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# Ghosts Of Girlfriend Past

By Unknown

Good morning, Connor.  
Versace is on 1.  
Okay.  
- Clear out.  
- Good, good, good. Oh, I like this.  
Okay, ladies,  
do not look at me or the camera.  
Just keep doing what you do.  
On three. One, two, three.  
All right. Reset, I'll be right back.  
Pull the backlight down, and stop.  
And more martinis around.  
Nice work, gentlemen.  
Connor wants a re-light on one.  
We're moving to Stage 2.  
And the Vanity Fair cover  
is waiting on two.  
- Oh, hey, you.  
- Hi, Mr. Mead.  
Hey. Good morning, ladies.  
So do you wanna have dinner  
with us after?  
I'd love to, but I can't.  
I'm booked solid, ladies.  
But I will find you, okay?  
Okay.  
You want me to book them?  
- Yes.  
- Bye.  
- Separately or together?  
- Yes. Ha, ha.  
- Good morning, Kalia.  
- Hello.  
I'm Connor Mead.  
- You're ravishing.  
- Well, thank you.  
Stand here, please.  
All right.  
Let's get started.  
Get rid of the green screen.  
- Um, let's cozy up. Give me key light.  
- Wha...?  
- Bring it over and down six inches.  
- Excuse me, what are you doing?

And keep the set medic on cue just in case.

Can I have the, um...?

Apples.

- This is my wardrobe.

- That's the one. Oh, an ode to Billy Tell.

I just wanna let you know

that I'm a huge fan.

Likewise. I mean, I'm not 12 years old  
and tone-deaf, so I don't like your music...

...but I really dig your look.

Can we come here and strengthen up  
these eyebrows a touch?

- Stay right there. Stay right there.

- So this is it?

This is the picture?

- I'm half naked with an apple on my head.

- Yes, you are.

This is the cover of Vanity Fair  
from the great Connor Mead?

Well, not quite.

I'd like to introduce you to Kako Tatsumi.

She's a Japanese archery champion.

She's gonna be helping us out today.

And you have nothing to fear.

She placed sixth in Beijing.

Are you joking?

Is he...? Is he joking?

Kalia, chin down, eyes here,  
arms to your side.

- Somebody tell me he's joking.

- Don't move.

Kako, on my count.

She didn't even medal!

Just listen to my music.

I am more than my look. I am.

Sweetie, you are already gorgeous.

Why do you need

to be good at two things, huh?

Connor.

- Need your select on the mayor's proofs.

- Now?

And I'm juggling three of your buddies...

...on iChat.

- Does she knock?

Sorry. You told me to make sure  
you were on the road by 2.

Why?

Your brother's wedding in Newport?

- That's today?

- The rehearsal dinner's tonight...  
...at your Uncle Wayne's old estate.

- Oh, God, I gotta get up there.

And I have Kiki, Charlece and Nadja  
on your IM. They keep calling.

- Nadja. Remind me who Nadja is again?

- Nadja was dinner Friday night.

- Right. Very pretty girl. Didn't say much.

- She's Romanian. Barely speaks English.

Well, that explains it.

Scan these to Mike right away.

I am a touch busy, if you could  
take care of those calls, I'd appreciate it.

No. No way. I'm not breaking up with girls  
for you, Connor.

That's where I draw the line.

I believe in karma.

Okay.

- Conference them.

- Conference them?

- Conference them.

- Oh, no, you wouldn't.

Oh, yes, I would.

They're conferenced.

Click here to disconnect.

- Hello, ladies, it's Connor Mead.

- Hi, Connor.

- Hi.

- Whoa, is there anyone else on the line?

Listen, I'm sincerely pressed for time  
right now, so I'm gonna...

Well, I'm gonna have to do this in bulk.

Um...

It's not gonna work out for us.

- Wait, are you kidding me?

- What?

Tell me you're not breaking up  
with me on a conference call.

- But I thought things were going great.

- You are a womans hater.

Connor Mead hates womans.

No, no, no, I love womans.

I mean, "women," all right?

I love all women.

That's the problem here.

No. The problem is you date a girl for two weeks, get her to fall in love with you...

He takes the love and he hoard it, like a miser.

Jesus, doesn't anyone just wanna have fun anymore?

I like to have fun.

All right, then don't listen to these ladies.

They are crazy.

We can still hear you when you cover the camera, you know.

- Right.

- Emotionally retarded.

- You really need therapy.

- You stupid boy.

Ladies, it sounds like you have an awful lot to discuss, okay?

So I'm gonna jump off, but feel free to keep talking, okay?

Kiki, Nadja, Charlece, I had an amazing time with each one of you.

I wish you all the best.

- Goodbye.

- No, we are not done...

You really are as bad as they say.

Oh, no, dear, I am just a little bit worse.

Of course, you'd never treat me that way, right?

No. I just did that for you.

I'm cleaning my plate for the main course.

You're the biggest jerk ever.

In fact, you're even famous for it.

No, really, why am I doing this?

Well, it usually has something to do with your father.

Oh, please.

I've never even met my father.

Well, come to papa.

Okay, here we go.

This will have gone like clockwork,  
so at 1529 I will say:

"You may kiss the bride."

Oh, we should practice that,  
shouldn't we?

- Oh, God.

- Paulie. Hey.

- Connor. Go around.

- Yeah.

He came.

- He came.

- He came.

- What's wrong?

- What?

Well, you and all but one of my bridesmaids  
have slept with him...

...so he can't be that bad, right?

- No.

- Jenny, soothe the nervous bride.

- Oh, it's fine.

Hey.

Connor.

- Good to see you. Yeah.

- You made it.

- You look great.

- Thank you, man.

What do you think about what  
we did to Uncle Wayne's old karate dojo?

- Whoa.

- I'm psyched.

I didn't think

you were gonna make the rehearsal.

Well, I wanted to get here early...

...make sure you had time

to think about our last conversation.

You know, the one about marriage, love,  
never-ending lifelong monogamy?

Yes, I definitely thought about it.

- You did? Good, good.

- Yes, I did.

If you're having second thoughts,  
here's the key to my Jag.

You give me the word, I'll block.

- Oh, my God, you're serious.

- You're damn right.

Man, I'll do anything for you.

Who's got your back, huh?

Hey, it's you and me

against the world, right?

Why is he giving him keys?

- Why's he giving him keys?

- Oh, I bet he's giving you a car.

- I'm just gonna go check on that.

- Okay.

Connor, we've talked about this.

I wanna get married. I love Sandra.

- You say that now, okay?

- Everything okay here, guys?

Because we're still,

you know, rehearsing.

- Jenny Perotti.

- Connor Mead.

- I'll be damned.

- That's probably true.

- Hey, the bride's unsupervised.

- I'm on it.

- Buddy, we're not done talking about this.

- Done talking about what?

- Options.

- Options.

Yeah, listen to me, Connor.

This is the biggest weekend in Sandy's life.

If you detract from her wedding...

...I will sneak into your room

and cut off your favorite appendage.

Now, the first part sounds nice.

I can make it look like an accident.

Don't push me.

Just try to be supportive. Normal.

Just not a train wreck for once.

- I'll be on my best behavior.

- That worries me.

I will, I'll be supportive. Whatever.

- Really?

- Yes.

Come on.

See? I knew there wouldn't be

any weirdness between you two.

- Connor, you remember Sandra?

- Yes, I do. How are you, Sandra?

You know, it's not too late  
to get out, gorgeous.

He's joking.

And you know the bridesmaids.

Oh, yes, I do. Deena, Donna.

How are you?

- And, uh...?

- Denice.

- Nice to meet you, Denice. Ladies.

- Me too. How are you?

My groomsmen.

Guys, this is my brother, Connor.

- We've heard the stories, man.

- Oh, okay.

- An honor to be serving with you.

- And with you.

It's "mice" to "neet" you.

Damn it, I blew it.

Sorry to break up the bromance,  
guys, but...

...I need you right here  
where I can keep my eyes on you.

- Absolutely.

