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Mike Stangle, Dave Stangle

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Mike Stangle, Dave Stangle : Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates: And a Thousand Cocktails before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates: And a Thousand Cocktails:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Not as funny as I hoped it would be By Crissy L Rackey I guess I

could have predicted this book. I wanted to read the book since there was so much hype over the movie. I was disappointed in the book. Very predictable...two brothers who are single and live the single lifestyle - beer and women. I guess I was hoping for a little bit more. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. no plot By Jennifer I thought this book would have an actual plot, you know, as books typically do. But no. This is a collection of stories of times the Stangle brothers were drunk/high/being dillholes. Go see the movie, it's actually funny and has a plot. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Lots of potential that didn't seem to pay off By Mike Fennessy Enjoyed the book for what it was. It seemed hastily thrown together and felt like it wanted to be "I hope they serve beer in hell". The authors have promise but I think I would prefer to hang out and hear the stories rather than read some funny essays.

SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM 20TH CENTURY FOX Two reckless but lovable all-American bros make a strong case for maturing slowly through their outrageous yet enlightening misadventures across this great country of ours. My brother and I are looking for wedding dates for our cousin's wedding. We've been told by the bride that bringing dates is "mandatory" so we "won't harass all of my friends all night" and "stay under control." Rather than ask some fringe women in our lives to go and face the inevitable 'does this mean he wants to take it to the next level?!' questions, we'd rather bring complete strangers and just figure it out... We're both in our 20s, single, dashing tall, Anglo-Saxon, respectfully athletic, love to party, completely house trained...love our mother, have seen Love Actually several times...raw, emotional, sensitive, but still bad boys... You should be attractive or our aunts will judge you, but not TOO attractive or one of our uncles might grope you. Dave and Mike Stangle thought nothing of it when they boozily decided to turn to the "activity partners" section of Craigslist to solicit dates to their cousin's wedding. The hilarious, out-of-this-world ad that they came up with—featuring a picture of the two brothers as centaurs—immediately went viral, eventually landing these Wayfarers-wearing, moped-riding, completely reckless but ultimately loveable bros in the annals of the "Internet famous." In Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates, the Stangle brothers bring their trademark, off-color humor to everything from their most embarrassing adolescent experiences (like getting beat up by a girl on their front lawn...in front of their dad), to the most outrageous predicaments (like tripping on mushrooms with their bulldog, Frank), to proper sexting etiquette, and finally to breaking up a midget bar fight (you have to shoo them away). With the incredible comedic chemistry of Vince Vaughn and Owen Wilson in Wedding Crashers and the uncensored honesty of Tucker Max, Mike and Dave insist there's nothing wrong with just seeing where life takes you.

About the Author Dave and Mike Stangle are brothers who grew up outside Albany, New York. They now cause mayhem in New York City. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates A Media Tour Done Right Lauer, Coops, and the Gang (Dave) We'd been putting stupid shit on Craigslist for years. If you live in New York, you use Craigslist to get shit done or to rent a shitty apartment because you're always poor. We used Craigslist to fuck around. That Craigslist wedding ad that somehow went viral? I wrote that on the notes section of my iPhone while taking a number two in the men's room at work. It took approximately one poop to write. I pasted it into an email to Mike, he added all the parts I couldn't (I had to wipe) and corrected my absolutely horrible grammar, then boom—up on the Net. It was up for about a week, and the results were pretty stagnant. We sent it around to our buddies for some cheap laughs, then figured we could get some really entertaining responses—You know, the types of responses you expect from the totally normal crowd cruising Craigslist on a regular basis. It took one tweet from a friend with a sizeable Twitter following (hey Starky!) and we were off! But it snowballed like a motherfucker. It went from Reddit to Buzzfeed to Gawker to New York magazine to the Huffington Post! It was everywhere, and it was awesome: Two Fellas Need Wedding Dates From our Craigslist Ad. Everything in this picture makes so much sense. My brother and I are looking for wedding dates for our cousin's wedding in majestic Saratoga, New York on March 23rd, 2013. We've been told by the bride that bringing dates is "mandatory" so we "won't harass all of my friends all night" and "stay under control." Rather than ask some fringe women in our lives to go and face the inevitable "does this mean he wants to take it to the next level!?" questions, we'd rather bring complete strangers and just figure it out. Still reading? In anticipation of your questions we've developed an FAQ section below. Dave, Mike . . . What's in it for me? ? An excuse to get dressed up ? Open bar food all night ? Eccentric/downright dangerous bro-2-bro dance moves (may need to sign a waiver) ? Adventure ? Mystery ? Suspense ? True Love ? Royalties once our night's story is developed into a romantic comedy* *if this happens (we estimate the chances at 85 percent) we refuse to let Ashton Kutcher play either of our characters, however, we will consider him for a supporting role. SO—What are you fellas like, anyway? Oh us? We're both in our 20s, single, dashing tall, Anglo-Saxon, respectfully athletic, love to party, completely house trained, relaxed, passionate, smell great, have cool hair, clean up nice, boast great tie collections, will promise to shave, love our mother, have seen Love Actually several times, controversial, provocative, short-sighted (with a big picture mentality), raw, emotional, sensitive, but still bad boys. What should us ladies be like? You should respond in pairs as you'll want to know at least 1 person at this wedding. Sisters (twins?!) are preferable, but we'll take friends, or even enemies. You should be attractive or our aunts will judge you, but not TOO attractive or one of our uncles might grope you. You should be relaxed and easy going as

we'll probably make up flattering lies about you on the spot. You should own a dress, or be able to acquire one because we don't have any. If (when) you respond you should send some pictures of yourself so we know you've met the above requirements. Feel free to include a resume; this is a classy wedding and we're looking for well-rounded women. Interesting/unique pairings are encouraged; don't be afraid to make yourself stand out! This feels kinda creepy, are you guys Craigslist killers? No. Well, if you want to be techni . . . nevermind. No, we aren't. We just genuinely want to do something different and we don't see any other way to approach it. What would verify our normalness? Facebook? Instagram? We can have a pre-date screening (interview) prior to the wedding and play 20 questions over a coupla cocktails if you'd like? We're IN! What now? First off—smart thinking. Email us, send along some pictures, information, high school athletic stats, questions, etc. We'll take it from there. • • • We were getting blown the fuck up. I'd get up from my desk for two minutes to take a leak, and I'd come back to 254 new responses from 508 babes (they applied in pairs, it's simple babe math). What's more is we had responses from the press—reporters, bloggers, journalists, and even this complete bitch from our hometown newspaper, the Times Union! Her name is Kristy Barlette for the record. For at least the first few days, we replied to every single email. Some were babes, some were not-so-babes, some were old ladies, some were dudes, some were dudes saying they wish they'd thought of this. Gals submitted pictures, PowerPoints, videos, blogs, even some nudie shots! Soon ABC and NBC were competing to do stories on us. Naturally, we pitted them against each other to get the most bang for our buck. It worked. It became a national story. In a matter of days, we went from typing on our iPhones while taking a dump to accepting invitations to nationally televised interviews. What the fuck is the matter with you, America? Our first stop was with NBC on the Today show. Some folks from NBC's Dateline division were working on a story about us for a show that was set to air later that summer. Guess who the host was? Chris Hansen from To Catch a Predator. Ha! That guy certainly loves his perverts. What a perfect fit! The entire NBC special on us eventually ended up falling through. After a few weeks of Mike and me pushing off the corny narrative NBC was trying to create (so much for "news"), we gave Kim the Dateline producer a nervous breakdown. She said we drank too much and weren't "fit for the camera" and "take this seriously" and "You have to wear shirts." We got some mileage out of it before it fell apart. To push the story's development further, Kim got us booked on Today, and for the Monday morning after the Oscars, no less. The Today show is composed of 80 percent fluff, 15 percent news, and 5 percent Carson Daly somehow still sticking around. That means the day after the Oscars is one of their most-viewed broadcasts of the year. There would be a lot of eyeballs on us, Kim said. We should make sure to be ourselves. You got it, Kim! I distinctly remember the exact conversation Mike and I had the night before. We weren't going to try to be funny, we weren't going to bend to producers trying to make a good story, we weren't going to say what we were supposed to say or put any effort into coming off as likable. Instead, we were going to act exactly as we had for years: drunk and confused as to why we were there. Our segment was slated for around 9:30 a.m. that Monday, so Kim arranged for a car to come scoop us up at 7 a.m. She really stressed that she would prefer us not to drink the night before, fearing we'd sleep in and look like shit. No problem, Kim. We'll just get up at 4:30 a.m. to start drinking instead. I don't care who you are, you don't go on the Today show sober. At the time, I was really into making French pressed coffee. I was fucking around with these mint coffee beans that were an absolute delight. You know what makes a big cup of mint iced coffee even better? When 50 percent of it is bourbon, that's what. It was 4:45 a.m. on a Monday morning, and Mike and I and Frank the bulldog were blasting my only Pandora station at the time—"Summer Hits of the 90s"—while throwing back spiked iced coffees at an alarming rate. By the time our car arrived, we were pretty tuned up. We'd done at least two hundred push-ups each, changed our outfits nearly as many times, and were ready to roll. The fun part about drinking this way is that the alcohol has been amplified by at least seven cups of coffee, so your body is really partying. Spiked ice coffees are the Red Bull and Vodka of the morning. By the time we got to 30 Rock and found Denny, made it through security, ran into Michael Phelps, and sat down in the greenroom, we were legitimately wasted. You want to talk about a fucking dork? Let's talk about Michael Phelps. You'd think a twenty-two-time Olympic medalist would get some amusement from two drunk strangers trying to engage him in a debate over what the best five-dollar foot-long is. Mike was pushing meatball marinara (such a slob) over my classic cold-cut combo. I can't believe Phelps didn't back me up. He was sitting in the middle of our heated debate and acted like we didn't exist. Screw you, Phelps! Lochte 2016!!! Before it came time to hit the Today show couch, we were introduced to Natalie Morales (babe) and Matt Lauer (superbabe!). I basically shoved Natalie aside to shake hands with Matt. I couldn't even tell you what Natalie looked like, but I can recall in detail exactly how nice Matt's suit was. He was fit as a fiddle, too. And his handshake? Top-notch. We exchanged pleasantries for a few minutes, until they realized that it was indeed a gallon of bourbon they smelled on our breath. As they finished another segment, we got mic'd up on the couch. We noticed a set of thick-rim glasses and an iPhone on the coffee table in front of Matt's chair. Lauer, you fool! Mike and I wasted no time. We posed for selfies on his phone until Lauer came in from his segment. He wasn't happy with us. He made that clear. That was when we saw a true dose of Lauer Power. He calmly sat down in his chair, informed us we had one minute and thirty seconds until we were on, then began to rip us apart. For a minute and twenty-nine seconds straight, he attacked everything about us—our suits, how goofy we were, Mike's sweat issues, my boner that wouldn't go away, grammatical errors in our Craigslist ad (my fault), where this amount of bourbon consumption would probably lead us

long term, you name it. I've never respected a man more. This was a guy who interviewed Barack Obama two weeks earlier and came off as the most articulate journalist in the country. Now he was slicing and dicing two drunk goons on his couch. The second the cameras turned to us, he snapped right back into business mode. Total pro. Mike's close to climax and Dave is in active orgasm. They really like Matt Lauer. Photo courtesy of Denise Stangle

The next stop on our media tour took place a few days later. You think my man-crush on Lauer was big? Let's talk about Anderson Cooper. Whenever I need to do a gay litmus test on myself (every couple of months), I stare at a picture of Coops for an hour straight. In the end, if my wiener doesn't move, it confirms I'm not gay. Bottom line: if I can't be attracted to that man, I can't be attracted to any man. How does he get his hair to look like that? It doesn't even make sense. Needless to say when Mike and I found out we were going on Coops, we were ecstatic. We again woke up at 4:30 a.m. to start partying, put down a dozen bourbon mint coffees, and listen to Summer Hits of the 90s, because why the fuck wouldn't we? Except this time we had guests. The night before we had gone on a double date with two gals who replied to our Craigslist ad, and wouldn't ya know, it turned into a double sleepover. The ladies were understandably alarmed when Mike and I started pacing around the apartment ass-naked, doing push-ups. We four lovebirds piled into the car service SUV at 10:30 a.m. and headed toward Coops's studio. We were all over the girls, making out, touchin' boobies, actin' a fool! You'd think our driver would be horrified. Nope. Not Sal. Guys named Sal are incapable of being horrified. I might name my son Sal. Those gals were swell, but they weren't so thrilled when we got to the studio and their names weren't on the security list. It was the perfect out; security had done our dirty work. Before departing, Mike grabbed his gal by both sides of her face and gave her this really long, passionate, and awkward kiss goodbye. It sounded like he was trying to suck a kiwi out of its skin. It was at this point I began to realize how much drunker he was than me. When Mike is really drunk, he takes long pauses in an effort to come off like he is thinking. Usually in this time, he forgets the answer, the question, who he is talking to, and where he is. I could see him doing this as the producer for Coops's show was briefing us. She hated us immediately. This made me ecstatic. We were the least popular guys in the building, but we were having the most fun. By the time we got to the greenroom, Mike's coordination was on the level of a newborn fawn with Down syndrome. I took over making the cocktails—I wasn't going to risk him spilling the bourbon. Make it easy on me, he slurred to me. What? Give yourself more bourbon than . . . I do. I made him a mixture composed of 70 percent bourbon, 20 percent coffee, and 10 percent sweetener, so it'd go down real nice. That's what big brothers are for. Before we went on set, we once again headed over to get our makeup done. This time, I found myself making small talk with Honey Boo Boo and her giant mother—Mama June. I told them I loved their show and asked if they had any extra "go-go juice" for me. But—fun fact—they were not at all Honey Boo Boo or Mama June. I was completely mistaken. I can't decide what is more offensive—having a guy mistake your daughter for Honey Boo Boo or being mistaken for Mama June. Awkward. I tried to bring up the five-dollar foot-long debate, but it just didn't play. On Coops's show there are three rows in front that are reserved for guests. During each commercial break, the next guest will move one row closer to the front, which is in the same lens shot as Coops himself. But Mike and I sat down front and center and refused to move, even though we weren't slated to be on for forty minutes. This means that every guest before us had to do their segment sandwiched between two lumbering giants. In fact, we were so