesn't matter.
Matt, stop being so nice to me.
I don't deserve it.
Do you know what
kind of person I am now?
Do you know who I am right now? I....
I don't have any real friends. I....
I did something bad
with a married guy.
I don't talk to my mom and dad.
I'm not a nice person.

And the thing is...

...I'm not 13 anymore.

Jenna.

Behind you.

Oh, it's good to be home.

-Daddy.

-Jenna?

What in the world?

-Sweetheart.

-I missed you guys so much.

Are you all right?

Mom.

Do you ever wish you could go back...

...like to another time?

I wouldn't mind giving back

some of these wrinkles.

Okay.

If you were given one do-over,

anything in your life, what would it be?

Nothing.

-Really?

-Really.

But did you ever make

a big mistake?

Or a huge one that could

change your life? What about that?

Well, Jenna, I know

I made a lot of mistakes...

...but I don't regret

making any of them.

How come?

Because if I hadn't have

made them...

...I wouldn't have learned

how to make things right.

I'm sorry I missed last Christmas.

Carrie, I'm heading out, okay?

I'm so exhausted.

-Jenna's working late.

-She has been.

-Hey.

-Hey.

I was gonna stop by your office.

I tried to call you a bunch of times.

-I didn't get any messages.
-I was in a hurry.
But I did try to reach you.
I actually wanted to talk to you
about this whole redesign thing.
I hope you don't mind, but I've been
working on something on my own.
It's really last-minute.
-I hope you don't mind.
-No, of course not...
...because I'm doing the same thing.
-Hey, Jenna.
-Hey.
Someone's got
a big photo shoot going on.
-Yeah.
-What's happening?
-Did you bring them?
-Oh, yeah, I got a few.
-What are you doing?
-I'm hiring you.
Actually, Poise
is hiring you for the week.
Here.
This is the first half.
The rest when we finish.
I could really use this, but you
don't need to do me any favors.
I'm asking you to do me a favor.
I love your work.
I hope you'll do this with me.
You know, I've seen your magazine.
My stuff is not your style at all.
Exactly.
Who gets Francis?
There we go.
Okay, let's do it.
Up, up!
-Okay, everybody.
-Okay, everybody, climb up there.
Lots of energy.
-All right. Nice. You're the real deal.
-Keep up the flag.
All right. Jenna, this is

your class of 2004.
All right, guys. Ready?
Very good. Very good.
-They're beautiful.
-Yeah, they came out okay, huh?
-I think so.
-Yeah.
-Do you?
-I do, yeah.
Yeah, it's getting late.
I should get home.
It's getting pretty late here.
You know what I wish I had
right now?
No, what?
Razzies.
Razzies?
I haven't had Razzies...
-...in 15 years.
-Remember...
-...they're both a candy and a gum.
-That's incredible.
I can't believe they had them.
Okay, don't waste a minute.
It's been a long time. Careful.
Yeah.
What are you laughing at?
I don't know.
Life. Timing. Being here with you,
eating Razzies.
I've had a really great time
working with you this week.
-Me too.
-And everything.
Yeah.
Hey, Matty.
Tell me something.
What color is my tongue?
-What?
-What color is my tongue?
It's red. I don't know. Red.
'Red' red? Or tongue red?
Razzie red.
-Show me yours.

-What?
-Your tongue. I showed you mine.
-I'm not showing you.
Show me your tongue.
I showed you mine.
-I didn't ask to see yours.
-Matty, I need to see your tongue.
Razzie red.
You wanna know a secret?
Yeah.
You're the sweetest guy
I've ever known.
I bet I can still beat you off the jump.
Whoever goes the furthest,
the other owes a drink.
-An Orange Julius.
-Upping the stakes.
And dinner Friday night at 8:00...
...at the 24th Street Diner...
...to celebrate our redesign
being chosen.
Deal. One.
-Two.
-Two.
-Three!
-Three!
Are you okay?
I should've tucked and rolled.
I'm getting old.
No, you're not,
because that means I am.
Well?
-Hey.
-Yeah?
You got arm hair.
It's never quite got
that reaction before.
It was like it wasn't even me.
Like I had just...
...watched us down below, kissing.
Then I just floated home on a cloud.
That is so romantic.
-Look.
-You've got goose bumps.

I totally know. They won't go away.

Do you love him?

Duh.

When will you see him again?

I don't know, actually.

I don't know if I can.

-What? Why?

-It's complicated.

It's a grownup thing.

Well, at least you have

someone to dream about.

Guys don't wanna jump your bones

when you're a meta-mouth.