- Are we ready?

Yes, sorry, sarge.

Sarge?

Are they getting married by a cop?

Sergeant Major Volcom,

United States Marine Corps.

I am not a cop.

- Where'd you find this ray of sunshine?

- He's Sandra's dad.

Sarge, this is my brother, Connor.

Connor, this is the sarge.

He was ordained right after the war.

Little war called Korea.

Perhaps you've heard of it, slick?

Lost more men than Nam.

We didn't get a wall.

We didn't get a movie.

We got a sitcom with Alan Alda



which was all nonstop laughs...

...unless you were the one  
watching his friends die.

The war's over, Dad. It was a tie.

You know, we should probably try  
to keep going on schedule.

- Hua.

- Hua.

Following the kiss at 1530 hours,  
on my mark...

...groom will take bride's left forearm...

...rotate 180 degrees,  
orienting north by northwest.

Then I will announce you  
as husband and wife.

Following which...

Following which,  
you will live happily ever after.

Oh, Daddy.

- So sweet. Oh, my God.

- That is sweet.

- I'm surrounded by huggers.

- There we go.

- No, we're cool, man.

- Come on.

Hey, Uncle Wayne.

Ah, the world's a lot less fun  
without you in it, buddy.

Oh, no. Oh, no.

No decorations in here. No.

No. No.

And, yes.

No.

- No! Wha...? What did...? What the...?

- Something wrong?

I got over 30 scented candles  
in my room.

- Oh, the wedding scent is lavender.

- The wedding scent?

- And people wonder why I'm not married.

- Not really.

I mean, seriously, Jenny, my Uncle Wayne  
is rolling over in his grave right now.

No, come on. Wayne loved a good party.

Party, yes. A wedding? No.

Back in the day that man used this place...

...for mind-numbing, clothing-optional,  
weeklong orgies, okay?

Do you know Dean Martin  
slept in that bathroom?

He drank from the bidet  
and sang the Canadian national anthem...

...in Spanish.

- In Spanish.

- Yeah, I remember Wayne telling us that.

- Yeah. Now that, that was a party. Not this.

You know, people were taking bets  
on whether or not you'd even show up.

- Miss my kid brother's wedding?

- That's what I said.

The whole asshole thing you do  
is to get insecure women to sleep with you.

- Deep down, you're a big sweetheart.

- Oh. Look who's got me pegged.

And there's the sarcasm to cover up  
the accidental display of affection for Paul.

Hey.

I'm not covering anything up.

And I would also be more than happy to  
take off the rest of my clothes to prove it.

Then there's the cheap sexual innuendo.

All the old Connor Mead tricks are back.

Well, don't worry,

your secret's safe with me.

I won't tell anyone you have feelings.

Hua!

Hua!

Oh, gosh.

- Okay. Yeah, it didn't work. Still nervous.

- Let's do another one.

- Sandy, what about him?

- Dan Palumbo. Married.

Oh. Kids?

What? They're not really married  
unless they have kids.

Hua.

- Heard, understood, acknowledged.

- Sandy.

Save some liquor  
for the rest of the guests.

- Bye, Mrs. Mead.
- Clean my room, pledge.

Slow down. Slow down.

- Hey.
- Here you are, sir.

If you can keep those coming  
all night. Thank you.

And now we're off.

- Excuse me, Mr. Mead?
- Mm-hm.

I just wanna tell you,  
I'm a huge fan of your work.

- Thank you.
- Gonna photograph your brother's wedding?

No. No, I'm not a wedding photographer.

- Right, but it's your brother.
- Right.

He's not good at taking pictures of people  
with their clothes on.

- Look who's funny.
- It's not his specialty.
- Ah.
- Turn your phone off.

Connor Mead.

No, I would not like to cut my quota.

- Connor.
- Look, just tell him to go screw himself.
- Yeah, I said, tell him to go screw himself.
- Hey.

Like when a man and a woman...

I gotta go. Gotta go.

- Hi.
- Oh, my God.
- Sit down before you...
- Oh, my God.
- What?
- What is this?
- Endive arugula salad. You did well...
- No, no, no. The salad I ordered had figs.

Yeah, because fruit is the new crouton.

This is...

This is a disaster. My friends and family

didn't come all the way over here...  
...to be met with some lackluster salad.  
Where are the figs?  
Excuse me, where are the figs?  
Because I want some figs!  
Sweetie? Sweetie. Hi.  
- Hi. Hi.  
- Hi.  
Hi.  
Okay, look, you're right, okay?  
You did order figs.  
But, uh, everyone seems  
to be loving the salad, right?  
- Anybody missing figs?  
- The dressing is a panoply...  
...of flavors.  
- It's really good salad.  
- A lot to recommend, this salad.  
- Okay. Sorry.  
- There she is. All right, she's back.  
- I'm sorry, everyone. I just...  
It's my wedding and...  
Well, I'm not usually a massive bitch.  
- She kind of is.  
- Ha, ha. Stop it.  
I just really want everything  
to start out perfectly.  
I mean, I only plan on getting married  
four or five times, tops.  
Oh, sweetie.  
Oh, which reminds me, Connor.  
Sandy and I wanted to know  
if you would make a toast tomorrow.  
What?  
- Yeah. We'd like that.  
- I know it's not really your thing...  
...but it is kind of a tradition  
for the best man to give a toast.  
- Could be super short.  
- Super long, whatever you want.  
- They kidding? Are you kidding?  
- Yes.  
- No.  
- Yes.

No, you're the only family I got here,  
so I thought you could say something.

I don't think this is the best idea  
you've ever had.

- I'm with Jenny.

- You can scrounge up a cousin...

No, no, no. Come on, you're my brother.

You're funny, you're articulate,  
you're smart.

- True, true and true. Um, I'm flattered, but...

- If you're not gonna take pictures...

...it's the least you can do.

- Who the hell is this guy?

- Who's that?

- Jeff.

I'm not toasting anyone tomorrow, okay?

I can't toast this.

- Come on.

- This always happens. All Scotch, no carbs.

Is there a bread basket? You know what,  
let's talk about something else.

So, um, when do you catch your flight?

Paulie, you know where I come out  
on all this, buddy.

To me, marriage is an archaic  
and oppressive institution...

...that should have been abolished years ago.

And love? It's magical comfort food  
for the weak and the uneducated.

Yeah, it makes you feel all warm  
and relevant...

...but in the end, love leaves you weak,  
dependent and fat.

- Yeah, that might not make the best toast.

- Are you saying I'm fat?

- No. Are you kidding?

- No, no, no.

No, sweetie, sweetie,

he's being funny, I think.

Better hold your next words  
real close, Paco.

Believe me, all right? For Paul's sake,

I wish I could believe in all this crap. I do.

And I also wish I could believe

in the Easter bunny...  
...the missile shield,  
and strippers with a heart of gold, all right?  
But, unfortunately, I am condemned  
to see the world as it really is.  
And love? Love is a myth.  
Oh, good. Because I was afraid you were  
gonna make a really long, cynical speech.  
Truth hurts, baby.  
- Why don't you go?  
- Yeah. Why don't I do that?  
And I think I'll take my salad with me.  
Mm. Some figs would've been nice.  
This is gonna be tougher than I thought.  
You got that right, kid.  
Uncle Wayne?  
Uncle Wayne.  
- Uh...  
- Ha, ha.  
You're dead.  
Players never die, Dutch.  
They just try their luck at a different table.  
Whoa, whoa.  
Never touch a man  
when he's hanging a wire.  
You kidding me?  
Oh, God.  
Aqua Velva.  
What are you...? What are you...?  
What are you...? What are you doing here?  
I'm here to warn you, kid.  
Don't waste your life like I did.  
What are you talking about?  
You had a great life, man.  
You're a legend.  
The money, the parties, the women, you...  
Listen, kid. When the music stops  
and you're looking for your slacks...  
...none of that stuff matters worth a lick.  
Well, there was this one party. Um...  
New Year's '68, Philippines.  
Me, Stevie McQueen,  
...and a pile of blow the size of a toaster.  
Now that was a good night.

