

40 Reasons You're Still In Love With Your Ex

Written by

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Based on Nobody Wants This

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FADE IN:

INT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Noah is fast asleep in Joanne's bed. She shakes him awake.

JOANNE

Noah! Get up! Get up!

Half awake, and groggy, Noah's eyes bolt open, confused.

NOAH

Is there a fire? Holy shit, Joanne.

JOANNE

You got to get up, we slept in!

NOAH

What?

Noah checks his alarm, it says 8:23.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Oh crap. I've got to be at work in 20 minutes.

He gets out of bed. She sits up, illuminated by the glow of her phone.

JOANNE

Morgan just texted, there's a crisis, I have to go over there right now.

Noah sits up in bed.

NOAH

What happened? Is she okay?

JOANNE

(lying through her teeth)  
No, everything is fine. I just need you to get ready.

Joanne walks out of the room. Noah gets out of bed and starts pulling his pants and sweater on.

NOAH

What's the emergency?

JOANNE (O.S.)

Podcast episode. Morgan wants to film  
(MORE)

JOANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
while it's still fresh in her brain...

Noah opens her sock drawer and pulls out mismatched pairs of socks. He tries to find a matching white pair. While digging, he pulls out a New England Patriots jersey with the name "GRONKOWSKI" on the back. Joanne walks back in the room, brushing her teeth. Her eyes widen immediately.

NOAH  
Gronk? Since when do you like  
football?

JOANNE  
Old Halloween costume. We really need  
to get going, I have a million things  
to do today...

Joanne walks back out of the room and into the bathroom.

NOAH  
(joking)  
What is it, an old boyfriend's?

A beat. She walks back into the room, holding her makeup bag.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
When did you wear this for Halloween?

Joanne applies her mascara in the mirror, while Noah still holds the jersey.

JOANNE  
Oh God, I don't even remember. I think  
it was an old friend's. Haven't spoken  
to *them* in years.

Noah looks at it for a second. Joanne tears open her lipstick and applies it.

NOAH  
You know, I always think it's pretty  
lame for a guy to wear another guy's  
jersey, right? I mean, Gronk's one of  
the greatest players of all time, but  
at least my Matzah Ballers jersey has  
my name on it.

JOANNE  
Yeah, pretty lame.

A beat. Joanne continues applying makeup products, hurried. Noah examines the jersey.

NOAH

So, who was the old friend? Looks too big for any of your friends. Was this the *romantic* type of friend?

A beat. Joanne applies eyeliner.

JOANNE

Would it bother you if it was?

NOAH

Are you kidding, not at all. I'm a man of God. We categorically don't get jealous. So, in theory, if this was an old boyfriend's jersey, I would be cool as a cucumber. I'd be so chill, they'd call me Ice Cube. It's only a dealbreaker if you're a closeted Patriots fan.

JOANNE

I'm ready if you are. Also, today might be the day your socks don't match, Noah.

He puts down the jersey and finds the nearest socks.

NOAH

So, it was a boyfriend's?

JOANNE

(stretching the truth)

I don't really remember who's it was.  
I don't even know why I still have it.

She walks out of the room.

EXT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Joanne exits her apartment, Noah follows. She locks the front door.

JOANNE

Last week of being 39, Noah!

Joanne promptly gets in her car, slams the door. She drives off. Noah stares at her, confused. He unfurls the jersey from his fist, looking at it, suspiciously. He gets in his car.

EXT. STARBUCKS - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Joanne approaches Bina, Esther, and Morgan, who are sat at a table with coffees. She sits down.

MORGAN

So nice of you to finally join us.

JOANNE

We slept in, he was running late to work. I thought he would have been gone a lot sooner. He usually is. I told him we're filming a podcast episode.

BINA

You made him run late for work?

JOANNE

Neither of us set our alarms. We were watching this murder documentary last night until like 2 am about this married couple in South Carolina-

ESTHER

Is that the one where the sister did it?

JOANNE

Yes!

ESTHER

I made Sasha watch that the other night, it was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen-

Bina waves her hand, motioning them, getting impatient.

BINA

Can we get on with what we're here for? I have a hair appointment in an hour.

JOANNE

Right. Sorry. I wanted to touch base at the start of this week as we're in the final stretch of this party.

MORGAN

I can't believe you've kept this from him for four months. I didn't think

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
you had it in you.

JOANNE  
I'm full of surprises, including epic surprise parties.

