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Boat Trip

By Mort Nathan

I love you.
I want to spend
the rest of my life with you.
Will you marry me?
Baby...
Baby...
Baby, your breath smells
like dog food.
Just a hint of Rottweiler butt.
You're on notice, Rocco.
When Felicia moves in,
you have to clean up your act.
Bon apptit.
I have a very big surprise
for you.
A very big surprise.
I know you're dying to know, I won't
tell you, no matter how much you beg.
No. Not even a hint.
Wow, this is incredible, Jerry.
What's this all about?
Felicia, from the first moment
I met you, I...
I mean... from the first moment
I saw you...
- What I'm trying to say, Felicia...
- You look sick all of a sudden.
Are you alright?
Motion sickness.
The reason why I brought you
up here is to tell you...
...to say...
- Yes?
- To ask, to communicate...
- Just spit it out.
I'm sorry, baby, I didn't mean it!
Don't cover me in puke
and try and call me baby.
I'll make it up to you, Felicia.
- Will you marry me?
- No.
Thank you. You made me
the happiest... What?
- I met someone.

- Met someone?
Andr and I have all the things
that we don't, Jerry.
- Andr?
- I introduced you once.
He details my BMW.
You dump me for a guy who goes to
work in a jumpsuit and rubber boots?
Andr and I connect on a level
that you and I just never could.
Jerry, I'm so sorry.
She dumped us, Rocco.
I know you don't care.
You can lick your own balls.
I' m not in. Leave a message,
or don't leave a message. Whatever.
Hello Jerry, it's me.
Pick up.
Dude, I know you're there.
Come on, quit acting like
a little kid. You're so immature.
Pick up now, or I'm gonna fart
into the phone.
Leave me alone.
I'm wallowing in self-pity.
It's time to rejoin the living, Jerry.
Come on, we're going out tonight.
- Not interested.
- Saddle up dough, baloney pony.
It's operation "Storm in the Foxholes".

China Club, 21:

Ourobjective?
Penetrate the enemy.
- Stop calling me. I'm not going.
- This is nonnegotiable, Jerry.
Either meet me tonight,
or I'm gonna ask out your sister.
And you know she'll go 'cause she's
freaky like that. We both know her.
- Hang up. The toilet's stuffed up.
- I gotta go, there's an emergency.
I gotta go. See ya.
Thanks for fitting me in today,

Daniel. I'm so tight.
Go really deep this time.
Give it to me harder.
Harder.
Harder.
Harder.
Come on, Daniel.
Is this the best you can do?
Ragoni, what the hell
are you doing?
I was just warming up for you.
- Marshall, is that you?
- Nick!
Hey! Long time no see.
How you doing?
You've got to give me the name
of your new escort service.
Cut it out, Nick.
This is my fiance. Sheri.
She ain't no escort skank.
- She and I are in love.
- That's right.
Marshall here is the most interesting
and exciting man I've ever met.
- And he's a wonderful lover.
- Oh, I get it, she's retarded.
Actually she's one of the sharpest
bartenders at Hooters.
Marshy. Excuse me, fellas. I'm going
to attend to the landing strip.
- And classy, too.
- We met on a cruise.
There's just something
about the ocean air, the sun.
It really makes it easier to meet
people. We connected right away.
Very first night.
- With her? Very first night?
- Yes!
There are dozens of women
just as friendly as her on board.
Dude, I gotta tell ya.
Whatever you're doing...
take a week off and get yourself

on one of those boats.
There's a line at the can.
Honey, can we skip dinner?
You look so hot you got me
in the mood for a takeout in bed.
Tongue.
Wow.
Wasn't that crazy Marshall Geller who
worked in our high school cafeteria?
Nope. That was crazy Marshall
Geller, my new personal hero.
Dude, let's bolt.
Hanging around some stupid bar
is no place to meet women.
What are you talking about? You've
begged me to come here for months!
Jerry, buddy...
trust me...
I have seen the light.
Son of a bitch!
That was my space!
- Fuck you!
- Fuck you right back, buddy!
Back off. I don't wanna see an out
of shape slob get his butt kicked.
- He ain't that out of shape.
- I'm talking about you!
You break a sweat
changing your shoes.
- Stop. Bite me!
- Blow me!
- Kiss my ass!
- Fuck your mother!
Oh, yeah? No one would want to fuck
my mother 'cause she's too ugly.
- I think I lost that one, didn't I?
- Oh, yeah.
Okay. That's the 7-day, 6-night
fun in the sun singles package...
with the standard 3 to 1
female to male ratio.
Just as the doctor ordered,
right, buddy?
I don't know, Nick.

I don't think I'm ready for this.
Not ready? Come on.
It's been six months.
I don't like the sun...
and I get seasick.
I don't know what to say
to strange women.
We're not going for the discourse.
We're going for the intercourse.
Sex! That's all you ever think about.
Sex, sex, sex!
We'll take it.
There you go.
Larry, you're still here.
- Your mother died.
- What?
- When?
- This morning. I'm sorry.
- I thought you got my Post-it.
- Okay, thanks, Michael.
Alright. Now, gentlemen...
I might want you to consider this
stateroom. It's a little bit larger...
Would you excuse me
for just a moment?
Help!
Mama, no!
- You!
- Fuck you, pal.
- Fuck you back.
- Fuck your mother.
- No one would fuck my mother...
- We've been through this before!
Excuse me. What seems to be
the problem here?
This guy. Pecker face.
- That's the problem
- This guy's a jerk.
Alright, Brian, you know what?
Enough. Let me handle this.
- You go check on the ski packages.
- Yeah. Fuck off.
- Ski over near the Maui getaways.
- Yeah.

- Remember? Since the changeover?

- Yeah, I got it.

I am so sorry.

Brian's had a little problem
with the...

And the... and the... and the...

Yeah, bad news.

But now he's doing fine.

He's doing a lot of great work
with unwed teenage mothers.

So... Alright.

Let's see... 7-day, 6-night
vacation cruise. Is that correct?

- That's the one.

- Right.

