

EX-BOYFRIEND OF THE BRIDE

Written by

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I heard that you're settled down  
That you found a girl and you're married now.  
I heard that your dreams came true.  
Guess she gave you things I didn't give to you.  
I hate to turn up out of the blue uninvited  
But I couldn't stay away, I couldn't fight it.  
I had hoped you'd see my face and that you'd be reminded  
That for me it isn't over.

- Adele, "Someone Like You"

FADE IN:

INT - SUBURBAN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY HOME - DAY - 1990

An adorable five-year old boy with COPPER hair, a GHOSTBUSTERS T-shirt and GLASSES - MILES - kneels on the kitchen counter with a gorgeous five-year old GIRL with DARK BROWN HAIR - MEREDITH. Both have COOKIE DOUGH smiles on their faces.

ADULT V.O.

My first encounter with a woman took place in 1990. I was exactly five years old.

(pause)

No, really. It was somewhat unrequited with Meredith Sherman. After weeks of pleading during nap time, she finally agreed to a playdate at my house. We baked cookies and I tried to get her to laugh by making funny faces with my hands, covering up the tiny eyes hidden behind my thick royal-blue glasses.

Miles sticks his FINGERS in his MOUTH to make a FISHY FACE. Meredith giggles in delight.

INT. SUBURBAN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY HOME - CONTINUOUS

CU MEREDITH'S NOSE: Snot central. Gnarly!

ADULT V.O.

I had been besotted with her until I noticed the green 11's advancing from her upper lip just moments later.

A MOTHERLY SET OF HANDS enters frame with a wad of paper towels.

ADULT V.O. (CONT'D)

My Mom had to wipe Mer's nose. I was so turned off. I've never eaten Toll House Chocolate Chip cookies again.

EXT. SUBURBAN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY HOME - LATER

MOM -- STEFF, (late 30's) -- and Meredith stand at the front door. Meredith wears her pink CARE BEARS BACKPACK, holding a turquoise MY LITTLE PONY lunchpail. Mom holds a fresh tupperware container of chocolate chip cookies for Meredith to take home.

A 1989 Volvo Station Wagon pulls up the DRIVEWAY.

ADULT V.O.

And just like that, I was through with Meredith. I mean, shit, she couldn't even blow her own nose. Her mom came to get her just after the cookies were done.

Meredith's Mom, PATTI, late 30's, Jane Fonda outfit, walks up to thank STEFF, picking up Meredith in her arms. Pleasantries exchanged. Patti and Meredith head back down to the car.

CU: PATTI'S ASS in her BLACK WORK-OUT TIGHTS.

ADULT V.O. (CONT'D)

I remember them walking down our red brick path to their car.

Miles WAVES.

ADULT V.O. (CONT'D)

Meredith's mom had a really fine ass. And it was here, at this moment, when I first realized the power of woman.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER AREA - LUNCH TIME, 1997

PRE-TEENS of all types with braces, boys with 311 and Rage Against The Machine t-shirts, girls with Kate Spade bags, BACKPACKS, BINDERS, and BAD HAIR shuffle around the locker area, futzing with 3-NUMBER-COMBO BLACK MASTER LOCKS.

MILES, now 13, wears thick ROYAL BLUE glasses, stands with a BLACK SKATER KID in a Shorty's hat, ALAN, 13, going to town on a Blow-Pop AS --

THREE GORGEOUS THIRTEEN/FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRLS WALK BY in Dickie's Overalls and Adidas sneakers -- all matching, each one wearing a different color combination.

We land on the THE GIRL ON THE FAR LEFT.

This is BLAIR, 13. She has gorgeous BROWN HAIR, cut short at her shoulders, an enormous smile, freckles, and HAZEL colored EYES. She looks at MILES and smiles, walking off with the girls.

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)

I met my best friend, my soul-mate, the love of my life, when I was thirteen years old. Blair. I had it bad. I was in love, completely smitten. But I didn't know how to deal with it at first.

ANGLE ON: MILES, RETARDED IN LOVE, EYES WIDE.

FLASH TO:

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTER CLASS, 1997

A BELL RINGS and students scurry, already late for their next class. Blair stands up too fast, and an N'SYNC CD falls to the floor from within her BINDER.

ADULT V.O.

So I was an asshole...

Miles picks it up, handing it to Blair.

MILES

You like the Backstreet Boys??

Blair SMILES, thinking Miles is taking an interest.

BLAIR

You mean N'Sync? Yeah. Justin Timberlake mainly. So hot. He's the only one that'll last.

MILES

Yeah, right. Whatever. They're all fags.

BLAIR

Asshole.

Blair STORMS OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER AREA - CHRISTMAS - 1998

It's the last day before Winter Break. They're now fourteen. Blair wears a RED sweater and BLACK Converse slide SANDALS (very hip that year). Miles wears CARGO PANTS and a Beastie Boys hoody.

ADULT V.O.

Then I started being really nice to her.

Miles hands Blair a box from Fred Segal.

MILES

Merry Christmas, Blair.

BLAIR

But we're Jewish. My last name is Baumstein! Hello....?

MILES

Yeah, but you love Christmas.

BLAIR

And Ryan Phillippe in *Cruel Intentions*. Juicy sweatpants. Nintendo. Kobe Bryant. All of the Lakers, actually. Oh, and black babies. They're so cute. Like you.

Blair KISSES Miles on the CHEEK and he turns the color of a USED TAMPON.

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)

See why I loved her?

INT. GCC MOVIE THEATER - SHERMAN OAKS - SUMMER, 1998

*Can't Hardly Wait* plays on the MOVIE SCREEN. We find BLAIR and MILES in the back of the theater, in the dark, staring at each other, giggling, moments before going at it.

Okay, now they're going at it -- tongues and spit and the stuff that fourteen year old legends are made of.

ADULT V.O.

We ended up making out one summer day before starting high school. I liked it.

Blair takes Miles' HAND and places it on her BOOB, over her sweater.

ADULT V.O. (CONT'D)

Come to think of it. I fucking loved every second of it.

(pause)

We were best friends with benefits, long before Matt Kemp and Rihanna, or even Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky.

BACK TO SCENE:

Miles dunks his fingers into a melted box of MILK DUDS, licks them, now going for the holy-grail.

ANGLE ON: MILES' TWO CHOCOLATEY FINGERS INCHING TOWARDS BLAIR'S CROTCH.

Blair immediately closes her THIGHS, jumpy, swatting his hand away.

BLAIR

Miles!

MILES

They melt in your bush, not your hand.

BLAIR

That's M&M's! And I don't have a bush, Romeo.

Miles and Blair are SHUSHED by the row behind them. They go at it again, lost in their own world.

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)

...That was until I introduced her to my best friend, Drew, the Pythagorus of Pussy.

EXT. SUBURBAN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY HOME - NIGHT - 2000

The patio of Miles' parents home.

ADULT V.O.

Drew was three years older than us, sure, but I didn't think much of it when I introduced the two of them. They were my best friends.

REVEAL: Drew, (17), handsome, older, little facial hair, wearing a GUNS N' ROSES T-shirt under a COLLARED SHIRT and cargo pants, teaching Miles and Blair, (14) how to smoke a JOINT.

DREW

Blair, hold the joint between two fingers, suck in some smoke, then suck in air. Hold it in like Snoop.

Blair follows his instructions, COUGHS all over the place. Passes the JOINT to Miles.

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)

I figured we'd all have fun hanging out together.

(beat)

Little did I know just HOW much fun they'd have together.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Miles, now STONED, stands guard by his bedroom door in the DARK as Drew and Blair go at it under the covers of Miles' bed.

Blair HOWLS at the moon in sexual ecstasy. God only knows what they're doing.

BLAIR (O.C.)

(from under covers)

Holy. Fucking. Christ. I'm coming!!!!

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - SUMMER - 2001

Students on students on students hanging out, studying, playing frisbee-golf on an immaculately manicured lawn at the prestigious university.

ADULT V.O.

Summer before our Junior year, I went to Oxford for a three month long writing program.

Miles (now 16) sits on some set of historic steps with a DISCMAN and a post-card from Blair. "Miss you. Miss you. Can't wait to kiss you. Drew says hi.'

Miles SMILES.

ADULT V.O. (CONT'D)  
Blair and I would talk every few  
days or so. I missed her.

INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - WOLFSON WEST HALL - PHONE BOOTH

Miles stands at the phone, sticking coins in the machine,  
dialing. RING. RING. Weird English Ring.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

MILES  
Blair!!!

BLAIR  
Miles! Hi!!! How are you? How's  
Radiohead? You know they live  
there?...how's Oxford, babe?!

MILES  
It's amazing. Doing a lot of cool  
writing. Yesterday we had our three  
hour class in the park, which was  
awesome. What's new with you?

BEAT.

BLAIR  
(choked)  
So, you know Drew and I have been  
hanging out, he's here for an  
internship at Fox Sports.

MILES  
Yeah. I got your postcard. Kinda  
weird, no?

BLAIR  
Miles, I...I want to tell you  
something.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
(can hardly contain  
herself)  
Drew and I had sex. I'm not a  
virgin anymore!!!

CU: MILES CHEST: HIS HEART BEATING THROUGH HIS T-SHIRT.

ADULT V.O.

I sort of always knew it was going to happen; can't say I was that surprised. I was in serious denial.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLAIR'S BEDROOM PATIO - END OF SAME SUMMER - 2001

It's a gorgeous, sunny LA day, one of the last in August. Blair wears denim shorts, a white T, barefoot. She looks gorgeous. Miles is in a Lacoste shirt and skater shorts.

They share a JOINT, no longer coughing, baking in the sun.

BLAIR

Miles. I missed you so much.

Blair puts her HAND on Miles' HAND.

MILES

I missed you, too.

(pause)

But what about Drew? Are you guys like, together?

BLAIR

What about him? He's back in Philly at college. We can still all be friends. Hang out when he comes to visit, I guess.

MILES

But you guys slept together. Don't you miss him? Do you like him?

Blair's obviously nervous about the following words.

BLAIR

It was fun...A summer fling. Ugh.

(pause)

I liked him, yeah...but it's not what I have with you. I'm so sorry. I hope you're not mad.

MILES

What was it like?

BLAIR

First time sex was nerve-racking. Honestly, I just wanted to get it over with.

MILES

I'm not mad. It's. It's just. I  
donno...I wanted to share that  
special bond with you. I have  
feelings for you that I've never  
felt for anyone else on the planet.

BLAIR

I know, I have those feelings for  
you, too.

Blair REACHES FOR MILES HAND, INTERLOCKS HER FINGERS.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I know I was selfish. I realized it  
after it was too late.

MILES

What do you mean?

BEAT.

BLAIR

The second I realized you'd be  
coming back, I woke up every  
morning with butterflies in my  
stomach. I couldn't sleep. Barely  
ate. You're all I thought about. My  
nerves. I was so excited to see  
you...

(quick pause)

And that's when I realized --

MILES just STARES, listening --

BLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm in love with you, Miles. I've  
had butterfly feelings for you  
since the eighth grade, and I tried  
to deny it because I was afraid it  
would ruin our friendship.

MILES

(resentful but OK with it)  
So you boned Drew instead of me?!  
You total slut. What do you want me  
to say?

BLAIR

That you still have feelings for  
me. I know you do. I know you love  
me back.

MILES  
(insecure)  
Has Drew's DNA finished seeping out  
of you yet??

Blair SLUGS Miles in the shoulder. They both laugh.

BLAIR  
I love you, Miles. I really do.

Blair KISSES Miles on the MOUTH, with TONS OF TONGUE. He  
can't resist.

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)  
We were inseparable, boyfriend and  
girlfriend from this day forward  
until the day we left for college  
in 2003.

ANGLE ON: INTERLOCKED FINGERS, TWISTED TONGUES.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAIR'S HOUSE - DECEMBER, 2002

Blair blows out a BIRTHDAY CAKE (Happy 18th!) with all her  
girlfriends. Miles stands next to her, holding her hand,  
kissing her for the cameras.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - VALENTINE'S DAY, 2003

Blair and Miles eat heart-shaped ravioli, pretending to be  
adults having a fancy dinner, clinking wine glasses.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - POST LAKERS GAME, 2003

Blair and Miles exit the game with throngs of fans arm in  
arm. Blair wears a Purple Lakers hat and a Kobe24 jersey.

INT. MILES BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT, 2003

Miles and Blair have sex to "Miss Jackson" by OutKast (also  
very hot that year).

BLAIR  
(panting)  
Talk dirty to me.

MILES  
(struggling)  
I'm...I'm....I'm in you!!!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKERS, SPRING 2003

Blair sits in Miles lap, studying for the SATs, going over flashcards, surrounded by backpacks and college guide books.

ADULT V.O.

Soon, we were applying to colleges.  
Blair wanted to go to a Big 10  
school, go to football games, join  
a sorority, have school spirit. I  
wanted to be in a bustling city  
campus college with all night  
diners, clubs, a film/video  
program, and decent drugs.

INT. MILES' HOME - KITCHEN, 2003

Miles (also now 18) stands with his family (late 40's STEFF & JERE, 16 year old brother, JOSH) and Blair at the kitchen table, opening a package from Boston University.

Miles looks at them and SMILES before HIGH-FIVING them.

MILES  
I did it! Early decision. What  
what?!?!

MOM  
Congratulations, Mi!!

DAD  
We're so proud of you.

JOSH  
It's not like he got into Harvard  
or M.I.T. It's B.U. Jesus Christ.

BLAIR  
We'll I'm impressed.

Blair KISSES Miles.

JOSH  
Ugh. Get a dorm.