BINA  
Joanne, I'm appreciative that you've included me in the planning of this party and allowing me to host.

Bina places her hands on top of Joanne's. Joanne looks touched.

JOANNE  
Which, is perfect, because he'd never expect a surprise party to be at your house.

Joanne pulls out her Notes app on her phone.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Okay, so today is Monday, party is Friday, I just wanted to go over everything with everyone what we need this final stretch. Noah's 40th birthday is gonna be massive, I've invited anyone and everyone we've ever met. I even invited the guy that works at the 7/11 where Noah buys energy drinks. I want everyone the drunkest they've ever been. Esther, what's the 411 on catering?

ESTHER  
We're all set. Caterers are setting up Friday morning. And Sasha knows absolutely nothing, which I might add, I think has contributed to the success of this party.

JOANNE  
Fantastic. I have myself on decor and set up. Bina, I'm gonna come over Thursday night while Noah's at practice to decorate the house- and also so we have everything set up before the caterers arrive. If you guys could help with that, I'd really appreciate it. Morgan- what's the  
(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
progress on alcohol?

MORGAN  
I hope it's there.

JOANNE  
No, I mean, have you ordered it yet?

MORGAN  
(lying, smiling in a fake way)  
Yes, I have it all at my house now.

JOANNE  
Okay, great. I know you're lying so  
just pick up the alcohol sometime this  
week and drop it off on Friday. I want  
enough booze that this place looks  
like a frat party. And after that,  
we're good to go.

Joanne, Esther, and Morgan smile at each other. Bina looks  
confused.

BINA  
So, what am I doing?

A beat. They all stare at Bina.

JOANNE  
Um, well, you've been gracious enough  
to let us use your house for the party  
so... You can kind of just hangout.

BINA  
"Just hangout?"

ESTHER  
I think what she means to say is that  
you bringing him into this world is  
contribution enough.

MORGAN/JOANNE  
Yeah.

JOANNE  
Is that okay?

Bina sips her tea.

BINA  
I'll just "hangout."

A beat.

MORGAN  
Well, I for one like coffee as much as  
the next person, but I think this  
meeting could have been an email.

INT. SASHA'S OFFICE - DAY

Noah holds up the Patriots jersey to Sasha, he smells it.

NOAH  
I'm telling you, dude, she's been  
acting weird for months. And now this  
jersey appears, out of nowhere. I  
don't believe in coincidences. Why are  
you smelling it?

SASHA  
Trying to see if it smells like a guy  
or a girl.

NOAH  
And?

SASHA  
Too hard to tell.

NOAH  
Something has been really off lately.  
She's' been incredibly secretive,  
sneaky. This morning, she saw that I  
found it and couldn't have gotten me  
out of there faster. She definitely  
didn't want me to keep looking.  
Something weird is going on here.

SASHA  
I will say, whoever's jersey this is,  
He's jacked.

NOAH  
(offended)  
I lift weights. Every Tuesday and  
Thursday.

SASHA  
How much do you weigh? Cause he's  
(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)  
benching two of you.

Sasha gestures to the jersey. Ilan, knocks on the door and opens it. He sits across from his sons.

ILAN  
Noah, I didn't know you were coming in today. Big birthday this weekend.

NOAH  
Coming up quick.

ILAN  
You were the smallest baby, just so skinny and frail. You looked like Benjamin Button, like a 40-year-old face on a newborn baby. Then some kid at the park socked you in the face with a wiffleball bat, then you looked different. Not better. Just different.

SASHA  
Dad, what's up?

Ilan sits down, across from his sons. He notices the jersey.

ILAN  
Are we Patriots fans now?

SASHA  
Noah thinks Joanne is cheating on him with a Patriots fan.

Ilan clutches his heart like it hurts him.

NOAH  
I don't think she's cheating. That's a stretch. I trust her completely. I just have a few follow up questions.

ILAN  
I think Joanne's a nice girl, maybe she has another job or something she doesn't want to tell you about. Who knows, rent's expensive nowadays. Maybe she's a stripper.

NOAH  
How would this jersey in any way indicate that my girlfriend is a  
(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)  
secretly a stripper?

Ilan shrugs his shoulders.

SASHA  
Dude, wouldn't that be hilarious, if  
you're a rabbi dating a stripper?

NOAH  
Well, as much as I love the  
insinuation that my girlfriend of two  
years is secretly a stripper, I think  
I'm going to bow out on this  
conversation.

