

YOUR BRIDESMAID IS A BITCH

by

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**ON BLACK**

The ominous ring tone. The subsequent scramble to answer it. Heavy breathing. When it's finally answered we fade in to:

**INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - DAY**

NOAH PALMER (26), shirtless and completely failing at life, is hanging upside down off a crunches bar in his living room doorway. Out of breath. Covered in sweat. Phone to ear.

NOAH

Hey sis-  
(pant-pant)  
Can I call you back tonight?  
(pant-pant)  
No, I was not just getting lucky.  
Okay, great, talk to you then.

He tosses the phone onto the floor. He hangs there, upside down, looking into nowhere.

**INT. RANDOM LOS ANGELES OFFICE - DAY**

Cleaned up and in a shirt and tie, Noah sits in a typical Los Angeles reception area with other potential job candidates.

An ATTRACTIVE GIRL is trying to fix the broken heel on her shoe. Noah smiles sympathetically.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

You wouldn't happen to be the man  
of my dreams and be carrying glue  
or any other adhesive, would you?

NOAH

I left my purple glue stick at home  
today. For the first time in  
months.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Aww man. What might have been.

Noah simply smiles awkwardly. Not really sure what to say.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL (CONT'D)

It's like these things are made to  
break.

NOAH

I think that's in their mission  
statement.

The heel will not stick. She concedes defeat.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL  
I'm going to murder someone with  
this fucking thing.  
(to Noah specifically)  
Probably you. No offense.

NOAH  
Oh. Okay.

Noah stares at her, terrified, and waits for his interview.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - EVENING**

Noah sits on the beach, eating Taco Bell and watching the waves as the sun sets.

Because he's unemployed and because he fucking can.

**INT. BAR ONE - NIGHT**

The local dive bar. Noah tries his best not to laugh at his distraught roommate and quickly developing best friend SKYLAR, a gigantic African-American homosexual.

NOAH  
You told Kevin you were like...  
pumpernickel bread?

Skylar groans into the table.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Because you are... black and...  
full of dense, nutty nutrition?

SKYLAR  
*Fuck.*

NOAH  
That's worse than the time you told  
that dude you wanted to scale his  
Empire State Building like a giant  
gorilla.

SKYLAR  
That one's your fault!

NOAH  
No way!

SKYLAR  
You love King Kong!

NOAH  
Yeah, I do, but the sexual analogy of your example is a guaranteed boner killer. Because Kong gets murdered and falls to his death. It's like you're asking him to praying-mantis you.

SKYLAR  
I'm sorry I'm not content to be all celibate and boring like you.

NOAH  
I forgive you.

SKYLAR  
Ya know, one day you'll turn to me and say, hey, I got lucky last night and I feel like a man again.

NOAH  
One day you'll turn to me and say, hey, I didn't refer to my dick as a disgusting baked good and I feel like a man again.

Skylar sighs, beaten.

SKYLAR  
Wanna beer?

NOAH  
Sure.

Skylar heads to the bar. Noah sits there and again stares off into that sad, empty nowhere...

Then it clicks-

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Oh shit!

He pulls out his phone and rushes for the door.

**EXT. BAR ONE - CONTINUOUS**

Noah waits for the phone to pick up-

MOLLY (PHONE)  
...the hell man...

NOAH  
Molly?

MOLLY (PHONE)  
Time change dude...

NOAH  
Shit! I'm sorry! I know you keep  
trying to call-

MOLLY (PHONE)  
No, it's fine. I just...  
(yawns)  
Haaaaaaaaave-a-jawwwwwb.

NOAH  
Low blow! Plus I'm sorry!

MOLLY (PHONE)  
Ditto. And it's okay. Really.

Silence.

NOAH  
Sooooo... what did you want?

MOLLY (PHONE)  
I think I'm kiiiiinda still asleep.

NOAH  
Wake up then!

MOLLY (PHONE)  
Is it okay if Anna is one of my  
bridesmaids?

NOAH  
Yes! Of course!

As soon as he finishes saying this, Noah stops moving.

Completely. Probably even his insides. He can't breathe.

MOLLY (PHONE)  
Really?

NOAH  
...Really...

MOLLY (PHONE)  
Ohhhh, that's great. I didn't know  
if things were still weird between  
you guys and all.

NOAH  
Nope. Things are... great.

His eyes are tearing up.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
It's your wedding Mols. You do what  
ya gotta do.

MOLLY (PHONE)  
(yawns)  
Thaaaaanks-duuuude. You're the  
best. Okay-sleeping-bye.

She hangs up. Noah doesn't lower the phone.

Skylar comes outside and instantly grabs Noah's phone. Checks  
the last call. Suddenly becomes very worried.

SKYLAR  
What's wrong bro?

Noah doesn't even turn around to face Skylar.

NOAH  
Molly wants Anna to be one of her  
bridesmaids.

SKYLAR  
Why the fuck would she want that?

NOAH  
She's always been one of her best  
friends. I should have seen it  
coming. All Cormac McCarthy like...

SKYLAR  
But again, why the fuck would she  
want that?

NOAH  
Because she doesn't know.

He turns dramatically to Skylar.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
She doesn't know anything.

Realization dawns.

SKYLAR  
Oh fuckabees.

**TITLE ON BLACK:**

**YOUR BRIDESMAID IS A BITCH****INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Skylar waits expectantly as Noah pulls a cardboard box covered in duct tape out of his closet. He hands it to Skylar before taking a step back, as if it were radioactive.

SKYLAR

The famous black box of Noah Palmer.

NOAH

I guess. I dunno.

Skylar opens the box, revealing a jumble of random artefacts.

SKYLAR

Is there an itinerary for this shit?

NOAH

Not yet, I've been-

Noah realizes that Skylar was being sarcastic. Skylar hangs his head in shame and enters NOAH'S BOX (which hopefully will be the name of my next porno script).

First out is A TERRIBLE KNITTED SWEATER. Blue. Robin's egg blue. The worst kind of blue. Skylar is repulsed.

It pains Noah to see it, as everything in The Black Box will.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Ninth grade. The first Christmas present she gave me. I love that sweater.

SKYLAR

This sweater is an abomination. It's practically an X-File.

He tosses it on the bed. Intentionally carelessly. Noah hurries to it, folding it neatly. Pathetically.

Next: A fancy DIAMOND AWARD. Cumberland County Regional District Science Fair Third Place - Seventh Grade.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Why's this in the box? This should be on top of the television. It's probably the nicest thing we have.

NOAH

My science project was about how to develop different types of 8mm film on a seventh grade budget. She was my actress.

SKYLAR

I thought the sweater was ninth grade?

NOAH

It was. It took me two years to woo her over.

SKYLAR

Hmm.

The next is a HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT. "I LOVE YOU" painted in pink.

Skylar judges this.

NOAH

Pre-Christmas. 11th grade.

Skylar continues judging. He hands it gently to Noah, and returns to the box.

SKYLAR

Ah! At last!

He pulls out a wad of POLAROID PICTURES.

And at last, there she is:

ANNA. Disappointingly very attractive and very cool looking.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

She's disappointingly very attractive.

NOAH

Yes. Yes she is.

SKYLAR

You bitches scissored at least right?

NOAH

Yes. Yes we did.

SKYLAR

That's something to tell the grandkids.

The pictures show a couple very much in love. Relaxed in it. Various hair styles and college phases come and go.

We end with two pictures: The first, graduation day and the combined families of Anna and Noah.

And the last, Noah asleep shirtless in a bed. Anna, awake, just looking at him and taking the picture.

Skylar waves this picture at an agonized Noah.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
This should get burned.

NOAH  
Someday.

SKYLAR  
Too fucking right.

Skylar continues rooting through the box, pulling up items (Yearbooks. Novels. Mix-CDs. A Commander Pike in Wheelchair from Star Trek (in)action figure.)

But then, hidden at the bottom, the very bottom, is a BLACK RING BOX.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck.

Skylar looks at Noah. Kinda heartbroken for him.

He opens the box. WHOA. It's a real fucking DIAMOND RING.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Dude.

Skylar is speechless. Now completely heartbroken.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Dude. DUDE.

Noah shrugs.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you return it?

Noah shrugs again.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. At least you didn't give it to her.

NOAH  
...I totally gave it to her.

SKYLAR  
She said no?

NOAH  
...She said yes.

Skylar stares at Noah.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Fine, okay, so-

**EXT. HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Noah is dressed as a civil war soldier.

This is a Noah with CONFIDENCE. A lot of it.

He talks to some random friends and sees ANNA, dressed as Edward Scissorhands, across the room.

They share a lover's smile.

He hand-signs to her:

NOAH  
(subtitle)  
"You're my favorite."

She looks at him in faux annoyance, raising her useless scissorhands. She yells across the party:

ANNA  
YOU'RE A DICK.

People look at Anna weirdly. She and Noah could give a shit.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Noah walks with Anna in a cute, trick-r-treated out neighborhood. She is slightly tipsy, but in a fun way.

ANNA

I want to bury you alive, then dig up your corpse and skull fuck you.

NOAH

I want to cut you in half vertically and have a threesome.

ANNA

I want to cut my name into the back of your eyeballs with my scissorhands, lick the blood from the wound and spit it back into your gaping eye cavities.

They laugh at their own stupidity.

They look like "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" album cover. But at night, in costumes and forty years later. So not really.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Where the hell are we, by the way?

NOAH

It's funny you should ask, because here we are.

ANNA

How drily philosophical of you.

He stops walking.

NOAH

I'm one hundred percent serious.

The house they stand beside, an adorable bungalow, has a For Lease sign in front of it. Noah picks up a baseball bat laying beside the sign.

Anna's totally bewildered.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Trick or treat, darling.

He DEMOLISHES the sign with the bat. She yelps, covering her mouth with her scissorhands.

He continues to beat the holy hell out of the sign. When it's good and dead, he looks at her, smiling. Tosses the bat.

BEAT.

ANNA

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

NOAH  
Nothin'.

ANNA  
Why... how'd you even know there'd  
be a baseball bat there!?

NOAH  
I put it there.

ANNA  
....what? Why? What?

NOAH  
You can walk to school from here. I  
can bike to the station...

ANNA  
Seriously! What's going on!

NOAH  
It has two bedrooms, central A/C.  
Plenty of yard space for dogs, or a  
kid, before we need to upgrade.

She starts tuning in. A smile begins to emerge.

ANNA  
Stop teasing me.

NOAH  
We'll need to paint up the walls a  
bit, but I think-

ANNA  
Shut up!

He smiles at her, and takes off his civil war hat. Places it  
over his heart. Kneels before her.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
SHUT THE MOTHERFUCK UP!

NOAH  
Darling, I love you. Let's do what  
Mary and Joseph did. Without the  
kid.

He puts his hat down, and BLAM! Pulls out the real fucking  
DIAMOND RING.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Will you marry me?

ANNA  
I'M WEARING FUCKING SCISSORHANDS  
AND I WANNA WEAR MY RING!

She shakes her hands violently until the scissorhand gloves come off.

Noah has barely put the ring on her finger when she tackles him into the lawn.

She kisses him. Long and oblivious.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
You bet your ass I will.

