



Scripts.com

Mardi Gras: Spring Break

By Josh Heald

Why don't you tell us about
your first Mardi Gras.
Well, it was the best Mardi Gras ever!
When we met, over 60 years ago, I was...
It was the Rex Parade.
I was in the Queen's court.
She was a beautiful princess.
Howie asked me to attend
a ball with him later that week.
I don't know what took him so long!
Well, I was nervous.
I'd never seen such a beautiful creature, ever.
I didn't give up the pussy till the fifth date.
Kept me waitin' three weeks.
I thought my balls were gonna explode!
They eventually did, all over my titties.
Love those titties, honey.
There they are, winkin' at me again.
Sweetheart, I love you.
Hey! That's all of 'em.
Only one thing left to do.
You sure about this?
Nope. But if this doesn't work,
I don't know what else will.
God be with us.
The social environment in contrast
to the natural environment
plays a key role in self-perception.
Your notes need some love.
Your arm needs some love.
You know, that's not
the only part of me that needs some love.
I hope we're thinking about the same part?
Otherwise what I have in mind
could be incredibly awkward.
For both of us.
I think we're gonna be okay.
There's a study group
at my apartment tonight.
Is your place quiet?
Should be. Doubt Bump and
Scottie have anything going on.
Party! Big party tonight!
Oh, my God.

4029 Walnut!

Beer and chips! It's gonna be huge!

Yes!

Everyone's gonna get laid!

Rock on!

- Did you know about this?

- No.

But it is definitely
gonna get worse before it gets better.

Please!

I'll help.

- Where's the music?

- It's not working.

- Do something!

- Well, what am I supposed to do?

Figure it out!

Party tonight! Yeah, yeah.

Gonna be sweet. Big party!

Fun times, right? Okay!

Rock on!

- Son of a bitch!

- I got it!

What the fuck?

It won't turn off.

Why is that even on there in the first place?

It's... It must've skipped to my bath mix.

You stupid bitch, do something!

This is embarrassing!

I'm freezing and my cock is so small!

I look like a goddamn hamster!

Fuck it.

Excuse me. Pardon me.

About how many

of you are there in this row?

Fifteen, is that something?

Gonna be beer!

Gonna be food, gonna be chicks, yeah!

- Hey, guys.

- Bump.

Hey. Erica, so...

We're having a big party

and you know,

you should bring all of your friends.

Only the hot ones!

Hey, so just take one and pass it down.
So I guess,
it's not gonna be quiet at your place after all.
It's hard to say.
Oops.
Let me get that for you, sweetheart.
No!
How have you been able
to put up with this since high school?
They're my best friends.
Think it might be time for an upgrade?
Just in case somebody didn't get one, okay?
Yeah.
Don't forget! Free booze!
Gonna be the greatest party of all time!
This is the worst party of all time.
Okay, guys, think I'm gonna call it a night.
Maybe go kill myself?
Come on, Bump!
Look on the bright side, man.
Least we got enough
booze and food to last us the rest of the year.
This is bullshit!
We're second semester seniors,
and look at us!
Well, what? What's wrong with us?
Not you, "us." Us, "us."
Yeah, the two of us
who don't have an incredibly hot girlfriend
who's gonna come over
and screw us any minute now.
Oh, come on! You guys don't have it so bad.
I mean, at least I've been laid.
Scottie's a goddamn
virgin who talks to his cock.
Okay, leave Max out of this.
I refuse to have a discussion
with a grown man who calls his penis Max.
It's his name, what else would I call him?
A worthless appendage that gets no poon?
I don't know how
our social lives at this college got
so shitty!
Well, maybe showing

your anus to everyone in Behavioural Psych
wasn't the best step forward.

This sucks.

I don't know how life could get any worse.

Despair. Destruction. Desolation.

Thankfully New Orleans

refused to give in to defeat,

and today the city thrives again.

Join us tomorrow night at 11:00

as our own J T LeBlanc

reports the rebuilding effort

that continues there today

even as the city

celebrates this festive Mardi Gras season.

That's it. That's what we have to do.

We should volunteer

in the Lower Ninth Ward?

Are chicks into that?

I'm talking about Mardi Gras.

This is the answer to all of our problems.

I can't go to Mardi Gras.

I think you guys

are missing the big picture here.

This is our chance

to make up for

all of the "almosts" and "never wases"

of the last four years.

Do you know what

I searched to get this page?

Mardi Gras!

This was the first page that came up.

Are we grasping that point?

Bump, look, I'd love to go.

I've got cousins that live down there.

But I'm not gonna just bail on Erica.

Mike! You're our wingman! We need you.

No!

Look, you don't have to do it for me.

You don't even have to do it for Scottie.

But think about poor little Max,

a ship before its virgin voyage.

Dry docked.

Never even been wet before.

Not even its little head.

- It's not little!
- Do it for Max.
Think of it
as Max's Mardi Gras.
The chicks!
My grandfather died.
Oh, my God, Erica!
I take it you came alone?
He meant so much to me.
I'll get a flight for the funeral.
No, no. I don't want you to do that.
I think I just need to be alone with my family.
Just for a couple days.
I understand.
Can I do anything?
You could give me a snuggle.
And you could TiVo American Idol?
Now she wants everything.
You are always there for me.
I'm so glad that I have a boyfriend like you.
You're my rock.
That's my job.
- I love you.
- I love you, too.
I love you, too, also.
I'm sorry for your loss.
Your family's in our prayers.
I'll text you.
This is fantastic!
Dude! Her grandfather died.
And she'll be gone for days!
Imagine a place, Michael, a magical place,
where a man and his beverage
can walk the streets unaccosted.
Where drunk, hot chicks come standard,
and delicious boobies, they grow on trees.
You guys hear that music?
So what's it gonna be?
I'll go if you go.
If I go, and you tell Erica...
Like she'd believe a word
I said anyway. Come on.
Well, I guess Scottie does need to get laid.
So?

- Let's go to Mardi Gras, boys!

- Yes!

Sorry about that.

So, look, guys,

I started mapping out a rough itinerary.

I... I was thinking

we could get tickets

to the Preservation Hall Jazz Band,

and if we have time, I'd love to take an
afternoon and go to the bayou.

There's this guy, Fred,

who's renting out airboats that...

