

BACHELORETTE

by
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INT. LOS ANGELES STUDIO APARTMENT. DAY.

SFX. Cell phone ringing. Ring tone: "Smack My Bitch Up."

Buried in bedsheets, GENA MYERS (29) grabs her cell phone; checks caller ID. GENA is a sexy blonde with a dry and dark sense of humor. Her eyes are smeared with last night's makeup and desperate for sleep. She is equipped to solve any crisis but rarely successful at solving one she created. She's a Playboy Bunny stuck with Larry David's brain. Gena answers the call.

GENA
Suicide hot-line.

KATIE (V.O.)
Gena? What are you doing right now?

Gena sees beside her a RUMPLED GUY (20s), musician probably.

GENA
I was sleeping. Now I'm trying to piece together my shattered well-being.

KATIE (V.O.)
How can you sleep? The world is ending!

GENA
Katie, if the apocalypse is upon us, it'll hit LA in three hours.

Getting out of bed, Gena steps into an ashtray and knocks over several empty beer bottles. Her place is too small to contain her level of debauchery. She puts on the nearest piece of clothing: the RUMPLED GUY's T-shirt.

KATIE (V.O.)
Did you get this invitation?

GENA
I didn't get an invitation to jack.

KATIE (V.O.)
When was the last time you checked your mail?

GENA
I don't share a mailbox with my parents on Long Island.

KATIE (V.O.)
Living with my parents beats over-
paying for a shitty studio.

Gena notices her reflection. Her T-shirt reads "JACK JOHNSON". She lets out a groan.

GENA
Ugh!

KATIE (V.O.)
Are you reading the invite?

GENA
No. I just realized the guy I
slept with sucks.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STUDIO APARTMENT. DAY - CONTINUOUS
CLOSE ON. Unopened bills. Second Notice. Final Notice.
Junk Mail. Chinese Food Flyers. An egg-white envelope.
Gold calligraphy: GENA MYERS.

Gena, still in the Jack Johnson T-shirt, stands at the rows of mailboxes for her apartment building. Juggling her unopened mail and her cell phone, she rips open the invite and reads its contents. It's a invitation to the wedding of Rebecca Archer to Cal Douglas.

KATIE (V.O.)
Who the fuck is Rebecca Archer?

GENA
Holy hell. We went to high school
with her. Remember? She and I
used to be really close.

A REALLY OLD GUY tries to open the heavy front door of the building. Arms full, Gena gets the door for him and props it open with her leg. REALLY OLD GUY gets a nice look at her hot pink underwear.

GENA (CONT'D)
Isn't Cal Douglas that guy who just
became the Editor-in-Chief of the
New York Star.

KATIE (V.O.)
And the richest guy in Manhattan
under 30. Gena, we did not go to
high school with anyone named
Rebecca Archer.

GENA

Becky. She was kind of overweight.

KATIE (V.O.)

PIGFACE BECKY?

GENA

Yeah. Pigface. Fuck. This is gonna be prom with better skin.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG ISLAND HOME. GARAGE. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Old children's bikes and toys mingle with exercise equipment. KATIE NEUBERG (29) is running on a treadmill. Her face is covered in a green deep-cleansing mask. She is wearing a pink blue-tooth earpiece. Katie is a pretty and thin brunette; Charlotte York with a drinking problem that's slowed her down to a ditsy-ness she is still trying to pass off as naivete.

KATIE

I'm de-clogging my pores and doing some cardio.

GENA (V.O.)

The wedding isn't for another two months.

KATIE

Exactly. We can't fuck around.

KATIE'S POV. Plastered to the garage wall is a shrine of photos. All from Katie's high school years. She is all smiles. She was the prom queen.

BACK ON. Katie, on the treadmill, looking like an out-of-breath Gremlin after midnight.

INT. LOS ANGELES STUDIO APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Filthy. Dirty dishes piled up in the sink. Flies. An ancient coffee-maker is brewing. Gena is cleaning a mug with the Jack Johnson T-shirt.

GENA

I can't even remember the last time I talked to Becky Archer. And out of the blue we're invited to her wedding?

KATIE (V.O.)
This stinks of Regan.

GENA
I'm conferencing her in.

She takes the phone from her ear and starts pressing buttons.

INT. MANHATTAN BRIDAL SHOP. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Aggressively white. A window lined with headless mannequins in bridal gowns. A redhead, REGAN GALLAGHER (29), is examining a Vera Wang gown. Regan is naturally beautiful but a Stepford Wife in progress. Her crisp haircut, J. Crew dress and sculpted figure seem severe instead of demure. She is your best friend or your worst enemy. At the moment, she is on her cell phone.

REGAN
I can't really talk. I'm helping
Pigface pick out her wedding dress.

THREE-WAY SPLIT SCREEN. Gena is sipping coffee and chain-smoking in her kitchen in LA. Katie, still in her parents' garage on Long Island, is now doing crunches. Regan is examining her flawless manicure in the Manhattan Bridal Shop.

KATIE
Is this your good deed for the
year, Regan?

REGAN
I'm her Maid of Honor.

GENA
Jesus Christ on a bike. Did Becky
troll MySpace for bridesmaids?

REGAN
Actually she asked me and I
nominated you two. Surprise!

KATIE
What are you on!?

REGAN
Today? Two prozacs and an adderol.
Everything is unicorns shitting out
rainbows.

GENA
Regan, being a bridesmaid is my
personal definition of hell.
(MORE)

GENA (CONT'D)
Please tell me there's an ulterior
motive.

REGAN
When was the last time all three of
us were in the same state? This
wedding is a chance to see some old
friends and be the cool girls.

GENA
But we aren't the cool girls
anymore. We're almost thirty,
single, white females with
disposable incomes.

REGAN
Who's single?

KATIE
Who said my income's disposable?
Like, I need it.

REGAN
You make it sound like we're
lepers, Gena. This is the twenty-
first century. Men are bachelors
and we're...

KATIE
Bachelorettes!

GENA
I think I prefer "leper".

KATIE
If we're bridesmaids does that mean
we get a bachelorette party?!

GENA
Guys, are we so dissatisfied with
our own lives that we have to
parade around a bunch of people we
used to know in order to validate
our lifestyle choices?

REGAN
Clyde's gonna be there. Becky
invited him.

GENA
I'm in.

KATIE
Gena! You have to get over him.

GENA

I will. After I get under him.

SALESGIRL approaches Regan and clears her throat.

REGAN

I gotta run. If either of you
flake on bridesmaid duty, I'll cut
your tits off.

She hangs up. Salesgirl is a little nervous. Regan points to the Vera Wang.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Can I see this one?

SALESGIRL

What size do you need? A 2?

REGAN

I need this in a size 12ish.

SALESGIRL

Oh, I assumed you were the Bride.

Regan flips her off with her ring finger which is ringless.

REGAN

What does it look like?

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: TWO MONTHS LATER.

INT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT. DAY.

The day before the wedding. A thoroughly hung-over and frazzled Gena is indiscriminately packing. Throwing everything in sight into an overnight bag. Dirty laundry. A coffee mug. A vibrator. A fancy butter yellow dress in a dry cleaning bag. She grabs a bag of cocaine.

INT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena opens the medicine cabinet and dumps its entire contents into the bag. Face wash. Deodorant. Tampons. Old toothbrushes. She grabs a baby powder bottle. Empties it into the toilet. Her cell phone rings. She answers it.

REGAN (V.O.)

DON'T YOU DARE MISS YOUR FLIGHT!

GENA

Don't yell at me! I'm not the one
getting married, okay?!

She pours the entire bag of cocaine into the empty baby powder bottle.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. KITCHEN. DAY.

Shower of powdered sugar. A CHEF is sifting it on top of an exotic desert as the finishing touch. Regan inspects it, giving off the vibe of an over-caffinated Jackie Kennedy.

REGAN

Easy on the sugar. Have you seen
the bride?

She walks the length of the shiny, bustling kitchen. The CONCIERGE hands her a butter yellow dress. Regan addresses him like a drill sergeant.

REGAN (CONT'D)

I need a limo to JFK and Cristal
sent up to penthouse suite for the
bachelorette party.

INT. LONG ISLAND MALL. CLUB MONACO. AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS
CLOSE ON. Butter yellow dress. Being steamed.

A Club Monaco. Dead white mannequins in colorful outfits. Katie steams her bridesmaid dress with her cell cradled between her shoulder and chin. Katie is in a slinky party dress with high heels that look impossible to walk in.

KATIE

Gena, we're gonna get wasted
tonight and look hot and we don't
even care what that stupid Clyde or
Pigface thinks.

A DUMPY-LOOKING GIRL pops out of a dressing room, wearing a dress that is way too small for her. Katie conceals her phone.

DUMPY-LOOKING GIRL

You sure I can pull this off?

KATIE

Absolutely!!

DUMPY-LOOKING GIRL exits. Katie rolls her eyes.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(to Gena)
You won't believe what I just had
to look at.

EXT. LOS ANGELES. 405 FREEWAY. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gena is speeding down the highway in a '89 Acura. She's in an American Apparel dress and peep-toe platform pumps. She winds through traffic and shouts at the car in front of her.

GENA
GOTTA GET TO A FAT GIRL'S WEDDING!
ONCE IN A LIFETIME MOMENT HERE!

KATIE (V.O.)
God, you gotta learn to start
faking happiness.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. CONSERVATORY GARDEN. ALMOST EVENING.

CLOSE ON. Regan with a big fake smile. FLASH!

We pull back to reveal Regan standing under a rose-lined trellis. People buzz around her setting up a floral paradise for the ceremony. A PHOTOGRAPHER shows Regan her photo he just took on the display screen of his digital camera.

REGAN
The flash is too bright. Make sure
I get all memory cards tomorrow.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(flirting)
Are you always this bossy?

REGAN
Let me guess. Filmmaker, right?
Weddings pay the bills.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Well actually I went to USC...

REGAN
Hey, Zach Braff. Great story. I
have a boyfriend. Save it for the
chicks with no standards.

INT. PLANE. DAY.

Plane is jostling mid-takeoff. Gena braiding her hair nervously. A BARELY ATTRACTIVE GUY (20s) is next to her, gripping the arms of his seat.

BARELY ATTRACTIVE GUY
I don't know about you but I could
use a drink.

GENA
I don't know about you but I could
use a blow job.

INT. LONG ISLAND MALL. CLUB MONACO. EARLY EVENING.

Cash registers. Kylie Minogue thumping. MANUEL (mid-30s), a fantastic and gay Club Monaco manager, is ringing up a customer while dancing to the music. Katie rushes past him, teetering atop her heels.

KATIE
There's only so much Kylie Minogue
a girl can listen to, Manuel.

MANUEL
Keeps you on your toes, diva!
Where do you think you're going?

KATIE
I've got to make the next train to
the city. I'm going to a
bachelorette party!

MANUEL
Girl, why didn't you invite Manuel
the cream machine?!

His dancing becomes wilder with some air-humping and thrusting his crotch at her. This almost sets Katie off-balance. She giggles as she exits.

KATIE
The next one! I promise!

INT. PLANE. EARLY EVENING.

Steady flight. There are little airplane bottles of liquor in front of Gena and the Barely Attractive Guy. They're wasted.

BARELY ATTRACTIVE GUY
I thought girls hated giving head.

GENA

Blow jobs are a delicate thing, man. I love cock hitting the back of my throat as much as the next guy. But girls can't go all out on a regular basis.

BARELY ATTRACTIVE GUY
Why not? If you enjoy it--

GENA

Look. On a scale of 1 to 10, 1 is blowing it kisses and 10 is I'm choking on vomit and semen. I gotta start off with 4s and 5s. I'm just good enough that you feel like I know what I'm doing but no enthusiasm. So you'll think "Fine. I'll just fuck her." I start with a 10. I got nowhere to go! Why are you gonna spend any time fucking me when you just came all over my face? So I start off small. Then I build it up. Give you a 6 after a fight. An 8 when you spend a lot of money on me. Then I go back to 4s and 5s when I want you to do something for me. And your dick alarm will go off.

BARELY ATTRACTIVE GUY
So exactly... what situation would justify you giving a 10?

GENA

You gotta save them for the right moment. Like... Let's say... When you're about to go to the wedding of your ex-best friend. She happens to be marrying the kind of guy your mom is gonna torture you to marry until the day you die. And your ex-boyfriend, who ruined your life, is gonna be there. And you're stuck on a plane. With nothing but pent-up frustration. Next to a guy you're never gonna see again.

She downs the rest of her little bottle of liquor. The guy is hopeful. She looks at him like "What were we talking about?"

CUT TO:

INT. JFK. NIGHT.

Baggage claim. A limo driver is holding a sign: GINA MYERS. Gena walks into the shot, already smoking a cigarette and downing a little airplane bottle of liquor.

GENA

It's Gena! With an "E". GOD! No one understands me.

Tosses the tiny liquor bottle defiantly to the ground.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT.

The lobby of the hotel is plush and gold. A large carpeted foyer scattered with vintage furniture. Dark wooden desks house concierge and reception areas. Regan stands waiting, checks the wall clock, goes to bite her nails but stops herself when she sees Katie and Gena. They ambush her with hugs and girly sounds of joy.

REGAN

Gena! You look hot. Like LA hot.
Are you wearing a T-shirt?

GENA

It's a dress!

KATIE

Did you bring the coke?

GENA

Yes. But let's wait til the party.

KATIE

I don't want to share!

REGAN

Guys, about the bachelorette party--

GIRL (O.S.)

Gena Myers?

They turn around to see BECKY (29), the Bride. She's very pretty and rosy-cheeked. She's overweight but only compared to these skinny bitches. Becky stares at Gena in disbelief.

BECKY

You look... like a completely different person.

GENA

Becky! You look... exactly the same. Congratulations. By the way. On getting married. Not for looking the same.

Awkward. Gena feels like an asshole. Which she is.

BECKY

Thanks.

REGAN

I was just telling them about the plans for tonight.

BECKY

Regan said you both were expecting some sort of blow-out. We're having ice cream sundaes and a champagne toast in my suite later.

REGAN

I think it's a lovely idea.

KATIE

Can we also make friendship bracelets out of lanyard?

GENA

Becky, what Katie means is don't you want to party like old times on your last night of freedom?

BECKY

Maybe we could have had a wild night if you guys had planned to have a bachelorette party weeks ago like normal people do.

GENA

(trying to make a joke)
You say "normal" like it's something we should want to be.

BECKY

(to Regan)

Thanks for picking out these wonderful bridesmaids, Regan. We need to go into dinner. Where's your man Frank?

REGAN

He's running a little late.

She takes Regan's arm and they walk toward the elevators. Gena eyes both of them suspiciously. She and Katie whisper to each other.

GENA

Wow. So. She hates me.

KATIE

You? She didn't even say hello to me. I bet she's still mad about that time I poured maple syrup all over her clothes while she showered after gym class. Which is fucked up because I totally apologized for that.

GENA

I need at least three stiff drinks before I see Clyde.

KATIE

I thought we were gonna do some coke.

GENA

We're rationing, man. You do coke now and someone's dick is gonna get sucked.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. BANQUET HALL. NIGHT.

Cream. It's all cream-colored tablecloths, walls, napkins, with the hazy glow of candlelight. The rehearsal dinner is about to begin. Guests mingle. Open bar. String quartet.

CLOSE ON. Regan chatting and flirting with JEFF (30), the Best Man. Jeff looks like he graduated magna cum laude, has a very successful job, and has definitely fucked hookers.

CLOSE ON. Gena and Katie camped out at the open bar. Kate's drinking a Cosmo. Gena's drinking Maker's on the rocks.

KATIE

Leave it to Regan to sit next to the only hot rich guy here.

GENA

How do you know he's rich? He could be gay.

KATIE

I need to get a guy at this wedding, Gena. A guy with a job. The last date I went on was at the Olive Garden.

GENA

At least you weren't working there.

KATIE

This is my last chance. If I'm not married by 30, I'll fucking kill myself. I'll be like a bunion on the foot of humanity.

GENA

Woman, chillax.

JOE (29), a nerdy stoner, walks up to them. Buddy Holly glasses. Not a lot of game but definitely has that hot "I speak the language of the machines" thing going on.

JOE

Gena Myers? I never would've recognized you. You look great!

GENA

Joe! Holy shit, dude. You look like... an adult.

JOE

Yeah. I kind of am now. Hi Katie.

KATIE

(doesn't know him)

Hi.

JOE

We... went to high school together. Uh, you sat next to me in French. You usually copied my homework right before class.

GENA

He sold us pot.

KATIE

Oh right! Joe!

GENA

Is Clyde here?

JOE
(points)
He's talking to the groom.

KATIE
That's Cal?!

CLOSE ON. CAL (29), who is Robert Redford circa 1975. Handsome and WASPy. He's laughing uproariously with CLYDE (29), Gena's high school sweetheart. If John Cusack and Vince Vaughn made love the product would be CLYDE. Good-looking, eternally boyish with an idiotic sense of humor.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(re: Cal)
He's gorgeous.

GENA
(re: Clyde)
Yes, he is.

KATIE
(to Joe)
Do you have a job?

JOE
I'm a computer programmer.

KATIE
Like a Bill Jobs thing?

JOE
Um... Steve Jobs? Not really. I mean, I didn't find Apple.

GENA
I gotta change my tampon.

Gena walks away from them. Katie is pissed she was just abandoned. Joe is nervous. Awkward pause.

JOE
So... You watch Lost?

KATIE
I need to make a phone call.

She leaves him there. He is embarrassed and tries to recover by swaying to the music.

CUT TO:

Gena walking briskly past Regan and Jeff, who are mid-conversation.

JEFF

Heard your bachelorette party is
gonna be a snoozer.

REGAN

We dropped the ball on having one
ahead of time so it's last minute
and boring.

JEFF

I don't think I would ever use the
word "boring" to describe you.

REGAN

Yeah. Don't do that.

JEFF

I'm not doing anything.

REGAN

You're totally doing it. I have a
boyfriend.

JEFF

Funny. I didn't see him come in.

REGAN

He's running late.

JEFF

Well, Cal's been so busy taking
over the newspaper we didn't get a
chance to go to Vegas. So, he
doesn't know it yet, but we're
taking him to a strip club later.
You wanna join?

REGAN

Text me later. I bet you could
take a poke at one of the
bridesmaids. They're easy like
Sunday morning.

JEFF

I thought they were your friends.

REGAN

(matter of fact)

They are.

CUT TO:

Cal and Clyde joking around. Cal's sister, STEFANIE (17 but
carries herself like 30), has joined them.

Stefanie laughs particularly hard at Clyde and puts her arm around him. Gena approaches them tentatively. Clyde sees her. They stare at each other. Long.

GENA

Hi, Clyde.

CLYDE

Gena. Hi. Haven't seen you since--

GENA

The thing.

CAL

You must be the infamous Gena Myers. Cal Douglas. This is my sister, Stefanie. Becky told us all about you.

CLYDE

Her and Becky Archer used to be inseparable.

CAL

But it's been awhile. Right?

GENA

It's been awhile since I've seen a lot of people.

STEFANIE

(re: Clyde and Gena)

How long have you two known each other?

GENA

Since I was about your age.

CLYDE

(covering)

Nice dress, Gen.

GENA

It's a T-shirt actually.

CLYDE

The new you is... interesting. You've turned into Kim Basinger in Cool World.

GENA

And you've become the creepy guy at a Miley Cyrus concert.

Weird. Cal and Stefanie are uncomfortable. Clyde's throaty laugh immediately diffuses the situation.

CLYDE
Save the zingers for the speeches,
Genny.

GENA
Nobody calls me Genny anymore.

CUT TO:

Rehearsal dinner in full swing. The wedding party sits at the head table. Becky and Cal sit center. Next to Becky: starting on her right sit Katie, Gena and Regan. Next to Cal: starting on his left sit Jeff, Joe, Clyde, and Stefanie. Jeff is making a speech.

JEFF
Funny story about Cal. Our seventh grade field-trip to Six Flags is coming to a close and we're all piling onto the bus. Cal is lagging behind cause he had to ride the Freefall last minute. He's about to get on the bus, carrying this huge cup of soda, and he just bites it. Wipes out completely and spills what might be two liters of Coke all over his shorts. Epic.

Hearty laughter.

JEFF (CONT'D)
So he and I are sitting in the back of the bus. Cal in wet shorts and I get a whiff of gnarly. It's the distinct smell of urine. And I turn to him and say, "It would be pretty funny if you pissed your pants on the Freefall and then tried to cover it up by spilling Coke all over yourself." And Cal says "Yes but it would also be kind of genius."

Guests laugh and applaud. Becky and Cal look lovingly at each other. Gena leans over to see Clyde, still flirting with Stefanie. Annoyed, Gena starts rebraiding her hair.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Now I'll hand it over to the lovely and not single Maid of Honor.

Regan stands, holding a piece of paper.

REGAN

Thank you, Jeff. Becky. Cal. I would like to start by reading something that's very close to my heart.

(Unfolds paper)

"Imagine there's no heaven. It's easy. If you try."

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT.

Later that night. The suite is enormous. Everything is soft pinks, deep reds and blinding whites. Rose petals litter the furniture. Floor to ceiling windows over-looking a leafy but dark Central Park. Lights from buildings hang over the view like stars. Becky's Mother, DENISE, and Cal's Mother, MARIE, are dishing out ice cream sundaes to Becky's friends.

We follow a pretty TALL GIRL down a long hallway into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM. NIGHT.

A marble sanctum. Two sinks. Two entrances. Wall to wall mirror. A never-been-used toilet. A glass-walled shower. And an old-fashioned tub with shower head.

In the tub are about fifteen bottles of Cristal chilling in a bed of ice. TALL GIRL pops open a bottle and pours herself a glass. A few feet away, Katie and Gena are sipping champagne from glasses and speaking in hushed tones.

GENA

I mean, what is this? A Jane Austen novel on crack?

KATIE

It's really tacky. Clyde's always been tacky. She's not even twenty.

GENA

I'm gonna throw myself into traffic.

KATIE

No. Don't. I have a surprise coming.

GENA

What did you do?

KATIE

If I told you it wouldn't be a surprise!

TALL GIRL walks out the alternate entrance to the bathroom into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Large fluffy bed surrounded by a myriad of floral arrangements. TALL GIRL walks past Regan, who is talking to an ANOREXIC FRIEND and a GEEKY FRIEND. Regan inspects her manicure.

ANOREXIC FRIEND

I've been with Chris for a year and I think he'd rather drink Nair than marry me.

REGAN

Have you ever thought about getting pregnant?

ANOREXIC FRIEND

I can't get knocked up and assume the bastard will stick around.

GEEKY FRIEND

That's like Russian roulette with human life.

REGAN

Is there a form of Russian roulette that doesn't involve risking human life?

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT.

All the women are gathered around toasting Becky. Denise and Marie are elated with their glasses raised high.

DENISE

(choked up)

To my little girl... To...

MARIE

To the joining of two families.

Applause. Sipping. Gena, rebraiding her hair, speaks under her breath to Katie. Regan approaches them.

GENA

I'm gonna choke on my own tongue.

KATIE

Just wait. Any minute now.

REGAN

What do you mean? What did you do?

SFX. Knock at the door.

Becky opens it. Standing there is a POLICE OFFICER (MANUEL).

MANUEL

Ma'am, do you realize guests have been complaining about the noise?

BECKY

I'm so sorry! We will keep it down. It's just that I'm getting married tomorrow.

MANUEL

Then I'm afraid I'm going to have to search you.

BECKY

What? Why?

Manuel throws Becky's arms into the air and pats her down. Marie and Denise gasp. Katie and Gena are trying very hard not to laugh. Regan is trying to look as disapproving as possible. Manuel starts grabbing Becky's breasts.

DENISE

That's enough.

MARIE

What's the meaning of this!?

Manuel stops and picks up a boombox that sits just outside the door of the suite.

MANUEL

Alright, diva!

He presses play on the boombox. Some awful Tom Jones song comes on. He rips off his uniform to reveal a sexy, perfectly waxed body covered only by a polka dot thong. He starts his air-humping moves around Becky. Some of the girls look like they are enjoying the ridiculousness of it. Most of them think it's completely inappropriate. Marie and Denise look like they might faint. Becky is mortified.

Manuel picks up his messenger bag, reaches in and throws condoms at the girls. He pulls out a penis hat and puts it on Becky's head. He starts humping her in time to the music. Denise runs over and shuts the boombox off. Silence, except for Katie's cackling. Gena and Regan look like deer in the headlights. Becky tears off the penis hat. Manuel looks at Katie, doubled over with laughter.

MANUEL (CONT'D)
What, mama? You said 10pm.

KATIE
No! It was perfect!

BECKY
I knew she and Gena would do something like this!

GENA
We're trying to make your party fun. Loosen up!

BECKY
I thought you'd be different, Gena. And you know what? You are. Now you look like a bitch AND act like one.

GENA
If you hate me so much, why'd you invite me?

BECKY
A huge mistake. I only made you two bridesmaids because I felt sorry for you.

Silence. Gena doesn't know what to say. Everyone is severely uncomfortable. The other bachelorettes start to get their things together.

