

FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL

by

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INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

PETER BRETT (26) watches television alone in his dark, creepy apartment. A fake MUMMY lies in the corner. Vintage magician posters and a giant, creepy French Clockwork Orange poster adorn the walls. Cigarette butts, overflowing ashtrays and bottles of liquor crowd the table and a GIANT PLASMA TELEVISION adorns one wall. In the corner are a guitar and keyboard.

Peter sits, smoking, watching THE ISLAND with SCARLETT JOHANSEN. THE COLONY IS ADDRESSED BY A MAN ON PLASMA SCREENS THROUGHOUT THE COMPOUND

---Peter has made it so his computer is being mirrored on his GIANT PLASMA. He sits in front of his computer's camera so that his GIANT FACE is on the tv. He is wearing a Jacket and TIE.

PETER  
(mimicking THE ISLAND)  
The lottery will begin in twenty minutes. The lucky winners will get to smoke a gigantic joint.

Peter chuckles to himself and lights a joint, which he watches himself smoke on TV. He tries to make smoke rings.

We pull back to reveal, that he is wearing only the top half of a suit and boxers.

-- Peter's watching the Red Shoe Diaries. The part that Duchovny narrates.

-- Peter opens his fridge. It has nothing in it except for some old orange juice.

-- Peter's on his couch drinking old orange juice from the carton, smoking, watching an informational about a treadmill.

-- Peter's on the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I don't need the elliptical. Just the treadmill. Thanks. It's a Mastercard.

-- Peter's pulled the treadmill out of its box.

-- It's some time later. The treadmill is covered in ashtrays and various junk. Peter's on the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, that's great. Topher sounds really cool. I'm glad you're having fun. I'm OK. No, I'm fine. Seriously, I'm doing fine. I got a treadmill. Yeah. I miss you and I cannot wait to see you. Have fun at the wrap party.

Peter hangs up. He then hits the treadmill on and watches with little interest as a bunch of full ash trays, half-filled soda bottles, and papers go flying off it.

-- Peter sits on his couch drinking coffee watching Talk Soup. It goes to a commercial for "Comedy Mondays" and we see a brief promo for "GRACE IS ACES," starring "Emmy Nominee SARAH MARSHALL." Peter beams.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

He addresses a Muppet style DRACULA PUPPET in the corner.

PETER (CONT'D)

We're gonna get to snuggle in only twenty three days, huh Vlad?

-- Peter watches the Red Shoe Diaries again. As he does so, he bounces a ball against Duchovny's face.

-- Peter's asleep. It's 3:45PM. The phone rings. He lets it go to answering machine.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(answering machine)

Yo, it's your bro. Pick up pick up pick up pick up pick up.

(sighs)

Since your lady's not in for a couple more days, I was thinking you could let me and Liz take you out for a meal. I know you're there. Pick up pick up pick up pick up

Peter ignores the machine.

-- Peter's alarm goes off. The Cardigan's "Lovefool" begins playing. Peter HOPS OUT of bed.

-- Peter, in a nice suit and nice shirt, sits expectantly on his couch. The phone rings. Peter answers it.

PETER  
 Hey, sweetie!  
 (then)  
 Not for another week? Oh. No,  
 that's totally great. Say hello to  
 everyone for me. Love ya.

Peter leaves the room and returns seconds later wearing his old sweatpants and dirty T-shirt.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

Peter stands, scrubbing and singing in a STRANGE OPERATIC VOICE. The phone rings. He grabs a cordless next to the sink.

PETER  
 Hello? Hey Baby! Welcome Home!! I'm  
 just in the shower singing. I think  
 I'm zeroing in on Dracula's point  
 of view. Yeah, of course, come on  
 over. Love you.  
 (beat)  
 Hello? Oh, okay, see you in a  
 minute.

Peter hangs up and looks at the phone, a bit concerned.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A knocking at the door. Peter comes out from the bathroom, dripping wet, naked, drying himself with a towel. He opens the door for his stunningly beautiful girlfriend, SARAH MARSHALL (30). She enters as Peter continues drying himself with the towel, casually exposing his naked body.

PETER  
 (big, goofy smile)  
 Hey lover! Just scrubbing up for  
 you.

She can barely look in Peter's direction.

SARAH  
 Pete, as you know, I love you very  
 much. But...

Peter drops his towel.

PETER  
 Are you breaking up with me?

She looks down at the floor. Then she nods. Peter looks in complete shock. He sits down on the couch and tries not to hyperventilate.

SARAH  
Why don't you put on some clothes  
and let's discuss this?

PETER  
(already teary)  
I can't do anything right now.

SARAH  
(sweetly)  
Honey, I'm sorry...

PETER  
(starting to lose it)  
What is going on? I love you, I  
love you, please don't do this --

SARAH  
Just put on some clothes --

PETER  
Will that make you not break up  
with me?

Sarah touches Peter's shoulder. He roughly shakes her off.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
I'm sorry, I'm just... oh god.

Peter sobs so hard that he begins to choke on his breath.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
I'm in control, I'm in control, I'm  
fine, let's talk. Why?

She starts to speak.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
Just tell me why.

SARAH  
(super rehearsed)  
Pete, as you know, I love you very  
much.

PETER  
You already said that. Like in  
exactly that tone.

SARAH

(still super-rehearsed)  
But I've felt for a long time that  
we were growing apart and leading  
different lives. It's not that I  
don't love you, I do.

PETER

(ignoring her)  
I love you too. Like so much.

SARAH

And that's really sweet. It's just  
that... I think my love for you  
has...changed.

PETER

Changed how?

SARAH

Become...weaker. You know? Like, a  
lot...weaker. It's like you're on  
the dock and I'm in the lake and  
I'm like, "jump in the lake" but  
you just keep staying on the dock.

PETER

What? I'll jump in the lake.

SARAH

I know you would, but it wouldn't  
be for the right reasons.

PETER

Why now? I told you, I've finally  
figured out Dracula's POV and you  
dump me.

SARAH

Now's the time while your life's on  
the upswing.

(then, back to super  
rehearsed)

While this is hard for me, I  
understand that it might be even  
harder for you. If you want to not  
see each other for a while I  
completely and totally understand.

PETER

Who's the guy? Is there someone  
else? Someone from the movie?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
Please tell me it's not Dax  
Shepard.

SARAH  
No. There's no one. I would never  
hurt you like that.

Peter begins weeping and moving towards her.

PETER  
If there's no other guy it doesn't  
have to be over, if there's no  
other guy it doesn't have to be  
over...

SARAH  
(tearing up a little)  
I've thought about this a lot,  
sweetie.

PETER  
I haven't seen you in so long,  
you've forgotten what we have and I  
forgive you for that. Just kiss me  
one last time and I swear you'll  
remember.

SARAH  
I don't know if that's good idea -

PETER  
Just please...

Peter wipes tears and snot off his face and pulls Sarah  
towards him. He starts kissing her and desperately clutching  
her. Then he starts passionately rubbing up against her. We  
can tell she's not into it.

PETER  
I love you baby. Do you remember  
now?

Peter's getting more and more into it.

SARAH  
(panicking)  
There's someone else.

Peter pulls away and stares at her for as long as Universal  
will allow.

SARAH  
I should probably go.

She leaves.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter sits on the couch with his younger brother BRIAN BRETT (23). Three boxes of Camels sit in front of Peter, who smokes one as he drinks a fuzzy navel, clearly not his first.

BRIAN

Are you sure you don't want to eat something with that?

Peter shrugs indifferently. Brian OPENS Peter's fridge. There's an old piece of moldy American cheese. That's it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Your place has gotten really disgusting. I had no idea American cheese could sustain mold.

\*

PETER

Can we please focus on the fact that the love my life has just dumped me? It's going to be OK, right?

BRIAN

It will be. But you're the only one who can make it better. Clean yourself up. You're like the walking dead.

PETER

BECAUSE I'VE JUST BEEN DUMPED!

BRIAN

You were doing great before Sarah. Honestly, you've been on a downward spiral ever since you two met.

PETER

That is not true!

BRIAN

Right out of the gate you wrote a kick ass song for Graces, you hooked up with the star, you were on your way. Then she took off like a rocket and you sat on your ass in this creepy theme restaurant of an apartment.

PETER

I've been working on my Dracula musical.

BRIAN

For five and a half years?

PETER

Musicals are one of the most complicated art forms. There's a story and songs and --

(then)

I don't understand why we're even talking about this.

BRIAN

Because this is why Sarah dumped you. When I met Liz, she wouldn't date me. Not because she didn't think I was a handsome and intelligent man, but because I didn't have my life together. So I quit pot, I went premed, I started doing yoga and now we're engaged.

PETER

You're like a fucking child bride.

BRIAN

Easy now. I'm not the one who made Sarah sleep with Dax Shepard.

PETER

(interrupting)

Get the fuck out of here. I'm serious. Right now. Get the hell out here.

BRIAN

Pete---

PETER

Get out Brian!!

Brian takes Peter's drink away, heads for the door. He begins to speak again.

BRIAN

When you sober up, Liz and I would love to have you over for a BBQ.

PETER

LEAVE!

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter lays in the bed, only his head free from the cocoon of covers. He is sweating profusely, and breathing in a way that is best described as panting. THE PHONE RINGS. Peter glances at the caller ID, but does not answer.

PETER'S MOM (V.O.)  
 (answering machine)  
 Peter, it's your Mother. Brian's afraid you're going to kill yourself. I told him he was overreacting. But please call and let me know you're OK anyway. We love you.

Peter closes his eyes, desperate for sleep.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peter sits on his couch in the dark, wrapped in a blanket. He drinks wine with a straw from a giant box like it's a juice box and watches PROJECT RUNWAY.

HEIDI KLUM (ON TV)  
 You had a lot of potential, but you just couldn't come through. I'm sorry, you're out.

Peter burst into tears.

PETER  
 Auf Wiedersehen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Peter finishes preparing a beautiful steak sandwich. The oven clock reads 3:23 AM. He slices the sandwich and adorns the plate with some Kettle Chips. Satisfied, he stares down at his sandwich...and stares. Finally he reaches for it, but just lays his hand on to of it sadly.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Peter wakes up and looks at the clock. 6:17 AM.

PETER  
 You can do this.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Peter adjusts his guitar strap and removes his sunglasses, revealing haggard eyes. His MIXER (40s) speaks over the intercom.

MIXER

Late night?

PETER

Yeah. But I'm good. What do we have today?

MIXER

Three lead-ins, an exit and a walk down the street.

PETER

Alright, let's go.

The room goes dark and an image projects on a screen in front of Peter. It is silent footage of Sarah walking down the street. It lasts for EIGHT SECONDS, then cuts to black.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, let's do this.

The footage begins again, Sarah walking. Peter plays a VILLAINOUS SOUNDING diddy.

MIXER

Too dark Pete. Opening of the show. You alright?

Peter takes a moment to consider.

PETER

Sarah and I decided to take some time apart.

MIXER

Oh my God man, I'm sorry.

PETER

It was a mutual...

MIXER

Dude, go home. I'll finish up today. It's not like we're composing a symphony here.

PETER  
I'm a professional. I can do this.

MIXER  
Alright, we got one more thing to  
score.

He flips on sitcommy footage of Sarah kissing some YOUNG HOT  
ACTOR like Freddie Prinze, Jr. The audience goes WHOOOO.  
CLOSE ON Peter.

INT. THE CAT AND FIDDLE PUB - NIGHT

Peter and Brian sit outside at a table drinking. Peter looks  
dressed for a date, Brian is far more casual.

BRIAN  
You look good. I didn't know you  
owned a curduroy coat.  
(then)  
So, what am I doing here?

PETER  
You're going to be my wing man.

BRIAN  
Oh, no. I can't do this. This is  
not what you need. Come over to my  
house, Liz and I will cook up some  
stir fry, we'll watch *Lost*...

Peter sees two girls and winks at them.

BRIAN (CONT'D) \*  
That is just creepy. Don't do that  
look.

PETER  
(through gritted teeth  
while smiling  
flirtatiously)  
I haven't done this in six years  
Brian, I'm terrified, so shut the  
fuck up.

BRIAN  
You're embarrassing yourself. And  
me.

The girls HEAD OVER to them.

PETER

Oh, am I?

LESLIE

This place is so crowded. Are these seats taken?

PETER

Not at all. Please, sit down. I'm Peter, this is my little brother Brian.

Brian waves, annoyed.

LESLIE

I'm Leslie. This is Ann.

Peter stands up to pull out a chair.

ANN

(as if a compliment)  
You're gigantic.

PETER

Thanks. So what can I get you ladies to drink?

LESLIE

Amstel light.

ANN

Vodka sour.

BRIAN

Seltzer water's fine.

EXT. CAT AND FIDDLE - LATER

Brian and Leslie are singing the "Graces is Aces" theme song. Peter looks really embarrassed and very drunk.

LESLIE

So, Brian, what do you do?

BRIAN

I'm engaged.

LESLIE

Oh. How about you, Peter?

BRIAN  
Give you a hint. He wrote a song.  
(singing)  
*When you need a time-out just to...*

PETER  
(embarrassed)  
Stop it Brian.

BRIAN  
*Just to catch your breath.*

PETER  
Stop.

Leslie joins in for the chorus.

LESLIE AND BRIAN  
*So many people in the world!*

ANN  
Hey! That's the theme from that  
show.

BRIAN  
"Grace is Aces." That's my boy  
right here.

ANN  
You wrote that? That was on a True  
Love Sampler CD I got at The Coffee  
Bean. I didn't even realize it was  
a whole song.

PETER  
Yeah. Yeah it is. CBS cut it down  
to eight seconds.

ANN  
That's so cool.

PETER  
I'm glad you think so. It makes me  
want to kill myself.

ANN  
Oh.

BRIAN  
My brother doesn't just sit on his  
ass and collect royalties. He's  
also been working on a rock musical  
for six years.



PETER

No. It's just...she'll never take me back now.

Peter begins to cry. Ann looks at him awkwardly.

PETER (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm sorry. I just ended a relationship and I thought if I had sex with you I'd feel better.

ANN

Are you crying?

PETER

(weepy)

I'm sorry. I'm just clearly not ready yet. You're a lovely girl, but it's not safe for you to fall in love with me. I'm not someone you want to be with.

ANN

That's okay. I have a boyfriend.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

C.U.: Peter SCRUTINIZES HIS LIPS

A GRANDFATHERLY DOCTOR enters. Peter quickly sits back down.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Hello Peter, great to see you again. What can I do for you?