Noah exits the room.

ILAN  
(to Noah)  
See you on Friday.

Noah doesn't hear. A beat.

ILAN (CONT'D)  
(to Sasha)  
Oh crap, he wasn't supposed to know  
that.

SASHA  
What's on Friday?

ILAN  
The surprise party your mother's  
throwing him.

SASHA  
No one told me about a party.

ILAN  
I don't know nothing about it either,  
it's all Joanne and your mother. Just  
don't make plans on Friday...By the  
way, I spoke to a consultant- our  
business here has roughly about two  
years left to live.

SASHA  
What?

ILAN

One of the guys at the gym recommended I get somebody in here to do a full work up.

SASHA

I thought we were doing good, the last quarter we beat our sales goals.

ILAN

And the other quarters we were lagging. And all the quarters before that. When I started this business back in the 70s, it was all the rage. Nowadays, everyone's buying online. They don't need us. Millennials, Gen Zers, Gen whatever's don't care about us. We should do it a favor and put it out of its misery.

SASHA

But dad, my whole career is this business. I don't have anything else on my resume.

ILAN

(shrugs)

With the TikTak and the AI, I don't know how we fit in the future. It's not 1976 anymore, even I know that. Either we need to adapt real quick, or I'd suggest you make a- what's that called? A link?

SASHA

A LinkedIn?

ILAN

Or a Grindr.

SASHA

That's not what you think it is.

ILAN

What? We're grinding every day... Point blank is, I don't think this business has a future.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Morgan and Sasha are walking through the liquor store parking

lot with two carts full of alcohol. They approach her car.

MORGAN

What about your dad's business?

SASHA

He says we're tanking...

They start loading bottles into the trunk.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Side note- do you know if there's anything going on with Joanne? You didn't hear this from me, but Noah thinks she's secretly seeing someone else or something. He came to me today and was all wiggled out about it.

MORGAN

Why would he think that?

SASHA

I don't know, he says Joanne's been hiding things lately...

MORGAN

Like about what?

SASHA

He's been freaking out because he found a Patriots jersey in Joanne's drawer. He thinks there's something weird going on with that. Is this like a sports theme party or something?

MORGAN

Did it say Gronk on it?

SASHA

How'd you know?

MORGAN

It was probably Gronk's.

SASHA

Do you mean like actual Gronk? The football player?

Morgan nods.

MORGAN

I'm probably not supposed to tell you this, Joanne used to date Gronk. *The Gronk*. I'm surprised that didn't come up by now.

SASHA

I'm sorry, am I hallucinating? Joanne dated Gronk?

MORGAN

For a year.

SASHA

What?!

MORGAN

They were young, it was a million years ago. The breakup was actually what inspired us to start the podcast.

SASHA

You've known Gronk this whole time and didn't tell me? Do you still have an email, phone number, address of his? Some way to get in touch?

MORGAN

I mean, maybe, but probably not, why?

SASHA

(smiling)

No reason. No reason at all.

MORGAN

Just don't tell Noah that I told you this, probably not my business to tell. Not that the relationship was a big deal, but Joanne's weird about this sort of stuff.

INT. REC CENTER- LATER THAT NIGHT

Noah and the other Matzah Ballers are warming up on the court. Joanne and Morgan sneak in to watch Noah play. He jogs up to them.

NOAH

Hey, I didn't know you were coming tonight. I haven't seen you all day.

They kiss.

JOANNE

Just been running errands and whatnot.  
Busy busy. Go out there and get them  
tiger!

MORGAN

(slipping up)  
She's a bigger fan of the Matzah  
Ballers than the Patriots.

JOANNE

(caught off guard)  
What?

MORGAN

(realizing what she just said)  
I said... Noah's a red-blooded  
Patriot... I don't know what I'm  
saying right now.

JOANNE

We're going to go sit down. Good luck!

Joanne shoots Morgan a dirty look. They walk off to the  
bleachers. Noah looks confused. He jogs up to Sasha.

NOAH

What do you know?

SASHA

What do you mean?

NOAH

Come on, I know you've got intel.  
What's the deal with the jersey?

SASHA

I don't know anything.

Blood runs out of Sasha's nose.

NOAH

Your nose is bleeding. Which is what  
happens when you're keeping a secret.

Sasha wipes his nose and looks at the blood on his fingers.

