**Awkward 02x01**

Last season on Awkward...

Nobody can know that I like you.

This came in the mail for you.

Jenna, you could disappear

and no one would notice.

"A Friend".

Sometimes, being a teenager

makes you want to die.

Aspirin take me away.

- Our daughter is suicidal.

- I didn't try to kill myself.

The looser wants us

to talk about her.

- I love that girl.

- Better hide the knives.

- What is the fascination with me?

- You have some serious backbone.

- I really like you.

- You're in an open relationship?

- Who the fuck invited you?

- I did.

He's taking you public.

Outing you as a couple.

Are you and Matty together?

Looks like

Matty invited a lot of people.

- You have to be home right away?

- I have a few hours to kill.

I'm not gonna hook up with Matty again

until we DTR'd.

- What are you talking about?

- Define the relationship.

You promised not to hook up again

without clarity.

You better get it soon,

before you're dumpster

humping without a safety net.

- Are we together?

- You're not the object of his affection.

- You're easy to talk to.

- I was just thinking the same thing.

- You think Matty knows Jake kissed me?

- No way, guys don't talk.

- I kissed Jenna Hamilton.

- What?

So you can sleep with me in private,

but you can't talk to me in public?

Figure out what you want Matty,

because I'm tired of being your secret.

I'm so glad I wrote you that letter.

Jake can't be trusted.

You'll never gonna be able to control

the things that happen to you, sweetheart.

But, you'll be able to control

how you feel.

The reason that

I keep bringing up our kiss

is because I like like you.

I was just nominated

for sophomore winter formal princess.

Ah, you just missed her.

And Rosati was the guy

you've been telling me about.

Yep, Jake's my date.

I think you're right.

It's too late.

Mom?

It was the night before Christmas

and all through the house,

not a creature was stirring...

Except for my mouse,

which wasn't wireless or working

and driving me insane,

because even my keyboard

was acting inane.

Using pluses for "t"s,

exclamations for "I"s,

I hoped Santa would bring

a laptop surprise.

Either pixels or print

my blog would be fine,

but I needed a break

to start thinking offline.

Thinking about what I found

post the dance.

Thinking how I found it by chance.

I finally unveiled

who had scripted the letter.

It was someone I knew...

Who should've known better.

Not Lissa,

not Ming,

not Tamara, not Sadie,

not Matty, not daddy,

but the lady who made me.

So for over a week,

I debated my action.

Would I forgive or forget?

Or focus on...

Distraction?

Like decorating five dozen cookies

with sugar and spice.

Or watching every movie

on pay-per-view.

Twice.

And when all else failed

to preoccupy my mind,

I would help Jake Rosati

work on his grind.

This is frustrating.

Maybe we should...

- Take off our clothes?

- Or go inside.

Before my dad gets suspicious.

Right.

It's getting late, I should go.

Only if you promise to open

my Christmas present tonight.

Ohoh. Where can I find it?

You should look for something

arriving via email.

Oh.

[Computer dings]

Considering vacation days

were like dog years,

Jake and I were already on

the verge of common law status.

So making us online official

seemed like a formality.

And yet, I was afraid.

Would Jake still accept me

if he knew my own mother didn't?

I need clarity and an...

Explanation?

Why do you need an explanation?

I'm not a douchebag.

- Am I?

- No.

But the jury was still out

on my mother.

Well, looks like we're all

wrapped up here, so...

Not so fast.

I have one more gift for you.

Oh, you missed the card.

Here.

"This is who you are."

I never want you to forget

how precious you are to me.

I couldn't.

She put it in writing.

Of the carefrontation kind.

Thanks.

This is something to remind you

how precious you are to me.

.- how should I dress tonight?

Sexified.

It's new year's Eve

and you have a date,

which means you're guaranteed

to swap saliva.

The only thing I'm guaranteed

is a Prozac attack.

I can't believe Ricky's

holed up in Havasu

with his grandma

when we're finally commit legit.

Oh, you guys DTR'ed?

He sexted me a picture of his hand

with a note that says, "we miss you."

That pretty much sums it up.

We're together.

Now, you, you need an outfit

that plays up your assets.

Oh! Borrow something from your mom.

Guaranteed she has something

to boost your bitties.

I'm not sure my mom's style

sends the right message...

With words or clothes.

I still hadn't told tee

that my mom wrote the letter.

I hadn't told anyone,

'cause I didn't want anybody

to hate my mom

until I figured out if I did.

- Hello?

- I'll figure something out.

See you soon.

Where you going?

A party.

Well, your dad and I were just gonna

- take you to a movie.

- Sorry.

- Are you going with Jake?

- Yep.

- Is he a good kisser?

- Mom!

Well, it wasn't that long ago

I was your age.

You can talk to me...

About anything.

I wasn't ready to talk

until I figured out what to say.

So the only way to get my mom

out of my hair

was to do it.

I gotta do my hair.

- Need help?

- Nope.

If I was a paranoid person,

I would say that

you're trying to avoid me.

Why would you think that?

[Turns blow-dryer on]

Well, for starters,

you've been really distant

the last two weeks.

I can tell when something's

eating you up,

and I think I know what it is.

I detected something missing,

and realize you must've seen it.

This is really hard for me to say,

so I'll just come out with it.

She was about to confess.

I noticed you and Jake

weren't online official.

It takes a while for boys to commit.

Which is why you have

to manipulate them into it.

Do you know his password?

[Turns blow-dryer higher]

In four short months, I had evolved.

I'd gone from that girl

who tried to kill herself

to that girl who had a date

on new year's Eve.

But for some reason,

new Jenna still couldn't shake

feeling like the old one.

"What's left to be resolved?"

Happy new year!

Ha ha.

Hi, hi.

Welcome.

I hadn't spoken to Matty

since the dance,

and I was worried

that seeing him would be...

Weird.

Well, what are you waiting for?

Let's get a drink in your hand.

Debrief. Now!

Matty didn't even flinch.

He just jet skied passed

his heartache.

Yeah, those fist bumps

were not pained.

Okay, I got the memo.

He's fine, but I'm not.

Someone's reading my blog.

I got a comment tonight.

- How?

- It's on a public site.

I knew it.

Which one?

It doesn't matter now.

I hid it.

Why'd you make it public

in the first place?

I don't know!

I didn't really think about it.

It was anonymous...

Sort of.

So it's not one of you guys?

Like you wouldn't know if it was me.

- I can't keep a secret for [bleep].

- True.

So do you think it's someone we know?

Most likely,

it's some creepy old perv.

- Like Peng Huang.

- Who?

My dad.

I found porn on my laptop.

[Gasp] Ew!

Your dad tickles his pickle

on your...

Judge all you want, but at least n

I have leverage...

Sort of.

I'm still getting picked up

before midnight.

So while you all kiss each other,

I'm gonna be kissing my pillow.

With your dad's jolly juice.

On that visual, I'm getting a drink.

Hi!

Look, it's a new year,

and I wanna clear the air,

start fresh, and repent for my sins.

Jenna!

I've sinned against you.

And I'm sorry.

Great.

I accept your apology.

But I mean, I did

really awful things to you.

I told everyone you were a whore.

Did you start the "Hamilton's

a whore" group online?

As of tomorrow, it's coming down.

Great, thanks.

I forgive you.

- Good talk.

- Oh.

You seem a little off balance.

And I think I know why.

At first, I considered it

temporary insanity

when you locked me

out of the bathroom.

But since you haven't responded

to any of my calls or texts,

I can only conclude you're

bordering on insubordination.

That said, I'm over it.

You're forgiven.

- You threatened to shave my head.

- This is what we do.

You step out of line,

and I smack you down.

Then you get me a latte.

Well, not this year.

So you're willing

to be friends with Hamil-toe

- and not me?

- Exactly.

By the way, you look skinny.

That is something

a friend would say, bitch!

The powder was so fresh, man.

Except on the backside

when I bailed down some ice.

Best snowboarding of my life.

- Wish I could've been there.

- No doubt.

So what'd you do over the break?

Oh, not much.

Just chilled.

- Oh, with Hamilton?

- A little.

You guys together now?

[Phone rings]

Uh, no, we're not official

or anything.

Just been hanging out.

- Hello?

- Hey, girl!

Just wanted to say happy NYE!

Valerie?

Is everything okay?

You've never called my cell before.

Well, Jenna,

there is a first for everything.

A first for calling your best girl,

a first for being stood up.

- Were you stood up?

- No! No, God, no.

I meant, in the handicapped sense

when someone has to lift someone

else out of a wheelchair.

Anyway, where are you

celebrating tonight?

Uh, I'm a Matty McKibben's.

Right.

New year's is for lovers.

- I'm here with Jake.

- Are you sure that's a good idea?

I mean, someone might get

the wrong impression,

like I had a date.

- Valerie, I have to go!

- Why!

Look, I let the cat out.

Need some help?

Sure.

So did you have a good holiday?

- Yeah, it was great. You?

- Yeah.

So... I know I probably don't

have to say this,

but I'm really sorry about

what happened at the dance.

I'm hoping we can be friends

once we get some closure.

Not that I'm suggesting

that you need closure.

But...

I do.

So... are we closed?

No.

I want another chance.

{pub}- You want another chance?

- I know I made a lot of mistakes.

- But I won't screw up again.

- I came with Jake.

But you can stay...

With me.

It's not that easy.

I know you haven't forgotten

about me, Jenna,

or you wouldn't be here right now.

It was true.

I hadn't forgotten about Matty.

But I also hadn't entirely

forgiven him.

Jake said you guys

were just hanging out.

He'll understand once we explain it.

- We?

- Or me.

I'll tell him.

Okay, just meet me here

at midnight...

And we'll start over.

And don't worry about Jake.

He'll understand once...

He knows.

Once he knows what?

That I was with you first.

Technically, Matty was with me first.

And technically,

Jake and I weren't official.

But if everything came down

to technicalities,

I was technically confused.

I'm confused too.

When did you ask her

to be online official?

Almost a week ago.

And she hasn't even responded.

[Scoffs]

Puh-lease.

Ricky's left my request in cyberspace

for, like, three months.

- I should really ask him why.

- Do it now.

Get a little resolution

before the new year.

He's with his grandma.

Well, if that's true,

then she's looking pretty good.

Ricky!

You lying sack of crap!

I better lie in wait nearby

to deal with the aftermath.

Ooh! Hey, stranger.

Where've you been?

I accidentally let the cat out.

I don't think Matty has a cat.

Any more.

Which is...

Even more reason to find it.

It has already been forgotten.

And what about you?

Have you forgotten?

- Forgotten what?

- To respond to my request.

Oh, right!

I was totally gonna do that.

Right after I found the cat.

Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!

Kitty!

[Gasp] Kitty?

Kitty?

Is there a kitty?

[Gasp] I love kitties.

Meow.

Kitty? Meow.

- Meow!

- Get up, there's no cat.

- So I've been thinking.

- It was a first.

I know how we can be even.

- We are even.

- No, no.

I'm talking old testament even.

It's called an eye for an eye,

but we're gonna make it

a cheek for a cheek.

I slapped you,

so you have to slap me.

- Uh-uh, I'm not gonna slap you.

- Come on, slap me!

[Gasp]

Wow, I didn't even feel that.

Beautiful, I swear,

my grandma dropped me off early

to surprise you.

Call her.

She'll confirm my story.

Your story?

[Chuckles]

You just admitted

that you're making this up.

Eat [bleep], Ricky.

15 minutes to midnight!

They were 15 minutes

that I would never forget.

Jake needed acceptance,

Matty needed an answer,

and I needed some air.

[Car horn honking]

I'm here to help you

with your crisis.

You know about my crisis?

With your cat.

Don't worry, we'll find her.

Or is it a him?

Tomcats can be a little tricky.

Which is why I brought

reinforcements.

Val...

The cat's imaginary.

So is my relationship.

Oh!

"J," I am tore up from the floor up,

beat up from the feet up,

and I need a check up

from the neck up.

Alok stood me up.

I'm sorry to lay this on you

but Susan's out of town.

Who's Susan?

Your therapist?

No, my psychic.

I'm not good at following

my own intuition

when it comes to relationships,

so I need her guidance.

And there's no way

to reach her by phone?

At that moment,

I could've used a little

guidance from Susan myself.

No, she won't give out her cell.

Oh, "j"...

I feel like such a tool.

Alok said he wanted to ring in

the new year together,

so I bought a new dress

and I got my hair done.

And now it's unraveled.

No. It's still intact.

But my heart isn't.

- He didn't even call you?

- No, he did a few times.

But... I don't know.

I just... I don't wanna hear

his excuses, you know?

I've heard 'em all before.

My ex had a million of 'em.

Who bangs their head

and has to go to the doctor?

There was no blood.

Just a bump and blurred vision.

He could've just said he didn't

wanna see stars on ice.

Val, this is your ex,

not Mr. Mishra, right?

Yeah.

You can't let your past

disappoint cloud your judgment.

It's holding you back.

And maybe my past disappointment

was holding me back too.

- I just didn't know from who.

- I should call him.

Do it.

Get out of my car.

Happy new year's!

10!

All: 9...

8...

7...

6...

5...

4...

3...

2...

1.

{pub}What are you doing alone in here?

Um, getting drunk.

I just got denied.

Ah, let me guess.

Jenna Hamilton.

Yeah.

How'd you know?

It's [bleep] obvious.

You've been drooling

over the freak for months.

Why? I'll never know.

You probably have

some sort of savior complex.

So what happened?

Did she dis you again

for the nilla wafer?

Yup.

And now I've been relegated

to second string.

Just tell me, how do I just

watch from the sidelines?

- Get a therapist.

- Come on, sades.

- I need to talk.

- Then talk.

But not to me.

Why?

Are you so dense that you can't see

that I have had

a crush on you forever?

And now you want me

to make you feel better

because you finally tasted

the bitter pill of rejection?

Well, I won't.

Welcome to my club.

It's a lonely, sad, dep...

So... what are your resolutions?

I didn't know.

There were too many to process.

This year, I'm not even

gonna say his name.

Ricky's dead to me.

Oh, damn it!

I just said Ricky.

[Bleep]!

This year, I'm gonna

let Jesus take the wheel.

'Cause I'm way too drunk to drive.

Ow!

This year, I'm gonna be on top.

Unless I'm in

a monogamous relationship.

I just decided I'm not gonna

make any resolutions.

I'm just gonna

let the year surprise me.

Oh... my... God.

Oh, my God.

You've got to be kidding me.

You're totally overrated.

Or...

Am I?

This is my grandma.

Talk to her.

Hello?

Yes, but...

He did?

He is a nice boy.

You too.

Oh! I should wash my mouth out.

I puked in the sink.

Anybody have any gum?

You, come here!

- That was...

- Amazing.

I know.

You're welcome.

- You ready to go?

- Yes.

I'm not letting you leave.

Not until you...

Happy new year.

Thank you.

{pub}Thanks for coming with me tonight.

Mm-hmm.

And, uh, thank you for the...

Condoms?

Who got condoms for Christmas?

Me.

They're from my dad.

Wow!

Well, thank you, Mr. Hamilton.

Looks like I'm about

to have a good year.

Can't believe your dad

gave you condoms.

Yeah, it's kind of his thing.

He gave them to

the last guy I dated too.

Oh.

So you use 'em?

Yes... no.

Not any more, but I have.

Cool.

If it makes you feel

any better, I was in love...

You know, when I used them.

That doesn't make me feel any better.

Do you want out?

No.

I'm all in.

But are you?

It was official.

We had DTR'ed for the world to see.

And I was letting go of my fear.

My fear of rejection.

Because I had nothing to hide.

And even if only one virtual stranger

knew the whole truth,

it was time to go public

with what I could

neither forgive nor forget.

Yes.

This came in the mail for you.

And... she's finally doing her hair

now that she has a boyf...

Sarah, I gotta go.

This season on Awkward.

Bad news, dudes.

We've been TMZ'ed.

Can you imagine

all the scandalous stuff

that's been caught on tape?

I am barely over my suicide stigma.

I can't be known as the girl

who hooked up on tape.

Now I have to tell Jake about Matty.

Before he finds out the hard way.

- Jenna, I don't like secrets.

- Secrets? What secrets?

The guy you slept with.

I'm totally jealous of him.

I hate to admit this,

but Matty might be trying

to home-wreck you.

You think I'm trying to lure you

away from Jake?

- Yes!

- You're crazy!

You guys seen that girl

Matty's been hanging out with?

- Yes...

- Yes...

- Do you think she's attractive?

- Yes!

- So, what's up with you two anyway?

- She's cool.

We know you were in love with Matty.

But when did you know?

- After we had sex.

- Okay.

You have to have sex with Jake,

then you'll know.

I think we should have sex.

Always be a lady in the street,

quick in the shits,

quiet over the P.S. System.

You're going to church camp?

If they tell you to drink

and take a nap,

don't.

- You're saved.

- I really need to clear my head.

When I'm going to camp,

it can't be fixed by stepping my past

in the wrong kind of time.

Timing, it was everything.

And my time had arrived.

As my best friend, if you knew something,

you'd tell me, right?

Yeah.

Say it. Say it.

I think our timing is off.

Maybe the timing's finally right.

Are you gonna stroke out?

Do you need a trauma blanket?

You need to choose.

Him, or me.

**Awkward 02x02**

- Previously on Awkward...

- You want another chance?

- I won't screw up again.

- I came with Jake.

But you can stay with me.

I should wash my mouth out.

I puked in the sink.

- I'm all in.

- This came in the mail for you.

With the new year came freedom.

I had a boyfriend who was happy

to be seen with me

in direct sunlight.

And I had to say it felt good

to have an open relationship.

Not open in a creepy,

polyamorous way,

- just public.

- Oh, no, man, look at that!

Something's going down

at the sanctuary.

Check it out.

Bad news, dudes.

We've been TMZed.

How long has that been recording?

I don't know.

Last time I clocked the security camera,

it was pointed at the football field.

Can you imagine

all the scandalous stuff

that's been caught on tape?

Including my secret relationship

with Matty McKibben.

[Whistles and cheers]

I am barely over my suicide stigma.

I can't be known as the girl

who hooked up on tape.

If you got down and dirt3

in that hellhole,

you have more to worry about

than your image.

The sanctuary is the slutty

vagina of Palos Hills.

Total petri dish.

It is so gonna suck

when you get expelled.

Thanks for piling on my freakout.

Who gives a [bleep] if someone

stole the footage

from the sanctuary?

It's not like it's gonna ruin

your reputation

when it goes viral.

Everybody already knows

you're a slut.

The tape is going public?

No!

Oh, my God...

[Pained sob]

I hope I at least have a cameo.

From the neck up.

If these happy sacs

are gonna be webified,

I'm gonna need to be compensated.

I won't be on that tape.

Kinda hard to get in trouble

when you're uber-boring

and have no secrets.

It's a good day to be Asian.

But not a good day to be me.

Now I have to tell Jake about Matty

before he finds out the hard way.

I have to get more info

on this footage.

I seriously doubt

they picked up anything

on that sanctuary cam.

It's so dark,

I'm sure all you can see

are shadowy figures.

Probably not faces, right?

No faces?

Yeah, I guess.

I know it's in the past,

and I told Jenna

that it doesn't bother me,

and I don't want it

to bother me, but it kinda does.

Get to the point.

Any point, please.

Jenna told me she's not a virgin.

She's not?

No.

- Did you sleep with her?

- No!

Well, I mean... not yet.

You know.

That has nothing to do with you, man.

That happened before

you two started going out,

so... stop stressing it.

- Remember that girl I lost it to?

- No.

Exactly.

Either do I.

[Scoffs]

Is that supposed

to make me feel better?

- Hey.

- Hey.

Oh, hey. I gotta go to study gym.

Which is... does exist.

What was that?

Did you tell him about us?

- No, he told me about us.

- What?

He said you slept with somebody,

but for now,

he doesn't know who it is.

- Why'd you tell him?

- That's none of your business.

It is now. That video

could surface any minute.

So we can tell Jake,

or he can find out

with the rest of the world.

[Clears throat]

Oh, principal Cox.

- Good day.

- No, bad day, Ms. Marks.

If this sanctuary scandal blows up,

- we could all go down.

- I don't want to go down.

I've been there.

One minute,

you're on top of the world, the next,

you're butt-poppin' meth

in an abandoned warehouse

- with a guy named rooster.

- Oh... oh...

I-I need your connections

to help us get this God dang tape.

Mmm,

let me put on

my murder, she wrote glasses

and I will get on it.

Actually,

they're just reading glasses,

but when I lose my keys, I put 'em on

and boom, I instantly find 'em.

'Cause you can actually see.

When you do find that tape,

don't watch it,

just bring it straight to me.

J, like former president Clinton

and former prime minister Tony Blair,

you and I have what some might call

a special relationship.

- Absolutely.

- Okay, ha!

In this scenario, I will be

prime minister Tony Blair,

and you will be Clinton.

[Clears throat]

[Bad British accent]

Do you know anything about

this alleged sanctuary tape?

Why? Do you?

I asked you first.

No, but I was hoping you had

some inside information

with special friends

would obviously share.

Why do you want to know?

Just curious.

And desperate to know

how much time I had

before I had to tell Jake.

My honeymoon was not ready

to be over.

All right, the truth is

I don't know anything.

I didn't even know

there was a sanctuary

until this morning.

Great.

Well, thanks anyway.

Say hi to the wife for me.

The four of us should get together

for some fondue.

Seriously, j, if you think

of anyone who's in the know,

just send 'em my way.

If there was anyone at P.H.

who knew what was going on

before anyone else, it was...

The Asians?

I'm not eating lunch

with those people!

Ming, you're Chinese.

They're your people!

I am in a code orange

soon-to-be-red situation.

My happiness is at stake.

I need to know if Matty and I

are on that frikkin' tape.

How do the Asians fit

into this equation?

It's no secret, they know

everything about everything.

The Asians brought

their earthquake kits to school

a week before the last earthquake.

And they threw Elena Harvey

a baby shower

before she knew she was knocked up.

Asians aren't magic.

They don't have

to control over everything.

Yes, they do.

Why do you think our school flag

has a dragon on it?

Ming, I'm not asking you

to be friends with them.

It's just one lunch.

[Groans]

[Exotic eastern music]

??

- Hi, I'm...

- Ming Wong.

555 Trailriders drive.

- We know you.

- You do?

Your parents own a sundries

shop on the peninsula,

and they're crazy strict.

How do you know that?

The how is not

as important as the why.

Asians make up 30%

of the Palos Verdes population,

so it's important for us

to know everything about them.

What I don't know is

are you a cool Asian

or a school Asian?

- What are your PSAT scores?

- 120.

Low. You're not a school Asian.

Have you ever spring breaked

in Cabo, dealt Adderall,

or had an affair with the lead singer

of an indie rock band?

Not a cool Asian either.

So what am I?

You're white.

- Sushi?

- Wow. Thanks.

Uh, I'm not a real Asian,

so I don't know your name.

[Laughter]

Becca.

What can we do for you?

Do you know anyone

that can get their hands

on that sanctuary footage?

My friend needs to know

if she's on it.

We don't stick our necks out

for round eyes.

That's kinda racist.

No, it's not.

Their eyes are round.

Yeah, but...

- Now you're a racist.

- , I'm not!

It's cool. Why do you think

I changed my name to Becca

from Wan Fu Win?

Because everyone's a racist.

- I'm kidding.

- [Nervous laugh]

We'll see what we can do

and get back to you.

Until then, here are the answers

to tomorrow's history test.

Oh, my God, this is great.

Thanks.

No, thank you.

You've been making us look bad.

[Laughter]

They had Sushi delivered?

A-masian!

You guys, Asians are so cool!

They agreed to investigate

the tape sitch

and slipped me some test answers!

Thanks for the hookup.

If anyone can

smoke out the footage, it'll be them.

I think we lost Ming to the far east.