PETER

Well. I guess it's a long story. Ummm. I just got out of a five and a half year relationship. So, last night, like an idiot, I slept with somebody I don't know at all. She claims she has a boyfriend, but there's really no telling how many people she's been with, possibly thousands. So... do you think you could take a look at me?

DR. ROSENBAUM

(comforting)

Of course.

(MORE)

DR. ROSENBAUM (CONT'D)  
 But I do have to tell you, this  
 isn't really what I deal with on a  
 day to day basis.

PETER  
 But you're my doctor.

DR. ROSENBAUM  
 I'm a pediatrician Peter.

PETER  
 I appreciate that, but I woke up  
 feeling like, some pressure on my  
 lip.

DR. ROSENBAUM  
 (understanding)  
 Okay. Let's take a look.

Dr. Rosenbaum gives Peter's lips a good look over.

DR. ROSENBAUM (CONT'D)  
 Where do you feel this pressure?

PETER  
 Pretty much my whole lip area. Do  
 you see anything?

DR. ROSENBAUM  
 Everything looks fine. You're good  
 to go. Have fun.

PETER  
 Thanks, but no thanks. I am done  
 being irresponsible.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Peter and the woman are having sex. Both are enjoying  
 themselves. As she gets closer, the woman leans up to his ear  
 and whispers.

NAME GIRL  
 Say my name.

Peter smiles, begins to speak, but hesitates.

NAME GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Say my name...please.

Peter's brow furrows.

PETER  
(barely audible)  
...baby...

NAME GIRL  
My name...

Peter mumbles something.

NAME GIRL (CONT'D)  
What?

She abruptly stops.

NAME GIRL  
You don't know my name do you.

PETER  
What!? Of course I know your name.

NAME GIRL  
Then what is it?

PETER  
Darlene.

NAME GIRL  
You fuck.

PETER  
What? I bet you don't remember my name!

NAME GIRL  
Peter.

PETER  
Ha. Wrong! It's Joel.

NAME GIRL  
Ohmigosh, I'm so sorry.

PETER  
It's OK. It's bound to happen.  
Joel's not the most memorable name  
around.

NAME GIRL  
I feel like such a hypocrite.

PETER  
It's OK.

The girl and Peter start kissing again. Peter guiltily stops kissing.

PETER (CONT'D)

You were right. My name's Peter.  
I just lied to cover up the fact  
that I didn't remember your name.

NAME GIRL

What is wrong with you?

PETER

I'm sorry.

\*

The girl leaves.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

\*

Peter, well drunk, and an equally DRUNK GIRL do shots.

\*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*

Peter has sloppy sex with the Drunk Girl. They finish.

\*

PETER

That was lovely.

\*

\*

DRUNK GIRL

Uh huh.

\*

\*

PETER

(sexily)

See you in a sec.

\*

\*

\*

Peter GETS OUT OF BED, WALKS INTO THE BATHROOM and THROWS UP  
for a very long time.

\*

\*

INT. BEDROOM - 2 NIGHTS LATER

\*

Peter is having sex with a different girl. She looks up at  
him sweetly.

HI GIRL

Hi.

PETER

Hi.

He continues moving for a few seconds. She touches his face.

HI GIRL  
Hi.

                  PETER  
Hi.

He continues. She looks him deep in his eyes.

                  HI GIRL  
Hi.

Peter stops.

                  PETER  
Can you please stop saying that?

She doesn't say anything. They recommence lovemaking.

                  HI GIRL  
                  (against her will)  
Hi.  
                  (then)  
It just comes out. I'm really  
sorry.

                  PETER  
That's fine.

They continue to make love.

                  HI GIRL  
Hi.

                  PETER  
Hi.

                  HI GIRL  
Hi.

                  PETER  
I can't do this.

                  HI GIRL  
Yeah, me neither.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A nurse draws Peter's blood. In the background, a KID runs by closely followed by the KID'S MOM and the PEDIATRICIAN who's holding a syringe.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Brian and Peter are mid-hike.

PETER

Honest to God, enough is enough.  
You were right. No more  
meaningless sex.

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT - 2 DAYS LATER

Peter is in bed with a model. She just looks at him with total apathy. She does not move at all.

PETER

Do you like what I'm doing?

MODEL

Yeah.

He continues, she does not change expression.

PETER

Are you sure?

MODEL

(blankly)  
I love it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A different girl. She is on top.

POTTYMOUTH

C'mon you fuckin' pussy. Fuck me.  
What's the matter, you don't like  
girls you faggot. C'mon. Fucker.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Peter is the only adult without a child in the pediatrician's waiting room. He reads HIGHLIGHTS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Rosenbaum enters the room looking quite serious. Peter looks up at him nervously.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Peter. I think we need to talk.

Peter's eyes grow wide and panic sets in.

PETER

Oh no. Oh my God.

DR. ROSENBAUM

(getting angry, dropping  
the grandfatherly shtick)

Your tests came back negative! Not that that matters since it takes at least six weeks for any virus to appear in the bloodstream. You're wasting my time and you're driving yourself crazy! It's not healthy. Also, your insurance doesn't cover any more blood tests for this year.

PETER

(humiliated)

I know. God, I know. I just...I'm not used to this Doc.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Go away for a week and get your head together.

PETER

Where would I go?

DR. ROSENBAUM

I'm not a fucking travel agent.

PETER

I can't afford it.

DR. ROSENBAUM

(pouty, making fun of him)

I can't afford it.

(then)

Yes, you can. Your song is everywhere. I can't get it out of my fucking head.

PETER

The checks come when they come. It's not as much as you'd think.

DR. ROSENBAUM

Why am I discussing this with you?  
Then see a psychiatrist. I don't  
care.

PETER

You know what? Last summer Sarah  
and I played in this couples  
basketball tournament. We lost to  
Snoop Dog and Dr. Dre, but we got a  
gift certificate for a free trip to  
Hawaii.

DR. ROSENBAUM

I don't give a shit.  
(then)  
You want a lolly?

PETER

I don't think so --

DR. ROSENBAUM

Great. Then get the fuck out of  
here.

Dr. Rosenbaum holds his hand up and walks out.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter's on the phone holding a gift certificate and brochure.

PETER

(into phone)

Hi. I'm calling to redeem a voucher  
I got last year - for a week in  
Hawaii. Sure. 60792. Peter Bretter.  
Oh, it might be under Marshall,  
Sarah Marshall. Yes, she is  
delightful. Ummm, no, I'll be  
traveling alone. No actually, we're  
not together any longer. Non-  
transferable? But...I mean, it was  
a couples tournament, I played as  
well. I actually scored most of the  
points. Yes I see. That's fine.  
Thank you.

Peter hands up, frustrated. He looks long and hard at the  
Hawaiian Brochure. It looks like paradise.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(to himself, resolute)  
You know what? Fuck this.

INT. TIFFANY'S JEWELRY - DAY

Peter stands at the counter debating with a nicely quaffed saleswoman. He holds an engagement ring.

PETER  
What do you mean you won't take it back? She left me. What am I supposed to do with it? It's unused.

SALESWOMAN  
I'm sorry sir. That's last years cut.

PETER  
What does that mean? I thought a diamond was forever.

SALESWOMAN  
Please don't raise your voice sir.

He looks her up and down, then looks at the security guard, who is not paying attention.

PETER  
(whispering)  
I will raise my voice if I goddamn well please. Because you are not the boss of me!

Peter leaves.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

Peter walks out of a pawn shop with a wad of cash.

INT. LAX - THAT NIGHT

Peter wears a GARISH HAWAIIAN SHIRT and shorts as he sits and waits in the packed terminal with a single duffel bag.

PETER  
(on cell phone)  
I got five thousand dollars.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
How much did you pay for it?

PETER  
Twenty two thousand. But I just  
don't care anymore. It's last  
year's cut.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
You sure you don't want me to come  
with you? Say the word and I'll be  
there in a second.

PETER  
No, I think this is something I  
have to do alone.

BRIAN (V.O.)  
Fair enough. Go out there, relax,  
meditate, keep it clean.

PETER  
That's exactly right, bro. I'm  
keeping it clean. No "Island sex."  
That's the whole point, I need to  
get my shit together. Hawaii is a  
sex free zone. I'm retaking my oath  
as a gentleman.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Peter sits squeezed in the middle seat of the packed flight, watching a rerun of Seinfeld on the monitor. As the studio audience laughs, Peter does not laugh. A Flight attendant comes by, and Peter holds up his empty plastic cup. He speaks too loud because of his headphones and inebriation.

PETER  
I'll take another Mai-Tai please.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(whispering)  
That'll be six dollars.

Peter struggles to access his pocket in the cramped quarters. After checking each pocket, he finally produces a wad of cash. The Flight attendant takes his empty cup and heads down the aisle. Seinfeld comes to an end and Peter sits back and closes his eyes. THEN HE HEARS IT THROUGH THE HEADPHONES:

PETER'S VOICE  
 (singing)  
*When you need a time-out just to  
 catch your breath...*

Peter opens his eyes. GRACE IS ACES is being rerun. He watches the opening credits: A MONTAGE OF SARAH MARSHALL IN VARIOUS FUN SCENARIOS THROUGHOUT CHICAGO. A Cubs Game. Taste of Chicago. Laughing through a wind storm.

The flight attendant returns with the drink. Peter immediately produces a ten dollar bill and hands it to her. He points at the SLEEPING WOMAN NEXT TO HIM.

PETER  
 She wanted one too.

He takes his Mai-Tai and drinks.

EXT. KAHULUI AIRPORT - MAUI - ESTABLISHING

Peter's airplane touches down in Maui.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

This is one of the most breathtaking hotels in the world. The cab drives down a huge entrance lined with burning tiki torches.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Peter makes his way through the lavish lobby. Soft Hawaiian music plays in the background. It's gorgeous. ANGLE ON: A beautiful young woman who's name we'll learn is RACHEL checking in a couple as Peter waits.

RACHEL  
 Aloha and welcome to the Waikiki  
 Ambassador. Please enjoy a  
 complimentary lei and POG juice.

Peter smiles as Rachel puts leis over the couple's heads.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 Just married?

NEWLYWED  
 How'd you guess?

\*

RACHEL  
 You got that magic newlywed fairy  
 dust all over you.

Peter turns away, startled to be tearing up. Rachel waves  
 him forward

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
 How can I help you. Sir?

PETER  
 (composing himself)  
 My name's Bretter, Peter Bretter.  
 I'm checking in, but I don't have a  
 reservation.

RACHEL  
 I think we're all sold out, but let  
 me check.

She calls back to MICHAEL, her manager, who is in the office.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
 Michael? Do we have any rooms  
 available?

Michael pops his head out.

MICHAEL  
 I don't know. You should probably  
 check the computer Rachel.

She turns her back to Peter and FLIPS MICHAEL OFF, then  
 begins checking the computer.

RACHEL  
 How long did you want to stay?

PETER  
 I don't know. It depends I guess.

RACHEL  
 That's a brave way to travel.

PETER  
 Either brave or stupid. If you have  
 a room it's brave. If I end up  
 sleeping on Kahalui Highway it may  
 have been stupid.

Peter nervously laughs. Rachel doesn't.

RACHEL

Unfortunately the only room we have available is the Kapua suite. It's available for four nights.

PETER

And how much is that?

RACHEL

Six Thousand a night.

PETER

Wow. I see. Yeah. Might be a little out of my price range. Sorry.

RACHEL

Don't be. It's a lot out of mine.

PETER

It's too bad. I was hoping for a complimentary lei and POG juice.

RACHEL

Those are only for the newlyweds.

PETER

Well, you have a beautiful hotel --

Peter gestures toward the opulent surroundings. The water, the view, and SARAH MARSHALL. SHE GLIDES THROUGH THE LOBBY BEAUTIFUL AS EVER, HAIR STILL WET, IN A BIKINI TOP AND WRAPPED IN A TOWEL. SHE HOLDS THE HAND OF HER NEW BOYFRIEND. This is WILLIAM PENLY (28), the best looking man on the planet Earth, also still wet, shirtless, wrapped in a towel. Peter stares wordless, stunned, mortified. Rachel notices.

RACHEL

Yeah. That's Sarah Marshall from Grace is Aces. She checked in yesterday.

Peter can barely speak. He does not break his stare.

PETER

She's my old girlfriend. We broke up three weeks ago.

SARAH LOOKS OVER FROM THE LOBBY. SHE LOCKS EYES WITH PETER. She smiles a curious/terrified smile and begins to approach.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
 Oh, God. They're coming over here. \*  
 (deep breath)  
 I can handle this, right?

RACHEL  
 Well...I don't know you sir.

PETER  
 I wish I wasn't wearing this shirt.

RACHEL  
 Fair enough.

PETER \*  
 This is a living nightmare.

Peter looks at her like a helpless animal.

RACHEL  
 (quickly)  
 Undo that button.

He does. She takes another look.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
 Maybe not, maybe not.

But Sarah has arrived. It is instantly incredibly awkward.

SARAH  
 Well...this is a coincidence. I  
 hope.

Long beat. Finally, Sarah begins to laugh uncomfortably.

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
 Please tell me this is a  
 coincidence.

PETER  
 No, I actually came to show you my  
 shirt.

Behind the desk, Rachel subtly winces. Sarah smiles.

SARAH  
 Seriously though, what are you  
 doing here?

PETER

I don't know. I've felt like there was an alien trying to burst through my chest for the past three weeks, so I thought I'd get out of town.

SARAH

I know what you mean. William and I are here because we used that coupon that I earned. How was your flight?

PETER

I don't know. It was a flight. I ate peanuts.

\*  
\*

An awkward pause. Peter finds the strength to look at William and extend his hand. William reaches out to shake.

ANGLE ON: Peter's POV. A series of EXTREMELY TIGHT close ups of William's muscles flexing with the extension of his arm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Peter.

\*

William shakes with a friendly smile. He speaks with a slight accent.

WILLIAM

William. It's nice to meet you. Are you staying here as well?

PETER

Actually, William, it doesn't look like...

RACHEL

(interrupting)

I was able to book that room for you sir, four nights.

PETER

You were?

RACHEL

Yes sir, the Kapua Suite.

Peter looks at her, confused, but she offers back a confident nod. Peter goes along with it.

PETER

Excellent. And you say that's one of the nicer suites, yes?

