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My Best Friend's Girl

By Jordan Cahan

Oh, let's just get in there, baby.
Let's go. Hustle. Here we go.
I love angry sex. This is the best.
Oh, you wanna do it right here, huh?
Oh, yeah... Okay.
Give up, already.
Yeah, you know.
I like this girl. Really do.
Sometimes you just know.
I'm not finished.
I tried like a motherfucker
to follow you up...
...but this door, it does a little thing
with the lock when you're inside.
Anyway, here's what I'm thinking.
We start with a blowjob.
Yeah. I mean, obviously, you know?
And most girls
find it rewarding the way I do it...
...because I turn what is normally
a chore into, like, a training session.
It's like my own special Head Start
program. Even got Chloraseptic spray.
Do that really well,
we move on to the nasty stuff.
Bring my buddies over, maybe
take some "artsy" pictures, you know?
Do some artsy live streaming video.
Totally tasteful.
Don't worry, I'll get you paid. Easy.
That way you could
get that can opener fixed...
...lipo the back end,
maybe refurbish the balcony.
- Wait, I'm sorry. Is this a bad time?
- Yeah.
Real quick, yes to bad timing
or yes, you wanna go...?
- Fuck you!
- Exactly.
- Why won't you just die already?
- I accept your rebuke of my advances.
But for future reference, could you
at least give me a reason why?

How about 10?

I love angry sex. This is the best.

It's gonna be great. Just...

Hey, we're going Dutch
on gas money, you know.

Is that your phone?

- Don't you answer?

- I don't know.

Or are you more interested
in me right now?

- I'm...

- Answer your phone. That's my phone.

Shit. Hold on one second. I got it.

Hello.

Hey. Yeah, I got it. I'm a knee guy.

- You need...

- Listen to me. Listen, Sarah...

Shut the fuck up.

I'm not even listen...

Oh, my God! Why aren't you...?

Dick!

- Listen. Sarah, are you pregnant?

- Oh, my God.

I'll just be a minute.

You know what, you expect me
to swallow that horseshit?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm predictable.

Well, then fucking marry me!

- Didn't see that one coming, did you?

- What are you doing?

How am I supposed to know
it was your sister? How was I?
Okay, it was dark, I was drunk
and I thought it was you.

- Oh, she's pregnant too. Talk to her.

- What? No.

Okay, you tell your sister...

...that I'll make a donation
to Planned Parenthood in her honor.

Sarah, my ex.

Big cunt.

Rachel, I apologize.

Sometimes when you try
a new restaurant, it's a gamble.

And today we lost.

I'm thinking to avoid
any sexual obligation, that's you.

Oh, my God.

- Everything okay?

- I can't eat this. I can't.

Perhaps I can interest you in some of
our fabulous Famine Fiesta Fries?

She could use a little more famine
and a little less fried.

Tank.

Okay. Since you have yet to
ask me anything at all...

...I just thought I should tell you
a little bit about myself.

I'm a social worker.

- Yeah, I know what you're thinking.

- Yeah?

It's very... It's challenging work...

...but it's so important.

- Whoa, whoa, there, big time.

I'm a customer satisfaction rep
at Airmeister Air Filtration Systems.

That is important work.

Because without air, we cannot live.

What can I get for you tonight?

Is the corned beef quesadilla,
is that any good?

Or what do you recommend?

Do you mean unspoiled? For example,
if you said, "Is this milk any good?"...

...your concern would not be with taste
but rather your personal safety.

Hi, my name is Pedro O'Malley.

I'll be your server for tonight.

Something to drink?

Two Baja Car Bombs on the snap.

Okay, no, I don't drink...

...but thank you.

- I wasn't ordering for you.

- I gotta warn you, the stereo's busted.

- That's okay.

I've got a little bit
of a headache, so...

See?!

It's been like this for a month!

I got it.

These are for your ears!

Thanks.

You look offended by the song!

But if you really listen,

it's not really vulgar.

It's about a guy, he's in love. And

I know he's saying, "Pop the pussy."

But it's a metaphor for, like:

"I wanna hug you!"

Pop that pussy

Hug me, hug me, hug me, hug me

It's not about fucking.

It's about taking a relationship...

...to another level!

- What?

- Yeah. And now we see it.

So we should listen to the whole thing

so you know the story.

Listen, listen.

No, it's easy, all right? She's not

even gonna make it past dinner.

By the time I'm done, she'll know

the difference between...

...what's in the hand

and what's in the bush.

Hi.

- Yeah, we said 7:00.

- I know.

I tutor this high-school girl.

She's part of my Head Start program.

And she's slow, learning-disabled.

It's sad.

Every time I come,

I feel like I'm wasting my time.

- You know, not in her eyes.

- Actually...

No one is doubting your memory,

which is both vivid and damning.

But if I could, I'd like to briefly

challenge points four and seven.

Oh, really? Because, you know what?

I didn't even get to mention...

Oh, my God.

Please stop. Please stop.

Please stop.

So I'll call you later?

- And I'll call the cops, you asshole.

- I had a nice time tonight.

- Hello.

- Josh, I just went on...

...the worst date of my life.

- Rachel.

- Hey, look, I'm gl...

- I'm so, so sorry.

Why are you sorry?

Baby, I was the one who...

- Can we maybe, you know, grab a...?

- Yeah. Yeah, no, that sounds great.

- Yeah.

- I'd really like that.

Listen, I'm out with a friend right now.

But can I call you?

- What about dinner tomorrow night?

- I'd like that.

Yeah, I'd like that too. All right.

I'm so glad you called. All right, bye.

Told you.

I just show them the difference...

...between what's in the hand

and what's in the bush.

You have mastered

the female psyche.

To get them to run,

I make them think that I'm shit.

To get them to come,

I make them think they're shit.

Either way, you're the asshole.

It's what I do.

Sorry.

All right.

Look at you, all white and thin.

I bet if I laid you on this bar,

she could snort you.

Listen, beauty queen.

I know people are concerned about

you because you're dangerously thin.
But I'm not one of those people.
Yet I am concerned.
That you've had too many drinks...
...and your fingers are in this bowl
like it's one of your sorority sisters.
These pretzeled devils,
far from complimentary.
I mean, baby,
get your head in the game.
Nothing tastes as good
as looking good.
- That is just...
- Excuse me.
Are you psycho? I mean,
how can you even begin to talk to...?
Easy, Urlacher.
Ever notice it's the linebackers
concerned with people not eating?
If the pussy police here would
stop ordering her fries tempura...
I just had a child.
Congratulations.
I'm sure he was probably delicious.
Looks like you
downed the whole thing.
You're an asshole.
- You really are an asshole.
- Then walk away.
- Let me just go get my purse, okay?
- Get cigarettes.
- Let's go.
- Okay.
Take me. Take me to your house.
Take me right now to your house.
- Hey, guy.
- Tank, hey. Tank, this is Renee.
- Yeah. Come here.
- Renee, Tank.
- Hey, okay. Two seconds.
- Talk to me for a second.
- Yeah, I'll talk to you all night.
- All right.
Didn't I just save your ass?

I just cleaned up your bed...
...and you're shitting in it again, okay?
Aren't you getting fucking married?
I am getting married...
...but not tonight.
- Renee. Renee, there she is.
- Josh.
There she is. She's all mine.
I have to work tomorrow.
Everybody's gotta work tomorrow.
It's Tuesday.
Good one.
I have a strict no-sleepover policy.
Yeah.
Come on, Tank, it's almost 5.
For some people that's not tonight,
it's tomorrow.
I hate those people.
Shit.
Dustin? Yeah, five minutes is fine.
Okay, bye.
- Dude. What the shit?
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I told you this was happening. As
of now, I'm training for the marathon.

Goal:

with a little bit of discipline.
By the way, you should try it.
You need discipline
like I need to miss my period.
Seriously, you're already, like...
...a crazy, insane, OCD alpha-dog...
...cyborg crazy creature.
You mean, I have a job?
And now you're gonna wake me up

at 5:

...so that eventually
you can run 26 miles in a circle.
Here's the great part. You get to
go back to sleep indefinitely. Yea!
For the record, I am involved in
a very taboo interoffice relationship.

- Morning.

