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# Love Stinks

By Jeff Franklin

Come on. Let's move, let's go!

Got to get to Vegas.

- Holly.

- Hello, bride to be!

- There he is.

- I'm so excited.

Seth, my man.

You can still back out.

Would you stop already?

We're getting married.

I have to go to the bathroom.

Thanks for the update, Larry. Go.

I need you to come with me.

We're guys. We don't go in pairs.

We are going to the bathroom.

- I'm not going to the bathroom.

- Come on.

Unbelievable. Okay, my headset.

They'll kick us out of first class.

- We need to go to the bathroom.

- I'm not going in there.

- Two friends can go to the bathroom.

- No, it's creepy.

- All right, fine.

- Thank you.

- You are starting to bother me!

- Sit down.

Larry, you're my best friend...

but if I see Mr. Chocolate,

I'll scream.

You're not leaving this bathroom

until you call off the wedding.

But I love her.

After everything

you've been through?

- It wasn't that bad.

- Not that bad?

Let me break it down to you

one more time.

It all started

at my wedding rehearsal.

Saturday night,

and everything seemed so perfect.

I got my wedding dress.

Then she walked in.  
Miss Bachelorette.  
Party photos!  
Why are you bringing those here?  
Give me those, Chelsea!  
Who is that?  
One of the bridesmaids. Chelsea Turner.  
No boyfriend.  
Pretty hot, huh?  
She could steam clean carpets,  
whatever that means.  
Say no more. I'll hook you up.  
Wait. Why would she go out with me?  
- I'll lie, fool. Come on.  
- That's my only hope.  
- How does she get in parties?  
- I don't know.  
She always finds a way.  
- Excuse me.  
- Hi, baby.  
Soon to be Mrs. Larry Garnett.  
Chelsea, I would like you to meet...  
one of my groomsmen, Seth Winnick.  
He's my writing partner.  
He's funny as hell.  
He actually reads to the blind  
and delivers meals on wheels.  
I shit you not. This man is  
one miracle away from sainthood.  
I'm impressed.  
Stick around. Later,  
I'll part traffic on the freeway.  
You know, you guys will be  
walking down the aisle together.  
God, that's great.  
- Have you ever done this before?  
- Are you kidding me?  
I'm like  
a professional bridesmaid.  
I should open a store called  
Hideous Pastel Chiffon Dress World.  
It's my first time,  
so be gentle.  
Nothing to it.

Come here, I'll show you.  
I'm an expert at this.  
Shoulders back,  
chin up.  
- Act really serious.  
- Serious. So much to remember.  
You're doing good.  
Thanks to my teacher.  
Would you mind dropping me off  
by those guys over there?  
You can make it.  
I have faith in you.  
God bless ya.  
In sickness and in health...  
for as long  
as you both shall live?  
I do.  
I now pronounce you  
Mr. And Mrs. Lawrence Garnett.  
You may kiss your wife.  
That was so beautiful.  
That's my booty right there.  
- Come on now. Robot, baby.  
- Here come the robot.  
How's your salad?  
It's good.  
I'm predicting chicken  
and vegetables show up next.  
Right.  
Bring it on down!  
I heard they're serving  
dog shit pudding for dessert.  
That sounds good.  
Thank you. Yes,  
I'll be break-dancing later.  
I, myself, suffer  
from white man's disease...  
which is the number one killer  
of rhythm.  
You are a dickhead.  
Amber?  
Dickhead. Cute little  
pet name she has for me.  
- I like it.

- Thank you.  
Work it, girl!  
Normally, all the bachelors  
try to catch the garter.  
But I'm handing it to the man who  
needs it the most, Seth Winnick.  
Come on up here, buddy.  
Come on. Get up there.  
Get up there, you sexy thing.  
Let's go!  
Don't worry about it.  
I'm going to get you for this,  
Jetson!  
Now that I'm married,  
you are next.  
I only wish you  
the joy and bliss...  
that Holly has brought  
into my life.  
Thank you.  
I know she's out there.  
Something in my eye.  
So tell me everything you know  
about Seth Winnick.  
Girl, Seth is a great guy.  
- No ex-wives.  
- Beautiful.  
- No kids.  
- Loving it.  
And I know  
he makes serious bank...  
because he splits a paycheck  
with my husband...  
who now splits his paycheck  
with me.  
- Thank you very much.  
- Oh, yes.  
Hear, hear.  
I think he's so sexy.  
I wonder if he's got a big cock.  
- Hi, Nana.  
- Hello, Holly dear.  
Remember, you make him  
wait at least three dates.

- Three?  
- Yes, three.  
At least three dates.  
Don't be a ho, dear.  
Nana, give it up.  
Shit.  
I can't stay long.  
Richard thinks I'm in the bathroom.  
He'll kick my ass.  
Amber's probably  
slashing my tires.  
I have a crazy idea.  
Do you want to get together  
later on tonight?  
Yeah.  
How would you like  
to go dancing under the stars?  
In Los Angeles?  
Wise men say  
Be honest.  
You bring all your dates here,  
don't you?  
Not all of them.  
It depends on  
if my cousin's working.  
Eddie, this is Chelsea.  
Do women really tall for this?  
You know,  
I can't honestly remember...  
being with any other women.  
- Is that right?  
- Yeah.  
You are so beautiful.  
I know you must hear that  
all the time...  
but never at the planetarium,  
right?  
Probably because it's dark.  
Aren't I killing?  
- It's cute you're trying so hard.  
- Yeah?  
You can stop trying now.  
Falling in love  
With you

Like a river flows  
You'll have to forgive the mess.  
I wasn't expecting company.  
God, look at the microbes  
on that couch.  
This place  
is a freakin' crack house!  
This is nice.  
You have beautiful taste.  
- Really? Thank you.  
- Yeah.  
- I'm actually a decorator.  
- Really?  
You know, I need a decorator.  
You have to come to my house.  
- Right now.  
- Right now?  
It's a decorating emergency.  
Stay calm.  
Let me just change into something  
a little less matrimonial.  
Be right back.  
Seems to be a theme running  
through your reading material.  
You mean the bridal magazines?  
My mom sends those to me.  
For some reason, my biological  
clock is ticking in her body.  
Those moms.  
She's threatening  
to adopt grandkids.  
I would love to find someone  
to share my life with...  
and start a family.  
- How do you feel about kids?  
- I can't wait to have kids.  
Yeah, tired of mowing my own lawn.  
Do you have a cat?  
Not a cat.  
The cat of all cats.  
Gracie, come say hi.  
That's okay.  
I'm deathly allergic.  
I wheeze.

