

# The Bachelor Party Bible

## Book 1: Las Vegas

Our five-part series on throwing the best damn stag party the world's ever seen.

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Sure, it's tough to see past the Brazilian bikini waxes and six breasts bouncing off my face, but I do notice a growing pile of thongs on my hotel room floor.

"Hey, Elvis!" I shout as the strippers tear off my buddy's sequined costume, but he can't hear me over the pounding stereo. That's OK; I've forgotten what I was saying—three completely naked nympho supermodels are doing things to each other that would make Jenna Jameson blush. First they start rolling around, alternately slapping and slurping each other. Then they decide to "dance" for us, with occasional breaks to go downtown again. Think it can't get any better than this? So did I. But I was very, very wrong.

You're probably wondering several things, like why *Maxim* designer Todd Detwiler is dressed as the King, how the hell we got a gaggle of drunk strippers to our hotel room at 4:15 in the morning, and most important, what the hell happened next. Obviously, we've got some 'splainin' to do.

Blame our boss. As a public service, he entrusted us with a noble quest: to pick the best five bachelor party spots, then take all-expenses-paid scouting trips to each and tell you how to throw the most debaucherous last-night-as-a-free-man party your money can buy. Sure, it's a dirty job—emphasis on *dirty*—but someone's gotta do it. First, the basics. When it comes to bachelor parties, there are only two rules:

1. Don't ever—*ever*—talk about the bachelor party. Ever. Seriously.
2. Check your skirt at the door.

We're about to break the first rule, but it's for a good cause...First stop: Sin City.

### Pole-dance fever

As we step on the plane, I know something is different. A look down the aisle catches nothing but cleavage, midribs, and ankle tattoos. Friday night flights, we learn, are stripper shuttles: Girls fly out in droves to make more cash in two Vegas nights than they can in a month at their local House o' Babes. By gin and tonic number seven, the decision's made. We'll gamble later; we don't need to drop our bags at the hotel. It's stripper time!

Hopping in our \$50 limo (with several guys it's actually cheaper than cabs), we follow a tip and head for the Pussycat Lounge in some bombed-out strip mall. In a nutshell: The Pussycat is all-nude, so there's no booze and no hot chicks: The lovely and talented Sparkle\*, onstage as we arrive, has a zit on her ass the size of Mount Saint Helens. So we hightail it for the old reliable Crazy Horse Too...then someone spots a billboard that reads: SAPPHIRE. THE WORLD'S LARGEST GENTLEMEN'S CLUB! It's on a billboard—it must be true!

One foot in the door and we know we've made the right choice. This place puts the tit in titanic—two huge rooms with 30-foot ceilings, four bars, and more poles than a light-bulb-screwing seminar. At one point Todd (not yet dressed as Elvis) gets invited to a stadium-style skybox overlooking the club. Apparently, he thinks one of the 250 girls on duty—entire states don't have 250 girls this hot—called for him using the closed-circuit TVs and internal phone system...a perfectly reasonable assumption, since that's what we told him. So he just gloats at us as he waits. And waits...

While our laps are chafing worse than Roger Ebert's thighs from all the lap dances (Tip: Don't wear jeans in Vegas or strippers won't be able to, um, get in touch with your feelings), Todd's asking anyone with a name tag when his imaginary friend is going to show up. Time to roll, sucker!

### Overnight patrol

It's after 4 A.M., but the real Vegas parties are just getting started. After-hours clubs (like Drai's in the Barbary Coast and Light at Bellagio) are where the hottest strippers go after work to shake their asses for free while the Ecstasy is still making their horny blood boil. The problem: Unless you're a high roller ("whale" in Vegasese), getting even a three-man sausage party into a Vegas nightclub is like trying to squeeze back into the womb. Solution: LV Bachelor Party (800-834-2712) will turn you into a Vegas VIP for the weekend. They got us on the list of every club in town, and they can book limos and hotels and even arrange in-room "entertainment." The price is a bit steep (as much as \$150 per person, depending on how many Vs you want in VIP), but considering the money we saved on cabs, cover charges, and not ending up in the hospital after wrapping a velvet rope around some bouncer's neck, it's a bargain.

