

THE MARRY

By

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OVER BLACK

RACHEL MCADAMS (V.O.)  
Why didn't you write me? Why?

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARK, 18, sits on his bed in the dark and watches the 'rain kiss' scene from THE NOTEBOOK.

RACHEL MCADAMS (ONSCREEN)  
It wasn't over for me! I waited for  
you for seven years...

Mark mouths along in perfect synchronicity with the  
dialogue. His eyes glisten with tears.

RYAN GOSLING (ONSCREEN)  
It wasn't over. It still isn't  
over.

ONSCREEN -- RYAN GOSLING grabs RACHEL MCADAMS and pulls her  
in for a passionate kiss. Mark pumps the air.

MARK  
(tearful joy)  
You go Ryan Gosling!

He pulls a tissue out of a box next to him, blows his nose.  
His phone RINGS. He wipes his eyes, mutes the DVD, answers.

MARK (CONTD.)  
Hello?

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

AARON, 18, ascends, cellphone clamped to his ear.

AARON  
(into phone, incredulous)  
I'm the marry.

BEDROOM

MARK  
(into phone)  
Oh, that's...the what?

INTERCUT between them.

AARON  
The marry, Mark! I'm the marry!

MARK  
I am completely lost in this  
conversation.

INT. HOUSE - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Aaron appears from the top of the stairs.

AARON  
I'm coming in.

He pushes open the first door on the left, steps into --

BEDROOM

Mark looks up as Aaron enters.

MARK  
Who let you into my house?

AARON  
(still into phone)  
I don't think you quite get the  
severity of the situation her--

He stops. Takes in the sodden, half-naked Rachel McAdams  
onscreen and the box of tissues next to Mark.

AARON (CONTD.)  
Were you...?

MARK  
N--

Mark pauses, considers. That's actually less embarrassing.

MARK (CONTD.)  
Yes. Yes I was.

Aaron's not even listening. He flops onto a beanbag.

AARON  
So what are we going to do?

MARK  
About what?

AARON  
 (leans forward)  
 I'M THE MARRY!

MARK  
 I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

Aaron sighs, calms.

AARON  
 It happened earlier, when I was  
 talking to Alyssa about their  
 "girls' night" thing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Aaron strolls with ALYSSA, 18, pretty.

AARON  
 So what did you all get up to last  
 night? Sexy pillow fights?

ALYSSA  
 (nudges him)  
 No. We just talked, really.

AARON  
And had sexy pillow fights?

ALYSSA  
 (giggling)  
 Oh yeah, we played 'Bang Marry  
 Kill' with some of you guys.

AARON  
 'Bang Marry Kill'?

ALYSSA  
 Yeah, you know. Someone names three  
 people, and you have to pick which  
 one you'd bang, which one you'd  
 marry, and which one you'd kill.

She puts a hand on Aaron's arm.

ALYSSA (CONTD.)  
 Seriously, Aaron - everybody wants  
 to marry you.

Aaron's smile is very thin.

AARON  
Oh. How pleasant.

Alyssa smiles back.

BEDROOM - PRESENT

MARK  
Way to go, man! That's awesome.

AARON  
How is it even remotely 'awesome'?

MARK  
Everybody wants to marry you! That means they think you're...

AARON  
Yes...?

MARK  
...you're...

AARON  
Please, finish that sentence.

MARK  
(eventually)  
...dependable?

Aaron just gives him a withering look.

MARK (CONTD.)  
Hey, it's better than being, uh, 'undependable'? Is that a word?

Mark climbs off his bed, grabs a dictionary from the shelf.

AARON  
You know what really sucks? I kinda thought she and I had something.  
(beat)  
I don't want to be the marry! I'm eighteen years old. I'm supposed to be at the peak of my sexual powers. Why can't I be the bang? Or even the kill! At least that means somebody cares enough to go to jail over you. But the husband? Already?

He shakes his head.

AARON (CONTD.)

All this time I've been going completely wrong and I didn't even know it. Well, no more. There's nothing else for it, Mark. I've got to transform my image.

MARK

Yes!

Mark holds the dictionary up.

MARK (CONTD.)

It is a word.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark and Aaron walk past and through gaggles of STUDENTS.

AARON

Run me through this genius plan again?

MARK

You want to become more bang-able, right? And who do girls wanna bang?

AARON

Let me guess. Ryan Gosling?

MARK

Well, obviously. But also: jerks.

AARON

Jerks. Right.

MARK

So you need a jerk instructor. And who better than...

He points ahead.

FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR -- BRETT, 18, struts towards them. He sports a rock-star look, but manufactured, calculated, palatable rock-star, more Fall Out Boy than Nirvana.

Still, the GIRLS seem to love it. They steal bashful glances as he stalks past, whispering excitedly among themselves. Brett winks and shoots finger pistols at one BLONDE GIRL -- she faints dead away.

MARK AND AARON  
 (in unison)  
 Brett.

Brett stops in front of them. He has a fake rock-star voice to match the outfit.

BRETT  
 Tweedledum and Tweedledumber!  
 What's happening, hombres?

MARK  
 Hey, Brett.

A moment of awkward silence.

BRETT  
 So, like, did you guys want something? Or...

Mark nudges Aaron.

AARON  
 Uh, yeah...I --

MARK  
 (blurts out)  
 Aaron doesn't want to be the marry!

AARON  
 (hissing)  
 Thanks, Mark.

Brett frowns.

BRETT  
 The 'marry'? What's that, some kinda code?

AARON  
 No...you know what, this is stupid.  
 I'm just gonna go --

MARK  
 (blurts out again)  
 He wants to be the bang!

AARON  
 Would you stop doing that?!

BRETT  
 The ba...? Wait.

He looks from Aaron to Mark and back.

BRETT (CONTD.)  
Is Tweedle having trouble with the ladies?

AARON  
Oh God.

BRETT  
He is! And he's come to the master for help! Ha!

AARON  
(to Mark)  
Remind me to waterboard you at some point in the near future.

MARK  
But I can't surf...

Brett throws an arm around Aaron's shoulder, leads him away.

BRETT  
Aaron, Aaron, Aaron. It's okay. Why wouldn't you come to me for help?

AARON  
Uh...

BRETT  
It's just a sad fact of life. Not all of us are born ladies' men. Not all of us are born with the magic key to the furry kingdom.

AARON  
...that's why.

BRETT  
Now, I can help you. You want to be...the 'bang', right? I can make that happen. But why should I? What's in it for me?

Aaron clicks his fingers.

AARON  
Mark.

Mark reaches into his satchel, extracts a ROLLED-UP POSTER. He hands it to Aaron, who holds it out. Brett sneers.

BRETT  
No joy, bro. I have more posters in  
my room than you even know exist.

AARON  
Not this one. This one's special.

BRETT  
Oh yeah?

AARON  
It's Mark's little sister's Justin  
Bieber poster.

Brett swallows. He laughs nervously.

BRETT  
Why would I even want that?

AARON  
It's signed.

Brett SNATCHES the poster from Aaron's hand. He pulls off  
the elastic band, glances around, unrolls it slightly. His  
eyes widen. He rolls it back up, stuffs it up his shirt.

BRETT  
One Twenty Four Jackson Street.  
Tonight. Nine o'clock. Clear?

He stalks off. Aaron and Mark stare after him.

AARON  
I think I just set up a drugs meet.

MARK  
Wait...he did get that the poster  
was a loan, right? 'Cos my sister's  
going to want that back.

Aaron rolls his eyes, walks away in the other direction.

MARK (CONTD.)  
(following him)  
What?! She has sharp fists!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

It's obvious which house is One Twenty Four. KIDS sit on the  
porch, MUSIC and VOICES drifting out from the party inside.

Mark and Aaron watch from the other side of the street.

AARON  
Did you know there was a party  
tonight?

MARK  
No. I did not.

AARON  
We have to get cooler, man...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Yo! Tweedle!

Aaron turns. Brett strolls up. He reaches them, holds up a BAG in his hand.

AARON  
What's that?

BRETT  
Your ticket to the furry kingdom,  
my friend. First class. One way.

He hands it to Aaron, who opens it, peers inside. He looks up at Brett, horrified.

AARON  
There is no way I'm wearing this.

MINUTES LATER

Brett and Mark stand waiting on the sidewalk.

BRETT  
Are you ready yet?

AARON (O.S.)  
(hissing)  
Just a second!

Aaron appears from behind a parked car. He steps out into full view. Mark bursts out laughing.

He does look ridiculous. Open white shirt with a gray tank top underneath, low slung jeans, heavy gold chain, bandanna wrapped around his head - a costume shop 'gangsta' look, just as fake as Brett's.