There's my baby girl.  
Come here.  
Look at her.  
She's a cutie.  
Any chance we could shave her...  
and seal her in Saran Wrap?  
He doesn't mean that,  
sweetheart.  
So far,  
it was the perfect first date.  
You even got her back  
to your place.  
Just keep in mind that I've  
only been here three months.  
What do you think?  
The Sony PlayStation...  
That really warms up the room.  
Yeah, I thought so too.  
That's why I put it there.  
Moving on.  
Please, go into the dining area.  
Come on. Stay with the group.  
No flash photography, please.  
This place could be  
so warm and cozy.  
It's just not.  
No, it's not.  
A rat hole, really.  
Let's go in here.  
This is a room I like  
to refer to as the other room.  
Clever.  
I'm just guessing  
that you're an Elvis fan.  
Yeah.  
He may not be with us,  
but he lives on through his plates.  
Moving on.  
And, finally, in keeping  
with my theme of simplicity...  
the master bedroom.  
- You need me.  
- Yes, I do.  
You're hired.



- Smart man.

- Yeah.

So just tell me what you want,  
and I'll make it happen.

Really? I can think  
of one thing that I want.

Stop. I have a rule.

A rule? Already?

Let me guess.

"Never kiss a client."

You're fired.

My rule is

I never sleep with a man...

unless we've had at least  
three meals together.

Three?

We had dinner at the rehearsal.

That's one.

And I'm ready

for a little breakfast.

Meal number two.

Breakfast at a mini-mart.

I don't deserve this.

That's where you're wrong.

You do deserve this.

This is the best microwave  
egg burrito in town.

Plus, I needed gas,  
so it's pretty convenient.

Here you go.

Take two. They're small.

There you go.

You know, I know

what we should do next.

- We are not eating lunch.

- Man.

Tiger, I found your ball.

I guess I used

a little too much club.

After 18 holes of professional  
miniature golf, I'm famished.

You're hungry.

What a surprise.

It's actually lunchtime

in Paris.  
So that would be  
meal number three.  
All conditions satisfied.  
If we do this, it means  
that I stop dating Richard...  
and you stop dating Amber  
or Turquoise...  
or whatever crayon  
she was named after.  
So you want  
an exclusive relationship...  
after six hours?  
Or I can just be your decorator.  
It's up to you.  
You can have the wildest night  
of sex in your life...  
or a few nice throw pillows.  
Oh, God!  
- What'd I do?  
- Good morning, Miss Littlejohn.  
What in God's good name  
is going on here?  
You know what?  
I opened the showroom  
a little bit early...  
and this customer wanted to know  
how well the bed performed.  
So this is  
the new Sealy Posturepedic?  
I like it.  
After one night,  
you had yourself a girlfriend.  
Chelsea quit her job to work  
full-time decorating your house.  
And she also decorated you.  
She even got you  
to take allergy shots...  
so you could build up  
a tolerance to her cat.  
Meanwhile, we were shooting  
our new sitcom...  
Ronnie and Juliet.  
Chelsea, this is my agent.

Where do you find these babes?  
Hi. Marty Mark.  
With a name like that,  
I should be modeling underpants.  
The man's show is  
on the tall schedule.  
- We haven't shot the pilot yet.  
- Irrelevant.  
I spoke to Bloomstein,  
president of the network.  
He said it looks terrific.  
Bloomstein never says that.  
He says, "Looks fantastic."  
Which doesn't mean squat.  
But he said, "Looks terrific,"  
which is fantastic.  
Ronnie, we have to stop.  
Why? What?  
Was I moving my tongue too fast?  
I have this rule.  
I can't have sex with a man  
until we have three meals together.  
I said that to Seth.  
Get used to it.  
Our men write sitcoms.  
If they had original thoughts,  
they'd be novelists.  
They don't make any money.  
Baby.  
That was such a great show...  
but next time you steal my lines,  
I want a credit that says...  
"Cute dialogue by Chelsea Turner."  
It's a done deal.  
- Mr. On-The-Schedule!  
- Yeah.  
I really like this guy.  
I think that Seth  
could be the one.  
Are you serious?  
Does he feel the same way?  
Please, he's a man.  
He has no idea how he's feeling.  
I know your man Elvis gave

Colonel Parker a brand-new Cadillac.

I want a Jaguar

with two phones and a fax.

The show was fantastic.

No, it was terrific.

I knew you guys

had a hit in you.

I'm glad you saved it for us,  
instead of wasting it on NBC.

It is so over for those guys.

Girl, it's about time.

I'm so used to you

with these...

GQ-looking, just feel like  
going bare-chested...

bicycle riding through

Central Park kind of men.

And they always break my heart.

And they always will.

That is why Seth is perfect.

He's so sweet.

He makes me laugh.

I finally found a nice guy  
that's ready to settle down.

Lunch tomorrow, okay?

We'll go over strategy.

Now remember, it took me three  
breakups, seven ultimatums...

and God knows how many  
not-so-thinly-veiled threats...

before Larry

coughed up this ring.

Okay, whatever it takes.

I'm gonna marry that man.

Just the man I want to see.

Rum and Coke, Vodka cranberry.

And it's all on this man.

Coming right up.

Hi, Tawny.

If you ever need an actress  
that looks like me...

don't forget,

I look like me.

Yes, you do.

You never know when  
we might need a sexy neighbor.  
Gee, you think  
I could play sexy?  
- I guess I could try.  
- Yeah.  
Hi, I'm Chelsea,  
Seth's girlfriend.  
I'm Tawny.  
Your boyfriend is so cute.  
I'll see you later.  
Did I hear you say you act?  
Why didn't she know  
you had a girlfriend?  
You know, you got me.  
Been handing out flyers  
all over town.  
Just do me a favor.  
Don't ever give that bimbo a part.  
What if the part is for a bimbo?  
Then hire another bimbo.  
- I just don't like her.  
- No?  
Chelsea had her fish  
on the hook.  
Now she started  
reeling you in.  
Wow.  
This place is fantastic.  
This looks like  
an actual house.  
You're not Chelsea.  
Where are you going, Batman?  
- I hope you like dogs.  
- I like anything that chases cats.  
Hello. Nice to meet you too.  
My God. He's so cute.  
What's his name?  
Say, "It ain't Tom Jones, Papa."  
Elvis!  
- What do you think of the house?  
- It's fantastic.  
You did a great job.  
Reminds me a little bit

of your place.  
Yeah, I do feel right at home.  
You'll love what I did  
to the guest room.  
Surprise.  
It's one of those baby rooms.  
You said you wanted kids.  
I'm good to go.  
My God!  
This place looks terrific.  
Thank you very much.  
Man, you are the greatest woman  
in the world.  
- Look at you.  
- Sit down, boy.  
My God.  
That's Viva, Las Vegas.  
That's my favorite movie.  
Come on, everybody  
and snap your fingers now  
That's it.  
Come on, everybody  
and clap your hands real loud  
That's right.  
Come on, everybody  
take it really fast  
And repeat after me  
I love my baby  
And my baby loves me  
Well, there ain't nothing wrong  
with the longhaired music  
Like Brahms  
Beethoven and Bach  
But I was raised  
with a guitar in my hand  
- And I was born to rock  
- Audience participation!  
Come on, everybody  
and turn your head to the left  
Come on, everybody  
and turn your head to the right  
The funny thing is  
I do this every night.  
Take a real deep breafh

