HEROES AND VILLAINS
ENTERTAINMENT



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ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

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Heroes and Villains Entertainment

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- SUNSET

A picturesque country club with A GOLF COURSE that stretches far into the distance. New England.

A DELIVERY TRUCK winds down the driveway lined with oak trees, past HORSE STABLES and perfectly manicured, lavish grounds... colonial style buildings dot the property.

The truck parks in front of the clubhouse and TWO GRIZZLED MEN get out, open the cargo door, and reveal an antique 1930s style PHOTO BOOTH.

EXT. STONE CHAPEL -- DAY

A wedding rehearsal has just taken place as the GUESTS scatter the lawn in conversation, taking pictures, etc. Everyone heads towards the Clubhouse. A GUY and A GIRL remain, mid-discussion.

CHARLIE, 30, a cute, spontaneous bottle blonde with the world's most infectious laugh -- and DOMINIC, 30, an attractive hipster who likes himself a little too much.

CHARLIE
What do you mean you're leaving? We have the rehearsal dinner, I have to give a freaking speech, and I'll be damned--

DOMINIC
Look, suggar. I haven't been completely honest.

CHARLIE
Okay...

DOMINIC
I thought my girlfriend was going to be out of town this weekend but she's headed back home now. So I got-sta split.

CHARLIE
(shocked)
You have a girlfriend?

DOMINIC
Yeah. We've been on and off for about ten years, we live together, have a four year old daughter--!

CHARLIE
Wait. What? You have a what?

DOMINIC
Yeah but she knows I hook up with other women. I mean she doesn't know, know. But she knows. You know?

CHARLIE
This is not happening. Here I thought you were my boyfriend.

DOMINIC
Boyfriend? Wow. We've been hanging out for like six months. I did think it was weird you invited me to a wedding so soon. I just figured you wanted some deep... well you know...

CHARLIE
I really like you, Dominic.

DOMINIC
Come on, we just have fun.
(beat)
Oh, you're serious.

CHARLIE
God, I'm an idiot. I always do this.

DOMINIC
I'm just... gonna... go.

Dominic hesitates for a moment then turns to leave.

Charlie, fighting back tears, shouts after him:

CHARLIE
Fine! I'll do this whole fucking thing -- *alone!*

Charlie marches up the hill, snags a glass of champagne from atop a table -- and downs it.

PRELAP: *TINK-TINK-TINK!*

INT. CLUBHOUSE -- NIGHT

A sign reads: "WILLIAMS/CUNNINGHAM REHEARSAL DINNER."

The dining room is packed with people for the after-rehearsal dinner.

DANA,(30), once a party girl now a new mom, CLINKS her glass with a knife, then some others chime in -- the room erupts in TINKLING.

DANA (O.S.)
Go on you two! Kiss! Kiss!

TOM and MARY BETH (both 30s), the bride and groom, smile, a bit embarrassed. He's got quarterback good looks, she's adorable. Both glowing and in love. They kiss--

CLOSE ON: Charlie standing off to the side. She finishes another glass of champagne in one gulp, sees a half-empty glass on the high boy beside her... thinks... grabs it and gulps that down as well.

The couple kiss some more, Charlie half smiles, then fights the tears welling up. She snags another glass from a passing waiter, and directs her attention towards...

DANA (CONT'D)
Here's to Tom and Mary Beth! What a great end to an amazing wedding season! Love you guys...

The guests raise their glasses. Dana turns to Charlie with the mic. Charlie stares at it for a beat.

DANA (CONT'D)
Okay, Charlie, you're up.

Dana hands her the microphone. Charlie takes it, instantly filling the room with LOUD FEEDBACK--

CHARLIE
(over feedback)
Congrats guys!

She hands it back to Dana as AUNT MARTHA (70s), hard of hearing, turns her hearing aid off with a MUTED SQUELCH.

DANA
(into the microphone)
Oh come on, you have to say more than that. Everyone give it up for Party Charlie!

Charlie cringes at her nickname...

A long table with FIVE BRIDESMAIDS, FIVE GROOMSMEN (and their respective +1s) claps for her. The entire wedding party waits for to proceed.

Dana hands her the microphone, Charlie hands it back. Charlie leans in to speak privately to Dana but the microphone picks it up.

CHARLIE
Seriously, I don't think I want to.

DANA
What's wrong with you?

CHARLIE
I'm way too drunk for this...

DANA
(through her teeth)
Charlie. We saved the best for last. Take it.

Charlie realizes everyone's eyes are on her. She takes the mic. *SQEEEE!* The clubhouse fills with MORE FEEDBACK.

Dana crosses to the table and takes a seat next to VIVICK (30s), her husband with olive features. She puts her arm around him, but he looks deep into his Blackberry

Charlie reluctantly steps forward into the spotlight.

CHARLIE
Okay... uh... so yeah, I'm Charlie and I'm an alcoholic... Just kidding! Although some would beg to differ, *esta noche*. I'm a bridesmaid, duh. Yay, weddings! There is nothing better than free booze, discounted room rates, a buffet of groomsmen... plus, I get to be with all my friends! And according to Dana, wedding season is over, so tough luck for little old me...

Charlie shoots Dana a look and some guests laugh.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Let's see... I was a bridesmaid in Dana's wedding where I set the record for number of photobombs in one night, then two Catholic weddings back to back, and a Jewish wedding -- always the best, bubbe... Yep, they call me Party Charlie for a reason. True story -- I carry a ping pong ball in my purse in case of an emergency... But this is the wedding I've been looking forward to forever! It's Tom and Mary Beth's wedding! Here, let me tell you how they met...
(beat)
I can actually take full credit for us all being here tonight...
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I spent my summers life guarding with Tom. And Mary Beth and I were freshman year room mates -- go Scarlet Knights! Yup, I made the *mistake* of introducing them, and it was all hearts and butterflies after that...
(beat)
Tom, MB. There's a saying. That weddings are the first day of the rest of your life. And I... uh...

Tom sweetly kisses Mary Beth's hand. Charlie stares a little too long.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...I couldn't disagree more! Who *really* wants to get married anyway? First day of the rest of your life...? More like the first day of *the end* of your life. I mean, then you have babies, get old, and get boring -- am I right people?

Charlie laughs expecting the guests to do the same but they're silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Truth is, I had him first.
(catching herself)
I didn't *have* him. I mean we were friends. *Are* friends. Ok, now this just sounds like I love him. *Loved* him. Cause I didn't. I did not love you, Tom. Okay, not funny. Ummm...

Mary Beth and Tom shift in their seat. Guests MURMUR.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Don't freak out people, it's not like we ever dated. We just hooked up. Like, five times. MB, maybe you didn't know that. Did she know that, Tom? Oh, God.
(back tracking)
It didn't mean anything! Just hot summer nights, exploring one another's other's bodies, you know? But good for you, Mary Beth. Because Tom has a great cock. I mean -- dick, no -- penis. Oh my god, I just said penis, dick, and cock at a rehearsal dinner. But it's a *perfect* penis, actually. All dildos should be molded from your shlong, Tom.

Tom smiles, beaming. Mary Beth holds her head in her hands. Charlie instantly goes on the defensive:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm a guy's girl, okay? I'm not some perfect bridesmaid who's going to stand here and play nice. If I was a groomsman, you'd have no problem with what I just said -- I could fuck everyone here, and take those fancy sports cars you pulled up in for joy rides, and, dammit -- I could *ruin* this wedding, and you'd still love me. I mean, I won't. Because I have responsibilities... Just, put that in your bong and smoke it.

Charlie wobbles, shields her eyes from the spotlight.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Ahhh... What is *happening?* What I'm *trying* to say... is that we should all play more beer pong! So, to Tom and Mary Beth. Let's all get the hell out of here!

Charlie raises her glass.

Aunt Martha is the only one who toasts, looks around, turns her hearing aid back on...

Charlie drunkenly wanders out of the spotlight.

INT. CLUBHOUSE -- BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie sits at the bar all alone.

She makes eye contact with JACK (30s) the bartender. Dressed in black slacks and a vest, Charlie notices his bed-head hair and scruffy stubble. He's cute, but she brushes it off for now -- all business:

CHARLIE
Martini. Shaken, stirred, whatever the fuck you want to do -- so long as it's strong.

Jack leans over the bar, gets close.

JACK
Just in case you need it, the exits are behind you and to the left.

CHARLIE
Huh?

JACK
I caught your speech.

Charlie goes to retort, but RYAN (30), an attractive gay groomsman, hustles toward her.

CHARLIE
'Sup slut?

RYAN
Well, well you've out done yourself. This takes the cake.

CHARLIE
Ryan, I don't want to hear it--

RYAN
You've got to let that shit go. Move on. Chapter's closed. Train has left the station. Ship has--

CHARLIE
I got it. I got it.

Dana barges over.

DANA
Jesus, Charlie what the fuck was that?

CHARLIE
You made me say something!
(beat)
Oh, God, am I still invited?

DANA
Yes, you're still invited. Just shut the fuck up. Cause I thought we ordered Party Charlie, not hurricane Charlie. Where the fuck did your date go? Did he leave because of that speech?

CHARLIE
Luckily, he left long before. Listen, could you please tell MB that I am so sorry? She wouldn't even look at me...

DANA
You should probably just keep your distance. She'll cool off.

CHARLIE
(to Jack)
Three shots of tequila.

DANA
Fuck, I wish. I have to go pump. My nipples are so chapped from breast feeding. It's like Emma's chomping down on a corn cob. Look at these tits, they're huge! I'm like a milk Super-Soaker.

Dana grabs her breasts in hand fulls, then leaves.

RYAN
(looks after Dana)
She's fucking nuts with that baby. She spends a hundred grand on fertility, now she's miserable.

Jack sets down three shots of tequila. Charlie takes two for herself and hands one to Ryan. They drink...

CHARLIE
How are you? I called you like three times last week!

RYAN
Ugh, I know, I know. My life consists of HGTV and bed by nine. Phil's kind of a homebody.

Ryan flashes a gold wedding band on his finger.

CHARLIE
Fuck Phil. You cannot bail on me this weekend. We are staying up all night and having Naked Dance Party like old times.

RYAN
But the only way I can fall asleep is if I watch House Hunters...

CHARLIE
You are a sixty year-old man.

RYAN
I know!
(beat)
By the way, Dana and I have a friendly bet about who you'll bone *this* weekend. My money's on...

Charlie follows Ryan's gaze across the room to -- BOBBY (21), Tom's pimply-faced younger brother, who's double fisting Corona Lights. A total frat bro.

CHARLIE
Bobby? Tom's baby brother? That's like fucking the before picture in a ProActiv commercial.

RYAN
It's as close as you're gonna get to the real thing...

That stings Charlie.

The door pops open and Ryan looks up. PHIL (30s), his impeccably dressed boyfriend, pops his head in. He quickly motions for Ryan to come with him, mouths "Come on!"

Ryan nods, stands.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Phil's in a huff. Come help me cheer him up?

CHARLIE
I'm gonna stay here and let Mary Beth cool off.

Ryan leaves Charlie alone as Jack serves her martini. Bobby winks at her and she gulps the drink...

EXT. BRIDAL COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Charlie drunkenly leans against a quaint stone house on the property where all the bridesmaids are staying. She repeatedly rings the doorbell.

She's got Bobby on her arm. He's so drunk he slumps down on the porch...

Dana, in her pajamas, opens the door... all the lights are off inside. Dana sees Bobby passed out, whispers:

DANA
Charlie! You just cost me fifty bucks!

Bobby nods his head, whispers...

BOBBY
I'm gonna fuck you all night...

...then he passes out against the railing.

CHARLIE
Just let me talk to her. All I need is five minutes. I really want to apologize.

DANA
Mary Beth doesn't want you in the bridal house tonight.

CHARLIE
(screams)
I fucked up, Mary Beth! I'm sorry!

DANA
Charlie. No.

CHARLIE
But I'm too drunk to drive...
Where'm I gonna sleep?

Dana goes back inside. Charlie waits a beat, looks at Bobby passed out, then wanders alone down the fairway...

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- NIGHT

Charlie tugs and tugs on the LOCKED DOOR of the reception hall. She tries a window nearby, but that's locked too.

A HUMMING SOUND from behind her. Charlie spins...

And sees THE ANTIQUE PHOTO BOOTH from the 1930s, lit up, warm and inviting. Charlie turns to go, then has a thought.

She drunkenly stumbles over to the old timey machine, kicks off her shoes, walks inside, and snaps the curtain closed...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- THE NEXT MORNING

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! A PHOTOSTRIP is ejected from the booth. It's a succession of Charlies -- hair a mess, being woken up by the bright lights. She looks like shit.

Charlie opens the curtain, and looks around a bit confused. She stretches, back cracking, and takes the photostrip.

Charlie marches around the corner of the building, hung over. The sound of the gardener mowing the lawn is unbearable.

Tom and HIS GROOMSMEN tee off close by. He turns and sees her approaching. She holds the photostrip aloft, and Ryan makes a face.

CHARLIE
I don't remember anything that happened last night. I slept in the photo booth.
(off Ryan's look)
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
They lock a lot of doors around here, okay?

Bobby hustles over to her and pulls out A PAIR OF PANTIES from his pocket. Charlie realizes she's going commando.

Charlie glares at Tom who looks away. She's mortified.

BOBBY
You were amazing last night.

CHARLIE
Oh Jesus... I'm gonna throw up.

Charlie's phone BUZZES. A text from Dana reads: "GET HERE NOW." Charlie takes off jogging... Bobby calls after:

BOBBY
I'll see you later, okay!?!
(to the others)
She's obsessed with me.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - MORNING

A makeshift bridal suite in the tower of the clubhouse. Chatter is loud in here, full of female relatives.

Mary Beth and MRS. WILLIAMS (60), her mother, get their hair done next to one another. Dana sits beside SALLY (45), Mary Beth's overweight co-worker. VIOLA (28), Mary Beth's dowdy, wonky-eyed sister sits beside an empty chair...

Charlie bursts in and everyone falls silent. It's clear that they're gossiping about her.

CHARLIE
Sorry I'm late. Mary Beth you look beautiful. Can we talk for a sec?

MARY BETH
You're over there. And do me a favor. Just don't talk to me for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Williams shoots Charlie a nasty look.

Charlie sits down in the empty seat beside Viola, and one of the hairdressers moves in. Viola leans in...

VIOLA
I, for one, liked your speech. I heard a great speech once -- at my group meeting for eating disorders.

CHARLIE
Oh my god, Viola, I'm so sorry, I didn't know...

VIOLA
Oh, no I'm fine. I just like the people. They're intense, and they do the best ribs in town. You should come some time! Anyway, it wasn't a bad speech. I know how you feel. I'd rather have a pap smear every day for the rest of my life than go to another wedding single. Some pretty hunky groomsmen, though huh?
(beat)
Yeah, but you're right. Tom's just hands down the hottest one. That was very interesting, what you said about his penis--

CHARLIE
He's about to be your brother-in-law, Viola!

VIOLA
(swoons)
Lucky me...

Sally crosses and hands Mary Beth a gift bag.

SALLY
From me, and the rest of the girls at the office...

Mary beth opens it and removes... an ugly blue broche!

SALLY (CONT'D)
...remember Kathy in HR?

MARY BETH
Who I watched die of a heart attack in the break room last year?

SALLY
She *really* wanted you to have this.

MARY BETH
Oh... kay. How sweet of you guys.

Charlie leans in to Viola.

CHARLIE
Well, you've got something borrowed, something blue, and something reeking of death all rolled up into one.