I feel dirty...

And alive.

I feel Asian!

Kung Pao shrimp, lasagna, and

potato chip chicken casserole.

Those dishes

don't really go together.

Sure, they do.

They are Jenna's favorites.

[Chuckles]

I guess I know our daughter

a little better than you do.

My mom thought she could work her way

back into my heart

through my stomach.

She didn't know me at all.

What's going on here?

You're cooking,

and you're not eating.

My Matty secret wasn't

the only one I was keeping.

My mom and I were

still harboring her secret

that she wrote the letter,

and I figured

she should be the one to bust it out.

Mom, do you want to tell him?

Why not?

Lacey, what the hell did you do?

Jenna wanted me to tell you that I...

We're both getting perms!

[Laughs]

Guess I should have let her tell you.

{pub}When are you going

to tell dad about the letter?

[Sighs]

I've tried.

You don't know how hard it is

to tell someone something

that might break their heart.

I knew exactly how hard it was,

which is why I had

conveniently forgotten

to tell Jake about Matty.

What about me?

You broke my heart

when you wrote that letter.

And I still don't know

why you wrote it.

Jenna, I was only trying to help you.

- I swear.

- You are unbelievable.

I'm sorry.

I wish I could take it back.

Not a minute goes by that

I don't regret writing it.

Tell dad about the letter, or I will.

I am done with secrets.

And I wasn't the only one.

The threat of the sanctuary tape

being exposed

ignited a school-wide

pre-emptive strike.

People were spilling

their secrets faster

than a bunch of drunk-ass

reality stars in a hot tub.

I kinda cheated on you

in the sanctuary.

I did the stone 'n bone

with Cici Markling.

I ate a double cheeseburger there.

Best thing I ever put in my mouth!

I made out with Matty McKibben,

and he is a terrible kisser.

It didn't happen

in the sanctuary, though.

I wouldn't go near that cess pit.

As pissed as I was at my mom

for not divulging her secret,

I was just as mad at myself

for holding on to mine.

Ming, you can 86 the tape hunt.

I've decided to tell Jake.

What if it turns out

you're not even on it?

It doesn't matter.

Jake deserves to know.

Even if he hates me for it.

I'll tell Becca

to call off the search.

[School bell rings]

I don't need the tape anymore.

I'm sorry, but that train

already left the station.

And you can't jump off

of a moving train.

Actually, you can, but then

you might break something!

I'll have that tape

to you by tomorrow.

Ooo-kay.

And thanks again for the cheat sheet.

I'm not complaining, but did you know

a few of those answers are wrong?

I didn't want to "red flag" you.

No one would buy it if you went

from being a "c" student

to full-immersion overnight.

You still only know one language.

[Speaks foreign language]

Oh...

I'm just saying

I can't imagine some dude

sitting through

a billion hours of footage

just to find a few minutes

of good stuff.

What a pain in the ass.

Are you on it?

Have you been cross-dressing

in the sanctuary?

- Yeah. Can I borrow your thong again?

- As long as you hand-wash it.

You're the one obsessing, Rosati.

I can't help it.

This Jenna thing is bumming me out.

I'm really into her, man.

I just assumed she was a virgin.

You you can't be upset with Jenna

for something she did

- before she met you.

- I know.

But that's not

what's driving me nuts.

It's that Jenna was in love

with this other guy.

How am I supposed

to compete with that?

Is she still in love with him?

I don't know.

Why would you say that?

I'm sorry.

Sorry, I gotta run.

I need to ask you something.

Have you slept with

anyone else besides me?

No, but what I have

or haven't done doesn't...

I love you.

Hey.

Sorry it took so long.

You ready?

I was definitely ready...

To hit the nearest

self-destruct button.

{pub}Do you like this song?

I like this song.

I don't get it, though.

"Her kisses taste like damage."

Is he trying to say that

the girl is emotionally damaged,

or that she tastes like

vodka and cigarettes?

[Chuckles]

Yeah.

[Music stops]

- Jenna, I don't like secrets!

- Secrets? What secrets?

The guy you slept with.

I'm totally jealous of him.

Does that sound crazy?

Yeah, I know, it does.

And I'll own it.

I'm acting like a total whack job,

and I don't even know

who this guy is.

And you know what?

I don't wanna know.

Because you're with me now...

And that's all that matters...

Right?

Okay.

[Sighs]

Yeah. There.

Got that out of my system.

Now I can act like a dude again.

You still have to tell him.

He doesn't want to know.

One way or another, [bleep] gets out.

And Matty said he loves you.

Which is totally

[bleep] up, by the way.

How dare he do that now.

What a jerk.

A jerk in love,

which is why he could go rogue.

Look at all the crazy stuff I've done

because of Ricky Schwartz.

The clock is ticking, Jenna,

and according

to Ming's new fr'asians,

wait, friends who are Asians?

Yeah. The footage exists,

and it's coming out today.

Today, Jenna!

This tape is a terrorist's backpack,

and it's entering the open

market of your relationship.

Well, Jake said that

he wasn't interested

in hearing the details

of my former relationship,

and I am going to take that

at face value.

Yeah, well, how is Jake gonna feel

when he finds out

that face belongs to Matty?

You're taking the easy way out.

Maybe. But even if I am

on that footage,

I'm covered.

Jenna Hamilton's not on it.

The security camera was

only turned around for two days.

How did you know

I was getting it for Jenna?

How do I know your

grandparents were born

two Miles outside

of the Jiangsu province,

where they sustained themselves

by running a fish farm?

I just do.

My grandpa said he was an engineer.

Oh. You still want this?

The only thing interesting

is vice principal Highmore

hooking up with some guy

in a fugly snowflake tie.

Gross. I'd still love

to check it out.

And should I ever need a favor?

- Anything.

- Not right now.

But one day in the future,

Ming Fei Yen Huang.

One day.

Jenna, I've got it.

- [Chuckling]

- Oh, [bleep] me!

Guess what I got.

Nice tie.

Isn't it a little late

for snowflakes?

You didn't watch that, right,

like I specifically instructed

as your higher-up?

I have seen it,

and it is tres scandalous.

What... what did...

What did you see?

I saw things.

Things that would have made

a lesser woman weep.

Are you familiar with

French new wave cinema?

Look, don't murder, she wrote

me, Marks, all right?

What are you getting at?

There was a lot of shoe leather

to get my hands on this thing,

and I feel I'm due some respect.

Okay, come here.

I'll give you anything you want.

I'm sorry, Becca, the DVD was snaked

by our crazy guidance counselor.

I know.

That was the plan.

I'm confused.

Average student here, remember?

Attention, students, as of today,

vice principal Rachel Highmore

is stepping down,

and guidance counselor Valerie Marks

will be moving into that position.

Kudos, Ms. Marks.

Highmore was trying to stop us

from parking our cars

in the visitor spaces.

That bitch had to go.

You're in our circle of trust

now, Ming Fei Yen Huang.

And that trust can never be broken.

Never... ever.

You're not on the tape.

- Oh, thank God.

- Now you can stop worrying

about yourself

and start worrying about me.

Hello kitty played me

like her sacrificial pawn.

Whenever she got all serious,

she called me by my full name!

[Shudders]

It creeped my [bleep] out.

O.M.G.D.F.,

I think you've just been

inducted into the Asian mafia!

What?

As bad as I felt for forcing Ming

to roll with her homies,

I had to admit I felt good.

The black cloud of scandal

had lifted,

and I no longer had to live in fear.

All my business was handled.

[Cell phone chimes]

[Whistle blows in distance]

I got the tape from Fred Wu,

- and we are...

- Not on it, I know.

Guess I'll see you around.

That's all you have to say?

- What else is there?

- You know.

I was in such a panic over the tape,

I had put Matty's "I love you"

in a box

and shoved it into

a poorly-lit corner of my mind.

So we don't have to tell Jake.

I don't want to be

anyone's secret anymore.

And I don't want

to keep secrets from Jake.

I really like him.

He's not embarrassed of me,

and he never makes me

feel bad about myself.

Did I?

I'm so sorry, Jenna.

Just please don't tell Jake.

I can't lose him too.

{pub}My secrets were still in the closet.

Jake didn't want to ask,

and Matty didn't want me to tell.

And my mom wasn't ready

to out herself either.

So I had to ask myself,

were some secrets better

revealed or concealed?

[Computer chimes]

"It all depends on the secret."

What do you... mean?

"Is it your secret to tell?"

Thanks for dinner.

I made a chocolate silk pie.

Remember that road trip

to Santa Fe when you were eight?

You loved this pie so much

that you begged us

to order one for the road?

And then you secretly ate

the entire thing

and threw up in the cooler.

Mom, stop.

You don't have to keep

bribing me with food.

I'm never gonna tell dad

about the letter.

That's your secret, not mine.

Thank you.

Kevin...

I wrote that letter to Jenna.

[Knock on door]

I got your text.

But why am I coming

through your back door?

Uh, for the record,

that's the only back door

you'll ever have access to.

Not a problem.

Thanks for bringing it up, though.

I still have P.T.S.D.

from the whole Lissa situation.

D-don't...

Don't say it.

- B-hymen

- [Laughs]

So, uh, before I sweat

through another shir...

Can you tell me what it was

that was so important

that you had to say it in person?

Do I need to sit down?

I'm gonna probably sit down.

No, I'm gonna stand.

OK, so, Jake...

I know you don't wanna know

about the other guy,

but I want you to know, that is,

if you do want to know.

But I think you would want to know.

What I want...

Is for you to be comfortable

telling me anything.

Even if it's something

you think I don't want to hear.

I want to hear it.

And I think it's only fair

that you know.

I'm not in love

with that other guy anymore.

I am completely and totally

invested in you.

??This life could be

??great, spent simply...

You taste like pie.

As long as I don't taste like damage.

Well, maybe a little.

**Awkward 02x03**

- Previously on Awkward...

- The tape is going public?

That footage could surface

any minute,

so we can tell Jake, or he can see it

with the rest of the world.

Jenna was in love

with this other guy.

I don't wanna keep secrets from Jake.

I'm not in love

with that other guy anymore.

- Mom, do you wanna tell him?

- I wrote that letter to Jenna.

Good morning, Palos Hillers,

don't forget the assembly

in the school gym this morning.

In my role as part

of a newsome twosome,

I was learning that sometimes

I had to be led...

Rosati.

And sometimes I had to take the lead.

Relationships

were all about compromise...

And restraint.

I was trying to throw myself

into my relationship with Jake

without being the clingy

girlfriend of his past.

But like a uniboob in a sports bra,

I was the one being confined...

By my ex.

He just couldn't accept rejection.

[Siren wails]

Holla!

V.P. Marks is in the house!

Hey, your grandpa called.

He wants his shirt back.

Yo, shorty, why don't you

try growing a few inches?

Hey, val, why'd you get

your hair cut?

It looks stupid.

Bullying is no laughing matter.

I wanna thank you all for coming

to this required assembly.

I am pumped to kick off

anti-bully awareness week,

which culminates

with our 5k on Friday.

Anyone acting like a bully this week

will receive a Scarlet "B"

and report to my office for

some serious V.P. discipline.

It stands for vice principal,

my new position, which is no joke.

And neither is dancing for a cause.

Please welcome Palos Hills Choreo Club:

Zeus Troupe.

[Cheers and applause]

Whoo, go, T!

[Whistles]

Way to show off

the honey pot, ladies.

[Hip-hop music]

????

Ricky!

Ricky, you are a scum dumpster!

I'm gonna kick your ass!

Let's take it outside!

Ricky, I swear!

Let's take it outside!

Ricky!

Let's take it outside!

And Matty wasn't the only one

who couldn't let go.

How does that Ricky Schwartz

guy pull so much tail?

- Girls are into cheese.

- No, he's just relentless.

Like Matty, my life had become

a series of new complications.

- Lunch off campus?

- Yeah, good with me. Jenna?

My boyfriend's boy friend

was my secret ex,

and I wasn't sure how to remove

the third wheel from my relationship.

- Great!

- Cool. See you later.

Matty's been acting weird

lately. Have you noticed?

It was hard not to.

Matty was always around.

Do you think he's depressed?

Yeah.

It's probably nothing.

But you're something: Adorable.

Oh, now I'm worried about Matty.

Don't.

He's not your problem.

Matty's my problem.

He's depressed, and it's my fault.

I chose Jake,

and now we can't be alone

without Matty tagging along

trying to tempt me.

The whole situation is weird.

Get over you.

He's not trying to temp you.

He probably feels like the BBF.

Backburner friend.

And I can relate.

Ever since you found Jake

and Ming joined the mafia,

I've been...

I didn't put you on the backburner.

You've been so saran-wrapped

around Jake,

you can't even see it.

I'm not clingy.

Matty is.

Do you want me to be the BBF?

Because I can do that and tell

you what you wanna hear.

No, I want the BFF treatment.

Here it is: Nobody likes a cling-on.

Including my panini.

That's right, I have camel toe.

Soak it in.

Looks like your unitard

is already doing the job.

As Tamara prepared to own up

to her behavior,

I was left to process mine.

Was I unintentionally

being cruel to Matty

by clinging on to Jake?

[Sighs]

Give me some space!

Tamara, this is Mrs. Karey.

She's our new guidance

counselor, in training.

You should feel comfortable

opening up to her,

but not so open that you feel exposed

because Mrs. Karey hasn't been

fully vetted just yet.

We don't even know

if that's her real name.

So, Tamara, clearly

you have some issues

relating to Mr. Richard Schwartz.

Yes. Ricky's a piece of [Bleep].

Sounds like you're angry.

That is an understatement.

The pig was publically

deep-throating some skankster.

I believe my response

was appropriate.

Anger is not the answer.

Sometimes we need

a gentle reminder to not let

other people get the better of us.

You're gonna have to be punished

for your behavior.

I went full-metal sequins

in front of the entire school.

Don't you think

the embarrassment on my outburst

is punishment enough?

Yes. And it's gonna take until

the next public nip slip

for you to live it down.

But I have an example to set.

In my new role...

I am responsible

for disciplinary action.

Which is none

of Mrs. Karey's business,

so I'm gonna write it down.

[Scoffs]

You'll pay me 20 bucks?

I can maybe get 30

by the end of the day.

That would be a bribe,

which would be wrong to take

in either role.

It's illegal... and not nearly

enough money.

Tamara, you will be volunteering

for the 5k run/walk

because you acted like a bully,

and you need to run it off.

I should suspend her.

It's a lot of paperwork.

Hi, I'm a bully working on

letting go of my anger.

Please sign up for the 5k

to help put kids like me in my place.

- You have to read that?

- Yeah.

Every day at lunch.

Hey, Hamilton, you coming to lunch?

Do you want me to stay and help?

I don't want you to feel

like a backburner friend.

I would only relegate a BBF

to working this lame event.

Plus Ming can get me, like,

200 signatures

with her mafia connections,

- so you're off the hook.

- Thanks, t.

But, as your BFF, I must remind you,

be kind.

Don't rub your new romance

in Matty's face.

Nobody likes a Ricky.

I'm not a Ricky.

I didn't wanna rub my relationship

or anything else in Matty's face.

And to prove my point,

I took the back seat...

[Alternative music]

????

I shared my better half...

????

And I gave up control.

I was cramped, hungry,

and hot... in the wrong way.

In my attempt

to spare Matty's feelings,

I had sacrificed mine.

My ménage à trois had become

a ménage à faux pas.

I was being constantly reminded

of my lingering attraction to Matty.

But thankfully, three

was a magic number at home

on a good day.

So dad's working late...

Again.

He's just been trying to get

ahead of his crazy workload.

My mom could make excuses all night,

but I knew the truth.

Ever since my dad found out that she

was behind the carefrontation,

he had been avoiding her.

And by avoiding her, I was

getting the residual shaft too.

I think he needs to relax,

take the stress off,

which is why I got him

a special surprise.

You bought dad a hot tub?

It's for the whole family to enjoy.

A hot tub equaled one thing:

Desperation.

My mom was desperate

for my father's attention,

and her secret weapon always involved

less clothing and more skin.

[Phone rings]

Hello?

I'm signing your parents up

for the 5k.

- Is that cool?

- Is that your dad?

It's Tamara, she wants to know

if you'll run

the 5k against bullies on Friday.

I don't like to sweat in public,

but I'll be happy to make a donation.

Oh, it's so hard to get people

excited about running.

- How was lunch?

- Matty took his shirt off

while playing a video game.

Who does that?

You know, I hate to admit this,

but Matty might be trying to homewreck you.

And I know this because right now,

I'm plotting to wreck Ricky.

No, Matty's not that kind of guy.

Maybe, maybe not.

Rejection brings out the dark side.

Believe me, I know.

I am fully aware that I'm

a loose Cannon right now,

and Matty might be too.

There's no way he's trying

to overtly hurt my relationship.

Jake's his best friend.

Well, I hope you're right,

but pay attention.

When are you hanging out

with Hottie Rosati again?

Tonight, he's coming over

to watch a movie.

- Or get in the hot tub!

- Or get in the hot tub.

Hot tub?

When did you get a hot tub?

- When my mom got desperate.

- I heard that.

My parents are fighting.

Well, if Matty ends up sitting

across from you in it,

then you'll know.

Know what?

That he's trying to sabotage you.

If there's one thing

Matty's not, it's a saboteur.

There's no way he's gonna

wind up in my hot tub.

Let's crank up the heat!

We didn't need to.

I was already boiling.

{pub}Sorry, I thought

we were gonna watch a movie.

He invited himself.

It was clear Matty

wasn't just clinging on to me.

He was clinging on to Jake.

Because if he couldn't have me,

he didn't want Jake to either.

It was textbook sabotage.

- Dude, did you pee?

- No.

I did not pee.

Jenna, can I talk to you?

Gladly.

Why are you sneaking in

through the back door?

I wasn't sneaking.

I was just trying to avoid your mom.

That's sneaking.

Hold up, who's the dad here?

When did we get a hot tub,

and what are you doing in it

with your boyfriend

and your ex-boyfriend?

Secret ex-boyfriend,

and the title's debatable.

We never fully DTR'd.

Jenna, spare me the details.

I don't wanna know them.

What I do wanna know is

why we have a hot tub.

It was mom's idea,

and she suggested we use it.

Why are you listening to your mom?

Because you've been m.I.A.

So can you please stick around

and help me get Matty out of here?

So you can be alone

with your boyfriend?

No.

But I will do you one better.

Did someone just pee?

That would be me.

[Pop music]

????

Oh!

- It's getting late.

- Okay.

Yeah, and I'm his ride.

Thanks for the invite.

Thanks for having us.

????

You might as well have bought

our daughter a sex swing.

Take it back.

[Bell rings]

T., you were right.

Matty's totally trying

to homewreck my relationship,

and it's working.

I haven't had a moment alone

with Jake in over a week.

I knew it.

It takes a saboteur

to know a saboteur.

Although Matty's a little

more amateur hour than I am.

Hi, I'm a bully who needs

to work on her anger.

Sign here if you think

Ricky Schwartz is a douche.

What did I say about personal space?

Tamara, this is school outreach,

not school outrage.

You were supposed to be signing

people up for the 5k,

not "Ricky Schwartz can kiss my ass."

I'm doing a public service.

A lot of people are outraged.

Ricky Schwartz used me

for rides at band practice,

and I'm not just talking

about the chair.

Ricky Schwartz

called us all beautiful,

so we would cup his balls.

Ricky Schwartz said

I'd look sexy with bangs.

I don't.

You have got to stop this.

Suspension paperwork is no joke.

I have to fill out

the front and the back.

You are supposed to be shadowing me!

Not overshadowing me!

You are such a novice.

Paper leaves a trail.

Start an anonymous Twitter campaign.

- You've gotta go big or go home.

- Which should be your motto.

You're the only reason

we're having this event.

It should be called

the Sadie Saxton walk/run,

and you could sure use the cardio.

- She didn't mean that.

- Oh, yes, she did.

And normally,

I would rip her to shreds,

but she's angry, and I get it.

People will tell you to let go

of your anger,

but anger can be a great motivator.

If you wanna sabotage someone,

you have to be smart.

Find out what their Achilles

heel is, and cut into it.

You're a pro at cutting.

[Laughs]

You can show her.

Now watch the master work.

Take Lissa.

Some would say she rejected me,

but I would say she doesn't

wanna be replaced.

You are so pretty, we should

totally hang out on my dad's boat.

- Really?

- No. But watch.

Lissa will be turning around

to look at us

in three... two... one.

Bitch had a point.

Matty didn't want me to replace him.

So if I was going to get him

to back down,

I would have to engage

in major display of PDA,

and I would do it by...

[Pop music]

Taking the front seat...

Not sharing my better half...

????

And regaining control.

????

- I think I'm gonna head out.

- Bye.

Yeah, I'll call you later, man.

I finally beat Matty at his own game.

Sadie was right.

Anger was a great motivator.

You've been really

affectionate lately.

You bring it out in me.

Yeah, I often drive women

wild with desire.

And while I'm really loving

what's happening here,

um, uh, I think I know

what's really going on.

It's Matty.

- I know you don't like him.

- No, no, no, that's not it.

It's okay.

He can be really standoffish

at first,

but once you get to know him

like I know him,

you'll love him.

That was the problem.

If Jake knew just how well

I knew Matty, he wouldn't love me.

I love you.

I'll always love you.

I'm just gonna stay at your

grandparents' for a few days.

You're just gonna sit there

and let him leave?

He just needs a little space.

Everyone could use a little space.

Everyone but me.

While I didn't like being

suffocated in my relationship,

I could have used

a little less oxygen at home.

See, this is what I was afraid of.

You're putting Jenna in the middle.

- Lacey, you put her there.

- No, I made a mistake.

You always said my ability

to take risks

was what you love most about me.

This isn't about getting

a butterfly tattoo.

You almost ruined

our daughter's life.

My life isn't ruined.

I'm fine.

But you'll ruin it if you

leave me alone with a bully.

God.

No one gets to escape if I don't.

{pub}Don't worry.

I've been to this a few times

with my parents,

and the first separation never takes.

If he was really leaving,

there would be some sort

of grand gesture.

My parents took me to Disney world.

If you get a car,

then they're getting a divorce.

I wish I could get Matty a car,

so Jake and I could divorce him.

Keep the car.

Use it to run him over.

Tamara was on to something,

but maybe there was an easier way

to get Matty out of my hair.

One that wouldn't give me 50 to life.

- Hey, we need to talk.

- Yeah, we do.

Apparently he was up to speed

on the intent of those four words,

so I didn't have to waste time

with gentle pleasantries.

I could go aggro.

Would you please butt out

of my relationship

and stop trying to seduce me?

- What are you talking about?

- The winks.

The "accidental" touching.

Nuding up every chance you get.

You have nice abs, I get it.

You think I'm trying

to lure you away from Jake?

- Yes!

- You're crazy.

Like I wanna hang out with you guys?

No, no, Jake wants me to.

I am trying to make it

as normal as possible,

but it is hard with you

always being so...

- Don't say it.

- Clingy.

I am not clingy.

- You're the cling-on.

- Hate to break it to you,

but the only new variable

in this relationship is you.

I've been hanging with Jake

since I was ten.

- Don't walk away from me!

- Just trying to be friends.

We were never friends!

There will be no yelling

in this hallway!

You're still my girl.

See you at the 5k.

Could it be that the person

sabotaging my relationship

with Jake was me?

If Matty was telling the truth,

then Matty wasn't

the third wheel, I was.

{pub}Come on, ladies.

It'll be the best threesome

of your life.

Girl on girl on Ricky.

Okay, that won't help.

All of your efforts to bully him

have backfired.

You've only made him more popular.

Hey!

Thanks for the advice,

but it sucked balls.

It didn't work.

Says who?

Son of a bitch, you played me!

You're welcome.

[Pop music]

????

Hey!

What is with the hooker shoes

around the kids?

This is a track, not a stripper poll.