Aw. That sounds like a great night.  
Oh, no, I've had a few laughs,  
I've chased some tail but, trust me, Dutch...  
...you don't wanna end up like me.  
- What are you talking about?  
- No, no. Save it for the sandman.  
I've been watching you,  
and you are definitely turning out like me.  
Frankly, I mean, who could blame you?  
But tonight...  
Tonight, things are gonna change.  
Tonight you're gonna be visited  
by three ghosts.  
You have got to be kidding me.  
And you're gonna be forced to feel things  
that you haven't felt for a long time.  
Things like feelings, for example.  
Remember, no matter how much it hurts,  
it's all for your own good.  
And the stuff that's not for your own good,  
it's for my entertainment.  
Look, Uncle Wayne, you...  
Where'd he go?  
All right, that didn't just happen. Okay.  
Uh-oh.  
Melanie! Melanie? Where are you?  
I need you up here, all right?  
Melanie! Melanie? Where are you?  
I need you up here, all right?  
Look, you are my assistant  
and I need assistance.  
Blue Label and give it wings, brother.  
Call me.  
You feel so real.  
Well, they are, honey. A hundred percent.  
I'm not sure what you've heard about me,  
but I usually like to be bought a drink first.  
- You're not who I thought you were.  
- Vonda Volcom, mother of the bride.  
Connor Mead, brother of the groom.  
Please, sit, Vonda Volcom.  
- Thank you.  
- Yes, ma'am.  
- Champagne for the lady.

- Lovely.  
- So how long have you been divorced?  
- I beg your pardon?  
Please. I mean, you're ravishing.  
No married woman your age  
keeps her form this fine.  
I've been divorced eight years now.  
Sarge and I aren't talking just yet.  
- It's juvenile and sad.  
- Honey, stop right there.  
It's not your fault, okay?  
Marriage is a corrupt  
and hateful institution.  
I covered all of this earlier  
at another table.  
I wanna ask you something.  
When did casual sex become a crime?  
I mean,  
nowadays being single means...  
...what, you've lost your way?  
That something is missing?  
Never mind that every night  
I swim in a lake of sex...  
...and they fall asleep  
in each others' arms, spooning.  
Connor, spooning is nice.  
Yeah, but not as nice as forking.  
- Am I right?  
- Ha, ha. It's true.  
Hey, you know what the owner of this place  
once told me?  
He said, "Keep it light, Dutch.  
Keep it light."  
I never understood  
why he called me Dutch...  
...but I believe his wisdom still holds.  
- That's nice.  
- I like that.  
- Mm.  
Listen, darling, before we take this  
to the next level, are we off-limits?  
I mean, technically we're not family  
until tomorrow.  
I am extremely flattered.



But, yes, we are definitely off-limits.

That's a shame. I bet you know

your way around a bedroom.

You always talk to women like this?

Yes.

- Does it work?

- Yes.

Well, while I can't be of service to you,

I am sure that she can.

Blonde, six o'clock?

Blue dress, legs up to her chin?

That's the one. She's been eyeing you

the whole time we've been talking.

- It's been a real pleasure talking to you.

- Likewise.

You are truly an inspiration.

Hi. Excuse me.

I'm gonna steal her away just for a second.

Jenny, come with me.

I have to give you your maid-of-honor gift.

Remember that guy

I was telling you about, Brad?

No, no. I told you,

I do not want to be set up again.

I've been through it too many times.

Please don't make me.

That's Brad.

Okay, but this is the last time.

- How are my teeth?

- Clear. Perfect.

- Just try to play it cool. Just no big deal.

- Oh, yeah. Yeah.

Brad. This is Jenny.

- Right. The hot, single doctor.

- Hi.

Paul and Sandra

have been talking about you.

I know what car you drive, where you

went to school, how many dogs you have.

That is right. You're both animal people.

What are the odds?

- So glad this isn't awkward.

- Right. Ahem.

Oh, I forgot to tell you. Brad loves

to run triathlons too. I know, right?

- Do you wanna go anywhere else?

- Yeah, I thought you'd never ask.

- Bye.

- You guys have a good time, you crazy kids.

- Hey, Connor.

- Hey.

How you been?

Well, I'm at a wedding,

I'm seeing ghosts in the john.

- I've been better.

- All right.

Well, what were you and Sandra's mom  
talking about so intensely?

Casual sex.

So, what's your stance  
on casual sex, bridesmaid?

On top. I mean... I'm for it.

Well, speaking of which,

I think I owe you an apology.

I've enjoyed the company  
of all the other bridesmaids except you.  
I mean, you must feel terribly left out.  
I do.

Well, I do hope that there's some way  
to rectify this injustice.

Well, you know what I always say is,  
"To think globally, act locally."

Listen, before I, uh, commence

**the launch code:**

Are you the one my brother slept with?

Because I don't like to cross swords.

Wait, what? Your brother slept  
with one of the bridesmaids?

Okay, I guess it wasn't you.

Okay, from now on, I don't cross swords.

Listen, forget I even brought it up.

Hey, why don't you scamper up  
to my room, boil some water...

...get the chicken claw out of my suitcase,  
do some light stretching...

...and I will be up in 5?

Chicken claw. Okay.

- Chicken claw.

- Okay.

Suitcase. Stretching. Scamper.

Five minutes.

And that's how it's done, son.

That is how it's done.

Does it work on guys?

Probably.

- Excuse me, mind if we take these seats?

- No, please.

- All right.

- Oh, hello there, friend.

- Hey.

- Connor Mead, brother of the groom.

- This is Brad.

- Frye. Nice to meet you.

Nice to meet you.

You must be the wedding sex  
they flew in for Jenny here.

And, uh, you must be the wedding sex  
they brought in for everyone else.

He's getting his little blush. He's gotten  
that ever since he was a kid. It's adorable.

Oh, honey, if I was jealous, why am I,  
at this very moment, heading upstairs...

...to close out my hat trick  
of bridesmaids?

Maybe you're terrified of being alone with  
your empty hollow soul for even a minute.

- You got a live one here, Brad.

- Yeah, look, maybe I'd better go.

- No, Brad, you're staying.

- I'll go.

Run along, Connor.

There's a bridesmaid waiting  
to be partially satisfied.

Absolutely.

Brad, it's a pleasure. I hope you enjoy  
pillow fights, talking about your feelings...

...and sharing massages  
with your clothes on.

Jenny.

Connor.

I know...

Brad. Guy probably irons his jeans.  
Well, that's more like it.  
And how is my little 6-foot,  
legs-to-her-chin...  
...blond-haired, blue-eyed,  
Happy Meal of a bridesmaid?  
- Hi, Connor! Ha, ha.  
- Whoa!  
- Have you missed me?  
- Who are you?  
What, you don't...? You don't remember?  
Allison Vandermeersh?  
Connor Mead...  
...remembers me.  
I can die now. I'm just kidding.  
I'm totally kidding.  
- What are you doing here?  
- I'm like a ghost now.  
Yeah, the ghost of girlfriends past,  
in fact.  
Oh, it tickles a little bit.  
- There.  
- Connor?  
Really? You're gonna outrun a ghost?  
We could do this all day, dude.  
All right, you're not real.  
No, you can't be. You're...  
You're just a repressed memory,  
activated by all the booze...  
...and the trauma of Paulie getting married.  
But you, you are not real.  
- All right. Well, have a nice trip.  
- Whoa.  
See you next fall. Ha, ha.  
- Is that real enough for you, dude?  
- Whoa, watch it.  
Be cool. All right,  
what are you gonna do to me?  
Oh, no, it's gonna be rad, okay?  
I am gonna take you back  
through all your past girlfriends...  
...then you and I can figure out  
how you got your head so far up your ass.  
Ready, Freddie?

Ta-da!

Ta-da!

All right, what the hell's going on?

We're still at your Uncle Wayne's,  
only now we're in 1982...

...which is, of course,  
the summer of your first relationship.

