

DECK THE HALLS (WITH MATRIMONY!)

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN -- DAY

WE HEAR: DISHES, SILVERWARE, GLASS CLINKING.

HIGH HEELS RUNNING.

EMMA, 29, has a tinnish but powerful voice. She is all earnestness.

JACKIE, 28, has a voice full of smoke and dry wit. They both wear headsets.

EMMA

Behind you! On your left! On your right, on your left! Door! Door!

WE HEAR: the BANG OF DOORS OPENING.

CLUNKS OF CENTERPIECES BEING SET OUT.

MORE HIGH HEELS SKITTERING.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Did you sedate the turkeys?

JACKIE

The animal guy said he'll drug them again before he drops them off.

EMMA

I was sure those birds were going to wake up in the middle of the ceremony and start gobbling.

JACKIE

Pfft. Turkey millionaires. Why couldn't they have made their money off a nice quiet animal?

EMMA

Like what?

JACKIE

Doves. Doves are nice. Or rabbits.

EMMA

Well, no one eats those for Thanksgiving. Faster! The wedding party will be here in twenty minutes!

WE HEAR: A RADIO CRACKLE

Emma's ex-boyfriend, their photographer STUART, 29, is on the radio. His voice is chummy.

STUART
(distorted through radio)
Ne-ga-tory good buddy. Bride got cold and cut the photo session short. Five minutes and counting.

EMMA
Stu! Couldn't you have stalled?

STUART
(crackling)
Can't hear you. See you in ten.

JACKIE
That's what you get for hiring your doofy jock of an ex-boyfriend.

EMMA
Oh, lay off. That was high school. Who else are we going to get to work through the holidays?

JACKIE
If you would just learn Photoshop--

EMMA
Why don't YOU learn Photoshop? Wait wait wait. Let me--

WE HEAR: FLOWERS RUSTLING as Emma adjusts a centerpiece.

JACKIE
Anal.

EMMA
Perfect.

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S PHONE RING.

JACKIE
Animal guy!

EMMA
Perfect!
(to the wait staff)
We're a go!

WE HEAR: CHEERFUL MUSIC STING.

WE HEAR: DOORS OPEN. WAITER'S FEET MARCH OUT.

WE HEAR: THE SOUND OF WINE GLASSES BEING FILLED, PLATES CLINKING.

INT. GREAT HALL, HOTEL -- CONTINUED

Emma SIGHS happily.

WE HEAR: DOUBLE DOORS SHUT.

WE HEAR: FEMALE WEDDING GUESTS CHATTERING.

WE HEAR: EMMA'S RADIO CLICK.

EMMA
(to the radio)
The Mayflower has landed.
(aloud)
Georgina! You're gorgeous. And you
didn't cry once, you were
absolutely perfect.

GEORGINA, 35, the Turkey Bride, is stuffed into a garish lace and sequin number and speaks with a strong Texan accent.

GEORGINA
Don't start. I'm holding together
on the sheer grace of God.

EMMA
My photographer says he getting
some wonderful candid photos.

GEORGINA
Just so long as he doesn't get me
eating.

BRIDESMAID
Can I take this stupid hat off? The
buckle is giving me a headache.

GEORGINA
You skipped the hat fitting, you
live with a tight-ass buckle on
your head.

She has a bawdy, barking laugh.

EMMA
We've got a holding area for you
just off to the right. You can thaw
out a little and we'll get the
guests set up before your--

WE HEAR: DISTANT DELUGE OF BREAKING GLASS.

GEORGINA
What was that?

EMMA
Just the waiters setting up.

WE HEAR: ANOTHER CRASH.

ALPHA TURKEY
(distant)
Gobble!

WE HEAR: DOORS OPEN.

Jackie is out of breath.

JACKIE
Emma babes.

EMMA
If you'll just head off to our
little sitting area, we'll get your
guests settled--

GEORGINA
What is that?

ALPHA TURKEY
(I'm gonna get you.)
Gobble gobble.

TURKEY WRANGLER
(distant)
Augh!

JACKIE
Bar mitzvah.

EMMA
Go on and get settled. Put your
feet up, pat your face. You, you
can... unbuckle your hat. Then
we'll come fetch you and you can
make your big entrance.

GEORGINA
I dont--

TURKEY WRANGLER
(distant)
Aiiiiii!

JACKIE
Ems.

EMMA
(jazz hands)
Biiiiig entrance.

WE HEAR: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS OF THE WEDDING PARTY.

Jackie and Emma chuckle and murmur sweetly until they're out
of earshot.

JACKIE
The turkeys are not sedated.

EMMA
What?

JACKIE
They're awake. And angry. Very
angry.

ALPHA TURKEY
(you bet your ass!)
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE!

TURKEY WRANGLER
BACK.

EMMA
Oh no no no.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN.

ALPHA TURKEY
(distant)
Growl.

WE HEAR: GLASS CRUNCH UNDERFOOT.

EMMA
Where is the turkey wrangler?

TURKEY WRANGLER
Shh! Get down!

EMMA
Oh!

All noise ceases except for ALPHA TURKEY'S CONTINUOUS GROWL.

Everyone whispers.

JACKIE
What is that sound?

TURKEY WRANGLER
The alpha.

EMMA
Are you okay? Your shoulder.

TURKEY WRANGLER
No, no. It's fine. I'll just... pop
that back in.... Later. Shh!

WE HEAR: THE TURKEY'S FOOTSTEPS WALK PAST.

TURKEY WRANGLER (CONT'D)
Can you see my tranquilizer gun?

JACKIE
What?

TURKEY WRANGLER
My tranq gun. The little one. She
knocked it out of my hand.

JACKIE
Which one is the "little one?"

EMMA
I see it. Crap. Oh crap.

ALPHA TURKEY
(I see you too)
Growl... gobble.

EMMA
The big one is sitting on it.

JACKIE
Pfft!

EMMA
Jackie, get a chair. You, um. Sir.
Can you lift a chair?

WE HEAR: A CHAIR SCRAPE ACROSS THE FLOOR.

WE HEAR: A SICKENING TWIST OF TENDON AND CARTILAGE.

TURKEY WRANGLER
Nope! Nope. Oh god, I just made it
worse.

WE HEAR: EMMA'S RADIO CLICK.

EMMA
(into her radio)
Stu? Stu.

WE HEAR: DEAD RADIO AIR. THE RADIO CLICKS AGAIN.

EMMA (CONT'D)
STU.

Stu's voice is right in Emma's ear. He's behind her.

STUART
What?

EMMA

GAH.

ALPHA TURKEY
(who the fuck is this?)
GOBBLE SHRIEK GOBBLE GOBBLE.

WE HEAR: FEATHERS FLURRY AND CLAWS SCRATCH AS THE TURKEY CHARGES.

Emma, Jackie, and Stu shriek.

WE HEAR: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

WE HEAR: CHAIRS TURNING OVER, GLASS FALLING.

EXT. GREAT HALL, HOTEL -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: DOUBLE DOORS SLAM SHUT.

WE HEAR: THUDS AS THE TURKEY SLAMS REPEATEDLY INTO THE DOOR.

Emma, Jackie, and Stuart yelp and gasp every time it hits.

ALPHA TURKEY
(distant)
Gobble gobble gobble!
(thud!)
Gobble gobble gobble!
(thud!)

STUART
Oh gawd! They have claws! And eyes,
those beady little eyes!

JACKIE
The wrangler is hurt! You have to
go help him!

STUART
They know we eat them.

TURKEY WRANGLER
(distant)
Eee!

EMMA
We're coming!

ALPHA TURKEY
(I will taste his blood!)
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE!

EMMA
Jackie, is there something we can
use as a net? If we rush them, we
could pin the big one against a
wall. Then you could... Stu?

WE HEAR: STU'S FLEEING FOOTSTEPS.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Where are you going? Help us!

STUART
(distant)
I JUST HAVE TO CHECK HUMMUNUmumumu.

JACKIE
Wuss!

WE HEAR: ANOTHER CRASH.

TURKEY WRANGLER
(distant)
Oh god!

ALPHA TURKEY
(Your god can't help
you.)
Gobblegobblegobble GOBBLE.

EMMA
Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay.
Police. We should call the police.
Animal control?

WE HEAR: DISTANT FOOTBALL CHEER OF GROOMSMEN.

JACKIE
The groomsmen! Yes! Drunk cowboys.

WE HEAR: GLASSES CLINK. LOW SOUND OF A FOOTBALL GAME ON TV.

BOYD, COOTER, and TRIP, early 30s, have clustered in the bar
attached to the lobby, watching football.

BOYD
Who schedules a wedding for
Thanksgiving and doesn't pop for a
cable hook-up at the reception?

TURKEY GROOM
Aw, it's what Georgie wanted.

TRIP
You wouldn't really expect your
sister to fill a ball room with big
screen TVs, would you?

BOYD
Not FILL the room, but one in a
corner would be nice.

JACKIE

If they can catch a chicken, they
can catch these devil birds. HEY
FELLAS.

EMMA

No!

ALPHA TURKEY
(who's talking?)
GOBBLE!

WE HEAR: ANOTHER SLAM AGAINST THE DOOR.

ALPHA TURKEY (CONT'D)
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE.

TURKEY GROOM
Oh Lord, it's those ornery birds!

EMMA
It's fine! Under control!

JACKIE
Who's got a lasso?

COOTER
Boyd, run to the truck. Get my gun.

TURKEY GROOM
You can't shoot these turkeys.
Georgina's daddy keeps 'em as pets.

TRIP
Geez, Cooter. Buckshot's your
answer to everything. Haven't you
ever been to a rodeo? Give me that
ice bucket. Take off your belt. How
many are there?

WE HEAR: TRIP TAKE OFF HIS BELT AND GRAB THE ICE BUCKET.

EMMA
Two.

TRIP
Let me get a look.

WE HEAR: THE DOUBLE DOORS OPEN.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: EERIE STILLNESS, LIKE A GRAVEYARD.

The Alpha Turkey can be heard, uttering low, steady gobbles.

Trip WHISTLES. "Jesus." Everyone speaks in whispers.

EMMA
The turkey wrangler's in there
somewhere.

TRIP
Is he mobile?

JACKIE
Probably dead.

EMMA
There!

ALPHA TURKEY
(I hear something.)
Growl.

TRIP
Is that a tranq gun over there?

EMMA
Yep. That's it. Can you make a run
for it?

The groomsmen relay Trip's instructions down the line.

TRIP
Everybody, go in quietly. Pick up a
chair, try to box the birds in.

TURKEY GROOM
Don't kill 'em.

TRIP
Don't kill 'em.

WE HEAR: THE GROUP TIPTOE IN. CHAIRS SCRAPE.

ALPHA TURKEY
(don't come closer)
GROWL. GOBBLE. HISS.

The group freezes. It's silent except for breathing for a
moment.

WE HEAR: THE FLURRY OF FEATHERS AND CLAWS AS THE TURKEY
CHARGES.

ALPHA TURKEY (CONT'D)
(SPARTA!!)
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE!

Everyone starts yelling.

WE HEAR: FEET SCURRY, CHAIRS HITTING THE FLOOR.

ALPHA TURKEY (CONT'D)
(melee melee)

Gobblehissgobble growl gobble hiss!

TURKEY GROOM
We're trapped! TRAPPED!

WE HEAR: DOOR HANDLES RATTLING DESPERATELY, DOORS OPENING
AND SLAMMING SHUT.

EMMA
Where are you going?

JACKIE
The gun! Grab it! Grab it!

WE HEAR: THE GUN SKITTER ACROSS THE FLOOR.

TRIP
Ungh! Got it!

EMMA
LOOK OUT!

JACKIE
Hung!

WE HEAR: JACKIE WHACK THE TURKEY, FEATHERS SKIDDING ACROSS
GLASS.

ALPHA TURKEY
(wind knocked out)
GobblePUH!

JACKIE
EM! Behind you!

WE HEAR: WILD FLAPPING, CLAWS.

BETA TURKEY
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE!

EMMA
Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh!

TRIP
HEAD DOWN.

WE HEAR: THE TRANQUILIZER GUN FIRE. THWANG! THE DART STRIKE.
PORK! THE BIRD FLOP ON THE FLOOR.

BETA TURKEY
Gobblezzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzssnnnnnggh.

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS RUNNING.

JACKIE
Are you okay?

EMMA
Where's the other one?

TURKEY WRANGLER
Oh god NO!

ALPHA TURKEY
(I'm back, motherfu--)
GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE!

EMMA AND JACKIE
Aiii!

WE HEAR: FLAPPING, SCRATCHING, HISSING, SLASHING. WOOD STRIKING THE FLOOR, GLASS SKIDDING.

JACKIE
Cover your face! Cover your face!

WE HEAR: THE TRANQUILIZER GUN AGAIN. THWANG! PORK! A BIRD FLOPS ON THE FLOOR.

ALPHA TURKEY
Gobble. Gobble. Zzzzz.

Everyone sighs with shaky relief..

TURKEY WRANGLER
Are they out?

EMMA
Out.

The turkey wrangler grunts to his feet.

TRIP
Easy, easy. All right, there?

The turkey wrangler starts crying and laughing.

TURKEY WRANGLER
Alive! Alive. Couldn't kill me, you feathered incubus.

JACKIE
He lost a lot of blood.

WE HEAR: ANOTHER SICK TWIST OF CARTILAGE AND TENDON. FOOTSTEPS AS THE TURKEY WRANGLER WANDERS OUT.

TURKEY WRANGLER
I will wreck a terrible vengeance!
A terrible, unspeakable vengeance!
A flaming, black hole will bore
itself into your soul to witness--

WE HEAR: THE DOOR SLAM. A FINAL PIECE OF GLASS BREAKS.

EMMA
Oh jeez.

JACKIE
Why couldn't it be doves?

EMMA
Time.

TRIP
6:37pm.

WE HEAR: guests murmuring and laughing out in the hall.

JACKIE
We're boned!

EMMA
We can fix this. Get the groomsmen back in here. Wait staff! Get the glass up! Sponge the floor with bread to get the splinters. Jackie, get Stu, make sure the turkey wrangler gets in an ambulance. And get the groom!

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S RADIO CLICK AND CRACKLE.