- Good morning.

Dustin, the bad boy
from the wrong side of the tracks.
I'm from Lexington.

- Okay, bye.

- Bye.

- See you.

- Yeah.

That's not the secret knock.
That's the one. What's going on, man?
I need to move this into your room.
Tonight is the night.
And if all goes according to plan,
consider this move permanent.

- "Lawrence of a Labia"?

- Yeah, in a moment of weakness...

...I bought the entire EFI. The
Erotic Film Institute's top 100. Enjoy.
Where did it go wrong?

You have a serious problem.

Better than taking
sexual frustrations out...

...on a parade of one-night skanks
I'll never see again.

- True.

- Good morning.

Hey, no, no, come here. This
is Dusty, my roommate-slash-cousin.
Not technically related. Our parents
were friends until his mom walked out.
Slash-fuckhead for bringing up
bad family shit at inappropriate times.
It's nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

- Fucking family.

What's the plan? Bring this girl
back here, pop open chloroform...
...insert Tab A into Slot B, repeat?

No. Tonight is the night

I tell her how I feel.

Tank, this girl... This girl is my
soul mate and it's time she knew that.
Not if you want to fuck her.

You, what is the nicest thing
I've said to you since I met you?
You complimented me
on my technique.
Okay, look, I'm not you, okay?
I'm not gonna manipulate her,
I'm not gonna con her.
- I'm just gonna be myself.
- No.
Yourself is a repressed headcase that
beats more meat than Rocky Balboa.
By hiding porn, taking her to joints
you hate, training for a marathon...
...you're not showing the real you.
You're showing a highlight-reel you.
- Thus, in fact, you're conning her.
- You don't get it. You don't get it.
I love her. Alexis...
Alexis is my angel.
You get it, right?
We don't get it. We don't.
Anyway, we can skip this
"call me" scenario.
- I'm already late.
- Great.
I wanna know something.
This chick...
- What's her name?
- Alexis.
If this chick Alexis means so much to
you, how come I haven't met her yet?
Because she means
that much to me.
Mazel tov, man.
Love. Angels. Awesome.
What about that girl at camp who
used to let you play with her boobies?
- Jackie? We were 15.
- She looked like a baton with titties.
What about Gracie, love of your life...
...till you caught her blowing Holstein
freshman year?
- What's your point?
- My point is this: Lindsay, gym crush.

Melissa, your barista.
A lot of angels, Dust.
- Why you gotta be such an asshole?
- It's what I do, man.
Good luck. If you need them,
condoms are in the medicine cabinet.
If not, Jergens lotion,
underneath my bed.
Dusty, this is absurd.
What? You love steak,
we're eating steak.
- You're a vegan.
- Not tonight. Eat, eat, eat. Enjoy.
I feel a little guilty loving steak
so much and you're a vegan.
But whatever.
I love the way you eat.
I love that you eat.
I love that you pay.
Seriously, though, I just love
watching you do anything.
I love it... I love you, Alexis.
I love you.
Oh, shit.
We just said more than once
we're gonna keep it light.
- We work together, we're friends.
- That's what I'm supposed to say.
Right? I mean, I'm supposed to be
the relationship tough guy, you know?
I'm the dude.
The dude can't just come out with:
"I've loved you since the moment
I first saw you, pounding out...
...a lender's agreement,
eating Cocoa Puffs...
...while some pretty boy
drooled over you."
- Michi Yamana.
- Yeah, Michi Yamana. Dick.
So I love you, madly.
Sorry. L... l... I know I need to stop.
Now, stop. Just stop speaking,
Dustin. Just shut your mouth.

I'm sorry. Wow, kamikaze, huh?

See, this is what you do to me.

- What do I say here, but...?

- I'm sorry.

But do you know how hard it's been trying to play it cool?

- It's been five weeks.

- I know.

We haven't even had sex.

Well, that's why we're here, Alexis.

I wanted to talk to you about...

I think I'm ready

to take the next step.

Sex isn't a step, Dustin.

Being exclusive would be a step or moving in together is a step.

Then let's move in together.

I need you to take me home.

But it just felt so right.

It just felt so right.

No, it does, it feels right.

Just not right now.

"Just not right now."

Oh, God.

God, I'm a fag.

- Dude, you canceled Spice.

- It was like 21 bucks a month, dude.

Someone had a rough night.

I'm Mr. Right...

...just not Mr. Right Now.

What...? What does that even mean?

What does that even mean?

- I told her I loved her...

- Oh, no.

What?

I went in early. No, no, I know.

I went in a little early, but she...

- Thanks for your support. Sweet.

- Dustin.

Dusty, look.

This too shall pass, all right?

But that journey begins...

...with self-exploration.

And I'm holding the map, Dusty.

Hey.
Kid, I got your 'bate crate.
You know how much
you love your 'bate crate.
"I'm like comfort food for your penis."
- What do I do?
- Okay.
What do you do?
Okay, let's look at the options.
Stalk her. But you're never gonna
be with her. Love her from a distance.
Never have a family but you could
love her kids from a distance.
Murder-suicide,
but that's trending upward.
- Or I could just hire you.
- No.
- Why not?
- I don't fuck with family.
Well, technically
we're not blood-related. Right?
Go to bed, Dust.
You're serious. Okay.
I'll get serious.
If I do this...
If I do this, I'm gonna make it
the finest Tank-ing of my career.
My fucking masterpiece.
She'll lose her shit
like a shit collector with amnesia.
I'm talking about a Turkish twist,
epic mindfuck of a Tank-ing, okay?
Her brain'll be rocking back and forth
in the shower for like three weeks.
Okay? I'm talking about
demonic fucking Tank.
I'll be flying up into the sky.
She's gonna cry tears that form
"Call Dusty" on the ground.
Yes? Am I doing it?
Tell me I'm doing it.
Okay, that was weird.
And I'm not sure that...
Listen, rain check, maybe though.

Wow, can't believe I almost resorted
to emotional terrorism. I'm sorry.
You're sweet.
Next time with the next one, maybe.
- Thank you.
- I'm here.
A little crazy. Sweet, crazy mostly.
Don't say a word.
God! Son of...
Why? That stupid...
Hi. Tank Turner,
Customer Satisfaction.
How may I help you today?
Excuse me, do you have any idea
how long I was just on hold?
It's been like an hour and a half.
Hello. In your manual...
...you've expressed a possibility
of some odor issues.
"Faint aroma," it says here on page 7.
Come on. "Faint aroma"? Bullshit.
It smells like burnt fucking hair, dude.
Because apparently
I paid 49.90-motherfucking-5...
...so that my sweet-ass condo smells
like some Korean cat barbecue.
- Touchdown.
- You lose. You lose.
You suck.
Sir, I will gladly give you a refund, but
that's not gonna solve your problem.
New girl.
New girl
Ooh, new girl
Did the emotional terrorist win?
I just... You know, it's funny.
I never noticed your highlights...
...until somebody actually
said something.
They're actually really good.
- Just tell me how it works.
- Let me make this clear.
Before she can love you,
she has to hate me.

But before she can hate me,
she has to like me.
That may be
the hardest part of the equation.
So I set up the meet-cute.
In every movie,
the stars meet in some cutesy way.
Since every woman is looking
for that dreamy, witty, goofy guy...
...of their sitcom, rom-com fantasies,
I've gotta be that thing.
Here.
Lucky slap on the ass. Hit it.
Are you okay?
That was rough. I'm Alexis.
Wow, that looked really real.
- Is that real?
- It's real and it hurts.
Okay. So, like, what happens now?
You come back every day...
...for a couple weeks. Slowly,
eventually you build her trust.
- Daddy bee's got the honey.
- That's her number.
- Let's go eat.
- How...? How did...?
Now, remember, she's classy.
So maybe a fast-food joint.
Or wait, wait, drive-through.
Do I tell you what flavor of jam
to eat out of your boss's ass?
No. Dusty, it's what I do, okay?
You want offensive locales?
There's a place in Revere,
they let you boil your own dolphin.
Arlington, you can have
a dominatrix waitress...
...take a dump on your lap
while she peppers your Cobb salad.
I know a spot in P-town, you can get
a meat loaf shaped like a cock.
You gotta trust me.
She's not gonna know what hit her.
All right. Good luck.