Connor.

Oh. Look at how cute you were.

I wanna squeeze you.

- Yes!

- Oh.

And we knew who she was, of course.

Jenny Perotti.

**I win, 1:**

I beat you by 6.

No way. It's your birthday.

I let you win as your gift.

Uh-huh. Then what's that?

- Can they see us?

- No, we're ghosts.

Get out.

- Do you like it?

- Yeah, it's great.

- You're the best, Jenny.

- Really?

What else do you think of me?

Oh.

I don't know.

- You see how young they start?

- Shh. Watch.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Line it up, buddy. Get in there.

This doesn't even look like you.

You look like a girl.

What, Connor?

This is my favorite part.

I'm gonna keep it forever.

- "I'm gonna keep it forever."

- I don't think I said that. Did you edit this?

I'm gonna keep it forever.

You sure that wasn't my brother?

He always said fruity stuff like that.

I'm gonna keep it forever.

Forever. Forever.

Okay, I get it. I said it.

I'm gonna keep it forever.

Not as dumb as he looks, folks.

- Go.

- Wait. This doesn't count.

I wasn't ready, cheater.

Mom and Dad.

This was the summer

before their car accident.

Look how happy they were.

The Lord is my Shepherd,

I shall not want. He maketh me...

Uncle Wayne, Paul and Jenny

were all you had left.

She knew you before you became...

...you.

All right.

All right, what's next?

Middle school? Really?

- You remember this, right?

- Pretty sure I intentionally blocked it out.

Whoo!

Surely we don't have time for this.

As you and Jenny got older, you

tried to make that super-tough transition...

...from being best friends

to maybe being boyfriend/girlfriend.

- This dance is so lame.

- Totally.

I don't know why, but there's something

creepy about the white-glove thing.

Oh, yeah.

Nice move.

Who's "ooh-ing" who,

Franklin Middle School?

I'm gonna slow it down right now...

...so guys, grab that special girl

and head on out to the dance floor.

Ask her to dance, man.

She's begging for it. Ask her.

- So...

- Jenny! Oh, my God, Jenny.

Neil just told Suzy that Pete Hastings wants to slow dance with you.  
Pete Hastings is totally gorge.  
No, Pete Hastings is now bald and doing Civil War reenactments on the weekends.  
Yeah, and he's gonna wanna make out.  
Yeah, and he's a ninth grader, so that means tongue.  
Oh, my God, I can't believe how lucky you are. Pete Hastings.  
Okay, I guess.  
Yes! Ha, ha.  
Yeah, but...  
That dude used to get boners in the gym shower. Don't sweat it.  
But at least he didn't choke.  
Hey, I didn't choke, all right?  
I could've closed if I wanted to.  
I was being a gentleman.  
I can't breathe.  
You know what? You didn't wanna hit that anyway, little man.  
Hey, kid. What's with the waterworks?  
Jenny.  
- Pregnant?  
- No.  
Crabs?  
No.  
Took her to the coat room, found out she had a tenpin up her dress?  
Don't worry, it happens to all of us.  
Wait, what?  
Nothing, nothing, nothing.  
So, what happened?  
Jenny kissed Pete Hastings tonight.  
Her first kiss. Now everything is ruined.  
I don't even know if we're gonna get married anymore.  
Trust me, kid, you dodged a bullet.  
You don't wanna be anybody's first kiss, or their last.  
Say what you will, that man was a visionary.  
You know he invented the word "MILF"?

What am I gonna do?  
I've never felt this way before.  
I feel like someone has punched me  
straight in the stomach...  
...and I feel like I'm gonna throw up.  
God, I hate girls!  
That's sissy talk.  
Never talk like that  
in the stabbing wagon.  
- Uncle Wayne, where are your seat belts?  
- Again with the sissy talk.  
He never wore seat belts. Never.  
Look, kid,  
I'm, uh, sorry I raised my voice at you.  
Being a parent ain't exactly  
my chosen profession, you know?  
I mean, I can't teach you algebra,  
or camping, or even ethics.  
But when it comes to dames...  
...I've got a gift.  
- Really?  
Because I will do anything you say.  
I never wanna feel like this again. Ever.  
Okay, Dutch.  
Never again.  
Hang on.  
- Are we in a bar?  
- Think of it like a classroom.  
Hiya, Tommy. Two Jacks. Up, please.  
Dutch, try that old saddle out for size.  
Don't look at them.  
Dames, they're like horses.  
They spook easy.  
Cheers, Dutch.  
Never soil your wingman.  
- Sorry.  
- You're learning on your feet.  
You know, if we were actually out,  
uh, chasing tail tonight...  
...I'd turn your gaffe into a funny.  
Girls, they love to laugh.  
Especially at men.  
Makes them feel more powerful, which  
in turn makes them feel more comfortable.



Which in turn makes them prone  
to massive errors in judgment...  
...like, having sex with a complete stranger  
in the port authority bathroom. Ha, ha.  
But I'm not even supposed  
to talk to strangers.  
No, that's good, that's good.  
No talking is good.  
No phone numbers, no last names.  
Hey, no first names if you can swing it.  
Will somebody please  
call Child Protective Services?  
Shh. Quiet, the prophet speaks.  
See, kid, an ugly broad, you might as well  
take her out behind the shed...  
...and put one behind the ear.  
That dog won't hunt.  
But any dude with a johnson,  
he's got a shot...  
...because cool comes from the inside.  
- God, I miss that man.  
So here's a couple of tips.  
When you first meet a girl, you give her  
two compliments, above the neck.  
You tell her she's got nice lips,  
nice eyes, nice hair...  
...she's intelligent, her moral ethics,  
whatever crap comes to your mind.  
Then, just when she begins to think  
that you're another, you know...  
...vanilla-nice guy that she can tool around  
with all night without getting naked...  
...you insult her. Flip the power dynamic,  
and you let her know you're here to play.  
- Well, Jenny said she doesn't like games.  
- Forget about that broad.  
- I thought all this was to get her back.  
- That's why you gotta forget about her.  
It's your feelings for her  
that are killing your game.  
If there's one thing  
that you learn tonight, it's this:  
The power of a relationship lies  
with whoever cares less.

Amen to that, brother.  
One day you're gonna wake up  
with some chick, spooning...  
...you know, thinking about love.  
And at that moment,  
you have gotta get up.  
Do not walk, don't get your shoes,  
run the hell out of there.  
Because maybe not the next day  
or the next week...  
...but sometime in the future,  
you're gonna get crushed. Again.  
- You don't wanna feel that way, do you?  
- No.  
- No.  
- Yep.  
Okay, so, uh, let's get down  
to brass tacks here.  
Say I wanted to pick up  
on that ice-cold blond at eight o'clock.  
Eight o'clock? How did you even see her?  
We'll deal with reflective surfaces  
at another time.  
Should I, uh, get a handful a daisies,

**then go:**

"Hi, you wanna go to the disco with me?"  
Uh...  
- No?  
- No.  
No, because I might as well say,  
"I'm a fag. Let's be friends."  
So, what would be a smart play?  
Have some fun with it. What do you think?  
I don't know. I mean...  
...you could maybe  
talk to the girl next to her?  
You know, maybe make her feel jealous?  
Hand to God, kid, I never felt  
like you were my son until now.  
Man, I don't know why we didn't have  
this conversation years ago, huh?  
Well, that's enough for one night.  
Let's hit the bricks.

- But what about the blond?
- No, no, no.
- You gotta throw the small ones back.
- Come on.
- I mean, it just wouldn't be right.
- Please?

This elevator's going down.

Here we go.

Watch this move. Watch this move.

I gotta say, I remember

the ladies being a bit more glamorous.

And that, Dutch, is how it's done.

That's how it's done.

But you just struck out.

You know, just because she's not into that  
doesn't mean I'm not.

I've got a gift.

Oh, well, hello, darling.

What took you so long? Hi.

And you were never the same.

Come on. Whoo!

Vicky's basement.

Yeah, I'd recognize that bachy smell  
from anywhere.