LATER

Mary Beth shimmies into her dress, covered in pearl beading. The bridesmaids and Mrs. Williams circle around her as photographs are taken. She looks amazing. Sally pins the dead woman's broche to Mary Beth's bouquet.

Charlie slips into her sea-foam green, strapless dress... It's three sizes too big. She might as well be wearing a tent. She pulls at the ringlets in her hair (c. 1996) as Dana approaches, zips up the dress...

DANA
Did you get this hemmed?

CHARLIE
Ummm, they must've switched it at the cleaners...

DANA
(knowing look)
I thought you were a pro at this.

The door flies open and in marches BEVERLY SMALLS (40), the hulking drill Sargent of a wedding planner. She carries an iPad and a grudge.

She quickly checks in with Mary Beth, then gets everyone's attention. Charlie narrows her eyes...

BEVERLY
Settle down, ladies. I'm Beverly Smalls, and I just did a wedding at the summit of Everest, had to medivac the bride out due to altitude sickness -- So this is peanuts to me... I'll be the bridezilla today in lieu of Mary Beth. I speak for her, and my word is the last word. Do you understand? This is Mary Beth's day. Say it with me--

BRIDESMAIDS / BEVERLY
"*Mary Beth's day...*"

Beverly marches around the room, getting in the face of each one of the women...

BEVERLY
You're my soldiers! I expect you to take a bullet for this woman! You ever been shot before, ladies? I've been shot. It stings. And bleeds. But you just walk it off and everything's fine...

Beverly composes herself.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Once we leave this room, it's a battlefield out there. I need you girls to keep your eyes and ears open. Because I swear to Christ Almighty that I will make your night a living hell if this sweet, innocent bride-to-be sheds one tear that isn't a tear of joy today. Mary Beth has asked you to help out with certain things, but I want to highlight a few other responsibilities.
(clears her throat)
Number one: be on the lookout for dress duty when nature calls... Number two: Mary Beth's parents. They haven't seen one another since the divorce, and as you all know Mrs. Williams has as restraining order in place, so I need someone to run interference... Fifty feet in all directions.

Beverly comes to Charlie, who looks like a mess in her dress. Beverly checks her iPad...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Ah, you're the infamous Charlie, correct? I have a few rules for you, dear: No swinging from chandeliers, no wild animals, no sermons -- you know what, just don't speak unless spoken to. And even then, run your responses by me. Oh, and one other thing...
(Charlie looks up)
No drinking. No shots, no beer, no wine, no mouthwash. Okay ladies? Let's go get these two hitched!

Mary Beth looks away when Charlie, hurt for being singled out, tries to meet her gaze.

EXT. STONE CHAPEL -- DAY

The bridesmaids wait outside a quaint stone chapel at the edge of the golf course. No sign of Mary Beth.

They all wear sea-foam green, strapless dresses that hug all the wrong places. Everyone looks uncomfortable.

VIOLA
(points)
Here they come!

Charlie shades her eyes... Over the golf course comes A CARAVAN of golf carts carrying Tom, the groomsmen, TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS, and the rest of the wedding party...

The dudes unload, and Tom looks around nervously.

TOM
Where's Mary Beth?

A flock of pigeons is released into the sky. One of them flies into the stained glass window of the church -- and falls down dead. Charlie goes white.

Suddenly, the doors to the chapel FLY OPEN, revealing Mary Beth standing on the porch.

Tom's throat catches... He slowly approaches Mary Beth, chin quivering. Tom breaks down in a goobery heap of grown-man-crying. The photographers snap candids.

TOM (CONT'D)
(sobs)
God, you look stunning!

Mary Beth wipes one of Tom's tears away. They have a moment, kissing. A pigeon lands on Tom's shoulder. He swats at it as the photogs move in.

MOMENTS LATER

Everybody lines up to take a group shot.

The photographer kneels and holds up his hand...

PHOTOGRAPHER
On three, everybody say canteloupe!
One-two-three--

WEDDING PARTY
Cantel--!

WIZZZZZZZZZ--

AN AIRBORNE POV speeds high over the golf course, right toward the chapel, the wedding party, right toward...

TOM

Still smiling for the photo--

TOM
--anteloupe!

PLOCK! A golf ball descends from the sky, hits him right in the eye! He SCREAMS, palm over face, doubled over in pain...

Charlie rushes in to help him. Dana's baby STARTS CRYING.

SNAPSHOTS ARE TAKEN:

--Mary Beth and Tom hold hands beneath a cupola. TWO HORSES graze behind them. Tom's got a SWOLLEN EYE. Dana's baby SCREAMS in the background.

--Dana baubles her baby in her arms AS IT WAILS. Mary Beth manages a weak smile, but Dana can tell she's pissed.

--FLASH! Parents and Bride. FLASH! Parents and groom. FLASH! Grandma! FLASH! Cousins! FLASH! Aunt Martha!

EXT. CHAPEL -- MOMENTS LATER

FLASH! The ENTIRE WEDDING PARTY stands positioned on the steps of the chapel. Dana's baby SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER... Thumbs up from the photographer. Everybody breaks formation.

INT. CHAPEL -- LATER

Classical music plays. The wedding is in MID PROCESSION.

The audience watches Sally wobble down the aisle. Each step she takes seems as if she's just about to fall... and yet she miraculously struggles through another in her HIGH HEELS .

INT. CHAPEL ENTRY -- SAME

Mary Beth watches through a small window in the door.

MARY BETH
Come on, Sal. You can do it. If she falls... I give up.

CHARLIE
I doubt that girl's seen a pair of high heels in her life.

Beverly stands beside the door. She motions for Charlie...

BEVERLY
Five seconds.

Charlie shifts into position. Viola, who's been hanging back, spots something on Mary Beth's beaded dress.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
...three... two...

VIOLA
There's a fuzzy.

Viola reaches out and pinches something on the dress...

BEVERLY
...one... go, go, go!

Viola yanks -- *ziiiip* -- and a thread unspools from the bodice of the dress... Viola stares at the string, confused.

A WHOLE SECTION OF PEARLS cascade from the dress and down across the floor. Mary Beth looks down, horrified.

Beverly whips open the door, oblivious.

INT. CHAPEL -- MOMENTS LATER

THE PRIEST, an elderly man, squints at his notes at the pulpit. Mary Beth (in her half-beaded dress) holds hands with Tom (eye fully swollen) in front of the altar. They grin and bare through:

PRIEST
Welcome everyone into the house of our lord Jesus Christ. *Tim* and *Meredith*, you have brought a host of people from far and wide. Such is the power of your love for one another, *Tim*. And *Meredith*.

With each miss pronunciation of their names, Mary Beth jerks her head just a bit, experiencing physical pain...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Meredeth, an accomplished flautist, has prepared an original piece.

Mary Beth approaches as music stand, picks up a flute, and begins playing. It's beautiful. Tom quietly WEEPS.

LATER

Tom and Mary Beth kiss, and the congregation applauds. Sally, legs trembling, barely keeps it together in her heels.

Charlie claps, steels a discreet glance down at her watch. When she looks up, Bobby gets her attention, his tongue pulsating inside his cheek.

Next to Charlie, Sally gives in to gravity. Her ankles buckle and she FACE PLANTS on the steps, taking the Priest and pulpit with her--!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- EVENING

Cocktail hour. Charlie does a shrimp shooter, then gets Viola on her arm.

Viola hikes her thumb to where Mary Beth stands by the door doing her pee-dance, beckoning them.

VIOLA
Nature calls...
(off Charlie)
Oh, please help me... I've already ruined the dress...

Charlie locks her jaw, then moves with Viola to Mary Beth.

INT. LADIES ROOM -- DAY

Mary Beth squats above the bowl while the girls kneel beside and hold the dress up. They wait in silence...

MARY BETH
Sorry, I get stage fright. Flush?

Charlie exhales. Viola flushes the toilet.

It spray-spittles while it swirls. Charlie inches away on her knees as Mary Beth begins to pee, smiling.

Something splashes in Charlie's eye--

CHARLIE
Oh, oh, oh, oh! Pee in eye!
PEE WATER IN MY FUCKING EYE!!

Charlie drops her end of the dress, which dances dangerously close to the swirling bowl. Mary Beth screams!

MARY BETH
Don't you let that dress touch pee!
Don't you dare!

VIOLA
I can't hold it alone!

MARY BETH
Just watch the fucking dress!!

VIOLA
I can feel it splashing my shins!

Charlie quickly wipes her eye, leans back in, shifting Mary Beth -- and gets a stream of pee across her arm! Her fingers drip as the toilet winds down it's sprinkler-flush.

A moment of silence as Mary Beth's pee still trickles -- punctuated by a tiny lady fart.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BAR -- EVENING

Jack nods as Charlie approaches the bar, squirting copious amounts of hand sanitizer into her palms.

CHARLIE
Boilermaker. Vodka and a Bud.

Jack nods, pours Charlie the shot. He undoes the cap of the beer bottle, and Charlie raises the shot to her lips--

Only to have it snatched away by Beverly, who dumps it right into the wet bar. Bev smirks at Charlie, turns to Jack.

BEVERLY
I gave this lush strict orders.
Not a single drop while she's under
my watch. And I'm *always* watching.

Beverly makes eagle-eyes at Charlie.

AT CHARLIE'S TABLE -- LATER

Mid-dinner. Charlie got THE SINGLES TABLE with Bobby and Viola. Viola eats a piece of her steak... she chews. And chews. And chews. Manages a smile, mouth full.

VIOLA
It's cooked *perfectly*...

Bobby moves his chair closer to Charlie. Charlie scoots away.

BOBBY
(whispered)
I want to be inside you. Please
give me another chance. Look, I
know I jizzed in my pants last
night, but that thing you did with
your tongue in my ear...

Charlie piles the butter onto her bread -- doesn't see Jack pass behind her carrying SALADS on a tray...

Jack awkwardly TRIPS and the whole tray of SALAD PLATES comes crashing down. A plate lands on Charlie's shoulder, spilling lettuce, and raspberry vinaigrette down her dress.

JACK
Oh my god, I'm so sorry Miss--

The whole ball room turns to look. Somebody claps. Charlie, embarrassed, stands with her purse and walks out picking arugula from strands of her hair.

INT. LADIES ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie rinses the ends of her hair out. She zips open her purse, which unfolds into a kit, her "go bag." Inside is Advil, mascara, tweezers, (ping pong ball), and a Tide Pen.

Charlie slips her arm out of the dress and begins dabbing it with the stain remover. AN ELDERLY WOMAN exits one of the stalls and sees Charlie scrubbing... Charlie mugs:

CHARLIE
Salad dressing... Usually it's a *different* kind of stain... heh.

Zero reaction from the woman, who dries her hands and exits. Charlie catches her frazzled look in the mirror.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Just a couple more hours...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BAR -- NIGHT

Jack uncaps a beer and hands it to Tom. Charlie appears by his side, a bit timid.

TOM
Charlie! Can you believe it!? Yesterday I was single. Today I'm married. Whoo...

CHARLIE
Tom, I just want to say, about my speech last night--

Beverly pops in between them, takes Tom away by the arm.

BEVERLY
Time to cut the cake!

Charlie watches them go -- with longing.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie sits alone at her table as Tom and Mary Beth cut the cake together. Everyone cheers!

The DJ, a swank-looking Master of Ceremonies in tails, kneels beside Charlie.

DJ
You're Charlie, right? You're supposed to have the CD of that incredibly rare bootleg for the last slow dance? Only performed once ever in the history of the band before they all died? What's the song...?

CHARLIE
I forgot it, and it's called shoot me in the fucking face now, please.

DJ
(hands up)
Or, I'll figure something else out.

LATER

Charlie watches Mary Beth try to entice people onto the empty dance floor... Charlie takes MB up on it, but MB turns her back and leaves Charlie doing the rollie-polie alone.

The song ends, the lights dim, and the DJ gets on the mic.

DJ
Alright ladies and germs, it's time for the final slow-dance of the night. So grab your main squeeze and hit the dance floor for my personal favorite song of all time in the history of recorded music--

Charlie waits for it... Chris De Burgh's 1986 hit "The Lady In Red" begins to play. Tom and Mary Beth stare right at her, totally peeved, shaking their heads...

They take center of the dance floor, and look about as happy as can be with a black eye and a half-beaded wedding dress.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- SAME

The back patio is deserted, yet "The Lady In Red" can be heard echoing out from the ballroom...

The ANTIQUE PHOTO BOOTH stands, curtain half-open. The neon filament lights along the side begin to GLOW BRIGHTER... the entire contraption emits A LOW HUMMING... growing LOUDER...

SPARKS FLY from the outlet where the booth is plugged in--

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- SAME

Charlie looks up when the lights FLICKER -- just as the song reaches it's emotional crescendo: "Laaady in rehhhhhddd--"

But suddenly the entire ballroom is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, and the song cuts out. SILENCE.

SNAP! Charlie is illuminated in a shaft of spotlight. She raises her hand to block it, squinting at the almost God-like, searing, white light from above.

Suddenly, Charlie notices that she's alone on the dance floor which extends out into infinity. Charlie tries to step out from the spotlight, but it follows her every way she turns.

CHARLIE
Hey...! What's going on?

The spotlight FLICKERS brightly. Charlie shades her eyes, but the light GLOWS BRIGHTER, BLOWING OUT HER POV--

SMASH TO WHITE!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Charlie squints her eyes as her face is washed out THREE TIMES. She looks around, disoriented...

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- PATIO -- DAY

The old photo booth ejects the photo strip. Charlie -- half-asleep and hung over.

The curtain parts and Charlie steps out of the photo booth, hair matted, wearing the dress from the rehearsal dinner. It's morning. She squints...

Charlie frowns, tries to clear her head... When she turns around the corner and sees the same guy cutting the lawn... she smiles, gives the guy a thumbs up.

CHARLIE
Way to mow the lawn twice, buddy!

Charlie massages her temples.

EXT. GOLF GREEN -- DAY

Charlie walks disoriented down the fairway.

TOM (O.S.)
Charlie?

Charlie looks up to see the Groomsmen about to tee off.

CHARLIE
Shouldn't you be on a flight?
(noticing)
Your eye looks completely fine.
Who did your concealer?

TOM
Huh? I'm not wearing makeup.

CHARLIE
Yeah, and I'm not wearing any panties...

Bobby smiles at her. He reaches into his back pocket and removes her panties again. Charlie takes them, dumbfounded.

BOBBY
You were amazing last night.

CHARLIE
No way. Again? My god, what did I smoke?

Charlie glances at her phone. A text from Mary Beth reads, "GET HERE NOW." Charlie's face drops, what is happening?

Charlie takes off at a light jog.

BOBBY
I'll see you later, okay!?!
(to the others)
She's obsessed with me.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Charlie rushes into the makeshift salon and all conversation comes to a complete stop. Embarrassed, she says nothing and sits down in an empty seat next to Viola.

EXT. STONE CHAPEL -- DAY

The wedding party has assembled in front of the chapel. Charlie has a confused smile plastered on her face. Two pigeons peck at the grass around her feet.

The photographer holds up his hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER
On three, everybody say canteloupe!
One-two-three--

WEDDING PARTY
Canteloupe!

CHARLIE
(gets the joke)
Can't... elope!

PLOCK! A golf ball smacks Tom right in the eye! He SCREAMS, palm over face, doubled over in pain... Charlie watches as people crowd around. None of this makes any sense to her.

INT./ETX. GOLF CART -- DAY

Charlie sits with Ryan, riding backward on a golf cart.

