

I/E. STU'S HONDA ODYESSY -- DAY

WE HEAR: the car idling.

Stu sings to himself. "Carol of the Bells"

STU

Hark how the bells, sweet silver
bells, all seem to say, give bears
away, Christmas is here, birds
whirl and cheer, merry and hey,
then fly away, oh how we now
singing around, oh how we know,
let's have a go, whirl ohhhh let's
have a go and so RING DING A THING
OH SING RING A LING SONGS OF THE
FEAR CHRISTMAS IS HERE. Merry scary
merry merry Christmas. Merry merry
merry scary Christmas. On with the
song bing bing a bong with many
cheer words that we hear.

WE HEAR: the car door open.

JACKIE

MANSION THANKSGIVING!

STU

MANSION THANKSGIVING!

JACKIE

Hot pan!

STU

Woah!

WE HEAR: crinkle of tinfoil. Jackie climbs in and puts on her seat belt.

JACKIE

Do you think Mr. Winthrop has
servants?

STU

Like a bootler?

JACKIE

A what?

STU

Or horses? I'd really like to see a
horse.

JACKIE
Did you bring the little
marshmallows?

STU
Two bags. One for the casserole.

JACKIE
One for the car!

WE HEAR: a bag of marshmallows rip open, Jackie and Stu stuff
their mouths. Buttons clicking.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Find me "Feliz Navidad".

STU
Radio's broken. We could sing.

JACKIE
Fine. You do the harmonies.

WE HEAR: car shift into gear, pull away.

STU
(bass)
Hark how the bells, sweet silver
bells all seem to say--

TITLES:

EMMA
DECK THE HALLS WITH MATRIMONY!
Again! The sequel! A Christmas
radio play by Ashley Quach.

EXT. THE WINTHROP ESTATE -- DAY

WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie singing inside the van.

STU
FIVE GOLD RINGS.

JACKIE
FIVE GOLD RINGS.

STU
Four calling birds!

JACKIE
Three French hens.

STU
Two turtle buds.

JACKIE
Wait, is this it? 1714.

STU
Oh.

JACKIE
Oh.

WE HEAR: brakes squeal mildly.

STU
I guess it's kind of big.

JACKIE
Sort of. Drive around the side of
the house. Maybe there's more to
it.

WE HEAR: subtle crunch of gravel. Slow driving.

WE HEAR: Jackie pull a phone out of her pocket, tapping,
faint sound of a call ringing out.

STU
Maybe he's land rich.

JACKIE
Maybe.

STU
Like George Washington.

JACKIE
What?

STU
A guy who gets his riches from the
land. Like, he lives simply in this
little stone house and spends most
of his time wandering the grounds.
Tilling the soil. Growing peanuts.

JACKIE
George Washington Carver?

STU
That's what the pilgrims believed.

WE HEAR: faint voicemail message.

JACKIE
 First of all... no... first, George Washington and George Washington Carver are different people. Separated by, like, a hundred years. And one was black, one was white!

STU
 George Washington was black?

JACKIE
 No.

WE HEAR: phone pattern repeat. Dial, ring.

STU
 Was that before slavery? When did slavery start?

JACKIE
 I don't know, exactly. They had slaves in George Washington's time.

STU
 No!

JACKIE
 He owned slaves.

STU
 George!

JACKIE
 Since the age of 11.

WE HEAR: Voicemail again, Jackie groans.

STU
 Then how did he get to be a general?

GUARD
 (distant)
 Excuse me.

WE HEAR: Stu kill the engine, roll down the window.

JACKIE
 Hi!

GUARD
 Help you?

JACKIE
We're looking for 1714 Winchester.
Is this... I see the number--

GUARD
This is the gate house.

STU
(hissing)
Gate House.

GUARD
Name?

STU
Stuart Enslington Bunton.

JACKIE
Jackie. Guests of Emma Bishop?

GUARD
Bishop...

JACKIE
Or, Trip?

STU
Patrick.

JACKIE
Winthrop.

STU
The THIRD.

GUARD
Ah. Yes, ma'am, you're expected.
Follow the road up to the main
house, park by the East foyer.

JACKIE
Oh!

GUARD
Have a pleasant luncheon.

STU
Thank you, kind sir.

JACKIE
Tally ho, kind sir!

WE HEAR: the window roll up, the car roll forward. Jackie and
Stu squeal and laugh.

STU
Over the river and through the
woods!

JACKIE
To grandmother's house we go!

Neither can remember the rest of the words, so they mumble
through the rest of the melody until--

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Look! Look! Look!

STU
What? What?

JACKIE
Ahahahahahahaha!

STU
Whoa!

JACKIE
The roof! The roof! I can see the
roof!

STU
The gate!

WE HEAR: a gate opening

STU (CONT'D)
Horses on the gate!

JACKIE
Good sign!

WE HEAR: the car move forward again.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I see it, I see it, I see it!

Jackie and Stu fall silent.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Wow. Oh, wow.

STU
It's a castle.

JACKIE
Not even. Moat, maze, guards, and
gate. This place is... oof, I wish
I'd worn a dress.

WE HEAR: Jackie riffle through her purse. Perfume spritz, hair brushed, lip stick open and shut.

STU

Am I okay?

JACKIE

You don't have any of your wedding clothes in the trunk?

STU

Just my pants.

JACKIE

It'll be fine. We're here to see Emma. Emma knows us. Wealthy gadabouts. Jacqueline Von Hammersmacht and Mr. Bunton of the Green Park Buntons.

STU

"The Green Park Buntons."

JACKIE

Shipping moguls, you know. Very old money. They never speak of it. That's how you know it's class. Their son, the heir, is an eccentric. He could be off charming the courts of Monte Carlo, but instead he devotes his time to little photography projects and carpentry. It's perfectly charming.

STU

You should be rich. You'd be good at it.

JACKIE

How do you know I'm not rich?

STU

A rich person wouldn't worry about how they're dressed.

JACKIE

Ouch! All right, good point.

WE HEAR: Jackie zip her purse up.

STU

Can we keep doing the rich voice?

JACKIE
Sure. Ahahahahaha!

STU
Ahahahaha!

WE HEAR: we hear something SLAM on the window. The brakes screech.

EMMA
MARSHMALLOWS.

JACKIE
Woah! Still moving.

EMMA
Marshmallows!

WE HEAR: seat belts, shuffling packages.

JACKIE
Full bag. Right here. Yams too.

EMMA
Yams?

WE HEAR: Jackie get out of the car.

JACKIE
Just need ten minutes in the broiler.

EMMA
No, no, no, I thought you were bringing potatoes! Like, potato potatoes!

JACKIE
Sweet potatoes.

EMMA
Oh geez.

JACKIE
I mean, I assumed. You texted me all frantic about marshmallows.

EMMA
Because I was making sweet potatoes.

JACKIE
I didn't know.

EMMA

I told you.

WE HEAR: Jackie pulling her phone out of her pocket, tapping keys.

JACKIE

You texted me like 60 times.
 7:49pm. Potatoes. 7:50pm. Sweet potatoes. What do you think for topping, marshmallows? 7:55pm. They have no marshmallows. 8:02pm NO MARSHMALLOWS. 8:19pm. OH GOD WHY DID I GO TO THE STORE THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING. 8:27pm. Old woman pushed me. 8:28pm. Screaming emoji. Whole bunch of cry faces. Skull emoji. Blue face emoji.

EMMA

I know, but--

JACKIE

Skeleton skeleton skeleton, devil, laughing ghost, pumpkin emoji, flowers. 8:29pm, I TEXT YOU, QUOTE: I can handle the potatoes--

EMMA

POTATOES.

JACKIE

AND THE MARSHMALLOWS. End quote.
 8:30pm: you reply: heart eyes, kiss emoji, Thank you thank you, there's cash in my dresser, santa face santa face, heart.

EMMA

I have no memory of any of these.

STU

I have some potato chips in my gym bag. Does that help?

EMMA

Open or unopened?

STU

Open. Sour cream and cheddar flavor.

EMMA

Maybe.

JACKIE
Emma.

EMMA
What?

JACKIE
Hi!

EMMA
OH. Hi! Thank you for coming. Can you believe this house? Oh my god, I'm going to die.

JACKIE
You won't.

STU
(posh)
Ahhhhhverything whill be ooll
rhyyyte.

EMMA
Wha?

JACKIE
Stu's rich.

EMMA
Ah.

WE HEAR: leaves crunch as they walk inside.

INT. MANSION -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: vast echoes around their footsteps and voices.

EMMA
I've gone through every cupboard and it's only ten am. Mr. Winthrop must never eat! Dry oatmeal and gin! I found lemonade packets from 1994, BC, before catering.

MAID
Take your coat?

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu flutter. "OoooOooo!"

JACKIE
Thank you!

STU
Thank *you*.

WE HEAR: jackets coming off, heaped, hung on hangers.

MAID
(knowing)
Thank YOU.

STU
(flirtatious)
Oh ho ho. Thank you.

MAID
Thank you.

EMMA
THANK YOU.

WE HEAR: Emma hurrying Jackie along.

STU
Thank you thank you.

MAID
Stupid.

STU
You're stupid.

JACKIE
Wait. I know her.

EMMA
Hotel staff on today, Mr. Winthrop
brings them in on special
occasions.

JACKIE
(gasp)
Glass Eye Glinda!

WE HEAR: Stu catch up.

STU
(singing)
Come out, come out, wherever you
are!

EMMA
These are the only people willing
to work the holiday for a fifty
dollar tip.

JACKIE

Cheap.

WE HEAR: the FRENCH WAITERS in the next room.

FRENCH WAITER 1

I have run out of forks!

FRENCH WAITER 2

Use the tiny forks!

FRENCH WAITER 1

They would notice!

FRENCH WAITER 2

Give them each two tiny forks.

EMMA

Peanut gallery.

JACKIE

We'll drink wine out of water glasses. Everyone will get double helpings of sweet potatoes, they won't... oh wow, this just keeps goin', huh?

EMMA

Right. Sorry. Um, foyer, den, study, library, bathroom, bathroom.

JACKIE

I thought there'd be more furniture.

STU

And heat.

EMMA

It's a little more normal upstairs. That hall goes to Mr. Winthrop's rooms, dining room and patio back that way, garage is downstairs, kitchen this way.

JACKIE

The garage is under the hou--HOLY CRAP, IS THAT A VERMEER?

WE HEAR: Jackie stop walking. Emma tries to drag her on.

EMMA

I'll give you the art tour later.

JACKIE
There's more?

EMMA
Tight schedule!

JACKIE
Oh, forget the potatoes! Put extra salt in the stuffing, they won't miss the mash.

EMMA
Oh. Right. Stuffing. Crap!

WE HEAR: Emma run down the hall. Doors open and shut. Stu and Jackie follow, curious.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: something bubbling and spluttering on the stove, a sizzle in the oven, the sound of onions being sauteed. A microwave beeping. Emma shuts the microwave off.

JACKIE
Oh my god.

EMMA
It looks worse than it is.

JACKIE
I... I... this... how did you do this?

STU
The onions!

WE HEAR: Stu run to the stove and start scraping something in the pan. The sizzling settles down.

EMMA
It all just kind of piled up.
Everything has twenty minutes left.
It's supposed to line up.

WE HEAR: the footsteps are very sticky.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Two waiters, a valet, a coat check girl--

JACKIE
And no line cook.

EMMA

Right.

STU

Give me that wine!

WE HEAR: a sizzle and hiss of wine in the onion pan.

JACKIE

I assumed you could cook.

EMMA

So did I.

STU

That's nice. Color's getting even.
Is there butter?

WE HEAR: the fridge open and shut. Continued sizzling and stirring.

JACKIE

You've made things before.

EMMA

I know.

JACKIE

Brownies. Cake.

EMMA

From a box.

JACKIE

Lasagna.

EMMA

Recipe on the noodle box.

JACKIE

Meatloaf.

EMMA

Ground beef, onion soup mix,
ketchup.

JACKIE

Maybe you can't cook.

STU

Where are these beauties going?

EMMA

Hang on, hang on, I have to put in the sage.

WE HEAR: Emma flip pages in a magazine.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Caramelize onions, add to cranberry mix. Pack in pan... Everything was laid out in a schedule. There was an ingredients list and cooking times. I chopped and washed everything in advance--

WE HEAR: Jackie snatch the magazine. More pans, pot lids, and sizzling in the background.

JACKIE

Wait, is THIS what you were following?

EMMA

To the letter.

JACKIE

Martha Stewart's Cape Cod Traditional Thanksgiving Feast.

WE HEAR: a pot lid removed.

STU

Are you still using these lobsters or can I move them?

JACKIE

"Handmade brushes out of dill",
"fresh lime-and-chili butter".

EMMA

Crap crap crap, I forgot about those.

STU

Are you bathing them?

EMMA

Supposed to be boiling them! I forgot to turn on the burner, I forgot, crap crap crap!

STU

Hey little buddies.

WE HEAR: a claw snap.

JACKIE

A) We're 2,000 miles away from Cape Cod. B) Every single recipe on this menu incorporates some kind of craft project.

EMMA

The brushes really weren't that hard to make.

JACKIE

C) Instead of pie, there's rosemary-and-brown-sugar shortbread!

EMMA

I know. It tastes like crackers.

STU

Oooh, what if we melt marshmallows between them?

JACKIE

Is there a turkey?

EMMA

Trip's got it.

TRIP

(distant)

AHHH!

FRENCH WAITERS

(distant)

AUGH!

EMMA

He bought a deep fryer.

JACKIE

Okay. Stu, put the lobsters in the sink, then go help Trip.

STU

But... I'm caramelizing.

JACKIE

FINE. I'll go help Trip. Emma, forget the lobsters. What else have we got?

WE HEAR: Emma rip a husk from a corn cob.

EMMA

Corn on the cob. I can shuck them.
Or, a few of them. If we run 'em
through the dishwasher on "dry"--

JACKIE

Nope, corn's dead to us. What else?

EMMA

Stuffing. Once Stu finishes the--

JACKIE

Good, next.

EMMA

Sweet potatoes.

JACKIE

Great.

EMMA

Coleslaw.

JACKIE

Ew.

EMMA

Brussel sprouts.

JACKIE

Okay.

EMMA

Um. Fruit salad.

JACKIE

Great.

EMMA

In Jello.

JACKIE

Is this 1962?

EMMA

It looked pretty.

JACKIE

How does it look now?

EMMA

Um.

WE HEAR: the fridge open. Jackie and Emma audibly cringe.

JACKIE
Is it... bleeding?

EMMA
I think the champagne broke down
the pomegranate seeds before
everything... re-solidified.

JACKIE
Why are all the grapes on the
bottom?

EMMA
I put them in too soon.

JACKIE
Okay. Sweet potatoes, stuffing,
Brussel sprouts, coleslaw, and a
turkey. That's plenty.

WE HEAR: a buzzer.

EMMA
I forgot about the clams!

JACKIE
Where are the wine glasses?

EMMA
On the table. NO! It's perfect, you
can't move them!

JACKIE
Is that measuring cup clean?

WE HEAR: a smoke detector go off in the distance. Jackie
pours Emma a glass of wine so big it spills.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Drink this whole big thing of wine,
then start cleaning. Stu, can you
finish the stuffing?

STU
What?

WE HEAR: the flip and sizzle of expert cooking.

STU (CONT'D)
Gimme that Balsamic vinegar.

JACKIE
You and I are gonna have a talk
about this later.

EMMA

Be careful of the decorations!

MUSIC CUE: Cut short with Jackie's surprise.

WE HEAR: light hollow gourds tapping, like bad wooden wind chimes.

JACKIE

Oh my god. Gourds. Festive gourds
as far as the eye can see.

WE HEAR: Step. Gourds rustling. Step. Gourds rustling.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Table looks great!

EMMA

(distant)

It's not too much?

WE HEAR: Step. Bead curtain of gourds clatter.

JACKIE

(low)

Like a big, squash covered parade
float.

WE HEAR: the door open, kitchen noises grow louder.

EMMA

I cleaned the craft store outta
glitter glue!

JACKIE

I can smell that. I'm gonna open
some windows, 'kay?

(sotto)

Smells like the Hindenburg in here.

WE HEAR: Jackie open 3 windows, the yelp of a smoke alarm.
Jackie rushes out through the door.

INT. GARAGE -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: grease spilling, sizzling. The smoke detector goes
off again.

WE HEAR: the French waiters imitating the smoke alarm.

TRIP

Get it!

WE HEAR: Jackie smack the alarm off.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Merci!

FRENCH WAITER 2
Lift!

TRIP
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry.

JACKIE
What are you doing?

TRIP
Turkey's got to come out. Oil hot!
Get the handle!

WE HEAR: a lid removed, sizzling intensifies. The turkey slides out of the fryer.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Careful, careful, careful.

WE HEAR: a thunk as the turkey is set down on a rack. Trip sighs with relief.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Unplug it.

WE HEAR: Jackie unplug the machine. The bubbling dies down. In the sudden quiet, we can hear how out of breath Trip is.

JACKIE
Is it done?

TRIP
I dunno. Thermometer melted. Just got sucked into the turkey.

WE HEAR: the crackle of crispy skin breaking.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Not cooked.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Ignited.

TRIP
Just on the breast.

JACKIE
Serve it tail up.

FRENCH WAITER 1
 (in French)
 If you want to eat an ass--
 (Si vous voulez manger des
 fesses--)

FRENCH WAITER 2
 (in French)
 Use butter!
 (Utiliser du beurre!)

TRIP
 Pile some lettuce around it. Or
 carrots.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 We could put it in the corner.

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Throw a nice pashmina over it.

JACKIE
 Kitchen!

FRENCH WAITER 2
 Oui.

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Oui.

WE HEAR: the French waiters scuttle out.

TRIP
 It's not that bad.

JACKIE
 It's not that bad.

TRIP
 I think I'm gonna pass out.

JACKIE
 What happened here? I saw Emma on
 Monday. Everything was fine.

TRIP
 It was fine. But... being in my
 dad's house for this long has a way
 of... y'know. Empty rooms, empty
 kitchen--

JACKIE
 Oatmeal and gin!

TRIP
He eats at work.

JACKIE
Huh.

TRIP
There weren't even eggs in the
fridge. I think we bought \$700
worth of groceries.

JACKIE
How much of that was tissue paper
and pipe cleaners?

Trip's laugh has a hyperventilating edge.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hey, woah, sit down.

WE HEAR: Jackie helping Trip sit down.

TRIP
I'm fine. Fine. Fine. Crap.

WE HEAR: something pop. Trip fishes through his pocket.

WE HEAR: a ring box open and snap shut a few times.

JACKIE
NO.

TRIP
Shh! I think I broke it.

JACKIE
WHEN DID YOU GET A RING?

TRIP
I've had it.

JACKIE
Does Emma know?

TRIP
No! I don't think so.

JACKIE
Oh my god, oh my god! When did you
decide? Why didn't you come to me?
I HAVE THE ROLODEX! I AM THE
GATEKEEPER!

TRIP
You would have told her!

JACKIE
You're not really going to ask her
today?

TRIP
Well, yeah!

JACKIE
In front of everybody?

TRIP
No. I mean, if she says yes--

JACKIE
Let me see!

TRIP
No!

JACKIE
Please! Practice!

WE HEAR: Trip sigh and open the ring box again.

TRIP
Okay. Emma Bishop, will you...

JACKIE
Oh. Is it... oh.

TRIP
That bad?

JACKIE
No. It's neat. I mean... it's
plain.

TRIP
It's bad.

JACKIE
No. No, no, no.

TRIP
It was my grandma's.

JACKIE
Ohhhhh.

TRIP

The date's in the band. 1946. Right after the war, so everything was scarce. It's kind of small...

JACKIE

History. That helps.

TRIP

Is it really that bad?

JACKIE

No. It's good. Greatest Generation. Call the Midwife. Really good.

TRIP

Van Cleef.

JACKIE

Even better! Okay. You've convinced me. Discreetly classy, like Emma.

TRIP

You think she'll say yes?

JACKIE

Duh.

TRIP

Good.

JACKIE

You know what you're going to say?

TRIP

No. I think so. No.

JACKIE

If it helps, I think she'll say yes no matter how you ask. But, for the sake of her dignity and for how many times she's going to have to tell this story for years to come... say something nice.

TRIP

Nice. Good. That's good. That's good advice. Maybe it shouldn't be today.

JACKIE

No!

TRIP

Is it weird? It's too weird. The house, the family, marble floors, hotel staff, but... I mean. We met on Thanksgiving.

JACKIE

Right.

TRIP

I could put the ring in the turkey.

JACKIE

Right.

TRIP

Where the wishbone is. Then she pulls it out and I tell her she's my wish for a new... year... hm, I'd have to put the box in a little Ziploc bag. OH! Wait, we pull the wishbone, if she gets the bigger half, I tell her to close her eyes and then I ask her if her wish came true, but if I get the bigger half... no, if she gets bone, I tell her to closer her eyes and get down on one knee... or when I'm carving the turkey, I can pretend to pull out the wishbone and then be like, "Oh, what's this?" No, wait, the *gravy boat!*

JACKIE

GET OFF THE TURKEY.

TRIP

Maybe I should wait for dessert.

Beat.

JACKIE

You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna get you a beer.

TRIP

My mouth feels really dry.

JACKIE

A big tall frosty beer.

TRIP

I could put the ring in a beer!

JACKIE
 Why don't I hold onto that ring for
 you? Take some of the pressure off.
 Look. Right here. In my pocket.

WE HEAR: a zipper.

TRIP
 Good good good.

JACKIE
 I'll be right back.

WE HEAR: Jackie walk back to the house and slide the door
 open.

TRIP
 Good.

JACKIE
 Put your head between your knees.

TRIP
 Right.

INT. MANSION -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: Jackie re-enter the house, walk to the kitchen.

Emma is freaking out on one side of the house. Trip is
 freaking out on the other.

EMMA
 (distant)
 FIFTEEN MINUTES. KEEP STIRRING.
 WHERE ARE THE EGGS? I HAD THREE
 EGGS!

WE HEAR: Jackie open two beers and return to the garage.

TRIP
 (distant)
 You're like a painting. Of fog.
 Emma Bishop. Your eyes look like a
 painting of fog... rolling through
 the reeds. Your eyes look like fog
 on a river of... um, ducks.

WE HEAR: Jackie take a sip.

JACKIE
 They're going to make beautiful,
 panicky babies.

WE HEAR: the front door open, a fleet of footsteps in the hall.

JUNIOR

(distant)

They've got fifteen lobbyists working in the state Senate alone, I can't get one. Brand new hotel, gonna tear it down for scrap. Eminent domain, it's feudalism!

KATIE

(distant)

You've got eighteen months.

JUNIOR

It'll take ten to rip the copper out of the walls.

KATIE

(to caterers)

Set up the warming dishes on the buffet.

JACKIE

Caterers!

WE HEAR: caterers rattle into the room, dishes set down on the table, Jackie lift a lid on a warming dish.

CATERER 1

Miss? 'Scuse me.

CATERER 2

'Scuse us. Hot tray.

CATERER 3 (CLINT)

'Scuse us-- hey, Jackie!

WE HEAR: the lid smack down again.

KATIE

(distant)

Take the bird on through to the kitchen.

CATERER 3 (CLINT)

(flirt)

Are you working this event?

JACKIE

Not now, Clint.

(to the others)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Bird stays here. Don't go in the kitchen.

CATERER 1

But Mrs. Winthrop said...

CATERER 3 (CLINT)

When do you get off? We've got a case of Coors and an extra turkey that fell off the warming rack.

JACKIE

Not now.

(to Caterer 1)

Put it on the bar tray.

CATERER 3

(ultra seductive)

Did you drive your Toyota?

JACKIE

HEY. NO. Those sweet potatoes go BACK on the truck!

CATERER 3 (CLINT)

Woof.

JACKIE

Truck!

(low, hard)

Woof at me one more time, and you'll find out if I'm on the clock.

WE HEAR: Caterer "Clint" grumble, pick up a steamer tray, and walk out.

The voices approach.

JUNIOR

What is the point of land prospecting if the State House can crook its finger and take the soil right back? Go and get changed.

(seeing Jackie)

Oh!

JACKIE

Hi, Mr. Winthrop. Thank you for having us--

KATIE

Jackie!

JACKIE

Katie!

JUNIOR

No, no good. I told my secretary to clear the rest of my afternoon. We'll have to reschedule.

JACKIE

No, I'm not here for a meeting--

KATIE

Turkey in the kitchen! Move! Why do I only count five warmer trays?

WE HEAR: caterers, trays rattle out.

WE HEAR: a bill being pulled from a wad of cash.

JUNIOR

Tenner for the cab. Call my girl, reschedule for Monday. Are those cold?

WE HEAR: Junior take the beer and guzzle it.

JACKIE

But--

JUNIOR

Scoot!

KATIE

Jackie!

WE HEAR: Katie run in and hug Jackie HARD.

JACKIE

Oof! Hey. Been a little while.

KATIE

I know.

(to Junior)

You remember Jackie? Our wedding gals!

JUNIOR

Oh.

JACKIE

Emma invited us.

KATIE

Us?

JACKIE
Me and Stu.

JUNIOR
Well, two more mouths never hurt.

JACKIE
'Specially not now that we've got
two turkeys.

JUNIOR
Holiday, isn't it? 'Scuse me.
Bursitis.

WE HEAR: Junior grunt and sit down.

JACKIE
Stu? Stu's here?

WE HEAR: Stu laugh at something.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Kitchen.

KATIE
I'd better go help them.

WE HEAR: Katie laugh to the tune of "The Star Spangled
Banner" as she exits.

WE HEAR: a beat, Junior rubbing his feet and groaning.

JUNIOR
How's the wedding business?

JACKIE
Oh! Good. Good.

WE HEAR: Junior suck his beer expectantly. Jackie slips back
into her rich person voice.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Okay. Um. Wet weather slowed us
down in January, February, March.
Ran at capacity through the summer,
lull in October, not enough goths
in the greater Austin area, but we
did a lovely midnight service for a
couple who fancied themselves
reincarnated vampires. Nice change
from the usual Tim Burton Halloween
brides. Ahahaha!

JUNIOR
52 weeks in a year.

JACKIE
Mm. Yes. Certainly.

JUNIOR
How many weddings do you run in a week?

Jackie slips out of her rich lady accent as Junior grills her. Her forceful business voice takes over.

JACKIE
Between 1 and 4.

JUNIOR
Never zero?

JACKIE
Not often.

JUNIOR
What's your cut? 10%?

JACKIE
8.

JUNIOR
Could be ten.

JACKIE
Could be twenty, but between all the subcontractors we juggle, it comes out to 8. Better than 5.

JUNIOR
Your average wedding's 100k?

JACKIE
More like 60.

JUNIOR
By 8%, by 4, by 52.

JACKIE
50.

JUNIOR
Well done you. Just shy of a million, that's nothing to be ashamed of.

JACKIE
8% on a full package. Day-of only,
it's... well, it's less.

JUNIOR
Less.

JACKIE
Hourly. But we're taking on new
employees for a satellite office.
Some sunk costs for training,
developing relationships with a
broader region of vendors, but all
told, we'll double our workload and
recoup the investment in eighteen
months.

JUNIOR
Eh, you shed money when you expand
on manpower. You need property. A
venue. Reduce your operating cost
and maximize revenue.

JACKIE
Expanding manpower buys time.

JUNIOR
Property increases efficiency.
Fixed room, you could rotate three
major events through in a day.

JACKIE
Four. Brunch, lunch, tea, formal
dinner.

JUNIOR
Four a day! Eight a week?

JACKIE
Ten if you throw in a few on
Friday.

JUNIOR
Don't count your chickens. At that
rate, you'd exhaust the pool of
hopeful brides by the next
Olympics.

JACKIE
We count on repeat business.

JUNIOR
Ha!

JACKIE

And don't underestimate the number of young hopefuls. We're smack between an army base and the university. This town is lousy with ambitious love.

JUNIOR

Interesting theory.

JACKIE

(rich laugh)
Ah ha ha ha.

WE HEAR: Junior drain his bottle and smack it on the table.

JUNIOR

Take care of that, would you?

WE HEAR: Junior's chair scoot back.

JACKIE

Are you leaving?

JUNIOR

Calls to make. I'll be in my study, send someone to fetch me when the food's out.

(distant)

Put out coasters. That table is an authentic Johannes Andersen.

WE HEAR: Junior leave.

WE HEAR: growing shouts from the kitchen. An alarming FOOM comes from the kitchen. The smoke detector goes off.

JACKIE

Crap!

WE HEAR: Jackie run to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONT'D

Madness.

WE HEAR: Emma and Katie arguing (below), the waiters arguing (below), the smoke detector beeping, and lots of frantic cooking sounds. (Sizzling, banging, etc) All heavily overlapped.

STU

Jackie! Potholders!

WE HEAR: Jackie take off her jacket, throw it, then unplug the smoke detector.

JACKIE
Use my blazer!

WAITER 1
We need the sink.

EMMA
I've been cooking for two days. You were here, you helped me peel grapes!

KATIE
I saw the progress you were making. There was no way you were going to make your schedule.

EMMA
I started it. I was halfway through.

WE HEAR: dishes clattering. A sizzling pan passes by.

STU
Stuffing secure.

WAITER 2
Make room!

JACKIE
Leave the food alone!

WAITER 1
Zut alors!

WAITER 2
No, no! It's only Jello.

WAITER 1
What makes it... ooze?

WAITER 2
Sorcière.

WAITER 1
Hide it.

WE HEAR: the waiters snickering as they hide the Jello, cabinets opening, bowls moving.

KATIE
The catering was a plan B.

EMMA

You didn't tell me you were making
a plan B!

KATIE

Because if I had, you would have
stopped cooking.

EMMA

If you were going to buy food
anyway--

KATIE

You were peeling grapes at 11
o'clock at night!

STU

Hot pan, coming through! Woah!

WE HEAR: a huge pot of boiling water slop into the sink.

WE HEAR: everyone shriek, water hissing as it hits the floor.
Lobsters scatter. Everyone SHOUTS.

EMMA

Look out! The lobsters!

WAITER 1

Ooh! Grab them!

WAITER 2

Les homards! They're HOT!

WAITER 1

Scalded!

KATIE

AUUUGH! They're still moving!

STU

Where?

WAITER 2

My leg!

WE HEAR: Stu slam a pot and a mallet on the floor.

KATIE

THE CLAWS ARE MOVING!

JACKIE

EVERYBODY SHUT UP!

Everyone falls silent. In the sudden quiet...

WE HEAR: rolling pots, steam, falling beans, the waiters struggling to conceal lobsters in their shirts.

WAITER 2

(low)

Put one in your shirt.

WAITER 1

(low)

The claws! Hot hot hot.

WE HEAR: Jackie shuts the faucet off. The Foley falls out.

WAITER 2

Tsst!

WAITER 1

(low)

Smiles.

WAITER 2

No no. Sérieux.

The waiters make frowning sounds.

JACKIE

The lobsters are not moving. You are not scalded. Now. HOW.

EMMA

Catering! They brought catering! When she knew I was cooking, Trip's dad KNEW I was cooking. She even brought an extra turkey! Then he didn't order it last night, did he? You have to reserve turkeys weeks in advance!

KATIE

Patrick always brings staff in from the hotel for party functions and it only makes sense to bring in some backup options for food in case this... menu didn't come to fruition. I didn't order the turkey, Patrick ordered the turkey. He could reserve a turkey any time he wants!

JACKIE (CONT'D)

ZIP.

STU

Kinda got away from me, boss.

JACKIE

Reality check. Stu is the responsible adult in the room.

EMMA

Oh god.

STU

All right!

JACKIE

Katie. What *did* you bring?

KATIE

Turkey.

JACKIE

Dead.

KATIE

Mashed potatoes, macaroni and
cheese, rolls, gravy, cranberry
sauce, stuffing, green beans, sweet
potatoes. You know. Traditional.

EMMA

I *would* have made potatoes--

JACKIE

Mashed potatoes, gravy,
cranberries, and green beans can
stay. What kind of macaroni?

KATIE

What?

JACKIE

Soupy like Velveeta or dry like a
cheddar roux?

KATIE

Velveeta.

JACKIE

Macaroni's out. Got that?

WAITERS 1 & 2

Oui.

JACKIE

Emma, take this beer to the garage.

EMMA

But--

JACKIE

You know what? No. This one's mine.
Get a fresh one. Go sit outside.
Katie, go change your clothes.
Marcel Marceau, put the food on the
table.

WAITER 1
Oui!

WAITER 2
At once, madame!

JACKIE
(low)
I counted the lobsters. I will
overlook exactly one theft each. Ça
va?

WAITER 2
Mademoiselle!

WAITER 1
Ça va!

WE HEAR: the waiters get to work.

JACKIE
Stu?

STU
Yes?

JACKIE
You did right.

STU
Hooray!

EXT. GARAGE -- CONT'D

TRIP
Emma Bishop. Emma Marie Bishop.
Will you... wait. Marie? Marie.
Mary. Emma Mary... Emma Mary?
Mariel.

WE HEAR: the door open, Emma enter.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Oh! What's your middle name?

EMMA
Lauren.

TRIP
Lauren?

WE HEAR: Emma open Trip's beer and sit down hard next to him.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

EMMA

Katie brought food.

TRIP

Potatoes?

EMMA

All the food! A whole catered
stupid perfect dinner.

TRIP

We'll eat yours.

EMMA

We're eating both. Parts of both.
Stu saved the stuffing.

TRIP

The stuffing looked fine.

EMMA

It's the onions. Caramelizing takes
so *long*. First I had the heat too
high and the onions burned. Then I
turned it way low and when I
checked it, this black crust was
all over the pan.

TRIP

You burned them on high AND low
heat.

EMMA

I hate cooking.

TRIP

We should serve it flambe. It'll be
like a three cheese blend, but
three kinds of scorched carbon.

EMMA

I thought I'd like cooking.

TRIP

Maybe you hate Martha Stewart.

EMMA

Bite your tongue!

(beat)

I mean, *steamed clams*. It's so...

TRIP
Sinister?

EMMA
Seductive. Throw 'em in a pot!
Done!

TRIP
The rosemary shortbread was cruel.

WE HEAR: Trip kiss Emma's head.

EMMA
She knew I couldn't do it.

TRIP
Martha?

EMMA
Katie. She took one look at that
recipe list and those stupid boiled
grapes--

WE HEAR: Trip try to kiss Emma despite her talking.

TRIP
Peeled.

EMMA
Boiled, then peeled. She set me up
for failure!

TRIP
Katie?

EMMA
Martha. They failure is baked right
into the recipes. Either it looks
like a mess and is delicious or it
looks like the picture and tastes
terrible.

WE HEAR: Trip successfully kiss Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
They have to keep your self esteem
low. Happy people don't buy
magazines.

TRIP
Emma.

EMMA

Oh jeez. I've given out so many magazines over the years.

TRIP

Emma Lauren Bishop.

