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The Night Before

By Jonathan Levine

Here's a little story I'd like to tell...
about three best friends
and their first Noel.
It begins right before Christmas 2001...
when a young man named Ethan
became an orphan.
His mama and papa both tragically gone...
it seemed for him
Christmas had sung its swan song.
As he sat alone on Christmas Eve...
his friends came over
and forced him to leave.
They had to get Ethan out of his funk...
so they went to a bar
and they got his ass drunk.
With tears and with sadness
they started to mend. Then they said:
No more crying. This sad shit must end.
Christmas was about family,
but now it's about friends.
Thus began a new tradition.
The friends hung on Christmas
and fun was their mission.
Who's the baddest motherfucker
on Christmas day?
You knew.
- Boom!
- What is it?
That shit holds a hundred songs
at one time.
I got the new Dave Matthews downloaded.
Oh, yeah. Ricky Martin.
That guy slays ass.
They chilled with each other,
did all sorts of stuff.
They drank many drinks,
they fucked shit up.
Light his dick.
Then one fateful night, 2008...
they realized that Christmas
can be even more great.
That eve at the bar,
they saw quite a sight.
Fellow seekers of joy

having one crazy night.
And there was a woman, so pretty to all.
They worked up the courage,
proceeded to call.
- Excuse me.
- Ethan said. And she turned with a fright.
Where were you guys partying
earlier tonight?
At a place so great
words cannot describe...
with so many drinks for one to imbibe.
With so many drugs,
I can't believe I survived.
What the fuck...
Ethan asked.
...is this party called?
Why, you haven't heard?
It's the Nutcracker Ball.
They asked all around, but to no avail.
Where was this great party,
this whitest of whales?
And though year upon year
they tried and they failed...
they never did tire, they never did bail.
But over time, the fun did wane.
One friend had a family,
the other had fame.
As the years passed,
his boys, they grew up.
But it seems our boy Ethan
is just a little bit stuck.
What's up, buddy? No?
All right. You guys want any of this?
- No, thank you.
- Cool.
Keep it moving. There you go.
Yes, good.
Wait. No, no, no. What are you doing?
No one was eating this tuna,
so I thought...
No, no, no. You don't get to
make those executive decisions, elf.
How old are you?
- Thirty-three.

- Thirty-three.
Thirty-three years old, and you're an elf.
And you don't even know how to be an elf.
Show me the elf face.
It's happy. It's eager.
More whimsical.
Whimsy. Determined, though.
- There you go! That's it!
- That was it.
That's why you're coming back here
with a full tray.
I'm gonna move you to coat check.
This is your last chance.
And the whole time,
I wanna see that elf face.
Starting now.
Go.
Go.
These two are together.
No, gotta take the ticket.
Hi. Just you, sir?
Great. This is your ticket.
Please try not to lose it.
This is a very expensive coat,
so take care of it.
Absolutely, sir.
Here, ticket. Okay, this one.
Yeah.
Yeah. Great.
Hi. Merry Christmas, sir.
Hey, what are you doing?
Nothing.
I'm gonna be right back.
Now, where are you going?
I'm sick. Sick.
Congratulations. You're about to
have the best night of your life.
You will learn valuable lessons,
be filled with Christmas cheer...
and probably get laid.
We will release the location of our party
at 10 p.m.
Merry Christmas.
Yeah, I know, Ma. I'm sorry,

but I have to stay here and work hard.
How you think I'm having
such an amazing season?
I love you too. Merry Christmas.
Bye.
What's up, fellas? How's it going, man?
Good to see you, baby. Merry Christmas.
You wanna take a picture, man?
Let's do it.
Just leave it!
If you're not Christian, what are you?
I'm Jewish.
Is that why you look different?
What was that? Come again.
You just look funny.
I look funny?
You ever see The Shining?
- Isaac?
- Yo!
What are you telling them?
I'm just talking to your lovely daughters
as though they are adults.
From a cognitive level,
if you speak to kids like they're adults...
it will make them more curious,
it will open up their minds to more things.
- He's gonna be a great father.
- Yeah.
I just hope we have kids
as beautiful as you girls.
I'm sorry.
Sweeties, just come help Mommy
in the kitchen.
- Are you okay? You want a hug?
- That's okay.
Okay.
- Gosh, I am such a fucking piece of shit.
- No, you're not at all.
I'm the worst mom.
I'm gonna be terrible.
No. Don't say that.
What if I screw this up?
You won't. Studies show your maternal
instincts really kick in in the last month.

I know. I'm sorry. I'm just nervous.

It's fine. I love you so much. Okay?

I love you too.

Bets, look who it is.

Ethan!

Merry Christmas.

Oh, my God! You look so big!

- No.

- No?

You don't know

a lot of pregnant women, do you?

- I meant the baby.

- No, I look really big.

You look great,

and the baby's probably cramped...

- inside of your small, fit body.

- Thank you. No, that's enough.

- Just shut up. It's all good. It's fine.

- I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say.

She looks beautiful.

- You want a drink?

- Sure.

Do you want a drink, honey?

I'm okay right now.

Really?

Yeah. I'm kinda on call.

Gotta keep my head on straight.

- But you're gonna drink tonight?

- Yeah. For sure.

- Because I'm already kinda drunk.

- I can tell.

- Okay. That's Chris.

- Yeah.

Everybody, look who it is!

Merry Christmas, blessed Kwanzaa,

happy Hanukkah!

Hey, man. How's it going?

Look at this! Oh, my God!

I couldn't even tell you were pregnant

till I saw you from the side.

Look how tiny you are!

That's so nice of you to say.

That is how you talk to a pregnant woman.

It's amazing. You've had the season

of a lifetime. Congratulations, man.

- Congrats.

- Thanks, man.

Got a new workout, new diet,
new paleo thing I've been doing.

I've heard about that. And it works?

It rips you up. If you see me naked,
it'll blow your mind.

I'd love to.

Kick ass.

Really can't believe
we're doing this again this year.

I was done a few years ago,
to be totally honest.

We're like those kids
who won't stop trick-or-treating.
Eventually, they come to your door,
you're like, "Eh."

"No candy for you."

"Pack it in, kid."

- But this is it. This is the last Christmas.

- Last time. Right?

- Is he cool with it?

- Yeah, I think so.

He looks happy right now, right?

I'm just saying,
we're enabling him at this point.

We're not helping him
get over his own problems.

On a psychological level, that's not good.

I've made a decision.

For a Christmas present tonight,
I'm gonna take him under my wing.

I'm gonna help him
and get him out of this rut.

It's a conversation we've been avoiding
for 10 years, actually.

I know.

Just do it easy.

I'm going all in.

- Don't go all in.

- Balls and all.

Have fun.

Take good care of my husband, all right?

I like him.

We will.

Hey, Bets, tell Diana I said hello.

Yeah, no.

No, no. Merry Christmas.

Bye-bye.

- Congratulations.

- Good to see you.

- Luckiest guy in the Park.

- I sure am. Bye.

Can I talk to you for a second real quick?

What? We're not doing gifts now, are we?

No, we're doing them tomorrow, but

this one I'm pretty sure you'll want tonight.

- What is it?

- You have been such a rock...

throughout this whole pregnancy.

You're like my Dwayne Johnson.

Thank you.

It's Christmas now,

and we've almost made it...

and you deserve this.

So Merry Christmas.

Is it cologne?

No.

Holy shit!

It's every single drug in the whole world.

Why are you giving this to me?

You've been so focused

on me and the baby...

and tonight I think

you should just focus on yourself.

Go out there, get fucking wild, you know?

Is this cocaine? I haven't done cocaine

for 11 years, I don't think.

No one has, I don't think.

That's amazing.

Where did you get all this shit?

- Craigslist.

- You got it from Craigslist?

I just typed in the search "NYC drugs."

Really resourceful of you.

It's your last Christmas together,

so have fun. Enjoy it.

- Thank you so much.

- Yeah. I love you.

This is so great.

I'll have my phone with me.

I'll be home pretty early, I think.

Okay. I love you.

What?

What the fuck is this?

This is the Red Bull Limousine, fellas.

You are now looking at the face
and body of Red Bull.

Wow! Congratulations, man!

Right? Since this is our final Christmas,
I figured we could do it in class.

Seriously, this is what the spirit
of Christmas is all about.

A rich athlete finally getting
the corporate limo that he always wanted.

- Exactly!

- I think so.

Let's go, get in.

You gotta see this. Come on.

Cool!

Yo, it's the Red Bull Limo, guys!

All right.

Yo! What's up, everybody?

This your man, C-Rob.

We in the Red Bull Limo.

And we Dom P'in it, we have Cristal in it,
Hennythuggin' it...

and we got Red Bull!

I'm capturing this

on my Sony Xperia Ultra phone.

No matter what the light,

the picture's right. All right?

This your man, Chris Rob, coming at you.

What happening? Peace!

Peace!

And, Internet.

- His social media game is crazy.

- On point.

- Really on point, yeah.

- On point.

Five million people

probably just saw that.
Hey there.
Didn't wanna interrupt
while you guys were rolling back there.
Great video, by the way.
I just watched it.
That was fast.
My name's Joshua. I'm gonna be your
Red Bull-provided driver for the evening.

