HINDSIGHT

"Pilot"

by
Emily Fox

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VH1 second draft

ACT ONE

FADE UP ON A RAUCOUS PARTY.

We're in a paneled Irish dive bar thick with cigarette smoke. Wall to wall revelers, blowing horns, hugging, dancing, throwing back shots, making out.

Two girls (one brunette, BECCA, and a redhead, LOLLY, both wearing "HAPPY NEW YEAR" party hats) stumble up to the BAR and shoulder their way to the front.

BECCA
Woo-hoo! Barkeep! We're empty!

Becca waves her empty glass. She is trashed. So is Lolly.

LOLLY
Imma need a little tiny umbrella in this one! 'Cause it's happy new year! Also some cherries!

BECCA
Cherries?

LOLLY
I love the cherries.

BECCA
You're five.

LOLLY
You're five.

The bartender refills their drinks, and they throw their arms around each other, best friends at the best party of the year, stumbling once more into the fray...

BECCA
Gimme that.

Becca plucks a cherry out of Lolly's drink and eats it. Lolly fake pouts.

EXT. DIVE BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Becca and Lolly stand on the sidewalk in the cold. Lolly leans over a trash can, stock still. Becca holds her hair, waiting for the inevitable.

LOLLY
Nope. False alarm. Think I'm good.

BECCA
You sure?

LOLLY
Totally. Lezz go back in. Thizz the most fun I've had since last night.

She stands up, shakes it off. Becca waits a cautious beat, and then heads for the door. Lolly wheels around and pukes into the trash can. Becca dashes back to grab her hair.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Becca and Lolly, barely standing upright now, analyze the options at a jukebox.

BECCA
Oh my God, yes! A-25! Look look look!

LOLLY
Yes! Do it!

They throw their arms around each other and jump around as "Groove is in the Heart" blasts from the sound system.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Becca and Lolly join the revelers's countdown --

VOICES
Ten, nine, eight...

Behind them, we see <u>big foil balloons that spell out 1997</u>.

VOICES (CONT'D)
Seven, six, five...

BECCA
I love you.

LOLLY
You're so mushy.
(kissy face)
I love you too.

VOICES
Four, three, two... *Happy new year!*

Everyone bursts into drunken Auld Lang Syne. Someone points a disposable camera at them and they smile. CLICK! We FREEZE...

SFX: A KNOCK

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The singing stops abruptly with the knock.

ANDY (O.C.)
Becca? We should motor.

We REVERSE to see Becca, grown-up and polished now, hair sleek, eyebrows groomed, face wistful, dressed in an elegant navy sheath. She's been paging through an old photo album.

We pull back to see she's in her CHILDHOOD BEDROOM, now cleared out of adolescent artifacts but for a few classics (e.g. tennis trophies, framed picture of Dylan McKay).

We REVERSE AGAIN on the picture in the album and see a small handwritten caption beneath it: *Becca and Lolly, New Year's Eve 1997*.

She snaps the album closed and sets it down on her bed.

BECCA
Coming.

As she leaves, we catch a glimpse of a simple, elegant white gown hanging on the front of the armoire.

INT. THE PETIT GREEK - NIGHT

Well-dressed guests mill around for cocktails, greeting each other and drinking Champagne.

Camera finds Becca as she works the room like a pro, kissing and hugging some guests, shaking hands with others that she's meeting tonight for the first time. She's cool as a cucumber, but she's not happy. The flowers, an unkempt and whining child, the waiter overfilling the wine glasses: she murders them all with her eyes.

ANDY (O.C.)
You realize this rehearsal dinner is nicer than most weddings.

Becca turns to see her groom, ANDY KELLY, 40 - the ultimate nice guy.

BECCA
But the flowers are the wrong color.

Andy looks at the flowers. Doesn't notice anything amiss.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Purple orchids. Purple! I asked for celadon and shamrock. What is this, a doctor's office?

ANDY
Everything that matters is perfect. I like purple orchids.

Becca kisses him again as thanks for saying the right thing.

BECCA
I like you.

His eyes follow hers as she glances over at what's really bothering her: an empty seat...with a placecard for LOLLY.

ANDY
I'm sorry she didn't show.

Becca looks pained, but before she can really respond...

GEORGIE (O.C.)
There's the blushing bride-to-be.

Becca turns and sees her mother, GEORGIE BRACY McNAMARA, 60, and Georgie's husband DONALD McNAMARA, 65, who just got here and already looks like he wants to leave.

BECCA
Hi, Mom.

GEORGIE
Don't sound so overjoyed. Hello, Andrew. Are your parents here yet?

She offers up a cheek to Andy.

ANDY
Yes, they're here, and they're so excited to see you.

GEORGIE
Why? I've known them for thirty years, we can't possibly have anything new to talk about.

ANDY
I'll go find them.

Georgie glances around the room, assessing. Disapproving.

GEORGIE
Greek food. So spicy.
(to Becca)
No Lolly?
(to Donald)
Her best friend from college. They haven't spoken in years.

Donald, who is clearly already familiar with the story, gives Becca a sympathetic glance.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Such a shame. I adored her. What a free spirit.

BECCA
You used to think she was a bad influence.

GEORGIE
Nonsense. She marched to her own drummer, but... you needed someone like that. As a counterbalance. You've always been so wound up.

BECCA
(grinding her teeth)
Wonder where I got that from.

GEORGIE
I don't see your brother, either.

BECCA
Mom, you know these things are hard for him. He'll be here.

LINCOLN (O.C.)
There's my girl!

Becca is relieved to spot her dad, LINCOLN BRACY, a former quarterback with a million-dollar smile; the stylish sylph on his arm is his girlfriend, SABRINA ZABAR, 30 (thin, pretty, your basic nightmare).

Georgie looks like she's about to bolt --

GEORGIE
Well, if it isn't the prom queen and her sugar daddy.

BECCA
Mom. Just... stay. Say hello. Be nice.

Lincoln envelopes Becca in a huge bear hug. Coming out of it, Becca gives Sabrina a big, ice-cold smile.

SABRINA
(I hate you)
Becca, you look beautiful.

BECCA
(I hate you more)
So do you, Sabrina.

SABRINA
Can I tell her our news?
(jumping the gun)
We're engaged!

Sabrina links her arm through Lincoln's, showing off her sizable emerald ring. Georgie freezes. Becca glances from one parent to the other, waiting for the grenade to explode. But both of them have frozen smiles on their faces. Finally, Donald carefully breaks the ice:

DONALD
Congratulations, Link.

Lincoln shakes hands with Donald as the two of them silently acknowledge the futility of trying to please all the women in your life at the same time.