Rachel is mildly amused at his posturing.

RACHEL

Yes Mr. Bretter. I think you'll find it acceptable.

PETER

Marvelous.

(to William)

I am staying here as a matter of fact. Just a quick five-day trip.

WILLIAM

Great. Well if you'd like to have dinner with us one of the nights...

SARAH

(interrupting)

William!?

WILLIAM

What?

SARAH

He doesn't want that.

PETER

No. No. That's very gentlemanly of you, William. But you two should enjoy your vacation. I'll be just fine on my own.

(to Sarah)

Good to see you, Sarah.

SARAH

Thanks Pete. Have a good trip.

She touches his arm, and then walks away, William in hand. When she is out of sight, Peter nearly collapses.

RACHEL

You okay?

PETER

(very faint)

I'm fine, I'm fine. Look, thanks for bailing me out, but I still can't afford the room.

RACHEL

No one can. It's just for people like Elton John or the kids from that 70's show. I don't think anyone's gonna be popping in to stay there in the next four days. You can use the room, you just can't let anyone know.

PETER

(distracted)

Wow. OK, sounds good.

RACHEL

You need a key card to activate the electricity.

PETER

Great.

RACHEL

But I can't give you one. It'll register with the system. I'm giving you a janitor's key instead. No room service, no phone and you'll have to clean up after yourself.

PETER

Why are you doing this?

RACHEL

She's here with a guy already? That's fucked up.

PETER

(in agreement)

Right?

Rachel hands him a key.

RACHEL

Have a good stay.

PETER

Thank you. So much.  
(checking her name tag)  
Rachel Jansen. Thank You.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAY

Peter's on the phone with Brian. TRACK HIS ATTITUDE. BRIAN IS BOTH PROTECTIVE OF HIS BROTHER. "SHE'S SUCH A BITCH." "SHE'S NOT COOL, BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU." "KNOW IT ALL GUY." "JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE ENGAGED AT 21. YOU GOT LUCKY." "I'M A RESPONSIBLE."

PETER

She's fucking here! With some fucking Calvin Klein bullshit trash!

\*

BRIAN

That is a nightmare.

\*

PETER

I can't believe she would cash in that free travel voucher. She never uses any of that free shit -- do you know how many unused Razr phones she has in her closet? She makes bank. Why the fuck does she need a free week in Hawaii?

BRIAN

I don't know, it's hard to turn down a free trip. But what you have got to concentrate on is getting control of yourself.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PETER

Who's side are you on?

\*

\*

BRIAN

She is not cool. There's no doubt about that. But you have got to get control of yourself.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PETER

Are you kidding me? My ex-girlfriend of five years is here! With her new boyfriend!

\*

\*

\*

\*

BRIAN

Why don't we think of solutions? Aren't there any other hotels on the island?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PETER

She saw me check in. If I left it would be like I was running away.

BRIAN

That's totally insane. \*

(speaking to Liz)

What's that babe...oh, wait. Liz  
says, you have no choice. If you  
leave, she's in the power position.  
If she's uncomfortable, she should  
be the one to leave. \*

(then, back to Liz) \*

I don't know, I think he can leave  
if he wants to. \*

PETER \*

Hello? Can you talk to me please? \*

BRIAN \*

I can if you start thinking  
rationally. \*

PETER \*

Liz is right. I am fucked.  
Fuckety fuck fuck. \*

BRIAN \*

If you want me down there, I will  
come. \*

PETER \*

Thanks, bro. Fuck! \*

Peter hangs up. He sees the valet looking at him oddly.

PETER (CONT'D) \*

Your hotel is really beautiful.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

William and Sarah ride alone in the elevator.

SARAH \*

How is he here? This is a  
nightmare! \*

WILLIAM

Well, that was certainly  
unexpected.

SARAH

Will you please stop talking like  
that!!

WILLIAM

I'm never going to play an American  
if I don't work on my accent.

SARAH

Just not now. Please.

William concedes and speaks in his natural British accent.

WILLIAM

If you want to switch hotels,  
that's fine with me.

SARAH

If we go, that'll make it even  
weirder. This is such a nightmare.  
(then)  
Why on earth would you invite him  
to dinner? It's ridiculous!! It's  
crazy!

WILLIAM

Really? I think it would have been  
more awkward not to ask.

SARAH

Are you kidding me? What is wrong  
with you!?!

WILLIAM

I don't know, we're all adults. I  
certainly wasn't trying to make  
things any more uncomfortable.

SARAH

William, it's been three weeks...I  
mean, it's been emotionally over  
for a long time, but we need to  
physically not see each other for a  
long, long time.

WILLIAM

I understand.  
(with a smile)  
I just figured I took this perfect  
woman from him, I should at least  
buy the guy dinner.

SARAH

(fake annoyance)  
OK, very charming.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter heads down a long hallway looking for his room. Finally he reaches the last door. He double checks the room number, then inserts his key.

INT. KAPUA SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks into the incredibly dark KAPUA SUITE. He tries to move around, but almost instantly knocks into something. We hear him shuffle about, then another large THUNK. \*

PETER \*

Ah! Fuck! \*

INT. GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Peter POINTS to a group of candles.

PETER

Tell me about these.

CANDLE SALESWOMAN

These are from the Kona Candle Company. Island Breeze. Each one is hand-dipped.

PETER

Do they shed a lot of light?

CANDLE SALESWOMAN

I don't know.

PETER

I'll take thirty of them please. \*

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT \*

Now in a wrinkled white linen Banana Republic outfit, Peter strolls through the hotel's lush grounds and approaches one of the restaurants - Humuhumunukunukuapua'a. It is an intimate candle lit barge floating on a salt water lagoon. The Maitre 'D approaches Peter. \*

PETER \*

I'd like a table for dinner please. \*

MAITRE D' \*  
 Wonderful, and will your wife be \*  
 joining you? \*

PETER \*  
 No. \*

MAITRE D' \*  
 Your girlfriend? \*

Peter's lip starts to quiver. He shakes his head "no."  
 Clearly a romantic spot, the Maitre D' can't hide his pity. \*

MAITRE D' (CONT'D) \*  
 I see. Right this way. \*

He leads Peter through the small restaurant to a table in the \*  
 back...RIGHT NEXT TO SARAH AND WILLIAM. Peter gives them a \*  
 small smile, tries to play it nonchalant, and takes a seat. \*

MAITRE D' (CONT'D) \*  
 Enjoy your dinner sir. \*

PETER \*  
 Could I get a Mai-Tai please? With \*  
 a rum floater. \*

MAITRE D' \*  
 I'll tell your waitress. \*

He leaves Peter alone, feet away from his worst nightmare. \*  
 Peter takes a piece of bread and tries to seem comfortable. \*

ANGLE ON: Sarah and William try to continue their dinner. \*  
 Sarah makes a special effort not to look at Peter. \*

SARAH \*  
 (forced) \*  
 Do you want to take the road to \*  
 Koolau? I hear it is lovely. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 I'm asking him to join us. \*

SARAH \*  
 Do not ask him. For me, do not ask \*  
 him. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 You must trust me. This is an area \*  
 within which I have a fair amount \*  
 of expertise. \*

SARAH

We can take the road to Koolau. Or maybe get a couples massage?

WILLIAM

(calling out)

Peter? Would you like to join us?

Peter looks over from his table.

PETER

No, you two--

WILLIAM

Nonsense. Please. Join us.

Peter considers. Hesitant, he rises and walks over. Sarah gives William an angry glare. As Peter arrives she forces a smile.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I know that this isn't the most comfortable situation for any of us, but I just thought since we're both here trying to enjoy our vacations, we should address this sooner than later.

PETER

Why are you talking like that?

WILLIAM

Like what?

PETER

In that weird British accent?

WILLIAM

No. Ha. No, this is my real accent. When I first met you I was working on my American.

PETER

I knew I sensed something off when we first met. I thought it was because you're sleeping with Sarah, but it must have been the accent.

Awkward beat. Peter does not sit.

PETER (CONT'D)

So you and Sarah were in the movie together?

WILLIAM  
Oh, no, I'm not in it.

SARAH  
He's the writer.

WILLIAM  
Did some acting back in Jolly Old.  
I also run a few clubs and DJ some.  
You know. A bit of this, a bit of  
that.

PETER  
(feigning knowledge and  
interest)  
Cool. What clubs?

Sarah looks at Peter like 'what the fuck?'

PETER (CONT'D)  
I like going clubbing.

WILLIAM  
Mainly in London. You know  
'Canvas'?  
(off Peter's non-reaction)  
Filthy Dukes, Gucci Sound System,  
Young Turks? All those guys from  
Ministry of Sound.

PETER  
Right. Totally.

WILLIAM  
You're a musician I hear.

PETER  
Everything I write's for shit.

SARAH  
Peter.

PETER  
Sarah.

Peter motions to the waitress who has brought a Mai-Tai.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I think that's mine.

She brings the drink over. Peter DOWNS the drink and turns  
it over on the table like a giant shot glass.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
 (to William) \*  
 Seriously, though. Thanks for \*  
 trying. It was very mature of you \*  
 and I appreciate it. \*

INT. KAPUA SUITE - LATER \*

NOW CANDLELIT, this is the nicest room you have ever seen. A \*  
 BABY GRAND PIANO, a PLASMA TELEVISION, and more space than \*  
 anyone would know what to do with, all facing the ocean. \*  
 REVEAL Peter, amidst a pile of empty minibar bottles, \*  
 SOBBING. It continues for some time. THE PHONE RINGS. \*

RACHEL (O.S.) \*  
 Peter? \*

PETER \*  
 Sarah? \*

RACHEL (O.S.) \*  
 No, it's Rachel. Jansen. From the \*  
 front desk. \*

PETER \*  
 (flirty) \*  
 Oh. Heyyy. \*

RACHEL (O.S.) \*  
 What's going on up there? We're \*  
 getting complaints about a woman \*  
 crying hysterically. \*

PETER \*  
 Oh. Sorry. That was just...I'll \*  
 keep it down. \*

RACHEL (O.S.) \*  
 (knowing) \*  
 Are you okay? \*

PETER \*  
 I'm fine. I'm sorry. I'll be quiet. \*

Peter hangs up the phone. He takes a deep breath. Then he \*  
 breaks down again, this time crying in DEEP SILENT HEAVES. \*

INT. KAPUA SUITE - MORNING

Peter wakes up, still dressed and in the fetal position on the floor. THE SUN BLAZES THROUGH THE WINDOWS. He checks out the clock: 7:15 AM. He picks himself up.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

\*

Peter walks through the lobby which is filled with people - A family eating breakfast, a couple in bathing suits heading for the beach, a father putting water wings on his pudgy son. Another couple sharing a smoothie. AN OVERLOAD OF FAMILIES AND COUPLES EVERYWHERE. A CACOPHONY AND FAMILY AND COUPLY SOUNDS. He spots a breakfast restaurant which overlooks the water and approaches.

HOSTESS

Are you by yourself today sir?

PETER

I am. The patio would be nice please.

HOSTESS

I'm sorry sir, the patio is reserved for parties of two or more.

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - MOMENTS LATER

Peter has been seated literally right next to the Pancake and Waffle station. CHILDREN loudly wait in line. The hiss of whipped cream being dispensed is maddening. Peter SIPS FROM A LARGE, CLEARLY ALCOHOLIC DRINK. A YOUNG COUPLE who wait in line gingerly approach.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PHOTO MAN

Hi, I'm sorry to bother you, but would you mind taking a picture of me and my wife.

(back, to his wife)

Sounds awfully nice huh baby, "my wife."

PHOTO WOMAN

Sure does "my husband." I love you my husband.

PHOTO MAN

Love you my wife.

PETER  
 Sure, of course. Just there, in  
 line?

PHOTO MAN  
 Please.

They pose in line holding their plates as the waffle  
 attendant begins to spray their waffles with whipped cream.  
 Peter FUMBLES WITH THE CAMERA AS THE PILE OF WHIPPED CREAM ON  
 PHOTO MAN'S PLATE GROWS MOUNTAINOUS.

PETER  
 I think I've got it now.

PHOTO MAN  
 (growing frustrated)  
 Take the picture!

PHOTO WOMAN \*  
 You know, we don't really need a \*  
 picture of this -- \*

PHOTO MAN \*  
 ("patiently" explaining) \*  
 You don't know what pictures are \*  
 good until you've taken them all -- \*

He takes it and hands back the camera. Photo Man uses his \*  
 fork to place a huge dollop of Whipped Cream on his wife's \*  
 plate. The photo man snaps a picture of Peter. \*

PHOTO MAN (CONT'D) \*  
 What's your email. I'll send it to \*  
 you. \*

PETER \*  
 That's alright. \*

PHOTO MAN \*  
 C'mon. What is it. \*

PETER \*  
 Spookypete@aol. \*

PHOTO MAN \*  
 Alrighty, spookypete. Have a great \*  
 rest of your day. \*

INT. FRONT DESK - LATER

Peter wanders through the lobby. He spots Rachel at the front desk and approaches.

PETER

Hey. I just wanted to thank you again. And whenever you need me out, just let me know.

RACHEL

I actually checked this morning, you're good for a couple days, and I think a room should open up if you decide to stay. How are you doing? Any better?

PETER

Good. Just trying to figure out what to do with myself. Everything is sort of couply here.

RACHEL

Well, it is Hawaii. Do you surf?

PETER

I appreciate that, but no. I've always thought I had a surfer's body though.

RACHEL

Great... well, if you want, you could take a surf lesson. Jack's out by the beach, he's a good teacher.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Peter lays on his board in the completely flat water. Jack bobs beside him. He is pudgy, grungy, Caucasian but wildly tan. The kind of ageless man between thirty and fifty.

JACK

That really sucks dude.

PETER

Yep. It was pretty bad.

JACK

That's the difference between us and them. Men are like this...

He moves his hand in a straight and steady motion.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Women are like this...

He moves his hand in a wild and erratic zig-zag.

PETER  
That's for sure.

JACK  
Paddle, padddle, paddle, paddle,  
paddle...

Peter paddles furiously as a tiny ripple passes through, taking him nowhere. The conversation continues.

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
I was married for twelve years. One day she told me she didn't love me anymore. I told her that was cool, we didn't have to get divorced; but she did anyway.

PETER  
Oh. I'm sorry.

JACK  
It's alright. She still lives with me. In my experience, the right thing always happens bro. PADDLE, paddle, paddle, paddle... \*

Peter paddles furiously for another tiny ripple. Jack gives him an extra shove which pushes the board at most six inches further.

