

I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell

by
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Based on the book by Tucker Max

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[4/15/08 DRAFT]

1 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - DURHAM, NC

1

Cold opens to two cops driving in a police car. Stark, dramatic feel, like THE SHIELD. Opening credits roll over the scene. The radio cackles alive.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Attention all units, attack in
progress at 742 Evergreen Terrace.
Screaming woman heard from inside
the residence. Respond Code 3.

The cop driving picks up the CB unit and turns on the lights and siren.

COP 1
5430, show us responding, we'll be
at scene in under a minute.

DISPATCHER
5430, additional person reporting
stated they still hear screaming.

COP 1
Roger. Keep the PR on the line. Do
they have a suspect description?

DISPATCHER
Negative. Reporting sound of glass
breaking.

The cops look at each other ominously, slam on the gas pedal.

2 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

2

The car pulls to a stop and the cops jump out. Loud, guttural female groaning and a crash from the apartment. They check the windows, curtains are closed, so they kick in the door.

3 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

3

Cops bust in, see a naked girl bent over a sofa arm being fucked hard from behind by a naked guy. Her arms are tied together behind her back, and he is holding them and spanking her, like a jockey. A lamp is in pieces on the floor, clothes are strewn around the apartment. They have their backs to the door and her screams are so loud they don't hear the cops.

COP 1
STOP! Get your hands up and move
away from the woman!

COP 1 tackles the guy, he screams in shock. COP 2 pulls the girl away and wraps his coat over her naked body.

COP 2
Are you ok, Miss?

She grunts and tries moving her hands but can't because they are tied up. COP 2 unties her, ANGLE ON COP 1, his knee in the back of the guy, cuffing him.

TUCKER
I have money in my wallet, just take it!!

COP 1
This is the police, shut up and stop resisting.

TUCKER
WHAT!? Why are you hand-cuffing me?

COP 1
Shut up! Stop resisting!

The cop secures the cuffs and takes out his Tazer.

TUCKER
What is going on?!? Why are you arresting me?!?

COP 1
Shut up. This is your last warning.

He points the tazer at Tucker, who looks up in shock.

TUCKER
DON'T TAZE ME, BRO!!!

COP 2 comes over tentatively and taps on COP 1's shoulder.

COP 2
Uh...hey Partner, you might want to take a look at this.

COP 1 turns to see the girl, the policeman's jacket barely covering her, furiously signing at him and making the grunty noises deaf people make when they try to talk.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
She's deaf.

COP 1
She's what?

The deaf girl gets in COP 1's face and signs, exaggeratedly, while also speaking in an unmodulated voice of a deaf person.

DEAF GIRL
I! AM! DEAF!

The expression on COP 1's face goes from intense to confused.

COP 2
We don't have a crime. She says the sex was consensual.

DEAF GIRL
He wasn't raping me, he was fucking me. You know, fucking!

She points her finger at her crotch, moving her hips back and forth. The three of them stand there for a beat.

TUCKER
Now that we have that cleared up, you two think you could leave?

DEAF GIRL
I was about to cum!

Screen goes to black, and the masthead appears:

I HOPE THEY SERVE BEER IN HELL

Opening credits roll as...

4 EXT. LAW SCHOOL - DAY 4

TUCKER, 24, handsome and self-possessed, pulls his car into the parking lot, and gives the Guy Head Nod to a familiar passer-by as he strides coolly into the law school.

TUCKER
Ever fuck a deaf chick? Of course you haven't.

*
*
*

5 INT. LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 5

In the common area of the law library, a mixed group is sitting around bullshitting instead of studying.

FRIEND #1
(a girl)
I still can't believe you're getting married, Jeff.

*

FRIEND #2

I can't believe she said yes.

The group laughs as we ANGLE on JEFF, 24, a thick-necked, ex-high school athlete no one has ever accused of being a nerd.

JEFF

Shit, man, I'm starting to regret that she didn't say no. This wedding planning stuff is nuts. I spent all night looking through wedding magazines and books of white flowers. Just white.

*
*
*
*

FRIEND #2

Jesus. I hope I never have to get married.

*

ANGLE ON Tucker entering the library.

JEFF

With your face, I think you're safe.

*
*
*

Tucker stands behind Jeff with a smile waiting for Jeff to notice him while the friends at the table gawk at Jeff.

*

JEFF (CONT'D)

What?

TUCKER

Raise your hand if you've ever fucked a deaf girl.

A beat. Jeff whips around as Tucker smiles deviously and slowly raises his hand. The group bursts into hysterics.

*

GROUP

Bullshit!
No way.
Deaf girls are hot.
Lies.
Can you hear me now?

*

JEFF

You had sex with a deaf chick?

*

TUCKER

You're deaf too now?

*

Tucker starts mock-signing.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 (in a mongoloid voice)
 Yes, Jeff, I had sex with a deaf
 girl.

JEFF
 Didn't you hook up with a mute girl
 last semester? You're 2/3 of the
 way to a Helen Keller.

*
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 *
 *

6 INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

6

Jeff and Tucker are next to each other in an auditorium style
 class. Everyone has laptops open in front of them.

TUCKER
 I almost shit myself when those
 cops busted in. I thought she set
 me up or something.

JEFF
 Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna
 do, whatcha gonna do when you're
 fucking a deaf girl and the cops
 come for you?

The professor is perturbed with the talking in the back.

PROFESSOR
 Mr. Max. What is your take on this
 issue?

TUCKER
 I'm sorry, what issue is that?

PROFESSOR
 Are you not paying attention Mr.
 Max?

TUCKER
 I wasn't, I apologize, I was busy
 talking about having sex with a
 deaf girl.

The class laughs.

PROFESSOR
 Charming...and oddly appropriate.
 Do you or do you not feel that
 Little People should be a protected
 class?

TUCKER

You mean midgets?

PROFESSOR

Yes, Mr. Max, if you must, midgets. Do you think they should be protected?

TUCKER

What are we protecting them from, eagles and poachers and stuff? Like an endangered species?

*

The class erupts again.

JEFF

Poachers?

TUCKER

It could happen. You know if Kanye showed up to a club in a midget stoll, they'd be extinct in a week.

PROFESSOR

Mr. Max if you didn't do the reading, then...

TUCKER

No, I don't think midgets should be considered a protected class for the purposes of employment discrimination law. I think their physical limitations put them squarely within the business necessity and reasonable accommodation defenses of the Americans with Disabilities Act.

PROFESSOR

Where do you draw the line then?

TUCKER

I'm not sure. I figure it's like riding a roller coaster. You must be this high to get ADA protection.

Tucker puts his hand at chest level and the class laughs.

PROFESSOR

Very funny, Mr. Max. What if I told you that I just finished a pro bono case involving a gentleman's club that terminated the employment of a dancer with dwarfism because she--

Tucker lurches forward in his seat.

TUCKER
You represented a midget stripper?

PROFESSOR
They prefer the term 'Little Person'.

TUCKER
Was she fired?

PROFESSOR
No, they gave her her job back.

Tucker has that mischievous twinkle in his eye.

TUCKER
What club was it?

PROFESSOR
Mr. Max, if you're genuinely interested in the case, come to office hours and I'll fill you in. Until then let's remember this is a constitutional law class, not Adult Friend Finder.

TUCKER
Touche! I will shut up now.

Aside to Jeff, as Professor drones on about the case.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
So, you ready for your bachelor party tonight?

JEFF
Locked and loaded.

TUCKER
I'm gonna go get Aaron, meet us at the campus bar after class.

Tucker closes his laptop as we go to black.

7 INT. AARON'S APT. - MINUTES LATER

7

The apartment is dark and spartan. Aaron is slouched down in the room's only chair, in front of a meticulously organized media center, playing a Grand Theft Auto-style game.

Aaron is 24, tall and lanky with angular features. He's neat, almost finicky about his appearance, but underneath, he's a maladjusted, beaten down Star Trek nerd. He's got a headset on that is connected to his controller.

AARON
I'm going down the alley to beat up
the hooker. Watch my six.

Aaron's phone rings. He puts his Bluetooth in his other ear.

In SPLIT SCREEN, Tucker barrels through city traffic. Aaron's his digital doppelganger; running down pedestrians on screen as Tucker sends them running for cover in real life.

TUCKER
Yo, Aaron. It's Tucker.

Aaron flips out and hits the video game controller furiously.

AARON
What the hell is going on!?

Aaron's car is getting shot up from behind.

TUCKER
I'm coming to get you, we're going
drinking.

Aaron's character dies on the screen.

AARON
What the hell!?! YOU SUCK!!

TUCKER
What?

AARON
Is this your idea of having my
back?!

TUCKER
This is a *great* idea! I need a
drink and you need some daylight.

AARON
What kind of wingman are you, you
selfish little shit-for-brains?!
(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

I should come over to your house,
cut off your stubby virgin hands
and beat you to death with them,
HotWheelz!

9 INT. AARON'S APT. - CONTINUOUS 9 *

Aaron rips off both headsets, hurls his controller, and storms into the kitchen. *

10 EXT. STREET/INT. TUCKER'S CAR 10

Tucker pulls up to the curb in front of Aaron's building. *

11 INT. AARON'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 11

Aaron is standing against the counter eating cereal.

AARON

Ahhhh, Captain Crunch. My old friend.

(baby talk)

You wouldn't leave me hanging in an alley full of hookers. I'm not gonna catch you in the cupboard sucking off Toucan Sam. Noooo, you have integ-wuh-tee and disci-pwin.

12 EXT. AARON'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS 12

A chair with "HERS" stenciled on the back and an over-flowing box sit outside. "HERS" has been crossed out and "WHORES" written in Sharpie underneath. "WHORE'S BELONGINGS" is scrawled on the top of the box. Tucker opens the lid. Something is written on the inside.

TUCKER

(reading, but to himself)

Take whatever you want, her box is apparently open to all.

Tucker sifts through the box: Han Solo and Princess Leia figurines with their kung-fu grip hands melted together, women's clothes, pictures of a blissful Aaron and a striking, but disinterested, Brunette. The box is peppered with unused tampons that have been snapped in half.

13

INT. AARON'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

13

Tucker barges in without knocking and opens all the drapes; flooding the dark, depressive sanctuary of pain with light.

*
*

TUCKER

Look at this place. It's a shrine
to cuckoldry and rage.

Aaron plops down in his chair. The back has "HIS" stenciled into it, matching the "HERS" outside.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

You ready?

AARON

What are you babbling about?

TUCKER

We're going to the bar. I just told
you on the phone.

AARON

I don't pay attention to what you
say. I just wait for you to stop
talking about yourself, get bored,
and hang up.

AARON stares blankly ahead at the television.

TUCKER

Did Sarah call yet?

Tucker goes into the kitchen to get himself a chair and grabs two beers from the fridge.

AARON

No. She probably has trouble
talking with a dick in her mouth.

Tucker sets the chair down, grabs the remote, and stops on the opening credits of Jem & the Holograms.

TUCKER

This cartoon is disturbingly hot.
Can you imagine a threesome with
Jem and Jerrica?

AARON

I can imagine them both cheating on
me.

TUCKER

Jerrica runs a foster home. She wouldn't cheat.

AARON

She voluntarily surrounds herself with shattered little lives so her dysfunctional existence feels more normal. You think she wouldn't pull her cartoon panties to the side for the first guy who tells her she's pretty?

Aaron waits in vain for Tucker to respond.

AARON (CONT'D)

Of course she would. They *all* would. Even the foster kids, those validation seeking little sluts.

Click. Tucker changes the channel, a DeBeers commercial. Aaron lurches forward jabbing his finger at the television.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm onto your game DeBeers-- diamonds are almost worthless other than the value attached to them by the silly tramps you've brainwashed into thinking "diamond equals love." Guess what sluts, your quest for the perfect princess cut is supporting terrorism and genocide. Congratulations, your avarice has managed to destroy an entire continent!

TUCKER

Sarah kept the ring?

AARON

I hope you die in a fire.

TUCKER

You act like you're the first person in the world to get cheated on. It happens to everyone, dude, even me.

AARON

Oh, really? Does everyone catch their fiancee sucking off a rapper?

14 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - TWO WEEKS AGO 14

Aaron lets himself in with keys attached to an old, tattered Duke GI Joe keychain. He's carrying a box of Earl Grey tea and a bag of throat lozenges.

AARON

Hey honey, how are you doing?

Sarah is vigorously pumping her head in the crotch of Grillionaire, an iced-out white rapper. He's sloppily eating a sandwich and using the remote when he spots Aaron.

GRILLIONAIRE

WHAT IT DO BABY! GRILLIONAIRE IN DA HOUSE!!

SARAH jerks up and turns panicked to see Aaron just as he slams the front door behind him.

15 INT. AARON'S LIVING ROOM - BACK TO CURRENT SCENE 15

TUCKER

Hey, who knew blowjobs were good
for sore throats, right?

*
*

AARON

The most rewarding part of our
friendship is your ability to find
personal amusement in the
destruction of my life.

TUCKER

It's not that bad, dude. You always
get stuck in these cycles. When you
get depressed like this, you need
to ask yourself *What would Tucker
do?*, and then go do that.

AARON

I already know what you would do,
and I have no desire to get HIV
from one of the cum dumpsters into
whom you shoot your emotional pain
every weekend.

TUCKER

You know HIV is basically curable
now. It doesn't even show up in
Magic Johnson's blood anymore.

AARON

You're telling me that Magic
Johnson is black AND has AIDS...and
he has it better than me?

16

INT. CAMPUS BAR - AN HOUR LATER

16

Campus Bar is part sports bar, part dingy hook-up dungeon.
Tucker is flirting aggressively with Leslie, a gorgeous co-ed
waitress. Aaron, disgusted, is staring off at the TV.

LESLIE

I love kids. When I graduate I want
to work with children, and have a
bunch of my own. What about you?

TUCKER

Are you kidding, I love kids too. I
can't wait to have more.

LESLIE

(shocked)
You have kids?

