

① Jim / Emily

EMILY. It's your job to see the rational details.

JIM. Check the facts.

EMILY. How's your weekend? Any plans?

JIM. No.

EMILY. Has to be finished by first thing Monday morning.

JIM. Great! I can do Monday. That's all day today, tomorrow, Friday, and the weekend. Sure, no sweat.

EMILY. Now look, I know this writer. This is a very detailed but delicate piece and he's known to push boundaries. This is not a piece of cake.

JIM. Brilliant people can be difficult.

EMILY. No Harvard swagger, okay?

JIM. No.

EMILY. I do mean Monday.

JIM. Yes.

EMILY. No extensions. No excuses. Okay, I'll have security activate your pass for the weekend.

JIM. I'd prefer to do this at home, if that's—

EMILY. I don't want you getting distracted.

JIM. Right.

EMILY. Keep a log on the—

JIM. It's just that the firewall here is pretty locked down. You know, probably to keep us from watching porn all day, but it impairs certain avenues of research.

EMILY. If you think you can handle it, I'll trust you. Just as long as it's done by first thing Monday.

JIM. Absolutely.

EMILY. All right, I've just shared it to the cloud drive and the password is my last name.

She mouses around her computer desktop, clicks a couple of times. There's a swoosh sound. Jim's phone dings.

JIM. There it is.

Jim pokes his screen a couple times to access the file, looks at

the text of the essay, then jokingly weighs his phone in his hand.

Heavy.

No chuckle from Emily.

Ah. Okay. *(Swiping rapidly through the essay.)* Oh, I could do this on a bicycle.

EMILY. Don't.

JIM. No.

EMILY. Good. Keep everything on the shared drive so we can check your progress. Now. Over there, we have John's notes and backup.

She points over at an accordion file pocket, e.g. a Redweld, on a table.

JIM. This?

Jim reaches the Redweld.

EMILY. No, not that. Under.

Underneath it are two pages. He picks them up.

JIM. This?

EMILY. That's it.

JIM. *(Concerned.)* Ah.

EMILY. You can handle this, right?

JIM. Yeah, let's do this thing.

He turns and starts to leave.

EMILY. If you need help—

Jim has nearly reached the door of her office.

JIM. I won't need help.

He exits. Blackout.

On screen:

THURSDAY

Lights up. Jim reenters, tie a mess, one shirt flap out of his slacks.

JIM. I need help.

Seeing him, Emily pushes a button on her phone. Not yet known to us or Jim, she is on a conference call and has just muted it. Throughout the following, she moves between the

start

two conversations without pause or warning. Separately, her computer beeps. Her eyes glance at it, then return to Jim.

EMILY. What is it?

JIM. I'm not interrupting?

EMILY. You are, but this takes priority.

JIM. I didn't want to bother you.

EMILY. You're starting to bother me.

JIM. Ah.

Pause. She lets him suffer for a moment, then grins to signify she's joking.

Oh. Right.

EMILY. You're doing a good job. I took a look at the log on the drive. I like the way you set up the spreadsheet—

Emily pushes the button on her phone.

Tell him to take a FLYING FUCK.

Jim's eyes widen.

I don't care if "Congressional Spouses" was ready—it'll be ready next year.

She mutes her phone again.

(To Jim, without missing a beat.)—easy to read, well organized. What's the trouble?

Emily's computer makes another noise. Her eyes dart to it.

JIM. Do you need to—?

EMILY. No, that's just a group—wait, do I? No. Go on.

JIM. Oh, right! So, the article.

EMILY. Yes. What about it?

She holds up a finger, pushes the button on her phone.

We hold production for this because it's better.

Pushes button again, back to Jim.

Go on.

JIM. The article is really good.

EMILY. Yes?

JIM. Best thing I've ever seen in the magazine.

Her computer makes another noise. She glances at it, triaging.

EMILY. Bold assessment, but I agree.

JIM. Daring way to push the envelope, making an indelible statement about life and death.

A beat. Emily's computer makes another noise.

If you need to get that—

EMILY. It can wait. What about the article?

JIM. Literate, eloquent. A beautiful piece of work—

EMILY. I got it.

JIM. Yeah. Okay. So, there's just a few things.

EMILY. *(Pushes the button on her phone.)* If they want overtime, fine. This is the article. Okay? This is the one.