EMMA

Are all our brides this deeply unhappy?

TRIP

Bridal magazines don't have crab boil recipes in them. Emma. Lauren. Bishop.

EMMA

Are you okay?

TRIP

No.

EMMA

Me either.

TRIP

Oh. The house?

EMMA

And your dad. And Katie. God, how did I forget that Katie would be here this week? I feel like I'm--

TRIP

Under a microscope.

EMMA

Yet somehow also incredibly isolated. I have a new appreciation for the Shining.

TRIP

I'm... I wanted to bring you up here. But maybe I shouldn't have.

EMMA

No, really, it's wonderful.

TRIP

Wonderful.

EMMA

The trees are... very lovely.

TRIP

It's creepy and big and kind of cold. I forgot it was creepy, big, and cold.

(beat)

I mean... it's you. Knowing you. Maybe I forgot there was such a thing as cold.

EMMA

Shut up!

Gaze beat. Trip is 100% sure.

TRIP

It's been a year--

WE HEAR: a spoon banging around in a pot like a dinner bell.

STU

(distant)

COME GET YER LOVE-ER-LY GRUB!

EMMA

Firing squad.

TRIP

Everyone will love it.

WE HEAR: more little pecks.

WE HEAR: Trip and Emma walk into the dining room.

WE HEAR: light hubbub of Stu, Jackie, Waiters, and Katie getting their seats.

WE HEAR: Jackie squeeze Emma.

JACKIE

Happy?

EMMA

Calmer.

(to Stu)

No, no, no, don't unfold the napkins yet!

JACKIE

Calmer.

(low, to Trip)

J'need another ten minutes?

TRIP
 Don't push.
 (to Stu)
 Stu!

STU
 Third!

TRIP
 Katie!

KATIE
 Hi.

WE HEAR: Katie and Trip air kiss hello. Trip splutters.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Oh! Sorry! Sorry!

TRIP
 Augh! I almost lost an eye. Those
 are crazy earrings.

KATIE
 You like 'em? They're too much.

TRIP
 Versailles missing some of its
 pointier chandeliers.

KATIE
 I never even wear jewelry, but your
 father gave them to me the other
 week and I haven't had occasion to
 wear them yet--

TRIP
 When?

KATIE
 I don't know. First week of
 November. Totally out of the blue.
 The watch was last week. I think he
 noticed I never wore the earrings.

TRIP
 (whistles)
 Chopard.

KATIE
 At least I can use this. I just
 feel a little guilty letting
 emeralds sit in a drawer.

TRIP

(off)

Well... you look great. They suit you.

KATIE

Ha! Liar.

WE HEAR: Katie perform her musical laugh again. Everyone responds with their own version of "uh."

STU

Is this a blessings house or no? I know a good one.

TRIP

Let 'er rip.

STU

Bless this turkey, bless the mash, open the windows and light a match--

EMMA

STU.

TRIP

(low, to Jackie)

Still got it?

JACKIE

Right here, in my pocket.

TRIP

Good.

(to a waiter)

'Scuse me. Could you ring for my father? Study.

FRENCH WAITER 2

Oui, Monsieur.

WE HEAR: the waiter exit, a distant buzzer ring twice.

STU

Lord give us a bounty and the bowels to endure it.

JACKIE

Stu!

KATIE

This all looks wonderful.

EMMA
 (stiff)
 Thank you.

KATIE
 The centerpieces are so elaborate.
 How long did it take you to make
 all these paper flowers?

STU
 Bless this bread, keep us fed,
 until the day that we are dead.

Jackie groans.

WAITER 2
 (low)
 M'sieur. Your father is engaged on
 the telephone.

TRIP
 (sigh)
 Fine. Thank you.

EMMA
 A season's worth of Golden Girls.
 Whatever that comes out to. It went
 fast, I had a kit. And Trip helped.

KATIE
 Really?

EMMA
 Well, he glued things.

KATIE
 I would have helped.

EMMA
 You did.

STU
 O Saint Peter, bless this trout,
 for what goes in must soon come
 out.

TRIP
 Good!

JACKIE
 Except it's turkey, not fish.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Trip laugh. Wine poured.

EMMA

Maybe next year, I should stick to the table decorations and let you order the catering.

KATIE

We'll have another shot at Christmas.

EMMA

Oh, that's right.

KATIE

What do people eat at Christmas?

EMMA

I don't know. Ham? We always end up eating leftover stuffed chicken breasts. Except one year, someone had goose.

KATIE

We should do a goose!

EMMA

Only if you kill it.

Katie laughs her musical laugh. Emma, less so.

JACKIE

Do a serious one.

STU

Okay, okay. Ummmm... God grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change... the grace to change things that need to be swapped, and the wisdom.

Beat. (Underscore with glass clink)

JACKIE

To?

STU

Think about them.

TRIP

Good enough for me.

STU

Amen.

WE HEAR: plates begin to clink.

KATIE

Wait, we can't start without Patrick.

TRIP

He'll come along eventually.

EMMA

No, no. We should wait.

WE HEAR: Sighs. Forks drop on plates.

TRIP

I'll get him. Make me a plate.
(to Emma)
Grab the wishbone.

WE HEAR: a glass slam on the table.

JACKIE

AHEM.

TRIP

Back in a minute.

WE HEAR: Trip exit.

INT. JUNIOR'S STUDY -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: Trip knock twice and enter.

WE HEAR: a pen scratching, the second line on the phone beeping. The murmur of someone on the other end of the phone.

JUNIOR

Well, find him.

(beat)

It's two o'clock. No one's out of touch at two o'clock.

(beat)

He's Canadian! What business has he got celebrating Thanksgiving?

(beat)

All right, American Thanksgiving.

(to Trip)

What?

TRIP

Dinner's on.

JUNIOR

I know.

TRIP
We're waiting on you.

JUNIOR
Why?

TRIP
The girls insisted.

JUNIOR
Yours?

TRIP
Yours too.

JUNIOR
Eugh. United front.
(back to phone)
Call him again, then call me back.
(beat)
No, hold until you get him. Then
call me back.

WE HEAR: Junior hang up the phone.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
18 blasted months until the
governor puts a wrecking ball
through 14 million in brand new
drywall and wiring and the whole
damn board is watching Charlie
Brown! All right, I've got twenty
minutes. Did you already carve?

TRIP
No, but--

JUNIOR
Wasting time.

WE HEAR: desk drawers open and shut, a safe lock being spun
open.

TRIP
Um. Sir.

JUNIOR
Mm?

TRIP
When you asked Mom to marry you,
what did you say?

JUNIOR
 C'mon, Trudie. Put your socks on.
 (snorts)
 I don't know. We'd been together
 about six months. I had to move to
 a new town, start a new job. Those
 days, you didn't live with a woman
 unless she was your mother or your
 wife, so...

WE HEAR: the safe crack open. Junior puts a binder in.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Why?

TRIP
 Never thought to ask.

JUNIOR
 Thinking about asking your girl?

TRIP
 Well.

JUNIOR
 Ha! Good for you. Well, forget what
 I said to your mother. Hardly worth
 telling. I got much better with
 practice. Remember number three?

TRIP
 Beth?

JUNIOR
 Trisha.

TRIP
 Trish was number four.

JUNIOR
 Well, that was the best one. I had
 swans. Birds are always good. If
 you can, work birds into the
 proposal. Always romantic.

TRIP
 I *did* have a bird in mind, but
 Jackie--
 (turn)
 What's that?

WE HEAR: Junior take something out of the safe and close it.
 The lock spins. Junior taps the box.

JUNIOR
 Hm? Oh, just something. For the
 wife.

TRIP
 Jewelry.

JUNIOR
 Yes.

TRIP
 How much?

JUNIOR
 Impertinent. Come on, seventeen
 minutes and counting.

TRIP
 The earrings are at least, what,
 10K. The watch was 30.

JUNIOR
 20! Please. I'd never buy a watch
 with stones in it.

WE HEAR: Trip grab the box and open it.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Patrick!

TRIP
 Diamonds. Dad.

JUNIOR
 Tone.

WE HEAR: Junior snatch the box back and snap it shut.

TRIP
 Not today. Please.

JUNIOR
 My wife, I'll spoil her if I want.

TRIP
 You have to spoil her on the *one*
day I'm...

JUNIOR
Tone.

TRIP
 I brought the ring with me. I'm
 asking Emma today.
 (MORE)

TRIP (CONT'D)

Can you please sit on the freaking diamonds for twelve hours?

JUNIOR

You're serious.

TRIP

Yes.

JUNIOR

This is the one?

TRIP

Yes.

JUNIOR

Why didn't you say so? Ha! My son, definitely my son. Never waste time with a woman. When we make up our mind, feet first!

TRIP

It's not *that* quick. We've been dating for a year.

JUNIOR

Fatherly advice.

TRIP

Almost a year. Eleven months.

JUNIOR

I got Trisha out in the middle of the lake on your grandfather's blasted canoe, had the gamekeeper waiting on my cue and I said, "Trisha, my darling--"

TRIP

Dad!

JUNIOR

"Trisha, my darling. I've always been a lonely man. I made my peace with that lot. I was prepared. Then you alighted into my window."

TRIP

Alighted.

JUNIOR

Shh. "You alighted..."

TRIP
I *remember* Trisha.

JUNIOR
"Into my window."

TRIP
Trisha never really "alighted".

JUNIOR
"Like a bird on a wire."

TRIP
Hoved into view.

JUNIOR
"And it ruined me. From that moment. I've had no peace. No comfort. My heart was commanded to love you, and with that love was the very real possibility that I might not secure yours. I beg you. Darling. Give me peace again. Marry me."

TRIP
Wow.

JUNIOR
I tell you. Better every try.

TRIP
It's good. No, it is. But... is that really all you said to mom? "Trudie, put your socks on."

JUNIOR
We got married in the courthouse.

TRIP
Was there a conversation before that, where you made up your minds?

JUNIOR
I had a job in Houston. We had to move.

TRIP
But what did she say?

JUNIOR
I can't remember. What does it have to do with anything?

TRIP

It's mom.

JUNIOR

And thirty-seven years ago. Sort of a blur, I asked Marsha Epstein first. She was my "steady" girlfriend, but she had a job waiting on her in Syracuse. Your mother was my Friday Night girl.

TRIP

What?

JUNIOR

She was a pistol. Red underwear back when you had to order that sort of thing out of a catalogue! Lord she hated me towards the end.

TRIP

What?

JUNIOR

(fond)

Boy, she could whip a dish. Those were heavy dishes back then, the hotel dishes. Built 'em to be loaded into the oven, withstand a dishwasher spray that would strip the paint off a Volkswagen.

TRIP

What?

JUNIOR

We should have divorced right after you were born, but I was \$500,000 in debt on the first hotel and we were living in vacant rooms between renovations. Couldn't afford the payroll, much less attorney fees.

TRIP

What?

JUNIOR

Then you got old enough to talk, and it seemed cruel. Then her stroke came, and... Well, I'll give her that, she saved the chain. Her life insurance paid off the Dallas property.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

If it weren't for her, you'd be
paying down a hundred thousand in
student loans working nights at H&R
Block.

Trip is audibly speechless.

WE HEAR: Junior adjusting his coat and collar. A click and a
watch ticking.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Sixteen minutes. Come on.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: hand slapping.

Jackie, Emma, Stu, and Katie are playing "Down by the Banks."

ALL

Down by the banks of the Hanky
Panky where the bull frogs jump
from bank to banky with an oops,
eeps, oops, ops, one missed a lily
and he went ker-plop!

WE HEAR: plates and glasses clank, a chair skid as Emma jumps
away. Too late.

EMMA

Augh!

JACKIE

AUGH HAAAAA. OUT!

The song is resumed with just Jackie, Stu, and Katie, going
faster. This time Jackie is hit out.

WE HEAR: all the dishes rattle when Katie hits.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Ker-plow.

KATIE

OUT!

Katie and Stu resume the song, singing and slapping as fast
as possible.

JACKIE

Geez.

EMMA

Right?

STU

ONE MISSED HIS LILY AND HE
WENT KER-PLOP!

KATIE

ONE MISSED HIS LILY AND HE
WENT KER-PLOP!

WE HEAR: the dishes rattle, decisive slaps, and a scramble.

JACKIE

Whoa!

EMMA

Ice bucket!

WE HEAR: Jackie catch the bucket and a few pieces of ice
spill across the floor.

WE HEAR: Katie and Stu roar with laughter. We hear Jackie
reset the bucket and put the bottle back in the ice.

STU

Look! You left a *handprint!*

KATIE

Let's go again!

EMMA AND JACKIE

No.

WE HEAR: Emma resetting the glasses and plates.

KATIE

Do you know Hot Cockles?

STU

No.

KATIE

Slap Jack!

STU

Yes!

EMMA

No! No more slapping games! How
about I Spy?

STU

That one's boring.

EMMA

Well then be bored.

STU

Ugh!

WE HEAR: the door open. Chairs scrape as everyone jumps to their feet.

JUNIOR

No, no, keep your seats. You, gin and tonic, lemon peel.

TRIP

Same.

The waiters don't respond.

JACKIE

Marceau.

WAITER 2

Oh! Oui.

WE HEAR: the drink being fixed, everyone getting into their seats.

JUNIOR

Trip, carve.

WE HEAR: Trip sit heavily, drain his gin.

EMMA

(whisper)

Hey. Okay?

TRIP

Fine. Fine. Fine. Fine. Is that the electric knife?

WE HEAR: an electric knife carving up the turkey.

JUNIOR

Turkey and lobster! What kind of decadence is that?

WE HEAR: Katie's weird musical laugh.

EMMA

What can I pass everybody?

JUNIOR

Hold a minute.

WE HEAR: Junior's drink set down. He takes a sip.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Bless this food to our use and us
 to thy purpose, amen.

WE HEAR: a ripple of amens, clinking of serving spoons.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 All right, load the tank. Kate,
 which ones did you do?

WE HEAR: Emma audibly flinch.

KATIE
 Green beans. Potatoes--

JUNIOR
 Which potatoes?

KATIE
 The *orange* ones are very good.
 Right, Stu? Orange?

STU
 Hm? Oh!
 (searching)
 Nooooooot as goooooood as these
 napkins.

KATIE
 Hm.

STU
 Jackie, that is a lovely *sweater*.

KATIE
 Mmmm.

JACKIE
 Katie, may I offer you some
carrots?

KATIE
 Yes!

STU
 Gah!

JUNIOR
 Ten minutes. I can pack away a
 plate in ten.

KATIE
 I could do it in eight.

EMMA AND JACKIE
 (mouths full)
 Six.

STU
 Less if it's a meatball sub.

EMMA
Thank you, Stu.

WE HEAR: Katie's weird musical laugh, Junior guffaw.

Jackie has begun to recognize the tune in Katie's laugh.

JACKIE
 What is that?

EMMA
 What?

JACKIE
 Listen.
 (aloud)
 That's nothing. Emma can fit five
 Fig Newtons in her mouth and still
 whistle Dixie.

WE HEAR: Katie laugh harder, still musical.

EMMA
 Mean! What did I...
 (beat)
 Oh, I hear it now.

Jackie hums a bit, trying to place it.

STU
 Jackie? *Spy* something you would
 like?

JACKIE
 Something dull and thick.

STU
 Mean.

JUNIOR
 First six years I owned a hotel, I
 ate every single meal standing up
 over a sink or the potted plant in
 my office.

KATIE
I haven't had a meal that wasn't
turkey jerky or a protein bar in 72
hours.

WE HEAR: a phone ring, Junior jump out of his chair.

JUNIOR
That's Lauderdale.

KATIE
You were taking the afternoon off!

JUNIOR
Turkey's cold now. It'll still be
cold in ten minutes!

KATIE
So call them back in...

WE HEAR: Junior exit, the door shut.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(losing steam)
Ten. Minutes.

STU
That potted plant must have been
awfully GREEN.

JACKIE
Beans.

STU
Nope.

EMMA
Candlesticks.

STU
Nope.

KATIE
I traded three Saturdays to get
today off.

Sulky beat.

TRIP
Um. Since we have a minute.

WE HEAR: Trip thump his glass with a fork. Ding!

EMMA

Ooh! Toasts! Let's go around the table, say what we're all thankful for.

KATIE

I'll go.

TRIP

I'll go.

STU

I'm thankful for the GREEN grass and GREEN Skittles and cactuses and turtles--

TRIP

I'm--

KATIE

I'm thankful for change. This time last year, I was kicking flowers down a lobby in a dumb wool sheath I bought with a gas station credit card. But now? It's like a million miles away. Grown woman! Wife!

JACKIE

Jackie O!

EMMA

Dr. Jackie O!

KATIE

Rephrase: things change. Everything changes. But some things stand still. I'm thankful to stand still with you and remember how it felt to... I mean, they say you never know who you really marry, well, sometimes it kind of feels like OH. EARRINGS!

STU

YOU GOT IT!

Katie and Stu laugh crazily, victorious.

EMMA

Aw, Katie!

TRIP

I'm thankful for you too, Katie. Best... step mother... best gal in the bunch. I know my life, definitely my dad's life, has changed for the better since you came into the family.

(MORE)

TRIP (CONT'D)

The crazy downhill toboggan ride
bringing you brought Emma too! Uh,
it turns out.

(low)
Jackie?

JACKIE

(hissing)
Mulligan. Mulligan.

EMMA

What?

TRIP

And I'm thankful for Jackie and
Stu. Who also are... the best pals.
To the ladies! And Stu.

STU

Aww. Really?

WE HEAR: Trip flop down.

JACKIE

Cool. I'm thankful for--

WE HEAR: Trip stand up, bumping the table.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Nope? Okay.

TRIP

Last thing. Jackie?

JACKIE

Y'sure? Okay.

WE HEAR: Jackie unzip her pocket.

TRIP

Emma.

JUNIOR

GENIUS!

WE HEAR: Junior re-enter.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

We can do it! Save our skin from
the wrecking ball!

Everyone responds with varying shades of : "What? How?"

KATIE

The lawyers came through!

JUNIOR

Lord no. That judge is bent harder than a coffin nail. No, no, no. We'll turn her out like a racehorse. Pack out high value, then strip the parts, put her out to stud. 18 months to foreclosure, 4 weekends a month--

JACKIE

No.

EMMA

What?

JUNIOR

Eleven reception slots in a weekend.

TRIP

Dad?

JUNIOR

For the next year, Winthrop Suites is a wedding factory. Kick it off with you kids, throw the biggest wedding the state's seen since I paid the town of Pecos a quarter mil to paint a hundred head of steer pink. 600 plates, orchestra, put Miss Emma in a ball gown that'd blow the Queen of England's skirt up. Who wouldn't want a picture of that?

EMMA

What?

JUNIOR

You'll love it. Cover of every magazine in the country. Airbrush out anything you want. Where's that necklace box. There! For you, sweet pea.

TRIP

DAD.

WE HEAR: Emma open the necklace box, hear the necklace clinking.

EMMA

I'm not... we're not...

JACKIE

You're going into the wedding business? YOU'RE going into the wedding business!

EMMA

WHAT.

TRIP

We're not engaged YET, Patrick.

JUNIOR

Glory, son. D'ja need ten more minutes?

JACKIE

Eleven a week! We have receptions booked in the ball room through next April.

JUNIOR

Cancelled.

EMMA AND JACKIE

WHAT?

JUNIOR

Business necessity. Full court press is our only solution.

Everyone responds with their own version of : "NO!"

EMMA

You can't do that!

JACKIE

Our clients have been planning for months.

EMMA

Deposits!

JACKIE

Are YOU going to kick them out to the Elks Lodge?

EMMA

Or a public park!

JACKIE

In November!

JUNIOR

They can still have their parties,
just as scheduled. They'll just
have to re-book through the hotel.

EMMA AND JACKIE

AUGH.

Emma and Jackie yell over each other.

EMMA

We have contracts. Signed
agreements that we will take
to arbitration! Without 30
days notice, we have a right
to pecuniary damages! Up to
five thousand dollars per
contract!

JACKIE

It's ruthlessly inefficient
to build up an in-house event
planning department with an
18-month rip-cord. What
happens, in 18 months you rip
out the works and move to
Mexico?

JUNIOR

Lord, no. If we succeed, we expand.

The girls gasp.

TRIP

How can you do this?

JUNIOR

You should be thrilled! This saves
the business!

TRIP

Killing theirs!

JUNIOR

It's your future!

TRIP

They're FAMILY.

JUNIOR

Them? They're girls who eat your
food and shout over each other.

TRIP

And that's nothing!

JUNIOR

It's not blood! It's not the name!
This is your inheritance! It's my
legacy!

TRIP

Give me the necklace.

EMMA

I, uh--

WE HEAR: Trip snap the jewelry box shut and slam it on the table.

TRIP

Return it! Or give it to Katie. He bought it for you.

KATIE

What?

TRIP

Do you have a Scrooge McDuck vault of gemstones somewhere? SELL THEM. SELL THE HOTEL. WHO CARES?

JUNIOR

Our shareholders. And I can't put my *personal* funds into a public--

TRIP

Katie, are you ever going to wear that necklace?

(to Junior)

You realize she's a doctor, right? She can't even wear her engagement ring at work. You KNOW she won't wear the earrings.

JUNIOR

You are out of line.

WE HEAR: the phone start ringing, Junior scoot back from the table.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Dinner is over. Don't be here when I get back.

TRIP

You're kicking us out?

JACKIE

We're not done!

JUNIOR

Go to the garage, your room, the stables, Tennessee. I don't care.

STU

(low)

Stables.

EMMA AND JACKIE

Not now.

TRIP

(to Katie)

You know, by accepting those gifts, you're compromising your position in alimony negotiations. He's buying you out.

ALL

What?

JUNIOR

Ungrateful.

KATIE

Wait. Are you planning to divorce me?

TRIP

Cheap. You're cold and you're cheap!

JUNIOR

It's your inheritance! Every cent had to be cobbled together with thin profits and risky ventures. Begged! Borrowed! Stolen! If you knew how often we've been this close to destitution, you'd applaud me for taking the pains to protect it!

TRIP

APPLAUD YOU?

KATIE

Tell me what this necklace is for!

JUNIOR

PATRICK.

(to Katie)

Sweetheart.

TRIP

I humor you. I obey you. I do your taxes, I run payroll, I keep my mouth shut while you run around and play Emperor, but if you want clapping!

KATIE

TELL ME WHAT THE NECKLACE IS FOR.

Everyone falls silent.

JUNIOR
 It's just something special. I
 wanted you to enjoy the holidays.
 (beat)
 I wasn't going to broach the
 subject until New Years.

Katie lets out a vengeful scream.

WE HEAR: the earrings snap off her ears. Katie throws her earrings against the wall. The box bounces on the floor.

KATIE
 EMERALDS. DIAMONDS. GOLD.

WE HEAR: Katie climb up on the table and Jackie, Stu, and Emma pull away their glasses and plates.

STU
 (low)
 Woaaaaah.

JACKIE
 Plates, plates, plates.

EMMA
 Katie?

STU
 Katie!

WE HEAR: Katie fumbling with the watch clasp.

KATIE
 Am I THAT stupid?

TRIP
 Katie Katie Katie Katie.

WE HEAR: the watch crack against the wall.

KATIE
 One year! You can't even make it
 one year?

JUNIOR
 It's not been easy. With your
 schedule, my demands--

WE HEAR: Katie punctuate her sentences by kicking plates off the table.

KATIE

MY schedule? NO. Have I had five wives? NO! Do I employ two separate drivers so I don't even have to share a car with my wife? GOD. Those stupid earrings!

JUNIOR

GET OFF THE TABLE.

EMMA

Turkey!

STU

Hungh!

WE HEAR: Stu snatch the turkey platter off the table.

JUNIOR

You knew who I was!

KATIE

Older than me! Fatter than me! Don't for a minute think you're smarter than me! Or maybe not! The wining, the dining, the stupid, stupid swans!

EMMA

Oh god.

WE HEAR: the phone ringing again.

KATIE

LOOK AT ME GIRLS. I'M THE SUCKER. But I'm the last wife you're ever gonna have.

WE HEAR: the electric knife roar to life.

ALL

Woah! No no no!

JUNIOR

Honey. It hasn't even come to that.

KATIE

Oh, swear by it. I'll fight every paper you send me. I'll be in the ear of every fresh set of legs you find. I'll put it newspapers, I'll write it in the sky. I will salt the Earth!

JUNIOR

Honey.

KATIE

I'll consider it part of my
Hippocratic Oath! My duty to the
female sex!

JUNIOR

(strangled)

Honey.

KATIE

I'll burn down my half of the house
and dance on the ashes! DO NO HARM!
DO NO HARM!

WE HEAR: Junior cry out twice and collapse, taking a lot of
plates with him.

TRIP

Dad!

KATIE

(annoyed)

Crap.

WE HEAR: Katie jump down from the table.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Move back. Patrick? Patrick! Stu,
scissors from the kitchen.

WE HEAR: running feet, ripping cloth.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Patrick! Pulse is going.

(to Trip)

Trip. Time?

TRIP

2:43.

KATIE

Emma, call an ambulance, then call
down to the gate house and tell
them to be ready to receive. Trip,
follow me. Ten and ten. Little
crack.

WE HEAR: the sound of CPR, a siren kick up in the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

WE HEAR: siren die back, light hospital noise.

PAGE
Dr. Rein to Maternity.

STU
Blue.

EMMA
(hushed)
Stu.

JACKIE
(hushed)
S'ok, honey.

Beat.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Vending machine?

STU
No.

JACKIE
Scrubs.

STU
Yes... but which scrubs?

JACKIE
Blonde orderly.

STU
Nope.

JACKIE
Double butt.

WE HEAR: Emma giggle a little, if tearfully.

STU
Nope.

JACKIE
Weirdy beardy.

WE HEAR: Emma giggle a little stronger. Stu giggles too.

STU
Nope.

JACKIE
Dr. Redenbacher.

STU
Nope. Wait. What are scrubs again?

JACKIE
The PJs everyone's wearing.

STU
Oh! I thought it was the scrubby things that guy's wearing on his shoes.

ALL
Oh.

EMMA
They might be scrubs too.

JACKIE
I don't know.

STU
I'll ask.

WE HEAR: Stu get up, Jackie drag him back down.

JACKIE
Leave it.

WE HEAR: a door open, Katie's stompy footsteps marching through, followed by Trip.

KATIE
They're moving him.

TRIP
They're moving him.

KATIE
Elevator!

WE HEAR: everyone get up and follow Katie.

EMMA
Where?

KATIE
Third floor.

STU
What's on the third floor?

JACKIE
Is he alive?

KATIE
Alive.

STU
Is it serious?

KATIE
No.

ORDERLY
Family only from here.

TRIP
But--

ORDERLY
Family only!

WE HEAR: the elevator ding impatiently.

TRIP
Emma.

EMMA
I'll be here. Go!

WE HEAR: Trip run to catch the elevator.

WE HEAR: Emma, Jackie, and Stu walk back to their seats.

JACKIE
Well. That sounded positive.

EMMA
Yeah.

JACKIE
Alive. Not serious.

STU
Katie would know.

EMMA
That's right.

JACKIE
Lucky she was there.

EMMA
Shouting.

JACKIE

Imagine if he told her while they were alone.

EMMA

He never would have chosen to tell her in person. Just change the locks. Send a text.

JACKIE

Katie will be okay.

EMMA

Yeah.

(beat)

That might have been the best thing I've ever seen.

JACKIE

Mythic. Hera kicking the crap out of a swan.

EMMA

She really loved him. Remember?

JACKIE

She loved the way he made her feel about herself.

STU

Isn't that the same?

JACKIE

Not always.

STU

Is Mr. Winthrop really going to put us out of business?

JACKIE

I don't know.

EMMA

Where did this come from? Mr. Winthrop in the wedding business.

JACKIE

(lie)

I don't know.

EMMA

He hates this stuff. "A niche market but the women seem to like it."

STU
He must've been researching a while. Eleven slots a week?

JACKIE
Excellent question, *Stuart*.

EMMA
What's his idea of a big wedding anyway?

STU
(imitating Junior)
I'll do you a real good reception. Disco ball, mirrored dance floor, live parrots stuffed right up under the tablecloths.

JACKIE
He can't pull it off. He doesn't have clients. He doesn't know the vendors. He has no experience!

EMMA
He has money, Jackie.

Beat.

STU
Are we going to get to go back to the mansion?

JACKIE
Probably not.

STU
I left my jacket.

EMMA
I can get it.

JACKIE
Are *you* going back?

EMMA
Oh. Right. I don't know.

JACKIE
Don't. Stu can get another jacket.

STU
It's my nice jacket!

JACKIE
You got it for free from a bank.

STU
I won it from their spin-a-wheel.

JACKIE
And they tricked you into opening a
checking account you have to pay
\$200 a year for.

STU
Worth it. My checks are as big as
my forearm!

EMMA
I'm sure we'll go back. At some
point.

JACKIE
(low)
For the funeral.

EMMA
He's not going to die!

JACKIE
Wishful thinking.

Beat.

STU
Bob Barker uses checks like that. I
saw one in an autograph store.

JACKIE
That is pretty cool.

STU
Do you have any money? Dollars?
Quarters?

EMMA
The vending machine takes cards.

STU
WHAT! Oh, oh my, oh, I--

WE HEAR: Stu run a short distance to the vending machines.

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie chuckle and join him.

WE HEAR: mechanisms whirl to life, a little vending machine
music sting.

WE HEAR: Stu punching buttons, the vending machine mechanisms turning, snacks dropping down to the bottom.

STU (CONT'D)
Honey buns! Lemon cremes! Captain's
wafers! Cupcakes! Pretzels! Pick a
button! Press them all!

WE HEAR: the girls punch buttons at random, treats showering down.

STU (CONT'D)
You sir. Broken leg?

PATIENT #1
Sprained ankle.

STU
Peanut butter cups. Ma'am! What've
you got?

PATIENT #2
The flu.

STU
Licorice! You there! Boy! What day
is it?

PATIENT #3
Christmas day?

STU
Wrong! It's vending Machine
Thanksgiving!

JACKIE
Vending machine Thanksgiving!

STU
Who wants a cinnamon bun? Cinnamon
buns for everyone!

PEOPLE IN THE WAITING ROOM
Yay!

NURSE
Shh!

STU
Oh, shush yourself.

Music swells.

WE HEAR: plastic snack wrappers crinkling.

STU (CONT'D)
 You get a pinwheel! And you get
 Starbursts! You, I like your
 pineapple scrubs. YOU get... a fig
 newton!

WE HEAR: the elevator ding open, Katie's high heels click
 out.

EMMA
 Katie!

JACKIE
 How is it-- I mean, will they--

TRIP
 Not a heart attack.

Emma, Stu, and Jackie all make noises/exclamations of relief.

KATIE
 Pancreatitis. Triggered by food
 poisoning.

EMMA AND JACKIE
 Oh.

KATIE
 Contaminated shellfish.

TRIP
 Katie.

STU
 NO.

EMMA
 Ohhhhhhh god.

TRIP
 It's not your fault.

KATIE
 Who serves lobster for Thanksgiving
 in Texas?

TRIP
 It's not her fault.

JACKIE
 But he'll be okay.

KATIE
 Maybe.

TRIP

I think so.

KATIE

If the intense diarrhoea and vomiting doesn't trigger an aortal collapse in his big fat stupid heart.

TRIP

KATIE.

Katie laughs her crazy National Anthem laugh to its fullest.

STU

Aw. Even if it did, you could get him pumping right away again.

EMMA

Wrong moment.

KATIE

(lots of deep breaths)
No. He's right. Do no harm do no harm do no harm. I'm tired. Can I have a cinnamon bun?

STU

You can have two.

JACKIE

You want us to give you a ride home?

KATIE

Oh. Home. I have to go back *there*.

STU

Alone.

KATIE

I should, I should. I have to work tomorrow and someone has to let the cleaning crew in. I thought it was my home. It isn't, was it? I'm a renter. Even the furniture has its assigned places.

EMMA

Uh.

KATIE

That's what I'm going to do. As soon as I get home, I'm rearranging the furniture. I'm gonna swap the dining room and the sun room! All the couches in the living room, they're going in the hall!

STU

Ottomans in the kitchen!

KATIE

I'll pull the bed downstairs!

STU

Oh! OH! Stools in the shower!

Stu laughs at his poop joke.

KATIE

(serious)

I should get a stool for the shower. And a handrail.

TRIP

Dad's not that old.

KATIE

Not now, but what if there are complications? All it takes is a little misstep. A little tired, a little weak, and little disoriented and BAM.

JACKIE

Why don't we take you to the hotel?

KATIE

No no no, there's too much to do.

EMMA

Then come stay with us.

KATIE

Really?

JACKIE

Well.

EMMA

Really. One night. You can think about your chore list tomorrow.

STU
Can I stay too?

JACKIE
For one DVD.

STU
Yes! Thanksgiving Mansion Heart
Attack Vending Machine Sleepover!

JACKIE
One DVD! It's almost midnight!

STU
Flying Circus!

JACKIE
Katie should pick th--

KATIE
You have Flying Circus?

STU
All 14 DVDS! Grab the candy!

JACKIE
Hey! The Swiss cake rolls are mine!

WE HEAR: Stu, Jackie, and Katie step away and gather up
candy.

EMMA
Coming with?

WE HEAR: Trip let out a breath he's been holding for two
hours.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey.

TRIP
Emma Lauren Bishop.

EMMA
Yeah. Come on. Let's go home.

TRIP
All that food is still out. It's
gonna go bad.

EMMA
We'll call a maid.

TRIP
I want to marry you.

EMMA
Trip.

TRIP
I can't do this without you. I
can't do that again without you.

EMMA
Okay.

TRIP
There are other reasons. I can't
remember them right now. I really
mean it. I was asking today. I was
going to ask today.

EMMA
I mean, okay. Yes, okay.

TRIP
Really?

Trip audibly shuffles through a lot of emotions.

TRIP (CONT'D)
I'm sorry this was so bad.

EMMA
Ask me again tomorrow.

WE HEAR: Emma kiss Trip.

TRIP
Okay. Okay.

WE HEAR: the hospital door open, a gust of cold air, parking
lot noise.

STU
(distant)
Sleepover train, moving out!

TRIP
You go. I've got to take care of
the insurance stuff and go get my
car back from the House.

EMMA
Come later.

TRIP

I'll try.

WE HEAR: Trip walk away. Emma totter out the door.

WE HEAR: Stu pull up in his van. Emma gets in and shuts the door.

Stu and Katie are in the front seats. Emma and Jackie in back. We stay with Emma.

STU

(to Katie)

Radio's broken. We could sing.

KATIE

I don't feel like it.

STU

I could sing.

KATIE

If you want.

STU

Hark how the bells, oh how the
bells, ring ling a ding, zing zing
a ling--

WE HEAR: the car pull out.

JACKIE

(low)

First big family crisis. You got
through it like a classy dame. Like
a First Lady. Duchess of Cambridge.

