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A Few Best Men

By Dean Craig

MAN:

How do you like this? Paradise.
I never want to go home!
David, come on!
It's going to be amazing!
- Are you ready for your surprise?

DAVID:

OK, surprise!
- You like it?
- I love him.
- I love you.
- Mat?
- I love you.
- I love you too.
The last ten days on this
island with you have...
Have been the best! I can't
remember ever feeling this happy.
So why do all good things have to end?
Who says it has to end?
Mia, I don't know you but I think I want
to spend the rest of my life trying to.
Are you saying
what I think you're saying?
Yes.
Wait till you meet my family.
Wait till you meet mine.
I saw her sitting in the rain
Raindrops falling on her
She didn't seem to care
She sat there and smiled at me
Then I knew I knew,
I knew, I knew, I knew
She can make me happy
J Happy
Flowers in her hair...
- Sorry.
Flowers everywhere
Like a flower girl
Oh, I don't know just why
she simply caught my eye
I love the flower girl

She seemed so sweet and
kind She crept into my mind
Ah
I knew I had to say hello
She smiled up at me
She took my hand We walked
through the park alone
And I knew I knew,
I knew, I knew, I knew
She had made me
happy Happy...
Shit!
Flowers in her hair
Her hair
Flowers everywhere
I love the flower girl
Oh, I don't know just why
she simply caught my eye
I love the flower girl
She seemed so sweet and
kind She crept into my mind
Crept into my mind
Suddenly the sun broke through
I turned around she was
gone Where did she go?
And all I had left was one
little flower in my hand
But I knew...
Surprise!
(Shocked gasps)
(Chuckles)
It's dreary and we love it
And it smells like rockn'roll
It's not too far from
Chiswick yet it's...
I think that was the
most embarrassing thing
that's ever happened to anyone ever.
Sorry, mate,
we weren't supposed to know
you'd come through the
door stark bollock naked.
Yeah, I know. It was... thoughtful.
- Come here, good to have you back!

- You're spilling my drink.
Sorry, I've missed you, greasy hippie.
Been stuck here for the last six
months with Luke and bloody Graham.
- You know what that's like.
- You alright, Graham?
- This has cheese on it.
- So pick it off.
I can't just pick it off. If I have any
cheese, then I start getting malaise.
- Malaise.
- Yes, malaise.
Good to see nothing's changed.
- Where's Luke?
- He's coming later.
Had to go around Sarah's for the
50 millionth time this week.
- Oh, really?
- Oh, yeah, it's not been good.
She's been seeing this guy called Chip.
Yeah, imagine if your girlfriend
left you for a guy called Chip.
Not to mention he doesn't have a penis.
What do you mean,
he doesn't have a penis?
Apparently, it got damaged
in a boating accident.
Anyway, how was your trip?
Tell us everything.
- Oh, OK, it was incredible.
- Yeah?
- Did you have sex with anyone?
- Better than that.
- What? What's better than that?
- I'll tell you later.
- Whoa! Did you have a threesome?
- Look, the party's still going on.
- Just tell us.
- No.
David, you can't leave
us hanging like this.
I'm getting married.
Right! Everybody out!
Party's over!

Grandad, you've had too much
to drink, you drunken old sod.
How did this happen?
How do you think it happened?
I fell in love.
Her name's Mia. She's Australian.
We met in Tuvalu, this
little island in the Pacific.
And she is the most amazing,
beautiful, intelligent...
You know, the normal thing at this
point is to say congratulations.
Congratulations, I feel like I've
just fucking aged ten years.
Holiday flings are meant to end
at the airport, not at the altar.
Don't listen to him, David,
this is great.
We're right behind you all the way.
Just tell us where the party is.
It's at Mia's parents house
in Australia.
What, is that a fucking joke?
I can't go to Australia, it's bloody miles away!
You know I get air sickness.
Jesus, I thought you'd be a
little bit more supportive
If you don't come, it's just gonna be
me and a load of bloody Australians.
- You're all I got.
- Excuse me, 20 years
since we've been friends, when
have we ever let you down?
Uh, what about the time you told
Rachel Brookman I had syphilis?
Yeah, apart from that. When
you used to ride your bike
up and down Dorset Street on your own
like some kind of an infant leper,
we were the ones who
took you into our gang.
Even though you were this
lost little orphan boy
who everyone thought was gay.

What do you mean, everyone
thought I was gay?
They did cause you were all sensitive
and nice to people and shit.
Suppose you'll be moving to a
nice two-bed in Hertfordshire?
Oh, you're fucking joking.
You're moving to Australia?
No, it's not set yet. We'll just...
see how it goes.

- Hey, Luke.
- Hi, David.
- How are you?
- Yeah, pretty good.

I mean, I feel like I've given
the last five years of my life
in return for unimaginable pain and
torment but aside from that, I'm fine.
David's getting married
and moving to Australia.

(Wails)

Taxi!

Why does she only want you there
one day before the wedding?

- She thought it'd be romantic.
- You know what bugs me, bruv?

You are about to gamble your life
on a girl you don't even know.
She's not a roulette wheel,
she's the love of my life.

What if she turns out
to be a vagina farter?

Your one serious relationship,
you dumped her cause...

Front bottom burps, noisy
flange, disgusting.

When you lose your parents young,
Tom,
you learn to roll the dice
when it's handed to you.

Oh, I've taken you to Blackpool,
brother, you're a terrible gambler.

- What exactly have I got to lose?
- Us!

Aww...

Couldn't lose you if you were
a suitcase at Terminal Five.

I'm just looking out for you, that's all.

I don't know this girl.

And neither do you.

DAVID:

in love at first sight?

I just can't believe you're getting married.

It's just so grown-up

Every time I look at you,

I still see a little

eight-year-old waif in gym shorts.

That's a bit weird.

- Hi.

- Luke.

- How are you?

- Awful.

Sarah and Chip have

officially moved in together.

- I'm so sorry, mate.

- Yeah.

Well, maybe this trip will do you some good.

Maybe you'll get some distance.

- Maybe the plane will crash.

- Sorry.

Sorry.

Sorry I'm late.

Picking up my new business

cards - going global.

Hitler's selling underfloor heating to Australians.

Oh, this is gonna be huge.

- Graham, what is that on your face?

- What?

That. That monstrosity.

- Oh, you mean the moustache?

- Yes, the moustache.

I'm about to meet my future family, I

can't have you turn up looking like a...

- Like a...

- Genocidal Fascist dictator.

What are you talking about? Moustaches

are really in at the moment.

- Not Hitler moustaches.
- Look, it's how my facial hair grows.
Alright? I can't help the
fact it looks like Hitler's.
Why are you being so negative,
anyway?
Why can't it be a Chaplin moustache?
- Sit down, you're in the way.
- Sorry.
- Jesus!
- Bloody Hitler.
Ruined this moustache for everyone.
Guys...
- We're going to Australia.
- Yeah, with 14 stopovers.
Yes, stewardess! A bottle of
your cheapest champagne, please!
Toast to my friend, David Locking!
Mr David Locking!
Jorge Buentiempo! (Speaks Spanish)
..754 miles, 8,754 miles.
Coconut Mist. Now available duty-free.
Coconut Mist.
I thought that was never gonna end.
It was worse than a jazz concert.
Really? I slept most of the way.
That's cause you weren't sitting
next to the droning clock.
I can't believe he's doing
the best man speech.
- I've have done much better.
- Thought I'd give him a boost.
- Something else to focus on.
- I'd have been fuckin' hilarious.
- David Locking?
- Yes?
Come this way, please.
(Dog grunts)
- Take the bag.
- Why?
I've got something in it for David's stag do.
I don't want it searched.
- Absolutely not.
- Look at me, I'm sweaty.

I look guilty as hell. They won't search you, you're too confident. True and I'm still not taking it.

- Uh, have we done something wrong?

- Not at all, Mr Locking.

I work for your father-in-law and you're going straight to the VIP room. Welcome to Australia.

(Elevator dings)

VIP. Bloody damn it.

Now they're never gonna X-ray your bag.

AUTOMATED VOICE:

Welcome to VIP X-ray.

Please hand your bags to the attendant.

(Alarm sounds)

- Graham Vincent?

- Yes?

MAN:

your duty-free bag, sir?

- That was embarrassing.

- Why d'you get a gimp mask, anyway?

- Who does that?

- I thought it'd be a laugh.