She disconnects the call. A beat.

Good grief.

She calms herself.

So what is it?

JIM. Is this a bad time?

EMILY. There are no good times, and I have a call in seven minutes. Please proceed. As you just heard, I am holding Kankakee for you.

JIM. Oh, god, um, okay. *(Paging through his notebook.)* So barring what I can confirm through official documents—coroner reports, police reports, etc.—

EMILY. I did say Monday.

JIM. Right. Right. Okay, he says that on the day Levi died, "lap dancing was temporarily banned by the city," but that doesn't check out. The day before Levi died, the *Las Vegas Sun* wrote about a possible upcoming ban on touching strippers in fully nude establishments, but there's nothing about a possible ban on lap dancing altogether in topless or even so-called go-go bars, where nipple nudity is essentially banned, but of course establishments get around that using pasties—

He riffles through his notes as he speaks. Emily's email noise happens again. And then twice more.

Also, he says there were thirty-four licensed strip clubs in Vegas; his reference is Adult Industry News, which wrote that "since 1999 the number of strip clubs in Las Vegas has skyrocketed from three to sixteen" but then claims there were "thirty-one topless or all-nude clubs." So even if we trust "Adult Industry News," it doesn't say thirty-four strip clubs, plus it contradicts itself.

Emily taps her touchpad decisively.

EMILY. Shorter sentences.

JIM. John gives one number for strip clubs. But his source not only does not confirm that number, it contradicts itself by providing two different numbers. (*To himself.*) But maybe that's because—wait, though, that brings up another problem, is he talking about topless bars or fully nude bars?

Hereafter, Emily's computer, phone, etc., occasionally makes a noise or otherwise distracts her, but, except as indicated, nothing she can't handle.

EMILY. Jim—

JIM. Though I guess they're not necessarily bars; in fact, it's harder to get a full liquor license if you can see the vaginal area... like I'm guessing you can at this place, Pussy Rockets—

He looks up at her, alarmed.

Sorry, can I say...?

EMILY. You may say Pussy Rockets.

JIM. Great—yeah, he says "clubs," which could indicate any place where people pay women to take off their clothes—but wait, is he including male establishments!?

EMILY. Okay, first—

JIM. I mean, ones where guys show their—

EMILY. —first, this is great. You've got the hang of it, you're checking each fact. You're doing the job I instructed, and you're doing it really, really—the spreadsheet was a great start. I clearly picked the right person.

JIM. The spreadsheet was important so you can filter the issues by—
EMILY. And that's your question? The strip clubs?

JIM. Well I have a couple others. One or two or a few more of these little details. There's this chicken—

EMILY. How many? Details?

JIM. Well, if you check where I marked "unresolved" you can see a few. Well, more than a few. Kind of a fair number, actually.

EMILY. How many?

JIM. How many—?

EMILY. Ballpark?

JIM. Well, kind of a lot. Do you mind if I just get in there—

Jim starts to go around her desk, reaching for her keyboard. Emily holds her hand up, firmly rejecting his movement.

EMILY. Please don't.

He jerks his hand back and notices the small, framed photograph on her desk—facing her, not visitors.

JIM. Sorry. That's an interesting picture.

She gestures sharply for him to step away.

EMILY. Don't!

JIM. (*Flustered.*) Yes.

For an instant her eyes dart around and her mind races, surveying her various emails, iPads, phones, and all the time she's lost during this meeting.

EMILY. You know what? You should check all this with John.

JIM. You mean, like, talk to him?

EMILY. Email him. Introduce yourself, use my name. He's passionate about his work, but I've known him for a long time, and he always has time for people who are polite and intelligent. And you're polite and intelligent. Right? Are you?

JIM. Of course!

EMILY. So, I'll send you his contact info. Clear up whatever you have a question about.

JIM. Okay. I think I can do that.

EMILY. But stick to the facts. Don't change anything with regard to the shape and intent of the piece.