and repeat after me  
I love my baby  
And my baby loves me  
Bring it home.  
Big finish.  
- You know what?  
- What?  
I love you.  
Already?  
Wrong response.  
It's just that  
it's only been four weeks.  
I knew after four minutes,  
you dope.  
So say it back.  
It back.  
Seth, you ruined it.  
That could have been so romantic.  
What happened to Mr. Planetarium?  
Shit.  
Honey? Crap.  
Where are you going?  
Are you leaving?  
If you don't love me,  
it's better I know right now.  
But I never said  
that I didn't love you.  
The words every woman  
dreams of hearing.  
It's all right. Maybe I'm  
just not the girl for you.  
- But maybe you are.  
- Maybe. Way to commit.  
Wait.  
I love you.  
- Do you mean it?  
- I think I mean it.  
If you don't know you mean it,  
don't say it.  
Then I mean it.  
Say it again.  
I love you.  
Again.  
Louder.

All right?  
Why didn't you just say it  
in the first place?  
I tensed up.  
It's a guy thing.  
You see what happened?  
Every time Chelsea says...  
- I love you.  
- You are required by law to say...  
I love you too.  
And that changes everything.  
This might be the best idea  
I've ever had.  
Ronnie needs an operation.  
Juliet walks in on him.  
He's getting a sponge bath from  
some hot nurse I could help cast...  
- The hospital show?  
- Come on.  
I did not say "hospital show."  
- How dare you talk about Chachi.  
- I know a lot about Chachi.  
People! We're doing  
our first 13 episodes.  
We cannot steal old plots.  
That's right.  
Until we get picked up  
for the rest of the season.  
Then we'll just check  
old TV Guides and phone them in.  
It's not "the hospital show."  
It's the "sponge bath show."  
- I need to talk to you.  
- What's wrong?  
I'm gonna go take a sponge bath.  
I'm sorry.  
It's an emergency.  
Tell him you love sponge baths.  
My God, honey, what happened?  
Gracie ran away.  
Gracie the cat?  
Yes.  
I'm sorry, honey,  
but isn't that a cat thing?



They have their little adventures,  
they come home.  
This is not "a cat thing."  
She has never done this before.  
You have to help me  
look for her.  
Honey, I'm under the gun here.  
We need a story  
in like a half hour. So...  
So what are  
all those writers for?  
What is more important,  
my cat or a stupid sitcom?  
Let me see.  
There's your cat...  
that makes me gasp  
for oxygen...  
and my body break out  
in a horrible rash...  
or my livelihood.  
Come on, kitty.  
That's not how you call her.  
She's used to it a certain way.  
Now listen.  
No, listen to me!  
- You are not paying attention!  
- I'm trying, honey.  
Are you telling me the cat won't  
respond unless her name is...  
properly enunciated?  
Don't give me any shit!  
This is your fault!  
So it's my fault  
your cat ran away?  
Yes.  
Every night...  
poor Gracie watched me  
pack an overnight bag...  
with a sad look  
on her sweet face.  
Then I would leave her all alone  
because of your dumb allergies.  
She thought that  
I didn't love her anymore.

So she left,  
rather than be a burden.  
Maybe we should  
just respect her wishes.  
That is not funny.  
I can't stay in my house...  
without Gracie.  
There's too many memories.  
So I'm moving in with you.  
What, are you serious?  
I'm there every night anyway.  
If you really loved me,  
you'd want me there all the time.  
- I do.  
- Really?  
Bang! See how she snuck in?  
"If you really love me"?  
And four hours later...  
Hi. Chelsea and Seth  
can't get to the phone...  
so leave us a message  
and we'll call you back.  
Won't we, baby?  
Sure.  
Now, that was smooth.  
Chelsea was in the house.  
And you know what happened  
the next morning.  
Look who's back.  
- Great. It's a miracle.  
- I know.  
It's Gracie. Yeah.  
Yeah, I know.  
I want to make a toast.  
A toast.  
To my amazing husband Larry...  
on our special anniversary.  
And to my boyfriend Seth  
on our special anniversary.  
And to my date Jesse...  
on our special anniversary too.  
Happy anniversary.  
Do you guys have any idea  
what we're toasting to?

Not a clue.  
Not really.  
Baby, what happened  
one year ago today?  
Something important.  
We took our first plane trip  
together...  
to Hawaii.  
Hawaii.  
Our first plane trip.  
- Important.  
- Of course.  
What did we do  
two months ago?  
- Oh, we...  
- We moved in together.  
Right. I was gonna say that.  
- One week ago?  
- I've only known you a week.  
Yes, silly.  
One week ago, you saw me  
on Baywatch...  
and told my agent  
to have me call you.  
And I did like an hour later.  
Yeah, all right.  
Happy anniversary.  
Cheers, everyone.  
I would also like to make  
a special toast to Larry.  
For introducing me  
to my future husband.  
What?  
My God,  
is this the big announcement?  
No ring yet.  
I'm sorry, honey.  
That kind of slipped out.  
It's okay.  
My heart has resumed beating.  
To Larry.  
Thank you.  
A little thirsty?  
Did you see the look

on Seth's face?  
He looked like Wile E. Coyote  
hanging in midair thinking...  
"I'm fucked."  
Just keep dropping hints,  
spoil him rotten...  
and screw his brains out.  
Believe me,  
he will come around.  
If that doesn't work?  
Never underestimate  
the power of tears.  
Do you guys think  
Jesse likes me?  
Honey, yes, he does like you.  
He also likes every other girl  
in this town.  
I'm sorry.  
I thought you should know.  
That's cool. I just want him  
to take me to my prom.  
"Love bears all things,  
believes all things...  
hopes all things,  
endures all things.  
Love never fails."  
And I love you.  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
A new watch?  
This is beautiful.  
God, you shouldn't be spending  
this much money on me.  
I knew you'd say that,  
so I put it on your MasterCard.  
So I get the bonus miles too.  
That's great.  
Thank you.  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
Why are you crying?  
You haven't even opened it yet.  
My God, I know. But it  
this is what I think it is...  
- It's an amethyst.  
- Yeah, it's your birthstone.