(Sighs) We're in Australia. Who could survive here? All that sun and beefs gonna piss you off eventually. I could learn to live with it. Gonna call Sarah, let her know we've arrived. Yeah, she's probably sitting by the phone counting the minutes. There she is. There's Mia.

LUKE:

(David laughs)

Mia!

MIA:

- Oh, you alright?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm good.

I'm good.

- How was the flight?

- Fine.

- Really long, though.

- Yeah?

Yeah...

- I'll leave you to it, then.

- OK.

- Meet the guys. Uh, this is...

- No, no, no, don't tell me.

Um, Tom, Luke and...

This is a Chaplin moustache

by the way.

..Graham.

David's pretty much told me everything.

Well, I hope he hasn't been

slagging us off too much.

Of course not. He just called you

a pack of pricks but that was it.

- What, really?

- No, no! He didn't really.

Anyway, I brought the big

car so we're all gonna fit.

- It's OK, we've organized a car rental.

- Are you sure?

It's quite a hike and might be the

only time I get you all to myself.

- Well, then, spend it with David.

- You don't know where you're going.

And God created satellites.

It's fine, Graham's driving.

- What? No, I'm not.

- Yeah, you are.

Go, go and exchange some bodily fluids,

you know, we'll see you later.

Alright, cool.

- See you later.

- See ya.

Bye.

LUKE:

chair, I paid for it.

- We good?

- Yeah.

LUKE:

Come on. Sarah!

Luke, come on, man.

- Sarah, she's...

- Oh, shut up.

- So, here we are.

- Yep.

(Sighs) We're getting married tomorrow.

Yep.

Doesn't give me much time to
get to know your parents.

Oh, we've got all the time in the world.

God... I've waited...

three whole months...

(Beeping)

Ooh, what have we here?

LUKE:

that happy to hear from me.

What, really? What's wrong with her?

See, if I broke up with a
girl, what I'd want her to do
is ring me and hassle me constantly.

- At least I've had a girl.

- I've had girlfriends, Luke.

Inflatable girlfriends don't count.

Look, I've told you a thousand times,
that was delivered to me by mistake.

Anyway, I will phone her
and I'll keep phoning her
until she agrees to take me back.

- Good plan, Luke!

- (Graham chuckles)

(Mia giggles)

DAVID:

actually reach out and touch you.

(Both laugh)

If it wasn't for that photo,
I'd swear Tuvalu was just...

A dream?

Yeah, sometimes I wish I'd just snap

my fingers and we'd be back there.
Be careful what you wish for.
What are we doing in the
middle of the jungle, Tom?
Does that thing have any
idea where it's going?
Yeah, we're just on a small detour.
Found this guy, he said he could
sell us some weed for tonight.
Are you mental? I'm not taking a detour
to some skanky drug dealer's house.
We're supposed to be here for David!
This is for David, bell end.
For his stag night. We can't have
stag night without weed, can we?
- Can't we?
- No!
It's just down here, anyway. Turn left.

DAVID:

MIA:

Oldest house
in the Blue Mountains.

DAVID:

Mum, Daph, meet David.
David, this is my adorable mum,
Barbara.
Welcome to the family, David.
(cries)
Um, Mum, he's British,
you're scaring him.
Oh, I'm sorry.
- Um, hi, I'm Daphne.
- Daph, my sister and my bestest mate.
Great to meet you.
- So where's...

DAPHNE:

My husband has been the only man
in this house for almost 25 years.
So, please, excuse his...
..enthusiasm.

- Right.
- Don't worry, he won't eat you.
Yeah, we fed him a big breakfast.
So, sweetheart,
ready to meet the senator?
Uh, yeah. Can't wait.
You're not seriously getting
out of the car, are you?
- Haven't you seen Wolf Creek?
- What?
It'll be fine.
- You coming, Luke?
- You go, just leave me here to die.
Luke, can you look after my bag, please?
It's got all my stuff in it.
After I've been raped and murdered
and out into small pieces, sure.
Wait! Wait!
Tom, can we get in and out as
quickly as possible, please?
He's a drug dealer, Graham.
Do you think we're gonna
stay for tea and cakes?
You're the one who brought
your overnight bag.

JIM:
wheat, no dairy, no nuts,
no gluten, no seafood, no marzipan.
What's so hard about that?

BARBARA:
- It's time.

JIM:
We meet at last.
The hero of Tuvalu.

MIA:

JIM:
a little more beef.
Dad... be supportive.
Yeah, I'd give him a minute before

you start busting his balls.
I see you've met Daphne.
There we were, hoping she'd
get married as well one day.
Turns out she's a lesbian.
David, you must be exhausted.
Would you like to freshen up?
Actually, that'd be...
He probably wants to get stuck into
the grand tour, don't you, Dave?
(Laughs) You know, it's been a really
long flight and everything so...
The tour would be great.
- Hi! Are you Ray?
- No.
We're looking for Ray.
Said we could come by and get some
- (Clicks tongue)
You know... Some weed.
Come inside.
Mad Frank send you?
No, I emailed you. Um...
I'm Tom, from the website, remember?
- Who's the bag man?
- It's just my friend, Graham.
This isn't a Hitler moustache, by the way.
It's just how my facial hair grows.

RAY:

TOM:

So, how much do you need?
Five, ten kilos?
Just an eighth if that's cool.
It's for a friend's stag night.
(Dog whimpers)
I'd prefer it if you tried it first.
I don't want you pounding down my
door in the middle of the night
saying I sold you dodgy grass.
(Chuckles nervously) I don't
think we'll be doing that.
I said, I'd prefer it
if you tried it first.

TOM:

- (Coughs)

Tastes quite... Quite fruity.

JIM:

12-inch window with a five-star view.

(David laughs) That's funny.

- That wasn't a joke, Dave. MIA:

Grandad built that sauna in 1963.

Carpenter, struggling to raise seven children, now I own the whole property.

You can have it all, Dave, if you don't mind getting your hands dirty.

You see that house over there?

You play your cards right and it's got your name on it.

- So, you guys mates?

- Yeah.

Grew up on the same street.

I used to have mates but most of them are in prison or dead now.

Look, I've tried making new friends, you know, on the internet and that but I don't know, you can't trust anyone.

One day they're your best mate, the next they're stabbing you in the back for a gram of speed and you wind up having to break their kneecaps with a fucking ironing board, then where are ya?

- D'you mind if I use your toilet?

- In the meth lab.

Tom...

Hey, would you like to see my new tattoo?

Yeah.

(Gasps)

- Ain't she a corker?

- Yeah.

- What is it?

- Well, it's a little kid crying.

And those are his bastard
parents leaving him for dead.
It's original.
And I've saved the best for last.
Pull your socks up, Dave, cause
they're about to get knocked off.
This is it - Jim Ramme HQ.

DAVID:

MIA:

where we keep Ramsy.
Uh, who's Ramsy?

DAPHNE:

- I thought you were.
- (Daphne smirks)
Prepare yourself, Dave,
to meet the numero uno,
the king of kings, the
champion of champions.
This is Ramsy.

DAVID:

In the house.
He's not just any old sheep.
The day I was photographed
with this golden fleece,
my political career turned around.
(Groans) (Woman clears throat)
You've met my terrifyingly efficient
right-hand woman, Maureen Coate.
Mr Locking, I prepared an Excel
spreadsheet of the proceedings
for you and your colourful companions.
David, where are your friends?
- You got parents?
- Uh, yes.
Oh, you're lucky.
Yeah, my parents disowned me
when I got done for aggravated
assault and battery
at Kentucky Fried Chicken.
I still think about them.

- My parents...

- It's only natural.

(Sniffs)

Can I share with you
something personal?

I've started getting panic attacks.

One minute I'll just be sitting
down real nice and calm

and the next, I don't know, I
feel like I'm gonna shit myself
or I'm gonna puke or...

I feel like I'm trapped
in a sauna, you know?

Can't breathe, it's all
sweaty, it's fucked.

Wow. Wow. Wow.

I don't know what it is but...

(Sighs) I feel like you and I...

..you know, we've got a
really special connection.

Tom!

- Hey, you want to see something cool?

- Yeah!

Wait there.

Can we get out of here, please? This
guy's starting to freak me out.

MIA:

Shrewd choice, sweet pea...

handsome, sweet, diplomatically quiet.

Yeah, and you know what they
say about the quiet ones?

