

I LOVE YOU, MAN

by

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(Based on the screenplay "Let's Make Friends by Larry Levin)

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FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY LOT - NEAR DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DUSK

The lights of downtown L.A. twinkle in the distance. PETER KLAVEN, late 20s-early 30s, nice looking, approachable, stands in front of a fenced in lot with his attractive girlfriend, ZOOEY RICE, same age, a little artsier-looking.

PETER

So, my plan is to build a cluster of live-work lofts around the perimeter here, and then create this really neighborhoody retail and dining area in the central square here. I even thought maybe you and Hailey and Denise could open up another location of your store.

ZOOEY

Really? Denise keeps talking about wanting to open another branch.

PETER

It'd be great. The land is a little pricey, so, I won't be able to develop it right away, but, when I sell the Ferrigno Estate, I figured out, I'll at least be able to put a down payment on it, and still have enough money left over for the reception in Santa Barbara.

ZOOEY

Peter, what are you talking about? What reception?

Beat. Peter pulls a small JEWELRY BOX from his blazer. A look of realization washes over Zoey's face.

PETER

I know it's only been eight months, but, I am madly, insanely, ridiculously in love with you.

He opens the box, revealing a lovely DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

PETER (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

Off her look of complete, utter happiness...

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter drives. Zoey is in the passenger seat, glowing. She speaks over the car's BLUETOOTH SPEAKERPHONE with one of her two best friends, HAILEY.

ZOEY

...it just happened like two minutes ago. Hailey, can you believe it?!

HAILEY (O.S.)

How have I been on like ten million dates and you end up marrying some totally awesome guy who randomly walks into our store?!

ZOEY

(quietly, to Peter)
Doesn't realize she's on speaker...
(into car microphone)
Will you conference in Denise?

HAILEY (O.S.)

Hold on.

Zoey grabs Peter's hand as she waits...

ZOEY

That piece of land is perfect.

PETER

I'm so excited you like it. The neighborhood is like, two years away from taking off, but--

DENISE, Zoey's other best friend, comes on the line.

DENISE (O.S.)

I cannot fucking believe you didn't call me first.

ZOEY

You are such a freak! Hailey's before you in my speed dial!

DENISE (O.S.)

I'm kidding. Zoey, oh my god! I am so psyched for you it is disgusting. Hold on, Barry goes crazy if I'm in the house during his poker night.

(MORE)

DENISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to her husband)

Give me a second you fat douchebag.
Zoey just got engaged. Peter.
You've met him twenty times, dum-
dum.

(into phone)

Sorry, Zo. So, did you guys pick a
date?

ZOOEY

June 30th in Santa Barbara. Peter
already booked that place Bacara
where we went for that long
weekend.

HAILEY (O.S.)

Oh, he is so sweet. Wait, is
Bacara the one where you guys slept
together for the first time?

DENISE (O.S.)

No, wasn't that in the hot tub in
Mexico?

HAILEY (O.S.)

That's right. It was Mexico.

PETER

You told them about the hot tub?

ZOOEY

Maybe. I don't remember.

HAILEY (O.S.)

Wow, so June 30th?

ZOOEY

I mean, it's soon, but--

DENISE (O.S.)

Who cares? Peter's a doll, and he
goes down on you six nights a week.
What the hell are you waiting for?

Peter looks at Zoey in disbelief.

ZOOEY

You're right. It's gonna be great.
I gotta go. I'll call you later.
Love you.

HAILEY (O.S.)

Love you!

DENISE (O.S.)

So fucking psyched for you!

PETER

How do they know so much about our sex life?

ZOOEY

Hailey and Denise are my best friends in the world. Girls share stuff like that.

As Peter considers this...

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Ah! We're engaged! I'm so excited!

She kisses him passionately, as we go to...

EXT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hand in hand, Zoey and Peter walk towards their cozy bungalow in the Silverlake section of L.A.. Zoey's on her cell-phone.

ZOOEY

...I know, he's the best. I feel so lucky.

(quietly, to Peter)

It's Debbie. She's freaking out.

(back to phone)

Alright, I gotta call Lisa, call me later, okay? Love you, bye.

They enter the house.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's decorated in a minimalist way with cool, eclectic furniture and knickknacks. Zoey is on the phone with another friend.

ZOOEY

...love you too, Lisa. Talk to you tomorrow.

She hangs up. Turns to Peter.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sweetie, I'm totally hogging the phone.

PETER

No, that's fine. I just want to give my parents a call.

THE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter speaks with his mom, JOYCE, on speakerphone.

PETER

...Mom, what do you think she said?! She said yes!

JOYCE (O.S.)

Oh, honey, I'm so thrilled for you. And you did it in front of that piece of land like we talked about?

PETER

Yes, she loved it. Thanks, that was such a good idea.

ZOOEY

I didn't know that was her idea. Thank you, Joyce!

In the b.g., the sound of MEN EXULTING.

PETER

Dad sounds really excited. You told him?

JOYCE (O.S.)

Actually, he and Robbie are watching some kind of boxing program.

Peter's father, OSWALD "OZ" KLAVEN shouts out...

OZ (O.S.)

Ultimate Fighting!

PETER

Do they want to get on the phone?

JOYCE (O.S.)

I'm sure. Hold on, honey.

(after a moment)

Apparently, they're in the middle of the game, sweetheart. But they say congratulations.

PETER

Oh, okay. No prob. Alright, well,
we'll talk to you tomorrow.

ZOOEY

Bye, Joyce!

JOYCE (O.S.)

Kids... I'm thrilled. Goodnight.

She hangs up.

ZOOEY

Was that weird that your dad and
brother didn't want to pick up?

PETER

No, I'm sure they'll call back.
Wow, I am exhausted. Getting
engaged is intense. You want to go
up to bed?

ZOOEY

It's only nine. You don't want to
call any of your friends?

PETER

Nah, I'll make some calls tomorrow.

ZOOEY

Really? You don't want to call
that guy Tevin? Don't you speak
like twenty times a day?

PETER

Yeah, but, he's more like a co-
worker than a friend.

ZOOEY

Or Gil, from your fencing club?

PETER

He's not really a 'Call right away
to tell him the news' kind of
friend.

ZOOEY

So, who do you consider your
closest friends?

PETER

Uh, you know there's a bunch of guys. Samir Patel, my freshman roommate from UCLA.

ZOOEY

I've never heard you mention him.

PETER

No? One Beer Samir? We're pretty tight. You're right, I should give him a ring.

THE LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Peter's on the phone. Zoey putters around in the b.g., pretending not to be paying attention.

PETER

Hey, Samir? It's Peter... Peter Klaven. Yeah, man, I guess it's been a little while. You been good? Great, well, I just wanted you to know that I got engaged tonight, so, we're getting married in three months and... Samir, no, I didn't bail on your wedding, I just, I couldn't make it. I thought I sent a gift though... no? Oh, well... I'm sorry, man. I didn't know you were so... okay, right, you take care as well.

He hangs up. Looks at Zoey.

ZOOEY

When's the last time you spoke to him?

PETER

I guess it was a couple years ago.

ZOOEY

Why didn't you go to his wedding?

PETER

I wanted to, but, I promised Lindsay I'd go to her family reunion that weekend.

ZOOEY

And he's your closest friend?

PETER

He's... no, I have a bunch of good friends. I have the guys from my fencing club. There's Bob Loden.

ZOOEY

Your chiropractor?

PETER

He's a great guy. Honestly, I think Samir has a drinking problem. He must've forgotten how close we were.

(off her skeptical look)

Don't look at me like that. I have friends. Just 'cause they don't call me every two seconds like Hailey and Denise, doesn't mean they don't exist.

EXT. PETER'S PARENTS' (THE KLAIVEN'S) HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter and Zoey stand at the front door. JOYCE KLAIVEN, 50s, hugs Peter. Then Zoey. Ad libs her congratulations.

PETER

Where's Dad?

JOYCE

In the den. Robbie gave him this Nintendo Wee or Wah, who knows what, for Father's Day. They're obsessed.

(shouting)

Boys, Peter and Zoey are here!

OZ (O.S.)

Out in a minute! I'm about to kick your son's ass in Tiger Woods!

INT. THE KLAIVEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter and Zoey sit around the dining room table with Joyce, Peter's soft-spoken but macho, guy's-guy father, OZ, as well as his cute, gay younger brother, ROBBIE.

JOYCE

...did Peter have any good friends growing up?

She looks to Oz, who shakes his head.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I honestly don't seem to remember any.

PETER

Zooey, just to clarify here, Dad worked for IBM. We moved every eighteen months.

OZ

Robbie always managed to have friends. I mean, he probably wanted to suck their dicks, but--

JOYCE

Oswald!

ROBBIE

Mom, he's actually kind of got a point.

JOYCE

Well, he still doesn't need to use that language. The point is, Zooey, Peter always connected with women.

ZOOEY

I can see that. He's a great boyfriend.

OZ

Also, you need to remember that he matured sexually at a very young age. I remember taking him swimming when he was twelve, the kid had a bush like a forty year old Serbian.

PETER

Dad, please stop speaking.

JOYCE

No, but, you always had a girlfriend, as far back as I can remember.

OZ

He wasn't a guy's guy. Your brother here is into video games, fishing, we golf together...

PETER

What are you talking about? I play sports.

OZ

You prance around in tights with a sword. It's not a sport.

ROBBIE

Oh, snap!

PETER

I'm a competitive fencer. It's in the Olympic Games!

ZOOEY

Oz, you two didn't do father-son stuff together when Peter was a kid?

OZ

Almost never. He spent all his time hanging out with his mother or circling real estate listings.

PETER

I was nurturing an interest that became my career.

OZ

A woman's career.

PETER

There's plenty of male real estate agents.

OZ

It's just something of a faggoty job, that's all.

PETER

"Faggoty?!" You can't use that word!

OZ

Yes, I can. Robbie gave me permission.

ROBBIE

Dad loves the gays. I made him an honorary homo last week.

PETER

Guys, this is ridiculous. Why is it weird that I had girlfriends?

OZ

We're just saying you never had a best friend. That's all.

PETER

Who's your best friend?

OZ

I have two. Hank Mardukas has been my closest friend in the world since our first year at IBM, he was Best Man at my wedding, we speak three times a week for the past thirty years. And then, there's Robbie.

PETER

Robbie is your other best friend?

OZ

Correct. And Hank Mardukas.

ROBBIE

Zooey, here's the deal. Peter's a girlfriend guy. Okay? Girlfriend guy's never have good male friends because they put all their energy into their girlfriends so their male friendships fall by the wayside.

PETER

Zooey, don't listen to him. Robbie barely knows me.

ROBBIE

Peter, I happen to be an expert on men, and I know it's true. We are who we are.

OZ

Well put, son. We are who we are. Look, you think I was happy when Robbie told us he was a flamer? Of course not, but, I got used to the idea that he craved a wiener in his caboose after about five minutes, and the truth is he's cool as hell.

ROBBIE

Dad, I actually prefer to be the top.

OZ

I know you do, pal, I'm speaking metaphorically here.

JOYCE

Alright, that's enough. Come on, let's clear the table.

Peter stands up to help his mom.

OZ

See?

PETER

I can't help Mom with the dishes?

OZ

Do you see Robbie and me lifting a finger?

(points to him and Robbie)

Guy's guys.

Peter looks very unhappy.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The newly engaged couple get ready for bed.

PETER

You know what? I completely forgot. I do have a best friend.

ZOOEY

Who's that, sweetie?

PETER

You.

ZOOEY

Peter, I'm your girlfriend--

PETER

Fiance.

ZOOEY

Fiance, whatever. I don't want to be your best friend.

(MORE)

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong... I love you.
It's just different.

PETER

You don't feel like you can be open
and honest with me? I thought we
talk about everything.

ZOOEY

We talk about *almost* everything.
There's just certain things I talk
about with Hailey and Denise that I
could never... it's just different,
that's all.

PETER

Well, I guess I don't have any
close male friends. So, do you not
want to marry me anymore?

ZOOEY

Of course not. I really don't
care. I just want you to be happy,
that's all.

PETER

I'm very happy. It's not like this
is something I've been missing.

Peter takes a ZANTAC from a bottle on his night-table
Swallows it with some water.

ZOOEY

What's wrong? Your acid reflux?

PETER

A little bit. It's fine.

They get into bed.

ZOOEY

I'm just thinking, for the
ceremony, I want a bunch of
Bridesmaids up there, plus my Maid
of Honor...

PETER

Right...

ZOOEY

But if I have six girls standing
with me, and you don't have anyone,
it might seem a bit uneven, no?

(MORE)

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Are you thinking Robbie might be your Best Man?

PETER

Robbie? No. Like I said, we're really not close.

ZOOEY

You know what, don't worry about it. We'll figure something out.

(then)

Oooh, it's my turn to host Ladies Night tomorrow.

PETER

No prob. I have fencing practice. I'll go for a drink with the guys afterwards.

(realizing)

I'm telling you, those dudes are my friends.

ZOOEY

I know, baby.

They start kissing. Things are heating up, when... the phone rings. Zoey turns on her bedside light, picks up the phone, eyeing the Caller I.D..

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

It's Hailey. She had a blind date. I'll be two seconds. I just want to make sure she's okay.

INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - MORNING

As Peter drives to work, through the car windows, he takes in a world of MALE FRIENDSHIP he never noticed before.

-He sees a group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS laughing.

-FOUR SUIT-WEARING GUYS gabbing away as they carpool.

-Two JOCKS jogging together.

-A BILLBOARD with two SWEATY BUDDIES, post-workout chugging an ENERGY DRINK.

-A cluster of OLD RUSSIAN MEN playing CHESS and KIBITZING at an outdoor café.

EXT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

A typical real estate office. Filled primarily with WOMEN.

IN THE KITCHEN AREA

Peter fixes a coffee as he speaks to a few FEMALE CO-WORKERS.

PETER

...she was completely surprised.
It was really, even more amazing
than I thought it would be.

FEMALE CO-WORKER #1

Oh, Peter, that's so romantic.

FEMALE CO-WORKER #2

Just.. congratulations. So happy
for you.

FEMALE CO-WORKER #3

Ooh, I'm so jealous. You're gonna
be the best husband!

MAIN OFFICE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

As Peter heads towards his desk, he passes the cubicle of a handsome, cheesy guy named TEVIN DOWNEY -- perma-tan, blonde streaks in his hair. He is cracking up from something on his computer when he looks up.

PETER

What's so funny?

TEVIN

One of the guys in my fantasy
football league sent me a Quicktime
of a grandma riding a Sybian
machine.

PETER

I don't know what that is?

TEVIN

It's a vibrating saddle that women
sit on to give them super-intense
orgasms. Check this out.

Peter looks at the monitor. And winces.

TEVIN (CONT'D)
How sick is that?

PETER
Very. That is very sick.

TEVIN
So, what up, Dog? How's the
Ferrigno dealio coming?

