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The Making of 'The Sweetest Thing'

By Unknown

Christina Walters?

God, I haven't heard that name in ages.

The kind of woman

who can get any guy she wants.

That's Christina Walters.

We dated briefly,

but she's not the commitment type.

She's a player. She just likes to have fun.

I met Christina at a bar. Hot piece of ass.

Totally hit it off. All night long we dance.

I buy her drinks.

At the end of the night, she just splits.

I lay down all that groundwork for nothing.

Lesbian.

She gave me her number. It's been three days.

I saw Swingers. I know how these things work.

Hello, and welcome to AOL Moviefone.

I stay up nights trying to figure out

why she said she'd call and didn't.

Maybe she wanted to call and that's why

she said she was going to call, but...

"Christina

"Christina"

You know, there ought to be

some kind of a signal...

...to let us guys know

when we are talking to a lesbian.

So we don't waste our time.

Prolonged impotence is very common

after a breakup.

Lots of men suffer from it.

They just don't talk about it.

Not like me, gabbing away. Gab, gab.

But, even still,

because she said she was going to call...

...she should've called

to say she wasn't going to call...

...and I would've thanked her for calling...

All right. Okay.

I apologize for saying she was a lesbian.

It's not true.

My male ego got bruised and I lashed out.

I'm sorry.

I'm not used to being blown off, that's all.

I'm sure she wasn't trying to hurt me on purpose.
I know deep down inside she's scared
and lonely just like everyone else.
She'll settle down though,
once she finds the right man.
Or woman.
Maybe has a little boxed lunch at the Y.
Jeez, I'm sorry. Did I say it again?
You're goddamn right I said it again.
Why don't you shave your head, Christina,
and take up women's golf?
Why don't you go to the Depot.
Lots of carpet you can munch on there.
At least I don't get that dizzy,
head-spinning nausea as much as I used to.
Hooray!
Like I said, I'm doing fine.
I am fan-fucking-tastic.
- Christina.
- Valerie!
Shake it if you've got it.
Miss Courtney.
Hello, Miss Christina.
How you doing? What you doing?
Dancing too much. How you doing?
Same thing. How was your day?
Pretty good.
I got a new account designing
a campaign for a sports line.
They got the right girl, didn't they?
Thank you.
So, what's up?
The usual. Defending the rights
of my broken-hearted clients.
Trying to squeeze every penny
out of their miserable, cheating spouses.
You go get them, woman.
I'll order a pizza and stay in tonight.
Okay, but if we do that,
you know what will have to happen.
Girl, I've been shaking my ass
all the way up this hill.
Which track?
Track three. Oh, yeah!

Koochie!

Is your granny here? What's going on?

It's Jane. She loves this song.

Jane, what's up?

He dumped me.

Kevin dumped me.

It was just three days

before our one-year anniversary.

- Baby.

- Maybe he just freaked out.

He will call up tomorrow when he realizes
what a huge mistake he made.

- He's probably going through that whole...

- No.

He says he's been wanting this for six months.

He says he's been dying inside
ever since I brought over my garment bag.

- Honey.

- What?

We're all guilty of it.

You made yourself too available.

It's a classic mistake, sweetheart.

- Yeah.

- Not according to this.

"Commandment four."

"True Love:

"Commandment number four:

Thou shalt be open to love's possibilities.

"Boundaries are the enemies of love."

Sweetie, you know what?

This book is relationship propaganda.

Listen to me.

Dating is all about boundaries.

Honey, you have to protect yourself.

We've all had our heart stomped on
one too many times...

...because we served it to them
on a big old platter.

A good defense is the best offense.

I am so tired of playing games.

This is not about playing games.

This is about self-preservation.

You can't throw yourself out there

all exposed and vulnerable every time.
That is how you get smacked down.
Do you understand?
Don't go looking for Mr. Right.
Look for Mr. Right Now.
And, eventually, if he's worthy, then one day...
...that "now" part is just going to drop away.
Naturally, you know?
Meanwhile, you're just
going to have fun together.
Yeah. Not so serious. Shake it off a little bit.
Speaking of fun, we are going to take you out.
We are taking you out.
You are going to have a good time.
No.
Oswaldo!
Hey, Christina. Courtney.
- Jane.
- Hello, Jane.
- Welcome.
- Thank you.
Shut up!
Okay, girls, let's go.
This is it, Jane.
Go, baby!
- Right here, baby.
- Oh, my God.
Look at the shoulder, baby.
Bounce it, baby. Check it out, baby.
What's your name, baby?
Here we go. Circle of love, circle of love!
We're going to go now.
Bye-bye.
My God. It's like Siegfried & Roy or something.
Martinis, ladies.
- Compliments of the gentleman at the bar.
- Which one?
Thank you, Leather Coat Guy.
Cheers.
Leather Coat Guy is looking good.
Shotgun!
Cheater.
What's up?
Nothing. What's up with you?

Nothing.

What's up with you?

Nothing. What's up with you?

Nothing.

You know, I am having the best time.

You know, I am having the best time.

Are you, sweetie?

My boyfriend dumped me. I'm at this club where no one wants to talk to me.

- I want to go home.

- No.

No. Christina, I can't do this.