First stop:

- Great, thank you, Josh.
- Raise partition.
Nice meeting you, Josh.
I'm doing the hang-loose thing too much.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
We'll call you. There we go.
Check out what Betsy gave me.
It's a bunch of drugs.
We eat a little 'shrooms...
to kinda trip out a little bit,
look at the lights, all the sparkly lights.
Let's start with the champagne.
Yeah, sure, yeah. Yeah!
Aim it out the window,
aim it out the window!
- So what's up, E? How's life, man?
- Life is good!
- Yeah?
- Yeah, dude.
How's the music going?
Any gigs coming up?
Not gigs, but gigs are overrated, dude.
People are just on their phones
the whole time.
- You know what I mean?
- Totally, yeah.
The thing I'm working on now...
you really have to listen to it
start to finish. It's a concept album.
What's the concept?
I'm still conceptualizing
that part of it...
- but it's all about who you know...

- C-Rob, will you sign this?
- ...more than anything.
- Wait up, wait up.
How's it going? Hey, merry Christmas.
- Photobomb!
- There you go. All right.
That just happens now?
People love C-Rob.
So how about Diana?
You talk to her?
How's things going with that?
Hate to see that one get away, you know?
- It's still over.
- It's over. Don't worry about it.
But it's okay. It's no one's fault, really.
We just drifted apart.
Look, we're at the tree!
Why don't we talk about that another time?
- What?
- Not now, man.
Gentlemen...
14 years ago to this very night,
a tradition was born.
That year some drunk, fucking asshole
hit my parents with a car.
So that Christmas,
I didn't have any family to be with...
but you guys were there for me.
But tonight!
Tonight's different.
We have mutually decided
to end this tradition.
Isaac's about to have a baby.
And Chris is just too fucking famous
to hang out with us anymore.
But guys, earlier today...
I witnessed
a real-life Christmas miracle.
- Where the fuck did you get those?
- Holy shit! Are those real?
They are fucking real!
Where did they come from?
It doesn't matter!
It's a fucking Christmas miracle!

You killed somebody for those?
No, I stole them.
That's awesome! What a blowout!
It is the Nutcracker Ball!
Yes!
So I called the number on these tickets.
They don't give out the address till 10.
So that gives us several hours to hit
as many Christmas traditions as possible!
Let's do it.
And it's gonna be the
best fucking night of our lives!
I'm so psyched, man. Awesome.
Maybe it'll be the new
Christmas tradition.
I don't know if we're really
replacing this with another tradition.
That was a joke, Isaac.
Give me some credit.
Obviously, that was a joke.
I am totally cool with it.
Obviously, he's joking.
- Definitely.
- Gentlemen, I got the sweaters.
This one's for you.
- This is for you.
- Nice.
Let's do this!
Let's do it. Hey, where'd he go?
Soup's on!
Hey, Thuwan! How's it going, my man?
Now it's Christmas. It's not Christmas
till we eat egg drop soup.
It brings me back.
Who are you calling right now?
- Calling my man Tommy Owens.
- You're calling Tommy Owens?
- Who's Tommy Owens?
- He's the best player in the league.
- Tommy!
- C-Money, what's up, my man?
Merry Christmas.
Tell him hi.
Hennessy.

We going to the Nutcracker Ball.
I got tickets for my boys.
I got us on the list for the party...
the after-party, the before-party,
every party.
Congrats, baby, you coming up big time.
What we do, baby. That's what we do!
Tell him to bring some green with him.
C-Money, while I got you on the phone...
I hate to even ask, but you think
maybe you could bring us some weed?
Yeah, I can get weed.
Look who you're talking to, baby.
- Come on. It's Chris Money.
- Smoke it up!
I'll see you at the Nutcracker Ball.
I'll bring you a half a pound...
and we gonna roll. Much love.
One. Chris love out. Peace.
How much weed you got in that box?
I don't know. Why don't we check?
Check it out, playa.
Someone call Snoop D-O-double gezzank,
because I got the reefers.
You have one joint?
She doesn't know that much about drugs.
The proportions of this shit is all off.
Dude, we need to get some weed.
Can we just not get derailed here?
This is not about
some famous athlete and his weed.
This is about the three of us.
This is our last Christmas together.
It is about a famous athlete and his weed.
I've been on this dude's team for six years
and he finally knows who I am.
If I can deliver this weed...
we could smoke with Tommy Owens
and hang with him all night!
I'd love to smoke weed with Tommy Owens.
See? He wants to
smoke with Tommy, right?
Okay. Okay.
Where do we get some weed from?

We could call Mr. Green.
Why are we outside our high school again?
Because he's a fucking drug-dealer
and he's suspicious...
and he doesn't meet you
unless he's met you there before.
So it's either our old high school
or this guy's mom's house.
That's not happening.
I know. So it's here.
Shit. Is that you?
It's not mine.
- No.
- Oh, shit.
That was there before.
Do they even make payphones anymore?
Don't touch it.
People wipe their butts on those.
This is how you gotta talk to him.
Don't pick up!
Hello! 1998 speaking.
That's gross.
Yeah, I see you. Okay. Thanks.
He's right there.
Go ahead. Go get the weed.
I'm not going. You're going.
- Just get it. Come on, don't be a baby.
- It's your weed!
Shit.
Is it just me?
He's changed a little bit, right?
Yeah, he seems like
he's excited about his fame.
I think it's our job to sort of
just keep him in check.
Sometimes, you think it's easy
to tell your friend something...
and it's actually hard
to tell them that thing...
once you're confronted
with the actual moment...
that you would maybe tell them that thing.
You know what I mean?
Mr. Green! What's up, man?

Good evening.
How you doing?
It's good to see you.
I'm glad you open on Christmas.
A lot of people need me
on Christmas, you know.
It's a tough holiday.
I know you.
Yeah.
You used to sell weed to me and
my friends when we were in high school.
Yeah, that's crazy.
So, what do you want?
Your best shit, man.
That chronic, that drow, that....
Yeah, yeah. Some of that.
It's good to see you kids
still hanging out and smoking up.
Makes me proud.
Thanks, man. We're just kind of trying
to keep the dream alive, you know?
But this is not for us.
This is for a good friend of mine.
Tommy Owens. Quarterback.
The Messiah.
You know what?
As far as I'm concerned...
there's only one Messiah.
Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.
So that name's a little blasphemous.
Yeah.
The Weed of Christmas Present.
I'm an athlete, so drug-free body.
Drug-free zone. No smoking.
You buying that for somebody
and you're not gonna test it?
That could be oregano.
- Orega-what?
- Oregano.
So....
Something special supposed to happen?
It just did.
You're in the present.
Maybe I'm high or something, man.

Or maybe you're in the present.
The Weed of Christmas Present.
Well, with that logic, isn't all weed
the weed of Christmas present?
Only on Christmas, kid.
Anyway, that'll be a hundred bucks.
All right. I'll get your hundreds.
If you guys ain't doing nothing later,
you should stop by this party I'm throwing.
It's a hell of a bash.
You serious?
It's not in my car.
It's a real party.
We already got invited to something.
Sorry. But thank you for the invite.
That's no problem.
My feelings aren't hurt. Not really.
Tell Isaac,
"I'll see you in a couple hours."
What?
Tell Isaac I'll see him in a couple hours.
How did he get so good all of a sudden?
I don't know.
Here we go. Here we go.
That shit was the weirdest
fucking experience of my life, dude.
- Really?
- But I got the weed.
Come on, let's go
tear this fucking karaoke down.
Let them bitches know
the Ice Crew in the building!
Let's do it, baby.
- Did you practice the moves?
- Oh, I've been practicing.
Hey!
Happy feet, happy feet.
Show them, huh!
Got my pre-nup.
I think the 'shrooms are kicking in.
Yo, what's up? We're the Ice Crew!
We just got one thing to say!
Drink some damn Red Bull. Hell, yeah!
It's happening.

- You feel good?
- Yeah.
Ethan, it's Diana!
- Hi.
- What's up?
Chris, I wanna say hi to you,
but you're surrounded by fans!
I know. It's crazy! Say hey to Ethan!
He looks really great!
Let's go outside and Instagram.
My social media game is on point!
- That guy's really famous now.
- Yeah.
Super famous.
So good seeing you guys!
Merry Christmas.
What are you guys doing here?
It's the only karaoke place
that's open on Christmas.
Yeah, it's our tradition.
I should've remembered
that you guys come here.
But Run-DMC,
I got to see it! Finally.
- You liked it?
- It was awesome.
This is what you guys missed.
She did Miley Cyrus.
She destroyed Wrecking Ball.
It was amazing.
- You still like that song.
- Everybody does.
You can cry to it. You can run to it.
You can party to it.
- Timeless!
- What are you guys doing?
We're having a really fun night, actually.
We're kind of going not too hard,
but pretty hard.
We're kind of just....
It's our last night doing the Christmas!
- End of an era.
- Last year.
But it's been really fun, though.

Of course.

Betsy's giving birth in a month.

She's having a baby, yeah.

We're gonna miss her at the office.

But she said that you've been
doing a very good job.

That you're so prepared.

You've read every single book
on being a dad since books were created.

I would be losing my shit right now.

That you're prepared,
like over-prepared.