SASHA

I'm just dehydrated.

NOAH

When I skipped temple in 3rd grade and told you not to tell Mom, the next morning your bed looked like a crime scene. Junior year, Ashley Goldberg asked you to prom, but you were already going with Esther. A horror movie special effects department wouldn't have the amount of blood that came out of your nose. Morgan just said something about the jersey. What do you know?

Sasha shakes his head, holding his nose, he can't contain the blood. A beat.

SASHA

(looking tortured)  
It's his jersey.

NOAH

Who's?

SASHA

Gronk.

A beat. Noah looks even more confused.

NOAH

Gronk?

SASHA

She used to date Gronk. *The Gronk*. She didn't want to tell you. I need a tissue.

Sasha runs off to the bathroom, clutching his nose. His clothes are covered in blood.

ESTHER

(to Joanne and Morgan, out of Noah's earshot, gestures to Sasha)  
Did one of you guys tell him about the party?

A beat. Noah processes the information. A whistle goes off.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER THAT EVENING

The whole family is out for ice cream after the Matzah Ballers' loss. They're sitting at a table, eating their ice

cream. Sasha's shirt is covered in blood. He looks like he was just in a horror movie.

ESTHER

Sasha, if I didn't know you were prone to bloody noses, I would think you just fought Jake Paul. One of the best games you've ever played.

SASHA

We lost.

ESTHER

That doesn't matter.

Noah, depressed, eats his ice cream.

MORGAN

You know, after 40, they say that sugar just goes to your ass and face.

NOAH

Thanks Morgan. I really appreciate it.

Joanne is still engrossed in her phone, not touching her ice cream. Noah notices.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Joanne, what'd you think of the game?

JOANNE

It was great. You were great.

NOAH

What was the best part?

JOANNE

(drawing a blank)

Everything, you were great.

NOAH

Did any of your other boyfriends play sports?

JOANNE

Most guys play sports.

NOAH

Like professionally?

JOANNE

(chuckles to herself)

My 6th grade boyfriend went on to play in the PGA Tour; we're still friends on Facebook.

Sasha is secretly texting someone on his phone.

NOAH

(lying, to Joanne)

Can I borrow your phone for a sec? I think I left mine in the car.

JOANNE

Why do you need it? We'll be in the car in five minutes.

Morgan's phone buzzes.

MORGAN

(to Sasha)

Why are you texting me, I'm right here!

NOAH

(to Joanne)

I just have a really specific question about the bottom of the ocean I need to Google, right now. Can I just see it for a second?

JOANNE

(to Noah)

You want to look through my phone?

NOAH

(to Joanne)

No, no, no. I can't believe you would think that low of me. That's not at all the case.

SASHA

(mouthing to Morgan)

Do you still have Gronk's phone number?

JOANNE

(to Noah)

You don't trust me.

MORGAN  
(mouthing to Sasha)  
What?

NOAH  
(to Joanne)  
I trust you completely, I just have an  
urgent question about the Titan  
submersible, and I have to look it up  
now. Right now.

They stare at each other in a standstill. A beat. Morgan  
notices the silence and grabs her keys out of her pocket.

MORGAN  
Noah, my parking is about to expire in  
two minutes, can you pull the car  
around? Thanks.

She drops the keys in his hand. A beat. He looks at her for a  
moment and then gets up and storms off.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
My parking actually expired 30 minutes  
ago.

SASHA  
(to Morgan)  
Do you still have his phone number?

JOANNE  
Who's phone number?

MORGAN  
(lying)  
My wax guy.

ESTHER  
Sasha, you're getting waxxed? Where?

MORGAN  
Brazilian.

JOANNE  
Why are you getting waxxed?

SASHA  
I'm just... a really hairy guy.

Noah pulls the car up to them.

NOAH  
Morgan, should I ask why you have 50  
bottles of booze in your trunk?

EXT. JOANNE'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Joanne's phone is ringing. Her car is packed with decor. She has the seat moved back with a giant inflatable balloon in the front. The phone continues to ring. Joanne answers it.

JOANNE  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bina is on the other line.

BINA  
Hello, Joanne.

JOANNE  
(out of breath)  
What's...uh... What's up?

Joanne moves the boxes out of her car.

BINA  
Just wanted to let you know that it's  
done.

JOANNE  
What's done?

BINA  
The party, it's done.

JOANNE  
I'm lost here, Bina. Catch me up to  
speed.