Yeah, right. Okay.

You guys are set, gentlemen.

I think you'll have a very good time.

Please enjoy your vacation.

- Thank you very much.

- You're welcome.

Hey, and you should probably
do something about that guy.

Don't worry,

I've already taken care of it.

And, hey...

- I'm a letter writer.

- Duly noted.

Alright.

Bye-bye, now.

I'm too upset to work ski packages.

- I can't believe you took care of them.

- I took care of them alright.

'Cause no one calls

my little pecker a pecker.

- Huh?

- Yeah.

Wow! Look at the size
of that thing!

And just think,

it's filled with available women.

Yeah! And here's the beauty part
of the whole thing.

They can't get away from us.

We'll be in the middle of the ocean.
They can try, but they'll drown
or be eaten by sharks. It's perfect.
Sometimes I think there's something
seriously wrong with you.

I can live with that.

- Excuse me. Can I ask you something?

- Yes.

- You board everybody on this ship?

- Yes, sir.

Let me ask you a question,
from guy to guy.

Is there a lot of sweet ass
on this ship?

I'm sure you'll be very happy.

- Yes! Right, Jerry?

- Yeah!

Alrighty!

And all filled with hot,
beautiful women!

- Yes!

- Awesome, awesome, awesome!

Think of the sexiest creatures
boarding this love boat as we speak!

- Alright, this is great!

- Yeah, you know!

- Hello!

- Hey! What's up, guys?

How you doin'?

Alright!

- Lovely boat, huh?

- Oh, yeah.

Don't you ever doubt me.

What the hell was that?

Well, on board entertainment.

You know? I bet Cirque du Soleil
is here. Like Vegas.

- Cool.

- Right?

Hey, how are ya?

There it is. Stateroom 211.

The number that 'll be on every
woman's lips by the end of the trip.

Let's do it.

That's weird.

Only one bed.

I know why.

We're going to have so much sex one
guy's always going to sleep out.

Yeah, right.

You better hope that couch
is more comfortable than it looks.

There's a mirror on the ceiling.

Excelente.

That way the babes can watch me
get my peak on.

Check this out, Jer.

- Four racquetball courts.

- Hey!

- Nine cocktail lounges, a casino.

- Six and eight's a running mate!

A video arcade...

Onboard chest waxing salon...

- Chest waxing?

- Yes, of course, for swimming.

Let me see that.

Club Socrates wants you to know
you'll be treated like a queen.

- You mean king?

- Queen. It says so right there.

That's weird.

Hello?

Ring, ring, ring.

Everybody conga.

Conga, conga, conga, everybody party

Party, party, party

Five o'clock today

Yeah, baby! I told you, Jer.

This boat is wild!

- Where's the party, sweet thing?

- Stateroom 209. Stateroom 209.

It's casual.

To fresh scratches on our backs.

- Scotch and soda, please.

- Coming right up, sir.

Oh, please.

Why do they always
have to play Liza?

I don't know.

I kinda like "Liza With a Z".

Yeah, it's kind of cool
for making out.

I prefer Johnny Mathis, myself.

Yeah, if you're gonna
make out with a dude.

That is very funny.

My name is Faversham.

Lloyd Faversham.

- Nick Ragoni.

- Nick.

- Jerry.

- Jerry.

- Is this your first cruise?

- No, my third.

- And you?

- Numero uno.

Then you are going to positively
adore it. It is one wild...

...decadent week.

- That's why we're here, right?

- All night parties.

- Excellent.

- Midnight skinny dipping.

- Sign me up!

And if you're into it,
lots of sex, sex... sex.

You hear that, Jer?

All the sex a man could want.

Well, then you must visit
the hole in one room.

Oh? They have an on board
driving range?

Some of the chaps down there
do swing some very large clubs.

You two have an open relationship?

Open? What do you mean
by "open relationship"?

- I mean do you date?

- Of course we date.

- That's why we're here.

- Yeah.

That's absolutely wonderful.

We must get together sometime.
Go for a midnight swim.
Do whatever feels right.
That is what a gay cruise
is all about.
I see.
Hear that, Jerry?
We can do whatever we want.
Whatever feels right.
That's what a gay cruise
is all about.
Whatever we want to do,
we can do it...
because it's a gay cruise.
It's a gay cruise, Jerry,
not a bi-cruise. It's a gay cruise!
Capital G, capital A,
capital YMCA gay cruise, Jerry!
Damn, damn, damn!
I wonder how many other people
made the same mistake I did.
No one! Shit! Jerry!
Don't worry, buddy!
I'm bringing you back home! I'm gonna
get you out of here! Let's go!
Help! Help! Somebody help us!
We're straight! We're straight.
Hey, Nick! Stop acting like a jerk!
We'll figure this out!
What are we gonna do, Jerry?
We gotta get off this boat!
Excuse me sir, do you know
where we can get off real quick?
- Try the hole in one room.
- I'm starting to think that 's...
not a real driving range, Jer.
In fact, I'm convinced of it.
Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!
We're trapped like rats!
What?
I checked our itinerary.
We don't dock for four days.
Why do I ever listen to you?
Are you implying

that this is somehow my fault?

I'm not implying it.

I'm saying it.

If you hadn't insulted the travel agent,
none of this would've happened.

- Maybe there's another explanation.

- Yeah? What?

Maybe that travel agent thought
he was doing you a favor.

Because...

- You know.

- Because what?

Because you're a little fem.

That's why.

You always dress real nice.

You're in shape. You're neat.

And you use those pastel
colored balls at the bowling alley.

Don't think that got past me.

You're an idiot.

A thick-headed moron.

Felicia was right. I should've
dumped your ass years ago!

If you wanted to dump somebody's
ass, it should've been Felicia's.

That chick was Satan's sister, bro.

Yeah! Devil in a d-cup!

Felicia was as frosty a bitch
as I've ever seen in my life!

I'm gonna kill ya!

Get off.

I know I heard

do the bump-bump time.

Hey you, don't get the wrong idea.

Hector always gets the wrong idea.

That's why he is no longer welcome
in the state of Missouri.