TUCKER

No, I'm just playing.

AARON

He does, they're just all in the
compost heap behind Planned
Parenthood.

Leslie doesn't know whether to be creeped out or disgusted.

TUCKER

(boyishly charming)
If you do stem cell research, you
could work with them.

She tries not to laugh, but can't help herself. Jeff breezes
in and sidles up. Tucker swats Leslie on the ass.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Run along baby, man talk. I have
your number, I'll call you.

Leslie walks away, clearly smitten. Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

Who says romance is dead?

JEFF

How can you be angry at women, yet at the same time, be mad at the things Tucker does?

AARON

I'm like a feminist; I can assert multiple contradictory positions.

Tucker scoffs. The bartender was eavesdropping and breaks in.

CAMPUS BARTENDER

(to Tucker)

Hey, listen bro, can you do me a favor and not talk to my server like that? It's disrespectful.

TUCKER

Excuse me?

CAMPUS BARTENDER

I think you heard me.

TUCKER

Oh, I heard you, Hero. You don't want me flirting with *your* server. I didn't know she belonged to you. I thought she was an individual with free will?

CAMPUS BARTENDER

It's a figure of speech, bro.

TUCKER

Well, BRO, here's another figure of speech for you: Mind your own fucking business. I'm sorry I've accomplished more in 30 minutes with Leslie than you have in two years, but she looked pretty happy talking to me. Or maybe she rubs her crotch against all the customers.

CAMPUS BARTENDER

I think it *might be* time for you to leave.

*
*

TUCKER

Or maybe it's just time for you to get me another drink.

Tucker waves his empty glass.

*

CAMPUS BARTENDER

I don't think so.

Leslie passes by with a full drink tray. Tucker makes eye contact and motions her over, pulling her into him with his arm around her waist. He plucks a beer from her tray.

TUCKER

Hey sweetie, just put this on my tab, okay.

Tucker disarms her with charm and she gives it up easily. The bartender sees this transpire and seethes.

LESLIE

(to Campus Bartender)

Sam, could you get me another beer for table six?

The bartender lifts the bar door and postures up. Jeff slides in behind Tucker, who turns away unconcerned.

JEFF

(calmly but assertively)

I will have what he's having. Thank you.

Jeff locks eyes intimidatingly with the bartender who considers his options and relents.

TUCKER

Listen, I know everything is set for tonight, but I think we should discuss a potential change in venue for your bachelor party.

AARON

Oh, this should be good.

TUCKER

The strip club we're supposed to go to sucks. It's dirty and decrepit and the girls that don't have stretch marks have personalities like the worst parts of the Bible.

AARON

Personalities? We have to talk to them?

TUCKER

Some of us actually enjoy the company of women, Aaron.

AARON

Yeah, I'm the misogynist here.

TUCKER

It wouldn't be so bad if Durham hadn't passed that ridiculous 'no touch' ordinance. All we can do is sit at a table and look at them.

JEFF

I thought you said they were disgusting. Why would we want to touch them?

TUCKER

What do you want to do Jeff, play checkers? This is a fucking BACHELOR PARTY.

JEFF

Well, what did you have in mind?

TUCKER

A short two hour drive away is a strip club called Baby Dolls. I'm sorry. Let me back up. This isn't just some strip club. This is the Super Bowl of carnal pleasure.

AARON

We've been to strip clubs before.

TUCKER

Not like this one, dude. The first time I got a lap dance there, the stripper grabbed my hands and put them on her tits. The second dance, she turned around and basically dry humped me the entire time. She was gorgeous and wasn't even close to being the best one there.

AARON

I used to think there was a bright line between a gentleman's club and a brothel. Now you're telling me it's just gray.

JEFF

You can full-on grab their breasts and they don't care?

TUCKER

They encourage it.

AARON

I bet they had good childhoods.

TUCKER

And the very best part: \$5 cover,
\$10 dances, \$2 drinks. All. Night.

AARON

I'd rather fellate a hot curling
iron than drive 150 miles because
Tucker breast fed until he was
eight.

JEFF

I can't leave. Tomorrow we have a
bunch of meetings and stuff to take
care of. Seating chart and whatnot.

TUCKER

Seating chart?!

AARON

I'm sure Kristy can cut that
Gordian knot.

JEFF

It's not that simple.

TUCKER

Yes it is. It's an LSAT logic game.
A table seats 8 people. Tucker must
sit next to a single woman with
large breasts. Aaron must *not* sit
next to anyone with a vagina. No
one else matters. Boom, done.

JEFF

The wedding is next weekend, man.
I'm not just going to leave Kristy
hanging because of some stupid no-
touch policy. That's your issue,
not mine.

TUCKER

We'll be back tomorrow afternoon.
Look dude, if we stay in Durham, we
can't have the experience we need
to make up for that abomination of
an engagement party you had with
Kristy's family.

17

INT. SOUTHERN BAPTIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - FLASHBACK

17

Nicely-dressed people sit around folding tables in a basement
Sunday School room. A sign taped to a wall: "CONGRATULATIONS
JEFF AND KRISTY! MAY JESUS BLESS YOUR HOLY MATRIMONY!"

Jeff's at a table between Kristy's father, Mr. Jorgens and
Kristy's brothers. They have that foppish swoop of hair
hanging down over their brows like young Southern men you
want to punch in the head.

MR. JORGENS

I'm glad you're having a good time,
son. I was worried those godless,
usurious law school friends of
yours might lead you astray.

JEFF

No, sir.

MR. JORGENS

I'm sure they would rather be out
drankin' and fornicatin'.

JEFF

Probably, sir.

ANGLE ON Mrs. Jorgens, Kristy's mother, leading bible bingo.
Like every white woman under sixty in Texas, she has dyed-
yellow hair and make-up applied with a shotgun. She's petite
but looks scary intense.

MRS. JORGENS

I-6. Isaiah One Six.

ANGLE ON Jeff as his cell phone rings.

JEFF

It's Career Services from law
school, probably about a job
interview. Hello?

ANGLE ON Tucker, Aaron and Kristy at a table in the back of
the room. Tucker has the phone tilted out so they can hear.

TUCKER

Having a great time back here. This is definitely better than getting drunk with strippers.

ANGLE ON Mrs. Jorgens.

MRS. JORGENS

From the sole of your foot to the top of your head there is no soundness- only wounds and welts and open sores. Hugh, honey, who does that sound like?

ANGLE ON Jeff as Mr. Jorgens talks to his sons sitting next to Jeff.

JEFF

Tomorrow morning? Sure I can make that.

MR. JORGENS

Of course that's who Isaiah's talking about. The open sores are from having their horns and tails cut off so they can blend in with the humans.

SPLIT SCREEN with Jeff and Tucker, Aaron and Kristy.

TUCKER

Hey Jeff, does Daddy know his little girl likes anal?

KRISTY

Tucker! Shut up! My mom has hearing like a vampire bat.

JEFF

I'm not in a position to answer that at this time.

TUCKER

Fuck it. I think I'm just going to order some strippers.

AARON

Make them papists and have them give us communion. It'll set this congregation ablaze!

JEFF

I don't know, man.

TUCKER

Jeff, you know you're my boy, but I have to be honest. If you keep acting like a bitch, someone's gonna fuck that pussy in your face. Jesus Christ dude, this is IT! This is our last gasp together as single men!

JEFF

Yeah, I guess.

TUCKER

And what about Aaron!?

AARON

Don't drag me into this. There's a Next Generation marathon this weekend. I am just fine lusting after Deanna Troy and stewing in my cocoon of loneliness and anger.

TUCKER

He hasn't been out of the house since his girl tore out his heart and stomped it with bling shoes! Aaron needs this!

JEFF

You do need this.

AARON

I need this like I need hepatitis C.

TUCKER

You need this! WE ALL NEED THIS!!
IT'S OUR DESTINY AS MEN!!

JEFF

Yeah, you're right man! I'm in.
Fuck yes! Let's go!

They walk out as Tucker pays his tab to the bartender.

TUCKER

Oh by the way, BRO, make sure to tell Leslie that I'm an asshole and that she should stay away. It'll only help me.

19 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - DAY - AT CURB - MINUTES LATER 19 *

At the curb in front of Jeff's apartment complex, Jeff in the driver's seat, Tucker and Aaron in the back. *

TUCKER

You are an integral part of this trip, dude, and you've earned it. So put your fucking game face on!

JEFF

Let's do this!

Jeff bolts from the car and bounds toward his apartment.

AARON

He's going to fail worse than a Friends spin-off.

20 INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER 20

A wedding bomb has gone off. Kristy is flipping through "The Wedding Binder." She's in sweats and her hair's a ratty mess. Jeff kisses her and nuzzles his head against her neck.

KRISTY

Guess who just called. My mom.

JEFF

What's wrong, did another dinosaur fossil test her faith?

KRISTY

She's coming into town early to help out. Isn't that nice of her?

Kristy strains a smile.

JEFF

How early?

A beat.

KRISTY

Tomorrow.

JEFF

Tomorrow?! You know she's only coming early so she can take control of everything.

KRISTY

No she's not. Quit being dramatic.

JEFF

If she has her way the reception will be a potluck in a barn.

KRISTY

She's pious and conservative, Jeff, not Pennsylvania Dutch!

JEFF

We'll probably have to churn our own butter for the dinner rolls!

KRISTY

My parents are paying for the wedding. My mom's entitled to have some input. What did you want me to say to her? *Don't come?*

JEFF

That would be a start. I'll be goddamned if I let her ruin our wedding. It's my day too, ya know!

KRISTY

Calm down, Groomzilla!

JEFF

Don't Groomzilla me! Those squirrel hunters wouldn't know a good time if it jumped out of the Bible and landed on the front lawn of their megachurch!

Jeff stomps down the hall to the bedroom, Kristy in tow.

21

INT. JEFF AND KRISTY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

The room is well-appointed with a strong feminine touch. Jeff yanks a gym bag from the closet, grabs some dirty jeans and shirts off the back of a chair.

KRISTY

What are you doing?

JEFF

Packing.

KRISTY

For what?

JEFF

I'm going to Charlotte with Tucker and Aaron for my bachelor party.

KRISTY

I thought you were staying in town.

JEFF

Change of plans. Tucker knows about a great strip club down there.

KRISTY

Good for Tucker, I hope he has a great time.

JEFF

You know I can't let him go off by himself. That's when the really bad stuff happens. He needs me to have his back.

KRISTY

Who's got your back? Aaron?

JEFF

Tucker's got my back.

KRISTY

Tucker *says* he's got your back. Except you're always the one bailing *him* out. I wish you took care of me as well as you take care of Tucker.

JEFF

That's a bunch of crap! I always look out for you. You're my number one priority.

KRISTY

Really? When have I taken precedence? When have you chosen me over Tucker? Give me an example. Just one.

JEFF

I'm marrying you aren't I?

Kristy looks incredulously at Jeff. He tries to salvage some credibility before it's too late.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You just don't want me going to a strip club with Tucker.

KRISTY

Honey, you know I'm cool with you going to a strip club. If we didn't have so much to do, I'd go with you. But we have all the final appointments this weekend. You need to be there.

JEFF

Why do I even need to go now? It's going to be two against one the whole time anyway.

KRISTY

That's not true. Your input is important.

JEFF

I didn't get a say [when the Locust Queen](#) decided to [swarm](#) in early. Why should this be any different?

*
*

KRISTY

So instead you're going to pout and play babysitter to Tucker? Again.

22 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - CURBSIDE - SIMULTANEOUS

22

Tucker and Aaron are still parked at the curb.

TUCKER

What's taking him long?

AARON

He's talking to a woman. Anything is possible.

TUCKER

Should I go help?

AARON

There is a zero percent chance that injecting you into this situation will make it better.

TUCKER
I'm going in.

Tucker bursts from the car and jogs toward Jeff's place.

AARON
(shouting out the window)
Bring me back a Gatorade!

23

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

23

JEFF
COMPROMISE!?! That's all I've been doing! Your dad didn't want a bachelor party with strippers and booze, so I said fine, we'll do an engagement party at the church. I want a beach ceremony?
(imitating Mrs. Jorgens)
No sir, we're having it in church under the watchful eye of the Lord.
(in his normal voice)
and I said okay. I want a bouncy castle at the reception?
(imitating Mrs. Jorgens)
Bouncy castles are childish and dangerous. Grow up.
(in his normal voice)
So I gave in because I didn't want to argue. It's just a stupid bouncy castle. The only thing I've been able to keep so far is the open bar, and now she's probably going to take that too and you aren't going to do a thing to stop her!

KRISTY
No one said you had to give in on that stuff. Be a man and take a stand if it's important to you!

JEFF
You want me to be a man and take a stand? Here it is: I'm going to Charlotte with Tucker and I don't give a fuck what you or the Wicked Witch of West Texas think about it!

Tucker walks in without knocking.

TUCKER
What's up guys?

Kristy tries to put on her "Everything is fine" face.

KRISTY

So what's this I hear about you taking Jeff for the weekend?

TUCKER

Well, Durham passed this stupid no-touch rule. I figure since the ladies can't seem to keep their hands off me, it'd be irresponsible for me to go to clubs around here.

KRISTY

How thoughtful of you.

TUCKER

You don't mind do you? I'm not stepping on any toes, am I?

Kristy gives him that "well...actually" look.

KRISTY

It's just we have all the final wedding appointments tomorrow and--

TUCKER

Oh no. Jeff didn't say anything about that. Why didn't you tell me, dude? That's not cool. It's your wedding, man.

Jeff is wide-eyed at Tucker in frustration and anger.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

We'll just go out in town. We can do Charlotte after your honeymoon.

A beat.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Kristy, that way you can come too.

KRISTY

Sure, that sounds like fun actually.

Tucker grabs Jeff's duffel from him and gives it to Kristy.

TUCKER

(to Kristy)

He doesn't need this anymore.

(to Jeff)

You ready, dude?

Jeff nods.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
I'll have him back by the morning.
And Kristy, you look hot as always.