(beat)

Okay? Hey. Em.

EMMA

Trip asked me to marry him.

JACKIE

Oh no! When? Now?

EMMA

He said he wanted to do it today.
He was planning to do it today. I
don't know if he meant it.

JACKIE

He was. He does!

EMMA
He's freaking out.

JACKIE
No, look.

WE HEAR: Jackie unzip her pocket, the ring box open.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Well, I mean yes, he was definitely
freaking out.

EMMA
Where did you get that?

JACKIE
I made Trip give it to me this
afternoon. He wanted to hide it in
the turkey.

EMMA
Ew!

JACKIE
And like, pull it out with the
wishbone.

EMMA
Oh. Aw, well... it's kind of sweet.

JACKIE
He meant it. Did you mean it?

EMMA
What?

JACKIE
You said yes, right?

EMMA
Yes.

JACKIE
You meant it?

EMMA
Yes. Yes? Yes.

JACKIE
You don't have to decide now--

EMMA
No, I'm sure. Yes.

JACKIE
 Okay. Then... ding ding ding! Lady
 wins a prize!

EMMA
 I should really wait to let Trip
 put the ring on.

JACKIE
 Fair.

WE HEAR: Jackie start to close the box. (squeaky hinge)

EMMA
 He wouldn't know the difference if
 I tried it on once.

JACKIE
 No difference at all!

EMMA
 Sixty seconds.

JACKIE
 Take 90. You've had a hard day.

WE HEAR: the box open, the ring taken out and put on Emma's
 hand.

EMMA
 Loose.

JACKIE
 Hold it down with your thumb.

EMMA
 Not bad.

JACKIE
 Antique. Van Cleef.

EMMA
 Better.
 (beat)
 It doesn't feel real.

JACKIE
 Nothing does. This was a bizarre
 day. It'll be better tomorrow.

EMMA
 Oh god. I'm going to have a
 husband. I'm going to have to get a
 mortgage.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And I'll have to throw away all my posters. I don't know what my credit score is.

JACKIE

Whoa buddy.

EMMA

Here. Put the ring away for a little while.

JACKIE

Just til tomorrow.

WE HEAR: the box shut, Jackie's pocket zip shut.

EMMA

Tomorrow.

WE HEAR: Stu start tapping the horn along to his song. Someone shouts at him as they drive past.

END EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2

INT. TRIP'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: rain.

FRENCH WAITER 2

(noir pacing)

Dark tonight. Heavy dark. The orchestra is the hum of the dishwasher. An industrial vacuum cleaner in the hall. Rain beating down on the roof so high overhead, you feel nothing. Absolutely nothing. It might not be real. Maybe you are not real. If you were to panic... push your forefinger and thumb right up under your ribs, I wonder if you could feel you heart beat. Is that enough? Is flesh enough? Can we really be called "alive"?

FRENCH WAITER 1

Carrément.

TRIP

Um.

FRENCH WAITER 2

Would monsieur like to see the wine list?

TRIP

No, but if you could bring up some champagne on ice--

FRENCH WAITER 2

I will kill a man in Morocco.

TRIP

Okay.

FRENCH WAITER 1

Never! Morocco!

FRENCH WAITER 2

Indiana.

TRIP

Just the bucket and some ice.

FRENCH WAITER 1
I see. A man?

FRENCH WAITER 2
For honor.

TRIP
And the bottle.

FRENCH WAITER 2
He was my sister's lover. Her
tormentor.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Vachement!

TRIP
Or I could get it.

FRENCH WAITER 2
I mean, she liked him a whole lot.
I don't know if he knew her. He was
her driving instructor or
something.

TRIP
Can you hear me? You're looking
right at me.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Still! To exercise such shameful
neglect. To deny a pining beauty.

TRIP
Mm.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Eh. Beauty is a strong word.

FRENCH WAITER 1
To crush a youthful hope!

TRIP
Mhmm.

FRENCH WAITER 2
She is forty-five.

FRENCH WAITER 1
To refuse an innocent yearning any
hint of acknowledgement!

TRIP
Yep.

FRENCH WAITER 2
He is married. And she stole his
dog.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Ah.

TRIP
There it is.

FRENCH WAITER 2
But still!

FRENCH WAITER 1
Still! Pah!

FRENCH WAITER 2
Pah!

FRENCH WAITER 1
Are you driving the Camry?

FRENCH WAITER 2
The Hyundai. Tires are better for
the rain.

TRIP
WINE LIST.

FRENCH WAITER 2
At once, monsieur.

WE HEAR: a menu flip open.

TRIP
The Cava. On ice. Thank you.

WE HEAR: the waiters depart. The elevator dings.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Rude.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Very rude.

WE HEAR: Emma enter as they depart.

EMMA
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I
couldn't get away. I'm here! Is it
too late to go out?

TRIP
Unless you want to go to Waffle
House.

EMMA
Oh. Maybe.

TRIP
No, not really.

EMMA
Now you got me thinking about hash
browns.

TRIP
If you want--

EMMA
No, you're right, you're right,
you're right. Hotel proposal is
fine.

TRIP
We don't have to stay in my office.

EMMA
No, this is perfect. Candles,
tablecloth, soft music, spinny
chairs.

WE HEAR: a quick kiss hello.

TRIP
Did you bring the ring?

EMMA
Oh! Yes. Here.

WE HEAR: the ring box put on the table.

TRIP
Did you look?

EMMA
No! Nooo. No.
(beat)
I had it sized.

TRIP
Good.

EMMA
It was too big.

TRIP
Good good good. Should we start?

EMMA
Oh! Um. Sure. Whenever.

TRIP
I sent down to the kitchen for some champagne. Or, um, brut. It should only be a minute.

EMMA
Great!

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
How's your dad?

TRIP
Can I ask you something?

EMMA (CONT'D)
What?

TRIP
No, you go.

EMMA
How's your dad?

TRIP
The nurse gave him a bell.

EMMA
Oof.

TRIP
I don't know. Better. Nurse is only working days now.

EMMA
Talked to him?

TRIP
No.

EMMA
Is he sleeping most of the time?

WE HEAR: the fax machine roar to life. Trip sighs.

TRIP
Awake enough to run a fax machine. He put in an order for five gross of those gold cane banquet chairs and a billion champagne glasses.

EMMA
Hm. Good day at work.

TRIP
Not for me. You?

EMMA
No.

TRIP
Right.

EMMA
Most of our December weddings...
well, the first two weeks anyway.
They all cancelled. Rebooked
through the hotel.

TRIP
I know.

EMMA
Right.

TRIP
Schmitt, Montgomery-Allen,
Lancaster.

EMMA
And Everett.

TRIP
We didn't get Everett.

EMMA
Yes, you did. Middle school
teacher. Gatsby theme.

TRIP
They're all Gatsby-themed.

EMMA
No, Everett is Gatsby, Monty-Allen
is Depression Era Carnival, Schmitt
is Suffragettes do Fashion Week.

TRIP
And Lancaster?

EMMA
Game of Thrones. Keep up!

TRIP
Maybe we did get Everett.

EMMA
Probably did.

TRIP
I could check.

EMMA
I don't want to talk about it.

TRIP
If it will make you feel better.

EMMA
I don't want to talk about it.
(beat)
They're on the 9th. Make sure the
ladies' stalls have purse hooks.
And extra paper towels. The
bridesmaids are wearing rompers
that tie in the back. At least one
is gonna fall in the toilet. Oh,
and look out for Chelsea.

TRIP
Which one?

EMMA
Chelsea S, substitute bridesmaid.
She wore white to the shower.
Trouble.

TRIP
An usurper.

EMMA
After the shower, she asked us to
move a table for her.

TRIP
Like... push it across the room?

EMMA
No, move it to her house! The table
wasn't even there at the party!
There was a third and fourth
location involved!

TRIP
You said no.

EMMA
Jackie said no. Jackie is always my
"no."

TRIP

Can I ask you something?

WE HEAR: the elevator ding open and a cart rattle into the room.

FRENCH WAITER 2

M'sieur. M'selle. Menus?

EMMA

No, thank you.

TRIP

Take one.

WE HEAR: menus open, the cork pop. Glasses poured.

FRENCH WAITER 1

We have some lovely specials.

EMMA

I already ate.

FRENCH WAITER 1

Almond jam en croute. Clams in a bath of licorice aspic.

EMMA

Thank you, I already ate.

FRENCH WAITER 2

A pesky breast of duck with a clementine glaze, smothered in olives.

EMMA

It's 10 o'clock at night.

FRENCH WAITER 1

Chicken a la king! Tuna a la king!

TRIP

If we don't order, they'll never leave.

FRENCH WAITER 2

What is that?

FRENCH WAITER 1

A ring box?

FRENCH WAITER 2

An engagement!

FRENCH WAITER 1
M'sieur! To take a wife!

FRENCH WAITER 2
I had a wife once.

FRENCH WAITER 1
What would you like? We could put
it in a cake! Or some kind of
chocolate box?

EMMA
Chocolate box?

TRIP
No, it's right here. She's seen it.

EMMA
Hear him out, Trip.

FRENCH WAITER 2
I was her champion. I saved her
from drowning. She was half a mile
out to sea, churning in the
current.

FRENCH WAITER 1
You were on a jet ski. She was
swimming to get away from you.

FRENCH WAITER 2
She looked at me like Neptune. But
the year curdled her. She became
sour.

EMMA
She became sour?

TRIP
Don't encourage it.

EMMA
I'm curious now.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Some nice strawberries, I think.

TRIP
Thank you, that will be fine--

FRENCH WAITER 2
Ours was a tempestuous love. We
made love in anger. We tore up the
floorboards with our passions.

EMMA
 Passions, Trip!

FRENCH WAITER 2
 Duvets torn to shreds! Our sweat
 and perfume ground into the
 wallpaper. Tiny shampoos lost
 forever in the intense dark caverns
 of our flesh.

TRIP
 Was this HERE?

EMMA
 With WHO?

FRENCH WAITER 1
 It is a metaphor.

TRIP
 Oh god, please tell me you didn't
 put the tiny shampoos back into
 circulation.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 Metaphor.

TRIP
 What did you do with the shampoos?

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Fidelity.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 SHE KNEW NOTHING OF THE KIND. Years
 wasted! Filthy words etched into
 the side of the vending machines!

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Your heart!

FRENCH WAITER 2
 My heart! Broasted like an oily
 chicken! Eaten with her fingers,
 spitting cartilage into paper
 napkins!

EMMA
 Licorice clams! I WOULD LIKE THE
 LICORICE CLAMS.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 Very good.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Right away, m'selle.

WE HEAR: the waiters scuttle off. The elevator dings.

TRIP
Licorice clams?

EMMA
It's the only one I could remember!

TRIP
Is that the same one as the pesky
duck?

EMMA
Do you think they'll bring the
clams in the chocolate box?

TRIP
God. Who's going to be our "No"
when we get married?

EMMA
Oh ho!

TRIP
What?

EMMA
No, I've just... I haven't said
that out loud yet. Do it again.

TRIP
When we get married.

EMMA
Ooh!

TRIP
You do one.

EMMA
When we get married.

TRIP
Ooh.

EMMA
Good, right?

TRIP
Very good.

EMMA
 (pick up speed)
 When we get married.

TRIP
 When we get married.

EMMA
 When we get married.

TRIP
 Ready?

EMMA
 Ready.

TRIP
 Hang on, let me get down here.

WE HEAR: Trip bump the table as he gets down on one knee.

EMMA
 You want to kneel on my jacket?

TRIP
 Nope, nope. I got it. Ow, maybe.

Emma starts giggling uncontrollably.

EMMA
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
 No, go for it. Go. Wait wait wait.
 Wine first.

WE HEAR: Emma and Trip guzzle a glass each, pour another round, clink, then drink again.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Ooh, that's good.

TRIP
 Very dry.

EMMA
 Italian?

TRIP
 Yep.

EMMA
 Stalling.

TRIP
 We can do this. Emma Marie Bishop.

EMMA

Lauren!

TRIP

Crap! Emma Lauren Bishop!

WE HEAR: Ding! The elevator opening, a cart rolling off. The sizzle of sparklers.

FRENCH WAITERS

<singing "La Vie en Rose">

Emma and Trip shriek/laugh.

EMMA

Run!

WE HEAR: Trip and Emma scramble away.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(distant)

Ring box, ring box!

TRIP

I got it!

WE HEAR: Trip run back, grab ring box, run away again. Trip and Emma giggling like mad. Stair doors slam.

EXT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: Trip and Emma run up the stairs to the front door, still giddy, laughing, out of breath.

WE HEAR: street noise and an as-yet-unidentified sound that is Katie wailing inside. (Soft at first, then cat yowl-like, then unmistakable.)

TRIP

Flawless.

EMMA

Perfect dismount.

TRIP

I'm sorry.

EMMA

Night's not over.

TRIP

Yeah?

EMMA

Go.

TRIP

Put down my jacket first. Padding.

EMMA

Good good. How's my hair.

TRIP

Good.

EMMA

Great. Go.

TRIP

Gimme your hand. Okay.

WE HEAR: our first "yowl".

EMMA

Okay.

TRIP

What is that sound?

WE HEAR: another one.

EMMA

Oh. Just a cat.

WE HEAR: another, longer yowl.

TRIP

Let's go inside.

EMMA

NO. Ha. More romantic out here.
Moonlight, frosty air, pretty tree!
Focus!

TRIP

Sweet. Okay. Hand.

EMMA

Hand.

TRIP

I love you.

EMMA

Diving right in.

TRIP

I do love you. You make me so nervous because... every step forward with you is a first. You make me feel like I'm wearing my skin inside out.

WE HEAR: the yowling inside has turned into clear, constant weeping.

TRIP (CONT'D)

If you were different, if you weren't so kind and careful, it would be horrific. Painful. But... you're like a big gauze bandage over my... how did I get stuck on this metaphor?

EMMA

You're doing fine.

TRIP

Should we call a vet?

EMMA

No!

TRIP

That... thing sounds like it's in pain.

EMMA

Probably mating.

TRIP

Come on, let's see if we can--

WE HEAR: Stu's footsteps bounce up the sidewalk.

STU

Hey Number Three! Good evening Queen Emma!

WE HEAR: Stu rings the doorbell. The yowling abruptly stops.

EMMA

What are you doing here?

STU

Movie night. Have you heard of Ken Burns?

EMMA

Have you?

STU
He made a documentary about
baseball! Katie's got the box set.

TRIP
Katie's still here?

WE HEAR: the door open. Katie sounds like she's been crying.

KATIE
Hi-- oh! Trip!

WE HEAR: Katie hug Trip so hard, she knocks the wind out of
him.

TRIP
Puh!
(strangled)
Katie. Hi.

STU
HI.

WE HEAR: Stu jump in on the group hug and heave everyone
inside.

EMMA
(low)
She kind of moved in.

TRIP
What's kind of?

STU
Come on! I brought popcorn and Mike
n' Ikes. We can mix 'em together.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: Stu bound towards the kitchen. Trip gasps for breath
upon release.

WE HEAR: Stu punching buttons in the microwave. Popcorn
popping gradually.

TRIP
I didn't know... you were
staying... over.

KATIE
For a bit.

STU

Are you gonna watch with us? 18 hours, nonstop baseball and... history, right?

KATIE

Right.

STU

I've got Gatorade and an extra pair of sock and my pillow!

EMMA

(pointed)

I don't know. I'm not sure I'm as big a fan of "baseball" as Katie is.

KATIE

(mumbling)

It really is an excellent documentary.

TRIP

Got an air mattress, I see.

EMMA

Brand new.

KATIE

Temporary.

EMMA

She also had a voter registration card and a dental reminder forwarded here.

TRIP

And a dump truck of flowers.

KATIE

Ugh. They're from your father. I just needed a day. A few days. To think.

WE HEAR: flowers rustling, cards plucked from plastic prongs.

TRIP

"For my Swan." "For my Golden Goose." "For my Heart Song." Heart Song?

STU

It's from Dr. Quinn!

TRIP

Deep cut.

KATIE

I used to think the cards were charming. Patrick is a big letter writer. Perfect stationery. Excellent penmanship. Knows everything about correspondence etiquette. But it's just another trick, isn't it? Like the jewelry. It SEEMS permanent and meaningful, but it's just something else that allows him to multi-task. Just as cheap as his stupid giant earrings. I won't be bought!

WE HEAR: A glass vase smash.

EMMA

Hey! Don't smash the glass vases!
Ceramics only!

WE HEAR: a ceramic vase smash. The microwave ding.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Better.

TRIP

Where's the broom?

STU

Is one bag of popcorn enough?

KATIE

How is your father?

TRIP

He's home.

KATIE

Walking? Talking? Eating?

TRIP

A little of each. You haven't been to see him?

KATIE

Couldn't.

TRIP

Are you going to call him?

KATIE
Should I?

TRIP
Oh, uh, I don't know.

KATIE
Does he ask about me? Don't tell him anything! If you saw me, you saw me in a restaurant! Wearing a Dior suit and laughing!

STU
On a Vespa!

KATIE
On the back of a Vespa leaving an Italian bistro with a gorgeous man!

WE HEAR: Trip sweep up the broken vase.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I should find a man. A big strong intellectual man!

STU
An Adonis. An Augustus Aurelius!

EMMA
How much PBS have you two been watching this week?

STU
That reminds me. What's Branzino?

EMMA
The steak house downtown?

TRIP
It's a kind of seabass. Watch your feet.

WE HEAR: Trip finish sweeping up glass and dump it in the garbage.

STU
Why'd I think it was some kind of pork?

WE HEAR: keys jingle in the lock, the door open, glass crunch underfoot.

JACKIE
Good lord.

EMMA

Don't take off your shoes.

JACKIE

Katie. Staying another night?

KATIE

If that's all right.

EMMA

Gimme another jar. I hate to waste these flowers.

KATIE

There will be another shipment tomorrow. Tulips. Begonias!

JACKIE

Looks like a funeral home in here.

STU

Jackie, what's Branzino?

JACKIE

The fish or the restaurant?

STU

Why does everyone know that word?

JACKIE

How is the old man?

KATIE

Stuck in bed with his Visa card. Does he pick up the phone? Oh no! Only to call Harry & David.

TRIP

He's still pretty sick.

JACKIE

Thank you *Trip*. Good night.

EMMA

Jackie!

JACKIE

No. I'm full up on Winthrops for tonight. Good night Trip, have a lovely evening, take some flowers with you on the way out.

STU

Take the chocolates. They're gross.

KATIE
Pastel coconut cremes.

JACKIE
Sick.

WE HEAR: Jackie open the box of chocolates (lid, rattling chocolates in plastic), spit in them, and shut the box.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Pass them along with our kind regards.

TRIP
I'm going. Dinner again tomorrow?

EMMA
Can't. You have a wedding, remember?

KATIE
Make sure he's eating. High fiber and grain alcohol is a good way to rip his colon to shreds.

TRIP
Saturday.

JACKIE
Two weddings.

TRIP
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

EMMA
Monday.

TRIP
Done. Katie?

KATIE
Remember. You saw me on a Vespa. Italian man. Long hair. Huge shoulders.

TRIP
How did you both fit on the Vespa?

KATIE
I straddled him.

TRIP
Noted. But really. Are you okay?

KATIE
No! Obviously!

JACKIE
Good night. EVERYONE.

WE HEAR: general bustle of Trip being hustled to the door,
door opening.

KATIE
I am crying. You do see me crying?
You're not blind.

EMMA
See you Monday.

STU
Wait. Wait. Here. You can take my
RSVP card with you.

WE HEAR: paper pulled from Stu's pocket.

EMMA
What now?

TRIP
What?

STU
I marked the Branzino, but I
thought it was pork. Can you
remember to change it to the beef
rolls?

KATIE
You might actually like Branzino.

STU
Yeah, but I never get full on fish.

TRIP
An RSVP to WHAT?

WE HEAR: Emma snatch the envelope, paper ripping, another
piece of tissue paper... tissue paper, tissue paper, card
unfolding.

STU
Your wedding. Hey!

WE HEAR: popcorn popping with increasing intensity as Emma
talks.

EMMA

Together with their families, Emma Lauren Bishop and Patrick Alistair Huntington Winthrop the Third request the honor of your presence on Monday, the 25th of December, 2017 at half past six in the evening. Dinner to follow. Black tie optional.

WE HEAR: the microwave ding!

JACKIE

That son of a b---

WE HEAR: Emma yell like a Viking. [record separately]

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: a car skid to a halt, gravel crunch, engine cut.

WE HEAR: the front door of the mansion slam shut. Trip's echoing footsteps in a very empty hall.

TRIP

WHERE ARE YOU?

WE HEAR: a bell ring.

JUNIOR

(distant, dry)
Olly olly oxen free.

WE HEAR: Trip throw down a briefcase, take off his coat. Storm down a very long hall.

TRIP

(distant)
Again!

JUNIOR

KITCHEN.

WE HEAR: Trip's feet return to the foreground, open a door.

TRIP

What is this?

JUNIOR

A snack. Are you hungry? I got crackers and jelly here.

TRIP
The invitation.

WE HEAR: Junior eat a cracker.

JUNIOR
Found the jelly in the door of the
fridge. Can't quite figure out the
flavor. Label crumbled off.

WE HEAR: Trip open the refrigerator. (jars rattle emptily in
the door)

TRIP
It's bad.

JUNIOR
Jelly doesn't go bad.

TRIP
It's got Yogi Bear on the label.

JUNIOR
Ha! Jellystone Park. That's a good
joke.

TRIP
Put the spoon down. The invitation.
The wedding invitation. Why are you
sending out wedding invitations?

JUNIOR
Ceremony's only three weeks away.
If I waited for you to send them
out, we'd be scraping up strangers
at the bus station to fill out the
pews.

TRIP
How many did you send?

JUNIOR
Four hundred.

TRIP
To WHO?

JUNIOR
Everybody who owes us money or a
phone call. Relax. They won't all
come. Short notice. We'll probably
see about 300.

TRIP

When did you have time? You put in the order from the ICU?

JUNIOR

No! I ordered them in the ambulance.

TRIP

Hnnnngh.

JUNIOR

Lighten up.

TRIP

I'm not even finished proposing!

JUNIOR

Really?

WE HEAR: a ball point pen click, a scribble on paper.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Put that on the list.

WE HEAR: Trip snatch the paper and rip it up.

TRIP

This is not how it works. You can't plan my wedding for me.

JUNIOR

I'm paying for it.

TRIP

I'll pay for it.

JUNIOR

Your money comes from me.

TRIP

Publicly traded company.

JUNIOR

Our money comes from my hotels. This wedding could be the difference between securing your income for the next ten years and looking for a summer job in that hideous new Trump hotel.

TRIP

It's not that serious.

JUNIOR

It is.

TRIP

It's not! I've been in the books
all month! We'll take a bath on the
demolition--

JUNIOR

A fifteen million dollar bath.

TRIP

We can spread the loss! We'll sell
the property, take the loss, roll
back on the New Mexico development.

JUNIOR

Lay off staff. It'll take years to
recover the ground we've lost.

TRIP

The market's contracting.

JUNIOR

I never took you out on the water,
did I?

TRIP

It's not worth ruining my fiance's
livelihood.

JUNIOR

On the open ocean. Deep sea, where
the big fish are.

TRIP

No.

JUNIOR

Of course not. If a wave slapped
the boat wrong, you'd throw
yourself into open water and drown.

TRIP

I'm going to bed.

JUNIOR

I'm your life vest.

TRIP

This is a terrible metaphor.

JUNIOR

As long as you think it's my ass, you get to stomp around and play the bleeding saint. But soon these are going to be your choices. You will have employees who depend on you and you're gonna find out mighty quick what it means to compromise.

TRIP

My choices? I... are you thinking about retiring?

JUNIOR

I may not have a choice. I'm sixty, son. I'm not going to bounce back. I can keep working until I'm dead. Maybe another four years. Or I can retire and start doing yoga or some such nonsense.

TRIP

Pilates.

JUNIOR

Right. Like I say. Either I make the decision or it'll be made for me.

Beat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Come have a drink, you look terrible.

WE HEAR: ice cubes clink, liquid pouring.

TRIP

You're not supposed to be drinking.

JUNIOR

S'only tea in mine.

TRIP

I'm going to bed. Gotta rest up. We start doing weddings tomorrow.

JUNIOR

Those chairs I order come in?

TRIP

Pour your "tea" out.

WE HEAR: Trip climb the stairs and shut a door.

Transition through with TRIP SIGH/DEEP BREATH

MUSIC/SOUND MONTAGE:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

Wedding marches, running feet, bridesmaids/brides shouting, waiters fumbling.

TRIP

These should already be out! Go go go! No! You can't cut the cake yet! The bride and groom have to start it! Can we put the pieces back in?

HOTEL MANAGER

The dishwashers are about to go into overtime.

WAITER 1

The band went on break!

TRIP

Quick quick quick! Go, start tapping on glasses.

BRIDE

Did somebody already eat part of the cake?

TRIP

Just an icing aberration, I'll have a word with the baker, would you like another glass of champagne?
MARCEL!

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- DAY

WE HEAR: phone lines beeping, the phone out in the lobby ringing, lots of scurrying.

JACKIE

Regal Bride, please hold. Regal Bride, please hold. Leighanne! I'm back. I've got a butterfly farm in Chester County on hold.

EMMA

Regal Brides, calling for Evelyn?
About her appointment? This
morning. At ten.

MUSIC and phone sounds mark time passage.

JACKIE

It's only 40 minutes without
traffic. We'll make it a fun road
trip theme! Mix tapes and... Wait
wait wait. Clarissa!

EMMA

A bit urgent. We need her last
check. If you could-- hello?

JACKIE

Hello? Grr!

WE HEAR: Jackie hang up, then Emma hang up. The phone rings
again immediately.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: phones ringing.

TRIP

Hello?

Snapping cameras, cheering crowds, a crying bride joined by
two other crying brides. The weeping makes it hard to
understand them, especially as they overlap.

CLARISSA BRIDE

I just wanted to use my cake knife.
I bought it from Etsy!

BRIDE 2

The dogs got into the salmon puffs!

BRIDE 3

Chelsea S was supposed to wear the
romper and she didn't wear the
romper, she's wearing a dress and
it's my dress, I wore it to the
rehearsal dinner and it's the same
one!

HOTEL CLERK

Health inspector is here!

TRIP

Crap!

CLARISSA BRIDE

Are you listening?

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- DAY

WE HEAR: office phone lines ringing in the distance, the office door jangle open, boxes being unloaded from a dolly, a delivery truck idling outside.

JACKIE

How many trays did the dogs eat?

DELIVERY GUY GUSTAV

Six. Two hundred and sixty dollars worth of salmon puffs. Poor dogs wrote a brown note symphony all over the dance floor. Bride clocked your boy right in the mouth.

JACKIE

No!

WE HEAR: Jackie laugh, signing for a package, a scanner beep.

DELIVERY GUY GUSTAV

Never tell a bride with dog crap on her dress to "Chillax".

STU

Hey Jackie, what does "stop payment" mean?

JACKIE

Why?

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: a chair smash, people shout.

TRIP

Where is the catering van? The bar has been open for an hour. We have to get some food in these people.

HOTEL CLERK

Oh, they called. They hit an ambulance coming off the highway.

TRIP

WHAT?

HOTEL CLERK

Shrimp all over the highway. Don't worry, we found another case of Pinot.

WE HEAR: Trip open a cash register, count out cash.

TRIP

Go down the street. Find the taco truck. Bring them back. Tell 'em I'll give them an extra \$500 if they get here in five minutes.

WE HEAR: three chairs smash, a punch, cheers.

TRIP (CONT'D)

RUN.

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- DAY

WE HEAR: knock on the door, the door crack open. More phone ringing. Phones picked up and hung up as indicated by dialogue.

JACKIE

Regal Bride, please hold. Regal Bride, please hold.
(to Emma)
Our entire third week is wiped.

EMMA

Sunday brunch is dodging my calls.
(to phone)
Regal Bride, please hold.

STU

Um. The bank called. Two more "stop payments" in the deposit envelope.

JACKIE

Regal Bride, please hold. Regal Bride, please hold.
(to Stu and Emma)
We're taking on water. We have to re-house eight weddings--

STU

Six.

EMMA

Five.

JACKIE

Think! Where else do people get
married?

STU

Skating rink!

EMMA

50's diner!

STU

Boats!

EMMA

Wildlife museum!

STU

Tiffany's!

EMMA

A theatre!

JACKIE

A boat...

EMMA

That's the one you heard?

(to phone)

Regal Bride, please-- do what? Meet
him where?

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: a party dancing the hora.

WE HEAR: the phone ring, Trip answer.

TRIP

Winthrop Suites. Speaking. No, I
can't make it before 8pm.

BELLHOP

Evening wedding is coming in!

TRIP

They can't! 2 o'clock wedding is
still doin' the hora!

BELLHOP
Speed it up! Bridal limo's pulling
in now!

WE HEAR: a novelty horn play.

TRIP
I'll call you back.

WE HEAR: the phone hang up.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Lock the doors! Pretend you have to
call maintenance.

BELLHOP
That's a fire hazard!

TRIP
Yes! Fire! How much is the fine for
a false alarm?

BELLHOP
\$200.

TRIP
Worth it.

WE HEAR: Trip crack the fire alarm, the alarm sound,
sprinklers fire up, a chorus of shouts from the ballroom.

Music swells. END OF MONTAGE.

INT. JEWELRY STORE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: a prudish doorbell, hushed fancy pants shop music.

WE HEAR: a clock strike quarter to the hour.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
May I help madam? We have a special
this month on ring sizing. Two for
the price of one. Our metallurgist
is very good. He can whip a thumb
ring into a pinkie ring, toe ring
to a wedding band with almost no
banding.

EMMA
Thanks, no.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Do you keep a charm bracelet? We've got all the new Brighton charms. Look at this one. It's a little Dachshund and when you turn him over, his tail wags!

EMMA

I'm fine. I'm just... I'm waiting for my boyfriend. Fiance.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Don't lean on the display case.

EMMA

Oh! Sorry.

WE HEAR: the squeak of Emma's hands coming off the display case, a spray of glass cleaner, and a paper towel wiping it down.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

We're closing in five minutes. Private event.

EMMA

But I have an appointment--

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Thank youuuuu.

WE HEAR: the door open (with chimes) again, and squishy squashy footsteps.

TRIP

Hey. You beat me. Am I late?

EMMA

I just got here. Are you okay?

TRIP

My socks are wet. And my shoes. And some of my underwear. Have you ever priced industrial dehumidifiers?

EMMA

We rent.

TRIP

It's been a long day.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
Hello sir. May I help you? We have
a special this month on ring
sizing, two for the price of one--

TRIP
No, thank you.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
And look! Enamel cuff links just in
time for the holidays.

TRIP
Browsing. THANK you.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
We'll be closing in three minutes.

TRIP
I thought we had an appointment.

EMMA
We DO. For 8 o'clock. A lady called
me to confirm an hour ago!

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
A lady?

EMMA
Winthrop. It'll be under the name
Bishop and Winthrop.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
Ohhhh.
(to the rest of the store)
CLOSING UP.

WE HEAR: the clerk bang a little service bell DING DING DING
and a few patrons groan and shuffle to the door.

WE HEAR: a breaker switch thrown, glass cases opening up,
tinkling sound of rings bouncing on trays.

WE HEAR: violin music.

EMMA
Oooh.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
What's your sign? What are your
colors? Sit back. We're going to
find the perfect gem for that
finger.

WE HEAR: champagne pop and pour.

TRIP

Woah.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Come now, right to the front!
There's a frighteningly large ruby
over here.

EMMA

It's like a ring pop.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Four carat diamond? Five? Or just
get a bunch of one carat diamonds
and stack 'em!

WE HEAR: the slight jingle of a handful of rings.

EMMA

I could slap people around all day
in these.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

No, no, no. You must never let your
lady put her own rings on. Take her
hand. Look her deep in the eye. And
say "I love you" when you put it
on. Here. Estate sapphires, white
gold.

TRIP

I love you.

WE HEAR: squeaking to imply a stuck ring.

EMMA

Ehrm. Too small.

WE HEAR: clink of the ring thrown back on the pile.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK

Try this one. Eco-diamond and onyx,
channel setting. Now, again.

TRIP

I bllove you.

EMMA

Ew. No, no, definitely not.

WE HEAR: clink, jingle.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
Emerald cut topaz in yellow gold!

TRIP
Wuv, shove, slove, glove, dove you.

WE HEAR: a microwave ding.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
Oh! Hot hors d'oeuvres. I'm told
you like stuffed dates?

EMMA
With tahini and chocolate?

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
Of course. Excuse me.

EMMA
Whaaaaaaaaaaat.

TRIP
This is the best jewelry store I've
ever been to in my life.

EMMA
You didn't have to do all this.

TRIP
What do you mean?

EMMA
I kind of got attached to the first
ring you gave me. Or... well, that
you were going to give me.

TRIP
I was still going to give it to
you.

EMMA
Exactly. Look, I know your dad is
all hot for us to get married on
Christmas, but you can take your
time. We don't have to pick out
everything on your dad's schedule--

TRIP
Wait. Stop. You don't want to pick
out a new ring?

EMMA
No.

TRIP
But you DID make the appointment.

EMMA
YOU made the appointment.

WE HEAR: the violins intensify.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
(K-Ci and Jo Jo)
ALL MY LIIIIIIIIIIIFE.

TRIP
Oh no.

EMMA
Appetizer samplers. Fist sized
jewels.

TRIP
My dad set this up.

WE HEAR: doves cooing and stirring.

TRIP (CONT'D)
BIRDS. BIRDS IN THE SHOP.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
(continuing)
And I thaaaaank god that I, that I
finally found youuuuu.

TRIP
Run!

EMMA
Leave the rings!

WE HEAR: Emma rattle the locked door.

EMMA (CONT'D)
The door's locked!!

WE HEAR: the birds fly loose.

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
(break it down)
All myyyyyy liiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiife!

EMMA
Awkpthh!

TRIP
Augh!

WE HEAR: the birds hit the glass.

EMMA
They keep coming! Where are these
birds coming from?

TRIP
Back door! Move, move, move!

WE HEAR: running, more birds hitting glass, intense singing,
another locked door rattling.

EMMA
Locked! STOP IT. WHY WON'T YOU
STOP?

JEWELRY STORE CLERK
(menacing)
ALL MY LIIIIIIIFE!

EMMA
MAKE IT STOP!

WE HEAR: Trip grab a ring from the pile. (jingles) intensify
birds, intensify violin.

TRIP
OKAY. OKAY. EMMA LAUREN BISHOP.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRIP'S CAR -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: sudden, comparable quiet. Light road noise.

TRIP
That didn't count.

EMMA
I know.

TRIP
I'm taking the ring back tomorrow.

EMMA
Really? You don't like this one?

TRIP
It's a Masonic signet ring.

EMMA
And it's a pill case.

WE HEAR: a little pop.