Tomorrow's gonna be tough.

My little girl says you can handle
it and that's good enough for me.

Half the power brokers in Australia
are going to be in that marquee.

The knives will be out and they
won't be for cutting the cake.

But watch them fall on their swords
when you and future senator Mia
Ramme step up to the mike.

- Mia wants to be a senator?

- She sure does.

She just doesn't know it yet.
Here, check this shit out.
Just got it in from Malaysia.
This fat old woman,
she swallowed the lot
and shat them out into a bowl.
I got a big fucking bag of it, eh.
- Interested?
- I don't... It's not really my thing.
But... Oh, is that the time?
We should probably go now,
Tom, don't you think?
Well, I was thinking maybe while you're
in town, we could go for a beer.
- Huh?
- We'll go for a beer.
Well, I'd love to but
we've got lots on so...
- What have we got going on?
- We've got the wedding.
Yeah, but after the wedding,
we've got literally nothing.
Terrific. You give us your
number and I'll give you a call.
- My number?
- Yeah, yeah.
Uh, my number. Well, I can't
remember it cause it's a new phone.
Here, just take
one of his business cards.
It's got his number, his email
and if you really have nothing
to do, there's Twitter.
Maybe we could go out for a meal,
yeah?
- Yeah, that would be fantastic.
- Great.
- Don't worry about it.
- Thanks, man.
- So, it's a date?
- Yeah.
Total bloody knob end.
Why d'you give that guy my card?
I don't want to go to

dinner with that guy!

- Don't you?

- Of course not! He's a psychopath!

Let's get out of here before he
invites me on a weekend break.

(Laughs)

CATERER:

(Crash!)

Jesus Christ on a bike!

Dave, your... mates are here.

Interesting choice of facial
scrub you got there, fella.

It's just the way my hair grows.

Well, there's only room for
one dictator in this family.

I'm so hungry, I could eat a
sack full of baby kittens.

This is amazing, Barbara. What is it?

We have Crystal Cove
prawns, Coffin Bay oysters
and lobster mornay in a cheese sauce.

(Graham retches)

(Tom chuckles)

Sorry - it's cheese.

I get malaise.

So, what do you do, Luke?

I fall in love with women who then
shit on me from a great height.

You shouldn't put them on a pedestal.

So what are the bride and
groom going to be doing
on their final night of freedom?

Oh, we're gonna crank up the Abba,
turn on the sauna, get pedicures.

Maybe do some underarm hair waxing.

- Oh, Daphne. Girls only, I'm afraid.

- Oh, that's a shame.

What about you boys?

I think we'll just head out,
have a quiet drink or two.

- Just two?

- You're welcome to join us.

Yeah, Jim, come with us.

We're gonna get wankered.
Not wankered.
Don't listen to what he says,
we're gonna get wankered.
I'm sorry about my
friends, that was awful.
Come on, they're really funny.
They're not meant to be funny,
they're meant to be normal.
Baby, it's a wedding, OK?
Worlds collide.
(sighs)
So, this is it, isn't it?
I'm not gonna see you till
you're walking down the aisle.
Afraid not.
Love you, Mr Locking.
(sighs)
- Fuck me, mate, she's loaded.
- Can you keep your voice down?
Alright, David? You seem a bit stressed.
I am stressed. I just found out
I'm about to marry a Kennedy,
you turn up acting like morons.
- Who's acting like morons?
- You vomited onto your plate.
- It had cheese.
- Look, this wedding is important.
More important than anything ever
so I need everyone to behave.
(Bu rps)
OK.
(Sighs) I'm not going anywhere and
you're not getting me wankered.

DAVID:

wankered, you bastards.

TOM:

course you were gonna get wankered.

LUKE:

to move out here, are you, David?
Whatll happen to us if you go?

DAVID:

for you, mate, wherever I am.
We're practically brothers.
So what? If Chip doesn't have a
penis, it doesn't reflect on you.

LUKE:

doesn't have a penis?
- Tom did.
- Tom!

TOM:

This place is a nightmare.
They don't tell you about all this
shit in the adverts, do they?
Guys, watch this.
Graham. Graham.
What the fuck is that on your neck,
man?
(squeals)
(All laugh)
- Get it off me! Get it off me!
Get off me! Get off me!
Seriously, where is it? Where is it?
Where is it, guys?
It's on the ground, Graham,
with all the other leaves.
(All laugh)

GRAHAM:

(Bleating)
What the fuck do we have here?
(Laughing)

GRAHAM:

of his man boobs.
This isn't just any sheep, Graham.
This is Ramsy.
The ram behind the man.

TOM:

DAVID:

(Laughing and bleating)
Six hours and 59 minutes till lift-off.
Go, go, go, people!
(Sounds horn)
- Come on!
(Door opens) (Gasps)
It's not too late to elope.
(Laughs) Oh, yeah, Dad would
be cool if I went and eloped.
Yeah, leave it to me to do all the
bad-ass stuff in this family.
Like smoking, failing
uni, eating cheesecake.
And pretending to be a lesbian
just to piss Dad off.
Daph, is it normal to feel this nervous?
Yeah, you could be about to make
the biggest mistake of your life.
It's a beautiful morning
Oh, oh...
(Gasps)
I think I'll just go outside
for a while
And just smile
Just take in
some clean fresh air, boy
Ain't no sense in staying inside
If the weathers fine and
you still got the time
It's your chance to wake up and plan
Another brand-new
day Either way
It's a beautiful morning...
Aaah!
- Fuck it!
(Clatter)

GRAHAM:

- (Groans)
- What are you shouting about?
- What do you think I'm shouting about?
- Get it off me!
- (Laughs)
- Alright, alright, calm down.

- (Whimpers)

Quick! Get it off me, please.

I can't breathe.

- What do you look like?

- Just get it off me.

- (Laughs)

- Please.

..sun shines when

you're still inside, man

Still inside

Still inside, the sun shines...

Hey, Ramsy.

(Bleats)

Oh, for fuck's sake.

(Bleats)

(Hums The Wedding March)

(Knock on door)

- Hang on, I got to get that.

No, not while I'm like this, Tom.

- What the fuck happened to my hand?

- Tom...

- Tom.

- Barbara, hi.

I see you made it through the
big night out in one piece.

Um, just checking if you
needed any clean... towels.

No, I think we're OK for towels.

Graham?

- Need some towels?

- Uh, no, thanks, Barbara. Thank you.

TOM:

BARBARA:

Bye, Barbara.

(Hums The Wedding March)

- (Ramsy bleats)

- (Clears throat)

Morning, David!

All ready for the big day?

Yeah.

Just wondering if I could
check in your room...

God, no! Uh, I mean, no. Thanks.

(Bleating)

- (Laughs)

OK, well, if you need anything,
if you need anything at all,
you just let me know, OK?

Yep.

- OK, bye.

- Bye.

(Graham groans)

- You alright, bruv?

GRAHAM:

- Jesus, Graham!

Why are you wearing a gimp mask?

Ah! He put it on me while I was asleep.

I don't know why you
thought that'd be funny.

- Yeah, must be insane, it's not funny.

- Stop it!

The bigger question is what
is Ramsy doing in my room?

- Who?

- The sheep!

Jim's sheep.

That's right, the little fucker bit me

It's in my room
just like a lady... sheep.

- That was your idea to put it in drag.

- Oh, yeah, I did, didn't I?

I thought it'd be quite funny
at the time.

You need to get him back before
someone realises he's missing.

If Jim finds out we fucked with
Ram, he's gonna go apes hit.

And I don't want to deal with
that on my wedding day, do you?

- No.

- Right then, so fix it.

Get her... him back to the old house.

Sorry.

(Bleating)

I rode my bicycle past

your window last night
I roller skated to your door
at daylight
It almost seemed...
- Tom, seriously!
Can you stop filming me, please?
But you got something I need...
It's an elephant in sheep's clothing.
Oh, bless. It kind of suits him.
- Just, please, sort this out, OK?
(Luke groans)
And, Graham, shave off that
bloody Hitler moustache
or you're not coming to the wedding.
- Seriously?
- Yes, seriously.
(Bleats)
You got something for me?
Oh, I got a brand-new
pair of roller skates
You got a brand-new key...
(Gargles)
Hi, Sarah, it's Luke.
Four in the morning? Oh, I'm sorry.
Don't go too fast
But I go pretty far...
Tom, shouldn't you put some clothes
on while you're doing that?
- You think he wants to see you naked?
- He's naked.
- Don't be so repressed, Graham.
- I'm not repressed, Tom.
I just don't want to see your
knob first thing in the morning.
- I already feel sick.
- Yeah, sick with envy.
Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Look, it's totally understandable,
Graham,
for you to wish
you had a body like mine.
Oh, yeah, I really wish I looked

like a big ginger spider.
I've got a low centre of
gravity which is quite handy
when you're playing sports
like football and stuff bec...

