

DIANA DESTROYS A WEDDING

Written by

Elizabeth Evans

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REDEFINE ENTERTAINMENT  
Max Goldfarb  
Max@redefineent.com

A BREEZY SONG: The Flamingo's "I Only Have Eyes For You." It serenades us, swinging us through --

**EXT. FABULOUS VILLA - LAKE COMO, ITALY - SUNSET**

-- imported ecru florals on fire...  
-- chiavari ceremony chairs in pieces...  
-- vultures pecking at a ruined cake...  
-- a torn-to-shreds reception tent flapping in the wind...  
-- glass from a burst champagne tower gleaming in the sun...  
-- a tattered veil tumbleweeding across a great lawn...  
-- BULLET HOLES through a sign "WELCOME TO THE WEDDING OF--"  
obscuring the names...

At the end of the aisle, standing before a stunning lake-front view, an orchid-covered arbor engulfed in flames slowly gives way, and with a *CREEEEEEEEEK*, collapses to the ground.

A worse-for-wear WEDDING PLANNER stares in horror, tears stinging her mascara-smudged eyes. She holds an iPad with a shattered screen.

An elegant WOMAN (north of 60, skillfully preserved to 50s) glides up behind her, jagged-edged champagne flute in hand, surveying the wreckage as she sips.

WOMAN

Now might be a good time to release  
the doves.

The Planner gapes, as --

KABOOM. A small "JUST MARRIED" BOAT on Lake Como EXPLODES, FEATHERS scattering into the air. Beat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

**OVER BLACK: THREE WEEKS EARLIER**

**INT. THE IVY'S NYC PENTHOUSE - MORNING**

A pristine Carrara marble countertop. On it, a breakfast tray with espresso. All is quiet... Except for a periodic *shake...* *shake...* the tremor sending ripples through the liquid.

A STAFF MEMBER scoops the tray. We follow her into a marble foyer, imposing and immaculate. The chandelier above us *shakes...* *shakes...* A right, up a grand staircase, to the floor above... We hear it now. The source. A distant *SMASH...* *SMASH...* *SMASH...*

Sunlight streams through floor-to-ceiling windows, the broccoli tops of Central Park beyond. A MAN is coming our way. Expensive suit, glasses, eyes already in the paper. This is **REDFORD IVY**, the patriarch. He passes without a hello.

A left, down a wood paneled hallway. An array of accolades on the wall. **FORBES LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT**. A **TIME** Cover: THE QUEEN OF HOSTILE TAKEOVERS. Their frames convulsing at the constant **SMASH... SMASH... SMASH...** getting louder. Closer.

Doors on either side of us now. Gold plaques delineating **CINEMA**. **GALLERY**. And finally... does that say--? Yes. **GLASS SMASH ROOM**. The **STAFF MEMBER** stops, discarding the tray on a side table. But we don't, floating through the closed door into said --

#### GLASS SMASH ROOM

Where a woman in designer safety glasses with a large mallet (also designer) absolutely OBLITERATES everything in her path. We recognize her from the opening scene, but just barely, because she is busy creating a symphony of --

**SHRIEK! SMASH -- SMASH -- SMASH!**

Letting it all out. Bobbing from one pedestal to another as she annihilates bottles, vases, sculptures. Shards of glass soar through the air, coating the walls, the floor, the ceiling. She is having the time of her life.

**SHRIEK! SMASH SMASH SMASH SMA--**

**BEEP-BEEP-BEEP** from a timer. She stops. Drops the mallet, breathless. Removes her eyewear, sweat dripping down her satisfied face. She walks to a closet -- *crunch crunch crunch* -- and removes a cold towel from a small fridge. *Pat pat pat*.

This is **DIANA IVY**.

#### EXT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana dials **FAVORITE SON** as she downs the espresso left on the tray. *Ring... ring...* Voicemail. She frowns.

#### INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - STUDY - LATER

Redford's newspaper lowers to reveal Diana sitting across from him. Stoic. A physical match to her **OIL PORTRAIT** hanging just behind her.

She is every bit the matriarch, her unnerving presence masked by a cool confidence, glacial and volcanic.

This is a woman who has moved corporate mountains & shattered glass ceilings (literally), but retained a childlike unpredictability to her bravado. She has earned the right to act however she pleases. And flair is her favorite weapon.

REDFORD  
And how are we this morning?

DIANA  
Oh fine, fine.  
(casual, devastated)  
Theo didn't answer.

REDFORD  
You don't need to call every day.  
He's fine. It's Idaho.

DIANA  
A hotbed of crime.

REDFORD  
He's 25.

DIANA  
Jesus was 25 when they crucified him.

REDFORD  
No he wasn't. And our son isn't Je--

DIANA  
He loves our chats.

REDFORD  
Perhaps it's time to...

DIANA  
What.

REDFORD  
(big moment)  
Diana. We don't build ships to keep them in harbor.

DIANA  
Not while China has the market cornered, we don't.

He sighs. *BUZZ BUZZ* from both of their phones. They check.

REDFORD  
See, all's well. He's coming for dinner.

Palpable relief. Until *BUZZ BUZZ*.

DIANA  
With a guest.

REDFORD  
Probably that girl.

DIANA  
(alarmed)  
What girl.

REDFORD  
He didn't mention the -- ?

DIANA  
What girl??

REDFORD  
You talk every --

DIANA  
Who is she? Where's she from??

REDFORD  
I don't know, somewhere with dirt!

EXT. SOMEWHERE WITH DIRT (IDAHO) - CARROT FIELD - MORNING

GRUBBY HANDS dig through soil. Plant a tiny seedling. Pack it safely with earth. They move to the next section, dig through soil... but stop at something sparkling in the dirt... It's a diamond ring. A massive rock. Beat.

The grubby hands pick up the ring, discard it gently into A SECOND PAIR OF HANDS (large, clean) -- then plant another seedling in the diamond's place.

MALE VOICE (LARGE CLEAN HANDS)  
Still a yes?

FEMALE VOICE (GRUBBY HANDS)  
Still a yes. But no to a ring.

MALE VOICE  
Each time you refuse I'll add a carat.

FEMALE VOICE  
Ha. I'll bankrupt you.

MALE VOICE  
Good luck.

*THWAP THWAP THWAP* as VIOLENT GUSTS OF WIND uproot the tiny shrub.

FEMALE VOICE  
*OH WHAT THE --*

The couple runs for cover as an IVY INDUSTRIES HELICOPTER lands in the carrot field.

INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - MASSIVE CLOSET - NIGHT

Diana and Redford dress for dinner.

DIANA  
Why didn't he tell me.

REDFORD  
Maybe he tried. You do have a way of not hearing things.

DIANA  
No I don't.

EXT. IVY TERRACE - 3 MONTHS EARLIER

Diana sips a drink on the terrace, Airpods in.

THEO (O.S.)  
*So I met this girl --*

Diana spits. Throws the glass over the side.

DIANA  
(calling inside)  
I said gin!

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - 2 MONTHS EARLIER

Diana on three zoom meetings on three separate monitors while Theo's on speaker phone.

THEO (O.S.) (SPEAKER)  
*So remember that girl --*

Diana unmutes.

DIANA  
No a poison pill won't work here.  
*Actual poison though... ?*

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - 1 MONTH EARLIER

Diana approaches a female glass figurine with laser focus.

THEO (O.S.) (SPEAKER)  
*She's the one.*

DIANA  
 Yes -- she -- is.

*SMASH!*

BACK TO SCENE

REDFORD  
 You didn't take it well when he  
 said he was moving.

DIANA  
 People thanked me for destroying  
 that Juice Press.  
 (then, thinking)  
 Engaged or pregnant. It's one of  
 the two.

REDFORD  
 Or he just wants to introduce her?

DIANA  
 Not his style. *Ambuscade.*

DING! From the foyer elevator. They look at each other.

REDFORD  
 Be nice, darling. I'm sure she'll  
 be nervous.

INT. IVY PENTHOUSE - FOYER - THAT MOMENT

Elevator doors open onto birkenstocks on unpedicured feet...  
 worn Levi's... a simple white t-shirt... and the fresh no-  
 makeup face of **ABIGAIL LUDD**, beside fiancé & golden boy  
**THEODORE IVY** (THEO), with a scruffy beard, in a flannel  
 shirt. Abigail takes in the space. She is not nervous at all.

The foyer is filled with flowers and an elegant "WELCOME HOME  
 THEO!" sign. MANY OIL PAINTINGS on the wall greet them, Ivy  
 men of different times in history, all bearing a resemblance.

ABIGAIL  
 Aw. So many dead guys.

THEO  
See what I mean?

ABIGAIL  
It's beginning to sink in.

THEO  
Impressed?

ABIGAIL  
Nope.

Theo smiles.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Miss it?

THEO  
Not in the slightest. Welcome to  
the viper pit.  
(arms around her)  
She's going to hate you. Then  
she'll love you. But first, she  
will hate you.

ABIGAIL  
Bring it.

A STAFF MEMBER offers them a tray of champagne. Abigail declines. Theo straightens his shirt. Game time.

THEO  
(increasingly anxious)  
Okay. Remember, she has archaic  
ideas about marriage. No matter  
what I say tonight, I love you, I'm  
just trying to get through to her.  
She's gonna offend you, she --

ABIGAIL  
Breathe. My family's crazy too.

THEO  
Your family's like "another round  
of parcheesi?" crazy. Mine's like  
"it's Christmas, let's takeover  
Virgin Atlantic. First to hear from  
Richard gets all the presents."

ABIGAIL  
You sure this is the best way to --

THEO  
 It's the only way. *Ambuscade*.  
 (off her look)  
 Ambush. She specializes in hostile  
 takeovers.

ABIGAIL  
 Wait, wha --

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

Diana and Redford peer down, trying to get a glimpse of the couple. Redford looks through opera glasses.

DIANA  
 Ring? Bump? What's she look like?

REDFORD  
 (zeroed in on the  
 birkenstocks)  
 She -- she has feet.

DIANA  
 Thank god you're here, Sherlock.

Diana starts down the stairs, Redford behind her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 There they are!

Not even a hint of reaction as she takes in Abigail's appearance, her expert grace crafted over years of events. At the bottom of the stairs, she wraps Theo in a big hug.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 Ohhh I've missed you so. Love this  
 new look. Very rustic Jesus.

Redford sighs.

THEO  
 Not new. You just haven't seen me  
 in a while. I've changed.  
 (quickly)  
 This is Abigail!

DIANA ABIGAIL  
 Yes, we've heard so much. Nice to meet you!

All shake hands, business like. Diana notices: no ring.

REDFORD  
 The prodigal son returns.

THEO

You didn't need to send a Black Hawk.

ABIGAIL

It landed on next year's crop.

DIANA

Dave's not the best pilot is he.  
Probably drunk again. Speaking of!

INT. PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

STAFF MEMBER 1 hands them pre dinner cocktails. Abigail declines. The drink is placed in front of her anyways. Diana frowns as she clocks this. No alcohol. Not good.

THEO

We met at an AG Conference. I was looking at an investment in Carbon Robotics, and Abigail was giving a talk on AI Innovations in farming.

ABIGAIL

My family are farmers.

Beat. Everything stops.

DIANA

... I'm sorry?

ABIGAIL

Farmers.

DIANA

Your last name is Farmer.

ABIGAIL

No we're literal farmers.

Diana might faint.

REDFORD

Really! Farmers!

ABIGAIL

Yes.

REDFORD

As in --  
(shoveling motion)

ABIGAIL  
I mean we don't --  
(shoveling motion)  
But yea. Carrot farmers.

REDFORD  
And how is the carrot world these  
days?

ABIGAIL  
Thriving. Carrots are really having  
a moment.

REDFORD  
Fantastic.

STAFF MEMBER 1 enters.

STAFF MEMBER 1  
Ma'am, the remaining Ivy's have  
arrived.

DIANA  
They have??

THEO  
I called an executive session.

Diana looks at Theo. This is chess to them.

DIANA  
How dramatic.

THEO  
Best to deliver news all at once.

She glances at Abigail's untouched drink.

EXT. / INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON double doors, the sound of SQUABBLING beyond them. They swing open into an impossibly large room, museum-like, dramatically lit. Rising from the table are the IVY SIBLINGS:

The oldest, **VICTORIA IVY** (dutiful and dead inside, the proper heir, now successfully running the family business) --

The second oldest, **BRONSON IVY** (muscled, tan, sunglass-ed; has no purpose) --

And the third, **FLIP IVY** (true middle child, invisible, kidnapped once and still not over it).

They envelope Theo, ignoring Abigail.

BRONSON  
Theodoraaa! Wowww a flannel.

FLIP  
(poking his beard)  
This. Is a no.

VICTORIA  
Going through another phase are we?

THEO  
It's called growing up, Vic.

VICTORIA  
(checking her phone)  
Okay can we get to it, T? I have --

BRONSON  
What's the rush, VicDick? Gotta get back to drowning in Mummy's shadow?

VICTORIA  
Isn't there a hooker somewhere you should be crying to?

BRONSON  
They're sex workers you whore.

FLIP  
(to Theo)  
Miss us?

DIANA  
(to Abigail)  
Since they're struggling to do it themselves, allow me to properly introduce the children: Victoria, the eldest, now CEO, and Bronson.

BRONSON  
The spare.

Bronson tries to kiss Abigail's hand. Theo pushes him away.

DIANA  
Shall we take our --

Flip clears his throat.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and also Flip.

All take their seats. Diana at one end, Redford at the other. STAFF MEMBER 2 (male, elderly, sloth-like) enters with wine. He starts pouring. The slowest pour we've ever seen. A millennia passes as he brings the bottle to the glass.

BRONSON

Flip's real name is --

FLIP

Can we not --

BRONSON & VICTORIA

*Laurel.*

FLIP (CONT'D)

Do NOT call me Laurel.

VICTORIA

Ignore him. He's still not over  
being kidnapped.

ABIGAIL

Is that a joke?

BRONSON

(snickering)

Mom & Dad wouldn't pay the ransom.

DIANA

We don't negotiate with Italians.

#### PRESS CONFERENCE FOOTAGE - 3 YEARS AGO

BULBS FLASH at Diana & Redford at a podium.

DIANA

(grave, but strong)

We have four children. If we pay  
one cent of this ransom, we will  
have four kidnapped children.

(then)

Plus, he's in Italy. He could use  
some sun.

NODS from a few reporters. He really could.

#### BACK TO SCENE

DIANA (CONT'D)

You did come back with much more  
color darling.

VICTORIA

(to Abigail)

He's *fine*, he was so fucking  
annoying they let him go.

Flip just stares, haunted.

THEO  
Speaking of Italy!

Theo stands, visibly nervous. He raises his glass -- but realizes STAFF MEMBER 2 is still pouring, two glasses to go. *GLUG GLUG...* Theo stalls. Tension coats the air.

THEO (CONT'D)  
Yes. Um. Abigail... and I...

*GLUG.* Flip raises his glass. STAFF MEMBER 2 inches toward Abigail (and death).

THEO (CONT'D)  
Have... some...

STAFF MEMBER 2 reaches the bottle toward Abigail's glass.

VICTORIA  
I'm dead, right? This is hell?

THEO  
Neeeeeeeewwwwwwws...

The bottle enters the glass's airspace. All watch as Abigail declines.

DIANA  
You're pregnant.

ABIGAIL  
Oh god no, just an alcoholic.

Gasps of relief!

DIANA  
Oh thank god!

REDFORD Plenty of those in this family!	BRONSON (going for a high five) Hell ya, another alchy!
---	---

ABIGAIL I'm 5 years sober.	DIANA That's admirable.
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THEO  
We're getting married!

Silence. As if he launched a grenade into the room. All look to Diana, who is quiet for a long, critical moment as she decides how to play this. Everyone braces. This will be bad. She takes in Theo's desperate, hopeful face...

Theo clears his throat. Hands shaking, he pulls out a spiral-bound presentation tucked into the back of his jeans under the flannel. It's titled MERGER OF LOVE.

THEO (CONT'D)  
"The," uh, "synergy achieved by  
this strategic fit wi-- "

DIANA  
Oh it's divine! Congratulations!

