

BRIDESMEN

Written by

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**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A hole in the wall local watering hole. A confusing combination of a tiki bar and a biker hangout.

ANDY BOYER (28), charming yet dorky, sits at the bar nursing a pint. MILOS (30's), a tattooed Hawaiian bartender, cleans glasses nearby.

MILOS

So I guess this means you won't be stopping by for last call anymore?

ANDY

I'm sure I'll still find the time.

Milos smiles.

BREE WEXLER (27), dressed for a night on the town, sits drunkenly at a bar stool next to Andy. Her hair is somewhat disheveled, tangled in a dollar store birthday tiara.

BREE

Can I get a bourbon? Neat.

Milos nods to Bree. He makes suggestive glances to Andy to make a move. Moves, clearly being something Andy lacks.

Milos slides over Bree's drink.

MILOS

It's on the house. Looks like you aren't the only one celebrating there, Andy.

Bree looks to Andy. She smiles sheepishly.

ANDY

Happy birthday.

Bree looks at him with confusion then feels her tiara.

BREE

Oh, right. Thanks.

The two sit there awkwardly. Bree sips her drink.

BREE (CONT'D)

Happy birthday to you too?

ANDY

It's not my birthday. I just graduated. Med school.

BREE  
(dryly)  
Ah. I hear that's a useless degree.

Andy almost chokes on his drink.

ANDY  
What?

BREE  
I'm an art major. I'm kidding.

Andy laughs hesitantly. Bree continuously checks her phone.

ANDY  
It's not really your birthday, is  
it?

Bree studies him for a moment. She removes her tiara,  
defeated.

BREE  
Times are tough, drinks aren't  
cheap. What gave it away?

ANDY  
Celebrating alone mostly.

BREE  
Fair. I was with my best friend,  
but she tends to find a suitor  
pretty early in the game.

ANDY  
(politely)  
Bit of a social butterfly?

BREE  
More like social mosquito.

ANDY  
Her victims end up itching?

Bree laughs almost in a way that she's surprised he can make  
her laugh.

BREE  
She means well. I love her. In her  
defense, our Uber driver was really  
cute.

Andy laughs, he's visibly smitten.

BREE (CONT'D)

So. Are you really a med school grad or is that just some ploy to play doctor?

ANDY

(genuine)

No, I am. Just graduated.

BREE

(sarcastically)

Oh. Well, it's so nice that all of your friends and family came to support you.

Bree looks around the room jokingly. The bar is full of sketchy characters. A MAN throws a dart at a mirror.

ANDY

I'm not from here. Education transplant. My hometown, the "city" that is Faircliffe, didn't offer much more than a party school.

Bree slams down her drink in shock.

BREE

Faircliffe? No way! That's where I went.

ANDY

You're telling me I'm in the presence of a Mountain Oak Owl?

BREE

Hoot! Hoot!

Andy laughs.

ANDY

Maybe we have some mutual friends.

Bree looks Andy up and down.

BREE

(playfully)

Doubtful.

ANDY

Then maybe we were just meant to meet.

Andy's "joke" can't help but sound somewhat serious. His face reads that he immediately regrets speaking.

Bree smirks.

The two sit there in silence. An uncontrollable smile overcomes both of them.

A forgotten but torturously catchy song from the early aughts PLAYS over the speaker.

NARRATOR VOICE (V.O.)  
(dramatically)  
Little did they know, what would  
happen next, would be a true  
wedding whore story.

**TITLE APPEARS: BRIDESMEN**

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

The narrator's voice continues, the source being some trashy dating competition reality show.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Bree watches the television in disgust, a CONTESTANT cries drunkenly in a confession interview.

CONTESTANT  
(weeping)  
Girls like me, we don't have happy  
endings.

She looks down to a engagement ring on her finger. She looks at it almost quizzically rather than with glee.

An egg timer DINGS.

Bree puts on oven mitts and pulls out a questionable looking baked good.

ANDY (O.S.)  
Is that a giant Jamaican patty?

Bree turns to see Andy leaning on the kitchen door frame.

BREE  
(underwhelmed)  
Apple pie.

Andy withholds laughter.

ANDY  
You don't have to bring anything.  
Everyone is going to love you. I  
love you.

Bree catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror, she looks at herself donning a messy apron and silently judges.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling?

BREE  
Right now? Like a feminist  
nightmare.

Andy laughs, he moves in closer and kisses her on the forehead.

ANDY  
Have you gotten around to inviting  
your parents?

BREE  
Kind of.

ANDY  
Kind of? You know I want to meet  
them. I called your dad before I  
proposed.

BREE  
You did? What did he say?

ANDY  
He hung up. He thought it was a  
prank call.

BREE  
Oh.

ANDY  
I take it you haven't introduced  
them to too many guys?

BREE  
No. Just a guy in high school, but  
we were in high school so we didn't  
really have a choice.

ANDY  
You never told me about "guy in  
high school." What happened there?

BREE  
Deported.

ANDY  
What?

BREE  
Foreign exchange student. I never  
told you about that?

ANDY  
No? I think I'd remember that one.  
Something tells me there's a lot I  
don't know about you.

Andy hugs Bree, she looks uneasy.

**EXT. APARTMENT - FRONT - DAY**

A rent-a-car sits idling in the driveway.

Bree walks out wearing a sun dress and heels. She passes the  
car and throws her attempt at a pie in the trash.

**INT. CAR**

Bree looks out the window at the fall scenery. Andy's eyes  
shift from the road to her.

ANDY  
I can't believe we've managed to  
stay in such a bubble for so long.

BREE  
Bubble? I don't like that. Bubbles  
eventually pop.

ANDY  
Usually because of a kid.

Bree laughs.

Andy puts his hand on top of hers.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(comforting)  
I know this is a lot at once. My  
family. The party.

BREE  
It's fine. I love parties.

Bree smiles, genuine. She becomes distracted by CLANGING from under her feet.

BREE (CONT'D)  
What's taking up all of my foot  
room? Is this wine?

ANDY  
Uh -

Bree opens a box and pulls one of the bottles out. The bottle has an elegant custom made label.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(cringing)  
You're going to make fun of me.

BREE  
(reading)  
Josh. Will you be my groomsman?

Bree bursts into laughter. She puts a hand on his shoulder while she continues to analyze the bottle.

ANDY  
(sighing)  
So embarrassing.

BREE  
Now I know why I can never find  
porn on your laptop, you masturbate  
to Pinterest.

Andy shakes his head in shame.

ANDY  
Have you thought about who you want  
in the wedding party?

BREE  
Uh. Whitney.

Andy waits for second then realizes she's finished.

ANDY  
That's it? Just Whitney?

BREE  
Yeah. Is that weird? I've just  
never really been much a girl's  
girl.

Andy studies her for a moment.



BREE (CONT'D)

But I promise I'll rent a blimp to ask her.

Andy smiles. He scans through his phone, which is connected to the car speaker. He plays the song from their initial meeting at the bar.

Bree smirks.

The two start lip syncing the lyrics with all of the passion and adorability of a YouTube couple, but much less annoying.

The song continues to:

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY**

Bree and Andy's rent-a-car pulls up to a decadent half circle driveway that leads to a large colonial house. Andy comes from money.

An engagement party is already in full swing. People are drinking and eating hor d'oeuvres under tents on the lawn.

Andy walks over to the passenger side and opens the door for Bree. She slowly gets out and looks at the property, intimidated.

She grabs a store bought pie from the seat, quickly removes the pre-made evidence.

ANDY

Ready?

Bree takes a deep breath and nods. Andy stops momentarily.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't bring up my sister just yet. My mom and her have kind of a turbulent history.

BREE

Because her flight was delayed?

ANDY

No. She's kind of the family... tornado. I'll explain later.

BREE

Okay.

Andy pauses again.

ANDY

And you have Kylie's gift?

BREE

Kylie? Little girl? Yeah. Wait,  
what is her relation -

ANDY

Again. I'll explain later.

Bree nods.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN**

Andy and Bree walk in through the extravagant front doors of the house. Bree is too overwhelmed by the decor and interior to notice all of the eyes that have darted towards them.

Andy smiles and waves to familiar faces. The two make their way towards the kitchen. Bree tugs Andy's arm.

BREE

(whispering)

Where are the drinks?

ANDY

Backyard. Simmer. We'll get there.

A picture on the wall of younger, much chubbier Andy catches Bree's eye. A *Stand By Me*-like photo of him and his friends. She smiles endearingly.

The front door swings open violently. WHITNEY (26), a true woman unhinged, walks in carrying a case of cheap beer. She's dressed in a sequin dress, which is most likely still on from last night.

WHITNEY

(too loud)

MY BABY ANGEL!

Bree turns to see Whitney, she smiles with a sense of comfort. Whitney SLAMS the case of beer on the counter and embraces her with an aggressive hug.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(dramatically)

Hold me! Never let me go again.  
I've missed you so much!

Andy spots Whitney out of the corner of his eye.

Whitney is still mid-hug and planting Bree with kisses. Bree notices Andy awaiting an introduction.

BREE

Whit, this is Andy.

Whitney looks Andy up and down, approving.

WHITNEY

Okay. Okay. You know what? Yes. Surprisingly white, but I'm into it.

ANDY

(awkwardly)

Thanks?

Bree leans into Andy. Whitney takes a mental picture of the happy couple.

WHITNEY

Wow. I am totally mentally mistress-ing right now.

BREE

You're what?

Whitney winks at Andy.

WHITNEY

I'm sorry I'm so late. I got trapped at Comic-Con.

ANDY

Really? We might have more in common than Bree let on.

WHITNEY

Oh. No. I just got super hammered at this psychic convention. When I woke up: Comic-Con. At first I was like, did I break my no hallucinogens on a weeknight rule? Turns out, I didn't!

Whitney throws a celebratory fist in the air.

ANDY

Wow. Well, I'm going to let you two catch up. It was nice to meet you, Whitney.

Andy grabs the case of wine and kisses Bree on the head.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I'm going to go get rid of these  
and find my mom. You don't go too  
far, okay?

Bree nods as he walks away, still too excited to be reunited.

WHITNEY  
SO! Let me see it!

Whitney grabs Bree's hand. Bree studies Whitney's reaction suspiciously.

BREE  
Really?

WHITNEY  
What? Can't I be happy for you?

BREE  
Of course, but you just always said  
that weddings are the one party  
that come with an eternal hangover.

WHITNEY  
Yes, but if you're excited, I'm  
excited!

Bree smiles. She looks around, suddenly overcome with nerves.

BREE  
Fuck I need a drink.

WHITNEY  
I've got you.

Whitney pulls out a flask from under her dress and hands it to Bree. Bree hides it quickly.

BREE  
What are you doing? I can't drink  
this here!

WHITNEY  
Go hide quickly. No one is going to  
notice.

Bree thinks for a moment.

BREE  
Fine.

Bree starts to walk away but then swings back when she sees Whitney eating from a bowl.

BREE (CONT'D)  
Whit, no. That's potpourri.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD**

RUSHAL (27), JOSH (28), LEV (28), and MARTY (29) all stand outside of the crowd in button-ups, drinking what clearly isn't their first beers. None of them would look out of place in a J. Crew ad.

JOSH  
I can't believe Andy's the first one to tie the knot.

LEV  
And the wedding wave begins!

JOSH  
Fuck that. We're too young to call it yet.

Marty takes a hit of a joint and attempts to pass it around, but he's the only taker. He shrugs.

MARTY  
I don't know dude. Dating, it's a lot like *Deal or No Deal*.

LEV  
Cue stoned Marty wisdom.