You're fired!

????

This is adult business, okay?

You wouldn't understand...

It.

- Hey.

- Hi.

Matty told me that you guys talked.

What did he say?

That you and I might need

to spend some time together.

Alone.

So let's hang tonight.

Feel free to bring

more of that "can't get

enough of Jake" action.

Mm, I don't know if you heard,

but Tamara and I are bullies in need

of a serious attitude makeover

that only frozen yogurt can provide.

So you hang out with Matty

tonight without me.

You don't need a clingy girlfriend,

and I don't need to be one.

Maybe I like being clung to.

Hey, you wanna walk

this thing or what?

Not really.

We're off the hook.

Oh, thank God.

- Pizza?

- Yeah.

I'm gonna change, I'll meet you

in the parking lot.

Mwah.

I'm sorry for acting crazy.

I thought you were trying

to sabotage my relationship.

It's cool.

All right, let's get

this 5k party started!

[Gunshot]

Well, if it makes

you feel any better,

I'm being forced to walk this

because I yelled at you.

Good.

- Nice job, McKibben.

- What?

You were totally sabotaging them.

I know the signs.

[Alternative music]

????

What are you doing here?

Getting a little exercise

for a good cause.

Nobody likes a bully.

Who yells at her boyfriend's friends.

Or writes harsh letters

to her daughter.

Your dad left today.

He's at grandma's.

It's not just for a few days, is it?

No.

????

Hey, beautiful!

Yeah, you better run!

[Both laugh]

**Awkward 02x04**

Previously on Awkward...

You've been so saran-wrapped

around Jake,

you can't even see it.

I'm not clingy.

Matty is.

- Nice job, McKibben.

- What?

You were totally

sabotaging them.

Your dad left today.

It's not just for a few days,

is it?

No.

Post my parents' separation,

I'd spent a lot of time

playing the blame game.

And nine times out of ten,

the onus of their split

landed on me.

I regretted ever saying anything

about the letter,

and I was consumed with guilt.

So I was willing

to be with anyone

and do anything to avoid feeling

like a bad person.

[Organ playing]

My mom was also looking

for redemption.

And while our relationship

was still on shaky ground,

she needed

a little hand-holding,

willing or otherwise.

She wasn't good at being alone.

Not that she excelled

at being in public either.

Everyone, please open

your bibles to Psalm 46.

Oh, no, thank you.

I think we're

supposed to put money in.

At least there was

one saving grace

to getting up early

on a Sunday.

[Upbeat music]

This was enlightening,

but let's go

before the welcome committee

takes us hostage.

I probably should have tried

to save my mom,

but sometimes,

you just have to save yourself.

Check.

Check.

Double check.

Jenna!

[Gasps] You have to come

to the retreat.

On Saturday night, there's

a "Saints and Sinners" party

that we secretly call

"haloed bros and biblical hos."

And then on the Sunday,

Jesus forgives all your sins,

and there's a taco party!

- So you going to come?

- Hmm.

What would Jenna do?

I'm thinking about it.

[Gasps]

And I was.

Since my home no longer

felt like a safe haven,

I was open to exploring gods.

Maybe it was going

to be a new day.

[Gasps] Pastor Don!

This is Jenna.

She's the girl

we've been praying for.

Remember? The harlot

who stole my boyfriend.

[Ominous music]

Scratch that.

It was judgment day.

You're going to church camp?

With Dim Sum?

It's a retreat,

which I could really use,

given all the chaos

going on with my parents.

I think I need a little

spiritual guidance right now.

Well, if they tell you

to drink the kool-aid

- and take a nap, don't.

- It's a church, not a cult.

If you want a retreat,

why not just hole up with me?

I'm grounded for the weekend, so

we can do blah-di-na together.

Thanks, but I really need

to clear my head.

What I'm going through

can't be fixed

by stuffing my face

in a rom-com-athon.

And why are you grounded?

'Cause Ricky Schwartz got me

suspended and ruined my life!

Suspension.

Nice.

I like punishment.

Hey, Kyle.

How's your band?

Jenna lives?

We broke up.

Started getting

too much attention

from the mainstream, you know,

like jocks, class presidents,

that type.

I didn't want to be a sellout.

Are you talking about Jenna?

No.

He was totally talking

about you.

I knew he was a stalker.

"Take it outside"?

Where have I heard that before?

Apparently,

I wasn't the only one

who had lost faith in myself.

My stalker had too.

Maybe it was time

for a little divine...

Intervention?

Why do I need an intervention?

Because your "holier

than thou" bit is getting old.

I'm losing patience.

Isn't forgiveness

Jesus's whole deal?

I mean, he didn't judge that

hooker with the burning bush.

Sadie, you made me

do evil things,

and now JC is mad at me.

That's why he took Jake away.

No.

Jenna took Jake away.

And she's repenting,

which is more

than I can say for you.

Jenna's going to my church

and probably coming

to my retreat this weekend.

- Of her own volition?

- Yeah.

I think we're finally

going to be friends.

Maybe even best friends.

Got a minute?

[Gasps, sighs]

I actually have

another appointment,

but, ugh, that kid's

a total snooze.

So, yeah, have a seat.

What's going on?

I've been having

a hard time lately.

Are you off your meds?

I was never on them.

I'm depressed

because my parents

are separated.

- Your dad's single?

- What?

That must be hard for you.

I mean, considering

how attractive he is.

Oh, now you're going

to have to compete

with other girls

for his attention.

Do you think

he likes them young,

or is he into ladies...

his own age?

I don't know, and I don't care.

What I want is for my parents

to get back together.

I feel like their breakup

is my fault,

and it makes me

question who I am.

Internal reflection is good,

helps us mature.

Which is why I'm going

on a church retreat.

With Bible-thumpers?

I think putting my worry

into a higher power

will bring me some comfort,

you know?

J., do not be seduced

by the doughnuts.

It's not about the doughnuts.

It was kind of

about the doughnuts.

Listen, when I was your age,

I got mixed up with a group

of "good kids" too.

Lured me in

with the sugary, fried treats,

made me feel accepted,

and then, slowly but surely,

I started judging anyone

who drank coke

and didn't wear bloomers.

It's a slippery slope, J.

Religion is all about preying

on the weak,

and you, my friend--

You're an easy target.

While I wasn't convinced

that religion was

about exploiting the weak,

in my vulnerable state,

I couldn't take the risk.

I'd have to find another way

to soothe my soul.

And if I wasn't going

to lean on Jesus,

I'd lean on Jake.

Dude, she was just

checking you out.

Yeah, so?

So she's hot, right?

Dude, you gotta get

out of this funk.

I will, I just need some time.

Please don't talk

about that girl again.

- Hey.

- Let's just drop it.

Oh, hey, babe.

Matty needs a cool girl's

point of view on something.

- Nah, I don't.

- He does.

He's been totally fixating

on some lame girl.

- I didn't say she was lame.

- No, I did.

If Matty was going to fixate

on a new girl,

I'm glad Jake thought

she was lame.

They've been flirting

and hooking up,

and now she's totally

dissing him.

To be fair,

been non-committal.

Matty was up to his old tricks.

And while I didn't want

to hear the details,

it was nice to know

it wasn't about me.

She's been leading him on

since the summer.

So it was about me.

And then she ditched him

over break for some other dude.

She's a bitch.

I didn't say she was a bitch.

Will you stop defending her?

Two minutes ago, you said

you felt betrayed.

Tell him.

She's a bitch, right?

She's a bitch.

And a relationship assassin.

Not only had I split up

my parents,

but I'd come precariously close

to ending a friendship.

Jake's judgment had only further

cemented my first instinct.

I was a bad person,

and I needed to redeem myself.

I got the answer

to all your problems.

A double date this weekend.

I'm going to fix you up.

I can't.

I'm going to church camp.

[Upbeat music]

Are you sure you want

to do this?

- Yes.

- But you don't know anybody.

You're going to be alone.

You are not good at being alone.

No, mom, that would be you.

The retreat was exactly what

I needed to clear my conscience.

People weren't judgey,

they were handsy.

Ooh.

And considering all the action

I was getting on the bus,

there was a solid chance

I would find comfort

being embraced

by a community of loving,

affectionate--

haters.

Ho-bags are relegated

to the back of the bus.

All: Let's go, Jesus,

let's go!

T, Sadie's here.

I need you to steal

your mom's car

- and come rescue me.

- I'm on lockdown, remember?

- Can you call your mom?

- She's not picking up.

I came here for peace of mind,

and that's the last thing

I'm going to get

with that bitch by my bunk.

[Gasps]

Do you think Kyle

drives a Prius?

Kyle?

I-I don't know.

So he could drive a Prius.

I'm lost.

What are we talking about?

Remember his shirt?

"Take it outside"?

I realized where I know

that from-- my mouth.

That's what I said

to Ricky Schwartz

when I pulled my freak-a-deak

at the assembly.

Kyle's moved on

from stalking you

to stalking me!

T., hold on a second.

Continue.

Under normal circumstances,

I'd be into having a creeper.

But I went on Kyle's page,

and under interests,

he has "take it outside"

as a club.

He started a club, Jenna.

Okay, the Kyle sitch

definitely warrants attention,

but if I don't get

out of here soon,

I'm going to have

to man vs. Wild it.

I'd rather brave the elements

than spend 48 hours

with Satan Saxton.

Call me if you have any

brainstorms on how to escape.

Gotta go.

[Alternative music]

Hey, come look at something.

- What?

- This.

Stay away from Lissa.

She's not your friend.

- She's mine.

- Jenna!

You're saved.

- Where am I sleeping?

- On the floor.

Sadie, you're being

un-Christian.

God, what do you want from me?

I'm here, aren't I?

Physically you're here,

but spiritually,

you're, like, in Canada.

Apologize.

- Sorry.

- Sadie will share her bunk.

- I'll sleep on the floor.

- You don't want to do that.

- There are mice and spiders.

- And it still reeks of vomit

from last year's camp-wide

food poisoning.

Not a good year

for the taco party.

- Looking for TP?

- No, I'm looking for a ride.

- You can't go home yet.

- Sadie Saxton is in my cabin.

Oh, well,

you know what they say.

"What doesn't kill you

only makes you stronger."

I wouldn't put it past her

to smother me in my sleep.

Don't let Sadie

spoil the retreat.

She could've ruined

my experience,

- but I didn't let her.

- What did she do to you?

She outed me.

Last year no one knew

I was gay.

I think we all knew.

Come on.

Toned it down a bit.

Except for the backpack.

Girl's gotta have some pink.

So you believe in being

a glutton for punishment.

- I don't.

- No.

I believe in respect

and tolerance.

To me, that's what christianity

is all about.

But this place only teaches

Adam and Eve,

not Adam and Steve.

I'm not totally sold

on the whole

"Jesus being straight" thing--

All that time in the desert

with 12 dudes and no women.

That's blasphemy.

Just saying.

Clark, I really need

to get out of here.

This whole thing was

an impulse decision.

I only came here

because I was feeling

really crappy about myself,

and I was desperate

for something to make me

feel better, but this ain't it.

No one is going to make you

have a bad experience

unless you let them.

Stay.

Don't be a pussy.

Are you on the payroll?

I should be.

[Cell phone rings]

Okay.

I'm in,

but I'm going to need a cot.

[Beep]

Sorry I missed your call,

honey, I was blasting the radio

and didn't hear my phone.

I just need the address,

and I'll pick you up.

It doesn't matter what time.

I put my cell on loud,

and I'm just going to keep

looking at it until you call.

A glass of wine?

Oh, no, I'm--

I won't be here long.

I'm getting something to go.

- Someone sent it over.

- Jenna's mom!

Jenna's counselor.

Counselor/vice principal.

I'm kind of doing both jobs

right now

till we find a replacement.

What are you doing,

the old shame grab-and-go?

[Laughs]

There's no shame in it.

I'm alone for the weekend.

Oh, I heard.

Jenna's dad left you

high and dry, huh?

No, we're just taking a break,

but it's an adjustment.

It's been a while

since I've been on my own.

Well, why not eat here?

Nah, I don't need

all the stares.

Oh, I get it.

I get it.

You're afraid.

I'm not. I just don't

like to eat alone in public.

Personally,

I find it empowering.

Sometimes I like to pretend

I'm a flight attendant

on a layover,

and I only have a few hours

before I hop on my red-eye

to Barcelona.

Take a sip.

I dare ya.

Or you can pound it.

Ooh.

[Upbeat religious music]

Where's your costume, Jenna?

Oh, she is the serpent

who tempted Adam and Eve

and ruined paradise.

Like I said,

where's the costume?

What are you?

Saint or sinner?

I'm a pregnant woman

who claims she's a virgin, so...

Decide for yourself.

This is not what I expected.

I thought the retreat would be

all about trust falls

- and worship.

- How's that for a trust fall?

Oh!

I know it'll be hard,

but by the end of this dance,

you're going to have to...

- Stop worshipping me.

- You left me 20 messages.

Oh, don't try to change

the subject.

Do you think I'm an idiot?

Could be.

I don't know you.

I know you know I coined

"take it outside."

Everyone at school does.

I said it when I publicly

hated-berated Ricky Schwartz.

Who?

If you want to play dumb,

could you at least have

the decency

to make the shirts in a color

that would highlight

my undertones?

Which, for future ref,

would be purple or teal.

Quitting Skype.

I'm ordering you to cease

and desist.

And until you do,

I want a cut of those shirts!

[Scoffs] What the hell?

[Dance music]

Oh, crap,

I forgot I have dining duty.

No! Remember the last time

you left me alone with Eve?

- Things got messy.

- You'll be fine.

Share circle!

[Cheering]

What's share circle?

[Ominous music]

But after my third time

in rehab,

I finally traded drugs

for Jesus.

Let us pray

with the laying of hands.

I made a lot of mistakes

this year.

After some bad advice

from a friend,

I broke my purity pledge...

with my hands.

I gave my ex countless

rub-and-tugs.

Actually, I did count.

It was 47.

I wasn't sure

what was more disturbing.

Lissa going into graphic detail

about handies

or hearing that my boyfriend was

on the other end of her hand.

I don't think hand love

is a sin.

Well, you may not

personally think so,

but corinthians says

that all the stuff

leading up to sex should

only happen inside marriage.

Corinthians got married at 12.

God will forgive you

if you forgive your friend.

Let us--

Wait.

Are you a righty or a lefty?

Righty.

Thanks.

It's a lot to overcome,

but I'm on my path.

There was no doubt

the share circle was cathartic

for those willing to bare all,

and for once,

it was nice to be

out of the spotlight.

Speaking of overcoming,

Jenna, how did you overcome

your suicide attempt?

I didn't try to commit suicide.

It was an accident and a rumor.

Come on, Jenna,

you're among friends.

If you ask God for forgiveness,

you'll be forgiven.

There is no shame

in confessing.

I don't have anything

to confess.

Uh-oh. [Giggles]

Isn't lying a sin too?

This is serious.

You have to ask for forgiveness,

or you'll go to hell.

Eternal lake of fire...

[Raspy] Hell.

She didn't commit suicide;

She just attempted it.

Then I guess

she's going to purgatory.

Didn't they get rid

of purgatory, or was that limbo?

She can't go to limbo.

That's for unbaptized babies.

That is perfect for Jenna.

She was an accident.

Instead of being redeemed,

I was crucified.

And I couldn't wait three days

for my resurrection.

I love Satan.

[Gasps]

I love Satan!

I love...

- Seitan.

- Oh.

- It's like tofu.

- Mmm.

It's like food, but not.

Mm-hmm.

Would you like another glass

of wine?

Mm.

[Snaps fingers]

- Whoo!

- Yes... I would.

Do you two want to share

a table?

Both: No.

I'm eating alone.

- Okay.

- Okay.

So another trick

to the "eating alone" trade...

- Mm-hmm.

- Is about the reading material.

Sure, you look cool

reading Hemingway...

[Scoffs]

But it is impossible to hold

a book and eat

at the same time,

so I like to dine

with my parents.

[Laughter]

Will there be anything else?

[Gasps]

I will have a cappuccino.

Both: Ooh!

The student has surpassed

the teacher.

I, sir, will have one too.

I did it!

I had dinner alone!

[Sighs] I'm going to be okay.

You know, I never thought

that I could be by myself,

but being here...

- With you...

- Oh.

Alone, I proved it.

God, I'm good on my own.

You are.

In fact, you are so good

that you won't even flinch

if a friend

or an acquaintance

starts dating your husband.

[Laughs]

Jenna?

I'm so sorry that you got put

in the hot seat.

For what it's worth, I don't

think you're going to hell.

Unless you really love Satan.

You're a really good person.

- I am?

- Yes.

If the roles had been reversed

with the whole Jake sitch,

I don't know if I'd have been

as easily forgiving.

We all make mistakes,

but God gives us the opportunity

to learn from them.

Forgiving other people

is the easy part

of the process.

It's learning how to forgive

ourselves that's hard.

It was true.

Lissa was far wiser

than people knew.

I better get back to

share circle and explain things.

Because if people have different

interpretations of the Bible,

christianity

will never survive.

[Laughter]

[Car horn honks]

[Alternative music]

You good?

- Yep.

- Me too.

I'm a total pro

at rolling solo.

In fact,

I'm going to go watch TV...

alone... and enjoy it.

See, that right there is what

they don't teach you in church.

It's called...

evolution.

And like my mom,

I had somehow evolved too.

While I had been seeking

absolution from a higher power,

what I really needed

was to absolve myself.

For the first time

since my parents' split,

I didn't feel so alone.

[Computer tone]

[Computer tone]

So, camp wasn't all bad?

And it wasn't all good,

but I was reminded of something

I hadn't realized was missing

from my life.

Compassion.

Congratulations.

But I'm not

as enlightened as you.

If you and your psycho friends

want to worship me,

then you might as well have

some decent pictures

and accurate info.

Whoa.

You need to take it outside.

Don't tell me

to take it outside.

That's my job.

- Take this.

- I don't get it.

It's pertinent information

for your "club."

Everything from my current

Facebook interests

all the way back

to my fifth grade MySpace page.

Take it outside

is for lonely kids

who spend too much time

on their computers.

You should join.

[Quirky music]

- We can be friends.

- Really?

This weekend, I realized Jesus

put you in my life as a test.

And while his class

is totally hard,

and there are no cliff notes,

and in real life, I've never

gotten above a B-minus,

I'm determined

to get an "A."

Whatever works for you.

Anyway, you should know that,

while you were

in couples counseling with JC,

Amy snaked your spot

in the pyramid.

I'll pray on it.

Right after I take

that skank down.

H-hi.

Uh, how was your weekend?

Cathartic.

- Yours?

- Not.

I am sorry about Friday.

I wasn't railing

on you to Jake.

I don't think you're lame

or a bitch,

and I've just been

feeling like crap

thinking that

you think I think that.

Did that even make sense?

I guess we both

had been going through

our own crisis of conscience.

You don't need to apologize.

Things have been weird...

for both of us.

Truce?

Truce.

I wasn't

the only thing evolving.

My relationship

with Matty was too.

- Hey.

- Hey.

I had faith that Matty and I

had the potential

to be friends.

[Alternative music]

In the very distant future.

Next on Awkward...

I need some advice.

What makes a perfect date

for a Valentine?

Matty and that freshman--

Are they dating?

Dating?

No.

Have you guys seen that girl

Matty's been hanging out with?

- Yes.

- Yes.

Do you think she's attractive?

- Yes.

- Yes.

My friends are allowed

to make new friends.

It's just that this new friend

doesn't really

meet my old friend's standards.

Then why do you seem

so jealous?

I'm not jealous!

**Awkward 02x05**

Previously on Awkward...

You think I'm trying

to lure you away from Jake?

Yes!

Matty's

been acting weird lately.

- Have you noticed?

- Truce. - Truce.

I had faith that Matty and I

had potential to be friends.

Love is a sham!

Jealousy always had a way

of bringing out the worst

in people.

Amy!

I gave you my heart,

my soul, my sweatshirt!

I gave her that sweatshirt.

- Bad breakup?

- 10.5 on the dick-ter scale.

Tony caught Amy with Levi

at his sister's quinceanera.

Ouch. Wasn't that party

over a month ago?

Clearly, the fact

that it was Valentine's Day

was giving Tony PTXD--

Post traumatic ex disorder.

I hate this holiday.

V-day had divided the school

into lovers and haters,

and I was a lover.

'Cause for the first time,

my dad wasn't my only Valentine.

I finally had no reason

to hate on hallmark

because I had

a perfect boyfriend.

There was nothing

to be jealous about.

I was gonna enjoy the day...

Love sucks!

As a human target.

Nice look.

I was the victim

of a love-hate crime.

The price you pay for PDA.

Anyway, I need some advice.

What makes the perfect date

for a Valentine?

So Jake had sent Matty over

to get some covert intel.

Well, someplace close is good.

Keep it local.

Got it.

And it's kind of a buzzkill

if you need a translator

- to read the menu.

- And not too fancy.

And very important--

The place should be quiet,

so you can talk.

I'd highly recommend Bisto's.

- What about flowers?

- Flowers are great.

But not carnations

or anything with baby's breath.

- Does that smell like boobs?

- Gross.

Personally, I prefer tulips.

Hey, sorry I had

to kiss and run.

I left something for you

in my car.

What's up?

Nothing.

I gotta go.

- All right.

- Later.

So here's the something

that I forgot.

Oh!

You didn't have to.

- I've always loved...

- Love.

- Beetles?

- It's a love bug.

You know,

like a bug that brings...

Never mind.

So tonight...

I was thinking, uh,

pick you up at about 7:00?

Does that give you

enough time to get ready?

- I'm sorry.

- What? Why?

The bug.

It was an impulse buy.

I promise, tonight,

everything will be better.

It's adorable.

I love my bug.

So Matty and that freshman--

Are they dating?

Dating? No.

He's about

to hook, line, and sink her.

Right.

Dating is so not Matty.

Which wasn't entirely true.

We had gone on a date.

Maybe he just didn't tell you?

Nah. He'd tell me.

Besides, Valentine's Day

is sappy,

and that kid does not do sappy.

I hate skanks.

And sentimentality.

Ugh, all this V-day crap

is making me nauseous.

You're such a scrooge.

Scrooge hated Christmas,

dip-hole.

I don't know what

you're so amped up about.

You're single.

And you're mean.

And single.

So tonight, I was thinking

we could kick off

our carbs-only movie marathon

with a classic love story--

In your honor--

Like mean girls.

As pathetic as that sounds,

I think

I'm just gonna stay home.

But it's tradition.

Maybe it's a heavy flow day.

I don't know.

I'm just feeling

especially bitchy today.

And how is that different

from every other day?

He gave you a cockroach?

It's a love bug.

I swear, Valentine's is totally

racist against single people!

It's just a toy that he

probably got at the car wash.

Don't try

to climb into our love ghetto.

You know Jake is gonna

plan something fantasmic

for you tonight.

He probably commissioned

a portrait of you guys

made entirely out of skittles.

Who wants

to eat their own face?

Uh, I do.

But instead I'll be planted

in front of my DVR

doing shots of cyanide

with you.

Not this year.

I'm going to the BHP.

The black hearts party?

What is that?

Only the event

for the single and bitter!

What time are we rolling in?

It shouldn't be too early,

yet it shouldn't be too late

because it's a school night.

T, you might want

to skip this one.

Why? Who's more single

and bitter than me?

Well, besides Tony.

Trust me, you don't want to go.

- Trust me, I do.

- You can't!

Ricky's going to be there.

And he's in love.

I call shenanigans.

People are talking.

Let me tell you something

about Ricky Schwartz.

The only time

he uses the "L" word

is for burritos

and lesbian porn.

Besides, if he fell in love

that fast,

then I meant nothing to him,

and that is not possible.

Jenna, confirm.

This is what exes do.

They make up rumors

to get into your head,

to screw with you.