Buddy, you pranced into the wrong
cabin. My friend and I...

we're not gay.

Ring, ring. Hold the phone. What you
tell me? You two guys are not gay?

That's right!

Go on, pull Hector's other leg.

He's got bells on it.
I'm getting out of here.
Gee. What hasn't gotten into him?
Out.
Oh, here he comes
Watch out, boy
He'll chew you up
Oh, here he comes
He's a maneater
Oh, here he comes
Watch out, boy
He'll chew you up
Oh, here he comes
He's a maneater
I wouldn't if I were you
Bachelor number 2. What's the most
unusual place you ever made love?
Well, once I did it in a dressing
room in International Male.
Right. How about you,
bachelor number 3?
What's the most unusual place
that you ever made love?
Inside a woman.
Oh, no...
Hey! Who do I have to screw
to get a drink around here?
Oops.
Oops.
Hey buddy, you okay?
Do I look gay?
Never saw an old gay
grandpa before.
Where are all the gay people at?
You're all always supposed
to want to party.
Oops. Oops.
- Are you okay?
- I'm fine!
Men on dates, holding hands,
touching, kissing.
I can't take it. Then I think
"not delay it."
Took too much shop

in high school.
Help! Pick me up!
Get me out of here!
Drop down a ladder!
I like girls!
Please!
Please, come back!
I don't know anything about a flare
gun. I swear I was here all night.
A flare gun? I don't know anything.
I was here all night.
Flare gun? I don't know nothing
about no stinking flare gun.
- Oh, shit!
- Okay.
Here we are.
You should go change now.
Where's your robe?
Okay.
Okay, I give up.
I did it.
Hey, Jer, how was your evening?
Hi. Your friend
had a little too much to drink.
She thinks I'm drunk.
- Nicky, Nicky!
- Alright, alright.
I fell in the pool.
- You're sitting on my balls!
- Okay...
I'm gonna leave you two alone.
- Good night.
- You're getting me all wet.
Jerry!
Wake up, I'm starving!
Come on, Jerry!
Dude, don't make me go up there
by myself. Get up.
Jerry!
Screw it.
What am I afraid of?
How gay can a buffet be?
Is this seat taken?
- Actually...

- I hate dining alone.
- I bet you feel the same way too.
- I'm okay with it, actually.
I see you took the omelette,
the waffles and the flapjacks.
Hungry little man, aren't you?
Do you care for a bite of my sausage?
In England, we call them bangers.
Captain, can you come over here
a minute, please?
There's a small craft off the starboard
trying to get our attention.
- Help!
- Help us!
- Help!
- Somebody save us!
Jesus...
Sound the alarm.
All hands on dick... deck.
Deck!
Tea?
For you.
Oh, my God.
- I must be dreaming. Pinch me.
- Sure. My pleasure.
- I didn't say on my ass.
- You didn't not say it.
I didn't think
I had to specify. Jesus.
Nick, Nick.
Look, you gotta help me out.
Remember that woman that dragged
me into the room last night?
I can't get her off my mind.
She kissed me. Technically it was
mouth to mouth. But it was fabulous.
I mean, I gotta find her.
I mean I was so wasted...
- Who are they?
- The answer to our prayers.
Twelve of the most gorgeous
creatures I've ever seen.
But I'm not greedy.
I'll share.

Go ahead, pick... two.
No. This girl's fabulous.
She's special.
I gotta find her.
She's special. Special.
Hello.
- Hi.
- Who are you?
I'm Nick Ragoni, the most grateful
man on the planet.
I'm Inga. Very pleasurable
to meet you.
How'd you all get here?
We are the Swedish sun
tanning team...
on our way to the Hawaiian
Tropics Tanning Competition.
Some bonehead shot down
our helicopter.
Coach had to make water landing.
I didn't think this would happen
until I died and went to heaven.
It's a lucky thing we were picked
up by a boat full of homo boys.
It would be terrible to have
straight men hassling and ogling us...
while we're trying to work on
our even tan lines.
You're so right.
Lucky I'm gay!
I'm super gay! I'm mega...
I'm gay enormous!
I'm so gay!
But that's good.
'Cause now you guys can all feel
comfortable in front of me...
and take off your tops and stuff.
And I can do this for you.
I can put tanning oils
and creamy lotions...
all over your luscious bodies.
And there won't be any worries
for you because I'm so gay!
Yeah, baby! Yeah, baby!

Almost finished!
Okay, let's do the back.
The first time I think
I realized I was gay...
was when I was around twelve
in Scouts.
I really liked putting on
that kerchief.
In fact, it was the only part
I liked about it.
That and the nude swimming.
Anyway, I hope you gals
all feel comfortable around me.
"Ja", Nick.
'Cause I sure do feel comfortable
around you.
All done. Who's next?
How about you, Ursula?
Ready for your second coat?
These thighs look a little dry.
There we go.
What do you want?
What the hell is that?
I got this from that dude
over there. He's hot.
You are no gay homo man.
I am Sonya, coach of tanning team.
- What?
- Quiet!
As long as these women
are in training...
there will be no trouser snakes
near their hot luscious popos.
Put me down!
Coach of the tanning team.
That's ridiculous.
If I want to talk
to any of these ladies, I will.
And there's not a damn thing
you can do to stop me.
Oh, yeah?
What the hell happened to you?
I died and went to heaven.
And then some muscle bound blonde

dwarf knocked me back down to hell.

- What?

- You know those 12 gorgeous hotties?

They've got

a goddamn bodyguard.

I can take disappointments, Jer.

But little Mickey's already known

such heartache in a short life.

Well then I guess all three of us

struck out.

I still can't find that girl.

I've looked everywhere.

You know, I've kissed

Felicia for four years...

and never felt anything like

I felt last night.

That girl is special.

I gotta find her.

You're abandoning me?

What am I supposed to do?

This is a luxury cruise!

Not everything's gay-oriented.

No more bets.

Red three is the winner.

Beautiful. Poker.

This is gonna be sweet.

These trouser pilots are no match

for a lusty hetero like myself.