- Do not wear that, please.

- What am I doing?

Just take this.

This is what you're doing.

Clean the pipes. It's mandatory to flush them out after a relationship.

That's disgusting.

But seriously, what's wrong with me?

Dustin's a good guy.

- You're such a fucking girl sometimes.

- Pretty good guy.

A good guy? Who cares?

A good guy is, like,

somebody that your parents dig or...

- Listen to me. In the real world... Ami.

- I'm listening.

- In the real world...

- Yes.

What if he's a good man

with a good heart...

...and he's smart? And if

he's not too rough on the eyes?

If "ifs" and "buts" were cocks and nuts,

I'd be getting gangbanged right now.

Seriously. But it's that I wanna teach

you something that took me, like...

...years and years of promiscuity

to learn, okay?

- What is this outfit?

- It's aweso...

Hey, how many guys

have you slept with?

- Like, total? Three, right?

- Two.

- Two?

- I'm a serial monogamist.

Well, okay. That's, like, the first

big, huge problem right there.

Didn't anybody ever tell you

that you have to suck a few frogs...

...before you get to suck a prince?

I believe it's "kiss."

Pretend it's a year abroad, you know?

But instead of going to Europe, you're

gonna bang a whole shitload of dudes.
- It's awesome.
- I haven't been drunk in a long time.
Good. You need it. You need it.
Now tell me something.
What do you see in this box?
- I see into the...
- No, in the box.
An inordinate amount
of masturbatory aides...
...which some,
I pray, are novelty-sized.
Oh, my God.
Okay, that will do nicely.
- You, show her a good time tonight.
- I love you.
- Show her a good time.
- I love you.
- Such a good time. Love you.
- Have a great night.
Don't be scared without me.
- I'll be back. I'll be back.
- Yeah. I'll be waiting...
- She's my roommate.
- I bet she gives great head.
Actually, I'm sure she does.
You're pretty drunk.
I'm pretty ready to rock.
Oh, boy.
Tank, is this a Mustang?
It's a GTO.
- A... Whatever that means.
- Yeah.
Well, listen, I just wanna warn you,
my stereo's busted.
Oh, that's cool. That's cool.
Hey, this is my...
I almost lost my virginity to this song.
- Let's go.
- Yeah, let's go.
- This is a first, Tank.
- Yeah, me too.
Should we sit front row and center?
Oh, wild.

Yeah, can we get
two Long Island Iced Teas?
And put the chop-chop on that, lady.
Could you make mine a double?
And two shots of tequila, please.
Okay, let's slow down, princess.
You're getting sloshed
like it's your prom night here.
- I never went to prom. I never went.
- No shock there. I believe that.
I had the date, I had the dress.
But prom was the night my dog
bit my sister in the neck...
...and we had to put him down.
- Shit.
And I will never... Oh, my goodness.
- Ever forget the horror
in little Fraggles' eyes...
...as his paw went limp in my hand.
It was horrible. Blood.
It was just, like:
I'm sure that's not the only thing
that's gone limp in your hand.
I will say it. In all sincerity,
that sucks hard.
It's sad to lose a pet.
Where do they learn how to do this?
- Well, I taught them a few things.
- I wanna know.
That's incredible.
What is that?
- What is that?
- I think we should just fuck tonight.
That looks pretty.
- I'm gonna go pee.
- Got it.
Hey, I can't talk.
- Where are you?
- I'm out, I'm seeing a band.
They suck, but I'm seeing them
so I really can't talk.
- Put your "Guitar Hero" down.
- What the fuck are you talking about?
I'm not playing "Guitar Hero."

It's Saturday night. I'm out.
Just put it down.
We have problems.
All right. What's the story?
I am drunk and he's either
the biggest asshole in America...
...or trying to convince me
he's the biggest asshole in America.
Either way, even a broken clock is
right twice a day, but this guy...
Come on. How better to
appreciate Dustin than to do this?
Than to bang this guy,
who's obviously far inferior...
...but probably hung like Seabiscuit.
Right?
Now go. Go and bang. Bang
like you have never "bung" before.
And do it for Dustin.
Jesus.
- Baby doll...
- Hi.
- Hi.
- I'm Alexis.
- Nice to meet you.
- Nice to meet you too.
And when it comes to love,
there's only one thing you can trust.
It's not your friends,
it's not your head.
It's that little voice
inside your clamburger.
"Listen to me."
Watch this. It's a game.
It's called "Who's at the Door?"
And I look out the peephole.
It's the mailman.
Would it hurt you to play with her tits?
Help me out.
You can stay there. That's good.
Oh, you grab that.
I'll get the next one.
- There won't be a next time.
- Lucky me.

And our motto, basically,
is, "Without air, we..."
"Without air, we cannot live."
- Stop.
- Right.
I get it. You're a dick.
I'm sufficiently offended.
Done.
Coming up?
Suit yourself.
Enjoy the long ride home.
I'm going home, okay?
Why am I going home?
Because I'm going home.
I'm getting in the car. Eyes
in the game and the head in the ball.
Can't do it.
Just start the car.
Just start the car, baby.
Just gotta start the car,
get the fuck out of here.
Why? Because, look. Your head's
in the game, your balls are attached...
...and you're gonna go home
and maybe she'll call you maana.
Why would she call me?
She'll call Dusty.
Because she's what? Dusty's
girlfriend. Follow the bouncing ball.
She is Dusty's girlfriend.
Listen to me.
What is wrong with you, asshole?
You asked me to trust you.
- And I trusted you.
- Done.
Somehow.
Some way.
Thank you.
Dude, you did it. She just called.
Okay, quote,
"I just had the worst night of my life."
"I just had the worst night of my life."
You did it, man.
We're having lunch tomorrow.

Tank, we're having lunch.
Can you believe it?
Dude, when it comes to being
an asshole, you are a genius.
Genius.
Anything for a friend.
So about the other night.
Okay, I was stupid. I was stupid.
It's just... I've never gone this far
with a girl, emotionally.
- And I just lost it.
- Slow down. Slow down.
I was stupid and harsh...
...and I'm sorry.
Last night I went out
with a real asshole. Horrible.
It just made me realize
that guys like you are so rare.
But it also made me realize
how few guys I've dated.
How few guys
I've actually gone out with.
Like, none. I need to date
and you need to date...
...other people. I'm just saying that...
What I'm trying to say is that
I wanna start over as friends first.
Like, be friends.
I like you as my friend.
Start over...
...as friends first.
- Friends.
Like Harry and Sally.
I think the point of that movie was that
men and women can't just be friends.
No, no, no,
they can be just friends...
...even date other people,
as long as they end up together...
...in the end. As long
as they end up together, right?
Yeah.
This is fun. You know, I'm gonna go
because my sister is getting married.

It's an on-again, off-again,
on-again thing.
She's freaking out, treating me like
her assistant so I'm running all over.
I'm really glad we had this talk,
you know?
Dude. You check out that sandwich
they got downstairs?
Bread is, like,
two slices of freaking pizza, man.
Only in America. Fuck me.
Clean air probably shouldn't stink
like flaming ass nougat.
I got a real fucking tough guy
over here.
I got a guy on the verge of a five-state
killing spree. Do you wanna?
Ready? Three, two, one.
- Let me transfer you to my supervisor.
- Let me transfer you to my supervisor.
- Make me proud.
- Kill it.
Hi, this is Supervisor Eugene Lenay.
- How may I help you?
- How may I help you?
- Please hold.
- Please hold.
Treat her like a bowling ball.
Strike.
Dust, hold on one second, all right?
Sir, I looked into the problem
and it'll actually fix itself.
- What's up, kid?
- You failed, Tank.
She wants to see other people.
She said she wants
to see other people?
She did. That's why
you're gonna take her out again.
Except this time,
you're gonna get seriously diabolical.
I'm talking public defecation.
Dust, you're freaking me out here,
okay? Tank-ing is a subtle art.