~~STOP~~

② Jim/John

EMILY. When's your flight?
 JIM. Tonight.
 EMILY. Please get out of there.
 JIM. Where should—?
 EMILY. Go to the airport and get on the next flight to New York.
 JIM. Okay, I'm sorry, but—
 EMILY. Leave immediately.
 JIM. Yes. Yes. Of course.
 EMILY. Put John on and let me try to fix this.
 JIM. She'd like to talk to you.
Jim hands the phone to John.
 JOHN. Hi, Emily!
 EMILY. There are no words—
 JOHN. Take a shot.
 EMILY. Jim says this was a mistake—
 JOHN. No, he didn't.
 EMILY. —I don't know what he was thinking, but he's going to go. Okay? He's coming back to New York and we'll finish up his check and get you our edits—
 JOHN. Edits?
 EMILY. Suggestions.
 JOHN. Suggestions. Can't hardly wait.
 EMILY. Just get him out of there, there's a time crunch here. Thank you for being so good about this. Is he leaving?
Jim is struggling to put on a large, overstuffed backpack.
 JOHN. I think he's mating.
 EMILY. What?
 JOHN. He's leaving.
 EMILY. Okay. We'll talk soon.
John hangs up. Lights down on Emily.
 JOHN. You know the way to the airport?
 JIM. I can find it. Um—sorry, I didn't mean to totally crap out on

Start

your couch.
 JOHN. Got everything?
Jim reaches the front door and opens it.
 JIM. I think so.
 JOHN. Travel safe.
John turns away, starts walking randomly away from Jim, tired. Jim can't restrain himself. He crosses to John, getting to within a few feet of his back.
 JIM. I do have one question.
 JOHN. (Startled.) What?! What is it?!
Recovering, he starts approaching Jim menacingly, driving him back toward the front door.
 JIM. (He hesitates.) Nah, I'll get going.
John opens the front door.
 JOHN. Good idea.
 JIM. It's just—
John closes the door.
 JOHN. What?
 JIM. Okay. You say they found the world's oldest bottle of Tabasco sauce beneath the Buckets of Blood Saloon. But they found it underneath the Boston Saloon, which is fifty feet away.
 JOHN. So?
 JIM. So, we should change it, it's wrong.
 JOHN. How so?
 JIM. Because it's not correct?
 JOHN. Do you pay any attention to prepositions? They found it underneath the Boston Saloon. But by the same token it was found beneath, at a lower level than, the Buckets of Blood Saloon next door. "Beneath" is exactly correct.
 JIM. That's not what most people understand by "beneath," but okay.
Jim starts to leave. But—
 JOHN. "Buckets of Blood" is more interesting than "Boston Saloon." And since they found the bottle *down*—and just a few feet away—the

claim is fine. You're fact checking this, right? Not editing it?
JIM. Just fact checking.

JOHN. So long.

Jim opens the front door.

JIM. Oh, and—that chicken.

JOHN. What?

JIM. Yeah, never mind.

JOHN. What about the chicken?

JIM. The thirty-five-minute tic-tac-toe game. You say the woman who beat the chicken was from Mississippi, but by that time she'd been a Las Vegas resident for years. I called her.

JOHN. You did what?!

JIM. I found the original article, looked her up. I spoke to her.

JOHN. And on whose authority?

JIM. Emily Penrose. She told me to check things out, so I'm checking 'em out.

JOHN. Jesus! The woman needs to be from a place other than Las Vegas to underscore the transient nature of the city. Almost every-one here is from someplace else.

JIM. And that game didn't happen until August. A month after Levi Presley died. Not the same day, like you said.

JOHN. It was as much a part of the atmosphere of that summer as Levi jumping from the top of the casino.

JIM. Then isn't that how it should be framed?

JOHN. Readers care how events play out on a deeper level. They care about the meaning behind the confluence of the events.

JIM. But events didn't conflate the way you said.

JOHN. "Conflue" is not a word.

JIM. If you say an event occurred, readers need to trust that it occurred. This piece rests on the weight of a lot of details; it's problematic for you to wash your hands of their accuracy.

JOHN. Things don't rest on weights. Weights rest on things. I'm not washing my hands of anything. I'm saying there's a world of

facts to choose from. The wrong facts get in the way of the story.

JIM. The "wrong" facts? And that means what exactly?

JOHN. Kid grows up on welfare. No dad in the picture. Gets kicked out of high school. That's not a story. It's just details.

JIM. I don't see what—

JOHN. You hear those facts and you come to certain conclusions that have nothing to do with reality. "Facts" privilege some people. Other people they fuck over.

JIM. You're talking about you. You're the kid on welfare.