Shock on their faces. No one expected this.

THEO  
... really?

DIANA  
Mmhmm.

Theo frowns, suspicious.

THEO  
Nothing you wanna say about the  
construct of marriage, or --

DIANA  
Nope.

THEO  
My responsibilities as an Ivy --

DIANA  
I couldn't be more thrilled for you  
and Annabelle.

ABIGAIL  
Abigail.

DIANA  
Abagnale.

ABIGAIL  
Close enough.

DIANA  
I love weddings.

THEO  
You hate weddings. You don't  
believe in --

DIANA  
You haven't seen me in a while.  
I've changed.

Beat.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Wonderful news!

Congratulatory remarks from all, somewhat half-hearted. No one trusts this. Bronson tilts his head at the brief.

BRONSON  
You did NOT call it Merger of Love.

FLIP / VICTORIA  
Sad. / It's clearly an acquisition.

ABIGAIL  
(to Theo, re the brief)  
Can I see that?

Theo tucks it back behind his jeans, staying with Diana.

THEO  
Wow, Mom. No questions, or -- ?

DIANA  
Plenty of time to talk later.

THEO  
Not really, we're getting married  
in three weeks.

DIANA  
*THREE* --  
(calm)  
Why the rush?

THEO  
When you gotta go, you gotta go.

DIANA  
I think that's about bathrooms,  
darling.

REDFORD  
You mean "when you know, you know."

THEO  
Oh, right. That.

VICTORIA / FLIP / BRONSON  
Oh my goddd. / Idiot. / Hahaha

ABIGAIL

We're just doing something small, intimate. No planning. Not a big production.

STAFF MEMBER 1 places an over-the-top floral bouquet of CARROTS on the table, "WELCOME ABIGAIL!" on the vase. Beat.

DIANA

... production?

ABIGAIL

Um. I just mean, we hate those like weeklong multi-city destination wedding extravaganzas that are all about the instagram of it, ya know? I don't need a giant ring or a photobooth or a doughnut wall.

DIANA

We're not doughnut wall people.

THEO

I know it's fast, but I want Nana at my wedding.

DIANA

She'll be there in spirit.

THEO

Alive would be better.

REDFORD

Look, let's not get ahead of ourselves. You've been away, we've just met your lovely bride, we're all adjusting to the... well, the... you'll need to meet her parents, too, you know?

ABIGAIL

Oh he has.

THEO

Tons of times.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Dinner every Sunday.

THEO (CONT'D)

They're so real. So *honest*, no spin. I learn so much from them.

(taking Abigail's hand)

Family is the most important thing.

DIANA  
(icy)  
Yes. It is.

THEO  
So it'll be in Como, just our family and Abigail's. I know it's a lot... but I wanted you all to meet her with a permanent mindset.

DIANA  
Well. Now we have.

Beat. She stands.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
A toast! To Theo, who we're overjoyed to have back with us. And Abigail, who is boldly going where no woman has gone before...

Chuckles all around.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
And to your upcoming -- small, intimate -- nuptials.

CLINK.

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - LATER

Diana holds the mallet, ready to smash, to let it all out... But she can't. It slips from her hand. *crunch*. She just stands, lost.

INT. DINING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

The siblings argue over who won that infamous Virgin Atlantic Christmas. Abigail is unfazed by them. Theo smiles, a weight somewhat lifted. Redford looks in the direction Diana went.

INT. GLASS SMASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Redford opens the door.

REDFORD  
Come back down, darl --

But the room is empty.

INT. THEO'S OLD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He finds Diana sitting in a preserved teenage boy's room. Trophies, bits of rebellion. She holds a ratty stuffed owl.

REDFORD

You're doing the right thing. If you refused, he'd rebel.

He sits next to her.

DIANA

You don't know what it's like. Changing his diapers, rocking him to sleep. Teaching him to ride a bike. Catching him when he falls. All those moments when he needed you. When you *knew* him. And now...

Beat.

REDFORD

Diana, you didn't do any of that.

DIANA

Oh shut up Redford, you know what I mean.

INT. FOYER - LATER

The couple says their goodbyes. Redford shakes Abigail's hand. She notices two tiny toy soldiers perched on a wall sconce behind them, totally out of place.

ABIGAIL

Are those -- army men?

REDFORD

Theo used to put them around the house as a kid, to protect the family from intruders. Bang bang!

They laugh. *Yikes.* Meanwhile, Theo has pulled Diana aside.

THEO

Mom, I know this isn't what you wanted for me. But I've never met anyone like her. She has *real* confidence. She's a force. She makes me a better person every day.

DIANA

But you were already a good person.

THEO  
Give her a shot. You'll see.

He steps into the elevator with Abigail. And the DOORS CLOSE.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

The Ivy's crush after dinner drinks before a roaring fire, Redford gone to bed. Diana appears to be quite drunk.

DIANA  
She's clearly a phase. The flannel?

VICTORIA / BRONSON  
I knowww. / That's what I said!

DIANA  
Remember the crazy F1 girl? Or the mousey one when he got into antiques? I was encouraging.

VICTORIA  
You did get a lovely hutch that summer.

DIANA  
It's not like I was a bad mother!

They all quietly panic. Beat.

VICTORIA / BRONSON / FLIP  
No no! / You were the best. / Pass.

DIANA  
I didn't beat you or put you into microwaves --

VICTORIA / BRONSON / FLIP  
God, Mom. / What the fuck? / Pass.

DIANA  
I should stay out of it.

VICTORIA / BRONSON / FLIP  
Yes.

Diana allows herself to be vulnerable for a moment.

DIANA  
I just... I don't want him to make a grave mistake.  
(then, to Victoria)  
Like you did.

VICTORIA

What?

BRONSON

I'm sad he's not gay. I always  
wanted a gay brother.

FLIP

*I'm gay.*

No one hears him.

DIANA

So I guess... you three will have  
to do something.

Beat.

VICTORIA

Um. What?

DIANA

Are you going to let your brother  
ruin his life?

BRONSON

Yes? ...no.

DIANA

Three weeks is clearly a tactic.  
You can all see that.

FLIP

Right, but --

DIANA

So what's the move?

VICTORIA

Um... golden parachute? Greenmail?

DIANA

No, no. He's under her agricultural  
spell. That 'small, intimate'  
nonsense? Theo loves parties!

BRONSON

It's kind of a relief. Remember the  
Van Wyck Iceland wedding last year?  
Five full days?

The wheels in Diana's head start turning...

DIANA

You're right, Bronson.

BRONSON

(first time in his life)

Yes! About what.

DIANA

*It's such a stressful time for a couple. You learn so much about each other...*

(trance-like)

*When "shit hits the fan," as they say in Idaho...*

BRONSON

Is she having a mini stroke?

VICTORIA

Her face isn't drooping.

FLIP

I don't think it can anymore.

DIANA

*A little Pacman Defense could do it... Turn the tables... I should throw some pre-wedding parties, as the supportive mother I am. I'll remind him who he really is... And if, in that critical time, someone else could, oh I don't know... keep him from making a grave mistake...*

All are now intensely focused. The fire crackles behind them.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(as she sips)

They'll inherit the Como Estate.

Beat. No one breathes. Is she for real? Diana laughs.

DIANA (CONT'D)

God I'm drunk. So drunk, that if questioned...

(very sober)

I won't remember any of this.

She stands.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Off to bed. Ta.

And she's gone.

FLIP

Fuck.

BRONSON

This is just like that Christmas.

VICTORIA

What the fuck was that, about *me*

making a mistake?

(miserable)

I'm happily married!

FLIP

Well. I'm not doing it. Back to my  
cave.

Perfunctory goodnights as he leaves. Vic & Bronson sit in  
silence while the fire dies.

VICTORIA

It is a stunning villa, though.

BRONSON

Mhm. The lake?

They look at each other.

VICTORIA

I always wondered what happened  
with Celine...

BRONSON

What if... Celine was to reappear?

VICTORIA

Our own gray knight. While *you*...

BRONSON

Harvest the carrot farmer?

VICTORIA

Ew.

BRONSON

Like seduce.

VICTORIA

Oh okay.

Bronson nods, pours more whiskey.

BRONSON

Terms?

VICTORIA

You get the Como House for summers  
with your douche-tool friends...

BRONSON

And you, the rest of the year to...

VICTORIA

"Work remotely" from our new  
Italian office. Deal.

FROM JUST OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY

REVEAL Flip, watching intently...

FLIP

Motherfuckers.

...hatching a plan of his own.

EXT. PARIS (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

The city in all its glory. Fashion. Baguettes. Judgement.

**TITLE: DAY ONE. THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY.**

INT. THE IVY'S PARIS APARTMENT - 7TH ARR. - DAY

Abigail and Theo follow Diana through a fabulously Parisian apartment, all white painted millwork and chandeliers. Diana is on the move, in her element, occasionally shouting orders at countless STAFF moving frenetically around them.

THEO

We said a SMALL, INTIMATE --

DIANA

The wedding will be small. You  
didn't say anything about the  
events leading up to it.

Theo and Abigail share a look. Fuck.

DIANA (CONT'D)

*Nettoyer les cheminées!*

STAFF MEMBER 1 (O.C.)

*Oui madame!*

DIANA

You've spent so much time with her  
folks. It's just a week. My gift to  
you both!

A TAILOR comes out of nowhere, strapping a measuring tape  
around Abigail's waist --

TAILOR

Un moment.

ABIGAIL

Gah!

-- as Theo pulls Diana into the next room, out of earshot.

THEO

Mom --

DIANA

Theo, look. I may not know how to  
do bedtime stories or homemade pies  
for the bake sale... But I know how  
to do this.

A real moment between them. Theo softens.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Let me pamper my only son and his  
blushing bride.

THEO

You have two other sons.

DIANA

Yes but they'll end up alone, don't  
you think?

The WEDDING PLANNER [FROM THE OPENING SCENE] enters swiftly,  
handing Diana a delicate invitation booklet.

THEO

You're up to something. I know you.

DIANA

And I know you. You might even  
enjoy yourself.

She hands Theo the booklet, and proceeds into the kitchen,  
Wedding Planner in tow.

Abigail, now free of the tailor, catches up to Theo. He's  
reading, surprised and slightly intrigued. Abigail's heart  
sinks as he unfolds a SEVEN DAY WEDDING ITINERARY of --

ABIGAIL

*Engagement party, bachelor party,  
bridal -- it's 7 days!?*

THEO

She rented out Eton? You can do  
that?

ABIGAIL

You hated it there. What happened  
to small, intimate --

THEO

You're right. It's a lot.  
(a sigh)  
But maybe we should just...

ABIGAIL

We won't have any time for us.

THEO

No look, she planned us an  
Earlymoon. Days four and five. An  
island to ourselves. Thoughtful.

ABIGAIL

What's an --

THEO

Honeymoon before the wedding.

ABIGAIL

This is literally what we didn't  
want.

THEO

I know... but I know my mom. It'll  
be so much easier. Path of least  
resistance.

Abigail is not convinced.

THEO (CONT'D)

I mean pick your battles, right?

INT. FRENCH KITCHEN - DAY

Abigail has picked. She charges through the kitchen, Theo in tow, past CHEFS working overtime. Flames leap at stoves, icing squirts from tubes. Through a door, and they arrive at--

INT. FRENCH DINING ROOM - DAY

Diana, pouring over plans splayed across a dining table with too many people surrounding it: the WEDDING PLANNER, several PRODUCTION DESIGNERS, STYLIST, HAIR&MAKEUP TEAM, THREE GEN Z PHOTOGRAPHERS that make up the CONTENT CREATION TEAM (CCT-1, 2 & 3) & an LA-LOOKING WOMAN. The vibe is that of a war room.

DIANA  
(approving the designs)  
Good. Yes. More fire. Less contour,  
she's not a Jenner. Off you go.

Half of the team exits, their lookbooks & tools with them.  
Before Abigail can speak --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Oh good, there you are. This is  
Rebecca Cohen of Cohen Events,  
Critically Acclaimed Planner --

Wave.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Your Content Creation Team --

Wave. Wave. Wave.

THEO  
Our what.

DIANA  
They'll be handling all press,  
guest socials, brand partnerships,  
no need to worry about a thing --

THEO  
Mom -- ABIGAIL  
Wait I really value privacy?

DIANA  
Oh so do we. We want it to be  
completely private. And we want  
everyone to know.

The Content Creation Team nods vigorously. *FLASH!* as CCT-1 snaps a close-up of Theo and checks the photo.

CCT-1  
(chef's kiss)  
Chalamet.

THEO  
(leaning to look)  
Really?

ABIGAIL  
Wait -- DIANA  
And *this* --

The LA-LOOKING WOMAN steps forward.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Is your Bridal Wellness Coach.

ABIGAIL  
My *what*??

The woman puts her hand on Abigail's chest. Deep eye contact.

BRIDAL WELLNESS COACH (PURE)  
I'm Pure. Part planner, part  
therapist, your personal guide on  
this journey to Bridal Bliss.

ABIGAIL  
Um.

Diana moves on. Pure hands Abigail a swampy juice.

PURE  
Drink this phytoplankton.

*FLASH!* CCT-3 takes a PHOTO of Abigail holding the juice.

ABIGAIL  
No, no, I'm sorry, but NO.

Abigail pushes past all these people, charging into the next room after Diana and closing pocket doors behind them.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Ivy --

DIANA  
Diana, dear. We're both adults.

Diana adjusts a tiny green ARMY MAN on a shelf.

ABIGAIL  
Diana... I appreciate what you're  
doing for us, but I'm just not  
comfortable with -- all of this.

Beat.

DIANA  
(light as air)  
This is what people expect from us.

Abigail narrows her eyes.

DIANA (CONT'D)

But I would never want to make you uncomfortable.

(then)

It will be a little strange without the bride in attendance, but I'm sure we can find a gracious way to--

And Abigail gets it.

ABIGAIL

I'll be there. With bells on.

DIANA

Oh I love bells. So glad we had this chat.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

An unrecognizable Abigail (in professional HMU) stands in an insane ivory couture gown covered in THOUSANDS OF BELLS.

ABIGAIL

(sigh)

Not what I meant.

She barely shifts. They CLANG OBNOXIOUSLY. Like sleigh bells. Like Santa's coming. She looks in the 360 mirrors. Fuck me.

EXT. PARIS APARTMENT - TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

We're in an Art Nouveau jungle, the transformation as stunning as it is over the top. All marouflaged frescoes and towering foliage, gold and glam.

The terrace has become a rooftop Carnaval Parisian, desserts and delicacies aplenty, the Eiffel Tower shining in the BG. A CHILL BAND serenades us. A giant sign: HAPPY ENGAGEMENT, T&A! A monumental FONTAINE DES MERS spouting champagne. Behind it--

An entire exterior wall has been transformed into a MOSAIC MURAL OF MACARONS (a Ladurée pop up) reproducing a photograph of Theo & Abigail (Abigail facing away, could be anyone) with frightening hyper-precision. It is not simply a glorified doughnut wall... it is art. And it is magnificent.

GUESTS whisk by us, and everyone is someone, or they seem like it. Is that Gigi Hadid? Sza? Kim Jong Un? We land with Diana as a GUEST (male, rolex) shakes her hand --

DIANA

We'll discuss next week. But you'll have to go through Vic! I've stepped down, really.

GUEST 1

Sure, sure. Good to see you, Diana.

And another GUEST (female, diamonds) congratulates her.

GUEST 2

Another perfect party, Di!

A noticeably different Theo emerges from the apartment, beard trimmed, in a dapper suit. He's on the phone.

THEO

Oh man, that's awful. I'm so sorry. ... Of course, I'll let her know... You two rest up. Ok. Love you both.

*Love you?* Diana frowns. Theo hangs up, disappointed.

THEO (CONT'D)

The Ludds have food poisoning.

Diana subtly looks away.

DIANA

Oh how tragic.

THEO

They'll fly when they can, but man that timing sucks.

He pulls at the suit, uncomfortable.

THEO (CONT'D)

Forgot how constricting these are. Why do we do this to ourselves?

DIANA

Think of it as support, not suffocation. You look nice.