Oh, I know, it smells good.

Oh, there's Jenny.

You didn't see her for two years  
while you learned at the hand of the master.

Hey, Connor's here.

I, uh, got the new Poison.

It's Connor Mead.

I heard his uncle homeschooled  
him in Vegas for the last two years.

Really? I heard it was Bangkok.

- Okay, it has been too long.

- Yeah!

- Yeah!

- All right!

- Nice move, buddy.

- Yeah.

See, the worst part about your  
uncle's advice was it actually worked.

Thank God, Uncle Wayne.

He so doesn't wanna talk to you.

He looks like Duran Duran, both of them.

Look, it's me.

Oh, my God, it's me, it's me. Ha, ha.

Oh, my God.

We dated for the next 39 minutes...

...and it was the best two-thirds of an hour  
in my young life.

Look at how happy we were.

But, alas, our love was not meant to be.

I mean, you didn't get the girl  
that you really loved...

...but you did get every other girl  
in high school.

Starting with me that very night.

You remember that, your first time?

- No, no, no. I don't wanna see that.

- Oh, no, don't worry, it didn't last very...

It's over.

Connor Mead's first sex partner.

It's like, I feel...

I feel like Neil Armstrong.

It's really the only thing I could equate...

...you know, to what I did for you.

You know, him on the moon,

me with you, it's like he was the first.

You know, like,

Jenny was your first love...

...but you had to grow 12 inches of hair  
before you saw her again.

Now, to my way of thinking,

every woman is beautiful in some way.

I just have to figure out how.

I've gotta see it, I've gotta frame it...

...I've gotta focus it.

And then I shoot it.

Yeah, and it's immortalized.

- Jenny, you want another Zima?

- Oh, no, I'm good, thanks.

Jenny Perotti.

Connor Mead.

- Hey.

- Hey, it's me.

- You look gorgeous, darling.

- Oh.

Thank you, darling.

Uh, ladies, you're gonna have to excuse me for a moment.

I must buy a drink for the girl who blew me off for Pete Hastings in high school.

- I didn't blow you off, you choked.

- I was slow playing you.

- You choked.

- Excuse us for...

Slow playing me?

For what, 10 years? Please.

All right, maybe I choked.

- So... Yeah.

- Jenny Perotti.

What are you doing with all the women?

I work for Herb Ritts.

You know, the famous photographer?

- You're a photographer?

- I am.

- I gave you your first camera.

- You sure did.

- So, what are you...? What are you doing?

- I'm a doctor.

- Well, first-year resident, but...

- Yeah.

- But Herb Ritts. God, that's impressive.

- Yeah, I'm his second shooter.

- That's great.

- I bank north of 150K a year.

- It's totally killer, I love my job. Hector.

- Yeah?

- I can't believe you just said that.

- I can't believe I just said that either.

You told me your salary, and then spoke Spanish to the old white guy.

- You're totally cheesy now.

- Get out. I am not.

- You gonna try to get me in the sack now?

- I'm the same old Connor.

Damn right I'm gonna try

and get you in the sack now.

Look at you, you are gorgeous.

What did you think?

I was inviting you over here to have a drink

just to see how you been?

- How have you been?

- Great.

Pete Hastings and I are still together,  
madly in love.

- Damn it. I knew it.

- We live in a split-level in Jersey. It's love.

- That son of a bitch.

- Lot of slow dancing, making out, tongue.

And every now and then

I put on the red dress...

No, pink. Pink dress.

...let him cup my bottom.

- The hot-pink dress.

- What?

That's the dress you were wearing when  
you were dancing with Pete instead of me.

Hey, Jen?

We're leaving.

But we can wait...

Um...

Nope. I'm going, thanks.

- Whoa, just like that?

- Well, it was great seeing you.

- Jenny.

- Take care.

- Hang on a second.

- Come on.

You gotta at least give me your number.

- No, I don't.

- Yes, you do, doc.

I have a medical condition that I need to see  
you about, and by law you have to help me.

- What's your medical condition?

- Broken heart.

Come on. Come on, we'll go out.

We'll have fun.

We'll have a little dinner,

have a little sex.

- Okay, okay, just sex.

- How about just dinner?

Fine. Suit yourself.

He's all yours, girls.

All right, dinner's good. Dinner's good.

Yeah. I love dinner.  
You know what?  
I'm pretty hungry right now.  
- What do you say?  
- All right. Well, on one condition.  
We gotta...  
We gotta button you up.  
You look like a gay pirate.  
- Am I gonna have to call a cab for you?  
- No, no, I live here.  
Oh, nice building.  
- Oh, yeah. Thanks.  
- You could upgrade...  
...if you banked north of 150K a year...  
- And fifty thousand dollars!  
...like I do!  
You gotta learn to say that  
in Spanish for Hector.  
Wow, that self-deprecating shtick  
really works.  
I might have to put that back  
in my playbook.  
I'm genuinely concerned that you might be  
missing the entire point of this.  
- Good night.  
- Well, hang on a second.  
Let me help you carry your luggage up.  
- No. We just met today, sort of.  
- What are you talking about?  
- No.  
- Hey.  
We've known each other our whole lives.  
It's been too great a night  
to end it out here.  
You've gotten really good at this.  
But you cannot come up.  
I don't want this to be a one-night thing.  
So you've gotta woo me.  
Why woo when we can just do?  
- Ha, ha.  
- Huh?  
The wooing is actually not for my benefit.  
Mm.  
I can't believe she called me

on my crap like that.  
That is not at all how I remember it.  
So, what's next?  
Well, now we're gonna watch  
a romantic montage of you and Jenny...  
...set to Cyndi Lauper's  
"Time After Time."  
Awake me when  
there's an action sequence, will you?  
Shh.  
- Hello, ladies, how are you?  
- Oh, good.  
Great. Thank you so much.  
Everything was great.  
Do you have a dessert menu?  
What are you...?  
And then,  
after several weeks of wooing...  
Ah, here we go.  
Whoo!  
Oh, yeah.  
That was amazing.  
I can't imagine why.  
We only had 20 years of foreplay.  
Oh, yeah.  
- What are you doing?  
- Uh, I gotta get home.  
I got something early in the morning  
I gotta take care of.  
Yeah, me too. The alarm is already set.  
Look, Jenny, I don't, uh, stay over,  
you know what I mean?  
Wait, Connor, listen.  
There are two types of women in this world.  
Women you shag and leave,  
and women you shag and snuggle.  
Regrettably,  
I'm the shag-and-snuggle kind.  
So you have 3 seconds  
to get back in this bed where you belong...  
...and where, deep down,  
you actually wanna be.  
Or you can march out of my apartment  
and never call me again.



One...

...two...

Three.

Not as dumb as he looks, folks.

This is the moment

you truly fell in love with Jenny.

You completely let her in.

And this is the moment that you realized  
you were spooning.

So you did what you do best.

All right, I don't wanna see this.

Of course not.

I called.

Good. I don't remember calling.

Hello?

Oh.

No, this is Dr. Perotti.

Okay. Yup.

I'll be there in 15.

Okay, good.

And that was the last stop  
before you officially became Connor Mead.

Come on. I'll buy you a drink.

After Jenny, your relationships  
grew shorter and shorter.

So short, in fact, that it would be easier  
to do this in bulk.

- You remember Amy, the stewardess?

- Hey, Connor.

We had plane sex somewhere over Albany.

And Rochester. And South Bend, Indiana.

Triple whammy.

You slept with my sister.

I was Shawna back then.

A waitress at the Palm.

- We had coatroom sex on my smoke break.

- That was you?

We dated for two days.

- For an hour.

- For 48 seconds.

- We had sex in your car.

- On your car.

While I washed your car.

- You never called me again.