Tits!

Wow, that hurricane

was worse than I thought!

We've been lied to!

This city's not thriving!

Guys...

Hey, Mike, thanks for paying, bud.

- Did I have a choice?

- No. No, you didn't.

But no worries, man.

These things are like heroin at Mardi Gras.

It's a strict jewels-for-boobs operation.

You give a girl beads,

she shows you her delicious tits.

That's not cheating, right?

Last I checked, Mike,

seeing boobs wasn't cheating.

It was just plain incredible.

What the hell are those?

- Bush beads.

- Bush beads?

They want these, they gotta show bush.

What's up with you, Scottie?

You didn't buy anything.

Oh, my God!

Jesus Christ, what is that?

It was my grandmother's.

See, I don't need a suitcase full of plastic.

Just one special necklace

for one special woman.

Gay!

So what's the deal, boys? Next stop, hotel?

No. We're going straight to Bourbon Street.
Are you kidding me?
These guys have been drinking for days.
We got a lot of catching up to do, boys.
Next stop...
Paradise!
Hey, is this Mardi Gras?
I think so!
What time does it start?
I don't really know!
It's a good thing
we got all those beads, Bump.
You don't want used beads. It's classless.
Show your tits!
Sorry, boys.
We've just thrown a show down the street.
- A show?
- I got beads!
Got it, I got it, I got it, I got it!
Damn it!
Oh, my God!
I'm fine. Thank you for asking.
Hey, listen.
I wouldn't be opposed to you earning them.
Hey, come on!
So, how does this work?
You give me these beads, I lift up my shirt,
you stare at my breasts
and what, we call it a day?
Absolutely not.
You lift your shirt, I stare at your breasts,
then I give you the beads and we call it a day.
Wow, was I born yesterday?
Nice try, but no.
Come on, Lame Girl. Quit being so lame.
Listen, dickhead.
You think it's normal
for a girl to sacrifice her dignity
for four cents worth of plastic?
Isn't that just a little ridiculous?
If I say yes, do I get to see your tits?
Fellows, huddle up.
All right now,
you brought me down here for a reason

and that's to have a good time.
So I think the best point of attack here is to...
Are you peeing?
You just pissed on my shoe,
for Christ's sake!
Well, I thought that that
was why we were huddling.
Let me get this straight.
So you won't take a shit in a public restroom,
but you'll piss in the middle
of a crowded street?
I thought that's why we were huddling.
Bad Scottie! No!
Look, the best course of action is to go
straight down Bourbon Street...
I found her!
Where's Scottie going?
Shit on my tits!
That is Carmen Electra.
Hi.
Oh, my God!
Wow, these are really beautiful.
They're real.
So are mine.
You're the one.
Aren't you cute! Thank you.
What the hell just happened?
Did you just ask
Carmen Electra to see her tits?
That was Carmen Electra?
I gave her my necklace!
Your only necklace?
You just blew
your entire load on Carmen Electra?
Yeah!
Relax, buddy. It's gonna be all right.
At least you can say
that you gave
Carmen Electra a pearl necklace, right?
I think that the best thing to do here is to
warm up to these girls
a little bit, to get to know them...
- What the hell are you doing?
- Nothing.

Do you have insurance for this?

Boobs!

I gotta admit,

it's awesome to see a strange girl's breasts.

I'd crawl a mile on broken glass

to suck the dick that fucked her last.

Shakespeare couldn't have said it better.

That's it.

Snuggle bear?

That's Erica! Code blue!

Scottie, let's go!

I don't understand.

Whoa! Guests only, folks. Need wrist bands.

Okay.

I just don't understand...

- Just keep moving!

- I don't understand!

Mike, you get to see those every night?

Why isn't she picking up her phone,

what the hell?

Hey, good extraction. Clean and effective.

It couldn't have been her, right?

I mean, you know,

lots of people have a similar look.

How could she do this?

With her grandfather barely in the ground.

Right.

There's gotta be a good explanation, right?

I mean, I'm sure there is.

Yes. Erica is a lying whore.

With an amazing rack.

Shut up!

We're gonna get my car, go back to our room,

and find out exactly

what hotel she's staying at.

That's gonna be a problem.

Where the hell is my car?

Damn it! My bush beads were in there!

And your car...

Maybe we're on the wrong street?

No, no, no, no, we definitely parked here.

I distinctly remember that fire hydrant.

Oh, great.

Three more drunk college kids.

Actually, we're not drunk.
We just need to check in. It's under Smith.
Well, I'm not finding anything.
When did you make the reservations?
Just yesterday.
We have been booked solid for six months.
Listen, Barry,
it's spelled S-M-l-T-H.
Nope.
Bump...
Tell me you didn't
drag me down here without a reservation.
Scottie, buddy, I gave you one thing to do.
Please tell me that you didn't screw that up.
No, I swear. It's all right here, okay?
The Chateau Burgundy,
three nights, three people, room 745!
745? That's impossible.
We only have three floors.
- Well...
- Guys...

You must mean 7:

But feel free to confirm with the maitre d'.
You made a goddamn dinner reservation?
Okay, Mike. Obviously, you're a little upset.
Let me handle this, all right, buddy?
You made a goddamn dinner reservation?
Well, if you want to get technical,
I made three goddamn dinner reservations.
That sucks!
How do you think I feel?
Where am I gonna take a dump?
Where are we gonna sleep?
I'll call my cousins.
"Mailbox full."
All right, look,
let's think about this logically, okay?
We're three kids from strong,
middleclass suburban homes,
obviously we're not gonna
end up sleeping in some random alley.
- Jesus!
- Morning.

Morning, gents! How'd we all sleep?
Where the hell were you?
I was picking up your car
and I got a cup of joe.
Want a sip?
It really takes the alley right out of you.
Guys!
I think it's time to go.
What?
I'm not having a good time,
and I'm not wading through
a million people to find Erica.
So let's just
get in my car and go back to school.
Scottie. Buddy, come on, help me out here.
I don't know, this vacation kinda blows.
I see, we have a little setback
and suddenly everybody's
ready to pack it in?
It's shaping up to be
more than just a little setback, Bump.
Look, I will be the first
to admit that yesterday was not ideal.
Carmen Electra
robbed Scottie of a family heirloom,
and Mike, your girlfriend
showed half of Louisiana her breasts.
Her wonderful, glorious breasts.
I'm done.
Mike, I know how you feel!
Because how you feel right now
is how Scottie and I feel every single day.
Well, not every day.
Some days. Mostly on the weekends
when people are hanging out and...
We brought you out here
because we needed you,
and now you need us!
Look, I admit, at the moment things feel
pretty shitty.
But remember how we felt yesterday?
When we saw those breasts?
- You mean, Erica's breasts?
- No!