THEO

Well, you know, it's a party...

DIANA

(a smile)

In your favorite city. With your favorite --

Theo takes a *duck pâté en croûte* off a passing tray. Chews.

THEO

*Fooooood* GOD I forgot how good these are.

DIANA

They don't do a *duck pâté* in Idaho?

THEO

They do great finger steaks.

DIANA

How appetizing.

Theo looks at her.

THEO

Okay, let's have it.

DIANA

Have what?

THEO

(gesturing at the party)  
Is this real?

DIANA

Darling I made your face out of macarons. It doesn't get more real than that.

Theo narrows his eyes.

THEO

Mom. Without spin?

DIANA

Okay: it's real. I like her.  
(a test)  
And if you're sure.. then I'm sure.

THEO

I'm sure.

DIANA

Well if you're *sure* *sure*.

THEO

I'm sure. Sure.

DIANA

Sure, but are you --

THEO

If you say *sure* one more --

DIANA  
 (can't help it)  
 Ivy's don't do trial marriages.

Beat.

THEO  
 Unbelievable.  
 (then)  
 I've been with her for two years.

And off he goes into the crowd. Diana reels from this news, annoyed at her own misstep. Redford arrives with drinks. He notices the look on her face.

REDFORD  
 What. You finally saw the sign?

He gestures towards the "Happy Engagement, T&A!" sign.

REDFORD (CONT'D)  
 "Happy Engagement, Tits and Ass."

She sighs, as -- *CLANG CLANG CLANG* from the other end of the terrace. They turn to see Abigail, garnering rude looks from the French, making quite the racket. *CLANG CLANG* --

SNOOTY FRENCHMAN  
*Américains.*

But she remains sunny, carefree, and genuinely does not give a fuck, as she makes her way to Diana & Redford. *CLANG CLANG*--

ABIGAIL  
 Hi! How do I look?

*CLANG* --

DIANA  
 Sonorous.

*CLANG CLANG* --

REDFORD  
 Maybe stop moving?

DIANA  
 Have you tried the champagne? All nonalcoholic. For you.

ABIGAIL  
 Oh wow, thanks. But you don't have to do that. I can be around it.

DIANA

Good to know.

ABIGAIL

(with a laugh)

And I don't want the other guests  
to hate me, ya know?

A GUEST behind her spits out the champagne, curses in French,  
and glares at Abigail. Theo returns.

THEO

Abs! Woah, that dress is --

ABIGAIL

Clangy?

THEO

Awesome.

Diana frowns.

LATER

Abigail's with the band, having found her clangy purpose as  
their human tambourine. She bounces with the beat. The crowd  
cheers, loving it. She's won them over. Theo beams. Even  
Diana cracks an accidental smile, caught up in it.

REDFORD

So there is something you like  
about her.

DIANA

(back to scowling)

Oh shut up.

REDFORD

Look how happy he is. Do let him  
stay that way.

DIANA

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

*CLANGGGGG!!* Abigail accidentally bounces into a nearby SERVER  
with a tray of flaming shots. He TRIPS --

DIANA (CONT'D)

No...

The shots FLY into the MACARON WALL --

DIANA (CONT'D)

No no...

And within seconds, the MACARONS ARE ABLAZE!

DIANA (CONT'D)

NO.

The crowd SCREAMS! Abigail acts quickly. She picks up the server's tray from the floor, sprints to the CHAMPAGNE FONTAINE, and positions the tray to REDIRECT the nonalcoholic champagne, DOUSING THE WALL, UNTIL --

The fire goes out. Crisis averted! But Theo's perfect macaron face has become a macaron monstrosity.

DIANA (CONT'D)

She murdered my macarons. She's a macaron murderer.

A SNOOTY FRENCHMAN puts his finger into Theo's now-fizzling nose. Tastes.

SNOOTY FRENCHMAN

It's... sensational!

DIANA

Oh for fuck's sake.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. DARK CLOSET - THAT MOMENT

*BIP!* A LIGHTBULB turns on from a pull chain. Flip stands in a small space. He rips open a package. Pulls out a burner phone, then a post-it with a phone number. He dials. Waits.

*BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.* The infamous arpeggio of *your call cannot be completed as dialed.* Damn.

EXT. PARISIAN TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Diana watches the happy couple, annoyed. Theo & Abigail are feeding each other fucked up macarons with bad French accents, giggling, brought closer by Diana's antics.

ABIGAIL

French s'more for you, *monsieur?*

THEO

*Oui oui, ma chérie.*

Until the crowd parts, and in walks... a gorgeous gazelle of a FRENCH WOMAN, effortlessly fashionable, arm and arm with Victoria. Theo lights up as he locks eyes with her, then rushes to her in a cinematic embrace. Abigail's face falls.

Diana's eyes find Victoria's. Her look of approval is tiny, but it's there. Victoria beams.

THEO (CONT'D)  
Abs! This is Celine --

CELINE  
(heavy French accent)  
Abigyle, I have heard so much of  
your perfection!

CELINE embraces Abigail in a sensual hug. *CLANGGG.*

ABIGAIL  
Nice to -- CELINE (CONT'D)  
Oh she's loud!

Celine sees someone in the crowd.

CELINE (CONT'D)  
Henri!!  
(to Abigail, re Theo)  
May I steal him for a moment?

ABIGAIL  
Oh, um -- THEO  
Maybe not right --

But Celine is already dragging him across the space. An uneasy Theo looks back at her with apology. She turns to Vic.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Lovely of you to bring her.

VICTORIA  
I know, right?

And off Vic goes to join them. From afar, Abigail watches Celine put a cozy arm around Theo. Maybe she's just French.

BRONSON (O.S.)  
You're going to need an ally in  
this family, Abs --

Abigail turns. There's Bronson, nursing a stiff drink.

BRONSON (CONT'D)  
-- it might as well be me.

ABIGAIL

Aren't you the one who's always  
partying somewhere?

BRONSON

That's a facade. Life's easier with  
low expectations.

She looks at him.

BRONSON (CONT'D)

I hate this stuff as much as you  
do. Theo doesn't. He might think he  
does... but look at him.

Theo delivers a punchline, the guests around him chuckling.  
He's the life of the party. Celine rubs the stubble on his  
cheek, makes a comment about it. He laughs.

BRONSON (CONT'D)

You know she's the reason he left  
New York. Broke his heart.

Abigail frowns. She didn't know. They watch the group turn to  
Victoria, gesturing from Theo to Celine as she speaks.

BRONSON (CONT'D)

Don't trust Victoria. Bet she  
brought Celine to break you guys up  
or something. It's childish, but  
she can't stand happiness.

Abigail reels, as *DING DING DING!* The crowd turns to Diana.

DIANA

Bonsoir à tous! I hope you're all  
having a lovely time as we  
celebrate my darling son and the  
woman of his dreams!

AWWWS and OOOHS at Theo and Celine.

DIANA (CONT'D)

No no, she's over there. Abigail!

The crowd turns Abigail's way. She moves toward Theo. *CLANG--*

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh do stay still, darling.

(to the crowd)

Now, I have a confession to make.

She takes a breath. The crowd hangs on her every word.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It's not always easy to hear your  
child is getting married. It brings  
a lot of new fears. Am I "done"  
being his mother? Will we still  
talk? See each other at holidays?

A few PARENTS in the crowd nod. FRENCH MODELS stare, bored.

DIANA (CONT'D)

And in my immediate fear, I forgot  
to trust my son's judgement.  
Abigail, you are a singular woman.  
And Theo, you're my pride and joy --  
(in the knick of time)  
You and your siblings.

Victoria rolls her eyes. Bronson shoots back his drink.

DIANA (CONT'D)

And when you announced your  
engagement, I should've put my  
nerves aside --  
(a little humble laugh at  
herself)  
And thought only of your happiness.  
I'm sorry for that.

Theo's surprised. Diana never apologizes.

SELF-CONSCIOUS PARENT

(whispered)

She's such a good mother.

A STAFF MEMBER hands Diana a knife and champagne bottle.

DIANA

So with that, let's welcome Abigail  
to the Ivy family -- the perfect  
cracker to Theo's caviar -- and  
have an unforgettable week!  
CONGRATULATIONS, YOU TWO!

She slices off the top with a *POP!* And the crowd cheers! Theo  
beams at Abigail across the room. Abigail smiles back, until  
Celine kisses him on the cheek, and rubs the stubble again.

EXT. ETON COLLEGE - (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

England! Old ass buildings. Red bricks. Iron gates. A statue  
of King Henry VI.

TITLE: **DAY TWO. THE BACHELOR PARTY.**

INT. ETON - COLLEGE CHAPEL - DUSK

Light streams through stained glass windows. Arched columns lift a domed ceiling, framing a gothic organ. Floating candles, like Hogwarts. Dark florals. It's moody. It's cool. Everyone's in black. All younger GUESTS, Theo's age.

A preppy BACHELOR PARTY banner hangs. Below it, on a stage, an ENGLISH BOY'S CHOIR serenades us in an a cappella choral number. Diana watches them.

THEO (O.S.)  
Nice speech last night, Mom.

DIANA  
Well, I meant it.

She turns. A now CLEAN-SHAVEN THEO stands before her. She's pleased, but doesn't draw attention to it.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
(then, hurt)  
Darling... two years?

THEO  
I tried to tell you.

DIANA  
Not hard enough.

THEO  
I knew what you were gonna say.

DIANA  
Oh screw whatever I'd say. It  
wouldn't change anything. You have  
to come to things on your own.

He takes that in.

THEO  
I should've given you more credit.  
(beat)  
Mom. You know how we don't really  
talk?

DIANA  
We talk all the time.

THEO  
YOU talk, or you don't listen. We  
never... I want to talk-talk.

DIANA  
 (she thinks, then)  
 Me too. A fresh start?

He nods. Warmth breaks through their faces.

THEO  
 But -- maybe not at my bachelor  
 party? Can you not be here? Also  
 shouldn't Bronson have planned it?

DIANA  
 Why? So you could have more bongs  
 and strippers? You didn't get  
 enough of that when you were 11?  
 (then)  
 Two quick things, then I'll go.  
 First --

She whistles, and Theo's OLD FRIENDS from his boarding school days enter, lives now in various states of successful boredom or disrepair: STODGY (Posh, sloppy), HUGH (Posh, athletic) and BIG MAN (Irish, small). Theo is pumped to see them. All greet each other enthusiastically.

THEO  
 Stodgy! Hugh! Big Man, how's Maeve?

BIG MAN  
 Who knows! Let's get FUCKED UP.

Stodgy mouths "Divorce."

DIANA  
 Enjoy memory lane, boys.

Diana pulls Theo towards the stage.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 Second, I know you hated it here.  
 Never felt smart enough, like you  
 hadn't earned your spot --

THEO  
 I literally hadn't --

DIANA  
 So this a wedding present.

They reach the stage. A spotlight hits them. Someone hands Diana a microphone.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(to the guests)

Hello, Eton! If you know Theo, you know he'd only ever want to come back to this place for one reason...

The boys choir holds out a final piercing note --

DIANA (CONT'D)

To TEAR IT DOWN!

FIRE shoots from organ pipes as a BEAT starts, a DJ in the organ loft taking over. The crowd CHEERS! Theo's jaw drops.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Go nuts, darling.

And the DOORS at the end of the space burst open, to REVEAL -

EXT. ETON - COURTYARD - DUSK

GUESTS flooding the grounds toward A MASSIVE RAVE throughout the entire campus, a DIFFERENT DJ in every Eton building. VARIOUS RHYTHMS permeate the grounds like racing heartbeats. STROBING LIGHTS of different colors through every arched window, illuminating the square courtyard as night falls, an eerie mist landing on the green.

INT. ETON - HALLS - NIGHT

People are going fucking WILD. Snorting things, popping things, shooting things, the works. Everything is available and out in the open here. People fuck in the halls. On the desks. On the ceiling.

Fires in trashcans. SOMEONE graffitiing the HENRY VI STATUE. SOMEONE in a barrister wig jizzing on a bookcase. Paper floats through the air as books are ripped apart. The destruction shows just how deep the Ivy pockets go, the fat check needed to restore all of this.

EXT. ETON - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Diana watches from afar. She picks up her phone.

DIANA

Send her in.

EXT. ETON - NIGHT

Abigail gets out of a black car.

INT. ETON HALLS - LATER

Theo, drink in hand, is very drunk, very high, and finally relaxed. Until he and his friends run into a sober ABIGAIL.

THEO  
Abs! What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL  
I was invited.  
(at his clean-shaven face)  
Wow you look different.

THEO  
Noooo I don't want you to see me  
like this.

ABIGAIL  
What? Do you want me to go.

THEO  
(yes)  
Noooooo!

She turns to his friends. Theo subtly tosses his drink.

ABIGAIL	STODGY
Hi! I'm --	The carrot farmer! In the flesh!

They embrace her like an old friend. All progress towards the impressive library.

INT. ETON - LIBRARY - THE STACKS - NIGHT

A quieter spot. They sit in a circle, flanked by drinks, a joint passing between them.

STODGY  
Come on, we have to play it!  
(to Abigail)  
We used to play this game --

THEO  
Noooo we were assholes. It's an  
asshole game.

ABIGAIL  
Let's play!

THEO (CONT'D)  
No, no, seriously --

STODGY  
Aw come on, she wants to.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
(to Theo)  
Why not? Afraid I'll win?

BIG MAN  
It's like "Never Have I Ever," but  
anytime you don't have something,  
you put a finger down.

THEO  
I'm not playing.

All but Theo put up ten fingers. The game starts.

STODGY  
"I Could Own Your Family..."

Abigail's eyes widen with disgust at this title. Her reaction  
sobers Theo a bit. He grimaces, embarrassed.

STODGY (CONT'D)  
Because I have a Gulfstream.

All fingers remain up. Theo looks at Abigail, who didn't  
move. Still a bit shocked.

HUGH  
A Dreamliner.

STODGY  
Cunt.

Stodgy puts a finger down. Abigail puts a finger down.

BIG MAN  
A Yacht.

Abigail puts a finger down.

HUGH  
That thing is barely a yacht.

BIG MAN  
Spent too much on the Dreamliner.

Theo cringes a bit as they laugh. Abigail's turn.

THEO  
You don't have to --

# ABIGAIL

## A Boston Dynamics Harvester Prototype.

SICK. STODGY BIG MAN  
Sick. Alright.

Hugh didn't put a finger down. They look at him.

HUGH  
What? I have a farm. Somewhere.  
Probably have that.

The boys roll their eyes. Theo keeps looking at Abigail. She won't look at him. The game continues.

STODGY  
Your turn, T.

THEO  
Told you I'm not playing.

STODGY  
(angling)  
Awww come on, what's wrong?

HUGH BIG MAN  
Stodge, let him -- Keep it light, now.

STODGY (CONT'D)  
My family's penthouse.

Beat. Theo reddens. He looks at the ground.

ABIGAIL  
... what?

STODGY  
The one in Paris? Great terrace.

## BIG MAN

STODGY  
What? I'm friendly! All water under  
the bridge now. Right, T?

THEO  
It wasn't my --

STODGY

"Not your choice," I know, I know,  
but that's what your people do.

THEO

(boiling)

My people?

BIG MAN

Alright, keep it --

HUGH

Mates --

STODGY

(to Abigail)

Our last year of school, the Ivy's  
took over my family's company, sold  
it for parts. See what's funny  
about this game, Abigail, is Theo  
actually *does* own my family!

Stodgy laughs a little too hard. Abigail's rattled. Theo's  
trying to keep his cool, but failing, obviously upset.

BIG MAN

Stodge.

HUGH

(to Theo)

He's just pissed. Don't --

STODGY

Put a finger down, farm girl. That  
apartment's yours now, too. Wonder  
if you'll sleep in my old room.

THEO

That's enough.

Stodgy reaches towards Abigail to put a finger down. Theo  
intervenes, Hugh and Big Man moving to separate them.

STODGY

Ohhh what's the matter. You know  
who you're marrying, don't you?

Abigail rushes out of the room.

INT. ETON - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Abigail runs in, breathes at the sink, clearly conflicted.  
Questioning everything. She splashes water on her face.