This will be like taking candy

from a baby.

Why is that?

Are gay men notorious bad gamblers?

Awful. They can't bluff.

They look at the cards,

they start giggling. Terrible.

Promise me you won't act like a gay

bashing narrow minded Neanderthal.

Jerry, buddy, you're talking to me.

- Lady, couple of clubs, pass a flush...

- Hello gays... guys.

- Mind if I join you?

- Sure thing, gorgeous.

I can't remember.

Does a straight beat a flush?

Damn! I really thought
I had this one.
Listen, Nick.
I don't want you to take offense, but
can I give you a piece of advice?
- What?
- Don't clear your throat.
What?
Every time you bluff,
you clear your throat.
I do?
Don't play the cards.
Play the players.
Right. Here we go.
Any up.
Five or shoot. Three card Monty.
King is to win. There you go.
There's a winner!
We got a winner!
Hey you.
Unbelievable.
That was embarrassing!
They offer a pool safety class on board.
You should check it out.
Let me give you a hand.
I'm Gabriella.
I'm Jerry.
Oh, boy.
- Hi.
- Hi.
You like?
Oh, yeah.
Ice cream?
Yeah, that's okay.
Coach would kill me if she knew
I broke training.
But I no can help. I am...
What is the word?
- Oral.
- That's the word.
And what a wonderful word it is.
I'm so lonely.
Coach's very strict about keeping us
away from men during tanning season.

It's too bad you're gay, Nick.

- Good night.

- Inga, wait, wait.

I've always been curious
about your country.

- Mind if I ask you something?

- Yeah.

What would you like
to know about, Nick?

Our cities, our lakes and rivers,
our safe and sturdy automobiles?

I'm a big fan of your cinema.

I've rented quite a bit of it.

I've noticed your people's progressive
attitude towards premarital sex.

So I was wondering, theoretically,
if my own sexual orientation were...

If you're asking if I'd sleep with you if
you were straight the answer is "Ja".

- "Ja"? "Ja" means "Yes", right?

- Ja!

Inga, I have a surprise for you.

I'm straight.

I'm as straight as a Volvo going
down an Oslo toll road.

- But Oslo is in Norway.

- The point is... we can make love.

I know that's the best news

I've ever heard.

I'm cabin 4433.

Meet me in five minuten.

You got it. Five minuten.

And not a minuten more.

Hello. Are there any condoms
available on this ship?

Come in. Door is open.

Coach.

Changing room assignments.

You bunk with Pia.

- But why, coach?

- You cannot be trusted with minibar.

- You are in training.

- But coach, I eat nothing all day.

You ate yesterday, ja?

Your butt is disgusting.

I better double check.

Ja, disgusting.

Both cheeks.

Ja, ja, ja. Move it, fattie.

- Knock it off and go to bed.

- Alright, coach.

Thank you for lending me
your jacket.

- So, what do you do on this ship?

- I'm a dance teacher.

- Wow. Teaching dance must be fun.

- It can be.

Especially on the gay cruises.

They're much more fun
than the straight ones.

Why is that?

The guys that go on the straight
cruises... all you meet are these...
...horny creeps.

- Oh, I got a friend like that.

I bet men hit on you all the time.

You've got a hot ass.

Excuse me?

Your ass. It's hot.

Thanks.

Your butt's nothing
to sneeze at, either.

So...

...you must have a boyfriend.

- No, no, no.

- No boyfriend.

- Really?

Why not?

Every boyfriend I've ever had has
turned out to be a son of a bitch.

- Well, not every guy is a...

- I know what you're thinking.

I just never met "the right guy".

Trust me, honey. I've met every type
out there and it's pretty bad.

Liars, guys with two wives,
guys with commitment issues...
guys with parole issues.

You name it, I've dated them all.
Which is why I'm so relieved
to be on this boat.
There's not one
straight man in sight.
- Excuse me?
- It's so great...
because I can really be myself.
I don't care about makeup...
I don't care about what
I'm wearing...
if a guy is talking to me because
he wants to get into my pants...
- Gabriella...
- You know what else?
Let's say I do get horny one day.
Maybe I can even find a gay guy
and he can do me the favor.
- The favor?
- How do you say in English?
Make me scream, make me moan.
Screw my brains out.
I don't mean to be a bitch...
but these staterooms
could use a bit more color.
Now we are laying down to sleep.
Our hot tight bodies
the Lord will keep.
Inga darling, it's me, Nicky.
I'm here.
Reverend Lindstrom, "nej".
Just think of what
would the bishop say.
Who's knocking at my doors?
Oh, my God!
Let's go downtown, baby.
Help me, Jesus!
I don't want to die!
"Nej, nej, nej."
Ja, ja, ja, ja."
Get off me!
What's that?
It's coming from the coach's room.
Smoking sturgeons!

Coach's pussy just blew up.
It was good for me, ja.
Oh, Jesus.
I gotta tell you, Nick.
She's so great.
We had so much fun.
We talked, we laughed.
Can you hand me one of those
cheese-flavored penises?
Gabriella is everything I've ever
wanted in a woman. I even pierced...
...my ear for her.
- You better make sure...
...it's the right ear.
- Of course it 's...
- Yeah, I better look into that.
- How was your evening?
Let's just say I had some bad
shellfish and leave it at that.
- Hey. Hold on a second. See ya.
- Here she comes.
- Grab my ass.
- What are you? Crazy?
I told her I was gay. Now wet
your lips and look at me lovingly.
- Do I look like a homo to you?
- Yes.
An out of shape one,
but we have those too.
Thank you very much. That's enough.
Moving along. Nothing to see here.
What do you want me to do?
Act like I'm gay?
- Hi, boys.
- Hi.
I don't believe you two have
formally been introduced.
- This is my life partner.
- I'm not his life...
He's a little seasick this morning.
- Maybe he's just a little lovesick.
- Right!
- We're into S&M.
- Okay.

If you feel better later you would like to come to my new class?

- Yeah? It's dirty dancing.

- Dirty dancing?