JACKIE
Stu? Stuart?

WE HEAR: UNINTELLIGIBLE RADIO GARBLE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(distant)
Birds neutralized, you big friggin' baby. Get to the lobby. Keep the guests out. Groomsmen! You're back in.

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN. HIGH HEELS RUN OUT, WAITERS AND GROOMSMEN RUNNING IN.

TRIP
What can I do?

EMMA
We're gonna remake these tables. Get the groomsmen on either side.

TRIP
C'mon, boys!

EMMA
Wait staff. I need five and five!

TRIP

Five on each side. Quick quick
quick!

WE HEAR: MEN'S FEET RUN TO POSITION. THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

JACKIE
Got the groom!

TURKEY GROOM
Oh no. Oh no.

EMMA
It's okay, don't panic.

TURKEY GROOM
Aw, Georgie is going to have a fit!
I paid all that money for the suite
with the hot tub and now she's
gonna be too mad to--

EMMA
Georgie doesn't need to know. Go to
the holding area and STALL.
Reminisce about your first date,
tell her in detail about everything
you can remember about the day you
fell in love.

TURKEY GROOM
New Year's Eve, right before the
ball dropped. She'd drunk two
pitchers of Sangria and was singing
Jolene on the pool table with a
napkin stuck in her hair.

EMMA
That's, um, sweet.

TURKEY GROOM
She's never boring.

EMMA
She is definitely not. Now go!
(to the groomsmen)
Jackie and I have the cloth. As we
come down, lift the plates.

TRIP
Ready!

GROOMSMEN
Take that place. I've got it. Watch
your hands!

EMMA
GO.

WE HEAR: LINEN SWEEP, WOOD SQUEAK, GLASS TINKLE.

GROOMSMEN

Whoaaaaa!

Emma and Jackie laugh.

EMMA

FORKS LEFT GLASSES RIGHT RESET.

MUSIC STING SWELLS.

FADE IN WITH

WE HEAR: GUESTS MURMURING, PLATES AND GLASSES CLINKING.

JACKIE

I can't believe we got it.

EMMA

Missing the tablecloths.

JACKIE

Nobody remembers the tablecloth.

TRIP

Ahem. Sorry.

EMMA

Oh!

JACKIE

Indiana Jones.

TRIP

We've got the turkey wrangler off
to the hospital.

Jackie's voice retreats, grumbling.

JACKIE

Wrangler my foot. \$500 deposit,
glorified petting zoo manager.
Assistant manager.

EMMA

Thank you. And... thank you. I
don't know how we could have pulled
it off without you.

(beat)

You're a heck of a shot.

TRIP

Only under pressure. Miss?

EMMA

Emma. Bishop. Emma Bishop and that
was Jackie.

TRIP

Patrick. But everyone calls me
Trip.

EMMA
Trip? Well, I-- I just want to...

WE HEAR: BRIDAL ENTRANCE MUSIC SWELL. CHAIRS SCRAPE. PEOPLE
MURMUR.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'll see you. Later. Y'know. After
cake and speeches?

TRIP
Later.

She chokes out a bizarre nervous laugh.

WE HEAR: TRIP'S RETREATING FOOTSTEPS.

EMMA
Oh no, that's not my laugh.

WE HEAR: A CAMERA CLICKING.

STUART
(distant)
Feathers everywhere! Like
dinosaurs! And when they charge--

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS CLICK OVER.

JACKIE
Stu's telling the bridesmaids HE
tackled the birds. I'm gonna smack
that gum down his throat.

EMMA
Don't. Stu!

STUART
Bride looks great. Time to get the
first dance st--glugh!

WE HEAR: THE POP OF JACKIE'S FINGERS ON STU'S CHIN.

STUART (CONT'D)
You made me swallow my gum!

EMMA
You shouldn't have been chewing it.

STUART
Tell her not to hit me!

JACKIE
I barely touched you!

EMMA

Jackie! Go check on the musicians.

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS CLICK AWAY.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She should have hit you harder.

STUART

Well!

EMMA

You abandoned us!

STUART

You had it under control.

EMMA

Homicidal turkeys, Stu!

STUART

I think only humans can be "homicidal".

EMMA

STUART.

STUART

Okay! I'm sorry! But look, everything's fine. Everything is always fine. You don't have to use your Fraulein voice on me.

EMMA

I'm not--

STUART

I gotta get to the dance floor.

WE HEAR: STU'S FOOTSTEPS RETREAT.

EMMA

Great.

(calling)

Stop telling the guests about the turkeys!

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S HIGH HEELS APPROACH.

JACKIE

There's a problem with the band.

EMMA

Are they on fire?

JACKIE

Drummer got his hand caught in the van door.

MAYLIN EARL
Door's got wheels in it.

The other bearded bluegrass players BOSS and FINK grunt.

EMMA
Oh no.

JACKIE
It's a Dodge Astro.

EMMA
I see. You can manage without...
right?

FINK
Need it for the count.

BOSS
'Less you got a metronome.

FINK
What's that?

BOSS
The clicker.

FINK
We don't need a clicker.
(singing)
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

BOSS
(chiming in, off beat)
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

FINK
No, listen to me. WILL YOU MISS ME--
-

BOSS
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

MAYLIN EARL
One and TWO and THREE and--

This continues while the girls pow-wow.

JACKIE
Too late for a DJ.

EMMA
I've got the iPod in the car.

JACKIE
Why not let this ride? It'll be
like Philip Glass with a banjo.

EMMA

It's a hotel. There's got to be one
dude with a rock band bussing
dishes.

JACKIE

Oh! Hot dishwasher! Tattoos.
Delicious beard.

EMMA

Oooh, sounds possible.

MAYLIN EARL

Y'all deaf? Feel my foot! ONE TWO
THREE. ONE TWO THREE.

FINK AND BOSS

WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE?

EMMA

Shh! Georgina's coming! Go on, get
on stage. Maylin, go to the
kitchen, get some ice... don't
touch it!

MAYLIN EARL

It hurts.

JACKIE

Money money money.

EMMA

Offer him fifty.

JACKIE

On it!

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S HIGH HEELS DEPART.

GEORGINA

We're ready.

EMMA

Absolutely! Perfect. You look
wonderful. Like Kate Winslet.

GEORGINA

Kate Winslet.

EMMA

And Brigitte Bardot.

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S HIGH HEELS RETURN, FOLLOWED BY THE
DISHWASHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

JACKIE

Georgina! Look at that smile. You
look like Connie Britton!

GEORGINA
Really?

JACKIE
(sotto)
Go on, right up on stage.

DISHWASHER DRUMMER
Kind of a small kit.

GEORGINA
Who's this?

JACKIE
Guest artist.

EMMA
We'll just... Jackie will cue you.
(to the drummer)
Do you know the Tennessee Waltz?

DISHWASHER DRUMMER
I mostly play ska.

EMMA
Just... keep a 3/4 time.

WE HEAR: FOOTSTEPS DEPART. GUESTS TAP THEIR GLASSES.

THE MUSIC STARTS.

WE HEAR: THE GUESTS OOH AND AHH.

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S RADIO CRACKLE WITH A GARBLED MESSAGE.

JACKIE
Cake trouble. You want it?

EMMA
You take it. I'll pack up the gift
table.

WE HEAR: THE MUSIC FADE, A DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
One more hour.

WE HEAR: PAPER AND TISSUE RUSTLE. SILVERWARE JINGLE IN A
BOX.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hngh! Solid silver coffee set.
Never even going to use these.
Emma, how did you end up in that
wheelchair? Oh, I unwittingly
started a business where I spend
four hours a week slinging solid
silver coffee pots around.

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN.

TRIP
Let me help you with that.

EMMA
Oh! Um. No. You don't have to.

TRIP
Do me a favor and pretend you
asked. It'll save me from another
bounce around the dance floor with
the Mother of the Bride.

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE
(distant)
Yoo-hoo!

WE HEAR: THE DOOR SHUT.

EMMA
You are just determined to be the
hero of this wedding, aren'tcha?

TRIP
Just trying to get through in one
piece.

EMMA
Home stretch. I'm going to sneak
these out to the couple's car.

TRIP
I'll help.

WE HEAR: SILVERWARE AND CARDBOARD SHIFT.

EMMA
No, no! Look!

WE HEAR: A CLICK AND A POP.

EMMA (CONT'D)
The table turns into a cart!

TRIP
Well!

EMMA
Trade secret.

WE HEAR: THE CART ROLL OUT.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE HOTEL -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: DOUBLE DOORS OPEN AND SHUT. A FROSTY WIND.

WE HEAR: A CAR TRUNK OPEN. BOXES BEING SHOVED IN.

EMMA
Hurry! It's freezing!

TRIP
I'm being careful. There's valuable
stuff in here.

EMMA
Tweedly wine glasses.

TRIP
A King's ransom in novelty panini
presses.

EMMA
Williams-Sonoma?

TRIP
Spencer's Gifts. I got the 70's TV
model. You can scorch Shaft, The
General Lee, or Farrah Fawcett into
a Caprese sandwich.

EMMA
Were they out of Spock cookie jars?

TRIP
Yes.

WE HEAR: THE TRUNK SHUT.

WE HEAR: A PEN UNCAPPED. A CHALK MARKER SQUEAK ACROSS GLASS.

EMMA
Juuust. Married. Okay! Freezing!
Let's go!

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS TRIPPING ON PAVEMENT.

WE HEAR: THE CART COASTING, LIGHT.

TRIP
Take a ride?

EMMA
I'm wearing a skirt.

TRIP
You can ride side-saddle. Look!

WE HEAR: TRIP CRAWL ON TOP THE CART. SILK RUFFLES.

EMMA
You're gonna break it!

TRIP
You can't break silk roses. Push
me!

WE HEAR: THE CART START TO ROLL, HEAVY AND FAST NOW. HIGH
HEELS RUNNING.

EMMA
Stop! Wait! I can't run that fast!

WE HEAR: THE CART DRAG TO A STOP.

TRIP
It's the world's tiniest, speediest
Rose Bowl float.

EMMA
Well, thank you. My own design.

TRIP
Amazing. I can't make anything.

WE HEAR: THE CART RATTLE AS TRIP CLIMBS DOWN. ROLLING CART
RESUMES.

EMMA
(still catching breath)
Not much call for woodwork in
turkey farming.

TRIP
Oh, I'm not a rancher.

EMMA
No?

TRIP
Numbers. Books.

EMMA
Then how do you know the happy
couple?

TRIP
The mother of the bride was my step
mother for a while.

EMMA
Really?

TRIP
Yup. 1997 to 2002. One of my dad's
longer marriages.

EMMA
How many times--

TRIP

Four.

EMMA

Wow.

TRIP

And working on his fifth. My mom was his first, though.

EMMA

Is she remarried too?

TRIP

They didn't divorce. She died.

EMMA

Oh. I'm sorry, I--

TRIP

I kinda think that's why my dad keeps marrying and divorcing... like he'll find her again.

(beat)

It's silly to romanticize it.

EMMA

No, it's not. She's your mom.

TRIP

Okay, not silly. Just not healthy.

EMMA

How?

TRIP

Could drive you crazy, living like that. Helen of Troy? Arthur and Guinevere? Downright dangerous to believe in true, unyielding love.

EMMA

If you're the ruling party in a feudal system.

(clucking)

Young men today. So cautious.

TRIP

I'm not cautious.

WE HEAR: MUTED SOUNDS OF THE PARTY.

EMMA

Maybe not with firearms and gift carts, but you mitigate emotional risk with Freshman level English assignments. Kind of a wimp.

TRIP

Sophomore level.
(sotto)
And you're the wimp.

EMMA

Am I?

WE HEAR: THE CART RUSTLE AS EMMA CLIMBS ON.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Once more around the parking lot.

TRIP

Yes!

WE HEAR: THE CART SHOVE INTO MOTION. TRIP'S RUNNING FEET.

EMMA

Eeee!

MUSIC SWELL.

INT. GREAT HALL, HOTEL -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN. THE CART ROLLS OVER THE THRESHOLD.

TRIP

Hup!

WE HEAR: THE CART SHAKES. EMMA'S FEET LAND ON THE FLOOR.

Trip and Emma catch their breath.

EMMA

Um.

TRIP

Good.

EMMA

Oh. Let me give you your coat back.

TRIP

Sure.

WE HEAR: CLOTH RUSTLE AS EMMA TAKES OFF THE JACKET.

Another quiet moment.

WE HEAR: THE JACKET DROP ONTO THE CART.

TRIP (CONT'D)

So...

WE HEAR: EMMA'S RADIO CRACKLE.

JACKIE
(radio)
We're two out from bouquet toss.
Where are you? Over.

EMMA
On premises. There in one. Over!
(to Trip)
Gotta get back in there.

TRIP
Finish line in sight.

WE HEAR: FEMALE GUESTS GABBLING, HIGH HEELS CLICKING.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Do you get to go for the bouquet?

EMMA
No. Noooo. I've caught enough of
them. If that superstition held
true, I'd be on my fifth marriage
instead of waiting on my first.

TRIP
Nobody's ever even asked you?

STUART
(mouth full)
Em! Emma, you're missing it!

EMMA
Not exactly.

GEORGINA
Ready girls?

WE HEAR: THE FLICK OF FLOWERS BEING THROWN. GIRLS SQUEAL.
HIGH HEELS CLATTER. THE FLOWERS HIT THE GROUND, SMACK!

One voice rises above.

KATIE Collingswood, 27, has a voice with hard edges.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Up. Up! Get off! Auugh!

EMMA
Wow.

WE HEAR: THE WEDDING MARCH STING.

WE HEAR: AN ONGOING WRESTLING MATCH.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I better go defuse that.

TRIP

Let me.

EMMA
Friend of yours?

TRIP
Sort of.

WE HEAR: RICE BEING THROWN.

GUESTS
Goodbye! Good luck!

GEORGINA AND TURKEY GROOM
Goodbye! Goodbye!

ALPHA TURKEY
(disgruntled)
Gobble. Gobble.

JACKIE
Emma, we have to walk the turkeys
out.

EMMA
'Scuse me, sorry.

TRIP
Oh, wait! Could I--

JACKIE
Bride's waiting.

EMMA
I'm sorry! I'll be right back.

