

THE RECEPTION

written by
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EXT: BALCONY, NIGHT

A man opens one of the french doors to the balcony, and walks outside. From inside, music can be heard from a wedding reception taking place inside, and people can be seen dancing. His name is ZACH PHILLIPS, and he was a groomsman in the wedding. He carries two drinks with him and walks to the edge of the balcony. Next to the balcony is a pool area, with a hot tub and some beach chairs.

Zach sits down next to CASSIE QUINN, one of the bridesmaids in the wedding.

ZACH:
(handing Cassie
one of the
drinks)

Here.

CASSIE:

Thanks.

They both take a sip.

ZACH:
I hope I'm not ruining your time
alone--

CASSIE:
No, no, not at all. It was just
stuffy in there, I needed some
fresh air.

ZACH:
Trust me, I understand. Scott and
Kelly seem happy though.

CASSIE:
As they should, it's their day.

ZACH:
Well, Dave and uh...um

Zach is searching for a name.

CASSIE:
Julia--

ZACH:
Yeah, they seem to be hitting it
off quite well.

CASSIE:
Oh, they've been hitting it off
since last night.

Cassie takes a sip of her drink.

ZACH:
Do I sense a story coming on?

CASSIE:
Well, it's really not much of one.
It's just that she was supposed to
spend last night at Kelly's place,
but she left rehearsal dinner with
Dave.

ZACH:
Ah, they shacked up.

CASSIE:
Or so we think. She came rushing
into join us in the morning. Made
some fake excuse. We all saw the
afterglow.

ZACH:
Yeah, Dave doesn't strike me like
the type to pass up on an
opportunity like that.

CASSIE:
(chuckles)
What guy would?

ZACH:
I would.

Cassie chuckles again and shakes her head.

ZACH:
What? I would, honestly.

CASSIE:
Yeah, sure. My feet hurt.

Cassie unbuckles the strap on her heels and begins to rub
her feet. She realizes that she has an opportunity to use
Zach for a moment.

CASSIE:
You know, if you're such a
gentlemen, Mr. "I wouldn't have
sex with the whore that's throwing
herself at me," than I believe
that you would also be a gentleman
and rub my feet.

Cassie wiggles her toes in Zach's direction. Zach looks at her feet, then looks at her.

Pause.

ZACH:
Keep dreamin'

Cassie sighs and goes back to rubbing her feet.

ZACH:
Although, I still think I might be able to help. Come here.

Zach gets up and holds out his hand for Cassie. She grabs his hand as he helps her on her feet. The two walk over to the hot tub.

ZACH:
Here, sit. On the edge. Put your feet in the water.

CASSIE:
I can't do that in this dress.

ZACH:
Oh come on. You won't get any water on the dress. And besides, it's not like you rented it like my tux. I gotta return this thing in the morning.

Cassie rolls her eyes and obliges. She sits and lets her feet drape into the hot tub. Zach walks over to the hot tub's timer and gives it a slight turn. The hot tub's jets turn on, and begin to massage Cassie's feet and ankles.

CASSIE:
(shutting her eyes momentarily)
Mmmmm. Alright, this was a good idea. Thank you.

ZACH:
So, fresh air huh?

CASSIE:
That's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

ZACH:
Even if someone asks why you've been out here all night?

Cassie opens her eyes and looks at Zach.

CASSIE:
You noticed?

Zach sits down next to Cassie, but keeping himself dry.

ZACH:
Look, I don't want to tell you
what to do. But I just figured,
it's your friend's wedding day. I
thought you might want to soak it
in.

Cassie laughs.

ZACH:
What?

CASSIE:
Soak in all the love, right?

ZACH:
Well, yeah. And the chocolate. Not
to mention the booze.

CASSIE:
Oh, trust me. I'm taken care of
the booze, thanks to you.

Cassie raises her glass

ZACH:
You're quite welcome.

Pause.

CASSIE:
Zach, what if I told you, that I
didn't believe in love?

ZACH:
A girl that doesn't believe in
love? That's interesting.

CASSIE:
Almost as interesting as the man
who doesn't believe in sex.

ZACH:
Hey now, I never said I didn't
believe in it.

CASSIE:
Well, what are you saying then?

ZACH:

I guess I'm just saying that I'm tired of girls thinking that that's all a guy wants out of life. All of my past girlfriends have thought that, and as a result, treated me like a checkbook, or a clown to be made fun of in public.

CASSIE:

It sounds like you've been dating the wrong women.

ZACH:

Says the woman who doesn't believe in love. It sounds to me, like you have an equally bad taste in men.

CASSIE:

Touche.

Pause.

CASSIE:

I guess it's not the concept of love that I don't have faith in. It's the feeling that I've always loved my past boyfriends more than they've loved me in return. I hate being in an 80-20 relationship.

ZACH:

I hate feeling like I don't know anything. Especially from younger women.

CASSIE:

I hate women who have this grand notion of happily ever after.

ZACH:

I hate when sex is so unsatisfying.

CASSIE:

I hate when love is so unsatisfying.

Pause.

ZACH:

It's nice to talk to you about it though.

CASSIE:

Yeah.

Pause.

CASSIE:

Yes it is.

Cassie and Zach catch each other's eyes momentarily, and are stuck in a motionless trance. The hot tub jets turn off. Zach breaks his trance.

ZACH:

Well. I'm pretty sure I'm going to be leaving soon. So I'd better say my goodbyes.

Cassie goes to get up.

CASSIE:

Yeah, I should probably come in, for once.

Zach goes to go inside, as Cassie goes to collect her shoes from her chair.

CASSIE:

Hey. Wait a minute.

Zach, who is now almost to the door, stops and turns. Cassie has her shoes and purse in hand, with her cell phone out and open.

CASSIE:

You mean to tell me, that we're going to talk about the depths of our emotional problems with the opposite sex, and I don't even get a phone number out of it?

Zach chuckles.

ZACH:

I thought you didn't believe in love?

A smile comes to Cassie's face.

CASSIE:

(sarcastically
whitty)

You know, all this alcohol is making me forget things. I'm not even sure that I said a thing like that.

Zach smiles.

ZACH:
Yeah, sure. You "forgot."

CASSIE:
(changing tone.
Warm, yet
serious)
And besides. Can't I have a chance
to get to know a guy before I fall
in love with him?

They smile at each other.

ZACH:
(818)-427-2759

Cassie plugs the number into her phone and closes it.

ZACH:
I'll believe you want to get to
know me when you call me in the
morning. You never know, with all
that alcohol you've had tonight.

Pause. Zach smiles at Cassie.

CASSIE:
(again, warmly,
yet seriously)
I have a feeling I'll remember to
call. Thank you for the foot
massage. And for everything else
too.

ZACH:
(smiling)
You're quite welcome. Goodnight,
Cassie.

CASSIE:
Goodnight, Zach.

Zach enters the party.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.