You can't go in there crazy
like a dragon with a hemorrhoid.
Besides, what makes you think
she'd ever wanna speak to me again?
Don't worry, I'm taking care of that.
No, you're not. You do... Dust.
Don't do anything, okay? Listen.
I have to teach a training seminar
10 minutes ago. Dusty?
All right.
- You're late, Tank.
- I know.
- You're Tank, right?
- Are you a cop?
No, Roger's friend Sonny
said you fix things.
Walk with me.
- You're late.
- Thank you.
I'm going crazy without her.
Shit-in-the-bed-and-roll-around crazy.
- You're late.
- Shut up.
Okay, religious girl.
How do I bump into her?
- You're late.
- No shit.
She's a high-school English teacher.
Guy can't really hang around a
high school these days, unfortunately.
- She gets her hair done Tuesdays.
- Love it.
What'd you do? Foot in your mouth?
Foot-long in somebody's mouth? Facts.
Let's say you're gonna have to be
a real asshole to make me look good.
It's what I do.
- You're late.
- Yes.
Everybody, you're late.
Don't let it happen again.
I'm Tank and I will be brief.
Here at Airmeister
we have two rules.

No refunds.

The beauty of an air purifier is that nobody can prove that it doesn't work.

Amanda, you saucy tart.

I want somebody really pissed off.

I'm talking about DEFCON 2

level of anger.

Who do you got for me, baby?

I have just the one for you. She's furious and asked for you by name.

Put her through.

Tank Turner, Customer Satisfaction.

How may I help you?

Before we even discuss

what I received...

...which is a whole other mystery...

...I demand an explanation

for yesterday.

Ma'am, I'm fully concerned.

What happened yesterday?

Are you gay?

Or are you just an asshole?

Oh, ma'am. Profanity is superfluous because no verbal affront...

...could be as devastating to me as your dissatisfaction.

Dissatisfaction?

Yes, I mean if the unit's performance or lack thereof has left you frustrated...

See, I never saw your unit. I gave you a chance and you didn't deliver.

Ma'am, you're upset.

I'm upset. I'm upset that you will never, ever know what it's like...

...to sit on a hot, sweaty summer night...

...and let that unit blow its glorious bounty all over your face.

You think after the shit you put me through...

...that I called just so you could talk dirty to me?

I gave you a one-time free hall pass for sex.

Good sex. Hot sex.
L... l... I fucking roofied myself.
I'm a little confused. Amanda?
You're confused?
That makes two of us...
...because I don't know what kind
of asshole acts like an asshole...
...and then when it actually comes
time to be an asshole, walks away.
Like a total asshole.
Making me look like
an even bigger asshole...
...for offering some big-ass asshole
asshole-sex in the first place.
What kind of asshole are you?
This is actually a personal call.
Dude, you are so hired.
Excuse me for a second.
Shit.
Asshole.
Sorry. Offer expired.
Did you really think roses and a poem
would give you a second chance?
You rhymed "apology"
with "apologetically."
- I'm...
- I just felt bad, okay?
You're right,
I do owe you an explanation.
I didn't sleep with you
because you're not attractive.
- There, I said it.
- Oh, thanks.
Thank you so much
because you saved me...
...from what could've been
the worst decision of my life.
- And I've eaten sushi in Tijuana.
- One-nothing.
You're below my standards.
Even for a one-night pity fuck.
- And I've taken down some real hogs.
- Yeah, hogs, cows, sheep.
I bet your sex life is

a regular heavy-petting zoo.
You know what?
You're what we call a two-bagger.
That means I have to wear
a bag on my head...
...just in case
the one on yours breaks.
You sure it's not just a size thing?
Because it's gotta be tough standing at
a urinal, peeing on your own testicles.
At least I can hide my shame
in my pants.
What really sucks is having an ass...
...the size of a miniature
Mediterranean donkey. That suck...
- Don't...
- You think that's too big?
You think that's too small?
So you said do nothing,
but I did something, totally small.
I sent her a couple hundred bucks
worth of roses and a kick-ass poem.
A few stanzas, no big deal.
Did she call?
No, she didn't.
Dusty, these women, they have
a way of getting into our head.
I'm gonna give you
some fresh perspective.
Listen to me.
This girl, I'm getting a hunch.
She's built for destruction.
You can't trust her.
You know who you have to trust,
Dusty? Each other.
Yeah. It's time to let her go.
Maybe get some... You know.
Just let her go. Move on.
You want me to move on?
Give up. Want me to give up. That's
your big plan? I should just give up?
That doesn't quite work for me, okay?
That doesn't quite work for me.
I'm not some sort of misogynist...

...that can just swap out women
like they were batteries, okay?
I love her, Tank. I care more
about this girl than I do myself.
- You will never understand that.
- It's new to me.
She said she wants to be friends.
You know what? I'll give her a friend.
I'll be the best goddamn friend
she ever had.
Today was a good day for us.
We made eye contact,
although I couldn't gauge...
I gotta run.
Turn.
She's really tough to read.
Really tough to read.
I felt like... I felt like
she was a bit distracted.
Totally. Hey, can we do this later?
It's hot.
Where you going?
She's seeing someone.
Dusty.
What are you doing?
You're scaring the shit out of me.
Sitting in the dark like a vampire,
you creepy weirdo.
She's seeing someone.
We don't go out at night.
I get her voice mail after 10.
She's seeing someone.
- And I'm gonna find out who.
- I'm gonna take back "weirdo."
You're giving off more of
a full-blown serial psycho...
...crawl-space-full-of-skin-sombreros
vibe.
Stop. Intervention time.
It's time to forget about Alexis.
Look at me, all right?
It's time to wipe the cobwebs
off your cock and stick something.
I don't think she'd be cool with that.

Look at me, please. You definitely...
You don't need her permission.
You need to get laid.
And if you'll listen to me,
I bet I could make that happen.
This is one of the most important
things that any man can do.
A haircut?
Yes, Dusty, a haircut. Look at me.
You look like Chewbacca and
Sasquatch had a baby...
...the baby took a shit,
and that shit was blinded...
...moments before styling your hair.
- A bit harsh.
- Appointment for Dusty, please.
Grab a seat.
Great article. I've read that.
Sorry to interrupt.
My associate here is looking for
a stylist he can trust.
And this place was recommended to
us by a woman in our prayer group.
Well, is he looking
for something simple or?
Maybe a what-would-Jesus-'do.
- I'm Hilary.
- Hilary, my name is Tank.
- This is Dustin.
- Hi.
So I've got an \$85 haircut
so you could have a meet-cute?
Oh, it's \$ 110. Worth every penny.
In return,
I'm gonna get you a date with...
Let's just call her a confidence booster.
A slow, fat one down the middle.
I hope that's a baseball metaphor.
This pitch is in your wheelhouse.
Grand slam, upper deck. Game over.
- Hey, beauty queen.
- Hey, I have a question. I'm sorry.
I've got these little...
Is there any way...?

Yeah.

- Shit.

- I'm so sorry.

No, I'm sorry. Sorry.

- Is there any other way we could...?

- Yeah, okay.

Guess what.

We're all set for tonight.

Okay, hold still.

What about, like, frosting my tips?

What are you, a Mini-Wheat?

Listen, this girl's not Alexis.

She's got a bed built for sex...

...not stuffed animals.

- Wait, what?

How do you know that Alexis
has stuffed animals on her bed?

- Wait.

- Oh, my.

- Fuck.

- Oh, my God...

This stuff happens in salons.

Sometimes it's fixable.

- Tell him it's fixable.

- I'm gonna throw up.

Makeup, little shading,
maybe some glue.

How about an eyebrow toupee?

- Where's my eyebrow?

- I don't know what to say.

Oh, God, kill me. Kill me. Kill me!

Where's my eyebrow?

That's a new look.

- You can fix it, right?

- Sure, just pop into my DeLorean.

- It's in the back.

- Don't be a bitch.

- You're the bitch, bitch.

- Hey, gossip girls. Focus on my friend.

- He's follicly deformed.

- Fuck my fucking mother.

Let's come up with this... Dusty, unless
one's missing, nobody's gonna notice.

Yeah.

- Come here. Come here, sit down.

- Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

You gotta be brave, man.

Oh, my God.

- Do it. It's good.

- Come on. It's gonna...

You know what?

I think it's gonna look great.

- Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

- It's gonna be really hot.

- It better be hot.

- Yeah.

