

The Hangover

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FADE IN:

SFX: THROUGH A PHONE RECEIVER... A NUMBER IS DIALED.

1 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES BAY CLUB - MORNING

1

It's a beautiful spring morning in the Palisades. High atop the cliffs, looking out over the Pacific Ocean, sits the exclusive PALISADES BAY CLUB...

We hear the LINE RINGING, until...

VOICE MAIL (FILTERED/V.O.)
*Hi, you've reached Doug Billings.
Sorry I missed your call. Please
leave your name and number and I--*

CLICK. The caller hangs up...

On the vast lawn, WORKERS scurry about, setting up dozens of white chairs for the ceremony--

More DIALING. RINGING. Another machine...

VOICE MAIL (FILTERED/V.O.)
*You have reached Dr. Stuart Price
please leave a message after---*

BEEP. The caller hangs up again...

On a small stage, A STRING QUARTET is rehearsing...

We hear another VOICE MAIL...

VOICE MAIL (FILTERED/V.O.)
*Hey it's Phil. Leave a message or
don't. But do me a favor-- do not
text me. It's gay--*

2 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - MORNING

2

A sun-drenched bridal suite. A simple, classic wedding dress hangs on the door.

Sitting at the makeup table, surrounded by her MOM (LINDA) and THREE BRIDESMAIDS, is the beautiful bride, TRACY TURNER, 20's.

TRACY is wearing sweats and a t-shirt as A STYLIST fixes her hair-- she presses END on her cell phone--

LINDA
Anything?

TRACY
I've tried them all. It keeps
going straight to voicemail.

Tracy's larger-than-life father, SID, 50's, blows in...

SID TURNER
Any word from the boys?

Linda's look says enough. Sid checks his watch...

SID TURNER
It's fine-- probably just went a
little later than they thought.

TRACY
They should be here by now, Dad.

SID TURNER
Sweetie, it's Vegas. You lose
track of time in those casinos. No
windows. No clocks.
(and then)
He's probably on a heater. You
never walk away from a table when
you're on a heater.

LINDA
You do if you're getting married.

One of the bridesmaids chimes in...

BRIDESMAID
I told you it wasn't a good idea
to have the bachelor party the
same weekend as the wedding... Two
weeks before-- minimum.

TRACY
Nora, please. I'm nervous enough--

Just then, Tracy's CELL PHONE RINGS. She quickly answers--

TRACY
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

3 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - MORNING

3

Heat waves rise off the Mojave. A lone man holds a cell
phone to his ear.

PHIL WINNICK

Early 30's, rugged, good looking-- and currently a complete mess. His shirt is ripped open, his aviator sunglasses are bent, dried blood on his lip-- he clearly *hasn't slept in days.*

PHIL

Tracy, it's Phil.

Parked on the dirt road behind Phil is a near-totalled 1970 Mercedes Benz 280SE convertible; it's scratched, dented, filthy-- and it's missing it's passenger door.

Slouched inside are TWO OTHER GUYS, also looking like total shit. In the deep BG we see a BLACK GUY peeing.

TRACY

Phil! Where the hell are you guys?
I am freaking out!

PHIL

Yeah, listen... we fucked up.

TRACY

What are you talking about?

Phil tries to find the words...

PHIL

The bachelor party, the whole night... things just got a little out of control and, uh... we lost Doug.

Tracy looks ashen.

TRACY

What?

PHIL

We can't find Doug.

TRACY

What are you saying, Phil? We're getting married in five hours!

Phil squints at the rising sun.

PHIL

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

CUT TO:

TITLE OVER BLACK: 2 DAYS EARLIER

4

INT. TRACY'S PARENTS HOUSE - BEL AIR, CA - DAY

4

We are in front of a large mirror, looking at--

DOUG BILLINGS

Early 30's, he is our groom. Handsome, good-natured and laid back... he's got his shit together.

ALAN, not so much.

Alan is Doug's future brother-in-law. He's in his 40's and single. There is something off about him, something out-of-step.

They are both wearing TUXEDOS, getting last minute alterations by a TAILOR...

They stand stiffly in front of the mirror, until--

ALAN

(to the tailor)

Hey, Buddy. Easy in that area... you need to relax.

DOUG

It's okay, Alan. He's just doing the inseam.

ALAN

Yeah, I'm just saying-- be careful. I'm not into any of that.

(beat)

Not even a little.

Doug puts his hand up, okay...

TAILOR

All done. You can change now.

The tailor grabs his things and heads out of the room... The guys start to undress out of the tuxedos...

ALAN

So, listen Doug... I was thinking. If you want to go to Vegas without me, it's totally cool.

DOUG

What?

ALAN

Well, it's your bachelor party and Stu and Phil are your buddies.

DOUG
C'mon Alan, those two love you.

ALAN
I just hate to feel like the
fourth wheel.

DOUG
I think you mean third wheel.

Alan looks at him...

DOUG
You hate to feel like *the third wheel...* Four wheels is actually a good thing-- it's balanced.

ALAN
Whatever. I just don't want you holding back cause your *wife's brother* is watching.

DOUG
It's not like that, I already told you-- we're just spending the night in Vegas. No big deal.

Alan nods... continues to undress...

DOUG
And besides, you're not just my *wife's brother...* you're my brother now.

Alan nods, truly touched by what Doug said. Intense...

ALAN
I want you to know that I'm a steel trap Doug.
(beat)
Whatever happens tonight, I will never EVER speak a word of it.

Doug laughs... Alan doesn't.

DOUG
Oh. Okay, well I don't think--

ALAN
Seriously, I don't care what happens.
(quietly)
I don't care if we kill someone--

DOUG
What?!

ALAN

Like, on accident, y'know-- shit happens. I wouldn't tell a soul.

He stares at Doug.

DOUG

Okay. I get it. Thank you.

By now the guys have undressed down to their underwear... Alan looks at his brother--

ALAN

No. Thank you Doug, you're fucking awesome.

And he goes to hug him, an awkward hug, by two guys in their underwear.

SID (O.S.)

I KNEW IT!

TRACY

Dad.

Sid and Tracy have come in the bedroom... Sid laughs--

SID

Oh stop it. I'm jerking around.

(then)

Put some pants on Alan, you have weird legs.

Alan looks down at his legs...

TRACY

His legs look fine dad.

SID

Please. He has his mother's legs. It looks freaky.

Alan grabs his jeans and heads out of the room... Tracy looks at her Dad, like 'what was that for?!'

Sid rolls his eyes and follows Alan down the hall...

SID (O.S.)

I'm teasing Alan. You're legs are fine.

Tracy shuts the door... now alone with Doug-- she smiles--

TRACY

Do you believe this?

DOUG

I know. It's crazy. Two days away... Wanna back out?

TRACY

Shut up!

And they kiss... deep...

DOUG

Y'know, I don't have to go to Vegas. It's dumb.

TRACY

It's not dumb. It's one night. Have fun... you deserve it.

DOUG

We should have done it last weekend. This is crazy... I'm gonna cancel.

TRACY

And disappoint Phil? He's been planning this for 6 months.

(beat)

Not to mention my brother. He packed his bag last week, just to be ready. You're not canceling.

Doug laughs...

TRACY

Thanks again for bringing him by the way.

DOUG

Stop thanking me. It's nothing. He's a cool guy.

TRACY

It's not nothing and he's not a cool guy. Besides, I can thank you as much as I want.

And they kiss again, this time harder... He backs her into the door--

TRACY

So thank you...

She locks it... They start to undress each other.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. SID'S BEL AIR HOUSE - LATER

5

Doug comes outside where Sid is waiting for him... they walk across the large front yard together...

DOUG

Sid, I want to thank you again for everything you guys are doing this weekend. We couldn't be more excited.

SID

Yeah, yeah, okay. You love us-- we love you-- great.

(quietly)

Let's talk about Vegas.

DOUG

Well it should be fun. Grab some dinner, have a few laughs--

SID

A "few laughs" huh? I gotcha. How you getting out there?

Doug points toward his PRIUS.

DOUG

We're taking my car. I'm picking up the guys.

SID

You're going to Vegas in a Prius? That's like going dancing in a wheelchair.

Sid stops walking.

SID

When you go to Vegas-- you gotta go to Vegas.

Sid pulls the remote garage door opener from his pocket. He hits the button to reveal:

The coolest 1970 Mercedes Benz 280SE convertible (yep, the one from the desert). It's in perfect condition. A deep shade of brown with a beige soft top and interior.

DOUG

Oh, Sid. I mean... I can't.

SID

C'mon. We're family now.

Sid walks toward the car...

DOUG
Are you sure? You love this car.

SID
It's just a car Doug. Just make sure to put some Armor All on the tires when you get there-- so the sand doesn't seep in.

DOUG
Absolutely.

SID
And don't let Alan drive... he's an idiot.

Alan is saying goodbye to the FAMILY DOG, hugging him a little too long-- even the dog looks uncomfortable.

SID
Phil either. I don't like him.

DOUG
I will be the only one driving.

He tosses Doug the keys...

SID
Good. And remember-- *What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas*-- except for Herpes. That shit'll come back with you.

6

INT. HARRISON PREP SCHOOL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

6

An all-boys private school in the Valley. Phil is teaching a class of 9th Graders...

PHIL
So, in response to Marty's insensitive comment-- no. Lenny was not simply "a retard."

Some kids in the class laugh... Phil is obviously a 'cool teacher.' He paces in front of them...

PHIL
Instead, what Steinbeck was illustrating through the character of the *developmentally disabled* Lenny Small-- was a physically big man, who had the dreams and the attributes of a small child.

He stops in front of Marty's desk-- looking right at him.

PHIL

But apparently that was lost on
some of us.

More laughter as Marty just shrugs... the BELL RINGS.

PHIL

Hold up! Hold up!

(beat)

I still need permission slips and
\$90 dollars for our trip to the
Griffith Observatory... pay now or
forever regret missing the
experience of a lifetime.

He packs up his things as some students walk up and hand
him their envelopes.

PHIL

Thanks.

(another)

What's wrong with you Sean? I told
you, cash only-- no checks.

SEAN

My dad said the school could cash
it.

PHIL

Alright, whatever... you know
what, sign the back for me.

He does... Phil looks up-- one kid remains...

PHIL

Max. What's gives? No planetarium?

MAX

My mom won't give me the money.
I'm grounded.

Phil thinks for a beat...

PHIL

Well how much you got on you?

MAX

Like twenty bucks.

PHIL

Alright, give me the twenty...
I'll cover the rest.

MAX

Really?

PHIL

Well, yeah... we'll talk about it,
how 'bout that? Just give me the
twenty so I know you're serious.

MAX

Cool. Thanks Mr. Winnick.

He hands him some crumpled up bills...

PHIL

Yeah.

Phil adds the twenty to the rest of the cash... He stuffs
the cash in an envelope marked Vegas. His phone BEEPS.

He checks the TEXT MESSAGE: Vegas, bitch. Let's go.

7

EXT. HARRISON PREP SCHOOL - 2 MINUTES LATER

7

Phil heads down the steps toward the waiting Mercedes...
A STUDENT carrying a large backpack approaches--

BACKPACK

Mr. Winnick, do you think I can--

Phil blows right by--

PHIL

It's the weekend, Budnick. You're
dead to me till Monday.

PHIL's POV: He walks toward the Mercedes... Doug and Alan
sit in the front-- top down. Looking good--

PHIL

Shit. Nice car. I'm driving.

DOUG

(from the car)

No chance. I'm still debating
whether I'm letting you in.

Without missing a beat, Phil tosses his bag in the
backseat and hops in-- without using the door-- stepping
on the side of the car and the backseat!!

DOUG

Jesus Phil! C'mon!

PHIL

Shut up and drive before one of
these nerds asks another question.

They zip off...

STU PRICE, 30's, a bit rigid, a bit high-strung is doing some last minute packing.

MELISSA, his girlfriend, calls from the other room...

MELISSA (O.S.)

Don't forget your Rogaine.

STU

Got it.

Stu grabs the Rogaine out of the medicine cabinet...

MELISSA (O.S.)

And don't forget to use it. I can totally tell when you forget... Your hair just looks thinner.

STU

Yep. I won't forget.

Stu wheels his bag into the living room where Melissa is seated...

MELISSA

And make sure to call me when you get to the hotel.

STU

Of course.

He comes over for a quick kiss... she turns away--

STU

What? What's the matter?

MELISSA

I don't know. I just hope you're not gonna go to some strip club up there.

STU

Melissa, we're going to Napa Valley. I don't even think they have strip clubs in wine country.

MELISSA

Well if there is one, I'm sure Phil will sniff it out.

He sits down next to her...

STU

It's not gonna be like that,
sweetie.

(beat)

Besides you know how I feel about
that sort of thing.

MELISSA

I know... but guys and their
bachelor parties, it's gross.

STU

(fake sincere)

You're right. It is gross.

MELISSA

Not to mention it's totally
pathetic. Those places are filthy.

Stu nods as Melissa continues...

MELISSA

--And the worst part is, the girl
dancing for money on stage--
that's somebody's daughter up
there.

Stu fakes like he was gonna say the same thing...

STU

(bad overlap)

... *somebody's daughter up there.*
That's what I was just gonna say--

Melissa gives Stu a hug...

MELISSA

See. I just wish your friends were
as mature as you.

STU

My friends are totally mature! You
just have to get to know them a
little bit better.

Suddenly, PHIL'S VOICE comes bellowing from outside.

PHIL (O.S.)

PAGING DR. FAGGOT.

Melissa ends the hug... looks at him, disappointed--

STU

Okay. I should go.

9

EXT. THE 10 FREEWAY - DAY

9

ALAN (O.S.)
Wooooohooooo! Vegasssssss Baby!!
Yeaaaaahhhh!

The pavement racing by... well, not quite racing. Tilt up to reveal

THE MERCEDES

Doug grips the wheel tightly... Driving extra careful. Traffic whizzing by. The top is down, but their hair barely moves.

10

INT. THE MERCEDES - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

10

Alan sits shotgun, swigging from a BEER, Stu and Phil are in the back drinking beers of their own...

PHIL
Oh, come on! Just till Barstow.

DOUG
No. I promised Sid-- no one else can drive the car. Besides you're drinking.

PHIL
What are you a cop now? You know I drive great when I'm drunk.

STU
He was always our designated drunk driver.

DOUG
Alan can you please explain.

Alan leans back...

ALAN
Honestly, guys-- my dad loves this car more than he loves me.

PHIL
Please. I'm missing my son's soccer game tomorrow just so I could come to Vegas with you guys-- *you know how hard that is?!*

Doug rolls his eyes... Alan doesn't get it--

ALAN
Wow. That's really cool Phil.

PHIL

Dude, I was being sarcastic. I hate my life and I fucking hate soccer games. I may never go back.

STU

Here we go...