- Oh, nice.  
- Yeah.  
God, that looks beautiful on you.  
Hello.  
Pretend you just got a present.  
I said it's nice.  
Thank you.  
Don't you want to make love?  
Go ahead.  
That will be nice.  
I'll just lock up when I'm done.  
What's wrong?  
Nothing.  
What did I do?  
It's my problem.  
I'll be fine.  
You want to talk to me?  
- You don't want to know.  
- Yes, I do.  
I'm pretty sure.  
It's just that we're at this  
romantic vacation resort...  
and I thought that  
you were going to...  
that you were  
going to propose.  
Propose marriage?  
Isn't that what people do  
when they're in love?  
I thought we were just  
coming here to play golf.  
I mean, marriage...  
That's a big step.  
I mean, you're deciding is this  
the person I want to annoy...  
for the rest of my life.  
I never want to make love  
to another man again.  
And I never want to make love  
to another man either.  
But I only want  
to get married once.  
I watched my parents split up,  
and it was a major nightmare.

Dad became an alcoholic.  
Mom became a lesbian.  
Then Dad became a transvestite  
to get Mom back.  
That was stupid...  
but I think my point  
about divorce is still very valid.  
My parents have been  
married 42 years...  
and they are so happy.  
We can be that happy.  
Come on, baby.  
Come on.  
Let's just get engaged.  
Say, "Chelsea,  
will you marry me?"  
All right,  
you don't have to set a date.  
Just buy me the ring.  
Four carats, colorless, grade E,

**Clarity:**

That would shut me up.  
We're still getting to know  
each other, but at least now...  
I know what kind  
of diamonds you like.  
You are so unfunny.  
Come on, Chels,  
you're making me crazy here.  
Now we should talk.  
If I am not the one for you,  
just tell me...  
so we can stop wasting  
each other's time.  
What are you saying,  
marry me or it's over?  
Either we're moving forward  
or we're standing still.  
What does your heart say?  
My heart says  
let's make a deal.  
How about we live together for  
a predetermined amount of time...

during which you agree never  
to bring up the "M" word.  
When time's up,  
if things feel good...  
then we get engaged.  
And exactly how long is this  
predetermined amount of time?  
- Two years.  
- What?  
I am not waiting two years for you  
to see it things "feel good."  
How about 18 months?  
Six months.  
One year.  
But that's starting today.  
No credit for time  
already served.  
Deal?  
Deal.  
That was so beautitul.  
Yeah. I'm feeling the love.  
Ladies and gentlemen, thanks  
for coming to another taping of...  
Ronnie and Juliet.  
Now, let's meet the stars  
of our show...  
Jesse Travis  
and Rebecca Melini!  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
we just found out...  
we were picked up  
for the entire season!  
Good morning.  
Are you ready  
for your sponge bath?  
I am so ready.  
It's very good that  
you're here because...  
I'm filthy.  
I can clean everything...  
except that dirty mind  
of yours.  
- Shit!  
- What?

Seth hired that bimbo.  
Thank you, nurse.  
I can take over from here.  
I'm sorry. Only medical personnel  
can perform medical procedures.  
Look here.  
Either give me the sponge...  
or the proctologist  
will have to remove it.  
You think he's doing her?  
You are the coolest, hottest  
little honey dip in this town.  
Only a complete schmuck  
would cheat on you.  
I do not need to be  
this close to your head.  
Here's an idea.  
Why don't we get another sponge?  
Then the two of you  
can give me a sponge bath?  
Bad idea.  
I told you the sponge bath  
would work.  
- And cut!  
- I am going to kill him!  
Seth, how was I?  
You were terrific, lady.  
You're such a doll.  
Good job, Tawny. You give  
one heck of a sponge bath.  
You are such an asshole!  
Hi, honey.  
A million bimbos  
in this town...  
and you hire the one  
I asked you not to.  
Tawny gave the best reading...  
and she's not a bimbo.  
Thank you, sweetie.  
No, don't help.  
Oh, my God,  
this is such bullshit.  
Could we maybe  
talk about this at home?



Don't bother coming home.

God.

It's okay.

We have these pretend fights...

so that we can pretend

to make up...

so that we can have

pretend-fight/make-up sex.

It's fun.

- Good show.

- Great show.

Can we talk to you?

Break up and run for your life.

It's not that simple.

I love her.

You love a jealous, controlling,  
possessive bitch!

Shall I leave?

- Definitely not.

- You guys need help.

We'll get you

a little couple counseling...

and get her a whole bunch

of anger management.

- You'll be fine.

- Larry, don't you get it?

That chick is a ticking time bomb.

Seth, get out of the building.

It's true.

Chelsea can be a tad dramatic.

And, yes, she's got

a bit of a temper.

But for the most part,

I think she's sweet...

fun...

heck of a homemaker

and, come on...

the sex is fucking outstanding...

as in outstanding fucking.

We'll get you someone new.

Jasmine is it?

What about that redhead friend

of yours at the tanning salon?

- Gina?

- Yes.  
- Single and a freak.  
- Great news.  
Tell her to be  
at the planetarium in an hour.  
- Call your cousin Eddie.  
- Do you want to be single forever?  
How cool will you look,  
rolling in your walker...  
chasing some toothless old lady?  
You get better blow jobs  
it they're toothless.  
- I hear.  
- I say commit to the long run.  
All couples have problems.  
Work it out.  
It's worth it.  
Gina's out of gas, but it you  
bring a can of unleaded...  
to the Pinto stuck  
in the middle lane...  
of the Hollywood Freeway  
near the Melrose exit...  
she'll follow you home.  
Go.  
Knock, knock.  
Is it safe to come in?  
Yes.  
I'm so sorry.  
I saw that girl, the next thing  
I'm Glenn Close...  
Looking for a rabbit to boil.  
Look, honey,  
nothing's going on.  
I forgot all about that night  
that you met that girl.  
Can I please make it up to you?  
What did you have in mind?  
Back rub, blow job,  
breakfast in bed.  
The three B's.  
Yeah, that's got  
a shot at working.  
Why are guys so easy?

And that was pretty much  
how the year went.  
You guys would fight, make up  
and have make-up sex.  
The next thing you know,  
it's Valentine's Day again:  
The deadline.  
Isn't it a little early  
to be in our pj's...  
cuddling by the fire?  
Because it makes it  
more romantic.

**And 3:**

to exchange gifts.  
And I can't wait any longer.  
Are you ready? Yeah?  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
Fuck you.  
I'm sorry. I thought  
I just heard you say...  
You're not proposing, are you?  
Not today.  
But... Don't you even want  
to try them on?  
They're so beautiful in the box.  
I bet on an actual earlobe...  
That would just be magnificent.  
You son of a bitch!  
You promised!  
I did not promise.  
Our deal was it and only it  
everything was great...  
then we would get engaged.  
You have to admit, honey,  
it was a pretty rocky year.  
Because you won't marry me.  
What is your problem?  
I am pretty.  
I am sexy. I am fun.  
And nobody will ever love you  
as much as I do.  
So why won't you marry me?  
What's the rush?