I'm right, right?

Right.

About Ricky.

But that rule doesn't apply

to all exes.

Matty and I don't play

head games.

Or did we?

Have you guys seen that girl

Matty's been hanging out with?

- Yes.

- Yes.

Do you think she's attractive?

- Yes.

- Yes.

I guess,

if you're into a lot of makeup.

What?

I'm just curious

as to what she's hiding

under all that.

Nobody likes

a green-eyed monster.

I'm not jealous.

My friends are allowed

to make new friends.

It's just that this new friend

doesn't really meet

my old friend's standards.

So the new friend is super rad?

No.

Then why do you seem

so jealous?

Just because

someone seems jealous

doesn't mean they are.

Actually, it probably does.

And I get it.

It is not fun to feel replaced.

Ironically, Val had become

a lot more insightful

since she left

the guidance office.

Don't feel threatened.

Your mom and I

were just being buds

when we went out for

a girls night last week.

You hung out with my mom?

Really, Jenna,

it was just dinner

between two friends.

But the feelings you're having

are normal.

Don't you worry.

I will never put you

in the backseat.

As far as I'm concerned,

you got permanent shotgun.

Great.

One more thing.

Sorry.

That's not for you.

Saving that for Alok.

Lost a little bit of the "K."

But we french kiss,

so he won't mind.

This one is for you.

You'll always be

my BFF--

Stands forever.

So I made the usual

reservation at the Red Onion

for our Valentine's dinner.

Hate to break it to you,

but I have a real date tonight.

Oh, actually it doesn't look

like you hated breaking that

to me at all.

Bet mom's not doing anything

tonight.

Take her out and finally have

a Valentine's dinner

without your annoying kid

tagging along.

Not this year, kiddo.

What a surprise!

I didn't know

you were picking Jenna up today.

It's a little hard

to keep track of everything

with so much on my plate.

Like what?

Like all of my events

with all of my new friends.

The old friend bit.

She was posturing.

How about you?

Nope.

Not much to tell.

Except that

our daughter's home safe...

And I'm gonna go.

Happy Valentine's Day, Lace.

You too!

Lots to do?

Like what?

Hang out with

my old guidance counselor?

You know what?

I bet there's a good

Lifetime marathon on tonight.

So why don't you watch that

and give me the play-by-play

when I get home from my date?

Or you can catch the end with

me when you're home by 10:00.

I'm sorry I didn't open

the door for you.

This whole curfew thing

is really throwing off

my timetable for the night.

I just really want everything

to be perfect.

And it already is.

Starting with

the great restaurant.

Thanks to my suggestion.

Thought you'd like it.

Good food, not too noisy,

so we can, uh--

- Talk?

- Exactly.

- Rosati for two.

- Yeah.

I've got the perfect table.

The maitre D' was wrong.

And so was Jake.

Not only was Matty dating,

he was on my date.

Wow! This is a...

- A coincidence.

- Or a total setup.

I could smell a rat.

Or was it the scent

of a cheap, freshman Barbie?

Is there a problem?

I requested a window table.

Unfortunately,

we are booked solid.

I guess we're sitting.

Hey, you guys haven't met.

Courtney. Jake.

- Hi. - Hi.

- And this is...

The girl he deflowered

at summer camp.

Jenna.

Nice to meet you guys.

Matty, this place

is so romantic.

Ooh.

Good thing your ass is small.

You almost stained my skirt.

Yeah, good thing.

And good thing

I dumped her date,

or her ass would have been

firmly planted on her couch.

- Alone.

- I'm really sorry.

I was hoping for something

a little more private.

It's fine.

Because we were mature.

Well, most of us.

I can talk to the host again.

Let's just focus on us.

We won't even know

they're here.

Are you gonna use

that extra napkin?

- Thanks.

- Mm.

Tell me this.

If Ricky's so in love,

why is he at a singles party?

The mafia is never wrong.

Quick,

act cross-faded.

Hey, Ming.

Tamara. 'Sup?

Did you see that?

He just breezed on by

like I was invisible.

No, he saw you.

He said your name.

Exactly. My name,

not "beautiful" or "babe."

He is absolutely fucking

with me, but the joke is on him

because I don't care.

Now help me find someone

to dry hump.

Are you sure you don't want

to send it back?

I can just eat around them.

Oh, not a good idea.

Here, give them to me.

Yeah.

Oh, little chicken there.

She's allergic.

You're allergic?

A little.

I've mentioned it before.

Yeah, she has.

Otherwise, how would I know?

You gotta try this.

Mmm.

Look, let me get you

something else.

- Waiter?

- No, no, no.

I'm fine with breadsticks.

See?

Ahh.

Oh, uh, you know what?

I'll take one.

Jake, no, no, no, don't worry,

I don't want one.

- I want to.

- It's such a waste.

Una rosa, por favor.

Actually,

they are really pretty.

First tulips and now this?

Do you want me

to chase her down?

I can do that.

Bizatch.

Not only had she crashed

my perfect date,

but she'd also snaked

my perfect flowers,

which I suddenly realized were

glaringly absent from my night.

Yeah, the ziti's pretty good,

but I gotta be honest,

not as good as mine.

You cook?

- That's hilarious.

- Excuse me?

You can't even cook

a pop-tart, bro.

Uh, who made that amazing

french toast last weekend?

- Your mom.

- After I set her up.

That's ridiculous.

- Have you ever used a whisk?

- Isn't he cute?

I can't believe I'm on a date

with Matty McKibben!

Either way,

it doesn't matter--

And neither could I.

Normally,

eyeliner's really fem,

but yours makes me feel

emo-sexual.

Whatever, Twilight.

Choose a gender.

Can you believe that guy?

Holy photo op.

I just realized this

is your first red cup!

Or black cup.

Whatever.

We need to tweet this asap.

Hey, can you pixelize us?

All right.

Say, "love sucks."

- Love sucks.

- Love sucks.

Ricky Schwartz at 10:00.

I need some lips to smack stat.

She's always like that.

I've suggested

electroconvulsive therapy but...

I'll just take that back now.

No, the spaz is right.

This moment needs

to be immortalized.

I'm Fred Wu, by the way.

Ming.

Well, Ming-just-Ming...

Smile.

- Butta teeth.

- Butta teeth?

Everything looked good

but the teeth.

I am totally shooting

in the dark here.

Where are the damn lights?

Nobody move.

Anish Bhatia by the door.

Easy target.

No, they had no defense, Jake!

But offense is what gets you

in the playoffs.

- Okay, come here.

- It's-- okay.

See...

This is your offense.

Nothing, little--

They're n-nothing.

That doesn't

even make any--

Hey, I'm sorry.

Going on about some stupid game

when I have the real prize

right here.

It was sweet.

We were sweet.

And suddenly, it didn't matter

that my night had been hijacked.

I had Jake, who would hold

my hand in public.

Courtney was never gonna

get that from Matty.

Okay, so maybe not never.

Oh!

Oh.

Oh.

But he was still hiding her.

Right out in the open.

Matty wasn't hiding

his feelings.

Waiter, we need some ice.

He was flaunting them,

and I was totally jealous.

Aw, it's already starting

to swell.

Yeah, that sounded

like that really hurt.

It's fine,

just give me a minute.

Well, I'm gonna get some ice.

T, you were so right.

I'm no more evolved with Matty

than you are with Ricky.

He's here on my date

with his own date,

and I just don't know

what to say.

I put some ice in a napkin.

Sorry if there's

some Diet Coke on it.

- Thanks.

- No, no, thank you...

For all the pointers.

Courtney seems like

she's having a good time, right?

Suddenly, it all made sense.

The restaurant, the tulips,

the public display

of digital connection.

Matty was trying

to make me jealous.

I just, um--

I just didn't want

to screw things up with her

like I did with you.

Hey, you okay?

Only time would tell.

What am I doing?

I have spent my whole night

trying to out-douche a douche

who isn't even here anymore.

Jealousy is not

a good color on me.

And neither is red on you.

Red?

You've got full-on beer blush

happening.

Wait.

What else is happening?

Am I fucking-blocking?

- Yes.

- Yes.

Well, wrap it up.

I gotta pee,

and then we're outty 5,000.

Oh, gotta pee.

Excuse me, sorry.

Really gotta pee

okay, excuse me.

Look, I get that

what's going on in there

doesn't involve the kind

of bodily functions

we all need to perform,

but that's what cars

are made for.

Seriously, I drank two bitter

pills and three bloody cupids,

and I need to pee!

Ricky?

Ming!

Car, now!

- It was fun.

- Be honest.

On a scale of one to ten,

I figure I'm batting

about a negative 60 right now?

Stop it.

It's for me.

From my dad.

Guy's got crap taste.

Tonight was amazing.

And these flowers--

What are they?

Calla lilies.

Strong but beautiful.

They reminded me of you.

So much better than tulips.

Tulips?

Tulips.

Should I have gotten you

tulips?

How many more ways

can I screw up this day?

The real question was,

how many ways could I?

I almost let my jealousy

ruin the night

'cause Jake never asked Matty to

get intel about what I wanted.

He didn't have to.

He just knew.

- You didn't screw up anything.

- No, I did.

I've been a nervous wreck

all day

and botching everything

because...

- This was the best date ever.

- I love you, Jenna.

What?

I love you.

Awesome.

Yeah.

Um...

Happy Valentine's Day.

You're late.

And don't even bother showing me

what he gave you.

I don't want to see it.

I could have

and maybe should have

rubbed my V-day booty

in my mother's face,

but I wasn't heartless.

Actually, this was

at the door for you.

It's from dad.

Really?

Good night, mom.

What is it?

A beetle.

Love.

- Jenna.

- T, what are you--

Ricky's in love...

with Sadie.

Am I really so hideous that

- he'd choose Darth Hater over me?

- What?

Screw Ricky Schwartz.

But Ricky is--

No buts.

You're amazing.

If he wants to be with Sadie,

let him.

They deserve each other.

It's just really hard

when someone you care about

moves on before you do.

It was.

I had moved on with Jake,

so why shouldn't Matty

move on too?

What if nobody ever loves me?

Hey, I love you.

Yeah, but nobody good loves me.

T, why are you wearing

my pants?

I peed in mine.

**Awkward 02x06**

I couldn't shake what was

keeping me awake.

That Jake said he loved me.

I didn't say it back,

and I didn't know why.

What I did know was

why I loved ice cream.

It was a delicious,

comforting and cruel reminder

of how cold I must have seemed

when I left Jake hanging.

But I never left

my hoodies hanging

because it was

obvious I loved them.

They were versatile,

good for all seasons

and could hide me from the

probing, late night questions

I didn't wanna face.

So I didn't know how I felt.

I knew how to read a label.

The label would tell me how long

it would take

for my problem to go away.

Six weeks. The same amount of

time it took Jake

to know that he loved me.

Maybe I did know.

But I didn't realize it yet.

Because it was too soon.

And that was okay.

Nobody falls in love overnight.

It happened overnight.

I'm in love.

Or maybe they do.

I can't believe my best friend

is in love and engaged!

And what do you mean by "it

happened overnight"?

Considering that ally's longest

relationship was with nicotine,

her spontaneous engagement

seemed a bit sketch.

Details. We want them all.

Dan. That's his name.

You were always

so good with Dans.

- Mm-hmm.

- What does he do?

Ugh, something business-y.

I'm not clear on exactly what,

but the man is flush.

And the man drives a Porsche

with a personalized license

plate that says--

- "Dan the man"?

Yes! Good guess.

It was educated.

If the dude wanted

to marry Ally,

he had to have

questionable taste.

Don't judge, lil' bitch.

Be grateful that your future

uncle in law can afford

to surgically pack your cans

since nature's not going to.

Love him already.

So, two weeks ago, while I was

visiting my folks,

I was working down

at the beach club

while I pretended

to look for a job.

Meanwhile, Dan was pretending

to work out

while he made it his job to

watch me sweat.

[Both chuckle]

And then you got to know him

and he said he loved you

and while you weren't sure how

you felt at first,

you soon realized that he was

the best guy you ever met?

No. Then we went to Paris

and he put a 4.6 karat

rock on my finger. Bam!

He took you to Paris?

And he gave me his black Amex.

So when did

you know you loved him?

I don't know.

In the airport?

I can't remember

all the details.

Can't you just be happy for me?

Jenna, we saw that.

It was a supportive eye roll,

because now you don't have to

get a job.

I know!

I don't know,

I just didn't say it back.

So you left Jake hanging?

No, I kissed him.

Okay, this is promising.

And then?

And then I might have said,

"awesome."

Holy pulled goalie.

Exactly, it was pre-emotional

ejaculation.

No, saying "awesome"

on the heels of an ily

is the equivalent of knocking

someone up with heartache.

Or peeing in their face.

Which you wouldn't know,

tinkle-bell.

That's right.

I have an explosive bladder.

It has a mind of its own

so step away or

I might spray you.

Okay, think fast.

Imagine I'm an unhinged,

over-medicated hair stylist

and I'm about to mow down your

mane that you've been growing

since the fourth grade unless

you answer

this question honestly.

Are you in love with Jake?

One. Two.

It's not that I don't feel

something.

It's just that I'm not sure

I feel "it".

You're not in love.

Don't be so tentative.

Grab 'em!

I like it when you take charge.

And I like it

when you don't speak.

Oh, you're such a woman.

Pipe down and feel me up.

I can't stop

thinking about you.

And you can't tell me you don't

feel what's happening

between us.

Oh, I can.

And if you'd shut up,

I might let it out to breathe.

This isn't just some sordid

affair, dollface.

I wanna win your heart.

I am not, nor will I ever be

your dollface.

- Why not?

- It should be obvi,

but I guess I need

to break it down.

I don't do band geeks.

At least not in public.

Ah, but I'm the schwartzman.

I am the band.

Then this is all you get.

Okay, so let's

say I'm not in love,

which I'm not saying.

- What do I do?

- Break up.

- Break up? Why?

- Because it's not fair.

You're leading him on.

I'm not leading him on.

I'm taking my time.

Matty did that with me

and he came around eventually.

When you were in

a new relationship.

But I love being

Jake's girlfriend.

See, love just

slipped right out.

Totally unprovoked.

That's a good sign.

Maybe I'm coming around.

You don't just come around.

You know.

Like with Fred,

I could tell the second

he pumped me a cup with more

foam than beer.

He could sense I was

a lightweight.

I think everyone

could sense that

when you were

blowing chunks by the door.

But, that doesn't

take anything away

from the fact

that you know, Ming.

'Cause people just know

when they know.

But how do you know

when you know?

- Hey, beautiful.

- Die.

Damn it.

You just know.

And you know I'm the one

and only Jake Rosati,

with a special guest.

Matty McKibben.

And these are the Palace Hills

morning announcements.

It's black history month,

titans,

and so today we have a very

special history lesson

brought to you via recording

from our very own,

very white history teacher,

Mr. Samuel Wollman.

So last night... ending up

at the same place.

- That was a little awkward.

- Yeah.

But not as awkward as it was

when I told Jenna

that I loved her.

What? When did

you guys have sex?

We haven't.

But that's off the table

because I freaked her out.

You know what

her response to me was?

"Awesome."

Yeah,

that's because you can't say

"I love you"

before you have sex.

Come on, man,

there isn't an order.

Dude you are so JV.

[Laughs]

Right now you are at the

"I love hanging out with you"

or the "I love

being around you" phase.

You aren't supposed to blow

the "I love you" wad

until after sex.

That's the carrot you dangle

to get it, baby.

- I could just take it back.

- You can't take it back.

It's out there.

Now you just gotta play it cool,

all right.

Easy for you to say, you've

never been in love before.

Aha.

Evidence of my love.

Note the big smile,

warm embrace.

Need I say more?

Hey, do we look in love?

Thank you.

If I didn't know these people,

I'd be convinced.

But you do know these people.

And you don't need to convince

me or anyone else.

You need to convince yourself

and maybe your notebook.

Of what?

That you're not

still into Matty.

No way.

That ship has sailed.

It wasn't entirely true.

My feelings for Matty were

present and accounted for.

But like Jake, I didn't know

how to interpret them.

Was residual love for Matty

clouding my new love for Jake?

We know you were in love with

Matty, but when did you know?

- It was... after we had sex.

- Okay.

You have to have sex with Jake,

then you'll know.

I wasn't sure I was ready

to have sex with Jake.

It wasn't a question I ever

pondered with Matty.

I just did it.

Did I just need

to do "it" again?

[Bell rings]

[Chuckles]

Hey.

Yo.

- I've been thinking--

- That's funny.

Because, uh,

last night, I wasn't.

I think I know what

you're about to say.

- We should have sex.

- What?

[Over intercom]

I think we should have sex.

[All laugh]

Oh, uh, the mic.

- Was that just--

- Yeah.

So I've megaphoned

my mission to bang my beau.

Maybe no one knew the voice

over the PA was me.

Dude, yo I heard

Jenna Hamilton rolls commando

so she's good to go

at all times.

Apparently,

Jenna Hamilton can't live

without Jake's man juice.

Jenna Hamilton can't

keep it in her pants.

Slut.

I was overreacting.

There was nothing to avoid.

Nothing but--

[Both laugh]

My pile of denial.

Which I had stepped in. Again.

I'm down to bone.

Nice try, dude, but the girl's

got higher standards.

Which I would know firsthand.

- Come on, it was a joke.

- Not funny.

Okay, I'll quit.

- So...

- So...

You and Jake

are gonna do the deed.

I realize I made

a very public pronouncement,

but I'm not ready to discuss

the details with you.

Why not?

Um, because you and I

were just sealing the deal

a few months ago

and because it's weird.

Maybe talking about it

will help us get out of

the weird zone

and put us into the friend one.

You should let me casually

give Jake some pointers

about the Jenna dos and don'ts.

Wait, what do you mean,

Jenna's dos and don'ts?

You know, the stuff you do

and don't like when doing it.

I do not have dos and don'ts.

Oh, yes you do.

Remember the playhouse?

You were on top of me,

and you--

Do not tell Jake to do that.

I'm not gonna

tell Jake anything.

But I will tell you this.

Go easy, he's nervous.

He really... likes you.

While the Jake case was still

under investigation,

I realized the Matty case had

not gone cold.

It was closed 'cause I finally

knew something.

Matty and I were friends.

What's up, suicidal slut?

Get used to it, sex is gonna pay

your way through college.

You're welcome.

Mmm, dollface.

Skedatz, I have a call to make.

Don't look at me, keep moving,

pull out your phone

and pretend you're

having a conversation.

What happened between us was

supposed to be a one time deal.

One and done.

It was Valentine's Day, and I

was in a vulnerable place.

This morning was... hormonal.

Don't read into it!

I'm gonna fall apart

without you, dollface.

You can live with that?

I'm gonna cry.

I'm seriously gonna cry right

here right now.

Fine, meet me after school.

But consider it a parting gift.

I know what

you're doing after school.

Everyone does.

If it isn't "info nympho"

and "peed-her-pants pants."

I prefer tinkle-bell,

thank you!

It's fun to be us.

[Over intercom] Jenna Hamilton,

please report to

the vice principal's office.

So, I heard there might be

something you wanna discuss.

Nope. Nothing.

Not even...

Chugga-chugga-chugga

-choo-choo?

- Definitely not that.

- All right, listen.

I'm gonna give

you a little advice

that my mom imparted on me.

Always be a lady in the street,

freak in the sheets,

and quiet over the PA system.

Your mom said that?

Actually,

it might have been Usher.

And the PA tidbit, that's

just my own rule of thumb.

I find that sometimes

it's better to use

suggestive gestures in public

rather than overt expressions

- like, "do me, big boy."

- I didn't say that.

No what you said

just spelled it out.

At least "do me, big boy"

has alternate connotations,

like spreading mustard

on a footlong.

Jenna, I am not trying to

further your embarrassment

or turn this into a bigger deal

than it already is,

- but you could go to jail!

- For what?

P.M.U.I.

Premeditated

underage intercourse.

There's no law against

wanting to have sex.

There is if you wanna

have sex with a minor.

We're both minors.

I'm not a pervert.

Well...

That's still up for debate.

I mean, we already know

you have a fetish

for open forums.

- Can I go now?

- Sure, see you at home.

- What?

- Oh, I'm going to yoga

this afternoon with L-Dawg.

Your mom.

Don't worry, I won't let her

know you're a ho-bag.

Between all the heckles and

howls, I had come to my senses.

Sex was not the answer.

- The answer is yes.

- To what?

To the question that reverbed

around the hall?

That was more of a statement.

Either way, I'm in.

Okay, so I guess we should

talk logistics.

- When do you wanna do it?

- As soon as possible.

Okay, how's

tomorrow after school?

Uh, I have AsB. Friday?

Out with my dad. Darn it.

Guess we're gonna have to wait.

And maybe forget.

Okay, well let's just look

at next week and pencil it in.

You know, so we don't forget.

It looks like I could

squeeze it in now. You?

You're in luck.

And I was in trouble.

There were no

take-backs with sex.

Good to go. Where to?

- My car?

- It's too small.

Oh, yeah.

Well doesn't your mom

have yoga today?

Yeah, but she's only gonna be

gone two hours.

Two hours.

I'll be lucky if

I last two minutes.

- [Chuckles]

- I mean...

Uh, 20.. minutes.

Are you sure you wanna do this?

We don't have to.

You know,

if you're nervous, or...

And like that, I wasn't.

Jake wasn't laying

on the pressure.

He was buckling under it.

- I wanna do it.

- Yes!

I mean, it's cool, baby.

I can't believe you wanted to

do it in your car.

[Kissing noises]

- I quit band.

- Good for you.

Babe, I traded in my tenor sax

for my tender saxton.

- That was idiotic.

- I'm a fool.

Fool for love.

What the hell

is wrong with you?

I treat you like crap and you

keep coming back for more.

I get it.

You're too good for me.

I knew I could never be

with a girl as funny and as

smart and as beautiful as you,

but I had to try.

Why can't this

just be about sex?

- Well, we aren't having sex.

- You know what I mean.

Don't play with me, dollface.

If I don't have you

and I don't have the band,

I got nothing in this world.

Aw, Jesus, kiss me

before I throw up.

Are you excited?

- I can tell you are.

- We're doing this.

We're really doing this.

Oh...

We're not doing this.

Mom? Isn't it time for yoga?

Ally here persuaded us

to down the hatch

instead of downward the dog.

Wait a minute, did we spoil

your plan to have sex?

- [Gasps]

- [Giggles]

And on that note,

nice to see you.

- Rain check?

- Rain check.

[All giggle]

[Doorbell rings]

What are you doing here?

Oh, it's my favorite niece.

I'm your only niece.

Dan the man is your uncle?

Jenna's also her niece.

Please tell me we are

not about to be related.

- She's all yours.

- So you guys know each other?

Everyone knows Jenna.

She has a reputation.

Are you ready to go?

Jenna, isn't it fun

that Dan is Sadie's uncle

and he went

to Palace Hills, too.

Although he must have been

a few years ahead of us.

How about a decade?

My uncle like 'em young.

Well, young-ish.

Thanks, sweets.

He's not quite the ten I am.

Let's be honest, he's a four.

And since we're

about to be family,

I won't pull any punches.

You're more of a six.

You're welcome.

You're pretty funny

for a big girl.

And you're refreshingly

transparent for a gold-digger.

Al, I'm worried.

I really think you need

to sleep with Dan

before you get married.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, you haven't

sampled the goods?

Oh, I've sampled and let me

tell you, he is well-endowed.

- In the bank.

- Woo woo!

- Why are you deflecting.

- She's got herpes.

I'm not gonna lie, I've had to

get past a few things.

Like his back.

I mean, the man might

be part-bear.

But he thinks I'm smart

and funny and beautiful.

[Loud whisper]

He's trying to get laid.

He sees me the way I see

myself.

Perfect as is.

That's why I want our first

time to be special.