Tucker gives Kristy a hug. She shakes her head, smiling.

KRISTY
(in light-hearted jest)
You are completely full of shit.
Take care of my Jeff.

TUCKER
Always.

24 EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 24

Tucker and Jeff walk toward the car parked at the curb.

TUCKER
Charlotte, here we come.

JEFF
What?

TUCKER
Come on dude, do you really think
it's possible to keep me from
something I want?

They reach the car and open their doors to get it.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
The more important question is, ARE
YOU READY TO GET SHIT-FACED AND
GRAB SOME TITTIES!?!

Tucker gets in and tries to hi-five Aaron who ignores him.

25 EXT./INT. TUCKER'S CAR - FREEWAY - AN HOUR LATER 25

Tucker's ebullient. Jeff has a searching, purposeful stare.
Aaron looks bitter and disaffected.

AARON
We need to stop for food. My blood
sugar is getting low.

JEFF
Here's what I don't get: why did
you lie to her?
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know I hate lying to Kristy.
It's not like I wasn't gonna go
anyway.

Tucker fiddles with a GPS unit in the dash, browsing for nearby food options.

TUCKER

Oh please. When I walked in you had
so much surrender in your eyes I
thought your apartment was Vichy
France.

They pass a sign for, among other things, McDonalds.

AARON

If I don't get a McGriddle soon, I
am going to call the authorities
and have them arrest you both for
kidnapping and conspiracy.

TUCKER

I don't know how you eat
McGriddles. They look disgusting.

AARON

I can only assume from your
cavalier attitude that you have yet
to partake of the wonderment that
is the McGriddle. Let me enlighten
you.

26 INT. MCDONALDS TASTER KITCHEN

26

People in white lab coats are putting chemicals on processed breakfast foods. Everything is painted red and yellow.

AARON (V.O.)

What happens is the One True God
grows McGriddles on trees in the
Elysian Fields with a heretofore
unused incantation.

27 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - FREEWAY

27

*

AARON

*

He then proceeds to magic them down
to your local eatery.

28 INT. MCDONALDS RESTAURANT KITCHEN

28

A wretched looking McDonalds employee hastily slaps a wrapper on a McGriddle and fires it down the metal holding chute.

AARON (V.O.)

Where whatever societal reject
McDonalds has rescued off the dole
that week gently wraps them in
cellophane and passes them along to
you, the fortunate consumer.

29 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

29

AARON

You proceed to ingest this finery
in the vain hope that your
obviously overmatched taste buds
can somehow grasp the delectable
intricacies that face them.

30 INT. MCDONALDS KITCHEN

30

A dirty fry cook pours some watery, yellow mixture into a mold and tosses it in a microwave. He pulls a couple strips of something from a box labeled "Fa-con" and slaps a slice of pale, waxy "cheese" on top of it.

AARON (V.O.)

Is that egg? Why yes it is, and
bacon too. But wait--they didn't
add...yes they did, they did
indeed. They added cheese.

The fry cook dunks an english muffin into a giant open tub of maple syrup. He pulls the english muffin out and accidentally drops it on the floor. He quickly brushes off the larger debris from the floor, and slaps the egg, cheese, and fa-cony concoction between the two sides of the english muffin.

AARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then, then my friend, they
wrapped it in a sumptuous pancake
bun! As your taste buds try to
process that amazing piece of
information...

31 INT. TUCKER'S CAR 31

Aaron, surrounded by McGriddle detritus in the backseat, takes a large orgasmic bite from a sandwich that looks like it was smushed into a ball and dropped into a lint trap.

AARON (V.O.)

It hits them. The syrup nugget. The motherfucking syrup nugget!! It announces itself with a burst of confectionery grandiosity the likes of which your palate has never seen.

32 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 32

TUCKER

So you like them?

AARON

Allow me to phrase it another way.

33 INT. TUCKER'S APARTMENT - DREAM SCENE 33

Aaron is dressed like a ninja, with a McGriddle in one hand. He sneaks up on Tucker and, in one fluid motion, whips the wrapper off the McGriddle, crams it in Tucker's mouth, places the wrapper around his penis and humps Tucker from behind before punching him violently at the base of his skull.

AARON (V.O.)

If you ever speak ill of the McGriddle again I will personally come to your home and force-feed you one while I fuck you in the butt with the wrapper as a condom and then donkey punch you when the infused syrup nugget explodes.

34 INT. TUCKER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 34

TUCKER

You are so fucking weird.

Tucker veers onto a freeway off ramp with a tall McDonalds sign looming up ahead.

35 EXT. TUCKER'S CAR - CHARLOTTE, NC - EARLY EVENING 35

They drive through bar-lined downtown streets. Gorgeous women in slutty clothes clog the sidewalks.

36 INT. TUCKER'S CAR 36

Heads on a swivel, Tucker rolls up the windows and child locks them. McDonalds wrappers line the floor boards.

A beat.

JEFF

Who farted?

TUCKER

I don't sm--

AARON

Oh my God!

Tucker bursts into hysterics as both Aaron and Jeff futilely hit the down buttons on their windows.

AARON (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you? It smells like you got buttfucked by a garbage truck.

TUCKER

Hey, McDonalds was your idea.

AARON

DO NOT DISPARAGE THE MCGRIDDLE!

JEFF

Open the fucking window!

TUCKER

That's some fermented ass juice you're smelling right there.

AARON

Where are my law books? This has to count as a felony battery.

They come to a red light, he unlocks the windows, and they stick their heads out like dogs. Tucker points to a trio of overly made up Southern girls at the corner.

TUCKER

You guys have such weak constitutions.

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I bet those girls over there
wouldn't complain as much as you
two.

AARON

Of course they wouldn't. They're
hookers. They subject themselves to
anything for the right price.

TUCKER

Not every woman on the street is a
whore, dude. Watch, I'll prove it.

Tucker leans out the window.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Miss! How much for sex?

She is repulsed.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

See, she only fucks for free.

JEFF

Tucker, where are we going? Where's
the strip club?

TUCKER

Dude, it's not even seven. The club
doesn't open til ten. Let's get
some drinks first. Pregame.

*
*
*

AARON

Wonderful. Now I can hate all these
people up close instead of
baselessly judging them from inside
this metal fart coffin.

*

37 EXT. TAVERN - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

37

TUCKER

This place is sweet. Last time I
was here it was wall to wall hot
girls.

38 INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

38

The guys walk in and stop dead in their tracks. It's dead
except for a shit-housed party of unattractive middle aged
women and bits of birthday cake strewn everywhere.

JEFF

Yeah, this place is crawling with
trim. Shame I'm taken.

*

AARON

It looks like Jenny Craig and Lane Bryant had a knife fight in here.

A bouncer approaches them.

BOUNCER

Ten dollar cover tonight, guys.

TUCKER

Yeah right.

AARON

I will pay you ten dollars if we can leave and pretend none of this ever happened.

The bouncer softens a touch. *

BOUNCER *

Look dude, I wouldn't be here
either if I wasn't getting paid.
Just go to Whiskey Bar. Everyone's
there tonight. *

39 INT. WHISKEY BAR - EVENING - MINUTES LATER 39 *

The three walk into a crowded yuppie bar. It is the polar opposite of the earlier place.

JEFF

Much better. Now this is what I call a target rich environment.

AARON

I agree. I want to shoot every single one of these bitches.

TUCKER *

Alright fellas, we have a little
over two hours until Baby Dolls
opens. Let's see if we can't get
some girls to go with us. *

AARON *

You want to pick up sluts, and take
them to go see whores? *

TUCKER *

If things go well.

They walk up the bar and angle to get the bartender's attention. Aaron nudges a fratty guy who's talking to a girl.

AARON

Excuse me.

FRATTY

Yo, we were here first, bro.

AARON

So were the Indians. A lot of good
it did them.

FRATTY

What'd you call me?

TUCKER

He called you an idiot.

FRATTY

Fuck you, dick.

Fratty sticks his finger in Tucker's chest. Instead of reacting to that, Tucker sees the girl Fratty was talking to.

TUCKER

Are you on a date with this guy?

She nods.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Has he bragged about the kind of
car he drives? Let me guess: a 3-
series. I bet he's hinted at least
twice at how much money he makes.
Right?

She doesn't say anything, which says everything.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Awesome! How many times has he
mentioned that he works out? Did he
tell you about his gym and offer
you personal training? Don't you
love \$30,000 Millionaires?

AARON

(to Fratty)

Be honest: how many shirtless pics
do you have on your Myspace page?

A beat. The sorostitute giggles at Fratty.

TUCKER

It's a lot harder to pick up women when you have to offer something besides frat letters and GHB, isn't it? I bet you even have one of those stupid frat rat names, like Chance or Reed.

FRATTY

My name is Logan!

Everyone laughs, even the sorostitute. Fratty is defeated.

TUCKER

Should've moved when you had the chance, huh tough guy?

Fratty gets visibly angry and two-hand pushes Tucker in the chest. In a flash, Jeff has Fratty in a rear naked choke and puts him out. Bouncers, who saw the whole thing transpire, come over and drag an unconscious Fratty away.

*
*
*
*

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(to the girl)

There goes your ride.

*
*
*

In the background the bartender sets up five pint glasses half full with light beer in pyramid. He fills six shot glasses with Amaretto and a Bacardi 151 float, and sets them on the lips of the glasses. The bartender takes a huge swig of Bacardi 151, puts a lighter up to his face, and blows a massive fireball over the shot glasses. He hits one of the shot glasses into the beer, starting a domino effect that puts out the flames and fizzes up the beer in each glass. The five bachelorette girls, Melissa, Christina, Amy, Ashley and Mary, grab a glass and chug.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

What is that?

CHRISTINA

It's called a Flaming Dr. Pepper

TUCKER

Do it again!

The bartender sets up three for the guys and they chug them.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Holy shit! It tastes like Dr. Pepper.

FLAMING BARTENDER

Hence the name.

TUCKER

Do it again! Seven of them!

AARON

And with less sarcasm this time.

The bartender starts to set up the round. Tucker turns to the bachelorette party.

TUCKER

OK, if this is a real bachelorette party, who is the designated slut?

All the girls laugh except Mary.

MARY

Ugh! None of us are sluts!

TUCKER

That's funny, normally the designated cock-blocker is the fat one.

The bartender sets up the shots for everyone.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I think a toast is in order for my buddy Jeff, who is also getting married, and to the bride to be and all her beautiful friends. Even the bitchy prude.

*

He raises his glass.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Here's to the people we've met, and to the people we've fucked, And to those amongst us who've had no such luck. Here's to beer in the glass, and vodka in the cup, Here's to pokin' her in the ass, so she won't get knocked up. Here's to all of you, and here's to me, Together as friends we'll always be, But if we should ever disagree, Then FUCK ALL OF YOU, HERE'S TO ME!

Everyone drinks and cheers.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Alright, but for real, which is the naughty one?

ANGLE ON Aaron, next to Amy, a bubbly girl. She has a marker and a "Hello, my porn name is" sticker. Her porn name is "Bubbles State Route 17."

AMY

What's *your* porn name?

AARON

Scott Peterson.

AMY

No no, not your real name. Here I'll help you. What was your first pet's name?

AARON

I wasn't allowed to have pets.

AMY

Okay let's do it the other way then: what's your middle name?

AARON

Don't have one. Unless I missed it between "Shut up" and "you're adopted" when I was a kid.

AMY

Well what street did you grow up on?

AARON

I grew up in a cave.

AMY

Oh come on! Play along, it's fun.

Amy playfully nudges him.

AARON

If you touch me again, I will gut you and grind you into pig slop.

Jeff and Tucker come over with a beer for Aaron as Amy bolts. *

TUCKER

Oh look, another girl who ran away from you. Come on man, this night is about you and Jeff.

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Remember what we talked about in your apartment? Instead of being a cockblocking curmudgeon, stop and ask yourself What Would Tucker Do?, and then do that instead.

AARON

Fine...but we can't both go after the girl with the lowest self esteem.

Melissa walks up semi-drunkenly and sidles up to Tucker. *

AARON (CONT'D) *

Speak of the devil. *

TUCKER *

You finally ready to hook up? Or do we need to do another shot first? *

MELISSA *

(drunkenly flirtatious) *

You talk a big game, Mr. Man, but you don't look like much of a drinker to me. *

Tucker turns around and looks behind him.

TUCKER

Who are you talking to? Because you can't be talking to me like that. You couldn't tie my drinking shoes.

MELISSA

Let's do shots.

JEFF

Isn't she precious?

MELISSA *

We'll do teams. *

TUCKER

Fine. Bachelor and hottest guy--me-- versus bachelorette and your hottest friend.

Tucker scans the bachelorette party and points to a girl with big fake tits and a naughty come hither look, Christina. She smiles and comes over.

ASHLEY

Ugh. I think your friend is hotter anyway.

She points to Aaron.

TUCKER

Yeah? Go talk to him for five minutes. Now let's get down to business. Line'em up. And no girly shit either. If it has sugar in it, it's not a real shot.

*

AARON

Technically, all alcohol has sugar in it.

TUCKER

Thank you, Mr. Wizard.

ANGLE on Aaron standing at the bar next to an older lady who has a dog in her lap.

*

*

OLDER LADY

I wish I were young again, and full of piss and vinegar like you guys.

AARON

We're just full of alcohol and McGriddles. You could do that.

OLDER LADY

Oh my! You are funny.

AARON

That's what my friends tell me, but they'll say anything to get laid.

Older Lady chuckles and looks down in her lap. Aaron is holding his beer down and the dog is drinking from it.

OLDER LADY

What are you doing?! Oh my goodness, Pookie, are you OK?

AARON

Your dog has a drinking problem, you might want to get her into doggie AA.

OLDER LADY

Why did you give beer to Pookie?!

AARON

Pookie drank my beer. There is a difference.

ANGLE on the four shot contest participants; shots lined up in front of them. Melissa and Christina pick up theirs and toast. *

CHRISTINA

Give me chastity and continence,
but not yet! Saint Augustine!

