

# "BACHELOR PARTY"

Screenplay by

Neal Israel and Pat Proft

Story by

Bob Israel

SHOOTING DRAFT

1984

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. ANN'S SCHOOL - DAY

CAMERA PANS a group of freshly-scrubbed, innocent children, obediently standing in line, like recruits for the Holy Crusade. PULL BACK to REVEAL they are wearing the gray blazers, striped ties and navy slacks of St. Luke's School. They are waiting patiently at the curbside in front of the statue of the school's sainted namesake. One of the fifth grade BOYS pokes the KID next to him with his elbow. The other Kid is about to retaliate when SISTER MARY FRANCIS, a stern-faced nun, appears behind them, grabbing them both firmly by the shoulders.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

Make one more move and you'll both be staying late for the rest of the week.

THE BOYS

(softly; in unison)

Sorry, Sister Mary Francis.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

I didn't hear you.

THE BOYS

(louder)

Sorry, Sister Mary Francis.

Sister Mary Francis checks her watch. She scowls and looks out past the parking lot gate.

Suddenly we HEAR the SOUND of an ENGINE roaring at full throttle. There is a SCREECHING of BRAKES, followed by the loud GRINDING of GEARS. It sounds like the Indy 500 is taking place around the corner.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

(used to this)

Step away from the curb, children.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Zooming through the parking lot gates is a large yellow school bus. It practically takes the last turn on just two wheels. The bus driver quickly slams on the brakes, leaving ten feet of rubber behind him as the bus comes to an ear-splitting halt right in front of them. The front door immediately swings open and RICK STAHL, the driver, hops out. Rick is the life of the party, even when there isn't any party going on.

While chronologically older than the St. Luke students, the only thing that sets him apart from them is that he has a driver's license. Rick figures he'll live up to his capabilities and get serious in his next life... This incarnation's strictly for laughs. Sister Mary Francis steps up to him.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

You're late again, Rick.

RICK

I know, Sister, but I have a very good excuse.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

There can be no excuse for tardiness.

RICK

You're absolutely right. I should never have stopped to save that drowning infant. I'm just weak,

Sister; I'm so weak.

He starts sobbing softly into his hands.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

All right, stop that... Children, on the bus.

The kids obediently file past Rick, who makes like he is drying his tears with his handkerchief.

RICK

Sister, do you ever get lonely after vespers? If you do, why don't you give me a call. I'm in the book.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS

(smiling despite herself)

Get going, Rick... you're late enough as it is.

RICK

Right... Think it over.

He hops on the bus, closes the door and gently backs the bus out of the parking lot.

INT. BUS - DAY

As soon as the bus is out of sight of the school, all hell breaks loose. The formally well-mannered children are acting like normal kids... hitting each other over the heads with books, running up and down the aisles, screaming at the top of their lungs.

ANGLE - RICK

He removes the St. Christopher statue from the dashboard, revealing a hulaing Hawaiian girl in a grass skirt. He watches the madness behind him in his rearview mirror, picks up the P.A. microphone and rationally attempts to restore order.

RICK

(over mike)

If you don't all calm down I'm gonna  
drive this thing over a cliff.

The kids pay no attention to him.

RICK  
(continuing;  
philosophically)  
Ah... youth.

EXT. THE BUS

Rick's bus pulls up to a light and another school bus filled with kids (from a public school) pulls up alongside of it. The other DRIVER gives Rick a competitive smirk and guns his engine. Rick counters by gunning his.

INT. THE BUS

All the kids start screaming "Race... race." "Wipe 'em out." "Go for it." Etc. Some of the kids even start taking out money and start betting one another on the race's outcome.

ANGLE - RICK

as he readies for action.

EXT. THE BUSES

The light turns green and they're off. Or as off as two lunky school buses filled with kids can be.

WIDE SHOT - ANOTHER STREET

The two buses come zooming down the street.

INT. RICK'S BUS

The kids are screaming at Rick to go faster. One of the little boys looks nauseous as he clutches the seat in front of him.

EXT. THE STREET - LOW ANGLE

The buses squeeze down a narrow street, neck and neck with one another.

## INT. THE BUS

The kids are all yelling words of encouragement to Rick, who is hunched over in his seat, driving with the determination of Andy Granitelli. The nauseous kid is now turning a pale shade of green. He moves to an open window, straining to control the inevitable.

## EXT. THE BUSES

They race down a steep hill.

## INT. THE BUS

The nauseous kid can't hold it any longer.

## EXT. THE OTHER BUS

Something hits with a splat against the windshield that resembles Campbell's Chunky Vegetable Soup.

## INT. THE OTHER BUS

The other Driver turns on the windshield. It only makes it worse.

## EXT. THE STREET

Rick's bus pulls out in front, accompanied by the cheering of his passengers. Suddenly a stop light looms ahead. Rick puts on his brakes. Both buses stop just in time.

## INT. RICK'S BUS

Rick's kids are all piled in a clump right behind him in the front of the bus. Although disheveled, the kids still manage a victorious cheer.

## PHOTOGRAPHER'S POV

We're LOOKING THROUGH the camera lens. We SEE a cute one-year-old baby boy. He's sitting on a cuddly blanket. We HEAR the VOICE of Jay O'Neill. He is a baby photographer at Sears.

O'NEILL (O.S.)  
Okay, Timmy... hold that smile...  
and watch the birdie.

He takes the picture and we SEE the camera flash.

O'NEILL (O.S.)  
There.

O'NEILL

We see he has his camera and backdrop set up in the camera department behind a velour curtain which blacks out the rest of the store. He's conservatively dressed in a suit, vest and tie. He looks like he could be a Young Republican. But under those Sears clothes is a man a little off center. Rick's best friend. Need we say more? He takes the film out of the camera. The matronly mother is in the process of gathering up her baby.

O'NEILL  
These should be in the mail to you  
by next Friday.

She smiles and exits.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
Next.

A beautiful – and we're talking gorgeous – WOMAN enters. Her clothes hug every curve of her body. She has her baby in her arms. O'Neill immediately wants her, and now. His eyes settle onto her full breasts. These he likes.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
Whoa. Look at those babies.

She gets this innuendo and loves it.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
How are we doing? My name is O'Neill.  
And you are...?

WOMAN  
Klupner.  
(teasing)  
Mrs. Klupner.

O'NEILL  
Mrs.?

WOMAN  
I'm separated.

O'NEILL  
Then there is a God. Why don't we  
take that baby picture.

He takes the baby. He has a hard time taking his eyes off  
her breasts. He places the baby on the blanket.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
If I were you, I'd breast feed until  
I was 17 or 18.  
(gets behind camera;  
sizing up the shot)  
Tell ya what...

O'NEILL'S POV THROUGH CAMERA

We SEE the baby sitting on the blanket.

O'NEILL (O.S.)  
Why don't you lean into the picture  
with your child?

She coyly leans INTO FRAME.

O'NEILL (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
A-huh. A little more... good!

She is totally blocking her baby out of the picture.

O'NEILL

He gets out from behind the camera.

O'NEILL

I'm getting one heck of a glare off your dress there. Could you undo a few buttons?

WOMAN

(seductively)

Of course.

She starts to unbutton her blouse. O'Neill looks into his camera.

O'NEILL'S POV THROUGH LENS

We SEE the Woman finish her last button.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

Now lean in a little more... more... more...

As she complies, her breasts all but spill out of her dress.

O'NEILL (O.S.)

(continuing)

Hold that pose.

O'NEILL

He runs from behind the camera and poses with the woman.

THROUGH CAMERA LENS

We SEE a QUICK SERIES of camera flashes. Each pose finds him near her breasts. He has them on his head. He's cheek to breast. Etc.

RICK

enters and witnesses the photo session. He immediately jumps into the shots.

THROUGH CAMERA LENS



Rick joins the craziness. After several beats, the Woman gets bored and EXITS the FRAME.

THE WOMAN

As Rick and O'Neill continue mugging like two 12-year-olds in a photo booth, the Woman takes her child and exits. A few beats pass and the guys notice they're alone.

O'NEILL

Where'd she go?

RICK

She probably had sex scheduled for 12:30. O'Neill, let's pick up the guys for a drink... I have major news to announce.

O'Neill crosses to his camera and takes out the film.

O'NEILL

Okay... be right with ya.

RICK

He picks up some photographs of today's work.

INSERT - PHOTOS

Each one has a different mother in several seductive poses. Their babies are barely visible, if at all.

RICK (O.S.)

Pictures a family will cherish forever.

EXT. CHULO'S AUTO SHOP - DAY

Rick's school bus pulls into the yard of the auto shop. Several Chicanos are working on various cars. Rick and O'Neill hop out.

RICK

Hey, Chulo, where are you, man?

## ANGLE - LATE-MODEL CAR

We SEE a very large pair of shoes sticking out from under the chassis. Slowly, a large, bear-like body rolls out and we catch our first glimpse of CHULO. A happy-go-lucky mechanic of Mexican ancestry.

CHULO

Hey, you guys, what's going on?

RICK

We're going for a little liquid refreshment.

CHULO

Great. I'll go with you. Wait a second. Hey, Raul! Move that car, will you?

A SMALL MECHANIC with an eye patch gets into a car behind them as we DOLLY WITH the guys THROUGH the lot.

CHULO

(continuing)

Roberto, you finished fixing that lighter yet?

Another MECHANIC sticks his face out of another car and shakes his head. Just then Raul, the eye-patched worker, whizzes by behind the guys, driving the car in a zig-zag pattern right into traffic.

CHULO

(continuing; to Rick)

I'm glad you guys came by... What's the occasion?

O'NEILL

Rick's got an important announcement to make.

CHULO

Yeah. What is it?

RICK

I've decided not to run for President.

CHULO

Too bad, man, that blows my chance  
to be Ambassador to France.

Behind them we can SEE Roberto fiddling with the lighter.  
Suddenly flames leap out of the car, blowing Roberto ten  
feet into the air.

ANGLE

The guys all start to pile into the bus. Nearby another  
employee is washing down the garage with a hose.

Chulo turns to another mechanic, who has his head under the  
hood of a car.

CHULO

Manuel, be sure and finish up the  
electrical system on that Chevy.

Manuel waves at Chulo, who turns, hops on the bus. Rick starts  
it up and starts to drive away. Just as the bus CLEARS FRAME,  
we SEE Manuel connect two wires together at the same moment  
the guy with the hose washes down the area around his feet.  
Manuel lights up like a Christmas tree, screaming in pain.  
There is a beat, and then Robert falls INTO FRAME, still  
holding the cigarette lighter, and the car Raul is driving  
enters the lot and smashes into the side of the garage.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A sign on an office door says "CONCERT TICKET AGENCY." From  
inside we HEAR someone TALKING loudly on the phone. Chulo,  
Rick and O'Neill open the door and go inside. On the walls  
in the cramped office there are rock 'n' roll concert posters  
advertising rock bands like Men At Work, The Clash and Barry  
Manilow. Behind a cluttered desk we FIND a little man with a  
thin mustache and horn-rimmed glasses. This is GARY MELNITZ,  
wheeler-dealer, entrepreneur and coward. Gary yells a lot,  
which is a definite overcompensation for his size and  
inability to deal with the opposite sex.

GARY

(yelling; into phone)  
Screw you... Screw that... Don't  
jerk me around. You promised me 1500  
seats for the Police Concert... 1500,  
not fifteen!... Screw that... Screw  
you – Screw Sting.

(hangs up and sees  
the guys standing  
there)  
Hi, guys.

RICK  
Gary, you're quite an animal.

GARY  
Screw you...

The PHONE RINGS.

GARY  
(continuing; into  
phone)  
Hello, Concert tickets... What? Pat  
Benitar has a yeast infection? She's  
cancelling? Screw her. You know what  
this is gonna cost me? ...  
(he hangs up)  
Okay. Let's go.

He gets up and they start for the door. Just then the PHONE  
RINGS. Gary picks it up.

GARY  
(annoyed)  
Screw you... That's crap... Suck  
my...  
(softly)  
Oh, Mom, I didn't know it was you...  
eggs and milk... Okay, I won't forget.

He hangs up the phone and they start for the door again.

GARY  
Let's go.

RICK

Isn't he incredible, gets along with everybody.

CHULO

Yeah, he's really got his thing together.

GARY

Oh, eat me!

The guys all laugh and exit.

INT. HARBORSIDE INN - DAY

It's a quiet restaurant near a Marina. A lot of business-people in suits are eating.

TWO MALE CUSTOMERS

CUSTOMER ONE calls for a waiter.

CUSTOMER ONE

Waiter.

The WAITER approaches them from OUT OF FRAME.

CUSTOMER ONE

We'd like to order now.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see their waiter, RYKO, a blond, tanned, muscular beach bum who has definitely stayed out in the sun too long.

RYKO

How you guys doin'... Could you believe how overcast it was this morning? Bad day for sailin', waves are too rough and...

CUSTOMER

(annoyed)

You can skip the small craft warnings. We're in a hurry.

RYKO

No prob, bud... Here's today's dealie...

He holds up a blackboard with the day's menu.

RYKO

We got... uh, veal... ah... veal...  
(to customer)  
What's this word?

CUSTOMER ONE

Parmisan.

RYKO

Yeah right. I always want to say Paramisian when I see that. We looked at them under the jigamabob in biology once. Little squirmy, creepy things that live in your intestine and...

CUSTOMER

Please... We have an appointment in a half hour...

RYKO

Wow, sounds stressful. What do you guys do for a living?

CUSTOMER ONE

We're lawyers.

RYKO

Whoa... You got to go to school for that or what?

CUSTOMER

(he's had enough)

Look, forget the specials. We'll take three hamburgers.

RYKO

Okay, great... Any of you guys got a pencil by any chance?

One of the customers shrugs and hands him a pen.

RYKO  
(impressed)  
All right, a Bic... How 'bout a piece  
of paper?

Ryko's customers look totally disgusted as Ryko's short attention span is interrupted by something he sees O.S.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rick and the guys appear in the bar.

RICK  
Ryko. Come on!

They all disappear into the bar area.

RYKO  
Be right there.  
(to customers)  
Nice rappin' with you guys.  
Unfortunately I'm outta here. Someone  
else will have to help you.  
(calling off)  
Skip!

The customers are pleased to get rid of Ryko. SKIP enters.  
He's a clone of Ryko.

SKIP  
Like um... What's the deal, you guys  
gonna order?

The customers give each other a "Here we go again" look

ANGLE - THE GUYS

They're laughing uproariously and carrying on as Ryko comes  
over and sits down.

RYKO  
Hi pals.

The guys acknowledge him.

GARY

Okay... We're all here. Rick, what's the big announcement?

ANGLE - RICK

RICK

All right, gentlemen, I'm not gonna sugar-coat this thing. I've known you guys since grade school, so I'm gonna give it to you straight from the hip... right from the shoulder... without beating around the bush... Nothing fancy, just the plain, hard facts... tell it like it is.

CHULO

Man, you're losing your audience.

RICK

Okay... This is it... I'm getting married.

O'NEILL

What?

CHULO

You're kidding.

GARY

I don't believe it.

RYKO

Fuck me!

RICK

Yes, gentlemen. Saturday after next, I lose my amateur standing and turn pro.

CHULO

Hey, man, congratulations!



Chulo gets up and gives Rick a big bear hug... The other guys shake his hand.

GARY

Wait a minute. You been living with Debbie! Why do you want to get married?

RICK

Because I love her. What can I tell you?

RYKO

You sure? This means no more partying.