He grins, and they kiss again.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY (THE PRESENT)**

KEVIN  
But that doesn't make any sense.

KEVIN, Skylar's maybe-boyfriend, is knee-deep in yet another retelling of this gnarly tale. Skylar and Noah walk with him and his dog PENGUIN up the hill.

Skylar attempts to be as impressive as possible.

SKYLAR  
It does. If you factor "crazy bitch" into the equation.

KEVIN  
Was it the house?

SKYLAR  
She never went inside the house.

KEVIN  
How much later until she called it off? I mean, you moved out here in...

SKYLAR  
He moved out here in November.

KEVIN  
(to Noah)  
Did you get really premature cold feet?

SKYLAR  
No, he did not.

KEVIN  
(to Noah)  
Did she?

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
In a matter of speaking.

NOAH  
I love how totally unnecessary I've  
become to my own backstory.

KEVIN  
I give up. What the fuck happened?

Skylar turns to Noah hopefully. Noah shrugs.

NOAH  
Go for it.

SKYLAR  
What happened, Kevin, was this: The  
French Fucker happened.

### **BLACKNESS**

A puff of cigarette smoke. A pair of lips (filmed in Black and White), well shaved except the typical French moustache, takes another drag. He talks into the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER  
Why hello. I am zee French Fucker.  
I was born in Marseilles, 'ave you  
heard of it? Of course you have,  
it's fucking beautiful. And famous.  
I can recite French poetry in my  
native tongue. Would you like to  
hear some? Of course you would,  
it's French poetry recited in  
fucking French, it will give all  
you gentlemen erections and make  
all you beetches pregnant.

He proceeds to recite a passage of French poetry. In fucking French. When he finishes...

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
I can also play zee gee-tar, and  
zee accordion. Would you like to  
hear some? Oui? Fuck you, I'll make  
you wait in agony for zee ecstasy  
my music provides. I also collect  
Bob Dylan memorabilia. Here is a  
picture of me and Bubbi.

He flicks a picture of himself and Dylan, looking extremely chummy in front of the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
No big deal, beetches. It's just  
the greatest songwriter you  
American cunts have ever produced.  
Thanks for the cultural  
contribution. I received my  
education in Paree, and also took  
classes in India. Have you been  
there? No? Where'd you go to  
university, New Jersey? I applaud  
your bravery while spitting on your  
uselessness as an individual.

He spits. His phlegm hits the ground and turns into coins.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
Bah. A peasant's change.

He tosses the coins towards the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
Get yourself something pretty,  
whore. Maybe liposuction, oui?

He sighs. Takes another drag.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
So you are by now no doubt curious  
as to my relation to Anna, and  
Noah, and this pathetic little  
story of yours. Well, allow me to  
tell you.

He leans closer. Waits a beat. Just his lips. Perfect teeth.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
Fuck you. I will make you wait for  
that answer.

He puts his cigarette out on the camera lens, and walks away.  
He shouts back, bored:

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)  
Yes, you are right, I fucked her,  
like I do all beetches.

As he leaves, TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN come from either side  
towards him. He bitch slaps one, then grabs the other's ass  
and walks into the darkness.

With both.

## INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Noah is on a BLIND DATE. She looks like a girl that was homeschooled, then lost her fucking mind during college, and now is a mix of the two. She wears a church-friendly sleeveless dress. Braided hair. Very cute.

Her right arm, however, is completely covered in a wide variety of tattoos. The only part of her body that seems to have any.

NOAH

I like your tattoos. They're so... varied.

BLIND DATE

I had people in my group design them. Like drawings on a cast, they're only temporary.

This doesn't really make any sense.

NOAH

I don't... think I understand the analogy.

BLIND DATE

I suppose it's not a very good one.

She laughs. He laughs. Okay. She has a pretty smile.

BLIND DATE (CONT'D)

I mean, my arm just won't be with the rest of me.

NOAH

I'm... sorry, I think I'm confused again...

BLIND DATE

Have you ever felt like the number of limbs you have is holding you back? I've wanted to separate from my right arm ever since I was a little girl. It's called Body Identity Integrity Disorder and it's just a matter of time before I finally lose it.

Beat.

NOAH

Why do you want to lose your arm?

She looks at him like he's an idiot.

BLIND DATE  
Because it's not mine, and it's  
holding me back. Haven't you been  
listening?

Noah eats his sushi quietly, trying to wake up from this nightmare. He doesn't. He forces himself to press on.

NOAH  
I once had my appendix taken out.

**INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Noah paces back and forth frantically as Skylar and Kevin try to calm him down.

NOAH  
That was the worst fucking idea  
you've ever fucking had!

SKYLAR  
No! She was hot!

NOAH  
She was like a Cronenberg movie  
come to life!

SKYLAR  
You love Cronenberg!

NOAH  
Not in my women! No! She wanted to  
have her perfectly healthy  
functioning right arm amputated!  
What the fuck is that! What the  
fuck!

He paces into the kitchen off screen. Kevin tries to help.

KEVIN  
Listen man, we just thought if  
you'd gotten back on the playing  
field, you'd be more emotionally  
equipped for the wedding.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Well it didn't fucking work, did  
it!

SKYLAR  
NOAH!

Noah walks back from the kitchen like a child summoned.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
You've still got some time. You'll  
be golden, alright?

Noah has his hand on the wall, tapping it angrily. In a  
strange pattern.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)  
Bitch, stop morse code fighting me!

Noah reluctantly stops. Embarrassed.

NOAH  
Sorry.

SKYLAR  
Now look, we're going to do  
everything we can to make you feel  
totally prepared for every and any  
thing that can happen. Alright?

Noah reluctantly nods.

**EXT. SKYLAR'S CAR / LAX - MORNING, SOME TIME LATER**

NOAH  
I feel totally unprepared for every  
and any thing that can happen.

Skylar drives Noah to the hell known as LAX.

Noah already looks like shit.

SKYLAR  
Reach into the glove compartment.

He obeys. A CD-R appears magically.

NOAH  
Ut oh.

SKYLAR  
Do not play that until you are in  
your hooker-car on your way to the  
party, alright?

NOAH  
You made me a mix CD?

SKYLAR

Bro. You need all the help you can get.

NOAH

Maybe I can just say I got swine flu or whatever the epidemic of the week is?

SKYLAR

Maybe you can not be a pussy?

Noah nods. A calm resolve.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You can do this. And you know why?

NOAH

No. Not at all.

Skylar pulls up to departures. Puts his hand on Noah's shoulder.

SKYLAR

You can do this because you're a BAMF. You are Neville Fucking Longbottom.

Noah nods bravely, like a soldier about to plunge into Normandy. He hugs Skylar.

NOAH

Thanks man.

SKYLAR

I'm gonna make the dog wear that sweater while you're gone.

Noah smiles, leaves, and God help him, enters LAX in the middle of the summer.

**MAP OF THE UNITED STATE:**

A red Indiana Jones line goes from Los Angeles to Philadelphia, and then from Philadelphia to Harrisburg.

Because why the fuck not.

**INT. HARRISBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Noah awaits his luggage at the carousel. An OVERWHELMED MOTHER struggles with a SCREAMING BABY and an overly curious THREE YEAR OLD.

OVERWHELMED MOTHER  
SARAH! Sarah Jean!

The three year old makes a run for it.

NOAH  
I can hold him if you want, while  
you lasso that one.

OVERWHELMED MOTHER  
God bless you.

She thrusts the baby into Noah and embarks on her motherly quest.

Noah pats the screaming baby over his shoulder.

NOAH  
Hey, no! It's going to be okay!

The baby promptly VOMITS down the back of his jacket.

Noah continues to pat the baby, completely clueless as to how to solve this new problem at this moment.

**INT. HERTZ RENT A CAR - DAY**

Noah waits in the rent-a-car-wait-for-fucking-ever-even-though-it's-Harrisburg-and-you-pre-ordered-line.

A janitor walks by with her cart, and he swiftly steals a trash bag. He throws his jacket and shirt in it and, now shirtless, begins rummaging through his bag for an alternative.

HERTZ RENTAL BITCH  
Sir! You're going to need to put  
your shirt back on.

NOAH  
Oh I will. This baby barf-

HERTZ RENTAL BITCH  
Sir, I don't need a story, I need a  
shirt.

Noah pulls out a shirt and smiling with hate, puts it on.

**INT. VOLVO - DAY**

While driving, Noah puts in the mix CD. Skylar's voice comes on.

SKYLAR (CD)

These are the ten best "screw you, dyke" songs of all time. I hope you survive this weekend. Most of all, I just hope you don't fuck her. Because she, my friend, is the Sauron of bitches, and you can do better.

Despite not really believing this, Noah smiles.

SKYLAR (CD) (CONT'D)

Alright, track one. Call me if you need me, prick.

"Silver Springs" by Stevie Nicks begins to play.

NOAH

Oh for the love of God.

He continues driving, not sure if this is awesome or terrifying.

He gives in. Rolls down the windows. Sings with Stevie.

**ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF HARRISBURG.**

We follow the Volvo and Stevie through the city.

Welcome to Harrisburg, motherfuckers.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Noah turns off into a simple American neighborhood that is already way too packed with cars.

When he finally parks, he kills the radio.

Sits there. Deep breaths.

NOAH

I am Neville Longbottom. I am Captain Jean-Luc Picard. I am a strong, confident man.

**EXT. HOME - DAY**

NOAH  
I am so fucked.

Noah stands behind a shitty black Buick. It has hipster vegany bumper stickers.

The look on his face says it all:

This is her fucking car, and she is in this fucking house.

He stares at it in terror. Takes the deciding step forward.

**INT. HOME - DAY**

He lets himself in. It's a zoo in here.

He walks cautiously, like a freshly deflowered girl in a horror film.

She could be around any corner. Behind any of the billions of people seemingly crammed in here.

He speaks to one of them-

NOAH  
Hey, do you know where Molly is?

IDIOT  
Who?

NOAH  
Nevermind, thanks.

The search continues-

**INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Noah turns down a hallway full of women-

For a brief moment, they ALL look like they might be Anna.

They look at him. Smile.

He looks at them. Tries to smile. Just looks creepy.

Pushes past quickly.

## INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noah pseudo-shoves his way into the crowded kitchen. No sign of Molly. No sign of Anna.

But the intensity of the crowd nearly does in our poor claustrophobic hero. He breathes in and screams:

NOAH  
MOLLLLLLYYYYYY!

The whole room shuts up and stares at him.

And then, from a different, far off room-

MOLLY (O.S.)  
WHAT!

With everyone looking at him, it's harder to yell. But yell he must.

NOAH  
I-IT'S NOAAAH!

MOLLY (O.S.)  
NOAAAAAAA!

The crowd suddenly part for MOLLY, Noah's striking and excited younger sister, the bride-to-be in question.

Noah grins and meets her halfway with a ginormous hug.

NOAH  
Oh God, I'm glad to see you.

MOLLY  
Me too.

She looks at him, sister-worried.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
You look awful.

NOAH  
Long flight. Baby puked on me. Rent-a-car. Harrisblagh.

MOLLY  
I don't know why you didn't let us just pick you up.

She begins leading him through the house. Holds his hand. You better believe he holds on tight.

NOAH  
Where's Dad?

MOLLY  
He said he had an errand to run.  
You know him and crowds.

NOAH  
I don't know like, any of the  
people here.

MOLLY  
They're mostly Mark's people.

NOAH  
Huh. Mark's got people.

MOLLY  
Yep.

She leads him into-

**INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS**

The fireplace/tv room. A large group of people lounge about on couches, drinking beers, conversing and watching the tube.

MOLLY  
MARK!

A man shoots up from the couch. The groom-to-be. MARK.

He looks entirely like Mark Wahlberg.

MARK  
NOAH!

NOAH  
(less excited)  
Marky Mark!

Mark bearhugs him, and IT HAPPENS.

Over Mark's shoulder, sitting on the floor, is ANNA, with The French Fucker, whose legal name is FELIX TREZEGUET.

She sees him. She smiles softly. Signs to him:

ANNA  
(What up.)

All Noah can do is raise his hand in a weak wave.

MARK  
How's the big L-A?

Noah is breathless. Eventually recovers.

NOAH  
...a-a-awesome. It's awesome.

MARK  
Hey Brad! Get my man a drank!

BRAD (O.S.)  
Whaddoeshewant?

MARK  
Whaddaya want?

NOAH  
Absinthe.

MARK  
Something strong!

BRAD (O.S.)  
I'm already friends with him!

MARK  
Sit, good sir!

He leads him to their couch. Noah looks at Molly for help, who shrugs at him uselessly.

And so they sit. Within blatant ear shot of Anna and Felix.

MARK (CONT'D)  
So'd ya get a job? Molly was saying  
it's just brutal out there.

NOAH  
Yyyyes. I did get a job though.  
Right before I left.

MARK  
Aw effing-right you did!  
(off Noah's quizzical  
look)  
Not allowed to swear. Grandparents  
abound.

He points to an old woman randomly sitting on a couch between two dudes, watching TV.

NOAH  
Good call.

MARK  
So what's this job?

Noah searches for Molly: gone. Tries not to look at Anna:  
Fails.

NOAH  
It's um... working on a music  
documentary. Fleetwood Mac.

MARK  
You are *shhhhh-ing* me!

NOAH  
No, naw, like, starting as soon as  
I get back.

Mark leans in, quietly.

MARK  
I effing love Fleetwood Mac. Both  
Stevie and Lyndsey would be on my  
five. And Molly knows.

NOAH  
That's... great.

MARK  
Man, I'm so stoked for you! Molly's  
been worried about you since you  
moved out there and broke up with  
what's-her-name.

Noah sneakily points towards Anna. Mark sees this.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Ah. Eff.

NOAH  
I've been... reallllly good  
though. Going to a lot of concerts.  
Movies. Dates. With women.

A glass of scotch and a handshake arrives from BRAD, Mark's Best Man.

BRAD  
I'm Brad, Mark's brother. And here  
is a scotch.

He looks nothing like a Wahlberg.

NOAH

Wow, I'm Noah, Molly's you. Thank you. You look nothing like I would have expected.

He sits beside Mark. If your little sister had to get married before you, you'd hope she at least would marry into a family as seemingly cool and chill as these guys.

BRAD

I get that a lot. I'm the beauty, he's the beast.

MARK

That's fine, since I'm marrying that sexy lady-

He stands up and points to the recently returned Molly-

MARK (CONT'D)

Everyone! I'm marrying that sexy lady!

The room cheers! Anna and Felix cheer! Molly shrugs.

Noah destroys his scotch like it's a juicebox. Tries not to look at Anna.

Fails again.

Eye contact.

She smiles.

He dies.

**INT. MOLLY'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Noah enters Molly's bathroom, throws on the sink and quickly splashes water on his face.

Multiple times.

When it doesn't seem to help, he simply tries to submerge his whole head underwater.

After a beat, he re-emerges. Lightly towels his face.

When the towel drops, he sees the mirror for the first time.

CONGRATS MOLS! is written on it in lipstick. PICTURES are tacked all along the edges.

There's one of Molly, Anna and Noah. Looks like years ago.

Noah stares at it for a long moment.

NOAH

Fuck you.

He walks away.

Then suddenly returns, and goes for it.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck you for stealing nine fucking years of my life! If those really were the best years of my life then I'm going to fucking murder you in the afterlife! But thankfully, you'll probably be going to hell. And fuck you for thinking Train has great lyrics. And fuck you for thinking Crash was a good movie. I wish you'd go Sandra Bullock yourself down a flight of stairs.

(We SEE scenes illustrating everything Noah attacks from here on out.)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck your fucking hair and the way you chew on it when you're thinking really hard. Fuck you for working at a special needs pre-school and for how fucking hard it is for anyone alive to understand how I could hate you since you're career makes you a fucking saint. Fuck you for the five million, four hundred seventy six thousand and twenty three kisses I fucking wasted on you! You know what would have been a better use of my time and lips? EVERYTHING. Fuck you for dragging me to every goddamn piece of shit musical they put on in this fucking town. Newsflash: regional theatre only exists so fucking failures can give themselves a fucking recharound. And fuck you for convincing me that plaid shorts were cool! Seriously! Why not dress me up in jorts and send me to Jersey! Fuck you for not liking my facial hair.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

I can't wait to be able to grow a fucking ZZ Top Beard and have every single Facebook profile pic be a different supermodel rubbing their hands through it orgasmically. Fuck you for not always shaving your legs and your fucking pits. If I shave my fucking face for you, then you sure as hell shoulda shaved your shit. Fuck you for being a fucking vegan and judging me every time I ordered a fucking piece of meat. Guess what? Meat is fucking delicious and cow's don't have a fucking clue what's going on EVER. Fuck you for getting drunk and spooning with Tom Cosby sophomore year. I should have dumped your fucking ass then you spooning whore bitch. Fuck you for getting turned on by making out in church parking lots! That freaked the shit out of me and I'm still worried Jesus won't forgive me. And fuck your tits for... for being fucking awesome. And fuck you for taking my virginity! Fuck you for knitting me that fucking blue sweater and not just getting me The Two Towers boxset like I asked for! Fuck you for thinking ventriloquism is creepy! And fuck you for fucking him!

(beat. RETURN TO BATHROOM)  
Seriously. What the fuck, man. Fuck you for everything.

(beat)  
And fuck me.

He shakes the water from his hair and leaves.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He opens the door and comes face to face with FELIX.

FELIX

Why are you wet?

NOAH

I, um, fuck, why are you *French*?

Felix laughs. Noah does not.

FELIX

I think there are simple answers to  
both our queries. May I?

He motions to get into the bathroom. Noah instinctively moves aside and lets him. The door closes.

Some RANDOM-ASS GUY has seen the whole exchange.

NOAH

It would've been way cooler if I  
just closed the door in his face  
slowly, right?

The guy simply nods.

**INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Noah enters his bedroom-

And finds A MID-TWENTIES GIRL laying on his bed. She turns to him. She's fucking GORGEOUS. Curly black hair.

Noah is instantly nervous. His hair still dripping wet.

NOAH

Hey. You know that moment when you  
realize your home isn't really your  
home anymore? This is that moment.

GIRL

(laughs)

Wow. What a devastating first thing  
to say to someone.

Noah smiles and looks around his old room: it's small, with music posters covering the walls. He sits in a desk chair as the girl sits up.

GIRL (CONT'D)

So this was your room when you were  
young and innocent?

NOAH

Yep.

GIRL

I like your taste in music.

NOAH

It's pretty stellar, isn't it.

GIRL

Aye. Why are you soaked?

Noah groans and dries his head with the blanket on the bed.

NOAH

I tried to drown myself in a sink  
and failed.

GIRL

You should really try a tub, at the  
very least.

NOAH

Our neighbors have a pool.

GIRL

I could hold you down.

NOAH

You could hold me down in a sink.

GIRL

Wanna go?

NOAH

(laughs)

Don't tempt me.

She outstretches her hand.

GIRL

I'm Kelli.

NOAH

Noah. Molly's brother.

KELLI

Mark's first girlfriend in second  
grade before he broke my heart.

NOAH

What he do?

KELLI

Fucked our teacher.

NOAH

I need to shake his hand again,  
clearly.

She hops off the bed. Stretches.

KELLI

I'm jet lagged as all get out.  
Sorry for stealing your bed, cap'n.

NOAH

Oh, no, don't worry about it. You  
don't have to-

KELLI

Avoid water, okay?

She slaps him on the shoulder and leaves him there. He sees  
her impression on the bed, and laughs to himself.

He sighs and locks the door. Falls on the bed face down.

First contact: survived.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Noah is still asleep while his DAD, an awesome dude with an awesome moustache who doesn't give a fuck about pretty much anything but his kids, draws a brontosaurus on his face with a sharpie.

Noah slowly comes to. The man doesn't stop.

They make eye contact.

NOAH

Please tell me it's not a cock.

DAD

It's a dinosaur.

NOAH

Perfect. You picked my lock.

DAD

Your sister's rehearsal is in  
thirty minutes.

NOAH

Perrrrrrrfect.

The man keeps drawing.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You look good Dad.

DAD  
You look good too. With a dinosaur.

Close up on Noah's face, and dinosaur...

**INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

Close up on Noah's face:

NOAH  
You want me to stand here?

VOICE  
Yes.

There's still some sharpie dinosaur left on his face.

NOAH  
Right here. In this exact spot.

VOICE  
Yes. Is that a problem?

Reveal: Noah is standing BESIDE Anna in the wedding procession.

She looks at him with a tinge of amusement.

Noah answers the PASTOR:

NOAH  
No. No problem.

PASTOR  
Great! Hold tight for just one second guys-

He scoots off and talks to Mark at the altar. Anna seizes the moment-

ANNA  
Is standing beside me really so terrible?

NOAH  
You want to know the only thing better than that loaded gun of a question?

ANNA  
What?

NOAH  
An actual loaded gun.

Anna laughs. The kind of laugh one laughs when they know they're in a fight but don't want to admit it just yet.

ANNA  
So Fleetwood Mac, huh?

NOAH  
Huh.

ANNA  
Were you maybe lying?

NOAH  
Why would I do that?

ANNA  
I could always tell when you were lying.

NOAH  
Which is bizarre, because I never lied to you.

ANNA  
False.

NOAH  
Truth.

ANNA  
You told me you read Eat Pray Love when I gave it to you but when I quizzed you it turned out you didn't get passed the second chapter.

NOAH  
That's not a lie. That's a man preserving the integrity of his dick.

ANNA  
I think Jesus would call it a lie.

NOAH  
I think Jesus would understand and then call your kettle black.

ANNA  
What's on your face?

NOAH  
A giant cock.

ANNA  
So then. Why don't you tell me  
about the real Los Angeles?

NOAH  
Why don't you tell me how your  
folks are doing?

ANNA  
What was the cross-country drive  
like?

NOAH  
How're the preschoolers?

ANNA  
See any celebrities?

NOAH  
Did Sara get into a good school?

Anna smiles, despite herself.

ANNA  
No fair. Northwestern.

NOAH  
You're shitting me! That's  
fantastic!