Doug laughs. He and Stu have heard it before...

PHIL

Whatever. Have fun tonight Doug, cause starting Sunday you're gonna die a little bit every day. And that's *before* you have kids.

DOUG

Uh oh. Now you have a problem with kids?

PHIL

Yeah. They're totally boring.

(beat)

Not to mention, your wife and the kid form a team of which you are not part-- it's disgusting.

Alan laughs, like he knows what it's like to be married--

ALAN

Here, here. That is exactly why I have managed to stay single!

Stu and Phil share a look. Phil leans forward...

PHIL

You wanna pick up the pace Doug? We only have one night.

DOUG

No chance. This is an antique-- we're going the speed limit.

Doug hits the blinker, preparing to change lanes...

DOUG

Am I clear?

ALAN

You're fine.

Doug goes to change lanes... HOOOOONNNNK!!! A TRUCK swerves, just missing them.

ALAN

PSYCHE!!

Alan cracks up at his attempt at a joke...

DOUG

JESUS!

Stu is holding his heart--

ALAN

C'mon!! That was awesome!

Alan holds up his hand for a "high-five" from the guys in the backseat... Phil slaps his hand--

PHIL

That was pretty good, bro.

ALAN

(to Doug)
You should have seen your face!

11 EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

11

Alan is pumping gas into the Mercedes... At the same time he is flipping through a book, **KNOCK-OUT BLACKJACK: CARD COUNTING MADE EASY--**

An old guy at the next pump admires the Mercedes.

OLD GUY

Sweet ride.

ALAN

(totally sincere)
Thanks old timer.

12 INT. GAS STATION/MART - CONTINUOUS

12

Doug and Phil are inside the small gas station shop.

They are waiting in line-- watching Alan through the glass window...

PHIL

He's actually kind of funny.

DOUG

Yeah, he means well.

PHIL

Is he... you know-- *all there?*

DOUG

I think so. He's just an odd guy.
Just, like weird.

PHIL

Should we be worried?

DOUG

No. But Tracy told me not to let him gamble or drink too much.

PHIL

Jesus. He's like a Gremlin-- he comes with instructions and shit.

Stu walks over... hangs up his cell phone-- adds a water to their goods--

DOUG

All good with Melissa?

STU

Yeah, no clue.

(proud)

I told her we were 2 hours outside of wine country.

PHIL

Don't you find it strange that you've been dating for 3 years and you still have to lie about going to Vegas?

STU

It's just not worth the fight.

PHIL

Oh. You can't go to Vegas, but she can fuck a bellhop on a Carnival Cruise Line?

The guy behind the counter looks up, interested...

STU

He was a bartender, okay?! And she was totally drunk.

13

INT. THE MERCEDES - MOVING - LATER

13

The sun is setting... The Mercedes zips down the highway.

Alan is still reading his card counting book--

ALAN

So it says here we should work as teams. Who wants to be my spotter?

DOUG

I don't think you should do too much gambling tonight, Alan.

ALAN

Who said anything about gambling?

Doug looks over at him. Alan explains...

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's not gambling if you know you're gonna win. Card counting is a fool proof system.

STU

It's also illegal.

ALAN

It's not illegal, it's just frowned upon-- like masturbating in a library.

PHIL

Pretty sure that's illegal too.

DOUG

Besides you gotta be super smart to count cards. It's not easy.

ALAN

Oh really? Maybe we should ask *Rain Man*-- he nearly bankrupted the casino and he was a retard.

MUSIC CUE: KANYE'S "CAN'T TELL ME NOTHING" kicks in...

14 **EXT. LAS VEGAS - MAGIC HOUR** 14

As the last rays of the sun fade, the Mercedes crests the final hill to reveal LAS VEGAS in all its splendor...

15 **EXT. LAS VEGAS BLVD. - SUNSET** 15

The Mercedes rolls down the famed Strip, reminding us of the absurd scale of Vegas. The 5,000 room hotels, the eight lane roads, the 60 foot DANNY GANS billboards--

16 **EXT. CAESARS PALACE - VALET/ENTRANCE - DUSK** 16

The Mercedes rolls up to the hotel entrance. Doug gives the keys to the valet... They head for the front door.

Alan nods slyly to a COUPLE OF GIRLS who are walking by.

17

INT. CAESARS PALACE - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

17

Our crew stands at the reception desk waiting for LISA,
the FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE to get off the PHONE.

ALAN
(quietly)
Ask for an upgrade.

Lisa hangs up the phone.

LISA
Hi. Checking in?

STU
Yes, hi-- we have a reservation
under Dr. Price.

LISA
OK. Let me look that up for you.

PHIL
Doctor Price? Stu, you're a
Dentist. Don't try and get fancy.

STU
It's still a doctor.

Phil ignores Stu and leans in to Lisa...

PHIL
He's a dentist. Don't get too
excited-- if someone has a heart
attack, you should still call 911.

She smiles as she checks the computer...

LISA
Understood.

STU
DDS is still a Doctor, asshole.
Doctor of Dental Surgery.

PHIL
Please... that's like the WNBA of
Doctors.

ALAN
(side of his mouth)
Upgrade.

After a moment, LISA reads from the screen--

LISA

I have you in a two-bedroom suite
on the 12th floor. Is that okay?

Phil leans in--

PHIL

Actually, we were wondering if you
had any Villas available?

STU

C'mon Phil, we're not even gonna
be in the room that much. It's one
night-- we can share beds.

PHIL

Share beds?! This isn't the YMCA,
this is a five star resort.

(beat)

Stu, you're best friend is getting
married on Sunday-- are you
telling him he's not worth it?

DOUG

Don't drag me into this.

PHIL

See, now you're putting him on the
spot.

STU

Me? You brought him up.

Phil turns to Lisa...

PHIL

I apologize, Lisa. How much is the
Villa?

LISA

We have one available and it's
\$4200 for the night.

ALAN

Is it awesome?

LISA

It's pretty awesome. 4 bedrooms, a
huge common room and a full bar--

PHIL

Done. We'll take it.

(to Stu)

She needs your AMEX.

STU

I can't.

PHIL

Stop being such a Jew and give her your card. For chrissakes, you're a doctor-- you're loaded.

STU

You don't get it. Melissa checks my statements. She thinks we're at a bed and breakfast in Napa.

PHIL

Oh, that is just ridiculous.

LISA

Well, we just need a card on file-- we won't charge anything until you check out. You can figure it out then.

PHIL

Perfect. Thank you Lisa.

(to Stu)

We'll figure it out tomorrow.

Stu takes out his card and slides it to Lisa.

STU

Okay, but *nothing* gets charged to this card, understood?

Lisa nods.

18

INT. CAESARS PALACE - VILLA #8 - MOMENTS LATER

18

The door opens to a beautiful villa. Huge. Flat Screen TV's, full bar... it even has a piano.

ALAN

Ho-ly Sh-it.

PHIL

Now *this* is Vegas.

DOUG

Wow. Thanks guys.

(beat)

I mean, thanks Stu.

STU

You're welcome. It's only because I love you.

ALAN

Oh, sweet. Cashews!

Alan grabs a BAG OF CASHEWS from atop the BAR. A sensor BEEPS... Stu comes rushing over.

STU

NO!

Stu grabs the nuts and puts them back on the sensor. It beeps again.

PHIL

Dude. What the fuck?

STU

It's on a weight sensor. You have thirty seconds to replace any of the food or drinks you take or they automatically bill the room.

ALAN

Awesome.

STU

Not awesome. Those nuts are probably like fourteen bucks--

Phil shakes his head...

PHIL

This is inhumane.

STU

You don't get it-- Melissa is like a forensic accountant.

(beat)

You want nuts, go put your own credit card down.

Phil walks behind the bar... casually pulls out a BEER. The sensor beeps again. Stu looks on in horror.

But Phil swiftly pulls out a GLASS, fills it with tap-water from the minibar, weighs it in his hand and then places the glass on the sensor.

It BEEPS its approval. Phil takes a swig of beer.

PHIL

Problem solved. Get dressed. We leave in thirty minutes.

19

INT. VILLA #8 - STU'S BEDROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER

19

Stu is in a towel having just come out of the shower. He gets dressed as he talks on his CELL PHONE...

STU
(into phone)
*I just wish you could see it...
you would absolutely love this
place. It's so quaint.*

Obviously the Las Vegas suite is anything but quaint.

Stu buttons his shirt in front of the GIANT FLAT SCREEN TV-- Sports Center is on MUTE--

STU
(into phone)
*There are no TV's, no phones. Just
these tiny little antique radios
in each room... I know, right?*

He hits a button and the AUTOMATIC BLINDS open to reveal Vegas at night...

STU
*And we even met the old man who
owns the place. What a sweet
guy... His name?*

Stu looks down at the table. Sees some HOTEL STATIONARY, it reads: CAESARS PALACE...

STU
*Uh, his name is Caesar... Yeah,
exactly, like the salad.*

Phil and Doug are in the doorway staring, impatiently.

STU
*Alright. We're gonna run to our
first wine tasting. Love you too.
Bye.*

He hangs up... looks at the guys, sheepish.

PHIL
*I'm not even gonna say it. It's
just so disappointing.*

STU
Where's Alan?

DOUG
*He ran downstairs-- said he needed
to pick up a few things.*

STU

Oh good. I have something I want to show you guys.

Doug and Phil walk over... Stu reaches into his suitcase and pulls A SMALL RING BOX. He pops it open-- it's an ANTIQUE ENGAGEMENT RING...

PHIL

What the hell is that?

STU

What do you think it is?

PHIL

I think it's a big fucking mistake that's what I think.

STU

I'm going to propose at your wedding-- after the ceremony.

DOUG

Oh, that's great Stu. Congrats.

PHIL

I don't get it. Have you not listened to anything I've ever said?

STU

Phil, I've been with her for three years. It's time.

PHIL

A. That's bullshit. And B. She's a complete bitch.

Stu just shakes his head, continues getting dressed...

DOUG

C'mon man, it's Melissa.

PHIL

(to Doug)

It's true. You know it's true. Have I ever told you not to marry Tracy?

DOUG

Like 100 times!

PHIL

Fine. But it was never about Tracy. It was about marriage in general.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

(re: Stu)

But this guy has to pretend we're in wine country just to get an overnight pass... not to mention, she fucked a sailor!

DOUG

He was not a sailor. He was a bartender on a cruise ship, you know that!

Stu is buttoning up his shirt...

STU

Hello. I'm still standing here. I can hear all of this.

They both look at him...

PHIL

Stu, believe it or not, I care about you. I'm already married, so I know. It fucking sucks. No joke. And my wife is normal...

ALAN (O.S.)

You guys ready to rock?

Alan is standing in the doorway ready to go. He is carrying a PAPER BAG...

20

INT. HALLWAY - ELEVATOR BANK - LATER

20

The guys wait at the elevator... ready for the big night out. Phil nod's toward Alan...

PHIL

You're not really wearing that, are you?

Alan has a "man purse" strapped to his belt...

ALAN

What do you mean?

PHIL

That man purse. Are you really wearing that or are you guys just fucking with me?

Phil is serious... Stu and Doug just laugh--

ALAN

This is where I hold all my things, you should see how many compliments I get.

(beat)

Besides, it's not a man purse. It's a satchel.

DING. The elevator doors open--

GUY ON ELEVATOR

Uh. This is going up.

PHIL

Perfect. Let's go.

DOUG

We're going up?

21 EXT. CAESARS PALACE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

21

The guys open the steel rooftop door and file out onto the flat tar roof of the hotel.

Phil slides a wood block between the door and the frame so they aren't locked up there.

They step out onto the dark, windy roof and take in the stunning panorama... the Strip... the mountains... it's actually really cool.

STU

Phil, are you sure about this? I don't think we're allowed up here.

PHIL

Please. We're paying for a Villa, we can do whatever we want.

Doug looks out over the city...

DOUG

Wow. Check out the view.

The three guys look out together...

PHIL

Alan, we good?

Alan is pouring some TEQUILA SHOTS into GLASSES that he brought up in his paper bag.

ALAN

One more sec.

He finishes up and walks over with the glasses...

DOUG

Aha! Tequila. I should have known.

Everyone takes a glass... Stu raises his--

STU

A toast. To Doug and Tracy! May tonight be just a minor speed bump in a long and healthy marriage.

Hear. Hear. The guys down their shots. Now Alan steps forward...

ALAN

I have something I'd like to say-- you guys might not believe this but I've always been a bit of a loner. I tend to think of myself as a "one man wolfpack"--

The guys share a look, Alan exudes an odd intensity...

ALAN

But when my sister brought Doug home I knew he was one of my own. So my wolf pack grew by one.

(beat)

And six months ago, when Doug first introduced me to you guys, I thought 'wait a minute, could it be?' and now I know for sure...

(then)

I just added two more guys to my wolf pack. Crazy how the world works.

Alan chuckles... The guys are uncomfortable--

ALAN

So tonight, while we have the blood and testosterone of twenty men running through our veins. I make a toast--

(beat)

To my new brothers!

But instead of raising his glass, ALAN CUTS HIS HAND WITH A POCKET-KNIFE DRAWING BLOOD--

STU

AHHHH!!

DOUG

OHH!! ALAN!!?

PHIL

OWWW! What the fuck dude?

ALAN

C'mon, blood brothers. We're a
wolf pack now.

He tries to hand the knife to Stu. Stu turns to Doug...

STU

Doug, I am not doing that. He
needs to stop.

DOUG

Alan, we're not gonna cut our
hands but we appreciate what
you're saying. Okay?

Alan puts his hand to his mouth, to stop the bleeding...
He nods like he understands and raises his shot glass--

DOUG

Alright. Cheers.

Doug politely lifts his glass... Phil takes over--

PHIL

Alright look, I'd like to take a
moment to talk about memory. Or
better yet, *selective memory*.

Phil pauses for effect.

PHIL

You see, what happens tonight may
as well never have happened at
all. Because this circle is as far
as it is ever gonna go. In other
words, forget everything.

(then)

Good or bad, we don't remember--
so we got nothing to talk about. I
don't care if you save some little
kid's life. We don't mention it.
If you get a hole-in-one in golf.
Never happened. If you thwart a
fucking terrorist attack. Nothing.
Deal?

GUYS

Deal.

The guys clink their glasses...

PHIL

Perfect. To a night we'll never
remember... but the four of us
will never forget!

They drink again....

WE MATCH CUT into a helicopter shot, that circles the roof and flies back across the strip-- a high speed time lapse as night turns to morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 **INT. CAESARS PALACE - VILLA #8 - THE NEXT MORNING** 22

Shafts of bright desert sunlight pour into the room.

The place is a complete disaster. Broken furniture, clothing, beer cans and other assorted remnants from the night before are scattered about.

A small fire smolders in the corner.