close to their microphones that we could weigh in on everything. Blackout Mike began to peak. He'd squeeze in a random thought or affirmation, despite having no idea what anyone was talking about. Our segment with Coops couldn't have gone better! Did we look very drunk? Yes. Did I tune out his first question because I couldn't wait to say Thanks for having us on, Coops. You look fantastic today as always? You fucking know it. We were happy to get a lot of good laughs out of the audience. However, our ultimate goal was to give a secret "shout-out" to our friends during the interview. Mike and I had decided on a code word—"Orlando, Florida." I don't know why we went with "Orlando, Florida," you guys, we just did. To be honest, I was so caught up with the interview that I had forgotten about the plan. But when Coops asked where our wedding date applications were coming from, Mike perked up. He looked like Bernie from Weekend Update. Fourteen seconds later, a big grin appeared on his face and he said, "Oh . . . rlando." Another five seconds to add ". . . Florida!" The guys got their shout-out, Coops gave us an are you guys actually retarded? look, and the bit came to an end. Everyone seemed pretty pleased, except the producer. She had security escort us out of the building immediately after our segment was over. Coops declined both an invitation to the wedding and our request for a friendly photograph. He must have been pretty busy. Nationally televised interview number two was a great success. The third stop was probably our favorite—the Australian TV show also known as Today, which is broadcast on the Nine Network. Jackpot. Mike and I have always gotten along well with Australians. We're cut from very similar cloth. Mike even lived in Australia for a while and then refused to come home. He ran away to Fiji with an Aussie gal he met while he was over there. Our parents freaked out, but I knew something had to give—she was way out of his league. The Today show in Australia was right in our wheelhouse. Australians are like Americans, except all of them are cool, instead of just some of them. With Lauer Power and Coops, we got drunk to stand out and go against the grain, but for Today in Australia, we were getting blasted just to blend in. They scheduled our interview at three in the afternoon on St. Patrick's Day. Hello! We didn't even have to get up early, but we still did. Four thirty a.m. worked so well for us the first few times that we decided to stick with it. When we arrived at the studio, we were one level less than "Coops drunk," but we had also

smoked a whole bunch of grass on our walk there. We were making jokes that only the two of us found funny. Luckily, it never became an issue, because the studio only had one guy, and he wasn't even Australian! He was just a dude named Kirk. Kirk set up everything for us to do a live feed to Australia. Then he noticed we were drunk and directed us toward the extensive liquor cabinet. We all immediately became best friends. Frank the bulldog was with us, too. He wanted a taste of the action, and Kirk didn't seem to mind at all. Frank ate a bunch of popcorn while Kirk, Mike, and I sat around the studio kitchen drinking warm bourbon and smoking grass out of various pieces of fruit from a gourmet basket sent to the studio by one of my personal favorite Australians—Kylie Minogue. She is such a babe. Oh, by the way, the fruit was dipped in truffle-salted chocolate. Talk about high class. In my life, I've never felt finer smoking grass out of a piece of fruit. Eventually, we took the call from Cameron Williams, the host. Cam was smooth as silk. The best part about the Australian Today interview was that Frank was walking on and off the set periodically, sniffing things and humping the leg of the stool Mike was sitting on. No one said a single thing. Kirk didn't intervene or motion for us to get him to stop; Cam didn't even acknowledge him. It was as if two drunk guys and a troublemaking, butt-sniffing junkyard dog were par for the course in every Australian's morning.