I don't get it.  
Can't we just be together?  
- You are never gonna marry me.  
- What?  
Honey, I never said never.  
That's it!  
Where is my bag?  
I am out of here!  
I need more time.  
Big deal. Wait!  
Would you be happier  
if we weren't living together?  
You know what?  
For once in your dysfunctional...  
emotionally constipated,  
fear-filled...  
spiritually crippled existence...  
say what you want.  
You know what I want.  
Don't tell me  
I would be happier moving out.  
If you want me to leave,  
open your fat mouth...  
and say the fucking words!  
I think a little space might be  
good for the relationship.  
You want space.  
I will give you  
the fucking galaxy!  
And here's what I think of your  
pathetic attempt to buy more time.  
Wait! Those cost \$10,000!  
Fishy, here's \$10,000 worth  
of fish food!  
That's it! You have officially  
pissed me off!  
You haven't had it so bad:  
A free place to live,  
all expenses paid...  
vacations, clothes, more shoes  
than I've ever fucking seen.  
You just threw away the best thing  
you'll ever have! You suck!  
Fuck!

Hi, it's Seth.

Leave me a message.

It you want to talk to Chelsea,  
you should really ask yourself why!

God!

You thought you were finished  
with Chelsea...

but the fun was just starting.

So Juliet says,

"Ronnie, guess what?

My mom's moving in with us."

- And Ronnie says...

- "Your mom?

That's not exactly  
what I had in mind...

when I suggested you, me  
and another woman."

That's comedy.

I suggest we end on a high note.

Take the rest of the day off,  
start fresh in the morning.

I have a delivery  
for Seth Winnick.

- Yeah, that's me.

- Right on.

- Who's this from?

- Looks like your agent.

Just sign right there.

So this is the think tank?

- This isn't from my agency.

- It's a lawsuit.

You signed proof of service.

I'm sorry, dude.

But I really dig your show.

If you're looking  
for new writers...

I brought my spec Frasier script.

- See? It says "Frasier."

- Get out.

Right.

So, should I call you then?

- Should I leave it on your desk?

- Leave it in your ass!

Right on.

Walter Drooz? Isn't he that  
scumbag lawyer, which is redundant.

- Right.

- He's an expert in...

Palimony.

- Hello!

- Shit.

- This is your fault.

- How is it my fault?

Because you said, "Work it out.

It's worth it."

- Obviously, you didn't work it out.

- No shit. Look at this.

She claims

I promised to marry her.

She gave up her career

to act as my wife.

- She co-wrote all my scripts.

- I co-wrote all your scripts.

I know. She wants half my income

for the past year...

plus my house

and spousal support payments.

I'm sorry, man.

The girl is crazy!

But she's still fine.

- Holly got other friends...

- I think you've done enough.

Look who's back.

The antichrist.

Hi. How are you?

Good to see you.

What the hell

do you think you're doing?

Making veggie lasagna.

How lovely for you, but considering

this joke of a lawsuit...

It's no joke.

You're in a heap of trouble.

Yeah, I'm scared to death.

Why don't you just get

your stupid, lazy cat...

and get out of here.

I think not.

I get my mail  
and phone calls here...  
which means this is  
my legal residence.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
You're not moving out?  
Why are you doing this?  
Couples break up every day.  
They don't get lawyers.  
They just move on with their lives.  
Just go get an apartment.  
I'll pay for it.  
You'll pay  
for a lot more than that.  
After everything  
I've done for you...  
think I'll let some other woman  
get all the benefits...  
and I get nothing?  
Baby, it's too dark in here.  
That's better.  
Look at you, pretty girl.  
- What are you doing?  
- Let's brush you before bed.  
Get that bad dander away. Yes.  
Look at it. It's bad.  
You look so pretty, honey.  
So this is what hell is like.  
You found yourself  
a real sweetheart.  
She's got no case, right?  
One year of cohabitation  
is not a marriage...  
but the beauty  
of American jurisprudence...  
is you can sue anybody  
for anything.  
So who knows? Rich TV producer  
versus poor working girl...  
sobbing,  
"He promised to marry me."  
She might get some money.  
But, Monica,  
I never promised to marry her.

Your word against hers.  
And it this  
goes all the way to trial...  
this could cost hundreds  
of thousands of dollars.  
Just to break up  
with my girlfriend?  
Can't I just kill her and get off?  
This is Los Angeles.  
I'm warning you,  
whatever happens...  
do not lay a finger on her  
or her possessions.  
That's fine, but I cannot  
guarantee the safety of her cat.  
- I didn't hear that.  
- I'm just saying, accidents happen.  
Lawn darts in the backyard...  
"Gracie, look out!"  
One from behind.  
- Look what Drew Carey is making.  
- Yeah, I should be making that.  
I'm here. I'm sorry I'm late.  
I was at my lawyer's...  
dealing with my ex-girlfriend's  
palimony suit.  
But don't worry  
because I can assure you...  
this will have no impact  
on the show.  
So let's read  
this week's script entitled...  
"Ronnie Smashes Juliet's Skull In  
With A Frying Pan."  
I heard Monica Harris  
is your attorney.  
- Drooz will eat her for breaktast.  
- We'll see.  
You might want to keep yourself  
scarce Saturday night about 7:00.  
- I have a date.  
- Good. I hope you marry him.  
I'm so over the marriage thing.  
Now I just want to go buck wild.



- You're such a pig.  
- I am so sorry.  
I had beans and broccoli  
for dinner...  
and washed them down  
with some crab cakes.  
Goodness. I am so sorry.  
Would you like to spoon me?  
I feel like I'm past the worst of it.  
- I need some cuddle time.  
- Stop it.  
I was wrong. Incoming.  
My goodness.  
I'm keeping the neighbors up.  
Your feet are on fire. Wait.  
You're so gross.  
Man, I've got skills.  
I've got game.  
- That's my date.  
- Could be my date.  
Listen, babe, you don't want  
to be around when my date shows up.  
Same goes for you, babe.  
You asked a woman to pick you up?  
You have zero class.  
It just so happens...  
- What's in your ear?  
- My diamond earrings.  
The diamond earrings  
that I gave you?  
Yep.  
The ones that you threw  
in the ocean?  
Did you really think  
I would throw away...  
\$10,000 worth of diamonds?  
Slipped them  
in my little pink bra.  
Goddamn.  
As much as I hate you right now,  
that was a good move.  
My God.  
Did the network fire me?  
They love you, as long

as the ratings stay up.  
Come in.  
You look adorable.  
Look at these.  
They're beautiful.  
Come with me.  
Let's put them in some water.  
All righty.  
- These are so gorgeous.  
- I'm glad you like them.  
Wait a minute.  
You're her date.  
Marty's your date?  
You weren't supposed to be here.  
I begged him to stay upstairs.  
You can't go out with her.  
You're my agent.  
You're supposed to at least  
pretend to be my friend.  
Come on, Seth.  
You know I hardly ever get laid,  
for free.  
You guys broke up.  
I just want to bang her  
a couple of times.  
You don't mind, do you, buddy?  
Excuse me.  
He says he wants  
to bang you...  
because he never gets laid...  
because he's a lowlife,  
fucking worm!  
She doesn't even like you.  
She's just using you  
to get back at me.  
I have no problem with this.  
She's a bloodsucking,  
inhuman creature of the night...  
spawned from Satan's seed.  
Yeah, once again,  
not a problem.  
Hello?  
Bad time?  
Come on in.