Before they were Erica's breasts!
When they were just the two most
beautiful mounds
we've ever laid our eyes on.
Okay, can we just stop talking about
my girlfriend's breasts, please?
Your ex-girlfriend.
I'm talking about a feeling, Mike.
A fleeting moment of Zen.
We can get that back!
We just need to work together.
Sure, we can go back to college, finish it out,
graduate in three months
and never know any better than this.
There's that music again.
What if we didn't go back?
What if we vow not to go back
until we made Mardi Gras
our own personal playground?
What song is that?
Scottie, buddy, what do you want more
than anything else in this world?
Carmen Electra.
Let's not limit our sample size, okay?
Mike! Besides
a time machine and a shotgun,
what do you want the most?
Nothing? Not gonna help me? Okay.
'Cause I know what I want.
I wanna make my mark!
I want to rock the greatest party in the world!
I wanna make Mardi Gras my bitch!
Look, giving up is not an option.
I say we stay!
I say we conquer!
I say, by midnight
Fat Tuesday, no matter what happens,
we're gonna be partying on one of those
sweet-ass Bourbon Street balconies!
How the hell are we gonna do that?
Are you with me?
I'll do anything to stop
the fucking music, okay?
Mike, please, trust me.

I'm not gonna let you down.
I don't know, man.
I didn't want to have to do this.
Scottie, show him.
You taped it?
I had to.
You see what she's doing there?
You see that?
She's gonna be doing that
every day, every night,
and then again, all day tomorrow.
Especially this part.
What kind of pep talk is this?
Look at that smile on her face.
She's so content, she's so happy.
You need to have that smile.

It's 7:

Where can we get a goddamn drink?
Bottoms up!
You're gonna get a disease.
Yeah, it's called alcoholism,
I should be so lucky.
Bump, maybe you should slow down.
Maybe you should start drinking.
That's disgusting. You're drinking garbage.
A quarter. I'm actually making money.
You're an imbecile.
Okay, prima donnas, you got a better
idea how to get drunk at 7:00 a. M?
I'd love to hear it.
Elitists!
Getting an early start, boys?
You guys are pussies!
They wouldn't drink the trash!
I think I'm gonna be sick.
Well, pussies, let's get your cat up.
House drinks.
Got to love the Hurricane.
Well, on some level, exposing
the flaws and capabilities of our emergency...
Scottie! The drink!
You'd think they'd change the name!
Hey! Where you going?

Alpha dog, Mike.
Leader of the pack.
If we're gonna be the guys on the balcony,
we gotta show this city what's what!
I'm gonna hustle the shit out of these guys
like Paul Newman and Woody Harrelson.
I'm pretty sure
they were never in a movie together.
You shitheads think you can play pool?
I'm like Harrelson, baby!
You should probably take it easy with these.
I had a rough night.
Why is this called the "Hand Grenade"?
Hey, welcome back!
You've been out cold for two hours!
- Two hours?
- Yeah!
People just left me here on the stool?
Actually, no, no, no, no. Check it out.
Oh, Jesus!
I need some air!
Hey, it's Mike!
Hey, everybody, Mike's up.
Erica?
How's your dead grandfather doing?
Oh, my God!
Wow! That's the best
pickup line I've heard all week.
Oh, my God.
This is... I'm so...
No, no, no, don't be.
So, what? I ask you about a dead relative
and then we just totally make out?
Mike. I need to borrow 1,000 bucks.
I can give you \$18.
Close enough!
How do you do, madam?
Well, aren't you chivalrous!
I have no idea what that means, but yes.
It's quite long and big around, too.
So, I'm guessing
Mike's already told you about his girlfriend?
Bump, we literally just met.
No worries.

I'm pretty sure
she's not his girlfriend for much longer.
She lied to him,
and showed her tits to all of New Orleans.
Hey, don't you have a game to get to?
Yeah! Got these guys right where I want 'em!
For Joe-boy and Dante!
So, I hear your girlfriend lied and showed her
tits to all of New Orleans?
Where'd you hear that?
I'm sorry. That sucks.
Yeah, but I was asking for it.
Yeah, at Christmas
I hooked up with her sister.
Wow, really?
No! Actually I made a fruit salad.
And I took her nieces carolling.
Well, now it makes sense.
I mean, she's upset to find out you're gay.
Yeah. Some women
just don't appreciate a good gay man.
No, they don't. They definitely don't.
But you know, it could have been worse.
You could've found your boyfriend in
bed with his Russian Lit TA.
So...
I'm not actually gay.
Yeah, I was talking
about my boyfriend, genius.
Wow, you're slow!
I kinda like that in a man.
Ouch!
Anyways, my friends figure
Mardi Gras will cheer me up.
You know, getting drunk
and naked is the cure.
Well, in that case
my girlfriend's definitely on the mend.
Come on, we're going.
They're dragging me to the Frat House.
What's the Frat House?
Only the ultimate destination for incredible
bar contests and half-price beers.
Well, have a good time.

Thanks. Lucy. Mills.

- I'm... I'm...

- Mike.

Yep. I got it.

Those gentlemen

take the game of billiards very seriously.

What happened with your chick?

I don't know. She and her friends took off.

What? You blew it!

You do realise that entire conversation

was an I-wanna-potentially-

sit-on-your-face interview, right?

Really?

Well, what're you looking at me for?

I don't have any

business being in this conversation.

Mike! You've gotta snap out of it!

If Erica's gonna show her tits to everyone

and probably blow a bunch of dudes,

then there's no reason

for you to be turning down fine tail like that.

You need to have fun!

I need to shower.

Great idea!

You guys go find a room, get changed,

go put your game faces on,

I'll get us a bunch of chicks.

We'll meet up in an hour

and rock this town like a hurri...

Like a thunderstorm.

During Mardi Gras?