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
Good one! I think that's good for today. That'll be sixty-five dollars. \*

INT. KAPUA SUITE SHOWER - LATER

Peter sits on a seat in the candle lit shower letting the water pour down on him. After a moment, he examines the THREE BOTTLES next to him on the seat.

PETER  
Hello Avena Coconut Bath Gel.

He pours a dollop onto his hand, which he lowers below frame. He closes his eyes. When he opens them again, SARAH stands before him, nude in the shower. She gives him a seductive smile and lowers out of frame. After a moment, fantasy Sarah rises to whisper something close into Peter's ear. He closes his eyes.

SARAH

You'll never be with me again.

Peter opens his eyes to find that now both Sarah and William are nude in the shower with him. Sarah washes William.

WILLIAM

Be sure and get all of my contours.  
I like my contours nice and clean.

Peter watches for a moment in disbelief, then begins smacking himself in the head.

PETER

Get out of my brain!! Let me be!!

Lathered bath gel splatters errantly like Hitchcock's Psycho. \*

INT. KAPUA SUITE - LATER

Peter rants on his cell phone to Brian.

PETER

So not only have she and fucking  
Oscar Wilde Brad Pitt Tony Blair  
Mcgee completely ruined my  
vacation, I can't even masturbate  
anymore!

BRIAN

Why are you so focused on sex? \*

PETER

You get sex everyday. You've  
forgotten what it's like to have  
the tap suddenly shut off. Just  
because you were lucky and found  
the right girl at twenty-one -- \*

BRIAN

It's not luck. There's no such  
thing as luck. I just became a  
responsible adult. Why don't you  
do something cleansing for your  
body, like yoga? \*

PETER \*  
Yoga? I hate yoga. \*

BRIAN \*  
You can't hate something you've \*  
never tried. \*

PETER \*  
I don't know. There's a girl at \*  
the desk I could ask out. \*

BRIAN \*  
And have yet another empty fling? \*  
Trust me. Yoga will clear your \*  
head. Do you need me to come out \*  
there? Would that help? I'll come \*  
out there. \*

PETER \*  
Maybe... if you want to. That \*  
would be nice. \*

BRIAN \*  
I can't come out there. I have \*  
MCATs in a month. But if you \*  
really need me. I will. \*

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY \*

The yoga studio has a beautiful view of the beach and ocean. \*  
Peter, bleary-eyed, walks into the studio, drink in hand. \*  
The passive-aggressive, incredibly fit, FEMALE YOGA \*  
INSTRUCTOR comes up to Peter. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
No alcohol in the studio. \*

PETER \*  
(baldly lying) \*  
Yeah, I know. This is just coconut \*  
juice. \*

Peter DOWNS the rest of the drink. The Instructor CLAPS and \*  
PUTS on music. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
Alright, would everyone please grab \*  
a mat? \*

Peter GRABS A MAT when in walks Sarah. She makes eye contact \*  
with Peter. \*

SARAH  
I didn't know you did yoga.

PETER  
There's a lot you don't know about  
me. Where's William?

SARAH  
Hiking the volcano.

PETER  
You let him go off alone?

SARAH  
Of course. He's very outdoorsy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Peter's is putting on athletic clothes. Sarah's in bed.

SARAH  
Where are you going?

PETER  
I was thinking of taking a tennis  
lesson.

SARAH  
You can't leave. Let's have in  
room couple facials!

PETER  
OK, cool.

Peter immediately starts get back into his robe.

BACK TO THE YOGA STUDIO

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR  
Alright, I'd like everyone to  
breathe deeply. Breathe in,  
breathe out. Let's start nice and  
easy with downward facing dog.

Instantly EVERYONE SNAPS INTO DOWNWARD FACING DOG. Peter  
tries to follow suit.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Make sure to arch your back and  
keep it nice and flat.

The instructor comes over to Peter and adjusts his position.

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) \*  
 Let's loosen up here. \*

PETER \*  
 I'm trying. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
 Arch it and keep it flat. \*

Peter tries to do what she's saying. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) \*  
 No. More like this. \*

She adjusts Peter some more. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) \*  
 Try and listen. Arch it while \*  
 keeping it nice and flat. \*

PETER \*  
 Those are opposing ideas. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
 No they aren't. \*  
 (then) \*  
 Warrior One! \*

Everyone JUMPS UP into Warrior One. Peter tries to follow. \*

SARAH \*  
 (whispering to Peter, \*  
 trying to be helpful) \*  
 Suck in air as you jump. \*

PETER \*  
 (whispering back) \*  
 I know that. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
 Warrior Two! \*

Everyone JUMPS INTO Warrior Two. Peter tries to follow. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) \*  
 (to Peter) \*  
 When you breathe make sure to put \*  
 your belly button against your \*  
 spine. \*  
 (Peter's breathing hard) \*  
 No, not like that. Belly button \*  
 against your spine. \*

PETER \*  
What does that even mean? \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
Maybe you should just practice your \*  
breathing. \*

PETER \*  
I've been breathing for twenty-six \*  
years. I think I know what I'm \*  
doing. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
(whispering to Peter) \*  
No need to become contentious. \*  
This is suppose to be a zone of \*  
peace and calm. \*  
(to the class) \*  
We're now doing handstand. \*  
(pointedly at Peter) \*  
For those who don't think they are \*  
up to it, feel free to rest your \*  
legs up against the wall. \*

Everyone GETS INTO HANDSTANDS, including Sarah who's in a \*  
PERFECT HANDSTAND. Peter STRUGGLES TO GET his LEGS ABOVE HIS \*  
HEAD. \*

PETER \*  
It's harder for me because I have \*  
more leg and body. \*

Peter manages to get STRAIGHT UP. \*

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
(to himself, doused in \*  
sweat) \*  
Yes! \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR \*  
And now, let's DROP DOWN to locust \*  
pose. \*

Peter, in attempting to drop down, FALLS, knocking over \*  
SEVERAL WOMEN, including Sarah. Peter tries to regroup and \*  
help the women up as the instructor approaches angrily, picks \*  
up Peter's Coconut shell and smells it. \*

FEMALE YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D) \*  
This is why there is no booze in \*  
the fucking yoga studio asshole! \*

Sarah looks at Peter annoyed. He rises to leave, and as he does he gives an awkward, apologetic martial arts bow.

\*  
\*

INT. FRONT DESK - LATER

Peter approaches Rachel who works behind the desk with Michael, who is on the phone.

PETER

Hey there.

RACHEL

You find something to do?

PETER

Went surfing, per your recommendation. Found that I am a very good paddler. Amazing really. The standing doesn't really interest me that much.

(she chuckles)

Then did some yoga and accidentally kicked my ex-girlfriend in the face.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

Nice work. So, what can I do for you?

\*  
\*

PETER

I was actually wondering what you were doing later?

\*

RACHEL

I'm going to the barbecue.

PETER

Barbecue?

RACHEL

It's the 4th. We put on a big fireworks show and a cookout. It's fun. Would you like to go?

PETER

Yeah...yeah I would. That sounds great.

RACHEL

Great. That'll be fifty dollars, but everything is included except alcoholic drinks.

She hands him a ticket. Peter, a bit confused, pulls some money from his pocket.

PETER  
I'll see you there?

RACHEL  
I'll be there.

PETER  
I'm looking forward to it.

RACHEL  
Good.

Peter smiles and heads off.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - SUNSET

Another beautiful sunset is underway as Peter follows a tiki torch lit path to the beach. He wears another slightly garish Hawaiian shirt. Ahead of him, the Fourth of July BBQ is underway. Rachel greets him.

RACHEL  
Glad you could make it Peter.

PETER  
You look beautiful.

RACHEL  
Thanks. So, I'll take your ticket.  
(Peter laughs)  
No, really. I need your ticket.

He hands over his ticket.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
The bar is over there. Appetizers are being served now, followed by a dinner featuring traditional Hawaiian fare, then fireworks.  
(Peter nods, confused)  
Have a great time.

She tears his ticket and puts a bracelet around his wrist. A family approaches.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Hello Andersons. So glad you could make it. I'll be happy to take your tickets.  
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The bar is in the corner, a dinner featuring traditional Hawaiian fare will be served shortly, followed by a nice fireworks display.

Pete stands for a moment and watches her tear their tickets.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*

Can I help you with something else Peter?

PETER

No. Um... I'll just grab a drink.

He walks into the BBQ, dismayed. Family after family. Couple after couple. On his way to the bar he passes Sarah and William.

WILLIAM

Hello sir. How's it going?

PETER

Fine. Great. How's your eye? \*

SARAH \*

It's fine. You actually missed it by a little bit, so that's good. \*

PETER \*

Cool. So how's the rest of your day been? \*

WILLIAM

Great. Hiked the Volcano. Real Nasty bugger. Came back for a quick dip in the Pacific, grabbed Sarah and took a drive around the Island. Had some fresh fish at a little stand at the side of the road. \*

Peter looks at Sarah skeptically.

PETER

You ate fish from a stand at the side of the road?

WILLIAM

She was quite adventurous.

PETER

Are you serious?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

Sarah and Peter at a Chinese restaurant.

SARAH  
But no scallions.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

A mexican restaurant...

SARAH  
Please, no sour cream.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

A sushi place...

SARAH  
Nothing raw please. Do you have  
chicken without the Japanese sauce?

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

\*

And we're back...

SARAH  
It was amazing.

PETER  
Wow. Well, good for you guys.

PHOTO COUPLE approaches.

\*

PHOTO MAN  
(to Sarah)  
I cannot believe this. I'm sorry to  
bother you, but you are our  
absolute favorite. Would you mind  
terribly taking a picture with my  
new bride and I?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARAH  
No, not at all.

\*  
\*

PETER  
I'll take it. It's better if she's  
in the middle.

\*  
\*  
\*

William stands aside as Peter takes the picture. \*

PHOTO WOMAN \*

Thank you so much Ms. Marshall. You  
are a delight. \*

SARAH \*

Well thank you. \*

Peter hands back the camera to Photo Man. \*

PETER \*

Well...I think I'll go grab a  
drink. Have a good night. \*

WILLIAM \*

Nice seeing you Peter. \*

As he heads to the bar, he spots Jack sitting alone on the  
beach beyond the rows of tables. He heads over.

PETER

Hey man.

JACK

Aloha Petey. \*

PETER

How do you do live near your ex-  
wife? Just being near Sarah is  
making me insane. \*

JACK

Yeah, we actually live together  
still, but what are you gonna do?  
Sit it, Pete. I'm just taking a  
fiver. \*

Peter takes a seat on the ground next to him. Jack is smoking  
a big joint and drinking a beer. He hands Peter the joint.

JACK (CONT'D) \*

Sarah Marshall. You were hitting  
some hot shit! On screen, she's  
like cute girl next door, but like,  
in person, BAM!! You know? \*

Peter takes a hit of the joint.

PETER

Let's change the subject.

JACK  
I actually gotta get back. I'm  
helping prep the pig for the Luau  
tomorrow.

PETER  
Shit. You're the only person I know  
here. Maybe I'll just head back  
upstairs.

JACK  
You wanna help me out in the back.  
It's pretty fun.

PETER  
I do like to cook.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR BACK GROUNDS - NIGHT

\*

CHAOS. THE WILD SCREAMING OF A PIG. Peter AND THREE LARGE  
SAMOANS HOLD DOWN A SQUEALING FIGHTING PIG. JACK STANDS  
THERE WITH KNIFE.

JACK  
Are you holding him tight?

PETER  
I can't do this!

KEMO  
Just hold him!

Jack moves in to make the fatal slice. Peter LOSES HIS NERVE  
and lets go.

SAMOAN  
What the fuck?

The pig bucks. Jack drops the knife.

KEMO  
Don't shake hands with him. HOLD  
HIM!!

Jack grabs the pig.

JACK  
Pick up the knife!

SAMOAN

Pick up the goddamn knife! We can't have a bloody pig running through the hotel!

Peter picks up the knife.

PETER

I can't do this!

JACK

It will be cathartic!

PETER

I've seen Babe like fifteen times!

JACK

We're all part of the cycle of life!

PETER IS HOLDING THE MACHETE CRYING HYSTERICALLY.

KEMO

DO IT!! WHILE THE BLESSING STILL ECHOES IN IT'S EARS!! SEND HIM HOME!!

PETER

OH GOD!! I'M SORRY!! I'M SO SORRY!!!! AAAAHHHHHH!!!!

He stabs furiously below frame as blood splatters his apron.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter sits watching the fireworks display, clearly disturbed from the pig killing incident. Rachel approaches.

RACHEL

Hey, there. I heard you let go of a pig.

PETER

Yeah, well then I got the knife and I slaughtered it. Do you have a boyfriend?

RACHEL

No. Single.

PETER

Good. I mean... that surprises me.  
So, do you want to maybe go out  
tonight?

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

I have plans tonight.

\*  
\*

PETER

Oh. Of course.

\*  
\*

Rachel considers.

\*

RACHEL

Me and a bunch of the hotel staff  
are headed over to Lazy Joe's.  
You're welcome to come if you're  
interested.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PETER

What's Lazy Joe's?

\*  
\*

RACHEL

It's a little dive bar.

\*  
\*

PETER

Really? Cause you don't have to...

\*  
\*

RACHEL

Don't make this weird. Do you wanna  
go or no?

\*  
\*  
\*

PETER

I'd love to.

\*  
\*

RACHEL

Cool. Go put on some regular  
clothes and meet me out front.

\*  
\*  
\*

Peter laughs. Rachel isn't kidding.

\*

INT. LAZY JOE'S - LATER

Peter sits at a table with Rachel in the beach shack dive  
bar. The Samoans who helped slaughter the pig are the band.

PETER

It's a steady gig working on the  
show. But I've been a little short  
on inspiration.

(hesitant, then:)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So I've been working on a rock opera.

RACHEL

Oh yeah? I didn't know they made those anymore.

PETER

That's the thing. Remember the first time you saw "Tommy?"

RACHEL

I don't remember what that is. What's your rock opera about?

PETER

Dracula. And eternal love. And I have this vision of doing it with both puppets and actors together. Or like, puppets with human eyes. I keep going back and forth on that.

RACHEL

Sounds weird.

PETER

(awkward)

Yeah. So... what kind of music do you like?

RACHEL

I don't know. Whatever's on. These guys are good.