But it isn't your first time,

so how can it be special?

Oh, it can be special.

- Your dad was special.

- That doesn't count.

He was your one and only.

[Stifles laugh]

- Shh!

- [Laughs]

Your mom had a life

before your dad.

But not quite the life

I've had.

That is code for huge

va-jay-jay.

I used to jump into the sack

thinking it would

clarify how I felt.

- And did it?

- No.

If the feelings

weren't there before,

then the sex was just that. Sex.

By the way, Lace,

you could use some.

We're gonna start mining

your new husband prospects

at my wedding.

[Laughs]

Are you implying

that my current husband

isn't gonna work out?

Because... I'm a terrible person

and he deserves better.

[Sobs]

I don't think

he loves me anymore.

You know, if you drink enough

wine, it tastes like love.

I'm gonna go to my room.

- Skinny bitch.

- Yeah? - Yeah? - Yeah?

I'm leaving in three minutes

so you better deal

with this emotional

crisis quickly.

I'll be in the car.

- I hate her.

- I love her.

[Phone rings]

Dollface?

Did you mean all those things

you said to me today?

- Which ones?

- All of them.

Yes, of course.

Do you hate me?

No.

- Do you like me?

- Maybe.

Can I take you to dinner?

Don't push it,

but call me later.

Yes!

On my quest

to figure out my feelings,

I was left only more confused.

If sex wouldn't

clarify anything,

was it worth the risk?

Honey?

I am sorry we got carried away

with all of that girl talk.

I did not mean

to embarrass you.

Don't worry,

it wasn't the first time.

And it won't be the last.

Mom, were you in love with

the other guys you slept with?

Guy. There was only one.

And I don't know if I was in

love with him.

We had sex before

I knew how I felt.

But with your dad, it just...

It all happened

at the same time.

Jenna, contrary to the advice

I've been giving Ally,

you need to know

that every first time

is the first time.

And it should be special.

- Hey.

- Oh, hey, babe.

Pick me up in ten.

I'll bring the condoms.

Well, here we are.

Yep, here we are

in your mom's minivan

in a discrete location.

Call me crazy, but this feels

a little hinky.

Damn it, now you've ruined

my surprised hijacking

of your virginity.

Oh, right,

that's already been taken.

Touche. Okay, let's do this.

Hold on, hold on, you're

getting ahead of yourself.

[Van beeps]

- Moonlight romance.

- Ooh, swanky.

Necessary.

My sister's a big slob.

- Just trying to make it--

- Special?

Come here.

Uh, wait, wait.

Um... This just doesn't really

feel right.

I just am feeling

a little exposed.

You can leave your shirt on.

No. No, all of it.

I feel like you're doing this

to make me feel better

about the other night,

and you don't need to.

I said what I was feeling.

What I am feeling.

But I didn't say it so that you

would say it back

or sleep with me.

I said it because...

I can't hold it in anymore.

I don't wanna do this

unless you do.

Because if we do this and you

don't feel it back...

- Then I don't think that--

- That you can date me anymore?

No.

That I'd be able to get over

you, Jenna.

I just want this to mean

something to both of us.

And it would,

because I finally knew.

I was in love.

But I didn't wanna

say it in a minivan.

It'll be worth the wait.

I promise.

??No one like you ??

??no one like you ??

??no one like you ??

??no ??

??no ??

??no ??

Next on Awkward...

I can't have a wedding

without a basket!

Ally's lost half her body

weight along with her sanity.

Change of plans, dude,

I don't need a suit.

Good thing, 'cause

this might be cursed.

Last time I wore it

was to the formal.

When you got dissed by that

girl with that other guy?

Who was that anyway?

You really are the fool.

- Ask Matty.

- Go to hell.

You don't know?

**Awkward 02x07**

Previously on Awkward...

- Jake said he loved me.

- You left Jake hanging?

You know what

her response to me was?

- "Awesome."

- Ooh.

We know you were

in love with Matty.

- But when did you know?

- After we had sex.

Okay, you have to have sex with Jake.

Then you'll know.

It will be worth the wait.

I promise.

From an early age,

I'd been programmed

to dream about my wedding--

What I would be wearing,

who I would be marrying, and...

What kind of debt

I'd be inheriting.

'Cause, let's face it,

the matrimonial business

was a racket,

and my mother was a sucker

for a good party.

I'd be paying that shit off

till I died.

But it would be worth it,

because the day would be...

Crap! I forgot my cutlets!

Considering Ally's past,

I never expected her to be

a traditional bride.

Found 'em.

She was more

the drive-thru chapel type.

How much you wanna bet her

dress is gonna have cutouts?

20 bucks.

50.

It's not gonna be obscene.

It's gonna be spandex.

You look stunning.

And you will too.

Because...

I bought you all your dresses.

I love it.

I'm not gonna throw up.

You did a good job, Al.

Ally had really

turned a corner.

She suddenly had style, class,

and generous spirit.

I had your dress

specially made.

I guess people really could

escape their past.

What? You're not

a bridesmaid.

You're the flower bitch.

But clearly,

I couldn't escape mine.

There has got to be

a way to tone this down.

- Suggestions?

- Put on a hat.

- What's that gonna do?

- Hide your face.

Okay, look at the bright side.

You're in a wedding.

It's gonna have full booze bars

and dirty old men

- to sneak you drinks.

- Nobody's getting me a drink

looking like

a five-year-old.

Every family has a perv.

And, knowing Ally,

her family would

have more than one.

So my mom's crashing

at the hotel,

which means tonight

is gonna be the night.

- Project bone is in effect?

- Yep.

With my lifetime

supply of protection...

I'm ready.

But maybe we won't do it here.

I should prepare

for spontaneity.

Where am I gonna put these?

Mom, I need a purse.

Look at the ones on my bed.

Your bad tan lines are lifting.

I knew that moron at the salon

used the wrong skin toner.

Lil' bitch,

get me my sippy cup.

Sippy cup?

I need my juice!

And a cheeseburger.

Ally had been on a cleanse

for over a month,

which had taken her from

bridezilla

to bridesaster.

I'm getting nervous.

- Why?

- It's my big day.

Well, I'm hoping

that the wedding

will rekindle something

with Kevin,

which is why I got a room

for the night.

He is a sucker for hotel sex.

Lace, put the fan down.

Kevin's not coming.

He RSVP'd with regrets.

Regrets?

What kind of regrets.

The wedding kind.

Frickin' relax.

'Cause guess who's single, hot,

and still hung up on you.

Ben's coming.

My Ben?

Who's Ben?

Did she just say "my Ben"?

Mom, why is he your Ben?

Damn... I haven't seen him

in like--

- 15 years.

- Yeah!

Not since after--

after Jenna was born.

Is he still funny?

Ohh. Funnier.

With my dad out of the picture

and my mom

in a vulnerable place,

suddenly a hotel room

out of my sight

didn't seem like a good idea.

I needed some clarity

on the Ben sitch.

Mom, answer me.

Who is Ben?

Lil' bitch,

why do you need a purse?

You're supposed to have

a basket-- Where is it?

Don't know.

Emily!

Where's the flower basket?

It's... here.

Let's see, we have

something old,

something new,

something borrowed,

- and blue.

- And-- and basket.

I don't see a basket.

That was on your list!

Don't worry, we're gonna...

Figure this out.

And we'll be right back.

I can't have a wedding

without a basket.

Take this!

See? Big flower bitch.

Big basket!

That is not gonna work!

Mom, who is Ben?

So we have

a little bit of a glitch.

Nothing too major,

but my assistant just quit.

Don't fret, I'm gonna

find someone to help.

I hope.

Tamara can assist you.

What? Why me?

Because I can't get through

this day alone.

I pay cash!

I am your slave.

Ohh.

Whoa.

Everything is under control.

They're gonna get me a basket,

and you don't need to implode.

Implode?

All I asked was for you

to do one thing.

Hold a frickin' basket!

You are ruining my wedding

just like you ruined my life

the day you were born.

Apparently, Ally couldn't

get past the past.

And I was done.

You just lost

your flower bitch.

Good.

Girls, please.

Let's not get crazy.

Okay, we're already there...

Hey, babe. Just borrowing a suit

and I'll be on my way.

Forget the suit.

I quit.

Quit?

What do you mean you quit?

- The wedding.

- There's baskets everywhere!

- We will find--

- I just wanted to marry...

Ally's lost half her body

weight, along with her sanity.

We're gonna do something

fun instead.

My mom's staying at the hotel,

so we've got the place

to ourselves.

Are you suggesting what

I think you're suggesting?

Oh, I don't know.

But if you have a dirty mind,

you'll meet me here around 5:00.

I'll be there at 4:59.

Ally! Ally!

Change of plans, dude.

I don't need a suit.

Good thing,

'cause this might be cursed.

Last time

I wore it was to the formal.

Right... When you got

dissed by that girl

with that other guy--

I forgot about that.

Hey, who was that, anyway?

Courtney?

Don't you wanna get it?

Not with you here.

Uh, oh, hey, it's Matty.

I been thinking

about you all day,

- writing in my diary.

- Hi.

Yeah? Can I call you back?

- Courtney.

- Yeah, uh-huh.

I'll see you tonight.

Dude, really funny.

So what's up

with you two, anyway?

Eh... She's cool.

As in... girlfriend cool?

I'm feeling it out, yeah.

Well, I'm glad you're finally

over that chick from camp.

Yeah, I'm ready to move on.

I can't move on.

Ally's always holding

my birth against me,

like I had some choice

in the matter.

- I hate her.

- Then why are you helping me?

Because I'm a nice person!

Hide it.

Now that I'm out, I don't

want a way back in.

No, you are.

No, you.

Ricky, shut it.

I gotta go.

Where can I get ready?

- By the dumpster.

- That's sweet,

but I don't have time

for a tour of your home.

Guest bath

is through the kitchen.

I can't do this.

I can't work a wedding

while Sadie and Ricky

gnaw on each other.

I'm into porn,

but not the torture kind.

Ricky's with Sadie.

He's the one being tortured.

True.

Ricky has a sadie.

Ben is coming!

My mom has a Ben.

Who the hell is Ben?

He's the guy your mom

should have married.

So far, there were no Bens

in my mom's freshman class.

Maybe he's older?

Jesus, your mom documented

every moment of high school,

like it was the best time

of her life.

It was.

- Sad.

- Sad.

Lode to the mother.

I struck scrunchies.

Ben and my mom

were definitely a couple.

Maybe this is the guy

she slept with before my dad.

Red flag. See his skin?

Oily.

Odds are,

he's now bald and fat.

They went to a costume party?

Something called "kid n play"?

What is that?

Not a threat.

Ben's definitely not gonna

out-hot your pop.

- Kid!

- Play!

- Threat alert.

- T, get me that basket.

You smell so good.

Are you still using...

- Coconut body wash.

- Coconut body wash.

Yeah.

Reunion's over.

Oh, hi.

Looks like you got that

nasty skin condition cleared up.

Jenna!

Ben, I am so sorry.

She is not usually this rude.

Ah, it's okay.

She's spunky.

She takes after her mom.

Sounded like a compliment,

but you should know that

all the good things about me

are directly related to my dad,

who, for the record,

is still married to my mom.

So... What are you doing here?

Uh, Ally wanted me

to give you all a ride

over to the ceremony.

- Oh, did she?

- Yeah, she did.

Good news, mom.

We found the basket.

Back in the wedding!

That is so great, sweetie.

We need to finish

getting ready.

Oh! Well, Ben, why don't

you wait in the living room?

Or the car.

I w-- I will go

wait in the car.

Okay.

Ahem.

What was that?

Was I frazzled?

I felt frazzled.

I haven't seen him in...

- 15 years.

- 15 years.

I forgot how handsome he is.

And those eyes.

What he could make me do

just by looking a--

No wonder I felt frazzled!

I look frazzled!

Why didn't you say something?

Well, it was a little hard

to get a word in edgewise

between his stare

and your drool.

Who is this Ben guy?

He's my ex-boyfriend.

The one who swiped

your V-card?

Well, I wouldn't

put it like that,

but, yes.

Thank God for the girls.

At least they

were in good form.

Shoot! I have to get ready.

Oh, I can't believe he saw me

looking like such a mess!

Ohh!

- This is not good.

- No joke.

Ben's your mom's Matty.

Tamara had connected the dots.

Ben was hot, hovering,

and waiting

to give my mother a ride,

again.

If he was my mom's Matty,

then I was in trouble,

and so was my dad.

Dad, it doesn't matter

what you're doing.

Drop it and call me back.

- It's an--

- Emergency!

My water just broke.

Crap... Balls!

Damn it!

Fuck Me!

Now I have one more thing

to worry about.

You know, Monica's

gonna be fine.

She's on her way

to the hospital.

I'm not talking about Monica.

Now, I have a hole

in my bridal party.

- Jenna can do it!

- No.

Lil' bitch needs

to throw the flowers.

I have to have

one more bridesmaid.

What you have to have

is a detox from the crack pipe.

No one is gonna be available

at the last minute

on a Saturday.

I love it!

It's so blousy.

Now I can hit the ol' buffet

extra hard.

Thank you so much

for doing this.

Ah, of course.

Lacey!

- I need a favor.

- I'm here for you.

My dad isn't here,

but my mom's ex is.

He's still hot for her.

Since my mom's

an emotional hot mess,

I think she might be

an easy target tonight.

Get my drift?

You want me to keep

the dude distracted

so your mom doesn't feel

the need to revisit history.

- Exactly.

- I don't know.

Please?

Ugh.

Let me break it down

for you, J.

I'm in a relationship.

Okay? And in this

bad-ass dress,

I might have a hard time

keeping his paws off me.

God forbid he hit

my sweet spot...

Unh!

I can't guarantee

I can keep Vixen Val

from stepping out on her man.

I will buy you a cat.

Persian?

Feral.

I like to rescue.

Bitch?

It's lil' bitch.

Bitch.

Crazytown 80 pounds

wants us to wear

our hair in double buns.

This is not gonna work for me

and definitely not for you

and your big love hair.

Can you reason with her?

No.

Do what she wants.

As expected, you're useless.

I'll handle it.

You're welcome.

Listen, auntie attitude,

I appreciate

that this is your day,

but I'm at my limit

of concessions.

I'm not gonna succumb to some

fugtastic

figure-skater style

because you--

Because... I... what?

I hate her.

Well, welcome to the club.

Your dad just called

and said there was an emergency.

- What's wrong?

- Ben!

I saw the way

you looked at each other.

Need a reminder

of the vow you took?

Honey, we're old friends.

That's it.

So there's no need

to worry about

how ridiculously hot he is.

Mom!

Ladies, final touches.

And you have a special visitor.

Hey... What are you

doing here?

I, uh, brought Jake my suit.

Yeah.

??Follow me around ??

Uh, he should be on his way.

So the wedding's back on.

It was never off.

I just had a momentary

freak-out.

Well, you look good now.

I look like a cream puff.

Hey, I'm here.

I'm here. Hi.

Hi.

Where can I change?

Uh, there's a room

down the hall.

Great. Thanks, man.

You're the best.

Oh... Have fun tonight

with Courtney.

Do something I would

definitely do, huh?

Then I guess I'm in

for a dull evening.

Hilarious!

??You're the only one ??

Everything good?

Yeah.

Thanks for bringing the suit.

Oh, it's what I do.

I problem solve.

And since the problem

is solved,

I guess I better head out.

??All that I want ??

You guys look good together.

You think so?

Yeah, and I'm really

happy for you.

Even if it does sting a little.

- So how's Courtney?

- Great.

Yeah, she's--

she's great.

Really great.

Thanks for asking.

Matty...

It still stings

a little for me too.

Matty and I finally

had closure.

And while it was bittersweet,

we were rooting for each other.

So what was I worried about

with Ben?

Well, Lacey looks really good.

And she's separated.

I think tonight might be

my chance to make up

for some lost time.

Where is the flower bitch!?

I'm married, bitches!

This is gonna be a long night.

Can I get you

something to drink?

Yes, preferably with some kick.

Oh! Mrs. Hamilton.

Cocktail?

She'll have a soda.

Honey, I do not

need a chaperone.

Mm, but that's the thing--

You do.

If it isn't the beautiful

Hamilton sisters.

Gross. Ben's tactics

were tacky.

But, unfortunately,

so was my mother.

So they were working.

Still the charmer.

Oh! You don't wanna

do something you'll regret.

I need to get out of here.

Emily is so far up my butt,

I could taste her,

and if that wasn't

craptastic enough,

I can't escape Sadie and Ricky!

They've been raping each other's

faces all night.

I'm gonna crack, Jenna.

I am seriously gonna...

Move the wedding cake.

- You owe me.

- And I did.

Tamara had singlehandedly

saved my sanity all day,

and I needed

to return the favor.

If she couldn't

escape her past,

then I would recount it.

Doll face, you are

the most beautiful woman

in this room.

And...

And I love your full lips.

And your full face.

And your full a--

Watch it.

Mind if I steal her

for a second?

Only for a second.

- Heel.

- Can you tone it down?

Tamara's still

a little sensitive

to the Ricky suck-face

sideshow.

Oh, no...

I-I'm so sorry.

I'm not.

You win some, you lose some.

Ricky might want

to be with you now,

but just wait--

He's a cheater and a liar,

and while you might

think you're special,

you're not.

So enjoy the delusion

while it lasts.

You seem uncommonly calm.

I took a muscle relaxer.

Just a muscle relaxer?

Or three.

Al...

It is not too late to back out.

You haven't slept with him yet.

It'll be an easy annulment.

I think you rushed into this.

- I did.

- Why?

So he wouldn't change his mind.

Lace, he's the first man

who's really loved me.

And that's a feeling

that's hard to forget.

I know.

You're on. Ready?

Point me to the target.

Oh, God.

No, I can't do this.

I won't be able

to hold it together.

- I know he's attractive, but--

- He is not my type.

Pretend.

I can pretend

to be many things,

but attracted to a pretty boy?

That is above

the call of duty, J.

I'll just keep your mom

preoccupied instead.

How many girls

have you cheated on?

Define cheating.

Yes.

Okay? Yes.

I've cheated.

On every girl

I've ever been with.

But they were not you.

I love you, doll face.

And only you.

Say it again.

I love you, and only you.

Hey, what's wrong?

What isn't?

I'm destined to be

an unlovable loser

and Sadie can't help

but rub it in my face.

Yeah.

She's out of control.

I'm gonna put an end to this.

- I'm putting an end to this.

- To what?

Your waltz down memory lane.

Just because

my parents are separated

doesn't mean it's open season

on my mom.

I know your type.

You lost out,

and now you want her back.

But it doesn't matter

what you do,

because my mom loves my dad,

- and she wants him back.

- Point taken.

- Good.

- You're right.

I should have fought for

your mom when I had the chance.

But learn from my mistakes.

I mean, if you have

someone special,

don't take it for granted.

And I did have someone special

who I'd been taking

for granted all night.

With the Ben sitch put to bed,

it was finally time to

jump into mine with Jake.

You off the clock?

Not quite, but at this point,

Emily can suck it.

Have you seen Jake?

He's giving it to Sadie for me.

I love that kid.

And I did too.

And it was time to tell him.

Right there, right then.

Come on, please.

Just chill out.

Mind your own business.

You're acting like an idiot.

Hey... Sorry I've been

MIA All day.

I want to make it up to you.

I think it's time

we ditched the reception.

Me? I'm the fool?

Um, sadly, that would be you.

Why don't you go back to your

best friend's sloppy seconds

and leave me alone.

Excuse me?

Ohh.

You don't know?

You really are the fool.

You're a bitch.

And I don't believe

a thing you're saying.

Ask Matty.

He had a piece of your

Hamilton pie

long before you did.

Go to hell.

Where is she?

She's with another guy.

Glad you're finally getting

over that chick from camp.

Yeah.

??the fate of the world

you leave ??

And one more thing.

I love you, Jake Rosati.

??Making a moment ??

Gone were the secrets

and heartache of my past.

I was looking at my future.

??Now's your chance ??

Next on Awkward...

- What's wrong?

- Us.

Trouble in paradise?

I don't think she's

being honest with me...

- About what?

- That other guy.

I just have a gut feeling that

that guy's still around.

Listen, your dad's the one

who ruined their relationship,

and it started years ago.

**Awkward 02x08**

- Previously on Awkward...

- Who is this Ben guy?

He's the guy your mom

should have married.

My mom's staying at the hotel,

so we've got the place

to ourselves.

Ask Matty, he had a piece

of your Hamilton Pie

long before you did.

And one more thing...

I love you, Jake Rosati.

Gone were the secrets

and heartache of my past.

I was looking at my future.

Timing.

It was everything,

and my time had arrived.

I was head over heels for Jake

and ready to show him,

because our love was the stuff

of poetry, of novels, of blogs.

We were like Romeo and Juliet,

except our love story didn't

involve a fake suicide.

Been there, done that.

How about we make our getaway

before things get ugly?

They already have.

- What's wrong?

- Us.

But "us" was great.

"Us" was perfect.

"Us" was about to go back

to my house and do it.

If you're not ready,

it's totally okay.

- There's no pressure.

- I don't want to do this here.

So how about we do this

at my house?

- Maybe in my bed?

- I'm not feeling it.

This relationship.

I don't want to lead you on.

- Are you being serious?

- Yeah.

I think our timing is off.

What does that mean?

I'm breaking up with you.

????

What's wrong?

You look weird.

Are your control tops

making you nauseous?

I think I'm in shock.

Jake just broke up with me.

What?

Flower girl,

report to the dais, pronto.

This wedding is about

to go off the rails,

and it is my duty as

head bridesmaid to take charge.

You were

the default bridesmaid.

And lucky for the lady

I'm an experienced one at that.

Oh, J "Operation

Back Off Backstreet Boy"

is in full effect.

Someone spread a rumor that

Ben's got a big

sham-a-lama ding-dong.

"Someone" being me.

Now scoot.

Let's move this along

before Ally passes out.

Jenna, I don't even know what

to say, and I always have

something to say.

Okay, now I do.

Why would Jake dump you?

He busted out

the "L" word.

You must have misunderstood.

It's kind of hard

to misunderstand

"I'm breaking up with you."

No misinterpreting that.

He said our timing was off.

Maybe I waited too long

to say "I love you,"

and he started to doubt me.

That doesn't make sense.

I'm gonna get the real deets.

Please.

My heart was broken into

a million pieces,

but unfortunately,

my mind was still intact,

which meant I couldn't ignore

the unsettling realization

that I was... devastated.

Trouble in paradise?

Just feeling moved

by the magic.

They're called feelings.

You don't have them.

That's where

you're wrong, Jenna.

I do have feelings.

When I see you sitting there,

all alone,

in your little baby dress,

with your little sad face,

I feel...

so glad I'm not you!

Ladies and gentlemen,

please grab a partner

and stand by to join

the bride and groom

in their first dance.

My lady.

Whoo-hoo!

??It's an empty space

that stands beside me now ??

My bad, not time

for the first dance yet.

Make it a dance mix.

????

Yes! I totally destroyed

your bunker.

- How's that taste, McKibben?

- Eh, like victory.

Game over.

That is so not fair.

I told you not to take

your eyes off the screen.

Hey. How's the wedding?

I broke up with Jenna.

Wait, what?

Why?

I don't think

she's being honest with me.

- About what?

- That other guy.

The guy that she slept with.

You remember him, right?

The guy she was

with before you?

Or during.

I don't know.

I just have a gut feeling that

that guy is still around.

Dude, how could she

be seeing another guy?

- She's always with you.

- And you.

Are you sure there's

not something that

you've picked up on?

Maybe something

that I don't see?

No.

As my best friend,

if you knew something...

You'd tell me, right?

Yeah.

Then tell me,

what don't I know?

I-I think you know

it all, man.

Jenna really likes you,

and only you.

Listen, how about we meet up?

We can talk this out.

I gotta go.