He's solid. He's got the stats.

A lot of men in your position
fucking freak out.

- They just leave.

- And they take off.

- It's an epidemic.

- It's true. Are you guys....

What the fuck! Are you guys okay?

Are you okay?

These lights in here
fucking with you guys? Like a lot.

Not really.

I think moving around maybe
from the dancing.

- Yeah.

- I'm gonna call Betsy. I'll be right back.

It's good to see you. I'll be....

Give her a call.

You guys have a nice connection.

Yeah, he's a sweetheart.

- I'm gonna go to the bar, get more to drink.

- No, no, no!

- Nice to see you.

- Merry Christmas.

You look good.

Hi.

Hi.

Okay.

Come on.

The 'shrooms are turning.

You got a big night ahead of you.

Let's get something else going here.

Cocaine. That'll straighten me out.
Get in my brain. Make me feel different.
Yeah.
What's up, Messiah?
How you doing, White Jesus?
Yo, check it out. It's C-Rob, man.
So everything's good. I got you.
I got the shit. I got the weed.
I got the smoke.
You know what? I'm tripping.
I'mma just text you, all right?
What happened to peace?
Peace. C-Rob out.
Chris motherfucking Roberts!
Well, I'm not Julia Roberts.
But you are a pretty woman.
Oh, shit!
Dude, I am such a fan.
Meeting you here tonight...
this is enough to make Christmas
tolerable for me.
You don't like Christmas?
No. I fucking hate Christmas.
Sorry to be like a Grinch. You're into it.
This is amazing.
As much as I hate Christmas,
that's how much I love you.
Sorry. I'm being too much.
I'm jizzing all over you.
I'm getting, like, jizzy. Sorry.
No, no, no. Jizz all over me.
I like that shit.
You probably wanna
go back to your friends.
Fuck my friends.
Friends come and go...
but fans, that's forever.
- You're naughty.
- I'm very naughty.
I'm gonna teach you a Christmas lesson,
you naughty boy.
Okay.
The truth will set you free.
Hey, yo.

This is a message for future Isaac...
from current Isaac.
And I have to tell you to listen to me...
because right now I have clarity.
You should not be having
this fucking baby.
This baby's a mistake.
The baby will ruin your life.
You'll ruin the baby's life!
And then the baby
will fucking murder people!
I don't know what you do at this point,
but get rid of this fucking baby!
Put it in a bag and leave it somewhere!
Put it in a basket
and push it down a fucking river!
Fuck you, baby!
Fuck your baby-fucking little arms...
and your fucking chubby little
baby-fucking legs!
Fuck you, baby! Fuck you! Cunt!
Okay.
Fuck.
Have some fun! Yeah!
Let's party!
- Isaac?
- Fuck! Yeah!
Hi, Sarah! Whaddup?
- How's it going?
- All right.
Good. Cool.
What's going on? You good?
You're so sweaty.
It's hot in here. I run hot.
We have this tradition
where we wear sweaters.
I don't always wear a sweater, obviously.
When I'm inside I'd normally take it off.
I think it would hurt my friends' feelings.
You're talking so fast,
you sound like an auctioneer.
That's funny. Sold!
- That was kind of scary.
- Sorry. I don't mean to scare you.

- It's like, "Sold!"
- Oh, my God!
You shouldn't have said it.
Now it's all I can think about.
- You want a drink?
- Sure!
Let's have a drink.
I'll be right back.
Thanks, Isaac.
Betsy said you've been asking about me.
- That's a lie.
- That's a lie.
Betsy would never in a billion years
say anything even remotely like that.
How's your family?
You're asking about my family.
Sorry, I can't believe it.
Who are you?
I deserve that.
My family, thank you for asking, is fine.
You usually stay with them
on Christmas Eve, no?
Yeah, I'm staying with them,
but I'm going to this thing with Sarah.
What is it?
Okay, she's dating this guy,
and he got us into this party.
And I know you've
always wanted to go to it....
Shit. Are you going
to the Nutcracker Ball?
Yeah. I'm sorry.
We're going too.
- You are?
- Isn't that crazy?
I'm happy for you. Your last Christmas...
and you get to go to the big dumb party
you've always wanted to go to.
You bringing anyone?
To the dumb party?
- Any guys?
- Me?
Yeah, I'm bringing these two guys...
that I'm kind of dating.

With really huge dicks.

Who've got enormous,
almost novelty-sized dicks.

I've been seeing a girl
with a huge vagina.

Have you?

I don't know if it really
has the same impact.

I just hope that this
nice young lady's vagina...
is not half as big as mine.

- Your vagina, I mean....

- The biggest! I know.

- Here you go.

- Thank you so much. Appreciate that.

- It's on your tab.

- Cool.

Cheers!

This is so much fun!

Good beer.

They say beer mellows you out a bit,
which is nice.

This is kind of cool-tasting.

Tastes like pennies or something.

- Weird. It has a coppery flavor?

- Yeah.

Bizarre. Maybe it's the vodka?

You know what?

I think they gave you a Crantini.

You ever think maybe they're all
part of the same Tini family?

Martini, Crantini.

- It's just a funny idea, I thought.

- I guess it's funny.

Isaac. You have a bloody nose.

- I what?

- Your nose is bleeding.

My nose is bleeding?

- Do you not feel that?

- Oh, no!

It's fucked. There's a lot of blood.

No, my nose is very tingly right now. And I
actually don't feel much. That's so weird.

Holy fuck!

What?

Did you bleed in my drink?

No.

You fucking bled in my drink, Isaac!

I'm gonna come clean.

I'm on a lot of cocaine right now.

I think that's what made my nose bleed.

You're on fucking cocaine?

- Did you drink a lot of it?

- Kind of!

- Is it that gross?

- It's mega-gross.

I didn't do it on purpose.

You're a totally fucking fucked-up person.

You should not be a father. Goodbye!

Fuck you!

Fuck you, Isaac!

I'm sorry. Fuck you!

No, fuck you!

Piss off! People are fucking in here!

Zero, 11!

Now, take a dump.

What?

Hey, guys! Sorry to interrupt.

Hey, Ethan.

We need to get the fuck out of here.

I'm losing my shit right now.

What happened?

Please. I wanna go right now.

- I'm right behind you.

- Thank you.

- Sorry.

- I'm sorry.

Yikes.

I guess that's my cue.

- Tell her I'm sorry.

- You don't have to be sorry.

I guess I'll see you later.

Okay. Hey, hey, hey.

This is....

Come on, man.

- Ethan!

- Have you seen Isaac?

Forget Isaac. I just fame-fucked

that hipster chick in the bathroom.

- So that's her?

- Hell, yeah.

Can we go?

- Are you okay?

- I'm fine! Let's go.

It's after 10. We can call the party number now.

Let's call! Let's call!

I'll get this address.

This better fucking work.

If you want your Christmas merry... go to the corner of Grand and Berry.

Okay.

Grand and Berry, please!

Listen, listen. Diana is also going to the Nutcracker Ball.

How crazy is that, right?

She's cool. I miss her.

Yeah, you shouldn't have let her go, dude.

You should totally get her back, bro.

My mom's named Diana.

Yeah, thanks.

I didn't let her go.

- She left me.

- You didn't wanna meet her parents...

and you never did, and you just kept making excuses for two years.

She made the whole relationship about the one thing I didn't wanna do.

Dude, you fucked up.

Isaac, tell him, he fucked up.

- You fucked up, man.

- See?

Hey, Isaac. You okay?

No, I'm not.

I think the cocaine and the mushrooms are reacting poorly.

And now I think

I just got to balance it out.

I got to make it

that I'm more on mushrooms...

because I was having fun on mushrooms.

- I have a plan.

- Chill out. Have a Red Bull.
You could also just
stop doing drugs right now.
Like, much more mushrooms.

- Are you gonna be cool at this party?
- Cool as fuck, G.
No, you're not cool, G.
You look insane.
Only your right eye is working.
There's gonna be a lot of
famous people at this party...
and I don't want you to fuck it up.
You walk in there
looking like a shit show....
Do I look weird now?
Yes! You look weird!
Still weird.
Weirder!