- Never called again.  
Every time you slept with me,  
you called me Jenny.  
Right. How much more of this do I have?  
Um, a lot.  
Oh, wow.  
Okay, this is getting kind of weird.  
- We miss you, Connor.  
- Connor, stay with us.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
- I need you, Connor.  
- Hey, back off.  
- Get off!  
- I'm obsessed with you, Connor.  
Get off!  
- I love you, Connor!  
- Get...  
Ow!  
Nightmare.  
Alcohol.  
It's not complicated.  
Our guests are represented by the Allies.  
Paul, you and your guests are Nazis.  
I'll try not to read into that, sir.  
Blue frogmen are non-requisite  
support personnel.  
Waiters, photographers, caterers,  
band members and so forth.  
Oh, Donna, look.  
You got a grenade launcher.  
Oh, my God, I love grenade launchers.  
Thank you.  
Daddy, you're not showing off  
your seating chart, are you?  
- Oh, come on. It's perfect.  
- It's really impeccable.  
I didn't even get a machine gun.  
Alcohol. Alcohol.  
Alcohol.  
What's left in here?  
All right.  
Oh. Oh. Uh...  
Not good.  
Okay, not good. Not good.

Where's the leg?

Okay.

Something to hold you up.

Bottle.

Okay, that'll work.

Okay, sarge and Sandy.

Yeah, there you go.

And Paul and Mrs. Volcom.

Try to keep up, son.

- Then the rest of the wedding party joins in.

- Hey.

- All right.

- Here we go.

Watch out for the flowers.

- Would you like to dance?

- Oh, thank you...

...but I'm just watching the...

- Jenny, dance.

Come on.

Oh, nice frame.

I see.

Where'd you learn to dance?

- I spent some time in Colombia.

- What, are you a drug mule?

No, Doctors Without Borders.

- I know, he's perfect.

- Shut up.

Hey! Shh, shh.

- What else are you ridiculously good at?

- He's certified in shiatsu massage.

Is it weird that I know that?

- Yeah.

- A little. Ha, ha.

What's going...? Oh, God.

Oh, my God, the cake.

Did you see what happened?

Oh, my God.

Okay, look, these things

are not very well-engineered, all right?

They're very rickety.

- Here we go.

- No!

I can totally fix this.

If it's any consolation,

the cake really wasn't very good.

You had a piece?

Look, it splattered into my mouth  
upon impact, all right?

- It was unavoidable.

- It is a wedding cake, you stupid bitch.

Not a rehearsal-dinner cake!

- I hate you!

- No, no, no, Sandy, Sandy. Release.

- Release. Release.

- Aah! Aah!

He's not worth it, sweetheart.

I'm fine. I'm fine.

I am a lady.

I am a professional.

And I'm fine.

- Let's get out of here.

- Okay, see if you can stabilize the bride.

I've got the cake and childcare.

Brad, some shiatsu for Sandra, please?

Let's see some happy faces.

Big happy, big happy.

Oh, where do you think you're going?

- Breathe.

- Let me know if the pressure's okay.

There you go.

- Thank you, Denice.

- Thank you.

- Okay. Oh, that's good.

- She's freaking out.

- I know.

- Connor is ruining the wedding.

He is also ruining

Operation Sex For Every Bridesmaid.

- I almost hooked up with Connor.

- What?

When he told me to go by his room,  
the door was locked.

I could hear him talking to himself.

Dude, that guy takes mind games...

...to the next level.

- Old school.

- So who's next?

- I'm up.

Oh, wait. Are you the one  
that slept with Paul?

- No.
- Because he won't go there.
- Ew. What?
- That would be me.
- Shut up. Shut your face.
- No. You never told us that.

Well, I'm paying the price. Looks like  
I'm gonna have to get plastered...

...and downgrade  
to one of Paul's desperate work friends.

I can transmit, page, pilot  
and sync channels now.

- What channel are you on?
- Hey, guys, holster them.
- Why?
- Women.

Oh.

- Say it isn't so.
- They're so weird.
- Yeah, somebody is enjoying this a little bit.
- Ha, ha. Are you kidding me?

Connor Mead, cleaning up his own mess.

I am loving it.

You know what? I'm sorry.

It's a cake.

There'll be a bakery open in town.

I'm not talking about this.

I'm talking about us. You know?

How it played out.

You're actually apologizing, aren't you?

Okay, we don't need

to make a production out of it, now.

How are things looking? Spick-and-span?

Any more spots?

You know, it was probably,

in some small way, partially my fault.

- I was always attracted to assholes.
- Thank you very much.

Well, you know what I mean, though.

Projects. Guys that I thought I could fix.

Probably has something to do  
with my dad.

- Probably.

- After you left, I made a vow to myself...  
...to date only fully functional,  
well-adjusted men.

- No more works-in-progress. No dirtbags.

- So basically, women.  
Basically women.

So how strong of a vow  
is your no-dirtbags policy?  
I had it tattooed on my ass.

- Can I see?

- No.

- Wait, what are you doing?

- What?

- What?

- What am I doing? Wha...?

Okay, look. I know I dropped the ball  
before a bit, but I have changed, I swear.

- No, you haven't.

- No, I have.

Jenny, I'm seeing things  
in a whole different way tonight.  
All right? I love you. I think.  
I mean, I always have.

- You're the one I was supposed to be with.

- Wait, Connor, stop it. Just...

I hear what you're saying,  
and I think right now you actually believe it.

- Yeah.

- But I know you.

Tomorrow morning, I'll wake up.  
You won't be there.

Okay, but, Jenny, I really, really don't  
wanna be alone tonight, you know?

- Okay. No, I get it.

- Will you please stay with me?  
Seriously!

Jenny, I've got ghosts in my bedroom!

- Hello, Connor.

- Aah!

Dude.

What does a girl have to do  
to get laid at this wedding?  
Yeah. Four Seasons, please.

- Come on, start. Aah!

- Where do you think you're going?

Oh, Mel. God, you don't know  
how happy I am to see you.

Aah!

Really, did you learn nothing  
from the last ghost?

- You're the ghost of girlfriends present?

- Mm-hm.

- That makes no sense.

- Oh, tell me about it.

But as sad as it is,  
I'm the only consistent woman in your life.  
So here I am,  
just working on the weekend. Again.  
But we never...

I mean, you...

- You're totally gay, right?

- What?

You're not?

No. There was just one time in college.  
I went to Barnard.

- Okay.

- I had no choice.

Hey, I'm sorry, Mel.  
If I'd have known,  
I would of hit on you a lot sooner.

Aw. Ha, ha.

- Ow! What was that for?

- Because tonight, I'm the boss.

You ready?

What are you doing?

Aren't we gonna, like,  
fly off or something?

It's the present, you idiot.  
We're here already.

Mel.

- Okay, no. That is not what I said.

- I don't care.

He's a beautiful piece of a man.  
Hey, look at how much fun they're having  
now that you're gone.

- He's not shallow.

- Shallow?

Honey, he spends every Christmas alone  
at the Knicks game.

Yeah, he is all surface.

Yeah, but in his defense,  
it's a really hot surface.

- Well, yeah.

- Okay, he's not that bad.

- Thank you, Paulie.

- Paul, he hit on your mother in law.

- I've banged worse.

- Thank you, Vonda.

Oh!

You guys just don't know him like I do.

You don't.

You know, that guy practically raised me.

I was 2 when our parents died.

Connor was just 7.

You know, at an age when he's supposed  
to be a kid, he's busy taking care of one.

He taught me how to read.

He taught me how to ride a bike.

He beat the crap out of any kid  
who ever teased me.

You know, he always said,

"Paulie, it's you and me against the world."

My point is, I had the opportunity  
to be a nice kid and Connor didn't.

Now, I know he seems like a joke  
to you guys...

...and trust me, you all have fair points,  
but that guy is the only family I've got.

And if there's one thing family does...

...it is believe, against all odds,  
in the best of each other.

I love him.

And as long as I live,

I'll believe he can change, because he's...

He's my big brother.

I'm gonna call my brother.

It's been a while.

Of course,

that doesn't mean anything to you.

Because love doesn't exist, right?

It's just, "magical comfort food



for the weak and uneducated"?

Wow, that is as close as I will ever come to feeling something for Connor Mead.