What's going on?

Jake just broke up with Jenna.

Hmm.

- She really is in love.

- Yeah.

You can tell by how hard

she's humping his leg.

Hey.

Don't be sad, L-dawg.

You could get married again.

I mean, you still

got your looks,

and I'm sure there

are thousands of dating websites

that would love to sign you up.

You may have

to lower your standards,

but you should have

no trouble roping in some

frumpster like Dan.

I'm gonna get some air.

Why the pouty face, J?

Just tired.

Tired of my life.

Lighten up, girl.

It's a wedding, not a funeral.

Where's the boy scout?

Why aren't you two

tearing it up?

I don't know.

I just need a break.

You can't take a break.

You've got obligations.

What is with you Hamiltons?

This is not your day, okay?

It's not your day!

Rosati, what's going on?

Jenna has this crazy idea

you broke up with her.

It doesn't sound

that crazy to me.

I don't get it.

You guys are perfect.

Worthy of your own moniker,

like "Jakenna."

Perfection can be deceiving.

Why are you talking like

a fortune cookie?

Rosati, you're the good guy.

The kind of guy who reams Sadie

just to protect

his girlfriend's friend.

I did that for you.

You're my friend.

And as your friend,

it's my job to lay out the obvi.

If you really wanted to dump

Jenna, why are you still here?

Good point.

Jake, I really need

to talk to you.

What's happening?

He definitely DTR'd.

It's over.

I tried to get

to the bottom of it,

but he kept giving me

weird non-answers

like my cell phone robot.

Shenanigans.

You have to call shenanigans.

Then I call it.

He owes me an explanation.

I'll just keep working

this wedding!

For no reason.

Hey, beautiful.

Ricky, I told you

to stay the--

Hi, honey.

What can I do for you?

You can take off my pants.

Seriously?

Ugh.

Jake!

Jake!

Jake, stop!

Jake, please!

- Busted!

- Mm!

- Damn you, Ben.

- All right.

You know, I have been trying

to get to you all night,

but your daughter

has been on my tail.

I don't know if you know this,

but, uh, she has you

on lockdown.

- Get out of the way!

- No.

Not until you explain to me

what's going on.

Everything was great,

and then you just dump me

out of the blue?

- Move, Jenna!

- What happened?

Nothing happened.

Did you get my message?

Yeah. Yeah,

I got your message

loud and clear

that this isn't working.

Why are you being so cold?

I'm just-- I'm so confused.

Just-- please,

explain this to me.

Just talk to me.

Fine. Get in.

We were gonna go out

for some Mexican food,

'cause we took Spanish,

so, Dan and I, we're like,

"let's go get some enchiladas,"

'cause we both love enchiladas,

like, a lot.

We were pretty crazy

growing up.

The problem is

he's got no timing.

With comedy,

it's all about the timing.

Someone needs to put him

out of his misery

so I can be put out of mine.

- El gato!

- Wrap it up, Gary!

So, yeah, so-- cheers.

To my best friend

and his hot piece of tail.

Okay, that's good, all right.

Well, it looks like

our maid of honor is MIA

at the moment.

I'm Valerie, head bridesmaid,

- and I've known Abby for--

- Ally.

I've known Ally for...

Two weeks now?

Which doesn't seem like

a long time,

but if you think about it,

it's about a third of the time

that she's known the groom.

So let's just pretend like we're

dealing in dog years, right?

See, Gare?

How it's done.

I'd be lying if I said

I never thought about you.

Well, I know that we missed

our chance in high school,

but... now that we are

older and wiser.

Hmm, I might be older,

but I am definitely not wiser.

I don't know

if you heard, but...

I ruined my marriage,

and... my daughter hates me.

Utterly impossible.

The only one who could

ever hate you is me.

You? Why you?

For breaking my heart

and choosing the other guy,

what's his name?

Come on,

you were never heartbroken.

For years.

And I will stay that way,

unless you make good

on an outstanding debt.

And what would that be?

You offered

me a kiss good-bye.

Mm. Which, as I recall,

you did not collect.

But, see, that was a mistake,

and I would like

to right that wrong.

Suddenly, my timing

had gone from bad to worse.

Dad, you need to pick up.

Dad? Dad.

Dad, stop talking and listen.

Ben is here.

And then,

after a few Cuban hummers--

get your minds

out of the gutter,

it's a drink.

??To quietly remind us ??

??time, though

it mostly slips away ??

??doesn't seem

to mind the wait ??

Like you care.

Drop the phone, McKibben.

I got something

a little more interesting

for you to look at.

??Do you feel

the same as I do? ??

??close your eyes ??

??think of what

you have beside you ??

Stop moving so fast.

I need to talk to you.

I have to stay on the move

to avoid a pre-teen Ricky perv.

And I'm on clean-up duty.

I'm gonna go.

Wha--

You can't leave me here!

I'm sorry, T.

I can't stay.

How are you gonna

get home, walk?

Crap, I'm being paged.

Don't move, I'll be right back.

Lil' bitch, where's your mom?

With Ben.

I guess your plan

to ruin my parents'

relationship worked. Happy?

Listen, your dad's the one

who ruined their relationship,

and it started years ago.

What are you talking about?

Think about it.

Why would I hate buzzkill

this much for no reason?

Because I'm the one who had

to pick up the pieces

when he screwed over your mom

over and over again.

You're drunk.

And you're a dork.

But at least tomorrow,

I'll be sober.

For a while.

Why are you stopping?

Oh, I can't focus.

We've gotta put this on hold.

Seriously?

There's nothing you can do

about their break up.

- Let it go.

- I'm sorry,

but I gotta take care

of my friend.

- Ugh.

- Congratulations.

- What do you want?

- My wife.

Oh, mm, she's having

so much fun without you.

Ally, I don't want

to get into it

- on your wedding day.

- You're a schmuck.

Where is she?

??Well, you've got to go ??

??you've got to go ??

Yet again,

your timing is impeccable.

Now, leave.

It's what you do best.

??Felt too strongly

??now it's time ??

I couldn't tell if it was

the two dozen Bobby Pins

making my brain hurt,

or Jake's merciless words

playing over and over

in my head.

Our timing was off?

Did he just throw that

out there

or was it something real?

And if so, was it off

with my parents too?

If what Ally said was true,

then Ben wasn't

my mother's Matty, my dad was,

which made me the living,

breathing manifestation

of my parents' bad timing.

The mistake who kept my mom

from her Jake.

And if that thought

didn't destroy me,

there was another one lying

in wait to finish the job.

Would my mom have ended up

with Ben if it wasn't for me?

That bartender

would not tend to me.

He cut me off.

Ugh.

At my own wedding.

Can you believe that crap?

Make sure we don't tip him.

Lucky for you, your fave niece

is here to save the day.

- You're welcome.

- Mm.

- Hey!

- Okay.

Hey, that's my shot.

The position of bridesmaid

should not be taken lightly.

Come on!

You're spoiling all the fun.

She is one drink away

- from peeing herself.

- No more.

We are responsible

for making sure that

the bride is presentable

for her consummation.

I can't believe you're gonna

be in my wedding pictures.

Maybe the photographer

can color you out.

You know what would

go well with this shot?

Vodka chaser.

Smile.

I love you guys!

Oof.

My walk of lame left me

with a lot of blisters

and a little clarity.

There was never a wrong time

to say "I love you."

If Jake left me because

I didn't meet his deadline,

maybe I was lucky

to get out when I did.

Or maybe I was just trying

to make myself feel better

because I was still

paralyzed by the pain?

??Will I break?

Will I stand strong? ??

I heard what happened.

What happened?

Because I'm still in the dark.

He didn't say much.

How are you?

Numb.

Please tell me

what's wrong with me.

Nothing.

Nothing is wrong with you.

??I don't wanna break

your heart tonight ??

Something's wrong

with this zipper.

Can you help me?

No! No, unzip it.

It's too restricting.

You know, I really didn't

come here for Ally tonight.

Ben, I have a lot of baggage.

Which I can carry.

- I am a strong guy.

- You are.

You have always been strong.

And you will be strong again.

??All alone, stay with me

until the dawn ??

Hmm.

??Can't keep falling apart ??

- Whoo-hoo-hoo!

- ??We gotta let this go ??

??my body can't say no ??

I-I'd better

go wrangle the bride.

??Let's feel

what the beat is for ??

Good to see you.

- You too.

- ??Yeah yeah yeah yeah ??

- ??dance with me tonight ??br>- Mm-hmm.

??'Cause I don't want

to break your heart tonight ??

??Oh! ??

And one more thing...

I love you, Jake Rosati.

What did I do?

Beautiful.

- I'm sorry.

- Save it.

My Ricky chapter is closed.

Consider yourself OOP.

Okay, I-I may be

out of print,

but I'm still available

in limited edition.

Ugh.

Okay, at least for a dance.

How about it?

For old times' sake?

Get in line!

The lady is with me.

??I'm thinking about

the only one ??

I'm pretty sure I love you.

I feel it right here.

It's probably coming from

a little further south.

??I'm thinking about

the only one ??

On your body, not mine.

This is surreal.

- Yep.

- I'm crying to you about Jake.

I'm listening to you

cry to me about Jake.

What does that say about us?

We're weirdos.

I'm weird. You?

You're wonderful.

Hey, this isn't the Matty hour.

Let's focus on you.

You feeling better?

Surprisingly, no.

I'm still...

racking my brain,

trying to figure out what

I could have done different...

better.

Guess I just waited too long

to tell him how I felt.

I can relate.

He'll come to his senses.

I suspect Jake's just trying

to get over his own insecurity.

Once he knows there's

no reason to be insec--

What if there is?

- Is what?

- A reason.

What if he could sense that

I was struggling to fall in love

with him because...

I haven't fallen

out of love with you?

??Decisions you do or make ??

??I'm aware

they can haunt you ??

Where's Jenna?

She's gone.

??You're here early ??

My entire life has been

a series of bad timing.

My conception, my accident,

Jake's affection.

Us.

Us.

Maybe the timing's...

finally right.

And maybe,

finally,

it was time for my life

- to be less complicated.

- ??Bring on the fire ??

??'cause business is cruel ??

??and Sophie's got

somewhere to be ??

??take it out on me ??

??take it out on me ??

Next on Awkward...

Holy fuck!

Jake, I really need

to talk to you for just--

- He knows everything?

- Everything.

Well, who the hell told him?

Maybe telling Jake

was the wrong thing to do,

but what you and Jenna did

was way worse.

The wheel of pep!

Okay, McKibben,

time to come clean.

Please, don't do this.

**Awkward 02x09**

Previously on Awkward...

- I'm breaking up with you.

- What happened?

Are you sure there's

not something that I don't see?

- No.

- I love you, Jake Rosati.

- What did I do?

- Guess I just

waited too long

to tell him how I felt.

Maybe the timing's

finally right.

I had been blogging all night,

if only to keep my hands

occupied and off my phone.

And after fighting the urge

to text Jake for two days,

my willpower was waning.

My willpower had been waning.

A lot.

I'm breaking up with you.

I wasn't the type of girl

to expiration-date,

so if Jake thought our romance

was past its prime,

I would accept his decision...

If he had a damn good reason.

No, I don't.

I wasn't thinking clearly,

but neither was he.

I thought Jake and I

were happy,

then wham, bam,

break up, ma'am.

I must have done something

to damage our relationship,

but what?

Oh, cancel.

Cancel!

Hey, come outside.

I have a surprise for you.

Kevster, it's Hannah.

Call me.

So, Kevster, who's Hannah?

Someone from work.

Don't peek.

Huh?

Now all your friends

will want to take

a joy ride in the Jenna wagon.

That sounded bad.

Check it out!

It was the hoopty of my dreams,

and I had to admit,

I was stoked...

Until I remembered

Tamara's warning.

A grand gesture meant divorce.

Was my dad trying

to do damage control?

Or was Jake?

????

Turns out my car and I

were a match made in hell.

Holy shit!

Holy shit.

You're supposed

to be calming me down.

I am sorry, J, but holy shit!

What am I gonna do?

Be pissed.

He was spying on you.

- I'm just trying to spin it.

- Not working.

Okay, let's stop

baking drama cakes for a sec,

and think tank this.

I don't even know why Jake

was at my house

in the first place.

Well, I guess after

he came back to the wedding

looking for you.

- What?

- He went back?

Why didn't you

give me the heads up?

I don't know.

Maybe I was busy

buying lottery tickets

'cause I'm a freakin' psychic.

How was I supposed to know

Jake was gonna

go back to your house?

He probably wanted

to get back together.

I had never considered

that possibility.

Could there be a silver lining

to my storm cloud of despair?

Fact is,

I wasn't cheating on Jake.

So once we straighten out

the timeline--

Everything will be okay.

I just need to clear it up.

How am I gonna clear it up?

You're not a cheater.

Jake broke up with you,

out of nowhere, which means

he has no leverage, right?

It's a little thin,

but it's all we've got.

Jake, I really need

to talk to you for jus--

What just happened?

The classic ice burn.

Oh!

I wouldn't hit your head

like that if I were you.

Seriously, you're killing

brain cells,

and you don't have

any to waste,

which is why you need this.

Test answers, for geometry.

Sweet.

Stupid combo won't work.

- Let me try.

- The combo is 21...

You know my locker combo?

I also know your bra size,

but I'm not gonna advertise it.

32B.

Uh...

Since you seem to possess,

I don't know,

universal knowledge,

do you know where Fred Wu is?

I haven't heard

from him since Friday

and we're usually

in constant contact.

- What's his name again?

- Fred Wu.

- Fred who?

- Wu.

Oh, Fred Wu!

I don't know him.

But I do know

where your glasses are.

You left them in my car.

Oh, yes.

I thought I lost them,

and in the afternoon,

my contacts

start to feel like sandpaper.

Thank you.

No, thank you,

for giving my life a purpose.

- Aw.

- I'm kidding.

Wha...

Want to go in?

If he's mid-stream,

he won't be able to run away.

I don't think I can move.

Do you need the pep talk again?

'Cause I can rally.

No, that's okay.

Yeah, I need it.

You are in the right here,

okay--

- I didn't cheat on you!

That was a warm-up.

Jake, I know it looks bad.

I mean, that photo,

it was awful,

and I understand that looking

to Matty for comfort

was a terrible choice,

but I wasn't cheating.

Technically, I was single,

and devastated, and--

- I know everything.

Everything?

Everything.

It suddenly all made sense.

I knew exactly why

Jake broke up with me.

He knew everything.

He knows everything?

What does that even mean?

Oh, I'm not sure,

but I assume "everything"

means "everything."

No.

No. No way.

Way.

Jake took this.

Holy shit.

Holy--

Holy shit!

No wonder he won't talk to me.

How the hell did this happen?

You. Your lips.

I was vulnerable

and you took advantage.

Your lips

were pretty involved too.

Oh, my God.

- He knows everything?

- Everything!

Well, who the hell told him?

Yeah, I told him.

I really don't understand

why you're so upset.

Now that Jake is out

of the picture,

she's all yours.

I still don't get

the appeal of Jenna Hamilton

and her oversized

maternity tops,

but I guess the heart

wants what it wants,

even if it wants a social misfit

with a butterfly fetish.

- You're a bitch.

- I know.

And you should be thanking me

for removing the obstacle

that kept you apart.

I can't believe

you would do this to me.

We've been friends

since the fourth grade.

You can try and make me

the villain in all this,

but the truth is,

you're the bad guy here.

You're the one who kept

this huge secret

from your best friend.

Maybe telling Jake

was the wrong thing to do,

but what you and Jenna

did was way worse.

Dude, you don't have

all the information.

Come on, man, stop.

Let's hash this out.

- He won't talk to me.

- Me either.

But I'm gonna try again.

Jake.

The everything

you think you know?

Some of it's wrong.

Yes, Matty and I had a thing,

but it wasn't

an official thing.

And it was over before

you and I became a thing,

because we were official.

Jenna.

I don't remember you

being in this class.

Oh, I'm not.

I just came to talk to Jake.

Doesn't look like

he wants to talk.

You gonna talk to her?

No.

Ms. Hamilton,

you have two options...

- Stay here or go to class.

- I'll stay.

Ah, that triggers

option number three.

Follow me.

After you.

Fred!

Fred Wu!

What is your deal?

Why won't you talk to me?

I got a "D"?

Did you guys get "D"s?

What the hell?

Did you guys get

a different cheat sheet?

??Our chimney puffs

a lighter cloud ??

??I hear you don't

even make a sound ??

??once I recalled

the gall of that one ??

I'm starting to get the feeling

I'm on the outs

with the Asian mafia.

Disavowed?

No idea, but I just

got a bum cheat sheet

and weird stuff has been

happening all day.

It feels cold on the outside.

It does.

Ladies and gentlemen,

and those of you in between...

How did it go with Jake?

It didn't.

Wildcats,

we're gonna get pumped up,

with the wheel of

pep!

All right, you know how

this game is played, folks.

I just need one female volunteer

to make that first spin.

How can we explain

the situation

if he won't hear us out?

Come on, which one

of you lovely ladies

would like to join me onstage

and spin that wheel?

I'll make him listen.

Jenna, please, not again.

Lightning doesn't strike twice.

I'm telling you, going up

on that stage is not gonna

work out in your favor

this time.

It will.

It has to.

Uh, Jenna's raising her hand.

- Can't you see it?

- We just need a girl.

Any girl.

Jenna Hamilton, come on up!

Okay, now we need a dude.

Not you, Clark,

we need a real dude.

How about you?

I didn't cheat on you.

I slept with Matty

before I really even knew you.

Mm-hmm.

He never wanted

to be seen with me,

which made things confusing

and unclear.

Well, how about we fix that?

Hm?

Matty McKibben, come on up!

Yeah.

Let's give him some

encouragement, titans, huh?

Matty! Matty! Matty!

Matty! Matty! Matty!

This isn't how you play.

You can't stop

the wheel of pep.

Zip it.

The rules have changed.

I knew this was gonna happen.

I really might be psychic.

Okay, McKibben.

Time to come clean.

Have you ever betrayed anyone?

- Maybe a friend?

- No.

Well.

Looks like Matty has put you

in the hot seat.

If he's not willing

to come clean,

then we're gonna have

to play dirty.

Go, girl!

You got this!

Jenna has a lot

of experience playing dirty.

She should kiss Matty.

Shut up, Sadie.

No, great idea.

Jenna, kiss Matty.

Show some school spirit.

It's for the baseball team.

- Please don't do this.

- Oh, are you shy?

Would you be more comfortable

doing it privately?

Or maybe in secret?

I don't want you

to feel like a slut.

- That isn't funny.

- Yeah, I agree.

There's nothing funny

about being laughed at

- by your friends.

- Back off, man.

Stop!

You don't know the whole story.

I do!

You talked to me about her.

Huh? I gave you advice

about her.

That must've been

really hilarious.

I'm confused.

Are we playing a new game?

Yes, it's called

"down with the slut."

No one was

ever laughing at you.

Well, then what were you doing?

- Say it!

- Stop it!

- What do you want me to say?

- The truth!

Say it! Say it!

I fucked your girlfriend!

Two boys fighting over

a girl is...

a fantasy for some women,

but, uh, I am going

to have to put

personal fantasies aside,

because as vice-principal,

it is my job

to punish boys for having

those strong...

sexy feelings that...

burst into action.

The good news is,

I'm not caught up

in your drama,

and I am not gonna determine

who's right or wrong.

It's your fault, isn't it?

- Yes.

- Yeah.

That point goes to Jake,

because he's not to blame.

But he did cheat on

his last girlfriend,

so this could

be karmic retribution.

You're still even.

Jake didn't really

cheat on Lissa.

I'm surprised you would defend

someone who just slammed

a fist in your face.

Current score is 1-0

in Matty's favor

for being noble.

Noble?

I don't think so.

All right, listen.

I understand why this happened.

As a layperson, I totally get

why you would fight over Jenna.

I really like spending

time with her too,

but I wouldn't necessarily

throw down for her.

Okay, maybe.

I might.

She is a really

remarkable friend.

Student.

Student-friend.

She's no friend of mine.

Don't be mad at her.

She wanted to tell you

and I asked her not to.

This whole thing is my fault.

When I heard you

broke up with her,

I only went to her house

to see if she was okay,

because I knew

how much she liked you.

Shouldn't you have

been checking on me?

I tried to,

but you shut me down.

Bravo.

Everyone can see the damage

to your faces,

but no one can see

the damage to your hearts.

I'm throwing away

the score sheet.

You won.

I think we learned a lot today

about honesty and forgiveness.

So, no more fighting?

You're done?

Yeah. We're done.

Are you okay?

Please say something.

Anything.

I came to your house,

thinking that I made a mistake

breaking up with you.

I made a mistake too.

I should have told you

everything about Matty,

but I didn't know how to.

I never cheated on you.

I loved you.

I still love you.

Please believe me.

Why would I believe

anything that you say?

Ming. Ming.

Ming.

Ming.

Why are you hiding?

We're in the sanctuary.

Nowhere is safe.

Shh.

What? Why are you

acting so creepy?

First, you blow me off

and then you ignore me in class.

I thought you liked me.

I do like you.

A lot.

Which is why I can never

speak to you again.

Why?

Becca is my ex-girlfriend.

Damn.

No wonder so much bizarre stuff

has been happening to me.

And it's just the beginning.

You're scaring me.

You should be scared.

Are you familiar

with the difference

between a white bitch

and an Asian bitch?

When a white bitch is after you,

she's in your face.

Loud, angry,

making sure you know

that she's responsible

for your destruction.

But the Asian bitch--

Derives from

the way of the ninja.

They're everywhere and nowhere.

All stealth.

You never see

an Asian bitch coming.

But she looks

so sweet and harmless.

But she's not!

And now nothing is safe.

I can only drink

from sealed bottles of water,

and as my known associates,

I suggest you do the same.

I heard Jenna homewrecked

two relationships

in one weekend.

She's

"homewrecker Hamilton."

- Wha--

- Here.

I'd trade your mafia wrath

for my current situation

any day.

Why does everyone get

to weigh in on my life?

It's white bitch 101,

but at least

you know where you stand.

All this fear and loathing

is giving me

a mad case of stress eye.

Oh, you both need

to arctic chill.

Jenna,

someone else's drama-rama

will be front-page news

tomorrow.

And ming, honestly, this whole

thing with the Asian mafia--

Why can't I see anything?

Holy shit.

Becca changed my prescription.

I've been Asian

bitch-slapped again!

This day could

not get any worse.

Ming was a blind optimist.

What she couldn't see...

was that things

could always get worse.

I have never seen something

so offensive in my life.

That car is no way

to bridge a relationship gap!

Buying you a car

should have been

a co-parenting decision.

But a car that hideous

should have been

a no-parenting decision.

As usual, my mother

decided my humiliation

was about her.

Why in the world

would your father

purchase a car

with the word "slut"

written across it?

It didn't come that way.

This is just further proof

that your father needs me.

He could never be trusted

to make big purchases alone,

and a car is

a big financial commitment.

Marie Claire said--

Or was it Cosmo?

Maybe it was on

Real Housewives?

Mm.

Someone smart said

that if a couple is

in relationship recovery,

or working on

getting back together,

they need to create an

environment of mutual res--

You're not getting

back together.

He's seeing someone else.

Her name is Hannah.

The car is just his way

of breaking it to me gently.

It means he wants a divorce.

I was feeling wrecked,

wronged, and worn-out.

I couldn't take any more blows

and definitely

couldn't cushion them.

I had spent so much time

protecting Jake's feelings

that my own

were left defenseless.

The damage was done

and there was no way to undo it.

"You're not a homewrecker."

I'm glad someone knows.

Homewrecker?

I never used that expression.

Do you know me?

Friend or foe?

I don't know if I can trust

an invisible friend.

Jake would say

an invisible friend

can't trust me.

"You can trust me.

This isn't a set-up."

