

MADE OF HONOR

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - **FIVE YEARS EARLIER**

SAM(22), cute in a jeans and T-shirt way, stands in the doorway, flowers in hand, shocked.

SAM (V.O.)
It was the beginning of a rough time in
my life.

LAURA(21), Sam's **very short** but attractive **girlfriend**, is in bed with **BRAD**, a frat boy.

SAM (V.O.)
I sensed that Laura, my girlfriend of
five years, was cheating on me.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTES - BRIDGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A party rages. Sam cautiously makes his way across the lawn, bags in hand.

SAM (V.O.)
So I went to visit my brother, in search
of strength and support.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

Sam polishes the last five fingers from a handle of Jim Beam.
BRIDGER(26), **Sam's shirtless and beer bellied older brother**, puts his arm around him.

Bridger raises the empty bottle to the applause of the crowd.

BRIDGER
Ladies and gentlemen, my little brother!

SAM (V.O.)
Instead, I took to heavy drinking . . .

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

Sleeping bodies are strewn everywhere. Only Sam is awake, sitting in a chair, contemplating his misery.

SAM (V.O.)
And heavy sighing.

Sam sighs heavily.

BRIDGER
Shh!

EXT. UMASS - ANOTHER NIGHT

Sam exits a party and walks across the street to a park.

SAM (V.O.)
So there I was, stumbling around Boston
in miserable, heart-broken contemplation,
drinking and sighing heavily, when I met
Rachel.

RACHEL(21), is on the swing set, swinging in the moonlight.

SAM (cont'd) (V.O.)
She came floating into my life like an
angel . . .

Rachel reaches the peak of her swing and soars into the air.
Sam watches her rise higher and higher, pause for a moment,
and then come "floating" to the ground . . . right at him.
SLAM. She lands on top of him, drilling him to the ground.

RACHEL
Oh my god, are you all right?

SAM
(casually)
I'm fine. How are you?

RACHEL
(smiling, amused)
I'm fine.
(smacking Sam in the chest)
Why didn't you move, you idiot?

SAM
Beer.

Rachel laughs. She helps Sam to his feet.

RACHEL
Come on. I think we need to get you
another one.

Sam looks at Rachel: tall, athletic, and an amazing smile.

SAM
No, no. I think I just want to be alone
for a while.

MONTAGE - SAM AND RACHEL'S CRAZY NIGHT

Party hopping, drinking heavily, running from cops, freestyle rapping with the HOMELESS BROTHAS around a garbage fire . . . All the usual fare for an impromptu first date.

SAM (V.O.)

But in those five hours, I would have more fun with Rachel, than I had had in five years with Laura.

EXT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Sam and Rachel sit on the tattered couch on Bridger's porch, laughing. Bridger exits the house, half-asleep/half-drunk.

SAM

You ready?

BRIDGER

(looking at Sam)

Who are you?

Bridger stumbles down the steps and gets into his car.

SAM

He's fine.

HOOOOONK. Bridger has passed out on the steering wheel. The horn blares and Bridger slowly comes to.

BRIDGER

(angrily)

Shut up, car!

Rachel writes her number on Sam's hand.

RACHEL

Call me from NYC. Give me some good drunk dials.

SAM

And I'll see you next time I'm in town.

RACHEL

Soon, I hope. Nobody else will stay up this late with me.

SAM

Tragic. All the interesting characters come out at four in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Present company definitely included.

Sam smiles and gives a small wave as he starts down the steps. He makes it halfway to the car, when-

RACHEL

Sam.

(walking over to him)

You forgot something.

SAM

Wh-

She leans in and kisses him. Long and good.

SAM (cont'd) (V.O.)

And in that singular moment that stopped time as only a first kiss can, all the pain and emotional turmoil I was drowning in, and was certain would plague me for the rest of my lonely days, was gone.

Rachel punches Sam in the chest, playful but hard.

RACHEL

You're such a puss. Never make a girl do that.

Sam smiles. HOOOOONK.

SAM

Did he pass out again?

RACHEL

No, now he's just being obnoxious.

Inside the car, Bridger honks the horn, pumping his fist.

BRIDGER

Whoo-hoo! 'Atta a boy, Sammy!

INT. BRIDGER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sam rubs his chest as he waves goodbye to Rachel.

BRIDGER

She break your heart, bro?

SAM

No, but I think she might have cracked a rib.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Sam watches the city turn slowly into country. He looks down at Rachel's phone number written on his hand and smiles.

EXT. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK - MORNING

Sam's train speeds toward New York.

SAM (V.O.)

That was how our friendship began. And were it not for my desperate fear of losing that friendship, then perhaps it could have been something more.

(beat)

And deep down I always believed it would.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - **PRESENT**

It is now five years after that fateful night. Sam chews his shirt-sleeve as he paces nervously around a high-rent office.

MIDGE TANNER(40's), a British woman with an eye-patch and **Sam's agent**, sits behind her desk reading his manuscript.

SAM (V.O.)

(narrating what Midge reads)

But the time had finally come. The time to risk what I cherished most - my friendship with Rachel - in hopes of taking our relationship to the next level. I had spent the entire week in eager anticipation of her yearly visit, rehearsing, time and again, the moment that the past five years had been building to: the moment in which I would tell her how I truly felt.

Midge's smile fades into confusion.

SAM (cont'd)

What? You hate it? You hate it.

MIDGE

No, it's wonderful . . .so far. You seem to have forgotten to include the ending.

SAM

Actually, I don't know how it ends, yet.

Midge removes her reading glasses, staring at Sam with her good eye. She **scratches her eye-patch**. Sam winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE

Does the eye-patch bother you? I can take it off if it makes you more comfortable.

She lifts the patch revealing a poorly stitched eye.

SAM

No! Please. I love the eye patch.

Midge shrugs, returning the eye-patch to her eye.

MIDGE

It's Gucci, you know.

SAM

It's very nice.

MIDGE

(beat, serious)

Sam. Today is Tuesday. Next Monday is your deadline. You need to have an ending.

SAM

I do. I mean, I will.

(beat, explaining)

Rachel gets in to town tonight for the Sox, Yankees series-

MIDGE

Like she does every year. I read the book.

SAM

Right. So, I'm gonna give her the two-hundred odd pages I've written so far to *see what she thinks* and . . .there's my ending. Her reaction.

(crossing his fingers)

Hopefully positive.

MIDGE

Let me get this straight: you've spent the last year writing this book because you're too much of a *nancy* to tell this girl how you feel to her face?

Sam nods. Midge shakes her head and hands Sam the manuscript. He slips it into his **shoulder bag**.

MIDGE (cont'd)

Just make sure you tell her by Monday.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AFTERNOON

Sam stands on the platform, waiting, **Yankees hat** on his head. He spots her: Pony-tail spilling out of her BoSox hat, shining eyes, and perfect, mischievous smile. Rachel quickens her pace, racing over to Sam and picking him up off his feet.

RACHEL

Look at you! Getting bigger every time I see you.

SAM

You ready to watch your Beantown boys get squashed?

Rachel grabs the brim of Sam's tattered Yanks hat and pulls it down on his face.

RACHEL

You know that hat looks almost as pathetic as the Yanks will by the end of the night.

Rachel walks past Sam. He just smiles from underneath the brim of his hat, reveling in her presence.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - BLEACHERS - SAME TIME

Sam flags down the BEER MAN.

SAM

Two beers, please.
(to Rachel)
You want anything?

She laughs and takes one of the drinks.

RACHEL

(spotting a gal)
Ooh, what about her? She's a cutie.

SAM

Yeah, so is her husband.

RACHEL

The *daughter*.

Sam looks. A grade school GIRL with Pollyanna pigtails holds her mother's hand.

SAM

You're sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
What? Put her on the five-year plan.

SAM
She's like eight.

RACHEL
Fine. The *ten-year* plan.

Sam shakes his head, laughing. Rachel nods to Sam's bag.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What's in the bag?

SAM
Well . . .my book.

RACHEL
(eyes lighting up)
Ooh! The mysterious manuscript! Do I
finally get to read it?
(before he can answer)
And say yes, or I'll just hit you and
take it.

SAM
(deep breath)
Rach, I have something to tell you.

She grabs his arm, excited.

RACHEL
So do I! Or, ask you, rather. But, go.
You go first.

Sam clutches his bag. His resolve begins to fade.

SAM
No, you go.

RACHEL
Thank you. I'm about to explode if I
don't get this out. I was waiting for the
right time. But I guess it's never the
right time, or maybe it's *always the*
right time-

SAM
Rach. Breathe. And speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

(beat, composing herself)
Okay, I know this is going to sound
slightly *unorthodox*, but we're probably
the closest friends on the planet.
Agreed?

SAM

Cheers to that.

RACHEL

I mean, I'm better friends with you than
any girl I know. So I hope when I ask you
this, it doesn't seem out of nowhere.
(taking his hand)
Sam?

SAM

Yes?

RACHEL

I want you to be my Maid of Honor.

SAM

I'm sorry, what?

RACHEL

I'm getting married!

SAM

I'm sorry, what?

RACHEL

(smacking him in the chest)
I'm serious! I would have told you
sooner, but I really wanted to do it in
person. And you have no excuse, because
we were supposed to hang out this weekend
anyway-

SAM

THIS WEEKEND!?

RACHEL

Sunday afternoon.

A long pause. Sam shakes his head, searching for composure.

SAM

I'm sorry, I . . . You're getting married,
Sunday? To a guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL

Hopefully. What do you say?

SAM

I say . . . Who is *he*? Where did he come from? When will he be leaving?

RACHEL

His name is Tad. He's a lawyer. He's tall and very handsome-

SAM

(sarcastic)

Great. A tall, handsome, lawyer.

(suddenly feigning excitement)

I mean, GREAT! A tall, handsome lawyer!

RACHEL

And most importantly he's a good, honest guy. Just like you.

SAM

(through a forced smile)

Just like me. Isn't that great?

RACHEL

He just swept me off my feet. The last month and a half has been like a dream.

SAM

Wh- A month and a half?! You met this guy *six weeks* ago?

RACHEL

Isn't it crazy?

SAM

Yes. Yes it is! Rach, you can't get *married*. I mean . . . what about us?

RACHEL

Please. If our friendship can weather the Yanks-Sox rivalry, it can certainly withstand marriage.

Sam is in total shock. He let's the information process.

SAM

I can't. I can't do it. There's no way I could handle being there all weekend.

(tempering his honesty)

I mean, I have this deadline. Monday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAM (cont'd)
I guess I can be there for the ceremony,
though.

RACHEL
(nodding, hurt)
Oh. Okay.
(beat)
Well, what were you going to say?

Sam shakes his head. He sure as hell can't follow that.

SAM
Um, nothing. It was- Nothing.

Sam looks at Rachel. He can see how much this means to her.

SAM (cont'd)
(addressing the crowd)
Men of the bleachers.
(everyone looks)
It's time for us to begin the search for
our new dream girl, because this one is
getting married.
(off Rachel's smile)
Raise your collectible Derek Jeter cups
with me, gentlemen. For strangers though
we may be, we are united by the common
sense of loss when a girl this perfect
chooses one man on whom she will bestow
her beauty for the rest of her days. I
wish her all the best, and I hope you
will too.

BEER MAN
Wow. You should be writin' greeting
cards.

Suddenly, as if on the cue, the **stadium organ** sounds: **da-da-
da-Daa-da-Daa-**

CROWD
CHARGE!

SAM
I planned that.

Rachel smiles and hugs him. Sam exhales, his mind racing.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - WEDNESDAY

Sam frantically scans the rows and rows of rings.

STORE CLERK
Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
I need an engagement ring.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sam bursts into the apartment. **Laura**, Sam's aforementioned cheating girlfriend, is sitting on the couch, talking on the phone. He rockets across the room and drops to his knee.

SAM
I have something very important to ask you.

LAURA
(irritated)
Hurry up. I'm talking to Brad.

SAM
Brad?

LAURA
I told you, there's nothing between us.
We're just friends.

SAM
Yeah, but that's what you said last time.
And by "friends" you meant "dating," and
by "nothing" you meant "sex."

A beat. Laura waits for the question.

LAURA
I'm *waiting*.

Sam shakes it off. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the ring box, and holds it behind his back. He takes a breath.

SAM
Will . . . Will you . . .

LAURA
(very annoyed)
Will I *what*?

Sam shuts his eyes. Like a band-aid. Quick and painless.

SAM
Will you . . . give me a minute? I need to
make a call.

INT. SAM'S ROOM - LATER

Sam is on his cell phone. He closes the door for privacy.

INT. BRIDGER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The phone rings. **Bridger** slowly comes to from under a mass of sheets. He pulls the phone from under his pillow.

BRIDGER

Mm-ello?

SAM (O.S.)

Married, Bridge! She's getting married!

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE/SAM'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Bridger slowly sits up in bed.

BRIDGER

Whoa, whoa. Slow down, buddy. You have any idea what time it is?

SAM

It's two in the afternoon.

Bridger checks his clock, flexing his eyeballs to work out the sleep.

BRIDGER

You know I like to sleep in on Saturday.

SAM

Bridge, it's Wednesday.

(beat)

Did you hear what I said?

BRIDGER

Yeah, it's *Wednesday*. I got it. You don't have to rub it in.

SAM

No! Bridger, Rachel Brogan is getting **MARRIED!** And not to me! She asked me to be her Maid of Honor. What do I do?

Bridger picks up a beer can from his bedside table and gives it a shake. Nothing but foam. He downs it.

BRIDGER

You. You will do nothing. Because nothing is what you always do. Nothing is what you've been doing for the past five years. No one does "nothing" better than you, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

What is that supposed to mean?

BRIDGER

It means you'll stew about it, and talk it to death with anyone who'll listen - except, of course, her. It means you'll drink wine out of a box and listen to some sad bastard music - Tom Waits, Paul Westerberg, and a bunch of bullshit like that -

Sam looks at the CD's next to his stereo: Tom Waits, Paul Westerberg and a bunch of bullshit like that . . .

BRIDGER (cont'd)

It means you'll just marry Laura out of a desperate fear of never finding anyone else and spending life alone. To be honest I'm surprised you didn't drive straight home and ask her.

Sam's face registers nervous guilt as he looks at the **engagement ring** in his hand. He **sets it on the dresser**.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

It means of course she asked you to be the Maid of Honor. You're her best *friend*. It means you're gonna be the guy *in the dress* because you never had the balls to be the guy *in the tux*.

(beat)

Now. What would *I* do? What would any man with even an ounce of sand in his nutsack do?

SAM

Yeah?

BRIDGER

Crash that wedding like it's Daddy's T-bird and you've been drinkin' since noon.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sam drops the phone, inspired. He heads for the door, but stops on a dime, when Laura **knocks**.

LAURA

Sam?

Trapped. Sam turns. He looks to the window.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A quickly packed and half-zipped duffel hits the ground. THREE STORIES UP, Sam climbs out the window and begins to lower himself down the fire ladder.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger is still on the phone, and his high horse.

BRIDGER
(into phone)
Be more like your big bro, man. Go to class drunk and grab your professor's boobs. Take a summer and follow Portishead around the country. Spend a weekend on the couch with a keg and a pair of depends diapers watching the Little League World Series.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Laura enters. She sees the **engagement ring**.

LAURA
Oh, Sam . . .you *chicken shit*!

She picks up the phone and listens to Bridger drone on.