EXT. BLAIR'S DRIVEWAY - AUGUST, 2003

Blair stands with her family and FOUR DOGS in the driveway, packed and ready to go to the U of M for college.

Miles HUGS Blair with every ounce of his heart, body and soul. Blair BURSTS into tears into his shoulder, sobbing into his sweatshirt. Miles wipes his EYES.

Miles takes off his SWEATSHIRT and hands it to Blair.

MILES

(choked)

I want you to have this.

BLAIR

(balling)

Mi, I have thirty of your sweatshirts. I could open a store. I love you love you love you to pieces. I'm gonna miss you more than anything. What am I going to ever do without you? You're my everything.

MILES

Me too. I don't want it to end. It's going to be really hard. But we'll call each other. You'll come visit. I'll come to some football games. We'll make it work.

BLAIR

I don't want it to end either, but I know that we need to experience other people. Go to college. Really go. Be young in order to grow up.

Miles and Blair HUG AND KISS a magical fire/ice fireworks GOODBYE KISS that only happens in the Twilight movies.

ADULT V.O.

This was the beginning of the end.  
The last waltz, so to speak.

BEGIN COLLEGE  
MONTAGE:

EXT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, COMM AVE. - 2005

Miles and a brunette girl with GLASSES walk hand in hand into a pub filled with their friends. Both wear NORTH FACE jackets. It's FREEZING, SNOW ON THE GROUND.

ADULT V.O.

Things changed. Time passed. We did visit. We sent each other e-mails, and presents on our birthdays, but we ultimately grew apart. Started seeing other people.

EXT. U OF M FRAT PARTY - DELTA SIG - 2006

Bros and Hos mill around a keg as someone's Gym Playlist plays on the shitty speaker system. Blair MAKES OUT with some steakhead wearing a backwards NY Yankees hat.

INT - MICHIGAN STADIUM, U OF M - 2007

Graduation for Blair. She walks with a group of her sorority sisters amongst thousands of other students. Family CHEER from all angles. Blair shakes the DEAN'S HAND, stops for a photo opp.

ADULT V.O.

(sullen)

By the time we graduated, Blair had a serious boyfriend. Or so I read on Facebook.

ANGLE ON: BLAIR'S FAMILY: MOM, DAD, OLDER BROTHER, and GENERIC BOYFRIEND, taking a picture, clapping, cheering.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL REUNION PARTY - SUMMER, 2007

Solo cups, kegs, ping pong. Familiar faces from high school. It's random. Awkward. Everyone is version 2.0 of their previous selves. An iPod plays Kanye and H.O.V.A.

Miles STANDS with a few kids he was friendly with back in the day, sharing crappy memories.

...AND AS IF HELEN OF TROY WALKED RIGHT INTO THE PARTY, BLAIR APPEARS, standing in front of Miles.

BLAIR

Hi. Remember me?

Miles nearly drops his beer.

MILES

Blair something right?

BLAIR

Uh huh...

MILES

Did we fuck?

BLAIR

Shut up! Miles! How are you?!

Blair nearly jumps into his arms, throwing her weight on him.

MILES

How are you?! What's new? Aren't you supposed to be in New York?

BLAIR

Ugh. I moved all my stuff out of my parents' house in Palm Springs. I can't be there anymore. It's too depressing. My Dad's lost his mind.

(pause)

I'm staying at Hilary's in Sherman Oaks until I go back.

MILES

You got a job?

BLAIR

Eesh. Working on that. Gonna figure that out. In the meantime, I'll probably work at Urban Outfitters. Michael and I just found a nice place in Brooklyn. He's finishing law school.

MILES

Michael?

BLAIR

Oh, yeah. I thought I told you. I'm dating a great guy.

MILES

I haven't seen or talked to you in over a year. So no, you didn't tell me. I mean, I heard you had a dude or something. But moving in together? Across the country? That's serious. Super serious. Like bone marrow disease or Darfur.

BLAIR

What about you? No girls, Mi? That's not like you.

MILES

There were a few here and there.  
Good candidates, but none of them  
nailed the audition for wife of the  
year.

BEAT.

BLAIR

So...

MILES

So...

ADULT V.O.

That was the last time I saw her.  
We hugged and kissed, had a few  
beers. Shared some laughs. She left  
with her friend Hilary and I went  
home to jerk off.

WIDE OF BLAIR AND MILES as they walk off in different  
directions --

**EXT./INT. - MILES CAR - 10 FREEWAY - PRESENT DAY - 2012**

Miles (now 26), GLASSES, BRILLO PAD HAIR, just as we know  
him, drives back to his two bedroom apartment in Los Feliz.  
Traffic. Music. Windows down.

EXT. THE TOWER APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Establishing. Miles' parks in front, grabs his messenger bag  
from the backseat.

INT. MILES APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Keys in the door. It's unlocked. Miles flips on the light,  
throws his keys and wallet down. Ikea and West Elm chic.

DREW (O.S.)

Yooo! Honey, is that you?!

MILES

Yo! Sup my dawg?

Drew SLIDES into the room like Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*.  
He's now 28, but not a day over fifteen.

DREW

Nothin' much. Mail's on your bed.  
Predator's on Showtime.

MILES

(a-la Arnold)

"Bennett, get in the chopper! Get  
down! Goooo!"

DREW

Wanna go out tonight?

MILES

Meh. Not really. Anything good?

DREW

Some party in the hills. Models and  
bottles, you want to come with?

MILES

Only if you promise to stop quoting  
*Swingers*.

DREW

You're so money, and you don't even  
know it.

MILES

I don't know, dude.

DREW

Miles. Don't even go there. Not  
now. Let's just have a good time  
tonight.

MILES

I can't help it. It's all I think  
about. I keep looking at pictures  
of her, of us. Old letters.  
Valentines. The yearbook...

DREW

(not again)

Here we go...

MILES

(losing it)

Every day something pops up on my  
God damn Newsfeed about her job, or  
her dogs, or that Michael boyfriend  
guy passing the bar, and I want to  
die.

DREW

Get. Over. Her. Dude. Let it go.  
 She has. What happened to that  
 Courtney girl you were *schtupping*?  
 She was nice?

MILES

Courtney? From Valencia? The  
 teacher I met on OK Cupid? I've  
 seen better legs on furniture. I'd  
 rather fuck fruit.

(pause)

I can't do this dating thing  
 forever, man. Everyone sucks. It's  
 boring. Sex is rad, but I sort of  
 miss the pillow talk these days.  
 Reading in bed. Hangin' out.  
 Playing Wii. Going to concerts.  
 Eating Twizzlers in the nude...all  
 these things I did with Blair.

BEAT.

DREW

Miles, just take it easy. You're  
 only twenty-six. And they didn't  
 have Wii when you dated Blair.

MILES

That's not the point! We're getting  
 older, and the older I get, the  
 more I want what I had when I was  
 seventeen...I want a best friend  
 that loves me for me...the good,  
 the bad, the ugly. I want a  
 partner, a sidekick. I want a wife.  
 Or at least to know she's out  
 there. And Blair...

(breathes)

Blair was the Lilo to my Stitch in  
 the form of a hot Jewish girl that  
 I loved fellating.

(ugh)

I miss her. I need her.

DREW

You still takin' your Zoloft?

Miles NODS.

DREW (CONT'D)

Good.

(quick; then)

When was the last time you spoke?

MILES

She texted me on New Year's. The first person to call me on my birthday. We Facebooked each other on Passover; I wanted to know where she hid the *Afikomen*.

DREW

I love you to pieces, but get it together. Move on. It's affecting your ability to meet other people and she probably thinks you're a creep! You Facebook each other? Listen to yourself, Zuckberger.

MILES

It's Zuckerberg.

DREW

Whatever. You sound insane. Miles, we have this conversation twice a week. It's killing you, and me. You're stuck in the past. Stop thinking about a future with Blair. Just be present.

MILES

Be present. Live in the moment. Yeah, sure. No problem, Ferris.

DREW

You need a drink. You need to chill. You need a night on the town. We're going out to meet some girls.

MILES CONSIDERS THIS --

MILES

None of them are Blair.

DREW

Exactly.

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON HOUSE PARTY - ESTABLISHING - LATER

Cars putt putt up the windy hills to a gigantic monstrosity adorned with Christmas lights. We can hear the music from the street. It very well may be Amy Winehouse (big ups).

INT. BEACHWOOD CANYON HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew fight for free booze at a kitchen counter with a bunch of hipsters, wannabees, actors and agents. TWO DUDES in fedoras knock into Miles.

MILES

(shouting)

This really sucks. Like Sasha Grey sucks.

DREW

There's a ton of girls here. What's the matter, dude?

Miles pulls out his iPhone.

DREW (CONT'D)

Give me that. You're not Tweeting, Texting, checking 'the Book' or GRINDRing with all these babe-or-tunities right in front of you.

MILES

(matter of fact)

GRINDR's an app for gay dudes.

DREW

Exactly. Quit being such a dong-huffer with all these pretty girls walking around.

THREE GIRLS WALK BY: One looks like Emma Stone's uglier twin, a second is Bar Rafaeli with a bad nose job, the third is bleach-blonde, wearing a tube-top and press-on nails. This chick makes Tara Reid look hot. Yikes.

MILES

This isn't a who's who, Drew. It's a who gives a fuck.

DREW

(defeated)

Here. Relax.

Hands Miles a JOINT.

MILES

I snort it, right?...I'll be on the balcony. Entertain yourself.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Miles stands a few feet from a couple kissing, lighting the joint, peering out over Los Angeles and all its twinkly-lit glory. Taking a moment to himself.

A brief moment. A LEGGY BLONDE approaches.

LEGGY BLONDE  
Do you share?

MILES  
Yup. Everything I need to know I learned in Kindergarten.

LEGGY BLONDE  
That a line?

MILES  
No, it's a joint. You want some?

LEGGY laughs, taking the joint from Miles.

MILES (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

LEGGY BLONDE  
Adele.

MILES  
Like the singer?

ADELE  
That husky bitch ruined my life with one song.

MILES  
(singing)  
"We could have had it all....rolling in the deep. You had my heart and sooooouuuuuulllll...."

CUT TO:

INT. MILES BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Your average twenty-something bedroom. A framed Guns N' Roses poster from "Appetite for Destruction." Framed pictures on a nightstand. A desk with a Macbook. A bookshelf.

Miles and Adele go at it, collapsing on his Queen size bed. She pulls off her undies. He unbuttons his pants.

ADELE  
Do you have something?

MILES  
You on the pill?

ADELE  
I just met you. Get a condom,  
dingus.

Miles grabs a CONDOM from the nightstand to his left. They charge each other sexually, drunkenly attacking each other.

Adele ROLLS OVER ONTO THE MAIL on the comforter, causing it to crumple, sliding onto the floor at the foot of Miles' bed.

REVEAL: A large, thick, square shaped ENVELOPE addressed to Miles. The return address reads New York City in fancy black calligraphy.

INT. MILES BEDROOM - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

The morning after. Awkward. An ALARM CLOCK reads 7:37 AM.

Adele quickly dresses next to Miles, still asleep in BED. Her CLOTHES are in clumps on the floor next to condom wrappers and a medicine bottle full of weed.

Miles opens a crusty eye.

MILES  
Where you going so fast?

ADELE  
Little place called work.

MILES  
It's not even eight o'clock yet.  
You a bus driver? Get back here.

Adele STEPS on the ENVELOPE.

ADELE  
You got some mail.

She tosses it to him.

ADELE (CONT'D)  
Who's getting married?

MILES  
Other than you and I? No idea.

ADELE

I'm gonna be late. Last night was fun. I put my number in your phone.

Adele kisses him on the cheek, grabbing her bag from next to the bed.

Miles is distracted, opening the ENVELOPE.

And she's gone.

Miles CAN'T BELIEVE THE WORDS HE READS. His heart nearly STOPS, his world crumbling before him.

MILES

(at the top of his lungs,  
trying to breathe)

Drew!!!!

No response.

MILES (CONT'D)

Drew! Get the fuck in here!

Nothing.

Miles gets up and DARTS into Drew's room.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles JUMPS INTO bed with Drew, shaking him awake. A Calder hangs above his bed. A signed picture of SLASH is pinned to a bulletin board next to a DESK.

MILES

DUDE! WAKE THE FUCK UP!

DREW

(one eye open)

How'd it go with Estelle?

MILES

Adele, and I didn't finish.

Miles SHAKES Drew by his shoulders, screaming in his face.

MILES (CONT'D)

WAKE UP, ASSHOLE!

DREW

(sits up)

What?! It's not even eight. Steve Jobs die again?

MILES  
Bigger.

DREW  
Terrorist attack?

MILES  
Worse.

DREW  
(intrigued)  
...Go on.

MILES  
(deadpan)  
Blair's getting married.

DREW  
Shut. Up.  
(pause)  
To who?!

MILES  
What'dya mean, who? That fucking  
Michael guy. Invite came in the  
mail.

DREW  
The douche nozel with the anvil-  
face? The one you showed me?

MILES  
Yeah, him. The lawyer from New  
York.

DREW  
Oof. I've seen better faces on  
cash.

MILES  
Blair didn't even give me the  
chance to fight for her, or say  
something, anything. How am I  
supposed to get her back now?  
Married? I'm her husband, Drew!  
This is so fucked.

DREW  
Whoa. Slow down, sweet chariot.

MILES  
Homegirl is Mia Wallace, Margot  
Tenenbaum and Elaine Robinson  
rolled into one. And boom. Gone.

DREW

Where's the wedding?

MILES

Napa. Six hours north of L.A.

DREW

Let me see the invitation.

Miles does as he's told. Drew examines the invite.

DREW (CONT'D)

Well. The invite is modern, tasteful, and a the off-white cream color of the stationary really accentuates the Bodoni typeface. I'm impressed.

(quick beat)

She gave you a + 1. You gotta go. You gotta bring a date.

MILES

Are you crazy? I'm not going.

DREW

Listen, Miles, in all seriousness, do you plan to tell her how you feel?

MILES

I mean. I can't let her go without a fight. What's appropriate in this situation? Facebook? Text? Phone? Should I just RSVP "no" with a witty note about why I love her?

DREW

Wrong! Go to the wedding and fucking get your girl, Benjamin Braddick!

MILES

Drew, I love this girl more than life itself. I can't stand to see her get married to another guy. But I also can't ruin her wedding.

DREW

Seriously? Miles. This is your moment. You want to say something? To stand up and party for your right to fight? You want your shot? You're looking at it.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

This is your one opportunity to get the girl before you lose her forever. She's giving you the opportunity to say something. This invitation proves it. Fuck. I'll go with you. Who better to accompany you than the guy who took her virginity?

MILES

Don't remind me.  
(pause)  
I'm not going.

DREW

We're going.

Miles pulls a JOINT and LIGHTER from his BRIEFS, LIGHTS it...

INT. THE BOWERY BAR - A MONTH OR SO LATER

Miles and Drew sit in a BOOTH with MICHELLE (29), a rich, gorgeous chick from Santa Barbara with BROWN HAIR and a BLACK AMEX. A gigantic iceberg of an ENGAGEMENT RING is on her wedding finger.

It's Drew's 29th birthday. Not exactly a raging affair.

MILES

I'm not going.

DREW

(to Michelle)  
He's going. Tell him, Mich.

MICHELLE

When's the wedding?

MILES

June.

DREW

I have exactly three weeks to get you in the best shape of your life.

(to a passing waitress)  
'nother Jameson, please.

MICHELLE

You two are insane.

DREW

Says you, the bride-to-be whose penchant for eating Vicodin and *schtutting* me hasn't ceased to exist since said engagement...

MICHELLE

I know. I know. I'm having an existential crisis.

MILES

Yeah, Michelle. Not that I'm in any place to ask, but what the hell are you doing getting married?

MICHELLE

Support. Freedom. Relief. I'm tired of the husband search. I just don't care anymore. We're not meant to be with one person for eternity anyway, so I'll bite the bullet and get it over with. Everyone knows the second husband is the one. The first is just a placeholder. I'm really holding out for Drew.

MILES

I can relate to that. So by your account, I still have a shot with Blair?

MICHELLE

It's never over, Miles. Not until you say so.

Michelle GRABS Drew'S HAND AND PLACES IT IN HER'S, turns to him, cutting out Miles in the process.

CLOSE ON MICHELLE AND DREW

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(genuine)

Save me.

DREW

(drunk)

Michelle, what are you even saying?

MICHELLE

I love you, Drew.

DREW

You love having sex with me.

MICHELLE

I love that you know how to make me  
laugh without even trying.

DREW

Michelle, you're my closest friend  
on planet Earth, it's you and the  
four-eyed kid. That's all I got.

MICHELLE

Exactly! You get me. You got me. So  
be with me. Save me from my  
marriage...and divorce. I don't  
love Jake. He just fits the bill.  
My parents like him.

BEAT.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I should be marrying you!

MILES IS WATCHING THIS UNFOLD BEFORE HIS VERY EYES. He wishes  
he was having this exact conversation with Blair.

DREW

Michelle. I have three hundred  
dollars in my checking account and  
my Dad's old Benz. I work as a  
personal assistant to a fucking  
trainer. I'm not exactly killing  
it.

MICHELLE

Money isn't real.

DREW

Really? Love fades. Money doesn't.

MICHELLE

I want to spend the rest of my life  
with you. For richer or poorer. In  
sickness and in health. For better  
or worse. 'Til death do us part.

Michelle's HAND pushes an ICONIC TURQUOISE TIFFANY'S BOX with  
a WHITE RIBBON AROUND IT to Drew across the table, leaving it  
at his drink. Drew is dumbfounded. He opens it.

Drew looks down at the BOX.

Drew looks at Michelle.

Drew looks back at the BOX, looks at Miles.

DREW  
(to Michelle)  
What the fuck is this?

MICHELLE  
Happy Birthday, drewbee-doo.

REVEAL: It's two pills of Ecstasy with J.D. Salinger on them.

She places one of the pills in Drew's mouth. He shakes his head, swallowing it down with his drink.

DREW  
You're the worst thing to ever  
happen to me.

MICHELLE  
Right back atcha. Love you, mean  
it.

Michelle takes the other pill and gulps it down with a shot.

Drew shoots Michelle a look that says "I'm going to kill you," to which Michelle replies with her own set of eyes, "not if I fuck your brains out first."

CUT TO:

INT. MILES/DREWS APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Remnants of last night's pre-game. A couple empty bottles, Chick-Fil-A wrappers, weed crumbs and a rolled up \$20. Sunday Football plays MUTED on the wall-mounted TV in the den.

Miles sits outside on the balcony, smoking a cigarette in his pajamas, listening to "All I Want" by Joni Mitchell.

INT. DREW'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle gathers her belongings. Drew is dead asleep in bed. Michelle walks over to him, moves the HAIR FROM HIS BROW, kisses his FOREHEAD.

MICHELLE  
Love you.

Drew STIRS in bed. Not really awake yet.

BEGIN QUICK TIME  
LAPSE:

## EXT. - THE BALCONY - MILES' APARTMENT

Multiple mornings and nights. Each day begins and ends with Miles SMOKING cigarettes outside on the BALCONY in different pajama pants and T-shirts. On some mornings, MICHELLE comes and goes from Drew's bedroom, kissing Miles 'goodbye' outside before EXITING.

END TIME LAPSE  
AND BACK TO:

## EXT. MILES/DREWS' APARTMENT - THE DRIVEWAY

It's June. Visibly hot as balls in Los Angeles.

Drew tosses a DUFFEL into the backseat of his father's 1995 Mercedes SL 500 CONVERTIBLE, cigarette dangling from his lip. He wears vintage Oliver People sunglasses. The top is DOWN.

Within moments, Miles appears, wearing a BACKPACK, PAJAMA BOTTOMS, a Stussy hat from the Clinton administration. Sunglasses on CROAKIES around his neck.

MILES  
I'm not going.

DREW  
Get in the car, Miles. I'm not asking you. I'm telling you.

MILES  
I don't even have on the proper attire. I'm wearing your PJ's from sleepaway camp.

DREW  
Thought I recognized those.  
(points)  
Lotta jizz stains. Here.

Drew UNZIPS the duffel and tosses him a pair of Levi's.

DREW (CONT'D)  
My Levi's. Take 'em.

Mile's STRIPS IN THE STREET, dropping his pants and putting on the Jeans. He's wearing HI-LIGHTER ORANGE AMERICAN APPAREL TIGHTY-WHITEYS.

MILES  
Thanks.  
(zips up)  
I'm just worried.  
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

Can't stop thinking about it. Why would she invite me? Why now? All of a sudden. I didn't even get a save-the-date. It just doesn't make sense.

DREW

Who knows, man. Girls are fucking weird. On the pill. Off the pill. Bleeding for three days and not dying. Reading The Hunger Games, watching American Idol and lining up for Twilight movies. They're N-U-T-S. Nuts. Your guess is as good as mine. You're just going to have to take that leap of faith.

(losing his patience)

Now get in the fucking car, before I embarrass you in front of the neighbors. It's already three. We're never gonna make it tonight.

MILES

Just tell me you packed the Tums.

DREW

Get in the car, Rain Man.

Drew SHOOTS MILES A LOOK: *the friendship/I've known you thirty years, of course I have Tums, get in the motherfucking car look.*

Miles literally LEAPS into the car, over the door, without ever opening it.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - 5 FWY ENTRANCE

Drew and Miles enjoying the ride, cruising. If they were a gay couple this would be the moment Miles would put his hand on Drew's, resting on the gear-shifter.

MILES

I made a mix.

DREW

Of course you did. You could be overly sentimental and nostalgic over a tuna melt.

MILES  
Don't you knock it 'til you rock  
it.

Miles puts in the CD-R labeled, "Penis Town Vol.1"

DREW  
Let's Cruise like Tom.

Without a moment of hesitation, ANNIE LENNOX "Walking On Broken Glass" tears ass through the 8-speaker system of the SL

and THEY'RE OFF...

INT./EXT DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - LATER

Various driving shots of scenery and the boys until --

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - LATER

Drew EXITS the freeway, headed for a tiny DIRT ROAD that leads to a GAS STATION DINER.

INT. GAS SATION DINER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Drew and Miles sit on opposites of a booth. Miles is dumping way too much Tobasco sauce on an omelet. Drew dunks a few french fries into a saucer of ketchup.

"Gimme Danger" by The Stooges plays on a shitty jukebox.

DREW  
So, do you have some sort of plan  
here?

MILES  
You're joking, right. This was your genius idea. I didn't even want to come! I'm just gonna say what I feel, say what I mean, and mean what I say. But I was hoping you had the plan...

DREW  
I booked us a room at a nice little bed and breakfast right down the road from where everyone else is staying for the reception. Thought you might appreciate some space, also it'll be fun.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

We'll get blasted on a nice Pinot  
and stakeout the bridesmaids from  
our room. I made sure it has a nice  
view.

MILES

You think I should grow a beard?

DREW

Last time I checked your name  
wasn't Bon Iver, and furthermore,  
you suck at guitar.

MILES

Beards are in season.

DREW

So is riding a fixed gear bike,  
cutting your own hair, wearing a  
too-tight Thom Browne suit, and  
living in Brooklyn.

MILES

Ugh, Brooklyn. Blair and Michael  
live in Brooklyn. I wonder if he  
has a beard.

DREW

Blair's his beard, dude.

MILES

(re: Michael)

Ugh, I hope he chokes on a Cialis.

Drew RAISES his HAND to signal the waitress to bring the check.

EXT. GAS SATION DINER - DAY

Drew pumps gas as the numbers tick upwards. Miles sits in the car, smoking a cigarette, rolling a JOINT.

DREW

Thing is, I love her, dude.

MILES

Who? Michelle?

DREW

No, Nelly Furtado.

(pause)

Yes, Michelle, you tool. Thing is,  
I can't be her man.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

She's too flighty, care-free and rich and I'm just too intelligent, wound-up and poor. She's not even Jewish.

MILES

That's the dumbest thing you've ever said. Judaism is overrated.

DREW

I want to be challenged. I need someone to call me on my shit. To stand up to me. I need my own Blair, dude. Michelle's not my soulmate. She's my BFF fuck-buddy. There's a difference.

MILES

Newsflash, that's how it started with Blair. And it evolved, as relationships often do. Didn't you see *No Strings Attached*?

DREW

No. I saw *Friends with Benefits* instead. Mila has the hottest Kunis. And who knew Timberlake could act?

MILES

Blair...in the seventh grade.

(pause)

Listen, Drew, in all seriousness, Michelle cares about you. She wants you. She's there for you. She loves the you, you love.

DREW

Pipe down, Carrie Bradshaw. You love Blair and it just isn't enough...

The NOZZLE CLICKS and Drew holsters the gas gun.

EXT. THE 5 FWY - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew tear ass down the 5 Freeway, pot-smoke BILLOWING out of the front seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOLLY ROGER MOTEL AND BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Two-Seater SL pulls into a dirt parking lot, in front of a flashing sign that reads VACANCIES.

MILES

Jesus, Drew. The Bates Motel was booked up? What the fuck is this place?

DREW

The Jolly Roger Inn.

MILES

I need a drink.

DREW

Your wish is my command.

INT. JOLLY ROGER BAR - LATER

Pool tables and bar stools. Thirtysomething and Forty-nothing WAITRESSES carrying DRINK TRAYS. A few TRUCK DRIVERS sit in a booth, drinking coffee.

Miles and Drew play EIGHT BALL at a nearby POOL TABLE. Miles completely biffs, missing his shot.

TWO GORGEOUS, OUT OF PLACE BRUNETTE GIRLS enter the bar, and just about everyone including the DYKE working the fryer takes notice.

GIRL #1

Lolz. What is this place, Jen?

MOMENTS LATER

DREW

(re: the girls)

Dinner is served.

INT. JOLLY ROGER INN - ROOM 125 - LATER

Drew and Miles drink cans of Budweiser on their beds with JEN, 28 -- great rack, denim, black boots -- and DAYNA, 27, bomb body, now wearing a flannel, sweatpants and Uggs.

Drew and DAYNA on one bed.

MILES and JEN on the other.

JEN  
 So you guys are really connoisseurs  
 from Wine Spectator magazine?

Dayna explodes in hysterics, ripping hits from a little travel PIPE.

MILES  
 (deadpan)  
 No. No. No. Drew was being  
 sarcastic. We're on our way to  
 break up a wedding and steal the  
 bride.

Now Jen is laughing, too, flirtatiously tugging on Drew's T-shirt with each cackle.

DAYNA  
 You're too much.

MILES  
 (as if he were going to  
 deliver a speech)  
 Blair...

DREW  
 (shut it, Miles)  
 Yeah, he really is *too much*, isn't  
 he?  
 (ah hem cough at Miles)  
 Who wants to play a game?

Miles CRACKS another beer.

JEN  
 Oooh, ooh, I do. I do.

DAYNA  
 (singing)  
 Mi mi mi mi mi....

DREW  
 It's called last one to cum loses.  
 Ready go!

Drew CLAPS and the lights GO OUT.

DAYNA (O.C.)  
 (cracks up over black)  
 Oh my god. I. Am. Stoned.