BINA  
The decorators have just left, it  
looks marvelous.

We see a wide shot of the house, fully decorated with baby photos of Noah, some blown up larger than life.

JOANNE  
No, no. I just bought decorations, I  
(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
was going to come over tomorrow to put  
them up.

Joanne is breathless, with her boxes of paper plates and streamers.

BINA  
Well, I figured since you were busy...  
Career woman and all...

JOANNE  
Okay, do not do another thing, please  
just leave it as it is.

EXT. BINA'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Joanne knocks on the door. Esther opens it.

JOANNE  
Where's Bina, why're you here?

ESTHER  
Don't be mad at me, because you  
probably will be. She is very  
persuasive, and I did help.

Esther opens the door, revealing the decor. Joanne gasps.

JOANNE  
Oh my God, what did she do?

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joanne walks in the house. Bina approaches her with open arms. The decor is photoshopped pictures of Noah, blown up to extreme proportions, making the house resemble a horror movie rather than a party.

BINA  
Isn't it wonderful? Just what I  
imagined.

JOANNE  
I don't know what to say. I have a  
whole car of decorations, Bina.

BINA  
We can use them for another birthday.  
Maybe when you turn 40. I just went  
online and found out how to photoshop.

(MORE)

BINA (CONT'D)

And then I called Esther and it's done.

ESTHER

(whispering)

I am so sorry.

BINA

Isn't it adorable? I wanted to celebrate every year of his 40 years of life.

JOANNE

(lying)

Wow. I love it. You are a really good mom. Would it be okay if I still put up some of the decor I bought?

BINA

You don't like it?

JOANNE

No, no. I love it. I just thought that it could maybe be fun if we kept to the theme that I sent out on the invitations. People might be confused otherwise.

BINA

I think this is perfect, don't you, Esther?

ESTHER

I... think that this will be a great party that people will talk about for years to come. You both are so creative and smart.

Esther tries to smile, she looks like she's wincing in pain.

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Morgan, Sasha, and Joanne are staring at the terrible decor. There's a giant poster of Noah and Sasha as kids, where Sasha has a nosebleed.

MORGAN

It's not as terrible as I thought it would be. It's worse.

SASHA  
 (looking at the poster)  
 Oh, come on.

JOANNE  
 This is my nightmare, actually my  
 nightmare. I wanted to throw him a  
 memorable party, not this.

MORGAN  
 This'll be memorable alright.

SASHA  
 It's not that bad. It's the thought  
 that counts.

JOANNE  
 (getting upset)  
 Oh my God. Oh my God.

Joanne sets her phone on the table, unlocked.

MORGAN  
 Hey, we can fix this. Plus, once's  
 everyone's here and drunk, it won't  
 even matter.

A beat.

JOANNE  
 Did you see what she did to the  
 outside? This party is ruined.

Morgan follows Joanne outside. Sasha notices Joanne's  
 unlocked phone.

EXT. BINA'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Joanne and Morgan walk outside. There are even bigger  
 photoshopped pictures of Noah's baby pictures outside.

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Sasha sneakily takes Joanne's unlocked phone. He clicks on  
 the apps.

SASHA  
 (talking to himself)  
 Instagram... Robert  
 Gronkowski...Direct Messages... Last  
 message was in 2017...

He begins typing.

SASHA (CONT'D)

They're going to kill me. But the party's already ruined. "Hey Gronk, long time no see, this might be totally out of the blue, but I want to see you. Come tonight to 1777 Encino Boulevard and I'll blow your world." "Blow your world?" That's terrible.

Morgan and Joanne open the door from the backyard. He quickly hits send, deletes Gronk's name from all her messages, and haphazardly places the phone back on the counter. He gives them a toothy smile. A trail of blood pours from his nose.

JOANNE

Sasha, you alright? You've got a nosebleed.

SASHA

Oh shit.

Sasha haphazardly grabs a paper towel and shoves it on his nose.

INT. CAR - FRIDAY NIGHT

Joanne and Noah get in her car, and Noah sits down, noticing that the seat is pushed all the way back.

NOAH

Who was sitting here?

JOANNE

The seat? I was running some errands earlier, had to make room in the front seat. Forgot to move it back.

NOAH

You didn't just put it in the trunk? What were you getting?

JOANNE

I had a car full of groceries.

NOAH

(not believing her)  
Right, right.