One of the walls has been spray-painted with things like, "I ♥ Jade" and "Alan was here".

THE CAMERA follows a LIVE CHICKEN as it pecks its way through the wreckage-- it walks right past STU's FACE.

He's passed out on the marble floor. OFF SCREEN WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR CLOSE...

Stu's eyes open. The door closing woke him. At first he doesn't move... now he sits up... COUGHS... Surveys the damage.

STU

My god.

He looks around, stunned. Behind him, we see ALAN rise off the bar, where he clearly slept.

He is blocked by Stu's head, but appears to be naked from the waist down as he lumbers into

THE BATHROOM

Alan begins to PEE, he shuts his eyes, hoping to fall asleep standing up. Suddenly, he hears a small GROWL... opens one eye and looks into the bathtub to see--

A TIGER. Staring at him-- *maybe even smirking?*

ALAN

(mid-stream)

WHAT THE HELL?!

He flies out of the bathroom-- STILL PEEING-- SLAMS the door behind him and trips over--

PHIL (O.C.)
EASY!!! What the fuck!!

Alan has tumbled into the wall, panting. Phil sits up...

PHIL
Jesus. Control yourself... And put
on some pants. Goddamn.

ALAN
DON'T GO IN-- DON'T-- THERE'S A--

Phil looks at Alan...

PHIL
Alan. It's me. Calm down.

ALAN
(panting)
There's a tiger in the bathroom.

PHIL
What--?

ALAN
There's a fucking giant tiger in
the bathtub!

STU (O.S.)
(from the couch)
What's going on?

They both look over... see Stu. See the damage. Phil
stands up and peeks his head into the bathroom...

PHIL
Holy shit.
(to Stu)
He's not lying. There's a tiger in
there.

He walks over to Stu and flops down next to him...

PHIL
You okay, buddy?

STU
I'm in a lot of pain.

PHIL
Yeah, me too.

Phil rubs his head... looks at the destruction--

PHIL
Goddamn. Look at this place.

STU

Shit. They got my card downstairs.
I'm a dead man.

PHIL

Relax. We'll figure it out...
Where's Doug?

Meanwhile, Alan is pacing around in the background, still
naked from the waist down--

ALAN

I almost died! How the hell did a
tiger get in the bathroom!?

PHIL

Hey bro, can you please put some
pants on? I find it a little weird
that I have to ask twice.

Alan grabs a sheet off the floor-- wraps it like a sarong
and walks over to the couch...

Silence. The three of them sit there for a moment.
Gathering their thoughts...

PHIL

What the fuck happened last night?

ALAN

I have no idea.

STU

Am I missing a tooth?

He lifts his top lip. Phil nods... afraid so...

STU

Holy shit. My first bicuspid!

PHIL

Okay. We need to calm down. We're
fine, alright?

(to Alan)

Alan, wake up Doug, let's get some
coffee and get the fuck out of
Nevada before housekeeping shows.

Alan stands up and heads towards Doug's room... Stu has
made his way over to a mirror in the living room--

STU

What the hell am I gonna tell
Melissa?! I'm missing a tooth and
I have no idea how it happened!

PHIL

Stu, you gotta calm down, man.
You're freaking me out and I have
a killer headache.

STU

OH. I'M SORRY-- LOOK AROUND PHIL,
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CALM DOWN?!

Alan has come back in the living room--

ALAN

He's not there.

PHIL

Did you check the other rooms?

ALAN

Yeah, he's not here. And the
mattress in his room is missing.

PHIL

Whatever. He probably headed down
to the pool to grab some food.
I'll try his cell.

Phil pulls out his cell phone, starts dialing. After a
moment, a phone RINGS in Alan's pocket. He answers:

ALAN

Hehhh-loh.

PHIL

It's me, Alan.

Alan looks at the phone for a beat. Finally realizes-

ALAN

Ohhh. This is Doug's phone.

Suddenly, we hear A BABY CRYING... all three guys stop
moving-- stare at each other...

STU

(still at the mirror)
What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

23

ANGLE ON - A BABY

23

Behind the bar. Laying cozily in one of those baby
slings, staring up at our three guys...

PHIL

Whose fucking baby is that?

STU

Alan, are you sure you checked everywhere?

ALAN

Yeah, no one's here. I looked in all the rooms.

(re: the baby)

Check it's collar or something.

Stu ignores Alan, leans forward, picking up the baby...

STU

Ssshhh. It's okay, baby. Ssshhh.

PHIL

Look, I need some caffeine and some Advil right now... Let's just hook up with Doug and deal with the baby later.

STU

We're not leaving the baby here. There's a fucking tiger in the bathroom!

PHIL

It's not our baby.

Phil looks at Alan, for support...

ALAN

I'm sorry, but I have to side with Stu on this one.

Phil rolls his eyes...

PHIL

Fine. Could you at least find your pants?

24 INT. CAESARS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

24

The guys exit. Phil hangs the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door.

25 INT. CAESARS - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

25

Our three guys ride down in silence. Stu is carrying the BABY in the baby sling...

STU

Why can't any of us remember anything about last night?

PHIL

Because we obviously had a great fucking time. Why don't you stop worrying for a minute and be proud of yourself.

Stu has had enough...

STU

Um, I don't know. Maybe it's because I'm missing a tooth! Or maybe it's because there's a *fucking tiger in our hotel room*, which *incidentally* is destroyed.

(beat)

Or wait-- I know, it's because we found a baby. That's it! We found a baby.

Stu let's that sink in... Phil just shakes his head.

ALAN

Uh, guys. I don't think we should be cursing around the baby.

DING. An old couple walks onto the elevator...

OLD WOMAN

Oh, how cute?! What's his name?

STU

ALAN

Ben.

Carlos.

Phil just shakes his head...

PHIL

Carlos?

26

EXT. CAESARS PALACE - POOL - DAY

26

The desert sun shines. We're poolside at one of the best hotels in Vegas.

Attractive people are everywhere-- swimming, laughing, having fun.

EXCEPT AT OUR TABLE

Sunglasses, scruff and completely hungover-- Alan is attempting to feed apple sauce to the baby, he imitates an airplane.

ALAN

Vrooooooooooooo.... good boy.

Phil chugs a large cup of hot coffee, then stuffs some toast into his mouth.

PHIL
Goddamn it. I wish someone brought me here before I got married.

A beautiful girl walks by... Phil checks her out--

ALAN
What do you mean?

PHIL
Because I never would have gotten married, Alan! Jesus. What do you think I mean?

Stu comes back, sits down... he's worried--

STU
I checked the casino, the gym and the front desk. Nobody's seen him.

PHIL
(as he chews)
He'll be fine. He's a grown man.

STU
We should go to the cops.

PHIL
Would you stop. It's 11 am, the morning *after* his bachelor party. We're not going to the cops-- have some food.

STU
Look, none of us remember anything. We can't find Doug and we have someone's baby--

A couple looks over, concerned...

PHIL
Sshhh! Take it easy man.

STU
(quietly)
-- *and there is a wild animal in our fucking hotel room...*

Phil nods sweetly to the couple... takes a bite of his omelette...

PHIL

(whispers)

Alright. Enough. Seriously, you gotta calm down. Have some juice.

Stu drinks some OJ... trying to relax--

PHIL

Now-- let's think. What's the last thing we remember from last night?

The guys wince... It's painful to think.

STU

Well, we started on the roof... we did some shots.

ALAN

Yeah, that was like, 7ish?

Phil nods... he writes: 7PM ROOF on a napkin--

PHIL

Then we had dinner at The Palm? Right?

ALAN

Yeah. Then... we played craps at the Hard Rock... *maybe?*

PHIL

No, I think I remember that. That sounds right.

He continues his timeline on the napkin...

STU

Okay, honestly? I don't even remember going to dinner.

PHIL

What the fuck? I don't think I have ever been this hungover.

ALAN

Yeah. I'm pretty much blank after the Hard Rock.

Phil rubs his temples, trying to fight through the hangover.

ALAN

Doug was with us-- at the Hard Rock. I vaguely remember tackling him for some reason.

PHIL

You sure that wasn't me? I am so sore all over my body.

ALAN

No. It was definitely Doug.

The guys nod, okay, okay...

STU

Alright. So that takes us to around 10 o'clock or so.

Phil shows the blank space on his napkin diagram...

PHIL

That leaves us a 12 hour window where we could've lost him.

Alan puts his hands in his pockets... thinking. Then he feels something... He pulls it out--

ALAN

Ew. What the fuck?

Alan is holding--

STU

My tooth?

ALAN

Ugh. Sick.

STU

Gimme that.

PHIL

Good idea. Check your pockets... what else do you have?

The guys all empty there pockets... some receipts, room keys, a valet ticket...

STU

ATM receipt from the Bellagio at 11:05--

(reading it)

For 800 dollars! Jesus, I am so fucked.

ALAN

This valet ticket says we returned at 5:15 am.

PHIL

We drove last night?

Phil cringes. Meanwhile Alan notices something...

ALAN

Uh, Phil? What's that?

CLOSE ON: A yellow HOSPITAL BAND is on Phil's wrist...

PHIL

What the fuck?

STU

You were in the hospital?

PHIL

I guess so.

ALAN

My god. Are you okay?

PHIL

Yeah, I'm fine Alan. But this is good-- we have a lead.

27 **EXT. CAESARS PALACE - ENTRANCE / VALET STAND - LATER** 27

The guys wait at the VALET STAND... Alan is holding the BABY SLING.

ALAN

I don't think Doug would want us to take the Mercedes.

PHIL

Relax. We'll be careful.

ALAN

I know, but my Dad is pretty crazy about that car. And he put Doug in charge--

PHIL

Alan, we have bigger problems here. Doug could be in the hospital-- hurt, okay? Let's not worry about the car right now.

STU

Uh, guys. Have a look.

Stu brings their attention to A MATTRESS that has been impaled on a small statue in front of the hotel.

ALAN

Shit. Is that the mattress from Doug's room?

Some WORKERS are attempting to lift it off... a few GUESTS are watching...

PHIL

What's going on?

GUEST

Some idiot must have thrown their bed out a window last night.

(then)

Some people just can't handle Vegas.

The guest gets in his car. Stu is just shaking his head, staring blankly...

PHIL

It's gonna be okay, Stu.

STU

Really? And who do you think is paying for that mattress-- or that destroyed hotel room?

PHIL

C'mon, man--

STU

Wait. I have a better one-- how the hell am I supposed to explain my missing tooth to Melissa?

(beat)

She thinks we're in Napa Valley!

Tires screech. The guys look up at--

THE VALET HAS COME BACK WITH A COP CAR. AN ACTUAL LAS VEGAS POLICE SQUAD CAR...

He gets out and motions to them with the keys...

ALAN

What the fuck?

PHIL

(quietly)

Everyone act cool. Don't say a word. Let's just get in and go.

VALET

Here's your car, officers.

PHIL

Anybody got a five?

28 INT. COP CAR - MOVING - DAY

28

The guys are in the cop car, stuck in traffic on the strip. Phil drives, Stu is up front next to him.

Alan (and the baby) are in the back-- behind the cage.

STU
This is so illegal.

PHIL
Don't you ever see the fun part in anything?

STU
Phil, we are sitting in traffic, driving a stolen police car with what is sure to be a missing child in the back seat--
(beat)
Which is the fun part?

Alan speaks through the MESH CAGE...

ALAN
I don't know, the cop car part is pretty cool.

PHIL
Thank you Alan. It is cool. Doug would love this.
(to Stu)
God. Why couldn't you be missing instead?

STU
Real nice. Thanks.

PHIL
Check it out.

Phil hits the SIREN...

STU
Stop it! What's wrong with you!?

29 EXT. THE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

29

Phil slowly pulls the COP CAR up onto the sidewalk. PEDESTRIANS move out of the way...

They are cruising at 10 MPH on the sidewalk, past all the stalled traffic...

PHIL
 (into loudspeaker)
*Attention. Attention Please. Move
 to the side. I repeat. Please move
 to the side...*

Alan cracks up in the back seat. Stu crouches down... A
 HOT GIRL and her HUSBAND move out of the way.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 (into loudspeaker)
*Ma'am, you have an incredible
 rack.*

30 INT. DESERT SPRINGS HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - LATER

30

We are in a cramped examination room.

DR. PETERSON, 50's, addresses our guys. Alan is holding
 the baby.

DR. PETERSON
*I'm not trying to be an A-hole,
 but this really isn't a good time.*

Doctor Peterson walks over to reveal...

FELIX, a really old man (90's) sits on the exam table,
 legs dangling like a little kid.

He's wearing one of those examination robes.

STU
*Understood, and we apologize, but
 we're just trying to figure out
 what the circumstances were.*

Dr. Peterson begins testing Felix's reflexes--

DR. PETERSON
*I already told you--
 (points to Phil)
 He had a minor concussion-- and
 some bruised ribs... No big deal,
 although none of you were able to
 articulate how it happened.*

He speaks LOUDLY to Felix...

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
 SAY "AAAAH."

FELIX
 AHHHHH.

PHIL

Do you remember how many of us
were here?

DR. PETERSON

It was you guys-- *definitely no*
baby... And maybe one other guy?

ALAN

Great... Yeah. Doug. Was he hurt?

DR. PETERSON

No. He was fine. Just whacked out
of his mind-- you all were.

He opens the old man's robe...

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

ALRIGHT FELIX, I'M GONNA NEED YOU
TO COUGH FOR ME.

As The Old Man COUGHS, our guys try to avert their eyes,
except Alan who stares curiously--

He points down...

ALAN

I'm sorry doctor, but does that
happen with age or is that unique
to this particular patient?

(beat)

Because that is really gross.

Dr. Peterson looks up...

DR. PETERSON

Do you realize that I am breaking
just about every doctor/patient
rule in existence. Show some
respect.

Alan nods...

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

ALRIGHT FELIX. YOU CAN GET
DRESSED... I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE
HOLIDAYS.

As he washes his hands, Dr. Peterson shakes his head to
our guys, as in "this guy won't make it to the holidays."

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Sorry fellas, I gotta go. I have a
surgery on the 4th floor.

PHIL

Hold on.

Phil holds up A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. The doctor looks at Felix, who's struggling to put on his socks--

DR. PETERSON

(secretly)

*Fine. Just stuff it in my pocket,
I don't want to re-sterilize.*

Phil stuffs the bill in the doctors lab coat--

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Walk with me.

31

HALLWAY

31

Our guys keep pace with Dr. Peterson. He is flipping through a file as he walks...

DR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

(reading)

Here we go. Patient name, Phil Winnick. Came in at 2:45 am.

(beat)

Minor concussion, like I said-- some bruising... pretty standard.

STU

You mind if I take a look at that? I'm actually a Doctor, so--

DR. PETERSON

Yeah, you told me that several times last night, but really, you're just a dentist--

(eyes Stu)

That's like wearing a varsity jacket for band.