- Kudos.

- I saw you chatting him up at the bar.

Well, I still wanna do him,

but now I'll be scrumping a tragic figure.

Ooh, like when Denice hooked up

with Gary Coleman at Lollapalooza.

I was drunk

and he had such delicate hands.

Denice, you think that's bad? I mean,

look at what Connor is doing to poor Jenny.

He has got that girl so twisted up

into a pretzel...

...she can't even appreciate

that fine slice of wedding beefcake...

...that Sandy has flown in for her.

Hua! Ha, ha.

Heard, understood, acknowledged?

Jenny, she's just...

Jenny.

- Oh, Jesus. Is she okay?

- What do you think?

Jenny?

Oh, of course.

Sensitive Brad to the rescue.

Now, wait a second, are you actually trying to repair this wedding cake?

Maybe.

- I mean, a little.

- I used to moonlight as a pastry chef.

- Tell me this guy's gay.

- He's not. Trust me.

- Really?

- No. Not really.

You wanna talk about it?

As your designated wedding sex, everything you say is privileged.

No, I just...

I mean, it's been like a decade

since Connor and I... You know.

But I see him again, and I am just right back to where I was before.

My attending in med school used to say  
that doctors never break up...

...we just go into remission. We're naturally  
drawn to the most hopeless patients.

The irredeemably screwed up.

The terminal cases.

- We get the point, Brad.

- It's just embarrassing, you know?

I think you only really  
get over somebody...

...when you find somebody else  
that you care about more.

All right, this is a nightmare.

I'm bringing them together.

- This is a mess.

- He's really cute too.

No, no, no. No way.

Jenny doesn't go for guys like this.

No, clearly not. Come on, let's go.

No, no, no. Now hang on.

Let's see how this plays out.

Okay. You're the boss.

Really?

- Such a shvantza.

- What the hell was that fo...?

I just can't believe he broke up with us  
on a conference call.

How did he fool all of us?

Yeah, but the weirdest thing, really...

...it seems like he wanted us  
to fall in love with him.

And once we did, or thought we did,  
he just disappeared.

How messed up is that?

Come on, Kiki. Don't cry.

At least Connor brought us  
all together, right?

Hey, there we go, Charlece.

That's the winning attitude, huh?

Way to look on the bright side.

You've already got new relationships,  
new friendships, right?

Here we go.

It's so exciting to have people over.

Martini?

- Oh, this is your apartment?

- Liquor, good.

Mel.

I've got apple, bubble gum or tandoori.

I know it sounds gross,

but drink two of them...

...and you won't be able

to feel your face. Cheers.

You brought them together?

Come on. Don't be sad, you whiny bitches.

Connor's not worth it.

He's like the Tin Man.

He was born without a heart.

And, ladies, know this:

That wherever

Connor lays his head tonight...

...when the sun comes up in the morning,

he will be all alone.

- Well, I'll drink to that.

- I feel much better.

So how you holding up, Dutch?

- Not too great.

- Yeah.

Why do all these women hate me?

You know, I don't hate them.

Woman love to be screwed,

they just don't like to be screwed over.

I know, it's annoying.

Yeah. I mean... Look, all right,

maybe I've hurt a few women in my time.

A few women? Dutch, please.

Don't con a con man.

- Oh, is this weather tricks?

- No tricks, Dutch.

These are all the lady tears

that have been shed for you in your life.

And these...

These are the tissues they used

to dry those tears.

And these are the chocolates you sent.

Right. You don't send chocolates.

They go straight to the hips.

Right.

And these are all the condoms you used.

No.

No! No! No!

- No, don't!

- Get off! Get off!

- Don't! You're out of control!

- Shut up!

Man, oh, man.

You guys are not gonna believe  
what just happened to me in my car.

Is this about the cake?

This is not about the cake. This is about  
the fact that Paul slept with Donna.

Information that you so kindly shared  
with Denice earlier tonight.

Come on. All right, number one,  
that was years ago.

There seems to be some debate  
about the time line.

No, there is no debate. We were going out.  
We were together.

- You cheated.

- We had just met. But you're right.

You're right. That's not important. What's  
important is that I hurt you. Listen, baby...

You know what? Don't "listen, baby" me.

You had sex with her...

...and then you didn't even tell me.

I mean, what else don't I know about you?

Nothing. Nothing. There is nothing else.

Okay, I am so sorry.

Sweetie, I never meant to hurt you.

Cool. Right there. Hey, he said it.

He's sorry. He means it. Case closed.

"Case closed." Because one apology  
makes everything all better, right, Connor?

No, Jenny. What makes it okay  
is that Paul still clearly loves her.

Oh, you're the expert on love.

You don't even believe in it.

If I can tell that you two love each other,  
then you must really love each other.

You know I do, honey.

I love you so much.

That girl's been acting like a mental patient  
for 12 hours. He's still here.

- Shut up.

- The point is...

...how does she even trust him anymore?

Whoa, are you talking about my brother,  
or are you talking about me?

Let's not forget, this all went down  
with your dear friend Donna over there.

A fact your little estrogen lynch mob  
seems to have forgotten.

Seriously, if you ruled out marrying anyone  
that your bridesmaids have slept with...

...you're gonna have to go abroad  
to get a husband.

Go to hell, Connor.

- Sandy...

- Paulie, come on...

- Connor, I want you to leave.

- You better air these things out...

Connor, leave!

God, you have done nothing  
but make this weekend worse for everyone.

- Sandy!

- Paulie!

Hey, come on. Hey, Paulie.

Hey, hey, man. Look, I'm sorry.

They were right.

I never should have invited you.

You know, for years

I keep trying to convince myself...

...there's something redeemable in you.

I'm done. There isn't.

I was just trying to get your back  
in there, okay?

- It's you and me against the world, right?

- You don't wanna be here.

And nobody wants you here.

So just go. Jus... Please?

Sandy!

I know I've got

one more ghost left on my contract...

...but I've been asked

to leave the premises!

So if you want me, come on!  
Of course, I wouldn't mind seeing  
my future girlfriends.  
Frankly, that was the ghost  
I was most looking forward to!  
But whatever!  
Whoa.  
Are you my future girlfriend?  
Would you like to be?  
Oh, hell, no.  
I get married?  
Oh.  
Okay, this could work.  
As a matter of fact, this may be all right.  
Brad?  
No.  
No, no, no.  
No, no, no.  
And now, if anyone here knows any reason  
why these two should not be wed...  
- I do.  
- let them speak now...  
No, Jenny,  
you're supposed to be with me.  
She was always supposed to be with me.  
No. Don't do this. This is wrong. No.  
No! I'm here. I'm here.  
Jenny. I'm here. No.  
No!  
Oh, Paulie.  
No wedding ring.  
Wait a minute. He didn't get married?  
Why?  
Me?  
What did I do?  
You don't say much, do you?  
Looks like we're, uh, all here.  
Let's begin.  
Lord, we are gathered here today  
to lay to rest Connor Mead.  
Connor Mead was a great man  
and a great friend of the Church.  
- There's only one person at my funeral?  
- That's the way it works, Dutch.

Guys like us...  
...we don't get the big funeral.  
I didn't expect big, Uncle Wayne,  
but this is ridiculous.  
Yeah, I don't know how  
to soften this one for you, Dutch. Uh...  
Nobody's really gonna miss you.  
Before the burial, would you like to say  
a few words about the deceased?  
Connor Mead...  
...was a lot of things to a lot of people.  
Not all of them good things...  
...but to me he was a great brother.  
Guess it's just me against the world now.  
No, it's not, Paulie. No, it's not.  
Look, it doesn't have to happen like this.  
- It's not gonna happen...  
- Nothing you can do about it, Dutch.  
You made your bed, now you gotta bang  
whatever crawls into it.  
That's what I keep trying to tell you.  
What can I say?  
Life, you know,  
it's like a quick cup of coffee.  
You haven't got the guts  
to love someone with all you got...  
...then you end up drinking alone.  
- No. No, Uncle Wayne...  
- Sorry, kid. Party's over.  
- Aah!  
- Ladies, let's take it away.  
- Whoa.  
No! No! I can change! I swear!  
No! No!  
I can change! I swear! I can change! Aah!  
I'm alive.  
I'm alive!  
You there, young man. What day is it?  
Is it Christmas?  
No, it's Saturday, you moron.  
That's the day of my brother's wedding.  
All right, I haven't missed it, thank God.  
Let's get ready for nuptials!  
Hey, hey, Paulie. Hey. Hey.