RICK

No more raping and pillaging, either. You'll have to carry on without me.

GARY

Next Saturday... That's just two more weeks to live.

O'NEILL

Hold it... As long as you're gonna go through with this, the least we can do is make sure you go out in style.

CHULO

(warming to this)

Yeah, man. Let's throw a bachelor party with drugs, booze and broads.

O'NEILL

Yeah. Right. All the things that make life worth living.

RICK

Sounds swell... I'm really touched. And my getting married's not gonna change a thing between me and my pals. We're still gonna go bowling on Tuesdays, play cards on Fridays

and wear women's clothes on Sunday night. I love you guys... I always will.

GARY  
Let's have a toast.

The guys all raise their glasses.

O'NEILL  
To Rick.

GARY  
To us.

CHULO  
To girls with big pairs.

ALL THE GUYS  
Yeah, right on, etc.

As they down their drinks, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE JEAN MACHINE - DAY

We SEE a couple of very contemporary looking 15-year-olds going into a very "now" clothing store – like Fred Segal's... When the door opens, loud ROCK 'N ROLL MUSIC blasts out.

INT. THE JEAN MACHINE - DAY

Inside the store we see all the sales clerks grooving narcissistically to the music like they're at a disco. The cashier, PHOEBE, has devoted her life to following the current trends and fads no matter how inane they may be. Today she's in a reggae mode, her hair wound into tight dreadlocks, as she sways lost in the ozone to the music. A CUSTOMER approaches her with a purchase.

CUSTOMER  
I'd like to pay for these.

PHOEBE

Huh... What... Oh sure, wait till  
this song is over.

She floats off again...

One of the young MALE CUSTOMERS approaches an attractive salesgirl. This is DEBBIE THOMERSON, Rick's intended. She seems to be the only sane employee in the place because she's actually working, putting clothes on the racks. This impression of sanity fits her, as she is level-headed, and has a clear sense of herself. She can also take a joke, thus her engagement to Rick.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, where can I try on these  
pants?

DEBBIE

Right over here.

She leads the Customer to the try-on booths. The Customer enters one. We SEE that the saloon-style doors of the booths have been hung too high, so as he takes off his pants, his underwear is exposed to the world. We PULL BACK, REVEALING other people in other booths, their bare asses clearly in sight. No one in the store seems to care, however, as they are much too busy dancing.

The front door opens and BOBBIE, a very sultry and earthy-looking girl with long, dark hair, pushes inside. She is O'Neill's girl and Debbie's best friend... She's also someone who would party every night if given half a chance.

BOBBIE

(excited)

Debbie... I don't believe it. I'm so  
excited.

DEBBIE

Bobbie, what are you talking about?

BOBBIE

O'Neill just told me. It's sooo  
great... I don't believe it.

Phoebe crosses to them.

PHOEBE  
What's happening?

BOBBIE  
Debbie's marrying Rick.

PHOEBE  
...Really?

DEBBIE  
Yes, it's true.

PHOEBE  
Ohmygod.

The girls screech and jump around, hugging each other in sheer joy. A MALE CUSTOMER, moved by this outpouring of affection, moves over and gets in the middle of the girls, enjoying every moment of being hugged by three women at once.

DEBBIE  
(to Customer; realizing)  
Would you get out of here.

Reluctantly the guy retreats back to the Calvin Klein jeans rack.

BOBBIE  
Does Cole know about this?

PHOEBE  
Really – you went with him for two years.

DEBBIE  
He still thinks I'm going with him.  
I'm going to break the news to him tomorrow.

BOBBIE  
He's not gonna be happy. And your parents can't be too thrilled either.

DEBBIE

No. As far as they're concerned the only good Rick is a dead Rick. But I don't care... it's my decision.

PHOEBE

(oblivious)

I'm totally blown away. You're getting married. It seems like only yesterday I showed you how to have oral sex.

BOBBIE

Deb, I want to throw you a shower.

DEBBIE

Oh, that's really sweet. I'd love that.

PHOEBE

We'll invite all the girls.

BOBBIE

I don't believe it... Mrs. Rick Stahl.

The girls all start to scream and carry on all over again.

INT. RICK AND DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick is cooking dinner in the cramped combination kitchen / living room. He has about five dishes going at once as he dashes from stove to refrigerator. He grabs some hamburger meat, rolls it into a ball, then slaps it on the counter. He then takes a steam iron and presses it on the patty.

Debbie comes in the front door and crosses to him and hugs him tightly, kissing him sweetly.

DEBBIE

(between kisses)

God, you're a slob.

RICK

But a fabulous cook.

DEBBIE

What are we having?

RICK

It's either meatloaf, Swiss steak or charred flesh. I won't know till it's finished.

DEBBIE

(looking at the stove)

I think your dinner's burning.

Rick crosses to the stove. A small fire is coming out of one of the frying pans. He douses it with water.

RICK

Don't worry... it's supposed to do this.

DEBBIE

(setting the table)

Want to hear something great? Bobbie and Phoebe are throwing me a shower. It's really gonna be fun.

RICK

Not as much fun as the bachelor party the guys are throwing for me.

DEBBIE

You're going to have a bachelor party?

RICK

Of course. I'm a traditional guy... It's a traditional event.

(he brings all the food to the table)

Well, what do you think?

DEBBIE

It looks awful.

RICK

Yes, but looks are deceiving...

(takes a bite)

Not in this case, however.

DEBBIE

Are you going to have women at your party?

RICK

No, sweetheart, it's a stag party. Does stay home.

DEBBIE

I'm not talking about does. I'm talking about hookers.

RICK

Oh, those. Why do you ask?

DEBBIE

Because from what I've heard, it's a tradition and you're a traditional guy.

Rick grabs her; starts kissing her passionately on the neck.

RICK

Deb, you is my woman now. I is yo man. No painted lady ever gonna come between us.

DEB

I need you to promise.

RICK

Okay, you got it. I got a way we can seal the deal – what'd you say?

He grabs her. They kiss and slide down onto the table, knocking the dishes to the floor.

EXT. BEL AIR-TYPE ESTATE - DAY

Through the iron gates of an impressive-looking estate comes Debbie in her convertible VW Rabbit. She pulls up behind a new Porsche 911 and a Jeep, all decked out with rifles, nets and other hunting equipment. As she walks down the path toward the house, she sees something off in the distance that

startles her.

DEBBIE'S POV

A large brown grizzly bear appears to be entering the side door of the house.

ANGLE - DEBBIE

DEBBIE  
(calling O.S.)  
Cole?... Cole!

DEBBIE'S POV

The "Bear" turns around. We SEE that the bear is, in fact, dead. It is being carried by a tall, handsome HUNTER. He waves to Debbie and indicates for her to follow him inside.

INT. COLE'S SMOKEHOUSE - DAY

Debbie opens a rustic-looking door and peers in.

DEBBIE  
Cole?

COLE (O.S.)  
Over here, Deb... in the Smokehouse.

CAMERA PANS WITH Debbie as she enters the room. She passes several trophies, guns and stuffed animal heads hanging from the wall. She makes her way past some sections of an undetermined animal's anatomy hanging from hooks suspended from the ceiling. Finally we see COLE WHITTIER, a Steve Garvey look-alike... rugged all-American, and heir to the Whittier Plastic Wrap fortune. Despite his jockish good looks and outward arrogance, there's something in his manner that is definitely unsavory.

As Debbie approaches him we SEE that he is butchering some unfortunate friend of the forest on the table in front of him. (NOTE: For the squeamish, all of this is done OUT OF FRAME. The only thing we should HEAR are the delightful SOUNDS of TAXIDERMISTRY.)



COLE

Hi, Deb. Just got back from the mountains.

(as he cuts in with a surgeon's skill)

Isn't this a beauty?... It's gonna look great in the den.

Debbie tries her best not to look down at what he's doing.

DEBBIE

Cole, we've got to talk.

COLE

Finally realized Rick's a jerk, huh?

DEBBIE

No, Cole, I...

COLE

(lifting an organ of some sort O.S.)

It's all right, I forgive you. I'm not the vengeful type. We'll forget what happened. Why don't we take a trip together? Maybe kill a few lions in Kenya over Christmas.

DEBBIE

Cole, listen to me... I've got to tell you...

COLE

You know, when you dumped me for that wimp, I thought, Cole, she'll be back. God wants the two of you to be together, and sure enough...

DEBBIE

Cole, I'm marrying Rick.

COLE

(confused)

You're marrying him? Then why are you coming back to me?

DEBBIE

I'm not. I just thought I should  
tell you myself before you heard it  
somewhere else.

Cole stops what he is doing for a beat and just stares at  
Debbie intensely. Then he returns to his work with a renewed  
enthusiasm, chopping, slashing and slicing.

COLE

You know how that makes me feel,  
Deb? Wanna know how that makes me  
feel?

(softly)

Angry, Deb.

(a little louder)

Yesss, that's the word, angry. But  
if he makes you happy, you go right  
ahead. I want you to be happy, Deb.

(a little nuts)

No matter what, no matter how angry  
it makes me, no matter how much it  
hurts. Be happy, Deb. Be oh, so very,  
very happy.

DEBBIE

Cole, I'm sorry, I...

COLE

That's all right, Deb. Go be happy  
and smile a lot, Deb. Do it for me.

DEBBIE

(uncomfortable)

I'm going now, Cole.

COLE

I understand, Deb. 'Bye... be happy.

Debbie exits and we PUSH IN ON Cole. Something on his face  
says, "Hi! I'm really out of my mind."

INT. DR. STAN STAHL'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. STAN is Rick's older brother and a proctologist. Although he's only in his early thirties, he thinks and acts like someone in their early 70's. A little on the pompous side, Stan is never without his pipe.

STAN

Okay, Rick, hold out your arm.

He crosses to a sterile container and takes out a syringe.

RICK

You wouldn't hurt your own brother, would you?

(looking at the needle  
cautiously)

I changed my mind. I don't need a blood test. The marriage is off. I –

Just then, Stan sticks the needle in his arm.

RICK

(continuing)

You always were sneaky, Stan, very sneaky.

STAN

Rick, marriage will be good for you. It's done wonders for me.

RICK

True, you're a lot handsomer now. Don't you have enough blood already?

STAN

(without much  
conviction)

You won't miss a thing about being single... The wild parties, the different girls every night, running around like a maniac... God, I miss that.

RICK

Stan, you're depressing me... Hey, I didn't know you were going to fill

'er up. Just take a couple of gallons,  
okay?

Stan removes the needle and hands Rick a cotton ball.

RICK

(continuing)

That's an even trade... a cotton  
ball for all my blood.

STAN

(returning to this  
world)

Okay, Rick, all finished. I can't  
wait for that bachelor party... I  
need the action.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they go out into the hall.

STAN

(continuing)

Don't say anything to my wife about  
it.

They pass an open examining room. Stan's wife, TINA, is also  
a doctor and is examining an old man. She's not as tiny as  
her name suggests. In face, she's more like over-sized.

RICK

Hi, Tina.

Rick moves to hug her and he notices that Tina has her finger  
up the old guy's ass.

TINA

(looking up)

Rick...

(to PATIENT)

Mr. Goldsmith, this is my brother-in-  
law. He's getting married.

PATIENT

(without turning around)

Congratulations.

Tina turns to a NURSE.

TINA

Nurse, will you take over?

The nurse shrugs and sticks her finger up the patient's rear end as Tina hugs Rick.

TINA

(continuing)

I'm so happy for you.

Rick hugs her, uneasily trying to make sure her right hand doesn't come anywhere near his face.

EXT. DEBBIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Debbie and Rick and her MOM and DAD are having a frustrating game of tennis behind her parents' plush home. Mr. Thomerson is a stockily-built guy in his fifties who prides himself on being tough and competitive. His wife loves to shop. As far as she's concerned, appearances are everything. Neither of them likes Rick's appearance or anything else about their future son-in-law. Mr. Thomerson slams the ball to Rick; Rick slams the ball back and drives it over the fence, out of the court.

RICK

Oops!

MR. THOMERSON

(frustrated)

All right, who serves?

DEBBIE

You do, Daddy.

Mr. Thomerson serves the ball to Debbie, who hits it over the net to her mother, who hits it to Rick, who slams it over the fence, out of the court. Mr. Thomerson does not look pleased.

MR. THOMERSON

Rick, hit the ball easier, son. You don't have to kill it.

RICK

Can't I just maim it a little?

MRS. THOMERSON

Er... perhaps we ought to stop now.

MR. THOMERSON

No. Let's at least finish the set.

Rick starts humming the "ABC Wide World of Sports" theme loudly. Mr. T. gives him a disgusted look and serves the ball. Rick smashes the ball and sends it over the fence, out of the court.

EXT. THE THOMERSON'S NEIGHBORS' BACKYARD - DAY

A middle-aged COUPLE are sitting on some lawn furniture trying to read the newspaper. A tennis ball comes down from the sky and hits the guy squarely on the top of the head. PULL OUT to REVEAL that they're surrounded by dozens of tennis balls.

MAN

One of these days I'm gonna burn  
Thomerson's court to the ground.

EXT. THE THOMERSON'S - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY

Rick and Mr. Thomerson are having a heart to heart chat over some lemonade in front of the tennis court.

RICK

Well, I have to admit my game's a little rusty, but I love polo. It's unrelenting, a constant challenge to the senses. Really a beautiful experience.

MR. THOMERSON

Rick, I want to cut through the b.s.

RICK

I'd love that.

MR. THOMERSON

(sitting on his anger)  
Good. I think you're an asshole. No, let me correct that, an immature asshole. Which is fine, except you're marrying my daughter and I'm afraid my grandchildren are going to be little assholes.

RICK  
Mr. Thomerson, I...

MR. THOMERSON  
Let me finish. Debbie's an adult. She can do what she wants. But if you want your marriage to last, you're going to have to change some things about yourself. If I may make some suggestions...

RICK  
Feel free.

MR. THOMERSON  
First, you're a slob. You have to dress for success. Second, your outlook on life...

As Mr. Thomerson drones on, Rick shifts uncomfortably in his chair, focusing his attention on Debbie, her mother and her older, cynical cousin, ILENE, who are sitting nearby on the rear patio.

ANGLE - DEBBIE, MRS. THOMERSON AND ILENE

MRS. THOMERSON  
I'm using the same caterer for the shower I had for our Christmas party last year.

DEBBIE  
Great, Mom.

ILENE  
If I were you, I'd worry less about the shower and more about Rick's

bachelor party.

DEBBIE

Ilene, why would I want to do that?  
I trust Rick.

ILENE

Of course you do. I trusted my ex,  
Mel, too. Cousin, I can only talk  
from experience. What do you think  
they do at these parties, have tea  
and play scrabble?

DEBBIE

Ilene, Rick promised...

ILENE

Debbie, don't be naive. Men are pigs.

MRS. THOMERSON

(trying to change the  
subject)

Girls, why don't we go inside for  
lunch.

(calling to Mr. T)

Boys, would you mind bringing in  
that lemonade?

ANGLE - MR. THOMERSON AND RICK

MR. THOMERSON

In a second...

(to Rick)

And you're irresponsible. Show some  
initiative, try to better yourself,  
stop showing off, actions speak louder  
than words.

RICK

Well, sir, that's quite a list. But  
you're absolutely right. And if I  
work hard at it, I think I can be a  
totally changed person by the time  
we finish lunch...



