The Wedding Ringer

By Jeremy Garelick
(DIALING PHONE)
(PHONE RINGING)

SETH; (ON PHONE) Hello.
Hi. Seth?
Yeah?
Hey, there, it's Doug.
Um, I'm sorry.
Doug who?
Doug Harris.
You know, Doug Harris.
"Persian Rug Doug"?
"Chili Cheese Doug"?
"SPF 60"?
(LAUGHS)
Oh, of course, man.
SPF 60,
how are you, brother?
It's been a long time.
I, uh, know we haven't
spoken in a while
but I was actually
calling because
I've actually got
some really great news.
I'm getting married, bud. Wow!
That's amazing. Congratulations.
We're very excited and, in
fact, I'm doubly excited
because I'm calling
to see if maybe
you would want
to be my best man.
(SETH CHUCKLES WEAKLY)
Wow. Um, I mean,
this is a little bit awkward.
I feel like
we're not at that level.
It feels like we don't know
each other that well. You know?
No, I don't feel that way.
What about that...
Seth, what about that
weekend in Carlsbad Caverns?
I mean, that was
the 9th grade field trip.
The whole class went.
Can I give you the dates?
Maybe you just want to look into it.
(LINE DISCONNECTS)
Are you still there, Seth?

**MAN 1:**
what to say, Doug.
I mean, I didn't
invite you to my wedding.
That's okay. That's okay.
Yeah, you can't invite
everyone that you want to.
Actually, we did invite
everyone we wanted to.
(LAUGHS) We had,
like, 400 guests.
Freshman year?
Your roommate?

**MAN 2:**
No. No, that's Len Brophy.
I'm the other one.
Truth be told, uh, you're the
first person I thought of.
Is that a yes or a no?
Hola, Eduardo.
(LINE BEEPS)

**RECORDING:**
You have reached a number
that has been disconnected,
or is no longer in service.
If you feel you have reached
this recording in error,
please check the number and
try your call again. (SIGHS)
(GROANING)
Ow!
(GROANING CONTINUES)

**DOUG:**
Tonight's the night
Hey!
Let's live it up
Let's live it up
I got my money
Roberta!
Let's spend it up
Let's spend it up
Go out and smash it
Smash it

DOUG:
Jump off that sofa
Come on
Let's get, get off
Is everyone
out of the office?
Maze! tov
L'Chaim
And then
we'll do it again
Timothy!
Let's do it
Let's do it,
Let's do it, do it
Somebody!
Help!
And do it,
and do it
I can't feel
my fucking legs!
I gotta feeling
That tonight's
gonna be a good night
That tonight's
gonna be a good night
That tonight's gonna be
a good, good night
I gotta feeling
Whoo-hoo
That tonight's
gonna be a good night
That tonight's
gonna be a good night
That tonight's gonna be
a good, good night  
Tonight's the night  
Let's live it up  
I got my money  
Let's spend it up  
Go out and smash it  
Like, oh, my God  
Jump off that sofa

**ALL:**  
Let's get, get off!  
Fill up my CUP

**ALL:**  
Maze! tov!  
Look at her dancing  
Just take it

**ALL:**  
Off!  
Let's paint the town  
We'll Shut it down  
Let's burn the...

**ALL:**  
Roof!  
'Cause I gotta feeling  
(MAN LAUGHING)  
You have to know that. Okay.  
(CROWD LAUGHING)  
I ain't lying.  
Yeah. I've always been a bit  
of a hopeless romantic myself.  
If our true match  
exists somewhere,  
it's our goal in life  
to find her.  
But, see, Andrew's a bit  
more rational than me.  
Andrew always believed  
that "the one"  
was a farce created  
by musicians and Hollywood.  
Until last December.
Andrew calls my cell phone
and he says,
"Remember all that
stuff I said about"
"there being no such
thing as 'the one'?
He said, "Well, I was wrong.
Her name is Gina Baker."
"And she doesn't
know this yet,"
"but she's going
to be my wife."

GUESTS:
And I knew at that moment
that this Gina Baker
was the luckiest girl
in the world.
But after getting to know
you these past few days,
and as I look at
you tonight, Gina,
I know at this moment
that Andrew is the
luckiest guy in the world.
Because I know that you
both have found "the one."

GUESTS:
Ah. I said I'm not going to do it.
(SNIFFLES)
I want to propose a toast.
This is to the groom,
my best friend,
(GUESTS CHEERING)
and his beautiful
new bride.
This is to
"happily ever after."
I love you both.

WOMAN:
(APPLAUSE)
(GUESTS WHISTLING
AND CHEERING)
Congrats, man.

MAN:
So, are you still
the hopeless romantic?
Well, I wouldn't say
"hopeless."
(BOTH LAUGHING)
Hey, can I speak to you for a minute?
Like, two seconds.
Yeah. Uh, I'll be
fightback, babe.
(CHUCKLES)

ANDREW:
know what to say, man.
Did you see their faces?
They were smiling.
Hey, hey!
Man, did you see the beautiful
titties on that girl back there?
I'm trying to tag her ass before she
passes out, so if you could just...
Yeah, sure. Um, your
wig's a little askew.
That's fine. Thank you. Okay.
So, I guess that's it.
You know the rules.
I do. I just thought that...
Thought what? I thought we
maybe hit it off, right?
No. We definitely didn't.
Oh.
You're a great kid, but
unfortunately, a deal is a deal.
There's no contact
after final payment.
I should have
charged you more.
I'm serious, man. You got
the real deal tonight.
I was in the zone, baby.
Yeah, great.
No, we don't do that.
Sure.
Thank you, man.
(PEOPLE CHEERING)
Easy come
Easy go
After you.
Feel the shot
Body rock
Rock it, don't stop
Where to, boss? Just drive, Otis.
Just drive.
And I'm feeling
Whoo-hoo
That tonight's
gonna be a good night
That tonight's gonna be
a good, good night
Whoo-hoo
(HEART BEATING)
Mom and I
narrowed it down
to the silver tulle
tussie-mussie,
which is an exact replica of
the 1915 Texan Tussie-Mussie.
Or we have our Trs Beau
with its goldia
floral etching,
enhanced in
a smoky-silver tone.
Does anyone else feel really
fucking gay right now?
Ed! Let's go with the Trs Beau.
Trs Beau tussie-mussie
is fabulous.
Christ, somebody just shoot me.
I'll be outside.

**EDMUNDO:**

we all gather around, please?
Okay. I have everything
I need for the bridesmaids,
but I am still missing
the groomsmen's information.
What? Honey, you told me you spoke to all the groomsmen.
(STAMMERS) See,
I sent them an email,
but you know how guys are.
They just haven't responded yet.
Babe, I know
you've been really busy,
but our wedding
is in 10 days.
I mean,
can't your best man help you with all of this?
Uh, but you see,
Bic's still in El Salvador.
Well, let's hope he's in LA next week.
(SNICKERS)

DOUG:
Mom.
He'll be there.
Okay, look, why don't I just contact Mr. Rambis,
Mr. Garvey, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Carew,
Mr. Drysdale, Mr. Alzado, Mr. Dickerson?
I can't breathe.
Mister, are you okay?

GRETCHE:
(GASPS)
Honey!
Unless you are planning to run,
you are backing yourself into a very tight corner.
I'm not sure I understand what you're implying.
Three out of seven of your groomsmen are Hall of Famers.
She'll leave me, I know. You're not gonna tell her, are you? She's going to find out soon enough.
Oh, God.
Why didn't you say something to me before?
I've been on a bullet train ever since I proposed.
I haven't slept in months.
I can't keep anything down. I keep losing weight. I just...
I just want her to be happy.
The truth is always the best.
What if the truth isn't an option?
Well...
There is one other thing.
Oh, babe!
I don't wanna lie I'm gonna take what you're giving 'Cause I know you're willing To take me all the way You got me right here Combustible And I can't wait to finally explode The big, big bang The reason I'm alive Hey, hey! Lou, knock that shit off, man. (GROANS) Don't worry about Lou. He had half his brain removed two years ago.

**LOU:**
Okay.
Hey, uh, do you know where I can find the basement?
The big, big bang
The reason I'm alive
When all the stars collide
In this universe inside
The big, big bang
(Door buzzing)
Oh, babe
May I help you?
Hi. Yeah.
Yeah, um, I'm looking
for Jimmy Callahan.
Who sent you? The Goose?
No. Um, Edmundo.
Ah.
Welcome to
The Best Man Inc.
It's a beautiful night
We're looking for
something dumb to do
(Hey, Dab)'
I think I wanna marry you.
Just say I do
Tell me right now, baby
I think I wanna marry
you (Door opens)
So, Edmundo sent you
to come find the Oracle.
What can I do for you?
Hi. Yeah, I guess I do have
a few questions. Mmm-hmm.
Um, what exactly
do you do?
I provide best man
services for guys
like yourself who
lack in such areas.
So, I'm not alone?
Alone? No. I run a very profitable
business because of guys like you.
Here's a fun fact for you.
A kid goes to
Cornell University.
He obviously has way too
much time on his hands.
He recently confirmed the number of real friends the average American has. That means we're not talking about the phony Facebook friends here. We're talking about the friends who know where your porn stash is. That number has dropped from three to two since 1985. Really? I don't have any. How many weddings do you think were in the US last year? Four hundred and fifty... 2.4 million. Four million. That means there were 2.4 million grooms. Do you think that each and every single one of them has somebody to be their best man? Wow. I never knew people like you existed. I'm like an angel. I'm only there when you need me to be.