JOHN. I'm letting you IN, Jim. Please take it as a compliment.

JIM. But those facts exist.

JOHN. Of course they EXIST, yeah, a liter of water at one atmosphere of pressure boils at a hundred degrees Celsius—hooray, let's throw a fucking party and burn Shakespeare's sonnets. The facts I was born to, barred from any security, financial or otherwise, put a bad taste in my mouth about your easy certainty that facts are some herd of purebred white horses galloping majestically, looking down their noses at ambiguity or suspicion or nuance.

JIM. How come you were in a suit?

JOHN. What?

JIM. When you fell over me on the porch. You were wearing a suit. You told Emily you were going for a run.

JOHN. I didn't want to get into it.

JIM. A job interview on a Sunday?

JOHN. What does it matter? I'm not on *trial* here.

JIM. No, I was just wondering. You said you were going for a run. Why were you in a suit?

JOHN. I was going to Mass.

JIM. I'm cool with that.

JOHN. I didn't ask.

JIM. Can we just check with Emily on this chicken thing? The lady and the chicken.

John takes out his phone and stabs at a couple of buttons.

③ John / Emily

JIM. I think.

EMILY. Okay, here's what we do. We get eighty to ninety. We diagnose what's wrong, what's credible, what's accurate. Then we're off by ten percent, and when people notice only half those, I issue a correction on that five percent. Right?

He has no idea how to answer.

Go to another room while I calm down Norman Mailer.

JIM. You've worked with him before—

EMILY. —so what?—

JIM. —so I mean, is he, well—unstable?

EMILY. Like will he fly cross-country to invade someone's home? Go!

JIM. Where?!

EMILY. Kitchen! And close the door!

Jim points at the kitchenette.

JIM. That is the kitchen.

She points at the door across the stage from the front door.

EMILY. There!

Jim strides determinedly to the door and throws it open.

JIM. That is a three-season porch stuffed with old lady furniture.

He closes the porch door. Emily looks over at the stairs.

EMILY. Then upstairs! Jim, come on, make things happen!

He strides to the stairs, climbs a few steps, looks up, offstage, at the top of the stairs; his eyes widen.

JIM. (*Abruptly stopping.*) There's a baby gate.

EMILY. Step over it!

JIM. (*Staring up at it, creeps out. It's hard to disobey, but—*) No...

Emily points under the stairs.

EMILY. Then go in the basement!

He descends, looks at the door under the staircase, then at her. Her face is set. He strides to it, throws it open, and pulls a chain to turn on an overhead lightbulb.

JIM. Oh. This—

EMILY. Jim!

JIM. Yep. Okay.

He closes the door behind him. Emily goes over to the front door, opens it.

EMILY. Come in.

John enters.

JOHN. Oh, may I? May I please come in to my own house?

EMILY. You were strangling one of my people, John.

JOHN. He's not "people," he's a bundle of tics and abstractions, arbitrary principles stacked on top of horseshit till he's yea high.

EMILY. I get it: You're good with words.

JOHN. You'd hardly know it, assigning me this kid.

EMILY. If you don't want to have to deal with someone like him, then don't *shake* me, don't plant cute little *bombs* all over this thing. You do not understand the difference between...MY magazine and the Bumblefuck Literary Review this is going to end up in. It's one thing to say it was sunny on a day it was cloudy. It's another thing to claim that a girl *hanged* herself when in fact she jumped off a building!

JOHN. That girl—

EMILY. Lorenza Ortiz! She's as dead as Levi, and you pissed on her memory for the sake of some literary conceit.

JOHN. Her death has nothing to do with this essay.

EMILY. And what do I do when her parents read the story? When her father sues the magazine for emotional distress?

JOHN. Let him prove it.

EMILY. Really? He has to prove in a court of law his daughter's death was important.

JOHN. Not to the essay, it wasn't. I'm sorry. If you'd like, I'll tell him personally—

EMILY. The girl's father, John. Her mother? What are you thinking?

Beat.

JOHN. Let's just "put a pin in it."

EMILY. You wouldn't use a cliché unless you hated me.

Start

JOHN. Emily—

EMILY. Take a look at a few of these. Just a few. Change a date or two if we have to.

JOHN. Dates? The dates are fine.