What is that attitude?

We are young.

Heartache to heartache, we stand.

Love is a battlefield.

But I like it like this,

with freckle girl and the dog.

-These photos are unbelievable, Jen.

-Okay, here's the dog.

-Francis is the dog's name.

-Okay. What do you think?

Well, I think I'm gonna start reading

Poise for the first time in my life.

No, I got a place I rent in Brooklyn.

That'll work? All right,

I'll see you then. Bye-bye.

Hey. I wasn't expecting to see you--

Wendy. I thought you were

flying in tomorrow.

What, are you expecting

someone else?

No. Hi.

I wanna take you to lunch. Hungry?

Yeah, yeah. What a surprise.

Okay, where do you...?

-How was your flight?

-It was good.

You can take pictures of

vitamin bottles anywhere.

And I was just thinking that we

should try to resolve this now.

Instead of being a commuter couple

during our first year of marriage.

What?

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Could you...? I missed that.

-Ariene, do you have any more--?

-Jenna.

My balls, excuse my French,
are in an iron vice.

Corporate are twisting like a bunch
of dominatrixes on steroids.

Now Lucy's presenting her own
redesign. Tell me what's going on.

What is going on is you
will have more choices.

All respect to Lucy, I'm more anxious
to know what you're working on.

-Thank you.

-I'm not complimenting you...

...I'm trying to pressure you.

How long until your balls
get totally squished?

Hopefully never. I'm really rather
attached to my balls.

Can they hang in there till 5?

Jenna, you are not yourself
at the moment.

Since when do you keep me out of
the loop? I'm really freaking out here.

-The rest of the prints are ready.

-Goody. Hang in there.

Why does nobody listen
to a word I say?

Ariene, aren't you coming?

Oh, you're invited, are you?

Okay, bye-bye.

Oh, no, excuse me.

Go ahead.

You know, what am I?

I'm just the...

...editor in chief. Whatever.

We've gotta go to 23rd, please,
between 5th and 6th.

-It's 29 West 23rd.

-You got it, lady.

The new and improved Poise
will explore the last frontier.
The new and improved Poise
will explore the last frontier.
It will go heroin chic one better.
It will OD.
It will kill.
Cause of death? Chicness.
The new Poise will go farther than
any fashion magazine ever before.
It will be deadly serious.
Fashion suicide.
So, what do you think?
Thank you, sir.
-How much time do we have?
-We have two minutes. Hurry.
Jeez. Such a bitch.
I know this is different.
I mean, from anything
we've ever done.
And I know you might hate it
and think I'm completely crazy.
But I won't care, even if I get fired.
And I don't mean that disrespectfully,
it's just that I've realized something.
Who are these women?
Does anyone know?
I don't recognize any of them.
I wanna see...
...my best friend's big sister...
...and the girls from the
soccer team.
My next-door neighbor.
Real women who are smart and pretty
and happy to be who they are.
These are the women
to look up to.
Let's put life back
into the magazine.
And fun and laughter and silliness.
I think we all-- I think all of us
wanna feel something...
...that we've forgotten
or turned our backs on.

Because maybe we didn't realize
how much we were leaving behind.
We need to remember
what used to be good.
If we don't...
...we won't recognize it
even if it hits us between the eyes.
I just....
Bravo!
BriIIiant.
We wiII present this to corporate
first thing tomorrow morning.
-So who's this mystery photographer?
-Matt FIamhaff.
Is he Arthur or Martha?
Matt. He's Matt.
No, no. Is he gay?
Are you gay?
-City and listing?
-Manhattan.
Sparkle magazine on Park Avenue.
-SparkIe magazine.
-Trish Sackett, pIease.
Jenna, I'm sorry to barge in on you Iike
this, but I reaIIy have to taIk to you--
Hey, Beaver.
I mean Matt. I'm sorry.
OId habits die hard, you know.
Fine. Is Jenna around?
Are you here about your photos?
No, actuaIIy, I'm not.
I guess I shouId just teII you...
...that Jenna's decided to go
in a different direction...
...with a more estabIished
photographer.
She's gonna use the guy who shoots
the officiaI photos of her sweetie pie.
So don't take it personaIIy,
because there's just a IittIe bias.
I'm sorry to be so honest
with you, because...
...I think your pictures
are reaIIy cute.

It was nice talking to you.

Hey, Matt. While I've got you here,
do you wanna sign a general release?

Maybe we can use your
pictures in a catalog.

Fine.

Hi.

-Jenny, right?

-Jenna.

I was looking for Matt.