(Gasps) (Music stops)

(Whimpers)

- Tom. Tom.

- What's the matter?

I think I must have picked
it up from Ray's by mistake.

Are you completely fucked
in the head, Graham?

You don't steal drugs
from a guy like Ray.

I didn't steal it, Tom,
it was an accident.

What kind of a bell end takes
a bag of cocaine by accident?

GRAHAM:

We're dead. He's gonna beat
us to death with the iron.

What do you mean, we? I
didn't steal his stash.

Well, he's your dealer. I didn't
wanna go there in the first place!

Oh, my God, Tom.

- You have to take it back.

- What?

- You alright, mate?

- I'm fine, yeah.

- Sorted out that sheep yet?

- Pretty much, yeah.

Good. I can't afford any
fuck-ups today, OK?

Yeah, uh, talking about that, I think
me and Graham might need to nip off
just for an hour or so.

- What?

- We got something we need to do...

If you leave me today, I swear
I'll never speak to you again.

- Do you understand?

- Yeah, no problem.

You look great.

(sighs)

- Well?

- It's a no-go.

Oh...

We'll have to take it
back first thing tomorrow
and explain what happened.

Ray'll understand.

- He's a reasonable man.

- He's a very unreasonable man, Tom!

Did you hear what he said about
smashing people's kneecaps
with household appliances?

Shut up! Does that look like
reasonable behaviour to you, Tom?

- Not what you're showing me, no.

- You should call him.

- Fuck off!

- Just say we'll bring the bag tomorrow.

Why don't you give him a call?

You're the one he likes.

Because I'll fuck it up. You know I will.

I'll say something stupid.

You're such a pain in the arse!

- Got no reception.

- Please try.

You owe me for this.

Ooh la la la

Oh, I've got a brand-new
pair of roller skates

You got a brand-new key.

Ah, you look like a really
beautiful meringue.

(Laughs) Don't make me
laugh, I can't breathe.

- Something old.

- Oh, Mum, not your lucky coin.

BARBARA:

Hello, Ray?

Yeah, it's terrible reception.

- It's an answering machine.

- Leave a message.
- Can you just step back a bit?

PHONE:

Yeah, hi, Ray. It's Tom and Graham.

Listen, we hate to tell you
this but we've got your coke.

- Tell him it was a mistake.
- It was a mistake of course.
- And we'll bring it back tomorrow.
- Shut up.
- Alright.
- Not you, Ray.

That was Graham

being a shithead as usual.

Anyway, we're really sorry, man.

We'll bring it back tomorrow.

- And hope we haven't caused any...
- Inconvenience.

..inconvenience

and have a great weekend.

(Sighs) There, done.

(Sighs) Cheers, mate.

Now get dressed quickly,
we're gonna be late.

My wedding suit. I left
it in the bag at Ray's.

Oh, spoiled for choice.

REPORTER:

Jim Ramme

negotiates a different kind
of coalition today ...

the wedding of his daughter Mia,
or should that be Princess Mia,
to David Locking.

How's that? Crap?

This morning

I woke up with this feeling

I didn't know how to deal with

So I just decided to myself...

Borrow some ugg boots if you're
getting cold feet, Dave.

Oh, Jim. Not at all.

There's only one person you
got to impress here today.

- I know, Mi...

- Eddie Marshall.

Chief Party Whip.

He's the last man standing between you
and your surprise wedding present.

So why don't you slide over there
and dazzle him with some of
your cheeky English charm?

(Belch)

- Hey, Luke.

- David.

- You...

- (Clears throat)

- ..doing OK?

- Yeah, I'm doing fine.

I'm really, really good.

Never better.

- Did you call Sarah again?

- Yeah.

Uh, she said that she hates my guts
and that she wishes I were dead.

Jesus, Luke.

Look, Dave, please, come
on, look, it's fine.

OK.

You look like my Uncle Reggie
who's dead.

Great! I look like a total idiot.

Look at these sleeves, they're too long!

- Just keep your arms by your side.

- What, all day?

I'll look like a fucking penguin.

Oh, these are the itchiest
trousers I've ever worn.

Seriously, it's unbearable.

You're lucky you have any trousers at all.

Now, stop scratching your balls.

Speaker of the House, Marion Bowers.

And my old mate,

Commissioner Leo Marinetti.

Commissioner Marinetti.

Nice to meet you all.

- Any of your family joining you, David?

BARBARA:

- But he has us now.

JIM:

So we'll count his friends
as family until then.

It's a very important thing, family.

- You need to appreciate them.

- Yeah.

Even when the maid of honour
turns into the best man?

DAPHNE:

COMMISSIONER:

That's families for you.

When they're no longer around to drive
you bonkers, you wish they were.

But by then it's too late.

All you're left with are regrets
Memories.

Wasted years.

Excuse me a minute.

I look bloody mental!

What kind of grenade takes his
luggage into a drug dealer's anyway?

Tom! You made us go there
in the first place!

Excuse me. Graham!

- What the hell are you wearing?

- I forgot my suit, had to borrow this.

VIVALDI:

- Oh, God, this is it.

- Bloody hell.

Before I forget, Tom, my
wedding present for Mia.

What, a mobile phone? That's romantic.

A video. Just before my speech,
plug it into the monitor,
hit play when I give the word.

- Got it.

- You got that sheep back, yeah?
Oh, no! I forgot.
- How did you forget?
- There's a lot going on, David.
Just make sure you deal with it
straight after the ceremony, OK?
(Luke laughs)
- Oh, Jesus, we've lost Luke.
- Oh, God.
(Luke laughs hysterically)
- What the fuck is he doing?
Alright, we'll deal with him.
Graham, stick him in the car.
- What? Why me?
- I'm taking care of David.
(sighs)
- Let's do this.
- Right behind you, brother.
(Luke laughs)
- What are you doing?
Ah!
Jesus, Luke!
How much have you drunk?
(Plays violin)
- Here you go, the ring.

DAVID:

(Camera clicks)
Pachelbel's Canon
The Wedding March
Here we go.
(Daphne plays violin very badly)
(clapping)
Dearly beloved, when someone puts
a ring on the finger of another,
they pronounce, Now you are mine
That act of possession
removes mystery
and marks the end of a
relationship, not the beginning,
because real wisdom does
not try to own love,
doesn't try to control it
but simply stands in awe and says,

I love you

Rock music

David, please place the
ring on Mia's finger.

Rock music

Mia, please place the
ring on David's finger.

Rock music

Mia, do you take this man to be
your lawful wedded husband...

Rock music

..to have and to hold...

Rock music

..in sickness and in health...

Rock music

- ..till death do you part?

- I do.

Rock music

And, David, do you take this woman
to be your lawful wedded wife...

..to have and to hold...

Ah!

..in sickness and in health

till death do you part?

I do.

GUESTS:

By the power vested in me,
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

- You may now kiss the bride.

- Ball!

Massive ball!

(Screaming)

JIM:

ball and boy, didn't I deliver?

So, into the marquee. Uh,
put your drinks on my tab.

Let's get this Liberal Party started,
eh?

Are you OK?

Two feet to the right and Eddie
Marshall would have been flattened
by a runaway flower arrangement.

He always comes up smelling of roses!
That is not helping!
- It's probably just a sprain.
- Mia, I am so sorry.
David, don't worry about it, honestly.
Look on the bright side, we'll
probably be a YouTube sensation.
Great!
- Oh, easy, easy, easy.
- Mine, it's mine.
Luke!
- We're almost there.
- (Clears throat)
Uh, Jim.
- I am so, so sorry.
- For what?
Your best man playing skittles
with the Australian parliament?
You had better go and tell your mates
to pull their thick heads in, Dave.
Eddie!
Aah! So sorry, man. Don't
know what happened.
You drank three bottles of
champagne, that's what happened.
I was loosening up for
the best man's speech
which is under control.
(Reads) By the way, congratulations
to David and Mia...
OK, you don't have to do it now.
I'm so glad that you found a woman
- Don't peak too early.
- Told you it should have been me.
(Reads) ..acting like a filthy whore.
That was rubbish.
(Sighs) My God, they must hate me.

TOM:

Who could?

GRAHAM:

Whoa, leave her alone, leave her alone.
Put her down.

We're gonna need to rethink
the best man's speech.
I'll take care of it.
Stop it. Sony.
Love
Exciting and new
Come aboard
We're expecting
Sorry, I've got really itchy trousers.
Oh, you can play with your balls
till you're blue in the face,
it doesn't bother me.
- I really like your outfit.
- You do?
It's a really nice... outfit.
Yeah, well, I wasn't gonna wear a dress.
Even if these pants do
ride up my bum crack.
Here you are, mate...
Well, I'd happily swap, you know.
I'll wear those trousers and
you can wear the itchy...
- Listen, can I borrow you for a second?
- Yeah, sure.
- This is Daphne, Mia's sister.
- Hi, Dorothy.
You can have him back in a minute.
Wait, Tom, did you have to drag me away like that?
I was doing really well.
Come on now, it's never gonna happen.
Why not?
For one thing, you're
in an old man's suit.
Plus, she's a lesbian.
Yeah? Well, I thought
maybe I could turn her.
Don't be ridiculous. You won't turn a muff-muncher.
Even I'd find it hard.
Listen, you're gonna have to take
care of the best man's speech.
- Right.
- Great.
Sorry, what do you mean by
take care of the speech?

You have to do the speech,
they'll call you in five.

- Right.

- Good.

- Sorry, one quick question.

- What?

Are you out of your fucking mind? A
speech in front of all these people?

- I don't have my material.

- I thought you wanted this!

I don't want it thrust on
me at the last minute!

- Just make something up!

- I can't, Tom.

- You make something up.

- Listen to me, Graham.

David needs you,

this is his wedding day.

So step up and take some
responsibility for once in your life.

I'm the one who called Ray, you're
the one who's doing the speech.

And don't worry, I'll give you a hand.

I didn't ruin your wedding day, did I?

- Well...

- You know I love you so much, dude.

Love you too.

You know, if you had a vagina,
I'd probably have sex with you.

Actually, I think I'd have sex with
you even if you didn't have a 'gina
just to show you what a good
friend I think you are.

That won't be necessary,
but good to know.

Now go to bed and sleep it off, OK?

(sighs)

(Bleating)

- I... don't know what to say.

- Stop.

We did it. We're married.

I thought the best thing that's ever
happened to me was about to be...

Bowled off a cliff?

I don't ever want to lose you, Mia.
Ah, you got me on a beach in Tuvalu.
And guess what,
now you're stuck with me.
Ladies and gentlemen, please vote
one for Mia and Dave Locking-Ramme.
(clapping)
Mr Locking.
Mrs Locking.
Shall we?
The Wedding March
The rest of the day is gonna
be perfect, I promise you.
I'll get it, Ray. I swear,
just a few more days.

RAY:

I am, a bloody clown?
Eh? Do I look like a clown? Do I?
- Excuse me, Ray.
- What?
There's a message on
the answering machine.
I think you might wanna hear it.

MACHINE:

Tom and Graham...
(Static)
We hate... you.
(Static)
We've got your coke...
shithead. (Static)
Have a great weekend.
Fuck! Fuck!
He's stolen my drugs! He's
stolen my bloody drugs!
I trusted the little bastard!
You little prick!
I'm gonna string him up!
I'm gonna hang him up
by the fucking balls!
Ray, it's a wedding invitation.
Get the fucking keys.
Can't believe it. I can't

believe I agreed to do this.
What am I gonna say?
Why not say something about how we're
surprised David's getting married
because when we first met him,
we totally assumed he was gay?
Oh, yeah, yeah, good one.
It's a best man's speech,
it's supposed to be funny.
Have you been out there? I don't think
that's the right audience for this.
They are.
What if I say something about Australia
being England's old penal colony?
You know, something like
that, something relevant.
Why not throw in they're a nation of
in-bred pointy-headed sheep fuckers
who think culture is yoghurt?
Well, if you're so good,
let's see what you've done.
- Oh, great, you've drawn some tits!
- (Laughs)
Thanks, Tom! You're
supposed to be helping me!
I am helping you! I told
you to do the gay thing.
I'm not doing the gay thing.
Then I knew I knew,
I knew, I knew, I knew
She could make me happy...
- Jim.
- Yes, dear.
What is Eddie Marshall
doing at the bridal table?
That's odd, there must
be some sort of mistake.
Maureen doesn't make mistakes.
Last chance to come clean, dear.
You know how you're always going
on about me never being home?
- When do I go on about it?
- Well, I'm retiring.
That's right, I'm going

to throw in the towel.
And with Eddie's blessing, I'm
gonna give my seat to Mia.
Is that what Mia wants?
- Have you even asked her?
- I don't have to.
- Yes, you do.
- No, I don't.
It's a surprise -
my wedding present.
It's not your wedding, Jim!
(Grunts in anger)
Such a lovely day to be here today.
It's such a lovely day to be here... Oh, Christ!
I'm getting the jitters.
Don't think
I can go through with this.
Yeah, thought this might happen.
- Is that Ray's coke?
- It's just one, he'll never notice.
Are you off your nut?! We've
got to give it all back!
I've got to do a speech!
I can't do drugs!
What shit are you talking, Graham? This
will give you a bit of confidence.
- Really?
- Absolutely. Come on.
Isn't that a bit much?
You need to do a lot otherwise
it won't have an impact.
Come on, before someone comes.
- Good afternoon, Barbara.
- What in the hell is going on?
Uh, we just... We, um...
Is that cocaine?
Yeah.
Well, don't just stand there gawping.
Line em up!
You could desalinate your soil by
replacing wheat with mallee scrub
and that'll earn you big CER
bucks into the UN trade subsidy.
Excuse me.

- David.
- Wow. That sounded impressive.
Four years of political
science will do that to you.
- I thought you did sociology.
- No, majored in Conflict Resolution.
Very useful in my family.
And your psychology degree
is going to come in handy.
- Physics.
- What?
- I did physics.
- Oh. Of course you did.
Oh, I knew he wasn't
going to let go easily
but this one really takes the biscuit.
Gotta say, didn't have you
pegged as a party girl, Barbara.
Oh, last couple on the dance floor
until Jim became
this right-wing maniac.
Now look at him - retiring!
Giving up his seat for his daughter.
Try forcing it down her throat
You can mess with me -
that's one thing...
but mess with my kids?
No way, Jose, that's it!
End of the road!
- Your turn, Graham.
- I'm alright, thanks.
Don't be such a wuss.
Meow! Meow! Don't be
such a pussy, come on.
- (Laughs) Pussy.
- (Barbara meows)
Howzat?
Eddie's going cold.
Christ! Now what do we do?
Barbara's gone AWOL.
Right! Now I'm really
going to enjoy myself.
(Laughs)
It'd be quite bad, wouldn't it, to

try and shag David's mother-in-law?
Of course it bloody would.
Shit, that cokes strong!
- Completely fucked.
- I know.
- I'm really wired.
- You told me to have loads.
I think I may have been a bit gung-ho.
So, Eddie, has your third
wife left you yet?
Ladies and gentlemen, would
you please take your seats?

GRAHAM:

..best man's toast to be
delivered by... Graham.
(Clapping)
- What?
Fuck! I'm not ready, Tom.
Have you got the speech?
Thanks.
(Silence)
Tits?
Tits.
Tits...
'Tis a wonderful occasion.
Uh, I must admit I was a bit worried
about coming to Australia at first.
It being the country we sent all
our criminals to and everything.
But Australia is no longer
just a penal colony
for England's rapists and murderers.
No, it's now a country in its own right.
Or at least it was since you lot stole
all the land off the Aborigines.
(Silence)
Uh, I think I can speak
on behalf of all of us
when I say that I'm very pleased
to hear that David's now married
especially since at first we all
thought he was a homosexual.
Homosexual.

(Barbara chuckles)

But hopefully, Mia, you haven't just married one of those gays that's in denial for years and then you come home and find him in bed shagging another man. Uh, but don't worry, Mia, there are signs to look out for, like anal sex.

(Silence, stunned gasps)

Apparently, if he's excessively into anal sex, then that's a sign, so look out for that one.