EMILY. John, we need to look like we've considered—

JOHN. You really need to stop treating me like I'm a journalist, Emily. I'm not a journalist. I'm an essayist. Since antiquity respected authors have regularly arranged and nudged details to create a closer understanding—writers like Herodotus, Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch—

She lifts her finger to get a word in edgewise, but she cannot.
—St. Augustine, Lamb, De Quincey, Thoreau, Defoe, Orwell, Didion, Sontag—I'm done.

EMILY. Oh, are you? Because I have all the time in the world to sit here and listen to you list the entire canon of the expository essay. You may or may not be a journalist, but I am and my magazine, like it or not, is going to be judged by journalistic standards. We need to look like we've considered every potential inconsistency. We need to make a good-faith effort.

JOHN. I'm not the one who's lost faith.

EMILY. Let's just get through this meeting.

JOHN. Meeting? With him? Why?

EMILY. Because he's the fact checker.

JOHN. Fire him.

EMILY. Fire him?

JOHN. He's poison to the creative process.

EMILY. If attorneys get involved do you know how that will look?

JOHN. Wait, attorneys?

EMILY. It's one thing for me not to know. But will you look at that fucking paper trail? We have to at least go through the motions—I fire him, he goes public, his attorney, or publicist, his attention-hungry girlfriend, whatever, they draft a narrative. And I—we—are all over social media for the wrong reasons. A narrative of willful negligence.

JOHN. He scares you that much.

EMILY. Your essay is important. People will care. People will ask

questions. You understand what it is to stare into the—

JOHN. The abyss?

EMILY. The barrel of a gun. Don't finish my sentences. If this happens—this is a career ender. For both of us. Listen, I have a duty to my audience, my publisher, my advertisers.

JOHN. This isn't a business to me. It's not a business.

EMILY. It is also a business. The whole industry is falling down around me. Ad sales through the floor, an aging audience—circulation literally dying. We sell high-end ads because of cutting-edge writing, writing shareholders call “monetized content.” But the entire enterprise comes down to—

JOHN. Money?

EMILY. Trust, John. It comes down to trust.

A beat.

JOHN. Where is he?

EMILY. The basement.

JOHN. I don't have a basement.

Emily looks at the door under the stairs.

EMILY. No basement?

JOHN. Not in Vegas. There's a hard caliche layer.

EMILY. What's a hard caliche layer?

JIM. *(Off.)* A hard sedimentary layer of calcium carbonate and other impermeable materials!

JOHN. That's a closet.

EMILY. Jim, did you just hear our entire fucking conversation?!

Jim emerges.

JIM. I really tried to pretend I was in a basement.

EMILY. Yes, fine.

JIM. I stuck my fingers in my ears and—

EMILY. We are running out of time. Look. *(Checks her watch.)* I have to make a phone call.

John's face immediately sours.

Try not to kill each other.

STOP

4 All

They lock eyes.

JIM. Don't try to stare me down. I had older brothers. I will fuck your shit up.

John is "WTF" incredulous. Enter Emily.

EMILY. All good. Let's get to work.

JOHN. What did your elves have to say?

EMILY. Let's get back to work.

JOHN. The ones waiting in their offices on Sunday night. You wouldn't fly out here without a plan B. I know they're working on something. Something you're gonna run instead of my essay.

EMILY. There's always a plan B. At eight A.M. Kankakee time, the presses start running. Either your shattering and sure-to-be-award-winning piece or "Congressional Spouses and the Burdens They Bear."

JOHN. Fuck. All right, let's get this done.

Blackout.

On screen:

MONDAY 5:00 A.M.

Lights up. Emily, John, and Jim are still at it. The water bottles and tumblers are empty or half-full, and two pizza boxes clutter the coffee table. What was a neat stack of notes has become a large mound of papers. Jim is seated at the small table. Emily is on the sofa. John prowls.

start

JOHN. The bricks were red!

JIM. Except they are brown! There are brown bricks near the base—

JOHN. AT the base!

EMILY. (To Jim.) And what's your problem with the base?

JIM. There are two structures, the casino-hotel and the tower—

EMILY. Forget I asked. "At the base" is fine.

JIM. It's not fine.

EMILY. It's acceptable! (To John.) But the bricks. I saw the photos he attached, they look brown.