INT. PETIT GREEK - NIGHT

The dinner is in full swing - everyone is talking and laughing. Becca sits between Andy and an empty chair. She plays along, laughing and smiling, but we can see her head is someplace else.

Her brother JASON BRACY, 42, slips into the seat next to her. He's handsome but gaunt. Looks like he's done some living.

BECCA
Jason! You're here!

JASON
Just for a minute. I can't stay.

She gives him a plaintive look, but accepts what she can get.

BECCA
Did you hear? Dad's engaged to
Sabrina.

JASON
(dry as a bone)
Fantastic news!

BECCA
We should send them an Edible Arrangement.

JASON
Yeah. Just all prunes.

Becca and Jason stifle laughter. She gazes at him fondly, wistfully. He's already squirming, ready to bolt.

JASON (CONT'D)
Think I'll go out for a smoke.

BECCA
(nostalgic)
Remember when you used to be able to smoke inside?

JASON
Thought you quit.

BECCA
Yeah. But when I see someone with a cigarette I want to french kiss them just to suck the smoke out of their throat.
(hopeful)
Come back?

He nods and heads for the door. She knows he won't come back.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Becca's gaze to SIMON GLASS, 50, her boss. Picture a bitchy, moody Phillip Seymour Hoffman. He checks his watch for the hundredth time, and then catches Becca looking at him. He breaks into a big, fake smile and raises his glass, tapping it with a knife.

SIMON
Everyone! A toast, please.
(raising his glass)
To my dear Rebecca, who came to work for me when she was just slip of a thing in tragic Ann Taylor separates. My little lump of clay - you've been a tremendous assistant and a true asset to our company for... how long has it been?

BECCA
(kill me please)
Fifteen years.

SIMON
Well. I'm so glad you've found love again and I hope the temp you hired to fill in for you during your honeymoon isn't as unpleasant as the last one you hired for your last honeymoon.

Everyone laughs and claps, somewhat awkwardly.

BECCA
Thank you, Simon...
(muttering)
For making it all about you.

Andy puts his arm around Becca and gives her a squeeze.

ANDY
It's just Simon being Simon.

BECCA
If you'd told me 15 years ago I'd still be working for him, I'd have scratched your eyes out.

ANDY
He's an amazing producer. You've made such great connections. And he's promoted you every year...

BECCA
He trims his toenails in front of me.

ANDY
...And that is a disgusting mental image that I will never un-see.

BECCA
Would you excuse me for a moment?

INT. PETIT GREEK - LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Becca locks herself in a stall and sits down on the closed toilet lid. Just needs to decompress for a second.

The door creaks open. Enter Georgie and one of her cronies, NANCY (a certain age).

NANCY (O.S.)
...Well, thank God she's settling down before she's forty.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
Settling being the operative word. Although after what she went through the first time, she could use a boring husband.

NANCY
I never understood why she was in such a rush to marry Sean. They were so *young*.

GEORGIE (O.S.)
Don't you remember? She was *madly in love*. They *had to be together*. "*Mom, you will never understand our love*." Lincoln was beside himself.

ON BECCA: cringing. The truth stings.

EXT. PETIT GREEK/STREET - NIGHT

The last few guests depart as Becca waves good-bye. Andy joins her. She throws her arms around him.

BECCA
Are you really serious about spending the night apart?

ANDY
It's tradition. I know it's stupid. But... it's my first wedding. I want it to be special.

After a beat, they both have to laugh.

BECCA
Well, I'll see you tomorrow then. I'll be the one in white.
(correcting herself)
Ivory.

ANDY
Isn't that white?

BECCA
(reassuringly)
You'll think it's white.

He kisses her and hails her a cab. She rolls down the window and leans out for another kiss.

ANDY
Love you.

BECCA
Love you too.

ANDY
Text me if you need to.

BECCA
Sure. Because we're twelve.

He kisses her again and pats the top of the car.

EXT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

To establish: A typical Upper West Side co-op. Green awning, timeworn marble steps. Elegant, but nothing too fancy. This is where Becca grew up.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Becca crosses the lobby. The doorman, VINCENT, 45, temples greying, gives Becca a wide smile.

VINCENT
Aw, there's my girl. Big day tomorrow!

BECCA
Yeah, like déjà vu all over again.

VINCENT
Some brides are so beautiful, they gotta do it twice.

BECCA
Vince, you're sweet. Maybe I'll marry you next.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Becca eenie-meenie-miney-mo selects and opens a bottle of wine from Lincoln's wine fridge. Just as she pours herself a glass, she hears the door opening...

LINCOLN (O.C.)
Drinking alone, kid?

Becca turns to face her dad, guilty as charged.

BECCA
I'm not alone. You're here! And... Sabrina.

Sabrina looks past Becca and focuses on the wine bottle.

SABRINA
That is an extremely expensive bottle of wine, Becca.

BECCA
Oh. I just picked one at random.

SABRINA
Yes, obviously.

BECCA
Sorry.

SABRINA
Did it occur to you that we might have been saving that bottle for a special occasion?

BECCA
My wedding's not a special occasion?

SABRINA
(muttering)
It's not like it's your first wedding.

BECCA
(oh, it's on)
I made a *youthful mistake* --

LINCOLN
Okay. Both of you. Stop. Everyone go to bed. We're all tired and tomorrow is a big day.

Lincoln is always the peacemaker. He kisses Becca's forehead and guides Sabrina out of the kitchen towards their bedroom. As Sabrina glances back, Becca drains her glass of wine.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Becca skulks down the hallway, trying not to look at the framed photos on the walls -- mainly adventure photos of Sabrina and Lincoln: sky diving, swimming with dolphins. Subversively, she swaps a picture of Sabrina with one of her and Jason, grinning, her front teeth missing.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Back in Becca's bedroom where we first met her.

She sits down and picks up the ALBUM again and lies back against the pillows, opening it once more to the same photo we saw of her and Lolly at New Year's 1997. She flips a few pages ahead...to a PHOTO of Becca dressed as Veronica, Lolly as Betty, and a guy (we'll soon meet him as SEAN) dressed as a pirate. We see the caption in Becca's compact, meticulous handwriting: *Becca, Lolly and Sean, 10/31/97*. Becca smiles wistfully at the memory...

INT. DIVE BAR - FLASHBACK

We POP to a memory of the night this photo was taken. Becca is with LOLLY in a bar, both in a fit of laughter outside the men's room. Once again, they're both trashed.

LOLLY
I'mma watch the door for you. I love you. I won't let annnnnybody in. Swearta god!

BECCA
Swear! Like really!

LOLLY
Swear.

INT. DIVE BAR - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Becca crouches over the toilet and hears the door creak open.

BECCA
Lolly, that had better be you.

But instead, Becca emerges from the lone stall to find SEAN ABRAMS (22, tall, athletic but artistic, too cute for words), pleased but not at all surprised to encounter a girl in the men's room. He gives her a crooked smile. That smile...!

SEAN
Who's Lolly?

BECCA
I don't... I don't know.

Stick a fork in her, she's done.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - PRESENT DAY

She flips to another page and we briefly see an 8 x 10" photo from Becca's first wedding day -- Becca in a frothy white dress and SEAN in a tuxedo are exiting the church, smiling, as guests throw birdseed. She flips past this page quickly, not wishing to dwell here.

Becca flips to the last page of the album, which features just one photo of her and Lolly, bundled up in Times Square: another year, another New Year's Eve. The ball about to drop says 2003. This is the last memory she chose to preserve; there is nothing on the next page, no next volume. She closes the book and reflects for a moment.

Then: a knock at the door.

Jason pops his head in. Becca's face lights up... until she sees that Jason isn't looking for company.

JASON
Can I borrow twenty bucks?
(explaining himself)
For a pizza.

BECCA
Didn't you eat at the dinner?

JASON
(wincing)
Greek food?

Becca gets up and hands him a twenty from her wallet. He spots the photo album.

JASON (CONT'D)
Tripping down memory lane?

BECCA
Oh, you know. Just questioning every decision I've ever made.
(sighing)
Don't you sometimes wish you could go back and start over?

JASON
You're talking to the 35-year-old guy who's living with his dad.

BECCA
You're not *living* here.

JASON
Right. I'm just staying here with all my stuff and I don't live anywhere else.
(off her look)
It's okay, Becca. I'm regrouping.

BECCA
But that's just it. If you could go back and do it all over again, but knowing everything you know now... think of all the things you would change.

JASON
Think of all the things I could screw up.

BECCA
Think of all the things I did screw up.
(re: Lolly)
I miss her so much.

JASON
"Do not pursue the past. Do not lose yourself in the future. The past no longer is. The future has not yet come. Look deeply at life as it is."

BECCA
Profound. Fortune cookie?

JASON
Buddhist proverb. We bedazzled it onto tote bags in rehab.

He winks at her, uses the twenty to wave goodbye, and disappears.

She rubs her temples. She has to clear her head. Shower?

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Becca stands under the beating hot water, trying to get centered. She closes her eyes, remembering...

VOICES (O.S.)
Ten, nine, eight...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Becca and Lolly. Bundled up. Rosy cheeks. Lolly looks preoccupied.

LOLLY
Becca... there's something I have to tell you.

VOICES (O.S.)
Seven, six, five...

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - RESUME PRESENT DAY

ON BECCA in the shower. She rubs her eyes as her focus starts to get blurry.

VOICES (O.S.)
Four, three, two...

The edges of her peripheral vision start to go black. As she faints, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - MORNING

"The Sign" by Ace of Base playing on the clock radio wakes Becca from a fitful night's sleep. She rubs her eyes. Looks around. How'd she get here?

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Becca splashes water on her face, takes two Advil, then two more. Ugh... her head is pounding. She must've drank more than she realized last night. She needs coffee. And air.

She drops her robe to get dressed and catches a glimpse of herself in her underwear. Damn. She looks good.

BECCA
Huh. That Tracy Anderson video really paid off.

As she admires herself, she doesn't notice the reflection in the bathroom mirror of her OLD WEDDING GOWN on the armoire.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Becca goes to make herself a coffee.

BECCA
(muttering to herself)
Where's the Keurig?
(calling out)
Hey, where's the Keurig?

No answer.

BECCA (CONT'D)
(mimicking Sabrina)
"Your dad and I don't drink coffee anymore.
(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)
We drink green tea, for the antioxidants."
(mimicking Lincoln)
"Isn't she terrific? *Sabrina* takes such great care of me."
(as herself)
Do you even know what antioxidants are, *Sabrina*? Can you spell antioxidants? Jesus H. Christ, you'd better have some instant around here somewhere.

She finds a can of instant coffee in the cabinet. Ugh.

BECCA (CONT'D)
We will all drink Maxwell House in hell.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Becca knocks on the door to Jason's bedroom.

BECCA
I'm going to Starbucks. You want anything?

JASON (O.S.)
Uh, no thanks!

Muffled noises from behind the door. A girl's giggle. Becca clocks this: he's not alone.

BECCA
I thought you were just ordering *pizza* last night.

JASON (O.S.)
Can you give me a minute?

Another giggle. Becca rolls her eyes.

It's then that she turns around and notices:

THE GALLERY OF FAMILY PHOTOS hanging on the wall: Becca's stiff high school graduation portrait... her perfectly dreadful prom photo from 1986, frosty lipstick and turquoise satin... Jason at 13 in full CB ski regalia...

...Her parents' WEDDING PHOTO.

Becca stops and stares at the faded young Georgie and Lincoln, goofy smiling flower children.

No evidence of Sabrina and the dolphins anywhere. Confused, Becca pushes through the door into the living room...

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becca emerges into a wedding war zone. The living room is a wasp's nest of people in full throttle planning mode.

Suddenly someone sees Becca, and in a blink, all the attention is directed at the bride; she stands with a stricken expression as the sharks surround her, thirsty for blood... she's still not quite believing this is happening because at the center of all of this is

GEORGIE

with her hair in rollers, the HAIRDRESSER trying to pin Georgie's last few locks into place. In walks Lincoln.

LINCOLN
Where are my car keys?

GEORGIE
Link, where are you going?

LINCOLN
Tennis!
(off Georgie's horrified face)
Kidding! I'm picking up Sophie at the train station! I'll be back in twenty minutes!
(re: the hair rollers)
You look adorable. I love this look for you.

He grabs her chin and kisses her.

ON BECCA: as she stares at her parents, baffled.

BECCA
Mom? What are you...? What's going on?

Georgie turns to Becca:

GEORGIE
For God's sake, have you not taken your shower? I'm having a heart attack.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Becca pinches herself on both arms:

BECCA
Wake up. WAKE UP.

She thinks a moment, then throws open the door to Jason's room and sees him standing alone and naked in the middle of the room. He crosses his hands over his crotch, horrified...

BECCA (CONT'D)
There was a girl in here.

JASON
God! Can you not just barge in here?

Becca throws back the sheets. The bed is empty. The bathroom is empty too. Whoever was here is gone.