Yes, you can. It's really very easy.

Observe.

I just pinched his ass.

I'm sorry. Hi.

- Hi. What's your name?

- Peter.

Peter, this is my friend, Jane.

Jane would love to dance.

I don't mean to be rude,

but I have some friends waiting for me.

Nice to meet you, though.

- He hated me. I suck.

- You don't suck. That guy was a dick.

I'll make sure that you have fun tonight if it's the last thing...

What did you call me?

You just called me a dick. I heard you.

Why am I a dick?

Because I didn't like the way you treated my friend.

I didn't do anything to your friend.

You barely gave her the time of day.

You tried to pawn me off on her and I didn't go for it.

You should be so lucky to even talk to someone as hot and sweet as Jane.

Excuse me.

I wasn't suggesting you get married.

I just thought you could get it on.

What? Get it on?

You know nothing about me.

What if I'm some psycho serial killer?

What if Jane was the girl of your dreams,
but you'll never know?

That is the sweetest thing.

I never thought I'd meet her
by having somebody grab me and say:

"Man, I have good woman for you.

She is very hot and sweet.

"Jane! Dance for the man!"

- Maybe that's your problem.

- What?

Maybe if you didn't play it so safe,
Mr. Safety-Poo...

...you might meet a girl you could have fun with.

This brilliant love advice comes
from one who loves to play games with men.
Always in control.

That way, she never has to get too close.

Nice manners, by the way.

Where the hell did that guy... Jane?

What's up with you?

Nothing. What's up with you?

I can't believe he brought that bitch
to our bar.

- This is our bar.

- Forget her, she's a skeev.

- But is she prettier than me?

- Of course not, you're beautiful.

Oh, my God, you fucking bitch!

I can't believe you grabbed his ass.

He comes right into my face
and starts telling me all this stupid stuff...

...about how I like to play games
and be in control so I never get too close.

Can you believe him?

- What?

- Nothing.

- I've never seen you act like this before.

- Act like what?

They're fake.

All bah-jiggity about some guy.

- Bah-jiggity?

- Yeah.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stare.

It's cool. It's why I got them.

- I'm not bah-jiggity.

- You are so bah-jiggity.

They look real.

Thank you. You can touch it if you want to.

No.

- Touch it. She likes it.

- Go ahead. It feels real, huh?

If I'm bah-jiggity about this guy Peter,
it's because you're telling me I am.

- Oh, my God.

- What?

You've named the puppy.

- I did not.

- You just called him Peter.

- I did?

- You've got to feel these things.

I'm psychic and I knew his name was Peter.

- Knock your socks off.

- So soft.

Un-fucking-believable.

Fuck.

I am so getting a pair.

That's why chicks

always go to the bathroom together.

It's so obvious that you like this guy.

Why are you being such a pussy about it?

Why are you making such a big deal out of it?

If you haven't noticed,

there's plenty of guys out there.

See you later.

- What's your problem?

- What's your problem?

- Hi.

- Hi.

Hey, Peter.

- Eric!

- Be right there.

You don't have to do this.

I know, but I want to. I spilled your drink.

Can I buy you another one?

Okay.

I want to apologize.

I shouldn't have been impolite to your friend.

If I was, I didn't mean to.

My brother is waiting for me
and I got nervous, I guess. I don't know.
I mean, otherwise, I'd be all over your friend.
I'm the one who should apologize. I was rude.
No, I understand. You were protecting
your friend. Anyone would've done that.
I thought that was sweet.
Jesus.

- We good now?

- Yeah.

Good.

I should get back to my friends.

Okay.

Thanks for the drink.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

- Have a good night.

- You, too.

Can you take this? I'm a total loser.

I just struck out with this guy.

One more thing.

Should I be upset that my ex-girlfriend
has her tongue down that guy's throat?

Oh, my God!

- Jane!

- I guess I blew my chance.

- That could have been you.

- Lf I wasn't such a dick.

- Was I really a dick?

- Yeah. You were a dick.

We should start over. Why don't I walk by,
and you grab me like before?

- I didn't grab you.

- You grabbed me.

You grabbed me right on the ass.

I don't grab, okay?

Pete!

Excuse me.

Dude! Where you been? Everybody's waiting.
After-hours party back at the hotel.

These two pigs are good to go.

Did I mention that we have
the Freddie Mercury Suite?

She puked on him!

Again? God, she's like a hose.

Go help her, please.

Or not.

She's out. We're one short. Who's this chick?

- She is hot. Bring her.

- What?

Fuck me. You have so much...

You've got to come. Let me tell you why.

You'll never find anyone better than my brother.

He is the greatest...

That hurts me. Just look at him.

Chicks freak on this guy. Come on, now.

He is the shit and that's why

he's in my wedding on Saturday.

- No.

- Yes.

- No.

- Just trying to help out.

'Bye!

Ladies, big party. Four Seasons, room 402.

You're invited, you're invited.

All right, I'm leaving.

- That's my brother.

- He's special.

Careful, that's puke. Don't touch me.

When is the wedding?

Saturday afternoon up in Somerset.

That's where we live.

That's nice.

Peter! It's looking like now.

You're pinching my arm skin.

