

MALE

I'm not the kind of guy who spends hundreds on a last minute flight back to New York, tears across town, then runs up six flights of stairs and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door in order to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicably romantic night.

So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker for Christ's sake. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out.

I mean, this is the kind of thing that only happens in the movies – and we're not in the movies. We're on McDougal Street, two blocks south of Bleecker – that's where we are. That is an indisputable geographical fact.

We can't do this. Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. Because the fact is I'm not the kind of guy who falls in love.

But the problem is....see...the problem is...despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. Because the truth is despite all facts to the contrary...I still love you madly. And it just defies all reason. But I do. And it's not like me. And I don't want to. But I can't help it.

I'm yours, Audrey. Completely, totally, hopelessly, and utterly...yours..