

APRIL FOOLS

by
Brittany Ludwig
Jonathan Smith

2/17/10

WGA 1370033

Aaron Kogan
The Operating Room
5405 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(323) 330-9535

OVER BLACK

A wedding album opens to reveal photographs of the perfect wedding: a nervous BRIDE waits in a church foyer; the Bride ascends the altar; the FATHER OF THE BRIDE gives his daughter to the GROOM; the PRIEST conducts the service; the Bride and Groom kiss.

HEATHER (V.O.)

On April 3rd, 1967 Elizabeth Anderson married John Popodopalous. They met in college and dated for four years. Elizabeth was twenty-five and John was twenty-seven when, with the blessing of Elizabeth's father, John asked for her hand in marriage. Their relatives traveled from around the globe to witness the happy occasion. The weather was seventy-five degrees and sunny. The groom looked handsome and the bride looked beautiful. All were amazed that the perfect ceremony could be followed by an even more spectacular reception.

The pages of the wedding album turn and reveal photographs of the reception: the Bride and the Groom enter a luxurious ballroom; the newlyweds dance; the Bride and the Father of the Bride dance; the newlyweds cut the cake; FAMILY MEMBERS toast.

HEATHER (V.O.)

The ballroom chandelier brightened the evening's affairs. The orchestra hit not one false note the entire night. The guests danced to their hearts' content. Everyone agreed that the savoriness of the food was upstaged only by the decadence of the three-tiered wedding cake. The toasts were humourous yet tasteful. The heartfelt moments were sincere. And Elizabeth's smile was the centerpiece of it all. It was my mother's dream wedding, and it will be my dream wedding, too...SO DON'T RUIN IT FOR ME, YOU LITTLE PISSANT SHIT!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

HEATHER POPODOPALOUS, early 30s, pretty and polished, stands in the entrance of the same ballroom from the wedding album.

She's young, put-together, type-A, and bitchy -- not in a cold, steely way, but in a stressed, excitable way. She shows the wedding album to a short, polite MEXICAN GARDENER.

HEATHER

Look here, in this album. See this photo? El photograph-o? See these flowers? They're roses. El roses-o? Comprende?

MEXICAN GARDENER

Yes.

HEATHER

And these flowers, the ones that you planted, Juan---

MEXICAN GARDENER

It's Richard.

HEATHER

---They're daisies. Daisies.

MEXICAN GARDENER

Yes, Miss Popodopalous, but I have no roses left. The Rodriguez wedding needs all my roses. But daisies are pretty, yes?

HEATHER

Daisies not pretty, no. Get roses. Don't care about Rodriguez wedding. I pay double. Two times dinero. Comprende, Speedy Gonzalez?

MEXICAN GARDENER

Yes. My name is *Richard*. I can speak Eng---

HEATHER

People these days.

ZZ Top's "La Grange" plays as Heather navigates the ballroom.

DECORATOR

Miss Popodopalous, what do you think of this table setting?

HEATHER

Oooh, this table looks fantastic. I think I'll seat Andrea Bocelli here, Ray Charles here, Stevie Wonder here, Helen Keller here, and Homer the Greek poet here.

DECORATOR
Andrea Bocelli is coming?

Heather glares at the DECORATOR.

DECORATOR
Oh wait, I see. They're all blind.

HEATHER
And I'm not. I didn't pick that pattern.

DECORATOR
I'll try something different.

HEATHER
Yes, anything different will be an improvement.

WEDDING PLANNER
Miss Popodopalous, what do you think of this waiter?

HEATHER
He looks fat and insecure about it.

WEDDING PLANNER
I meant his outfit.

HEATHER
Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, of course. It makes him look fat and insecure about it.

The CHUBBY WAITER runs away, crying.

WEDDING PLANNER
We'll try something different.

PAUL THE CATERER, 30s, goofy and very gay, approaches.

PAUL THE CATERER
Heather, would you like to try this dish?

Heather tastes the food.

HEATHER
Hmmm.

PAUL THE CATERER
What do you think?

HEATHER

I'm sorry, Paul, can I see the menu, please? Hm, where is the dog shit dish that I added? I don't see it anywhere. You listed the food alphabetically, which I guess means that I would find dog shit between the Balsamic Roasted Brussel Sprouts and the Eggplant Rollatini.

Paul the Caterer searches the menu with her.

HEATHER

Oh wait, now I remember. I didn't add dog shit to the menu.

PAUL THE CATERER

I get it. You don't like it. Not a problem. I've got more where that came from.

HEATHER

I hope not. And here's an idea. How about, for once, you try to cook a good meal instead of daydreaming about which waiter you're going to screw in the janitor's closet later?

PAUL THE CATERER

(pointing to the crying
Chubby Waiter)

I like that one. He seems vulnerable.

HEATHER

This is my wedding. Not one of our usual events. Got it, Paul?

PAUL THE CATERER

Have I ever let you down?

HEATHER

Yes.

WEDDING PLANNER

(hanging up her cell phone)
Miss Popodopalous? Wonderful news. The Brookside Elementary Third Grade Choir has agreed to forgo its annual pizza party and sing Paul McCartney's 'Maybe I'm Amazed' at your reception.

HEATHER

That's terrific. I also have wonderful news.

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

Seal hunting season just started and hundreds of ruthless fishermen are going to club thousands of baby seals this year.

The WEDDING PLANNER's face drops.

HEATHER

I'm sorry, from what you said I thought that's what you considered wonderful news.

WEDDING PLANNER

I'll let the third graders know that their pizza party's back on.

HEATHER

I wouldn't want to destroy a tradition. Everyone, we'll be staying late tonight!

The WEDDING WORKERS groan.

HEATHER

It's like pulling teeth around here.

Heather sees two Wedding Workers filling water balloons. She storms up to them.

HEATHER

What are you doing?

WEDDING WORKER 1

Oh, uh, nothing.

HEATHER

What are you, five year-olds? Why are you making water balloons?

WEDDING WORKER 1

Uh, we were just going to prank one of our co-workers tomorrow.

WEDDING WORKER 2

You know, for April Fools day.

HEATHER

This is exactly why I pushed my wedding back a week. I didn't want people to be unfocused during the final days of preparation because they were distracted by some STUPID MADE UP HOLIDAY.

(loudly)

(MORE)

HEATHER (cont'd)

If anyone is planning any pranks, practical jokes, or April Fools gags, then consider yourself fired. And I'll see to it that the only 'event' you work is bingo night clean up crew at a Van Nuys nursing home.

(to the Wedding Workers)

And seriously, water balloons? Which one of you contributes most to your combined IQ of ninety?

Both Co-Workers raise their hands.

HEATHER

That makes sense.

A TAILOR approaches with his arms full of tuxedos.

TAILOR

Ms. Popodopalous?

HEATHER

Oh good. You were only ten minutes late.

TAILOR

These tuxedos are hard to carry and I had to---

HEATHER

(inspecting the tuxedos)

I don't care. Did you bring any Armani?

TAILOR

I think so. Also, my son's bar mitzvah is later today so I'd love to be able to leave around---

HEATHER

Bryce! Try these on! Bryce! Bryce?

Heather scans the room. Her fiance? is nowhere in sight.

HEATHER

Great. I have the tailor come all the way to the reception hall to help save time and my fiance? isn't even here.

(sighs)

I know where he is.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

BRYCE JONES, 30s, handsome and athletic, pilots a Cessna. His INSTRUCTOR sits next to him.

BRYCE

Woohoo!

INSTRUCTOR

You're on your own now!

BRYCE

I love it!

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Cessna cruises over the city.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce points out the window.

BRYCE

Hey, I work there! Can I do a fly by?!

INSTRUCTOR

Definitely not.

BRYCE

Didn't think so! Probably a bad idea anyway. My boss thinks I'm planning my wedding today. Speaking of which, there's the church...nose dive!

Bryce dips the plane. He and the Instructor laugh.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The Cessna lands.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce taxis the Cessna. Heather waits by the hangar.

BRYCE

Uh oh.

INSTRUCTOR

Here come the fireworks.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Bryce climbs out of the Cessna. Heather taps her foot.

BRYCE

Listen, I know what this looks like.

(pause)

Baby, she doesn't mean anything to me.

(pause)

Come on. That was pretty funny.

HEATHER

The poor tailor lugged all those tuxedos to the hotel, Bryce. And then he lugged them here.

The Tailor, tired, stands behind her with the tuxedos.

BRYCE

You're going to make me try them on here on the tarmac?!

HEATHER

No, of course not.

TAILOR

What? But my son. His bar mitzvah.

BRYCE

Then why did you bring him here?

HEATHER

To make a point. I need you to be with me every step of the way on this wedding so that we can make it perfect, got it? Otherwise people suffer.

BRYCE

You're being ridiculous.

HEATHER

Am I? I'd love to be doing fun things, too, Bryce, but there's work to be done and a schedule to keep. I don't need you flying your stupid planes. Let's get back to the reception hall. I'm an hour behind now, thank you very much.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Bryce wears a tuxedo. Heather examines it.

HEATHER

Terrible. Is that the Armani?

TAILOR

No. Also, I really need to leave---

HEATHER

Next one.

Heather's bridesmaids, BECKY, CINDY, and GRETCHEN, all early 30s, arrive.

BECKY

Oh my gosh, Heather. We planned the best bachelorette party for you tonight!

CINDY

We're taking you to Deja Dude. And you won't believe it. The Chippendales are performing!

BECKY

Also, the cover is only five bucks. I said I'd pay for the night so I'll save lots of money.

CINDY

And I'm going to be the designated driver because I don't want to drink and get fat.

BECKY

I rented a limo, Cindy.

CINDY

I'm still the designated driver.

GRETCHEN

It's going to be so...

Gretchen bursts into tears.

GRETCHEN

...SAD! I can't believe it, you guys. One of us is actually having her bachelorette party. It's like, just yesterday we were in college and now we're adults and getting married and...we're going to stay friends after this, right?

BECKY

Gretchen, stop it already. You cry over everything.

GRETCHEN

Oh my God, I do!

Gretchen bursts into more tears.

HEATHER

Girls, thanks for trying to plan something, but I already took the liberty of outlining an itinerary for my bachelorette party tonight.

Heather produces a timetable.

BECKY

What? The deposit on the limo I rented is non-refundable!

CINDY

(reading the itinerary)
'11.45 pm, stop by Shakey's Pizza and have fun "slumming it" at a common pizza joint.' I can't eat pizza, Heather. I'll get fat! I can't eat pizza!

GRETCHEN

We're taking a limo? I can't believe it. It's like, 'Hey, hop in the limo, everyone! Next stop: the rest of our lives!'

Gretchen bursts into tears again.

CINDY

Or hot wings! They'll probably have hot wings, too!

BECKY

Heather, we told you, we're taking care of the bachelorette party. We've got it all planned out. We're leaving from here at...

BECKY/CINDY/GRETCHEN

Seven / Six-thirty / Ten-twenty.

Heather rolls her eyes.

BECKY

At seven, guys.

CINDY

I thought we said six-thirty?

BECKY

No, we wanted to wait for traffic to clear up. Where did you get ten-twenty, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN

(starting to cry)

Did I mess everything up?

BECKY

Anyway, we leave here at seven to go to...

BECKY/CINDY/GRETCHEN

Deja Dude / Fuddruckers / A movie!

CINDY

A movie? Really?

Gretchen shrugs.

HEATHER

Alright, we're going with my itinerary.

BECKY

Heather, look at this itinerary. You have it planned down to two minute intervals. 'Nine thirty: finish dinner. Nine thirty-two: flag down waiter if he hasn't brought the check yet.'

CINDY

You're too wound up. You need to party.

HEATHER

Hello? What do you think I have planned here? A bible study? No, I scheduled a fun night. Now, I need to get back to work because I'm way behind.

(without looking at Bryce's new tuxedo)

Bryce, that tuxedo looks awful. And Gretchen? Seriously, you cry over everything.

GRETCHEN

I know!

Gretchen bursts into tears. MR. POPODOPALOUS, an older version of the Groom from the wedding photos, arrives. He is a jolly old Greek man.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Heather, my sweetheart, you have done wonderful work.

HEATHER
Hi, Daddy.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Everything looks so beautiful. If only your mother could have lived to see it. You'd have made her proud.

The mention of her MOTHER elicits a rare tenderness and vulnerability from Heather, who glances at the wedding album.

HEATHER
You think so, Daddy?

MR. POPODOPALOUS
I know so.

Heather smiles and hugs her father.

HEATHER
Thanks, Daddy. I just wish I could know what she'd think. So many things are still wrong and---

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Sweetheart, I'm sure she's looking down on you and smiling. Now promise me you'll relax?

HEATHER
Okay. I promise.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Good.

HEATHER
(to Wedding Worker 1)
Hey, careful with those candelabras, you little weasel!

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Alright, you're busy. Here are the napkin rings you wanted. Try not to get too worked up, baby.

Mr. Popodopalous kisses his daughter on the cheek. She barely notices.

HEATHER
(Wedding Worker 1)
Hey, did you think I was joking?
Careful!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Heather, alone in the ballroom, finishes a table setting. She steps back and surveys the room. She shakes her head, still dissatisfied.

Heather opens her mother's wedding album and looks at the photos of the spectacular event. She stops on a photo of her Mother, who looks young and radiant in her wedding dress, smiling like the happiest girl in the world. Heather looks at her Mother and sighs.

BECKY (O.S.)
Alright, you girls ready to party?

INT. LIMOSINE - NIGHT

Heather, Becky, Cindy, and Gretchen ride in the limosine. Becky pops a champagne bottle. Heather cleans the spill.

CINDY
We're going to have the best night
ever!