CHARLIE
I'm freaking out, Ryan!

RYAN
You're freaking out? *I'm* freaking out! Last night, Phil told me we've lost the spark. After watching Tom and Mary Beth, he gave me an ultimatum -- I need to step up my game...

CHARLIE
I don't know what to tell you.

RYAN
I held your hand when you were crying about that guy with the gimp leg who broke up with you because he didn't think you were athletic enough... Help me out!

CHARLIE
Just go give him a blowjob.

RYAN
Are you kidding me? Blowjob? I have a real job! There's no time for blowjobs!
(grabs her)
What am I supposed to do, Charlie!?

CHARLIE
Maybe he just needs to be romanced.

RYAN
Oh god, Phil's idea of romance is a fucking skywriter and a mariachi band. He can't accept that this is what happens when you've been with the same guy for ten years. If he doesn't like this, he can find a dude to blow him on Grindr. I don't feel like I have the energy to give him what he needs.

CHARLIE
I can't even handle that right now, so back to my problem, please? ...I think I'm having a nervous breakdown.

Charlie averts her eyes as Ryan -- BLEEPBLEEP -- gets a text. He reads it, and begins to respond.

INT. CHAPEL ENTRY -- LATER

Viola reaches for something on Mary Beth's dress...

VIOLA
There's a fuzzy.

Viola yanks, and A WHOLE SECTION OF PEARLS cascade from the dress and down across the wood floor. Their rolling becomes A DULL ROAR as Charlie's world gets drowned out by her creeping panic...

SHE'S DONE THIS ALREADY.

CUT TO:

DANA'S CRYING BABY

Screams right in our face.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- EVENING

Cocktail hour. Charlie has sequestered Dana in a corner of the club's patio with her SCREAMING baby.

CHARLIE
How do you shut this baby up? I can't hear myself think!

DANA
...I'm the one that should be crying. Vivick showed me how to do tantric sex! Do you *know* what having a full-body orgasm for twelve hours feels like? And now my vagina's like a garbage chute!

A server interrupts with:

SERVER
--Chipotle skewers?

Dana plucks one from the tray. Charlie refuses. Dana gobbles it down, makes a face.

DANA
Have you noticed that all the food here sucks?
(off Charlie)
Don't look at me like that. Would you please go out there and find a dude to bone? Your singleness is starting to stink.

One of the pigeons from earlier SWOOPS IN, fluttering around Charlie's head. She swats at it, and it takes off...

DANA (CONT'D)
Poor MB. They were out of doves.

Charlie pops a Xanax. Dana holds out her palm for one too.

DANA (CONT'D)
(swallows)
How many of these did you take last night? You were on *something*...

CHARLIE
Okay, yeah, yeah, the speech. But there's something going on here!

Dana pats her breasts...

DANA
Ugh, I'm leaking. Would you hold The Terror while I pump? If you see Vivick, tell him he's a dead beat dad.

Charlie doesn't even respond. She gets an armful of hot, crying infant, which she holds away from her at arm's length.

Suddenly, the baby spits up all over the grass. Charlie notices that the baby is SILENT, and she turns her to face her. She smiles at her...

And then she promptly starts SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER again.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- LATER

Charlie sits at the singles table, ZONED OUT.

Viola eats a piece of her steak... she chews. And chews. And chews. Manages a smile, mouth full.

VIOLA
It's cooked *perfectly*...

Bobby moves his chair closer to Charlie, offers her some bread from the basket. Something dawns on Charlie.

BOBBY
(whispered)
I want to be inside you. Please give me another chance. Look, I know I--

CHARLIE
Yeah, you jizzed in your pants last night, but... that thing I do with my tongue... in your ear...

Bobby frowns, mid-sentence. Charlie wearily smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
See, the thing is... I *knew* you were going to say that--

Charlie doesn't see Jack the waiter pass behind her carrying SALADS on a tray...

Jack awkwardly TRIPS and the whole tray of SALAD PLATES comes crashing down. One lands on Charlie's shoulder. She gasps--

DANCE FLOOR -- LATER

Mary Beth, her back to A GROUP OF GIRLS, aims to toss the bouquet. Charlie watches...

Mary Beth launches the bouquet into the group and VIOLA catches it. Charlie smirks as the crowd parts...

Leaving ROSE (11), the flower girl, all alone. She sticks her tongue out at Charlie as she walks away, pouting.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Pop! Pop! Charlie exits, finds little Rose taking a hair pin to a collection of balloons. Pop! Charlie kneels down, stops her.

CHARLIE
Excuse me, little girl. Is there something going on here? If everybody's in on some kind of a joke, you can tell me...

ROSE
My aunt says you're on drugs.

CHARLIE
The better question is, have I *been* drugged? Who would have drugged me? Bobby -- that pervert.
(beat)
Hey. Why the frowny face?

ROSE
Because I didn't catch the bouquet.

CHARLIE
Aww, come on now. Don't let *that* ruin your night. It's just a stupid tradition that brides made up so single women hate themselves at weddings. Point is, there's more to life than catching some flowers that are gonna die in a week anyway.

ROSE
Oh yeah? What is it, then?

CHARLIE
(beat)
I'll tell you, if you give everyone the sign to call this off, hmm? Just shout out that safe word!

Rose, hands on her hips, storms away. She pops another balloon on her way for good measure.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- LATER

The lights dim and the DJ gets on the mic.

DJ
Alright ladies and germs, it's time for the final slow-dance of the night. So grab your main squeeze and hit the dance floor for my personal favorite song of all time in the history of recorded music--

"The Lady In Red" begins to play. People couple-up around Charlie... Charlie just stands there as the song plays...

Charlie watches Tom and Mary Beth dancing together. Charlie, lost in moment, cringes... again.

Charlie looks up when the lights FLICKER -- just as the song reaches it's emotional crescendo: "Laaady in rehhhhhddd--"

Suddenly the entire ballroom is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, the song cuts out. SILENCE.

SNAP! Charlie is illuminated, alone, in a shaft of spotlight. She raises her hand to block it, squinting at the almost God-like, searing, white light...

Then the spotlight FLICKERS brightly. The light GROWS BRIGHTER, until--

CHARLIE
Wait, wait, wait! What the fuh--

SMASH TO WHITE!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- PATIO -- DAY

Charlie exits the photo booth again. She's back in her old dress, and there's the guy cutting the lawn.

CHARLIE
No, no, no....

EXT. GOLF GREEN -- DAY

Charlie jogs right past all the groomsmen teeing off. Bobby waves her panties at her, but she just keeps going.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie, hysterical, runs into the parking lot. Tom rushes after her.

TOM
Charlie! Charlie, stop! Listen--

CHARLIE
I have to go. I have a disease.

TOM
You seem fine to me...
(Charlie backs off)
You can't leave, I'm getting married in few hours.

CHARLIE
You got married yesterday, Tom. And the day before that, *and* the day before that... I'm not going to watch you do it again. I have to end this thing.

Charlie BEEPS her car and marches toward it. Tom cocks his head, trying to make sense of what she just said.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- MORNING

Charlie drives her rental car off the property. She has to SLAM ON HER BRAKES at the end of the driveway!

Cut off by Beverly, the wedding planner, just arriving for the morning. Beverly lays on her horn, shouts at Charlie. Charlie scowls at her, then drives on.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Charlie’s car speeds past frame. The sun is high in the sky.

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR -- DAY

Charlie fiddles with the dial of the radio until she finds a TOP 40 station. Bops her head to the music.

She opens a pack of gum, and pops a piece into her mouth.

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR -- NIGHT

Charlie drives, still rockin’ out, still chewing gum. She rolls down the window and lets the wind blow back her hair.

Charlie reaches for the dial when the station turns to FUZZ. Isn’t able to get anything else... yet it seems that A SONG plays faintly underneath the static...

Charlie dials in -- it’s “The Lady in Red.” Suddenly the interior of the car is WASHED OUT WHITE--

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- MORNING

Charlie rips the curtain right off the photo booth as she comes running out of it.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Charlie pulls up outside an INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. She just leaves her car at the curb.

INT. TERMINAL -- LATER

Charlie boards a flight to TOKYO, JAPAN.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Charlie sits between TWO ELDERLY JAPANESE WOMEN.

LATER

Charlie is ASLEEP on one of the nice lady’s shoulders. She wakes up suddenly, looks around, wipes some drool...

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

Charlie walks off the flight into the airport terminal. All of the signage is in JAPANESE.

She raises her fists in the air, shouts a little WAR CRY.

The other passengers look on, jet-lagged.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM -- LATER

Charlie waits for her bags with everyone else. She reads a guide book to Japan... frowns, ears pricked. Music...

She turns. Behind her -- A KARAOKE BAR.

A YOUNG JAPANESE MAN serenades A YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN, rapt with love-soaked attention. The song?

“Laaady in rehhh--”

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- SAME

The song continues here, BACK AT THE WEDDING, as Charlie marches across the dance floor, right toward THE DJ.

She grabs the power cord from the speakers -- unplugs it.

SILENCE. Everyone on the dance floor stops to look at her.

Charlie holds the cord aloft.

CHARLIE
Ha-*ha!* Can’t play the song if you--

BLEEP-DEEP-DAH-DEEEEEEEP!

A cell phone rings. Charlie’s face drops. The DJ digs in his pocket and pulls out his smartphone. It’s a bad SYNTH version of “The Lady In Red.” Just when he goes to answer--

Charlie is illuminated by the spotlight.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

Charlie runs into the parking lot. Tom rushes after her.

TOM
Charlie! Charlie, stop! Listen--

CHARLIE
Tom, I can’t stay.

TOM
You *have* to.

CHARLIE
Trust me, you won't miss me.

Tom grabs her.

TOM
We've all been friends for so long... In some ways I feel like you're the only person that has ever understood me. It wouldn't be the same without you.
(chanting)
Party... Charlie! Party, Charlie!
(off her smile)
There she is! Let's go do a shot!

Charlie sees the sincerity in Tom's face and nods her head.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- LATER

Charlie sits with Bobby and Viola, who chews her steak with great vigor.

VIOLA
(mouth full)
It's cooked *perfectly*...

This time, Charlie sees Jack approaching awkwardly with the tray of salads...

CHARLIE
Oh, fucking hell!

He wobbles, looks like he's about to fall--

Charlie drops her napkin, quickly stands up, and catches the tray -- they bobble with it for a moment, but not a salad plate falls.

Jack gets his bearings... and Charlie takes a moment to *really* see him for the first time. A couple of tattoos poke out from under his collar and sleeves. He's got scruffy stubble, and his bed-head hair suits him. He's cute.

JACK
Wow, that could have been bad!

CHARLIE
Trust me. I know.

JACK
Let me get these set down, and how about I fix you something special at the bar... my treat?

Jack nods, walks off.

AT THE BAR -- LATER

Charlie sidles up to the bar as Mr. Cunningham walks to the microphone to make a speech. He begins talking out of earshot as Jack pours her a shot of whisky.

JACK
Here you go. Thanks again for the save with the salads.

CHARLIE
Well, they were headed for my dress anyway, so...
(re: the drink)
I don't drink whisky. Corona, with a shot of tequila.

JACK
Okay... I'm Jack, by the way.

CHARLIE
Fitting name for a whisky guy.

While Jack makes her drink, Charlie turns and sees Tom and Mary Beth listening to Mr. Cunningham's speech. She gets that blank look on her face again. Jack notices.

JACK
I'd go easy if I were you.
(off Charlie)
I've seen this a thousand times. Single girl at a wedding, pining for the groom... booze is just fuel to the man-fire you should put out.

CHARLIE
Excuse me? I didn't know you were the kind of bartender who likes to play therapist.

JACK
Therapist? No. Unless you're going to tell me about weird, freaky shit you do in the sack.

CHARLIE
Okay, know-it-all. What if I told you... I've already done this?

JACK
This? Me making you a drink?

CHARLIE
No, no. This wedding. I've been repeating it. What do you make of that?

JACK
Oh, quit complaining. Last year, I went thirty-six Saturdays in a row doing weddings. They all start to blur together. At first I was like, blah, blah, kisses, speeches, *blech*. But, if you look on the bright side, everyone's happy at a wedding. They're little celebrations of love.

CHARLIE
Of course. You don't believe me either.
(beat)
Wait. Are you gay?

JACK
Definitely not gay.

Charlie gives him a look, who is this guy?

JACK (CONT'D)
Every party comes to an end sooner or later. I should know. I'm on cleanup duty. Cheer up bar girl.

CHARLIE
Bar girl? You have no idea who I am. You can go eat a dick.

AN ATTRACTIVE PARTY GUEST walks by and Charlie checks him out... Jack sets down Charlie's beer and shot.

JACK
(off Charlie)
You know what they say... That "the only way to get over your ex, is to get under your next..."

Something hits Charlie like a ton of bricks. She smiles to herself for the first time all day.

CHARLIE
Well, Jack, maybe sleeping with every man here is the only way out. And until then, here's to this party *never* ending.

Down the hatch it goes... Charlie spins around, noticing the BUFFET OF MEN on the dance floor for the first time tonight.

From the side waltzes Beverly, looking stern...

Charlie just struts right past her and starts to jive to the upbeat tempo of the music.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- NIGHT

VARIOUS GUESTS are lined up to use the photo booth...

But it's clear from the banging and the two sets of shoes seen beneath the cloth curtain that people are having sex inside. The whole contraption rocks back and forth.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Oh! Yes, baby! Yes! This is exactly what I *neeeeeeeed!*

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! The filmstrip ejected is a series of Charlie's face in utter ecstacy.

The curtain parts -- out struts Charlie, her lipstick smeared across her face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You guys might want to give him a few minutes to cool down...
(beat)
Who's up next?

The other guests waiting look disgusted.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- DAY

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The old photo booth ejects a photo strip. Charlie -- smiling. She even looks bright eyed and bushy tailed.

Charlie steps out of the photo booth, ready for a new day. A smirking, devilish grin across her face.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET -- NIGHT

Beverly gets shoved into the closet with the mops and cleaning supplies. She's tied with rope and gagged. She moans pathetically as Charlie SLAMS THE DOOR in her face!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jack pours Charlie a shot of vodka. Down the hatch it goes.

Charlie taps the bar for another...

DANCE FLOOR -- LATER

Charlie parties *HARD*. Her drunken joy is infectious. Glow sticks have been passed out and Charlie raves like a pro.

The song ends and Charlie stops spinning. A GROUP OF UNCLES cheers and whistles. She takes a bow, and falls over.

EXT. GOLF COURSE, NINTH HOLE - NIGHT

A puff of smoke fills the screen as Charlie exhales -- a huge grin plastered across her face. She smokes A BLUNT with THREE BUSBOYS...

CHARLIE
Damn, this shit is good... Tastes a little like Purple Urkel. No, no, don't tell me -- Strawberry Cough. Okay... Indica or sativa?

The busboys just stare blankly at Charlie, totally stoned. She sees their faces and breaks out LAUGHING...

INT. LADIES ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie *SNIFFFFFS* a line of coke, offers some to Viola. Viola takes a rolled-up dollar bill from Charlie and snorts the line, wipes her nose, smiles.

INT. RECEPTION HALL -- NIGHT

Charlie holds three pills in her hand -- they all have smiley faces on them. She knocks them back, swigs with a beer.

