

NATE 1

Nate

INT. COZY UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Abby and Nate are having a ball, mid-dinner. Abby is gorgeous in the candle light. A dapper looking Nate pours more wine...

START →

NATE

So, Sidney Poitier opens the envelope and I hear: 'And the Oscar goes to -- bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.' Total white noise. I literally can't hear. Youtube it. I'm turning my head, looking around like an idiot. I look like my great Uncle Herman at a movie. 'What? Huh? What?'

ABBY

Oh my god.

NATE

And Paul Newman, PAUL NEWMAN, is sitting behind me and he leans forward and hits me on the back of the head, *hard*. *Thwak!* And the sound comes back like, 'shhhhhhhWINK!' And it's all applausey and crazy and I hear Paul Newman, PAUL NEWMAN, say into my ear: 'Hey schmuck, you won. Get your ass on stage, I gotta piss like a race horse.'

They laugh like crazy.

ABBY

Wow. I can't even. The Paul Newman part alone. Let alone the 'I just won an Oscar' part.

NATE

Yeah. As someone who thinks about death *constantly*, I think I'll picture my kids' face when I die. And that moment. I mean, I do love my kids more than that moment, but *just barely*.

ABBY

Just barely. I can see that.

"Girlfriend Guide to Divorce"

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NATE

Oscar memories don't talk back.  
Don't need rides anywhere. Won't  
need college, or love, or food, or  
clothes --

ABBY

Wait, wait. You said there was a  
secret part?

NATE

Oh... yeah. Well, not many people  
know this part.

ABBY

Tell me.

NATE

Hmm. Not first date material.

ABBY

Tease!

NATE

Nah.

ABBY

(teasing back)

I was gonna tell you my *I was  
almost Oprah's best friend* story.

NATE

No! Really?

ABBY

Lunch, dinner, then lunch again.  
Like three-day BFFs.

NATE

You were Gayle King for three days?

ABBY

I'm telling you, if Gayle King had  
gotten hit by a car that weekend  
I'd probably be in Aspen with Oprah  
*right now.*

NATE

That makes me *so grateful* for Gayle  
King's health.

They smile at each other. This is awesome. A moment passes.

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NATE (CONT'D)

Okay, here's the deal. To my thinking, this isn't actually a first date.

ABBY

No?

NATE

Nah. I mean, we've gotten to know each other quite well in the last year, yeah?

ABBY

I'd like to think so. Yes.

NATE

Definitely. Our relationships, our kids, our jobs, the school, our peccadilloes --

ABBY

-- oh, I love that word.

NATE

Me too! But not as much I love your actual peccadilloes.

ABBY

(flirty)  
Stop saying that word.

NATE

*Peccadilloes.*

They stare at each other.

ABBY

Yeah, not actually a sexy word.

NATE

Not at all. Sounds like bird with a dildo beak.

Abby almost spit-takes.

NATE (CONT'D)

But we digress all over the place.

ABBY

We do. Continue. Please.

NATE

Anyway, somewhere in all those emails and texts was the emotional equivalent to a first date.

ABBY

At least.

NATE

At least. But my rom-com meter tells me we were missing something.

ABBY

We never had a meet-cute.

NATE

EXACTLY. Until parking duty.

ABBY

Hmmmm. Until parking duty. So, if this isn't actually a first date, do I get to hear the secret Oscar story?

NATE

(teasing)

I don't knowwwwwww...

ABBY

Come on! Oprah story in the on-deck circle...

NATE

Ooooooh. Damn. Okay. You know what? I'm just gonna say it. The Oscar story is a post-meet-cute, post-first date, pre-first sex, post-first kiss story.

ABBY

So...

NATE

We have to have our first kiss.

ABBY

First kisses first... hmm. Here?

NATE

Can't be. First kiss at first dinner? No. Doesn't work. First kiss at awesome bachelor rental mansion? Perfect.

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ABBY  
Well, I *really* want to hear that story. Where could we find one of those awesome bachelor rental mansions???

They're smiling so hard at each other they might explode...

end

Nate 2

EXT. NATE'S AWESOME BACHELOR RENTAL MANSION - NIGHT

Abby and Nate stare into each other's eyes on the doorstep.

NATE  
You ready?

ABBY  
Are you?

NATE  
Fifteen years of marriage, two kids, an Oscar, and now you stand before me... I have no idea. I may faint. But...

ABBY  
But...

He leans in. They close their eyes and kiss. Close-mouthed. Heads kind of bobbing around.

NATE  
Ooof. Not good.

ABBY  
Awkward. Blech.

NATE  
Yeah. My last *first kiss* happened listening to a 'Tears for Fears' record. Let's go again.

ABBY  
Okay.

NATE  
My head goes right, yours left. Open your mouth a little.

ABBY  
Wow, you *are* a writer-director.

NATE  
Yes, I am.

ABBY  
Don't get too tongue-y.

FYI  
only

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