You look adorable.  
Look who's here,  
sleeping her way to the bottom.  
She's just jealous because  
you're a stunning actress...  
and her date  
is a slimy bottom feeder...  
sponging off of people  
who actually have talent.  
By the way, Marty,  
you are so fucking fired.  
Fine by me. I'll still  
commission Ronnie and Juliet...  
and make a fortune off of you  
by doing nothing.  
So nothing will change.  
- What is she doing here?  
- I live here.  
Did Seth forget to tell you  
he's just using you...  
in a pathetic attempt  
to upset me?  
Look who's talking.  
By the way, Marty,  
when she gets into your pants...  
she's just looking  
for your wallet.  
Playing with your dick  
is just to distract you.  
Works for me.  
All I ever wanted to do...  
was spend my life loving you...  
you disgusting sack of shit!  
Then why did you hire  
the sleaziest lawyer in town...  
you pathologically deluded,  
morally bankrupt...  
in denial, self-esteem deficient  
bitch on wheels?  
I am not in denial!  
- I'm getting my purse.  
- You are a freak of nature!  
- Get away from me!  
- You don't like me following you?

- Then move out!  
- You move out!  
- This is my house!  
- Not for long!  
- I dropped my last name.  
- I saw your guest shot on ER.  
Loved the way you overdosed.  
But now my character  
can't come back.  
Please. You should have  
your own series anyway.  
I'm with Inventive Artists.  
- Maybe we should do lunch.  
- You need psychiatric help!  
- You're beyond help!  
- How about dinner tonight?  
It's like you're reading  
my mind, pretty lady.  
Sad, really.  
You smell fantastic.  
Do not tell me to shut up.  
Say, "Be quiet."  
Just stop talking.  
Nice job.  
You fucked up date night.  
Gracie sleeps with the fish  
under the pier.  
Somebody needs a bath.  
Baby, Mommy's coming!  
Yeah, here comes Mommy.  
Oh, my God!  
She's coming to save you  
because she loves you so much.  
I, on the other hand,  
couldn't care less.  
God, this is a long pier.  
Shit.  
Mommy's flagging a little.  
I don't think she ate her Wheaties.  
Don't hurt my cat!  
Say good night, Gracie.  
My God, she can't swim!  
There's only one way to learn.  
You do not want to do this.

Here. Come on.  
Just step back from the rail.  
Let's talk about it.  
Talking time is over.  
Swimming time is here.  
But don't worry, Gracie.  
There's lots  
of yummy fish down there.  
She won't answer to that.  
You have to say Gracie!  
My baby girl!  
It's okay!  
I am gonna kill you!  
Didn't Gracie tell you?  
She loves to bungee jump.  
I can't believe  
you did that to my baby!  
- Mommy's coming.  
- By the way...  
the EPA estimates  
that about 10,000 people...  
take a dump in that water  
every day.  
That's just a fun little tact.  
My baby.  
What did that bad man do to you?  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
Ronnie, is this  
what I think it is?  
It's amethyst.  
Yeah, your birthstone.  
- Hello.  
- Sorry.  
I was hoping for a diamond.  
You thought I was gonna propose?  
Why would we want to get married?  
Our relationship is going so well.  
But where the hell is it going?  
Apparently back to the jewelry store  
to return the amethyst.  
What the fuck is happening  
to my character?  
Every week she's getting bitchier  
and more desperate.

Who thinks this is funny?  
I find that all the best humor  
comes from life.  
Not your life.  
Yeah, you better fix this shit.  
'Cause your fucked-up life  
is fucking up my show.  
Ratings are going down...  
my personal TVQ is going down...  
and worst of all, Seth...  
the quality of my babes  
is going down.  
You're not mad at me, though, right?  
- Come on. Let's go smoke.  
- Yeah. Here.  
My God. My hair's falling out.  
You know, stress  
will do that to you.  
Holy shit.  
It's really falling out.  
That's so weird.  
Oh, my God. Jesus.  
What did you do to me?  
I didn't do anything.  
You must have used my hair remover  
instead of your conditioner.  
You put some in there  
to fuck with me!  
I didn't do it. I swear.  
Man, you are the fucking devil!  
Good morning.  
You've got 15 seconds. Go.  
- You need extra-strength Rogaine.  
- You look like a big-ass roll-on.  
Mr. Clean called.  
He wants his look back.  
You look like a prick with two ears.  
With two together, we'd have an ass.  
Take some skin and comb it over.  
It will look fuller.  
Time.  
Gracie, look at all  
your new roommates.  
But you're still my favorite.

My, what a testive  
little dinner party.  
- Nice rug.  
- Thank you.  
Going for a Chuck Woolery thing.  
By the way, a couple  
of Gracie's new friends...  
accidentally knocked  
your Elvis plates off the shelf.  
Accidentally?  
I think they were bungee jumping.  
You know how they love that.  
So you moved into the nursery.  
You figured  
it was only temporary...  
because next week  
was the settlement conference...  
for Chelsea's palimony suit.  
And after that, she'd be gone.  
I want to know just what it's going  
to take to settle this case?  
Your Honor, all my client wants  
is justice.  
How much is justice  
going for today?  
It's very difficult to put a price  
on a heart shattered by betrayal.  
I'm sure you can find a way.  
How much?  
It really isn't all that simple.  
Your Honor, Seth begged me  
to quit my job and move in with him.  
I turned his empty, cold house...  
into a warm, cozy love nest.  
I took care  
of his every need and desire...  
because he promised  
to marry me!  
Bullshit.  
Perhaps Mr. Winnick  
should suck a cough drop.  
I'm good.  
We're not here to try this case,  
we're here to settle it.

Your Honor, my client is willing  
to forego her pursuit of justice...

for the more than  
reasonable sum of...

Halt a million dollars?

You two should be wearing  
ski masks and carrying guns.

This is fucking robbery.

Mr. Winnick, watch your mouth.

Sorry. We believe he's suffering  
from Tourette's syndrome.

- Fucker!

- You see?

A trial is a year away at least.