The girls CRACK UP and off their laughter we

CUT TO:

EXT. JOLLY ROGER INN - ROOM 125 - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Miles fumbles to put Drew's Levi's back on, closing the door behind him, tripping over his shoes, flushed. Jen CHASES after him, barefoot as she tries to get her boots back on, all while still drinking a Bud.

JEN  
(stoned, laughing)  
Milhouse, hold up.

MILES  
It's okay, I can't do this, and you don't have to. I'm gonna go for a walk. Clear my head.

JEN  
Can I walk with you?

Miles doesn't say yes or no, he simply slows to a pace where she can catch up.

EXT. JOLLY ROGER IN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Continuation of the prior scene. Walking. Talking.

MILES  
Jen, you're fly as hell, and fun, and I'd totally love to "Bangarang Rufio", but I just can't right now. I'm too in my own head.

JEN  
I understand. Big day tomorrow from what I gather. You weren't kidding, huh?

MILES  
Sadly, I am not.

JEN  
She must be pretty special. Good thing you have Drew there as a backup for when the shit hits the fan. And Blanche? What's with her and the wedding? Is there some logic explanation to this road trip, or are you acting solely on emotional impulses?

MILES  
It's Blair. And you really wanna know?

JEN  
I asked...

MILES (PRE-LAP)  
Blair was my high school sweetheart. Naturally, we grew up and went to different colleges. Blair's father eventually lost his job, and ended up moving the family to Palm Springs during our senior year due to financial issues.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. BARREN DESERT - PALM SPRINGS - FLASHBACK

The middle of nowhere. Picture that scene with Cary Grant and the plane in North by Northwest.

MILES (V.O.)  
Last I heard, her Dad was giving flying lessons out of a prop plane.

ANGLE ON: A PROP PLANE WHIZZES BY OVERHEAD...

INT. PROP PLANE - UP IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

Single engine Sessena. Three men cramped like three balls in one sack.

Blair's DAD, DEL, (late 40's), think Phil Jackson with hidden arm TATTOOS and a gun under the passenger seat of his SUV, teaches TWO LATINOS in work clothes and Cartel cowboy hats how to fly a plane. Javier sits NEXT to Del. Esquiviez sits BEHIND them.

DEL  
(into airplane mic)  
Pay attention, Javier!

MILES (V.O.)  
Or maybe he was using the plane to sell weed. Either way. It was bad.

DEL tosses a BRICK OF WEED to Esquiviez, sitting in the jump seat behind him.

ESQUIVIEZ  
Gracias, señor Delroy.

OFF the PROP PLANE careening right, dipping, we're

BACK TO:

EXT. JOLLY ROGER IN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Same as before. Miles pouring his heart out, Jen listening, loving every second of this. She's actually in hysterics. It's probably the weed, but still.

MILES

So, yeah, I'm gonna tell her she should leave all that behind and be with me. Start fresh.

JEN

(finishes laughing)

You're funny. Crazy. But funny. I've had to pee in my pants since we met. That's a good thing.

(serious)

I think it's great what you're doing.

MILES

I'm stuck in the past.

JEN

You're a man who goes after what he wants. You're in touch with your emotions. But I can tell...you have balls. It's what grown women want.

(pause)

And if you weren't balls deep in your own head right now, you might've been balls deep in me because of it.

MILES

(smiles)

I appreciate the direct candor with which you speak. Where you from? What are you doing out here? Who are you?

JEN

Come on.

(kisses Miles on the cheek)

Let's go to bed, and I'll tell ya'.

BEAT.

JEN (CONT'D)  
And by bed I mean sleep. Deal?

MILES  
Deal.

Jen takes Miles arm and loops hers through it. It's strange how easy it is to tell strangers your deepest, darkest secrets.

Miles and Jen head back towards the room, fast friends.

EXT. JOLLY ROGER INN - ROOM 125 - THE NEXT MORNING

Dayna and Jen EXIT the guys' room and hop in their Prius, parked right outside. It's 7:30 AM, maybe.

INT. JOLLY ROGER INN - ROOM 125 - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew HIGH FIVE from BED TO BED.

DREW  
Nothing like pre-marital sex to put you in the mood for a marital occasion.

MILES  
I need coffee and nicotine and marijuana and bagels immediately.

EXT. JOLLY ROGER MOTEL AND BAR - AN HOUR LATER

MUSIC CUE: Kanye West "Gorgeous" - aka Track 2 on My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy.

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew, wearing slight variations on yesterday's outfits, DRIVE OUT of the parking lot, both smoking cigarettes, sipping coffee, careening back onto the highway.

EXT. CALIFORNIA 5 HIGHWAY

Establishing distance. The Mercedes FLIES down the highway in a blaze of glory and thick POT-SMOKE.

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - LATER

The car exits the highway...in the middle of nowhere, Napa Valley, CA.

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES - LATER - SUNSET

Drew swings the two-seater past a faded wooden gate, down a nice pebbled driveway. There are TONS OF OTHER CARS of all shapes and sizes parked, mainly a shit-ton of Priuses (Priii?) and BMWs.

Drew drives up a bit to where there are a group of guests mingling, GROOMSMEN.

MILES  
What are you doing?

DREW  
It's called recon.

Drew puts the car in PARK.

Out of nowhere, a BUTLER type appears.

BUTLER  
Are you guests of the  
Mendel/Baumstein wedding this  
weekend?

DREW  
Yes, my good man, we are. We're  
staying just next door, but don't  
want to miss the rehearsal dinner.  
Are we late?

BUTLER  
Good show. It's not 'til half past  
seven. You have some time to wash  
up if you'd like.

Miles checks his iPhone -- they have 90 minutes.

DREW  
You know what, let's shower up and  
come back before we make our grand  
entrance. What did you say your  
name was?

BUTLER  
Alfred. And you gents are?...

DREW  
Call me Bruce.  
(turns to Miles)  
This is my friend, Wayne.

MILES  
We'll be back.

EXT. THE GRAPES OF WRATH INN - MINUTES LATER

Drew past a sign that says FRONT DESK. It's a quaint, fun bed and breakfast, decorated light blue and purple with all things winery related: plaques of the best years, bottles, pictures of the yield, etc.

Miles takes pictures on his iPhone.

INT. GRAPES OF WRATH INN - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew stand at a makeshift CONCIERGE desk, ringing the little BELL on the counter. Moments later, a lanky stoner-wino in a stained shirt and vest, TEDDY (31) greets them.

TEDDY  
Gentleman. Welcome to the Wrath.  
I'm Teddy. I'll be your concierge.  
If you need anything, just press  
the 0 button on your in-room  
telephone. Last name?

We notice his TEETH are stained purple.

MILES  
Leibler. Party of two.

TEDDY  
Ah, yes. I can do simple math.

DREW  
Good to know.

TEDDY  
Staying with us two nights, as part  
of the wedding next door, correct?

MILES  
Yes.

DREW  
I specified on the phone.

TEDDY

Great. I've got you in a deluxe suite overlooking the vineyard, as well as the area where the wedding reception will be taking place. Perfect for spying, as you requested.

Miles shoots Drew a look.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I'll make up two keys.

Teddy disappears as HILARY PARKER (27, BLONDE, GREAT RACK) appears, wine glass in hand, wearing "boyfriend" jeans, a cute top and matching shoes.

HILARY

Miles...

MILES

(hesitant)

Hil?! Hiya. Wow. You look great.

HILARY

(ecstatic)

Oh. Em. Hashem. Miles Leibler!! How long's it been?

MILES

(struggling)

Little over a year...what's new?

HILARY

(top of her lungs)

Surprise!

Hilary holds up her HAND to show off a GIGANTIC DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

MILES

He went to Jared?

DREW

Looks more like Skip and Steve for Aaron Brothers if you ask me.

MILES

This is my friend, Drew. Drew, this is Hilary.

DREW

You know what, I remember you.

HILARY

You do?

DREW

Yeah. From Miles' Bar Mitzvah. You were there, right? 1997? You gave a little speech with a group of girls if memory serves correct. I think it was a poem, actually.

HILARY

Yeah, I was thirteen. Cray.

DREW

Yes. In the cadence of Kanye, that shit is certainly cray.

MILES

Who's the lucky guy?

DREW

Do we get to meet him?

HILARY

Yes. Derek. He's upstairs unpacking. I came down to drink with some of my girlfriends.

Immediately an iPhone RINGS. Hilary reaches for her back pocket.

HILARY (CONT'D)

(to Miles and Drew)

Sorry...

HILARY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi honey. Be right there. Just ran into some old friends.

She HANGS UP the call, heading in another direction, but turns around.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Miles. Room Syrah 323. Let's catch up.

Miles just nods as Teddy returns with the KEYS.

TEDDY

Here you are, boys. Merlot 421.

Drew grabs the KEYS from Teddy, nearly swiping them from his hands like Houdini.

INT. WRATH INN HALLWAY - FOURTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Drew lug their overnight duffels and backpacks to their room. Drew's SUNGLASSES are back on.

DREW

She totally wants to fuck you,  
dude.

MILES

You're crazy, man. She's engaged!

DREW

She's a bridesmaid, you clown. She wants to get plowed like fresh Aspen powder. It's what they do.

MILES

Drew. Her husband's here!!

DREW

Fiancé! It's not official yet. You know, kinda like why you're here: to save the bride from a life of institutionalized bullshit with that ding-dong Mendel before she MARRIES him.

MILES

(re: Michael)  
Fucking dipshit.

DREW

(imitating Hilary)  
'Syrah 323. Let's catch up.'  
(back to voice)  
ie "lets sit on each other's faces and see who cries 'uncle' first.  
Jesus, Ray Charles. Read the fucking signs.

A SIGN reads **Rooms 400-425 -->**

DREW (CONT'D)

This way.

The boys turn the corner, arriving at their destination.

Drew puts the KEY in the door and turns.

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - CONTINUOUS

Drew FLIPS ON the lights. It's quaint and comfy, the type of place a forty-year old gay couple would really appreciate spending a long weekend.

Miles drops his bag immediately, turning into the bathroom.

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights AUTO ON. Sink. Shower. Toilet. Nice soaps and towelettes.

Miles stands, PISSING into the toilet.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY BETWEEN BATH/BEDROOM:

MILES  
(hollering)  
What are you gonna wear tonight?

DREW (O.C.)  
I was thinking my black Theory  
slacks with the Gucci loafers.

MILES  
For someone without a real job you  
have very expensive taste.

DREW (O.C.)  
(yelling back)  
I stole the pants when I worked at  
Bloomingdale's. The shoes --  
they're my Dad's.

MILES  
You wanna shower first?

DREW (O.C.)  
Naw. You go first, I'm gonna shut  
my eyes for fifteen.

CU: We see Andrew texting Michelle on his iPhone. Cute Emojo icons, and other pleasantries. "Wedding's dope. lookin' fly. Miss U. Wish you were here. XO."

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles begins to undress, turning ON the SHOWER next to him.

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - LATER

Miles and Drew IN TOWELS, so fresh and so clean. They look good, ready to attack. Miles pushes PLAY on an iPod dock as "In Motion" by Trent Reznor and Atticus Ross begins. (It's from the Social Network, immediately recognizable -- Google it.)

BEGIN 'GETTING  
READY' MONTAGE:

QUICK CUTS:

1. Miles powdering his hands/balls with GOLD BOND like an Olympic gymnast.
2. Drew putting on swanky multi-colored SOCKS you might find at Paul Smith.
3. Miles spraying RIGHT GUARD in slo-mo under his arms in the mirror. REVEAL: Drew clapping next to him, pumping him up.
4. Miles unzipping a bifold that reads "BARNEY'S, NEW YORK."
5. Drew sprays cologne into the air and JUMPS into it.
6. Miles adjusts a TIE in the mirror, dapper as fuck.
7. Drew dusts off his Dad's Gucci loafers with a shoe-mitt, stamped "The Grapes of Wrath" embroidered with a W.
8. Drew pulls out a small bottle of Johnny Walker Black.
9. The boys each down 2 SHOTS.
10. The boys EXIT THE ROOM, SUITED AND BOOTTED, slamming the door behind them.

END MONTAGE AND  
CUT TO:

EXT. THE REHEARSAL DINNER COCKTAIL PARTY - 7:27 PM

Guests mix and mingle in their fabulous cocktail attire on a lush green GRASS illuminated by dangling TWINKLY LIGHTS and CHINESE LANTERNS. Lot of summer colors mixed in with navy blues, blacks and whites.

We can see that behind magnificent WHITE CURTAINS, there is a TENT where dinner will be later served.

It's warm out. Miles is visibly SWEATING.

MILES

This is such a bad idea. Let's abort.

DREW

No choice, pro-choice. Just follow my lead. You're great at making shit up.

MILES

Why can't I just be myself?

DREW

You can. You know what I mean. Have a little fun.

A BLONDE BABE CATERER (20's) walks by with a tray of champagne. Drew takes two, hands one to Miles.

DREW (CONT'D)

(to the babe)

Gracias.

DREW (CONT'D)

Here here. To us. To you. To Blair. To life. Cheers.

MILES

L'chaim.

They CLINK glasses.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE REHEARSAL DINNER TENT - LATER

CLINKING glasses for Blair and Michael, a cheers for their guests as Michael finishes his welcome toast, playing it up for his audience.

Michael rocks a BEARD with a sweater worn over a collared shirt and tie with chinos, your average geek stink-breath holding a MICROPHONE.

Blair, on the other hand, is effortlessly stunning, as per usual. Why she's with him is anybody's guess.

Seated next to them at the TABLE are Blair and Michael's parents DEL and BARB, and siblings, (MATT, Blair's 33 year old brother, and his wife, ANNIE, also 33), grandparents, cousins and the like.

MICHAEL

(into the mic)

We are so lucky to have you all here with us, tonight and tomorrow, as we celebrate the first day of the rest of our lives. I just wanted to say, Blair, I love you. You're the best thing that ever happened to me.

We find Drew and Miles, at the very back of the room, at a rogue table with the family outcasts.

DREW

Think that applies to us? The bit about how lucky he is that we're here for him?

MILES

Pass the olive oil, fool.

DREW

I'm just curious if he has any clue that we're here to ruin his wedding, and his life in general.

MILES

(dipping his bread)

I don't think he does, no.

INT. THE REHEARSAL DINNER TENT - DESSERT - LATER

Miles has his tie undone. Drew is flirting with some BRIDESMAID next to him, twirling her hair. Everyone looks good and feels great.

Miles RISES, places his hand on Drew's shoulder.

MILES

I'm going in.

DREW

Godspeed, You Black Emperor.

MILES

Huh?

DREW

Obscure Indie band reference. I'm drunk. May the Schwartz be with you. Better?

MILES

Star Wars and a play on my mother's maiden name? Now, THAT I can get behind.

DREW

Get your girl, Luke. It's why we came. Be brave. Clenched fists. I'll be here, flirting with Stacey until the Millenium Falcon is ready to fly again.

BRIDESMAID

It's Macy.

DREW

(to Macy)

Right. And you can call me Lando Calrissian.

And with that, Miles is OFF.

MOMENTS LATER

Miles walks over to Blair, standing with some older relative types, laughing and hugging. No sign of Michael or her father, not to mention Hilary. The coast looks clear. Miles approaches her. He seems calm and collected, or just full of drunken courage.

Blair looks over, doing the DOUBLE TAKE OF THE CENTURY, her heart beating X 1,000. It's as if she can't believe her eyes. Even worse, she can. And she does.

BLAIR

(whispering)

Miles. What are you doing here?

MILES

Jesus, Blair. You look amazing.

BLAIR

Seriously! What are you doing?!

MILES

I just finished the tiramisu. It was divine. Robust. Rich. Subtle almond undertone.

BLAIR

(laughing, sort of)

No, really. Quit joking. What are you doing in Napa?

MILES  
(too much)  
I'm here to watch you walk down the  
aisle. To get married. Without me.

Blair looks around, as if she needs to take a deep breath before she goes on a tirade of verbal soliloquy. Luckily, she doesn't have to.

Suddenly, a BEARDED pair of LIPS enters frame, kissing Blair on the cheeks before a peck on the mouth.

BLAIR  
Michael, this is Miles. He's an old friend of mine from high school. He was my first boyfriend, actually.

Michael extends his hand. In the other Michael holds a FLUTE of champagne. Miles reluctantly offers his own for a shake.

MILES  
(this sucks)  
Pleasure to meet you.  
Congratulations. Blair's the best.

MICHAEL  
(dick)  
Miles. Yes, I've heard so little  
about you. Pleasure's all mine.  
Nice to finally meet you.

A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER turns their way and begins snapping PHOTOS of the awkward trio.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Guys, get together. This is great.  
How do you all know each other?!

POV OF PHOTOGRAPHER THROUGH THE CAMERA VIEWFINDER: MICHAEL, BLAIR, MILES. AWKWARD AS FUCK.

And that's when Drew arrives, just in the knick of time, holding a half-empty GLASS of Scotch.

DREW  
(interrupting)  
Hi. Nice to meet you, I'm Drew.

Blair's eyes open wider than WE BOUGHT A ZOO.

What. The. Fuck? She looks as if she could go into cardiac arrest at any moment.

MICHAEL  
And how do you know Blair?

DREW  
I took her virginity.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(unaware)  
Okay, everybody together, one more time!!

POV OF PHOTOGRAPHER THROUGH THE CAMERA VIEWFINDER: DREW GRABS HIS CROTCH AND GIVES THE MIDDLE FINGER LIKE JOHNNY CASH. BLAIR LOOK LIKE SHE'S DYING INSIDE, MILES MORE SO. MICHAEL'S SIMPLY CONFUSED.

BULB FLASHES AS:

BLAIR'S FATHER, DEL (50), comes out of left field, SEEING Miles.

DEL  
(through gritted teeth)  
Miles, what the hell do you think you're doing!??!?

Michael JUMPS IN with his two cents, as if to prove his worth to Del --

MICHAEL  
(tough guy routine)  
I got this, Del. I can fight my own battles...

MILES  
I know you can fight. But it's our wits that make us men.

DEL  
Did you just quote Braveheart?

MICHAEL  
(to Miles)  
Enough already. Play time's over.  
I'm gonna end your life.

DREW

(Scottish accent)

Many years from now, would you be  
willin' to trade ALL the days, from  
this day to that, for one chance,  
just one chance, to come back here  
and tell our enemies that they may  
take our wives, but they'll never  
take... OUR FREEDOM!

MICHAEL

(to Miles)

Come at me, bro!

And he does --

BOOM! Michael SWINGS, connecting his fist to Miles' nose,  
COLD-COCKING him TO THE FLOOR.

POV OF PHOTOGRAPHER THROUGH THE CAMERA VIEWFINDER: MILES ON  
THE FLOOR, NOSE-BLEEDING, BLAIR RUNNING OFF, MICHAEL CHASING  
AFTER HER, DREW BEING HELD BACK FROM MICHAEL BY DEL. ALL HELL  
HAS BROKEN LOOSE.

SNAP. FLASHBULB. SNAP. SNAP.

REVEAL: The videographer, (30's, BOW-TIE) got the whole  
thing, too.

VIDEOGRAPHER

(to photographer)

We got the shot!

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - LATER

Miles sits in an oversized LOVE SEAT with his head held back  
towards the sky, a WAD OF KLEENEX pressed close to his BLOODY  
NOSE. He looks like shit, his shirt is thrashed with BLOOD  
and DIRT, HIS EYES are puffy, most likely from crying.

Miles docks his iPhone into the little speaker unit and  
presses PLAY. "Someone Like You" by Adele plays. It's  
hilariously pathetic.

*"Nevermind, I'll find someone like you. I wish nothing but  
the best for you. Don't forget me, I beg. I remember you  
said, sometimes it lasts in love, but sometimes it hurts  
instead."*

Drew puffs from yet another JOINT, pouring each of them a  
healthy dose of Black Label.

DREW

Everything's going to be fine, Miles. I know it looks like the worst day of your life, but dude, this is what it's all about. This is life. And life is dudes.

Miles removes the KLEENEX from his NOSE long enough to speak.

MILES

(fed up, nasal)

What the fuck are you talking about, Drew? It's over. I just ruined Blair's wedding. Michael just knocked me unconscious. You just told him that you're the first man to ever put his penis in his wife!

DREW

Wayne Gretzky says you miss 100% of the shots you don't take.

MILES

I wanna go home.

DREW

Quit your bitching! One day you and Blair are gonna run away together, have babies, fight over who's taking the kids to soccer practice and you'll live happily ever after. I can feel it.

MILES

Oh, cut the shit. I should've never come here. I'm going for a walk.

Miles goes for the DOOR when just then, there's a LOUD KNOCK.

Drew SHRUGS his shoulders. Miles opens it --

INT. WRATH INN HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 421 - CONTINUOUS

REVEALING BLAIR, standing with TEARS IN HER EYES at Miles doorstep, just like he always wanted, except, ya know, never like this. Holy. Fucking. Shit. Balls.

Both of them have looked better.

BLAIR

Hi.

MILES  
I was just leaving.

BLAIR  
Can we talk first?

With the DOOR TO THE ROOM STILL OPEN, Miles TURNS AROUND to shoot Drew a look. Without saying a word, Drew gives Miles a THUMPS UP. Apparently, all is forgotten for the moment.

Miles CLOSES the door. They begin to walk.

EXT. THE GRAPES OF WRATH INN - GARDEN AREA

And talk.

Miles and Blair stroll together on a stone portion of a little fountain type thing. It's cute. Well-light by LANTERNS.

We hear crickets and nighttime noises.

MILES  
So... I'm sorry your husband punched me in the face.

BLAIR  
Me too. He'll live.

MILES  
You okay?

BLAIR  
Yeah.

AWKWARD BEAT.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
(genuine)  
Miles, why are you here?

MILES  
(deep breath, still a  
little drunk)  
Blair. I'm here.  
(starts again)  
I'm here because I love you. When I  
first met you, I loved you so much  
I hated you, and was mean to you  
because of it. I've loved you since  
we were eighth graders listening to  
Dave Matthews Band and watching  
Dawson's Creek.  
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

I loved you when you were having sex with my best friend. I loved you when you were in fact, mine. You moved away and we went to other schools, but I always felt comfortable in my life that at the end of the day, when all was said and done, you'd be there, and we'd be together. That you and I were irreplaceable. A team. Blair and Miles. Like Bonnie and Clyde. Fergie and Josh Duhamel. Jay-Z and Beyoncé...

Blair LAUGHS. They continue to walk.

MILES (CONT'D)

(pause, sips Stella)

What I have with you, this feeling, the electricity when I think of you, or when I'm with you, I don't have that with anyone else in the history of my existence. The thought of letting you and that feeling just walk out of my life scared the living shit out of me, and I'd rather let your fiancé beat me to a bloody pulp in public than wake up one day and realize I willingly let you go without a fight. So here I am.

BLAIR

No, Miles. Why are you here?

MILES

What do you mean?

BLAIR

Why are you in Napa? Why did you drive up here?

MILES

I came to see you get married. Well, to keep you from getting married.

BLAIR

Don't you think that's a little weird?

MILES

Why is that weird? You invited me to the wedding. Did you think I'd-

BLAIR  
(dead serious)  
No I didn't.

MILES  
What? Yeah, you did, I have the  
invitation right here.

Miles REACHES into his SUIT JACKET, retrieving his now FOLDED invite.

MILES (CONT'D)  
See, here.

Blair takes one look at the invite, covering her mouth with her hand.

MILES (CONT'D)  
What?

BLAIR  
This isn't my invite.

MILES  
What do you mean?

BLAIR  
That tacky stationary store  
prototype isn't my wedding invite,  
Miles.

And it's official: Miles is officially crazy, a broken man, no chance but to go Ghost Protocol on a love Mission Impossible. Miles is CRUSHED with a capital K.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
I can't do this. I don't know what  
you thought coming here would  
resolve, or do for YOU. But what do  
you want me to say? That I don't  
love Michael and all these years  
have been waiting for you, for this  
moment, that all signs lead to now?  
You've always been a hopeless  
romantic, and as much as I'd love  
to live out that whole idea of you  
and I, and sneaking off in the  
night together, it's not real. And  
it can't be. Not now. Can't we just  
have had our time?

MILES

But it is our time, you see. It's never over. It doesn't just go away. If it did I wouldn't be here.

BLAIR

It takes two people to fall in love, to get married, to stay in love, Miles. You'll realize that when it *IS* your time.

MILES

You're not in love with Michael. I know it. I can tell.

BLAIR

Who do you think you are? That you can just come to my wedding and tell me how I feel? Because you think you know me? You haven't known the real me in years, Miles. High school is over and so are we. Grow up.

MILES

(jugular)

You and I *both* know that if your family wasn't in dire financial straits, with your Dad selling weed via his prop plane in Palm Springs, that you would've come home to Los Angeles after college and you and I would've picked up where we left off, been together again. But instead, you decided to get engaged to the first lawyer you met at college, therefore ensuring that you wouldn't have to make a decision like moving based on money ever again. You made the biggest relationship decision of your life based on money instead of love, without even thinking of me and us. When will you realize THAT?!

Blair holds back tears as hard as she can.

BLAIR

You're an asshole, Miles. Go home.

Blair WALKS OFF, leaving Miles standing there with his heart on his sleeve and the phantom wedding invite in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAPES OF WRATH INN - CONTINUOUS

A few couples, most likely guests of the B&B linger, drinking coffee by the entrance.

Miles is VISIBLY foaming at the mouth, walking with CLENCHED FISTS. If dorky Jewish looks could kill -- these would be those looks.

INT. WRATH INN, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We hear MOANING from inside the room. Miles retrieves the shitty ROOM KEY from his pocket, and with an electronic click, we're --

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Miles is LIT from the hallway, only until the door closes.

IT'S DARK, but for the a NIGHT-LIGHT shooting out from the BATHROOM.

ON THE BED Drew goes to town on a female wedding-goer, grunting the way that Derek Jeter probably does when he bangs underage girls he meets out at bars.

Drew STOPS PUMPING long enough just to turn around.

DREW  
(pissed)  
Miles?! What the fuck?

Miles HOLDS UP THE WEDDING INVITE, so that we can just make it out in the PITCH BLACK.

MILES  
Tell me this isn't you.

DREW  
What the hell are you talking about?

MILES SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT TO REVEAL the girl under Drew is Hilary PARKER, the girl from high-school, from the check-in scene earlier that evening. The least of Miles' problems.

ON Drew, noticing the INVITATION in Miles' hand.

MILES  
(to Hilary)  
GET. OUT.

DREW

Seriously? What's your problem?

Miles THROWS the fake wedding invite at Drew.

MILES

(screams)

What's my problem? What's my problem? Don't move or I'll fucking kill you, Drew.

WITHIN SECONDS Hilary slides out from under from Drew, gathering her belongings, HEELS IN HAND, scurrying off, opening and closing the DOOR as she exits.

MILES (CONT'D)

Do you realize what I've just done?

DREW

Stood up for yourself? Refused to throw in the towel? Torched your white flag. Went after the girl of your dreams? Take the tampon out of your ass and put it back in your cunt. Listen to yourself, stop being such a fucking pussy, Miles. It's never over. I'm telling you, it isn't over.

Whoa. It went there. Miles STANDS, gets in Drew's FACE. Drew's still naked.

MILES

Fuck you, Drew. YOU LIED. You made a fake invitation to Blair's wedding! I should have never trusted you. You're the same asshole that took her virginity.

(almost crying)

I didn't want to come. But worse, I'm here under false pretenses because my best friend in the world convinced me that it's my destiny to be here...convincing me that she wanted me to be here.

(pause)

Is this fun for you? Like some movie, you can just sit back and eat your popcorn, asshole? This isn't the fucking Graduate, Drew. It's my life.

DREW

Miles, your obsession was spiraling out of control. You're stuck in the past and it's fucking with you in the present.

(pause)

I took matters into my own hands. Michelle's fiancé has a mutual friend that got invited to Blair's wedding, and when she told me, I had to act. I couldn't watch you live like this. So I had a fake invite made and sent from New York. It was all I could do. I did this for you --

MILES

(interrupting)

For me? You did this for yourself. See, you have a girl that actually WANTS to marry you. Michelle may be not be Bar Rafaeli or Kate Middleton, but she's pretty cool. And hot. She loves you. She also happens to be loaded. But you're too scared to commit to loving her back because you're afraid of turning thirty without owning your own house, being your own man, or having been deemed successful by your parents, or whatever that means in your head.

BEAT. Drew VISIBLY foaming at the mouth.

MILES (CONT'D)

You're a little boy, Drew. At least I know what I want: Blair. You, you have no idea. Afraid to take chances. A shot. Roll the dice. You're lost, so you live with me to feel young. You're full of shit and liquid courage like the rest of 'em. Do me a favor. Turn thirty and grow up.

The color drains from Drew's face.

Drew LUNGEs at Miles, shattering an ANTIQUE CLUB CHAIR in the process. The iPhone song from the DOCK changes in the process of all the rough and tumble.

MUSIC CUE: "Best of My Love" by The Emotions

They end up on the FLOOR, rolling around in their suits (Miles in Armani, Drew in his birthday suit), screaming at each other. Miles on top of Drew at first --

Miles puts HIS HANDS AROUND Drew'S NECK.

MILES (CONT'D)  
I'm going to fucking kill you!!

DREW  
(choked)  
Not if your nose doesn't stop  
bleeding.

BOOM! Drew POPS Miles in the NOSE, and MORE BLOOD BEGINS SQUIRTING ALL OVER THE PLACE like something out of a Tarantino movie.

Drew's UP again. Miles RISES, stumbling, holding onto an armoire for balance --

TURNS BACK TO Drew, KNEELS him in the GROIN.

Drew goes down again, crumbling TO THE FLOOR.

MILES  
Suck my dick, homewrecker.

DREW  
(coughing on floor)  
Present it.

Drew STICKS OUT HIS TONGUE, wagging it at Miles. Egging him on.

MILES  
(sobbing)  
We done? You had enough?

Drew doesn't respond.

Miles grabs his iPhone. The music STOPS. PACKS up his CLOTHES on the BED, throwing everything together in a jumbled, drunken mess.

Scans the room. Takes the set of CAR KEYS from the FLOOR.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Good. I'm going to get the car and  
we're leaving. Gather your shit and  
meet me outside in ten minutes.

Miles throws his SUIT COAT over his shoulder, wipes his NOSE on the SLEEVE of his shirt, takes his DUFFEL by the handles and WALKS INTO THE HALLWAY.

Drew CHASES AFTER --

INT. WRATH INN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miles, frantically standing by the ELEVATORS with azaelias on a nearby credenza. Miles keeps PUSHING the button for going down, avoiding Drew.

DREW  
Miles. Stop. Wait.

MILES  
Seriously. Fuck off. Stop following me.

DREW  
You're not going anywhere.

DING! The elevator OPENS and Miles steps in --

MILES  
Watch me.

The elevator door CLOSES on Drew.

DREW  
(to himself)  
Well shit on my chest.

EXT. GRAPES OF WRATH INN - OUTSIDE PATIO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's dark, and we can only see the OUTLINE OF THEIR SUITS IN THE DARK.

We hear the CRUNCH of the pebbles beneath their feet.

Miles is nearly seventy yards from Drew.

DREW  
Miles, wait!

No response.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Come on, man. Wait up a sec!

Miles gives him the FINGER without ever turning around, sticking his hand in the air.

Drew BEGINS RUNNING (without shoes on, post coitus-interruptus).

EXT. DOWN THE PEBBLE ENTRANCE PATH A BIT - OFF PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cars and cars and cars. Miles ZIG ZAGS through, searching for the Benz. FOUND.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BENZ - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miles sticks the KEYS in the cardoor, OPENING IT just as an out-of-breath Drew catches up, CLOSING IT with the PALM of his hand.

MILES

What do you want? Haven't you done enough damage? I want to evaporate into a million little pieces. I want to go home. Get out of my way.

Miles goes for the CAR DOOR again, throws his duffel in the CAR, actually gets in.

Drew PULLS HIM OUT BY THE SHIRT COLLAR.

DREW

This is what you're going to do, Miles: you're going to stand up, be a man, and watch Blair walk down that aisle with Michael tomorrow. You're going to finish the final chapter of the Blair/Drew/Miles saga, close the book and get on with your life. If for no other reason than you not waking up one day when you're 40 and hating me for NOT doing this. I know it's eating you alive, but in order to move on, you need this, as wrong as it may seem in execution. You may not notice it today, or tomorrow at the wedding, but one day, you'll thank me.

MILES

(breaking)

Do you have any idea how hard this is for me?

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)  
To see Blair, at her wedding, a  
wedding I'm not the groom at, much  
less even invited to...

DREW

I know, it's heart-breaking. It  
sucks. But as you told me, it's  
time to grow up. I'm gonna be there  
right next to you, for all of it.  
I've been standing next to you for  
27 years, and I'm not about to let  
you stand alone now, tomorrow,  
ever. I love you, Miles. If I were  
gay, I'd marry you. I really would.

This resonates with Miles, and as he takes a deep breath, he  
lets it all wash over him. As hard as it might be to hear,  
Miles knows that deep down, Drew's right.

INT. THE BRIDAL SUITE - SAME TIME

Blair, reading JUST KIDS by Patti Smith in bed by way of a  
NIGHTLIGHT. We may or may not notice a bottle of Valium and a  
glass of water perched on top of the nightstand, but it's  
there.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

INT. THE BRIDAL SUITE - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

DEL

Blair, honey, it's Dad.

Blair OPENS the door, revealing her Dad wearing a goofy  
BATHROBE with Cowboys and Horses on it. Del holds a tiny GIFT  
in his hand.

DEL (CONT'D)

Did I wake you?

BLAIR

(smiles)

No. Couldn't exactly sleep with all  
the excitement around here.

DEL

Can I come in?

INT. THE BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Blair and Del take a seat at the foot of her gigantic BED.

DEL

I'm sorry Michael punched Miles in  
the nose.

BLAIR

It's okay. He deserved it.

DEL

We didn't invite him, did we?

BLAIR

No, but he came for me anyway.

DEL

I may have seen you two walking and  
talking earlier...

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The room's a fucking disaster. Blood, guts and glory. FEMA should probably get involved, and if not them, definitely the hotel cleaning service.

Miles is asleep in BED, wearing only his bloody collared-shirt, BOXERS and ONE BLACK SOCK. To our surprise, the BEDS ARE PUSHED TOGETHER and Drew is lying in bed with Miles, somewhat entangled as the big spoon of the two.

They're the cutest straight gay-couple you've ever seen.

BACK TO:

INT. THE BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Continuation of the prior scene with Del and Blair.

BLAIR

...He crashed my wedding on the  
false pretense that I invited him.  
Ruined my rehearsal dinner.  
Embarrassed me in front of Michael!  
Kind of psychotic, no?

DEL

I feel kinda sorry for the guy,  
KareBlair. Have you talked to  
Michael about it?

BLAIR

Not really. He just think Miles is  
an asshole.

(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
I'm marrying Michael tomorrow and  
putting all this childish nonsense  
with Miles behind me.

Del hands her THE GIFT.

DEL  
I got you a little something. I  
wasn't sure when to give it to you,  
but I wanted you to have it before  
tomorrow.

BEAT.

BLAIR  
Aww, Daddy. You didn't have to.

Del hands her the wrapped GIFT. Blair OPENS IT.

DEL  
It's just a little something. For  
the honeymoon.

REVEAL: An iPod Touch.

BLAIR  
Daddy!!! How'd you know I wanted  
this?

DEL  
It has all of your favorite music  
pre-loaded on it. The Beatles.  
Shania. Marvin. Dave Matthews.  
Justin Timberland. Arcade Fire.  
Aretha. D'Angelo. Paula Abdul.  
'Crazy Love' by Van. I even put  
some of your brother's crappy band  
on there...

BLAIR  
The Stink Fingers.

DEL  
Open the box.

Blair opens the actual box the iPod comes in, tearing ass  
through it to REVEAL

CU: IPOD TOUCH INSCRIPTION

*Here's to the crazy ones, the misfits, the rebels, the  
troublemakers... - Steve Jobs*

*Blair, my favorite troublemaker. Love you always, Daddy*  
Blair TEARS UP, hugging her father.

BLAIR

I love you so much, Dad. I don't  
know what I'd do without you.

DEL

I'm not dying, sweetie. You're only  
getting married. I'm always here  
for you, no matter what. When you  
need a friend, when you get in a  
fight with your husband, or  
whenever you need me for advice.  
And hey, one day, I'm going to be a  
grandpa.

BEAT.

DEL (CONT'D)

These past few years have been  
difficult, and I'm sorry. I know  
what I put you through. Trust me,  
I'll sleep easy knowing Michael can  
take care of you.

BLAIR

I love you.

Blair and her father hug and kiss, crying a little bit.

DEL

I love you, too. Get some rest,  
honey. Tomorrow's a big day, for  
both of us.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE GRAPES OF WRATH INN - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

The birds are chirping. The sun BEAMS DOWN on Planet Earth.  
It's going to be a good day after all, a fantastic day for a  
wedding.

EXT. THE WEDDING TENT - CONTINUOUS

Chefs, caterers, ushers, musicians, florists, decorators, and  
landscape architects work with haste to put the finishing  
touches on the wedding decor, with just hours to the big  
show.

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421

Miles wakes up, snaps to life, noticing the RED BLOOD on his shirt, realizing where he is, and what day it is.

MILES  
(to himself)  
Fuck me.

From within the BATHROOM, behind the sounds of TEETH BRUSHING  
--

DREW (O.S.)  
I tried. You've got thighs like a  
Clydesdale. You wouldn't budge.  
(beat)  
Get up. It's gorgeous out.

MILES  
Breakfast?

SFX: Drew SPITS in the bathroom --

He walks back into the BEDROOM portion of their room.

DREW  
Better. Get dressed.

EXT./INT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - AN HOUR LATER

Gorgeous scenery. Grapes. Foliage. Wineries. Trees. The California sun. It's perfect out.

Miles and Drew ZIP THROUGH windy little roads, passing different wineries and vineyards. Miles smokes yet ANOTHER JOINT.

MILES  
(coughing)  
Where the shit are you taking me?

DREW  
Do you trust me?

MILES  
After last night, not really.

DREW  
It's a special place. Come on.

MILES  
I hate your face.

EXT. - A TINY GENERAL STORE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

The type of place you buy beef jerky at on the way to Mammoth.

Drew pulls into the tiny DIRT LOT and PARKS.

DREW

Stay here. I'm leaving you with the keys.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

Wines on wines on wines. Red. Whites. Rosé. Cheeses of all smells and sizes. Crackers. Caviar. A CHALKBOARD behind the deli counter shows the sandwiches of the day.

Drew steps up to the deli counter.

DREW

Yeah, can I get two Godmothers and a slice of your finest Manchengo?

DELI GUY

Sure thing. Do you want peppers on that sandwich?

DREW

Normally, I'd say yes, but I can't be having diarrhea today. Going to a wedding.

DELI GUY

No peppers. Got it.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Drew appears with an armful of goodies, sandwiches and a PICNIC BASKET.

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

MILES

Be gayer.

DREW

Why don't you put on some more Annie Lennox, pickle kisser.

MILES

Hold your breath and I'll put on  
Enigma. I'm starving. Let's eat.

DREW

Ten more minutes and you can devour  
the Godmother.

MILES

Diners.

DREW

Drive-Ins.

MILES

Dives.

EXT. GORGEOUS OPEN FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MOMENTS  
LATER

Drew whips past a little WOODEN FENCE, down another tiny dirt road, parking a hundred yards from the biggest, tallest TREE YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

Parks. The Boyz II Men exit their car and head over to the tree.

EXT. - THE TREE - CONTINUOUS

Drew and Miles plop down underneath the expanse of leaves. Drew unfolds a GIANT BLANKET. Makes a nice little sitting area for the two of them.

Drew takes out a DUSTY, OLD bottle of FERRARI CARANO WINE, labeled vintage 1975.

DREW

The year was 1975. 8-tracks were the format of music. Mood rings were en vogue. Women had bushes like whoa. Jaws was the movie of the year, and Gerald Ford was president. Cocaine was everywhere, thanks to our good friend Pablo Escobar.

MILES

And...

DREW

This bottle of wine right here,  
this shit right here, was given by  
your parents to mine the night of  
their wedding. It's older than you  
or I. I stole it from their cellar.

MILES

And the tree?

DREW

It's where Axl Rose asked Stephanie  
Seymour to marry him in 1993. He  
took her to this exact spot. Axl  
wrote "Don't Cry" and "November  
Rain" for her, probably thinking  
back to this very spot, where you  
and I now sit. It's what inspired  
him. It's the most romantic place  
on the planet -- in my humble  
opinion.

Drew pulls up a picture on his iPhone:

CU: AXL and STEPHANIE sitting under this tree so many years ago. They look hilarious, Axl's long, silly hair, Stephanie gazing at him, in love.

DREW (CONT'D)

You were eight years old. I was  
eleven. I figured no better way to  
get you in the mood for a wedding  
then to booze on a seven hundred  
dollar of Pinot where your musical  
idol asked his girlfriend to marry  
him.

MILES

They broke up three weeks after  
they got engaged. Axl's a fat  
burnout. Chinese Democracy?

DREW

That's not the point, dingleberry.  
Thought you could use a little  
lovin', a little Axl, and some very  
expensive, high class booze to get  
you through the day.

Drew UNCORKS the WINE, pours it into two PLASTIC CUPS for he  
and Miles.

DREW (CONT'D)

A toast. To you. To me. To Axl. To  
Stephanie Seymour. Your Mom,  
Stephanie Leibler. To Blair. To Us.  
I'm proud of you, Miles. I'm sorry  
it ended up like this. I love you,  
you're my best friend.

MILES

I needed a good kick in the ass.  
(pause)  
Can I tell you a secret?

DREW

Always.

MILES

The other night, with those two  
chicks at that ratty motel. Jen and  
the other one...

DREW

Yeah...

MILES

I didn't bone her. I couldn't. We  
walked and talked about Blair. I  
know, it's a cop out.

DREW

Miles, I have a secret for you.  
(brief pause)  
I know.

MILES

You do?

DREW

Of course, man.

MILES

Does that make me a pussy?

DREW

No, Miles. It makes you, well, you.  
It's why I'm friends with you.  
You're loyal, even when you  
shouldn't be, like today, after  
what I put you through last night.  
I'm sorry. You're my best friend,  
and I'm sorry.

MILES  
 (Love Story)  
 Love means never having to say  
 you're sorry.

Miles lets this sink in.

DREW  
 We cool?

MILES  
 (smiles)  
 We cool. Like Page and Plant. Mick  
 and Keith. Bert and Ernie.  
 Morrissey and Marr. Snoop and Dre.  
 Me and you. You and I.  
 (slight pause)  
 Bad Boys. We ride together. Die  
 together.

THEY POUND FISTS (and thanks to editing it will look like a Michael Bay moment before para-soldiers jump out of a chopper).

DREW  
 (laughs)  
 Alright alright I get it I get it.

MILES  
 Let's eat. I've got a hangover that  
 feels like our founding fathers are  
 taking a jacuzzi in the bowels of  
 my stomach.

HOLD WIDE ON the boys eating, laughing, drinking wine, forgetting all their troubles for a second. Things seem to be in their right place for the first time since we started this God awful mess.

EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - LATER

The boys teeter back over to the car, loading up the trunk, both visibly TANKED. Miles has a PURPLE WINE STAIN on his shirt.

MILES  
 Let's take a picture. I want to  
 remember this.

DREW  
 You're the most sentimental bastard  
 since Whalt Whitman, ya' know that?  
 Get out your iPhone. Tweet it.  
 (MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)  
Tumblr it. Facebook. Put it on  
Craigslist. Take an Instagram,  
*schmuck.*

Miles follows suit, takes out his phone, SNAPPING a picture  
of the two of them with his arm outstretched.

MILES  
Let's see how it turned out!

CU: iPhone Picture: Happy as can be. Smiling. Both have  
PURPLE TEETH.

DREW  
Jesus Christ. Our teeth! We look  
like we blew the California  
Raisins.

Miles CRACKS UP.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Ready to get this wedding on the  
road?

MILES  
Yeah, except I always imagined  
you'd say that on the day that I  
was getting married...

BEAT. Drew TAKES THIS IN.

DREW  
It's going to be okay. C'mon.

MILES  
Can you drive?

DREW  
Dude, I've driven on Nicotine,  
Valium, Vicodin, Marijuana, Ecstasy  
and Alcohol. On PCH at midnight.  
This is child's play. In no way do  
I condone driving under the  
influence, but they don't call me  
Mel Gibson for nothin'. It's a  
matter of wife and death. Get in  
the car.

(beat)  
Hope you got a song picked out.

Music Cue: "November Rain" by Guns N' Roses

## EXT./INT DREW'S CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The car WEAVES back and forth between two lanes as the opening piano chords and strings set the tone.

Drew and Miles sing to each other, with PURPLE TEETH, poorly imitating Axl's falsetto, playing air-guitar during Slash's solo, crushing their best version of a GNR tribute.

DREW  
(singing)  
...And darlin' when I hold you,  
don't you know I feel the same...

MILES  
(singing)  
Nothing lasts forever, and we both  
know hearts can change...

DREW  
(a la Axl)  
And it's hard to hold a candle!

MILES ANDREW  
In the cold November Rain. In the cold November Rain.

## EXT. THE GRAPES OF WRATH INN - LATER

Drew and Miles pull back into the parking lot, killing the engine right in front of TEDDY, now smoking a CORN COB PIPE outside on the patio of the entrance in a corduroy blazer.

TEDDY  
Who was the groom?

## INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 BATHROOM

Miles SHAVES. Drew SHOWERS next to him. STEAM wafts throughout the little cubbyhole of el baño.

DREW  
(from the shower)  
Pass the soap, wouldja.

Miles passes soap through the curtain.

MILES  
Hurry up, I still have to shit and  
shower.

DREW

Food passes through you like a  
royal Saudi family at an American  
airport. It's unbelievable.

INT. WRATH INN, ROOM 421 - BEDROOM - LATER

Drew and Miles. Suited and Booted, like some bizarre version of André3000 and Big Boi, looking fresh to death and cooler than a polar bear's toe-nail.

Miles rips a hit from his ONE HITTER pipe.

Drew applies a bit of Aqua DiGio to his musk.

DREW

(loud)

What time is it?

MILES

(nervous)

Four fifteen. Wedding's in fifteen  
minutes.

DREW

(louder)

Wrong. I said, WHAT TIME IS IT?!

MILES

...

DREW

(top his lungs)

GAME TIME.

BLAOW! Drew hits PLAY on the iPhone/iPod dock and "NBA ON NBC Theme" comes to life.

Drew attempts to pump up Miles like he were Coach Brown riling up Kobe and D. Fish for game six against LeBron.

Drew POURS TWO SHOTS. Down the hatch.

Drew reaches out to Miles for a FIST BUMP and off the NBA ON NBC THEME we

SMASH TO:

EXT./INT. THE WEDDING TENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The moment we've all been waiting for. It's a gorgeous afternoon, a day anybody would be lucky to get married on.

Miles and Drew make their way over to the reception in SLO-MO, not unlike RESERVOIR DOGS, finding a seat in the WAY, WAY back.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - CONTINUOUS

A motif whiter than the paper this is printed on. Flowers. Chairs. Yarmulkes. Twinkle lights under a *Chuppah* - the traditional Jewish canopy.

A SIX PIECE STRING SECTION plays "Pachelbel Canon in D" -- the Wedding Song you instantly recognize from every wedding ever -- to an AUDIENCE OF A HUNDRED SOME-ODD. Everyone's happy, eager for the Bride and Groom to present themselves.

FIVE BRIDESMAIDS in EGGPLANT colored gowns stand at the ALTAR across from a few good groomsmen in tuxes.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - BACK ROW

We find our men, standing side by side by the outcasts of the family, a DRUNKEN UNCLE wearing a BLAZER from the SEVENTIES, chain-smoking, and an USHER or two.

MILES

Here we go.

DREW

I brought you something.

Drew proceeds to TORCH a JOINT.

MILES

(loud whispering)

What the hell, dude! Put it out.  
I've already been asked to leave  
once, let's try not to let it  
happen twice.

DREW

(whispers)

My bad.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Smells like Purple Urkle to me.  
Indica dominant. Pass that here,  
sissy.

INT. WEDDING TENT - BACK UP FRONT WITH THE ACTION

MUSIC CUE: "Here Comes The Bride" by the String Orchestra.

We land on BLAIR, standing with DEL, taking a few breathes before walking down the aisle. Blair NODS to Del, signaling she's ready.

BLAIR  
(whispers)  
K.

Blair LOOPS HER ARM through her Dad's, and proceeds to WALK DOWN THE AISLE.

EVERYONE IMMEDIATELY RISES.

Blair turns her head, facing MILES because he stands in the last row. THE TWO share an exchange, a look that could move mountains, part seas. The stuff Homer and Alicia Keys write about.

BLAIR KEEPS WALKING --

ANGLE ON: MICHAEL, WATCHING HIS BRIDE TO BE FROM THE ALTAR.

ANGLE ON: DREW, ARM DRAPED AROUND MILES' SHOULDER FOR COMFORT.

ANGLE ON: VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS, TEARING UP, ETC.

WIDE ON: BLAIR AND DEL WALKING DOWN THE AISLE, ARM IN ARM.

ANGLE ON: THE RABBI WAITING ATOP THE ALTAR.

Blair arrives at the ALTAR, glowing ear-to-ear smiles between she and Michael. They look like the happiest couple you've ever seen.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - THE ALTAR - CONTINUOUS

Blair and Michael stand facing each other as the Rabbi begins to officiate the wedding ceremony.

RABBI  
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today amongst friends, family and loved ones for the purpose of uniting in matrimony, Blair Baumstein and Michael Mendel. Ma'nish T'ana Adonai Elohai...

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - BACK ROW

We can read it all over Miles face, this part hurts. He's got a lump in his throat the size of a meatball. His eyes are CLOSED. He's deep in thought, life flashing before his very eyes.

RABBI (O.C.)

If anyone has a reason why these  
two shall not wed, please speak now  
or forever hold your peace.

BEGIN FLASH  
FORWARD FANTASY  
MONTAGE:

INT. BLAIR AND MILES' FIRST HOME - A YEAR LATER - FANTASY

Blair and Miles celebrate their ONE YEAR wedding anniversary, drinking champagne and eating what looks like WEDDING CAKE a year from now.

EXT. BLAIR AND MILES' FIRST HOME - DRIVEWAY - THREE YEARS LATER - FANTASY

It's the holidays. A BLINDFOLDED Blair is led outside to the driveway, where a brand new BMW convertible is wrapped in a gigantic RED BOW.

Miles removes the blindfold. Blair loses her shit -- JUMPS in Miles' arms.

INT. BLAIR AND MILES' FIRST HOME - SIX YEARS LATER - FANTASY

Blair runs out of the bathroom in a Guns N' Roses T-shirt (Miles) and underwear, holding a PREGNANCY TEST STICK. It's POSITIVE.

Blair CRIES, hugging Miles for dear life. They're going to have a family!

EXT. BLAIR AND MILES HOME - TWELVE YEARS LATER - FANTASY

Miles and Blair are now physically older, wiser. Parents. The convertible in the driveway has been traded in for a Volvo station wagon and a second family sedan.

Just then TWO BOYS (5 years old) run out to the driveway in AYSO Soccer uniforms.

EXT. BLAIR AND MILES' HOME - FOURTEEN YEARS LATER - FANTASY

Del, Miles, and TWO SEVEN YEAR OLD BOYS play basketball in the driveway.

Blair watches from the side, drinking a Bloody Mary.

Just then Miles SMILES at the love of his life, clearly not paying attention to the game, missing a PASS from his son.

The BALL SMASHES HIM IN THE FACE taking us --

BACK TO:

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - THE ALTER - CONTINUOUS

...Rabbi continuing with the processional.

Blair and Michael stand facing each other, HAND IN HAND. Blair's face is covered by her VEIL.

RABBI

Repeat after me, please...

ANGLE ON: BLAIR AND MICHAEL

RABBI (CONT'D)

I, Michael Mendel...

MICHAEL

I, Michael Mendel...

RABBI

Take thee, Blair Baumstein...

MICHAEL

Take thee, Blair Baumstein...

RABBI

To be my wedded wife...

MICHAEL

To be my wedded wife...

RABBI

To love and to comfort from this day forward.

MICHAEL

To love and to comfort from this day forward.

RABBI

Blair, if you would please repeat  
after me.

(pause)

I, Blair Baumstein...

BLAIR

I, Blair Baumstein...

RABBI

Take thee, Michael Mendel...

BLAIR

Take thee, Michael Mendel...

RABBI

To be my lawful, wedded husband....

BLAIR

To be my lawful, wedded husband...

RABBI

To love and to comfort from this  
day forward...

BLAIR

To love and to comfort from this  
day forward...

RABBI

The rings, please.

Michael takes THE RING handed to him on a little PILLOW,  
continuing to follow instructions from the rabbi.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - BACK ROW - CONTINUOUS

Drew SQUEEZES Miles shoulder, signaling that he's there for  
him.

MILES

I think I'm gonna hurl.

DREW

(whispering)

Don't. Vomit doesn't exactly fit  
the decor.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - THE ALTAR - CONTINUOUS

RABBI

With this ring as a token of my  
love and affection, I thee wed.

MICHAEL

With this ring as a token of my  
love and affection, I thee wed.

Michael SLIDES the RING ONTO BLAIR'S RING FINGER.

RABBI

(to Blair)

With this ring as a token of my  
love affection, I thee wed.

CU: Blair SLIDES the RING ONTO MICHAEL'S RING FINGER.

RABBI (CONT'D)

Sameach TeSamach Re'im Ahuvim,  
KeSamechacha Yetzircha BeGan Eden  
MiKedem. Baruch Ata HaShem,  
MeSame'ach Chatan VeKalah.

(beat)

Let the loving couple be very  
happy, just as You made Your  
creation happy in the garden of  
Eden, so long ago. You are blessed,  
Lord, who makes the bridegroom and  
the bride happy.

BEAT.

RABBI (CONT'D)

I now pronounce you husband and  
wife.

Blair and Michael begin to TEAR UP. Michael SMASHES HIS FOOT  
DOWN ON A GLASS (as is Jewish custom). CRUNCH!

RABBI (CONT'D)

You may kiss the bride.

Michael LIFTS Blair's VEIL, and they kiss a LONG, HARD,  
BURNING I LOVE YOU FOREVER wedding KISS.

EVERYONE IN THE CROWD

(clapping, hooting)

Mazel Tov!!!

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - BACK ROW - CONTINUOUS

Even Drew CLAPS, moved by the moment, he just can't help it.

DREW

(turns to Miles, still  
clapping)

You did it. It's over.

Miles FAINTS -- collapsing to the floor in the back row just  
as --

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - THE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Blair WALK DOWN THE AISLE, officially husband and  
wife, to an uproar of applause from their family members,  
friends and loved ones.

INT. THE WEDDING TENT - BACK ROW - CONTINUOUS

Frantically, Drew tries to get Miles back on his feet. No  
dice. Drew has no choice but to drag him out of there like  
he's dealing with Weekend at Bernie's.

DREW

(to Drunken Uncle)

Little help here?

DRUNKEN UNCLE

It's gonna cost you that doobie.

DREW

I'll give you a fuckin' eighth! Now  
get his legs, Bukowski.

Drew and Drunken Uncle CARRY Miles out of there like they  
have coals in their shoes.

EXT. THE PARTY TENT - MINUTES LATER

Guests begin to gather around TALL COCKTAIL TABLES as  
CATERERS bring around flutes of Champagne and appetizers. A  
couple of old codgers light cigars in nearby lawn-chairs, a  
bit removed from the party area.

EXT. NEARBY SHRUBS AROUND THE SIDE OF THE TENT - CONTINUOUS

A patch of nearby shrubs. Drew and Drunk Uncle DROP MILES to  
the floor, full force of gravity with him.

DREW  
Miles!

Nothing.

Drew HOOTS and HOLLERS, trying to wake him up like they do in the NFL when a defensive linesman gets a concussion. Drew CLAPS above his head, kneeling on his chest.

Nothing.

DRUNKEN UNCLE  
Pass me the bag of cannabis.

Drew hands Drunken Uncle a bag of REEFER.

Drunken Uncle opens it, putting the bag to Miles' NOSE, as if they were smelling salts.

Immediately, Miles juts to life, COMES TO --

MILES  
(delirious)  
I do.

DREW  
Miles, while I'm flattered and all,  
I'm just happy you're alive.

MILES  
I'm at Blair's wedding aren't I...

DREW  
Correct.

MILES  
Punch me in the nose so I pass out  
again.

DREW  
Not a chance, get up.

Miles reaches out for A HAND to grab onto. Drew yanks him back to his FEET.

MILES  
Now what?

DREW  
Now? Now, we drink face. Rage.

MILES  
Rage?

DREW

Against the machine. The machine  
being the institution of marriage  
and Michael, that anvil-face  
fuckstick.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Amen, brother. I'm buying.

DREW

It's open bar.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Exactly.

MILES

(to Drew)

Try not to fuck anyone from my past  
on your way to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PARTY TENT - LATER

In the BACK OF THE TENT

Miles, Drunken Uncle and Drew sit around a WOODEN crate on  
LAWN CHAIRS that are different from the chairs everyone else  
is sitting on. You must recall that save for Drunken Unc,  
neither of them had an actual invite, and therefore not a  
seat at the actual party.

A bottle of Black Label with few sips left is on the table,  
with a couple empty COCKTAIL GLASSES. An ashtray is seated  
next to them.

BEHIND THEM

We can see everyone else dancing, singing, enjoying the  
party, celebrating, eating, drinking with merriment.

MUSIC CUE: "Hava N'Gila"

DREW

BRB.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Don't do that.

DREW

What?

DRUNKEN UNCLE  
Communicate like a 13 year old  
Justin Beaver fan in a chatroom on  
America Online.

MILES  
(to Drew)  
Owned.

DREW  
Hey, old man, act your age and die.

WIDE ON: Drew GETTING UP out of his little shitty chair, a bit drunk, heading over the MASS of people GATHERING around some MC with a microphone. A CIRCLE OF PEOPLE IS FORMING, CHAIRS are being pulled into the eye of the storm -- in Judaism, we call this portion of the wedding THE HORAH.

INT. THE PARTY TENT - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Druken Uncle continue to wax philosophy about nothing in general. Drunken Uncle produces a terribly rolled joint that looks like a limp shrimp.

LIGHTS IT.

DRUNKEN UNCLE  
(puffs)  
That's what I'm saying man.

PUFF. PUFF.

PASSES.

MILES  
(inhales)  
Exactly. You're going to try to tell me that John Connor, leader of the resistance of the most technologically advanced army of the future can only send back ONE TERMINATOR to protect he and Sarah Connor? Like if Arnold failed his mission in T2: Judgement Day, they couldn't have just sent ANOTHER Terminator to save the day before T-1000 killed them and SkyNet became self aware? Or that they couldn't have sent two of them in the first place?

BEHIND THEM

WIDE ON: We see a few good men HOIST BLAIR UP IN A CHAIR as "Hava N'Gila" continues. UP AND DOWN UP AND DOWN SHE GOES, SCREAMING IN DELIGHT.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

John Connor walked around with that fucking chip in his pocket for half of the movie! He couldn't have just had Arnie run it over, or crush it with his hand? He had to wait for that pit of burning lava at the end? He could've ended it right then and there. COME ON!!!!!!

MILES

(a la Arnie)  
What's your point?

WIDE ON: We now see some confused men HOST Drew UP IN THE CHAIR at the CENTER OF THE HAVA N'GILA CIRCLE. UP AND DOWN HE GOES until they realize -- oops, he's not the Groom.

BACK WITH

Miles and Drunken Uncle, no idea this is going on behind them, but we can't help but notice.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

(drop dead serious)

No fate.

MILES

You serious?

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Dead. Do you remember?

(again)

No fate.

Miles begins to NOD in agreement.

MILES

But what we make.

This resonates with Miles. Without saying much, Drunken Uncle has just given Miles the motivation he needs to finish out the affair.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

Exactly, kid. It's up to you. Now get out there and define your destiny.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OUTSIDE OF THE VINEYARD - AN HOUR LATER

All of the women in the wedding make what seems like a mosh-pit from an early 90's Soundgarden concert, eagerly awaiting the bride to throw the BOUQUET.

Screaming. Cheering. Girly shit.

Amidst the maelstrom of people we find --

DREW  
Twenty bucks says I land the booq?

MILES  
Booq?

DREW  
Bouquet.

DRUNKEN UNCLE  
I'll take that bet.

DREW  
Of course you will, old dirty  
bastard.

MILES  
(what else can I lose)  
Make it forty.

BLAIR stands with her BACK to the mosh-pit of loved ones,  
covering her EYES...

BLAIR  
Should I throw it?

SCREAMS...

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
3.....2.....1.....

Blair HEAVES THE BOUQUET OVER HER HEARD.

The BOUQUET flies in the AIR --

It appears that Hilary PARKER is going to catch it, and just  
in the knick of time, Drew PUSHES HER OUT OF THE WAY WITH TWO  
HANDS, FULL FORCE --

CATCHING THE BOUQUET.

DREW  
(glowing)  
FUCK YEA, BITCHES!!!!

Drew turns to Hilary --

DREW (CONT'D)  
Suck it, Hilary.

HILARY  
Been there. Done that.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE OF THE VINEYARD - CONTINUOUS

THRONGS of loved ones gather around, snapping pictures, throwing rice and flowers, waving, hugging and wishing the Bride and Groom farewell, moments before they get into their "Just Married" painted Prius en route to the airport for their Honeymoon.

BLAIR and her father, DEL, share a nice FATHER OF THE BRIDE goodbye moment.

WE FIND --

Miles, Drunken Uncle and Drew watching within the crowd.

Michael and Blair give everyone their final goodbyes, before being WHISKED to their car.

SECONDS BEFORE

Blair hops in the car, Miles GRABS HER WRIST.

Blair indicates to Michael that she needs a second.

He's really doing this. Letting her go.

MILES  
Blair.

BLAIR  
(overwhelmed, happy)  
Miles! You're still here?!

MILES  
I wanted to say goodbye.

THEY HUG, a long, warm this is the end of an era GOODBYE HUG.

BLAIR  
Goodbye, Miles.

MILES  
Goodbye.  
(slight pause)  
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry if I ruined your wedding,  
or upset you last night, or did  
anything to make you feel  
uncomfortable. Ever.

BLAIR  
Can I tell you a secret?

MILES  
Please.

Blair LEANS in to Miles with her forehead, almost touching her head to his, as best friends might. There's no hesitation. No worries. Raw, pure love and friendship, if only for a second.

Blair's acknowledging him and their relationship with one maneuver. It isn't lost on Miles.

BLAIR  
(whispers)  
I'm glad you came. It certainly  
wouldn't have been the same without  
you.

MILES  
Do you mean your life, or the  
wedding?

BLAIR  
Both.

Miles SMILES, tears begin to well in his eyes, maybe even SNIFFLE for a second. He rubs his eyes, trying to mask his emotions/contempt/biggest fears -- that at this very second, he is losing Blair for good. Forever.

Deep breaths.

BEAT as they regain their composure.

BLAIR (CONT'D)  
Be good.

MILES  
I'll try.  
(snaps to)  
Call me if you have any trouble  
getting pregnant.

BLAIR CRACKS THE FUCK UP LIKE WE'VE NEVER SEEN HER, MOMENTS BEFORE --

MICHAEL  
(from within the car)  
Come on, baby. We're gonna miss our  
flight.

BLAIR  
Bye, Mi.

MILES  
Bye, Blair.

BLAIR HOPS IN THE CAR, and THEY'RE OFF. Gone. For good.

MILES (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Bye.

ANGLE ON: MILES, STANDING THERE WITH HIS HEART IN HIS THROAT, HIS BALLS IN HIS CHEST, AND HIS HEAD ON ANOTHER PLANET.

Drew and Drunken Uncle FIND HIM through the CROWD, propping him up for the walk back to the Wrath Inn.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Can we go home now?

Drew THROWS his ARM around Miles as they being to walk.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DREW'S MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - THE NEXT MORNING

Drew tosses their luggage in the trunk, while Miles plays Words With Friends on his iPhone from the passenger seat. Both wear SUNGLASSES.

Drew SLIDES into the driver's seat, STARTS THE ENGINE, hands Miles a bottle of Advil.

DREW  
Sunglasses and Advil.

MILES  
Last night was mad real.

DREW  
A little too real.

MILES  
You're telling me.

DREW

So, inquiring minds want to know...

MILES

Yeah...

DREW

What's the last track on the mix,  
Penis Town Volume 1?

MILES

Start driving and you'll find  
out...

ANGLE: THE California LICENSE PLATE. As the car TEARS ASS OUT OF FRAME amidst billows of DIRT SMOKE we hear the voice of none other than S. Carter BLAST THROUGHOUT THE CAR.

Music Cue: "99 Problems" by Jay-Z.

DREW

(with the song)

If you havin' girl problems I feel  
bad for you son --

MILES

(at Drew)

I got 99 Problems but a bitch ain't  
one!

And as Drew TEARS ASS out of there en route for Los Angeles  
we --

FADE TO BLACK  
JUST LIKE JAY-Z.

TITLE ON SCREEN: 16 MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

ADULT V.O. (PRE-LAP)

...And that's why I owe Drew my  
love-life.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. THE FOUR SEASONS BILTMORE - SANTA BARBARA - NIGHT

Black-Tie. Applause all around. Clapping and High-Fives.  
Friends. Family. Delicious food. Cocktails. Champagne.  
Laughs. Good times.

You might think it's Miles and Blair's wedding -- and you'd be WRONG.

An ENORMOUS picture of Drew and Michelle stands sentry with a CONGRATULATIONS scrawled across it in glitter pen. It's cheesedick, but perfect at the same time.

Drew sits beside MICHELLE (wearing a smaller diamond Engagement Ring) and MILES -- who is standing next to them, finishing his toast with a cordless MIC.

*We realize that THE ADULT V.O. from the beginning of the movie is Miles, and that he's been telling this story the whole time at Drew and Michelle's wedding, toasting the bride and groom.*

CLOSE ON MILES:

MILES

I guess in the end, all you can do  
is trust your gut, go with the  
flow, follow your heart, and pray  
to God that you have good friends  
to prop you up when you fall down.

(pause)

Thanks, Drew. It's an honor and my  
greatest pleasure being your best  
man, because you've been my best  
man and friend since day one.  
You've always stood by me.  
Lookin' forward to standing next to  
you for the rest of our lives.

(pause)

We Bad Boys.

(hold)

RIDE TOGETHER. DIE TOGETHER.

Audience LAUGHTER.

Various Crowd shots.

We might even see JEN, the girl from the Jolly Roger Inn,  
amongst THE CROWD, a few seats over from Michelle.

MILES (CONT'D)

(pause)

And to Michelle, the hottest bitch  
in the game not wearing my chain.  
Thank you for marrying this guy.  
He's lucky to have you, you're  
going to make a great wife.

(hold for applause)

Mazel Tov!

Drew STANDS, HUGS MILES with every inch of his being as the audience rips into an enormous APPLAUSE.

And off the two MEN at the center of this story, Drew and Miles, we --

FADE TO BLACK.

Inner Circle's "Bad Boys" (The Theme from COPS) plays over  
END CREDITS.

THE END