- So taboo.

- What the hell's wrong with you?

"He's my life partner".

You need to keep an open mind.

Nick! Hey!

- It's only for a few days.

- Quit bugging me.

I'm getting my nuts handed to me on a platter.

- I wouldn't mind seeing that.

- Don't say it!

- Why not?

- Cause I won't, that's why.

Be a friend.

As a friend?

You're a wiener.

Now buzz off. I'm trying to concentrate on my workout.

You're not working out.

Nick, if you do me this one favor, I promise you I...

Nick!

Come on, listen.

I'm begging you.

- Maybe I'll skip the steam.

- That's a good idea.

Listen...

After what happened with Felicia, I thought I'd never feel this way again.

Why are you making such a big deal about this girl?

- She's a classic man-hater.

- No, no, no.

Gabriella doesn't mean it. She's just had bad luck with guys she dates... because they only want to have sex with her. You know the type.

Don't ever take sides against the guys.

Nick, I just need a few days

to get to know her.
Then I'll tell her the truth.
Why are you hiding
from that woman?
Hiding? I'm not hiding.
I have a cramp.
Nick, I'm desperate.
- What if I offered to pay you?
- Pay me! How dare you!
You think I'd sacrifice my dignity,
my self-esteem...
my whole way of life for a few,
measly dollars? No!
- Five hundred, cash?
- I'll do it!
- Come closer, you're too far away.
- No!
Hey, hey. Hold on.
Beautiful. Very nice, everyone.
I love it.
Jerry, you're light on your feet.
This whole place
is light on its feet.
Nick, your body's too stiff.
Wait. Listen to me.
Your body's too stiff.
I want you to loosen up. Come on.
There you go. Move it and then
go on, dance by yourself.
Feel the music, Nick.
Feel it.
Feel it.
Okay, everyone.
Change partners.
Cha, cha, cha, cha, cha.
We meet again, "chrie".
I hope that's your belt buckle
I feel back there.
You know, from the moment
we met, I felt there was...
...an electrical charge between us.
- I think your pacemaker shortened out.
How did you know
I like to be humiliated?

Look, Lloyd, you're barking up
the wrong tree here.

I know.

- You want to lead.

- Lloyd, I'm not...
interested.

That's alright. I'm a patient man.

I can wait.

I'm also very rich.

You know,

I'd like to spoil you, Nick.

Take you to places
you've never been.

Show you things you've never seen.

I'd like to...

Jerry!

Cha-cha-cha.

That's it.

You know, you're
a really good dance teacher.

Really? It's fun to
teach a class like this.

I always felt too self-conscious
to really...

...cut loose, you know?

- We have a revue here on board.

It's like an amateur night thing.

- You think you'd be interested?

- Too public.

- I'm more of a closet dancer.

- That's a shame.

- Because I'm the choreographer.

- Really?

Well, for you,

I might just waltz out of the closet.

- You know... it's strange.

- What's that?

The way you stare at me sometimes.

The way you touch me like that,
you know?

It's exactly the way
a straight guy would.

Me? Straight? Girlfriend, please!

Nobody's gotta teach me

how to be gay.

Bette Midler is also known
as the Divine Miss...

- M?

- Very good!

Very good.

Oh, sorry!

Okay, now describe the Brandy
Alexander you're drinking.

- Refreshing.

- No, no, no! It is to die for!

Also acceptable divine,
marvellous, charming and ooh-la-la.

At first I was afraid

I was petrified

Kept thinking I could never live

Without you by my side

But then I spent so many nights

Thinking how you did me wrong

And I grew strong

And I learned how to get along

And now you're back

From outer space

I just walked in to see you there

With that sad look upon your

Why you stopped singing?

I don't know the words.

You want to convince people you're

gay and you don't know the words?

Singing disco tunes

and wearing calypso outfits...

is not going to help me

convince Gabriella that I'm gay.

Hector, this is stupid.

Are you humming "I Will Survive?"

That's right.

And I know all the words.

- You're looking at me like I'm crazy.

- I'm not.

- You know what?

- What?

Champagne usually

makes me a crazy, too.

Champagne, ocean air...

strange things might happen.

I might turn into

a raging heterosexual.

I should be so lucky.

Can you imagine?

You know what? Let's get

this party on its feet. Come on.

Inga, it's me, Nicky.

Open up.

Nicky.

- So Mr. Tongue has a name.

- I'm sorry about what happened.

You don't have to hit me.

The deed was punishment enough.

"Nej, nej, nej."

If we ever hook up again,

I want to show you.

- I can reciprocate.

- Reciprocate?

Hey, Nick!

Hey, fresh meat.

Have a seat, Nick.

I can always use

a little extra spending money.

What the hell, I can use

a quiet game of poker.

Sorry I'm late, boys. I had trouble
squeezing into this pantyhose.

- So, what's the game?

- Five card stud.

- Very appropriate.

- Let's play some cards.

- I'm tired. Are you tired?

- Yeah! Wait. One more.

Hector!

You've been on a boat before.

- Is it safe?

- Of course it's safe!

As long as you are responsible.

You mean the storm?

Well, that I do not know.

Hector, let me ask you something.

- How many cruises have you been on?

- Including this one?

That would make it...
one. You see, I only recently
came all the way out of the closet.
Recently, really?
I would've figured kindergarten.
No. Well, let me tell you.
It wasn't easy.
But it's better to be true
to yourself...
than to lie to the world.
It must 've taken a lot of guts.
It's funny, you know?
These guys I'm playing poker with.
Steven, Tom, Ron.
Steven's a doctor.
A gay heart surgeon.
Who would've thought?
Ron's a criminal defence attorney.
He represents some bad-assed dudes.
Tom's cross-dresser
and pastry chef.
Okay, I would have guessed that.
But still,
they're a great bunch of guys.
- So what are you saying?
- What am I saying?
What I'm saying is I kinda wanted
to hang out more with these guys.
But there was a part of me that
felt it was somehow wrong...
to be friends with gay men.
And that...
makes me feel like a jerk.
Sit.
Come on, sit.
You know, my Papa, he used to
think that to be gay was "muy malo".
A big shame.
He no talk to me for 20 years.
His own blood.
Now he's sick, he's dying.
He asks for me. He say to me...
"Hector, I waste so much time.
We're all God's children.