LATER

A slow dance. Tom and Mary Beth pull one another close... something tufts under MB's dress, she goes wide-eyed--

Charlie rises up from under Mary Beth's dress, her face plastered with a grin. She smiles at Mary Beth... then licks her up the face.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Charlie and Ryan play chicken with the golf carts. Looks like it's going to be a head-on collision--

Ryan SCREAMS, chickens, and dodges. Charlie cheers!

INT. PRO SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie grabs a bottle of water from a refrigerated case. She RATTLES her little bottle of Advil. Pops three. Swallows. Her hangover's better already...

DING-A-LING! Charlie turns, sees HUNTER (30s), the hunkiest of Tom's groomsmen, face in his Blackberry. Charlie licks her lips, dribbling some water from her mouth.

She steps in front of Hunter. He isn't looking, and he trips right over her foot. He falls through a display of golf balls which spill all over the floor. Whoops!

DING-A-LING!

Hunter enters. Charlie marches right up to him, and swats his Blackberry away to get his attention.

CHARLIE
Why do you always have your nose in that thing, Hunter?

He looks up, barely.

HUNTER
Offshore I-banking, toots. Stocks, bonds, odd-marketable securities. I'm off to London tomorrow, actually. Money waits for no man.

CHARLIE
Okay, thanks!

She struts off. Hunter watches her ass as she goes.

DING-A-LING!

Hunter examines an expensive set of clubs. Charlie sneaks up to him, clandestine. She whispers:

CHARLIE
I hear *all the boats rise* in Shanghai at oh-nine-hundred.
(off Hunter)
Buy and hold, Hunter. Buy and hold. Make mamma proud.

Charlie dashes off... Hunter raises his Blackberry, begins scrolling through it. He frowns... then smiles.

INT. STATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Hunter throws Charlie onto the bed.

HUNTER
I can't resist a woman who's got her finger on the pulse of the international markets.
(beat)
I want to warn you though. What we just did was highly illegal.

CHARLIE
Wait'll you see what *I'm* gonna do!

Charlie RIPS OPEN his tuxedo shirt. Hunter pulls her into his arms. Charlie pauses--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Say... do you have any secret fetishes? Some dudes are into nipple clamps... You? Feet?

HUNTER
I've got a thing for innocent, barely-legal Catholic schoolgirls.

CHARLIE
The tight, white shirt?

HUNTER
Tight and white.

CHARLIE
Pleated skirt...

HUNTER
...those knee-high socks... that little flash of panties...

CHARLIE
Okay, I get the picture.
(beat)
I know we just met, but I wanna spice things up a bit.

Hunter and Charlie open-mouth kiss, roll out of frame.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

The ceremony. Charlie walks down the aisle -- dressed in full Catholic schoolgirl garb, just as Hunter described.

Everyone in the audience turns to look. People snap photos. Charlie just smiles and walks to the music.

She passes Hunter on her way into line with the other bridesmaids, and rubs her bouquet of flowers across his chest.

CHARLIE
I've sinned, and I need to confess.

Hunter has to hide his boner.

INT. STATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie and Hunter make the bed SLAM against the wall.

HUNTER
You're gonna have to say a whole lot of Hail Mary's for this...

CHARLIE
(moans)
Oh, Jesus!

HUNTER
Jesus is gonna bust a nut!

The BANGING increases in speed.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- EVENING

Charlie stands smoking cigarettes with TWO VALET GUYS on their break. Several other Valet run to and fro.

All the wealthy wedding guests arrive. The procession of cars is stunning. Bently after Porsche after BMW.

Charlie motions to AN ASTIN MARTIN DB9.

CHARLIE
I was amped for the DB9, but it was kind of a let-down, honestly. Is there such a thing as *too much* torque? I don't know...

The valet guys consider this thoughtfully.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Now, the Cayman. Talk about perfection. The handling was great. Only con was I could barely get four hundred miles to a tank. And I was going *fast!*

VALET GUY
Sure know a lot about cars, lady.

CHARLIE
It's become a recent hobby, Pedro.

A FERRARI roars to a stop in front of them. The valet guys spring to action. Charlie stubs her smoke.

The owner of the Ferrari steps out of the gulf-wing doors.

FERRARI OWNER
(to Valet)
You scratch it, I'll have you deported.

He tosses his keys through the air--

--Charlie snags 'em, and hops right in. *VROOM-VROOM--*

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- MOMENTS LATER

--VROOM! The Ferrari LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR over a slope of the golf course. It lands further down the fairway...

All the valet guys CHASE AFTER HER, followed by the car's owner. A couple of them hop into GOLF CARTS...

INT. FERRARI -- SAME

Charlie rattles and rolls with the uneven terrain.

CHARLIE
S-s-suspension is p-p-pretty good!
How about t-t-turning radius!?

Charlie spins the wheel, hand over hand.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- SAME

Charlie pulls A DONUT, spewing grass and dirt. She comes to a stop on the fairway, engine REVVING.

Several of the valet guys surround her...

INT. FERRARI -- SAME

Charlie eyes the valet guys, closing in. She turns on the radio, rolls down the window, CRANKS a classic rock song.

CHARLIE
I doubt you'll catch me, boys!

VROOOM! Charlie pops the clutch. She's pinned to her seat!

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- SAME

The Ferrari fishtails across the golf course, picking up some major speed.

The valet guys know they've lost her. But the owner of the car pulls out his cell phone, dials...

INT. FERRARI -- SAME

Charlie glares through the windshield as she speeds toward a massive hill above A DECORATIVE POND. It's the perfect jump.

Charlie leans in, CRANKS THE RADIO EVEN LOUDER.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- SAME

As the GUITAR SOLO SQUEALS, Charlie HITS THE JUMP--

--she careens through the air...

And lands with a splash right in the pond! The car begins to sink, and Charlie scrambles out through the open window... The classic rock song winds down underwater.

Charlie swims to the edge of the pond. When she climbs out, sopping wet, she pauses... can hear SIRENS APPROACHING.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- NIGHT

CLICK-CLACK! A squad car waits outside the club, lights going, as Charlie is handcuffed in front of the wedding party. The owner of the Ferrari FUMES in the background.

CHARLIE
(to the cops)
For your information, the 750 over there made the jump, no problem.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS lead Charlie toward the squad car. She pauses, smiling when she hears "The Lady In Red" echo out from the ballroom. Then she gets shoved forward.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! Jesus, Murtaugh, you're always the pushy one.

SNAP! She's illuminated by A BRIGHT LIGHT from above.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

Mid ceremony.

PRIEST
And so, in the presence of our lord Jesus Christ, we bow our heads.

Everyone bows their heads in COMPLETE SILENCE. Charlie nods to Rose, sitting with her basket of flower petals. Charlie mouths the word "*penis*" to Rose.

In return, Rose *barely whispers...*

ROSE
Penis.

Charlie smiles, softly returns between A COUGH:

CHARLIE
Penis...

ROSE
Penis.

Everyone hears this one. The Priest lifts his head.

CHARLIE
Penis.

ROSE
PENIS!

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

THWACK! Charlie tees off with the guys. They all shade their eyes to watch her ball SAIL DOWN THE COURSE--

FIFTH HOLE

--where it lands on the grass, rolls toward the hole, circles the drain once... *plop*. A hole in one.

CHARLIE

Leans on her club triumphantly.

CHARLIE
Swing with your legs, gentlemen. It takes practice, but you'll get it eventually.
(beat)
Mark it, Bobby.

Bobby nods, scribbles with a pencil on the scorecard.

He dutifully grabs Charlie's golf bag for her.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Cunningham, Tom's Father, stands at a microphone with a speech in his hands.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
...when Tom brought home that football scholarship, I was so proud of my son. When he brought home Mary Beth, I was... fine...
(sees something)
Hey! We haven't cut that yet!

CHARLIE -- at the cake stand, surreptitiously cutting herself a slice. She slips it out onto a plate.

CHARLIE
Please, don't mind me...

Charlie walks off, forking a bite into her mouth.

INT. STATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie lies in bed with KAI (30s), another one of Tom's groomsmen. He's a Hawaiian surfer dude. Candles are lit all around. Kai massages Charlie's feet.

KAI
Next, we can astral-project our sexual selves and paddle out into the sea of pleasure. I learned the technique from a shaman in Nebraska...

CHARLIE
Mmmm, that's nice... Nebraskan shaman... I know, you said...

KAI
I did?

CHARLIE
Mmm... right there. You're the only guy here who gives good foot.

KAI
Thanks... but, who else have you melded minds with?

Kai stops massaging her foot. Charlie pouts...

CHARLIE
I'd rather not meld and tell. Listen, if you go another few minutes, I'll tickle your anus.

KAI
Oooh, I love that...

CHARLIE
I know you do, dude!

KAI
I'm confused. Have we met?

CHARLIE
Just shut up and put some elbow grease into it...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Cunningham stands at a microphone with a speech.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
...When Tom's mother left me for our well-hung Brazilian pool boy, Tommy was right there by my side. We'd play catch together, and I'd usually cry, while telling him how to protect his assets from money-grubbing gold diggers like his--
(sees something)
Hey!

CHARLIE -- grabs a handful of cake right out of the side, scoops the heaping pile onto her plate.

She licks her fingers, eyes rolled back in pleasure.

INT. STATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie lies in bed with Kai. He massages her feet. The door opens and in walks Hunter, shirtless. He frowns.

HUNTER
What's going on here?

Behind them, the bathroom door opens and out walks Viola, dressed in a bra and panties. She high-fives Charlie when she sees Hunter standing there.

VIOLA
Get the fuck outta town! I am gonna have *soooo* many orgasms!

CHARLIE
(to Hunter)
Join us. We're about to paddle out into the sea of pleasure.

Hunter thinks, shrugs, then drops his pants.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Cunningham, Tom's Father, stands at a microphone with a speech in his hands.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
So, to Tom and Mary Beth...
(raises his glass)
...may your sex life continue to improve with age, may your bank accounts overflow with money, and may your pre-nup be rock-solid--!

Charlie SPRINTS across Mr. Cunningham's view... across the dance floor... where she LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR--

--and dives right through the cake! Belly-flop!

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Charlie drags a lounge chair into the sun. She's dressed in a bikini and has a gossip magazine tucked under her arm.

In the distance, the rest of the wedding party lines up in front of the chapel for photos.

Charlie lays down on the lounge, begins thumbing through the magazine. Almost absentmindedly:

CHARLIE
The clouds part...

Above her, a cloud moves from in front of the sun, shining rays down on her...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...little birdies...

Two little birds, TWEET-TWEET, land beside Charlie's chair. She smiles at them as they peck at the grass...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...and three, two, one...

A GOLF BALL flies across Charlie's field of view -- *PLOCK!* In the distance, Tom CRIES OUT IN PAIN. Charlie winces to herself, turning the pages...

INT. STATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie throws back the covers, with a case of post-sex hair. Turns to see GRANDPA (80). He smiles, toothless.

CHARLIE
Wooo! You still got the moves!

GRANDPA
There's plenty more where that came from, Charlie!

He reaches into his mouth and removes his dentures with a SLURP. Charlie looks to the ceiling.

CHARLIE
I just fucked grandpa Willis, what more do you want from me!?
(to grandpa)
Clearly this isn't working.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

Charlie sips a coffee as she watches A BEAT UP HARLEY pull into the lot. Jack sets the kick stand. Charlie approaches as he dismounts.

CHARLIE
Hi there.

JACK
Hi, can I help you?

CHARLIE
Actually, you can. I feel like we've met before.

JACK
I don't know. I remember faces.

CHARLIE
But -- where'd you go to college?

JACK
I didn't. It's not for everyone.

CHARLIE
Ah. Um, high school?

JACK
Home schooled. My parents were very progressive.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna try another approach.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- TRASH BINS -- NIGHT

Jack exits the back of the country club carrying a bag of garbage with him.

CHARLIE
Hey, I'm Charlie. We met... earlier. Smoke?

JACK
Nah, I quit.
(tosses the trash)
Having a good night?

CHARLIE
It's almost over. What do you say we hop on your Harley and get a motel room?
(off Jack)
Listen, I don't care that you don't have a degree. So many people are overqualified these days. And I think home schooling is... hot.

Charlie tosses her smoke, moves in for a kiss--

JACK
Woah, Miss. Are you drunk?

CHARLIE
I mean, I could be more drunk...

JACK
I get approached at these things all the time.

CHARLIE
Trust me when I say -- tonight's a little different.

Charlie grabs Jack's butt. He takes a step back.

JACK
I think we should go back inside.

CHARLIE
Oh, come on. Seven out of ten guys here fall for the butt grab.

Jack shakes his head, and goes back into the country club.

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jack carries SALADS on a tray through the crowd--

Charlie steps into his path, flipping the entire tray onto Jack. He stands soaked in raspberry vinaigrette.

He watches Charlie leave and follows, pissed.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie walks down the hill. Jack runs to catch up.

JACK
Hey! Hey! ! Miss! You could at least say you're sorry for showering me with salad dressing.

CHARLIE
Sorry.

JACK
We're not allowed be out here.

CHARLIE
Oh, live a little boresville.
(laughs.)
Champagne?

Charlie spins. She's chilling a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice on the green. Two glasses.

JACK
(frowns)
Boresville? I'm not boring.

CHARLIE
Yes you are.

JACK
I'm fun. Wild even. Some call me crazy. I can be crazy.

CHARLIE
Yeah? Prove it. Boresville.

JACK
Prove it? What are we twelve?

CHARLIE
Double dare, boresville.

Jack takes off his dirty shirt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(yawns)
Ohh, you're really pushing the envelope there.

Jack strips off his pants, stands there in boxers.

JACK
Ha! Not so boring ! Happy now?

Jack runs towards the pond and does a belly flop.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's freezing!

CHARLIE
Good for you! I'm bored.

JACK
Oh my God, something just bit me.

Charlie laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm stuck.

CHARLIE
God you're such a vagina.

JACK
No. I'm stuck in mud I can't move.
You're going to have to pull me!

Charlie slips out of her dress, Jack pretends not to notice. She swims out to Jack.

CHARLIE
Ah. Now I'm stuck.

JACK
No! What do we do?

CHARLIE
Just kidding, come on.

Charlie yanks him out.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Charlie sit on the green, under the stars, sipping champagne from the bottle. He's still in his boxers. She's got his shirt wrapped around her shoulders.

JACK
Been working weddings for awhile now. Started out as a part time gig. I'm a writer, and I'm working on a book, so the daytime hours are good. Taking me a little longer than I thought. Cliche, I know. But, I love it.
(beat)
It's funny. In your twenties everyone encourages you to follow your dreams but the second you hit thirty, it's time to settle down.

Charlie gives him a look, who is this guy?

CHARLIE
Trust me, I get it.

JACK
But I don't care what other people think, they're just thinking about themselves anyway.
(beat)
What about you?

CHARLIE
Oh, I work for a party promoter out in Hoboken. Second assistant... to his *executive* assistant. I'd love to have my own shop one day... but, I mean, look at me. I can barely plan what I'm gonna wear. I guess I still don't know what I want to do when I grow up.

JACK
No?

CHARLIE
Nope. No idea.

JACK
Well, what would it feel like?

CHARLIE
I don't know... it'd feel calm.

JACK
Calm? I thought you were Party Charlie?

CHARLIE
That's not who I really am.

Charlie looks down at her watch, then points up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, ready... Look to the right.

JACK
Okay...

A shooting star bursts through the night sky.

JACK (CONT'D)
Holy shit. How did you know?

CHARLIE
My favorite part of the night.

JACK
Wait. Make a wish.