Yeah, right! Hey, Larry.

Now listen to what they just asked me.

Ask me again. Go on.

We were wondering...

All right, hold on, hold on, hold on.

Let me get a straight face.

We were wondering...

No.

During Mardi Gras.

Hey, ask me again, come on.

Hey, are you the guys

that asked about the vacant room?

- Yeah.

- Yeah. Can you help us out?
That's really funny, douche bag.
Like eating fish in a barrel.
Ladies.
Let's see what we got here, huh?
Sir, may I take your order?
Give me a Party Platter.
After all, I do like to party.
Sir, the Party Platter
is recommended for groups of six or more.
- Lame Girl?
- Dickhead?
What're you doing here?
So you like, live at Mardi Gras?
That's awesome!
As you can see, I've added to my collection.
If you see one that you like,
I definitely see two that I like.
Aren't you cute?
I remember my first beer, too.
I'll be right back with your order.
So!
I'm guessing three
beautiful ladies such as yourselves
could use someone
to show them a good time.
Hey, right?
Here you go.
Diet soda?
Tell you what.
If I polish
these babies off in five minutes or less,
you give me your number?
And how are either one
of those scenarios attractive to me?
They say these things are aphrodisiacs.
It's totally working, by the way.
The three of you
are giving me one hell of a giant boner.
Giant.
Wow. Still batting a thousand, Romeo.
Listen, Lame Girl, by Fat Tuesday
all the beautiful ladies in this city
are gonna be lining up

for a piece of Bartholomew T. Brown.
Look, I say this out of compassion.
Guys like you,
you come down here desperate for attention,
eager to overcompensate
for whatever
meagre existence you have in college.
I see it every day.
And it always ends badly.
Trust me.
Point taken.
Challenge accepted. Game on.
Mike, I really gotta go to the bathroom.
Max just went at the last hotel.
Jesus, now you've got me doing it.
Well, it's not Max this time, it's...
You don't have a name for your ass?
Who names their ass?
This is the place from last night.
Well, maybe they had
a cancellation or something.
Hey.
A little early
for your dinner reservation, gentlemen.
We figured it was a long shot,
but we just wanted
to see if any rooms had opened up.
Let me just check.
No.
The baby's head is starting to crown.
Excuse me, sir, can you point me
towards your nearest bathroom?
The bathrooms are for guests only.
Please, it's... It's an emergency.
Then I suggest you call 911.
You don't understand.
This could do irreparable damage
to my lower intestinal...
- Meet me out front in 20.
- Hey!
Get back, don't...
Security.
One or two?
Definitely number two.

Hello. Are my eyes deceiving me
or are you two
dead ringers for the Olsen twins?
No fighting over who gets to be Mary-Kate.
How about letting me
have a sip of your drink?
Please, by all means.
Hey, Mike! Perfect timing. I was just thinking
that the four of us
should continue this conversation...
What's going on here?
We should probably just go.
No, no, no, bud. Let me handle this.
Hey, listen, pal.
You're ruining our game.
Can't you see my boy and I
are working these girls?
You're "working them."
Big time.
We're trying to, you know, do them.
Look, there's three sausages and two ovens.
You do the math, big guy.
They are 15 and 16, for God's sake!
Three days we've been here,
and you're the 100th college guy who's
tried to get in my daughters' pants!
Daughters?
Did it work for any of them?
I've got a good mind to check out of our
hotel and go home right now!
Daddy, no!
Your dad's right!
This is no place for girls your age.
You don't need to deal with jerks like this
harassing your daughters all week.
And look at him, he's a slob.
If I were you,
I'd get out of here, too.
And you! You owe this man an apology!
He is obviously a responsible parent,
who understands that
impressionable young ladies
should not be exposed to
what is going on here on Bourbon Street.

I'm...
Sorry?
Come on, girls, let's go.
And thank you. Come on!
Daddy...
What the hell was that?
Watch and learn.
We'll need turndown service later.
Thank you.
Holy shit.
What're the odds?
Well played, Michael.
Checking out early, sir?
Not early enough.
Well, I'm sorry to hear that.
Hello?
You're never gonna
guess whose room I'm in.
- You're in someone's room?
- Yeah.
Come on, guess.
You'll never get it in a million years.
Tell me it's not Carmen Electra.
Yeah. How did you know that?
Because she just walked into the hotel.
What hotel? This hotel?
Finish up and get the hell out of there!
Done and done.
Please do come back, visit us again.
Don't count on it.
I believe you have a vacancy?
Dude, what's up?
- It won't flush.
- What?
There is a turd
the size of a Norwegian cruise ship
stranded in the toilet and it won't flush!
Okay, relax.
How am I supposed to relax?
It's Carmen Electra!
Jiggle the handle.
Don't you think I tried that?
How are they gonna know it's yours?
Just get the hell out of there!

It's getting so hot out there!
I know!
I can't believe how far we had to walk.
Holy Mary, Mother of Christ...
We should wash up before the next parade.
- I'm gonna go take a quick shower.
- Okay.
I think the maid used our bathroom.
Gross!
Dominique, do you have the soap?
Yeah, it's right here.
Don't use all the hot water.
I want to take a quick shower, too.
I'll try, but you know
how bad these showers are.
I'll just jump in with you.
Gee, it's hot!
That's nice.
Don't get my hair wet.
Will you wash my back?
- Sure.
- Thanks.
Your hands are so soft.
I wish I had your boobs.
Oh, stop it. Your boobs are gorgeous!
But yours are so perky.
Thanks, but I'd kill for that ass.
Not now, Max.
I trust you had yourself
a fine time trespassing.
I am so very sorry.
If I see you again,
rest assured I will be calling the authorities.
Okay.
Aren't you forgetting something?
That towel.
That's hotel property.
You do not want this towel.
I most certainly do.
- No, no, you do not want that towel!
- I want that towel!
- Just give me that towel.
- You don't!
I will have that towel, sir...