They laugh and cheer. Tucker and Jeff kinda look at each other and raise their next shots. *

JEFF

To alcohol, the cause of and
solution to, all of life's
problems. Homer Simpson.

They pound the shot. ANGLE on Aaron talking to Ashley. *

AARON

Jeff, she doesn't think we went to
the same high school.

ASHLEY

He doesn't even know what the
mascot is.

AARON

I think you're the one who doesn't
know. You're just trying to use
reverse psychology to steal the
answer from me. I will not fall
victim to your chicanery.

ASHLEY

Pssssh, nuh-uh. You're totally
faking.

JEFF

Here, we can settle this easy. *

Tucker thrusts a shot under Jeff's nose and he does it. *

JEFF (CONT'D) *

Aaron'll whisper his answer to me
in this ear and you whisper your
answer in the other. I'll tell you
if he's faking. *

Ashley seems to think this makes sense, and whispers into Jeff's ear. Aaron leans in and Jeff looks at him quizzically.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Unless the mascot is "I'm going to knock this girl unconscious and anally fist her," I don't think he went to your school.

AARON

Oh, I'm the cockblocker!

*
*

ANGLE on Tucker talking to Christina.

TUCKER

So what's up with the bitchy one, Mary?

CHRISTINA

Ehh, you know how it is.

They do their shots as part of the ongoing contest.

*

TUCKER

Yeah, it must suck to be that ugly.

*

CHRISTINA

She's not ugly!

TUCKER

Women are the worst at judging their friends. Have you *looked* at her face? Bums wouldn't fuck her.

*

ANGLE ON Ashley and Aaron. A Grillionaire song comes on. The video plays on the TV screens behind the bar.

ASHLEY

Oh boy, Grillionaire!

GRILLIONAIRE

I don't touch no bills under twenty, ho.
Cuz George Washington's smell like poverty, yo.

AARON

You like him?

ASHLEY

I love him! He's so hot!

Ashley moves her hands impersonating Grillionaire.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

WHAT IT DO BABY! GRILLIONAIRE IN DA HOUSE!

AARON

Get out of my face, or I will carve
another fuckhole into your torso.

Ashley looks at him wide-eyed and walks away.

JEFF

Captain No Pussy strikes again!

ANGLE on the bar as four more shots appear. Tucker sniffs his
and recoils. *

TUCKER *

I'm not doing tequila. That stuff
is Special Olympics in a glass. *

Aaron leans in and sniffs him. *

AARON *

I smell a pussy. *

Tucker glares at him and raises his shot glass. *

MELISSA *

I'm every woman, it's all in me!
Whitney Houston. *

JEFF *

That's actually a Chaka Khan song. *

They all look at Jeff awkwardly. *

JEFF (CONT'D) *

Well it is! *

They pound the shot. It's Tucker's turn. *

TUCKER *

This is for all you bitches, ho's
and tricks, I wouldn't talk to any
of you, if I didn't have a dick.
Tucker Max. *

Jeff and Tucker cheers and do their shots. *

MARY *

(snottily)
Who is Tucker Max? *

Melissa and Christina do their shots and gag. *

MELISSA

OK, you guys win.

TUCKER

Six shots? *That's it?! SIX SHOTS!?*
 You may be able to vote and drive,
 but you'll never be equal!!

MARY

Ugh, that is so misogynist.

TUCKER

No it isn't. If I said that women
 belong chained to the stove with
 just enough slack to reach the
 bedroom, that would be misogynist.

MARY

Excuse me?

TUCKER

What I said was sexist. And a
 fucking joke. Not that your spoiled
 pageant girl ass would know the
 difference.

MARY

Fine, you're sexist *and* misogynist.
 Good for you.

AARON

Tucker, you misogynist Neanderthal.
 Why do you hate women so much?

TUCKER

(nearly exasperated)
 I don't hate women. I love women!
 Why else would I put up with all
 their shit?!

A beat.

MARY

You know what--

TUCKER

I just don't like you as a person,
 because you're a fucking bitch. And
 that has nothing to do with whether
 or not you have tits.

Pindrop silence. A beat. Aaron faux leans into Tucker.

AARON

(exaggerated bar whisper)
 Tucker, that's not good game.

Mary looks at him like he's a used condom. Melissa is sincerely hurt.

MELISSA
You're really mean.

MARY
Come on, let's get out of here.

Jeff pulls Mary and Melissa aside as they start to leave.

JEFF
Hold on.

Jeff follows Mary and Melissa as they make for the exit.
Aaron looks at Tucker and shakes his head.

TUCKER
What? I'm pretty sure it's what
Jesus would have said.

ANGLE ON Jeff near the door. He's managed to pull the girls
aside.

JEFF
I'm sorry. You have to excuse my
friend, sometimes he doesn't know
the line between witty banter and
hate speech. He's got mommy issues.

MELISSA
What do you mean?

Jeff does the thumb-and-pinky drinky drink gesture.

JEFF
Mom was the life of the party.

40 INT. FAMILY HOME - FLASHBACK - 1990

40

Little Tucker is parked in front of a TV watching a soap
opera with his mother. She's got a cigarette in one hand and
a giant goblet of chablis in the other. She's hammered.

LITTLE TUCKER
Mommy, where do babies come from?

MOM
Go ask your deadbeat father and his
fancy new wife.

As she says "fancy" she juggles her hands over her breasts,
sloshing her wine and ashing her cigarette on the sofa.

41 INT. BAR - BACK TO SCENE

41

JEFF

He really is a good guy. He's just a little quick on the trigger.

MARY

(snottily)

He *looks* like a premature ejaculator.

JEFF

Well, he does have a fast car.

The joke at Tucker's expense disarms the girls, who chuckle as he comes over to see what the hold up is.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Tell you what, come to the strip club with us, and drinks are on him.

MELISSA

That sounds like a plan. We'll meet you guys there.

TUCKER

(to Christina)

I know you'll be there.

42 EXT. STREET - WHISKEY BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

42

The three spill out onto the street.

TUCKER

Jeff, call Information, find out where this club is.

*
*

JEFF

Don't you know where it is?

TUCKER

No, why would I know that?

AARON

You said you did.

TUCKER

I said that?

JEFF

YES!

*

TUCKER

Oh. Well, I can't be held
accountable for the things that
come out of my mouth.

A homeless STREET MUSICIAN near them starts playing "Friends
in Low Places" as Jeff gets on the phone. Tucker puts his arm
around him and joins in. *

TUCKER (CONT'D)

CAUUUUSE I GOT FRIENDS IN LOW
PLACES, WHERE THE WHISKEY DROWNS
AND AARON CHASES GIRLS AWAY...AND
JEFF IS GAY.

The musician stops because Tucker screwed up the lyrics.

STREET MUSICIAN *

Those aren't the words, man.

AARON *

We will not be contradicted by a
man who works out of a hat. *

STREET MUSICIAN *

Hey man, do you like, have any
change man?

AARON

Tell you what, I'll give you all my
change if you give me that can of
beer in your pocket.

Jeff approaches frustrated, with the phone to his ear as the
street musician hands the beer to Aaron. *

STREET MUSICIAN *

OK, man. Here you go. *

AARON *

Unfortunately, I don't have any
change, but thanks for the beer. *

JEFF *

(hand over mouthpiece) *
Hey, do you know where this fucking
club is? Baby Dolls. *

STREET MUSICIAN *

Yeah man, get my beer back and I'll
tell you. It's all I had, man. *
That's my dinner. *

He motions toward Aaron as Jeff snaps his phone shut. *

JEFF

Aaron. Give it back. There's beer
at the club. It's cold, even.

Aaron hesitates, holding the can of beer triumphantly.

AARON

I'm not gonna *drink* it. It's
symbolic of my victory over him.

TUCKER

He's a homeless street musician! He
already lost.

AARON

And do you think that perhaps his
poor negotiation skills have
something to do with that? HmMMM?

Jeff rips the beer out of Aaron's hand and gives it back.

JEFF

Sorry about that.

STREET MUSICIAN

Thanks. The club's straight down
the street like a mile or two.

A beat, as he looks at the trio expectantly.

STREET MUSICIAN (CONT'D)

Does *anyone* have any change?

They pat their pockets and shrug.

43 EXT. BABY DOLLS STRIP CLUB- CHARLOTTE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Baby Dolls is a pink one-story building with giant pictures
of half-naked girls looming over it from the billboard in the
parking lot. The neon molding and signage can be seen from
miles away. The guys walk in.

44 INT. BABY DOLLS STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER 44

The club is bumping. Hot naked women everywhere. A host
escorts the guys to a great table. Three gorgeous strippers
come up to them and sit on their laps.

AARON

Unless your breasts expel vodka and
tonic, you can feel free to leave.

STRIPPER 1

Don't worry baby, drinks will be here any minute.

AARON

In the mean time, I am obligated to inform you that, pursuant to Megan's Law, I am a convicted sex offender. So, how old are you?

STRIPPER 1

Rape isn't funny.

AARON

What if the rapist is a mime, or a Shriner?

Stripper 1 gives him a look.

AARON (CONT'D)

OK fine, rape isn't funny, but murder can be.

STRIPPER 1

Murder isn't funny either.

AARON

Maybe not to you, but if the murderer was a clown, that would be funny to me.

STRIPPER 1

How is that funny?

AARON

Because he is happy on the outside, but sad on the inside.

STRIPPER 1

What?

AARON

Sad clown wanna kill somebody?

Stripper 1 gets up and leaves. Tucker shoots a look at Aaron.

STRIPPER 2

(to Jeff)

What's wrong with him?

JEFF

He went through a bad break-up.

TUCKER

You have a friend for him?

STRIPPER 2

My friends would never put up with
this kind of abuse.

Incredulous, Aaron laughs in her face and makes a "T" with
his hands over his head.

AARON

Okay, I'm going to call a timeout
here, so the lesser comedians in
the room have a chance to come up
with their own stripper abuse joke.

Stripper 2 tries to respond. Aaron puts a finger to her lips.

AARON (CONT'D)

Shhhh...I would rather mainline
Drain-o than listen to your whore-
prattle for another second. Less
talkie! More boobie!

STRIPPER 2

You know what, I don't need this.

AARON

Said the fat girl to the cupcake.

Strippers 2 & 3 get up and leave in disgust.

TUCKER

Three down, only ninety-seven to
go. Good job dumbass.

Liz, the waitress, arrives to drop off drinks and a round of
shots. They do the shots and gag.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Holy Christ, what is that?

LIZ

It's the house special.

JEFF

What's it called? Antifreeze?!

LIZ

It's cognac and Alize. We call it
"Thug Passion."

Each of them immediately reaches for their waters. Lara, the
 stripper who was just on stage, passes their table on her
 way, ostensibly, to the dressing room.

*
*
*

LARA

Are you guys drinking water? We
 don't allow Mormons in here.

AARON

It's "Thug Passion." What mom put
 in your bottle so she could watch
 Young & The Restless in peace.

LARA

My mom used bourbon, all the sugar
 in cognac made me hyper. What'd
 your mom use?

AARON

I didn't get the bottle.

LARA

That's not too surprising. Judging
 by the distance between your eyes,
 it looks like she drank it all
 while you were still in the womb.

Aaron stammers over a comeback and falls silent. Tucker and
 Jeff stare at each other.

TUCKER

Did she just make a fetal alcohol
 joke?

Tucker hands her a twenty dollar bill.

*

TUCKER (CONT'D)

When you are done changing or
 whatever, come back over and keep
 talking shit to him. Bring a friend
 for the bachelor, too.

*
*
*
*

Lara smiles and makes for the back of the house. Tucker turns
 his attention to the hot stripper that has come over to him.

*

JADE

If we get a champagne room, we can
 do anything we want.

TUCKER

If we go back to my hotel room, we
 can do anything we want too.

JADE

But then I don't make any money.

Tucker pauses and contemplates this offer.

TUCKER

I'll give you twenty dollars.

JADE

(laughing)

No. It's four hundred, baby. But you're cute and funny; I'll do it for three fifty.

TUCKER

Twenty five.

JADE

Three hundred twenty five?

TUCKER

No, just twenty five.

JADE

I have to give the club a hundred to get the room for an hour.

TUCKER

My attention span won't last an hour. Thirty dollars.

JADE

That won't even pay for our drinks.

TUCKER

That's OK, I'm already drunk.

ANGLE ON Lara coming over and sitting down next to Aaron and another girl sitting next to Jeff, who he summarily ignores.

AARON

If you must know, my parents yelled at me, sent me to my room and ignored me.

LARA

If I was your mom, I would have locked you away and ignored you too.

AARON

If you were my mom, I would've been raised by a talentless hooker instead of a nagging shrew. There's a lose-lose.

LARA

You're awfully bitter for a pasty-faced shut in. Have you always been this mean, or did some girl trade you in for a better model?

JEFF

Yes, you're right! His girl did dump him!

TUCKER

For Grillionaire of all people!

LARA

Grillionaire? Like, "What it do baby" Grillionaire with the diamonds in his teeth? Oh wow. She couldn't even pick a good white rapper, like Paul Wall?

AARON

She may be a vacuous slut with no taste, but at least she's not a stripper.

LARA

You think you're so clever. I know a hundred insecure assholes just like you.

AARON

I'm sure your mother's boyfriends were all great guys.

LARA

If I had a dollar for every time I heard a broken home joke I'd have enough to buy ComiCon tickets for you and all the other orc mage failures on your buddy list. Whatever, I have to go.

*
*

Lara gets up quickly and walks toward the dressing room.

TUCKER

No, no, no you can't go.

JEFF
(in Mortal Combat voice)
Finish him!

Tucker and Jeff pop up and chase her down.

LARA
I've really gotta get home soon.

TUCKER
You *need* to keep talking shit to him.

JEFF
He can't handle it when a woman gets the best of him.

LARA
I know. And I've learned my lesson with guys like your friend.