Jason throws on some clothes while she noses around his room like the Secret Police, clocking the VHS tapes, a Nirvana poster, an clunky old cordless phone, an Aiwa Walkman, a boxy old Macintosh IIe with the flying toaster screen saver...

BECCA
...Flying toasters?

Becca whirls around to Jason.

BECCA (CONT'D)
This may sound crazy, but I'm having a very vivid dream that it's 1998 and I'm marrying Sean today. I need to wake up.

JASON
Um... okay.
(beat)
But it is 1998 and you are marrying Sean today.

Becca looks back at the flying toasters and rushes to --

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She rushes to her room and picks up the ALBUM, flipping through it frantically. We catch glimpses of photos, including the photo of Lolly, Sean and Becca at the dive bar on Halloween.

And then... blank pages. Page after page of... nothing.

BECCA
Oh, my God. Where did my life go?

TITLE UP: HINDSIGHT

ACT TWO

ANGLE ON: A HAND POUNDING URGENTLY ON A DOOR.

BECCA
It's Becca! Open up! I have to talk to you!

INT. HALLWAY/BECCA AND LOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door creaks open. Here's LOLLY WARD, 25 going on 16, in her 90210 pajamas with a hilarious case of bed head. She's the girl from all the pictures, and she grins at Becca, who is in a Michigan hoodie and carrying a Prada backpack.

LOLLY
The beautiful bride! I thought we were meeting at the hairdresser. Did you forget something? You could've just called me. Although I have no idea where the phone is. How are you? Do you need coffee? I need coffee.

Becca touches Lolly's face, like she's seen a ghost.

BECCA
It's really you. You're here. We're friends.

LOLLY
(weirded out)
Of course we're friends. Is there something on my face?

BECCA
No...I'm just...
(tearful)
...so happy to see you.

Becca hugs Lolly, who looks confused. Becca's normally not touchy-feely.

LOLLY
Are you okay? You should eat something maybe. It's been months since you've eaten. I think there are English muffins, unless you packed them. What am I going to do without you? Buy my own English muffins? Forget it. I'll just starve to death. But whatever, go be happy, I'll just live here alone like a savage.

Lolly pads back into the apartment. It's very post-grad. Boxes of Becca's stuff are stacked by the door. Becca takes in the achingly familiar surroundings as Lolly flops onto the couch, clicks on the TV. Richard Simmons, bouncing around.

LOLLY (CONT'D)
God, I'm so out of shape. I have to go back to Cardiofunk. Oh, before I forget: Simon called. He wants you to come into the office today. I reminded him it was your wedding day, and he was like, "darling, you are the kind of person who will never understand the concept of responsibility." What a prince.

Lolly flips past a few more stations. We see a quick flash of the faces of Monica Lewinsky and Linda Tripp on the news.

BECCA
Lolly... there's something I have to talk to you about.

Lolly hears gravitas in Becca's voice. She looks up.

LOLLY
Oh my God. Did you get your period? On your wedding day? Did you take muscle relaxers like Ginny in Sixteen Candles and now you feel like you've got cotton balls for brains? Because that also happened to a cousin of mine, like how did she not learn the most important lesson of that movie...?

BECCA
Lolly. I did not take any muscle relaxers and that was not the most important lesson of that movie. Please.
(holding out her arm)
Pinch me. Hard.

Lolly, suspicious, pinches Becca. Hard.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Ow!

LOLLY
You said pinch you!

Becca leaps up and starts to pace, wild-eyed.

BECCA
I know! And I felt it! So then I can't be dreaming. Which means that everything that's already happened to me... my whole life... is just gone. Poof.

Lolly struggles to decode her... Eureka, she's got it:

LOLLY
You're having second thoughts.

BECCA
Yes.

LOLLY
You think your identity will disappear once you're married. Your identity will change forever and your life as Becca Bracy will fade into oblivion.

BECCA
No. Lolly, listen...

LOLLY
(on a roll)
...And you're finally starting to crack under the pressure of everyone being like, "why are they getting married so young?" Because you're in love, duh! Your parents should understand that better than anyone. They were super young when they got married and look how happy they are.

This lands on Becca... knowing how not happy they are.

BECCA
Lolly, stop talking and *listen*. When I woke up this morning, I thought I was about to get married to another man.

Lolly's eyes go wide.

LOLLY
Oooh. That's so Freudian. Like, Interpretation of Dreams Freud, not Beyond the Pleasure Principle Freud. Obviously.
(MORE)

LOLLY (CONT'D)
A subconscious desire to marry someone else on the eve of your wedding. It's like... other penis envy. Who was it?

BECCA
Andy Kelly.

Lolly stares at her, waiting for the punch line.

LOLLY
Ew. He's practically your cousin.

BECCA
We are not cousins! Our parents are just very good friends!

LOLLY
But we just set him up with what's-her-name. That temp from your office. Melissa? Marissa?
(finding it)
Melanie.

BECCA
Look, you're not getting it. I didn't dream it. It was all really happening. I was 39. I was marrying Andy Kelly. Non-blood-relation, super nice Andy Kelly. I know he used to be dorky but he got cute. Like Patrick Dempsey. But then I blacked out.
(reliving it)
...I woke up in my bed and the last fifteen years had disappeared. And now I'm here. With you. And I know something's wrong because you're acting like nothing's wrong and yet... we haven't spoken in eight years.

A beat. Lolly looks stricken.

BECCA (CONT'D)
I know how this sounds, but there's no other explanation. I am here from the future.

Off Lolly's totally bewildered expression, we...

INT. BECCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lolly stands glued to the wall as Becca tears through the apartment, opening drawers, looking for some evidence of the future that hasn't happened yet.

LOLLY
I'm a little concerned. I think I should call your mom.

BECCA
No! Please don't... We need to figure out what's going on.

She pulls down a Yellow Pages from on top of the fridge - "Keep until October 1999."

LOLLY
"We?" I think this is your game, McFly.

BECCA
This is not a game. Come on. Think about it! I'm the most rational person you know! Why would I be saying this if it weren't true?
(off Lolly's blank look)
Say something. Say anything...

LOLLY
Oh my God, Say Anything was such a good movie.

BECCA
I know. It totally holds up.
(remembering suddenly)
You just got over the clap, didn't you?

Lolly pulls back, offended.

LOLLY
<u>Excuse</u> me?

BECCA
You got it from some guy you met at Benetton! He had three earrings in one ear! You never told me about him until after the fact because you slept with my... oh my God! You slept with my brother! Last night! The night before my wedding to Sean! It <u>just</u> happened! *That was you in the bed this morning!*

Lolly turns scarlet.

LOLLY
And it’s going to go on for months and in the end it’s going to be a disaster! You’re going to break his heart, not to mention give him gonorrhea! It was incredibly hard on him, and you were just like...
(remembering)
You didn’t treat him very well.

Lolly’s freaked out now. She starts to put together a hasty exit strategy: cardigan, keys, scrunchie.

LOLLY (CONT’D)
You know what? I’m just gonna go.

BECCA
Don’t. I really don’t want to fight.
(voice breaking)
I don’t ever want to lose you again.

LOLLY
(weirded out)
Don’t be such a drama queen. You’re not going to lose me. I’m just going to go pick up my dress at the tailor while you take a nap or a siesta or something and work through this... situation.

Becca resigns herself as Lolly is halfway out the door.

BECCA
You’re right. I know you’re right.
(then:)
I think I should go talk to Sean.

LOLLY
Isn’t that bad luck? You spent last night apart because you were too superstitious.

BECCA
I think I have to take that risk.

LOLLY
What are you going to wear? That? Not that.

BECCA
I don't know.
(trying to sound calm)
Will you come meet me later at the coffee shop?

Lolly gives Becca an encouraging but cautious arm squeeze.

LOLLY
Okay. But promise me: no Valium.
(solemnly)
Remember Sixteen Candles.

BECCA
Okay.

Lolly leaves.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Becca opens her old closet to find something to wear and almost cries when she realizes the size 2 jeans fit her again. To the beat of Beck's "Loser," We see a quick MONTAGE of Becca trying on all the clothes in her closet, delighted that everything fits, though slightly horrified by some of the fashion bloopers (e.g. flannel cowboy shirts, motorcycle boots, baby doll dresses over mini-tees, wide-legged sheer floral lounge pants over bodysuits, cable-knit sweaters cropped to child size...). She pulls out a denim mini skirt with a frayed hem, checks the label.

BECCA
Size two...!

She pulls it on and it fits. Now the tears come. Size two!

INT. TAXI/EXT. STREET

Becca's taxi rolls up to a warehouse studio in the heart of the as-yet-undeveloped meat-packing district. From inside the cab, she sees him sitting on the industrial metal steps, wearing his paint-spattered jeans, worn out work boots, and a well-loved, threadbare flannel shirt.

Becca gets out of the cab. It pulls away, leaving her staring at SEAN, whom we recognize from the photos. He's in paint-spattered jeans and a t-shirt, shooting the breeze with some rough-looking Con-Ed guys.

He glances over, doesn't immediately notice her, but then does a double-take as she catches his eye. He walks over to her, looking not unhappy but a little puzzled...

SEAN
I thought we weren't seeing each other today.

BECCA
I changed my mind. I had to see you.

After a beat: he grins. And just like that, it's like the first time they met -- *that smile, that stomach flip* --

SEAN
Wanna come up?

INT. SEAN'S STUDIO - DAY

A sunny, cavernous space; sparse, hippie-chic furnishings and lots of books. Huge canvases lean against the walls. Tucked behind a screen, an unmade bed.

SEAN
Hi.

BECCA
Hi.

Becca just looks at him for a moment, appraising him, remembering how beautiful he was. Is. Whatever. Their chemistry is overpowering. He grabs her, kisses her, and they fall into the unmade bed. He briefly comes up for air --

SEAN
I'm not complaining, but isn't it bad luck for us to see each other today?

But she's past that and starts ripping his clothes off.

BECCA
Shhhhhh...please stop talking.

INT. SEAN'S STUDIO - LATER

Breathless, post-amazing-sex, Sean and Becca lie on the bed, both looking a little surprised at what just happened.

BECCA
Oh my God. That was so good.

SEAN
(mock boasting)
I should really teach a seminar.

BECCA
(thinking of Andy)
All these years, I was so sure I was just... embellishing.

A beat.

SEAN
All what years?

BECCA
(lost in thought)
There's just no comparison. It's like a ride on a Cessna versus going up in the Space Shuttle.

SEAN
Am I the Cessna or the Space Shuttle? They both sound awesome.

She looks at him again. Now that she's not blinded by sexual desire, she's seeing him through clear eyes. Maybe too clear.

BECCA
I shouldn't have done that.

She gets up, hastily starts putting her clothes back on.

BECCA (CONT'D)
What happens if I wake up tomorrow and I'm back? How do I explain myself? Does this even count?

SEAN
Becca... what are you talking about? Explain yourself to who?
(really worried)
Is there someone else?

BECCA
No.
(pointedly)
I was always faithful to you.

SEAN
(face darkening)
Becca, it's our *wedding day*. Can we please not bring that up...?

BECCA
This isn't about that. It's about me.
(remembering Jason's words)
I'm regrouping.

Sean waits a beat.

SEAN
That sounds ominous.
(forced levity)
Are we still getting married?

Becca doesn't say anything.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That was a joke. I'm joking! We're still getting married.
(panicking)
Right?

Dressed now, she heads for the door. Has to get out of here.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I don't get it. Yesterday you were super psyched for this.

He leaps out of bed, naked, following her to the door...

BECCA
Yesterday was a long time ago.
(carefully)
I love you. I've always loved you. But what if getting married sets us both off course?

SEAN
(starting to fume)
You can only choose one thing. So every decision you make sets you off course. It's a *universal law*.

BECCA
Is it?

SEAN
Are we really going to get into a debate on existentialism *right now*?

BECCA
I need some time to think, Sean.

SEAN
Whatever. Fine. Go... think.

She wants to kiss him, but he closes the door.

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Becca lets herself into her parents' apartment and finds Lincoln in the kitchen, eating ice cream. He freezes when he sees her: caught in the act.

LINCOLN
(re: ice cream)
Don't tell your mother.

BECCA
I don't know if I can marry Sean.

Her face crumples up. He gives her his patented sympathetic dad look, and she bursts into tears. Lincoln puts down the ice cream and envelops her in a daddy hug.

LINCOLN
Becks, it's okay. Whatever you want to do is fine. But... did something happen?

Becca tries to pull herself together. Hiccuping --

BECCA
I look into the future and all I can see are a series of crossroads where I make the wrong decision.

LINCOLN
But Becca... your future is so bright. So full of possibility. I'd give anything to be 25 again.

BECCA
I wouldn't be so sure of that.

He puts a hand on her teary cheek.

LINCOLN
You know what I wish you could see?

BECCA
What?

LINCOLN
Your face, when Sean walks into the room. Reminds me of when you were a baby, the first time you turned on a light switch. Like you couldn't believe your luck.
(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
That’s magic, kid. You don’t find that twice in your life.

On Becca...

GEORGIE (O.C.)
Becca! There you are! Where have you been?