Um, I mean, it's fair enough if it's just occasional, you know I mean, I'm sure that you've tried it.

Most couples try it, don't they, at some point?

Uh, just... If you haven't tried it and you are gonna try it this evening, then just go easy on each other, don't whack it up dry, use some butter from the table or something...

Thank you, Graham.

Ladies and gentlemen, the bride and groom.

(Polite clapping)

JIM:

- Well, that was... That was...

- Awful?

Atrocious? Humiliating? What the hell was he thinking?

I don't know, David, he's your friend.

David, are you a homosexual?

(Static)

No, of course not.

Because if you're doing this for a visa, the Minister for Immigration is sitting there!

I'm not gay, it was a joke.

We'd better start laughing,

then, hadn't we, eh?

(Jim laughs forcefully)

(David laughs nervously)

Fantastic! What I really loved
is you gave everyone here
an image of David doing Mia
up the arse.

You gave me the wrong piece
of paper, you moron.

I was left with your picture of tits.

- Shit, mate, is that what happened?

- Yes.

David, I'm so sorry.

I had the whole speech worked out
but when I got the paper out,
it was just this picture of tits
and it just totally threw me.

You need to apologise to Jim.

- Do I have to?

- Yes!

I think he's about to
go into cardiac arrest.

(Car engine growls)

KAL:

in years.

Fucking little dead shit.

I thought we had a connection.

I even told him about my panic attacks.

- I'm gonna barge in there...

- You can't barge in dressed like that.

Oh, I can barge wherever I fucking like.

You want to go in there
and mess this guy up?

You want everyone to recognise you?

You got to blend in, dress nice.

It's a wedding.

Barbara, could I have a word?

Too many words, Jim,
not enough champagne.

- (Jim chuckles nervously)

- Come on!

Weddings. Women.

- Crazy.

- Yes.

Still, my girl's working
the room like a pro.

EDDIE:

There comes a moment in time
when the universe cries out...

Jim, I just want to apologise
for before.

You see, what I thought
was actually my speech
actually turned out to
be this drawing of...

Well, you can see what it is.

It's tits.

Anyway, I'm really sorry.

Sorry? Hah! Come on!

You'll have your own chat show
with a performance like that.

You were a riot!

It was really, really, really funny.

You pull your head in, kid.

- Jim.

- This is going pear-shaped.

Gotta do something fast
to turn this around.

- Bump Ramsy ahead of schedule.

- Yes.

Give me something strong, please.

Have you got a Molotov cocktail?

Oh, no, a dirty martini,
please Yeah, times two.

Thanks.

That's got to go down as the worst
toast in the history of bad toasts.

I don't know, I thought
it was pretty funny.

Really? What,

even the bit about anal sex?

Are you kidding? That
was, like, the best bit.

- It's all anyone can talk about.

- Yeah?

Yeah.

Yeah, well, I didn't wanna do something boring, you know?

Sugar, Sugar

Spruce him up, boys.

Full bells and whistles.

We've got a Senate seat to save...

- To lesbians.

- Amen to that, sister.

Yeah. (Laughs)

Hmm, there's something very sexy about a man in uniform.

Even sexier out of it. (Laughs)

- What the hell are you doing?

- Dancing at my daughter's wedding

- You? (Laughs)

- Jim, could I have a word?

- It's important.

- Oh, I bet it is.

- What is it?

- It's Ramsy.

He's gone. I just went to check his pen and he's not there.

(Grumbles)

- Dad, what's wrong?

- Ramsy is missing.

- I'll be back in a minute, yeah?

- You can't go now.

They're about to call the bridal waltz.

I'll be one minute, I promise.

- However, I'm telling you...

- Where's Ramsy?

- What?

- The sheep.

- You didn't take it back, did you?

- Shit.

Are you stupid in the mind?

We need to get him back right now.

Excuse us.

Oi... Uh, I just...

I told you you'd need a suit!

Get fucked.

Boys.

(Squeals and laughs)

- Hi!

- Oh, Mum, you're drunk?
Not at all, darling. I just
had a shitload of coke.

TOM:

Luke? Luke!

- Have you seen Ramsy?
- Who's Ramsy?
- The sheep. The sheep I left in here.
- I don't know any sheep.

I've gotta go and do the bridal waltz.
I'll be back in five minutes.

You'd better have found him.

Sorry. I need your help, Leo.

- Somebody's stolen my sheep.

- Who? The caterers?

I'm serious, Commissioner.

Alright, Jim.

Slow-motion weekdays stare me down
Her lipstick reflex got me wound...

- What does it look like?

- It's covered in wool and it bleats.

What do you think it looks like, Luke?

Aah!

- Oh, my God.

- What?

- Most of the drugs are missing.

- Huh?

Ramsys eaten them all.

Ramsy, you idiot!

Ray's gonna hurt us really bad.

What are we gonna do?

- Laxatives.

- What?

Give it a load of laxatives,
maybe it'll shit it out.

Yes.

GRAHAM:

Yes.

Yes, thank you.

And now, ladies and gentlemen
a father's dream come true...

his daughter dancing the bridal waltz.

(clapping)

a, la, la, la, la, la, la

a, la, la, la, la, la, la

You alright? You're dripping with sweat.

- No, yeah, I'm fine. You?

- Oh, great.

Apart from the fact I lost my husband,

Dad's lost Ramsy

and Mum's lost the plot.

- Did your friends give her coke?

- What?!

Of course not. Who would

they get coke from?

Come on, come on.

Come on, eat it!

Oh! For God's sake!

He'll eat a load of drug-filled condoms

but he won't eat 50 laxatives!

- Oh, my God! We are dead.

- Shut up, Graham!

(Far?)

- Hang on.

I think he's done something.

- (Tom gasps)

- Yes!

- We've got one.

- Yes!

Have you seen Jim's sheep?

(Man laughs)

Come on! It's no good.

He's not shitting them out quick enough.

- You know what I'm thinking, Graham?

- No, what?

I'm thinking you're gonna have

to stick your hand up his arse.

Sorry?

I said, I'm thinking you're gonna

have to stick your hand up his arse.

Yes, I heard what you said. I

just can't believe you said it.

Well, there's no other option, is there?

How else are we gonna get

the drugs back?

OK, let's just be absolutely

clear on something
so there's no misunderstanding.
I'm not sticking my hand
up anything's arse!
(Bleats)
And that's fine, Graham, but you're
the one who's gonna have to tell Ray
that we were gonna give him his
drugs back but not any more
because they've been eaten by a sheep!
Shit!
Whoo!
Oh, God, look at her.
She's off her tits.
(Laughs hysterically)
I really need to go to the toilet.
- Are you doing coke, David?
- No!
I'll be back in two minutes.
Ugh!
Come on, Graham, don't pussy about.
Get stuck in.
It's no good, Tom, I
can't get good purchase.
Oh, hang on.
- I think I've found something.
- Yeah?
(Silence)
What the fuck is going on?!
It's not what it looks like.
- You've got five seconds, Graham.
- What, me? Uh, well...
Now, don't panic, David.
It's too late, I'm afraid, Tom!
I'm already in major nuclear
fucking panic mode!
- What's that?
- That's nothing to worry about.
That's just some condoms
with some cocaine in it.
A condom with cocaine in it?
Graham stole it from the
guy who sold us the weed.
I didn't steal it, I took it by mistake.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God,
this can't be happening.
This is my wedding day.
It's supposed to be the most
memorable day of my life!
- Probably is in a way.
(Both chuckle)
Just calm down, OK?
I know this looks bad but it's fixable.
- How?
- Well, first things first.
We've got to get those drugs
out of that sheep's arse.
You're Barry Gribble's son, right?
Yeah, how's your dad?
Haven't seen my dad since
Kentucky Fried Chicken.
Now you're doing it. Squeeze,
squeeze it like a sturgeon.
- What the fuck are you talking about?
- It's a fishing term.
Here comes another one.
Oh!
Sorry, busy in here. Shouldn't
have had the curry prawns.

MAN:

Excuse me, I said my tie is...

TOM:

tickle, tickle the gonads
so we get some bonus secretions.
(Laughs) Having a good time, girls?
Great! Except my husband
keeps going missing.
Oh, married life - get
used to it, darling.
Uh, Mum, I think it's time for one
of your special night-night pills.
Push! Push! You can do it, Ramsy!
Push!
Oh! Oh!
- I think that's the last one.
- Are you sure?