GRETCHEN
Girl squad! That's what we are!
We're a squad of girls!

BECKY
Here's to us!

The bridesmaids toast.

HEATHER
We're here. Everybody out!

EXT. THE RHONE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Heather, Becky, Cindy, and Gretchen climb out of the limosine. The bridesmaids' faces drop. Dozens of MIDDLE-AGED COUPLES dressed in formal attire await their tables.

HEATHER

We're only twenty minutes late.
Luckily for you three I actually
planned everything a half hour later
than I told you. Here's the real
itinerary.

Heather hands them each a new timetable.

HEATHER

Who knows you three better than I do,
huh? That's what this night's all
about. Old friends. Shall we?

Heather enters the restaurant.

CINDY

What the hell is this shit?

The Middle-Aged Couples outside give Cindy a dirty look.

CINDY

What?

INT. THE RHONE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is low-key and eerily quiet. Heather and the
bridesmaids eat dinner in silence.

HEATHER

(quietly)
Well, this is just delicious.
(pause)
I said, 'this is just delicious.' Am
I right?

BECKY/CINDY/GRETCHEN

(mumbling)
Oh yes / Really great / Superb.

A WAITER kneels between the bridesmaids.

WAITER

(whispering)
More wine?

CINDY

(whispering)
Yes, God, please.

BECKY

(whispering)
Here, under the table.

The Waiter refills the bridesmaids' wine glasses below the table's surface, out of Heather's eyesight.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

The limosine pulls up to the grand opening of a new art gallery. Heather and the bridesmaids climb out.

HEATHER

Right on time. Doesn't this look great?

BECKY/CINDY/GRETCHEN

Uh huh.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Heather and the bridesmaids mingle.

BECKY

Why are we visiting an art gallery?

HEATHER

What do you mean? It's great. Look at all these beautiful pieces.

CINDY

Yeah, they're a great addition to a bachelorette party.

A WAITER speaks to two GUESTS.

WAITER

Well, I'm afraid we don't have Vermouth, so you'll just have to order something else.

The Waiter sees Heather and immediately fawns on her.

WAITER

Oh, hello! Um, may I get you a drink? Whatever you and your friends would like.

HEATHER

Yes, thank you. Girls?

CINDY

Do you have Vermouth?

WAITER

We'll find some.

HEATHER

And I'll have a glass of wine.

WAITER

Yes, yes. Anything you need.

BECKY

Wow, great service here.

GRETCHEN

It's like we're celebrities!

CINDY

Maybe this opening isn't so bad after all.

BECKY

Good choice, Heather. How did you hear about this place?

HEATHER

Oh, I just read about it somewhere.

ART GALLERY OWNER

Miss Popodopalous! I thought you couldn't make it tonight? Let me just say that you were worth every penny. The evening has been a great success because of you. Please, enjoy yourselves.

The ART GALLERY OWNER leaves.

BECKY

This is one of your events?

HEATHER

I have no clue who that woman was.

BECKY

You're working right now! You're not here to have fun!

HEATHER

What are you talking about? Let's dance!

Becky pulls Heather towards the door.

HEATHER

(to a RANDOM PATRON)
How's the catering?

RANDOM PATRON

(shrugs)

Eh.

HEATHER

Paul.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Becky throws Heather into the limo.

HEATHER

I just wanted to make sure everything
turned out alright!

Cindy slips the LIMO DRIVER a twenty dollar bill.

CINDY

Don't listen to what she says and do
what we tell you to do for the rest of
the night.

LIMO DRIVER

(happy to oblige)

Oh, I don't need your money. At your
service, Miss.

CINDY

Chippendale dancers, here we come!

INT. DEJA DUDE - NIGHT

WOMEN IN THEIR 50'S cheer on 50 YEAR OLD CHIPPENDALE DANCERS.
Heather and the bridesmaids sit right in front of the stage.

BECKY

Sorry, I didn't know it was their
twenty year reunion tour!

HEATHER

I can only imagine what they looked
like in nineteen ninety.

GRETCHEN

Oh, come on, Heather. It's funny!
You're so un-fun.

HEATHER

No, I'm not.

GRETCHEN

Yes, you are. You can't laugh at anything. Like that one time in college when that stupid girl dropped a huge deuce in her pants and got locked out of her dorm room.

HEATHER

That was me!

GRETCHEN

(to Becky)

See? Always so serious.

HEATHER

And I *soiled* myself because you three slipped laxatives into my green tea.

CINDY

(yelling)

WE WERE HOPING IT'D LOOSEN THAT ASS IN YOUR STICK!

GRETCHEN

Cindy, are you already wasted?

Cindy vomits.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOSINE - NIGHT

The limosine pulls up to a car filled with JOYRIDERS. Cindy pops out of the sun roof.

CINDY

Hey, boys!

Cindy flashes the Joyriders. Becky and Gretchen cheer.

JOYRIDERS

Yeah! Titties!

CINDY

Do I look fat?

JOYRIDER 1

You have a little muffin top!

JOYRIDER 2

But it's sexy!

CINDY
(genuinely touched)
Really?

HEATHER
Cindy, what are you doing? What if
they had a video camera?

JOYRIDER 1
You mean like this one?

The Joyriders videotape Cindy with a camcorder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA AND HIGHLAND INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Beefy TRANSVESTITES walk the streets. The bridesmaids drag
Heather towards them.

TRANSVESTITE 1
You girls looking for a good time?

GRETCHEN
Teach us how to be sluts!

TRANSVESTITE 1
Oooh, honey child. You just opened
Pandora's box.

CINDY
What's your name?

TRANSVESTITE 1
Pandora.

Heather gags.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA AND HIGHLAND INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Transvestites show the bridesmaids how to walk.

TRANSVESTITE 1
That's right. Swing dat ass, tittums.

BECKY
She/he just called me 'tittums!'

HEATHER
I will not walk like that.

TRANSVESTITE 1

Yes you will!

Transvestite 1 pulls a knife on Heather. Heather walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA AND HIGHLAND INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Transvestites mime how to give a good blowjob.

GRETCHEN

Like this?

TRANSVESTITE 1

Cup the balls, sweetheart.

Gretchen mime-cups an enormous pair of balls.

TRANSVESTITE 1

Damn, girlie. How big're your
boyfriend's balls?

GRETCHEN

They're HUGE. Wee-wee not so big.
But balls? GIGANTIC. It's so weird!

HEATHER

Gretchen!

GRETCHEN

Well, they are!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOSINE - NIGHT

The limosine pulls up to the car filled with Joyriders.

JOYRIDER 1

Guys, it's the limo from earlier.
Hey! Show us some more titties!

Transvestite 1 pops up and flashes the Joyriders.

JOYRIDERS

Ahhhhhhhh!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE OUTLOOK - DAY

The sun rises. Heather and the bridesmaids sit on the grass and look over the city. They drink mimosas.

GRETCHEN

Wow. What a great night.

CINDY

Too bad Heather didn't enjoy it.

HEATHER

I'm sorry I don't enjoy tossing hours of planning out the window.

CINDY

Your plan sucked.

HEATHER

Thanks.

CINDY

Hey, WE had a great time. YOU just wouldn't let yourself have fun or have a sense of humor about things.

HEATHER

I have a great sense of humor. In fact, just the other day...Wow, I really have to go to the bathroom all of the sudden.

GRETCHEN

We put laxatives in your mimosa.

HEATHER

Come on!

BECKY

See what we mean, she/he's?

The Tranvestites, who are still hanging out, nod.

TRANVESTITES

Buzzkill.

HEATHER

Now I'll have to go in a bush. Why do you three pull pranks on me?

CINDY

Because you're always so serious.

BECKY

And it's April 1st today. We had to do *something*. And you're the best person to do things to.

HEATHER

Oh right. April 1st. My favorite day of the year. Everyone thinks he gets a free pass to be an idiot.

BECKY

I'd pay a hundred bucks to see you be an idiot.

CINDY

Yeah, right. Heather will let loose the day I'm a size zero.

GRETCHEN

Or the day I stop crying when people win money on game shows.

BECKY

Or the day I tip more than three dollars.

CINDY

Yeah, not a snowball's chance in hell of her ever cutting loose.

The Bridesmaids sip their mimosas. Heather considers the notion for a moment.

HEATHER

Okay, you're on. You three think I'm a drag? I'll take you up on your offer. I'll play a prank on someone today.

CINDY

Really? Oh my God, yes!

HEATHER

I'm supposed to meet Bryce for breakfast in an hour. I'll play a prank on him. He loves jokes. Let's go.

GRETCHEN

This will be so fun!

Heather, the Bridesmaids, and the Transvestites hop into the limosine. The limosine drives off, then stops. Heather jumps out, holding her butt, and disappears into a bush.

INT. LIMOSINE - DAY

The bridesmaids offer Heather suggestions.

BECKY

You could tell him the honeymoon fell through and you have to stay in a Motel 6.

CINDY

Or you could tell him that you're pregnant.

GRETCHEN

That's a great one!

HEATHER

Guys, I think I have one.

CINDY

What is it?

HEATHER

It's a good one.

BECKY

I'm sure it's not as good as one of ours.

GRETCHEN

You could tell him that you were born physically male.

TRANSVESTITE 1

Oh, people freak out about that one!

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The limosine drops off Heather.

CINDY

What are you going to do?

HEATHER

You'll see. I got it all planned out.

Confident, Heather smiles and enters the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Heather and Bryce eat breakfast.

BRYCE
You smell like booze.

Heather hiccups.

HEATHER
(innocently)
What?

BRYCE
Were you drinking this morning? You
smell like booze...and a woodland
creature.

HEATHER
Ha, that's ridiculous, Bryce.

BRYCE
And are you going to eat your food?
That's a twenty dollar tofu scramble.

HEATHER
Oh, yeah, of course.

Heather takes a big bite.

WAITER
Excuse me, miss? I'm sorry to
interrupt, but it seems like there
might be some fingernail and toenail
clippings in your food.

Heather spits out her food and it lands on Bryce's plate.

WAITER
We had an incident in the kitchen.
Let me just look around your plate
here. Hm. Yes, that could be a
clipping there. And maybe there.

Heather gags.

BRYCE
Excuse me, sir? This is highly
inappropriate---

WAITER
April Fools! Sorry, I couldn't help
myself. Your food's fine.

BRYCE
I'd like to speak to your manager.

WAITER

Really? But it was just a joke.

BRYCE

Your manager, please.

WAITER

Ah, mannnnn.

The WAITER leaves.

BRYCE

Who would play such a stupid joke?

HEATHER

Beats me. Hey, Bryce? Can we talk about something?

BRYCE

Sure. What is it? Listen, seriously, Heather, I can chip in for the wedding if that's what this is about. It's a little extreme for your father to postpone his retirement just to pay for it.

HEATHER

No no, I told you, that's not tradition. The father of the bride always pays. Listen, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. About us.

BRYCE

Uh huh.

HEATHER

And, well, things just haven't felt right, Bryce. I mean, that spark, it just, it isn't there, you know? And I think, well, I think we should break up.

BRYCE

Oh my God.

Heather's eyes light up. She suppresses her laughter.

BRYCE

I mean, wow. Oh my God.

HEATHER

Apr---

BRYCE

I feel exactly the same way!

HEATHER

Wait, what?

BRYCE

I'm so glad you said it first.

HEATHER

Said what?

BRYCE

What we've both been thinking for a long time.

HEATHER

No no no no, hold on. Just hold on a second. What?

BRYCE

I've just been in agony about the whole thing ever since you pressured me to ask you to marry me.

HEATHER

Pressured?

BRYCE

Well---

HEATHER

I didn't pressure you!

BRYCE

No no, of course not. Did I say 'pressured?'

HEATHER

Yes.

BRYCE

I don't think I said 'pressured.' I *wanted* to ask you, baby.

HEATHER

Then why do you want to break up?

BRYCE

I don't want to break up. *We* want to break up. I mean, come on. We never have any good times together.

HEATHER

What about our trip to Catalina?

BRYCE

That was three years ago.

HEATHER

Well, what about our trip to Arrowhead?

BRYCE

You were about to have your period.
You were PMS-ing the whole time.

HEATHER

I wasn't about to have my period.

BRYCE

You weren't? You seemed like it.

HEATHER

I was NOT about to have my period!

Restaurant PATRONS stare at Heather.

BRYCE

Okay, okay.

HEATHER

You just called me a bitch.

BRYCE

I did not.

HEATHER

Yes, you did. Indirectly. You called me a bitch.

BRYCE

See? This is another thing. You read into things too much.

HEATHER

What is that supposed to mean?

BRYCE

Literally what I just said!

Heather stares at Bryce.

BRYCE

What are you doing?

HEATHER

I'm watching your hand gestures to see if you're lying.

BRYCE

Okay, stop it. I know you're just playing devil's advocate to try to cushion the blow for both of us but, baby, we both know it's not working out. And I mean, come on, let's face it. The sex? Pretty awful.

HEATHER

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BRYCE

Heather, I know you were never into it. I mean, really, you would just lie there and wait for me to finish and I'd feel terrible about myself because I'd think I wasn't pleasing you. But now I know that you were just acting like a dead fish because you were unhappy. And it's such a relief because I'm unhappy, too. Man, I'm so glad we're having this talk. I feel so liberated!

HEATHER

Alright, Bryce, this is a joke.

BRYCE

You're right. It is a joke. Married people should want each other and want to be with each other and we obviously don't. Thank you, Heather. We'll still be friends, okay? Listen, I have to go tell my parents. They'll be so relieved.

HEATHER

They will?

Bryce kisses Heather on the cheek and hurries off. The Waiter returns with his MANAGER.

WAITER

This is my manager.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, miss. Marcus' joke was utterly distasteful and completely out of line. Marcus, I'm relieving you of your duties. You no longer work here.