WE HEAR: TURKEY FEET WALKING, FEATHERS FLAPPING. DOUBLE
DOORS OPEN AND SHUT.

GEORGINA
There you are! Sweet babies. Don't
worry, momma will be back in a
week. Daddy's got the good mash
out. Lil' babies. Ooh.

ALPHA TURKEY
(besotted)
Gobble gobble.

GEORGINA
Goodbye!

EMMA AND JACKIE
Bye!

WE HEAR: CAR DOOR CLOSE. THE ENGINE GUNS. CAR DRIVES AWAY.

WE HEAR: TWO SHOTS FROM THE TRANQUILIZER GUN. PIFF PIFF! TWO TURKEYS HIT THE GROUND, THUMP THUMP.

WE HEAR: THE GUN RATTLE, LOWERED. TIRED HIGH HEEL STEPS.

JACKIE
I'll get the crate. You carry the birds. Where's your "helper"?

EMMA
Who? Trip?

JACKIE
Pff! Don't even pretend you had to think hard to remember his name. I saw you slip out after the cake cutting.

EMMA
To put the presents in the car.

WE HEAR: A CRATE OPEN. THE SLEEPING TURKEYS ROLLED IN.

JACKIE
It doesn't take twenty minutes to put the presents in the car.

EMMA
I wasn't gone for twenty minutes. Was I?

WE HEAR: THE CRATE ROLL. DOUBLE DOORS OPEN.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: LIGHT CROWD NOISE.

JACKIE
You better catch him.

EMMA
And say what?

JACKIE
Ask him for change for a dollar.

EMMA
What?

JACKIE
Something different. It's spicy. Go!

WE HEAR: TENTATIVE HIGH HEEL STEPS.

EMMA

Um. Trip--

WE HEAR: STU COLLIDE WITH EMMA. BIG SLOPPY CHEEK KISS.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Stu! Get off!

STUART
Hey! There's still, like, six half
empty bottles of Dom! The guys in
the kitchen mixed it with Hawaiian
punch and--

EMMA
There are still guests here!

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Patrick! Let's go!

TRIP
I have to... my coat--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
I've got it! Let's go!

WE HEAR: TRIP SIGH.

EMMA
You're not supposed to drink until
the guests leave.

WE HEAR: TRIP'S FOOTSTEPS. THE DOOR OPEN AND SHUT.

STUART
I know that. They ARE leaving.

EMMA
They are... oh no!

WE HEAR: EMMA'S HIGH HEELS RUN OUT.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

WE HEAR: CARS PULLING OUT. ICY WIND WHIPPING.

EMMA
He's gone.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: MURMURS OF WAIT STAFF. STU EATING. CASH BEING
COUNTED OUT.

JACKIE

5, 10, 20, 30, 35, 40. 5, 10, 15,
25, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. Done.
Everybody tipped? See you next
week!

WE HEAR: MURMURS OF ASSENT.

STUART
This is great. Free caaake. Free
wiiiine.

EMMA
It's not free.

STUART
Fat Stu. Happy Stu. Million billion
pound Stu.

EMMA
Leave the cake.

STUART
Top me off.

EMMA
And enough with the wine. There's
still work to be done.

STUART
What work? Everything is packed up
nicely.

EMMA
Yes. That's MY work. YOU still have
to upload all those pictures you
took and grab a dozen of the
highlight shots for the bride to
see in the morning.

STUART
She just got married. There's no
way she's thinking about--

EMMA
Ten bucks says she's my first phone
call tomorrow morning.

STUART
They're going on their honeymoon!

EMMA
Twenty bucks.

WE HEAR: STU TAKE ONE MORE BITE OF CAKE.

STUART
You know, you used to be fun.

EXT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- MIDNIGHT

WE HEAR: SOFT NEIGHBORHOOD NOISE. A CAR DOOR SLAM. TIRED HIGH HEEL STEPS.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: KEYS, JACKETS, AND SHOES BEING DROPPED.

WE HEAR: TINFOIL BEING UNWRAPPED, WINE BEING POURED. GLASSES CLINK.

JACKIE
Happy Thanksgiving!

EMMA
Haaaaappy Thanksgiving!

JACKIE
I'm kind of disappointed Turkey
Groom gave up on the idea of
pumpkin pie instead of cake.

EMMA
You can't put icing on a pie.
That's the problem.

Emma chews half-heartedly.

JACKIE
You okay?

EMMA
Yeah. Fine.

JACKIE
Stu say something?

EMMA
Nothing of significance. Stu never
says anything of significance.

JACKIE
Hm. Well then... did TRIP say
something of significance?

EMMA
Maybe by accident.
(beat)
Am I fun?

WE HEAR: JACKIE TAKE A LONG SIP.

JACKIE
You're not un-fun. You're fun like
Scrabble. Or a good game of Tri-
ominoes.

EMMA

Pfft. I'm at least Pictionary.

JACKIE

Maybe Star Wars-themed Monopoly.

EMMA

(beat)

Do you think I was in love with Stu?

JACKIE

Are you drunk?

EMMA

No!

JACKIE

You didn't drink any of that punch the sous chef threw together, did you?

EMMA

It's just... I'm 29. I never do anything but work. I've never even dated a guy long enough to leave a toothbrush at his place. And tonight I watched a bunch of buckle-clad bridesmaids feed my high school sweetheart cake with their fingers.

JACKIE

When did you ever call Stu your "sweetheart"?

EMMA

He always shared his gum with me.

JACKIE

You did his homework and watched him play video games.

EMMA

At least when I dated him, people thought I was cool.

JACKIE

Ohhhh, sweetie.

(comforting)

No one thought you were cool.

EMMA

(mouth full)

I'm going to work until I die and these two lines between my eyebrows are going to be as deep as the

Grand Canyon. Villagers will seek shelter in them and build adobes.

JACKIE

Emmy, babes. It's late. You met a handsome guy who was nice and helpful at a particular moment when our friend and associate Stuart was NOT being nice and helpful.

EMMA

Yes. These are facts.

JACKIE

So. We finish our cold turkey, go to bed, wake up tomorrow, have HUGE gingerbread lattes --

EMMA

Excellent, professor.

JACKIE

And reassess. Maybe with eight hours of sleep, everything won't seem so desperate. Then we can work on making you a little more fun.

EMMA

Charades-fun?

JACKIE

Let's not get nuts.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY -- CONTINUED

HAPPY MUSIC STING. SLEIGH BELLS.

WE HEAR: BOXES SCRAPING, PAPER BEING UNWRAPPED, A LITTLE HISS OF ELECTRICITY.

WE HEAR: THE DOOR BELL JINGLE.

JACKIE

Got two more boxes of twinkle lights!

WE HEAR: A BOX SET DOWN. TWO COFFEE CUP PLOP ON THE COUNTER.

EMMA

Perfect!

WE HEAR: EMMA DRINK DEEPLY, SIGH.

JACKIE

Say it.

EMMA

You're a genius with the face of an angel and you're the future of this business.

WE HEAR: ONE MORE CUP PLOP DOWN.

JACKIE
I got you an extra shot of espresso.

EMMA
Eee!

WE HEAR: THE OFFICE PHONE RING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Regal Bride, this is Emma.

It's GEORGINA on the phone.

GEORGINA
Emma!

EMMA
(low)
Called it.
(aloud)
Hi Georgie! Or should I say Mrs. Graff?

GEORGINA
Sorry to call so early. I was just going to leave a message--

JACKIE
7:15 am.

EMMA
Oh honey, you're fine! Did you have a wonderful evening?

GEORGINA
It was incredible. I don't suppose you have any of the pictures I could look at?

WE HEAR: PAPER BEING RIPPED OUT OF A NOTEBOOK.

JACKIE
Uploaded pics, will edit later, top five in email draft. Xo-Stu. Aw.

WE HEAR: COMPUTER KEYS CLACKING.

EMMA
Honey, I'm looking at 'em right now. Check your email.

GEORGINA (V.O.)

Eeee!

JACKIE

Did you pack up Turkey wedding yet?

EMMA

All the decorations are still on the loading dock. Oh and bring in the stuff for the Evergreen and Ice Castles weddings.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, BACK ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: BOXES SHIFT AND DROP.

JACKIE

(as Louis Armstrong)

Every time I see you falling, I get down on my knees and pray. I'm waiting for that final moment--

WE HEAR: A PHONE BUZZING.

WE HEAR: SILK AND CLOTH RUSTLING. THE PHONE BUZZING BECOMES LOUDER. JACKIE HITS "ANSWER".

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

WE HEAR: A FAINT MALE VOICE ON THE OTHER END. JACKIE GASPS.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: SILVERWARE CLINKING.

EMMA

(still on the phone)

Okay. Okay. I'm so glad you're excited. You have a wonderful honeymoon. Oohooo! You're bad! Have fun.

WE HEAR: THE PHONE BEEP AS SHE HANGS UP.

Jackie's voice swells as she comes in from the next room.

JACKIE

Coming down the catwalk now is the fabulous Jackie Von Hammersmacht in Brooks Brothers for Trip Patrick or Patrick Trip, the mystery man for the elegant modern woman.

EMMA

What?

JACKIE
(singing Showgirl)
Ba-da-da-da-da-da!

EMMA
Whose jacket is that?

JACKIE
Trip. Left his jacket. And he's
coming by to pick it up.

WE HEAR: A HANDFUL OF SILVERWARE HIT THE FLOOR.

EMMA
Oh. Ohhhhhhh-kay. Okay.

WE HEAR: EMMA SHUFFLE THE SILVERWARE HELPLESSLY.

JACKIE
What's wrong with you?

EMMA
I can't remember how to... um...

JACKIE
Oh my gawd. He's so hot, he gave
you brain damage.

EMMA
Jackie!

JACKIE
Did I just not get a good enough
look at him or something? Smile. I
need to see if you're having a
stroke.

EMMA
Jackie!

JACKIE
SMILE.
(beat)
I shouldn't have given you the
extra espresso.

EMMA
When is he coming?

JACKIE
He said he was on his way.

WE HEAR: A TAP ON THE GLASS DOOR.

EMMA
Duck!

WE HEAR: THE GIRLS HIT THE FLOOR.

JACKIE
It's him!

EMMA
Where's my purse?

JACKIE
Good hair. Nice shirt. Didn't
shave. I don't know how I feel
about that. Oh no! Quick!

EMMA
Hair brush hair brush hair brush!

WE HEAR: A HAIRBRUSH WHIPPING THROUGH HAIR. THE GIRLS HUFF
TO THEIR FEET. THE DOOR JINGLES OPEN. A GUSH OF COLD AIR.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Wait! Sorry. We were in the back.

TRIP
Oh! It's fine. I'm glad you heard
me.

JACKIE
Hi!

TRIP
Oh. Hi. I called. You have my
phone?

EMMA
Oh! Yes. And your jacket.

TRIP
I can't believe I walked off
without it.

JACKIE
Yeah. As cold as it was. Awful
strange that you could just
"accidentally" leave something that
important behind.

TRIP
Um.

EMMA
I think Jackie put your coat in the
back office.

JACKIE
Yes. I will GO and GET it.

WE HEAR: JACKIE WALK OUT.

EMMA
So. You got home safely last night?

TRIP

Yeah. Sorry I just dashed off without saying good night. My ride was leaving. But I'm glad you found my phone. Saves me the trouble of calling Georgie to ask her which wedding planner she used.

Emma laughs, not 100% sure that Trip is flirting.

TRIP (CONT'D)

This office is incredible. You must have started decorating just after Halloween.

EMMA

Nope. Just since 6 am.

TRIP

It's like if Martha Stewart went to the dentist in Norway. A feathered, glittery, magazine stacked wonderland.

EMMA

I prefer the big fat colorful lights, but they don't exactly scream "bridal", y'know?

TRIP

You don't get a lot of big fat colorful brides?

WE HEAR: JACKIE WALK BACK INTO THE ROOM.

JACKIE

Ta-da!

TRIP

Great. Thanks.

WE HEAR: FAINT TAPPING OF PHONE KEYS.

The girls whisper fast.

JACKIE

(sotto)
Number.

EMMA

(sotto)
No.

JACKIE

(sotto)
Get it.

EMMA

(sotto)
How?

TRIP
Jackie? Emma? It was good to see
you again. I've gotta run, my dad's
waiting for me in the--

JACKIE
If you have any bridal needs--

WE HEAR: A BUSINESS CARD FLICK.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
-- don't hesitate.

TRIP
Thank you.

JACKIE
The top number goes to the desk,
but the direct numbers to me or
Emma just goes right to our
personal cell phones. You know how
it is. Young business. Cell phones.
(murmurs)
Texting.

EMMA
Jackie--

TRIP
Great. I, um, don't have a business
card on me--

WE HEAR: THE DOOR JINGLE OPEN, SMACKING TRIP.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Oh!

STUART
Woah, sorry pal. Morning, Queen
Emma. Good morning, Jackie. I
brought sustenance.

WE HEAR: A PAPER BAG PLOP ON THE DESK, A BACKPACK DROP ON
THE FLOOR. A PIECE OF PAPER CRINKLE.

EMMA
Georgina called.

STUART
At 7:15? Aw, you're lying.

WE HEAR: THE DOOR JINGLE OPEN AGAIN.

It's Trip's father, JUNIOR, mid-fifties, grouchy.

JUNIOR
Our tee time is 8:45, Trip.

TRIP
Right! Sorry. Um, dad, this is Jackie and Emma.

STUART
And Stu!

TRIP
They did the Graff affair.

JUNIOR
Oh, the gals that put on that ridiculous turkey wedding?

JACKIE
(crisp)
Absolutely!

JUNIOR
I don't understand all the pomp and circumstance myself, but the women seem to like it. That's the key to a good business. A niche market.

EMMA
Thank you?

JUNIOR
Yes. I like it.
(back on task)
C'mon now! I get one day on the links this month and I won't end up in a foursome with Walters and his distended prostate.

WE HEAR: JUNIOR LEAVE, THE DOOR SHUT.

TRIP
I'm sorry, I really have to go now.
I'll see you later.

Trips voice comes closer, lower.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Emma Bishop.

WE HEAR: TRIP LEAVE, THE DOOR SHUT. A CAR DRIVES AWAY.