I better go. But for real this time.

- It was nice to meet you.

- Very nice to meet you. I had a great time.

Me, too.

Come by the party if you want to.

- Really?

- Definitely. If you want to.

I'll ask my friends. Maybe we'll stop by.

I really hope I see you. But in case

I don't see you, have a nice life.

You, too.

Chris, it's Court.

I'm at the party with Leather Coat Guy.

I was checking in to see
if you were listening to your messages.
If you are, that means you were
too chicken to hook up with Peter...
...which therefore means you are a loser.
You are a loser. A...
Thanks, Court.
"I'm a big loser."
What's up, you bitches and hos and losers?
Too late now.
He was kind of cute.
Funny.
Really funny.
Cute boy.
My God, you're so good at that.
I'd like to do that every hour,
on the hour, for the rest of our lives.
- Of course, go ahead.
- Thank you.
Don't worry about returning the favor.
Men don't really like oral sex.
Right.
I'm serious. It's just a bad rumor
that was started sometime in the '50s.
I had no idea. I need to tell all my friends.
Please, do.
Someone needs to put an end to this madness.
God, I'm so glad I came back to the hotel room.
Me, too.
I never thought I'd see you again.
- Room service.
- Right on time.
- Ice cream?
- Only the best for our VIPs.
I had them remove all the calories for you.
You are good.
All right!
I said I wanted to do it to you every hour,
on the hour, but I can't wait.
Can I do it again now?
Okay.
San Francisco, California, please,
for Four Seasons Hotel. Thanks.
Great dream.

Yes, hi. Do you have a Freddie Mercury Suite?

Good. Can I have it? Thanks.

Really?

Already?

Have a great day. Thanks. 'Bye.

What am I even calling for?

Hello? Hey, Court.

Yeah.

- Stop talking shit about me.

- Where you been?

Sorry I'm late. I don't want to talk about it.

You ready? I'm starving.

I'll meet you there. I have to drop something off at the dry cleaners.

Can it wait, please? I'm so hungry right now.

Isn't that Courtney's dress that you borrowed last night?

Yeah.

Why are you bringing it in?

Did you get something on it?

I'm trying to be a good girlfriend.

- I'm really sorry.

- You slut!

- Is that what I think it is?

- Guilty!

I'll take it to the dry cleaners, and it will be gone.

- That's a lot!

- He was holding a lot!

My God! What's this on your skirt?

I am scared enough as it is to go in there.

What am I going to say?

"Mr. Martin, can you help me with my jizz?"

You know what?

- You guys suck.

- No, obviously you suck.

- You suck.

- You suck well. I'm proud.

No spanky-wanky.

Hey, Jane.

- Hi, Mr. Martin.

- How's your mother?

- Great. She's good. Everyone's good.

- Your grandmother?

- Everyone's great.

- That's fine. That's fine.

What you got for me today?

Just a dress, but I'll be back for it
in a few days, so no hurry.

- Any stains?

- No.

- What's this?

- What?

This. Come here.

Stain?

This is going to be a tough one.

I didn't even notice that. I must have spilled
some soda on me last night.

No. This is not soda. Think, Jane. Think.

If I know what it is, it's easier for me to remove.

The field trip. Come in, children. Come in.

- Fuck.

- Good afternoon, Mrs. Franklin.

Hi, Mr. Martin.

On today's field trip,
we are going to learn about cleanliness.

Jane?

Jane Burns!

Sweetheart, I haven't seen you
since I taught you in third grade!

- Top of the morning there, Mr. Martin.

- Hello, Father Flynn.

As I live and breathe, isn't it...

It is little Mary Jane Burns!

What a coincidence!

I'm having supper with your parents tonight.

What a stain you got there, little Janie!

So how was it? Was it fun?

Oh, my God, I can't believe I didn't tell you this.

Apparently, one of the guys
who was at the party flipped out...

...was out on the balcony,
screaming at the top of his lungs:

"Christina! Has anyone seen
my little Christina?"

Then he jumps off and dies
because you're a pussy. Why didn't you go?

I don't know! I was going to. I was.

I was going to, and then I wasn't.

And then I called him at the hotel...
Wait. Hold on. Rewind for one second.
You called him at the hotel?
- What did he say?
- Nothing. He said nothing. Okay?
- Why?
- He checked out already.
Let's just sum this up real quickly.
In the bathroom, we hate him,
yet we call him by name.
Then we throw beer on him.
Then we laugh and we flirt
and we dance with him.
Then we casually call him at the hotel.
Then we obsess about the casual call.
Obsess? I'm not obsessing, okay?
Could all this erratic behavior
be because this guy got under your skin?
- No.
- That you might really like him?
That you regret not going because
you'll never know what might've happened?
No, I don't regret it, and if I had any regrets...
...it would be this conversation,
right now, having it with you.
- Can we drop it?
- Okay. Sorry I brought it up.
I won't mention it again.
Even if I did regret not going to the party...
...it's not like I can do anything about it now.
Sometimes you just have
to let these things go, right?
- Exactly.
- Although...
...if there was regret...
...I suppose there's always something
you could do about it.
You could show up at his brother's wedding,
because it is his brother.
But that's only if you regretted it,
which I don't regret it.
I just don't regret it.
Regret is such a waste of time.
Honey will you just admit

that you regret not going to this party.