During that time, you'll spend  
a half a million dollars...

in legal fees alone.

Walter, you're a lawyer.

So I'm sure you're familiar  
with the legal term "suck my dick."

I think not!

- There goes that Tourette's again.

- This is unbelievable.

- I won't put up with this!

- He does not have Tourette's.

- This is a ransom note.

- You're such a liar. You lie.

People, shut the hell up!

For the love of God.

This mandatory  
settlement conference is over.

I'm ordering  
that neither party...

annoy or molest the other  
in any way...

until this matter is resolved!

Yes, Your Honor.

Schmucks.

I'm checking into the spa  
this weekend...

so I'll be out of your hair...

or your rug.

- Don't forget to feed the cats.

- I'll feed them.



Feed them to the coyotes.

Chelsea Turner

checking in, please.

- Welcome to the spa.

- Thank you.

Your reservation

was canceled.

And the hotel is sold out.

Canceled?

I didn't cancel anything.

- Excuse me, ma'am.

- Hi.

- Which way to the massage center?

- It's right over there, sir.

Terrific.

Have a lovely day.

- And you too.

- Nice people.

Lovely rooms.

Life is good.

Relax. Feel the clay mask

and seaweed wrap...

melt away your stress.

Now keep your eyes closed.

That feels nice.

- Time for your next treatment.

- Great. What's next?

The super cleansing

colonic volcano.

Colonic? Isn't that where

you go through the...

You know what?

I think I'm going to pass...

on the super cleansing

colonic volcano.

- But thank you.

- Your wife said you might be nervous.

Yeah, well, that's not my wife.

That's Lucifer, angel of darkness.

He can change forms.

Please unwrap me. I can't move.

Just relax.

Drop the probe

and step away from my ass!

Take a deep breath  
and just go with the flow.  
But... No flow.  
Don't want the flow.  
Don't need the...  
I feel you clenching.  
Now, no clenching.  
Have you done this before?  
Very professional.  
Fill your lungs with air.  
You have lovely lungs.  
Hello.  
Hi. You look super clean.  
Yeah, I can't walk so good,  
but I feel 20 pounds lighter.  
- Can we talk?  
- Bad timing, pal.  
- We're mid-pump.  
- Yeah, thank you.  
Could we call a truce?  
I can't take this anymore.  
I'm sure that we can settle this.  
Just you and me, no lawyers.  
Speaking of lawyers,  
you're annoying and molesting me.  
What?  
Back off, toothpick.  
How about this?  
- Are you listening?  
- Not really.  
I give you \$50,000.  
You move out. Everyone's happy.  
I'm not happy yet,  
but keep trying.  
How about this?  
An even 100 grand.  
An extremely fair offer.  
Come on.  
You know we still care  
about each other.  
Let's just stop fighting.  
Wouldn't that be nice?  
Yes.  
Wait a second.

Yes, that would be nice

or, yes, we have a deal?

Yes, we have a deal.

Hi, toothpick.

What? Don't scream at me.

Talk to the Sasquatch.

- You could have let go of me!

- You could have not been flirting.

- Shut up.

- You shut up.

- What are you doing?

- What are you doing?

- I hate you.

- I hate you more.

- I wish I never met you.

- God, you make me sick!

- You turn my stomach!

- Don't stop.

- Don't tell me what to do!

- Then shut up and do it faster!

You shut up and do it faster.

God, that feels good!

- Oh, God!

- Me too!

- That was different.

- That was great.

Do you think it's better

if you hate the other person?

Definitely.

You thought

the lawsuit was over...

until you got that call

from your lawyer.

Sorry about that.

Gotta get those brakes fixed.

- What are you doing here?

- Making sure there's no trouble.

How are you?

What's with this

200 grand bullshit?

Walter said it wouldn't kill you

to be a little more generous.

Walter is on a percentage.

So the more that Walter

squeezes out of me...

the more that goes

into Walter's pocket.

We shook hands.

- We had sex.

- Hate sex.

- Here's more good news.

- What?

A restraining order.

It states you shall vacate  
the premises immediately...

and shall not travel within  
200 feet of Miss Turner's residence.

All contact to be made  
through your attorneys.

How'd you swing this?

Walter told the judge  
how you followed me...

to the spa

and were stalking me.

- It wasn't my idea.

- You didn't try and stop him.

So I can't live in my house?

You've got 15 minutes  
to collect your things.

Bite me.

In fact,

both of you can bite me.

You should have married me.

So what, she has your house?

You still get the tax write-off.

The blessing-in-disguise bullshit  
doesn't work.

That just makes me more bitter.

But thank you.

Hi, guys.

Hey, sweetheart.

- It looks like Seth's moved in.

- He just needs a place to crash.

I don't think that's a good idea.

- Why not?

- Suppose Chelsea came to visit me?

Wouldn't that be awkward?

Let's not worry

about hypothetical situations.

Now can we worry?

You really shouldn't be this close.

It I wasn't such a nice person,  
I could have you arrested.

You call the police

because I'm staying here...

and, technically,

you're in my home.

That decision

has not been finalized.

Larry said it was okay.

- But Larry forgot to check with me.

- Bad Larry.

Can't you two try

and work this thing out?

I offered her 100 grand.

She says she wants 200.

Are you crazy?

You do not owe her a penny!

Sweetie, I think that's

for a jury to decide.

You think she should get paid

for being his girlfriend?

Chelsea invested her time

and her love and her body!

But they weren't married.

If you walk down the aisle,

that's one thing.

There's a chance

you may get the shaft.

Wait. You're saying

alimony is untair?

My point is

she's acting like a hooker...

that's trying to get a court

to make her trick pay up.

- Don't call my best friend a hooker.

- You're right.

A hooker lets you know

the price up front.

The bottom line is...

I do not want this bald-headed,

wig-wearing man staying here.

Too late.

I already told him...

he could stay in my house!

- Your house?

- Yeah.

Have you ever heard

of community property, Lawrence?

We need a room.

Would you like two queens

or one king size bed?

Two queens.

The beds, not us.

I bought some roses and went

crawling back to my wife...

but you hit the mini bar

and got wasted.

- You don't want me to move in?

- Of course, I want you to move in.

Then what is this

pre-nuptial agreement all about?

It just says if we ever break up,

you can't sue me.

Why would I sue you?

And why would we break up?

We wouldn't, honey.

You can sign this knowing...

that it's completely unnecessary.

- Then why bother?

- Who knows?

Maybe someday, you'll

get mad at me for something.

How about for making me

sign this agreement?

And then it hit you.

There was only one way

out of this mess.

Gracie, it's me.

I'm sorry, baby,

but you left me no choice.

Yes, Elvis.

Daddy's back.

You're probably

a little upset with me.

Upset? No, I'm thrilled.

Because kidnapping is a felony,  
which means you're going to jail.  
Then you'll know what it's like  
to be the angry girlfriend.  
Look...  
I'm sorry  
about the chloroform...  
but I had to get you here.  
It's the perfect place  
to do this.  
You will never get away with this.  
They will know that you killed me.  
Do you think  
I would actually kill you?  
Sure, I've thought about it.  
Every day.  
But the sad fact is...  
I'm crazy about you.  
Look.  
I think there's a reason...  
that you couldn't just  
take the money and move on.  
We belong together.  
Hell, we deserve each other.  
- What are you doing?  
- Eddie.  
Our long, dark night is over.  
My darling...  
- Yeah.  
- Don't even think of doing this.  
It is way too late to try...  
Oh, God!  
Four carats.  
Colorless. Grade E.

**Clarity:**

Emerald cut.  
It's perfect.  
Will you marry me?  
If this is a joke,  
I will kill you.  
No joke and no prenup either.  
This time,  
what's mine is yours.

And we're selling the house  
full of bad memories.  
Good God, it's like  
the Manson Ranch over there.  
We'll just buy another one.  
Fresh start.  
So we've had a few bad months.  
We're gonna be happy  
the rest of our lives.  
We'll just fly to Vegas  
and do it.  
Vegas?  
When I get married, I want white  
doves and the horse-drawn carriage.  
I want all of my friends  
and family there.  
I want everything to be perfect.  
Our friends and our families  
already think that we're insane.  
Do you think that anybody  
would even come?  
Hell, no.  
Let's just get married.  
And then when they see  
we are making it work...  
then we'll renew our vows...  
and have the big wedding.  
Will you marry me?  
Come on, baby.  
Don't think about it.  
Just say yes.  
I'll help you.  
- Yes.  
- Yes?  
Come here, woman!  
Holly and I were the first  
to hear the wonderful news.  
You're a moron.  
That's not very professional,  
is it?  
I'll need papers  
dismissing the palimony suit.  
We'll sign them  
right before we get married.



I better start on the prenup.  
No need. We're in love.  
We're never breaking up again.  
You put your house up for sale.  
We want a ten-day escrow.  
We can't wait to move in.  
- Ten days?  
- It's okay, sweetie.  
We just rent while we look  
for our dream house.  
- Ten days. You got a deal.  
- Excellent.  
You had Chelsea's ring appraised  
and insured for \$75,000.  
Damn!  
Chelsea picked out her wedding gown.  
She was in heaven, and so were you.  
You turned Ronnie and Juliet back  
into the show that everyone loved.  
Come on, Jules.  
Let's go eat Mexican.  
Cutie, I feel like Chinese.  
- You know the cure for that?  
- What?  
Chicken burritos.  
All of a sudden  
I'm craving egg foo young.  
- I love you.  
- I love you more.  
No, I do.  
And cut!  
I'm going home.  
Cover for me.  
Great show. The love is back.  
The ratings are back.  
And my babes are back.  
I've got an idea.  
I think Ronnie and Juliet  
should get married for May sweeps.  
I'm getting married myself.  
Not to the psycho lawsuit girl.  
Her name is Chelsea,  
and she's right here.  
It's a pleasure to meet you.

I've heard so much about you.

- Thank you.

- So here we are.

Seth, for the last time,

**I'm begging you:**

- Call it off!

- You know what?

It I'd just married her  
to begin with...

none of this shit  
would have happened.

So just wish me luck.

You need more than luck.

You need Jesus, Moses.

- Muhammad. Buddha.

- Thank God.

- It's about time.

- I'm not going in there.

Hello.

What were those men doing  
in there?

We're plumbers. Yeah.

- Well-dressed plumbers. Go on.

- Do your thing, little man.

- Baby, we're getting married!

- That's right, little darling!

And what better place  
than in Viva Las Vegas!

This is great. We'll tie the knot,  
a little gambling, some hookers...

- Honey...

- Okay, no gambling.

This place is classy!

Thank you very much.

You're a fantastic audience.

In the words of the king...

Iove each other tender  
and don't be cruel.

That way you'll never be  
all shook up in heartbreak hotel.

Do you take Seth to be  
your lawful wedded husband...

for better or worse...

richer or poorer...  
as long as you both shall live?  
I do.  
Do you take Chelsea  
as your lawfully wedded bride...  
for better or worse,  
richer or poorer...  
as long as you both shall live?  
L...  
I don't think so.  
What?  
Thank God.  
Security!  
Keep an eye on the bride.  
- She's got a wee bit of a temper.  
- No problem.  
Make sure you stick between us.  
You're not marrying me?  
Why not, son?  
That was a beautitul ceremony.  
It was lovely,  
but the fact remains...  
that when we broke up,  
she hired a prick lawyer...  
and sued me for palimony.  
But today  
Chelsea dismissed her lawsuit...  
and she moved out of my home...  
forfeiting any legal claim  
to live there.  
Your stuff is in the Store-It-All,  
unit 48.  
- Did you know anything about this?  
- I swear, I don't know anything.  
Nobody knew except  
for my dentist and his assistant...  
who bought my home and will be  
selling it back to me tomorrow.  
- He didn't.  
- I think he did.  
And my jeweler  
who said that piece of glass...  
on her finger  
was worth 75 grand.

But we're in Vegas.  
- Let's party!  
- You're the devil in disguise  
Yes, you are  
You fooled me with your kisses  
He's lost his damn mind.  
What the hell is he...  
Heaven knows how you lied to me  
You look like an angel  
Walk like an angel  
Talk like an angel  
But I got mine  
She shot me in the ass!  
- I got her!  
- Somebody call an ambulance.  
Wait!  
Give me the gun!  
There's still four bullets left!  
Stop wiggling, ma'am.  
Watch it!  
There's a bullet in there!  
- I'll see you in court!  
- I'll see you in jail!  
Yeah? I'll sue you for tricking me  
into signing that dismissal.  
I will sue your ass  
for damages...  
for damaging my ass!  
Watch your head, ma'am.  
Pull in the train, ma'am.  
Be careful with the dress!  
I will get married someday!  
Someday, ma'am.  
Why are you arresting me?  
He's the one who should be arrested!  
He's the one who lied  
and made me temporarily insane!  
You have put me off women.  
I'm gay now!  
That's right!  
And not just a little gay!  
Full-on, Liberace gay!  
I like show tunes!  
You asshole!

Back to hell, demon!

- We need new friends.

- Yeah.

You want to stay  
on your stomach, sir?

Pal, that's not  
where the bullet is.

I'm not really gay,  
all right? God!

Can you believe that creep  
wouldn't marry me?

- No, ma'am.

- You'd marry me, right?

- No, ma'am.

- Of course you would.

I'm tall. I'm thin.

I'm adorable.

Don't make me gag you, ma'am.