PETER
Coming good. Getting ready for the
Open House in a couple weeks.

TEVIN
It's a big piece of house, so, if
you want a co-pilot on this one,
let me know, okay? Be happy to
team up, help you "Git R Done."

PETER
What does that mean, "Git R Done?"

TEVIN
Larry the Cable Guy? The hilarious
comedian?

PETER
Oh, yeah, I don't really know his
stuff. Anyway, I think I got it
under control, but thanks for the
offer.

Tevin goes back to his computer. Peter takes a final glance
at the sick image on the screen, walks away.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Two MEN, dressed in fencing gear, expertly parry with each
other. They finish, remove their masks, revealing that one
of them is Peter. They salute each other, as fencers do.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A post-shower Peter and some other FENCERS get dressed.

FENCER #1
Nice job stealing my tempo there,
Peter.

PETER

I set you up for a solid attack on the blade, but you parried back pretty well.

FENCER #2

Anybody seen my Manchette?

FENCER #1

Under your Plastron, dickweed.

They jostle with each other -- the way men do in a locker room. Another fencer, GIL, talks to Peter.

GIL

I told my cousin the open house is a week from Saturday, right?

PETER

Yeah, it's gonna be great. I appreciate you hooking me up with him, Gil. It's a really big deal for me.

GIL

You sold me my house, right? You're the most honest real estate agent I know.

PETER

Thanks. And look, I know you're the middle-man here, but, if your cousin has any questions, he should feel free to call me.

GIL

I will let him know.

PETER

Great. So, you guys want to get some grub? Or, grab a beer or something?

The fencers exchange uncomfortable looks.

FENCER #1

We're actually, uh, we're driving up to Joshua Tree tonight.

PETER

Oh, yeah? What's going on up there?

GIL
(jostles Fencer #1)
We're taking Eugene on a little
bachelor party slash camping trip.

PETER
I didn't know you're getting
married.

FENCER #1 (EUGENE)
I am, indeed. Next Sunday.

PETER
Great. Cool deal. You doing kind
of a small thing, or--

EUGENE
Um, it's like three... twenty five.
I managed to rope these boys into
being my groomsmen.

PETER
Very, very cool.

Awkward beat. Then...

EUGENE
I would've invited you, but, you
never really come out with us after
practice. I didn't think you--

PETER
Dude, don't sweat it. Seriously,
no worries. It's funny, I just got
engaged myself.

EUGENE
That's great, Peter. Your fiance
designs book jackets, right?

PETER
No, that was Heather, she was a
couple of girlfriends ago. Zoey
owns a home furnishing store in
Silverlake.

EUGENE
Awesome, man. Good luck with that.

GIL
Alright, we have a long drive. We
should hit the road. Later, Peter.

PETER
Have fun, boys.

Peter waves, watches them exit -- joking with each other. He sits there alone in the locker room, sadly packing up.

EXT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter is about to enter through the front door. Through the window, he sees Zoey and her GIRLFRIENDS sitting around the living room, drinking wine, laughing.

He heads to the back of the house.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Peter quietly lets himself in.

INT. PETER'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter is on his computer. ON THE SCREEN -- he works on the online listing for a spectacular, MODERN HOUSE in the Hollywood Hills. He fiddles with the layout and description. The sound of female laughter is audible O.S..

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter prepares a tray of ROOT BEER FLOATS for the ladies. As he does, he looks out the kitchen window, sees his MALE NEIGHBOR in his house across the way -- watching a BASKETBALL GAME with his FRIENDS. They all react as Kobe dunks.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zoey hangs out with a circle of LADIES, including HAILEY, single and miserable about it, and DENISE, caustic and married.

LADY #1
He didn't make any friends at UCLA?

ZOOEY
He lived alone after freshman year.

LADY #2
Ooh. The ones who lived alone
we're always the biggest
freakazoids.

ZOOEY

Peter's not a freakazoid. He had a serious girlfriend all through college.

DENISE

Look, we're not saying he's a freakazoid, but the truth is, for the future of your marriage, it's a little troubling. If Barry didn't have any friends I'd shoot myself in the face.

The ladies laugh. BY THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN, Peter is about to interrupt when he just stops... and LISTENS.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'm serious. You know what my favorite nights are? Hanging out with you guys. And I can do it guilt free because Barry loves hanging out with his friends too. Every month there's a golf weekend, a ski-trip, a weekend in Vegas.

LADY #1

You let him go to Vegas? Aren't you worried he's cheating on you?

DENISE

He's forty pounds overweight with a Jew-fro and a small dick.

(off their looks/laughter)

I love the guy to death, but I'm far and away the best looking woman he's gonna get, and I'm just a seven.

ALL THE LADIES

Come on! You are so not a seven!
You're hot!

DENISE

I know, I totally think I'm higher than a seven! I was testing you bitches!

HAILEY

So, who's going to be his Best Man?

ZOOEY

I have no idea. I really think his Mom might be his closest friend.

The ladies react to/shudder at the thought of this.

LADY #2

This is a serious issue, Zo. Guys without friends can be super-clingy.

LADY #3

My dad had no friends. It was awful. He dragged my mom to all these football games. She hated it. That's a big reason why they got divorced.

ZOOEY

Look, the truth is, I'm freaking out, you guys! I know, I'm horrible for feeling this, but, I can't believe I'm marrying someone who has no friends!

Peter motions to turn back around when he makes a noise.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Peter?

Peter opens the swinging door between the kitchen and the rest of the house... holding the tray of root beer floats.

PETER

Oh, hey, I just made you guys some Root Beer Floats.

The ladies greet Peter, ad lib -- thanking him, congratulating him on the engagement. Then...

ZOOEY

I thought you were going out with your fencing team?

PETER

Yeah, they couldn't make it, so, I just came back here. Don't worry, I've been in my office working. I'm not even here. Bye, ladies.

He sets down the floats. Starts to exit.

ZOOEY

Thanks for the floats, baby. That was really sweet.

He waves, disappears.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit! You think he heard us?

DENISE
Definitely not.

The ladies all shake their heads, trying to convince themselves.

INT. PETER'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He stares out the window, watching his neighbor say goodbye to his friends -- giving half-hugs, cool handshakes, etc.

EXT. EQUINOX GYM - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Buff MEN and WOMEN enter and exit this sleek gym.

INT. EQUINOX GYM - CONTINUOUS

Robbie Klaven wears a tight fitting tee-shirt that reads: TRAINER. He walks with a concerned looking Peter.

ROBBIE
You need to find a Best Man for your wedding?! What are you, in a John Hughes movie?

PETER
I know, it sounds ridiculous, but, Zoey is really upset about this friend thing. You said at dinner you know all about men. I don't know where else to turn.

ROBBIE
This is so exciting, you coming to me for help. The good news is, not only do I know about men, but straight guys are my specialty.

PETER
What does that mean?

ROBBIE
I get bored pursuing gay guys. When you're cute and fit, you can pretty much have any fag you want.
(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I like to set my sights on straight guys to give myself more of a challenge.

PETER

Does it work?

ROBBIE

Peter, I get more butt-pussy from straight guys than you could ever imagine.

PETER

Just... please don't ever use that term with me again.

Robbie walks up to a bench press where a GUY is struggling with a bar-bell. Robbie adopts more of a straight-guy voice.

ROBBIE

Come on! Push it out! It's all you! I'm not even helping! Little further! There you go!

The guy looks up at Robbie appreciatively.

BENCH PRESS GUY

Thanks, man.

ROBBIE

No worries. I'll see you around.

BENCH PRESS GUY

I hope so.

Robbie and the guy exchange smiles.

PETER

That guy was totally flirting with you.

ROBBIE

I know, and did you see the wedding ring? Straight as an arrow. I'm telling you, hooking up is easy. Meeting platonic male friends, not so much.

PETER

Why is that?

ROBBIE

Several reasons. First off, at your age, most men are settled into their groups of friends. Either they have friends from high school, college, or work. As time goes on, the straight ones get married, spend time with their wives and kids, even their old male friendships tend to fall off. The single guys could care less about finding new male friends unless it's a wing-man who can help them pick up girls. So, you've set yourself a high bar. It can be done, but, 'tain't gonna be easy.

PETER

Alright, so, what do I do?

ROBBIE

We have to put the word out on the street that you're available. I'll do some recon around the gym, but you need to be aggressive about this. Every man is a potential suitor. You see a guy on the street, strike up a conversation. Ask him on a man-date. By that, I mean a casual lunch or after-work drink. No dinner and no movies. You're not taking these guys to see THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA, understand?

PETER

Yes. Keep it casual.

ROBBIE

Men are very sensitive about meeting new friends. Why? Because they're all secretly afraid that they're gay, and half of them are. So, they overcompensate by being emotionally distant and guarded.

An incredibly STRAIGHT-SEEMING GUY walks by, exchanges "Hey's" with Robbie.

PETER

Let me guess, you slept with that guy?

ROBBIE

No, but he gave me a handjob in the steam room last week. It was terrible, 'cause his fingers were all calloused from weightlifting.

PETER

See, this is why we don't hang out. You're disgusting.

Robbie shrugs, unfazed.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter and Zoey sit on the living room couch watching the last scene of BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY.

PETER

How is it that Renee Zellweger is from Texas? Her accent is incredible.

ZOOEY

I know, it's crazy. Oh my god, Colin Firth's sweater--

PETER

Ooh, so painful.

ZOOEY

Way to put this on your Netflix cue, baby.

Peter walks to the TV, ejects the DVD.

PETER

So, I know this might sound weird, but I'm going to try to meet someone before the wedding.

ZOOEY

What are you talking about?

PETER

A friend. So, if you, or any of your zillion girlfriends have any candidates, I just want you to know, I'm available.

ZOOEY

You're so ridiculous. You're going to try and meet a friend?

PETER

Why not? I want a Best Man up there with me. I don't want to look like a big loser when you have twenty eight bridesmaids, and I can't even get One Beer Samir to show up on my end.

ZOOEY

I know you're just doing this for me.

PETER

Yeah, but, I really love you, so, it kind of feels good.

ZOOEY

I am so happy you walked into our store that day.

She kisses him.

PETER

You wanna try and do it before Hailey gets home from her new date?

ZOOEY

Shut up, jerk.

(then)

She'll be back in a few minutes, so it's gonna have to be a quickie.

And as they start taking off their clothes, we FADE UP A SONG and begin a montage of Peter's man-dates. We see the set-ups, and the dates in a series of SPLIT-SCREENS AND JUMPCUTS.

INT. BARRY AND DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Denise talks quietly to her husband, BARRY, in the doorway. Behind them, Peter sits at a poker table with BARRY'S ASSHOLE FRIENDS.

BARRY

The guy has no idea how to play poker!

DENISE

Barry, this is important to Zoey, so shut the fuck up and be nice.

BARRY
Only if we can have sex with the
lights on when you get home.

DENISE
Fine.

BARRY
Love you.

DENISE
Love you too.

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Peter is talking to his female co-workers...

PETER
...so if you know any available
men, just feel free to give 'em my
number, or E-mail if that's easier.

OLDER FEMALE CO-WORKER
I have the perfect person! Peter,
please take my husband off my
hands!

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As Peter valets his car, we hear his MOM talking in V.O..

JOYCE (V.O.)
Honey, he just moved to L.A..
Barely knows anyone. He's an
architect. His mother says he's so
excited to meet you.

Peter waves to an attractive guy, DOUG, waiting outside. The
guy mouths, 'Peter?' Peter nods, they shake hands.

INT. EQUINOX GYM - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Robbie talks to a CLIENT as he helps him with a lat pull-
down.

ROBBIE
...my brother's a great guy, fun to
be around.
(beat)
(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
And I'll give you five free
sessions if you go out with him.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Peter watches a basketball game with Robbie's gym client, who we now realize has A VERY HIGH VOICE.

HIGH VOICED GUY
Pass the goddamn rock, you piece of
shit! He's so selfish, you know?

PETER
He really is.

HIGH VOICED GUY
What is your problem, Zebra?! That
was a foul!

Peter is clearly embarrassed to be with the guy.

INT. JANS FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Peter eats an Early Bird Special with an OLD MAN who studies the chocolate drink in front of him.

OLD MAN
The perfect Egg Cream is two parts
seltzer water, one part whole milk,
and then, and pay attention here,
one part U-Bet Chocolate Syrup. No
other brand will suffice, you
understand me?

Peter nods, trying to hide his boredom.

INT. BARRY AND DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The poker game is in progress. Peter pushes his CHIPS into the middle.

PETER
I guess I'm all in. Is that how
you say it?

BARRY
Yes, Peter, that is how you say it.

PETER
I'm sure you beat me. I just have
five of the same suit or whatever.

Barry looks like he's ready to kill Peter.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Doug, the attractive guy, are hitting it off as they share a bottle of wine, getting a little tipsy.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

As Peter works on the website for the Ferrigno Estate, he looks out his window, sees his neighbor now hosting a backyard barbecue with his buddies.

Peter GOOGLES: 'How do you meet straight male friends?'. His eyes land on a site called "MEET-NEW-FRIENDS.COM."

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

The high-voiced guy is chanting at the top of his lungs.

HIGH VOICED GUY
LET'S GO... LAKERS! LET'S GO
LAKERS!

Peter winces, covers his ears in agony.

INT. JANS FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

The old man has FALLEN ASLEEP at the table. Peter gently wipes DROOL from his mouth with his napkin.

INT. BARRY AND DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Barry and his friends play a drinking game called BOAT RACES - where you must chug a beer then tap the guy next to you who chugs as well, until one team finishes first.

On his team, Peter gets tapped, starts CHUGGING his beer, until he gags and THROWS UP all over the GUY next to him.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Doug exit, hand their tickets to the VALET.

PETER
I gotta tell you, I really enjoyed
this, Doug.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I've been out with so many jerks,
it's great to finally meet someone
I can have an actual conversation
with.

DOUG

Let's do it again.

PETER

I'd love to.

DOUG

Tomorrow night? Matsuhisa. Eight
o'clock?

The Valet pulls up in Doug's car.

PETER

I will see you there, sir.

Peter starts to extend his hand, when Doug reaches out AND
KISSES PETER ON THE MOUTH. He withdraws, enters his car,
leaving Peter standing there, stunned.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is on speakerphone with his mom.

PETER

He put his tongue in my goddamn
mouth, Mom!

JOYCE (O.S.)

How could I know he was gay?! All
Rita said was her son wanted to
meet my son!

PETER

And you didn't think for a minute
that she was talking about your son
who sleeps with men?!

JOYCE (O.S.)

It was one kiss. I don't know why
you're so upset?

PETER

You know why I'm upset?!
(beat, then)
Because I really liked him! He's
terrific!

INT. PETER'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter is chatting with a man named LESTER on "MEET-NEW-FRIENDS.COM." Lester types in the three most exciting words in any online relationship: "SHOULD WE MEET?"

Peter's eyes widen.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A nervous Peter enters, scans the room for his friend. He eyes several POTENTIAL CANDIDATES, when he hears:

LESTER (O.S.)