WAITER

What?

MANAGER

Gotcha! April Fools!

WAITER

Oh man, I really fell for it.

MANAGER

I actually totally put him up to it,
m'am.

Heather sits in shock.

MANAGER

M'am? It was a joke. *M'am?* Oh shit.

EXT. BALLROOM - DAY

Devastated, Heather sits in her Audi.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather, in a daze, enters.

MEXICAN GARDENER

Miss Popodopalous? I have the roses.
See? Just like you wanted.

DECORATOR

Miss Popodopalous? What do you think
of this table setting? I completely
re-did it. And it's the pattern that
you wanted.

WEDDING PLANNER

Miss Popodopalous? I came up with a
different outfit for the waiters.
What do you think?

The Chubby Waiter sucks in his gut.

WEDDING PLANNER

Miss Popodopalous?

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather? I'm pretty sure this dish
doesn't taste like dog shit this time.
Also, I think that waiter's straight.

Heather disappears into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Heather enters to find her father waiting for her.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Heather! I've been looking for you.

HEATHER
Daddy, I need to talk to you.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Of course, dear. In a second. I have
a surprise for you. Everyone!

Heather's EXTENDED FAMILY surges into the lobby. Everyone hugs
and kisses Heather.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Look who is all here!

HEATHER
Wait, Daddy, I can't right now---

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Your Aunt Suzannah!

AUNT SUZANNAH
Oh, my dearest! You look just
beautiful. Why, the last time I saw
you you were wearing a college
graduate's robe.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Aunt Suzannah braved a six hour flight
from New York City just to be here.

AUNT SUZANNAH
I was dry heaving into a bag the whole
time.

HEATHER
That's...awful.

AUNT SUZANNAH
Oh, nothing a triple dose of Dramamine
couldn't solve.

HEATHER
Um, I'm sorry, I just need to---

MR. POPODOPALOUS
And look who else came! Your
Grandfather Giovanni!

GRANDFATHER GIOVANNI

My sweetest Heather. The last time I saw you you were but this tall and getting your first communion. I took two planes for twelve hours just to be here. Woo, talk about hell on wheels for my hemorrhoids.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Isn't she worth it, though?

GRANDFATHER GIOVANNI

Well, we'll find out, won't we? Ha, I'm just kidding.

HEATHER

(weakly)

Ha.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

And perhaps greatest of all...Your Great-Grandmother Adonia.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA, an ancient Greek woman with a cane, hobbles through the crowd.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

The last time she saw you you hadn't yet taken your first steps. Can you believe that?

HEATHER

Heh.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

And to think she traveled for a week just to get from her mountain home to the nearest airstrip.

(whispers to Heather)

She missed a couple of her planes, too. Just a real mess. We're very lucky she made it here.

(normal voice)

Oh Adonia, we are blessed to have you here. What do you think of my daughter?

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA

Suzannah!

HEATHER

I'm Heather, gigia. Aunt Suzannah's over there.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA
Suzannah's still alive?

AUNT SUZANNAH
Why wouldn't I be?

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA
So, Heather, where is this handsome
groom I've waited my whole life to
meet?

HEATHER
Everyone, I, uh...

Heather looks at the expectant faces of her Extended Family.

HEATHER
He's...not here right now. I just
don't know where he ran off to.

EXTENDED FAMILY
(disappointed)
Oh.

HEATHER
But I'm sure I can find him somewhere.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
What was it that you wanted to talk to
me about, my baby?

HEATHER
Nothing, Daddy. Give me a second?

Heather leaves.

EXTENDED FAMILY
She looks so healthy / Just beautiful
/ What a girl.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Thank you all. I am very proud.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Heather hurries away from her Extended Family.

WEDDING WORKER 1
Miss Popodopalous, can you tell us how
you want to decorate the area for the
band?

HEATHER

Don't bother me. The wedding's off.

WEDDING WORKER 1

(overjoyed)

Really? Oh my God. Everyone, guess what?!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Heather bursts through the door. She tears a chunk out of the wedding cake and shoves it in her mouth. Paul the Caterer enters.

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather! What are you doing?

HEATHER

Oh, what does it matter, Paul! My wedding is ruined!

PAUL THE CATERER

That's not your cake!

HEATHER

Oh.

Heather replaces the chunk of cake and smooths it over.

HEATHER

There. That's better.

PAUL THE CATERER

You just shoved your filthy, un-manicured paw in the cake for the Rodriguez wedding!

HEATHER

Uh oh. They hate me.

PAUL THE CATERER

You think? You've already stolen most of the Rodriguez daughter's wedding right out from under her nose.

HEATHER

I didn't *steal*. I *outbid*.

PAUL THE CATERER

Uh huh.

HEATHER

Okay, yes, she was supposed to have the ballroom next Saturday, but I wanted to push my wedding back a week, so I offered to pay double for her date. OUTBID.

PAUL THE CATERER

You're right, it does sound totally fair when you describe it.

HEATHER

Shut the hell up. You can fix the cake, Paul.

PAUL THE CATERER

Yeah, by remaking the whole thing.

HEATHER

I don't know why you're preparing food for the Rodriguez daughter this early anyway.

PAUL THE CATERER

Because when you pushed back your wedding you screwed up my schedule for my next three gigs. Hopefully, they don't notice their food's been frozen for over a week.

HEATHER

The way you cook I'm sure it won't make a difference.

Heather quickly wipes away a tear.

PAUL THE CATERER

What's the matter with you?

HEATHER

Nothing. Oh, what does it matter? You'll eventually figure it out. I ruined my wedding! Do you know what today's date is?

PAUL THE CATERER

Friday.

HEATHER

The date, Paul.

PAUL THE CATERER

Oh, right. April 1st. Hey, it's April 1st!

HEATHER

Yeah, some stupid day where people decided it'd be funny to play stupid jokes on each other. Like telling your fiance? that you think you should call off your wedding and then instead of him being all upset you find out that he feels exactly the same way!

PAUL THE CATERER

Who the hell would do that?

HEATHER

I did that!

PAUL THE CATERER

Wow. Stupid.

HEATHER

Do you know how much work I've put into this wedding? And now it's all gone out the window!

Paul the Caterer puts his arm around Heather.

PAUL THE CATERER

Hey, I'm sure he didn't mean it.

HEATHER

Get your arm off me.

PAUL THE CATERER

Yeah, that felt really forced.

HEATHER

He thought I was serious, Paul. He meant it! I was so shocked I didn't even get the chance to explain that it was a joke.

(getting worked up)

What did I do? All this stuff means nothing. What does it matter, huh? What does it matter if I stick my hand into this chocolate fountain and eat straight from the basin?

Heather scoops chocolate from the fountain into her mouth.

PAUL THE CATERER

That's the chocolate fountain for the Rodriguez wedding!

Heather, chocolate around her mouth, stops.

HEATHER

I washed my hands, like, three hours ago.

PAUL THE CATERER

Still a major health code violation.

HEATHER

We're talking about my hands, Paul.

PAUL THE CATERER

Right, I forgot, you're perfect. But I worry about cross-contamination from all the people you strangled today.

HEATHER

Very funny. I wouldn't have thought of that one.

(sighs)

I wouldn't have thought of that one. They were right. Becky, Cindy, Gretchen, everyone. I have no sense of humor. How did I think that would be a funny prank?

PAUL THE CATERER

I don't know. A sense of humor? That's not that big a deal.

HEATHER

No, you're right. They also said I was un-fun. So yeah, I'm a humorless bore. I'm a regular Betsy Buzzkillington.

PAUL THE CATERER

That was kind of funny.

HEATHER

(getting worked up again)

Well, it's too late now! I've already spent all my father's money and Bryce doesn't want to do the wedding anymore and my whole damn family flew in from the damn moon so what's it matter if I just---

(calmly)

This bottle of Dom Perignon is for my wedding, right?

PAUL THE CATERER

Yes. Thank you for asking.

HEATHER

(worked up again)

So what's it matter if I just open
this bottle of Dom Perignon and pour
it right down the drain?

Heather pops open the Dom Perignon. The cork knocks over a pot rack, which knocks over trays of hors d'ouerves, which knock over the wedding cake and the chocolate fountain, which spills all over a slew of prepared entrées.

HEATHER

The Rodriguez wedding?

PAUL THE CATERER

Yep.

HEATHER

This whole day is a disaster. It's
those stupid girls' fault---

PAUL THE CATERER

(looking at the mess)

I hate my life.

HEATHER

---They're the ones that put me up to
this. They just love to pick on me.

(pause)

Oh my God. Yes! They just LOVE to
pick on me. I can't believe it. How
could I be so stupid? THEY TOLD
BRYCE. They texted him or something
and told him that I was going to play
an April Fools prank on him so that
they could all flip it around on ME.
Boy, Bryce is good. He was quick on
his feet there. I have to go.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather bursts out of the kitchen with her cell phone to her ear. Paul the Caterer follows.

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather, hold on---

BRYCE (FILTERED)

Hi, you've reached the voicemail of
Bryce Jones---

HEATHER

Damn. Paul, shut up.

BRYCE (FILTERED)

---Please leave a message and I'll get back to you.

HEATHER

Bryce, it's Heather. I'M ON TO YOU.

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather, just stop for a second---

HEATHER

I can't wait to see the look on his face when he sees that I figured it out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Heather's unlocks her Audi.

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather, STOP.

HEATHER

WHAT, Paul?

PAUL THE CATERER

You need to sit down and gather your thoughts right now.

HEATHER

Paul, I will not be made a fool.

Heather climbs in her Audi. Paul shakes his head and turns towards the hotel entrance. Heather skids out of her spot and backs into Paul the Caterer, knocking him to the ground.

HEATHER

My bad! Totally my fault.

PAUL THE CATERER

What the hell!

Paul limps towards the hotel entrance. Heather backs into Paul the Caterer again, knocking him to the ground.

HEATHER

Oops. Still in reverse!

Heather speeds off.

EXT. FINANCIAL SKYRISE - DAY

Heather parks and enters the plush office building.

INT. WORTHINGTON & WALLACE BANKING FIRM, LOBBY - DAY

Heather passes the RECEPTIONIST.

HEATHER

Hi, Carol. I'm going to see Bryce.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, uh, Miss Popodopalous. I think Bryce is---

Heather is already through the door.

INT. WORTHINGTON & WALLACE BANKING FIRM - DAY

Heather approaches Bryce's ASSISTANT.

HEATHER

Sally, I need to talk to Bryce.

ASSISTANT

Heather. Hi. Uh, Bryce isn't in right now. He said he was meeting someone for lunch today.

HEATHER

Huh. He never told me about any lunch.

ASSISTANT

(concerned)
So...how are you?

HEATHER

What are you talking about?

ASSISTANT

You *know*.

HEATHER

Um, I'm fine?

Bryce's CO-WORKERS have stopped their work.

HEATHER

Sally, everyone is looking at me funny.

ASSISTANT

Heather, you are so brave to call off
your own wedding.

HEATHER

Everyone knows?

ASSISTANT

Bryce let us in on it this morning.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER

Oh, he 'LET YOU IN ON IT,' did he?

ASSISTANT

Um, yes?

HEATHER

Reeeeaalllly?

ASSISTANT

Excuse me?

HEATHER

Yes, 'excuse you.'

ASSISTANT

What are you talking about?

HEATHER

What AM I talking about?

ASSISTANT

I'm totally lost.

HEATHER

Oh, you're good. Good commitment.
I'm surprised your acting career
didn't work out.

ASSISTANT

(tears in her eyes)
I'm sorry?

Co-Workers interrupt.

CO-WORKER 1

Heather, oh my God, are you okay?

CO-WORKER 2

We heard what you did. Really, it was
for the best.

Heather "plays along."

HEATHER

It sure was, you GUYS!

CO-WORKER 1

We'll miss seeing you come in.

HEATHER

Hey, don't worry. I won't miss seeing you, Frank! Haha.

CO-WORKER 1

(to Co-Worker 2)

See, they just wouldn't have worked out together.

CO-WORKER 3

Heather, hey. I'm sorry about the bad news.

HEATHER

What bad news? This is the best day of my life!

CO-WORKER 3

Oh, cool! Well, in that case, I actually want to thank you. We had a pool going and I totally picked today for the break up! You made me three hundred bucks!

HEATHER

Look at you, Mr. Fancy Pants. Hey, anything I can do to help, Jimbo!

CO-WORKER 3

My name's Carl.

HEATHER

Who cares!

Bryce's BOSS approaches. The Co-Workers scatter.

HEATHER

Mr. Worthington!

BOSS

Heather, you've made the right choice. I wasn't going to give Bryce his promotion because I figured he wouldn't be able to handle the extra long hours with someone as high-maintenance as you on his hands.

(MORE)

BOSS (cont'd)

You just did your ex-fiance? a big favor. I commend you.

HEATHER

Well, I don't commend YOU, Mr. Pudgy Wudgy. Puttin' on the pounds these days, aren't you?

BOSS

Excuse me?

HEATHER

Well, alright, everyone! It's been fun! I just have to go back to NOT preparing my wedding. I'll see you all NEVER AGAIN!

Heather skips off.

INT. WORTHINGTON & WALLACE BANKING FIRM, LOBBY - DAY

Heather exits the offices.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, Heather, I want to thank you for what you did for Bryce---

HEATHER

No thanks necessary, Carol! And I want to thank you for *accidentally* hanging up on me all the time! Oh, you guys are a laugh a minute.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Heather stands in the elevator with a bunch of BUSINESSMEN. She hums "Walking on Sunshine" to herself.

BUSINESSMAN 1

Miss Popodopalous, you really did the right thing.