I'm so sorry." He said so.
You see, my Papi, he's like you.
A real jerk.
He just needed to learn.
You learn too, my friend.
I'm hurting.
It feels so good
to get off my feet!
I couldn't agree with you more.
You know what?
I've got to get out
of these clothes.
I couldn't agree with you more.
Listen, would you mind doing me
a huge, huge favor?
Would you spend the night with me?
What?
Yeah, you know, it's the storm.
I wouldn't mind cuddling
under the covers with somebody.
You think Nick would mind?
Fuck Nick.
Is this storm getting worse,
or am I too drunk or...
I have a theory.
I think if we drank more...
we might be able to maintain
perfect equilibrium.
I'll try that in the pursuit
of science.
I'll get us another round.
I have a better idea.
I have a fifty-year old bottle
of cognac in my room...
...and I'm gonna go get it.
- I'll go with you.
I could use the exercise.
Jerry, we can get out
from under the covers.
I think the storm was over,
like, half an hour ago.
It was one hell of a storm, though.
You know, I have something
you're gonna love.

- Get ready to have an orgasm.

- What?

Open wide.

- Good?

- Yeah.

- Do me.

- You're so lucky I'm gay.

- Can I ask you something?

- Shoot.

- How do you do it?

- Do what?

- Give head.

- What?

A blow job. I mean, do you start
on the tip of his penis?

Or you stroke it

while you use your mouth?

- Do you tickle the balls?

- Not everybody likes that.

As a person who gives them
and receives them...

you must know the perfect way.

Show me.

What?

Okay.

You...

It's a little small.

You know, I got an idea.

Why don't you show me your
technique, and then I'll critique it.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- Okay.

So look. First...

I slowly lick the tip
with my tongue, right?

- Right?

- That's good.

Then I gently go down
the shaft with my lips.

And in time, I tickle the balls.

Then I twirl my tongue
all the way...

back to the top.
Then I wet my lips.
I do a little playful nibbling.
"Eso me encanta
porque es maravilloso."
"Eu te amo, te amo."
How's that?
Jerry?
That's fine!
For goodness' sake, Lloyd.
At least kiss me first.
- No, you didn't.
- Yes, I did.
Now, where did I put that bag?
I'm just going to lay down.
Got it.
Now, before we go
back up with the boys...
what do you say
we do a couple of shots?
You're a goddamned genius.
Here you go.
Oh...
my...
God!
What are you doing?
I have a horrible taste in my mouth,
Jerry, and I can't get rid of it.
Did you eat something weird?
Yeah.
- I did a bad, bad thing, Jerry.
- What?
You know how the sea air makes
you disoriented and there was...
the drinking and the partying
and I slept with a man, Jerry.
Very funny.
No, it's not.
I just woke up in Ron's stateroom.
- With Ron.
- What?
I've chased a lot of women, Jerry.
To be honest...
I never actually scored with one

since I was a senior in high school...
and then I had to promise
to marry her.
A fifty-one year old
coffee shop waitress.
And a stroke victim...
with a fake leg...
and a lazy eye...
...and a mole with...
- I got it.
What I'm trying to say is...
maybe I'm meant to do more than
just play cards with these guys.
I'm finally happy.
So happy.
I'm gay.
One, two, three, four...
five, six, seven, eight.
And one, two, three, four...
five, six, seven, eight.
Good.
Good work, guys. Good work.
Hector, try not shaking
your ass so much.
You mean in the dance,
or in real life?
OK, guys. Thank you for coming. I'll
see you back here tonight at eleven.
Jerry, you are looking
fierce up there.
I can't remember when
I've had this much fun.
You know, you're just great.
Hey!
- Are you gonna go to the island?
- I am.
Do you want me to be
your tour guide?
I know the island very well.
- That would be yummy.
- Yummy.
Let's go.
Nicholas... I was beginning
to wonder about you.

I'm glad to see you finally got that
luscious full figure frame of yours...
...in the right dinghy.

- It's amazing.

A day ago I would've punched you in
the face for saying a thing like that.

- This place is paradise.

- Oh, yeah.

- We're gonna have an awesome time.

- I'll say.

I can already feel the men around here
undressing me with their eyes.

- Hungry? Want something to eat?

- Nope. I have a better idea.

- Let's go exploring first.

- Great.

Daddy, thanks so much for finding
out where Jerry is for me.

Yeah, I'm sure things are gonna
work out, too.

Bye-bye. Love you, Daddy.

How do I get

to the Olympic Voyager?

Right this way, madam.

Be careful with those bags. They're
worth more than you make in a year.

Bon voyage... bitch.

- Hi Nick. How you doing?

- Hey, fine.

I'm not sore, or anything.

Hey buddy, about last night...

I understand why it happened.

I mean, I'm pretty charismatic.

If the moon hits me in just the right
way, I can look pretty damn tasty.

You're okay too, but I just really
rather we stay friends.

Alright. Me too, Nick.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- Wow.

- Yeah.

If I had said that to a chick,
she'd be a total mess right now.

I'm starting to see the upside
to this whole thing.
You do what Sonya says, team
You do what Sonya says
One, two, three, four.
Woke up with no tanning cream
Now you're off the tanning team
- One, two, three, four.
- Coach, it's the Hawaiian Tropic team.
Hey, break it up, ladies! Come on!
Come on! Take it easy!
Break it up! Break it up!
Save it for the tanning competition!
Bad! You are bad.
Now everybody move out! Now!
Okay, girls.
Get your heinies on the donkeys.
Now.
Nick.
I just wanted to say goodbye.
I'm going to the airport now.
Inga, it was great almost
knowing you.
Nick, if you're ever near
Gettsemllersteigen, Sweden...
...I would love to see you again.
- I don't think so, baby.
I don't think this is gonna work out.
But, I thought you liked me, Nick.
- I'm confused.
- So am I. You don't even know.
You better hurry.
You have an ass to catch.
And you...
Hey.
And go.
Oh, it feels good.
Hey, Nick. About last night...
you don't think
anything happened, do you?
- What do you think happened?
- Nothing.
You and I drank too much
and then fell asleep.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah.