Lincoln and Becca whirl around to see Georgie, hair and makeup done, wearing a robe.

GEORGIE (CONT’D)
I was calling your apartment, calling your office... Link! Were you eating ice cream?

LINCOLN
(guiltily)
I was just looking at it.

GEORGIE
(inspecting Becca)
Are you crying?

BECCA
(yes)
No. Maybe.
(frantic)
I’m feeling very exposed and emotional and like my nerves are totally shot.

GEORGIE
Your nerves? Look at your eyes! They’re puffy! I’m getting the Preparation-H.

BECCA
No! Mom! You are not putting hemorrhoid cream on my face!

LINCOLN
She might just be hungry. She hasn’t eaten in six months.

Lincoln holds out a bag of pretzels to Becca.

LINCOLN (CONT’D)
Here you go, baby.

GEORGIE
So help me God, Lincoln, if you give that girl so much as one pretzel, we are getting a divorce! You know how she bloats!

Becca erupts in a fresh torrent of tears and runs out. Lincoln and Georgie look at each other, puzzled.

INT. LINCOLN'S APARTMENT - BECCA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Georgie follows Becca into her bedroom and closes the door.

GEORGIE
I'm sorry, darling. That was thoughtless of me. We've all just been so careful for months about the salt and the trans fats --

BECCA
(cutting her off)
Are you happy in your marriage?

GEORGIE
(taken aback)
Am I happy in my marriage? What are you talking about?

BECCA
Do you still love Dad? Yes or no?

GEORGIE
He's my best friend, Becca. Of course I love him. What do you want me to say? Are you having second thoughts? Because I've got 200 guests arriving in a few hours and we're spending more on the raw bar than I spent on your college tuition.

BECCA
Hey, Mussolini, there are more important things to worry about today than shellfish.

GEORGIE
Oh, so now I'm a ruthless dictator? I thought you loved oysters.

BECCA
I do love oysters.
(remembering a favorite old joke)
You know what they say about the first man who ate an oyster.

GEORGIE AND BECCA
He must have been really hungry.

They both smile at the familiar punch line.

BECCA
Oh, God, Mom... I'm so sorry about all of this.

On Georgie, searching Becca's face:

GEORGIE
Rebecca, am I calling off this wedding?

Suddenly the door swings open. It's Jason. He stares at his mother, stares at Becca. Trying to assess the situation. Becca can't speak. Just looks at Georgie, then at the floor.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to take your lack of response as a no.

Georgie leaves. Jason looks back to Becca.

JASON
Can I talk to you for a sec?

INT. LINCOLN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jason and Becca hide out in the bathroom.

BECCA
Remember when this was our clubhouse?

JASON
Yeah. You were the club president and I was the minority whip.
(hesitating)
So... I just talked to Lolly.

BECCA
What'd she have to say?

JASON
Among other things, she thinks you're having a nervous breakdown.

BECCA
I'm not having a nervous breakdown. I'm just conflicted. I don't know who I am and I don't know what to do. I'm totally paralyzed with indecision and I feel like I'm having an out-of-body experience.
(realizing)
(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)
Oh, God. That sounds like a nervous breakdown, doesn't it.

JASON
It sounds like you're trying to get control of your own life by trying to control everyone else.

BECCA
(realizing)
Did Lolly break things off with you?

JASON
"Things"? There's no thing.

BECCA
I know you slept with her last night so you don't have to play dumb. Was ending it her idea or yours?

JASON
I don't know what you're talking about.

BECCA
What exactly did she say to you? It's absolutely crucial that you recount the conversation verbatim.

JASON
(relenting)
She called and said it was fun but it couldn't ever happen again. Something about not wanting to hurt me in the end? I don't know, I don't speak that language.

Becca's face lights up. She tumbles out of the tub.

BECCA
She believes me. She really believes me.
(relieved)
Thank you.

JASON
(sarcastic)
No, thank <u>you</u>, Becca.

INT. DELI - DAY

Lolly is sitting at their regular table, staring out the window, looking preoccupied. Becca slips into the booth.

BECCA
Hi.

LOLLY
Hi.

The waitress, recognizing them, serves them their regular drink order: two Diet Cokes and a bowl of bagel chips.

LOLLY (CONT'D)
I went over and over it in my mind, and there's just no way you would know about the guy from Benetton, unless I got drunk and told you, and you can't drink when you're on Tetracycline. God, I'm so embarrassed.

BECCA
It's okay. VD is the new black.

LOLLY
What?

BECCA
Nothing. Sorry. You were saying...

LOLLY
The only thing I'm sure of is that you're not the same Becca you were yesterday.

BECCA
Because I'm not. Do you believe me? If you broke things off with Jason, you must think there's a shred of truth to what I'm saying...

LOLLY
Just tell me. Tell me everything.

Becca takes a deep breath.

BECCA
Okay. It was 2012. My parents had been divorced for a few years...

LOLLY
Wait, *your* parents? But they were such a cute couple! I wanted to be them when I grew up! You know what I mean. Part of a couple like that. Me and Hugh Grant. Please tell me that Hugh Grant is my husband because that's what gets me out of bed in the morning and I am not even exaggerating.

Becca ruefully shakes her head No. Lolly sighs sadly.

LOLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. You were saying.

BECCA
She said the fire was gone and she and my dad were like brother and sister, they never had sex anymore and she needed to live her life before there were no more chapters.

LOLLY
God, that's sad. I feel so sad for her.

BECCA
I wasn't sad. I was just pissed. I said some horrible things. So I'm sad about that.

Lolly absorbs this, then asks the burning question:

LOLLY
What about Jason?

BECCA
He'd been in and out of rehab. And jail. It's been a tough couple of years for my family. And there was no one in the world I needed to talk to more than you. But we hadn't spoken in years. The phone number I had for you was out of service and I don't know where you live and the only email I have for you is AOL.

Lolly is near tears.

LOLLY
That's awful. All of it sounds awful. Do people not use AOL anymore?

BECCA
It's become unfashionable.

LOLLY
But I really love AOL.

Becca reaches for Lolly's hand.

BECCA
I know. AOL loved you too.

Lolly withdraws her hand to swipe away an escaped tear. Changes the subject.

LOLLY
Obviously you quit working for Simon, right? He's such a third rate excuse for a producer. What's your career like? Amazing, right? Did you ever move to London? You were going to become the producer in residence at the Globe! That's how I was going to meet my husband, Hugh Grant.

BECCA
Uh, no. I was still here in New York. Same apartment. Working for Simon.

LOLLY
Still?

Becca doesn't love the disappointment in Lolly's voice.