JOSH  
I'll bite. What the fuck are you talking about Marty?

MARTY  
You can keep hoping you'll end up with something better, but eventually if you don't make a deal, you might end up with nothing.

JOSH  
Jesus.

Lev scans the crowd.

LEV  
What's her name again? Andy's girl?

MARTY

I want to say Brittany. Bianca? Bra  
- Bree! It was Bree.

JOSH

God, do you remember college Bree?

LEV

You know what they say, "Bree, she  
spreads easily."

Rushal sighs. This is evidently not his typical crowd. He pours the end of his beer on the grass.

RUSHAL

I'm going to grab another. Anyone?

The group shakes their head.

Andy can be seen trying to make his way through the crowd of eager old people to Josh, Lev, and Marty.

#### **INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CLOSET**

Bree stands alone in a fairly sizable pantry. She holds the flask in her hand trying to mentally psych herself up.

BREE

(to herself)

This is fine. Why are you freaking  
out?

Bree begins doing some practice smiles. She sighs and unscrews the flask lid. Just as she's mid-swig, the closet door flies open.

Rushal stands there. Their eyes meet. Instant recognition. The two stand there in absolute shock.

RUSHAL

BREE? What the -

BREE

Rushal? What the hell are you doing here? Did someone invite you to my engagement party? Oh god. Did you fly here for my engagement party?

RUSHAL

No! What? Oh shit. Bree. You're Bree?? Andy's Bree?

BREE

Andy? How do you know Andy?

RUSHAL

We met at med school.

BREE

(offended)

You came back from India?

RUSHAL

Fuuuuuuuuuck.

BREE

What?

RUSHAL

This is going to be really shitty to hear. I honestly never thought I'd have to tell you this.

BREE

What are you talking about?

RUSHAL

I never went to India.

BREE

What?

RUSHAL

(defensively)

We were going off to school anyway. I really liked you, but I wanted to see other people. I just didn't want to hurt your feelings.

BREE

Are you fucking kidding me?

Rushal's phone starts ringing, a girl's face prominent on the screen. Bree looks at it and then back to Rushal in shock.

Rushal, flustered, bites his lip.

RUSHAL

I have to take this.

BREE

Wait!

Rushal answers the phone and bolts back towards the party, shutting the closet door in her face.

Bree stands there, mouth agape.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD**

Andy has handed Josh, Lev, and Marty all a bottle of wine.

LEV  
Of course I'll stand up there with  
you man.

Marty gives Andy a hug and a pinch on the cheek.

MARTY  
Adult as fuck! And look, he's even  
trying to grow a beard.

JOSH  
Speaking of beards, where is she?

Andy rolls his eyes.

ANDY  
Inside.

MARTY  
I'll believe it when I see it. This  
could very well be a "Sadie Howard"  
situation.

They laugh. Andy does not.

Rushal walks up to the guys looking like he just saw a ghost.

ANDY  
Rushal, there you are!

Rushal gives Andy a hug, still shaken.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

RUSHAL  
Yeah. Fine.

Andy pulls out the last bottle of wine and hands it to  
Rushal.

ANDY  
And for you. Couldn't have made it  
through med school without you.

Rushal reads the bottle of wine.



RUSHAL  
 (uneasy)  
 Wow. Best man? Thanks. Yeah, for  
 sure.

Andy pats him on the back.

RUSHAL (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Can we maybe go talk for a second?

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN**

Bree slyly makes her way to the window and peers out at the backyard. She spots Rushal talking to Andy. Her eyeline quickly travels to notice Lev, Marty, and Josh.

Her mouth drops open. Her eyes grow wide in absolute terror as she notices them all carrying a bottle of Andy's customized wine.

BREE  
 (mouthing)  
 WHAT THE FUCK!?

Bree spins around in a panic. Whitney flirts with a bus boy nearby. Bree grabs her by the arm and pulls her upstairs.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM**

Bree swings Whitney into the bathroom and locks the door behind them.

Bree paces back and forth, almost hyperventilating.

WHITNEY  
 What the hell is going on?

Bree can barely muster up words. She points to the window.

BREE  
 I just ran into fucking Rushal.

WHITNEY  
 Rushal? Rushal! Oh my god, what?  
 Did he fly here to win you back?  
 I'm not going to lie that's kind of  
 hot.

BREE  
 No. Worse. He's in the wedding  
 party!

WHITNEY

What?!

Whitney looks out the window and sees Rushal in the distance.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

Ew, is that Josh? Wait, is that???

Whitney spins back around. Her suspicion is confirmed by Bree's look of horror.

BREE

(mortified)

I have slept with all of my fiancé's groomsmen.

WHITNEY

Wait... Groomsmen?

BREE

Yeah...

Bree holds herself up on the sink trying to regulate her breathing and preventing a full-blown panic attack.

WHITNEY

How is this even possible?

BREE

Andy grew up here. I don't know, I guess they did too?

WHITNEY

I knew you should have expanded your sexual exploits to different dorm floors.

BREE

(panicking)

What am I going to do? I have to tell him.

Whitney nods, wildly unconvincingly.

BREE (CONT'D)

I have to tell him! Right? Please tell me I have to tell him.

WHITNEY

Listen, I know my moral compass couldn't get me out of this bathroom, but I really don't think you should tell him.

BREE

What do you mean? I love him Whit!  
I'm going to fuck this up if I  
don't.

WHITNEY

Exactly. If you love him, you won't  
tell him. In like any other  
situation, I'd say you're right,  
but I don't think this is something  
he or really anyone would be able  
to look past.

BREE

(defensively)

It's not like I cheated on him.  
This all happened back in college,  
before I ever even knew Andy  
existed.

WHITNEY

All true, but these are his  
friends. If he finds out you've had  
sex with them -

BREE

Then what?

WHITNEY

I just don't think he'll be able to  
get over that.

Bree thinks for a moment.

BREE

Shit. You're right. I can't tell  
him.

KNOCK.

ANDY (O.S.)

Bree?

Bree looks to Whitney in worry.

WHITNEY

(whispering)

Just go downstairs with him.

BREE

(whispering)

What, to my sexual history meet and  
greet?

WHITNEY

No one is going to open with, "Oh,  
didn't we fuck?"

Bree takes a deep breath.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Bree unlocks the door. Whitney, for whatever reason, runs to the toilet, hikes up her dress and sits down.

Bree opens the door.

ANDY

There you are!

BREE

Sorry.

Andy spots Whitney, he shields his eyes.

ANDY

Oh, no I'm sorry.

Bree turns back and sees Whitney sitting on the toilet, she looks at her in confusion. Whitney shrugs.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD**

Bree nervously holds her store bought pie as Andy weaves her through the crowd of people embracing small talk and drinking from champagne flutes.

CECILE BOYER (60), dressed like she's ready to run for president with hair that even an airplane propeller couldn't disturb, stands in mid-conversation, absolutely delighted.

CECILE

I have to say, I'm very impressed  
with you. When Andy told me -

Cecile puts her hand on VICTORIA BANKS (28), modelesque and her presence alone makes anyone in a nearby radius feel judged.

Andy and Bree approach Cecile.

ANDY

Mom?

Cecile turns to Andy like she's in a perfume commercial. She makes eye contact with Bree but is overcome with a look of confusion if not disappointment.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I'd like to finally introduce you  
to Bree.

Cecile's notably taken aback. Her eyes dart back from Bree to Victoria.

CECILE  
Oh?

Cecile turns to Victoria, who suddenly puts her hand to her chest in faux embarrassment.

VICTORIA  
I'm Victoria! Sorry, did you think  
I was Bree? I should have mentioned  
I'm Rushal's fiancée.

CECILE  
I did. I'm so sorry about that.

Cecile looks Bree up and down.

CECILE (CONT'D)  
Wow. Silly me.

Bree uncomfortably presents the pie with a smile.

BREE  
So nice to finally meet you!

CECILE  
Yes. You too.

Cecile smiles, ingenuine.

BREE  
Thanks so much for having this  
party for us.

CECILE  
(to Andy)  
Did you make this?

ANDY  
No?

Victoria extends her perfectly manicured hand to Bree.

VICTORIA  
Bree, I'm so excited to have  
another bride-to-be around. Have  
you met Rushal yet?

BREE  
 (too fast)  
 No.

CECILE  
 Victoria was just telling me she's  
 a psychiatrist. Very interesting  
 line of work.

Cecile looks back to Bree.

CECILE (CONT'D)  
 Which I guess should have been my  
 tip off. Andy told me you're a  
 painter?

BREE  
 Graphic designer.

ANDY  
 She's very talented.

CECILE  
 Lovely. Enlighten me, what does  
 that entail exactly?

BREE  
 Well, right now I'm working on a  
 few logos for some smaller  
 companies. Uh, still kind of paying  
 my dues.

VICTORIA  
 (boasting)  
 I just finished my masters. Still  
 looking for placement, I get it.  
 Good thing we landed doctors, am I  
 right?

Victoria laughs. Bree smirks.

BREE  
 Yeah, and good thing Rushal landed  
 a psychiatrist.

VICTORIA  
 Sorry?

Bree grabs a drink from a passing by tray.

Victoria grabs Rushal who's in mid-conversation.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
 Bree, this is Rushal.

Bree and Rushal avoid eye contact.

RUSHAL

Hey.

Bree nods.

BREE

So. How did you two meet?

VICTORIA

Kind of a sad story really. We were both volunteering. Looking for a missing child in the woods.

BREE

Oh.

VICTORIA

(sympathetically)

Not a happy ending for the kid, but we did end up finding... each other.

Victoria looks at Rushal lovingly. Bree and Andy look at each other awkwardly.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

His proposal is a much happier story. You can look it up on YouTube. Just search: "man proposes helicopter." It's nearing six million views.

BREE

Congratulations?

VICTORIA

It's paying for our honeymoon so far, but I have bigger things planned. Obviously. The first dance. It's just been so hectic in between daily rehearsals and wire flying training.

BREE

(sarcastically)

Naturally.

Rushal looks somewhat embarrassed.

RUSHAL

She's a planner.

Victoria laughs to herself like he said it as a compliment.

Bree turns to Cecile, who has begun occupying herself with hosting duties.

BREE

So Cecile, Andy told me you started taking up yoga? My good friend actually has a studio that -

Andy waves over Lev, Marty, and Josh from a nearby food table. Bree senses this. He leans in and puts his arm around her waist, interrupting.

ANDY

Sorry, I just want to introduce you to my future groomsmen.

Bree tenses up, she looks like she could very well projectile vomit.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Guys, this is my fiancée.

Lev, Marty, and Josh stand behind Bree. She hesitates then reluctantly turns around.

Lev SPITS his beer out.

Marty's eyebrows shoot up.

Josh takes a moment, but then devilishly smiles, finding a sense of power in the situation.

BREE

(unenthusiastically)

Hi.

Marty looks to Lev and Josh.

MARTY

Nice to, uh, meet you?

Lev clears his throat.

LEV

Bree, is it?

Bree nods with a lowered head. Andy's too proud to be showing off Bree to take note of the blatant discomfort between them all.



JOSH  
How did Andy manage to tie down a  
girl like you?

Bree shrugs. Andy smiles.

ANDY  
It wasn't easy.

Josh doesn't break eye contact with Bree. His smile is still intact.

JOSH  
(slyly)  
I'm sure it wasn't. Hey, me and the  
boys were thinking about hitting up  
Winny's Pub later on tonight. You  
guys should join us. I'd love to  
get to know Bree better.

ANDY  
Yeah, maybe!

Andy looks to Bree. Her eye involuntarily twitches.