Inga!

Inga!

Well, I think we lost
that one forever.

A lot of potential in that boy.

He could've been
one of the great ones.

I saw in him

what I saw in Elton John.

Had your Vitamin C today?

You know, you really make me laugh.

I'm so glad we met.

You know...

it really is a shame
to let this place go to waste.

Just a friendly kiss?

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I don't want to feel like I am...

pressuring you into doing something
you don't want to do.

I want to do this very badly.

- Really?

- Yes.

So, let me be your guide.

And I promise I'm gonna be gentle.

I'm gonna be patient.

And I'm going to take it
very, very slowly.

Great.

Jerry... Jerry...

You're a really quick stud.

That's enough foreplay.

Excuse me. Could you ring

Jerry Robinson's room, please?

Certainly.

No one seems

to be answering, ma'am.

Could you give me his room number?

I'm sorry, we're not allowed
to divulge that information.

Would you like to leave a message?

No, thanks.

I want to surprise him.

Thank you.

You wanna have dinner
with me tonight?

- No.

- Why not?

Because I'm falling in love
with you.

You are?

Yes, I am.

Of all the dumb, boneheaded, romantic
moves I've made over the years...

...this will be the dumbest.

- Now wait a minute.

- This could work.

- How do you think it's gonna work?

I cannot make you into something
you're not, Jerry.

I do that with every man

I fall for and it has to stop.

- Besides, you already have someone.

- No, I don't.

What about Nick?

That's just physical.

Listen, I have to accept
who you really are.

I really want to be alone right now.

- Hi.

- Hi.

It's kind of nice
seeing another woman aboard.

Tell me about it.

All I've seen are men.

Most of them gay.

Well, it is a gay cruise.

- What did you just say?

- You didn't know?

No! I came on board to get back
together with my boyfriend.

I don't get it! Why in the world
would he be on a gay...

Good luck.

Thanks.

We're just gonna put them

on the stage.

Hector!

- Have you seen Gabriella?

- No, I've been looking for her myself.

Everything is falling apart.

The music is not ready.

Victor, the lead dancer, is seasick.

And look at my costume!

It hangs. It's supposed to drape!

OK, if you see Gabriella, could you
give her this message for me, please?

How could I've been so blind?

I mean, the signs were right
in front of my eyes.

Foreign films... grab a convertible.

Gourmet mustards.

Wait... maybe he's only curious.

I mean, there was that
one time when I was in college...

my roommate Bianca and I,
we shared a Jacuzzi.

That got kinda hot.

- I got to go, pal. Keep the change.

- Thanks.

Think twice before you

blow the man down!

Get everybody ready for the next
number. They have less than a minute.

What?

Nobody told me Victor was too sick
to dance. Who's gonna be the lead?

I' m coming

Comin' out

I' m comin' out

Oh, my God.

I' m comin' out

I want the world to know

Got to let it show

I' m comin' out

I want the world to know

Got to let it show

I' m comin' out

There's a new me coming out

And I just have to live

And I just wanna give
I' m completely positive
I think this time around
I am gonna do it
Like you never knew it
I' II make it through
The time has come for me
To break out of a shell
I have to shout
That I am coming out
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I' m comin' out
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I' m comin' out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
- Cocksucker!
- Felicia!
I was talking to him.
Felicia!
- Felicia! What are you doing here?
- Don't even talk to me.
- I feel so humiliated.
- Well, how did you find me?
What were you thinking about
when we were making love, Jerry?
- Cabana Boys?
- Hey, I am not gay.
And to think
I wanted to be your wife!
What?

I really missed you, Jerry.
All the special times we had.
We complemented each other.
We could've built a life together.
- Build a life together?
- Yes!
- What about Andr, the buffer boy?
- It was just a fling.
A horrible, thoughtless,
insensitive mistake.
But it showed me
what I really wanted, Jerry.
A stable, decent man who would
always be there for me.
And I thought that that was you.
What are you saying?
You want to get back together?
Well, I did.
Before I found out
that you were gay.
How could you think I'm gay?
You're standing there preening
like a gay peacock...
and you don't want me to think
you're tutti-frutti?
For heaven's sake, Felicia. I'm not
gay and I never have been gay.
Then why the hell
are you on this boat?
Nick! Nick and I got on
this cruise by mistake.
And then I met this girl
and she assumed I was gay!
And then I stupidly went along
with it because...
She's behind me, isn't she?
How could you?
Gabriella, I'm sorry.
- I tried to tell you.
- You're an asshole, Jerry.
Not again!
That was the girl
I was talking about.
Well, looks like you

had a dumb fling yourself.
I'll tell you what.
If you can forgive me...
I can certainly forgive you.
And we can get married
just like you always wanted, Jerry.
I love you, baby.
What do you say?
Great.
Now one of the bride and groom
staring at each other lovingly.
- You look so beautiful.
- Thank you.
Why don't we both look beautiful?
Take out that earring.
Felicia is good for me.
She planned this entire wedding,
all by herself.
Got me a great job
with her father.
Got us a new apartment. Picked out
all the linens and plates.
And as a wedding gift, she gave me
an entire new wardrobe.
Yep, the only decision I have left
to make for the rest of my life...
is whether I want to be
buried or cremated.
No. I take that back.
We're being buried side by side.
She told me this morning.
Hey, Jerry, I'm sorry I'm late.
I had a little bit of a
personal crisis this morning.
- Is everything alright, pastor?
- Fine, fine.
Just I had a few personal issues
I had to clarify, but...
It's your big day.
Nothing's going to spoil it.
Glad to see
you finally made it, reverend.
I got a string quartet back at the
Hyatt about to go into golden time.

- Congratulations, sir.
- Thank you.
- They're friends of yours, Jerry?
- Yes, sir.