Peter?

Peter turns, sees an ELEVEN YEAR OLD KID wearing Harry Potter glasses and a pointy Wizard's hat with stars and moons on it.

PETER

Lester?

Confused, Peter approaches Lester's table, when...

BEHIND HIM -- Lester's square-jawed father, BUTCH, runs up to Peter, puts him in a choke-hold.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahh!!!

BUTCH

Stay away from my son, sicko!!!

Other PATRONS and EMPLOYEES start to notice the scene. Peter tries to speak while Butch chokes him...

PETER

He said he was thirty eight! I just wanted to meet a friend!

BUTCH

He's eleven years old, you freakin' pedophile You think I don't read his e-mails?!

LESTER

But, Dad--

BUTCH

Stay out of this, Lester!

(to Peter)

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You contact my son again, pervert,
I will murder you where you live!

And with that, Butch tosses Peter out of the Starbucks.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The couple lie in bed, reading design magazines. Peter's neck is swollen and red.

ZOOEY
How's your neck?

PETER
Not bad. Still a little tender.
Zooey, I'm sorry, this friend thing
obviously isn't working out.

ZOOEY
I kind of figured that. Denise
said you threw up all over Barry's
poker buddies.

PETER
Because they made me play this
stupid drinking game. That's
exactly why I wasn't in a
fraternity. Look, I tried. I just
don't think I'm going to find a
Best Man by June 30th.

ZOOEY
Honey, it's okay. You can't just
manufacture a good friend.

PETER
I mean, I can go on some more man-
dates, but, I have the Open House
this weekend...

ZOOEY
Peter, forget it. Seriously, I
don't care. Just please, stay off
the internet. It's a horrible way
to meet people. You should talk to
Hailey about it sometime.

Beat. Then, Peter shakes his head...

PETER
He said he was thirty eight.

EXT. FERRIGNO ESTATE - DAY

Even more impressive than it looked on the website. An OPEN-HOUSE SIGN with Peter's name is prominent on the front lawn.

INT. FERRIGNO ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

From the MOVIE POSTERS and MEMORABILIA, it is clear that this house belongs to Lou FERRIGNO, the hearing-impaired body-builder/actor who starred in the film PUMPING IRON, and, on TV, as THE INCREDIBLE HULK.

IN A SERIES OF CUTS

We see Peter set up for the Open House.

-He places a stack of INFORMATION SHEETS on a table by the front door.

-He unwraps a platter of SMALL DELI SANDWICHES on an island in the kitchen.

-He straightens up the furniture.

-He lights some candles.

-He opens shades, letting golden sunlight in.

-He puts Norah Jones on the stereo system.

-VARIOUS PROSPECTIVE BUYERS enter. Peter chats them up, tours them around the place.

BY THE FOOD TABLE

SYDNEY FIFE, late 20s-early 30s, takes out the turkey from one sandwich, adds it to the corned beef from another sandwich, creating a double-decker. Sydney has a casual, slightly unkempt appearance.

He watches Peter talking to a YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GUY and his HOT GIRLFRIEND. The Hollywood guy nods, tells Peter they're going to look around on their own.

Peter walks up to the food table.

PETER
Thank you for eating.

SYDNEY

I'm the first one, huh? I don't know why people are so afraid of chowing down at an Open House.

(beat)

So, how come Ferrigno's selling?

PETER

He bought a place in Jackson Hole. I think he's tired of the Hollywood grind.

SYDNEY

It's a great pad. I'm not sure I'd keep the Pumping Iron posters, but--

PETER

(chuckling)

No, the place will come empty. I'm Peter Klaven, the realtor.

SYDNEY

Sydney Fife.

PETER

Nice to meet you, Sydney.

SYDNEY

(points to the Hollywood couple)

You were wasting your time with those two, by the way.

PETER

Why do you say that?

SYDNEY

I saw that guy pulling in. He drives a Volkswagon Passat. That's a thirty thousand dollar car, and he's looking at a 4.3 million dollar house? Doesn't compute. He hasn't been dating the girl he's with for more than two weeks, maybe three. In fact, from their body language, I doubt he's slept with her yet.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

So, he tells her he's looking for a new house, brings her along, hoping to impress her, which he might, 'cause she doesn't look like the sharpest monkey in the monkey house, then he'll sleep with her at her rental in Toluca Lake, go back to his one bedroom in Studio City, having done nothing but gotten laid while wasting your valuable time.

PETER

Wow. He told me he was going to make me an offer. I really hope you're not right about that.

The Hollywood guy passes Peter on his way out.

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GUY

You know what, guy, I like it, but I'm thinking it's just a little small.

They exit.

PETER

Unbelievable.

SYDNEY

Me, I'm going tell you right up front, I have no intention of buying this house whatsoever.

PETER

Uh, okay, so, what are you doing here?

SYDNEY

Pete, I am here, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, to eat your free food and try to pick up a divorcee.

Peter laughs, shakes his head.

PETER

Are you serious?

SYDNEY

I am. At the classier Open Houses, the spread is usually delicious, plus, aside from the poser douchebags like the dude who just left, you normally get a delightful panoply of financially solvent, newly single women.

PETER

What can I say? I appreciate your honesty, I guess.

SYDNEY

Thank you, sir. Is there anymore Russian Dressing?

Peter stares at Sydney - 'Is this guy for real?'

INT. FERRIGNO ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The two men replenish the bowl of Russian Dressing.

SYDNEY

...I do private investments. Manage my own portfolio. It's great. I work from home, keep my own hours.

PETER

And you can make a living doing that?

SYDNEY

I'm not exactly flying private, but yeah, I do nicely. The thing I ask myself, is, can I afford my lifestyle? If the answer is yes, I'm happy. The Europeans have it right... they work to live, not the other way around. I tend to adhere to a more Continental way of thinking.

PETER

You're right, in America, you're considered lazy if you don't work a sixty hour week.

SYDNEY

You ever been to Italy?

PETER

I took a trip there with my ex-girlfriend.

SYDNEY

So, you know... those people enjoy their lives way more than we do over here.

PETER

I gotta say, they did seem pretty happy.

The bowl of Russian Dressing has been filled.

SYDNEY

Alright, man, I'm gonna fix myself another sammy, then I have an Open House in Bel Air that promises to be replete with Cougars. Nice to meet you.

PETER

Look, here's my card. If you ever need a place, I actually specialize in smaller homes, bungalows--

SYDNEY

Sounds good. Here, you might as well take mine too.

They exchange cards. Peter eyes Sydney's, which reads: **SYDNEY FIFE INVESTMENTS, LLC.** They shake hands.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Thanks for a great Open House, Pete.

Peter watches Sydney exit, clearly intrigued by this guy.

INT. EQUINOX GYM - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Robbie is holding down the legs of one of his CLIENTS while he does crunches as Peter talks to him.

PETER

I can't just call him.

ROBBIE

Don't be such a pussy. He gave you his card. Of course you can.

PETER

And say what? 'Oh, hey, Sydney, you want to get dinner with me?' I hate this. There's no rules for male friendships.

ROBBIE

What is the big deal? You went out with all those other guys?

PETER

Those were set-ups. This is completely different.

ROBBIE

Fine, then wait around for him to call. And if he does, no more dinners, okay? It's sending the wrong message.

PETER

I know. Actually, that guy, Doug who kissed me, he's really great. You want his number?

ROBBIE

No, he's gay. I told you, I'm not into that.

The High-Voiced Guy spots them across the gym. Shouts out...

HIGH VOICED GUY

Hey, Peter. Lakers/Mavs tomorrow night?

PETER

Can't do it. I have... a thing.
(turns to Robbie)
By the way, I can't thank you enough for setting me up with that Castrato. It was really fun.

ON HIGH VOICED GUY, giving a BENCH-PRESSER a spot.

HIGH VOICED GUY

Come on, push it out! It's all you, baby! Yeaahhhh!!!

The sound is awful. Robbie looks at Peter contritely.

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Peter sits at his desk, staring at Sydney's card. He picks up the phone, hangs up before he dials.

PETER
Just... pathetic.

We JUMP-CUT to, Peter dialing. He gets Sydney's VOICEMAIL.

SYDNEY (O.S.)
This is Sydney Fife. You know what to do.

Peter affects a business-like tone.

PETER
Hi, Sydney, this is Peter Klaven. We met at an Open House last week. Anyway, I was just checking in, seeing if you wanted to get together, talk about real estate or whatnot. So, if you get a chance, give me a call. No pressure. Okay, take care. Bye-bye.

EXT. "ZHD" STORE - DAY

Establishing of this cool-looking home furnishing store on a trendy street in L.A.'s Silverlake neighborhood.

INT. "ZHD" - CONTINUOUS

The store is filled with modern furniture, housewares, knickknacks and art.

Zoey, Hailey and Denise sit around the checkout counter, eating salads, listening to Hailey tell a story.

HAILEY
...so, we go back to his house. We're kissing. It's getting a little heated, I'm like, 'Okay, I'm gonna have sex for the first time in three months. That's cool.' Then, he rolls over, opens a drawer in his night-table... proceeds to pull out a huge strap-on dildo.

ZOOEY

What's the deal, he's a pre-op tranny?

HAILEY

No, he is a man, and what he asks me to do, in a very casual tone, is, strap on the fake penis, and, uh, screw him with it, in his butt.

DENISE

By the way, you may not be into that, but, I don't think it necessarily makes him gay.

HAILEY

It was a first date, Denise! Who requests that on a first date?!

Peter enters the store.

ZOOEY

Hey! What are you doing here?

PETER

I was downtown meeting with the owner of my development site. Thought I'd say hi on my way back to the office.

ZOOEY

You just missed Hailey telling us how a guy she met on J-Date wanted her to do him with a strap-on.

PETER

Ah.

HAILEY

So, that was *my* Wednesday night. How's *your* man-search coming?

PETER

About the same as yours. It's tough, there's not a lot of great men out there.

DENISE

Barry said he and his friends had a good time with you the other night.

PETER
(skeptical)
Really?

DENISE
No. I guess you took all their
money and threw up on them.

Peter's cell-phone rings. He steps away, answers it.

PETER
Peter Klaven... yes, right,
Sydney. Good to hear from you.
This afternoon? Uh, yeah, sure, I
can do that. Father's Office at 5.
See you in a jiff.

He hangs up.

ZOOEY
See you in a jiff?

PETER
I know. I've never said that
expression in my life.

ZOOEY
Baby, you're all flustered. Who
was that?

PETER
This guy I met at my Open House,
Sydney something....

DENISE
Oh my god! Peter's got a
boyfriend!

HAILEY
This is insane! How did you get a
boyfriend before me?!

PETER
I don't have a boyfriend. We're
just grabbing a drink. Talking
about real estate.

ZOOEY
Don't forget, we're having dinner
with Denise and Barry and Debbie
and Max.

PETER
Yup. Edendale Grill at 8.

HAILEY
Guys, what the hell?

ZOOEY
What?

HAILEY
You can't make a dinner plan
without me. We have an unspoken
pact about stuff like this.

DENISE
It's a boring couple's dinner.

HAILEY
Oh, so, because I'm single, I
suddenly have the Ebola Virus.

Peter quietly watches these friends interact...

ZOOEY
You don't have Ebola, we just
didn't think you'd want to come.

HAILEY
I'm your best friend. You don't
think I'd at least want to know?

DENISE
I thought *I'm* your best friend?

HAILEY
Zooley and I have been best friends
since sixth grade. We didn't meet
you till college, and you weren't
even undergrad with us.

DENISE
So fucking what?

ZOOEY
Guys, this is ridiculous.

HAILEY
Wait a minute, which one of us is
your best friend?

ZOOEY
I love you both. I'm not gonna
choose.

DENISE

Well, you can't have two Maids of Honor, so, at some point, you'll have to decide.

PETER

(quietly)
I'm gonna take off.

ZOOEY

(waves, then, to Hailey)
Why don't you just come to dinner?

HAILEY

I can't. I'm going out with the strap on guy.
(off their looks)
What? We had a really nice time, until he asked me to fuck him in the ass with a rubber dick.

EXT. FATHER'S OFFICE RESTAURANT - DUSK

Peter's on his cell phone as he walks into this famous Santa Monica gourmet beer and burger pub.

PETER

I'm meeting him right now.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Peter, play it cool, okay? No dinner. You don't want him to think you're easy.

PETER

Yes, I promise, no dinner.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Ooh, this is exciting! Call me when you get home!

INT. FATHER'S OFFICE RESTAURANT - DUSK

Peter and Sydney sit at a table drinking pints of beer.

SYDNEY

So why'd you call it quits with your last girlfriend?

PETER

Lindsay? We were right there on the marriage track, but, then I found out she was a kleptomaniac.

SYDNEY

Oof. Those are the worst.

PETER

Yeah, she shoplifted from stores, from my parents' house. One time we went to Disneyland with her nephews, she got busted for stealing a case of Mickey Mouse golf balls.

SYDNEY

She was a golfer?

PETER

A golfer? No, you're missing the point. She was a thief.

SYDNEY

Yeah, no, I get it. I've just always wondered if having a girlfriend who could join you for eighteen would be a blessing or a curse. Anyway, go on...

PETER

Right, so, when it started getting really out of control, I called it off, and, I literally met Zooey the day after we split up.

SYDNEY

Really? No laj in between the vag?

PETER

What does that mean?

SYDNEY

You didn't have any lag time between women?

PETER

I didn't plan it that way, but, it just happened. Zooey's super smart, we're both really into architecture, home design.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I swear, we can make an entire night out of, like, going through the photos in the latest issue of Metropolitan Home.

SYDNEY

How's the sex?

PETER

What?

SYDNEY

You're going to be making love to one woman for the rest of your life. So, is it good?

PETER

That's kind of private, you know?

SYDNEY

Not really. It's something we all think about on a minute by minute basis, but, we're not supposed to talk about it? Why?

Beat. Peter thinks about this.

PETER

You're right. I guess, no one's ever asked me the question, that's all. The sex is good. Very good.

SYDNEY

Your voice when up when you said that.

PETER

So what?

SYDNEY

It means, you weren't being entirely truthful. What's the deal?

PETER

I don't know, I guess at times, I wish she enjoyed, you know...

SYDNEY

Getting in it the tush?

PETER

What?! No. Oral sex.

SYDNEY

She doesn't like it when you go down on her?

PETER

No, that she likes. It's the other way, she doesn't seem to... what am I doing? Sydney, I barely know you. Look, Zoey's an awesome woman, we have a great sex life. I don't know why I said that.

SYDNEY

'Cause you're speaking honestly.

PETER

What about you? Are you single? Married?

SYDNEY

I was. I got devoed a year ago. We started out great, but, Leanne got too needy. Never gave me my space. I finally said 'enough.'

PETER

I'm sorry. Divorce sounds really tough.

SYDNEY

It was rough for a while, but, the truth is, Pistol, I've never been happier.