Mr. Thomerson rolls his eyes, knowing he's been wasting his breath. He grabs the pitcher of lemonade and Rick grabs the tray, which is filled with fresh lemons. They get up at the same time and collide, sending the lemonade all over Mr. T., and the lemons bounding over the fence.

#### EXT. THOMERSON'S NEIGHBORS' HOUSE

The Neighbor we saw before is reading his paper when an avalanche of lemons comes flying at him, joining the tennis balls on the lawn.

NEIGHBOR

I hate those people... I really do.

#### INT. THOMERSON HOUSE - DAY

The Thomersons, Rick, Debbie and Ilene are just finishing lunch. The DOORBELL RINGS. Mr. Thomerson gets up to answer it. Standing there is Cole, wearing his tennis shorts.

COLE

Hi, everybody. Am I late?

MR. THOMERSON

Not at all. We're just finishing lunch.

Cole crosses to the table and kisses Mrs. T's hand gallantly.

COLE

Good to see you, Mrs. Thomerson.  
Hello, Debbie.

He turns to Rick.

COLE

(continuing)  
And...

RICK

Bond... James Bond.

Cole gives him a quick look of contempt and exits with Mr. T.

MR. THOMERSON (O.S.)  
So, Cole, you been practicing your  
game?

COLE (O.S.)  
Sure have...

DEBBIE  
Why is Cole here?

MRS. THOMERSON  
You know your father enjoys his  
company.

RICK  
Much the way Hitler enjoyed hanging  
out with Mussolini.

EXT. THOMERSON TENNIS COURT - DAY

Mr. T. and Cole are having a fast-paced game.

MR. THOMERSON  
Nice shot.

COLE  
Thank you, sir.

MR. THOMERSON  
I know you're as unhappy as I am  
about Debbie's marriage to Rick.

COLE  
Yes, sir, I am.

MR. THOMERSON  
Cole, I don't want you to give up on  
her.

COLE  
I've tried to change her mind.

MR. THOMERSON  
It's not her mind you need to change.

It's Disneyland head in there.

COLE

But how can I do that?

MR. THOMERSON

If it were me, I'd reason with him first. Then, if that failed...

(with malice)

...I'd take more persuasive action.

Mr. T. drills a wicked forehand shot straight at Cole, who swings at it and misses.

COLE

(conspiratorily)

Thanks for the advise, sir.

MR. THOMERSON

Keep me informed.

PUSH IN ON Cole. This is a man with a plan...

EXT. PARK ON A BLUFF - DAY

The bluff overlooks the ocean. It's a beautiful spot. Just the right setting for an outdoor wedding. Some folding chairs have been set up and a canvas canopy.

Gathered for the rehearsal are Gary, Ryko, Chulo, O'Neill who is with Bobbie, Debbie's mother and Mr. Thomerson, Phoebe, Ilene, Tina, Stan, a gray-haired priest. FATHER FALWELL and, of course, Rick and Debbie. Everyone is admiring this picturesque setting. Everyone but Mr. Thomerson. He's very underjoyed at the sight of Rick and his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Thomerson are standing with Father Falwell. They are watching Rick holding Debbie.

MR. THOMERSON

The thought of that person marrying my daughter makes me want to upchuck.

MRS. THOMERSON

You can tell a man by his friends.

FATHER FALWELL  
They're not such a bad bunch.

MR. THOMERSON  
No?  
(he points off)  
That's his best man peeing on a tree.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

In the b.g. we SEE O'Neill's back TO US. He is definitely relieving himself on a weeping willow. The wind begins to pick up.

FATHER FALWELL  
If everyone would take their  
positions...

Everyone takes their places for the wedding procession. The wind now takes this time to blow with much greater force. As Father Falwell opens his Bible, the wind rips the pages out of the Holy Book. They blow to the four corners of the Earth.

FATHER FALWELL  
(continuing)  
Oh, dear. Well, let's begin. And...

He hums the Wedding March. Chulo hums along. His humming is a driving Jimi Hendrix-like guitar lick that all but drowns out Father's humming.

FATHER FALWELL

He's orchestrating the proceedings.

FATHER FALWELL  
Flower Girls... Now Rick...  
(he gestures for him  
to start down the  
aisle)  
Good... Debbie and Mr. Thomerson.

As he gestures for them to make their walk to him, a gust of wind lifts up Father's cassock, exposing his bare ass. He quickly grabs his cassock and covers himself.

RICK

He begins to walk toward the priest. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Cole appears at his side.

RICK

Cole. Don't you know it's bad luck to see the groom before the wedding?

COLE

I want Debbie.

RICK

Cole...

COLE

You dump her and I'll give you cash.

RICK

What's Debbie's blue book value right now?

COLE

Five thousand dollars.

RICK

No.

They are now standing near Father Falwell. Debbie is approaching them with Mr. Thomerson. Mr. T. shoots Cole a signal to up the ante.

COLE

Seventy-five hundred.

RICK

Not interested.

COLE

Okay, ten thousand plus a G.E. toaster oven, a Litton microwave, a Cuisinart...

RICK

I'm marrying Debbie.

COLE

Michelin tires... brand new. A set of Sears Best metric tools...

RICK

(to O'Neill)

What is this person's story here?

O'NEILL

The way I see it, the big lug is in love and he's got a lot of major appliances lying around.

Debbie and Mr. T. have joined Rick.

DEBBIE

Cole, what are you doing here?

MR. THOMERSON

He's just trying to save you from making a mistake.

(to Rick)

A big mistake.

RICK

Thanks, Dad.

(to Cole)

Cole, go away.

COLE

He's gonna hurt you, Debbie. He'll never be true to you the way I would.

RICK

Thank you. We'll all keep that in mind. 'Bye now.

Cole turns red with anger.

COLE

(pissed)

Rick, me and you aren't through yet.

He runs off.

RICK

(a la talk show host)

Ladies and gentlemen, Cole Whittier.

Let's hear it for him – a funny,  
funny guy. We love ya, babe.

The wind suddenly picks up. A storm is coming in off the sea. Father Falwell's cassock blows up again. It starts to rain and hail. Everyone runs for cover but Rick and O'Neill.

RICK

(to O'Neill)

You think the gods are telling me  
something?

INT. RICK AND DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rick is snuggled cozily on his side of the bed, fast asleep. Debbie is staring anxiously at the ceiling. After a couple of beats, she tugs at Rick's shoulder.

RICK

(drowsy)

Huh? Wha...

DEBBIE

I can't sleep.

RICK

Oh... I got something for that.

He groggily reaches into the nightstand, pulls out a hammer. He raises it as if to hit Debbie over the head.

DEBBIE

Stop fooling around... I need to  
talk.

RICK

What's the matter?

DEBBIE

I don't know... I just feel scared.

RICK  
(he sits up)  
About what?

DEBBIE  
The wedding, my parents, your family,  
our friends, my job, the future, our  
relationship, the caterers, my gown,  
your tuxedo, our honeymoon, the  
apartment, my shower, your bachelor  
party...

RICK  
I think the only think you've left  
out are our relations with the Soviet  
Union. Sweetheart, everything's gonna  
be all right.

DEBBIE  
Before or After I have my nervous  
breakfown?

RICK  
C'mere.

He starts to gently rub her shoulders. She breathes deeply,  
trying to let go.

DEBBIE  
That feels so great.

RICK  
Good...

DEBBIE  
Um... that's very relaxing.

RICK  
Now, I want you to lie down and drift  
off to slumberland.

He slowly lowers her to her pillow and tucks the covers in  
around her.



RICK

(continuing)

Close your eyes... that's it...  
There's nothing to worry about... I  
love you... I'm a great guy...

(yawning)

In two days you're gonna be Mrs.  
Great Guy.

He yawns again and turns off the light on the night table. There is a beat of silence in the dark. We PUSH IN ON their faces, which are faintly illuminated by a street light outside the open window. Both of them have their eyes wide open as they stare at the ceiling in fearful anticipation of the next day.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The guys (except Gary) are walking through the busy airport.

RYKO

You sure Gary's got this whole party  
deal together?

CHULO

Yeah, man, he's got us a great room  
at the hotel and lots of chicks.

RYKO

I hope so. Hundred bucks apiece is a  
lot of dinero.

CHULO

What time are we supposed to get to  
the hotel?

O'NEILL

Don't worry, Chulo, the party's not  
gonna start without you. We got plenty  
of time.

STAN

I can't wait to see old Larry...  
It's been five years.

RICK  
At least.

ANGLE - THE EXIT RAMP

People are streaming out of the plane. Finally the last person exits.

O'NEILL  
Where the hell is he?

RICK  
Knowing Larry, he probably missed the flight.

STAN  
There he is... Hey, Larry!

LARRY  
(talking very slowly)  
Guys... guys... guys...

RICK  
'Ludes... 'ludes... 'ludes.

Larry floats toward them and stops in front of them. He stares at them strangely, looking from face to face.

LARRY  
God, I love you guys.

To the guys' surprise, he goes around hugging each one of them.

LARRY  
(continuing)  
This makes me so happy.

They start walking toward the baggage claim area.

O'NEILL  
So, Larry, how have you been?

LARRY  
Just in love with everybody. It's

really a beautiful planet. I love you, Rick. I love you guys. I love everybody.

RICK

So how's your wife?

Larry stops walking and immediately breaks down.

LARRY

I hate her. I hate her guts, the bitch.

O'NEILL

Larry, you and your wife got problems?

LARRY

I don't want to talk about it. I love you guys. I love my friends.

Larry reaches into his pocket, takes out a Quaalude.

LARRY

(continuing)

You want to share it?

RICK

Naw, two on a Quaalude... bad luck.

LARRY

Right.

He pops it in his mouth.

EXT. TERMINAL

The guys exit the Baggage Area. Rick is pushing Larry who is sprawled out on top of his bags in a luggage cart.

LARRY

My marriage is the worst. All crap. A big pile of shit.

RICK

Maybe your marriage should lay off

grains for a while.

LARRY

She hates me. It's over. You'll see, as soon as you get married, everything changes. You sure you want to go through with it, man?

RICK

(his interest peaked)

What do you mean, it changes?

Before Larry can answer they reach the bus where Debbie is waiting for them.

DEBBIE

(hugging Larry)

Larry, how are you?

LARRY

Hi, Debbie, congratulations. Hey, do you know where there's a pharmacy around here so I can get a prescription filled?

RICK

Come on, get him on the bus.

As a couple of the guys pick Larry up and carry him into the bus we

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DUSK

Rick is driving the bus with Debbie sitting next to him in the driver's seat. The guys sit in the row of seats behind them.

RICK

Well... twenty-four more hours to go and tonight we'll share with our friends and loved ones the joys of those last moments of singleness.

DEBBIE

You better not have too much joy.

RICK

Wouldn't think of it. Because  
tomorrow...

(starts singing)

We're going to the chapel and we're...

DEBBIE

(singing)

Gonna get married...

ANGLE - THE GUYS

They start to join in the song in a little less than perfect  
harmony.

EVERYBODY

Going to the chapel and we're gonna  
get married.

DEBBIE

Gee, I really love you...

RICK

And we're gonna get ma-a-a-ried.

EVERYBODY

(whooping it up)

Going to the chapel of love.

RICK

Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah.

EXT. BUS

The bus zooms down the street.

EVERYBODY (V.O.)

Going to the chapel of love.

EXT. THOMERSON'S - DUSK

Rick's bus comes up to the driveway in front of the house

and stops.

INT. RICK'S BUS - DUSK

RICK

This is it, lady. Last stop.

DEBBIE

Can't I just go with you guys?

RICK

Sorry, we got men's business to do.  
It's no place for a lady.

He opens the door, picks Debbie up and carries her out to the sidewalk.

DEBBIE

Remember, you promised... no screwing around.

RICK

Did I promise that? I don't remember that...

DEBBIE

You're really pissing me off.

She grabs Rick and wraps her arm around him in a playful headlock.

RICK

Okay, I promise... I swear on my mother's grave.

DEBBIE

Your mother's not dead.

RICK

Well, if I go back on my word, I'll kill her.

Debbie lets go of his neck.

DEBBIE

Have a good time. Don't make it too late.

RICK

Anything you say, ma'am. Have a fun shower. Use soap.

DEBBIE

I love you.

They kiss, and the guys whistle in the background. Then Debbie starts toward the house and Rick hops back into the bus. He gets into the seat and sits there for a moment, watching Debbie with a guilty look as she goes into the house.

O'NEILL

(to Rick)

What's the matter?

RICK

(snapping out of it)

Nothing... Let's get crazy!

RYKO

All right!

CHULO

When do the girls get to the party?

O'NEILL

Don't worry, Gary's taking care of that now.

The guys holler and whoop it up as Rick puts the bus in gear and takes off down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIMY STREET CORNER - EVENING

JUMBO, a well-dressed behemoth in a sky blue suit and widebrimmed hat, is standing on a street corner talking to Gary.

GARY

So we want your best girls, the cream  
of your crop.

JUMBO

Let's see your bread.

Gary takes out a roll of bills, which Jumbo grabs and quickly counts.

JUMBO

(continuing)

Okay, I got just what you're looking  
for.

(calling off)

Margot... Darlene...

Two shapely HOOKERS in tight-fitting clothes come up to them.

GARY

They'll do just fine. Hiya, girls.  
Look, after the orgy, maybe we could  
have coffee.

The girls look at him with "Is he for real?" in their eyes.

JUMBO

Shorty, where's the party?

Gary takes some slips of paper out of his pocket and hands Jumbo one.

GARY

Park View Hotel, Room 1002.

JUMBO

They'll be up there in a half hour.

GARY

Okay. Nice to meet you both.

Gary turns, almost collides with a garbage can, and starts walking down the street. He passes a parked Porsche. After a beat, Cole Whittier sticks his head up and watches Gary walk off. Then he hops out of his car and approaches Jumbo and the girls.



COLE

Hi. I must have just missed my friend.  
He hired you for a bachelor party.

JUMBO

At the Park View Hotel, Room 1002.  
What about it.

Cole's face lights up. This is the information he needed.

COLE

Yeah. Right.

(takes out piece of  
paper)

This is the new address. We changed  
our minds and decided to send the  
girls over to his house instead.

He takes out a fifty-dollar bill.

COLE

(continuing)

And here's a fifty... I want this to  
be a surprise, so you never saw me,  
okay?

JUMBO

(pocketing the money)

No problem.

Cole smiles happily as he slithers back to his car.

COLE

(to himself)

Now she'll see what kind of jackoff  
he is.

ANGLE - HOTEL

A parking VALET crosses to the bus as Rick hands him the  
keys.

RICK

Be careful with it. It's a rental.

The guys hop out with the enthusiasm of a home team that's just won the state championship. They race in the front door. A banner over the door reads: "WELCOME MISS MOOSEHEAD BEER PAGEANT."

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

This is a pretty plush place. The kind of hotel that prides itself on its classy image. The guys are totally unaware of the sedate atmosphere in the lobby as they go screaming toward the elevators.

O'NEILL

(to some dignified  
guests)

We who are about to go ape shit salute  
you.

RYKO

All right, I'm stoked!

Just as they are about to get into the elevator, a hand comes INTO FRAME and holds the door so it will not close.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE the MANAGER. All their carrying-on stops when the guys see him staring grimly at them. If he wasn't a hotel manager, he'd be a mortician. He has a constant expression on his face that suggests he's constantly sucking lemons.

MANAGER

Just where do you guys think you  
are?

O'NEILL

The Library of Congress?

CHULO

Detroit?

LARRY

Beyond the sun?

RICK

Are any of those right?