DENISE
Let's go lie down in my suite, Becky. Tomorrow's a big day.

Everyone leaves. Marie discreetly locks arms with Manuel. They saunter off together. Gena, Regan and Katie stand there powerless. Becky whirls around before exiting.

BECKY
Don't bother showing up tomorrow unless you're going to act slightly normal.

REGAN
I'll take care of them, Becky.

Becky leaves with her mom. The three girls are left alone.

GENA
You'll "take care" of us? What are we? An STD?

REGAN
I was trying to do damage control.
Now what do we do?

KATIE
What do you call a bachelorette party without the Bride?

GENA
Friday?

CUT TO:

Half an hour later. Regan, Gena and Katie alone in the suite. Lines of cocaine on the coffee table. They've been doing coke consistently for thirty minutes. They each have their own bottle of Cristal. Gena finishes sniffing a line.

GENA (CONT'D)
I thought she was gonna explode.
Explode with a penis on her head!

KATIE
She feels sorry for US? I feel sorry for HER! She's not even a real size.

GENA
According to who, the Gap?

KATIE
I don't work at the Gap anymore!
Fuck off!

Katie sniffs a line of cocaine.

REGAN
I can't believe I'm not the one getting married first.

GENA
Here we go! Self-pity parade!

Gena exits to the bedroom.

REGAN

I'm hot. I exercise and eat like a normal person. Frank and I were gonna get married.

KATIE

You're complaining about Frank but you've got a career. You've got those retarded kids to save.

REGAN

They're not retarded. They have cancer.

Regan sniffs a line of cocaine.

KATIE

Whatever. At least you're getting cock. I don't even have prospective cock to passive-aggressively manipulate into marrying me.

REGAN

Do you know why Pigface invited us? To show off. It's audacity posing as magnanimity.

KATIE

Gena! Regan's using big words!

Katie sniffs a line. Gena re-enters. She is wearing the penis hat and holding BECKY'S WEDDING DRESS, which is the Vera Wang masterpiece in a size 12-ish.

GENA

(imitating Becky)

You guys peaked in high school! Regan is my new best friend! Even though she obviously only wants to suck up to me because I'm rich now!

REGAN

Hey! She can't be mad at me. I spent months planning a wedding that is Martha Stewart's wet dream.

GENA

(still Becky)

By the way, have I introduced you to my expensive white garbage bag?

Katie wobbles from one leg to the other laughing hysterically. Regan sniffs a line.

REGAN

I did everything right. I went to Princeton and snagged a pre-med boyfriend. I bought Pilates equipment.

GENA

What do you want? An award?

REGAN

I want to be married. I want to never have to worry about money again. I don't want people like Pigface Becky to get shit I deserve!

KATIE

Let's set her wedding dress on fire!

REGAN

That's the best idea you've had all night.

Regan picks up the wedding dress. Katie gets a lighter from her purse. Gena tries to grab it from Katie. They wrestle in a really girly way.

GENA

STOP! You're both jacked up and you'll burn the whole place down.

Katie tosses the lighter to Regan. Regan stands with dress in one hand and lighter in the other. Gena nervous but composed.

KATIE

I will love you forever if you do this, Regan.

GENA

She won't. She doesn't have the balls.

Regan brings the lighter dangerously close to the dress. Gena grabs the skirt to take it from Regan. Regan pulls hard. Gena pulls hard back. They wrestle with it. They knock over a lamp. RIIIIIIIPPPPP!

Whoa. All three girls look wide-eyed at each other. There is a huge rip in the skirt from hem to waistline. The wedding dress is unwearable. Vera Wang screams in pain somewhere. No one moves.

GENA (CONT'D)
Shit just got real.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. CAL'S SUITE. NIGHT.

The suite is smaller than the penthouse but just as fantastic. Cal, Jeff, Clyde and Joe are all sandwiched into a couch facing a flat screen plasma. Jeff and Cal are drinking tumblers of scotch. Clyde drinks straight from the bottle. Joe is smoking pot from a small bowl.

Simultaneously they all react with crushing disappointment! Except for Cal who is triumphant.

REVERSE ANGLE on the TV. Basketball game. Freak mid-court shot wins the game. Players celebrate.

CAL
PAY UP, ASSHOLES!

CLYDE
Jokes on you, Cal. Cuz I don't have any money. AAAHH!!

JEFF
I love you. I just met you and I love you. In a completely gay way.

CLYDE
I have that effect on people.

CAL
Alright, guys. I'm done. I gotta get married tomorrow. Get out of my suite before I call security.

CLYDE
Smoke some weed first. Joe, if you want me to get you laid tonight, stop bogarting the fucking bowl.

JOE
(exhaling smoke)
I just struck out with the girl I masturbated to for four years. The last thing I want to do tonight is go to a strip club.

CLYDE
Joe! Ix-nay on the Ippers-Stray!

JEFF
Way to ruin the surprise, Joseph.

CAL
JEFF! I said no strip clubs!

JEFF
Don't make me fight you.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT.

The girls are in a state of completely panic. Gena is holding the dress surveying the damage.

GENA
This is un-fixable! We are so fucked. What possessed you to do that?!

REGAN
You pulled it from me too fast!

GENA
Don't start passing the blame!
What are we going to do?

KATIE
Maybe we could hide it? Maybe we could tell Becky that it was stolen?

REGAN
Yes! A homeless man broke into a five-star hotel and stole the dress to what? Pitch a tent with it?

Katie throws an expensive vase onto the ground and it breaks into a thousand pieces. SMASH!

GENA
What in the fuck are you doing?!

KATIE
We gotta trash the room and make it look like it was robbed.

Katie grabs a champagne bottle throws it into the wall.
SMASH!

GENA
STOP IT! That is a terrible idea!
We have to fix it.

REGAN
You said it was un-fixable!

GENA

Well, fuck! I've done so much coke
I probably should have died ten
minutes ago. Maybe we should get a
second opinion.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. HOUSEKEEPING. NIGHT.

Housekeeping staff of the hotel are busy tonight! Women in white uniforms buzz about their pristine headquarters. Gena and Katie are standing over a sweet-looking HOUSEKEEPING LADY, who is folding towels. Gena is showing her the dress.

HOUSEKEEPING LADY

No. No. It's too damaged. I
can't help you.

GENA

Please you've got to help us. This
is an emergency.

KATIE

I mean, what are we paying you for?

GENA

We're not paying her!

KATIE

Well, someone is.

HOUSEKEEPING LADY

(sighing)

Not enough.

We pull back to reveal Regan on her cell a few feet away. Regan is biting her nails. Chomping on her manicure.

REGAN

What do you mean you're not coming
to the wedding?

FRANK (V.O.)

I mean, exactly that. I'm not
coming.

REGAN

Do you understand that shit is
going down right now? I need you
here!

FRANK (V.O.)
I got some work stuff to do so...
You still there?

REGAN
Yes. I am. Frank, I need you
here!

FRANK (V.O.)
I can't hear you. I get terrible
reception in our apartment. I'll
call you later.

Click. Regan takes a moment to collect herself. She hangs up and starts texting. Gena turns around and shouts at her.

GENA
Regan! We're in the middle of a
catastrophe and you're texting!

Regan goes over to join them.

GENA (CONT'D)
(to Housekeeping Lady)
Please! Isn't there anything you
can do?

HOUSEKEEPING LADY
This is Housekeeping. Not Project
Runway. You need a tailor. And
tailors don't work in the middle of
the night. But if you bring it
back first thing in the morning I
can clean it for you.

REGAN
Clean it? It doesn't need to be--

Regan looks down and sees: BLOOD STAINS on the bodice of the torn dress. She frantically looks at Gena.

REGAN (CONT'D)
Oh my god!? Who's bleeding?

GENA
Who's bleeding?

We pan over to reveal Katie with a bloody nose. She brings her hand to her face.

KATIE
Fuck! It's me! I'm bleeding!
Bleeding over here!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT.

Bright lights. Car horns. Animated billboards. Clyde is hanging out of the sunroof of a limousine. Arms in the air.

CLYDE
Who wants to sex Mutombo!?!?

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Plush leather. Mood lighting. Mini-bar tumblers and bottles jingling. Joe is trying to pull Clyde back into the limo. Jeff is laughing at Joe and Clyde. Cal is sulking.

JOE
Clyde! That is how people get their heads torn off.

Clyde gets back into the car. He takes a photo of Joe with his digital camera. Joe is momentarily blinded. Clyde wags his finger at Joe ala Mutombo.

JEFF
You are such a downer, Joe.

JOE
I'm sorry! I don't want break traffic safety laws on our way to a night of objectifying women.

Jeff groans and makes a jerking off motion with his hand.

CLYDE
What are you worried about?
Getting detention from the hall monitor?

Jeff checks his phone. A text from REGAN. It reads: "Nose-deep in pussy yet?" He smiles and starts texting back.

JOE
I mean this isn't like a "movie strip club". Salma Hayek isn't gonna be there. This is Caesarian scars and gonorrhea lurking on every surface. In every thread of furniture.

CLYDE
(making a sad face)
Oh Joey! We can huddle together for protection. It'll be just like high school.

CAL

I agree with Joe, guys. I didn't want to do this tonight.

JEFF

I will not let you kill fun during your bachelor party.

CAL

This isn't fun. In fact, I'm having negative fun.

JEFF

It's not like you're cheating.

CAL

Yes. It is actually.

JEFF

How do you figure?

CAL

You don't get it. When you meet the right girl, you don't do anything that'll screw it up. My douchebag days are over.

CLYDE

I met the right girl, dude. Perfect for me. Gorgeous. Funny. Totally insane. And I screwed it up. I screwed it up big time.

JOE

(concurring)

Yeah. You were pretty douche-tastic to Gena.

CAL

Well, why didn't you do something about it? Like apologize?

CLYDE

(enigmatic smirk)

Never got the chance.

Clyde takes a photo of himself making the enigmatic smirk. He looks at the photo on the display screen.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I smell a new profile pic!

INT. CVS. NIGHT.

Florescent. Gena and Katie are rifling through sewing materials located across from the tabloids. Katie has two bits of kleenex up her bloody nose. Gena is rebraiding her hair. The wedding dress stuffed into her overnight bag.

GENA

I am such a screw-up, man. We gotta lay off the coke. After tonight, no more fucking coke. This is one of those, like, moments of clarity. You would tell me if I needed to lay off the coke, right?

Katie picks out a sewing kit and shows it to Gena.

KATIE

I think we should get the one with Hello Kitty on it!

GENA

What is wrong with you?

KATIE

Maybe the one with SpongeBob?

Regan comes running around the corner to join them.

REGAN

The guys are just getting to the strip club now. We should totally join them!

GENA

I'm not the Maid of Honor or anything but I think we should, I don't know, FIX THE DRESS?

REGAN

Why are you being so aggro?

GENA

The wedding is in seven hours!

REGAN

So we go to the strip club for two hours and then sew for five hours. Plus I bet we could find a tailor before the ceremony.

Katie is leafing through an US Weekly.

KATIE

Good plan.

GENA

Katie, would it kill you to side with me for once? Put that crap down! It's like porn for women.

KATIE

I'm addicted. I love looking at all the clothing.

REGAN

Gena, the only reason you came to this wedding was to give Clyde a killer hand job.

GENA

Yeah. I mean...

REGAN

So here's your chance. Strip club. Then dress.

GENA

You promise?

REGAN

What is this? Summer camp? Christ. Yes. I promise.

KATIE

I'M STARVING! And I have to get the taste of blood out of my mouth.

REGAN

There's a diner around the corner.

Gena grabs several sewing kits. All three girls make their way to the cashier. Katie trips a little bit.

GENA

Katie, those shoes are instruments of torture in other countries.

Katie's ankle gives way. It's one of those nasty twists you see runway models suffer on ANTM. CRACK! She bites it. The entire store turns to see. Regan and Gena goes to help her. Katie is paralyzed with laughter and pain.

GENA (CONT'D)

Spill on aisle three!!!

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON. Stripper shoes. Much higher than Katie's. We pan up a banging naked chick to big fake tits! Yes! Pull back to see a stripper on-stage mid-routine. Pull further back into...

Scores! It feels like the whole place is made out of ugly purple velvet. Armchairs and ashtrays. The strippers are dancing and slinking around the place. Cal, Jeff and Clyde are chilling in arm chairs. Smoking cigars. A BUBBLY STRIPPER approaches them.

BUBBLY STRIPPER

(to Cal)

Hey handsome, you wanna a dance?

JEFF

You're not really his type.

Bubbly Stripper looks at Clyde. He shakes his head "no." She storms off and almost knocks over Joe who joins them, looking nervous. He sits next to them.

JOE

I think I just got AIDS from that bathroom.

Another stripper, who is definitely on drugs, approaches Joe. She leans over him.

WASTED STRIPPER

You wanna dance, honey?

JOE

Um... I...

CLYDE

Listen, I'll give you twenty dollars to leave us alone.

WASTED STRIPPER

You're a shithead.

She storms off.

CAL

Stop being assholes.

JEFF

We don't want the poor guy to get hosed.

JOE

You don't have to be rude.

CLYDE

You gotta make them feel like
there's something wrong with them.
Then they have something to prove.

Wasted Stripper hears this.

INT. MOONSTRUCK DINER. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON Katie's ridiculous heels. A frozen bag of peas is strapped to her ankle with ace bandage.

Moonstruck is Sketchy McSketcherstein. Everyone is drunk or homeless. Katie is eating a sausage, egg and cheese on a hard roll. She takes a break only to shove fries into her mouth or take a sip from her milk shake. Gena is eating a cheeseburger and trying to sew the dress with the kits purchased at CVS. Regan has no food in front of her.

KATIE

Regan, have some fries!

REGAN

No thanks. I want to fit into my dress tomorrow.

GENA

I don't know about you but I need sustenance.

REGAN

You're just gonna throw it up later.

GENA

I don't do that anymore.

REGAN

(huge air-quotes)

Sure you "don't".

GENA

At least I'm not dead inside.

REGAN

I am not dead inside.

KATIE

Oh my GOD! You didn't even crack a smile when Becky had a banana hammock in her face.

Regan laughs. We've never heard this. It's unnatural for her but she is genuinely amused.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Whoa! What was that? The first time you've laughed in ten years.

REGAN

(chuckling)

OK. Enough.

GENA

You should do it more often. Burns calories.

KATIE

Jeff is so hot. I'm totally gonna let him finger-bang me tonight.

REGAN

Why Jeff? Joe is in love with you.

KATIE

Ugh! That guy is, like, no. It would be like choosing Ducky when Andrew McCarthy is standing right there.

GENA

Have you ever fucked a guy who didn't get laid in high school?

KATIE

God! I hope not.

GENA

You're missing out. They're perverts. All those years of chronic masturbating. They are obsessed with pussy. It's like Brian Krakow.

KATIE

My So-Called Life! I loved that show.

REGAN

Jordan Catalano was my first whack off material.

GENA

See, everyone went for Jordan Catalano. Who was an asshole. I always wanted Brian Krakow.

REGAN

And now you date guys who look like Brian Krakow but treat you like Jordan Catalano.

Katie laughs with her mouth full.

GENA

Whatever. I'm here to tell you that Ducky can fuck.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON. Wasted Stripper. Giving the "fuck me" look.

Clyde staring straight back at her, smiling. Next to him is poor Cal who is sighing and checking his watch. Jeff and Joe are in the middle of an argument.

JOE

I just don't think you need to be a dick.

JEFF

Actually that's exactly what I have to be. It's like dating. If you're nice, they walk all over you. You treat them like shit then you're a challenge.

JOE

Regular girls aren't like that.

JEFF

Do you see any nurses or mothers sliding down that pole?

Jeff checks his phone again.

CAL

Who is texting you?

JEFF

Maid of Honor. Her and the bridesmaids are stopping by.

They other guys are shocked. Cal is pissed. Joe is hopeful.

CAL
You invited Becky's friends to the
strip club?!!

JOE
Katie is coming here?

Cal gets up and puts on his jacket.

JEFF
Cal! Come on! I know this awesome
club downtown--

CAL
Are you crazy? I'm leaving. Fun
quota has been filled. Look. Have
a couple dances on me. Keep the
limo. I'll see you tomorrow
morning.

He does some sort of fist tap with Jeff. Cal exits. Jeff
turns to Clyde and Joe.

JEFF
Whatdya say? I got a table booked
at Socialista.

JOE
(super-jazzed)
I'm down.

CLYDE
There's no way I'm spending a night
with Regan.

JEFF
Whoa, don't be a cockblocker. If
you know something about the
firecrotch, tell me.

CLYDE
It's like... there are criminals
and then there's Hannibal Lecter.
Right?

JEFF
Yeah?

CLYDE
There are girls. And then there's
Regan.

JEFF

Well, I'd rather take my chances
with a psycho than a wasted
stripper.

CLYDE

Wasted strippers are a liability.
Bad for business. Good for me.

CLOSE ON Wasted Stripper still giving Clyde the look.

EXT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

Men are hanging around on the street. Some drunk. Some just shady. All of them are intrigued by the sight of the SCORES BOUNCER, a hulking guy of 40, trying to keep Gena, Regan and Katie from entering the club. The wedding dress has been stuffed into Gena's overnight bag.

SCORES BOUNCER

Come on, ladies. You know the
rules.

KATIE

Rules!? We don't live by rules!
This is America!

SCORES BOUNCER

No females without a male escort.

GENA

This is some sexist, racist,
homophobic bullshit. Who's to say
I don't munch carpet?

SCORES BOUNCER

Take it down the street.

Brief pause. Regan narrows her eyes.

REGAN

Did you... did you just call us
prostitutes?

SCORES BOUNCER

Down the street.

REGAN

I GOT A SCHOLARSHIP TO PRINCETON!

Cal bursts out of the club and sees all three girls. He immediately turns around and tries to re-enter the club. Katie saw him.

KATIE
Cal! Cal! Tell this guy who we
are. Help!

Cal reluctantly turns back around. Gena tries to hide the wedding dress by lowering her bag into the street. The bag lands in a puddle. Cal addresses the bouncer.

CAL
It's okay. They're with me.
(to the girls)
Just don't tell Becky I was here.

REGAN
(flirting)
Secret's safe with us.

CAL
What happened? Did you get in a
fight?

Katie pulls the bloody kleenex out of her nostrils and tries to stand up straight.

KATIE
We had an accident.

Regan discreetly elbows Katie. Cal notices Gena struggling with the bag.

CAL
Do you need help?

Gena decides that the best thing is to rush past him into the club. She shouts at him on her way in.

GENA
What is with the misogyny tonight?
I can carry a fucking bag! I can
also own property and vote. Does
that piss you off?

Regan and Katie follow her into the club. Cal looks perplexed but relieved to be out of there.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

The three girls enter the club. Music thumping. Strobe lights in their faces. Tits everywhere. Girls stare for a moment.

GENA
Kind of a let down.

REGAN

I'm getting a distinct whiff of bar mitzvah from this place.

KATIE

What's with these lights? It's a good thing I'm not epileptic.

GENA

I gotta go to whatever passes for a bathroom here and check on the dress. If I don't come back in five minutes--

Regan is already on her way over to Jeff and Joe, dragging Katie with her.

GENA (CONT'D)

--make sure you claim my body.

Gena watches them go. At the same moment, Gena sees the Wasted Stripper leading Clyde into the champagne room. Clyde has a doofy smile on his face.

CLOSE ON. Gena is pissed. Pulls her hair out of a braid. A small clump of hair comes out with the elastic band. Gena doesn't notice this.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. CHAMPAGNE ROOM. NIGHT.

The champagne room is all black leather and mirrors. Strippers have found their own corners with their clientele.

In a particularly dark corner, is Clyde. He's making out with the Wasted Stripper who is now topless. She pulls a vial of cocaine out of her panties.

CLYDE

Where did that come from?

WASTED STRIPPER

I wanna do a line off your dick.

CLYDE

Is it Christmas?

Wasted Stripper gets on her knees and out of the shot. Clyde stealthily pulls out his digital camera to take of photo of what she's about to do.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Smile!

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. WOMEN'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Scuffed walls. Kicked-in stall doors. A broken mirror. Half-naked strippers check their make-up. Pee with the door open. Sniff lines of cocaine.

Gena is holding the wedding dress under the hand-dryer trying to dry out a wet spot caused by the street puddle. She's frustrated and angry. She's making little progress and slaps her hand to her forehead.

A Cool Stripper (mid 30s), with angel wings tattooed on her shoulder blades, enters. Her hands are dirty and she goes to wash them off. She notices Gena.

COOL STRIPPER
Is this your first night?

GENA
No, but thank you for thinking I'm hot enough to work here.

COOL STRIPPER
What's wrong? Boyfriend?

GENA
Ex-boyfriend. Men suck.

COOL STRIPPER
No, honey. Women suck. Men just taste bad.

GENA
He's in the back room right now getting humped by some skank. No offense.

COOL STRIPPER
None taken.

GENA
And I don't even know why I'm letting it bother me since I really should be fixing this fucking dress! Not obsessing over him!

The Cool Stripper starts rinsing God-Knows-What off her hands.

COOL STRIPPER
Look. The only reason Romeo is in there right now is because he knows he ain't getting laid tonight.

GENA

That's true.

COOL STRIPPER

If he thought he had a chance with
you, he would have been all over
your ass like a fat kid eating
cake.

GENA

I guess so.

The Cool Stripper absentmindedly dries her hands with the
wedding dress thinking it's a towel.

COOL STRIPPER

Believe me, honey. He probably
feels just as insecure as you do
right now. Men deal with it
differently. They want to feel
powerful for a couple hours. Women
cry about it in the bathroom.

GENA

Or we stab each other ruthlessly in
the back.

COOL STRIPPER

What?

Gena slips a 10 dollar bill into Cool Stripper's bra strap.

GENA

I gotta do this more often.
Cheaper than therapy.

She exits.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

Regan sits between Joe and Jeff. A SMOKING HOT STRIPPER is
dancing for Jeff. He's trying to enjoy himself but Regan is
staring at him disapprovingly. Katie enters the shot.

KATIE

(sweetly, to Jeff)

Can I have some more money?

REGAN

No.

KATIE
(straightforward, to Joe)
Can I have some more money?

JOE
Um... sure. I think I've got a few
bucks... here.

Joe gives her some singles. Katie runs off.

JOE (CONT'D)
(weakly)
I love you.

CLOSE ON Katie sitting down close to the stage so she can
toss her singles to the pole dancer.

JEFF
(to Regan)
Isn't there anything you can do to
help Joe here score with Katie?

REGAN
I'm a completely powerless
figurehead. I'm like Harry Truman
at Geneva.

JOE
That doesn't make any sense. You
mean Truman at Potsdam.

REGAN
Excuse me? Truman. The 33rd
president of this country.

SMOKING HOT STRIPPER
No. Weezer here is right. It's
Truman at Potsadam.

REGAN
Thank you for contributing but I
think I know what I'm talking
about.

The Smoking Hot Stripper straddles Regan with a reverse
cowgirl. Regan tries to move but the Smoking Hot Stripper
keeps her from getting up by sitting on her lap. She gives
Regan a lap dance during the following.

SMOKING HOT STRIPPER
Truman inherited the presidency
after Roosevelt died. He went to
Potsdam to deal with Stalin and
Churchill.

(MORE)

SMOKING HOT STRIPPER (CONT'D)
He was completely inexperienced so
I can see how you could make the
analogy in that sense.

JOE
The Geneva conferences are
something else all together.

REGAN
I switched it cuz I'm a little
drunk.

SMOKING HOT STRIPPER
Yeah but it still wouldn't make
sense because Truman had a trump
card at Potsdam. He had the atomic
bomb. So he was really in control
the whole time.

REGAN
Well...

Smoking Hot Stripper brings her face close to Regan's. Jeff
is super-into this.

SMOKING HOT STRIPPER
What's it like being wrong?

REGAN
(smiling)
Feels great.

Gena enters, carrying her bag stuffed with the wedding dress.

GENA
You totally ripped Becky's wedding
dress on purpose.

Regan, Jeff, Joe and the Smoking Hot Stripper all turn to
look at Gena. Regan gets up and ushers Gena away from the
others.

REGAN
Could you step into my office
please?

We follow them as they make their way to the stage away from
Jeff and Joe.

REGAN (CONT'D)
I don't know if you noticed but I
am kind of the middle of some
really intense "Bound"-type shit
right now.

GENA

Why did you come to this wedding?

REGAN

Why does anyone do anything? You came to see Clyde. Katie came to get wasted.

They sit down at the edge of the stage with Katie and watch the stripper perform her pole routine.

GENA

But you specifically weaseled your way into becoming Maid of Honor when, let's just put it out there, you were NEVER friends with Becky Archer.

REGAN

What are you getting at?

GENA

Are you trying to ruin her wedding?

Katie, unsuccessfully, attempts to get the stripper's attention.

KATIE

(to the stripper)

What is the name of your pedicure color? I need it in my life.

REGAN

Give me one good reason why I would try to ruin Becky Archer's wedding.

GENA

You're an insecure, passive-aggressive, recovering cheerleader with no soul.

REGAN

Character assassination. Not really a motive.

GENA

You're jealous! If she walks down that aisle tomorrow with no dress, she'll look like the asshole. Otherwise, you'd be the asshole who can't get her loser boyfriend to show up let alone marry her.

Regan is stung by this and glances down at her partially-chewed manicure. Katie perks up to join the conversation.

KATIE

Frank's not coming to the wedding?

REGAN

First of all, Becky will have no problem looking like an asshole because she's gross. Secondly, if I wanted to ruin someone's wedding, there isn't a fucking thing you could do about it.

GENA

I could tell Becky you wanted to burn her dress in effigy.

REGAN

And I'll tell her you trashed it.

GENA

She won't believe you.

REGAN

Really? Cause who's the real friend? Me, who planned her wedding? Or you, the cokehead who hit her up for a ride to an abortion?

This upsets Gena. Obviously.

GENA

You're a cunt.

KATIE

When did you have an abortion?

REGAN

Senior year. Right after homecoming.

GENA

Fuck both of you.

REGAN

It's nothing to be ashamed of. I don't know why you told Becky not to tell anyone.

GENA

Maybe because I only wanted my real friend to know.

She storms off. Katie and Regan watch her go.

KATIE
I can't believe she had an abortion
without us.

INT. SCORES STRIP CLUB. CHAMPAGNE ROOM. NIGHT.

Clyde leaning his head back. Enjoying himself. The song ends. Wasted Stripper pops up and is all business.

WASTED STRIPPER
That was eight songs. That'll be
400 bucks.

CLYDE
What?!

WASTED STRIPPER
Eight songs. 400 dollars.

CLYDE
I don't have that kind of money on
me!

WASTED STRIPPER
There's an ATM outside.

Wasted Stripper takes Clyde by the arm and stands him up. BAM! A door flings open and Gena bursts into the champagne room with Becky's wedding dress spilling out of her bag. Everyone turns to look.

CLYDE
Gena! I was just--

GENA
Clyde, how could you embarrass me
like this? The night before the
wedding!

WASTED STRIPPER
Who the fuck are you?

GENA
I'm his fiancee! And I told him no
more strippers now that we know for
sure he has chlamydia.

Stripper looks at Clyde furious. Clyde shrugs, playing along.

CLYDE

Must've slipped my mind.

GENA

Your forgetfulness is so endearing.
I can't wait to spend the rest of
my life with you.

CLYDE

Light of my life, why'd you bring
your wedding dress with you to the
strip club?

GENA

Because, darling, it got ripped by
a psycho bitch from hell and I need
you to help me fix it.

CLYDE

It would be my pleasure,
sweetheart.

Clyde zips up his pants and starts to leave. Wasted Stripper elbows him in the face.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Ah! You fucking harpy!

He falls over in pain.

WASTED STRIPPER

This bastard owes me 400 dollars!

GENA

I came prepared, saddlebags.

Gena tosses the Wasted Stripper the baby powder bottle full of cocaine.

GENA (CONT'D)

Don't spend it all in one place.

She grabs Clyde and they exit.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

Dark. Brick. Concrete. Cars are whooshing past. Gena is trying to hail a cab. She has Becky's wedding dress draped around her like a huge puffy shawl.

GENA

Taxi!

CLYDE

No one says "taxi" anymore.

GENA

Thank you, Gena, for saving my ass
when I was open-flyed with a
diseased stripper I COULDN'T PAY
FOR!

CLYDE

What is your issue with me?

GENA

Where do I start? TAXI!

CLYDE

We haven't spoken in almost a
decade and the first thing out of
your mouth tonight was an insult.

GENA

I need to get this dress fixed,
cleaned and prevent any further
damage by tomorrow morning. I'm
sorry if your feelings aren't at
the top of my list of things to be
concerned about.

CLYDE

If you want my help, you're gonna
have to be friendly.

GENA

(ignoring him)
TAXI!!

CLYDE

Don't tell me you're still mad at
me because you got pregnant.

Clyde stops walking. He crosses his arms defiantly. Gena
whirls around to face him.

GENA

No, Clyde. WE got pregnant. I
took care of it. YOU sat around
and made mix tapes about it.

CLYDE

I was seventeen. I was stupid.

GENA

So was I! But, guess what, we're
not young and stupid anymore.

(MORE)

GENA (CONT'D)
Not knowing any better isn't a
valid excuse.

CLYDE
What do you want me to do?

GENA
Start by getting us a cab.

Clyde throws himself into traffic. Gena screams. An off-duty cab screeches to a halt just before hitting him.

GENA (CONT'D)
That was... surprisingly efficient.

EXT. SOCIALISTA. NIGHT.

Jane Street. There are fashionable people loitering and waiting to be let into the club. Regan, Jeff and Joe stand near the bouncer.

DOORMAN
Nope.

JEFF
What do you mean?

DOORMAN
The rest of you can come in but
that one can't.

He points to a very stoned Katie, who is exiting the limo. The bag of peas slides off her ankle. She tries to pick it up and falls over.

REGAN
I knew we shouldn't have let her
smoke pot.

JOE
Let's go somewhere else.

JEFF
No way. It's impossible to book a
table here.

Katie spits onto the ground. Regan helps her up but Katie tries to lie down.

REGAN
Alright. Okay. You gonna puke?

JEFF
Jesus.

REGAN
No sleeping, Katie! Walk with me.

They walk down the block away from the guys. Jeff turns to Joe sternly.

JEFF
Why don't you take her back to the hotel? And you know... smoke another bowl or something. And then slip it in there.

JOE
Slip it in there?! Look what happened to her after one bowl. She's about to pass out.

JEFF
I'll slip it in there. You want Regan instead?

JOE
No. I don't.

JEFF
I don't blame you. Katie's hotter.

JOE
(mystified)
Who are you?

CUT TO:

Katie and Regan are around the corner. Graffiti-ed wall and dumpster overflowing with garbage.

KATIE
What is this? National Date Rape Day? I am not getting in a limo with a potential serial killer.

REGAN
He's not a serial killer. We went to high school with him.

KATIE
Even more of a reason not to do it. This could be a total Trenchcoat Mafia. The reunion tour! Ow!

Katie hops to stay off her ankle.

REGAN
You shouldn't even be on this leg.
Here.

Regan reaches into her purse and gives Katie a prescription bottle of pills. She also hands her a room key (plastic card). Katie shakes the pill bottle.

KATIE
The Freshmaker!

REGAN
It'll help with the pain. Take some and you'll feel better.
Here's the room key. Go back to the hotel with Joe. And leave me alone.

KATIE
(desperately)
But I want to have fun!

REGAN
Let's see. What did you do tonight? You went to a strip club. Rode in a limo. You bled from the nose and possibly broke a major bone. If that's not fun, then Cyndi Lauper can bite me.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON Gena and Clyde staring up at something like little kids. Clyde has a decent-looking black eye developing where the stripper elbowed him.

REVERSE ANGLE on the door of an apartment. Along with the apartment number, there's a quaint little sign that reads: JESUS SAVES.

Gena and Clyde are standing in hallway of the apartment building. Gena rebraids her hair. Clyde cracks his knuckles.

CLYDE
Hold on to your butts.

He rings a loud doorbell. We hear cats meowing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
I can't believe we're going to do
this.

GENA
I can't believe I gave all my coke
to your stripper.

CLYDE
Do me a favor and don't mention
that during the recap of the
evening.

GENA
It's my favorite part though!

The door to the apartment opens. An OLDER WOMAN (mid-60s) stands before them with coke-bottle glasses and a pink bathrobe. She peers at them.

OLDER WOMAN
Clyde?

CLYDE
Hey Mom.

This is SHEILA, Clyde's mother. Tough but sweet.

SHEILA
I thought you were at a wedding.
Is everything alright?

CLYDE
Everything's fine. You remember--

SHEILA
Gena?

GENA
Hey Sheila.

SHEILA
Oh my god. I never would've
recognized you.

GENA
Yeah. Nobody does.

CLYDE
We need your help.

Gena reaches into her overnight bag and pulls out the wedding dress. It resembles a dead body at this point.

SHEILA

Oh my Lord.

CLYDE

Don't ask. It's too long of a story. Without much of a pay-off.

GENA

What do you think?

SHEILA

I've seen worse. When do you need it?

CLYDE

In five hours.

SHEILA

Then it's a miracle you need not me.

GENA

Please, Sheila. You made costumes for every play we did in high school. You made my prom dress from scratch!

SHEILA

Mmm. I loved that dress.

GENA

Please. It only has to be worn once. Tomorrow morning.

Sheila is skeptical. Especially of Gena. However, Clyde's puppy dog face makes her melt a bit.

SHEILA

Come on in. Clyde, can you make us some coffee and food?

(to Gena)

I'll get you some pants.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Joe is smoking a bowl with his seat belt on. Katie lying on the floor of the limo trying to drink a bottle of whatever the limo-mini-bar was stocked with. Joe is attempting to be jovial. Katie is almost incoherent.

JOE

You'll choke if you drink that lying down.

KATIE

Like Jimi Hendrix! If Jimi Hendrix meant it, he would've killed himself. Not going out by accident. I mean, put the barrel of shotgun in his mouth, looked at picture of his baby girl and BAM! Pull the trigger.

JOE

Kurt Cobain.

KATIE

Jimi Hendrix wishes he was Kurt Cobain. I loved Kurt Cobain. When he died, I refused to go to school for weeks!

JOE

Wow.

KATIE

Wow what!?

JOE

I just didn't realize you were so... into that kind of stuff. In high school, you always seemed so happy.

KATIE

Let's make a promise. Right now. A promise to each other.

She sticks out her pinky finger. Joe locks his pinky with hers. He looks at her nose very closely.

KATIE (CONT'D)

We don't talk about who we were in high school for the rest of the night. Ok?

JOE

Ok. Did you get punched in the nose?

KATIE

Yes. By life. Now let's get lit.

Joe obliges by giving her the bowl. She smokes it. He grabs the alcohol from her and takes a manly swig.

INT. SOCIALISTA. NIGHT.

Carol Reed/Casablanca-type Cubana aesthetic with the whirring fans and the wood-shuttered windows. Goldfrapp song thumping. Regan and Jeff are stirring and sipping cocktails.

REGAN

Becky and I went to high school together so... You know... when you're that age... that's when it happens. When you start to hate yourself.

JEFF

You hate yourself?

REGAN

You wouldn't understand because you're a guy.

JEFF

I think you're unhappy and you have no reason to be and that makes you hate yourself.

REGAN

Ha! Let me guess. Psych major. Psych major with a lucrative advertising job.

JEFF

That's right. Belittle me. Does that work on your boyfriend?

REGAN

Not really.

JEFF

Girls like you bring up this whole emotional "I-hate-myself" bullshit so guys like me will tell you you're beautiful and successful and what you're doing with the retarded kids is awesome.

REGAN

They have cancer.

JEFF

But that's not me. I'm not gonna do that. I like to compliment a woman because she deserves it. Not because she needs attention.

REGAN

I don't need attention. I have a boyfriend. I get plenty of attention.

JEFF

So why are you here? Why aren't you with him tonight?

REGAN

It's none of your business and I don't care what you think anyway.

JEFF

Right. That's why you're so calm and unaffected by me.

Regan sulks. She's genuinely hurt. She downs the rest of her cocktail. She signals for another round to a passing waiter.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh. Now you're mad. You're so mad you can barely restrain yourself.

REGAN

I'm not mad!

JEFF

Great. I'm glad you're in such a good mood.

Regan starts biting her nails.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Cozy kitchen. Handmade oven-mitts. Spice rack. "Bless the Mess" sign. Clyde is making chocolate chip pancakes. Gena is leaning against the counter with her cell phone to her ear. She is now wearing mom pants under her dress/T-shirt.

GENA

Are you seriously making pancakes?

CLYDE

I am. And yours has a sad-face made out of chocolate chips. Because you're grumpy! Why are you on the phone at 2 in the am?

GENA

I'm conducting some business.

Clyde takes a photo of the pancake.

CLYDE
I'm tagging you in that photo on
Facebook.

GENA
Do you stalk me online?

CLYDE
Yes I do.

GENA
No way! Do you Google me?

CLYDE
Once. Sometimes. Probably twice a
month. Weekly.

GENA
Pervert.

CLYDE
At least I don't drink and text.

GENA
I do not drunk text you.

CLYDE
Oh please. Who else at 5am my time
would text me: "I want your sweet
sweet teenage balls in my mouth."

GENA
I never texted you that!

CLYDE
Who are you trying to call?

GENA
My friend's dealer. I gotta see if
he can hook me up. There's no way
I'm gonna make it through any of
this without--

Clyde grabs her cellphone and throws it out the window. Gena
is shocked.

GENA (CONT'D)
You maniac! Why did you do that!?

CLYDE
It's an intervention.

GENA

Ugh! Ah! I feel like someone just
cut my hand off.

Gena starts to leave to retrieve her phone. Clyde stops her, planting her back where she was standing. He leans in close to her. He pulls the elastic band off her braid. A small amount of hair clings to it. He shows it to her.

CLYDE

(dead serious)

It's not cute anymore, Gena.

Gena grabs it from him, horrified. Clyde slides her pancake onto a plate. Gena looks down at a dilapidated chocolate-chip frowny face.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. 31ST FLOOR HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Deep forest greens and a brightly patterned carpet. Exotic plants. Katie and Joe come around a corner laughing and STONED. They look at the numbers on the rooms. He's holding her bag of peas swathed in ace bandage like it's a purse.

JOE

Which room number is it again?

Katie arbitrarily picks a large door. She fumbles with her room key (plastic card) and waves it in front of an electronic pad. It clicks and the door is unlocked. Katie squeals with glee.

KATIE

In here! Joe! Here!

She grabs a distracted Joe and they both practically fall into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT.

The huge swimming pool glistens eerily illuminated by underwater lights. One side of the pool is lined with lounge chairs and fancy towels and bathrobes. On the other side, an entire glass wall overlooking Central Park.

Joe momentarily forgets Katie in favor of the view. He lets go of her and wanders over to the windows. Behind him Katie is stripping off her dress.

JOE

It's moments like these when I
think... my parents have no idea
where I am.

Katie's down to her bra and panties. She dives into the pool. Joe whirls around.

JOE (CONT'D)

Katie!?

Katie resurfaces, looking refreshed.

KATIE

Come in the pool!

JOE

I don't think we're allowed to.

KATIE

Don't be a pussy!!

Katie grabs him by the ankles. He loses his balance and falls into the pool.

CUT TO:

In the pool.

Joe is now in his underwear. Katie and he are in just shallow enough water that they can keep their heads above water by standing on their tip-toes and pushing off the bottom every once in awhile. The pool reflects light on their faces.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What do you do again?

JOE

I'm a programmer. An avid Rubyist.
And Ruby is... Basically I speak
the language of the machines. What
do you do?

KATIE

Nothing cool like that. I don't do
anything with my life.

JOE

You must do something every day.

KATIE

I drink a lot.

JOE

That's cool. I smoke a lot of pot.

KATIE

I like it when I can't bring the bottle to my mouth to anymore.

JOE

I can respect that.

KATIE

You're just being nice.

JOE

No, I get it. One time I passed out on the toilet in my own shit.

KATIE

I woke up naked next to a hamburger once. I was like "I just fucked a hamburger!"

JOE

I was tripping on acid and I thought I was Satan so I lit my friend's couch on fire.

KATIE

I tried to cut my wrists open with a broken bottle.

JOE

Tonight?

KATIE

No. Like a year ago.

She shows him some scars on her wrists. Faint but brutal.

JOE

Of course not tonight.

KATIE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you that. Now you don't like me.

JOE

No! It's cool. I like you.

KATIE

Now you don't think I'm pretty.

JOE

Katie, you're the most beautiful
girl I've ever seen.

He's waited a long time to say that. Katie looks so happy
she might burst into tears.

She kisses him deeply. They make out. The Brain and the
Princess. Fuck yeah. Anthony Michael Hall cheers somewhere.

EXT. SOCIALISTA. NIGHT.

Graffiti-ed wall. Dumpster overflowing with garbage. Jeff
and Regan are smoking cigarettes. Regan is completely drunk
and attempting to dial a number on her cell phone.

JEFF

You look beautiful right now.

REGAN

I thought you didn't give
compliments.

JEFF

I said I only give them when I
genuinely mean them.

REGAN

Oh. And I suppose *this*-

She gestures to Jeff's entire persona.

REGAN (CONT'D)

-is genuine.

JEFF

Only strippers for you then. Huh?

REGAN

Give me a break.

JEFF

I think she pinned you better than
I ever could.

Jeff leans into her so her back is against the wall.

REGAN

You seem to be doing a fine job of
pinning me.

JEFF

You like being wrong.

REGAN

Don't pretend you know me just
because you bought me a lap dance.

He slides his hand between her thighs and starts to feel her.

JEFF

You like that.

Regan reacts subtly to what he's doing so as not to arouse
the suspicions of people waiting online to get into the club.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You want someone to tell you that
you're wrong? That you're not as
smart as you pretend you are. You
only act like a bitch because your
idiot boyfriend lets you. You want
someone to put you in your place?

REGAN

Where's that?

JEFF

Where do you want it?

REGAN

(whispering)

I can't have sex with you.

JEFF

We don't have to have sex. I'm not
that guy. I just want to touch
you. I want to feel that. Right
there.

Regan reacts verbally to his hand between her legs. Her eyes
roll back in her head and she drops her cigarette.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's beautiful.

Regan pulls away from him.

REGAN

I have to make a phone call.

As she's walking away, she bites most of her nail off. Spits
it on the ground.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. CLYDE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Clyde's bedroom is a time capsule. A teenage boy lived here from 1992-1998 and it shows. Phish poster. Lava lamp. Some cool stuff too. LP collection. Turntable and tape deck. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles action figures. Rocksteady and Bebop. Clyde is flipping through a photo album. Gena is looking over his shoulder while eating her pancake.

CLYDE

OH MY GOD! Talent Show '94. We rocked it! Your leotard is PHE-nomenal.

GENA

We won that shit every year.

CLYDE

But '94 was special. That was the year you got a bra.

GENA

Which you stole!

CLYDE

I bet I could find it if I looked.

GENA

Please don't. OH! Homecoming! Remember we had a whole dance choreographed to that Barenaked Ladies song.

CLYDE

(singing)

"It's been one week since you looked at me, blah blahity blah blah blee da blah blee!"

Gena laughs.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

You know what I loved the most about us?

GENA

What?

CLYDE

That we were friends. Everyone else in our class had so much drama. With going out and hooking up. Nothing but drama. But we were... like...

GENA
Friends.

CLYDE
What happened?

GENA
We grew up.

CLYDE
I didn't really grow up so much as
I got taller.

Gena sighs.

GENA
Shit got real.

CLYDE
I know and then you stopped
returning my phone calls. You
moved to LA.

GENA
You didn't show up, Clyde. I
really needed you to drive me that
day. And you didn't show up.

Pause. Clyde is sad. There's a noise in the distance.

CLYDE
Do you hear that?

SFX. "Smack My Bitch Up" Ringtone.

GENA
It's my phone.

CLYDE
You want to me go get it?

GENA
No. I want you to stay right here.

They stare into each others eyes.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON. Gena's phone among the grass and garbage. It
reads: REGAN on the display. The phone goes silent and dark.
It lights up and starts ringing again. REGAN.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON Joe and Katie's clothing.

We pan up to Katie and Joe making out hard-core on a rickety pool-side chair. What do you know... Joe actually has a nice body. He's REALLY uncomfortable in this chair. Katie doesn't care and puts her hand in his underwear. He pulls away from her.

JOE

Wow. OK. I need to breathe.

KATIE

What's wrong?

JOE

Let's just... Would it be okay if we maybe did this another night?

KATIE

What? Why?

JOE

My dick is really cold right now.

KATIE

I'll kiss it.

She starts to get on her knees. Joe stops her and pulls her up. Joe sits her squarely across from him on another chair. Katie does her best to look coquette-ish.

JOE

Let's just go to the suite and order room service. Or something.

KATIE

Why don't you want to have sex?

JOE

I do. Just not like this.

KATIE

But I want it like this.

She lunges at him and tries to kiss him again. He pushes her away more forcefully. Katie is miffed.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh come on! What? You want it to be all romantic and shit. Let's just fuck!

She goes for him again but Joe pushes her away. He grabs his pants and starts putting them on. Clumsily. They are still wet.

KATIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JOE
I'm leaving.

KATIE
Why? I'm giving you want you want.

JOE
No. You're just using me all over again.

KATIE
Using you? Are you insane? You're a guy. You're using me!

JOE
This may come as a news-flash but not every guy wants to screw a wasted chick.

KATIE
I know what I'm doing. You just too pathetic to go through with this.

JOE
I'm pathetic?

KATIE
You heard me.

JOE
Without your entourage of lemmings, you're a just pretty girl with no self-esteem who drinks too much.

KATIE
At least I tried! You never did anything! You just stood on the sidelines!

JOE
It's the same shit. But instead of French homework, it's my dick.

KATIE
That's not true. French was actually hard.

He doesn't bother to put his shirt on. He just picks it up and storms out.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Joe. I'm sorry!

He slams the door. Katie sits alone as the slam echoes.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. CLYDE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Gena is staring at the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles action figures. Clyde is looking through the closet which is overflowing with relics from his childhood and teenage years.

GENA
I think I'm a Raphael. You know?
Because he was dark.

CLYDE
I'm Michaelango.

GENA
Obviously. Cause you're a party dude.

She turns around and looks at him. Clyde is holding up a cassette tape triumphantly.

CLYDE
I couldn't find your bra. But I found this.

GENA
Oh no. What is that?

CLYDE
Sit down.

He puts the tape in the tape deck. The tape is labeled: TALENT SHOW '94. Clyde sits on the bed next to Gena.

"500 Miles" by the Proclaimers comes on. Both Clyde and Gena react in their own small way to this song. They have a short Benjamin/Elaine type moment when each are happily reminiscent at the same moment the other is depressed.

GENA
Can you turn this off? I don't--

Her throat closes up with emotion.

CLYDE
Oh Genny.

GENA
Don't call me that.

Clyde touches her hair. She jerks her head away. This makes Clyde want to hold her more. A genuine need to comfort her.

CLYDE
Genny.

GENA
(angry)
Don't call me that. No one calls me that anymore.

He tries to hug her. She pushes his hands away with violent slaps. He pins her wrists down to her sides and kisses her.

GENA (CONT'D)
(livid)
No one calls me that!

He kisses her again. They are entangled. Gena is a vulnerable mess of the tough chick we've seen thus far. She starts choking on her words with the disappointment of a decade of dead-end relationships.

GENA (CONT'D)
(despairingly)
No one calls me Genny! Clyde, no one calls me that anymore!

She is kissing him back. Hungrily. They tear at each other. Some amazing amazing make-up sex is about to happen here.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
NIGHT.

Into this marble sanctum wanders a depressed half-dressed Katie. She goes over to the tub full of champagne bottles. She pops open a bottle. Foam all over her. She sits on the toilet and rubs her swollen ankle.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out the prescription bottle Regan gave her. She starts to count out some pills but loses track and drunkenly swallows all of them (5 or 6 pills). She washes them down with Cristal. She catches her reflection in the mirror. Her nostrils are caked in blood. She examines herself.

KATIE
You're still pretty. You are still
very pretty.

She stands up. All the blood rushes to her head.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Whoa. It's okay. It's okay.

KATIE'S POV. The bathroom is spinning.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Joe. I'm-

She falls over. Face down.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CENTRAL PARK. EARLY MORNING.

The next morning. Around 6am. Assorted scenes of Central Park. The sun is barely up. The sky is a canary yellow behind the drab grey and battered buildings. The lush green of Central Park does its best to glisten.

One scene focuses on the rose-lined trellis we saw at the beginning of the film. It looks promising. People are already there setting up chairs for the ceremony.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM.
MORNING.

SFX. LOUD phone ringing.

Crumpled sheets. A very hung-over and naked Regan pops up out of the sea of comforter. It takes her a second to realize where is she and where the awful sound is coming from. She picks up the phone on the bedside table.

REGAN
What is it?

HOTEL OPERATOR
Good morning, Ms. Archer. This is
your wake up call. The time is
6:00 am.

REGAN
Jesus!

She hangs up the phone. Next to her is Jeff, in his underwear. He yawns/groans.

JEFF
Five more minutes.

Regan grabs the sheet and pulls hard. This causes Jeff to fall onto the floor. She wraps the sheet around her.

REGAN
Wedding, Jeff. Wedding!

Jeff gropes around looking for his clothing. He finds some pants. Regan grabs her cell phone. Dials.

JEFF
Did we...

REGAN
Did we what? Mess around until you passed out on my clit? Yes. We totally did.

JEFF
I didn't have any condoms anyway.

REGAN
You were gonna try to nail me without a condom?

JEFF
Why? Would you have done it?

REGAN
(into her phone)
Gena! It's me! You've got to call me back and let me know everything is okay with Becky's dress.

She runs into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
MORNING.

Regan stops dead in her tracks. On the floor, is Katie. Exactly how we left her. Face down. In a puddle of champagne. Regan stares at her in horror.

REGAN
(into her phone)
Gena. Call me back. Code Red.

Regan hangs up. Jeff comes up to her from behind.

JEFF
What happened to the dress?

He sees Katie.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Holy Hendrix.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. CLYDE'S ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

An equally hung-over Gena wakes up like Uma Thurman popping up from a shot of adrenaline. It takes her a second to realize that she is naked and next to Clyde. She looks at the clock on his bedside table. It reads: 6:15am.

GENA
Becky.

She climbs over Clyde and throws her clothes on.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

There are two pin-cushion mannequins stabbed with sewing needles. There's a separate table with just a sewing machine.

Gena enters and runs over to the sewing machine and finds the wedding dress which has been mended but isn't perfect. There are still stains on it. She is crestfallen.

Clyde appears in his boxers.

GENA
I've got to get this monstrosity back to the hotel.

CLYDE
Is it fixed?

GENA
As fixed as it's gonna be.

CLYDE
I'll get dressed.

GENA
Don't bother. I'll see you there.

She grabs the dress and bolts for the door. Clyde gets in her way.

CLYDE

I want to do this with you.

GENA

You think just because we slept together now everything's okay? You can't just fuck things into being better.

CLYDE

What is your problem?!

GENA

My PROBLEM is that I made one mistake. A mistake that I let turn the rest of my life into a shit-storm. Today I get to take full responsibility for fucking up. It's probably exactly what I need.

CLYDE

Why can't I help you with this?

GENA

Because you were that mistake, Clyde.

She exits the apartment. Clyde is powerless to stop her.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
DAY.

Regan trying to revive Katie. She shakes her hard.

REGAN

You stupid drunk! Wake up!

Regan grabs hold of Katie by her armpits and drags her into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM.
DAY.

Regan tosses Katie onto the bed face up. Katie slides off the bed a little. Regan repositions her so she's firmly planted on the bed.

She runs into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET. DAY.

Blackness. Light switch on. Huge walk-in closet. Regan's pressed butter yellow dress hangs on a fabric hanger.

Regan appears. She grabs it off the hanger and slips it over her. Dropping the bedsheets simultaneously. Bam. She's dressed for the wedding.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. DAY.

Sliding across the floor in heels, Regan reaches behind the couch to grab Katie's suitcase, opens it. Inside is another butter yellow dress in a plastic garment bag.

REGAN

Thank god, you fucking JAP.

She lifts the garment bag out of Katie's suitcase. The dress is unwrinkled.

REGAN (CONT'D)

How's the coffee coming?!

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. KITCHEN. DAY.

A small but sleek room of heavy metal cupboards and drawers. Stove. Oven. Refrigerator. It's so monochromatic and clean that it's like being inside a silver Death Cube.

Shirtless Jeff is holding his pants around his waist. An espresso machine is humming with purpose. A mug is set next to it.

JEFF

Almost ready!

SFX. Doorbell of the suite.

Jeff is petrified.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. DAY.

Regan is equally petrified. She musters up her courage and opens the door. It's Joe, in his tuxedo and looking miserable.

JOE

Hey. Is Katie here? I just wanted to apologize for--

Regan grabs him by the shoulders and pulls him into the room.

INT. TAXI. DAY.

Gena is sitting in the back of a speeding cab. She is furiously using Shout Wipes to get rid of the stains on the wedding dress. She looks up.

GENA

For Chrissakes! Don't take the FDR! Are you trying to give me an aneurysm?!

CAB DRIVER

There is no need to yell, miss.

GENA

Unless you want a SpongeBob needle in the back of your neck you'll take 5th Avenue!

Cab Driver takes a sharp turn to exit off the FDR tossing Gena across the cab.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

Joe is holding Katie, who looks like a corpse. Regan starts undressing her.

REGAN

(to Katie)

Come on, honey. Get up. Wedding!

She gets Katie's dress off. Katie, once again, is in her bra and panties. Regan tries to put Katie's dress over Katie's head.

JOE

I'm not sure she's breathing. I'm gonna call 911.

REGAN

Shut up and help me get her into her bridesmaid dress.

Jeff enters holding a cup of coffee. He stares at Katie's smoking hot body.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Jeff!

JEFF

What's up?

JOE

Jeff, you should call Cal.

JEFF

Shouldn't we give her the coffee
first?

REGAN

Becky's gonna be here soon. If we
look ready-- Oh my god! The
wedding dress.

Regan absentmindedly lets go of Katie to grab her cell phone. Katie's body starts to head to the floor. Joe catches her just in time. Jeff goes to hold her as well and balances the coffee cup with his other hand.

JOE

God. She is out! We should get
Cal. Or call an ambulance.

Regan's got her cell to her ear.

REGAN

She doesn't need an ambulance.
Katie's always like this. She'll
get up in a second.
(into her cell)
Gena, code red! Code Red! I need
Becky's dress stat!

GIRL (O.S.)

Regan.

Everyone looks up. Joe in his tuxedo. A half-naked, dead-drunk Katie in the arms of a half-naked Jeff. Regan with her cell, looking terrified.

REVERSE ANGLE. Becky. In jeans. Cheeks pink with anger.

BECKY

Where's my fucking dress?

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. CLYDE'S ROOM. DAY.

Sun pouring into the tiny bedroom makes it feel a little less nostalgic than it did last night. More like a garage sale. Unmade bed. Clyde sits on it, moping. He's leafing through the photo album. Sheila enters with mugs of coffee.

SHEILA

You're gonna be late for the
wedding.

CLYDE

Mom, can't you see I'm in the
middle of feeling sorry for myself?

SHEILA

Gena left in a hurry. Always did
though after sleep-overs. Such a
strange girl. I did my best with
the wedding gown. Not quite her
prom dress. That was my favorite
piece I ever worked on.

A wave of inspiration washes over Clyde. He flips feverishly
to a page in the photo album. He shows a photo to Sheila.
We cannot see it.

CLYDE

Mom? Do you still have this dress?
The dress Gena wore to prom?

SHEILA

Of course, I still have it. Why?

Clyde's mouth breaks into a Cheshire grin.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. HALLWAY. DAY.

SFX. Elevator Ding.

Gena comes tearing out of the elevator. She flies down the
hallway holding the wedding dress behind her like an errant
kite. She arrives at the penthouse. The door is open.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. DAY.

The room is eerily still. Broken glass crunches under Gena's
heels. She hears Jeff's voice.

JEFF (O.S.)

Left, right, left, right.

Gena goes into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BEDROOM.
DAY.

Becky is standing there waiting for her. Regan, arms crossed, is sitting on the bed, slouching and glaring at Gena.

BECKY

Gena, you ripped my dress?

GENA

I fixed it.

Gena hands Becky the mangled wedding dress. Becky inspects it for a moment.

BECKY

I'm getting married in 45 minutes.
And my wedding dress has been...
stitched together with pipe
cleaners?

GENA

OK. I know what you're going to say so I'll just say it. I'm a terrible excuse for a functioning member of society. It's, like, I've spent the last decade at a concert, right? And I've just been sort of awkwardly swaying back and forth. If someone passed me something, I smoked it or drank it. Who cares, right? But it's, like, at some point in the last 24 hours I suddenly realized that the music at this concert sucks, right? I don't even like this band. I don't know what I'm saying.

(Takes a deep breath)

You were a really good friend to me. When no one wanted to be my friend. And I've been a really REALLY bad friend to you.

Gena gulps down her pride ready to hear whatever it is Becky has to say. But...

JEFF (O.S.)

Oh god! Can we save the self-actualization speech for later and get some help over here?

Gena looks into...

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
DAY.

Katie, still in her bra and panties, is being supported by Jeff and Joe. They are trying to get her walking. Gena goes to Katie immediately. Regan and Becky follow. Everyone is crowded into the marble sanctum.

GENA

What the fuck is going on?

BECKY

I want an actual explanation, Gena.

GENA

Join the club!

JEFF

We were trying to get her walking.

GENA

(barking at Jeff)

Get some water, toolbag!!!

BECKY

I knew you would do something like this, Gena! As soon as I saw you come to my rehearsal dinner looking like an extra from "Trainspotting"!

Jeff runs to the sink and starts filling a tumbler. Gena tries to revive Katie by slapping her hard across the face.

GENA

Katie! Time to get up!

(to Joe)

How long has she been like this?

JOE

I don't know she was fine when I was with her last night.

GENA

REGAN! YOU CANNOT LEAVE KATIE ALONE WITH GUYS!

REGAN

Don't try to avoid dealing with the fact that you just ruined Becky's wedding.

Jeff hands Gena the glass of water. Gena pours it very slowly onto Katie's chest while shaking her. Everyone stares for a moment. Katie's lips are blue.

JOE
Does this work usually?

GENA
She must've taken something.

JEFF
I'm gonna go get Cal.

Jeff exits before anyone can stop him.

REGAN
Why are we getting Cal when Katie
is always like this!?! We should be
on our way to the service.

GENA
(to Joe)
What'd you give her?

JOE
Nothing! We smoked pot. Drank.

GENA
Regan, what did you give her?

REGAN
Don't blame me for your mess!
Katie pulls a Sylvia Plath every
six months.

BECKY
And she just happens to do it on
the morning I'm getting married?
Do you think I'm an idiot!?

GENA
OK! Your fucking Maid of Honor
here wanted to set your dress ON
FIRE!! I tried to stop her. And...
in the process... it got a little
ripped.

BECKY
Is that true, Regan!?

REGAN
Of course not.

Gena storms into the bedroom. Becky confronts Regan.

BECKY
Regan, did you try to burn my
dress?

REGAN

I was joking around! Gena's the one who ripped it!

GENA (O.S.)

Fucking call 911!

JOE

Someone please hold her so I can!

BECKY

(to Regan)

Why in the world would you do something so reckless and stupid?

Gena's back with Regan's purse. She pours all of its contents onto the bathroom floor. There are a good five to six prescription pill bottles.

REGAN

That's my stuff, bitch!

GENA

Which one? Xanax. Codine. Vicodin. Which one did you give her?

Regan gets on her hands and knees to pick up the pill bottles. Gena grabs Katie from Joe, who exits the bathroom.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MORNING.

Joe sprints into the living room. He goes to a fancy rotary phone but knocks it on the floor.

BECKY (O.S.)

Is it even legal to have all that?

GENA (O.S.)

Cancer patients, my ass.

He picks it up the phone, untangles the cord, gets a dial tone and dials 911. A no-nonsense operator picks up.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911. What's your emergency?

JOE

There's a girl. And she's not waking up. I think she's been drugged.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
MORNING.

Regan is still trying to pick up her pills. Regan seethes with frustration. Every last bit of perfection has been drained from her persona. She scraps at the bottles like they hold the key to her unraveling self-worth. Gena is struggling to support a rag-doll Katie by herself.

BECKY

If she took something tell her so they can tell the medics!

REGAN

(broken)

I don't know! Okay!? I don't know which one I gave her! I was wasted!

Becky grabs Katie from Gena and supports her. Gena, empowered by Regan's admission of guilt, goes to get more water and pours it on Katie's chest.

Becky and Gena are working together again for the first time in ten years. They seem to have a similar rhythm as they try to wake Katie.

GENA

This what happens when you ask a walking pharmacy to be your Maid of Honor!

BECKY

Please! She's so anal I knew she'd take care of every detail of this stupid wedding. And besides my ideal choice wasn't available.

GENA

And who was ideal?! Sarah Palin!?

BECKY

It was you, you idiot! You're the one who should be there with me today! We were best friends. We promised to be in each other's weddings. Then you snorted half your body away and became a cyborg and stopped talking to me. At least Regan answers my phone calls!

With Becky supporting Katie alone, Gena is filled with a determination that would shake the gates of hell.

She turns on the faucet of hot water and runs her index and middle fingers under it.

GENA

I'm not a cyborg and I didn't call you back because--

BECKY

Because I'M FAT! Right? That's my BIG problem! At least I don't treat my body like a toilet. Why would I want to look like you when you're a shitty friend?

GENA

I can be a good friend, Becky!

BECKY

Then start acting like one!

Gena grabs Katie with her non-wet hand. Swings Katie around almost knocking Becky over.

Gena and Katie both land on their knees in front of the toilet. Gena, like a seasoned bulimic, sticks her finger down Katie's throat. Without flinching.

Becky and Regan cringe. Katie starts squirming and choking. She grips the toilet with her hands.

GENA

Hold her down.

Becky runs over and braces Katie's body. Katie makes an awful wrenching sound. Regan can hardly move. She gapes at Katie twitching and lurching.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MORNING.

A few minutes later. Loud vomiting sounds. A stunned Regan exits the bathroom to see Jeff and Cal. Joe with the phone to his ear. They heard everything.

JOE

(into the phone)

She's okay. Yeah. She just woke up. Yeah. It was touch and go--

Joe wraps up his 911 call and hangs up. Cal exits into the bathroom.

JEFF

She okay?

REGAN
She'll live.

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. PENTHOUSE SUITE. MASTER BATHROOM.
DAY.

Becky is sitting on the edge of the tub, exhausted. Gena is administering sips of water to a woozy but revived Katie, who resembles a sick toddler at this point. Cal enters, looking concerned.

CAL
Becky-

BECKY
Cal, can we get married now?

CAL
Wait. Remember what you asked me
when I proposed?

BECKY
I don't want to talk about it.

CAL
What did you ask?

BECKY
I said: "Why me?"

CAL
What you said in here this morning.
What you did. That's why you.

Becky kisses him.

CLOSE ON. Gena's reaction. She wants that kind of relationship. The severity melts from her face and she softens watching Becky and Cal's romantic moment.

Katie starts vomiting into the toilet again. Gena snaps out of her dreamy stare and holds Katie's hair back. Becky and Cal separate and start to leave for the service.

BECKY
My dress is ruined.

CAL
I would marry you in a garbage bag.

BECKY
(smiles)
You might have to.

Clyde comes running into the bathroom. He's out of breath and carrying a garment bag.

CLYDE
BY THE POWER OF GREYSKULL! I HAVE
THE POWER!!!

He strikes a He-Man pose. He holds up the garment bag proudly in one hand. With his other hand, he takes a photo of everyone with his digital camera. FLASH! Temporarily blinding them.

GENA
What are you doing?

CLYDE
Making memories!

INT. SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT. DAY.

Sheila is cleaning up the mess of Becky's wedding dress. She dumps it in a hamper. The camera pushes in on Clyde's photo album resting next to the sewing machine. It's opened to a page reading SENIOR PROM.

CLOSE ON the photograph. It's Clyde and Gena's prom photo. They standing in front of the sky-blue backdrop. Smiling like idiots. Gena is about the same size as Becky in a beautiful handmade white prom dress.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT. DAY.

An hour later. Becky's wedding. Gorgeous weather. Grass and white canvas.

Becky stands in front of a stand-up full-length mirror. She's wearing Gena's prom dress. She looks beautiful. It's fabulous. The style is back in fashion and has a hint of John Hughes. There are flowers in her hair. She looks much more at ease in this dress than she ever would be in the stifling Vera Wang number. No offense, Vera.

Gena is standing close behind her looking beautiful but jittery in her butter yellow bridesmaid dress.

GENA
Sorry your service was delayed due
to a near death experience.

BECKY
At least we made it here. Better
late than never.

Becky turns to the mirror to put on her veil. Gena takes it from her and helps pin it to her hair. Becky smiles at her in their reflections.

BECKY (CONT'D)
How long have you been sober now?

GENA
About six hours. Which is a record
for me.

With veil in place, Becky turns to her.

BECKY
Gena, I'm glad you showed up.

GENA
You showed up for me awhile back.
I'm glad I could finally return the
favor. Let's go so I can throw
some rice at you and get this shit
over with.

They hug. Then they line up to exit the tent and walk down the aisle. Gena hands Becky her bouquet.

SFX. "Here Comes the Bride" by a string quartet strikes up.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

Hundreds of people in folding chairs turn to look at Becky. They all look happy and excited to see her. Sea of love. Most of all, Cal stands under the trellis beaming with pride.

Gena is walking down the aisle. She is the Maid of Honor. After a few paces, Becky follows behind her.

Katie and Regan, in their bridesmaids dresses, stand to the right of a PREACHER. Katie looks a little rough but, God bless her, she's got a smile on her face. Regan has tears in her eyes.

Jeff, Clyde and Joe stand to left of Cal in tuxedos. They all look great as they watch Becky come down the aisle.

CLOSE ON. Clyde smiles at Gena with his black eye.

Gena rolls her eyes. She takes her place next to Katie and Regan. Becky meets Cal under the trellis. She starts to cry. So does Cal.

PREACHER
Dearly beloved--

INT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. BANQUET HALL. DAY.

A few hours later. Creams and silvers. Flowers bursting from every crevice. Long tables with magnificent place settings. Caterers rushing back and forth from the kitchen. Reception is under way. Big band playing. Guests dancing. Eating cake. Drinking wine.

CLOSE ON. Cal and Becky dancing and blissfully ignoring everyone around them.

CLOSE ON. Joe and Katie. Joe eating cake and Katie, who is exhausted, is sipping Perrier.

JOE
Are you sure you're okay? Cuz I could give you my room key and you could lie down for a little bit if you're not feeling up to all this.

KATIE
I really like you a lot, Joe.

JOE
OK.

KATIE
I don't know what to do when I like someone a lot. Besides sleep with them.

Katie is staring at him hopelessly. Joe gathers up some confidence.

JOE
You can be nice. Be nice to me and let me be nice to you. That's what you do when you like someone.

KATIE
OK. Thanks for letting me copy your homework.

JOE
You're welcome. Thanks for not dying.

CLOSE ON. Regan and Jeff dancing. Jeff steps on her foot. Regan winces.

JEFF

So I was thinking. There's a deli across the street I could run over there, get some condoms... There are three places I've always wanted to have sex. A cab, Central Park and a deli bathroom. All of them are walking distance from here.

Over Jeff's shoulder, Regan sees FRANK, her boyfriend, wander into the banquet hall. He's in a tuxedo. Regan immediately leaves Jeff and runs over to him. Frank sees her coming and starts apologizing for his tuxedo.

FRANK

I know what you're gonna say but the tux rental place wasn't open so I had to go bargain basement.

Regan throws her arms around him. He's shocked. She's starts crying. Hard. Like a little girl.

REGAN

(between sobs)
I'm so sorry, Frank.

FRANK

Why? Did you sleep with someone?

REGAN

No. But I almost did because I was mad at you and I was drunk and then I almost killed somebody. And they wouldn't let me be the Maid of Honor.

FRANK

What did I say, baby? What'd I say about weddings?

REGAN

Lay off the sauce. Don't bring the meds.

FRANK

That's right. This is why you need Papa Bear to come with you to these things.

REGAN

Yes!

FRANK
Fair enough.

He kisses her.

CUT TO:

The band. Which isn't playing at the moment. Clyde is talking to the guitarist. He gives him some sort of fist tap thing. The drummer cracks a drum roll. Clyde grabs the microphone. He has a drink in his hand. A little drunk.

CLYDE
Hey! HELLO! Hot mic. OK. Becky and Cal. Congratulations. Seriously beautiful F-ing wedding.

Applause. The guitarist starts a familiar hook.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
Cal you said something to me last night. You said that when you meet the right girl you don't do anything to screw it up.

The hook is "500 Miles" by the Proclaimers.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
But sometimes I think you have to screw up to realize you've met the right girl. The good news is it's a shitload of fun trying to win her back. So Gena--

People react to this and stare at Gena, who is blushing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
I just want you to know... That after everything that's happened...
(singing)
When I wake up, well, I know I'm gonna be, I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you.

The entire band starts playing. Clyde continues singing. The guests are so pumped by this throwback that anyone who wasn't dancing starts.

CLOSE ON. Becky and Cal dancing and singing along.

CLOSE ON. Frank and Regan slow dancing like teenagers.

CLOSE ON. Katie and Joe dancing. Katie swaying softly. Joe jumping around like a spaz. Katie loves him.

CLOSE ON. Jeff flirting with Stefanie (Cal's Younger Sister). Stefanie is into it.

Clyde takes the mic off the stand and jumps into the crowd. He finds Gena. He does some knock-off "Benny & Joon" move. He coaxes her into dancing and singing along with him. She does so. A bit reluctantly. Then enthusiastically. Gena and Clyde kiss and the camera pulls back.

The entire reception is having a blast. It sort of looks like, well, a prom. A kick-ass prom. With better skin.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. DAY.

Classy awnings hang over the glass revolving doors and the gilded steps of the hotel. A gigantic fountain across the street. Horse-drawn carriages wait to drive tourists through Central Park.

A crowd of unmarried female wedding guests stand on the steps of the hotel ushering Becky and Cal into a limo. Becky turns to the other girls and holding her bouquet in the air.

BECKY
Ready, girls??

The girls shriek with glee, jumping up and down ready to catch her bouquet.

CUT TO:

Across the street, Gena, Regan and Katie are sitting on the edge of the fountain. Gena's smoking a cigarette and pulling her hair back into a pony-tail. Regan, teary-eyed and emotional, is chewing on her decimated manicure. Katie has taken one of her heels off and is massaging her swollen ankle. They all sip Perrier from a shared bottle.

GENA
If you guys wanted to make a play
for the bouquet, I've got a sock
full of quarters I could take it to
a bitch's knee.

KATIE
No thanks.

REGAN
Yeah. I think we've had enough
hair-pulling and cat-fights to last
us a whole year.

CLOSE ON. Becky tossing her bouquet into the air. It flies into the arms of Stefanie, Cal's younger sister.

BACK ON. Our girls. Regan is now full-on crying.

KATIE
(to Regan)
Are you still crying?

GENA
I haven't seen this much weeping since Thomas J. died in My Girl.

REGAN
It's just so beautiful. It was the perfect wedding.

GENA
Despite your best efforts to destroy it.

REGAN
I'm an asshole, okay? Jeez. What do you want?

GENA
To hear you say you're an asshole a couple more times. Like maybe a million.

KATIE
Things turned out okay though.

GENA
Considering that shit officially went down.

KATIE
Pigface married a rich guy. Frank showed up.

REGAN
Joe turned out to be cool. And you and Clyde are gonna get back together now right?

GENA
I don't know. I got a lot of stuff to work out. And I gotta do it without any... distractions.

There's a pause. All three girls let the events of the previous evening play across their faces. They are exhausted and defeated.

KATIE

We're gonna be okay, right?

GENA

What do you mean?

KATIE

I don't think I can survive another night like that.

REGAN

Me neither.

GENA

As long as we get help, we'll be fine.

REGAN

Where do we get help?

GENA

I don't know. I was gonna start by asking these two self-absorbed but really attractive bitches I know.

Regan and Katie laugh. Gena holds up the Perrier bottle. In lieu of glasses, Regan holds up her cell phone and Katie raises her high heel into the air.

GENA (CONT'D)

To never doing any of that ever again!

The three girls push the bottle, cell phone and high heel together like toasting champagne flutes.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT. DAY.

Passengers file out of the gate. Announcements over the PA. Among the passengers is Gena. She looks much healthier than the last time we saw her. Her clothes, bag, sunglasses are slightly more expensive. Her hair is shorter and a much more natural blonde. She looks around. She smiles.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT. BAGGAGE CLAIM. DAY.

Among the limo drivers is Regan, who looks softer and much more approachable. Her clothing is relaxed but stylish.

She's holding a sign that reads: GENA MYERS. Gena walks into the shot.

REGAN
How was rehab?

GENA
Kind of like Disneyland without the rides. How's couples therapy?

REGAN
I'm slightly less co-dependent since you last saw me.

GENA
You look normal now. That's a compliment.

REGAN
You look good, Genny.

They hug. A long hug. They walk to...

EXT. JFK. DAY.

People push past Regan and Gena with luggage. Small children run in front of them. Suits hail cabs.

REGAN
You ready to do this again.

GENA
One more time from the top!

REGAN
With feeling! I cannot believe Katie is marrying Joe.

GENA
She's gonna be Mrs. The Guy Who Smoked Us Out During Free Period.

REGAN
Don't get me started. I'm supposed to release all negativity into the universe.

GENA
That sounds exhausting. You know, I was surprised when you offered to pick me up since you don't own a car.

REGAN

I found someone willing to drive us
to the nuptials.

Regan points. Gena looks up and sees Clyde leaning against his car. Gena smiles. When she reaches the car, she puts her things down. Regan loads them into the trunk.

CLYDE

You still want that ride?

GENA

Better late than never.

CLYDE

I made a great "Joe Marries the
Prom Queen" mix.

GENA

Can't wait to judge it.

They kiss.

REGAN

Keep the sucking face to a minimum.
We gotta get going. The rehearsal
dinner starts in two hours.

GENA

Has Regan been keeping you busy?

CLYDE

Yep. She made me buy adult diapers
so we can drive without stopping.

The car's loaded up and they are ready to go. Clyde gets into the driver seat.

GENA

One quick question. What are we
doing for the bachelorette party?

Regan makes a face at Gena.

REGAN

Did you just fart?

GENA

Why? Can you smell it?

REGAN

Get in the fucking car.

THE END.