EMMA (CONT'D)
See? I could hide secret messages
in there. Or arsenic!

TRIP
Seriously.

EMMA
Okay. Geez. Here.

WE HEAR: Emma drop the ring in his change tray.

TRIP
Sorry. I just... I don't want there
to be any confusion. You can't take
anything my dad says as a joke. And
if he thinks... he's gonna take
credit for the engagement, he'll
put his stamp on everything.

EMMA
He can't.

TRIP
He will. He'll write our vows!

EMMA
I mean, we're already engaged. This
didn't count, fine. But the first
one counted.

TRIP
I didn't want it to go like that.

EMMA
Who cares? Nobody. When our
grandchildren ask to hear the
story, I'll lie.

TRIP
That's the point! You shouldn't
have to lie.

EMMA
He came on horseback with flowers.
There was champagne and chocolate
cake and poetry. Then we made
tender, slow love on the grass
under the stars. Yes, Patrick the
fifth.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Your grandfather learned a valuable lesson that night about ant hills and spandex Jockey shorts.

TRIP

How would the true story go?

EMMA

I... accidentally poisoned their great-grandfather on Thanksgiving.

TRIP

Then?

EMMA

We had to escape across state lines until the heat cooled off. Got married in a casino on the way to Montana.

TRIP

See? The real story is un-tellable.

EMMA

Then you tell it.

Long beat.

WE HEAR: the car pull to a stop, brakes put on.

TRIP

Can I ask you something?

EMMA

Okay.

TRIP

Is there a reason you said yes to me? If I wasn't me... if I was someone else, no weird bird-obsessed father, no hotels, no... haircuts. If I really was a night manager at H&R block.

EMMA

What?

TRIP

Is this fate or good timing?

EMMA

It's luck. Fate mixed with good timing and a little bit of preparation.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Our meeting was probably inevitable, but the fact that I was ready to love you when you arrived... and vice versa. We could have missed each other and we didn't. That's luck.

WE HEAR: Trip react (exhale/laugh/etc), kiss Emma's hand.

TRIP

That's what you should tell the grand-kids.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: loud popcorn chewing, drone of baseball documentary.

KEN BURNS

In 1923, Louisville was selling more bats than any other outfit in the nation, but as the threat of war became imminent, the Kentucky factories were commissioned to produce wooden rifle stocks and billy clubs for the US Army.

WE HEAR: a newspaper rattle, marker squeak.

JACKIE

Here's a one bedroom on Elm. \$950, plus one month deposit.

KEN BURNS

The size of hand grenades were standardized to match the size and weight of an American baseball to assure that any young American man would be able to throw them.

STU

I never knew that World War II had so much baseball in it.

KATIE

Can't whip the Kaiser without your authentic Louisville slugger.

JACKIE

Kaiser's World War I. \$875, covered parking, on site laundry.

KATIE

I was being facetious.

STU
Facist-shusss.

JACKIE
Then make a joke about Nazis.

KATIE
I could do you a nice limerick
about the Archduke Ferdinand.

WE HEAR: an aggressive flip of the newspaper.

JACKIE
How about condos?

STU
Shh! I can't hear.

WE HEAR: Emma open the door and drop her stuff.

JACKIE
Finally! What happened?

EMMA
Tippi Hedren in a Zales.

JACKIE
What? Like, birds?

EMMA
Capital B Birds. Total ambush. Trip
thought he was meeting me, I
thought I was meeting him, BOOM,
doors locked, DOVES EVERYWHERE--

KATIE
What doves?

EMMA
Oh. Katie! You're not working
tonight?

KATIE
I switched to day shift.

JACKIE
So they wouldn't fall behind on
movie night.

STU
We're up to World War II.

KATIE
Doves.

EMMA

Junior.

KATIE

Junior. Of course. Of friggin' course. Flowers diamonds birds, all that man's got are flowers diamonds and birds. Wore diapers into the second grade, now he puts gold and feathers on everything. Freud would have a stroke.

Katie turns up the TV as she talks.

KEN BURNS

From 1942 to 1945, the game was a shadow of its former glory. Sportswriter Frank Graham called it, "The tall men against the fat men at the company picnic."

WE HEAR: Jackie turn the TV off.

JACKIE

Hey. We have neighbors.

EMMA

This is turning into a shotgun wedding.

STU

Are you pregnant?

EMMA

No.

JACKIE

The old man said he was going to do this and he did it. Are you that shocked?

EMMA

Well... yeah.

JACKIE

We plan extravagant shotgun weddings all the time. The Costas parents, the Egg Tart lady, that Marine wedding M.O.B. with those finger sandwiches? We never met with the brides once. It was all parents and checkbooks.

EMMA

Egg Tart bride spent the entire reception locked in the bathroom, and the Marine Finger Sandwich couple never even showed up to the ceremony!

JACKIE

They didn't want to get married. You do.

EMMA

We're only half engaged.

JACKIE

Still?

EMMA

Tonight makes three-and-oh.

JACKIE

This is just like the first time you tried to get him to sleep over.

EMMA

Shut up!

JACKIE

What most couples accomplish with a \$20 bottle of wine and a basket of Olive Garden bread sticks takes you six weeks and an emergency trip to the dentist.

EMMA

That wasn't my fault. He snuck up on me.

WE HEAR: Emma flop down. Ken Burns rattles on in the background.

KEN BURNS

After the Nazis surrendered in 1945, the U.S. Army set up, virtually overnight, a massive intramural competition to keep their thousands of restless GI's occupied. Baseball was the most popular game among the G.I.s, and a bootstraps World Series was assembled and played the Stadion der Hitlerjugend, the Hitler Youth Stadium in Nuremberg.

(MORE)

KEN BURNS (CONT'D)

The swastikas were painted over and teams from every division in the theatre lined up to put America's national pastime on display.

EMMA

What am I going to do?

KATIE

Tell Junior to stuff it up his butt.

EMMA

Not helping.

JACKIE

Why not? You're a grown woman. He's not your father. Trip hates him.

EMMA

No, he doesn't.

JACKIE

Ehh, maybe you check the oil on that one. Nevertheless, it's a perfectly rational plan. Old man Pat is hijackin' your rack?

STU

Tell him to stuff it!

JACKIE

Junior butts in? Butt him out. If the shmendrik has the chutzpah to kvetch on your farbrengen, you chuck the putz. 'Cause how do we get down?

KATIE

Stuffin' up butts!

JACKIE

Our cup runneth over with the butts we have stuffed.

Everybody has a good laugh.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Seriously. Get a pen. We'll plan it right now. Theme.

EMMA

None.

JACKIE
God bless you. Colors?

EMMA
Whatever's cheap.

JACKIE
You sound like you've done this
before. Guests?

EMMA
Stu? I guess.

STU
Aw!

JACKIE
Fine.

EMMA
Um, and Katie too.

KATIE
Pity invite.

JACKIE
Buy a big gift.

EMMA
Trip. You.
(beat)
End of list.

JACKIE
Really?

EMMA
I don't really know anyone else.

JACKIE
What about the gals from book club?

EMMA
I hate them.

JACKIE
Harsh.

EMMA
"Girl on the Train" was NOT a
satisfying thriller

JACKIE
The Ashleys from school?

EMMA
They hate me.

JACKIE
(gasp)
You never told me that.

EMMA
How did you miss that? They were so mean.

JACKIE
You were always on Student Council committees with them. You roomed with Ashley Pendergast on the DC trip!

EMMA
Ashley Pendergast stole my Mariah Carey CDs and told everyone in 10th grade that I have lice.

STU
I remember that!

KATIE
How did you get lice?

EMMA
I didn't!

JACKIE
Garbage. I never liked her.

EMMA
She added me on facebook last year. She has a baby.

JACKIE
Gross.

EMMA
Right? Total suburban mom now. And she used to be so mean because my mom bought Nutri-Grain bars instead of Pop Tarts.

KATIE
You should invite her. Rub it in her face.

EMMA
Eugh. No.

JACKIE

Dude. You're marrying a guy with seven zeros in his name.

EMMA

Oh, right.

JACKIE

If you're going to rub anything anywhere.

STU

We'll sit 'em up front in the splash zone.

JACKIE

We'll get you a dress so big it hits people in the face when you walk down the aisle. We'll write personalized vows so long and punishing that every warm body in the church will long for the sweet release of death. To Patrick Alistair Huntington Winthrop The Third, my sweet darling.

EMMA

You're like lighthouse to my shore. Together we'll navigate the slippery rocks of matrimony.

JACKIE

Oh, Patrick Alistair Huntington Winthrop The Third, you are like the falcon and I am the falconer.

KATIE

You are the egret, and I am the nest.

STU

You are the paint and I am the brush.

EMMA

As I gouge crude thoughts into canvas, you bleed oil and pigment into every fiber.

JACKIE

Ohhhhh Patrick Alistair Huntington Viklas Sunderson Winklefoot Winthrop The Third.

EMMA

I pledge my undying allegiance! My
tenderest kisses!

JACKIE

My unflinching, unbending, unswerving
devotion!

EMMA

OHHHH Patrick Alistair Huntington
Viklas Sunderson Winklefoot
Affogato Effervay Mikmock
Whirringly Winthrop The Third.

JACKIE

My heart!

EMMA

My heart beat!

JACKIE

THE BLOOD IN MY VEINS!

EMMA

THE CRUST OF MY FEET!

KATIE

And now, the groom has elected to
express his vows through song.

Everyone falls out laughing.

STU

Whoomp there it is!

JACKIE

Celine Dion's cover of "I Drove All
Night"!

KATIE

Love Will Tear Us Apart!

EMMA

Dark.

KATIE

Love Shack.

STU

Stupid.

KATIE

You're stupid.

JACKIE
So really.

EMMA
Really. I just want to feel like
this on my wedding day.

JACKIE
Like what?

EMMA
Nothing. Not tense or crazy or
thinking of ten million tiny
things.

JACKIE
Fair.

EMMA
We'll save the skirt smacking for
the class reunion.

JACKIE
We can arrive on horseback.

STU
Really?

The girls laugh.

KATIE
Ooh! Turn it back up! We missed Lou
Gehrig!

WE HEAR: the TV turn back up as the music swells.

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- DAY

WE HEAR: phones ringing, papers shuffling.

EMMA
Regal Bride, please hold. Regal
Bride, please hold.

WE HEAR: A bride cries on speakerphone to Jackie.

CLARISSA BRIDE
The wedding was a total disaster. I
want a do-over!

JACKIE
Clarissa.

EMMA

Sweetie.

CLARISSA BRIDE

The photographer didn't get any shots of me getting ready. There's no picture of the dress! The DJ didn't have my song list and played the YMCA even though I specifically forbade it! The caterer cut the cake without us, we had no exit music, no one had bubbles, and the limo left before we did, so we had to take an Uber home, and you KNOW I disapprove of their corporate business practices!

JACKIE

You cancelled our services.

EMMA

You got married.

JACKIE

I don't know what you want us to do.

CLARISSA BRIDE

I want a do-over.

JACKIE

A whatnow?

CLARISSA BRIDE

Before everyone leaves tomorrow.

EMMA

Ahahahaha. Regal Bride, please hold.

JACKIE

Your wedding took 147 man hours, sixty thousand dollars, and six weeks of meetings to put together.

CLARISSA BRIDE

What can I get for four thousand dollars in six hours?

JACKIE

We can load you in back of a Buick Roadmaster and drive you up and down Main Street.

CLARISSA BRIDE

Huh.

EMMA

I can get you a bucket of Tootsie
Rolls to throw at people.

JACKIE

And I'll get a megaphone and march
in front shouting, "BOW TO THE
QUEEN!"

EMMA

BOW, PEASANTS! Regal Bride, please
hold.

CLARISSA BRIDE

Can we really? I love that.

The girls stop laughing.

EMMA

Oh. Uh, yes.

JACKIE

I'll see if I can get the permits.

WE HEAR: front door jingle.

STU

Hup! Another customer!

JACKIE

Who is it?

WE HEAR: Stu's footsteps dance out, then back.

STU

New one!

EMMA

Ooh!

JACKIE

(whispering)
What's she look like?

STU

(whispering)
Money.

JACKIE

Clarissa, honey, start rounding up
your cousins.

WE HEAR: the click of a "mute" button.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (low/fast)
 Stu, your mom's still got her
 Buick, right?

STU
 Yeah. Kinda. There's a whole hive
 of bees living in the glove
 compartment.

WE HEAR: Click of "unmute".

JACKIE
 I'll call back with a game plan in
 forty five minutes. We'll send the
 car to you around four o'clock.

CLARISSA BRIDE
 Oh my god thank you--

WE HEAR: Jackie hang up on Clarissa.

JACKIE
 Honey bees?

STU
 I think so.

JACKIE
 Maybe we can rehouse them. Okay!
 New client! How do I look?

EMMA
 Successful. Not drowning at all.
 Stu, cover the phone.

STU
 Hello, Regal Bride?

JACKIE
 What can we offer her?

STU
 This is Stu. Who's this?

EMMA
 Old Movie theatre, public park.

JACKIE
 Conservatory!

EMMA
Library!

STU
Billiard room! With a candlestick.

EMMA
Phones!

WE HEAR: door shut, dimming the phones and Stu's voice. The girls hurry out front.

JACKIE
Maybe you can put Mr. Winthrop in the hospital again and we can sneak in to his place.

EMMA
Jackie! Please!
(serious)
There's a security gate.

JACKIE
We'll say it's your wedding. We could probably pull it off 3 or 4 times before they catch on.

EMMA
(to client)
Hi!

JACKIE
Hiii. Jacqueline.

ANASTASIA
Jacqueline. And you must be Emma!

EMMA
Yesss?

ANASTASIA
I've heard such wonderful things. Anastasia Greene.

JACKIE
What a beautiful name!

ANASTASIA
And such a beautiful shop! Is it all right to just walk in? I tried calling all morning.

EMMA
Busy time of year.

JACKIE
Not too busy for you!

ANASTASIA
That's so kind.

EMMA
Come sit down.

JACKIE
What can we do for you?

EMMA
Can I get you tea? Coffee?

ANASTASIA
Only if you let me fix it. Sit sit sit. I've got three weeks to spend \$85,000 and a hundred decisions to make. Can I take off my shoes?

JACKIE
My kind of woman.

EMMA
What beautiful shoes!

ANASTASIA
You're beautiful.

EMMA
You're beautiful!

WE HEAR: sounds of coffee being fixed.

ANASTASIA
Flatterer. Milk and sugar?

EMMA
We've got hazelnut creamer.

ANASTASIA
I might have guessed that. Nothing wrong with a little indulgence. That's why the good Lord made Spanx.

JACKIE
And corsets.

EMMA
And big poofy Cinderella skirts.

ANASTASIA

Really? You don't think poofy skirts are a little "young"?

EMMA

Of course not!

JACKIE

You get one day to live your fantasies to the fullest. Better have a skirt to match.

ANASTASIA

Isn't that charming?

WE HEAR: Anastasia laugh, pour out two cups of coffee.

JACKIE

No coffee for you?

WE HEAR: a pen click, a notebook flick open.

ANASTASIA

No dear. Now, tell me. I've heard you're a fan of the high tea, that whole goblets and baubles look. How do you feel about forest green and ivory as a color scheme?

EMMA

I'm sorry?

ANASTASIA

We're set for six groomsmen, but I wonder if eight would be better. Gives it more of a sense of grandeur, gives the cheap seats something to look at. How old are most of your friends these days?

EMMA

My friends.

JACKIE

Twenty-nine.

ANASTASIA

(aww)

That's exactly how old you look. Oh! Which reminds me. Engagement photos! Retouched and running in the Christmas issue of Southern Bride tomorrow!

WE HEAR: a stack of photos slap on the table.

EMMA

MY engagement photos? Wait. Who was taking pictures?

JACKIE

Who sent you here?

EMMA

When were they taking pictures?

ANASTASIA

Mr. Winthrop, of course.

EMMA

HOW IS A CINDERELLA SKIRT "TOO YOUNG"?

JACKIE

He hired a wedding planner?

ANASTASIA

God no. Ahaha. Terrible. I generally run trade shows. I'm here as a professional courtesy.

EMMA

WHY DON'T I WEAR TWEED AND SHOULDER PADS AND DRAG A WALKER DOWN THE AISLE?

ANASTASIA

If you're insecure about your figure, I can have Mr. Winthrop set you up with a gym membership.

EMMA

KILL.

JACKIE

Hot coffee!

WE HEAR: Jackie knock over the coffee cups, Anastasia shriek.

ANASTASIA

JACKIE

AUGH!

STU!

WE HEAR: Stu jog in/open the door, Jackie wrestling w/ Emma.

STU

(gasp)

Your jacket! I'll get the club soda!

EMMA
 YOU'RE EILEEN FISHER'S SWEATER
 DRAGGING NIGHTMARE.

JACKIE
 Emma, shut up! Move!

WE HEAR: Stu open a fridge, crack open a bottle of seltzer,
 spray Anastasia.

ANASTASIA
 No, no, that's okay! Awkpthhh!

STU
 This would be easier in the sink

WE HEAR: the scuffle of Jackie dragging Emma out.

WE HEAR: the door shut.

STU (CONT'D)
 (distant)
 I can sew that button back on.

ANASTASIA
 (distant)
 Put your hands in your pockets!

WE HEAR: Anastasia and Stu's gabble move to the background.
 (record some separate improvisation)

JACKIE
 Shh! Shh!

EMMA
 A trade show coordinator! A trade
 show coordinator! High tea and
 baubles, what does that even mean?

JACKIE
 Trade show coordinator.

EMMA
 Glass bulbs and fruit cocktail? Gym
 memberships! I don't know what
 she's saying, it sounds so crazy!

JACKIE
 You gotta go with her.

EMMA
 What? Why? No. What happened to
 Stuff It Up Their Butts?

JACKIE

Think. Three weddings melt down in a weekend and Junior's got a *trade show coordinator* organizing his most valuable showcase. *You have to go with her!*

EMMA

Gimme my car keys.

WE HEAR: Stu and Anastasia re-enter.

ANASTASIA

There. All freshened up. Are we ready to go?

EMMA

Stu. What happened to you?

JACKIE

Where did you get that shirt?

ANASTASIA

I thought blue was a better color for him.

EMMA

(whisper)

She gelled his hair.

STU

I don't feel right.

ANASTASIA

Nonsense, you feel better, be a lamb, pull the car around.

WE HEAR: car keys.

STU

She took my phone.

ANASTASIA

Oh did I? Ahahaha what a silly mistake.

WE HEAR: Light clatter, keys and purses.

The girls have a low, hurried exchange.

JACKIE

Please. See where she takes you. Which vendors are playing ball. Text me updates!

EMMA

What are you going to do?

JACKIE

I'm going to steal back some business. You keep her busy.

EMMA

How?

ANASTASIA

Hurry up, we've got to cover six months of orders in six hours.

JACKIE

She's a trade show coordinator. I bet she's never seen a Bad Bride.

EMMA

She *hasn't*.

JACKIE

Tears.

EMMA

Starvation.

JACKIE

Drugs. Pressure.

EMMA

Give me the scissors.

JACKIE

What? No, that's nuclear!

WE HEAR: Emma chopping through a hank of hair.

ANASTASIA

Ladies we should really get-- WOAH NO.

EMMA

(wail)

Do these bangs look okaaaaaaaaay?

JACKIE

Panic bangs. Masterful.

STU

(sees Emma)

EEP!

JACKIE
Aw, honey!

EMMA
Maybe shorter!

WE HEAR: scissors snicking, a small scuffle for the scissors

ANASTASIA
No no no! Put them down!

STU
What happened?

EMMA
FOREST GREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

ANASTASIA
Emma. Emma, sweetie. Why don't I
make you a hair appointment?

EMMA
They DO look bad!

STU
(like cheering up a baby)
Sh sh sh sh sh sh.

JACKIE
Really, how could you suggest
forest green? So insensitive.

STU
(singing)
Who's the biggest caper throwin'
lassie out of Tallahassee at this
Applebee's?

(teary)
That's me.

EMMA

That's me!

STU

STU (CONT'D)
(still singing)
Who's the fastest chickee with a
Frisbee crushing retiree spelling
bees 'cross the seas!

That's me.

EMMA

That's me!

STU

JACKIE
Lot of wedding stress.

ANASTASIA
Understandable.

JACKIE
She needs support. I'll call her
maid of honor.

EMMA
Maid of honooooooooor.

ANASTASIA
Maid of Honor?

STU
Maid of Honor?

EMMA
AUWMAGAAAAAAAAAAD--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: a phone ringing, playing the national anthem.

KATIE
Hello?
(listening)
Why?

MONTAGE MUSIC: Katie's phone ring and Jackie's phone ring
informs the melody/instrumentation.

1) WE HEAR: Jackie dialing the phone, knocking on doors.

JACKIE
Hi! Amber. Jackie from Regal Bride.
(click)
Stacy.
(click)
Rebeccaaaaaaaaaaaa!
(click)
Druthi!

2) WE HEAR: sound pan past slot machines, food cooking, pans
clanking, mixers going.

ANASTASIA
Opera cake with mandarin oranges,
shortbread and fig.

EMMA

I can't eat fruit with chocolate.
I'm allergic to the enzymes. And I
really think we should avoid
anything made with cow milk.

STU

(whispering into a phone)
Cake stop. We're in a Casino
kitchen.

WE HEAR: a door open, feet stomp over.

KATIE

There's some crazy lady riding up
and down the street throwing
Tootsie Rolls at people!

WE HEAR: Katie throw down a handful of Tootsie Rolls.
Outside, we hear the faintest shout of "BOW TO THE QUEEN".

STU

Katie's here. Call you back.

WE HEAR: Stu hang up.

STU (CONT'D)

Hey!

KATIE

This is very insensitive. It's one
thing to talk wedding stuff in the
apartment, but to call me out in
the middle of the day!

ANASTASIA

Anastasia Greene. Event
coordinator.

STU

Try the cake. It's *stuffed*.

KATIE

Figs are disgusting.

STU

Right?

ANASTASIA

You're the maid of honor?

KATIE

The what?

STU
These figs taste like BUTT.

EMMA
My maid of honor! Oh Katie!

KATIE
What happened to your hair?

STU
A *stuffed butt*.

EMMA
Mr. Winthrop is gonna be so
maaaaaad.

KATIE
Ohhh!

ANASTASIA
We're not too far behind schedule.
If we could narrow down our cake
options.

KATIE
No chocolate. No nuts. Nothing with
tropical fruit. No apples. No
citrus. No fondant.

STU
And no carrots.

EMMA
(ham, crying)
What about cup caaaaaakes?

3) WE HEAR: papers flipping. Clatter of a bowling alley,
girls ooh-ing and ahh-ing.

JACKIE
Picture it. Big Lebowski meets the
Big Chill.

4) WE HEAR: industrial hum, rustle of dresses, hangers pulled
from rods, dull roar of machines.

EMMA
(low)
Dress shopping. We're way back off
the highway.

Everyone else shouts over the machines.

ANASTASIA

We need something in an A-line,
maybe a train for the ceremony.

EMMA

(calling)

What about a bustle?

KATIE

Tacky. She needs lace sleeves.

ANASTASIA

No one looks good in lace sleeves.

EMMA

(calling)

I want lace sleeves.

ANASTASIA

What about gloves?

KATIE

Why not just take her to David's
Bridal and be done with it!

STU

Oooh, puffy sleeves!

KATIE

No!

ANASTASIA

No!

EMMA

(low)

It's a textile factory.

WE HEAR: tape measure that sounds like a whip crack.

ANASTASIA

Picture it!

5) WE HEAR: roller disco music, more bridal gabble.

JACKIE

Picture it! Studio 54 meets the
best birthday party you ever had as
a kid.

6) WE HEAR: a marching band.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(shouting over music)

THE CROWD ROARING.

7) WE HEAR: a barge horn, waves, boat sounds.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The sun going down on the deck. And here's the kicker. It cuts your overall budget by 10%.

(marching band)

17%.

(disco)

13%.

(bowling alley)

26%.

8) WE HEAR: flowers rustling, roses being cut.

ANASTASIA

Freesia?

EMMA

I don't know.

ANASTASIA

Roses.

EMMA

I don't know.

ANASTASIA

Roses are fine.

EMMA

I don't like them.

ANASTASIA

Then it'll have to be lilies.

KATIE

Calla? Pfft!

STU

(whispering)

Jackie got the Magic Castle Catholics back!

EMMA

(excited squeal)

KATIE

Peonies!

ANASTASIA

If you want to invite the comparison.

STU

She needs another couple of hours.

EMMA
Hours? This is our last stop.

STU
You still have a hair appointment.

ANASTASIA
Violets.

KATIE
No!

ANASTASIA
Gerber daisies!

KATIE
Is she twelve?

ANASTASIA
Miss Bishop. Perhaps you could
weigh in.

EMMA
I don't know. I don't really like
flowers.

ANASTASIA
Perfect. Then you can carry leaves.

EMMA
I mean grocery store flowers.
Greenhouse flowers.

ANASTASIA
These grew in Brazil. Not a
greenhouse.

EMMA
Maybe wildflowers would be better.

ANASTASIA
It's December.

EMMA
Let's just take a quick ride out to
the parkway. We'll see what's
growing, then we come back here and
decide.

ANASTASIA
What's the difference?

EMMA
They have to be special.

ANASTASIA

No, they have to be fresh. And plentiful. And that's it.

EMMA

I can't just carry plain old stupid roses down the aisle!

ANASTASIA

Sugar bunny, if a long stem "Summer Fashion" floribunda grown, watered, tended, wrapped in tissue, and flown seven thousand miles isn't "special" enough, I don't know how a handful of weeds pulled up from the highway median is going to suit you any better.

EMMA

Oh, I suppose you'd rather book me out like a cruise line buffet package!

(remembering her character)

I mean. I get one day to be a princess. I can't waste that on pink roses. I'm never going to be a REAL princess!

STU

Especially with the economy the way it is.

ANASTASIA

Real royalty runs on a schedule.
(recover)

You're making this too hard on yourself. It's one thing when a nineteen year old sorority girl is picking paper plates to serve pigs-in-a-blanket on or when two broke idiots are trying to justify the cost of the plane ticket to their equally broke school friends, but that's not you. All you have to do is point your little finger and POOF. What's the point of all this exhaustive personalization?

EMMA

(hard)

It's fun.

KATIE

I loved planning my wedding. The little details are what you end up remembering. Every time I smell sage or hear the song from our first dance, I stand still for a minute and remember that day. It was a good day, a really good day. And it's over so quickly. You don't think you're going to remember napkins or brown butter cookies, but you do. It anchors the memory.

ANASTASIA

(pointed)

That's true. And eventually, memories are all you have left.

WE HEAR: Katie and Emma gasp. (Possible: Stu says "Hey.")

KATIE

Wh-- who said that I...

ANASTASIA

(turn)

So, we like the roses?

EMMA

Stu, will you pass me the garden shears?

STU

Sure, buddy.

ANASTASIA

No! Put those down!

EMMA (CONT'D)

ONE SECOND!

WE HEAR: shears hacking away at hair.

ALL

AUGH!

EMMA

MY BANGS!

END MONTAGE.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

WE HEAR: the beeps and murmurs of a doctor's office, a blood pressure cuff.

JUNIOR

That's an insult. If Richardson thinks I'm feeling charitable because of 15 seconds of white light, he's got another think coming.

DOCTOR

No cell phones.

JUNIOR

I just got the projections. I'm looking at the numbers right here.
(low, to doctor)
You got a buck?

DOCTOR

Are you kidding?

JUNIOR

Let me look at the serial number.

WE HEAR: doctor sigh, shuffle change.

WE HEAR: a dollar bill crinkle, flattened.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(reading the serial
number)

Rates are locking in at 4.3 in February, bumping up to 5% next August. Borrow the money now, you're going to gross an extra 34% in the first 13 months.

(beat)

13.

(beat)

Well, it's a 24 month projection.

(beat)

The last eleven months...

(to doctor)

Got another dollar?

DOCTOR

No cell phones.

WE HEAR: Velcro rip.

JUNIOR

I gotta run. I'm at the opera. I'll have my son send over some figures.
(listen, fake laugh)
The wife. Loves her culture. Okay then.

WE HEAR: beep of cell phone hanging up. We continue to hear the phone chirp and buzz with various notifications.

DOCTOR
148/94.

JUNIOR
That's good.

DOCTOR
I'm not wild about it.

JUNIOR
Better than it was.

DOCTOR
Can I have my dollar back?

WE HEAR: a door open, Trip lurch in, breathless.

TRIP
Hey. Are you okay?

JUNIOR
Trip, can you change a dollar?

DOCTOR
Are you the son?

TRIP
Yes. What happened?

JUNIOR
Give him some quarters.

DOCTOR
Blood pressure's a little high.
Temperature's good. Waiting on the
blood and urine.

JUNIOR
Now there's a smell.

DOCTOR
Still quite tender in the abdomen.
But it seems he's keeping to the
diet. All in all, things are
looking optimistic. If he keeps off
the booze and avoids scorpions--
 (chuckle, but no one
 laughs)
Little doctor joke.

TRIP
This is a check-up?

DOCTOR
Yes.

TRIP
A successful check-up.

JUNIOR
Four quarters.

TRIP
I got an urgent call from a nurse.

JUNIOR
Peggy.

TRIP
Saying you were in the hospital.

JUNIOR
I am. "In" the hospital. Doug Richardson called, he says you declined to meet with him.

TRIP
Mother f-- I ran three red lights getting her.

DOCTOR
Can I have my dollar back?

JUNIOR
Give him the change!

WE HEAR: Trip sling a handful of quarters onto a table, Doctor pick up coins.

DOCTOR
I'll step out and let you get dressed.

WE HEAR: the door close.

JUNIOR
Richardson wished me a speedy recovery.

TRIP

I left a German foreman with
Japanese blueprints, twenty-six
Portuguese workers, a French
Canadian electrician, and four
Guatemalan plumbers.

JUNIOR

He sent a ficus.

TRIP

It's the tower of frickin' Babel.
We're piecing things together with
Google Translate.

JUNIOR

Inquired about my surgical options.

TRIP

I don't have time to play 20
questions with you OR Doug
Richardson!

JUNIOR

But you did find the time to tell
him about my condition.

Beat. This sucks the air out of Trip.

TRIP

He's... he asked.

JUNIOR

I wouldn't want the Pope to know if
I had a runny nose and I sure as a
crack hammer don't want those
wheedling vultures to know I'm
staving off organ failure! He sent
me an oatmeal recipe!

TRIP

He asked. He already knew.

JUNIOR

Nobody "knows". They talk. You
confirmed.

TRIP

I didn't know.

JUNIOR

You didn't think.

TRIP

He's your GOLF buddy. He heard you had a heart attack--

JUNIOR

I didn't.

TRIP

Would you rather he thought you had a heart attack?

JUNIOR

I'd rather if you kept our family matters private.

TRIP

That is rich. From the man who's using his son's wedding for brochure fodder. The man who sold paparazzi photos of an ambush proposal to THREE magazines.

JUNIOR

That's different. It's good for business. You don't turn down a chance to be Hemispheres.

TRIP

It's an in-flight magazine!

JUNIOR

With a circulation of 800,000 per issue.

TRIP

Good, I hope they stick us next to the Sudoku puzzle.

JUNIOR

You made us look weak.

TRIP

You had to steal a small business to keep afloat through the foreclosure. We **are** weak.

WE HEAR: increasingly frequent pings from Trip and Junior's cell phones. The door opens.

DOCTOR

All right, Mr. Winthrop. One more pinprick and we're done.

WE HEAR: button tapping, distant murmuring of a voicemail message.

JUNIOR
 Woah woah woah. What is this? Are you getting these?

TRIP
 What?

JUNIOR
 Cancellations. Friday wedding, out. Sunday out.

Trip laughs. Recovers. Laughs again.

DOCTOR
 Raise your arm.

JUNIOR
 Screw the insulin! Give me my coat.

TRIP
 Take the shot. Take a cab.

JUNIOR
 We have to deal with this.

TRIP
 Right. What do you want me to do?

JUNIOR
 (mild splutter, lost for words/ideas)

TRIP
 (to the doctor)
 I'll pick up his 'scripts from the pharmacy. Don't call me again unless he's being admitted.

JUNIOR
 Patrick!

WE HEAR: the door shut. Junior grumbles, starts dialing his phone.

INT. HAIR SALON -- DAY

WE HEAR: Anastasia's phone ring, Anastasia riffle through her purse for her phone.

HAIRDRESSER
What do you think?

EMMA
I'm hideous!

ANASTASIA
I've got bobby pins.
(answering phone)
Hello?

WE HEAR: Junior SHOUTING at her.

EMMA
My bangs won't stay down.

STU
Cool! Boing boing boing boing.

HAIRDRESSER
Maybe with a little extra mousse.

KATIE
No good. Start over.

ANASTASIA
Sir. Yes sir.
(lowering her voice)
Patrick.

WE HEAR: Junior say "fix it or I'll get someone else", very distinct click of the phone hanging up.

WE HEAR: mousse spritzing.

HAIRDRESSER
There now. Audrey Hepburn. What do you think?

EMMA
It's a little better.

ANASTASIA
No. The stubby bangs look too strange with long hair. She'll have to lose the ponytail.

WE HEAR: scissors picked up, snicking the air, then cutting through a huge hunk of hair.

Emma shrieks. Stu, Katie, and Hairdresser shout.

HAIRDRESSER
I can do that! Stop that!

ANASTASIA
 (close, in Emma's ear)
 Didn't we have fun today? Next time
 you'll have to bring your friend
 Jackie along.

WE HEAR: Anastasia drop the scissors.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
 See y'all tomorrow.

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: pen scribbling on paper, door open and shut.

JACKIE
 Such a pleasure having your
 business.

WE HEAR: a phone being dialed, a door open.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Emma?

JUNIOR
 Judas.

JACKIE
 Augh!

WE HEAR: the phone slam down.

JUNIOR
 Imagine my surprise. Went in for a
 doctor's appointment, came out and
 I've got a whole string of
 messages. We had five weddings this
 weekend. Now we're down to three?

JACKIE
 Hm. Better check your messages
 again. You're down to one.

JUNIOR
 That's some dirty pool, missy.

JACKIE
 Ha! Get out of my office.

JUNIOR
 I just got comfortable.

WE HEAR: Jackie throw down her papers and take off her coat.

JACKIE

You know, I saw Katie last night.
Riding a Vespa with her legs
wrapped around a HUGE muscle-y
Italian guy.

JUNIOR

Where are you gonna stick those
parties? Church basement? Bingo
hall?

JACKIE

They were eating gelato. Licking
each other's fingers.

JUNIOR

Bowling alley? Skating rink?
Marina? Football field is
impressive. How'd you convince a
good Lutheran girl to take her vows
on the 50 yard line?

Beat. Jackie sizes Junior up.

JACKIE

End zone. No trick. I know my
clients.

JUNIOR

That's all? Kitsch and a little
salesmanship? You didn't tighten
your belt? I do love a coupon.

JACKIE

Do you need that cane or is it a
prop?

JUNIOR

I'm a sick man.

JACKIE

Last weekend, your pack of crack
shot wedding planners caused
\$60,000 of damage. The brides
didn't come back because of coupons
or kitsch. It's because a bowling
alley is less horrifying than your
hotel.

JUNIOR

How many brides will you be able to
sell on the bowling alley? And the
roller disco? It's pointless to
strain yourself.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Once Anastasia finishes with Miss Bishop, no number of nostalgic jukeboxes or empty compliments will be able to stem the tide.

JACKIE

Emma won't go through with it.

JUNIOR

She will if you tell her to.

INT. GROCERY STORE -- DAY

WE HEAR: automatic door open, rattle of a shopping cart.

EMMA

(moans)

Can't I wait in the car?

STU

You have the money.

KATIE

You look fine. Your hair's not so bad. Kind of French.

EMMA

Like Joan of Arc on the way to a bonfire.

STU

Can we get chicken pot pie?

EMMA

Takes too long.

STU

Pizza bagels.

KATIE

She has a dress fitting Friday.

EMMA

And a bag of broccoli.

STU

Got it!

WE HEAR: Stu gallop off.

KATIE

We'll get back at her tomorrow.

EMMA

I don't have enough hair left get
back at her.

KATIE

Leave it to me. I'm bringing a
thermos of red wine, a razor blade,
and ipecac.

EMMA

Don't bring the razor. She'll shave
me bald.

WE HEAR: Emma brush her bangs. (sounds like a hand moving
across a broom.)

KATIE

That was fun today.

EMMA

Was it?

KATIE

It was. Saying "NO". No to the
vanilla sugar dome! No to finger-
hook sleeves! No to Purple and
everything Gray!

EMMA

Five hundred thousand no's. It does
feel good.

KATIE

I feel smart. Sure.

EMMA

Huh.

DELI WORKER

Miss? Would you like to try the
honey roasted turkey.

KATIE

No!

EMMA

No!

(beat)

Actually yes, can I have a piece?
Thank you. Sorry. Feelin'
empowered.

WE HEAR: Emma eat the turkey slice, Katie fiddle with bags of
bread.

KATIE

I know Jackie's going to be your real maid of honor.

EMMA

Oh. Well... I don't know.

KATIE

It was fun to pretend. Thanks for inviting me.

EMMA

We needed you. Can't run a Fiddle game with just me and Stu. You're the cavalry.

KATIE

I won't let you down. I will be... a bulwark! I will be a rock!

EMMA

Just get me through the dress fitting without agreeing to a dress.

STU

Pizza bagels and broccoli.

WE HEAR: Katie smack the bag of frozen veg on the ground.

KATIE

No! Take 'em back. We're going to have proper pizza. None of this sad, first-cousin-once-removed of pizza.

STU

We could MAKE a pizza.

KATIE

Let's buy one of every pizza. Tombstone, Totinos, Red Baron, uhhh that weird tiny deep dish one that takes an hour to cook.

STU

Let's buy a breakfast pizza and put Bagel Bites on it!

EMMA

Now that's luxury.

WE HEAR: Stu start throwing boxes and pizzas in the cart.

KATIE
Girls' night. Every kind of pizza.
Champagne. Strippers!

EMMA
I don't have stripper money.

KATIE
Okay. Movies! We'll rent everything
in the Redbox with a shirtless guy
on it.

WE HEAR: Katie's phone start ringing.

EMMA
I'll settle for open shirt, tight
shirt, or Hugh Jackman sweaty.

WE HEAR: the cart roll, bar codes beeping through the
checkout.

KATIE
Get another can of Parmesan!
(answering the phone)
Hello?

WE HEAR: Junior, distant through the phone connection.

JUNIOR
Hey there Kitty.

KATIE
Oh.

GROCERY CLERK
Did you bring your own bags?

KATIE
No.

WE HEAR: continued scanning beeps, groceries being bagged.

JUNIOR
Bad moment?

KATIE
I'm at the grocery store.

JUNIOR
Ah. On your way home?

KATIE
I'm with Emma. And Stu. Emma and
Stu.

JUNIOR
Good day?

KATIE
Uh. Quiet. Nothing interesting.

JUNIOR
Hm.
(beat)
You've been getting the flowers?

KATIE
Yes. What'd you send today?

JUNIOR
Jasmine. Smelled good. Everything
in the shops smells like pine and
cedar right now. Jasmine smelled
like a mistake. Or a hallucination.
Or a mirage. Seemed apt.

Beat. Katie doesn't respond.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
How's your health?

KATIE
How's *my* health?

JUNIOR
They've got me drinking broth. And
tea. For a treat, I get oatmeal.
Everything looks the same going in
as coming out. What are you eating
for dinner?

KATIE
Eleven pizzas.

JUNIOR
Big plans.

KATIE
Is that really all you're eating?

JUNIOR
I never pay attention.

KATIE
You've been out of the hospital for
six days. Literally all you're
supposed to be doing is paying
attention to what you eat.

JUNIOR

Fine, then you come here and tell me what to eat.

KATIE

Sleep, watch Mannix, eat egg whites and fruit, sleep, Law and Order, soup and sandwich, this is really not that hard.

JUNIOR

That's a long list. I'll write it down. What was the first one?

KATIE

You have a nurse! You have a nutritionist!

JUNIOR

I want you to come home.

Beat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Kitty.

KATIE

Why?

JUNIOR

House is too quiet without you. It's keeping me up at night. Between ten and one, there's just nothing to do but wander the house and miss you, Kitty. Move knick-knacks around. Fold towels. I was thinking about getting some shelf paper. How do you feel about blackwatch plaid? Or maple leaves.

(beat)

I know you're getting sick of that air mattress. Come home.

GROCERY CLERK

Total is \$43.86. You saved \$4.03. Are you collecting green stamps?

KATIE

No. No.

JUNIOR

No? Really?

STU
We got Tarzan!

EMMA
And that weird sexy Dracula movie
and a workout tape called Power
Pecs.

KATIE
I have to go.

WE HEAR: Katie hang up.

GROCERY CLERK
These are so good.

KATIE
What?

GROCERY CLERK
The frozen deep dish ones. I always
skipped 'em because they take,
like, an hour, but there's spinach
and tomatoes and the crust gets
really crispy. Totally worth it.

KATIE
Oh. Thanks.

WE HEAR: Katie gather up paper bags.

INT. REGAL BRIDE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: the front door rattle, then jingle open.

WE HEAR: the phone is ringing, unanswered.

JACKIE
(distant)
Patrick?

TRIP
Emma?

WE HEAR: Jackie open the door and look out from her office.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Oh, whew. Just me.

JACKIE
What are you doing here?

TRIP
 (fumbling)
 I thought maybe I'd set up a
 surprise on Emma's desk--

WE HEAR: the front door shut, Trip drop a paper bag/box.
 Something squawks inside.

JACKIE
 NO.

TRIP
 I'm not going to let them out of
 the cage.

WE HEAR: Trip set down several packages. One bag chirps.

JACKIE
 How many are there?

TRIP
 Three.

WE HEAR: a surge of activity from the birds.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 Three cages. Ten birds.

JACKIE
 TEN BIRDS.

TRIP
 No, it's cute! Four calling birds.
 They're love birds. Three French
 hens. I got chicks.

JACKIE
 The bag is leaking. What is it
 leaking?

TRIP
 Ohhh crap crap crap.

JACKIE
 What is wrong with you?

TRIP
 I panicked! This is my third try.

JACKIE
 4th.

TRIP

I have to nail this one or I think the whole thing resets and I have to start over. I'm running out of ideas!

JACKIE

How many ideas did you have to begin with?

TRIP

None! Almost none! Total blank!

JACKIE

This is unnecessarily complicated!

TRIP

I know! I tried just... asking. But... It sounded so stupid.

JACKIE

Stupider than this?

WE HEAR: squawks, several birds shitting in unison.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Auggggh gross!

WE HEAR: door open, flapping, windows open, lots of gasping for air, door slam.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with spelling her name out with chocolates? Or a giant cube of roses?

TRIP

None of this is good enough. Chocolate and flowers and stupid, stupid birds. You have to help me.

JACKIE

"Jackie, help me propose." "Jackie, get my in-laws to back off." "Jackie, make Stu use a plate." "Jackie, tell my boyfriend to apologize."

TRIP

Uh. I'm sorry.

JACKIE

Birthdays. Anniversaries. You have to figure out how to do this.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Once you guys are married, I'm not going to be... I can't be here in the same way.

TRIP

You're right. I'm sorry.

JACKIE

Crack open her Pinterest page, get out your credit card, and throw money at the problem until it goes away.

TRIP

I looked at her Pinterest.

JACKIE

Oh yeah, was it full of Scarlet Macaws?

TRIP

No. It was all Christmas decorations and Muppet Carol gifs.

JACKIE

Her *secret* Pinterest page.

TRIP

Noooooooooooo. Why? Is that a thing?

JACKIE

There are many mysteries to the human soul. Some fantasies are so delicate we must protect them from the cold cruel light of day.

TRIP

What's in it?

JACKIE

Will you swear yourself to secrecy? You can never breathe a word of this. And you can NEVER mock Emma for the contents of this sacred shrine.

TRIP

I wouldn't mock her.

JACKIE

Swear.

TRIP

I swear!

JACKIE
All right. EmmaB at yopmail.
Murrus Brrrrdleee Whiffer.

TRIP
What's the password?

JACKIE
Mrs. Bradley Whitford.

TRIP
Mrs. Bradley Whitford.

JACKIE
All one word. Ta-da!

TRIP
Who is Bradley Whitford?

JACKIE
From the West Wing. And Saving Mr.
Banks. And Brooklyn 99.

TRIP
TV.

JACKIE
He's in a million billion things!

TRIP
The little guy from West Wing?

JACKIE
Sounds dangerously close to
mocking.

TRIP
The star of the West Wing?

JACKIE
Correct. He's the Deputy Chief.

TRIP
Huh. We were watching West Wing the
first time we... you know.

JACKIE
Which episode?

TRIP
Stackhouse Filibuster.

JACKIE

Huh. I never noticed. You kinda got a little Whitford thing going on.

TRIP

What? No. I'm more of a Rob Lowe.

JACKIE

Put on a pair of horn rimmed glasses, add ten years...

TRIP

I do have a pair of glasses.

JACKIE

If your chin was a little softer.

TRIP

My chin is my chin.

JACKIE

Spoilsport. All right, let's see what we've got. Sherlock gifs. West Wing, West Wing, Colin Firth...

TRIP

Tailcoats. Sherlock making out with Watson. Making out, making out, making breakfast. Who's that?

JACKIE

Lee Pace. Pushing Daisies.

TRIP

West Wing, West Wing. Fassbender. more horses, more tailcoats... man, lotta of top hats and boots.

JACKIE

That's Mr. Darcy.

TRIP

Which one is that?

JACKIE

I'm sorry, what?

TRIP

Is that a Jane Austen thing?

JACKIE

Pride and Prejudice?

TRIP

What?

JACKIE

Pride and Prejudice.

TRIP

Saying it louder doesn't help.

JACKIE

You've never seen Pride and Prejudice.

TRIP

I saw part of the zombie one.

JACKIE

It's Emma's favorite movie.

TRIP

Emma's favorite movie is Clue.

JACKIE

What is it like inside your head? Clue is top 10, but the Olympic podium is solidly occupied by Pride and Prejudice adaptations, Sense and Sensibility, and The Way We Live Now.

TRIP

Are they all Austen?

JACKIE

They're all boot and tailcoat romances.

TRIP

Why would she say Clue?

JACKIE

Aw. Baby. She lied so you wouldn't ruin her favorite thing.

TRIP

I wouldn't ruin it.

JACKIE

Not on purpose. How do I explain this? The boots and tailcoats fantasy. It's like...

TRIP

Ferraris?

JACKIE
What? No. It's pornographic.

TRIP
REALLY.

JACKIE
Those Austen costume dramas. It's all intense pining from afar... boots and a tailcoat, man, that's like black lace and garters. It is the costume for pining.

TRIP
Really.

JACKIE
I can't believe you've never seen *Pride and Prejudice*. 10 remakes floating around in this world and to not have seen one frame.

TRIP
Which one is Emma's favorite?

JACKIE
Oh. Um, Colin Firth is better as a jerk, Matthew MacFayden is better as nervous-in-love Darcy. Personally, I think the best Darcy is JJ Field in *Austenland*, though "technically" not the same character. But he's a believable jerk *and* when he's in love you totally believe it. Emma prefers Firth, 'cause the mini-series is the one with the most authentic proposal scene. Plus that's the one with the Darcy in the lake scene.

TRIP
Show me.

WE HEAR: clicking/swiping phone noises, the faint play of a BBC-esque soundtrack, water splashing.

JACKIE
Lizzie's snooping around Darcy's house and he comes home early. They both like each other but they think the other person hates them. Ooh, so good. BBC version, Darcy is dripping wet, half dressed--

TRIP
That's it!

JACKIE
What?

TRIP
I need a good costume rental place.

JACKIE
(Yes!)
No! Where's my address book?

TRIP
Can you make sure Emma is home and ready in forty five minutes?

JACKIE
Yes! Wait! Take my gate key. You've got twenty minutes until Blue Velvet closes. I'll take the birds back to the store. Don't forget the filibuster glasses!

WE HEAR: Trip and Jackie cheer and dash out, birds start squawking again.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: the door open, Emma whack her shin on what sounds like a box full of flowers.

EMMA
Auuugh!

WE HEAR: Emma fall down.

KATIE
Woah. You okay?

EMMA
The Gerber daisies broke my fall.

KATIE
Sorry, I didn't have time to clean up before I left.

STU
COOL. Where'd you find this?

EMMA
Operation?

KATIE
Your neighbor threw it out.

STU
Aw. The only pieces left are the
Water-on-the-Knee and the funny
bone.

WE HEAR: Stu make the game buzz.

EMMA
Where'd you get the batteries?

STU
Can we play?

EMMA
I'll preheat the oven.

KATIE
Put in the deep dish too. Bottom
rack.

STU
Smart.

WE HEAR: Emma clanging around with pans.

EMMA
The jasmine's pretty.

KATIE
Is there wine? We should have wine.
We've got to throw out these stupid
flowers.

WE HEAR: the door open, two vases smash, Jackie shriek.

JACKIE
Hey woah!

STU
Careful. Daisies.

JACKIE
We have a garbage can!

KATIE
It's full.

WE HEAR: an armful of vases tossed on the porch.

STU
Not the sunflowers!

JACKIE

Emma!

WE HEAR: Emma run in.

EMMA

Hey!

JACKIE

Woah, your hair got so much worse.

EMMA

Desperate times. We got pizza and three shirtless movies--

JACKIE

Is that what you're wearing?

EMMA

What?

WE HEAR: a harsh buzz. Jackie jolts audibly.

STU

Crap! Water on the knee. Your turn.

KATIE

You go.

STU

C'mon. It's your turn.

JACKIE

Hurry up!

WE HEAR: Katie set to work, all concentration. She mutters, talking herself through getting the game piece out.

KATIE

Come on, get that bone out you
friggin' geek! Mighty eagle
huntress, steady steady bow arm and
AUUUGH!!!

Stu falls apart laughing.

WE HEAR: Jackie drag Emma into her room, clothes whipping off hangers.

JACKIE

Did you shave your legs?

EMMA

What?

JACKIE
Long skirt, then. Velvet or denim?

EMMA
Velvet's too big.

JACKIE
We can pin it. Velvet skirt, white blouse, overcoat. Pucker!

WE HEAR: Jackie attack Emma's lips with lipstick.

EMMA
For what?

WE HEAR: a horse whinny outside, the Operation game buzz.

STU
THERE'S A HORSE OUTSIDE.

JACKIE
No time!
(hug)
No matter what happens, I love you!

EXT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: the door open, Emma run down the steps and out onto the road.

WE HEAR: a horse whinny and gallop past.

EMMA
Augh!

WE HEAR: the horse gallop a ways away. Emma runs after it.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey!

TRIP
(very distant)
HEY. HANG ON.

EMMA
What are you doing?

WE HEAR: Emma crunching through high grass and rocks.

TRIP
(distant)
WAIT. WAIT THERE.

WE HEAR: electrical buzz and click as three spotlights turn on. A dog starts barking.

TRIP (CONT'D)
OH HO I'M MR. DARCY. BACK AT
PEMBERLEY. TIME FOR A SWIM.

EMMA
Ahahahaha ah no don't!

WE HEAR: SPLASH, Trip dives in the water. Geese/ducks quacking and fleeing.

TRIP
Oh my god, it's gross.

EMMA
No! Ahahaha no!

WE HEAR: more splashing, swimming sounds, gargling.

TRIP
I regret this. Coming in!

WE HEAR: Trip duck under the water, quiet moment, then the thrash of water as he surfaces.

TRIP (CONT'D)
(English accent)
Ah! Miss Bishop, how unexpected!

The cold is rapidly overtaking Trip. His teeth chatter.

WE HEAR: Trip slip on the rocks as he tries to climb out of the lake. Emma catches him.

EMMA
Woah! Woah. What are you wearing?

TRIP
Puffy blouse.

EMMA
No. These. Since when do you wear
glasses?

WE HEAR: squeaking of lenses being wiped, frames clicking.

TRIP
They're old. You don't like 'em?

EMMA
No, no, no. You look like you...
ooh, Mr. Accountant.

TRIP
Mr. Darcy's Accountant.

EMMA
(it's working)
Oooh hoo hoo!

TRIP
Rawr!
(back on English accent)
Miss Bishop, forgive me. What a
surprise. You're travelling in
Darbyshire?

EMMA
Very nice.

TRIP
(still English)
Yes, this is a fine estate, I hope
to do it justice--

EMMA
That's enough.

TRIP
(normal)
Okay. Emma Lauren Bishop. Every
step forward with you is a first.
You made every piece of my life
bigger. You made me... more...

Trip is shivering and coughing so hard, he can't get words
out.

EMMA
Faster.

TRIP
Shh. I want to give you a life... a
life--augh! So cold!

WE HEAR: the wet shirt strip off.

Emma shriek/laughs! (Trip is nude.)

WE HEAR: more dogs barking in the distance.

EMMA
Oh my god oh my god oh my god!
Where is your underwear?

TRIP
On the other side of the lake!

EMMA
You dumb idiot!

TRIP
Historically accurate!

EMMA
Put on my coat! We gotta go inside!

WE HEAR: Emma throw her coat around Trip's shoulder.

TRIP
C'mere a minute.

EMMA
Augh! Your hands are freezing!

TRIP
Little smooch.

WE HEAR: a lil' smooch.

EMMA
Ew-hew-hew.

TRIP
EMMA BISHOP MARRY ME FOR GOD'S
SAKE.

EMMA
YES.

TRIP
Ring! Ring! Take the ring.

EMMA
Got it!

WE HEAR: Trip collapse.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

WE HEAR: an ambulance siren whoop.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: light hospital noise.

Emma, Jackie, Stu, and Katie respond to the doctor in a chorus.

DOCTOR
Hypothermia.

EMMA JACKIE
Yep. Yep.

STU KATIE
Yep. Obviously.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Dehydration.

EMMA JACKIE
Surprising. Ah.

STU KATIE
Hm. Mm.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
And we're gonna treat him for
parasites. Seems he's ingested a
heroic quantity of goose feces.

EMMA
Eugh!

JACKIE
Sick!

STU
How much is a "heroic" amount?

KATIE
Thank you.
(to Trip)
Idiot. It's a cement pond in a
housing development, not a natural
tributary.

Trip's voice is slurred a bit.

WE HEAR: a heat blanket crinkle when he moves.

TRIP
I'm fine.

KATIE
The water's 90% goose crap. You're
lucky if you don't have to have
your lower intestine removed.

JACKIE
Thank you Katie.

KATIE
My last patient with giardia
parasites lost vision in her right
eye for three and a half months!

JACKIE
THANK YOU Katie. Stu?

STU
I'll get the van.

KATIE
I once got a stool sample with so
many worms it looked like someone
kicked a ball of shoelaces through
a Boston Cream Pie.

ALL
Eugh!

STU
WE'LL get the van.

WE HEAR: Katie and Stu depart.

JACKIE
You staying?

EMMA
Yeah. I'll get a cab.

JACKIE
Okay.
(whispering)
Congratulations officially.

The girls share a whispered "Eee!"

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Trip. Hat tip.

TRIP
When I commit, I commit.

JACKIE
Night.

WE HEAR: Emma sit down with a happy sigh.

TRIP
What happened to your hair?

EMMA
Panic bangs.

TRIP
Normal words.

EMMA
Trying to scare off your dad's
wedding planner. I'll get them
fixed tomorrow.

TRIP
My dad's what?

EMMA
Shh shh shh. Enjoying this.

TRIP
So enjoy.
(beat)
Any nurses around?

EMMA
No.

TRIP
Get in here.

WE HEAR: Trip crunching around, the bed squeaking when Emma
climbs in.

EMMA
I love you.

TRIP
Love you too.

EMMA
Go to sleep.

INT. STU'S HONDA ODYESSY -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: light driving noise. Long beat.

KATIE
He could have died.

JACKIE
Gaaaaaaawd.

KATIE
That lake is a cesspool of bacteria
and snakes. It's 32 degrees tonight
and getting colder.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Going from a temperature controlled environment to the water, I'm surprised the shock didn't kill him.

JACKIE

Can we please listen to the radio.

STU

Still broken. We could sing.

KATIE

It takes 2 minutes to succumb to freezing water without protective clothing.

JACKIE

He's fine. Everyone survived. No one is dead. Chill the frick out.

Beat.

KATIE

A fall from six feet is fatal 50% of the time.

JACKIE

AUUUUUGH. Stop the car.

WE HEAR: a seatbelt unbuckle, the door open.

KATIE

Where are you going?

JACKIE

I'm gettin' pancakes. Then I'm walking home.

STU

I want pancakes.

JACKIE

Take her home first.

KATIE

Jackie!

WE HEAR: the door slam, the car idling.

STU

Do you want to--

WE HEAR: a car honk.

KATIE

Just go.

WE HEAR: the car move forward.

STU

You okay?

KATIE

I don't know why it's bothering me.

STU

The mushy stuff?

KATIE

No. I mean. *Parasites*. And the cold. His fingers were blue!

STU

You're worried.

KATIE

I'm not a worrier.

STU

He'll be okay tomorrow.

KATIE

I'm a terrible swimmer. Bottom of the lake is too slippery to wade out.

STU

I can swim.

KATIE

We didn't check him for cuts.

STU

Hey.

KATIE

If he gets an infection. He could still get an infection from drinking all that pond water!

STU

Hey.

WE HEAR: the car come to a stop, Stu put the brake on.

STU (CONT'D)

What's happening? You don't scare like this.

KATIE

Lately.

Beat.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I haven't been to work in six days.

STU

Woah.

KATIE

I did shower. I do shower.

STU

I believe you.

KATIE

I'm so embarrassed. I'm so embarrassed! I have never felt this stupid. I'm sleeping on an air mattress! I don't even have my own toothbrush!

STU

We can go get you one.

KATIE

I have five hundred thousand rotting flowers and no toothbrush. And I can't... I don't know what to do. I can't go home. I can't... keep sleeping on the floor.

STU

Not forever. But no one's kicking you out.

KATIE

Jackie is sick of me.

STU

Jackie let me live on her floor for eight months. I didn't even have a job. No one is kicking you out. You don't have to decide today.

KATIE

I have to find an apartment. Maybe I can change hospitals.

STU

You could come stay with me.

KATIE
No.

STU
I like having you around.

KATIE
Why?

STU
I just do.

Beat.

WE HEAR: the street noise, the engine idling.

STU (CONT'D)
Let's go back and get pancakes.

KATIE
No. Do you have any gum?

STU
Oh. Sure.

WE HEAR: Stu pop out a piece of gum for Katie. Katie pops it in her mouth and chews.

KATIE
Okay.

WE HEAR: rustling winter coats as Katie scoots over.

STU
Okay.

WE HEAR: Katie kiss Stu. Stu makes a small noise of surprise, then enthusiasm.

The kissing turns a little aggressive (on Katie's part).

STU (CONT'D)
(spluttering)
Gum.

KATIE
Right.

WE HEAR: paper crinkle, Katie spit the gum out.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Okay. Go.

STU
Katie.

KATIE
Oh.

STU
Let's go get pancakes.

KATIE
You go. Don't tell Jackie.

WE HEAR: Katie climb out of the van and slam the door.

END EPISODE 2

EPISODE 3

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: the door swing open and hit the wall. (little echo)

WE HEAR: the Power Pecs DVD still running.

EMMA

Hello?

WE HEAR: Emma drop her keys, turn off the DVD player. Now we hear a hissing sound.

WE HEAR: Emma push on a deflating air mattress, testing it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(concerned now)

Hello? Katie? Jackie?

WE HEAR: Emma go through the apartment, opening/shutting doors.

WE HEAR: keys in the lock, front door open.

JACKIE

--No one needs that many
toothbrushes.

STU

They sell them in packs of four.

EMMA

Hey!

JACKIE

Hey! You beat us.

EMMA

You freaked me out. Came home to
garbage bags of dead flowers and a
blaring TV. It's like the first ten
minutes of Law and Order in here.

JACKIE

Sorry. Only one waiter on tonight.
It took forever to get the check.
Then this charmer took six million
years picking over every single
toothbrush in the Rite Aid.

WE HEAR: a plastic bag rustle, toothbrushes in boxes rattling.

STU

I couldn't decide. Whaddaya think,
rubber gum massagers or bristles
angled for your molars?

EMMA

Aw man, I missed midnight pancakes?

JACKIE

Midnight turkey sausage. I had a
change of heart at the last minute.

EMMA

Which waiter?

STU

Alternate reality Paul Rudd.

EMMA

Aw, how's he?

JACKIE

Seems healthier. He was watching
Judge Judy clips on his phone
between orders.

WE HEAR: garbage bags hefted.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

God, she bags the dead flowers but
can't drag 'em out to the curb.

STU

Don't be mean.

JACKIE

(aloud)
Katie!

EMMA

Wait. She's not with you?

STU

She's not here?

JACKIE

Stu dropped her off a couple hours
ago.

STU

Katie!

WE HEAR: Stu's footsteps make the circuit around the
apartment, doors opening/closing.

WE HEAR: more air squeeze out of the air mattress.

EMMA

Did she say something?

JACKIE

Was she on call tonight?

EMMA

She would have said.

JACKIE

Maybe she went for a walk?

EMMA

I'll call her.

JACKIE

Stu, you saw her come inside,
right?

STU

Um. Well...

EMMA

Straight to voicemail.

JACKIE

Get your coat.

WE HEAR: Jackie pick up her car keys.

EMMA

Where would she go? Should we call
the police?

JACKIE

No. No. Maybe? No. Right? Who would
assault Katie? She's like a mighty
sequoia.

EMMA

Unless... You know. Sylvia Plath.

JACKIE

God!

STU

Um.

JACKIE

Don't even joke about that.

STU

Um.

EMMA

I'm not! Where do we go? Hospital?

JACKIE

Call first, maybe she's on the schedule. Where else? Hotel?

EMMA

Maybe. Store?

JACKIE

We'd have seen her. Office?

EMMA

She doesn't have keys.

STU

Mansion.

EMMA AND JACKIE

(dismissive, varied)

No.

STU

Yes.

WE HEAR: all bustling around/footsteps/keys stop abruptly.

STU (CONT'D)

I think.

WE HEAR: a small crinkle of paper.

WE HEAR: Jackie snatch the paper. It's an envelope.

WE HEAR: the crinkle of paper being unfolded.

JACKIE

(reading)

Thank you for allowing me to stay,
find enclosed a check for \$286 as a
contribution to cleaning and
utilities, with kind regards
Katie... Katie C. Winthrop.

(beat)

PS please don't cash the check
until next Monday.

EMMA

But... but we were going to watch
Tarzan.

WE HEAR: Jackie drop her keys.

JACKIE

Well. There you go.

EMMA

What?

JACKIE

She went home. Happy ending. You're finally engaged. Katie's giving it another shot with her lawfully wedded husband. Look at us! All making difficult, definitive decisions about our futures. Like responsible grown ass women.

EMMA

She didn't even finish deflating her mattress. This is a bolt in the night! Usain Olympic Gold Bolt in the night!

JACKIE

She was always going to go back to him.

STU

No.

JACKIE

She missed her window. She had momentum. If she really wanted to split, Junior would be the one sleeping on an air mattress on some rando's floor. All she had to do was let go and grab the next vine. Tarzan. We *should* have watched Tarzan. Tarzan is **apt**.

EMMA

You didn't tell her that!

JACKIE

I should have.

STU

Jackie.

EMMA

What **did** you say?

JACKIE

Nothing!

STU
Not exactly nothing.

WE HEAR: Jackie shoving plastic bags at Stu.

JACKIE
Good night Stu. Take the dead
flowers to the curb. Take your
toothbrushes. And we'll see you in
the morning!

STU
No, wait, I need to ask you
something!

WE HEAR: the door shut on Stu mid-sentence.

Beat.

EMMA
Jackie.

JACKIE
She's gonna do what she's gonna do.

EMMA
You don't mean that.

JACKIE
Leave me alone.

WE HEAR: Jackie walk to her bedroom and shut the door.

WE HEAR: a soft tap-tap-tap at the front door.

WE HEAR: Emma open the front door.

EMMA
(soft)
Hey.

STU
I think I did something bad.

EMMA
Okay.

WE HEAR: Emma step out and shut the door.

EXT. GIRLS' HOUSE -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: Street noise/slight wind/night sounds

STU
(audible fidget)
Okay. Okay.

EMMA
Okay?

STU
Um. Um. After we left the hospital,
Katie was, I don't know, she was
really... "rarr" you know, like she
gets.

EMMA
Okay.

STU
Then Jackie yelled at her. And she
made me pull over and the Jackie
was going to get pancakes and I
wanted to go too, but Jackie told
me to take Katie home first and...
she was so sad.

EMMA
Jackie?

STU
Katie. I couldn't... She just...
like, when you open a bag of
cookies and they're all broken on
the bottom.

EMMA
Oh.

STU
I made it worse. I couldn't-- she's
so sad. I didn't know how much, how
much she--

EMMA
Honey, honey. Katie is... a
complicated person in a difficult
position. It's not your fault.

STU
We made out.

EMMA
WHAT?

STU

A lot. Kind of hard. Tonight. In the van.

EMMA

Hoaaaaaaaaah.

STU

And now I'm... I'm kind of... I have a lot of, uh--

EMMA

Feelings?

STU

I don't want her to be gone. I want. I want. I want to be... with her.

EMMA

(hard exhale)

I gotta get Jackie.

WE HEAR: Emma open the door, Stu yank it back shut.

STU

No! I promised I wouldn't tell her.

EMMA

This is not in my wheelhouse.

STU

I promised! Please, you have to tell me what to do.

EMMA

I don't think there's anything you **can** do.

STU

Why?

EMMA

She's married.

STU

I know.

EMMA

She's married.

STU

I know.

EMMA

I know you know, but... god, that's all I can think about. And, KATIE. Katie? Katie. I mean, I knew she was, y'know... I mean, nobody likes Ken Burns THAT much. But you flirt with everyone!

STU

This isn't like that.

EMMA

Clearly! Sorry. Judge-y. Okay. I don't know, I don't know. Jackie Jackie, what would Jackie say?

STU

Dumb idiot.

EMMA

Right! Dumb idiot. Next next next... Evidence!

STU

If it please the court.

EMMA

Suspect driving a light blue 1997 Honda Odyssey carrying two passengers.

STU

Fact.

EMMA

Passengers were female, late 20s. There was an argument.

STU

Passenger number 1 told passenger number 2 that 50% of people die on ladders.

EMMA

What?

STU

Yeah, I thought that sounded high. Passenger number 2 said, "Stop the car!" And informed the driver--

EMMA

Suspect.

STU

That she would be getting pancakes.
 Suspect asked to join, passenger 2
 ordered suspect to take passenger 1
 home.

Beat.

EMMA

Suspect drove passenger 1 home?

STU

Suspect drove passenger 1 home.
 Passenger 1 started... not crying--

EMMA

In your own words.

STU

Breathing funny. Cry breathing.
 (imitates the sound)
 She said she didn't have a
 toothbrush and that Jackie was
 going to kick her out.

EMMA

No she wouldn't.

STU

That's what I said.
 (low)
 She quit going to work.

EMMA

Passenger 1?

STU

I didn't know.
 (beat)
 Suspect arrived at the domicile
 at... something something o'clock.
 Passenger 1 asked Suspect for gum.
 Then Passenger 1... homp.

EMMA

'Kay.

STU

Passenger 1 went in with open
 mouth. WIDE open. Suspect then
 extended his tongue.

EMMA

Oh-KAY.

STU

Passenger 1's gum dislodged from
back molars, shot into Suspect's
mouth.

EMMA

Detective! Please restrict your
testimony to the facts of the case.

STU

The court determines the
testimony's merit.

EMMA

Proceed to the next event in the
timeline.

STU

I... Suspect choked on gum,
Passenger 1 briefly withdrew and...
Suspect hesitated.

EMMA

Oh.

STU

Passenger 1 exited vehicle at top
speed. Suspect... departed. To
retrieve Passenger 2 and
toothbrushes.

Beat.

STU (CONT'D)

Judge?

EMMA

Deliberating.
(beat)
She kissed you?

STU

I saw it coming.

EMMA

When?

STU

Well, when she took off her
seatbelt and scooted over the gear
shift.

EMMA

No, I mean when did you realize you felt this way about her?

STU

When she took off her seatbelt and scooted over the gear shift.

EMMA

Good lord.

STU

I didn't think about it! She's married!

EMMA

She's married!

NEIGHBOR

(distant)

SHUT UP.

WE HEAR: a window slam shut, a dog bark.

EMMA

Judge rules in favor of the defendant.

STU

The what?

EMMA

The defendant is you. I don't think you did anything wrong.

STU

She wouldn't have left if it weren't for... that.

EMMA

You don't know for sure.

STU

What do I do?

EMMA

Fact. It's after midnight. Fact. Her phone is off. Fact, we'll probably see her in a couple of days.

STU

You're sure?

EMMA

Anastasia's still got her pegged as
maid of honor, remember? Go home,
go to sleep. Maybe new facts will
present themselves in the morning.

STU

Okay.

EMMA

Okay.

STU

Do you want to keep the
toothbrushes here? Just in case. If
she comes back.

EMMA

Sure.

WE HEAR: the crinkle of the bag as Stu passes it to Emma.

STU

Night.

WE HEAR: Stu walk away, the car door slam shut. The van
stalls out briefly before starting.

MUSIC TRANSITION

<Week before Christmas>

REGAL BRIDE TRANSITION MONTAGE

WE HEAR: phones ringing, packages rustling.