MANAGER

This is the Park View Hotel. I'm the Hotel Manager. Are you looking for someone?

RICK

Yes, you. We're looking for our room... 1002.

Rick takes out his key.

MANAGER

It's on the tenth floor.

RICK

What do you know, they moved it. Catch you later.

The door starts to close and the guys start yelling.

MANAGER

Keep your voices down. This is a respectable establishment. We don't go for any funny business here. Just then a GUY with a Moosehead Beer hat and TWO GUYS in a moose costume pass him and enter the elevator with the boys.

RICK

I see what you mean... You're a beautiful guy. And you're doing a damn good job.

The door slams shut before the Manager can say anything else.

INT. THE THOMERSON'S - NIGHT

Several of Debbie's friends have arrived and are chatting amiably in the living room. Phoebe is dipping potato chips into a bowl that says "Muffy" on it.

PHOEBE

Do you have any more of this dip,  
Mrs. Thomerson? It's really excellent.

MRS. THOMERSON  
You just ate Purina Cat Chow.

PHOEBE  
Gross me out...

Debbie comes into the living room and sits next to Bobbie.

DEBBIE  
(concerned)  
What do you think's gonna go on at  
the guys' party?

BOBBIE  
They'll probably get drunk, and watch  
dirty movies. But don't worry about  
the dirty movies.

DEBBIE  
What do you mean?

BOBBIE  
I forgot to tell you. Yesterday I  
found a bunch of pornos in the back  
seat of O'Neill's car.

DEBBIE  
You're kidding.

BOBBIE  
Nah. Everything's cool... I took  
care of 'em.  
(starts to giggle)

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rick, Ryko, O'Neill, Chulo, Larry and Stan are walking down  
the hallway, looking for their room.

O'NEILL  
1004, 1003...  
(spots the room)

Aha! 1002.

The guys give out a hearty cheer as they huddle around the door. O'Neill grabs the doorknob. He takes his time, playing up the moment.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
And now...

The guys lean forward, anticipating the opening of the gates of heaven.

O'NEILL  
(continuing)  
...to our honored guest Rick, and  
his life-long friends, I say...  
(turns the doorknob)  
...gentlemen, start your boners.

He flings open the door and everyone but he and Rick burst into the room.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The guys all but dive into the room. It is a two-room suite with living room/kitchenette and separate bedroom. The room has been decorated with balloons. A sign reads: "Happy Bachelor Party!" It looks far from professionally decorated. Chulo frantically checks out the rooms.

RYKO  
Bitchin' place.

He hangs a chin-up bar in a doorway and starts to chin himself.

O'NEILL  
I did the balloons myself.

He takes a prophylactic out of a Trojan carton. He blows it up. On closer examination, we SEE all the balloons are inflated prophylactics.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Chulo returns from his search of the rooms.

CHULO

(crazed)

Where's the women, man? We gotta have women.

O'NEILL

Chulo, one thing at a time.

CHULO

Sex is my one thing. I'm good at it.

STAN

What's first?

O'NEILL

A bit of a warm-up.

He threads a film projector.

O'NEILL

(continuing)

We'll spend an hour with "Nymphos Without Pants"...

RICK

Olivier's in that, right?

O'NEILL

Then it's on to the real thing.

GUYS

(cheering)

All right!

Ryko flips off the lights as O'Neill puts the projector into forward and the title flashes on a movie screen. All the guys yell in anticipation.

HOME MOVIE SCREEN

We SEE a man stepping out of a shower. He puts on his robe and exits the bathroom. To his surprise and to the delight

of our guys, two young, beautiful Nordic looking women, dressed in micro-minis and see-through blouses stand waiting for him.

CHULO (O.S.)  
They're Danish, I know it. I'm crazy  
for Danes.

RYKO AND CHULO

sit watching the screen.

RYKO  
(to Chulo)  
Denmark makes great Nautilus  
equipment.

CHULO  
I'd like to jerk and press those  
babies.

RICK AND O'NEILL

RICK  
(to O'Neill)  
And I thought we wouldn't have any  
meaningful conversation.

ON SCREEN

The man takes off his robe. The girls start to seductively undress.

GUYS (O.S.)  
(excitedly)  
All right, yeah, yeah, yeah...

Suddenly an abrupt jump cut. The girls are undressed and lying on top of the man. Our guys are seriously let down.

GUYS

EVERYONE  
(disappointed)  
Awwwww...

O'NEILL

He can't figure it out.

ON THE SCREEN

As the women kiss the man from his head slowly down his chest, past his navel and heading south...

GUYS

Their eyes start to widen like a child in a Keene painting.

GUYS

Yes, go, go, yes, go...

ON THE SCREEN

Another abrupt jump cut spliced together with what looks like a band-aid, and the girls are sitting on the side of the bed. The man is recovering from the best sex he's ever encountered.

GUYS

GUYS

(disappointed)

Awwwwww...

Rick turns to a shocked O'Neill.

RICK

Excuse me, but this is as arousing as a stroll through the Vatican.

O'NEILL

This isn't right.

GUYS' POV

They watch the screen. The two women seem to be taking a liking to each other. They begin to fall onto the bed and entwine.



GUYS

Please, yes, do it, yes, yes, oh  
yes...

A jump cut and they are dressing. Stan can't take it anymore.  
He jumps to his feet.

STAN

Where are the dirty parts? I'm a  
doctor. I can see these things.

CHULO

What a waste of two women.

O'Neill rises abruptly.

O'NEILL

I don't get it, but at least Gary's  
got the real stuff coming up here in  
a few minutes.

CHULO

(in ecstasy)

Women!

Everyone cheers.

INT. THOMERSON HOUSE

The girls are having a great time. The front DOORBELL RINGS.  
Mrs. Thomerson answers it. Standing in the doorway is Tina  
Stahl, Stan's wife; she's late for the shower. Behind her  
are two obvious hookers: Margot and Darlene. Tina doesn't  
know either of the girls.

MRS. THOMERSON

Yes?

Before Tina can speak, Margot speaks up. She's reading from  
the piece of paper Cole gave her.

MARGOT

(through heavy gum  
chewing)

Yeah, hi. Look, is this...

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

Margot reads the address.

MARGOT (O.S.)  
838 North Franek Avenue?

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. THOMERSON  
Yes.

MARGOT  
We're here.

MRS. THOMERSON  
How nice.

TINA  
I'm Tina Stahl.

MRS. THOMERSON  
Of course. Stan's wife... Everyone  
come in.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE STREET

Cole sits in his car and watches happily as the hookers go  
inside.

INT. THOMERSON'S LIVING ROOM

Debbie spots Tina. She is oblivious to the two hookers.

DEBBIE  
Tina!

They give each other a big hug. The hookers watch closely.  
Debbie leads Tina to the other women.

DEBBIE  
(continuing)  
You know everyone here, don't you?

TINA

Yes.

The girls hug and give big hellos. Meanwhile, Margot and Darlene have come to the conclusion they've been hired for a kinky scene.

MARGOT

One of these, huh?

DARLENE

Looks that way.

MARGOT

Buck's a buck.

They start to unbutton their coats.

Tina hands Debbie her present.

DEBBIE

It's so heavy.

She sits and the girls gather around as she starts to open the gift.

Phoebe happens to look off and is stunned by what she sees. The others are curious at what she is looking at and they too stare O.S., stunned to silence.

MARGOT AND DARLENE

dressed in leather and mesh stockings. Margot carries a whip. Darlene is holding a phallic electrical device.

DARLENE

(business-like)

Is there an empty outlet in here?

Debbie unconsciously points to a nearby wall. Margot and Darlene stand amidst the girls. Darlene plugs in her device. She and Margot start to embrace and fondle one another. The girls watch in stony silence. Dumbfounded at what they see. Margot and Darlene start to sink to the floor, OUT OF OUR SIGHT. Before they disappear, we see Margot take out her gum

and park it on an end table. Now OUT OF SIGHT, the girls watch for a beat. Then we hear the WHIRRING of Darlene's implement. Our girls screech in horror and hold onto one another in a protective clump.

#### INT. HOTEL SUITE

The guys are sitting around drinking, eating and looking generally bored. Chulo sits in front of the TV, glumly watching an old "I Love Lucy" re-run.

CHULO

If I was Ricky Ricardo I would beat the shit out of that chick.

LARRY

(totally ripped,  
staring at the black  
and white image)

Wow! The colors are sooo beautiful.

Chulo gives him a strange look.

RYKO

(opening a beer,  
reading the label)

Isn't there any beer that's not imported? All this stuff's from St. Louis.

RICK

(calling to imaginary  
person O.S.)

Bartender, round of brains for my friend here.

Gary enters the room. He's all smiles. Confident he's done a great job arranging for the entertainment.

GARY

How's it going, guys?

Everyone crowds around him like children greeting Daddy. Looking for candy hidden in his coat.

EVERYONE

Where's the girls? Where's the girls?

Rick pushes them away from Gary like a referee separating two fighters.

RICK

Give the guy air. Everyone to a neutral corner.

GARY

What's going on?

CHULO

Nothing. We got no women.

GARY

Screw you.

RICK

It's true.

GARY

This place should have been wall to wall tits by now.

RICK

(to O'Neill)

Guy paints a beautiful picture.

GARY

I'm going to see what the hell happened.

RICK

Looks like the only one who got screwed here was you.

GARY

Screw that.

He exits out the door.

O'NEILL

So, what do you guys think of the

party so far?

The guys toss sandwiches and empty beer cans at him.

RICK

(putting his arm around  
O'Neill)

Well, I think you've done a damn  
fine job.

Everyone pelts Rick and O'Neill with more junk.

Suddenly the door bursts open. The guys look up and are  
surprised to see Cole enter.

COLE

Rick, I want to talk to you.

RICK

Ah, Cole.

(turns to the others)

I don't remember ordering an asshole  
from room service.

Cole enters, closing the door behind him.

COLE

I don't want any trouble.

RICK

Oh, come on, just a little.

COLE

I'm ready to make you another deal.

RICK

(mock excitement)

Ooh, be still, my heart.

COLE

(points out window)

See that down there? That's my most  
prized possession. My new Porsche.

RICK'S POV

Cole's Porsche parked in the hotel parking lot.

RICK (O.S.)  
Very nice...

BACK TO SCENE

Rick gestures to Chulo to look out the window.

RICK  
(his voice tells us  
he has something in  
mind)  
Isn't that a great car, Chulo?

Chulo gets Rick's drift.

CHULO  
Yeah... real nice. Ah, excuse me.  
I'll be right back.

He starts to exit. Before he does, he grabs a hanger out of the closet.

COLE  
Great car.

RICK  
The best.

COLE  
I love that car.

RICK  
I'm very happy for you two.

They back away from the window.

COLE  
I'll trade you my Porsche for Debbie.  
An even swap.

RICK  
(surprised)

The car for Debbie?

COLE

(getting a little  
excitable)

I mean it. The car is yours. Dump  
Debbie.

RICK

Gee, guys, what should I do? The car  
or Debbie?

All the guys treat this as if it's "Let's Make A Deal". They  
take sides, yelling out, "Take the car," "Keep Debbie." Over  
the din we hear a befuddled Rick.

RICK

(continuing)

What a decision here.

He walks over to the window. Cole follows closely. He's trying  
to convince Rick to take the car.

COLE

Low mileage... Handles like a dream.

RICK

So does Debbie.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chulo is using the hanger to jimmy the car lock on Cole's  
Porsche. He's successful. He jumps into the car and drives  
off.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Rick and Cole are at the window. The guys are still trying  
to convince Rick on his decision.

COLE

I got the car only two months ago –  
it's got –

As he looks out the window we see with him that his car is



gone.

COLE

(continuing)

Shit, shit, shit, shit. My car's gone!

RICK

Maybe it had something to do.

COLE

Shit!

He charges out of the room.

O'NEILL

Odd. He's only been gone a few seconds and I already miss him.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Gary spots Jumbo on the same grimy street corner. He's pimping for one of his ladies and makes a sale to an anxious young Marine as Gary approaches him.

GARY

Jumbo, where the hell are the women?

JUMBO

What are you talking about, asshole?

GARY

Your whores never showed up.

JUMBO

They left an hour ago, pink nuts.

GARY

Screw you!

Jumbo has had enough. He backs Gary against a wall and pulls a knife on him.

JUMBO

(irritated; a lot)

That's it, prick lips.

GARY

What are you...

JUMBO

I've had it, numb nuts... How much money you got?

GARY

Why?

JUMBO

Because I'm pissed off. Now give me your cash.

Gary hurriedly digs into his pockets and gives Jumbo his money.

GARY

This is bad public relations. I was planning to do a lot of business with you. But now I'm going to have to go elsewhere.

JUMBO

(mock sincerity)

Hey. I'm sorry. You want girls. I'll give you girls.

He snaps his fingers and TWO of his LADIES come forward.

JUMBO

(continuing; to girls)

Give him the works.

GARY

That's more like it.

The girls walk over to Gary and proceed to beat the crap out of him.

EXT. CHIPPENDALE'S - NIGHT

It is a garish nightclub. A large lighted billboard proclaims

"ALL MALE... ALL NUDE." Two cars pull into the parking lot. Debbie and all of her shower guests get out.

DEBBIE

Are you sure this is a good idea?

ILENE

Look, you heard what those hookers said. They were supposed to go to a bachelor party.

DEBBIE

That doesn't mean it was Rick's party.

ILENE

Debbie, men are pigs – if they can have women, we can have men.

BOBBIE

(agreeing)

Yeah.

MRS. THOMERSON

(reluctantly)

I don't know about this.

DEBBIE

C'mon, Mother, it'll be fun.

The girls giggle as they enter the place, with Mrs. Thomerson following reluctantly behind.

INT. CHIPPENDALE'S - NIGHT

PHOEBE

Look at that guy. What a hunk.

BOBBIE

Check out the other guy's buns.

TINA

Let's sit over here.

They head for some empty tables. Debbie notices her mother is still standing transfixed by the MAN on display on stage.

Debbie grabs her by the shoulder.

DEBBIE  
C'mon, Mom.

On the way to the table they pass MICHAEL, the bartender, who looks at them and immediately recognizes Debbie. Finding this interesting, he picks up a phone and dials.

MICHAEL  
(softly; into phone)  
Yes... is there a Rick Stahl  
registered there?

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Gary, beaten up, his clothes ripped, stands amidst the guys.

RICK  
Hookers beat you up?

GARY  
Yes.

RICK  
I didn't know you were into that.

CHULO  
How could you be so stupid. I'm gonna  
kill you.

GARY  
Go ahead, but if you want women, we  
need more money.

RYKO  
This just isn't righteous.

GARY  
(angered)  
Screw you... Do me a favor, join  
this decade, will ya, pal!

RICK  
(as if he's working a

fundraiser)  
Hey, now, our buddy needs help. Come on, dig into those pockets. Help this man.

(puts his arm around Gary)  
Help this person help others get laid. Give till it hurts. He needs you.

The guys take out money. Larry stands and digs into his pocket for his wallet. Along with the wallet comes dozens of pills. The PHONE RINGS.

RICK  
And there's our first pledge coming in –

Rick picks up the receiver.

RICK  
(continuing)  
Hello. End Horniness Telethon. Yeah. Michael... how you doing?

INT. CHIPPENDALE'S - MICHAEL

He's standing behind the bar.

MICHAEL  
I'm working... Right. At Chippendale's. Guess what. Debbie and her friends just walked in.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

RICK  
(surprised)  
Really? That's very interesting.  
(he brightens)  
I'll tell you what... stay there and we'll be right down. I want to check this out.