PETER

Yeah.

RACHEL

And who's that girl who dances...

PETER

I'm not sure.

Peter chuckles quietly.

RACHEL

What?

PETER

No, it's just... I never got that. Not knowing what kind of music you like.

RACHEL

I don't know. People care about different things. Like how you don't care what clothes you wear. Okay, I'm gonna grab us another round.

PETER

Oh no, please. I'll get it.

RACHEL

It's alright. Kemo sneaks me drinks for free. \*

PETER

You sure? You want me to hold your purse or anything?

RACHEL

You don't need to dote on me. I'm not that girl. Do you always do that?

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - FLASHBACK

FLASHBULBS go off everywhere. Peter stands A few steps behind SARAH on the red carpet, holding her purse.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

SARAH! OVER HERE!! SARAH!! SMILE!!  
WHO MADE YOUR DRESS?!!!

An agent comes over and kisses her on the lips.

AGENT

Good luck tonight Sarah. You look beautiful.

SARAH

Thank you so much. Gucci did an amazing job. \*

He sees Peter and extends his hand.

AGENT

Good to see you Ron. \*

Peter shakes without correcting him. Sarah motions to Peter. He reaches into her purse, takes out some lipstick and hands it to her. Immediately a photographer SCREAMS at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
GET OFF THE RED CARPET SO WE CAN  
TAKE PICTURES OF THE CELEBRITIES!!

INT. LAZY JOE'S - NIGHT

And we're back...

PETER  
I guess so. Maybe.

RACHEL  
Well stop it. You're in Hawaii.  
You've got to relax.

She heads off. Peter finishes the last of his beer. He looks around the bar for a bathroom.

INT. LAZY JOE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter stands at a urinal. He looks in fascination at the wall in front of him which is adorned with a large plexiglass covered bulletin board filled with polaroids of drunken female patrons flashing, and sticking out their tongues. He smiles, amused until his eye finds a picture which disturbs him. IT IS A POLAROID OF RACHEL FLASHING HER BREASTS. MICHAEL ENTERS and takes the urinal next to Peter.

MICHAEL  
She's a cutie, right? I hear she put you up in the Kapua Suite?

PETER  
(a bit nervous)  
No. No she didn't.

MICHAEL  
Yes she did, she just told me.

PETER  
Are you trying to trick me, cause I don't want to get her in trouble.

MICHAEL  
Awww. You're sweet. No, we stow people up there all the time. It's always empty.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - MOMENTS LATER

Peter returns to the table, Rachel is already back with the drinks. He sits and takes a drink.

Rachel is standing with three slightly strung out Surfer dudes at the bar. Peter approaches. \*

PETER \*

Hello. \*

RACHEL \*

Peter, this is Walnut, Rico and Marc. They work at the hotel. \*

PETER \*

Nice to meet you all. \*

They nod and sip their beers. \*

WALNUT \*

We're going fishing later, you guys want in? \*

PETER \*

It's already almost midnight. \*

RICO \*

Night fishing is when they least expect it. \*

MARC \*

Their guard is down. \*

Peter looks to Rachel. \*

RACHEL \*

I think we'll pass tonight. See you guys later. \*

She hands Peter a beer and leads him back to the table. \*

PETER \*

They seem nice. \*

RACHEL \*

They're meth heads. They go spear fishing every night at two in the morning. There used to be four of them. \*

(Peter laughs) \*

I'm not kidding. \*

PETER

Oh, man. Hey, did you know there's  
a picture of you flashing in the  
men's room?

\*

RACHEL

Oh yeah. Kemo took it. I was so  
wasted.

PETER

Haven't you asked him to take it  
down?

RACHEL

Obviously, but he says it will ruin  
the balance in the collage. Hey, I  
have a surprise for you.

PETER

Really? What?

The band brings their song to an end and the lead singer  
speaks into the mic.

LEAD SINGER

For our next song, we have a  
special guest from the mainland.  
Singing a number from his Dracula  
Musical, please welcome Peter  
Quint.

Scattered applause. Peter looks at Rachel and shakes his  
head, resigned. He heads to the stage and takes a seat behind  
the piano.

PIANIST

Be nice to her.

Peter sits, but leans into the mic before he begins.

PETER

Really, I can sing something else.  
I think out of context...the  
Dracula voice might be...

RACHEL

(calling out)  
DRACULA MUSICAL!!!!

She claps, and the crowd joins in.

PETER  
 (nervous)  
 Alright.

Peter begins playing the piano. He sings in a strange Dracula voice.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
*It's getting kind of hard to  
 believe things are going to get  
 better. But having you here now I  
 see things are going to be  
 brighter. Feeling you here now I  
 know I just might make it through.  
 Loving you this long has made me  
 believe in forever. And with you  
 these dreams I've forgotten might  
 some how come true...*

Just as the bar starts to get used to the weird song, the music takes a dark turn and Dracula seems to get angry.

PETER (CONT'D)  
*And when Van Helsing comes calling  
 I swear to the Lord I will slay  
 him. He'd take you from me but I  
 swear I won't let it be so. His  
 blood will run down my face once he  
 is decapitated. His head on my  
 mantle is how I will let the World  
 know...how much I love you.*

Peter and Rachel make eye contact. She smiles a smile we haven't seen before. Their gaze lingers as MICHAEL has a seat at her table. They speak while Peter is singing.

MICHAEL  
 Weird song. But he's cute.

RACHEL \*  
 I don't know. He's kinda weird.

PETER  
*Die! Die! Die!!!!*  
 (sadly)  
*I can't.*

Peter finishes. People clap kind of. Rachel gives him a standing ovation. Peter is touched that Rachel is clapping for his obviously strange performance. They share a smile. \*

EXT. WAIKIKI - THREE AM

Peter and Rachel take what should be a romantic walk through Waikiki. However, Waikiki at 3:00 am is not a romantic place. The street is peppered with drug dealers and prostitutes, many of whom are transvestites. Every few feet, Peter waves off being given a flyer for Strip Clubs.

RACHEL

So, yeah. I pretty much quit my life and moved out here for him. Mr. Perfect Surfer Stud. Thought I'd pick up classes at University of Hawaii, but I was also working full time so...

PETER

So, what happened?

RACHEL

After about three weeks he told me he wasn't ready for a commitment. I moved out the next day, he left for the tour and that's that.

PETER

What an asshole.

RACHEL

He was just a boy. I can see that now. Though I would like very much to beat the shit out of him someday.

Peter chuckles. They pass a STRIP CLUB. THE DOORMAN tries to coax them inside.

STRIP CLUB BARKER

You guys want a couples show? Anything you like. Private rooms. One of you, both of you, any combination you can think of.

PETER

No thank you.  
(to Rachel)  
You wanna go sit on the actual beach?

RACHEL

Sure.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter and Rachel sit on the beach and talk.

PETER  
Don't you ever think about going  
back?

RACHEL  
No.

PETER  
Why not? I mean... you could still  
finish school.

A transvestite and a man return from having sex.

RACHEL  
I hated L.A. Besides, I think it's  
better not to think about the  
future. Right now, I work at a  
hotel. There doesn't have to be a  
future in it.

PETER  
That's such a cool attitude. I wish  
I could be that mellow.

RACHEL  
Stay here long enough and you will.

RICO AND MARC EMERGE FROM THE OCEAN HOLDING HARPOONS AND  
CARRYING SEVERAL FISH EACH. THEY RUN UP THE SHORE TO RACHEL  
AND PETER.

RICO  
FISH! We caught a shitload of fish.

MARC  
Snuck up on them!! Caught em!! You  
guys want to have some fish with  
us?

RACHEL  
Where's Walnut?

Long beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I think I should probably get home.

EXT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL \*

Rachel PULLS UP to drop Peter off. \*

PETER \*  
You want to hang out tomorrow? \*

RACHEL \*  
If I get a break, why not? \*

PETER \*  
Cool. \*

Peter waits to kiss her. \*

RACHEL \*  
Well, are you getting out or not? \*

Peter gets out. Rachel drives off with a wave. Peter waves back. \*

INT. KAPUA SUITE - NEXT MORNING

Peter wakes in bed with a smile. Sun streams through the windows. He looks at the clock. 6:00 AM. \*

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - LATER

Peter eats his breakfast at a table that is RIGHT NEXT TO THE KITCHEN. We watch him as he eats, though every couple of seconds, our view is blocked by the swinging doors.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Peter heads over to the surf shack where Jack is dealing with a young kid and his dad. He spots Peter.

JACK  
Hey Bro-sepe. What's up?

PETER \*  
Wanted to see if you were available \*  
for a lesson, but looks like you're \*  
busy. \*

JACK \*  
Wanna fool around on a kook-board? \*  
It's easy. \*

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Peter walks backwards in his fins to the shorebreak. He waits for the next whitewater, then clumsily flops onto the board.

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Out of breath, Peter finally paddles up to the surfer who sits on his board waiting for the next set. It is WILLIAM, shirtless and fit.

WILLIAM

Hello there.

PETER

Jesus Christ. You surf too.

WILLIAM

No, never tried. It's easier than it looks though. Growing up I was a proper little skateboarder, so my balance is pretty good.

PETER

Well, good seeing you. I'm just gonna paddle a little more, try to get some exercise.

Peter begins paddling with purpose. Sadly, he is working against the current and does not move at all.

WILLIAM

I owe you an apology. For the other night at dinner. I totally overstepped my bounds. You need to move at your own pace, and I'm sorry for trying to force the issue.

Peter is momentarily taken aback by William's compassion.

PETER

No prob.

They bob for a moment in silence.

WILLIAM

It's just that when Brittany and I got divorced it was so amicable...I guess I just wish that good fortune upon everyone.

PETER

You were married?

WILLIAM

Oh yes. Seems like a lifetime ago now, but yes. We're the best of friends. I met her on my program in England, when I was twenty. She used to spin at Chocolate Sauce.

\*  
\*

PETER

Wow. And what...what "program" was this?

WILLIAM

It was called "Fancy Boys."

Peter tries not to chuckle.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Yes I know. Tough title. Believe me, I didn't audition for it. Got "discovered" in a coffee shop. One minute some older gentleman is asking me if I want to be an actor, the next I'm all over the BBC playing How's your Father with the Constable's son. Funny how things go.

\*

Peter and William share a laugh, then silence. Finally:

PETER

(begrudgingly)

I don't blame you for anything.

WILLIAM

I'm glad. And for whatever it's worth, I thought you guys had ended things before I ever...

Peter tenses a bit.

PETER

Hadn't we?

William gives Peter a look which conveys volumes.

PETER (CONT'D)

(growing tense)

Jesus man. I believe you're trying your best, but for a British dude you sure are low on tact.

\*

A large wave is approaching. William sees the wave and begins paddling to catch it.

PETER (CONT'D) \*

(tentative)

That wave looks a little big. I'd be careful.

WILLIAM

It couldn't be worse than this conversation. I think I'll manage.

William positions himself perfectly and is swept up by the wave. Nimble as a gazelle, he leaps to his feet. Peter watches with disdain as he rides towards the shore, a bronze Adonis. William turns back and gives Peter a smile which is not returned. Then...BANG! William's board smashes into a rock, sending him crashing beneath the wave. Peter can't help but laugh. He waits for William to surface. And he waits. And waits. William does not emerge from the water. Instead, only the top of William's board can be seen protruding vertically from the water, a sure sign he is trapped below.

PETER

Shit.

Peter ditches his board and begins swimming for William.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Peter follows the board's leash down towards the reef and sees William, panicked and struggling, leg trapped in the reef. He reaches out a hand towards Peter, who grabs it and tries to pull him up. William does not budge, but lets out a silent scream of pain. After a furious effort, William's leg breaks free from the reef and the two head for the surface.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The pair emerge from the water. \*

WILLIAM \*

AAAHHHH!!! \*

PETER \*

Sorry. Can you paddle? \*

WILLIAM \*

I think so. \*

The two head towards shore, William paddling, Peter swimming. \*

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Peter helps the hobbling William to shore where Jack is giving the young kid pre-surf instruction. He runs over.

JACK  
You alright there, brother?

WILLIAM  
I can barely move my leg.

JACK  
Well I can see why.

He points at Williams leg, and we now see that a large CHUNK OF REEF is stuck in his leg, protruding through the skin.

PETER  
(gagging)  
Oh my god!

JACK  
You better pull that out.

William tries, but even bending is excruciating.

WILLIAM  
I can't do it.

Peter turns to Jack.

JACK  
(calm)  
I'm not a doctor, legally.  
Besides, he could sue me and the hotel.  
(to Peter)  
You do it.

PETER  
I'm not good with...stuff like this.

WILLIAM  
Please Peter, get it out of me.

Peter winces and grabs the exposed coral.

PETER  
Ready?

WILLIAM  
Do it....AAHHHH! That hurts!

PETER  
It's almost out.

Peter is oddly enjoying pulling the coral out.

JACK  
It looks like you should pull it  
the other way.

PETER  
Oh, right.

Peter pulls it in the other direction and wrenches out the rather large piece of coral as William screams in pain. They all look down at Williams leg, which actually seems okay.

WILLIAM  
Thank God. It actually doesn't look  
too bad.

Then, BLOOD POURS FROM THE WOUND. Peter turns white.

PETER  
(weak)  
I don't feel so...

AND HE FAINTS. \*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Peter wakes up laying on a large bed and sees Sarah standing over him, concerned. As he slowly regains his consciousness, he smiles at her and glances to his side. There next to him lays William, leg bandaged and asleep.

PETER  
(groggy)  
What's going on? Is he OK? \*

SARAH  
He'll be fine. They gave him some  
stitches and painkillers. You  
passed out. The doctor said you  
were dehydrated. Have you had any  
drinks today. \*

PETER  
Only like twelve Mai Tais, but  
those have juice in them. \*

(then) \*

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Why am I talking to you? Your  
boyfriend just apologized to me for  
sleeping with you before we broke  
up.

SARAH

Oh, Christ. I'm sorry. Just relax  
for a minute. You shouldn't be up  
and around...

PETER

I don't want you touching me.

They share a long look and Sarah's chin starts to tremble.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened Sarah?  
I understand it's over. I really  
do. I just would like to understand  
what I did to make you cheat...

SARAH

You didn't do anything Pete. You  
were great.

PETER

Not great enough to keep other  
dicks out of you.

SARAH

I will never stop caring about you.

Though the conversation grows in intensity, both try not to  
wake William.