JOANNE

Why're you looking at me like that?

NOAH

I'm not looking at you. Let's go.

A beat. Joanne buckles her seat belt and turns the car on, pulls out of the driveway.

JOANNE

You're a little quiet tonight.

NOAH

Busy week at work.

A beat.

JOANNE

Worried about turning 40?

NOAH

Nope. Nope.

JOANNE

Okay.

NOAH

Wonder if you'll do all this when Gronk turns 40.

She looks at him, shocked.

JOANNE

Gronk? You're mad about Gronk?

NOAH

You seemed a little secretive about it, anything you want to share with the class?

JOANNE

I don't have anything to share about that.

NOAH

I thought you would, sounds like he was the epic love of your life. Do you picture his face when we have sex?

JOANNE

You're ridiculous. I don't even know  
(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

him anymore, dinosaurs walked the Earth when we dated! That is archaeologist-level ancient history. Who even told you about him?

NOAH

Doesn't matter. What does matter is that *you* didn't tell me about him.

JOANNE

What's there to tell? We dated 10 years ago, he was a shitty boyfriend like all my other shitty boyfriends... Oh my god, is this about the *jersey*?

NOAH

Just seems like it must be a really special memento for you. We could put on display at a museum of all the guys you've gotten with, we'd have to tell tourists to allocate the whole day because there'd be so much to see.

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A few partygoers loiter the living room. Sasha and Morgan are waiting for people to arrive. Sasha looks nervous, is tapping his foot. Morgan notices.

MORGAN

What's wrong with you?

SASHA

Nothing. Nothing. I'm fine. Just excited.

MORGAN

Seems like it.

More people flood through the front door, one of them is ROBERT GRONKOWSKI. He scans the room, seemingly looking for Joanne.

SASHA

Oh shit.

Morgan notices Gronk, glares at Sasha.

MORGAN

(whispers)

What the hell is he doing here?

SASHA

I invited him. Just follow my lead.

Gronk approaches Morgan, arms extended for a hug.

GRONK

Morgan! It's been so long!

Gronk hugs Morgan. She doesn't hug him back.

MORGAN

Gronk? It's been awhile. What're you doing here?

GRONK

Your sister invited me. Who's party is this?

MORGAN

(completely confused)

Uh-

SASHA

If you ask me, I think she threw this party for you. Very Gatsby of her.

GRONK

What's Gatsby?

SASHA

Never mind. While I have you here, would you mind taking a quick picture for a business Joanne is involved in? It'd mean a lot to her.

GRONK

I guess, is she here? I really need to talk to her.

SASHA

Oh yeah, she'll be here in a minute. Do you know any TikTok dances per chance?

MORGAN

Gronk, can me and him have a minute to talk? Great seeing you, by the way.

Morgan pulls Sasha off to the side, out of Gronk's earshot. Gronk loiters in the background.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

SASHA

I'm saving my dad's company. We get Gronk to be in a few promotional videos, few pictures, it'll go viral, which is great exposure for the business.

MORGAN

Okay, and what happens when Joanne shows up here and her ex-boyfriend is at her current boyfriend's birthday party? God, Sasha, did you think about any of this at all?

SASHA

Okay, I know it looks bad, but I have a plan. He's not going to be here when they arrive. I'm going to get him on our socials, and then I'll tell him Joanne has the flu and isn't coming. Besides, we still have an hour until they get here...

MORGAN

Where's Gronk?

They scan the crowds of people, Gronk is nowhere to be found.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Great, you lost Gronk.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Noah and Joanne are still driving, arguing.

JOANNE

And let's face it, your mother hates me! She probably wants you to marry some petite woman who looks exactly like her in a Sigmund Freud creepy way!

NOAH

And you probably want to marry Gronk!  
Instead you're stuck with a rabbi. I  
(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)  
see how it is.

INT. BINA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Morgan and Sasha walk through the house. They can't find Gronk.

SASHA  
We'll find him, it's not that big of a house. And then we'll get him out of here.

Morgan opens her Find My Friends App. It shows Joanne's location is a block away.

MORGAN  
They're almost here. Fuck, Sasha, you need to find him and get him out of here. You have two minutes.

Morgan storms off. Sasha looks like he's been shot.

EXT. BINA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah and Joanne exit the car, slamming the doors.

JOANNE  
(shouting)  
So now you're slut shaming me?!