They lock eyes. Charlie smiles and leans in for a kiss. Jack turns away. Awkward moment of silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm not looking for...

CHARLIE
What?

JACK
I'm not looking for.... you know, a one night stand or whatever.

CHARLIE
Slow down there, Jack-O. Who said anything about a one night stand? Besides you followed me out here!

JACK
I'm just not that guy anymore. I'm looking for something else.

CHARLIE
So you were once "that guy?"

JACK
Everyone goes through a "that guy" phase. It's a right of passage until you're ready. Now I'm looking for something else.

CHARLIE
Well, what are you looking for?

JACK
Honestly? I'm looking for someone who's available.

CHARLIE
Trust me, I am way too available.

JACK
You'd let someone into your life, sure. But they wouldn't make it five minutes till they hit that wall of yours.

CHARLIE
You don't know anything about me.

JACK
You're right I don't.

"The Lady In Red Plays." Charlie looks down as she's illuminated by the bright light.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Cunningham stands at a microphone with a speech.

Charlie steps in and YANKS the mic from him.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
Hey!

CHARLIE
Hi, everyone. He's the father of the groom, in case you didn't know. Tom, when you brought home that football scholarship, your pops was so proud. When you brought home Mary Beth, I think maybe he was hoping for someone else...
(coughs)
Me.

Mr. Cunningham frowns, looks down at his speech.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...When your mother left for some other dude, Tom, you were right there by your dad's side. You'd play catch together, and he'd tell you how terrible women are...

Mr. Cunningham reads along. She's spot on so far.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So, to Tom and Mary Beth.... may you bang each other often and well. And may you get rich quick, because you're probably gonna get divorced anyway! Okay?
(to Mr. Cunningham)
Did I get that last part right?

He nods, very confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Great. DJ? I'm feeling a little Motown. Supremes? Something?

Charlie drops the mic with a *PLUNK!*

The DJ obliges, launching into a smooth Motown classic.

Charlie waltzes out onto the dance floor alone, amidst a room of puzzled party-goers.

INT. BALL ROOM -- BAR -- NIGHT

Charlie stares out onto the dance floor bored out of her mind. Jack pours her another shot.

She downs it... looks at the glass for a moment... then she repeatedly bangs her forehead against the bar.

JACK
Whooo. Take it easy!

CHARLIE
It’s not working, Jackie.

JACK
Close. It’s Jack.

CHARLIE
(rolls her eyes)
I took your advice. I’ve done every guy I could possibly do here... well, except for you.

JACK
Excuse me?

CHARLIE
I tried... but... you have this “holier than thou” complex that, quite frankly, I find annoying. Like you’d just be grading me the whole time. Not that I’m worried. I always got straight A’s.
(off Jack)
Point is, Jackie... You were right all this time. The party does end.

Jack smiles at Tom and Mary Beth dancing.

JACK
Not for those two. The party just started.

Charlie drunkenly whips around.

She watches Tom pull Mary Beth closer. They interlace fingers, and he presses his cheek against her’s. Tom leans in, whispers sweet nothings in her ear.

Jack sees Charlie bite her lip, bewitched by the pair.

CHARLIE
This is pure torture.

JACK
You haven't been able to take your eyes off him all night. I think you're a little late.

LIGHT BULB! Charlie looks up at Jack with excitement.

CHARLIE
Oh, Jackie, maybe that's what this has been all about in the first place. I have to win Tom back!
(lifts her drink)
I bet you this drink that they don't get married tomorrow!

Charlie jumps off the bar stool and heads for the door.

INT. CHAPEL -- AFTERNOON

The Priest squints at his notes at the pulpit, and speaks to the congregation. Tom and Mary Beth hold hands.

PRIEST
And now for the "I Do's"--

CHARLIE (O.C.)
Excuse me!

Everyone's heads snap to Charlie -- who raises her hand like a third grader.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I don't mean to interrupt, but I think you left out the "speak now or forever hold your peace" part.
(re: the priest)
This guy... He thought he showed up for a baptism.

The Priest nods, confirming this is true.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I know we don't really do this anymore, but... I actually object.

People look around, confused. Aunt Martha cups her ear. It's like a weight has been lifted from Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Phew. I don't how that was for you guys, but it felt great to get it out.
(to Tom and MB)
You two shouldn't get married, It's a bad idea.

Silence... then Mary Beth starts laughing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm not joking. You have to stop the wedding. You can do it tomorrow, or the next day, but today you have to stop it.
(beat)
Oh my god, are you going to make me explain this whole thing again?

MARY BETH
(through her teeth)
This isn't funny, Charlie.

Mary Beth shoots daggers with her eyes at Charlie. Dana mouths "what are you doing?" to Charlie.

Suddenly, Beverly clomps into the chapel, wrists still bound with rope. She's got TWO SECURITY GUARDS with her.

BEVERLY
That's her!

Charlie snaps her finger. *Damn*. The guards rush Charlie, who sprints out a back door.

MARY BETH
(to the Priest)
Keep going.

PRIEST
Do you, *Meredith*, take *Tim* to be your husband?

MARY BETH
I do.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL -- AFTERNOON

The Priest squints at his notes at the pulpit, and speaks to the congregation. Tom and Mary Beth hold hands.

PRIEST
And do you, *Tim*, take *Meredith* to be your wife?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
I love you, Tom!

RECORD SCRATCH. Everyone stares at Charlie shocked and stunned. Charlie takes a step forward.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I know this is bad timing, but I love you. I will not hold my peace one more second of one more day.
(to Tom)
I love you. Always have and always will.

DANA
Okay! Somebody is having an episode.
(to Mary Beth)
I told you she had this crazy look in her eyes this morning.

TOM
I don't know what to say... I'm like, literally, getting married.

Mary Beth throws down her bouquet.

MARY BETH
That's it! I'm not going to let you ruin my wedding!
(looks around)
Where's Beverly?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSET -- SAME

The door to the closet RATTLES, chained shut and locked with several industrial grade locks.

Beverly SCREAMS from inside.

BACK TO:

INT. CHAPEL -- SAME

Mary Beth panics. Dana tries to pull Charlie away.

CHARLIE
Tom. Before you say, "I do." Just come outside with me and let's have a quick chat.
(to Mary Beth)
Like, five minutes.

Charlie moves to the altar. . She looks deep into Tom's eyes, pleading... He looks back at her... opens his mouth to say something--

Enraged, Mary Beth grabs her flute and takes a swing! She CLOCKS Charlie on the head. BLACK OUT!

INT. GROOM'S CHAMBERS -- LATE MORNING

The Groomsmen, pre wedding, drink beer and watch sports in their tuxes. Tom adjusts his bow tie in the mirror.

Out of nowhere Charlie appears behind him in the mirror.

TOM
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Can I talk to you for a second?

EXT. GROOM'S CHAMBERS -- DAY

Tom and Charlie stand outside of his room.

TOM
Shouldn't you be at the bridal suite?

CHARLIE
Do you remember when we were together that summer and we snuck away from Bruce Nagel's party?

TOM
We made out next to a homeless guy on the beach.

CHARLIE
Yes! That night.

TOM
Feels like a million years ago.

CHARLIE
That night you told me... you'd never felt that way with anyone else before.

TOM
And you said it was just the Jaeger talking. We were seventeen...

CHARLIE
But you really meant it?

TOM
Of course I did. Then.

CHARLIE
Look, I was scared. We were so young and I wasn't ready to meet the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with...

TOM
That's exactly what you said a week later when you dumped me! But, if you hadn't blown me off, then I wouldn't have been able to see how perfect Mary Beth is for me.

CHARLIE
Ok, ok. How is she perfect? Tell me what's so great about her.

TOM
What are you getting at?

CHARLIE
I don't know... what's the first thing you noticed about MB when I first introduced you?

Tom scuffs his feet, slightly uncomfortable.

TOM
Well, I noticed her hair.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

The groomsmen and bridesmaids line up for pictures. Charlie sashays up to the group -- now suddenly a brunette with bangs. She nods to Mary Beth. "It's on."

Tom looks at her, surprised... and slightly curious.

EXT. GROOMSMEN CHAMBERS -- DAY

Charlie and Tom stand in a heated conversation.

CHARLIE
Well, what surprised you about her?

TOM
(thinks)
She can play a musical instrument.

INT. CHAPEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The priest addresses the congregation.

PRIEST
Meredith, an accomplished flautist, has composed a special piece for *Tim*...

Mary Beth steps down from the altar and approaches A MUSIC STAND. She lifts A FLUTE to her lips and begins to play AN ORIGINAL PIECE--

A DULL BASS is heard from the back of the chapel. Charlie marches down the aisle wearing A TUBA. Mary Beth's flute is drowned out by her obnoxious notes.

The congregation goes bananas for Charlie's musical ability as she finishes her solo with flare.

Tom's eyes light up.

EXT. GROOMSMEN CHAMBERS -- DAY

Charlie waits patiently for the next clue.

TOM
Oh, jeesh... She's *loves* animals.

EXT. COCKTAIL HOUR -- EVENING

A string trio plays.

GALLOPING is heard in the distance. The Wedding Guests attention is diverted -- Charlie RIDES A HORSE bareback down the green. Tom perks his head.

Charlie expertly stands atop the horse, balancing as it trots. Several people applaud. She dismounts.

Tom approaches her and pets the horse.

CHARLIE
This is Murray.

TOM
I didn't know you ride.

CHARLIE
(sultry)
There's a lot you don't know about me, Tom. A whole damn lot.

Charlie WHISPERS something into the horse's ear. It bows, then gallops off into the distance.

The guests begin to disperse. There's SHOUTING further across the patio. MARY BETH'S PARENTS argue together.

TOM
Oh, crap, someone was supposed to look out for that...

Charlie plays it coy.

Mary Beth crosses, tries to break her parents up. Dad says something. Mom throws a glass of wine in his face -- but he dodges. Mary Beth gets doused in Cabernet.

Mary Beth starts to have a full on Bridezilla moment, arguing with her parents.

CHARLIE
They're gonna be a while. Walk with me?

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Charlie and Tom sit chatting alone at the bar. Ryan pokes his head in, interrupts the pair.

RYAN
(to Tom)
Mary Beth needs you.

Tom gets up and exits. Ryan crosses his arms and taps his foot, scowling at Charlie.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CHARLIE
Nothing.

RYAN
With that hair and the saxophone? You're not fooling me. He's *married already* Charlie. You do this, and no one will forgive you.

CHARLIE
Look, we're not always aware of what's best for us. I just have to show Tom that I am what he wants.

RYAN
But you're not what he wants! He didn't marry you. He married her.

Charlie checks her watch, stands. She pats Ryan on the shoulder, fixes his tie.

CHARLIE
Sorry, I gotta interrupt a toast. Then it's on to the piano recital. Mozart is *hard*, man!

Charlie exits.

EXT. RECEPTION -- NIGHT

Charlie and Tom stand outside on the balcony.

CHARLIE
The first time we locked eyes my stomach dropped... like I was on a roller coaster or something. From that moment on I knew you were the one. And even though I couldn't admit it, and dated *many* other men, I always thought about you. In some ways I feel like you're the only person that has ever understood me. It's funny after all these years... when I see you, my stomach still drops. If I could do it all over again I would've never let you go.

Charlie looks off into the distance, emotional. Tom puts his arm around her.

TOM
The last thing I ever wanted to do is hurt you, Charlie... but it's a little late.

LADY IN RED begins from inside. Charlie perks up.

CHARLIE
Dance with me?

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Tom and Charlie walk onto the dance floor. Tom pulls her closer and smiles.

She interlaces her fingers in his, she grabs his head and presses his cheek to hers the way it was with Mary Beth's. Tom closes his eyes, enjoying himself...

Tom opens his eyes -- and they go wide...

He sees Mary Beth, devastated, on the side of the dance floor. Tears run down her face. Dana and Viola comfort her to no avail. Charlie follows Tom's gaze, locks eyes with Mary Beth...

Suddenly the entire ballroom is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, the song cuts out. SILENCE. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

INT. BALL ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Tom and Charlie dance to THE LADY IN RED... Charlie spins Tom away from Mary Beth's eye line.

Charlie leans back, forcing Tom to dip her. He pulls her up, they lock eyes and laugh. Charlie pulls him closer and smiles. She's got him...

Charlie presses her cheek against Tom's. Their pace slows as he pulls her closer. This is it, this is the moment. She perks her lips, waiting for a kiss...

AUNT MARTHA (O.S.)
Boo! How could you do this?!

Tom looks up -- the dance floor is surrounded by all the guests at the wedding. Nobody can believe their eyes.

Charlie pulls him closer. Tom lets go of his hold on her and looks down.

Suddenly the entire ballroom is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, the song cuts out. SILENCE. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

INT. BALL ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Charlie and Tom dance to THE LADY IN RED.

Charlie presses her cheek against Tom's. Their pace slows as he glances around. They're alone in the ball room.

TOM
Where is everyone--?

Charlie puts her finger over his mouth.

CHARLIE
Shhhh. Right now it's just you and me. The way it should have been from the beginning.

She brushes Tom's hair behind his ear, which is off putting. He frowns when she puts her hand on his cheek.

TOM
Charlie...

Charlie moves in for a kiss. Tom pulls away.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I can't.
(lets go)
No matter how much fun we have together, I love Mary Beth. She's my wife, now.

Charlie hangs her head. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie tap-dances to “The Lady In Red” atop a bright, white grand piano. She finishes with jazz hands, breathless. Tom quietly applauds, frowning.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Charlie unzips her dress in front of Tom, it drops to the floor. Tom stares at her naked form as “The Lady In Red” crescendos... “Lady in rehhhhhh--”

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

Charlie’s sits, near catatonic, with Dana’s baby SCREAMING in her lap. The shoulder strap of her dress hangs off her, and she looks terrible.

Dana comes and scoops the baby up, scowling at Charlie, who barely notices.

EXT. CLUB HOUSE -- NIGHT

The party is in full swing. A COUPLE marches across the patio toward the photo booth.

When they open the curtain, they find Charlie inside. She’s curled up in a blanket eating a pint of ice cream. She looks up at them.

CHARLIE
(mouth full)
It’s occupied! Scram!

The couple leave, and Charlie snaps the curtain closed.

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Dinner. Charlie marches up to Tom and Mary Beth’s sweetheart table. She’s got a thousand-yard stare.

MARY BETH
What’s the matter, Charlie?

TOM
Yeah, you're kinda killing the mood. This is a party!

Both Tom and Mary Beth wait for Charlie to say something. She looks down at his bloody steak... and barely smiles.

Charlie grabs the steak with her bare hands, gnaws a mouthful, chin dribbling with juice. It runs down the front of her dress as she walks away.

Both Tom and Mary Beth are miffed.

THE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie, drunk, slugs down a beer. Jack frowns at her.

JACK
I think you've had enough, miss. Are you going through some... personal issues?

CHARLIE
That's none of your business.

JACK
I overheard someone say Uncle Bob over there is a shrink.

CHARLIE
(turns)
Bald Uncle Bob? No way!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- CIGAR ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie drags UNCLE BOB (60s), balding, into the cigar room. He protests, but she forces him into a leather seat. Charlie sits down across from him.

CHARLIE
This is my first time, and I feel like I need to just get it all out. Okay, where to begin...

Uncle Bob tries to interject, but Charlie continues.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(inhales)
My dad skipped out on my mom and I when I was six. She was totally not prepared to raise a little girl on her own. She smoked pot all the time -- she still smokes pot all the time! And it was a different guy every Saturday night.
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What kind of an example is that? She made me my first vodka-cranberry at a Tupperwear party -- I was probably nine. See what I mean? I just kind of followed in her footsteps.

Uncle Bob opens his mouth to speak--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And now *this* whole thing, which, don't get me wrong, I'm totally still dealing with. It's bad enough that I have to watch the man I love get married again and again, but here's the kicker. It lasts from 7:55 AM to 10:55 PM, eastern. That's *exactly* fifteen hours. Now, my *mom* is on a Yoga retreat in the jungles of Lima. No cell service, nothing. Know how long that flight is? *Six*teen hours. All this time, I've resented her for raising me the way she did, but now she's the only person in the world I want to see, and I can't. I just can't.
(beat)
On the bright side, the sex is happening whenever, wherever. And it didn't take me as long as I thought to learn to drive stick.

Charlie exhales, smooths her dress. She leans forward, awaiting Uncle Bob's diagnosis.

UNCLE BOB
Charlie, I'm actually a... *podiatrist*. This sounds bad, though, and I want to help.
(off Charlie)
I can refer you to someone excellent.

Charlie throws her hands up and just walks out.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Charlie looks like absolute shit. She scowls at Tom and Mary Beth dancing behind. Jack notices.

JACK
You haven't been able to take your eyes off him all night.

Charlie snarls:

CHARLIE
You know what, Jack? Maybe you should stop worrying about other people's lives and start looking at your own... bartender.
(beat)
Maybe the only way out of here is to destroy this fucking wedding.

Charlie reaches over the bar and grabs a bottle of Vodka all for herself.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- EVENING

Cocktail hour. Charlie has sequestered Dana in a corner of the club's patio.

DANA
But it's annoying to me that we even had to get a nanny. It's not like Vivick is partying it up. He hasn't looked up from his phone once tonight. He takes no interest in Emma. I'm the only one raising this kid.

A server interrupts with:

SERVER
--Chipotle skewers?

Dana plucks one from the tray. Charlie takes the rest with both hands.

Dana watches Charlie eat like a cavewoman...

DANA
You tell those skewers who's boss.

CHARLIE
(pauses)
My lips are on fire!

One of the pigeons from earlier SWOOPS IN, fluttering around Charlie's head. She allows it to land on her shoulder, and she feeds it a bite. Then it flutters away...

Charlie gulps a drink to wash down the food.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
More tequila! Over here! You're doing a shot with me.

DANA
I think I should take it easy. Drunk mom is not a good look.

CHARLIE
Oh, buck up. Think about it... She's just going to grow up and hate you anyway. You're going to make mistakes. And some of those mistakes she *will* remember. Forever.

DANA
Well, nobody's perfect.

CHARLIE
The drugs. The foul language. Zits. And period blood. And she's bound to walk in on you and Vivick having sex. They *never* forget that.
(beat)
And by the way, since you've had that baby, you suck. And your baby sucks, too.

DANA
Jesus, Charlie... when did you become me?

CHARLIE
All I'm saying is, put yourself before your kid. Here. Shot.

Dana lifts a shot glass, thinks long and hard about it, and knocks it back. Charlie immediately hands her another shot.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL -- NIGHT

Charlie and Dana hold hands as they drunkenly run through the cocktail hour--

DANA
It's just like old tiiiiimes--!

Something makes Dana stop short of the edge -- but Charlie leaps through the air and cannonballs. She comes back up for air, frowning at Dana... who doubles over and pukes right onto Charlie's head.

The wedding party is horrified.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- DANCE FLOOR -- LATER

Mary Beth, her back to A GROUP OF GIRLS, aims to toss the bouquet. Charlie watches...

VIOLA catches it. Charlie smirks as the crowd parts...

ROSE, the little flower girl, walks away, dejected, past Charlie. Charlie kneels down again.

CHARLIE
Hey. Okay. I think I figured it out. The whole point to life thing.

ROSE
What are you talking about?

CHARLIE
We were talking earlier, and you asked me what the point of life is.

ROSE
No I didn't.
(beat)
My aunt says you're on drugs.

Rose kicks Charlie in the shin and keeps walking. Then, something evil dawns on Charlie.

CHARLIE
Wait, how old are you?

ROSE
I'm twelve. In eight months.

CHARLIE
You want to try a brownie little girl? They're really *special...*

ROSE
Why? So I can be a fat ass like you?

CHARLIE
Hey now. You ask any guy here, and he'll tell you my ass is just fine.

Charlie unwraps a napkin with a pot brownie in it. Charlie sniffs at longingly.

Rose looks her up and down, then takes the brownie and eats in one gulp. Rose struts off...

INT./EXT. GOLF CART -- MOVING -- DAY

Charlie sits with Ryan, riding backward on a golf cart.

She just stares off into the distance. After a moment, BLEEPBLEEP -- Ryan gets a text. He reads it--

Charlie rips the phone out of his hands and tosses it into the pond as they drive past.

RYAN
That was important!

CHARLIE
Not as important as your future, Ryan. Let's put a positive spin on this. It's good Phil gave you an ultimatum. Now you have an out.

RYAN
Huh? What?

CHARLIE
Fuck romance. Fuck Mariachi bands and skywriters. You know what I would do? I'd think with my dick head. Think about all you've missed in ten years.

RYAN
This is terrible advice, Charlie. We're married.

CHARLIE
You know, Kai swings both ways...

EXT. CHAPEL -- DAY

Tom looks around nervously, his groomsmen behind him.

TOM
Where's Mary Beth?

Suddenly, the doors to the chapel FLY OPEN, revealing Mary Beth standing on the porch. A flock of pigeons is released into the sky--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Charlie, wearing a hunting vest, tracks the flock and expertly fires a shotgun.

A few DEAD BIRDS fall at Mary Beth's feet. People run screaming as Charlie reloads.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Beverly stands before the ladies with her iPad. A light breeze through the OPEN WINDOW behind her.

BEVERLY
This is Mary Beth's day. Say it with me--

BRIDESMAIDS / BEVERLY
"Mary Beth's day..."

BEVERLY
And Charlie... where's Charlie?

Out of nowhere, Charlie struts past Beverly -- and SHOVES HER through the window.

Charlie waits a long beat for... THUMP! She smiles, wipes her hands, and exits.

All the bridesmaids start SCREAMING!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- EVENING

Cocktail hour. Charlie gets Viola on her arm.

Viola hikes her thumb to where Mary Beth stands by the door doing her pee-dance, beckoning them.

VIOLA
Nature calls...

CHARLIE
Absofuckin'lutely not.

Charlie smirks as she leaves Viola alone...

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie wears that same smirk as she walks through the ballroom in SLOW MOTION...

--She has to walk around Jack with his tray of food. She sticks out her foot and he goes down, plates flying!

--Charlie sees Dana and Vivick passing the baby back and forth, arguing.

--Ryan and Phil SCREAM at one another, in the throes of a major fight -- Phil storms away, furious.

Rose, high off her ass, spins in the center of the dance floor like hippy at a Grateful Dead concert -- off in her own personal La-La Land. She suddenly passes out.

Charlie stops at the edge of the dance floor:

...where Mary Beth ARGUES with TOM in the middle of everything. MB scowls when she sees Charlie there.

Charlie spins, raising BOTH MIDDLE FINGERS to the entire wedding party. Then she struts away, smiling to herself.

INT. / EXT. GOLF CART -- NIGHT

Charlie, BLIND DRUNK, swerves the golf cart around on the green -- chugging from her bottle of Vodka.

She lets the wind blow back her hair, totally lost in the haze of alcohol. Something DARTS IN FRONT OF HER--

THUMP-THUNK! *MEEEERR!*

Charlie goes wide eyed, and slams on the breaks.

MOMENTS LATER

Charlie, slumped against the side of the golf cart, cradles A DEAD CAT in her arms sadly.

A sprinkler begins to CHIT-CHIT-CHIT across the grass.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Charlie, smoking a cigarette, leans against the wall. Next to her is a fire alarm. A GUEST walks past, waving their hand in front of their nose. Charlie nods her head...

Then she PULLS the alarm.

SIRENS echo and lights flash as wedding guests start running to and fro. Charlie takes one last drag of her smoke, stubs it on the carpet.

EXT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

All the guests assemble on the lawn across from the banquet hall -- spewing smoke from inside.

One of the windows shatters and flames lick at the curtains. Fire trucks SCREECH TO A HALT and SEVERAL FIREMEN leap out.

Mr. Cunningham, face smeared with soot, approaches THE FIRE MARSHAL.

FIRE MARSHAL
Are all guests accounted for, Sir?

MR. CUNNINGHAM
Yes, yes. Everyone except--

Dana shoves her way through the crowd, breathless.

DANA
Charlie's gone crazy!

INT. BANQUET HALL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Charlie pours gasoline all over a table with Tom and Mary Beth's sign-in book on it, a giant picture of the couple next to it... Some more flames BLOOM in the background.

Charlie lights a match and tosses it -- the table ERUPTS in flames. Charlie marches away.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

WHOOSH! Tables and chairs go up as Charlie tosses another match onto a bonfire of wedding paraphernalia stacked on the dance floor.

The room quickly fills with smoke and flames.

A TRIO OF ATTRACTIVE FIREMEN rush into the banquet hall. Charlie stands there, gas can in hand.

FIRE MARSHAL
Put that down, young lady.

Charlie sizes these guys up.

CHARLIE
Aw man, you guys are *hot!* I'm Charlie, and I obviously like to play it a little dangerous--

KRAM! A flaming wooden beam smashes through the ceiling CRUSHING the firemen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Holy fucking shit!

The fire spreads around Charlie, who gets covered in soot and begins coughing. Her way blocked, she inches back toward the kitchen and bar...

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie busts in, trailing fire behind her. The kitchen has filled with smoke too.

A GAS LINE blooms with flames beside Charlie -- forcing her to stop-drop-and-roll. On her back, Charlie watches BLUE GAS FLAMES spread across the ceiling.

The pipe bursts --*FWOOSH!*-- and the ceiling bulges, about to collapse on her...

Charlie spreads her arms wide, welcoming death--

TWO HANDS

Reach in and grab Charlie by the shoulder pads! She's dragged out of harm's way. Flaming debris collapses right where she was moments before...

CHARLIE

Sits up, coughing. She turns to see her savior: JACK!

He's tied a wet rag around his mouth, his shirt singed.

Charlie begins uncontrollably coughing in the thick smoke. Eyes rolling, she looks like she's about to pass out.

Jack scoops Charlie up in his arms and carries her through the back door of the kitchen as everything erupts in fire.

EXT. BANQUET HALL -- SAME

Jack sets Charlie down in the grass as she comes to.

JACK
You could have died!

Charlie looks back to the banquet hall as the roof caves.

CHARLIE
But seriously, did you *see* those firemen? Total hunks!

Jack plops down on the grass, exhausted.

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie holds a bottle of tequila in one hand, and the microphone in the other.

Everyone watches from their tables, dumbfounded. Charlie gets progressively more drunk throughout:

CHARLIE
We just get so hung up on all the little things, people. I thought I was still in love with Tom, for instance. I'm pretty sure that's just not in the cards anymore... No, it's cool. I've only spent the last ten years waiting for it to happen. There's a lesson there, and--
(takes a swig)
--And I have no idea what it is! Actually, I think I figured it out. I died of alcohol poisoning and I woke up in hell. And I'm going to live forever, with each and every one of you. In hell.

People shake their heads in disgust at drunken Charlie as she stumbles, head bobbing back and forth.

She drops the microphone, gulps the last of the alcohol from the bottle, smashes it -- and walks out.

EXT. CLUB HOUSE -- TOWER -- NIGHT

Charlie climbs out onto the roof of the clubhouse tower. She's got a hand-written note, which she affixes to her dress with a safety pin. Pulls A NOOSE around her neck...

Charlie glares out over the edge of the roof. It's a long, dark fall... Charlie contemplates... feet inching closer to the edge... she squints her eyes closed...

MEOW! Charlie looks down... the cat she ran over earlier darts between her legs, purring.

Charlie kneels down and picks the cat up. Sniffling, she wipes a tear. She sits down, scooting away from the ledge, taking in the night.

CHARLIE
Hey, little guy. Wanna be friends?

The cat nuzzles her adorably.

INT. CLUB HOUSE -- BAR -- EVENING

Jack polishes wine glasses. Charlie sits down at the bar, defeated.

JACK
Can I get you something?

CHARLIE
Can you get me tomorrow?

JACK
Is that a shot?

CHARLIE
What if I told you that I'm trapped at this wedding. That literally, the night keeps repeating over and over and over again. And I know that a lot of people misuse the word, "literally" but LITERALLY this night keeps repeating.

Jack tilts his head, curious.

JACK
That's impossible--

CHARLIE
I can prove it.

Charlie gestures to a Gentleman approaching the bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He's gonna order a Tom Collins.

The Gentleman gets Jack's attention.

GENTLEMAN
Tom Collins, please.

Jack frowns at Charlie, then quickly prepares the drink.

Another woman stands up at her table, and gets in line behind the gentleman.

CHARLIE
(hikes her thumb)
She wants a vodka soda, no ice.
One lemon, one lime.

Jack hands the Tom Collins to the gentleman, and the woman approaches the bar.

WOMAN
Kettle One and soda, please. Can I have a lime, and a lemon?
(beat)
Oh, no ice.

Jack squints at Charlie, impressed. He makes the drink.

A COUGAR-TYPE LADY approaches, eyes on Jack.

JACK
What about her?

CHARLIE
She's sober.
(beat)
But she wants you to slip her something else...

The Cougar smiles at Jack, and puts A SLIP OF PAPER with her telephone number on the bar... Jack unfolds it...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
617-555-0808.

Jack reads along with Charlie... his face says she got it.

JACK
How did you know?

CHARLIE
I'm telling you the truth. I'm not psychic. Go ahead, think of a number.

JACK
Okay.

CHARLIE
7.

JACK
No.

CHARLIE
See. Not psychic.

JACK
Okay, if you know so much, then what do you know about me?

CHARLIE
Oh, you? See you're a tricky one because you keep everything close to the vest. You grew up in a middle class family, have a sister named Shelia, which is a name you never quite liked. You want to be a writer but haven't finished your book, and you're the only person on this planet who's favorite color is brown.

JACK
How--

CHARLIE
You're single and seem to be fine with that. And for awhile I thought the whole "I just want someone who's available," thing was a bunch of bullshit. But the more I get to know you, the more it seems that you are the only romantic left out there. Personally, I think you're setting yourself up for an epic fall when you realize love is just an idea... but you might just be one of those lucky people that gets exactly what they want in life.

Jack doesn't say anything just stares at her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And me, well, I'm a train wreck. I'm in love with the wrong guy, I screw everything up, I'm stuck at this wedding forever, and nobody believes me.

JACK
I believe you.

Charlie, delighted, leans over the bar and hugs Jack.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Jack and Charlie pace, thinking, thinking, thinking...

JACK
There has to be something you're supposed to do, so time can move forward.

CHARLIE
I'm telling you, I've done it all. I've slept with pretty much every man here... And one chick.

Jack ignores the last comment and keeps pacing.

JACK
There has to be something you haven't done.

Jack stops, LIGHT BULB!

JACK (CONT'D)
Have you tried to catch the bouquet?

CHARLIE
YES! NO! No, I haven't!

JACK
That's it!

They both sprint inside.

INT. BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A BOUQUET OF ROSES flies through the air. Viola jumps up and catches it. Charlie and Jack arrive on the dance floor a moment too late.