I met them on the cruise.

So you accidentally hopped onto the Guytanic, too?

- How's it going?

- I guess not.

Jerry, I'm gonna keep my eye on you.

- What's up, guys?

- Nick, come here. It's important.

There is no more sacred contract than the bond of marriage.

And no more spiritual union than that between a man and a woman.

Dearly beloved,

we are gathered here today...

to bring this man and this woman together in the eyes of...

in the eyes of...

God?

- God, yeah, that's what you say.

- No, that's what you say.

Yeah, well I used to until recently. I mean...

if there was a God would He allow my wife to run off...

with a non-union contractor who overcharged me for a bay window?

But that's my problem, I'm sorry, and it's your day. I'm sorry. Where was I?

A happy marriage is the perfect human relationship.

A setting in which each partner feels free to be as he or she is...

under God's bountiful nature.

That same nature that allowed the number 547 PIN code...

to screw me in a photo.

I'm sorry, where was I?

If there's anyone present who feels that these two people should not...

...be joined together in matrimony...

- Come on.

...let them speak now,
or forever hold their peace.

Okay, fine.

Jerry, then, if there's no objection,
turn to Felicia and repeat after me.

I, Jerry...

take you, Felicia...

...to be my lawful-wedded...

- Stop! Wait! Time out! Time out!

- Nick! What are you doing?

- I have to say something.

If I didn't speak now,

I could never live with myself.

A couple of weeks ago...

Jerry and I took a cruise together.

It wasn't the cruise

we intended to take, but...

it was good we got in the wrong boat

because it changed our lives forever.

Jerry, if you marry Felicia today,

it will end up in disaster.

You need to be with the person

you fell in love with on that boat.

And I know it,

because that person is me.

How much of that pot

did you smoke?

I know where Gabriella is.

If you hurry we can catch her.

Jerry?

What the hell is wrong with you?

You can't humiliate me like this!

My dad is gonna kill you!

- Come on, Rocco! Come on, boy!

- Daddy!

Come on, move! Move!

Daddy, do something!

- Where's your car?

- We're not taking my car.

We'd never make it across town

in this traffic.

Boys! Boys!

- Hector! You're a fireman!
- Yes!
I'm December in our calendar.
Thank you, Ernie, dear.
Call me!
So where is Gabriella?
She signed up
to work another cruise.
- When does she leave port?
- Two hours ago!
Two hours ago?
And how am I supposed
to find her in the ocean?
I can't do this!
- I get motion sickness!
- Yes, you can. Come on, Jerry.
You're about to be united
with the woman you love.
What do you think?
Why don't you calm down?
You are in very, very good hands.
Are you sure you know
what you're doing?
I know you only think of me
as a hard-partying old queen...
but for your information, I spent
32 years in the Armed Forces...
serving Her Majesty,
the real Queen.
I've seen action in five different
theaters of war...
I've made over 490 drops,
23 over hostile territory.
I'm what you colonials might call
a bad-assed motherfucker...
who also happens
to be an expert...
in the delicate art
of Japanese flower arranging.
Over the target, captain.
Right! It's now, or never.
Come on, Jerry, get out there!
Jump out!
I can't do this!

- Go get her, Jerry!
- This is a bad idea!
Wait, I'm gonna be sick.
I mean it!
I felt that one.
Good Lord, you're a crybaby.
Five, six, seven, eight. Kick!
Back! Head, up, down.
One more time.
Kick! Back!
Head, up, down.
I want it sassy, now. Come on.
Kick! Pli.
Head, up, down.
And Kick! Pli!
I'm not a person
who likes heights!
I don't feel so good.
I don't feel so good.
I hate this!
What is that?
- I don't like it!
- We're over the target.
- Prepare for release!
- Release!
We did it!
I'm so excited.
If truth be told, I'm more
than a little excited myself.
Unhook me, please.
I don't believe this.
Help, please.
This time, I'm gonna
let you drown.
You're gonna have to drag me
over to the deep end...
'cause it's only about
three and a half feet over here.
What are you doing here?
I was in the neighbourhood,
so I figured I'd just drop in.
- Goodbye.
- Gabriella, wait, please.
I thought I was being

reasonably clever...
considering I just dropped
1,500 feet out of an airplane.
Why did you bother?
Because I love you.
Who loves me?
Gay Jerry as a friend?
Or is this straight, lying,
deceitful Jerry?
You've never met this Jerry.
This is the extremely sorry...
unbelievably heartbroken
because you left me...
who'll do anything to get you
to forgive me...
because I want to spend the rest
of my life with you Jerry.
Well, you listen to me, Jerry.
Just because you dropped
out of the sky...
and made this grand,
romantic gesture...
doesn't mean that I'm going to
automatically run into your arms.
Do you understand that?
- Yes.
- Good.
Okay, I'm probably going to. But you
shouldn't automatically expect it...
because if we're going to have
the kind of relationship...
that one day you're going
to be making up these fantasies...
Don't you ever,
ever lie to me again.
I swear.
I'll never understand it.
Neither will I.
Inga!
Inga...
Inga...
Inga...
My God! My God!
I'm Nick Ragoni.

I'm a friend of your daughter Inga.
I've travelled 12 thousand miles
to surprise her.
You poor thing. You look frozen.
Let me help you up.
Let me and my son help you up.
- Johann, come over here.
- Ja.
Come on.
This man is obviously
a fan of smorgasbord.
Ingmar, what's going on?
Mother, he is an American friend
of Inga's.
I hope you didn't go too much
trouble to get here.
- Inga's not home.
- What?
She's gone to Italy
on a modelling assignment.
Won't be back for three months.
- Oh God, no. I can't believe it.
- You poor boy. You look so cold.
You'll join us for dinner.
Bridgit?
Get this man some soup
from the stove.
Now this is Bridgit.
She wants to be a bikini model...
...just like her big sister.
- Nice to meet you.
And Bridgit's coach will be
joining us for dinner, too.
Nicholas.
Hello.
We meet again.

SYNC. BY: