

AMERICAN PRINCESS

by

Jamie Denbo

April 2017

OVER BLACK: Tinny POP MUSIC plays over heavy PANTING...

EXT. A BACK COUNTRY ROAD, UPSTATE NY - MORNING

C/U on SPOKED WHEELS as they SPIN, shapely calves in LULULEMON LEGGINGS, brand new NEON CROSS-TRAINERS pumping the pedals, the CRISS CROSS of a HOT PINK ATHLETICA SPORTS BRA between two glistening shoulder blades...

ERIN (O.S.)

Faster, Bridezilla. Monique Lhuillier does not forgive.

REVEAL AMANDA LUNDY (29, Upper East Side socialite, bride to be, Vassar grad, Alpha Phi, occasional GOOP contributor, JAP with a heart) pedaling hard.

AMANDA

I'm... going... as fast... as... I... can...

ERIN LUNDY-ROTENBERG (Amanda's older sister, married, over it, think Leslie Grossman) plays the tinny pop music through her IPHONE as she lounges on the BENCH PART of this weird, oversized TRICYCLE that Amanda is riding.

ERIN

Please. It's not my fault there's no Soul Cycle up here. Thank god they had hot yoga in that yurt thingie.

Something in the distance catches Erin's eye.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(points)  
Civilization!

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY ROAD SERVICE STATION MINI-MART - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda heads for the cold drinks as Erin wrinkles her nose. Erin approaches the CLERK (an old hippie).

ERIN

Do you have LaCroix?

CLERK

La what?

ERIN

Bubbly? Flavor no sugar?

CLERK

We got soda... ?

ERIN

Mm'k. Awesome. Thankyousomuch.

She walks to Amanda.

ERIN (CONT'D)

How the f--

AMANDA

--do people survive outside of Manhattan?  
You know, you were very excited about my  
wedding being up here when we were  
planning it.

ERIN

That's because we were in Aspen when we  
were planning it. A summer wedding in  
the country sounded *warmer* at the time.

At that moment, PLAYTRON\* GAL (think Octavia Spencer but younger, heavier and dressed like an extra in Shakespeare In Love) and PLAYTRON GUY (think Martin Starr in a High School production of Hamlet) ENTER. They are the world's most aggressively nerdy couple.

*(\* "PLAYTRONS" are people who patronize Renaissance Festivals in full "garb" (costume). They are not paid employees of the Faire, but often are mistaken as such.)*

Erin and Amanda stare for a beat.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Ew.

AMANDA

See? Someone up here IS having a theme wedding. I'm telling you, I look very right in 1930's chic. We could have done a whole Downton Abbey thing, but Brett wouldn't--

ERIN

Amanda. Listen to me. I know I have complained about the pollen and the Lyme Disease--

AMANDA

Erin. You told Mom you thought you had Zika.

ERIN

And now Jordan the gay wonder planner is doing a citronella perimeter around the ceremony! You're welcome!

Amanda ROLLS her eyes.

ERIN (CONT'D)

My point is Town & Country Wedding is covering your Little White Barn dream nuptials for fuck's sake!

AMANDA

I know...

ERIN

I only WISH my wedding was like how this is gonna be.

AMANDA

Yours was beautiful.

ERIN

It was Modern Orthodox in a temple social hall. All for Joel's cunt mother.

AMANDA

Hey, our mom's a cunt too.

ERIN

Well, at least she doesn't keep kosher. I couldn't even have buttercream frosting. Sorry, Cake Boss. *No one likes fondant.* Anyway, this wedding? It's going to be *perfect*.

PLAYTRON GAL (O.S.)

God ye good den fair maidens.

Amanda and Erin turn to see Playtron Girl hovering.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)

Might I retrieve a Mountain Dew?

Confused, Amanda and Erin slowly walk away as Playtron Gal grabs her drink.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Thank thee!

ERIN

Yeah. That's who does a theme wedding.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE WHITE BARN BRIDAL SUITE - AFTERNOON

Amanda sits at her vanity in Spanx and a pearl-encrusted bustier while examining her made-up face. (The pro make-up and hair have presumably already left). Amanda's BRIDESMAIDS all buzz around, sip CHAMPAGNE, play on their phones, etc.

LEXI

I cannot get over this place!

LEXI (bridesmaid, late 20's, total airhead, Chinese but adopted and raised Jewish) is VERY impressed with the view outside the window.

LEXI (CONT'D)

It's like that place my dads took me to in France after I got bat mitzvah'd at Masada?

NICK

The French *countryside*?

LEXI

Yes! That! Uch, so pretty...

NICK (late 20's, Trans female to male, formerly Nicki-- Amanda's college friend, super self absorbed).

NICK

Well, thank god you didn't do France, Amanda. I can't be away from my hormone shots for that long.

AMANDA

We talked about France, but Brett hates French people.

NICK

Who doesn't?

MORGAN (Amanda's high school friend, married living the Westchester life, can't WAIT for Amanda to "catch up") looks up from her phone.

MORGAN

(to Nick)

Wait. Why can't trans... itioners travel internationally?

NICK

I have to get injections every two days from my doctor.

AMANDA

Who you're sleeping with.

NICKI

If I learn to do them myself I can't go to her office and sleep with her, can I?

FARAH

I'm just happy I'm still in my first trimester so I can still travel.

FARAH (Persian Jewish, living the JAP dream life, newly pregnant and VERY precious about it) rubs her belly.

AMANDA

You live in Westchester. You drove here.

FARAH

I'm not taking any chances. Michael and I are trying to treat every day like it's the day before birth.

MORGAN

That's... weird.

FARAH

It is NOT.

(to her belly)

Don't listen Mister Aiden K. Mendelson.

NICK

What's the "K" stand for?

FARAH

Kanye.

LEXI

Cute!

FARAH

Our little future internet billionaire will have the best possible pre-birth experience he can get.

MORGAN

Then stop drinking maybe?

Farah sheepishly puts down her half empty glass.

Erin comes out of the bathroom, fully dressed and made up and holding a small hat BOX.

ERIN

Sorry, Farah, but the internet won't still be a thing when your little prince grows up.

LEXI

What about Uber? I can't live without it.

ERIN

Chips in the heads, bitches. Read a blog. And speaking of head...

MORGAN

I'm listening.

NICK

Mature, Morgan.

MORGAN

You were so much more fun when you were a regular lesbian.

Erin takes a LONG VINTAGE CREAM COLORED VEIL out of the box. Everyone OOHS and AAAHS and WHIPS out PHONES to take photos.

AMANDA

Guys! I'm in my Spanx!

FARAH

Shit! I posted!

LEXI

Me too.

AMANDA

Delete!

ALL

Got it./Deleted./Done./Sorry.

AMANDA

'kay. Now. From the collar bone up.

She poses seductively, draping the veil over half an eye.  
They all SNAP AWAY and get to posting.

ALL

Perf./Love./Adding a filter./What hashtag  
are you guys doing?

NICK

(re: her phone)

If you Instagram every latte your husband  
makes you, does it mean you love him or  
hate him?

AMANDA

The doctor's *married*?

NICK

Maybe. Uch. Latte foam hearts. So  
aughts.

ERIN

Lexi, grab the crinoline?

LEXI

The what?

ERIN

The white underskirt thing.

Lexi finds it hanging next to a MAGAZINE photo of the  
dress in full - the complete look is very Black Swan;  
tight bodice with full skirt.

AMANDA

Did I tell you mom said I look like Misty  
Copeland in my dress? Which was sort of  
complimentary?

ERIN

Tough call 'cause she likes the ballet,  
but she hates black people.

NICK/LEXI

And Trans people./And Chinese people.

Amanda steps into the crinoline and sits at the VANITY  
while Erin fastens the veil.

AMANDA

Wow.

FARAH

Was it your mom's?

Erin and Amanda SNORT LAUGH.

AMANDA

Nooooo.

ERIN

Mom's been married three times. It's mine. I'm miserable but still on husband number one, so we thought it had better juju.

Lexi notices something outside the window again.

LEXI

Holy shit. Gwyneth is HERE.

ERIN

NO. WAY.

They crowd around the window.

AMANDA

Awww! She made it, yay! I thought she had a kid thing this weekend.

MORGAN

OMG, she loves you more than Apple!

AMANDA

Well, that should make Mom happy.

JOANNTHA LYONS (early 60's, Amanda and Erin's mom, has tried every mood stabilizer on the planet but continues to sabotage herself and everyone around her with her emotional neediness) BURSTS IN.

JOANNTHA

Mandy! You didn't tell me Goop was going to actually BE here. I can't go out there now! Not after I broke Blythe's wrist at the Met Gala!

AMANDA

Erin?

ERIN

On it. Mom? We got you your very own mother of the bride suite for you to deep breathe in until Jordan comes to escort you to the ceremony.

Erin moves toward ushering Joanntha out, but Joanntha stops her--

JOANNTHA

(overcome)

Mandy, Mandy, Oh my Amanda! God in heaven-- you look like an angel. A Jewish one. The best kind!

AMANDA

Thanks, Mom.

JOANNTHA

Are you still wearing the ballerina dress? Who's the black girl they let dance now?

EVERYONE

Misty Copeland.

JOANNTHA

I find her ankles thick.

ERIN

And we're out. Come on, Mom.

Just then, Amanda's PHONE RINGS. It's FaceTime.

AMANDA

Oh, shit! It's Brett!

ALL

Don't answer!/It's bad luck!/GET IT!/  
Just don't let him SEE you, it's fine.

Everyone gets quiet. Amanda hits the button and turns it over so the camera won't see her.

AMANDA

Hey, Sweetie!

MUFFLED NOISES from PHONE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Babe? Brett... ?

Now GRUNTING noises...

MORGAN

Wait, is YOUR volume down? Gimme.

Morgan GRABS the PHONE and faces it toward her. The others peer over her shoulder. More GRUNTING...

AMANDA

Brett, I think you butt-dialed me--

Morgan and everyone else look from the PHONE SCREEN up to Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What?

Amanda GRABS the PHONE. She LOOKS. She is CLEARLY HORRIFIED. UH, OH.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda BURSTS out of the Barn like a madwoman. Still in her veil, bustier, Spanx and crinoline, she JUMPS onto the BIG TRICYCLE (now decorated in tiny bells and shit, with a "Just Married" sign on the back) and PEDALS off as Erin and the bridesmaids all scramble after her.

ERIN

Amanda! Get BACK HERE!

ALL

Come back!/Where are you going!?!/AMANDA!

LEXI

I'm sure there's an explanation!

NICK

No, there isn't.

FARAH

GUYS. Can you keep it down? I'm pregnant!

MORGAN

SHUT UP, FARAH!  
(to her belly)  
SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!

ERIN

Well, Jesus Christ! We have to follow her! Where are all the cars!?

LEXI

Jordan said he didn't want them in the foreground ... ?

NICK

Riiiiight. Something about "framing the Sunset". Maybe he had them all moved--?

ERIN  
ARGGHHHHHH!!!

Joanntha comes out of the barn.

JOANNTHA  
Erin. Stop being so dramatic, please.

ERIN  
You realize that is hilarious coming from  
you, right?

JOANNTHA  
Bah. Now. Who else wants a Fentanyl?

They all raise their hands and move toward her while Erin  
bangs her head in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

A couple of KITCHEN GUYS SMOKE outside of this B&B. They  
watch casually as the TRICYCLE pulls up with a crazed,  
sweaty half-dressed Amanda on it. She jumps off and RUNS  
FULL SPEED though the DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. GROOM'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda, like a rabid raccoon, BANGS the DOOR open to find  
BRETT FEINGOLD (30's, Jewish, Jared Kushner-y,  
douchebag), pants down, getting a blowjob from a half-  
naked WOMAN with WILD HAIR, wearing a RED PEASANT SKIRT  
and an untied LEATHER CORSET.

BRETT  
WHOAWHOAWHOA--

CHAOS. Amanda SURGES toward him as the WOMAN RUNS into  
the BATHROOM and SLAMS the DOOR.

AMANDA  
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND YOU-- YOU-- HOW  
COULD YOU!!!

Brett grabs her shoulders.

BRETT  
Amanda. It's not what you think--

AMANDA

Oh. OKAY. THEN WHAT DO I THINK?!

BRETT

You THINK that I am having an affair!  
Which is not the case. I LOVE YOU.

AMANDA

But she was-- You were-- On our wedding  
day--

BRETT

Sssshhhhh. Calm down. CALM DOWN.

He PRESSES her HEAD to his chest.

AMANDA

But--

BRETT

Let's talk about this, okay?

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS SLOWLY and the WOMAN, more fully  
dressed now, with a CLOAK covering her full dress,  
carefully tries to slip out.

WOMAN

I'm just gonna--

Amanda pulls away from Brett and GLARES at the Woman.

AMANDA

Is that a hooker?

BRETT/WOMAN

No!/ Excuse me?

AMANDA

Did you PAY her? And if you didn't pay  
her, then who--

BRETT

(to Amanda)

HEY. Look at me.

Amanda looks. Behind her back, Brett waves at the woman  
to GET OUT. But the Woman is looking for something.

BRETT (CONT'D)

What you think you saw? It was nothing.  
It was a... leftover from the bar last  
night. Okay? That I will give you. A  
last hurrah.

From behind Amanda, the Woman now frantically POINTS at the bed table behind Brett, where her drawstring leather MONEY POUCH is sitting.

BRETT (CONT'D)

But it's over. It is out of my system FULLY now. And we are getting married. TODAY.

Brett still talks to Amanda intensely as the Woman cautiously tries to sneak around them to grab her POUCH from the table.

BRETT (CONT'D)

And we are going to St. Barth's. TOMORROW. Because, Amanda Lundy? You make my life complete.

The Woman is closer to them now. She reaches out her FINGERS to get the POUCH just as Amanda takes a DEEP BREATH and... LUNGES at Brett.

AMANDA

AAAAGHGHGHGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Brett DIVES onto the bed and out of the way as Amanda FALLS FORWARD and brings down BOTH fists on the top of the Woman's head (instead of Brett). The woman goes DIRECTLY down and gets KNOCKED upside her jaw on the corner of the bed table. BLOOD SPURTS OUT EVERYWHERE! Amanda, full of adrenaline, spattered with blood and heaving, looks to Brett, who lies on the bed, shocked.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's "You complete me", you asshole.

Brett looks at the scene and immediately VOMITS. Amanda looks at what we can presume is a bloody mess of the Woman. We hear the Woman WHIMPER...

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh. Shiiii--

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - LATER AFTERNOON

Amanda STUMBLES out of the B&B and past the two kitchen WORKERS again. She looks around. AMBULANCE SIRENS cry out in the distance...

AMANDA

Shitshitshit!

She MOUNTS the crazy trike and PEDALS off in the opposite direction from where she came.

KITCHEN WORKER  
(accented English)  
Congratulations!

As she rides, she grabs the "Just Married" sign off the back of the trike and throws it to side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - SUNSET

A crowd of about a HUNDRED PEOPLE mill around the "citronella perimeter" of the ceremony space. Some are clustered together, whispering. Erin approaches Joanntha and the bridesmaids.

ERIN  
She's not answering. But here's the deal. It's off.

GASPS.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
For now.

JOANNTHA  
Because of a little indiscretion?  
Please. If I called off every wedding for THAT--

ERIN  
Not NOW, Mom.

MORGAN  
Who was this bitch?

LEXI  
Yeah! Do we know her? We know some very horrible people.

ERIN  
You know I don't know? And I don't care? What I DO care about is that according to Brett, Amanda assaulted the slut and there may be a legal situation.

NICK  
Bullshit.

FARAH  
(covers her belly)  
Don't listen, Aiden.

MORGAN  
(to Farah's belly)  
Listen up, Aiden!

ANGLE ON: A tall, slim blonde woman from behind, getting into a HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE and departing.

LEXI  
(mournfully)  
There goes Gwyneth and her flaxen hair.  
See that shimmer where her hair parts?  
She uses a Kale Diamond chip rinse.

JOANNTHA  
(back to Erin)  
Oh, for God's sake. How badly is this woman hurt?

ERIN  
Well, Joel treated her immediately after and said that she has a concussion AND because of the angle of the fall I guess she... bit off the tip of her tongue.

ALL  
UGH./Ew!/Gross./Oh my god...

JOANNTHA  
Well, it's not Amanda's fault the woman bit off her own tongue!

ERIN  
It might be.

Erin LOOKS to her phone.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
Dammit, Amanda! Answer!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda's Phone BUZZES continually from under the VANITY, where it was abandoned when Amanda rushed out earlier.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

A now filthy, sweaty Amanda CRIES and MUTTERS as she pushes ahead on the stupid tricycle, still in her bustier and crinoline.

AMANDA  
... Brett *Feingold*. You thought I'd just roll over and--

She is getting tired. She STUMBLES.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
I was already looking at preschools!

She finally stops pedaling, exhausted.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
I hate you! And I hate ... HEDGE FUNDS!  
I want my mommy ...

She CRIES as she GETS/FALLS off the TRIKE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Okay ... It's okay. Mom. Oh my god.  
Erin. Everyone ...

She PATS herself looking for her PHONE. Then more frantically, she looks down her cleavage, checks the BENCH in the back of the trike...

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
NO. Where is my PHO--? NO!!!

She goes nuts and starts KICKING the tricycle until it unceremoniously ROLLS OVER SLOWLY onto it's side. She collapses at the side of the road and puts her head in her hands.

From a DISTANCE, MUSIC PLAYS. It is festive, traditional Renaissance music; an acoustic combination of lute, dulcimer, bagpipe and Celtic percussion.

Amanda looks up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Uchhhh. *Theme wedding...*

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD IN FRONT OF ROYAL REN FAIRE ENTRANCE -  
MOMENTS LATER - TWILIGHT

There are cars parked all over. People in various states of Renaissance "garb" are mostly heading out as Amanda ambles through, thirsty and weary. She stops an older man dressed as a FRIAR.

AMANDA

(raspy)

Excuse me... Father? Is the wedding over? I need-- (coughs)

FRIAR

Ah, pretty maid. Thou dost look like you could use a drink. Here.

He produces a FLASK. She grabs it, drinks and swallows, immediately COUGHING hard. It is STRONG.

FRIAR (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Aye, miss. The Devil's brew. Fire from the Scots. Not for the faint of heart.

AMANDA

(sputtering)

Water... ?

He takes out a CANTEEN.

FRIAR

Here, child.

She grabs, drinks, swallows and makes a *face*.

AMANDA

Blech-- is this *BEER*?

FRIAR

A fine ale to wash down the Devil's brew.

AMANDA

Okay... Look, I-- do you have a phone? It's kind of an emergency.

FRIAR

(smiling)

What is a "phone"?

AMANDA

This must be some wedding because you, Father whoever--

She takes the SCOTCH flask and SWIGS again, this time more prepared for the strength.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

--are *wasted*.

She heads off.

FRIAR

(calls out)

In sooth most verily I am!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Amanda approaches a large gathered CROWD. The MUSIC is PLAYING and people are clapping along. She pushes through, now a little tipsy...

AMANDA

Excuse me... sorry...

She squeezes into a seat on a WOODEN BENCH next to Playtron Gal from the Country Mart earlier in the day.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm... on the bride's side.

Before Playtron Gal can respond, Playtron Guy appears with MUGS of something alcoholic. He TRIPS and SPILLS one all over Amanda.

PLAYTRON GUY

I beg thy pardon, mistress!

AMANDA

Oh, it's fine, it's fine. Maybe it will get out the blood.

PLAYTRON GUY

Please. Accept this mead in apology.

He holds out the full MUG. She takes it.

AMANDA

Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

She SWIGS. Playtron Gal and Guy look at each other as Amanda then GRABS the half-empty *other* MUG out of Playtron Guy's hand and downs what's left.

PLAYTRON GUY  
I shall... get more.

AMANDA  
(getting drunk FAST)  
You do that.

He moves off.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(to Playtron Gal)  
Hey. Can I use your phone?

PLAYTRON GAL  
(cheerfully with a wink)  
Mayhap I know not. What be a "phone"?

Amanda gives her a look of death. Playtron Gal's cheer melts. This bitch is not kidding. Playtron Gal starts pawing through her drawstring pouch.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT'D)  
Ah, thou must mean the little portrait  
maker I do carry with me. It doth also  
serve as a carrier pigeon, know ye.

She hands Amanda her PHONE.

AMANDA  
... what?

Amanda is about to dial when she FREEZES.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. I don't know anyone's number.

PLAYTRON GAL  
Beg pardon?

AMANDA  
I'm not kidding. I don't know my own  
sister's phone number. Or my mother's...  
I know Brett's but-- I mean, and I know  
MINE, but I don't know anyone else's!

PLAYTRON GAL  
Uhhhhh...

AMANDA  
How the hell are people supposed to  
communicate without A PHONE? DON'T YOU  
GET IT? I DO NOT HAVE MY PHONE!

PLAYTRON GAL

(concerned)

Ma'am? Dost thou need to see the faire  
physician, perchance?

BEAT.

AMANDA

Okay. Your commitment to this whole  
theme is seriously like NEXT LEVEL.

Playtron Guy returns with THREE MUGS. Amanda grabs one  
and DOWNS it. She is now getting drunker by the  
second...

The MUSIC comes to an end and the crowd APPLAUDS. On the  
stage at the center of this mini-hillside amphitheater,  
is QUEEN ELIZABETH I (an ACTRESS named MARIA CONSTANTINE,  
30's-40's, think Rebecca Wisocky; Maria is a very  
talented Queen, well-versed in Shakespeare and  
Elizabethan history, but she is also a vain and jealous  
bully. She's the big fish in this relatively small  
RenFaire pond.)

MARIA

(as the Queen)

Well played, dear musicians and well met,  
all my good gentles. I, your glorious  
Queen do welcome all of thee, my subjects  
who are gathered here at the end of yet  
another glorious day in Shropshire. Ah,  
Shropshire. Where I choose to take my  
summer progress every year...

AMANDA

(to Playtron Gal)

Woof. Is she officiating? Cause this is  
gonna be a LONG one. My sister's Rabbi  
was Orthodox and he was like... WORDY.

People around turn and look at her. Safe to say she's  
drunk now.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Buckle up, ye olde congregants.

MARIA

... in the words of the bard, "If music  
be the food of love, play on."

OOHS and AHS from the CROWD.

MARIA (CONT'D)

William? Please approach.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE as played by BRIAN DOOLEY (30's-50's, a gay intellectual ala David Hyde Pierce. Fancies himself the Faire historian and number one fag to Maria's hag) gets on stage to APPLAUSE.

AMANDA

Cute idea for the groom.

A random "SH!" in Amanda's direction.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You SH!

MARIA

(to Brian)

Wilt thou provide us with some parting words as the sun sets upon those of us gathered?

BRIAN

Aye, your majesty. T'would be mine honour.

AMANDA

(to Playtron Gal)

Lemme guess. Romeo and Juliet?

BRIAN

For you, my Queen and all of England's most precious jewel. Ahem. *"One half of me is yours, the other half, yours. Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours."*

AMANDA

Huh. Merchant of Venice. His anti semitic play.

PLAYTRONS and RENNIES GLARE at her from all sides.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But romantic. Flirty. She's the bride. I got it now.

MARIA

Bravo, Dear William.

BRIAN

Ah, but your majesty. I have penned yet another simple musing on thy royal life. May I?

MARIA

Of course.

BRIAN

*"My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine. You may my glories and my state depose, but not my griefs; still am I king of those."*

MARIA

Ah. Such true words.

BRIAN

(proud)

'Tis from my newest play entitled, Richard the Third.

APPLAUSE.

AMANDA

Um. No it's not.

People around her are now annoyed.

PLAYTRON GAL

Dear maiden. That be the bard of Avon himself, William Shakespeare.

AMANDA

Okay, well. He be wrong about hith owneth playeth then.

Playtron #1 leans in.

PLAYTRON #1

PLEASE be QUIET. Her MAJESTY is speaking!

AMANDA

Who? The bride? Sorry-- Queen Elizabeth?

PLAYTRON #1

Do NOT disrespect her majesty!

AMANDA

Well, *somebody* ought to tell her that the future King Elizabeth isn't so up on his shit!

Another one starts in...

PLAYTRON #2

Ma'am! Please shut up!

AMANDA

You shut up, Jaggoff!

They start ARGUING. The rest of the crowd turn their heads. The Queen notices.

MARIA

Hark! What is the meaning of this disruption?

Amanda and the Playtrons FREEZE mid-debate.

PLAYTRON #1

(panics)

Uhhh... God save the Queen!

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA

(in unison)

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

AMANDA

(startled)

Jesus!

PLAYTRON GUY

Forgive us, your majesty-- for this maid be most truly in her cups.

People CHUCKLE knowingly.

AMANDA

(defensive)

I am not... in my cups!

MARIA

Ah, a dear lost beggar's doxy. Or mayhap a *Spaniard* deserted by her ship?

Everyone but Amanda LAUGHS, all in on a joke she doesn't get.

AMANDA

Look. Ma'am. Queen. Sorry for interrupting your wedding here--

MARIA

(wickedly amused)

Wedding? And whose nuptials might we all be attending?

Amanda slowly points to her and then to William Shakespeare. The crowd BURSTS into laughter again. William Shakespeare snickers WICKEDLY.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Dear lost child! I am married first and foremost to mine country, mine England.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

(re: Shakespeare)

And this man hither be but a consort of  
my high court.

AMANDA

OkayokayFINE. But you should know FYI  
that whether you marry him or not, he  
doesn't know what play his own quote is  
from.

BRIAN

Well, that is just preposterous!

AMANDA

(drunk and on a roll)

GOD. MEN, right? They are ALWAYS trying  
to pass off a WHOLE other personality to  
the world. *"I know this play I wrote SO  
WELL"* or *"I got it all fully out of my  
system!"* or *"It's YOUR fault she bit off  
her tongue, Amanda!"* So, even if this--  
(gestures all around her)  
whatever it is-- is NOT a wedding, you  
should know that MEN SUCK BALLS!

BEAT as everyone JUST STARES.

DAVID (O.S.)

She be right!

Everyone turns to the side of the stage. REVEAL DAVID  
POLAND (30's, cute, a Ren Faire actor who goes by the  
name "Humper DinkPyle. He performs bawdy Shakespeare  
parodies in a mud pit. David is popular, confident and  
charming. He found his home on the Ren Faire circuit and  
like Maria, he is a big fish here-- but without the mean  
streak).

DAVID (CONT'D)

Your majesty, may I beg a boon?

MARIA

Such a wretched creature doth approach...

Shakespeare and the Queen's "Guards" BLOCK David from  
coming too close.

DAVID

But, your majesty, she be right! As in  
correct! About Sir William's play!

Everyone looks back at Amanda.

AMANDA  
I mean, I am right.  
(re: David)  
But why's he so gross?

MARIA  
Speak, mud-man.

David takes center stage.

AMANDA  
(to the people around her)  
Seriously, you guys-- is he homeless?

DAVID  
I, man of mud, orator of dirt, hero and  
defender of the most vile sludge--

MARIA  
Carry on, creature!

DAVID  
Beg pardon. I! Sir Humper Dinkpyle, do  
humbly put forth that the quote from his  
most honorable honor, William  
Shakespeare, be as the maid did say, *not*  
in sooth, from Richard the Third.

AMANDA  
AhA! See! Toldja! Ask the mud guy!

People GASP/CHATTER...

MARIA  
Silence, good people!

A HUSH falls over the crowd.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Sir Dinkpyle. Which play did Shakespeare  
then quote?

DAVID  
Henry the Fifth!

AMANDA  
WRONG!

Everyone looks at Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
And if I had my PHONE, I would Google it  
to prove it.

MARIA

Come hither, you.

Amanda LAUGHS. Is this bitch serious? She looks to Playtron Gal and Guy, who NOD to her to GO.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Come!

Amanda WOBBLES toward the stage awkwardly and takes her place in front of the Queen.

AMANDA

Hi?

MARIA

What be thy title?

AMANDA

Well, I was gonna be a Mrs. But that was a whole thing--

DAVID

(sotto)

Thy name.

AMANDA

Oh. Amanda. Lundy.

MARIA

(not amused)

If the Bard's quote did not come from Henry the Fifth or Richard the Third, then which play was it?

AMANDA

Richard the SECOND.

A BEAT. William Shakespeare realizes she's right.

BRIAN

(grouchily)

Ah... Yes.

No one knows quite what to do with this awkward moment. Suddenly ...

DAVID

(yells)

HUZZAH! The maid doth speak the truth!

The whole crowd (except the Queen and Shakespeare) ERUPT into CRIES of "HUZZAH!", "BRAVA!" and thunderous APPLAUSE. David SMILES at Amanda, who smiles back. She turns and awkwardly CURTSIES to the crowd.

MARIA

Well met, young maid. Now. If thou wouldst not mind... ?