I'm feeling desperate.

There's no way

to minimize this damage.

Everybody hates me.

I wish I could put

into words what I feel.

"You already have."

You're the only one who knows

the whole truth.

??Follow my way ??

??follow my... ??

- Everyone is talking about you.

- I know.

No, Jenna.

Yesterday's slut-shaming

is, like, 12 pages back

in the gossip search engine.

Your secret blog?

Not so secret anymore.

Jenna slept with Matty,

but she only screwed Jake...

Over!

They didn't have sex!

Thank God.

She didn't just homewreck

two relationships.

It was three,

if you count her parents.

Yeah. The band

got back together.

Are you in shock?

Are you gonna stroke out?

Do you need a trauma blanket?

- I just need to talk to Jake.

- And I need to get a life.

I never realized

how Ricky-obsessed

I was until I read it in print.

Your blog saved me

from ever obsessing again

and it saved ming

by outing the mafia.

Now she's untouchable.

I wouldn't be so sure.

It's gonna take more than

a blog to take them down.

Did you read my blog?

Then you know the truth.

I never cheated on you.

No. You humiliated me.

Rosati! You been played,

but you didn't get laid!

The blog release

didn't just expose me.

It exposed everyone in it.

There was widespread

collateral damage.

Who the hell did this?

Who forwarded

Jenna's private blog?

I did.

Jenna Hamilton

tried to kill herself!

Again!

Next on Awkward...

Are we looking at?

Lunch in the bathroom?

What's going on?

Your social suicide

scared everyone silent.

- What you did was ballsy.

- And psychotic.

Everyone knows

I wrote the letter.

Go. Talk to them.

What's the worst

that could happen?

My life was full

of unexpected choices.

Choices that

I didn't want to make.

So you need to choose.

Him or me.

**Awkward 02x10**

Previously on Awkward...

I fucked your girlfriend.

Everyone is talking about you.

Your secret blog...

Not so secret anymore.

You humiliated me.

Jenna Hamilton tried to kill herself!

Again!

I was dead.

Metaphorically speaking.

Like Sylvia Plath, I'd taken my own life.

Except while hers ended in an oven,

mine ended on the internet.

My blog was no longer a safe haven,

so there was only one way

I could take refuge

from the internal slaughter in my head.

I had to put pen to paper.

Turns out, releasing my blog to the public

was not the answer to my problems.

Once again, I was a pariah.

And even though I hadn't forgiven

my mom for writing the letter,

she was wise to my guilt trips.

So I couldn't expect

she would let me stay home,

which meant I had to ensure it.

Mom, I have a fever!

My hand wasn't the only thing

getting hot and bothered.

My mom was too.

Suddenly I didn't need

to play sick anymore.

I was sick, and I needed to escape

before I was confronted

with what I expected to see...

My mother with a...

Dad?

How are you feeling?

- Uncomfortable.

- Understandable.

It's probably a little shocking

to see us together.

Seeing you together, not so shocking.

It's more of where and how.

Mm-hmm.

Just talk to us.

What's going through your head?

Your boobs.

Might want to belt up.

I thought you were dating Hannah.

So did I.

I wasn't.

Which is why I came over

to clear things up.

And you did.

Are you guys back together?

We're working it out.

Right, there's still work to do.

And if that work was gonna

happen in the house,

I had to vacate the premises.

Right, well, I am feeling much better now,

so I'm gonna head to school.

- Well, let me get dressed.

- She can drive herself.

She is not driving

the slut-wagon.

The thing will only

bring her negative attention.

Car or no car,

negative attention

was about the only attention

I could expect.

You sure you're feeling okay?

You don't look so good.

I'm fine.

I wasn't, but how do you tell your mom

you're about to walk into

a public lynching?

Really?

Well, there are a couple small things

that happened recently which are making me

a wee bit apprehensive.

- Bitch!

- Like that.

Don't call my daughter a bitch!

Not her, you.

What's going on?

So Jake broke up with me

and then caught me making out with Matty,

which shouldn't have been a thing,

'cause I was technically single,

but he thinks I'm a cheater

because he didn't know

that I was with Matty

before I was with him,

so he thought that we

were seeing each other

while I was seeing him,

that "him" being Jake.

Following?

So I exposed my blog

and basically everything about myself,

and I didn't realize that there

would be collateral damage,

which I guess sort of

definitely involves you

and the letter.

Everyone knows I wrote the letter?

You're disgusting.

I know it seems like I did this on purpose

because things aren't resolved between us.

I didn't mean to hurt you.

Have a nice day, honey.

We need to talk.

I can't.

Not now.

Please, let me say my piece.

Writing that letter to Jenna was terrible.

- Agreed.

- And cruel.

- I get it.

- No, you don't.

But I do, because despite

how together I may seem

I was once a misfit too.

Yeah, I know it's hard to believe,

but things weren't always smooth sailing

for this old kimosabe.

And do you know who always lifted me up?

- Your mother.

- That's right.

And let me tell you,

I was pretty heavy back then.

I had a tendency to eat my feelings,

but no matter how heavy my load

or my ass,

my mother could always lighten it

with her unconditional love

because that is what good mothers do.

They love their kids.

They don't tear them down.

L-Dawg, I really expected

we were on the road to being besties,

but now I...

I don't think I can even be your friend.

What kinda day are we looking at,

lunch in the bathroom?

Nope, I'm clear for quad exposure.

I'm back in with the mafia, big time.

They got my parents to buy me a car.

You're kidding.

Why?

It's a peace offering.

Becca's scared shitless of you,

and by proxy, now me.

Why is she scared of me?

'Cause putting yourself up

for public consumption

is, like, batshizat on crack.

You're the scariest kind

of loose cannon, Jenna.

You're a suicide bomber.

I wasn't trying to blow myself up.

Motive doesn't matter

but mission accomplished.

Your social suicide scared everyone silent.

I assumed it was merely

the calm before the storm,

and as such I was

battening down the hatches.

Watch it!

- Jenna.

- Sorry, Julie.

Julie.

I had hit the hornets nest...

The Julies.

They were power brokers,

the kind of girls who could

make or break a reputation

with a simple smile or a smirk.

Nobody wanted to mess with them,

and I definitely didn't want

them to mess with me.

- What you did was ballsy.

- And psychotic.

It was a mistake.

No, the mistake was ditching

Matty for Jake.

Team Jake all the way!

Seriously, when Matty

showed up at the dance,

total panty drop.

Forget you.

Nothing trumps the bit with Jake

when he decked out his mom's minivan.

It wasn't really a bit.

That actually happened.

Whatever.

I just loved it.

Anyhoo, gotta go.

Back-up pants a-calling.

That was strange.

And unexpected.

She just said

"back-up pants."

That was her quoting you quoting me.

Do you realize what just happened?

You've just been bitch-backed

by the Julies.

- Okay.

- You don't get it.

You're, like, a small cable show.

You may not have a budget or marketing,

but you're interesting

and you're catching on

with the right peeps.

Peeps that get you and care what you think.

Nobody cares what I think.

But ironically, they did.

I had fans.

??And I don't know, know ??

??I don't know what I can do for you ??

And they wanted dating advice...

Psst.

Fashion tips...

And a teenage perspective.

Suddenly everyone needed

my opinion on their life

and to weigh in on mine.

It was overwhelming

and exhilarating.

I was a tastemaker.

Ugh, how is the hamil-troll's

star rising while mine falls?

The bitch really crossed the line

exposing my relationship with Ricky.

I call shenanigans.

She didn't ho and tell.

Everyone already knew about you and Ricky.

Ho and tell?

Don't make me puke

with that side-stooge's lingo.

Look, I know Jenna's blog

didn't paint you in the best light.

But you gotta give her credit.

She can spell.

I'm not going to give her credit

for anything except inducing my stress.

She totally exaggerated

Ricky's past indiscretions

on that retarded blog,

which is why I now have the worst breakout

of my life.

See?

Tia!

Please, stop with the slang

or I'm gonna slap you.

Why are you looking at me like that?

I don't think you're breaking out.

You've been making out.

That is a kiss blister.

What the hell is a kiss blister?

Herpes.

This is not that.

It's a zit.

Good luck with everything.

You should say something.

What is there to say

that hasn't already been said?

Or read?

Good point.

With all my newfound validation,

I had almost forgotten

the one opinion that mattered most.

Make that the two opinions.

Maybe it is a good time to talk.

'Cause my new positive approval rating

could be rubbing off on them too.

- Right?

- I don't know about them.

But it's definitely rubbing off on me.

People have been rocking

my slanguage left and right.

I've heard three Tamara "isms"

in the first two periods alone.

Although Amy Dube doesn't really get

that a "Fail Mary" isn't a good thing.

Go.

Talk to them.

What's the worst that could happen?

They could spit in my face.

They could, but they won't.

Turns out my great expectations,

not so great.

Hey, do you mind if we switch seats?

I do.

I'm not on your team.

I am.

You could switch with me.

Thanks, but my objective

is to get further from someone,

not closer.

- Can we trade?

- No.

You're lame.

No wonder Jenna dumped you.

All right, frenchies,

Miss Kang had an emergency

and had to go home,

probably 'cause she ate some

bad creme fraiche this morning.

Some creme not-so-fraiche,

huh?

C'est la vie.

Well, I didn't have time to call in a sub,

so you're watching a movie.

It's called Jules and Jim.

So in case you wanna tune out

and take a napster,

here are the highlights.

"Two best friends fall in love

with the same woman,

who leaves the insecure one

for the passionate one,

causing friction between them.

Then the woman drives

one of them off a bridge."

A stupid suicidal girl

comes in between two friends.

That sounds familiar.

Oh, it's just like Jenna Hamilton's life.

Except the movie is better

because the girl actually dies.

I hope you're taking notes,

'cause Matty's

not in the wrong... You are.

Listen, I appreciate your opinion,

but you don't have all the information.

Actually, I do.

I read the blog.

Good for you, but there's no way

a stupid movie's gonna

give me a new perspective.

I'm never talking to that asshole again.

We should talk.

Why didn't you just tell me

that the camp girl was Jenna?

I don't know, man.

I was still figuring it all out

when suddenly you were into her,

and every time I tried to tell you,

it got more complicated.

More complicated than this?

Dude, I don't want our

friendship to go out this way.

- Neither do I.

- So what do we do?

We just move on.

And we tell each other the truth, okay?

About everything.

Yeah.

Good for me.

Me too.

Well...

- So you should know...

- So you should know...

- I still love Jenna.

- I still love Jenna.

Can you help get me somewhere safe

and out of the spotlight?

I got you, J.

Back off, sycophants.

Jenna doesn't have all the answers.

But you do have all the answers.

Have you read my blog?

I don't.

My life is a mess.

Au contraire.

That's French for

"on the contrary."

I gathered.

Your life isn't a mess.

It's amazing.

You have friends,

a bro-down,

and a very nice way with words,

which I know because I devoured

every last one of them,

virtually speaking of course.

Of course.

So here's what I need to know.

I was bracing myself.

Will you help me write my memoir?

This is getting insane.

I'm not a role model.

No, you're a Lifetime movie.

Seriously, we should think

about adapting your blog.

This isn't a movie, this is my life,

and I don't have a remote to take control

or delete the traumatic episodes

involving Matty and Jake.

They're never gonna talk to me again.

That's so major!

May-jer!

May-jor!

May-jer, may-jor.

Lose the E and stress the O.

Amazeballs.

And so are you.

You really dodged a bullet

with that Ricky reject.

Rumor has it he's rocking some nasty STDs

in his sex-cretins.

Sex-cretions.

But he is a cretin, that's for sure.

See, Jenna?

Nothing to worry about.

You're on a positively positive upswing.

The boys are bound to come around.

No doubt.

I mean, it's not like you gave them herpes.

Shit.

Finally, the tide had turned,

and I was about to get the smackdown

I had anticipated.

Okay, here we go.

Lay it on me.

I'm ready.

We've decided not to let

a girl come between us.

I understand.

So you need to choose.

Him or me.

Team Jake!

Team Jake!

Team Jake! Team Jake!

I know.

I know!

Just let me be!

Mom?

I'm home.

- Please don't.

- Hello.

I'm fine.

My mother is not a monster.

Has this been happening all day?

Honey, don't worry about it.

How 'bout a snack?

Apparently my stigma hadn't disappeared.

It transferred to my mother.

Mom, I'm so sorry.

You have nothing to apologize for.

I deserve this.

This isn't tit for tat, I swear.

I know.

Because even though

you haven't forgiven me,

you have never been cruel.

But I have.

That letter was cruel.

So why did you write it?

The day I wrote it,

my mother laid into me,

telling me that I wasn't raising you right.

And instead of tuning her out,

I tuned her in.

And I did what I never wanted to do.

I attacked you the way that

she has always attacked me,

and it wasn't right or fair.

It was just a family pattern

that apparently I couldn't break.

We need to call dad.

No, please don't call him.

He can fix this.

I know, but he can't fix me.

I'm a monster.

That's not true.

Jenna.

Your dad didn't stay with me for me.

He stayed for you.

And while I will always be your mother

and I will always love you,

you have a choice.

You don't have to love me.

Again, my life was full

of unexpected choices.

Choices that I didn't want to make.

You can handle this with medication.

I don't want to take medication.

I want to wring Ricky's neck.

And you should.

A real man would have disclosed.

He's branded you for life.

So should I break up with him?

I don't know.

Who else is gonna want you now?

Actually, a lot of guys.

According to the commercials,

one out of every four.

It's my doctor.

I'm too nervous.

Answer it.

Hi.

Yes, this is Sadie.

It's not herpes.

- So it's nothing.

- I told you so.

I was just about to break up

with Ricky thanks to you...

I'm gonna go before I wring your neck.

Dropped a new word today.

"Adora-whore-able."

Adora-whore-able?

What's it mean?

Slutty yet sweet.

You've heard it?

Unfortunately.

Amanda Shillingford

said it in reference to me

on my way out of Geometry.

God, I'm so on fire!

I'm trendsetting.

And I'm trending in two categories,

hashtag Jenna-pick-Jake

and Jenna-pick-Matty.

Why can't everyone

just mind their own business?

You need to breathe.

And then tell us, who's it gonna be?

- Is it Matty or me?

- No pressure or anything.

I appreciate that.

But we need to know.

And so did everyone else.

I just... I can't think

like this.

Then don't.

We'll do it for you.

I can vouch for Matty.

He's a good-looking guy

with a great head of hair

and a really big heart.

Wow.

That means a lot, man.

And see, it's that kind of thoughtfulness

that makes Jake the better contender.

He's about the best kind

of friend to have around

when the going gets tough.

Well, you're no slouch

in that department either, man.

I don't know, what would

I have done without you

when my brother went to rehab last year?

And when my mom had that cancer scare,

you were right by my side.

And I'll be there again.

So?

I've made a decision.

You should date each other.

Is mom coming to dinner?

She went to bed.

It's 6:00.

She's had a rough couple of days,

and she's gonna get through it.

With you?

I'm not going anywhere.

Did you only stay with mom for me?

Your mom tell you that?

Yeah.

Uh, when we were younger,

I did and said

a lot of awful things to her,

things she's forgiven

but clearly hasn't forgotten.

I... I wasn't always

the best guy.

Let's be real,

she hasn't always been the best either.

No, I know.

But you've got to cut her some slack.

Because what you don't know

is that I wasn't always around

as much as I should have been.

And when I was,

you didn't want me to hold you.

That's not true.

You were the only one

who could put me to sleep.

With your mom's song.

Singing that lullaby

was the only way to get you to calm down.

So your mom taught it to me.

She wanted me to be your hero.

You are my hero, dad.

And your mom is mine.

In an unexpected turn of events,

I was neither a winner nor a loser.

I was a chooser.

But someone had to win.

Someone had to lose.

And I was still left to choose.

It was a big decision

and not an easy one to make.

So I had chosen...

my mom.

??Special wonderful surprise ??

??Rest your eyes ??

??Rest your eyes ??

??What a blessing you will make ??

??When you wake ??

??When you wake ??

??Strong and beautiful you'll be ??

??Next to me ??

??Next to me ??

Next on Awkward...

"If you had to do-over,

how would you handle it?"

A do-over... It was

an interesting concept.

I was afraid you weren't gonna show.

Wait.

"Enough about Matty.

I'm pro-Jake."

So I'll break it off with Matty,

you get rid of Lissa,

and we can be together.

Cool.

I didn't have to choose

between Matty or Jake,

but I wanted to.

And I finally knew who it would be with.

**Awkward 02x11**

Previously on Awkward...

My life was full of unexpected choices.

We've decided not to let

a girl come between us.

So you need to choose, him or me.

You should date each other.

But someone had to win,

someone had to lose,

and I was still left to choose.

I used to think being in love

with two people at once only

happened on reality shows,

where finding a soul mate was nudged along

by a dozen roses, a cheese-tastic host,

and a camera crew up your ass.

I never bought that bogus B.S....

until it happened to me.

I didn't have to choose

between Matty or Jake,

but I wanted to.

When it came to life-altering decisions,

I resorted to my go-to

method of problem solving...

blogging it out.

[Computer beeps]

"Pick Matty." "Pick Jake."

"Matty is the only choice."

"Jake is awesometown."

Turns out, my readers

were as confused as I was.

[Computer beeps] "Get over it."

"Pick a guy already." "Team Matty."

"Team Jake. Team... Jonah?

"We have third period together.

I'm the one with the Jew 'fro."

Oh.

It was impossible to think

with the peanut gallery chiming in.

How could I possibly

blog my way to an answer

if I couldn't write my truth?

Unless...

I tried my hand at fiction.

It was the six month anniversary

of the first tryst in the utility closet,

and Jenna couldn't stop thinking about it.

Those ill-fitting camp shirts,

the filthy space, the cold, dank floor...

it was the most romantic

three minutes of her life.

Jolted by a rush of cold wafting off

Matty's sub-zero skin,

Jenna couldn't help but consider,

should she finally let him turn her

so they could spend eternity together?

Do you know what today is?

Tuesday.

He didn't remember.

Jenna was crushed.

She didn't realize the

undead could suck so hard.

Happy anniversary.

He'll never be able to

give you what you need.

But I can.

But she couldn't discount Jake,

who she occasionally referred to as Jacob.

Sexy in his own right

and an amazing kisser,

Jenna could only imagine

how their sex would be.

She thought it would be hot.

For real, Jake's body

temp hovered around 150.

[Computer beeps]

My brief foray into fiction

lead me to one obvious conclusion...

I was a hack.

So I wasn't all that great

when left to my own devices.

What I needed was a push

in the right direction,

or any direction.

Because I was lost, in love.

Whenever I lost my keys,

which happened a lot,

I retraced my steps.

Maybe I needed to retrace my past

to figure out my future.

"If you had a do-over with Matty,

how would you handle it?"

A do-over... it was

an interesting concept.

And I knew exactly what

I would do differently.

[Techno music]

I was afraid you weren't gonna show.

- Wait, I'm not going in there.

- Why not?

Because if I do, we're gonna have sex.

And I'll be totally into you,

and you'll ignore me, and

I'm not cool with that.

So if you wanna get to know me,

ask me out.

[Acoustic guitar music]

??When we meet again

??my bones will ache

Didn't you hear me yelling at you

to come get your clothes when you came in?

Yeah, I heard you.

I just didn't feel like doing it.

Watch your tone, young lady,

or you can start doing your own laundry.

This letter came for you.

I'll take the clothes, but...

you might wanna rethink that.

[School bell rings]

Guys, this is Jenna.

Hey.

Sit next to me.

Jenna, you would look so

pretty with a makeover.

Oh, damn, is it "bring

a freak to lunch" day?

I totally forgot mine.

Back off, Sadie.

Jenna and I are together now.

We are?

I hope so. [Chuckles]

Spoiler alert, you won't last the week.

So forgive me if I don't

commit your name to memory.

You're welcome.

Like a hungry coyote,

Sadie preyed on the weak and wounded.

If showed any fear at all,

she'd spend the rest of

the year eating me alive.

Well, I already know your name.

It's Sadie Sucks-ton, right?

[Chuckles]

- [Laughs]

- Sorry.

I'm not sorry.

You are such a bitch.

I like you.

[Laid-back music]

So, "J", are you hanging with us today,

or are you eating at the V.I.P. table?

It's been, like, a week.

Well, I'd rather eat with you guys,

but I don't wanna hurt Matty's feelings.

- What about our feelings?

- Come on, guys.

It's not like I'm gonna be BFFs with Sadie

and become popular overnight.

[Techno music]

??Come with me come with me ??

Where'd you score the lactoids, Hamilton...

sudden grown spurt or cutlets?

- I got a boob job.

- Overnight?

I heal fast.

Do you think I should get implants?

Maybe just a lift.

And a nipple reduction.

Hamilton, can we sidebar?

Isn't it obvious? She's moved on.

So feel free to resume your

life on the D-list without her.

You're welcome.

Come on, Sadie.

To join the mob, you proved your loyalty

by making your first kill.

To stay popular, I had to

sacrifice my friendships.

They're not D-listers...

unless you grade on a curve

the size of her shelf-butt.

[Laughter]

Sorry. I'm not sorry.

And just like that, I was made.

Nice whore-drobe, skanksquatch.

This is the first time you've come up

on my radar, Miss Hamilton,

and I hope it's the last.

[Cell phone chimes] Yeah, me too.

Why am I here?

Because I didn't like mean girls

when I was in high school,

and I don't care for them now.

If you're calling me a mean girl,

you better have the proof to back it up.

Because the way I see it, that's slander.

Oh, no. No, no, no.

I wasn't implying that.

I meant that as a popular,

envied student with good hair

and a great set of bazooms,

you have the opportunity

to use your power for good.

Okay, val, why don't I start with you?

Unless you keep a lid on the crazy

and stop dressing like a Walmart greeter,

the only action you're ever gonna get

is your annual visit to the gyno.

Sorry. I'm not sorry.

[Rock music]

Whenever peeps bitched about high school

being the most painful time of their lives,

I always assumed they were losers.

Because I was halfway

through sophomore year

and I was killing it.

Every girl wanted to be me and

every guy wanted to bone...

except the gay ones,

who still wanted to see my boobs.

But even though my life was perfect,

I couldn't help by wonder

why the hell was I wasting time

recounting every little

thing that happened to me

on some lame blog?

Blogging was stupid.

Hey, pretty girl.

I need your expert opinion.

What do you think of this

for the Sotos' cocktail party?

Add earrings. Hoops, not studs.

Change the pumps. And you might wanna

think about busting out the spanx.

Oh. Thanks, honey.

I would be a mess without you.

Oh, and this letter came for you.

Can you read it to me?

My nails are still wet.

Okay.

"Dear, Jenna, as you are now,

you are... awesome!

Words cannot express

how perfect you are in every way.

You are a role model

for girls the world over,

because you are beautiful, skinny,

cool and stylish.

I would not change a

single thing about you.

Love, mom."

Thanks, Lace.

[Knock at door]

You can go now.

Okay.

[Door opens]

Wow. You look smokin'.

I am smokin'.

[Laughs]

I saw Tamara at the game

and she asked about you.

You should really hang

out with her sometime.

I can't. She's a dork.

And I don't have that luxury now.

As the most popular girl at Palos Hills,

it's my job to worry

about what everyone thinks.

And they think about me all the time.

Well, for whatever it's worth,

Tamara misses you. Shut up.

- No, really, she does.

- No, really, shut up.

Mmm.

Oh, I can't be horizontal.

I just had a blowout.

Babe, I just got lasered!

Lay off the merch.

I told you, they have to settle in.

It's been three months.

["Bad Feeling" by Veronica Falls]

??Your face in the mirror ??

So, are you thinking

limo or town car for the dance?

I told you 20 times,

I want a black on black stretch limo.

Do I need to write it down,

or is reading an issue?

Don't get mad at me for saying this,

but someone has to.