- Yeah, I think so.

- Alright, good.

Now get him back down

to the Old House.

D'you mind if I wash my hands first?

They're covered in sheep shit.

Uh, Luke, what's that you're holding?

I don't think I can go on, David.

Are you fucking kidding? Are

you fucking kidding me?!

Sorry.

I don't have a choice.

Just... Hold on a second, Luke.

And think about what you're doing.

All I can think about is her

all the time.

Her and that dick-less wonder.

Do you guys have any idea what it's like

to think about your ex-girlfriend

having sex with a man without a penis?

Well, you don't know for sure

that he doesn't have one.

You said so yourself.

It's just a rumour.

To be fair, I did hear it from

a pretty reliable source.

BOTH:

(Sobs)

Listen... Luke, d'you honestly think

that Sarah's gonna take you back

if you've shot yourself in the head?

- He's got a point, Luke.

DAVID:

Give me the gun.

No.

Ah! Ah!

Stop! Stop! Aah!

(Gunshot)

Aah!

Your father just got the catering bill.

Back in a minute. Watch her.

Jesus, Luke! You could have killed

one of us, you bloody maniac!

Alright, calm down. Everybody,
just take a deep breath.

Oh, my God! I've been shot!

- What?

- Look at my arm!

- You shot me, Luke! You idiot!

- Sorry.

- Sorry?!

- Alright, Jesus, Graham.

It's only a flesh wound,
can we stop moaning?

I'm not moaning!

It's always something with you,
isn't it?

If it's not the malaise,
it's the air sickness.

If not the air sickness, it's something else!

I'm sick of it!

- I've been shot, Tom!

- Fine.

OK, let's all acknowledge the
fact that Graham's been shot, OK?

- There! You happy now?

- Not really.

(Bleats)

- Shit.

- Oh, my God.

Come on, baby

Let's do the twist...

There's no wound. It must have
gone into shock. What do we do?

Maybe we should give it
mouth-to-mouth.

- Good idea.

BOTH:

- Yes?

- You know CPR, don't you?

Not on barnyard animals.

Oh, come on, it's the same shit.

Just breathe into his mouth.

- You do it!

- You've had your hand up his arse.

What difference if you
breathe in his mouth?
How do I even do it? His
mouth is the wrong shape!
I can't even get any suction!
Right! Out of the way.
Come on, little miss
And do the twist...

(Sobs)

One, two, three.

Come on. Come on!

- Come on, Ramsy.

- Breathe.

Come on, come on!

(Music stops abruptly)

- It's not what it looks like.

- Really?

(Luke sobs)

(Ramsy grunts)

TOM:

- Mia, stop!

- What the hell was that, David?

I mean, yeah, I've got a sense of
humour but who are you people?

OK, OK, take a deep breath.

Remember the beach, you and me,
Tuvalu.

Tuvalu suddenly seems like
a very long way away!

Mia, stop!

Have I just made a terrible mistake?

Have we just made

a terrible mistake here?

Do we really know each other?

I mean, maybe what we have
is just a holiday romance.

Don't say that. This is just a
really unfortunate situation.

I'll sort it out, I promise!

You keep saying that but it just seems
to get worse and worse and worse.

It hasn't been that easy for me,
you know.

I'm doing my best.
And now I find out you're
gonna be a senator.
I'm not going to be a senator.
I don't want to be a senator.
Wha... Uh...
David, look,
all I want is to be with you.
So I'm begging you, whatever
weird shit is going on here,
just sort it out.
Please.
You alright, bro?
God, that was all a bit
awkward, wasn't it?
I thought you were
supposed to be my friend.
Wait, of course I'm your friend.
- What are you talking about?
- The drugs. The sheep. The speech.
Are you purposely trying
to screw up my life?
- Why would I wanna do that, David?
- I don't know, Tom!
Maybe because you're jealous?
Selfish? Immature?
Hang on a minute! Yeah, I'm immature!
Who's the one marrying
a girl he barely knows
and leaving his friends behind
like they don't count for shit?
How bloody immature is that, David?
OK, so I didn't entirely know I
felt like that until just now.
But it's true, innit?
You're dumping us.
You're moving on and you're
destroying my youth in the process.
Right, so what you're saying is that
you don't support me getting married.
That's right, I don't.
I think you met a girl on a beach
holiday, I think you don't know her
and I think you didn't

even consult me, David!

- Consult you?!

- Yes, consult me!

I'm sorry if my getting married makes you feel old but I love this girl!

- This is my chance to have a family.

- Thought we were your family.

Yeah, but you're not my family, Tom.

You're my mates.

And however much you call me

brother or 'bro' won't change that

Hello, Graham.

(Whimpers)

There you are, David! The dance floor is hotting up!

- Hi, Barbara.

- It's going off!

- I've just got to...

- No, not got to nothing.

You're not a real member of this family

until you have macarenaed

with your mother-in-law.

- Where are my drugs?

- There. They're all there.

Why do my drugs smell like shit?

Uh, we... We, um...

Had to, oh...

You let me down, Graham.

- I thought we were friends.

- We are friends.

- I thought you liked me.

- I do like you.

Is that... Is that my suit?

I shared with you and what do you do?

You spit it back in my face.

The whole thing was just

a big misunderstanding.

I never would have taken

your bag on purpose.

Look, we're mates, aren't we?

We're going out for dinner next week.

Hmm?

Maybe... Maybe a drink afterwards?

OK, sure. We'll have a good time.

- What happened to your arm?

- It's nothing.

I just got kind of shot,

it's just a flesh wound.

You're gonna need

to get that cleaned up.

- Well, I think...

- No. You need to get that cleaned up.

- OK.

- Good.

Take your pants off.

(Barbara laughs)

Ah! Hey! Yay!

- Thanks, that was great.

- Where do you think you're going?

They haven't played YMCA yet. Yoohoo!

- (Luke whimpers)

- (Ramsy bleats)

I was thinking I could maybe let

you off for taking the drugs.

- It was an accident, wasn't it?

- Absolutely, Ray.

Oh!

- No!

- Yes.

- What are you doing, you idiot?

- Saving your arse, that's what.

I completely talked him around! He

was gonna let us off the drugs!

How am I supposed to know that?

You're lying there bare-chested!

- I don't know what's going on!

- What are we gonna do, Tom?

He's gonna go ballistic!

Sauna - lock him in the sauna.

Little bit too much to drink.

That's why we go to the YMCA

ALL:

to the YMCA...

- Dave?

- Oh.

Hi.

- How's it going with finding Ramsy?

- Who told you Ramsy was missing?

Mia. Mia, she told me.

TOM:

This is insane, is he gonna be OK?

We'll fix it, we'll fix everything.

Let's just save this fucking wedding.

DAVID:

Alright, guys, so here's the plan.

First, get the sheep
back to the Old House.

Two, get rid of the drugs and
C - go back to the party
and behave like proper adult human beings.
Clear? Graham.

How are we gonna get him
back to the Old House
when there's, like, a
million people downstairs?

We make a harness out of bedsheets
and lower him out the window.

Graham, you come with me.

Tom, you lower him down.

By myself? Look at the size of the fucker.

What if I drop him?

Luke, we need your help.

I'm useless, David. I'm
just useless to everyone.

Ah! That really hurt.

Good. I'm sick to death of you
feeling sorry for yourself.

Sarah's gone
and she's never coming back.

(Sobs) No!

- Ah!

- It's over.

You got to pull yourself together.

Life's too short for this shit.

- (Sighs)

- Luke, I want my friend back.

OK.

Yeah, I feel a little crazy

I feel a little strange

Like I'm in a pay phone

Without any change...

- Sauna... Sauna!

Oh, this is fucked! Get
me the fuck out of here!

I feel like a school...

- Ramsy, Ramsy, good, Ramsy.

May we have a word, gentlemen?

Good sheep, nice and tight.

So, David, big day for you.

Jet lag OK? Weather not too hot?

What's in the bag?

This bag?

- Wedding presents.

- Presents, wedding presents.

May we see the wedding presents?

Yep.

That's one. I haven't wrapped it yet.

Gentlemen, you may be aware
that Ramsy is missing.

Jim's sheep.

Have you seen the sheep?

Have you seen any sheep?

Oof!

GRAHAM:

When... I was a kid.

(Mobile phone rings)

You'll tell us if you see
anything, won't you?