The rest of the Businessmen nod. Heather laughs.

HEATHER

You GUYS!

INT. FINANCIAL SKYRISE, LOBBY - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD approaches Heather as she exits.

SECURITY GUARD

Miss Popodopalous, the security force
and I want to thank you---

HEATHER

The security guards are in on it!
Wow, Bryce just went all out.

The JANITOR stops mopping the floor and holds Heather's hand.

JANITOR

On behalf of all the janitors, I want
to thank you, Miss Popodopalous, for
having the wisdom to call it off---

HEATHER

And the janitors, too!

EXT. FINANCIAL SKYRISE - DAY

The HOT DOG VENDOR outside the building stops Heather.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Muchos gracias, senorita. You made
the right choice. Muy bueno!

HEATHER

The guy who doesn't even work here is
in on it! Good work, everyone! Very
well done! You all really took it up
a notch!

Heather hops in her Audi and speeds off.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather, all smiles, enters.

HEATHER

The wedding's back on, bitches!

The Wedding Workers groan and start to set up again.

HEATHER

What the hell is with these napkins?
What did you make them out of, the
remains of a fat girl's discarded 1986
prom dress? I asked for five hundred
thread count Turkish cotton with
silver napkin rings. I wouldn't wipe
my ass with these things after eating
Mexican food.

The Mexican Gardener shakes his head.

HEATHER

And how about these table runners?
Were you reading Elton John's Guide To
Bedazzling...For Dummies?

WEDDING WORKER 2

That's Swarovski crystal.

HEATHER

(mocking)

'That's Swarovski crystal.' Get the
hell out of here. And these candles,
what are they made out of? Your
boyfriend's curiously excessive ear
wax?

WEDDING WORKER 3

(crying)

They looked better in the catalogue!

Wedding Worker 3 cries. Heather pulls out her Mother's wedding album.

HEATHER

If anyone wants to see how it's done
right, then, please, feel free to look
here!

Heather takes a deep breath, relieved to be back to her old self. The bridesmaids arrive.

HEATHER

Hello, ladies.

BECKY

Guns blazing as usual, huh?

CINDY

We're so hungover.

GRETCHEN

And Gretchen hooked up with a trannie.

BECKY

Why are you talking in third person?

GRETCHEN

Gretchen's still a little drunk.

HEATHER

That's gross, Gretchen.

Gretchen bursts into tears.

GRETCHEN
Gretchen's so confused!

CINDY
How did the prank go this morning?

HEATHER
Why don't you tell me?

CINDY
Um, it was funny?

HEATHER
Yeah. Hilarious.

BECKY
Wait, so it wasn't hilarious?

HEATHER
Keep it up, girls.

BECKY
What are you talking about?

CINDY
Hey, it's Bryce.

Heather turns. Bryce is standing in the lobby.

HEATHER
Ah, just the person I wanted to see.
The fun never ends, huh, ladies?

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Heather enters and applauds.

BRYCE
What?

HEATHER
Bravo, bravo.

Heather tries to kiss Bryce. He pushes her away.

BRYCE
What are you doing?

HEATHER
Come on, you can stop it now.

BRYCE

Stop what? I came down here because I got your message and you didn't answer your phone when I called back.

HEATHER

Oh, whoops. It's on vibrate. Must have missed it. Well, anyway, I called because I was going to explain myself but it looks like you need to explain *yourself*.

BRYCE

I don't follow.

HEATHER

You thought you could fool me. You even got everyone in your office in on it. But I figured it out, Bryce. The girls told you that I was going to play an April Fools prank on you this morning by pretending that I wanted to call off the wedding and you flipped it around on me. Very clever, Bryce.

Heather tries to kiss Bryce again. He pushes her off.

BRYCE

You were joking?

HEATHER

Okay, seriously. We can stop now.

BRYCE

That's a terrible joke, Heather.

HEATHER

Back atcha', Bryce!

BRYCE

I wasn't joking. I don't want to marry you. We're not right for each other.

HEATHER

Uh huh. Sure.

BRYCE

No, we're not.

HEATHER

Yes, we are.

BRYCE

Heather, I'm serious. We're not.

Heather's smile fades. The truth sinks in.

BRYCE

Oh, man. Listen, I---

Heather punches Bryce.

BRYCE

What the hell was that?!

HEATHER

You asshole! I've been planning this wedding for seven months. I've been working sixteen hour days these last four weeks to get everything just right. Have you looked in that ballroom recently? It's PERFECT. You don't want to marry me? SCREW YOU, PRICK!

BRYCE

Hey, you played this stupid joke on ME! I'm sorry I reacted honestly!

HEATHER

So you've just hated me the whole time we were together?

BRYCE

Well, no. We had some fun times at first. Things worked. We had some laughs. I loved you.

HEATHER

Then what's the problem? Why don't you love me now?

BRYCE

Oh, come on, Heather. Like you can't see we've grown apart? Sometimes things last and sometimes they don't. That's all. It was nice while it did last but, come on, you don't want to marry me. You just want to GET married.

Heather pauses, caught off guard by Bryce's comment.

HEATHER

Oh, give me a break. I love you, goddammit.

BRYCE

Okay, fine. Then, I'm sorry. I just don't think I want to marry you.

HEATHER

Suck it up and be a man.

BRYCE

Yeah, that's what I should do, Heather. That'll work out real great in the long run.

HEATHER

Why didn't you say something earlier? Why did you even propose to me?

BRYCE

Well, because, I don't know. You can be a little controlling.

HEATHER

That's right. I MADE you buy me a ring and get down on your knees and propose to me.

BRYCE

Well, in a way, you did.

HEATHER

Really? How?

BRYCE

Heather, you just have this way about you. It's what makes you a good event planner. It's what will make you a responsible mother. It's what helps you to do what lots of people in this world don't do, which is get things done.

HEATHER

Okay, okay. I can push people. I get it. I'll stop pushing, baby. Come here.

Heather tries to hug Bryce.

BRYCE

No, Heather.

HEATHER

Why not?

BRYCE

Because...it's just...

HEATHER

(acidic)

Well, stop beating around the bush already. Spit it out if you have something to say, *Bryce*.

BRYCE

Sometimes you're just a real bitch.

Heather punches Bryce.

BRYCE

Stop hitting me!

HEATHER

I am NOT a bitch, you piece of shit!
Go to hell, Bryce.

BRYCE

I never want to speak to you again.

Bryce leaves. Heather storms out of the lobby. She accidentally slams the door on the hand of the PIANIST, who is entering just as she exits.

PIANIST

Ah, my hand! You broke my fingers!

HEATHER

Oh shit. My bad, Michael.

PIANIST

Michael?

HEATHER

Yeah, Michael. The piano player for my wedding?

PIANIST

Michael's the other piano player! I'm Derek, the piano player for the Rodriguez wedding!

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather marches across the room.

WEDDING WORKER 1

Miss Popodopalous---

HEATHER

Beat it! The wedding's off!

WEDDING WORKER 1

Wait, is it? Are you messing with us again? Please! We have to know!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Heather enters and grabs a bottle of liquor from the refrigerator. Paul the Caterer enters with a stack of dishes and sets them down.

PAUL THE CATERER

Don't touch anything!

HEATHER

Oh, shut up. I won't break anything.

Heather slams the refrigerator door. The dishes fall off the counter and crash to the floor.

PAUL THE CATERER

I really hate you.

HEATHER

Join the club.

PAUL THE CATERER

There's a club?

HEATHER

I can't believe it. Bryce wasn't joking. He really doesn't want to marry me.

(suddenly realizing)

Oh my God. They weren't joking either. All his co-workers. Even the hot dog vendor outside his office building. They all wanted us to break up. They had a pool going. Jimbo made three hundred bucks.

PAUL THE CATERER

Nice, Jimbo.

HEATHER

Everyone hates me. Even my friends. And now my father's going to hate me. I wasted his retirement money.

PAUL THE CATERER

Hey, sweetheart, you think I feel any better? You trashed all my work on the Rodriguez wedding for no good reason. I don't see how this day could get any worse for either of us.

Wedding Worker 1 pokes his head in the kitchen.

WEDDING WORKER 1

Hey, Paul, you drive the red Subaru, right? Derek the piano player just backed into it when he left for the hospital. Man, he dented the *SHIT* out of it!

Wedding Worker 1 exits.

PAUL THE CATERER

I just bought that car last week! You're like a poison. Slowly killing me. Alright, I need to get back to work on the Rodriguez wedding. Maybe I'll get lucky and *that* groom will get cold feet, too.

Heather's eyes light up.

HEATHER

Oh my gosh. Of course. Cold feet. Paul, that's it!

PAUL THE CATERER

Yes, that's what will get me out of this mess you created.

HEATHER

No, 'cold feet,' as in Bryce is just getting cold feet.

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather, I meant cold feet as in he's gone.

HEATHER

And I mean cold feet as in he'll come around like he always does. You know what? They're right. I AM controlling. And proud of it! I get things done, dammit. I'll MAKE him come around. I'm an event planner. I think I can make my own goddamn wedding happen.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather enters.

HEATHER

Everybody---!

The Wedding Workers groan and start to set up again.

HEATHER

Uh, yeah, you got it...Bitches!

PAUL THE CATERER

Heather, what are you doing?

HEATHER

I told you, Paul. Bryce will come around. And in the meantime someone's got to take care of this stuff. You think when Bryce comes back he'll be happy to see a wedding that's only half-finished because I was sitting around *worrying* about whether he'd come back? I just need to let Bryce have a little time to himself. Believe me, I can handle this wedding without him.

The Tailor arrives.

TAILOR

Miss Popodopalous? I've finished the adjustments for Mr. Bryce. Would he like to try on the tuxedo?

HEATHER

Oh, uh, yeah. I, uh, I know what to do. Um, I got it! Bryce isn't here, but one of these waiters has to be his size.

Heather looks at the Chubby Waiter.

HEATHER

Not him. He's too fat.

The Chubby Waiter runs away, crying. Heather grabs an ATHLETIC WAITER.

ATHLETIC WAITER

Ow!

HEATHER

This guy is Bryce's size. Have him try on the tuxedo.

(to the Athletic Waiter)

You're trying on a tux.

WEDDING WORKER 3

Miss Popodopalous?

HEATHER

What?

WEDDING WORKER 3

I need to get Bryce's guest list.

HEATHER

(sighs)

Right. The guest list. I can help you with that. Um, let's see. Well, there's his mother. His father. Some others. I think he has a sister.

WEDDING WORKER 3

You *think* he has a sister?

HEATHER

He might have two, actually. Oh! And he has a friend that's really hairy! He looks like he's wearing a bear suit.

WEDDING WORKER 3

Does Hairy Friend have a name?

HEATHER

Just 'Hairy Friend' should be fine.

WEDDING WORKER 3

You want 'Hairy Friend' on his seating placard?

HEATHER

They're old pals. Hairy Friend will think it's hilarious. Listen, Bryce's guests fly in next week. We'll take care of it then.

WEDDING PLANNER

Miss Popodopalous?

HEATHER

(nerve-racked)

What?

WEDDING PLANNER

Sorry, I just had some questions about your music selection for the deejay.

HEATHER

(relieved)

Yes! Something for me. I'm happy to help. Please, what do you need to know?

WEDDING PLANNER

Would Bryce like to add any songs?

HEATHER

Excuse me for a second.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Heather holds her cell phone to her ear.

BRYCE (FILTERED)

Hi, you've reached the voicemail of Bryce Jones. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you.

HEATHER

Hey, Bryce. It's Heather. Listen, I get it. You need a break. All grooms get cold feet. A wedding is a lot of stress. Also, I know I can be...difficult...sometimes.

(laughs)

There, I said it. You know, I'm not totally unaware! I've learned my lesson now. Come on, you know me. I just want our wedding to be perfect. And it will be! Anyway, I've talked your ear off, but before I hang up, I need you to pick up some more of those truffles I like. I want to scatter them on all the tables. Wouldn't that be cute? Okay, we'll talk later. Oh, we need to plan moving in together, too. Alright, love you. Call me soon.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heather enters her apartment, which is modern and very clean. She checks her answering machine.

FEMALE VOICE (FILTERED)
You have zero messages.

INT. HEATHER'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Heather logs in to her email: no new messages.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Heather checks her mailbox: no new mail. Heather pauses, then looks down the street: no approaching cars, either.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Heather sits with her TRAVEL AGENT.

TRAVEL AGENT
I'm sorry, Miss Popodopalous, but I need Bryce to sign these papers. I had to lie to the passport agency just to get them to agree to do the rush. Without his signature I'm afraid your honeymoon just won't happen.

HEATHER
No, it will happen.

TRAVEL AGENT
Wasn't he supposed to come in with you today?

HEATHER
Well, he has a busy day at work!

TRAVEL AGENT
I need his signature by noon.

HEATHER
Give it to me.

INT. DIRTY ALLEY - DAY

Heather stands by a dumpster and forges Bryce's signature.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Heather enters with the paperwork.

HEATHER

What do you know? He had a moment at work.

TRAVEL AGENT

Does he work next door?

HEATHER

Shut your stupid face.

INT. BANK - DAY

Heather sits with a BANK MANAGER.

BANK MANAGER

Miss Popodopalous, I can't set up a joint bank account without Mr. Jones present. I'm afraid my hands are tied.

Heather sighs, then shifts gears.

HEATHER

(seductively)

Your hands are tied, are they? Do you like to be tied up...

(reads the BANK MANAGER's name tag)

...Ham?

BANK MANAGER

Miss Popodopalous?

HEATHER

Please, call me 'Pussy Cat.'

BANK MANAGER

But...you're getting married.

HEATHER

It's an open relationship. We have an *understanding*.