- Okay, fine I regret not going to this party.

- You need to let it go.

I'm letting it go. I'm over it.

Hi, honey, how did it go?

- Fine. No problem.

- Good.

Did we have fun last night?

Yes, I did. It was great.

You guys were right,

a transition guy is what I needed.

Good.

So how was he, was he good?

He was very sweet and complimentary.

And very into pleasing me first.

So how was girth?

Averag-ish.

"Averag-ish." That's good.

So what did you tell him?

What do you mean?

What do we always tell them, no matter what?

Oh, my God, your penis is so big.

Good girl.

Your penis is so thick.

Your penis is just so pretty.

You got a handsome dick!

Your penis, it's so...

...hard.

Your penis is just so large.

My body is a movie...

...and your penis is the star!

You're too big to fit in here.

Too big to fit in here.

Too big to fit in here.

"You're too big to fit in here"

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God, it's Fame! We're in Fame right now.

"What a lovely ride

"Your penis is a thrill

"Your penis is a Cadillac

"A giant Coup de Ville

"Your penis packs a wallop

Your penis brings a load

"And when it makes a delivery

It needs its own zip code

- "Nine

- "Double zero

"Penis

"You're too big to fit in here

"Your penis is so strong

Your penis is so smooth

- "Your penis has got a rhythm

- "Your penis makes me groove

- "Your penis is a dream

- "The biggest one I've seen

"It's oozy and it's green"

Sorry.

"You're too big to fit in here

"You're too big to fit in here

"Your penis is so big

Your penis is so thick

"Your penis is so pretty

You got a handsome dick

"Your penis is so hard

Your penis is so large

- "My body is a movie

- "And your penis is the star

"Starring your penis

"You're too big to fit in here"

- Come on.

- How much time we got?

We've got three hours before the rehearsal.

Hit the ball.

- Good shot.

- Fore!

I'll shove that club up your ass, you dicklicker!

- What are you up by, two?

- I guess.

It doesn't get any better than this.

- To the marriage.

- To the marriage.

- To the bride.

- To the bride.

To 50 years with the same woman.

That's really depressing.

Sorry.

Saggy tits.

Be able to use them as a belt by then.

- Or just tuck them in her socks.
- Okay.
God, this marriage is such a big leap.
It's really intense, Pete.
- But if it's the right woman...
- I guess.
Get up a little. Yes. Fore!
You motherfuckers! Stop bothering me!
You're driving right into them.
I hear John is still AWOL
from that bachelor party.
He showed up, missing an eyebrow,
with a tattoo on his ass that says "Bitch."
- I am not an animal!
- Very good.
Speaking of bitches...
...what was going on with you
at the club with that hottie?
- Nothing.
- I mean, Jesus!
I don't know what you're talking about.
- I think you liked her.
- No, I didn't.
Yeah, you did. Don't lie to me.
Don't lie. Don't lie to Darth, Luke.
I could see it in your eyes you liked her.
Nothing I can do about it now.
Should have poked her in the whiskers
when you had the chance.
What's that, Gramps?
I met this hot young dish...
...at the World's Fair back in 1940.
Every moment with her was like a slice of heaven.
I bet you really miss Grandma.
Fuck Grandma.
It's Pearl I'm talking about.
She was the love of my life.
Don't ever let these moments pass you by.
Fucking Grandma.
Be nice.
Come on. 7-6.
Fore!
You suck!
Damn it!

- But you smell so minty fresh now.
- What do you want?
I need to borrow your black Gucci bag.
It's in the living room.
I don't know where in the living room,
and I don't feel like looking for it.
Will you help me find it, please?
Come on, please.
Since I'm up now,
and you decided to torture me...
...I'll go and get it.
I'm sorry. Oh, my God. Excuse me.
Can you tell me where the bathroom is?
- Behind you.
- Over here?
Thanks.
Oh, my...
...cock.
Oh, my cock.
Do you have any Advil?
He is so cute. So stupid.
Can I get that purse now, please?
Yes, you can have the purse.
Here's the purse.
Thank you very much.
- Where are you going?
- You and I are going to a wedding.
- What wedding? Who's getting married?
- We're going to Peter's brother's wedding.
Peter?
This Somerset place where they live
is some small freak-ass town...
...three hours north, so we have to
get on the road now to make it on time.
- Peter.
- What?
I'm not going to Peter's brother's wedding!
What are you talking about? Yesterday,
you said you wanted to go, so I went...
- I was joking.
- No, you weren't.
Yes, I was.
Fifty percent of what people say
when they're joking is true.

Which means you do want to go,
but you're too afraid to admit it.
So by making some sort of joke about it,
you get to say what you really want...
...without being vulnerable.

- Right?

- Maybe.

Okay. The wedding starts at 5:00.

I refuse to be late.

Put some clothes on. Now! Thank you.

- That was a nice one.

- Thanks.

- Watch the road, sweetie!

- I am watching the road.

Once we get off the 140...

...we'll take the 95, get off on the Somerset exit.

We'll drive around

and we should find the church, no problem.

Ta-da!

- What is that?

- What is what?

- You don't smell that?

- What? I don't smell anything.

- You're used to it. That's what's scary.

- I don't smell anything.

It smells like moldy ass,

is what it smells like in here.

Come to think of it,

I did leave some ass in the back.

- You did?

- About a week ago.

It must be the ass. No, no. Sit down.

- What are you doing?

- Jesus, Courtney.

What is all this crap?

Don't throw out anything I might need.

Where is it coming from? Where?

I can still smell it.

Maybe it's you.

Did something crawl up your poon-nunny?

I have never, ever had any complaints
in the poon-nunny odor department.

- You know what? Neither have I.

- High five on the clean poon-nunny.

Bitch.

What?

- What is this?

- What is what?

What is this?

Jesus, I don't know.

I don't even know how long it's been in here.

What is in here?

No! That is not okay.

It isn't okay. You are a disgusting, nasty pig.

Do you understand?

There was maggots on that flesh.

I got maggot juice all over me.

Ladies' room.

Ladies' room.

- Someone's in here.

- Sorry.

- It might be a while.

- How long?

Let me put it to you this way:

I had lamb curry last night

and I'm shitting out a Buick.

Was it absolutely vital for her to tell us that?

Hello?

Clear?

I feel like I have maggots all over me.

Don't move. You have a maggot right here.

Stop it.

I'm going to pee my pants.

I'll just use the urinal.

You want to hear some poetry?

"There once was a man from Badoo

Who fell asleep in a canoe

"He dreamed of Venus

And played with his penis

"And woke up with a handful of goo"

Don't make me laugh!

Darn it. I think I peed on myself.

"Follow the yellow brick road"?

I'm following the yellow brick road.

Follow the yellow brick road.

Buffy! You look like my old doggie Buffy.

Hello, girl.

- Oh, my God, it's on my hands!

- Good girl. What you got in here?
What you got? What's in your mouth?
What you got in there?
What's in there?
Surprise!
Goddamn it.
How could you not know what a glory hole is?
Unlike my whore friend Courtney Rockcliffe...
...I don't usually spend much time
in men's public bathrooms.
Goddamn. That is the funniest thing
I have ever seen in my entire life.
I flew across that room.
And you got fucked in the eye.
I'm glad you find it so fucking amusing, okay?
I really do.
Could you please have some compassion?
Because I could go blind.
You're not going to go blind.
- Let me look at it.
- I mean, I got a penis in my eye.
Let me see. Let me see.
All right.
- Is it okay?
- Yeah, it's okay.
But I think you're pregnant.
Would you please stop it, already?
Re-dress the mannequins
and check the sock inventory.
Come on, it's Saturday and nobody's here,
and Mr. Mooney...
Mr. Mooney is off sailing with his boytoy,
which leaves me in charge of the store.
Somebody needs to get some.
There's my dirty girl!
It's me, baby. It's me.
- Why are you dressed like that?
- It's my job. I work at a children's hospital.
You look so cute.
- I'm horny.
- Me, too.
- You'll laugh at this one.
- What?
You know I said I had to do laundry today,

because I ran out of clean underwear?
- I've only got the skanky ones left.
- Tell me about it, dude.
You are so unbelievable.
Is that what I think it is?
- Spring break, 1994, baby.
- Turn it up.
- Oh, my God! Brain.
- Jane!
You and I are so awesome together.
We're like two peas in a pod.
- Like oil and vinegar...
- Shut up.
I can't believe I'm fucking a purple elephant.
What do you mean, she's not here?
We have customers, missy.
Sorry, Mr. Mooney. I'll check upstairs.
I'm gone for one day,
the place turns into Indonesia.
- Are you okay?
- I'm fine.
- What is going on?
- Nothing.
I'm just frantic. I've a million things to do.
And I'm dizzy. I'm so dizzy.
Mr. Mooney is downstairs, and he is P-l-S-E-D.
"Pised"?
- Where have you been?
- I was upstairs taking inventory.
Yeah, my aunt Fanny.
- Gallini's.
- Hello, is Jane there?
- Yes, she is.
- Have a lovely day.
- Hello?
- Janiel
Sorry, I can't talk right now.
I'm really busy.
We were wondering:
Shit.
Oh, shit.
I dropped the thingy to my lip gloss.
Could you get it for me?
I'll get it.

It's too far over. I'll get it.

Hold on to it. Keep steering.

I got it. Don't worry.

Beneath the...

Yeah, baby!

- Oh, yeah, right there.

- No, that's not it.

You like that?

Yeah. Let me have some of that.

- Oh, yeah. Don't stop.

- I'm not going to stop.

I found it. I almost got smothered down there.

Shit.

Are you okay?

- You good?

- Yeah, I'm good. Never better.

Let's get on the same page about what we'll say.

Game plan.

Walk up to him and be like, "Peter, is that you?"

"My friend Courtney, that hot babe?"

She and I went to college with the bride.

"That is unbelievable.

I can't believe that. It's unbelievable.

"Freaky."

Afternoon.

- Miss Vera's has plenty to offer us.

- Plenty of crap.

- We don't have time for this.

- Okay, let's go.

- Welcome to my store. Can I help you?

- No, we were just browsing. Thank you.

You don't like my store, do you?

No, that's not it at all. It's really a lovely store.

We were looking for something...

The next dress store is 20 miles from here.

- We'll miss the wedding.

- Judy Webb's wedding?

I know all about it. I dressed half the guests!

When I was 22...

...my breasties were, like, right about there.

Nice and perky.

Gravity has taken them to there.

It's like, 22, 28.

Buy some new ones.

Okay, wait. No, no. Look. What is this?

- What is that, though?

- That, again, is gravity.

- Knock, knock. Are you decent?

- Yeah.

You're going to love this stuff. It's our latest line.

If you need other sizes, just holler.

Thank you, Vera.

Excellent.

Jesus.

- Look.

- That's nice.

Wait a minute.

Do we have time for a movie montage?

Well, you know...

- Thank you so much.

- You look sensational.

Thanks to your styling, Vera.

Thank you.

Would you like to be on our mailing list?

Sure. Right here?

Just send it there.

That's sweet.

It sure is. Thank you. 'Bye.

- We've got to go.

- Oh, my God. I can't walk in this thing.

- We've got to go.

- Oh, my God. I can't walk in this thing.

- Take little steps.

- Bondage.

We don't have time, sweetie.

My God!

Oh, my God.

These are the days of our lives.

- This is not discreet.

- No, it isn't.

- We can't walk into a wedding...

- Come on. It's very LaToya Jackson.

I mean, really. Look at all this...

I may as well strap a sign on my ass
that says "stalker."

I'm not going there wearing this outfit.

Can we please just go?

- Yes. Let's go home.

- Really?

We've driven for three and a half hours and everything.

- But, no, let's go.

- Please.

- Really. Let's go.

- Don't reverse psychology me right now.

I'm not reverse psychologing you.

You're so good at it,

you don't even know you're doing it anymore.

All right, maybe a little bit.

- Court, this is crazy. This was really crazy.

- What the hell were we thinking?

I wish there were some sign from God...

...that you and Peter Donahue

should be together.

How do you know his last name is Donahue?

Because you're sitting on his face.

- My God, it's him! He's so cute!

- Yeah, I know.

Cute? He's adorable!

And look at this.

"Everything he touches turns to sold."

- He's funny! He's funny, too. See?

- I know.

Church bells.

What do you think? Bride or groom's side?

I have to go to the bathroom, I think.

- Did you misplace your bladder today?

- I'm wearing the tightest skirt ever.

Go to the bathroom. I'll find seats.

- Could you tell me where the restroom is?

- It's right outside.

Hello?

- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

- I can't breathe.

Really? Okay.

Just breathe, stay calm, you'll be okay.

Are you okay?

- You'll be fine. You'll be okay.

- Water!

Okay.

- Thank you.

- I'll leave you alone for a second, okay?

- Judy!
- In a minute, Dad.
I don't want to go in the deep end.
I don't want to go in the deep end!
Flowers!
I look like a magazine bride!
No, you don't. You look really beautiful.
Like the perfect bride.
Why don't I feel good?
Well, I'm sure that you're just really nervous.
It's a big day, right?
It's what every girl dreams of, but...
...how do you know it's real?
I don't know.
I can't answer that for you, really.
But I'm sure the two of you
will be really happy together.
And if you're not,
you can always just get divorced.
- Yeah!
- Yeah, see? It'll be okay.
Right. You're so right.
So just get yourself together.
You look smashing.
- I look beautiful!
- You look amazing!
- I look beautiful.
- You do. Amazing.
- Now, get off my dress.
- I'm sorry.
I'm getting married!
Hi.
- I bet you miss Grandma.
- Grandma.
Where is she?
Turn around.
It's Jesus. Look, it's Jesus.
Beetlejuice. Beetlejuice. Beetlejuice.
Okay, boys. We're on.
- All right. Straight?
- Big moment.
- You look nice, too.
- Don't stress.
A little slap. Slap me.

Don't be gay in God's house.

Give me a hit. Thank you. Let's do it.

Shit.

Chris?

- I'm okay.

- My God! Honey, are you okay?

- What are you doing?

- I got locked in.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

- You okay?

- Yeah, I'm good.

We don't have to lie anymore

because I made friends with the bride.

No. You cannot lock the door.

Goddamn it!

Hello!

Oh, please, God.

Suki, sukil

It's already started.

I bet you miss Grandma.

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today...

...to celebrate the holy matrimony...

...of Judith Katherine Webb...

...and Peter Donahue.

Peter?

Jesus Christ!

Peter? Shit!

She did it.

This isn't the Glickman bar mitzvah, is it?

- Moishe, are you here? No?

- Come on, Sharon, let's go.

Mazel tov.

- Christina?

- The hottie.

Shalom!

That's the strangest thing I've ever seen.

There are no Jews in Somerset.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

- Shall we proceed?

- Sure.

Dearly beloved...

...we are gathered here today...

...to celebrate the holy matrimony...

...of Judith Katherine Webb and Peter Donahue.

Which is an honorable estate...

...instituted of God, signifying...

...unto us the mystical union...

...that is between Christ...

...and...

- Peter.

...Saint...

- I'm having reservations.

- Where?

And is commanded...

About this.

- Really?

- Yeah.

...of Saint Paul...

- Me, too.

- Really?

Yep.

And therefore, is not by any to be entered...

- I mean, I love you.

- But I'm not in love with you.

...lightly.

Anymore!

- You're ruining it.

- But...

We're still friends.

- I don't want to get married.

- I don't want to get married.

No. No kiss. I haven't married you yet.

We're not getting married!

Miguel?

Dad!

But we are having the party.

Exit in the back. It's to the left.

- How you doing?

- Okay. Are you okay?

Yeah, no. I'm okay.

- You owe me \$30,000 for this wedding.

- Daddy, please.

- You know what I'm thinking of doing?

- What's that?

I'll cash in the honeymoon tickets,

fly to Bali, and go scuba diving.

- I'll rip your face off, peckerhead.

- Daddy, stop.
- Sweetie?
- Yes?
- I have a confession to make.
- I have a confession to make. You're dead.
Dad. I met someone.
- You met someone.
- Online.
Online.
His name is Ricky. I think he's really special.
Fuck it! It's go time! Son of a bitch!
Daddy, stop it!
Refresh my memory.
Was that Peter's wedding we walked in on?
- Yeah.
- That's what I thought.
I'm such an idiot.
No, you're not.
I meet a guy for two minutes...
...and I'm chasing after him
like he's something special.
Maybe you want someone special for once.
Maybe you were thinking
that you were tired of the game.
Are you tired of the game?
Yep.
Let's go home.
Okay.
My God! What's going on?
Excuse me, Officer?
What's going on here?
Twenty years on the force,
and I've never seen something so horrible.
- What? Where?
- Where's the emergency?
Apartment three.
- That's my apartment!
- Jane.
Poor girl. Never saw it coming.
Excuse me.
- Goddamn dress!
- Don't go in there. It's not a pretty sight.
I live here!
- Apparently, they're stuck.

- What do you mean?
Are you okay?
How are you stuck?
I have a piercing.
- I don't get it. How is she stuck?
- Behind her tonsils.
How the hell do you know that?
- Honey, I'm going to pull you really gently.
- No.
I'm going to pull it. Gently.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
We've got the ambulance waiting outside.
We have to get going.
She could sing. You could sing, Jane.
It relaxes the throat, honey.
Stop it! You're getting me hard again!
Wrong song.
Armageddon.
Come on, try.
What?
She says to him,
"Girl You Know It's True changed my life."
It did!
And this sad little tear slowly...
Come on. What do you want from me?
I was 16 years old.
I don't even know why I started talking to her
in the second grade.
- You thought I was the shit.
- You are the shit.
Shithead.
- My God.
- What?
They found a donor for my patient.
I've got to go. I'm sorry, guys.
- Christina, it was great meeting you.
- Nice to meet you, Greg.
- Jane, it was great meeting you.
- Great meeting you.
So sorry to run off.
I'll make you risotto tomorrow.
It's fine.
- Can I just say, that was so sweet?
- He's great.

- He's so sweet.

- Shut up.

He doesn't have any piercings, does he?

I don't know, actually...

...because I haven't done that with him yet.

- So, you know...

- Honey, you really do like him.

I don't want to talk about it, because I'll jinx it.

- I closed on the Mahalock house today.

- Great news for you.

You don't need to do a thing.

- What did they say about aluminum siding?

- No.

- Really?

- Really.

Be careful with those fat-free chips.

They cause anal leakage.

- You cause anal leakage.

- Says so on the bag.

What kind of marketing brainiac
puts "anal leakage" on his product?

How can they even sell that crap?

- What time is your flight?

- **9:**

I can't believe you're going to Costa Rica.

Your female problems are over with.

- Hope so.

- They are.

You know what I hear about Costa Rican women?

- For five pesos...

- No, Rog.

They take your chimichanga and your pequito...

- No, seor.

- Listen to me!

All I'm saying is,

make nice with the concierge, okay?

- You all right, Vera?

- Couldn't be better.

- Thank you so much.

- Where do you want it?

Put her down right here.

Since you're going away,

do you want to be on our mailing list?

Yes, ma'am. I'd love to. Thank you.

I've been trying to get us off
that mailing list since 1982.

Relax.

This is the hottest chick in this store
and I caught her trying to escape.

Very strange.

Sweetie, Christina, what's going on?

What happened?

I came to just eat my cookie
and make a phone call, but...

You didn't want to eat the cookies? What?

Just read this.

"Commandment number nine:

Thou shalt love what's possible."

Honey, we have gone over this.

You did not know the guy was getting married.

It's all right. He wasn't possible.

Not that one. The next one. Commandment ten.

- "Thou shalt not fear"?

- Yes. "Thou shalt not fear."

What are you talking about, fear?

What you did was an incredibly brave thing.

You dropped all of your boundaries
and you met this guy halfway.

More than halfway, you went to Somerset.

Guys, it was just another game. Come on.

If he hadn't been getting married,

if he wasn't the groom, what would I've done?

That's right.

I would've done the same old thing.

I would have hesitated. I would have...

...froze up.