Maria SHAKES her head in the direction of OFFSTAGE so she can claim back her spotlight.

AMANDA

What?

BRIAN

(pointed)

Her majesty will now end the faire day.

AMANDA

Oooh. Copy. Okay. Sorry. Where's the bar?

The Queen and Shakespeare are about to lose it when David grabs her hand.

DAVID

Come, maiden. The pub be right this way...

AMANDA

Thanks, Mr. Humperdink.

DAVID

That be *Dinkpyle*.

AMANDA

Whatever. Do they have more of that mead stuff? It's like Mike's Hard Lemonade!

David WHISKS her away toward the open air PUB behind the STAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. RV - MORNING

Amanda wakes up on the FLOOR of an RV. She is still in her gross wedding under-things and she looks ROUGH. She looks around and tries to FOCUS. WHERE IS SHE?

AMANDA

Wha... ?

The room is that weird yellow-y RV color, but also decorated with sporadic Native American art; dream catchers, some crafts and paintings.

DAVID (O.S.)

Morning!

AMANDA

(startled)

AH!

Reveal David, the Mud Guy from the night before, in shorts and a "DIRTY PROJECTORS" TEE SHIRT as he emerges from the bathroom.

DAVID

Whoops! Sorry. Didn't mean to--

She looks at him, and then suddenly makes a BEELINE for the bathroom, shoving him out of the doorway. We hear her PUKE mightily.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Whoa... okey dokey. I'll give you some space there.

Bathroom door SLAMS on him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll just be outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND OUTSIDE THE FAIRGROUND - MORNING

David sits in a BEACH CHAIR, reading on an IPAD. The DOOR to the RV BANGS OPEN and Amanda APPEARS shielding her eyes.

AMANDA

Bright. SO bright...

She pretty much FALLS out of the RV and PLOPS into the EMPTY BEACH CHAIR next to David. She holds her head.

DAVID

Coffee?

AMANDA

Yes, please.

He pours her some from a THERMOS.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

DAVID

No sweat.

BEAT.

AMANDA

So, where am I?

DAVID

(amused)

Fairgrounds. Just outside where you passed out last night.

AMANDA

Oh. Oh, good. The fairgrounds. Right.

(pause)

Did I-- did we... ?

DAVID

Oh, you tried. But no. I make it point to NOT date rape people? One of my personal philosophies.

AMANDA

Okay. Good. That's really good.

(another pause)

And when you say "fairgrounds"--

DAVID

Ren Faire. Where you bested William Shakespeare himself? It was amazing, actually. I have no beef with Brian personally, but he can be a huge dick about historical accuracy so that was kind of awesome.

Amanda stares and then SLOWWWWLY remembers...

AMANDA

... riiiiight. At the wedding.

DAVID

At the *Renaissance Festival*. Wow. You're acting like you got ahold of Friar Woodruff's homemade Devil Scotch. Last time I had that, I woke up in a boat on Lake Oswego. Naked.

She tries to compose herself.

AMANDA

Look, mud man--

DAVID

It's Humper Dinkpyle. But you can call me David. Faire gates don't open until 10 AM.

AMANDA

David. So, I don't know what a Renaissance Festival is? Also, I don't know my family's phone numbers and I have to get back to the Little White Barn-- wait DAMMIT. No, I can't go back there--

DAVID

Do you have email?

AMANDA

Huh... ?

He holds up his IPAD.

DAVID

Electronic mail? Computer messages. Wi-fi on the grounds is terrible but that's intentional. You know. The time period. *But*, it is *also* why I keep my own router in the RV.

BEAT. Amanda LUNGES at the IPAD.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Easy, killer! She's first gen. I keep her in good condish.

She GRABS it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I guess I'll read the paper later...

Amanda SNORTS as she looks at the screen he had open.

AMANDA

Please. You call the POST the *paper*--?

She FREEZES.

ANGLE ON: THE IPAD SCREEN: The FRONT PAGE of the NY POST. There is one BIG HEADLINE screaming "SUBWAY KILLER CAUGHT: FROM METRO TO DEATH ROW!" And then in the lower right hand corner, a HUGE splashy headline: "BRIDEZILLA BLOODIES CHEATING HUBBY'S HUSSY!" She can't help herself. She CLICKS OVER and stars SKIMMING...

C/U on her EYES as she sees WORDS and SENTENCES FLASH BY:

*"The perfect Country Wedding gone WRONG... Groom claims 'I made a mistake'... the 'other woman' caught in the crossfire... permanently maimed... Bridezilla MISSING after Attack!"* And so on...

DAVID  
(breaking her trance)  
Forget your login?

She closes the WINDOW and puts it down.

AMANDA  
No. I just need a minute.

He SHRUGS and pours her more coffee.

DAVID  
So... you've never heard of a Ren Faire.  
But you *came* to a Ren Faire in full garb  
and schooled every Rennie there in  
Richard the Second. Can I ask how that  
happened?

AMANDA  
Vassar. I was an English major with a  
concentration in Shakespeare. His  
histories, specifically.

DAVID  
Gotcha. And... ?

He GESTURES to her OUTFIT.

AMANDA  
Uch. I was going for like a country,  
"running through a meadow" thing. It  
needs the top part. You know Misty  
Copeland?

DAVID  
Um...

AMANDA  
Anyway, whatever.  
(then)  
You know what they say about a BA in  
English.

DAVID  
What do they say?

AMANDA

Go to grad school.

DAVID

(laughs)

So, did you?

AMANDA

No. I Euro-railed for like a year, hotels, not hostels, and then I moved back in with my mother in the city and then eventually I got hired part time for Goop. So.

He looks at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Goop? Kind of a big deal.

DAVID

(no idea)

Sure.

AMANDA

And then I met Brett and three years later, here I am.

DAVID

Here you are.

BEAT.

AMANDA

What's a "Rennie"?

DAVID

A Rennie is person who works at a Renaissance Festival.

AMANDA

Ah.

DAVID

Like a Carnie is a person who works at a carnival.

AMANDA

Got it.

DAVID

Like a *Druggie*... is a person who works at a carnival.

He laughs at his own joke.

AMANDA

So... what? You all run around  
pretending to be Queen Elizabeth and  
stuff and people get drunk with nerds and  
that's it?

David looks at his watch. 9:30 AM.

DAVID

Do you have to be anywhere this morning?

I mean. Does she? Off her look...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE GATES - MORNING

It's 10 AM. Amanda is now wearing a pair of TOO BIG  
SWEATPANTS and a MAN'S TEE SHIRT inside out. She stares  
in awe at the people showing up early to the faire, many  
in full garb. David, now in his "Humper DinkPyle" RAGS  
and filth, sneaks up behind her and squeezes her HIPS,  
startling her.

AMANDA

What the-- David!

DAVID

Nay, Mistress, 'tis I, thy favorite mud  
beggar, Humper DinkPyle!

AMANDA

Oh, right.

David presents TWO other MUD BEGGARS; JOHNNY (20's -50's,  
overweight, also filthy, goes by the name, "SHART  
O'BELLY" and SAM (20's-50's, skinny, gross, goes by the  
name, "STICK").

DAVID

And these be my best mates and fellow  
beggars, Shart O'Belly and Stick.

JOHNNY goes to HUG Amanda. She puts up a hand.

AMANDA

Nope.

He backs off. Sam hands her a "stick".

SAM

A stick. From Stick.

She takes it carefully.

AMANDA

Thanks...

DAVID

I hope thou wilt attend our mud show.  
It's at Froggy Bottom Mud Pit. Noon  
o'clock.

Suddenly all three MUD BEGGARS DROP to the GROUND. MUSIC  
STARTS UP - again, Celtic, festive...

AMANDA

What? What's happening?

JOHNNY

Her Majesty arrives!

SAM

Her Majesty! Her Majesty!

Everyone around her starts to KNEEL or BOW their heads in  
deference.

DAVID

(mischievously)

The good mistress surely remembers her  
majesty, Queen Elizabeth, of course. And  
her trusted courtier, William  
Shakespeare?

AMANDA

Shakespeare was never like *IN* actual  
Elizabeth's court, you know--

Someone SHOVES her over to get a better view.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hello? Standing right here?

People part like the Red Sea to reveal a little PARADE of  
JESTERS, MUSICIANS, MIMES and COURTIERS eventually  
revealing the QUEEN (Maria) and William Shakespeare  
(Brian), approaching the gate. She blows kisses and  
waves at her subjects, but when she catches Amanda's eye,  
she looks surprised, then annoyed. She WHISPERS to  
Brian, who gives Amanda a dirty look as they pass by.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(to David)

Well, she definitely remembers *me*.

People rise in the wake of the little parade and enter the Faire.

DAVID

(winks)

See you at the show, mistress!

AMANDA

(sarcastic)

Aye, aye, Captain.

What the FUCK is this place?? Amanda takes a FAKE PARCHMENT BROCHURE/MAP thing from a basket next to the entrance. She opens it.

ANGLE ON: C/U of THE BROCHURE which reads: *"The Royal Renaissance Faire ... Running now for 35 years for eight weekends in a row ..."*

ANGLE ON: Amanda as she reads ...

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Blahblahblah ...

ANGLE ON: C/U of THE BROCHURE which reads: *"Professional actors... period artisans ... live jousting ... wench auction ..."*

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(re: brochure)

What the--

Amanda NUDGES the woman in front of her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(re: brochure)

Excuse me-- do you know what a "wench auction" is? Because it sounds super offensive.

The woman looks at her strangely and moves off. Amanda SHRUGS and walks on.

FESTIVE FAIRE MUSIC\* PLAYS OVER MONTAGE:

*\* Would be really cool to have contemporary classic pop songs by GAGA or BEYONCE, but arranged all on Celtic Faire instruments like Mandolins and Dulcimers...*

Amanda WANDERS and TAKES it all in. She isn't outright disgusted, just more confused and wary of the new and unusual people/sights around her...

MONTAGE:

- Amanda cautiously walks by clusters of Playtrons in full garb (but always with some element of modernity like sunglasses or sneakers).- We see some MAJOR cleavage. Amanda raises an eyebrow.

- She passes by a large group of ASIANS dressed in full old school SAMURAI outfits. So... any history goes here?

- People of every shape and size tuck into HUGE turkey legs. Amanda is grossed out but is offered a bite of one and politely declines. She's still a little hungover...

- She can't help but be impressed at some of the entertainers: a SWORD/WHIP ACT, SILENT CLOWNS dressed as CHICKENS, a very GIFTED FLUTIST, a RAT CATCHER conducting some sort of street game where Playtrons "punt" fake dead rats and so on...

- She's NOT as impressed by the wench auction which looks like... well, crazy looking Rennie women for sale to bidding Playtrons. And who is running the auction? Friar Woodruff (proprietor of the "Devil Scotch")

- She BROWSES the pottery and seems to like some of it.

- She is startled as a DUEL erupts in the street as two COURTIERS "fight" over a regular woman patron who BLUSHES and plays along. Huh.

- She passes the hair braiding booth and can't help but smile at some little girls getting their hair braided.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROGGY BOTTOM MUD PIT - DAY

Amanda stands to the side of the "stage" (aka slightly raised mud pit) waiting for the show to start. She is still uncomfortable here, but getting slightly more acclimated.

TWO PLAYTRONS in FULL GARB accidentally brush Amanda's arm as they pass her. Reveal it is Playtron Gal and Guy from yesterday.

PLAYTRON GAL

Pray your forgiveness.

AMANDA

No worries. G'head.

PLAYTRON GAL  
(recognizes Amanda)  
Aye! 'Tis you!  
(to Playtron Guy)  
Sir Leonard!

AMANDA  
(not super enthusiastic)  
It's you guys.

PLAYTRON GUY  
Miss-- please. I have no more ducats for  
which to by thee libations...

AMANDA  
Nonono. I'm done with libations. I'm  
really done with all of this. I'm  
leaving soon.

They look relieved.

PLAYTRON GAL  
Well, would you care to sit with us for  
the mud show? 'Tis most fun in the front  
where one can get covered with mud.

AMANDA  
I'm good. You guys enjoy.

PLAYTRON GAL/PLAYTRON GUY  
Aye then well met./Fair thee well, Miss.

The show BEGINS. David comes out in a filthy ROBE and  
stands on the RIM of the pit. The crowd goes WILD.

CROWD  
(chanting)  
*HUMPER!... HUMPER!... HUMPER!...*

He hasn't even DONE anything yet! Amanda is kind of  
impressed...

DAVID  
(recites from Hamlet)  
*To be, or not to be,  
That is the question...*

Amanda is captivated. He's GOOD. The words resonate.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
the slings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune.*

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles. And by opposing... end them.*

Amanda lets his words sink in. Suddenly Johnny and Sam LEAP OUT onto the RIM of the mud pit next to David.

JOHNNY

Oi! Did I hear someone out 'ere say "to pee or NOT to pee"?!

SAM

Nay, Goodly Sir Shart O'Belly! I only heard *TO PEE!!*

Sam BLASTS a garden HOSE out from between his legs, FULL STREAM into the MUD PIT which in turn SPRAYS and SPLATTERS the MUD ALL OVER THE CROWD. Amanda is now both disgusted and covered in wet mud. The crowd ROARS! From the stage, David WINKS at Amanda. She tries to smile back, but this is too fucking insane now.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROGGY BOTTOM MUD PIT - DAY - LATER

Amanda WIPES herself with PAPER TOWELS at the PORTA-POTTY STYLE SINK set up nearby. David APPROACHES. He HOLDS a small, filthy HAT full of SINGLES.

DAVID

Sorry about the mud, milady.

Amanda gives him a look of death.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But since they be MINE clothes I need not apologize anyway, know ye...

AMANDA

Listen Humperdink, I need an Uber. NOW. Can you use your 21st Century iPad to call me one, please?

A PLAYTRON walks by and shoots her a LOOK.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I *mean*, "Canst thou use they modern contraption to get me a carriage ride the FUCK out of here, prithee?"

(to the Playtron)

*BETTER?*

The PLAYTRON scurries away.

DAVID  
(genuine)  
Not bad with the vernacular.

Playtron Gal and Guy APPEAR.

PLAYTRON GAL  
Sir Dinkpyle! Thy performance was most  
glorious on this day.

PLAYTRON GUY  
Aye, aye. Thy Hamlet is only second to  
that of Richard Burbage!!

PLAYTRON GAL  
Most definitely!

DAVID  
(bows deeply)  
Most deepest and glorious thank thee!

AMANDA  
OHMYGOD STOP.

All three stop and look at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Who are you two even supposed to be?

PLAYTRON GAL  
I be Lady Prudence Jefferson from  
Rochester.

PLAYTRON GUY  
And I be Sir Leonard Kapinski of Utica.

AMANDA  
(scoffs)  
Those aren't even real historical  
figures.

DAVID  
(sotto to Amanda)  
Nay, milady. They do not work here.

AMANDA  
Wait. What?

PLAYTRON GAL  
Nay, nay. We attend the faire-- also  
those in the other new colonies of  
Vermont and Connecticut. We seek  
pleasure. Not employment.

PLAYTRON GUY

I'm in I.T...

PLAYTRON GAL

Dental hygienist.

BEAT as Amanda tries to reconcile this shit.

AMANDA

(sotto to David)

But they are very *involved*.

DAVID

Playtrons.

AMANDA

Play... *trons*.

PLAYTRON GAL

Aye, well. We best be on our way. The joust begins on the hour. Fair thee well!

She and Playtron Guy bow/curtsy and take off.

AMANDA

What kind of shmucky losers dress up and talk like that and travel around to Ren Faires every weekend when they *don't even work in them?*

David sighs. He is clearly bummed she doesn't get it.

DAVID

Well, mistress. What can I say? It be their livelihood.

He walks off and leaves her there.

AMANDA

Livelihood? Pfft. *Livelihood*.

Well NOW fucking what?

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(calls after him)

You know what my livelihood is? The real world! And like... skiing! Ever hear of NORMAL adult recreation? Like scuba? St. Barth's... ?

That stings her as she remembers she isn't going to St. Barth's. Oh yeah, and how her life blew up less than 24 hours ago.

ANGLE ON: Playtron Guy and Playtron Gal in the distance. Thy HOLD HANDS. He kisses her hand. As they walk, she leans her head on his shoulder. It's sweet.

Amanda suddenly gets mad. She turns and chases down David, who is collecting more DOLLARS from Playtrons and Patrons walking by.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I get it. Okay? I didn't play Dungeons and Dragons and somehow that makes me the bully, right? Well, guess what? I don't need to pretend I'm someone else to have a good time.

DAVID

Perhaps this "pretending" be more authentic to who they are than what thou dost believe is so "real" out there.

AMANDA

What would you know about it? You MIX SHAKESPEARE WITH FART JOKES FOR A LIVING.

David sees something over her shoulder. And SUDDENLY--

DAVID

(yells)  
God Save the Queen!

Everyone around Amanda DROPS to the ground, startling her again.

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

AMANDA

Jesus! Again?!

MARIA (O.S.)

(smug)  
Good lady. We must pass. Wouldst't thou please step aside?

Amanda looks up to see the Queen, Brian (as Shakespeare), and the rest of her court LOOMING.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We must make haste for the joust. Where I am, of course, expected.

AMANDA

Oh, here we go.

Brian steps in, as always, to defend the Queen Bee.

BRIAN

Do I detect a hint of defiance against  
her Majesty the Queen?

AMANDA

Nay, good sir. You can take it down a  
notch. I was just going.

And she starts to head off.

MARIA

Too bad our Lord Executioner, Lady Helen,  
did not attend the faire day on this  
weekend. We could have had a public  
flogging.

CHUCKLES from the gathered CROWD. Amanda slowly turns to  
face the Queen.

AMANDA

Not to-- *again*, point out a hole in your  
little reenactment here? But you know  
that there never would have been a *female*  
Lord Executioner in your time, right?

MARIA

Well, as I am the most powerful woman in  
the land, perhaps anything is--

AMANDA

--was--

MARIA

--IS possible.

BRIAN

I could lead the flogging, my Queen.

MARIA

Nay. Sadly Lady Helen holds the key to  
the prop shed. Where be she anyway?

ERIN (O.S.)

AMANDA THANK GOD!

AMANDA

Erin?

Everyone turns to see Erin, in all of her Chanel casual  
glory, *STORMING* toward a stunned Amanda. She *RUNS UP* to  
Amanda and *EMBRACES HER*.

ERIN

We were so worried!

Erin breaks the embrace and studies her sister.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Why are you so dirty and *damp*? Should we go to the hospital?

MARIA

Well, I guess that would be a "fare thee well" for good then. Come courtiers!

Maria and entourage move off as Brian turns to Amanda.

BRIAN

*Good Riddance*. And *that* is definitely mine.

(sotto)

Troilus and Cressida. Google it.

He joins his crew.

ERIN

I don't even want to KNOW what that was.

AMANDA

How did you find me?

ERIN

Oh, you mean after looking for you all night and calling the police and having to drug mom *not* so she would stop worrying but so she would stop trying to track down Gwyneth Paltrow to explain what happened in detail? I SPOTTED THE TRICYCLE ON THE ROAD. I thought you were dead until I saw all the theme wedding people over here. I had to sneak in to this farm or whatever this venue is.

(sotto)

Told you themes are a weird choice. But I do give them credit for going ALL OUT. There must be like 900 guests--

AMANDA

It's not a wedding, Erin.

ERIN

Excuse me?

AMANDA

It's a Ren Faire. As in Renaissance Festival.

ERIN

Don't know what you mean, but you've been through a lot. Let's go.

Sam approaches Erin and holds out a STICK.

SAM

My Lady, this be for you.

He GENTLY PRODS her arm with the stick.

ERIN

Ow! What are you doing??

AMANDA

Erin, it's fine--

SAM

It's a stick. From me. Stick.

ERIN

Why are you talking to me? Get back!

AMANDA

(gentler)

No, Stick. Back. Not right now.

Stick dramatically SKULKS away as Erin RUBS imaginary dirt off her arm.

ERIN

Uch! Why the hell would that dude want to give me a stick?

AMANDA

I think he was just trying to play with you.

ERIN

Play like *mug*?

AMANDA

No, I think... it-- it be his livelihood.

ERIN

What the fuck are you talking about?

(grabs her hand)

Okay. Come on! I know you're upset, but Mom called Dr. Bloom. She's waiting to see you in the city. We can be there in seven hours.

JOANNTHA (O.S.)

Six if Joel doesn't drive.

Reveal Joanntha as she APPROACHES.

JOANNTHA (CONT'D)

Your husband drives like Stevie Wonder,  
Erin. There, I said it.

ERIN

Mom, I told you to wait in the car!

JOANNTHA

(sotto to Erin)

People upstate are SO overweight. I had  
to stretch my legs or I would've gained  
five pounds just looking at them.

(to Amanda)

You look horrible, dear. Actually,  
everyone here does.

AMANDA

(sarcastic)

That's nice.

JOANNTHA

You've wallowed for almost 24 hours.  
Brett feels terrible. You'll go see Dr.  
Bloom together and work it out.

AMANDA

*Together?* You know what he did to me,  
right?

JOANNTHA

Well, dear, everyone knows, thanks to  
that Chinese friend of yours.

ERIN

Lexi live-tweeted as it was happening.  
She didn't name names, but someone at  
Goop figured it out and leaked it to--

ERIN/AMANDA

--*The Post*.

ERIN

But that's just noise, okay? Tomorrow  
it'll be some other tawdry story about  
some other awesome person everyone just  
wants to tear down! What's more  
important is you weren't even technically  
married yet.

AMANDA

Um. Wow...

ERIN

Amanda. You live with Mom. You work *part time* for Goop because I made Joel ask Blythe Danner for a favor when he set her wrist.

JOANNTHA

The one I broke!

ERIN

You're 29 which means that in six short years, you will be considered "geriatric" as far as child bearing.

AMANDA

So?

ERIN

SO you're not even going to listen to Brett's side of the story? I mean, guys like Brett don't just show up on JDate every day, trust me.

JOANNTHA

Also who cuts off another person's tongue?

ERIN

Do you really want to throw away *everything* you almost had?

Amanda PAUSES. Does she?

AMANDA

I... don't know.

Stick LEANS around a tree and grins a BIG TOOTHLESS GRIN at Erin.

ERIN

Okay. This place is skeeving me out.

AMANDA

(to herself)

I did everything.

ERIN

What?

AMANDA

Everything I was supposed to do. Spence, then Vassar, Alpha Phi, JDate, even the perfect "Country Wedding" for Fuck's sake.

JOANNTHA

And we can get it ALL back on track. If I drive--

AMANDA

For what? So I can just walk in on my perfect fiance getting a perfect blowjob an hour before the next PERFECT ceremony?  
(to Erin)

Or maybe so I can be just like you, Erin? Married and mean and dragging my yoga ass to Balthazar with my bitchy friends every Sunday so we can whine about preschools and how much we hate our husbands?

ERIN

I hate Balthazar!

AMANDA

YOU HATE EVERYTHING.

Erin is STUNG. Amanda collects herself.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I do live at home. I have a stupid job. And I'm wondering if maybe that's because I have never once made my own choices about what to do in my life. Not ONCE.

JOANNTHA

What about when I sent you to the continent with your Persian friend for an entire year!

AMANDA

Farah and I followed the "The Jewish American Princess's Guide to Livin' Large" App EXCLUSIVELY the whole time. Don't you get it?

ERIN

Not really.

Deep breath...

AMANDA

I'm not going back with you.

ERIN/JOANNTHA

What?!

AMANDA

I'm staying. Here-- nay. *Hither.*

JOANNTHA

(to Erin)

Isn't this someone else's wedding?

ERIN

What do you mean? That's ridiculous.

AMANDA

Maybe it is ridiculous. And maybe...

Amanda CATCHES David's eye. He's been quietly observing all of this.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

... it be *my* livelihood.

BEAT.

ERIN

Okay, Dumbass. You wanna throw away the best life you could ever have? Go for it. I don't care.

Erin reaches into her bag, takes out Amanda's IPHONE and THROWS it at her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Here's your stupid phone. Hide as long as you need to here at this Cos-Play weirdo convention or whatever it is. I wasn't going to tell you this? But people are MAD, Amanda. Brett made a mistake, but you made a mess and just ran away. So have your little breakdown about how you didn't get to do anything YOU wanted with your life even though you had advantages most people can only dream about. Come on, Mom.

Erin STORMS off. Joanntha TOUCHES Amanda's cheek lovingly.

JOANNTHA

If only you'd gone through with it, you could have cashed in on the pre-nup.

ERIN (O.S.)

MOM!

Joanntha PATS Amanda's face, turns and leaves. David gingerly approaches a now very DAZED Amanda.

DAVID

Art thou well?

Amanda turns to him.

AMANDA  
Tell me the Faire is hiring.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE ADMIN COTTAGE - LATER

Amanda PACES outside a little wooden COTTAGE with a sign on door that says "Faire Office". The cottage is FENCED off from the main fairground, which is visible from where she is. After a moment, David EXITS the DOOR.

AMANDA  
Well?

DAVID  
Can you play a hammered dulcimer?

AMANDA  
What?

DAVID  
Never mind. They also need someone to work in the Pork Pocket booth and an extra hair braider.

AMANDA  
But, I'm like-- *versed* in Shakespeare. You saw me! How can I--

DAVID  
Listen. This is what's open now. People come and go a lot on the circuit--

AMANDA  
Ohmygod...

She SINKS to the ground.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
What have I done... ?

David KNEELS next to her.

DAVID  
Why don't you think about it. Bob, the owner? He also said you could bunk with Danielle. She's a washer wench. She's the best--

AMANDA

Why are you being so nice to me?

DAVID

Because I... used to live in the city. I get it.

BEAT.

AMANDA

My friend Farah is part owner of a braid bar in mid-town. I go there like once a week to pick her up for lunch and sometimes I have to wait.

DAVID

Okay...

They awkwardly LAUGH. There is some chemistry building here for sure...

AMANDA

So yeah. Yes. I could try braiding. I've watched enough--

CALLIE (O.S.)

Hey, Humper. You weren't at the stables.

David and Amanda look up to see a BUSTY, LEATHER-CLAD WOMAN (Callie, 20's, a slutty Rennie who travels with the jousters on the Ren Faire circuit).

DAVID

(busted)

Oh, hey there, Callie...

David stands up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was just-- sorry. I meant to get down there--

CALLIE

(re: Amanda)

Who's she?

Well. This is kind of a bummer, but Amanda covers quickly.

AMANDA

Ooooh, she's not a threat, that's for sure. I could never pull off a leather bustier like that. Even when Goth avant-garde was all over Bryant Park.

David and Callie just stare blankly.

CALLIE  
(to David)  
Campfire tonight?

DAVID  
Totally. See you later.

She goes in for a kiss. He turns and let's her have his cheek. Awkward. She doesn't get the hint. So she grabs his face and turns his lips to hers, kissing him HARD.

AMANDA  
Oh. Okay. That's... happening.

Callie SAUNTERS OFF.

BEAT.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
So, is she your--

DAVID  
Noooo. No. I mean... sometimes. Used to be. It's been kind of fluid--

AMANDA  
You know what? Don't wanna know?

DAVID  
'kay.

AMANDA  
Thanks again. For everything. With all of this.

He starts to head through the FENCE, back out toward the FAIRGROUNDS. He turns back and BOWS to her deeply.

DAVID  
(in Rennie speak)  
See thee anon, mistress!

AMANDA  
Right. Okay. Bye!  
(then)  
Wait! Fare thee well!  
(then to herself)  
I guess... ?

David's gone. Amanda is left standing there awkwardly at the FENCE as Rennies and Playtrons on the other side of the FENCE stroll by her. She turns to the OFFICE DOOR and STARTS KNOCKING.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Is there a Wi-Fi password?  
Hello... ?

We PULL OUT (crane) and away from her as MUSIC of some kind SWELLS over the image. She OPENS the door and heads in... a new world awaits.

FADE OUT.

TAG:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Woman from Brett's indiscretion LIES in the bed, sleeping. Her MOUTH is completely bandaged. We CLOSE IN on her as we hear the NURSES VOICES.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

She's been out since yesterday.

NURSE #2 (O.S.)

Every summer these stupid Ren Faire people get into all kinds of trouble.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

She had business cards in her pouch that said "*Ye Old Lord Executioner; For all your torturous needs.*" Whatever that means.

NURSE #2

S&M. Obviously.

NURSE #1

Oh my lord!

NURSE #2 (O.S.)

(disgusted)  
Nothing but losers, weirdos and sex freaks. Fringey people.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

You said it!

HELEN'S EYES BLINK WIDE OPEN...

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK:

NURSE #1 (V.O.)  
I *do* like the turkey legs--

NURSE #2 (V.O.)  
--Well sure.

FIN.