Heather licks the Bank Manager's ear. The Bank Manager shivers with fear.

BANK MANAGER

(horrified)

We're in a bank.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Heather passes a group of HOMELESS MEN outside City Hall.

BEARDED HOMELESS MAN
Spare some change?

HEATHER
Get a job.

Heather enters the building.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

A female CLERK produces a marriage license.

CLERK
Here is the marriage license. Is Mr.
Jones on his way now?

HEATHER
No, but I have copies of his driver
license and birth certificate, as well
as some of his mail to verify his
address in case you need it.

CLERK
Miss Popodopalous, I need to witness
both you and your fiance? signing the
license.

HEATHER
Fine. He should be parking now.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Heather approaches the Homeless Men.

HEATHER
Hey, you still need that change?

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

The Clerk stares at the copy of Bryce's driver license, then at
the Bearded Homeless Man.

CLERK
Bryce Jones?

BEARDED HOMELESS MAN
Yeah, that's me.

HOMELESS MAN 1
Yeah, that's Bill!

Heather glares at Homeless Man 1.

HOMELESS MAN 1
I mean, uh, I'm sorry. That's Rice!
That's my buddy Rice!
(to Homeless Man 2)
What kind of a name is Rice?

HEATHER
Alright, so can we sign the damn
license now?

CLERK
Yes.

Heather reaches for the marriage license.

CLERK
After you kiss him.

HEATHER
I'm sorry?

CLERK
After you kiss your fiance?.

HEATHER
Give me the pen.

CLERK
Sure thing. After you kiss him.

HEATHER
We're not really *into* public displays
of affection.

CLERK
I won't tell anyone.

HEATHER
This is absurd.

CLERK
Really? He's the man you love.
What's a little kiss?

Heather and the Clerk give each other the evil eye.

BEARDED HOMELESS MAN
Yeah, what's a little kiss?

HEATHER

Alright, fine.

HOMELESS MEN

Yeah! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

Heather nears the Bearded Homeless Man. Pieces of sandwich and a cigarette butt are stuck in his greasy beard. Heather gags. A mouse pokes out of the beard.

HEATHER

Is that a rodent in your beard?

BEARDED HOMELESS MAN

You mean Chico?

HOMELESS MEN

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

HOMELESS MAN 1

Give it to her, Rice!

Heather closes her eyes. The Bearded Homeless Man grabs Heather and slips her the tongue. Heather breaks free.

HEATHER

Alright, give me that pen.

CLERK

Miss Popodopalous, I can't let you sign this license.

HEATHER

Why not? I just kissed him!

CLERK

This man is clearly not Mr. Bryce Jones.

HEATHER

Yes, he is! I just kissed him and we're in love! He's just grown a lot more hair since he got his driver license!

CLERK

Please vacate the premises.

HEATHER

A deal's a deal!

CLERK

Goodbye, Miss Popodopalous.

HEATHER
Give me the marriage license.

CLERK
No.

HEATHER
Give it to me!

Heather leaps over the partition and grabs the license. Heather and the Clerk fall to the ground and fight.

HEATHER
Give it to me! Give me the license!
Give it to me!

Two POLICE OFFICERS grab Heather.

HEATHER
Let go of me! Let go!

Police Officer 2 tases Heather.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The Police Officers drag Heather out of the building.

HEATHER
Let me go, you fat piece of shit! To serve and protect? More like, to stuff your fat face and sit on your thumb and rotate! And you, you gangly turd! Were you just promoted from nightstick to deputy?

The Police Officers shove Heather into their cruiser.

HEATHER
You'll hear from my lawyers at the firm of Donnelly, Wilson, and Go Suck a High Hard One!

The Police Officers check to see if anyone is looking. They tase Heather again.

INT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - DAY

Heather shares a holding cell with HOOKERS, female METH HEADS, and TRANSVESTITES.

TRANSVESTITE 1
Hey, I know you.

Heather sees Transvestite 1 from the bachelorette party.

HEATHER

Oh, great. Shouldn't you be in the other holding cell?

TRANSVESTITE 1

Girl, I'm all woman!

HEATHER

And I'm all Hell's Angels biker chick!

TRANSVESTITE 1

Lady friend, you need to relax and learn how to live life.

HEATHER

You're like a queer fortune cookie, aren't you?

TRANSVESTITE 1

You've gotten funnier since I last saw you.

HEATHER

That means a lot coming from you.

GUARD

Papa Johns!

HEATHER

It's Popodopalous.

GUARD

You made bail.

EXT. POLICE STATION, LOBBY - DAY

The GUARD escorts Heather into the lobby. Bryce awaits her.

HEATHER

Bryce? You came back!

BRYCE

Yeah. Of course I did. You called me and told me you were in *jail*. I don't know why you used your one phone call on me.

HEATHER

I knew you'd come.

BRYCE

Why were you arrested?

HEATHER

Oh, it was totally blown out of proportion. I got into a little tiff when the clerk at City Hall wouldn't grant me the marriage license without you present.

BRYCE

WHAT?

HEATHER

Relax. I explained to her that you were preoccupied.

BRYCE

Oh, boy. Okay. Heather, come here for a second.

Heather wraps her arms around Bryce. He removes them.

BRYCE

It's not happening.

HEATHER

Okay, you still have cold feet. We can talk about it tomorrow.

BRYCE

My feet aren't cold. They're running rapidly in the opposite direction. Heather, we are NOT GETTING MARRIED.

HEATHER

Bryce, we're meant for each other. We met because you gave me your jacket when I was caught in the rain. You gave it to me, a total stranger. I knew right away that I was going to be with you.

BRYCE

You hated that jacket. You donated it to Goodwill without telling me.

HEATHER

It was ugly.

BRYCE

My father gave it to me.

HEATHER

What about the time you threw me that surprise birthday party? No one's ever done anything so nice for me.

BRYCE

You knew about the party a week beforehand. You canceled all my plans without telling me, hired a new caterer, sent out a different invite list, and moved the location!

HEATHER

It was the thought that counted.

BRYCE

Heather, you can't see two feet beyond yourself. Those are all things *I* did for *you*.

HEATHER

Okay, I haven't done any of those sweeping gestures. But what about the times I listened to you after you had a hard day at work? Or gave you a back rub when you were feeling tense? Or left work early so that I could get to your apartment and make you dinner before you got home? Did you forget about those things while you were busy setting tee-off times with your buddies, and logging hours on your little planes, and chatting up your boss on his yacht?

BRYCE

It's a catamaran.

HEATHER

You never asked me to do any of those things with you.

BRYCE

You never wanted to come! You always had work to do so I just stopped asking.

HEATHER

Well, you gave up pretty easily. Maybe I'd have liked all those fun little getaways. Maybe you can't see two feet beyond yourself.

BRYCE

I'm over this.

HEATHER

Bryce, come on. We're perfect for each other. You're exactly the guy my mother would have wanted me to marry.

BRYCE

Yes. But am I the guy YOU wanted to marry?

HEATHER

Well, I...

Heather trails off. She looks at Bryce. She doesn't have an answer.

BRYCE

Here's twenty bucks for the cab ride home.

HEATHER

I'll see you at the wedding.

BRYCE

(walking away)
I won't be there.

HEATHER

I spent months planning that wedding. It's perfect. If you have any sense then you'll be there.

BRYCE

Bye, Heather.

HEATHER

Bryce, I'm pregnant!

BRYCE

No, you're not.

HEATHER

I'll see you Saturday!

Bryce is out the door.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Heather's Extended Family awaits the rehearsal. Heather scans the room for Bryce. Mr. Popodopalous approaches.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Sweetheart, shouldn't Bryce's family have arrived by now?

HEATHER

Most of them are flying in last minute, Daddy.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Honey, *nobody's* here for the rehearsal. And I've overheard some of the staff saying the wedding's not happening?

HEATHER

What? Of course it's happening.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

I don't think we should go through with the rehearsal until Bryce's family is here.

HEATHER

You know what? I think some of them should have arrived by now. Let me go look. Maybe they're lost.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

A NUN chaperones DAY CARE CHILDREN into the chapel van.

NUN

Come, children. Into the van. We're going to the zoo today.

DAY CARE CHILDREN

Yay!

HEATHER

Everyone, stop! Zoo's are prisons. They snatch animals out of their natural habitats and suck every ounce of natural beauty out of them until they're sad shells of their former selves, put on display for gawking idiots. Do you want to be one of those idiots? How would you like to live your life in a cage?

The Day Care Children cry. The Nun scowls at Heather and shuffles the Day Care Children back to the chapel. Heather steals the van and speeds off.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The van skids to a stop in front of the Homeless Men.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Heather introduces the Homeless Men to her Extended Family.

HEATHER

And this is Bryce's cousin Reggie.
His uncle Saul. His nephew Phillip.

HOMELESS MEN

Hello / Pleased to meet you / You got
a sandwich?

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Sweetheart, Bryce's relatives are very
dirty.

HEATHER

They're hippies. Bryce doesn't like
to talk about them.

WEDDING WORKER 3

(re: the Bearded Homeless
Man)

Hey, you were right. Hairy Friend IS
really hairy.

Heather scowls at Wedding Worker 3, who scampers off. Heather
scans the room. Still no sign of Bryce.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Alone in the ballroom, Heather puts the finishing touches on the
reception. She steps back and admires her work. Heather sits
on the dance floor and opens her Mother's wedding album.
Heather pulls out her cell phone and dials.

BRYCE (FILTERED)

Hi, you've reached the voicemail of
Bryce Jones. Please leave a message
and I'll get back to you.

HEATHER

Hi, Bryce. I figured you wouldn't
pick up your phone.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryce checks his cell phone, which reads "One New Voicemail."

HEATHER (V.O.)

You're probably out with your buddies
right now.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Emotion overcomes Heather.

HEATHER

I just want to say I'm sorry for
everything that's happened this week.
It's been hard on both of us.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryce listens to Heather's voicemail.

HEATHER (V.O.)

I just wanted everything to be perfect
for us, because I love you very much.
And I get it now. I was so caught up
with myself I didn't even realize that
everybody hates me. I have some
things I need to change about myself,
and I guess I needed a kick in the
pants to realize it. I'm ready to
change for you, Bryce. I hope you'll
be here tomorrow.

Bryce sighs, moved by Heather's message. He stares at a photo
of Heather smiling at one of her events.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Heather wipes her eyes.

HEATHER

Okay, I'll talk to you later. I love
you.

Heather hangs up, closes her Mother's wedding album, and lays down on the dance floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Heather's Extended Family, dressed for a wedding, enters the Chapel. The PRIEST greets the guests.

INT. CHAPEL, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The bridesmaids help Heather into her wedding dress.

BECKY

My God, look at this thing! How much did this dress cost?

CINDY

I'm so jealous. Look at how skinny you are.

Cindy chomps on an éclair.

GRETCHEN

Girls, hold on a second. Can we just stop for one second? I want to say something.

Gretchen bursts into tears. The Priest, his hand covering his eyes, pokes his head in the room.

PRIEST

Are we decent?

BECKY

Yes.

PRIEST

We're ready to begin.

Mr. Popodopalous enters.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Look at my beautiful daughter. My dear, you look wonderful.

(hushed)

Sweetheart, I haven't seen Bryce.

HEATHER

The groom isn't supposed to see the bride before the wedding.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Baby, NOBODY has seen Bryce.

HEATHER
He'll be here, Daddy.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Bryce sits on his couch. Photos of him and Heather during happy times are scattered on his coffee table. He looks at a copy of the wedding invitation.

INT. CHAPEL, LOBBY - DAY

The Wedding Planner gives a pep talk to the Wedding Workers.

WEDDING PLANNER
Alright, guys, this wedding probably isn't happening so I need everyone to be ready to switch into freak-out mode. We all know who we're dealing with, so if you need beta blockers---

Heather enters.

WEDDING PLANNER
---Places!

The music plays. The Wedding Planner opens the door to the chapel. Bryce is not at the altar. Everyone awaits Heather's reaction.

HEATHER
Well? On with it.

The Wedding Planner sends the FLOWER GIRLS down the aisle.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Sweetheart---

HEATHER
Come on, Daddy.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Heather and Mr. Popodopalous enter. Heather's Extended Family sits on one side of the chapel; the Homeless Men sit on the other. The Bearded Homeless Man waves to Heather.

Everyone stares at Heather as she approaches the altar. She ascends the steps, stands before the Priest, and scans the room. Still no sign of Bryce.

PRIEST

Miss Popodopalous? Is something supposed to happen? Heather?

HEATHER

Read it.

PRIEST

Excuse me?

The Wedding Planner whispers into her headset.

WEDDING PLANNER

Alright, everyone, get ready to move.

Heather glares at the Priest.

HEATHER

Read it.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Sweetheart, I don't think he's coming.

Heather grabs the Priest's arm, crippling him with pain.

HEATHER

Read it!

PRIEST

How...does that...hurt...so much?

WEDDING PLANNER

It's on! Move! Move! Move!

PRIEST

(frightened)

We are gathered here today, in the sight of God, and in the face of family and friends, to join together Heather Popodopalous...and Bryce Jones...in holy matrimony.

Heather scans the room. The Wedding Workers shuffle like football linemen. Finally, Heather lowers her head.

HEATHER

Alright, stop it. He's not coming.

VOICE (O.S.)

Wait! Wait!

Heather perks up and smiles. The chapel doors swing open and in bursts Homeless Man 1.

HOMELESS MAN 1

Did I miss it? Hey, where's Rice?

Heather drops her bouquet and walks down the aisle, past her family, past the Homeless Men, past the shuffling Wedding Workers, and out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Heather sits in her wedding dress on the couch. The telephone rings. She hangs it up. The telephone rings again. She unplugs it. The bridesmaids knock at her door.