- He looks fine.
- No, you don't!
You need to fucking check yourself,
before....
Before...
I wreck myself?
- Is that what you're saying?
- Yes.
Chickity-check myself,
before I wrickity-wreck myself?
How does that make someone feel?
To be told
that they might wreck themselves.
You're not gonna wreck yourself.
You made him feel bad.
Why don't you just leave him alone?
- Look, he's not right, dude.
- Gonna mellow out.
Why don't you have some weed
and mellow out.
- You got the weed?
- No.
- You got the weed, dude?
- No.
She stole my fucking weed.
She was rummaging through my jacket

when I was hitting her from the back.
I knew it! She fucking took my weed!
That serves you right.
Dude, it's not funny!
She stole my fucking weed!
The last place I wanna be is
outside my mom's house right now.
School's far. Your mom lives close.
How long did Mr. Green say
he would be here in?
Half hour.
That's fine. Let's just go inside
and wait. I'm freezing.
No, no, no. We're not going inside.
My mom's probably asleep.
A half hour for Mr. Green could be like
two hours of standing here.
We could be dead by then.
We could literally die by then.
Look, my mom doesn't know I'm here.
So let it go. We're not going upstairs.
- Really? You didn't tell her?
- No.
I told her I was in Philly
and I got a suite down at the Gansevoort.
I just think your mom would be happy
to see you on Christmas.
I'm not saying she wouldn't be happy
to see me, all right?
There's just a lot you don't understand.
All she wants to do is parade me around
and show me off to people.
Last time I was here,
she made me go to church with her...
and sign autographs, kiss babies,
tell people all my stats...
and what I did last Sunday.
It's too much.
- I have a question.
- What?
Does your mother still have a Nintendo 64?
Probably. She never
throws my stuff away. Why?
Right. So that's why

you don't wanna go upstairs...
because you're gonna lose
at "GoldenEye."
- "GoldenEye."
- "GoldenEye."
Okay. Let's do it. One game.
Nobody touch nothing.
But I love touching things.
All right, go, go, go.
- Dude, did you die and not tell us?
- Shut up.
It's amazing.
I was there when you won this.
You must be so proud.
Shut up and go.
Your bedroom.
Dude.
- Ethan.
- What?
I found you.
- You found me?
- Check you out.
Ethan Miller
Look at you, man.
You remember when we all first met at
the party? Whose fucking party was that?
- Jocelyn Larue.
- Jocelyn Larue.
Yeah, that's right.
Remember the cops came?
We had to hide in the bathroom.
For three hours.
I was afraid we were gonna get caught,
because you were so fucking loud.
I remember you wore that
Bob Marley tie-dye T-shirt...
and I asked you if you smoked weed?
I didn't even smoke weed.
I just liked Bob Marley and tie-dye.
I didn't get that was the vibe
I was putting out there.
You could have showed up
with purple hair and a cloak.
That was my warlock phase.

- That was a dope phase.
- Hell, yeah.
I'm surprised you even talked to us, Chris.
When I look back, I remember thinking:
"This guy's a jock.
And he's talking to a warlock
and a pretend pot-head."
True.
If it wasn't for y'all, I would have
never made it through that school.
- Shit. Wait, pause it.
- No, no pause.
The phone's buzzing.
You have to pause it.
- I'm buying you weed!
- Just keep it down!
Pause the fucking game.
If you shoot me right now, you forfeit.
Oh, my God, if my mom wakes up.
Yeah, it's him. Mr. Green's here.
I'm never getting in that dude's car again.
He freaked me out.
I'll go.
Can you even walk?
I can fly.
Five-oh, bro. You're busted.
- Are you fucking kidding me right now?
- Yeah, I'm just kidding.
Holy shit, dude.
Don't do that.
Oh, man. Hey, good seeing you, dude.
Long time.
It has been a long time.
- Been a long time, yeah.
- I remember you.
And you know I'm proud
of what you've become.
Husband, lawyer...
soon-to-be father.
That's really impressive.
Me, I don't have time for kids.
You're all my children.
You ever think of me as a father figure?
No.

Put your tiny hand in mine.
Yeah.
Rough night?
Little bit. Could you tell?
Am I wearing it on my sleeve?
I did a lot of drugs.
Mushrooms. Caps, too many caps.
Ate a lot of the caps.
And I just think it kind of
made me freak out a little bit.
And basically, I'm kind of just having
a hard time finding my place in all this.
Relax.
What's happening right now?
Just looking into your soul, man.
What are you seeing?
You need a nice mellow indica.
I got a great north Cali bud...
with a soothing body high...
and surprisingly accurate
visions of the future.
Yeah, sure. Whatever you got, bro.
Yeah. It's definitely a good time.
Unless...
you're dealing with some shit
you can't come to terms with.
No! That's not me!
That's a different guy.
I think all my issues are drug-related,
and my emotional state is completely...
cool, bro.
Just a little shot of this.
See if you like it.
Come on.
I'm good. I think I'll just ride the wave,
my main man.
I put my hands on you.
Take it.
Just not too hard.
Not too hard.
Where are we?
A strip club.
Eighteen years in the future.
- Is that my wife?

- Yeah.
You should probably talk to her.
I'm gonna get a beer, maybe a dance.
Cool.
Hi.
Sit down. The show's about to start.
Okay.
Okay, fellas, let's hear it for Sierra!
Isn't she amazing?
Who is that?
It's our beautiful baby girl.
What the fuck?
Pop it, girl! Pop that P!
Pop it! Pop it!
You hear me, young lady?
Pop your pussy!
It's okay, sweetie!
You don't have to pop your pussy!
You read all those books
and you didn't learn shit!
You really shit the bed as a dad!
Here you go. Drip, drop. Drip, drop.
I know.
Look at my finger. Look at my finger.
You need to give me a hundred bucks
and get the fuck out of my car right now.
Okay! Here!
Get out.
What are you doing?
I don't know what's happening.
Let's go. Let's just bail.
Turn your phone off.
You're gonna wake her up.
I don't know what's happening.
I don't know this song.
- Turn it off.
- Hello?
Hello?
Hey, Ma. It's Chrissy-poo!
Oh, my God! Chris!
Hey!
Oh, my God! Ethan!
What are you guys doing?
- Merry Christmas!

- Surprise!
This is....
Are you hungry?
I can heat up some food.
- Yeah!
- No, no, no.
Yes, you are. Yes, you are.
Sweetheart.
- Oh, you smell like weed.
- No.
More meatloaf, Isaac?
No, I'm okay.
Could I perhaps
have some more chardonnay...
to wash down my medication, please?
Of course.
Thank you.
So, Ethan, what's going on with you?
Not a lot. Just feeling good.
You got somebody special in your life?
No.
There was a young lady that he
used to date that he ran into today...
that I thought was pretty damn awesome.
- Yeah? What happened?
- It's a long story.
Not that long. She wanted to get serious,
but he wouldn't meet her parents.
She wanted to move in...
and you said you weren't
in the right head place for her to move in.
That's some straight-up bullshit.
Give me some, Ma.
Okay, okay, okay.
What, are you guys ganging up on me now?
You like this woman?
Yeah, she's awesome...
but there's a whole history here
that he's brushing over.
You want her back?
Yeah. I do.
If you want this woman,
you're gonna have to work for her.
But you happen to be very lucky,

because it's Christmas.
And there's magic in the air at Christmas.
People's hearts are open.
People want to forgive.
People want love.
I'd take advantage of that shit.
I'd find the opportunity,
and I would seize it.
Thank you, Mrs. Roberts.
I almost forgot, I'm gonna
need some more headshots.
James slide to reply
Huh.
A dick from someone named James?
His name is on my phone,
I must know him. Who is he?
James You like it?
Do I like it? What does that mean?
Oh, man. Maybe it's
James McFoley from work.
Holy shit.
This guy's a grower and a shower.
James Do you like it more now?
Do I like it more now? Jesus.
I mean, it's a dope dick.
Dope dick homey.
Tx. Do you want it?
Do I want it?
Of course I want a dick like that.
Who wouldn't want a dick
that looks like that?
Do you want to suck it?
Do I wanna suck it? Oh, man.
I'm gonna start putting people's
last names on my contacts.
No I don't.
I've never sucked a dick before.
You've never sucked a dick?
No, I've never sucked a dick but, well,
if I'm being totally honest with myself....
I once touched a guy's dick
at summer camp but that's it.
Damn it, why'd I tell him that?
This James guy is just

so easy to talk to. I told him too much.
You said you never sucked a dick before.
But tonight you're gonna.
Man, I guess that settles it.
Isaac Greenberg
is sucking his first dick tonight.
Did he tell you that they've
named a park after him?
You're gonna have a park named after you?
I petitioned the city,
I got the signatures...
and now there's gonna be the sweetest
little playground in Brooklyn...
that's named after him.
The park is not that nice!
There are crackheads, and...
Sweetheart, they're gonna clean that up.
We should get ready to go, guys. We have
to move. We're gonna miss the party.
- That's true.
- Why don't I just wrap all of this up?
You guys can take it down
to the homeless shelter.
It's only a few blocks away.
I'm sure they'd appreciate it.
You're right, Mom.
You boys are so sweet.
Thank you for coming.
- Wanna help me in the kitchen?
- Okay.
Thanks so much for dinner, Mrs. Roberts.
You're welcome, sweetheart!
Dude, what the fuck is going on with you?
- Are you gay?
- No!
Are you curious?
Everyone is! What does that
have to do with this?
I don't know.
Why are you looking up dicks?
- Someone's sending me dicks.
- Someone's sending you that?
Look, I'll show you. It's a fucking
conversation. It's some guy named James.

A very nice, eloquent man named James
is sending me his penis.
And he wants me to suck on it.
I don't know what to do. I'm fucking
freaking out. Do I do it? Should I do it?
This isn't your phone, man.
Dude, this isn't your phone!
Oh, shit. Is this Sarah's phone?
- Oh, no.
- What?
She has my phone.
It's okay, man. We know her.
We can get your phone back.
There's something bad on my phone.
You gonna be around tomorrow?
Folks out at the church would love to
see you. Aunt would too.
You know I'm busy, so....
I don't really like to do that stuff, Ma.
Won't take much time, Boo.
I know. It's just I have
an early flight...
and I really feel bad
that I have to run back to work so fast.
I just got so much stuff going on.
I'm a celebrity now.
I got appearances.
I got all kinds of stuff I have to do, Ma.
I can't just be lollygagging around...
and meeting old people.
I love you.
Betsy is gonna get that tape from Sarah...
and she's gonna freak the fuck out.
Why? Why would Betsy get the tape?
Because I put cocaine blood
into her fucking drink.
And no one wants to drink cocaine blood.
Yeah. I'm gonna call her.
- How do you know her number?
- It's your number.
I'm trusting you on this.
I don't understand what's happening.
Where are we?
Sarah has your phone.

So I'm calling it.

Where are we right now?

- We're at Chris' house.

- What the fuck?

You just stay calm, all right?

- It'll be okay.

- Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.

You like that?

Here's the bad news.

- She didn't pick up.

- What?

- Everything's fine!

- I bit my tongue!

That boy need Jesus.

He needs something.

It's gonna be okay, though.

You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna use Find My iPhone and find the phone.

It's loading. There it is!

It's in midtown.

Your phone's in midtown. It's all good.

Okay. All right. So here's the thing.

We're gonna go to the party,

because Sarah's gonna go to the party.

Guys, let's go.

- You be safe.

- Guys, be careful.

Let's go, guys!

Baby, hold on. Let me get you a bag.

You're gonna need a bag. Wait up!

This guy's dick is off the charts.

Yo, it's your man C-Rob coming at you live from outside the homeless shelter.

We delivering turkeys to homeless people...

because it's the giving season and they do be gobbling, you know what I mean?

So if you're in the season of giving, hit me up @Chrisrob11, hashtag "selfless giving."

And remember, it's not a good deed if no one knows about it.

I got another dick, dude!

Drink Red Bull.

Oh, shit. Look, man, it's her!
It's the super fan,
sex maniac that stole my weed.
Come on, let's follow her.
No, we're not gonna follow her. Let's just
drop off the food and go to the party!
Shit! Look! Now she's stealing
from homeless people!
That's not right!
- Now, I'm going to teach her a lesson.
- Okay.
Hey! Did you steal my weed?
- No.
- We just saw you...
rob some homeless people
and I'm missing my weed, so....
You got me, I stole your weed.
But I told you right away
that I'm kind of a Grinch. Okay?
Eat me, sheep.
You're an actual Grinch.
You're like the mayor of Whoville.
I'm building a body of work.
I'm following in the path
of my Christmas heroes:
The Grinch, the Sticky Bandits,
Hans Gruber from Die Hard.
I walked by you and I heard you
going on about your Christmas plans...
and you're this football douche
and I Google you....
Jackpot! I pretend to be a fan...
we have sex, yaas.
And then I stole your weed.
It's Christmas! You don't steal
from people on Christmas.
I just want my weed back.
You're really cute when you get mad.
That's cute.
This is the thing I didn't expect.
To fucking like you, dude.
You are so funny...
and talented, and handsome.
And easy. My God, dude!

Hey!
I'm gonna fucking catch you!
Later, suckas!
She Home Alone'd me!
Are these Micro Machines?
- Wow!
- Let's go.
Girl's a genius.
Josh, hit the gas! Go!
We got to catch that girl!
Go down to the corner and make a right!
Hurry up, man! Chase her!
- Who?
- The girl who stole my weed! Hurry up!
- She stole your weed?
- Yeah.
That fucking bitch. I'm gonna kill her.
Go get her, baby!
Not so fast!
Guys, my iPhone's that way!
We got to find my iPhone!
It's the other direction! Please!
Slow down!
Speed up! Don't slow down!
If you're my guy, you won't slow down!
Hit the gas! Let's go!
Let's go.
There she is! There she is!
We got her! We got her!
Red light, red light!
No! You run that light! Are you my guy?
I'm your guy.
Give me your hand!
Run through that light, baby!
I fucked up. I fucked up.
I'm sorry.
- Are we alive?
- Yeah.
Look. Look, it's a sleigh.
We can still get her.
No. Let's just go to the party, okay?
We're going on a sleigh ride!
No! We're not going on a sleigh ride.
Come on, Joshua!

Shotgun!
Shotgun!
- Hurry up.
- You guys know this can't possibly work.
Of course it'll work!
- Let's get that Grinch!
- Let's find my phone!
Mush, motherfucker!
I'm stuck!
My hands are stuck!
No, no, no!
Fuck!
Shit, shit, shit!
Dude!
What happened just now?
He's okay. He looks okay.
We have to go! She went this way!
Let's go get this weed!
No. Forget about the weed, man!
We're not gonna split up now.
Let's go to the party.
No. You don't understand, man!
It's really important! It's for Tommy.
It's not important!
I'll meet you at the F Train!
You fucking believe this guy?
My phone! It's close! I got to go!
- No. Listen to me.
- No. You listen to me.
If I die, they will
play this video at my funeral!
- Okay! You're on drugs!
- Yes!
- You're not making sense!
- No!
- Trust me.
- Okay.
We're gonna stick together.
And go to the party.
I'll meet you at the F Train!
No! Dude! What the fuck!
This is crazy.
Oh, come on.
How does this fucking work?

This is so confusing.

Fuck!

My eyes aren't working.

What asshole invented this stupid thing?

- Hey, man. Excuse me.

- Hey, dude. How's it going?

- I'm Isaac.

- Hi, Isaac.

I hate to bug you.

I lost my phone, and I'm using this app to try to find it.

I'm kind of having a hard time.

It's confusing me a little bit.

You think you can maybe help me out?

Sure, hold my cane for a second.

Awesome. Sure, I'll hold your cane.

Hey, Merry Christmas, Isaac.

Merry Christmas to you too, man.

Thanks.

I've been having a pretty crazy night.

I'm gonna level with you,

I'm a little fucked up right now.

No way. You don't say?

Yeah.

- What's your name?

- Spencer.

That's my family over there.

Hi! I'm Isaac, nice to meet you.

- What's up, man?

- Hey.

You have dogs.

- Can I pet them?

- Go ahead. They're fine.

- Thank you.

- You're very welcome.

- Hi, guys.

- What's up, Isaac?

Come on and give us a pat.

Oh my God, they talk!

Of course. All dogs can talk.

- There's another one.

- That tickles.

Oh, hi. I love you.

Isaac?

Betsy!

Oh, shit.

Hi.

Wow.

Hi.

Okay.

I never wanna let go.

What's happening?

What are you doing here right now?

What were you doing in the nativity scene?

I was hanging out

with Spencer and his family.

- They're really beautiful people.

- Spencer?

They're great people. They're interracial.

Why do you have a staff, honey?

What's happening right now?

Where are we now?

This is the church. Do you remember?

- You're here for that?

- Yes.

And I'm just telling you right now

that you need to go...

because my family

is paying for the cab right now.

So you need to get out of here

before they show up.

- Your family is coming?

- Yeah.

- So maybe go and run the other way.

- Where should I go?

Just fucking go before they get here. Go.

I love you. Okay? I love you.

Okay. I love you. Bye.

That's very sweet. Bye.

What are you coming back for?

Just go that way!

I don't know where to go.

No, no, no! Not inside the church.

Go, go, go.

Get the fuck out of here.

Wait. I know them. Hi!

Hi!

- Oh, my God! Look at you guys.

- It's so good to see you!
What a hat.
Why don't you come join us?
Come on in for midnight mass.
Oh, no. I don't think that's a good idea.
Why not?
Because he's hanging out
with his friends tonight. Right, Isaac?
- I don't see anybody.
- I don't know where they are right now.
- Come sit with us.
- I've never been in a church.
Come on.
Okay. Yeah?
Yeah. Great! I'll see you in there!
Let's go to midnight mass together.
Okay. Yeah, if you say so.
Save us a seat.
How fucked up are you right now?
I'm not fucked up at all, Betsy.
I'm your rock.
You look like a crack rock.
I'm not. Don't say that.
Are you mad at me?
- No, just walk normal, please.
- I'm walking normal.
No, you're not.
Don't put it there, Isaac.
And it's gone.
Hi. Merry Christmas.
Are you giving birth to piss?
Oh, my God. I'm just
trying not to shit my pants.
- You should.
- I should?
You should just do it. Why not?
I should just drop a deuce in my shorts.
Just do it!
That's great. Two more assholes
that don't give a fuck about Christmas.
What?
What are you guys doing?
Santa pub crawl, bro!
Guys, Santa Claus is a

very meaningful thing to a lot of people.
A lot of children!
Here's the thing, man. For those kids,
they're living a fucking lie!
Yeah. Spoiler alert:
Santa's not real, you prickly infant.
This is a costume!
But when you put on that costume
and you portray Santa Claus...
you're taking a solemn oath
to represent certain values...
that it represents!
You know who you remind me of?
One of my angry elves.
Fuck! No. Look, don't call me an elf.
I think you got him with that one, Santa.
Fuck you, "don't call me an elf!"
Motherfucker!
Get back to the workshop!
You work for us, elf!
Go back to the workshop, elf!
This little elf has no friends
on Christmas.
My friends are just down there.
Where are they? We're friends.
We even dressed the same...
but you, you're all alone,
just like a fucking dum-dum.
Oh, my God. Are you gonna cry?
Did Mommy and Daddy
leave you alone on Christmas?
Oh, shit!
That's for disrespecting
the spirit of Christmas!
Oh, fuck.
Fuck you!
Man, this really feels like
it's about something else here.
It's about this and only this!
Nothing else!
I think you're sublimating, man.
I do not wanna hurt you, man.
No, no, no. I wanna hurt him.
He sucker-punched me.

You fucking frat boys!
I'm an orthopedic surgeon.
I teach third grade, bitch!
I shape our nation's youth!
What is with this holiday?
It just fucks with people's heads.
This needs to be important to you.
- It's ringing.
- Okay.
Hey.
Hey! Hi!
Does Isaac have Sarah's phone
by any chance?
Yeah, he has it.
- He has it.
- Thank God.
So relax.
There is some very sensitive information
on there.
It's incredibly sensitive.
Wow, what's on the phone?
You don't need to know.
How's the party? Is it as dumb
as you thought it'd be?
Actually, it's kind of amazing.
It's really fun...
and you should get here. Quickly.
What?
Really?
You want me to come there? To see you?
That's what I'm saying.
Come on!
Do you like him again?
Can we not have that conversation...
- right now?
- I'm just saying.
Okay.
Okay. We'll see you soon.
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
- I'm praying.
- I think that's a Jewish thing.
- I can't do that here?
- No.

It's the same God.
I did it.
What's everyone doing?
Sit.
Sit down.
- This is so cool.
- Whisper.
- Are we supposed to participate?
- No.
Hallelu!
No. Not that kind of church.
No?
You're my rock, right?
Can you be my rock?
Because you're acting like a weird pebble.
Okay. I think I'm good.
Be a rock.
Fuck you.
What's up with this fucking kid over here?
What?
What's this kid doing?
Look over there.
Look away, dude. Look away!
Stop.
Please don't hiss at a kid.
He's fucking with me.
I don't think he's talking to you at all.
Who's that guy?
What guy?
- The guy on the cross.
- Jesus!
- Oh, Jesus.
- Stop it.
Oh, Jesus Christ.
- Is that what they think we did to him?
- Yeah.
- Can you tell I'm Jewish?
- Yes.
- How?
- Your fucking sweater.
- I'm sorry.
- Isaac, stop talking.
Isaac. Isaac, what are you doing?
Don't throw up.

Don't you dare throw up in here.

Swallow it like a girl would.

Swallow it.

Did you do it?

Let me see your mouth.

Don't throw up on me.

Where's the barf bag?

There's no barf bags!

Stop it! No, stop it, Isaac!

Jesus fucking Christ!

- He just threw up.

- Yeah.

Oh, Jesus, fuck me.

- Is it still happening?

- It's still happening a little.

We did not kill Jesus!

We did not do that!

Give me my weed, you Grinch!

Shit!

Come on!

Fuck!

What the fuck are you doing?

No, what are you doing, man?

You have friends who want to
spend the holidays with you.

You're lucky you have that.

You need to appreciate that
before you lose them.

That's your Christmas lesson.

That's why I'm taking this shit.

My boy Hans Gruber died like this.

No!

What the hell?

- Help!

- Isaac.

- What you doing, man?

- Thank God!

Dude, we've got to get to this party
or I'm gonna get fucking divorced.

Help me. How does this thing work?

You got to use your MetroCard.

Go this way.

Do it, do it, do it.

All right. Go.

Did you get the weed back?
Shit got weird.
I don't wanna talk about it.
Did you get your phone back?
No. Not at all. That's a long story.
Look. Hey!
Oh, shit! What the fuck happened to you?
I got beat up
by a couple of Santa Clauses.
You got beat up?
Fuck. When?
When? You know, a little bit
after you guys ran off without me.
But why did they beat you up?
I don't know why they beat me up!
Did they mug you?
Did they take the tickets?
No, they didn't take the fucking tickets!
Then why would they do it?
I don't know.
You don't know?
Did they say anything?
They're just a couple of drunk assholes!
Look, it wouldn't have happened
if you guys didn't bail on me.
What the fuck is that?
Don't do this now.
Please don't do this now!
So what's up with you, man?
Why are you mad at us?
Why you blame everything bad
that happens to you on us?
I'm just saying this is the
last chance we get to do this...
and you guys are so wrapped up
in your own shit...
you don't really care about Christmas.
What does that even mean?
When was the last time
you checked your phone, Chris?
Are you sure one of your famous friends...
isn't trying to get a hold of you
asking you to fetch him something?
You used to hate guys like that.

I get it. I get some success.
I get some new friends and you're jealous.
Look at you. So you're a success?
You want to talk about
your newfound success?
I don't need to talk about it.
You don't think your two best friends
see through that shit?
See through what? Let's talk about it.
What do you see, Isaac?
I don't see anything.
I don't see through anything.
You're 34 years old.
Most professional athletes
retire right now...
but you just got good. How is that?
Practice.
I told you. It was a new diet.
A new regimen.
A new regimen?
That's what you call it?
Yeah, that's what I call it.
What you call it?
I think I call it putting a needle
in your ass. That's what I call it.
Okay. Fine.
I'm on steroids, now what?

Newsflash:

You're a cheater.
At least I'm doing something with my life.
What about you? Sitting around
wasting your fucking life away.
No girlfriend, no money.
Dude, you make music
that people have never heard.
It's the saddest shit
I've ever seen in my life!
Are you fucking serious right now?
Yeah! You need to get your
fucking life together. Tell him, Isaac.
You shut up! You're ruining my trip!
It's really fucked up.
Fuck this!

Going to the best party of my life...
and I'm not wearing some pseudo-racist,
fake-ass acrylic sweater!

- Don't take off that sweater!
- I'm taking the sweater off!
- Don't take off the sweater.
- Put the fucking sweater back on!

I'm taking the fucking sweater off!
Stupid.

May I help you?
I have these tickets.
Come with me.
Come on.
Get in there.
May I take your coats, gentlemen?
All aboard!
I'm going to find Owens.
Gonna find my phone.
I'm gonna go find Diana.
Oh, shit, Messiah,
White Jesus in the building.
C-Money in the hizzle.

- Yo, man.
- I see you made it.

I wasn't able to get the weed, man.
Shit fell apart. You know what I mean?
I forgot I even asked you.
You want some weed?
Have some weed.
But.... All right.
You got a whole fucking
dump truck of weed?
Dro fo' sho'.

- So this it, huh?
- Oh, this is it, baby.

The Nutcracker Ball!
Yeah!
Having an emergency!

- Oh, my God.
- Sarah!

Sarah!
Are you fucking kidding me?
Get off of me!
What the fuck, dude?

I'm sorry! I'm just happy!

- You're so fucking sweaty.

- I know. It's warm and I'm on Molly.

- Oh, my God! Is that my phone?

- It is your phone. Do you have my phone?

- Take your piece-of-shit phone back.

- It's the same phone.

That's why we got them mixed up.

- But this has some serious shit on it.

- I know.

Wait. You didn't look at it, did you?

You didn't look at any shit on my phone, did you?

- No.

- Good.

You didn't look at anything on my phone, did you?

I just wanna tell you...

good job.

You did fucking look at my phone.

I didn't want to.

The texts just were coming in.

What is the matter with you?

All these gorgeous dick pics.

A-plus dick pics.

- That's a boss hog.

- Wait a second, really?

That dick soft is like

two of my dicks hard.

Do you think, like, it would be....

Do you think I could, like, handle it?

There was a moment where I thought

he was wanting me to handle it...

and I had to wrap my head around it

for a second, and I thought to myself:

"You know what? You hunker down,
you could take that bad boy."

- Really?

- Yeah.

That guy James, whoever James is,

he's got a fantastic cock on him.

Yo! Did somebody say cock?

What's up?

- Hey.

- What are you guys talking about?
- Nothing.
- Hey, what's up, bro? I'm James.
- I'm Isaac.
- You don't need to meet him.

That's your dick!

- Oh, shit!
- I'm the guy who had the phone!
- You saw my dick?
- Did I ever! Oh, my God!

He almost sucked my dick.
I would have if I'd known
it was you, maybe.

Oh, shit! Are you guys a couple?

- No, no. We're friends.
- Am I the third wheel?

No, no. You're the first wheel.

- Am I the third wheel?
- Not at all.

Honestly, I was with two other guys
all night and now I'm in a fight with them....

Oh, really? Two other guys?

I'd love to hang out
with two other people.

Is that a challenge?

It might be! Yeah.

I don't know who I'm gonna start with,
but I know who I'm gonna end with.

Well, let's get started right now!

- You guys wanna dance?
- I would love to dance.
- I would love to dance.
- You wanna dance?

Let's do it! Come on, Isaac!

Oh, my God. This is so nice!

This is the best!

What a turn of events!

What?

Holy fucking shit!

You're Miley Cyrus.

Yeah.

No, you don't understand.

I was just looking for this girl
that I love, and she loves you.

Oh, God, no. I did that with two fans
one time. It got super awkward.
That's not what I meant. Sorry, you don't
understand. That'd be awesome....
But, no, I just mean....
This has gotta be some kind of Christmas
miracle, because she talks about you...
and your song a lot.
And I love this girl. I'm starting to realize,
tonight, she's the love of my life.
And I wanted tonight to be sort of a
special night for me and her.
- Now you're here and....
- You want to propose tonight?
Oh, my God! That is so romantic.
That is the sweetest thing I've ever heard.
I mean, I was just thinking you could
like dedicate a song to her.
What? You gotta propose!
Come on! It's Christmas.
It's like, go big or go fucking home!
I mean, you love this girl.
You say you love her, right?
Yeah. But I don't know
if tonight's the right time for...
Oh, God. Are you one of those guys
that are always making up excuses?
I fucking hate those kind of guys.
No, Miley Cyrus,
I'm not one of those guys.
All right, then don't be a pussy!
You got to propose to her!
There's all this magic in the air,
people want to fall in love.
Okay. Okay!
Then I will!
This is a sign if I've ever seen a sign!
- It's gonna be fucking awesome.
- I'm gonna propose!
Yeah, you're gonna propose!
And I'm gonna help you out.
We're gonna propose!
Oh, my God! We're gonna propose!
We're gonna propose! Okay!

Miley Cyrus, this is the nicest thing that anyone's ever done for me!
You gotta stop calling me Miley Cyrus.
- What should I call you?
- Hannah.
Just kidding. I'm drunk.
Let's do this thing!
- What's up, man?
- Hey, Chris.
- Yeah, what up, boy?
- Hey, what's up, K?
Hey, Reverend Run, man.
It's your boy, Reverend Run.
What that supposed to mean?
Hey, Messiah.
Check this shit out, dude.
Oh, shit. Is that you?
The fuck is that?
Nah, it was a Make-A-Wish thing, man.
Those two kids have Crohn's disease.
It was their wish to do karaoke with me.
Man, damn dog,
you look just as white as they do.
- Yeah, which one are you?
- Look at that sweater!
I got you!
I got you! I got you!
Oh, man!
- Yeah!
- Yeah.
- You're a great dancer, man.
- Oh, thanks, dude.
Appreciate it. I'm pretty high on Molly right now.
I'm high too. I'm high too.
- I am digging this beard.
- Thanks, man.
- Yo, carpet match the drapes?
- Yeah, I got a big bush.
My carpet matches my drapes.
Look at this guy!
He's furry all over!
Nice!
You need to get the fuck out of here.

You're being a huge cockblock.

I'm not being a cockblock.

- Yes, you are!

- What the fuck are you talking about?

I don't think I could block this guy's cock.

It'd take ten men to block that thing.

- Merry Christmas, New York City!

- Oh, no. Miley's here?

Miley Cyrus?

We clawed, we chained Our hearts in vain

We jumped

Never asking why

- This is great!

- This is so cool.

Where's Diana?

This is, like, our song.

A love no one could deny

All right, everybody,

give it up to my friend.

What the fuck is your name again?

- Ethan.

- Ethan!

Don't you ever say I just walked away

I will always want you

I forgot these words

Doesn't matter though

I will always want you

I came in like a wrecking ball

I never hit so hard in love

All I wanted was to break your walls

All you ever did was wreck me

Yeah, you

You wreck me

Yeah!

Diana....

Dude, can you move?

In the red. Move.

Yeah, thanks.

Diana...

listen, I know we're not really even

going out anymore...

and that's because I wouldn't commit.

- This is crazy.

- But I'm ready to commit. Hard.

I'm ready to commit
Hard like a wrecking ball.
You're the best thing
that's ever happened to me, girl.
You make me laugh. You're cool as hell.
You don't take any shit.
None of his shit
You're smarter than I am.
- You're probably better than I deserve.
- This is so romantic.
But go big or go home.
Right, Miley?
No, E.
Go big or go home
When I let you go,
that was just me fucking up...
but I don't wanna ever let you go again.
Not now, not ever.
And definitely not on fucking Christmas!
On fucking Christmas
So this is it, Diana.
- Only live once, bro!
- Stop encouraging him, James.
Will you marry me?
Say yes. Yes.
- Yes.
- Yeah!
- Fuck!
- Yes!
I came in like a wrecking ball
I never hit so hard in love
All I wanted was to break your walls
All you ever did was wreck me
I came in like a wrecking ball
Okay, I gotta go find my friend real fast.
Excuse me.
Yeah, I just closed my eyes and swung
Left me crashing in a blazing fall
I'm gonna be right back.
Y'all stay black.
- Hey.
- Yeah?
All this romance is getting me really hot.
You wanna go back to the hotel room?

Hey, I feel like you might be gay.

- Not right now, I'm not.

- Okay.

- All right.

- Okay.

Oh, my fucking God! Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

This is the greatest night of our lives!

- That was crazy.

- That's so crazy, right?

Listen, I'm sorry about the ring.

I'll get you a ring, I promise.

We can do that tomorrow.

No, Ethan, I'm not going to marry you.

What do you mean?

We're not even together.

I haven't even spoken to you in,
like, three months!

Yes, I addressed that in the speech.

I know, and then you show up here
and you propose to me...

in front of hundreds and hundreds
of people.

That's crazy.

Wait, I'm sorry.

We're not getting married? This is a no?

No! It's a no! No!

I'm so sorry that you're clearly
going through a lot right now.

I'm sorry that your friends don't wanna
hang out with you on Christmas.

I understand that that's hard for you.

That is not a reason for you
to grab onto me like I'm your lifeline!

Why'd you say yes?

I said yes because
everybody was looking at me.

I said yes, because Miley clearly wanted
me to say yes!

And I didn't want Miley to think
that I hated love!

That's understandable.

I wouldn't want that either.

Okay, look, I....

I was really just trying to do what I
thought you wanted me to do...
and that's because I love you.
It's been three months, I haven't stopped.
I'm not gonna stop.
I'm not your answer...
right now, Ethan.
Wait, wait. No, no.
Can we talk?
Oh, my God! Hi!
- You're Tommy Owens!
- Yeah, yeah, thank you.
You're the Messiah!
You really are the Messiah!
You saved my fantasy team last year, bro!
- I'm a huge fan of yours.
- All right, that's good to know.
You have a good night.
- You're big in real life.
- Pleasure, man.
Look, can you help me out?
We have a friend in common. Chris.
- I'm looking for my buddy Ethan.
- Oh, shit.
- Hey!
- I'm sorry!
I'm sorry, I got it. I got it.
Oh, no.
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
- Are you okay?
Hey, it's glass, man.
Why you picking it up?
I'm just trying to help out, man.
- Come on.
- Oh, shit!
Holy shit!
I'm sorry!
The Jewish guy crucified the Messiah!
It was rabbi dancing motherfucker!
It's happening again!
Ethan! Ethan!
Diana!
Congratulations!
- No! Stop congratulating me!

- What? What happened?
Just go talk to Ethan.
Shit.
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
I think he's gonna be fine.
Please, punch him in the face!
I thought the Messiah
preached forgiveness!
Look at me, asshole.
What the fuck wrong with you?
- Who the fuck are you?
- Hey. He's my friend!
Back off, man!
Yo! Back the fuck up, all right?
Oh, shit just got real, huh?
Yeah, go ahead and punch him, man.
TMZ will love that shit.
I got the biggest motherfucking phone
on the planet.
And your ass will be trending
in 10 minutes.
Who in here follow Chrisrob11?
Put your fucking hands down!
- His social media game is crazy!
- Crazy!
Run.
Go, go. Get out there. No! No!
No. No! No!
Yeah!
- No, no!
- I'm a lawyer! I'm a lawyer!
- Magical night, isn't it?
- Jesus. You scared me.
Mr. Green.
Man, you're everywhere tonight.
I end every Christmas at this party.
What do you mean? How do you get in?
It's my party.
What?
About 20 years ago...
I read The Great Gatsby.
I love that book.
Movie's all right,
3D gives me a headache...

but I'm a sucker for Leo.
So this guy...
he throws all these parties
and nobody knows who he is.
I thought,
"Wow, that's pretty fucking cool."
My cousin Larry's got this
giant warehouse in Brooklyn...
figured I'm working on Christmas
anyway, so I should do it too.
We started out pretty small.
Just a punch bowl and some sleigh bells...
and it gets bigger and bigger every year.
This year we added that train.
Through the trippy tunnel of lights.
- Cool way to enter a party, right?
- Yeah.
What'd you think of Miley?
Yeah, she was great.
She was great.
Ethan, you and I both know,
Miley was flawless.
Something's bugging you.
Your friends, they ain't gonna leave you.
They need you, kid.
How do you know about that?
Smoke this.
Nah, I'm good, man.
Weed makes me paranoid now.
This is the staff of life.
Okay.
You're making me a little uncomfortable.
I've been told my quiet intensity
has that effect on people.
But sometimes...
being uncomfortable can be a good thing.
Fuck it. Thanks.
- Hey.
- Hey, man.
- Sup, dude?
- What are you guys doing here?
We just thought maybe
you'd wanna hang out.
Some company or something.