CELINE (O.S.)

I never liked those boys.

Celine is perched on another sink, smoking. She offers her a drag. Abigail declines. Then, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN pops out of a bathroom stall. She gives Celine a long, passionate kiss.

CELINE (CONT'D)  
Abigyle, this is my fiancé,  
Genevieve.

A beat as this registers. Then --

ABIGAIL  
YES. Sorry. With Theo you were all  
(flirty French gestures)  
I thought maybe --

CELINE  
(confused)  
I am French.

ABIGAIL  
Yes. Love the French.  
(at Genevieve)  
Do the Ivy's know?

CELINE  
They have a way of, how do you say,  
not hearing things? Except for  
Theo. He was crushed, but he is  
like a brother to me now. That  
family is... ouf. Don't let him get  
sucked back in.  
(then)  
So if you don't drink, and you  
don't smoke -- how do you let go?

Abigail smiles.

INT. ETON - LIBRARY - RAVE - NIGHT

LIGHTS STROBE as Abigail goes NUTS on the dance floor with Celine. Weird, wild, dancing together like old friends.

EXT. ETON - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Diana and Victoria watch them from the courtyard through the large windows, both visibly cross.

DIANA  
Well, Victoria. Looks like the  
future of the family rests in your  
brother's cocaine-covered hands.  
(off her scowl)  
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Stop pouting. You'll need more  
filler.

Bronson swaggers up behind them.

BRONSON  
Ohh. Out of the game so soon,  
VicDick?

VICTORIA  
Shut up.

DIANA  
And what's your bright idea?  
(impossible, ridiculous)  
Sleep with her?

Bronson's cheeks redden.

VICTORIA  
(vulnerable)  
Are you... disappointed?

DIANA  
Does the sun rise in the east?

VICTORIA  
... yes?

DIANA  
Oh my god Victoria.

Diana watches the rave through the windows. Then -- Theo's silhouette emerges, making a beeline towards Abigail. It's clear from their body language they are getting into a fight.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Right on time. Take note, children.  
That's how it's done.

Diana's pleased, enjoying the fruits of her carefully calculated labor. All watch the fight build as Theo leads Abigail off the dance floor. They emerge onto the courtyard, still too far to make out what they're shouting, the music behind them. Theo throws his hands up in the air, red in the face. Abigail shouts back, tears beginning. Eventually, Abigail storms off.

Theo exhales. Rubs his hands over his face, clearly in pain.

BRONSON  
Congrats, Mom. You killed your  
son's happiness.

Her eyes shift. A victory, but at what cost.

EXT. SCOTLAND (ESTABLISHING) - DAWN

The sun rises in the east over rolling Highland hills. A kilted MAN plays BAGPIPES. In the distance is the IVY CASTLE.

**TITLE: DAY THREE. THE BRIDAL SHOWER.**

INT. THE IVY'S SCOTTISH CASTLE - MORNING

Diana passes a suit of armor in the hallway. Stops. Notices a little green army man on his shoulder. Salutes him.

EXT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - GREAT LAWN - MORNING

Everything is lush greens and wildflowers, rustic chic (think Soho Farmhouse). A cozy sign: BRIDAL BRUNCH. On a fantastically manicured GREAT LAWN, the world's most elaborate brunch is laid on a picnic table. SCOTTISH KIPPER, bacon, sausage. EXHAUSTED GUESTS sit on arm chairs, chaise lounges, pillows & poufs. Pastel tartan. Wood placecards. A QUARTET plays. Lawn games abound: Life size chess. Croquet.

Diana chats with the Planner as a bleary-eyed Abigail emerges, scouting for Theo.

DIANA

Oh dear, you don't seem to have  
that bridal glow.

(to the planner)

Add some botox.

ABIGAIL

Botox? I need to speak with Theo --

DIANA

Oh alright.

(to the planner)

Make that a couples botox.

WEDDING PLANNER

Copy.

ABIGAIL

No, before the hunt.

DIANA

We are going hunting. You have a  
bunch of bridal games to play.

ABIGAIL

Like what?

DIANA

I don't know, pin the tail on the  
penis?

(before she can run)

Come! You must meet everyone.

CAMERA SPINS as Diana introduces Abigail to various  
SOCIALITES in an overwhelming whirlwind.

YOUNG SOCIALITE (BIG HAT)

I can't believe Theo is settling  
down, how did you do it?

(a giggle, then)

No really. How did you do it.

Off Diana, politely chuckling, and Abigail, hating this.

SPIN TO:

MIDDLE-AGED SOCIALITE (BIGGER HAT)

You'll be busy as an Ivy Woman! I  
myself am a patron of over, I  
believe it's, 160 charities  
throughout the year?

Off Diana, nodding eagerly, and Abigail, pale.

SPIN TO:

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

And what does a carrot farmer do?

ABIGAIL

(someone finally asked!)

I'm running an experimental farm,  
we're using AI to --

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

Using a what?

ABIGAIL

Artificial Intelligence.

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

What??

ABIGAIL

Like, robots? With real-time crop  
insights in vertical farming we can  
increase food production and  
minimize resource usage --

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)  
(lost her at robots)  
The tea is lovely, isn't it.

Abigail sighs.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY

Theo & Diana stroll through the woods with .22 Rimfires. Wind whistles through the trees. They pass a large fallen oak.

DIANA  
Remember when you ran away and we found you in that oak? And all you packed was that little stuffed owl and a twix bar?

THEO  
The important things.

But he seems troubled.

DIANA  
Are you and Abigail... alright?

THEO  
No, no, we're -- yea.

DIANA  
Do you want to... talk-talk?

THEO  
You're not usually the person for like, emotional advice, Mom.

Diana laughs it off. But it stings.

DIANA  
You said you should've given me more credit.

THEO  
Okay. She saw a side of me I wish she hadn't. Or, who I used to be. She's such a good person. Sometimes I just feel like an asshole.

DIANA  
Of all the assholes in my life, you're the smallest.

THEO  
Yea, that's -- yea.

DIANA

But that is troubling. If you're with someone you can't show your worst self to? Big red flag. A flag you can shove right up their --

THEO

I got it.

DIANA

I mean it, your father has seen me do some down right nasty --

THEO

Okay you parented, that's enough.

Diana beams. Theo gives a slight smile back, but it doesn't reach his eyes. Diana cocks the gun.

DIANA

Now let's cull some foxes.

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - LIBRARY - THAT MOMENT

FEMALE GUESTS gather as Abigail stands in front of a sea of presents, Pure wafting jasmine into Abigail's face. She waves it away. They're about to play the "The Lingerie Game."

ABIGAIL

So a bunch of women I barely know are gonna give me underwear and I have to guess who it's from?

PURE

Pretty much.

Abigail opens the first: a black bra with chainmail over it.

ABIGAIL

Um. Victoria?

VICTORIA

(on her phone, working)  
My presence is your present.

The Elderly Socialite squeaks.

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (BIGGEST HAT)

It's from me!

ABIGAIL

Marigold, you cheeky bitch.

ELDERLY SOCIALITE (MARIGOLD)  
(cackling)  
Put it on, put it on!

As she puts on the chainmail bra over her clothes --

ABIGAIL  
(to Pure)  
Ya know, not the weirdest party  
I've been to.

LATER

Abigail is now wearing about 15 bras.

WEDDING PLANNER  
Alright ladies, that's a five  
minute bathroom break, then we're  
onto Toilet Paper Wedding Dresses!

As Pure and the others run for the bathroom, the bookcase  
behind Abigail CRACKS OPEN. She starts. Then, a voice --

BRONSON (O.S.)  
Ready to be rescued, busty damsel?

An eager nod. She slips into the secret passageway.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - CONT.

Diana's eyes scan the woods as they move, talking quietly.

DIANA  
I don't care how cute they are,  
they're an invasive species.

THEO  
You know the Ludds have to do the  
same with their farm. We should all  
hunt together sometime.

DIANA  
(fully suppressed cringe)  
Oh yes, we must.

THEO  
Hey Mom... thanks for your support.  
I shouldn't've doubted you before.  
All of this, it means a lot.

Theo beams. Diana nods, swallows the guilt creeping into her.

THEO (CONT'D)  
And... just to be totally sure...  
there's no way you like gave  
Abigail's parents food poisoning to  
keep them home or something, right?

She's rightfully appalled.

DIANA  
Theo. How would I even do that?

THEO  
Pay off a cook at their favorite  
restaurant. Handyman to tamper with  
their refrigerator. Gift basket of  
slightly expired meat --

DIANA  
(flat)  
Yes that's it, I sent them a whole  
platter of finger steaks.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY

Abigail (still wearing all the bras) and Bronson trek through  
a different part of the woods.

BRONSON  
So why are you sober?

ABIGAIL  
Getting right in there aren't you.

BRONSON  
Well now that I've seen you in your  
underwear...

She chuckles. Then --

ABIGAIL  
I flunked out of Harvard.

BRONSON  
(a grin)  
Ohh okay. Legacy?

ABIGAIL  
(a look, obviously not)  
Swim scholarship. I can swim like  
nobody's business.

BRONSON  
The arrogance.

She smiles.

BRONSON (CONT'D)  
So you fucked it all up...

ABIGAIL  
And my parents came and got me.  
Brought me home, got me help.

BRONSON  
Were they upset?

ABIGAIL  
(shakes head, no)  
They just wanted me to get better.

Bronson's eyes shift. He can't imagine that kind of support.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
And I did. I'm fine around it now,  
but... nope. Not for me.

He stops, looks at her. Feels something real. It scares him.

BRONSON  
(at the bras)  
Sure you don't want to take em off?

ABIGAIL  
Honestly they're keeping me warm.

EXT. SCOTTISH WOODS - DAY - CONT.

Diana and Theo halt at a distant RUSTLE in the brush. They speak in near-silent tones, rapid-fire.

THEO  
You take it --

DIANA  
No, no --

THEO  
You're the better shot --

DIANA  
Focus. What will the fox do, where  
can you aim to outmaneuver it.

Theo aims, steadies his gaze, readying to shoot. He listens. Beat. Nothing. He lowers the gun.

THEO  
I dunno, maybe it --

DIANA  
Oh come on --

Another RUSTLE. Without hesitation, Diana aims & fires.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)  
(distant)  
Ahhhhh!

BRONSON (O.S.)  
(distant)  
Holy shit!

Theo and Diana look at each other, pale. Was that... ? Theo takes off running through the brush.

He comes upon Abigail, on the ground, under a pile of bras. And Bronson, a foot away, hand over his mouth as he gags.

THEO  
OH MY GOD. ABIGAIL. Are you alright??

She tries to breathe, in shock.

THEO (CONT'D)  
Hold on, just hold on --

Theo starts peeling off bras.

BRONSON  
Oh god, is there --  
(gag)  
Blooo --

Theo looks. No blood, nothing beginning to pool.

THEO  
No, there...  
(relieved, shocked)  
There isn't!

Abigail sits up, coughing. She peels off the remaining lingerie, down to the chainmail bra. Holding it out in front of her, we see KEVLAR CUPS behind the chainlink, a little dent where clearly... the bra deflected a BULLET.

ABIGAIL  
(coughing)  
Oh my god.

Diana runs in.

DIANA  
Oh, thank god. WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
IN THE WOODS?!

ABIGAIL  
(still coughing)  
What are you doing SHOOTING AT ME.

THEO  
(realizing, to Diana)  
Oh my god. You SHOT HER.

Bronson gags.

DIANA  
I didn't know she was out here!

THEO  
Oh *sure*.

DIANA  
You can't be serious.  
(genuinely shocked)  
Just because I don't like your  
fiancé doesn't mean I would KILL  
HER --

THEO  
I KNEW it. I KNEW you didn't like  
her!

ABIGAIL  
(cough cough)  
Honestly I'm just happy to be  
alive?

THEO  
(at Diana)  
What is wrong with you!

Bronson gags.

THEO (CONT'D)  
(at Bronson)  
And *you*?

DIANA  
Don't speak to me --

BRONSON  
(to Theo)  
Blood.  
(MORE)

BRONSON (CONT'D)

(gags)

Makes me --

DIANA

-- like I'm the kind of person who  
could --

THEO

There is no blood.

BRONSON

No it's the THOUGHT of bloo --

ABIGAIL

The *thought* of it??

DIANA

-- murder someone in cold BLOOD --

Bronson VOMITS.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF.

(back to Theo)

You REALLY think I would do that to  
my own flesh and --

THEO

Don't!

ABIGAIL

Wait!

DIANA

BLOOD???

Bronson vomits onto ABIGAIL, kipper bits on her face. Beat.

ABIGAIL

You had to have the fish?

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - KITCHEN - PANTRY

FLIP's on another burner phone, discarded package on a shelf  
behind him. *Ring... Ring...* Someone picks up.

FLIP

Just hear me out.

CLICK. They hung up. *Fuck.* He opens the door --

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

To find Diana, Redford, Bronson, Victoria, Theo (pacing back and forth) & Abigail (vomit stained, sitting on the kitchen table, being examined by a DOCTOR) -- staring at him, shocked at his sudden appearance.

DIANA

How long have you been in the closet?

FLIP

(sigh)

Pass.

The doctor finishes his examination of Abigail.

SCOTTISH DOCTOR

Lookin' a bit peely wally there,  
but lang may yer lum reek!

No one has a clue. But he packs up and leaves.

DIANA

Thank you, Doctor. Good news.

THEO

Oh, yea, good. Good news! We're all fine here, everything's sunshine and roses, except for the fact that you SHOT HER.

DIANA

How many times do I have to say it was an accident?? She was supposed to be in the drawing room beating a penis piñata.

FLIP

BRONSON

Wow.

Hey-oh.

VICTORIA

Bronson's the one who took her to the woods. Careful Abigail, he's probably trying to seduce you.

All look to Bronson, who glares at Vic. Abigail's head spins.

THEO

Or he was in on it!

REDFORD

Theo, you're blowing this out of proportion.

THEO

I'm not. It's a move, I know it.

DIANA

You're being paranoid.

THEO

I'm not a child anymore.

DIANA

You're acting like one. My god, you think you're ready to get married? Just because you've been in love for a minute?

(to the others)

What have I always said?

VICTORIA, BRONSON, FLIP

"We don't negotiate with Italians."

DIANA

(eye roll)

The other thing.

They scramble.

VICTORIA

(sad)

"Ivy's Don't Divorce."

BRONSON / FLIP

"NDA or ND-dont?" / Pass.

REDFORD

(loaded)

"Love is not enough."

DIANA

Thank you, Redford.

(to Theo)

You are an Ivy. There are vast social, political, and economic consequences to marrying. It should be like the old days. An alliance. For land. Armies. Goats. Love who you love, get your jollies elsewhere, but marriage is a contract. It's business.

(to Abigail)

And you may be nice, but you give us no goats.

ABIGAIL  
(shocked)  
Do you... need goats?

Theo fumes.

THEO  
That's it. We're leaving.

He offers his hand to Abigail, who jumps down off the table, then pauses.

ABIGAIL  
(big moment)  
Diana. I may not have goats. But I  
do have a lot of carrots.

It doesn't have quite the effect she was hoping for. They head for the door, salvaging a dramatic exit. Until --

*DING DONG!* All look at each other. Who the fuck is that?

INT. SCOTTISH CASTLE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

THE DOOR OPENS on **BILL LUDD** (human carebear) and **SUE LUDD** (still rocking The Rachel), all smiles. Everyone stares.

SUE LUDD  
Sorry we're late!

BILL LUDD  
What'd we miss!

EXT. PRIVATE MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND - (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

A small lush island, winking up at us out of turquoise waters.

**TITLE: DAY FOUR. THE EARLYMOON.**

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A BEACH PARTY in full swing as STAFF bring in more chairs, expanding the event at the last minute. Tropical drinks float past a raw bar, rattan lanterns, pampas grass, "HAPPY EARLYMOON!" on boho basketweave. A STAFF MEMBER sets up gifting suite cabana of custom 'Abigail & Theo' Loewe totes and Dior bucket hats. A yacht is visible offshore.

Abigail crushes her parents in another hug, Diana and Theo next to them.

ABIGAIL  
No I'm SOOO happy to see you.

SUE LUDD  
Ohh but you two deserve some time  
alone! Right, Diana?

DIANA  
Ohhh but you just got here. And you  
had to miss so much, while you were-

BILL LUDD  
Shitting everywhere!

Diana blanches.

BILL LUDD (CONT'D)  
That's alright, you can say it!  
(an arm around her)  
We're family now!

She cringes. Diana extricates herself, pulling Theo away.

DIANA  
Darling, can we talk-talk.

THEO  
Think you've said enough, Mom.

DIANA  
I shouldn't have lost my cool.

THEO  
You know, I gotta hand it to you. I  
asked you to give her a shot. And  
that's exactly what you did.  
(then)  
We're getting married in three  
days. Whether you're there or not.

Diana watches him turn back to the Ludds. Shutting her out.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SUNSET

Diana sips a bitchy little drink with an umbrella, Redford in a beach chair next to her. Diana's eyes are focused on Theo and Sue Ludd up on the balcony of the beach house. Through his expressive gestures we can tell Theo's pouring his heart out to her, venting. Sue's nodding, maternal. *Listening*. Diana's green with envy.

FLIP (O.S.)  
You'd think they were mother and  
son.

Diana jumps. Flip's covered in Zuckerberg-level sunscreen.

DIANA  
What do you want, Laurel.

FLIP  
I'm sun sensitive. I'll see you in  
Italy at the dock.

She waves him off, turning back to Theo and Sue. Redford follows her line of sight to the balcony. Both watch as Theo mimes a gun, explaining. Sue is shocked.

DIANA  
It really was an accident.

REDFORD  
But what does it say that he didn't  
believe you.

Her eyes shift.

REDFORD (CONT'D)  
Diana. Why does it matter? He's the  
youngest. Victoria married who you  
wanted, and --

DIANA  
Increased our assets.

REDFORD  
But look how she turned out.

DIANA  
What do you mean? She's happy.

They turn to look at Victoria.

DOWN THE BEACH, Victoria sits in the sand on an intense zoom. A wave washes up over her laptop. She SCREAMS WITH RAGE.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
That's her happy scream.

REDFORD  
I'm just saying, it worked for us.  
But it may not work for our  
children.

A beat as she takes that in. She looks at him.

DIANA

Do you ever regret it?

REDFORD

I'd make the same choices again.

DIANA

As would I.

Redford stands. He hands her a little green army man, this one from inside the beach house. It has tiny sunglasses.

REDFORD

Push him too far and you'll lose.

Off Diana, thinking.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Red rose petals surround a tub, initially intended to be a sexy honeymoon bath. Abigail's done soaking. She tries to get out. Pure dumps more petals on her, keeping her there.

ABIGAIL

No I mean I'm *going* --

PURE

I knowww you're just going going going. It's *such* a whirlwind. Take in every moment. Soak it up. Every. Fucking. Second. Just --  
(big inhale)

Diana enters. Abigail straightens. The air zings taught.

DIANA

That will be all, Pure, thank you.

Pure exits, dismissed.

ABIGAIL

Um. Diana...

Diana sits by the tub. Abigail's unnerved. There is no where to run. Nowhere to hide. Diana picks at a rose petal or two.

DIANA

Have you seen the seminal classic  
The Princess Diaries?

ABIGAIL

(the fuck?)  
The Anne Hathaway movie?

DIANA

The Julie Andrews movie. We used it to explain to our children how our family was different. And what was expected of them.

ABIGAIL

By.. watching The Princess Diaries?

DIANA

We were explicitly clear that owning an island was not the same as running a country, but --

ABIGAIL

You own this island too?

DIANA

-- you get the point. In this family, you will have to do a lot of things you'd rather not. Wear clothes you dislike, go to functions you'd rather skip, run charities, sit on board after board after board. Holidays, vacations, parties, all serve a greater purpose. Our name affects the economy. There are responsibilities that come with that.

Responsibilities that cannot be shirked.

(then)

I want you to take a good, long think. Do you really want this life?

Beat.

ABIGAIL

I love Theo.

DIANA

Will it outweigh all the things you hate? Over years and years...

ABIGAIL

We don't have to live like this.

DIANA

You will, in some capacity.

ABIGAIL

Theo left.

DIANA

And yet he's back.

ABIGAIL

You don't intimidate me.

Diana smiles, respect inside it.

DIANA

I know.

(then)

You think I'm callous, but I fell in love a few years ago. Fiercely. I could've given all this up to be with him. But at the end of the day, I knew that love would fade, that passion would cool, and I would be left in a world I didn't belong in. I made the hard choice. One Theo may not be strong enough to make. But *you* are.

Diana stands, flips a lever on the side of the tub.

DIANA (CONT'D)

By now you're gathering that this isn't just a week. This is a preview for the rest of your life.

The tub starts to drain. Abigail tries to stay under the water, shrinking fast. Diana pauses in the doorway.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You're not just marrying Theo, you know. You're marrying *me*.

Off Abigail, conflicted. Finally beginning to understand.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Beachy breakfast of our dreams. Diana sits across from Bronson. Behind him, she sees Abigail emerge from the house, a yogurt in hand. It's clear that she didn't sleep a wink.

Abigail starts down the beach. Bronson stands.

BRONSON

Don't worry mother, I'll finish this.

DIANA

Words I've waited 30 years to hear.

EXT. BEACH - SECLUDED SPOT - DAY

Abigail sits on a rock. Takes a bite of the yogurt. Makes a face. Gross. Bronson approaches.

ABIGAIL  
Did she poison this? Is this how I die?

BRONSON  
You'll get used to it. Second guessing every motive, looking for meaning in every passive aggressive quip.

ABIGAIL  
And the scary bathtub mind-fucks that make you question everything?

BRONSON  
No those you never get used to.  
(the yogurt)  
Can I try?

She nods, he sits next to her. He takes a bite.

## FROM THE BEACH HOUSE BALCONY

THEO spots Bronson and Abigail down below. He watches them.

BACK TO

BRONSON  
Nah I think it's just terrible.

He also makes a face. She smiles. He hands it back to her.

BRONSON (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm not the best person to talk to about all this. Cause I don't want you to go... But I don't want you to stay, either.

He glances toward her mouth.

BRONSON (CONT'D)  
Because you're incredible. And if you stay... then I might...

He leans in, his lips about to brush hers, when -- Abigail swerves. And instinctively shoves the yogurt into his face.

ABIGAIL  
What are you doing??

BRONSON  
I thought we had something!  
God it's in my eyes.

ABIGAIL  
Because we've had a few moments of  
genuine conversation?

BRONSON  
(duh)  
Yea.

ABIGAIL  
Oh my god is it that unusual for  
you?

BRONSON  
(yes)  
Um.

Theo appears, coming toward them, not happy.

THEO  
HEY FUCKWAD. What the fuck.

BRONSON  
(hands up)  
Mom made me do it!

THEO  
WHAT.

BRONSON  
Like that Christmas! Vic too!

THEO  
Seriously!?

BRONSON  
(as he runs away)  
Sorry dude!!!

THEO  
I KNEW it. I fucking knew it!

He takes a breath. Sits.

THEO (CONT'D)  
They're trying to break us up.

ABIGAIL

That tracks. Your mom said some  
wild shit last night.

(off his look)

Ready to stop avoiding me?

THEO

You're avoiding me.

ABIGAIL

I barely recognize you. I respected  
that you wanted to wait to tell  
them, that they'd have a hard time  
accepting someone outside their  
circle, but I didn't think you'd  
just immediately cave --

THEO

I didn't cave!

ABIGAIL

You did. The second you wrote that  
brief. I'm a person, not a stock.

THEO

I told you, I was just trying to  
get through to her --

ABIGAIL

Or that shit at Eton?

THEO

I knew it. You think I'm some  
entitled asshole.

ABIGAIL

Being rich doesn't make you an  
asshole, Theo. Being an asshole  
does.

THEO

I'm sorry. I haven't been myself  
the past few days. You don't know  
what it's like to hate your family.  
I hate who I become around them.

Abigail thinks.

ABIGAIL

I hate who I am when I drink.

They look at each other. He joins her on the rock.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Your family could be a coven of cannibals and it wouldn't change how I feel about you.

THEO

... what?

ABIGAIL

I just mean, all I'll ever see is how far you've come.

He takes that in.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

But... I don't know if I can do the Princess Diaries life.

THEO

Ah. You got that speech.

(then)

Look, we get to build the life we want. Wherever we want. Fuck all this, I just want to be with you.

She smiles. There's the Theo she knows and loves.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Diana reads Theo's MERGER OF LOVE in a beach chair. Redford brings her a bubbly drink.

REDFORD

Where'd you get that?

DIANA

Like you've never snooped.

REDFORD

How is it?

DIANA

High sentiment low strategy. But...

REDFORD

The fact that he thought he had to write it?

That hits her. Diana thinks, watching Redford head back to the house. Bronson appears, head hanging like Charlie Brown.

BRONSON

I'm sorry, Mother. I -- I failed.

DIANA

(sigh)

That's alright. I never thought you  
could succeed.

Equal parts relief and shame on Bronson's face. Diana's expression hardens with the full weight of her frustration.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well, you know what they say. If  
you want something done...

BRONSON

Tip someone.

DIANA

*Do it yourself.* God I raised some  
idiots.

#### BEACH MONTAGE - DAY

Diana tries to get Theo's attention, but he ignores her each time. As he --

HAS A DRINK with The Ludds. *Slurp. slurp.*

DIANA (CONT'D)

So I read your --

THEO

Is this rum?

*Slurp.*

DOES A BRIDAL MEDITATION with Pure and Abigail, legs crossed and eyes closed. *Ommm. Ommm.*

PURE

(meditation voice)

And you're at the altar. *Step.* And  
you're a fucking Princess. *Step.*

DIANA

(whisper)

So I'd love to --

THEO

*Ommmmmmmm.*

PLAYS SAND VOLLEYBALL with The Ludds. *WHACK! WHACK!*

DIANA

Can we talk.

BILL

Hey Di, we never thanked you for  
the finger steaks!

THEO

(about to spike)  
I -- KNEW -- IT.

*WHACK!*

But he does not engage. Diana grows increasingly desperate.  
She's losing him.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Diana glowers as she watches Abigail & Theo build a sandcastle down the beach, stronger than ever. Sue's mid-story with a drink, wearing an 'Abigail & Theo' bucket hat.

SUE LUDD

Well there was one boyfriend we  
didn't like, but I said to Bill, if  
she's happy and healthy with him,  
who are we to stand in her way?

DIANA

What about your legacy?

SUE LUDD

Huh?

DIANA

What if they birthed a slew of  
macaron murdering children that  
soiled your reputation and burned  
down your farm?

Beat. Sue laughs.

SUE LUDD

Oh you're too much! What kind of  
mother would think that!

ON THE BALCONY

Redford and Bill play poker. Redford's losing. Badly.

BILL LUDD

We're the bride's parents. Where  
we're from, we split the cost of  
things like this.

REDFORD  
Oh that's really not --

Bill taps a pad of paper on the table.

BILL LUDD  
Red. Give me a number.

Redford relents. Scrawls a number. Bill reads. He has an impressive poker face. Beat.

BILL LUDD (CONT'D)  
Gotta be at least four times that.  
The real number. Please.

Off Redford, surprised.

BACK ON THE BEACH

Diana & Sue watch Abigail & Theo finish their sandcastle. The tide rushes up, but the castle's just out of reach.

SUE LUDD  
Isn't it a beautiful thing?  
Watching your children find  
themselves.

DIANA  
Oh, yes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Diana kicks the sandcastle over.

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT DAY

Abigail and Theo rebuild the sandcastle, happy little clams.

EXT. BEACH - THAT NIGHT

Diana returns to smash it, but sees a note in the sand before it: "I KNOW WHAT YOU DID." She stops. Panics.

She turns toward the beach house. Theo's in the window. He looks at her, deep disappointment on his face. He then places a tiny army man on the sill, and turns it until...

It's pointing straight at her. *Shit.*

INT. A DARK ROOM - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

LAUGHTER as cigar smoke wafts through a dark space.

Flip has finally made contact. He sits across from FOUR GUYS giving henchmen vibes. All have thick Italian accents, and are currently LAUGHING at him. Deep, joyful, belly laughs. The fourth man eats a chicken parm.

ITALIAN MAN 1  
Wait wait say it again --

ITALIAN MAN 2  
This guy! Stupidest guy I have ever seen!

ITALIAN MAN 4  
(between bites)  
This is, what is it, Stockholm syndrome?

Flip stands. Enough of this.

FLIP  
Alright, well, thought I'd ask.  
Good to see you fellas. You're looking good Salvatore.

ITALIAN MAN 3 (SALVATORE)  
(patting his belly)  
I jog now.

FLIP  
Oh excellent. Thanks guys, for --

Laughter again.

ITALIAN MAN 1  
Don't say it man I can't I can't --

ITALIAN MAN 4  
(curious, between bites)  
What was the name again?

FLIP  
Ludd.

ITALIAN MAN 4 googles it. Flip starts to walk out. Gets nervous. Decides to head it off at the pass.

FLIP (CONT'D)  
You're not gonna like... kidnap me again or anything, right?

ITALIAN MAN 1  
Oh god no.

ITALIAN MAN 2  
Worst month of my life.

ITALIAN MAN 3  
The *crying*. So loud.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA (ESTABLISHING) - SUNSET

A stunning 200ft SUPERYACHT churns through blue, the Mediterranean sparkling all around it.

Title: **DAY SIX. THE REHEARSAL DINNER.**

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MASTER SUITE - SUNSET

Redford and Diana dress in formal wear in their suite.

REDFORD

And then he said "Alrighty. Another hand?" I'm telling you, something's off. No red flags initially, but I'll have Travis run another --

Diana's mind is elsewhere.

REDFORD (CONT'D)

What is it.

DIANA

He's not fighting. I'd rather he fight me than...

REDFORD

Oh, darling.

Redford puts his arms around her for a moment. She allows it.

DIANA

I'm out of moves.

REDFORD

You know the thing about ivy... if you don't trim it back, it suffocates the host.

Beat.

DIANA

And if he leaves again?

REDFORD

You let him.

She pushes out of the hug, stepping onto the balcony of their suite. Sees Abigail and Theo a level below.

ON THE LOWER DECK

GUESTS sip cocktails on the bow. Abigail and Theo stand at the rail, Abigail looking a little green. Theo rubs her back. She pops a motion sickness pill. Frowns at her small supply.

ABIGAIL

This one should last me through dinner.

THEO

I don't get it. You were a swimmer.

ABIGAIL

I can be *in* the water, not on it.

Off Diana, clocking this.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - UPPER DECK - SUNSET

A long table. Nautical, elegant, everything blue and white. Oyster shell place card holders. *DING DING DING*. Theo stands with champagne, serious.

THEO

I know the father of the groom usually speaks first. But my dad has graciously given up his spot.

Diana shifts, nervous. Theo pulls a notecard from his pocket.

THEO (CONT'D)

Leaving your family is a funny thing. First, there's a freedom: *I can be anyone I want to be*. Then, you start to rehash old memories: *maybe they weren't that bad. It was me, I made them seem worse*.

Diana looks to Redford, concerned.

THEO (CONT'D)

And then comes the day you invite them back into your world, with all the hope that they're different. But inevitably... they're not. They're on the same old merry-go-round, the one that will always let you down. And you see them through the eyes of your new life, your new family. That's when a deep sadness sets in: *I have to leave, for good this time*.

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

Because this man I've grown into,  
this man I'm proud of, this man  
I've fought so hard to become,  
can't survive in the past.

A GUEST whispers to their neighbor.

GUEST

Bit dark for a wedding speech.

The OTHER GUEST nods. *Eeek.*

THEO

There's a saying: the price of your  
new life is your old one. Tonight,  
I'm prepared to make that choice.

Diana leans forward.

THEO (CONT'D)

So, as a symbol of gratitude to my  
new family, I'm going to take my  
wife's name. I will become Theodore-  
(stumbling over it a bit)  
Ivy-Ludd.

Diana's heart cracks open as others politely clap.

GUEST

Doesn't really have a ring to it.

OTHER GUEST

More of a thud.

Theo raises his glass. All follow.

THEO

To new beginnings.

Redford turns to Diana, but she's already halfway down the hall.

INT. SUPERYACHT - MASTER SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Redford finds her looking out over the still waters, brow furrowed. Trying to come up with something. Anything.

REDFORD

Diana. Say something.

Her eyes blaze as she watches the sea, the sun finally dipping below the horizon.

DIANA  
... it's calm. Too calm.

REDFORD  
You can't control the weather.

DIANA  
Like hell I can't.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Diana paces, on the phone.

DIANA  
Harold, hi, how are you. How are  
things coming with Royal Caribbean.  
(beat)  
Good, good. Got anything in the  
Ligurian right now?

The sky darkens, night taking over.

INT. SUPERYACHT - STATEROOM - NIGHT

A MASSIVE CRUISE SHIP IN THE DISTANCE pommels through the water, the yacht skipping over giant waves in its wake.

Abigail is very green. And very out of pills. Pure puts crystals on her wrists, leading her through an exercise.

PURE  
(meditation voice)  
I am a beautiful, blissful, bouncy  
bride... I am a beautiful, bliss--

ABIGAIL  
Ya not really the issue here.

Abigail swallows vomit. Theo enters.

THEO  
Ship's supply is empty. I'll ask  
around.  
(to Pure)  
Don't you have like, ginger?

PURE  
I've got a violet webcap dream dust  
smoothie?

Abigail nods. She'll try anything at this point.

INT. SUPERYACHT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

*WHRRRRRRR* as bright purple liquid churns through a blender behind Pure, who scrolls tinder.

*WHRP!* The sound stops. Pure looks up to find a wild-eyed Diana opening the blender, holding a handle of vodka.

PURE

Um --

Diana pierces her with a look.

DIANA

I think we can both agree your job is bullshit, right?

PURE

(small, terrified)

Thank you for this opportunity.

Diana turns back to the blender. She pauses, considering. Is she really gonna do this? Her heart rushes in her ears. *LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB.*

CAPTAIN (P.A.)  
*Congratulations, Abigail and  
Theodore Ivy-Ludd!*

CHEERS in the background. Diana's eyes sharpen. She pours... and pours...

INT. SUPERYACHT - STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pure returns with the concoction, nervous.

PURE

Honestly girl, swallowing vomit tastes better. Maybe just ride it out?

Abigail doesn't listen. Starts to down it... And abruptly stops. She looks at the drink. Can't believe it for a second. She looks at Pure, accusation in her eyes. Pure stutters.

It hits her, who's responsible. *Of course.* Abigail looks back at the drink. Takes a few breaths. Flexes her hand.

Then downs the rest of it.

INT. SUPERYACHT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abigail moves throughout the ship, fire in her eyes. She feels so terrible, and so good.

ABIGAIL  
No. No. Nope. NOPE.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

MUSIC bumps through the speakers. A group of guests by the rail cheer every time the ship crests a wave. Others enjoy dessert at the long table, exhaustion peaking through.

EXHAUSTED GUEST 1  
Anyone kind of over their love now?

EXHAUSTED GUEST 2  
Oh shut up, Willow, you had like  
three weddings.

EXHAUSTED GUEST 1 (WILLOW) is aghast.

EXHAUSTED GUEST 3  
(to Guest 1)  
You kind of did.

CAPTAIN (P.A.)  
*Hi folks, Italia off the starboard  
side! We'll be arriving shortly.*

ABIGAIL emerges on deck, looking like an absolute trainwreck, and moving like one too. Her eyes land on drinks, shots, bottles to her right --

ABIGAIL  
NO!

More to her left --

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
NOPE!

This ship is absolutely *flooded* with booze. So much for being able to be around it. Must keep moving. Abigail pauses when she spots Diana, and the thinly veiled triumph in her eyes.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
(top of her lungs)  
CONGRATS, BITCH! YOU DID IT!

The room stops. Diana slowly stands.

DIANA

Abigail. You're drunk.

ABIGAIL

No, Diana that's the problem! I'm  
NOT drunk! NOT YET.

And on she goes, up the stairs, leaving the gossiping guests  
behind. A sympathetic GUEST turns to Diana, grasps her hand.

GUEST 4

My husband was an alcoholic.

DIANA

How sad for you.

INT. SUPERYACHT - UPPER DECK - THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Abigail BURSTS into the room.

CAPTAIN

Hey! You're not allowed to --

ABIGAIL

Oh shut up I'm the bride.

She grabs the loudspeaker. The MUSIC STOPS as her voice  
broadcasts throughout the ship.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

*Theo, I love you so much.*

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Theo's in front of a small group, asking for sea sickness  
meds. He pauses. Looks up at the speaker.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

*But I can't do this.*

He SPRINTS up the steps.

INT. SUPERYACHT - BILL AND SUE'S CABIN - NIGHT

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

*I've worked too hard.*

Bill & Sue look up, concerned.

INT. SUPERYACHT - BRIDGE - CONT.

ABIGAIL  
*I have to choose me.*

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

Diana pours champagne, victory on her face, until --

ABIGAIL (O.S.)  
*Your mom's a real cunt by the way.*

INT. SUPERYACHT - BRIDGE / EXT. UPPER DECK

Abigail drops the PA system and the MUSIC RETURNS, LOUDER --

As she walks outside --

To the edge of the rail --

AND JUMPS.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - MIDDLE DECK - NIGHT

*SPLASH!* Guests SCREAM. Some down their Espresso Martinis in panic.

Theo emerges from the hallway at full tilt. He runs to the side of the boat --

AND JUMPS IN AFTER HER.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN WATERS - NIGHT

Abigail's powerful arms plow through the water, stroke by stroke. And luckily, land isn't far off.

Theo struggles behind her. Not the best swimmer.

THEO  
Abs! Wait!

But she doesn't hear him over the MUSIC coming from the ship, and the waves ROARING by her with every push.

EXT. SUPERYACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Diana runs to the side of the boat, the family beside her.

DIANA  
He jumped! Why would he jump?

REDFORD  
(epiphany)  
*Love.*

DIANA  
Oh get a grip, Redford.

THEO (O.S.)  
Ahh!

DIANA  
Theo!!

She turns to Bronson, desperate.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Jump in after him!

BRONSON  
*I just ate.*

DIANA  
Victoria!

VICTORIA  
I'm not like an olympic swimmer.

DIANA  
What were all those years of swim  
lessons for!?

VICTORIA  
Dry humping the instructor?

DIANA  
My god you two are USELESS.

Diana rolls up her silk sleeves and JUMPS! All are shocked.

The Captain emerges, sprinting to a tied-up life preserver.

THE CAPTAIN  
Don't worry ma'am! We're on it!

DIANA (O.S.)  
(from the water)  
Fucking late!

EXT. MARINA - GENOA, ITALY - NIGHT - LATER

Abigail pulls herself over the side of the dock, gasping for air. She made it.

Flip lounges on a docked boat nearby with a HANDSOME MAN, having an excellent night. Both turn at the sound. *Is that...?* Flip jumps down onto the dock, jogging toward her.

FLIP  
Abigail??

Abigail catches her breath.

FLIP (CONT'D)  
Fuck did you jump off the boat?

ABIGAIL  
Can I use your phone?

EXT. ITALIAN STREET - NIGHT

Abigail sits on the curb, dialing. No answer.

FLIP  
Bronson didn't win, did he?

ABIGAIL  
You too??

FLIP  
No my thing was stupid. Didn't work.

Flip's PHONE rings. Abigail answers it.

ABIGAIL  
Hello?  
(relieved)  
Oh thank god. Hi.  
(to Flip)  
Sorry, can I...?

FLIP  
Oh. Sure. I'll just, yea.

He gives her some room. Eyes a Pasticceria across the street.

EXT. ITALIAN PASTICCERIA - NIGHT

Flip emerges with a tiramisu on a small plate, plunging his fork into it as he watches Abigail across the street.

She's on the phone, pacing, distressed. Tears falling. He feels bad. But god that tiramisu is divine.

A BLACK SUV crawls to a stop near Abigail. Slight alarm dances over Flip's face. Maybe it's nothing. Maybe he's para--

The doors fling open. And Flip SPRINTS as A MAN IN BLACK jumps out of the car and LUNGES for Abigail, ski mask obscuring his face. She SCREAMS.

The Man PINS her, tossing the phone into the sea --

ABIGAIL  
That was my sponsor you fuck!

She HEAD BUTTS him just as Flip arrives, fork still in hand. The Man staggers back, cursing in Italian. Abigail also rubs her head, cause fuck.

Flip's no action hero, so he does the only thing he can think of. He JUMPS ON THE MAN'S BACK. The Man SHOUTS, stumbling. The two scuffle.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing!

FLIP  
OBVIOUSLY -- RESCUING YOU --

Both FALL TO THE GROUND as a SECOND MAN steps out of the car.

The FIRST MAN recovers, reaching for his GUN. Flip panics! Before he can think, he STABS HIM IN THE EYE WITH THE FORK.

ABIGAIL  
OH MY GOD.

FLIP  
(just as shocked)  
OH MY GOD.

ITALIAN MAN 2  
OH MY GOD.

ITALIAN MAN 1  
AHHHHHHH!!!

ABIGAIL  
WHY DID YOU DO THAT.

FLIP  
I DON'T KNOW! GAME OF THRONES?

ITALIAN MAN 2  
Fabritzi!

ITALIAN MAN 1  
MY EYE!!!

They abandon the mission, the Second Man pulling the First Man into the car. With a pointed finger and a parting --

ITALIAN MAN 2  
*You will pay.*

-- the car speeds away. Abigail and Flip stare at each other. Breathing hard.

ABIGAIL  
The fuck was that about??

Flip gulps. What has he done.

EXT. LITTLE TINY BOAT - NIGHT

The Captain and the Ivy's are in a little tiny boat, making their way to the marina. Theo & Diana are totally drenched, towels around their shoulders. Theo fumes. He's been going on for a while, decades of grievances waiting for this moment.

THEO  
-- and then in MIDDLE SCHOOL when  
you PAID the ENTIRE OTHER TEAM to  
let me SCORE --

DIANA  
Shall we have this fight on land --

THEO  
NO, I'm on a ROLL. And I DIDN'T  
NEED RESCUING!

Looks between them. He absolutely did. The Captain, radio to his ear, interrupts.

CAPTAIN  
Hi, so sorry to, um -- She's been located, now heading to the Villa with Laurel Ivy, safe. Continue.

Theo exhales, a weight lifted. Back to Diana.

THEO  
You have done a lot of horrible things, but THIS --

DIANA

She chose to jump off the boat.

THEO

She was FIVE YEARS SOBER.

DIANA

I just wanted you to know who you  
were marrying!

THEO

The way you did? How many affairs  
have you both had?

REDFORD

Theodore.

THEO

(to Diana)

You know the irony? YOU aren't even  
a real Ivy. You married in!

DIANA

That's enough.

THEO

Yes, it is! You have got to stop.  
Put me first. My happiness. Not the  
company, your fucking image. I mean  
did you even wanna have kids?? Or  
would it have just looked bad if  
you didn't?

Diana's taken aback.

DIANA

Maybe I wasn't the best mother, but  
I put a spectacular roof over your  
head and food in your belly. I gave  
you more access & tools than you  
could ever need to make something  
of yourself. You barely know who  
you are, Theo. You may not  
understand this now, but one wrong  
choice could ruin you forever. I'm  
protecting you from yourself.

THEO

You're protecting you.

That hits her.

He faces her head on, maturing before our eyes, setting a  
boundary at long last.

THEO (CONT'D)  
I love her. I'm going to marry her,  
if she'll still have me after this.  
But I am done with you. For good.

Diana takes it like a punch to the gut.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARINA

The family exits the marina. Theo charges ahead towards a line of waiting Rolls Royces. Diana stops at a distance, watching him go. He gets in a car, slams the door.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - PARKED

Theo looks to the driver, impatient. But the car doesn't move. The door opens. Redford.

THEO  
I want to be alone.

REDFORD  
Too bad.

INT. DIANA'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Diana stares out the window, hollow. Thinking.

INT. THEO'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Theo stares daggers at Redford.

REDFORD  
Your mother never wanted you to  
know this, but I think it's time.  
(then)  
When I met her, she was 16 and  
pregnant. Her family had just  
disowned her. She'd gotten a job --  
unheard of in our circle -- and was  
sleeping in the store room. She  
didn't cry, she didn't lament, she  
just adapted. In one day, she'd  
gone from having everything, to  
nothing.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Diana sees something out the window.

DIANA  
Stop here.

EXT. ITALIAN FIELD - NIGHT

The moon shines bright. She walks into a field, the parked car behind her. She wanders down a neatly planted row, feeling the tops of shrubs, green slipping through her hands.

REDFORD (V.O.)  
My family took her in, and we became friends. Nothing romantic developed between us, but your mother had something I would never have. A drive, a shrewdness. Our townhouse had a two by five patch of dirt outside, but she planted seeds. Turned it into a garden. She did that with everything. She was that kind of person.

She sinks her knees down onto the ground. Looks at the soil.

REDFORD (V.O.)  
I knew I'd never live up to the Ivy name without her. And your mother took this family to a whole new level. We made a good team. We still do.

She plunges her hands into the dirt.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

REDFORD  
You're too young to understand that kind of love.

Theo's eyes shift.

REDFORD (CONT'D)  
She lost her first child. She won't lose another.

EXT. ITALIAN FIELD - NIGHT

Diana feels the soil. Her hand catches on something. She tugs. The green comes loose, revealing orange. She looks around her. She's in a carrot field.

She takes a deep breath.

EXT. THE IVY'S LAKE COMO ESTATE - NIGHT

Down a mile-long driveway lined with endless cypress trees, three Rolls Royces pull up to an opulent estate, dramatically lit. We catch glimpses of shadows and stone.

INT. IVY'S VILLA - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Theo and Redford pass through a foyer with a fantastic staircase into an adjacent great room, Victoria and Bronson behind them. Bronson claps Theo on the back.

BRONSON

Standing up to Mummy! So mature.  
We're cool, right?

THEO

Since you kissed my wife?

BRONSON

I mean not your wife yet.

The maturity ends there. He lunges at Bronson, tackling him. They fight like little boys, lots of slaps and headlocks. It's embarrassing.

VICTORIA

OH my god you guys JUST --

Victoria gets in there. It makes things worse.

A different Diana enters, haggard, covered in soil. Only Redford notices, a small smile at the mess, like her younger self. Diana watches her children, what she's done to them.

BRONSON

(to Victoria, mid scuffle)  
So much for allies, fuckin traitor!

THEO

You're BOTH fucking traitors!

VICTORIA

It's not our fault, it's Mom's!

THEO

YOU are ADULTS!

DIANA

Children! You're not getting  
anywhere!

But they keep fighting, decades of animosity coming out.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
(to Redford)  
Aren't you going to do something?

REDFORD  
Oh I JUST made this WHOLE SPEECH.

Escalating SOUND AND FURY FROM ALL until --

SUE LUDD (O.S.)  
BREAK. IT. UP.

All part at the powerful voice. SUE LUDD's in the doorway, arms on the threshold like the Winged Victory, Bill behind her.

SUE LUDD (CONT'D)  
I DO NOT CONDONE VIOLENCE.

Sue walks straight to Diana, and SLAPS HER ACROSS THE FACE.

SUE LUDD (CONT'D)  
BUT THAT'S FOR MY DAUGHTER.

Diana's in shock, but still manages to add --

DIANA  
Fair.

Sue turns to the group.

SUE LUDD  
(calm voice)  
Now. We are going to work through  
all this. Like an effing family.  
Can we do that?

Diana steps up to the proverbial plate.

DIANA  
Yes. Time to get our hands dirty.

All now notice her literal dirty hands.

EXT. MOPED - NIGHT

Flip holds onto Abigail as they careen down a cypress-lined road toward the Villa... they hope.

ABIGAIL  
How could you not know where it  
is??

FLIP  
I don't DRIVE, I am DRIVEN.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a telephone, RINGING in a darkened room. An OLD, WITHERED HAND picks it up.

SCRATCHY VOICE (O.S.)

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits on couches opposite each other. Diana's cleaned up a bit. Sue is trying her damnedest to get through.

SUE LUDD  
(to Diana)  
But don't you see how that was  
wrong? You've got to let him go.

DIANA  
I know, I know. But that time I was right. Dahlia was a nightmare, loved antiques a little too much.

All jump as Abigail & Flip burst in. Theo rushes to her.

THEO  
Abs I love you, I'm sorry --

ABIGAIL

FLIP  
(a la Brick in Anchorman)  
THE MOB TRIED TO KIDNAP ABIGAIL! I  
STABBED A MAN IN THE EYE!

What?? Before they can react -- *BUM*. The sound of a CANE hitting the floor from the ceiling above. All look up.

*BUM. BUM. BUM.* Their heads follow the sound, moving towards the staircase in the adjacent foyer. All move to see --

An old woman making a fantastic entrance in an automated chair that descends the staircase. Her face is leather, her hands are paper, her mouth is a line. She breathes from an OXYGEN TANK practically her size, on its own little platform. In her lap, she holds a cane with a gold ivy leaf on the end.

ZIIIIIP! As she reaches the end of the staircase.

In a surprisingly deft Wonka-like move, she LEAPS out of the chair and onto her feet, cane and oxygen tank on either side.

THEO  
Nana!

It's **NANA IVY**. Probably 200. Too old for this bullshit. And her face tells us whatever it is, it's not good.

NANA  
(slowly, to Diana)  
Pick up the phone.

Diana picks up a phone on a table nearby, wary.

ITALIAN VOICE (O.S.)  
Diana. We meet again.

She pales.

DIANA  
Oh, Signore Marco. How are you?

SIGNORE MARCO (O.S.)  
(chillingly cheerful)  
I am upset!

## INTERCUT WITH: A DIFFERENT ITALIAN VILLA

SIGNORE MARCO (clear Mob Boss, chic, terrifying) sits silhouetted against the Italian backdrop, drumming his fingers on an outdoor table.

SIGNORE MARCO (CONT'D)  
You hurt one of my guys? Okay, understandable. These things happen. But to throw the event of the season, and not invite my family? Now I am insulted!

DIANA

(gulp)

Oh I'm sure we did. There must have been some mistake.

SIGNORE MARCO

Good, good. I will be there! I love weddings. The romance, the spectacle.

He really does love weddings.

SIGNORE MARCO (CONT'D)

But... this farmer bride? You cannot want her in the family. So I think, we take her off your hands. A win-win. Sì?

A long critical moment as Diana decides. She looks at Abigail, at the bravery on her face. Theo clutches her hand.

Diana's torn. The answer to her problem right there... and yet...

The family waits with baited breath. Flip can't take it.

FLIP

What is it? What do they want!

Diana looks to Redford, unwavering support in his eyes. Then to Nana, her eyes steel, resolute.

SIGNORE MARCO

... Diana.

Finally, she looks at Theo. Watches him notice a bruise on Abigail's hand, kiss it, and bring her hand to his heart. He looks at Diana. And something clicks into place inside her.

DIANA

No, Signore Marco, I'm afraid I can't do that. She's about to be an Ivy.

Abigail's and Theo's eyes widen. Signore Marco sighs.

SIGNORE MARCO

Diana. Blood has been spilled, blood must be paid. My family, our image, the name. You understand. We are not that different.

Diana takes this in, an idea forming. She begins to pace.

DIANA

You're right... we both love games.

The hint of a smile from Signore Marco, intrigued.

SIGNORE MARCO

I'm listening.

DIANA

Weddings are so stressful, aren't they? So much pressure for the "perfect" day.

SIGNORE MARCO

Ohhh I know. Four nieces. But it never happens.

DIANA

So how about this. If it *is* a perfect wedding... so moving, so exquisite, that it makes you momentarily forget any other... tiny imperfections...

Signore Marco turns. ITALIAN MAN 1 pouts next to him, his perfect face now marred by an EYE PATCH over his left eye.

DIANA (CONT'D)

We find a solution *after* the wedding.

Beat. Signore Marco laughs.

SIGNORE MARCO

... I will consider it. Sì?

DIANA

Sì.

SIGNORE MARCO

And Diana.... you do mean perfect.

DIANA

Down to the last blade of grass.

CLICK. ITALIAN MAN 1 looks at him.

ITALIAN MAN 1

But Boss... what if it is perfect?

Signore Marco just grins, devilish. ITALIAN MAN 1 grins back, then winces (his eye!).

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - GREAT ROOM - CONT.

Diana puts the phone down, solemn. A long heavy silence, her carefully constructed world crumbling. But she says --

DIANA  
(grave, but strong)  
You must get married.

NANA IVY

ABIGAIL  
What happened to "we don't negotiate with Italians" ??

DIANA  
(at Flip)  
We gave them double to keep quiet.

FLIP

Flip is deeply moved.

NANA IVY  
You really thought they just let  
you go? Idiot.

Flip is a little less moved. Nana Ivy turns to Diana.

NANA IVY (CONT'D)  
I told you not to pay for the weird one. It would never end. I told you to FIGHT. But you didn't listen. And now this. You invite them to MY house?? No. NO.

Nana stomps out of the room. *Bum. Bum. Bum.*

Everyone sits stunned for a moment. Theo breaks the silence.

THEO  
... I don't understand. Why would  
the Mob want to kidnap Abigail?

Redford looks to the Ludds.

REDFORD  
(mic drop)  
They're after their fortune.

DIANA VICTORIA  
*Their fortune? Whose?*

REDFORD  
Lowell Farms. They're worth \$17 billion.

## VICTORIA

BILL

Nope.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Seriously?

DIANA  
I mean...  
(look at you)

THEO  
You said your last name was Ludd.

ABIGAIL  
It is.

BILL LUDD  
Didn't name our farm that of  
course.

SUE LUDD  
Business and family should be  
separate.

THEO

A guilty look on her face.

THEO (CONT'D)  
After everything we -- why didn't you tell me??

ABIGAIL  
It's not my money. It's my  
parents'.

## VICTORIA BRONSON

ABIGAIL  
We don't live like it.

SUE LUDD  
All that money just brews evil.

BILL LUDD  
We donate it. We don't need that much.

The Ludds turn to Theo.

SUE LUDD  
You've been on our farm. You really  
didn't put two and two together?

THEO  
I've never been on any other farm.

BILL LUDD  
Son you thought that was a *normal*  
*size farm??*

REDFORD  
They're the largest landowners in the US.

THEO  
(to Abigail, heartbroken)  
This whole time. Seriously.

ABIGAIL  
I mean... it's in the prenup.  
Didn't you read it?

He did not.

## THEO

ABIGAIL  
I'm still the same person --

## THEO

Diana stands. There are more pressing matters.

DIANA  
Look this is all very shocking --  
(at the Ludds)  
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 And good for you guys --  
 (rallying the troops)  
 But right now, we need to put aside  
 our differences, our past bullshit,  
 and come together. As a family.  
 Just for 24 hours!

On their faces: *Yikes. Oof. That's a lot.*

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 18 if we're lucky!

Nana Ivy returns with a SHOTGUN in her hand, cane hooked to her oxygen tank. She cocks the gun.

NANA IVY  
 They come to *my* house??

All flinch. Nana turns to Abigail.

NANA IVY (CONT'D)  
 I don't care who you are, girl. If  
 you're in the family, you're  
 family. Ivy's protect their own.

DIANA  
 If it comes to that.  
 (to Abigail & Theo)  
 The little nuances can be worked  
 out after you get married.

THEO  
 I'm not marrying her.

ABIGAIL  
 Theo --

DIANA  
 It can be annulled right after! Or  
 fuck it, you know what? Get  
 divorced --

VICTORIA  
 WHAT.

THEO  
 Divorce her?  
 (at Abigail, crushed)  
 I don't even know her.

He storms out, the group watching. Diana sighs.

ABIGAIL  
 Theo, wait --

DIANA  
No.

Diana stops her. Turns to Sue, dramatic. She has learned.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
(earth shattering)  
*Let him go.*

SUE LUDD  
(sigh)  
Not what I meant.

EXT. LAKE COMO (ESTABLISHING) - DAWN

Finally, shining in the sun, is The Ivy's Lake Como Estate. A stunning 18th century villa right on the water, ivy cascading down its exterior walls. Fountains. Sculptures. Gardens. Paths winding into the endless distance. Worth fighting over.

**TITLE: THE. WEDDING. DAY.**

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - MORNING

The perfect weather. Clouds like wallpaper. A dreamy breeze.

Last minute touches are added to the wedding set-up. A MATCH to the OPENING SHOTS as VARIOUS STAFF --

-- adjust imported ecru florals with poise  
-- set out the last of the chiavari chairs  
-- smooth the sailcloth reception tent  
-- place an impossibly tall, sculptural cake  
-- stack the final glass of a champagne tower  
-- carry in a perfectly steamed long ass veil. At least 25ft.  
-- wipe down an elegant sign: "WELCOME TO THE WEDDING OF  
THEODORE IVY AND ABIGAIL LUDD."

At the end of the aisle, standing before a stunning lake front view, an orchid-covered arbor is erected, and with an *ERRRRRRRRRRRK*, smoothly comes to a stand.

THE WEDDING PLANNER stands in front, checking her IPAD. All going according to plan. MEANWHILE --

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - CELLAR - MORNING

Nana leads Diana, Redford, Bronson, Flip, Sue & Bill (all in PJs) down into a CELLAR, revealing a FULL FUCKING ARMORY.

BRONSON  
Holy shit. *Nana*.

*Nana* shrugs.

NANA IVY  
Let's do this.

They arm themselves.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - HALLWAY - MORNING

Diana emerges into the hallway, weapons in hand. Victoria runs up (also PJs), still breathless.

VICTORIA  
Can't find him. I've looked  
everywhere.

Diana thinks. *Where could he...* It comes to her. She puts the weapons down for a second.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - MAIN STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

UNDER THE STAIRS, Diana opens a door to a STORAGE SPACE. Theo sits inside (also in PJs), childlike. An army of toy soldiers surround him. Diana puts her hands up in surrender.

THEO  
You are the last person I want to  
see right now. *Second to last*.

DIANA  
I have done a lot of questionable  
things in my life. To you, to  
others, to others you cared about --

THEO  
Off to a great start here, Mom.

DIANA  
I'm sorry. I'm good at breaking  
things, not putting them together.  
I haven't always known how to be a  
mother. Or lead this family.

THEO  
I wouldn't call this a family.

DIANA

I would. Just a different sort than  
Abigail's. They're more loving, but  
we have more wit, don't you think?

Theo doesn't smile. She squeezes into the space next to him.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You know why I didn't like her?

THEO

You thought she was poor?

DIANA

I mean clearly that didn't help. A  
carrot farmer, my god -- but no. It  
was the way you looked at her. Like  
you'd finally found everything you  
ever wanted.

(beat)

And then I saw how you looked at  
us.

THEO

Mom...

DIANA

I thought we gave you everything...  
But it might have been all the  
wrong things.

Theo looks at her. They connect.

DIANA (CONT'D)

So she lied to you. Not great. But  
she has principles. Those are rare  
these days. And she's stuck around  
through all of this. That means  
something. And most of all...

She grasps his hands.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I need you to marry her so the mob  
doesn't fucking kill us.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Diana hurries down a marble hallway. She passes the PREP TEAM  
(in BRIDE SQUAD! jackets & hats) sitting on the floor.

PURE

She locked us out.

Diana sighs, surrounded by idiots.

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Abigail sits in a bridal robe, staring at a 12 carat diamond ring now on her finger, conflicted. The door cracks open.

DIANA  
(keys in hand)  
I come in peace.

She nods. Diana enters.

ABIGAIL  
Will he...

DIANA  
I don't know. I did my best.

ABIGAIL  
Didn't drug him or anything?

Beat.

DIANA  
I'm sorry about the vodka. And all  
the other things. Mostly the vodka.  
It will never happen again, as long  
as I live.

ABIGAIL  
As long as I live.

DIANA  
Till death do us part.  
(then)  
Which could be today.

She walks to an armoire, opens it. Pulls out an elegant box.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
So as an --  
(pains her to say it)  
Olive branch. If you agree to do  
this, you can do it a bit more you.

ABIGAIL  
I don't have to wear the dress?

DIANA  
We're not barbarians, Abigail, of  
course you have to wear the dress.  
But you can wear these.

She hands her the box. Their eyes meet for a moment. And a proud, genuine smile comes to Diana's lips.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Theo was right about one thing. You are a force.

Abigail's speechless. Inside are WHITE BIRKENSTOCKS with her name engraved on the side, and a note:

*Abigail,  
Please enjoy the premiere sandal of our BRIDAL LINE, named for you. Congratulations.  
Olive Reichert, CEO Birkenstock Group*

EXT. WEDDING - CEREMONY SPACE - DAY

Pure rushes into the ceremony space, Victoria, Bronson, Flip, Bill and Sue behind her, all wearing suspiciously big coats.

PURE  
I need twenty to purify the space!

WEDDING PLANNER  
We don't have time to --

PURE  
IT MUST BE PERFECT. IT'S LIFE AND DEATH.

The Staff roll their eyes. They've heard that before. But they clear out. And quickly, The Ivy's and The Ludds add their own finishing touches to the decor...

Strapping an AMAZING amount of GUNS inside flowers, under chairs, behind the cake, on top of the tent, above the arbor, under the champagne tower, behind the sign...

INT. ITALIAN VILLA - BEDROOM - LATER

Redford adjusts his pocket square as Diana emerges from the bathroom in a stunning black gown, a dark dramatic veil over her face. Like she's in mourning.

REDFORD  
Good god. All black?

DIANA  
I've been dreading this day for 25 years.  
(pulling the veil back)  
And it's midnight navy!

The door opens. The Wedding Planner.

WEDDING PLANNER  
Ma'am, guest arrivals in two  
minutes. Can I get you anything?

DIANA  
Tito's. Straight up. Twist of  
Lemon.  
(tears)  
And a new son.

REDFORD  
Oh darling.

Redford embraces her, while the Planner subtly pulls the veil out of her hair and tosses it under the bed. Then --

WEDDING PLANNER  
(into her ear piece)  
*Showtime.*

EXT. LAKE COMO - DAY

We SOAR across Lake Como, arriving through the eyes of a guest. Behind us, several private boats are heading the same way, ferrying guests individually to the estate.

EXT. DOCK - IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DAY

STAFF help us out of the boat. We're offered Gucci espadrilles in our size, for the walk up to the estate.

EVENT STAFF 1  
*Benvenuto all'edera.*

EVENT STAFF 2 glides a cold towel across our hands, while EVENT STAFF 3 lightly spritzes us with a face mist. A SECURITY GUARD places our phone in a case that locks.

SECURITY GUARD  
The Ivy's invite you to be fully  
present.

And we're handed our favorite cocktail as a welcome drink.

EVENT STAFF 4  
Your personal favorite.

How did they know?

A BALLERINA beckons us, our individual guide, dancing us towards the main space.

Up some steps, through an ivy trellis tunnel, we're on a lawn, A 'RED CARPET' (made of white marble) laid out for photos, framed by towering orchids. *FLASH!* from CCT-1.

Up a few more steps, past an elegant burbling fountain, the soft sound of STRINGS greets us, before we enter --

#### THE UPPER LAWN

Where a WORLD-CLASS FULL ORCHESTRA softly serenades us as DANCERS perform.

Hundreds of GUESTS IN BLACK TIE mill about, Michelin hors d'oeuvres passing between them. Elegant lounge seating is strategically placed in this Italian oasis, all soft curves and ecru neutrals, creating private nooks with organza drapery shading us from the sun.

ORCHIDS cascade over everything. Up columns, hanging from arches, around seating nooks, in the long rectangular pool in the center of the lawn. There are candles. And chandeliers. And fireflies in the daytime. It's romance incarnate.

And everywhere we turn, we recognize familiar faces from the past week --

CELINE, with GENEVIEVE on her arm, speaking soft, sensual words to each other by a STATUE of LOVERS. *FLASH!* from CCT-2.

MARIGOLD (the ELDERLY SOCIALITE), strolling arm in arm with that SNOOTY FRENCHMAN, down a little path.

STODGY and HUGH wolfing down bites at the CAVIAR BAR, BIG MAN next to them, chatting up one of those EXHAUSTED GUESTS from the yacht (who now seems to be having a magical time).

And there she is.

DIANA. Glistening in midnight navy, Redford on her arm, greeting the global elite like a queen. But we catch the tiniest cracks in her smile as she glances around, covering her nerves. Nearby, the Ivy siblings scan the space.

BRONSON  
I don't see them.

VICTORIA  
Maybe they're not coming.

But Diana knows better. And as she turns --

FLIP

There.

THE SEAS PART for 10 MEN in all-black tuxes. AT THE FRONT...

SIGNORE MARCO, 5ft tall and terrifying, in a fabulous all white tux (the diva) and sunglasses. ITALIAN MAN 1 (now THE ONE-EYED MAN), in a fancy satin eye patch, next to him.

Diana glides to them with a demure smile. Kiss kiss.

SIGNORE MARCO

Diana! It's magnificent.

DIANA

I'm thrilled you think so.

SIGNORE MARCO

And the weather! It is actually *is* the perfect day... so far.

She offers her arm.

DIANA

Shall we?

CUT TO:

THE CEREMONY SPACE

Lying in wait before that lake-front view, every detail painfully perfect, down to the blades of grass.

GUESTS find their seats, the Ivy's taking their places. Diana personally ushers the Italian Mob down the aisle.

She seats The One-Eyed Man and remaining MOBSTERS towards the back, elegant black orchids reserving their seats.

The One-Eyed Man makes eye contact with Flip. Both pause. The One-Eyed Man smiles, then points at Flip, his hand like a gun. *Bang*. Not subtle. Flip gulps.

Diana leads Signore Marco to a seat in the front row, right next to her. Redford and Nana on her other side.

Theo arrives, taking his place, white as a sheet. He looks to Diana. A tiny, maternal nod as she holds his gaze. *We'll be alright*.

Bronson squeezes Theo's shoulder, standing just behind him with Flip. The groomsmen. Victoria across the aisle.

And now, it's magic time.

FROM THE BACK OF THE CEREMONY SPACE

The Wedding Planner taps her ear piece.

WEDDING PLANNER  
(whispered)  
*Percussion. Go.*

An ethereal WIND CHIME sounds...

A hush falls over the crowd. In total, otherworldly silence --

A MASSIVE HOT AIR BALLOON FLOATS OVER THE LAKE.

And when it arrives, touching down ever so lightly with the help of a few HANDLERS --

ABIGAIL steps out. Calm, confident. Like a fucking Princess. Pure tears up, proud.

A few cinematic GASPS at *THE DRESS*: A bespoke Monique Lhuillier gown, subtle floral embroidery running throughout. Upon closer inspection, we see that the embroidered design is not flowers... but tiny ivory carrots. Farmhouse couture, elegant & understated. A masterpiece.

A mist comes to Diana's eyes. She watches Abigail's parents meet her at the hot air balloon, and escort her to the back of the audience. They leave her with a tearful kiss.

The ORCHESTRA begins to play as, alone --

Abigail steps, and steps, and steps, pulling the train and that long ass veil with her, everyone holding their breath.

Diana and the Ivy's glance at each other, rigid, tense. So far so good, UNTIL --

Part way down the aisle, a MAN swiftly stands from his chair, pulling something from his jacket pocket. DIANA GASPS. Is he a mobster?? Is that a gun?? NO! IT's --

ANDREA BOCELLI. With a microphone! Phew. All relax. He begins to SING as Abigail continues down the aisle. And of course, it's the classic --

ANDREA BOCELLI  
*Somewhere over the rainbow...*

The Guests look up as, somehow, on cue --

An ACTUAL RAINBOW APPEARS IN THE SKY.

Signore Marco looks to Diana in awe. He gestures, *chef's kiss*. Diana shrugs, like it's easy. But we see that her knuckles are white, gripping Redford's hand.

Abigail steps, and steps --

And there's Theo -- who, despite everything, can't help smiling. It grows wider and wider, tears in his eyes, his heart breaking open as Abigail meets him. Quietly, out of earshot of the guests --

ABIGAIL

This isn't how I imagined it.

THEO

It's exactly what I imagined.

(then)

All I ever saw was your face.

Abigail is moved. She takes his hand.

Bocelli finishes, and sits. The OFFICIAINT begins.

THE OFFICIAINT

(resonant)

Please, take your seats.

As he continues, Flips looks into the audience. And sees --

AN EMPTY CHAIR where the One-Eyed Man was sitting. Flip glances around. Can't find him. Starts to panic.

He subtly gestures to Diana, in the front row: *Danger! Look!*

Diana subtly gestures back: *Not now*. She glances at Signore Marco. He didn't seem to notice. Phew.

Flip finally spots the One-Eyed Man in the back of the space, behind a cypress tree.

Flip gestures to Diana again. A series: *Eye Patch! Back There! Doing Something! Look!*

Diana's response: *You. Slit Throat. Stop. Idiot!* Before nervously glancing to Signore Marco. Still good. Phew.

The One-Eyed Man pulls something out of his jacket. Flip can't see what. But he panics!

More gestures, to Diana, increasingly frantic: *Oh my god mom I'm not fucking around here the man with the eye patch is going to fucking kill us all look fucking look!*

Her frantic response, losing it: *If you do not fucking stop I will come up there and fucking kill you myself you fucking disappointment!!*

Signore Marco frowns. Diana turns to him, thinking fast --

DIANA

He's mute. Trauma response to the kidnapping.

SIGNORE MARCO

Ahhhh. It happens.

Diana exhales. Phew.

Flip gives up. He leans toward Bronson. His lips barely move as he whispers --

FLIP

Gimme your phone.

Bronson ignores him. Flip whispers again --

FLIP (CONT'D)

Your phone!

BRONSON

Dude fucking stop!

The Officiant continues, almost at the objection bit.

OFFICIANT

This holy bond is not to be entered into lightly, but deliberately, thoughtfully...

Flip hugs Bronson, reaching into his jacket for his phone. A tiny scuffle between them --

FLIP

(whisper)

Fucking give it!!

-- and Flip gets the phone. A few guests clock this moment. Diana turns to Signore Marco again.

DIANA

He's just... so moved.

Flip TYPES as Victoria eyes him across the aisle. Her eyes go wide. *What the fuck are you doing.* Flip hits SEND.

DING! From the Wedding Planner's IPAD. Heads turn toward the back row. The Planner stares at the message, confused:  
*Firework emoji, firework emoji, firework emoji, NOWWWWWWW!*

She doesn't get it.

Flip exhales. *Damn it!* And looks out to see...

THE ONE EYED-MAN, ATTACHING A SILENCER TO HIS GUN.

THE OFFICIANT  
 Does anyone here have any reason  
 that these two --

FLIP  
 For fuck's sake!

Flip RUNS DOWN THE AISLE --

DIANA GASPS --

SIGNORE MARCO SCOWLS.

SIGNORE MARCO  
 He is not mute!

OFFICIANT  
 Is that an objection?

THE ONE-EYED MAN AIMS, as --

FLIP TACKLES the WEDDING PLANNER, grabbing her IPAD, pushing a button --

The ONE-EYED MAN SHOOTS! As --

*BOOM! BOOOOM!* THE FIREWORKS erupt, just as the bullet WHIZZES BY FLIP --

*BOOOOM!* And Andrea Bocelli (who is blind) TAKES THIS AS HIS CUE and STANDS. The ORCHESTRA PLAYS, as --

THE MOBSTERS PULL THEIR GUNS, THE IVY'S and THE LUDDS PULL THEIRS (from the wedding decor), and GLORIOUS CHAOS ENSUES!

But ALL WE HEAR IS --

"TIME TO SAY GOODBYE" (with Hans Zimmery gusto) over --

A SHOOTOUT SEQUENCE in SLOW MOTION

*[This is a joyous destructive sequence. Not overly bloody. The point is to ruin the stuff more than kill the people.]*

AS WE SEE --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.)  
*Time toooooooo say goodbyyyyyye* ----

THEO & ABIGAIL RUN, VEIL wafting in the air, BULLETS PIERCING IT --

CHAIRS EXPLODE --

TABLES BURST --

The floral arbor ERUPTS IN FLAMES --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Paesiiiiii che non ho maiiiiiii* ----

THE GUESTS FLEE --

But the ORCHESTRA plays on, like the Titanic going down --

WOOD and PETALS and GLASS DEBRIS FLY through the air, as --

ABIGAIL & THEO TAKE COVER behind a wall, look at each other --

and MAKE OUT. Nothing brings people together like a LIFE OR DEATH MOMENT.

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Ró con teeaaaae partiróóóóóóóó* ----

BILL and SUE SPRAY BULLETS, back to back like middle-aged Mr. & Mrs. Smith. They COVER FLIP, running from the ONE-EYED MAN'S SHOTS.

Diana uses a TABLE LEG as a mallet, taking out a MOBSTER, another MOBSTER, and then the GLASS CHAMPAGNE TOWER, her RAGE FINALLY RELEASED. *SMASH -- SMASH -- SMASH --*

THE ONE-EYED MAN RUNS OUT OF BULLETS. He pulls a fork from his pocket (an eye for an eye!), until --

NANA WHACKS HIM with HER OXYGEN TANK, which FLIES into the air, taking out another MOBSTER.

Flip grabs the fork and STABS THE ONE-EYED MAN IN THE OTHER EYE! He doubles over.

Flip and Nana high five! UNTIL --

THREE NEW MOBSTERS appear in front of them. Uh oh. BUT WAIT --

There's VICTORIA, BRONSON and REDFORD, JUMPING in front of them, armed and ready. Bronson gags.

THE IVY'S take on THE MOBSTERS AS A FAMILY, WORKING TOGETHER AT LAST: Redford pins 'em, Victoria kicks 'em, Bronson vomits on 'em, while --

PURE IS THROWN INTO THE CAKE --

THE OFFICIANT JUMPS INTO THE LAKE --

THE WEDDING PLANNER CRIES --

ANDREA BOCELLI IS SOMEHOW UNSCATHED, SINGING THROUGH IT ALL --

And ALL is eventually DESTROYED: TABLES, CHAIRS, TENT, FLOWERS, CAKE, DRINKS, CANDLES, LANTERNS, SILVERWARE, GLASS, WOOD, FLOWERS. THE STUFF OF WEDDINGS.

**END SLOW MO**, as --

ALL HAVE RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION. It's hand-to-hand combat now.

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Ró con teeeeeee partiróóóóóóóó* ----

SIGNORE MARCO makes a beeline for Abigail & Theo. Diana MOVES.

His long shadow falls on the happy couple, who look up, wide eyed, holding each other. WHEN --

DIANA STEPS IN FRONT OF THEM. She squares off against Signore Marco, table leg at the ready. A spaghetti western showdown. THIS IS IT.

She WHISTLES.

THE FAMILY FANS OUT AROUND HER: The siblings. Redford. Bill and Sue Ludd. Nana, invigorated, she'll live to 300.

The 4 REMAINING MOBSTERS flank Signore Marco. Outmatched and outmanned.

Diana taps the table leg against her hand. *Let's go.*

Beat.

THEN -- Signore Marco gives a respectful nod, Godfather-like, to Diana. He turns, heading for the boats at the end of the lake, his henchmen behind him.

Diana drops the table leg at last, watching them speed away --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Ioooo* --

Across the blue waters --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Connnnnnnn* --

SMOKE floating up into the sky --

ANDREA BOCELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Teeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!*

EXT. VILLA - STONE WALL - DAY

Theo and Abigail pull apart. They look at each other.

ABIGAIL

I meant to tell you about the  
money, but you were really into the  
whole farmer thing and you hated  
your family's money and you kept  
saying we were so honest and then  
too much time passed and --  
sometimes I'm an idiot. You know  
everything about me now, I swear.

Theo smiles.

THEO

Sometimes I'm an idiot, too.

It dawns on him --

THEO (CONT'D)  
Did we actually get married?

ABIGAIL

I don't think so.

They stare at each other, bewildered, askew.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
... do you still want to?

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - SUNSET

And we're back to the OPENING SCENE:

At the end of the aisle, standing before a stunning lake-front view, an orchid-covered arbor engulfed in flames slowly gives way, and with a *CREEEEEEEK*, collapses to the ground.

The WEDDING PLANNER stares in horror, tears stinging her mascara-smudged eyes, holding the shattered iPad.

Diana glides up behind her, jagged-edged champagne flute in hand, surveying the wreckage as she sips.

DIANA

Now might be a good time to release  
the doves.

The Planner gapes, as --

KABOOM. A small "JUST MARRIED" BOAT on Lake Como EXPLODES, FEATHERS scattering into the air. Beat.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

Diana pivots, heading back up the lawn. AND NOW WE SEE --

The group gathered a distance behind her, in place for a ceremony once more. Only our main cast remains.

Diana stops. Turns over her shoulder, impatient.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Can you move?

The Wedding Planner hurries up the lawn behind her.

EXT. THE IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DESTROYED CEREMONY AREA

It's small, intimate. As they wanted all along.

Diana stands between them, their new Officiant. How things have changed. She addresses the group.

DIANA

I heard once that planning a wedding is like moving to a new country, but only packing for the flight. It's the marriage that needs the preparation.

Smoke wafts from bits of debris around them.

DIANA (CONT'D)

But Abigail and Theo were focused on the right things from the beginning. Not the flowers, or the fashion, or the photos, but each other. This step in their lives. And while some people may have *lightly* interfered with that...

Chuckles.

DIANA (CONT'D)

They rose above it all. I don't  
know about you --  
(getting choked up)  
But that's all the proof I'd need.

She looks at each of them in turn.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Now, please share your vows.

Abigail looks at Theo.

ABIGAIL

Theo. I never thought I would get  
married, because I never thought I  
would find a love as true as what  
my parents had. They set the bar so  
high.

All look to Bill and Sue. They shrug, happy and teary.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And then I met you. With your  
passion and resilience and quirks.  
I just want to build a life with  
you. No matter where, or what it  
looks like... if we're together,  
choosing each other, choosing  
happiness, that's enough for me.

Theo smiles.

THEO

I think at the end of this, my  
mother's actual gift to us --  
(at Diana, who shrugs)  
In her *misguided* way --  
(back to Abigail)  
Was to get everything out in the  
open. So now there's only one thing  
left to say: You're my soulmate.  
It's as simple as that.

Abigail smiles. They exchange rings.

DIANA

With my blessing --  
(off their looks)  
*Honestly.* And by the power invested  
in me, by myself, I now pronounce  
you... Husband and Wife.

Theo and Abigail KISS. Everyone CLAPS. Aw. Then --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Now who's going to clean all this  
up.

SMASH TO:

EXT. IVY'S ITALIAN VILLA - DESTROYED RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The stars wink overhead, the moon shining bright. Reflected  
in --

A PHONE on the ground. It plays a CLASSIC WEDDING SONG  
through its tiny speakers.

Everyone dances, happy, smiling, stepping over little bits of  
glass like it's nothing. As it should be.

**CREDITS ROLL.**

WITH A SLIDESHOW OVER THEM: A VOGUE WEDDING SPREAD

GLOSSY, EDITORIAL PHOTOS. Dramatic & jaw-dropping. Theo &  
Abigail posed among the ruins like a cover shoot. And, to be  
fair, it's been spruced up a little. There are chairs, for  
example, but the sentiment is the same.

PULL QUOTES pop out at us within the SPREAD:

*They're calling it DESTROYED LUXURY!*

One from Diana: *"We really wanted to smash tradition."*

One from the Wedding Planner: *"A transcendent experience."*

Finishing with our HEADLINE:

*HOW THE IVY'S COINED THE WEDDING TREND OF THE SEASON -- and  
HOW YOU CAN, TOO.*