WE HEAR: A SLIP OF PAPER BEING UNFOLDED.

EMMA
(whispered)
Patrick Winthrop. 469-555-8035.

JACKIE

Emma Bishop. Ooh, that gave me chills.

STUART
He came out here at the butt crack of dawn just to get his jacket? I think he's got a crush on Jackie.

JACKIE
No he doesn't.

EMMA
Jackie found the jacket because his phone was ringing and--

STUART
Oh, JACKIE found it? There you go.

JACKIE
Don't you have some work to do?

STUART
All right.

JACKIE
Editing, maybe. One or five or a hundred thousand pictures?

STUART
All right!

JACKIE
Of the *Graff* wedding.

STUART
(snippy)
I got you a hot chocolate. I figured you'd already have had about a gallon of espresso.

EMMA
Oh. You're right. Thanks.

WE HEAR: STU WALK OUT. EMMA SIPS THE HOT CHOCOLATE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
That was nice of Stu.

JACKIE
I'll get on the phone with the Nobel Prize committee right after lunch. Let me see the note!

EMMA
There's no note.

JACKIE
Bull. That paper!

WE HEAR: CRINKLING PAPER.

EMMA
It's not a "note". It's just his
phone number.

JACKIE
JACKPOT!

EMMA
It doesn't mean anything.

JACKIE
(imitating Trip again)
Emma Bishop.
(back to normal)
I'm gonna text him pictures of your
butt all day. Hold still.

EMMA
Jackie! Be serious!

JACKIE
Okay, Scrabble.

EMMA
Pictionary!

WE HEAR: THE PAPER SNATCHED BACK.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Fine.

WE HEAR: A PICTURE SNAP.

JACKIE
Pictionary.

EMMA
All right, then.

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR OPEN. WOMEN OOH AND AHH.

JACKIE
Sounds like White Wedding got here
early. Ready?

EMMA
Show them in.

HOLIDAY THEME MUSIC SWELLS.

WE HEAR: CLOTH UNFOLDING. PAGES OF A BOOK FLIPPING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Ivory satin from Italy. The tulle
is from France.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
Why isn't the satin French?

JACKIE
Oh, you simply can't wear French
satin.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
I don't like the ivory.

JACKIE
There's eggshell, milky rose,
porcelain, that'll have a blue-ish
hue.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
I like white. Plain white.

EMMA
Look! We've got pictures of the
carriage you'll be riding in.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
Oooh! How many horses?

EMMA
Two.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
Will they be white?

EMMA
Sure.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
And the driver...

JACKIE
(sotto)
Don't.

WHITE WEDDING BRIDE
Will he have a radio? Or something
I can play my entrance music on?

JACKIE
Oh.

EMMA
Yes.

WE TRANSITION with the sound of BINDER PAGES FLIPPING.

JACKIE
The Elfin Queen is here!

EMMA
Shh! Hellooo! Tiny! I mean Tina.

ENCHANTED FOREST BRIDE
(elfish voice)
Hellooo!

WE HEAR: PAPER MACHE RUSTLING.

EMMA
White paper birches all the way
around the hall. Elf lights--

JACKIE
Fairy.

EMMA
Fairy lights strung along behind.
It'll look like a forest full of
fireflies.

JACKIE
And we'll put the bridal table
right under the biiiiiiiggest tree
in the front.

ENCHANTED FOREST BRIDE
Oooh!

JACKIE
With big twisty branches.

ENCHANTED FOREST BRIDE
Ahh!

JACKIE
Filled with cookies.

EMMA
Okay!

TRANSITION: THE SOUND OF METAL CLANKING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Skate rental is in for the
Rockefeller wedding.

JACKIE
I thought we were calling this one
"Olympic Dreams".

EMMA
Rockefeller Center is classier.
Plus, when the bride wipes out
trying to skate to the altar it
won't be so unbearably ironic.

JACKIE
I've got a nice long bit of carpet
stashed away in case we can talk
her out of it.

WE HEAR: A PHONE BEING DIALED.

EMMA

When have you ever known a "theme wedding" bride to back down on anything?

(to the phone)

Hellooooo? Hi Jill, Emma over at Regal Bride.

JACKIE

Well, I did manage to talk her out of making her bridesmaids wear full mink coats.

EMMA

And into matching ostrich capes. Not a flawless victory.

(to the phone)

Good to hear. I'm coming by in twenty minutes to pick up the Chuppah.

(beat)

The Chuppah. The canopy thing.

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR JINGLE OPEN.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Gorgeous. Thank you!

(to Jackie)

You take it. I've got to start assembling bouquets for the Rhinestone Cowgirl.

WE TRANSITION WITH THE SOUND OF THE DOOR CHIMES JINGLING.

WE HEAR: A NERVOUS BRIDE CRYING.

NERVOUS BRIDE

The seamstress won't let me try on my dress again! She had to replace the lining twice. I keep sweating through it!

EMMA

It happens.

NERVOUS BRIDE

To WHO? I'm gonna have pit stains in all my photos. Is it too late for a bolero?

EMMA

Don't say that!

JACKIE

Tonight, I want you to blot. Exfoliate. Roll on three good

swipes of prescriptions strength
deodorant. And tomorrow, if we get
in a jam, gym socks!

NERVOUS BRIDE
It's a strapless dress!

JACKIE
We'll sew 'em into the lining.

NERVOUS BRIDE
I've USED the prescription stuff. I
sweat right through it.

WE HEAR: A PIECE OF PAPER TORN OUT OF A NOTEBOOK.

EMMA
I know a good medspa that does
Botox injections. They can see you
right now.

NERVOUS BRIDE
In the armpit?

EMMA
Works like a charm.

NERVOUS BRIDE
Oh! Thank you!

WE HEAR: NERVOUS BRIDE LEAVE. DOOR CLOSES.

JACKIE
Yeah, you just sweat out of your
butt instead.

EMMA
Shh!
(conceding)
She'll be wearing a bustle. It'll
be fine.

WE TRANSITION WITH: PAPER FLIPPING, A PEN SCRATCHING.

JACKIE
Gingerbread brunch, ice queen--

EMMA
Who has outdoor weddings in
December?

JACKIE
Who orders heaters AND ice
sculptures? Okay. Ice queen, ice
CREAM, elfin land--

EMMA
Midnight lovers.

JACKIE
Lord of the Rings. Madame Bovary.
Is that all? Wait, Christmas Eve.

EMMA
Inappropriate Nativity.

JACKIE
YES! Did the costumes come?

EMMA
Yes. Angels, wise men, shepherds
hoods, Virgin mother...

JACKIE
Oooh hoo hoo hoo gross.

EMMA
That's all of them.

JACKIE
Booked solid right up to Christmas!

EMMA
Christmas might have to wait 'til
New Year. When the checks clear.

JACKIE
(toasting)
To when the checks clear!

WE HEAR: GLASSES CLINK.

EMMA
Wanna order gyros?

JACKIE
Yes. Did you see the ring on the
Gingerbread bride?

EMMA
YES. Buh. I hate square rings.

JACKIE
It looked like something the
Penguin would use to conquer Gotham
City.

EMMA
I bet she cuts her face in her
sleep.

JACKIE
Jealous?

EMMA
No... A little. But I still
wouldn't want a square ring. Or one

of those where it's like a little diamond surrounded by a bunch of teeny chip diamonds.

JACKIE
I want a giant pear shaped diamond.

EMMA
I want turquoise. Or a really dark bit of London blue topaz. My future Mister can use what he would have spent on the diamond to take me to France.

WE HEAR: A TAP ON THE DOOR.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Come in.

JACKIE
Have you gyros?

STUART
Your last appointment is here.

JACKIE
Our what?

EMMA
Last appointment?

STUART
She called while you were with Ice Castles.

JACKIE
Olympic Dreams.

EMMA
Rockefeller!

STUART
I left you a note.

WE HEAR: PAPER SHUFFLE RAPIDLY.

EMMA
Kit Collingswood, 8pm. Crud!
Jackie!

JACKIE
Where are my shoes?

EMMA
Stu--

STUART
I'll stall.

WE HEAR: THE GIRLS SCRAMBLE INTO JACKETS, PAPER FALLING.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUED

Katie Collingswood laughs softly. Stuart speaks in a dreamy, flirtatious tone.

STUART

A portrait collar is perfect for your neckline.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

And my hair up. Sort of piled all in the back.

STUART

Straight out of Downton Abbey.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Really? Oh, I don't know! Oh my!

STUART

Ah! Emma! I'll leave you ladies to it. Kitty, it was a pleasure.

WE HEAR: STUART LEAVE AS EMMA AND JACKIE WALK IN.

EMMA

Hi there. Kitty?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Don't call me that. Katie Collingswood.

EMMA

Oh. So sorry. Your message said... Katie. I'm Emma, this is Jackie.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Yes, we may have brushed by each other at Georgina's wedding.

EMMA

Oh yes! You caught the bouquet. I remember.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Ha! What a tacky affair, all those turkeys.

EMMA

Everyone has their own vision of a perfect day--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

No no no no no, I don't need the PR, thanks. I know Georgina. She

keeps shell soaps on the back of the toilet. It doesn't surprise me a bit that she insisted on something as ridiculous as a Mayflower theme. I will say... you two pulled it off with as much class as anyone was ever going to manage with that pile of redneck new money.

EMMA

Ah.

JACKIE

Thank you.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

My fiance was here earlier today and, well, let's just say he never takes much notice of anything wedding related... But he liked your Christmas decorations and told me I ought to swing by tonight to see what you could do with this.

WE HEAR: A HEAVY BINDER HIT THE TABLE. PAGES TURN.

EMMA

Oh. That is an impressive wedding binder. Flowers. China pattern. Oh... these are your invitations?

WE HEAR: PAGE TURNING STOP. A PIECE OF PAPER FLIPS.

JACKIE

Who is your fiance?

EMMA

Jackie.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Patrick Alastair Huntington
Winthrop Jr. Esquire.

EMMA

Patrick Winthrop.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Yes.

Jackie gasps.

EMMA

Yes. Good. That's a good font. Name looks good. Doesn't it? When... when were you planning to have the-

-

WE HEAR: PAPER SNAP.

EMMA (CONT'D)
-- ceremony. Wait. Christmas? Of
this year?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Yep!

JACKIE
These invitations have already gone
out?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Of course!

EMMA
I really don't know if we can.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
It's got to be this year. I'm in my
last year of med school rotations
and next year I'll start my
residency. I'm completely snowed
under. I can't do any more of the
wedding planning on my own.

JACKIE
Er--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
We have two hundred and fifty-six
confirmed guests.

JACKIE
Oh!

EMMA
A party of that size. Finding a
venue at this time of year--

Katie snorts.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Mr. Winthrop is of THE Winthrops.

JACKIE
Winthrop Suites?

EMMA
The Winthrop Suites.

JACKIE
OH. Good. One of our... very...
very favorite venues.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

The ONLY venue. Until all these farmers started pushing their crusty old barns as shabby chic. I know. If it were up to me, we'd be in Dallas on the roof of the Ritz, but it'd look wrong. We'll bring in new crystal, fix the lighting. As long as the plates are in good taste...

WE HEAR: PAGES FLIPPING.

EMMA

I must say Miss Collingswood, you have planned remarkably well. There doesn't seem to be much more to arrange. I could refer you to--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

I don't like to leave things to chance. Please. Say yes.

(beat)

I can give you a 50% deposit up front.

WE HEAR: THE BINDER SHUT.

EMMA

(painful)

Jackie O. Lemons and sage wreaths, lace runners, antique parfait glasses. Bulb shaped champagne glasses instead of flutes. Gloves mandatory.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Spooky.

JACKIE

(grumbling)

Great minds think alike.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

You'll have to start right away. Email updates and check requests to me as you get them. What say we meet again this time next week? You can show me a rough schedule.

EMMA

We will do just that, Miss Collingswood.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Patrick was right about you two. Ooh! I can't wait.

JACKIE

Me either!

WE HEAR: KATIE LEAVE. THE DOOR SHUT. JACKIE LOCKS THE DOOR.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Bride. Of. Frankenstein. Sage?
Lemons? You're giving your best
stuff away to--

EMMA
Why'd you have to tease me about
him?

JACKIE
Em.

EMMA
It was no big deal. He was nice and
helpful and it was no big deal.
There's no reason to feel
disappointed.

JACKIE
I didn't... I really thought he
liked you.

EMMA
I've got to get back to work.

WE HEAR: EMMA WALK AWAY AND SHUT HER OFFICE DOOR.

INT. REGAL BRIDE, EMMA'S OFFICE -- EVENING

WE HEAR: EMMA FLOP DOWN. A PIECE OF PAPER RUSTLES.

EMMA
(sotto)
469. 555.

Emma takes another deep, cleansing breath.

WE HEAR: PHONE KEYS TAPPING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Katie came by. Hi, Trip. Your
fiance dropped by. Thank you for...
stupid. Stupid.

WE HEAR: THE FAINT BEEP OF A TEXT BEING DELETED. A PIECE OF
PAPER BEING RIPPED UP.

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE RING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hello?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Hi. Still in the parking lot. I
just had one quick thought--

MUSIC STING SWELLS.

INT. REGAL BRIDE, EMMA'S OFFICE -- DAWN

WE HEAR: SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS. EMMA GROANS.

JACKIE
Saturday morning! Wedding day!
Let's go go go!

WE HEAR: A WARDROBE BAG UNZIPPING.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

WE HEAR: PARTY NOISE, THE WEDDING MARCH, CAMERAS SNAPPING.

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE RING.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
What do you think about velvet
table runners?
(later)
I want to go for a more snowy look,
but that means we need to change
the bridesmaid dresses because
yellow and snow just CANNOT go
together.

WE HEAR: KITCHEN NOISES. WAITERS MOVING IN AND OUT.

JACKIE
Em! The cake topper.

EMMA
One sec!
(to Katie)
I'm sorry, I'll have to call you
back.

WE HEAR: PARTY NOISE AGAIN.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Sure, sure, sure. Oh! But wait!
Does your dove guy ever work with
peacocks?

BRIDE
Ready to catch?

WE HEAR: THE CROWD CHEER.