PETER

What does that mean, 'Pistol?'

SYDNEY

Pete Maravich. Great basketball player. Nickname was The Pistol.

A YOUNG COUPLE hovers over their table -- as is tradition at this restaurant where you have to fight for a seat.

YOUNG GUY IN COUPLE

You guys finishing up soon?

SYDNEY

Sorry, chief, we're actually staying for dinner.

Peter's eyes widen.

PETER

Oh, you know what, Sydney, I should get going.

SYDNEY

Dude, are you serious? They literally have the best burgers in the world here. If you get a seat at Father's Office, you do not leave without eating.

Peter's clearly considering it.

PETER

Alright, screw it. I'm in. Let me just call Zooey.

EXT. FATHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter's on his cell.

PETER

...we're in the middle of something here. Just tell them I had a work emergency.

ZOOEY (O.S.)

Peter, we made a plan.

PETER

I know, but, we see those guys every week. It's just one time. I gotta go, I'll see you later. I love you.

INT. FATHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter returns to the table.

SYDNEY

All good?

PETER

All is good. All is good in 'da hood.

(off Sydney's weak-smile)

So...

As he sits, the BARTENDER puts a new song over the sound-system, and we begin a SERIES OF DISSOLVES...

INT. FATHER'S OFFICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Sydney drink several more pints and eat the restaurant's gourmet hamburgers, clearly hitting it off. They crack up. Have a serious conversation. Talk heatedly.

It's a GREAT FIRST MAN-DATE.

EXT. FATHER'S OFFICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Sydney stumble out of the place.

PETER

Hands down, best hamburger I have ever had. I love the way they caramelize the onions.

SYDNEY

People say it's the meat, but I agree, the onions set it apart.

PETER

Alright, I should grab a cab. I think I'm over the legal limit.

SYDNEY

Dude, you only had like three pints. You'll be fine. My Vespa blew a tire on the way over. You mind giving me a ride home?

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter drives. Sydney rides shotgun.

PETER

How could you hate Salman Rushdie?

SYDNEY

The guy's a phony. Had you ever heard of him before The Satanic Verses?

PETER

No, but--

SYDNEY

Butt cheeks. He was a struggling novelist who wrote a book that he knew was gonna drive the Ayatollah crazy, get him a ton of publicity in the process, and sure enough, the guy puts a fatwa on his head. Next thing you know, he's an international celebrity, writing songs with Bono, he marries the hot chick from Top Chef, lives like a king in some four star London hotel... on the government's dime.

PETER

(cracking up)

So you're saying he *wanted* the death threat on his life?

SYDNEY

Wanted it? The man loved every goddamn minute of that fatwa. I guarantee you, he begged the Ayatollah *not* to take the price off his head.

A SIREN behind them flashes onto their car.

PETER

Oh shit! Sydney, this is bad, I'm sure I'm over the legal limit.

SYDNEY

Stay calm and let me do the talking.

PETER

No, don't say anything! You have a breath mint or a piece of gum?

SYDNEY

Peter, relax, it's gonna be okay.

Peter pulls the car over. A COP approaches.

COP

Excuse me. You have any idea how fast you were going?

PETER

I am so sorry, sir. I thought was under the Speed Limit.

COP
Actually, you were going forty
three in a twenty five M.P.H. zone.

PETER
Got it. Whatever you need to do,
write me a ticket, anything. I
just want to make things right.

The cop picks up on Peter's overcompensating. Sniffs.

COP
You gentlemen been drinking this
evening?

SYDNEY
Yes, we have, friend.

COP
Excuse me?

SYDNEY
We had a few pints at a bar in
Santa Monica. My buddy's wife just
left him for a Mexican guy. He
walked in on the two of them
banging in his laundry room.

COP
Uh-huh.

SYDNEY
If that's not bad enough, she tells
him she's taking the kids, all the
savings, moving down to freakin'
Guadalajara with this yag-off. So,
I dragged my man out, got him a
little toasted to try to balm the
pain. He's probably one drink over
the limit, two-max.

Beat. Then...

COP
Fucking Mexicans.

SYDNEY
You said something there, my
brother. Steal our jobs. Steal
our women. Where does it end?

COP

I don't know, friend. I do not know. Just, keep it under the speed limit, okay, fella. Hope stuff works out for you.

PETER

I do too. Thanks, officer.

The cop leaves. Peter turns to Sydney, exhales for the first time in a minute.

PETER (CONT'D)

My wife ran off with a Mexican guy?! Where the hell did you get that?!

SYDNEY

The cop had an indentation where his wedding ring used to be, so I figured the cheating spouse angle was a good bet. The Mexican part, was an assumption that he was a racist, based on his buzz-cut, vocal intonation, and general demeanor.

PETER

Sydney, that was incredible. Disturbing, but incredible.

SYDNEY

Just so you know, and I'm serious about this, I have no problems with Mexicans whatsoever. I was just trying to get you out of a DUI.

PETER

Got it.

They resume driving.

PETER (CONT'D)

I just realized, I never asked, are you interested in buying a house?

SYDNEY

Uh, no, why would I be?

PETER

Oh, just when you called me back, I didn't know if you wanted to talk real estate, or--

SYDNEY

Look, Pete, maybe this is weird to admit, but, you seemed like a good dude. I was just... seeing if you wanted to get a beer.

PETER

No, there's nothing weird about that at all. Why can't two guys go out for a beer? I'm glad you called.

SYDNEY

Me too.

Peter looks over, they exchange a quick smile, drive on.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the bedroom, Zoey is sleeping. Peter tiptoes in. Zoey speaks in that half-asleep voice.

ZOOEY

That wasn't nice.

PETER

Come on, Zo, we always go out with your friends. It was one time--

ZOOEY

I know, I just missed you. Did you have a good time.

PETER

It was fun. We mainly talked business, but, he's a cool guy.

ZOOEY

So, is he your Best Man?

PETER

(laughing)

I barely know him. Go to sleep, I just want to see if we got any hits on Ferrigno.

PETER'S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter's on the phone with Robbie, speaking quietly.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
Peter, I've been on pins and needles! Where the hell were you?

PETER
We ended up having dinner.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
No! I told you, no dinners!

PETER
I know, but he insisted. Anyway, we had a great time. He's really interesting. He called me a nickname. "The Pistol." No one's ever called me a nickname before.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
Listen to me. You need to play it cool. Do not call him tomorrow. Give it a day or two, okay?
(to someone O.S.)
Jump in, I'll be right there!

PETER
Who's that?

ROBBIE (O.S.)
I'm taking a bath with one of my clients.

HIGH VOICED GUY (O.S.)
Robbie, come on, I'm getting lonely.

PETER
The castrato?! That guy's gay too?

ROBBIE (O.S.)
He is now.

PETER
You are such a slut.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
I know. It's retarded. I'm a total "Himbo." I'll call you tomorrow.

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Peter is at his desk when Tevin Downey comes over, singing his version of the old Tag Team rap "Whoomp! There It is."

TEVIN

Whoomp! There he is! Whoomp there he is!

He grabs Peter, begins to jostle/tickle him. Peter hates this, but can't stop from laughing.

PETER

Okay, man.

TEVIN

Whoomp! There he is!

PETER

Tevin, seriously, cut it out! I'm fucking ticklish!

TEVIN

Okay, Uncle-Uncle! How was the Open Hizzy?

PETER

The Open House? It was good. I've had a few nibbles, no bites yet--

TEVIN

Peter, can I speak to you as a friend? You're a flats guy, and the Hollywood Hills are my specialty.

PETER

True, I've sold mainly in the flats, but--

TEVIN

For singles and doubles, you're the freakin' Ichiro Suzuki of realty. But, we're dealing with a Hollywood celebrity here. This is the house of Mr. Louis Ferrigno. That's rare air, my man.

PETER

Did you see my web-listing? It looks great.

TEVIN

To sell a plot like that, you gotta network, meet a lot of people, work the town. It's what I did with Scotty Baio's pad up on Wonderland Ave. We got her done before she even went on the market.

PETER

What are you saying, Tevin?

TEVIN

You've got the steak and I've got the sizzle, so let's split the listing. Let me wet my beak a little on this action and we'll both end up winners.

PETER

I really think I can handle this by myself.

TEVIN

Hey, it's your call. Like I said, I'm putting on my friend hat here.

Tevin gives Peter a final tickle in the ribs, walks away. Stressed, Peter takes out his bottle of Zantac, pops one.

Nearby, he sees the receptionist talking to a female realtor who holds a HARRY POTTER book. He looks closely at the cover -- a picture of Harry in his wizard garb.

CLOSE ON LESTER MARSH

Peter's underage internet friend, playing with a sword in his backyard. He still wears the Harry Potter glasses and wizard's hat.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Peter sits in the living across from Lester's parents. Lester is visible through the window.

PETER

I know, it sounds crazy, but, I never really had any close male friends so, I just wanted to meet someone.

BUTCH (LESTER'S DAD)
Who the hell doesn't have any
friends?

JOANNE (LESTER'S MOM)
Not everyone was in the military,
Butch.
(to Peter)
He and his pals take that whole
Band of Brothers thing way too far.

PETER
What branch of the military were
you in?

BUTCH
Special Ops. Delta Force. Real
covert shit.

PETER
I see. Well, thank you... for your
service. Anyway, I just wanted to
clear the air and apologize. It
was really an honest mistake.

JOANNE
Apology accepted.

Butch grunts. Peter looks at Lester, through the window.

PETER
Can I ask... why do you think
Lester was on that website?

JOANNE
The same reason you were. He
wanted to find a friend.

Peter nods, clearly touched by this.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
He's a good kid, he's just... a
little different.

BUTCH
Let's call it what it is. He's a
geek. Eleven years old, he dresses
like Merlin the Magician.

JOANNE
And we didn't do him any favors
with his name. The other children
call him Lester the Molester.

Through the window, Peter eyes Lester practicing his swordplay. He's actually kind of skillful.

PETER

You know, I'm a, uh, fencer. I'm in a club, it's all legitimate. Maybe I could take Lester over there one day...

BUTCH

Not happening.

PETER

Alright, I just thought he could maybe channel this sword and sorcery stuff into a sport. It's in the Olympics. It's very competitive.

JOANNE

The school therapist did say he needs more social interaction...

BUTCH

You wear a goddamn mask when you fence. Who the hell's he going to interact with?

PETER

Butch, it's a surprisingly social sport.

(hands them his card)

Why don't you think about it, give me a call if you change your mind.

ON LESTER -- he looks at Peter, waves. Peter waves back.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter holds Sydney's business card. Clearly nervous. He takes a deep breath, dials.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Hello?

PETER

Hey, Sydney? It's, uh, it's The Pistol?

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Who?

PETER

Peter... Klaven. From the Father's Office.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Hey, man. What's going on?

PETER

Nothing, no, that was fun the other night. I'm just seeing if you wanted to get some lunch sometime. Just, super casual. But, if you don't have time--

SYDNEY (O.S.)

I'm about to take my Puggle for a jaunt on the Venice Boardwalk. Why don't you join me for some eats?

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Peter joins Sydney as he walks his PUGGLE.

SYDNEY

He's a cross between a Beagle and a Pug. Greatest dog in the world.

PETER

He's really cute. What's his name?

SYDNEY

Anwar Sadat. After Anwar Sadat. The former President of Egypt.

PETER

Okay. 'Cause you were a big fan of his policies, or--

SYDNEY

No, I was looking at an old issue of TIME magazine with Sadat on the cover when he was a puppy, it was uncanny how much they looked alike.

Peter eyes Anwar Sadat, not quite seeing the resemblance.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

So, how's Ferrigno coming? Any offers?

PETER

Not yet. This realtor I work with, Tevin Downey wants to share the listing with me.

SYDNEY

And split the commission? What about that land you want to develop?

PETER

Yeah, I mean, it would put a delay on that, but, I gotta sell this house. Tevin's a total cheeseball, but, he markets himself like crazy, racks up a lot of sales.

SYDNEY

The guy sounds like a douche. Who needs him?

PETER

He says the listing is out of my league. Maybe he's right.

SYDNEY

Bullshit. That's the insecurity talking. The way you set-up that Open House was understated, classy and elegant. Those sandwiches you put out were delicious.

PETER

Look, I'm definitely *trying* to sell the place, I just--

SYDNEY

No, Pete, *trying* is having the intention to fail. You gotta scratch that word from your vocab. Say you'll do it. And you will.

As Peter considers this, Anwar the Puggle squats down and poops. When he finishes, Sydney starts walking away.

PETER

You need a plastic bag or--

SYDNEY

Nah, I don't pick up after my dog.

PETER

Oh. Isn't it like a State Law--

SYDNEY

It's a ridiculous rule. Dog poop is like compost. It has an enormous amount of nutrients that enrich the soil.

Just then, a MALE JOGGER, steps in Anwar's shit.

MALE JOGGER

Goddamnit! Clean up after your dog!

And Sydney gets up right in his face.

SYDNEY

MIND YOUR OWN FUCK-HOLE! YOU ARE LUCKY TO STEP IN MY BEAUTIFUL PUGGLE'S SHIT!

Spooked, the jogger runs away.

PETER

Jesus, Sydney, what was that?!

SYDNEY

(totally calm)

I'm a man, Peter. I have an ocean of testosterone flowing through my veins. Society implores us to act civilized, keep everything under control. But, the fact is, we're animals. And sometimes, we need to let it out.

(then)

Try it.

PETER

Try what?

SYDNEY

Scream. Come on, you're stressed about the Ferrigno house. I guarantee you're anxious about your wedding in ways you're not even aware of. Let it out, you'll feel better.

PETER

I can't just scream in the middle of the Venice boardwalk.

INT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - MINUTES LATER

Peter and Sydney are alone. Peter quietly screams.

PETER

Ahh...

SYDNEY

Okay, good. Now, gently remove your vagina and try it again.

PETER

Aaahhh!!!

ABOVE THE BOARDWALK

We hear Peter scream louder. PEOPLE notice, concerned. Peter does it again -- with even more gusto. And as he finally lets out an incredible loud, guttural wail....

EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Establishing of a decent sized bungalow in Santa Monica. Sydney leads Peter across his small yard, towards a GARAGE.

INT. SYDNEY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The two men enter. Peter's eyes widen as he takes in the big leather couch, which sits in front of three large screen TVs.

In a corner of the room there's a music area with a drum kit, guitar, bass, tambourines. A bong sits on a trunk which serves as a coffee-table. On the walls, dozens of PHOTOS of Sydney with his GUY FRIENDS -- singing karaoke, white-water rafting, at restaurants, at the Grand Canyon, etc.

SYDNEY

Mr. Klaven, welcome to the Temple of Doom.

Peter takes it in, wide-eyed.

PETER

Holy shit, Sydney. This place is insane.

Peter spots a laz-e-boy recliner next to a side-table with a tube of Jergens and a box of CONDOMS.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's going on over there?

