

CHASING AMY (Miramax, 1997)

INTERIOR. HOCKEY RINK – NIGHT

On the ice, two teams clash, chasing the puck up and back, checking galore. In the bleachers, amid a slew of fans, ALYSSA watches the game with a large degree of enjoyment. Sitting beside her, HOLDEN doesn't seem to share her enthusiasm.

ALYSSA: Since most of these people are rooting for the home team, I'm going to cheer for the visitors. I'm a big visitors fan – especially the kind that make coffee for you in the morning before they go. *(smiles at HOLDEN; no response)* That was a joke. A little wacky word play?

HOLDEN: What do you mean, “visitors”?

A: Was I being too obscure? The kind that – until recently – had no dicks and would spend the night.

H: So that was until recently.

A: Uh, yeah. *(shouting: to ice)* Hey – foul! Foul! He was traveling or something!

H: So nobody but me has stayed the night at your place since we got together?

A: Something on your mind, Holden?

H: No, I was just wondering.

A: If I've been “faithful” or something?

H: Look, I was just asking.

A: Oh, sweetie. I only have eyes for you. *(to ice)* CALL THAT FUCKING SHIT, REF! THE GUY ON THE SKATES TOTALLY SHOVED ONE OF MY GUYS! *(to HOLDEN)* I told you I was great at sporting events. Imagine what a bitch I could be if I knew what was going on?

On the ice, things heat up between two opposing players. One snatches the puck away from the other and skates off. The other player gives chase. ALYSSA is very into the game.

H: That'd make Banky half right.

A: About what?

H: He said all the girls from North were bitches and sluts.

A: Really. I'm sorry – you two left high school how many years ago? Can I put some of my books in your locker?

H: How about your yearbook.

On the ice, the player giving chase slashes the player with the puck. ALYSSA jumps to her feet.

A: *(to ice)* IF YOU DON'T START USING THAT WHISTLE I'M GONNA JAM IT STRAIGHT UP YOUR ASS! *(to the guys next to her)* Right?

H: What's with "Finger Cuffs"?

A: *(sitting back down)* "Finger Cuffs"?

H: Yeah. In your senior yearbook, your nickname was "Finger Cuffs." What is that?

A: It was? Shit, damned if I can remember. I'd look it up, but I threw all that shit out years ago. Where'd you see a North yearbook?

H: Do you know a guy named Rick Derris?

On the ice, the players skid into the corner where Player One checks Player Two into the boards, hard. Player Two scrambles to his feet and throws down his gloves. The crowd around ALYSSA and HOLDEN goes wild.

A: Rick Derris? Sure. We used to hang out in high school. *(to ice)* PUNCH HIM IN THE NECK, NUMBER TWELVE!

H: Did you go out with him or something?

A: Date Rick Derris? No. We just hung out a lot.

H: Just...you and Rick?

A: No. Me, Rick, and...um...what was that guy's name...?

H: Cohee?

A: Yeah! Cohee Lundin. God, I haven't thought about that name in years.

On the ice, the players square off. Player Two pulls Player One's helmet off and punches him in the face.

A: I remember those guys'd come over almost every day after school. They'd bug my sisters, look for porno tapes in my dad's closet, raid our fridge. They really took advantage of my parents never being home.

On the ice, Player Two yanks at Player One's jersey and gutpunches him

A: This one day...Rick pulled out his dick and chased me around the house with it! Right in front of Cohee! I couldn't believe it! Guys are weird – I thought the whole size hang-up made you all terrified to show your dicks to each other?

On the ice, Player One staggers a bit, then quickly rights his jersey and lunges at Player Two, landing a barrage of his own punches. Blood sprays across the ice

H: Rick pulled his dick out? Really? What'd you do?

A: I blew him while Cohee fucked me.

On the ice, Player One delivers the kill shot, slamming his fist into Player Two's nose. The blood shoots out like a geyser, and Two goes down hard. The crowd around them stares not at the fight on the ice, but at the fight in their midst, shocked.

H: Excuse me?

A: That's what you wanted to hear, isn't it? Isn't that what this little cross-examination of yours is about? Well, try not to be so obvious about it next time; there are subtler ways of badgering a witness. *(to bystander)* Am I right?

BYSTANDER: *(to HOLDEN)* Jeez, even I knew what you were getting at.

A: *(gathering her stuff)* If you wanted some background information on me, all you had to do was ask – I'd have gladly volunteered it. You didn't have to play Hercule fucking Poirot!

She storms away. HOLDEN chases after her. The Bystander watches them go.

BYSTANDER: *(to companion)* I told you these were good seats.

EXT. RINK PARKING LOT – NIGHT

ALYSSA marches quickly. HOLDEN catches up to her.

H: So it's true?

A: Is that what you want to hear? Is it? Yes, Holden, it's true! In fact, everything you heard or dug up on me was probably true! Yeah, I took on two guys at once! You want to hear some gems you have not unearthed – I took a twenty-six-year-old guy to my

senior prom, and then left halfway through to have sex with him and Gwen Turner in the back of a limo! And the girl who got caught in the shower with Miss Moffit, the gym teacher? That was me! Or how about college, when I left Shannon Hamilton videotape us having sex – only to find out the next day that he broadcast it on the campus cable station? They're all true – those and so many more! Didn't you know? I'm the queen of urban legend!

H: How the hell could you do those things?

A: Easily! Some of it I did out of stupidity, some of it I did out of what I thought was love, but – good or bad – they were my choices, and I'm not making apologies for them now – not to you or anyone! And how dare you try to lay a guilty trip on me about it – in public, no less! Who the fuck do you think you are, you judgmental prick?