TUCKER
He's different. There is a beautiful flower inside that onion, I promise. You just have to peel the layers and fight back the tears. I'll pay your normal dance rate, just stay and talk to him.

The trio returns to the table.

AARON
Dance monkey, dance for your dollar!

LARA
All I have to do is insult him, right? No dancing?

Tucker nods ascent. She takes his money.

LARA (CONT'D)
Hmm...What's your name?

AARON
It's Aaron, but let's skip the pleasantries and go straight to the part where you call me Captain Kirk and give me a handjob in the alley.

LARA
You're a Star Trek nerd? Color me shocked. Live long and prosper, dork.

She gives him the Vulcan greeting and slowly folds it into a middle finger. ANGLE ON Tucker and Jade.

TUCKER

Hold on, if I'm cute and funny,
then why are you charging me?
That's no way to start a
relationship.

JADE

I don't need a relationship, I
already have a boyfriend.

TUCKER

Shit baby, I don't want that kind
of relationship. I just want to
fuck you. I'm a great fuck buddy.

*

JADE

Okay then, potential Fuck Buddy,
how big is your dick?

TUCKER

How big is your mouth?

They flirtatiously stare each other down as we ANGLE ON Lara and Aaron.

AARON

You're calling me a dork? You are
the one with a video game
character's name.

LARA

I was named after Agustin Lara.

JEFF

Who is that?

LARA

He was a famous Mexican
intellectual.

AARON

Ha ha, that's a funny joke.

LARA

No funnier than you catching your
girlfriend blowing Grillionaire.
(pausing to taunt Aaron)
Oooh, body blow, body blow, body
blow, leeeeft hooooook!

The guys sit stunned.

JEFF

You like Mike Tyson Punch Out?

AARON

I call bullshit. Who was your favorite guy to fight?

LARA

I liked Soda Popinski because he's drinking a Forty in his picture.

Tucker leans into Aaron and says in a bar whisper.

TUCKER

This is your dream girl. If you don't make this happen you will be a disgrace to the entire [GTA playing](#) community.

*
*
*

Lara hears the mention of the GTA video game.

LARA

Oh, I will destroy you in GTA!

AARON

Of course you will. And you're an 'exotic dancer', not a 'stripper.'

LARA

You can't handle a girl who's better than you at a stupid game?

AARON

You can beat me at GTA? Hey, while we're in this fantasy land, why don't we drive your flying car over to the bank and get you approved for a low-interest home loan.

TUCKER

I bet you a hundred dollars that she will beat you at GTA.

AARON

I'm not betting on a video game. Betting is illegal.

Lara leans in close to Aaron and sniffs him.

LARA

I smell a pussy.

AARON

Well then douche before work.

TUCKER

Two hundred dollars.

AARON

I can't leave. Jeff's bachelor party is the whole reason we came.

JEFF

Don't let me keep you here. Nothing would make me happier than to see you lose to her at a video game.

AARON

I might consider it if we had a place to play and I had my special controller.

LARA

My shift just ended. We can play at my house. I have everything but your candy ass little controller.

JEFF

Then it's a bet.

AARON

I'm not going to some vile stripper den. You know her baby daddy is just waiting for me to walk through the front door so he can roll me and steal my organs.

*

LARA

How are you friends with this guy?

JEFF

I have no idea. How are you still attracted to him?

AARON

Probably has something to do with the happy confluence of my sarcastic, standoffish sense of humor and the inability of her step-fathers to show her any affection.

Jeff's phone rings.

JEFF

Hey honey, what's up?

ANGLE on Tucker addressing Aaron.

TUCKER
 (in a bar whisper)
 Dude, What Would Tucker Do? You're
 going.

Tucker gives Lara two hundred dollar bills.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 If you beat him, this is yours. If
 not, I expect it back. And not in
 sweaty crumpled \$1 bills.

45 INT. CARNIVAL SUPPLY STORE - SIMULTANEOUS 45

Kristy is lying on a big bouncy castle, testing it out. Her
 mother is looking on disapprovingly.

KRISTY
 Have you finally calmed down?

JEFF (O.S.)
 Yeah, I'm not mad at you anymore.

KRISTY
 Gee, thanks. Are you having fun?
 How is Tucker handling the "No
 Touch" rule?

46 INT. BABY DOLLS STRIP CLUB - SIMULTANEOUS 46

Jade is on Tucker's lap and rubbing his inner thigh and
 crotch.

JEFF
 He's coping.

A new dancer is about to come on stage and the DJ pipes up.

DJ (O.C.)
 Welcome to the stage, twice the
 bright and half the height,
 Charlotte's very own....RAINBOW
 BRITE!!

47 INT. CARNIVAL SUPPLY STORE - SIMULTANEOUS 47

Kristy sits up.

KRISTY
 Jeff, where are you?

JEFF (O.S.)
 A club.

KRISTY
No, where are you? Geographically.

JEFF (O.S.)
North Carolina.

Kristy gets up off the bouncy castle with a start.

KRISTY
I can't believe this.

KRISTY'S MOTHER
(to the salesman)
We're not going to be needing this
anymore.

48 INT. BABY DOLLS - SIMULTANEOUS

48

Lara grabs Aaron and starts dragging him away from the table.
Panic starts seeping through Jeff's drunken exterior.

KRISTY (O.S.)
Put Aaron on the phone.

JEFF
He's leaving with a stripper.

KRISTY (O.S.)
Jeff, we both know that's
ridiculous. Put Aaron on the phone.

Jeff flags down Aaron before he gets too far and waves the
phone. He covers the receiver as he hands it to Aaron.

JEFF
Kristy wants to talk to you. She
thinks we're not in Durham.

TUCKER
Tell her we're in Durham.

AARON
Hi Kristy.

KRISTY (O.S.)
Aaron, where are you guys?

AARON
We're at a strip club in Charlotte.
Gotta go.

Aaron hands the phone back. Tucker and Jeff look at him in
disbelief.

AARON (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. I'm not lying for you miscreants. My moral compass doesn't point straight down my pants.

Lara takes Aaron by the hand again and leads him away.

JADE

Is your friend actually going to seal the deal with Lara?

TUCKER

I'm just hoping he doesn't kill her.

Liz comes by with bottle service. A bottle of champagne and a bottle of vodka, with the accoutrements.

49

INT. CARNIVAL SUPPLY STORE - SIMULTANEOUS

49

Kristy and her mom are navigating their way toward the exit.

KRISTY

Jeff, why did you go to Charlotte?

JEFF (O.S.)

I...Tucker...I...I'm sorry.

KRISTY

Again, Jeff? Again with Tucker. Are you his keeper? Is that your role? Is that what you do? Hang out, swoop in and save him, and take the hit? I don't get it.

JEFF (O.S.)

No. I don't know.

KRISTY

What I really don't understand is why you had to lie to me. We promised we'd always be honest with each other.

JEFF (O.S.)

I don't know...I don't know why we lied. Are you--

KRISTY

Stop saying "we". I don't care why Tucker did what he did. I only care about what you did.

A beat.

JEFF (O.S.)
You're really mad.

KRISTY
I don't know what I am. Hurt, I
guess. Really disappointed. I don't
know what to think. I've got to go.

Kristy hangs up as they reach the exit.

KRISTY'S MOM
I told you Episcopalians were no
good.

50 INT. BABY DOLLS - SIMULTANEOUS

50

Jeff looks at his cell phone, stunned, as the call
disconnects.

TUCKER
Whatever, she'll get over it. Just
tell her it's my fault.

JEFF
IT IS YOUR FAULT!

TUCKER
Eh, six of one. Don't sweat it,
what happens in Charlotte, stays in
Charlotte.

JEFF
No it doesn't! My fiance is in
Durham and she's fucking pissed!

Tucker takes one of the chilling glasses, fills it with
vodka, and hands it to Jeff.

TUCKER
Solution to life's problems,
remember?

*

Jeff takes it and gives Tucker a 'fuck you' look as Rainbow
Brite's song ends and the DJ chimes in again.

DJ (O.C.)
Give it up for Rainbow Brite
everybody! And now, it's time to
call all dancers to the main stage
for Bachelor Party Duty! Someone
needs a spanking!

TUCKER

Dude, you're going on stage! You psyched?!

Something catches Tucker's attention on the periphery.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. I'm gonna go get Rainbow Brite.

JADE

What about your friend? You can't leave him alone in his condition.

TUCKER

He'll be fine. He's a big boy. *

Tucker bolts for the back of the house. Jeff ignores him, finishes his [pint of vodka](#) and pours another. *

51 EXT./INT LARA'S CAR - LARA'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER 51

Aaron and Lara are parked in Lara's driveway.

LARA

I need to tell you something before we go inside.

AARON

I fucking knew it. I'm gonna get jumped. They're going to take my [kidneys](#)-- *

LARA

[No](#), I have a son. *

An awkward silence settles over them for a beat or two.

LARA (CONT'D)

He'll be asleep, but I wanted to tell you before you tripped over his GI Joes in the living room.

AARON

What's his name?

LARA

Jack.

AARON

Is he named after his baby daddy or the liquor [he was conceived on](#)? *

LARA

No. It's just a strong name. I think a little boy needs a strong name. I'm not a big fan of those androgynous names like Terry or Pat or Aar--

Lara catches herself and shoots a quick glance at Aaron who knows exactly why she cut herself off.

AARON

Bitch. Well, I can't say I'm shocked. Having a kid is one of the top three excuses women use to justify stripping.

LARA

Really? What are the other two?

AARON

The "paying my way through college" lie heads up that list. It's in the Whore Logic Hall of Fame.

LARA

And the other one?

AARON

"It's better than being a hooker or doing porn."

LARA

Strippers don't actually say that!

AARON

Bullshit they don't. You need to watch Maury Povich.

52

INT. DJ BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS

52

STRIP CLUB DJ

And now, the man of the hour, our bachelor of the night, Jeff [Smith](#)!

*

Four strippers grab a visibly drunk Jeff, and pull him on stage. Confused, he tries to fight them off. One tries to remove his belt and he pulls back on it, yelling at her to get away. The stripper let's go and Jeff jerks back, his elbow accidentally clocking the stripper behind him in the nose. She grabs her face screaming. Jeff bends over to apologize, when the other strippers start punching and beating him with whips. Jeff backpedals and falls off the stage, cracking his face on a table, creating a huge mess.

Jeff gets up with a huge gash on his face, blood spilling down his shirt, when the bouncers grab him and start dragging him toward a side exit.

JEFF
 (frantic, his head
 whipping around)
 Get off me! TUCKER, GET THESE
 ASSHOLES OFF ME! TUCKER!!

The bouncers throw him out.

53

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

53

Lara and Aaron walk quietly into the living room. JACK, 7, is playing with a large collection of toy soldiers, GI Joes and Lego men that he's arranged in phalanxes for a toy war.

LARA
 Jack! Aren't you supposed to be in bed?

JACK
 Aunt Bunny let me stay up and play.

LARA
 It doesn't matter, your bedtime is your bedtime.

AARON
 Are the GI Joes the good guys?

Shy, like the typical 7 year old boy, Jack keeps his eyes focused on his toys and nods to Aaron in the affirmative.

AARON (CONT'D)
 You have some Transformers here too. You can't mix genres like this. It screws up morale and jeopardizes the efficacy of your tactics.

JACK
 But Optimus Prime has a big cool gun.

AARON
 OK, we'll work with it. What are you playing?

JACK
 The GI Joes are going to surprise attack the Legos.

AARON

I know you are just seven, but it's time you learned how to set up a proper L-shaped ambush. This rigmarole you have here just won't work, your flanks are exposed and you are vulnerable to an enfilade from the Lego artillery.

JACK

What is a flank?

Shocked, Aaron shoots a disapproving glance toward Lara.

AARON

It's a good thing I came.

54

EXT. OUTSIDE BABY DOLLS - MOMENTS LATER

54

Jeff is pissing in the alley, one hand holding the blood-soaked cocktail napkins to his head, the other holding his penis. A cop comes up.

OFFICER

What the hell are you doin'?

JEFF

What does it look like I'm doing?

OFFICER

We're trying to keep this neighborhood pristine, and you're over here pissing up the place. This is an actionable offense.

JEFF

Oooohhhh! Is Mr. Plastic Badge gonna give me a ticket?! How will I ever face my life again?

OFFICER

What did you say to me boy?

JEFF

I have a question, Deputy Dipshit. Are you a cop because that was the only job you could get with a G.E.D., or is it how you compensate for your erectile dysfunction?

ANGLE on the patrol car pulling away with Jeff trying to kick out the back window. They pass the bachelorette party, who are about to head into the strip club.

55 INT. LARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

55

Aaron and Jack are still on the living room floor fully ensconced in war with Jack's GI Joes. Lara is staring at him with a mix of bewilderment and amusement.

AARON

OK, now your GI Joes are perfectly set up for the ambush. Once the Legos come into this kill zone, no matter what they do, they're toast.

JACK

And my flanks are covered with supporting suppressive fire from Optimus Prime!

AARON

You might not grow up to be a failure at life after all.

LARA

Ok, it's time for bed now. Say thank you to Aaron for teaching you...how to attack your Legos.

JACK

Thanks, Aaron. Can you teach me other ambushes tomorrow?

AARON

I think I've stunted your growth enough for one week. Maybe next time I'll teach you how to use caustic humor as a mask for your inability to relate to people on a personal level.

*

JACK

Yay! Good night Aaron. 'night, Mom.

56 INT. MECKLENBERG COUNTY JAIL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

56

Jeff is in the drunk tank, surrounded by a bunch of Mexicans.

JEFF

I need to get out and talk to my wife or she'll never take me back! Who's with me!?

MEXICAN NUMERO UNO

I'm da only one who speaks English, mane.

Jeff enthusiastically jumps up on the bench.

JEFF

Esta bien bendejos, yo hablo
espanol! [subtitle: It's okay
bitches, I speak Spanish!]