PETER

I know and we'll be friends forever  
etc. and so on. Can we please just  
cut the bullshit! You owe me that.

SARAH

Fine. Because Peter, it got hard to  
keep taking care of you when you  
stopped taking care of yourself.

PETER

Oh, c'mon.

SARAH

For God sakes, you were drunk at  
the 10:00 am Yoga class!!!

PETER  
It's been a rough little period.

SARAH  
You've stopped even trying to make things better. You drink, and you smoke, and you sit there alone in your apartment watching Rocky Horror Picture Show.

PETER  
It's inspirational.

SARAH  
It's fun one midnight every three years, anything more than that is fucking weird, I'm sorry. Peter, there was one week when you were sweatpants every day.

PETER  
I did not!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

SIX QUICK SHOTS OF Peter LOUNGING ABOUT HIS HOUSE IN THE SAME SWEATPANTS, BUT DIFFERENT T-SHIRTS. ONE FINAL SHOT OF Peter IN ONLY BOXERS.

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And we're back...

SARAH  
I want to have FUN Peter. We stopped having any fun. We were "supportive" of each other, and that's it. Someday I'm going to be married and be a mother and my career will be over and I want to look back and think "Damn, I had a good time."

PETER  
Part of being in a relationship is "for better or for worse." You're supposed to be comfortable being there for me even if I'm depressed for three or four years.

SARAH

For better or for worse is MARRIAGE  
Peter. Get it? I'm not doing "for  
better or for worse" in my  
twenties. I'm looking for "for  
better."

PETER

Well, great. You and your fun  
husband have a super duper fun  
life.

Peter leaves.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

Peter exits the elevator, perturbed and spots Rachel at the  
front desk. Rachel spots him and begins singing.

RACHEL

(doing his Dracula voice)  
*And when I see Von Helsing I swear  
to the lord I will slay him. That  
shit gets stuck in your head man.*

PETER

Look, I want to thank you for the  
room and everything, but I think  
I'm gonna take off.

RACHEL

What are you talking about? You've  
got the Kapua Suite for a couple  
more nights, for free. What are  
you, some sort of moron?

PETER

No. I just... I don't know what I'm  
doing here.

RACHEL

Saving people's lives, that's what  
I've heard.

Peter shrugs it off with a bashful grin.

PETER

It was an accident. I wasn't  
thinking.

RACHEL

I bet that was nice. C'mon, I'm off at seven. You want to go to Lazy Joe's?

\*

PETER

Look, I loved Lazy Joe's. Seriously, it was great, but if I'm gonna stick around, maybe we could go for a hike or a drive. Someplace far away from my ex-girlfriend. I heard something cool about Koolau Mountain.

\*

\*

RACHEL

Oh, yeah. All the tourists do that. I've never been. Sounds like a pain in the ass. Plus it's like a three hour drive, we'd have to leave by three at least.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PETER

It's only two now, can you play hookie?

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL

I don't think so.

\*

\*

Peter looks over to Michael in the office.

\*

PETER

Michael, do you need her here? I wanna take her on a hike.

\*

\*

\*

Michael smiles at Rachel

\*

MICHAEL

How lovely. No, I don't need her. She's all yours.

\*

\*

\*

Peter gives Rachel a smile.

\*

RACHEL

(almost begrudgingly)  
Aright. I'll have the concierge hook us up with a map.

\*

\*

\*

\*

PETER

Cool.

\*

\*

EXT. THE POOLS OF HANA - LATER

Rachel hikes in front of Peter, who breathes rather heavily.

RACHEL  
How you doing back there?

PETER  
Awesome. I don't think I've ever  
been this covered in sweat. It's  
like I have a fever.

RACHEL  
Told you it was pain in the ass up  
here. We could be at Lazy Joe's  
right now.

They walk a few steps further and are now overlooking a  
BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL which cascades into a pool below. They  
both stare out, Peter is in awe. He closes his eyes.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - FLASHBACK

Peter and SARAH stand at the top of the Santa Monica  
Mountains overlooking the city. She reaches out and touches  
his hand.

EXT. HANA - DAY

And we're back. Peter looks pained.

RACHEL  
You okay?

PETER  
Oh, yeah. Fine.

RACHEL  
You sure? Are you gonna throw up  
again?

PETER  
No, really I'm alright. I just...  
I'm a fucking mess.

RACHEL  
You're not even touching the mess I  
was.

\*

PETER  
Well, thank you.

RACHEL  
No I'm serious. I mean, I got a  
back tattoo.

Rachel shows him.

PETER  
Wow. Is that...a potato with a  
knife in it?

RACHEL  
It's supposed to be a human heart.  
Jack did it for me when my  
boyfriend left, but he was fucking  
wasted.

PETER  
You must love Potatoes. You should  
get some tater tots too, right next  
to it.

RACHEL  
(playful)  
Fuck off.

Peter laughs. Beat.

PETER  
I don't know. It's funny, but being  
hurt like that makes me feel kind  
of...impervious to pain.

RACHEL  
Nothing left to be afraid of.

PETER  
Exactly. Jumping off this waterfall  
ain't gonna hurt me as much as she  
did, so what's there to be afraid  
of?

RACHEL  
So jump then.

PETER  
(off guard)  
I meant that as a metaphor.

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL  
 Why should it be a metaphor? Back  
 up and jump, man.

PETER  
 Is it safe?

She JUMPS OFF the waterfall. Peter watches the pool with  
 concern until finally she resurfaces, laughing.

RACHEL  
 (calling up)  
 I can't believe I survived that!  
 You coming or what?

PETER  
 You must be crazy!!

RACHEL  
 I can see your vagina from here.  
 Jump!

Peter closes his eyes and winces.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 JUMP!!!

Peter takes a deep breath and begins his leap from the  
 waterfall. However, about halfway through, he loses his nerve  
 and his body seizes. His feet do not jump, but instead, slip  
 out from under him. He slams down hard onto the edge of the  
 cliff. He manages to grab onto a tree root before plummeting.

PETER  
 I'm okay!! I'll just let go.

RACHEL  
 No! It's like, really dangerous  
 now. If you fall straight down,  
 you'll hit the rocks and kill  
 yourself.

PETER  
 SO WHAT DO I DO?

RACHEL  
 Can you pull yourself up?!?!?

Peter tries, but is too weak and his grip is awkward.

PETER  
 No.

As Peter hangs in peril, we see several VERY YOUNG Hawaiian kids leap off the Waterfall and fall out of frame behind him.

RACHEL  
Well, maybe put your feet up against the cliff and like...shoot yourself off.

PETER  
Like a frog?

RACHEL  
I don't know, but that sounds like a plan.

Peter awkwardly puts his legs up against the cliff face like a frog. As he does so, the PHOTO MAN and PHOTO WOMAN jump off and fall out of frame past him.

PETER  
Okay, here I go.

RACHEL  
Good luck.

PETER  
I'm scared.

The group of swimmers below watch the hanging Peter. They begin to chant.

SWIMMERS  
JUMP!/JUMP YOU PUSSY!/I'M A KID,  
YOU'RE A GIANT!/YOU'RE TOTALLY  
GOING TO DIE!

PETER  
(laughing)  
This is ridiculous.

He launches himself backwards and plunges into the pool below. After a while, he emerges with a huge smile.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You saw me, right?

RACHEL  
I witnessed it. I was there.

The two tread water about a foot apart, exhilarated. THEY KISS.

EXT. FOOD STAND - LATER

Peter and Rachel sit on benches outside of a small local food stand. They eat fresh fish and rice, silent and happy. A large bowl of dirty looking water is also on the table. The sun sets on the horizon.

PETER  
I'm feeling very calm.

RACHEL  
It's the Kava.

He touches her hand on the table.

RACHEL  
I'm not a romantic person.

Peter begins to pull his hand away, but she softly grabs it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
This is amazing.

\*

Peter smiles to himself.

PETER  
It's nice to hear that word mean something.

RACHEL  
Hmmm?

INT. SPAGO - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah have dinner with another couple.

SARAH  
The asparagus is amazing.

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah walk out of a screening with Johnny Knoxville.

SARAH  
You were amazing Johnny.

INT. BOUTIQUE - FLASHBACK

Peter waits on a chair in a shi-shi boutique.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Okay, you ready?

Peter looks up from his magazine.

PETER  
Ready.

Sarah emerges from the dressing room holding her CHIHUAHUA which is wearing a TURTLENECK SWEATER.

SARAH  
Amazing, right?

EXT. FOOD STAND - CONTINUOUS

And we're back...

PETER  
I guess...I don't know, you're sincere.

Peter dips his bowl in the dirty water and takes another sip.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
(smiling)  
My mouth is numb.

RACHEL  
Mine too. I can't feel my lips.

Peter looks at her for a moment.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
What?

Peter leans in and kisses her softly.

PETER  
Anything?

RACHEL  
No.

They share a smile and she feeds him a bite of rice.

PETER

Thank you.

RACHEL

That was pretty bold of you.

PETER

Yeah. That's just how I roll.

RACHEL

Don't ever talk like that again.

She shakes her head at him, then takes his face in her hands and kisses him deeply.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter makes his way happily through the lobby. As he passes the front desk, Michael waves him over.

MICHAEL

So...how was the hike?

PETER

Great. Thanks for letting her out.

MICHAEL

So listen, I have some bad news.

PETER

What's that?

MICHAEL

Dakota Fanning and her people checked in unexpectedly, so naturally, they're going to be staying in the Kapua Suite. I packed up your stuff for you.

PETER

Oh. So does that mean... I should leave?

MICHAEL

Well, we did have one suite open up in the new wing, but it's fifteen hundred a night.

PETER

I'll take it.

MICHAEL  
You really like her?

\*  
\*

PETER  
I just think your hotel is lovely.  
That's all.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. STANDARD ROOM - LATER

Peter, still stoned, enters a dark standard room and sets down his bag. He shimmies out of his clothes and climbs into bed. As he readies to sleep, he hears the faint SOUNDS OF SEX coming from the room next door. He listens for a second. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AS THE SOUNDS CONTINUE, AND WE SEE:

EXT. HANA - SUNSET

Peter and SARAH gaze out at the waterfall cascading into the pools below. Someone is swimming in the pool. IT IS RACHEL, and she is nude. Peter stares at her mesmerized, only to be interrupted by Sarah.

SARAH  
I'm hotter than she is. It's a fact.

Sarah holds up Maxim's Hot 100. Sarah's at number 24. Peter looks into her eyes for a long beat, and then leaps off the waterfall, landing with a great splash into the pool below. When he surfaces, Rachel is waiting. They KISS. Suddenly, we hear:

\*  
\*

SARAH (CONT'D)  
YES! FUCK ME WILLIAM! YOU'RE  
AMAZING!! UYOU'RE THE BEST EVER!!

\*  
\*  
\*

WILLIAM  
RIGHT-O!!! RIGHT-O YOU FILTHY BIRD!

\*  
\*

Peter's face drops. He flicks off the lamp and buries his face in the pillow. THE MOANING CONTINUES. PETER BANGS ON THE WALL.

\*  
\*  
\*

PETER  
SARAH MARSHALL AND WILLIAM  
WHATEVER, THIS IS PETER BRETTER.  
PLEASE SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The sounds of sex abruptly stop.

\*

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM \*

William tries to continue having sex with Sarah. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 We can just be quiet. \*

SARAH \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 I can't do this. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 Well then I'm going to jerk off. \*  
 I'm sorry, sweetie, but if I don't \*  
 it's just really going to hurt. \*

SARAH \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 Just go, it's fine. \*

William gets out of bed and goes in the bathroom. \*

INT. BREAKFAST RESTAURANT - MORNING \*

Peter sits at a table right next to the men's room. A man \*  
 walks out holding his toddler's hand. You can see the stink \*  
 from the bathroom hit Peter's nose. \*

FATHER \*  
 Feel better? \*

TODDLER \*  
 A little. \*

A waitress approaches the table. \*

WAITRESS \*  
 Welcome back Mr. Bretter. Here's \*  
 the drink list. \*

PETER \*  
 Actually, I think I'll just have \*  
 some coffee and a grapefruit juice \*  
 please. \*

She looks at him surprised. \*

WAITRESS \*  
 Very good sir. \*

Peter looks out towards the patio and spots WILLIAM AND SARAH \*  
EATING BREAKFAST. William is blackberrying. A BIRD LANDS ON \*  
THEIR TABLE. Sarah cringes a bit. \*

SARAH \*  
Not while I'm eating please. \*

It grabs a peace of bread on the table and begins eating. \*  
THREE MORE BIRDS LAND ON THE TABLE and go for the bread. \*  
Sarah slides back from the table. \*

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
SHOO!! \*

The birds do not leave, but instead, SEVERAL MORE ARRIVE. \*

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
(cringing) \*  
Please leave me alone. \*

Sarah looks far too scared. A BIRD LANDS ON HER SHOULDER AND \*  
SHE SCREAMS. She grabs her granola and heads inside. \*

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
It's a goddamn aviary out here. \*

WILLIAM \*  
Alright, honey. Let's move inside. \*

William and Sarah walk into the restaurant and sit down. \*  
Peter WALKS UP TO THEM. \*

PETER \*  
(oddly sincere) \*  
I just want to apologize if I \*  
disturbed your lovemaking last \*  
night. \*

Peter HEADS OUT. \*

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter walks up to Rachel. \*

PETER \*  
That was pretty great yesterday. \*

RACHEL \*  
So the Koolau pools were nice. I \*  
surrender. \*  
(then) \*  
I'm sorry about Dakota Fanning. \*  
(MORE) \*

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm glad you decided to stay  
though.

\*  
\*

PETER

Are you around tonight?

RACHEL

I'm off at seven...you want to go  
to Lazy Joe's?

PETER

I don't actually. I had an idea.  
Have you ever been to the nice  
place here, Humuhumunukunukuapua'a?

RACHEL

Are you kidding? That place is such  
a rip off. Thirty bucks for some  
fish? The Cajun fish sandwich at  
Lazy Joe's is six bucks.

PETER

If you wouldn't mind, I would like  
to take you on a proper date. It's  
been a long time since I've had a  
proper date, and I think it would  
be exciting.

Rachel considers.

\*

PETER (CONT'D)

I mean...I did stay and all. And  
that room ain't cheap.

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

Classy. Okay, I'm in.