Aaron stands, arms wide, an indignant look on his face.

AARON  
Seriously?!

Brett nods in satisfaction.

BRETT  
Dude, you look sick.

AARON  
I do look sick. Brain sick.

MARK  
Nice necklace.

Aaron glares at him, then turns back to Brett.

AARON  
Brett, you cannot honestly expect me to go into a house filled with people, actual people with actual eyes, dressed like this.

BRETT  
Hey, you came to me for help. But whatever, if you don't want it...

He turns to leave. Aaron looks over at Mark. Mark looks back. Eventually...Aaron sighs.

AARON  
No. Wait. Fine.

BRETT  
(turning back)  
Really? You're in?

AARON  
Sure. How could this possibly go wrong?

BRETT  
My man!

He high-fives Aaron, slings an arm around his shoulder as they walk towards One Twenty Four.

BRETT  
Now, before we get in there, I've got a few rules for you to follow.

AARON  
Rules.

BRETT  
 Tips. Pointers. You stick to these,  
 you cannot fail.

Aaron doesn't look like he believes him.

BRETT (CONTD.)  
 Number one. Never, ever, look at a  
 girl when she's speaking to you.

AARON  
 Isn't that just plain rude?

BRETT  
 Exactly! Girls love that. The ruder  
 the better. It's a feudal thing.

AARON  
 How is it 'feudal'...?

BRETT  
 Rule two. If you're talking to a  
 girl and another guy comes anywhere  
 near her, you chase him off. Like  
 an animal. She's your territory,  
 and he's an intruder. Okay?

AARON  
 Why don't I go the whole way and  
 urinate on her?

BRETT  
 (what a freak)  
 Because that'd be totally...wrong.

AARON  
 Of course. How silly of me.

BRETT  
 Rule three. This one is the key. Do  
 this, and any girl in there will be  
 yours. You ready? Get into  
 conversation with her - not looking  
 in her eyes, remember - and then,  
 just when the moment's  
 right...throw your drink over her.

Aaron stops.

AARON  
 Now I know you're messing with me.

BRETT

Seriously! It never fails. Just throw it right in her face. No. Her top. Throw it right on her top.

He mimes doing it.

BRETT (CONTD.)

I swear, she'll love it. You know wet t-shirt contests? Girls invented those. And you know why? Because they love the feeling of wet clothes.

AARON

That just doesn't sound right.

BRETT

Believe, man. Trust the rules. They're bulletproof.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The trio enter. PARTY-GOERS stand around in groups, chatting and dancing. Aaron takes a deep breath, fiddles awkwardly with the chain around his neck.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY -- ALYSSA chats to a FRIEND. She looks over, spots the newcomers, excuses herself from the conversation, heads over.

Aaron sees her approaching. He pales.

AARON

Oh no. Not Alyssa.

BRETT

This is your moment, hombre. The rules, just remember the rules...

He steps back as Alyssa reaches them. She throws her arms round Aaron.

ALYSSA

Aaron! I didn't know you were coming!

She steps back. Aaron glances to his left at Brett, then stares down at the floor as he replies.

AARON  
Hey, Alyssa.

ALYSSA  
Hey Mark, Brett.

BRETT  
What's up, babe?

Alyssa gives him a 'what a creep' look, turns back to Aaron.

ALYSSA  
So how are you?

AARON  
(still looking at the floor)  
Oh, you know. Can't complain.

She raises an eyebrow, stoops to try to catch his eye.

ALYSSA  
What are you doing?

AARON  
Nothing.

He responds by looking the other way. She reacts to the move, and for a few seconds they do a sort of weird, snake-like dance, Aaron twisting and contorting to avoid meeting her gaze.

Eventually she gives up.

ALYSSA  
You're being weird. Please stop.  
I'll find you later, okay?

She walks off. Aaron turns to Mark and Brett.

MARK  
She so likes you!

AARON  
She did.

BRETT  
You did good, man. Real good.

AARON  
Are you sure this is gonna work?

BRETT

Hey, who's the expert here? Me, or you? Now strap in, load up and get out there, hombre!

He scans the nearby partygoers.

BRETT (CONTD.)

Her. Go for her first.

He shoves Aaron in the direction of a nearby REDHEAD, hard enough that he nearly smacks straight into her. He stops himself, smiles shyly at her. She smiles back.

Then he remembers, and looks up at the ceiling.

AARON

Hey. I'm Aaron.