NOAH  
I wasn't slut shaming you, I was simply saying you've been with a number of people, and I'm... what... another number of all of those people? Someday we can tell our kids about how Mom got around half of Los Angeles-

They slowly walk to the front door, arguing. Noah is so consumed in his anger he doesn't process where he is or why they are there.

JOANNE  
You know what, you do this whole "I'm a rabbi, I'm so wise, I'm so perfect" shtick, and in reality, your head's so far up your own ass-

NOAH  
Oh my mistake, why don't you go call  
(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Gronk and tell him what an asshole I am, I'm sure he'd love to hear from you-

JOANNE

I am never going to see him again!-

Noah opens the front door, and the entire surprise party pops out at him, including Robert Gronkowski, who is in the very back.

GRONK

Who's party is this anyway?

Both Noah and Joanne look like they're going to shit their pants.

INT. NOAH'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Noah and Joanne storm into the room and Noah slams the door.

NOAH

Why the fuck is he here? Joanne, is this some psychotic scheme to get back with this guy you've been pining for all these years?

JOANNE

Noah, I have no idea why he is here. I did not invite him. I would never in a million years invite him anywhere, and especially to your birthday that *I planned* for you of all things! You have to believe me!

Bina opens the door, cracks her head through.

BINA

Hello, we are about to cut the cake.

NOAH

Mom, we're fighting, just give us a minute.

BINA

We've already brought the cake out of the fridge, we can't put it back in the fridge.

JOANNE

Just put back in the fridge. Also, I'm ready to be honest- the decorations you put up look psychotic. We should have put "Silence of the Lambs" on the invitations.

Bina storms out, slamming the door. She pokes her head back in.

BINA

Who's the strange man in the living room?

NOAH

Mom, get out, get out, get out.

JOANNE

If anyone gets to storm off, it's gonna be me.

Joanne walks off.

EXT. BINA'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Joanne runs outside to cool off. She sits by the pool, head in her hands, upset. She starts to cry. Gronk mills about outside, to the coolers. He grabs a drink, and spots Joanne. He takes a second drink from the coolers. He sits next to her, offering her a drink.

GRONK

Hey.

JOANNE

Rob, what are you doing here?

GRONK

Your message.

JOANNE

I'm drawing a blank here, buddy.

GRONK

You invited me.

JOANNE

I didn't. I have no idea why you're here right now, of all places. I haven't seen you since spring break 2017. I wouldn't invite you anywhere.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't even message you if I needed a kidney and you were the only match. I cannot believe you're here right now.

GRONK

Well, that's a little harsh. I'm a little lost, Joanne.

JOANNE

You and me both. Lost on a lot of things nowadays.

GRONK

I know I'm not historically your favorite person, Joanne. And even if you didn't message me, I have to be honest. I don't know who this party is for, but as soon as I saw your name pop up on my phone, I just felt in my heart I was supposed to come here. You don't get that many opportunities in life to make things right. And I want to make this right.

Gronk takes Joanne's hands. She looks at him, odd.

JOANNE

What?

Noah walks outside at this moment. He is far behind Joanne and Gronk, but within earshot distance.

GRONK

This is so hard, I've thought about this a million times, what I would say if I ever saw you again... Joanne, losing you was the hardest thing I've ever been through. I'd be lying if I said that I didn't think about you every day, and wishing things were different. I'm in love with you, Joanne. Always have been.

JOANNE

What?

GRONK

Me and you, let's get out of here. Let's run away together. It's like *The*  
(MORE)

GRONK (CONT'D)  
*Notebook*, you're the Allie to my Noah.

At this moment, Joanne spots Noah.

JOANNE  
 Noah!

GRONK  
 I'm your Noah.

JOANNE  
 (she gestures to Noah)  
 No. Noah.

Noah runs up to Gronk and socks him in the stomach. He doesn't flinch. Noah shakes his hand off, in pain.

NOAH  
 What, do you have an iron stomach? Oh my god.

GRONK  
 Lots of people try that. Do you want an autograph?

NOAH  
 (macho, ridiculous)  
 I want you to get away from my girl.

GRONK  
 Your girl? Step in line, brother.

They square up to each other.

NOAH  
 I was first in line.

JOANNE  
 This is ridiculous, the both of you.

GRONK  
 You really want to be with this guy, Joanne? Unathletic, kind of short-

NOAH  
 I'm 5'11-

GRONK  
 It's not 6 foot-

NOAH  
It's basically 6 feet.