Just say what's up.
That's cool.
I'm packing all this shit up.
Old people have so much stuff.
You guys remember that.
You have to throw things away in life.
For sure.
- Play some Nintendo?
- Yeah, N64?
I think I'm just gonna chill here.
I appreciate you guys coming over,
but I think I'm just gonna...
No, man. Fuck that, dude.
It's Christmas.
You can't be alone.
Let's hang out.
Go to my mom's house.
Play some "GoldenEye."
Come on. Look, I got some whiskey.
I stole some hash from my brother.
Rolled it in this doob.
We get pretty fucked up.
I'm sorry.
- No. It's cool.
- It's all good, man.
It's okay, man.
I just miss them.
We miss them too.
Yeah, man.
But you know what?
We're your new family now.
I'll be your daddy,
Chris'll be your mommy.
No, I'm gonna be the daddy,
you be the mom.
You guys are good friends.
We'll be here whenever you need us, man.
Always, man.
Yeah, always there for you, bro.
You can't smoke that in here.
Figure we can now.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Fuck, that's crazy.

- What we hiding this for?
Take a hit, dude.
A little bit for the homeys.
It's so cold outside too.
We should go to Christmas Tree
at Rockefeller Center.
- Yes.
- That's a good idea.
Then we go to FAO Schwarz....
And we dance on the piano!
- Like Tom Hanks in Big.
- "Heart and Soul."
Then we eat Chinese food,
because I'm fucking high.
And then go to the karaoke spot
right by the Chinese food place.
That's a fucking good idea.
It's a dope night.
That was fucking touching, yo.
Those are some ride-or-die homeys
you got there.
Cherish that shit.
It's all different now.
Those guys don't need me anymore.
Oh, yeah? Listen.
We need him!
We're not leaving without him!
He's my best friend in the whole world.
I can't leave him here.
Don't let the red noses fool you,
these fuckers are tough.
What if I run in,
and you try to climb in a window?
Maybe if you boost me up
we can get around them.
No, I can't boost you,
you're too heavy, man.
We need our friend
and we'll never leave him behind!
- Hand him over, reindeer!
- Yo!
I'll charge and you go.
- There he is!
- Hey!

Thank God, we've been
looking everywhere for you!
Rudolph is kicking our ass!
- I'm here!
- Get down here so we can go!
Here I come!
Come around!
I got your nose!
I got your nose, asshole!
How about that, Rudolph?
- Thanks, Mr. Green.
- You're welcome.
It was a pretty dumb thing you did.
I know. I didn't think it through at all.
I just saw her at the bar and just....
I don't know man,
I really, really like this girl.
I can't help it.
I was scared of being alone
and did some stupid shit.
I think she just wanted you to do...
some normal shit that boyfriends do
after two years of dating.
But I'm not normal. You know this.
I'm not normal.
Bunch of abnormal shit happened to me.
Or, I don't know,
maybe that's just an excuse.
I guess I'm pretty good at making excuses.
- Yeah.
- All the time.
If you get paid for that
you'd be really successful.
Why didn't you tell me?
You know, it's hard to tell someone.
You have a good reason
to be making excuses.
It's just kind of ruining your life.
It's harder to stay friends with people
when you're older.
You have so much
of your own shit going on.
We'll just have to try harder.
It's important, you know?

Come on.
I really love you.
I love you a lot.
Thanks, man.
Oh, no.
- Oh, no.
- What's up?
I have 96 missed calls.
Holy shit.
- Oh, no, Betsy's gone into labor, I bet.
- No.
Why the fuck would she call that
many times? Oh, no, she's calling again.
Hello?
Hello? Yes. All right.
All right. That's fine.
I will be right there.
As fast as I can. Don't worry.
Betsy's going into fucking labor.
- What?
- What?
Oh, no! Oh, no!
- Come on!
- Oh, no!
We'll never get a fucking cab over here!
Wait, look!
It's Mr. Green's car!
It's a Christmas miracle!
- Isaac, can you drive?
- Yeah!
No, no, no, I'm kidding! I'll drive!
I believe I finally earned these.
Come on. I got you. I got you.
No, no, no. There you go.
There you go.
Get out of the way!
Where is she? Where is she?
Cindy? Where is she?
Is everything okay?
It's okay. Nothing happened.
It was a false alarm.
Oh, God!
False alarm!
Betsy?

Thank God. I'm so sorry.

Where were you?

I made a mistake.

I made a huge mistake.

I called you.

- I switched phones with Sarah.

- From work?

It's a long story.

It doesn't matter. I just need to tell you something. Okay?

Okay.

I'm gonna come clean with you.

Those drugs you gave me...

they sent me on a spirit quest.

You know, like a spirit quest in an Oliver Stone movie or Young Guns.

And when that happened

I kind of realized...

that maybe I've been lying to, maybe, myself and you...

about how I really feel about some stuff.

I'm just gonna show you this.

- Just watch this.

- Okay.

This baby is a bad fucking call.

I'm not ready for it!

We got to do this responsible thing and I got to say...

that we should not be having this baby!

But get rid of this fucking baby!

Put it in a bag and leave it somewhere!

Put it in a basket

and push it down a fucking river!

- Are you laughing?

- This is hilarious.

- Cunt!

- Did you just call our baby a cunt?

I forgot about that.

Okay, I can't watch anymore.

But honestly, I'm a little relieved.

- You are?

- Are you kidding me!

I feel like such a dumb asshole compared to you sometimes.

It's all been a lie. It's all been a front,
because I'm fucking freaking out.

It's all just been to compensate
for the fact that I don't know anything.

This is good. You need to let it out.

This is good?

Yes. You need to not bottle it up.

One of us has to be not freaking out.

- I'm actually okay.

- Really?

All of a sudden I was just thinking
about everything you've been saying...

about how strong we are,
and how we can handle it.

And that made me feel better.

Really?

Yeah. I really feel like I can do this.

Look at me.

- I'm your rock.

- You're my rock?

I'm Dwayne.

I get to have sex
with Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson.

I love you, Isaac.

I love you, dragon.

Betsy.

Did you say "Dragon Betsy"?

I'm gonna keep being honest.

I'm tripping my fucking balls off still,
and you look like a dragon right now.

- I do?

- Yeah.

Is that scary?

It's intense.

Let's just go. Can we just go?

Let's just go.

That's nice.

What is it?

Couldn't have been easy to tell me that.

It's not gonna be easy
to tell the world either.

Guess we gonna lose the park, huh?

Fuck that park. It got crackheads.

Say the grace, boy.

Yes, ma'am.

Heavenly Father, thank you
for this food we're about to receive.
Thank you for my momma.
Thank you for my friends
and their families.

- Hi.

- Really?

Are you gonna propose to me again?

- No.

- Are you sure?

I just wanted to talk to you.
And I have something to tell you...
and I wanna tell it on Christmas.
If that's all right? So...
it can't wait. Can you just
come out here for a sec and we'll talk...
and then I'll go. I promise.

Okay. Fine.

What?

First of all, I'm sorry about last night.

- I know that was stupid.

- Yeah.

And it was totally crazy
that I wouldn't meet your parents.
That was just me being really....
Yeah. I agree with that.

But I guess I was...

I don't know, scared...

because Chris and Isaac have been
my family for the last 10 years...
so I didn't wanna meet your family...
because that would change everything.

But everything changes, right?

We all grow up...

and that's a good thing,

I wanna grow up. I do.

I wanna grow up with you.

And I do wanna have a family...

other than two dudes.

But I want that family to....

I want it to be you.

Which is probably worse than proposing...

because now we're talking

about you bearing my children.
Yeah. It's a lot.
But just pretend I'm saying it right,
if you could.
I'd rather be the guy, from now on...
who says too much than not enough.
If we're being honest,
I should apologize to you also...
for stalking you, a little bit.
I knew that you were gonna be
at that bar last night.
You pretended
like that was just coincidence.
I did. And also...
if we're confessing things...
I do ask Betsy about you.
Kind of all the time.
She doesn't let on.
I know. Because she's my friend.
I ask her about you every time I see her.
Oh, I know.
She tells me every time you ask.
She doesn't tell me that you ask her.
She's a girl. That's how it works.
Can I come in?
In here?
- This is my parents' house.
- I know.
I thought that you didn't do parents.
I'll do your parents.
Wow. Nice.
Don't do my dad doggy-style.
He's got very bad knees.
He's an old man now.
All right.
- Hey.
- Yo.
I kind of wanna kiss you...
but maybe not so soon
after saying I would do your parents.
Come have sex
with my mother and my father.
I thought you were saying,
"Come have sex."

With my mother and also my father.

She won't sleep.

- Can we try?

- Are you sure?

Showtime. Let's do it.

Thank you.

Hey, sweetie.

This is the best.

Come here, little sweetie.

Come here.

Come here, sweetie.

Look who it is. Who are these guys?

Look at that.

Who are these guys here?

- Should we do it?

- Yeah, do it.

That's good. Wow.

How was that for a Christmas story?

That was nice!

That was some shit!

Shit happened!

Things went down!

Lessons were learned.

Friends are important,

but relationships evolve.

I'm so glad Ethan and Diana

ended up together.

I hope he get her pregnant.

I'd like to give a special shout-out

to my seed...

for killing it again this Christmas.

Best I ever did it!

Shit, Pop. Thanks.

Thanks for noticing.

Right now, let the after-party begin!

DJ Kevy Kev!

Let's turn it up!

Turn it up, now! Holla!