(DOOR OPENS)
Excuse me. You got to get going, Jimmy. Beth Shalom, right? Beth Yirmeyahu. I don't understand why they do these things in the middle of traffic. It's annoying. So, what did you tell your fiance? I, uh, told her that I have a best man lined up.
You gave her the old Norton Winchell, huh?
I did what now?
The Norton Winchell. It's
the imaginary-friend covet
It's an amateur move,
but it's common.
What about your parents?
They in on it?
Oh, you don't have to
worry about them.
Why, they protesting
the marriage?
No, they passed away several years ago.
That's perfect.
Is this a large wedding
or a small wedding?
Large.
Social or family?
Social.
Hancock Park,
Bel Air, Palisades?
Downtown,
Millennium Biltmore.
All right. Let's go
over some of my packages.
If you're looking for
a basic Single Wing Ringman,
that's where
I'm your best man,
I attend your wedding
for the full day.
Okay. If you need something
a little more involved,
where I participate in all the
festivities for the weekend,
then you're talking
about a Bronze Bow Tie.
Now, if you've got
real problems,
what you need
is a Silver Cuff Link.
Now, that includes everything
in the Bronze Bow Tie
plus an additional
three groomsmen
to balance out
the bridesmaids.
For an extra
thousand dollars,
I'll throw you a bachelor
party to your liking.
How are you looking on groomsmen?
Not good at all.
Not good as in
you need one or two?
I need seven.
You need seven groomsmen?
I do.
Do you have any idea
what you're asking for?
You're asking me to
pull off a Golden Tux.
Yeah. See, I don't see that
on this pamphlet here.
It's not on the pamphlet.
Because what you're
talking about
is what we joke
about around here.
That's a laugh. "Hey, we should
try to do a Golden Tux."
(LAUGHING)
Too many moving parts.
Too many things can go wrong.
No. But there's a name for it.
There's also a name for a horse
with a horn on its head.
It's called a unicorn. It
doesn't mean I can get you one.
She will leave me.
I need your help.
You're talking about
uncharted territory.
No one's ever asked me
to pull off a Golden Tux.
And in less
than two weeks?
I have a nice job,
I have a real nice business.
I don't need this kind of pressure, man.
I don't care how much it costs.
I need a Golden Tux!
Are you sure she's worth it?
A guy like me doesn't land a girl like her.
So, I lied about having a bunch of friends.
I thought it would make me look cool.
Never did I think she would like me, let alone agree to marry me.
I am marrying a girl who, all my life, I never would have thought would have looked at me twice.
And I am marrying her.
What's a little white lie in the face of that? Please help me. I don't know what else to do.
I love this girl.
I'm late.
Come on, get in the car.
Really?
Yeah.
Should I follow you...
No, get in my car.
Come on.
And you'll drop me off back here...
Will you just get in the damn car, please? Okay.
I'm late, man.
God damn it.
 Fucking white people.
(CARS HONKING)

RABBI:
I would like to bring up
Stuart's best friend
to say a few words.
(ORGAN PLAYING)
Just five short years ago,
when I spoke at
Stuart's wedding,
I never expected
to be speaking
at his funeral so soon.
(CRYING)
As the only Ethiopian Jew
at A.J. Wilson High School,
I was bullied quite often.
I remember one time when
these kids took my lunch
and spilled it
all over my lap.
After they did it,
they started to
call me mean names.
(SCOFFS)
Some of them even
called me Pupil Jew-Jew.
Because they said when they turned
the lights out in the hallway,
all they could see
was my eye pupils.
"Pupil Jew-Jew."
"Here comes Pupil Jew-Jew."
Some of them
even did awful
Sammy Davis Jr.
impressions to my face.
"Sha boing boing,
you black Jew-Jew."
I was covered
in sloppy Joe
and mashed potatoes
and vegetable medley.
And, uh, I look up,
and I see Stu.
He was standing there
with a handful of napkins.
And a smile on his face
as if to say, "Everything
was going to be okay."
Stuart may have gone to that
big Shabbat in the sky,
b ut he's still with us.
He's up there
making sad angels laugh
 and he's giving
hopeless angels hope.
And he's giving
small, little, black,
Jewish angels with
a face full of corn
a handful of napkins
and a smile
that says everything
is going to be okay.
(SINGING HEBREW PRAYER)
I am so, so sorry.
I mean, I had no idea.
(ENGINE STARTS)
This could have
easily waited.
Man, don't worry
about it.
All those things that you said about
him, those incredible things.
He really sounds like a great guy.
Who, Reinsdorf?
Reinsdorf was
a piece of shit.
If I end up doing
a Golden Tux for you,
(CHUCKLES) I'll say nice
things at your funeral, too.

JIMMY:
100 bucks, I'll throw in
holiday cards,
birthday calls,
and if you croak within seven
years of said wedding...
You're serious?
Serious as paint.
If I do this,
you need to understand
this is strictly
a business relationship.
Right. You're not
buying a new friend.
You're hiring a best man.
Got it.
Clients sometimes
blur that line.
I'm not looking
for a friend.
I am looking for a best man.
50 grand.
Done.
Plus expenses.
You got it.
Who's officiating?
Father O'Brien.
I never heard of him.
Her family's priest.
What's my name?
Jimmy.
No, my name. I'm assuming you made
up a name for me. What is it?
Oh, I thought it was
a trick question.
It's Bic. Bic Mitchum.
Do I wear a fucking cape?
Bic Mitchum?
It was an act
of desperation.
Bic. Hey, ladies,
what's going on?
My name is Bic and I got the dick.
(INHALES SHARPLY)
What's happening right now?
I'm Bic Mitchum.
Hey, you put that down
and if someone
asks you who said it,
you tell them
Bic Mitchum said it.
What do you mean that there's no more candy?
I'm Bic Mitchum
and I love candy.
I'm Bic. Where's the pussy at?
What?
Fuck you!
Wait.
Fuck you, man!
No, Bic can't have these...
Bic Mitchum can have whatever the fuck he wants!
Bic, Bic, Bic.
All right. I like it.
Doug Harris,
congratulations.
Allow me
to introduce myself.
My name is Bic Mitchum.
I'm your new best man.
It's great to
finally meet you.
No, that's bullshit, Doug.
"It's great to
see you again, man."
(BOTH LAUGHING)
Thank you.
Thank you so much.
Yo, what are you
doing, man?
Yo, what the fuck are you doing?
What are you doing?
I'm sorry.
I just got really excited.
God damn it, man.
What do we do now?
You go get some rest.
Take care of them bags under your eyes.
Stop hugging strangers.
God created the world in seven days.
I got to do a whole lot more in a lot less time.
I got to go find you
some damn friends.
Just keep your eye on the
ball, you little fucker.
And you're sure I'll get laid?
Yes.
Because I haven't gotten
any since I got out.
You'll crush ass. Seven bridesmaids.
Biltmore.
Seven? I want seven vaginas up on my face.
Do you guarantee that?
I can't guarantee that, but I'm
quite sure that they will want you.
It's you!
Look at you. Come on.
My mom isn't
paying you to talk
to your loser friends.
Loser?
Oh!
Don't talk to
Jimmy like that.
Hey, what are you
doing, Fitz?
I'll murder your family!
Turn it off. (CRYING)
Brentwood? Biltmore.
Hal Lane Orchestra.
Oh, man. Hal Lane is the best.
I know.

MARCI:
I'm hungry.
Okay, I'll be right there.
Look, Jimmy,
I'd love to help you out,
but I promised Marci
I'd get out of the game.
Her old man hooked
me up with this job.
Job? What job?
Washing the damn van?
I'm an apprentice.
I just take care of the van while I learn to plumb. Stop. You look at me now and tell me that you don't want back in.

**MARCI:**
you put the salad dressing, you fat idiot? (MACHINE BEEPING)
Yeah, arms up. All right, turn around, girl. Damn. You're trying to smuggle some extra ass on the flight, aren't you? Isn't that what you're doing?
Go on, girl. You're good.
Have a nice flight.
Ooh!
Come on, man. You're better than this, Reggie.
Who's catering this gig?
Puck.
Wolfgang? No, Hockey Puck, idiot. 'Yes, Wolfgang.
The only thing they've got in this place is Cinnabon. I've been eating Cinnabon for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for the past six months.
Reggie, I don't need... Okay? Of course I'm in. That's all I needed to know. Come on. We've a lot of work to do.
Now?
Yes, now.
Hey, I'm clocking out.
I'm back in the game, baby.

**GRETCHEN:**
was able to reschedule
the new salad dressing
tasting to tomorrow.
(GROANS)
There's only a week left
and we still have
so much to do.
Doug, what are you doing?
I thought maybe we'd have
a little ice cream
and then perhaps
some dessert.
Oh, that is so not fair.
You know I'm trying
to lose 4.2 pounds
before the wedding.
Well, I think you look beautiful
just the way you are.
And I got you something else.
What?
Ta-da.
(GASPS) on, my God.
I remember when we watched
Girl with a Pearl Earring,
and you said
how pretty you thought
the girl's pearl earring was.
So, I went out
and had it remade.
You know, as a pair.
Oh, my God.
You are so sweet.
That was so unnecessary.
(ROMANTIC SONG PLAYING)
Is that Boyz ll Men?
You know, I was thinking
of a way to alleviate
all that stress
you've been feeling.
That is not fair.
Remember, we said no teasing
each other. Mmm-mmm.
I know we agreed to
the whole "no making love"
"for the last month" rule.
That's a lot of quotes.
Yeah, but maybe
I could request
a temporary stay of the ban.
No. Honey, look,
I would love to, okay?
But the article says
this will enhance
our emotional reunification.
I know. Maybe we could
take one night off.
(STAMMERS)
Can we do that, maybe?
Just for one night.
To just have sex?
Honey, you know this is
difficult for me, too, okay?
But I am willing to make
the necessary sacrifice
to make sure that our
wedding night is perfect.

BRONSTEIN:
at Camp Wampacheempi.
We were both 12, and we used
to sneak out together at night
and hunt bullfrogs and...
I'm sorry.
I dropped a line.
I know I keep
tripping over it.
You know what?
You nailed it.
What about the distractions?
Do you have any party tricks?
Party tricks. Yeah, okay.
(SHOULDER DISLOCATES)
Oh!
(ALL EXCLAIMING)
Oh, shit.

DORIS:
So, that's kind of it.
I just need a wall.
No, no, no!
(ALL GROANING)
No, don't, please.
(ALL GROANING)
I got it. There it goes.
Bronstein.
Um, I prepared
the scene from Titanic
where Jack
tries to save Rose...
Stop. We specifically asked for monologues.
We don't want any scenes.
Right, but I thought
that this would...
It said monologue.
This would showcase my talent.
Thank you.
I could read
the part of Rose.
My name is Kip Loyola.
I'm 6'4".
You don't have to...
6'3".
As you can see by my
rsum, I've done tons
(STUTTERING)
of soap operas.
Well, uh, did you
prepare anything?
On! Shit, baby!

**JIMMY:**
Did you, uh...
Is that, uh...
Do you have
a distraction
or a party trick
that ties in with this?
Uh... (CLEARS THROAT)
Okay, I guess.
That's your...
(GRUNTS)
Hey, this is bullshit, Jimmy.
You promised me
a spot on the team.
Hey, look, O,
it's not like this
is a Single Wing
Ringman thing.
I told you
I need you to drive.
I'm sick of driving.
I want in.
You can't have in
because you don't
have a party trick
distraction, do you?
I told you I've been working on
the talking backwards thing.
Well, no offense, O,
but you've been
saying the same thing
for three months.
Months three
for that saying been
you've but O
offense no well yeah.

KIP:
fucking cool.
Cool fucking pretty that's.
(CLICKS TONGUE) Whoa!
How much wood
could a woodchuck chuck
if a woodchuck
could chuck wood?
No.
Wood chuck could
chuck wood a if chuck
chuck wood a could
wood much how.
(LAUGHING)
Oh!
Okay, that'll do.
Do that'll okay.
Put a sock in it.
We're done.
Sock on put.
Try the Roquefort
Buttermilk.
(GAGS)
Is it too tangy?
Uh, maybe a little.
A little?
Do you have something, maybe, a little
less harsh? 'Cause he's like...
I can offer you
the Algonquin Ranch.
Okay, give me one second.
Ray. A.R., ASAP.
Okay, honey, we're all set tomorrow.
Brunch at my parents' house.
Oh, yeah. Oh, sweetie,
I thought I told you that
I got to, uh, hit the office
tomorrow. I'm sorry.
Oh, no, no. Edmundo's bringing
some more appetizer samples.
You know I can't make
a decision without you.
(SIGHS)
Damn it. I was going to keep
this a surprise, but...
What? Bic is flying
in tomorrow morning.
Bic? The Bic?
Yeah. I have to go pick
him up from the airport.
You aren't kidding!
Oh, I'm so excited!
I wanted to keep
it a surprise.
This is so great.
Bring him to lunch with you.
No! No. No, I can't.
Why are you yelling?
I'm sorry. I just, uh...
I can't do that
because, um,
we have so much
catching up to do.
Oh, come on. Bring Bic.
I want him to help us decide
on all these fun things.
(STAMMERS) No, I don't know that that's...
He can't...
Listen to me.
He is your best man
and I have
never met him, okay?
You cannot tell me
he's flying in and not
bring him to lunch tomorrow.
Are you crazy?
(STAMMERS) Okay.
No! Take my hand.
I'll pull you in.
Stay where you are.
I mean it. I'll let go.
Oh.
(GRUNTS)
(STRAINING)

BOTH:
Near, far...
Hey. Doug's on line one.
Something's wrong.
What's going on, Tonto?