I will have the towel!
I'll show myself out.
Well, there's no sweet-ass balcony,
but you gotta admire
the craftsmanship of the bricks.
We got showers and beds!
It's fantastic! Did Scottie call?
Are you kidding me?
God damn it!
What's wrong?
Get cleaned up, buddy boy.
We're going out.
Who are you
and what have you done with Mike?
Showtime.
I don't even wanna know.
Dude, get out of there.
Something in that fountain smells like shit!
Hurry up. Dry off.
Got somewhere to be.
Did you guys shower?
Okay, people,
we're about to start another contest.
Win passes to the hottest party in town!
All teams to the stage. It's the Maxim Party!
You don't wanna miss this.
We don't want to miss this!
It only happens once a year,
and this is your chance
to get in on the action!
This is gonna be the biggest party ever
with all the hottest guys and girls.
You don't wanna
go home and tell your friends
that you didn't have
a kick-ass Mardi Gras, do you?
Don't miss this opportunity
to party like a rock star
at the most exclusive event in the city.
It's the Maxim Party!
All teams sign up
with Zane at the front of the stage!
Hey, sailor,
what brings you to the ultimate destination

for incredible bar contests?
And half-price beers.
Actually, I'm looking for
the girl I've been stalking.
She said she'd be here.
Well, maybe you can
buy me a drink till she shows up.
Can't talk. Max has gotta pee. Hi.
So that's Scottie.
- Who is Max?
- It's his penis.
What, you and your friends
don't refer to your...
Vaginas.
Mike, it's cool!
All women name their vaginas.
It's endearing.
Really?
No! It's creepy and weird.
Why would we do that?
Who can drink more beer than me?
No one!
Who's more amazing at life than I am?
No one!
Hey, Mike!
We've been friends since ninth grade.
Really? That's great.
Yeah.
You know, good friends are hard to come by.
Apparently they're also
creepy, weird, and really loud.
What'll it be, guys?
Two of your largest, bluest
and most ridiculous
umbrella-laden drinks, preferably on fire.
How did you know my drink?
Everybody loves the Flaming Lucy.
Bump did something stupid.
And that would surprise me because...
All right, one last entry!
Please welcome to the stage
Bump, Scottie, and Mike!
Come on! Maxim Party!
All the hot girls for Mardi Gras

are gonna be there.
Remember. Free drinks, hot music
and, of course,
the special guest host is Carmen Electra!
We're doing this! We're doing this! Let's go!
Well?
I don't really do this sort of thing.
You know, I'm really
more the safe guy than the crazy guy.
Well, that's too bad,
'cause the girls and I are going to that party.
But, no, you play it safe. That sounds fun.
Check out yesterday's winner
for a preview of the action.
Lucy.
Meet Erica.
Erica, Lucy.
Looks like I have a contest to win.
Yeah, Mike!
Let the Wet T-shirt Olympics begin!
I'm feeling sexy now!
All right, neck to neck.
If you drop the orange, you're out!
Go!
To your right. No, to your other right.
Something still smells like shit.
Now it's getting hot.
We have a drop.
Sorry, ladies.
Yeah!
Sorry, ladies.
Three teams left. On to round two.
Show us your tits, show us your tits...
Now we are partying!
I don't wanna show 'em my tits.
Relax. Now,
when we're passing the orange next time...
Bring out the cherries!
This is gonna be bad.
Mouth to mouth!
Slowest team walks.
Go!
Well, the girls are off to an early lead.
Our guys seem to be lagging behind.

Thank God!
The guys are going for it.
Grab it! Suck it out of my goddamn mouth.
Come on, girls, please don't let us down.
We need you!
Oh, Jesus!
We have a drop. Great!
Another team of girls eliminated.
God bless America!
Oh, come on!
Two teams left. Three beautiful ladies...
And three stupid losers who
are ruining this for everyone.
Don't you listen to that glorified carnie.
We got this in the bag!
You know this is gonna be a great party!
VIP entry. Bottomless drinks.
Speaking of bottomless,
I think it's time to take it up a notch!
I told you this was gonna be hot, didn't I?
Now this is more like it!
What kind of misogynist contest is this?
Look, there's no shame in quitting.
Eat me, douche bag!
We're gonna be champions of the world!
Scottie, take off your pants.
- Oh, no.
- Look!
There are more of those at the party.
And Carmen's gonna be there!
Okay, I'm in!
You know, you're allowed
to switch to boxers when you turn 13.
- I hate you.
- I know you do, old friend.
Come on, Mike, take it off!
Don't worry, hope isn't lost yet.
Bring it on!
Let's show the girls
how much we love them.
Zane, bring out the bananas!
Bananas?
I don't mind being a virgin.
Shut up. It can't be that bad.

You're gonna pass it from here to here,
and end up here.
And of course, no hands allowed.
Okay. It's completely horrible.
Fastest team gets the passes. Go!
This is more like it!
Damn, that's hot.
Okay, boys.
All right,
we are winning this goddamn contest!
All right, the girls are way ahead.
All right, Bump.
Do me quick and professional.
Wait, you guys are actually going for it?
Oh, Jesus!
Okay, please watch it.
No!
Scottie! Turn around and take it like a man.
- I quit!
- Get him, Mike!
Come on, girls, faster! Get in there!
Oh, my God, no! Please! Can't we... No, no...
Close your eyes. It'll go faster.
I love you, buddy.
No!
Yes!
Congratulations to our winners.
Thank you.
More sausage for the party.
Way to go, crazy man.
So I guess I'll see you tonight?
Count on it.
This party better be amazing.
Back of the line, boys.
Stop right there.
We're VIPs. We're on the list.
Everyone over there's on the list.
About how long
do you expect we'll be waiting in line?
I think you know the answer to that.
- Have fun.
- What the hell,
you just let in those guys with the chicks.
Chicks.

What do you mean? We've got chicks.

They're in there.

I know. "Everyone's got chicks in there."

I took a banana up my ass.

Step aside, guys. You're not gettin'
in without girls and costumes.

Okay, new plan.

We head back to Bourbon Street,
and don't stop drinking
until somebody vomits all over Scottie.

- Who's in?

- I took a banana up my ass!

Guys! Guys, guys!

We're goin' to this party. I'm seeing Lucy.

We're not gonna sit around
some crappy bar, drinking cheap beer,
pretending like everything's perfect.

All right?

- That's not why we came down...

- Did you hear that?

I think Mike's balls just dropped!

Listen, while I appreciate your enthusiasm,
that line's not moving.

Plus, you heard the man. We're not getting in
there unless we've got some tail.

Well, I got an idea.