BECKY (O.S.)

Heather? Are you there? It's us!

CINDY (O.S.)

We're so sorry about the wedding. Gretchen is in tears right now. Which isn't that strange, really.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

(devastated)

Ahhh!

BECKY (O.S.)

Heather, listen, I know just how you feel. Believe me, I've wasted money before, too.

CINDY (O.S.)

Heather? Are you there? Do you have anything I can snack on?

Heather walks into her bedroom and shuts the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. N'ICE SCULPTURES, INC. - DAY

Heather enters. The ICE SCULPTOR recognizes her.

ICE SCULPTOR

Ah, Miss Popodopalous! How are you?
How did the wedding---

Heather wheels in a sculpture of a giant ice Heather, who dwarfs a much tinier Bryce. Bryce is on his knees with his arms up to Heather.

ICE SCULPTOR

Why are you bringing me my ice sculpture?

HEATHER

The wedding didn't happen. I wanted to see if I could return the sculpture and get my money back.

ICE SCULPTOR

Are you crazy?

HEATHER

You can melt it down and reuse the water, right?

ICE SCULPTOR

The water isn't what you paid for! Idiot!

HEATHER

Excuse me?

ICE SCULPTOR

I spent eighty hours on this piece. Look at the detail on the face! Just how you demanded. No returns, Miss Popodopalous. And if I can speak frankly, let me just say that ice is a good look for you. God, it felt good to say that.

(pause)

Idiot!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT WEDDINGS OFFICE - DAY

Heather sits across her Wedding Planner's desk.

HEATHER

Ms. Downey---

WEDDING PLANNER

Oh, it's 'Ms. Downey' now?

CUT TO:

INT. STATIONERY STORE - DAY

Heather speaks to the STATIONERY STORE OWNER.

STATIONERY STORE OWNER
Not 'Hey, you?'

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Heather speaks to the SALESPERSON.

SALESPERSON
Or 'Can You Come Here Please? This Is
Wrong?'

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Heather speaks to an ANIMAL WRANGLER.

ANIMAL WRANGLER
Or 'Bird-brained C-word?'

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT WEDDINGS OFFICE - DAY

Heather speaks to the Wedding Planner.

WEDDING PLANNER
Or 'Fat Bitch?'

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Heather apologizes to the Animal Wrangler.

HEATHER
I'm very sorry about what I called
you. The wedding didn't happen---

ANIMAL WRANGLER
Big surprise.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT WEDDINGS OFFICE - DAY

The Wedding Planner gasps.

WEDDING PLANNER

Shocker.

CUT TO:

INT. STATIONERY STORE - DAY

Stationery Store Owner makes a stupid face.

STATIONERY STORE OWNER

Duhhhhhh.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT WEDDINGS OFFICE - DAY

Heather pleads to the Wedding Planner.

HEATHER

Ms. Downey, if you can refund me anything, then I'd be so thankful.

WEDDING PLANNER

I can't un-plan a wedding, Miss Popodopalous.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

The Animal Wrangler shakes her head.

ANIMAL WRANGLER

We flew these swans in from France because you specifically wanted French swans. Not Californian swans, not even American swans. French swans. Well, you got 'em, hussie.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Heather tries to return her wedding dress to the SALESPERSON.

SALESPERSON

Miss Popodopalous, if you recall, we had already sold that dress to another lovely young girl when you came into our store. But you insisted that we sell it to you for double. You wanted that dress very badly. And now you have it.

INT. STATIONERY STORE - DAY

The STATIONERY STORE OWNER reconsiders.

STATIONERY STORE OWNER

Well, normally I don't like to take back stationery that we've already printed on---

HEATHER

Oh, thank you so much. You're the first person to---

STATIONERY STORE OWNER

So I'm not going to. So long.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT WEDDINGS OFFICE - DAY

The Wedding Planner points to the door.

WEDDING PLANNER

Beat it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

The Animal Wrangler aims a shotgun at Heather.

ANIMAL WRANGLER

Get off my farm.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

The Salesperson grabs his crotch.

SALESPERSON

Suck it!

HEATHER

That's really unprofessional.

SALESPERSON

You're right. I'm truly sorry.
(very professional)
Suck it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A defeated Heather speaks to the HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'm sorry, Miss Popodopalous, we can't
refund a cancellation after the date
has passed.

HEATHER

That's what I figured.

HOTEL MANAGER

And if I may say---

HEATHER

(leaving)
Yeah yeah, I got it, pops. Thanks.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paul the Caterer works. Heather enters and slams the door.

HEATHER

Don't mind me, Paul. Keep working.

PAUL THE CATERER

Actually, the Rodriguez family lets me
take breaks. Please don't touch
anything or move around too much or
breathe, if that's possible. Wow, you
look like crap.

HEATHER

Nobody would give me my money back. I
couldn't even get my money back for
the honeymoon. What I couldn't refund
would cost me a fortune in
cancellation fees anyway.

PAUL THE CATERER

Where were you supposed to go?

HEATHER
Paris...and Bali.

PAUL THE CATERER
What the hell's wrong with you?

HEATHER
My father's going to hate me after I
tell him the money's all gone.

PAUL THE CATERER
I guess you have a choice. And I
think you know what the right thing to
do is.

HEATHER
I do. I'm going on the honeymoon
alone.

Paul the Caterer hits Heather with a baguette.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Popodopalous answers a knock at the front door.

HEATHER
Hi, Daddy.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Sweetheart, I've been trying to reach
you since the wedding. Come in, my
dear. Are you okay?

HEATHER
Not really. Daddy, I'm sorry. I
couldn't get any of the money back.
Do you hate me?

MR. POPODOPALOUS
What kind of question is that? Of
course not. It's just money.

Heather smiles.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
One day you'll look back on all this
and laugh. Hey, I'm surprised you
made it this far. I never really
planned to pay for a wedding any time
soon.

HEATHER
What?

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Oh sweetheart, I didn't mean that in a bad way. You're terrific. You're smart and determined and you have willpower. I love you for just who you are. You're just like your mother. That smile that you see in her wedding photos, that was the smile of a woman who knew what she wanted. The world needs people who fight for what they want. It's what I loved about your mother when I met her, and it's what I love about her when I remember her now.

Mr. Popodopalous's words fail to lift Heather's spirits. Even her father thinks she's difficult.

HEATHER

I have to go.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Before you do, I have something for you.

Mr. Popodopalous hands Heather an envelope.

HEATHER

What's this?

MR. POPODOPALOUS

I was told to give it to you the day after your wedding. It's a letter from your mother.

Heather stares at the envelope in shock.

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather sits on the edge of her bed, her Mother's wedding album at her side, the letter from her Mother in her hands. She opens the envelope and reads.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Dear Heather, as I write this letter I'm watching you play on the tire swing in the back yard. I know that I won't be around to see you become a woman, so I've asked your father to give you this letter the day after you marry.

(MORE)

MOTHER (V.O.) (cont'd)

I know how much you've always loved to look at my wedding album, so as you read this letter I'm sure you're glowing in the afterthought of your perfect day. But now that you've pulled off your perfect wedding, I have a surprise for you: it doesn't matter. The flowers, the decorations, the food. None of it matters. Because your life is already perfect. You'll worry about so many little things from day to day. You'll worry about money. You'll worry about where you are in your career. You'll worry about deadlines, mortgages, and promotions. And you'll worry about your little girl's dresses, her ballet lessons, and violin recitals. But you must remember to live every little moment of your life, because it can go away at any time. So I want you to put down this stupid letter and go for a walk outside. Look through your high school yearbook. Call an old friend. And hold the person you love, remember why you love him, and show him how much you do. Because, remember, your life is already perfect. I love you very much. Your Mother.

Heather cries. She folds the letter and closes it between two pages in her Mother's wedding album.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT, PATIO - DAY

Heather and her Extended Family eat brunch.

HEATHER

Everyone, I'd like to say something. I want to thank you all for coming here, many of you from very far away. I'm sorry the wedding didn't work out. But I'm glad that I got to see all of you.

GRANDFATHER GIOVANNI

I didn't need to pay two thousand dollars to travel here to see your face. I could have looked at a picture.

HEATHER

Well, that's kind of anti-my point,
but I'm sure deep down you don't mean
it, grandpa.

GRANDFATHER GIOVANNI

No, I do.

HEATHER

And Aunt Suzannah, you look wonderful
these days.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA

Suzannah's alive?

AUNT SUZANNAH

Of course I'm alive!

HEATHER

And Great-Grandmother Adonia, I didn't
even stop to think how lucky I am to
see you. Not many people have great-
grandmothers, and I do.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA

Adelle, is that you?

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Adelle's dead, Adonia.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA

First Suzannah and now Adelle.

AUNT SUZANNAH

Jesus.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

That's Heather, Adonia.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ADONIA

Oh, yes. Heather. When's the
wedding?

HEATHER

(sighs)

It's tomorrow.

MR. POPODOPALOUS

Sorry, baby. She was doing so well.

HEATHER

I have a wonderful family. Thank you
all for being here.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Heather pulls her father aside and gives him an envelope. He opens it and finds a check inside.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
What's this?

HEATHER
It's for the wedding.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
I can't accept this.

HEATHER
You have to. It's a cashier's check
in your name.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Sweetheart, this must be all you have
in the world.

HEATHER
I have everything I need, Daddy.

Heather and her father hug. Heather returns to the table. Mr. Popodopalous looks at the check.

MR. POPODOPALOUS
Thank Christ.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Heather packs items from her wedding. The bridesmaids enter.

BECKY
Do you hate us?

CINDY
Please don't hate us.

GRETCHEN
You hate us, don't you?!

Gretchen bursts into tears.

HEATHER
Relax. Why would I hate you three?

CINDY
Because we started this whole mess.

HEATHER

No, you didn't. It was a long time coming. Probably better now than later, right? Besides, you're my friends. Apparently my only friends. So I have to like you.

BECKY

Well, that's a nice thing to say. After I spent all that money on your bachelorette party.

HEATHER

Guys, I was kidding. Geez, learn to take a joke.

The bridesmaids smile. They hug Heather.

CINDY

Hey, let me know if you need someone to eat comfort food with because my diet doesn't start until next Wednesday. Thursday. No, Wednesday. Okay, Friday it is.

EXT. BALLROOM - DAY

WEDDING WORKERS set up the Rodriguez wedding. The affair is not as extravagant as Heather's, but a lot of love clearly went into it. MARIA, the Rodriguez Daughter, directs everyone. Her MOTHER and her WEDDING PLANNER follow.

MARIA

Oh no. Jenny, look here. You got the seating chart backwards. The front and back are flipped.

WEDDING WORKER 1

Oh my gosh, I'm so stupid.

MARIA

No no, of course you're not. Just a little mistake. Can you fix the placards?

WEDDING WORKER 1

Of course, Miss Rodriguez.

MARIA

I don't want my father sitting all the way in the back! Oh, Mama, there are still so many things to take care of before tomorrow.

MOTHER

Relax, Maria. Everything will be beautiful. Nothing will ruin my daughter's happy day. It is a day of love and kindness.

HEATHER

Um, hello?

Maria and her Mother turn to see Heather.

MOTHER

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE,
PUNTA BLANCA?!

HEATHER

I wanted to speak to Maria.

MOTHER

Get out! You have taken enough from us!

MARIA

Mama---

HEATHER

I just need a moment with Maria---

MOTHER

Go! Leave now! Go, go, go!

Heather turns to leave. Maria runs after her.

MARIA

You wanted to speak to me?

HEATHER

I wanted to apologize. For thinking only of myself and for, well, for stealing your wedding right from under you.

MOTHER

Your apology is no good now.

MARIA

Mama, please.

HEATHER

Also, I wanted to see if it wasn't too late for you to take this.

Heather produces her wedding dress. Maria is stunned. She takes the elegant outfit into her arms.

MARIA

Thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. I will return it after the wedding.

HEATHER

Keep it.

The PIANIST FOR HEATHER'S WEDDING enters.

HEATHER

Also, you probably need another pianist. Take mine.

The Pianist whose hand Heather broke stops trying to play piano with his cast.

PIANIST

Thank God!

MOTHER

Well, what about her grandparents?

MARIA

No, Mama.

MOTHER

They saved their money for a year just to buy their plane tickets for the wedding and then you go and steal this ballroom from us and bump us back a week! Those tickets were non-refundable! And her grandparents couldn't afford to buy two more tickets to be here tomorrow. If you really wanted to make it up to my daughter then you'd figure out a way to get them here!

MARIA

Mama, don't be mean. Look at what she's done for us.

MOTHER

Pfft!

The Mother walks away.

MARIA

Mama!

Heather thinks for a moment. Her face lights up.

HEATHER

Okay, mamacita. It's on. Excuse me, Maria? Just out of curiosity, where do your grandparents live?

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Heather stuffs belongings into her purse and peruses flights on her computer. Each airline she checks produces the same response: "Destination Not Found."

HEATHER

Great.

A spam ad for "Crazy Topless Girls" pops up on Heather's computer. The ad plays a video of a girl in a limosine flashing her breasts. Heather looks closely at the video.

HEATHER

Cindy?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Heather enters. Bryce sits at a table across the restaurant. Heather approaches Bryce and is caught off guard by the PRETTY WOMAN sitting with him.

HEATHER

Who's this bitch?

BRYCE

Heather? What are you doing here?!

HEATHER

I should have known you were just a womanizer. Look at you, mincing around with ugly little hooker sluts just days after we were supposed to be MARRIED.

BRYCE

This is my cousin Anne. You've met her dozens of times.

HEATHER

Oh, right. Hi. Good to see you again. How are your two little daughters?