Fuck.

Bad, bad times.

Oh, my fucking shit.

I'm coming.

Oh, those are lovely.

And I see

you've got a hairstyle change.

- True.

- Claire, he's here.

Come on in. She'll be right out.

I'm sorry, I was

under the impression that we...

Us? No.

Tank said you needed a lay-up.

Are you calling me a lay-up?

No. God, no. No.

They told me you were taller.

Just for peace of mind,

the father of this child is?

In the middle of a brutal divorce

with the mother of this child.

Cool.

I mean, not cool.

That's not cool. But... But...

Here you go.

Lilies. Thoughtful.

- Sorry.

- I don't wanna give them up.

- Thanks.

- I told you.

My friend said

he was one of the good guys.

I don't know if I would say
I'm one of the...
I've been known to be
a bit of a dog sometimes.
How cute,
he's trying to convince himself.
Oh, no, you're a sweetheart,
and that's okay.
I mean, Claire needs someone like you
after the mess she's been through.
Someone nice.
Nice is nice.
- Should I take those?
- Oh, yes.
I'm sorry, sitter's running a bit late.
Can I get you something
to drink, cutie?
- Yeah, actually, as a matter of fact.
- Okay.
You can.
I'll have what he's having.
- What the fuck?
- What just happened?
- He just said he wants...
- I just, I said...
He looked at Liam,
licked his lips and said:
- "I'll have what he's having."
- Okay, but what I meant...
- What does that even mean?
- What does that mean?
- I'll ex... Let me explain.
- You want me to lactate for you?
- No.
- You want my big...
...life-giving, mothering, nurturing
breasts in your filthy mouth?
What's wrong with you?
There's a child here.
- She's got a child.
- I see the child.
- A child.
- It is a child. I was just...
- You wanna breast-feed.

- What?

That's what this is.

You're some fetishistic monster
who preys on women.

- Okay, I was just kidding.

- You're disgusting.

I was gonna throw myself at you,
and you...

I was just joking...

- Can we just start over?

- Hi.

- I just wanna start...

- Sorry, Laney, we don't need a sitter.

Groucho here made a mark

about suckling at my teat...

...and stealing my baby's milk...

...and is consequently leaving.

- Okay.

- Get the fuck out!

- Okay, I'm really sorry.

- I'm just... I'm sorry.

- No. No more. Just get out.

- I'm really sorry.

- Go, go.

Come here.

You got shot down...

...in a blaze of glory.

You cost me a job, man.

I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you.

How much?

- Forty... Fifty if it's past 11.

- Okay.

Here's 60 for your trouble.

I'm really sorry.

Sweet.

Hey, for another 60,

I'll jerk you off in the parking garage.

Jesus. Do I really

look that desperate?

There's no milk, but I'll let you suck tit
for 5 bucks a minute.

Excuse me.

Alexis!

Alexis!

Alexis, I love you!

I love you, Alexis.

I can't just be friends, okay?

Alexis, come to the door.

Come on.

- Oh, Dobler.

- Hey, hey.

Hi there. I'm so sorry,

your BFF's upstairs with another guy.

Holy shit, what is

going on with your eyebrows?

- Seriously, I think there's something...

- I'm sorry. She's got a guy up there?

But they're just hanging out, right?

Is she seeing this guy?

No, no, no.

No, no, just an occasional bang.

No, no. God, no. How many times

have they gone out?

- How many times have they...? Not...

- They don't go out ever.

No, he just comes over and

he bangs, and then he leaves.

- What?

- You know, she's doing this all for you.

Think about it. She's up there with

her knees by her ears, getting railed...

...so one day she can settle down

with a nice boy like you.

- I love her. I love her.

- Dustin.

- You'd better be ready. I'm serious.

- Alexis.

Alexis. Ale...

Dustin, what are you doing here?

- What is he doing here?

- Well, this is my...

It's Tank.

- This is the guy you're with?

- No, I'm not with anyone.

I'm not... We're not together.

I mean, no offense, Tank,

but we're not...

I told you. I told you that

I was gonna get out there...
...and I was gonna see other people
and I was gonna date...
...and get some experience
under my belt...
...and live my life a little bit. For once
in my life, do something like that...
...and that's exactly what I'm doing.

- Should I go?

- Yes.

- I'm gonna go.

- No, no, no.

- Yeah. Yeah.

- Tank.

- You know what? I'll go.

- No, you don't go, you stay.

I should get going, I have a big day
tomorrow. My roommate's moving out.

I have shit to do too.

- Really?

- Bye.

- I'll call you later.

- I'll call you later.

- No, after you.

- No, you go.

No, no, please, Tank. You go first.

- All right.

- Fine.

- How can I trust you?

- I don't know.

Hey, I wasn't kidding.

You're out by tomorrow morning.

Dusty...

I thought so.

So we remember

the words of Betty Friedan:

"A woman has got to be able to say,
and not feel guilty:

'Who am I...

...and what do I want out of life?'"

That's why my Women's Studies
program will be focused...

...on the liberation,

celebration and exploration...

...of you...
...and you...
...and you.
Enjoy your weekend,
and please try to do so responsibly.
The man is Oprah.
Would you all excuse me
for just one second, please?
- Sherman, Sherman, Sherman.
- Hey, Dad.
If there's anything else I can get for
you, I'm always available, professor.
One of my teaching assistants, and
a very hard-working young woman.
Last night, I fucked her
within an inch of her life.
True story. I'm jamming
her head through the headboard...
...I flip her over, she screams,
"Give me a choker."
I play the choirboy, "What's that?"
Star wipe to five minutes later...
...she's bucking like an epileptic
at a strobe-light convention.
I'm getting scared.
As I'm working out the 911 phone call
in my head, she goes:
Like an air bag.
Now, that's a Tuesday night.
You got a good gig, Dad.
How you doing, son?
Dusty kicked me out.
In all fairness, I was accidentally
sleeping with his pseudo-girlfriend...
...but I feel like shit.
Son, let me tell you a story.
December, 1977,
your mother, God rest her soul...
...throws one of her infamous
pot potlucks...
...and I find myself sozzled in
the boathouse with your Aunt Francie.
Now today, some might consider her
to be zaftig...

...but back then,
she could really hang a sundress.
How I yearned for her.
But I refrained because
it was your mother's sister.
- I get it. I fucked up.
- No. No.
The point is, is that two days later,
I banged the shit out of her...
...in the back of a Bonneville while
your mother filled my prescription.
Best Pontiac sex I've ever had.
Okay, so you approve?
Guilt is just one more thing
trying to asphyxiate us during sex.
You cheat, you feel bad, you watch TV,
you feel better, you cheat again.
All right, you know what?
This girl's different.
She's smart, she's cool,
she's tough, she's a 10.
Ms. Barber, I must apologize
for my son's antiquated phraseology.
Out of desperation,
he continues to assess women...
...a base-10 value number...
...predicated solely
on their physical countenance.
That's...
- That's wrong, Sherman.
- No problem.
I moved from numbers a long time ago.
You rarely find a 10 outside of L.A.
That's ass-up polyurethane. Really
talking about a one through nine.
It was too constricting.
I'm all about the letters now.
J.
She smells like a J.
E over there in the booth.
An E is a 22 on a scale of 26.
It gets easier with practice.
- S.
- Crop-top here, she would be an F.

No, bad skin. She's a G,
maybe an H without the war paint.

But that cougar over there,
Bo Derek with the blue wrap.

- She's a solid L.

- Okay, wait a second.

That woman is 62,

that wrap is a shawl...

...that L is a Y, and

there's a reason they call them Y's.

- Come on.

- Check it.

No, good call, Sherm, good call.

I've gotta get that Lasik.

- So you gonna wing me or what?

- What's the game plan?

Being an educator,

I like to stick to the school grades...

...A, B, C and D.

You, on the other hand...

...should stay with the back 13,

thin out the herd.

Thanks, Dad.

I'm off the market right now.

I told you about this girl.

You know, she...

The other night, we're making love...

...and we're just

laying there afterwards and...

- Sharing the silence?

- Yeah.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

"Making love"?

What are you, Nora Ephron?

Is this some Redbook interview?

You sound like Liberace's

stylist's boyfriend.

"Let's just enjoy the silences

and the caprice together."

- I have no son. I have no son.

- Dad, I dig this girl.

Good, keep talking.

And while you're talking...

...there are cougars on my right

who are clocking us.
- Can you listen?
- Soon as you put on your safari hat...
...and grab your gun.
- Dad, can you just stay here with me?
Of course I can, son.
Since you fucked my chances with
the "Dad" play. Thanks for projecting.
Not to mention the gay-caress
maneuver for the hearing-impaired.
Can't you just be my Dad
for five fucking seconds?
Oh, I'm sorry, you want the real
father-son bullshit. Right this way.
That girl was dating Dusty,
which means she's out of your league.
She was slumming it, Sherman.
"Now, the truth may set you free,
but first it's gonna piss you off."
Gloria Steinem said that.
My son, the booty call.
Thanks for the advice, professor.
Shit.
That was insane.
It was insane, right?
It was...
Hey, can I have some of that?
Who's that guy?
That's Greg, he's an old friend.
Why?
Just I'm seeing, you know,
his arm's a little low on your hip.
One of his hands is almost near
your ass. You know, for a friend.
Did you guys ever hook up? Really?
You're not serious, are you?
No. No, I'm not serious at all.
- I mean, you're in a picture with him.
- Oh, my God, you're serious.
Why don't we have a picture?
I don't know.
- I can fix that. That's easy.
- No, no, no.
- No, no. I'm naked. I don't want... Tank.

- Yeah. I know, I want that...
- Come here. You're pushing me.
- Tank.
- I'm out of the bed.
- I'm serious.
- Okay.
- That hurt.
- I'm tired.
- That really hurt.

Stupid idea. It's late.

I gotta work tomorrow.

Everybody's gotta work tomorrow.

You don't want me to stay tonight.

- I just sort of feel like it's...

- Yeah.

Totally understandable.

Yeah.

Hi.

What happened to 8?

- Eight's good.
- But you're an hour late.

Can we make it 9?

I thought you wanted
to get drinks before dinner.

I did. And I did.

Well, I'm not getting in a car
with you.

Like I tell my students,
even one drink is one drink too many.

No vehicle necessary, teach.

The place we're going is right here.

It's good. Let's go.

This is wrong.

Let's eat.

Right there.

I'm starving. I wanted to show you
this too. Look, it's my new T-shirt.

"My cock plus your pussy equals...?"

- "Good times"?

- That's it.

Welcome to Cheesus Crust,
where pizza is a religious experience.

How can I ordain your order?

How is the Pizza of Nazareth?

People worship it.

- I'm deeply offended.

- Me too.

These prices are outrageous.

Which is why I carry
my Flavor Savior card.

Fifteen percent off,
all who eat here religiously.

Do you think this is funny?

Good night.

- You people are sinners!

- You should have thought of that...

...19 years ago before you stopped
my mom from going into that clinic.

Have a blessed day.

Fastest ever.

Even Jesus had to eat.

- Don't.

- It was a bad date.

Well, it was supposed to be
a nice night out.

You know, my last boyfriend
never took me anywhere.

Ever.

He'd text me late at night
to come hang out at his place...

...like he was ashamed
to be seen with me in public.

- Please don't cry. Wait. Please?

- I'd make excuses for him, you know?

He's not using me, I'm using him.

- And I'm in total control...

- Total control and it's not that serious.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

But when that phone rang...

...my heart leapt, and I was there.

- Totally.

And now I finally get the chance to
go out on a real date and it's with you.

- I know, that sucks.

- No, you suck.

I do. I do suck.

I suck.

You must be hungry. Let's go eat.
My senior year, I take this girl
on a date... Horrible, date from hell.
About a week later, this frat boy
comes up and he says to me:
"Only you could make me look good."
All right? I laughed...
...until one of his buddies
then came to me and was like:
"Can you help me with my ex?"
- Tank was born.
- Yeah. Yeah, really.
- I'm sorry.
- I understand.
But...
...do you enjoy it?
I'm good at it.
I'm good at being an asshole.
It's what I do.
- You're like the anti-Cupid.
- More like the Antichrist.
Sorry.
- Sorry.
- It's all right.
You know, in a cruel, twisted way...
...you give couples a second chance.
You're a closet romantic.
- I don't know about that.
- You are.
You know you have to
confront this girl, Alexis.
I can't.
I can't.
If you don't do this,
she will never take you seriously.
You need to march up there
and tell her how you feel.
Alexis.
Alexis, it's Tank.
Yeah.
I'm just gonna say this.
I'm gonna say it.
If you value this, us, we...
...then you will let me take you

on a proper date.

- In public.

- It's 2 a.m. In the morning.

Can we do the proper date
another time?

- Tomorrow.

- Yes.

Proper date. In public.

- Get some...

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Nice shirt.

Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

This is for you.

Have to have a corsage.

Oh, my God.

- You gotta be kidding me.

- No, I'm not.

I never went to prom.

I remember.

Oh, yeah, that's right.

She's got a shank. You might
wanna actually focus on her.

- They're with me, okay? Thanks.

- Alexis, this is Hilary, our chaperon.

- Hi. Nice to meet you.

- Hi.

Thank you.

You two kids have fun.

I'm having fun.

Let's set the stage here.

You're 17 years old.

As you make the mistake of
heading out onto the dance floor...

...a fine, young chap

stops you on your way...

Strikingly handsome. Some

would say ruggedly good-looking.

He stops you and says, "Excuse me,
would you care to dance?"

- Don't tell me you dance.

- Me?

Never.

Oh, my God.

- Oh, my God.
- That's it. That's all I've got, really.
No way.
For you.
- Let's go.
- No, I can't...
You're making this embarrassing-
myself-to-be-cute thing really difficult.
Look at this, check it out.
- Did you see that little move?
- I saw it. I wanna see more over here.
I got caught up.
- Hi.
- Hey.
Hey.
Fun, huh?
Yeah.
You know you could have
any girl out there, right?
Hey, dude, look at me.
Look at this.
It's not about
what you look like, man.
It's right here, okay?
It's attitude, it's how you look at them.
Pretend you don't give a shit...
...they will be on you like acne.
Guaranteed or your money back.
So, then, like, why have you been
such a kiss-ass to your girl all night?
Pulling out chairs,
throwing out compliments.
I'm on a different plan. You're on a...
What you... What l...
"Can I wipe your ass, baby?"
I was trying to help you, but fuck you.
Fuck you, you hypocrite.
"Hey nerd, let me give you
some condescending advice."
Be cruel to women?
Fat, pathetic, sad dork.
- Old man at a high-school prom.
- Husky bitch.
Don't get ahead of yourself here.

And I'm just curious...

...but are you seeing anybody?

- No.

No?

- Are you?

- No.

What about that awkward night
with that guy?

You still calling him?

He kind of disappeared.

I haven't heard from him since he quit.

Maybe you could call him. You know?

See how he's holding up kind of thing.

- What?

- Or don't.

It's... It's your choice.

I mean, I'm just saying...

- No, I know. It's sweet.

- Polite.

Even if it is a part of your whole show
that you've got going on tonight.

You're pulling out all the stops.

Sweet Tank.

Sweet Tank is way into me.

You know what, though?

You're right. I should call him.

I should call him.

I think I'll say good night.

- Yes, I will be going.

- Wait, what?

Good night.

I got what I wanted. A real first date.

Although this may be the worst
possible time to admit it...

...I'm not good at the no-sex thing.

So I'll see you later.

Hey, if you insist on celibacy...

...do you think we can have

our second official date on July 7?

Because my sister is getting married.

And it would be great...

...if you'd come with me.

Yes, I can do that.

But I'm gonna walk away...

...because...

- You're missing out.

After a while, crocodile.

You know, it was really cool
of you to call, Alexis.

Lunch, wedding errands.

Just like old times, huh?

I haven't seen you since I took
my leave of absence from work.

Yeah, I heard you quit.

Oh, no, no, no, I just...

I took a sabbatical. A sabbatical.

I just wanted to do
some soul-searching.

- My sister picked it out.

- Well, you should thank her.

- The whole world should thank her.

- Well, you're welcome.

- Speaking of the devil.