Jenna Hamilton's a raging bitch.

I know. But she hasn't always

been like that, man.

She used to be really cool.

She was the first girl who

actually liked me for me...

or so I thought.

So then why do you put up with her crap?

I don't think we should

see each other anymore.

I'm sorry, Jenna, you're just...

you're not the same girl I met at camp.

You changed.

And to be honest, I'm

kinda into someone else,

someone off the grid and...

and normal and down to earth.

You stupid moron.

You can't break up with me.

I'm breaking up with you.

And for the record, it's not me, it's you.

I don't need you anyway.

I could have anybody I want.

I'm Jenna Hamilton!

[Screams]

Since my due-over fantasy turned out

to be more of a nightmare,

I decided second-guessing myself

wasn't the way to go.

Maybe I had made the right decision

to go into that closet with Matty.

"Enough about Matty. I'm pro Jake.

How did you tank that relationship?"

Thought that was pretty obvious.

I should've told him the truth

about Matty from the beginning.

But I couldn't go back

to the scene of the crime

to right the wrong... or could I?

Stop.

Before you kiss me, you should know.

That guy I've been upset about,

it isn't you. It's Matty.

I just had to lay it out there

before you got further invested in me

and I got invested in

you because if I didn't,

someone would've gotten hurt...

namely you, with a punch to the face.

So if given the choice

between you or Matty,

which normally I would debate for months,

I pick you.

This is a lot to process.

Trust me, you'll be much happier with me

than you'd ever be with Lissa.

So I'll break it off with Matty,

you get rid of Lissa,

and we can be together.

What I'm saying is,

I don't think that either

one of us has been happy.

I feel like I need some space.

You're transferring to another school?

No, Liss.

I think that we should, you know...

- break up.

- But I really like you.

Actions speak louder than words,

which is why I'm gonna be

dating your best friend.

What?

Yeah.

[Exhales]

Should we be doing this in your room?

In my fantasy, my mom and dad

were out of town... a lot.

My parents are in... Aruba.

It was a win-win for everybody.

Cool.

- Ahh, yeah.

- Aah.

- Both: Ahh.

- Wait, wait.

- [Moans]

- Ooh, don't move.

Yeah.

[Exhales]

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

"T," the sex with mind-blowing.

It wasn't just a physical experience.

It was emotional and spiritual.

There was zero chemistry.

Sorry, man. That blows.

I don't mean to be weird,

but was there chemistry with you and Jenna

- the first time?

- Definitely.

So it is me.

Damn it!

Maybe I should try it again.

Hey, do you mind waiting in the car?

??Oh, I need

??your bedroom eyes

??oh, I need your bedroom eyes ??

I wasn't sure if it was exhaustion

from our recent bone-a-thon,

but Jake was acting strange.

Maybe he was afraid I wasn't as into him

as he was into me.

And there was only one way

to set his mind at ease.

I love you.

Awesome.

Awesome? What was that?

You need to back off.

As in, put your thing down,

flip it, and reverse it.

You're gonna scare him away.

But I love him.

That's the sex talking.

Yeah. You're in a sex trance.

No, I'm not.

Am I?

You were so right.

Jake's totally cooled it on that skitch.

So instead of looking like an a-hole

by punching Jenna in the face

or putting bleach in her shampoo...

I was just spit-balling.

You're in the perfect position

to swoop in and win him back.

You're welcome.

Now get in there...

and act cool.

Yeah.

I just feel like she's suffocating me

and I can't even talk to her about it.

I'm sorry. Is this weird for you?

No! I like hearing about you and Jenna,

especially how she annoys you.

Well, I probably shouldn't be saying this,

but I think I made a mistake.

I miss you, Liss.

[Squeals] Yay!

We're back together.

[Giggles]

[Kissing]

Oh, yeah.

Jake's about to pump and dump you.

He's getting back together with dumb-o.

No way. We're in love.

You're in love. He's in awesome.

[Cell phone chimes]

He is dumping me.

What do I do?

- You need a sexorcism.

- No! Save face.

Blindside him with a preemptive dump.

But he's the one.

Both: Sex trance.

[Exhales] Ooh.

I have received many a similar text.

There is no doubt about it, you are toast.

- So how do I keep him?

- We have two options.

One, you tattoo Jake's name on your arm

where it's visible to the viewing public.

Then you beg him to stay together.

He'll say yes because he's a sucker.

And then, never get it removed.

Or we could do it the old-fashioned way.

I'm pregnant.

[Giggling]

[Snickering]

Looks like history's repeating itself.

Maybe you'll have a girl so you can

pass on the legacy of slutitude.

Just because Jake and I are back together,

doesn't mean I'm gonna

help you raise your baby.

Unless it's, like, really cute.

This day sucks.

Which is what you should've done

so you wouldn't be in this position.

My advice, give that

rugrat up for adoption.

Cute white babies go faster

than singles at a titty bar.

Guys, I'm still eating for one.

I just said that to hold on to Jake.

You were trying to trap him?

[Shushes]

You make it sound so horrible.

Jenna, it is horrible.

So you're not pregnant?

Sorry.

I just didn't want to lose you.

Even if you were, we

could never be together.

I would love that really cute baby,

but I would never love you.

What are you guys doing here?

Shouldn't you be in Aruba?

We should be.

Seems like we're there a lot these days.

We came home as soon as we got the news.

I'm not pregnant.

It was a last-ditch

effort to try an keep Jake.

Oh, thank God.

[Laughs]

I am far too hot to be a grandma.

I don't trust you anymore, Jenna,

which is why I need you

to pee on this stick.

[Sighs]

I can't believe you're

making me do this, dad.

I'm so not...

pregnant?

Switch places with me, mama bear.

You don't need to see that.

[Shudders]

Dodged a bullet.

??Upside down

Turns out, I couldn't trust

my instincts or my blog,

which apparently was

hijacked by an angry muse

determined to send my

do-overs off the rails.

Or was gut subconsciously

trying to protect me

from a miserable future with both guys?

Which meant there was a

third party in the mix.

I could pick Jake or Matty or no one.

I still can't believe you blew off camp

for summer school. It was so worth it.

With the extra credits,

I can graduate early.

Why would you wanna do that?

Because nothing interesting

ever happens in high school.

Really, not even getting digitized

by Ricky Schwartz in the back of the bus?

You dirty little... you know what.

If you had gone to camp, "J,"

maybe you'd be a woman of the world too.

Matty McKibben worked at

Camp Pookah this summer.

Why does everyone always call

that guy by his full name?

Like Matty McKibben would ever notice me.

Camp levels out the playing field.

Imagine if you guys had hooked up,

or had sex in a closet or something.

Boy, this year would be different.

Me and Matty McKibben? Yeah, right.

Oh. Whoa.

I'm sorry about that.

That's okay.

Missed one.

Without so much as a flirtatious wink

from Matty or a coy smile from Jake,

the boys walked off with their girls,

never even bothering to ask Jenna's name.

[Indistinct chatter]

Isn't it great that Matty and Jake

finally came out of the closet?

What I discovered during my

journey into the world of fiction,

one, there was no point

in hoping for a do-over,

because sometimes, they

suck more than the reality,

two, I did not want to write fiction,

three, I couldn't write fiction,

and four, I couldn't write

the facts with an audience.

So when it came to the

boys, I had no regret.

If I hadn't trusted my instincts,

I would have missed out on some amazing,

and incredibly painful experiences.

Experiences that made me who I am.

Who paved the way for who I'd be.

Good, bad or ugly, I was

going to go with my gut,

if a do-over wasn't an option

maybe a start over was.

And I finally knew who it would be with.

But why was I telling the public at large?

It should be private.

Next on Awkward...

Spin the bottle, it was a

wreck of a rite of passage.

The bottle didn't know what I wanted,

but I did.

Remember, all good things in my life,

are closely followed by something bad.

The other shoe is poised

to drop at any moment.

Surprise!

Ever heard of knock?!

**Awkward 02x12**

Previously, on Awkward...

Friend or foe?

So, you need to choose.

Him or me?

So, when it came to the boys,

if a do-over wasn't an option,

maybe a start-over was.

And I finally knew

who it would be with.

Spin the bottle.

It was a requisite

rite of passage.

And while I was

past my prime to play,

it seemed fitting,

given all the spiraling

I'd done throughout the year.

I'm gonna take a pass.

I knew you'd be out.

You're right.

I'm not into bears.

But I will make out

with your boyfriend.

Good luck with that.

Pass equals drink.

In the game, all decisions

were left to the bottle.

And for once, the bottle

was more fickle than I was.

You can choose or spin again.

Spin again.

The bottle didn't know

what I wanted, but I did.

Despite already

having made a decision...

Bottle flip!

Seven minutes in heaven

for you two.

I was still in the closet.

- So what should we do?

- Put on a show.

- Mm, yeah, baby.

- Oh, yeah. Oh--

You don't have to fake it.

I know you're together now.

It's cool.

- I told him.

- I was going to.

You snooze, you lose.

With Jake getting

the answer he needed,

Matty was clear to be

with the girl he wanted.

Me.

So I made use of my last

three minutes of seven...

in heaven.

Sophomore summer abroad.

We have to go.

This year has been

crap-tastic, suck-drastic,

but if we go to Europe,

I can save my summer.

How are we gonna pay for it?

Panties.

You can sell your dirty ones

to businessmen abroad.

How do you think the mafia

affords so much sushi?

They're a major distributor.

Have you sold

your underwonders?

No comment.

I'm not selling my underwear.

Even if it means

I'm stuck here.

You're not stuck

if you're about to have

a real boyfriend summer.

The other shoe is poised

to drop at any moment.

Remember,

all good things in my life

are closely followed

by something bad.

Dare you forget,

Matty and I haven't DTRed.

Oh, tell me we're not gonna be

obsessing over that again.

Hey.

Apparently, our BF-GF status

didn't need words to define it.

Will my girlfriend

give me a bit?

Or "girlfriend"

would roll off Matty's tongue

and onto my salami.

Hitting the courts.

See you later?

You have everything.

And all I have

is a text from my ex.

Ricky is sniffing me out.

There's trouble in paradise.

- Once a cheater, always a cheater.

- Cheater!

He's been texting that troll!

If he cheated,

he would have deleted.

But he will cheat

if you don't confront him.

And let him know I'm snooping?

That's really smart.

Thank you.

I think he's avoiding me.

I need to shake things up.

No, you need to do

what you always do.

Put him in his place.

Don't tell me how to do

what I do, birdbrain.

Exactly. Just like that.

Hello, this I--

Ricky.

Yes, I am answering your phone,

because you left it in my car.

But--

Since I haven't

seen you for two days,

I haven't been able

to give it back to you.

Do you miss me?

'Cause I miss you.

All. The. Time.

Sure.

I can give the phone to Rob

to give to Marty

to give back to you.

And then you can

call me, beefcake.

No.

"Call me, comma, beefcake."

You're the beefcake.

I love you, babe.

God, why do exes

always have to creep back?

But did all exes creep back?

And could they

creep back as friends?

Jake and I haven't

really talked,

and even though he says

he's cool, I don't think he is.

He looks pretty cool to me.

It's a front.

None of those skanks

are up to par.

So who is?

A girl with substance.

Like T.

He couldn't handle me.

I'm a lot of woman.

And if I wanted Jake

to be my friend,

I needed to be a woman

and man up.

Thanks.

See you guys.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Crazy seeing you here.

In the school hallway?

No, I-I meant

on this route to class.

I go this way every day.

Me too.

That is so weird.

This is weird.

Do you feel weird?

'Cause I'm acting weird.

- I just--

- Don't.

When I said I'd be fine

with your decision, I meant it.

Might not have been

what I wanted,

but hey, it's what I needed.

Really?

Jenna, I've been

a serial monogamist

since the fifth grade.

To be honest, I haven't seen

this much action since I was 10.

Don't get me wrong.

You set the bar really high.

And it's gonna be a while till

I meet someone like you again.

But until then...

Don't hate the player,

hate the game.

Well, ladies...

For once, the universe was

actually working in my favor.

Which was not

cause for celebration.

It was setting off alarms.

I was...

Jenna Hamilton,

please report to the office.

Thankfully,

on my way to a problem.

I am really,

really disappointed in you.

You're being selfish.

You need to work out your issues

and get back together.

- We are back together.

- We are back together.

Damn, I'm good!

Uh! Double up. Uh, uh!

J. We're having

a family meeting.

Finally,

something bad would happen

so I could get on with my day.

Closer.

Let's get closer.

I asked our folks here to have

a little state of the union.

And it appears that the union

is back intact.

Is that true?

- Yes.

- Good.

Now, I think the only way

that you can atone

for the hell you put us through

is to send Jenna

on the Europe trip with me.

Her sista...

Slash-chaperone.

- That sounds fantastic!

- But...

- Oh! But...

- We can't.

Money's a little tight

right now.

And whose fault is that?

Yet again, dad, you're operating

from a selfish place.

Can't you just cash out

some of your retirement fund?

I mean, what good is that money

when you're old?

I don't need to go.

I'm just happy that my parents

are back together.

Just amazing.

Now, this is what

I call selflessness.

How 'bout we think

about the trip?

That is acceptable.

Meeting adjourned.

Okay.

Isn't there a problem

I need to address?

Nope.

Just have a good day.

That was the problem.

I needed a problem

to have a good day.

Everything is perfect.

Maybe too perfect.

Something bad

is bound to happen.

- Mm, not possible.

- Possible.

If you haven't noticed,

I'm a walking disaster zone.

This summer is gonna be

the best summer of our lives.

Just you, me, and Camp Puka.

We're gonna get paid,

and you're gonna get laid.

Don't get ahead of yourself.

I don't want to get ahead,

I want to get on top.

I was being neurotic.

The other shoe

didn't need to drop

for me to get

everything I wanted,

which involved more of McKibben

and less of his clothes.

- Surprise!

- Surprise!

Ever heard of a knock?

We couldn't wait.

We had to tell you that...

we're sending you to Europe!

You're signed, sealed,

and paid for.

So I wasn't neurotic.

I was intuitive.

The other shoe

had definitely dropped,

but it wasn't

a sweaty converse.

It was a sparkly

Manolo Blahnik.

- Europe.

- Europe.

We are gonna have so much fun

when we take in the sights,

because we are going

on an adventure.

We are getting

ahead of ourselves.

Why?

Because the "we" that is me

has already committed to camp.

- You can get out of it.

- I could, but...

I don't want to.

I'm gonna be a head counselor.

But that doesn't mean

you can't go.

I can't go unless you go.

That's not true.

It's six weeks.

It'll be over

before you know it.

"It'll be over

before you know it?"

What does that even mean?

Stop being paranoid

and get amped!

We're going to Europe!

- You got the green light?

- The light isn't just green.

It's neon.

I walked in on my mom making out

with her friend Claire.

Your mom's gay?

No, she's a lesbutante.

She keeps it strictly

above the belt.

But it was a TS sitch, so my

mom is letting me go on the trip

to keep me

from telling my grandma.

Little does she know

I'm totes equal opportunity.

O-M-G.

- I have it. Problem solved.

- Well, tell me.

With all my mom's

guilt tripping,

I bet I could swing

a euro trash bash.

We'll show McKibben

just how much he'll be livin'

if he comes with!

I don't want to manipulate him.

It's not manipulation.

It's coercion.

Think about it.

I was stuck with the hiccups.

An annoying series

of convulsions

disrupting the blood flow

from my heart to my head.

I wanted to go to Europe.

And yet, I was afraid

to go without Matty.

So there was only

one thing left to consider.

You really want to know

what I think?

Yes.

I knew my mom would tell me

what I wanted to hear.

Stay with the--

Go to Europe.

Come on, when you were my age,

you would've picked Matty.

- 100%.

- I rest my case.

Jenna, I'm not

the best role model.

That was a given.

Back in the day,

when I was with Ben,

I had so many opportunities

to do things

that I really wanted to do,

but I didn't do them

because he didn't want to.

Like what?

Camping.

- Mom, you are not a camper.

- Who knows? I might be.

I do own a battery-operated

curling iron.

And there were so many times

that I never got to dance

'cause Ben didn't like to.

I just sat on his lap,

and watched everyone

around me having fun.

Is that why you chose dad?

For his white man's overbite?

Yes.

And someday,

he will bust it out for me

on a dance floor in Europe.

But until we get that chance,

we really want you to have it.

Surprisingly,

my mom was giving good advice.

Which left me

with one last resort.

Manipulation.

And this is the last stop

on our tour.

Italy.

A country full of pasta

and passion.

Does that mean I could

eat pizza off your chest?

If you go to Europe.

I'm gonna bump uglies tonight!

Code red.

She is wasted.

I better help T.

Meet you in Paris?

How much have you had to drink?

A...

lot.

'Cause tonight,

I'm breaking all the rules.

And my hymen.

I'm ready for Freddy

to get sweaty.

Head to Amsterdam

and get a condom.

Oh...

She needs to sober up.

With a cold shower.

I'll take care of it.

You just keep hammering Matty.

Actually,

I think he's warming up.

Ricky is still being cold, and

he's been avoiding me all night.

What should I do?

Why are you asking me?

You don't want my opinion.

Desperate times

call for desperate measures.

Get really drunk,

so you throw up,

and he has to

hold your hair back.

Boys like to feel needed.

Boys like to watch

getting blown,

not the blowing of chunks.

Then take your own advice.

Make him an offer

he can't refuse.

Like what?

God's blind spot.

Back door.

??So bounce, bounce,

bounce, baby ??

??nothing less

than an ounce, baby ??

Lissa just texted again.

I think she wants to hook up.

- What'd she say?

- "Let's hook up."

I don't know what happened,

but all of a sudden, I'm you.

All these girls

want a piece of me.

Even ally James

grabbed my johnson.

That's a problem because...

I was peeing.

Crisis averted.

Ming's drying off

and sobering up.

Good thing she's not

going to Europe.

- I don't want to babysit.

- Are you going?

Totes.

I'm signing up on Monday.

Too late, the trip's full.

I took the last slot.

Fuck me!

I suddenly didn't need

to convince Matty to go.

I needed to convince

myself to stay.

??

What's wrong?

Everything.

I need your car keys.

Good thing it's new,

'cause it's about to experience

a serious breakdown.

Hey.

This is hello.

And good-bye.

- I'm going to a new school.

- Why?

My house has been redistricted.

But your house is right across

the street from the school.

Exactly.

Becca's behind it,

and she's not going to stop

until she destroys me.

She'll never

let us be together.

And quite frankly,

I'm afraid she's gonna hurt you.

I can take care of myself.

That's the thing, Ming.

You can't.

??

I'll never forget you.

??

My relationship is over.

- Mine never even started.

- With who?

Julio, Pierre, Antonio.

Take your pick.

And now I'm throwing a party

for a trip I can't go on,

and there isn't even

a dude here to beer goggle with.

You're totally overreacting.

Let me wallow

in the shit show of my life.

- While you do that,

I'm gonna revenge-fuck.

With Becca.

Two can play her game.

Help me.

- I need to hide.

- Jake?

Go. I got you covered.

- Thanks.

- Jake...

Jake.

He's not outside.

But I just saw him

run out here.

No, that was Scott... Gold.

Scott's black.

I get it.

Are you and Jake hooking up?

No.

Then outta my way!

??Wait another mile ??

??the world ain't ending ??br>Jake.

??but it might as well be ??

??whoa-oh-oh ??

??I'll rock you like the sea ??br>Jake.

- ??Buildings ain't crumbling ??br>- It was you.

??Whoa oh-oh ??br>Weird.

??So let's not think and just ??

??moo-oo-oo-oo-oove ??

??Like you stole it ??br>The coast is clear.

Oh, thank God.

??'Cause I'd be wrong ??

that was so sweet.

I had to memorialize it.

I'm gonna grab

another beer. Lady? Gent?

I was rooting

for you to pick him.

I'm worried

it's too good to last.

Stop it.

Here's my problem.

My parents bought me a spot

on the Europe trip,

but Matty's not going.

We were gonna spend

the summer together,

- and now that plan is shot.

- So don't go.

- But it's Europe.

- Then go.

What if I miss out

on something here? What do I do?

Shake it off.

Everything is going your way.

It was true.

And familiar.

Where had I heard that before?

Trust your gut.

My gut was saying

I didn't really need to go.

But Tamara did.

And suddenly, I had the answer

to fix two problems

with one trip.

I never thought

I would say this,

but I can't handle

all this female attention.

- Go. Get out of the car.

- What? Why?

Because you're complaining

about getting too much action,

while my life

is on auto-combust.

What happened?

What didn't? This has been

the worst year of my life,

and now that Europe's

off the table,

I'm gonna have

a sad, lonely summer.

You're crazy.

All right,

now you really can go.

I meant it's crazy for you

to think that you can't

turn things around.

But nobody loves me,

or likes me,

or even wants

to drunkenly dry hump me.

So, tell me,

Mr. Know-it-all,

how am I gonna

turn things around?

??Enough to know you're wrong ??

??

Do you feel better?

That's like asking

if I talk fast.

Of course I feel better,

but you don't have to do

the post-make out fake out.

We don't have to small talk.

We should do that

again sometime.

Okay. How 'bout now?

Yeah.

Jake and Tamara are making out.

But you have Matty,

so what's the problem?

You made your choice.

Right.

Right.

I'm being ridiculous.

I'm so glad we can do this

out in the open.

As opposed to...

Your blog.

??To the beat of my drum ??

- Are you...

- Not God.

Clark was

my mysterious commenter.

We need to talk.

- You made out with Jake.

- I made out with Jake.

I saw you, and I was pissed.

But you said he should

be with a girl more like me,

and who's more like me than me?

- And it was totally just a rebo--

- And you have a trip.

I'm not going.

My spot is yours.

Really?

Yes.

Now, let's celebrate.

- Oh, my God!

- Oh, my God!

Have you seen Ricky?

He's not in there.

Skitch.

- Were you hooking up with him?

- Not a chance.

Move outta my way.

Sadie, you really

don't want to go in there.

I really don't wanna

look at your fugly face.

Move!

Fine.

Your wish is my command.

Ricky!

I'm a bitch.

But I am not a heartless bitch.

- I should have seen the signs.

- What signs?

Ricky is not gay,

he's just a whore.

He'd screw anything, including

Detective Nibble Kibbles.

- Who?

- My dog.

He investigates everyone's

crotch except Ricky's.

I think Ricky

did something to him.

But I didn't

do anything to Ricky.

Neither did Tamara.

No, she didn't.

But your dork factor really

wasn't doing you any favors.

Guys...

I'm so...

sor--

so...

She was about to grovel.

And I had my phone

waiting to record it.

Well, we tried.

Jenna.

Assistance, please?

Oh.

??Never, it was never enough ??

??never enough ??

??never, though you

hoped it'd be ??

??so hopelessly ??

??and I didn't know ??

??that I was wrong to try ??

??to make you see the dying

in your eyes ??

??but you're never satisfied ??

I'm staying.

Why?

Because.

Because.

I was gonna have

the best summer of my life.

??So hopelessly ??

??and we were never enough ??

I love this song.

Let's dance.

Oh, I'm not much of a dancer.

Come here.

??never enough ??

??never,

though we hoped to be ??

I finally got

what I really wanted.

??So hopelessly ??

??so hopelessly ??

??so hopelessly ??

??

But I wasn't sure

it was what I needed.

??

Thank you all so much for

being awesome Awkward fans.

We'll be back next year

with Season 3.

But, in the meantime, you can

go on Facebook and Twitter

and like us and see

lots of cool stuff

and have fun contests

and it'll be awesome.

Hey, guys!

Don't go anywhere.

Things are about to get a lot more

awkward on the after show coming up next.

The Awkward Aftershow's

starts right now,

followed by an encore

of The Inbetweeners.

- They're awesome, right?

- Totally awesome.

- They're amazing.

- Totally awesome.