PRETTY WOMAN

A have a son. He's in high school.

HEATHER

Oh, yes. Of course.

Bryce pulls Heather aside.

BRYCE

Are you crazy? What do you want?

HEATHER

I need a favor.

BRYCE

You're kidding, right?

HEATHER

Hey, I didn't ever want to see you again either but you're the only person who can help me.

BRYCE

Why would I help you, Heather?

HEATHER

Because last weekend I walked down the aisle to an invisible groom.

BRYCE

That's YOUR fault.

HEATHER

Well, I got stuck with all the clean up! The least you could have done is be a man instead of bolting and leaving me with the humiliating mess that was once supposed to be the happiest day of my life. The happiest day of OUR lives. The day we'd been working our way up to for years, that I'd put so much work into, and which you tossed right out the window like it was DIAPER SHIT.

PATRONS stare at Heather.

BRYCE

What are the chances of you shutting your yapper before I agree?

HEATHER

ZERO.

BRYCE

I figured. What do you want?

HEATHER

I need you to fly me to Mexico.

BRYCE

WHAT? WHY?

HEATHER

And we need to go now. I'll explain on the way. Come on.

BRYCE

We can't fly to Mexico, Heather.

HEATHER

It's okay, I have it all planned. I printed a bunch of useful Spanish phrases. See? Here's how you say, 'Don't arrest us. We're not cocaine dealers.'

BRYCE

Legal problems aside, I can't fly without an instructor yet. I only have sixty-five hours.

HEATHER

(mocking)

'I only have sixty-five hours.'

BRYCE

Hey, mocking me isn't going to get us there real quickly.

HEATHER

You're right, I'm sorry. Please, Bryce, I need your help.

Bryce sighs.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, Anne. I have to go.

HEATHER

Give my best to Emily and Trisha.

PRETTY WOMAN

My son's name is Mike.

Heather pulls Bryce out of the restaurant.

BRYCE

What's up? Are you on the lam?

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The Cessna takes off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce pilots the plane. Heather sits next to him.

BRYCE

Okay, I REALLY wish you would tell me what's this is all about.

HEATHER

Sorry, it's a long story and I wanted to sneak onto the plane first. We're going to Mexico to get the Rodriguez daughter's grandparents and bring them back here for her wedding tomorrow.

BRYCE

And now it's time to turn around.

Bryce turns the wheel.

HEATHER

NO!

Heather grabs the wheel. She and Bryce fight for control.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Cessna bobs up and down.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce regains control.

BRYCE

Heather, this is ridiculous.

HEATHER

Bryce, I need to do it. I almost ruined her wedding.

BRYCE

Like you care.

HEATHER

I do.

Bryce looks at Heather and realizes she's being earnest.

BRYCE

Okay, okay.

(pause)

You can send them a nice card.

Bryce turns the wheel.

HEATHER

NO!

Heather grabs the wheel. She and Bryce fight for control.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Cessna bobs up and down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICO - DAY

The Cessna flies over the Mexican terrain.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce checks his location.

BRYCE

We just crossed the border.

HEATHER

Thanks for doing this Bryce.

BRYCE

It's nice to see this new side of you.

HEATHER

I'm just trying to help out.

BRYCE

So what airport is at these coordinates you gave me?

HEATHER

Ummmm.

BRYCE

This IS an airport, right?

HEATHER

Eh, more like an airstrip.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The Cessna shakes violently. Heather and Bryce bounce around.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Cessna lands on absurdly rough terrain.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce wrestles with the controls.

BRYCE

Remind me...to kill you...after this trip!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Cessna stops. Heather and Bryce fall out.

BRYCE

I think I'm going to throw up.

HEATHER

Oh, come on. It wasn't that bad. I feel just fine---

Heather vomits. A MEXICAN FARMER approaches.

MEXICAN FARMER

I can't believe you just landed here.

BRYCE

I guess I'm a pretty good pilot.

MEXICAN FARMER

No, I mean, there's an airstrip a few miles that way.

Bryce glares at Heather. She checks the paper with the coordinates.

HEATHER

You know what? I might have misread the coordinates. I think this '1' was actually a '7.' Oops.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Heather and Bryce arrive in the small village. The streets are deserted and eerily quiet.

BRYCE

This place is dead. Where is everyone?

FRIGHTENED MEXICAN

Get out of the streets!

A FRIGHTENED MEXICAN peeks through a tiny window of his house.

BRYCE

I'm sorry?

FRIGHTENED MEXICAN

Don't you know? The mountain lions, they come out at night and roam our streets, looking to pounce on unsuspecting victims. You must hide!

HEATHER

Is there a hotel or---

FRIGHTENED MEXICAN

HIDE!

The Frightened Mexican slams his window.

BRYCE

I guess we should get out of the streets.

HEATHER

We need to find Maria's grandparents.

BRYCE

Heather, how do you expect to find anyone right now when that guy would barely even talk to us? We can find them in the morning.

HEATHER

Fine. Where are we supposed to sleep?

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Heather and Bryce lie amongst farm animals.

HEATHER

This is so gross.

BRYCE

Alright, I'll set my alarm for early so that we have time to find these people and get back to the wedding.

Heather and Bryce settle down to sleep.

HEATHER

Bryce, do you have something that I can hug?

BRYCE

What?

HEATHER

You know me. I like to have something to hug when I sleep.

BRYCE

Dang, you know what? I forgot my throw pillows.

HEATHER

You don't have to be wise about it.

BRYCE

Sorry. Here, take my jacket. You can bundle it up.

HEATHER

Thank you.

Heather and Bryce lie down, facing opposite directions.

HEATHER

Hey, we're finally going on that camping trip you always wanted to take.

BRYCE

If we had gotten married then this would be our honeymoon right now.

HEATHER

Just how I always dreamt it would be. Next to a stinky animal.

BRYCE

The stench isn't so bad.

HEATHER

No, it is. You need to shower.

BRYCE

She's hear all week, folks.

A pig snorts.

BRYCE

Hear that? The pig's your biggest fan.

Heather laughs, as does Bryce.

BRYCE

Goodnight, Heather.

HEATHER

Goodnight, Bryce.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

The morning sun shines. Heather cuddles Bryce; Bryce cuddles a pig. All three look very happy. Heather awakens and catches herself holding Bryce. A look of sadness crosses her face. She rolls away from Bryce.

Bryce rolls over and wraps his arms around Heather. He awakens and realizes that he's holding Heather. They both recoil.

Bryce rolls over and comes nose-to-snout with the pig. He yelps and pushes the pig away. Suddenly, an ANGRY FARMER with a shotgun bursts in.

ANGRY FARMER

Salga! Salga!

Heather and Bryce scramble to their feet and out of the barn.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

Heather and Bryce dust themselves off and enter the village.

HEATHER

What a way to wake up. What time is it?

BRYCE

Ten thirty. Ten thirty?!

HEATHER

We were supposed to wake up early, Bryce!

BRYCE

Dammit, I set my alarm for 8 pm instead of 8 am. Okay, we still have some time. We just have to rush. Who are these people we're looking for?

HEATHER

The grandfather's name is Jose Rodriguez. I didn't get the grandmother's name. Maria's mother booted me out too fast.

BRYCE

Okay. Jose Rodriguez. It's a small town. We'll just ask around. Excuse me, sir?

Bryce addresses a MERCHANT.

BRYCE

Do you speak English?

MERCHANT

Que?

BRYCE

Okay. Um, we are looking for someone named Jose Rodriguez.

MERCHANT

Jose Rodriguez?

BRYCE

You know him?

MERCHANT

Jose Rodriguez!

BRYCE

Yes! Jose Rodriguez!

MERCHANT

Si! Jose Rodriguez!

The Merchant gestures for Heather and Bryce to follow him.

HEATHER

Well, that was easy.

BRYCE

Yeah, not bad.

Bryce and Heather high five.

INT. BASKET SHOP - DAY

The Merchant leads Heather and Bryce into the store. He points to a 40 YEAR OLD MEXICAN MAN.

MERCHANT

Jose Rodriguez!

40 YEAR OLD MEXICAN MAN

Si?

Heather and Bryce sigh.

BRYCE

Okay. Not the Jose Rodriguez we're looking for. Thanks.

EXT. BASKET SHOP - DAY

Heather and Bryce exit the shop.

BRYCE

It might be harder than we thought to find this Jose Rodriguez guy.

PASSERBY

Jose Rodriguez?

HEATHER

Yes. You know Jose Rodriguez?

PASSERBY

Si! Jose Rodriguez!

BRYCE

Wait. Not the Jose Rodriguez in this shop. The Jose Rodriguez we're looking for is old.

(mimicking)

He probably has trouble walking.

PASSERBY

No camino?

BRYCE

'Camino.' Walk, right? Yes, no camino!

PASSERBY

No camino! Si! Jose Rodriguez!

BRYCE

Jose Rodriguez!

PASSERBY

Vamos!

INT. HUT - DAY

The Passerby leads Heather and Bryce inside the hut. They find a MOTHER trying to teach her INFANT to walk. The Passerby points to the Infant.

PASSERBY

Jose Rodriguez! No camino!

The Infant falls down.

EXT. HUT - DAY

Heather and Bryce exit the hut.

BRYCE

What the hell! There's, like, fifty people in this town. How can there be so many Jose Rodriguez's?

Heather and Bryce run into a statue of a young, heroic looking man. The inscription says 'Jose Rodriguez,' followed by a description written in Spanish.

HEATHER

Bryce, look.

BRYCE

I think this statue is of the guy who founded this town, and his name was Jose Rodriguez. No wonder they named all their damn kids after him. Heather, this is useless. We're cutting it close. I don't know if we'll have enough time to fly back. We're never going to find this Jose Rodriguez.

A funeral procession with dozens of MOURNERS passes by. Mourner 1 puts her hand on the coffin and wails.

MOURNER 1

Jose Rodriguez!

An OLD MAN who definitely could be a grandfather lays peacefully inside the coffin.

HEATHER

Oh no. I can't believe it. He would have been able to see his granddaughter get married if I hadn't bumped their wedding back. Now he had to die in Mexico without his family by his side. I'm so horrible. What have I done?

BRYCE

It's not your fault.

Bryce holds Heather.

HEATHER

What am I going to say? I have to go back and tell Maria that her grandfather Jose just died.

MOURNER 2

Grandfather? Jose was not a grandfather?

BRYCE

You speak English?

MOURNER 2

Jose lived alone in the hills. He had no children, but everyone in the town loved him because he was a fantastic storyteller. Are you thinking of Jose Rodriguez, who is married to Viridiana Rodriguez?

HEATHER

Yes! Viridiana. I think that's the grandmother's name! Do you know them?

EXT. ADOBE - DAY

Mourner 2 directs Heather and Bryce to a modest adobe. VIRIDIANA RODRIGUEZ, a pleasant old woman, answers the door.

HEATHER

Hi. Um, you don't know us but we know your granddaughter. Maria Rodriguez?

VIRIDIANA

Maria Rodriguez?

HEATHER

Yes!

VIRIDIANA

Oh, Maria.

HEATHER

Yes, she's a wonderful girl.

VIRIDIANA

Bienvenido!

INT. ADOBE - DAY

Heather and Bryce sit with Viridiana and her equally pleasant husband JOSE RODRIGUEZ.

HEATHER

We want to take you to Maria's wedding.

JOSE

Oh, Maria.

HEATHER

Yes, that's the one. We need you to come with us. Let's go.

Heather and Bryce head for the door.

JOSE/VIRIDIANA

(waving)

Adios!

HEATHER

No, you come with us. Come on!

BRYCE

Vamos! Yes? Vamos?

JOSE/VIRIDIANA

(still waving)

Buenos dias!

HEATHER

Alright, forget it. These people are dumbasses.

Heather pulls a rag and a bottle of liquid from her purse.

BRYCE

What is that?

HEATHER

Chloroform.

BRYCE

Chloroform?!

HEATHER

You think I didn't come prepared?
It's time for Plan B. Alright,
gramps. You're coming with us.

Heather renders Jose unconscious with the chloroform.

HEATHER

You, too, grandma.

Heather renders Viridiana unconscious, as well.

BRYCE

I can't believe we're doing this!

HEATHER

Sometimes you just have to get things
done, Bryce.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Heather and Bryce carry Viridiana and Jose over their shoulders,
respectively.

BRYCE

Heather, they're too heavy.

HEATHER

Just a little further.

BRYCE

I can't.

Bryce drops Jose to the ground. Heather drops Viridiana.

BRYCE

Heather, it's too late. We won't make
it back in time. I can still see the
village from here. Let's just leave
them in the shade somewhere. They'll
wake up and find their way home just
fine.

HEATHER

We can't do that, Bryce.

BRYCE

Heather, you live and die by the
clock. You know it's too late.

HEATHER

But---

BRYCE

Heather, you've done more than anyone could ask just by trying. Come on, let's go.

Bryce leads Heather away. She sighs, then follows. After a moment, Heather breaks free.

HEATHER

No, Bryce. We can't leave these people. They'd wake up in the middle of the desert, scared and confused. How do you think that would feel?

BRYCE

Come on, you've never thought once about someone else's feelings.

HEATHER

Well, I am now. Who cares how much time we have? We have to try. We've come this far already, Bryce. We can't stop now. You know why? Because nobody likes a quitter. And I ain't no quitter. So stop whining and get your thumb out of your mouth. Let's haul some ass!

Heather grabs Jose and Viridiana and, in a fit of superhuman strength, hoists them both over her shoulders.

BRYCE

Heather! YOUR STRENGTH!

HEATHER

Let's go!

Heather sprints off with Jose and Viridiana. Bryce follows.

BRYCE

Here, let me just take one.

HEATHER

No time!