DOUG:
We've got a bit of a problem.
What the hell were you thinking?
She cornered me.
Doug, in the future, if
somebody asks you something
that boxes you in, you boomerang it.
"Boomerang"?
You respond with either a
compliment or a question.
Compliments are for women.
Questions are for men.
If I were to ask you
something about Bic
that you and I
haven't discussed,
what would you say, Doug?
You're, um, very handsome.
Thank you, Doug.
That's a compliment.
Compliments are for women,
questions are for men.
You throw out random words.
You're confusing me
a lot right now.
You use random words
that will distract them
from the original question.
Random words.
We have 18 hours to prepare for
this brunch with the Palmers.
Which means we have 18 hours
for a Shotgun Intro.
Let's get to work.
You want to start off
with the HW2's.

DOUG:
The how-where-whats.
These are the three
basic questions
that everyone I encounter
as Bic are going to ask.
How did we meet? Where am I from?
What do I do?
If we know nothing else,
we can tread enough water
to fake a stomach cramp and run away.
How did we meet?
Uh, freshman year,
Stanford.
That means I'm smart.
Shit. Where am I from?
I never said.
North Dakota.
Why North Dakota? Do you know
anybody in North Dakota?
No.
Nobody does. What do I do?
You're in the military. That a boy.
See, now you're thinking. No address, no phone number. And chicks dig the uniform shit. It's going to be like shooting fish in a barrel. Actually, I, uh, don't think you're going to be shooting any fish in this particular barrel. An Army guy that's the best man not hitting on the bridesmaids? They'll think I'm a homosexual. Well, uh, actually... Well, actually, what? You told them I'm a homosexual, Doug? No. No, not that, per se. What, per se, Doug? Tell me. Bic Mitchum is actually Father Bic Mitchum. You told them I'm a fucking priest, Doug? Well, actually, it was Gretchen who said it. You told Gretchen I'm a fucking priest, Doug? No. Gretchen said... There was nothing else that popped into your head? At the time I thought it was a really smart idea. A fucking priest? But now I can see it's going to upset you. A fucking priest? Fuck! Fuck, shit, bitch, dick, ass! No. No, you can't. Oh, well, I have to get them all out now because I'm a fucking
priest and I can't
cuss around
your family, Doug. Fuck!
Oh, come on.
That's the last one.
(JIMMY READING)
Jill Abromowitz,
freshman year.
Far-sighted or near-sighted'?
Far-sighted.
Okay. Wait, let me finish.
And near-sighted.
Do you supinate or pronate?
What?
Does your foot roll inward or outward?
Outward.
Okay, that explains
the weight gain.
Pepsi or Coke?
Sunset, full moon?
If you could pick your favorite
superhero, who would it be?
Is Pas-Man a superhero?
No, he's not, Doug.
Stairs or elevators?
Never mind. Forget it.
Okay, Doug, I'm almost happy right now.
What's my name?
That would be Bic: Mitchum.
Where am I from?
You're from North Dakota.
Ask me why you're
from North Dakota.
Tell me why I'm
from North Dakota.
Because who the fuck knows
anybody from North Dakota?
I want to hear my name again.
What's my name?
Oh, you are motherfucking Bic Mitchum!
Rhythm.

BOTH:
Bic Mitchum.
Motherfucking Bic Mitchum.
Motherfucking... (EXCLAIMS)
What are your phobias?
Uh, I fear raccoons.
Favorite sport, Doug?
Baseball. And I love women's basketball.
Come on, we're getting too tired. Up. Yes.
(BOTH GRUNTING)

JIMMY:
Doug! Doug!
Get up. Get your ass up. We're going to be late for brunch.
Oh, shit!

JIMMY:
backed into a corner,
remember your compliments,
boomerang, random words.

DOUG:
Specifically, which random words should I use?
Any random words. Just be yourself, Doug.
You'll be all right.
What if they start asking too many questions?
I mean, you hardly even know me.
Except for the fact that you prefer showers to baths,
Pas-Man's your favorite superhero even though Pas-Man's not a superhero at all,
you're far-sighted and you're near-sighted, you supinate,
you prefer full moons over sunsets,
you're afraid of raccoons,
you love women's basketball,
you iron your boxers,
finished third
on the bar exam,
eat American,
but prefer cheddar,
you're against the designated hitter,
believe in life after death,
and you played the violin
until you were 19 years old.
Which is the same year that you lost
your virginity to Jill Abromowitz.
Let's go, man.
That will work.
You follow my lead. You
talk as little as you can.
Short answers. You don't
initiate conversation. Wi-Wo.
"Wi-Wo"?
We're in, we're out.
Oh. Wi-WO.
Wait, wait, wait.
What?
I'm getting a little nauseous, man.
What?
I think I'm in over my head, Doug.
No, no.
This is a lot. You're talking
about a whole family.
I've never done
a goddamn whole family.
You're telling me
this now?
What's your last name?
Harris. Doug Harris.
Oh, shit!
I thought it was Angley.
What? Who's Angley?
I have to go, buddy.
No!
I'm fucking with you.
Don't do that.
All right, relax.
That was a really
shitty thing to do.
Ring the bell, rookie.
Come on.
You guys have to understand that I come from a very dark past.
And by dark, of course I'm referring to my drug use.
I was on everything.
At one point, the only good vein I had was between my toes.
Crystal meth. I'm not sure if any of you guys can relate to it.
Grandma, I've seen your teeth.
Maybe you can, or can't.
But the Lord says, "Don't judgeth upon what happens", "but what happens upon what can't be judged."
Which means, yes,
I may have been to a point where I was sucking dick for money.
But that day when I woke up face down in that snowbank, I didn't know where I was.
I didn't even know who I was.
And I remember squinting because I was being blinded by this bright light.
I couldn't see a thing.
And when I finally opened my eyes, I saw Jesus.
You saw Jesus?
Oh, I saw Jesus.
He was in Mary's arms in the nativity scene at St. Michael's.
And I wept. But they weren't tears of pain. These were tears of joy.
From having found my path, of course.
So, Father...
Call me Bic, please.

What made you decide to go into the military?

Mmm. That's a great question. Some people are called on to serve God. Others are called to serve our country. Those who are chosen to serve both, they're called Army chaplains. I got a two-way call from the big fellow himself. (LAUGHING) A priest in the military. Yeah. It's interesting. Do they have a "don't ask", "don't tell" policy on child molesting? Dad! (LAUGHING) (HIGH-PITCHED LAUGHING) Oh, it's okay. It's okay. That's pretty good. I've never heard that one. Now, that's a good one. Well, I try. Clever. No, it wasn't. Somebody call the firemen because this is hot, hot, hot! Okay? Do not touch. (LAUGHING) So, listen, if you opt against the Russian mushroom bisque, we can always go into a more rustic theme with the Chilean chili. I'll be back.
with the croutons.
So, Bic, uh, where are
you from originally?
Originally? North Dakota.
Oh, no kidding. What town?
Henderson.
I've never heard
of Henderson.
Oh, Henderson's
a very small town, Ed.
Oh, where is it
in relation to Bismarck?
Are you familiar
with North Dakota?
Ed's uncle has
a ranch up there.
Wow! That is something
to know, there.
Uh, no, it's actually on the
opposite side of Bismarck.
You have Bismarck here,
but once you go around...
You know the tunnel.
It's right there.
Bismarck's in the middle.
When you said "middle", all I saw
was Rita Hayworth. (CHUCKLES)
I mean, there's a striking
resemblance, isn't it?
Oh, thank you, Father.
No, there isn't.
So, Doug,
when was the last time
that you and Bic
saw each other?
March.
March?
Well, wait a minute,
wait a minute.
Because, see, in March... April,
I was in the Middle East.
Muffin juice. After that
is when I was training.
Cottage cheese helmet.
And from there is
when I was traveling,
so you're talking
three, four...
Three, four, six, seven months ago.
...six, seven years ago.
Years ago.
Honey, I thought you saw Bic at
the Vatican a couple years ago.
Wait, what did you say?
When you were in Rome,
you and Bic.
Oh, boy, that's right.
Because you left in March.
Red-hot pussy seltzer.
(GASPS)
Right? Right. Yeah.
That sounds right.
What did you just say?

DOUG:
I think you said,
"Red-hot pussy seltzer."
Why would you say that?

ED:

GRETCHE N:
What's 34 times 12?
Shit, I didn't expect
an answer that quick.
Breathe, Doug.
Baby, what is going on with you?
(CLEARS THROAT)

DOUG:
I, um...
I have to be
honest with you guys.
Oh, my God!
(ALL EXCLAIMING)
(SCREAMING)
(ALL GASP)
Honey?
Shit, that burns!
Guys, that was so hot. I'm sorry, Doug.
It burns!
Oh, God!
Sorry. I didn't know
it was that hot, guys.
I'm so sorry.
It's okay.

GRANDMA:

JIMMY:
Shit! No! She's on fire!
It's an inferno!

JIMMY:
(SCREAMING)
I need liquids!

JIMMY:

ED:

ALISON:
It's making it worse!
Give me the tablecloth!
What is wrong with you?
I'm going to get
something else!
She just caught fire
so fast.
Don't feel bad, Doug. She goes
through a can of Aqua Net a day.
Hey, what did they say? Is she okay?
Is she going to be all right?
Gretchen, how do you
like your grandma?
What? I love her. You know that.
What happened?
No, I mean, how do you like her?
Medium, well-done?
Oh, my God, Dad.
You can be
such an asshole.
She has some minor burns to her head, chest, back, neck, and breasts, but the doctor says she's going to be fine. Oh, thank God. Come on, let's go see her. I, uh...
I feel just awful. Well, shake it off. If you knew what the old lady says behind your back, you would have done it on purpose. But let me say, that was a hell of a tackle for a tenderfoot. Tenderfoot? Oh, Douglas was quite the halfback back in college. You played football, Doug? How come you never told me? I thought you were just a nerd fan. (DOUG STAMMERING) Yeah. Yeah, intramurals, scrimmage. We scrimmaged, the boys. And, you know, I made the all-campus team a couple times in football. I was an all-conference nose tackle. Half the team's coming in for the wedding. Why don't we have a friendly game of two-hand touch? You know, the old-timers versus the groomsmen. What do you say? I think that's quite the invitation, Ed, but there's so much going on. I just feel like there's not enough time.
Oh, what's
the matter, Bic?
Afraid of getting your asses
kicked by some old-timers?
I don't think so, Pops.
All things considered, not
that bad for a Shotgun Intro.
Not that bad? I just set
Gretchen's grandmother on fire.
Wrong. We sacrificed Grandma
for the sake of the mission.
I feel terrible.
Feelings are irrelevant
in the big con.
What's important is that
our cover wasn't blown.
Every test that we encounter
will be the same, pass or fail.
As long as we pass, it
doesn't matter how we do it.
I still can't believe they
actually bought all that
People believe because they
have no reason not to.
We're going to have to
be on top of our game.
That family was sharp.
Come on,
we've got to go.
I've got some really important
people waiting on us.
(ALL GREETING) JIMMY: Look who I have?
Dougie-Doug-Doug!