EMMA

Regal Bride, please hold. Regal
Bride-- Miss Kim! Perfect. How many
loose petals you got floating
around?

WE HEAR: parade noise, car pattering.

JACKIE

BOW TO THE QUEEN.

EMMA

BOW DOWN.

HAPPY BRIDE

Ahahaha! Thank you, thank you!

WE HEAR: phones ringing.

EMMA
Hello, Regal Bride--

ANASTASIA
Where are you? Your fitting was
scheduled for noon.

WE HEAR: Emma slam the phone down.

WE HEAR: someone rapping at the door.

EMMA
Stu! The lights!

WE HEAR: Stu smack the lights off.

ANASTASIA
(distant)
Emma! I can still see you.

JACKIE
Get the blinds!

ANASTASIA
Stuart Bunton, don't you shut those
blinds. EMMA.

WE HEAR: the blinds shut.

EMMA
(whispering)
Regal Bride, please hold. Regal
Bride, please hold.

WE HEAR: more parade noise, music. The car stalling out.

EMMA AND JACKIE
Bow to the Queen!

ONLOOKER REBECCA
(snide)
Where's your sash, Jocelyn? Miss
Sausage Queen, 1976!

JOCELYN BRIDE
Shut up, Rebecca!

WE HEAR: the car backfire and gutter out.

EMMA AND JACKIE
Stu!

STU
I got it, I got it, I got it.

ONLOOKER REBECCA
 (mean laughter)
 Bow to the queen! Bow to the queen!

JOCELYN BRIDE
 SHUT UP REBECCA.

WE HEAR: the car restart, Jocelyn dig up a handful of Tootsie Rolls and whip them at Rebecca. Rebecca shrieks.

ONLOOKER REBECCA
 (distant)
 My eye!

JACKIE
 (less sure)
 Bow to the Queen.

EMMA
 Please? Please bow.

WE HEAR: keys jingling in a lock, packages/boxes hefted inside.

JACKIE
 We can't go down Columbus. That's
 the official city Christmas eve
 parade route.

STU
 Christmas eve isn't for three days.

EMMA
 They never do the Christmas eve
 parade on Christmas eve.

STU
 That just seems needlessly
 confusing.

ANASTASIA
 Finally! You're back. We need to
 talk about your vows.

EMMA AND JACKIE
 HOAH!

WE HEAR: flapping, jingling, anything to imply flapping arms.

STU
 Smoke grenade! Smoke grenade! Smoke
 grenade! Smoke grenade!

ANASTASIA

Get your hands out of my face. Hey!
EMMA. JACKIE! YOU CAN'T RUN
FOREVER!

WE HEAR: car doors slam, a car engine turn over and peel out.

WE HEAR: Music swell/change. Sliding doors, hotel noise.

HOTEL CLERK

Good morning, Mr. Winthrop.

FRENCH WAITERS

Monsieur Winthrop!

HOTEL MANAGER

Welcome back, Mr. Winthrop!

BELLHOP

Hey, Mr. Winthrop!

TRIP

(still kinda rough)
Good morning. Thank you.

HOTEL MANAGER

(low)
Feeling all right?

WE HEAR: shuffles of paper, Trip scribbling a signature.

TRIP

I'll manage. Is there any food
upstairs.

HOTEL MANAGER

Bagel spread. Most of the board has
already arrived.

TRIP

So the salmon is gone.

HOTEL MANAGER

Mr. Winthrop... I mean... the
Senior--

TRIP

Dad. Got it.

HOTEL MANAGER

He made you an appointment with the
family lawyer so you can draft a
will.

TRIP

Neat.

HOTEL MANAGER

And he picked up your marriage license.

TRIP

Oh.

FRENCH WAITER 2

Would you like your messages?

TRIP

Sure. Walk.

FRENCH WAITER 1

46 messages.

TRIP

Oof.

FRENCH WAITER 2

12 from your wedding planner.

TRIP

Nope.

WE HEAR: Trip rip up those messages.

FRENCH WAITER 1

Two from the insurance adjuster, one from the hospital.

FRENCH WAITER 2

Eight from the San Antonio foreman.

FRENCH WAITER 1

One from Real Simple, one from Southern Bride, one from Christmas Bride, all confirming photo slots.

TRIP

Return, tell Real Simple the wedding is next August, tell Southern Bride it's in June, tell Christmas Bride it's midnight tomorrow on top of the Fort Worth water tower.

(turn)

No, that's mean. Just tell them it's in Oklahoma.

FRENCH WAITER 1
And the rest are from your... Erm.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Erma.

TRIP
(brightening)
Emma?
(murmurs, chuckles as he
reads)
Biddles.

FRENCH WAITER 2
She instructed me to draw this for
you. I am not much for the art, but
we tried to oblige her
instructions.

TRIP
Hagh!

It's a nightmare drawing of a smiley face with teeth
performing fellatio on disembodied wangs.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Those are hearts.

TRIP
Ohhhhhh. Is the smiley face... um,
eating them?

FRENCH WAITER 2
Blowing them.

TRIP
Say again.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Blowing them.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Blowing.

The French Waiters make kissing/blowing sounds.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Blowing kisses.

TRIP
OH. Right. I think it's the teeth
that make it...

FRENCH WAITER 2
 (Eff-ray-yon)
 Effrayant?

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Aggressive.

TRIP
 That's it.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 I don't know how to draw a mouth
 without teeth.

TRIP
 No, it's perfect. I'm going to
 frame this, give it to Miss Bishop
 as a wedding present.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 Mon dieu. Thank you, sir!

TRIP
 Thank YOU.

The French waiters CELEBRATE as Trip leaves.

WE HEAR: the elevator open, doors slide shut, quiet elevator
 music. Trip chuckles again at the messages, faint paper
 shuffle. He dials his phone, we hear Emma's voicemail.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 Hey, beans. I got your messages.
 You know, I've got still the Darcy
 costume until 5pm tomorrow. I--

WE HEAR: the elevator doors ding open to a wave of man
 laughter.

JUNIOR
 Marty stuck me in 14 inches of
 sand. Then the cart starts to tip
 and errrrrr-kaboom! Next thing
 we're tits up in a dry creek bed.
 Six scotches will do that, but I
 swear I thought I had the brake! I
 tell ya. No place like Japan. I
 still can't get the smell of mochi
 and lube out of my towels.

WE HEAR: bawdy laughter.

DOUG RICHARDSON
 Look at that, he's alive!

BOARD MEMBERS

Patrick! Trip! Heyyy! The bachelor!

WE HEAR: chairs scraping.

TRIP

Keep your seats. Asa, Marty. How are ya, Doug?

DOUG RICHARDSON

Fine, fine. Good to see you on your feet, kid.

JUNIOR

(curt)

I'll say! Doc told me they were gonna hang onto you til tomorrow.

TRIP

I'm not going to miss a board meeting.

(low)

Still in your opening remarks?

JUNIOR

Tried to hold the table, but these barracudas are champing at the bit. Still waiting on one more. Carol, get the boy some coffee.

TRIP

Water's fine.

DOUG RICHARDSON

That's not how your pop tells it!

WE HEAR: more boisterous snickering.

DOUG RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

What was it, tequila?

JUNIOR

At least a gallon.

DOUG RICHARDSON

See any trim?

TRIP

I... don't recall.

WE HEAR: elevator ding open, distant.

DOUG RICHARDSON
 HA! Now there's a man. Take the
 5th.

BOARD MEMBER 1
 (old timey gangster)
 We was at the movies that day! All
 day!

DOUG RICHARDSON
 (faux rough-housing)
 Let me feel that arm. Haugh!
 Haaaugh!

TRIP
 (splutters)
 Aaaahaha thank you Doug.

JUNIOR
 Aw, don't let these perverts step
 on your church shoes.
 (low)
 I told 'em you got alcohol
 poisoning at your bachelor party.

TRIP
 (low, dangerous)
 What?

DOUG RICHARDSON
 We used to snap the necks off vodka
 bottles and drink 'em straight,
 glass shards and all! Called it a
 Russian tonsillectomy.

ARTHUR WINDALE
 Those were good days. When you're
 twenty, you can break bricks with
 your face and still show up to work
 on time. We used to mash up
 Dexatrim with Quaaludes and pour
 concrete for twenty hours straight.
 I once blacked out on a Saturday
 night, came to during the Wednesday
 night bingo game at the Baptist
 church covered in yellow paint.
 Poured the whole damn Kmart parking
 lot and lost the mixer in a gravel
 pit.

TRIP
 I'm sorry, who are--

JUNIOR

Art!

DOUG RICHARDSON

Y'all remember Arthur Windale?

WE HEAR: General buzz of greeting, door shut.

JUNIOR

Good to see you.

TRIP

Arthur?

ARTHUR WINDALE

Art.

JUNIOR

Kumfort Klassic, Caravans and
Resorts.

ARTHUR WINDALE

Klassic with a K! But only two Ks.

TRIP

Mr. Windale.

BOARD MEMBER 1

My first stag was back in 1976,
back when you could walk down the
main drag in Fayetteville and look
straight down the barrel of an open
barroom right into a pair of tits.

BOARD MEMBER 2

There used to be this gal down in
Ft. Lauderdale who--

DOUG RICHARDSON

The one with the traffic cones!

Boisterous laughter.

JUNIOR

Hey now, give the kid some
breathing room. He's still getting
his legs back. Let's get that other
platter of lox unwrapped while the
girls are putting the papers out.

WE HEAR: the board members' clatter diminish as Junior herds
them out of the room.

BOARD MEMBER 1
From Wexlers?

JUNIOR
Without a doubt. Highest sodium in
the city.

WE HEAR: the door close, the sound of binders being put out.

CAROL
(low)
Here's your water.

TRIP
Give me one of those packets.

WE HEAR: an envelope rip open, glossy pages being flipped.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Permits, permits, tax, tax, tax,
zoning, projections. What is this?
A development budget?

CAROL
Mhmm. Your father was here all
night with the accountants.

TRIP
These projections are grossly
inflated.

CAROL
Do you need some aspirin?

TRIP
(distracted)
Bicarbonate.

CAROL
(uncertain)
Oh. Certainly. If I can find
some...

WE HEAR: Carol depart.

TRIP
No, I was kidding. Carol!

JUNIOR
(returning)
And afterwards, we're going back to
the lunch counter to stuff down
some pastrami.

BOARD MEMBER 1
(distant)
You're trying to kill me.

JUNIOR
I'll leave that to your new au
pair.

WE HEAR: guffaws, the door close.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
How's the stomach?

TRIP
How's **yours**?

JUNIOR
Here, get a little of that in you.

WE HEAR: the crinkle of a packet.

TRIP
Beef jerky?

JUNIOR
Tried bringing a steak to you
yesterday, but the night nurse took
it. I offered her the baked potato,
but noooo, confiscated the whole
filet. \$50 piece of meat.

TRIP
I don't need any beef.

JUNIOR
Better to pack down some protein
and fat if you can't eat much.

TRIP
Where did you get these numbers?

JUNIOR
The usual places. Buck here, five
dollars there. I wanted to discuss
it with you first, but Richardson
called for the fiscal review behind
my back.

TRIP
It's the beginning of the quarter.

JUNIOR
It's not our quarter. The board's
talking merger.

TRIP
With Kumfort Klassic?

JUNIOR
Two Ks, not three.

TRIP
They're garbage!

JUNIOR
Shh!

TRIP
(lower)
They're garbage.

JUNIOR
They're garbage, but they're flush.
When the housing market collapsed,
they made out like bandits on those
rent-by-the-week RVs. Motor lodges
in five states now.

TRIP
So what, you want to absorb them?

JUNIOR
Other way around.

TRIP
Are you off your nut?

WE HEAR: the door open, cutting off Trip around "are you".

CAROL
I found two tablets in the ladies'
lounge! I don't *think* they're
expired.

WE HEAR: the Alka-seltzer drop in Trip's glass.

TRIP
Thank you.

CAROL
How about a little bite of
something? I could send down to the
kitchen for some bacon. Or I've got
some beef jerky in my desk.

JUNIOR
We're set, Cal.

CAROL

Sir.

WE HEAR: Carol exit.

TRIP

Who's voting yes on this?

JUNIOR

Doug and Marty, to be sure. They're gunning for it. Asa and Blue might if I do. Everett'll tell him to go to hell, he hates Art for running out his lease on that land where they put the new IKEA.

TRIP

Are you voting yes?

Long beat.

JUNIOR

I might do.

TRIP

COME ON.

JUNIOR

If he meets me on the price. The company's projected value.

TRIP

What projected value? This one? The paper's still hot.

(we hear pages flap)

Where are the real numbers?

JUNIOR

Those are real. They're new.

TRIP

Since last night.

JUNIOR

Based on our new acquisitions, new expansion.

TRIP

The new expansion.

JUNIOR

The Bridal Salons.

TRIP

Oh. OH. This was it all along.

JUNIOR

I don't think you understand.

TRIP

You could have told me! You could have told me a month ago!

(to self)

Idiot. Gullible frrgn idiot. All that crap about retiring.

JUNIOR

The steward brought the horse back at 2AM, told me you were in the hospital.

TRIP

Don't change the subject! And you were just going to sell it. As soon as the tipping point hit. You were never really going to turn it over to me. I have been grinding myself into the mat, trying to meet this stupid moving target.

JUNIOR

I thought you got thrown off and broke your neck.

TRIP

It's not enough to keep the lights on. You want growth! Deforestation!

JUNIOR

Jumped naked into a lake.

TRIP

I wasn't naked when I jumped in. You have no respect for single digit growth!

JUNIOR

I was the last person to find out. I thought you were dead!

TRIP

No, apparently I was drunk!

JUNIOR

You try translating your pony trick into Portuguese! The whole staff was trading rumors.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Half the maids thought you killed yourself. Richardson smells weakness. Like a shark smelling fish blood. This is the moment. If you want out--

TRIP

I never said I wanted out.

JUNIOR

For you to walk away. With a profit.

TRIP

Don't make this about me. This is your golden parachute.

JUNIOR

For you. It's for you.

TRIP

Stop! Stop saying that!

JUNIOR

Give me a hug.

TRIP

Eugh! Why are you using your arms like that?

JUNIOR

What the hell do you want then? You hate the hotel, you won't let it go. You want to save the hotel, you won't let the press cover your wedding!

TRIP

What? Is that what you're after?

JUNIOR

Make up your mind!

TRIP

What are you trying to do?
Augh!

DOUG RICHARDSON

(calling)

Where's the boy with the hot water?

ARTHUR WINDALE

I asked for Splenda!

WE HEAR: the door open.

DOUG RICHARDSON

Say, Pat--

WE HEAR: Trip punch Junior in the stomach.

JUNIOR

PUH.

WE HEAR: the employees in the room gasp.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(gasping)

Rotten son of a piece of frrukn.

BOARD MEMBER 1

What happened?

BOARD MEMBER 2

Pat! Good god, man.

WE HEAR: Junior grab the table for balance and fall.

TRIP

Oh my god, Dad. Somebody call an ambulance!

JUNIOR

(very low, growling)

You socked me in the gut.

ARTHUR WINDALE

Oh lord, it's the fish.

DOUG RICHARDSON

Put something under his head.

TRIP

I think it's his GALL BLADDER.

BOARD MEMBER 1

What does that mean? Is that catching?

JUNIOR

(tight)

No.

TRIP

He might be contagious. Better get these folks out of here.

(low)

So sorry. I hate to put this off.

JUNIOR
 (gurgling)
 I'm gonna kill you.

DOUG RICHARDSON
 We understand. Family first.

WE HEAR: the grumble of retreating board members.

JUNIOR
 (gurgle gurgle)
 I kill you both.

TRIP
 (calling)
 You're a good man, Doug Richardson.

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE -- DAY

WE HEAR: dull roar a game show on the TV, an adding machine cranking away.

A COMMERCIAL COMES ON. <BOING sound effect>

COMMERCIAL MASCOT
 Whee! Have you experienced
 decreased fertility following the
 use of over the counter sleep aids?
 Then talk to your doctor about--

STU
 GAW.

WE HEAR: the TV channels flip.

JACKIE
 This would be easier in Quickbooks.

EMMA
 Use the calculator on your phone.

JACKIE
 I need to see all the numbers.

STU
 I hate daytime TV. All the
 commercials with cartoons are just
 internal organs. Or external
 organs. Kind of. Wangs aren't
 actual factual organs, right?

EMMA
 No.

JACKIE
Which channel are you watching?

STU
Skin's an external organ.

EMMA
How do you know that?

STU
Katie told me.

Heavy beat.

EMMA
You wanna use my phone to watch
baseball clips?

STU
It's not the same without
historical context. When can we go
back to the office?

EMMA
One more dumb wedding parade, a
pancake breakfast, and then it's
Christmas and we WIN and Anastasia
can lick a big fat frog butt.

JACKIE
You think she'll just vanish into a
puff of smoke at the stroke of
twelve?

EMMA
When the cold sunlight of Boxing
Day crests over the hill, she'll
burst into a puff of ash and
scatter to the winds.

JACKIE
She'll show up with a disco ball
and announce that you and Trip are
going to get married on New Years'
Eve.

EMMA
I've prepared for that as well. I
bought a tire spike strip on
Amazon, and I know where the hotel
fuse box is. I'll cut the power at
11:56.

JACKIE
In a wedding gown?

EMMA
Stu will cut the power at 11:56.

STU
What now?

JACKIE
Then I imagine a Valentine's
wedding is in your future.

EMMA
Fine, I'll start looking for new
office space.

STU
I don't want a new office.

JACKIE
We can't afford one anyway.
(sigh)
Em.

EMMA
That's not right. 7 times 7 isn't
42, right?

JACKIE
Forty nine. It might be time to
start discussing our options.

EMMA
Look.

WE HEAR: the adding machine crank.

EMMA (CONT'D)
42.

JACKIE
Maybe the 6 and 7 buttons are
stuck.

EMMA
Crap, I gotta go through and do the
whole thing again.

WE HEAR: the adding machine chucked in the garbage.

JACKIE
Emma.

EMMA

We're going to win, Jackie. These bridal parades are this year's donut tower or boho flower headdress!

JACKIE

At lemonade stand prices. We've gone \$3,000 out of pocket so far and it's the first month.

EMMA

We'll downsize. We could go back to working out of the apartment! It's fun! Right, Stu?

STU

(miserable)

So fun.

JACKIE

We have the tiniest bit of leverage, right now, right this minute. You're not married yet.

EMMA

Not GONNA be, not in that hotel.

JACKIE

And we scooped the old man on 14 brides this month. If there's a time to make a deal, it was yesterday.

EMMA

You're not serious.

JACKIE

Well...

WE HEAR: a merry knock at the door, shave-and-a-haircut.

STU

Two bits.

JACKIE

Shh! Turn out the lights.

EMMA

Is it Anastasia?

WE HEAR: shave-and-a-haircut knock again. Stu creeps over and cracks open the blinds. (or should we do a squeeeak?)

STU
No. It's a guy in a top hat and
tails.

JACKIE
Gustav?

STU
I don't think so.

JACKIE
Open it.

WE HEAR: shave-and-a, then the door opens.

SINGING TELEGRAM
Miss Bishop?

EMMA
Yessssssssss?

WE HEAR: a boom box turned on, a sad tinny riff of the horns
leading into New York, New York play over and over.

In the singing breaks we hear TAP DANCING.

SINGING TELEGRAM
(sell it)
Start spreading the news. You're
leaving today. You're gonna be a
part of it. Bridal shower partaayy.
The invitations are sent. The table
is laid. Now you gotta put on your
coat! Emma Biiiiiiiiishoooooop!

EMMA
What?

SINGING TELEGRAM
The singleton blues are melting
away. Emma you're making a fresh
start of it! On your wedding day!
If you can make it there, you can
make it anywhere--

JACKIE
How many more verses are there?

SINGING TELEGRAM
Four.
(singing)
You're gonna wake up in a bed big
enough for two!
(MORE)

SINGING TELEGRAM (CONT'D)

But you're number one! Top of the
heap! Queen of it all, part of a
whole!

EMMA

Okay, thanks.

STU

Let him finish.

SINGING TELEGRAM

Wait, wait, wait. I'm supposed to
drive you, too.

EMMA

To what?

SINGING TELEGRAM

Your bridal shower. This is the
invitation.

EMMA

Ew! No!

JACKIE

How is this an invitation?

SINGING TELEGRAM

The event details are in the last
two verses.

(singing)

So B-Y-O-B. To 1714. Give your
name! At the security gate! To get
a parking paaaaassss.

EMMA

Thank you, no.

SINGING TELEGRAM

If you can make it there! Kay-tee
Win-on-top will be so pleaaasssed.

STU

Katie's throwing the party.

EMMA

Not party. **Bridal shower.**

JACKIE

Mansion bridal shower.

EMMA

Folding chairs and pulpy mimosas
and everyone making these little
needling jokes about your...
bedroom stuff!

STU

Em. Please?

SINGING TELEGRAM

(singing, still NY, NY)

Ladies only. And dress for tea!

JACKIE

Give him a buck, maybe he'll stop.

EMMA

You can't just bum rush her party!

STU

I'll wait in the car.

JACKIE

Wait, what's going on?

STU AND EMMA

Nothing.

SINGING TELEGRAM

(still singing)

It starts at 4. With traffic we can
just make it on time.

JACKIE

Someone will be right with you.

WE HEAR: the door close.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Spill.

EMMA

Well--

STU

Don't!

JACKIE

Oh my god, you did it with Katie!

STU

NO.

EMMA
Made out.

STU
EMMA.

JACKIE
STUART.

STU
One time!

JACKIE
So that's why she left.

STU
That, plus you yelled at her.

JACKIE
I did not yell!

EMMA
HEY. Focus! Are we going to this party or not?

JACKIE
Recap.

EMMA
Made out. Bolt. No contact since. She's got home turf advantage and it's daytime.

JACKIE
Woof. Veto.

EMMA
Right? Disaster.

STU
I won't go in! I promise!

EMMA
If she knows he's there...

JACKIE
Hnngh gross. They're gonna do it in a garden shed.

STU
I WILL WAIT IN THE CAR. You'll be inside. You tell me how she is.

SINGING TELEGRAM
 (through the door)
 If we're late! I don't get a tip!
 For every five minutes they dock me
 twenty bucks!

STU
 Please. I need to know something.

JACKIE
 (relenting)
 Post party recap, no texts.

EMMA
 Back seat, windows up.

JACKIE
 We'll ride with the singing clown.
 You follow. We stay for two drinks,
 and one mini quiche.

EMMA
 No games.

JACKIE
 45 minutes, tops.

STU
 Thank you!

WE HEAR: the door open.

SINGING TELEGRAM
 (singing)
 Waze has us at 20 with an eight
 minute delayyyyyyy--

EMMA
 Stop singing, we're coming.

SINGING TELEGRAM
 (singing)
 Did I hear someone say a buck was
 up for a possible tiiiiiiip?

JACKIE
 Shut up.

EMMA
 Shotgun!

WE HEAR: music transition/driving noise/mansion gates
 opening, car doors slam.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

WE HEAR: gravel crunching underfoot.

EMMA
(under breath)
Relax. Relax. Relax. Relax.

JACKIE
Hey. Relax.

EMMA
Trying. It's just... bridal
showers.

JACKIE
I know.

EMMA
There are like twenty cars here.

JACKIE
Did you think it was just going to
be Katie staring us down across a
pitcher of sangria?

EMMA
If they try to do the toilet paper
dress, get me out.

JACKIE
I will.

EMMA
Nothing about how many babies we'll
have. And if anyone gives me a sex
toy, fake a seizure.

JACKIE
Done.

WE HEAR: the tinny boom box start again.

SINGING TELEGRAM
Ladies.

JACKIE
How is this part of your job?

SINGING TELEGRAM

Are you kidding? Normally I have to wear sixty pounds of foam and wool and roll around pretending to be a sea lion. And that's the basic package.

EMMA

People ask for that?

SINGING TELEGRAM

The internet's a weird place. You wouldn't believe the costumes I've got in my trunk. Singing without a fake head, though? That's cake. I'd do this all day.

WE HEAR: the doorbell.

JACKIE

All day? At least the party will have music. You know any Harry Belafonte?

EMMA

(low, underneath)

Cake is nice. Cake is good. Cake is calm. Pineapple banana cake and we'll sing the Banana Boat song And Jump in the Line and dance around like ghosts!

SINGING TELEGRAM

I might. What's your deal?

JACKIE

Pfft.

SINGING TELEGRAM

(sizing Jackie up)

Shut up, cutie. Name's Marco.

EMMA

Polo!

SINGING TELEGRAM

She always like this?

WE HEAR: the door open.

EMMA AND JACKIE

Katie!

KATIE

Hi! Hi.

SINGING TELEGRAM

Crap!

(singing)

Start spreading the news! The
bride's here to staaaaaay.

KATIE

That's enough. Wait in the kitchen.

Emma! Come in!

(to the house)

SHE'S HERE!

WE HEAR: girl whoop.

EMMA

Haugh!

SINGING TELEGRAM

Hey! What about my--

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma swept into the house. The door
slams.

WE HEAR: quiet, nature sounds. Distant squeals. A car window
squeaks down.

STU

(distant)

Are they in?

SINGING TELEGRAM

Yeah.

(beat, raspberry)

Got some time to kill. You smoke?

STU

Nah.

SINGING TELEGRAM

Nah, okay. Cool cool. Hm. Steal
some cake?

STU

Yeah, I'll do that.

WE HEAR: a car door open, the two guys disappear around the
side of the house.

INT. MANSION -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: echo-y footsteps, distant music.

KATIE

I'm so glad you could come on such short notice. It's one of those things, once I got started planning, I got carried away and then I realized I didn't have any guests so I started inviting girls and coordinating schedules and then I realized I hadn't invited you and it was just a mess!

(Star Spangled banner
laugh)

WE HEAR: Jackie trip over a chair.

JACKIE

Gah!

KATIE

Look out. Everything's a little "auugh!" right now.

JACKIE

Dining room table in the front hall?

EMMA

(low)

There's a bed stuck on the stairs.

KATIE

Stupid California king. It's wedged. I can't get it loose. Oh! We'll make it a game! There are 46 women in there, I bet together we could kick it loose.

EMMA

Forty-six women?

KATIE

I had a vision: four poster bed in the grand dining hall. I'll add the posts on the bed frame myself as soon as I buy a drill. Patrick's been sleeping in his office since it's easier, no stairs, but now I guess I'm going to have to sleep on the couch until I get the bed loose.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'll just sleep on the stairs! It doesn't wobble that much. It'll be like a hammock! I could just buy a hammock anyway if I have to take the bed frame apart completely.

EMMA

Katie.

JACKIE

Katie.

EMMA

Hey.

KATIE

What?

EMMA

What nothing. You disappeared.

JACKIE

Your check bounced.

KATIE

You cashed it? I told you to wait until next week!

EMMA

She's kidding.

KATIE

It didn't bounce!

JACKIE

No, I mean-- we didn't cash it.

KATIE

No, it's fine, it's fine. I think Patrick left some cash for the caterer's tips.

EMMA

Are you and Patrick back together?

KATIE

(musical laughter)

What?

JACKIE

Dude, don't just spit it out like that!

KATIE
 It's fine. It's fine!
 (chuckling a steady stream
 of notes)
 I know it's not perfect, but
 Patrick... we talked.

JACKIE
 You did?

KATIE
 It's not perfect, but we're working
 through it together. Every newlywed
 has a bad first year. Did you know
 80% of newlyweds contemplate
 divorce in the first year of
 marriage?

JACKIE
 80%?

EMMA
 Who told you that?

KATIE
 I read it in a magazine.

EMMA AND JACKIE
 (mixed groans)
 Oh no.

JACKIE
 Katie, it's... that's just not
 true.

KATIE
 How would you know? Are you
 married?

EMMA
 We just... we're worried that--

WE HEAR: doors open, louder music, party chatter.

KATIE
 She's here!

WE HEAR: strange, high-strung, poppy music, girl shrieks.
 Pepper "Star Spangled Banner" laughs throughout.

BRIDAL SHOWER GUESTS
 SURPRISE! BRIDAL SHOWER!

ASHLEIGH 3
 Congratulations!

ASHLEY 2
 So jealous!

ASHLYN 4
 You didn't even tell us! Skank.

AISLING 5
 We're gonna make you pay for that.

ASHLYN 4
 Bad. Oh my god your hair.

ASHLEY 2
 Who did it?

ASHLEIGH 3
 Are you, like, punk now? Or, oh my
 god, you're not sick, right? Is
 this a Walk to Remember wedding?

ASHLYN 4
 Shut up Ashleigh.

ASHLEY 2
 Stupid. Look they made crepes!

EMMA
 Ashley! Ashley. Ashley. Ashley.
 (bite of crepe)
 Glomph!

ASHLYN 4
 Ash-LYN.

EMMA
 And... Ash...ling?

AISLING 5
 People are calling me Ash now.

ASHLEIGH 3
 I love it!

ASHLEY 2
 I should do that.

AISLING 5
 Tough tits, I got it first.

ASHLYN 4
 What about "Ace"?

ASHLEY 2
What am I, Tom Cruise?

ASHLEIGH 3
Let me see the ring!

AISLING 5
Is that the ring?

ASHLEY 2
That's all?

ASHLYN 4
Is this it?

EMMA
Um, yes.

ALL ASHLEYS
(disappointed)
Oh.

AISLING 5
Super cute.

ALL ASHLEYS
So cute.

KATIE
Okay, Emma's here! We can open the
good champagne!

ALL ASHLEYS
Oooh!

WE HEAR: the Ashleys gallop away, corks pop.

EMMA
(ugh)
Ashleys.

RHEA BRIDE
Jackie?

JACKIE
Oh my god. Rhea!

RHEA BRIDE
Emma!
(kiss kiss)
Congratulations!

WENDY BRIDE
Emma!

EMMA

Wendy?

WENDY BRIDE

Jackie! Hey!

LAURA BRIDE

Hi!

CASEY BRIDE

Emma! Emma! Emma! Oh my god!

JACKIE

Danielle! Casey! Laura! It's so good to see you!

EMMA

Hi! Hi! Oh my god, so glad you came!

(low, to Jackie)

Jackie, that's January 1st, 6th, 13th, 14th, 20th...

FLORENCE BRIDE

(distant)

Am I late?

JACKIE

And 27th. Our entire January is here.

FEBRUARY BRIDES

(assorted squeals of hello)

EMMA

And there's February. Where did Katie get this guest list?

ANASTASIA

If you returned your calls, you'd know the answer to that.

EMMA

Anastasia!

Basilisk!

JACKIE

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

So good to see you girls again. How's every little thing?

EMMA

Stay back.

WE HEAR: Emma rooting through her purse.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I have a nail file.

ANASTASIA
(light)
I have mace.
(calling)
Who's got the corkscrew?

WE HEAR: an Ashley "woo!"

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
I think the bride needs champagne
AND rosé.

AISLING 5
(distant)
Ahahaha, all right Anastasia!

ASHLEIGH 3
(distant)
I love her!

ANASTASIA
They love me.

EMMA
Who else is coming? Our florist?
Our UPS guy?

ANASTASIA
These are all the women who have
RSVPed to your wedding.

JACKIE
You invited **our clients** to the sham
wedding?

ANASTASIA
Just a few at first, but when Miss
Bishop kept dodging our
appointments this week, I found I
had a lot of extra time to make
"social calls." And of course, Mrs.
Winthrop was very helpful in
filling out the seating chart.

JACKIE
Tacky.

EMMA
Risky.

AISLING 5
Annie-Stacia! Come sit!

ANASTASIA
They're good girls. I don't know
why you snub them. Be polite. This
will be fun.
(calling)
Who needs a refill?

WE HEAR: Anastasia walk away.

EMMA
(frozen with rage)
Ohhhhhhhh.

JACKIE
A whole table full of Ashleys at
the reception.

EMMA
Two tables. I hope the hotel's up
to date on fire insurance.

KATIE
Everybody, grab a drink! Bride in
the middle!

ASHLYN 4
GAME!

ASHLEY 2
TOILET PAPER GOWN!

ASHLEIGH 3
Baby name bingo!

WE HEAR: chairs scraping, drinks poured, Emma dragged
forward.

EMMA
Auuugh!

ANASTASIA
Never Have I Ever!

WE HEAR: the girls whoop, glasses tink.

EMMA
No.

ASHLEIGH 3
Come on! It's fun.

EMMA

No, please. I hate that game.

ASHLEIGH 3

That's because you've never done anything.

AISLING 5

Never have I ever lost my underwear in Target!

ASHLYN 4

Never have I ever done it in a rooftop pool!

EMMA

NO.

AISLING 5

Prude!

ASHLEY 2

Toilet paper dress!

ANASTASIA

Okay. Okay. Let's do "Would you Rather"?

WE HEAR: light groans mixed with willing interest.

CASEY BRIDE

Would you...

LAURA BRIDE

Would you rather...

FLORENCE BRIDE

Would you rather have wicked cramps during your wedding OR--

ANASTASIA

Would you rather bathe in chocolate or have all of your underwear smell like vanilla when you sweat?

ALL

(mixed shouts of chocolate and vanilla)

EMMA

I'd rather rub grapefruits in my eyes.

ANASTASIA

Would you rather honeymoon on a dog sled or a broken down cruise ship?

EMMA

Is this a BuzzFeed quiz?

ASHLEIGH 3

Do you have to do it on the dog sled?

ASHLYN 4

Is it a poop ship?

ANASTASIA

Wear a 70 pound dress or not be able to move your knees?

ASHLEYS

Knees.

CASEY BRIDE

70 pound dress.

FLORENCE BRIDE

How big must that train be?

EMMA

I dunno, I fitted a beaded shift once that came in around 50 pounds. The bride was doing Crossfit just to be able to hoist that thing down the aisle.

WE HEAR: the guests laugh.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It was pretty.

JACKIE

(take control)

Would you rather sit through a bad best man speech or an M-O-B singing during the processional?

WE HEAR: mixed laughs.

EMMA

How bad is the best man speech?

JACKIE

Drunk.

EMMA
Drunk weepy or drunk sleazy?

ALL
(mixed replies of Weepy
and Sleazy)

EMMA
Okay. Best man if he's weepy.
Otherwise I'll take the M-O-B.

JACKIE
Forgot to mention, her song of
choice is Sexual Healing.

WE HEAR: more laughs.

LAURA BRIDE
Would you rather find out Trip had
been to jail for bigamy or murder?

JACKIE
Dumb question.

EMMA
Murder.

JACKIE
Obviously.

WE HEAR: surprise ripple through the guests.

ANASTASIA
In-teresting.

EMMA
If he's reformed, we'll start a
prison theatre program and sell the
story rights to Hallmark. If he's
still a murderer, I'll dramatically
unravel the mystery, kill him with
a shovel in self defense and sell
the story rights to Lifetime.