MARTY  
This is going to be fun.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Andy and Bree sit in the car in silence. Andy studies her, he can sense that something is off.

ANDY  
So. What did you think of my mom?

Suddenly, Whitney pops up from quasi-slumber in the backseat.

WHITNEY  
(slurred)  
She was hot! In, like, a "Clue"  
character kind of way. Rocks a  
pantsuit.

ANDY  
Thanks?

BREE  
She was great. She seems to really  
love you.

ANDY

She's protective, I know, but  
she'll warm up to you. I promise.

Whitney checks her phone.

WHITNEY

Guys, guys, this is me!

Andy slows down the car. Whitney squints out the window. A  
MAN stands outside. She looks disappointed.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. This is not who I thought  
I was texting. Whatever. Bye guys,  
I love you both so much.

Whitney kisses them both on the cheek.

Andy starts driving back, he continually glances to Bree.

ANDY

You're being weird.

BREE

Am I? I'm sorry. Maybe I am just a  
bit overwhelmed.

ANDY

I've never seen you overwhelmed in  
a social situation.

BREE

Yeah, but this is different. I care  
what these people think about me.

Andy smiles. He places a hand on Bree's leg. She looks to him  
momentarily to return a smile.

ANDY

What'd you think of Rushal?

BREE

(awkwardly)

Which one was he again?

Andy looks to her in a "are you serious?" kind of way.

ANDY

Rushal? The only Indian guy there?  
With the only Indian name? My best  
man?

BREE

Right. Uh, yeah, he seems nice but how exactly is it that I've never heard you say that name before tonight?

ANDY

Ru! Rushal is Ru! I wasn't going to introduce him to everyone informally.

BREE

Ru is a man? I thought you were short-forming Ruth. I was picturing an elderly woman going back to medical school to prove the haters wrong.

ANDY

Sorry to disappoint you?

BREE

I'm not disappointed, just surprised I guess. Best man though? I mean, are you sure? Have you guys even known each other that long?

ANDY

Huh, funny.

BREE

What?

ANDY

That's what he said about you.

Bree gulps.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Are you okay? Really? Is there something you want to talk about?

She sports a fake smile, shakes her head.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER**

Bree and Andy walk in the front door. A team of caterers are just finishing cleaning up from the party.

Cecile walks over to the two of them in an excited manner.

CECILE  
There they are!

Bree smiles shyly and looks to Andy lovingly.

Cecile walks right by them and picks up checques to hand to the exiting catering staff.

Bree's smile diminishes immediately.

CECILE (CONT'D)  
Well, I think tonight went well.

BREE  
Absolutely. You have a beautiful home.

Cecile looks around, unimpressed.

CECILE  
There's still a lot to be done. This wall still needs to be repainted. Hey, maybe that could be a job for you.

BREE  
(under her breath)  
Graphic designer.

CECILE  
I set up the guest room for the two of you.

Bree bites her lip.

BREE  
Actually, uh, I don't mind taking the couch.

ANDY  
What?

CECILE  
Don't be silly.

BREE  
(improvising)  
It's just - we're not married yet.

Andy raises an eyebrow.

BREE (CONT'D)  
It's just the way I was raised. I didn't want to impose.

Cecile looks Bree up and down.

ANDY  
(politely)  
I was under the impression your  
parents were more relaxed.

CECILE  
If that's what would make you more  
comfortable then I suppose Andy  
could take his old room.

Bree nods.

KYLIE (6) creeps down the staircase, rubbing her eyes.

KYLIE  
Grandma?

Cecile looks over to Kylie lovingly and then back to Bree and  
Andy.

CECILE  
I have to go tuck her in. Andy,  
you'll show Bree to the guest room?

Andy nods. Cecile walks upstairs but not without one more  
judgmental glance to Bree.

Andy spins Bree to face her. He looks at her, puzzled.

BREE  
I didn't know Kylie was your  
sister's kid? Why didn't you -

Andy sighs.

ANDY  
(sighing)  
No that's not my sister's kid. My  
mom adopted Kylie. She adopted a  
grandchild because she said she was  
tired of waiting. So, you know, no  
pressure.

BREE  
How proactive?

Andy's phone buzzes, he glances at it.

ANDY  
The guys keep badgering me about  
Winny's. How do you feel about it?

BREE  
I'm actually exhausted. I wouldn't  
mind just passing out.

ANDY  
Really? I've seen you once party  
through cold medication.

BREE  
Okay, first of all, that was non-  
drowsy. Second, I jut want to make  
a good impression, okay?

Andy smiles.

ANDY  
So no sneaking into my childhood  
bedroom tonight? It's never see a  
real girl before.

BREE  
Not tonight, but I promise I'll  
make it up to you.

ANDY  
I'm not sure when I traded in the  
Bree I proposed to for a 1950s home  
ec version, but -

BREE  
Just let me at least try to pull  
off being Disney daughter-in-law?  
Please?

Andy embraces Bree with a hug and kisses her on the forehead.

ANDY  
Guess I'll just have to resort to  
my old Pam Anderson TV Guide issue.

BREE  
I don't blame you. Epic tits.

Andy laughs, caught off guard.

ANDY  
There she is. I love you.

BREE  
I love you too.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM**

Bree paces around the guest room on the brink of a major melt down. The hallway light goes off from under the crack of the door.

Bree stalls for a moment. She runs to a window and looks outside. She notices a child's bike lying on the lawn.

She slowly pulls up the old bedroom window trying her best not to make a sound.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Bree crawls out of the window still in her sundress. Any illusion she created of being ladylike has been shattered with this visual.

She slowly makes her way down the lawn and mounts the bike, which is gleefully pink and complete with frayed handle ribbons.

She uncoordinately starts pedaling down the suburban street in her heels.

**EXT. WINNY'S PUB - NIGHT**

Bree makes her way to the bar, exhausted. She gets off the bike and leans it against a rack of motorcycles.

She walks up to the half-lit neon sign at the entrance with a sense of both nostalgia and dread.

A line of drunken college kids scramble for their IDs for the BOUNCER (40s), a toothless ex-biker.

Bree holds out her ID routinely.

BOUNCER

Oh, I don't need ID from you.

BREE

(offended)

Really?

The bouncer just starts howling laughing, pointing directly at her.

BOUNCER

I remember you!

BREE  
Okay. Calm down.

The bouncer personally opens the door. He's still laughing uncontrollably like a hyena.

**INT. WINNY'S PUB**

Sticky surfaces, mangled pool tables, and pitchers galore. If anyone from a surrounding college had a single regret in their undergraduate experience, it's from what happened here.

Bree scans around the college watering hole. She spots Lev, Marty, Josh, and Rushal all sitting at a booth at the back paying their bill from a very chesty WAITRESS (20).

Bree sighs and walks towards them with a look of determination that almost outweighs the underlying shame.

The waitress hands Josh his receipt. He looks up to see Bree.

JOSH  
Hold up a second. Let's not seal that tab quite yet.

LEV  
Oh shit.

JOSH  
We'll get another round. Bree, is bourbon still the poison of choice?

Marty slides over to give Bree room to sit.

The waitress smiles and walks away.

BREE  
I came so we could get our stories straight.

MARTY  
Come on Bree, it's just like old times. Sit.

Bree sits reluctantly.

Rushal barely makes eye contact with her.

JOSH  
Don't worry. He knows. We've been catching up all night.



LEV  
Where's Andy?

BREE  
Not here, obviously.

The waitress comes over with a tray of shots. Josh lifts one to cheers Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I want to keep this brief, and I don't want to talk about it or have it brought up ever again.

JOSH  
Come on Bree, let us in. Don't act like we haven't already been inside.

BREE  
Fuck you Josh.

Bree takes the shot.

BREE (CONT'D)  
So Andy doesn't know, and I was hoping that we could all come to an agreement so that he'll never find out.

MARTY  
You're willing to live with that lie?

BREE  
I love him.

Rushal look sat her, kind of stung by it.

LEV  
Isn't love about being transparent?

BREE  
(desperate)  
I didn't choose this fucked up situation, believe me. If I thought this is something we could work out, I would. I don't want to lose him. You guys are his closest friends. Please?

LEV  
If you don't want Andy to know, I'm  
fine with not telling him. It's  
about time he found someone.

Marty nods.

BREE  
Rushal?

Rushal takes his shot.

RUSHAL  
(unimpressed)  
Yeah, whatever.

Bree reluctantly looks to Josh. He smiles mischievously.

JOSH  
I will keep your little secret IF  
you answer one question.

BREE  
What?

Josh slides his shot over to her. He leans back and rests his  
arms on the booth cockily.

JOSH  
You have to tell us who here was  
the best lay. Andy's off the table.

BREE  
Is everything a competition with  
you?

JOSH  
Answer the question if you don't  
want Andy to find out.

Bree looks to them all, they aren't challenging Josh due to  
their undeniable interest in her response.

Bree and Rushal momentarily make eye contact.

BREE  
(unapologetically)  
Marty.

Marty cheers, the others look incredibly offended.

JOSH  
Bull shit.

BREE  
 You wanted your answer, there it  
 is. Are we good?

Bree stands up.

JOSH  
 Not quite yet.

LEV  
 Come on, don't be an asshole.

JOSH  
 One more thing. I promise this will  
 be it.

BREE  
 (pissed)  
 What?

JOSH  
 It would be a shame for you to  
 leave this place without having the  
 drink that was honorarily named  
 after you.

BREE  
 No.

JOSH  
 Come on Bree. Show these college  
 girls how it's done.

RUSHAL  
 Just let her leave.

Josh nods up towards a grungy-looking flower vase that has  
 been prominently mounted above the bar.

MARTY  
 (yelling)  
 BREE BOMB!!!

LEV  
 Hey Sam! Bree here would like to do  
 a good ol' Bree bomb.

BREE  
 This is it? You promise not to say  
 anything to Andy? Ever?

JOSH  
 Like we were in incognito mode,  
 baby.

SAM (40s) brings over the "BREE BOMB" on a tray like it's some sort of trophy. The drink is really just a disturbing concoction of various alcohols mixed together.

Josh, Marty, and Lev start a drum roll that progresses into a full on cheer. Other bar patrons join in.

Bree sighs and puts her hair back in a ponytail.

She grabs the drink and starts chugging it in pain. She impressively makes it through the whole thing, sticking her middle finger up at Josh mid-way.

The bar cheers.

BREE  
(slurred)  
Goohhd?

JOSH  
Great.

**EXT. WINNY'S PUB - NIGHT**

Bree stumbles out of the bar, sorting through her purse. She looks up, sees the bike and props it up.

Rushal heads out after.

RUSHAL  
Bree, can we talk for a second?  
Just us?

Bree drunkenly looks to him.

BREE  
(slurred)  
I'm sorry I can't hear you all the way from India!

RUSHAL  
Really? We can't be adults and talk about this?

BREE  
Stop! You're already breaking the agreement that we literally just made. It's buried. Bye.

Bree gets on her bike and starts pedaling away. Her lack of sobriety is on display like never before.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria types away at her phone. She sits in the parking lot of Winny's pub, idling.

She glances up to the bar to catch the end of Rushal and Bree's interaction. Her eyes follow Bree as she bikes away. She looks at her different than before, now as a threat.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bree cycles her way up to the lawn of Andy's home. She topples over the bike and darts towards the bedroom window she climbed out of.

She attempts to lift the window to no avail. She throws all her might into it, but still -- nothing.

BREE  
(to herself)  
Come on! Seriously?

Bree coasts the side of the house. The lights are all out. She holds her hand out to the front door knob, eyes closed almost as if she's praying.