He hangs up the phone. Gary, meantime, has collected his

money.

GARY

I'll be back with women.

STAN

I might as well have left my genitals at home, the good they're doing me here.

CHULO

(calling after Gary)

Hurry back.

Gary exits.

RICK

(it's obvious he has something in mind)

While we're waiting for Gar, why don't we all go for a little fresh air.

RYKO

Where we going?

RICK

Out.

The guys start toward the door.

LARRY

(zonked and depressed)

Guys, I think I'd rather stay here.

RICK

C'mon, Larry. Be good for you.

LARRY

I just want to be alone.

RICK

All right. Now, there's milk and cookies in the refrigerator. Go to bed right after "Falcon Crest."

As Larry slumps on the couch, the guys exit.

EXT. HOTEL

Rick and the guys exit the hotel. As they exit, Mr. Thomerson enters. Both parties are oblivious to the other's presence.

INT. HOTEL

Mr. Thomerson is greeted by a Moosehead Beer EXECUTIVE who is wearing a straw hat that says "Moosehead Beer."

EXECUTIVE

Ed, we're so glad you could come over at the last minute and judge our little beauty pageant.

MR. THOMERSON

My pleasure, Al... Always happy to help out in a pinch...

(looking around)

Excuse me. I better call my service... tell them where I am.

He enters a phone booth and starts to dial.

MR. THOMERSON

(to executive, covering mouthpiece)

I had to get out of the house anyway tonight. The wife is throwing a bridal shower for my daughter.

(into phone)

This is Ed Thomerson. Please transfer my calls to...

(reading number off phone)

220-1892. Right.

He crosses with executive toward the ballroom.

EXECUTIVE

Congratulations on your daughter's wedding. Who's she marrying?

MR. THOMERSON  
A real turd.

EXECUTIVE  
(at a loss for words)  
Well... hope she'll be very happy.

They exit into ballroom.

INT. CHIPPENDALE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amidst the kitchen activities we SEE Rick, O'Neill, Ryko, Stan, and Michael.

RICK  
So will your friend Nick do it?

MICHAEL  
He'll do anything for money.

RICK  
I love his attitude.  
(calling off)  
They still out there?

STAN

He's peeking through the kitchen door. We SEE Debbie and the shower girls whooping it up at a ringside table. Stan turns back to Rick.

STAN  
Breathing heavy at ringside.

He joins the other guys.

RICK  
(a la Long John Silver)  
So, they want action, eh? Are you  
with me, me hardies?

The guys shout approval as NICK, one of the male dancers, enters carrying a tray of food. Nick is a muscled hunk.



MICHAEL

Guys, this is Chippendale's star attraction, Nicholas Carter... better known as Nick the Dick.

RYKO

Nick the what?

Nick drops his pants. Since he's being SHOT only from the WAIST UP, we can't see what the guys see.

NICK

(proudly)

The Dick.

ALL OUR GUYS

(astonished at this

O.S. sight)

Jesus Christ!

RICK

Let's get this thing going. Tray, please.

Nick holds the tray waist high. Rick arranges the food.

RICK

(continuing)

Looks good. Can I have the bun, Michael?

Michael hands Rick a hot dog bun. Rick places it on the tray. He turns to Nick.

RICK

(continuing)

And now, Nick... or is it Mr. Dick?

NICK

Nick.

RICK

Nick, if you would be so kind...

NICK

He holds the tray with one hand. With the other he reaches OUT OF FRAME. In a nutshell, what he does is place his honker in the hot dog bun. As he slaps his business into the bun, we HEAR a solid THUMP.

RICK

Nick, the rest is all yours.

NICK

(excusing himself)

Gentlemen.

He exits. As he does, our guys crowd around and peek through the kitchen door.

NICK

We FOLLOW him as he approaches the girls' table.

NICK

If you ladies would like to serve yourselves...

The girls grab their orders. Mrs. T. is last. Hers is the hot dog. She points to it.

MRS. THOMERSON

Is this the foot long?

NICK

And then some.

Mrs. T. grabs the hot dog. It won't come off the tray. She yanks harder. Nick drops the tray and Mrs. T. finally comes to realize what she is pulling on. She screams in terror. Because of sheer fright, she can't seem to drop Nick's schlong from her grip. The rest of our ladies look to see Mrs. T.'s hot dog. They scream in shock. Debbie spits out her marguerita, hitting Phoebe in the face.

OUR GUYS

They are busting a gut watching the girls' reactions.

ILENE

She looks up just in time to see the guys close the kitchen door.

MRS. T

still frozen in a state of shock. The girls try to pry her hands off.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Several HOOKERS are standing around. Gary approaches them.

GARY

Ladies... come here.

HOOKER

Talk to the pimp.

She gestures to a MAN with his back TO US.

GARY

Let's talk.

The PIMP turns around and we SEE he is the stereotypical pimp. One big difference: he's an Indian straight from the streets of Calcutta. He's soft-spoken and ever smiling and he still hasn't quite mastered English.

RAJAH

(oh-so-heavy Indian  
accent)

What can I be doing for you?

GARY

You're a pimp?

RAJAH

I'm telling you I am, Joe.

GARY

I want women.

RAJAH

That I got. Very good women. They

sit on your face, anything you want.

GARY

I'll take some.

RAJAH

Big problem now. Soon they go to customers.

GARY

I need them for a bachelor party at the Park View Hotel.

RAJAH

You are being in luck. Customers in same hotel. I let you have them at cut-rate price for 45 minutes.

GARY

Sold. 45 minutes. No problem.

RAJAH

Not one minute longer or Milt will come for you.

GARY

Milt?

## ANOTHER ANGLE

MILT joins them. Milt is a massive hulk. A bearded exbiker. He could have come out of an MX silo. A menacing mountain of a man decked out in a cowboy hat.

RAJAH

This being Milt.

Milt casually takes off his hat and immediately sticks his face through a nearby window, smashing it to pieces. He pulls his head out, smiles and puts his hat back on.

RAJAH

(continuing)

Girls back in 45 minutes or Milt cuts your balls off. Fair enough?

Shake!

Gary extends his hand and they shake.

GARY

(to himself as he  
walks to his car)

I just bet my balls and shook on it.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The guys are piling back out of the bus into the hotel. The Manager watches them suspiciously.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Rick, O'Neill, Ryko and Stan come back into the room.

RICK

(concerned; calling  
O.S.)

Larry! Yo, Larry.

Rick crosses to the bathroom door, opens it and goes in.

RICK'S POV

Larry is on his knees on the side of the tub with his head submerged fully under several inches of water.

RICK

(continuing)

What are you doing?

Larry comes out of the water. He gasps for breath and speaks.

LARRY

I'm killing myself.

He takes a deep breath and submerges his head again. Rick unplugs the tub and it begins to drain.

RICK

Larry... you've got to lighten up.  
You and the wife can work it out.

The water has drained from the tub, leaving Larry high and dry. He lifts his head out of the tub. In his state, he's unaware that the water is gone. He gasps for air as Rick holds him up.

RICK

Lar... sometimes when people are mad they say things they don't mean.

LARRY

No, she hates me... I want to end everything here... now.

Larry takes a deep breath and plunges his head into the tub. His head hits the waterless tub bottom with a loud THUD. He goes limp from the concussion. His body drapes into the tub, head first.

RICK

You okay?

LARRY

Yeah, I guess so.

RICK

Really?

LARRY

Yeah. I see you're right. C'mon, let's party.

Larry gets up and exits the room. PUSH IN ON Rick. He looks after Larry, concerned.

RICK

(to himself)

He ain't all right.

ANGLE - THE LOBBY

Cole sits in a phone booth holding the receiver impatiently.

ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL THE ADJOINING PHONE BOOTH

The receiver is off the hook. After a beat, Mr. T. crosses to the phone. Cole does not see him, and vice versa.

MR. T

Hello?

COLE

Mr. Thomerson.

MR. T

Yes, son, did you find out where the bachelor party is?

COLE

Yes I did.

MR. T

Fine. How's everything going?

COLE

Not so good. He wouldn't listen to reason. He stole my car... my Porsche... I can't find it anywhere...

MR. THOMERSON

So, he's playing hard ball. Well, two can play that game.

(yelling)

Go after him. Stop at nothing. You hear me?

COLE

What? I'm sorry, sir, I can't hear you.

Looking over into the next booth, he sees Thomerson's back.

COLE

(continuing)

Some fat slob in the next booth is making a lot of noise.

MR. THOMERSON

Well, tell the asshole to shut up.

COLE

Right.

(calling off)

Hey, shut up. Okay, sir.

MR. THOMERSON

Sorry, I can't hear you. Some pin head's yelling...

(yelling O.S.)

Shut up, I'm talking here.

(into phone)

Now look, I want you to go back and I don't care what you do. Stop that marriage.

He slams the phone down and EXITS SCREEN RIGHT. Cole starts to exit left when he spots Chulo getting into the elevator.

CHULO

Hey, man, your car's looking good.

COLE

(crazed)

Where is it?

CHULO

Out front.

The elevator doors slam shut. Cole races out into the street.

EXT. HOTEL

Cole comes bursting out into the street. We can tell by his shocked expression he doesn't like what he sees.

COLE

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

CAMERA PANS as he charges to his Porsche. His pride and joy has now, thanks to Chulo, been customized into a Chicano special. It's chopped and channeled; dingleberries rim the back window, flames have been painted on the rear fender; a chain steering wheel, fuzzy dashboard, dice hanging from the mirror. A real East L.A. beauty.



ANGLE - COLE

He's snapped – totally flipped. He turns and yells up to the hotel:

COLE  
(screaming)  
Rick... Rick... Goddamn it.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - ANGLE - RICK

He's standing near the window.

RICK  
Gee. I think that's for me.

He looks out the window and sees Cole standing next to his transformed Porsche.

COLE  
Rick... Debbie is mine. She'll always be.

RICK  
(yelling back)  
Cole, when was the last time you had a lobotomy?

COLE  
(furious)  
You've had it. I'm gonna get you.

ANGLE - THE STREET

Cole hops in his car and drives off, blowing his HORN at oncoming traffic. The HORN PLAYS "LA CUCURACHA." Cole slams his fist on the steering wheel in disgust.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

RICK  
(to guys)  
Don't you love it when old friends stop by?

O'NEILL

(to Rick)

Hey, I'm starved... Let's go get something to eat. We'll bring back food for everybody.

RICK

I'm not really hungry.

O'NEILL

C'mon. I insist.

He grabs Rick by the arm and leads him out of the room.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT

Rick is finishing giving the food order to a WAITER. In the b.g. we SEE O'Neill talking to a BELLHOP. The Bellhop is pointing to a table. O'Neill thanks him and slips him some money.

RICK

...couple more on rye. Lots of fries... and a burger and diet soda.

Waiter acknowledges he's got it and exits. O'Neill joins Rick.

O'NEILL

Let's sit down.

O'Neill leads Rick to the table the Bellhop pointed out. They sit down. Immediately O'Neill takes some cash from his pocket and holds it under the table.

ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE

Huddled underneath the table, hidden by the tablecloth, is a HOOKER. Her specialty is coming right up. She grabs the bills from O'Neill's hand. She tucks the money in her cleavage and turns her talents to Rick. She unzips his fly.

RICK

He reacts to the ZIP SOUND.

RICK  
What the hell is that?

O'NEILL  
My gift to you.

RICK  
Under the table!

O'NEILL  
The best table in the house.

The Hooker has begun to do what she does best. And Rick loves it.

RICK  
...I think we can skip the wine list.  
Oh, gee...

FATHER FALWELL

enters the restaurant. He spots Rick and O'Neill and crosses to them.

FATHER FALWELL  
Boys, good evening to you.

Rick tries to maintain his dignity. But from under the table a blue ribbon job is being applied to his fun zone.

O'NEILL  
Father Falwell, good evening.

Falwell shakes Rick's hand. Rick hangs on for dear life. Pumping the hand up and down at a faster and faster rate.

RICK  
Father... Oh, yes... yes... yesssss...  
Oh, yesssssss!

Falwell pries his hand loose.

FATHER FALWELL  
So, Rick, soon you will be a married

man. How does it feel?

RICK  
Innnnnn-credible!

FATHER FALWELL  
Well, nice seeing you both.

Rick's excitement heightens as the Hooker pulls out all stops.

RICK  
Ooooooooooh, Jesus, Oh God, God, God,  
God, Oh Jesus, Jeeeesussss...

Father Falwell looks on rather perplexed. Rick sees Falwell's puzzled look.

RICK  
(continuing)  
I was just saying grace.

FATHER FALWELL  
How nice.

O'NEILL  
You done?

Before Rick can speak we HEAR a VOICE from under the table.

HOOKER (O.S.)  
Not yet.

Rick's hand EXITS FRAME and zips up his pants. Then Rick and O'Neill get up.

RICK  
Father, would you like to take our  
table?

O'Neill can't believe what Rick is about to do.

FATHER FALWELL  
Yes. Thank you.

He sits in Rick's spot. Rick leans on the table to say his

final farewell to the priest. He takes this moment to get some money out of his pocket and hold it under the table.

## UNDER THE TABLE

The Hooker grabs the money.

## BACK TO SCENE

RICK

I think you'll enjoy this table.

O'NEILL

So long, Father.

He and Rick, suppressing a laugh, exit. Father Falwell picks up the menu. We HEAR the ZIP SOUND. Father perks up. He doesn't know what the hell is happening.

O'Neill turns to Rick as they're leaving the coffee shop.

O'NEILL

I don't get it. Why didn't you go for it just now?

RICK

I don't know. Maybe it's because I love Debbie or maybe it's hard for me to get off in a place that smells like egg salad. I'm not sure.

## INT. HOTEL SUITE

Rick and O'Neill enter the suite. No one is there.

RICK

Where the hell is everybody?

Everyone jumps out from their hiding places. With our guys is Gary and his team of FIVE PROSTITUTES.

GARY

Surprise!  
(gesturing to the girls)

The team bus just pulled in.

STAN

Hookers. It's a party!

RICK

All right!

One of our hookers, KELLEY, gets everyone's attention.

KELLEY

Who's first, guys?

Everyone acts as if they're in grade school. They raise their hands; they come on like kids trying to get the teacher's attention.

GUYS

Oh, me... me... me!

O'NEILL

Wait. The guest of honor should be first.

RICK

Nah, that's okay. My brother has to look up old people's asses all day long. Let's give him a break.

STAN

Right. Give me the will to live. Let me go first.

O'NEILL

A moving plea. Okay, Doc, you lead off. I'll screw clean up.

Everyone cheers Stan's good fortune. Kelley takes Stan by the hand and leads him into the bedroom. Gary turns on a record and everyone starts dancing. Larry is laying out drugs on a table. They consist of lines of coke and various happy time pills of all colors and shapes. Rick takes a look at the layout.

RICK

How thoughtful. A drug smorgasbord.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Chulo enters. He sees the party has taken off.

CHULO  
I have returned!

He spots a sweet-faced young hooker, LAVERNE. She is prancing around in her bra and underwear. Chulo wants her.

CHULO  
(continuing; points  
to her)  
You! Mine!

Laverne is frightened of Chulo. Mainly because he's coming at her like a sex-starved buffalo. Chulo goes after her. Scared, she runs around the room, then out the door. Chulo gives chase.

RICK  
(to O'Neill)  
Chulo's got such a nice, light touch  
with women.

## INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Laverne runs down the hall, closely pursued by Chulo. An all-female NEW WAVE BAND comes to the door. O'Neill greets them.

O'NEILL  
Terrific. You made it... You can set  
up over there...

As they enter we go to –

## INT. CORRIDOR

Chulo is on the heels of Laverne. She bursts through a door to escape him.

## INT. STAGE

Laverne finds herself on the stage of a beauty pageant, still in her bra and panties. FIVE other LADIES are dressed in their bathing suits. Chulo stops short of running on stage. Laverne, seeking the safety of the moment, stands in line with the contestants.

#### ANGLE ON MR. THOMERSON AND OTHER JUDGES

They like what they see.

MR. THOMERSON  
(to another)  
Great bathing suit.

EXECUTIVE  
(indicating Laverne)  
I think I screwed that one once.

#### INT. THOMERSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Debbie and the shower guests are all in a state of undress. We WATCH as they put on dresses and heavy makeup. Mrs. Thomerson is still freaked out over her meeting with Nick the Dick.

MRS. THOMERSON  
I had his weiner right in my hands.

ILENE  
I told you. Men are pigs... I saw them standing there.

PHOEBE  
What a gross thing to do... gawd!

ILENE  
I bet right now Rick and his pals...  
(she spits disdainfully)  
...are knee deep in whores.

MRS. THOMERSON  
A strange wang right in my palm.

DEBBIE  
Ilene, we don't really know that.



BOBBIE

That's what we're going to find out...

DEBBIE

I feel like I'm spying on Rick.

ILENE

Good. That's just what we're doing.

TINA

I'll kill Stan if I find out he's  
been screwing around.

Ilene shoves socks in her bra to enhance her cleavage and defiantly slaps on her new dress.

ILENE

Brett, are you with us?

MRS. THOMERSON

(coming out of her  
fog)

Yeah, sure... I was eye to eye with  
an unfamiliar pud.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The party is taking off. The all-girl band is going ape shit. The guys are dancing with the hookers. They're all moving in unison, to a gyrating New Wave dance step and singing along with the MUSIC.

ANGLE - RYKO

He's wearing gravity boots, hanging upside down, entwined around one of the hookers. They're hanging there, making out like crazy. Gary passes by.

RYKO

Hey, Gary, spot me.

ANGLE - BEDROOM DOOR

Stan comes out of the bedroom. He's disheveled, but looks

very happy. He crosses to Rick.

STAN

Thanks a lot, that was the best.  
You're next.

RICK

Nah, not yet. Look, you're my older brother. I need some advice here. What's the deal with marriage? What can I expect?

STAN

Well, the first month it's great. The second month things calm down a little. By the third month you're looking through your old girlfriends' phone numbers; by the fourth month you're numb; by the fifth month, hopefully the football season starts.

RICK

Thanks, Stan, you've been a lot of help.

Stan pats Rick on the back and dives into the festivities.

ANGLE - GARY

He spots someone across the room. It's like Tony spotting Maria for the first time in "West Side Story." As in a DREAM SEQUENCE, ALL SOUNDS STOP. Two pinspots hit them. She turns and sees him. She smiles. Both are madly in love. Like two pieces of metal attracted to the same magnet, they walk toward each other.

GARY

Hi.

SHE

Hello.

They take each other by the hand. They walk into the bedroom and close the door behind them.

The New Wave dance briefly continues, then comes to an end.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HOTEL ROOM

O'Neill grabs Ryko (who is just coming down from his gravity bar) and Stan, who is wearing a pair of women's underwear on his head.

O'NEILL

You guys better get going. It's getting late.

STAN

Oh, right.

Ryko and Stan cross to the door and exit. As they do, four or five pretty GIRLS are passing by in the hallway.

GIRL

Is there a party going on in there or something?

RYKO

Yeah. It's great. Go on in.

The girls cross inside.

STAN

My God. Fresh meat. Let's hurry back.

## INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON LARRY

There is a pained, tragic and extremely stoned out look on his face as he sighs deeply and then summons up his courage. WIDEN as he looks down at his right wrist.

He heaves another deep sigh and brings an electric razor INTO FRAME. He turns it on and runs it over his wrist. Of course, nothing happens. Just then Rick enters.

RICK

What the hell are you doing?

LARRY

I'm trying to slash my wrists.

RICK

You're trying to kill yourself with an electric razor?

LARRY

I couldn't find any razor blades.

RICK

Well, this is terrific. Now you're gonna have wrists that are smooth and kissable. Just go out there. Forget about everything and laugh it up.

LARRY

(suddenly laughs like a crazy man)

Ha, ha, ha.

RICK

No, have fun first. Then laugh. Now, forget about marriage for a while. Go party.

As he shoves Larry out, Gary enters the bathroom. His expression tells us he's had the best sex of his life.

RICK

Gary, how we doing, big stallion?

GARY

Rick, I really think I'm in love.

RICK

This is cause for celebration. She'll probably charge half price for sex from now on.

Rick exits as Gary dreamily crosses to the mirror.

GARY

(into mirror)

This time it's real. She's wonderful.

Gary's "woman" enters and closes the door. Their eyes meet. Gary takes her hand and kisses it gently. She turns away, then lifts up the toilet seat, lifts up her dress and proceeds to pee. She is a man. Gary is stunned. His jaw drops open. Gary's dream girl/guy finishes his business. He drops his dress and turns to Gary.

SHE

The name's Tim. I'm always available.

He blows a kiss and starts to leave, but turns back.

SHE/TIM

By the way... I also do engine work on BMW's. 'Bye.

Tim exits. Gary feels filthy. He rips open the cabinet, takes out tooth paste and toothbrush and vigorously brushes his teeth. He rips off his clothes and jumps in the shower and scrubs as if he's scraping barnacles off a hull of a tugboat.

EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

Ryko and Stan drive up to a country stable. They get out of the car and open a barn door. Both are pleased at what they see.

RYKO

All right.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Standing there is a donkey, eating straw.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Cole drives up in his Chulo-customized Porsche. He gets out, then reaches back into the car and takes out a crossbow (the heavy duty metal kind hunters use). He looks up menacingly at the hotel and spots the room where the party is going on. He sees another hotel across the way. He gets an idea and enters the other hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The party is going full blast. Some other girls and a couple of guys (hotel guests) enter the room and are quickly swept up in the spirit of the party. O'Neill approaches Rick.

O'NEILL

Rick, I'm concerned.

RICK

About what?

O'NEILL

This is your bachelor party. You haven't had sex with anyone yet.

RICK

(trying to joke his way out of it)

Get a few drinks into me, we'll dance and see what happens.

O'NEILL

I got something you can't resist. I have a friend, Tracey. She wants to meet you. She loves to please.

RICK

Oooooo.

O'NEILL

(indicating the bedroom)

Right in there, pal.

RICK

If I'm not out in a half hour, send for the paramedics.

O'NEILL

That's the old Rick!

Rick enters the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

It's dark, but for a lamp on the nightstand which is on. In one corner of the room we SEE the figure of a woman.

RICK  
Hellooo!

Tracey walks toward Rick. The light illuminates her. What we see is truly the most beautiful woman on earth. She is totally nude. A vision that would make any man screw and ask questions later.

RICK  
(to himself;  
overwhelmed by her)  
Eat my chair!

TRACEY  
Take me... please.

Rick instinctively makes a move toward her. He decides to go for it.

RICK'S POV - TRACEY

Just then a strange thing happens to Tracey's face. It transforms into Debbie's.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rick stops dead in his tracks. He can't believe it. Debbie's face is now on Tracey's body.

TRACEY/DEBBIE  
You promised me, Rick. You promised  
you wouldn't make love to anyone  
else.

Rick is shaken by this. He shakes his head and wipes at his eyes. Debbie's face is gone. He moves toward Tracey again.

TRACEY

Her face transforms into Sister Mary Francis.

TRACEY/SISTER MARY FRANCIS  
Don't go back on your word, Rick. Be  
true; be strong.

Sister Mary Francis's face disappears.

ANOTHER ANGLE

RICK  
I can't do it.

TRACEY

Her face becomes Stan's.

TRACEY/STAN  
You nuts? Look at me, I'm beautiful!

Stan's face turns back to Tracey's.

ANOTHER ANGLE

All the kids from his bus are gathered around Tracey. They're egging him on.

KIDS  
Do it! Come on! Put her away! Go for it!

Debbie's face appears on Tracey's.

TRACEY/DEBBIE  
(pleading)  
Don't Rick.

Debbie's face disappears. Rick can't take it anymore.

RICK  
I can't do it. I love Debbie.

He runs out of the room, leaving a very confused Tracey in his wake.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

O'Neill is waiting outside the bedroom door as Rick comes out.



O'NEILL  
How'd it go?

RICK  
Put it to you this way – you're  
gonna have to pry her out of the bed  
with a spatula, mister.

O'NEILL  
I'm proud of you, lad.

Rick crosses to the bar area as O'Neill watches him go,  
beaming.

INT. HOTEL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

Cole enters the room. He runs to the window.

COLE'S POV

His window is right opposite the window in the hotel of Rick's  
party.

COLE

He's pleased. Very pleased. He places an arrow into his  
crossbow.

COLE'S POV

He's looking down his sights. Rick is the target... and an  
easy one at that, for at this very moment Rick is crossing  
past the window.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The door opens and in walks Rajah, the Indian pimp. He looks  
pissed. He's looking for Gary.

RAJAH  
(angry)  
Am looking for this dunghead who  
took my women... He is being liar to  
me. 45 minutes way over.

COLE'S POV

He has Rick right where he wants him.

CROSSBOW TRIGGER

Cole's finger squeezes off a shot.

RICK

Luckily he starts to dance with a female guest. This takes him out of line of the arrow.

HOTEL SUITE WINDOW

The arrow zooms through the open window.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Rajah is standing by the door. The arrow zips through the room, misses everyone and lodges in the wall inches from Rajah's head. He looks at the arrow and realizes he almost was killed.

RAJAH

(frightened)

Holy Dung is this thing! I sic Milt on you. He get back bitches. Me? I haul ass.

He runs out of the room. Rick and O'Neill watch Rajah exit, confused.

RICK

Who was that?

O'NEILL

I don't know.

RICK

(looking at arrow)

What's this?

O'NEILL

Got me.

Just then another arrow comes zipping through the room, lodging in a chair inches from Rick.

RICK  
(to new arrow)  
How 'bout this?

O'NEILL  
Still drawing a blank.

They turn in the direction the arrow came from and look out the window. They spot Cole loading his bow in the room across the way.

RICK  
He look familiar?

O'NEILL  
Very.

RICK  
C'mon. Get the hookers in a circle.  
We better put Cochise out of business.

They start for the door as we go to –

#### INT. BACKSTAGE OF BEAUTY PAGEANT

Chulo is waiting outside a door that says "Dressing Room." Several of the beauty contestants race out wearing formal gowns. Laverne follows them, wearing a very tight black dress. Chulo approaches her.

LAVERNE  
Stay away from me.

CHULO  
I'm not gonna hassle you... Don't worry. You look beautiful.

LAVERNE  
(nervous)  
Think so? I borrowed it from one of the girls. I don't look too fat?

CHULO

You're an angel... A madonna.

Laverne is moved by this. Before she can respond a Stage Manager takes her by the arm and pushes her on stage.

STAGE MANAGER

You're on.

Chulo watches Laverne enter the stage to hearty applause.

ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE

Mr. Thomerson and the other Judges sit in the front row making notes.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE STAGE

The girls are lined up on pedestals as the MC approaches Laverne

MC

All right, here is your question,  
Miss... Er...

He looks through his cards hurriedly and is unable to find Laverne's.

LAVERNE

Rivas.

MC

Miss Rivas... Yes... How would you  
solve our country's present economic  
problems?

LAVERNE

Who, me?

MC

Yes.

LAVERNE

That's a good question. From the way

I understand it, according to supply side economics, when supply exceeds demand, recession is the result. That's why I think we should control the credit markets and increase the prime rate. That way, the consumer price index will stabilize and we will have economic recovery.

ANGLE - THE CROWD

They break into spontaneous applause.

ANGLE - CHULO

He is totally blown away.

ANGLE - LAVERNE

She smiles broadly at the applause and walks off stage. Chulo moves alongside her.

CHULO

How'd you know all that stuff? You're a real brain.

LAVERNE

Nah, I used to fuck a librarian.

Chulo looks at her with awe and respect as she exits into the dressing room.

CHULO

Wow!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Debbie, her mother and the girls enter the lobby. They approach the Hotel Manager, who is standing behind the front desk. They are dressed garishly, like hookers. Debbie has on a cheap blonde wig and mini skirt. The Manager looks at them the way one would look at an approaching plague.

DEBBIE

I don't believe we're doing this.

The Manager crosses to them.

MANAGER

Can I help you, ladies?

DEBBIE

Yes, we're looking for the Stahl party.

MANAGER

Room 1002.

The girls turn and start toward the elevator. Mrs. Thomerson, who is wearing the kind of push-up bra that makes her tits look like the Black Hills, smiles at the Manager seductively. He smiles back, then catches himself.

MANAGER

(to Bellboy)

Those guys are asking for it.

The girls cross to the elevator. Ilene pushes the button and the doors swing open. They get inside and just before the doors close, a huge behemoth of a man joins them inside. He turns and faces CAMERA. It's Milt, Rajah's beefy helper. He doesn't look happy as he eyes the girls. They look back at him uncomfortably as the doors slam shut.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

The elevator door opens. Milt has all the girls by the collar and hustles them down the hall.

ILENE

You're making a big mistake.

MILT

Shut up. You still got another job to do here.

MRS. THOMERSON

What kind of job? I'm a housewife.

DEBBIE

Quiet, Mother.

Milt stops at a door and kicks it with his foot. The door opens a crack at first, then swings open wide, revealing six middle-aged Japanese business MEN in their underwear. They smile wide at the girls, obviously thrilled with the quality of the merchandise delivered to them. Milt shoves them into the room.

MILT  
Get in there.

He slams the door shut and exits.

INT. JAPANESE GUYS' ROOM

The guys start to move toward our panicked girls. They speak to each other in Japanese (with English subtitles)

JAPANESE ONE  
Nice looking quim, huh, Bob?

JAPANESE TWO  
Yeah, you know me, Ray, I've always been a sucker for redheads.

JAPANESE FOUR  
Hubba-hubba.

BOBBIE  
Let's get out of here, girls.

They turn toward the door. One of the Japanese races over and gets there first, slamming and bolting the door shut.

DEBBIE  
Guys, take it easy. Guys.

The girls run around the room in a panic with the Japanese chasing them in very hot pursuit.

EXT. COLE'S ROOM

Rick, O'Neill and Tracey quietly approach Cole's door. Tracey is dressed in a see-through negligee.

RICK

This is it.  
(he positions Tracey  
outside the door)  
Go get 'im.

He and O'Neill duck around the hallway corner, out of sight.

INT. COLE'S ROOM

He is at the window, holding his crossbow. He is frantically searching the bachelor party across the way for any sign of Rick.

COLE

Where the hell is he?

He hears a KNOCK on the DOOR. Cole quickly hides his crossbow under the bed and answers the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tracey stands in the open door. Cole's jaw drops open. He has never seen anything as lovely.

COLE

Yeah?

TRACEY

Make love to me... please.

She walks into the room. Cole closes the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COLE'S DOOR

Rick and O'Neill run up to the door. They listen closely. We HEAR the SOUND of Cole's SHIRT being RIPPED off, the buttons flying around the room, then the SOUND of his pant ZIPPER being undone.