MUSIC STING SWELLS.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: POLITE APPLAUSE.

BEST MAN

I'm so proud to be here today. Ever since Sean met Claire, he's been a new person.

JACKIE

Mmm, the new man angle.

EMMA

The groom is 23. Can you really say he "became a man"?

JACKIE

Alicia "made him a man".

EMMA

He once was a boy. Now he shaves and wears big boy jeans.

JACKIE

Man's not a man until he has plantar fasciitis and an HBO go password.

EMMA

Ooh. Yes.

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE RING.

JACKIE

Attila the Hun?

EMMA

Why did I take this account? You could tell from her shirt buttons that she was going to be exhausting.

JACKIE

She's not the WORST bride we've ever had. Remember Betsy the Crier?

EMMA

I know, I know. I'm just tired.

WE HEAR: THE PHONE STOP RINGING. VOICEMAIL DINGS TWICE.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Two voice mails.

JACKIE

You sure it's not something else?

(beat)

Someone else.

EMMA
Who? Patrick?

JACKIE
Not calling him Trip anymore?

EMMA
Seems a bit familiar.
(beat)
It's really not him, okay? It's the
idea of him. I feel like an idiot
for believing our own PR.

JACKIE
Harsh!

EMMA
You know it's not real. Fake trees,
corsets, good lighting. If I wore
my boobs under my chin every day,
I'd have men lined up around the
block.

TRIP
That would be a good look for you.

WE HEAR: A TABLE RATTLE, A CHAIR SQUEAL.

JACKIE
Trip! Hey.

TRIP
Hi, Jackie.

JACKIE
They make you work on the weekends
even when you own the place?

TRIP
I've just been doing a little
bookkeeping.

JACKIE
At 9pm?

TRIP
I thought if I started later, I
might run into you.
(beat)
Emma, how are you?

EMMA
Oh, terrific. Your girl Katie has
been giving us a real run for the
money. Is she keeping you up to
date on all the plans?

TRIP

No, not really. I figure she'll just tell me which tux to wear and when to show up. The rest isn't really my business.

EMMA

Hm.

TRIP

If it's half as nice as this one, though--

JACKIE

If it's half as nice, Katie will consider it a failure.

EMMA

Jackie!

TRIP

You got her pegged about right. I figure that's how she won my dad over. If it weren't for her unrelenting perfectionism, you might think she's a gold digger. But no... she's just such a hard nail, she couldn't be bothered with any man worth less than the GDP of a small country.

EMMA

She really is a remarkable woman.

TRIP

It's sweet of you to indulge her. I know she's tough to work around.

BEST MAN

Let's raise a glass. To Claire and Sean!

WE HEAR: THE CROWD APPLAUDS.

EMMA

Nice running into you. I've got to get the cake back in the kitchen. Jackie, can you tell the band they've got time for five--

WE HEAR: THE MICROPHONE SQUEAL.

A gawky young man, DOOF, has taken the mic.

DOOF

I just wanted to say something.

EMMA

Who is that?

JACKIE
I don't know.

EMMA
Ex?

JACKIE
Drunk?

EMMA
Work friend?

TRIP
What's happening?

DOOF
Congratulations to Claire and Sean!
Showing us what romance really
looks like.

WE HEAR: PAPER FLIPPING.

JACKIE
He's plus one. He's a PLUS ONE.

EMMA
Oh NO. Get the mic!

JACKIE
Get the band!

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS SPRINT. TRIP'S FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW.

TRIP
Wait! What's wrong?

DOOF
I just wanted to say that seeing
you two married today has made me
realize--

EMMA
He's proposing!

TRIP
What, now?

EMMA
YES.

DOOF
-- that life is short and the most
important thing in life is to live
it with the person you love the
most.

WE HEAR: CLATTER AND THUD OF JACKIE SHOVING THROUGH WAITERS.

JACKIE
Move move move move!

WE HEAR: HESITANT APPLAUSE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Where is it? Which plug?

WE HEAR: FEEDBACK SQUEAL, ELECTRICAL HISSES, PLUGS PULLED.

DOOF
So today--

WE HEAR: THE MIC CUT OUT.

Doof now sounds distant. He shouts to be heard.

DOOF (CONT'D)
-- I want to start making my life
with the most incredible woman I've
ever known.

WE HEAR: STONY MURMURS.

EMMA
Play! Now!
(into the mic)
One more time for the bride and
groom--

WE HEAR: OPENING CHORDS OF "MY EYES ADORED YOU".

DOOF
Suzanne Tart, will you marry me?

SUZANNE
Yes!

WE HEAR: THE MUSIC HALTS. GUESTS CLAP UNCERTAINLY. A FORCED,
ANGRY LAUGH.

EMMA
Oh god.

TRIP
The bride looks pissed.

EMMA
Oh god.

THE MUSIC RESTARTS.

INT. GREAT HALL, HOTEL -- LATER

WE HEAR: PAPER MACHE BRANCHES RUSTLING, CLATTERING,
DRAGGING. EMMA AND JACKIE GRUNTING.

WE HEAR: A COUPLE COOING AND MAKING OUT.

JACKIE
(sotto)
Make way, face suckers.

EMMA
Congratulations!

JACKIE
So happy for you!

DOOF AND SUZANNE
Thank youuu.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE HOTEL -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: DOOR OPEN. COLD WHIP OF AIR. CONTINUE PAPER MACHE
RUSTLING.

EMMA
I'm amazed she said yes.

JACKIE
He had the ring with him! So
clearly he thought this through in
advance. He woke up this morning
and said to himself, "I am going to
propose to my girlfriend at someone
else's wedding."

EMMA
He *stole* the microphone! Tore it
right out of the Best Man's hand!

JACKIE
(impersonating Doof)
Weddings are romantic, right?

EMMA
Did you see that thing on facebook
about the guy who had the girl's
family reenact the last couple of
scenes from *Pride and Prejudice*?

JACKIE
Oh my gawwwwwd, yes!

WE HEAR: A TRUCK RUMBLING. FOOTSTEPS ON A METAL RAMP. THE
PAPER MACHE BRANCHES DUMPED IN A PILE.

EMMA
How do you think Trip proposed to
Katie?

JACKIE

Seriously? I'd bet you fifty bucks
that she did the proposing herself.

EMMA

Huh.

JACKIE

Speak of the Devil. Look who's come
to help us load the truck.

TRIP

(distant)

Ah!

EMMA

You talk to him. He makes me...
confused.

TRIP

In here?

JACKIE

Oh, put those down. You don't need
to help with the tear-down.

WE HEAR: MORE PAPER MACHE TOSSED IN THE TRUCK.

TRIP

It's nothing. How did the rest of
the wedding go? The bride looked
pretty mad.

JACKIE

Livid. So much for our gratuity.

TRIP

Aw, she's calmed down by now. I
comped her the newlywed suite.

EMMA AND JACKIE

Really?

TRIP

Told her it had been arranged as a
wedding gift from you to them.

WE HEAR: A BOX SLAM.

EMMA

Thank you.

JACKIE

C'mon, we'll get the last couple of
bundles. Settle a bet. Is Katie the
one who proposed?

TRIP

Ha! Yeah, she was.

WE HEAR: JACKIE AND TRIP'S FOOTSTEPS FADE.

WE HEAR: SLIDING BOXES. EMMA SNIFFLING.

WE HEAR: THE SLAM OF ANOTHER LOAD OF PAPER MACHE.

EMMA

Jeez!

STUART

Hey! What are you doing in here?

EMMA

Nothing. Packing.

STUART

Some night, eh? I got a lot of great pictures of that proposal.

EMMA

Uh huh.

STUART

Are you crying in here?

EMMA

No.

STUART

It's okay if you are.

EMMA

It's stupid. I'm just tired.

STUART

That proposal got you going, huh?

EMMA

No.

(exasperated)

Yes. Sure, yes.

STUART

I got a little misty too. Perfect, wasn't it?

EMMA

I dunno. All the romance is starting to get to me. I'm tired of playing dress up with everyone else's fantasies. I thought I'd have my own stupid husband by now.

STUART

What's the rush?

EMMA

I'm not in a rush, it's just... I can't even seem to get started. Who would pick me, y'know?

STUART

Hm.

EMMA

It's stupid.

STUART

No. I think about that too.

EMMA

Pfft.

STUART

It's true. "Photographer". Sexy.
"Wedding photographer". Less sexy.
"Wedding photographer who makes ten dollars an hour and works construction two days a week."

EMMA

Boner killer.

STUART

Right? But I like construction. And I like taking pictures.

WE HEAR: EMMA HUG STUART.

EMMA

I appreciate the sympathy.

STUART

Ha! The Lonely Hearts Club.

EMMA

(cleansing sigh)
Now I'm hungry.

WE HEAR: JACKIE AND TRIP RETURNING. ANOTHER PAPER MACHE DUMP.

TRIP

This is the last of it.

EMMA

Hallelujah.

JACKIE

(suspicious)
Uh huh.

STUART

Next time a bride wants to create a woodland dreamscape, talk her out of it.

JACKIE
It's freezing.

STUART
Don't worry, I've had the cab of the truck heating up.

JACKIE
Oooh, smart.

WE HEAR: THE TRUCK SHUDDER AND CLICK INTO SILENCE.

EMMA
How long have you been running the engine?

WE HEAR: FOOTSTEPS CLATTER DOWN THE RAMP, ACROSS THE PAVEMENT.

JACKIE
It's on E. It's beyond E.

EMMA
Stuart!

STUART
I left it running when I pulled it around. I didn't know it would take this long to load the truck!

EMMA
Unnnng. It's past midnight.

TRIP
I can have one of the concierges run you to the gas station and back.

STUART
That works! Em?

EMMA
Yes, that would be great. Thank you, Mr. Winthrop.

TRIP
It's nothing, "Miss Bishop". You and Jackie come with me. I'll give you a lift home so you don't have to wait for the truck.

EMMA
That's okay.

JACKIE
Sure! We're right behind you.

WE HEAR: TRIP WALK AWAY.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(low)
I am not hanging around here til 2
am just because Stu's a pea-brain.
Get over your crush and come on.

I/E. TRIP'S CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: THE HUM OF A CAR BEING DRIVEN.

JACKIE
Right here. The house without
Christmas lights.

WE HEAR: THE CAR COME TO A HALT.

TRIP
I would've figured you'd have
flashier decorations.

JACKIE
Pfft. When would we have time to
decorate?

WE HEAR: THE CAR DOOR OPEN, JACKIE CLIMB OUT.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Thanks for the ride! See you soon!

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS.

EMMA
Thanks for the ride.

TRIP
Wait.

WE HEAR: THE CAR TURN OFF. EMMA CLOSES THE CAR DOOR.

TRIP (CONT'D)
I wanted to apologize. It seems
like maybe I upset you.
(beat)
Is it because I gave you my phone
number?

EMMA
Oh.

TRIP

Right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to give you the wrong impression or... I don't know. I just thought--

EMMA
No. It's okay. You didn't do anything wrong. I was over-thinking it.

TRIP
Really?

EMMA
Yes.

TRIP
You're sure it's okay?

EMMA
Really. I'm always over-thinking things.

TRIP
Yeah? I know how that can be.

EMMA
I'm sure Katie's like that sometimes.

TRIP
Katie? I don't think so. She always seems to know what she wants. I envy her that.

EMMA
You and me both.
(beat)
Thanks for the ride. And for the help with the truck... and the bride.

They laugh.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Really. It was nice.

TRIP
Anytime.

WE HEAR: TRIP LEAN OVER AND KISS EMMA.

It's quiet for an instant.

EMMA
Oh no.

TRIP
Emma--

WE HEAR: THE CAR DOOR OPEN, EMMA'S SCRAMBLING FOOTSTEPS, TRIP'S DOOR OPENS, HIS FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW. THE CAR DINGS AN ALERT.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Wait! Emma!

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR SLAM.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER
Emma bursts into tears.

JACKIE
Oh my god, what happened?

Emma's crying almost morphs into words.

WE HEAR: BLINDS RATTLING.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Shh. Shhh. Lil' baby. Lil' baby.

Jackie strains to pat Emma's back while also looking out the window.

EMMA
(through tears)
Is he still there?

JACKIE
I don't know. I can't see past the stupid tree.

WE HEAR: THE CAR START UP AND PULL AWAY.

WE HEAR: KLEENEX RIPPED FROM A BOX. EMMA BLOWS HER NOSE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hup. There he goes. What happened?

EMMA
He kissed me.

JACKIE (O.S.)
What?

EMMA
He KISSED me.

JACKIE
Oh. Oh no. Hang on.

WE HEAR: A FREEZER DOOR OPEN AND SHUT. A BOX RIPPED OPEN.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Vanilla or strawberry?

EMMA
Strawberry.

JACKIE
Start at the beginning.

WE HEAR: ICE CREAM BARS BEING UNWRAPPED.

EMMA
It's kind of a blur. I was getting
out of the car. He stopped me. To
APOLOGIZE.

JACKIE
Apologize?

EMMA
For giving me the wrong impression
when he gave me his number. He said
it seemed like it upset me and he
was sorry.

JACKIE
Yeah.

EMMA
Then... then we talked about Katie.

JACKIE
Did he bring her up or did you?

EMMA
I don't know. I don't remember.

JACKIE
Hm.

EMMA
I told him we were fine, y'know,
and that it was my fault for
getting nuts about it and then...
then he kissed me.

JACKIE
He apologized for upsetting you.
You said it was your fault for
getting upset. And then to smooth
things over, he kisses you?

EMMA
Yeah.

JACKIE
And he didn't mention Katie?

EMMA

No, we talked about Katie. He said he admired her for always going after what she wants.

JACKIE
Ohhhh. I get it. They must have an "understanding".

EMMA
What? No. He doesn't seem like the type.

JACKIE
He gets married in three days and he's running around kissing strange women!

EMMA
Hey!

JACKIE
Strangers. I meant strangers.

EMMA
You think he's... with more than just me?

JACKIE
Probably.

EMMA
Oh.
(beat)
No. You're right.

JACKIE
Right. You can't get caught up in thinking this is some star crossed lovers thing.

EMMA
Right.

JACKIE
Just because you're sweet and sensitive doesn't mean everyone is.