BECCA
I made a lot of good connections.
(rueful)
I even had an interview once with Lydia Stone.

LOLLY
Ooooh. She's a powerhouse.

BECCA
But I blew it. I was late and exhausted because Sean and I had been up all night fighting and... it was stupid.
(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)
I never really became much of anything. At the end of the day... well, he promoted me a bunch of times, but I was just a very well-educated secretary.

LOLLY
And Andy Kelly?

BECCA
(remembering)
We were always such good friends. And then we were both single and just started hanging out and he's a big foreign film buff, so...

LOLLY
(unimpressed)
That sounds really romantic.

BECCA
...we saw a lot of movies at the Angelika.

LOLLY
(cutting to the chase)
Were you in love with him?

BECCA
I don't know. I loved him. Is that different?

LOLLY
No one has ever been able to explain that to me.

BECCA
Honestly, I was happy. I thought I had everything. Coke Zero. TiVo. This Brazilian hair straightening system that was completely beyond belief.
(beat)
But I didn't have you.

A beat.

LOLLY
What happened to us, Becca?

BECCA
Sean was cheating. And you knew. And you didn't tell me.

Lolly is shocked.

LOLLY
But I would never do that. I'm your best friend. Why would I do that? Becca, I'm so sorry...

BECCA
No. Don't apologize. It hasn't happened yet.

LOLLY
Well, nothing has. Right?

BECCA
Right.
(sheepish)
Except that I had sex with Sean today.

LOLLY
You had sex with Sean? Today? Jesus, how early did you wake up?

BECCA
Early.

LOLLY
And...?

BECCA
And now I cheated with my ex-husband who I haven't married yet on the day I'm supposed to marry a guy I haven't started dating yet. I'm so confused. What do I do now?

Lolly reaches across the table and grabs Becca's hand.

LOLLY
This isn't just happening to you, Becca. It's happening to me and to Sean and to everyone. And maybe this is happening so that we can <u>all</u> get a second chance. Things are already changing from how you remember them, right?

BECCA
(realizing it's true)
It's so scary. What if I end up someplace completely different?

LOLLY
You're already someplace completely different.
(MORE)

LOLLY (CONT'D)
(raising an eyebrow)
Patrick Dempsey gets cute? Really?

BECCA
No one was more surprised than me.

Becca’s backpack starts to vibrate. She pulls out a PAGER.

BECCA (CONT’D)
I forget how this works.

Lolly takes it and shows her where the message is.

BECCA (CONT’D)
Sean. Wants me to come meet him.

LOLLY
Go.

END ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. PARK - DAY

We find Becca at one of her favorite places: the little park near her apartment. It's shaggy but charming: a quiet oasis in the middle of the city. She looks up and sees Sean, in his tuxedo, the tie undone, looking rakish and handsome and totally freaked out. He's holding a white paper bag.

SEAN
(nervously)
Thanks for coming to meet me.

BECCA
Sean...

SEAN
(cutting her off)
Before you say anything, let me get this out.

He drops down to one knee.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Becca, when I met you, I was lost. I didn't know who I wanted to be or what I was supposed to do with my life. But you wanted to be with me, so I thought -- if someone that great and that beautiful and that smart wants to be with me, then I must be an okay guy. But I don't want to be just an okay guy. I want to be a better guy. You make me want to be a better guy. So I'm asking you again: will you marry me?

BECCA
You're saying everything I want to hear, but...

SEAN
Tell me what it is you're worried about. You at least owe me that.

BECCA
I'm worried we're destined to make the same mistakes over and over again, no matter what promises we make to each other today.

SEAN
Listen... it was my destiny to meet and fall in love with you, and I don't want to change that. I would gladly fall in love with you, and go through all the good and bad times, over and over again. I want you to trust that I mean what I'm saying. I want to make it impossible for you not to trust me. Starting today.

He flashes her that smile. Her stomach flips.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You don't have to answer me now. I just want you to know I'm going to be at the church, and I hope I'll see you there.

He reaches into a bag and hands her a Shamrock Shake.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I know your mother made you swear off dairy until after the wedding, but I figured... you've come this far.

She takes it, looks at it, takes a sip.

BECCA
This is also just as good as I remembered.

He grabs her and hugs her. Over his shoulder, we see her face as she melts into him. Etched with longing and confusion.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You were the Space Shuttle.

He lets go. Gives her one more look before he turns to go. She watches him walk away, her face a labyrinth of emotions.

ON BECCA as we see a MONTAGE of memories as they POP through her head:

INT. SEAN'S STUDIO - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Sean and Becca in bed on a Sunday morning with the paper;

INT. SEAN'S STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sean coming home with a squirming puppy under each arm;

INT. SEAN'S STUDIO - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Becca and Lolly screaming and ducking for cover as the top flies off the blender while Sean blends margaritas. Blink and you'll miss it as Sean hip-checks Lolly.

INT. PARK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sean and Becca bundled in winter coats building a demented-looking snowman in her favorite park when Sean spontaneously drops to his knee and proposes to her (the first time)...

INT. PARK - PRESENT DAY

Resume on Becca, staring at the spot where he's now proposed to her... twice. She stares at a clock on the bank across the street. It's now 4:30pm.

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

A younger Vincent (the doorman) waves to Becca as she rushes across the lobby towards the regular elevators.

VINCENT
Congratulations, Becky! Big day!

Becca stops and stares at him for a moment. Half-smiles.

BECCA
Thanks, Vincent.

Off her conflicted face...

INT. THE BRACY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Becca emerges from the shower, pulls on a robe, and wipes away the condensation from the mirror. In the reflection, we see...

The old wedding gown, hanging on the armoire.

A KNOCK on the door. Georgie. Dressed and ready.

Becca opens the door and lets her in.

Georgie gives Becca a box, which Becca opens. It's an antique sapphire bracelet.

GEORGIE
Old, blue and borrowed, although
you can keep it.

Georgie shows Becca how to unhook the delicate clasp.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
Your dad gave it to me the day you were born. Sapphire for my September baby.

On Becca, deeply moved by the gift but also perplexed:

BECCA
You never gave me this before.

GEORGIE
(confused)
Before when?

BECCA
(elusive)
Nothing. I mean I've never seen it before.
(voice catching)
It's a beautiful bracelet.

Georgie puts the bracelet on.

GEORGIE
I know you think I meddle too much, but I really just wanted everything in your life to be perfect.

BECCA
Mom... maybe there's no such thing as a perfect life. And even if there were, I'm not sure I want one.

Georgie lets this sink in.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Maybe if you strive too hard for perfection, you miss everything. All those moments in between. And for what? A gold medal at the finish line?

ANGLE ON: the bracelet, as Georgie holds Becca's hand and gently adjusts it so that it lays flat: a tangible representation of how things are already different and how the future holds infinite unknowns...

GEORGIE
Well, then, find those moments and appreciate them, and you'll have a beautiful marriage.

Georgie kisses her on the forehead.

The fierce gay male WEDDING COORDINATOR (#2) bursts in. Seeing Becca in her slip:

WEDDING COORDINATOR #2
(horrified)
She’s not dressed?

GEORGIE
Give her a minute. She’ll be ready.
(getting it, finally)
It’s just a dress.

Suddenly everyone’s in a panic around Becca. From Becca’s point of view, the noise fades away as she and her mother share a private smile.

END ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

INT. THE BRACY'S APARMENT - BECCA'S BEDROOM

ANGLE ON: a small white card with Georgie's debutante script: *To Becca on her wedding day. Wishing you luck and love, Mom.*

PULL BACK to see Becca taping it into her photo album. She's now in her wedding dress.

In the doorway, we see Lolly, in her mint bridesmaid's dress, watching Becca, searching Becca's face. Becca smiles.

BECCA
Boy, am I glad to see you.

LOLLY
You look beautiful.

BECCA
There really is something about this dress, isn't there? It's just so... bridal.

Lolly hands her an Irish sixpence.

LOLLY
Put this in your shoe. Luck of the Irish. Not that I believe in any of that. But it couldn't hurt. Right?

BECCA
Come on, Eileen.

LOLLY
Love that song *so* much.

Lolly smiles at Becca's reflection, holds her shoulders.

LOLLY (CONT'D)
Whatever happened in the future, I'm sure you can change it and make it better. I know I couldn't... but you can.

On Becca, as this lands:

LOLLY (CONT'D)
In any case, we gotta get this show on the road. This bra and I have another half an hour before I take it off and burn it.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

To establish: the chapel at Columbia University.

INT. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

Guests are all in their seats. We see the look of relief on Sean's face as Becca appears at the church entrance, ready to walk down the aisle with Lincoln.

Becca looks down the aisle, sees the guests craning their necks to look for her.

Becca sees Lolly fussing over her bouquet and notices Jason staring at her. Lolly looks up and meets Jason's eye, blushing a bit and smiling. Jason smiles back.

Lincoln appears by Becca's side and holds out his arm.

LINCOLN
I'm glad you decided to go through with it. Don't worry -- everyone freaks out on their wedding day, one way or another.

As she makes her way down the aisle, she catches glimpses of everyone:

- Georgie, escorted by Jason, reaching the altar and turning to beam at Lincoln and Becca;

- The energetic flower girl tossing petals into people's laps;

- Lolly standing next to the minister, bouncing with excitement;

- Sean, looking handsome and confident;

- And finally...

ANDY.

Looking younger, with longer, floppier hair. He's sitting with his parents.

Becca locks eyes with him. Can't take her eyes off him. Finally, here, at the end of this long, crazy day, her two worlds are colliding. Wheels turn in her head as she remembers...

INT. BECCA AND ANDY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

2010. POV of someone walking through an apartment, tidying up. Stylish upholstered furniture, framed artwork, a vintage lamp, a sleek flat screen TV. A mid-century modern couch and Jonathan Adler throw pillows.

SFX: the front door groans open and then closes again.

ANDY
Becks, you here? God, what a day.

Andy drops his keys into the key bowl, checks the mail.

Becca is on the couch, typing on her laptop.

BECCA
I was thinking Indian for dinner.
Should we go to Pink Elephant?

He holds up a bag of Indian takeout from The Pink Elephant and hums the Indiana Jones theme. Off Becca's satisfied look as he leans down to kiss her...

INT. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Resume on the processional. Becca continues to stare at Andy as she notices a PETITE BLONDE sitting next to him... holding his hand. He leans over to whisper something in her ear. Melissa? Marissa? Melanie.

As Becca reaches the front of the church, Sean watches as Becca climbs the steps to the altar.

SEAN
(whispering)
I knew you'd come.

Becca hands her bouquet to Lolly and Sean takes her hands... although he seems unable to meet her eye. He nods to the minister, then turns and scans the room. Looking for... what?

ON BECCA: as she tries to catch Sean's eye. She needs something from him. Some connection. A sign.

MINISTER
Friends, Romans, co-op board members... lend me your ears!

The guests chuckle.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
We're here today to witness the marriage of these two fine young people, Rebecca and Sean. What God has brought together, let no man tear asunder. If anyone present may raise objections to this union, speak now or forever hold your peace.

ON BECCA: as she glances out at the guests, at her parents, at Lolly, at Andy, at Sean, who finally meets her eye. His expression is expectant, hopeful... but scared too.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
Rebecca, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health?

Becca's desire to go back and do it all over again wrestles for one more moment with her desire to explore the road not taken.

BECCA
Um...

But she can't change Sean. She can't change her parents. She can't change Lolly.

The only path she can change is her own.

BECCA (CONT'D)
...No.

ON BECCA, as she realizes what she's just said...

She grabs Lolly's hand and the two of them run down the aisle. Becca pauses at Simon's row:

BECCA (CONT'D)
You should cancel that temp I hired. She's gonna be terrible.

She pulls Lolly to the exit and they burst out into --

EXT. STREET - DAY

The bright sunlight. Anonymous strangers who barely take notice of a runaway bride. An ordinary day that just became extraordinary.

LOLLY
Oh my God. What just happened?

BECCA
I don't know.

LOLLY
What do we do now?

BECCA
(borderline screaming)
I don't know!

LOLLY
Is that joy or hysteria?

BECCA
I don't know!

A beat... and then Lolly throws her arms around Becca and hugs her for dear life. They rock back and forth for a moment until Lolly pulls out of the hug and takes Becca's face in her hands.

LOLLY
We have to do something. Something big. Something symbolic. What do you want to do?

Becca thinks of everything that has slipped away from her. The missed opportunities. The wistful longing for everything that she thought was gone forever. The mistakes she can correct. The new things she can screw up.

BECCA
I want to start my life over. I want to take the other path. I want to choose Door B instead of Door A. I want to do *everything* different. Starting with you and me.
(realizing)
But first... I want to smoke in a bar.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

The two girls push their way through a heavy door into the nearly-empty dive bar we recognize from the teaser. They rush over to the jukebox, giggling uncontrollably, slip in quarters, push some buttons. The opening bass thrum of "Groove is in the Heart" comes up as the two best-friends-again start dancing their heads off. And we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END PILOT.