JOHN. Yes. They LOOK brown. But at dusk, the night I saw them,

they were red. You have to be there at that time of day—

JIM. —and the angel of death will come to you and magically refract the light and you will see red.

JOHN. Perception! Heart! I almost said "blood-red."

EMILY. Too much.

JOHN. I know it's too much, that's why it's not there! But toddler-shit brown over there doesn't even like—

EMILY. No legal action from the brick company, so it's fine. Next.

She pages through the essay.

Page eight. Quote from the suicide center's director: "The best suicide hotline call will result in five answers to these five basic questions—"

JIM. —you don't have any notes for this bit.

JOHN. I didn't record it.

JIM. Didn't record it.

JOHN. You take out a tape recorder or a notebook, people start performing, altering their—look. That's what she said.

EMILY. (To Jim.) Did you contact the director?

JIM. Yes.

EMILY. Did she confirm this?

He hesitates.

JIM. Yes. Ish.

EMILY. Move on.

JIM. He mentions a chapter in the suicide center's manual, "How to Handle Calls from the Major Hotels," but there's no "manual" or "chapter," it's a thin loose-leaf binder and that section is a one-page list of hotels.

JOHN. O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

EMILY. What's that?

JOHN. That is an entire chapter. From the Bible.

JIM. That's not a chapter, it's a psalm.

JOHN. —with its own chapter number—

EMILY. Page ten—

JIM. (*To Emily.*) Can we talk privately? Outside?

EMILY. We don't have time for sidebars. Say it here.

JIM. But—

EMILY. Say it here, or keep going.

JIM. This feels like a negotiation.

EMILY. Because that is what it is.

JIM. I get the feeling that if you hadn't accidentally assigned this to me, you would have printed it the way it was.

EMILY. Abso-fucking-lutely.

JOHN. Hah!

JIM. I don't believe you.

EMILY. I don't know. It's a moving, meaningful, and rare piece of writing. I have my magazine to put out. I have a hundred union members that I'm currently paying overtime so that my intern can be comfortable with a one-second discrepancy in an eleven-hundred-foot fall.

JIM. How can you even for a moment claim that facts are negotiable? And even if they are, you're asking an intern to defend the actual nature of the world as it stands against—against *white* lies, maybe, but lies.

John throws up his hands.

JOHN. Levi Presley is dead!

JIM. And this a disgrace to his memory!

JOHN. It's not your memory!

EMILY. Let's talk about that memory. You seem to imply that you got a suicide hotline call from Levi.

JIM. Ridiculous.

EMILY. "I had gotten a call from a kid, asking for help, telling me he was sad, so I asked, about what, and he said some stuff. And I asked, like what? Let's talk. He said it doesn't matter, it just all sucks, and he hung up. And I didn't realize until later that it might have been him. I am sure it was him."

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JIM. —even though *here* (*Flips back two pages.*) you say the first question you're supposed to ask is their name.

JOHN. You think I followed the damn manual? I knew it was him when I saw it later on TV. That's why I got in touch with his parents. "I sat in their living room—on a green leather La-Z-Boy sectional recliner with the ceramic black urn of Levi's ashes on my lap." Close quote.

JIM. Ah yes. "We were beneath their cathedral ceiling. We were watching TV Land. We had nuts and we had Triscuits." Were they actually Triscuit-brand crackers, I wonder? "We looked at his art." Did he draw it? Maybe. "We drove to the school where he studied Taekwondo." The martial art that you say was invented by an ancient Indian prince but was in fact invented in Korea by a twentieth-century Communist general.

JOHN. I sat in their living room and listened to them and promised them I would do justice for their child. But you're not going to take my word for it, you're going to go over to his parents' house and check the Triscuits.

JIM. They weren't home.

They both stare at him.

JOHN. You are a cancer.

JIM. You are one of the greatest living prose stylists.

JOHN. If you say so—

JIM. But the arrogance! I asked why Levi killed himself and you said "Read my essay." You think YOU can help humanity understand why a teenager commits suicide. You think YOU can grapple more heroically with how to live.

JOHN. I NEVER CLAIMED—

EMILY. Boys!

JIM. (*To Emily.*) You should have spiked this hours ago.

EMILY. Not your call.

JIM. It's like you're on some kind of personal crusade to protect your friend over here.

EMILY. Watch it.

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