I wanted to tell him some really great
news about his photographs.

Everybody loved them.

That's great. I'll tell him when he gets
back. He's out getting his tux.

-His tux?

-I know. Men.

Everything's the last minute.

I mean, hello. We're getting
married tomorrow.

This'll be the cutest little backyard
wedding since I don't know when.

-Congratulations.

-Thanks. I'll tell Matt you stopped by.

-Okay.

-Bye.

We wanna feel something
again that we've forgotten.

Because we didn't stop to notice
how much we were leaving behind.

We need to remember
what used to be good.

You ready?

The meeting's cancelled, Jenna.

What, until tomorrow?

It's over.

It's over?

Lucy....

She took all your designs
to Sparkle. Everything.

She's their new editor in chief.

Your photos showed up
in Sparkle Online last night.

They're in outdoor ads everywhere.

She can't take Matt's pictures.

Those belong to us.

-She can't do it!

-She can, and she is.

She got him to sign this.

Lucy, you stole Matt's pictures.

Oh, which one do you wanna be

today, the pot or the kettle?

If you don't mind,

I'd like to be the pot.

Maybe the kettle. It doesn't really

matter. They're both black.

-What are you talking about?

-I found this in your office yesterday.

Does it look familiar?

It has your name on it.

-You went through my things?

-Oh, give me a break.

How horrible. How terrible.

I can't believe I did it.

What is this?

You can wipe off the 'Bambi
watching her mother get shot...

...and strapped to the back of
a van' look from your face.

I talked to Trish Sackett yesterday.

It's okay, Jenna. I know all
about your little deal.

It's a sweet little deal, actually.

Editor in chief if you help them
hit a million copies?

-So you'd give them tips.

-Oh, my God.

Not bad. I just wish I would
have thought of it.

-Oh, no.

-Oh, yes.

Okay, now I'm taking your job,
you stay here with the magazine...

...you single-handedly flushed
down the toilet.

What about Matt?

Why did he sign this?

What did you say to him?

Let's see. I think that I told him...
...you had decided to go
in a different direction.
Which you are now.
I might have told him something else,
too, but I just can't remember.
George Washington Bridge,
New Jersey.
Jenna.
-Jenna Rink.
-Yeah?
Chris Grandy.
So, what are you doing?
Are you married?
Because if you're single,
I definitely want a number.
We could get together.
I'm still living at home--
-Come on, Grandy! Come on.
-Holy Christ!
This is the tune we first
tangled tongues to.
What's the dude who sings this?
-Rick Springsteen.
-It's Springfield, Grandy.
I'm out of here.
I thought you wanted my number.
I'll take these.
Good afternoon.
You remember, Wayne.
It was with the Flamingos
at San Ysidro Ranch.
San Ysidro Ranch.
It's so pretty. It's perfect.
It looks great.
Hi.
Hey.
I don't know what Lucy said to you
about me, but I want you to know...
...that whoever that was she
was talking about...
...wasn't me.
It doesn't matter what Lucy said.
I stopped trusting her after she stole

my Pop Rocks in the third grade.

Matt.

I am not the awful person

that I know that I was.

I don't even know that person.

And I'd like to believe....

I have to believe

that if you knew that...

...if in your heart, you really,
really knew that...

...you wouldn't be getting ready
to marry someone now.

Unless that someone were me.

Jenna, I'm not gonna lie to you.

I have felt things...

...these past few weeks...

...that I didn't know I could
feel anymore.

But I have realized

in these past few days...

...you can't just turn back time.

Why not?

I moved on.

You moved on.

We've gone down different paths
for so long.

We made choices.

I chose Wendy.

That's her family down there.

We care about each other,
you know?

You don't always get the dream
house, but you get awfully close.

Please don't cry, Jenna.

Oh, I'll be fine, I promise.

Matty, can I have it?

Please?

-You're not gonna whip it at me?

-No.

Look, I won't have you be late.

Just go.

Go on. I'm fine. I'm just crying
because I'm happy.

I want you to be so, so happy.

I Iove you, Matt.
You're my best friend.
Jenna, I....
I've aIways Ioved you.
Jenna's waiting for you in the cIoset.
Matty.
You reaIIy know what you're doing.
Come on.
-Sorry, I forgot my scarf.
-You know what?
You can be the pot and kettIe
aII by yourseIf from now on, biatch.
Come on, Matt.
-What did you caII me?
-We're gonna be Iate.
-For what?
-You'II see.
A RazzIe, Mr. FIamhaff?
Thank you, Mrs. FIamhaff.