- Did I miss the wedding?
- No. You got your wish.
- Sandra called it off.
- What?
- Why?
- Why do you think?
- The thing I let slip about Donna?
- Yeah.

No, no, no. You can't split up.

You are meant

to spend the rest of your lives together.

- You're gonna be miserable without her.
- You can be a real sarcastic prick.

I am not being sarcastic, okay?

Where's Sandra?

Sarge is taking her and the bridesmaids to the airport. It's over.

No.

No, no, no.

Whoa.

Sandra!

What are you doing?

Whoo! Whoo!

Aah! No seat belts!

Sandra!

Hey!

Sandra, you're making a huge mistake!

Was that Connor?

Sandra!

Come on.

Oh, shit.

- Dad, stop!

- Aah!

Sarge, stop.

- Is that Connor?
- You could a killed us back there.
- Sandra, lock the door. Get away.
- Sandra.
- Sarge, I need to talk to your daughter.
- Over my dead body, Paco.

All right? Relax.

Oh, my God.

- I'm sorry, sir. I've come too far. Sandra.
- Sandra, stay in the car.



Did he just lock us...?

- Don't you touch me.

- Now, you listen to me.

**Okay, first off:**

I am sorry about destroying  
your wedding cake...

...going to second base with your mother,  
knocking your dad unconscious right there...

...and basically

breaking up your wedding.

I'm sorry.

That being said, I am begging you...

...begging you, don't run away, all right?

You and Paul have something so rare,

all right, so powerful.

- Don't chicken out now.

- Chicken out? He cheated.

Oh, get over it.

It was years ago, all right?

With some slutty friend of yours.

Yeah, well, that's true.

A friend, incidentally,

who you're not even mad at.

And you know why?

Because you don't actually care.

You love Paul so much,

you forgave him the second you heard.

And that's what scares you.

You have no idea how I feel.

You have no idea.

Yes, I do. I've been in your shoes.

You know what?

It scared the hell out of me too.

What if she hurt me?

You know, what if she left me?

What if she died?

It'd have been the end of me.

So I cut it short, before she ever could.

And you know what?

It was the biggest mistake

I have ever made.

You're making that same mistake now...

...and I'll be damned

if I'm gonna sit by and watch.  
You gotta risk love, Sandra. Risk it.  
I didn't. Look at me.  
I'm an empty, lonely, ghost of a man.  
It doesn't mean  
that you're never gonna get hurt.  
But I can guarantee you this:  
Any pain that you feel...  
...will never, ever compare to the regret  
that comes from walking away from love.  
As someone who's felt a lot of both,  
trust me.  
Pain...  
...beats regret every day of the week,  
and twice on Sunday.  
Don't run away.  
Don't do it.  
I can't believe I'm saying this...  
...but, uh, I think you might be right.  
So...  
...you wanna get married?  
- I do.  
- You do?  
- Yeah, I do.  
- You do?  
Yes.  
- Yes.  
- Okay.  
Whoo!  
Oh, baby.  
Flowers, check. Cake, check.  
Dinner, check.  
- Photographer?  
- Ooh, I know a pretty good photographer.  
Shall we begin?  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
we are here to witness the union...  
...of Sandra Marie Volcom and Paul Mead.  
At them.  
It was cold and dark.  
We'd been taking fire for hours.  
We took an incoming mortar hit.  
I opened up his jacket  
and his insides fell out...

...and I had his bloody guts in my hand.  
They were warm and mushy and squishy.  
And I pushed them right back  
into his body cavity...  
...and willed him to live with my tears.  
And that is what true love is.  
Hua!  
I've heard that story a hundred times.  
Um...  
I guess now's as good a time as any  
for me to make my best man's toast.  
I've never given one of these before,  
so, uh, bear with me.  
Someone once told me...  
...that the power in all relationships  
lies with whoever cares less.  
And he was right.  
But power isn't happiness.  
And...  
...I think that maybe happiness comes...  
...from caring more about people,  
rather than less.  
And nobody proves that better  
than my kid brother, Paulie.  
Buddy, you give love to everyone...  
...and you require none in return.  
From this day on,  
I wanna be more like you.  
I want you to be proud of me again.  
Yeah.  
And here's to my new sister.  
You know, Sandra, all I can really say...  
...all that I know for sure...  
...is that Mom and Dad...  
...they would've loved you.  
And I'm glad you're part of our family.  
- Here's to Paul and Sandra, right here.  
- Yeah, to Paul and Sandra.  
Look here. Look right here.  
Okay. And how old are you?  
Who's in the middle? Look over here.  
All right. Go dance, drink eggnog.  
- Hey, sexy cameraman.  
- Hey, ladies.

- Connor, we're really worried about you.

- Need we remind you...

...as man-whore in residence, you have certain duties to the single ladies here? That is very tempting, ladies, it is.

- But, uh, I'm out.

- No.

Ladies, thank you, but no thank you.

Hmm?

Hey, hard-to-get only works if you eventually give in.

One more time.

- Hey.

- Good night.

- Hey.

- Congratulations.

You did it.

You pulled off a great wedding.

We pulled off a great wedding.

Of course, if I wouldn't have broken it, it wouldn't have needed fixing.

- True, true, true.

- Ha, ha.

- Okay, I have to know.

- Mm.

What happened to you last night?

Because yesterday, you were just your usual handsome, awful self.

But then today,

you became the guy I used to know.

The one I always thought, deep down, you actually were.

I honestly don't know

what the hell happened to me last night.

I don't. But I do know that

I'm seeing things more clearly today...

...than any time that I can remember.

Like the way I feel about you.

That's something that has never changed.

I wish I could believe you.

We've just been through this before...

...so how do I know it's not just

another line from the Mead-family playbook?

Hmm.

You remember her?  
You kept it.  
Yeah.  
I've had that on me  
since the day I took it.  
I can't believe it.  
Give me one more chance.  
I'll do better.  
Whatever it takes.  
The wooing, the spooning, I am all in.  
Even massages with our clothes on?  
No. No, that's where I draw the line.  
- Well?  
- No massages with clothes on.  
Not a chance.  
I promise you this:  
When you wake up in the morning...  
...I'll be there.  
Every time.  
What?  
What is it?  
Ha, ha. Nothing.  
I just recognize this song.  
Oh, yeah.  
- May I have this dance?  
- Finally.  
- Pete Hastings, eat your heart out.  
- Ha, ha.  
That's how it's done, Dutch.  
That's how it's done.  
Well, work's over. What do you say, doll?  
Let's get naked.  
Mm.  
Dry. I love it.  
You know, I'm interviewing  
for a new secretary.  
- Mm?  
- How good is your dictation?  
You get it? "Dick-tation"?  
Please, I'm actually at this party.  
Hi.  
Looks like it's just you and me, sweetie.  
Oh, I love those scrunchies.  
Ew, ha, ha.

I'm, like, 16.

We're ghosts, baby. We're ageless.

Okay, Connor Mead's out. Who's next?

Paul's desperate work friends?

- Yeah. I'm back to you.

- I think I'm loosening up.

- Let's do this thing.

- Yeah, all right.

- Okay, I get the little one.

- You can have him.

- Okay.

- I said, I get the little one.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- You're so cute.

- You look just like my sister. Why would I...?

Mind if I cut in?

You know, it makes me happy.

You did a wonderful job with her, Von.

So did you, Mervis.

You repeat that name to anyone,  
you're a dead man.

- Sandy, right here.

- No, no.

Kako.

Yes.

What...? What did...?