ENDO:
Doug, you look great, man.
You're losing weight,
fat ass.

ENDO:
lose weight.
(OVERLAPPING CHATTER)
Ow!
All right.
All right, stop.
(ALL LAUGHING)
Who are these people?
What, are you kidding?
You don't recognize these guys?
No.
You're looking at your groomsmen.
Come on, man.
Hey, Doug.
How have you been, bro?
Good. Yeah, real good. You?
You know,
same old same old.
(YELLS)
(ALL LAUGHING)
Stop it, man.
Stop it, man.
Every time. Every time.
Jimmy, can I talk to you
for a second?
These guys cannot
be my groomsmen.

JIMMY:
talking about?
For one thing, it looks like
the entire cast of Goonies
grew up and became rapists.
This one in particular
looks like
he just broke out of
a federal fucking prison.
What you need to do is keep
it down because he did.
And he raped
a lot of men in there. Yes.
Oh, my God. Oh, Jesus.
He's got a dark past, but when you
throw a tux on that son of a bitch,
you're not going to
find anybody better.
The Asian
has his dick out.
Endo, put it up.
No. You have to get a new party trick.
People love it.
Is that a third testicle?
Does he have three testicles?
Yeah, I've got three.
How is that a party trick?
That's neither here nor there.
Oh, I'm dead. You didn't give me a lot of time, man.
Oh, God.
You gave me seven names, I brought you back seven groomsmen.
I should just call it off. No!
These guys are great, man.
You're looking at the best of the best.
Not the best of the best.
They're the best of what I had to choose from.
I'm dead.
(STAMMERS)
We've got Dickerson.
Yo.
Dickerson, you're a lounge singer from Canada.
You perform four nights a week at the Walleye Nook.
You do a mean Tom Jones.
Now, that part's imperative.
She won't buy it unless she knows that you can sing.
Doug, I'm not trying to be rude, but nobody here really gives a fuck.
We're just assigning roles.
We can get all the ancillary particulars later on.

**DORIS:**
you're a botanist.
You and Doug went to camp together from 6th grade through 10th.
Rambis, you're a principal at Saint Peter's Middle School in Provo, Utah. And you're a regional racquetball champion. Lefty, good serve.

Plunkett, you're a lawyer. You specialize in environmental law with a focus on forestry.

Carew, you're a podiatrist in Knoxville. Divorced, no kids. I have to say, all these guys seem a little off, but you at least look normal. Oh, thanks, Doug, I appreciate that, man. I'm just happy to (STUTTERS) be here.

DORIS:
you teach philosophy at Bardonia Community College. You're a vegan. You're also working on your first book called The Way of Wonder. What the fuck does that even mean? Thanks, Doug, you fucking asshole.

DORIS:
a computer programmer. You met Dougie at a conference in Baton Rouge. Do you want to trade? Hell, yeah. I need to eat some meat, man. This vegan life isn't for me. Hey. There will be no trading! Anything else, Doug? Yeah. Plunkett's
got to be in a wheelchair.
He was hit by a car.
What?
(ALL LAUGHING)
Well, it's not funny.
I'm supposed to crush ass.
I told him he was
going to crush ass.
Argh!

JIMMY:
Double check your measurements
and perfect your PTD's, guys.
"PTD'S"? That's your Party
Trick Distractions.
If you get backed in a corner
and you don't know what to do,
pull out your PTD.
Can I do my Cockney accent?
You're a principal in Utah. Why the
fuck would you have a Cockney accent?
I could have
moved there, right?
Any more questions?
Yeah. When is
the bachelor party?
I don't see nothing
in the package about it.

ENDO:
(ALL AGREEING)
Oh, no, no. There's going
to be no bachelor party.
Gretchen and I, we both decided
that it was better that we...
Stop. There's no such thing as a mutual
decision until after you're married.
Right now, the only "we..."

GROOMSMEN:
Balls.
All right, guys, listen up.
You have one week to know
this information so well,
it becomes a permanent part of your memory. That means that we've got one week to pull off the first ever Golden Tux. Understand something. This has never been done, gentlemen. Let's go make some fucking history, huh? (GROOMSMEN CHEERING) Don't worry about me I'm gonna make it all right Got my enemies crossed out in my sight I take a bad situation Gonna make it right Got it. She's not the one coming back for you Hey! Hey, you son of a bitch! Suck it! Suck it! You're going to suck it! (CAMERA CLICKS) (YELLING) (CAMERA CLICKS) If I fall back down Hello. Well, the worst of times, now they don't phase me Even if I look and act really crazy I went way down, she betrayed me Now my vision is no longer hazy I'm very lucky to have my crew They stood by me when she flew She's not the one coming back for you If I fall back down (WHOOPING) You're gonna help me back up again Classic, Doug! If I fall back down,
you're gonna be my friend

**JIMMY:**
let's go, let's go!
You got it?
All right, let's go.
Go, go!
(DOUG MOANING)
(AS BRIDE)
What are you doing?
(AS GROOM) It's a trick
I learned in Vietnam.
Oh, my God.
What are you doing?
Just prepping for
a little bit of this.
Tahiti?
(SQUEALS)
Voted the number-one
most romantic
honeymoon destination.
That's amazing!
It's going to be incredible.
Oh, my gosh. Honey, that's...
(MOANING)
Hey, what has gotten
into you this week?
I've just never
seen you so frisky.
I just feel really good
about everything.
We're getting married
on Saturday.
It's exciting. Your friends
are gonna be there.
(INHALES) My friends are
all gonna be there.
I just hope
it all goes smoothly.
I checked
the 10-day forecast.
Sweetie, it's LA. It's not
like it's going to rain.
What the fuck
did you just say?
Whoa.
Are you kidding?
What are you doing?
Why did you say
the fucking R-word?
(WHISPERING) Shh.
Calm down. Calm down.
I didn't say it was going to rain.
(GRUNTS)
You just said it again. This
is twice now in two minutes.
Are you fucking serious?
(WHISPERING)
Gretchen, calm down.
I just don't understand why you
continue to say this stupid shit.
Okay, you're right. But you know what?
(SIGHS)
We climbed
the glaciers of what?
Uh...
It was... It was, uh...
It's Patagonia.
Padronia.
Patagonia.
Political views?
Staunch Republican.
Got it.
Patagonia.
Pagon.
I'm a doctor.
What type?
Podiatrist.
Is that right?
I think that's right.
That's what it says?
Yeah. I'm a kid doctor.
No.
What are your views
on gluten?
It's a myth.
Pata...
Pata...
...go...
My name is Hobie Plunkett
and I collect...
Playbills.
Cabbage Patch Kids?
No, man, it's exotic pets,
you dumb motherfucker.
Dumb? You can't even say
"Patagonia," you idiot.
Garvey's family
owns a "blank" farm.
Chinchillas.
Nice.
Hey, come on, we have to
hammer out this toast, man.
Right.
They're going to want to
know why she's "the one."
It's like a band playing
their most popular song.
The crowd is just
waiting to hear it.
Let's start with
the first time you saw her.
Oh, she was
wearing a dress.
And she was pretty.
That's it? Why are you marrying her?
Why are you in love with her?
What makes her different than any
other girl that you ever met?
She talked to me.
She talked to you?
What? Yeah, seriously. Her dad
was a client at the firm.
I had seen her
a couple of times,
but she never gave me
the time of day.
And then one day I ran into
her, and it was just different.
She knew my name, she asked
me to go get a sandwich.
You're not helping me.
You have to dig deep.
Like, "From across the room, she looked at me"
"and I swear it was like slow motion.
"All the room stood still. I closed my eyes and I reached out my hand, "and in return, I got a soul."
"And that's when I knew that we were soul mates."
That's what I need, Doug. But that's not real.
(SIGHS)
All right, Tonto.
Do you want to see real?
(INDISTINCT TALKING)
(POUNDING ON DOOR)
Yo!
Puta madre. I'm coming.
Hi! Oh, my God!
What a delightful surprise.
I wish you would have called before.
My place is a pig sty.
Eddie. Hey,
Eddie, stop. Stop.
No mas. He's one of us.
What the fuck, cabrn?
Yeah. What the hell is going on here?
I want to introduce you to Dirty Eddie Sanchez.
His family had a wedding planning business that was one of the biggest in the city.
But, after Father of the Bride came out on DVD and Blu-ray, nobody wanted to take advice from a Mexican kid from Boyle Heights.
So, what he decided to do was flame it up a little bit. Hence, Edmundo.
Da-da-da-da!
Business skyrocketed.
This is so fucked up
on so many levels.
So, ese, why did you
bring him here?
He's taking this wedding
thing way too seriously.
All right, look, vato, weddings
are just overblown parties
direct from women's
unreasonable fantasies
and preconceived notions
that originated in childhood.
So, don't sweat the morality
of what you're doing.
Just make sure the bride
and her mother are happy.
We're in this together,
homie.
Is that your girl?
Fuck no.
That's my sister.
That's my girl.
What's up?
Oh, fuck.
Do you want some nachos?
I'm actually okay.
No, late before I came.
I'm sorry.
What did you just ask them?
I asked them if
they wanted nachos.
Nachos?
The guy's getting
married in a week
and you're gonna
offer him nachos?
Look at him! What do you think
cheese is going to do to him?
I thought
they wanted nachos.
Use your fucking head.
I'm going to take some.
Sit down, Jimmy!
I tried.
(SHOUTING IN SPANISH)
They've been together for some time now.
Nothing's going to happen.
What?
Nothing.
You guys make
a beautiful couple.
Bitches, right?
(LAUGHING)
Do you want some weed?
No, no, I'm good.
You put the weed
in the coconut
And light that shit up
You put the weed in the
coconut And light that shit up
Get him to sing it. Come on, white boy.
I'm good, I'm good.
You put the weed in the
coconut And light that shit up
You're being disrespectful.
Sing the fucking song.
You put the weed in the
coconut And light that shit up
(IN HIGH-PITCHED VOICE) You
put the weed in the coconut
And light that shit up
You put the weed
in the coconut
You two better not
fuck this up.

DOUG:

JIMMY:
I do it with all my grooms.
I hate this stuff.
Hey, that's why we're here.
Groom desensitization, okay?
That's a rum and Coke.
That's your favorite, right?
Yeah. How did you know that?
I know everything, Doug.