Dr. Peterson is still looking through the file...

DR. PETERSON

Oh wait. This is interesting.

He stops walking... so do the guys--

DR. PETERSON

Your blood work came in this morning... hmmm.

PHIL

And?

DR. PETERSON
(quizzical)
There was a large amount of
Rohypnol found in your system.

The guys look confused...

DR. PETERSON
Rohypnol-- it's commonly known as
the date-rape drug.

PHIL
(horrified)
I was raped?

DR. PETERSON
I never said that.
(beat)
Never said you weren't either.

STU
Wait. You mean Roofies?

DR. PETERSON
Yeah, someone must've slipped you
the drug... I'm not surprised you
don't remember anything.

ALAN
Doc. None of us remember anything
from last night--

PHIL
Yeah, how could someone have
drugged all of us?

DR. PETERSON
Maybe you shared a drink or
something?

The guys obviously don't remember... Peterson has stopped
walking, we are at the elevator now.

DR. PETERSON
I wouldn't worry about it, by now
it's out of your systems.
(beat)
You'll be fine. I gotta run.

STU
Wait. Please.

Dr. Peterson stops. Looks slowly down at his lab coat
pocket, then back up at Phil.

Phil gets the point.

PHIL

Fucking Vegas.

He stuffs another \$100 bill in the doctors lab coat--

STU

Is there anything else you can
tell us about last night?
Something we talked about-- some
place we were going-- anything?

The doctor thinks...

DR. PETERSON

There was something. You guys kept
talking about a wedding.

STU

Yeah, our buddy Doug-- he's
getting married tomorrow.

PHIL

I want that hundred back.

DR. PETERSON

No. You were talking about a
wedding you had just come from.

The guys look at each other... The doctor remembers--

DR. PETERSON

Yeah. At the Now & Forever Chapel--
You kept saying "how sick that
wedding was."

(beat)

I hope that helps-- but I really
need to go.

He walks onto the elevator...

32

EXT. DESERT SPRINGS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

32

The automatic doors open and the guys exit...

STU

This is getting scary. We really
should go to the police.

PHIL

Yeah, let's go to the police in
our stolen police car. We can tell
them how a grown man has been
missing a whole 8 hours after his
bachelor party!

Alan laughs...

ALAN

Yeah, let's watch them arrest us
for being total pussies.

STU

Guys! This is serious. Somebody
drugged us!

ALAN

So what? It's over. We're fine
now.

PHIL

Exactly. The only important thing
is that we find Doug.

ALAN

And find Carlos' mom.

They approach the parked police car...

PHIL

Right. And find Carlos' mom...
(beat)

Now that doctor guy gave us some
great info. We were at somebody's
wedding last night.

He opens the car door...

PHIL

You know Doug. He's probably still
partying with the bride and groom.

They get in the car...

33 EXT. NOW AND FOREVER WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

33

One of those free standing, small white chapels just off
the strip. The sign out front reads: *Ask about our
Military Discounts...*

Our guys park the police car out front.

34 INT. NOW AND FOREVER WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

34

As far as Vegas Chapels go, this one is kind of okay. The
guys walk in-- look around. Alan holds the baby.

STU

What if they don't remember us--?

VOICE BEHIND THEM

AAAAAYYYY!!

The guys turn to find the owner of the chapel, EDDIE PALERMO, 40's, in a tight fitting track suit, his arms spread wide. Eddie is all Vegas, by way of Long Island.

EDDIE

How are you, you dumb bastards?!

He warmly hugs the guys. They obviously have zero memory of him, and it shows as they hug back weakly, unfamiliar--

EDDIE

What's wrong, no love for Eddie?

STU

It's not that...

(beat)

...Eddie. We're just having a hard time remembering what we did here last night.

ALAN

We think we may have been at a wedding?

Eddie just stares at them... then starts cracking up--

EDDIE

C'mon. You're fucking with me!! I love it-- you're totally fucking with me!

He is still laughing-- wheezing almost--

EDDIE

That's great! You three assholes are breaking my balls!!

PHIL

Eddie. Seriously. Eddie.

Eddie stops laughing...

PHIL

We're looking for our friend, Doug. We know we were here last night, but we're not sure why.

STU

Is there anything you can tell us?

Eddie looks at them, like, what the fuck?

CUT TO:

35

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - OFFICE

35

CLOSE ON: A GLOSSY 8x10 WEDDING PHOTO. IT'S OF STU WITH A
SUPER HOT BRIDE.

We are now in the BACK OFFICE of the chapel.

ALAN

Holy. Fuck.

STU

This can not be happening. I know
this is not really happening.

Phil is flipping through some more photos...

PHIL

I'll tell you one thing... you
look seriously happy.

(beat)

And look at her. My god!

He holds up a photo-- she's feeding cake to Stu--

ALAN

She really is stunning.

(to Stu)

Is she half Asian?

Stu can't move...

PHIL

I'm sorry, but this girl is way
hotter than Melissa... Look at her
ass.

STU

My life is over. What the fuck am
I going to do?

PHIL

Stu, it's okay. Shit happens.
Melissa will never know anything
about this. This never happened.

Eddie walks over with TWO LARGE BOXES-- sets them down...

EDDIE

Here's the rest of it.

ALAN

What is all of that?

EDDIE

It's the *High Roller Package*-- you
ordered it.

He pops open one of the boxes... laughs...

EDDIE

I can't believe you guys don't remember any of this-- you must have been really fucked up.

Eddie shows them the goods...

EDDIE

You got two dozen commuter mugs, baseball caps, calendars-- all with photos of Stu and Jade.

PHIL

Her name is Jade?

EDDIE

Yep. She's a real sweetheart. I think you'll be really happy. Good girl-- Single mom--

Alan looks down at the baby...

ALAN

Carlos!

(then, to Stu)

You wanna hold him? He's your son.

Stu just sits down... his knees are shaking--

PHIL

Alright. Here's the thing Eddie. This is a big mistake and we need to get this marriage annulled, like immediately.

(beat)

Do you do annulments?

EDDIE

Of course. It's \$495. Almost cost. But I can only do it with both parties here--

PHIL

No problem. That's great. Isn't that great Stu?

Stu nods, totally despondent...

PHIL

C'mon, Buddy. She probably knows where Doug is.

(beat)

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

We'll drive over there, drop off the baby-- get the annulment and be back in L.A. by 9 tonight. OK?

Stu nods...

PHIL

You alright?

Stu just nods again...

PHIL

Alright. We just need her address Eddie. She must've filled out some paperwork or something, right?

36 **EXT. NOW AND FOREVER WEDDING CHAPEL - 2 MINUTES LATER** 36

Stu and Phil carry the boxes over to the cop car... Alan has the baby...

ALAN

What about my dad's car?

PHIL

I'm sure Doug has it.

Stu has a detached, crazy look in his eyes...

STU

Yeah. Then I vote we torch the cop car and all this shit with it.

He pops the trunk...

PHIL

Torch it? Who are you and what did you do with Stu?

STU

I'm everything, Phil. This whole situation is totally fucked.

As he loads the car...

STU

And this car and all these mugs, these calendars-- all this shit is evidence of a night that never happened.

(beat)

It's getting torched.

PHIL

Dude, I'm a school teacher. I have a family. I'm all for secrecy, but I'm not torching a cop car.

STU

Fine, I'll do it.

Suddenly, Stu's CELL PHONE rings.

PHIL/ALAN

Doug!

Stu quickly checks the Caller ID...

STU

Shit. It's Melissa.

PHIL

Don't answer it.

STU

I have to. She's called twice already this morning.

Stu puts his finger to his mouth, telling the guys to keep quiet...

STU

Hey honey. How are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

Melissa... at home, unpacking groceries.

MELISSA

There you are! This is the third time I'm trying you.

STU

I know. The reception is so spotty up here.

Stu exhales... Trying to stay calm--

MELISSA

How was it last night?

STU

Oh, you know. Nice. Really nice. Kind of quiet, but fun.

Stu slams the trunk...

STU

Did you know that the wineries up here favor Cabernets, while it's down in Sonoma where you find more of the Pinots Noirs?

Phil looks at him... Stu shrugs...

37

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

37

Phil and Alan get in the front seat. Stu's in the back.

STU

Okay... well we're thinking about going on a tractor ride now so--

Phil is about to put the car in gear when suddenly, a BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE comes speeding toward our guys--

PHIL

What the fuck?

SCREEEECH. It stops three feet away, blocking them in. TWO BIG THUGS JUMP OUT WITH BASEBALL BATS--

THUG #1

WHERE THE HELL IS HE?!

STU, still on phone, turns and see the guys coming--

MELISSA (O.S.)

(on phone)

What was that?

STU

Oh, that's just the tractor guy, I guess he's looking for someone.

Phil rolls down his window, just a bit...

PHIL

Easy guys. We're looking for him too.

MELISSA (O.S.)

Is that Phil? Who are you guys looking for?

STU

HON! WE HAVE A BAD CONNECTION!

SMAAASSH!!! One of the thugs hits the windshield with his baseball bat...

THUG #2
WHERE IS HE!!??

PHIL
HEY!? WHAT THE HELL!?

MELISSA (O.S.)
Oh my god! What's happening.

STU
HUH? HOLD ON A SECOND.
(to Phil)
SIR, CAN YOU PLEASE START THE
TRACTOR SO WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

PHIL
I'M TRYING-- WE'RE BLOCKED.

Now the baby in Alan's lap begins to cry.

MELISSA (O.S.)
Is that a baby?

STU
(into phone)
Huh? No! It's a goat!

WHAM! Another shot to the windshield, it shatters--

ALAN
TAKE IT EASY, MAN!!! WE GOT A BABY
ON BOARD!!

MELISSA (O.S.)
Someone just said baby!

THUG #1
GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Now EDDIE has stepped out of the CHAPEL... he's holding a
golf club, pissed--

EDDIE
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON?! THIS IS
A BUSINESS!

One of the THUGS pulls out a gun...

THUG #1
I SAID GET OUT OF THE CAR!!

PHIL
JESUS CHRIST!

ALAN
PHIL HE HAS A GUN!!

MELISSA (O.S.)
Who has a gun?!

STU
I HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK, HONEY!

Stu hangs up.

Phil slams the gas and pops UP OVER THE WALKWAY...
RUNNING OVER THE BIG GUYS FOOT-- HE SCREAMS IN PAIN--

THUG #1
AAHHHH!!

AND ACCIDENTALLY FIRES HIS GUN-- BLAMM!!! EDDIE GETS SHOT
IN THE LEG!!

EDDIE
GODDAMN IT!! WHAT THE FUCK?

STU
HE SHOT EDDIE!!

ALAN
HE'S OKAY!! GO! GO!!!

Phil slams it in reverse and SMASHES THE ESCALADE,
RIPPING THE OPENED DRIVERS DOOR RIGHT OFF.

Without stopping, he drops it into GEAR AND TEARS OUT OF
THE PARKING LOT, right onto the strip.

The guys are panting... freaked out--

ALAN
Who the hell were those guys?!

PHIL
No idea.

STU
GODDAMN IT!! WHAT THE FUCK IS
GOING ON?!

No one knows what to say.

It's quiet for a second, just the guys breathing heavy--
totally freaked out by what just went down.

Now, Stu's CELL PHONE RINGS AGAIN. Obviously, it's
Melissa.

PHIL
Maybe you should let that one go
to voice mail?

38

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

38

One of those large, two-story complexes where all of the units look identical.

The guys round the outdoor corridor corner...

PHIL

What apartment number did he say?

STU

(reading)

Unit 24B.

As they approach the apartment, they see...

JADE, 20's, really hot-- standing out in front of her place, nervously smoking a menthol, she hangs up her cell phone as she sees our guys...

JADE

Oh thank god-- you're with your father!

(to the guys)

I was totally freaking out!!

Jade takes the baby from Alan, kissing it--

JADE

Oh sweetie, I missed you.

(turns to Stu)

And I missed you.

She reaches for Stu and gives him a deep kiss. Phil and Alan are dying...

JADE

What happened to you guys?

Stu can't speak-- Phil takes over...

PHIL

We were hoping you could tell us.

JADE

What do you mean? I went down to get some coffee-- and when I came back you were all gone.

PHIL

Did you happen to see Doug?

JADE

No. I figured you were all together. Why?

ALAN
We can't find him.

JADE
Of course. Isn't that *so Doug*?

She laughs at the thought of it... the guys share a look.

JADE
(to Stu)
Why are you being so quiet--

STU
I... Uhh... I--

JADE
Come inside. I have to feed Tyler.

She continues talking as she grabs Stu's hand and leads him into the apartment. Alan looks crestfallen...

ALAN
His name is *Tyler*?

Phil pats Alan on the back...

PHIL
I think he looks more like a Carlos too, buddy.

They walk in.

39 INT. JADE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

39

The place is simple and nicely kept... The guys sit on the couch, exhausted--

She comes in from the kitchen--

JADE
Here you go. Some iced tea.

As she puts down Stu's drink he notices something. She is wearing the engagement ring he had for Melissa.

STU
Um. Jade?

JADE
Don't say it. I know... you want Splenda- I should have remembered!

STU
No it's not--

JADE

Don't be silly. It's no trouble.
I'm sure I have some.

She walks back into the kitchen... Stu turns to the guys--

PHIL

What a doll.

ALAN

Seriously. Great catch, bro.
Congrats.

He goes to bump fists with Stu... Stu whispers--

STU

*She's wearing my grandmother's
holocaust ring!*

PHIL

What?

STU

*The ring. I was gonna give to
Melissa. She's wearing it! It was
my grandmother's holocaust ring!*

ALAN

They gave rings out at the
holocaust?

STU

I have to get it back.

PHIL

Okay, relax. We're gonna fix this.

She comes back with Stu's drink...

JADE

Here you go sweetie.

PHIL

Jade, about last night, the
details for us are a bit foggy.

(beat)

Do you remember the last place you
saw Doug?

JADE

I haven't seen him since the
wedding.

She casually pulls off her top and begins to breast feed
Tyler... Phil tries to act natural--

PHIL
(clears his throat)
Really? And what time was that?

JADE
Probably around 1 am or so...

Phil writes on his napkin... WEDDING 1AM. Alan is staring at her... jaw dropped, amazed.

JADE
Cause I still had to go back to work and finish my shift. When I got out, I headed over to the hotel with Tyler.

PHIL
Okay. And what time was that?

JADE
Well my shift ends around 6, so I'd say about 7 in the morning.

PHIL
Did you see Doug then?

JADE
I didn't look. The room was a wreck and everyone was passed out-- so I just curled up next to Stu.

Phil nods... Stu raises his hand meekly...

STU
I have a question. I'm sorry. You said 'when your shift ended'?
(hoping)
That would make you a nurse or umm, maybe a blackjack dealer?