\*  
\*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

\*

Sarah is getting dressed for dinner when William enters from  
the bathroom, looking rather sharp in a Fred Perry Zip Up.

\*  
\*

SARAH

I thought you were going to wear  
the shirt I got you?

\*  
\*  
\*

WILLIAM

Not tonight, I wanted to rock me  
new Fred Perry. Sharp, right?

\*  
\*  
\*

SARAH

It's alright...but I thought it  
might be fun to get dressed up for  
dinner. Not be in exercise  
clothes.

WILLIAM

It's Hawaii. Everyone dresses so  
casual.

SARAH

I just thought... since I bought  
the shirt for you.

WILLIAM

I love the shirt you bought me.  
Really, I do. It's beautiful. But  
it's like a shirt to wear in a club  
in New York. It's not exactly  
appropriate for here. That's all.

William walks into the bathroom, Sarah takes a seat on the  
bed. She puts her head in her hands and takes a deep breath.

EXT. THE IVY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah have lunch on the patio with SARAH'S PARENTS.  
PETER shows off his slightly too tight fitting gayish shirt.

PETER

Thanks, Sarah got it for me.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - FLASHBACK

Sarah and Peter BOWL with some friends. Peter shows off his  
OVERSIZED BOWLING SHIRT which reads "SARAH'S MAN."

PETER

Sarah made it for me.

INT. SKI LODGE - FLASHBACK

Peter and Sarah order hot Chocolate at a ski lodge. Peter  
wears a slightly ridiculous KNIT SKI HAT.

WAITRESS

(slightly sarcastic)  
Nice hat.

PETER

Thanks. My lady got it for me.

Sarah beams with pride.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And we're back... William emerges from the bathroom, still wearing his Fred Perry and finds Sarah on the bed, eyes welling with tears.

WILLIAM

Don't be upset. Fine, honey, I'll wear the shirt.

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - NIGHT

Sarah and William walk into the beautiful restaurant. They head towards the bar. Sarah stops in her tracks. She sees PETER ordering from the Bartendress, looking truly handsome. They lock eyes. Peter steps aside, revealing RACHEL on his arm.

WILLIAM

Man, this resort is small.

Sarah leads William to the bar, where Peter and Rachel are waiting. Peter and Sarah share an awkward smile.

PETER

Well...hello there. Sarah, William, this is Rachel.

SARAH

(trying)

Nice to meet you.

The Bartendress brings over a bottle of wine and two glasses. She pours Peter a taste.

PETER

That's great, thank you.

She begins to pour. Peter turns to Sarah and William.

PETER (CONT'D)

Would you guys like a glass?

WILLIAM

Oh, we couldn't.

SARAH

I'd love one.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
 (to Bartendress) \*  
 We'll take two more glasses please. \*

She finishes pouring and William raises his glass to toast. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 To new friends. \*

They smile and cheers. The Maitre D' approaches with two \*  
 menus before anyone has had the chance to drink. \*

MAITRE D' \*  
 (to Peter) \*  
 Your table is ready sir. \*  
 (to Sarah and William) \*  
 It will be about fifteen minutes \*  
 for your table, I'm sorry for the \*  
 delay. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 Please, enjoy your dinner. Thank \*  
 you for the wine. \*

PETER \*  
 (offhanded, polite) \*  
 You're welcome to join us. \*

SARAH \*  
 (immediately) \*  
 Okay. \*

Everyone stops, sort of stunned. \*

PETER \*  
 Oh. Okay...great. \*

WILLIAM \*  
 No, you two are on a date... \*

PETER \*  
 No, it's fine. Join us. \*

SARAH \*  
 ("sweetly" to Rachel) \*  
 Are you sure you don't mind? \*

RACHEL \*  
 Not at all. \*

MAITRE D' \*  
 Wonderful, I'll set up two more \*  
 places. Follow me. \*

The two couples follow to the table. Rachel and Peter walk  
about three feet in front of William and Sarah.

ANGLE ON: Peter and Rachel.

PETER

I'm sorry. I mean... I didn't think  
in a million years she'd say yes.

RACHEL

It's fine.

PETER

Are you sure it's not awkward for  
you to be around her?

RACHEL

Please... you've met like four of  
my old boyfriends.

ANGLE ON: William and Sarah

WILLIAM

This is ridiculous.

SARAH

You wanted to have dinner with him  
the other night.

WILLIAM

He's on a date.

SARAH

(in denial)

So are we. And now it's a double  
date.

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

Our foursome sit at the table drinking their wine. Peter has  
been waxing poetic about the Hana trip. Sarah tries not to  
look pained. All are GETTING LOOSE from the wine.

PETER

It was amazing. I leapt off the  
waterfall like some sort of  
Hawaiian cliff diver. It was  
remarkable.

Rachel subtly shakes her head.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I didn't know I had it in me. I  
 couldn't have done it without  
 Rachel. She's fantastic.

Rachel is mildly annoyed by Peter's posturing.

RACHEL  
 (completely sarcastic)  
 I had heard about men like him in  
 comic books and greek myth, but to  
 see it up close was a real honor.

William laughs as he drinks his wine in silence. Peter takes  
 the hint and tries to temper his bragging.

PETER  
 How about you guys? Having fun?

SARAH  
 Well, we've been sort of limited by  
 William's leg, but we did have a  
 REALLY romantic night last night.

WILLIAM  
 We ordered room service and watched  
 "Oceans 12."

Sarah shoots William a look

SARAH  
 Once that movie gets going it  
 really sucks you into a world of  
 chaos and romance. It's amazing.

WILLIAM  
 You fell asleep halfway through.  
 (to Peter)  
 Did you go to the fish stand?

PETER  
 We did. It was probably the most  
 romantic meal of my life.

This stings Sarah, and even Rachel feels a bit bad. The  
 waitress passes.

SARAH  
 Could we have another bottle of  
 wine please?

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

Another bottle. Everyone is GETTING DRUNK. Sarah goes on and on about Australia.

SARAH

It was magical. They say it was a British Prison repository, but I found the people delightful.

RACHEL

Sounds great.

(to William)

And you must be proud to get your movie made. \*

WILLIAM \*

(barely paying attention) \*

Oh... it's actually not my best work to be honest with you. I wouldn't be surprised if the fucker went straight to the telly. \*

Sarah looks at William annoyed. An awkward pause.

WILLIAM (CONT'D) \*

(to Rachel) \*

Not to change the subject, but that is a lovely dress. It's very Zac Posen. \*

SARAH \*

Since when do you care about fashion? \*

WILLIAM \*

Since I modeled for the International Armani campaign. \*

SARAH \*

You never told me that. \*

WILLIAM \*

(clearly drunk) \*

Well... it didn't involve you so I assumed you weren't interested. \*

Peter and Rachel share a look at the tense exchange. \*

RACHEL \*

Well, thank you for the compliment. \*

The waitress passes. \*

WILLIAM  
We'll take another bottle of wine  
please. \*

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

A couple bottles later, and getting drunker. Our foursome sit  
in silence, awkwardly eating and drinking their wine. We hold  
for ten seconds too long. William's Blackberry buzzes. HE  
CHECKS IT, AND LET'S OUT AN ODD, MISCHIEVOUS LAUGH. More  
silence. The waitress passes. \*

RACHEL  
Could we have another bottle  
please? \*

INT. HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A - LATER

ALL ARE VERY DRUNK, and still drinking. William takes an  
errant sip which dribbles down his shirt. William lazily  
wipes it everywhere. Sarah watches on bemused.

SARAH  
What the hell? Aren't you gonna try  
to get that out?

WILLIAM  
It's fine.

He wipes it in further.

SARAH  
Jesus Christ William, get some  
seltzer water.

PETER  
Let the guy be. It's his shirt.

SARAH  
I bought it for him yesterday.

WILLIAM  
It's Hawaii. Anything goes. \*

RACHEL  
Why do you guys always think being  
mellow is the same as being lazy?  
Go get some fucking seltzer water.

SARAH

Thank you.

WILLIAM

You know what Rachel, that's a fair point.

(calling out)

Seltzer please!

Sarah looks annoyed and takes a long sup of wine. The waitress arrives with a CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE and some SELTZER. William clumsily goes to work on trying to get out the stain.

RACHEL

Ohmigod that looks good. \*

She picks up her fork, prepares a bite and absentmindedly feeds it to Peter. Sarah tenses.

PETER

(in heaven)

God I love Hawaii.

SARAH

It is great here. But for like a week tops. Anymore than that I think I would go crazy. This is where you come to hide from the responsibilities of the real world. It's like neverneverland or something. \*

Sarah looks at Rachel almost challengingly. Peter begins to speak up for Rachel, but she squeezes his hand and smiles.

RACHEL

(to Peter)

Volcano cake, huh? Sounds dangerous. I was so nervous when you ordered it.

She FEEDS ANOTHER BITE TO Peter, SMILES AT SARAH, THEN GIVES HIM A LONG DEEP HISS. She looks Sarah dead in the eye.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I like living here.

A very tense moment. TWO WELL DRESSED MEN APPROACH THE TABLE.

WELL DRESSED MAN 1

I'm sorry to interrupt, but we're huge fans.

SARAH

Well that's awfully nice --

WELL DRESSED MAN 2

(to William)

You were our absolute favorite  
Fancy Lad!

WELL DRESSED MAN 1

The scenes with you and the  
Constable's Son... transcendent!

William looks up from his now very wet white shirt with a smile.

WILLIAM

Oh thank you.

WELL DRESSED MAN 2

Me oh my, I didn't know there was a  
wet t-shirt contest tonight.

Man 1 slaps Man 2 on the arm, embarrassed.

WELL DRESSED MAN 1

Well we don't want to interrupt.  
Enjoy your dinner.

They leave giddily.

WILLIAM

That was nice.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

\*

Peter and Rachel STUMBLE through the lobby. Rachel stops at the elevator bank with her to go box. Peter hesitates.

PETER

Do...do you want to come up? I'm  
sorry, I don't mean to be --

Rachel KISSES HIM. The door opens and they fall into the elevator, DRUNK.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The doors shut. She pulls back with a smile.

RACHEL

I'm really tipsy.

She laughs and gives him another kiss. She then notices the camera in the corner of the elevator and waves at it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Hi, Michael!

\*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Rachel come through the door. She opens the to go box and takes the cake in her hand.

PETER  
What are you doing?

SHE SHOVES IT IN HIS FACE AND BEGINS TO LAUGH.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(covered in cake)  
I can't believe you just did that.

\*

She begins to make out with him, both of their faces covered in cake. Peter picks her up and takes her towards the bedroom. He hesitates.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you're not too drunk?

\*

RACHEL  
Stop being so fucking sensitive!

He kisses her and carries her into the bedroom.

INT. SARAH AND WILLIAM'S ROOM - LATER

Sarah and William lay in bed, both DRUNK. Sarah stares at the ceiling as William tries to sleep. Something catches her ear. THE SOUNDS OF SEX can be heard from Peter's room. Sarah loses her breath. She looks over at the sleeping William. She climbs on top of him and tries to commence lovemaking.

WILLIAM  
(groggy)  
What are you doing?

SARAH  
Make love to me.

She begins to kiss his body. William begins to rouse. He kisses her back and she moans TOO LOUDLY. William notices.

WILLIAM  
What was that?

SARAH  
Don't stop.

Sarah heads beneath the covers. Something catches his hear. The sounds of sex coming through the wall. Something registers in William. Sarah comes up from beneath the covers. As she begins to ride him, she again moans WAY TOO LOUDLY, as if trying to project RIGHT BACK THROUGH THE WALL.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Peter and Rachel are having DRUNKEN SEX. Rachel hears the moaning through the wall, she stops.

RACHEL  
Shhh. Listen.

Peter hears Sarah's moaning.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
Must be newlyweds.

SARAH MOANS LOUDER. Peter tries not to turn dark.

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*  
I think I can beat her.

Peter looks at her intrigued.

PETER  
You think?

She listens to Sarah's moans.

RACHEL  
I don't know. Make me.

She kisses him deeply.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Now RACHEL AND PETER can be heard even louder through Sarah's wall. She turns up the heat and begins screaming. A growing cacophony of ingenuine moaning volleys through the wall.

SARAH  
 YES!! YES!! I'VE NEVER FELT  
 ANYTHING SO GOOD!! THIS SEX I'M  
 HAVING IS AMAZING!

William looks at her, disgusted as she carries on. Finally he stops moving. It takes her a second, but eventually Sarah notices.

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
 What's wrong?

WILLIAM  
 Get off me.

SARAH  
 What?

William pushes Sarah a little too forcefully off him. She rolls off the bed onto the floor. BOTH ARE STILL VERY DRUNK.

SARAH (CONT'D) \*  
 What was that? \*

WILLIAM  
 I think I may have made a mistake  
 coming here with you?

SARAH  
 Excuse me?

WILLIAM  
 You still love him.

SARAH  
 I do not!

WILLIAM  
 You should have seen yourself at  
 dinner. You were like a fucking  
 desperate housewife. \*  
 \*

SARAH  
 You should have seen yourself at  
 dinner! I felt like I was with a  
 mute. All you said was how  
 beautiful her dress was!! I mean,  
 who the FUCK is ZAC POSEN?!? \*  
 \*

WILLIAM \*  
 You know what, Sarah? Ask me that \*  
 in five years. \*  
 (then) \*  
 (MORE) \*

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You are not acting like a woman it  
is wise to be dating.

\*  
\*

SARAH

When I met you I thought that you  
were one of the smartest people I  
had ever known. And the more I get  
to know you, the more I realize how  
lucky you are to have that accent.

He gets out of bed and heads into the bathroom, tripping on  
his way. Sarah is left alone as the sounds of Rachel and  
Peter can be heard louder and louder through the wall.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Rachel lay next to each other, post-coital.

PETER

(softly)

Hey.

RACHEL

Hey.

PETER

I think I'm falling in love with  
you.

Pause.

RACHEL

You don't have to say that.

PETER

I know I don't.

RACHEL

Peter, look. When I first saw you,  
I thought, why am I so attracted to  
this guy? I don't know him, he's  
not my type, frankly he's way  
doughier than the guys I normally  
go for. Yet I totally hope he's  
here alone. I haven't felt like  
that in a long time, and honestly,  
it's been really fun. Don't cheapen  
it by trying to make it more than  
it is.

Peter looks over at her and smiles.

PETER

Okay.

She closes her eyes and snuggles up to him.