- Oh, my gosh.

I love it. I love it so much.

This is my friend, Dustin.

This is my sister.

- Oh, hi.

- No. Get over here.

- What?

- Congratulations.

Alexis will not shut up about you,
the wedding...

That was really smart.

That was so smart, yeah.

See, I brought mine too. Hi.

It's really the only opinion
that means anything these days.

Oh, my gosh.

You have to see my dress.

Great, now.

- Yeah, I did it when...

- Alexis, I'm sorry.

I'm the...

I'm the dress-shopping gay pal?

I just think that now's

not the time to set her straight.

She's a little crazy, she's manic.

I get that we're in slow-down mode...
...but I'm not gonna, like,
meet your parents...
...under the pretext of the gay friend.
I mean, that's ridic...
What? No, I don't mean "meet
your parents" meet your parents.
I just mean at the wedding,
I'm sure I'll casually bump into them...
- That's... What?
- I'm sorry, excuse me one second.
- Dustin, you need to...
- What? What?
Yeah, what? What is it? What?
Is something wrong?
- Do you not want me to come?
- You've got it all...
- You... You don't want me to?
- Wrong.
Yeah, no. No.
- Totally. You know what? Sorry.
- Dustin, I have to...
- That was presumptuous.
- Promise me you won't be upset...
...if I tell you something.
- Yeah, what?
I'm seeing somebody.
And so I asked him
to come with me to the wedding.
- You're... You're upset.
- No. What?
Upset? No. Why would I be upset?
Come on. That's crazy.
Like I'm a guy that gets upset.
Come on. More like happy.
You know? I'm happy that...
That, you know.
- That you found someone special.
- It still feels a little short.
I still think that if you put the...
- So, dish.
- I just wanna make sure my...
Who is he?
Yeah, I think that's too much shoe.

Man-ischewitz, Sherman,
look at you.

You remind me of me
on my wedding day.

I was one nasty son of a bitch.

- Dad, why did Mom marry you?
- Who makes this tux? Versace?
- Pop, come on. Fess up. Dad.
- Where'd you get this tux?
- The black on black.
- Come on, Dad, really.

Your mother was
an incredible woman...

...but she had awful judgment.

She was always trying to
find the better man inside me.

Unfortunately, she found him
inside of her psychotherapist, Janine.
Not good.

See, I always knew that your mom was
the best it was ever gonna get for me.

And I never asked the more
important question, which is:

Was I the best it was
ever gonna get for her?

You're not so bad, Pop.

I'm a fraud, Sherman. Yeah.

And I'm a selfish asshole.

And so are you.

So I want you to get out there...

...and I want you to revel in it.

- Oh, my God.

- Hi.

- You are hot as a pistol.

- You look handsome.

- No, you. I am very...

- I am so impressed with you.

...impressed. You look beautiful.

- Do you like the red lipstick?

- I wanna do you right here.

Okay, I gotta go... Josh.

My future brother-in-law. Josh,

I want you to meet my boyfriend, Tank.

Hey, Josh. I'll be your groom...

...in today's performance of
Fuck Me, I'm Getting Married.

Okay, well, I'm gonna go
tame Bridezilla.

- You want me to come? Lex?

- No, I'll look out for him. All right?

- Just breathe for a second, all right?

- I am breathing.

Now adapt.

- Are we adapting?

- Yeah.

Are we ready to evolve?

You let fly one word
about our arrangement...

...I will crush your nuts into butter.

Like the kind at the health-food store,
but not so good for you.

But... But, but...

...you play ball, I will plant your flag
right next to mine. All right?

I will make you family.

And believe me, Tank...

...you wanna be family.

- Money.

- Jesus Christ.

Like, "money" money.

Old money, new money,

fuck-me money, fuck-you money.

Family money, money.

Okay, yeah.

Josh, you got me all wrong.

No. I know exactly

who you are, all right?

It's Alexis who's got you all wrong.

Let's do what we do, brother.

Hey, Merrilee.

- Brian.

- Now, I've told you, fella...

...from here on out,

it's strictly Mom and Dad.

I'd like to introduce you to
your next son-in-law, Tank Turner.

This is Alexis' guy.

- I've heard so much about you.

- That is unfortunate.

Forget it all.

- Tank.

- Hi.

Tank Turner is an asshole.

- You brought Satan to my wedding?

- Well, he's changed.

Or he's going to change.

Or he's changing.

No.

I'm sorry, but that is not enough.

Okay, maybe he's this fun vacation
on the dark side...

Rachel, Rachel, Rachel,

I'm falling in love with him.

What?

I love him.

- Hey, so...

- So many things that I want...

Oh, come here.

- I gotta go. I'm going. I'm leaving.

- Go.

Are you the best

it's ever gonna get for her?

Are you?

If anyone here can show just cause

why these two should not be joined...

...let them speak now

or forever hold their peace.

White dress.

Chick's seen more dick than this guy.

Ridonculous.

I've been wanting to come over here

because I was reminded of a joke.

A priest and a Rabbi are at a wedding.

Who knew?

And they see a small boy

bending over to tie his shoe.

So the priest says to the Rabbi:

"God, I'd really love to screw that kid."

And then the Rabbi says,

"Out of what?"

It's a visual thing,

because the kid is basically like this.

He's bending over.
Dirty Houdini. You gotta try this.
While you're giving it
to your lady from behind, okay?
Very important.
You gotta be behind her.
Start making some sounds
like you're gonna bust...
...then you pull out.
As you pull out, you let a little dribble
of saliva trickle down...
...onto the small of her back.
She thinks it's over, she flips over:
"Good, I can go to sleep."
Fireman's hose. All over.
- I don't get it.
- You don't get it?
Here's what you're gonna do.
Go ask your mom. Right there. Pound.
Ready, and wow.
It's like lifting a coffin.
Oh, Nana. You have a lead vagina.
Hello? Yeah, I can talk.
- You weren't gonna drink.
- Can't have a glass...
...to celebrate the holy sacrament?
- Is that Jgermeister I smell?
- I don't know.
Wine, huh?
- No.
- Don't get into any trouble.
- I'm don't-ing. I'm don't-ing.
- Don't get into any trouble.
For their first dance
as a married couple...
...I'd like to present to you
Rachel and Josh.
Sorry.
Can I have this dance?
Not a good time? Okay.
Sorry, everybody. This is their night.
I'll clean that up. It's the chicken.
The bride and groom.
I'm gonna grab these. Clean.

I washed them after I threw up.
How are you? There's
a lot of talent here tonight, okay?
Lookit, lookit that one right over there.
Check out the lungs on that one.
That's Rachel's cousin. She's 15.
She's gonna be a scuba diver
when she grows up.
Not that you don't have
some stuff going on.
I'd part you like the Red Sea
and let you call me Moses.
I would open you up like
a public pool on Memorial Day.

Three words:

Let's eat.
It's okay, I got the sleeve. I caught it.
Usually they come in twos
and threes, so that's...
Cocaine, you know,
just kind of gets me sneezy.
And you, by the way, look lovely.
I just wanted to...
...say a hello to you.
All right.
Weddings get me hot and hard,
know what I'm saying?
What do you got going on?
I want that in my fucking mouth.
When's the last time
you shit your pants?
- Today. Today.
- You shit your pants today?
- I shit my pants yesterday.
- Today!
- Me, today.
- Just a little. But not a whole shit.
Hey. Hey, Alexis sent me
to look for you, so let's go.
Let me just take a snapshot
of you in my mind right now.
Gross. Fuck, I can
smell you from here, dude.

- How drunk are you right now?
- I had massive amounts of alcohol.
I'm embarrassed.
But I'm sobering up now...
...and I feel better.
Having a little chat.
With my friend.
Taking a breather. Breathing.
Fucking goddamn it.
What do you call that shit, A. J?
Afghani-Kush Kryptonite.
Kryptonite. It killed Superman.
I'm just a man.
You really are, like, a super
special kind of asshole, aren't you?
I ride the special-kind-of-asshole bus.
- Do you really?
- All right. Okay.
- One more bite.
- What are you doing?
Alexis is gonna freak out
when she sees this.
- No she won't.
- Yeah. Yeah.
- She's understanding.
- Oh, my God, dude.
- She's never gonna forgive you.
- All right. I'm coming. I'm coming.
- What a day.
- Yeah.
May I partake?
My daughter got married today.
- Wonderful.
- Oh, God, I feel old.
I bet back in the day, you were
one hot slice of fuckberry pie.
You bet your sweet ass I was.
Hey. I love your shoes.
So are we gonna do this or what?
Come on, it's not gonna
suck itself, Mama.
Oh, my God.
Who is this guy?
And he's ruining my entire wedding.

He ruined my dance,
my actual dance.
No, it's ruined.
And... Why did you bring him here?
It's disgusting.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
- Are you kidding me?
- He really?
I got a bass-ackward way of
showing it, but I care about you.
Tank. Tank! How could you?!
My ex, Sarah. Cunt.
Oh, no. You're not gonna
walk away from me.
You're gonna talk to me.
This is insane.
Who is that person, huh?
Who is that guy?
This is me. I'm an asshole.
You had your chance with a good guy
and you threw it away.
- Who?
- Dustin.
- You have no right to tell me...
- No, Dustin. Dustin's here.
Dustin. Dustin?
- Dustin?
- Be careful.
Tank!
It's time you all knew the truth.
Would you stop? If I go down,
you're coming with me, okay?
Okay? So I'm sure every...
Don't touch.
I would like to share something
with you about Mr. Tank Turner.
Surely by now he's charmed his way
into your hearts... Stop.
Charmed his way into your hearts
but I've got something to tell you.
Tank Turner is a fraud.
Okay? Why don't you
take a walk with me?
- Hey! Come with me, okay?

- Dustin.

Would you guys like to know
what this man...? Excuse me.

- What this man does as a hobby?

- Stop.

- You stop! You stop! Okay?

- Please.

- Hold on.

- I'm sorry.

Let's say, for example...

...I get dumped by my girl.

And I want to pay him
to go out with her...

- Oh, boy.

...terrorize her...

...and have her come screaming back
into my arms.

So your Mr. Perfect...

Your Mr. Perfect...

...is actually Mr. Asshole-
Dickhead-Shitface-Guy, okay?

Alexis, l... l...

I loved you so much.

I did. And I just,

I couldn't bear to lose you...

...and so I made a deal
with the devil.

That's what I did. Which is pathetic.

- I'm a pathetic fool.

- Yeah, okay.

- But... But what does that make him?

- Okay, stop. Stop it.

Just tell me this isn't true.

Ask him.

- Baby, sorry.

- You make me sick.

- Ask him.

- I hate you.

- Ask him.

- I'm gonna kill you!

I'm gonna kill you!

- I work on referrals.

- Okay.

You're honestly gonna tell me...

...that you and I, that's nothing?

That's nothing?

I'm just a job?

I need you to tell me.

Tank, tell me right now...

...that I'm just a job.

- Tell me to my face.

- You're just a job.

Just a job.

I never wanna see you again.

Yeah.

Alexis. Alexis.

I'm gonna kill you!

Motherfucker.

You have one new message.

Dust, you were right.

Alexis is an angel...

...and she deserves the best.

And that's you.

So I'm sorry it took so long...

...but I finally did

what you hired me to do.

I got a bass-ackward way of showing it, but I care about you.

Tank. Tank! How could you?!

My ex, Sarah. Cunt.

Did you love her?

Do you love her?

That's all I wanna know.

I don't even know what that means.

Yeah. Well, apparently, neither do I.

All I know is that me and her ends up with her hurt.

It's inevitable.

Turners and women, right, Pop?

Yeah.

I banged a lot of women, Sherman.

I've been banging

since back in the day...

...when you were

laminating pictures of them.

So, yeah, that's me.

That's this guy, but that ain't you.

No.

Last night, you proved something
that I have long feared.
And that is...
...you may just
take after your mother.
Yeah, I can't believe you actually
tried to give Alexis up for me.
I know, dude.
- That's pretty fucked up, right?
- Yeah.
I mean, if that's not love...
Yeah, I'm sorry, man.
I'm sorry. I'm the guy who...
You were my best friend.
I still am.
You guys gonna make out now, huh?
Go ahead, stick your tongue
in his mouth. That'll clear the air.
How about a?
Look, I know I kind of lost it for a while,
but now I'm seeing things clearly.
You need to get her back.
- But I don't deserve her.
- No, you... Tank.
If you were willing to give her up,
you deserve her.
That's fucked up, but you're right.
She's my angel
and it's time she knew.
Yes. So, what's stopping you?
I propositioned her mother
for a blowjob.
Man, that is great.
That is so great. Yes.
Alexis! Alexis, wait.
Alexis.
Just hear me out, all right? Listen.
Nope. Nope. Nope.
I did it for you.
I pushed you away because
I thought I didn't deserve you.
- You don't.
- So I made a mistake.
- Many.

- I know.
- I will never do better than you.
- I know.
- I need you in my life.
- I know.
- And I wanna apologize.
- I don't want it.

Good, because it's not for you.

I wanna apologize to myself.

I'm sorry, Tank,

that you blew it with Alexis.

- But you did.
- Because I thought you deserved...
...someone better than me.

But when I'm with you,

it's like I'm better than me.

You're the only person that could ever
make me do cardio. And I hate cardio.

I wanna faint, I want a cigarette
and I have a massive cramp.

But I would run a marathon for you.

- Okay.
- Fuck me.

You ruined my sister's wedding.

But I saved her life.

That guy was a fucking fuckface.

- You curse incessantly.
- I will never swear again.

Fuck. Last one.

- My parents hate you.
- Well, they'll come around.

Except your mother.

And your dad.

- Your job is a joke.
- A joke? I sell air.

I do the impossible every day.

Have you ever even read a book?

The Giving Tree.

- And?
- Among others. Countless others.
- Tank.
- I'll join a book club.

What's the matter?

You can't keep up?

You are not passionate
about anything.
Except you. I'm passionate about you.
As evidence, consider the fact...
...that I've been running
for two goddamn hours.
- I need to stop and rest.
- You sabotage dates.
You're a professional asshole.
That's what you do.
No. It's what I did.
Tank, I just don't think
you're the one.
Not yet, but I'll get there.
You okay?
Without air, we cannot live.
I think those words resonate
with people...
...because they're really true,
you know?
What?
I thought... I thought that was a joke.
- It wasn't. What are you talking about?
- Nothing.
Air?
Because I don't really think
there's anything funny about air.
It's kind of too important.
Asshole.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- I'm Alexis.
- Hi.
Do you wanna know what
this guy did? He humiliated me.
- He embarrassed me. He literally...
- Alexis.
I'm having a conversation.
I'm having a conversation.
It's with her, it's not with you.
What this guy did to me
makes me sick every day.
Physically ill.
But is that like lovesickness

or like hatesickness?

- No, it's like morning sickness.

- What?

Yeah, I'm pregnant, okay?

So I'm sorry.

It makes me a little emotional.

- You're pregnant?

- Yes, I'm fucking pregnant!

I probably should go.

But how? It's...

How do you think?

That's right, everybody.

This asshole got me pregnant.

- I definitely think I should go.

- Okay, I didn't know. I didn't know.

If you think that's bad...

...you should hear what this guy
did to my sister.

- Alexis, I've apologized a million times.

- He got her pregnant too.

So there's two of us

having a baby together...

...about three and a half weeks
apart.

- Yeah.

- It was dark, I was drunk...

...and I thought it was you.

Right?

I'm gonna go now.

It was nice meeting you.

Yeah, nice to meet you too.

What's going on here?

Oh, I'm just saving another girl...

...from the worst sex

she'll ever have in her life.

Well, your mother never complained.

You wanna know why

I didn't return your e-mails?

Your pathetic calls?

You are unattractive. I said it.

I'm not attractive.

Well, let's put it this way.

I would kick your ass right now,
but my foot might get sucked in.

I'd kick your dick right now,
but my foot might get herpes.
Well, you know, you can
stop trying to be clever, Alexis.
The funniest thing that'll ever
come out of you is me.
All right, Tank.
You got the best joke here.
And it's in your pants.
- I hate you.
- I hate you too.
Oh, baby.