JADE
Stripper. Well, technically I'm an escort, stripping is just a great way to meet clients.

Stu nearly chokes on his iced tea. Phil is kind of enjoying watching Stu squirm...

JADE
But I guess I won't be doing that much longer. Now that I'm married to a Doctor!

STU
Really I'm just a dentist.

JADE

By the way, do you know there's a tiger in one of the bathrooms?!
What the hell is that about.

PHIL

Shit. I keep forgetting about the tiger.

STU

Listen, Jade. You seem like a great girl, but you and I really need to talk--

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS KICKED IN-- TWO COPS STAND THERE--

OFFICER 1

FREEZE LAS VEGAS P.D.!!

The guys hands go up...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A QUARTER DROPPED INTO A PAY PHONE.

40 INT. LAS VEGAS POLICE STATION/INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY 40

Stu and Alan are sitting on a bench inside the precinct. Phil stands close to them on the pay phone-- the three of them are handcuffed together.

As Phil dials with his free hand, a UNIFORMED COP walks by leading a group of 4th GRADERS on a tour.

UNIFORMED COP

So after we take the mug shots, we bring 'em over here where they wait to be questioned by the arresting officers.

(beat)

Trust me kids, you don't want to be sitting on this bench.

He continues the tour and leads them away... they all follow. Except one WEIRD KID... who stares at Alan.

Alan stares back. They hold this showdown until...

ALAN

GRRRRRRR!

Alan growls at him and the kid shuffles off... catching up with his class.

Phil gets through on the phone... He tries to be chipper.

PHIL

Hey, Tracy. It's Phil!

Tracy and some BRIDESMAIDS are laying out by the pool...

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM:

TRACY

Hey, Phil. Where are you guys?

Phil looks around-- COPS, HOOKERS, DRUG DEALERS...

PHIL

We're at the spa. In the hotel.

TRACY

Cool. We're getting our nails done. Is Doug around?

PHIL

Of course he's around... why wouldn't he be around?

TRACY

Well, I mean-- I'm just wondering why you're calling me?

PHIL

Um, well we made a rule-- no talking to girlfriends or wives this weekend. So we're all calling each others.

TRACY

Uh... Okay... What's up?

PHIL

You're not gonna believe this, but we got comped an extra night here--

TRACY

You did?

PHIL

Yeah. A ridiculous suite with room service, a butler, the works... so we're thinking of spending the night and coming back totally relaxed in the morning.

TRACY

Oh. But the wedding's tomorrow.

PHIL

Yeah we're gonna hit the road way early, we'll be back with plenty of time.

TRACY

(a bit thrown)

Uh. Okay... You sure that's a good idea?

An POLICE CLERK yells from across the room--

POLICE CLERK

WINNICK, PRICE, TURNER-- ROOM 3!!

Phil tries to COUGH to cover that noise...

PHIL

Okay. I gotta run Trace. We'll talk to you later.

And he hangs up the phone.

OFFICER FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Gentlemen, we got some good news and we got some bad news...

41 INT. LAS VEGAS POLICE STATION - ROOM 3 - MOMENTS LATER 41

The guys are now sitting in a small room.

Across from them, OFFICER FRANKLIN and OFFICER GARDEN look over their file...

OFFICER FRANKLIN

The good news is, we found your Mercedes.

ALAN

Oh. Thank god.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Yeah, it's over in impound-- it was picked up around 5 am, parked perpendicular in the middle of Las Vegas Boulevard.

PHIL

Hmph. Weird.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Yeah. There was a note on the windshield that said "couldn't find a meter, but here's 4 bucks."

Phil and Stu look down embarrassed...

ALAN
That's not such bad news.

Everyone looks at Alan...

OFFICER GARDEN
That's still the good news. He'll
say "the bad news is" before
getting to the bad news.

ALAN
Oh... Go on.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
The bad news is... we can't get
you in front of a judge till
Monday morning.

The guys protest... "Monday?!"...

PHIL
Sir, that's impossible. We need to
be in L.A. tomorrow for a wedding.

OFFICER GARDEN
You stole a police car.

Stu and Alan immediately protest...

STU
We found a police car. We didn't
steal anything.

ALAN
Yeah, if anything we deserve a
reward or something.

Phil puts his hand up... quieting Alan and Stu down.

PHIL
Officers, if I may?

They nod... allowing Phil to plead his case--

PHIL
Now, what are we really talking
about here?
(beat)
A 2006 Crown Vic that went missing
for about 8 hours.

The two officers share a look...

PHIL

And as we speak, that vehicle is parked outside with nothing more than a broken windshield.

ALAN

We even had to put gas in it.

PHIL

Alan. Please.

Alan gets it... he quiets down again...

PHIL

Now, I'm gonna assume judging from the way you kicked that door down earlier that the squad car belonged to one of you?

Officer Franklin nods... unsure where this is going.

PHIL

And I'm also gonna assume you had a pretty horrible morning tracking down your missing car.

He looks directly at Franklin...

PHIL

I mean, if people were to find out about that it could get pretty embarrassing, no?

OFFICER FRANKLIN

What are you getting at?

PHIL

Look, I'm not a cop. I'm a school teacher... but if one of my kids went missing on a field trip-- it would look real bad on me.

(beat)

I mean, I was the one responsible for his safety right?

A slight, pensive nod from the officers...

PHIL

Now. Let's say the kid turns up a few hours later, sure he's got a few scratches on him-- but otherwise he's fine. Well, I'd be pretty fucking happy. Right?

Stu is loving Phil's control of the situation...

PHIL

You bet your ass I'd be happy...
And you could also bet that I
wouldn't tell anybody what
happened.

The officers are definitely listening--

PHIL

I mean, why get the kid in
trouble, when the truth is it just
looks bad on me?

(beat)

Instead, I'd cut him a deal. I'd
say, "Are you gonna tell anyone
about this? Ever?"

And on this Phil leans in, intensely...

PHIL

To which we would answer. Never.
No one. At which point the only
reasonable response one could
possibly have is:

(then)

"Then get the hell out of here...
I don't ever wanna see you again."

Phil leans back... takes a long pause.

PHIL

So... is there anything you'd like
to say to us?

The two officers share a look, Franklin nods to Garden.
Garden leans in...

OFFICER GARDEN

Um. Do any of you guys have a
heart problem?

CUT TO:

42

INT. LAS VEGAS POLICE STATION - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER²

Phil, Stu and Alan stand shirtless in front of the group
of 4th Graders who went by earlier.

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Okay, kids. You're in for a real
treat, today. These gentlemen have
kindly volunteered to help us
demonstrate how a taser gun is
used to subdue a suspect.

He points to Stu...

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Glasses. You're up first.

Stu looks at Phil and Alan for support...

ALAN
Don't worry, It's not that bad.
I've been tasered a bunch of
times.

Stu slowly steps forward. Garden leans into Alan, and
speaks quietly...

OFFICER GARDEN
Not with the F-190 you haven't.
This thing is military grade.

STU
What was that?

Without warning, Stu is tasered by Officer Franklin.

STU
(goes down)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

The kids LAUGH uncontrollably! *This is the funniest thing
in the world!*

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Okay, kids. Who wants to try it?

The Weird Kid Alan barked at raises his hand.

ANGLE ON

Alan looks straight ahead, stoic and unafraid. The kid
readies the taser.

OFFICER FRANKLIN
Just not in the face, kid.

The kid stares right into Alan's eyes...

ALAN
Yeah. A quick, easy tap little
man. No need to be a hero--

BZZZZZZZZZ!!!!

ALAN
(writhing)
AAHHE!!! FUCKING FUCK!!

As the kids CRACK UP. BZZZZZZ!!! He zaps him again for good measure...

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Alright, we got one more. Who wants to try?

Now TWO KIDS raise their hands-- a boy and a girl.

PHIL

Sorry, kids. Only one of you gets to go--

(to Franklin)

Can I pick? I choose the girl.

OFFICER GARDEN

No need. They can both go.

(re: the boy)

He can use mine.

ANGLE ON

The two kids ZAP Phil at the same time-- he goes down.

PHIL

MOTHER FUCKER!! GOOD GOD!! FUCK!

Again, the kids ROAR with laughter. Even the cops are cracking up...

Our guys are curled up on the floor, they are okay-- but definitely shaken-- Officer Franklin leans down...

OFFICER FRANKLIN

Nice work, gentlemen... you're free to go.

(to the kids)

Who wants to get fingerprinted?

The kids all raise their hands... "Me!"

43

EXT. THE IMPOUND LOT - LATER

43

An enormous impound lot. Cars everywhere.

Alan is sitting on a step-- looking at the ground.

STU

That was just a complete and total abuse of power. I mean, that was like Abu Gharib level shit. We should call the FBI.

PHIL

We're not calling the FBI. Look they were assholes, okay-- but they let us go.

STU

Fine. But fuck them, I'm telling everyone we stole a cop car... I don't give a shit.

Stu walks off toward A VENDING MACHINE... Phil looks over to Alan who hasn't said a word-- he's still looking down.

PHIL

You okay?

Alan keeps looking at the ground.

ALAN

I don't know. I'm worried. What if something happened to Doug last night? Something bad.

PHIL

C'mon, you can't think like that.

ALAN

I mean, what if he got in a car accident? Or what if he's dead, lying in some fountain somewhere?

PHIL

Alan. Doug is fine.

ALAN

Then why hasn't he called?

PHIL

I don't know. But we're gonna figure it out...

Stu walks over, drinking a soda-- he's still hopped up...

STU

I'll lay you six to one odds that the car is totally fucked.

PHIL

Not now Stu.

STU

C'mon! Seriously, how much you wanna bet the car is totally trashed?

PHIL
Dude, enough. Alan is seriously
worried.

Phil nods toward Alan... Stu stops... he gets it--

STU
Sorry, Alan.

Alan just nods... still staring at the ground.

STU
We'll check the car for clues...
it really will be okay.

We HEAR THE ENGINE ROARING AS THE CAR gets closer. Phil
leans over and whispers to Stu...

PHIL
*I can't even watch-- just tell me
what it looks like.*

The car tears around the corner kicking up dirt and heads
toward us... it skids to a stop in front of the guys...

AS THE DUST SETTLES, THEY OPEN THEIR EYES...

The car is in perfect, shiny, mint condition-- the guys
just stand there. They can't believe their luck.

44 INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

44

Phil drives slowly. Alan sits shotgun and Stu is in the
backseat. They are both checking the car for clues...

PHIL
Anything?

STU
There are some shoes back here.

Phil looks at Stu in the rearview mirror...

PHIL
Women's shoes?

STU
Nope.

He holds up a pair of LEATHER MENS shoes...

PHIL
Who's are those?

STU
No idea. They're a men's size 6.

PHIL
Weird.

ALAN
OH GROSS!
(beat)
I just found a used condom.

He holds it up...

PHIL
UGH!

STU
GET RID OF THAT--

Alan goes to throw it out the window-- but the window is shut-- it bounces back onto Phil's lap-- he jumps out of his seat--

PHIL
WHAT THE FUCK, MAN!?

The car swerves... the CONDOM is stuck on Phil's lap...

PHIL
GET IT OFF!!

Alan and Stu are cracking up--

PHIL
GET IT OFF!!

Phil opens his window, grabs the condom and chucks it out the window... now screeches to a halt--

PHIL
Jesus. What the hell, man?

Stu and Alan are still laughing-- until-- THUD! THUD!!
They all look at each other.

ALAN
What was that?

THUD! THUD!

STU
It's in the trunk.
(realizing)
Holy shit! Doug's in the trunk!!

45

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

45

They burst out of the car and open up the trunk--

PHIL

Doug!?

Nope. Instead, MR. CHOW-- A LITTLE ASIAN GUY, 50's, pops out of the trunk.

He is wearing suit pants and nothing else.

Before anyone can react-- he swings a crowbar-- NAILING STU RIGHT IN THE STOMACH.

STU

UGGGHH!!!

MR. CHOW

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES!

PHIL

WOAH! WOAH! CALM DOWN!

In one swift motion, HE LIFTS THE CROWBAR HARD INTO PHIL'S BALLS--

PHIL

OOOOHHHH!!

AND SWINGS IT DOWN ONTO PHIL'S SHOULDERS. PHIL GOES DOWN. He turns to Alan... Alan puts up his hands--

ALAN

Easy buddy. We're on your side.

MR. CHOW

YOU GONNA FUCK WITH ME?!

Alan is backing away...

ALAN

Please. Just explain what happened, I'm sure we can work--

AND CHOW CHUCKS THE CROWBAR, HARD. IT NAILS ALAN RIGHT IN THE FACE-- HE GOES DOWN TOO...

And Mr. Chow runs off... in just his pants. The guys lay on the road-- catching their breath...

PHIL

What the fuck was that...?

STU

I think he ruptured my kidney.

PHIL

He was so mean.
(coughing)
I always imagine the Chinese as
more thoughtful. Almost docile.

Alan struggles to his knees...

ALAN

Guys... there's something I need
to tell you.

Phil and Stu struggle to their feet... they lean against
the car... panting--

ALAN

(deep breath)
Last night, on the roof-- before
we went out... I slipped something
in our tequila shots.

PHIL

What?

ALAN

I'm sorry. I fucked up.

STU

You drugged us!?

ALAN

I didn't drug you. I was told it
was ecstasy-- I thought it would
be fun.

PHIL

Who told you it was ecstasy?

ALAN

I don't know... some guy. I met
him at the 7-11-- when I went over
to buy the tequila.

STU

Why would you give us ecstasy!?

ALAN

I just wanted everyone to have a
good time, and I knew you guys
wouldn't take it.

(beat)

It was just one hit each, man. I
used to do three of those a night,
sometimes more. People say it
fucks up your spine, but that's
bullshit. I got a solid back--

Stu gets up, pissed...

STU
BUT IT WASN'T ECSTASY, ALAN-- IT
WAS ROOFIES!

ALAN
You think I knew that!? The guy I
bought it from seemed like a real
straight shooter.

STU
OH, I'M SORRY... YOU MEAN THE DRUG
DEALER YOU MET AT 7-11, SEEMED
LIKE A GOOD GUY!

Stu is livid... Phil tries to intervene...

PHIL
Guys, c'mon. Let's calm down.

STU
CALM DOWN? HE DRUGGED US! I GOT
MARRIED LAST NIGHT!

ALAN
My intentions were pure!

STU
YOU ARE A FUCKING MORON, DO YOU
KNOW THAT?!

PHIL
C'mon. Let's just take a deep
breath.

Stu paces... trying to relax--

PHIL
Seriously. This is good... It's
better than some stranger drugging
us for God knows what reasons.

Stu shakes his head... pissed-- he turns to Alan...

STU
Well it doesn't help the fact that
you ruined your own sister's
wedding. Nice work.

Alan just sits there, ashamed.

PHIL
C'mon. This is not helping.
(beat)
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Let's go back to the hotel, make
some calls and who knows... Maybe
Doug is asleep in the room.

46 INT. CAESARS PALACE - HALLWAY - LATER

46

The guys walk down the hallway toward the room... Phil
reaches for his ROOM KEY as he gets to the door.

ALAN

WAIT!

Phil and Stu turn... not in the mood.

ALAN

What if the tiger got out?

PHIL

Fuck. I keep forgetting about the
goddamn tiger. How the fuck did a
tiger wind up in our room?

STU

I don't know.
(turns to Alan)
I CAN'T REMEMBER!

Alan just looks down...

PHIL

SSSHH! Not so loud.

Phil quietly puts his key in the door...

47 INT. CAESARS PALACE - VILLA #8 - CONTINUOUS

47

The door creaks open, ever so slightly-- Phil sticks his
head in. Silence.

Now he tip toes in... Stu and Alan right behind him. They
scan the room-- it's still totally destroyed.

Stu instinctively picks up a VASE that is lying on the
floor-- as if that will help him against a tiger.

They tiptoe toward the hall that leads to the bathroom.

PHIL

(quietly)
Do not make any sudden movements--

Suddenly they walk right into TWO GUYS COMING FROM AROUND
THE CORNER---

STU

AAAAAHHHHH!!

EVERYONE SCREAMS, including the two guys who clearly did not hear our three come in...

TWO GUYS

AAAAAHHHHH!

One of the guys, LEONARD (the bigger one) pulls a gun!!

LEONARD

WHAT THE FUCK!?

PHIL

AAAAAHHHHH!!!

ALAN

DON'T SHOOT!!

LEONARD

SHUT UP!!

They stop screaming. The other guy speaks up--

OTHER GUY

What the fuck is going on?

Our three turn and see...

MIKE TYSON. The real Mike Tyson. He's standing there in Adidas pants and a t-shirt... Phil is in awe--

PHIL

Mike Tyson?

LEONARD

It's Mr. Tyson and right now he'd like to know which one of you motherfuckers stole his tiger!?

The guys are utterly confused. Alan steps forward, ready to take a bullet...

ALAN

(meekly)

I did. It was my idea.

THWAP!!! Without a thought TYSON throws a vicious punch, knocking Alan to the ground and unconscious!!

Silence.

PHIL

Okay. That's fair. We deserved that... but maybe I can explain.

Stu's legs are literally shaking...

PHIL

First off, I'm a huge fan... when you knocked out Holmes--

LEONARD

EXPLAIN.

PHIL

Can you please put down the gun?

TYSON

(to Leonard)

It's alright.

Leonard lowers his weapon....

PHIL

Okay, when I said I could explain
I should have been more specific.
We were drugged last night-- we
have no memory of what happened.

Leonard raises his weapon again...

PHIL

Stu, help me out here.

Stu closes his eyes, fully expecting to be knocked out.
He speed talks the following...

STU

It's-true-someone-slipped-us-
roofies-and-we-can't-remember-
anything-but-clearly-we-stole-your-
pet-tiger-and-we're-really-sorry.

Tyson is actually very nice and curious...

TYSON

Somebody drugged you guys?

PHIL

Yes sir. We were completely out of
our minds.

TYSON

But why would you steal my tiger?

PHIL

We do dumb shit when we're fucked
up. Like one night in high school
we broke into the gym and painted
a huge pentagram on the floor and
we weren't even into devil stuff.

STU

It was completely out of character.

LEONARD

That does sound stupid.

PHIL

I'm sure, in our inebriated haze,
we thought it would somehow be
funny if we broke into Mike
Tyson's house and stole his tiger.

TYSON

What's funny about that?

PHIL

Well, being that you're "Iron
Mike"-- and we had the balls to
take your pet tiger-- It's like a
badge of courage or something.

TYSON

I was fast asleep, how is that
even courageous?

Leonard agrees with his boss...

LEONARD

It's not. If they called you and
told you they were on their way
and you had a minute to clear your
head and protect the tiger, that
would be brave.

PHIL

You guys are being beyond logical,
but again, we were fucked up.

STU

Totally drugged.

Alan is coming to on the floor...

ALAN

Ugh.

TYSON

You okay, man?

Alan groans more than answers... Tyson turns to Leonard.

TYSON

Grab him some ice.

Leonard walks over to the bar...

PHIL

Can I ask how you found us?

TYSON

One of you dropped your jacket. We found it in the tiger cage this morning--

He holds up a jacket. Alan speaks from the floor...

ALAN

That's Doug's.

TYSON

Right, Doug Billings. His wallet is in there plus a room key.

STU

Jesus. He doesn't even have his wallet?

The guys shake their heads--

PHIL

Do you know around what time that happened?

TYSON

Like I said, I was asleep.

As Leonard walks over with the ice...

LEONARD

Yeah, cause if he was up that shit wouldn't have gone so smoothly.

PHIL

I only ask because we still can't find our friend.

TYSON

(matter of fact)

Maybe one of the other tigers ate him?

Leonard nods... could be. The guys share a look, totally freaked.

STU

Oh. Well was there any evidence that would point to that?

Leonard shrugs...

LEONARD

We didn't look around much. Once we found the room key-- we knew we could track you down.

PHIL

Well, maybe we could go back to
your place-- look around?

TYSON

Of course. How'd you think we were
gonna get the tiger home, anyway?

The guys are not quite understanding...

PHIL

I'm sorry?

LEONARD

We're not putting the tiger in the
Bentley-- you guys brought him
here-- you bring him back.
(checks his watch)
What do you think? Forty minutes?

Tyson and Leonard go to leave... Leonard stops--

LEONARD

Don't make me come back for him.

CUT TO:

48

AN OVERHEAD SHOT:

48

The lid is removed from a room service tray to reveal a
SIRLOIN STEAK...

STU (O.S.)

This doesn't seem fair.

Stu nervously eyes the closed bathroom door.

PHIL

Dude, it's rock, paper, scissors--
there's nothing more fair.

A few feet away, Alan is messing with the steak--

STU

Alan should do it.

PHIL

Alan took a punch from Mike Tyson!
C'mon... for Doug--

STU

Why don't you do it?

PHIL

I would, but you lost. It wouldn't be right.

ALAN

Alright. I jammed five roofies in the steak-- you just gotta open the door and throw it in to him.

He hands the steak to Stu...

STU

Right.

Phil and Alan duck behind the couch... Stu takes a deep breath and opens the bathroom...

THE TIGER is calmly drinking toilet water. It eyes Stu curiously--

STU

Hey boy... nice and easy.

IT STANDS ONTO IT'S HIND LEGS-- and growls-- Stu SCREAMS and chucks the steak across the floor.

Slams the door shut.

STU

Holy shit. Now what?

Phil stands up from behind the couch...

PHIL

We wait.

49 INT. CAESARS PALACE - HALLWAY - LATER

49

The room door opens. Alan peeks out--

STU

This is insane.

A GIANT WHITE SHEET, about the size of a tiger, is pushed out of the room on a LUGGAGE CART.

50 INT. CAESARS PALACE - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

50

The guys ride down with the luggage cart. The passed out tiger is under the sheet...

DING

A family of four get on. Mom. Dad. Two little kids... friendly nods. Doors close.

As we ride down in silence, ALAN notices something:

THE TIGER'S TAIL has flopped out from under the sheet... he nods to Phil who also notices.

Now, the little boy sees it. He kneels down and goes to pull on it--

ALAN

Whoah!

PHIL

Easy, little man. You don't want to do that!

The dad looks down...

DAD

No, Parker. Don't touch that.

The kid looks up and stops. After a beat...

DAD

What's under there?

PHIL

Nothing.

51 INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - NIGHT

51

The three guys are crammed in the front seat.

Behind them, we see the FOUR LEGS of the tiger, he is clearly lying on his back...

The guys are talking quietly...

ALAN

We are so fucked... Doug's phone has 2 missed calls from Tracy.

(beat)

We have to tell her.

PHIL

And we will. Let's just give it a little longer and see how things play out.

STU

How exactly do you see 'things playing out'?

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

We're driving through Vegas with a tiger in the back seat, on our way to Mike Tyson's house.

(beat)

What would be a good result here?

Suddenly they here a LOW GROWL from the back seat. They turn around...

The tiger stares back at them, fully awake. It stares for a beat and then ROOAAAARS...

ALAN/PHIL/STU

AHHHHHHH...

THE TIGER STARTS CLAWING ALL OVER THE BACKSEAT, RIPPING UP THE UPHOLSTERY, ANGRY AND HUNGRY.

The Mercedes flies all over the road.

PHIL/ALAN/STU

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

ALAN

FUUUUUCCKKKK!!!!

STU

STOP THE CAR! STOP THE CAR!

Phil hits the brakes and the guys jump out, slamming the doors shut.

The tiger continues to tear up the interior looking for a way out but he's locked in.

The guys stand in the middle of the street, catching their breath...

52 EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - LATER

52

The guys are pushing the Mercedes through the high priced neighborhood...

53 EXT. MIKE TYSON'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

53

Leonard opens the door. He sees Phil, Alan and Stu-- completely out of breath and sweating...

LEONARD

You're late.

The Mercedes is parked on the circular driveway behind them... the tiger sits proudly in the back seat.

PHIL

We had to push it the last mile.

Leonard doesn't give a fuck...

LEONARD

Come in. Mike has something to show you.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MIKE TYSON'S LIVING ROOM

54

CLOSE ON: A BIG SCREEN TV

We are watching B&W security footage from the night before-- 3:27 AM flashes in the lower right corner...

The guys are sitting with Tyson in his living room.

TYSON

When we got back, we took a look at the security cameras.

STU

Look. Doug!

-- on the TV we see DOUG leading the tiger ON A LEASH with the three in tow right behind him, cracking up.

DOUG

(on TV)
Ssshhh!!

-- Another angle. They walk past a large swimming pool. The tiger is walking right along with them.

ALAN

(on TV)
Hey guys. Check it out!

-- Alan starts taking a leak right into the water... he's cracking up, loving what he's doing...

In the living room, Tyson and Leonard turn to Alan.

ALAN

Why don't I wait outside?

LEONARD

That's a good idea.

And Alan leaves.

BACK ON THE TV:

-- they lead the tiger into the back seat of the COP CAR.

TYSON
Where'd you get that cop car?

STU
(proud)
We stole it.

TYSON
Nice.

-- before they shut the door, PHIL pretends to hump the tiger from behind... causing more laughter from the guys.

CLICK. The TV is shut off...

TYSON
That's all we have.

STU
Well, at least we know Doug left with us at 3:30. *Totally alive.*

Phil is already writing on his napkin timeline...

PHIL
Basically we lost him somewhere between here and 7 am...
(looking up)
Thanks again Champ. We're so sorry about taking your tiger.

TYSON
Hey, it's like you said-- we all do dumb shit when we're fucked up.

Leonard laughs, agreeing...

55 INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - LATER

55

Stu's driving, Phil sits shotgun. The interior of the car is totally shredded from the tiger--

Phil looks out the window, defeated...

PHIL
Alright. I think it's time we call Tracy.

STU
Hallelujah. Finally, he makes some sense!

PHIL

We don't have much of a choice.
Besides, who knows-- maybe she
heard from Doug.

They stop at a RED LIGHT...

STU

That's what I've been saying this
whole time.

PHIL

Yeah, we should just be honest...
tell her everything that happened--

STU

Well, not everything. There's no
reason to bring up my stuff, let's
just stay focused on Doug.

In the distance, out of the passenger window, we can see
a pair of HEADLIGHTS coming right toward us...

The guys don't notice...

ALAN

What am I gonna tell my dad about
the car.

The HEADLIGHTS GET CLOSER...

PHIL

Relax Alan, I know a guy back in
LA who's great with interiors--

BAAMMMM!! The MERCEDES is smashed by a BLACK ESCALADE!!

56

EXT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

56

The ESCALADE crashes the Benz into a LARGE LIT UP SIGN,
it reads-- ALL NUDE. ALL THE TIME.

After a beat, part of the sign comes smashing down onto
the hood of the Mercedes.

PHIL

What the fuck?

Alan coughs... looks around and sees--

ALAN

Holy shit, it's that guy.

CLOSE ON: A pair of small shoes makes it's way through
the broken glass and smoke...

It's Mr. Chow. He has the TWO THUGS with him. Chow talks with a pretty thick Chinese accent.

MR. CHOW

Get out of car.

STU

Look. We're sorry... we don't know how you wound up in our trunk--

MR. CHOW

I want my purse back you assholes!

PHIL

Your purse?

Mr. Chow holds up a leather man-purse, it's the one Alan had on earlier--

ALAN

Actually, what you're holding is considered a satchel.

MR. CHOW

It's a purse. And you steal from the wrong guy. This one not mine!

STU

Wait. We stole from you?

One of the thugs moves forward, angry...

STU

Seriously, we're having a real hard time with the details from last night, if you can just explain a little bit--

THUG #1

Apparently, you guys met at a craps table late last night.

He motions to Alan...

THUG #2

Yeah, you were on a real heater and he played your hot streak.

(beat)

He ended up winning just under 80 grand.

PHIL

No shit? 80 thousand?! Nice.

Phil turns to Mr. Chow... loudly so he could "understand"

PHIL
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR WIN SIR.
GLAD WE COULD HELP.

Chow speaks in CHINESE to one of the thugs-- he listens and now explains to our guys...

THUG #1
He put the chips in his purse and
then you guys took off with it.

MR. CHOW
MINE HAD EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLAR IN
IT! AND THIS ONE HAS NOTHING!!

Mr. Chow angrily slams the purse on the street-- stepping on it in anger--

ALAN
Except my sunglasses, but
whatever.

STU
Alan must've swapped purses by
mistake-- no big deal.

MR. CHOW
If no big deal, how come when I
come after you guys, he--
(points to Phil)
-- starts screaming like crazy and
throws me in trunk. Everyone just
laugh and laugh.

PHIL
I did that?

THUG #2
Yeah, he said you thought he was
your lucky charm and you wanted to
take him home with you.

The guys stifle a laugh...

MR. CHOW
YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR FRIEND AGAIN,
YOU GET ME MY EIGHTY GRAND!

PHIL
Our *friend*?

STU
Wait. You know where Doug is!?

Mr. Chow signals Thug #2. He knocks his fist on one of the Escalade's black tinted windows...

VOICE (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 HMMM-MMM! HMMM-MMM!

The guys light up and start towards the car, but are intercepted by Chow's guys--

ALAN/STU/PHIL
 DOUG?! DOUG!! YOU OKAY?!

VOICE (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 HMMM-MMM! HM-MM-MMM!

STU
 Oh, thank god!

MR. CHOW
 Quid Po Crow.

PHIL
 Huh?

MR. CHOW
 Something for something. You lock me in trunk. I lock your friend in my car. It doesn't have trunk, but cargo space works just fine.
 (beat)
 I keep him as corraterar.

ALAN
 What's corraterar?

MR. CHOW
 Like a bank. When they hold something to guarantee a roan.

PHIL
 A roan?

THUG #1
 No need to be a wise-ass. He comes from the Far East. He may not speak like you and I, but he's a good man.

VOICE (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 HMM-MM-HMM-MM-HMMM! HMMM-MMM!-

Thug #2 KNOCKS his fist on the Escalade-- *silence.*

STU
 DON'T YOU WORRY, DOUG! WE'RE GONNA GET YOU OUTTA THERE!

PHIL

Look, we're sorry. Truly. But we can clear this up very easily.

(beat)

Alan, where's your purse?

ALAN

Well, I thought I lost it, but now I realize he had it.

PHIL

No. I mean, where's the other one. His purse?

ALAN

I don't know.

PHIL

Can we send you a check?

MR. CHOW

No chance. Cash only.

(to his guys)

Let's go.

As Mr. Chow gets back into the Escalade...

ALAN

Wait! Please... He's getting married tomorrow. Take me instead!

MR. CHOW

(ignoring him)

Bring my money to Big Rock in the Mojave Desert at dawn.

PHIL

Wouldn't it be easier if we just met somewhere around here?

MR. CHOW

BIG ROCK. DAWN. EIGHTY GRAND.

Mr. Chow and his guys drive off...

57

INT. CAESARS PALACE - VILLA #8 - LATER

57

We are back in the wrecked Villa... The guys frantically search for Mr. Chow's purse.

- Stu goes through his suitcase. Checks the safe.
- Phil searches the closets and drawers.
- Alan looks under couches and under beds.

ALAN

I'm telling you-- I looked for it
this morning before we left...
It's not here.

Phil turns to Stu...

PHIL

How much do you have in the bank?

STU

I don't know... maybe ten grand. A
little more. I was gonna use it
for my wedding.

PHIL

Well you're already married so
we're good there. Besides enough
with Melissa... she's the worst.

Alan is on his hands and knees looking under the couch...

ALAN

Yeah, Doug told me she fucked a
pilot or something.

STU

He was a bartender on a cruise...
What is wrong with you people?

PHIL

No offense Stu, but I think the
key detail is less his occupation,
and more the fucking part.

(beat)

I've got about fifteen hundred in
the bank. What about you, Alan?

ALAN

I don't have a bank account.
You can't trust banks. I keep all
my money on me.

PHIL

Okay... so how much do you have on
you?

ALAN

About sixty bucks.

Phil and Stu share a look, that's actually kind of sad.
Alan reaches under the couch--

ALAN

Ah ha!

STU

You found it!

He pulls out his book, **CARD COUNTING MADE EASY...**

ALAN

No. But I have another idea.

The familiar BONGOS of 80's classic "IKO IKO" kick in...

58 **INT. GOLDEN NUGGET - ESCALATORS - NIGHT**

58

CLOSE ON: Escalators descending... A PAIR OF SNEAKERS
step into frame, riding the escalator down.REVEAL: Alan, in a light gray suit reminiscent of Dustin
Hoffman in "Rain Man." Head slightly tilted to the left.59 **INT. GOLDEN NUGGET - CASINO - LATER**

59

High Rollers Room. Blackjack table. \$200 minimum.

Phil stands behind Alan as he closely watches a group of
high rollers who are placing bets...

CLOSE ON: Alan's eyes.

Carefully watching the DEALERS' LIGHTNING-QUICK HANDS
toss out cards.

CLOSE ON: Alan's lips.

Silently moving, as he keeps a running card count.

QUICK CUTS: We watch the action and see:

AN ON SCREEN GRAPHIC: computations of what is going on in
ALAN's BRAIN-- overly-complicated math and unrelated
graphs... coupled with his voice over--

ALAN (V.O.)

*Plus one, plus one, minus one,
plus one, zero, minus...*Phil watches Alan. Alan is watching the deck. Watching
the action. Waiting for the perfect time...

THEN

He steps forward... takes a spot. Places something on the
table--

CLOSE ON: TWO PINK CHIPS.

DEALER
Changing ten thousand!

The dealer hands Alan a stack of chips. He looks at them, cool and calm-- places a fairly large bet.

The cards are dealt... He looks down at his first hand-- 6 and 4.

ALAN
Double down.

DEALER
Doubling down!

Next cards dealt... Alan gets a 10.

PHIL
YES!

The Dealer busts--

PHIL
SUCK IT!! THAT IS HOW WE DO IT!

Some people look over-- then...

STU
Excuse us? Are these seats taken?

Stu and Jade have approached the table-- his arm around her waist. She looks absolutely stunning--

The other players move their drinks. Making room.

Alan looks up at them, casually he tugs his ear. They sit down across the table... Slides some cash to the dealer.

DEALER
Changing one thousand!

60

QUICK CUTS:

60

A small crowd watches.

Alan splits 5's. Makes both hands. Dealer busts.

Jade and Stu make smaller bets. Follow Alan's signs... he scratches his nose, rubs his neck, licks his lips.

Dealer flips cards. Alan gets a blackjack!

PHIL
(pointing at no one)
THAT'S RIGHT! SHUT UP, BITCHES!!

Jade laughs...

JADE
(to Alan)
Is he a friend of yours?

ALAN
When you're winning, they're all
friends.

STU
(over the top)
HA! SO TRUE... SO TRUE.

Phil wiggles his empty glass to a cocktail waitress. He
flips her a \$100 chip.

Jade has a 10 and 5. The dealer is showing a 6. Alan
rubs his neck...

JADE
Hit me.

DEALER
Ma'am, the dealer has a 6. The
book says you should stick.

Alan rubs his neck again...

STU
My wife loves to gamble.

JADE
Hit me.

Dealer throws a card... a 7. Jade busts. Loses her small
bet... She and Stu pretend to be bummed.

Alan smiles and calmly pushes his entire stack into play.

ALAN
Split these.

He shows a pair of eights...

The dealer calls over the PIT BOSS, who records the
action in his clipboard.

Alan's two cards come out. A KING and a JACK... 18 on
each. He waves... to "stick" on both.

The dealer shows 16 and draws a 9. Busts!

Everyone goes nuts! The Pit Boss watches closely.

Alan's chip stack is growing.

The yellow 'SHUFFLE' card is dealt... Alan stands up, coughs, acts like his back hurts. "Sits out" a few hands.

Not Jade and Stu. They play through... hitting all the time, winning some, losing some-- but it mainly allows Alan to see cards. And he is...

Watching. ON SCREEN GRAPHICS of numbers and charts and absurd computations the whole time. Then...

He sits back down. Another huge bet. Another win.

Phil lights a cigar, blows the smoke rudely in the face of the guy next to him who is also watching the action.

PHIL

That's my boy!

The Dealer busts again.

Across the way, the PIT BOSS whispers to another guy-- nods toward ALAN. Jade catches the move...

JADE

So, are you from the east coast?

Alan takes the cue and looks east. Sees The PIT BOSS making his way over. Alan looks over to Jade...

ALAN

Yes. Boston actually.

JADE

Oh. My husband went to school in Boston!

Stu goes to "introduce himself"-- HE STANDS UP to shake Alan's hand--

STU

Frank Rickard. B.U. '95. Pleasure to meet you.

But in doing so he knocks over Jade's drink, causing her to "jump up" and bump into the table-- which causes her CHIP STACKS TO FALL ALL OVER THE FLOOR...

JADE

Oh shit.

STU

Can I get some napkins please?

Jade bends down, chips everywhere. The Pit Boss kneels down to help her... loving her low cut dress.

ON THE FLOOR--

JADE

Thank you so much. I get so nervous when I gamble...

PIT BOSS

No worries.

He finishes helping her... stands up... the music crescendoes and we see:

Alan and his chip stack are gone.

CUT TO:

A WAD OF CASH. ALL HUNDREDS...

STU (O.S.)

...one hundred, two hundred--

61 INT. MERCEDES - SUNRISE

61

Phil drives as Stu finishes counting money...

STU

... three hundred, four hundred.
That makes-- 82 thousand, four
hundred dollars!

They all scream with delight...

PHIL

I don't fucking believe it.

(beat)

Alan, you are the man! We should
come back next week and take the
whole city down.

ALAN

I don't think I'm ever coming back
to Vegas.

STU

I'm gonna have to side with Alan
on that one.

PHIL

Fine, but I think it's safe to say
that our luck has officially
turned around.

(beat)

WE ARE BACK BABY!

PHIL (O.C.)
WE ARE FUCKING BACK!!

63 EXT. DESERT - DRY LAKE BED - LATER 63

See? ALAN

64

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

64

Our guys get out of the Mercedes. As Alan opens the heavily dented passenger door-- it falls right off.

Everyone looks at him. He resumes a position of cool.

PHIL

Alright-- we brought the money.
(holds up the bag)
Eighty grand... cash.

MR. CHOW

Thwo it over, I give you Doug.

STU

Show us Doug first. We want to see
that he's okay.

A tense beat... Chow nods to his guys.

They move to the Escalade... pop open the back door-- we see a struggling Doug, hands tied, PILLOW CASE over his head, SCREAMS MUFFLED.

Now they slam the door shut again...

MR. CHOW

He's fine. Now give me money. Or I
shoot him, shoot you, and then we
take it. Your choice.

Phil tosses the bag... One of his guys grabs it and counts the dough--

THUG #1

All there. Plus an extra three
hundred.

Mr. Chow glares at him-- shut up.

MR. CHOW

Let him go.

They pop the back door once again. This time, letting Doug out... he stands up--

They walk him over to Phil and the guys... and as they walk him over they remove the pillow case to reveal:

NOT DOUG.

It's some black dude with duct tape over his mouth.

PHIL

Who the hell is that?

The GUY looks at Alan, a look of recognition in his eyes.

BLACK DOUG

Hmm-mm-hmm-mm?

STU

Uh, this isn't Doug!

MR. CHOW

What you talking about?! That's him!

STU

Sir, you have the wrong guy... we have no idea who this is.

BLACK DOUG

Hmmmm-mm-hmm-mmm-mm!

Thug #2 rips the tape off Black Doug's mouth.

BLACK DOUG (CONT'D)

(to Chow)

I told you you had the wrong guy!

(to Alan)

Yo man, what the fuck is going on?!

PHIL

You know this guy?

ALAN

Yeah, he's the one who sold me the bad drugs.

BLACK DOUG

Bad drugs? What the fuck are you talking about?

STU

This is the guy who sold you the Rohypnol?

PHIL

Who gives a shit? Where's Doug!?

BLACK DOUG

I am Doug!

ALAN

Your name is Doug?

BLACK DOUG

Yeah... what the fuck did you get me into?

As Mr. Chow steps into his car--

PHIL
Hold on Chow! This is the wrong
Doug!

MR. CHOW
Not my prahlem.

PHIL
Fuck that. Take him back and give
us our eighty grand!

BLACK DOUG
What?! No, c'mon man. I can be
your Doug.

MR. CHOW
Yeah, okay. I take him back. Right
after you suck on my Chinese nuts.
(beat)
How that sound?

The THUGS GIGGLE. They get in their car, pull away--
leaving our guys and black Doug in the dust...

PHIL
GOD DAMMIT!

The guys just stand there... totally defeated.

CLOSE ON: A DIRTY FINGER DIALS NUMBERS ON A CELL PHONE.

65 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - MORNING

65

This is where our story began.

SFX: Numbers being dialed.

Alan is slouched against the car-- looking like total
shit. In the BG we see BLACK DOUG peeing.

Phil takes a deep breath as the phone rings... Tracy
picks up on the other end.

PHIL
Tracy, it's Phil.

As Phil continues the conversation that we already heard
earlier... we now follow the conversation we didn't hear--

THE MERCEDES

Black Doug walks back over to Stu and Alan. He tries to make small talk...

BLACK DOUG

Thanks for the lift back to town.

They ignore him... until Stu looks up--

STU

I have a question? How did you end up in Chow's car?

BLACK DOUG

That crazy asshole kidnapped me yesterday.

STU

Yeah, but why you?

BLACK DOUG

He thought I was with you guys. Cause we were all hanging out at the craps table at the Bellagio.

ALAN

We were?

BLACK DOUG

Yeah, you don't remember?

STU

No. I'm sorry. We don't remember anything, because some dick drug dealer sold us rohypnol!

ALAN

Easy, Stu.

Black Doug looks at them--

BLACK DOUG

What the hell is a rohypnol anyway?

STU

You don't know what it is?!

BLACK DOUG

Never heard of it.

STU

You're a drug dealer, so for future reference you should know-- Rohypnol is the date rape drug! You sold us roofies!

BLACK DOUG
(a realization)
Aw shit, I must've mixed up the
bags. My bad guys. Damn...

Stu just shakes his head, angry...

STU
Whatever.

BLACK DOUG
Fuck. Marshall is gonna be pissed.

Alan and Stu don't even react. They just sit there in
awkward silence... Black Doug thinks--

BLACK DOUG
It's funny cause just the other
day, me and my boy were wondering
why why they even call them
roofies, y'know?

STU
Look, we're not really in the mood-

Black Doug continues on anyway...

BLACK DOUG
I mean, why not *floories*, right?
Cause when you take 'em, you're
more likely to wind up on the
floor than the roof, y'know?

Stu looks at Black Doug, wheels spinning...

BLACK DOUG
Or maybe even *groundies*?

Alan tries to get in on the game...

ALAN
Or how about *rapies*?

STU
What did you just say?

BLACK DOUG
Groundies?

STU
No... before that. You said,
you're more likely to wind up on
the floor...

We push in on Stu...

STU/BLACK DOUG
...than the roof.

BACK TO PHIL

On the phone with Tracy, being genuinely contrite.

PHIL
 Look, I'm really sorry, Trace. I
 feel totally responsible--

Suddenly Phil gets tackled out of frame by Stu!! The
 phone is knocked from his hands--

Stu scrambles across the ground for the phone--

STU
 Tracy! It's Stu!! Hey, Phil is
 just joking around!

Phil looks like, 'what the fuck?'

TRACY (O.S.)
 (on phone)
What kind of joke is that?!

STU
 I know, but you know Phil, he can
 be such a dick sometimes! Anyway,
 we'll see you soon!

Stu hangs up. He looks right at Phil--

STU
I know where Doug is!

66 **INT. MERCEDES - DAY**

66

Stu floors the car back onto the 15 towards Vegas, amped--
 Phil sits shotgun. Alan and Black Doug sit in the back...

STU
 ... and it just hit me! Remember
 when we saw Doug's mattress
 impaled on the statue?

PHIL
 Yeah, cause we threw it out the
 window.

STU
 Impossible. It's Vegas-- the
 windows don't open!

PHIL

So how did--
(realizing)
Oh my God.

ALAN

What's going on?

STU

Doug was trying to signal someone!

PHIL

I don't believe it.

ALAN

I'm sorry... but I'm not following
any of this.

PHIL

How'd you figure it out?

STU

Doug made me realize it.

Now Phil looks confused...

STU

Not our Doug!
(points to backseat)
Black Doug!

Black Doug leans forward...

BLACK DOUG

Easy with that shit.

ALAN

Can someone please explain to me
where Doug is?!

PHIL

He's on the roof!

Alan looks confused. Stu explains...

STU

After Doug passed out, we must've
taken him up there on his mattress
as a prank, so he'd wake up on the
roof...

PHIL

Like that time at camp when we
moved his sleeping bag onto the
Jetty in the lake--

STU

Exactly. Except this time we forgot where we put him!

BLACK DOUG

You guys are fucking retarded.

STU

He must have thrown the mattress off the roof, hoping to signal someone to get him down!

ALAN

Holy shit. You think he's still up there?

PHIL

Only one way to find out.

67 EXT. CAESARS PALACE - ROOF TOP

67

The guys burst through the steel door onto the massive black tar roof to find--

STU

DOUG!

Doug is huddled by an air-conditioning vent, using half a tattered bed sheet for shelter--

ALAN

Bro, you're alive!

PHIL

We've been looking everywhere for you!

He stands up-- clothes torn, his body bright pink from sunburn... the guys wince--

DOUG

YOU LEFT ME UP HERE!?

PHIL

We know... and we're really sorry.

DOUG

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES!!

And he charges Phil, tackling him to the ground-- Alan and Stu pull Doug off, aggravating his sunburn.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh. God Damn it. It burns!

STU

Doug, we know you're upset. But
all of this can be explained.
We just don't have time right now.

DOUG

I'm getting married in 5 hours.
LOOK AT ME!

PHIL

It's really important that we
focus here.

Doug stops... takes a few deep breaths--

DOUG

Look. Don't talk to me. Any of
you. Just get me home.

68

EXT. CAESARS PALACE - ENTRANCE - MORNING

68

The guys gingerly lead Doug, now in a Caesars Palace
bathrobe and clutching an arm-full of BOTTLED WATERS, out
of the hotel.

DOUG

(to Stu)
You married a stripper!

PHIL

She's more of an escort than a
stripper.

DOUG

Are you kidding me? What are you
gonna do?

STU

Whatever. Shit happens.

Doug gives Phil a look, "what got into Stu"...

PHIL

(explaining)
He's getting it annulled-- it's
gonna be fine.

The walk up to the valet area, where Alan is already
waiting. He slams his cell phone shut, frowning.

ALAN

All the flights to LA are booked.

STU

Did you check Burbank?

ALAN

Sold out.

STU

Fuck. We can't drive. It's 300
miles to LA and the wedding starts-
(looking at watch)
--in four and half hours.

Phil takes a deep breath... matter of factly--

PHIL

Alan, get the car.

ALAN

(walking)
Already on it.

Stu looks past the guys... sees Jade, sitting on a bench
by the front doors, she waves...

STU

Give me a minute.

PHIL

We'll leave without you.

He walks off... Doug turns to Phil--

DOUG

Is he missing a tooth?

PHIL

Yep.

Doug takes a deep breath. He looks at Phil...

DOUG

Look. Here's the deal. You fucked
up. We all fucked up. I get it...
But you gotta get me to my
wedding.

PHIL

Done.

And on cue, Alan rolls up in THE DESTROYED MERCEDES
stopping directly in front of Doug.

Doug doesn't move. He can't...

PHIL

You know what, don't even think
about it. One fire at a time.

69

EXT. CAESARS PALACE - VALET - MEANWHILE

69

Stu walks over and sits next to Jade... exhausted.

JADE
Rough night, huh?

He just laughs...

JADE
I heard what Phil said.

STU
What did he say?

JADE
About me. About us getting an
annulment.

STU
Oh. Well, you know--

JADE
It's fine. I mean, I totally
understand. This whole thing was
stupid anyway.

Stu looks at her... laughs...

STU
It was stupid, wasn't it?

JADE
We don't even know each other.

STU
I know. I don't even know your
last name.

JADE
You don't even know my first name.

He looks at her confused...

JADE
Jade is my stage name. My real
name is Kate.

STU
Ah. Of course. Kate's nice. I like
that name.

Jade takes off the ring...

JADE
This is yours.

STU

Thank you.

He looks at the ring and shakes his head...

STU

I can't believe I gave you my
grandmother's holocaust ring.

(beat)

What is wrong with me?

JADE

(laughs)

You were really fucked up.

STU

Clearly.

They sit quiet for a moment... and watch--

ANGLE ON: The Mercedes. Alan is taping a large PIECE OF
WOOD where the passenger door used to be.

Phil and Doug wait in the car...

PHIL

Fuck it. Who cares.

ALAN

(as he tapes)

You wanna get pulled over for
driving without a door?

PHIL

Just hurry up!

ALAN

I am hurrying.

BACK ON: Jade and Stu...

70

EXT. CAESERS VALET STAND - CONTINUOUS

70

JADE

You should go. He really will
leave without you.

STU

I know.

He gets up... but stops himself and turns--

STU

Where's Tyler?

JADE

He's with my mom. Why?

STU

Because I was wondering if you'd like to join me at a wedding today. In Los Angeles.

JADE

(smiles)

Really? Like a date?

STU

Exactly. A date.

(smile)

But we have to leave right now.

Jade smiles even wider...

SMASH CUT TO:

71

THE TOTALLED MERCEDES IS ROCKETING DOWN I-15.

71

Phil is at the wheel, leaning on the HORN, keeping the Mercedes at 110 mph. When traffic gets thick, he doesn't hesitate to drive in the shoulder.

Doug chugs some bottled water in the passenger seat. Alan, Stu and Jade are in the back--

DOUG

Is now an okay time to ask what happened to the car?

The guys share a look...

PHIL

It was actually okay until the tiger woke up in the back seat.

DOUG

Yeah, right.

(beat)

Seriously, what happened?

STU

It's not worth it, Doug. You don't even want to know.

DOUG

Well the night couldn't have been a complete disaster.

ALAN

What makes you think that?

DOUG

Cause when I woke up on the roof,
I found 80,000 dollars worth of
Bellagio chips in my jeans.

(beat)

At least we won some money!

And on cue, Phil, Stu, Alan and Jade SCREAM IN DELIGHT...
the car racing back to L.A., back to the wedding--

CUT TO:

72 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES BAY CLUB - DAY

72

Workers bustle about the grand lawn of the country club,
putting the final touches on the outdoor wedding site.

It's perfect: the royal palms, the expansive view of the
Pacific, the altar adorned in roses. A HARPIST begins to
warm up as well-heeled GUESTS filter in, finding their
seats...

73 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - DAY

73

Tracy checks her watch as a HAIRSTYLIST works on her
hair. Then checks her watch again.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - DAY

74

A GARY'S TUXEDO VAN speeds up alongside the Mercedes as
they fly down the 10 Freeway.

A very nervous TEENAGER opens the van's sliding door and,
wind whipping his face, throws a huge package over to
Alan, who stands and catches it!

He nods at the van driver and shouts over the wind:

ALAN

I OWE YOU ONE, NEECO!

The driver gives Alan a thumbs up and heads off. Stu rips
open the package-- inside are four TUXEDOS. The guys
start taking off their tattered clothes...

CUT TO:

75 EXT. BAY CLUB - DAY

75

All the seats at the wedding are filled. Everyone is there. Except the Groomsmen. And the Groom.

The harpist still plays, though she's starting to look a little pissed.

76 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - DAY

76

Looking beautiful in her wedding gown, Tracy gazes out of the window at the perfect wedding arranged below...

Then she notices guests whispering, is something wrong? Where's the groom? She turns away, trying to hold it together...

CUT TO:

77 INT. THE MERCEDES/EXT. THE 10 FREEWAY - DAY

77

The guys, now in their tuxes, rocket down the freeway, primping.

Alan is combing his hair.

Jade is helping Doug adjust his tie.

Stu is looking in the mirror, trying to find the best angle for his missing tooth...

CUT TO:

78 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - DAY

78

Tracy paces in the bridal suite. Her mother and father are with her...

SID

Maybe we should make an announcement or something?

Just then, we hear a car SCREECHING TO A STOP outside...

79 INT. BAY CLUB

79

The Bridesmaids sit around the posh lobby, waiting, anxious. The doors blow open and

PHIL, STU, JADE, ALAN AND DOUG

Stride in. Tuxes wrinkled, hair mussed, groom sunburnt-- but they're here.

PHIL

Sorry, Mapquest took us on a crazy route. We ready to do this shit?

PACHELBEL'S CANON on strings builds into

80

TRACY AND SID

80

Walking down the aisle, arm-in-arm. Everyone smiles and snaps photos.

AT THE ALTAR

The groomsmen smile as well. Phil whispers to Doug.

PHIL

She looks beautiful, man.

She reaches the altar, kisses and hugs her Dad. As he turns for his seat, he gives Doug a supportive wink.

TRACY

Where were you? And why are you pink?

DOUG

It's a long story. All I can say is, I'm sorry. And I promise, for as long as we're married, I will never put you through something like this ever again.

(beat)

Can you forgive me?

Tracy smiles-- we are getting married right now. Turns to the MINISTER. Doug breathes a sigh of relief and turns to face him as well.

CUT TO:

81

CHAMPAGNE BEING UNCORKED

81

And the WEDDING BAND kicks in. We are now down on the lawn, where the white tables and a dance floor have been set up.

Phil looks around, finally spots his beautiful wife, STEPHANIE and their six-year-old son, ELI.

He rushes over and pulls a surprised Stephanie into a long extended hug...

STEPHANIE

Excuse me, but I'm expecting my husband here any minute...

Phil smiles. He picks up his son...

PHIL

How was the soccer game buddy?

ELI

It was great. We lost but we got sundaes afterwards and I had a double scoop!

PHIL

You did!? How cool!

Phil hugs his son hard... in his ear--

PHIL

Do you know how much I missed you little man!?

STEPHANIE

Wow, maybe you should go to Vegas more often.

PHIL

I've got a better idea. How about the three of us go down to the San Diego Zoo next weekend instead?

ELI

Really???

PHIL

Really. But no tigers. We're gonna skip the tigers...

CUT TO:

ALAN HUGGING AND KISSING THE FAMILY DOG WHO SQUIRMS UNCOMFORTABLY...

ALAN

(to the dog)

I am just so happy to be back, Norman. You have no idea.

CUT TO:

Stu and Jade are at the bar... watching. He smiles wide--
too wide--

MELISSA (O.C.)
Oh my God! What happened to your
tooth!?

Stu turns around... Melissa is there and she is pissed.

STU
Melissa--

MELISSA
And why haven't you returned my
calls?

STU
Well, I--

JADE
Excuse me. I was just going to the
restroom...

She walks off... Melissa keeps on Stu--

MELISSA
I called that bed & breakfast in
Napa and they had no record of you
even checking in!?

STU
We didn't go to Napa.

MELISSA
STU. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

STU
We were in Las Vegas.

As Jade walks away, she intercepts Phil and Alan who were
heading over... not a good time.

They about face...

MELISSA
LAS VEGAS? THAT'S GROSS. WHY WOULD
YOU GO TO LAS VEGAS?!

Some guests are now looking over...

STU
Because my best friend was getting
married and that's what guys do.

MELISSA
THAT IS NOT WHAT YOU DO!

Stu has had enough...

STU
BUT YOU SEE, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE
WRONG. IT IS WHAT I DO. IT'S JUST
NOT WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO. BUT
YOU KNOW WHAT? I AM TIRED OF DOING
WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO-- I WANT TO
DO WHAT I WANT TO DO.

That barely even made sense... they are now officially
making a scene.

MELISSA
THAT IS NOT HOW THIS WORKS!

STU
WELL GOOD, BECAUSE THIS ISN'T
WORKING FOR ME ANYMORE.

MELISSA
OH REALLY? SINCE WHEN?

STU
OH, I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE SINCE YOU
FUCKED THAT WAITER ON YOUR CRUISE
LAST JUNE!

Silence. Now the whole wedding party is staring... Stu is
totally red-faced... you can hear a pin drop. Until...

ALAN
You mean bartender.

STU
Thank you Alan. I meant bartender.

Alan raises his fist in solidarity

AT THE BAR

Phil does the same thing.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Doug also raises his arm... All of them supporting their
friend Stu who is tired of taking shit.

Stu smiles... emboldened by the support.

Doug approaches Sid with caution...

SID

There he is!! Come here.

He gives Doug a big bear hug...

SID

Congratulations, buddy. I was worried there for a second.

(let's up)

How was Vegas?

DOUG

Well, we had a crazy time.

SID

Thatta boy.

Doug doesn't know how to say this, so he just does...

DOUG

Listen, Sid. About the car--

SID

Tracy told you!? I told her not to tell you... I wanted to tell you.

DOUG

Tell me what?

SID

Ugh. She has a mouth like her mother... be careful Doug, these women can't be trusted!

Sid laughs... Doug is confused...

DOUG

Tell me what, Sid?

SID

The Mercedes. It's your wedding gift. From Linda and I!

(beat)

What do you think?

Doug just stares at his father-in-law, blown away...

DOUG

I think that is awesome, Sid.
Thank you so much.

And Doug hugs him... hard.

84

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE PACIFIC - LATER

84

Doug, Phil and Stu stand together...

DOUG

I can't believe it. But somehow,
it actually all worked out.

PHIL

It always does.

DOUG

I don't know what to say guys,
thanks-- for the bachelor party...
I guess.

STU

Yeah, I just wish we remembered it
better.

ALAN (O.S.)

Maybe this will help.

Alan has walked over, he is holding a digital camera...

STU

My camera!

ALAN

I found it wedged under the back
seat.

PHIL

Woah. No way.

DOUG

And?

ALAN

Some of it's even worse than we
thought.

PHIL

No fucking way. Gimme that.

STU

Woah! Woah! Wait a second--

Phil and Stu wrestle for the camera...

DOUG

Hold on. Hold on. We all look at
them together, alright? One time.
And after that we delete the
evidence. Deal?

PHIL & ALAN

Deal.

STU

I say we delete it right now.

PHIL

Are you nuts? I still wanna know
how I ended up in the hospital.

(to Alan)

Is that on there?

ALAN

Oh it's on there.

Phil grabs the camera.

They all look down at the little screen:

ALL FOUR GUYS

OH MY GOD.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

And over the end credits, we see a photo montage of all
the highlights from the missing 12 hours.

And it's not pretty.