So what do these
cousins of yours look like?

What? You're picky all of a sudden?

But yeah, are they hot?

Well, I haven't seen them since they were 10,
but from what I remember,
hopefully they've improved.

Well, this sounds lovely.

I don't care how they look,
they're still my family.

You treat them right.

Cousin Michael?

I'm gonna make a large
donation to a charity of your choosing
if you just let me suck on one...

Janice, Cousin Mike is here!

Cousin Mike!

It's been so long!

Wow!

Twins? He didn't say they were twins.

Twins are always hot. Always.

I think Mike's family's
a little closer than most, right?

They're pretty close. It's...

Okay... That's enough.

So...

These are my friends, Bump and Scottie.

Hi.

Need a place to crash?

You could share my bed.

Or my bed.

It's just a little small,
but we could squeeze together.

Actually, what we were
talkin' about was maybe
hittin' up this costume party later tonight,
and I didn't know
what you were up to tonight...

We'd love to go!

Let's get some costumes.

Great!

Jackpot!

These are gonna be so crazy.

These... And you're gonna get
the same exact one as me.

Normally, I'd be disgusted
by the idea of incest.

But quite honestly,
if you don't bang the shit out of those two,
I'm gonna punch you right in your face.

- They're my cousins.

- I don't care!

We're right next to Mississippi.

If we don't get any traffic,
I'll have you there in an hour,
and you'll be married
to one of them by midnight.

I need to borrow you.

I hate you.

Oh, God!

- What?

- What're you doing?

We need a family member's perspective.
Yeah, what do you think?
You are both beautiful.
We want your opinion on our costumes!
We want to make sure
our outfits are appropriate.
You both look, you both look very good.
Does my butt look okay in this?
I gotta go.
But you just came.
Almost.
'Sup?
What the hell are you supposed to be?
A giant hotdog.
What the hell does it look like?
The classy, genteel
Southern Plantation Owner.
You look ridiculous.
Thanks, I appreciate that. Unfortunately,
this store only had
one costume left in my size.
So, considering what my options are,
I think I look quite dignified.
Jesus, Scottie,
what the hell is taking you so long?
Just pick one, already.
This is really important. The right
costume could get me to second base.
Wrong costume... It could be deadly.
Well, there's obviously no contest.
- Get the Smurf.
- Smurf?
Really, I was kind of thinkin' Cowboy.
Scottie, Smurfs are awesome.
They're cuddly,
they're there for you on a rainy day.
What about that suggests
that you won't get any?
Everything?
You know what, I'm goin' Cowboy.
Cowboys are rough and rugged.
Okay, this costume says, "Watch out, ladies,
I deal with horses and Indians."
Yeah. It also says, "If left alone on a

snowy mountaintop in a pup tent,

"I might do a dude."

What?

Cowboys are gay!

- When did that happen?

- Are you serious?

Scottie, do you remember when New Kids on

the Block was cool for like a week,

and then it became totally, utterly gay?

Not really.

Same thing's happening here.

Cowboys jumped the gay shark.

You know, Bump?

I'm gettin' the Cowboy, all right?

Okay. Well, we'll swing by a drugstore,

pick you up some body spray,

and a pack of ass condoms.

I wonder if Erica called.

Oh, my gosh! I am so stupid.

What?

I forgot to put my panties back on.

- Janice...

- I know.

I am such a scatterbrain!

I think your phone's poking me.

Sorry about that.

You gotta be kidding me.

Wait for it...

Have fun.

What... You said that if I brought...

Two girls, two guys.

No. Guys?

Guys!

Don't say anything!

Hey, where's Bump?

Must be getting drinks.

Mikey, we wanna dance.

I'll...

Hey, thought that was you guys.

So, listen, I sort of

have this arrangement with the bouncer,

he's a good friend of mine from the gym.

Anyway, I was wondering, how would you

lovely ladies like to cut the line?

- Yeah. Yeah, sure.
- Yeah, sure, great.
Yes. Awesome stuff.
So, I wasn't sure
if you'd recognise me in this outfit.
We had that moment at the oyster place.
You four together?
Not him.
So that's how it is? Fine!
I hope you have a good time at the party.
I don't wanna go anyway.
'Sup, ladies?
Hey, Carmen, it's me!
Hey, Carmen! It's me, too!
We don't need her, bro.
She's not that hot, anyway.
This one?
I didn't mean it. She's hot as shit.
Miss Electra
requests your company in the VIP room.
Lucy!
Mikey, come back!
Hey!
I thought that was you
dancing with the hotties.
Those are just my cousins.
All right. You got a lot of weird
shit goin' on, don't you?
You don't know the half of it.
Dance with me?
Okay.
I'm beginning to thank Bump
for draggin' me down here.
- Hey, come here.
- No!
Don't come back!
I'm prepared to
make a civil rights issue out of this!
Dudes are people, too.
Hey!
Say, great costume.
Thanks. I like your whole
Colonel Sanders thing.
I have a brilliant idea, and 100 bucks.

Excuse me?

Hold on a minute.

It's okay. My girls are already inside.

I'm the anchor.

- The anchor?

- You know,

the chick some asshole's gotta bone

so his boy can do her hot friend. C'est la vie.

Dude, go home.

Look who it is, the big winner!

What're you supposed to be, a douche bag?

I was gonna put a cock

in my mouth and go as your mom.

Let's do the Sprinkler.

Ready?

All right. All right, I can get behind that.

All right.

- What is this?

- Shopping cart.

Shopping cart!

So I told Harrison Ford,

"Don't you talk to me like that, Harrison Ford!

"Do you know who you're talking to?"

But he's a doll.

So what does a stylist do, anyway?

What doesn't a stylist do?

Pick out makeup, hair, shoes, clothes.

By the way, I love your little outfit.

Giddy up.

Oh, here! Have more champagne.

I'm... I'm good.

I did, one, two, three, four...

- And then, five...

- Don't be a pussy.

Can I borrow your friend for a second?

Hi.

You havin' a good time?

- Yeah.

- Listen, I have a confession to make.

I lost your necklace.

I found it.

What are the odds? That's...

That's what I said!

It must be fate.

I have to go
make an appearance on the dance floor...
You know anyone that might be interested...
Then let's go.
This is one of the best
parties I've ever been to.
Yeah. It's pretty cool.
Mike?
- What're you doing here?
- Me?
Is your grandfather
feeling better all of a sudden?
Mike, maybe I should just...
No, one second, Lucy.
I sent your family flowers.
And the next thing I know,
you're flashing all of Mardi Gras!
Okay! Okay, you're right. All right, I lied.
I'm sorry.
I just didn't think you'd understand.
What wouldn't I understand?
It's our senior year.
I mean, all the girls were coming down here...
It's my last chance to blow off some steam.
So that's what this is about.
Your friends drag you down here...
You see me flash a couple of guys,
and now, you're pissed.
So, you kiss this girl to get back at me.
Come on. That's not my Mike.
Well, maybe you don't know the real Mike.
Oh, yes, I do.
Goodbye, Mike.
Let's go back home, and everything will go
back to the way it was before.
If we hurry, we can still catch Idol.
Whoa, wait a minute.
I don't wanna watch Idol.
Okay. Well, we can watch
something else then.
I don't wanna watch something else.
I don't wanna do any of that any more.
I wanna be right here, at this party.
Because this is me, Erica.

What are you saying?
It's over.
What're you gonna do?
Run to your little slut?
If I wanted a slut, I'd stay here with you.
What?
Lucy! Wait.
Look, you don't need to explain, I get it.
We all have our roles, Mike.
- And that's your girlfriend.
- Lucy...
I'm just a girl you've known for 24 hours.
Lucy, I'm sorry, you... You don't understand.
Have fun at the party?
Where the hell have you been?
Funny you should mention that.
Right out here where you left me.
Thank you so much!
I was worried
I might actually partake in my own plans.
Well, I'm sorry, all right?
I got bigger problems to deal with.
Bigger problems
than leaving your best friend behind?
Well, my best friend
would have listened to me
when I said I wanted to go back to school.
Whoa, wow!
Are we really back on that again?
Look! If you weren't here,
Erica still would've shown her fun bags,
and you'd still be kissing
the ground that she walks on!
Nothing has changed.
Well, maybe ignorance is bliss.
You can't possibly believe that shit!
You know, Mike, in some messed-up way,
this is the best weekend of your life,
and you have me to thank for it.
Well, thank you, Bump.
Thank you for being
the obnoxious novelty act that you are.
Okay, Mike. Good luck.
Somewhere in this city,

there are people worthy of my friendship.
Where the hell is Scottie?
You're my only friend, beignet.
It's just you and me.
Sorry, we're closed.
Oh, baby.
This is not a good look.
You know, that dress makes you look fat.
I'm gonna ask you something, Lame Girl.
Would you say I'm a novelty act?
Ask me that again.
I'm sorry, were you fishing for sympathy?
Okay.
I'm probably gonna regret asking, but...
What's wrong?
I just try to show everyone
a good time, you know?
Is one awesome weekend too much to ask?
You know, if you'd been nicer to me,
I'd be more inclined to help your cause.
I have been nothing
but nice to you since the moment we met!
You call me Lame Girl!
Okay.
You...
You have nice eyes, Ann Marie.
Tonight, you're off duty. I'm in charge.
It's time you saw the real Mardi Gras.
Put on a clean shirt.
See? Isn't this great?
Yeah. Yeah, it's... It's great!
When are we going back to Mardi Gras?
Bump, this is Mardi Gras!
Look, you see that man leadin' the band?
He's been doin' this for almost 40 years!
Mardi Gras is not Girls Gone Wild.
It's not just tits and beads.
It's about family, tradition.
Come on, show me what you got!
Right. Too soon.
Hi. May I speak with
the hotel operator, please?
Thank you.
This is Mike Morgan.

I'm inquiring about a guest.
I was wondering
if you have a Lucy Mills staying there.
No?
All right. Thank you.
Mills. Mills!
Lucy Mills!
My tone?
You've got a problem with my tone?
Well, my tone has a problem
with your... Hello?
Hi, this is Lucy Mills.
I'm trying to track down Mike Morgan.
Thank you.
Will you please hold on a moment?
I am actually... I'm getting another call.
- Hello?
- Hello?
- Hello? Hello...
- Hello? Hello.
Hello...
I am not the one causing
the problem here, sir.
And frankly, I don't think this is any way
for you to conduct your business.
So, I would like you
to please patch me into your supervisor.
Where am I?
Carmen!
Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Yes!
Max, you did it.
Good morning, my angel!
It may be a good morning,
but it was a great evening, sweetie.
I can't believe you're even awake!
After that performance,
you deserve to sleep for a week!
Now...
You've gotta eat at least some of this.
You need to build up your strength.
Someone was quite the tiger, hmm?
I don't remember anything.
So you don't remember Security calling

because of all the noise you were making?

Noise?

They said

it sounded like the Fourth of July in here.

I don't... I'm feeling queasy.

Juice?

Max, you're gay?

- Thank you.

- Sir.

- Bump, you know, I didn't...

- Me, too.

Okay, let's not do the whole thing.

I rule, you rule.

You're not an asshole, I have
overcompensation issues et cetera, et cetera.

Okay.

Rough night?

I was a moron.

And I gotta make things right with Lucy.

Broad story, I'd offer to help you out,
but my vagina's in the shop.

Truffle? They're really fabulous.

No, thank you.

So I hung out with this chick last night,
and she's pretty lame, but I don't know...

There's something about her.

Do I sense feelings from Bump?

Let's not go overboard.

I'm definitely capable
of getting a hotter chick.

I mean, don't get me wrong,
she's probably like a six-and-a-half,
maybe a seven on a good day.

She's a little old,
but I figure she's got a couple of years
before she hits the wall.

Gonna introduce me?

You are lucky

I even give you the time of day, fat boy.

Ann Marie. Charmed.

See that? Kind of lame,
but kind of somethin'.

- Scottie!

- Where the hell have you been?

All right. I'm just gonna
get this out in the open.

Max had sex last night.

Oh, my God! Congratulations!

- This is huge!

- That is awesome, man.

With a dude.

Can I help you?

If only you could.

But my penis just isn't that into you.

Guys, I know it's a lot to digest,
and I've given it

a lot of thought, and it's not all bad.

On the one hand,

I'm gonna have a clean apartment,
beautiful clothes, washboard abs,

and I'll finally be able to admit that I know
every word on the Wicked soundtrack.

Plus I'll be having a shitload of sex!

On the downside, it'll be with guys.

So, you know, there's that, but

whatever, it's four to one. Right?

That's a pretty big one.

So you're gay! Whatever, right?

The point is, you got laid!

Yeah. You got laid.

That's awesome.

Yes! That's really great.

You're gonna pound so much... Butt.

But just so we're clear,

I'm... I'm not gay. You know?

- You're... You're not?

- No, no, Max is the gay one.

I'm a straight man living with a gay penis.

I'm Scottie, by the way.

Baby, you're gay.

Well, guys, I guess this is Fat Tuesday.

So much for that Bourbon Street balcony.

Could be worse.

At least we're all together, right?

A balcony? Is that all y'all want?

Come on, fellas.

Come on!

Hello, Tommy. Band these guys.

- What's goin' on?

- I have no idea.

That's gonna clash. Do you have it in yellow?

- Good evening, Ann Marie.

- Hey, Carl!

- Hey, Ann Marie!

- Hey, Laura.

Who are you?

How's this?

My dad's the hotel manager.

I get this room every Mardi Gras.

Are you shitting me!

You know,

you're not entirely lame after all, Lame Girl.

I was only gonna invite a few friends over.

Unless you have a better idea.

Gentlemen...

What do you say to a little soiree?

Yeah, baby!

- Oh, yeah, yeah, yes! For you!

- Wow!

What the fuck?

All right, I've had enough.

I'm gonna go find Ann Marie.

Whoa! What about your balcony?

Mike! Sometimes the best part
of the party isn't the party.

You know what I mean?

I know exactly what you mean.

That doesn't even make sense!

What's the best part

of the party if it's not the party?

I don't even know what you're talking
about... Is this a straight thing?

Scottie!

Carmen?

Get down here, you silly boy!

Me?

Yeah, get down here now.

Listen.

If I don't make it back alive,
you tell the world Scottie Smith got laid.

All right.

Maybe leave out the part

about it being with a dude.
Scottie!
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
What are you doin', bro?
Are you okay? I...
Yeah. I'm fine.
Where did you disappear to?
I was a little uncomfortable.
I think it was his first three-way.
A three-way?
You were there?
Yeah, silly.
- With Jonathan?
- Jonathan?
No. Jonathan has a boyfriend.
But isn't he great?
I'm so glad you guys had a chance to talk.
I asked him to bring you breakfast.
Who... Who was the third?
Max.
You mean, you, me, and Max?
You mean...
I'm not... He's not...
Mike!
Max isn't gay!
Hey, all right, man!
Max isn't gay! Max isn't gay!
I had sex with Carmen Electra!
Lucy!
Lucy!
Your friends do know
there's an elevator, right?
Lucy!
Lucy!
Lucy!
Lucy!
Lucy, can you hear me?
Hey! You suck!
Lucy!
Where are you, Lucy?
Lucy, where can you be?
Lucy!
Lucy!
Lucy! Lucy! Lucy! Lucy!

Come on, man! I'm trying to find this girl.
Lucy! Lucy!
Guys, please, please! Cut it out.
Her!
Lucy!
What do you want?
You!
What?
He wants you!
What about your girlfriend?
Do you see me hijacking
a parade float to talk to her?
You said last night
that we all have our roles.
What I didn't know
is that I've been playing a role
for far too long.
A role that isn't me!
So who are you?
What?
Who are you?
I'm the guy you met yesterday.
The guy who, who kissed two
dudes with a cherry in his mouth.
The guy who deep-throated a banana!
That's not what it sounds like.
Mike! We've only known each other for like...
Thirty-nine and a half hours!
Now, I know last night was crazy,
and I know things could've gone better.
But I have never felt this way before.
And I will do anything to prove that to you!
Show your tits!
Show your tits!
Show your tits!
Guys, come on, now. Let's...
Show your tits! Show your tits!
Fuck it.
Cousin Mike!
Yeah!
You've earned these.
Not yet.
I'm gonna have to ask for these back now.
Will you please stop that?

Get up here and make me!
What happened to playing it safe?
Safe sucks.
Whoa!
Yeah.
Hi, Mike.
I saw your penis.
That was very upsetting.
Hi. Big fan.
I'm a big fan.
So where're we going for spring break?
Rio, baby!
All right,
I have been talking to a bunch of people,
and they all say the same thing.
They got a Mardi Gras that's way more,
way more messed up than this.
Plus, Brazil's doing some
really good things with vaginas these days.
What, too far?
I'm heading to Cancun.
Cancun? More like cannot-stop-taking-shits.
You ever drink the water
down there, Carmen?
What about Daytona Beach?
Yeah. Or South Padre.
Guys, guys, guys!
We're coming back to New Orleans!
The greatest goddamn city in the world!
To Mardi Gras!
- To Mardi Gras.
- To Mardi Gras!
Mardi Gras!
It was so good seeing Cousin Mike.
I know, it was so sweet of him to come visit.
I wish he could've stayed longer.
Me, too. It was sad to see him leave.
You know, this is gonna sound kind of weird,
but there was one thing
I wanted to do with him.
Do you know what I'm thinking?
Totally.
Apple picking!
- That would've been so great.

- I know.
Also, I wish he would've fucked us.
Big time.
What has two thumbs, a hard-on,
and wants this guy to get laid?
This guy.
Who has more better odds in life than me?
Oh, boy.
They want these, they gotta show bush.
They gotta show a little pussy bush.
Gotta show a little vag bush.
Vag pussy bush.
I thought that...
I didn't get my line out.
Hey, you got a lot of...
Which fucking floor?
Number two.
I wanna make Mardi Gras my bitch!
I know you lost your mind, little white boy.
Gonna take you more than \$100.
No!
Hang on, one more.
No!
She lied and showed
all of New Orleans his tits.
- Hey, don't you have a game?
- His tits?
Her tits. Jesus Christ.
Fuck!
Fuck, the bow tie just fell off!
I remember the first time
I got an erection on the set.
It was tonight, Duane.
Join us tomorrow...
Crap.
All of a sudden
the shit scene's looking good, huh?
Coming through.
The chicks! They came back!
My grandfather died.
Subtitle Rip; TheHeLL