It's open. A deep breath of relief.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER**

Bree ever so gently closes the front door. She starts walking to the staircase like a cartoon burglar.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What are you doing up?

Bree freezes. She looks around but can't find the source of the question.

ANDY (O.S.)  
It's been awhile since I've had to sleep alone.

Bree slightly peers into the kitchen where Andy and Cecile stand in pajamas. She cringes.

CECILE (O.S.)  
Hm. Kylie had another nightmare. I should have never brought her to that taxidermy exhibit. It's not my fault there are no nearby zoos.

Bree fights the creaks of the stairs with each nimble step upwards.

ANDY (O.S.)  
No probably not. So?

CECILE (O.S.)  
So? Don't even get me started on your sister.

ANDY (O.S.)  
Mom, I want to know what you think of Bree. I really love this girl.

Bree stops for a moment. Smiles.

CECILE (O.S.)  
Listen Andy, I'm sure she's "fun," but you're a doctor now. She seems like the kind of girl you take home at last call, not down the aisle.

Bree almost trips. This stings.

ANDY (O.S.)  
What? You haven't even given her a chance. She might not be some debutante, but if you don't remember, neither were you.

CECILE (O.S.)  
(offended)  
Please...

ANDY (O.S.)  
She makes me really happy. Would you just try? A little.

CECILE (O.S.)  
Maybe I can take her dress shopping.

ANDY (O.S.)  
Thank you.

CECILE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
So she doesn't walk down the aisle looking like a blind kid's Barbie.

CREAK. Bree bites her lip.

CECILE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(projecting)  
Kylie?

Bree stands there. Eyes wide.

BREE  
 (drunken child  
 impersonation)  
 Just had to tinkle.

She storms up the stairs, footsteps that are more audible to an intoxicated elephant rather than a small child.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM**

Bree quietly closes the door and then slides to the ground against the wall. She stares ahead looking completely defeated.

She drunkenly crawls over to the bed, lifts herself and face plants on the duvet.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - MORNING**

The sun beams through expertly chosen white curtains revealing Bree in all of her hungover glory.

She lays full-starfish on the bed, drool everywhere. She peeks one eye open and focuses on something, suddenly startled.

Kylie sits at the end of the bed just staring at her.

KYLIE  
 Do you know where my real parents  
 are?

Bree sits up awkwardly.

BREE  
 Uh -

Light bulb moment. Bree jaunts over to her suitcase to evade the question.

BREE (CONT'D)  
 Andy told me there was going to be  
 a little girl here so I brought you  
 something.

Kylie crawls over on the bed, her interest piqued.

KYLIE  
 Ooo is it a book?

Bree sits next to her.

BREE  
(impressed)  
No, but good for you.

Bree presents Kylie an adorably old school rag doll, button eyes and everything.

BREE (CONT'D)  
Meet Deb.

Kylie holds it like a piece of trash. She analyzes it.

KYLIE  
Where is her package?

Her eyes then dart back to Bree.

KYLIE (CONT'D)  
(offended)  
Did you play with her already?

BREE  
What? Yeah. She used to be my doll,  
and my neighbors before that. She's  
had some pretty fun times.

KYLIE  
Gross. I don't want her.

BREE  
Why?

KYLIE  
I don't want some toy other kids  
have played with already.

Bree stands up, offended. She props the doll up on the dresser.

BREE  
Well, she's here if you feel like  
maybe later you want a friend.

KYLIE  
(bluntly)  
I hate her.

BREE  
Jesus. Okay, well, maybe you should  
add "The Giving Tree" to your  
reading list.



**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

A sad town's excuse for a Presidential Suite. Rushal lays face down, tangled in bed sheets.

Victoria sits at the desk, a wedding photography website up on her laptop screen. She has her cell phone glued to her ear.

VICTORIA

(into phone)

I was just wondering if you had some sort of Photoshop option? No, a little more extensive than just touch-ups. I'm looking for a package where I can have complete people removed from the photos, particularly the help. Yes, the catering staff, and maybe some of Rushal's extended family. Hello?

Rushal groans. Victoria turns to the sound. She looks him up and down.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Look who's finally up. Have fun last night?

Rushal sits up and sips some water from the nightstand.

RUSHAL

What time is it?

VICTORIA

It's after noon. I can't believe you're hungover.

RUSHAL

(annoyed)

It's Saturday. What does it matter?

VICTORIA

What'd you think of Andy's fiancée?

RUSHAL

Uh, I don't know, she seemed nice.

VICTORIA

(fast)

She's pretty.

RUSHAL

I guess so, yeah.

VICTORIA  
In an unrefined kind of way.

RUSHAL  
You mean organic?

Victoria scowls.

VICTORIA  
So who was there last night?

RUSHAL  
Just Andy's friends, you know that.

VICTORIA  
But Andy wasn't?

RUSHAL  
No.

Victoria holds eye contact. She studies him and nods.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Cecile serves tea on a metal table that is already adorned with an array of brunch foods.

Bree walks out onto the patio, clearly foggy headed, and before she can adjust to the sunlight -

JOSH  
Good morning.

Bree almost gags. Josh, Lev, and Marty sit at the table aside Andy. They've already made themselves at home and look unusually fresh considering last night's shenanigans.

LEV  
We just stopped by to thank Cecile for hosting yesterday and she was kind enough to invite us to join brunch.

CECILE  
That's a questionable recount.

BREE  
Is that so?

Kylie tugs at Cecile's floral kimono and points to Bree.

KYLIE  
She tried to give me garbage.

BREE  
What?

CECILE  
Bree, she's my granddaughter -

ANDY (under his breath) Adopted.  
CECILE (CONT'D) Not a servant.

Bree is too hungover to formulate a response. She awkwardly takes a seat.

CECILE (CONT'D)  
Have you heard from your sister yet?

ANDY  
No.

Cecile sighs.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Mom.

Andy clears his throat as a prompt. Cecile not-so-subtly rolls her eyes.

CECILE  
Oh, uh, Bree. I'd like to take you dress shopping. You don't have to buy anything, but I thought it'd be nice to have some girl time.

Bree smiles even though it's evident that this isn't her idea.

BREE  
I'd love to.

CECILE  
How about tomorrow morning?

Cecile walks back into the house before Bree can even respond.

MARTY  
So. Andy was telling us that we all went to the same school. Crazy we never crossed paths.

JOSH  
 (slyly)  
 It's unfortunate you don't have  
 social media. I'm sure we probably  
 know some of the same people.

Bree looks at them both scornfully.

BREE  
 Happily off the grid.

MARTY  
 Maybe she'd of been friends with  
 Sadie Howard.

BREE  
 Who?

Andy's face goes red.

ANDY  
 Guys, really?

LEV  
 Oh Bree, you don't know about  
 Sadie?

Bree shakes her head.

MARTY  
 Oh, this is good. Josh?

JOSH  
 Sadie was Andy's first girlfriend,  
 which we had to create for him.

Bree looks to Andy and sees how uncomfortable he's becoming.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 Anyways, long story short, we  
 catfished him for a a good two  
 months.

Lev starts laughing.

LEV  
 (whiny voice)  
 "I've never felt this way about  
 anyone before."

MARTY  
 No, no. The best was when we  
 actually got him to go meet her at  
 the pier.

JOSH  
Fucking Romeo brings a bouquet of roses.

They all start laughing. Bree looks at them judgmentally.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Ah, guess you had to be there. It was the saddest thing.

BREE  
Sadder than three guys pretending to be a girl for two months?

Andy smiles. The rest of the guys do not. Awkward silence.

ANDY  
Well, I promised Bree I'd show her around -

BREE  
(interrupting)  
I've been around.

Bree thinks about that statement for a second.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I mean, I've seen it.

ANDY  
Yeah, but I want to show you my version of Faircliffe. So, if you guys don't mind -

Andy can't take his eyes off Bree, despite her state, which Josh takes note of.

JOSH  
Yeah, of course. We'll leave you two love birds alone, but the real reason we came over is because -

Josh stalls on his sentence and basks in watching Bree squirm.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
We wanted to invite you to our party tonight. We only get Andy for a couple of days. It would be a shame if we didn't get to spend at least one night all together.

Lev and Marty look to Josh in confusion. This "party" is apparently impromptu.

LEV

Yeah...

Andy looks to Bree. She stares ahead uncomfortably.

ANDY

Okay, well maybe. We'll see what time we get back and if it's not too late -

JOSH

(dominantly)

Great.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Lev, Marty, and Josh walk down the street, their yuppie facade gone. A college campus is visible nearby with students meandering around the premises.

Josh lights a cigarette.

MARTY

A party eh?

JOSH

Did you have other plans?

MARTY

I just thought we made an agreement last night.

JOSH

All agreements have loopholes  
Marty, you should know that.

Josh's tone signals some sort of turbulent history, enough to shut Marty up.

LEV

I don't know Josh, don't you think we've done enough? I mean, I still kind of feel bad -

Two pretty GIRLS walk down the street donning backpacks and carrying a campus map. Josh looks to them distractedly almost as if they are fresh prey. He approaches. Lev and Marty reluctantly follow.

JOSH

Ladies! I haven't seen you around here before.

GIRL #1  
That's probably because we're just  
touring the campus.

JOSH  
Well what better guides than us to  
show you around.

The second girl looks down, but the other isn't so easily  
persuaded.

GIRL #2  
We're here with our parents.

JOSH  
Is that so?

This tidbit of information doesn't deter Josh's pursuit.

GIRL #2  
(cattily)  
Do your kids go here too?

The girls both laugh and continue walking past the guys.

Lev and Marty aren't phased by the rejection, but Josh has  
visibly just had fuel added to his own personal bonfire.

**INT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

Andy and Bree walk across a football field aside a run-down  
high school to the rickety encompassing bleachers. Bree's  
mind is clearly somewhere else.

ANDY  
You're probably wondering why I  
brought you here.

BREE  
Not really. You played on the  
football team in high school. I can  
connect the dots.

ANDY  
Ha, not really. I brought you here  
because I have something to  
confess.

BREE  
Oh?

ANDY

I never played football. I mean, I was on the team, but that was only because the science teacher was also the coach. I never actually played a game.

BREE

Did I seem like the kind of girl who'd be impressed by sports?

ANDY

I don't know. I just figured I'd tell you before the guys humiliate me over it.

BREE

(tenderly)

No offense but your friends kind of seem like assholes. Sorry.

ANDY

It's okay. They have their moments. It's hard to explain. They always made me feel cool, which if you saw any family album would know that's one serious achievement.

Bree nods.

BREE

(understanding)

I get that.

ANDY

Another reason I brought you here is because when I was talking with my mom last night. She had questions about you that I, your fiancé, couldn't answer. I realized that every time I try to ask you anything personal, you evade the question.

BREE

I don't think that's true. When we had to sign a waiver for that wing place, bad first date idea by the way, you -

ANDY

You're doing it right now! You're like the master evader.



BREE  
Shit. I didn't even realize.

Andy sits down beside Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)  
(reluctantly)  
What do you want to know?

ANDY  
Everything. I'm obsessed with you.

Bree quasi-smiles, squirms a little bit.

Andy's phone starts ringing. He sighs and picks it up.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello? Yeah, I remember. I'll ask  
Bree and get back to you. What?  
Yeah, I know last night. Okay.  
Fine. Yeah, I'll see you there.

Andy hangs up.

BREE  
Who was that?

ANDY  
Would you hate it if we went to the  
guys' party tonight?

BREE  
Do you ever say no to them?

ANDY  
It's been awhile since I've been  
home. They just want to hangout.

Bree nods.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
We'll just bring a bottle of wine.

BREE  
Then dip?

ANDY  
For chips?

BREE  
No like leave. Leave post-bottle of  
wine?

ANDY  
Yeah, sure.

A football team comes running out onto the field for practice. A COACH, for some reason already angry, blows his whistle aggressively.

The two watch for a moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Do you think it's weird that we're two grown adults watching a high school football practice?

BREE  
Not if we show some support!

Andy smiles. He looks back to the practice.

ANDY  
(yelling)  
GO BEN!

A few football players look to them in confusion. Andy turns back to Bree.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
There's got to be a Ben, right?

BREE  
Oh no. These are aughts kids.

Bree stands up and cups her hands around her mouth.

BREE (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
ATTICUS, YOU'VE GOT THIS!

Andy laughs.

ANDY  
(yelling)  
THE FIELD IS YOURS ZEPHYR!

BREE  
(yelling)  
BE YOURSELF ZANE! THIS IS YOUR YEAR!

The two start laughing to themselves.

FOOTBALL PLAYER  
Who the fuck?

The coach angrily starts approaching the bleachers.

BREE

Any chance that was your football coach?

ANDY

Definitely not.

The two bolt up and start climbing down the back of the bleachers.

Andy takes a leap and then helps guide Bree down almost *Dirty Dancing* style. They look into each other's eyes and share a romantic kiss.

Andy and Bree look to the coach, who is still approaching with his clipboard raised. The two run off laughing like teenagers themselves.

**INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Josh carries a keg into the living room. The house is already growing with quite a crowd of people.

The house looks like the sad aftermath of frat brothers who just continued to live together, which isn't too far off from the truth.

Marty smokes a bong on the couch. Lev drinks a cheap beer while scrolling through his phone.

Josh looks out the window.

MARTY

Who else can we invite?

JOSH

Did you invite the girls from our floor?

MARTY

Yeah. I mean those that are here still. Most of them said no.

JOSH

Lev, do you still have Bree's first year roommate's number?

LEV

Yeah, I think so. Why?

JOSH  
Invite her.

Lev smiles devilishly and starts typing away on his phone.

**EXT. JOSH'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT**

The house party is in full swing. Andy and Bree get out of a car with a bottle of wine, dressed for something a little more adult.

Andy puts his arm around Bree who looks like she's approaching a haunted house.

BREE  
Wait, Andy.

Andy stops and turns to her.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I know I've been a little -

She thinks for a moment, struggling to find the words.

BREE (CONT'D)  
Adopted stray cat?

Andy chuckles, understanding.

ANDY  
It's okay.

BREE  
(vulnerably)  
I just don't want you to think that I have any reservations about us. People don't always love me. I don't know. I think I'm just scared that you're going to see that I'm not all that great, and be like, what the fuck am I doing? I could be with a Victoria who's probably had her hymen reattached.

Bree cringes at how she finished that rare moment of sincerity.

Andy moves closer in comfort.

ANDY  
You've already won over the person that matters most. I'm not going anywhere.

Bree smiles.

BREE  
(deadpan)  
Even if I killed your sister?

ANDY  
WHAT?

BREE  
I'm kiddng. Just feeling out the  
tipping point.

Andy looks at her in adoration.

ANDY  
(lovingly)  
You are so fucking weird.

Josh swings open the front door wearing an offensive tank top and carrying at least three tall cans that have been taped together.

JOSH  
Ah, my favorite couple.

The two look to Josh, neither with much excitement.

ANDY  
So much for a few people.

JOSH  
You know what happens. I'm so glad  
you convinced Bree to come.

Bree smiles through grit teeth. Josh puts his arms around them and guides them into the party.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
As the female Beatles once said,  
"If you wannabe my lover, you gotta  
get with my friends."

#### **INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

The party is a confusing mix of maturity levels. Some party-goers are putting on a professional front while others are full-blown frat party ready.

Bree's eyes dodge around the room. Girls eyes dart directly back at her, girls she clearly has history with.

JOSH  
 (To Bree)  
 What can I get you to drink?

Bree jingles car keys defensively.

BREE  
 This is Andy's night.

Josh is barely able to conceal his disappointment.

JOSH  
 Clever girl. In that case, Andy,  
 let's get you a big boy drink.

Josh hands Bree the bottle of wine dismissively and guides Andy into the kitchen.

Bree stands there, a zebra in a lion pit.

Whitney comes barraging through the crowd, putting her phone away and exhaling in relief.

WHITNEY  
 (panicked)  
 I tried calling you, like, a  
 thousand times. It's a trap.

BREE  
 Did they seriously invite everyone  
 from college?

WHITNEY  
 I thought you said everything was  
 good.

BREE  
 I thought it was.

Whitney looks around the room, a few girls are eyeing them scornfully.

WHITNEY  
 I can cause a distraction. I  
 genuinely enjoy the attention.

Bree looks over to see Marty and Lev snickering in the corner.

BREE  
 No. That's exactly what they want.

WHITNEY  
 Yeah, but -

BREE  
 (fed up)  
 If this is how they want to play,  
 I'll fucking play.

WHITNEY  
 What?

Bree starts walking over to a trio of whispering, gleefully basic girls: DANA (27), ROCHELLE (28), and TORY (27).

Whitney follows like a very concerned referee.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 What are you going to say?

BREE  
 I've practiced this one in the  
 shower. I've got this.

Bree approaches the three girls who have fully flipped the switch to hostility.

BREE (CONT'D)  
 Hi. I'm sure you guys remember me.

DANA  
 Not without a dick in your mouth.

WHITNEY  
 Whoa!

Rochelle and Tory back up the burn with a laugh track.

BREE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Ha ha. I get it. I slept around.  
 What a foreign concept for post-  
 secondary education.

TORY  
 Is there a reason you are talking  
 to us?

BREE  
 Yeah Tory, there is. What did I do  
 to make you guys hate me?

ROCHELLE  
 (snidely)  
 What would make you think we hate  
 you?

BREE

I don't know, throwing drinks at me at parties and constantly locking me out of my dorm room seem to indicate a mild dislike, I'd say.

The girls look at each other. They weren't expecting this.

DANA

Fine. How about fucking Lev when you knew I had a thing for him?

ROCHELLE

Or the time my parents were visiting and fully walked in on you sucking off our RA.

TORY

Marty told me you are the one who gave him the clap. Thanks by the way.

BREE

Okay. What? None of that is true. Except for the parents thing, and for that I am truly sorry Rochelle.

ROCHELLE

You knew they were visiting!

BREE

Dana, Lev told me you were the one who set us up? And Tory, I have never ever had an STD so that is also complete bull shit.

Whitney and Bree subtly high-five.

TORY

Why the fuck should we believe you?

BREE

Why the fuck should you believe them? Seriously! What have they ever done to earn your trust?

The girls think about this for a moment.

BREE (CONT'D)

I'm so sick of apologizing for them. You know, we could have all been friends.



TORY

No.

BREE

Or at least civil to one another.  
Why are you guys even here?

The girls look at each other, even they can't help but slightly judge themselves.

DANA

Wait, why the hell are you here?

BREE

Because they apparently aren't done  
destroying my life.

Lev walks over and puts his arms around Tory and Rochelle.

LEV

Hope I'm not interrupting a cat  
fight.

The girls look at Lev in disgust. Tory looks down and notices Bree's engagement ring.

TORY

Not at all. We were actually just  
leaving.

Bree looks to Tory in confusion.

TORY (CONT'D)

Congrats by the way.

Tory nods to her engagement ring. The girls all share an unspoken understanding.

Tory, Dana, and Rochelle leave, but not before collectively giving Lev a dirty look. Lev attempts to solace his potential roster.

Bree leans her head on Whitney's shoulder in equal parts relief and small victory.

Andy comes drunkenly into the room. He has two 40s of beer taped aggressively to his hands. He hugs Bree.

BREE

Oh no. What did they do to you?

ANDY  
 (slurred)  
 It's okay. I'm having fun. See? I  
 can be fun!

Bree looks down and smiles. A strand of hair falls in her face, Andy tries to move it romantically but ends up SMACKING the 40 of beer in her eye.

Bree recoils, Andy's immediately apologetic.

BREE  
 (laughing)  
 It's okay!

The song, their song, comes blaring over the speakers. They look to each other. Bree starts swaying her shoulders, trying to prompt Andy to dance.

Andy hesitantly taps his toe while looking around self-consciously. Bree looks to the guys who are clearly watching.

BREE (CONT'D)  
 Come on Andy, I know you can do  
 better than that.

Andy starts moving his shoulders, he still hasn't committed.

BREE (CONT'D)  
 What is this? Where's post-grocery  
 store living room dance party Andy?

Andy smiles sheepishly. He takes a swig of the beer and watches her dance for a second. He begins giving it his all, it's undeniably dorky but the effort is admirable.

The two continue dancing together. For a moment, it's just them.

Whitney joins in, hips ablazing.

Rushal stands in a corner sipping a beer with Victoria who looks disgusted that she's even there. Rushal watches Bree somewhat longingly.

Victoria follows Rushal's eye line to Bree, she grits her teeth and downs her drink.

Josh walks by the living room, his eyes meet Bree's. She stops dancing for a moment. He nods his beer as a cheers with a sinister grin and then walks upstairs.

BREE (CONT'D)  
 I'll be right back, okay?

Bree leaves Whitney and Andy dancing together.

**INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM**

Bree storms into the bedroom. Josh smokes a joint while looking out the window like some sort of superhero villain.

BREE

What the fuck Josh?

Josh turns to her.

JOSH

What did I do?

BREE

Some guest list.

JOSH

Who doesn't love a reunion?

BREE

I thought we had a deal.

JOSH

We do. I'm not saying anything, but I can't control what other people say.

BREE

Why are you doing this? Why can't you just let us be happy?

JOSH

Because you let me be happy?

BREE

Are you serious? What is this even about?

JOSH

What is this about? We slept together on and off for two years and then you just get to waltz in here expecting a happy ending?

BREE

Josh, you treated me like shit that entire time. What, was that supposed to make me swoon?

JOSH  
Maybe I thought that's what you  
deserved.

BREE  
Really? You of all people wanted  
something more?

JOSH  
You never gave it a chance.

BREE  
I never wanted to. You were just a  
"cure for lonely nights." Sound  
familiar?

Josh grits his teeth.

JOSH  
(threatening)  
Well, I guess we'll have to see if  
Andy will still want to.

Bree takes a deep breath and almost laughs in her  
frustration.

BREE  
You know what? If you're going to  
hold this over me for the rest of  
my life then go the fuck ahead.

Bree walks to the door and then turns back around in anger.

BREE (CONT'D)  
And if this is some sort of revenge  
on me then fine, but don't you  
think you've already done enough?  
Why would you want to destroy one  
of your best friends?

JOSH  
Maybe I think he can do better.

BREE  
Thanks. Do what you want Josh, but  
just know that it will only  
reinforce what everyone already  
thinks of you.

JOSH  
And what's that?

BREE  
That you're a fucking tool.

**INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE**

Bree bolts out of the bedroom and walks down the stairs. She passes Victoria who is nosily walking upwards, Bree doesn't notice.

Victoria eyes the open bedroom door and sees Josh standing there looking visibly rattled.

She walks up and leans against the bedroom door frame. She takes a sip of her cocktail.

VICTORIA  
Hello friend.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Bree and Whitney hold Andy up, each under one his arms, as they struggle to bring his drunken body up the stairs while being quiet as possible.

Whitney takes occasional sips from the beers still strapped to Andy's hands.

BREE  
You really are a one beer wonder,  
aren't you?

Andy mumbles inaudibly.

WHITNEY  
I'm slipping!

BREEE  
Shhh!

The two stop for a moment and re-position themselves.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - ANDY'S ROOM**

Whitney leaves Bree with Andy at the door. Bree struggles to lug him over to his childhood bed but eventually finds success.

Bree looks around at Andy's bedroom. Glow-in-the-dark constellations adorn the walls. Bree smirks at this glimpse into his childhood. She sits down on the bed beside him.

BREE  
(jokingly)  
How the tables have turned.

Andy squints one eye open.

ANDY  
(drunkenly)  
We're getting married you and I!  
I'm so so so so excited.

Bree smiles.

BREE  
Me too.

ANDY  
I love you so much Bree.

BREE  
I love you too.

Andy passes out before she finishes her affectionate return. She watches him for a moment and then looks around again with a sigh.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY**

The sun once again beams into the guest room. Whitney lies asleep in a very compromising no fucks given position.

Bree storms into the room holding a glass of water. She immediately starts getting ready.

BREE  
Whit! Wake up!

Whitney bolts up, probably still drunk.

WHITNEY  
(horrified)  
Where's my clutch?

BREE  
What? I need you to get ready  
really really fast.

WHITNEY  
Where are we going?

BREE  
Wedding dress shopping.

WHITNEY  
Hilarious.

BREE  
 No, I'm serious! I forgot I was  
 supposed to go with Andy's mom this  
 morning.

CECILE (O.S.)  
 I'll be in the car!

Bree gives Whitney an urgent look. Whitney understands the severity of the scenario and throws on whatever she can find.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER**

Bree and Whitney hustle down the stairs. Bree continually fixes up Whitney's appearance.

BREE  
 I need you to, you know, just  
 simmer a bit, okay?

WHITNEY  
 I get it. Pull it back. Throw a  
 rubber on it.

BREE  
 No, seriously. I don't even think  
 this woman knows I've been  
 deflowered yet.

WHITNEY  
 Ah! I hate that word! Deflowered.  
 What does that make me? A fucking  
 dirt patch?

**INT. BRIDAL DRESS STORE - DAY**

Cecile sits uncomfortably beside Whitney, both sipping champagne, waiting for Bree to present her dress.

CECILE  
 So Whitney, are you seeing anyone?

Whitney sighs.

WHITNEY  
 Seeing is such a strong word.

CECILE  
 You have no interest in settling  
 down?

WHITNEY

Subconsciously, maybe. I mean my roster is dwindling, but I don't know if that's -

Bree walks out in a horribly ill-suited dress. She turns around awkwardly. Whitney laughs hysterically.

BREE

(self-conscious)

I don't know if this one is really me.

WHITNEY

You look like a haunted porcelain doll.

Bree waits for any input from Cecile whose eyes are glued to her phone.

BREE

Maybe the next one.

CECILE

(dual meaning)

Maybe the next one, indeed.

Bree stands there for a moment and then slowly wanders back towards the dressing room.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - ANDY'S ROOM - DAY**

Andy lies in bed in a state of hungover catatonia. The bedroom door flies open. Lev, Marty, and Josh barrage in wearing matching "GROOM SQUAD" graphic tees and balaclavas.

Andy jolts up to the sound.

ANDY

(groggily)

What?

Josh blindfolds Andy.

JOSH

LAST RIDE ANDY!

LEV

Woo!

The guys aggressively pull Andy out of bed and carry him out of the room. A full blown adult kidnapping.



**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Lev, Marty, and Josh drag a very reluctant Andy out to a car before pretty much throwing him in the trunk. The guys all jump in.

The perpetually horrified face of a blow-up sex doll stares through the back window as the car speeds off into the distance.

**INT. BRIDAL STORE**

Bree walks out in another wedding dress. This one's better, but still definitely not Bree's style. Whitney and Cecile are both visibly a little champagne tipsy at this point.

The two start laughing.

BREE

I'm going to take that as a no?

WHITNEY

No, no. It's fine. It's more than fine. It's just not great.

BREE

Cecile?

Cecile is still staring at her phone.

CECILE

No.

BREE

You didn't even -

CECILE

(frustrated)

No sorry. Phoebe, Andy's sister, was supposed to be here for this. She was supposed to be here for the engagement party.

WHITNEY

Maybe she got stuck in traffic.

Bree gives Whitney a "don't" look.

Cecile's phone starts ringing. She picks up quickly.

CECILE

(into phone)

What do you mean delayed?

(MORE)

CECILE (CONT'D)

Phoebe, I'm looking at the flight tracker right now. What are you talking about? That ticket was non-refundable. This IS the second ticket for Christ's sake. How do you think Andy feels? You will get on that flight. I'm heading to the airport right now and if you aren't on that plane I swear. Phoebe?

Cecile hangs up the phone. She's fuming.

BREE

Everything okay?

CECILE

I'm sorry girls. I have to tend to this, but you guys see if you can find anything. They have my card.

BREE

Maybe I should just get back to Andy.

CECILE

The guys didn't tell you?

Bree's head tilts.

CECILE (CONT'D)

They are throwing him an impromptu bachelor party while he's in town.

Bree's heart sinks.

CECILE (CONT'D)

You girls try and have some fun too.

Bree nods. Cecile makes another call and heads out the door gripping her phone to her ear.

Bree starts frantically calling Andy, pacing. No response.

EMPLOYEE

Don't you just love how the trail glides behind her?

WHITNEY

Yes?

**INT. HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY**

Marty and Lev carry Andy through the no frills hotel lobby. The RECEPTIONIST, a middle aged woman wearing heaps of makeup, watches them hesitantly.

Josh walks over to the front desk and turns up the charm volume.

JOSH

Hello. I believe Rushal left a key for me.

The receptionist types away.

RECEPTIONIST

Is he okay?

JOSH

Him? Yeah, bad break up. We're just trying to show him a good time.

RECEPTIONIST

You guys are such good friends.

Lev hits the elevator button. Andy visibly does not want to be there (although he doesn't really know where he is).

JOSH

We try.

Josh pulls out a wad of cash and slides it on the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey, I have a bit of a request.

**INT. BRIDAL DRESS STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

Bree stands looking at herself in the mirror in a new dress. She sighs. She pulls out her phone again and tries to call Andy. No luck.

Whitney pulls open the decadent dressing room curtain and peeks her head in.

Bree looks at herself again in the mirror. Tears start to form under her eyes. She looks to Whitney helplessly.

WHITNEY

Is this some girl shit? Is this about the dress?

BREE  
No.

Bree sighs.

BREE (CONT'D)  
(defeated)  
I have to tell him.

WHITNEY  
Okay. Then tell him. We'll tell him together.

Bree can't hold back the tears any longer, she lets it out.

BREE  
You don't understand.

WHITNEY  
No. You don't understand. You deserve to be happy and if he doesn't see that then he doesn't deserve you.

BREE  
I'm so scared of losing him.

WHITNEY  
Andy's not like those other guys.

BREE  
It's more than that though, Whit. It's the way he looks at me. Like I'm everything to him. I just, I don't think I could bear losing that. When he finds out -

Bree slumps down against a mirror and sits down. Whitney plops down beside her.

WHITNEY  
Look at me.

Bree obliges.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
We're going to figure this out. If Josh is going to tell him, you've just got to beat him to the punch.

BREE  
How?

WHITNEY

There are like three potential places they could be possibly having a bachelor party in this town. We happen to know all of them. Probably a little too well.

Bree sighs.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I know this probably sounds like an excuse for me to finally be able to party with my home girl, but it's worth a shot right?

Bree smirks.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Does this mean we get to have a bachelorette party?

BREE

I feel like my entire life has been a fucking bachelorette party.

Whitney nudges her shoulder.

BREE (CONT'D)

Fine, but we are partying with a purpose.

WHITNEY

Always.

A bridal store worker walks by and looks at the two of them with not-so-subtle judgement.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

We'll get another bottle.

The worker rolls her eyes and exits the room.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(defensively)

Don't look at me like that! I could have developed an app!

Bree laughs. Whitney looks down and scans her dress once again.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I'm so happy this wasn't about the dress because it looks like fucking shit.

BREE  
Yeah, no, this is awful. This one  
was just to make you laugh.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Rushal and Victoria's hotel room has been decorated with some makeshift decorations. An open cooler chock-full with beers.

Andy sits in an office chair, still blindfolded. Lev and Marty finish tying him to his seat. The call light from Andy's phone can be seen through his pant pocket. Josh supervises while sipping a beer, delighted.

Victoria and Rushal can be heard in the bathroom having an argument that only continues to escalate.

ANDY  
Guys, seriously? This isn't funny.

MARTY  
Should we be concerned about -

Marty tilts his beer to the bathroom door. Josh shakes his head. He grabs a beer funnel and props it in his mouth.

JOSH  
Open wide tubs!

Andy tries to resist but Josh manages to get the end of the funnel in his mouth. He pours the beer and Andy does his best to chug, but fails pretty traumatically.

Lev and Marty are in stitches laughing. The three look at each other. Lev walks over to a boom box.

LEV  
Hey Andy, what's your favorite  
song?

ANDY  
What the hell are you guys doing?  
Untie me. Seriously!

MARTY  
It's your bachelor party dude.  
Cheer the fuck up!

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

A bass-thumping club that lacks the sophistication of patrons with jobs. A watering hole for almost adults, wallowing in their quarter-life crises.

Whitney and Bree tear up the dance floor. The two dance goofily in their own world. Bree checks her phone.

BREE  
(yelling)  
I THINK I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF  
HERE!

WHITNEY  
YOU'RE GETTING A BEER?

BREE  
NO. I'M GOING TO LEAVE.

Whitney gives her sad eyes.

WHITNEY  
Okay, I'll grab our tab!

BREE  
No, stay! I just - I can't. This is  
the third place. Andy's not here.

Whitney nods.

A douche-y GUY, who definitely has a framed poster of a Ferrari somewhere in his house, starts dancing behind Whitney.

Whitney turns to him and starts going with it.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM**

Bree leans against the sleazy bathroom sink against a condom dispensary. She repeatedly tries to call Andy.

WHIMPERING can be heard from one of the stalls.

Bree looks over to the sound. She calls again and gets a brief connection.

BREE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Dial tone.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 (slurred)  
 Hiiiiii.

Bree looks to the stall again. She looks underneath and sees two weathered-by-the-night feet sticking out and a mini dress hiked over the hips.

Bree lightly pushes the stall door open. A WASTED GIRL (20s) hugs the toilet, her makeup has lost the battle to tears.

BREE  
 Are you okay?

WASTED GIRL  
 Why don't you love me?

BREE  
 What? Where are your friends? Do you want me to find someone?

WASTED GIRL  
 Enough with the riddles. Do you even? You look like shit Becky.

Bree sighs.

BREE  
 Okay. Let's get you out of here, okay?

WASTED GIRL  
 (hopeful)  
 After party?

**EXT. NIGHTCLUB - FRONT - NIGHT**

People wait in line and smoke outside of the pretentious red velvet rope entrance to the club.

Bree stands on the sidewalk holding up the wasted girl with struggle. She uses her free hand to continually to hail a cab.

BREE  
 What's your address?

The girl looks to her and just starts sobbing. She walks over and sits on a curb. Bree walks over and console her.

WASTED GIRL  
 I can't go home.



BREE

Why not? Do you go to school here?

WASTED GIRL

No. Not here. I got kicked out. My mom is going to kill me. So much pressure, y'know? I'm such a fuck up.

BREE

I know this might feel like the end of the world right now, but the longer you avoid it, the worse it's going to get.

Bree thinks to herself for a moment, taking her own advice into consideration.

Bree looks back to the girl, the words of wisdom don't seem to have phased her. The girl uncoordinatedly lifts her finger and boops Bree on the nose (eye).

WASTED GIRL

Boop!

BREE

Home time it is. I promise you, things are going to work out.

WASTED GIRL

No they won't! You don't get it. Girls like me? We don't have happy endings.

Bree shakes her head and lifts her up with confidence.

BREE

Yes we fucking do!

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Lev and Josh are taking complete advantage of Andy's immobility with a photo shoot. The duo place the blow up doll in compromising positions while Marty takes pictures.

ANDY

(annoyed)

Just please let me call Bree.

Josh rolls his eyes.

JOSH  
(mockingly)  
Bree. Just let me call Bree.

A CRASH is heard in the bathroom.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
Are you fucking serious? No fuck  
you Rushal. We are so god damn  
done.

The guys look at each other in confusion.

The bathroom door flies open. Victoria storms out holding a file folder. Rushal follows looking like he just got the scolding of a life time.

MARTY  
You guys okay?

Victoria scowls. She looks to Andy tied to the chair and shakes her head. She walks over and takes off his blindfold.

ANDY  
What the hell is going on?

Josh bites his lip, looking at Victoria's file folder.

JOSH  
(cringing)  
Not now Victoria.

Victoria rolls her eyes.

VICTORIA  
You are all pigs. Sorry Andy.

ANDY  
For what?

VICTORIA  
Here's an early wedding gift. Turns  
out, you've already got something  
borrowed.

Andy looks completely puzzled. Victoria drops the file folder on his lap, a few photos fall to the floor.

The guys all start to tense up.

ANDY  
What is this?

Andy aggressively tugs at his arm until he finally frees an arm.

He starts inquisitively sifting through the contents of the file folder. There are party pictures of a very loose-looking Bree all over each of the guys.

LEV  
(annoyed)  
How'd she get that, Josh?

MARTY  
Andy, we can explain.

JOSH  
He was going to find out somehow.

ANDY  
What the fuck is this?

MARTY  
This was years ago.

Andy starts reading one of the pages, irate.

ANDY  
(to Marty)  
You slept with her?

LEV  
Just once.

JOSH  
It was before you even knew Bree.

Andy reads further.

ANDY  
YOU ALL SLEPT WITH BREE?

MARTY  
(defensively)  
Not at the same time.

ANDY  
Rushal?

Rushal looks to the floor. Andy looks at a few Facebook pages that have been printed out. He starts reading, a growing anger boiling within.

RUSHAL  
I had nothing to do with that.

ANDY  
What is this?

The guys stay silent.

VICTORIA  
What's that? Oh, your friends made  
a business page for Bree and had  
all of the guys review her  
"services," which might explain why  
she's not on social media.

Andy has reached his breaking point. He just stares ahead  
breathing heavily.

Suddenly, a stripper, CRYSTAL (30), awkwardly emerges from  
behind a couch, which she's been crouched behind this entire  
time. She's wearing only flashy underwear and tassels on her  
nipples.

CRYSTAL  
(confused)  
Should I just leave?

Andy looks to her in complete shock.

ANDY  
Everyone fucking leave now!

RUSHAL  
This is my hotel ro-

ANDY  
EVERYONE JUST GO!!!

Josh walks over to comfort Andy.

JOSH  
She didn't deserve you man, just  
let us help y-

Andy takes his free hand and PUNCHES Josh so hard across the  
face that he and the chair he's still strapped to falls over.

Josh cringes in pain.

Everyone remains motionless and then exit the hotel room in  
silence.

Crystal collects her various props in a frazzled manner, it's  
unclear if she's new at this or maybe just drunk. A confetti  
popper explodes with a BANG.

CRYSTAL  
Shit. Sorry.

Crystal grabs her things and heads for the door.

ANDY  
Wait. Did they pay you?

Crystal shakes her head. Andy sighs and grabs his wallet. She looks at him sympathetically and walks over.

CRYSTAL  
Do you want to talk? You'd be surprised how much of my job is talking people of ledges.

Andy nods. Crystal helps untie the rest of his limbs from the chair.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Bree has no idea she's arrived at Andy's house. She helps her new wasted amigo out of the car and then sees the front door.

She dips her head back into the cab.

BREE  
Uh, I think you made a mistake.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)  
This is the address on her ID.

The wasted girl swallows back a wave of vomit.

BREE  
You're Andy's sister?

WASTED GIRL  
Oh so you know the golden child too?

BREE  
I -

The girl nearly falls over before Bree props her up. She starts walking her towards the front door. Bree takes a deep breath and then knocks.

Cecile opens the door and looks to Bree and then to Phoebe. She's unimpressed but can't hide her thankfulness that Phoebe's okay.

WASTED GIRL

Hi momsi.

Phoebe turns to Bree and flails her hand goodbye.

WASTED GIRL (CONT'D)

(slurred)

Don't worry, I'll give you five stars.

Bree makes eye contact with Cecile and shrugs.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER**

Cecile guides Phoebe to the living room.

CECILE

Let's get you some water.

PHOEBE

Finger food!

Bree stands there awkwardly, unsure how to approach the situation. She calls Andy once more. No response.

A slight CREAK grabs Bree's attention.

Kylie sits on the staircase, she has Bree's doll in hand.

Bree smirks. She walks over.

BREE

I had a feeling you two would eventually become friends.

Kylie smiles and then makes the doll whisper into her ear.

KYLIE

She says she doesn't like you anymore.

BREE

I don't think that's true Kylie. Is it Deb?

Bree looks at Deb for a response.

BREE (CONT'D)

(loudly)

YO DEB?!

Kylie bursts into laughter and runs up the stairs.

Cecile comes back around the corner.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I had no idea Phoebe was - I just -

Cecile stops her mid-sentence and embraces her with a meaningful hug.

CECILE  
Thank you.

Bree nods.

CECILE (CONT'D)  
(through tears)  
She hasn't been home for over a  
year, which is a really long time  
for a mom not to see her daughter.

Bree takes in the moment. She puts a hand on Cecile's shoulder.

BREE  
Go easy on her.

Cecile nods.

CRASH. Cecile sighs and follows the sound back to Phoebe.

BREE (CONT'D)  
Hey, do you happen to know where  
Andy's bachelor party is?

Cecile turns back.

CECILE  
Uh, Mohammed's hotel.

BREE  
Rushal?

CECILE  
Yes, I'm sure.

Bree stands there for a moment and then walks back out the front door.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Bree sits on the stoop and orders a cab. She checks her messages, but still nothing from Andy.

Rushal walks down the street somberly with his hands in his pockets. Bree squints her eyes to focus in on him.

BREE  
Rushal?

RUSHAL  
Hey...

BREE  
Where's Andy?

RUSHAL  
He's still at the hotel. Bree, he knows. He knows everything.

Bree bites her lip and leans her head forward. She takes a few deep breaths to try and calm herself.

BREE  
Fuck! Josh is such a -

RUSHAL  
Actually, you can blame Victoria for that one.

Bree fights back tears.

BREE  
Does he hate me?

Rushal doesn't respond. He takes a seat beside Bree.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I was so fucking happy.

RUSHAL  
You still can be.

BREE  
What?

Rushal leans in to kiss Bree. She recoils instantly.

BREE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?

RUSHAL  
What do you mean? Maybe this shit show happened for a reason.

BREE  
Are you kidding me? You're Andy's best man!

(MORE)



BREE (CONT'D)  
How could you even think - I love  
Andy. What the hell do you guys not  
understand about that?

RUSHAL  
(defensive)  
Oh yeah. I think you're more  
transparent than you realize.

BREE  
What are you talking about?

RUSHAL  
Art degree didn't work out? I'm  
sure a doctor seems like a pretty  
nice backup plan.

Bree stands up, offended.

BREE  
Wow. Is that what you really think  
of me?

RUSHAL  
I'm pretty sure it's a universal  
thought.

Bree shakes her head.

BREE  
And to think, I used to be so in  
love with you in high school. You  
don't even know me at all.

Bree starts walking down the driveway in a depressed daze.

RUSHAL  
So you're going to go running back  
to him? He doesn't want you  
anymore. You should take what you  
can get.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Andy and Crystal sit on the hotel couch. The morning light  
fills the room.

Andy stares ahead, mind racing. Crystal looks through the  
pictures.

CRYSTAL  
Is this her?

Andy doesn't look.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
She's pretty. Hey, isn't this you?

ANDY  
It's possible. I visited on breaks.

Andy looks over reluctantly. A random group shot of the guys, Andy's in a corner looking awkward, Bree's on the other side of the room with a melancholic gaze.

CRYSTAL  
You know what I see here? Two very lonely people.

Andy doesn't respond.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
How'd you two meet?

Andy looks to her.

ANDY  
A bar.

CRYSTAL  
And?

ANDY  
And... she gave me the wrong number. Being the unrealistic optimist I am, I went back every night for the next week.

Crystal waits for more. Andy sighs.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
She eventually showed up.

He almost smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Which is when I knew I had a chance because she lived on the other side of the city and the bar was really shitty.

CRYSTAL  
Do you think she would really go across a city for any of these guys?

ANDY

No.

CRYSTAL

Did you ever think that maybe both of you have been fucked by these guys?

Andy thinks about it for a moment. Crystal stands up like she's about to motivate a sports team before a big game.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You love Bree. You chose to propose and spend the rest of your lives together.

Andy lowers his head.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I know this is a tough fucking pill to swallow, but imagine what she's going through?

Andy remains stoic.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Don't be those guys. She never tried to hurt you.

ANDY

She lied to me.

CRYSTAL

What choice did she have? You want to be there for when she needs you most? Now is that time.

Crystal lowers herself to Andy's level.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Do you love this girl?

ANDY

Yes.

CRYSTAL

Show her.

Andy thinks for a moment. He looks up and nods.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Don't let them win!

Andy looks at a picture of Bree. He can't help but smile.

ANDY  
Let's find her.

Crystal grabs a shirt and throws it on. The shirt is fishnet and does absolutely nothing to cover her.

CRYSTAL  
Ready.

**EXT. HOTEL - DAY**

A run-of-the-mill hotel surrounded by not much else other than a sprawling, desolate parking lot. The morning sun fills the sky.

Crystal and Andy make their way out of the hotel. She hands him a helmet. He looks at it in confusion.

Crystal mounts a bright pink Vespa.

CRYSTAL  
You coming?

Andy looks at her for a moment and then throws on the helmet.

ANDY  
Let's go.

Crystal and Andy drive off together, a very unusual pairing.

Moments later, a cab pulls up to the front of the hotel. Bree exits and runs in the front doors.

**INT. HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY**

Bree runs up to the front desk.

BREE  
Hi. I need to find out what room  
Rushal is staying in.

The receptionist looks Bree up and down.

RECEPTIONIST  
And you are?

BREE  
Please! My fiance is up there, and  
if I don't -

The receptionist suddenly holds up a finger and appears to be calling security.

RECEPTIONIST

No no no no no!

BREE

Excuse me?

RECEPTIONIST

I was warned about you.

BREE

Warned? What?

RECEPTIONIST

Crazy ex-girlfriend. I got the low  
down. I need you to leave right now  
before I have security escort you.

Bree groans in fury. In all fairness, she isn't doing the  
best job of not fitting the crazy ex-girlfriend bill.

BREE

(to herself)

Those fuckers!

Bree composes herself. She pulls out her phone and shows the  
receptionist.

BREE (CONT'D)

Please, just tell me if you've seen  
him.

RECEPTIONIST

It's a black screen.

Bree looks at the phone again. She tries to press buttons.  
It's dead. She sighs. She shuffles through her purse and  
finds an engagement photo of the two of them. She slides it  
on the desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Oh him? He literally just left.

BREE

He did?

RECEPTIONIST

With some whore.

BREE

Excuse me?

RECEPTIONIST

(under her breath)

Clearly he has a type.

BREE

Can I please just use your phone?

RECEPTIONIST

Security is on their way.

The receptionist hangs up the phone.

BREE

Really?

This woman is not going to budge.

Bree cringes and then bolts out the door, purposefully knocking over a few pamphlets on the ground on her way out.

**EXT. HOTEL - FRONT**

Bree stands outside of the hotel looking around at the dismal town. Her face drenched in heartbreak.

She takes off her shoes and starts walking through the parking lot. It looks like the saddest walk of shame to ever happen.

Bree spots a used car dealership in the distance. A lot of less than desirable cars gated by flashy tinsel banners. She starts hobbling over.

**INT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP**

The door DINGS as Bree enters, she looks like a complete mess.

CHET (40s), a man who may as well be the male counterpart to Rapunzel in the facial hair department, loses his sales face fast once their eyes meet.

CHET

Can I help you?

BREE

I just need to use your phone. It's an emergency.

CHET

Uh, we kind of have a policy against -

BREE

Seriously?

CHET  
Listen, ma'am, I have a job to do.  
I can't just -

Chet nods to a family looking around at some of the cars outside.

BREE  
One call! Please!

Chet groans and hands her the corded phone. Bree smiles politely and starts dialing. Nothing.

BREE (CONT'D)  
(defeated)  
Thanks.

CHET  
You know, if you end up in jail,  
you might want to re-prioritize  
that one call.

Bree rolls her eyes. She walks outside and starts visibly weeping on one of the hoods of the cars. Chet shakes his head.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Andy comes running out of his house looking hopeless. He mounts Crystal's Vespa once again.

CRYSTAL  
Nothing?

ANDY  
No.

Andy looks through his phone.

CRYSTAL  
I was really into this idea, but  
honestly, I'm getting a little  
tired, and I have to be back at the  
lab soon.

ANDY  
What?

CRYSTAL  
I'm sorry, dude.

Andy looks at his phone with a new found sense of hope.

ANDY  
Wait! I have a missed call! This  
could be her.

Andy dials feverishly.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello?! Bree?!

**INT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP**

Chet holds the phone up looking wildly unimpressed.

CHET  
(into phone)  
No, this is Chet. You called Bob's  
Used Car Dealership.

ANDY (O.S.)  
I just got a call from this number?

CHET  
(into phone)  
Yeah...

Chet looks out the window and sees Bree dramatically  
cry/screaming into the wind in the parking lot.

CHET (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I'm assuming that was from the sad  
clown girl scaring off my  
customers.

ANDY (O.S.)  
She's still there?

CHET  
(into phone)  
Unfortunately.

**EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Andy hangs up the phone and buckles up his helmet. Crystal  
sighs and revs the engine.

CRYSTAL  
Where's our girl?



ANDY  
Bob's used car dealership? Do you  
know where that is?

CRYSTAL  
Of course. Christmas party 2008.

Crystal looks into the abyss somewhat haunted. She throws on her helmet and they jet off down the road.

**EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - FRONT**

Andy and Crystal arrive at the parking lot, grabbing the attention of a judgmental family nearby.

Andy jumps off the Vespa.

ANDY  
Thank you. For everything.

CRYSTAL  
Go get her, kid!

Andy runs towards the entrance of the dealership.

**INT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP**

The door DINGS as Andy runs in out of breath. Chet looks at him blankly.

CHET  
Welcome to Bob's used car dealer-

ANDY  
Bree. I called. Where is she?

Chet looks around casually.

CHET  
I don't know?

ANDY  
What? You said she was here.

CHET  
She was!

ANDY  
You didn't tell her I called?

CHET  
I'm not babysitting your harem.

Andy looks out the window, Crystal is already well on her way. He tries to call Bree's cell phone, but it doesn't go through.

ANDY

Shit! Any chance I can test drive something?

CHET

No! Absolutely not. You obviously have zero interest in buying a car.

ANDY

Please?

CHET

Dude, no!

Andy thinks for a moment, flustered.

ANDY

She can't be far, right?

CHET

No? I don't -

ANDY

Okay, well, can you please just show me the car here with the best sound system?

Chet looks at Andy quizzically.

**EXT. STREET**

Bree walks down the desolate street carrying her heels with a face of pure heartbreak.

Suddenly, Andy and Bree's SONG begins playing faintly in the distance. Bree's ears perk up to the sound. She starts looking around like she's hallucinating.

BREE

(to herself)

What the fuck?

Crystal comes speeding down the road from afar. Tits bouncing around in the wind.

Bree just stands there in confusion.

Crystal nearly passes Bree but slows down at the sight of her. She comes to a stall and takes off her sunglasses.

CRYSTAL  
Bree?

BREE  
Yes?

CRYSTAL  
What are you doing? That's Andy!  
GO!

Bree looks around quizzically.

BREE  
Who the hell are you?

Crystal revs her engine. She puts her rhinestone-adorned sunglasses back on suavely.

CRYSTAL  
Your fairy fucking godmother.

Crystal zooms off without time for a reaction.

Bree stands there for a moment, bewildered.

She turns her head to the direction of the music and starts running frantically.

#### **EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP**

Andy stands with his phone connected to a showy sports car. He looks around desperately while Chet covers his ears from the blaring music.

Andy crawls up the hood of the car and stands on the roof.

In the distance, Bree runs out of breath to the perimeter of the car dealership. She looks around wildly until her and Andy's eyes meet.

Bree smiles.

BREE  
(mouthing)  
I'm sorry.

Andy smiles. He opens his arms invitingly.

Bree starts running through the field of shitty cars, which due to some bad parking, is not as easy as one would imagine.

Andy slides off of the car and starts making his way through the sea of aluminum.

Bree turns down an open aisle only to be shot right down by someone opening their car door. She lays there for a moment and then jumps back up.

Bree and Andy finally come to a connected path. Bree jumps into Andy's arms and kiss. They make their way to the hood of a car. He lowers her.

BREE (CONT'D)  
I can explain.

ANDY  
You don't have to.

BREE  
I didn't want to lose you.

ANDY  
You didn't. I don't care about them. I care about us.

Bree smiles through tears. She wipes them away and wraps her arms around Andy.

They look into each other's eyes only to be distracted by the sleazy presence of Chet standing nearby. They both look towards him.

CHET  
Ah, great choice. Used but she rides like new.

Bree and Andy can't help but burst into laughter continuing their make-out session despite Chet.

**EXT. JOSH'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY**

Marty stands outside the front door smoking a joint. He sifts through the mailbox. An elegant letter grabs his attention.

He lets the joint burn in his mouth as he tears open the envelope to reveal a wedding invitation as well as a handwritten letter.

**INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Victoria sips a glass of white wine. The same style envelope torn open aside the invitation on the counter top.

She reads the handwritten letter, a sip of wine seemingly with each word. She looks up for a moment, a hint of remorse on her face.

VICTORIA  
 (to herself)  
 They're resilient, I'll give them  
 that.

**INT. RUSHAL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Rushal's bedroom is a mess, half-packed boxes fill the room. The aftermath of a messy breakup.

The same envelope sits on the nightstand. He sits in bed thinking. He analyzes the wedding invitation once again.

An adorable professional picture of Bree and Andy alongside a date and RSVP box.

**INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The living room still has remnants of their party. Josh, Marty, and Lev all sit in different chairs holding their respective letters in silence.

Josh throws his in front of him and sits back drinking a beer.

LEV  
 So?

MARTY  
 I feel bad.

LEV  
 This is just like a peace offering,  
 no? They don't really expect us to  
 go, right?

Josh sits there in thought.

MARTY  
 I don't know. Are we going to go?

JOSH  
 If Andy actually wants us there,  
 I'll go.

Marty and Lev nod in agreement.

**EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY**

A home straight out of a magazine, everything from the flowers to the purposely distressed door are perfectly on trend.

Victoria stands outside staring at her phone. She's dressed in a gown that's close enough to white that it's offensive.

A black stretch limousine pulls up to the front of the house.

**INT. LIMOUSINE**

Marty, Josh, Lev, and Rushal all sit spaced out from one another in suits.

The driver opens the door for Victoria and she peers her head in to complete disappointment.

VICTORIA

You've got to be kidding me. Let me guess, she's going to sit us at the same table too? I guess I didn't give Bree enough credit.

Victoria reluctantly slides in, eyes glued to her phone.

JOSH

You were invited?

VICTORIA

Some of us know how to get over exes.

Rushal sighs and looks out the window.

RUSHAL

I knew I shouldn't have came.

The limousine starts driving. They all sit in an incredibly awkward silence.

**INT. BACKROOM - DAY**

A fairly cluttered back room that has been adorned with flowers in elegant vases.

Whitney stands in a slinky bridesmaid dress with her hands shielding her eyes.

Bree stands in a whimsical, non-traditional wedding dress. She twiddles her fingers nervously.

BREE

Okay. Open.

Whitney uncovers her eyes, she wells up immediately. She holds her hands on her heart dramatically.

WHITNEY

You're like a real life fairy tale.

Bree laughs and rolls her eyes. She looks back to herself in the mirror for a last minute fix up.

BREE

(sarcastically)

Oh yeah... the classic story of boy meets girl.

Whitney grabs two prepared shot glasses, leans on Bree's shoulder and hands her one.

WHITNEY

Girl, who's already done a significant amount of meeting.

Bree laughs.

The two cheers and then down the shots.

#### **EXT. STREET - DAY**

A rural, fairly deserted area of town. A sketchy looking man pushes an empty shopping cart. A likely drug deal is going down in an alley way. This is the type of area you'd definitely want to avoid.

The limousine pulls up to the side of the street. Victoria, Josh, Lev, Marty, and Rushal all step out of the limo. They all look around in complete confusion.

VICTORIA

Where the hell are we?

Victoria looks at her phone, she holds it up as if there's no signal whatsoever.

LEV

Are you sure this is the right address?

The limo suddenly speeds down the road and out of sight leaving a cloud of dust in its path.

Something catches Josh's eye, he sighs, defeated.

JOSH  
Yeah. This is it.

Marty looks to Josh in confusion. Josh points ahead.

The group's eyes follow Josh's finger to a decayed brick wall that has graffiti prominently displayed. In big, bold letters, the wall reads: "FUCK YOU."

**INT. BAR - DAY**

The tiki/biker bar that Bree and Andy met at has been overhauled with wedding decorations.

Sunlight bleeds into the windows. A small, quaint group of attendees sit patiently. Andy stands nervously at the makeshift alter.

Whitney stands on the bride's side and Milos stands on beside Andy.

This certainly isn't anyone's dream wedding except for theirs.

A ukelele starts playing music and cues the wedding guests to stand. Bree walks into the room with her DAD proudly on her arm. Andy absolutely lights up when he sees her.

She can't withhold her smile as she slowly walks down the aisle. Bree stops for a moment, she whispers into her dad's ear.

Andy raises an eyebrow.

Bree's father smiles and kisses Bree on the cheek. She looks up to Andy again and then runs down the aisle into his arms.

The ordaner starts to read, but the two are already kissing.

FADE OUT.