EMMA
Right!

JACKIE
I need another ice cream bar.

EMMA
RIGHT.

WE HEAR: WRAPPERS RIPPED OFF FRESH ICE CREAM BARS.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- DAWN

WE HEAR: DAWN NOISES. EMMA'S ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF.

WE HEAR: THE RUSTLE OF ICE CREAM WRAPPERS.

JACKIE
Hnnnnngh.

EMMA
Oh man. Ohhh geez.

JACKIE
Oh no. I think the last ice cream
bar fell into the couch cushions.

WE HEAR: MORE RUSTLING. THE BLINDS OPEN.

EMMA
Woah. Look. Someone decorated our
tree.

EXT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.

The girls gasp.

EMMA
There's, like, fifty thousand
lights here!

JACKIE
Incredible. Incredible! Every
single branch! Ugh, but why the big
fat colorful lights?

EMMA
They're cheerful.

JACKIE
Is it a prank? Those nasty crows on
the HOA board decorations committee
DID threaten to take action if we
didn't hang a wreath. I just
thought they'd fine us.

EMMA
I'm not sure what it means.

JACKIE
(shut it down)
It's a prank. Right?

EMMA
Right. It's a prank. I'm sure.
(sotto)

He remembered.

MUSIC SWELLS.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

WE HEAR: FARAWAY BABBLE OF JACKIE AND KATIE'S VOICES, PAPER SHUFFLING. EMMA'S HEAD IS UNDERWATER.

EMMA
(sotto)
What am I doing?

JACKIE
Emma?

EMMA
Hm?

JACKIE
You have the order slips from the florist?

EMMA
Yes.

JACKIE
Right. So we're all set. One more loose ends meeting tomorrow. We'll get your dress and veil from the seamstress and then, POOF! It's your wedding day.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
I can't believe it!

EMMA
Will Patrick be in tow for the meeting tomorrow?

JACKIE
I don't--

EMMA
It might be good for him to get a lay of the land before the big day.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
No, he's jam packed trying to get all his ducks in a row. Hard for him to leave those precious hotels of his, but I wasn't about to agree to a honeymoon in San Antonio.

Katie snorts at her own joke.

JACKIE

Do you need your parking validated?

WE HEAR: EMMA HUSTLE BACK TO HER OFFICE, SHUT THE DOOR.

INT. REGAL BRIDES, EMMA'S OFFICE -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: PAPER RUSTLING.

EMMA
639... 55... where's the rest of
it? Ah-ha!

WE HEAR: EMMA PICK UP THE PHONE. THE DOOR OPENS.

JACKIE
Do you want to come with me to the
bakery? We can get... What is that?

WE HEAR: PAPER CRINKLE.

EMMA
Nothing.

JACKIE
Hang up!

WE HEAR: JACKIE SLAM THE PHONE DOWN.

EMMA
Give it back!

JACKIE
It's for your own good!

EMMA
HEY. GIVE IT.

JACKIE
Give! Me! The phone!

WE HEAR: THE PHONE SLAM ON THE GROUND. GIRLS WRESTLING.

WE HEAR: THE PHONE RING.

EMMA
Stop! Stop!
(collected)
Regal Brides, this is Emma... Oh!
Hi Mrs. Kim. Uh huh. Uh huh. Sure,
we're ready for the shipment.

WE HEAR: PAPERS CRINKLING, JACKIE AND EMMA GETTING THEIR
BREATH.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(idea)

Actually, it might be easier if we go ahead and install the arrangements at the venue.

JACKIE
NO.

EMMA
Okay. I'll meet you there in fifteen minutes.

WE HEAR: EMMA HANG UP THE PHONE.

JACKIE
The hotel? NO. I am going. You are staying.

EMMA
You can't. Caterers on Post are waiting.

JACKIE
You can pick up the cake.

EMMA
You have to pick up the cake. They charge me full price.

JACKIE
Who cares?

EMMA
(threat)
I'll use the Portuguese you taught me. Armando'll charge extra.

JACKIE
ARGH.

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

STUART
Jackie, can you help? I accidentally pulled the string out of my hoodie.

JACKIE
Stuart! Good morning. I have a job for you.

STUART
Aw, come on. I just got in--

JACKIE
You are to stick on Emma today, all day. Where she goes, you go. Don't let her out of your sight.

STUART
Oh! All right. Do I get a chair?

JACKIE
For your own good.

EMMA
Stu needs to stay here. What if the
phone rings?

JACKIE
Voicemail.

EMMA
But if someone were to come to the
door while everyone was gone--

JACKIE
I'll take that risk.

EMMA
Stuart. As long as you work here,
I'm your boss--

STUART
You and JACKIE are my bosses.

EMMA
Well, who are you more scared of?
Jackie or ME?

INT. LOBBY, HOTEL -- LATER

WE HEAR: GENERAL HOTEL LOBBY NOISE. STU'S SHOES SQUEAK,
EMMA'S HEELS TAP.

Emma GROANS.

STUART
The bathroom is over there, if you
have to go.

EMMA
Hello. We're from Regal Bride.
We'll just be setting up in the
ball room.

CLERK
All right.

WE HEAR: KEYS JINGLE, A PEN SCRATCHES ON PAPER.

STUART
How come Jackie has me babysitting
you anyway?

EMMA

You're not babysitting me.

STUART
Guarding you. Monitoring you.
Whatever. Do you want some gum?

EMMA
No.
(to the clerk)
Is Mr. Winthrop in today?

CLERK
I believe he's out this morning.
Wedding plans. May I take a
message?

WE HEAR: STU CHEWING GUM ENERGETICALLY.

EMMA
No! No. Not right now. Thank you.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: A TRUCK DOOR OPENING, A DOLLY BEING WHEELED BACK
AND FORTH. FLOWERS RUSTLE THROUGHOUT.

STUART
Two more for the head table!

EMMA
Stupid astilbes and stupid figs and
stupid tallow berries.

STUART
They smell good.

EMMA
Green and white! Every frickin'
thing is green or white or red or
silver or gold--

STUART
Or blue. Or yellow.

EMMA
Shut up.
(deep breath)
I'm sorry.

STUART
I--

EMMA
But still shut up.

WE HEAR: MORE RUSTLING, WHEELING.

STUART
This reminds me of Goldilocks.

EMMA
Goldilocks?

STUART
Her basket? Filled with cake and
whatever for her to take to her
grandma?

EMMA
I think you mean Red Riding Hood.

STUART
Goldilocks didn't have a basket?

EMMA
Maybe. It's been so long since I
read that story.

STUART
You used to read all those fairy
tales things. Best one was the
story with the river and the purple
sails and the falcon that stole the
girl's shoe.

(beat)
Egyptian Cinderella!

EMMA
How do you remember that?

STUART
I liked the pictures.
(beat)
It's weird being this old
sometimes. I don't know what I
expected grown-up life to be, but
this? Ain't it.

EMMA
Compared to the Sears photo center,
this is Buckingham palace. Plus,
you get to wear fancy clothes six
days a week.

STUART
Ha! Emma-Jean-properly-clean. You
never change.

EMMA
Don't say that.

STUART
It's a compliment! You're
consistent. Dependable.

EMMA
Boring.

STUART
Sturdy. I like it. It's what I like
most about you.

EMMA
You're stupid.

WE HEAR: EMMA GIVE STUART A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

STUART
Oh. Thanks.

EMMA
We'd better close up and get back.

STUART
Hey, look at me. Are you going to
be all right?

EMMA
Of course.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN. EMMA DROPS KEYS AND COAT. JACKIE
FLIPS MAGAZINE PAGES.

JACKIE
Hey.

EMMA
Hey.

JACKIE
Still mad?

EMMA
No.

JACKIE
New Martha Stewart magazine.

EMMA
I don't care.

WE HEAR: EMMA FLOP ON THE COUCH.

JACKIE
Flowers get in okay?

EMMA
They're beautiful.

JACKIE
Inaprops Nativity Bride called.
She wants a donkey. Last minute.

EMMA
No. No more animal weddings.

JACKIE
I tried to tell her. She wants to
ride into the reception on it.

EMMA
No! Are you even allowed to ride on
animals 7 months pregnant?

WE HEAR: A CAR PULL UP OUTSIDE.

JACKIE
If her water breaks, I'm not
stopping the reception.

EMMA
Take her with you if you run out to
the stables tomorrow morning. Maybe
the smell will bring her to her
senses.

WE HEAR: FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE. THE GIRLS PAUSE TO LISTEN.

WE HEAR: A KNOCK.

WE HEAR: THE GIRLS SCRAMBLE OFF THE COUCH.

JACKIE
It's him!

EMMA
Trip?

JACKIE
What do you want to do?

EMMA
I don't know! What are my choices?

JACKIE
Tell him to leave. Ooh, no, you
stall him and I'll get the hose.

EMMA
No! You talk to him.

JACKIE
Just keep him talking for five
minutes. Or if you can keep him
here for ten, I can get some water
balloons together.

Trip's voice is only slightly muffled by the door.

TRIP
You could just let me in.

JACKIE
Crap.

WE HEAR: JACKIE RUNS OFF. EMMA OPENS THE DOOR. A GUST OF WIND COMES WITH IT.

TRIP
Is this door particleboard?

EMMA
Foam core and vinyl.

TRIP
They don't make them like they used to.

EMMA
(beat)
So?

TRIP
So. Oh. Are we going to do this here? In the doorway?

EMMA
Yes.

TRIP
You, ah, didn't plug in the Christmas lights tonight, huh?

EMMA
They depress me.

TRIP
I kind of had the opposite intention.

EMMA
What do you want?

TRIP
To see you. You just rushed off last night. I shouldn't have just kissed you like that, and I'm sorry. But I like you. I really like you.
(beat)
I can't stop thinking about you. Battling the turkeys. And your laugh. Well, your smile. I don't really know your laugh so well yet.

EMMA
(soft)
I like you too.

TRIP
You do! Okay. So we like each other.

EMMA
Trip.

TRIP
It's okay. I'm fine with "like". I don't want to rush you--

EMMA
Trip, it's not real. Whatever you're feeling... all of this. Is it really me you're so caught up in? Or are you just scared and flipping out because of that big ol' wedding in two days?

TRIP
It's not the wedding. I mean, okay, it bothers me a little, but it's not that big a deal.

EMMA
Not that big a deal? You're standing on my porch 36 hours before the big day and you're trying to land a girlfriend. That doesn't seem desperate? Or... nuts?

TRIP
Geez, you know how to drain the romance out of it.

EMMA
Are you going to marry Katie?

TRIP
What? No!

WE HEAR: A HOSE SPRING TO LIFE. SPRAY CONNECTS WITH TRIP'S FACE.

JACKIE
Beat it, hot pants! Go on now!

TRIP
Awkpfth! Stop!

JACKIE
Go on!

WE HEAR: THE SPRAYING INTENSIFY.

TRIP
Stop! Just let me talk to her!

JACKIE
Yah! Yah!

TRIP
Emma!

WE HEAR: THE DOOR CLOSE.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Augh! Fine!

WE HEAR: TRIP RUN BACK TO HIS CAR. THE CAR DOOR SLAMS AND THE ENGINE TURNS OVER.

WE HEAR: THE CAR DRIVE AWAY, THE HOSE SHUT OFF.

JACKIE
Ole!

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR SLAM.

JACKIE
Ha! Did you see? I got him completely soaked--

EMMA
He said he's not going to marry Katie.

JACKIE
Oh my god. Are we going to lose our commission?

EMMA
I don't even think she knows. She picked up her dresses today, right?

JACKIE
Happy as a clam.

EMMA
Oh boy. This is bad.

JACKIE
It's just cold feet. Right? He's going to snap out of it and go through with it.

EMMA
Probably.

JACKIE
And that's what we want.

EMMA
Sure. Because?

JACKIE
Because a guy who ditches his
fiance is not the guy you want to
go out with anyway. So it's better
for all of us if he just goes
through with it.

EMMA
Right. That's sensible.
(beat)
Do we have any more ice cream?

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

WE HEAR: CARDBOARD BOXES OPENING, COFFEE PERCOLATING.

EMMA
Stu? Programs!

STUART
(distant)
I haven't unpacked them yet.

JACKIE
Okay. I'm off to pick up the mule.

EMMA
Donkey. And the bride?

JACKIE
Busy. Getting her toes done. But
she is quite confident about her
ability to ride an Ass from the
parking lot to the manger.

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR JINGLES.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
(distant)
Hellooooo?

STUART
(distant)
Hey Katie!

Emma and Jackie switch to whispers.

EMMA
Oh my god. She's here. You don't
think she's here because of Trip,
do you?

JACKIE
Just hush and let her tell us why
she's here.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
(distant)
Are the girls in? I'll just need a
minute.

EMMA
What if it's a test? What if she
suspects Trip's thinking about
ditching her and she's here to feel
us out?

JACKIE
Just be cool and let her talk!

STUART
Hey, ladies--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Sorry to barge in--

EMMA
Perfectly fine. Happens all the
time! Popping by. People. Popping.
Nothing strange about it. Perfectly
appropriate! What brings you by?

JACKIE
Chill.

STUART
I thought the manager at Starbucks
said you couldn't have extra shots
in your lattes anymore.

EMMA
What can we do for you?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
I was going through all my records.
I can't find order slips for the
veal cutlets and if we haven't
ordered them by now, we have to--

JACKIE
The cutlets were ordered in the
first week of December. The
itemized invoice is right here.

WE HEAR: A PIECE OF PAPER FLIP.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Okay then. Are we sure there's
proper transport for the floral
arch? I don't want it shedding

roses all over the interstate
because someone hucked it into a
pickup truck.

EMMA

Katie--

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

And these vows. Do we really want
to go traditional? Patrick wants
traditional and I hate personalized
vows, but I keep wondering if
that's going to seem too cold and
impersonal.

EMMA

Katie?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

I'm not cold. I mean, sometimes I
SEEM cold, but I'm just pragmatic.
Pragmatism is a good thing!

JACKIE

Katie!

EMMA

Are you all right?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

There's really nothing left to
plan, is there?

EMMA

No.

JACKIE

Nothing.

EMMA

All taken care of.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Only thing left to do is get
married.

