WEDMOCK

By

MICA

micawrites041@gmail.com
FADE IN

EXT. CHURCH - PARIS. DAY

CLOUDY. A DOZEN CARS, DECORATED with balloons and ribbons, parked outside. ONE CAR stands-- A WHITE LIGIER MICRO CAR. It’s broken-down and rusty

ERNEST HAYES, 30s, brown hair, handsome, struggles exiting the Ligier. The door is stuck. He PUSHES and PUSHES-- Nothing. He gives up.

INT. LIGIER. CONTINUOUS

Ernest catches heavy breaths, drained, evidently DRUNK.

Takes out a pack of cigarettes. STARES at it.

           ERNEST          (Re: pack of cigarettes)
                Why aren’t you killing me faster?.
                Do you fuckin’ job.

Pulls one cigarette out. Lights it.

EXT/INT. CHURCH/LIGIER - PARIS. CONTINUOUS

Ernest rolls down the window, exit through it. BOOM! He falls on the ground. GROANS in pain.

Picks himself up from the ground. Dusts off his tight suit.

Shoots look at his car.

           ERNEST(CONT’D)          You’re messed up as my life old friend.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

DONNA COOK, 30s, long blonde hair, in wedding dress, stands in front with HANK REESE, 50s, A PASTOR right next to them.

The church is full. GREAT ATTENDANCE. It’s awfully quiet.

           PASTOR
                We gathered here today, to
                celebrate the love of Donna and Hank.

(CONTINUED)
The door swings open, everyone’s ATTENTIVE.

Ernest enters. Takes a look around.

    ERNEST
    Is this a funeral?. I’m looking for
    a wedding.

Donna’s astounded. Embarrassed more than anything.

    ERNEST
    (Notices Donna)
    Never mind.

He walks, greeting everyone on his way. Hello, Hi, how you do. He sits among the people in the front row.

    ERNEST(CONT’D)
    Morning Donna. Or is it
    afternoon?-- any who-- I came to
    tell you, you’re making a big
    mistake.

    DONNA
    Are you drunk?

    ERNEST
    No. Wait--- I might’ve sipped
    courage to my system, that’s not
    the same as getting drunk.

    HANK
    (To donna, inquisitive)
    Who is this clown?

    ERNEST
    My name is Ernest. And your Grey
    balls don’t deserve to be anywhere
    near Donna.

SIGHS all around the church. Ernest finds his feet, surveys the room.

    ERNEST(CONT’D)
    Who’s ever been in love here?
    (to a nerdy looking guy)
    You?. I don’t think so. Your outfit
    say ‘I am a virgin’.
    (to an old lady)
    How about you ma’am?. No?. You do
    look like the only thing you’ve
    kissing the last decade, are cats
    and puppies.
CONTINUED:

DONNA
That’s enough. You’re ruining my day. I think you should leave.

HANK
You heard her, out!

ERNEST
(Sentimental)
I drove six days straight. No sleep. I was driven by one thought, that you’d see my face and be reminded of what we were.
(then)
You only marrying grandpa for stability. I get it, I do.
(after a beat)
But that doesn’t change the way I feel about you. I love you, and I’ll always do.

Donna’s touched, almost teary.

ERNEST(CONT’D)
Bye Donna. Have a great life.

He walks away. SUDDENLY STOPS. walk to the weeding cake.

ERNEST(CONT’D)
(Re: to cake)
I think I’ll have a piece for my road trip. I hope you don’t mind.

He buries his head on the cake. SIGHS all around. He stands up straight.

ERNEST(CONT’D)
Yeah, that tastes like bad marriage.

Heads out again.

ERNEST(CONT’D)
(shouts)
Save money for the marriage counsellor. And get a lot pills for grandpa, he might not be getting a boner soon.

Exits.

THE END