We'll shout.

Mum! Hello.

Alright. Off you go.

- Feel like I'm gonna be sick.

DAVID:

We've got to get Ramsy back
to the Old House first.

Then you can be sick.

Whoa! Whoa!

Whoa...

Oh! No! No!

ALL:

(squeals)

Please! Let me out!

Let me out!

Thanks, guys.

I'm just gonna go and be sick now.

(Door unlocks)

- Fuck! Go! Go!

MIA:

- It's taken care of.

- You are one lucky bastard.

- Technically, he's an orphan.

- Fine.

- You are one lucky orphaned bastard.

- I know.

(Graham retches)

(Laughs)

Uh, Jim, I don't know

how but Ramsys back.

Must have just gone for a little walk.

Oh, well, so he just opened

the gate by himself,

had a little cup of coffee,

came home and closed the gate?

Sorry to waste your time, Leo.

As long as Ramsy is safe and

sound, that's all that counts.

Ready the ram. My future's riding on it.

Help! Aah!

And now, the one you've all

been waiting for... Ramsy!

(clapping)

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

This is really weird.

Follow that, Dave.

Thanks, everyone.

Firstly, I'd like to thank

Jim and Barbara

for putting on such a

magnificent wedding...

and doesn't Barbara look

stunning, everyone?

Uh, the bridesmaids, of course,

the caterers...

Mia, I don't think
I can describe in words
just how much you mean to me.
So I hope that this little video
will go some way towards showing
just how much I love you.

VIDEO:

shotgun Ramsy.
(Shocked gasps)
David kissed a sheep, David's
getting on to a sheep.
Stop it. Cut it. Cut it.
Right, that's not the video
I meant to play. Obviously.
You violated my sheep!
Jim, I know that looks bad but, really,
we were just playing dress-ups.
It's not like
we're a bunch of criminals.
Where is my fucking cocaine?!
(Shocked gasps)
Graham.
You lying, thieving, stealing
little motherfucker.
I'm gonna kill you.
Alright, fella, drop the gun.
(Shocked gasps)
- Raymond.
- Dad?
Oh, come on, sweetheart.
It's going to be alright.
You gave it your best shot.
Even if it was just for three hours.
(Mia sobs)
This is the best wedding
I've ever been to.
I can't wait to see
what's gonna happen next.
Baby we can talk all night...

DAVID:

Oh, really?! You didn't plan to offend
the entire Australian parliament

with your hilarious antics of sheep
stealing, racism and buggery,
not to mention that naked
gun-wielding maniac!

We didn't actually steal the sheep.

We may have dressed it up
with some bra and panties...

Shut up! Or I'll break
your other fucking hand!

Baby you can cry all night...

- That's a bit harsh.

- With all due respect, Jim,
I know the wedding hasn't
been the smoothest...

Do you seriously think
under any circumstances
I would allow my daughter
to associate with you,
the backpacker,
and this bunch of deadbeats?

Jim.

When I proposed to your daughter,
I could not stop thinking
about what it would feel like
to be a part of a real family.
What I've come to realise is that
these 'deadbeats' as you call them
these idiots, morons, complete
and total fuck-ups...

OK, David, we get the picture.

..they are my family.

And they're not perfect
but I know that no matter what happens,
they'll always be there for me.
I'll always be there for them.

What on earth
are you blathering on about?

I love your daughter.

And I will do whatever it
takes to make this right.

Save your breath, son. It's over.

Baby we can talk all night...

GRAHAM:

LUKE:

therapists specialized in this area.
Maybe we could go together.
Yes, it's not all bad. He can
come back to London with us,
go to therapy with Luke, watch
Graham vomit his cheese,
everything will stay the same till
we're old and lonely and grey.
Now, haven't you got a
video to deliver, brother?
Sweetheart.
I know you're upset.
But it hasn't been a total washout.
It was going to be a wedding present...
Jim, this is not the time.
Congratulations, Senator.
- Wha...
- I'm retiring, sweetheart.
And I'm giving my seat to you.

(Tom whispers):

The party's all behind it and
if Eddie Marshall gives the OK,
you'll be running on
your own next election.
How could you?

TOM:

GRAHAM:

(Glass shatters) Oh!

DAVID:

Mia?
I'm so sorry for what happened today.
More than you can imagine.
But I'm not sorry I met you,
I'm not sorry I love you,
I'm not sorry I married you.
What is it about it's over
you don't understand, Dave?
My name's David, not Dave and

I'm talking to Mia so shut up!
Leave him, Jim.
Please, Mia.
Just press play?
Mia, give me the phone.
- Jim, for God's sake, shut up!
- Shut up!
They told me nobody was here.
And I guess that's why I came.
I was lost and I needed
time to figure it out
and suddenly, there you were.
On the same beach looking
for the same thing.
This little beach
is where my life began.
My parents left me a trust.
Just enough to put down a deposit.
It's ours, Mia.
It's not England or Australia.
Ours.
I know we've only just met
but I know that we belong together.
I love you.
So, let's start here and figure
out the next part together.
That's it.
Everything I've got and it's yours.
I could buy you a better beach
in Noosa!
Dad, stop.
But he's just a backpacker!
You were a hitchhiker when I met you!
It's not about the beach... or luck.
It's destiny and I love him.
Run, Mia, run!
Jim, let go.
She's really fallen for him. (Laughs)

BARBARA:

MIA:

Darling, you may have lost a senator
but you've gained a

beautiful daughter. Hic!

- And a beautiful son.

- Ow.

Oh, Mickey, you're so fine

You're so fine you

blow my mind Hey, Mickey

Hey, Mickey, hey, Mickey,

Mickey, Mickey, Mickey...

(Sobs)

- What happened to your arm?

- Oh, this?

Oh, yeah, I just sort of got... shot.

- Shot?

- Yeah.

It's OK, though, it's just...

a little bit of flesh wound.

Ah! Ah!

When you take me by the
hooves, who's ever gonna know

And every time you move,

I let a little more show

There's somethin' we can

use so don't say no, Mickey

So come on give it to me

any way you can

Any way you want to,

I'll take it like a man

Oh, please, baby, please,

don't leave me in the damn...

Sarah? Yeah, listen, it's me.

No, don't hang up.

It's the last time I'm

gonna call you, I swear.

Just have one teeny, tiny question

I've been wanting to ask.

TOM:

fucked up your wedding.

DAVID:

How about my life?

Well, that's your job, right?

That's what big brothers do.

I'm impressed, man.

You've backed a real winner.
She's perfect.
Wait, did you just say you were wrong?
No, I just said I was sorry and
you'll be really fucking sorry
if that island is too
small for my surfboard.
Now, come here, man.
Respect.
You did it. First out of the gate.
Fuck knows,
it gives me hope for Graham.
Guys, I pulled her. I pulled a lesbian.
- Oh, I don't believe it.
- Guys! He's got a penis!
Congratulations, man.
- Oh, great, he's got a penis.
- Whoa...
(Distant screaming)
- And a massive phone bill.
Luke?

LUKE:

GRAHAM:

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: I
confess my heart's in a mess
I lost my way and need you to say
I can tell you I love you
whenever you need reminding
And be where you go when you
think there'll be no silver lining
When you need my understanding
I've given you all that I can give
And when I'm a fool
I'm hoping that you'll forgive
I confess my heart's in a mess
But you can untangle it
I lost my way and need you to say
Say you'll untangle it
If you show me I'm a keeper
If you lift me up and love me deeper
I'm no angel but I promise you this
I'm gonna be weightless

I will make you all mine I'm
not giving up for a minute
But love can be lonely if
you are the only one in it
I believe
That any moment you could
be standing at my door
Don't make it too late
I don't want to wait no more
I confess my heart's in a mess
But you can untangle it
I'm on my knees
and begging you please
To say you'll untangle it
If you show me I'm a keeper
If you lift me up and love me deeper
I'm no angel but I promise you this
I'm gonna be weightless
Weightless
Weightless
Oh, if you show me I'm a keeper
If you lift me up and love me deeper
I'm no angel but I promise you this
I'm gonna be weightless
I confess my heart's in a mess
You can untangle it
I lost my way, I need you to say
Say you'll untangle it
I confess my heart's in a mess
You can untangle it
On my knees I'm
begging you, please
Baby untangle it
I'm gonna be weight...
I'm gonna be weight...
Less.
Reggae