RICK

T minus... 3... 2... 1. We have  
ignition.



e and O'Neill burst into the room and close the door.

COLE (O.S.)

Hey!

INT. COLE'S ROOM

O'Neill is tying the end of a sheet around the bed post. We SEE the bed is minus its sheets and blankets.

O'NEILL

All set here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The guys have tied the sheets and blankets together and made a rope. The other end is tied around Cole's chest. And that's all Cole is wearing; he's nude.

COLE

You guys are never going to get away with this.

Rick stuffs Cole's underwear in his mouth to gag him.

RICK

We're just going to keep you in a safe place until after the party.

He and O'Neill lift Cole up and put him out the window. They hang onto the sheet/blanket rope and lower him slowly outside.

EXT. HOTEL

We SEE Cole being lowered from the window.

CLOSER ON COLE

He's struggling, but can do nothing about his predicament. He looks down.

COLE'S POV

The hotel parking lot is ten stories below.

COLE

He looks up to the guys.

RICK AND O'NEILL

They look down at him from the window above.

RICK

Now, don't get into any trouble.

O'NEILL

Take care.

RICK & O'NEILL

Byeeeeee!

They duck inside the window.

INT. COLE'S ROOM

Rick, O'Neill and Tracey exit the room.

RICK

(to Tracey)

Don't you wish you were a guy so you  
could have fun like this?

COLE

He's scared to death.

INT. COLE'S ROOM

We SEE that Cole's weight is pulling the bed to the window.

COLE

He's slowly lowering down the side of the building.

INT. ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM

A YOUNG COUPLE enters the room. They are very much in love.  
He gives her a kiss and closes the door.

MAN

Why don't you get comfortable?

She smiles coyly and starts to undress. He crosses to the closed blinds.

MAN

(continuing)

There's a wonderful moon out tonight.

He opens the blinds, revealing Cole's ass pressed up against the window.

WOMAN

She screams, horrified.

INT. JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN'S ROOM

The girls are being hotly pursued by the Japanese men.

JAPANESE/RAY

(subtitled)

Hey, Bob, this beats the shit out of  
sushi, doesn't it?

INT. COLE'S ROOM

The bed moves right up against the wall under the window. We SEE the end tied to the bed post is beginning to untie.

COLE

He's panicked.

INT. COLE'S ROOM

The knot unties.

COLE

He falls OUT OF FRAME. The "rope" trailing behind.

INT. CAR

The young couple from the room are seated in his sportscar.  
He's cranking open the sun roof.

MAN

Babe, I didn't know anything about  
that.

The sun roof opens. Suddenly Cole's ass sticks through it.  
The Woman freaks out again.

EXT. SPORTSCAR

We SEE a groggy Cole sitting in the sun roof. The Man in the  
car is trying to calm down his lady.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - BACKSTAGE

Chulo and Laverne are standing in the wings while in the  
b.g. we can SEE the MC singing the Moosehead Beer jingle.  
Then:

MC

All right, can we have our five  
finalists, please.

CHULO

Good luck, Laverne.

Laverne and the five finalists go out on stage.

ANGLE - MR. THOMERSON

He gives an envelope to the MC.

MC

Thank you, Mr. Thomerson. Well, the  
judges have made their decision, and  
this year's Miss Moosehead Beer is...

ANGLE - THE GIRLS

They are all nervous, especially Laverne.

MC

Laverne Rivas.

Laverne squeals with delight and hugs the MC as he puts the bejeweled crown on her head. Then the MC leads her to the microphone.

LAVERNE

(teary-eyed)

I can't believe it. This is the happiest day of my life, and I owe it all to him.

She points O.S. to Chulo, Chulo, with tears in his eyes, comes out on stage and, in a surge of emotion, picks Laverne up off her feet and hugs her passionately.

ANGLE - THE JUDGES

JUDGE

I know I've had that girl.

MR. THOMERSON

(looking at Chulo)

And I know that guy from somewhere, too.

The other judge looks at Mr. Thomerson suspiciously.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

CAMERA PUSHES IN TO a car in the parking lot which is towing a U-Haul trailer behind it. The car stops and turns off its lights.

INT. CAR

Stan and O'Neill sit in the car looking at the hotel.

STAN

How the hell are we supposed to get this donkey inside?

RYKO

I don't know.

STAN

What? I thought you told me you had it all figured out.

RYKO

Maybe I did... I don't remember.

STAN

(through clenched teeth)

I'd love to get you in an operating room. Just once.

ANGLE - HOTEL ENTRANCE

Just then the "Moose" from the beauty pageant steps outside the hotel for a smoke.

The guy in front removes the head, takes a drag of his cigarette and passes it to the guy bringing up the rear. After a beat, smoke steams out the rear end of the costume.

ANGLE - THE GUYS IN THE CAR

They both have the same idea. They stroll out of the car and approach the two men in the moose suit. We can't hear what they're saying, but we can SEE the bills Stan is taking out of his pocket. Ryko grabs the moosehead and runs over to the trailer with it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The door opens and Stan and Ryko enter pulling the "Moose" by a rope.

RYKO

Can you believe how perfect it fits?

STAN

Yeah. Who'd have thought they'd both be a size 138 regular.

Just then Rick and O'Neill saunter into the lobby.

O'NEILL

Hey, you guys...

RICK  
Who's your friend?

STAN  
(keeping it a surprise)  
Oh... it's... er... the guys from  
the beer convention. We're bringing  
them to the party.

RICK  
Great.  
(to moose)  
I was wondering, how do you guys go  
to the bathroom in that thing?

At that moment he HEARS a SPLAT hit the ground. The guys  
look down and see a large, shiny clump of shiny brown  
excrement nestled in the shag carpet.

RICK  
(continuing)  
Say no more.

The Manager crosses to them.

MANAGER  
I don't know which one of you did  
this, but you're not going anywhere  
till you clean up this disgusting  
mess.

O'NEILL  
(resigned)  
Anybody got a paper towel or a shovel  
or something?

All the guests turn away in disgust. Stan takes out a  
handkerchief and hands it to Rick, who closes his eyes and  
picks up the warm little bundle. The Manager turns and walks  
off in a huff. On the way back to the elevator, Rick checks  
to see no one is watching and places the handkerchief's  
contents on the front desk, just OUT OF FRAME. Smiling  
contentedly, the guys lead the reluctant "moose" into the  
elevator. The doors slam shut.

## ANGLE AT THE DESK

The Manager is just finishing checking in a couple from out of town.

MANAGER

I'll have the boy take your bags up.

He goes to hit the bell and to his surprise, his hand comes down on something soft and mushy. The look on his face tells us what it is. It's the "gift" Rick left behind.

MANAGER

(to couple)

Excuse me. I seem to have a hand full of potty.

Revolted, he races into a room marked "MEN."

## ANGLE - BALLROOM DOORS

The doors open and several people from the Moosehead beauty pageant come out. Mr. Thomerson is one of them.

EXECUTIVE

Thanks for helping us out, Ed. We appreciate it.

MR. THOMERSON

Any time, Al.

Mr. T. crosses to the door just as Cole comes running in, slightly dazed, wrapped in the tattered remnants of the sheet that held him suspended out the window. They both are shocked to see one another.

MR. THOMERSON

Cole, my God, boy, what are you doing here? What happened?

COLE

(nearly hysterical)

The bachelor party's upstairs. They made me get naked. They hung me from



the window so high up it was so scary  
I fell down...

MR. THOMERSON

Take hold of yourself. What room are  
they in?

COLE

1002.

MR. THOMERSON

All right, I'll go up there and take  
care of this myself.

(disgusted)

You look awful, son. Go find yourself  
some clothes.

COLE

Yes, sir.

With a determined look, Thomerson crosses to the elevator,  
as Cole runs into the hotel gift shop.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Rick, Ryko, Stan, O'Neill enter with the "moose."

RICK

Hi, guys. We brought back a friend.

LARRY

It's Bullwinkle.

O'NEILL

Gentlemen... Ladies... For your  
viewing pleasure, meet Mike the  
Magical Sexual Mule.

O'Neill lifts the head off the moose costume, revealing a  
real burro. The burro shows all his teeth as burros are apt  
to do when excited. O'Neill and Stan zip off the rest of his  
costume, revealing a well-endowed beast.

RICK

(surprised)

How about this, a Trojan donkey.

O'NEILL

And here's Mike's partner, in more ways than one. A gal who doesn't think happiness ends with primates. The very lovely, Miss Desiree...

DESIREE, an erotic, tall woman wearing a leather face mask, comes out of the bedroom carrying a long whip. Desiree puts Ravel's "Bolero" on the PHONOGRAPH; then she starts to sway her hips sensuously in front of the animal.

ANGLE - THE PARTY GUESTS

They all scream and holler approval.

ANGLE - DESIREE

She rubs up against the donkey, shaking her backside against the animal's.

RICK

Swell. She's gonna pin her tail on the donkey.

Now all eyes are on Desiree as she does an erotic striptease.

ANGLE - THE DONKEY

It is getting bored and a little hungry. It bends its head to the left and spots the table with food on it. It bends over and starts munching on some cole slaw.

ANGLE - DESIREE

To the catcalls of the partygoers, Desiree is getting all worked up, stripping down to a G-string.

THE DONKEY

It's had enough cole slaw. Now it sniffs at Larry's drug smorgasbord and then starts to chomp on a few pills. Next it sticks its head into the lines of coke and snorts them up in one gigantic sniff.

## ANGLE - DESIREE

She lets her long, flowing hair hang down over her breasts. Then she takes a mattress and sets it on the floor. She rolls on it and sways her hips sensuously on her knees.

## ANGLE - HER AUDIENCE

Rick can't believe he's seeing this. The other guys are screaming at the top of their lungs. Even Larry seems spell-bound.

## ANGLE - THE DONKEY

It doesn't look so hot as it finishes off every drug on the table.

## ANGLE - DESIREE

She moves over to the donkey, hits him on the side gently with her whip, then pulls him over to her mattress. The donkey's blood-shot eyes are the size of saucers. Once again he shows his teeth in a kind of shit-eating grin. Desiree drops to the mattress and beckons the animal to her. Mike the Donkey obediently does as he's told, moving to her in a trance-like, very turned-on state.

## DESIREE

C'mon, Mike... Come to Mama.

The Donkey takes another step forward, and then suddenly rears up on his hind legs, snorting. He starts bucking wildly. The crowd moves out of his way as the animal goes berserk for a few seconds, then without warning collapses in a heap on the floor.

Everyone goes rushing up to it.

Chulo and Laverne enter the room, followed by several of the other contestants and others from the beauty pageant.

## CHULO

(excited)

Hey, you guys, I'm getting married.

(to Laverne)  
We're gonna make lots of kids.

He looks over and sees everyone gathered around Mike.

CHULO  
What the hell happened?

Gary shushes him. We PUSH IN ON Dr. Stan, who is listening for signs of life in the animal's chest. Finally Stan stands up somberly.

STAN  
Drug overdose.

DESIREE  
You mean it's...

STAN  
Afraid so. I did everything I could.

LARRY  
It's my fault. He's dead because...  
I left those drugs...

RICK  
It's really not all your fault. I  
was talking to Mike earlier and he  
had a lot of problems. Personal  
things, you know. Made some bad  
investments. At least now he's  
peaceful...

O'NEILL  
C'mon, we gotta get this thing out  
of here.

O'Neil places the moosehead on the donkey as Rick, Gary, Chulo and Stan pull the donkey out into the hall like pallbearers at a funeral.

INT. HALLWAY

Mr. Thomerson, who's been standing at the door, takes this time to sneak into the suite right behind them.

## INT. RICK'S SUITE

Mr. Thomerson can't believe the goings-on. People are making out, drinking and dancing. He hides in a corner to watch undercover.

## ANGLE IN CORRIDOR

The guys shove the donkey onto the elevator and the doors snap shut.

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY

MANAGER

(on phone)

Yes... I see... Of course we don't allow that sort of thing here, ma'am.  
No... Well, I'm sorry the noise woke you. I'll take care of it right away.

He hangs up and crosses to the elevator.

MANAGER

I've had enough of this.

Just then the elevator door swings open. The donkey falls out into the lobby. The Manager screams in terror, as do several of the hotel guests.

MANAGER

(continuing)

That's it. I'm calling the cops.

## INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Some more uninvited guests come drifting into the room.

RICK

Welcome, welcome, one and all.

MR. THOMERSON (O.S.)

Rick!

RICK

(recognizing the voice)  
Oh, no!

He turns and spots Mr. Thomerson as he makes his way through the party.

RICK  
Christ... it's Mr. Laughs.

Mr. Thomerson goes nose to nose with Rick.

MR. THOMERSON  
This is it. You're through. When Debbie hears about this she'll never see you again. Now I'm calling the cops to break up this sex orgy... And toss your ass in jail!

He turns away and walks OUT OF FRAME. O'Neill crosses to Rick.

O'NEILL  
What are you going to do about it?

RICK  
(defeated)  
What can I do? I'm dead. Debbie's going to go crazy and end the whole thing.

O'NEILL  
I'll stop him... You stall him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. Thomerson is heading for the phone in the bedroom.

RICK  
Mr. Thomerson!

Thomerson stops and turns to Rick.

RICK  
(continuing; dramatic)  
Please, no. Don't ruin my life.

Please!

He drops to his knees and hugs Thomerson's legs. The party stops and everyone watches.

RICK

(continuing)

It's not me. I was brought up on the wrong side of the tracks. A victim of my environment...

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - O'NEILL AND LARRY

Larry is handing O'Neill a plastic bag filled with white powder.

O'NEILL

Is that all the coke in the place?

LARRY

That's it.

O'NEILL

Good.

O'Neill unscrews the mouthpiece off the phone. He pours the bag of cocaine into the phone. He then screws the mouthpiece back on over this mound of powder. Satisfied with his work, he exits the bedroom.

INT. SUITE - MAIN ROOM

Thomerson is trying to free himself from Rick's grasp as Rick continues with his "hard luck" story.

RICK

My poor old mammy had to take in laundry. My pappy had to work 20 hours a day at the Pez Factory.

ANOTHER ANGLE

O'Neill gestures to Rick that everything's ready. Rick immediately jumps to his feet.

RICK  
The end.

MR. THOMERSON  
No sob story is going to change my  
mind.

Mr. Thomerson pushes O'Neill aside and enters the bedroom.

O'NEILL  
The phone's all yours.

Mr. Thomerson, in the bedroom, picks up the receiver. As he does so, a cloud of cocaine falls out of the mouthpiece. He screams at Rick, gesturing with the phone in his hand as he dials. Each move produces a large cloud of powder, which causes him to sniffle slightly.

MR. THOMERSON  
I never liked you. I've never liked  
any of your friends. I've hated you  
from the first time I saw you. And  
now you are out of my life. You are  
out of my life!

He starts to react from inhaling the powder. He puts the receiver to his ear. He takes a deep breath and tries to dial another number. A large cloud of coke flies up his nose. He's stunned. He takes another deep drag. He's hooked. He forgets all about dialing. He jams the receiver against his nose and takes deep drag after deep drag.

Desiree, still wearing her leather mask, crosses to him and sits down next to him on the bed. He gives her a big, wide smile.

O'Neill closes the door.

O'NEILL  
Reach out and snort someone.

RICK  
I'm saved. Let's party!

Everyone starts to whoop it up again.



