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 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 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 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 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 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 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

**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. His 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 right behind the guys, driving the car in a zig-zag pattern.
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 the moment feet, 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,
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."
inside we HEAR someone TALKING loudly on the phone.
Rick and O'Neill open the door and go inside. On the
in the cramped office there are rock 'n' roll concert
advertising rock bands like Men At Work, The Clash and
Manilow. Behind a cluttered desk we FIND a little man
thin mustache and horn-rimmed glasses. This is GARY
wheeler-dealer, entrepreneur and coward. Gary yells a
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
erk me around. You promised me 1500
sects 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
Benatar 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
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
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 in a reggae mode, her hair wound into tight dreadlocks, 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 thus has a clear sense of herself. She can also take a joke, 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 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 tole 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, 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.)
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 from 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 TAXIDERMY.)

COLE

Hi, Deb. Just got back from the mountains.

(as he cuts in with a
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 attempts...
enthusiasm, chopping, slashing and slicing.

**COLE**

You know how that makes me feel, Deb? Wanta 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
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 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.
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, Ilene, Tina, Stan, a gray-haired priest. FATHER FALWELL of course, Rick and Debbie. Everyone is admiring this picturesque setting. Everyone but Mr. Thomerson. He's 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'Neil.

**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 breakdown?

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
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 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/kitcheonette 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 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 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)

Awww...

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

(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 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
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 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 another in a protective clump.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The guys are sitting around drinking, eating and 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
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 drives Porsche. He's successful. He jumps into the car and 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 --
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. CHIPPERDALE'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.
(onto 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. CHIPPERDALE'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.
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 to realize what she is pulling on. She screams in

Because of sheer fright, she can't seem to drop Nick's from her grip. The rest of our ladies look to see Mrs.

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
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 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
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... yessss... Oh, yessssss!

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**
Ooooooooh, Jesus, Oh 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
drugs, happy at record and everyone starts dancing. Larry is laying out on a table. They consist of lines of coke and various time pills of all colors and shapes. Rick takes a look at the layout.

RICK

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 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 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
then reaches back into the car and takes out a crossbow heavy duty metal kind hunters use). He looks up 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**

Ooooo.

**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 Debbies.

**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
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?
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
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'Neil and Tracey quietly approach Cole's door. Tracey is dressed in a see-through negligee.
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 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**

Byeeeee!

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 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
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, puts sway on 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 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
to be spellbound.

**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.

The Donkey obediently does as he's told, moving to her
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
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.
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 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.
ANGLED 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 snuffle 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**
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 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 hotel doors.

The cops grab Mr. Thomerson as he tries to get out, and
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 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 punches 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
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
Gary as he stands with the other ushers, Chulo, Ryko

Larry. Chulo is choked up and trying to hide his tears.

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. The way they look, they have worked things out.

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..."

OUT: FADE

THE END