Drink up.

All right, I want you to
keep reminding yourself that
weddings are for the women.

You're not supposed
to enjoy yourself, Doug.

If you were, there would
be big-screen TVs,
there would be gambling.
There's none of that there.

Okay, NAS
and we won't get caught.

Wait, what?

(SIGHS) NAS, Doug.

Nod and smile.

All right? Let's go.

(MOUTHS)

You all look good.

How are you, man?

Oh.

And I said, well,
put the money in the bag.

(FEEDBACK)

(GLASS CLINKING)

Hello.

Uh-oh. Showtime.

DOUG:

Yeah!

JIMMY:

is not a professional.

(BEATBOXING)

Just kidding. I'm just kidding.

(GUESTS LAUGHING)

The moment Chris asked me
to be his best man,

I sat down and I wrote

a pretty awesome speech.

But I don't know. I think I'd
rather speak from the heart.

Oh, don't do that.
Don't you rip that paper up.
You never do that.
(CHUCKLES)
Uh, you know, when Chris...
When Chris and I first met, we, um...
Uh, well...
Chris and I have known each other since, uh...
(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)
Mmm-mmm-mmm.
Chris and I, you know, we did stuff together.
(GAGS)
(GUESTS MURMURING)
He's going to throw up on the fucking bride.
And, um, Chris has been like a brother to me.
Well, because my real brother died.
No. Well, he didn't die immediately.
They revived him in the ambulance, and then, he died later.
(SOFTLY)
Is he serious?
Adolf Hitler once said...
Holy fucking shit.
Jesus Christ.

BEST MAN:
I'm just going to...
There was this one thing I wanted to reference.
You know what? Fuck it.
Wolverines, brother!
I love you. Thank you.
(FEEDBACK) That's not even the right way.
It's not an exit.
(FEEDBACK SQUEALS)
Okay. One, two... Ain't no mountain
high enough
Are you okay?
Yeah.
Let's go dance.
No, thanks.
Douglas, you can hide
a fat ass in baggy pants,
but you cannot
hide a bad dancer.
Come on,
I'll teach you some basics.
I'm not dancing.
It is my job to make you look
good on your wedding day.
Now, I need you
to get comfortable
with being uncomfortable.
Come on.
Stop being a pussy.
Let's dance.
Come on, you lead.
No, I don't want to lead.
Okay, then, fine,
be the chick, Doug.
On second thought, I will lead.
Whatever, Doug.
Just follow me.
I really don't get it.
(BAND PLAYING TANGO MUSIC)
Back.
Nice rond de jambe.
Thanks.
Twelve years of
dance lessons.
My mom said, "One day,
they would come in handy."
I doubt this is
what she had in mind.
You asked how
a gal like Gretchen
could fall for
a yutz like me.
I took her dancing.
Whoo! Now can you
hand jive, baby?
Oh, can you hand jive, baby?
Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah, yeah
Teach me how to dougie
Teach me, teach me
how to dougie
Teach me how to dougie
Teach me, teach me
how to dougie
All my women love me
All my...
All my women love me
All my women love me
You ain't messing
with my dougie
Teach me how to dougie
Teach me, teach me
how to dougie
(GUESTS CHEERING)
Teach me how to dougie
Teach me, teach me
how to dougie
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
(WHISPERING)
You bastard.
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
Oh.
(SWING MUSIC PLAYING)
(ALL CHEERING)
(MUSIC STOPS)
(GUESTS CHEERING)
Hey!

**JIMMY:**
nowhere, a guy I went to school with.
I barely even knew the kid.
He goes,
"I just got engaged."
Naturally, I go, "Great. Congratulations."
Then, he says,
"Can you be my best man?"
I barely knew the kid.
Wow, that is so weird.
So, I get to thinking, "What's the worst that can happen?"
The guy's wedding party consisted of me,
the bride's brother,
and this Filipino exchange student.
And it was so sad, Doug.
Everybody is thinking,
"Why in the hell"
"would this woman marry this loser?"
So, I grab the microphone and I just get to talking about
how we climbed the Himalayas,
how we fished for sharks,
how this guy saved me in a barroom brawl one time.
So much bullshit.
And I look over and I see the bride.
She's got his arm, Doug.
She's got his arm so tight and she's glowing.
Because she's marrying this amazing guy.
This man comes up to me and goes, "Wow."
"I would pay money" "to have somebody talk like that about me at my wedding."
Light bulb.
That's the day that this wedding hustle was born.
That's the day that I became The Wedding Ringer.
(CHUCKLES)
I, uh...
Now, I don't want you to think
that I'm some sort of schmuck who doesn't have any friends.

No.

You know, my father, he was an international tax attorney, right? So, we moved around all the time. I went to 13 different schools by the eighth grade. I lived on four different continents. And after a while I just figured, "Why even make friends anymore?" "I'm just going to have to move, anyway. What's the point?"

And then, when my dad died, I took over the business. I was just working so much. I was working too much. Am I a loser? No.

This is what you have to understand, Doug. Some people are just loners. It's that simple, man. Maybe I don't want to be. Maybe I just want someone to grab a beer with, to go on a cool guy trip with. You've never been on a guy trip, Doug? Cabo, Cancun, spring break? You've never done anything like that? I never really had anyone to go with. Good night, Tonto. I gotta say, it feels really good
to have somebody
looking out for me.
I got your back, man.
I like that.
And I got your back, too.
Hey, Doug.
I like you, man.
I think you're a great guy.
I just want you to remember that
this is a business relationship.
It doesn't mean that we're
going to be best friends.
That's not how
this story ends.
I'm just an employee with a job to do.
I get it.
You're not my best friend.
You're just my best man.
In one week,
Bic will be on a plane
headed back to
the Middle East.
Three months from now, he'll get
killed in a tragic: grenade accident
while giving an impromptu
sermon on the back of a Humvee.
It doesn't mean that we're not
going to have a good time, Doug.
I said I got it.
You're anybody's best friend for a
price, but nobody's when it counts.
(CLICKS TONGUE)
(DOOR OPENING)
Is everything okay?
What's the matter with you?
I don't know.
Well, now.
I never expected
the "Jimmy Callahan"
to get all soft-eyed
over a client.
No, no, it's not like that.
All I do is go
from job to job,
saving these losers
with no friends.
Losers?
Come on, Jimmy.
They're not losers.
They're just guys.
They don't share their private,
deep emotional feelings
with each other
like women do.
Women are nurturers.
We sit and listen to
each other's problems.
Which is why we're
always so miserable,
from all that
goddamn listening.
(LAUGHING) You should
count your blessings.
I still think
they're losers.
Well, maybe you're right. But
let me ask you this, Jimmy.
If you ever found a woman
crazy enough to marry you,
who would be your best man?
See, this all started because you
wanted to make a guy feel good.
Do you remember how good you felt
the first time you did this?
Well, you've lost that.
You've become jaded
with all your rules.
You forgot what got you into this
business in the first place.
Your ability to be a friend,
to change someone's life.
Now, Jimmy,
we have less than a week
to pull off
the first ever Golden Tux.
So, I'm going to need you to
stop crying like a little girl,
strap on a pair,
stop wasting time
feeling sorry for yourself,
and let's bring
this shit home.
(TIRES SQUEALING)
Doug Harris, right?
Uh, yeah.
Come here, you little shit.
Wait!
Have you ever been to the 'hood?
Here you go.
Somebody help me! I'm not Doug Harris!
(GROANS)
Why did you kick me
in my balls?
(GRUNTING)

DOUG:
Throw his ass in the truck!
Get back there!
(THUDS)
(GROANING)
Go, go, go!
(TIRES SQUEALING)

DOUG:
(DOUG SCREAMING)
What was that?
Shit!
(CAR HORNS HONKING)
Oh, God, which way
is the sidewalk?
Doug, don't move!
(TIRES SQUEALING)
(GROANS)

DOUG:
Please, God! Please!
I'm begging you!
Help!
Anybody!
(GASPS)
FITZGIBBONS:
Take his pants off!
You pay for the Golden Tux,
you get a bachelor party,
you son of a bitch!

FITZGIBBONS:
Don't pop that shit!
Hey. Hi.
Oh.
Nadia.
Hi. I'm Doug. Doug Harris.
(SPEAKING ITALIAN)
Do you speak English?
Oh.
Have you ever been
to a Dodger game?
Do you like the Dodgers?
Oh, this is happening.
Shh!
Okay, so,
here's the deal.
I'm about to get married to
this great girl, Gretchen.
Oh! Gee!
Shh!
Um...
(SPEAKING ITALIAN)
Oh, boy!
On second thought,
I've got a better idea.
Party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
Isn't this so much more fun
than sucking my dick?

ALL:
Hugs from the honeys
Pounds from the roughnecks
Seen my man Sei
that I knew from the projects
Said he had beef,
asked me if I had my piece
Sure do
I'm a bad boy
Niggaz wanna front, who got your back?
Biggie
Niggaz wanna flex Who got the gat?
Biggie
It ain't hard to tell
I'm the east coast overdoser
Brand-Nubian shit
beatin' down punks!
This is for Dougie!
Party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
I can't swim!
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
Yo, where are the women at?
Did you touch my dick?
Okay, I'm sorry.
All right, guys.
This is for Dougie!
This is
the running of the balls!
Start the machine! Ready!
Ahhh!
No! No!
(GROANING)
And bullshit
And party and bullshit
And party and bullshit
(YELLING)
And party and bullshit
All right.
What is happening here?
(GIRLS LAUGHING)
I don't like being...
Hey, hey. Shut up.
It's about you having
a good goddamn time, man.
Nadia.
No!

**ALL:**
We got through this already.
(SHUSHING)
You smell so sweet.

**ALL:**

**JIMMY:**
nutty butter!
Nadia, you don't
have to do this.
What? Wait.
Oh, oh!
(ALL CHEERING)

**ALL:**
Fletcher! Fletcher!
Nadia, do not
give me a fletcher.
Okay, this shit's gone far enough!
(SNIFLING)
Oh, Nadia, no!
Oh, God, it feels so good,
but I don't want you to.
Talk me through it, Doug!
It feels so scruffy and wet.
Why are you
licking so rapidly?
I love my fiance,
I love my fiance.
How does that feel?
(ALL LAUGHING)
Oh, God! Okay! Okay!
(ALL LAUGH LOUDLY)
(ALL CHEERING)
(DOG BARKS)
(FLESH SQUELCHES)
(SCREAMING)
(ALL GASP)
JIMMY:
(DOG SNARLING)
When you pull, it hurts!
(SCREAMING)
Stick a finger in his ass!
Not my ass,
the dog's ass!
It's not working!

DOUG:
(GUNSHOT)
(ALL GASP)
What the fuck, Plunkett?
Oh, shit.
I didn't shoot him. I shot up.
That dog is dead.

FITZGIBBONS:
tried to scare him off.
Shit, the fucking dog
has lockjaw.
It must have had
a heart attack.
(CRYING) There's a
dead dog on my dick.

DOUG:
to a hospital, guys.

REGGIE:
His dick is bleeding!
The hospital's right
around the corner, okay?
You have to hold on.
Hurry up, Lou.
Every time it moves,
it hurts!

JIMMY:
Somebody give me the alcohol!
Just breathe, Dougie!
That just burns!
Whoa, whoa!
Red light, red light!
(ALL SCREAMING)
(TIRES SQUEALING)
What the fuck was that?

ENDO:
No, it was just a cab.
(SIREN WAILING)
Shit! We have open bottles in here.
I can't go back to jail!
I'm tired of fucking dudes!
You were the rapist?
Finish your bottles!

JIMMY:
Put the bottles down, put your drugs away.
Do you hear me?

LURCH:
father's van.
I'm only 15!

OFFICER:
Pullover.
Lou, you have to pull the fucking car over.
Pull the fucking car over.
Oh, God, Marci's going to kill me.

JIMMY:
get through this, man.
This isn't going to be long.

DOUG:
out of the car.

REGGIE:
I kidnapped this white girl.
Take it. Take the gun. I don't want this motherfucker, man.
No! You take it back.
JIMMY:
You talk too much.
I don't want it.
Take it.
Put it in your titties. I'm not going to jail for this.

ENDO:
Shut up! This is real!
Everybody look normal. Okay?
(STUTTERS)
Have you guys been drinking tonight?

JIMMY:
(ALL DISAGREEING)
Not even a little bit?
No.
(GROANING)
(ALL GROANING)
Are you all right, sir?
Uh-huh.
Is that a dog?
Yeah. Why is his mouth on your genitals?
(EXHALES)
Oh, God.
(YELLING)
(ALL SCREAMING)

JIMMY:
fuck are you doing?

FITZGIBBONS:
What in the fuck, Lou?
Stop the car, you old dick!
(SIREN WAILING)
Lou, watch the Buick on your right!
(GLASS SHATTERING)
Do you have to hit every single meter, Lou?
Come on, what are you doing, Lou?
LOU:
It's a one-way street!
I know!
It's the way I'm going!
Look out! BRONSTEIN:
Stop the car!

LURCH:
(HORN BLARING)

JIMMY:
(ALL SCREAMING)
Lou, this is a closed road!

LURCH:
the wrong way, Lou!

REGGIE:
fucking seat belt on, Lou!
Holy shit!
There's a gap in the bridge!
(ALL SCREAMING)

LURCH:
going to die!

JIMMY:
No!
/
/
(ALL GRUNTING)
Oh, my God!

ENDO:
(ALL CHEERING)

LOU:
Suck on this, copper.
Nadia.
Hey. You waited
all night for me?
You know, last night,
that was the greatest night
of my entire life.
I don't think I've ever felt a
connection to anybody like that before.
I know you can't
understand any of this.
But I...
Tonto.
How is it hanging?
(GROANS) I'm kind of numb.
What did they do?
Oh, they put some stitches
in your penis head.
The doctor said
you'll be okay, though.
Come on,
kiss her goodbye.
I've gotta go. It was really
great getting to know you.
It was great
getting to know you, too.
Wait. You speak English?
Thanks for having me
out again, Jimmy.
(SIGHS) Doug here
is a real keeper.
Call me sometime. Maybe we
can catch a Dodger game.
"Dodger game" is
code-word for fucking.
(ALL SNORING)
Fellows.

DOUG:
Lou had to go away
for a while.
He said it was
worth it, though.
(BLOWING)
(ALL EXCLAIMING)
Burn this.
(WHOOPS)
I haven't felt this good,
this happy since...
Since ever.
Did you take one of those pills Plunkett was handing out? The ones that looked like Altoids? Yes! Did you take one? Yeah, I took one. What did I tell you? You said don't take anything that looks like drugs. Then why did you take it? Because it looked like an Altoid. It wasn't an Altoid, Doug. Nah, I realized that soon after. I said, "Stay your ass away from Plunkett." Didn't I tell you that? Now, I know none of this is real, but it's good to be one of the guys. It really is. Come on. Let's go get you cleaned up, man. So, uh, let's just go and knock this thing out, man. We'll make you look great, rock your wedding, send you off to Tahiti so you can blow Gretchen's back out. Knock her back loose. And then, we ship Father Bic: off to his untimely death. I was thinking about what you asked me the other day about Gretchen. Mmm-hmm. And on our third date, she said something about wanting to start a family, how she was ready to have kids. And I don't know, ever since I lost my family, I've always wanted to make one of my own.
Hey, do me a favor.
Be very gentle with my car.
I've seen your car...
Ain't nobody gonna
mess up this shit.
Okay.
Why don't you go put
some ice on your dick?
Yeah. No kidding,
right? God.

(CELL PHONE RINGS)
Hello.
I got a problem.
I can't be there
on Saturday.
What are you
talking about, Garv?
Marci's dad found a butt plug
in the glove compartment.
She knows I'm working
with you again.
I had to promise to fix the kitchen
cabinets to get her to calm down.
No. You're going to be there.
Do you hear me?
I'll call Marci myself. Is
that what you want me to do?
I'll tell her about Kokomo.

MARCI:
where are you?
Look, Jimmy, come on.
No, don't "Look, Jimmy" me.
I'm not playing the
"Look, Jimmy" game.
No, we all made a pact.
You said the kitchen cabinets
would be done by today.
Just tell Marci that you'll do
the kitchen cabinets on Sunday.
Jimmy, go die in a fire!
I hate you.
I hope your dick
gets chopped off.
Roger Delta Niner.
And may God bless
whoever else is on this.
(MARCI YELLING INDISTINCTLY)
Hey.
Who is Jimmy?
Jimmy is actually a tag.
It's a tag name.
Military code.
Military code?
So, I suppose
I shouldn't pry into
the meaning of "kitchen
cabinets" then, either.
For your safety, no. I would
kind of leave it alone.
(CHUCKLES) All right, I'll see
you at the rehearsal dinner.
See you then.
Father.
Okay.
Oh, God.

HAL LANE:
two violas, two cellos,
one contrabass,
one electric bass,
two guitars, one drum set,
and I'll be singing.
And your first dance
will be to what song?
To our song,
You Are So Beautiful.
That's by Joe Cooker.
Thanks.
What?
That's not our song.
That's not our song.
(SCOFFS)
Honey, of course it is.
No, it's not.
Yeah. Babe,
don't you remember?
Your broken CD player repeated
it over and over and over
the first time
we made love.
Oh. (WHISPERING)
It was so amazing.
That wasn't me.
That was your ex, Steve.
And I know that
because you've told me
this story about five times.
So...
Oh.
(CHUCKLES)
Well, you know, honey, it's
still such a beautiful song.
I mean, when you
really listen to the words.
Honey, it's my favorite.
Please.
Sure.
(SOFTLY) Yay.
I'm going to need a deposit.

DORIS:
in these wallets,
you have a license,
credit cards,
and $300 cash.
These bags here
contain your suits
for the rehearsal dinner
as well as the wedding.
You guys get some rest. We leave
for the high school at 0800.
What are we doing
at the high school?
(LAUGHING)

DOUG:

ED:
So, we were thinking maybe the
field's a little too muddy today.
You sound like my daughters.
It doesn't get any
better than this, boys.
Come on, you pussies.
Okay. Yeah, all right.
All right. Sounds good.

**OTIS:**
these old guys?
Listen. Let's just keep it
fun, fellows, all right?
Go out here,
amuse these old geezers.
There's no need
to rub it in their faces.
We wouldn't want
to see any coronaries.
You boys look
a little soft.

**OTIS:**
looks familiar.
Are you sure you can
handle going both ways?
I heard Doug enjoys that.
What?
(ALL GRUNTING)

**OLDER PLAYER 1:**
Sit, pal! Pussies!
**OLDER PLAYER 23** He's open!

**JIMMY:**
That's a chop block!
Yeah! Yeah!

**ED:**
I just got punched. I thought
this was touch football.
You can't play football
without blocking, bitch.
That old motherfucker
is fast as shit.
They just caught us
off guard.
DOUG:
the rules again?
Come on, Doug, get up.
Good D!
OLDER PLAYER 32 It's Webster!
(OLDER PLAYERS LAUGHING)

OTIS:
are fast and crazy, man.
This is Sean John, bitch!

ED:
You have a really
nice arm, sir.
Blow me, kid.
Oh...
(ALL GRUNTING)
Hut! Let's go, Doug!
(ED GRUNTING)
I don't have the ball!
(SCREAMING)

OLDER PLAYER 4:
(GROANING)
You're so mean!
What the fuck?
I'm in a wheelchair!

DOUG:
Hey, fat ass, we're going
to do your sister!
I don't have a sister.
In the ass!
(ALL LAUGHING)

OLDER PLAYER 5:
Blue dog left, Omaha!
Yeah!
Yeah, brother!
Shit.
(OLDER PLAYERS WHOOPING)
(LAUGHING)
Why?
ED:
embarrassment.

OTIS:
(GROANS)

FITZGIBBONS:
JIMMY All right, that's it.
(ALL CHEERING)

JIMMY:

ED:
school, Munchkinland?
Good one!
(ALL LAUGHING)
Fuck this, fellows.
Shit just got real.
Get up, guys.
We're about to give these
old bitches a nice
little serving of youth.

OTIS:
Set. Hike! Let's go!

JIMMY:
Dickerson! Yeah!
(GROANING)
(CHEERING)
Old bitch!
(SCREAMING)
Hut!
(YELLING)
(GROANS)
(LAUGHING)
(LEARNING)
How does it feel?
(WHOOPING)
Fuck!

JIMMY:
(GRUNTING)
Oh, God!
(GRUNTING)
(SCREAMING)
OLDER PLAYER 13 Hut one.

**DOUG:**
I've got the ball!
I've got the ball!

**JIMMY:**
This way!
I've got the ball!

**JIMMY:**
Keep going!
(LAUGHING)
(OLDER PLAYER SCREAMING)

**LURCH:**

**KIP:**
(ALL YELLING)
OLDER PLAYER 23 Dog pile!
Our ball! Our ball!
Our ball!
Okay, listen, y'all.
(KNUCKLES CRACKING)
I'll be the first to say that we underestimated these old sons of bitches.
(ALL AGREEING)
Listen! Right now, we are back in the game.
The next touchdown wins, guys.
Now, Doug, I gotta be honest with you, man.
You played a pretty shitty game.
And the last thing I want to do is put the ball in your hands, but I do know this.
I know that you're faster than Big Ed.
I know that I can
throw you the ball.
But what I need to know is if you're
going to catch the goddamn ball.
Hey, look at me.
(WHISPERS) Please don't
throw me the ball.
Doug, get off of me. OTIS: Man,
your father-in-law hates you.
Listen, I will throw it to you and
you're going to catch it. Okay?
Get some fucking
balls right now!

FITZGIBBONS:
You need this, Doug.

Be a man. OTIS:
 isn't a game anymore.
Your father-in-law has no respect for you.

OTIS:
Be a goddamn man!
One, two, three.

ALL:
Hike!
/
/
/
Yeah!
(GROOMSMEN CHEERING)
(LAUGHING)
(CHEERING CONTINUES)

DOUG:
(GROANING)
(ALL LAUGHING)
How did you like
them apples?
You can't spell "Ed"
without "Bitch"!

LURCH:
That's going to be your dad.
(ALL CHEERING)

JIMMY:
for you, man.
(LAUGHING)
You're not a bitch!

GRETCHEN:
guys to be careful.
I knew someone would get hurt.
Look at this.
Well, to be fair,
we were just having fun
until your dad
and his friends
decided to make it
an MMA blood sport.
Don't pin this shit on me.

REGGIE:
Hey!
Oh, my God. Who the
hell are those guys?

DOUG:
Those are my friends.
That's Principal
Mitchell Rambis from Utah.
In the wheelchair,
that's Plunkett.
And that's the brilliant
philosopher, Ira Drysdale.

GRETCHEN:
That's the strangest
looking group
of guys I've ever
seen in my life.
What do you mean? Those are my boys.
What's up, man?
How are you doing, Doug?
My, this has been a long
time coming, hasn't it?
Palmers,
it's an honor.
Mrs. Palmer, I see
where Gretchen gets her
(STUTTERS) good looks.
Thank you.

FITZGIBBONS:
Yes.
On.
(CHUCKLES)
It's a pleasure finally meeting
the love of Doug's life.
Thank you. Hey, Grandma...
What the...

DOUG:
I meant to tell you,
Grandma made
a full recovery.
She's doing really well.
Doesn't she look good, guys?

ALL:
That's something else to look at there.
It's very pretty.
(CAMERA CLICKING)
What are you doing?
Nothing.
What are you feeding him? Oh,
what are you talking about?
(ALL LAUGHING)
That. He wasn't like that
until you showed up.
That's the Doug
that I know.
I've never seen
that Doug before.
Hi, everyone.
Hi. I'm Holly Munk.
I'm the head bridesmaid.
Twenty bucks says
they wrote a song.
$40 says it's The Carpenters.
You're on.
You're on.
You're onner.
You're on first.
You're more on.
You're on from God.
You're never going to believe this, Gretch,
but we wrote you a little ditty.
(People Exclaiming)
Yes. And if everyone wants
to look under your seats,
you're going to find the lyrics
so that everybody can sing along.
(Woman Squeals)
And we're singing
to the tune of Lean on Me.
Pay up, Father.
I don't have any cash.
I only have credit.
Do you take credit cards?
Oh, no, I only take cash.
Oh, excuse me, Ms. Maid of Honor.
What?
Are you going to chat all night or are you going to come up and sing with us?
Do you think you're too good?
No, this is your guys' thing.

Holly:
think you're too pretty?
God always wins.
That's why you're going up there.
God is a winner.
Let's go, bitch. Come on.
I'm coming.

All:
time in your life
Bum-bum
When you wear something blue
Bum-bum
And something borrowed
Gretchen was dumped
By handsome Steve
We'll just hit up the Supper
Club And make some mistakes
How long did we rent the place for'?
Sing it!
Do you remember?
Oh, Christ.
Baton twirling
That's the end of the song.
Ch, thank God.
(APPLAUSE)
(WOMAN WHOOPING)
Since none of us
are songwriters,
we decided to put together
a little slide show
to toast our buddy.
He was stealing ladies' hearts
since long before we knew him.
(GUESTS LAUGHING)
(LAUGHING)
His friendship
came with an instant
half-point boost
to all our GPA's.
You never could crack
2.5, Dickerson!
You got me there,
buddy.
He also taught us things
that you can't learn
in a classroom.
Whether it was bowling at regionals.

GUESTS:
Running the Santa
Monica Marathon.
It was a close
call with the Kenyan.
You ran?
Yeah.
Navigating the rapids of Colorado.

OTIS: 
the Great Barrier Reef. 
What? 
Climbing the glaciers of Patagonia. 
Hmm.
Jumping out of a plane at 10,000 feet. 
(GUESTS EXCLAIMING)

JIMMY: 
You got it? 
Yeah. 
After I was hit by a drunk driver who was found innocent, 
(GUESTS GASPING) 
it was Doug who helped me pay for my law school tuition.

GUESTS: 
That's so sweet. 
(CRYING) It was you. 
(CONTINUES INDISTINCTLY) 
(sesame)

JIMMY: 
The only thing that gets hard is my nipples. 
Oh, dear. 
(WHISPERS) 
Let's get him out of here. 
Way to keep it together, buddy. 
I wanted to quit grad school until Doug told me the story of Plunkett. 
Which inspired me to stay.

GUESTS: 

Page 81/102
JIMMY:
When he wasn't hitting those books, old Doug-town was teaching us all how to have fun.

BRONSTEIN:
(LAUGHING)

JIMMY:
the best for last.
This last shot is actually my favorite.
This was a historic guy trip with my closest friend.
As you can see in this picture and in all the other pictures, Doug is smiling, but I think we can all agree that in this shot, that smile got a whole lot brighter.
(GUESTS EXCLAIMING)
I love you, bud.
(GUESTS CHEERING)
I was a bit surprised when I met your groomsmen. I mean, actually, terrified. Like, "Wah! What is that?"
But I've got to say, they're really good guys.
(CLATTERS)
Oops.
(CLEARS THROAT)

DOUG:

GRETCHE:
have Alison be my maid of honor.
I mean, no one can fight over that. But, babe, what about you? Who's going to be your best man? Uh...
Mitchum. Bic Mitchum. Who?
(SPITS) You know Bic. Bic Mitchum. He's a buddy of mine from Stanford. No, I've never heard of Bic Mitchum. Didn't you meet Bic: at that... I met Bic? You know, maybe on second thought, you didn't meet Bio because... Because why? He's overseas, uh, in the military. Oh, you know what? Now that you mention it... I think you have said something about him. Isn't he a priest or something? Yeah. That's right. Yeah, I knew it. He's a priest overseas in the military.

GRETCHEN: Wedding's in 10 days.

DOUG: Uh, El Salvador. Bic is flying in tomorrow morning. In April I was in the Middle East. Muffin juice. Bring him to lunch with you. No! (SCREAMING)

GRETCHEN:
Oh, my God!
...dying to
finally meet this guy.

(LAUGHING)
I'm dying to finally
meet all your friends.
Who the hell are those guys?
Those are my friends.
I am still missing the
groomsmen's information.

GRETCHEN:
the strangest group of guys
I've ever seen in my life.

DOUG:
are gonna be there.
My friends are
all gonna be there.

DOUG:
Hey-Hon?
Gretchen, are you there?
Doug-
Don't you think
it's a bit strange
that you use Bic razors
and Mitchum deodorant,
and your best man's
name is Bic Mitchum?
Well, if your best friend
was named Jemima Colgate,
I bet you wouldn't
use Log Cabin syrup
or Aquafresh toothpaste,
would you?
It's called loyalty.
Hey, sweetie, listen,
you're just overstressed.
Why don't you get some sleep?
I'll see you tomorrow
for our big day. Okay?
Okay, bye.
Bye, sweetie.
BRONSTEIN:
I saw the light on the night
that I passed
by her window
I saw the flickering shadows
of love on her blind
Bum-bum, da-da-a
She was my woman
(LAUGHING)
As she deceived me
I watched and
went out of my mind

DOUG:
"it's called loyalty."
I didn't teach you that.
No, that can't be taught.
You're born with that.
You look good, man.
Thank you. I wish I could
say the same for you.
(LAUGHING)
So, you know,
as I'm getting dressed,
I'm thinking to myself how
insane what we're doing is.
You just started
thinking that?
Well, I mean,
she's going to be my wife.
Shouldn't I be able
to tell her the truth?
I mean, the key
to relationships
is being honest, you know?
Up to a point.
It's all about making
her happy, Doug. All right?
Come on.
Let's go get you married.
Ah.
You look good, man.
(EXHALES)

**ALL:**
'My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why...
Hey, fellows.
Gather around.
Hey, hey. Guys, guys.
(ALL CONGRATULATING)
This is one of
the few times that
you're actually going
to hear me be honest.
Nine days ago, I didn't think
a Golden Tux was possible.
But in less than an hour,
we're going to have
200 unsuspecting guests
filling those pews to celebrate
some holy matrimony.
Which means that from this moment
on, we are flawless, gentlemen.
Have each other's
backs out there.

**LURCH:**
Remember your HW2's,
your boomerangs,
and your Party Trick
Distractions.
Drysdale, set it off.
What time is it?
It's game time!
I said,
what time is it?

**ALL:**
Guys, guys,
I'm down here. Guys.
(ALL CHEERING)
Douglas! Hi!
Perfect timing.
I was just telling
Papa Bear here
that we did have a little bit of a "scandal" with Father O'Brien. He will not be able to officiate the wedding. But it's okay. Rest assured, I have everything under control because Father McNulty here, he has agreed to step as a replacement of the shoes of Father O'Brien. Hello, Doug. Hi. Great to meet you. Father McNulty is a wonderful priest. I'm just happy the big day's finally here, to be honest with you. I would love for you to meet all my friends. This is my best man, Bic. Uh, Bic must have gone a different way. Uh, would you guys mind going to look for Bic? I'd love for him to be caught up on all this.

**KIP:**
see if he's praying. What is going on? What the hell is Father McNulty doing here? How do you know Father McNulty? Because he was my principal at Benjamin Rush. I spent half my damn middle school years in his principal's office. Please, please tell me that you are kidding me. This cannot be happening right now.
I need you to fix this.
What you want me to do?
If I go out there,
he knows I'm not
Bic Mitchum.
Shh! Wait. Wait.
I think I have an idea.
(DOOR OPENS)
Father McNulty?
Yes.

FITZGIBBONS:
(CAMERA CLICKING)
(BODY THUDS)

REGGIE:
200 grand out the door,
I expect...
No, I demand perfection.
Yes, Mr. Palmer,
I assure you...
Listen, Menudo,
first you tell me
my family priest
is a goddamn pervert.
Now you tell me Father
McNulty has disappeared.
Mr. Palmer,
I'll take care of this.
You better or I will
fuck you up.
(ORGAN PLAYING WAGNER'S
BRIDAL CHORUS)
Shall we do this?
Do you, Gretchen Palmer,
take Douglas Ephraim
Ben Lazar Menahem Harris
to be your lawfully
wedded husband,
to have and to hold,
through sickness
and health,
till death do you part?
I do.
Do you, Douglas Ephraim
Ben Lazar Menahem Harris,
take Gretchen Palmer
to be your lawfully
wedded wife,
to have and to hold,
through sickness and health,
till death do you part?
I do.

(CHUCKLES)
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

(CHUCKLES)

(GUESTS LAUGHING) You
may now kiss the bride.

GUESTS:
gentlemen, I present to you
Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

(WEDDING MUSIC PLAYING)
You are about to
blow that back out.
Don't do this here.
Don't do that.
What?
Nothing.
I'm a lounge singer myself
up there in Canada.
What kind of
stuff do you sing?
That's when I knew I was
born to work on feet.
You're a podiatrist?
I'm a podiatrist.