INT. JAPANESE SUITE

It's still a standoff between the girls and the horny Japanese.

DEBBIE

Let's give them what they want.

PHOEBE

What?

Debbie opens the bedroom door and motions for the Japanese to file in.

DEBBIE

Let's go. Everyone inside.

The Japanese immediately put two and two together and get orgy. These are some happy fellas as they enter the bedroom.

BOBBIE

Deb, we're pretending to be hookers.

DEBBIE

(herding in the last Japanese)

Right in here. The big show starts in one minute.

The Japanese man enters the room. Debbie slams the door shut behind him.

DEBBIE

Let's go.

ILENE

Look, girls – I'll stay behind and hold them off. The rest of you break for it!

DEBBIE

Ilene, are you crazy?

ILENE

I know what I'm doing... Go!

The girls run out the door.

#### INT. JAPANESE BEDROOM

Ilene smiles. She has what she wants. She walks into the bedroom, surrounded by panting Japanese.

ILENE

Gentlemen, the gods have answered  
your prayers... Bonzai!

She takes a running leap and dives on top of the Japanese.

#### INT. CORRIDOR

Debbie and the ladies run to an elevator. Debbie presses the "down" button.

MRS. THOMERSON

I hope Ilene's all right.

DEBBIE

I hope those guys are all right.

The elevator door opens, revealing the donkey lying flat on his back. His stiff legs point skyward. The girls see him and scream. They run down the hall to the stairway. On the way Debbie notices she's passing Room 1002. She HEARS the party SOUNDS inside.

She heads for the room angrily. This is a lady out to even a score.

#### INT. HOTEL SUITE

As Debbie opens the door, her father walks by with Desiree on his arm. Neither sees the other. Debbie enters the room. She is surprised by the masses of humanity rubbing shoulders with one another in the room.

O'Neill looks over from the other side of the room and spots her. He isn't fooled for a minute by her wig and mini skirt. He runs over to Rick.

O'NEILL

Guess who's here? Another surprise guest.

RICK

Who?

O'NEILL

Debbie.

RICK

My Debbie?

O'NEILL

What's with her costume?

O'Neill points and Rick sees Debbie. She doesn't see them.

RICK

(continuing)

I don't know... Go up to her, make like you don't know her and send her into the other bedroom.

O'NEILL

You got it.

O'Neill crosses to Debbie.

O'NEILL

(continuing)

Hi, baby. You're new here. I don't think the groom's had you yet, has he?

PUSH IN ON Debbie. She's pissed.

DEBBIE

No, not yet. Where is he?

INT. BEDROOM

Rick opens the door from the bathroom. The lights are turned off and from the flashing illumination of a neon sign outside

the window we can MAKE OUT the outline of Debbie's body on the bed.

RICK

I can't see anything.

Debbie, in a disguised Southern accent, speaks out.

DEBBIE

Don't turn on the lights, sugar.

(seductively)

I'll lead you around.

RICK

How wonderful. A seeing eye hooker.

DEBBIE

Why don't you get undressed.

Rick starts to undress. While undressing, he takes on the persona of Mr. Rodgers. He sings Rodgers' opening theme in that same sappy, child-like manner of his.

RICK

(singing)

It's a lovely day in the neighborhood.

It's a lovely day, it's a beauty,

would you be mine, could you be mine.

(he's now stripped

down to his underwear)

...Please won't you be my neighbor.

(as Mr. Rodgers)

Hi... Hi there... Today we're going

to learn about anatomy...

He jumps on top of her and starts mauling her passionately. Debbie snaps on the lights. She throws off her wig and she and Rick come face to face.

RICK

(continuing)

Debbie... you're a hooker! I can't believe it!

She all but jumps out of bed.

DEBBIE  
I can't trust you!

RICK  
C'mon, I knew it was you.

DEBBIE  
(holding back tears)  
Rick, you're lying!

As Rick protests, she throws on her blouse and runs out of the room. Rick charges after her.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MAIN ROOM

The place is wall to wall people.

ANGLE - DEBBIE

She tries to make her way to the exit, but her path is slowed by all the happy revelers.

DEBBIE  
(yelling over the  
din; furious)  
Let go of me!

RICK  
(yelling back)  
Debbie, I'm telling you, I didn't do  
anything, hardly.

DEBBIE  
The marriage is off. Now you can  
screw around with your friends for  
the rest of your life.

RICK  
I don't want that. I want to be with  
you.

DEBBIE  
And I want to be with someone who  
understands the meaning of the word

commitment.

RICK

I am committed. I love you.

Just then Desiree and Mr. Thomerson cross THROUGH FRAME. She's leading him around by the silver chain, which is now attached to his neck. She's also carrying a leather whip.

DEBBIE

I don't believe you.

RICK

You don't believe me? Okay, fine.

Rick gets up on the sofa and yells loudly over the din.

RICK

(continuing)

People! Can I have your attention...  
people!

Everyone stops what they're doing and looks up.

RICK

(continuing)

I want to ask you all a question.  
Have I had sex with anybody in this  
room tonight?

There's a negative response from the crowd.

RICK

(continuing)

Are you sure?

Everyone responds positively.

RICK

(continuing)

Thank you.

All the guests go back to partying. Rick drops off the sofa and faces Debbie.

RICK

(continuing)

See? And these are not just ordinary party-goers – there are professionals in this crowd – I didn't want any of them. You... You're what I want. Understand?

DEBBIE

(melted)

Yes...

RICK

Great. Now, what do you want to do about it?

DEBBIE

(sexy)

Let's get naked.

RICK

You're on.

She takes him by the hand and crosses into the other bedroom.

INT. OTHER BEDROOM

Rick and Debbie enter. To their surprise they find a man wearing a leather mask tied to the bed and happily licking Desiree's boots, which she dangles in front of him. She also holds a whip over his head. Despite the mask, there is something very familiar about his face, and the white powder encrusted all over his nose.

Debbie picks up on this immediately.

DEBBIE

(shocked)

Daddy?

Sure enough, Mr. Thomerson looks up and grimaces, knowing he's been caught with his bondage down. He tries to say something, but the boot in his mouth prevents anything intelligent from coming out.

MR. THOMERSON  
Ebbie. Ger... umph... lable...

RICK  
Of course, sir. That explains it.  
Leather is a very good source of  
vitamin E.

INT. SUITE - MAIN ROOM

The party has reached fever pitch. Suddenly police SIRENS pierce through the party sounds. Everyone freezes. We HEAR the Hotel Manager BEATING on the DOOR with his fists.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

The Manager is pounding on the door. By his side are several UNIFORMED POLICE.

MANAGER  
You're all under arrest. Open up!

INT. HOTEL SUITE

RICK  
(to everyone in the  
room)  
Your attention, please. May I be the  
first to say, It's a raid!

Everyone starts to panic and run for the doors.

RICK  
(continuing)  
I'm glad no one is panicking.

He snaps up his clothes from the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

MANAGER  
(to Police)  
Break it in, boys!

The cops rear back for a run at the door. At that moment the



hotel door opens up and the cops and the Manager are trampled by Rick, Debbie, Mr. Thomerson, Rick's gang, other guests and assorted hookers. They run down the stairs. The cops pick themselves up and give chase. The Manager looks inside the room and is devastated by what he sees... Hiroshima looked better after the A-bomb.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

We SEE the police have collared Bobbie, Phoebe, Mrs. Thomerson and the other ladies of the shower as hooker suspects. Our bachelor party mob now charges down the stairs and out the hotel doors.

The cops grab Mr. Thomerson as he tries to get out, and they throw him in line with the others. Unfortunately for him, he's standing next to Mrs. Thomerson.

MRS. THOMERSON

Ed! What are you doing here?

Before he can answer, Mrs. Thomerson checks out his shocking leather outfit.

MRS. THOMERSON

(angry)

Ed... you're kinky!

MR. THOMERSON

The phone made me do it!

MRS. THOMERSON

(shocked)

You've been having strange sex...!

MR. THOMERSON

No, Brett, I...

MRS. THOMERSON

It's all right...

(proudly)

So have I.

He is totally blown away by this as the cops lead them out of the room.

MRS. THOMERSON  
I've seen another man's diddly.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Our people pile out of the hotel. Rick, Debbie and all Rick's friends run down the street.

Suddenly a Porsche pulls up between Rick and Debbie. It's Cole. He reaches over and pulls Debbie into the car with him. She screams.

RICK  
Cole, what the hell are you doing?

COLE  
She's mine!

He drives off.

RICK  
He's kidnapped her! Everyone into the bus!

They all board the bus.

EXT. CITY STREET

As Cole rounds a corner, a tire comes loose and rolls off the car – thanks to Chulo's shoddy workmanship.

INT. PORSCHE

COLE  
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

He looks to the rear and sees Rick's bus not far behind them. Suddenly he spots something O.S. He grabs Debbie and runs  
OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. CITY STREET

A city maintenance truck is driving slowly down the center of the street. A man in the back of the truck is leisurely

placing orange cones in the center line of the road.

Cole, with Debbie in tow, grabs the truck's DRIVER and hauls him out of his seat. He then places Debbie inside the truck and him at the wheel. He peels out. Our man with the cones in the back is unaware of what has happened. He keeps placing the cones on the street. However, now the truck is hitting speeds in the upper 70's. The man's leisure pace speeds up. He rapidly places cones on the road at break-neck speed.

INT. RICK'S BUS

Rick, is plowing into the cones and knocking them all over.

MAINTENANCE TRUCK

Our man with the cones is almost completely exhausted.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Rick is in pursuit, knocking over cones. He's almost caught up with Cole.

EXT. STREET

The vehicles reach the top of the hill. Cole grabs a sharp left and pulls into a movie theater parking lot. The maneuver loses Rick for a second. Rick jams on the brakes and doubles back into the parking lot.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT

Cole pulls up with a SCREECH in front of the theater. He grabs Debbie and jumps out of the truck. He drags her into the theater entrance.

Rick brings his bus to a stop and he and the gang pour out of the bus.

COLE

He and Debbie stand outside the theater, which is a multi-plex cinema. Fourteen movie theaters under one roof. Prominent is a sign which reads: "24 HOUR 3D FESTIVAL!" Cole drags

Debbie into one of the theaters. The gang runs up to the theaters.

RICK

Fan out and look for them.

They all go running into various theaters.

ANGLE - RYKO

He approaches a theater and sees the title of the movie playing inside.

RYKO

Aw, I've seen this one already.

Rick chooses a theater and goes inside.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

The patrons are wearing their 3D glasses, watching the action on the screen. On the movie screen we SEE a man and a woman arguing. Cole and Debbie enter the theater. They run down to the front of the screen, heading for an exit. Rick enters. He gives chase and catches up with Cole.

He takes a swing at Cole and Cole swings back. Behind them on the screen a man has come to the rescue of the woman.

A fight starts in the movie, also. The patrons sit calmly watching the action. Miraculously, Rick's fight with Cole is in perfect sync with the actors in the movie. Rick hits Cole with a punch that sends him backwards into several movie patrons. The patrons are impressed by the realism of the film's special effects. Cole throws a punch. Rick ducks. The punch hits a MAN in the front row in the mouth.

MAN

(to LADY next to him)

Gee, what a realistic effect.

WOMAN

Yeah, like you're in the movie with them.

Rick climbs over several rows and continues to pummel Cole. Cole grabs a woman's purse and begins to hit Rick with it. Cole runs out of the aisle as Rick climbs over people and dives onto Cole, knocking him to the aisle.

PATRON  
(to his date)  
Best 3D I've ever seen.

As the movie ends, Rick has Cole by the collar and is dragging him out of the theater.

INT. MALL OUTSIDE THEATER

Rick exits the theater with Cole. He tosses Cole to Chulo. Debbie comes running behind Rick.

RICK  
(to Debbie)  
Are you okay?

DEBBIE  
Yeah.

RICK  
This has been quite a night. Here's a thought. Why don't we go home and give our private parts a workout?

DEBBIE  
(hugging him)  
You're so romantic...

The Patrons are exiting. All of them are very up and excited by their 3D experience.

WOMAN  
Absolutely amazing.

A Man who has taken a punch and has had his jacket ripped to shreds doesn't seem pleased.

MAN  
I've seen better.

## EXT. BLUFF - DAY

It's another gorgeous day on the bluff overlooking the ocean. Just right for Rick and Debbie's wedding. We SEE the wedding in progress. The area is adorned with flowers.

The many guests are seated and taken in the moment. Among these are Tracey, Desiree and Gary's she-man, who waves to Gary as he stands with the other ushers, Chulo, Ryko and Larry. Chulo is choked up and trying to hide his tears. He looks over at Laverne, who smiles to him.

CHULO

(to Ryko)

Hey, man, don't forget my bachelor party's next Friday night.

GARY

I'll get the hookers.

RYKO

No way.

Nearby stand the maids of honor, Bobbie, Phoebe and Ilene, who blows a kiss to her date, Ray (one of the Japanese businessmen).

The Thomersons sit in the front row. Neither of them is cherishing this moment.

MR. THOMERSON

(sotto; to Mrs.

Thomerson)

We'll have morons for grandkids.

(resigned to the fact)

But... at least we'll have grandkids.

They sort of smile at each other at the thought.

Father Falwell is almost through with the ceremony. A car pulls up in the b.g. Exiting the car is Stan and a WOMAN. O'Neill, the best man, sees the car. He pokes Rick. He indicates to Rick someone has arrived.

STAN

We SEE the man in the car is Stan. He ushers the lady in the car to Larry. He's surprised at who she is: his wife.

LARRY

Sue!

SUE

Hi, honey.

LARRY

How'd you get here?

SUE

Rick called me.

Larry looks to Rick and gives him a warm smile and a wave.  
Rick acknowledges Larry.

LARRY

Why don't we go someplace and talk.

They walk off.

FATHER FALWELL

FATHER FALWELL

Now, before I pronounce you man and wife, the groom wishes to recite his vow to Debbie. Richard.

THOMERSONS

They fear the worst.

MR. THOMERSON

Oh, God Almighty.

RICK

He turns to Debbie. He waits a beat and begins.

RICK

Cheese. I love you more than cheese.  
And I love cheese a lot.

THOMERSONS

They hide their faces in their hands.  
Off in the distance a storm is coming  
in fast over the ocean. The wind  
begins to pick up. Undaunted, Rick  
continues his soliloquy.

RICK

In fact, more than dairy products in  
general. I love dairy. My love is  
cream. Pour me on the cereal of your  
life...

Now it starts to rain.

FATHER FALWELL

He wants this to end. He calls softly to Rick, trying to get  
his attention.

FATHER FALWELL

Rick. Rick. Hey...

People begin to scurry for cover. In the b.g., under a tree,  
we SEE Larry and his wife huddled in each other's arms. From  
the way they look, they have worked things out.

RICK

RICK

I think this song pretty much sums  
up the way I feel at this moment.

He begins to sing the theme from "The Flintstones" with all  
the gusto of Jack Jones.

Father Falwell has had enough.

FATHER FALWELL

(rapid fire)

I now pronounce you man and wife.  
Goodbye.

He blesses them lightning fast and springs for his car.



THE SCENE

CREDITS ROLL as Rick continues to sing in the driving rain. Debbie joins in on the chorus. She loves her man.

Everyone has run for the safety of their cars. Everyone but the Thomersons, who sit and look on bewildered.

RICK AND DEBBIE

"Flintstones, meet the Flintstones  
They're a prehistoric family From  
the town of Bedrock They're a page  
right out of history..."

FADE OUT:

THE END