LAURA BRIDE
Those both sound awful!

JACKIE
More interesting than bigamy. Then
what, you're just twiddling your
thumbs until he goes out to get
another wife?

WE HEAR: Jackie's laugh, Katie's musical laugh.

EMMA
 (whoops)
 Ahem.

WENDY BRIDE
 Would you rather have to marry the
 first guy you kissed or the first
 guy you slept with?

EMMA
 Kissed. Definitely.

ASHLEIGH 3
 Who? Scott Morrison?

EMMA
 No way. Cheek doesn't count. Stu
 Bunton.

ASHLEYS
 Oh yeah. Definitely. Way hotter.

JACKIE
 He already asked you to marry him
 once.

WE HEAR: murmurs of interest.

KATIE
 When was this?

EMMA
 Last year. He didn't *mean* it.

ASHLYN 4
 I made out with Stu once. Standing
 up on a bunk bed.

WE HEAR: the girls whoop.

ASHLEIGH 3
 We made out on the Scrambler!

ASHLEY 2
 Homecoming float!

ASHLEYS
 Doesn't count!

ASHLEY 2
 There was tongue. It counts.

KATIE
How many of you have made out with
Stu?

AISLING 5
Never have I ever made out with
Stuart Bunton!

WE HEAR: cackles, slurps of wine.

WENDY BRIDE
Wait, who?

JACKIE
Our photographer.

WENDY BRIDE
OH! Well then, let me just...
where's my wine?

WE HEAR: a distinct slurp of wine, more cackles/cheers.

KATIE
All of you have made out with Stu?

JACKIE
Not me.

FLORENCE BRIDE
Not me.

LAURA BRIDE
Or me. Engaged.

FLORENCE BRIDE
Yeah.

AISLING 5
But if you WEREN'T.

LAURA BRIDE
Totally.

FLORENCE BRIDE
Oh, in a SECOND. So cute.

LAURA BRIDE
That smile.

FLORENCE BRIDE
Ooh. That butt.

ANASTASIA
I'd go there.

ASHLEYS
ANASTASIA!

ASHLEY 2
I **love** her!

ANASTASIA
The sweet ones work so hard. If you
know what I mean.

EMMA AND JACKIE
Eugh.

CASEY BRIDE
Have you ever really looked at his
wrists? Those hands and forearms.
When he rolls up his sleeves, you
just wanna...

WE HEAR: the guests shout in agreement.

KATIE
Okay!

AISLING 5
Never have I ever thought about Stu
when my boyfriend is getting--

ASHLYN 4
Would you rather.

ASHLEIGH 3
Would you rather see Stu naked from
the waist UP or the waist--

JACKIE
Good lord!

KATIE
Why don't we open presents?

ASHLYN 4
Were we supposed to bring presents?

WE HEAR: mixed reactions, eventually deciding "Yes, that's a
good idea." Rustling paper.

EMMA
We gotta get some water in here.

JACKIE
Katie. We need to move this along.

KATIE

I know. They've been here since noon. I thought we'd sit and make scrap books or table decorations, I bought so many cute paint pens and stickers, but they got bored SO FAST.

AISLING 5

Open mine!

ASHLYN 4

MINE FIRST.

KATIE

Unnngh we shouldn't have soaked the peach cookies in schnapps.

JACKIE

What peach cookies?

KATIE

Exactly.

ASHLEYS

Emma! Come on! This is taking forever!

ASHLEIGH 3

You open it.

ANASTASIA

Oh, it's fine. Everyone's having fun. They're cutting loose!

EMMA

Did you put booze in anything else?

ANASTASIA

Brandy in the chocolate dip, rum balls, limoncello in the cake frosting.

EMMA

Whatever happened to chicken salad and cucumber sandwiches!

ANASTASIA

It's a theme menu.

WE HEAR: Ashlyn ripping paper open.

ASHLYN 4

Got a CLOCK.

WE HEAR: the guests oooh.

ASHLEIGH 3
BOO.

AISLING 5
Is it a BIG clock?

ASHLYN 4
It's heavy. And it's got weird
curve in it.

WE HEAR: drunk laughter.

ASHLEIGH 3
Do another one!

EMMA
This is like a rained out kids'
birthday party. We need a bounce
house or something to wear 'em out.

JACKIE
What else have you got?

WE HEAR: paper flipping.

KATIE
(rushed)
Bridal bingo, scrap book memories,
Truth game, presents...
All that's left on the schedule is
making tissue paper flowers.

JACKIE
These women are not going to sit
still for crafts.

ANASTASIA
Lord, sweetie, take a laxative.

WE HEAR: a cork pop.

ASHLYN 4
Here we have a lovely Brita water
filtration system.

ASHLEYS
(faux enthusiasm)
Oooh! Oh my!

ANASTASIA

(calling)

For the fella in your life that
thinks Soda Stream is too spicy!

WE HEAR: the sound of a box with a Brita in it chucked across
the room, laughing.

ASHLEY 2

I love her.

ANASTASIA

If you're that tight up, go burn
down a tree with the Singing
Telegram. **We're** having fun.
(to the guests)
Let the bride do one.

WE HEAR: footsteps of Anastasia dragging Emma across the
room.

EMMA

Jackie!

WE HEAR: the guests cheer.

JACKIE

The Singing Telegram guy is still
here?

KATIE

Anastasia paid him to stick around
and sing some Michael Bublé songs
at Emma.

JACKIE

She just paid him to sing?

KATIE

\$800 deposit.

JACKIE

To SING?

(beat)

What other costumes do you think he
has in the trunk?

KATIE

Why?

JACKIE

I'll be back.

KATIE
No! Wait! Don't leave!

JACKIE
5 minutes! You'll be fine.

WE HEAR: Jackie sprint off, door open and shut.

ANASTASIA
This one's from me.

EMMA
Okay. Thank youuuu.

WE HEAR: paper ripping.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh. A vase.

WE HEAR: the guests applaud and "oooh" again.

ANASTASIA
See? Isn't this fun? Fun!

ASHLEYS
Fun.

KATIE
(musical laugh)
It's fun. Fun!

EMMA
Stop saying "fun"!

WE HEAR: paper ripping. More ooohs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Another vase.

ANASTASIA
You can never have too many. We
used these for the centerpieces.
Classic round vase, good for
sprays.

EMMA
For the what?

ANASTASIA
I was showing the girls pictures of
the table setups and your dresses
before you got here. They're so
jealous.

EMMA

My dresses? Katie.

KATIE

You have six dresses.

ANASTASIA

And six table setups.

KATIE

Six looks for the catalogue.

ANASTASIA

Six-six-six!

KATIE

The pictures are nice.

ANASTASIA

We had to make some decisions.
Turned out to be for the best! The
reception will be like a trunk
show! Six times the wedding packed
into one glorious weekend!

EMMA

Have you lost your mind?

ANASTASIA

It's brilliant! These girls will be
eating your dust for years!

ASHLYN 4

What's in this box?

WE HEAR: a present being shaken, sounds like "thunk thunk".

AISLING 5

Woouoo I think that one might need
batteries!

ASHLEYS

Emmaaaaaaaaaa.

ANASTASIA

I know, it's archaic and sexist,
but weddings and husbands, they're
yardsticks society measures us
with... \$400 bucks worth of tulle
can outstrip a 4 year degree. Every
single one of these gals would have
to tackle cancer research or run
for the US Senate to be in as many
American publications as you!

EMMA

That's sick.

ANASTASIA

Do you or do you not know exactly
what Jackie Kennedy's wedding dress
looked like?

ASHLEYS

Next gift! Do the silver one!
Neiman Marcus!

ANASTASIA

Don't you want that respect? Don't
you deserve it? These girls dream
about being royalty. We'll feed it
to them on a classic blue Lennox
platter.

WE HEAR: a pointed rip of wrapping paper.

ASHLEIGH 3

Woo! Steak knives!

EMMA

Steak knives!

WE HEAR: the guests cheer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They're sharp!

ASHLEY 2

Let me see! Gimme!

EMMA

Catch!

WE HEAR: knives clatter, uproarious laughter.

ASHLEY 2

Look look look! Anastasia! Sit
perfectly still.

ANASTASIA

What?

ASHLEY 2

PERFECTLY STILL.

EMMA

Oh yeah, don't move.

ANASTASIA
NO. Don't throw the knife!

WE HEAR: the WHIP of a knife being thrown and a THWINNGG when it sticks in the wall and rattles.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
(shock)
Augh! Oh my god.

AISLING 5
Aughahahahaha!

WE HEAR: the girls cheer.

EMMA
Yes! Oh, I love that trick.

WE HEAR: grinding sound of the blade digging the wall.

KATIE
I can't get the knife out of the wall.

EMMA
Geez, Ashley.

ASHLEY 2
CALL ME DIANA!

ASHLEYS
DIANA!

WE HEAR: chairs turn over, plates smash.

EMMA
The Ashleys don't want to be fed.
The Ashleys want to hunt.

WE HEAR: A doorbell, the door open, Jackie enter.

JACKIE
Uh ohhhhhh! Girls, there's a
POLICE MAN here!
(to the cheap seats)
I'm sorry Officer. Were we making
too much NOISE?

WE HEAR: girls squeal and scurry towards the front room.

SINGING TELEGRAM
That's right. We've been getting
some noise complaints.
(MORE)

SINGING TELEGRAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to take you down to
the station.

WE HEAR: sexy pop music start. Breakaway pants rip off,
immediate squeals.

SINGING TELEGRAM (CONT'D)

Who's getting the handcuffs?

ASHLEYS

The bride! Right here!

EMMA

No! Anastasia!

JACKIE

Anastasia!

ASHLEYS

YES!

ANASTASIA

Hey--

EMMA AND JACKIE

SUCH FUN.

WE HEAR: click of handcuffs, cheers, another rip of cloth,
more squeals.

SINGING TELEGRAM

You can touch me.

JACKIE

Not bad for a bridal shower.

EMMA

Let's get out of here while they're
distracted.

JACKIE

Distracted.

EMMA

Jackie.

WE HEAR: RIP.

JACKIE

OH. Right! Stuff it.

EMMA

Stuff it. Text Stu, tell him we're
going out the back.

STU
We can just go out through the
kitchen.

EMMA
Stu?

KATIE
Stu!

ASHLEYS
STUART!

WE HEAR: Beatles-style squealing.

STU
Woah!

ASHLEYS
Dance! Dance! Get his shirt!

STU
Not again!

WE HEAR: the doorbell again.

ASHLEYS
The door! The door!

SINGING TELEGRAM
That must be my backup! I better
BACK IT UP!

WE HEAR: woos, patter from the Telegram (shake it! Etc). The
front door burst open. Squeals become disappointed moans.

JUNIOR
What is going on here?
(to Marco)
Good god, son. Get it out of my
face.

SINGING TELEGRAM
Sir... sir, I apologize.

WE HEAR: the music screech to a halt. (needle scratch)

ASHLEIGH 3
Ooh, who invited Ironside?

EMMA AND JACKIE
Shut up, Ashley.

WE HEAR: a dull clatter of a wheelchair in the hall.

TRIP
Help me get him in.

JUNIOR
I can walk. If you let me get--
(grunt, pain)
Hungh.

WE HEAR: crunching paper/glass underfoot, jellybeans kicked across the floor.

KATIE
What happened?

JUNIOR
No, you tell me what happened here.
Smells like coconut oil in here.

ANASTASIA
Um. Mr. Winthrop?

WE HEAR: the rattle of handcuffs, chair scooting across the floor.

JUNIOR
Anastasia.

TRIP
Anastasia?

WE HEAR: scoot scoot scoot.

ANASTASIA
How wonderful. You've arrived at
the most exciting part of the
presentation!

EMMA
Presentation?

JACKIE
You got a saucy Powerpoint?

TRIP
I'm confused.

JUNIOR
Will someone uncuff her? That's a
good chair.

WE HEAR: clink of keys, handcuffs being unlocked.

TRIP
What is Annie doing here?

EMMA

She's your dad's gonzo wedding planner.

JUNIOR

Pfft. She's my personal shopper.

TRIP

Dad, she works in *purchasing*.

ANASTASIA

I manage a wide variety of tasks for the Winthrop brand.

WE HEAR: a final click of handcuffs unlocked.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Sir, you know Florence, Danielle, and Casey. Rhea and Wendy--

JUNIOR

Ma'am. Give the other boy back his shirt.

LAURA BRIDE

(disgruntled)

Aw.

STU

Thank you, Mr. Winthrop.

ANASTASIA

--Ashley G, Ashley M, Ashleigh R--

JUNIOR

I don't need the names.

(curt, to the room)

Girls, did have a good party?

WE HEAR: a ripple of hesitant murmurs.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Good. Take your gift bags on the way out.

WE HEAR: a ripple of groans.

ANASTASIA

(low)

Sir. Clients. Clients.

JUNIOR

I know they're clients! I don't want them in my home!

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

If you wanted to rub your face in a stranger's crotch we have 14 dazzling locations for precisely that purpose!

ANASTASIA

Patrick, I understand your disquiet and next time we **will** arrange to host these salons in one of the suites to accommodate the demands of a party this large--

JUNIOR

This place looks like a broken pinata! You've completely lost control.

KATIE

Patrick.

JUNIOR

A dress. A cake. Invitations. Two colors of flowers. That's all you had to do. You cut the bride's hair off, went 15 thousand over budget and destroyed my living room!

ANASTASIA

It's a success! You're looking at a success!

JACKIE

(low)

Only 15K over budget?

EMMA

That is pretty successful.

JUNIOR

Trip, call back the driver. See if the Shapiros will lend him a minivan. Anastasia, I want this house empty in 30 seconds or you're fired.

KATIE

Hey!

ANASTASIA

Ladies! Single file line to the right. Marco, Stuart, help me round up the coats.

JUNIOR

None of you touch your keys. It's a mile and a half to the gate and I won't be liable.

ANASTASIA

Gift bags on your right. Pink ones are gluten free, green is keto--

JUNIOR

If any of you girls take a gin run into the trees, I'm gonna crawl into the wreckage and snatch your eyes out.

KATIE

No.

JUNIOR

Kitty.

KATIE

No, this is my party. I say when it's over.

JUNIOR

Kit, I've had a day.

KATIE

We talked about this. This is my party. I decide. And we're still having fun. Right?

WE HEAR: ripples of unease in the guests.

JUNIOR

Fine. Mind if I sit down, then?

WE HEAR: grunt, thump of Junior sitting down.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Turn the music back on.

KATIE

Not funny.

JUNIOR

You, what was your name again?

STU

Stuart. I'm not really supposed to--

JUNIOR
I've got one, two, three hundred
dollars.

WE HEAR: crisp bills snapping.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Dance.

STU
I'm not a dancer--

JUNIOR
Then you? Officer Track Suit.

SINGING TELEGRAM
I'd like to go.

ASHLEIGH 3
I would also like to go.

JUNIOR
There you have it. Trip, get the
car. For the love of God, someone
get me a bag of ice!

TRIP
Thank you everyone. We'll see you
on Sunday.

EMMA
We will?

TRIP
We'll talk in the car.

WE HEAR: the shuffle of guests leaving, low murmurs, thank
yous. Just as the last of the hubbub is out:

JACKIE
The stripper was my idea.

KATIE
Jackie, don't.

JUNIOR
And?

JACKIE
It was my idea.

JUNIOR
Is that an apology?

EMMA

Nobody owes you an apology.

(beat)

Maybe for the mess. And for the
knife in the wall. And some of the
chairs--

JACKIE

Backpedaled too far.

EMMA

No apologies!

TRIP

Emma, please.

KATIE

There's a cleaning crew coming at
5. This was all going to be tidy.

JUNIOR

I don't care.

KATIE

You can't throw out my guests.

JUNIOR

I invited them.

KATIE

You yelled at me in front of them.
And in front of Marco!

JUNIOR

You're on a first name basis with
your sex worker.

JACKIE

That's pretty standard.

KATIE

He's not a sex worker!

EMMA

Not exactly.

JACKIE

And even if he was! No apologies.

EMMA

None!

TRIP

Em.

EMMA

What?

JUNIOR

I have a right to expect peace and order in my house--

KATIE

In our house.

JUNIOR

Fine. "Our" house.

KATIE

Fine. He's not a singing telegram. He's a sex worker. I made out with him at the party. In front of everybody.

STU

Who?

KATIE

He went around the circle! Everyone got a mouthful!

STU

What are we talking about now?

JUNIOR

\$800 and all you did was kiss?

KATIE

All. Is that *all*?

JUNIOR

I better have some change coming.

KATIE

What do I have to do to make a dent in you?

JUNIOR

You put dents in the walls dragging that furniture around. Isn't that enough?

KATIE

Apologize. Just apologize.

JUNIOR

Kitty, this is a six hour conversation with one outcome. It has to wait. Go to the kitchen.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Get me some ice. Flip through the phone book and find some marriage counselors in if it makes you happy!

STU

Asshole counselors.

WE HEAR: gasps.

STU (CONT'D)

Is that the wrong word? I meant to say you need a counselor for your personality. Because you're an asshole.

JACKIE

Shut up, Stu.

STU

You know. Communication based talk therapy. Maybe meditation. Deep breathing exercises to manage your asshole.

JUNIOR

Put him outside.

KATIE

Okay, shut up Stu.

STU

Why? He got to yell at you. Everyone else gets to yell!

EMMA

YEAH.

TRIP

Em, stay out of it.

KATIE

How long?

JUNIOR

What?

KATIE

How long can it wait?

JUNIOR

Longer than 5 minutes. For god's sake, can we get through this hideous wedding before you drag us down to the shrink?

EMMA

Oh, I'll save you some time right there! We're not doing the stupid wedding!

JUNIOR

Trip?

TRIP

Em. Can I talk to you outside?

EMMA

No! I'm done being polite. I don't care if every person in my address book is there. I wouldn't care if you rolled out a dress as big as a FEMA tent! If you got the London Philharmonic to play from dawn to dusk, I'd tell you to stuff each and every single brass instrument up your--

TRIP

Emma. The board is voting on a merger.

Pin drop. Emma stutters to a halt.

TRIP (CONT'D)

With Kumfort Klassic.

JACKIE

With two Ks?

EMMA

When?

TRIP

The vote was supposed to be today. We pushed it back a few days.

JUNIOR

Punched it back.

TRIP

If it goes through... it's a buy-out. No more hotels.

JUNIOR
We're out of the business.

EMMA
That's... good?

TRIP
Um.

JUNIOR
It **was**.

EMMA
I mean...
(low)
Isn't that what you wanted?

JUNIOR
GOOD QUESTION.

TRIP
I... in the moment that's not how
it came out.

JUNIOR
He blew it.

Trip hisses at Junior. Unintelligible/guttural "Shut up."

TRIP
The wedding stuff was baked into
the merger projections. Now the
vote will most likely be contingent
on the success of our vast, public
ceremony.

EMMA
Ohhhhh.
(search)
Did you... does your dad...

JUNIOR
This is between you.

EMMA
Since WHEN?

JUNIOR
Since the boy went Oedipal.

EMMA
Shut up!

TRIP
 (whispering)
 I'm so sorry.

Beat.

TRIP (CONT'D)
 I rescheduled all the press outlets
 to cover the rehearsal tomorrow at
 noon. There's still a chance to
 save this mess.

EMMA
 Jackie. Stu.

WE HEAR: Emma stomp off.

TRIP
 Emma!

WE HEAR: Trip chase her, the door slam.

JUNIOR
 You still haven't talked to her?

JACKIE
 Didn't realize we were in such a
 time crunch.

JUNIOR
 You'd be making my life easier. My
 lawyer's already started the
 paperwork. He'll have to work
 through Christmas.

JACKIE
 (low)
 Poor Bob Cratchit.
 (aloud)
 Thank you for the lovely afternoon,
 Katie. Patrick.

STU
 Die in a pit, sir.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu depart.

EXT. MANSION -- CONT'D

WE HEAR: Emma walking fast across the gravel, Trip run after
 her.

EMMA

I don't want to do it.

TRIP

I had to do something. Have you ever seen one of those Kumfort Klassic lodges? If bedbugs had dandruff. The towels all kick up sand and there is no beach! Once I dropped a bowl of cereal on the floor in Arthur's office and it just disappeared! No stain! No crumbs! It was shredded wheat! The shag consumed it.

EMMA

How can you ask me? It's humiliating! I can't do it. 500 strangers, a zillion cameras, gasoline polyester--

TRIP

I know. But it's one day--

EMMA

Puh-RESS REHEARSAL?

TRIP

Two horrible days. Then...

EMMA

Then what? You don't want the buyout!

Beat. Some kind of audible sigh from Trip, reading "Shit."

TRIP

Dad's retiring.

EMMA

(overwhelmed)
Oh. Oh.

TRIP

It's sooner than I thought. I'd hoped I'd have more time. I thought I'd find something else, like a passion or... a normal job where people use email instead of fax machines!

EMMA

Then get one! You could go anywhere.

TRIP

Work for one of those other gross old cowboys my dad drinks martinis with?

EMMA

So you'd rather run the hotel and turn into a gross old businessman yourself.

TRIP

I'm not ready to let it go.

EMMA

Why?

TRIP

It's mine!

(beat)

You know my office? It wasn't always an office. They were rooms once. We lived there when I was a kid. For a while. We had other rooms too, first floor behind the kitchen, 8th floor, basement, but the top floor was the best because it felt like... I could look down at the parking lot and squint and it was a lake or the ocean and not a parking lot. The rooms were so ugly, either mint green or gold, like, gold braid and lions on everything. I still remember what the carpet smelled like!

EMMA

I get that, but... you pack the photo albums and sell the house.

TRIP

I don't have photo albums. I have... 600 hours of sitcom families and carpet smells caked up over the real pictures. I was so sure they loved each other.

EMMA

Who? What?

TRIP

My mom. She hated him. They were miserable together.

EMMA

You don't know that.

TRIP

The man told me himself... god, oh god. "She could whip a dish," that's what he said. He used her life insurance to pay off that damn hotel. That's what he remembers about her. She was a hundred thousand dollars. That's it. That's... that's pretty cheap, considering.

EMMA

Trip.

TRIP

I've figured out how much money you're worth.

EMMA

What?

WE HEAR: Trip pull out a crinkling folded piece of paper.

TRIP

For insurance purposes, there's a number, but I was trying to factor in other elements. Earning potential, education, lifestyle factors.

EMMA

Okay.

TRIP

It's... not much.

WE HEAR: Emma take the paper. (crinkle)

EMMA

Eight million?

TRIP

It's a conservative estimate.

EMMA

Eight million. That's pretty good.

TRIP

You don't get it. Once I sat down with a piece of paper it only took about twenty minutes.

EMMA

And eight million is pretty good.

TRIP

Eight million is a lot, but it's not everything. Winthrop employs just over 6,000 employees. There's another 180 contract workers, then there's the subcontractors. As those numbers start to shift, if the company keeps growing, it's only going to compromise our intimacy--

EMMA

Are you assuming my value is static?

TRIP

What? No.

EMMA

Did you tally up net earning potential on all of them?

TRIP

No. Some.

EMMA

This is the kind of thing you hear on 60 Minutes after a serial killer is caught trying to pay for movie tickets with baby teeth.

TRIP

Once I got past 35 million, I quit.

EMMA

"It makes perfect sense, your honor. See, tooth enamel is harder than gold and BABY teeth..."

TRIP

It's a rational model.

EMMA

Wildly imperfect.

TRIP

I know you love me. And I love you. But... are you going to hate me too, someday?

EMMA

I don't know.

Very heavy beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't.

TRIP

Listen. We don't have to rush into this. We'll do the stupid photo parade and we just won't sign the marriage license.

EMMA

That's not what I'm saying.

TRIP

I don't want you to regret this. We can see how we feel next year. April or something. Spring's better, right?

EMMA

I'm not waiting four months to go through this all again.

TRIP

I don't think--

EMMA

How many times do I have to say Yes I Love You before you believe me? GOD. Maybe I'll hate you when I'm 50. OR maybe I'll DIE. I DON'T CARE. It'll never be perfect and I can't wait until **you** are 150% sure everything is perfect forever.

TRIP

My concerns are valid!

EMMA

Sit and spin, Winthrop.

WE HEAR: Emma marching off.

TRIP

(flustered spluttering)

I... what does that even mean?
Can't I give you a ride home?

EMMA
 (super sarcastic)
 Ohhhh no! I'll get a ride with
 MARCO.

SINGING TELEGRAM
 Polo!

EMMA
 (distant)
 I hate love you, jerk!

TRIP
 I hate love you too!

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: the door slam.

EMMA
 JACKIE? JACKIE.

WE HEAR: Emma throw down her keys and purse.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Grr. Why did we throw out all those
 vases? I want to smash something.

ANASTASIA
 I told you.

EMMA
 GAH.

WE HEAR: Anastasia step out.

ANASTASIA
 You can never have too many vases.

WE HEAR: Anastasia set down a vase and slide it across the
 counter.

EMMA
 Anastasia! How did you get in here?

ANASTASIA
 How do you know I've never been
 here before?

WE HEAR: Anastasia give the vase one more little shove. It
 falls and smashes.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Oh bother. Never mind. Plenty more
where that came from.

WE HEAR: Anastasia walk forward on the broken shards.
Possible growing horror music sting?

EMMA

(scrambling away)
What are you doing here?

ANASTASIA

I was worried. That was such a
terrible fight.

EMMA

You heard that?

ANASTASIA

You've been under so much stress.
I'd hate for you to make a mistake
at this final moment.

EMMA

(nervous laugh)
Like frosted lipstick?

ANASTASIA

He loves you sweet pea. A love for
the ages. You're soul mates.

EMMA

You know about souls.

ANASTASIA

Two pure, kindred souls cleaving
together to become one. You'll be
all in white with that perfect
button of a face and he'll bat
those big brown eyes at you, a
little kiss, two rings and you'll
be one. Forever. Poof. And all the
annoying wedding chores. All those
silly photographers and unpleasant
surprises will be behind you.

EMMA

You're right. It's just two more
days.

ANASTASIA

You need some rest.

EMMA

Rest.

ANASTASIA

Can't be beautiful without your
beauty sleep.

WE HEAR: the door knob rattle.

EMMA

I'm going to go straight to bed.

ANASTASIA

Trouble with the door knob?

EMMA

No, just... oh the locks!

WE HEAR: Emma unlock the door hastily, nervous Star Spangled
Banner laughing all over the place.

ANASTASIA

Why don't I make you some tea?

WE HEAR: the door open.

JACKIE

(imitating bugle, Star
Spangled banner)
BA-BA-BUM-BUM-BA-BUM!

ANASTASIA

Dah!

JACKIE

Big Gulp!

WE HEAR: Jackie yank the top off a fountain drink, ice and
soda splash all over Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

(wicked witch melting)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO! HISSS!!! MY COAAAAT!
(go on for a while with
this)

JACKIE

It's Diet Coke, it'll come out.

ANASTASIA

It's Ultra-Suede!

JACKIE

Rinse it out in the sink.

WE HEAR: Anastasia stomp over to the sink and start the water. Dishes clank. Occasional slaps of wet fabric.

ANASTASIA
There's dishes in here!

JACKIE
Is she armed?

EMMA
Just a vase.

ANASTASIA
Hideous. Pipsqueak. What did I ever do to you?

EMMA
Cut off my hair.

JACKIE
Snuck half our clients out to lunch.

EMMA
Hijacked my wedding shower, told me I couldn't have calla lilies because they make me look fat, picked the worst ambush picture of me to go in all the stupid bridal magazines.

ANASTASIA
That was the one that made your skin look clear.

EMMA
Augh!

JACKIE
And worst of all! Schtupping Mr. Winthrop behind Katie's back.

ANASTASIA
No!

EMMA
Wait, what?

JACKIE
(low)
I'm working on a theory.

ANASTASIA
Never! Eugh, that's disgusting!

JACKIE

Really? Not even like a little understanding?

ANASTASIA

No! I work for him.

JACKIE

Then what is the point of this Napoleonic campaign to topple us?

ANASTASIA

(ham it up)

Because... I suppose I'm jealous... jealous of your friendship. That human connection. Being able to truly depend on someone? I work in a shark tank full of snakes, barbaric fiends who would push me down and step on my neck if there was a fire drill.

EMMA

Oh. Well.

JACKIE

That's... um.

ANASTASIA

(snorts)

What am I, a child? I'm a grown woman with children on the way to college. I've been stuck in purchasing for eight years. I want out.

EMMA

Ah.

JACKIE

There it is.

ANASTASIA

Eight years of toilet paper orders and tiny shampoos! Monitoring waste, stock rotations, having to account for every contingency and fluctuation with every two bit tech conference that rolls through town. Ball pits, laser shows, outdoor ice skating rinks, I've done it all! And I'm still an hourly employee.

EMMA

Do you get health insurance?

JACKIE

What about overtime?

EMMA

You get paid for **every hour** you work?

JACKIE

Is your department hiring?

ANASTASIA

Oh, shut up. Y'warmed over Barbizon dropout.

JACKIE

That's enough for one night.

ANASTASIA

You look like you got infected retinas from using old crusty mascara.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma shove Anastasia towards the door.

JACKIE

Get the door.

WE HEAR: the door open, Anastasia grab the door frame.

ANASTASIA

Wait. Emma. Sweetie. Look at me. Tomorrow is not about you. It was never gonna be about you. No wedding is about the bride. A lot of people put a lot of work into your big day and a lot of futures are riding on that success.

EMMA

Yours.

ANASTASIA

Yours. Your husband's. Your friend there. You can throw a hissy fit in protest and be just like every other bride you've ever hated, every other BAD BRIDE whose insecurity and demands drove you to wine at 4 pm. OR you can grow up, be a good soldier and stick it out for the greater good. One dress.

(MORE)

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

One photo. One hour. You can spare that for the love of your life.

WE HEAR: Anastasia's grip snap off the door frame.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Either way, if you're not at the hotel at 9am, I'm coming to get you myself.

WE HEAR: Anastasia march off.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

(low)

Privileged-ass Hufflepuff.

WE HEAR: the door slam.

JACKIE

She's unorthodox, but she's not completely bad at this job.

EMMA

HELLO! Psychopath! Snuck into our home!

JACKIE

Like I said--

EMMA

What is wrong with you? Why won't you freak out? I feel like I'm going insane! Why is no one else freaking out?

JACKIE

I am freaking out! I don't want you to get married.

EMMA

(gasp)

No!

JACKIE

No. I do. I do. I love you so much and I'm so happy for you.

EMMA

But...

JACKIE

My life is about to get the bottom kicked out of it!

EMMA

So is mine!

JACKIE

Pfft. You'll have Trip. I have an apartment. Who is going to shout all the answers on Family Feud so I can hear them without leaving the bathroom?

EMMA

Who is going to make **me** buy vegetables and eat them when they start to get wilted?

JACKIE

Who is going to get mad at all the same things and hate the same movies? Who will laugh at, but also secretly download all the One Direction solo albums?

EMMA

And Jude Law! Who is going to reassure me that Jude Law is still a thing?

JACKIE

Jude Law is still a thing!

EMMA

He's absolutely a thing!

JACKIE

That man is raw charisma and sexuality, you can't fence that in with a Hanes V-neck!

EMMA

You're my wife!

JACKIE

You're **my** wife!

WE HEAR: brief crying, sniffing.

EMMA

Come on. We'll still see each other every day. We'll work together every day. We're partners!

JACKIE

About that. Sit down.

EMMA

Why?

JACKIE

Mr. Winthrop came to talk to me last week. After we scooped the Corn Oil barons.

EMMA

Was he pissed?

JACKIE

Furious! But... malleable. He gave me this.

WE HEAR: Jackie unfold a piece of paper, the paper crinkle.

EMMA

His social security number?

JACKIE

There's a dollar sign on the front there.

EMMA

Woah. This... this is for what?

JACKIE

Us. Pat finally got it through his head that a wedding business is more than yanking up the zipper on a dress.

EMMA

This is for everything? Contracts, contacts, all the decorations I've built over the years?

JACKIE

Plus your willing participation in his tacky big wedding.

EMMA

Pfft. He could at least have bribed me to my face.

JACKIE

And... he wants me to come aboard on salary to train the new wedding department hires.

EMMA

You would be Anastasia's boss?

JACKIE
If I took it.

EMMA
(wicked)
Oooh hoo hoo hoo.

JACKIE
And I'd have to live in Dallas for
a year.

Emma's laugh dies out.

EMMA
Dallas.

JACKIE
For a year.

EMMA
Would you come back?

JACKIE
Probably.

EMMA
Not probably! Definitely. Say yes
or I... I won't.

JACKIE
You saw the books this morning.

EMMA
Holy crap, that was only this
morning.

JACKIE
This could have been a huge loss.
We could have bled out in a couple
of months. This way, we get clear
and we get a nest egg.

EMMA
We don't have to do this. Once I'm
married, I can use Trip's assets to
apply for another loan. We can
finish our plan to expand--

JACKIE
I want to do this. I need a break.
One year where I don't live in the
office. Meet some people who aren't
caterers. Save some money. Two
weeks PAID vacation!

EMMA

Then what am I supposed to do?

JACKIE

I kind of thought--

EMMA

You go off and run the big fancy hotel wedding shop in Dallas and go to all inclusive Singles resorts while I get married and stay home and bake pound cakes?

JACKIE

You could... oh, I was gonna say you could work at the hotel--

EMMA

Yah! No.

JACKIE

You could keep doing weddings.

EMMA

What, just me and Stu? No! And I hate weddings.

JACKIE

You do?

EMMA

Don't you?

JACKIE

Well, yeah, but I hate everything. You *hate* weddings.

EMMA

They're so boring. Without you, it'd be the most boring job ever.

JACKIE

Yeah.

EMMA

Then how can you go to Dallas?

JACKIE

What would you do if I didn't go to Dallas?

EMMA

I... I would-- be married.

JACKIE

Are you moving into his place? Is he moving in here?

EMMA

Well, now that I've got a ROOM FREE.

JACKIE

It's not a knife, dude. What about your bank accounts? Are you gonna do joint?

EMMA

We haven't... we haven't really talked about that yet. Yes? Probably. We should. New bank account, I gotta order new checks. If I change my name, I'm gonna have to get a new social security card and a new driver's license.

JACKIE

Where's my planner?

WE HEAR: drawers open, Jackie pull out a planner, flip to a page, click open a pen. Pen scratches.

EMMA

Bank account, checks, driver's license--

JACKIE

(drawing)

Wait. Wait. Wait... wait.

(ready)

Okay. Okay. Bank, checks, DMV, Social Security. Car registration?

EMMA

Right. And Voter registration. Taxes. Phone plan. What else has my legal name on it?

JACKIE

Post office change of address. Netflix. Utilities. All your emergency contacts. Oh, insurance stuff.

EMMA

Ha! Way ahead of you on that.

JACKIE
You don't know where you're going
to live, but you've shopped for
insurance policies?

EMMA
Trip had me appraised.