BRIDGER (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Be a risk taker. Get off your ass, pull up your Bridesmaid's dress, come to Boston and **stop this wedding**!

Laura drops the phone. She looks to the window and sees the curtains billowing in the breeze. Her eyes narrow.

LAURA
(to herself, in the mirror)
You have worked too hard to create the illusion of fidelity to let it slip away.

She fingers the engagement ring and storms out.

BRIDGER (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Have the *balls* to fail miserably!

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger nods, wrapping up his speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIDGER

Bottom line, my man . . .Be like me.

Bridger hangs up the phone and looks at himself in his full length mirror, gut hanging over his underwear.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

(to himself)

You could change *lives* with words like that, my friend. I need a pen.

Bridger looks around the room for a second. He pauses.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

What the hell am I looking for?

(beat)

Ahh. That's right.

He picks up beer, cracks it, and hops back into bed.

INT. MIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Midge is at her desk, trying on different eye patches when the door bursts open. It's Sam.

SAM

I need-

Sam's catches a glimpse of Midge's stitched eye and he immediately looks to the ceiling.

SAM (cont'd)

-you to put a sign on the door that warns people whether the patch is *on* or *off*.

MIDGE

(holding up two patches)

Which do you like? The green or the red?

SAM

Ahh . . .the green?

MIDGE

Really? Why?

SAM

(searching for a reason)

It brings out the color in your eyes.
Your eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE

(putting on the green one)
You're pathetic, Sam. Now what was the
real reason of your hurried entrance.

SAM

I need an extension.

MIDGE

Sam, first time authors do not ask for
extensions. What's the problem?

SAM

Rachel is getting married! To someone
else!

MIDGE

That is *brilliant*!
(off his confusion)
I can't believe you didn't think of it
before! It completely adds the tension
and drama your story was missing.

Midge stands and paces, spit-balling the story.

MIDGE (cont'd)

Sam and Rachel, destined for each other.
Until he finds out she's betrothed to
another man and has . . . what? We need a
ticking bomb, here. *Five days* to win her
back. God, Sam, it's bloody genius! Best
seller, for sure!

(off his shocked silence)

What? You don't like it? Is it too
contrived? Too unrealistic? Well, you're
the writer, you'll figure it out. You're
right, it will take a bit longer to
finish, but no reason you can't get it
done over the weekend.

(beat)

By the by, what did the real Rachel say
when you showed her the book?

SAM

I'm getting married!
(off Midge's confusion)
I never showed her the book, Midge.
Listen to me. Rachel. The *real* Rachel. *My*
Rachel is getting married! This Sunday.
And I'm the Maid of Honor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIDGE

My god, Sam. It's even better than I could have imagined.

SAM

I'm going to Boston right now to stop it. I need the extension.

A pause. Midge bursts into hysterical laughter.

SAM (cont'd)

What?

MIDGE

You? Are going to go stop a wedding?

SAM

Yes. I am.

Midge takes a moment to compose herself.

MIDGE

Forgive me, Sam, but no, you're not. In all the years I've known you, dear, I've never seen you take so much initiative as to order your own meals, let alone do something like this.

SAM

You're just saying that because you want me to stay here and finish the book.

MIDGE

No, I'm saying that because it's true. Actually, I want you to go. And I want you taking mental notes the *entire time*. This *is* the book.

SAM

Midge. This is not the book. This is my life. And I demand it end **happily goddamn ever after!**

Phone rings. Midge shakes her head at Sam in amusement.

MIDGE

Good for you, Sam. Just remember, when it comes to women there are always other fish in the sea. Not so when it comes to publishers.

A beat. Sam exits. Midge answers her phone.

EXT. BROOKLINE, MASS. - DAY

Across the Charles River, Boston changes from city to suburb.

EXT. BROGAN HOUSE - DAY

Sam stands at the door. Rachel's Mom, **MRS. BROGAN(40's)** answers. She smiles wide in surprise and gives him a hug.

MOM
Sam Porter, what are you doing here?!
(calling inside)
Rachel?!

INT. BROGAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

MR. BROGAN(50's), Rachel's crew-cutted father, sees Sam.

MR. BROGAN
Sam! How are you?

SAM
Mr. Brogan!

Sam opens his arms for a hug.

MR. BROGAN
Sure. Why not? I'm an open-minded,
contemporary man.

Mr. Brogan gives Sam three hearty pats on the back in an effort to make the hug as masculine as possible. They part.

SLAM. Rachel comes flying in from the hallway, tackling Sam and sending him flying over the back of the couch. They collapse onto the floor, where they begin to wrestle.

MOM
Oh, not in the living room, Rach. I just
vacuumed.

MR. BROGAN
Watch the glass!

SAM
(beat, struggling pathetically)
That's it, Brogan. You're toast. I'm
gonna beat your ass, this time . . .

Rachel has Sam pinned, face down, her knee in his back.

RACHEL
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
This is the last time.

Rachel lets him up, smiling.

RACHEL
What are you doing here? I thought you weren't coming 'til Sunday?

SAM
How are you supposed to get ready for your wedding without a Maid of Honor?

RACHEL
Shut up!

She gives Sam a playful but firm shove of excitement. He reels back and collapses on the glass table. SMASH. Sam is splayed out on a pile of broken glass.

MRS. BROGAN
Rachel Elizabeth Brogan!

RACHEL
(stifling laughter)
Are you okay?

Mom helps Sam to his feet. Rachel fights a smile.

MRS. BROGAN
This isn't funny, young lady!

TAD (O.S.)
What's all the commotion?

All heads turn. In strolls **TAD(30's), Rachel's fiance**. He is tall, handsome, and has excellent posture. His hair is neatly coifed. The picture of "together." He reeks of arrogance.

TAD (cont'd)
(spotting Sam)
Hello, I'm Tad. And you must be-
(looking at Sam's arm)
Bleeding.
(checking out Sam's wound)
Jesus, man, are you all right? What happened?

MRS. BROGAN
Rachel threw him through the glass table.

RACHEL
It was an accident!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rachel can't fight it anymore. She's cracking up.

TAD
This is going to need stitches.

SAM
Oh, no. Really, I'm fine.

TAD
It's okay, Sam. I'm a doctor.

SAM
I thought you were a lawyer?

TAD
By profession, yes. But I graduated from
medical school before I turned to law.
(to Rachel, for confirmation)
Rach?

RACHEL
Harvard. First in his class.

TAD
(shrugging)
I don't like to brag.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - AFTER

A room frozen in time since she graduated high school. Sam looks away as Tad stitches him up.

SAM
How ironic. That you should be stitching
me up, like this.
(beat, no response)
Nevermind.

TAD
Oh no, I get it. The irony that I would
be fixing your physical wounds when, in
truth, I'm probably the source of some of
the emotional pain you're experiencing
right now, as Rachel begins this next
chapter of her life.
(beat)
It's more of a metaphor, if you think
about it. I minored in English at Brown.

SAM
Of course you did.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mr. and Mrs. Brogan are cleaning up the broken glass.

MRS. BROGAN

I hope he's okay.

MR. BROGAN

Ah, don't worry about Sam, he's a tough kid. *Queer as three dollar bill*, but a tough kid.

MRS. BROGAN

Sam is not . . . queer.

MR. BROGAN

Honey, he's a writer, he lives in New York . . . *Broadway* . . . *he always smells nice*. Besides, five years and nothing more than *friends* with a girl like my Rachel? Honey, I'm sorry, I love the kid to death too, but loafers don't get much lighter than that.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Tad continues to stitch Sam's arm.

TAD

Listen, Sam, I'm not gonna bullshit you, here. I've already got a brother, and I don't really need another one.

SAM

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

TAD

How should I say this?

(beat)

I don't like you.

SAM

This is the first time we've met.

TAD

Yeah, but I don't even like the *idea* of you. The idea of another man that Rachel has a relationship with that is separate from mine. The idea that she shares something with you or finds something in you that I can't provide. Whatever that is, I'd much rather she didn't have it all, than have it with you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD (cont'd)

(beat)

Now as much as I *despise* you and the idea of you being Rachel's Maid of Honor, and spending *every moment with her* for the next four days . . .

(beat, lost in thought)

I'm sorry, I lost my train thought. My mind was clouded with rage.

SAM

You despise me, Maid of Honor . . .

TAD

Right, right. Unfortunately, until Sunday afternoon when she says, *I do*, she's still her own woman and is still "allowed" to make her own decisions.

(beat, coming to a point)

But once I got that ring locked around her finger, as far as I'm concerned, as far as *we're* concerned, Rachel and I, the *Smalls*, you don't exist. Once we're married she's mine. All mine. Do we understand each other?

(beat, no response)

Good.

Tad stands and heads for the door. He turns back.

TAD (cont'd)

Oh, and if I catch so much as a whiff of you trying to stop the wedding . . .

SAM

You'll perform exploratory surgery with your bare hands?

TAD

Much worse. I'll just tell Rachel.

He smiles and exits.

SAM

Nice meeting you, too.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTER

Tad exits the room. Rachel is waiting.

TAD

He'll be fine. He got a little woozy, so I told him to lie down for a few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
You are so good.

She smiles and kisses him.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam lays on the bed smiling. Rachel lies down next to him.

RACHEL
What are you smiling at?

SAM
You're marrying a guy named *Tad Smalls*?
(off Rachel's chuckle)
Tell me it's not a nickname.
(more laughter)
Well, I should get going-

RACHEL
No, no, no. The Maid of Honor will be staying *right here*, this weekend. I'm liable to break down at any moment and I can't be running around the city looking for you when that happens.

SAM
If you fall apart I promise I will be right there to pick up the pieces.
(beat)
What about Tad?

RACHEL
He's staying at his place. You know. Superstitions.
(beat)
What are you going to do about your book? Don't you have to have it done by Monday?

SAM
Rach, please. Your wedding is way more important than some silly story.

Rachel smiles and snuggles into his arm.

RACHEL
I'm so glad you came.

INT. BROGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner time. Rachel, Sam, Tad, Mr. and Mrs. Brogan and **TIMMY(6)**, Rachel's little brother enjoy their meal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROGAN

So, Sam? Tell me. What do you think of Mike Piazza?

SAM

I don't know. I'm more of a Yankees fan.

MR. BROGAN

But you gotta like Piazza. He's a good lookin' guy, right?

MRS. BROGAN

Harold, please!

MR. BROGAN

What? I can't have a conversation with the "Maid" of Honor about a great ball player, who also happens to be a very handsome man?

(adding quickly)

So I'm told.

Rachel stifles laughter.

SAM

I think he's a very good catcher, Mr. B.

MR. BROGAN

See? Simple question, simple answer.

(beat)

Now, when you say "catcher" you're talkin' about baseball, right?

Mrs. Brogan stands and clears her place setting, angrily. Mr. Brogan stands and follows to do damage control.

MR. BROGAN (cont'd)

What? What did I say?

An awkward pause now that the parents have left.

TAD

Speaking of baseball, I have a little announcement to make. Now, Rachel, I know how much you love the Red Sox, sooo . . .

Tad hands Rachel a small box. She opens it. Two Sox tickets.

RACHEL

(shocked)

These are season tickets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAD
(raising an eyebrow to Sam)
Box seats.

RACHEL
I don't know what to say. Thank you,
sweetie.

She hugs him. Over her shoulder, Tad gives Sam a smug, *touche'* look.

TAD
(really turning the knife)
Did Rachel tell you how we only met six
weeks ago?
(taking her hand in his)
Yes, we had one of those . . . instant
connections.

Rachel turns to Sam as she stands to clear her plate.

RACHEL
Just like us!

SAM
(as she exits)
Yup! Just like us! How 'bout that?

TAD
(aside, to Sam)
The only difference is I had the balls to
do something about it.
(beat, clearing his plate)
See you at the wedding.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Sam is on a swinging chair, listening to his phone ring.

SAM
(imitating Tad)
See you at the wedding. What a dipshit.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger is in his underwear (as always) fiddling with a camcorder. He checks the caller I.D. and answers the phone.

BRIDGER
Sambo. Talk to me.

EXT. PORCH/INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

SAM
I'm in Boston.

BRIDGER
'Atta boy! Have you seen Rachel?

SAM
I'm at her house right now.

BRIDGER
Nice, nice. And the dude?

SAM
He's a total dipshit.

BRIDGER
Now wait a minute. Is he *really* a
dipshit, or are you just *saying* he's a
dipshit because that's what guys always
say about the dude dating the hot chick?

SAM
He told me that I don't exist.

BRIDGER
You don't *exist*?! He said that?

SAM
Word for word.

BRIDGER
What a dipshit.

Bridger slams the camcorder on the table.

SAM
What was that?

BRIDGER
I'm trying to fix the camcorder for my
Entrepreneurial Business final. You know
Girls Gone Wild?

SAM
Yeah . . .

BRIDGER
Well I got a better idea.
(dramatic pause)
Chick fights.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIDGER (cont'd)
Just video tape chicks brawling and sell
those puppies at twenty bucks a pop.

SAM
Where do you find the fights?

BRIDGER
Well, that's been the rub. So far all
I've got is two old women arguing over a
cake in a Jewish bakery. But it gets
pretty heated.

Sam pauses, considering, then regains his train of thought.

SAM
What am I gonna do, Bridge?

BRIDGER
I'm telling you, man. This is flat out
war. We don't just stop this wedding, we
utterly destroy it until there is nothing
left but the rubble of wedding cake and
celebratory rice.

SAM
Can't do it.

BRIDGER
What do you mean *can't* do it? This guy
denied your very existence!

SAM
He warned me that if he caught me
undermining the wedding *at all*, he'd tell
Rachel.

BRIDGER
Then what? I refuse to believe that you
came all this way just to sit by and help
Rachel make this the perfect wedding
while some other hoser gets all the
glory. Even if he is her fiance!

SAM
(suddenly inspired)
Bridge, that's it!

BRIDGER
Man, if that's *it*, then you are scraping.

SAM
No, listen. If he's expecting me to be
the cog in this wedding's wheel, then I
do the exact opposite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIDGER

(smirking, sarcastic)

What? You make it the *best wedding ever*?

SAM

Why not?

BRIDGER

Okay, I'm gonna hang up on principle,
right now.

SAM

Wait, hear me out. I can't sabotage the wedding, right? So my only shot here is to prove that I'm the better man. That I'm the *best man*. And the only way to do that, is to go out of my way to be the best Maid of Honor in the history of marriage.

BRIDGER

So let me get this straight. As the *Maid of Honor*, you're going to prove that you're the *best man*, and hopefully end up the *groom*?

EXT. PORCH - SAME TIME

The front door opens and Rachel sticks her head out.

RACHEL

You're in Timmy's room. Is that cool?
(off Sam's nod, she smiles)
I'll see you in the morning.

Sam waits for the door to close behind her.

SAM

Bridge, listen to me. I will do anything, go to any lengths to make Rach happy. I will make her last, single days the greatest ever, *by any means necessary*. Are you with me?

BRIDGER (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Sammy, you know I will back every foolish decision you make.

SAM

Good. Now I'm gonna go sleep with a six year old boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Click. Sam hangs up and heads into the house, charged up.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger cocks his head in response to Sam's last comment.

BRIDGER
Except that one.

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Timmy sleep head to toe, though Timmy is wide awake. Sam cracks an eye.

SAM
You don't remember me, do you?

Timmy shakes his head, **no**.

SAM (cont'd)
This is gonna scar you for life isn't it?

