

DAILY Actor

'Crazy, Stupid, Love' by Dan Fogelman

JACOB: Cal, I'm going to make you an offer, it's probably the best offer you're ever going to get, and you're extremely drunk, so it's wildly important that you don't answer until I've finished and you've taken a few moments to process what I'm saying. Do you understand?

Cal goes to answer, Jacob holds up a finger. Cal stops himself. Once he's settled, Jacob continues:

As I said, I've been watching you for two days now and I can say, without hesitation, that you are the sorriest man I've ever seen in my life -- don't interrupt, Cal, it's the truth, and you need to hear it. You're sitting there with your Supercut haircut, getting drunk on watered down vodka-cranberries like a fourteen-year-old girl, wearing a 41R jacket when you should be wearing a 40L -- I don't know if I want to help you or euthanize you -- stop drinking out of the goddamn straw, Cal.

You asked me for advice before, Cal, so I'm going to help you. I don't know why. Maybe I'm just bored. Maybe all my friends have abandoned me for wives and children and labradoodle puppies, who cares why? Why doesn't matter. The point is, you've got a good face, and a good head of hair, and I'm bored as hell and need a project. So if you want, I'm going to help you rediscover your manhood. Do you remember when it was that you lost it?

Cal shakes "no."

Doesn't matter, we'll find it. And when we do, when I'm through with you, that wife of yours is going to rue the day she decided to give up on you too early. That's my offer. What do you say?

Cal stares at him blankly. A long beat of silence. Cal goes for a drink, almost uses the straw... then catches himself. He puts down the drink. Looks up.

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Mall food court, Thursday, six o'clock.