EMMA

If you want.

JACKIE

(hiss)
What?

EMMA

Stuart, can you grab us some water?

JACKIE

Cold water.

STUART

Okay.

WE HEAR: STU SHUFFLE OUT.

EMMA

What's on your mind?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

It's just all hitting me right now. You know? I can't help but wonder... does he even WANT to marry me?

EMMA

What makes you say that?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Oh, you know. God, I'm so pushy. I asked him out in the first place. I'm the one who proposed!

JACKIE

But he said yes.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

That's true.

There's a long sniffing silence. Jackie clears her throat.

JACKIE

And he certainly seems to love you.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Oh, how would you know. You met him once!

EMMA

How did you know you were in love with Trip?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

(garbled)
Who?

EMMA

I mean Patrick.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Everyone sees me as this intense, demanding ice queen. I mean, I can't help it! School is so competitive and you NEVER get a break. I'm just so tired all the time: who would want that as their wife? But Patrick... He sees something in me that I wasn't sure was there.

He thinks that I'm sweet! That I can be loving. And when I'm with him, I am. No one else is like that. No one else even likes me.

EMMA
Nooooooooo.

JACKIE
(lying, guilty)
We like you.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
So how could I not love him? No one else could ever make me feel so...
(grimace)
Nice.

JACKIE
That's beautiful, Katie.

EMMA
And you'd stick by him, no matter what?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
No matter what.

JACKIE
Then it sounds to me like you're ready to get married. Right, Emma?

EMMA
Right. You do.

WE HEAR: STU RETURNS.

STUART
Waters weren't cold yet. Root beer?

JACKIE
Stu.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Oh, perfect.

WE HEAR: ROOT BEER CRACK OPEN. KATIE TAKES A LONG DRINK.

STUART
Better?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Boy. I never thought I would be THAT girl. Blubbering about going down the aisle, y'know? Thank you.

JACKIE
Aw. Anytime, honey.

EMMA

Right. Anytime. Anytime.

WE HEAR: EMMA TOTTER OUT AND SHUT THE DOOR.

JACKIE

(hasty)

Oh, shoot! We've got to finish setting up our Christmas eve wedding. Are you gonna be okay?

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

Yes. I am.

JACKIE

Great. Then we'll see you tomorrow at your wedding, sweetie!

WE HEAR: KATIE BLOW HER NOSE. JACKIE WALKS OUT.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

(distant)

One more thing! About the names on the programs. Patrick's name is--

JACKIE

Oh, tell Stuart. He handles all our printing and Photoshop stuff. Stuart, you got it?

STUART

On it.

JACKIE

Oky doke! See you later!

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, BACK ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE DOOR SHUT, CAR KEYS JINGLE.

EMMA

Tell me that wasn't some kind of weird psychological shake-down.

JACKIE

Coincidence! You've heard a dozen brides have the exact same freak-out the day before their weddings.

EMMA

It's a punishment. The universe is punishing me for going around and kissing people's fiances.

JACKIE

I thought he kissed you.

EMMA

Mostly!
(moans)
This is a nightmare.

JACKIE

Come on. Get up. After tomorrow,
you never have to see either of
them again.

EMMA

His family owns the friggin' hotel
we throw receptions in, Jackie.

JACKIE

We'll find you a new hotel. One
with a fountain! And a terrace! And
ducks! But right now, you have no
choice but to get through it with
your head up.

EMMA

Head up.

JACKIE

Shoulders back.

EMMA

Shoulders back.

JACKIE

Buttocks tight.

EMMA

Buttocks tight--

WE HEAR: JACKIE SLAP EMMA'S BUTT.

JACKIE

Now COME ON! We have to go sprinkle
magic on this ordeal!

MUSIC SWELLS.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: TINNY KLEZMER MUSIC, PARTY NOISES.

WE HEAR: A DONKEY BRAY.

EMMA

Don't start. Or I'll show you what
I do to turkeys.

WE HEAR: EMMA SCRATCH THE DONKEY. THE DONKEY NICKERS.

WE HEAR: HIGH HEELS TAP OVER.

JACKIE
What are you doing back here? We're
done with the kitchen staff.

EMMA
Just... checking on the donkey.

JACKIE
We've got two speeches and the cake
before all the crazy departure
choreography.

EMMA
You haven't seen him?

JACKIE
He poked his head in an hour ago.

EMMA
Oh-kay.

JACKIE
An hour ago. You're probably safe.
Please. Pack the gift table?

EMMA
Okay. Fine.

WE HEAR: CHAMPAGNE GLASSES CLINKING FOR THE TOAST.

WE HEAR: EMMA WALKS OVER TO GIFT TABLE. PAPER AND BOXES
RUSTLE AS SHE PACKS THE GIFTS UP.

JACKIE
(distant)
Ladies and gentlemen, please fill
your glasses. The maid of honor!

MAID OF HONOR
(distant)
I first met Alexis on our first day
of elementary school. We both had
Jem lunch boxes. I pulled a beetle
out of her hair--

TRIP
Emma.

Emma gasps.

TRIP (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you.

EMMA
This is not a good time.

TRIP

I know it's not, but we need to
have a conversation.

EMMA
No, we don't--

TRIP
Last night, when you asked if I was
going to marry Katie--

WE HEAR: THE CROWD APPLAUD.

BEST MAN
(distant)
Dan is the best buddy a guy could
ask for.

EMMA
Not now!

WE HEAR: EMMA WALK AWAY QUICKLY. TRIP FOLLOWS.

TRIP
Emma! Wait. I am not marrying
Katie! I was never going to marry
Katie--

EMMA
STOP! I can't! Okay? I. Can't.

TRIP
(distant)
Emma. Emma! Excuse me, sir. Emma!

EMMA
Go home!

WE HEAR: THE MICROPHONE SQUEAL.

STUART
I'm sorry to interrupt--

EMMA
Stuart!

WE HEAR: EMMA RUN, SHOVING THROUGH THE CROWD.

STUART
--I just wanted to say one thing.

WE HEAR: THE MICROPHONE SQUEAL AGAIN AS EMMA GRABS IT.

EMMA
Cake is being set out along with
coffee. Enjoy at your leisure and
in a short while the bride and
groom--

STUART
Emma Bishop.

EMMA
Jackie?

STUART
This is the woman who put all this
together, everyone!

WE HEAR: HESITANT, CONFUSED CLAPPING.

EMMA
Stuart--

STUART
I've known her since I was a kid.
She was my first love and she's
still one of my closest friends.
She's funny and organized. Y'know,
well... Emma?

WE HEAR: A RING BOX OPEN. THE CROWD SQUEALS=.

TRIP
What?

STUART
I was thinkin'. Will you marry me?

EMMA
Your class ring?

STUART
Yeah! It's still got the tape from
back when you wore it. See? Should
still fit. So, what do you think?

WE HEAR: A COLLECTIVE GASP.

EMMA
(shaking her head no)
Yes.

TRIP
No.

WE HEAR: THE CROWD APPLAUDS.

STUART
You mean it?

EMMA
(No, dummy)
C'mere you! Ahahaha!

STUART
Ow! Not so hard!

WE HEAR: A MILDER MICROPHONE SQUEAL.

JACKIE
To the happy couple!
Now let's eat some cake!
(to Emma)
Kitchen. Now.

WE HEAR: CHEERS DIM. THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN SMACKS OPEN.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: GENERAL KITCHEN NOISE. SLAPPING.

EMMA
Are! You! NUTS?

STUART
Ow! What did I do?

JACKIE
SERIOUSLY? Who hijacks a wedding
they're working at to propose to a
girl he's not even going out with?

STUART
But she said yes!

EMMA
Because if I had said no that would
have been an even BIGGER turd in
the middle of their wedding day
than some stranger going gonzo on
the microphone!

STUART
I thought you said that proposals
during weddings were romantic.

EMMA AND JACKIE
EW!

STUART
So you won't marry me?

EMMA AND JACKIE
NO.

STUART
Fine! Jeez. It was nice! It was a
nice thing I did there.

EMMA
Give us a minute.

JACKIE
Fine.

(to Stuart)
Don't propose again.

WE HEAR: JACKIE EXIT. THE DOOR FLAP SHUT.

EMMA
Why?

STUART
You were so sad. I thought it would cheer you up.

EMMA
Really.

STUART
Well... yeah. Plus... You're lonely. We're about the right age to do it.

EMMA
The right age?

STUART
Yeah. I'm gonna be 30. I don't have any roommates right now. I should probably get a wife. We've always gotten along. So why not?

EMMA
It's not like getting a roommate.

STUART
I know *that*. But I've known you longer than any other girl. It could work.

EMMA
Duh, it could "work."
(beat)
I've seen enough weddings. Cakes, dresses, flowers. They don't mean anything to me anymore. It's the spouse I want. The dopey optimism. I'd rather be a little lonely from time to time than marry just to get it over with.

STUART
It seemed like a good idea.

EMMA
Would you really have been prepared for the whole death-do-you-part thing?

STUART
That would be like... thirty years.

EMMA

Only if you die early. So. Do you accept my refusal?

STUART

Yeah. Sorry.

EMMA

Here. Next time you propose to someone, get a proper ring. Hard to say yes to something that leaves a gummy tape residue on your skin.

THE MUSIC AND KITCHEN NOISE SWELLS.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE FRONT DOOR JINGLES SHUT. BAGS DROP TO THE FLOOR.

JACKIE

That's the last of it.

EMMA

Lock up. Good riddance to this stupid, stupid day.

JACKIE

Cheer up.

WE HEAR: A PAPER BAG CRINKLE, A BOTTLE SET ON THE DESK.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Bubbly rosé!

EMMA

Meh.

WE HEAR: A SECOND PAPER BAG CRINKLE. ANOTHER BOTTLE SET DOWN.

JACKIE

Twooooo bottles.

EMMA

Well... all right.

WE HEAR: A BOTTLE POPS OPEN.

JACKIE

And one more thing. I have your Christmas present.

EMMA

Whaaaaaaaat? You jag! I've been so looped out on business drama, I haven't even gone shopping.

JACKIE
I don't care. You need it. Open it.

WE HEAR: PAPER BEING UNWRAPPED.

EMMA
Princess Bride, Pride and
Prejudice, Swing Time! Aw, Jackie.
I really can't take any more
romance right now.

JACKIE
That's where you're wrong. Right
now is when you need romance the
most. Now what'll it be?

WE HEAR: A DVD CASE TAPS THE DESK.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Yes!

THE MUSIC SWELLS.

INT. REGAL BRIDES, EMMA'S OFFICE -- LATER

WE HEAR: THE MUSIC RETREAT. A GLASS IS BEING FILLED.

EMMA AND JACKIE
There have been five kisses rated
the most passionate, the most
pure...

JACKIE
This one left them all behind.

EMMA
How do they even rate it, d'ya
think? Head tilt? Saliva?

JACKIE
Suction.

EMMA
Torque!

JACKIE
What's next? Austen or Astaire?

EMMA
We should really go to bed.

JACKIE
MOVIES.

EMMA
Mkay, one more.

THE MUSIC SWELLS.

INT. REGAL BRIDE HEADQUARTERS, EMMA'S OFFICE -- MORNING
THE MUSIC RETREATS TO THE TINNY REPETITION OF A DVD MENU.

WE HEAR: BIRDS SINGING. EMMA'S CELL PHONE ALARM RINGS. SHE GROANS AS SHE SHUTS IT OFF.

There's a beat of hesitation.

EMMA
We're late. WE'RE LATE.

WE HEAR: THE GIRLS SCRAMBLE. PAPER, BOTTLES, SQUEAKING OFFICE CHAIRS GABBLE TOGETHER. JACKIE RUNS IN AND OUT.

JACKIE
What! Where are we... OFFICE.

EMMA
We should've left two hours ago! Oh my god, my suit! It's disgusting.

JACKIE
I found some clean dresses!

EMMA
What are these?

JACKIE
Spare angel costumes from the Nativity.

WE HEAR: THE GIRLS SHIMMY INTO THEIR DRESSES. EMMA DIALS A PHONE.

EMMA
You get to the church. I'll go to the hotel.
(to phone)
Hi, Mrs. Kim? I know, I'm so sorry we got delayed. We're ready for those floral shipments.

WE HEAR: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, CLANGING HANGERS, PAPER BAGS BEING STACKED.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Toothpaste?

JACKIE
Gum.

EMMA
Fine, whatever.

JACKIE
Three pieces!

WE HEAR: EMMA DIALING.

EMMA
I gotta call Stu.

WE HEAR: STU'S PHONE RING IN THE OTHER ROOM.

EMMA (CONT'D)
STU?

STUART
(distant)
What?

WE HEAR: THE DOOR OPEN.

STUART (CONT'D)
Oh, hey.

JACKIE
What are you still doing here?

STUART
I had to pick up the reprinted
programs with Katie's corrections.
I thought you'd already left!

EMMA
Go to the church with Jackie. Help
her set up before you start
snapping photos. Go! Go!

WE HEAR: RUNNING FEET, RUSTLING PACKAGES. TWO CAR ENGINES
TURN OVER.

INT. CHURCH -- LATER

WE HEAR: ORGAN MUSIC STING. DOUBLE DOORS BURST OPEN,
FOLLOWED BY DOLLY ROLLING, FLOWERS RUSTLING.

STUART
Ooooh, look at the tree!

JACKIE
I love Christmas. Half the work is
already done. C'mon Stu!

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- SIMULTANEOUSLY

WE HEAR: DOUBLE DOORS BURST OPEN. EMMA'S HIGH HEELS ARE
FOLLOWED BY WAITER'S FEET.

WAITER 1
We called the catering service. The
food is prepared, but the delivery
guy is in Aculpoco!

EMMA
What?

WAITER 2
Vacation.

EMMA
What does the hotel keep on hand?

WAITER 1
Rolls.

WAITER 2
Butter.

WAITER 1
Jam.

EMMA
Can anyone in the kitchen drive a
van?

WAITER 1
Ignacio!

IGNACIO
(distant)
Que?

EMMA
Oh no! The garlands are coming
down. Get me an extension ladder!

WAITER 2
You can't climb up there.

EMMA
Are you gonna climb up there?

WAITER 2
Pete! She needs a ladder!