ANNA  
You should have known that already.

NOAH  
Yeah, but, you're right... I have a  
list of people I need to call at  
some point.

ANNA  
Am I on that list?

NOAH  
No, yeah, no. Probably not.

ANNA  
I tried calling you a couple times.  
But your number changed. Randomly,  
I'm sure.

NOAH

I signed up for this lottery for  
phone numbers ending in 666 and  
sure enough, just a few days after  
I got to California-

ANNA

You got the antichrist-number!

NOAH

I did! Highlight of my life.

She smiles. He pretends to.

ANNA

It makes it hard for people to talk  
to you when you don't tell them how  
to reach you.

Noah shrugs. Stammers.

NOAH

I guess, I just, I dunno. Maybe.

ANNA

(laughs)

You're like Woody Allen, all  
stammers and awkwardness.

NOAH

Yeah, well, you're like... Jaws,  
man. You've scared the shit out of  
me so bad I'm terrified of every  
drop of water I see-

PASTOR

Okay, great, you guys all ready?

NOAH

YES!

PASTOR

That's the spirit!

Noah marches eagerly ahead with the wedding party to the  
front of the church.

He does not look at Anna again, so help him God.

#### INT. ALTAR - DAY

Noah stands in place like a statue as everyone rehearses.  
Literally. Like a fucking statue.

There is no sound. There is nothing. Just survival, standing eight feet away from her.

**INT. O'MALLEY STEAKHOUSE AND BAR - NIGHT**

The rehearsal party. Informal enough. Noah sits at a table with Mark, Molly, his father and MARK'S PARENTS (who you or I could care less about).

Directly across from Noah's eyesight, after a table or two, is naturally Anna and Felix. Very much a couple.

DAD

So. Fleetwood Mac.

NOAH

Yeah. That's a lie.

Noah's Dad laughs. Picks the food on his plate.

DAD

Need money?

NOAH

...yes.

DAD

I'll give you twenty bucks to do a speech thing so I don't have to talk in front of all these people.

Noah smiles, the unspoken "sure thing Dad". He stands up, tapping his glass with a fork.

MOLLY

What are you doing?

NOAH

I'm speechifying you guys.

Other glasses ring out the endorsement, and all eyes are on Noah. Including you-know-who's.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hi, uh, everyone, I'm Noah Palmer, Molly's big brother-

Polite applause.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Thanks, uh, everyone for coming on out. I'm really excited to get all of the gifts Molly gets two of.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

(har-har laughs)

Uh, I just thought I might say a few words. Mark has been kind enough to let me be a groomsmen tomorrow, and naturally Molly's sister Carly will be performing maid-of-honor duties-

He claps, and everyone follows, for CARLY, Molly and Noah's half sister. Family drama.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I thought I'd just say something tonight because, first of all, Dad's pretty wasted-

Laughter. Dad stands up with his glass, downs it. Cheers.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And secondly, Molly has been one of my best friends for literally most of my life. She's been the responsible little sister that got me out of trouble and I guess it makes sense that she'd be the first of us to get married off.

Molly smiles, blows him a kiss.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I don't know Mark too well, but from I can tell, he's an overly attractive guy that looks like he works out all the time but really, the trick is, he just eats burgers and drinks beer and BAM! Rock hard.

(laughter)

I remember, Mark, when I met you, when you shook my hand I thought you were gonna break it. I had planned on being the tough older brother but you diminished me in less than half a second with a handshake.

(laughter)

But it's all good. I think you might genuinely be a good guy, and a good guy is all I want for my little sister, so-

(raises glass)

To Molly and Mark!

EVERYONE

To Molly and Mark!

Everyone toasts, and Noah takes his seat.

MOLLY  
That was sweet No'.

DAD  
Also short. Thanks.

Before Noah can respond, there's another *ding-ding-ding* of a glass, and all eyes turn over to Anna, now standing. Now toasting.

NOAH  
Son of a bitch...

ANNA  
Hi everyone, my name is Anna  
Cliver, I'm one of Molly's  
bridesmaids tomorrow, wooo!

The crowd cheers and woos with her. Noah drinks.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Noah already did a pretty good  
exposition job with his speech, so  
I'll skip that. But I'll never  
forget the first time I met Molly-

Molly covers her head in shame-

ANNA (CONT'D)  
That's right Molly, I still haven't  
forgiven you. It was kindergarten,  
a few years back, and us youngin's  
were playing hide and go seek, and  
I was hiding, Molly was seeking.  
And I was under the wooden jungle  
gym fort thingy, and I guess there  
had been some antagonism between us  
kindergartners previously, because  
when Molly found me, instead of  
saying "found you" or something  
like that, she kicked me full force  
in the nose.

The wedding party reacts with laughing gasps.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Blood gushing everywhere, all over  
my clothes, I'm running around  
screaming, bloods going all over  
her clothes, like a Japanese horror  
film-

She breaks down laughing, as is everyone. She then becomes teary eyed. Felix offers her a supporting hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
And I knew then that I'd be her  
bridesmaid.

More laughter.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Rest assured Mark, you ever cross  
her, she'll beat the shit out of  
you. Although knowing you, you'd  
probably love that.

Even more laughter. Mark, slightly drunk, agrees.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(raises glass)  
To my beautiful Molly, whom I have  
loved growing up with, and look  
forward to growing older beside.

EVERYONE  
To Molly!

Molly gets up and rushes over to Anna. The two girls embrace, doing their girl thing.

Noah grinds his teeth.

**INT. BAR - LATER**

Noah approaches the bar-

NOAH  
I want something lethal man.

BARTENDER  
Coming right up.

The Bartender heads off. Noah looks down the bar and sees Kelli smiling back at him.

KELLI  
Lethal, huh.

NOAH  
You have no idea.

The Bartender returns with a shot. Attention to Kelli.

KELLI  
Why not the same.

BARTENDER  
Yes ma'am.

Noah eyes the shot glass.

NOAH  
What do you think it is?

KELLI  
Gasoline.

NOAH  
Sweet. I'll wait for you.

KELLI  
What a gentleman.

The bartender hands Kelli a similar shotglass. She raises it.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
To suicide.

They tap shotglasses and down them. And nearly die.

NOAH  
Ohmygod-

KELLI  
Holyfuck-

They laugh and cough. She slaps him on the shoulder.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
As you were, cap'n.

And slides away again. He watches her go. Soon becoming lost in thought, and her walk, which is totally aweso-

FELIX  
Bonjour.

Noah slowly turns to find Felix sitting beside him.

NOAH  
Hey.

FELIX  
Hello.

NOAH  
Bonjour.

Felix grins, drinks from his glass of wine.

He really is an attractive little fucko.

FELIX  
So how are you, man?

We realize almost instantly that Felix has almost NO FRENCH ACCENT.

NOAH  
I'm doing what I do best, Kate.  
Survivin'.

FELIX  
I hear you.

They both drink. And Noah is honest.

NOAH  
...How is she?

FELIX  
She's good. She's happy.

NOAH  
...Good.

FELIX  
Ya mean that?

NOAH  
Sometimes. I dunno. By the way. I  
hope you die.

Felix laughs and the men drink again. They look across the bar and see Anna. She is STUNNING.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I barely recognize her.

FELIX  
Shorter hair suits her.

NOAH  
Barely.

FELIX  
But it works, right.

NOAH  
(less conviction)  
Barely.

She looks at them. Waves. Noah looks at his drink. Felix waves back.

She walks over. Sits beside Felix.

ANNA  
(to bartender)  
A zinfandel.

FELIX  
My tab.  
(re: Noah)  
His too.

NOAH  
Mine's on Jack Palmer's tab. Keep it there please.

He obliges.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Why the fuck isn't this an open bar anyway...

Anna begins taping on the bar. Noah listens.

We realize it's MORSE CODE.

ANNA  
(subtitled)  
U O-K?

Noah smiles bitterly, shakes his head and taps back:

NOAH  
Oh come on...  
(morse)  
P-L-E-A-S-E S-T-O-P.

FELIX  
I was in LA for a few weeks when I was younger. Really loved it there. What do you think?

ANNA  
W-E-L-L?

NOAH  
(grinds his teeth)  
Yeah, it's great.  
(morse)  
F-U-C-K O-F-F.

She begins replying, as she gets her drink.

ANNA  
 (to bartender)  
 Thank you.  
 (morse)  
 E-A-S-Y N-O.

NOAH  
 S-T-O-P I-T.

FELIX  
 Are you guys Morseing?

ANNA  
 Yes baby.

Noah visibly reacts to "baby". Anna visibly reacts to his reaction.

She's hurting.

Felix listens as Noah taps on the bar. He stares straight ahead. Into HELL.

NOAH  
 She knows if she morses to me I  
 have to answer.  
 (morse)  
 P-L-E-A-S-E L-E-A-V-E.

FELIX  
 Why?

NOAH  
 Because for some God-forsaken  
 reason I'm intensely OCD about  
 morse code.

ANNA  
 (morse)  
 D-O Y-O-U H-A-T-E M-E.

FELIX  
 You learned it for Chett?

NOAH  
 Well. Duh.

Anna looks genuinely distraught.

But before she can say or Morse anything else-

KELLI  
 Hey, you ready?

Noah, Felix and Anna look up at Kelli, who stands expectantly for Noah.

NOAH

What?

KELLI

(annoyed)

You ready to go?

(to Anna, all smiles)

Hi, I'm Kelli!

ANNA

Anna.

FELIX

Felix.

KELLI

Aw, I've heard sooooo much about you guys.

An awkward pause. The women smile at each other, unsure why.

KELLI (CONT'D)

So let's go dude. I'm tired as shit.

NOAH

Yes'm.

Noah leaves the bar, without so much as a glance to Anna.

KELLI

So nice meeting you!

Kelli follows him out. Anna remains at the bar.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Kelli leaves the bar, and searches the parking lot for Noah.

KELLI

Dude?

From across the parking lot, she sees a hand shoot up from behind a car. Confused, she heads towards it...

She finds Noah, doubled over, fingers pressed tightly to his eyes, trying his best not to sob.

Failing spectacularly.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Oh, no no no. Heyyyy. It's okay.

She scoots down on the ground beside him.

She doesn't say anything. She doesn't touch him. She just sits beside him as he cries his heart out.

After a while-

NOAH  
I love you so much right now, by  
the way.

KELLI  
I know. I was pretty stellar.

Noah smiles. Tries drying his eyes.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Walk me home?

NOAH  
In like... three minutes.

KELLI  
That's cool.

They sit there, on the pavement between the cars.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Kelli and Noah walk through Harrisburg, along the coast of the Susquehanna River.

Across the River is CITY ISLAND, the youth hot spot of Harrisburg. The barlights light up the river peacefully.

KELLI  
He was my first kiss.

NOAH  
No way! Seriously?

KELLI  
Yeah, and then he went and kissed Susie Brennans. The tramp.

NOAH  
Oh nos! Does my sister know about this?

KELLI

You're damn right she does. I wrote her a letter warning her.

**INSERT:**

Kelli's letter, written like a second grader, warning her of marrying Mark.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

KELLI

So I hadn't seen him since elementary school, and then we wound up in the same college, became friends, then online friends, then he said he was getting married in H-Burg, and I said, oh wow, I'm working in Philly the Thursday before, I can swing this. And alas, here I am.

NOAH

What do you do?

KELLI

I work in insurance sales for large businesses.

NOAH

Wow. That sounds incredibly boring.

KELLI

And what's your job?

NOAH

I write epic novels about the human condition in Russian.

KELLI

Oh! You're unemployed!

NOAH

Yeah, life's a bitch.

KELLI

That it is. And lo, speaking of bitches...

She trails off. Noah sighs and carries on.

NOAH

And lo. She left me. For Francois  
Truffuck.

KELLI

I'm sorry. What happened?

NOAH

She found greener pastures.

KELLI

Like... literally or figuratively?

NOAH

Like... we were engaged and went to  
a movie and afterwards at dinner  
she started crying and told me she  
slept with someone else and... he  
had greener pastures.

KELLI

Wow. Fuck. So how the hell is she  
in your sister's wedding?

Noah looks at her. It is all the exposition she needs.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Oh, that's bullshit! Why the fuck  
didn't you tell anyone?

NOAH

I dunno. It just seemed... gross.  
Like, she's part of the family at  
this point you know? Her and Molly  
were friends forever, and then more  
so when we dated. I mean, she took  
my Dad to Spring Awakening for his  
birthday one year.

KELLI

You're kidding me.

NOAH

There's nudity on stage. He didn't  
believe it was a real thing.

KELLI

She get him those seats on stage?

NOAH

Of course.

KELLI

Of course. Still, I think your nobility is misguided.

Noah laughs.

NOAH

Well, if I said something now I'd just be a whiny bitch.

KELLI

You're crying in parking lots dude.

NOAH

I am crying in parking lots, aren't I.

KELLI

Yep.

NOAH

Fuck.

KELLI

Do you remember what it was like before you were just a whiny bitch?

Noah tries to remember:

#### **BEFORE-NOAH-WAS-A-WHINY-BITCH MONTAGE**

In about 10 seconds, we see a dense montage of Noah with Anna: making out, having sex, eating dinner, sleeping, at the movies, paintball, playing with dogs.

The entire montage is SHOWN IN 3-D. Since the audience will not have 3-D glasses, it's gonna look pretty fucking weird. Afterall:

#### **EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

KELLI

3-D sucks.

Noah laughs.

NOAH

But you know what I mean.

Kelli pushes her lips together.

Across the river, fireworks erupt after a minor league baseball game ends. They explode in the sky and fade away.

KELLI

Oh, wow.

Noah looks at them, then at her, as they reflect in the water. Smiles to himself.

**INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

They are about three pints into it. Not drunk, but having a grand old time.

KELLI

So New Orleans, to Atlanta, to Miami, to Fort Laud-

NOAH

Oh my gosh, stop it. I'm gonna have a panic attack just listening to this.

KELLI

Never France though. Your girl, is she like, a Francophile or something?

NOAH

I dunno. I think she just might've been a bit of a twat.

They clang their pints together.

KELLI

But really, how'd that all go down?

NOAH

I don't know. I don't care.

He drinks quietly. Notices THE BURN SCAR from a removed tattoo on her ring finger.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You have a burn scar on your finger.

KELLI

Yep.

NOAH

So how'd that all go down?

KELLI  
Wrote my name on a piece of paper.

Noah laughs and kills the rest of his pint.

NOAH  
It's like you have a real life.

KELLI  
What?

NOAH  
Like... I keep feeling like I'm waiting for my life to begin, and people all around me my age are, ya know, married with houses and jobs that pay six figures and it's like they're alive. Miserable, sometimes, I know, but alive. I feel like I'm cryogenically frozen as this lost quarterlife shit that's angry at everything all the time.

KELLI  
I wish I could be cryogenically frozen.

NOAH  
Emotionally or physically?

KELLI  
Both? I mean, when you really think about it, in a hundred years, we'll probably be more artificial than human.

NOAH  
(sighs)  
That sounds so good.

KELLI  
I know. And drug development will probably be at the point where you take a pill when you're feeling a little blue, and it picks you right up to the perfect level.

NOAH  
Time travel.

KELLI  
Fucking time travel dude. Dinosaurs and Jesuses.

NOAH

Go back in time and fix all your mistakes.

KELLI

My mistakes?

NOAH

No, like, ye all mistakes.

KELLI

Right. Well you know they haven't invented time travel yet, because they haven't visited us or anything.

NOAH

Or what if they have, and we're just on the course corrected timeline? Like, I was supposed to get fucked in the ass figuratively by Anna because if we had gotten married something... else would have happened. Like maybe all our kids would have been violently murdered by CyberManson, and so someone went back in time and had that relationship fail so neither of us would have to deal with that agony.

Beat.

KELLI

You've actually thought about this before, haven't you.

NOAH

Every day.

KELLI

Wouldn't it be smarter just to go back and destroy CyberManson?

NOAH

I get stuck on time travel plot holes a lot.

KELLI

Ah. Happens to the best of us.

NOAH

It-

Noah stops, and looks at the hotel entrance.

FELIX AND ANNA walk arm in arm through the lobby to an elevator. They get in. Totally oblivious that they are being watched.

Kelli watches the elevator doors close and bursts into laughter.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
(smile)  
What?

KELLI  
Nothing!

NOAH  
Tell me!

KELLI  
It's so wrong!

NOAH  
What!

KELLI  
Dude. Your ex-fiance's about to get fucked in the ass. Literally not figuratively.

Noah stares at her, momentarily shocked. And then bursts into laughter as well.

NOAH  
Wow. I so hope that's true. I hope it fucking hurts.

They keep laughing. More than a little ridiculous now.

She finishes her pint, turns to him.

KELLI  
I have a job, and a minibar.

Noah tries his best not to hide his surprise.

He fails admirably.

NOAH  
I want both.

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Noah and Kelli are sitting on the bed, tiny bottles in hand.  
They are drrrrrrrrrrrunk.

NOAH  
So you're really divorced?

KELLI  
Yeah. Why the "really"?

NOAH  
I dunno. You seem... really young  
to be divorced?

KELLI  
That's entirely because I am really  
young to be divorced. I don't want  
to speak out-of-turn, considering  
I'm not that much older than your  
bride-to-be sister, but getting  
hitched young was an awful fucking  
choice. Ya know that tribe in  
Africa, they put those rings around  
their necks every year as they  
grow, until they have super long  
necks, and how if they ever removed  
all the rings their necks would  
just snap? That is exactly what  
getting married young is like.  
Unnatural and neck-breaking.

NOAH  
(laughs)  
That's a great analogy.

KELLI  
Thank you. I've gotten a lot of  
mileage out of it, trust me.

NOAH  
How long ago?

KELLI  
Not long enough.

NOAH  
Long enough for what?

KELLI  
To want to get married again.

NOAH

Sometimes I feel like one serious girlfriend's all I got in me for a lifetime. I can't imagine multiple marriages. Most married couples I know are though.

KELLI

Ohmygosh, I know. I'm gonna be one of those women.

NOAH

Yeah if this was the fifties, you'd be a massive bruised apple.

KELLI

I'd be a fucking harlot is what I'd be. So you only had the one serious girlfriend?

NOAH

I like how you switched topics using the connector "fucking harlot". I "dated" girls before, in like, Jr. High. None as long or as... epic. Obviously.

KELLI

We dated for three collegiate years. He was my entire college experience. I didn't even have a cliched lesbian hook-up.

She lays down, and puts her hand on his foot. He blushes, and puts his hand on her foot.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You have hobbit feet.

NOAH

You thankfully do not. I'm amazed you're touching mine.

KELLI

Dude I've been married. All my girly gross-outs have graduated far beyond feet.

She moves her left foot and shows him it's sole, where a four inch scar runs through it.

NOAH

Whoa the fuck is this!

KELLI

When I was nine, I was running outside in flip flops, which make it particularly hard to explore in the forest with, so I ditched them and moments later, naturally, I spiked a broken beer bottle through my foot.

Noah is reduced to a squirming mess of a man.

NOAH

Oh! No! Fucxxxxxxxxx-

KELLI

Eighteen stitches, bitch. I've wanted to get it tattooed up. How hard would that make me?

NOAH

Really fucking hard. And psychotic. I went on a blind date with a girl that had tattoos on her arm, but she wanted to have her arm chopped off because it was holding her back.

Kelli has no words for this. Lays back on the bed.

KELLI

Signs and wonders.

Noah runs his finger along the scar.

Without really thinking about it, he KISSES it gently and quickly.

Kelli smiles, nearly blushes, and quickly tries to pretend it didn't happen.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I got this one-

She curls away from him and pulls down the back of her shirt, revealing her bare shoulder blade, save for her bra strap and a tattoo of what looks like a child's drawing of a spaceman.

KELLI (CONT'D)

My six year old nephew drew that when we were at the beach last year with markers, and when my sister took a picture of it and showed me, I just headed straight down to the gnarliest tattoo parlor in south Jersey, got it inked in.

NOAH

Awesome. Congrats on now having AIDS, by the way.

KELLI

Thanks! And I got this one.

She rolls on her back, hikes up her shirt to show her ribcage, where latin scrawl is etched fantastically close to her breast. Which neither we nor Noah see (perverts).

NOAH

Ah, the typical latin scrawl-

KELLI

Italian. This is a real quote written in *Eye-talian* from "Orlando Furioso", which happens to be my favorite book.

NOAH

"Orlando Furioso" is a total of no one's favorite book.

KELLI

"Nature made him, and then broke the mould." I, of course, in complete disregard to the original text, changed it to the feminine.

NOAH

I still don't believe it's your favorite book.

KELLI

I don't give a shit what you believe, I've got a tattoo on my ribcage and that's all I need. Snob.

NOAH

No, I mean, I do like it. I especially like where you put it.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

I just don't think I could ever get a quote tattoo, as intellectually genuine and undeniable sexy as yours seems to be.

KELLI

Why thank you, and why not?

NOAH

I'd just be afraid I'd sound liiiiiike a pretentious little shit.

KELLI

That's probably because you would be, but if you can't lord something over the many peons out there, what can you do? Got any tattoos?

NOAH

No, not yet.

KELLI

Got any scars?

Something turns in Noah. He considers his reply. Answers honestly.

NOAH

Some.

KELLI

Where! How!

Suddenly, he's that awkward guy again. Quiet, and when he tries to start, only stammers come out.

NOAH

Hm, well, I guess, uh, after, um. After Anna left me, there was like... a two or three week period where she wasn't quite with Felix and wasn't quite finished with me. And even though she'd fucked him she didn't, she like, didn't know what she wanted? And I don't think he ever really knew about me before hand, or to what context he did or not, actually none of that matters, fuck 'em.

Noah clears his throat. Prepares himself.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Anyway, I dunno, I guess I was too shell-shocked to really make a stand because I mean literally one day the rest of my life is relatively planned out and the next it's all gone. And we'd fight and she'd tell me what I needed to do to keep her or some shit. And of course they got ugly and nasty and never ending, and... she told me she started to, like, cut herself to release the pain or whatever. And that was fucking awful just in words but then she'd just send like, pic texts of these like, super thin cut lines like... shooting stars that she said she put on her stomach because of me, or Felix, or the situation. And the texts never had any words it would just be the pictures. And one day I just... fucking lost it and grabbed a pair of scissors and tore up my thigh real bad. I took a picture of it and I was going to send it when I kind of, I dunno, beamed back into my body and... I said fuck it and by the end of the week I was sleeping in my car next to the beach in Santa Monica. It was just too much and I don't, I didn't know what the fuck else to do.

He fiddles with his feet, refusing to make eye contact.

KELLI

And they scarred?

NOAH

Yeah. I mean, nothing crazy or anything, but... I've got her on me now.

They are quiet. He collapses backwards.

KELLI

Can I see it?

NOAH

No. Not really.

She lays her head beside his thigh, and lightly runs her fingers on it.

And then she softly kisses it.

It is either one of the greatest or most painful moments of Noah's life.

He sits up and lays down on the bed beside her. They spoon.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Thanks for saving me tonight.

KELLI  
If I hadn't, what might have  
happened?

NOAH  
I either would have hit her or  
fucked her.  
(sincerely)  
Maybe both.

KELLI  
I know exactly what you mean.

She wraps his arm around her.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
If you want to just use each other  
tonight, we can do that.

NOAH  
Okay. But not really, no. This has  
kind've been a great night, I don't  
want to fuck it up.

She reaches and turns out the light.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
And I kinda might like you.

In the dark, a tiny smile.

KELLI  
Have I told you how much I hate my  
left leg?

They laugh, and cozy up closer.

Goodnight.

**EST. HARRISBURG - MORNING**

The sunrise over the Susquehanna River. Swoon.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Noah is getting dressed when Kelli awakes. She rolls over to him, sleepy-eyed.

KELLI

Ah, the old spoon and split.

NOAH

I wasn't going to spoon and split.  
I swear.

KELLI

Whatever. We're only going to the  
same day-long event.

She smiles. Uber. Babe.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Your sister's getting married  
today. My first boyfriend's getting  
married today.

NOAH

That's insane. I feel old and  
withered, like a less powerful and  
more lame Baba Yaga. I also feel  
moderately hung over.

KELLI

(groans)

Me too. Where's your suit?

NOAH

In my car. At the bar.

KELLI

Go get it. I'll wake up when you  
get back.

She rolls over. He grins and heads out the door.

**EXT. STREETS OF HARRISBURG - MORNING**

Noah walks through the sleepy streets.

It's a good morning.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING**

Kelli, still in the clothes she fell asleep in, straightens Noah's tie. He looks fucking good.

KELLI  
You look fucking good.

NOAH  
Yeah?

KELLI  
Mhmm.

He checks himself out in the mirror.

NOAH  
Cool.

He takes a deep breath, and heads out to the room-

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

NOAH  
Alrighty. I'm off to brave the day  
and not kill myself.

She salutes him.

KELLI  
Good luck, Captain.

He salutes her back.

NOAH  
When will I see you over there?

KELLI  
Miss me already?

He smiles, doesn't answer. He turns to open the door.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Hey Noah.

He turns-

NOAH  
Yeah-

And *SHE KISSES HIM*.

It's THE kiss. The one that wins MTV Best Kiss Awards because it turned on so many teens that approximately five thousand babies were born as a result (and twice as many abortions had).

When it ends, Noah is, rightfully, speechless.

KELLI  
Go get 'em.

She heads into the bathroom. She takes off her shirt, exposing her bare and tattooed back, and kicks the door shut behind her.

Noah stands there, completely still.

The bathroom door locks.

He explodes into the biggest grin imaginable, and heads out-

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kelli leans against the sink as she hears Noah leave.

Stares into nowhere.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Down the hallway, full of all the confidence in the world.

**EXT. CHURCH - MORNING**

Noah trots up the steps to the church, and swings open the big doors-

**INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

And walks right in front of Anna kissing Felix.

Not making out or anything crazy.

But still. Kissing.

His buzz comes crashing down HARD.

They see him. The most awkward stand off in the history of cinema.

NOAH  
So. Is Molly here yet?

ANNA  
Yes-

NOAH  
Then you're being a shitty  
bridesmaid, aren't you.

Noah walks past them briskly, up a flight of stairs.

**INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM - MORNING**

Noah bursts into the Sunday School room, rubbing his arms frantically. Gasping for breath. He grabs his phone and dials. Answers-

NOAH  
(sing-song)  
Panic attack!

SKYLAR (PHONE)  
...did you fuck her...

NOAH  
No, hi, I slept with someone else last night.

**INT. SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A previously sleeping Skylar bolts up in bed.

SKYLAR  
Seriously?

**INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM/SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

NOAH  
Not... sexually. But she did kiss me.

SKYLAR  
That's what I'm talking about son!  
Yes! Yes!

NOAH  
I feel awful.

SKYLAR  
No! No!

NOAH  
No, not about kissing her. That was fucking awesome.

SKYLAR  
Then what's wrong?

NOAH

I'm just a fucking mess and I'm tired of it. This chick has "Orlando Furioso" tattooed right under her boob. But I mean, so what, we... We could date for nine years and get married and have kids and own a mortgage and she... she could still just up and leave me for anyone, particularly of the French hipster persuasion. And I would trade all nine fucking years for one fucking day where I don't think about all the ways where I fucking suck at fucking life.

SKYLAR

...What the hell is "Orlando Furioso"?

NOAH

It's this Italian classic. It's cool.

The two friends are quiet, coast-to-coast.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Shit, did I wake you up?

SKYLAR

Mhmm.

NOAH

I keep forgetting about time change.

SKYLAR

Mhmm.

NOAH

I don't wanna care, I just wanna take massive amounts of expensive anti-depressants, work and sleep and hang out and forget everything about that fucking bitch so I can stop being a whiny bitch-

There is a knock at the door. It quietly opens, and Anna is standing there. She waves silently.

Noah stares at her blankly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

So I gotta go right now.

SKYLAR

What? Why?

NOAH

Worst case scenario.

SKYLAR

Don't yo-

He hangs up the phone. She closes the door quietly. Another awkward pause that Noah Baumbach would have an orgasm over.

ANNA

You look really handsome Noah.

She looks fucking amazing.

NOAH

You look really... thin.

ANNA

Thanks.

Another pause, as she checks out the room.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Did we ever... do it in here?

NOAH

...We never did it in a church.

ANNA

We totally did.

NOAH

Especially not in a Sunday School room.

She pulls up another plastic toy chair.

ANNA

Like... multiple times...

NOAH

What do you want, Anna?

She shrugs.

ANNA

Did you mean it?

NOAH

I'm not sure what you're  
specifically referring to, but the  
answer is probably yes.

ANNA

What you just said. About  
forgetting everything.

NOAH

Were you eavesdropping?

ANNA

No way! I heard what you said  
telepathically.

NOAH

That's still eavesdropping-

ANNA

More like mind dropping-

NOAH

And yeah, I meant it. I'd Eternal  
Sunshine you in a heartbeat.

She nods. Ouch.

ANNA

Nine years is a long time.

NOAH

Not long enough.

ANNA

Fuck man! These conversations just  
go in circles, with you finding  
clever ways to twist what I say  
into statements about how much of a  
bitch I am.

NOAH

I never start the conversations.

ANNA

You never end them either.

NOAH

How the fuck do I end this  
conversation, Anna? Please, tell  
me, because I would love to put a  
period at the end of this godawful  
novel.

ANNA

It's just, I mean, you moved across  
the country from me, all of a  
sudden, like you were raptured-

NOAH

Because I was running away from  
you!

ANNA

Well, don't!

NOAH

What? How does that make sense?

ANNA

I don't know Noah! I-I-I don't, I  
mean, who knows what might've-

NOAH

Don't you  *fucking dare-*

ANNA

Noooooooo, Noah, I'm not saying that-

NOAH

What are you saying-

ANNA

I DON'T KNOW! WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU  
WANT?

NOAH

I WANT YOU BACK OR I WANT YOU TO  
DIE!

She's laughs, though she finds nothing particularly funny.

ANNA

Ouch? And you wouldn't take me  
back.

NOAH

I'd be miserable if you died too.  
It's a lose-lose-lose situation.

They're quiet again.

ANNA

I'm glad you wouldn't... throw a  
parade if I perished.

NOAH

Well, part of me probably would.  
But nine years is a really long  
time.

ANNA

How would you do it?

NOAH

Upside-down crucifixion.

ANNA

Like Peter.

NOAH

Bingo.

ANNA

Eh. Could do better. Sarlac Pit.

NOAH

Ooooh. Yeah. That's a good one.  
Maybe just throw the whole cross  
in.

They come close to smiling at each. They used to really work.

ANNA

Look, I know... I fucked up. But I  
love him Noah.

Noah stares at her. Daring her to look away.

NOAH

Did you love him when you fucked  
him?

ANNA

No. But I do now.

Noah clears his throat.

NOAH

I still have no idea why you did  
it.

ANNA

It was just what was supposed to  
happen. I wish it didn't, not like  
that, but it did. And I'm sorry for  
hurting your heart.

Noah keeps staring at her, waiting for her to look him in the eye. She does eventually, briefly, and looks away.

NOAH

That's why these conversations never end. Because you pull that stupid "destiny and fate are fuck buddies" card. And you don't love him, you just love having a reason to justify your whoring into a legitimate relationship.

She remains quiet, watching him.

He gets up. The child's chair sticks to him, and he punches it away. It crashes into toys loudly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I love things too, ya know.

ANNA

I know-

NOAH

I happen to love Los Angeles, and I love David Cronenberg movies, and I love St. Vincent.

ANNA

I know-

NOAH

And I love going to museums and Bob Baker's Marionette Theatre and I love King Kong and I love...

(thinks about it)

Minibars and hotel rooms... and I love... fucking... Netflix...

Noah's breathing becomes rapid. He rubs his arms together tightly.

She stands up too. Her chair doesn't stick. Of course.

ANNA

It's okay-

NOAH

It's not fucking okay. I'm a real catch. I-I-I treat women right and I open the doors for them and I make great mix-tapes with singers they've never heard before and I always stand on the outside when we're walking on the street in case a drunk driver jumps the curb-

ANNA

No one knows this more than me-

NOAH

That's the fucking point, you bit-

Even now, he can't bring himself to say it to her face.

But she knows. Takes another step towards him.

He cringes.

They are either about to get into a fist fight. Or fuck.

NOAH (CONT'D)

That's exactly the point.

Noah leaves as fast as he can.

**INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Noah, shell-shocked and shit-slapped, hurries down the stairs and through the crowded church lobby.

Kelli watches him. He charges through the crowd with his head down, not seeing anyone or wanting to be seen.

She turns her attention back the way he came, and sees Anna descend the stairs. She heads the opposite way, to the ladies room.

Kelli look around the room, and sees Noah's Dad looking at her. He's seen the whole thing too.

He shrugs sadly, and she responds in kind.

**INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY**

Anna is reapplying her make-up when Kelli walks in. She reapplies her lipstick.

ANNA

Noah's friend, right? Kelli?

KELLI

Oh, hi there! Anna, right?

ANNA

Yeah, look, if you're gonna... let me have it or something... just go for it.

KELLI

I'm not gonna let you have it.

ANNA

Thanks.

KELLI

I mean, no offense, but if everything he told me is true, which I imagine it is, you deserve what you get. But not from me. I've been that girl at a bar destroying a boy that loves her so.

ANNA

How'd that work out for you?

KELLI

Probably not as well as it seems to be working out for you.

She finishes up.

ANNA

Are you seeing him? I mean. Is he alright?

KELLI

I only met him yesterday.

She closes up her purse and walks out.

KELLI (CONT'D)

But he's one helluva kisser.

Anna watches her go.

**INT. MARK'S BACKSTAGE ROOM - MORNING**

Noah sits beside Mark as they wait for everything to get started. Mark taps his foot anxiously, while Noah looks off into nowhere.

MARK

You good bro?

NOAH

Are you good?

MARK

Yeah. I keep being paranoid that something terrible's going to happen.

NOAH

Don't be.

MARK

(laughs)

I wish I could just click and obey.

NOAH

I know exactly what you mean. But it's all gonna be okay. You'll see. Trust me.

MARK

She's here right?

NOAH

Oh yeah. She's psyched out of her mind.

MARK

Yeah?

NOAH

Absolutely.

MARK

Good. Okay. Good.

(beat)

I think I'm going to be a kick-ass husband Noah.

NOAH

You better be.

They laugh. Noah puts his hand on Mark's back.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm sure you will. Why do you think so?

MARK

Because what could be better than her?

Noah is quiet for a moment, before looking up at Mark.

NOAH

That's literally the best thing I've ever heard.

MARK

Do you wanna hear my vows?

NOAH

Eff yeah.

Mark pulls out a page from his suit jacket. He breathes in to speak and-

**INT. CHURCH ALTAR - MORNING**

He is at the altar, with his beautiful bride, giving his vows.

Noah and the rest of the bridal party stand on the steps of the altar looking up at the couple and pastor.

Mark reads from the sheet, not a professional writer or speaker by any means, but genuine and perfect none the less.

MARK

I thought long and hard about asking you to marry me. I think it's safe to say that our relationship was perfect just the way it was, don't you think? And so I thought, should we even get married if things are so good? And I came up with the fact that I couldn't think of anything better than to marry you.

Mark starts getting teary eyed. Molly's already a mess. Oh, weddings.

MARK (CONT'D)

Because you are the best person I've ever known, and the coolest, and the downright sexiest.

Mark's Father from the pews shouts "Amen!", and everyone laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks Dad. And I'm not good at a lot of things, and you know this more than anybody. But I promise to always be there for you, even when you're puking or watching Sex and the City, and I promise to always be faithful and respectful to you and your needs. I want to be your husband because I don't know what else I would ever want from life than to put you first and make you-

He turns the page over.

MARK (CONT'D)  
As happy as you can possibly be.  
And that's why I can't wait to be  
your husband.

He puts down the sheet. Molly hugs him instantly. A chorus of "awwwwww's" and eye-wiping.

Noah watches his sister, his new brother, and not Anna.

He smiles. This is awesome.

### **PHOTOGRAPHS**

The requisite wedding party photographs. Anna with the bridesmaids. Noah with the groomsmen. Everyone together.

Noah smiles his way through them like a fucking champ.

### **EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Noah leaves the church and admires the view outside. Central Pennsylvania can be surprisingly beautiful.

He searches the remaining guests for Kelli.

FELIX  
Central Pennsylvania, huh. It's no  
LA, I'm guessing.

Noah turns, and finds Felix standing against the wall, in his cute tailored vest, smoking a cigarette.

NOAH  
I guess not.

Taps out the ash.

FELIX  
You really upset Anna last night.

Noah searches his mind for last night.

NOAH  
I don't even... remember what I  
said that was bad last night...

FELIX  
Lovely. Okay, listen to me.

Another puff.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
I didn't know about you when it  
happened. I promise. I didn't know  
about you until you were already in  
Los Angeles.

Noah regards him.

NOAH  
Seriously?

FELIX  
Seriously.

NOAH  
You didn't get... any... Picture  
text messages?

FELIX  
No, I did.

NOAH  
Then how did you not know about me?

FELIX  
Wait... what kind of pictures are  
we talking about here?

NOAH  
What kind are you talking about?

FELIX  
...The good kind?

NOAH  
Oh, fuck! Fuckosaurus Rex!

Noah tries not to lose his fucking mind again.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
The ones she sent me probably  
weren't even fucking real. Fuck.  
I'm so glad you smoke cigarettes.

FELIX  
These are herbal.

NOAH  
Damn you and your hipster French  
pretensions saving your life!

Felix smiles, puts it out.

FELIX

Regardless, I'm quitting. Tomorrow.  
Or something.

NOAH

She hates smokers.

FELIX

Thankfully my vices don't  
completely define my personality.

NOAH

Felix, if you know what she did to  
me, why the fuck would you be with  
her?

FELIX

Because there was my life before  
her, and then after, and I liked  
the latter a lot more.

(in French)

And I could never let you go, no  
matter what goes on, cause I love  
you more than ever now that the  
past is gone.

NOAH

Three things. One, you're fucking  
lame for doing that. Two, she's not  
Jesus Christ and three, don't quote  
Dylan to me in French. That's just  
wrong.

FELIX

(laughs)

You know French?

NOAH

I know Dylan.

Noah turns his back on Felix and admires the scenery.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You know why I love Pennsylvania?  
She's gone through a ton of shit  
and powered through. She survived  
the French. The British. The Civil  
War. Gettysburg. Nine-Eleven.  
Santorum. And look at her.

Her looks back at Felix.

NOAH (CONT'D)

She's still better than France.

And with that, Noah walks away.

FELIX  
France survived Nazi's!

NOAH  
(not turning back)  
D-Day, motherfucker!

**INT. DAD'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

Noah and his father pull into a parking space at the packed lot of the reception. Noah's Dad turns off the car. Sits there silently.

NOAH  
You alright, Dad?

DAD  
I took dance lessons for this.

Noah is too shocked to even find this funny.

NOAH  
You're shitting me.

DAD  
I might only get to do this once.  
God knows if I'll even be alive  
when the hobbit decides she's ready  
to breed.

Noah laughs.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Least it's not that Butterfly  
Kisses crap.

The old man stares at the full parking lot, with more cars coming in all the time.

DAD (CONT'D)  
All of these people here for my  
little Molly. If that ain't the  
greatest, I don't know what is.

Despite being a packed parking lot, under this new light,  
it's oddly beautiful.

NOAH  
I don't know either.

DAD

I do know that you didn't come home  
last night.

Dad looks over at him, a devilish glint in his eye.

NOAH

I didn't do that, trust me.

DAD

Whatever.

Noah smiles and reaches for the door.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hey. Are you okay?

NOAH

Yeah, I'm great.

His Dad keeps looking at him. Noah is honest.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm really close to becoming a  
cynical misogynist that hates the  
world and doesn't believe in love  
or faithfulness or anything beyond  
basic animal instincts and  
Darwinism.

Dad smiles. Surveys his son.

DAD

No, you're not.

NOAH

I'm not?

DAD

Naw. You're twice the man I am.

This moves Noah more than he could ever hope to articulate.

NOAH

Dad...

DAD

I'm not gonna say you'll find an  
amazing girl, or you'll lead an  
incredible, joy-filled life. I want  
those two things for you more than  
anything, but I don't know if that  
stuff winds up in everyone's cards.  
But I do know you.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)  
And you won't be that blah blah  
cynical hater no matter how bad it  
gets, and you know why?

NOAH  
No. I don't know anymore.

Noah's Dad smiles.

DAD  
Because you're Noah Palmer, and  
you're the shit.

Noah hugs his Dad tightly.

NOAH  
Thanks.

DAD  
You're welcome. Now let's roll.

NOAH  
Yessir.

**INT. RECEPTION HALL - AFTERNOON**

Noah finds his spot at the head table. Anna is there. They don't acknowledge each other as he sits down.

A phone number is scrawled on his specially made name card. He pulls out of his phone, and dials.

Ring ring. Ring ring.

KELLI (PHONE)  
I'm going to tell you a story, and  
you are going to sit there and  
listen, understand?

He looks for her in the crowd-

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Don't! Just look straight ahead.

He obeys.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
His name is Carl. He's about to  
turn thirty. He has brown hair, and  
green eyes. They look like planets,  
sometimes. He is five foot eleven.  
Stand up, Noah.

Noah stands.

NOAH

It's been so long since I've gotten  
bossed around.

KELLI (PHONE)

Happy to help. Walk towards the  
little boy in the blue suit to your  
right.

He looks, and sure enough, finds the little boy in the blue suit.

NOAH

That's my cousin. His name is Jeb.

KELLI (PHONE)

There are real people named Jeb?

NOAH

Yeah. Wassup Jeb.

JEB

Hi No-ah.

They hug.

NOAH

I'll be right back, okay?

JEB

Okie.

KELLI (PHONE)

Aww. Don't milk it.

NOAH

You love it.

KELLI (PHONE)

Can I continue?

NOAH

Sure.

KELLI (PHONE)

Head to the woman also wearing  
white. Do you know her?

Noah searches. It's an easy find. He laughs.

NOAH

No. No, I do not. That bitch.

He heads across the room.

KELLI (PHONE)

Carl is from Colorado. He tries to grow facial hair, but looks like a pedophile when he does. He wanted to be an Imagineer when he was little, but wound up an architect. He doesn't hate it, though.

He arrives at the woman in white. He looks at her with complete disapproval. Bitch.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Go to the balloon tree.

There's a white balloon tree on the opposite side of the room. He heads towards it.

NOAH

I'm really just aimlessly zig-zagging right now-

KELLI (PHONE)

He used to live in Chicago, but he's in Portland now. His wife's name is Hannah. They have a baby. Already have a baby. His name is Dominick.

He arrives at the balloon tree. On the other side of the tree stands Kelli, her back to him.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Carl's got so much more now than he ever had with me. And I threw it away in less than ten minutes one night in an Austin hotel room.

Beat.

Noah almost takes a step away. Doesn't just yet.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

So now you know.

Noah hangs up the phone. She keeps it up to her ear.

KELLI (CONT'D)

So maybe Anna did you a favor.  
Course corrected time travel  
fuckery or not.

(MORE)

KELLI (CONT'D)

And maybe everyone's an Anna in one way or an other, because maybe everyone's a bit of a selfish fucktard. I'll talk to you later.

She hangs up and turns around.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Oh, hi. I didn't see you there.

NOAH

Hey.

They stand there awkwardly.

KELLI

I'm not gonna bullshit you. I know what kind of girl I am. I'm the girl that just drops into boy's lives and makes them feel like a million bucks. But you're... you shouldn't fall for me. I'm just a mess of a girl trying to fix other people so I can fix myself. I'm the same girl as the one you lost, but with better hair.

NOAH

(laughs)

For a second there, I thought you went home.

KELLI

My flight's in a few hours.

NOAH

Good. I mean. No. I mean. I'm glad you're still here.

She smiles.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KELLI

Sometimes I hate my life. But I really like your tie.

She adjusts it.

NOAH

Thanks.

She nods. A different woman might cry, but not Kelli. She's cried enough in her life to not need to again. She smirks instead.

KELLI  
Fucking hate weddings.

A car door outside opens, and they look out to see Molly and Mark getting out of the limo.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
To your station, captain.

He smiles and, as he walks away, takes her hand for the tiniest of moments.

NOAH  
I'm gonna dance with you.

KELLI  
(silently)  
Okay.

#### **MONTAGE**

The reception events. It's all so perfectly lovely. The food. The speeches. The dances.

#### **INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT**

Noah is talking with Carly at the bar, both of whom are nursing Shirley Temples. The dance floor is packed behind them.

Anna and Felix are there, dancing suuuuuuper close.

Noah does his best to ignore them.

NOAH  
Can I tell you a secret?

She nods.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
You were, by far, the prettiest  
maid of honor of all time, and your  
speech-  
(kisses his fingers)  
Sublime. I teared up. Put mine to  
shame.

CARLY

You tear up a lot though. So...

But he's not even looking at her anymore...

His eyes are on the dance floor, where gasps come like  
unwelcome rain...

The DJ stops playing...

People magically part out of the way like a Bible story...

And there is Felix, KNEELING before Anna.

**PROPOSING.**

Noah can't really hear what's being said.

But it looks sweet.

And loving.

Anna's hands cover her mouth in shocked ecstasy.

Felix cracks out The Diamond Ring.

Anna, oblivious to all but Felix, audibly YELPS.

And Noah looks like he just saw a suicide bomber detonate.

It takes her a while to say what she must say, but of course  
she says it, and loudly, through tears of joy.

ANNA

Yes. Yes yes yes!

She cries as he slips the ring on her finger. People coo and  
applaud as the newly engaged couple hug.

NOAH

(just a little too loudly)

Are you fucking serious?

The happy audience slowly diverts their attention to the  
crazy ex-boyfriend holding a Shirley Temple.

Kelli watches from the outskirts, beside Mark and Molly.

Everyone has wide saucer eyes.

But Noah laughs.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I mean... come on... at a wedding,  
that's like, the hokiest place to  
propose, I mean-

And the laughter turns suddenly into tears.

No one knows how to react, least of all Anna or Felix.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
My proposal was a lot better.

ANNA  
Noah-

NOAH  
Seriously though, if you're going  
to cheat on me at least cheat on me  
with someone awesome, like Leonardo  
DiCaprio or Josh Holloway or a  
fucking lesbian. And don't get  
engaged to him.

He finishes the Shirley Temple, which is sort of difficult  
when you're borderline sobbing.

It is deathly quiet. He puts the empty glass down  
triumphantly.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
There's not even any alcohol in  
this.

He is now all too aware of the silence. After the worst  
several seconds imaginable, he quickly leaves the room.

**EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT**

Noah sits by himself on a low stone wall, staring out at epic  
Harrisburg below. He wipes the tears from his eyes when he  
hears Molly approaching from behind.

MOLLY  
You're lucky I don't have a  
freaking trail on this dress, or  
I'd have had to send Marky Mark out  
to talk.

NOAH  
I'm still weirded out that you call  
him Marky Mark, and that he looks  
suspiciously Wahlbergian.

Noah takes off his suit jacket and lays it beside him on the wall. Molly smiles at his thoughtfulness and hops on the wall so that she's facing him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Molly, I'm reallllly sorry that just happened.

She laughs it off.

MOLLY

The DJ recovered really well. I think shit like that might go down semi-frequently. It's totally going to be all anyone talks about at your wedding someday. And for the next three weeks in Harrisburg. I can't believe he proposed to her at my wedding. I can't believe you proposed to her and I never knew. And she said yes?

He nods.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

So you guys didn't "just break-up", did you.

NOAH

No. Not really. Not really at all.

MOLLY

Why didn't you tell me?

NOAH

I dunno. I kinda lost my mind.

Silence.

She touches his hand. And at long last, he looks his sister in the eye and tells her-

NOAH (CONT'D)

Your groomsman is kind of a bitch.

She puts her head against his.

MOLLY

Obviously.

Noah laughs. They look out at the setting sun.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I didn't know. I promise.

NOAH

I know. I'm sorry you know now.

MOLLY

Look at me.

He does. She holds his head in her hands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You might be a bitch, but I love you, and noooooo girl cheats on you, even if she was, is and will someday probably again be one of my BFF's.

NOAH

If Marky Mark ever cheats on you, I know a massive gay black dude that can revenge-rape him.

MOLLY

...I don't know what to say to that, but if he does wander, you better believe I'll call you on that.

NOAH

Good.

MOLLY

Was this whole trip hell for you?

Noah genuinely considers this.

NOAH

Parts of it, but parts of it were kick-ass.

MOLLY

Really? Cuz of Marky Mark's sloppy seconds?

NOAH

You know it.

MOLLY

I've never met her before the other day, but from what I can tell, she seems really hot.

NOAH

She's like... really hot on the inside too.

MOLLY  
Gag. But good.  
(whispers)  
Did you guys... do it?

NOAH  
No. Not even a little bit.

MOLLY  
That sounds gross.

NOAH  
Yeah, it sounds like we considered  
just doing tip.

MOLLY  
Blurgh!

NOAH  
Says the woman getting something  
special from Marky Mark tonight.

MOLLY  
Aaaaaaaaaanyway, people are  
dancing. It's my wedding. You  
coming back?

NOAH  
Of course I am. It's your wedding.

She hugs him.

MOLLY  
You'll always be my favorite  
bridesmaid.

He smiles.

**INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT**

Molly dances with Mark, her shoeless feet resting on his  
shoes.

Everyone watches Noah, as infamous as a streaker. But worse.

Noah watches his sister, and then nearer, he sees Kelli  
dancing with his Dad.

And nearer still, walking towards him, is a concerned-but-  
also-furious looking Anna.

She bites her lip and asks slowly-

ANNA  
Are you alright?

He stars down at the ground.

NOAH  
I've had better... self-centered  
moments of masochism. Are you  
alright?

She shows him her ring-less hand.

ANNA  
We decided to retract the proposal.  
I'm not going to let you have that.

NOAH  
Good. That's... good.  
(crazy awkward beat)  
I'm sorry I Hiroshima'd your  
moment.

ANNA  
I'm sorry I... Nagasaki'd your  
life.

They almost smile together. Almost.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
So let's not talk to each other for  
several years. If that. Okay?

NOAH  
Yes please, that sounds so great.

ANNA  
I miss you, ya know. You colossal  
bitch.

NOAH  
I miss you too. You 8-bit dick.

She holds out her ringless left hand in a fist.

He smiles and fist bumps it.

ANNA  
And... period.

NOAH  
Period.

After a moment, she pulls her hair behind her ear and walks  
away towards Felix.

Felix and Noah see each other. Felix shrugs and give him the finger. Noah gives him the Vulcan salute. And it's good enough for them both.

Noah stands there, momentarily lost in life, before seeing his Dad dancing with Kelli.

He laughs and walks towards them.

DAD

So Kelli, please tell me: how attracted are you to my moustache?

KELLI

Intensely.

Dad is completely satisfied and turns to Noah.

DAD

And that's how it's done.

NOAH

I could learn a lot from you.

DAD

Ditto.

He puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get drunk. You better join me tonight. I feel like we have to talk and swap some war stories.

NOAH

Absolutely.

DAD

Miss Kelli.

KELLI

Mister Palmer.

Dad walks away, and Kelli takes Noah's hand in hers, beginning to dance. Kelli tries to look concerned, but completely fails.

KELLI (CONT'D)

So I'm sorry but that was seriously the most hilarious thing I've ever seen. This is the best wedding ever.

NOAH

I should feel like shit.

KELLI

You don't?

NOAH

Not now. I think I got my period.  
In a non-menstrual way.

KELLI

I saw a fist bump.

NOAH

Yeah. Magically there was no  
evisceration.

KELLI

Oooh. Say that word again.

NOAH

Eeeeeevisceration.

KELLI

Damn you and your five syllable  
words. You're going to make me have  
a scrabblegasm.

NOAH

I know longer words. I know like,  
huge dinosaur names.

KELLI

Hit me with one.

NOAH

Micropachycephalosaurus.

KELLI

Whoa. My knees just buckled.

Noah laughs. People continue to look at him like he's super-weird. He looks at her, and smiles.

NOAH

I wish you lived in Los Angeles.

KELLI

I work there every couple of  
months.

He nervously puts a strand of her hair behind her ear.

NOAH

I wish I was okay enough to date you. I wish I met you twelve to eighteen months from now.

She raises an eyebrow. A sexy eyebrow. A sexibrow.

KELLI

Oh really?

NOAH

In my head, when-slash-if I get my shit together, I'd love to call you up and say, hey Kelli, I've got my shit together, and I don't know if you're seeing someone now or married or pregnant-

KELLI

Would pregnancy be a dealbreaker?

NOAH

Depends on the context, or you're totally pissed at me for what went down at my sister's wedding, but I was wondering if I could maybe take you out on a date. And I know you live in Chicago and I live in LA and I have no money and that's weird but maybe it's not.

KELLI

Jeepers. You did fantasize a bit about me.

NOAH

I didn't sleep at all last night.

KELLI

And why do you think I'm worth a pesudo-fantastical long distance relationship scenario?

NOAH

Because I know you might think you're just like her, but you're different too. You're still dying over what you did.

She looks away. He speaks the truth.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And maybe that's a good thing,  
because we're all fucktards, and  
sometimes realizing that we have  
scars is the only way we can press  
on.

She smiles.

KELLI

Well now.

NOAH

And because I think you might be  
really fucking awesome, and I'd  
hate to blow it all by not being  
able to give you the best of me.

She stops dancing. He puffs up his cheeks.

KELLI

That is easily the most romantic  
thing anyone's ever said to me with  
no ulterior motive.

NOAH

I have ulterior motives, they're  
just long term. Besides, I make the  
best mix CD's. And romantic crafts.  
Involving crayons. Glitter  
optional.

KELLI

You're my favorite tenth grade girl  
ever.

She smiles to herself, looks at her feet.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I want a mix CD by the weekend.

NOAH

I already started making you one in  
my head. I'm calling it, "Thanks  
For Kissing Me, I Hope There's More  
Where That Came From, parenthesis,  
In The Future".

A riotous dance pop song turns up. Like Flo Rida or some  
shit. Lots of woops and hollas from the wedding party. Yuck.

Noah and Kelli stand motionless with complete disapproval.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
This song isn't on it.

KELLI  
Thank Christ.

They don't dance like the rest of them. This is A MOMENT!

KELLI (CONT'D)  
Twenty bucks say you try to kiss me  
at the airport.

NOAH  
You're on.

Noah reaches into his wallet and hands her a twenty dollar bill.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Yeah, there's no way I'm that.

She laughs, wraps her arms around his neck.

KELLI  
Who the hell are you, Noah Palmer?

NOAH  
I used to know, but things have  
changed.

They smile at each other. That'll just have to do for now.

And so they dance, and so we end.

**THE END**