Viola does a happy dance.

CHARLIE
We missed it.

JACK
Well at least now you know what to do for next time. Just catch that bouquet.

Charlie nods. "LADY IN RED" plays as couples slow dance around them.

CHARLIE
I'm out of time.
(beat)
How about a dance?

Charlie takes his hand and he pulls her in. There's something familiar and exciting about the way she feels in his arms.

JACK
I'm not gonna remember this the next time you see me, huh?

She shakes her head, no, defeated.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're an interesting one, Charlie.

CHARLIE
And by interesting you mean, crazy?

JACK
I mean, you're a breath of fresh air.

Jack twirls her and she laughs. They lock eyes, magic.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- EVENING

Mary Beth, her back to A GROUP OF GIRLS, aims to toss the bouquet. Charlie positions herself behind Mary Beth.

CHARLIE
M.B., Just toss it directly behind you. I got this.

Mary Beth CHUCKS it to the right ignoring Charlie's plea. Viola sprints to catch it, steps over some girls, then leaps into the air like a wide receiver.

Mary Beth turns around and scowls at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, so it's going to be like that, huh?

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Mary Beth, her back to the Girls, aims to toss the bouquet.

Charlie positions herself in front of Viola. The bouquet flies through the air, Charlie jumps in front of Viola but before she can catch it...

BAM! Viola pushes her to the ground and catches the bouquet.

Viola raises the bouquet to the sky like a heavy weight champion.

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Charlie chuckles at Viola who is passed out face first in her cake at the dinning table.

Charlie, having taken Viola's starting position, stretches her arms and legs, warming up. Mary Beth turns her back to the Girls and prepares.

QUICK SHOTS OF THE BOUQUET TOSS:

--Charlie stands the right of the dance floor the bouquet goes to the left.

--Charlie stands to the left of the dance floor and the bouquet goes to the right.

--Charlie stands directly behind Mary Beth and taps her on the shoulder. Mary Beth throws it over Charlie.

--Charlie stands up on a chair in the middle of the Girls.

--Charlie swings in on a rope like Tarzan but still manages to miss the bouquet.

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Charlie extends her arms blocking all the other girls.

Mary Beth throws the bouquet into the air. TIME SLOWS DOWN as the bouquet heads right to Charlie! Her eyes light up as her fingers graze the petals.

SWOOSH! Rose snatches it right from Charlie.

ROSE
I caught it! I caught it!

CHARLIE
Listen, you little shit, this is mine.

Charlie, at the end of her rope, grabs the flowers from Rose.

ROSE
I'm the one getting married next.

CHARLIE
Kid getting married, that's just sick.

ROSE
But it's mine!

CHARLIE
It was a pity toss.

They have a tug of war until the bouquet is destroyed. Dozens of petals cover the ground. Rose SHRIEKS!

The music stops. Charlie looks up to find the entire reception starring at her and the little girl.

Charlie drops the stems and leaves the reception.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Mary Beth, bouquet in hand, enters the bathroom looking like she's gotta pee.

SLAM! Before Viola can enter the bathroom, Charlie closes the door and locks it.

CHARLIE
Give me two minutes.

MARY BETH
I said not to talk to me.

Charlie hands her a stack of money.

CHARLIE
There's at least ten thousand dollars.

MARY BETH
Is this a wedding present or a peace offering? I'm confused.

CHARLIE
I need you to throw me the bouquet tonight.

Mary Beth laughs.

MARY BETH
Even for you, this is absurd. You're offering me TEN THOUSAND dollars to throw you the bouquet?

CHARLIE
Yes.

MARY BETH
Why?

CHARLIE
Because I need it.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

VIOLA (O.S.)
Everything okay in there?

CHARLIE
Yup, we're good.

Mary Beth looks at Charlie disgusted then sets down the money.

MARY BETH
No.

CHARLIE
Please?

MARY BETH
No.

CHARLIE
What's it to you?

MARY BETH
It’s my wedding and I don’t want you to catch my bouquet. I would rather any other guest at this wedding catch the bouquet than you.

CHARLIE
Oh, come on, M.B. Let’s just do a practice round. I stand here and you throw it to me. Ready, go.

Mary Beth tries to leave the bathroom but Charlie stops her.

MARY BETH
I didn’t even want you in the wedding, but the bridal party was lopsided. I’ll just pee my dress.

CHARLIE
Tell me what I can do to get you to throw me the bouquet. Anything. Please?

Mary Beth shakes her head.

MARY BETH
Wow. You really don’t get it, do you? Jesus, Charlie.

Mary Beth backs away and shakes her head clearly disgusted by Charlie’s actions.

MARY BETH (CONT’D)
I asked you to be a bridesmaid, cause I thought just once you wouldn't fuck it up. Just once! But I was wrong.

CHARLIE
That’s a little dramatic.

MARY BETH
You didn’t smile once today, never raised a finger to help out, and now you want me to give you my bouquet?

CHARLIE
I’m sorry--

MARY BETH
And the speech you gave last night! That speech! Your memories of our friends’ weddings are seriously distorted.

CHARLIE
What are you talking about?

MARY BETH
You think it was funny that you photo bombed every picture at Dana's wedding? She doesn't have one picture without someone planking in the background. She cried for months. And there's Ryan's wedding when you had everyone playing beer pong. Well he got so wasted he missed the rest of the reception because he was puking.

CHARLIE
I didn't know--

MARY BETH
But my favorite part of the speech was that you had the audacity to mention the fact that you and Tom hooked up. My family had to listen to you comment on Tom's penis. I heard someone call him dildo dick. My husband. You're like perpetually at a bachelorette party.

CHARLIE
I was out of line.

MARY BETH
Out of line? You were hurtful. I'm sorry he loves me and not you. But destroying my wedding because of that, that's low... even for you.

Charlie doesn't know what to say.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)
I don't even know why I bother being friends with you. Party Charlie?
(beat)
You're nothing but a party favor.

Charlie is silent. Mary Beth holds her gaze for a moment then leaves the bathroom. Charlie inhales sharply, that hurt.

She tries to shake it off but can't. Mary Beth's words cut right through her. Charlie slides down the bathroom wall and sits on the tile floor.

CHARLIE'S MOM (V.O.)
Namaste. You didn't reach me but if you leave your name and number I'll return the favor.

INT. PRO SHOP - NIGHT

Reception music is heard in the background. Charlie sits on the counter of the pro shop on the phone.

CHARLIE (ON THE PHONE)
Mom. Please. If you get this call me back. I need to talk. I need somebody. Please.

Charlie hangs up and dials again.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Namaste. You didn't reach me but if you leave--

Charlie hangs up and lays down on the counter. She curls up in the fetal position and sobs.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT -- MORNING

Charlie, wearing a bathrobe over her dress, hair a mess with makeup smeared all over her face, lights a new cigarette with her unfinished cigarette.

Charlie sits on a park bench and dips a loaf of bread into jug of mayonnaise. She takes a bite. Beside her sits the little cat.

The Valet Guy stares at her, disgusted. Cigarette butts are scattered underneath her feet.

CAR TIRES SCREECH! Charlie watches as Beverly frantically drives into the parking lot.

Flustered, Beverly grabs a binder, her coffee, place-cards and her iPad from the backseat. With her hands full she gingerly gets out of the car balancing the contents.

She closes the door with her foot, and walks toward Charlie. Right before she passes, the materials teeter, then fall to the pavement -- papers scattered at Charlie's feet. She watches the coffee soak into the papers.

Charlie sees the frustration in Beverly's face.

BEVERLY
Damn it!
(kicks something)
This is already the worst day.
(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I've been up since four with a sick kid, I overslept... If I screw up this wedding I'm fired.

CHARLIE
Oh, come on. You're not going to get fired. You did a wedding at the top of mount Everest.

BEVERLY
(off Charlie)
This is my first wedding, actually. This is the first job I've landed in a year. If it doesn't go perfect, I could easily be replaced.

CHARLIE
Yikes. That's a lot of pressure.

BEVERLY
I have no business running a wedding. But the Marines didn't need me anymore, and I was a little too intense for the TSA. I like to frisk.

CHARLIE
Beverly, I am really surprised.

BEVERLY
Yeah. I fucking hate weddings.

They both laugh as Beverly gathers the remainder of the fallen contents. Charlie leans in and helps her...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I can take it from here.

CHARLIE
No. I can help. I'm Charlie. I'm a bridesmaid.

BEVERLY
Ah ha. I've heard about you.

CHARLIE
Only good things, I hope.

They walk towards the country club and Charlie smiles for the first time in a long time.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- THE NEXT MORNING

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! A PHOTOSTRIP is ejected from the booth. It's a succession of Charlies.

Charlie emerges from the photo booth. She quickly pops three Advil, stretches, tussles her hair, wakes up. She struts off, a pep in her step.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

The kitchen staff unload boxes of food for tonight.

Charlie barges in, and claps her hands twice. Everyone looks up, puzzled.

CHARLIE
Alright guys. Listen up. You're about to cook the worst meal I've ever had. The chicken is rubbery as hell, the steak is under cooked, and the salad dressing stinks -- trust me, I've worn it.

The Chef steps forward, hands on his hips.

CHEF
Who died and made you Julia Child?

CHARLIE
Oh, no, no. I have no idea how to fix the holocaust of taste buds about to happen...

Charlie --*SHINK!*-- slides a chef's knife from the block.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...but I'm a fast-ass learner.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE -- DAY

Mary Beth slips into her dress with the help of all her bridesmaids. Everyone claps and crowds around for a photo...

Charlie enters in full hair and makeup, a box of heart-shaped scones in one arm. As Charlie crosses to get into the photo, Mary Beth seems surprised that she's prepped and on time.

FLASH! All the women break formation.

Sally hands Mary Beth a gift bag.

SALLY
From me, and the rest of the girls at the office...

Mary beth opens it and removes... a NEON BLUE THONG that says "Bride" on the crotch. Sally, confused, interjects--

MARY BETH
Sally! I love it! Look you guys, something blue!

Sally smiles, seeing Mary Beth's reaction.

VIOLA
That thong-th-thong-thong-thong!

Charlie glances down, she's got dead Kathy from HR's broche in her hand. She glances over her shoulder... and tosses it out the window.

EXT. CHAPEL -- DAY

The bridesmaids wait outside a quaint stone chapel at the edge of the golf course.

Charlie stands at a BIRD CAGE filled with WHITE DOVES.

The doors to the chapel FLY OPEN, revealing Mary Beth standing on the porch. Charlie opens the cage, and the flock is released into the perfect morning sky.

Tom's throat catches... He slowly approaches Mary Beth, chin quivering. But Charlie stands there, blocking his way.

Tom frowns -- as Charlie hands him a white handkerchief with his initials sewn into the corner.

CHARLIE
Go get 'er, tiger.

Tom dabs his eyes, totally snot-nosed. The photographers snap candids as he embraces Mary Beth.

TOM
(sobs)
God, you look stunning!

MOMENTS LATER

The photographer works in the background as Vivick hands Dana's CRYING baby to her, his face in his blackberry.

Charlie taps him on the shoulder.

CHARLIE
Dana -- hand the baby back to Vivick, please. Vivick. Let me show you something.

Charlie spins the baby in Vivick's hands so she's facing away from him. Vivick and Dana exchange glances...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Now... tilt slowly...
(waves her hands)
You people better move out of the splash zone...

Several people clear the grass as Vivick tilts the baby a couple of degrees. Dana's baby STOPS CRYING... everyone *oohs and ahhs* at the blissful silence--

The baby PUKES all over the grass. Charlie holds up her finger, mouths "one more," disgusted...

BURRRRPPP. The baby pukes a little more... and then it STARTS LAUGHING! Everyone loves a laughing baby!

Vivick turns the baby back to face him, and he smiles back at Dana, also amazed. Vivick doesn't even notice his blackberry RINGING in his pocket.

VIVICK
I've never heard her laugh like this.

DANA
I know I've been giving you a lot of shit lately, and I'm sorry. I see how stressful it's been at work. I love you so much.

VIVICK
(beat)
We're in this together.

Dana embraces her husband, and they hold their baby tight. Everybody giggles.

EVEN LATER

As everybody lines up to take a group shot, baby still GIGGLING hysterically.

The photographer kneels and holds up his hand...

PHOTOGRAPHER
On three, everybody say canteloupe!
One-two-three--

WEDDING PARTY
Cantel--!

Charlie perks up, eyes on the sky...

WIZZZZZZZZZ--

AN AIRBORNE POV speeds high over the golf course, right toward the chapel, the wedding party, right toward...

TOM

Still smiling for the photo--

Charlie reaches out, wearing A BASEBALL GLOVE -- *PLOCK!* She snags the golf ball right out of the air!

TOM
--anteloupe...?

Charlie hops back to her place in the photo -- *FLASH!*

SNAPSHOTS ARE TAKEN:

--Mary Beth and Tom hold hands beneath a cupola.

--Charlie and the bridesmaids line up. FLASH!

--FLASH! Parents and Bride. FLASH! Parents and groom. FLASH! Grandma! FLASH! Cousins! FLASH! Aunt Martha!

Everyone looks happy and joyous!

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

The chef shows Charlie how to slice vegetables with a chopping motion. Charlie starts slow, then speeds up, smiling to herself. She's getting it! Then--

SLICE! Charlie chops one of her fingers CLEAN OFF! She raises her hand, which squirts blood. Chef notices.

CHEF
Oh! Blood! Blood!

CHARLIE
Nah, it'll be fine tomorrow.

CHEF
No! B-b-bluhhh...

The chef blanches at the sign of blood, his eyes roll back in his head, and he PASSES OUT.

Charlie waves him off. After a moment, she too passes out from blood-loss. A couple of kitchen guys rush in to help.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- DAY

Hunter stands at the mirror, fixing his tie.

He pauses, massages his temples like he's got a headache.

Charlie jogs into the bathroom, startling Hunter. She's on her phone...

CHARLIE
Hi, yes, I'm calling to inquire about your *skywriting* capabilities?

...but she quickly unzips her "go bag," tosses Hunter her bottle of Advil. Mouths "Keep it," then walks out.

Hunter frowns, shakes the bottle with a rattle, and smiles.

INT. CHAPEL -- LATER

Classical music plays. The wedding is in MID PROCESSION.

Tom and HIS MOTHER walk down the aisle...

INT. CHAPEL ENTRY -- SAME

Sally stands wobbling by the porthole window in her fancy high heels. She gazes through the door, terrified.

SALLY
That's one long walk, huh?
(slaps her thighs)
Think back to your sweet sixteen, girls! And think fast...

Charlie enters, a sneaker box under her arms, breathless like she's been sprinting. She hands the box to Sally...

Who pops it open to find FANCY, BEDAZZLED SNEAKERS that match her dress perfectly.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Charlie! Where'd you find these?

CHARLIE
Would you believe me if I said there's a Payless down the street?
(huffs and puffs)
Way, way, way down there.

Sally plops down and begins putting on one of the shoes.

Mary Beth nods to Charlie approvingly.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

Sally confidently walks down the aisle in her sneakers, and takes her place amongst some of the other bridesmaids...

INT. CHAPEL ENTRY -- SAME

Beverly stands beside the door. She motions for Charlie...

BEVERLY
Five seconds.

Charlie shifts into position. Viola, who's been hanging back, spots something on Mary Beth's beaded dress.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
...four... three...

VIOLA
There's a fuzzy.

Viola reaches out and pinches something on the dress...

Charlie SLAPS Viola's hand away!

CHARLIE
(scolding a dog)
No, Viola! Bad, bad, bad! No!

Viola recoils like a scared puppy, tears in her eyes. Charlie realizes she's overstepped.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, no, I didn't mean to... oh, I'm sorry... really?

INT. CHAPEL ENTRY -- DAY

Beverly stands beside the door. She motions for Charlie...

BEVERLY
Five seconds.

Charlie shifts into position. Viola reaches out toward something on the dress...

VIOLA
There's a fuzzy.

Suddenly, Viola's eyes dart away from the dress -- Charlie shines A LASER POINTER on the opposite wall. Viola leaps after it like a cat. Charlie nods, flicking her wrist.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Charlie sautés a steak, flames broiling. Cookbooks litter the counter all around her.

Some of the other kitchen staff watch as she expertly -- *OOMPH!*-- flips the steak through the air, then catches it again in the pan!

Charlie pumps her fist, the rest of the guys clap.

INT. CHAPEL -- DAY

THE PRIEST squints at his notes at the pulpit. Someone has written **TOM & MARY BETH!!!!** in bold at the top of each page. The Priest nods, ready to proceed.

Mary Beth holds hands with Tom in front of the altar.

PRIEST
Tom and *Mary Beth*, you have brought a host of people from far and wide.

Charlie gives him an enthusiastic thumbs up.

INT. LADIES ROOM -- DAY

Mary Beth squats above the bowl peeing...

Charlie and Viola both wear goggles and rubber gloves as they hold her dress up.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Phil, Ryan’s boyfriend, stands blindfolded with a tie in the middle of the golf course...

WHIP-CRACK! Charlie, in tails and a top-hat, drives two horses pulling a fancy black carriage.

Phil removes the blindfold, suspicious... Ryan hops out of the back of the carriage, dressed impeccably. Phil smiles.

Charlie observes, raises A WALKIE-TALKIE to her lips...

CHARLIE
Tango-bravo, you are cleared for approach...

ZOOOOOOM!

A BI-PLANE swoops over the course. Ryan and Phil wave as the plane does a barrel roll!

Charlie shouts something else into the WALKIE, but it's drowned out by the roar of the plane...

The plane flies into the distance -- then pops WHITE SMOKE from its tail... writes A HEART across the sky.

Phil grabs Ryan and kisses him tearfully.

PHIL
You didn't have to do all this for me, you know?

RYAN
I'm sorry, I was an idiot before. I just got caught up in my own shit, and I forgot you are my everything.

Ryan whispers SOMETHING NAUGHTY in Phil's ear, and of the horses WHINNIES, and Charlie pats him on the neck.

After a beat, A MARIACHI BAND shuffles onto the fairway and launches into AN UPBEAT MEXICAN STANDARD...

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

POP! Charlie opens a bottle of Chardonnay.

She sniffs it, savoring the fruity notes... looks like she's about to down the whole thing -- and then she pours a splash into a skillet filled with linguini. *HISSSHHH!*

Charlie wears an apron over her dress. She barks orders, dumps the pasta into a bowl and moves it over to...

An exquisitely plated dish, with vegetable garnishes sliced and arranged in heart shapes.

CHARLIE
I needed the gratin yesterday, people. And where's my puff pastry?

The plate is on a large tray with a dozen other identical ones. Jack shifts his weight, about to lift and deliver... Charlie wipes a drip of sauce from the rim of the plate.

Jack sees her intensity, and smiles. Charlie catches it, blushes a bit.

JACK
Who *are* you?

CHARLIE
I'm Julia Child, bitch! Now get these out while they're still hot.

Jack lifts the tray and hurries out. Charlie watches him go, smiling warmly, BARKING more orders.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Tom and Mary Beth flip through their sign-in book, having a private moment outside the ball room...

Which has been completely re-deocrated by Charlie.

Photos arranged in a collage chronicling Tom and Mary Beth's relationship (with a Charlie photobomb here and there).

Both of them are visibly touched by the gesture. They hear A PARTY SONG start in the ball room.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(voice booming)
So putcha' hands in the air folks!

Mary Beth takes Tom's hand and together they go running through the double doors--

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

--into the ball room, packed with people -- EVERYONE on their feet cheering for the bride and groom!

CHARLIE (O.S.)
For *Tom* and *Mary Beth!* The couple of the night!

They make their way to the center of the dance floor...

Charlie -- stands behind the DJ booth, mic in hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Let's all party down with them! Come on in! Show 'em some love!

Charlie MIXES A FRESH BEAT as the dance floor is flooded with party guests. The DJ looks on, impressed.

INT. BALL ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie walks through the ballroom carrying two plates herself, nodding to several people.

CHARLIE
Uncle Bob -- how was the Chateaubriand?

UNCLE BOB, mouth full, smiles.

UNCLE BOB
Perfection!

Aunt Martha raises a finger, “waitress!”

CHARLIE
Aunt Martha -- *please* tell me that soufflé set up properly. I watched it the whole time, like you’re supposed to...

AUNT MARTHA
It was delicious, Charlie -- I simply want the recipe. When you’ve got a second!

Charlie nods, off again with these two plates toward...

THE SWEETHEART TABLE

Where Tom and Mary Beth sit, eagerly waiting.

Charlie sets down two delicious-looking dishes...

CHARLIE
Chilean sea bass with wasabe farro for you, MB. And the short-rib for the groom.

MARY BETH
Charlie...

CHARLIE
Everything okay?

MARY BETH
It’s... better than okay.

Charlie breathes a sigh of relief.

MARY BETH (CONT’D)
I just want to thank you so much. You single-handedly prevented, like, a dozen disasters from happening. This food is off the hook. And... my parents told me about the little chat they had with you... Charlie, they’re getting re-married! How in the hell did you pull this all off?

CHARLIE
Look MB, I didn't get a chance to tell you how terribly sorry I am about last night. I was *way* out of line. I know you two are perfect for each other.
(beat)
Besides, your parents just needed a little clarification. That hole *isn't* just an exit... Life changer!
(off MB's "eww")
Bon appetit, you two!

Charlie leaves them to mull that one over.

AT CHARLIE'S TABLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie plops down at the singles table, exhausted. Viola eats happily. Bobby moves his chair closer to Charlie.

BOBBY
I see you've got the moves in the kitchen, as well.
(whispered)
I want to be inside you--

Charlie leans in, and plants a sloppy, wet, open-mouthed kiss right on Bobby's lips -- her tongue pulsing inside his cheek. After a long beat, Charlie breaks. Bobby gasps for air.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(mind: blown)
Oh my god, insta-boner...!

CHARLIE
You know, you weren't *that* bad. You got some magic fingers.

BOBBY
Yeah, baby... you know it.

CHARLIE
Here's the thing, Bob-O. It's not gonna happen, you and me.

Charlie turns Bobby's cheek -- revealing Viola, licking the edge of her plate clean.

VIOLA
(perks up)
Everything was cooked *perfectly!*

BOBBY
Her? No way.

CHARLIE
Think about it, Bobby. That's virgin flesh right there.

VIOLA
(wonky-eyed)
I've tried, but I just haven't met the right guy yet.

CHARLIE
You can show her the wonders of a *thousand* orgasms. And she'll love you more for every one.
(beat)
Besides, I taught her that thing. That I do with my tongue.

Charlie stands and presents Viola like a magician... Viola looks to Charlie, who nods reassuringly.

Viola laps her tongue in and out of her mouth.

Bobby lights up, and he puts his arm around her, whispers something into Viola's ear. Viola blushes, laughs.

Charlie's phone --*BLEET-DEEP!*-- sets off an alarm. She quickly silences it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That's my cue.
(beat)
Go forth, you two... the sea of pleasure is deep and mysterious.

Charlie takes off at a light jog.

INT. LADIES ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie unzips her "go bag" and hands Sally her Tide Pen.

Sally scrubs a corner of her dress in the sink.

SALLY
What else you got in that purse, Charlie? Eh? Cocaine?

Charlie laughs, shakes her head, and looks down at her utility belt -- the different compartments empty... save her trusty ping-pong ball.

INT. BALL ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT

Mary Beth stands with her back to a group of girls, about to toss the bouquet.

Charlie waits in the center of the group, anticipation all over her face. Mary Beth begins bouncing, a count-off--

MARY BETH
Get ready, girls!

Charlie gets into her tennis stance... she sees Rose beside her -- that same look of determination on the little girl.

Mary Beth launches the bouquet...

THROUGH THE AIR

Where it spins, pink ribbon trailing beautifully...

ALL THE WOMEN

Watch it incoming! Viola opens her arms, in pure bliss, about to catch the flowers--

But Rose RISES UP in front of Viola, and plucks the bouquet right out of the middle of the air...

Rose looks down at Charlie, who has lifted the little girl on her shoulders. Charlie holds out her palm, Rose slaps it.

The dance floor clears, and Charlie hoists Rose down.

ROSE
Thanks, Charlie! That made my night! No, my week! My life!

CHARLIE
Yeah, all those other women know the truth...
(which is...)
...the one who catches the bouquet lives happily ever after.

ROSE
Please, I'm 11. I know that's not true. I just wanted to win.

Charlie reaches into her back pocket.

CHARLIE
Rose, I want to give you something.

ROSE
Prezzies!

Charlie comes back with her ping pong ball, palm out. Rose frowns, hands on her hips.

CHARLIE
You're not going to understand this right now -- but you should take this and practice tossing it into a cup, oh, like, six or seven feet away. Get really good at it, okay? And when you get to college--

ROSE
You think I don't know what beer pong is? Please. I *never* lose.

CHARLIE
...and that, right there, is why I'd like to discuss a kind of mentor/mentee program. What's best? E-mail, I'd imagine?

ROSE
Find me on Instagram.

Rose plucks the ball right out of Charlie's hand. She struts off, 11 going on 25.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- BALLROOM -- NIGHT

"LADY IN RED" plays as couples slow dance. Charlie stands on the sidelines happily watching Tom and Mary Beth dance.

Jack nervously maneuvers himself next to Charlie.

JACK
Thanks for your help in the kitchen. You made me forget I was here working. I had so much fun with you today.

CHARLIE
Any time.

JACK
I know this might sound weird, and, if you want to say no, I totally get it--

CHARLIE
Just say it, Jack.

JACK
...would you like to dance?

CHARLIE
I thought you'd never ask.

JACK
Yeah?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

Jack grabs Charlie's hand and guides her out onto the floor. As Charlie walks past Mary Beth she pulls a woman off her dress who is accidentally dancing on Mary Beth's train...

JACK
(notices)
Wow. You're like the ultimate bridesmaid. You've done this a few times, huh?

CHARLIE
Once or twice.

Jack spins her and they laugh.

They lock eyes and he pulls her closer. The chemistry is palpable. Charlie rests her head on Jack's shoulder...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You're not going to remember this tomorrow, but I didn't think guys like you really existed.

JACK
Like me, what?

CHARLIE
A guy that's actually available.

Jack smiles, and holds Charlie tighter.

Charlie looks up when the song reaches it's emotional crescendo: "Laaady in rehhhhhddd--"

SNAP! Charlie is illuminated in a shaft of spotlight.

Charlie stands on her tip toes and kisses Jack, savoring her last moments with him--

MARY BETH (O.S.)
I think we should hear from the person who...
(tearing up)
Really went above and beyond today. My beautiful friend, Charlie.

Charlie looks to Jack, confused. Still in the spotlight.

She touches Jack. She touches herself. Then Jack again.

JACK
You okay?

She looks around the room at all the people staring at her.

CHARLIE
I haven't seen this before. I haven't seen this before!

JACK
I'm confused.

CHARLIE
I'm still here.

JACK
You're still here.

Charlie composes herself, steps out of the spotlight, and walks over to Mary Beth, who holds the microphone.

Charlie, a little embarrassed, takes the microphone.

CHARLIE
I don't have a speech planned so... um... When you're a little girl...
(she winks at Rose)
You learn about this thing called love. And your whole being is lit on fire with this idea that this magic will happen to you some day. You make a wish for it when you blow out the candles every year on your birthday and yearn for it every time you hear a fairy tale. But as you grow up... life gets complicated. People leave, your heart gets broken and you stop believing in magic. You stop believing that it's out there... And you slowly give up on that idea all together.

She makes eye contact with Jack who smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
But then there are days like today when you see two people that were truly destined to be together. And you see that nothing could ever keep these two apart. And being the witness to that love, helps us non-believers... believe again. It has been an honor to share this day with you.

Charlie raises her glass.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
To Tom and Mary Beth. Here's to the rest of your life.

Mary Beth hugs her then takes the mic.

MARY BETH
Oh, my, gosh. Tear-zies. Thank you for being the best friend anyone could have.

VIOLA
(shouting out)
Thank you for introducing me to the man of my dreams!

Viola puts her arm around Bobby, who salivates.

Beverly stands by the dance floor happily sipping a flute of champagne. She raises her glass to Charlie:

BEVERLY
And thanks for saving my job!

MRS. WILLIAMS
And for the lube!

SUZZY
For the baked goods!

RYAN
Who knew you could shoe a horse?!

UNCLE BOB
I finally pooped!

The wedding guests laugh. Vivick grabs the microphone

VIVICK
I don't mean to be a downer, but whoever put my phone in a water pitcher owes me four hundred bucks!

Charlie winks at Dana, who gives her a thumbs up.

TOM
(raising his glass)
To Charlie. You truly are one of the most generous friends we have.

WEDDING GUESTS
To Charlie!

The wedding guests toast to Charlie. Charlie humbly shakes her head.

<u>"CELEBRATION" by Kool and the Gang plays.</u> Charlie runs over to Jack and jumps into Jack's arms.

JACK
Wow. You really like this song.

CHARLIE
You have no idea.

Everyone crowds around Charlie, who dances with the gang. Charlie lets herself go, enjoying her friends and the music.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- DRIVEWAY -- LATER

The Wedding Guests wave sparklers in the air in excitement.

Tom and Mary Beth, hand in hand, wave goodbye to their guests en route to their TOWN CAR, and wave goodbye to Charlie.

Charlie sees how happy Mary Beth and Tom are -- her eyes fill up with tears of joy.

The couple hop in the car and drive off. FIREWORKS go off as they speed off into the distance.

Charlie stands alone watching the fireworks. Jack walks up beside her. They lock eyes. Charlie's face is lit up from the bottle rockets. She goes for it -- and kisses Jack.

More fireworks explode. They part lips.

JACK
Hey, what are you doing later?

CHARLIE
I haven't even thought about it.

JACK
I have to clean up, but do you want to hang out after--?

CHARLIE
Yeah. I do. And you know what? I'll help Fernando with the dishes.

He takes his coat off and puts it around her shoulders. They start to walk inside.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
But when we're done, you have to promise me one thing.

JACK
What's that?

CHARLIE
That we get the hell out of this country club.

Jack puts his arm around her, they continue to walk inside.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL -- THE NEXT MORNING

That friendly cat walks across the grass and sits, watching.

CRUNCH! A worn-out boot crushes a wine glass left on the lawn. Debris from a party is scattered everywhere.

The worn-out boot belongs to A GRIZZLED OLD DRIVER who unplugs the ANTIQUE PHOTO BOOTH. The WHIRRING SOUND it makes dies down and the lights dim atop it. He nods to HIS PARTNER, waiting by the truck.

The Driver rolls the photo booth off the lawn using a cart.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

A beat up DELIVERY TRUCK drives off, leaving the picturesque country club behind.

The delivery truck grows smaller, making its way toward another day, another wedding...

FADE OUT.

THE END