We flip a coin, and it comes up Drai's. Hidden under an otherwise useless casino, the scene looks like the Britney Spears "I'm a Slave 4 U" video—with about 100 more girls and no pesky FCC restrictions. The dance floor is filled with goddesses grinding themselves on places even the strippers won't touch. A word to the wise: Reorganize your entire Vegas schedule so you're still alive at four in the morning. You can hit Palace Station's 99¢ late-night breakfast when you're spent, and with any luck you'll be ordering for two.

### A Shockey scene

With the morning sun burning our eyes and early birds walking past us into the Palms Casino, a lime-green limousine pulls up. Out pops George Maloof, owner of the hotel. Behind him is New York Giants tight end Jeremy Shockey, who just happens to be carrying \$250,000. "You're those *Maxim* guys!" he screams. This is what Vegas is all about: bumping into two higher-than-high rollers at 8:30 A.M....carrying a quarter mil in cash. Shockey pulls out a big wad of bills—about \$20,000 worth—and hands it to us.

"Have some fun!" is all he gets out before some kill-joy assistant grabs the money back.

### **Shooting and speeding**

We have to make a choice: (1) sleep off our stupor, or (2) fire machine guns. No choice at all, really. Forget Bloody Marys or aspirin. Poppin' slugs into Saddam Hussein is the best hangover cure on Earth. The Gun Store is Montana militiaman heaven. Every inch of wall space is covered with scores of rifles, machine guns, and Glocks; muffled gun blasts from the shooting range behind the counter bring back fond memories of growing up in the Bronx. For \$30 a huge dude with a nickel-plated Colt in his waistband hands each of us a fully loaded M-16—no license, experience, or Breathalyzer required.

Next we're off to the races. After one hour in the classroom, Derek Daly Academy at the Las Vegas Motor Speedway has us behind the wheel of a 145 mph Formula car—*cojones* inserted in stomach at no extra charge.

### **Jack of all trades**

Between the booze, the M-16 blasts, and the boxer-soiling speed, our heads are screaming for aquatic submersion, so we head for the Hard Rock's swim-up blackjack tables. Tossing our bag of M-16 shells and bullet-riddled Saddam target on a pool chair next to a freaked-out group of daiquiri-sipping soft rockers, we dive into the no-diving pool with our pockets full of cash and dog-paddle over to the tables. Total winnings next to chicks splitting 10s and hitting 17s: *negative* \$350.

But *some* girls in this town know how to double down. Of the 30 legal brothels in Nevada (not counting the 50-room brothel, nightclub, and strip club Heidi Fleiss is opening), the Chicken Ranch, 40 minutes off the strip with free limo if you're staying at a major hotel, is the best. Now, we're not saying we went, and we're not saying you will, either, but the Ranch charges about \$400 a load, including a shower, Wet Naps, and condoms. Or so we've heard.

### **What happened?**

A phone is ringing. "Good morning, sir. This is your 4 A.M. wake-up call." What? My booze-addled brain can't even keep up with the questions. Looking around our spacious Playpen Suite at the Palms (a \$1,000-per-night palace with three beds, mirrored ceilings, complimentary limo pickup at the airport, comped drinks, and a stripper pole), I see three drained whiskey bottles and an empty pack of rolling papers. Todd's passed out on the floor, dressed head to toe in a sequined Elvis costume. I have zero memory of the past several hours, but when we get the film developed, many gaps are filled: There are photos of us in a helicopter, pics of us at the Oscar de la Hoya fight (Shockey, if you gave us those tickets, thanks!), and various shots of Todd/Elvis dancing with hot women. All I can figure out is that we hit the strip joints, because all our money is gone and we're covered with sparkles. Then the doorbell rings.

Nothing perks you up like opening the door to find three smokin'-hot girls with cleavage spilling out of their tube tops hugging and kissing you. Whoever they are, they must've come straight from work, because they're nearly as drunk as we are and they greet us like long-lost sugar daddies. Before we know it, the stereo is blasting, clothes are on the floor, and four hours before our flight Elvis and I are getting a lesson in what makes Vegas the Valhalla of debauchery.

Which brings us back to where we started. I'd tell you the rest, but I have to invoke my rights against self-incrimination by saying whatever happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

See y'all next month in N'awlins!