57 INT. OUTSIDE THE JAIL CELL - SIMULTANEOUS 57

The cops behind the desk hear some screaming from the cell.

GOOD COP

What is going on in there?

BAD COP

I'll check it out.

58 INT. JAIL CELL - SIMULTANEOUS 58

JEFF

Yo veo los tenedores! Tendremos una
revolucion estrenimiento!
[subtitle: I see the forks! We will
have a constipated revolution!]

The Mexicans stare at each other in confusion.

BAD COP

What the hell is going on in here?

JEFF

Su madre es puta para baaah baaaah!
Sigame al bano!
[subtitle: His mother is a
prostitute for goats! Follow me to
the toilet!]

Bad Cop whacks Jeff with his night stick and he collapses on the floor.

59 INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 59

Tucker is having vigorous sex with a woman you can't quite see in the darkness except for her multi-colored socks. It's Rainbow Brite. Tucker's absolutely thrilled with himself.

60 INT. LARA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 60

Lara and Aaron are sitting on the sofa playing GTA. It's at the part where Aaron got killed a couple days before.

AARON

Jack is a great kid. Damn it.

Aaron's character is getting beaten up by the hooker.

LARA

Thanks.

AARON

I usually want to kick most kids into a wood chipper. No, what the?! How is that whore kicking my ass?! Are you playing the hooker!? That's not possible.

Aaron's character just got heel-stomped in the nuts.

LARA

That means a lot. He's had a tough time since his dad left. It's a secret cheat code this girl on a gaming messageboard developed.

AARON

Why did he leave? Get off of me!

Lara's character is stealing Aaron's character's wallet.

LARA

He thought I was cheating on him, so he decided to "get even" and screw anything that moved.

AARON

Were you? I mean, it wouldn't surprise me. Your entire gender is hard-wired for whoredom. Sonuvabitch, that's my head!

Lara's character has stolen Aaron's character's car and is backing over his head with it.

LARA

I hate when men randomly bash women. It's like this pathetic defense mechanism you guys put up when you know you are attracted to a woman who might not be into you.

AARON

That's not true.

LARA

Yes it is. It's easier to call a girl a whore than admit to yourself that she's out of your league.

AARON

That's some whore logic if I've ever heard it.

LARA

Anyone is capable of being a whore, Aaron. Being a woman does not de facto make you one.

AARON

It does if you're a cum-guzzling demon slut.

*
*

LARA

Fine, but your ex is only representative of herself, not her whole gender. Her actions don't mean that I am a whore, simply because we're both women.

AARON

So *did* you cheat? Let me guess, *if you're getting paid it* "doesn't count".

*
*

LARA

No, Aaron, I've never cheated on anyone. Or used sex as a weapon.

*
*

Lara's character hops out of the car and snuffs out the last bits of Aaron's life by smothering him with her breasts.

AARON

Motherfucker!

LARA

If you ever want to find love again, you have to get over these childish notions you have. If you don't, your personal life is going to remain the steaming pile of shit it is now.

Aaron's character finally dies. He hurls his controller toward the television.

AARON

If I kiss you, will you shut up already?

Without waiting for a response, Aaron kisses Lara.

INT. LARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS *

Aaron and Lara make sweet, sweet love. Maybe a little awkward at first, it settles into decidedly un-stripper like sex. *

INT. JEFF AND KRISTY'S BEDROOM *

Kristy is still up, trying to read a book, but seems a bit distracted. She plucks her cell phone from the bedside table and flips it open. ANGLE ON the cell phone *

MISSED CALLS MENU *

NONE *

Disappointed, she closes the phone, tosses the book where Jeff would normally be, and turns out the light. *

INT. LARA'S BEDROOM *

Lara is asleep. Aaron, still awake in a non-peeping tom non-rapist kind of way, is watching her sleep by the light of the hallway through the slightly opened bedroom door. The bitter defensive veneer has finally cracked. *

61 INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 61

Tucker and his stripper fuck buddy are reaching climax, Tucker pushes her small feet out of his mouth, finishes, and collapses into the bed, drunk and exhausted.

62 INT. MECKLENBERG COUNTY JAIL - NEXT MORNING - 8:41AM 62

Jeff wakes up on the cement jail floor in a pool of vile, brownish liquid. He has a new welt over his other eye. He is surrounded by a crew of Mexicans chatting in ghetto Spanish.

JEFF

Where am I? Eh, Donde esta vatos locos?

MEXICAN NUMERO UNO

Drunk tank, ese.

MEXICAN NUMERO DOS

Muy muy burracho, mane.

There's a pay phone on the wall. Jeff has no money.

JEFF

I need to make a collect call to 323-351-7640.

OPERATOR

State your name after the beep.

JEFF

Jeff.

63 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 63

Tucker's still asleep. He pays no attention to his vibrating cell phone, scooting along the bedroom floor.

64 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 64

JEFF

Try 281-330-8004.

OPERATOR

State your name after the beep.

JEFF

(annoyed)

Jeff.

65 INT. LARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 65

Aaron's cell is in his jacket pocket, which is in the living room. He is in the bedroom.

66 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 66

Jeff is leaning his head against the pay phone.

JEFF

Damnit, where the hell are you!?

OPERATOR

I'm right here, sir.

JEFF

Not you, could you try 919-555-8971?

OPERATOR

State your name.

JEFF

GODDAMNIT YOU KNOW MY FUCKING NAME

(beep sounds)

JUST MAKE THE FUCKING CALL SO I
DON'T SPEND THE REST OF MY GODDAMN
LIFE IN JAIL!!

67 INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

67

Kristy is asleep in their bed. Her cell phone rings. She groggily picks up.

KRISTY

Hello?

OPERATOR

This is the Mecklenberg County Jail Operator with a collect call from:

Jeff's recorded voice clicks in.

JEFF (V.O.)

JUST MAKE THE FUCKING CALL SO I DON'T SPEND THE REST OF MY GODDAMN LIFE IN JAIL!!

KRISTY

Jeff?

68 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

68

Jeff looks sick to his stomach.

JEFF

Hi, honey.

KRISTY (O.S.)

What happened? Where are you?

JEFF

I'm in jail. Can you come get me? *

A long, pregnant pause.

KRISTY (O.S.)

No, Jeff. Tucker said he has your back, so let him have it. *

Kristy hangs up and the line clicks over.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Can I help you with anything else?

JEFF

Can you come bail me out?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Excuse me?

JEFF

Nevermind.

Jeff slides slowly down the cell wall to the floor. He's a sad beaten, swollen slumped mass of exhausted rejection.

*
*

69 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING 69

Tucker jogs up the walk and knocks. Aaron answers the door. Jack is innocently wrapped around his lower leg fighting the Optimus Prime against the Cobra Commander.

*
*
*

TUCKER
(slightly unsettled)
So how'd it go? Everything good?

AARON
Of course. What did you think was going to happen?

TUCKER
What do I hope happened? I hope you hooked up. What do I think happened?

70 INT. LARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE 70

Aaron strangles Lara with the controller cord, as Jack yells in terror. Lara stops squirming as Jack comes over to help his mommy and Aaron kicks him in his little nuts, sending him ass first through the front window. Aaron uses a candle to light the drapes on fire, grabs an arm full of toys, and...

EXT. LARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

...runs out the front door down the street, toys spilling everywhere. ANGLE ON the house, with Jack, dead, dangling from a large shard of window glass that's pierced the collar of his Optimus Prime pajama top.

71 EXT. LARA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CURRENT SCENE 71 *

AARON
That's ridiculous. I already have all those toys.

72 Lara joins them on the porch. Tucker nods to her. She flashes her \$200, tucks it in her bra and nuzzles against Aaron. Jack pulls on Aaron's leg and extends his Optimus Prime doll.

*
*
*

JACK
You can have this.

AARON

I can't take your Optimus Prime, buddy. He's the leader of the Autobots.

JACK

I want you to have him.

AARON

Wow, thanks buddy.

Aaron fishes the Duke GI Joe keychain out of his pocket, slides it off the ring, and hands it down to Jack.

AARON (CONT'D)

Then I want you to have this.

JACK

Wow, mom, look! It's a Duke keychain.

AARON

Duke was the Field Commander for all the Joes that went into battle. He was my favorite when I was your age.

Jack reaches out and hugs Aaron.

JACK

Thanks, Aaron!

AARON

You have to promise me one thing: you'll be just like Duke and take care of your soldiers; including your mom, okay?

JACK

I promise.

Aaron stands up and kisses Lara briefly. He slides out of her grip and walks [down the drive](#) with Tucker. *

AARON

I'll call you when we get home.

JACK

Bye, Aaron! See you soon!

AARON

See ya! Good luck with your ambushes.

TUCKER
Did you just give your Duke
keychain to a whore baby?

AARON
She's not a whore.

They get to the car and Aaron realizes that Jeff isn't there.

AARON (CONT'D)
Where is Jeff?

74 INT. MECKLENBERG COUNTY JAIL - LATER

74

Tucker walks up to the clerk's window.

TUCKER
I got a weird computer voicemail
from you guys. I think you've got
my friend Jeff Smith back there.

*

CLERK
Yes, Mr. Smith was quite the guest.
Wait over there, he'll be out soon.

*

ANGLE on Jeff emerging from the jail with two swollen black
eyes and vomit caked to his shirt.

TUCKER
Jesus Christ, Jeff! What happened!?

JEFF
Where the fuck were you?! Where did
you go!?

TUCKER
Dude, you are not going to believe
what happened to me.

*

75 INT. RESTAURANT - ON THE HIGHWAY - AN HOUR LATER

75

Tucker, Jeff and Aaron are sitting around waiting for their
food to come out. Jeff has a deep, vacant stare.

TUCKER
You know the feeling you get when
you're looking for that special
someone and you're trying so hard
you think you might never find her?
Like Sisyphus pushing the boulder
up the mountain?

*

*

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

But then, just as you're about to give up, the clouds part, the path widens, and there she is? Well gentlemen, last night I reached the mountain top.

76 INT. BABY DOLLS STRIP CLUB - FLASHBACK - LAST NIGHT

76

It's right after Tucker poured the drink for Jeff.

TUCKER (V.O.)

Aaron you had just left, when I saw her.

ANGLE on the door to the stripper dressing room. There's nothing there.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My midget princess.

Everything seems to slow down, Tucker's mesmerized, like a trance. The camera pans down...to a midget dressed as RAINBOW BRITE.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes reminded me of Gwenyth Paltrow. Her compressed cervical vertebrae and bowed legs told me what Gwenyth Paltrow would look like if she was placed in a vise and squished to one quarter size.

Rainbow Brite waddles confidently across the room.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As her pigeon-toed feet carried her past our table, I slid down in my chair, hoping to catch her eye.

Rainbow Brite passes Tucker, mouth open in order to breathe.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She looked at me, her mashed-up teeth sparkling in the oily light of the novelty condom machine.

Tucker gives his best seductive smile.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I gave her my unmistakable "I want to fuck you" eyes.

Rainbow Brite smiles at Tucker, exposing mashed-up teeth.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She shot back a "My spine hurts"
 face, and I was smitten.

Tucker gets up from the table, leaving Jeff chugging vodka,
 to follow his midget princess to the bar.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She went to the bar and I took the
 stool next to hers. The beer bottle
 looked massive in her tiny little
 hands.

*

She grabs a beer bottle off the bar counter.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 All I could think about was how big
 those hands would make my penis
 look. I started running tiny little
 game at her.

Tucker turns to her.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Hi, I'm Gulliver. How are you
 doing?

RAINBOW BRITE
 (annoyed at the joke)
 I've had a long night, I'm tired.

TUCKER
 Hey, don't get short with me,
 Sleepy.

RAINBOW BRITE
 Ugh! I'm not a dwarf, I'm a Little
 Person.

TUCKER
 Is that what Doc told you, Grumpy?

RAINBOW BRITE
 Jerk!

TUCKER
 Hi ho, hi ho, start dancing or off
 you go.

Midget Princess breaks a smile at Tucker's deviousness.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She ate it up. She laughed her tiny
 little laugh at my tiny little
 jokes and then threw me a fastball
 down the middle.

RAINBOW BRITE
 I always fall for assholes.

TUCKER (V.O.)
 It was the tiny little opening I
 needed.

Tucker smiles deviously.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 This place sucks. You want to go
 back to my hotel and do something
 more fun?

RAINBOW BRITE
 What do you want to do?

TUCKER
 (seductively serious)
 I wanna make a mess in your mouth.

A beat.

RAINBOW BRITE
 Let's go.

TUCKER
 OK, but just to be safe, leave your
 pick axe here. I don't want you
 tunneling under the bed, looking
 for diamonds or something. It'll
 freak me out.

Rainbow Brite swings down from her stool, grabs Tucker's hand
 and they leave.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Without a tiny little second
 thought, she swung down from the
 stool, took my pinky in her tiny
 little sausage fingers and guided
 me out the door.

Jeff slams his fist on the table.

JEFF

WAIT! Are you telling me I have this (points to right eye) and this (points to left eye) because you had to fuck an oompa loompa?! Are you serious?

TUCKER

Dude, it was Destiny! You remember; the midget stripper the professor was talking about in class yesterday! I went on Westlaw and found out where she worked before I picked up Aaron.

Jeff and Aaron stare angrily and incredulously at Tucker.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

What, you don't think that's funny?

JEFF

You mean you'd never even been to that strip club?!

It clicks.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's why you took us to that crappy bar! And why you had me **call to find out** where the strip club was! The bachelor party was all a big fucking ruse!?

*
*
*

TUCKER

Jeff, how many people do you know who've fucked a midget? You don't think that's awesome?

JEFF

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?? I may not have a fiance anymore because YOU dragged me into a lie that I didn't want OR NEED to be a part of. Now I have to go back to Durham to beg her forgiveness, and plead with her not to cancel the wedding we have been planning for a year! And what am I going to look like when I get there? LOOK AT MY FACE! I LOOK LIKE I WAS ON THE WRONG END OF A PRISON BEATING...BECAUSE I WAS!!