INT. CHURCH -- LATER

WE HEAR: GUEST CHATTERING, ORGAN MUSIC.

JACKIE
Hello. Good to see you. Welcome,
welcome, you're right down front.

STUART
Groom's here.

JACKIE
(crisp)
Is he?

STUART
Hi!

WE HEAR: STU SNAPPING PICTURES.

STUART (CONT'D)
Good looking group.

JACKIE
I'm gonna go check on the bride.

INT. CHURCH, BRIDAL SALON -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: A DOOR OPEN.

JACKIE
There she is! How are we? You all
look so fabulous.

WE HEAR: HALFHEARTED "EHH" FROM BRIDESMAIDS. ALMONDS
CRUNCHING.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
We're fine.
(pointed)
Some of us will need toothbrushes.
Maybe a lipstick touch-up.

RACHEL
I ONLY ate six almonds! I was gonna
faint! I need the protein!

JACKIE
Don't worry, I've got floss.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
No floss! Have you seen her gums?
We'd never be able to stop the
bleeding in time.

JACKIE
(low, to Rachel)
Mouthwash?

WE HEAR: KATIE'S SKIRT RUSTLE.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
Are we almost ready?

JACKIE
Yup. Ooooh, it's exciting!

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD

I feel good. I feel good.
(sharp)
Rachel if you TOUCH my gown with
those salt crusted fingers ONE more
time, I'm going to break them.
(sweeter)
Ready.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE WEDDING MARCH. HEELS RUNNING.

LATE GUEST
Aunt of the bride. Did I miss it?

JACKIE
Nope, just in time. Follow me,
we'll get you seated.

WE HEAR: PAPERS RUSTLE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Here, take a program. There's a
good seat on the outside edge of
the third row. Just follow the
usher.

WE HEAR: PAPERS FLIP. CAMERA SNAPPING.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hm.
(whispering)
Stu.

STUART
Yeah?

JACKIE
I thought you reprinted these
programs. They look the same.

STUART
Yeah. Patrick Alastair Huntington
Winthrop JUNIOR. We kept forgetting
to put Junior after his name.
Important 'cause there's like four
Patrick Winthrops. Look.
(beat)
Little ring bearer. Number four.
Old guy, front row, in the
wheelchair, he's number one. Prince
Peanut with your stolen blazer,
he's number three. And number two,
bingo. Star of the day.

JACKIE
What? Ew! Wait. OH!

(realization)
I'm an idiot.

STUART
No, it's okay. I fixed it.

JACKIE
(beaming)
I'm an idiot!

STUART
No, like I said, I fixed it--

JACKIE
I've got to tell Emma!

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- LATER

WE HEAR: A LADDER BEING DRAGGED INTO PLACE, HIGH HEELS
TAPPING UP THE RUNGS.

WAITER 1
(distant)
You should probably take off your
shoes.

EMMA
Just hold the ladder!

WE HEAR: RUSTLE, JINGLING, GRUNTING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Got it! Throw me the next garland.

WE HEAR: MORE JINGLING. GRUNTING.

Several long, strained, shaky breaths.

WE HEAR: A SOFT CLICK.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Got it! Locked in!

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE RING. HER FOOT SLIPS.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh no!

WE HEAR: EMMA GRABS THE LADDER. HER PHONE BOUNCES DOWN THE
LADDER TO THE FLOOR.

WAITER 1
(distant)
Woah!

EMMA

Hold the ladder! Hold the ladder!

WAITER 2
Grab the garland!

WE HEAR: THE LADDER FALL.

INT. CHURCH, CHRISTMAS WEDDING -- LATER

WE HEAR: A FAINT SERMON IN THE BACKGROUND.

JACKIE
Emma! It's not him! He's number
two! No, wait, the groom is number
two! Trip, triple, three, he's
number three! Call me, oh my god!

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE BEEP.

EMMA
OH!

WE HEAR: THE GARLAND JINGLES VIOLENTLY.

EMMA (CONT'D)
The garland is going to break!

WAITER 2
Hold on!

WAITER 1
Hold on!

WAITER 2
Hold on!

EMMA
I think I can grab the wall.

WAITER 2
Don't move!

WE HEAR: THE LADDER CLUNK.

EMMA
CAREFUL OF THE BUFFET!

WE HEAR: CRASH.

WAITER 1
Oh no, look what you done.

EMMA

Guys. Ladder!

WAITER 2
It's... como se dice? Funcionada.

WAITER 1
The floor broke it.

EMMA
ESCALERA!

WE HEAR: EMMA'S PHONE RING. SCREWS POP OUT OF THE WALL.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: JACKIE'S PHONE RINGING EMMA'S. SHE SINGS "THRILLER"
TO HERSELF.

PREACHER
You may kiss the bride.

WE HEAR: THE CROWD APPLAUD. EMMA'S VOICEMAIL BEEPS.

JACKIE
Emmaaaaaaaaaa. This is Ja-ah-kay--

STUART
Bridal party! This way for photos!

WE HEAR: THE SHUFFLE OF GUESTS.

JACKIE
YOU!

TRIP
Oh! Jackie, no--

JACKIE
We thought you were Patrick
Winthrop!

TRIP
I am!

JACKIE
I mean THE GROOM Patrick Winthrop!
You aren't married. YOU aren't
married! Trip! Triple! Three!
Third!

TRIP
I know! I know! Stop shaking me!

JACKIE
I'm so sorry about the hose.

TRIP
You should be!

JACKIE
Don't you get it? We didn't know.
Emma and I. We thought you were
marrying Katie.

TRIP
I kind of pieced that together.

JACKIE
Oh. Well... now you can tell her--

TRIP
Jeez! I tried! But then you chased
me off with a hose and Emma
wouldn't even LOOK at me. Then it
turns out, what, she has a
boyfriend?

JACKIE
Who, Stu?

TRIP
He proposed, didn't he?

JACKIE
Oh, he's just a moron. She let him
down gently after the crowd
dispersed.

TRIP
She did?

WE HEAR: DISTANT BRIDESMAID GIGGLES.

STUART
(distant, flirting)
No, you're stupid.

JACKIE
Yes. It was touching.

STUART
JACK-KAY! Need the Best Man! STAT.

JACKIE
COMING!
(to Trip)
Trust me. As soon as I get Emma on
the phone, she's going to be
shrieking with joy and exultation
and total embarrassment.

WE HEAR: JACKIE DIAL AGAIN.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

EMMA
You've got the end of the garland?

WAITER 1 AND 2
YES.

EMMA
Brace?

WAITER 1 AND 2
YES.

EMMA
Okay! Climbing down!

WAITER 1 AND 2
Climb on!

WE HEAR: TINSEL AND FOLIAGE RUSTLE, TAUT. TENTATIVE STEPS.

EMMA
Ah! Ah ha! I'm getting it! I'm
getting it!

WAITER 1
Araña! Spider woman!

EMMA
Give me some slack!

WE HEAR: TWO MORE SCREWS POP OUT. EMMA'S PHONE RINGS,
DISTANT.

EMMA (CONT'D)
WOAH! NO.

WE HEAR: A LOUD POP. EMMA YELPS. WIND RUSHES PAST HER AS SHE
FALLS. SILVERWARE AND GLASS TOPPLE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Woah woah woah woah!

WE HEAR: EMMA HIT THE WALL.

There's a short silence. EMMA'S PHONE IS STILL RINGING.

WAITER 1
Miss Emma?

WAITER 2
Can you get down?

WAITER 1
Hold on to the sconce!

EMMA
Can you answer my phone?

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: GUESTS MILD CLAMOR, CHURCH BELLS.

JACKIE
EM! Guess. WHAT.

WAITER 1
Hello?

JACKIE
Who is this?

EMMA
(distant)
Jackie! Help! You've got to get
someone to the hotel now!

WAITER 1
You have to get to the hotel now.

JACKIE
What... what happened--

EMMA
(distant)
I smashed through two tables, right
through the centerpiece and there
are LEMONS and SAGE everywhere.

WAITER 1
She fell on the table. Big mess
now.

JACKIE
Let me talk to Emma.

TRIP
What happened?

WAITER 1
She's stuck.

EMMA
(distant)
I'm TRAPPED. The LADDER fell.
You've got to send hel--

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: THE SCONCE CRACK. EMMA YELPS, THE WAITERS YELL.
EVERYTHING CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUED

The phone goes dead.

JACKIE

Emma? Emma! She's trapped? How do you get trapped in a ball room? Oh god, the tables. She said two of the tables are ruined! Katie's going to have a meltdown.

TRIP

Not if we get there first. C'mon.

WE HEAR: JACKIE AND TRIP RUN OUT.

JACKIE

Stuart. Stall.

(pinching)

I mean it. If the bride gets cold, do indoor shots. If they get restless, do goofy shots. If you SCREW UP and they insist on coming to the hotel, then you're gonna take pictures of THAT. Oh-kay?

STUART

Ow! Fine!

WE HEAR: VAN DOORS SLAM, AN ENGINE TURN OVER, SQUEALING TIRES. THE MUSIC SWELLS.

WE HEAR: HORNS HONKING, TIRES SQUEALING. JACKIE DIALING.

JACKIE

Still nothing?

TRIP

Just ringing. Green light, green light!

JACKIE

Augh! Emma! Answer!

TRIP

Voicemail! God. She really likes me?

JACKIE

I'm driving!

TRIP

Woah! Left! Left!

WE HEAR: THE VAN SKID TO A HALT, CRUNCHING SHRUBBERY.

INT. HOTEL BALL ROOM -- CONTINUED

WE HEAR: DOUBLE DOORS SLAM OPEN.

JACKIE

Emma!

WE HEAR: WATER HISSING. A FRAYED WIRE BUZZING.

WE HEAR: A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE POP. BARE FEET PLODDING.

WAITER 1

It's okay. She got down.

WE HEAR: SOMETHING ELSE CRASH.

EMMA

I fell down. But the cake's okay.

WAITER 2

Miss Emma? Ignacio is back with the catering van.

EMMA

Perfect.

(deep breath)

Could you have 'em wait one minute?

WE HEAR: THE WAITERS DEPART.

TRIP

Excuse me?

WE HEAR: THE WAITERS STOP. TRIP APPROACHES.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Take the carts through to the service elevators. Set everything up on the roof.

JACKIE

The roof?

EMMA

Since when does this hotel have a roof?

JACKIE

All hotels have roofs.

TRIP

Has the rest of the wait staff checked in?

WAITER 2

A few.

TRIP

We have to get these tables upstairs. Take whatever can be salvaged.

WAITER 1
The tablecloths--

TRIP
Forget the tablecloths. Nobody remembers tablecloths.

Emma laughs and sniffles.

INT. HOTEL ROOF LEVEL -- LATER

WE HEAR: RUMBLE OF CARTS AND FOOTSTEPS, GLASS AND PLATES CLINKING INTO PLACE.

JACKIE
Wow. It's beautiful up here.

EMMA
Are these offices?

TRIP
Yes. Um. My office. No one's ever up here but the maintenance staff, so I took the liberty of turning the roof into a greenhouse project.

WE HEAR: THE DOORS OPEN. THE HUSTLE OF FEET GROWS DISTANT. JACKIE AND TRIP'S VOICES RETREAT WITH THE WAITERS.

JACKIE
You've been holding out on us.

TRIP
Up here. Hook in the lights!

JACKIE
Cake in the center!

WE HEAR: EMMA DIAL HER PHONE.

VOICEMAIL
You have six messages.

JACKIE (V.O.)
It wasn't him. He was never getting married! Trip is Patrick the third! He's free!

(beep)
EMMMMAAAAAAAAAA EMMA EMMA ANSWER THE PHONE. TRIP IS A LONE MAN.

(beep)
Emma. It's happening. This is real. I'm gonna smack you right in the

face so you know you aren't
dreaming.

WE HEAR: TRIP'S FOOTSTEPS RETURN. EMMA HANGS UP.

TRIP
Ah. Emma?

EMMA
Hey.
(beat)
Do you have a towel?

TRIP
Yes. Here.

WE HEAR: EMMA SCRUB HER HAIR WITH A TOWEL.

EMMA
Jackie told me...

TRIP
She told me that you--

EMMA
(panicky)
That I'm in--

TRIP
-- thought I was... oh.

She was about to say "love". They both know it.

EMMA
Oh. That I thought you were getting
married?

TRIP
No, back up. What are you in?

EMMA
Nothing. Yet.
(beat)
I thought you were marrying Katie.
I'm sorry, I should have listened
when you tried to explain, but I
was already WAY too emotional
about... this. Your face.

TRIP
Well, I'm not married to Katie.

EMMA
Yeah, your DAD is.
(whispers)
Ew.

TRIP

(whispering back)
I know, right?
(aloud)
Nope, talk about that later. Look
at me. You listening?

EMMA
Yes.

TRIP
I am not with Katie. You are not
with Stuart?

EMMA
Nope, I'm not.

TRIP
Okay. So. With that out of the
way... let's make a plan. What are
you thinking?

EMMA
Wow.
(overwhelmed)
I think I love you.

TRIP
Really?

EMMA
Yeah.
(whispering)
Ka-boom.

TRIP
Oh, thank god. I thought it was
just me.

WE HEAR: Trip kiss Emma in true Clark Gable fashion.

EMMA
This is just how I pictured it.

WE HEAR: THE ELEVATOR DING OPEN. THE WEDDING PARTY ENTERS
CHATTERING, THEN GASPS.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD (O.S.)
What is THIS?

Is she going to cry? To scream?

JACKIE
Heyyyyyy pretty bride!

EMMA
It's a bit different than what we
discussed, but I think you'll find
that--

Katie bursts into ugly, undignified tears.

KATIE COLLINGSWOOD
It's perfect! My wedding day is
perfect!

WE HEAR: EVERYONE LAUGHS. THE MUSIC SWELLS.

JACKIE
It's a Christmas miracle.

EMMA
It really is.

JACKIE
You were due for one.

WE HEAR: JACKIE AND EMMA HUG.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Go dance, you gorgeous idiot.

WE HEAR: GUESTS CHATTERING HAPPILY, DINGING THEIR GLASSES.

THE MUSIC SWELLS.

CREDITS.

The end