H: How am I supposed to feel about all of this?

A: How are you supposed to feel about it? Feel whatever the fuck you want about it! The only thing that really matters is how you feel about me.

H: I don't know how I feel about you now.

A: Why? Because I had some sex?

H: *Some sex?*

A: Yes, Holden – that's all it was: some sex! Most of it stupid high school sex, for Christ's sake! Like you never had sex in high school!

H: There's a world of fucking difference between typical high school sex and getting fucked by two guys at the same time! They fucking used you!

A: NO! I used *them!* You don't think I would've let it happen if I hadn't wanted it to, do you?! I was an experimental girl, for Christ's sake! Maybe you knew early on that your track was from point A to B – but unlike you, I wasn't given a fucking map at birth, so I tried it all! That is until *we* – that's you and I – got together, and suddenly, I was sated. Can't you take some fucking comfort in that? You turned out to be all I was ever looking for – the missing piece in the big fucking puzzle! Look, I'm sorry I let you believe that you were the only guy I'd ever been with. I should've been more honest. But it seemed to make you feel special in a way that me telling you over and over again how incredible you are would never get across.

She touches him. He pulls back.

A: Do you mean to tell me that while you have zero problem with me sleeping with half the women in New York City, you have some sort of half-assed, mealy-mouthed

objection to pubescent antics that took place almost ten years ago? What the fuck is your problem?

H: I want us to be something that we can't be.

A: And what's that?

H: A normal couple.

HOLDEN walks off.

CHASING AMY (2)

HOLDEN

I've always wondered what kind of people buy those things. I can't believe you talked him down to twenty five!

ALYSSA

It was looking shakey when he told me the artist was a blind cripple with a hump-back, but I held my ground. There's no room for sympathy in the buyer's market.

HOLDEN

Where are you going to hang it?

ALYSSA

I'm not. You are.

HOLDEN

You want me to hang it for you? You better hope it doesn't get out to the girl-nation that you needed a man to help you hang a picture.

ALYSSA

You're going to hang it in your house. I bought it for you.

HOLDEN

Yeah, right.

ALYSSA

I'm serious.

HOLDEN

Why?

ALYSSA

Because it's captured the moment. It'll be a constant reminder - not just of tonight, but of our introduction, the building of our friendship, everything. Make no mistake about it my Friend - it's a gift to you, from me, so you'll always remember us.

ALYSSA

Why are we stopping?

HOLDEN

Because I can't take it.

ALYSSA

Can't take what?

HOLDEN

I love you.

ALYSSA

You love me.

HOLDEN

I love you. And not in a friendly way, although I think we're great friends. And not in a misplaced affection, puppy-dog way, although

I'm sure that's what you'll call it. And it's not because you're unattainable. I love you. Very simple, very truly. You're the epitome of every attribute and quality I've ever looked for in another person. I know you think of me as just a friend and crossing that line is the furthest thing from an option you'd ever consider. But I can't do this any longer. I can't stand next to you without wanting to hold you. I can't look into your eyes without feeling that longing you only read about in trashy romance novels. I can't talk to you without wanting to express my love for everything you are. I know this will probably queer our friendship - no pun intended - but I had to say it, because I've never felt this before, and I like who I am because of it. And if bringing it to light means we can't hang out anymore, then that hurts me. But I couldn't allow another day to go by without getting it out there, regardless of the outcome, which by the look on your face is to be the inevitable shoot-down. And I'll accept that. But I know some part of you is hesitating for a moment, and if there is a moment of hesitation, that means you feel something too. All I ask is that you not suppress that - at least for ten minutes - and try to dwell in it before you dismiss it. There isn't another soul on this fucking planet who's ever made me the person I am when I'm with you, and I would risk this friendship for the chance to take it to the next plateau. Because it's there between you and me. You can't deny that. And even if we never speak again after tonight, please know that I'm forever changed because of you and what you've meant to me, which - while I do appreciate it - I'd never need a painting of birds bought at a diner to remind me of.

HOLDEN

Was it something I said?

HOLDEN

What are you doing?

ALYSSA

Get back in the car and get out of here.

HOLDEN

You're going to hitch to New York?

ALYSSA

Y'ep.

HOLDEN

Aren't you at least going to comment?

ALYSSA

Here's my comment, fuck you.

HOLDEN

Why?

ALYSSA

That was so unfair. You know how unfair that was.

HOLDEN

It's unfair that I'm in love with you?

ALYSSA

No, it's unfortunate that you're in love with me. It's unfair that you felt the fucking need to unburden your soul about it. Do you remember for a fucking second who I am?

HOLDEN

So? People change.

ALYSSA

Oh, it's that simple? You fall in love with me and want a romantic relationship, nothing changes for you with the exception of feeling hunky-dorey all the time. But what about me? It's not that simple, is it? I can't just get into a relationship with you without throwing my whole fucking world into upheaval!

HOLDEN

But that's every relationship! There's always going to be a period of adjustment.

ALYSSA

Period of adjustment?!? THERE'S NO 'PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT'
HOLDEN! I'M FUCKING GAY! THAT'S WHO I AM! AND YOU ASSUME I CAN TURN THAT AROUND JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A CRUSH?!?

HOLDEN

If this is a crush... then I don't know if I could take the real thing if it ever happens.

ALYSSA

Go home, Holden.

he She walks away. Holden stands there, at a loss. Then
and turns and heads back to his car. As he reaches the door
his turns to look back at her, Alyssa pounces on him, grabs
keys face and locks lips with him, big time. He drops his
and embraces her.

And there they stand, by the side of the road, drenched kissing.