

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN

By

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INT. KLUB KRAZY. LATE NIGHT

The boys are out partying at Klub Krazy on a typical Saturday night.

TOM
What's the deal with you tonight,
Jack Off?

TOM glances longingly at a trio of scantily-clad college age girls.

TOM CONT'D
I mean, come on...look at the
talent here right now.

RYAN
Tom, what have I told you about
your staring? It frightens the
ladies away.

RYAN turns to JACK, real concern on his face.

RYAN
Are you okay?

Jack, staring at the tabletop in front of him, methodically swirls his watered down Old Fashioned several times before answering.

JACK
Are any of us?

KYLE
(genuinely impressed)
Deep.

TOM
(leans in to Ryan)
If he doesn't snap out of it, we're
not gonna get our...
(jingles ice in his glass)
Rocks off, if you know what I mean.

RYAN
(not whispering)
Subtle, but I think I got it.

Tom scowls at Ryan as Jack turns to them.

JACK
I'm sorry, guys. I know I'm
useless tonight.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

No worries--how many girls have you gotten us over the years?

Jack stares into his drink, eyes glazed.

JACK

We did have some fun times, huh?

Silence for a beat, then Jack looks up at his four friends realizing they're all staring at him.

TROY

(speaking for the first time)

Dude...are you *dying*?

Jack glances at each of the others in turn, then sits up and cracks a classic Jack smile.

JACK

Whoa! What is this, the Belgian Inquisition?

Ryan pats Jack on the arm.

RYAN

Good thing you're handsome.

Jack frowns.

KYLE

Is it Tara?

Jack goes rigid, but tries to play it off with a chuckle.

JACK

Yeah...you could say that.

Tom rolls his eyes, pulls out his credit card, then waves it at the nearest cocktail waitress.

RYAN

(in a gentle voice)

Does she want another break?

JACK

No! Nothing like that.

He's sweating like a priest at a playground. Tom is thoroughly annoyed about the cocktail waitress ignoring him.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(snapping)
Then what's the problem?

Jack clears his throat.

JACK
I'm...I'm going to ask her to marry
me tonight.

He exhales, smiling in relief.

JACK CONT'D
Wow. Feels weird to say it out
loud.

The rest of the group all watch him with slack jaws.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Yeah?

Tom can't tear his gaze from Jack.

TOM
(whispers)
Check please.

EXT. BOCA GRILLE PATIO. NOON

The gang is at their favorite restaurant for weekly brunch
the next day. Jack is between Tom and Ryan, which is
fortunate.

RYAN
Jacky Baby, is that boring, pasty
insurance salesman you're so fond
of joining us?

JACK
(eyebrows up)
What? Wait, you mean Tom?

He sighs and turns back to his mimosa.

TOM
Is that pretentious prick 'personal
shopper' going to be--

JACK
Can you two stop for a minute? You
need to figure this out, and quick.

Jack slides off his barstool.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

But--

JACK

Just figure it out.

Jack holds up his hands and backs away. Tom starts to speak, but Jack shakes his head, mouthing 'Just figure it out.'

TROY

Hey, Jack, need to talk to you about that....

TROY gets up and hurries after Jack. KYLE does the same.

RYAN

So, here we are.

Tom and Ryan turn to each other.

TOM

How are we going to do this?

Silence for a long, awkward moment, then Ryan sits up, his expression bright.

RYAN

I have an idea.

He smiles and drains his mimosa. Tom raises an eyebrow.

INT. LOFT. NIGHT.

Split Screen: Tom and Ryan in their respective beds staring at the ceiling. In unison, they reach for bottles of lube and Kleenex. Each attempts to masturbate to no avail.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. LOFT - TOM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

TOM

(face screwed up in focus)
Come on, you little bastard!

He sighs, falls back onto his pillow. Tosses the lube bottle against the wall.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. BILLY BALDWIN MIDDLE SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE. MORNING

Three 12-year-olds, two boys and one girl, sit on hard cots in a cramped, brightly-lit office. Lice Test day.

NURSE

Do you not have access to soap and shampoo, Mr. Hanson? Clean clothes?

TOM

(glances at girl, turning red)
My dad said when he starts at his new job....

NURSE

Yes? So when he starts at his new job, he'll be able to provide you and your siblings with proper--

JACK

Jesus, Madge, I slept over his house this weekend and used all the soap and laundry detergent, drop it!

The nurse, a large boned and bosomed German woman, scowls. The girl next to Tom giggles.

NURSE

It's Nurse Gugenhamer, Mr. Flannery.

JACK

Nurse Glue and Hammer, got it, yeah.

The girl giggles again. Tom looks at Jack gratefully.

CUT TO PRESENT:

INT. LOFT - RYAN'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Ryan carefully tucks away his bottle of fancy, expensive lube into a hand-carved wooden box. Wipes his hands with a silk handkerchief.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. BILLY BALDWIN MIDDLE SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM. MORNING.

BULLY 1
Get a good look, FAGman?

A 12-year-old Ryan, naked except for the towel clutched around his waist, hesitates on the threshold of the shower room.

BULLY 2
Yeah, FAGboy, you're into that, huh?

BULLY 1
(whispering to Bully 2)
I told you, it's Fag-man. Come on!

Jack enters behind Ryan, slaps him on the butt.

JACK
Hell yeah, us Turner Street boys love the sausage and biscuits.

He winks at the confused bullies.

JACK CONT'D
Oh, Fagman, nice word play--Ryan Fagan, Ryan Fagman, I see what you did. Maybe save that genius for Bio, don't you two have F's?

BULLY 1
Why're you sticking up for him, Flannery?

Jack drops his towel, winks again at the bullies.

JACK
Not sticking up for anyone, I'm just trying to get this gang bang going, am I right?

The bullies hurry out, muttering and shaking their heads.

RYAN
Thanks, Jack.

JACK
Don't sweat it. They're idiots.

Jack turns on the nearest shower.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
Hey...you know I'm not gay, right?

JACK
I know that Tina Riggs has a huge
crush on you. Want me to set it
up?

Ryan flushes, eyes wide, then nods vigorously.

JACK
Cool, but take a shower first. You
stink.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LOFT - RYAN'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Ryan snorts, smiling. He grabs the walkie talkie on his
nightstand, turns it to a channel that's been X'ed out in
white marker.

RYAN
(into walkie talkie)
Tom, pick up.

10 seconds of mild static, then--

TOM
(through walkie talkie)
What do you want?

RYAN
I'm not giving in about the Best
Man.

TOM
Neither am I.

RYAN
Well then, I guess it's on.

TOM
Guess so.

INT. LONGLIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - TOM'S CUBICLE. MIDMORNING.

Tom stares at his computer screen, eyes glazed. The phone
rings, making him jump.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(answering phone)
Tom Hanson speaking.

RYAN
(through phone)
Well, you sound awfully excited
this morning.

TOM
Why are you calling?

RYAN
We need to talk.

TOM
(after a beat)
Agreed.

RYAN
Lunch? Where should we meet?

TOM
How about--

A large, beefy man with red hair and a tight goatee
interrupts from behind.

LARGE MAN
I need your quarter numbers,
Hanson.

Tom turns around with a glare.

TOM
And I told you I'd have them by the
end of the day.

He turns back to his desk.

LARGE MAN
Doesn't work for me.

The large man steps forward and jams a sausage-like finger
down onto the receiver.

TOM
What if that was a client?

LARGE MAN
Didn't sound like it. I want that
report by the end of the hour.

He stomps away. Tom continues to stare at his computer, his left eye twitching.

INT. SAMMY'S SAMOSAS. NOON.

Ryan and Tom at lunch, each avoiding the other's gaze.

RYAN

So you're clearly rising up the ranks at--where do you work again, it's a funeral home, right?

TOM

(looks up)

You know what I do and where I work, asshole.

Ryan sips an Appletini.

RYAN

Shots fired. Well, here's a torpedo--you make less than a garbage collector man.

He nods at Tom's glass of tap water with lemon.

TOM

(scowling)

Let's just cut to the chase. I think this contest is the fairest way to decide who gets to be Best Man.

Ryan holds up his empty martini glass over his shoulder, saying nothing when their server takes it and asks if he wants another.

RYAN

Obviously--it was my idea after all.

TOM

If I recall correctly, it was both our ideas.

RYAN

Well, you also recall that you were cool in high school, so....

TOM

Do you have a quota of dick-ish comments you need to hit every day?

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

No, you just bring out my catty side.

TOM

And you still maintain your hetero status, huh?

Tom raises a hand to cut off Ryan before he can respond.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nevermind, I don't care. Let's just iron out the details. Have to get back.

He glances at his watch.

RYAN

Is that a rubber strap?

Tom gives him an exasperated look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

TOM

So each of us gets a shot at the Best Man toast, choosing Jack's tux, and of course throwing a bachelor party. Anything else?

RYAN

(nodding)

Nothing else, no.

(under breath)

As long as you want to disappoint Jack.

Tom leans forward.

TOM

What was that?

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN

Nothing, I just didn't know you wanted to extend your mediocrity to Jack's wedding, that's all.

TOM

Well, what am I missing?

(CONTINUED)

Ryan cranes his head to the side, looking forward and then behind him.

RYAN
Where is my Appletini?

He snaps at a passing server.

RYAN
I've been waiting 30 minutes for an Appletini--I have no idea where our server is.

SERVER
(smiling mechanically)
That would be me, sir, and I'm sorry, I didn't think you wanted another.

RYAN
Who has only one Appletini for lunch? Next time, ask.

SERVER
I did.

Tom rolls his eyes, looks at his watch again. Ryan ignores the server, addresses Tom.

RYAN
This place is really slipping. Okay, so where were we?

TOM
Before you switched back into douchebag default mode, you--

RYAN
Ah, I remember. The Best Man is also responsible for choosing the best honeymoon locale and itinerary, and also decorating the Getaway Mobile.

TOM
The what?

Ryan accepts his second Appletini with an excited squeal.

RYAN
Google is your friend, Tom.

Tom gets up, shaking his head.

TOM
Probably a better friend than
you. Screw YOUR competition idea,
I'm out of here.

RYAN
(murmuring sarcastically)
Oh no, wait, don't go, Tom.

INT. LOFT. NIGHT.

Jack, Troy, and Kyle are seated on the couch while Tom and Ryan are standing, dressed in thick, burlap sack-like hooded cloaks.

TROY
What's the emergency, boys?

KYLE
Yeah, this seems serious.

RYAN
It is an emergency--that's why we
called an *emergency* loft meeting.

KYLE
(to Troy)
Ah, that makes sense.

TROY
(nodding)
Checks out.

RYAN
Silence!

Troy and Kyle burst out laughing while Jack looks at them, bewildered. Ryan, seething, turns on the stereo, which blares a bizarre gothic choir piece.

JACK
(starting to get up)
Listen, guys, Tara sent me out to
get some toilet paper, she's
expecting me back soon.

RYAN
She can wipe her ass with her hand
for all I care!

The others look at him, genuinely surprised at his outburst.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
(holding a hand to his mouth)
Oh boy, wow, I'm sorry. Where did
that come from?

He laughs, then exhales loudly, bringing his hands together.

RYAN (CNT'D)
Tom and I wanted to address the
elephant in the room.

TROY
The only elephant that's been in
this room is the one Kyle brought
home last night.

Ryan gives a fake laugh as Kyle scowls. Jack chuckles.

RYAN
I'll get to the point.

TROY
Please do--Game of Thrones starts
soon.

RYAN
We have a DVR!

Ryan wipes the sweat from his brow and adjusts his hood.

RYAN (CONT'D)
No, sorry, I totally understand
your obsession with that
show. I'll make it quick.

He nudges Tom, and the two of them turn to Jack.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Tom and I--after an unsuccessful
first attempt, agreed to call this
meeting and announce we'll be
competing for Best Man. Winner
take all. Do you agree to these
terms?

JACK
(eyes wide)
Ummm...

Troy and Kyle start laughing again, rolling around on the
couch. Ryan and Tom ignore them, staying focused on Jack.

JACK CONT'D

Ummm...

RYAN

Yes, you've already said that.

Jack's eyes dart to the door, back, then to the door again.

KYLE

(gasping)

What's the verdict, J-Bone?

Kyle and Troy are falling over each other, tears rolling down their cheeks. Ryan and Tom, what's visible of their faces flushed, ignore them.

JACK

Ummm...

He jumps up and then sprints to the door, exiting with cheetah-like speed.

RYAN

Huh.

Kyle and Troy finally catch their breath. They fall back against the couch cushions with contented sighs.

KYLE

That was better than an Ambien orgasm. Whew!

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jack is pacing in the kitchen while TARA washes the dishes.

TARA

(under breath)

No, I don't need any help.

JACK

The thing is, there's no way I can decide--I've known them both the same amount of time.

Tara rolls her eyes.

TARA

But a contest? Are you all 10? Just choose one! The other will get over it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You don't know these two.

TARA
Unfortunately, I do.

JACK
Oh, that's nice. I'm sorry my
friends aren't as cool as
yours. Isn't Tiffany a stripper?

Tara slams the last plate into the drying rack.

TARA
I am SO SICK of hearing about
this. You're not pulling the plug
on someone you love. It's a lame
title--I decided on my Maid of
Honor in two seconds.

She stares daggers at him.

TARA CONT'D
And by the way, Tiffany is a nude
model, not a stripper.

JACK
She takes her clothes off for
money. The Best Man is way more
important than the Maid of Honor!

Tara rolls her eyes.

JACK CONT'D
Just check out these voicemails.

He holds his cell phone up to Tara's ear.

RYAN
(through phone)
Hey, Jacky boy, it's your favorite
personal shopper and best friend.
(beat)
It's Ryan. Just to be clear. Ryan
Fagan.
(beat)
Don't want to confuse you. I know
right now is a trying time, a lot
of pressure...nuptials and whatnot.

Ryan's words devolve into slurred nonsense, interspersed
with juicy belches.

(CONTINUED)

TARA

Ew!

The next voicemail plays.

TOM

(whispering)

Hey, bud. Wanted to touch base.

(beat)

Things got weird at the loft today,
I recognize that.

(beat, just Tom breathing)

Not my idea.

(beat)

Miss you, bud. How about just the
two of us grab a few beers
tomorrow? No metrosexuals allowed.

(laughs)

Anyway. Call me back. Haven't
heard from you yet. I'll keep my
ringer on.

Jack returns his phone to his pocket.

JACK

See what I'm dealing with,
babe? There's 20 more of these.

TARA

And you have the nerve to criticize
my friends?

Shaking her head, she walks out of the kitchen.

TARA

(calling back)

Figure it out. I DO NOT want to
hear about this again.

INT. KLUB KRAZY - UPSTAIRS BAR. LATE NIGHT

The gang, sans Jack, hits up the club in an effort to come
together and quash the growing beef between Tom and Ryan.

TROY

(to bartender)

Four Tropical Paradise Specials,
please, my good man!

The bartender turns around, her smooth, makeup heavy face
jagged with a fierce glare.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

Oh!

Troy frowns, brushes back his bangs and looks around.

TOM

(to bartender)

I'll just take a Bud Light, thanks.

KYLE

Me too.

RYAN

I'll have the Tropical Paradise Special!

TROY

(muttering)

Of course you will.

(to bartender)

Two Tropical Paradise Specials and two Bud Lights please...thanks, miss!

BARTENDER

(rolls eyes)

Coming right up.

Tom chuckles.

TOM

(to Troy)

She got you too, huh!

TROY

You knew? Why didn't you say anything?

TOM

(shrugs)

Sorry, was a little preoccupied.

He nods at Ryan, who's twerking on the nearest barstool.

TROY

Fair enough.

He's still watching the bartender, shaken.

TOM

(in mock concern)

Hey, bud, she gets everyone--thought you'd gotten

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
yours already. It's basically a
right of passage.

TROY
I guess....

TOM
Dude, relax. All you did was order
drinks from her.

Troy says nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)
That's all you did, right?

Troy, coming back to Earth, laughs.

TROY
Of course! I just really thought
she was a guy.

TOM
Well, yeah, she's got bigger
shoulders than Arnie in Predator,
that's a dead giveaway. Also the
Adam's Apple. Almost poked my eye
out once.

He claps a hand to Troy's shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)
Never go to Bangkok, buddy.

Still glaring, the bartender slams down their drinks.

RYAN
Look at me--I'm Nicki Minaj!

As Tom is passing out the drinks, Ryan, twerking again,
bumps him and sends three of the four drinks flying.

TOM
Nice job, dill hole!

Ryan, a notorious pregamer, continues his drunken dance. He
plucks the surviving beverage--the neon blue Tropical
Paradise Special--from Tom's hand and chugs half of it.

RYAN
Frick yeah, that's good!

Tom, flushed, stands perfectly still for several seconds,
staring at Ryan. Then, with a guttural yell, charges.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
Whoa! Tom!

Troy lunges between them, but Tom, showing surprising agility, dips and slips past him, arms raised in perfect strangulation form.

RYAN
(giggling)
Oh, hey, Insurance Guy.

Ryan throws his drink in Tom's face and kicks him in the balls--a near simultaneous attack that stops Tom cold.

KYLE
Damn....

TROY
What the hell, Ryan?

Ryan shrugs, then jumps on the barstool.

RYAN
This is my song!

Troy and Kyle look from Tom writhing on the floor to Ryan performing a shockingly proficient Irish Step Dance to Dropkick Murphys' The Boys are Back.

KYLE
Oh my.

TROY
Yeah.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. NEXT MORNING.

The gang is seated on various dilapidated couch sections and love seats, Tom and Ryan as far from the other as possible.

KYLE
So I think you both know why Troy
and I wanted to talk to you two.

Tom, a bag of ice pressed firmly to his testicles, glances darkly at Ryan who's lounging in a La-Z-Boy and wearing giant aviator sunglasses.

RYAN
(massaging his temples)
I'm just trying to figure out why
you dragged me out of bed. This
hangover is murder.

(CONTINUED)

Tom grunts in disbelief.

TROY
(standing)
Listen--you two have always been,
let's say...unpleasant to each
other. Is that a fair assessment?

Tom and Ryan shrug.

RYAN
How long is this going to take? If
I have to be up at this ungodly
hour, I'll need endless mimosas
asap. Early brunch this weekend?

TROY
No! No brunch until we square this
away.
(glances at watch)
And it's 11:47.

KYLE
You two need to shake hands right
now and either share the Best Man
title or forget either of you
getting it. Capiche?

Tom and Ryan look at each other for a long moment. They
nod.

KYLE
Good.

TROY
Hold on--so you'll share or you'll
stop the nonsense. Or both?

TOM/RYAN
(simultaneous)
We'll share.

Tom and Ryan stare at each other, odd, wide smiles on their
faces.

KYLE
Awesome! Alright, boys, brunch
time!

Troy nudges Kyle. They watch Tom and Ryan, who are still
smiling bizarrely at the other and who are both clearly
crossing their fingers behind their backs.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE CONT'D
(mutters)
Unbelievable.

EXT. THE SALTY DOG CAFE - PATIO. EARLY AFTERNOON.

Jack sits alone at a dockside table, sipping an ice tea and staring at the gently swaying ocean.

RYAN
(o.s.)
Jacky, baby! There's my handsome
best friend!

Jack turns, Ryan scampering over to him with a giant grin on his face.

JACK
Take a seat, Ryan.

Ryan's grin vanishes. He sits beside Jack, concern etched on his face.

RYAN
Okay, Chris Hanson.

He cranes his head around.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Is some 12-year-old going to offer
me cookies now or something?

TOM
(o.s.)
What the hell is *he* doing here?

Jack stands, gestures for Tom to take the empty seat across from Ryan.

JACK
I invited both of you.

Ryan plunks his face down on the table.

RYAN
(muffled voice)
I'd rather be arrested for
pedophilia than deal with Tom
Bombadil.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Enough, Ryan! Turn it off for one second, will you?

Tom sits, watching Ryan warily.

TOM
What's this about?

JACK
I spoke with Troy and Kyle.

RYAN
Here we go....

TOM
(pointing at Ryan)
You see--never ends with this one.

JACK
We've all had enough of both of you.

TOM
So....

JACK
So here's the deal--Ryan, look up please.

Ryan slowly lifts his head.

JACK CONT'D
You two decide on the Best Man by June 1st. That's twelve weeks. Do not involve me in any way.

RYAN
But--

JACK
You're both my best friends. I can't choose between you. Figure it out like adults.

He stands.

JACK CONT'D
Decide. No games. No tricks.

TOM
What if we can't?

JACK

Then I--and Tara agrees--don't want
you at the wedding.

He walks away without another word.

RYAN

Well, there goes my chub.

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN. MID-MORNING.

Troy and Kyle, hungover, are sitting at the counter eating
Lucky Charms. The only sounds are slurps and clinks of
metal on ceramic.

RYAN

(o.s.)

I totally agree, Tom, I'm sure
they'll go crazy for this idea!

Ryan sweeps into the room, staring pointedly at Tom and
Kyle, who don't look up from their mountains of refined
sugar and barley.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(calling to Tom)

Like I said, I really think it'll
be fun for the whole loft!

Troy finally glances at Ryan, chewing methodically. Ryan
bangs around the kitchen pretending to make coffee.

TROY

Fun for the whole loft, huh?

KYLE

(muttering)

What could go wrong?

TOM

(o.s.)

The question is, what could go
right?

Kyle jumps, Tom clapping him on the shoulders and then
massaging him in a very creepy way.

TROY

(nodding at Tom)

If that's the fun you're talking
about, I'll pass.

Kyle shakes Tom off.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Me too.

TROY

(to Ryan)

How's that coffee coming?

Ryan stops fiddling with the coffee maker.

RYAN

I don't think I've ever used this before.

TROY

It's a tough one--Keurig's are child proof.

He pours himself some more cereal, watching Ryan suspiciously.

TROY CONT'D

What are you guys up to?

KYLE

Yeah, what's going on?

He adjusts his bathrobe, glaring at the unusually buoyant Tom.

TOM

(grinning)

We got 'em on the hook, Ry.

RYAN

Line. And sinker.

KYLE

Huh?

Ryan looks triumphantly at Tom, then to Kyle and Troy.

RYAN

Should we indulge them, Insurance Guy?

TOM

(smile falters)

Don't call me that.

KYLE

For the record, we don't care either way.

Ryan cackles, rubbing his hands together.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

I see through your mind games,
sir. Very convincing, I'm immune
to reverse psychology.

KYLE

Are you also immune to regular
psychology, because a
specialist--and I mean
world-renowned--needs to get in
there asap and untwist a few
wires.

TROY

Probably better to level the whole
foundation, start from scratch.

RYAN

Genius often appears as madness to
some.

Kyle and Troy glance sideways at each other.

TOM

(whispers)

Stay focused, Ryan.

Tom, jaunty persona restored, gives Kyle and Troy an awkward
thumbs up.

RYAN

I suppose I should tell the two
people most important to a
successful Jack wedding what's
expected of them.

KYLE

Us?

He looks behind him, then, bewildered, points to himself and
Troy.

TROY

I was told as long as I show up on
the correct date with a tux and a
gift, I'm good.

KYLE

Me too!

RYAN

Oh, no. You're more critical than
even the bride and groom.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

How is that possible?

Tom and Ryan laugh, as if the answer couldn't be more obvious.

RYAN

You two are going to coach us.

Kyle and Troy snort, then a second later look worried.

TROY

You're not serious, are you?

INT. MOMONEY ASSOCIATES - FOYER. MID-MORNING.

Ryan and Tom are at the front desk arguing with a red-faced security guard.

SECURITY GUARD

I told you, Mr. Flannery is not available. And I don't have--
(glances down at desk)
Ryan Fagan or Tom Coffey on his schedule.

RYAN

We're his best friends, we make his schedule.

SECURITY GUARD

What?

TOM

Don't listen to him, he's insane.

RYAN

(mutters)
At least I don't use a fake last name.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Tom)
You gave me a fake name?

The security guard leans away, pulls out his walkie talkie.

SECURITY GUARD CONT'D

(into walkie)
I have a 324 at the front desk, requesting backup.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Whoa, whoa, hey there, guy. We'll leave.

RYAN

I've seen my fair share of 324's and this most certainly isn't a 324. In no way, shape, or form is this a 324. If anything, it's a 325, and I don't think your superior would be too chuffed to hear you're getting flippant with classifications. In fact--

TOM

(under breath)

Shut up, idiot!

Jack enters through the revolving front door of the business center high rise. His smile fades when he sees Tom and Ryan.

JACK

(walking toward them)

Um...what are you guys doing here?

RYAN

Just came to take you out to lunch, buddy! Fill you in on the contest. But--

(turns and points at guard)

Paul Shart over here had to flex on us.

The security guard glowers at Ryan, then addresses Jack.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Flannery, are these two associates of yours?

Jack looks from Ryan to Tom with disbelief on his face.

JACK

I was just with Tara at lunch--she almost came back here. If she had seen this....I told you guys to figure it out.

He shakes his head.

JACK CONT'D

I can't believe it's come to this, but as far as the wedding goes--

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Wait! We did figure it out.

RYAN
(nodding fervently)
For real this time. That's why
we're here.

Jack crosses his arms. Sighs.

JACK
(to security guard)
Angus, I'm sorry, they may be total
jackasses, but they're
harmless. And somehow my friends.

Jack nods to Tom and Ryan to follow him over to the koi pond.

RYAN
Angus? Like the beef?

Once they reach the koi pond, Jack stops and whirls about military-style.

JACK
You ass hats have 30 seconds. I've
got a mountain of work to
finish. Some of us at least
attempt to be adults from time to
time.

Both Ryan and Tom launch into explanation at once, they're words less coherent than the burbling from the pond waterfall.

JACK CONT'D
15 seconds.

Tom and Ryan look at each other, panic-stricken. Silence for the next five seconds while Jack watches with a raised eyebrow.

JACK CONT'D
Seriously?

TOM
Contest!

Jack holds his hands out.

JACK

You've already talked about this Best Man competition.

RYAN

You want more. Okay...uh...it's going to have multiple stages, a Tour de Best Man, if you will.

He looks to Tom for support.

TOM

Um...we each take a crack at--at the traditional duties of a Best Man.

A beat, then Jack chuckles.

JACK

So you've worked out all the details?

RYAN

T's dotted and I's crossed. If you give the go ahead, we start tomorrow.

Jack's cell phone rings.

JACK

As long as you both play nice and it's all fair and doesn't involve me, sounds good.

He gestures to the security guard, who's still glaring at Tom and Ryan.

JACK CONT'D

And no more office visits, okay? I have to take this.

He answers his phone and walks away, giving them a thumbs up.

RYAN

(to Tom)

And so it begins.

TOM

So it does.

RYAN

Indeed.

INT. BED BATH AND BEYOND - TOILETRIES SECTION. NIGHT.

TARA

Which one do you like, babe?

Jack stares at the small, rectangular metal objects Tara is holding up.

JACK

And those would be...?

Tara rolls her eyes.

TARA

Toilet paper roll covers! You're not listening! You haven't been all night.

Jack shakes his head, resets, then leans forward to focus on the ornamental toilet paper covers.

JACK

Hmmm.

He nods, stroking his chin. Tara rolls her eyes.

JACK CONT'D

I'm sorry! I just don't know what I'm looking at here.

Tara slams the toilet paper roll covers back onto their shelf. A nearby employee glances at them.

TARA

No, you're distracted.

She starts off down the next aisle.

TARA CONT'D

(mutters)

What else is new?

Jack trails her like a recently disciplined puppy.

JACK

What is that supposed to mean?

Tara pretends not to hear him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CONT'D

B-babe...?

Tara whirls around, hands on her hips.

TARA

I heard you on the phone last night!

Jack gulps.

TARA CONT'D

Yeah--that's right. Talking about some dumb, little competition. You said those two idiots settled the Best Man issue!

JACK

Well yeah, they did. Kind of....

TARA

Kind of?

Jack blanches at the fire blazing in her eyes.

JACK

They are....

He suddenly becomes very interested in a wash cloth set hanging beside him.

TARA

Jack!

JACK

(mumbling)

Doing a stage for each Best Man duty.

He pretends to read the wash cloth packaging. Nods his head as if 'now free of nonylphenol ethoxylates!' is of importance to him.

TARA

Multiple stages?

When Jack doesn't respond, she steps forward and snatches the package out of his hand. Flings it away several aisles over.

TARA CONT'D

Elaborate.

(CONTINUED)

Jack continues to stare at the spot where the package of wash cloths had just been.

JACK
(barely audible)
They promised to keep me out of it.

Tara's expression would turn Medusa to stone.

JACK CONT'D
It's actually a great idea.

An employee holding a package of wash cloths starts toward them, looking peeved. He opens his mouth, but Jack shakes his head subtly.

TARA
(turning to employee)
WHAT?

The employee, whites of his eyes fully visible, spins on his heel and hurries off. Jack looks longingly after him, knowing his own escape to be impossible.

JACK
Babe--

TARA
(pointing to exit)
CAR. NOW.

EXT. BILLY BALDWIN MIDDLE SCHOOL - BASEBALL FIELD. MIDNIGHT

A flickering tangerine light washes over a dark baseball diamond, originating from a torch by home plate--the sole source of light. Jack is standing on the pitcher's mound, squinting at the rest of the gang beside the torch.

JACK
Now?

RYAN
(calling)
No! We'll tell you when.
(muttering)
...only explained that five times.

KYLE
Some people just don't have respect for ritualistic fraternal ceremonies. It's like, come on, you know?

(CONTINUED)

Troy sniggers. Ryan looks sharply at them.

TOM
Can't believe it's finally
starting.

TROY
I can't believe how excited you
are, Tom. Seriously--you weren't
this geeked when your sister dumped
Jamal.

RYAN
(frowning)
Yeah, that was pretty messed up.

KYLE
(shaking head)
Still bothers me.

Tom's jauntiness turns to fury at once.

TOM
You assholes promised not to make
that joke! What the hell? You
know my problems with Jamal had to
do with...with--

KYLE
With what, David Duke?

TROY
Did you get that Grand Dragon
tattoo before or after you
vanquished sweet, loving Jamal,
expelling him from your sister's
life forever?

TOM
You know it's a phoenix, dick.

KYLE
We're all glad you were reborn as a
non judgmental, contributing member
of society
(beat)
Well, sort of.

JACK
(o.s.)
Hey...guys? I do have work in the
morning. And Tara thinks I'm at
the gas station.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

Yeah, Ryan, what are we waiting for again? It's not even a full moon. And we're also not druids.

Ryan, watching the sky, holds up a finger. A cloud passes, revealing a sliver of moonlight.

RYAN

Now!

The others roll their eyes.

TOM

Okay, Jack! You may approach!

RYAN

(to Tom)

On your knees.

TROY

You finally coming out, Ry?

Ryan ignores him, kneeling to one side of home plate while Tom positions himself to the other. Jack stops a few feet in front of them and the torch.

RYAN

Troy, Kyle--please choose your competitor at this time. Don't think, let the energies of the universe guide you.

Troy, already standing behind Ryan, and Kyle, standing behind Tom, glance at each other and shrug. They step forward a couple inches.

KYLE

The universe has successfully guided us.

Ryan cranes his head around. Grins at Troy.

RYAN

I knew it! I felt your presence connect with mine.

Troy wrinkles his nose as if he's just inhaled a ghastly odor.

JACK

(smiling)

Alright, so what do I do?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Nothing weird and sexual, right?

Ryan drops his enlightened act for a moment.

RYAN
Why do you all keep asking that?

TROY
(whispering to Kyle)
Because of the boner, right?

KYLE
(whispering back)
He's been rock hard since dinner.

The torch goes out, plunging them into darkness.

RYAN
The universe has spoken yet again.

TROY
Is it telling us we can go home
now?

Ryan pulls a lighter and a can of butane from his pocket.

RYAN
The competition for Best Man of
Jack Flannery's and Tara Richter's
wedding officially begins once Mr.
Flannery lights the flame of
competition.

KYLE
Isn't Tara's last name Griggs?

TROY
Yeah, and you also don't *light* a
flame.

Ryan, focusing only on Jack, holds out the butane and
lighter in partially cupped hands, as if he's offering baby
Moses to the Pharaoh's daughter.

KYLE
What if the flame hadn't just gone
out?

TROY
The universe has spoken.

TOM

Can you two take this seriously? Please?

Kyle and Troy jump.

KYLE

Forgot you were there, Tommy Boy! And I don't know how we can take this seriously.

Jack is still smiling genuinely. He takes the butane and lighter.

JACK

Here goes!

The torch bursts into flame. The whole group watches in silence for several seconds.

RYAN

And with that, the battle for middle earth commences.

TROY

(shaking head)

I swear you're the weirdest nerd I've ever met.

JACK

Oh, I almost forgot--here you two.

He pulls two plain brass wedding bands from his pocket, holds them out for Tom and Ryan.

TOM

What are these for?

JACK

I thought they could be a tiebreaker or something. To prove you can handle the responsibility of caring for the real ones.

He shrugs.

JACK CONT'D

Good idea?

RYAN

Great idea! And this gives me the obvious edge. Tom loses his car keys every other morning.

(CONTINUED)

Jack's pocket buzzes. He pulls his phone out, stricken.

JACK
That's Tara. Shit.

He hurries off into the darkness.

KYLE
Bye, Jack!

Kyle and Troy laugh. Ryan gets to his feet, pouting.

RYAN
Phase One. Selection of the
groom's tux. Be ready to present
this Sunday at brunch.

TOM
(nodding)
I'll be there.

Ryan takes off into the dark toward the parking lot.

RYAN
(calling back)
You better get a whole lot more
interesting by Sunday, Tom.

Troy and Kyle start after Ryan.

TOM
So I guess I'll take care of this?

He glares at them, then at the torch.

EXT. PEACOCKIN' MENSWEAR / THE SUIT HOUSE. MIDDAY.

Split Screen: Tom and Ryan at lunchtime, each heading into a different tux shop.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. PEACOCKIN' MENSWEAR - TUXEDO SECTION. MIDDAY

Ryan is strolling among the tuxedos, hands held up in front of him like a cartoonish villain about to tell his quarry about the most genius of evil plans.

RYAN
(pointing)
Shopkeep, tell me more about this
delicious ensemble here.

(CONTINUED)

SHOP KEEPER

The double breasted, salmon colored
2019 Spring Armani collection?

RYAN

Oh yes, that's the one.

SHOP KEEPER

Very good, sir.

The shop keeper holds the tux out for Ryan, who takes it,
transfixed.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. FLANNERY HOME - BACKYARD. AFTERNOON.

A dozen teenagers sit and stand around Jack, who has a pile
of birthday gifts in front of him.

RYAN

Open mine first! Open mine first!

TROY

Calm down, spaz.

BLONDE WOMAN

Troy, be nice, please.

TROY

(mumbling)

Sorry, Ms. Flannery.

Ms. Flannery, a Stepford Wife clone, flashes him an
encouraging smile.

BLONDE WOMAN

It's okay, honey!

Tom, staring at her with his mouth slightly open, jumps when
Troy nudges him.

TROY

Chill, dude.

Tom flushes. Luckily, Ms. Flannery has already shifted her
attention to Jack and the gifts.

JACK

(in mock surprise)

Wonder who this one is from?

(CONTINUED)

He holds up a shallow, square box, ornate and professionally wrapped.

RYAN

Me! From me!
(looks around in triumph)
That one's mine.

Troy rolls his eyes. Jack opens the box, pulls out a magenta scarf with elaborate turquoise embroidering.

JACK

Oh!
(beat)
Wow.

MS. FLANNERY

It's beautiful! Hold it up so
everyone can see, sweetheart.

Jack, already trying to fold and box up the scarf, turns red.

JACK

(whispering)
Here it is.

He lifts the scarf.

KYLE

Whoa!

RYAN

(clapping)
It'll go perfect with your dark
blue blazer!

JACK

Uh...yeah.

He turns to Ryan, who beams at him.

RYAN

How much do you love it?

JACK

(eyes wide)
Uh....

RYAN

(turns around)
He loves it!

Tom, Kyle, and Troy exchange quizzical looks.

(CONTINUED)

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. THE SUIT HOUSE - TUXEDO SECTION. MIDDAY.

Tom, whistling '99 Bottles of Beer,' peruses the tuxedos. He pauses on a display featuring brightly-colored, complicated models and shakes his head.

SHOP OWNER
May I help you, sir?

Tom turns to the elderly, smiling woman, but looks past her.

TOM
(winks)
You know what? I don't think so.

Tom strides over to a rack on which hangs a solitary tux.

SHOP OWNER
(raises eyebrow)
Oh. Okay, then.

Tom takes the tux in his hands, nodding.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. DANIEL BALDWIN HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM. NIGHT

A teenage Tom stands in front of the mirror, squinting and turning his head, smoothing out his frilly lapel, but then gives up and sighs. Hangs his head.

JACK
(o.s.)
You good, buddy boy?

Tom glances at the mirror.

TOM
What do you think? I can't believe
I agreed to this.

He stands straight, gestures at his suit, which looks as if it's been handed down generation after generation since the civil war.

TOM (CONT'D)
I hate being poor!

Jack sweeps forward, puts an arm around Tom's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(nodding sympathetically)
Yeah, you're poor. Like,
shockingly poor.

He whistles, grimacing.

TOM
Fuck you, dude!

Jack pinches the faded orange material comprising Tom's lapel. Narrows his eyes.

JACK
You didn't let me finish. You're
rich in spirit.

TOM
Leave me alone, man. I'm gonna
bail.

Jack undresses. Lays his blazer, button down shirt, and slacks on the sink in front of Tom.

JACK
I'm serious. You being poor means
nothing--and you know who doesn't
care? That sexy, little minx who
came to this dance to see you. Now
put on my outfit and give me yours.

TOM
(gaping)
You serious?

JACK
Serious as ball cancer.

TOM
That's serious.

JACK
Yup.

Tom swaps his campy outfit for Jack's. When the switch is complete, they both look in the mirror.

TOM
(smiling)
Much better.

JACK
You can say that
again. Simple. Always go with
simple.

He turns one way, then the other.

JACK
I'm somehow pulling this off,
aren't I?

Tom surveys him. His smile falters.

TOM
(shaking head)
You really are. I hate you.

They both laugh, then head for the door.

EXT. KATHY'S CAFFEINE SHACK - OUTSIDE PATIO. MIDDAY.

TIFFANY
Are you worried?

TARA
No, not at all.

Tara bites her lip.

TIFFANY
Hmmm.

TARA
(lifting eyebrow)
And what's that supposed to mean?

TIFFANY
Nothing.

TARA
Don't give me that.

Tiffany flips her platinum blond hair back behind her
shoulders. Focuses on her salad.

TIFFANY
I just think....

She takes a bite. Chews slowly.

TARA
Out with it!

Tiffany launches into a clearly well-rehearsed monologue.

TIFFANY
I know you--have known you for
what, 15 years now? I can tell
when you're frustrated, and to be
honest--

TARA
By all means, please be honest.

TIFFANY
Tara....

Tara sits up straight, folds her arms over her chest.

TARA
I love honesty. Can't get enough
of it.

TIFFANY
You give that boy way too long of a
leash.

Tara blanches.

TARA
Oh really?

TIFFANY
Yes, and you know it! Don't get
mad at the wrong person.

Tara grunts, her arms still tightly folded.

TIFFANY CONT'D
He's not focused on the wedding at
all! He's fooling around with his
idiot friends over that Best Man
contest. And don't forget it took
him almost 10 years to propose.

TARA
Believe me, I haven't forgotten.

Silence for a moment.

TARA CONT'D
I told you--
(leans forward)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TARA CONT'D (cont'd)
I put my foot down this time! Jack
knows that dumb contest is
finished. Trust me.

Tiffany sits up. Lowers her sunglasses, eyes narrowed.

TIFFANY
(pointing)
Is that Jack?

Tara whips around. Exiting a Jersey Mike's across the street are Jack, Tom, and Ryan, all laughing hysterically and high-fiving.

TIFFANY
Didn't he tell you he had a work
lunch today?

Tara turns back, her cheeks pink. She's shaking, fists balled.

TARA
Yes he did.

She stands.

TIFFANY
Let me get the check.

She avoids Tara's wrathful gaze.

TARA
(mechanically)
Thank you. I'll call you later.

She starts after the trio without another word.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Troy and Kyle lounge on the couch playing Madden and sharing a joint. Ryan and Tom stand in opposite corners of the living room, shifting and staying loose like boxers waiting for the bell.

RYAN
(murmuring)
Beat that pussy. Beat that
pussy. You can beat that pussy.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(calling)
What are you saying?

TROY
Something about beating a pussy.

KYLE
He's never beaten a pussy in his
life.

Troy and Kyle look at each other, bust out laughing.

TROY
Dude....

KYLE
(holding his sides)
I know....

TOM
Haha. Oh, I get it.

Ryan turns to Tom.

RYAN
They only thing you're getting is a
loss sandwich.

TROY
Loss. Sandwich. Losssss...sandddwich.

KYLE
Soss. Landwich. Slosswich.

RYAN
How high are you two?

Jack enters. Ryan jumps as if he's been stuck with a cattle
prod.

JACK
How we doing, boys?

RYAN
Splendiferous.

KYLE
Splindefferrrous.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
Splendersaurus Rex.

JACK
(pointing)
What's up with them?

TOM
Flying kites, if you catch my
drift.

RYAN
He doesn't. No one does. Don't
try to be cool, Tom, it's not your
forte.
(to Jack)
They're high.
(to Troy and Kyle)
Even though they're SUPPOSED to be
coaching us.

TROY
Oh yeah. Which one of you is mine
again?

KYLE
You have Tom.

TOM
I thought he's coaching Ryan?

Jack glances at his watch.

JACK
Let's do the tuxes, shall we?

RYAN
Yes. Let's.

He rubs his hands together.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Tom can go first.
(whispers to Troy and Kyle)
Never go first.

He winks. Tom narrows his eyes.

TOM
No
(beat)
Same time.

Ryan frowns.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
Hmmm. You're learning. I don't
like it.

Tom scoffs.

JACK
So...where are they?

RYAN
(to Tom)
Extraction?

Tom nods. The others are totally confused as Tom and Ryan
rush to their bedrooms.

JACK
(calling)
Don't have a lot of time, guys.

He sighs, watching Troy and Kyle who are both staring at the
TV, eyes glazed.

RYAN
(o.s.)
On three, Tom?

TOM
(o.s.)
Yeah!

RYAN
Shout it out, Jacky.

JACK
1. 2. 3.

Ryan and Tom reenter the living room, each holding a clothes
hanger with their chosen tux.

KYLE
No way.

TROY
Awesome.

Ryan's salmon-colored, white-striped monstrosity draws
everyone's focus, even Tom's.

TOM
(gaping)
What. The. Hell. Is. That?

Troy and Kyle laugh hysterically. Jack grins.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
You're not serious, Ry?

Ryan's face falls. He looks like a fifth grader turned down by his crush.

JACK CONT'D
(shakes head)
What do you have for me, Tommy Boy?

Tom, still staring at Ryan's offering, walks over to Jack.

KYLE
(clapping)
That's my boy! Good job, Tom!

JACK
Alright, Tom. Nice and simple.

Jack steps back, stroking his chin. Nods.

JACK CONT'D
I like it.

Tom fist pumps. Troy whistles.

RYAN
What the hell, Troy? You're supposed to be *my coach*.

A tantrum is on the horizon, closing like a furious thunderstorm, something not lost on the rest of the gang.

JACK
(pressing phone to ear)
Tara? Okay, I'll be right home.
(to Ryan)
I have to run.

RYAN
(eyes narrowed)
I didn't hear your phone ring.

JACK
On silent.

RYAN
Then how did you know you had an incoming call?

Troy nudges Kyle. They slide off the couch and slip soundlessly out the door like very stoned wraiths.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN (CONT'D)
How did you know you had a call,
Jack?

Jack opens his mouth. Closes it. Turns and follows after
Troy and Kyle.

TOM
I won, right?

EXT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY. MORNING.

Tara, in a robe, coffee mug in hand, picks up the
newspaper. She looks out at the driveway, gasps and drops
her mug of coffee.

TARA
(screaming)
Jack!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Jack's eyes snap open. He lifts his head from his pillow.

EXT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Jack, rubbing sleep from his eyes, steps outside, exhaling
in preparation.

TARA
(screaming)
Jack!

Jack winces.

JACK
Right behind you.

Tara spins, points back to the driveway.

TARA
(venomous hiss)
Explain.

Jack reluctantly follows her hand, which is shaking with
barely contained anger.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Oh.

TARA

How am I supposed to get to work?

Jack, looking at the two cars parked side by side, nods solemnly, his mouth one tight line.

TARA CONT'D

Jack. This is your last warning. Either this...*insanity* is over

(beat)

or we are.

Tara storms inside, slams the door. Jack is still nodding, looking at the 'Getaway Mobiles' Ryan and Tom decorated overnight.

EXT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY. EVENING.

Tom and Ryan, hands on hips, survey their handiwork. A car pulls up, and Tara exits. She walks past the two without a glance or word.

TOM

She's pissed.

RYAN

Your ability to perceive is a constant source of wonderment for me.

TOM

You feel good about that one? A lot of effort to show how big of an asshole you are--something I already know.

Ryan nods, running a finger up and down the cleft in his chin. He mouths silently for a few seconds, as if he's having a conversation with a third, invisible person.

RYAN

You know what? I *do* feel good about that one.

Tom snorts, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

So let's get going on the clean up?

RYAN

Sure.

(shrugs)

I'll do mine, you do yours. Need supervision or something?

TOM

I was going to tell you how to get that glue off Jack's hood without scratching the paint, but now you can figure it out yourself.

Ryan opens his mouth, then closes it, reconsidering.

RYAN

Did I tell you how handsome you've been looking lately? New haircut?

Tom laughs, heads over to Tara's gray Dodge SUV. Ryan looks at Jack's Porsche Carrera 911, biting his lip.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, Tom, your...aura is stronger. You also look less pasty.

Tom, pulling a long greenery garland off the Infinity's back bumper, stands up. Squints at Ryan.

TOM

Did you just call me pasty?

RYAN

(laughing)

No! You have to listen, bud. I said you're pastiness is *less* noticeable.

(beat)

That's a good thing!

Tom rolls his eyes, picks up one of the scrapers Jack and Tara left for him and Ryan. The words 'JUST MARRIED' in white gleam against the tinted back window.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm being totally serious. You changed something--new soul patch oil?

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(scraping)
You've never been totally serious
one time in your life.

The front door opens, Tom and Ryan turning at the sound. Tara stands on the threshold, arms crossed over her chest, watching them.

RYAN
Hi, Tara.

He waves limply.

TARA
(pointing)
Get those creepy...*things* off my
car right now.

She shudders.

TARA CONT'D
I never want to see them again.

Tom can't help it, he starts laughing. The 'Bride' and 'Groom,' comprised of stuffed burlap, vaguely humanoid, look more like voodoo dolls made by toddlers.

RYAN
(turning red)
Shut it, Tom!

Tom is beside himself. Tears in his eyes, howling with laughter, he leans against the SUV.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I said said shut it!

Ryan brandishes his scraper. Before he can get to the still laughing Tom, a series of explosions send them diving for cover.

TOM
(gasping)
What the....?

More explosions like muffled gunshots. Tom and Ryan cower behind the Porsche. Another explosion.

RYAN
(pointing)
There!

(CONTINUED)

The FULL cans of soda Tom tied to the back bumper of Tara's Dodge--or what's left of them--have exploded from the heat.

TARA

Idiots! Stay away from
Jack! You're banned. BANNED.

She storms back inside with a furious growl, slamming the door. Tom looks at the dolls again and smiles, then one last explosion makes him jump.

INT. IGOR'S ICE CREAM PALACE. LATE NIGHT.

Troy, Kyle, Tom, and Ryan in a giant, overstuffed corner booth. Ryan and Tom, hanging their heads, stare at their gigantic ice cream sundaes.

TROY

(to Kyle)

Uh oh. They haven't touched their
splits. This is serious.

KYLE

Very. Ry usually finishes the
banana in two bites. One if Igor's
working the scoop.

Tom picks up his spoon, lifts it, then places it back down, dejected. Ryan sighs, glaring at his sundae as if it's personally wronged him.

TROY

(laughs uncomfortably)

Jeez, guys, really? It's just a
title. We've all been friends for
years. Heck, Ryan, you've
scrapbooked it all like an asexual,
upper middleclass women's studies
major.

KYLE

Does being Best Man really mean
that much to you weirdos?

Tom and Ryan gape at him.

TROY

I guess that's a yes.

TOM

There has to be a way to convince
Tara to let us keep going.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

There just has to.

Troy and Kyle smirk at each other. Troy winks.

TROY

You know what...I was wrong.

Troy pauses for effect. Tom and Ryan look up.

TROY CONT'D

You boys really must have a stronger connection with Jack than we do.

KYLE

(catching on)

I guess we just didn't want to admit it.

He purses his lips, nodding solemnly.

TROY

It's hard to know what you don't know...you know?

Kyle turns his laugh into a cough.

TROY CONT'D

Our little...group has had so many priceless memories together
(looks to Kyle who nods emphatically)
But what you two have with Jack is Mona Lisa level.

KYLE

(murmuring)

Iconic. Incomparable.

Tom and Ryan watch them, unblinking, fully under their spell.

TROY

(turns to Kyle)

I can't for the life of me understand how Tara doesn't see that.

He slams a fist against the table. Tom and Ryan jump.

(CONTINUED)

TROY CONT'D
It's not right.

Tom and Ryan nod.

RYAN
(mouthing)
It's not right.

Troy, shaking his head, face scrunched in mock fury, gets up. Brings a hand to his eyes.

TROY
I'm sorry, it's just such an
injustice. I-I have to go.

He hurries off. Tom and Ryan watch him, agog by his display of emotion over their plight.

KYLE
Oh no. I better drive--he's too
distraught.

He slides out from the booth.

KYLE CONT'D
I'll see you guys at home.

He hurries away, this time failing to disguise his laughter.

TOM
How about that.

RYAN
I know, right?

They pick up their spoons and enthusiastically tuck into their half-melted sundaes.

INT. DAVE AND BUSTER'S - UPSTAIRS. EVENING.

Tom and Ryan playing Skee-Ball between bites of foot-long frankfurters and sips of cold beer.

RYAN
100 points! Yes!

Tom puts his hot dog down and turns back to the game.

TOM
Bull. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

I swear!

TOM

You have a really low opinion of my intelligence, don't you?

Ryan cocks his head.

RYAN

I'm flabbergasted you could say such a thing. Just flabbergasted.

(mutters)

I have many opinions on your intelligence.

TOM

See! Always playing word games. Never sincere.

RYAN

You really think I would cheat at *Skee-Ball*?

TOM

(matter of factly)

Yes. Yes I do.

Ryan makes a scoffing, hissing noise like an frumpy cat.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd actually be surprised if you didn't cheat.

RYAN

Blasphemy.

TOM

You think I can't perform basic addition?

(points)

There's a GIANT scoreboard right there.

He laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

You made a 10! Next time if you're going to cheat don't go with the 100 hole. Greedy dumbass.

Ryan takes a bite of his hot dog.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
(nodding)
I'll consider your advice. Now
let's get down to brass tax, shall
we?

Tom drains his beer. Burps.

TOM
It'll be tough--Tara's even more
pissed now. Like scary pissed.

RYAN
True. Troy and Kyle did give me an
idea though.

TOM
Hit me with the deets.

RYAN
(raises eyebrow)
I won't be a jerk and chastise you
for trying--and failing--yet again
to be cool. Won't waste time
explaining how misguided you are
for inexplicably continuing such
attempts despite the myriad of
reasons why you should run--nay,
sprint--far, far away from these
imprudent urges afflicting your
frontal lobe.
(beat)
I won't do it, Tom.

Tom stares at him for an extended moment.

TOM
I swear, you should be in a mental
institution.

He shakes his head in awe.

TOM (CONT'D)
And I see you've been using the
Word-A-Day calendar Jack got you
last Christmas.

RYAN
Do you want to hear my idea or not?

Tom shakes his head, still gaping.

TOM
Go for it.

RYAN
Troy's cruel shot about my passion
for scrapbooking--

TOM
Cruel but accurate.

RYAN
(raising voice)
Reminded me how many epic times
we've had with Jack over the years.

TOM
And?

RYAN
And if it reminded me, maybe it can
remind Tara how great of friends
Jack and I are.

TOM
And me.

RYAN
(shrugs)
Yeah I guess.

Tom scowls.

TOM
So you want to show Tara your
creepy serial killer
scrapbooks? In the hopes she'll
let our competition continue? Have
you been huffing keyboard cleaner
again?

Ryan mashes what's left of his hot dog in his hand.

RYAN
No, dummy. But we can use some of
the pictures and make a slide show.
(beat)
Totally *not* creepy. Not that my
scrapbooks are creepy.

TOM
Oh, they absolutely are, even Jack
thinks so.

He leans back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

TOM (CONT'D)
Actually, I like this. Tara loves
Power Point. She'd probably eat
something like this up.

RYAN
(rolls eyes)
Glad you approve.

Tom stands.

TOM
Okay, let's get to work.

He holds his credit card out with two fingers for a passing
waitress, winking at her. She passes him without looking.

RYAN
Stop trying to be cool, Tom.

EXT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR. LATE NIGHT.

Jack and Tara, home from date night, laugh as they walk up
the front steps. They stop abruptly.

TARA
(pointing)
Is the door open?

Jack darts forward, holding a hand out to keep Tara behind
him. He nudges the door slowly open.

JACK
Someone's inside.

He turns back to Tara.

JACK CONT'D
Call 911. Stay here.

TARA
(nodding)
Okay.

He carefully slips inside, fists raised.

TARA CONT'D
(muttering)
Oh my God. Oh my God.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL. CONTINUOUS.

Jack, in a half crouch, heads cautiously toward the living room and the voices inside. He pauses for a moment, looking down at strip of rose petals leading forward.

JACK
(murmuring)
What...?

The voices grow louder. Jack frowns when the intruders start laughing.

INT. JACK AND TARA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Jack stops on the threshold of the living room. Stares.

RYAN
Surprise!

Jack looks from him to Tom, then to the old school carousel slide projector beside something resembling an altar in the center of the room featuring a giant poster of his face.

JACK
I don't know what to say.

Tom's smile falters at Jack's expression.

TARA
(o.s.)
Awww, Jack!

She turns the corner, smiling, holding a rose petal. She stops dead when she looks up.

TOM
Hey, Tara.

TARA
(whispering)
What is this?

JACK
(shaking head)
Guys....

Ryan hurries forward, his smile now a visage of total fear.

RYAN
I can tell you're mad. I, uh--
(gestures to Tom)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RYAN (cont'd)
we can see now this wasn't the best
of ideas.

TARA
Wasn't the best of ideas? *Wasn't
the best of ideas?*

She spins 360 degrees, eyes darting wildly, as if she's searching for something to pick up and smash. Face screwed up, she hunkers down and screams at the top of her voice.

RYAN
Ahh!

Ryan cowers back, scrambles behind the altar.

JACK
You broke into my
house...*why?* What is all this?
(points at poster)
Wait--when was that taken?

He steps closer.

JACK CONT'D
Am I naked?

RYAN
I cropped it!

JACK
(wagging his finger)
No, I remember now. That day you
barged into my bathroom!
(points)
And what's the projector
for? Someone start talking. Fast.

Tom gulps, looks to Ryan, who jumps to his feet and then starts to pick up the projector.

RYAN
This was a mistake--we'll get out
of your hair.

TARA
No!

She strides forward, holds the projector down against the coffee table.

TARA CONT'D

No. Let's see what was so important.

She turns the projector on. Slide one appears on the 62" flat screen against the far wall.

TOM

We just thought....

JACK

What, Tom? What were you and Ryan thinking? Please share, because I've got nothing.

The first slide is of Jack clinking beers with the gang, all of them red-faced and grinning.

RYAN

We just wanted to show Tara how much you mean to us.

Tara's expression softens ever so slightly.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to Tara)

We thought then maybe you'd let us continue the contest.

He hangs his head dramatically.

TARA

I....

The next slide is the gang at a water park.

TARA CONT'D

I'm just--

She stops and jabs a finger at the television screen.

TARA CONT'D

What the HELL is that?

The carousel projector, on loop, now shows Jack in a dimly-lit booth at a club, three barely clothed, barely legal cocktail waitresses surrounding him. One's in his lap, the other two are kissing him on either cheek.

JACK

(eyes wide)

Wh-what?

(CONTINUED)

Ryan moves toward the projector, reaching for the off switch. Tara gives him such a fierce glare that he freezes mid-step.

TARA
Don't. You. Dare.

Tom shifts uncomfortably. Jack's eyes continuously flick from Tara to the screen.

TOM
T-Tara, it's not what--

TARA
(without looking at him)
Tom, if you don't shut your pasty face this second, so help me God I will rip that stupid soul patch no one's had the balls to tell you looks like a Schnauzer's taint hair right off!

Tom goes more pale than usual, a hand automatically flying up to his prized facial feature. Slide after slide of Jack and the gang with giggling, perky girls and scandalous strippers.

JACK
(barely audible)
Babe. Tara. Please....

The next slide takes the air out of the room.

TARA
(squinting)
Is that...is that...*Tiffany*?

Tara tilts her head back and screams again, making the other three cower, although no one can pull their gaze from the current slide. A topless Tiffany is standing behind a seated, grinning, thumbs up-giving Jack, her large breasts resting on his head.

RYAN
Oops.

TARA
Jack, the date on that picture shows January 2012.

Jack goes paler than Tom.

TARA CONT'D

We started dating in November 2011.

JACK

(fervently)

Now, Tara, I know what you think. I *promise* you this is not what it looks like.

(to Tom and Ryan)

Tell her exactly what--

The front door bouncing off the wall echoes into the living room. Heavy steps thunder toward them.

UNKNOWN MALE

(o.s.)

Hello? Is anyone home?

Two police officers step into view, guns drawn. The group throws their hands up in unison.

OFFICER 1

Is everything okay? We received a call about a break-in.

JACK

Sir, it's all just a giant misunderstanding! My friends--

OFFICER 2

What's that?

He gestures at the television. Tiffany's breasts seem even larger than before.

OFFICER 1

(lowers gun, nods in approval)

Nice.

OFFICER 2

Very nice.

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

The gang, minus Jack, watching Saturday morning cartoons, are unusually quiet. Troy and Kyle keep glancing at the other two.

TOM

Just get the lecture over with.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
Fire away, lads.

Troy and Kyle exchange looks.

TROY
I mean, what is there to say?

He shrugs.

KYLE
Yeah, I think your actions speak
for themselves on this one.

He starts laughing.

KYLE CONT'D
I'm sorry...what
(beat)
What were you
(gasping)
Idiots thinking?

Troy chuckles, which soon becomes hysterical mirth. Tom and Ryan turn red.

KYLE CONT'D
You seriously broke into their
house and put up pictures of Jack
with strippers?
(beat)
And you thought *that* would work in
your favor?

Tom and Ryan shift uncomfortably.

RYAN
You're ignoring some key details.

TROY
What? The picture of Tiffany's
tits on Jack's head? The cops
showing up? Boys....

He shakes his head.

TOM
You're missing context. Not to
mention that picture was taken the
exact moment she dropped
her...boobies on his head. Jack
was innocent!

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Something tells me that explanation isn't going to fly with Tara. She just found out her future husband got Mickey Mouse ear'ed by her best friend, well after they started dating.

TROY

Yeah, let us know how that conversation goes. You dummies should've deleted that picture.

RYAN

It was taking forever to load the projector one file at a time! We just dumped them all in--I still had to build the altar.

TOM

And we were focused on Jack, not the--

He stops at a beep from his phone. Ryan's phone blares a repeating slice of Miley Cyrus' 'Party In The U.S.A.'

RYAN

(smiling)

Text from Jack!

Holds his phone up for the others to see.

TOM

Me too.

Ryan frowns.

TOM (CONT'D)

(reading)

Hey you two. Gave it a day to think about...what happened. I wanted to forward a message Tara sent me.

Tom looks at Ryan, then back to his phone.

TOM (CONT'D)

(reading)

'Jack, you shouldn't be surprised to hear that I will be staying with my sister for the time being. I still haven't been able to wrap my head around the other

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
night. Clearly they know you
better than I do. If you want to
keep fooling around with your
friends and their stupid contest,
feel free. If not, you know where
to find me.'

A long silence, then--

RYAN
(beaming)
Sounds like a green light to me!

He jumps to his feet, pumping his fist into the air like John Bender from the Breakfast Club, right down to the freeze frame. Troy and Kyle groan, burying their faces in their hands.

INT. LOFT/INT. LOFT PARKING GARAGE. EARLY MORNING.

Split Screen: Ryan, looking around and listening intently, slips into Tom's room. Tom, near Ryan's strawberry BMW Z3, moves with similar caution, opening the driver's door.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. LOFT - TOM'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Ryan, moving quickly and quietly, performs a Marine sergeant level inspection of Tom's room.

RYAN
(muttering)
Where is it?

He crawls under Tom's bed, brushing aside a graveyard of plastic lube bottles. He yelps upon grasping a damp tube sock, knocking his head against the frame.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ugh! You suck, Tom!

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT PARKING GARAGE. SIMULTANEOUS.

Tom, digging through multiple piles of Chik-Fil-A wrappers and boxes, scours every inch of Ryan's car. He pauses, scratching his chin.

TOM
 (in Muldoon from Jurassic Park
 voice)
 Clever Girl.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Troy and Kyle, watching a movie, look up when Ryan rushes into the room, followed closely by Tom.

RYAN
 (to Tom)
 We'll have one shot. Don't screw
 it up.

TOM
 Who says I'll be the one to screw
 it up? You do and say a lot of
 dumb things yourself, bud.

They circle the living room, pausing periodically and holding their hands and arms out to perform visual measurements. Troy and Kyle watch them warily for a few seconds, then glance at each other.

RYAN
 We set up here. Put it right where
 he can see it the moment he walks
 in.

He traces an imaginary line from the front door to where he's standing behind the couch.

TROY
 What are you extra chromosomes
 doing now?

He pauses the movie, twisting around.

TROY CONT'D
 You know I don't like you behind
 me.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

We prefer to be able to see you at
all times.

Ryan ignores them, intensely focused. Checks his watch.

RYAN

(to Tom)

He should be here any second.

KYLE

Who? Not Jack?

TROY

Give the man some space!

A knock on the door.

TOM

He's here!

RYAN

No doy.

(wipes sweat from brow)

Get the displays ready, I'll keep
him busy for a minute.

Tom rushes behind the couch, while Ryan scurries to the
door.

EXT. LOFT - HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Ryan pushes into the hall, closing the door behind him.

RYAN

Jacky, Bab--

JACK

(lifting hand)

Easy. Still waking up.

He points at his large, square sunglasses.

RYAN

Long night?

JACK

You could say that. Now what did
you guys need me for? Loft vote
tiebreaker? And...

(tensing up)

An apology for...last week?

(CONTINUED)

He starts toward the door, but Ryan blocks him.

JACK CONT'D
What's going on?

RYAN
Nothing. What's going on with you?

Jack sighs, rubs his temples.

JACK
Not in the mood for your games, Ry.

RYAN
No games, just enjoying our talk!

Jack fakes one way then steps past Ryan.

JACK
(over shoulder)
We can talk in here.

INT. LOFT - FOYER. CONTINUOUS.

Ryan trails Jack, babbling.

JACK
Can you shut up for just a few
seconds?

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Tom has two metal tripod stands set up to either side of the couch. On each is a large poster board.

TROY
(nodding at Jack)
Sup.

KYLE
Yo.

JACK
(tips imaginary hat)
Boys. Good to see you as always.
(nods to poster boards)
What are those?

Realization dawns on him.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Now, I know what you're thinking--

JACK

Doubtful.

Tom gives them an inexplicable thumbs up. Everyone stops to frown at him.

RYAN

Damnit, Tom.

He shakes his head.

TOM

(indignant)

What?

RYAN

Just stick to the plan!

JACK

What plan? Are you two ever NOT scheming?

Jack walks toward the couch. Troy and Kyle follow his eyes to the poster board on the left side of the couch.

JACK CONT'D

So I'm guessing these are your proposed honeymoon locales? Itineraries too.

He smiles.

JACK CONT'D

You guys are too much.

Ryan, encouraged by Jack's unexpectedly soft demeanor, starts talking at once.

RYAN

Well, this one here is Tom's.

(squints at board)

You know what--let's start with mine maybe.

He heads for his.

JACK

Cleveland?

He looks at Tom, who's pouring sweat.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

(whispering)

I hate you, Tom. I hate you so, so much.

TOM

(talking fast)

It's actually a really cool place, and very affordable. You've got University Circle, Duck Island, Lakeview Cemetery...

(voice dropping)

Public Square, Cleveland Public Library, The Flats--

RYAN

If you dare say one more word I'll slap those unsightly teeth right off your monkey face!

He's legitimately angry.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Public Squares? Cemeteries? Not everyone is a penniless 31-year-old going on 95, Tom. Ooooh.

He cocks a fist.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hold me back, boys.

He starts at Tom. Turns around.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I said hold me back.

(to Troy and Kyle)

Can you two ever do what I ask? Just once?

TROY

We're more interested in your honeymoon plan for Jack and the Missus.

Ryan, breathing hard, gives Tom one last glare, then hurries over to his board. Jack is already there, studying it carefully.

JACK

Jeez, Ry, how much would all this cost?

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Well, it's not as if you're a poor gypsy runaway, which Dingus apparently believes.

JACK

Where is Seychelles?

RYAN

An island off Africa's southeastern coast. Amazing views of the Indian Ocean. Five Star service. Three luxurious days there, then a short helicopter ride to the airport. One short day of travel gets you to the cruise ship--

He stops, distracted by Troy and Kyle's growing laughter.

KYLE

What, no golden submarine ride?

TROY

Is Zeus the guest of honor?

RYAN

(furious)

Gold is far too heavy for nautical equipment, stupid! And I think you mean Poseidon, Troy.

Jack holds a hand up for silence.

JACK

I'm not sure there's even going to be a honeymoon, guys. But--

He looks from Tom's poster board to Ryan's.

JACK CONT'D

If I have to choose, I'll go with Ryan's. Even though it's way too expensive. But...Cleveland, Tom? Really?

(beat)

Cleveland?

Jack leaves. Troy and Kyle choke back laughter while Ryan fist pumps and whoops it up.

INT. MOMONEY ASSOCIATES - NINTH FLOOR. EVENING.

Troy and Kyle, standing in a corner with beers in hand, look around warily. Mergers and Acquisitions personnel mill about with all the livelihood of a funeral procession.

TROY

Who has an Easter Party? What are we, 6-year-old Protestants?

KYLE

Interestingly enough, Protestants are one of the major Christian denominations with a large percentage against celebrating Easter.

TROY

How do you know that?

Kyle shrugs.

KYLE

Snapple Cap.

He takes a swig of his beer.

KYLE CONT'D

It's where I get most of my information.

TROY

Fair enough.

He looks around again, checks his watch.

TROY CONT'D

How long are we supposed to stay? Is there an Easter egg hunt or something?

KYLE

I don't know. Where are Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Derp?

Before Troy can answer, a commotion at the far end of the floor draws all attention.

INT. MOMONEY ASSOCIATES - NINTH FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Tom and Ryan have arrived. Spotting Troy and Kyle, they make a beeline for them.

TROY
What in the...?

KYLE
Sweet baby Bernie Sanders....

They both look around for the nearest exit.

TROY
Damn.

Kyle chugs the rest of his beer. Grabs two more from a passing waiter.

KYLE
Yup.

Troy reaches for one of the fresh beers. Kyle looks at him, puzzled, then alternates sips from each.

RYAN
Hey, Tom, looks like I found the
two cutest bunnies at this fiesta!

TROY
Don't ever say that again.

TOM
Oh, lighten up, Troy, you Grinch.

TROY
Wrong holiday, Tom.
(to Ryan)
Seriously. Give me some eyes
(beat)
Don't ever say that again.

Kyle presses both bottles to his lips, tilts his head back.

INT. MOMONEY ASSOCIATES - NINTH FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

With the alcohol and other party favors now flowing, the office celebration has kicked into high gear. Jack, flanked by two voluptuous, giggling secretaries, steps into view.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Boys! Glad you could make it!

TROY

Well, you did lay on the guilt trip pretty thick. Something about a last harrah and not knowing if your life was about to implode.

Jack, rosy-cheeked and grinning like a teenager post first coitus, winks at Troy.

JACK

I've always loved your way with words, Troy. So elegant. Like a deer. No, a stag! Flittering through a remote forest at midnight during the winter solstice.

KYLE

(uncomfortable)

This isn't Narnia, Jack, though to be honest, I'm not as sure about that as I should be. What's in that glass, eh?

Jack's grin deepens.

JACK

Life! Life is in my glass!

He clinks it against Kyle's beer bottles.

JACK CONT'D

You're awfully quiet,
Ry-Guy. What's up with that?

Ryan looks at Tom, who nods.

JACK CONT'D

(shouting, slurring)

Uh-oh. Uh-oh. UH-OH.

He turns to address the party goers as a whole, spilling his drink on one of the blondes beside him.

JACK CONT'D

I know that look,
people! Something's going down.

Troy and Kyle give the wildly-gesturing Jack a little more space, keeping their gaze on Tom and Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
(whispering)
1. 2. 3.

TROY
Oh jeez. They really do have
something planned.

Kyle commandeers a full tray of beers from a nearby
server. Holds it out for Troy to grab a handful.

KYLE
What else is new?

INT. MOMONEY ASSOCIATES - NINTH FLOOR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The center of the ninth floor, between four quadrants of
cubicles, is cleared and then encircled by a raucous
crowd. Tom and Ryan, standing inside them, face each other
and then bow.

JACK
Dance off! Dance off! Dance off!

The crowd joins in, demanding Tom and Ryan begin. Tom's and
Ryan's outfits now make sense.

TROY
(to Kyle)
Is it just me or does Ryan look
like a Matador?

KYLE
Oh, he definitely does. And I'm
not off base when I say Tom looks
like Pat Benatar?

TROY
For sure. Although that's not
unusual.

RYAN
(shouting)
Hit me with your best shot, Tom!

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Tom and Ryan, sitting on either side of the couch, glare at
Troy and Kyle who are standing in front of them with crossed
arms.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

What happened, gentlemen? Three serious injuries. Two blown accounts. One premature birth.

KYLE

And a pair of idiots in a puerile tree.

They all look at him.

KYLE CONT'D

(shrugging)

What? Jack got me a Word-A-Day calendar last Christmas too.

Tom sniffs, then winces. Brings a hand up to his bandaged, clearly broken nose.

TOM

Well....

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. DIGGLER'S DANCE STUDIO. THREE WEEKS EARLIER.

TOM

How much are we talking here?

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Well, this request is very unusual, and a little disturbing, not to mention more involved than you originally described.

The instructor, a young man with long auburn hair wearing a striped tank top and ballet tights, holds his hand out.

TOM

I already gave you \$50!

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

You want me to intentionally teach your *friend* the wrong moves. I have half a mind to tell him about this...plot.

Tom yanks out his faded wallet.

TOM

(muttering)

Extortion. That's what this is.

(CONTINUED)

He slaps two 20s into the instructor's hand.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Hmmm....

The instructor cocks his head, raises an eyebrow.

TOM

Are you friggin' serious?

He throws the wallet at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here! Just get it done!

He storms off. The instructor picks up the wallet, holding it by a corner while carefully extricating the rest of the money inside.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Ew.

He drops the wallet as if it's a used Kleenex.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Ryan shifts in his seat with apparent difficulty. He adjusts the sling around his right arm, bottom lip trembling.

RYAN

The thing is....

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. LOFT - RYAN'S BEDROOM. SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER.

Ryan, with Tom's dance outfit--tight black leather pants and leopard print top--deftly removes stitch after stitch from critical areas. He laughs maniacally.

TROY

(through door)

Hey, can you shut up? Watching a movie out here.

Ryan jumps.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Sorry!

After a few seconds, he starts laughing again. A muffled wheezing sound like a gagging cat.

TROY

(o.s.)

Seriously--keep it down, Ryan!

(beat)

I don't know. I think he's having a seizure.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Jack enters the living room. The guys turn to him.

TOM

Didn't hear you come in!

Jack winces.

TOM (CONT'D)

(lowers voice)

Sorry!

TROY

(giggling)

The king of hangovers has arrived! Wassup J to the Biz-zone?

Troy and Kyle dap Jack, then sit on the couch and La-Z-Boy, respectively.

RYAN

(to Tom)

See--that's how you act cool.

Troy gives Ryan a thumbs up while Tom glares.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

Just something we're born with.

Tom scoffs.

JACK

Yeah. This one takes the cake.

He lifts his sunglasses to massage his temples.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Quite the party last night.

He starts a slow cap, then looks around when no one joins in. The others are focused on Jack.

KYLE CONT'D

(to Jack)

Hey...you alright?

Jack is shaking his head.

RYAN

Seriously, you okay? You look like like Tom's Aunt--the one with the wonky ears.

TOM

Have you no filter? Aunty Jane suffers from Parkinson's, dick! A fact you're well aware of.

Tom, flushed, punches the couch.

TROY

(whispering to Kyle)

Aunty?

TOM

I...I think I hate you, Ryan.

Ryan grins.

RYAN

Should've shown some more of that fight during the dance off. The bags under your eyes are darker than Jack's--and he drank enough alcohol last night to kill a rhino! Or your ex-girlfriend!

Tom's hands flash upward. He gently adjusts his bandage.

TOM

I broke my nose, asshole! Because of you!

RYAN

You tripped! It's not my fault you have two left feet.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Because you took stitches out of my pants.

(beat)

And I told you about my foot condition in confidence. It's a real thing.

RYAN

I don't know about all that, but your Halitosis is certainly real.

He waves a hand in front of his nose.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Pee-Yew.

With a animalistic grunt, Tom leaps over Troy, grasping for Ryan.

TROY

(shouting)

Hey! If I wanted a lap dance I'd call Tiffany.

He throws Tom back to his corner of the couch, raises a threatening hand.

JACK

Everyone, stop!

Tom, still reaching for Ryan, who's standing on the couch in perfect karate Cat Stance, as well as Troy and Kyle, freeze.

JACK CONT'D

(beat)

Tara moved out. Indefinitely.

He looks at his feet.

JACK CONT'D

Yep. I guess I found her limit.

(beat)

Not even sure why I came over here. Just thought you all should know, in case...in case....

RYAN

The wedding is canceled?

Jack spasms a little, eyes wide. The others glare at Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yes. That.

He exits. Troy and Kyle look at Ryan and Tom fiercely.

KYLE

Fix this.

TROY

(nodding)

Now.

INT. LIMO. NIGHT.

The gang is all smiles. Jack, looking tired but happy, pops a bottle of champagne with a loud cheer.

RYAN

Good call on the limo, Tom. *Super* original.

TOM

Hey, Troy, do you mind closing your window? There's already one fly buzzing in here, let's not make it two.

RYAN

You're just mad I tricked you into going first again. Silly Rabbit.

TOM

(to group)

Speaking of sugary cereal mascots, who's taller, the Lucky Charms elf or Ryan?

RYAN

He's a leprechaun.

KYLE

Okay, okay, cool it, gents. This is Jack's night! We're here for a couple of pre-bachelor parties.

(beat)

But I'm going with the elf.

RYAN

He's a mothertruckin leprechaun!

(CONTINUED)

TROY

Whoa. Easy there little guy. This is about Jack, not your...*shortcomings*.

KYLE

Yeah, we're not going to steal your pot of gold. Promise.

TROY

Scout's honor.

Jack, laughing hard, wipes his eyes.

JACK

Thanks, boys. Needed that. Been a rough week.

The limo stops. A moment later, the driver's partition slides down.

DRIVER

Glitter Galaxy.

JACK

Well done, Tom!

KYLE

How'd you know?

TROY

Yeah, who spilled the beans that Jack Attack likes strip clubs?

INT. GLITTER GALAXY - VIP ROOM. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The gang spreads out in a U-shaped, high-backed booth as a trio of mostly naked Kate Hudson clones descends on them.

JACK

Haven't been to the double G in years. Tommy Boy coming through!

TOM

I was looking through some old pictures and found one of just the two of us--with that redhead stretched out on both our laps!

Jack looks at each of the others in turn. He holds his gaze on Tom.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I appreciate that. That's textbook sentimentality right there.

TROY

(to Kyle)

A lost art, sentimentality.

KYLE

(nodding)

Shame.

TROY

A damn shame.

RYAN

You only have that photo because you impossibly still own a flip phone. Society has outpaced you, Thomas.

TOM

You're 14-year-old nephew's outpaced you. What is he, 5 foot 3? Going out for the basketball team?

RYAN

You leave Mustafa Junior out of this!

KYLE

Hey!

His tone is so sharp Tom and Ryan cease at once.

KYLE CONT'D

Who's pre-Bachelor party is this, yours or Jack's?

Troy shakes his head, making a clucking sound.

TROY

Who would have them?

Jack laughs.

JACK

You're so funny, Troy. I love that about you!

Troy considers him for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
Thank you, Jack.

KYLE
Okay, who spiked Jack's champagne
with Spanish Fly? Obvious suspect
is Ryan.

They all laugh, not stopping until a stripper comes over
holding a credit card.

JACK
(gaping)
Tiffany?

She stops dead. Looks around at the familiar five faces.

TIFFANY
(barely audible)
Oh...hey guys.

She winces, closes her eyes.

TROY
You work here now?

The gang shares an uncomfortable silence.

TOM
Modeling is a tough field.

He nods knowingly. Jack coughs.

TIFFANY
Well, it was *so great* to see you
all.
(to Tom)
I'm sorry, but your card was
declined.

Tom flushes and goes pale at the same time, Raggedy Andy
personified. They all turn to him, Ryan looking as if
Coachella has come early.

EXT. ARTISTE ASCENDANT - PARKING LOT. A LITTLE WHILE LATER.

The group, exiting the limo after an uncomfortable ride,
avoids looking at Tom.

RYAN
Well, let's move past that
egregious mishap, shall we?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Hey! You've been using that
calendar I got you!

He gives him a thumbs up.

TROY
What the hell is this place, Ryan?

Ryan hurries around them, placing himself in between the group and the windowless one-story building. He does a mock reveal.

KYLE
Artiste Ascendant?

RYAN
It's a very special spa.

Troy and Kyle exchange glances.

JACK
(nodding)
Okay. I can get into that. Been
stressed out like crazy lately. A
massage sounds perfect.

RYAN
Oh, it's much more than massages.

JACK
(eyebrow raised)
More than massages?

He turns to the rest of the gang, impressed.

TOM
(muttering)
Cool. A rub and tug.

RYAN
What's that, Thomas? You want a
lobotomy to forget about what
transpired earlier?

JACK
(whispering)
Lobotomy.
(louder)
I have to get myself one of those
calendars.

Tom says nothing. Troy and Kyle lead the way toward the front door, narrow and jet black, only visible from the neon red glow of the sign above.

RYAN

(to Tom)

I don't enjoy destroying you,
Thomas.

(beat)

Well...I don't *not* enjoy it.

TOM

Stop calling me Thomas.

INT. ARTISTE ASCENDANT - FOYER. MINUTES LATER.

The gang looks around at the various 'art' hanging on the walls, positioned on ornate stone and wood stands, and also moving.

TROY

Why is the art moving, Ryan?

RYAN

(disconcerted)

Well...it's p-performance art.

KYLE

And why did you think Jack or any
of us would enjoy...whatever this
is?

(beat)

By the way--*what is this?*

The underfed and vitamin D deficient 'models' stare gauntly ahead, saying nothing, only occasionally blinking and shifting.

KYLE CONT'D

Is this a reimagination of
Powder? If so, I don't like it.

(beat)

The original was a masterpiece.

TROY

Kyle's obsession with that
admittedly excellent film aside,
this place is creepy. There, I
said it.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

You outsmarted yourself, Ry.

JACK

Now, boys, don't be hasty, let's see where this leads, huh?

He rubs his hands together, nodding, psyching himself up. Troy, Kyle, and Tom look at each other.

INT. ARTISTE ASCENDANT - BASEMENT. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The gang, having nervously followed their bald, pure white guide down a creaky wooden staircase, blink against the neon red light.

KYLE

(squinting)

Is this a photo lab?

Troy, holding up a hand to shield his eyes, watches the staircase with increasing worry.

TROY

Looks like a kill room.

(pointing)

Is that a drain?

Their baleful guide says nothing.

RYAN

(voice low)

It's all part of the experience.

(beat)

Different...sophisticated.

KYLE

Sophisticated? Yeah, that's what everyone wants in a bachelor party, Ryan!

Jack coughs uncomfortably.

TROY

Yeah, Ry, what the h--

He stops, his jaw dropping so dramatically all heads turn toward the sound.

KYLE

Oh no....

(CONTINUED)

A giant, hulking man in a Dominatrix outfit steps into view from the shadows.

JACK
(pointing)
Are those....

RYAN
D-dog ears.

JACK
And--

TROY
Yeah, that's a tail.

JACK
(scratching chin)
Huh.

INT. ARTISTE ASCENDANT - FOYER. SHORT TIME LATER.

The gang, in their underwear, bodies painted, enters the foyer with blank, shell-shocked gazes. Out in front is the huge man who's holding a black leather leash that's attached to Jack's boxers.

TROY
(whispering)
I want to go home.

KYLE
(barely audible)
I want to reconcile with my father.

TOM
I want to burn my eyes.

RYAN
I--

TROY/KYLE/TOM
(in unison)
Shut up, Ryan!

They shift their harsh stares from Ryan to Jack and the giant up ahead. They've stopped, looking at the front door.

TROY
Uh oh.

(CONTINUED)

Tara, face whiter than the models' and with her hands held in a prayer position against her chin, walks unsteadily toward them.

JACK
Tara, this--

GIANT
(jerks leash)
Silence, beast!

TARA
I tracked your phone. I-I just
wanted to find you and
(beat)
Fix us. Figure it all out.

She's staring at him like he's mostly naked attached by leash to a Lou Ferrigno-sized dominatrix.

TARA
(shaking head)
Who are you?

She turns, hurries for the front door.

JACK
Babe, no, this--

GIANT
Silence! You want the muzzle
again?

INT. LOFT - LIVING ROOM. NEXT MORNING.

The guys, sitting on the couch, avoid looking at Jack who's standing in front of them like a weary principal.

JACK
I'm not angry, I'm disappointed.
(beat)
In myself.

Ryan and Tom exchange semi-hopeful glances.

JACK CONT'D
Last night was....

KYLE
A bad acid trip.

TROY
I don't think I'll ever sleep
again.

He shudders.

KYLE
(nodding)
All I can see when I close my eyes
is the dog-anatrix.

Jack winces.

JACK
Please! Please let's not talk
about the dog-a... the dog-a....

RYAN
Natrix.

JACK
Yes, that.

TROY
As bad as Tom's bachelor party was,
I still think he gets the dub.

He chuckles mechanically.

JACK
I don't think that's going to
matter.

He taps his phone.

JACK CONT'D
Waiting to hear from Tara. She's,
um, not terribly please with what
she witnessed.

KYLE
Did you tell her it was all the
Retard Twins' fault?

JACK
Won't work. She's already said I'm
never to say the words
'competition' and 'contest' in her
presence again.
(beat)
I've called and texted 20
times. She didn't respond until I
asked her if the wedding was
canceled.

(CONTINUED)

He taps his phone again, clears throat.

RYAN

And?

TROY

Cheese and crackers, Ryan, let the man go at his own pace!

JACK

She said she'll get back to me soon.

He shrugs.

JACK CONT'D

Already know the answer.

KYLE

Don't expect the worst--you two have been together a decade.

(points)

Tom's longest relationship was five months! And with a sex doll!

TOM

It was a CPR mannequin! My company made me get certified!

TROY

How do you do CPR, Tom?

An extended silence.

TOM

(blustering)

The AHM changes it every year!

KYLE

What is it this year?

Jack holds up a hand.

JACK

We've been over the whole Tom sex doll fiasco a thousand times, I just came over to try and wrap my head around the bachelor parties.

He starts for the door.

JACK CONT'D
I'll let you know the verdict.

No one speaks for a long while.

TOM
(mumbling)
It wasn't a sex doll.

INT. MIKE'S MAGIC MINI GOLF MOUNTAIN. LUNCH TIME.

Tom, focusing on which tunnel to choose on the signature mountain hole, lifts his incredibly expensive putter up to 'plumb bob.'

RYAN
You're down by five strokes, Tiger,
hurry up!
(checks watch)
I have to finalize a Quinceañera
outfit for a client.

TOM
(still plumb bobbing)
Selecting a dog sweater can
wait. I'm getting a hole-in-one.

RYAN
Do you know what a Quinceañera
is? And I only have two dog
clients, the rest are very
human. AND you'll never get a
hole-in-one here--even with that
fancy putter.

Tom finally lines up to putt, shifts, relaxes. Ryan, behind him, taps his foot.

TOM
(murmuring)
Perfect, perfect.

He steps back behind the ball for another plumb bob.

RYAN
No!

He leaps forward, snatches Tom's ball, then chucks it over the property fence beside them. They both jump at a shrill though undeniably distinct horse whinny.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
Isn't that a highway?

TOM
You just threw away a Titleist Pro V1x.

RYAN
I don't care if it was a Caesar Magatron 900, we didn't come here to indulge your fascination in a game you're embarrassingly bad at. I beat you every time!

TOM
Yeah, your form is terrible though.

RYAN
We need to figure out a plan! You saw Jack's text this morning--Tara actually canceled the wedding. We have to fix this!

TOM
I know
(beat)
But how?

EXT. LINCOLN, LOGGINS & LEMON ASSOCIATES. NEXT MORNING.

Tom and Ryan exhale deeply, then look at each other. They nod, Tom lifting a megaphone to his mouth.

TOM
Hello, fine lawyers of 'L,' 'L,'
and 'L' Associates. This message
is for--

The megaphone alarm feature cuts him off. Ryan covers his ears, yelling until Tom hits the correct button and the alarms ceases.

RYAN
(glaring)
Step it up, Tom! I did the hard
part--just read, jabroni!

A small crowd has already gathered around them, more joining every moment. Faces in Tara's building watch from the countless windows.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
 (through megaphone)
 W-will Tara Griggs please come down
 and join us?

RYAN
 Say why!

Tara comes rushing out the front door, brandishing a bronze letter opener.

TARA
 (raving)
 You bastards. YOU BASTARDS.

She raises the letter opener over her shoulder. Tom and Ryan yelp and look at each other in panic.

TARA CONT'D
 YOU--

She stops when she sees what Ryan's wearing.

EXT. LINCOLN, LOGGINS & LEMON ASSOCIATES. CONTINUOUS.

TARA
 What...what...is that a *wedding*
dress?

She shakes her head, starts to back away.

TOM
 Tara, wait!

Tom, who's holding the back of Ryan's 'dress,' frees a hand and then points at the many sheets of paper comprising it.

TARA
 You two are insane. Utterly
 insane.

RYAN
 (hissing to Tom)
 Start reading!

TOM
 Uh, um, here, this one--
 (reading)
 'Tara, your name, your essence, is
 burned into me, a fire that sparked
 the night I fist'
 (squinting)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
Sorry,
(reading)
'First saw you.

Tara cocks her head.

RYAN
Keep going.

TOM
Okay, uh, here--
(reading)
'I can't help but imagine our
future, and every variation that
fills my mind's eye is better than
the next. My only regret'

He smooths out the paper.

TOM (CONT'D)
(reading)
'Regret--

RYAN
(muttering)
You suck so hard, Tom.

TOM
(reading)
'Is that we won't get to experience
all of them.'

Tears spill over Tara's eyelashes. Ryan twists his head to look at the arm of the 'dress.'

RYAN
(reading)
'I don't know why it took me so
long to ask for your hand in
marriage--it was never a question
of want, but *when* I felt good
enough for you.'

Tara, her face streaked with tears and mascara, walks toward Ryan and his paper dress, hands held to her mouth.

TOM
(reading)
'Fantasy football lineup six--'

He frowns.

TOM (CONT'D)

Whoops, not sure how that got in there.

RYAN

(reading)

'Everything I do, it's with you in mind--you're a river that flows with my past, present, and future, because every possible variable went our way, steered us to each other. Now we have the chance to steer our ship together.'

EXT. LINCOLN, LOGGINS & LEMON ASSOCIATES. CONTINUOUS.

Jack's porsche pulls up, and he jumps out. Pushes through the crowd to Tara, Ryan, and Tom.

JACK

What've you idiots done now? Troy and Kyle told me you were up to something!

He looks at Tara, and his face falls.

JACK CONT'D

You made her cry?

He bears down on Ryan and Tom, Tom cowering behind the tail of Ryan's dress.

RYAN

Jack, wait!

JACK

What did you do to her?
(looks at dress)
And what the *hell* is this?

TARA

Jack!

He turns around, eyes wild.

TARA CONT'D

Jack--the dress.

Seeing her smile, he relaxes. Leans in to Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(murmuring)
What am I looking at?

Realization grips him, and he flushes.

JACK CONT'D
(to Tom and Ryan)
Where the f--
(beat)
Where did you get these?

He stands straight, looking around at the hundred plus person crowd of onlookers.

JACK
Why would you do this to me?

He turns to Tara, who's walking toward him, shaking.

TARA
I love you so much.

She hugs him hard.

RYAN
Tom and I know that helping choose
the bride's dress isn't a best man
duty, but we thought--

Jack and Tara, arms around each other, turn to them.

RYAN (CONT'D)
We thought this could be a back up
dress.

Jack, still somewhat bewildered, surveys their work.

TOM
Ryan sewed together all these
drafts of your vows through the
night. I kept the coffee flowing.

TARA
(to Jack)
How long have you been working on
your vows?

Jack looks Ryan up and down.

JACK
Ry, turn around for me.

Ryan obeys at once, and Jack studies his back.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
(over his shoulder)
I mean, the fit could be
better. But given the time
constraints--

JACK
Here!

He takes Tara by the hand.

JACK
Right there, right between the
cheeks.

TARA
(reading)
'I've never felt such peace as when
I'm in your presence.'

JACK
Look closer.

TARA
Is that one of those Word-A-Day
calendars?

JACK
Look at the date.

RYAN
You really like those things, huh?

TARA
11/17/2011.

She beams at him.

JACK
I want to marry you, Tara. Always
have.

TARA
I want to marry you too, Jack.

RYAN
Are you done reading my ass? Can I
turn around now?

EXT. TOM'S BROTHER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD. TWO WEEKS LATER.

The entire gang, dressed smartly in tuxes, stand quietly, holding cold beers and looking at the sunset. They sigh in unison.

RYAN

Damn, Tom, your brother is *so rich!*

He does a spin, holding out his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I mean, come on! He's *so rich!* This isn't a house--this is a bonafide estate.

He shakes his head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

He's *so--*

TOM

We get it!

He scowls, takes a swig of beer.

RYAN

Do you have different fathers?

TROY

(chuckling)

Alright, alright, that's enough.

RYAN

I'm sorry, I just can't get over this.

(to Tom)

Were you adopted?

KYLE

Welp, Ryan ruins another nice moment.

Jack grins.

JACK

Nothing could ruin today. I'm marrying the love of my life, and I've got my boys here--all getting along for once.

He glances at Tom and Ryan, who are now bickering a short distance away over a gold garden gnome.

(CONTINUED)

JACK CONT'D

Well, sort of.

RYAN

Why did you hide your insanely rich, handsome brother from us all these years? I would've hated you so much less.

EXT. TOM'S BROTHER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD. A SHORT WHILE LATER.

The gang lingers behind the crowd being herded into the garden, all smiles.

JACK

(to Tom and Ryan)

I'm still waiting for you knuckleheads to tell me how you came up with the vow dress?

KYLE

I can't make tails or heads of it, myself.

TROY

I'm certain we're in an alternate universe.

Tom and Ryan look at each other.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. LOFT/INT. LOFT PARKING GARAGE. 4 WEEKS EARLIER.

Split Screen: Ryan under Tom's bed just after throwing the damp tube sock away. Tom inside Ryan's BMW.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. LOFT - TOM'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

Ryan, cursing under his breath, shimmies out from under the bed. Gives the room one last look, then exits.

INT. LOFT - HALLWAY. SECONDS LATER.

After Ryan slips out of Tom's room, he enters the adjacent one, which has a sign reading 'JACK.'

RYAN
(muttering)
I know you hid that wedding band
somewhere in this loft, you pasty
pud puller.

He walks slowly, surveying the room, which is partially preserved with quite a few of Jack's possessions.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Where oh where could you be?

He enters the closet. Shifting a few books, he knocks over a large box full of random papers, which spill onto the floor.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(beat)
What are you?

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. LOFT PARKING GARAGE. SIMULTANEOUS.

Tom, sweating after his search, punches the passenger seat and then gets out of Ryan's BMW. Heads for the staircase.

INT. LOFT - HALLWAY. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Tom stops when Ryan exits Jack's bedroom. Narrows his eyes.

TOM
Hey!

Ryan jumps, brings a hand to his chest.

RYAN
Thanks for scaring me!

Tom starts toward him.

TOM
What were you doing in there?

Ryan glances at the door, then at Tom.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
What were you doing
(beat)
not in there?

TOM
What?

Ryan hurries off.

RYAN
(calling back)
I hate your face, Tom!

Tom looks at Jack's door with more interest.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. TOM'S BROTHER'S HOUSE - GARDEN. A SHORT WHILE LATER.

At the rear entrance of the garden, Jack and the gang take one last look at each other.

JACK
Alright, boys, it's about that
time.

He claps his hands together, exhaling.

KYLE
Let's go get you married, J-Bone.

The gang cheers, smacking Jack on the shoulders and back.

JACK
(to Tom and Ryan)
And you're really okay with Tara
and I not doing the Maid of Honor
or Best Man? After everything,
simple is all we want.

RYAN
AbsoFRUITLY. I think we're all a
little Best Man'd out.

TOM
You're our best man, Jack, that's
what matters.

RYAN
Eesh, Tom.

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN CONT'D

That was cheesier than the wheel of cheese your absurdly rich brother carted in for this shindig. And it's 63 pounds, I asked several people.

They all laugh, even Tom, then enter the garden.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Side note--anyone else find it super weird how good of a writer Jack is? I've literally never seen him crack a book.

EXT. BOCA GRILLE PATIO. A FEW WEEKS LATER.

The gang, sans Kyle and plus Tara, are all smiles at brunch.

JACK

(to Tom and Ryan)

I mean it, I'm really proud of you two. How you buried the hatchet, refocused on your careers.

TARA

I know things got...rough there for a minute, but I couldn't ask for my husband to be friends with better men.

TROY

Aren't you up for promotion, Tom Collins? And you, Ry, didn't that dog client of yours just win the Westminster? The first chihuahua!

TOM

Well...not exactly.

RYAN

(scratching head)

Uh...turns out he got disqualified after a pretty thorough investigation.

TOM

My direct supervisor died, and because I was so, um, preoccupied with the Best Man contest, I became interim Manager after everyone else refused.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Turns out adorable, little Rato
wasn't actually a canine, per se.

TOM

(murmuring)

No pay raise either.

RYAN

Just a really, really cute Mexican
sewer varmint.

The others take a moment to process this.

TROY

Oh...okay.

(beat)

Well, I have for sure great news!

He beams at them all.

TROY CONT'D

Hannah and I are engaged!

The group is shocked for a moment, then smiles
reappear. They all cheer and clink glasses.

JACK

(jokingly)

So who's going to be Best
Man? Count me out, I've got enough
on my plate right here with this
one.

He tickles Tara and pulls her in for a kiss.

TROY

With Kyle cast on the next season
of Deadliest Catch, I was
thinking....

(to Tom and Ryan)

One of you guys.

Tom and Ryan chuckle nervously, then lock eyes.