Timmy nods his head, **yes**. Sam picks up his pillow and blanket and lays down on the floor. They both drift off to sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - FOLLOWING MORNING

Sam enters, head of bed, walking like a zombie. Rachel hands him a cup of coffee and a **schedule of events**.

RACHEL
Here's your schedule of events. You game?

SAM
(reading schedule)
Spa treatments with bridesmaids . . .
family barbecue . . .
(beat, amused)
It'll be tough, Rach, but I think I can handle it.
(looking over the schedule)
I see a *Bridal Shower*, but I don't see a Bachelorette party?

RACHEL
Yeah, Tad's mom hates the idea. Gets dizzy when anyone even mentions it. She kind of forbade me from having one.

SAM
Forbade? Who even says that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Listen, you don't have to go to
everything, if you don't-

SAM

Stop right there. I'm the Maid of Honor
and I intend to follow that *to the*
letter. I only have one question.
(beat, smiling)
What color is my dress?

RACHEL

Pink. Come on, I'll show it to you.

SAM

(confused)
Pink?

Rachel skips up the stairs, filled with excitement. Sam
blinks. **He was joking. She was not.**

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam enters. Rachel hangs a garment bag from the door.

RACHEL

I hope it fits.

The DOORBELL rings. She hands Sam the garment bag.

SAM

Wait, Rach. When I said *to the letter*- I
didn't mean, you know . . .the *letter*.

RACHEL

Do you really think I would make you wear
a dress?

SAM

Yes.

RACHEL

Even my bad taste has its limits. Now put
on your *tuxedo* and come meet the Gals.

Rachel exits. Sam unzips the garment bag. His smile fades.

INT. BROGAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

The front door opens and in spill the **Bridesmaids** in their
matching, pink dresses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are: **MOLLY**, pretty and fashionable, **MEGS**, an Asian gal with a very short fuse, and **LITTLE SUE**, a "healthy-sized" black gal with sex drive to spare. Like a young Nel Carter on Viagra.

MOLLY

Rach, honestly. We just picked these up from Mrs. Smalls-

RACHEL

I know they're not exactly "flattering"-

MOLLY

We'd look hotter in burlap sacks.

RACHEL

But, Mrs. Smalls' bridesmaids wore them, and she *insisted* that you guys wear them, as well.

LITTLE SUE

You mind if I tape my boobs for the wedding, Rach?

MEGS

Aren't those funbags big enough already?

LITTLE SUE

(grabbing her own boobs)
Don't hate on me just 'cause you ain't got the goods to smotha a brotha.

The gals launch into a tirade of bickering.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam paces the room, chewing his shirt sleeve.

SAM

(chanting to himself)
By any means necessary, by any means necessary . . .

The tux hangs from the closet: **all pink**. His phone rings.

SAM (cont'd)

(answering his cell phone)
Hello?

INT. MIDGE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Midge is on her headset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE

Samuel! How's our hero doing?

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM/MIDGE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

SAM

He's Maid of Honor to the girl of his dreams.

MIDGE

Tell me your writing all of this down.

SAM

Tell me you got the extension.

MIDGE

Sorry, love. Still Monday by five.

SAM

Midge, I have two words for you: Pink. Tuxedo.

MIDGE

I can practically see the words on the page. *Sam stared into the full length mirror, donning the decadently pink tuxedo that Rachel had carefully selected for him. There was no turning back now, he realized. He would do anything to win her over. Sadly, he noted, he had never looked more dashing.*

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam closes his eyes in frustration.

SAM

That's great, Midge. Why don't you write the book?

RACHEL (O.S.)

(calling from downstairs)

Hey, Princess! Let's go!

SAM

I have to go. The other bridesmaids are waiting. Midge, get me that extension.

Sam hangs up. He looks at the tux and takes a breath.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sam emerges from Rachel's room, swimming in pink. Timmy sees him and moves briskly back into his own room, closing the door behind him. Sam shakes his head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel moves to the stereo, preparing Sam's entrance music.

RACHEL
Ladies, I am proud to present . . .my
Maid of Honor!

"**Pink**" by Aerosmith, or some other appropriately on-the-nose song begins to play. The Gals smile in anticipation.

Sam descends the stairs. The Gals check him out from toe to head as he comes down: **shiny leather shoes, tux with tails, laced vest, tophat, and cane . . .all pink.** Smiles fade.

MEGS
Rach, your Maid of Honor is a dude.

MOLLY
I take it all back, Rach. These dresses
will look stunning. Relatively speaking.

Click. Rachel snaps a photo, cracking up. Little Sue circles Sam, checking him out.

LITTLE SUE
This is the famous "Sam"?

MEGS
What a disappointment. I pictured someone
less . . .

MOLLY
Pink.

SAM
Oh, this isn't mine . . .

MEGS
(sarcastic)
Really? I never would have guessed.

Megs shares a look with the Gals that says: "Who is this idiot?" Mr. Brogan enters and sees Sam in the pink tux.

SAM
Mr. Brogan-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROGAN
(holding up his hands)
Sam. Never feel the need to explain
yourself. Not to me. Not to anyone.
(beat)
We love you just the way you are.

Mr. Brogan nods and exits. Rachel puts her arm around Sam.

RACHEL
Have I told you you're the best?

SAM
Not nearly enough.

RACHEL
(she kisses his cheek)
You're the best.

Tad enters through the front door. Flowers in hand. He grabs Rachel and kisses her passionately. The Gals roll their eyes.

SAM
(to himself)
Second best, anyway.

Rachel takes the flowers, touched. Tad looks at Sam and just bursts into laughter.

RACHEL
Doesn't he look great?

TAD
He sure does. Just priceless.

Tad puts his arm around Sam and whispers into his ear.

TAD (cont'd)
(aside to Sam)
You're whipped by *my* woman. How sad is that?

RACHEL
(to Tad)
What are you doing here? We're supposed to see less of each other right before the wedding, not more.

TAD
I know. But I just had to see how mother's dresses looked on the ladies.
(looking at the Gals)
She'll be so happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
At least somebody will.

RACHEL
Tad, get in there with Sam and the Gals.

Tad and Sam stand on opposite sides of the gals. Rachel lifts up her camera for another picture.

RACHEL
All right. Smiles! And I want 'em *big*!

LITTLE SUE
(through her smile)
If she wants 'em big, then why is she marryin' Tad?

Tad forces himself to continue smiling. The Gals chuckle.

MEGS
(through her smile)
Hey, look everybody. We're bookended by douche bags.

Click. Rachel takes the picture.

RACHEL
We should probably get changed if we want to be at the salon by one.

SAM
You mean the spa, right?

RACHEL
Spa, salon . . .same difference.

EXT. SPA/SALON - AFTER

Little Sue's SUV pulls up. Everyone gets out. The Gals head in, but Sam hangs back a beat with Rachel. He looks up at the sign: EMILE'S FULL SERVICE SALON. Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
You still want to be one of the gals?

SAM
(feigning nonchalance)
Of course.
(beat)
I just don't know if the *gals* want me to be one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Don't be ridiculous. They just haven't gotten to know you, yet. Relax. By the end of the day, they'll love you just as much as I do.

Rachel smiles and heads into the salon, leaving Sam alone.

SAM

(to himself)

She's getting married in three days, her friends think I'm a douche bag . . . Relax. Sure. No problem.

Sam shakes his head and enters the salon.

INT. SALON - AFTERNOON - MAKEOVER MONTAGE

-Manicures. Sam bites his nails on one hand, as the nails on the other are painted. The **manicurist** gently pulls Sam's fingers from his mouth. He has nail polish on his teeth.

-Pedicures. A row of beautiful feet being delicately polished. And then Sam. His **pedicurist** pulls a mask over her mouth and nose and goes to work.

-Haircuts. Everyone is spun around in their respective chairs, on by one. Rachel and the Gals look amazing: classy, cute cuts. They all applaud each other. Sam's chair is the last: A super mod do with sweeping bangs, plastered to his face. The clapping stops, save for Rachel, who continues with the sarcastic, one-person applause.

INT. SALON - AFTER

Rachel, Sam, and the Gals are now in bathrobes. They follow a SALON WOMAN down a hallway. She opens the first door.

SALON WOMAN

Sir. You'll be in here. Take off your robe and lay on the table, face down.

Sam looks into the room. A **massage table**.

SAM

Oh, thank god. A massage is just what I need to relax.

Sam darts into the room and closes the door behind him.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam tosses his robe on the ground and dives onto the table, closing his eyes in relaxation. A **WAXER** emerges from behind a curtain mixing a container of **hot wax**. She stops.

WAXER

Are you sure you in the right room, sir?

SAM

(smiling, eyes closed)
I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

She shrugs and applies the wax across the back of Sam's legs.

SAM

Yes, yes. The hot oils . . .

WAXER

What would you like done today?

SAM

I don't know . . . Swedish?

The WAXER raises her eyebrows.

WAXER

I can't say I've ever done a Swedish. I do a lot of *Brazilians*.

SAM

Mmm, Brazilian. That sounds nice. Now that's full body, right?

WAXER

Oh, yeah.

SAM

Perfect. The Brazilian it is.

This is one strange customer. The waxer lays the **rip strip** over the applied coat of wax. She lays her hand on his thigh.

SAM (cont'd)

And please. Take your time.

The customer is always right. Sam opens his eyes a bit. He sees **two handles** in front of him. He grabs them, confused.

SAM (cont'd)

What are these handles for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RRRR-r-r-rip. Sam's hands flex around the handles, instinctively, as he lets out a **skin-tearing scream** before passing out from the pain.

EXT. SMALLS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - EVENING

A **pre-wedding barbecue** is in full swing in the Smalls' massive backyard, which sits in the shadow of their even more massive home. Mr. and Mrs. Brogan marvel at the **tank of 50 live lobsters** that will be used for dinner.

MRS. BROGAN

Live lobsters!? They must have cost a fortune.

MRS. SMALLS, Tad's overprotective, controlling, blue-blooded mother, approaches.

MRS. SMALLS

Oh, they did. A small one, anyway.

Mrs. Smalls chuckles, aristocratically. Timmy taps the glass.

MRS. BROGAN

Don't tease the lobsters, sweetheart.

MRS. SMALLS

Oh, don't be silly. They're going to be boiled alive, anyway, so I don't think a little glass tapping will bother them.

(touching his nose)

You tease away, dear.

The party stops as Sam, Rachel, and the Gals enter. **Sam's shorts reveal freshly waxed legs.**

MR. BROGAN

(aside, to Mrs. Brogan)

What'd I tell you? Nice stems, though.

Tad approaches Sam, shielding his eyes.

TAD

Whoa! You almost blinded me with those legs, Ace.

(laughing at his own joke)

Come on, Rachel, I got a big surprise for you, upstairs.

He drags her away. Little Sue cocks an eyebrow, speaking just loud enough for Tad to hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE SUE
Ain't no *big surprise* from what I hear,
Tad Smalls.

Tad stops and grits his teeth before continuing on. The Gals give a collective laugh and high five.

SAM
I hear that!

Laughter stops. The Gals turn and leave. Sam shakes his head and follows, committed to breaking the ice. As **Sam hobbles gingerly** past the lobster tank, Timmy takes a break from his glass tapping and looks up at Sam.

TIMMY
How come you walk so funny?

SAM
When you're older you'll understand.
(beat)
Actually, you won't. For future
reference, though: A *Brazilian* is *not* a
massage.

Sam pats Timmy on the head and hobbles along. He approaches the Gals at the bar.

SAM
Four beers, please.
(to the gals)
You guys want anything? I'm kidding.

The gals look at each other, unamused.

MEGS
Is Rach friends with another Sam? Because
this "guy" does not fit the description
of the cool guy she was always having
these crazy, fun times with.

SAM
That's *me*! Fun . . .cool . . .crazy!

MEGS
You're about as fun and cool as an enema.
(beat)
And you look like a seal.

SAM
I . . .Seals are fun!

Silence. This is rock bottom. Megs puts her arm around Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGS

Sam. It's like this. We're already dealing with the fact that, come Sunday, Rach will have officially been stolen away from us by a *walking asshole*. The last thing we need is *another* guy spoiling our last few days with her.

INT. TAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Tad hands Rachel an envelope. She opens it. It's a picture of a house. A really big house.

RACHEL

It's a house. It's a really big house.

TAD

It's our house. It's near everything. Good schools, the office, and only two blocks away from my mother.

RACHEL

(considering the down side)
And my family-

TAD

Is only a hop, skip, and a forty minute drive down the freeway, without traffic.
(beat, seeing she isn't sold)
And they can visit whenever they want. It's got nine bedrooms.
(moving in for the kill)
And I plan on christening them all.

He takes her in his arms and she smiles.

EXT. SMALLS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Sam has retreated to the corner of the yard for some privacy. He paces, phone to his ear.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bridger is mid-stream when he answers his phone.

BRIDGER

Yello!

INT. BRIDGER'S BATHROOM / EXT. SMALLS' BACKYARD - INTERCUT

Sam talks. Bridger pees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Bridge! I need your help.

BRIDGER

What's the news? Is she still gonna marry this dipshit?

SAM

She's upstairs with him right now, so I can only assume.

BRIDGER

Upstairs, huh? Yeah, sex is pretty husband and wifey.

SAM

The good news: I don't think her friends like him.

BRIDGER

That's good. That's key. Bad news?

SAM

Her brother thinks I'm a pedophile and her friends *hate* me.

BRIDGER

Well, the brother thing is simple: just stop touching him that way. *I'm kidding!*

(beat)

You can touch him any way you want, just make sure he keeps his mouth shut.

SAM

Bridge-

BRIDGER

Kidding! Kidding!

(beat)

But, seriously. Don't touch the kid.

SAM

Bridger!

BRIDGER

I'm sorry! What was your question?

SAM

Her friends?!

BRIDGER

Right. Look, they hate you because you're a guy. You gotta become one of the gals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

Bridge, I wore a pink tux, I got a full
body waxing . . . I don't know what else I
can do!

BRIDGER

I'm not talking about doing *girly things*,
I'm talking about being one of the *gals*.
Gain their trust. Earn their respect.
Prove that you are on *their team*. That's
the key.

Sam nods.

INT. BRIDGER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Bridger hangs up, flushes, and checks himself in the mirror.

BRIDGER

You should be a marriage counselor.
(beat)
Or a sex columnist.

He opens the medicine cabinet, pulls out a beer and cracks
it. The doorbell rings.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger opens his front door, revealing **Laura**. He looks down
at Sam's diminutive, cheating girlfriend.

BRIDGER

Oh, I'm sorry, but I already bought my
Girlscout cookies this year.

LAURA

Where is he Bridger?

BRIDGER

Where is who? Oh, Sam! Haven't seen
him.

LAURA

I know he's in Boston. I heard you on the
phone.

BRIDGER

I didn't say he wasn't in Boston. I just
said I haven't seen him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Okay. Play your little games. But when you *do* see him, tell him I just want to show him *this*!

She raises her ring finger, with the **engagement ring** on it. Laura turns and storms out, slamming the door behind her.

BRIDGER

(oblivious to Laura's ring)
Actually, I believe it's *this* finger-
(raising his middle finger
after her)
Crazy bitch.

EXT. SMALLS' BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sam tries to rejoin the Gals, but is on the outside of the girl circle. He speaks up, trying to break in.

SAM

I read the best article in this month's
Marie Claire.
(no response)
Hey, did anybody see Sex and the City the
other night?
(still nothing)
Oprah?

Finally, Megs turns on Sam.

MEGS

Did you just say, *Oprah*? Are trying to
engage us in conversation just by
dropping the most stereotypical female
shit you can think of?

Sam is caught and has no response.

MOLLY

Gals. Look who just arrived.

Everyone looks. Three girls, wearing matching, all-white Capri pants, halter top outfits, enter the party. These clones are **Tad's ex-girlfriends**.

MOLLY (cont'd)

They sicken me with their thousand
dollar, Miami beach-wannabe wardrobes.
You know those shoes cost two-forty?

SAM

Who are those girls?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE SUE

Those are Tad's underfed, under-sexed ex-girlfriends.

MEGS

Those are Rachel's new friends, donated generously by Tad and his mother.

MOLLY

Our replacements.

MEGS

We hate them so.

MOLLY

Megs I'll give you twenty bucks if you go pour your drink on their shoes.

MEGS

Done.

SAM

Wait.

(thinking, this could be an in)
Rach and Tad are still upstairs, right?

The Gals nod.

LITTLE SUE

It ain't sex, then. It's been longer than two minutes.

The Gals share a chuckle. Sam pulls a **champagne bottle** from a bucket of ice.

SAM

Excuse me, ladies.

(holding up champagne bottle)
I'm going to go "introduce myself" to Tad's ex-girlfriends.

Sam starts off. The Gals look at each other, confused. He turns back, momentarily.

SAM (cont'd)

See, I'm fun. I'm *crazy*.

He turns away and heads across the yard.

MOLLY

He's an idiot. Champagne doesn't even stain.

(beat, shaking her head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (cont'd)
In fact I use it to get stains out of
clothing.

MEGS
Hey, maybe they'll slap him!

The Gals nod in agreement and assume viewing positions.

EXT. SMALLS' BACKYARD - LOBSTER TANK - SAME TIME

The EX-GIRLFRIENDS are standing in front of the tank,
marvelling at the lobsters. Timmy taps on the glass.

SAM
Ladies! Could I offer you a little
bubbly?

The Ex-girlfriends look at Sam. Who is this guy?

FIRST EX
I guess . . .

Sam hands out glasses. He "accidentally" drops the bottle,
shaking up the contents in the process.

SAM
Uh. I'm so clumsy.

As he picks up the bottle, he looks back at the Gals and
smiles. They just give him a patronizing thumbs up. Sam
untwists the wire and works the cork. It **POPS** off like a
bullet, **embedding itself in the glass of the tank.**

The Gals perk up and look at each other, nervously.

Champagne spills from the bottle and Sam is sure to get a
little on everyone. They freak out.

FIRST EX
Hey, watch it, asshole!

SAM
Oh, I am so sorry!

Sam looks back at the Gals. He smiles wide and gives a big
thumbs up. Behind him, **the glass on the tank begins to crack.**

MEGS
Ho-ly shit.

Sam turns back to face the Exes. His smile fades as he sees
the glass cracking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST EX

I'm not even supposed to let these shoes get *moist*! And now they're *damp*! What do you have to say for yourself!?

SAM

Timmers, do me a favor and stop tapping the -

CRASH. The front of the tank explodes. Sam and the Exes are engulfed in a sea of salt-water and lobsters. Timmy looks at the crustacean filled lawn and shrugs.

TIMMY

She told me I could.

The Exes help each other to their feet, screaming, pulling lobsters from each other's hair. Some **YOUNGSTER** points at the Exes wet T-shirts.

YOUNGSTER

Nipples!

His **PAL** picks up a lobster.

PAL

Lobsters!

They high-five.

YOUNGSTER AND PAL

YES!

Megs, Molly, and Little Sue find Sam on his back, screaming at the top of his lungs in searing pain. He slowly runs out of air, and the screaming dies to a whimper.

MEGS

Shit, are you all right, man?

SAM

(short of breath)

Please, kill me.

(off the Gals' laughter)

I'm quite serious. I thought the worst pain imaginable was having all the hair on your body torn from your flesh with strips of hot wax. I was wrong. It does not even compare to having that same flesh doused in salt water.

(beat, letting out a last tiny whimper)

Goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam closes his eyes. He's out.

INT. SMALLS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTER

Sam is passed out in a bed. He slowly starts to come to, opening his eyes slightly. Megs, Molly, and Little Sue are sitting at his side.

LITTLE SUE
(whispering, not to wake Sam)
Boy's got some balls, after all.

Little Sue lifts up Sam's blanket and takes a peek.

LITTLE SUE (cont'd)
They ain't that *huge*, but he gotta pair.

Sam shoots up in bed, grabbing the blanket.

SAM
What are you guys doing here?

The Gals looks at each other.

MEGS
(shrugging)
What can I say? I gotta give my props to a guy whose tough enough to handle a full body waxing and a salt water submersion all in the same day.

MOLLY
And how can I not like a guy who ruins the clothes, skin, and hair of my most hated enemies?

LITTLE SUE
Like I said: They ain't *huge*, but at least you gotta pair.

Sam smiles, touched.

MEGS
Well, I think we've done all the damage we can at this lame ass party. Come on. Let us take the Maid of Honor out for a drink.

INT. BAR - AFTER

Sam and the Gals are at the bar, drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

So I noticed that there's no bachelorette party planned. Correct me if I'm wrong, but you can't have a wedding without a bachelorette party.

MEGS

You'd think that wouldn't you?

MOLLY

Just like you'd think you can't have a Bridal Shower without the Bridesmaids.

(beat)

Unless the groom's mother makes an effort to exclude the Bridesmaids from every wedding activity because we aren't as *refined* as she'd like.

Megs BELCHES loudly, slamming down an empty beer bottle.

MEGS

Beer me.

MOLLY

And in some ways, she's probably right.

A GUY leans in to try and pick up on the gals. They don't even notice.

MEGS

F that bitch. If she doesn't like the way we act, she can kiss my yellow ass!

Nervous, the GUY immediately leans out and moves down the bar to less aggressive pastures.

SAM

Wait, you guys aren't even invited to the Bridal Shower? That doesn't make any sense. Rach wouldn't stand for that.

LITTLE SUE

Yeah, well, she ain't planning it. It's all Tad and his crazy, under-sexed, controlaholic mother.

MEGS

She puts the-

MOLLY

(plugging her ears)
Megs!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGS
-in *Country* club.

MOLLY
You know I hate that word.

SAM
I just don't get it. I mean, why is
someone like Rach, who is so vibrant, so
fun, so full *life* marrying this guy?

LITTLE SUE
She's twenty-six, honey. That ass ain't
gettin' any smaller, and them titties and
gettin' any firmer.

SAM
What are you talking about? She looks
great.

MEGS
No shit. But just like every girl her age
she's afraid twenty-six is gonna turn
into thirty-six, and all of the sudden
she'll be living alone in an apartment by
a freeway, drinking cheap malt liquor and
talking to her cats named after the Seven
Dwarves!

(beat, off everyone's look)
Or something like that.

MOLLY
And then Tad comes along and he seems
like every girl's dream. He sweeps her
off her feet, showers her with clothing
and shoes, and proposes to her.

MEGS
Before she could find out what an asshole
he really is.

SAM
She's so amazing, it just drives me crazy
that she's settling for such a
controlling, pompous dickhead. She
deserves someone better. Someone who
really loves her. Someone like . . .

LITTLE SUE
You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

Yes!

(realizing what he's said)

I mean . . .

(checking his bottle)

Is this Canadian beer? How much alcohol
is in this thing?

MOLLY

You . . . love her?

LITTLE SUE

(dancing the cabbage patch)

Sammy wanna tap that ass! Sammy wanna tap
that ass!

Sam chews on the cuff of his shirt between statements.

SAM

What? No. Don't be ridiculous. We're just
friends. I live hundreds of miles away.

MOLLY

He *does* do it. That's so weird.

SAM

What? Does what?

MEGS

Rach told us how you chew on your shirt
whenever you get really nervous.

MOLLY

Which, honestly, you shouldn't do. It's
terrible for the fabric.

SAM

(sleeve in mouth)

I do not do that.

(pulling sleeve out of mouth)

I do not do that.

Sam pushes his beer away from him.

SAM (cont'd)

I'm done drinking for the night.

EXT. BROGAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Little Sue's SUV idles in the street.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Sam sits in the car with the Gals.

LITTLE SUE

Yo, you had *five years*. Why didn't you try and hit that?

SAM

Because, every girl has that story about the guy she was friends with who tried to hook up with her and . . .I just didn't want to end up Rachel's "that guy."

LITTLE SUE

Them balls is shrinkin' by the minute, boy.

MOLLY

(handing Sam her number)

Well, if the Bridal Shower gets too stuffy, call us to commiserate.

SAM

Shit, I didn't even get her a gift. What do girls get at showers?

MOLLY

Victoria's Secret.

MEGS

S and M gear.

LITTLE SUE

Sex toys.

SAM

Great. Where am I supposed to find something like-

Little Sue produces an unopened, **dildo** from under her seat and hands it to Sam.

SAM (cont'd)

- that . . .how? . . .

LITTLE SUE

I always keep a spare under my seat.

MEGS

It's not a *tire*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE SUE
You never know when you gonna get stuck
in traffic.

Sam nods and cautiously takes the "packaged package".

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Sam gets out of the car. Little Sue leans out the window.

LITTLE SUE
I got another one in the back, if you
want two?

SAM
No, no. I think one should be enough.

Little Sue shakes her head as she rolls the window up.

LITTLE SUE
That's what men always think.

The car pulls away. Sam waves, phallus in hand.

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam is asleep on the floor. Timmy is wide awake, staring at him. Sam cracks an eye.

SAM
I thought we agreed this was a safe
distance?
(off Timmy's nod)
Does this have anything to do with me
wearing a pink tuxedo and/or having my
body waxed?

Timmy nods. Sam drags his blanket to the opposite end of the room and lays down. A beat. Timmy sits up in bed.

TIMMY
Are you gonna marry my sister?

SAM
No . . .no, unfortunately Tad is going to
marry your sister.

TIMMY
Is he her boyfriend?

SAM
He's actually her *fiance*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIMMY
Are you her boyfriend?

SAM
No. I mean. I'm a boy who is her friend.
But, I'm not her "boyfriend."

Timmy is thoroughly confused. Sam stands up and explains.

SAM (cont'd)
See, Tim, it's like this. When you get
older you can have girls that are just
friends. The same as boys.

More confused looks from Timmy. Sam sits down next to him.

SAM (cont'd)
You're right. Who am I kidding? We both
know that you're not friends with a girl
unless there's the potential for
something more. Or you want to get with
one of *her* friends. But that's kind of
shallow and always ends up failing
because eventually the friend wises up
and you can't date either of them.

A beat. Sam realizes this is a six year old he's talking to.

SAM (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'll go back to my blanket in
the corner now.

Sam moves to get up, but stays seated when Timmy continues
the conversation.

TIMMY
I have a girlfriend.

SAM
Really? That's awesome, man. High five!
(they high five)
What's her name?

TIMMY
Katie.

SAM
Katie, huh? Is she pretty?
(off Timmy's no)
No. Of course not. But I bet she's good
at kickball, huh?

Timmy nods his head, yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (cont'd)
'Atta boy. Those athletic gals are where
it's at. So tell me about her. Do you
hang out on recess?
(off Timmy's no)
Eat lunch together?
(another no)
Do you walk her home? Carry her books?
She's your girlfriend, man! What goes on?

TIMMY
I kissed her once.

SAM
You kissed her?! What happened?

TIMMY
She punched me.

Sam cracks up, clapping his hands.

SAM
Just like your sister: the face of an
angel and the right hook of a
heavyweight. Hold on to that one, man.

The door opens. Rachel peeks her head in.

SAM (cont'd)
No girls allowed.

Rachel enters, closing the door behind her.

RACHEL
Thank God.

She belches as she crosses to the bed. Sam winces.

SAM
Oof. Bean dip?

Rachel smiles and nods as she sits down with her boys.

RACHEL
So what are we talkin' about?

SAM
Girls.

RACHEL
Ooh. My favorite subject.

She grabs Timmy and tickles him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL (cont'd)
Did Timmy tell you about his *girlfriend*?

SAM
Did he tell *you* that he kissed her?

Timmy grabs his forehead in frustration. Rachel pounces.

RACHEL
Timmy kissed a girl! Was it a big wet one?

TIMMY
You weren't supposed to tell *her*!

Rachel stands, smiling mischievously.

RACHEL
Well, I'll leave you two to tell more secrets about your *girlfriends*.

She makes kissing noises at Timmy as she backs out of the room. He heaves his pillow at her, but she closes the door and it bounces off. Sam stands and heads back to his corner.

TIMMY
You can move your blanket back.

SAM
(smiling, touched)
Thanks, Tim. I assure you, your sister is the only girl I would ever wear pink for.

Sam turns out the lights and the boys go to bed.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TIMMY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel is listening through the door. She smiles, touched.

EXT. BROGAN HOUSE - FRIDAY

Rachel and Sam exit the house, Sam's wrapped "gift" in hand.

RACHEL
What's *that*?

SAM
Well we're going to a Bridal Shower, aren't we? What kind of Maid of Honor would I be if I didn't bring a gift?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

You just wrapped up one of Timmy's toys,
didn't you?

Sam's cracks up at the thought of it being "Timmy's toy."

RACHEL (cont'd)

What?

SAM

You'll just have to wait and see.

They stop at Rachel's car: **the 1984 SUBARU BRAT** - a vehicle commemorating the '84 Olympic Ski Team, with the Olympic rings detailed on the side of the car.

SAM (cont'd)

I can't believe you still have this
thing.

RACHEL

It's 'Da Brat, yo. This thing is vintage.
It's a collector's item.

SAM

It's a hundred and fifty thousand miles
of tacky.

RACHEL

You want to drive it, don't you?

SAM

Of course.

Rachel smiles and tosses Sam the keys.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

The Brat makes it's way down the aisle of BMW's and Mercedes,
parking between two of them. Like a penny bookended by
hundred dollar bills. Sam and Rachel get out.

SAM

I love that car.

RACHEL

Once you go Brat, you never go back.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Rachel and Sam enter the country club and are immediately
spotted by Mrs. Smalls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SMALLS
Rachel, dear!
(beat, noticing Sam)
And you must be *Sam*. I've heard so much.

SAM
Good things, I hope.

She smiles, patronizingly, not responding.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - EARLY EVENING

Rachel sits in front of a **massive pile of presents**, Sam at her side. They are surrounded by Boston's wealthiest and most boring women. Rachel reads the card from a square box.

RACHEL
Rachel. Hope this helps heat things up in the bedroom.

The women collectively "ooh." Rachel raises an eyebrow, intrigued, and opens the gift. Her smile fades.

RACHEL
A *quilt* . . .wow . . .

The woman collectively "ahh" as Rachel unfolds the quilt. She sets it next to her other gifts: bread machine, iron, toaster, etc. Sam wipes sweat from his brow, glancing at his present, sitting on the table like a bomb waiting to go off.

Mrs. Smalls presents Rachel with her next gift.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(reading the card)
From Mrs. Smalls. Rachel. Use this on those lonely nights when Tad is away on business.

Rachel looks at the box. About twelve inches long. Sam crosses his fingers. Rachel opens the box, ready to be pleasantly surprised. She finds . . .**a candle**.

RACHEL
It's a *candle* . . .

The women "ooh and ahh."

MRS. SMALLS
That's Pottery Barn. *Lavender Lift*. When Tad's away, you light this, put on Johnny Mathis and you'll drift right to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel picks up another gift.

RACHEL
(reading the card)
To Rachel, Love Sam.

SAM
You know what? You don't have to open it
here.

MRS. SMALLS
Of course she does.

SAM
No, she really doesn't.

RACHEL
(reading the card)
Hope this doesn't cause your dough to
rise.

Perplexed, Rachel opens the gift. Sam closes his eyes as every jaw drops. Rachel holds up the phallus, fighting laughter. Sam makes a sad attempt to fill the silence.

SAM
The joke, of course, being that sometimes
sexual devices can cause yeast infections
and, as we all know, yeast is what
catalyzes the leavening of bread . . .
(reiterating his clever card)
Hope this doesn't cause your dough to
rise . . .

RACHEL
Well, I guess it wasn't one of Timmy's
toys, after all.

Sam can feel Mrs. Smalls judging eyes cutting into him.

SAM
I mean, I'm sure it has other, *more*
domestic uses . . .

RACHEL
(fighting serious giggles)
Like *what*?

SAM
(desperately reaching)
Ahh . . .dog's . . .chew toy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

No longer able to contain herself, laughter squirts through Rachel's nose. Sam closes his eyes in failure.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MINUTES LATER

Sam stumbles from the country club and the door slams behind him. He begins to walk away, dejected, when the door opens again. He turns, about to speak, when he is hit in the chest with his "gift." The door slams shut.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MINUTES LATER

Sam paces, cell phone in one hand, dildo in the other.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bridger is lying in bed with a bowl of Jell-o on his belly.

BRIDGER
(into phone)
What happened? Is it over already?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB/INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

SAM
No. I got tossed.

BRIDGER
You were ejected from a bridal shower?
That's awesome!

SAM
I need you to come pick me up.

BRIDGER
No way! This is your moment, man. They
booted you because they're afraid of you!

SAM
No, they booted me because I presented
the bride-to-be with a fourteen inch
phallus at a country club that,
apparently, isn't *dildo-friendly*.
(defeated, to himself)
Midge is going to want an entire chapter
dedicated to this train wreck, alone.

BRIDGER
Listen to me, Sammy. Grow some balls,
sack up, turn around and crash that
goddamn bridal shower!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Bridge, I can't do that, remember?

BRIDGER

They obviously have no respect for you, so I don't know why you're willing to give it to them. I will not be a party to this . . .kowtowing. If you want to be picked up, call someone else.

Slam. He hangs up.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Sam thinks for a moment, and then pulls out Molly's number.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Little Sue's SUV pulls up. She rolls down the window.

LITTLE SUE

Hey, sailor. Need a ride?

INT. LITTLE SUE'S SUV - SAME TIME

Sam hands Little Sue the "gift." The Gals are incensed over Sam's ejection from the bridal shower.

LITTLE SUE

I'm surprised they even knew what it was.

MEGS

This is bullshit. I don't care what Mrs. Smalls thinks, I say we break Rach out of there and give her a proper send off.

SAM

Whoa, whoa. What are you talkin' about?

MEGS

I'm talking about givin' our girl one last taste of the single life. I'm talking about a night filled with bare, male asses shakin' in front of our wasted faces. I'm talking about a *bachelorette party*.

The gals voice their approval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

No, no, no! We can't do that. We can't just go marching in there with a bunch of strippers and whiskey. After that, we won't even be allowed at the wedding.

MOLLY

All the more reason. Then we won't have to wear Mrs. Smalls' awful dresses.

LITTLE SUE

No, he's right. We can't do it.

Sam looks out the window. He sees a COP talking to someone through the window of their car, writing a ticket. The light bulb goes off in Sam's head.

SAM

That's right. We can't do it.

MEGS

Is there an echo in here? She just said that, dumbass.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Two hulking, uniformed COPS enter the bridal shower.

MRS. SMALLS

Is there a problem, officer?

FIRST COP

I'm afraid so.

SECOND COP

Miss Brogan, we're going to have to ask you come with us.

MRS. SMALLS

What is this all about?

FIRST COP

We'll ask the questions, ma'am.

(to Rachel)

Miss Brogan?

The First Cop pulls out his handcuffs.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The Cops lead Rachel out of the country club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Wait. Stop. I'm not an idiot. I watch The Shield. You can't just arrest me without telling me the charges.

The First Cop tears a ticket and shows it to Rachel.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Monogamy?

Rachel looks up. At the far end of the parking lot Sam and the Gals are standing in front of a limousine. She smiles. The COPS yank off their tear away pants and shirts, revealing nothing but thongs. Rachel smiles. The VALET'S jaw drops.

VALET

Awesome!

(quickly realizing his mistake)

I mean . . .the pants! The tear away pants!

The SECOND VALET stares at his partner and shakes his head.

INT. LIMOUSINE - AFTER

Everyone is crammed into the limo. Rachel is wedged between the two, now barely clothed, "cops."

RACHEL

You guys, what is going on?

SAM

Well, as your Maid of Honor, it is my duty . . .

(dramatic pause)

To throw you a Bachelorette Party.

The gals cheer. Rachel shakes her head, smiling.

RACHEL

I have to go back. Mrs. Smalls thinks I got arrested. And I can't even imagine her reaction if she found out her son's bride-to-be was involved in something as decadent as a bachelorette party. She'd probably have a heart attack.

MEGS

(pulling out her phone)

Really? Let's call her and find out.

RACHEL

You guys, *seriously*-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam hands Rachel a drink.

SAM
Shut up. Apple martini. Your favorite.

She downs the whole thing, handing the glass back to Sam.

SAM (cont'd)
Better?

RACHEL
Much.

He pours her another as he introduces the "cops."

SAM
This is Derek and Ernie. They'll be your escorts for the evening. Because what says Rachel Brogan better than a nearly naked, rippling-muscled, male stripper?

THE GALS
(almost in sync)
Two nearly naked, rippling-muscled, male strippers.

The Gals laugh and high five.

SAM
Hell YEAH!

Laughter stops. A beat. The Gals point and laugh at Sam. Rachel smiles at her escorts. They smile back. ERNIE, the African-American stripper, bounces his pecs.

RACHEL
Ooh. That's nice.
(moving to touch)
May I?

Ernie nods and Rachel cups her hand around his massive chest.

RACHEL
Ahh . . .

The girls all applaud and cheer.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A cab pulls up to the entrance. **Laura** hops out and approaches the door. She knocks. Timmy answers. She inhales to unleash fury, but smiles when she sees the little boy, who is nearly at eye level with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA
Hiii . . . Is Sam here?
(off Timmy's no)
Well, do you know where he is?

TIMMY
Taking a shower at the country club.

LAURA
(smiling deviously)
Country club, eh?

TIMMY
What grade are you in?

LAURA
(smile fading)
What grade am I in?

Timmy nods. Laura grabs him by the shirt, slowly.

LAURA (cont'd)
Listen, kid. I am a grown woman. Now you
tell Sam that Laura stopped by. And she
wasn't happy. You got that?

Timmy nods, casually. She releases him.

LAURA (cont'd)
Good. It's about time I started getting a
little-

SLAM. Timmy closes the door in her face.

LAURA (cont'd)
Respect.
(beat, to herself)
I will find him. And I will kill him.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - EVENING

Tad's car pulls up and he leaps out.

MRS. SMALLS
Thank god you're here. They took her. Two
. . . *strippers*. Posing as policemen.

VALET
It's true. I saw it all.
(off the Second Valet's look)
I mean, I wasn't *trying* to see it all,
but sometimes you just can't look away.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALET (cont'd)
(Second Valet shakes his head)
What?!

TAD
Where'd they take her?

VALET
Don't know. Bachelorette party, probably.

At the sound of the words "bachelorette party", Mrs. Smalls eyes flutter and she makes an odd little noise.

TAD
(catching her from falling)
Mother!

A cab pulls up. Laura gets out. She approaches the valets.

LAURA
I'm looking for Sam Porter.

VALET
Was he wearing tear away pants?

LAURA
He better not be!

TAD
Who are you?

LAURA
Who am I? I'm Sam's *fiance*. Who are you?

TAD
(smile creeping)
Your new best friend. You came in that cab?

Laura nods. Tad hands her a set of keys.

TAD (cont'd)
Here. Take my car. And when you find him, just make sure that Rachel, *my fiance*, gets a real good look at that fabulous engagement ring of yours.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sam, Rachel, and the Gals stand at the bar. Sam raises his glass. He speaks loud enough for the entire bar to hear him.

SAM
For all you single guys out there, speak now, or forever hold your peace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel smiles. She goes to drink but is interrupted by GLEN(25), sitting at a nearby table. He stands.

GLEN
Here's to first kisses.

Rachel turns slowly. A beat.

RACHEL
Glen Matthews?

Sam and the Gals smile at each other.

GLEN
Congratulations, Rach.

Rachel runs over and gives him a hug.

RACHEL
Oh my god!
(to Sam and the gals)
This is Glen! We were our first kiss.
Summer after sixth grade, after a swim
meet, behind the tennis courts. And
afterward you told me I tasted like
hotdogs!

The crowd laughs.

GLEN
You did taste like hotdogs!

The crowd laughs louder.

RACHEL
(explaining)
The served hot dogs after the meet.
(to Glen)
What are you doing here?

Before he can answer, STEVE(26), stands up at a nearby table.

STEVE
Here's to first dates.

Rachel spins. She smiles, shocked.

RACHEL
Steve Harding.

STEVE
Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL
(explaining to the gals)
Ninth grade. His mom dropped us off at
the food court and then we saw Pulp
Fiction together, but you wouldn't kiss
me because . . .
(sheepishly)
I had chili fries for lunch.

The crowd laughs.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Oh, no. I've done worse. Tenth grade, I
took my boyfriend, Jeff-

JEFF stands up, behind Rachel.

JEFF
Here's to the Garlic Festival.

Rachel's jaw drops. The crowd erupts.

RACHEL
What is going on here?

SAM
Don't ask me. Ask them.

A handful of GUYS are now standing, raising their glasses.

FIRST GUY
Here's to hiking in the Rockies.

A pair of well built, deep-voiced **TWINS** speak in unison.

TWINS
To dorm hookups, Freshman year.

A PRETTY GIRL stands up.

PRETTY GIRL
To kissing for free drinks in Cabo.

Rachel closes her eyes in embarrassment. All the guys
applaud, offering their drinks if they'll do it again.

GUYS
Encore! Encore!

Rachel waves them down. **SOME DUDE** chimes in from the back of
the bar, raising his drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOME DUDE

To Cambodian, contortionist prostitutes!

Dead silence. All confused eyes turn to SOME DUDE.

SOME DUDE (cont'd)

Shit, I'm sorry. I'm at the wrong party.

He sheepishly exits. Rachel looks at Sam and he shrugs. A CUTE GUY raises his drink, rekindling the momentum.

CUTE GUY

Here's to first loves . . .

Everyone in the bar is touched.

BAR GOERS

Awww . . .

CUTE GUY

And first times . . .

A small ripple of "whoo" runs through the crowd.

CUTE GUY (cont'd)

And second times, and third times . . .

Now the crowd really starts to whoop it up.

FOURTH GUY

Viva la Roma.

Rachel's jaw drops and she covers her mouth.

RACHEL

Enzo?

ENZO

Ciao, Rachel.

(kissing her hand, eyeing her)
Bene.

YET ANOTHER GUY

To the backseat of the Brat!

The room thunders with applause. Rachel looks around and sees that this is only the beginning. She is surrounded by guys standing, drinks raised. Old lovers, boyfriends, suitors, all coming to pay their respects. Rachel looks at the Gals.

RACHEL

How is this happening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MOLLY

Don't look at us. This is all Sam.

SAM

(raising his glass)

To Rachel Brogan. May we all be lucky
enough to find a girl half as perfect as
she is.

The guys all raise their glasses and voice their approval.
Everyone drinks. Music on the jukebox swells.

INT. BAR - AFTER

Rachel, Sam, and the Gals are at a table. Rachel is sitting
in front of a very small pile of presents.

SAM

We didn't have a lot of time, so instead
of buying you elaborate gifts, we have
decided to give you some of our most
prized possessions.

She picks up the first gift and reads the card.

RACHEL

To Rach. Don't take any shit from this
asshole. Love Megs.

(she opens the gift)

Oh! Megs, your brass knuckles!

MEGS

I hope they fit.

Rachel slips them on, modeling them.

RACHEL

They're perfect. Thank you sweetie.

They hug. Rachel picks up the second box.

RACHEL (cont'd)

(reading the card)

Rach. A stylish place to keep Tad's
balls. Love Molly.

She opens the box revealing a **purse with David Spade's face
on it.**

RACHEL (cont'd)

Molls, your David Spade Kate Spade bag?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
(getting choked up)
It's a one of a kind purse for a one of a
kind girl.

Rachel hugs Molly, touched. Last gift.

RACHEL
(reading the card)
Rach. For those box seats when the Yanks
come to town.

She opens the gift: Sam's beat-up Yankees hat. Rachel touches
her chest, very moved.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Oh, Sam. I can't take this.

He grabs it and slaps it on her head.

SAM
Of course you can. Congratulations.

She shakes her head and gives him a huge hug.

MEGS
What the hell, Little Sue? No gift?

Little Sue raises her eyebrows, conspiratorially.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Little Sue spreads her arms wide, presenting the strip club:
MALCOLM XXX. A giant, neon, black power fist stands over the
entrance, with a bill clutched in it.

RACHEL
Malcolm XXX?

LITTLE SUE
The gift that keeps on givin'!

The Gals drag Rachel inside. Sam stares at the entrance.

SAM
(to himself)
By any means necessary. By any means
necessary.

MEGS (O.S.)
Sam!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Coming!

LITTLE SUE (O.S.)

I hope not.

Sam shakes his head as he follows the Gals into the club.

INT. MALCOLM XXX - SAME TIME

Little Sue leads the way. Sam gets nothing but double takes from everyone in the joint as he brings up the rear. The EMCEE introduces the DANCER.

EMCEE

Ladies . . .

The Emcee notices Sam. He nods and gives the thumbs up to the lone male patron.

EMCEE (cont'd)

And gentleman! Please welcome Malcolm
XXX's all-time leader in "scoring" . . .
Ervin and his Magic Johnson!

The Gals' eyes go wide as the stripper takes the stage.

LITTLE SUE

Now *those* balls are regulation-sized!

RACHEL

(to Sam)

This is what your book should be about!

(cracking up)

Can you imagine?!

SAM

(through forced laughter)

Yes, I can!

The WAITRESS comes by with a tray of **whiskey shots**.

WAITRESS

Drinks?

SAM

Please.

He takes the entire tray from the Waitress.

INT. MALCOLM XXX - MONTAGE

-The Gals cheer on the all-black dancers, shoving bills in their g-strings. Sam hangs back. Rachel hands him a five, and pushes him toward the stage. Reluctantly, Sam holds the bill out for the dancer to take. Which he does. With his ass cheeks. The Gals go crazy for the display.

-A row of lap Dances. Everyone is loving it . . .except Sam who is wide-eyed with fear as his dancer grinds him.

Finally, all eyes turn to **Little Sue, who is giving a lap dance to her stripper.**

LITTLE SUE

You like how Big Momma dances, honey?

Sam and the Stripper share a terrified looks.

STRIPPER

I feel you, dawg.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The limo cruises down the street.

INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

The limo is now packed with the original strippers, plus a bunch from Malcolm XXX. Everyone is taking turns standing up through the sun-roof. The Gals shove Sam up there to join the two strippers already standing.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The limo stops at a light. The strippers lift Sam, so that he is on their shoulders. He screams, drunkenly.

SAM

Whoo-hoo!

Who should pull up next to the limo, but **Mr. and Mrs. Brogan.** Sam spots them and waves sheepishly. Mr. Brogan rolls down his window and calls to Sam.

MR. BROGAN

Have a good time, son!

(beat, nodding to Sam's pants)

Well, looks like you already are!

He gives Sam the thumbs up. Sam looks at the bulge in his pants. He hastily grabs for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
No, no, sir. It's-

MR. BROGAN
Nobody's judging you, Sam. We love you
unconditionally.

The light turns green. Mr. Brogan salutes and pulls away just as Sam pulls a **beer bottle** from his pocket. He raises it.

SAM
Just a beer bottle . . . Thank you, sir!

The limo accelerates and Sam and the strippers collapse back inside as it pulls away.

EXT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The limousine pulls up.

INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

It's only Sam and Rachel, now. Sam looks out the window.

SAM
What are we doing here?

RACHEL
My stroll down memory lane just wouldn't
be the same if I missed the most
important stop.

EXT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - AFTER

Sam and Rachel are sitting on the couch on the porch, sharing a beer. She rests her head on his shoulder.

RACHEL
Sam, I'm getting married in two days.

SAM
Freakin' out?

RACHEL
Little bit.

SAM
Hey, you got box seats at Fenway. That
alone should settle your nerves.

RACHEL
What can I say? I'm a bleacher bum at
heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (cont'd)
(a beat)
You know that tradition about how a bride
is supposed to have a last kiss, before
she gets married?

SAM
(beat, Sam swallows)
No. No, I didn't know about that
tradition.

Rachel nods. Awkward pause.

RACHEL
Yeah. Well. It's a tradition.

She looks at him, raising her eyebrows. A pause. Finally, she
just grabs his face and **kisses him**. Long. Good. They part.

RACHEL (cont'd)
You are such a *girl*!

SAM
I know, I know. My lack of initiative is
really a bad habit.

Long pause. Finally, Rachel just throws up her hands and
kisses him again as they both smile.

EXT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Tad's Mercedes pulls into the driveway.

INT. BRIDGER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A knock. Bridger, asleep on the couch, slowly comes to. He
lumbers to the door and looks through the eyehole. **LAURA**.

BRIDGER
Wonderful.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Bridger leads Laura down the hall.

BRIDGER
I heard him come in pretty late last
night, so I don't know if he's up yet.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Bridger opens the door. His eyes pop open. He sees Sam asleep
. . .with Rachel. Twenty espresso shots worth of awake.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Bridger spins out of the room, closing the door behind him. He smiles as he realizes what has happened.

BRIDGER
Holy shit! Sam and Ra-
(remembering Laura)
Ray. My roommate Ray. It's his room, too.
He let Sam crash on the floor.

LAURA
Well, can I please see him? I need to
talk to him, right now.

BRIDGER
(blocking the door)
No. Ahh, Ray is changing - hence the
closing of the door and me . . .

LAURA
Guarding it with your life?

BRIDGER
He's very private.

Bridger slips back inside, wedging himself through the tiniest possible opening in the door, and then closing it quickly. Laura looks perplexed.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Bridger has his face pressed against the door and he is simulating the sound of locks being engaged.

SAM
What the hell are you doing?

BRIDGER
(quietly, almost mouthing)
No locks. Gotta fake it.

Sam goes to speak, but Bridger puts his finger to his mouth. He rushes to Sam on the bed, grabbing him by the shoulders.

BRIDGER
We don't have much time before she gets
suspicious and tries the door.

SAM
Who?

LAURA (O.S.)
Bridger? Sam?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam's eyes go wide. Bridger nods.

SAM
No, no. This can't be happening.
(grabbing Bridger)
Bridge, listen to me. Rachel and I . . .

BRIDGER
You know what? I kind of put two and two
together.

SAM
You gotta help me get outta here!

Sam leans over the bed and rips open the blinds. A brick wall
blocks the window.

SAM (cont'd)
Dammit!

The door opens. Sam flings the covers over Rachel to hide
her. Laura enters.

LAURA
(confused)
This door doesn't even have a lock.

Bridger shrugs his shoulders.

LAURA (cont'd)
And where the hell is Ray?

Sam shoots Bridger a terrified look. Bridger thinks quickly.

BRIDGER
Oh, you mean Ray my male roommate? *He*
must have climbed out the window.

Laura looks at the bricked window. Sam winces.

LAURA
Sam, what is going on?

As Sam opens his mouth to speak, Rachel begins to stir from
under the covers. Laura looks at the sheets, her eyes
narrowing. But Bridger isn't giving up without a fight. He
rolls gracefully over Sam, and smothers the tangle of sheets.

BRIDGER
Shh, baby. Come on, let's go back to bed.
(to Sam and Laura)
You guys mind takin' this outside.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIDGER (cont'd)
I think my lady friend needs a little
rest, after last night.

Rachel, now wide awake but still covered in sheets, tosses
Bridger from the bed.

RACHEL
Dammit, Bridge, get the hell offa me you
whale!

Bridger flips off the bed and onto the ground. Rachel sits up
and pulls the sheets from her head. Laura's eyes go wide.

LAURA
So I guess Ray didn't climb out the
window, after all.

Rachel's eyes narrow as she stares down Laura. No love lost
between these two.

RACHEL
What the hell is she doing here?

Laura moves toward the bed, ready for confrontation.

LAURA
What am I doing here? I'll tell you what
I'm doing here. When your *fiance* up and
leaves to crash his best girlfriend's
wedding, it raises some questions that
demand answering.

The word "fiance" takes everyone by surprise, including Sam.

SAM/RACHEL
Fiance?!

Laura flashes her ring. Rachel stares at it in disbelief.

RACHEL
You bought this sorority slut an
engagement ring?

LAURA
Slut? I'm not the one in bed with a man
who *isn't* my fiance, the day before my
wedding.

Bridger rises from the bedside with a camcorder in hand.

BRIDGER
Are you girls gonna fight?

Sam closes his eyes and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL

You know what? You can have him.

She climbs out of bed, wearing **pajamas and Sam's Yanks hat**, and heads for the door.

SAM

Rach! Wait.

She stops.

RACHEL

What!?

SAM

(he's got nothing)

Um. Gimme a second. I didn't think you'd really stop.

She turns to leave.

SAM (cont'd)

No, no! Wait!

She stops, again.

SAM (cont'd)

Yes, I freaked out a little when you told me you were getting married and, yes, I bought an engagement ring for Laura-

RACHEL

This is your explanation!?

BRIDGER

She's right, dude. That's weaksauce.

SAM

Tad-

RACHEL

Tad is an honest person, Sam. And I take back what I said. He is nothing like you.

SAM

Rach. I'm sorry. That ring should have been for you.

RACHEL

Well, you're already engaged, so-

SAM

I'm *not*!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A beat. Sam grabs Laura's hand. He tugs on the ring, but it won't come off.

BRIDGER

Oh, Sammy, don't . . .

Sam finally gives up and just offers the ring to Rachel with Laura's hand still connected to it. He gets down on one knee.

SAM

Rachel, will you marry me?

RACHEL

Sorry, Sam. I'm already getting married.

Rachel removes the **Yanks hat** and tosses it to Sam. She turns and exits. He watches her go, crushed. He turns to Laura.

SAM

What are you doing? I never *actually* proposed to you!

LAURA

You never *actually* do anything. As far as I'm concerned an intended proposal from you is binding.

SAM

Laura. Listen to me. I don't love you. I don't want to marry you. And I don't *intend* to marry you.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I hope we can still be-

SLAM. She hits him with a vicious punch, engagement ring out, and Sam hits the floor like a pile of dough.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Sam and Bridger are sitting on a bench waiting for his train. Sam holds his Yankees hat, miserable.

BRIDGER

Proposes with the engagement ring still attached to another girl's hand.

SAM

Can we not talk about it? I just want to get on this train and go home.

BRIDGER

Geeze. Somebody's a little edgy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

The girl that I am madly in love with is marrying somebody else tomorrow afternoon. She thinks I slept with her, two days before her wedding, while I was engaged to someone else, which I was not. And on top of it all, the ending to the book I have to turn in on Monday is nowhere to be found! So, yeah! I'm a little edgy!

MEGS

You are such a dumbass.

Sam looks up. It's Megs, Molly, and Little Sue.

MOLLY

Was she really still wearing the ring when you offered it to Rach?

LITTLE SUE

Tell me she wasn't still wearing the ring when you offered it to Rach.

SAM

Yes, she was still wearing the ring when I offered it to Rach.

(making an announcement)

For anyone who *hasn't* heard, this morning I proposed to another man's fiancée, with an engagement ring that was still attached to my girlfriend's hand.

Bridger shakes his head. A passing PORTER stops and looks.

PORTER

What an asshole.

LITTLE SUE

Way to go, Casanova.

SAM

But she's not my fiancée! I never asked her- Oh, who cares. It's over, anyway.

Megs **slaps** Sam across the face.

MEGS

It's not over!

(beat, off everyone's shock)

Okay, the slap was a bit much. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

Sam, you made a mistake. She'll forgive
you. She loves you.

Sam sighs, rubbing his face. He knows he can't give up yet.
For any other girl, maybe. But not this one.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Rachel and Tad greet the guests as they arrive for the
rehearsal dinner. A **red, Mercedes convertible pulls up with a
bow on it.**

RACHEL

Wow. Whose is that?

TAD

(smiling)

It's yours.

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I thought you said it was
mine.

(off his smile)

You're kidding, right?

TAD

Rach, no wife of mine will be seen
driving around in that monstrosity you
call a "car."

Mrs. Smalls approaches.

MRS. SMALLS

Kids, we're starting in one minute.

TAD

(to Rachel)

We'll take it for a spin after dinner.

Tad follows his mother obediently into the country club.
Rachel hangs back a moment to stare at the car. She shakes
her head and enters the country club.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone is seated, enjoying their meal. Tad excuses himself
and heads for the bathroom.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam, Bridger, and the Gals enter. Sam peeks into the dining room. He sees Rachel looking unhappy as everyone laughs and smiles around her. Sam shakes his head.

SAM
I can't do this.

MOLLY
Yes you can. You're a writer.

BRIDGER
She's right. Technically it's the only thing you *can* do.

MEGS
Yeah, so don't puss out, now.

The bathroom door opens and Tad emerges. He applauds, slowly and sarcastically.

TAD
If I'd have known you were this much of a jackass, I would have wanted you here much sooner to ruin your chances with Rachel. Can I shake your hand?

MEGS
(stepping up)
Can I break your face?

MOLLY
Come on, Megs. He's not worth it.

MEGS
No, that's the problem. He *is* worth it.

Megs rubs her fingers together, making the universal sign for money. The girls snicker. Tad just smiles.

TAD
You may be right about all of that. But the bottom line is that I'm getting married. Someone is *willing* to marry me, which is more than I can say for you three.
(to Sam)
You *four*. I'm sorry, Sam, I didn't mean to exclude you. I'm sure no one will ever want to marry you, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The **Ding Ding** of the Best Man's glass beckons Tad back into the dinner.

TAD (cont'd)
If you'll excuse me. It's time for
everyone to toast to Mr. and Mrs. Smalls.

He smiles arrogantly and exits. Sam's phone rings.

SAM
(answering his phone)
What!?

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Midge is pouring a bourbon.

MIDGE
Things not going well?

INT. COUNTRY CLUB/INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

SAM
Laura showed up-

MIDGE
Ooh.

SAM
While I was asleep in bed with Rachel.

MIDGE
Wow.

SAM
And now I'm standing outside the
rehearsal dinner which I'm definitely no
longer welcome at-

MIDGE
This is great, Sam! I mean for the book.
Terrible for you. Tragic. But great for
the book!

SAM
Midge, if I don't have Rachel, I don't
have a book.

MIDGE
Well if that is the case, then listen
closely. This may be your last chance.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE (cont'd)
So please, for the sake of your career,
stop being such a *nancy boy* and **tell this
girl how you really feel!**

Slam. She hangs up the phone hard and downs her bourbon.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

Bridge and the Gals are all pressed in behind Sam, listening.
He turns to them.

SAM
That's Midge. My agent.

BRIDGER
I think she wants me. Whenever I visit
you she's always winking at me.

SAM
She's missing an eye, Bridge.

BRIDGER
If you say so. But I think I'm catching
some vibe.

SAM
Can we stay focused on *my* personal life,
please?!

BRIDGER
Oh, sure. Because we haven't been doing
that *non-stop* for the past five days.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam and the Gals slip in. The BEST MAN is in the middle of
his toast.

BEST MAN
(way too drunk)
. . .not to mention that time in Tijuana
with those high school girls-

Everyone forces smiles. How long with this go on? A GROOMSMEN
tries to take away the microphone without being noticed.

BEST MAN (cont'd)
Get the hell offa me, man. Tomorrow is
his day. Tonight is all about me.
(smiling to the crowd)
In Taddy's defense, those gals *told* us
they were sixteen. I mean who are we to
call them liars.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEST MAN (cont'd)
 (to Tad)
 Am I right, buddy?

Megs stands up and yanks the microphone away.

BEST MAN
 Hey-

MEGS
 Sit down.

BEST MAN
 Yes, ma'am.

He does so, quickly. The crowd applauds the end of his "toast." Megs looks at Sam. "Ready?" He nods, nervously.

MEGS
 Ladies and gentlemen: the Maid of Honor.

Sam stands and takes the microphone. Rachel averts her eyes.

SAM
 Ah. I've never done this before. And hopefully never will, again. Be a Maid of Honor, that is.

The crowd chuckles. Good ice breaker.

SAM (cont'd)
 In fact, I'm sure I never will. Because Rachel is the only girlfriend - I mean *girl* who is a *friend* - that I've ever been this close to.
 (a beat, resolve building)
 And I'm not going to lie to you, a part of me wishes I was sitting there next to her, right now, listening to my Best Man.
 (beat, looking to Rachel)
 But I'm pretty sure every guy whose ever had the privilege of meeting Rachel would say the exact same thing.

A beat. Rachel raises her eyes, chancing a look in Sam's direction. Megs nods at Sam, encouraging him to continue.

SAM (cont'd)
 I feel like she's prepared me for this night as long as I've known her. Courtesy of my adventures with Miss Rachel Brogan I have received in excess of sixty total stitches on nine different locations on my body.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (cont'd)
I have broken two bones, five if you
count fingers and toes, which she never
did. I've been pepper sprayed, hit by her
"vintage" car, and even gored by a bull.

The crowd rumbles with chuckles of disbelief.

SAM (cont'd)
And only a few days ago I had a full body
waxing.

A collective "ooh" of pain from the crowd.

MEGS
That's one tough son of a bitch.

SAM
And as I reflect back on all the pain -
all the nights I've ended up beaten,
bloodied, and broken in the name of
friendship and fun times - combining it
all doesn't compare to the sting I'm
feeling tonight.

The crowd is on the edge of its collective seat.

SAM (cont'd)
But if there's one thing I've always put
above all else, it's Rachel's happiness.
Ladies and gentlemen, raise your glasses
with me for the last time, to Miss Rachel
Brogan. May her happiness be the tape I
use daily to mend this broken heart.

Silence. The crowd is in awe. Then the applause begins.
Slowly at first, but quickly gaining steam.

MR. BROGAN
(to Mrs. Brogan)
I tell ya, if he wasn't as merry as
Christmas I wouldn't mind seeing Rach
with Sam.
(beat)
I hope he finds somebody nice.

On cue, A NICE LOOKING WAITER refills Mr. Brogan's water.

Sam looks to Rachel. For a moment, their eyes meet, but she
quickly looks away.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam splashes a little water on his face and stares at himself
in the mirror. Flush. The stall door opens and Timmy emerges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
What's up, Timmy?

Timmy just shrugs, casually. He reaches for the sink, but can't quite get the faucet. Sam lifts him up, so that he can do his business. He sets him down.

SAM (cont'd)
Tell me, Tim. What's the secret? How do you let a girl know how you really feel about her?

TIMMY
(shrugging)
Draw her a picture.

SAM
I wrote a whole book for your sister. Well, almost. And I know the ratio is a thousand words to a picture, but there's over a hundred thousand words in that puppy, which comes out to a *hundred* pictures. *At least.*
(beat)
And she's still marrying somebody else.

Sam shakes his head and opens the bathroom door. They exit.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

Timmy and Sam exit the bathroom.

SAM
Clean hands high five.

Timmy high-fives Sam. He looks up and sees Rachel.

RACHEL
That was *real* nice what you said back there. Everyone probably thinks you're such a sweet caring, guy. But you know what, Sam? Actions speak louder than words.

Rachel shakes her head, seething with hurt and frustration.

RACHEL (cont'd)
My mom loves you, my brother loves you, my friends love you, and I . . .I should have known it was too good to be true.

SAM
Rach-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Go home, Sam. Go home to your fiance.

Rachel takes Timmy by the hand and heads back to dinner.

SAM
She's not, Rach! I never-

Rachel stops, turning back, freezing Sam in his speech.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Last night was the most honest moment of
my life and you took advantage of that.
You lied to me, Sam.
(beat)
If only it was called Maid of *Dishonor*.
You'd be perfect.

Rachel holds the look. He's got nothing to say. She turns and
walks away with Timmy who looks back and waves sadly to Sam.
A beat. Sam shakes his head, dejected. Mr. Brogan approaches.

MR. BROGAN
That was a beautiful speech, Sam.

SAM
Thank you, sir.

Mr. Brogan presents, **ARTURO**, his **nice looking waiter**.

MR. BROGAN
Sam, I'd like you to meet, Arturo. He's a
waiter, here. He's new in town.
(nudging Sam)
From *Greece*. I thought maybe you could
show him around? Hm?

SAM
Thanks, Mr. Brogan. But I'm actually on
my way out.

Sam gives Mr. Brogan a hug and heads for the exit.

ARTURO
(sadly)
Adio.

Sam looks back and nods, solemnly.

SAM
Adio.

INT. TRAIN - SAME TIME

Sam takes a seat by the window as the train begins to move. He exhales, fighting the pain. He pulls out his notebook and slaps it on the table in front of him.

EXT. OUTSIDE NEW YORK - NIGHT

The train rockets toward the sleepless city.

Sad bastard music swells. Tom Waits, Paul Westerberg and a bunch of bullshit like that.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

The sun finds its way through the skyscrapers, painting the city in magic hour glow.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Midge is asleep, her eyes covered by a sleeping mask.

Knocking. She shoots up in bed, ripping off the sleeping mask, revealing the old eye-patch.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Midge opens the door, revealing Sam, looking very disheveled.

MIDGE

Sam? It's six a.m. What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be getting married, or preventing someone from getting married . . .aren't you somehow involved in a marriage today?

Sam holds up a hefty stack of coffee stained, ink-smudged, barely legible loose-leaf paper.

SAM

The final chapter of my first and final novel.

MIDGE

Your final novel?

SAM

My muse is getting married today. I have nothing left to write.

Sam turns and exits. Midge glances down at the manuscript and smiles, reading it even as she closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE (cont'd)

(reading)

Five years after meeting Rachel, the last place I expected to be was on bended knee before the very woman that had cheated on me and broken my heart in the first place. And yet this is exactly where I found myself. Engagement ring in hand, logic and reason in the backseat, and heart beating hundreds of miles away for my one and only true love who would, in only a few short days, be married to another man.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

Sam is asleep on the couch. **Knocking.** Sam struggles to the door and answers. Midge storms in, manuscript in hand, shaking it violently as she speaks.

MIDGE

What in god's name have you given me?

SAM

You don't like it?

MIDGE

It is the most depressing, most unnerving piece of literature I've ever read. It makes Hamlet look like a Disney cartoon!

(beat, reading)

*And as the train rocketed through the great nothingness that separated the two cities, I struggled to find sleep as I knew I would every night for the **rest of my life**, having lost the only girl I had and would ever truly love.*

(turning the page)

And we lived . . . Not happily. And certainly not ever after. But we lived on. Which was worth something, I told myself. Though I was no longer sure that I believed it to be true.

SAM

Yeah?

MIDGE

The End. The End? I've never felt so blue-balled in my entire life! You're main character is a disgrace to manhood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIDGE (cont'd)
And if he allows himself to fail like this, he will have a miserable, miserable existence.

SAM
Okay. I'll rewrite the ending.

Midge rips off her eye-patch, exposing her bad eye.

MIDGE
Look me in the eye, Sam.
(he does)
No, not my good eye. Face your fears, Sam. That's what this is about.

Through fluttering eyelids, Sam forces himself to look.

MIDGE (cont'd)
(holding up the manuscript)
If it were just a story, I would simply make you rewrite the ending. But this is your life, Sam. So I'm going to make you *relive* the ending. You're a wonderful person and you don't deserve *this*-
(shaking the manuscript)
As the end of *your* story!
(shaking Sam)
I *demand* this end **happily goddamn ever after!**

SAM
(inspired)
So do I!!!

He grabs Midge and kisses her stitched eye. He immediately wipes his mouth intensely, realizing what he's done.

INT. FORMAL WEAR SHOP - DAY

Sam bursts into the shop, past the display of tuxes and dresses. He walks straight up to the CLERK.

SAM
I need a tux in a forty long.

The Clerk, who is hanging the returns, turns to Sam holding a garment bag.

CLERK
Well, you're in luck. We just had a forty long returned in our most stylish model-

Sam grabs the **garment bag** from the Clerk and hands him his credit card. He takes off out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK (cont'd)
And that's *not* it . . .

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Midge stands at Sam's side as a cab pulls up.

INT. CAB - SAME TIME

Sam climbs in. Midge hands him his garment bag.

MIDGE
Do whatever you have to do, Sam. Crash
the wedding. Crash the honeymoon. But do
not let this girl get away.
(beat)
And if all else fails, just show her
this.

Midge hands Sam the tattered manuscript through the window.

SAM
What about my deadline? What are you
going to tell them on Monday?

MIDGE
(shrugging)
The truth. That I'm not happy with the
ending, yet.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The cab pulls out, blasting down the road.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - NOON

Bridger is waiting at baggage claim, wearing only his
bathrobe. He spots Sam.

SAM
Thanks for dressing up.

BRIDGER
Just be glad you got me out of the house
during daylight hours.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - AFTER

Bridger drives his busted-up, '64 Impala convertible like a
madman. Sam thinks aloud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

I have five hours to find Rachel, explain everything-

BRIDGER

Sammy, Sammy, Sammy. Enough with the words. When are you going to realize that you can make all the toasts, and give all the speeches, and write all the books you want, but if you really want to prove you love someone, you need to risk making a complete ass out of yourself.

EXT. BROGAN HOUSE - DAY - FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE WEDDING

Sam is at the door with Bridger. Timmy answers.

SAM

Hey! He's back! High-five!

Timmy high fives Sam.

SAM (cont'd)

This is my big brother, Bridger.

BRIDGER

What it is, Timbo.

Bridger puts his hand out and Timmy slaps it.

INT. BROGAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

The Gals enter from the other room, wearing their dresses. They spot Sam and mob him.

MEGS

Tell me you're here to crash the wedding.

MOLLY

Tell me you won't be doing it in the pink tux.

Little Sue circles Bridger. He stands nervously still.

LITTLE SUE

Tell me what Big Brother Bridger is hidin' under that bathrobe.

SAM

Okay, I'm here to stop the wedding. I have a very stylish tux in the car. And-
(to Bridger)
Bridge? Under the robe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIDGER

(nervously)

A bit of a jelly-belly to be perfectly honest.

LITTLE SUE

Hm. Well maybe later we can spread that jam on my buns.

MOLLY

Sam, she left for the church about an hour ago.

(grabbing his arm)

Please stop this wedding. I can't be photographed in this dress.

Mrs. Brogan enters. Sam looks at her, sheepishly.

SAM

I'm sorry Mrs. Brogan. I don't mean to ruin a special day, but-

MRS. BROGAN

Oh, Sam. Don't be ridiculous. I've been waiting for you to do this all week. Everyone here knows you and Rachel are meant to be.

Everyone agrees. Sam looks to Timmy. He shrugs and nods.

SAM

Thanks guys. I just hope Rach knows, too.

MRS. BROGAN

You know how I used to know when Rachel was serious about a boy? When she'd bring him home and wrestle him. Now I've yet to see her lay so much as a hand on Tad, and she threw you through a glass table.

BRIDGER

If that ain't true love, then I don't know what is.

EXT. CHURCH - AFTER

Bridger's car pulls up and Sam hops out, tearing inside.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Sam eases into the chapel, looking around. He heads down the aisle. Mrs. Smalls emerges from a back room and stops in her tracks upon seeing Sam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SMALLS

I suppose you're here in another shallow attempt to subvert my son's marriage.

SAM

Where's Rachel?

A long pause. Mrs. Smalls thinks.

MRS. SMALLS

I'll have you know that your antics cast such a cloud over this wedding that she and Tad have eloped.

SAM

What?!

MRS. SMALLS

They left for Atlantic City less than an hour ago.

Sam is speechless. He thinks for a moment and then turns, racing out of the church.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - SAME TIME

Sam hops into the car, gasping for breath.

SAM

They eloped . . . One hour ago . . .
Atlantic City.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Tires squeal as Bridger's car peels out of the lot at breakneck speed.

EXT. ROAD - TWO HOURS TIL WEDDING TIME

Bridger's car blasts down the freeway, passing a sign that reads: **Atlantic City - 280.**

SAM (O.S.)

She's gonna shit herself when we show up.

BRIDGER (O.S.)

I hope not. Who the hell wants a girl that craps her pants at the sight of you?

INT. BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

The Gals pour into the room, making quite a raucous, but stop when they see only Mrs. Smalls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SMALLS
Ladies. And I use the term loosely.

MOLLY
Where's Rach?

MRS. SMALLS
(beat, smiling)
Right here.

Rachel steps out from behind a partition, fully done up as the Bride to be. She looks amazing, if not totally happy.

RACHEL
What do you think?

The Gals are in awe. They surround Rachel, fawning over her.

MRS. SMALLS
Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go
check on the groom.

Mrs. Smalls exits. The Gals settle down.

MEGS
So where is he? Where do you have him
stashed?

RACHEL
He's got his own dressing room.
Superstition, you know?

MEGS
Sam, Rach. Where the hell is Sam?

RACHEL
How should I know?

The Gals share a look. Rachel hangs her head, disappointed.

RACHEL (cont'd)
I mean, I know I *told* him I didn't want
him here, but since when do men assume
that women mean what they say? I really
thought he'd show up to try and stop me.
(beat, painful realization)
And you know what? Not so deep down, I
hoped he would.

The Gals swarm Rachel and comfort her.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Megs is dialing on her cell phone, pacing at the front of the chapel. The MINISTER approaches.

MINISTER

Excuse me, ma'am, but we don't allow
cellular phones in *God's* house.

MEGS

Yeah, well I checked with God and said it
was cool.

A beat. The Minister nods nervously and allows the call. He exits, leaving Megs to her business. She hits send.

MEGS (cont'd)

Jesus.

She turns and finds herself face to face with a likeness of J.C.

MEGS (cont'd)

Sorry.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - SAME TIME

Sam rotates a map, searching for a faster route.

SAM

How we doin'?

BRIDGER

One hour down, two to go.

Sam's cell phone rings. He answers.

SAM

Hello?

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE/CHURCH - SAME TIME

MEGS

Sam.

SAM

Megs! We're doin' it!

MEGS

Doing what? Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

We're on our way to Atlantic City to stop the wedding! Ha-HA!

MEGS

You're WHAT?!

SAM

Mrs. Smalls told us they eloped, but we're making great time, Megs. I think we might actually pull this off!

Megs grits her teeth in anger.

MEGS

That bitch! Sam. Stop the car, right now.

SAM

Why?

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Bridger's car comes to a screeching halt in the middle of the freeway. The few cars on the road honk like mad as they swerve around it.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - SAME TIME

Sam and Bridger sit in silence. Stunned.

BRIDGER

Well played, Mrs. Smalls. Well played, indeed.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Megs clicks the phone closed, livid. Just outside the chapel, Megs can see Mrs. Smalls greeting the guests as they enter. Megs moves down the aisle at a clipped pace, heading right for Mrs. Smalls.

INT. WELCOMING AREA - SAME TIME

SLAM. Megs tackles Mrs. Smalls. Chaos ensues. Little Sue and Molly run in and pull Megs off of Mrs. Smalls. Rachel watches, shocked. Little Sue and Molly restrain Megs while Mrs. Smalls is helped to her feet.

MRS. SMALLS

Please, I'm fine. Behavior like this has become commonplace with these . . .circus apes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SMALLS (cont'd)
Honestly, Rachel, I often think my son is
too good for a woman who associates with
people like this.

(beat)

They're like a degenerate Benetton ad.

Little Sue and Molly look at each other, shrug, and let go of
Megs. **Crack.** Megs throws a hay-maker that flattens Mrs.
Smalls. Chaos ensues, again.

EXT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

A team of MALE WEDDING GUESTS "escort" the Gals out of the
church, and then return inside. The Gals walk in circles,
fuming. The door opens and Rachel emerges.

MEGS

Rach! Listen to me. Sam-

RACHEL

No! Stop it! I know you don't like Tad,
but guess what? He's here and Sam isn't.

MEGS

That's what I'm telling you. Sam *was*
here. He came back for you, but Mrs.
Smalls-

RACHEL

Is unconscious because you hit her!

MOLLY

He'll be here, Rach. Maybe not in time to
stop the wedding, but he'll be here.

MEGS

Don't do it, Rach. Don't marry this dick.

RACHEL

You just knocked out my mother-in-law!
Whose next, the groom?

Megs shrugs, insinuating the possibility.

LITTLE SUE

Rach, did you hear what the woman said?
Her son is too good for a girl who hangs
out with *people like this*.

RACHEL

Maybe she's right.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I just can't take any more of
this. I'm getting married. Today. To Tad.
I'm sorry.

MOLLY
But Sam-

RACHEL
Is engaged to someone else!

MOLLY
No, he isn't! She was lying, Rach.

RACHEL
I've waited five years for him-

MOLLY
So wait five more minutes!

A pause. Why is all this happening now?