Off Redhead's confused look:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PARTY MONTAGE (MOS)

- LATER, Aaron walks across the kitchen with a drink. He pauses -- a group of GIRLS block the entrance. Planting his eyes firmly on the ceiling, Aaron sets off towards them...he slips on an unseen puddle on the floor and goes flying.

- LATER, Mark sits on the stairs in the hall, drinking a juice carton through a straw.

- LATER, Brett beats a rhythm on upturned buckets, croons along. A herd of ADORING GROUPIES surrounds him.

- LATER, Aaron is in conversation with DUMB HOT GIRL. She's drunk. He's still not making eye contact, but she actually seems to find it endearing. As Aaron rambles on, she reaches out and starts to play with his chain.

A JOCK bounds over, tickles Dumb Hot Girl. She jumps and squeals, then turns, yells out an excited greeting. She goes in for the hug -- but Aaron bares his teeth, HISSES like a wild animal. He lunges at the Jock, who flees.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Aaron chats to GEEKY GIRL, his eyes never leaving the cup in his hand. Geeky Girl talks earnestly, continually pushing her glasses back up her nose.

## GEEKY GIRL

...anyway, my brother says I'm stupid to play as a Mage, but I always tell him that everyone picks Paladin, so where's the fun in that, you know? I bet you'd be a Rogue, you so seem like a Rogue...

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM -- Alyssa watches, half in conversation with a FRIEND. Aaron glances over at her while she's not looking.

Geeky Girl still babbles on. Aaron looks to his left, sees Brett. Brett points at Geeky Girl, then mimes throwing his drink. Aaron shakes his head. Brett slowly nods. Aaron looks down at the drink in his hand, then back at Brett.

## BRETT

(mouthing)

Do. It.

Aaron looks down at his cup one more time, then actually looks up at Geeky Girl. The two make eye contact, the sudden attention halting her monologue. She smiles bashfully.

Aaron smiles back. And then he throws the drink in her face.

Geeky Girl SCREAMS as it hits her full on. The music immediately cuts out, and suddenly everyone is silently staring at Aaron.

## AARON

(beat)

Uh...oops?

Alyssa appears at Geeky Girl's side.

## ALYSSA

Evelyn?! Oh my God!

She throws her arms around Geeky Girl, who's too stunned to even burst into tears. Alyssa gestures for the friend she was talking to.

## ALYSSA (CONTD.)

Hannah, can you...?

Hannah comes up, leads the trembling Evelyn away. Alyssa rounds on Aaron. He opens his mouth to say something, anything, but he's cut off as she SLAPS him across the face.

ALYSSA (CONTD.)  
 What the hell was that?! Huh?

She waits for a reply. Doesn't get one.

ALYSSA (CONTD.)  
 Please Aaron, help me here. You've been acting like a complete freak all night. Either you're having some kind of breakdown, or this is a new lifestyle choice. Is that it? Are you deliberately being a jerk?

Another pause. Aaron can only stare at the floor.

ALYSSA (CONTD.)  
 Well congratulations, Aaron. You make a fantastic jerk.

Alyssa storms off.

AARON  
 Alyssa, wait!

The music starts up again. Partygoers return to their conversations. Aaron watches as Alyssa disappears into the throng. He looks round despairingly. Mark looks sympathetic, but Brett is doubled up, LAUGHING. Aaron marches up to them.

AARON  
 What is so funny?

BRETT  
 (struggling to breathe)  
 I can't...believe...you actually...did that...

AARON  
 'That'? That was what you told me to do! And none of it's working! It's almost as if --

And then it hits him.

MARK  
 In fairness, you're probably aren't the Marry any more. I'd say you're definitely in Kill territory.

AARON  
 (quietly)  
 Shut up Mark.

Aaron takes another step towards Brett.

AARON (CONTD.)  
 You're doing this on purpose,  
 aren't you? You knew this would  
 happen.

Laughing fit over, Brett just stares calmly back.

AARON (CONTD.)  
 You are! That's deranged! Why would  
 you do something like that?!

BRETT  
 Don't play innocent with me, Judas.  
 I know. I know what you did.

AARON  
 What are you talking about?!

Brett reaches into his jacket, yanks out the JUSTIN BIEBER  
 POSTER. He unfurls it, jabs at the bottom.

BRETT  
 It's a fake.

Aaron just stares.