I would have kissed him and then ran off.

Give him the wrong phone number.

Hook that fish and just throw him right back.

Jesus.

I'm stuck in a rut.

Big, fat rut.

Guys, I don't want to be that girl anymore.

- I know.

- You know?

I know. None of us do.

Let's go dancing.

So, any chance?

Of what? No, don't even bother.

She's on a mission.

- How is it shaking, ladies?

- No, thank you.

Your body is banging. Your face is...

Neato. Thanks. Neat.

What's going on, hot mama?

Bringing it down. Bringing it up now!

Here it comes, baby. Feel the monkey.

Work the monkey.

The monkey, the monkey, the monkey!

- You're working that monkey.

- You're a really good dancer.

- You have some original moves.

- Thanks, I've been working on it.

- Have me met before?

- A couple of times.

I'm Donny.

Christina.

This is like Sixteen Candles.

I'd love to take you out sometime.

Really? Well, that's nice. I mean...

Give me your card, I'll call you sometime.

Thank you.

You seem like a really nice person.

- Work on the monkey.

- I'll work on the monkey.

Hey, Donny.

- Do you have a pen?

- You bet.

I'm a jerk and I wanted to apologize,
because I didn't plan on calling you.

I'll give you my number so that you can call me...

...because I found out something
that was completely life-changing:

It's okay to take a chance.

Love is crazy and that's what love is,
it's taking a chance.

My girlfriend Courtney and I
went on this crazy ride for a guy.

I went across the state, practically,
to find this guy that I don't even know.

I don't even know you, but here I am,

having this conversation with you.
And I know that if I just take a chance
with you, maybe, I don't know...
Forget it.
What's a guy got to do to get laid?
- Chris?
- Yeah?
Honey?
What?
My God.
What am I going to do?
I think you can handle this one on your own.
It's all good, girl.
Figure this one out. Figure it out. Okay.
What are you doing here?
- I came here to apologize to you.
- For what?
For not telling you I was getting married.
I should have told you that and I didn't.
I'm sorry.
You're the guy that needs the last fling
before your wedding.
No. I'm not that guy.
You spilled my drink and I let you buy me a beer.
That was all there was to it.
We had fun, we talked and that was it.
Right?
Yeah, I guess you're right.
I didn't get married.
- What do you mean?
- Judy and I, we called it off.
I hope my... That thing that happened
didn't have anything to do with it.
No, it had nothing to do with that.
We realized we were doing the wrong thing.
Two people should be in love.
But Judy is happy. She's scuba diving in Bali.
She really liked you, too.
Why were you at my wedding?
It was just one of those spontaneous things
my girlfriend and I do.
It was just, really...
It just got screwed up.
I came here tonight because I wanted to see you.

I thought that maybe...
Well, that night that we met...
...I thought there was something,
some feeling I had about us.
I thought that maybe you might feel that way, too.
Is this a mutual thing?
This is not a mutual thing at all.
This is a very stupid thing. I'm stupid.
I should go.
I really apologize for wasting your time.
And I'll go jump off the Golden Gate Bridge now.
Thanks. See you. I'm stupid. That's right.
In fact, that's exactly what I wanted to do.
Yes. Gosh, it's going so well.
I'm not going to be afraid.
Peter?
Shit. Peter, wait!
Shit.
Come on!
Are you okay?
Yes.
I don't think I handled that too...
I didn't handle it at all. I'm so sorry.
I wanted to find you so that I could tell you...
...that I did come to your wedding
because I wanted to see you again...
...because the feeling is mutual,
and you better be a really good kisser.
That was weak.
- Weak?
- Yeah.
It's okay. You can try again.
You were so much better in my dream.
Hold these.
- I thought this was mutual.
- Oh, my God.
I'm serious. I'll call you, okay?
What? Wait!
Thanks for the flowers. Nice touch.
I'm out of practice! I just woke up!
Unbelievable!
Christina Walters. Yep. I know her.
Bitch. Made my life a living hell.
She tries to pawn me off on her friend.

She calls me a dick.
She hunts me down like a dog
at my own wedding.
Then, when I try to apologize, she's like:
"I don't know you. You're one of hundreds.
I have no feelings for you..."
Is that how I sound?
The movie is starting. Let's go!
Fuck Grandma.
Save yourself a buck.
- A girl that you lick.
- Really?
- That you lick.
- A girl that I lick?
Are you all right?
You're watching the credits?
- Chicks freak on this guy.
- You owe me thirty...
Copy that.
Is that what you want?
I think there's always time for a movie montage.
I hope you like how sexy I am.
Okay. I'm not going to be afraid.
I'm not.
It's a very bad rumor. It's a rumor. I'm serious.
Crap.
You really got my ass. It's good.
Cut!
- I look beautiful.
- You look amazing.
- I look beautiful. Thank you.
- You do. Amazing.
We can sit here like this all night.
- I bet you miss Grandma.
- Grandma.
- I'm not bah-jiggity.
- You are so bah-jiggity.
It's Jesus. Look, it's Jesus.
I guess a blowjob is out of the question?
That is the sweetest thing.
'Bye!
Well, that was fun.
- It's over. Bye-bye, go home.
- You can leave.