Heather and Bryce finally arrive at the airplane, only to discover it surrounded by mountain lions.

HEATHER

It's the mountain lions.

BRYCE

We're screwed. Heather, give it up.
Let's head back to town. Maybe we can
find a donkey to ride back home.

HEATHER

No!

Heather tosses her purse to the ground and her mother's wedding album falls out. She approaches the mountain lions.

BRYCE

Heather, what the hell are you doing?
Get away from them!

The mountain lions surround Heather. She glares at their leader, who leaps at her. She punches the feline square in the face, knocking him to the ground.

Stunned, the lead mountain lion goes for Heather again. Heather socks him right in the face. The mountain lions cower in fear. Heather roars and they run away.

HEATHER

Let's go, Bryce!

Bryce can't believe his eyes.

BRYCE

But you just...with your fist...the
ferocious...big cats.

Suddenly, they hear yelling and shouting. The entire village is chasing them.

VILLAGERS

Jose Rodriguez! Jose Rodriguez!

MOURNER 2

You kidnapped our town's founder!

HEATHER/BRYCE

Uh oh.

Heather grabs Jose and Viridiana, forgetting her purse and her mother's wedding album.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Heather tosses Jose and Viridiana into the Cessna. She and Bryce climb in. The controls have been torn apart.

HEATHER
Alright, let's go!

BRYCE
I can't. The mountain lions destroyed
the controls.

HEATHER
Well, fix it!

BRYCE
Sure thing! I'll get right on it!
Give me a break, Heather. It's the
end of the road.

HEATHER
NO. IT'S. NOT!

Heather roars, then dives into the mess of frayed wires.

BRYCE
Okay, the roaring thing is freaking me
out.

Heather growls at Bryce.

BRYCE
Roar away.

Heather reconnects wires.

BRYCE
How is that not shocking you?

HEATHER
It is a little.

The VILLAGERS bang on the Cessna.

BRYCE
We're done, Heather. They're going to
tear us apart.

HEATHER
One second. Almost there.

Heather reconnects the last wire. The engine roars to life.

BRYCE
How did you do that?

HEATHER
I'm an event planner, goddammit. I
LIVE FOR THIS SHIT! *KICK IT!*

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Cessna accelerates, shaking violently. The Villagers chase after it.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Heather and Bryce bounce around.

BRYCE

I really wish you'd gotten those
coordinates right!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Villagers hit the Cessna with sticks and stones.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce panics.

BRYCE

They're going to destroy my plane!

Jose and Viridiana awaken.

JOSE

Que pasa?

HEATHER

Oh, great.

Heather hops out of her seat and wrestles Jose and Viridiana. Heather pulls the chloroform rag from her pocket and renders Jose and Viridiana unconscious again.

HEATHER

Okay, they're out. Bryce, hand me the
chloroform, just in case they wake up
again! It's in my purse!

BRYCE

What purse?!

HEATHER

My purse! Isn't it up there?

Heather searches the cockpit.

HEATHER

We left my purse behind!

BRYCE

We'll get you another purse!

Heather grabs Bryce.

HEATHER

MY MOTHER'S WEDDING ALBUM WAS IN THAT
PURSE!

BRYCE

You brought your mother's wedding
album with you?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The mountain lions poke the wedding album. The letter from
Heather's Mother is pressed between the pages.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Heather pleads with Bryce.

HEATHER

We have to stop!

BRYCE

Heather, we can't stop!

HEATHER

We have to, Bryce! That album means
the world to me! I can't lose it!

BRYCE

If we stop, then we won't make it to
Maria's wedding.

Heather looks at Bryce, then at Jose and Viridiana, then at the
Villagers, then back at Bryce.

HEATHER

Does this plane have, like, a
hyperspeed option?

BRYCE

No.

Heather sits in agony. Then, suddenly, her worry fades.

HEATHER

You know what? Screw it. It's not
that important.

BRYCE

Are you sure?

HEATHER

Yep.

BRYCE

Good, because here...we...go!

Bryce lifts the Cessna off the ground, escaping the Villagers. Heather climbs into her seat. She sits for a moment, then smiles, proud of herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

The Cessna flies over the Mexican border.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce checks his readings.

BRYCE

We just crossed the border.

HEATHER

We'll be cutting it close.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Cessna nears the airport.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce radios the control tower.

BRYCE

This is pilot Bryce Jones to air traffic control requesting permission to land.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (FILTERED)

Permission denied.

BRYCE

Denied?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (FILTERED)

Bryce, you guys went to Mexico.

BRYCE

You don't know that for sure.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (FILTERED)

We had you on radar. Also, you guys are all over the news. You kidnapped a Mexican town's founder. There's cell phone camera footage of you guys doing it.

BRYCE

Someone in that town has a cell phone?!

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (FILTERED)

Sorry, dude. I can't let you land.

HEATHER

Bryce, we have to land. The wedding starts in twenty minutes.

BRYCE

Well, I'm open to bright ideas!

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

RODRIGUEZ FAMILY MEMBERS enter the church. The distant buzz of an engine stops them. They look to the sky and see the Cessna descending towards the busy street.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Heather and Bryce brace themselves.

HEATHER/BRYCE

Oh shhhiiiiittttt!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cessna dips and dives over cars.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce wrestles with the controls.

BRYCE

Oh crap! Oh crap!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cessna lands amongst the traffic. The plane screeches to a stop just as the intersection light turns red.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bryce hyperventilates.

HEATHER
Alright, let's go.

BRYCE
Hold on! I can't breathe. How can you not be shitting yourself right now?

HEATHER
Bryce, come on!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bryce and Heather pull Jose and Viridiana out of the Cessna.

HEATHER
Wake up, grandma! Wake up! Why won't they just wake up!

BRYCE
Because you chloroformed-ed the shit out of them!

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bryce and Heather drag Jose and Viridiana to the chapel.

HEATHER
Hurry, Bryce!

BRYCE
I'm trying! My guy's heavy!

HEATHER
They're shutting the doors! Bryce, take Viridiana. I'm running ahead to stop the wedding!

Heather sprints towards the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Maria, radiant in Heather's wedding dress, walks down the aisle. Heather bursts through the door.

HEATHER

Oh no. They started.

Heather notices that the Mexican Gardener from her wedding, now dressed in a tuxedo, is walking Maria to the altar.

HEATHER

Oh my gosh. He's her father.

(angry)

No wonder he tried to take all my roses.

Maria takes her place across from the GROOM.

HEATHER

WAIT!

The entire room halts.

HEATHER

Maria Rodriguez, you can't get married just yet. Over the last seven months I've been a selfish, greedy, all-around evil bitch.

Everyone gasps.

HEATHER

Sorry, I forgot I'm in a church. An all-around mean person. But I was wrong. I was thinking only of myself. You deserve your happy day as much as I do. These last few weeks have taught me the goodness of helping others over helping myself, which is why I think you'll be happy to see that I've brought you...your grandparents!

Bryce bursts through the door with Jose and Viridiana. Heather beams at Maria.

MARIA

Those aren't my grandparents.

HEATHER

Sure they are. Jose and Viridiana Rodriguez.

MARIA

Who?

HEATHER

Aren't those the names you gave me?

MARIA

My grandparents are Jose and Maria Rodriguez. I was named after my grandmother.

HEATHER

Um, I could have sworn you said something else.

BRYCE

So who the hell are these people?

Heather shrugs.

GRANDPARENTS

WAIT!

Two sweet, Mexican GRANDPARENTS enter. Maria runs up to them and hugs them.

MARIA

Abuela! Abuelo! You made it! But how?

GRANDMOTHER

We called the airline and explained the situation. We got a very nice girl on the phone and she was happy to move our flight. They even put us in first class!

GRANDFATHER

We wouldn't miss our granddaughter's wedding for the world.

HEATHER

Well, it all worked out for the best!

Bryce gives Heather the evil eye.

GRANDFATHER

Hey, what are our neighbors Jose and Viridiana doing here?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Maria and the Groom stand at the altar. Her parents, her family, and still-woozy Jose and Viridiana watch proudly.

PRIEST

We are gathered here today, in the sight of God, and in the face of family and friends, to join together Maria Rodriguez and Ricardo Marquez---

Heather and Bryce sit near the back of the chapel and watch the ceremony. Heather smiles as she looks at Maria.

PRIEST

This is the day you have chosen to become husband and wife. We are here not only to witness your commitment to each other but also to wish you every happiness in your future life together.

Suddenly, Bryce turns to Heather. Almost simultaneously, Heather is compelled to turn to Bryce.

They look at each, as if seeing each other for the first time. The moment lingers until, both a little shy and embarrassed, they turn away.

Heather watches the ceremony but something catches her off guard. She looks down to see that Bryce is holding her hand.

PRIEST

Then by the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Heather and Bryce look at each other and smile as Maria and the Groom kiss and the Rodriguez Family Members applaud.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

The reception is underway. Maria, the Mexican Gardener, and the Mother approach Heather and Bryce.

MARIA

Thank you so much for everything.

HEATHER

It was our pleasure. You look very handsome, Guillermo.

MEXICAN GARDENER

It's Richard.

MARIA

Mama, do you have something to say?

MOTHER

(reluctantly)

Muchos gracias.

MARIA

Please, have some food. Enjoy yourselves!

Paul the Caterer approaches.

PAUL THE CATERER

I'm done. Now you can mess up whatever you want.

HEATHER

I won't touch anything, Paul.

PAUL THE CATERER

Oh, and guess who I was wrong about?

Paul the Caterer kisses the Chubby Waiter on the cheek.

CHUBBY WAITER

Not while we're working, Paul!

HEATHER

Hey, how about that? You and the husky waiter!

CHUBBY WAITER

Husky? You think I'm husky? Oh my God! I'm so happy!

The Mexican Gardener taps his wine glass.

MEXICAN GARDENER

I want to thank you all for coming on this glorious day, especially all of you who have traveled from so far away. Ricardo, I know that you will take good care of my daughter. And I look forward to meeting your sons and daughters.

MARIA

Slow down, Papi! I am not having a litter!

Everyone laughs.

MEXICAN GARDENER

Maria, you are my light and joy. I love you very much. It is hard to see you go. But I am so proud of the woman that you have become.

Everyone applauds.

MEXICAN GARDENER

Also, I want to thank Miss Heather.

Heather freezes in shock.

MEXICAN GARDENER

She is there in the back. I could not have afforded to give my daughter everything that she has today. She made it possible. Thank you, mi amiga.

Everyone applauds. Embarrassed, Heather waves.

HEATHER

Bryce, look at how happy they are. I like making people happy. I should do it more often. So, uh, what are you up to now?

BRYCE

I was thinking about hanging out a bit. You?

HEATHER

Same. I might dance a little.

BRYCE

Heather, would you like to dance with me?

Heather and Bryce smile at each other. Their faces near each other. Their eyes close, their lips purse...

VOICE

Excuse me. Are you Bryce Jones and Heather Popodopalous?

Heather and Bryce stop. Heather stares into her one-time fiance's eyes.

HEATHER

(proudly)
Yes. Yes, we are.

POLICER OFFICER 1
You're under arrest.

HEATHER
What?

Two Police Officers, the same ones who arrested Heather at City Hall, handcuff Heather and Bryce.

HEATHER
You two again?! Why are we under arrest?

POLICER OFFICER 2
You crossed the American border illegally, imported illegal aliens, and landed your plane in a public street.

The Police Officers drag Heather and Bryce towards the door.

HEATHER
Oh, give me a break! We didn't do any harm! Let me go, Laurel and Hardy! You two are crappy cops anyway! Where did you learn how to be police officers? Did you read Law Enforcement for Dummies?

The Police Officers tase Heather.

HEATHER
Ah!

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK

A camera snaps and Heather and Bryce's mug shots appear. The mug shots then fall back and become part of a wedding album that contains more mug shots: Bryce re-proposes to Heather; they kiss and hug; they pose with a mug shot name plate that reads "Bryce and Heather Jones."

Pages turn to reveal their jailhouse wedding. Bryce, dressed in an orange jumpsuit, waits at the altar in the center of the prison mess hall; Mr. Popodopalous, protected by GUARDS with shotguns, walks Heather, dressed in a white jumpsuit, down the aisle; the Priest conducts the ceremony; the Guards and INMATES watch; Transvestite 1 hands Heather and Bryce their rings; Bryce kisses Heather.

HEATHER (V.O.)

On April 1st, 2011 Heather Popodopalous married Bryce Jones. Heather was thirty-one and Bryce was thirty-two when, after their joint arrest for multiple felonies, Bryce asked for Heather's hand in marriage. Again. After numerous pleas the state of California permitted the young couple to consummate the happy occasion in jail. The wedding was attended by the most prominent prison gangs. The groom wore orange and the bride wore white. Pandora the transvestite served as both the best man and the maid of honor. And the entire wedding went off with only one shiv-ing. All were amazed that the perfect ceremony could be followed by an even more spectacular reception.

The pages of the wedding album turn and reveal photographs of the reception: the mess hall is transformed into a dance hall, complete with an INMATE METAL BAND and Heather's ice sculpture; Heather and Bryce dance; the bridesmaids grind with Inmates; Heather and Mr. Popodopalous dance; Paul the Caterer and the Chubby Waiter serve the guests food, the newlyweds cut the cake; the Guards and Inmates toast.

HEATHER (V.O.)

The contraband disco ball brightened the evening's affairs. The death metal band hit not one false note the entire night. The guards and inmates danced to their hearts' content. Everyone agreed that the food wasn't much better than the normal prison grub. The toasts were raunchy and laced with expletives and death threats. The heartfelt moments were sincere. And Heather's smile was the centerpiece of it all. It was my dream wedding.

FADE OUT.