RACHEL
He isn't coming, okay! I know him better
than anyone on the planet, and he isn't
coming! Now if you'll excuse me, I have
to go get married and live **happily**
goddamn ever after!

Rachel turns and storms back into the church. Megs' phone
rings. She answers.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE/EXT. CHURCH - INTERCUT

SAM
Megs! We're about a half hour away. You
gotta buy me some time.

MEGS
No can do. We got kicked out of the
wedding.

SAM
What?! Why?

MEGS
I sorta knocked out Tad's mom.

Sam thinks. He nods.

SAM
Then it was worth it.

MEGS
Sam, listen to me.

INT. CHURCH - EMPTY ROOM - SAME TIME

Mrs. Smalls is laying on the couch, holding an ice-pack to her head. She can overhear the conversation between Sam and the Gals, through an open window.

MEGS (O.S.)

You gotta step on it. If you show up, if she sees you before she starts down that aisle . . .I think you got a chance.

Mrs. Smalls shoots to her feet and runs out of the room.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - SAME TIME

Sam clicks the phone closed.

SAM

Can this thing go any faster?

BRIDGER

If you're prepared to go to jail it can.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The Impala flies down the freeway, Boston rising in the distance.

INT. BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - AFTER

Rachel sits in front of the mirror, touching up the make-up that has run slightly, amidst the emotion. Timmy enters.

TIMMY

Rach?

Rachel turns and smiles through the remaining tears.

RACHEL

Timmy! Come here, bud.

She hauls him up onto her lap.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Ten minutes 'til game time and not a Bridesmaid in the building.

TIMMY

What about Sam? He said you're the only girl he'd wear pink for.

Rachel smiles. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (cont'd)
Did he say anything else? About me?

Timmy thinks hard, trying to remember.

TIMMY
You have the heart of an angel and the
right hook of a heavyweight.
(off her laugh)
And that he drew you a hundred pictures.

RACHEL
What?

TIMMY
In his book that he made for you.

A beat.

RACHEL
He said that he wrote his book for me?

Timmy nods. Rachel's mind begins to race. No. Love is not like this. Not in real life. She likes Tad. He has a job. It's more convenient. She shakes out the subversive thoughts that are swarming her mind and heart. It's time to get married.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Well, that's nice and all but
unfortunately Sam isn't here. And I'm
getting-

TIMMY
Yes he is.

Rachel stops. She turns slowly to her brother and grabs him by the lapels of his tux, pulling him toward her.

RACHEL
Tim, you're killing me here. What the
hell are you talking about? And talk fast
because I'm about to get married and I
want to make sure it's to the right guy.

Just as Timmy is about to open his mouth, Mrs. Smalls enters the room, gasping for breath.

MRS. SMALLS
All right, people! It's time!

RACHEL
Could you give us a minute, pl-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mrs. Smalls grabs Timmy by the wrist and yanks him away.

MRS. SMALLS
Can't spare it, dear.

Mrs. Smalls exits, dragging Timmy with her.

INT. BRIDGER'S CONVERTIBLE - SAME TIME

Bridger drives like a maniac through neighborhoods.

BRIDGER
You better get changed, buddy.

Sam nods, removing his shirt. It flies out the back of the convertible.

SAM
How much longer?

BRIDGER
Ten minutes the easy way or two minutes
the hard way.

SAM
Do you have to ask?

Bridger smiles. He yanks the wheel hard right.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

A family barbecue is in progress. Suddenly, the Impala comes blazing through the yard. So fast that it's almost as if it didn't even happen. **Sam's pants** fly out the back and land on the barbecue.

DAD
Who wants cheese on their . . .
(looking at the grill)
-pants?

The KIDS jump up and down at the idea.

KIDS
I do! I do!

EXT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

Molly looks at her dress, shaking her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

You know what? If we're not Bridesmaids anymore, then we shouldn't have to wear these ridiculous dresses. If I'm gonna crash this wedding, I'm gonna crash it in style.

Molly tears the lace sleeves off of her dress. She goes to work on the ridiculous train, next.

MEGS

These dresses belong to Mrs. Smalls.

A beat. Megs and Little Sue realize what she has said. They attack their dresses like rabid dogs.

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bridger's car blasts through the white-picket fence that surrounds the lot.

INT. BRIDGER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Bridger and Sam breath heavily in disbelief.

BRIDGER

You okay?
(off Sam's silence)
Good. Me too.

The girls **POUND** on the window. Sam and Bridger jump like little girls.

MEGS

(through the window)
Let's go! Jump into that monkey suit and let's crash this wedding!

Sam, now in only his underwear, reaches into the backseat and unzips the suit bag. He closes his eyes in frustration.

BRIDGER

What? Wrong size? Whatever it is, we'll fix it.

Sam reaches into the garment bag and pulls out . . . **a dress.**

BRIDGER (cont'd)

Now *that* is irony.
(clapping Sam on the arm)
I was wrong. It takes more balls to be the guy in the dress.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The main doors open and the Sam enters in a **pink dress**, flanked by the Gals, looking smokin' hot in their "modified" dresses. Like a team of cowboys entering the saloon for a showdown . . . in pink dresses.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Mrs. Smalls closes the door to the chapel and locks it.

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam, Bridger, and the Gals approach the door. Locked. Sam yanks on the handle.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Mrs. Smalls hears the door jiggling. She nods to the Minister and circles her hand, indicating "go time."

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam punches the door. Bridger pulls a credit card from his bathrobe and kneels in front of the lock.

BRIDGER

Just give me a minute.

SAM

I don't have a minute.

He looks around. Stairs. He's off.

INT. CHURCH - STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Sam runs up the stairs and through a door.

INT. CHURCH - ABOVE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam finds himself directly above the organ pipes, looking down on the ceremony. He spots Rachel at the end of the aisle, about to make her walk. He opens his mouth to call to her. Just as he yells-

The **ORGAN PLAYER** hits the opening chords of the Bride's hymn, drowning Sam out. The air from the pipes knocks him flat. He stumbles back, through the door.

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam rolls down the stairs and lands at Bridger's feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
How's that lock coming?

Bridger pulls a bobby-pin from his hair and continues work. Sam nods, leaps to his feet, and goes back up the stairs.

INT. CHURCH - ABOVE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam crawls to avoid the organ blasts. He reaches another set of stairs and descends.

INT. MINISTER'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Sam enters. Through the thin walls, he can hear the organ music fade.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The Minister takes his place between Tad and Rachel. He is unshaven and poorly put together.

MINISTER
Marriage. Is the sacred and holy union
between a man and a woman . . .unless, of
course, that woman is my wife. Who left
me this morning, after twenty years of
"holy union."
(beat)
For a Rabbi, no less. Yeah. How's that
for irony?

INT. MINISTER'S CHAMBERS - SAME TIME

Sam finds the doors to the confessional and enters.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - SAME TIME

Inside, Sam grits his teeth. Now what? Through the grating, he can see the ceremony. And Timmy, lost among the adults.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

The Minister drones on.

MINISTER
So, forgive me, when I say - and this is
probably the communion wine talking - but
holy union my ass.
(a collective gasp)
More like *holy shit*, which is what I said
when I found the Yamulkah under my wife's
pillow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Timmy looks up and sees Sam waving to him through the grating. Unnoticed, Timmy steps quietly into the nearest confessional.

INT. SAM'S CONFESSIONAL - SAME TIME

The confessional portal slides open and Timmy's face appears. Sam smiles, waving his hand for Timmy to listen closely. Timmy presents his hear. Sam whispers quietly and Timmy nods.

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Timmy slips back into place as the Minister wraps it up.

MINISTER

So, I'm not going to waste your time with all the "until the end of eternity" crap. Let's just get this over with, throw some rice on these little bastards, and cross our fingers. The rings, please.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - SAME TIME

Sam folds his hands in prayer.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Timmy steps forward with his pillow, raising it up. Rachel glances down and sees that **Sam's hat** is now resting on the pillow. Her jaw drops.

MINISTER

Do you, Rachel Brogan, take this man to be your husband, to have and to hold, so on and so forth, for the time being, anyway?

Rachel is speechless, staring at the pillow. Tad looks down.

TAD

What the-

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Bridger gets the lock.

BRIDGER

Got it.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Bridger and the Gals enter just in time to see Tad grab Timmy by the neck of his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAD
What the hell'd you do with the ring you
little shit?

The crowd gasps. Bridger throws up his hands.

BRIDGER
He struck the child. He struck the child.

MEGS
It's beat down time.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam emerges from the confessional, like Superman from a phone booth.

SAM
Hey!

INT. BACK OF THE CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Bridger applauds, proudly.

BRIDGER
Wow! Out of the *confessional*! What an
entrance.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Sam makes his way up to the altar. Rachel takes one look at his dress and almost loses it, laughter squirting through her nose. Sam cracks a smile, but hides it quickly.

MR. BROGAN
(nodding to Mrs. Brogan)
Everybody else comes out of the closet.
But, Sam. He comes out of the
confessional. In a dress, no less. That's
what I love about the kid. His balls.
(off confused looks)
His proverbial balls, of course.

MRS. BROGAN
He's not gay, honey! He's here for,
Rachel. Geeze. Get a clue.

Mr. Brogan cocks his head, confused. Sam steps up to the altar.

MINISTER
See what I mean? This marriage didn't
even make it past the ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

I was actually gonna keep my mouth shut through this, but nobody messes with my homeboy and gets away with it.

Sam holds out his hand. Timmy high fives him. Rachel smiles.

TAD

That's it. It's time you got the ass whooping that's been coming to you.

MRS. SMALLS

You stick it to him, Junior!

LITTLE SUE

I'm sorry, you're name is Tad Smalls, *Junior*.

(nodding at his crotch)

That's even more fitting that I thought.

TAD

(snapping)

Yes! My name is Tad Smalls, Jr., and I have a small penis! Okay?! Is it possible for you to find a new joke?!

LITTLE SUE

Obviously it won't be nearly as hard as finding your *wang* . . .

MINISTER

(aside, to Tad)

That's really something you should keep to yourself until *after* the ceremony.

A ripple of laughter runs through the crowd.

TAD

Rachel, tell these losers to get out of our lives once and for all.

(beat, reminding her)

Tell them that you don't want them to be a part of your box seat season ticket, nine bedroom house, convertible Mercedes Benz lifestyle.

A beat. Rachel looks over "these losers." Her friends. She looks at Sam.

RACHEL

My brother said you wrote a book for me. Is that true?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
(holding up the manuscript)
All except the ending.

MRS. SMALLS
I told you, Tad! You said she was a fixer-upper, but I knew she was being sold as-is! Underneath it all she was still middle class garbage, just like the rest of them.

Megs grabs Mrs. Smalls by the back of her neck and drags her outside.

MEGS
I'll be right back.
(beat)
She won't.

A beat. The crowd hangs on every moment.

RACHEL
You know what, Tad? She's right. I don't need nine bedrooms. And I'd rather sit in the bleachers. And I will *never* give up the Brat.
(beat)
You are too good for a girl who associates with these type of people. I think you and your mom need to find somebody else.

Applause from the Brogan side of the family. Tad nods.

TAD
All right.
(beat, to Sam)
My ring, please?

Sam reaches into his pocket and- **Bam.** Tad hits him in the face, sending him reeling down the steps and onto the ground. Molly and Little Sue move to help Sam, who shakes the cobwebs out of his head.

TAD (cont'd)
I know you, Rachel. You're a tough girl.
Don't you want to be with a man who knows how to throw a real-

POW. Rachel hits Tad with a right hook. He drops like a stone. The Brogan side begins to applaud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEGS
Sweet dreams, Princess!

RACHEL
Any idiot can throw a punch, but only a
real man can take one. Isn't that right,
Sammy?

Sam stands, winded and a bit swollen, but wide awake, unlike
Tad.

SAM
You said it, Rach.

RACHEL
No, you said it. The right hook of a
heavyweight.

Sam takes Rachel's face in his hands.

SAM
And the face of an angel.
(to the Minister)
Is it okay if *I* kiss the bride?

MINISTER
It's all the same to me.

RACHEL
You kissing *me*? And this is all I had to
do?

He smiles and they kiss. Everyone applauds the lovers in
dresses.

WEDDING GOER
You don't see that every day.

MR. BROGAN
(proudly)
That's my future son-in-law, up there.

ARTURO, the gay waiter from the country club throws up his
hands and begins to verbally assault Mr. Brogan, in Greek.
Mr. Brogan shrugs.

MR. BROGAN (cont'd)
Honestly, Arturo, I had no idea.

Arturo curses in Greek and exits. The Minister looks from the
unconscious Tad, to the kissing Sam and Rachel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MINISTER

I'm going back to doing funerals. At
least the dead stay dead.

Little Sue approaches the Minister, eyeing him.

LITTLE SUE

Hey, preacher man. What are you hidin'
under that robe?

MINISTER

Well, I-

His eyes go wide as Little Sue checks for herself. She
whispers suggestively into his ear.

LITTLE SUE

I love a man in uniform.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAPEL - MONTHS LATER

Sam and Rachel are still locked in a kiss, but this time for
real. Standing behind Sam is Bridger, his best man. He begins
the applause. Also in tuxes are the "groomsmen": Molly, Megs,
and Little Sue. Midge is in the audience, donning a gold eye
patch for the occasion.

BRIDGER

Sammy, I'm telling you, Midge is givin'
me the eye.

SAM

Bridge, she only has one eye to give.

Amidst the applause, Mr. Brogan leans to Mrs. Brogan.

MR. BROGAN

So he's not gay?

The Church Organ sounds: **da-da-da-Daa-da-Daa-**

WEDDING GOERS

CHARGE!

EXT. CHAPEL - LATER

The BRAT is parked, tin-cans tied to the back, with JUST
MARRIED soaped on the back window. Rachel leans out the
window, bouquet in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Every unmarried female crowds together. In their tuxes, Megs, Molly, and Little Sue jostle for position. Rachel tosses the bouquet. Chaos ensues. The biggest chick fight you've ever seen over the bouquet.

Bridger videotapes the whole thing, smiling to himself.

INT. THE BRAT - SAME TIME

Sam hands Rachel a wrapped gift.

RACHEL
(reading the card)
For pleasure and stimulation, on lonely
nights . . . Is this what I think it is?

Rachel opens the gift. A published copy of Sam and Rachel.

SAM
The joke of course being that sometimes
people read for *intellectual* pleasure and
stimulation.

Rachel shakes her head, brimming with happiness. They kiss.

EXT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

The Brat pulls away, into the setting sun.

INT. BRIDGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bridger is in bed. He looks at the book and nods. The water runs in the bathroom. Bridger calls through the door.

BRIDGER
Best book I've ever read!
(to himself)
The dust jacket of.

Bridger tosses the book carelessly on the floor.

BRIDGER (cont'd)
Hurry up, hot stuff! The Bridge is
feelin' frisky.

The bathroom door opens. Bridger looks up.

BRIDGER (cont'd)
That doesn't look like a birthday suit,
to me.

A silk bathrobe lands in Bridger's lap. He folds his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIDGER (cont'd)
Is that all?

An **eye-patch** hits him in the face. Bridger smiles.

MIDGE
Oh, Bridger.

BRIDGER
Oh, Midger.

They pull the sheets over their head. The **book** lays on the floor, opened to it's last page. The final words say it all-

SAM (V.O.)
And they lived happily goddamn ever
after.

THE END.