(BLOWS)
Big deal.
Where did you
go to school?
Uh...
You don't remember?
Harvard.
I went to Harvard.
I'm really inspired by black,
American soul singers.
Nice.
Like Tom Jones.
You went to Harvard Podiatry School?
Yeah.
What years?
20?
Oh, wow.
You work out, huh?
Isn't Tom Jones white?
Yeah, isn't he
from Wales?
(GRUNTS)
(SHOULDER DISLOCATES)
Mom!
I'm fine. I'm fine.

BRIDESMAID:
Well, do you want to see?
Boom. (ZIPPER OPENS)
Yeah, three balls.
Count them.
I thought you said
you was a vegan.
Okay, that's cool.
(CHUCKLES)
I can do it, too.
Stop.
That's mine.
I'm proud of you, Doug. I really am.
Well, thank you, sir.
I have to say,
I learned from the master.
Hey, well,
don't celebrate yet.
We still have
more work to do.
All right, I'm going
to wait for you outside.
Ugh. Can you believe this zipper
already broke? Okay, I'm coming.
Mrs. Harris, can I talk to you for
a second? I'll get the thing.
Uh, listen,
I may be partial here,
but I just want to say
that you have put on
the perfect wedding.
Really.
Perfect wedding?
(SCOFFS)
The zipper on my
$8,000 dress is broken,
the groomsmen are
accosting my bridesmaids,
my grandmother's burned from head
to toe, my dad's knee is shredded.
And don't even get me started
on the salad dressing.
But at least you have Doug.
True love conquers all.
True love? (SCOFFS)
Please. I'm just sick
of dating assholes.
Doug is a good guy,
he's good family material.
What can I say?
I'm a girl
that's used to a certain
kind of lifestyle,
and Doug can give me
that kind of lifestyle.
So, I've gotta go.
Bud, are you waiting on me?
Yeah. Yes.
Let's,uh,get back out there, huh?
Yeah.
Time for the first dance.
Yes, it is.
(EXHALES)
You are so beautiful
(CAMERA CLICKING)
To me
You are so beautiful
To me

HAL LANE:
the wedding party
please join the happy couple?
You're everything
I hoped for
You're everything I need
So, who are you really?
I'm not sure I know
what you mean by that.
There has just been some
questionable behavior
over the last
couple of days.
Like you setting my
grandmother on fire. Oh.
The secret military codes.
Mmm-hmm.
"Kitchen cabinets."
What you have to understand
is that the Lord works
in mysterious ways.
(LAUGHING)
And he thanketh...
I don't know
about the Lord.
You work in
mysterious ways.
...me
(APPLAUSE)
Thanks for the dance.
No problem.
Thank you.
(PEOPLE CHEERING)
I got to talk.
We got to talk.
It's only a paper moon
What's the problem?
What's going on?
I think I made
a terrible mistake.
Gretchen doesn't love me.
She never has.
Stop it. Stop.
Of course, she loves you.
Why would you
even say that?
I overheard the two of you
talking, okay?
Okay, listen. Maybe she's confused, or she has the jitters. That's perfectly normal for a woman at this stage, Doug. You have to understand that. It doesn't matter. I don't love her, either. I love the idea that a girl who looks that hot could like me. I couldn't believe it. But she's not "the one," Jimmy. She's not even "the two" or "the three," for that matter.

Doug, nine days ago, you came to me and you asked me to pull off a miracle. Right now, we're 30 minutes away from pulling off a Golden Tux. I know. But then what? Then I go back to living what turns out was a pretty lonely life. I don't want that life anymore. I don't want to be that guy. Doug, you have to calm down. Everything is going to be all right. I don't want it to be all right. I want it to be great. I want my real life to be as fun as the one I paid for. No shit, Doug. You don't think I want that? Hmm? You don't think I want to be a Delta Air Line pilot
or the CFO of Lubriderm
or whatever the hell
else I made up,
instead of being some guy that works
out of a renovated fucking closet?
You don't think
I would ask Alison
to come out and have
a burrito with me?
Me? With Jimmy Callahan?
Or say, "Hey, Doug, come on,
let's go have a beer next week."
"Maybe we can catch a game."
I want to do all of
that shit, but I can't.
Because I can't go out
there and tell the truth.
Because you need Bic.
Nobody needs Jimmy, man.
Okay? Not a single soul
needs Jimmy.
That's reality, Doug.
I'm going to go out here and
I'm going to make my toast,
and me and you,
we are done here. We're done.
I suggest you get your
head back in the game.
It's showtime.
If you believed in me
Good evening. My name

is Bic:
and, uh,
I just want to say
that it's an honor
to be here.
I've delivered many sermons,
but never
a best man's speech,
so, please bear with me.
(LAUGHING)
(GUESTS LAUGHING)
Doug and I have been through a lot together. Happy times and sad. When I was accepted into the priesthood, Doug was there waiting for me with a huge hug and a Bible that was signed by Cardinal Enders. And when his parents, Merle and Irene, passed, God rest their souls, I cried as if they were my own. You know, my grandmother once told me that the true measure of friendship isn't... Isn't how you feel about someone else. It's about how they make you feel about yourself. And, uh... I can honestly say that I've never had a friend to make me feel the way that you have, Doug. (CHUCKLES) Uh...
Um...
I'm sorry. Uh...
When Doug called me and told me that he wanted to propose, I was nervous. I was probably just as nervous as he was. And I remember asking him, "Are you sure she's 'the one'?") (MOUTHS) Damn it. He told me he, uh...
Stop!
What are you doing?
Just, uh, stop. (CHUCKLES)
I don't know.
Doug.

(GUESTS MURMURING)
(CHUCKLES)
What are you doing, Doug?
Are you sure that you want
to go through with this?
Thanks, Jimmy.
I've got it from here.
Hi. I've got
something to say.
None of this is real.

(GUESTS GASping)
Ooh.
Uh-oh.
What?
See, although
the flowers are beautiful
and the salad
dressing is great,
we're not married,
Gretchen and I.

(GUESTS GASping)
We can't be
because my friend Bic
is not a priest.
Oh, shit, here we go.
Yeah. In fact, he's not
even in the Army.
His real name is Jimmy,
and I hired him
to be my best man
because I had
no other options.
Same with all my groomsmen.
I actually don't even know
their real last names.
Bronstein.
...is Japanese.
It's good to meet you guys.
So, please stay
and enjoy the cake.

(GUESTS MURMURING)
What do we do now?
We need to get
the fuck out of here.
Yeah.
Great stuff tonight.
Thank you so much, bud.
Are you out of
your fucking mind?
(ALL GASPING)
(GASPS)
Look, Gretch,
who were we kidding?
You didn't grow up
dreaming of a guy like me.
Your knight is out there somewhere.
Go find him.

ED:
 tear your head off.
You goddamn motherfucking
pathetic piece of shit.
Seor, let's just relax. Get
out of my way, you fairy.
Fairy? (GRUNTS)
(GUESTS GASPING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Love you, Dougie!

HOLLY:

GRETCHE N:
I swear to God...
(SCREAMING)
What the fuck?
I will cut you!
Shit, man.
Good game, kid. That
was a hell of a catch.
(SLAPS)
on.
All right. Thanks.
Hey. No ass-touching
off the field, Joe.
I knew you were
full of shit
from the moment I met you.  
I know this is gonna sound crazy,  
but if you're ever in the mood,  
I know a place that  
has great burritos.  
You just ruined  
my sister's wedding  
and you're asking me  
out on a date?  
Yes, lam.  
Can I call you?  
Yeah, you better.  
I will.  
Oh.  
(EXHALES) We were  
this close, Doug.  
Yeah, well,  
maybe next time.  
Yeah.  
Oh.  
Here.  
You saved me, Jimmy.  
Yeah, well,  
you saved me, too.  
Did you mean what  
you said back there?  
Am I really your friend?  
Yeah, of course I meant it.  
Does that mean you  
don't want my money?  
Fuck yeah, I want this money.  
I earned this money, man.  
Damn it.  
So, what the hell  
do we do now?  
You still have those two first-class  
tickets for your honeymoon?  
Yeah, why?  
I've got an idea.  
This is going to be the best  
honeymoon ever! (ALL CHEERING)  
Ever honeymoon best  
the be to going is this!  
Cheers, my friend.
To your first guy trip.
Mmm. I'll drink to that.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT:**
Everyone, please,
I need you to
take your seats.
Please fasten
your seat belts.
Can I unfasten
my pants belt?
Oh.
Oh, hello. Would you mind
holding this for a second?
Yes, Doug.
Thank you so much.
Oh, no. Okay.
Oh.
(GIGGLING)
Oh! Hi, there!
(GASPS) You like that,
don't you?
Is that a dog? You can't
have a dog on the plane.
This? No,
it's a service dog.
That's a service dog, man.
Let me show you what type
of service it can do.
Somebody send up
the peanut butter!
No! No peanut butter!
(DOG BARKING)
You put the weed
in the coconut

**ALL:**
You light that shit up
You put the weed
in the coconut
And light that shit up
You put the weed in the coconut
And light that shit up
(HIGH-PITCHED) You put
the weed in the coconut
And light that shit up
You put the weed
in the coconut
And you light
that shit up

JIMMY:
I got a bad feeling
about this flight.
Grab your shotgun
Cock it back
Shoot the sun
until the sky is black
Now I sure hope
that the sun got rhythm
'Cause he gonna dance
when that music hit him
Like bang, bang, bang
Darkness falls
In the nighttime
I'm camouflage
Now I-I-I-I
don't know who you are
But, girl, I wanna know
if you can move like this
And I-I-I-I
Don't know
if you gonna tell me
But I wanna know
what your name is
And you-you-you-you
Gonna make me
fall in love with you
If you keep on
shaking your hips
Now can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
I know you think
that you can move  
But can you groove  
the way I groove?  
Grab your slingshot  
Find a stone  
Shoot the moon  
until the night is gone  
Now I sure hope  
that moon got rhythm  
'Cause he gonna rock  
when my stone hit him  
Like boom, boom, boom  
Let me shine  
He should know  
that the day is mine  
Now I-I-I-I  
don't know who you are  
But, girl, I wanna know  
if you can move like this  
And I-I-I-I  
Don't know  
if you gonna tell me  
But I wanna know  
what your name is  
And you-you-you-you  
Gonna make me  
fall in love with you  
If you keep on  
shaking your hips  
Now can you do this?  
Yeah, I can do that  
Can you do this?  
Yeah, I can do that  
Can you do this?  
Yeah, I can do that  
Can you do this?  
Yeah, I can do that  
I know you think  
that you can move  
But can you groove  
the way I groove?  
Now why are you  
standing on the wall?  
Did you come
to dance at all?
I'm watching you,
girl, watching me
If you got moves
then let me see
Can you do this?
Can you do this, lady?
Can you do this?
Can you move like I do?
Can you do this? Can
you shake, shake it, mama?
Can you do this?
Can you break it on down?
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you do this?
Yeah, I can do that
Can you move
the way I move?
/
/
/
/
Okay. Yeah.
Okay?
Put your weight
into it.
(GRUNTING)
(GROANING)
Oh!
You hit me in my back.
I trust you, you're not gonna do it.
Don't trust me!
(RACKET CLATTERING)