JACKIE
For?

EMMA
For... to see if I'm valuable
enough to marry? To merit his
precious attentions?

JACKIE
How much did you clock in at?

EMMA
Eight million.

JACKIE
Damn girl.

EMMA
And he's still like MAYBE.

JACKIE
Pfft. Drop zone panic.

EMMA
He said we shouldn't sign the
marriage license, that we should
just get fake married and put off
the real thing until next year!

JACKIE
That could be good.

EMMA
Oh, shut up!

JACKIE
God. Fine. You hate the big flashy
fake crap, so your boyfriend
presents you with a viable plan B.

EMMA
That's not how he said it!

JACKIE

You're projecting. I love you. Trip loves you. Everybody loves you. We want to give you what you want.

EMMA

I didn't want any of this stupid crap. We were just getting good at being, like, a couple. I only stopped wearing a bra to bed like two months ago.

JACKIE

We're so proud.

EMMA

Seriously. I was getting really good at the whole Confident Woman thing. I have you and I don't care whether or not the Ashleys like me.

JACKIE

You *kinda* do.

EMMA

Way less than I used to. And with Trip... I don't know when it happened, but I feel like I'm bullet proof. I don't even think about myself in terms of cute or sexy anymore, I just **am** and-- Do you know how *relaxing* it is to not give a crap whether or not guys like you?

JACKIE

Oooh, wow. That must free up so much time.

EMMA

All the guys I ever embarrassed myself over. Bad crushes, bad dates, totally cancelled out because it doesn't matter.

JACKIE

It never mattered.

EMMA

I know, but... I just got it. I don't want to mess it up.

JACKIE

You don't want to mess up Confident Emma by marrying the guy who loves and supports her.

EMMA

That's not--

JACKIE

No, no, by all means. Throw him back in the pond. We'll keep living in our wee little townhouse and find someone new to steal HBO from until we're old enough to start scoring on dudes at the K&W Cafeteria.

EMMA

If you're gone... what if I get married and change my name on all my government documents and it goes tits up?

JACKIE

It's not going to go tits up just because I'm 3 hours down the road. And if it does, I jump in the car and I'm here before the first matinee. We'll have time to get Snowcaps before we Beyonce Trip's car.

EMMA

Hm. Can we do it tomorrow?

JACKIE

Why not? Start the fake marriage off on the right foot. Love honor and smashed passenger side windows.

EMMA

I'm so scared.

JACKIE

So am I. But we didn't always live together. We had to fight about taking out the garbage and spending money and stuff. We were bad at shopping and bad at bookkeeping and bad at scheduling--

EMMA

We weren't that bad.

JACKIE

Grossly inefficient. Organized, but inefficient. You had a real doomsday craft supply bunker going for a while.

EMMA

Maybe I can get a job at the fabric store.

JACKIE

Em, what you and me have is a household. A finely oiled machine. You can have that with Trip. It just takes time to find your rhythm. But you have to try. Like, with both feet, none of this hanging onto the wall of the skating rink crap. Change is coming. Better to lean into the turn.

EMMA

Did you just talk a bride off the ledge?

JACKIE

No one is immune from the altar panic.

EMMA

You are way too good at this job.

JACKIE

Right? I should have been a radio shrink. That's the first mandatory course I'm putting together in Dallas. "Hostage Negotiation for Wedding Planners."

EMMA

"List Making for Anxiety Attacks."

JACKIE

"Zen and the Art of Microsoft Excel Spreadsheets."

EMMA

I wish you'd told me sooner.

JACKIE

I know. I thought... I hoped we'd have more time.

EMMA

Me too.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: a distant television for ambient noise.

WE HEAR: the SHUFF of sheets being yanked off a bed, creaks and thumps of the bed frame banging unsteadily on the stairs.

KATIE

California King. No one needs a bed
this big.

WE HEAR: an electric drill whir to life, screws coming out of a board, screw hitting the ground. A small crash.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Aha!

WE HEAR: a very small knock at the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat)

This stupid house is haunted.

WE HEAR: the drill whir twice, but then the knocking returns. Still quiet, but longer.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What...

WE HEAR: Katie put down the tools and walk (echo-y steps) to the front door.

WE HEAR: the door open, night noises.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Stu.

STU

Hi. Are you busy?

KATIE

I was about to go to bed.

STU

Is it still stuck in the stairs?

WE HEAR: a faint crash, thump-thump-thump of the mattress sliding down a few steps.

KATIE

Did you... why did you come back?

STU

I never left. Emma hitched with the Singing Telegram. Jackie caught a ride home on the party bus. Then Ashleigh with an I came back for her Camry and got stuck on the lip of the fountain--

KATIE

That was hours ago.

STU

I know. Um. Is it okay for me to be here?

KATIE

Patrick went to the hotel.

STU

Yeah.

KATIE

I still don't think you should come in.

STU

I only need a minute.

WE HEAR: Katie sigh, step out, and shut the door.

STU (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about today. The yelling. I don't normally...

KATIE

I know.

STU

You said... the way you said about us kissing. And me kissing everybody else. You were talking about me, right?

KATIE

Duh.

STU

I didn't like the way you said it.

KATIE

It's true.

STU

I know, but it made me feel like... like a chump. I'm not some raw dripping steak. I have feelings. When you left I thought that I had done... I imagined the WORST things and it never even occurred to me that you never even felt... I mean. Did you mean it? Did you just kiss me to hurt him? Or did you... did you move back because... because...

KATIE

Because because.

STU

Katie.

KATIE

Because you're not my boyfriend. No matter how much I like to pretend. Because this is my life and I chose it and I wanted it for so long, I can't just... Because... even if we tried to be "something" it would turn out the same, eventually.

STU

You don't know that.

KATIE

I know who I am.

STU

Yeah, you know who you are with him. I wouldn't want to be that person either. With me--

KATIE

That's pretend.

STU

Fine, then with Emma. Are you pretending with Emma?

KATIE

Emma is too sweet. She doesn't have great judgement.

STU

I was never pretending.

KATIE

You can't say things like that. I can't do anything with it.

WE HEAR: Katie open the door.

STU

This isn't good. Even I can see that. I don't know what you should do, but... don't do *this*. This is not me being jealous or wishing you were... y'know. Mine. Instead. This is me as a friend. Who likes his friend who watches the History channel and knows lots of words and games. And me who really doesn't know anything about marriage or long-term girlfriends.

KATIE

Okay.

STU

I think your heart's a lot closer to the surface than Mr. Winthrop's. And it kinda seems like to survive here you have to keep shoving it further and further down and pretending it doesn't bother you. And you're good at it. You see blood and guts all the time at work. People throw up on you and it doesn't even ruin your lunch. Or remember that time when that guy's ear came off in your hand?

KATIE

I **remember**.

STU

I'm just saying. If you stay, you'll probably get used to it. And I wish you wouldn't.

(beat)

I'd rather you were anywhere else. Ohio. Or Canada. I miss you already, but if you were in Ohio or Canada I'd feel okay about it.

KATIE

Because?

STU

Because because.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- NIGHT

WE HEAR: dull clinking of glasses and forks being set out.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Monsieur, do you wish to test the
wines the steward selected?

JUNIOR
Can't. Well... let me smell the
red.

WE HEAR: a touch of wine being poured out.

WE HEAR: Junior sniff deeply.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
That's a rainy year, isn't it?

FRENCH WAITER 1
Oui.

JUNIOR
Toulouse?

FRENCH WAITER 1
Oui.

JUNIOR
You know, it's pink in Toulouse.
When the sun sets, the light
catches all that terra-cotta and
the air glows. Buildings, your
skin... better if you have a
mouthful of wine. It's only a
minute or two, but every day. You
think they still notice, folks that
live there?

FRENCH WAITER 1
Mmm.

JUNIOR
(beat)
Oh right. You're the one who
doesn't talk much.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Oui.

JUNIOR
Knock off, then.

WE HEAR: the waiter depart as Trip approaches.

TRIP
 (distant)
 Dad? What are you doing here?

JUNIOR
 Looking in on the set-up. Pretty,
 isn't it?

TRIP
 Yeah. Pretty. Cluttered.

JUNIOR
 How do you mean?

TRIP
 Looks like a swap meet for china
 and floral arrangements.

JUNIOR
 It's nice. Not as sterile as most
 weddings.

TRIP
 You're sentimental tonight.

WE HEAR: Trip sit down, sigh.

JUNIOR
 I'm always a little misty for
 weddings.

TRIP
 You'll get another crack at one
 before too long.

JUNIOR
 Yeah! Probably.

TRIP
 I was just kidding.

JUNIOR
 Eh. I always hate this part.
 Therapy workbooks. Scheduled
 "intimacy" sessions.

TRIP
 Ugh, Dad.

JUNIOR
 I've probably dumped about \$80,000
 into therapy on the last two
 marriages alone.

TRIP

\$80,000 and you're still like this?

JUNIOR

Better talk therapy than that shaman Bethany ran off with. I've got sixteen pounds of milky quartz I'm never going to use.

TRIP

Maybe you should marry a woman your own age next time.

JUNIOR

Maybe. Somebody who came up before Jimmy Carter took all the starch out of American living. I miss the days before therapy was a thing. When you could scream at each other and get on with your life.

TRIP

You don't think mom would've gone to counseling?

JUNIOR

Trudie didn't need the help. She had no lid. Best thing about her, you didn't have to reach far to get to her. All that emotion cooked right up on the top. No guessing. She could burn your skin off if she'd a mind to. I wonder sometimes if she'd been around longer if maybe you'd let your teeth out more.

TRIP

Maybe I'd have punched you in the face instead of the stomach?

Junior chuckles.

JUNIOR

It's a shame she's not here for this. She'd have more to give you.

TRIP

I miss her.

JUNIOR

I miss her too.

TRIP

Really?

JUNIOR

Of course.

TRIP

I wish I could ask her what she thought about all this.

JUNIOR

The hotel?

TRIP

The wedding. Emma.

JUNIOR

Oh, that. You'll be fine.

TRIP

Really.

JUNIOR

You're both a little squirrely, but the girl has a good set of lungs. She's a good influence.

TRIP

I wish I could ask about the hotel too.

JUNIOR

So ask.

TRIP

I just... I wonder what she would remember about it. What would've stuck as a good memory. Was mom totally miserable here?

JUNIOR

No. No. God, no. They were lean days, but we had you. We saw you walk. I tried to teach you to say dirty words and your mother would slap the dickens out of me, but she'd be laughing. I used to come back to the room on lunch break and find y'all napping on the carpet half under the bed, where the air conditioning vent was.

TRIP

Wow. I remember that.

JUNIOR

It was Camelot.

(beat)

Well, it was a chintzy joint with the elevator on the outside so you could get your mistress from your car to your room without the desk clerk giving you the eye.

(turn)

You know what your great-grandfather did for a living?

TRIP

No.

JUNIOR

Sheep. He was a mogul of sorts, bred Royal White sheep and ran a thousand head in a season. If your grandfather had kept up with the business, you know what you'd be today?

TRIP

The richest rancher in Texas?

JUNIOR

They're sheep. Not cows. You'd have two televisions and a pickup truck and your life would be pulling waves of woolly bullies, fretting over the tax man. But your grandfather didn't like wool. He liked minerals. If you can imagine a less predictable pursuit than farming. So he had his quarries, granite or gypsum or whatever. Veins opened and closed and he fretted over the tax man. I didn't give two Navy beans for rocks, but the land interested me. Bought one motel, built another.

TRIP

Fretted about the tax man.

JUNIOR

You got it. No matter what business you go into, the logistics, the money, your own limitations are gonna squeeze your nuts. So it'd better be something you like, something that feels halfway worth it.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Don't chain yourself to a profession out of a sense of filial obligation. Winthrops have never been beholden to tradition.

(beat)

I only tried to hold onto the place because you seemed to have a knack for it. You realize it's only been six years since you came on board and started beating up my accounting team? It seems like it happened under my nose. Our little scrappy motels went classy. Not even faux classy, like Richardson did with all those plastic black chandeliers and Keith Haring prints. You made it "Winthrop Suites". I can't explain it. You gave this place something I never could. Affection. Taste. Something.

TRIP

Something.

JUNIOR

Your mother would have sent you to art school.

(beat)

No one can tell you what you want.

TRIP

Thank you. That solves everything.

JUNIOR

You tell me what you want to do. I'll back you, best I can.

WE HEAR: gruff shoulder pat. "pat pat".

TRIP

Okay. Okay.

WE HEAR: a little masculine throat clearing.

JUNIOR

Okay, then.

(put a lid back on the emotion)

You should go home. Get some sleep. School picture day tomorrow.

TRIP

Right. I'm just gonna sit for another minute.

JUNIOR
Suits me.

WE HEAR: music transition.

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE -- DAY

WE HEAR: insistent knocking on the door.

JACKIE
Nooooooooooooooooo.

WE HEAR: the knocking continue. Emma drags herself to the door and answers.

ANASTASIA
Ready?

EMMA
It's 8:45. You said 9am.

ANASTASIA
I got impatient. Get in the shower!

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: general hubbub, cameras test flashing, lights being set up.

ANASTASIA
Zero hour! I've got the bride! Make way! Let's get her in makeup!

WE HEAR: a small rush of snapping cameras.

EMMA
Haugh!

JACKIE
Back off. No touching!

ANASTASIA
Emma, sweetie, keep your head up.

KATIE
Jackie! Emma!

JACKIE
Katie! Help me push. Emma! You okay?

EMMA
Don't let me fall.

TRIP
Hey. Get behind the umbrella.

WE HEAR: an umbrella open.

EMMA
Woah!

TRIP
I didn't think you'd come.

EMMA
Well... I love you, right?

ANASTASIA
Thank you groom. None of you yet,
you can't see the dresses til
showtime. Katie, Jackie, you go get
into your bridesmaid gear.
(aloud, to a dresser)
Just clips on the first two. Let's
get her in the D package first!

WE HEAR: clothes racks wheeled by.

EMMA
The D package?

ANASTASIA
A's the classic, B's preppy, C's
dramatic. E and F are wild cards,
we just had to squeeze in some
lower price points--

EMMA
What's D?

ANASTASIA
Alternative lifestyles.
(low)
Lesbians.
(aloud)
Or you know, granola types. Hiking
people. Better to get that out of
the way before we start in on the
wigs.

EMMA
Wigs!

WE HEAR: another rack wheeled out.

ANASTASIA

Look, a lady tux! Isn't this fun?

WE HEAR: a camera pop.

EMMA

I'm only doing one dress. You said one dress. One dress, one family portrait, one walk-through, one hour, done. Boom!

ANASTASIA

I do say a lot of things, don't I? Don't worry. We'll cram it all in.

WE HEAR: a violent ZIP of a zipper, a POOF of a powderpuff hitting the face.

WE HEAR: organ music drudgery, photographers snapping.

JUNIOR

You look nice.

KATIE

It's a formal wedding and a professional photoshoot. I'm supposed to look gorgeous.

JUNIOR

Well, that green's a tough color on anyone.

(beat)

Let me start again. You look lovely.

KATIE

Don't.

JUNIOR

I love to look at you in the morning. The light touches every peak and valley in your face and fills your skin with pools of light.

KATIE

Can it, Patrick.

JUNIOR

You're always so far away first thing in the morning. Your whole face looks like an arrow, pointing at something just out of reach.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Then you open the curtains, you take that first sip of coffee, and the thorns pull back, like Sleeping Beauty waking up from her first kiss.

KATIE

It wasn't Sleeping Beauty's first kiss!

JUNIOR

Wasn't it?

KATIE

Was it? Oh god, was it?

JUNIOR

Aurora.

KATIE

I guess it was. Comatose by 16. First kiss is a super determined guy with a sword, automatically true love.

JUNIOR

Kate.

KATIE

What?

JUNIOR

Happy anniversary.

WE HEAR: a little flip of paper.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Well. Tomorrow. It's paper. First year's paper.

WE HEAR: Katie opening an envelope.

KATIE

It's a check.

JUNIOR

No, read the card.

KATIE

It's a check.

JUNIOR

But read the card.

KATIE

Why?

ANASTASIA

All right! Maid of Honor first!

KATIE

Keep it.

WE HEAR: the paper crumple, flick, Katie walk out.

ANASTASIA

Step, pause! Step, pause! Don't look at the camera! Bridesmaid number two, you're catching up too fast.

JACKIE

You know my name, Anastasia!

ANASTASIA

It's for the photographers, darling. Chin up!

JACKIE

(low)

Call me darling again.

WE HEAR: snapping.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

'Sup, Stu?

STU

Hey. Smile.

ANASTASIA

Not at the camera!

STU

I hate this wedding.

JACKIE

Me too. Give you ten bucks to snap a flash off right in Anastasia's eyes.

STU

(distant)

Way ahead of you.

ANASTASIA

Okay, sweetheart, second step. Maid of honor, you're right above her.

JACKIE
You don't get a name either?

KATIE
Fine by me. These are the ugliest dresses.

JACKIE
Anastasia's revenge in pine green organza.

KATIE
Smells like Turpentine.

JACKIE
'Cause it's cheap as fuuuuuuu--

WE HEAR: a camera pop (louder), Anastasia shriek.

Jackie and Katie snicker.

STU
(distant)
Oh my gosh, I'm soooooo sorry. I was trying to reset the bulb!

ANASTASIA
(distant)
Get back in the pews. And don't shoot so low. No one wants to hang off your belt buckle.

JACKIE
Talk to Stu yet?

KATIE
(stiff)
He told you about the "incident"?

JACKIE
Doesn't have to tell me. Prince Valiant doesn't show up to every party.
(beat)
But yeah, he told me. A little bit.

KATIE
I wish he didn't.

JACKIE
These are ugly flowers.

KATIE
Ugly flowers.

JACKIE
 Red roses. The nonfat latte of
 wedding flowers.

KATIE
 With a sprinkle of nutmeg.

JACKIE
 Just a sprinkle.

KATIE
 I just drink these because I need
 the calcium.

JACKIE
 I don't want to be able to smell
 it.

WE HEAR: opening chords of Here Comes the Bride, doors open,
 photos snapping.

ANASTASIA
 Nope!

WE HEAR: the music clunk to a halt.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
 No, no, there's a light blocking
 the door. Back up! Back up. Again!

JACKIE
 This is a circus.

KATIE
 How did it get this far?

JACKIE
 Show me a wedding that's NOT a
 runaway train of debt and blood
 feuds.

KATIE
 Over what? Flowers that will be
 dead in three days and--

JACKIE
 Dresses designed after Milt Kahl's
 princess doodles.

KATIE
 Sleeping Beauty?

JACKIE
 Oh honey, he did 'em all.
 Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Peter
 Pan, Alice--

KATIE
 Milt Kahl. I'll break his neck.

WE HEAR: something crash, the bridal march stop, restart.

ANASTASIA
 NO NO NO.

JACKIE
 Milt died in 1987.

KATIE
 Still. They should warn people.

ANASTASIA
 Emma! Tilt your head back! Put
 pressure on the bridge of your
 nose. Someone get her a towel.

KATIE
 Who decided fairy tales should be
 virginal? Did you ever realize that
 Sleeping Beauty married the first
 guy she kissed?

JACKIE
 And Cinderella. And the Little
 Mermaid. Maybe Pocahontas too? It's
 a little vague.

KATIE
 I went on two dates in college. I
 didn't even want to go on the
 second one. Chem lab partner. He
 just kind of ambushed me.

JACKIE
 I know how that is.

ANASTASIA
 It's not bleeding too much! Let's
 just change the dress.

WE HEAR: kerfuffle, racks, doors slamming.

KATIE
 He literally popped out of the
 bushes. "HEY YAWANNAGOTODINNER"

JACKIE
You said yes to that?

KATIE
He caught me off guard.

JACKIE
You could have cancelled. Or just
not shown up.

KATIE
The Little Mermaid kills herself in
the real book.

JACKIE
Pretended to be sick. Set a
diversionary fire.

KATIE
Prince Eric or whatever the real
fairy tale guy's name is marries
someone else and the stabbing pain
in the mermaid's feet makes her
throw herself into the ocean to
drown. Someone's feet get chopped
off in Cinderella too. Or wait, do
they burn the women's feet off in
that one?

JACKIE
God, what is it with old fairy
tales and crippling women?

KATIE
Pocahontas died of smallpox amongst
strangers. In England.

JACKIE
That mermaid was only 16.

KATIE
What was she doing going on land
with a grown ass mariner? With
witch legs!

JACKIE
First loves are rough.

WE HEAR: the bridal march start again.

ANASTASIA
No no no, we've already done the
sheath! Change her!

WE HEAR: the bridal march stop, lots of grumbles.

JACKIE

Did I ever tell you I was engaged once?

KATIE

No!

JACKIE

College boyfriend. Dominic Kibblesmith.

KATIE

That sounds fake.

JACKIE

So fake.

KATIE

Kibbles was your first love?

JACKIE

Guh. I can't answer that. I hate his guts now. But when we first started out, we were "soul mates". Like, he chatted me up on move-in day and decided it's the fate of the universe.

KATIE

That's kinda nice.

JACKIE

I've never heard anyone use the phrase "soul mates" that didn't turn out to be a massive screaming drama queen. But... yeah. I totally bought it. I was 19. What does anyone know about the universe at 19?

KATIE

You got engaged when you were 19?

JACKIE

Met at 19. Engaged at 21. Boring story. Big public thing, a capella group, Coldplay, balloons. White topaz, but the setting totally made it look like a diamond.

KATIE

That doesn't sound that bad.

JACKIE

No, it was nice! It was perfectly nice. How do you say no to something so perfectly nice?

KATIE

But Coldplay.

JACKIE

Coldplay a capella.

KATIE

And balloons?

JACKIE

Red balloons.

KATIE

How many?

JACKIE

You know how many.

KATIE

Neunundneunzig Luftballons and he had the blue coats sing Coldplay?

JACKIE

Hindsight.

KATIE

You should have known.

JACKIE

I think I did know. Or maybe I didn't. No, I didn't. How would I know that?

ANASTASIA

Bringing in Package B! Watch the step, this is the mermaid cut! Careful, careful careful!

JACKIE

We were apart for the summer and it was the first time I felt unclenched. In like... as long as I could remember... It still took me like six more months to break it off. My parents paid for wedding announcements. His mom tried to give me a piece of wedding china for Christmas.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

She was so sweet to me and she
cried so hard when I gave it back.

KATIE

Wow.

JACKIE

They were so angry.

WE HEAR: the bridal march halt. Moving of camera equipment.

ANASTASIA

Back up. Come around. Emma,
sweetheart, look up. Smile! Back
all the way up, come forward again.

WE HEAR: snapping pictures.

JACKIE

Every single friend of ours hated
me. Girls I didn't even know
started stopping by my room. I kept
saying, "I changed my mind." Which
is stupid. I didn't change my mind,
I made up my mind. I wish I could
handle the PR for my 21 year old
self, but right then I felt so
guilty. Meanwhile, Dominic Soul
Mates Kibblesmack was crying openly
on every park bench on campus. With
open ring box in hand.

KATIE

(suspicious)

Why...

JACKIE

Ah ha! You're smarter than a
college junior.

KATIE

You're kidding me.

JACKIE

Rejected engagement ring, I swear
it's like catnip. He got laid in
every single dorm on campus. He
probably could have kept going
until graduation, but Emma publicly
shamed him when he tries to slide
in for second.

(happy)

Taco Salad Tuesday.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The cafeteria was packed and some tiny person starts shrieking at the top of her lungs!

(low, imitating)

That's disgusting! He tried to put his face on my breasts! He pretended to cry and put his snotty face RIGHT on my breasts!

Katie and Jackie giggle.

ANASTASIA

QUIET ON THE DECK.

WE HEAR: the bridal march start again.

EMMA

AUUGH. I can't move my knees!

WE HEAR: A rip.

ANASTASIA

Okay. Let's take 2. Switch to the ball gown.

JACKIE

That's Emma, babe. Low-key mother of dragons.

KATIE

Of course she's gonna give him the business. She's your best friend.

JACKIE

I didn't really know Emma back then. We ran with different crowds after high school. But she sure beat the ever-loving crap out of him with that lunch tray. And Stu was still Dominic's friend. Well, for a minute. He shut down all of Nic's stupid friends who were blasting me around campus. Then he started sitting with me and Emma at lunch.

KATIE

(mumble)

That's really nice.

JACKIE

He's a good person. Not nice. Good.
(sigh)

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

If I'd known what was coming, I don't think I'd have had the nerve to break it off. But you only get one life.

KATIE

One pair of feet to cut off.

JACKIE

Right.

WE HEAR: the wedding march vamp with enthusiasm.

ANASTASIA

Okay, big moment. Get the bride out, load the groom in! Groomsman!

WE HEAR: double doors, marching feet.

JACKIE

Hey! Marco!

SINGING TELEGRAM

Hey peaches! Nice dress.

KATIE

Is that the Singing Telegram?

TRIP

My original best man wasn't attractive enough for the photo spread.

JACKIE

Y'okay?

TRIP

No.

WE HEAR: the melody of the wedding march commences, distant double doors open, a flood of camera clicks.

Trip sees Emma in the dress.

TRIP (CONT'D)

Oh.

ANASTASIA

Good groom! Keep looking at her! Let the tears come.

WE HEAR: Trip fight tears, then start to hyperventilate.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
Too much! Pull it back!

JACKIE
Hey. Hey. Buddy.

ANASTASIA
Bridesmaid number 2! Stand up
straight!

WE HEAR: Emma's skirt swishing speed up as she hustles to the altar.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
Bride, slow down! Smile!

EMMA
Shut up, Anastasia!
(to Trip)
Hey. I'm here.

TRIP
Hey. I'm okay.

EMMA
Yeah?

TRIP
(nervous laughter)
Whose hair are you wearing?

EMMA
It's the Dana Scully model.

TRIP
Never thought of you as a red head.
I miss your stubble.

ANASTASIA
Pastor, you're up! Let's lift the
veil!

WE HEAR: a rustle of fabric.

TRIP
Wow.

EMMA
Wow.

TRIP
You're perfect.

WE HEAR: light sniffles, Emma and Trip kissing each other's hands.

ANASTASIA
ENOUGH WITH THE TEARS.

EMMA
This isn't so bad. No guests. A wall of flashing white lights. Anastasia screaming. It's like a fairy tale.

ANASTASIA
Pastor reads some Corinthians.

PASTOR
Love is patient. Love is kind--

ANASTASIA
SAVE IT FOR THE BIG SHOW, PADRE.
Who presents this woman?

JACKIE
I do.

ANASTASIA
Not you. We have a guy for that.
Next lighting candle, WHERE'S THE CANDLE.

TRIP
I had an apology speech worked out and... it's gone right out of my head.

EMMA
You've still got a day to work on it.

ANASTASIA
The GROOM does his vows! Give the bride a handkerchief! Trip, where are your note cards?

WE HEAR: Anastasia whip note cards at Trip, Trip fumbles/reshuffles them.

TRIP
It says I Patrick take thee Emily.

Emma snorts.

TRIP (CONT'D)
To have and to hold.

EMMA

In sickness and swift, excruciating
death.

ANASTASIA

BRIDE VOWS.

EMMA

Um, what comes next?

TRIP

To grow disgusting and old and to
force our adult children to program
our electronic devices even if the
Apple store clerk showed us how to
do it.

EMMA

To badger you when you aggravate
me.

TRIP

Please, always.

EMMA

To pester you when you're mad at
me.

TRIP

Never.

ANASTASIA

RINGS.

EMMA

Good god those are huge.

ANASTASIA

For the camera, darling. Cheat them
out!

WE HEAR: more cameras clicking, clink of rings.

TRIP

I want this to be real.

EMMA

Me too.

TRIP

Really?

EMMA

I'm ready.

TRIP
I've been ready since the moment
you said yes.

EMMA
Which time?

TRIP
I hate this. Let's bail, go do it
for real.

EMMA
I'm not nuts about the casino
chapel. And I don't know if we
could get a church on such short
notice.

TRIP
I'll marry you anywhere you want.

ANASTASIA
All right, you may now kiss the
WOAH.

WE HEAR: Emma pounce on Trip, big kiss.

TRIP
(around kisses/laughing)
Wait wait I remembered my apology!

EMMA
You can do the speech AND make out.

TRIP
(around kisses)
I can't. It's in verse!

EMMA
Ew!

WE HEAR: cloth rip, buttons pop (implying Trip's jacket being
ripped off)

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu and Katie whoop.

WE HEAR: a surge of camera clicking, gasps.

Trip and Emma laughing fit to split.

ANASTASIA
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? That suit is a
Dolce! It's on LOAN!

TRIP
Oh nooo my cummberbund.

EMMA
What will we doooo without a
cumberbund?

ANASTASIA
Find the buttons!

TRIP
Call for a surgeon.

EMMA
Call for an understudy!

TRIP
Waiter! My smelling salts!

EMMA
Understudies. OH. Oh! Oh! I have an
idea. Jackie! Stu! Trip. Get your
dad.

WE HEAR: music transition.

INT. COURT HOUSE -- DAY

BAILIFF
Winthrop?

JUNIOR
That's us.

BAILIFF
Judge is ready for you. Is your
party here?

TRIP
Yes.

EMMA
Wait. Where's Stu?

WE HEAR: phone dial, brief ring.

JACKIE
He said he was on the way.
(to the phone)
Stu!

STU
 (through phone)
 Yeah?

JACKIE
 Where are you?

STU
 (phone)
 Here. I'm set up behind the chairs,
 getting some great crowd shots.

JACKIE
 What?

WE HEAR: the door open.

EMMA
 Not here.

WE HEAR: the bridal march through the phone.

STU
 (phone)
 Wait. I think I'm at the wrong
 wedding.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -- DAY

WE HEAR: bridal march full volume, general crowd noise.

WE HEAR: a dress swishing down the aisle. Hurried small swishes.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 (imitating Emma)
 Oh thank you. Thank you. This is
 the happiest day of my life.
 (to FW 1)
 Daugh! Why did I choose the mermaid
 gown? I'm going to fall flat on my
 face.

FRENCH WAITER 1
 Tut tut tut. You are perfection.

FRENCH WAITER 2
 The beads are not too much?

FRENCH WAITER 1
 The gloves would be nothing without
 them.

FRENCH WAITER 2
There is no felicity to equal this.

FRENCH WAITER 1
I have known no felicity to equal
your love.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Sh sh. Today it is for them.
Tomorrow is for us.

PASTOR
Dearly beloved.

INT. COURT HOUSE -- DAY

STU
(phone)
I'm definitely at the wrong
wedding.

JACKIE
He went to the hotel wedding.

WE HEAR: Trip, Katie, and Emma groan.

KATIE
It's okay. I've got my phone.

JACKIE
And mine.

JUNIOR
And we've got all the fake pictures
from yesterday.

EMMA
Right!

JUNIOR
Daylight's burning.

JACKIE
We're on schedule, Pat. Keep your
shirt on.

TRIP
(to Emma)
See you in there.

EMMA
Love you. Officially.

WE HEAR: Trip and Katie go through the door.

JACKIE
What am I going to call you after
today? Mrs. Winthrop?

EMMA
Ungh, weird, I don't like it.

JACKIE
Bishop-Winthrop.

EMMA
Eugh.

JACKIE
Bishythrops.

WE HEAR: a tinny little wedding march start in the court.

EMMA
I think you should take the job.

WE HEAR: Jackie gasp.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We should take the deal and you
should take the job. With
conditions. I can't do this without
a plan. I need to know you're
coming back. I need a legit reason
to text you forty six times a day.
Not just creeper pics of Alternate
Reality Paul Rudd.

JACKIE
We could start a new business.

EMMA
From scratch?

JACKIE
I don't know. We'll have our nest
egg. A year to gather resources.

EMMA
No food. No cafes.

JACKIE
No question. No animals.

EMMA
God, who would even suggest it?

JACKIE
Match-making.

EMMA
Real estate.

JACKIE
Mini-blinds!

EMMA
Mini-blinds?

JACKIE
By mail.

EMMA
I don't hate it.

JACKIE
I love you.

EMMA
First wife.

JACKIE
First love.

Emma and Jackie whimper/hug.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

EMMA
Go first.

WE HEAR: Jackie go in.

WE HEAR: the music clearly now, a little shuffle of chairs.

WE HEAR: Junior clear his throat.

JUNIOR
(low)
They look happy, eh Kit?

KATIE
They do.

JUNIOR
We had that.

KATIE
 For a minute.
 (beat)
 It was a very nice card.

JUNIOR
 Thank you.

KATIE
 But then you always write very nice
 cards.

JUNIOR
 I know.
 (beat)
 We did make it to a year.

KATIE
 Barely.

JUNIOR
 You'll be fine.

KATIE
 I know.

WE HEAR: the doors burst open, footsteps run in.

STU
 I MADE IT.

KATIE
 You'll be okay?

JUNIOR
 I've got my boy.

WE HEAR: music reach a lull.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Patrick Alistair

ALL
 Huntington Winthrop the Third

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 And Emma Bishop. Today you
 celebrate one of life's great
 moments and give recognition to the
 beauty and worth of love as you
 join together in the bonds of
 marriage. Patrick, do you take Emma
 to be your lawfully wedded wife?
 (MORE)

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (CONT'D)

To love, honor, and cherish her,
forsaking all others and holding
only unto her?

TRIP

I do.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Emma, do you take Patrick to be
your lawfully wedded husband? To
love, honor, and cherish him,
forsaking all others and holding
only unto him?

EMMA

I do.

STU

(low)
We do too.

JACKIE

100%.

EMMA

(tears)
Shut up.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

By the honor vested in me by the
Great state of Texas, I pronounce
you husband and wife.

TRIP

Finally.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

You may kiss the bride.

WE HEAR: kiss, everyone applaud, Emma and Trip laugh.

WE HEAR: music outro.

FRENCH WAITER 2

Deck the Halls with Matrimony

FRENCH WAITER 1

The sequel!

FRENCH WAITER 2

All of your old friends. Paula
Deming as Emma. Keiko Agena as
Jackie. Ian McQuown as Trip.

FRENCH WAITER 1
I still don't like that name.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Kyle Payne as Stu. Jessica Payne as
Katie.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Featuring Jesse Abbot Chin.

FRENCH WAITER 2
As who?

FRENCH WAITER 1
Ugh. The Jewelry Store Clerk. A
French Waiter. A Singing Telegram.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Mon dieu.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Kacie Rogers as Anastasia.

FRENCH WAITER 2
And many other voices.

FRENCH WAITER 1
And introducing Martin Thompson as
Junior.

FRENCH WAITER 2
My heart skips.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Wonderful.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Music by John Jesensky. Sound
recorded by Sean Price at Pricetone
and Dustin Burford with Soundworks.

FRENCH WAITER 1
Sound design by Kevin Rosen-Quan
with additional Foley by Mike
Miller.

FRENCH WAITER 2
Presented to you by Sassquach
Radio, produced by Ashley Quach and
Paula Deming.

FIN