BRETT (CONTD.)  
 The signature? It's fake! When I  
 got home earlier I went onto  
 justinbieberzone.com -- the number  
 one Justin Bieber fansite, by  
 beliebers, for beliebers? -- and  
 printed off this.

He pulls out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket,  
 thrusts it at Aaron. He flattens it out: it's a print-out of  
 Justin Bieber's signature. He holds it up, compares it to  
 the one on the poster.

They look identical.

AARON  
 But it's the same exact signature!

BRETT  
 No, it's not! It's a poorly-done,  
 offensive, totally bogus forgery.  
 Justin's has more of a flick at the  
 top of the 'J' -- there, you see?  
 -- and he does this awesome-cool  
 little straight-line dot on the  
 'I'...

AARON

So, what? You deliberately gave me bad advice?!

BRETT

Fake poster, fake advice. An eye for an eye, hombre.

Aaron stares silently at him for a moment. Then he RIPS off the chain and bandanna, dumps them at Brett's feet, and dashes off after Alyssa.

Mark still stands next to Brett. He clears his throat.

MARK

Sooo, can I have the poster back now? I mean, if you don't want it anymore...

Brett glares at him. He holds the poster up, seizes the top, RIPS it right down the middle. Mark SCREAMS.

MARK

Oh dear! My sister is going to beat me so bad!

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa exits from the front door, steps off the porch, storms down the path. Aaron appears at the doorway.

AARON

Alyssa, wait!

ALYSSA

(not looking back)  
Go away!

AARON

Look, just wait will you?!

She wheels round.

ALYSSA

You know what I don't get? Usually you're so normal! And nice! And...and sane! What the hell is wrong with you tonight? Why are you acting like such a moron?

AARON  
Don't blame me! This is your fault.

ALYSSA  
(pause)  
What is that supposed to mean?

Aaron opens his mouth to reply, then stops. It suddenly seems very stupid to say out loud.

ALYSSA (CONTD.)  
Seriously, Aaron, you have about three seconds to explain yourself or I am gone.

She waits. Aaron wrestles with it. She shakes her head, starts to turn away --

AARON  
(sighs)  
I didn't want to be the marry!

Alyssa turns back.

ALYSSA  
The what?

AARON  
The marry. You told me you all said...and I didn't want to just be...and I thought we...and so I...

ALYSSA  
Are you even speaking Human?

AARON  
You remember, when you were telling me about your girls' night --?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY - REPEAT FLASHBACK

Alyssa puts a hand on Aaron's arm.

ALYSSA  
Seriously, Aaron - everybody wants to marry you.

BACK TO SCENE

ALYSSA  
That's not what I said!

AARON  
Uh, yuh.

ALYSSA  
Uh, nuh! What I said was --

REPEAT FLASHBACK

Alyssa puts a hand on Aaron's arm. BUT THIS TIME --

ALYSSA  
Seriously, Aaron - everybody else  
wants to marry you.

There's a flirtatious look in her eye.

BACK TO SCENE

Aaron frowns, then remembers.

AARON  
Ooooh...  
(beat)  
Wait - does that mean I was your  
bang?

ALYSSA  
I don't know. Maybe! But not any  
more. Not with you like...this.  
Goodbye, Aaron.

She turns. He grabs her arm, wheels her round to face him.

Out of nowhere, RAIN starts to fall on them. In his white shirt, Aaron looks a little bit like Ryan Gosling. Alyssa looks a little bit like Rachel McAdams. And suddenly...we're in the rain kiss scene from THE NOTEBOOK.

ALYSSA  
Why did you have to act this way?  
Why? I've liked you for seven  
months, and then tonight...? What  
we could have had, it's over. Now  
it's too late.

AARON

I've liked you three hundred and sixty-five days. I've liked you every day for a year.

ALYSSA

You have?

AARON

Yes! It wasn't over. It still isn't over.

He pulls her in. They kiss passionately.

Mark watches from the porch. He's in tears.

MARK

You go Aaron!

Brett appears next to Mark. He holds a hand out -- it's not raining. In fact, it's only raining on the couple.

BRETT

Where is that rain coming from?

He looks up -- a DRUNK JOCK stands at an upper story window, hose in hand. He gives a drunken roar.

DRUNK JOCK

WOO! WATER PRESSURE!

Aaron and Alyssa continue to make out. Mark wipes his eyes, turns to Brett.

MARK

Hey, wanna go watch 'Dear John'?

BRETT

Hells yeah!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END