A beat.

TUCKER

Dude, let me finish my story. It's not always about you.

Jeff flips his shit and tries to hit Tucker across the table, crashing it to the ground. Aaron holds him back. Jeff storms out, cursing a blue streak. Tucker tries to interject.

AARON

Right now, if I were Tucker, I would shut the fuck up.

78	INT. BUS - AFTERNOON	78	*
	Jeff, disheveled and disfigured, sits cramped against the window of a Greyhound bus, packed in like sardines amidst a collection of broken souls who can only be described as the dingleberries in the ass crack of humanity.		* * *
79	INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - EVENING	79	*
	Kristy and her mother are finalizing the seating chart and writing out the place cards.		*
	<p style="text-align: center;">KRISTY'S MOTHER</p> <p>I'll tell you one thing. No good Baptist would be caught dead drinking to excess or gettin' arrested for causin' a ruckus. It's unseemly.</p>		* * * * * *
	<p style="text-align: center;">KRISTY</p> <p>Of course not Mom. The good Baptists never get caught.</p>		* * *
	A fiddling keys sound comes from the front door.		*
	<p style="text-align: center;">KRISTY'S MOTHER</p> <p>Look, all I'm tryin' to say is that this kind of wanton drunkenness and lack of self control is typical of a religion with all of the spirituality and none of the guilt. It's not right.</p>		* * * * * *
	Jeff straggles through the door into the living room.		*
	<p style="text-align: center;">KRISTY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(biting and sarcastic)</p> <p>Well look who the Lord has chosen to deliver unto this happy home.</p>		* *

KRISTY
 (to Jeff)
 We need to talk. You missed
 everything.

JEFF
 I know.

Kristy's mother catches a glimpse of Jeff's face.

KRISTY'S MOTHER
 Oh my gracious, Jeffrey! Your face!

Kristy leaps to her feet.

KRISTY
 Honey! What happened to you?!

JEFF
 (beaten and defeated)
 I'm so, so sorry.

KRISTY'S MOTHER
 Sorry!? The wedding's ruined! Look
 at your face!

KRISTY
 Enough, mom.

KRISTY'S MOTHER
 We have to postpone! I can't
 display your wedding photos in my
 house, what will people think?!

KRISTY
 I said enough! This isn't about
 you. I don't care what you do with
 the stupid pictures!

A beat, as Kristy's mother regroups and Jeff looks on sullen
 and hilariously disfigured.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
 Are you okay? You have to stop
 letting Tucker get you into these
 messes.

Jeff shrugs, frowning and droopy.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
 (through stifled laughter)
 Oh my little Quasimoto. You look so
 pathetic.

She hugs him tenderly, as much like a mother as a wife.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Let's get you cleaned up so I can
stop laughing at you.

80

INT. LAW LIBRARY - MORNING

80

SUPERSCRIPIT: TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING

Tucker walks into the law library and sits with Aaron.

TUCKER

Dude, I just tried to take a shit.
Nothing would come out. That never
happens to me. I feel like Elvis
just before his heart exploded.

AARON

If only the world were so lucky.

TUCKER

Whatever. You wanna play some ball?

AARON

I have class. You know, that place
we pay 35 grand a year to go to
between happy hours.

TUCKER

That place is dumb.

Aaron doesn't react and silence hangs for a beat.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Hey, let me ask you something: is
Jeff really pissed?

AARON

Are you drunk or stupid?

TUCKER

What?

AARON

How could you not realize he's
pissed? Have you even talked to him
since Saturday?

TUCKER

I tried calling, but he doesn't
pick up. What's his problem?

*

AARON

His problem?! Are you such a narcissist that you don't know why he's mad? Do you have any concept of friendship? How have you made it this far in life without understanding this stuff?

TUCKER

Fine, I'll check into the hotel in Wilmington tomorrow, and just go up there and apologize to him and we can be done with this bullshit.

*
*
*
*
*

Aaron gets up and hastily pulls his things together.

AARON

I guess God truly does protect fools and children, because you're both.

*

Aaron turns and leaves Tucker at the table.

EXT. WEDDING HOTEL - ESTABLISHING

*

A large, high-end hotel. The kind that looks like it would be a destination hotel for weddings and anniversaries.

*
*

81 INT. HOTEL BRIDAL SUITE - AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

81

SUPERSCRIPT: DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING

Kristy, freshly showered, is in a towel. Bags and clothes are everywhere. Jeff is channel surfing. There's a knock at the door. Kristy looks through the peephole.

KRISTY

It's Tucker. Do you want to talk to him?

Jeff shrugs with ambivalence. She opens the door.

TUCKER

Is Jeff here?

He peers around Kristy and spots Jeff on the couch flipping channels, ignoring him.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

Jeff doesn't respond. Tucker, looking a little lost for the first time, peeks expectantly at Kristy.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
(to Kristy)
Can I come in?

Kristy opens the door wider and Tucker walks in.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Dude, Jeff, sorry.

Jeff searches Tucker's face for an extended beat.

JEFF
Sorry is just a word.

Jeff turns the TV off, kisses Kristy on the cheek, and retreats into the master bedroom without another word, closing the door quietly behind him.

TUCKER
What should I do?

KRISTY
Apologize sincerely.

TUCKER
I just did.

KRISTY
Tucker, what fantasy world do you live in? One word and the Guy Head Nod isn't a sincere apology.

TUCKER
What else am I supposed to say? I'm not a mind reader.

KRISTY
Do you understand the magnitude of this situation? He lied to me for you. He landed in jail because you failed as a friend in every way possible.

TUCKER
I didn't make him lie to you.

KRISTY
He lied because he was your friend, Tucker. To protect you.

TUCKER

That's stupid. Protect me from what?

KRISTY

From his future wife thinking his best friend is a selfish lying son of a bitch! Except it's worse than that because I always knew you were selfish. Now I worry that you're this uncontrollable destructive force that I can't trust to have the best interests of the man I love at heart.

Kristy's exhortation freezes Tucker.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

That's what you don't seem to understand. Part of friendship is supporting each other and knowing each others boundaries. Do you even know where Jeff's are?

*
*
*

TUCKER

Yeah, of course.

KRISTY

So you just ignored them then? Pushed right past them. He sacrificed his line in the sand to protect you and you couldn't even sacrifice a midget vagina for him. Is it any surprise you aren't welcome at our wedding?

*
*
*

TUCKER

I'm not invited?

KRISTY

No, Tucker, you aren't.

Tucker stands there stunned.

TUCKER

No way. What does Jeff say?

KRISTY

You don't get it. I don't care if you're at the wedding. It's Jeff who doesn't want you there.

Kristy looks sadly and reluctantly into Tucker's face as he processes her words.

82 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 82

Tucker emerges from the bridal suite. He looks like he's mulling over his options. He pulls out his phone and dials.

83 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 83

Candles lit. There's a fruit tray and champagne. Aaron's setting up a PS2 for a GTA rematch. His tuxedo is hanging from the bathroom door. Lara is changing into comfortable clothes. His phone rings. *

AARON

What's up?

TUCKER (O.S.)

What are you doing?

AARON

Not much. Lara is here. *

TUCKER (O.S.)

Cool, let's hang out, get some drinks. We can take the stripper dancing! *

AARON

No thanks. We're staying in tonight. It's a long day tomorrow.

TUCKER

Dude, just because you're getting pussy doesn't mean you should be a pussy. Let's go out. *

AARON

Yes, Tucker. Insult us and insistently reassert your initial demand. That'll make the difference. *

TUCKER

What are you talking about?

AARON

You nearly submarined one of your friend's relationships already this week. I'd like a chance to see if mine can float before you do your best to torpedo it. I'll talk to you later.

Aaron hangs up and plugs in his special controller.

84 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 84

TUCKER

Well fuck 'em if they can't take a
joke. I'm all the party I need.

*
*

85 INT. RANDOM DURHAM BAR - A FEW HOURS LATER 85

Tucker is flirting with a pair of girls at the bar.

TARGET GIRL

I have two cats. A girl and a boy.
Abigail Lulu Dibiase and Jersey
Lemon Dibiase.

TUCKER

Why would you own cats? Do you
enjoy having big boxes of shit in
your house?

TARGET GIRL

I clean the litter boxes every day.

TUCKER

Does it not bother you how haughty
they are? They could give a fuck
about you.

TARGET GIRL

Not my cats. They aren't like
regular cats, they're like dogs.

TUCKER

Right on cue. EVERY cat person says
that. You know what's not like a
regular cat? A fucking dog.

No one but Tucker laughs. He finishes his beer, and leaves.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

No need to thank me, your silent,
awed adoration is it's own reward.

He's pleased with himself until he realizes he's the only one
there alone. He looks around for an escape from the
awkwardness and finds it in a girl with her face up to a tank
near the front of the bar filled with cute little turtles.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TURTLE GIRL

Talking to the turtles.

TUCKER

Did they tell you to kill hookers?
That's what they tell me to do.

Turtle Girl shuffles away slightly embarrassed. Two girls seated nearby look on in disgust. Of course the chubby one chimes in. *

CHUBBY INTERLOPER

What kind of man says something like that to a woman?!

TUCKER

Usually it's my misanthropic friend Aaron, then I pick the girl up on the rebound. But he's not here. *

FRIEND OF CHUBBY

So you're drinking alone? That's one of the beginning stages of alcoholism, you know.

TUCKER

I'm way past the beginning stages. I [already](#) hide liquor around [the](#) house and drink alone in the dark. *

CHUBBY INTERLOPER

That's sad.

TUCKER

No way. Drinking is highly underrated. Think about it: What are the detriments to being drunk? *

FRIEND OF CHUBBY

I don't know.

TUCKER

It hurts relationships with family and friends? I don't like my family and my friends drink as much as me. It causes long term health problems? I drive way too fast to worry about anything long term. It costs money? I'm going to spend it recklessly anyway, better on alcohol than drugs or pornography. Causes rude and aberrant behavior? I'm an asshole when I'm sober; being drunk actually calms me down.

The girls look at each other in disgust.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Now compare that to it's benefits:
 Drinking makes me invulnerable to
 criticism, makes ugly people
 attractive,
 (pointing to Friend of
 Chubby)
 makes boring people interesting,
 (pointing to Chubby
 Interloper)
 and makes hot girls like me. For my
 money, the choice is obvious.

Friend of Chubby looks hurt. Chubby Interloper, predictably,
 is fuming with disgust. She is shooting death rays at Tucker.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(gesticulating like
 Hacksaw Jim Duggan)
 Mongo angry! Mongo smash!

CHUBBY INTERLOPER

You just totally blew your chance,
 you know. There you were standing
 by yourself when these two hot
 girls decided to talk to you--

*
 *

FRIEND OF CHUBBY

What hot girls?

CHUBBY INTERLOPER

US!

FRIEND OF CHUBBY

Oh...yeah.

Tucker bursts out laughing. The girls get up to leave.

TUCKER

That was going to be my question
 too! WHAT HOT GIRLS?! God bless
 your overworked heart.

*
 *
 *

CHUBBY INTERLOPER

Ooh, another fat girl joke. That
 really cuts deep.

*
 *
 *

TUCKER

The only way I could cut you deep
 is with a battle axe and a running
 start.

*
 *
 *
 *

Tucker is completely taken with his quick wit. He turns to a
 group of dudes behind him to share the joy.

*
 *

While he's turned away from them, Chubby Interloper quickly plucks a bottle of Visine from her purse and dumps the contents into his beer. *

CHUBBY INTERLOPER
(quietly to her friend)
Thirty minutes, he's gonna be in a world of pain. *

Tucker composes himself, turns back and takes a long satisfied pull from his beer. *

TUCKER
(motioning to the girls)
This beer has been brought to you by the number 10. *

Standing side by side, he bursts into laughter again. *

CHUBBY INTERLOPER
At least I'm not out at a bar BY MYSELF. *

Chubby Interloper and her friend look at each other with that "eww...pathetic" look. It stops Tucker's riotous laughter. He fumbles for something to say in response, but can't respond to their truth.

TUCKER
Fuck you, Fatty!!

Tucker walks off in a huff taking another pull from his beer. *

GIRL
Crashed and burned! Huh, Mav?

Tucker looks at her confused, and then sticks his nose in her crotch and sniffs.

TUCKER
Slider, you stink.

ANGRY GUY
Hey man, back off. She's with me.

TUCKER
I don't know what you're worried about. This one should be in the bag. Only easy sluts make Top Gun references in public. *

ANGRY GUY
You need to get out of my face! *

Tucker puts his beer down and addresses only the girl. *

TUCKER

This your boyfriend? He looks like
the type of guy who eats with one
arm guarding his plate. *

He pushes Tucker to the ground and the bartenders separate
them. Tucker grabs his beer and careens into the line for the
bathroom. He finds himself behind CONNIE, a fake-titted
blonde MILF with a ring on her finger. *

TUCKER (CONT'D)

So, are you actually married? Or do
you just wear that to keep the
douchebags away?

CONNIE

No, I'm actually married.

TUCKER

How good is your marriage?

CONNIE

Good enough to keep me in it.

TUCKER

Then what are you doing here?

CONNIE

Girls night out.

TUCKER

C'mon, isn't that just code for
"Let's Get Drunk And Suck Off Hot
Guys In the Bathroom"?

CONNIE

Maybe for the girls you hang out
with.

TUCKER

Are you calling my mom a slut?

CONNIE

(laughing)
Does she know you talk like that?

TUCKER

Does your husband know you flirt
with men you meet in bars? *

Connie playfully pulls the beer from Tucker and takes a good-sized drink. He grabs it back and pounds the rest. The bathroom door opens and Connie starts to go in. *

TUCKER (CONT'D)
You're not going to invite me in?

CONNIE
There's only one toilet. *

TUCKER
There's a sink, isn't there?

Connie pulls him in and shuts the door.

86 INT. BAR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

Connie is in the near stall. Tucker is pissing in the sink. *

CONNIE (O.C.)
Do you always hit on women in the bathroom line? *

TUCKER
Only hot ones I want to sleep with.

CONNIE (O.C.)
You think I'm hot? *

TUCKER
Baby, you're so hot, if I were dating you, I'd never leave the house. I'd never even leave your vaginal area, unless I was cumming on your face.

Tucker finishes and zips up as Connie emerges from the stall. *

CONNIE
You think I'm gonna have sex with you? *

TUCKER
Please, I am going to hit it so hard, whoever pulls me out of you will become King of England. *

Tucker grabs her, pulls her into him, and swallows her face. *

87 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR ELEVATOR BANK - LATER 87 *

Elevator doors open. Tucker and Connie are in the exact same position as the bathroom; eating each other's faces. They stumbled out of the elevator and down the hall. *

TUCKER
Your tits are so hot.

A loud gurgling sound emanates from Tucker's abdomen and he grimaces with discomfort. *

CONNIE
Stop talking, you're going to ruin it.

88 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 88

The room is dark. Tucker and Connie barge through the door, peeling clothes off, and turn on the light. A stronger wave of abdominal discomfort overtakes Tucker as one hits Connie. *

TUCKER
Wait. I have to shit. *

CONNIE
Let me go first. I'll be quick.

Connie slides into the bathroom. Tucker pulls the bed covers back, kicks off his shoes, and shimmies out of his pants. Unnatural sounds begin to emanate from the bathroom as his discomfort continues to build. *

TUCKER
What are you doing in there?

CONNIE (o.s.)
Nothing.

Sounds of prodigious shitting fill the room, only adding to Tucker's crescendoing pain. *

TUCKER
It doesn't sound like nothing.
Hurry up!

CONNIE (o.s.)
I'll be out in a second.

TUCKER
Turn on the fan.

Connie emerges from the bathroom and Tucker shoots up.

CONNIE
 (uneasy and hurried)
 I don't feel well. I'm gonna go.

TUCKER
 What?!

Connie moves past Tucker to collect her stuff.

CONNIE
 (sheepishly)
 There's something wrong with the
 bathroom.

89 INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

89

The bathroom looks like the lower 9th Ward after Katrina. Brown shit water is spilling onto the bathroom floor and the tank is gurgling demonically. It's a sensory assault.

TUCKER
 You clogged the toilet? You clogged
 a motherfucking hotel toilet! What
 kind of constipated meth-head bowel
 movement does it take to clog a
 HOTEL TOILET?!

ANGLE ON Connie shuffling past the bathroom...

TUCKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Those things are designed to suck
 down third trimester shit babies,
 and you clogged it?! Is this what
 married life does to people!?

...and out the door unnoticed. He grips his abdomen and ass.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Oh no. Where's another bathroom?

Tucker dashes out.

90 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

90

Tucker bursts out of the elevator, looks around frantically, and sprints to the empty front desk. It's 4 am. He hits the bell furiously for an obnoxiously long time until the sleeping clerk comes out.

TUCKER
 Is there a bathroom down here?

FRONT DESK CLERK
Back corner of the lobby.

Tucker takes off, turns the corner from the front desk and immediately realizes his mistake. The lobby is triangular.

TUCKER
Which corner?!

He spots a white door at one end of the lobby, quickly waddles to it holding his butt cheeks together, and bursts through the door.

JANITOR
AAAYYYY!!

It's a janitor's closet.

TUCKER
Where is the bathroom!?

JANITOR
Que? No, no hablo ingles!

TUCKER
WHAT?! Uh...uh...DONDE ESTA EL
FUCKING BANO?!!!

JANITOR
(pointing across the
lobby)
Alla! Alla!

Sixty yards away, a large "RESTROOM" sign hangs above a door.

Tucker breaks into a dead sprint and his boxers start to sag. Thirty yards, his ass crack and legs get noticeably wet. Forty yards, his boxers have slid down to mid-thigh. Ten yards from the door, he's covered in brown, viscous liquid. Little specks hit the back of his head and ears as he runs.

91 INT. HOTEL LOBBY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

91

Tucker bursts in. He's completely shit himself. He steps out of his pink boxers, shit puddle in the seat, and flings them blindly as he breaks into the first stall.

92 INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS 92

Tucker plops down on the seat and immediately slides off. His ass is covered in slimy, runny feces still spouting black, viscous human waste. He flushes, it overflows, and he fumbles out of the stall, sliding on his shit-covered socks.

93 INT. NEXT BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS 93

Tucker collapses onto the seat until he finishes--exhausted, dehydrated, and tearing up from the exertion. There's no toilet paper. Tucker takes off his shirt but discovers it's covered in little specks of shit.

94 INT. BATHROOM SINK AREA - CONTINUOUS 94

The large vanity mirror has a thick black streak from the ceiling to the countertop where his boxers are crumpled in a ball. He peels off his shit-heavy socks and flings them in the direction of the boxers. One sticks to the mirror.

95 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 95

Naked and covered in speckles of his own poop, Tucker slinks out into the lobby.

TUCKER

Who else on this earth could be
having a worse night than me?

Laid out before him is a trail of his own feces. It starts wide at his feet and gets smaller until it apexes at the clunky white shoes of the small Mexican janitor.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Sorry. I mean, uh, lo siento.

Tucker walks defeated toward the elevators. The Lady Janitor is sobbing hysterically.

96 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 96

Waiting for the elevator, Tucker stares at himself in the reflective doors, looking into his own eyes and face...disappointed. He exhales deeply as the elevator arrives with a *ding* and the doors open.

Through the glass of the elevator as it ascends, Tucker sees why the janitor was crying hysterically.

There's shit everywhere: on the couches, the walls, the plants, everywhere.

TUCKER

God, I hope they serve beer in hell.

97 EXT./INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - NEXT DAY 97 *

Jeff and Kristy have their backs to us. The last groomsman is not dressed the same as the rest, because he took Tucker's place at the 11th hour. They finish the ceremony and turn down the aisle. Jeff's black eyes and swollen brows are smeared in DermaBlend. Sweating from nerves, Jeff's face looks like someone pissed on a chalk painting.

INT. TUCKER'S HOTEL ROOM *

Tucker looks a little bleary-eyed but he's freshly showered and hastily yanking on his tuxedo. The room service menu is open on the bed and he's on the room phone. *

TUCKER *

Yeah. Yeah. I know. I don't care. *

The biggest one you got. ASAP. Now! *

Tucker hangs up as he zips his fly, done getting dressed. *

98 EXT. RECEPTION HALL - LATER 98

The banquet hall is beautiful. Large bay windows frame the elegant wedding reception inside. It's an idyllic scene broken only by workers setting things up on the lawn.

99 INT. RECEPTION HALL - LATER 99

The maid of honor is finishing her speech. Tucker slides in quietly and settles against the bar. He whispers something to the bartender, who nods, and sneaks him some money.

MAID OF HONOR

And after that, I knew she'd met a keeper. And I was right. I love you Kristy!

Everyone toasts and politely claps. The BEST MAN, Jeff's brother, picks up the mic. He is sweating and nervous. *

ANGLE ON Tucker at the bar. He motions to the bartender for a beer. *

WEDDING BARTENDER
Four bucks.

TUCKER
What?!

BEST MAN (O.S.)
Hey, I am Jeff's older brother.

WEDDING BARTENDER
Cash bar.

TUCKER
Who has a cash bar at a wedding?

Tucker reluctantly pays as we ANGLE BACK on the best man.

BEST MAN
I've known him his whole life, and
boy are my arms tired.

No response. ANGLE ON Aaron, sitting at a table with Lara.

AARON
Bet that joke killed on his blog.

ANGLE on Best Man.

BEST MAN
Uh, when Jeff told me he'd met the
girl he wanted to marry, I couldn't
believe it. Only a few short years
ago, he was throwing rocks at
girls, and now, he is putting one
on...her finger.

ANGLE on Tucker, standing at the back of the room.

BEST MAN (CONT'D)
I have known Kristy for a few years
now, and I couldn't have asked for
a better sister-in-law. Here is to
my little bro and his bride.

Everyone toasts. Tucker walks to the front and takes the
microphone from Best Man.

TUCKER
(to Jeff's brother)
Gimme that mic, Sling Blade.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Some of you may not know me, my name is Tucker Max. Jeff is my best friend. Or at least was, until last week when I took advantage of his kindness and loyalty. I forced him into lying to Kristy, dragged him two hours away, got him abusively drunk, and then ditched him to sleep with a midget stripper. I am the reason that, on the most important day of his life, Jeff's face looks like a melted Barbie doll's.

*

*

Kristy's mother is nearly apoplectic. Jeff, holding back his building fury, scoots his chair out to get up, but Kristy puts her hand on his leg to stop him and keep him seated.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

The worst part is that I didn't know I was doing anything wrong. I was just doing what I've always done; which is pretty much whatever the hell I want. And to be honest, it's worked out pretty well for me up to about 24 hours ago. When my selfishness finally caught up with me and cost me Jeff's friendship, and my invitation to his wedding.

*

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*

*

*

*

Aaron and Lara look at each other.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Still, I shrugged it off and went out anyway. I won't bore you with the particulars but the long and short of it is, I got drunk and ended the night sprinting across the hotel lobby, uncontrollably shitting my pants.

*

*

Gasps across the audience.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

No really, I crapped all over the lobby. And following my selfish pattern, I left the mess and went back to my room like nothing happened.

More gasps.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

The only thing that prevented me from passing out in a pile of my own puke was all the knocking at my door.

100 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK 100

Tucker opens his hotel room door, to see the maid, eyes still red with tears.

TUCKER (V.O.)

It was the hotel maid.

A mop and bucket in her hands that she thrusts at Tucker.

TUCKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Staring into her angry, overworked face, I had a moment of clarity: Someone else always cleans up my mess, and for the past few years, it's been Jeff.

*
*
*

101 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS 101

TUCKER

At three in the morning, on my knees, literally cleaning up my shit for the first time in my adult life, I finally understood what an amazing person Jeff is, and how lucky I am...was...to call him my friend.

Tucker turns to look at Jeff and Kristy with real sincerity, choking up a little.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Jeff, Kristy, I hope you can accept my sincere apology. When I came to your hotel room last night to say sorry, I honestly didn't understand what I was apologizing for. But over the past 24 hours, it's hit me like, well, like ten pounds of slippery shit. I've been a horrible friend. And even though I probably don't deserve to have either of you in my life, I had to come here to tell you that and to ask you for your forgiveness.

ANGLE on Jeff and Kristy, who look at each other.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I know this will probably scare the crap out of most of you, but I hope to have kids someday. I am sure I will only have daughters, and they will all be vicious sluts who sleep with assholes just like me and then throw it in my face. But such is karma. If one is a boy, though, I will consider myself a huge success as a father if he grows up to be half the man that Jeff Smith is right now.

*
*
*
*

ANGLE ON the room. Expressions have softened, the room is quiet, some still unsure what to think. ANGLE ON Aaron and Lara.

LARA

(crying)

That's so sweet.

*

Aaron rolls his eyes. ANGLE ON Tucker, who has turned to address Jeff directly.

TUCKER

Jeff, I have never thanked you, never acknowledged you, never really even thought about it. I just took from you, dude. I'm really sorry. And for once, I want to give you something back.

*
*

Tucker motions to the bartender, who flips a set of switches that pull back the drapes on the bay windows behind the head table, revealing a huge bouncy castle on the lawn.

KRISTY'S MOTHER

Oh no.

JEFF

OH YES! AWESOME!

The crowd erupts with laughter and applause. The children run outside to play in it. Tucker sets the mike down and hugs Jeff and Kristy and they toast to the bride and groom.

Everyone is drinking. Guys and kids play in the bouncy castle.

Tucker dances with the grandma, flirts with girls, tells a hilarious story as the center of attention. Aaron refuses to dance despite Lara's seductive stripper moves.

103

INT. RECEPTION BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

103

Jeff, Kristy, Aaron, and Tucker are standing at the bar at the end of the night, ties undone, just the four of them. They look content.

KRISTY

Tucker, I have to say, when you got up there, I almost died. I had no idea what you were going to do. But that was a great speech.

TUCKER

Thank you. You deserve it. I owe you and Jeff.

JEFF

Yeah, you do.

Kristy and Tucker hug.

KRISTY

I have to go check on the guests.

Kristy walks off.

JEFF

So...did you really fuck a midget?

TUCKER

Oh yeah.

AARON

When she's riding you, can you spin her like a top?

TUCKER

I tried, but her vagina was too shallow. Physics were all wrong.

JEFF

Did you really shit the lobby?

*

TUCKER

Oh yeah.

AARON

Did you really clean it up?

TUCKER

Well, the maid did show up at my room with a mop and a bucket. But you guys have known me for many years. What do you think Tucker would do?

104 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK 104

Tucker opens the door. The maid, eyes still red with tears, thrusts a mop at him. He refuses it. She thrusts it at him again. He pulls out a \$20 bill. She refuses. He pulls out another \$20. She accepts them and Tucker closes the door.

105 INT. RECEPTION BAR - CONTINUOUS 105

AARON

I knew it! You don't even do your own laundry.

JEFF

You didn't clean it up? You stand up at my wedding, pour your heart out, and it's all bullshit?

TUCKER

It's not *all* bullshit. I don't need to *actually* clean up the mess to learn the lesson.

AARON

I don't even know why this shocks me anymore.

Jeff and Aaron look at Tucker with a mixture of bemusement and amused disbelief. Before anyone says another word, a dog comes into frame, leading a CUTE GIRL toward the ballroom doors. It's a seeing eye dog. The cute girl is blind. A beat. *

As recognition of the blind girl settles over the trio, the mischievous glimmer returns to Tucker's eye and they see it. *

TUCKER

I'll be right back. *

Tucker breaks for the cute blind girl as we... *

CUT TO BLACK

MAIN TITLES & END CRAWL