GRONK  
Bet he doesn't even play football-

NOAH  
I bet you don't even play basketball.  
I'm a reigning champ of Southern  
California. My driveway, ten minutes.

GRONK  
You really think you can win against  
me?

NOAH  
Without a doubt.

EXT. BINA'S DRIVEWAY- MOMENTS LATER

Both Noah and Gronk are dribbling their basketballs. The whole party has come to watch.

ESTHER  
(to Joanne)  
Is this like some midlife crisis thing  
he has going on?

Sasha has his phone held up, ready to go live.

SASHA  
This is going to be great for views.  
How do I go live?

NOAH  
You ready to go up against me? I'll go  
easy on you, buddy.

GRONK  
You don't need to go easy on me. I'll  
tell you what, I'm gonna use my non  
dominant hand. I'm going lefty.  
Whoever wins, gets Joanne.

NOAH  
Deal.

JOANNE  
Am I an auction cow?

Gronk dribbles the ball, makes the basket. Noah goes to make

the shot, it rebounds and hits him in the head. He falls over on his ass. Gronk cheers.

SASHA

This is crazy for views, holy crap.

GRONK

It's a sign from the universe! I won!  
Joanne! I won! Give me another shot!

Joanne rushes to Noah's aid. He's crouched on the ground, holding his head.

JOANNE

Gronk, you broke up with me and left me at a gas station in Daytona. You were the worst boyfriend anyone could ever have. I never think of you, and even when I do, I block you out.

SASHA

Woah, this is crazy.

JOANNE

I want you to leave, and I never want to hear from you ever again.

SASHA

Oh shit, I forgot to hit record.

INT. BINA'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house is trashed from the party. Joanne is cleaning up garbage when Noah walks in the room.

NOAH

Hey.

JOANNE

Hey.

NOAH

So. I'm sorry about tonight. You did a really nice thing for me, and I blew this all out of proportion and ruined the party.

Joanne takes a breath and continues wiping the counters, clearly upset.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What can I do? To fix this?

JOANNE

Well, you can start by believing that I had nothing to do with him being here.

NOAH

I believe you.

A beat.

JOANNE

I'm sorry that I lied about the jersey. That wasn't the right thing to do. But you also have to understand where I'm coming from. It wasn't that I missed him or anything, or that I was worried you would be jealous, it was mostly it's just a lot of bad memories for me. I didn't want to open that Pandora's box. I don't know why I kept the jersey; I think it just reminds me of how far I've come. But if you think for one second that I would rather be with him than you, or that you're a consolation prize, then you're an idiot, because I love you.

NOAH

I know.

They hug. Morgan, Esther, and Sasha walk back in the room with trash bags, cleaning up cups.

MORGAN

Sasha has something to confess.

Sasha looks put on the spot. They all stare at him.

SASHA

I invited Gronk here, tonight.

Noah and Joanne look shocked.

NOAH

You did what?

SASHA

Dad says the business is going under,  
(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)  
and I needed a spokesperson for our  
social media.

JOANNE  
How did you get in touch with him?

SASHA  
Your phone was unlocked, and I  
messed him.

Joanne breaks away from the hug with Noah, storms toward  
Sasha.

JOANNE  
What?!

SASHA  
I'm so sorry. I was out of line.

ESTHER  
Why the hell would you do that? I know  
Tom Brady.

SASHA  
Since when do you know Tom Brady?

ESTHER  
He's my cousin. Second cousin.

Joanne looks furious, until her anger shifts to laughter.  
She's hysterical.

JOANNE  
Noah and I are on the verge of  
breaking up, because you wanted to  
make TikToks. That's insane.

Joanne just about dies of laughter.

MORGAN  
You're not mad at him?

JOANNE  
Oh, I have a way he can make it up to  
me.

INT. WAXING PLACE - NEXT DAY

Sasha is laying on the waxing chair, ready to get his  
Brazilian wax. The waxing specialist holds the hot wax and

stick, ready to apply it. Noah, Joanne, Morgan, and Sasha all watch.

SASHA

So, does this hurt at all?

The waxxer applies the wax and the paper.

WAXXING SPECIALIST

Quite a party you've got here.

SASHA

Scale of 1-10, how bad is this going to hurt?

The waxxer pulls the strip, Sasha screams in agony.

SASHA (CONT'D)

100!

FADE OUT: