

The Hangover

Stu and Melissa

[Stu is getting ready for his trip]

Melissa: Don't forget your Rogaine.

Stu: Rogaine, check.

Melissa: And don't forget to use it. I can totally tell when you forget, your hair just looks thinner.

Stu: Using of the Rogaine, check.

Melissa: Make sure to call me right when you get to the hotel not like that conference in Phoenix. I had to wait two hours for you to call me.

Stu: Yeah, I was the keynote speaker. I was late to the podium.

Melissa: Still?

Stu: Yeah, you're totally right. I'm sorry. What is the matter?

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

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

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

Stu: It's not gonna be like that. Besides, you know how I feel about that.

Melissa: I know, I know. It's just boys and their bachelor parties, it's gross.

Stu: You're right, it is gross.

Melissa: Mm-mm.

Stu: And you know what else, honestly? Why would I risk this for, you know, a couple of minutes with some 19-year-old hard body in a schoolgirl outfit?

Melissa: Yeah.

Stu: Why would I ever need, anything like that.

Melissa: You're right. And if you ever do...

Stu: Yeah?

Melissa: ...I will fucking kill you.

Stu: Thank you. Thank you for that. That is exactly what I needed to hear, honey.

Melissa: Not to mention it's pathetic. Those places are filthy. And the worst part is that little girl grinding and dry humping the fucking stage up there that's somebody's daughter up there.

Stu: ...somebody's daughter up there. EXACTLY, I was just gonna say that.

Melissa: See? I just wish your friends were as mature as you.

Stu: They are mature, actually. You just have to get to know them better.

[*Car arrives and beeps horn*]

Phil: [*Shouting out*] Paging Dr. Faggot. Dr. Faggot!

Stu: [*Awkwardly Silent*] I should go.

Melissa: That's a good idea, Dr. Faggot.

Stu: Have a good weekend. [*Tries to kiss her but she doesn't let him*] I'm gonna miss you.

[*Leaves*]

END