SYDNEY
(totally unembarrassed)
Oh, that's where I jerk off.

PETER
Okay, I see. And the condoms--

SYDNEY
I wear them while I masturbate. It decreases sensitivity, so I can last longer, and also there's no mess to clean up.

PETER
Are you kidding me?

SYDNEY
Uh, no, I'm absolutely serious.

PETER
And... when women come over--

SYDNEY
Pistol, this is a man-cave. No woman has ever been granted access.

PETER
What about your guy friends? You're not embarrassed to have that out?

SYDNEY
Masturbation is part of life. You've never talked about jerking off with any of your friends?

PETER
No, I haven't.

SYDNEY
When's the last time you did it?

PETER
I'm not telling you that.

SYDNEY
What are you afraid of? I'm not going to tell anyone. Think of this place as a cone of silence.

PETER

Zoey went to the Pasadena Flea Market with her friends this weekend. I did it while she was out.

SYDNEY

What'd you use? Internet? DVD?

PETER

That's enough info for today.

SYDNEY

An old porno VHS tape?

PETER

I used a picture of Zoey in a bikini from this vacation we took to Cabo San Lucas.

SYDNEY

You jerked off to a picture of your own girlfriend?! Are you sick?!

PETER

(laughing)
Why is that so wrong?

SYDNEY

Pedro, it is wrong in so many ways, I can't even begin to describe it.

Just then, Peter's cell-phone rings. He picks it up.

PETER

Hey, honey. No, I'm over at Sydney's house. Uh... nothing, we're just chilling. I guess I kind of played hooky this afternoon. Yeah, no, I'll see you at home later. Love you too, bye.

He hangs up.

SYDNEY

Why'd you tell her you bailed from work?

PETER

I didn't want to lie to her. You're one of the most honest people I've ever met, you can't understand that?

SYDNEY

I'm honest with my friends. With women, it's a whole different thing.

PETER

That's ridiculous.

SYDNEY

No, it's not. There's stuff you share with dudes you could never tell your girlfriend or wife.

PETER

I just don't agree with that.

SYDNEY

Okay, so, when you go home you'll tell Zooney that you jerked off to her picture last weekend?

PETER

No, but..

SYDNEY

But, you just revealed that to me.

Sydney shrugs. Outplayed, Peter's got no response. He walks over to the cluster of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS in the corner. There's a poster for the band RUSH on the wall behind the drumset.

PETER

Which one do you play?

SYDNEY

I'm a drummer. A stick-man. You play an instrument?

PETER

I played guitar in high school.

SYDNEY

Oh, were you in a band?

PETER

No. I just played by myself. For fun.

(then, eyeing the poster)

Oh, man, I used to love RUSH.

SYDNEY

Dude! Best rock band in the world!
Neil Peart, hands down, greatest
stick-man who ever lived. We
should jam sometime.

PETER

That'd be fun, man. Alright, I
should hit the road.

SYDNEY

Coolio. I gotta get to bed early.
I'm taking a day-hike in Malibu
with some of my buddies tomorrow.

Peter is clearly taken aback by this revelation.

PETER

Oh, good. A buddies hike. That
sounds fun.

SYDNEY

(off Peter's vibe)
You're welcome to join us.

PETER

Oh, no, thanks. I promised Zooney
we'd deal with some wedding crap
tomorrow.

(like it's ridiculous)
Gotta get those "seating charts"
figured out.

(Sydney nods, doesn't
care)
Alright, well, then, I'll, uh, I
will see you...I will see you, uh,
sometime soon. Good hang, Syd.
Really fun hang. I'll see you.

SYDNEY

Adios, Pistol.

PETER

Later-gater.

INT. LUCKY STRIKE BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Peter joins Robbie, who wears a league tee-shirt, inside
this hip "bowling lounge."

PETER

I'm acting like a freak. He told me was going hiking with his friends and I got jealous! What am I supposed to do, tell him I want to be exclusive?!

ROBBIE

You have a little man-crush, that's all. Just make sure he's not a friend slut.

PETER

What's that?

ROBBIE

Someone who's constantly picking up new friends, dumping old ones. Like Lance Armstrong.

PETER

Why is Lance Armstrong a friend slut?

ROBBIE

Because, every week there's pictures of him in US Magazine working out with another guy. It's Jake Gyllenhaal one day. Matthew McConaughey the next.

PETER

(then, noticing something)
How long has dad been in your bowling league?

PETER'S POV - OF THE LANES

We now see that Oz wears a matching shirt. He bowls a strike, does a "crotch chop" a la professional bowler Pete Weber, and hi-fives several of Robbie's GAY TEAMMATES.

ROBBIE

He started rolling with us a few months ago. The boys love him.

Oz gives one of the TEAMMATES an encouraging slap on the ass.

PETER

I mean, it definitely seems like he likes me.

ROBBIE

He sounds great. I just don't want you to get hurt, that's all.

Peter eyes his brother appreciatively.

PETER

Thanks, Robbie.

They're interrupted by Oz and one of Robbie's FLAMBOYANT BUDDIES doing a post-strike chant...

OZ/FLAMBOYANT FRIEND

The roof/The roof/The roof is on fire!

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Peter is at his desk when a RECEPTIONIST calls out...

RECEPTIONIST

Peter, I have Lou Ferrigno for you on line three.

AT HIS DESK -- Tevin Downey quietly lifts up his receiver, listens in on Pete's conversation.

BACK ON PETER - on the phone with Lou Ferrigno.

PETER

Mr. Ferrigno? Peter Klaven. It's nice to finally speak to you in person.

As he listens to Ferrigno, Peter looks concerned.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, could you speak a little slower. I'm just having trouble understanding you. Yes, sir, of course, I know you're hearing impaired--

BY THE FRONT DOOR - Sydney Fife enters the office. The receptionist directs him towards Peter's cubicle.

PETER (CONT'D)

...if you're saying that you're concerned about the house, don't worry. We're holding another Open House this weekend.

Peter looks up, sees Sydney. Lights up.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (quietly, motions to
 phone)
 Ferrigno.
 (into phone)
 I think I understand. We'll get it
 done. I promise. Goodbye.

Peter hangs up. Highly stressed. Tevin puts down his
 receiver, scheming.

SYDNEY
 The Hulk busting your balls?

PETER
 I think so, it was kind of hard to
 tell. I'm not trying to be... it's
 just, he's hearing impaired, and he
 was on a cell. What are you doing
 here?

SYDNEY
 My sperm bank is a few blocks away
 on Westwood.

PETER
 Are you kidding me?

SYDNEY
 No, I deposit every couple of
 weeks. I may as well get paid for
 something I'm gonna do at home
 anyway.

PETER
 I want to argue with you about
 these things, but, you do make a
 certain kind of twisted sense.

SYDNEY
 I got some leftover Koo-Koo Roo at
 the house, you want to get some
 lunch, squeeze in a little jam
 session?

PETER
 I can't, Syd. I gotta deal with
 this Ferrigno situation.

Peter pops a Zantac.

SYDNEY

What do you have, acid reflux?

PETER

It comes and goes.

SYDNEY

Dude, you're not going to get anything done in this state. You need to get some grub and let out a little steam. I guarantee, you'll be more focused when you get back to the office.

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON SYDNEY - sitting at his drum kit. He kicks out a beat. Then, in a blaring, Geddy Lee-style falsetto, he sings the opening lyrics to the RUSH song "Tom Sawyer."

SYDNEY

*A modern day warrior, Mean, mean
stride, today's Tom Sawyer, mean,
mean pride!*

WIDER -- Peter has Sydney's guitar slung around his neck. He starts playing the ensuing chords...

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

*Though his mind is not for rent,
Don't put him down as arrogant, His
reserve, a quiet defense, Riding
out the day's events...*

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

The river!

PETER

The river!

And as they jam, we begin a MONTAGE under the music...

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Peter and Sydney walk Anwar Sadat. Sydney points out a DOG OWNER who looks uncannily like his DOG.

SYDNEY

I call them 'Bowers.' It's my nickname for people who look like their dogs.

PETER

'Bowers?' Where did you get that?

SYDNEY

Who knows? It just sounded right.

A MUSCLE BEACH BODY BUILDER steps in Sadat's poop. He confronts Sydney who starts screaming at him.

A beat later, Sydney shouts 'Run!' And he and Peter take off.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Peter shows Sydney his development site, explaining what he plans to do with it.

EXT. THE MARSH'S HOUSE - DAY

Butch leads Lester to Peter, who waits in front of his car. Lester's still wearing his wizard get-up. Butch whispers in Peter's ear...

BUTCH

You try any molestation with my son, I'll cut off your scrotum with a pearing knife. Is that clear?

PETER

Yes, sir.
(then, peppy, to Lester)
Alright, Lester, you ready to do some fencing?!

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two of them sit at the dining room table, going over details for the wedding. Peter's cell rings. It's Sydney. He excuses himself, starts gabbing with his friend.

INT. FERRIGNO ESTATE - DAY

Peter holds another Open House. Sydney emerges from the bedroom.

SYDNEY

This place is exquisite. I'd like to make an offer!

Other prospective buyers take note.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Peter takes a hike with Sydney and his FRIENDS -- a diverse, group of guys. A CHUBBY FRIEND stops, out of breath. Sydney stops the group, helps his friend through some deep-breathing. Gives him some water. The friend recovers, thanks Sydney.

Peter watches on, impressed at how caring Sydney is.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Peter teaches Lester the basics of fencing.

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The music continues...

CLOSE ON A FRAMED TIME MAGAZINE COVER OF ANWAR SADAT.

CLOSE ON SYDNEY'S PUGGLE.

ON PETER - eyeing the magazine cover and the dog as he continues to jam with Sydney.

ON SYDNEY - sweating profusely as he pounds away.

SYDNEY

I'm doing it, man! I'm going full
McConaughey!

And Sydney rips his shirt off, his flabby stomach pulsating with the rhythm of his drumbeat. Peter cracks up, goes crazy by unbuttoning the top two buttons of his dress-shirt.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

LESTER IS A FENCING PRODIGY.

He and Peter engage in a tense match -- all that sword and sorcery stuff has clearly found its outlet.

EXT. L.A. STREETS - DAY

Peter and Sydney cruise through Main Street in Santa Monica on Sydney's VESPA. Peter notices a MAN who looks just like his dog. He calls out...

PETER
Bowser! Two O'clock

Sydney sees him - the two friends crack up.

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The song is reaching it's climax. Sydney is now stripped down to his UNDERWEAR, sweating profusely as he screams in his off-key falsetto.

Peter's shirt is completely unbuttoned, while he jams out the remaining bars to the song.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Lester DEFEATS Peter. He triumphantly whips off his mask, a huge smile crossing his face.

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

And as Sydney stands up on his drum-seat, hits the symbol with his toe, before he LOSES HIS FOOTING and crashes into his KIT... we END THE MONTAGE.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IN BED - Peter and Zoey flip through design magazines.

ZOOEY
...he's kind of got a point about Salman Rushdie. I'd never heard of him before that Iran thingie.

PETER
Sydney's theories are definitely out there, but he's like this weird, street philosopher.

ZOOEY
He sounds really cool. When can I meet him?

PETER
I actually invited him to the engagement dinner.

ZOOEY
Wow, Peter, this is serious.

PETER

It's not. It's totally mellow. He got divorced recently. I thought he and Hailey might hit it off.

EXT. YANG CHOW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing of this famous restaurant in the heart of L.A.'s Chinatown neighborhood.

INT. YANG CHOW RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The Klaven's have taken over one of the restaurant's small BANQUET ROOMS for Peter and Zooney's engagement party. Peter introduces Sydney around.

PETER

...my brother, Robbie.

ROBBIE

Hey! This is my date, Alan.

Robbie introduces them to the MARRIED GUY from the gym.

PETER

And this is my fiance, Zooney Rice. Zo, this is Sydney.

ZOOEY

Hi! I've heard so many nice things about you.

SYDNEY

Same. Pete is like, absolutely ga-ga over you. It's adorable.

Zooney squeezes Peter's hand.

ZOOEY

We feel really lucky.

Zooney sees Hailey nearby.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Hailey, come meet Sydney.

Hailey walks over.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Sydney, this is Hailey. My oldest friend in the world.

SYDNEY

How you doing?

Hailey is overtly flirtatious in a faux-shy manner.

HAILEY

Really good, Sydney. So nice to meet you.

ZOOEY

Ooh, there's Denise and Barry. Peter, come say hi.

Zoey pulls Peter away, leaving Hailey and Sydney alone.

MOMENTS LATER

Barry and Peter are talking.

PETER

I can't remember, do you play an instrument, Barry?

(points to Sydney)

'Cause my friend, Syd, and I have been jamming a lot lately. He's a stick-man and I wield the axe, so, it's a good time.

BARRY

I don't play an instrument, Peter.

PETER

Oh, bummer. I was gonna invite you to hang with us, but, if you don't play, it probably wouldn't be fun.

ON SYDNEY AND HAILEY

Not hitting it off at all.

HAILEY

How could you hate the Dalai Lama?

SYDNEY

He's a phony. Always hanging out with Richard Gere. What is that? It's not like he earned his title.

HAILEY

What are you talking about?

SYDNEY

He became the Dalai Lama when he was two years old. He didn't win some kind of Dalai Lama election. He was a baby.

HAILEY

Well, I think he's really inspirational.

SYDNEY

Tell the truth, you just like him because he has a nice smile.

JOYCE

Okay, everyone! Dinner!

Hailey glares at Sydney, walks away.

BANQUET ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A group consisting of Peter's parents, Sydney, and Zooney's friends sit around a long dining table.

JOYCE

...ever since Oswald got transferred to L.A., this has been Peter's favorite restaurant. So, of course, he took Zooney here on their first date.

PETER

No, I only take the girls I really like to Yang Chow!

Zooney playfully hits Peter. Joyce continues.

JOYCE

True, true! But, I remember, when he got home that first night, he called me up and said, 'Mom, I'm going to marry this girl. And it's not just because she wanted an extra order of Slippery Shrimp!' And, eight months later, here we are! Peter, Zooney, we're so happy for you. Cheers!

Everyone toasts. They're about to eat when Sydney stands up, clinks his fork against his glass.

SYDNEY

If I could just say a couple of words.

The guests look confused. Oz quietly turns to Joyce...

OZ

Who the hell is that?

JOYCE

Be nice. He's Peter's new friend.

SYDNEY

Zooey, I just want you to know, that, you are marrying one of the most honest, caring and fun loving men I've ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Oz looks to Robbie, mouths, 'Fun?' Robbie shrugs.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

"The Pistol" is a pleasure-giver. The man lives to make other's satisfied. But guys like that rarely ask for anything in return. So, as his friend, I'm here asking you, Zooey, give it back. Return the favor. And if you do, I guarantee, you'll have a beautiful, and pleasure filled union. To Peter and Zooey.

The confused guests clink glasses. Zooey looks to Peter -- 'What the hell did that mean?'

BY THE LADIES ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Zooey walks to the bathroom by a WALL OF POLAROIDS of guests eating at the restaurant. She takes them in, when one catches her eye. It's of PETER, smiling, with his arm around an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

THE BANQUET ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Various family-style Chinese dishes line the table.

OZ

Sydney, what line of work are you in?

SYDNEY

I do private investments, Oz.
Manage my own money. I hold a
bunch of different market
positions. Small Cap, Large Cap, a
few foreign equities...

OZ

What'd you do before you opened
your own shop? Train at one of the
big firms?

SYDNEY

No-no, I never joined that rat-
race. The idea of toiling like a
sheep in the trenches of some
faceless corp while the CEO and his
buddies get rich never appealed.

JOYCE

Oz was at IBM for thirty eight
years.

OZ

I guess I was one of these sheep
you're referring to.

SYDNEY

Not at all, Oswald. I have a ton of
respect for the company man. It's
just not the way I'm drawn.

(stands up)

'Scuse me, I just have to use the
little cowboy's room.

He exits. People eat. Zoey turns to Peter.

ZOEY

Did you know there's a picture of
you and Lindsay up on the wall?

PETER

There is? Oh, you know what, they
took that a few years ago. I'll
ask Mr. Wong to take one of us.

ZOEY

No, I don't care. I was just,
pointing it out.

Oz shouts across the table to Peter...

OZ

Private investments? What the hell does that mean?

PETER

Dad, why do you have to be a jerk? He said he respects people who work for companies. It's just not his thing.

OZ

His *thing*?! Peter, you've known this yutz for three weeks and you're acting like a bigger faggot than your brother.

The guests look uncomfortable.

ROBBIE

It's okay, everyone, I gave him permission to use the "F" word. Dad, you might be abusing the privileges.

OZ

Really? Alright, I'm sorry.

JOYCE

Well, I like him very much. He's quite a unique individual. And he clearly adores Peter.

Sydney reemerges with MR. WONG, the happy host.

SYDNEY

I asked this dude to take a picture of you guys.

Mr. Wong aims a Polaroid camera at Peter and Zoey.

MR. WONG

Smile, happy couple!

Off his FLASH, we, go to...

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter and Zoey drive home. Zoey is pissed.

ZOEY

What the hell did you tell Sydney about me?

PETER

Uh, nothing. Aside from how much I love you.

ZOOEY

Then, what was he talking about with all that pleasure-giver stuff?

PETER

I might have mentioned that, you know, you don't love blowjobs.

ZOOEY

Ew! Peter, that stuff is private.

PETER

Oh, it is? Then, how come Hailey and Denise know every detail about our sex life?

ZOOEY

It's totally different. I've known them forever. Sydney is practically a stranger.

PETER

Well, now you know how I feel when there's no privacy with your girlfriends.

ZOOEY

I thought you liked those guys?

PETER

I love them, but, sometimes I just want things to be between you and me.

ZOOEY

Fine.

They drive for a beat.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

It's not like I don't like giving blowjobs. The thing is, Rodney hated getting them.

PETER

What guy doesn't like getting blowjobs?

ZOOEY

He had this weird intimacy problem. It's part of why we split up. So, I guess I just stopped doing it.

PETER

See? If Sydney hadn't asked me about our sex life, we never would have talked about this.

ZOOEY

I guess so. Still, it was a weird toast, and he also told Hailey that he hates the Dalai Lama.

PETER

He did? I love the Dalai Lama.

ZOOEY

I know, he's got such a cute smile. He's like a Tibetan Teddy Bear!

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

As Peter heads to his desk, he passes Tevin Downey in his cubicle, practicing sign language as he reads a copy of *SIGNING FOR DUMMIES*. When he sees Peter, he tries to slide the book under some papers.

TEVIN

Uh-oh! There's my dog!

PETER

How come you're learning sign language?

TEVIN

My aunt is coming to town this weekend. She's deaf, so, I want to brush up on a few phrases.

Peter seems skeptical. He nods, walks away.

PETER'S CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

Peter's on the phone with Sydney.

PETER

Me too, Sydney. I'm really glad you came. I gotta say, Zooey was a little freaked out by your toast--

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Right, because I was pointing out the truth about something uncomfortable. One beej a month does not a marriage make, my friend.

PETER

Yeah, no, in the end, I think it led to a good talk, but--

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Cool. Glad I could help. What are you up to tonight?

PETER

I'm having a date with Zooey.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Okay, well, cancel that ASAP, 'cause I just got an e-mail alert from the FLY BY NIGHT ARMY.

PETER

What is that?

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Top secret RUSH fan-club. The holy trinity are playing a small club gig at THE MINT tonight. I have a friend who can get us tix.

PETER

That sounds fun, but, I kinda promised her I would--

SYDNEY (O.S.)

You have your entire life to have dinner with Zooey. This is a chance to get up close and personal with the greatest rock band in history.

PETER

I *would* like to check them out. Can I invite Zooey along?

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Really?

PETER

Yeah, it'd be a good chance for you guys to hang out, start off on a new foot.

EXT. THE MINT - NIGHT

RUSH fans pour into this mid-sized L.A. rock club.

INT. THE MINT - CONTINUOUS

Sure enough, RUSH plays in front of a small, packed crowd. Peter, Sydney and Zooey are crushed between the masses, Peter and Sydney singing along with LIMELIGHT, while Zooey looks absolutely miserable.

PETER

All the world's indeed a stage, And we are merely players, Peformers and Portrayers, Each another's audience, Outside the gilded cage!

SYDNEY

All the world's indeed a stage, And we are merely players, Peformers and Portrayers, Each another's audience, Outside the gilded cage!

Zooey looks at Peter like he is a complete stranger. He and Sydney are lost in the moment, making eye-contact, singing to each other... Zooey is completely left out.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zooey gets ready for bed. We can hear Peter on the phone on his home office. Zooey quietly walks down the hall, sees Peter through the half-open doorway.

PETER

Dude! I cannot believe they closed with SUBDIVISION! That was incredible... you're right, Neil Peart is a god. Thanks for hooking that up, it was a great night. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

(beat)

Love you too, man. G'night.

Zooey is completely shocked that she just heard Peter tell Sydney he loves him. Peter opens the door, catches Zooey standing there.

PETER (CONT'D)

Were you spying on me?

ZOOEY

You told Sydney you loved him?!

PETER

I said goodnight, I don't remember what I said.

ZOOEY

Peter, what is up with you two? We're supposed to have a date, but, instead, you drag me to this concert. You don't say one word to me the whole night. You come home and immediately get on the phone with the guy. Are you in love with him?

PETER

Of course not. Zooney, you said you didn't want me to be your best friend, so, I went out and found one. And you know what, it's great! I did it for you at first, but, I had no idea what I was missing. Do you know that I haven't taken a Zantac in three weeks? It's because there's all this stuff I was keeping inside that I can finally talk about.

ZOOEY

That's great, but, it doesn't mean you can't share things with me. I feel like I'm losing you a little bit.

PETER

You're not. I promise. I love you. I just, like having a friend, that's all.

ZOOEY

Okay.

He kisses her. Things are heating up, when... Peter's cell-phone rings. He eyes the Caller I.D..

PETER

I have to take this.

ZOOEY

Is that Sydney again?

PETER

Actually, it's Lester. He should be in bed, I wonder why he's calling so late.

ZOOEY

Lester? The kid you met on the internet? You're still seeing him?

PETER

I thought I told you, I'm teaching him to fence.

ZOOEY

No, you didn't tell me.

PETER

(answers phone)

Lester? What's going on? Right, Kim Little, the girl from your Social Studies class. What happened?

Zooey starts to walk away, turns back.

ZOOEY

And I *liked* some of those RUSH songs. Not that you ever looked at me to notice.

She exits, leaving Peter on the phone.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Peter and Sydney stroll through the formalwear department.

SYDNEY

So, the big day is coming up. How are you feeling?

PETER

I *was* feeling good, but, Zooey and I have been fighting a lot in the past couple of weeks.

SYDNEY

Why are you marrying her?

Peter stops walking, faces Sydney.

PETER

What kind of question is that?

SYDNEY

It seems like you've been in one relationship after another. Is Zoey the one, or is she just the next one?

PETER

No, she's the one.

SYDNEY

How come?

PETER

Because, I don't know, we're in love and... that's a hard question to answer.

SYDNEY

I'm not trying to push you, I'm genuinely curious. Come on, let's try on penguin suits.

FORMALWEAR DEPARTMENT - MEN'S DRESSING ROOM

Sydney talks to Peter behind the dressing room door.

PETER (O.S.)

I'm thinking about asking Tevin if he wants in on the Ferrigno house.

SYDNEY

Dude, I saw that guy's face on a bus-stop ad. You do not need to split the commission with that frosted hair jag-off.

Peter walks out, wearing a nice, conservative tux.

PETER

I have to face facts, Syd, I'm a flats guy. Tevin's got the flash needed to sell the place.

(re: the tux)

What do you think?

SYDNEY

Turn around, let me see the back.

Peter turns around. Syd stands up, starts touching the fabric around Peter's shoulders

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

It's a bit conservative and I'm not in love with the drape. I'd like to see you in something with some flare, peacock it out a little.

Sydney hands Peter a tux -- flashy, but cool-looking.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Here, give this one a shot.

PETER

There is no freaking way I can pull this off.

SYDNEY

You have this image of yourself as this tight, by-the-book guy, but, I've seen you let loose in the Temple of Doom. It's the same thing with the Ferrigno house -- you have the skills, you just don't have the confidence. Try it on.

Peter reluctantly heads back into the dressing room with the new tux. As he and Syd talk, we INTERCUT between dressing room and waiting area.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Hey, so, I wanted to talk to you about something. I have an investment opportunity, it's a complete winner, but, the problem is all my funds are tied up in equities, so, I'm cash poor right now.

PETER

Uh-huh.

SYDNEY

Yeah, I've got a bit of a liquidity problem, so, I wanted to know if you would consider loaning me a few sheckles. I'd pay you back, of course, with interest.

PETER

How much money are we talking about?

SYDNEY

I'd need like, five.

Peter exits the dressing room in his flashy tux.

PETER
Five thousand dollars?

SYDNEY
Dude! That looks great!

PETER
It does?

SYDNEY
Don't forget, Zoey's artsy. She's gonna love that. You're like a confident, sexy peacock.

PETER
Five thousand is a lot of money. Zoey's not really close with her family, so, we're paying for the wedding--

SYDNEY
Pete, enough said. An opportunity came up, thought I'd ask--

PETER
Can you tell me about the investment?

SYDNEY
I actually can't. It's confidential in nature.

PETER
Okay. Well, let me think about it.

Just then, DOUG, the attractive guy who kissed Peter on their man-date spots him.

DOUG
Hello, Peter.

PETER
Doug, hi, how are you?

Awkward beat. Then...

DOUG
You know, it takes a lot of nerve to spend a beautiful evening with someone, and never call them again.

PETER

Doug, let me explain, I--

Doug eyes Sydney -- assuming they're together.

DOUG

I get it, Peter. I just wish I could take back that kiss, because, I felt something I hadn't felt in years, and, now, I realize, it was the taste of betrayal.

PETER

It wasn't the taste of betrayal!

And Doug storms off. Peter turns to Sydney.

PETER (CONT'D)

I can actually explain what just happened there.

EXT. "THE GROVE" - DAY

Peter and Sydney stroll through this outdoor shopping mall. Peter holds a Neiman Marcus bag with his new tuxedo.

SYDNEY

From the engagement party, I figured you didn't have a ton of friends, but, I didn't know it went that far.

PETER

Either did I. The truth is, it was never an issue until we got engaged.

SYDNEY

Wait, so, you were *using* me because Zoey wanted you to have a Best Man.

PETER

Dude, no, that's not it at all. I had actually given up on meeting someone. Then, you came into that Open House, we hit it off, and, one thing led to the next.

SYDNEY

I just wish you had told me.

PETER

I was embarrassed. Look, you have a million friends--

SYDNEY

Who are pissed at me 'cause I've been spending so much time with you.

PETER

Really?

SYDNEY

They're like a bunch of teenage girls. They'll be fine. Look, I just want you to know, you can tell me anything.

PETER

I really appreciate that, man.
(stops, turns to Syd)
So, listen, about that investment--

SYDNEY

Pete, forget I even mentioned it.

PETER

No, I've been saving my whole life, plus, you're right, I'm gonna sell the Ferrigno house. I'm happy to loan you the money. I know you're good for it.

SYDNEY

Really?! Pistol, that's great!

PETER

It's the least I can do for the Best Man at my wedding.

SYDNEY

What are you talking about?

PETER

I want you to stand up there with me. Are you cool with that?

Sydney looks like he's going to cry.

SYDNEY

Of course I'll be your Best Man. It would be my honor.

And Sydney reaches out and gives Peter a warm hug. Unused to this intimacy, Peter pats him on the back, the way most men do when they hug.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Sh-sh-sh, no patting, brother.
When you give a real hug you don't pat -- you just hold on and feel the friendship.

Peter does. It's different. More intimate. OZ AND ROBBIE exit the movie theater at the Grove. They stop in their tracks, as they spot Peter and Sydney holding each other.

ROBBIE

Oh. My. God.

OZ

I know you took away my permission, but I'm sorry, those two are a couple of tushy twins.

And then, Doug walks by, shaking his head as he watches Peter and Sydney's PDA...

DOUG

Uch. Fucking whore.

...only adding to Oz and Robbie's confusion.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - DAY

Peter and Lester have their masks off as they casually parry with each other.

PETER

It's right here in L.A., it's like the biggest junior fencing competition in the country. I say we give it a shot.

LESTER

You think I'm good enough?

PETER

Dude, you're gonna kick those other kids' butts.

LESTER

I don't really want to do that, Peter.

(MORE)

LESTER (CONT'D)

I just want to engage in a gentlemanly contest and let the best fencer win.

PETER

Of course. You can do that too.

INT. FENCING GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Peter and Lester change into their street clothes.

PETER

So how's it going with that girl?
What's her name? Kim Little?

LESTER

I asked her to coffee, she said she'd never date any one named Lester the Molester. I think she's sleeping with Sam Krickstein anyway.

PETER

Lester, she's eleven. I guarantee you she's not sleeping with Sam Krickstein.

LESTER

Making love... whatever. They're definitely linked romantically.

Lester puts on his wizard's hat and Harry Potter glasses.
Peter watches -- considering something.

PETER

Buddy, let me throw something out here. I'm thinking the glasses and hat might be getting in the way of your social life.

LESTER

What do you mean?

PETER

Well, they make a statement. And it's not a bad statement. It shows you're into magic and sorcery and whatnot, but, I kind of feel like you're a cool dude on your own. You don't need the costume to prove it.

LESTER

You're saying I should go *without* the hat and glasses?

PETER

I'm saying try it. See how you feel.

Lester considers this for a long beat. Then...

LESTER

You may just have a point, Peter.

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two of them sit around the kitchen table with pieces of paper related to their wedding plans.

ZOOEY

So, if Hailey *doesn't* bring the strap-on guy, which is pretty likely, we'll have an empty seat at our table.

PETER

Actually, I was thinking Sydney might sit with us.

ZOOEY

Really?

PETER

I asked him to be my Best Man.

Beat. Zoey takes this in. Then...

ZOOEY

Okay.

PETER

Well, are you happy about that? Bummed? Give me something other than, 'Okay.'

ZOOEY

I feel like he has some issue with me -- maybe I'm crazy, but that's the vibe I get.

PETER

I don't think that's the case. You guys just haven't spent that much time together. But, I'll talk to him.

ZOOEY

Peter, no, don't do that.

PETER

Why not?

ZOOEY

Because, then he's going to think I'm saying shit about him.

PETER

But you are saying shit about him.

ZOOEY

That's not the point. I don't want you to say anything. Please.

PETER

Okay.

ZOOEY

(back to the wedding stuff)

Alright, so, we still need to pick up the marriage license. Can you do it at lunch tomorrow?

PETER

Um, yeah, I mean, I can move some stuff around.

ZOOEY

Well, do you have a meeting or something?

PETER

No, I was just gonna meet up with Sydney. It's fine, I'll move it.

ZOOEY

We can make it after lunch if that's better.

PETER

Okay, yeah. What about two O'clock at the Marriage Bureau?

ZOOEY

Fine.

PETER

Hey, I'm excited. It's becoming
so official!

Zooey smiles weakly.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Peter and Sydney eat gyros while they walk Anwar Sadat.
LANCE ARMSTRONG and VIN DIESEL roller-blade past them.

PETER

(under his breath)
Fucking Lance Armstrong.

SYDNEY

What?

PETER

Nothing.

SYDNEY

So, what did Zooey say about me
being your Best Man?

PETER

She, was uh, she was cool about it.

SYDNEY

Dude, come on, your voice went up
when you said that.

PETER

Fuck. I'm the worst liar. I
promised her I wouldn't say
anything, but, she feels like you
haven't made an effort with her.

SYDNEY

Pete, Zooey seems like a great
girl, but, the fact is, she's not
my friend. You are, and, to that
end, I'm there for you, 100
percent. It's bro's before ho's'
with me. Some women have a problem
with that, but, that's just the way
it is.

PETER

Is that why your marriage broke up?

SYDNEY

Sure, it was a contributing factor.

Across the way, something catches Peter's eye.

PETER

I knew that's why he was learning sign language.

Peter's POV -- at a boardwalk restaurant, Tevin Downey is having lunch with the incredibly muscular LOU FERRIGNO.

SYDNEY

Holy shit. Is that Downey? We gotta confront them.

PETER

Syd, no, let me think for second.

Too late. Sydney is on the move, storming up to their table.

SYDNEY

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

TEVIN

Do I know you?

SYDNEY

No, but I believe you know my friend, Peter Klaven, who has the exclusive on this man's property!

Peter walks up to them.

TEVIN

Hey, Peter. You know Lou Ferrigno, right?

PETER

Yes, hi, Mr. Ferrigno. How do you two know each other?

TEVIN

I reached out to Lou, 'cause, I'm organizing a fund-raiser for hearing impaired athletes. It's a cause that's near and dear to me.

SYDNEY

That is total crap, you cheeseball!
Lou, you gave Peter the listing on
the house...

LOU FERRIGNO

I know, and he's not doing shit
with it!

SYDNEY

That's bullshit, Hulk! He's
setting the table, lining up some
serious buyers. This stuff doesn't
happen overnight.

TEVIN

Peter, who the hell is this guy?!

SYDNEY

Am I talking to you, Hi-Lites? I
don't think so. Look, Hulk--

LOU FERRIGNO

Please get your hand out of my face
and stop calling me Hulk. I'm a
person, okay?

SYDNEY

(getting really worked up)
You're a person?! So is Peter
Klaven! He's busted his dick
trying to sell your house, and you
double-cross him with this Redondo
Beach douchebag!

PETER

Sydney!

SYDNEY

Fuck you, Hulk!

Sydney throws a punch at Lou Ferrigno who dodges it, with
very little effort, grabs Sydney, putting him into a sleeper-
hold, as he gently eases him onto the ground. As Sydney
futilely fights back--

LOU

Easy, easy, don't fight it.

Peter's cell-phone rings.

PETER

Hello?!

ZOOEY (O.S.)
 Hey, I'm just checking in. I'm on
 my way to the Marriage Bureau.

SYDNEY
 Ahhh!!! Get the fuck off of me!!!

ZOOEY (O.S.)
 Is that Sydney?

PETER
 Yes, he got in a fight with Lou
 Ferrigno--

ZOOEY (O.S.)
 He what?! What is going on?!

PETER
 Zooey, I don't think I can make it.
 I'm really sorry.

ZOOEY (O.S.)
 How could you not make it?! Peter---

PETER
 Zo, I gotta go!

SYDNEY
 He's choking me! The Hulk is
 choking me!

INT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They stand in the kitchen. Zooey is dumbfounded.

ZOOEY
 Why would anyone get in a fight
 with Lou Ferrigno?

PETER
 Sydney's a hot-head. He thought he
 was standing up for me.

ZOOEY
 So did you lose the listing?

PETER
 I believe I did.

ZOOEY
 And what does that mean for your
 development property?

PETER

I probably have to let it go. I was counting on the commission for the down payment.

ZOOEY

You have some money saved up. Can't you write them a check, you know, to show your good faith.

PETER

No. Between the wedding, and, then I lent Sydney some money, I'm just a little short.

ZOOEY

Wait-wait, you lent Sydney money?

PETER

For an investment. All his money was tied up in equities, so... I mean, he's going to pay me back.

ZOOEY

Peter, that's not the point. We're getting married. You can't keep that kind of stuff from me.

PETER

Can I ask you something? Why do you think we're getting married?

ZOOEY

What are you talking about?

PETER

Sydney asked me the question, you know, 'Why Zooey?' And I... of course I love you, but, I'm not exactly sure how to answer that.

ZOOEY

Are you kidding me? Two weeks, before our wedding you're asking me why we're getting married?

PETER

I... it just came up. Okay? Forget I even asked.

ZOOEY

You know, Peter, in my opinion, that's the kind of thing you figure out with your friends, not your fiancée.

(anger building)

So, I am going to stay with Denise and Barry, and you and your pal Sydney can hang out, and go to RUSH concerts, and fight Lew Ferrigno, while you try to answer the question of why the hell you proposed to me after only eight months of dating. Okay?! Goodbye!

She exits, SLAMMING the door behind her.

PETER'S HOME OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter's on the phone with Sydney.

PETER

This is good? How is this good, Sydney?

SYDNEY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

(INTERCUT CONVERSATION)

SYDNEY

Because, Pistol, you need to be sure. This will give you some space to think about what you're doing. I'm going to Joshua Tree with some of my buddies for the weekend. Why don't you come with?

PETER

Did you hear what I said?! Zoey walked out on me! How can I think about taking a male-bonding weekend trip?! And also, why do all you guys always go to Joshua Tree?!

SYDNEY

Peter, in times of stress, your guy friends are who you can count on. This is exactly the time for you to be doing that. Alright, Seinfeld's on Letterman. I gotta go. G'night.

Peter hangs up, looks out the window. His neighbor is now sharing an INTIMATE ROMANTIC DINNER with a date. They laugh, then, he kisses her. Peter looks troubled. His phone rings. He picks it up.

PETER

Hey, Lester. Yes, tomorrow afternoon. I'll pick you up. What? No, I'm fine. Nothing. Just some stuff with Zooey. I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. PETER AND ZOOEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Peter looks like crap as he walks towards his car.

INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - MORNING

He drives to work when something catches his eye.

PETER

Oh my god.

PETER'S P.O.V. -- there is a huge BILLBOARD of Peter, a la James Bond in a tuxedo, pointing a gun at the lens. A sign beneath reads: "PETER KLAVEN. LICENSE TO SELL." At the bottom, his office number at Remax Realty.

Peter turns a corner -- sees ANOTHER BILLBOARD with his likeness. This time, he's in a suit, with Ray-Ban sunglasses tipped onto his nose, like a poster for a cheesy 80s movie. The slogan reads: "PETER KLAVEN. THE MARKET'S SO BRIGHT, HE'S GOTTA WEAR SHADES."

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh. My godddd!

Peter turns into his office parking lot. Right across the street, another billboard. In this one, he's dressed as a COWBOY, (with a thick moustache) -- photo-shopped in front of an Olde West Street. The slogan reads: "PISTOL" PETE KLAVEN. THE FASTEST REALTOR IN THE WEST."

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh. My. Gooooodd!!!

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

As Peter enters, his co-workers, who have clearly been talking about his billboards, pretend to go back to work.

He heads to his desk, mortified. The older female co-worker walks by. She's being genuine...

OLDER FEMALE CO-WORKER
Very creative advertising.

He nods, then makes eye-contact with Tevin Downey, who mockingly pretends to shoot a gun in his direction.

EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter's car screeches to a halt in front of the house.

THE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter bangs on the door to the man-cave. Sydney opens it.

PETER
That's what you spent my five
thousand dollars on?!

SYDNEY
You saw the billboards?! Pretty
awesome, right?

PETER
Pretty awesome?! "The Fastest
Realtor In The West?!" "The
Market's So Bright, He's Gotta Wear
Shades?!" They're idiotic! I'll
be the laughing stock of the entire
real estate industry!

SYDNEY
You know what, man, I was trying to
help, okay? That douchebag Downey
has bench ads over the entire West
Side. You need this kind of stuff
to get a leg up on the competition.

PETER
Look, I appreciate the gesture,
but, why didn't you just tell me?

SYDNEY
Because, I know you, Pistol. I
knew you'd react exactly the way
you're doing now. So, I figured
I'd take matters into my own hands.

PETER

Sydney, in one day you've screwed up my career, ruined my relationship--

SYDNEY

By doing what?! Asking why you wanted to marry Zooey? That's what men do for each other.

PETER

I am so goddamn sick of your ridiculous codes! 'You can't tell women this.' 'It's bro's before ho's.' Sydney, I *like* sharing stuff with Zooey. I like spending time just hanging out with her. You know that my favorite night in the last five years is when she and I stayed home, made a summer salad, and watched CHOCOLAT together. And it was my pick at Blockbuster!

SYDNEY

CHOCOLAT? That is just... I don't even know where to begin.

Beat. Then...

PETER

Look, I think we need some time apart.

SYDNEY

What are you talking about?

PETER

Us. This. Whatever it is we're doing here. It's not working out.

SYDNEY

You know what, man, I have to agree.

PETER

Right, so, I think it's probably best, that, uh... if I do actually have a wedding...

(this is hard for him)

...that you not be there.

SYDNEY

Sounds good to me.

PETER

And, if you could have those
billboards taken down--

SYDNEY

Will do. And I'll get you that
five grand next week.

PETER

No rush. Oh, and I think you have
my season two LOST dvd's. I mean,
if you haven't watched them, you
could just--

SYDNEY

It's okay, man. Here you go.

Sydney picks up the box-set of LOST, hands it to Peter. The
two men shake hands.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I wish you the best of luck, Peter.

PETER

You too, Sydney.
(as he leaves)
Why would you hate the Dalai Lama?
He's absolutely adorable and he
stands for peace.

And Peter exits.

EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter heads to his car, passing Sydney's FRIENDS, who have
just pulled up in a VAN, ready for their weekend away.

PETER

He's all yours, guys.

They look confused as Peter gets in his car, speeds away.

INT. L.A. SPORTS ARENA - DAY

A major Junior fencing competition is taking place. Peter
stands near the "STRIP" (the fencing area) with Lester, who's
about to go on. Peter seems really wound up.

PETER

How you doing, Lester? You
nervous?

LESTER

Not really. I feel a strong sense
of inner peace.

PETER

Alright, good. 'Cause I feel like
I'm gonna throw up.

LESTER

Hey, Peter.

PETER

Yeah?

LESTER

I'm really glad you're my friend.

Peter's clearly touched. An ANNOUNCER approaches.

ANNOUNCER

You ready, son?

LESTER

Yes, sir.

The announcer speaks into a mic.

ANNOUNCER

And now, for the final match of the
Los Angeles County Junior Fencing
Competition, from Riverside, we
have Aaron Lieberman. And from
Glendale, we have Lester, the uh...

(confused, as he reads
from a piece of paper)

...Lester "The Molester" Marsh.

Owning the nickname, Lester raises his hand, as he
acknowledges the small crowd.

The two fencers salute each other, as we go into SLOW MOTION.

Lester is incredible. Graceful. Confident. Totally in
control. Peter cheers on his protege.

The crowd grows as word of an incredible fencer spreads
throughout the arena.

The referee continues awarding Lester points.

And, after closing with a flourish, the match ends. The
referee raises Lester's hand in triumph.

Lester removes his helmet, as a huge smile crosses his face. The crowd cheers. He gentlemanly bows to his opponent and shakes his hand.

END SLOW MOTION

Peter runs up to Lester.

PETER

Dude! That was incredible!

LESTER

It was an excellent match. My opponent was very skilled, but, I think I got the better of him.

Then, a CUTE GIRL, 12, dressed in fencing gear, approaches.

CUTE GIRL

Mr. Marsh? I'm Kira. I fence in the Van Nuys club. Would you like to parry with me sometime?

LESTER

I would very much like that, me-lady.

CUTE GIRL

Okay, cool. Here's my e-mail.

She hands him a piece of paper with her info, walks away. Lester turns to Peter, stunned.

PETER

You got digits!

LESTER

I know! How awesome is that!

They try to hi-five, but end up missing each other's hands.

PETER

We'll get that next time. Come on, I'm taking you out to celebrate.

INT. YANG CHOW RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter and Lester eat Chinese food.

PETER

...so, if you and that fencing girl hit it off, you need to figure out a place to take her for a date.

LESTER

Like my room?

PETER

No, somewhere public, like a restaurant, or Pinkberry. One of the reasons I like to come here with women is they know me. I'm familiar with the menu. I'm comfortable here. Dating is stressful enough, you want to try to control your environment as much as possible.

LESTER

You really know a lot about girls.

PETER

Girls I'm pretty good at. Guys, not so much. I gotta run to the bathroom, I'll be right back.

BY THE MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter waits for the Men's Room to open up. As he does, he eyes the WALL OF PHOTOS. The Polaroid of him and Lindsay is still up. But next to it is a new photo, taken the night of the engagement party, of Peter and Zooey -- looking happy and in love.

MR. WONG, the owner of the restaurant, approaches. He points to the new photo..

MR. WONG

Came out nice, right? Where's your beautiful fiance?

PETER

Oh, hey, Mr. Wong. Yeah, she, uh, she couldn't make it tonight.

MR. WONG

You are lying.

PETER

How the hell did you know that?

MR. WONG

You're voice got high, like a girl. I'm not worried about you, Peter. You'll bring a new one in here soon enough.

He pats Peter on the shoulder, exits. Peter takes this in, then, he turns, looks again at the photos of him with Lindsay and Zooey. He turns his attention across the restaurant to Lester, happily eating a moo-shoo pancake, as we go...

CLOSE ON A HAND RINGING A DOOR-BELL

EXT. BARRY AND DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Denise opens the door, revealing Peter standing outside. In the b.g., Barry and his friends are playing poker.

DENISE

Nice billboards. I'll get Zooey.

Denise exits. Peter makes eye-contact with Barry and his FRIENDS, who do not look happy to see him.

PETER

(calling out)

I can't stay. Just came to talk to my fiance.

Zooey approaches.

ZOOEY

"License to Sell?"

PETER

I know. That's what Sydney did with the five grand I lent him. He thought they'd be good for my career.

ZOOEY

They definitely get your name out there. And you look kind of cute with a thick moustache.

PETER

Zooey, I know why I want to marry you.

ZOOEY

I'm all ears.

PETER

The truth is, I have been a girlfriend guy, but, you're the first woman I've ever been with who really wants me to have my own life.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I have to come clean, I heard you talking about me at that ladies night a couple months ago.

ZOOEY

Of course you did. It was totally obvious.

PETER

Oh. Okay, well, I thought you wanted me to have friends for you, but, I'm pretty positive you actually wanted that for me. And, that's one of the most romantic things I can ever imagine. So, can we get this engagement back on track.

ZOOEY

Yes. I hate it here. Barry and his friends are awful.

PETER

By the way, I ended things with Sydney.

ZOOEY

Really? Peter, I hope you didn't do that for me.

PETER

I didn't. He can be a great guy, but, it just wasn't working out.

And we FADE UP a slow, acoustic version of the classic Queen song, "You're My Best Friend," over the following:

EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

He drives past his development site near downtown L.A., clearly upset that it is now out of his reach.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Sydney walks Anwar Sadat alone. The dog poops. He walks away. A WOMAN screams at him but Sydney just keeps walking -- doesn't have the energy to scream back at her.

INT. SILVERLAKE RESERVOIR - DUSK

Peter and Zoey walk hand in hand on jogging path, engrossed in conversation -- connecting again. A WOMAN jogs by -- she looks exactly like her DOG.

Peter points her out to Zoey...

PETER

Check it out... she's a Bowser.
She looks exactly like her dog.

ZOEY

I don't really see it.

Peter is clearly disappointed...

INT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Sydney puts his Jergens and condoms from his jerk-off area into a drawer. He looks longingly at the music area, focusing in on the guitar Peter used to play.

INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

As Peter drives to work, he looks up, catches one of his billboards. Shakes his head. But on his face, it's clear he's starting to see the humor in it.

EXT. SYDNEY'S VESPA - DAY

While he drives, he looks up at another "PETER KLAVERN" billboard. Clearly thinking about his friend.

And we END THE SONG as the montage comes to a close...

INT. REMAX REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Peter enters the office. The RECEPTIONIST greets him.

RECEPTIONIST

Peter, where have you been?

PETER

Oh, my wedding's this weekend, we had to do some preparation.

RECEPTIONIST

Alright, well, check your voice-mail. You have like a million messages.

Off Peter's confusion...

PETER CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

He picks up the phone, dials his voice-mail. In a SERIES OF CUTS, we hear various prospective BUYERS AND SELLERS...

BUYERS AND SELLERS

'Is this Pistol Pete? I have a home in Los Feliz I've been trying to sell...' 'Hi, I'm calling for the James Bond of Real Estate. I saw the Ferrigno Estate online and, I've lot to take a look at it.' 'I'm looking for a property in Bel Air.' 'The market's so bright... that's hysterical. Call me.'

Then...

LOU FERRIGNO (O.S.)

Peter, hi, it's Lou Ferrigno. Great freakin' billboards! I'm sorry I doubted you, man. I told that douchebag Tevin, I want you to have the exclusive back, so, if you can forgive and forget, please give me a call. Oh, and I have a signed HULK poster for your friend. I hope his neck is okay. Thanks, Peter. Or, should I say, "Pistol Pete." Call me.

Peter looks out the window, where one of Sydney's billboards is mounted. He clearly can't believe it. Tevin Downey approaches from the back, starts tickling Peter.

TEVIN

There's my Dog!
(Peter pushes him away)
Me likey the billboards. I underestimated you, my brother. What say we go to Houston's, grab a burger and a beer and figure out how we can tag-team this Ferrigno thing.

PETER

You know what, Tevin. I would never go for a beer with you. Because I only do that with my friends. And you, sir, have no idea what it means to be a friend. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go to my wedding. And also, the next time you tickle me, I'm gonna punch you in the fucking face, Dog!

And a proud Peter exits the office.

EXT. BACARA RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Establishing of this beautiful hotel overlooking the pacific, just outside of Santa Barbara, California.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Peter is getting ready in the bedroom, while Oz and Robbie watch a televised GOLF TOURNAMENT in the living room.

Peter puts on the flashy tux he bought with Sydney. Walks out to show it to the guys.

ROBBIE

Looking good, Peter.

OZ

(re: the golf)
Get in the hole!

PETER

So, any words of wisdom Dad?

It's clear Oz and Robbie are totally focused on the golf.

OZ

You'll be fine.

PETER

Really? No insights about the fact that I'll be sleeping with the same women for the rest of my life?

OZ

To be honest, I really try not to think about that Peter.

ROBBIE
You know I have nothing to add.

ON THE TV - Tiger Woods putts.

OZ
Get legs!

ROBBIE
I would totally fuck Tiger Woods.

OZ
I don't blame you. He's buff as hell. He'd give you the ride of your life.

PETER
Guys, I'm getting married in an hour and you two are my groomsmen. I mean, come on, give me something.

OZ
It's the back nine at the U.S.
OPEN, Peter.

PETER
Right, that is important. Okay, I'm gonna take a walk.

Peter leaves the two of them alone. Oz turns to Robbie...

OZ
You wear condoms when you do it with all those guys, right?

ROBBIE
Every time.

OZ
Good.

They exchange a nice father/son look. Then...

PETER
(re: Tiger Woods)
Ooh. I think I saw the outline of his dick in his pants.

INT. CAR - DAY

ON THE PASSENGER SEAT - an audio-book of the Dalai Lama's THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A narrator reads the book over the car's speakers.

A CELL-PHONE rings.

CLOSE ON SYDNEY, driving, as he picks it up. We hear his side of the conversation.

SYDNEY

Hello? Wow, I did not expect to hear from you. You sure it's a good idea, I mean, it's your wedding? I don't want to impose. Alright, well, if I hurry, I might be able to make part of it. I know, I'm sorry too. Hey... I'm really glad you called. Bye-bye.

SLIGHTLY WIDER -- we now see that Sydney is wearing a TUXEDO.

OUTSIDE THE CAR - Sydney's rental GEO METRO passes a sign which reads: SANTA BARBARA - 10 MILES.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Zoey emerges from the bedroom in a bathrobe -- Hailey and Denise are getting ready in the living room.

DENISE

Zo, this is ridiculous. Who's it gonna be?

ZOOEY

Okay, I've thought a lot about this. You're right, I do have a best friend.

DENISE

Is it Hailey? I knew it! You know what, that's great. Seriously. I get it, you've known her longer.

HAILEY

Are you serious? It's me?

ZOOEY

Would you shut up? It's not you.

DENISE

Yes!

ZOOEY

Guys, it's Peter, okay? Peter is my best friend.

DENISE

Peter is your best friend?

HAILEY

I thought you were skeeved out by that idea.

ZOOEY

I was. But, then I thought about it and... look, I love you guys... you know that, but, Peter's about to be my husband. He understands me more than anyone else in the world. So, that's it. He's my best friend.

HAILEY

That is so sweet.

DENISE

You still have to pick a Maid of Honor.

ZOOEY

I love you both equally. You're going to have to share the job.

HAILEY

I love you so much, Zooey.

DENISE

I love you too, but, honestly, I'm a little bummed. I thought you were going to pick me.

EXT. BACARA RESORT AND SPA - DAY

BY THE BEACH -- EIGHTY guests have now taken their seats. Amongst them -- Peter's FENCING BUDDIES, the older female real estate agent and her husband, the OLD MAN Peter went on a man-date with, Lester's parents, and his gay date, DOUG.

Peter stands by the altar, with his GROOMSMEN, Oz, Robbie, and LESTER. Oz leans over, whispers in his son's ear...

OZ

Hey, I'm sorry I wasn't there for you more when you were a kid.

PETER
That's okay, Dad.

OZ
You just always seemed like you had
your shit together. What'd you
first get laid when you were ten?

PETER
Thirteen.

OZ
Still... not bad. You turned out
good, Peter. I'm proud of you.

Oz warmly rubs his son's shoulder. Robbie leans over.

ROBBIE
How you feeling?

PETER
Great. I'm ready.

ROBBIE
It's been fun getting to know you.

PETER
You too, Robbie.

Robbie takes Peter's hand, sweetly squeezes it.

OZ
Guys, we're at a wedding, we gotta
stop acting like a bunch of homos.

LESTER
Peter, en garde! Here she comes!

Music plays, and a beaming, beautiful Zooey heads down the
aisle, followed by Hailey and Denise.

The JUSTICE OF THE PEACE whispers to Peter...

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
I'm sorry, but whose got the ring?

Peter eyes his groomsmen, then responds...

PETER
I don't really have a Best Man, so,
I'll just hold onto it.

As Zoey approaches the altar, she takes in Peter's outfit, nods her head, psyched.

ZOEY
Awesome tux.

She stands across from Peter, Denise and Hailey by her side, along with a long row of BRIDESMAIDS.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Good afternoon. We are gathered here today in this beautiful place, to join together Peter Klaven and Zoey Rice in matrimony. If anyone can show just cause why they may not be married, let them speak now, or forever hold their peace.

Beat. Then, from behind the guests, SYDNEY FIFE emerges.

PETER
Oh, shit.

All the guests turn their heads.

SYDNEY
No, I don't object. Seriously. I'm all for it. Continue.

Zoey turns back to Peter, smiles at him...

ZOEY
I hope you don't mind.

PETER
You invited him?

ZOEY
I couldn't let you get married without your Best Man.

PETER
I love you so much.

ZOEY
I love you too.

They're about to kiss, when...

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Wait! We haven't even done the ceremony!

PETER

Right, sorry. Sydney, come on up here.

He does. Taking his place next to Peter, who hands him his RING BOX, whispers...

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about all the stuff I said.

SYDNEY

Me too, man.

(beat)

Oh, dude, I rented CHOCOLAT.

(then)

Just... delightful.

The two friends exchange a quick laugh as the Justice continues...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACARA RESORT AND SPA - RECEPTION AREA - DUSK

Cocktail hour. A BAND plays. Guests mingle. Robbie and Doug are hitting it off.

IN ANOTHER CORNER, Sydney walks up to Hailey.

SYDNEY

Hey.

HAILEY

Hey.

They stand there for a beat. Then...

SYDNEY

I was wrong about the Dalai Lama. He's an amazing guy.

HAILEY

Really? Because, I don't actually know anything about him. You were right, I just like his smile.

ACROSS THE WAY, Peter and Zoey watch them interact -- they laugh, hitting it off.

PETER

So what happened? I thought you couldn't stand him.

ZOOEY

The more I thought about it, the more I realized he did what a great friend is supposed to do. He asked you the really tough questions, and I'm pretty sure he did it because he cares about you.

(off Peter's nod)

Plus, you seemed really sad when I didn't get that whole Bowser thing.

Sydney approaches.

SYDNEY

Thanks for calling, Zooey.

ZOOEY

I was worried you wouldn't get here in time.

SYDNEY

Well, there was no traffic and I'm a pretty fast driver, so--

PETER

Dude, you're lying. Your voice when up when you said that.

SYDNEY

I was five minutes away when Zooey called. I love you, man. Invite or not, there was no way I was gonna miss your wedding. And also, I wanted to give you this.

Sydney hands Peter a check for FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

PETER

Sydney, you don't need to do this.

SYDNEY

Pistol, I know you don't believe this, but, I'm actually a pretty successful investor. I told you, I just had a liquidity problem. The billboards were a gift.

PETER

Oh my god, they worked! We have an offer on Ferrigno. My development site is back on.

SYDNEY

That's great, Pete. I'm happy for you.

A bridesmaid motions for Zoey to come over and say hi. Before she walks away...

ZOEY

Oh, and, for the record, Sydney, I do like giving blowjobs. I just got out of the habit. But, thanks for looking out for your buddy here.

SYDNEY

I've learned more about how to treat women from this guy than any friend I've ever had. The least I can do is make sure he's getting bj's on a regular basis.

PETER

I am just incredibly uncomfortable with the conversation you two are having.

ZOEY

Why? We're all friends...

EXT. BACARA RESORT AND SPA - UNDER A TENT - NIGHT

Guests are seated at tables as the meal is served. The band plays. Peter walks up to the bandstand, whispers to the BANDLEADER, who hands him the mic and motions for the musicians to stop playing.

PETER

Hi, everyone. Thank you all so much for being here. Since getting engaged to Zoey Rice, I've learned a lot about myself, about relationships, and about friendships. Zoey, I know you don't like me to say this, but, I don't care. You're my best friend, and I hope that never changes.

ON ZOOEY - tearing up. She quietly replies...

ZOOEY

You're my best friend too, Peter.

Denise and Hailey exchange a look. They have to accept it.

PETER

There are just a few people here I want to mention specifically. First off, my younger brother Robbie. We haven't been close our whole lives, but, these past few months, he's helped me in ways I could never imagine. So, Robbie, here's to you.

(looks around)

Where is he?

OZ

I think he's banging the caterer.

Doug drops his head, bummed.

PETER

Oh, I see. Well, I'll just convey that to him in private. Anyway, Mom, Dad, Lester, Hailey, Denise, you guys have all been there for me as well, and I thank you for that. But most of all, I want to thank someone who taught me the true meaning of friendship. Sydney Fife, I love you, man.

Peter walks up to Sydney, and the two men hug. No patting. And as they hold on to each other, Joyce turns to Oz...

OZ

I'm not saying a word.

And as CREDITS ROLL...

EXT. BACARA RESORT AND SPA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A GUITAR

as Peter plays the driving opening notes to RUSH'S LIMELIGHT.

WIDER -- Sydney is behind the drum-kit He joins in on the beat -- a headset mic strapped to his face, as he begins singing in his not-so-beautiful falsetto...

The rest of the band joins in, and the guests start to dance.

As the music continues, Sydney RIPS his shirt off...

SYDNEY

I'm doing it, man! I'm going full
McConaughey!

Peter cracks up, looks to Zooey -- her face a combination of shock and delight. And as he unbuttons the top couple of buttons on his shirt, and the music continues, we...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END