RACHEL

I'm going to have a really bad hang  
over tomorrow.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter wakes to the sound of Rachel gathering up her things.

PETER

(groggy)

Where are you going?

RACHEL

I have to work.

She kisses him on the forehead and heads for the door.

PETER

I meant what I said last night.

She stops and looks at him. She sighs, defeated.

RACHEL

Look...I'm pretty sure I feel the  
same way. Okay?

Peter's face lights up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Don't give me that hungry puppy  
look, it's so nerdy. You're leaving  
tomorrow.

PETER

Can I see you tomorrow?

RACHEL

I get off at seven. Try not to  
stand me up.

She smiles and leaves.

PETER

Could you just throw me the Advil?

\*

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Peter bounces out of the elevator and heads towards the buffet. On his way however, he spots WILLIAM sitting alone in the hotel lobby, a large suitcase sitting next to him. He heads over.

WILLIAM  
 (looking up from his  
 magazine)  
 Hey. How are you?

PETER  
 (chuckling)  
 A little tired this morning, mate.  
 What's with the bag?

WILLIAM  
 This lad's headed home.

PETER  
 (shocked)  
 What? What are you talking about?  
 What happened?

WILLIAM  
 Just not the right match, mate. Bad  
 timing.

PETER  
 Bad timing?

WILLIAM  
 To be perfectly honest Peter, I  
 don't think she's over you. \*  
 Anyways, alright, that's me out. \*  
 (they shake hands) \*  
 I think if we'd met under different \*  
 circumstances we'd be mates. \*

They share a smile. \*

PETER \*  
 I think so too, William. I think \*  
 so, too. \*

William walks off, turning back for a final smile. As soon as \*  
 he is gone, Peter BOLTS FOR THE ELEVATOR. \*

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Sarah have sex. They are both crying hard.

SARAH

I'm so so sorry about hurting you.  
You're the best thing that ever  
happened to me and I fucked it all  
up.

PETER

It's OK. I understand. We all  
make mistakes. The important thing  
is to love each other.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - LATER

Peter and Sarah are sitting in bed, post-coital. Sarah's  
asleep. Peter's blissed out. He checks his watch. He  
carefully extricates himself from the bed.

SARAH

(half-asleep)  
Where are you going?

PETER

(whispering)  
I'll be right back, baby. I  
promise.

He leaves.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER

Peter gets out of the elevator. He sees Rachel sitting on a  
couch, waiting. He composes himself and approaches.

PETER

Rachel. I can't hang out tonight.  
I've had an absolutely amazing  
time, but I don't think I'm going  
to be able to do this.

RACHEL

What's with that weird artificial  
voice?  
(imitating a recording)  
"To leave a message just press one  
or wait for the tone."

PETER

Sarah has come to her senses and I just think that I owe the five and a half years we spent together the chance for us to work things out. I'm sorry.

She looks at him in disbelief.

RACHEL

Okay.

PETER

I didn't mean to hurt you. That was the last thing I intended.

Rachel shakes her head at him with disappointment, but stays very calm in the way only a livid woman can.

RACHEL

Alright, well. Thanks. And good luck.

PETER

I'm sorry...

RACHEL

It's fine. I didn't expect anything from you. I don't even know you...

PETER

Don't say that.

RACHEL

... but can I offer you a suggestion? I'd be real careful about your ladyfriend.

PETER

Excuse me?

RACHEL

I don't know how trustworthy she is.

Peter tenses.

PETER

You know what? I'm sorry I hurt you, but that's not necessary.

RACHEL

Good luck.

She walks away. \*

INT. BREAKFAST BUFFET - NEXT MORNING

Peter and Sarah sit on the PATIO of the buffet overlooking the water. Peter IS IN HEAVEN. Sarah looks down at her food.

PETER  
This is breathtaking. It's  
paradise.

Sarah gives him a half-smile. Peter notices.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
Are you okay?

She puts down her knife and fork and gives Peter a look that is all too familiar. Before she can say anything, Peter JUMPS UP.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
WHAT THE FUCK? HOW COULD YOU  
FUCKING DO THIS TO ME? YOU'RE THE  
FUCKING DEVIL!!! YOU GODDAMN  
WHORE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN YOU STUPID BITCH!!!

Other diners watch on in horror as Peter runs out of the restaurant.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS \*

Peter runs to the front desk. Rachel is not there, so he approaches Michael.

PETER  
Is Rachel here?

MICHAEL  
No. And you're an asshole.

Peter runs to the elevator.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Peter sits on his bed, phone at his ear.

PETER  
(into phone)  
Please call me back.  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you. Please. Call  
me back. I'm sorry. It was just a  
hiccup! I'm going to keep calling.

\*  
\*

He hangs up the phone in frustration and checks the clock.  
10:45 AM.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

It doesn't end like this. Not  
again.

\*

INT. AIRPORT - 9:00PM

Peter is at the Hawaiian Arline's counter.

AGENT

We're very full. All we have is one  
seat in business class, which  
is...\$1259.

Peter reaches into his pocket and removes a wad.

PETER

I'll take it.

The agent types away.

INT. GATE 19 - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is pulling on his shoes as he arrives at the gate. He  
sees Sarah in the short boarding line and stops. She turns  
around and the two lock eyes. She slowly heads over.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARAH

What? You have more names you want  
to call me!? Or do you just want to  
kill me?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PETER

I don't think I made myself clear.

\*  
\*

SARAH

You said "I never want to see you  
again you stupid bitch."

\*  
\*  
\*

PETER

I'm sorry I said those things.

\*  
\*

Sarah looks at him, confused and guilty.

\*

SARAH  
Peter, I don't know what to do. Not  
at all.

PETER  
One thing I know is that this has  
been the worst month of my life --

SARAH  
Me too.

PETER  
And the other thing I know is that  
we should not be together.

Sarah nods, tearing up a little.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I am sure that the next time we run  
into each other it'll be weird,  
because I don't really want to see  
you again --

Sarah and Peter laugh, sadly.

PETER (CONT'D)  
But just know that I really, truly  
hope you find everything you're  
looking for.

SARAH  
I hope you do too.

PETER  
Goodbye.

SARAH  
Goodbye.

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT BLDG - NIGHT, 6 YEARS AGO

Peter and Sarah stand inches apart.

PETER  
Can I kiss you?

SARAH  
We work together? Do you think it's  
smart?

PETER  
Not at all.

He leans in and kisses her tenderly. Their first kiss. \*

INT. CAB - LATER

Peter dials his cell.

PETER

Rachel, It's Peter. Please call me  
on my cell. I know I keep calling,  
but I want to see you and I'm  
sorry. Please. I'm sorry. Bye.

He hangs up. Then lets out a LONG, FRUSTRATED YELL.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - LATER

Peter walks into Lazy Joe's with purpose and heads into the  
bathroom. After a long beat, a loud BANGING is heard from  
within. KEMO heads into the bathroom to see what's up.

INT. WAIKIKI EMBASSADOR HOTEL - LATER \*

Peter makes his way to the front desk, his face now BEATEN  
and BRUISED. Rachel holds up a hand before he can speak. \*

RACHEL \*

I don't want to talk to you right  
now. \*

PETER \*

Please, can I just... \*

RACHEL \*

You don't need to explain, I get  
it, just leave me alone. \*

PETER \*

Rachel I made a terrible mist--- \*

RACHEL \*

(cutting him off, yelling)  
LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!! \*

Michael walks over from the office to check on the commotion. \*

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*

I understand you're "a mess right  
now." I get it. I was a mess too. I  
slept with a couple people I was  
disgusted to wake up next to. \*

Michael looks at her, hurt. \*

RACHEL (CONT'D) \*

Not you Michael. \*

(back to Peter) \*

I get it, okay? But it doesn't  
excuse acting like a complete  
asshole. It doesn't. \*

PETER \*

I meant everything I said. \*

RACHEL \*

You told me you loved me. Then you  
put your dick in another woman's  
vagina. Do you understand that? \*

PETER \*

It wasn't just a vagina. It was a  
woman I was with for six years'  
vagina. I was so confused! Please  
believe me! Imagine if it was your  
ex-boyfriend, how would you feel? \*

RACHEL \*

He's not my ex-boyfriend he's my ex-  
husband. \*

PETER \*

What!?! He was your husband? \*

RACHEL \*

For like six weeks and then we got  
it annulled. We haven't seen in  
each other in like forever. \*

(then) \*

Don't try to turn this around on  
me! \*

PETER \*

Look, I don't know what to say  
about that at all! But I don't  
think I care. I know I'm crazy, but  
you're crazy too! I'm begging you,  
be crazy with me. I'll be sane with  
you. We can be a great team. \*

RACHEL \*

What? What does that even mean? \*

PETER \*

(continuing) \*

...You're not happy here! \*

(MORE) \*

PETER (CONT'D)

You're not that laid back!! You should be in school and you know that!

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

Get it through your fucking brain!! You shouldn't be with anyone! You're a lunatic! You fucking sucked me in then you treated me like shit! Why would I want you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PETER

You're right. I don't know what I'm thinking. I'm acting crazy again. I'm being codependent and selfish and bizarre.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

I don't really know what "co-dependent" is. All I know is I want you to leave. Don't write me. Don't call me. Don't text me. Don't email me. Get it?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He backs away from the counter.

\*

PETER

I won't bother you anymore.

\*  
\*

RACHEL

Get off my island.

\*  
\*

He leaves.

\*

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Peter sits with his bags watching the sunrise. It is clear he hasn't slept.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Peter closes his eyes as the plane takes off, leaving Hawaii behind.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter enters his dark apartment and sets his bags down. He flicks on a light and looks around his apartment, littered with bottles of booze, overflowing ashtrays and dirty clothes. After a moment, he goes and gets a garbage bag and BEGINS TO CLEAN.

INT. LAZY JOE'S - NIGHT

Rachel and Michael approach Kemo at the bar.

KEMO

Hey. Sorry about beating up your  
Howlee Boyfriend.

RACHEL

That was you?

MICHAEL

Don't apologize. He was a Bigfoot  
looking bastard.

RACHEL

I don't care, but why?

KEMO

He came in and stole your picture  
from the bathroom. He said some  
bullshit about how you're an angel  
and should be treated with respect.  
It was hard to understand him cause  
I had just punched him in the  
esophagus.

Rachel takes this in.

FADE TO BLACK:

CHYRON UP: SOME TIME LATER

INT. STEVE ALLEN THEATER - NIGHT

THIS EXTREMELY SMALL THEATER IS PACKED with people. A  
DRACULA PUPPET HOLDS CENTER STAGE, illuminated by a lone  
spotlight. He is being operated by PETER, who wears a black  
UNITARD and FACEPAINT for as not to be seen by the audience.

DRACULA

*...And I will shower my body in  
Garlic. I will deprive my taste  
buds of blood. I'll stare in the  
mirror until I can see my  
reflection. I'll leave shadow  
behind and walk with you in the  
sun!!*

A spotlight illuminates another puppet, which looks slightly like Rachel in Victorian garb, standing on a balcony. Another puppet, a SUCCUBUS which looks oddly like Sarah as a witch, hobbles on stage and signs to Dracula

SUCCUBUS

*How could she want you, you're not even human? How could she want you, you're not even a man?*

DRACULA

*I don't care what you say, nasty wench, of my love, for it is love that will save my damned soul!!!*

PYROTECHNICS GO OFF, and SEVERAL BAT PUPPETS SWOOP DOWN FROM THE RAFTERS SINGING. The full cast begins to enter as in the FINALE OF LES MISERABLES. The audience starts to laugh hysterically.

BATS

*Fly to you! I'll fly to you!! Until the end of time I'll fly to you!!*

ACTORS DRESSED AS ZOMBIES AND GHOULS RUN DOWN THE AISLES

ZOMBIE CHORUS

*Run to you, I'll run to you. Until the stars don't shine I'll run to you!!*

SEVERAL VAMPIRE WOMAN EMERGE FROM THE CURTAINS!

VAMPIRESSES

*Drink from you. I'll drink from you! Until your blood runs dry I'll drink from you!!*

DRACULA

*BE WITH YOU, JUST BE WITH YOU!! I'D FORSAKE THE LORD JUST TO BE WITH YOU!!!*

They reach a remarkable crescendo. Everyone singing their own parts over the other until finally their lyrics unify!

ALL

*TO BE WITH YOU!!! BE WITH YOU!!! UNTIL I START TO CRY I'LL BE WITH YOU MY LOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVVVVE!!!!!!!!!!*

The crowd erupts in laughter and applause.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER

Peter, in jeans and his black UNITARD, face half clean like a raccoon, holds court and greets the audience as they leave. HE IS APPROACHED BY RACHEL. Peter is stunned.

PETER

Rachel. Wow, hi. What are you doing here?

RACHEL

Some kids at school were talking about some hilarious Dracula musical.

She motions to two REALLY GOOD LOOKING 19 YEAR OLD GUYS WAITING ACROSS THE LOBBY.

PETER

You're back in school? That's great.

RACHEL

Sort of. I'm at Santa Monica City College. I don't like being surrounded by eighteen year olds, but, what are you gonna do? The parties can be pretty good. Anyway, the show was great. So funny.

PETER

Thanks. I didn't realize it was a comedy, but once someone pointed that out to me, it sort of opened everything up.

RACHEL

Well, it's great you got it up on it's feet. How's the TV show going?

PETER

I actually ended up quitting, which was terrifying. Had to move to a smaller apartment in kind of a scary neighborhood, but here I am.

Lingering beat.

RACHEL

You never called or anything.

PETER  
You told me not to.

She smiles. He grabs a flyer and hands it to her.

PETER (CONT'D) \*  
Well listen, I should probably say  
some hellos, but my email address  
is on the back. Let me know if you  
want to go to Lazy Joe's sometime.

She laughs. He smiles and moves on to some other patrons.  
Rachel and walks out of the theater with her friends.

SECONDS LATER Peter'S PHONE VIBRATES. He reaches into his  
pocket, removes his blackberry and checks his email. It  
reads: "TURN AROUND."

Peter smiles, turns around and, there she is, right behind  
him. She grabs him and kisses him hard.

RACHEL  
You're not stalking anyone else,  
are you?

PETER  
Nope. You're not married?

RACHEL  
No.

PETER  
Then maybe this has a chance.

They kiss a bunch more.

THE END.

OVER THE REST OF THE CREDITS we see all of the sad, funny and  
embarrassing photos our photo couple snapped of Peter  
throughout the week.